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WHISTLE-BINKIE.



Alex^r Rodger

DAVID ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.

MDCCLXII.



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WHISTLE-BINKIE;

A

COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

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GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON;

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THE PUBLISHER

TO

HIS CONTRIBUTORS.

As Publisher of this little book, I have a few words to premise for the Editor and myself. "And what," demands some impatient contributor, with more poetry than prudence in his composition, "what have you got to say—*you*, a creature of mere title-page celebrity?"—To this the reply is, that I am deputed by the Editor; besides, I think I am entitled to speak on my own account. Bear in mind, if you please, our national apothegm, "As guid may haud the stirrup as he that loup on." All your effusions have passed through my hands, and it is surely possible that some of the precious ore may have been absorbed in the passage.

So then, Messieurs Contributors, in the Editor's name and my own, I thank you for your contributions. To those who have sent communications which do not appear in this Series, I say,—Be on the out-look for them in the next.

Now to the points in dispute between us. Many of you, I am sorry to say, belong to the class in the human species, designated the *genus irritabile*, and cannot bear to be found fault with, or have the form in which your thoughts have been cast, changed; and you have put my good-natured Editor into bodily fear, by your somewhat explosive tempers: he thinks some of you speak and act as if your ordinary aliment were alcohol and percussion caps. We ask not contributions from parties who consider themselves perfect—and have many pieces lying past us, better than

any they ever will write. Others have taken an opposite course, and by flattery, direct and indirect, tried to obtain a niche in our temple of the Scottish Muse; but these showers of incense having descended on an icy region, impervious to any influence, other than the fervour of genius, have been frozen as they fell, still tending to thicken the crust.

The Editor stands prominent as a lyric poet himself; and all of you ought to have perfect confidence in your physician, and submit cheerfully to the treatment he may prescribe. One of yourselves, Mr Robert White, has certified very strongly to the high tribunal at which your pieces receive judgment. "It," says he, "must be no slight satisfaction to the contributors to think that, in respect of what they communicate, they are more favourably circumstanced than many of their fellow-men,—they possess, at least, the privilege of being tried by one of their own PEERS." It, I can attest, has been the Editor's care to prune the juvenile lyricist, whose growth shot into wasteful luxuriance—to supply feet to the lame and halting—to apply the file where roughness or inequalities disfigured the surface;—and where the Muse had soiled her wing by skimming along a contaminating atmosphere, the polluted feather has been plucked out, and she, delighted, has fled away to ply the wing in a purer region.

No atrabilarious effusion has been permitted to stain our pages. With those beings of vinegar aspect, whose breath would curdle "the milk of human kindness," the Editor has no sympathy. He believes that there are a thousand blessings under the sun worth living and being thankful for; and that they are best fitted for the enjoyment of future comforts, who are the most thankful for those they at present possess.

But to have done.—The public—for your satisfaction and my prospective profit—have responded to your strains,

and the following lines happily express the effect I wished the work to have on their mind. They are no publisher's puff, got up for the occasion—I know neither the writer nor the party to whom they were addressed;—and I give the author's name as a guarantee.



GLASGOW, 1st August, 1842.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG WIDOW AND MOTHER, WITH A
COPY OF WHISTLE-BINKIE.

To while away a dowie day,
And banish woe like winkie;
Or donner'd care away to scare,
I send ye Whistle-Binkie.

Here's balm in store for every sore,
Or sorrow e'er sae inky;
A speedy cure for such, I'm sure,
You'll find in Whistle-Binkie.

Should hopeless love your bosom move,
Or Cupid try to jink ye,
Away he'll fly when ye apply
To mirthfu' Whistle-Binkie.

When north winds blaw, 'mid driftin' snaw,
 And whine through ilka clinkie,
 The fire draw near, and e'er sae drear.
 Ye'll smile owre Whistle-Binkie.

And should in bed the bairns be laid,
 And thoughts creep in to sink ye,
 In gloomy mood nae langer brood,
 But rax doon Whistle-Binkie.

When wi' auld age ye warfare wage,
 Your een baith bleared and blinkie,
 How sweet 'twill be, frae memory,
 To croon owre Whistle-Binkie.

John L. Douglas

EDINBURGH, 1st January, 1842.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN DONALD CARRICK.

As the Editor of the First Series of "Whistle-Binkie," and a literary man of considerable reputation, we think some account of this amiable and lamented individual, will be acceptable to our readers.

John Donald Carrick was a native of Glasgow, and was born in April, 1787. His mother is reported to have been a woman of superior powers of mind, and in particular, to have possessed a fund of humour, with great acuteness of observation, qualities for which her son John was very remarkable. Carrick's education was necessarily limited, from the narrow circumstances of his parents; but in after life, when he had raised himself into a respectable station in society, the activity and vigour of his mind enabled him to supply in a great degree the deficiencies of his early education. When very young, he was placed in the office of Mr. Nicholson, an architect of considerable eminence in Glasgow; and he continued to feel a partiality for that branch of art during his lifetime.

Young Carrick possessed great resolution of character, at times amounting to obstinacy. This quality of mind accompanied him through life, and if it, now and then, communicated a rather too unbending turn to his disposition, was undoubtedly the origin of that vigour and independence of mind which never deserted him. Whether influenced by this feeling, or impatient of the uncertain and cheerless character of his youthful prospects, the rash

lad determined on sallying forth alone into the world, to push his fortune, as the phrase is. Accordingly, sometime in the autumn of 1807, without informing any one of his intentions, he set off for London, full of adventurous hope and courage. This, be it remembered, was a journey of four hundred miles, to be performed on foot, for the few shillings which constituted his worldly wealth, precluded any more expensive conveyance; and whatever may be our opinion of the prudence of such a step, we cannot but feel respect for the stout-heartedness of the mere youth who could undertake it. The first night, our youthful adventurer arrived at Irvine, in the county of Ayr, and prudently economizing his limited means, instead of putting himself to expense for a lodging, he took up his abode in the cozy recess of a "whinny knowe," where he was awoken in the morning by the roar of the ocean-tide, which was rapidly advancing on his heathery couch. Strong in the sanguine hopefulness of youth, he pursued his solitary way, living on the poorest fare, and sleeping sometimes in humble road-side hostels; but more often encamping under the kindly canopy of heaven, amid the sheaves, with which an early harvest had covered the ground, or nestling snugly in some green and leafy nook, on he went, we may be sure, fatigue-worn, and perhaps heart-worn, until he reached the town of Liverpool.

In after life he often reverted to his feelings on entering that town, and meeting with a recruiting party, gay with ribbons, and enlivened by the sound of fife and drum. The animating sight suggested to him the idea of enlisting, and so strong was the temptation, that, unable to decide for himself, he threw up his stick in the air, to be guided in his decision by the direction in which it should fall. As his cudgel fell in the direction of London, he resolved to follow its prudent dictates, and girding up his loins, manfully continued his journey to the metropolis, where he soon after

arrived, with only half-a-crown in his pocket. Carrick delighted in after years to refer to this ambitious sally of his wayward youth—his bivouac at night in the snugest retreat he could find, with the solemn quiet of the green woods above and around him, and the gentle breeze of an autumn evening to lull him to rest,—or sometimes, the doubtful shelter that he found in humble alehouses and bush-taverns.

Arrived in London, the friendless youth offered his services as a shopman. His Scottish accent, and rough appearance after such a journey, with awkward, unformed manners, would no doubt operate against him with the more polished citizens of the capital. At length a shopkeeper, himself a Scotsman, captivated by the music of his mother-tongue, engaged him in his service. He appears to have been employed in this way by various individuals until the spring of 1809, when he obtained a respectable situation in an extensive establishment, in the Staffordshire Pottery business. His stay altogether in the metropolis appears to have been about four years. He returned to Glasgow early in the year 1811, and opened a large establishment in the same line of business, which he understood thoroughly, from having been employed for a considerable time in the great house of Spodes & Co., of London. In this occupation Mr. Carrick continued for fourteen years, with various success. His prospects at one period were of the most flattering kind, but becoming unfortunately involved with a house in the foreign trade, of which a near relative was a partner, these promising hopes were blasted.

The leisure which his business afforded him had, for some years, been diligently and profitably employed by Mr. Carrick in mental culture, to supply the deficiencies of his early education. The bias of his taste led him to cultivate an acquaintance with our older Scottish literature, and in 1825 the fruit of these studies appeared in the "Life

of Sir William Wallace," which was published as one of the series of Constable's Miscellany. It has continued a favourite with the public ever since, and has lately been reprinted in a new edition. He began about the same time to throw off some of those humorous songs and pieces which, when sung or recited by himself, used to form the delight of his private friends. In 1825, he commenced business as a travelling agent, and his affairs leading him frequently into the Highlands, he acquired that knowledge of the Gaelic character, in its minuter shades and peculiarities, which overflowed so richly in the conversation of his later years, and gives such a zest to many of his comic and graphic sketches. This business not being so remunerative as he had expected, he finally abandoned mercantile pursuits, and devoted himself to literary composition. He engaged about this time as sub-editor of the *Scots Times*, at that period a journal of high standing in Glasgow. In 1832, a literary journal called "*The Day*" was published in Glasgow, to which he contributed many admirable pieces. One of his co-labourers in this pleasing and popular miscellany was the highly-gifted William Motherwell, a poet of no common elevation, and a person of a genial and kindly temperament. The eccentric and well-known Mr. Andrew Henderson was another intimate friend and associate of Carrick's; and these three richly-endowed individuals, though of characters and habits of mind very opposite to each other, lived in the warm enjoyment of mutual friendship; and, it is painful to add, followed each other to a premature and lamented grave within the brief space of two years.

In 1832, the First Series of this work was published, which was edited by Mr. Carrick, who also contributed several excellent songs and humorous poetical pieces, as well as an admirably written introduction, in which the etymology of the term "*Whistle-Binkle*" is pleasantly and humorously

set forth. Early in 1833, he became the editor of the *Perth Advertiser*, a newspaper of liberal principles. For this situation he was admirably fitted, not only from his acquired experience in the *Scots Times* office, but still more from his extensive general information, the soundness of his judgment, and the calm, clear sense which his writings as a politician always exhibited. He did not, however, long retain this office, for, finding himself subjected to the indignity of being superintended by a committee of management, who interfered in the most summary and vexatious manner with his independence as an editor, he indignantly threw up his engagement, and bade adieu for ever to the Fair City. During his brief sojourn in Perth, Carrick wrote several humorous pieces of various kinds, his kindly and joyous temperament finding always some congenial escape-ment, notwithstanding the disagreeable circumstances in which he was placed. Of these pieces, one of the best is the well-known letter from "Bob," to his friend in Glasgow, which appears in the last edition of the "Laird of Logan," at page 224. He does not seem to have thought much of the citizens of St. Johnstoun, remarking, with caustic severity, that "the last thing a true man of Perth would show you was the inside of his house."

At this critical period of his fortunes, some individuals in Kilmarnock, of liberal opinions, had projected a newspaper, and were looking out for an editor: immediate application was made by Mr. Carrick's friends, the result of which was successful. He was powerfully supported in this object by his generous friend Motherwell, who, though differing widely in politics, gave a strong, but honest recommendation of his general talents, as well as fitness for the situation, stating at the same time, "He (Motherwell) had never concealed his most rooted hostility to what was called Liberal or Reform principles."

Carrick left Perth in February, 1834, and immediately

proceeded to Kilmarnock, to enter on his duties as editor of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. It was fondly hoped by the friends of this warm-hearted but ill-starred man of genius, that here, at last, he might set up the staff of his rest; but a short period served to dispel these pleasing hopes, and to cast a shadow over his prospects, which was never to pass away till it darkened down into the gloom of the grave. Here, too, Carrick was subjected to the annoyance and torture of a committee of management, many of whom were persons the most incompetent for such a delicate duty as the superintendence of a public journal. The members of this junta were, moreover, divided into parties, in a state of bitter hostility with each other, so that, when, urged by some of them, he had written a few lively, satirical articles, of local application, which severely galled sundry individuals in the town, the parties who had suggested them, alarmed for the consequences, withdrew their countenance equally from the editor and his journal.

Previous to his leaving Perth, there is reason to believe that the disease which brought on his death, had evinced its existence by slow and insidious approaches, at first in the form of partial paralysis of the nerves and muscles of the mouth, issuing finally in *tie doloureux*, one of the most excruciating diseases to which the human frame is liable. The annoyance to which he was incessantly subjected, induced a severe attack of this complaint, and obliged him to apply for a temporary leave of absence, engaging to find a substitute to do duty for him during its continuance. This reasonable request was refused by the *humane and enlightened* committee of management, and the wretched state of his health, leaving him no alternative, he resigned his situation, and returned to Glasgow in the month of January, 1836. During his stay in "Auld Killie," notwithstanding the painful visitations of disease, and the annoyances to which he was subjected in the exercise of his editorial duties,

he never exhibited more affluence of mind, or a more perfect command over his rich and various powers. Besides various literary compositions, he exercised the duty of editor to the first edition of the "Laird of Logan," which appeared in June, 1835. After this, Carrick went to Rothesay for the benefit of his health, but found it declining so rapidly, that he had given up all hopes of continued activity, and actually had fixed upon a spot in which to lay his weary and worn-out frame. Recovering, however, he returned to Glasgow, and resumed his literary pursuits. He contributed, about this time, some admirable papers to the *Scottish Magazine*, rich in humour and in happy traits of Scottish habits and peculiarities, entitled, "Nights at Kilmorie Castle, or the days of Queen Mary." Occupied with these and various other compositions, some of which are still in manuscript, and at times suffering acutely from the attacks of the painful disease, which now seldom, for any length of time, intermitted its visitations, and which, from its effect on his power of speech, was peculiarly obnoxious to a person of his social habits and character, Carrick continued to mix occasionally in society, and enjoy the fellowship of his friends. But a severe attack of inflammation coming on, aggravated by the weakening effects of a recent course of depletion, suggested by his medical attendant, proved too much for his enfeebled frame to resist, and, after a few days' suffering, he expired on the 17th of August, 1835.

As a literary man, Carrick's peculiar forte lay in the rich and humorous resources of a lively and salient mind and imagination. In broad humour he was singularly effective, and the edge of his satire was keen and biting. He had a quick perception of the ridiculous, coupled with much observation and knowledge of mankind. As a describer of old manners and customs, he is remarkably happy; and there is a graphic truth and beauty, enchased in a fine vein of drollery, in his descriptive sketches. The excess of his

humour was ever ready to overflow in a stream of pleasant waggery, which the kindness of his nature, with his gentlemanly habits and self-respect, prevented from degenerating into broad or offensive caricature. As the editor, and a principal writer in the first series of the "Laird of Logan," he will long be remembered. Of this admired collection of Scottish and Gaelic stories, Carrick was the original projector, and he also contributed the excellent biographical sketch of "the Laird," with the greater part of the anecdotes of that celebrated humourist.

In concluding this brief memoir, we may observe, generally, that as a descriptive painter of the comic and ludicrous aspects of man and society, and as equally skilful in the analysis of human character, combined with a rare and never-failing humour, a pungent but not malicious irony, and great ease and perspicuity of expression, few writers have surpassed John Donald Carrick.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

ALEXANDER RODGER was born in the village of East-Calder, Mid-Lothian, on the 16th July, 1784. His father occupied the farm of Higgs, close by the small village of Dalmahoy. The weak health of his mother, for several years, consigned him to the care of two maiden sisters, of the name of Lonie; and it was not till he had attained the age of seven years that he returned to the parental roof. His father appears at this time to have given up farming, and to have kept an inn in Mid-Calder. Up to that period, the young bard had not received any regular education, but now he was put to school in the village. And this, as far as we

have learned, was the only education he received, except what he may have acquired for himself, in after life, during the few hours he could steal from laborious employment.

Shortly after this, the father removed to Edinburgh, where Alexander was sent to learn the trade of a silversmith, with a Mr. Mathie. He continued a year in this employment, when his unfortunate father became embarrassed in his affairs, and, in consequence, emigrated to Hamburgh, whence he sent for his son; but his relations by the mother's side being strongly attached to the boy, persuaded him to accompany them to Glasgow, where, in 1797, he was apprenticed to a respectable weaver of the name of Dunn, who resided at the Drygate Toll, in the near neighbourhood of the ancient Cathedral of Glasgow. We may be sure so venerable a relic of antiquity would be often visited by the youthful poet, and contribute, by its solemn magnificence and historical interest, to fan the flame of his poetic genius.

In 1803, the loyal fever, universally prevalent, infected our friend Sandie, who celebrated his connexion with the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, in a satirical poem of considerable merit, in which he employed the powers of his Muse in what became afterwards a favourite amusement with him, hitting off the peculiarities of his Celtic brethren. The corps, being principally composed of Highlanders, furnished ample scope for the keen edge of the poet's wit, and he seems then to have imbibed that attachment to the mountaineers which has led him so often to embalm their colloquial humours and foibles in his poetic effusions. Rodger continued in this volunteer regiment, and in another which rose out of it after its dissolution, called the Glasgow Highland Locals, for no less than nine years.

In 1806, the poet, then only twenty-two years of age, married Agnes Turner, and has had a large and respectable family by this connexion. After his marriage, Rodger removed to Bridgeton, a suburb of Glasgow, where he con-

tinued to solace himself, from time to time, in poetical composition, and the exercise of his musical talents. His knowledge of the science of music enabled him to compose for his own amusement, and qualified him for imparting a knowledge of its principles to others, which he prosecuted for some time, the emolument of which assisted him considerably in maintaining his young and growing family. Amongst the earliest efforts of his poetic vein, is a poem entitled "Bolivar," written on the occasion of seeing in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, in September, 1816, that this distinguished patriot and soldier had emancipated the negro slaves in the districts of Caraccas, Venezuela, and Cumana, to the number of seventy thousand.

The peaceful tenor of the poet's life continued unbroken by any material event, until the year 1819, when local and general politics ran so high, and the fever of radicalism, at times so endemic among the working population of this country, was at its height. In that year, a weekly newspaper, called *The Spirit of the Union*, was started in Glasgow, by a person of the name of Gilbert M'Leod, which was conducted with some considerable ability, but with very little discretion. The political and satirical propensities of Rodger, having found in its columns a frequent and congenial vent, the editor took him into his service. Thus, the poet, somewhat rashly, in our opinion, exchanged the calm obscurity of a peaceful and then not unprofitable occupation, for the more conspicuous, but more doubtful and hazardous theatre of political warfare. He did not, however, remain long in this situation, for within a few weeks, owing to his indiscreet violence, and that of the party with which he was concerned, the editor was apprehended on a charge of sedition, and soon after tried, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. The establishment being broken up, Rodger returned to his loom; but having become, from his connexion with this journal, considered as a disaf-

fectured person, he was apprehended, on the 8th of April following, with many other individuals, on the alarm occasioned by the publication of the famous "treasonable Address," purporting to be issued by "a Provisional Government." Into the political history of these melancholy times, we do not feel called upon any farther to enter. Rodger was confined in the city bridewell, and used with most reprehensible harshness, being treated like a common felon, and placed in solitary confinement. The spirit of the indignant poet rose, however, superior to the petty malice of the small-soul'd officials of the day; and he used to solace himself in his seclusion, by singing, at the top of his lungs, his own political compositions; some of which were undoubtedly sufficiently well spiced, and could not therefore be very grateful to the ears of his jailors. To silence the obstreperous indignation of the bard, he was removed to a back cell, where he gave vent to his lacerated feelings in the indignant "Song written in bridewell." The poet, we understand, relates many entertaining anecdotes of this stormy and eventful period of his life. Amongst others, when his house was searched for seditious publications, (terrible bug-bears at that time to the local authorities of Glasgow), Sandie handed the Family Bible to the sheriff's officer who was making search, it being, as he said, the only treasonable book in his possession; and for proof of this, he referred the aghast official to the chapter on kings, in the first Book of Samuel.

In 1821, the late amiable Mr George Rodger, manager of Barrowfield works, and whose eminent skill and scientific acquirements may be said to have laid the foundation of the prosperity of that extensive establishment, got him employed as an inspector of the cloths used for printing and dyeing. In that situation he continued eleven years. Here, his employment being less severe, and more remunerative, Rodger produced some of his best pieces. In 1822, when

George IV. visited Scotland, the poet indited his celebrated lyric of "Sawney, now the King's come," which, having been published in the *London Examiner*, made its appearance in Auld Reekie just as his Majesty had enriched his subjects there with the sight of his royal person. From that satiric effusion having appeared simultaneously with Sir Walter Scott's well-known piece, "Carle, now the King's come," so little speculation was created as to the author, and, in particular, it is said, by its unlucky apposition, to have much annoyed the sensitive loyalty of Sir Walter. It is not to be denied that the humour of this political and social satire is rather too broad for general circulation. About this time, Rodger exhibited his public spirit in a form more generally popular. Thomas Harvie of West-Thorn, having blocked up a public foot-path, on his property by the river-side, which had been long in use by the inhabitants of Glasgow and its vicinity, Rodger, by extraordinary exertion, organised and directed a public opposition, which ultimately proved successful.

In 1832, a new phase of Rodger's many-coloured life opens upon us. A friend, who had recently commenced business as a pawnbroker, requested the poet to take the management of it for him, to which he unfortunately agreed, and thus lost an excellent situation, with the prospect of further advancement, under the kindly auspices of his friend, Mr. George Rodger. Little was such an employment adapted for the heart of a poet like Rodger, overflowing with human sympathy, and sensitively shrinking from the scenes of misery and want with which it necessarily brought him into contact. In a few months he felt compelled to abandon it, and was soon afterwards engaged by the late Mr. Prentice, Editor of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, as a reader and reporter of local news. He remained there about a year, when the late John Tait, an intimate friend of his, having started a weekly newspaper, the *Parish*, published by him, was employed by him as general

assistant. The premature death of Tait, with the pecuniary embarrassments in which the establishment had become involved, led to the dissolution of this connexion. Rodger was again thrown upon the world; but in a few months after he obtained a situation in the *Reformers' Gazette* office, in which he still continues, highly esteemed by his employer, and respected by a wide range of friends and admirers. In 1836, he received a public dinner in the Tontine Hotel, when above two hundred gentlemen, of all varieties of political complexion, assembled to testify their respect for the poet and the man; and he was presented with a silver box filled with sovereigns—a fruit not found in much profusion on the barren though sunny sides and slopes of Parnassus.

Mr. Rodger's first appearance as an avowed author was in 1827, when a small volume of his pieces was published by David Allan & Co. of Glasgow; but although this publication contributed to make him more generally known, it did not improve, in an equal degree, his pecuniary and private comforts. In 1838, Mr. David Robertson, Glasgow, published a volume, containing a new and complete collection of our poet's compositions. This seasonable and agreeable publication has had an extensive sale, and contributed to diffuse the reputation of the author. Another small volume of his pieces has also been recently published in Glasgow, entitled "Stray Leaves from the Portfolios of Alisander the Seer, Andrew Whaup, and Humphrey Henkeckle." The poems in the latter are almost entirely political, and had previously appeared in various Glasgow journals, under the cognomens above noted. Some of these pieces are of great merit, but the unalloyed zeal and warmth of the author's feelings occasionally break out into rather too much acerbity and vigour of expression, thereby weakening the truth and force of their general effect.

Of Rodger's poetry, we may observe, that his forte is undoubtedly a mixture of humour with satire, finely com-

pounded, and powerfully and gracefully expressed. Even in those poems in which the humour is most kindly and gentle, and devoid of all political malice, there is a lurking vein of satirical truth and feeling flashing up at every turn. The two pieces, entitled "Colin Dulap," and "Jamie M'Nab," are full of a delicate and racy humour,—finely descriptive of the parties, and warm with genuine feeling and truth. "Peter Cornelips" is Mr. Rodger's longest and most ambitious poem, but we do not think it by any means the best. It is deficient in dramatic truth and interest—in character and incident; but it contains many vigorous lines. Some of his songs have become very popular, in particular that of "Behave yoursel' before folk," which had the rare distinction of being quoted in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Rodger cannot be called a descriptive poet: it is with living man, and not with inanimate nature, that he chiefly deals. Even in his lighter pieces he seldom indulges in mere description, but gaily touching the material world, his yearning sympathies bear him away to the haunts of men, kindly to survey and ponder over the panoramic succession of life's weary round,—now revelling in the enjoyment of the pleasing and hearty aspects of our common nature, and now rising up in honest indignation, tempered by his habitual kindness of nature, to expose in biting, sarcastic verse, the meanness of the great, the poverty of soul of the proud, and the many oppressions and "ills that flesh is heir to." Modest and unassuming in manner, but observant in habit, with a fine, hearty humour floating about him like an atmosphere, under the correction, however, of strong common sense and self-respect, none ever left his company without delight, and a warm wish for the prosperity of the favourite living Bard of the west country.

WHISTLE-BINKIE,
OR THE
PIPER OF THE PARTY:
BEING A
COLLECTION OF SONGS
FOR THE
SOCIAL CIRCLE,
CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.



WHISTLE-BINKIE REHEARSING.

GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON;
EDINBURGH:—OLIVER & BOYD;
LONDON:—SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & COMPANY;
DUBLIN:—W. M. CURRY, JUN. & Co.

MDCCCXLII.

PAISLEY:
Stereotyped and Printed by J. Neilson.

DISSERTATION ON WHISTLE-BINKIES.

DR. JAMIESON, in defining "Whistle-binkie," thus illustrates the term in its application: "One who attends a penny wedding, but without paying any thing, and therefore has no right to take any share of the entertainment; a mere spectator, who is, as it were, left to sit on a bench by himself, and who, if he pleases, may whistle for his own amusement." If the Doctor's explanation were correct, the race of Whistle-binkies would long ere this have become extinct in the country, as we cannot suppose the treatment he describes, much calculated to encourage their growth; but, as we observe the meaning of the term is only given as understood in Aberdeenshire, we presume he means to avail himself of the County privilege, and retract it when he finds it convenient.

As names in Scotland are held in estimation according to their antiquity and respectable standing, it may not be amiss to inform our readers, that the Whistle-binkies in the present day, can vie with most names in Europe, not only in a numerical point of view, but also in heraldic importance. It has however been alleged, that the Whistle-binkies of the North arose, at first, from what some consider to be rather a low origin; this, were it true even to the fullest extent, is no disparagement, since the acorn must mingle with the earth before the oak is produced. According to the most pains-taking among our etymologists, the name was first conferred upon one who, in his attendance upon weddings and other convivial occasions, rendered himself so agreeable to the company by his skill in whistling, that he was al-

lowed to sit at the Bink or board, and partake of the good things free of all expense; an honour, in the early ages of our history, which was only conferred on the highest degree of merit. In process of time, the cognomen of Whistle-binkie which arose in a rude age, came to be applied to men whose intellectual powers were either put forth in whistling, singing, story-telling, or any other source of amusement that caught the fancy and received the encouragement of their fellow-men, while engaged in their convivial orgies. In the present times, the profession is divided into so many castes, that we find it no easy task to assign them their proper places. In our endeavour to effect this, however, we shall begin with the sons of the "sock and buskin," with the celebrated Mr. Matthews at their head, whom we take to have been the most renowned Whistle-binkie of his age. In the next rank to the votaries of Thespis, we would place all professional singers who appear at public dinners, and receive the run of their teeth, and a *per contra mair attour* for their attendance. After them, comes a class of a more modest description, to whom a dinner-ticket is considered a remuneration sufficiently liberal, and whose powers of song, like the captive tenantry of the grove, is poured forth for the slender consideration of seed and water. Though, in these three classes, may be comprised a great proportion of those who are justly entitled to belong to the fraternity of Whistle-binkies, yet there are fractions of the great body-politic which we cannot properly assign to any of the above castes; some of these we would arrange under the head of amateur Whistle-binkies—this description, though not so numerous, perhaps, as any of the others, are much inclined to consider themselves superior in point of personal respectability, to any we have mentioned: this, however, is a point which does not lie with us to decide; suffice it to say, that an amateur Whistle-binkie is one whose acquaintance is courted on account of his possessing the talents we have described, and whose time

is occupied in fulfilling an eternal round of dinner and tea-party engagements, not that his entertainers have any personal regard for his character, but merely because they can make him a useful auxiliary in amusing their friends. Those men who relish this mark of distinction, can easily be known by their perpetual attempts to divert, and the delectable expression of conviviality which is ever and anon lighting up their countenances, where may be seen, traced in the legible hand of joyous dame nature herself, "Dinner, Tea, or Supper parties, attended in town or country, on the shortest notice." There is also another description of the same genus, which may be called hooded Whistle-binkies; these gents. are invited out for the same purpose as the former, but perhaps, from the delicate management of their host, or the obtuseness of their own perceptions, they are prevented from discovering that they are present for a motive. All lions, in our opinion, whether they belong to science, literature, or the arts, if they accept an invitation for the purpose of allowing themselves to be stirred up with the long pole, and shown off for the amusement or gratification of old ladies, young ladies, little masters or misses, come under the denomination we have so often referred to. Even the clergyman who attends a public dinner, and says grace as an equivalent for his ticket, may be considered (with reverence be it spoken) as coming under the designation of a respectable, well-disposed, time-serving Whistle-binkie.

As we do not wish, however, to draw too largely on the patience of our readers, we shall conclude by noticing another set of men, which we have not yet enumerated: these we shall term saucy Whistle-binkies, and to the conduct of two of this class, we may safely aver, the present little publication owes its existence. The case was this:—a much respected friend of ours, whom we shall call Mrs. Petticraw, had a large party about a month ago, to which we, among many others, were invited. The good lady had no resources

within herself, and afraid to trust to chance for the amusement of her company, had very considerately invited two noted Whistle-binkies to attend ; the one celebrated for the sweet, chaste, and melodious style in which he warbled forth the sentimental minstrelsy of the day ; and the other equally famed for the fine vein of rich, racy, laugh-exciting humour, which he threw into his songs, which were all as comic in conception, as if they had been genuine casts taken from the interior of the harns-pan of Momus himself. In the prospect of meeting two such worthies, curiosity stood, most lady-like, on tiptoe. She might as well, however, have kept her seat ; neither of the gentlemen made their appearance, and their absence formed an ever-recurring topic of sorrowful remark ; seeing the disappointment which the conduct of these popular favourites occasioned to our kind hostess and her fair friends, the thought struck us, that it would be doing a service to a number of our female acquaintances, and perhaps to the public at the same time, if we could manage to get up a sort of substitute for such saucy Whistle-binkies, in order that—when they happened to be taken ill with the whippertooties or mullygrubs, two complaints to which they, above all other men, are particularly exposed—their absence in any party where they had been invited, might not be quite so severely regretted as in the instance we have just noticed. With this view, therefore, and in order to enable every gentleman and lady to become, to a certain degree, their own Whistle-binkies, we have selected, chiefly from unpublished manuscripts, the following collection of Comic and Sentimental Songs, which, as we have been particularly careful in excluding all pieces of an indelicate or immoral description, we respectfully present to the notice of the public, confident if it does not excite the smiles of the fair, that the most fastidious among them will never find herself a blush out of pocket, by a careful perusal of its pages.

WHISTLE-BINKIE, &c.

SCOTTISH TEA-PARTY.

Now let's sing how Miss M'Wharty,
T'other evening had a party,
To have a cup of tea;
And how she had collected
All the friends that she respected,
All as merry as merry could be.
Dames and damsels came in dozens,
With two-three country cousins,
In their lily-whites so gay;
Just to sit and chitter-chatter,
O'er a cup of scalding water,
In the fashion of the day.

(Spoken in different female voices.) 'Dear me, how hae ye been this lang time, mem?' 'Pretty weel, I thank ye, mem. How hae ye been yoursel?' 'O mem, I've been vera ill wi' the rheumatisms, and though I were your tippet, I couldna be fu'er o' stitches than I am; but whan did ye see Mrs. Pinkerton?' 'O mem, I haena seen her this lang time. Did ye no hear that Mrs. Pinkerton and I hae had a difference?' 'No, mem, I didna hear. What was't about, mem?' 'I'll tell you what it was about, mem. I gaed o'er to ca' upon her ae day, and when I gaed in, ye see, she's sitting feeding the parrot, and I says to her, 'Mrs. Pinkerton, how d'ye do, mem?' and she never let on she heard me; and I says again, 'Mrs. Pinkerton, how d'ye do?' I says, and wi' that she turns about, and says she, 'Mrs. M'Saunter, I'm really astonished you should come and ask me how I do, considering the manner you've ridiculed me and my husband in public companies!'

'Mrs. Pinkerton,' quo' I, 'what's that ye mean, mem?' and then she began and gied me a' the ill-mannered abuse you can possibly conceive. And I just says to her, quo' I, 'Mrs. Pinkerton,' quo' I, that's no what I cam to hear, and if that's the way ye intend to gae on, quo' I, I wish ye gude morning; so I comes awa. Now I'll tell ye what a' this was about. Ye see, it was just about the term time, ye ken, they flitted aboon us, and I gaed up on the term morning to see if they wanted a kettle boiled or anything o' that kind; and when I gaed in, Mr. Pinkerton, he's sitting in the middle o' the floor, and the barber's shaving him, and the barber had laid a' his face round wi' the *white saip*, and Mr. Pinkerton, ye ken, has a very *red* nose, and the red nose sticking through the white saip, just put me in mind o' a *carrot* sticking through a *collyflower*; and I very innocently happened to mention this in a party where I had been dining, and some officious body's gane and tell't Mrs. Pinkerton, and Mrs. Pinkerton's ta'en this *wonderfully* amiss. What d'ye think o' Mrs. Pinks?' 'Decd, mem, she's no worth your while; but did you hear what happened to Mrs. Clapperton the ither day?' 'No, mem. What's happened to her, poor body?' 'I'll tell you that, mem. You see, she was coming down Montrose Street, and she had on a red pelisse and a white muff, and there's a bubbly-jock* coming out o' the breweree—and whether the red pelisse had ta'en the beast's eye or no, I dinna ken, but the bubbly-jock rins after Mrs. Clapperton, and Mrs. Clapperton ran, poor body, and the bubbly-jock after her, and in crossing the cansey, ye see, her fit slippet, and the muff flew frae her, and there's a cart coming past, and the wheel o' the cart gaes o'er the muff, and ae gentleman rins and lifts Mrs. Clapperton, and anither lifts the muff, and when he looks into the muff, what's there, but a wee bit broken bottle, wi' a wee soup brandy in't; and the gentlemen fell a looking and laughing to ane anither, and they're gaun about to their dinner parties and their supper parties, and telling about Mrs. Clapperton wi' the bubbly-jock and the bottle o' brandy. Now it's vera ill done o' the gentlemen to do any thing o' the kind, for Mrs. Clapperton was just like to drap down wi' perfect vexation, for she's a body o' that kind o' laithfu' kind o' disposition, she would just as soon take aquafortis as she would take brandy in ony clandestine kind o' manner!

* Turkey cock.

Each gemman at his post now,
 In handing tea or toast now,
 Is striving to outshine ;
 While keen to find a handle
 To tip a little scandal,
 The ladies all combine ;
 Of this one's dress or carriage,
 Or t'other's death or marriage,
 The dear chit chat's kept up ;
 While the lady from the table,
 Is calling while she's able—
 “ Will you have another cup ? ”

‘ Dear me, you're no done, mem—you'll take another cup, mem—take out your spoon.’ ‘ Oh no, mem, I never take mair than ae cup upon ony occasion.’ ‘ Toots, sic nonsense. ‘ You may toots awa, but it's true sense, mem. And whan did ye see Mrs. Petticraw, mem ? ’ ‘ Deed, I haena seen her this lang time, and I'm no wanting to see her ; she's a body o' that kind, that just gangs frae house to house gathering clashes, and gets her tea here and her tea there, and tells in your house what she hears in mine, and when she begins, she claver clavers on and on, and the claver just comes frae her as if it cam' aff a *claw*, and there's nae end o' her.’ ‘ O you maun excuse her, poor body, ye ken she's lost a' her *teeth*, and her tongue *wearies* in her mouth wantin' *company*.’ ‘ Deed they may excuse her that wants her, for it's no me. Oh ! ladies, did ye hear what's happened in Mr. M'Farlane's family ? there's an awfu' circumstance happened in that family, Mr. and Mrs. M'Farlane haevna spoken to ane anither for this fortnight, and I'll tell you the reason o't. Mrs. M'Farlane, poor body, had lost ane o' her teeth, and she gaed awa to the dentist to get a tooth put in, and the dentist showed her twa-three kinds o' them, and amang the rest he showed her a Waterloo ane, and she thought she would hae a Waterloo ane, poor body. Weel the dentist puts in ane to her, and the tooth's running in her head a' day, and when she gangs to her bed at nicht, as she tells me—but I'm certain she must have been dreaming—just about ane or twa o'clock o' the morning, mem, just about ane or twa o'clock in the morning, when she looks out o' her bed, there's a *great lang sodger*

standing at the bedside, and quo' she, 'Man, what are ye wanting?' she says. Quo' he, 'Mrs. M'Farlane, that's my tooth that ye've got in your mouth.' 'Your tooth! quo' she, 'the very tooth that I bought the day at the dentist's!' 'It does na matter for that,' quo' he, 'I lost it at Waterloo.' 'Ye lost it at Waterloo, sic nonsense!' Weel, wi' that he comes forret to pit his finger into Mrs. M'Farlane's mouth to tak' the teeth out o' her mouth, and she gies a snap, and catch'd him by the finger, and he gied a great screich and took her a gowf i' the side o' the head, and that waukened her, and when she waukens, what has she gotten but Mr. M'Farlane's finger atween her teeth, and him roaring like to gang out o' his judgment!! Noo, Mr. M'Farlane has been gaun about wi' his thumb in a clout, and looking as surly as a bear, for he thinks Mrs. M'Farlane had done it out o' spite, because he wadna let her buy a sofa at a sale the other day; noo it's vera ill-done o' Mr. M'Farlane to think ony thing o' that kind, as if ony woman would gang and *bite* her ain *flesh* and *blood* if she *kent* o't.'

Miss M'Wharty, with a smile,
 Asks the ladies to beguile
 An hour with whist or loo;
 While old uncle cries "Don't plague us;
 Bring the toddy and the negus—
 We'll have a song or two."
 "Oh dear me, uncle Joseph!
 Pray do not snap one's nose off;
 You'll have toddy when your dry,
 With a little ham and chicken,
 An' some other dainty pickin'
 For the ladies, by-and-by."

'Weel, mem, how's your frien' Mrs. Howdyson coming on in thae times, when there is sae muckle influenza gaun about amang families?' 'Mrs. Howdyson! na, ye maun ask somebody that kens better about her than I do. I hae na seen Mrs. Howdyson for three months.' 'Dear me! do ye tell me sae? you that used to be like twa sisters! how did sic a wonderfu' change as that come about?' 'Deed, mem, it was a very silly matter did it a'. Some five months since, yc see, mem (but

ye maunna be speaking about it), Mrs. Howdyson called on me ae forenoon, and after sitting awhile she drew a paper parcel out o' her muff; —'Ye'll no ken what this is?' said she. 'No,' quo' I, 'It's no very likely. Weel, it's my worthy husband's satin breeks, that he had on the day we were married; and I'm gaun awa to Miss Gushat to get her to mak them into a bonnet for mysel, for I hae a great respect for them on account of him that's awa'. Respect! thinks I to mysel (for about this time she was spoke o' wi' Deacon Purdie), queer kind o' respect!—trying to catch a new guidman wi' a bonnet made out o' the auld ane's breeks!—but I said naething. Weel, twa or three weeks after this, I was taking a walk wi' anither lady, and wha should we meet but Mrs. Howdyson, wi' a fine, flashy, black satin bonnet on! So, we stopped, and chatted about the weather, and the great mortality that was in the town, and when shaking hands wi' her at parting, I, without meaning ony ill, gae a nod at her bonnet, and happened to say, in my thoughtless kind o' way, Is that the breeks? never mindin' at the time that there was a stranger lady wi' me. Now, this was maybe wrang in me, but considering our intimacy, I never dreamed she had ta'en't amiss—till twa three Sundays after, I met her gaun to the kirk along wi' Miss Purdie, and I happened to hae on ane o' thae new fashionable bonnets—really, it was an elegant-shaped bonnet! and trimmed in the most tasteful and becoming manner—it was, in short, such a bonnet as ony lady might have been proud to be seen in. Weel, for a' that, mem, we hadna stood lang before she began on my poor bonnet, and called it a' the ugly-looking things she could think o', and advised me to gang hame and change it, for I looked so vulgar and daftlike in't. At length, I got nettled at her abuse, for I kent it was a' out o' spite; Mrs. Howdyson, says I, the bonnet may be baith vulgar and daftlike, as you say, but I'm no half sae vulgar or sae daftlike as I wad be, if, like *some folks*, I were gaun to the kirk wi' a pair o' auld breeks on my head! So, I turns on my heel and left them; but though it was the Sabbath-day, I could not help thinking to mysel—my lady, I trow I've gi'en you a lozenge to sook that'll keep you frae sleeping, better than ony confectionary you've ta'en to the kirk wi' ye this while.'

'Weel, ladies, there are some strange kind o' folks to be met with after a'. I've just been listening to your crack, and it puts me in mind

of a new-married lady I was visiting the ither day. Before she was married, she was one of the dressiest belles we had about the town; and as for changing bonnets, you would seldom meet her twice wi' the same ane on. But now, though she has been little mair than three months married, she has become one of the most idle tawple drabs that ever was seen, and has so many romantic fancies and stupid conceits about her, that I often canna help pitying the poor husband. Besides, she kens nae mair about house matters, than if she had never heard o' sic things. She was an only dochter, you see, and, like the ewe's pet lamb, she got mair *licking* than *learning*. Just to gie ye an instance o' her management,—she told me she was making preparations for a dinner that her husband was going to give in a day or twa, and, among ither things, she said that he wanted a turkey in ruffles.' 'Turkey in ruffles! quo' I, that's a queer kind o' a dish!' 'Queer as it is, I'll manage it.' 'I would like to see it, quo' I. So wi' that, she rings the bell and orders the servant to bring it ben. Weel, what's this but a turkey; the feathers were aff, to be sure, which showed some sma' glimmering o' sense, but the neck o' the beast was a' done up wi' fine cambric ruffles; these were to be ta'en aff, it seems, till it was roasted, and then it was to get on a' its finery again, soas to appear in full puff before the company, and this was what she called a turkey in ruffles! Dear me! quo' I, this is a way o' *dressing* a turkey I never saw before—I'm thinking the guidman must have meant turkey and truffles.'—'Truffles!' cried she, looking like a bewildered goose, and 'what's truffles, in a' the world?' 'Just look your cookery-book, quo' I, and you'll find that truffles are no made o' cambric muslin. Now, ladies, did you ever hear such ignorance? but, better than that, she went on to tell me how she had sent the servant to the market to buy a hare, to mak soup o'; but, says she, 'what do you think the stupid creature did? instead of a hare, she brought me twa rabbits; now, ye ken, mem, rabbits dinna mak guid hare-soup.' 'No, quo' I; *hare-soup* made o' *rabbits* may be a rare dish, but it's no to my taste.' 'That's just my opinion; so, as they're gay and white in the flesh, I'm thinking just to make a bit veal-pie o' them;—what do you think o' that for economy?' 'Excellent, quo' I, if you can *manage* it.' 'But,' said she, 'I'm to hae a haggia too, as a novelty to some English gentlemen that

are to be of the party; now, I'm thinking of having the bag of the haggis died turkey-red; it's a fancy o' my ain, and I think it would astonish them; besides, it would cut such a dash on the table.' 'Dash on the table! quo' I, nae doubt it would cut a dash on the table;—but wha ever heard o' a turkey-red haggis before? Now, I think, ladies, if my frien' can either make *hare-soup* or a *veal-pye* out of a pair of *rabbits*, she'll be even a greater genius than Mrs. Howdyson, wi' her new bonnet made out o' a pair of auld breeks!

So thus to sit and chitter chatter
O'er a cup o' scalding water,
Is the fashion o' the day.

Carrick.

THE PARTING.

OH! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder,
Without or sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear?
We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow!
The vow both then did tender,
Within this hallow'd shade—
That vow, we now surrender;
Heart-bankrupts both are made!
Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye;
Thy bosom gives no sign
That it could ever sigh!

Well, well ! adieu's soon spoken,
 'Tis but a parting phrase—
 Yet said, I fear heart-broken
 We'll live our after-days !
 Thine eye no tear will shed,
 Mine is as proudly dry ;
 But many an aching head
 Is ours, before we die !
 From pride we both can borrow—
 To part, we both may dare—
 But the heart-break of to-morrow,
 Nor you nor I can bear ! *Motherwell.*

COURTING AND CAUGHT.

My heart was joyous as a summer mead
 All clad in clover,
 When first I felt that swimming in my head
 That marks the lover.

The wildest waste, a Canaan was to me
 Of milk and honey ;
 Farther, I had not learn'd to sipple tea,
 Or count my money.

The future lay before my longing eyes
 In warm perspective,
 When straight I set about to exercise
 The right elective.

Sweet Sarah Tims, a killing, cutting thing,
 (Who now my lot is,)
 With eye-lid drooping like the turtle's wing,
 Soon caught my notice.

At first, I felt it was a cramping task
 To pop the question ;
 I fear'd the answer I might wish to ask
 Would need digestion.

But, no indeed—my dove was on the wing ;
 I said, “ Wilt do it ? ”
 “ I care not,” quoth she ; “ ’tis a pleasant thing,
 Though one should rue it ! ”

THE ROSE OF THE CANONGATE.

THERE liv'd a maid in Canongate—
 So say they who have seen her ;
 For me, 'tis by report I know
 For I have seldom been there.
 But so report goes on, and says,
 Her father was a Baker ;
 And she was courted by a swain
 Who was a Candle-maker.

'Tis said she long had lov'd the youth,
 And lov'd him passing well ;
 Till all at once her love grew cold,
 But why, no one could tell !
 At first he whin'd, then rav'd and blam'd
 The fair one's fickle fancies ;
 For miss's heart was led astray
 By reading of romances.

She dream'd of lords, of knights, and squires,
 And men of high degree ;
 But lords were scarce, and knights were shy,
 So ne'er a joe had she !
 Alarm'd at last, to see old age
 Was like to overtake her,
 She wrote a loving valentine
 Unto the Candle-maker.

“ She hoped,” she said, “ for her disdain
 He did not mean to slight her ;
 As she but meant to *snuff* his *flame*,
 To make it *burn* the *brighter* ! ”

You know Love's *taper* must be *trimm'd*,
 To keep it brightly *blazing* ;
 And how can that be better done,
 Than by a little *teazing* ?"

He own'd " her arguments were good,
 And *weighty* as a feather ;
 But, while in *snuffing*, she had *snuff'd*
 The *flame* out altogether !
 And, what was worse, 'twas very plain,
 Her charms were sadly blighted ;
 And there was little hope that now
 Love's *taper* could be *lighted*."

With grief this *billet-doux* she read,
 And, while her heart was bleeding,
 Took three-and-ninepence from the till,
 And paid her quarter's reading.
 The stings of humbled female pride,
 Embittered every feeling
 And, next day, poor Miss Rose was found
 Suspended from the ceiling !

Now, ladies all, of every grade,
 I hope you'll here take warning ;
 And when you meet with lovers true,
 Please show some more discerning.
 You're not aware how much by *scorn*,
 The *flame* of true love suffers ;
 Yet, should you think it fit to *snuff*,
 Be *gentle* with the *snuffers*. Carrick.

MO LAUGH GEAL!*

WILT thou go, mo laogh geal,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !

* *Mo Laogh Geal*, literally means, My White Calf. This expression, however ludicrous it may seem to the mere English reader, is to the ear of a Highlander replete with the tenderest affection.

Oh, wilt thou go, mo laogh geal !
 And roam the Hielan' mountains ?
 I'll be kind as kind can be,
 I will daut thee tenderlie,
 In my plaid or on my knee,
 Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, mo laogh geal, &c.

Heather-beds are saft and sweet,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !
 Love and ling will be our meat,
 Amang the Hielan' mountains.
 And when the sun goes out o' view
 O' kisses there will be nae few,
 Wi' usqueba and bonnach dhu,
 Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Neither house nor ha' hae I,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !
 But heather bed and starry sky,
 Amang the Hielan' mountains.
 Yet in my lee you'll lye fu snug,
 While there is neither flae nor bug,
 Shall dare to nip your bonny lug,
 Amang the Hielan' mountains.

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Berries, now by burn and brae,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal !
 Are sweet'ning in the simmer ray,
 Amang the Hielan' mountains.
 For thee the blackest I will pu',
 And if they stain your bonny mou',
 I'll bring it to its rosy buc,
 Wi' kisses 'mang the mountain

Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Your mither's dozin' at her wheel,
 Mo laogh geal, mo laogh geal!
 The boatie waits, then let us steal
 Awa to the Hielan' mountains.
 Look cross the sea to Brodick Bay,
 The moon with silver paves the way,
 Let's keep her path, we canna stray,
 'Twill lead us to the mountains.
 Oh, wilt thou go, &c.

Carrick.

WEE TAMMIE TWENTY.

TUNE—*Gee Wo, Neddy.*

THERE'S Wee Tammie Twenty, the auld tinkler bodie,
 Comes hore twice a-year wi' his creels and his cuddy,
 Wi' Nanny his wifie, sae gudgy an' duddy,
 It's hard to say whilk is the queerest auld bodie.

CHORUS—Sing gee wo, Neddy,
 Heigh ho, Neddy,
 Gee wo, Neddy,
 Gee hup an' gee wo.

He works brass and copper, an' a' sic like mettles,
 Walds broken brass pans, southers auld copper kettles;
 Wi' ilka auld wifie he gossips and tattles,
 An' ilka young lassie he coaxes an' pettles.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Fou stievely he clouts up auld broken-wind bellows,
 Or mends, wi' brass clasps, broken-ribb'd umbrellas;
 An' sic saugs he can sing, an' sic stories can tell us,—
 I trow but Wee Tammie's the king o' guid fellows.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Auld Nan's second-sighted, she sees far and clearly,
 Foretells ilka waddin' a towmond or nearly;
 Can tell ilka lad the bit lass he lo'es dearly,
 An' gin the bit lassie lo'es him as sincerely.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

She tells ilka auld maid she yet may recover ;
 She tells ilka gillfirt some sleet will move her ;
 Ilka dark black-e'ed beauty she spaes a wild rover,
 An' ilka blue-e'ed ane, a true-hearted lover.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

Ilka wanton young widow she spaes a brave sodger,
 Ilka thrifty landlady her best paying lodger,
 Ilka fat-leggit hen-wife an auld dodgin' cadger,
 An' ilka yillhouse wife an' auld half-pay gaudger.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

At night they get fou in auld Watty Macfluster's,
 Whaur a' the young belles sparkle round them like lustres,
 An' a' the young beaux gather round them in clusters,
 An' mony braw waddin's made up at their musters.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

They'd a humph-backit laddie, they ne'er had anither,
 Could coax like the faither, an' spae like the mither ;
 He'd the craft o' the tane, an' the wit o' the tither,
 There ne'er was sic mettle e'er souther'd thegither.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

He could spout a' last speeches, could sing a' new ballants,
 Could mimic a' tongues, frae the Highlants or Lawlants,
 Grew grit wi' the lasses, an' great wi' the callants,
 An' a' bodie laugh'd at the wee deilie's talents.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

But what think ye the gillie did here the last simmer ?
 He ran aff wi' Maggy, the young glaikit limmer,
 Syne stole a bit pursie to deck out the kimmer,
 An' was sent ower the seas to the felling o' timmer.

Sing gee wo, Neddy, &c.

[*Slow and with feeling.*]

Nac mair the aul' bodies look hearty an' cheerie,
 For the loss o' their callant they're dowrie and cerie ;

They canna last lang, for their hearts are sae weary,
 An' their lang day o' life closes darksome and dreary.
 Sing-gee wo, Neddy, &c.

James Ballantine, Edinburgh.

✓
 —————
 A BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

A SHIP! a ship! a gallant ship! the foe is on the main!
 A ship! a gallant ship! to bear our thunder forth again!
 Shall the stripes, and stars, or tricolor, in triumph sweep
 the sea,

While the flag of Britain waves aloft, the fearless and the
 free?

Nobly she comes in warlike trim, careering through the
 wave,

The hope, the home, the citadel of Britain and the brave
 Well may the sailor's heart exult, as he gazes on the sight,
 To murmur forth his country's name, and think upon her
 might.

How proudly does the footstep rise upon the welcome deck,
 As if at every pace we trod upon a foeman's neck!

Hurrah! hurrah! let mast and yard before the tempest bend,
 The sceptre of the deep from us, nor storm nor foe shall rend.
 Our country's standard floats above, the ocean breeze to
 greet,

And her thunder sleeps in awful ^{calm} quiet beneath our tramp-
 ling feet;

But let a foeman fling abroad the banner of his wrath,
 And a moment will awake its roar to sweep him from our
 path!

No foreign tyrant ever through our wooden bulwarks broke,
 No British bosom ever quailed within our walls of oak;
 Let banded foes and angry seas around our ship conspire,
 To tread our glorious decks, would turn the coward's blood
 to fire!

Out every reef ! let plank, and spar, and rigging crack again !
 Let a broad belt of snow surround our pathway through the
 main ;

High to the straining top-mast nail the British ensign fast—
 We may go down, but never yield, and *it* shall sink the last.

Our country's cause is in our arms, but her love is in our
 souls,

And by the deep that underneath our bounding vessel rolls—
 By heaven above, and earth below, to the death for her
 we'll fight ;—

Our Queen and country is the word !—and God defend the
 right !

E. Pinkerton.

THE FRUIT OF OLD IRELAND.

SOME sing of roast beef, and some sing of kail brose,
 And some praise plum pudding, the Englishman's dose ;
 Such poets, we think, should be counted our foes
 When they name not the fruit of old Ireland—the beauti-
 ful nice Irish fruit.

This sweet little plant is the choicest of fruit,
 It grows not on branches, but lies at the root,
 So modest and humble, its just at your foot—
 The elegant fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful sweet Irish
 fruit.

When evening sets in Paddy puts on the pot,
 To boil the dear praties and serve them up hot ;
 His sweet little hearth-stone is then the dear spot
 Where you meet with the fruit of old Ireland—the beauti-
 ful nice Irish fruit.

And then he sets out full of praties and love,
 To court his own Judy the sweet turtle dove ;
 One would think him inspired by young Cupid above,
 But its nought but the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful
 nice Irish fruit.

For down by her side he so bouldly will sit,
 And tell how his heart has been bothered and smit,
 Peace or quiet in this world he can ne'er get a bit,
 For she's loved like the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful
 nice Irish fruit.

So the heart of poor Judy is melted like fat,
 When thus its besieged by young flattering Pat,
 Och! he swears that his life is not worth an old hat,
 For she's dear as the fruit of old Ireland—the beautiful
 nice Irish fruit.

Have ye e'er been in Ireland, at Dublin or Clare,
 Or passed half a night at a wake or a fair?
 Oh! the beautiful fruit that we often see there,
 Is the pride and the glory of Ireland—the elegant nice Irish
 fruit.

If e'er in that country you go to a feast,
 Or sit down to dinner with bishop or priest,
 Be assured, that at table there's one dish at least,
 Containing the fruit of old Ireland—the elegant nice Irish
 fruit.

But to sing all the wonders produced by this root,
 How it's prized by each man, woman, child, and poor brute,
 Would require Homer's powers; then, hurra, for the fruit,
 The beautiful fruit of old Ireland—the elegant nice Irish
 fruit!

KATE M'LUSKY.

AIR—"St. Patrick was a Gentleman."

TALK not of Venus, or the love of any heathen creature,
 Of nightingales, or turtle-doves, that bother human nature;
 But talk to me, and don't depart from morning till it's
 dusky,
 Concerning her who stole my heart, the charming Kate
 M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day,
 As through the world I wander ;
 And thus I pine my time away,
 Like any gooseless gander.

Oh! Kitty's eyes are black as jet, her cheeks are red as
 roses,

Her lips with pearls round are set, her ringlets are like
 posies ;

Her praises I could sit and sing, till roaring make me husky,
 I never, never shall forget, the darling Kate M'Lusky !

She's never absent night or day, &c.

Sweet Kitty dear ! when first we met, ye were so young and
 simple,

You had a most bewitching step, and on each cheek a
 dimple ;

And then the fragrance of your breath, it was so sweet and
 musky,

Oh, murder ! but she'll be my death, the jewel Kate
 M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

I've wander'd many a weary mile, around the Irish nation,
 And hundreds I have made to smile, of the female genera-
 tion ;

But Kitty she has made me weep, in sorrow's weeds I'll
 busk me—

My heart is broken most complete, with cruel Kate
 M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

O Kitty ! if ye wont relent, ye will commit a murder,
 My ghost will make the jade repent, at midnight I'll dis-
 turb her ;

I'll search me out a great big tree, and hang on't till I'm
 fusty,

That all the gaping world may see I'm kill'd with Kate
 M'Lusky.

She's never absent night or day, &c.

Good people all, both great and small, behold my situation,
 Just kick'd about like some foot-ball, for Kitty's recreation :
 Oh ! may the wicked heartless jade, be single till she's
 musty,
 And at fourscore be still a maid, the unmarried Miss
 M'Lusky.

Then should she haunt me night and day,
 As through the world I wander ;
 If I be gooseless, folks will say,
 Ould Kate has got no gander.

JAMIE M'NAB.*

GAE find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab ;
 Ay, find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab ;
 The best piece o' *stuff* cut frae Nature's ain *wab*,
 Is that Prince o' gude fallows—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In her kindest mood Madam Nature had been,
 When first on this world Jamie open'd his een ;
 For he ne'er gied a whimper, nor utter'd a sab,
 But hame he cam' laughin'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In process o' time Jamie grew up apace,
 And still play'd the smile on his round honest face,
 Except when a tear, like a pure hinni-blab,
 Was shed o'er the wretched by Jamie M'Nab.

And Jamie is still just the best o' gude chieks—
 Wi' the cheerfu' he laughs, wi' the wae fu' he feels ;
 And the very last shilling that's left in his fab,
 He'll share wi' the needfu'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is sac furthy and free,
 While he's cracking wi' you, while he's joking wi' me,

* Connected with the Glasgow Herald Newspaper, and well entitled to the high praise awarded to him by the Poet.

That I ne'er wad wish better than twa hour's confab
Owre a horn o' gude yill wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is nae thin airy ghaist,
For he measures an ell-and-twa-thirds round the waist;
Yet a wittier wag never trod on a slab,
Than that kind-hearted billie—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Yes, Jamie has *bulk*, yet it damps not his glee,
But his flashes o' fancy come fervid and free;
As bright frae his brain, as if lively "Queen Mab"
Held nightly communings wi' Jamie M'Nab.

He tells sic queer stories, and rum funny jokes,
And mak's sic remarks upon a' public folks,
That Time rattles by like a beau in a cab,
While sitting and list'ning to Jamie M'Nab.

I carena for Tory—I carena for Whig—
I mindna your Radical raver a fig;
But gie me the man that is staunch as a stab
For the rights o' his CASTE, like blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Amang the soft sex, too, he shows a fine taste,
By admiring what's handsome, and lovely and chaste;
But the lewd tawdry trollop, the tawpie, and drab,
Can never find favour wi' Jamie M'Nab.

Some folks, when they meet you, are wonderfu' fair,
And wad hug you as keen as an auld Norway bear;
The next time they see you, they're sour as a crab—
That's never the gate wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

No!—Jamie is ever the same open wight,
Aye easy, aye pleasant, frae morning till night;
While ilk man, frae my Lord down to plain simple Hab,
Gets the same salutation frae Jamie M'Nab.

Had mankind at large but the tithe o' his worth,
We then might expect a pure heaven on earth;
Nae rogues then would fash us wi' *grip* and wi' *grab*,
But a' wad be neebours—like Jamie M'Nab.

Lang, lang hae blythe Jamie and Samuel* the sage,
 Together sped on to the ripeness of age ;
 But " *live by the way*"—(we must needs pick and dab)
 Is the motto of Samuel and Jamie M'Nab.

And on may they speed as they've hitherto done,
 And lang rin the course they have hitherto run ;
 Wi' a pound in their pouch and a watch in their fab,
 Sage Samuel the soney—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Yes—lang may the SONCY GUEDEMAN o' the *Herald*,
 Wi' Jamie M'Nab, wauchle on through this warld :
 And when, on life's e'ening, cauld death steeks his gab,
 May he mount up on high—wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Alex. Rodger.

LOVE'S DIET.

TELL me, fair maid, tell me truly,
 How should infant Love be fed ;
 If with dew-drops, shed so newly
 On the bright green clover blade ;
 Or, with roses pluck'd in July,
 And with honey liquored ?
 Oh, no ! oh, no !
 Let roses blow,
 And dew-stars to green blade cling :
 Other fare,
 More light and rare,
 Befits that gentlest nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
 'Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks
 With the eloquence that flushes
 All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks ;

* Samuel Hunter, Esq., late Editor.

Feed him with a world of blushes,
 And the glance that shuns, yet seeks :
 For, 'tis with food,
 So light and good,
 That the Spirit-child is fed ;
 And with the tear
 Of joyous fear
 That the small elf's liquored. *Motherwell.*

THE BUMPER.

SOME rail against drinking, and say 'tis a sin
 To tipple the juice of the vine ;
 But as 'tis allow'd that we all have our faults,
 I wish no other fault may be mine.
 But mark me good fellows, I don't mean to say,
 That always to tipple is right ;
 But 'tis wisdom to drown the dull cares of the day,
 In a bowl with old cronies at night.

See yon husbandman labours with care on the plain,
 Yet his face is lit up with a smile,
 For the whisp'rings of hope tell again and again,
 That harvest rewards all his toil.
 Just so 'tis with us, tho' we labour with pain,
 Yet we hear with unmingled delight,
 The whisperings of hope tell again and again,
 Of a harvest of pleasure at night.

How soothing it is, when we bumper it up,
 To a friend on a far distant shore,
 Or how sweetly it tastes, when we flavour the cup,
 With the name of the maid we adore !
 Then here's to the maid, then, and here's to the friend,
 May they always prove true to their plight,
 May their days glide as smooth and as merrily round,
 As the bumpers we pledge them to-night. *Carrick.*

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

DONAL'S her pairn, no more sons will she had,
 He'll pe laird o' the stirk whan her's gane,
 An' that will be soon, for her's doitet and done,
 And the preath in her throat made her granc;
 Deed, ay, my good lad!
 The preath in her throat made her granc.

My poor poy! there's a lump in her throat, that she's sure will
 turn't out a presumption!—an' all the doctors in the college canna
 tak' it out.

Now Donal, poor lad! you'll never pe blate,
 But teuk your auld mither's advice;
 Mark weel what ye say, her commands weel obey,
 An' I'll warrant I'll got her a wifes!
 Deed will I, my good lad!
 An' I'll warrant I'll got her a wife.

Her praw new hose she'll maun be surely put on,
 She'll sure tey're no tatter nor torn;
 Her braw new hose, will suit her new clothes,
 An' they'll thocht her a shentlemans born!
 Deed will they, my bonnie pairn,
 They'll thocht you a shentlemans born.

When Donal, poor lad! put on her new clothes—
 Hoooh, wow! but the laddie look spree!
 He'll roar an' he'll dance, an' he'll kicket an' he'll prance!
 Hugh! there's nocht but a ladies for me!
 Deed no, my good lad!
 There's nocht but a ladies for thee.

Now Donal, poor lad! he'll gone up the street,
 An' he'll meet farmer's tochter called Grace,
 He'll no pe shust taen ony kisses but ane,
 Whan she'll teuk him a slap on the face.

Deed did she, ta vile jade! she'll teuk him a slap on the faao. Oh,
 the drunken trouster, to offer so to my Donal, decent lad! She should

be catch and proelit to shail, and put shaine on her face for a years to come.

But now sin' my Donal a-wooing has gane,
 To muckle Meg Dhu o' Loeh-sloy ;
 She's blin' o' an e'e, an' her mouth stan's a-jee,
 An' a hump on her shouther like buoy.

Deed has she, poor creature ! She has a hump on her shouther, like ta ship's buoy ; but never mind, Donal, shust got ta money, a great daud o' grund to buy, though she's as ugly as ta *foul tief*.

Now she'll pray, an' she'll wish tat weel she may be,
 Since Donal ta wifes now has got ;
 Although she's no beauty, she can do her duty,
 An' Donal's content wi' his lot !
 Deed is he, good lad !
 And Donal's content wi' his lot.

SHON M'NAB.

TUNE—"For a' that an' a' that."

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
 Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,
 And mony troll affairs she's seen,
 Since she was born alive, man ;
 She's seen the warl' turn upside down,
 Ta shentleman turn poor man,
 And him was anee ta beggar loon,
 Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.
 She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
 And syne be ca'd ta prig, man ;
 She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
 Ta tory turn ta whig, man ;
 But a' ta troll things she pe seen,
 Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
 So, gin you likes, she'll told your shust
 Ta story 'bout hersel, man :—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
 'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,
 Whar tousand pleasant tays she'll spent,
 Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man ;
 An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-poat*,
 An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
 Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
 Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ce ! one misty night,
 Nainsel will lost her way, man,
 Her poat was trown'd, hersel got fright,
 She'll mind till dying day, man.
 So fait ! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
 But back to Morven cam', man,
 An' tere she turn ta whisky still,
 Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man :

But foul pefa' ta gauger loon,
 Pe put her in ta shail, man,
 Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,
 Shust 'cause she no got bail, man ;
 But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,
 And came to Glasgow town, man,
 Whar tousand wonders *mhor* she'll saw,
 As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,
 As she cam down ta street, man,
 Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
 Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man
 Och on ! och on ! her nainsel thought,
 As she wad stood and glower, man,
 Puir man ! if they mak you ta *horse*—
 Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.
 And when she turned ta corner round,
 Ta black man tere she see, man,

Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
 And sell him for pawpee, man ;
 And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
 And turn her mill about, man,
 Pe strange ! she will put nothing in,
 Yet aye teuk music out, man.
 And when she'll saw ta people's walk,
 In crowds alang ta street, man,
 She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons
 To sup teir pick o' meat, man ;
 For in ta place whar she was porn,
 And tat right far awa, man,
 Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
 But only ane or twa, man.
 She glower to see ta Mattams, too,
 Wi' plack clout 'pon teir face, man,
 Tey surely tid some graceless teed,
 Pe in sic black disgrace, man ;
 Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,
 Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
 If no for shame to show teir face,
 For some ungodly sin, man ?
 P'e strange to see ta wee bit kirn,
 Pe jaw the waters out, man,
 And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
 A' tay like mountain spout, man ;
 Pe stranger far to see ta lanps,
 Like spunkies in a raw, man :
 A' pruntin pright for want o' oil,
 And teil a wick ava, man.
 Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
 Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
 Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
 Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man ;
 Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man,

Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach pe rin,
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
 An' teil a horsè to traw, man ;
 Anither coach to Paisley rin,
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
 But oich ! she was plawn a' to bits,
 By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,
 She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,
 As she stood on ta side, man :
 But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
 Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich ! sic a town as Glasgow town,
 She never see pefore, man,
 Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,
 Wi' names 'poon ilka toor, man.
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
 Praw shentleman's pe want ta head,
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
 Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
 For tem she wadna care, man.
 And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
 And wee drap parley pree, man,
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,
 She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

Alex. Rodger.

MAGGY AND WILLIE.

TUNE—"Whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad."

CHORUS.

O, what wud I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 O, what wud I do gin my Maggy were dead?
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed,
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggy were dead.

Bairns brought up thegither, baith nursed on ae knee,
 Baith slung owre ae cuddy, fu' weel did we gree;
 Tho' I was born armless, an' aye unco wee,
 My Maggy was muckle an' bunted for me.

O, what wud I do? &c.

When she grew a woman an' I grew a man,
 She graspit my stump, for I hadna a han',
 An' we plighted our troth owre a big bag o' skran,
 Thegither true hearted to beg thro' the lan'.

O, what wud I do? &c.

Tho' whiles when the skran and the siller are rife,
 We baith may get fou, we ne'er hac ony strife;
 To me she ne'er lifted her han' in her life,
 An' whaur is the loon that can brag sic a wife?

O, what wud I do? &c.

O, Maggy is pure as a young Papist nun,
 An she's fond o' her will as the wean o' its fun,
 As the wight o' his drink, or the wit o' his pun—
 There's no sic anither Meg under the sun.

O, what wud I do? &c.

Mony big loons hae hecited to wyle her awa,
 Baith thumbler and tumblers and tinklers an' a';
 But she jeers them, an' tells them her Willie tho' sma',
 Has mair in his buik than the best o' them a'.

O, what wud I do? &c.

I'm feckless, an' frien'less, distorted an' wee,
 Canna cast my ain claes, nor yet claw my ain knee ;
 But she kens a' my wants, an' does a'thing for me,
 Gin I wantit my Maggy I'm sure I wud dee.

Then, what wud I do, gin my Maggy were dead ?
 O, what wud I do, gin my Maggy were dead ?
 This wud e'en be a wearifu' warld indeed,
 To me, gin my ain canny Maggie were dead.

James Ballantine, Edin.

LAUGH AN' BE THANKFU'.

COME sit down, my cronies, and gie us your crack,
 Let the win' tak the care o' this worl' on its baek ;
 The langer we sit here and drink, the merrier will we get—
 We've aye been provided for, an' sae will we yet.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy guid ale,
 To cheer up our hearts, and enliven our tale ;
 Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, its time enough to flit—
 We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

May the taxes come aff, that the drink may be cheap,
 And the yill be as plentiful as 'gin it were a spate ;
 May the enemies o' liberty ere lang get a kick
 They've aye gott'nt hitherto, and sae shall they yet.

Now, God bless the Queen, an' aye prosper her days,
 For I'm sure that Her Majesty has baith meat an' claes ;
 And lang on the throne o' her faithers may she sit—
 They've aye been provided for, and sae will they yet.

Then push round the jorum, an' tak aff your dram,
 An' laugh an' be thankfu' as lang as ye can—
 For seed-time and harvest ye ever shall get,
 When ye fell ye aye got up again, and sae will ye yet.

THE TWAL O' AUGUST.

SHE'LL taen't ta gun upon her shouther,
 A pock o' lead upon the 'other,
 An' she'll had her horn weel fill wi' pouther,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but she's fond o' shooting !
 Fond, fond, fond o' shooting ;
 Oh but she's fond o' shooting,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

Twa ponny tog rin at her heel,
 An' oh tey'll snock the burd out weel,
 She'll no be fear for man nor Deil,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Ta first tey'll call'd her Cailach Mohr,
 Ta noter's name was Pruach Vohr,
 An' troth tey'll rais't a ponny splorc,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Wi' pouther tan, she'll sharge ta gun,
 An' tan she'll ram't in lead a pun',
 Tan threw't her gun the shouther on,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll gang't a bit an' rise ta purd,
 Another tan, an' tan a third ;
 But aye to shot, she maist turn't fear'd,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll teuk't ta gun up ta her shouther,
 An' whether ta fright, or n'else the pouther,
 But o'er she'll fa't an' maist turn smother,
 Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll fa'at back on a muckle stane,
 An' roar't a grunt, an' tan a grane,
 An' she'll thocht her back had lost ta bane.

Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

Poor Pruach Vohr, he was 'nock plin,
 An' aff his head was blaw the skin ;
 He'll youll't a squeel, an' aff he'll rin,

Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but, &c.

She'll ne'er will go a-shooting more,
 To kill ta purds, an' tats what for ;
 Ta peoples say, ta plum was sour,

Upon the Twal o' August.

For, oh but she's tire o' shooting !

Tire, tire, weary shooting !

For she'll shot her tog, an' lam't hersel,

Upon the Twal o' August.

A. Fisher.

IRISH LOVE SONG.

OH! what a beautiful bit of mortality,
 Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me ;
 The world must allow her angelic reality,
 The like of my Judy I never shall see.

Her manner is free from all low vulgarity,
 So politely genteel, unaffected, and free ;
 To see her and think of a moment's neutrality,
 You might just as well go dance a jig on the sea.

O smile on me, Judy! with some partiality,
 For the brains in my skull have been all set a-jee ;
 Else I soon shall be dead, that's an end to vitality,
 Broken-hearted and murder'd, your Paddy will be!

And pray, where the deuce did ye get your morality ?

Would you like your poor Paddy to hang on a tree ?

Sure, Judy, that would be a bit of rascality,

While the daws and the crows would be pecking at me !

O name but the day, without more *botherality*,

Then the happiest of mortals your Paddy will be ;

Ere a year will go round, ye'll have more *motherality*,

And that the whole town of Kilkenny will see !

Then we'll laugh, dance, and sing with true conviviality,

While the rafters would ring to the noise of our spree ;

And our hearts will be beating with congeniality,

When Judy and Paddy they married shall be !

Oh what a beautiful bit of mortality,

Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me ;

The world must allow her angelic reality,

The like of my Judy I never shall see !

BONNY FLORY.

I've lodged wi' mony a browster wife,

And pree't her bonny mou' ;

But the coshest wife that e'er I met,

Was Mistress Dougal Dhu.

But Mistress Dougal's no for me,

Though always kind I've thought her ;

My pleasure is to sit beside

Her rosy-checkit dochter.

To me, sweet Flory's wee bit mou'

Is never out o' season ;

An' if ye'll hover but a blink,

I will explain the reason :

Her breath's the balmy breath o' *Spring*,

Her tongue kind *Hairst* discloses,

Her teeth show *Winter's* flakes o' snaw

Set round wi' *Simmer's* roses.

Then I'll awa to the Hielan' hills,
 Whar heather-bells are springing ;
 And sit beside some waterfa',
 And hear the linties singing ;
 And while they sing their sang o' love,
 Frae 'neath their leafy cover,
 I'll press sweet Flory to my breast,
 And vow myself her lover !
 The bustled beauty may engage,
 The dandy in his corset ;
 But I'm content wi' Hielan' worth,
 In hodden-grey and worsset.
 And if she'll gie her wee bit han',
 Although it's hard and hackit,
 Yet, heart to heart, and loof to loof,
 A bargain we shall mak it.

Carrick.

THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

“THE snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and heavier grows the
 lift ;
 The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen him frae the
 drift ;
 I fear this nicht will tell a tale amang our foldless sheep,
 That will mak mony a farmer sigh—God grant nae widows
 weep.
 I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi' elshin an' wi'
 lingle,
 Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the cosie ingle ;
 It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring that's now
 awa,
 When you was carried thowless hame frae 'neath a wreath
 o' snaw.
 That time I often think upon, an' mak' it aye my care,
 On nights like this, to snod up a' the beds we hac to spare

In case some drift-driven strangers come forfoughten to our
bield,

An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what the house can
yield.

'Twas God that saved you on that nicht, when a' was black
despair,

An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you his care ;

Then let us show our grateful sense of the kindness he be-
stowed,

An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders frae his
road.

There's cauld and drift without, guidman, might drive a
body blin',

But, Praise be blessed for a' that's gude, there's meat and
drink within ;

An' be he beggar be he prince, that Heaven directs this way,
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare the best we hae."

The gudeman heard her silentlie, an' threw his elshin by,
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the tear was in
his eye ;

He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife, sae loving to his breast,
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep expressed.

" Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that helped us in
our strait,

An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it was great ;

An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the stranger's state
thy care,

An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace of God is there.

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kindness to partake ;
The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent as the flake ;
Till on the startled ear there came a feeble cry of wo,
As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the snow.

But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hodden grey attire,
Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the cottar's fire ;

Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the guidman rubbed
 his breast,
 An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks returning life confess'd.

How aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others show
 Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous overflow !
 So fared it with our simple ones, who found the youth to be
 Their only son, whom they were told had perish'd far at sea.
 The couch they had with pious care for some lone stranger
 spread—

Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their lov'd wanderer's
 head :

Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we to others
 show,

Return again to our own hearts with joyous overflow.

Carrick.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

AIR—Good morrow to your night cap.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane ;
 But, guidsake ! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.
 Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 And what a great affair they'll mak',
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this ;
 But losh ! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ana,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be ;
 But yet, it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye ha'e done before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;

Gin that's the case, there's time and placo,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And when we're ane, bluid, flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

Alex. Rodger

THE ANSWER.

CAN I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
Gars me gang gyte before folk ?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

While ye ensnare, can I forbear
A-kissing, though before folk ?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my o'e-lids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk ?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk ?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
 Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
 That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
 Ay, twenty times—before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When temptingly it offers me,
 So rich a treat—before folk ?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright ;
 That shapely neck o' snawy white ;
 That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
 Provokes me till't before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
 Cries, “kiss me now”—before folk ?

An' oh ! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
 Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
 I canna, for my saul, let be,
 Frae kissing you before folk !

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

When ilka glint, conveys a hint
 To tak a smack—before folk ?

Ye own, that were we baith our lanc,
 Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane ;
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
 What harm is in't before folk ?

Can I behave, &c.

Can I behave, &c.

Sly hypocrite ! an anchorite
 Could scarce desist—before folk ?

But after a' that has been said,
 Since ye are willing to be wed,

We'll hae a " blythesome bridal" made,
 When ye'll be mine before folk !
 Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
 Then I'll behave before folk,
 For whereas then, ye'll aft get " ten,"
 It winna be before folk !

Alex. Rodger.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 Through mony a weary way ;
 But never, never, can forget
 The luv o' life's young day !
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule ;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luv grows cule.
 O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygane years
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears :
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.
 'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part ;
 Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear ;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remember'd ever mair.
 I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,

Cheek touchin' cheek, loof loek'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think ?
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.
 Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame ?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The schule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June ?
 My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' schule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life ! Oh, mornin' luve !
 Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
 Like simmer blossoms, sprang !
 O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its water croon ;
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
 The throssil whusslit sweet.
 The throssil whusslit in the wud,
 The burn sung to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies ;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat

In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat !

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak !

That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me ?
 Oh ! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine ;
 Oh ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 I've borne a weary lot ;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Still travels on its way ;
 And channels deeper as it rins
 The luvè o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sinder'd young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue ;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
 O' bygone days and me !

JESSY M'LEAN.

Oh hark ! an' I'll tell you o' Jessy M'Lean,
 She promis'd shortsyne she would soon be my ain,
 So mind ye'll be ready to come on neist Friday,
 An' see me get buckled to Jessy M'Lean.
 Lang, lang hae I lo'ed her, and faithfully woo'd her,
 Yet ne'er has she treated my suit wi' disdain,
 For sense an' good nature enliven ilk feature,
 And guileless the heart is o' Jessy M'Lean.
 Tho' nane o' your butterflee beauties sae vain,
 That flutter about, aye, new lovers to gain ;
 Yet she has attractions to catch the affections,
 And prudence, the heart that she wins, to retain.
 Her mild look so touching, her smile so bewitching,
 Her rich melting tones, sweet as seraphim's strain,
 Rush through my heart thrilling, and wake every feeling
 Of tender attachment for Jessy M'Lean.

When sitting besiue her, my heart is aye fain,
 To think what a treasure will soon be my ain ;
 Nae fause gaudy glitter, to cheat, then embitter,
 But pure solid worth, without hollow or stain.
 And should a bit callan, e'er bless our snug dwallin',
 Or ae bonnie lassie, (as heaven may ordain,)
 The sweet smiling creature, its *mither* ilk feature,
 Will knit me still closer to Jessy M'Lean.

Alex. Rodger.

 I SEEK TO WED NO OTHER LOVE.

SING not that song again, lady !
 Look not to me with sighs ;
 Past feelings all are buried now,
 Ah ! never more to rise.
 The pledge that bound our hearts in one,
 Was register'd on high ;

Nought but thy *wish* could cancel it,
 Could I that *wish deny*?
 I cannot pledge *again* lady!
 Our griefs must now be borne;
 The angel who records above,
 Would laugh us both to scorn:
 I seek to wed no other love,
 No, no, that cannot be;
 My widow'd heart must still bleed on,
 In memory of thee!
 The bliss which once you had to give,
 I covet now no more;
 A few short struggles here, and then
 Life's sighs and pangs are o'er.
 I seek to wed no other love,
 No, no, that ne'er can be;
 My widow'd heart must still bleed on,
 In memory of thee!

Carrick.

THE SERENADE.

WAKE, lady, wake!
 Dear heart, awake
 From slumbers light,
 For 'neath thy bower, at this still hour,
 In harness bright,
 Lingers thine own true paramour
 And chosen knight!
 Wake, lady, wake!
 Wake, lady, wake!
 For thy lov'd sake,
 Each trembling star
 Smiles from on high, with its clear eye;
 While, nobler far,
 Yon silvery shield lights earth and sky.

How good they are!
Wake, lady, wake!

Rise, lady, rise!
Not star-fill'd skies
I worship now :

A fairer shrine, I trust, is mine
For loyal vow.

Oh, that the living stars would shine
That light thy brow !
Rise, lady, rise !

Rise, lady, rise !
Ere war's rude cries
Fright land and sea :

To-morrow's light sees mail-sheath'd knight,
Even hapless me,

Careering through the bloody fight,
Afar from thee.

Rise, lady, rise !

Mute, lady, mute !
I have no lute,
Nor rebeck small,

To soothe thine ear with lay sincere
Or madrigal :

With helm on head, and hand on spear
On thee I call.

Mute, lady, mute !

Mute, lady, mute
To love's fond suit !
I'll not complain,

Since underneath thy balmy breath
I may remain

One brief hour more, ere I seek death
On battle plain !

Mute, lady, mute !

Sleep, lady, sleep,
 While watch I keep
 Till dawn of day ;
 But o'er the wold, now morning cold,
 Shines icy grey ;
 While the plain gleams with steel and gold,
 And chargers neigh !
 Sleep, lady, sleep !
 Sleep, lady, sleep !
 Nor wake to weep,
 For heart-struck me.
 These trumpets knell my last farewell
 To love and thee ;
 When next they sound, 'twill be to tell
 I died for thee !
 Sleep, lady, sleep !

Motherwell.

THE UNINVITED GHAIST.

As the deil and his dame,
 Ae nicht were frae hame,
 A ghaist frae this warld did tick at their door.
 A wee deil did answer
 An' roar'd " What d'ye want, Sir ?"
 " I want," quo' the ghaist, " just to rank in your core."
 " The guidman's frae hame, man,
 The guidwife's the same, man,
 'To admit ye mysel' is against their comman's,
 Sae slip your wa's back ;
 An' our *cork* when he's slack,
 Will gie ye a hint when he's takin on han's."
 The ghaist turn'd his heel
 Without sayin' fareweel,
 An' sneak'd awa back wi' his thumb in his jaw ;

Thinking 'twas a nard case,
 That in sic a warm place,
 A puir ghaistie should get sic a *cauld coal to blaw*.
 Now, let some folks reflect
 Upon this disrespect,
 An' look ere they loup, whar their landing's to be ;
 For it seems there is reason
 To tak tent o' their wizen,
 Since the deil's on the *shy*, and their frien's ca' them *fee*.
Carrick.

BRANDY VERSUS BEAUTY.

Miss Dorothy Dumps was a lovely maid,
 Fal lal la, fal lal di dal di de,
 In nature's rarest gifts array'd,
 Fal lal, &c.

Her cheeks wore *England's* rose's hue,
 Her eyes were of the *Prussian* blue,
 And *Turkey* red were her elbows too ;
 Fal lal, &c.

Now, many a youngster came to woo,
 Fal lal, &c.

But at them all she look'd askew ;
 Fal lal, &c.

The youths all strove, but strove in vain,
 The maid's affections sweet to gain ;
 But she answer'd still with proud disdain,
 Fal lal, &c.

Now, we've all heard grave sages say,
 Fal lal, &c.

That beauty's but a flower of May ;
 Fal lal, &c.

For time began her charms to crop,
 Nor paint nor patch could beauty prop,
 So she lost all hope and took to the *drop*,
 Fal lal, &c.

But, as we very seldom see

Fal lal, &c.

That *brandy* and *beauty* do agree,

Fal lal, &c.

So frequent did she ply the dose,

At last, alas! the *faithless* rose

Gave the *slip* to her cheek, and *drew up* with her nose!

Fal lal, &c.

Now, Miss Dolly's nose *shines* a *lighthouse*, fit

Fal lal, &c.

To show the rock on which she has split;

Fal lal, &c.

For when the brandy gains the sway,

The *loves* and the *graces*, all so gay,

Soon pack up their *awls* and fly away,

Fal lal, &c.

Carrick.

THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,

And winter wi' drap at his nose doth come,—

A whistle to mak o' the castle lum

To sowf his music sae sairie, O!

And the roast on the speet is sapless an' sma',

And meat is scant in chamber and ha',

And the knights hae ceased their merry gaffaw,

For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,

'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute:

The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,

An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!

An' lofty an' loud were the tones she assumed,

An' boasted how ladies and knights gaily plumed,

Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,

To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O!

“ While the Haggis, ” she said, “ was a beggarly slave,
 “ An’ never was seen ’mang the fair an’ the brave ; ”
 “ Fuff ! fuff ! ” quo’ the Haggis, “ thou vile lying knave,
 Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O ?

Can it fill a toom wame ? can it help a man’s pack ?
 A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,
 But when starving at hame, will it keep him, alack !
 Frae trying his hand at the hanging, O ? ”

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,
 But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,
 Wha stood list’ning bye, an’ to settle the plea,
 They begged he would try his endeavour, O !
 For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,
 And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot,
 But a Haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it’s hot,
 So his bowels were moved in her favour, O !

“ Nocht pleasures the lug half sae weel as a tune,
 An’ whar hings the lug wad be fed wi’ a spoon ? ”
 The Harp in a triumph cried, “ Laddie, weel done, ”
 An’ her strings wi’ delight fell a tinkling, O !
 “ The harp’s a braw thing, ” continued the youth,
 “ But what is a harp to put in the mouth ?
 It fills na the wame, it slaiks na the drouth,—
 At least,—that is *my* way o’ thinking, O.

“ A tune’s but an *air* ; but a Haggis is *meat* ;—
 An’ wha plays the tune that a body can eat ?—
 When a Haggis is seen wi’ a sheep’s head and feet,
 My word she has gallant attendance, O.
 A man wi’ sic fare may ne’er pree the tangs,
 But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her fangs ;
 But the bard that maun live by the wind o’ his sangs,
 Waes me, has a pair dependence, O.

“ How aften we hear, wi’ the tear in our eye,
 How the pair starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,

Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,
Without e'er a friend within hearing, O.

But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crust,—
Lay his head on a Haggis to gie up the ghost?—
O never, since time took his scythe frae the post,
An truntled awa to the shearing, O.

“Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup;—
Gie the Haggis the lead, be't to dine or to sup:—
Till the bags are weel filled, there can nae drone get up,—
Is a saying I learned from my mither, O.
When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly twang,
An' soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—
An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,
Gude grant ye may aye be thegither, O.”

Carrick.

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

AIR—“*The Rose of Allendale.*”

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,
Frae out the azure sky;
While ilka little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
How calm the eve! how blest the hour!
How soft the sylvan scene!
How fit to meet thee—lovely flower!
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Now, let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume.
Frae yonder hawthorn tree:
There, on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae aften been,
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

How sweet to view that face so meek,—
 That dark expressive eye,—
 To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,—
 Those lips of coral dye !
 But O ! to hear thy Seraph strains,
 Thy maiden sighs between,—
 Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen !
 O ! what to us is wealth or rank ?
 Or what is pomp or power ?
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,—
 This blest extatic hour !
 I'd covet not the Monarch's throne,
 Nor diamond-studded Queen,
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Alex. Rodger.

THE NAILER'S WIFE.

AIR—"Willie Wastle."

THERE lives a Nailer wast the raw,
 Wi' brain o' peat, an' skull o' putty ;
 He has a wife—gude saff us a' !
 A randy royt ca'd Barmy Betty !
 O sic a scauld is Betty !
 Och hey ! how bauld is Betty !
 Xantippe's sel', wi' snash sae snell,
 Was but a lamb compared wi' Betty.
 An' O but she's a grousome quean,
 Wi' face like ony big bass fiddle,
 Twa flaming torches are her een,
 Her teeth could snap in bits—a griddle.
 O what a wight is Betty !
 O sic a fright is Betty !
 Wi' fiery een, an' furious mien,
 The queen o' terrors sure is Betty !
 Ye've seen upon a rainy night,
 Upon the dark brown clouds refleckit,

Clyde Airn Warks' grim an' sullen light—
 Then, that's her brow when frowns bedeck it
 O what a brow has Betty !
 O sic a cove is Betty !
 Her vera glow'r turns sweet to sour,
 Sae baleful is the power o' Betty.

It had been good for you and me,
 Had mither Eve been sic a beauty,
 She soon wad garr'd *auld Saunders* flee
 Back to his dungeon dark an' sooty.
 O what a grin has Betty !
 O how like Sin is Betty !
 The auld "foul thief" wad seek relief,
 In his maist darksome den frae Betty.

Whene'er ye see a furious storm,
 Uprooting trees, an' lums down smashin',
 Ye then may some idea form,
 Of what she's like when in a passion.
 O what a barmy Betty !
 O sic a stormy Betty !
 The wind an' rain may lash the plain,
 But a' in vain they strive wi' Betty.

For then the weans she cuffs and kicks,
 In fau't or no, it mak's nae matter ;
 While trenchers, bowls, and candlesticks,
 Flee through the house wi' hailstane blatter.
 O what a hag is Betty !
 O sic a plague is Betty !
 Dog, cat, an' mouse, a' flee the house,
 A-wondering what the deuce means Betty

Her tongue—but to describe its power,
 Surpasses far baith speech and writing ;
 The Carron blast could never roar
 Like her, when she begins a flyting.
 O what a tongue has Betty !
 O siccan lungs has Betty !

The blast may tire, the flame exple,
But nought can tire the tongue o' Betty.

Alex. Rodger

“O MITHER! ONY BODY.”

AIR—“*Sir Alex. M'Donald's Reel.*”

“O mither, ony body!

“Ony body! ony body!

“O mither, ony body!

“But a creeshy weaver.

“A weaver's just as good as nane,

“A creature worn to skin and bane,

“I'd rather lie through life my lane,

“Than cuddle wi' a weaver.”

The lassie thocht to catch a laird,

But fient a ane about her cared;

For nane his love had e'er declared,

Excepting, whiles—a weaver.

Yet ne'er a weaver wad she tak',

But a' that cam', she sent them back,

An' bann'd them for a useless pack,

To come nae mair and deave her.

Their sownen crocks—their trantlum gear—

Their trash o' pirns she couldna bear;

An' aye the ither jibe and jeer,

She cuist at ilka weaver.

But sair she rued her pridefu' scorn,

E'er *thretty nicks* had mark'd her horn,

For down she hurkled a' forlorn,

In solitude to grieve her.

She gaed to kirk, she gaed to fair,

She spread her *lure*, she set her *snare*,

But ne'er a *nibble* gat she there,

Frae *leading apes*, to save her.

At last, unto the barn she gaed,

An' ilka e'ening duly pray'd,

That some ane might come to her aid,

An' frae her wants relieve her.

An' thus the lassie's prayer ran—
 " O send thy servant some bit man,
 " Before her cheeks grow bleach'd an' wan,
 " An' a' her beauties leave her."

A weaver lad wha ance had woo'd,
 But cam' nae speed, do a' he could,
 Now thocht her pride might be subdued,
 An' that he yet might have her.

He watch'd when to the barn she gaed,
 An' while her bit request she made,
 In solemn tone, he slowly said—
 " Lass—will ye tak' a weaver."

" Thy will be done—I'm now content,
 " Just ony body ere I want,
 " I'll e'en be thankfu' gin thou grant,
 " That I may get a weaver."

The weaver, he cam' yont neist day,
 An' sought her hand— she ne'er said " nay,"
 But thocht it time to mak' her hay,
 So jumpit at the weaver.

Now, ye whase beauty's on the wane,
 Just try the barn, at e'en, your lane,
 Sma' fish are better far than nane,
 Ye'll maybe catch a weaver.

Alex. Rodger.

BLYTHE ARE WE SET WI' ITHIER.*

BLYTHE are we set wi' ither ;
 Fling Care ayont the moon ;

* This song hath a right pleasant smack of boon companionship.
 The lines—

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
 We'll seug the blast, and dread nae harm ;
 Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,
 We'll keep the genial current warm—

are worthy of Burns. The Author was Ebenezer Picken, a native of Paisley, who was born about the year 1765, and, after many vicissitudes, died in 1815, or 1816. His Poems have been published.

No sae aft we meet thegither ;
 Wha wad think o' parting soon ?
 Though snaw bends down the forest trees,
 And burn and river cease to flow ;
 Though Nature's tide hae shor'd to freeze,
 And Winter nithers a' below ;
 Blythe are we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
 We'll scug the blast, and dread nae harm ;
 Wi' jaws o' toddy reeking het,
 We'll keep the genial current warm.
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
 Gar pleasure reign the e'ening lang,
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
 Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
 Shall get a fright afore we part,
 Will mak' them fear to come again.
 Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,
 The sparkling glass will banish pine ;
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
 Blythe are we, &c.

A D A M G L E N . *

TUNE—*Adam Glen.*

Pauky Adam Glen,
 Piper o' the clachan,
 Whan he stoitet ben
 Sairly was he pechan,
 Spak a wee, but tint his win',
 Hurklit down and hostit syne,

* By Mr. Laing of Brechin—this is one of the best illustrations of the *frosty-bearded* anti-Malthusian that we have met with in type.

Blew his beak, an' dightit's een,
 An' whaisl't a' forfoughten.
 But, his yokin dune,
 Cheerie kyth't the body,
 Crackit like a gun,
 An' leugh to auntie Madie ;
 Cried, my callants, raise a spring,
 " Inglan John," or ony thing,
 For weel I'd like to see the fling,
 O' ilka lass and laddie.
 Blythe the dancers flew,
 Usquebaugh was plenty,
 Blythe the piper grew,
 Tho' shaking han's wi' ninety.
 Seven times his bridal vow
 Ruthless fate had broken thro'—
 Wha wad thought his coming now
 Was for our maiden auntie.
 She had ne'er been sought,
 Cheerie houp was fading,
 Dowie is the thought
 To live and die a maiden.
 How it comes we canna ken,
 Wanters ay maun wait their ain,
 Madge is hecht to ADAM GLEN,
 An' soon we'll hae a wedding'.

SANCT MUNGO.*

SANCT MUNGO wals ane famous sanct,
 And ane cantye carle wals hee,
 He drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,
 Quhan bettere hee culdna prie ;

* The Patron saint of Glasgow Cathedral. The Molendinar burn alluded to in the third line, is the Lethe that separates the two great repositories of mortality—the church-yard of the Cathedral, and the Necropolis.

Zit quhan he culd gette strongere cheerc,
 He neuer wals wattere drye,
 Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,
 And loot ye burne rynne bye.
 Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,
 And merrylie hee sang ;
 Quhaneuer hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,
 Ye very Firre Parke rang ;
 Butte thoch hee weele culd lilt and synge.
 And mak sweet melodye,
 He chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,
 Quhan pryed wi' barlye-bree.
 Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
 Farre-famed for godlye deedis,
 And grete delyte hee daylye took
 Inn countynge owre hys beadis ;
 Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,
 Can count als welle als hee ;
 Butte ye beadis quilk I like best to count
 Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.
 Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct :—
 Sa weele hee lykit gude zil,
 Thatte quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte vesture,
 Wi' dribblands o' ye still ;
 Butte I, hys maist unwordye sonne,
 Haue gane als farre als hee,
 For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,
 Throuch lufe o' barlye-bree. *Alex. Rodger.*

GLASGOW PATRIOTS.*

AIR—" *There was a handsome Soldier.*"

LOYAL hearted citizens !
 Great news there's come to town ;

* It is not long since the turf covered the remains of the Glasgow Homer, Alex. M'Donald, alias, *Blind Aleck*, author of these verses, who for many

I have not got the particulars yet,
But they'll be in the afternoon.

Loyal hearted citizens !
Great news I've got to tell,
Of the wars in Spain and Portingall,
And how the town of Badajos fell.

There was one Aleck Pattison,
A man of great renown ;
He was the first that did mount Badajos walls,
And the first that did tumble down.

He was a handsome tall young gentleman,
As ever my eyes did see ;
A captain, colonel, or major,
He very soon would be.

I am the author of every word I sing,
Which you may very well see,
The music alone excepted,
But just of the poetree.

I've travell'd the world all over,
And many a place beside ;
But I never did see a more beautifuller city,
Than that on the banks of the navigatable river, the Clyde.
I left Inverness without e'er a guide,
And arrived in Glasgow city,
Where I've been informed that bold John Bull,
Again beat the French so pretty.

years perambulated our streets, and with dexter hand directed the movements of his violin, while his lips gave the *measured* accompaniment. A remarkably spirited sketch of his life appeared in the Scots Times Newspaper at his death, drawn up by our City Chamberlajn, Mr. John Strang. Aleck was, perhaps, one of the readiest improvisatores of his time ; and it was greatly to his advantage that he was not distressed by a very delicate ear for either numbers or harmony. Whether his lines had a greater number of feet than consisted with ease and grace, or limped in their motion for want of the due proportion, these defects were amply compensated for by a rapid articulation in the one case and in the other by a strong dash or two of the bow.

I came into the Star Inn and Hotel ;
 First, they gave me brandy, and then they gave me gin ;
 Here's success, to all the waiters
 Of the Star Inn———and Hotel !

THE TOOM MEAL-POCK.*

PRESERVE us a' ! what shall we do,

Thir dark unhallowed times ?

We're surely dreeing penance now,

For some most awfu' crimes.

Sedition daurna now appear,

In reality or joke,

For ilka chield maun mourn wi' me,

O' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me !

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,

For sport and pastime free,

I seem'd like ane in paradise,

The moments quick did flee.

Like Venuses they a' appeared,

Weel pouth'er'd were their locks—†

Twas easy dunc, when at their hames,

Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.

And sing, Oh waes me !

How happy past my former days,

Wi' merry heartsome glee,

When smiling Fortune held the cup,

And Peace sat on my knee ;

Nae wants had I but were supplied,

My heart wi' joy did knock,

* This capital song was written by John Robertson, Weaver, in Paisley, about the time of the political ferments of 1793. We know not the air to which it is sung, but believe it is an old one. Our worthy friend, Mr. George Miller, Blantyre, sings it inimitably, whether the air, or the accent, or the action, be taken into consideration.

† The allusion here, is to hair powder, which, at the time in question, was used by all respectable persons, *gentle and simple*.

When in the neuk, I smiling saw
 A gaucie, weel-filled pock.
 And sing, Oh waes me!
 Speak no ae word about Reform,
 Nor petition Parliament;
 A wiser scheme I'll now propone,
 I'm sure ye'll gie consent;—
 Send up a chield or twa like *him*,
 As a sample o' the flock,
 Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof
 O' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!
 And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
 Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
 Hae nae impression on yon folks,
 Just tell ye'll stand a-hin.
 O, what a contrast will ye show,
 To the glow'rin' Lunnun folk,
 When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
 Wi' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!
 Then rear your hand, and glow'r, and stare,
 Before yon hills o' beef;
 Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
 For Scotia's relief;—
 Tell them ye are the very best.
 Wal'd frae the fattest flock;
 Then raise your arms, and O! display
 A hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!
 Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
 That hauds the state thegither,
 For Scotland wishes just to tak'
 Gude nicht wi' ane anither!
 We canna thole, we canna bide
 This bard unwieldy yoke,
 For wark and want but ill agree,
 Wi' a hinging toom meal-pock.

And sing, Oh waes me!

✓ I SHALL RETURN AGAIN.*

I WOULD not have thee dry the tear
That dims thine eye of blue ;
I would not that thy cheek should wear
A smile at our adieu :

Yet cheer thee, love, the past was bliss,
And though we part in pain,
A happier hour will follow this,
And we shall meet again.

Oh think not that the wild sea-wave
Shall bear my *heart* from thee,
Unless its cold breast prove my grave,
'Twill work no change in me,
The troubled music of the deep
Is now our farewell strain,
And fond affection well may weep,
Yet—I'll return again.

I go to find a bower of peace,
In lovelier lands than thine,
Where cruel fortune's frowns shall cease,
Where I can call thee mine.
And when to crown my fairy plan,
But *one thing* shall remain ;
Then, love—if there be truth in man—
I shall return again.

Wm. Kennedy.

✓ THE ANSWER.

WHY walk I by the lonely strand ?
He comes not with the tide,

* This song was one of the first written by Mr. Kennedy, and was presented by him to our publisher, who had suggested the air to which it is usually sung—The Highland Watch, or March in the 42d Regiment. We regret that a lyrist so highly gifted does not favour the world with more of his pieces.

His home is in another land,
 The stranger is his bride.
 The stranger, on whose lofty brow,
 The circling diamonds shine,
 Is now his bride, whose earliest vow,
 And pledge of hope, were mine.
 They tell me that my cheek is pale,
 That youth's light smile is gone ;
 That mating with the ocean gale
 Hath chilled my heart to stone ;
 And friendship asks what secret care
 There is to work me wo,
 But vainly seeks a grief to share
 Which none shall ever know.
 Ye waves, that heard the false one swear,
 But saw him not return,
 Ye'll not betray me, if a tear
 Should start in spite of scorn.
 Yet, no—a wounded spirit's pride,
 Though passion's pangs are deep,
 Shall dash the trait'rous drop aside,
 From eyes that must not weep.
 In vain, alas ! I have no power
 To quit this lonely strand,
 From whence, at the wild parting hour,
 I saw him leave the land.
 Though he has ta'en a stranger bride,
 My love will not depart ;
 Its seal, too strong for woman's pride,
 Shall be a broken heart.

Wm. Kennedy.

NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea ;
 When I forget thee, to my hand false may the outlass be !
 And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame.
 If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name !

Up, up, my lads!—his memory!—we'll give it with a cheer,—
 Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!
 Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor
 speck;

Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter-deck;
 He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,
 And Spanish planters crossed themselves at whisper of his
 name;

But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely
 smile—

His bark will take no prize again, nor ne'er touch Indian
 isle!

'S blood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—
 The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!
 With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,
 No need would he have had to cruise, in tropic climes,
 again:

But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on
 shore,

And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned
 no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
 The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef;
 Upon a cutting coral-reef—scarce a good league from land—
 But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the
 strand:

His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and, with an old
 canoe,

Even had he numbered ten for one, what could Ned Bolton
 do?

Six days and nights, the vessel lay upon the coral-reef,
 Nor favouring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of
 relief;

For a land-breeze, the wild one praycd, who never prayed
 before,

And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore:

The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture
 near,
 Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer !
 A calm !—a calm !—a hopeless calm !—the red sun burning
 high,
 Glared blisteringly and wearily, in a transparent sky ;
 The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the
 song,
 The only pastime at an hour when rest seemed far too long.
 So boisterously they took their rouse, upon ' the crowded
 deck,
 They looked like men who had escaped, not feared, a sud-
 den wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away ! away ! to sea
 Drifted the bark, with riven plauks, over the waters free ;
 Their battle-flag these rovers bold then hoisted top-mast
 high,
 And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.
 “ One last broadside !” Ned Bolton cried,—deep boomed the
 cannon's roar,

And echo's hollow growl returned an answer, from the
 shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous
 cheer,

Ceased not, so long as ocean spared, the shattered privateer :
 I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning, in the gale,
 We strove to save, we tacked, and fast we slackened all
 our sail—

I knew the wave of Ned's right hand—farewell !—you strive
 in vain !

And he, or one of his ship's crew, ne'er enter'd port again

Wm. Kennedy.

IRISH INSTRUCTION.

In this wonderful age when most men go to college,
 And every man's skull holds a hatful of knowledge,

'Twill soon be a wonder to meet with a fool,
Since men are abroad like Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

There are very few men like O'Toole who can teach,
When the head wont respond, he applies to the breech ;
And whacking them well, till he gives them their full,
Let us knock in the larning, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

One morning the Doctor went out to his walk,
And found on the door his own likeness in *chalk*,
That mornning he flogg'd every brat in the school,
Its a part of my system, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

Now get on with your larning as fast as you can,
For knowledge is sweeter than eggs done with ham ;
Fire away with your lessons, mind this is the school,
Or I'll blow ye to pot, says Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

And now, my dear childer, bear this in your mind,
That words without meaning are nothing but wind ;
Accept of all favours, make that the first rule,
Or your nothing but goslins, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When you go to a house and they ax you to eat,
Don't hold down your head, and refuse the good meat ;
But say you will drink too, or else you're a fool,
Myself does the same thing, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When father and mother have turned their backs,
Don't kiek up a row with the dog and the cat ;
Nor tie the pig's tail to a table or stool,
Ye're a parcel of villains, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

But give over fighting, and think of your sins,
Or I'll break ev'ry bone in your rascally skins,

Nor try to deceive me like ducks in a pool,
For I'll find out the sinner, says Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

When into your grandmother's cup-board ye break,
In scrambling down from it take care of your neck—
Don't cheat the poor hangman, that crazy old fool ;
Give the *Devil* his due, says Professor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

The lessons are over, so run away home,
Nor turn up your nose at a crust or a bone ;
Come back in the morning, for that is the rule ;
And ye'll get more instructions from Doctor O'Toole.

Derry down, &c.

MARY BEATON.

BONNIE blooming Mary Beaton !
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton !
Could I but gain her for my ain,
I'd be the blythest wight in Britain.

I've woo'd and sued this mony a day,
Ilk tender vow o' love repeatin',
But still she smiles, and answers "*nay*,"
While I, puir saul ! am near the greetin',
Bonny blooming, &c.

If smiles frae her can wound sae sair,
How sair were frowns frae Mary Beaton !
The lee-lang night I sigh and grane,
An' toss an' tumble till I'm sweatin',
For wink o' sleep can I get nane,
For thinkin' still on Mary Beaton.
Bonnie blooming, &c.

Poor troubled ghaist ! I get nae rest,
And what's my trouble ? Mary Beaton.
When ither youngsters blythe an' gay,
Set aff to join some merry meetin',

By some dyke-side I lanely stray,
A-musing still on Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

A' mirth an' fun, I hate an' shun,
An' a' for sake o' Mary Beaton.

I ance could laugh an' sing wi' glee,
And grudg'd the hours sae short an' flectin',
But *now* ilk day's a *moon* to me,
Sae sair I lang for Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

Till ance she's mine, I'll waste an' pine,
For now I'm past baith sleep an' eatin'

Her fairy form sae light an' fair,
Her gracefu' manner sae invitin',
Alas ! will kill me wi' despair,
Unless I soon get Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming, &c.

Wad she but bless me wi' a YES,
Oh how that *yes* my lot wad sweeten !

Alex. Rodger.

PETER AND MARY ;

A KITCHEN BALLAD.

*Founded on Fact, and written expressly for all the Hangers-on about the
Dripping-Pan.*

THE learned have said (but who can tell
When learned folks are right)
That there is no such thing in life
“ As loving at first sight.”

But I will now an instance bring,
You may rely upon,
How PETER BLACK fell deep in love
With MARY MUCKLEJOHN.

He through the kitchen-window look'd,
 When Mary just had got
 A round of beef all newly cook'd,
 And smoking from the pot.

And aye he gaz'd and aye he smelt,
 With many a hungry groan,
 Till Mary's heart began to melt
 Like marrow in the bone.

And looking up, she sweetly smiled,
 Her smile it seem'd to say,
 "Please, Mr. Black, if you're inclined,
 You'll dine with me to-day."

At least so Peter read her smile,
 And soon tripp'd down the stair;
 When Mary kindly welcom'd him,
 And help'd him to a chair.

There much he praised the round of beef,
 And much he praised the maid;
 While she, poor simple soul, believed
 Each flattering word he said.

Perhaps he made some slight mistakes,
 Yet part might well be trew'd,
 For though her face was no *great shakes*,
 The beef was really *good*.

Then Peter pledged his troth, and swore
 A constant man he'd be,
 And *daily*, like a man of truth,
 Came *constantly* at three.

And thus he dared, though long and lean,
 Each slanderous tongue to say,
 That, though when present he seem'd long,
 That he was *long* away.

Three was the hour, when bits were nice,
 And then he show'd his face,

But show'd it there so very oft
That Mary lost her place.

Some fair ones say that love is sweet,
And hideth many a fault ;
Our fair one found, when *turn'd away*,
Her love was rather *salt*.

Poor Mary says to Peter Black,
“ Now wedded let us be,
Bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh
You promis'd to make me.”

“ Flesh of your flesh, I grant I said,
Bone of your bone, I'd be ;
But now you know you've got no *flesh*,
And *bones* are not for me.”

Poor Cooky now stood all aghast
To find him on the shy,
And rais'd her apron-tail to wipe
The *dripping* from her eye.

She sobb'd “ Oh, perjured Peter Black,
The basest man I know,
You're Black by name, you're black at heart,
Since you can use me so.”

Yet, still to please her Peter's *taste*
Gave her poor heart relief ;
So Mary went and hung herself,
And thus became *hung beef*.

That grief had *cut her up*, 'twas plain
To every one in town,
But Peter, when he heard the tale,
He ran and *cut her down*.

Fast, fast his briny tears now flow'd
Yet Mary's sands ran fleeter ;
Such *brine* could not *preserve* the mald,
Though from her own *salt Peter*.

From this let cookmaids learn to shun
 Men who are long and lean ;
 For when they talk about their love,
 'Tis *pudding* that they mean.

Carrick.

THE DEIL O' BUCKLYVIE.

NAE doubt ye'll hae heard how daft Davie M'Quat
 Cam' hame like a deil, wi' an auld horn bouat ;
 His feet they were cloven, horns stuck through his bonnet,
 That fley'd a' the niebours when e'er they look'd on it ;
 The bairns flew like bees in a fright to their hivie,
 For ne'er sic a deil was e'er seen in Bucklyvie.

We had deils o' our ain in plenty to grue at,
 Without makin' a new deil o' Davie M'Quat :
 We hae deils at the sornin', and deils at blaspheming ;
 We hae deils at the cursin', and deils at nicknamin' ;
 But for cloots and for horns, and jaws fit to rive ye,
 Sic a deil never cam' to the town o' Bucklyvie.

We hae deils that will lie wi' ony deils breathing ;
 We're a' deils for drink when we get it for naething ;
 We tak' a' we can, we gie unco little,
 For no ane 'll part wi' the reek o' his spittle ;
 The shool we ne'er use, wi' the rake we will rive you,
 So we'll fen without ony mair deils in Bucklyvie.

Though han'less and clotless, wi' nae tail to smite ye,
 Like leeches when yaup, yet fu' sair can we bite ye ;
 In our meal-pock nae new deil will e'er get his nieve in,
 For among us the auld ane could scarce get a livin'.
 To keep a' that's gude to ourselves we contrive aye,
 For that is the creed o' the town o' Bucklyvie.

But deils wi' Court favour we never look blue at,
 Then let's drink to our new deil, daft Davie M'Quat ;

And lang may he wag baith his tail and his bairdie,
 Without skaith or scorning frae lord or frae lairdie ;
 Let him get but the Queen at our fauts to connive aye,
 He'll be the best deil for the town o' Bucklyvie.

Now, I've tell't ye ilk failin', I've tell't ye ilk faut :
 Stick mair to yer moilin', and less to yer maut ;
 And aiblins ye'll find it far better and wiser,
 Than traikin' and drinkin' wi' Davie the guizar ;
 And never to wanthrift may ony deil drive ye,
 Is the wish o' wee Watty, the bard o' Bucklyvie.

Carrick.

A MOTHER'S DAUTY.

AIR—" *My mither's aye glowrin' owre me.*"

My mither wad hae me weel married,
 My mither wad hae me weel married ;
 Na, she tries a' she can
 To get me a gudeman,
 But as yet, a' her plans hae miscarried.
 To balls and to concerts she hies me,
 And meikle braw finery buys me ;
 But the men are sae shy,
 They just glow'r and gang by,
 There's nane has the sense yet to prize me.

To ilka tea-party she tak's me,
 And the theme o' her table-talk mak's me ;
 But the folks leuk sae queer,
 When she cries " Lizzy ! dear,"
 That their conduct most grievously racks me.
 She hauls me aff to the coast there,
 Expecting to mak' me the toast there ;
 But somehow or ither,
 A lass wi' her mither,
 Discovers her time is but lost there.

At the kirk, too, I'm made to attend her,
 Not wholly heart-homage to render,
 But in rich "silken sheen,"
 Just to see and be seen,
 And to dazzle the gowks wi' my splendour :
 But for a' my sweet smirks and my glances,
 There's never a wooer advances
 To oster me hame,
 Wi' my dainty auld dame ;
 Alas, now, how kittle my chance is !
 I'm sure I'm as good as my cousin,
 Wha reckons her joes by the dizen ;
 That besiege her in thrangs,
 Ilka gate that she gangs,
 A' swarmin' like bumbees a-bizzin' .
 And for beauty, pray what's a' her share o't ?
 Like me she could thole a hue mair o't ;
 For it's granted by a',
 Though she dresses right braw,
 She has wonderfu' little to spare o't.
 But I trow I maun try a new plan yet,
 And depend on *mysel'* for a man yet ;
 For my cousin Kate vows,
 That *some mithers are coves*,
 That wad scaur the best chiel that ever ran yet.
 And gin I hae the luck to get married,
 Gin I hae the luck to get married,
 Wi' a husband to guide,
 (Let Miss Kate then deride,)
 I'll be proud that my point has been carried.

Alex. Rodger.

" HOUT AWA', JOHNNY, LAD!"

Hour awa', Johnny, lad ! what maks ye flatter me ?
 Why wi' your praises sae meikle bespatter me ?

Why sae incessantly deave and be-clatter me,
 Teasing me mair than a body can bide?
 Can I believe, when ye "angel" and "goddess" me,
 That ye're in earnest to mak me your bride?
 Say, can a woman o' sense or yet modesty,
 Listen to talk frae the truth sae far wide?
 Few are the flatterer's claims to sincerity,
 Loud though he boast o' his honour and verity;
 Truth frae his lips is a wonderfu' rarity,
 Words by his actions are sadly belied!
 Woman he deems but a toy to be sported wi',
 Dawted or spurned at, as caprice may guide;
 Blooming a while to be dallied and courted wi',
 Then to be flung like auld lumber aside!
 True love has seldom the gift o' loquacity,
 Lips to express it, aft want the capacity;
 Wha, then, can trust in a wooer's veracity,
 Whase butter'd words o'er his tongue saftly slide?
 What are love's tell-tales, that give it sweet utterance,
 Wherein the maiden may safely confide?
 What—but the glances, the sighs and heart-flutterings,
 Of the loved youth who takes truth for his guide?
 Yet, though I've spoken wi' seeming severity,
 Made observations wi' prudish asperity,
 I'd be the last ane to geck, or to sneer at ye,
 Kenning how little is made by fause pride.
 Could we but then understand ane anither, then
 Soon wad my bosom the matter decide;
 Leaving my worthy auld father and mither, then
 Hey, Johnny, lad! I'd become your ain bride.

Alex. Rodger.

HIGHLAND POLITICIANS.

COME, Tougall, tell me what you'll thocht
 Apout this Bill Reform, man,

Tat's preeding sic a muckle steer,
 An' like to raise ta storm, man ;
 For noo ta peoples meet in troves,
 On both sides o' ta Tweed, man,
 An' spoket speechums loud an' lang,
 An' very pauld inteed, man.
 'Teed, Tonald, lad, she'll no pe ken,
 For she's nae politish, man,
 But for their speechums loud an' lang,
 She wadna gie tat sneesh, man ;
 For gin she'll thocht ta thing was richt,
 She wad her beetock traw, man,
 An' feught like tamn—till ance ta Bill
 Was made coot Cospel law, man.
 Hoot toot, man, Tougall ! tat nicht do
 When SHORDIE TWA did ring, man,
 An' her fore-faiters trew ta tirk,
 To mak teir Chairlie king, man ;
 But tirks, an' pistols, an' claymores,
 Pe no for me nor you, man ;
 Tey'll a' pe out o' fashions gane
 Since pluity Waterloo, man.
 Last nicht she'll went to pay her rent,
 Ta laird gie her ta tram, man,
 An' tell her tat this Bill Reform
 Was shust a nonsense tamn, man !
 Pe no for honest man's, she'll say,
 Pe meddle 'ffairs o' State, man,
 But leave those matters to him's CRACK,
 Him's CLORY, an' ta great man.
 She'll talk 'pout *Revolations*, too,
 Pe pad an' wicked thing, man,
 Wad teuk awa ta 'stinctions a',
 Frae peggar down to king, man ;
 Nae doubts, nae doubts, her nainsel' said,
 But yet tere's something worse, man,

To *Revolutions* tat will teuk
 Ta puir man's cow nor horse, man.
 An' ten she'll wish ta *Ministers*
 Pe kicket frae teir place, man :
 Och hon, och hon ! her nainsel said,
 Tat wad pe wofu' case, man ;
 For gin ta *Ministers* pe fa',
Precentors neist maun gang, man—
 Syne wha wad in ta Punker stood,
 An' lilt ta godly sang, man ?
 Och ! ten ta laird flee in a rage,
 An' *sinfu'diel** me ca', man—
 Me tell him no pe understood
 What him will spoke ava, man :
 Ta *sinfu'diel* !—na, na, she'll say,
 She'll no pelang tat clan, man,
 Hersel's a true an' trusty *Grant*,
 As coot as 'nitter man, man.
 But, Tougall, lad ! my 'pinion is,
 An' tat she'll freely gie, man,
 Ta laird pe fear tat this Reform
 Will petter you an' me, man :
 For like some ither lairds, she still
 Wad ride upon our pack, man ;
 But fait ! she'll maype saw ta tay,
 Pe tell him 'nitter crack, man.
 For *Shames ta feeter*† say this Bill
 Will mak' ta rents pe fa', man ;
 Pe mak' ta sueesh an' whisky cheap,
 Ta gauger chase awa, man ;
 An' ne'er let lairds nor factors more
 Pe do ta poor man's harm, man,
 Nor purn him's house apoon him's head,
 An' trive him aff ta farm, man

* Infidel.

† James the Weaver.

Weel, Tonald ! gin I'll thoctit that,
 Reformer I will turn, man,
 For wi' their 'pressions an' their scorns,
 My very pluit will purn, man :
 Oeh, shust to hae ta tay apout,
 Wi' some tat I will ken, man ;
 Tey'll prunt my house to *please ta laird*,
 Cot ! let them try't again, man !

Alex. Rodger.

O ! DINNA BID ME GANG WI' YOU.

O ! DINNA bid me gang wi' you,
 'Twould break my mither's heart ;
 There's nane to care for her but me,
 Sae dinna bid us part :
 Increasing frailties tell that here
 Her time will no be lang,
 And wha wad tend her dceing bed,
 Gin I wi' you should gang ?
 She kens our hearts, and says she thinks
 She could our absence bear ;
 But while she speaks, her aged e'e
 Is glist'ning wi' a tear.
 Light waes will weet the youthfu' cheek,
 But ah ! severe's the pang
 That stirs the time-dried fount of grief,
 Sae dinna bid me gang.

James Scott.

KILROONY'S VISIT TO LONDON.

HAVE ye heard of the excellent sport
 Afforded by Master Kilroony,
 How, when he got up to the court,
 The king recognised an old crony ?

'Right happy to see you I am !

And welcome you are into Lunnan :

The natives cried out, there is Dan,

We searcely believed you were comin'.

(Spoken.) 'And so, Mr. Daniel Kilroony, how do you do ?' says the King. 'Pretty well, I thank you,' says Dan, 'Oxis doxis glorioxis to your Kingship's glory, for ever, and a day after; I hope your Majesty is full of salubrity?' 'That I am,' says the King. 'Did you bring your shillelah with ye, Dan?' 'I did.' 'And right you were,' says His Majesty, 'for betwixt you and me, there is the *ould onc* to pay here, and no money to give him; depend upon it, there will be wigs upon the grass this year, long before it grows, Dan; but keep your mind asy, for I am determined to stand by my loyal loving subjects as long as they have a button on their coats.' 'That's right,' says Dan, 'and if one of the varmint, after this, presume to question your Majesty's goodness, blow me if I don't beat their two eyes into one.'

Then the King and Kilroony down sat,

And partook of an excellent dinner;

There was roasted and boil'd, lean and fat,

To comfort the heart of each sinner;

There was brandy, and porter, and ale,

With excellent wine and good whisky;

All the fruits that are sold by retail;

So the King and Kilroony got frisky.

'And how is Mrs. Kilroony and all the childer?' says the King, after the dinner was over. 'Why, pretty well, thank your Majesty,' says Dan. 'How is your own good lady, the Quean, I don't see her about all the house, at-all-at-all?' 'Spake aisy,' says the King, 'she's in bad humour to-day, this is Friday, and she's busy wi' washing and cleaning; and when engaged in that sort of work, the *ould black gentleman* with the long tail, couldn't make her keep the dumb side of her tongue undermost.' 'And are ye so circumstanced,' says Dan, 'it's jnst the same way with Mrs. Kilroony; when her blood got up, she used to make me believe that she would fight the devil himself; but faith I

took it out of her.' 'And how did you manage that?' says the King. 'Just wi' the same elegant instrument you were enquiring after a little ago. I rubbed her down with an oaken towel, and gave her five-and-twenty drops of shillelah oil next her stomach in the morning. 'Don't mention it,' says the King. 'Then don't ax me,' says Dan.

'Arrah, murder!' exclaim'd the good King,
 'Could you cudgel the bones of a woman?'
 'I would try,' says Kilroony, 'to bring
 Back her sinses, and make her a true one;
 For ladies when doing what's wrong,
 Are nought but a pareel of *varmint*:
 Says the King to Kilroony, 'go home,
 I've heard quite enough of your *sarmint*.

'Get out of my house this minute,' says the King, 'and never afterwards let me hear you insinuate any thing against the female generation. Bad luck to you for a dirty bog-trotting-potwalloper, can't ye give out your counsel to your own beautiful *pisantry*, six millions of elegant male and female Paddies, all in a state of beautiful naturality; sure there's work enough for your patriotism. Daniel Kilroony, leave this, I say, and never be after showing yourself here as long as there's a nose protruding from your countenance.' 'Please your Majesty,' says Dan, 'might I venture to show myself should I ever happen to lose that useful appendage?' 'Never,' says the King—'leave my presence, or I'll spake ye into the earth in a moment.'

So Kilroony was 'cut at the court,'
 And soon left the city of Lunnan;
 All the Paddies had capital sport,
 When they saw poor Kilroony back coming
 'Kilroony, Kilroony!' said they,
 'You would fain be a parliament *mimber*,
 But the King he put *salt* in your tay,
 And burn't your nose with a cinder.
 O have you not heard, &c.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.*

THE bairns got up in a loud, loud skreech,

The deuks dang o'er my Daddie, O ;

Quo' our gudewife, " let him lie there,

For he's just a paidling body, O :

He paidles out, and he paidles in,

He paidles late and early, O ;

This thirty years I hae been his wife,

And comfort comes but sparely, O."

" Now haud your tongue," quo' our gudeman,

" And dinna be sae saucy, O,

I've seen the day, and so hae ye,

I was baith young and gaucy, O.

I've seen the day you butter'd my brose,

And cuitered me late and early, O ;

But auld age is on me now,

And wow but I fin't richt sairly, O."

" I carena' tho' ye were i' the mools,

Or dookit in a boggie, O ;

I kenna the use o' the crazy auld fool,

But just to toom the coggie, O.

Gin the win' were out o' your whaisling hauze,

I'd marry again and be voggie, O ;

Some bonny young lad would be my lot,

Some rosy cheeked roggie, O."

Quo' our gudemaui, " gie me that Rung

That's hingin' in the ingle, O ;

I'se gar ye haud that sorrowfu' tongue,

Or else your lugs will tingle, O.

* The first two stanzas are, with a few verbal alterations, from Burns—the additional verses are by a facetious contributor to whom this publication is indebted for the graphic humour of our brethren of the Green Isle.

Gang to your bed this blessed nicht,
 Or I'll be your undoing, O ;"
 The canny auld wife crap out o' sicht,
 What think ye o' sic wooing, O ?

LOVE'S FIRST QUARREL.

" WHAR' shall I get anither love,
 Sin' Johnny's ta'en the gee ?
 Whar' shall I get anither love,
 To speak kind words to me ?
 To row me in his cozie plaid,
 Whan wintry winds blaw snell,
 Whar' shall I get anither love ?
 Waes me, I canna tell.
 Yestreen I quarrel'd wi' my love,
 'Cause he behaved unmeet,
 An' rubb'd my cheek wi' his hard chin
 Till I was like to greet.
 I flate upon him lang and sair,
 At last he took the huff,
 An' tel't him ne'er to see my face,
 If he kept his baird sae rough.
 But a' nicht lang I lay an' sigh't,
 Wi' the warm tear in my e'e,
 And I wish'd I had my Johnny back,
 Though his baird were to his kneec.
 It's harsh to use a maiden thus,
 For her simplicity,
 Wha scarce can tell what loving means,
 Or kens what man should be."
 The youth ahint the hallan stood,
 And snirtled in his sleeve,

It's cordial to a love-sick heart,
To hear its true love grieve.

He slipp'd ahint her—ere she wist,
He baith her een did steek,
“ Now guess and tell wha's *weel-shav'd* chin,
Is press'd upon your cheek ?”

Her lips sae rich wi' *hinny* dew,
Smil'd sae forgiving-like,
That Johnny crook'd his thievish mou,
To herry the sweet *byke*.

Carrick.

THE GUDEMAN'S PROPHECY.

THE win' blew loud on our lum-head,
About auld Hallowe'en ;
Quo' our gudewife to our gudeman,
“ What may this tempest mean ?”

The gudeman shook his head, an' sich'd,
Quo' he, “ 'tween you and me,
I fear we'll hae some bluidy wark,
And that ye'll live to see.

For just before the Shirra Muir,
We had sic thuds o' win',
An' mony a bonny buik lay cauld,
Before that year was dune.”

“ Hoot, toot ! gudeman, ye're haverin' noo,
An' talkin' like a fule,
Ye ken we've aye sic thuds o' win',
'Bout Candlemas or Yule.”

“ I'll no be ca'd a fule,” quo' he,
“ By ony worthless she,
My boding it sall stan' the test,
An' that belyvo ye'll see.”

“ To ca’ your wife a worthless she,
Shows just ye’re scant o’ wit,
But if ye’ll speak that word again,
I’ll brain you whar ye sit.”

Now up gat he, and up gat she,
An’ till’t fell teeth an’ nail,
While frae the haffets o’ them baith,
The bluid cam down like hail.

Our Gutchyre now spak frae the nuik,
A sairie man was he,
“ Sit down, sit down, ye senseless fouk,
An’ let sic tuilzeing be.

An’ gudewife learn an’ no despise
The word o’ prophecy,
For “ *bluidy wark* ” this nicht has been,
An’ that ye’ve lived to see.

I could hae seen wi’ hauf an e’e,
The prophecy was sure,
For siccan words ’tween married fouks,
Bring on a “ *Shirra Muir* .”

An’ noo I hope ilk wedded pair,
A moral here may fin’,
An’ mind though tempest rage without,
A *calm sough* keep within.

Carrick.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

WEE stuffy, stumpy, dumpie laddie,
Thou urchin elfin, bare an’ duddy,
Thy plumpit kite an’ cheek sae ruddy
Are fairly baggit,
Although the breckums on thy fuddy
Are e’en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate, sae black an' curly,
 Thy twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,
 The biting frost, though snell an' surly
 An' sair to bide,
 Is scouted by thee, thou hardy wurly,
 Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weat.
 Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
 Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet
 Right bauld an' sicker,
 An' ne'er wast kenned to whinge or greet,
 But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's wee peel-garlic gets
 Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,
 Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,
 To keep them pale ;
 But aitmeal parritch straughts thy guts,
 An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's paiks, the maister's whippin',
 Can never mend thy gait o' kippin' ;
 I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
 A' after thee,
 An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippin'
 Far owre the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,
 Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
 Stridin' owre horse, an' yerkin' cattle
 Wi' noisy glee,
 Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle,
 Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,
 Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
 Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,
 Ilk oily leary,

Ilk midden navis, wee black jaudy,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimblin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindit fiddler,
Ilk wee speech-crier,
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,
Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly-draiglin', dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night,
An' stagger's hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit, blin', an' scaur,
Thou coverest him up, a movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
In teapot, hottle, *stoup*, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupis
A' in the air.

At e'en, when weary warkmen house,
Their sair forfoughten spunks to rouse,
An' owre th' inspirin' whisky bouse,
Croon mony a ditty,
Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,
An' though thou now are wee an' barefoot,

Thou'lt be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
 Or I'm mista'en,
 Unless misfortunes gurlly bark yet
 Should change thy vein.

O, why sould age, wi' cankered e'e,
 Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glce,
 We a' were callants ance, like thee,
 An' happier then
 Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
 We think us men.

James Ballantine, Edinburgh.

THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

God bless our lovely Queen,
 With cloudless days serene ;—
 God save our Queen.

From perils, pangs and woes,
 Secret and open foes,
 Till her last evening close,
 God save our Queen.

From flattery's poisoned streams ;—
 From faction's fiendish schemes,
 God shield our Queen ;—
 With men her throne surround,
 Firm, active, zealous, sound,
 Just, righteous, sage, profound ;—
 God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove,
 Her faithful subjects' love ;—
 God bless our Queen.

Grant her an Alfred's zeal,
 Still for the Commonweal,
 Her people's wounds to heal ;—
 God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth ;—
 In the straight paths of truth,
 Lead our young Queen ;
 And as years onward glide,
 Succour, protect and guide,
 Albion's hope—Albion's pride ;—
 God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,
 Bright be Victoria's reign ;—
 God guard our Queen.
 Safe from the traitor's wiles,
 Long may the Queen of Isles,
 Cheer millions with her smiles ;—
 God save our Queen.

Alex. Rodger.

THE FORSAKEN.

O GIVE me back that blissful time,
 When I so fondly gazed on thee,
 And loved—nor deemed my love a crime,
 Till now too late, my fault I see.
 O give me back my innocence !
 Alas! that may not—cannot be,
 Too deep, too dark is my offence,
 For purity to dwell with me.

Hast thou forgot the solemn vows,
 So oft exchanged by thee and me,
 While seated underneath the boughs,
 Of yonder venerable tree ?
 Those vows, indeed, may be forgot,
 Or only laughed at, now, by thee,
 But to thy mind they'll yet be brought,
 When cold below the sod I'll be.

How could'st thou treat a maiden so,
 Who would have gladly died for thee ?

Think, think what I must undergo,
 Think of my load of infamy ;
 O could repentance wash my stain,
 What peaceful days I yet might see,
 But no ;—I ever must remain
 A victim of my love, for thee.

Alex. Rodger.

OH! PRINCELY IS THE BARON'S HALL.

OH! princely is the Baron's hall,
 And bright his lady's bower,
 And none may wed their eldest son
 Without a royal dower ;
 If such, my peerless maid, is thine,
 Then place thy lily hand in mine.
 A cot beside the old oak-tree,
 The woodbine's pleasant flower,
 A careless heart and spotless name,
 Sir Knight, are all my dower ;
 Thy gold spur and thy milk-white steed,
 May bear thee where thou'lt better speed.
 Now, by the ruby of thy lip—
 The sapphire of thine eye—
 The treasures of thy snowy breast,
 We part not company :
 A sire's domain—a mother's pride,
 Can claim for me no wealthier bride.

Wm. Kennedy.

WEE RABIE.

A E mornin', wee Rabie, fu' canty and gabbie,
 Gat up frae his nestie an' buskit him braw ;
 To sweeten his lifey, he wish'd for a wifey,
 An' fix'd on tall Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

The laughin' wee bodie soon mountit on Doddie,
 Sae sleekit, an' bridled, an' saddled, an' a';
 A drap in his headie, to haud his heart steadie,
 Aff he trotted for Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

A wooer mair vap'rin', mair pankie and cap'rin',
 Ne'er before took the road sae weel mountit an' a';
 But the fowk thought him muzzy, to fix on a huzzy,
 Sae strappin' as Nell o' Heathery Ha'.

But Rabbie was happy, love smit wi' the nappy,
 Nor dream'd that his person was punylié sma';
 He canter'd fu' smirky, a bauld little birky,
 Nor halted till landit at Heathery Ha'.

Wi' whip-han' he knuckled, while neighbours a' chuckled,
 An' wondered what made him sae trig and sae braw;
 Ne'er thinking that Doddie had brought the wee bodie,
 A-wooin' to Nelly o' Heathery Ha'.

But Rabie soon lightit, without being frightit,
 An' vow'd he'd hae Nelly, or hae nane at a';
 Then tiptoe in goes he, resolved to be easie,
 Before ne'd leave Nelly an' Heathery Ha'

Soon Nelly, though taller, wi' Rabbie though smaller,
 Agreed to be buckled for gude an' for a';
 She vows he is snodie, though but a wee bodie,
 An' better a mannie than ne'er ane ava.

Sae they've remounted Doddie, lang Nell, the wee bodie;
 'Twas sport to see Rabie sae brisk gaun awa',
 He sat in Nell's lapie, sae laughin' an' happy,
 An' trottit hame crously frae Heathery Ha'.

LOVELY MAIDEN.

LOVELY maiden, art thou sleeping?
 Wake, and fly with me, my love,
 While the moon is proudly sweeping
 Through the ether fields above;

While her mellow'd light is streaming
 Full on mountain, moor, and lake !
 Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming ?
 'Tis thy true love calls—awake ?

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,
 Even the watch-dog's lull'd asleep ;
 Hark ! the clock the hour is knelling,
 Wilt thou then thy promise keep ?
 Yes, I hear her softly coming,
 Now her window's gently rais'd,
 There she stands, an angel blooming—
 Come, my Mary ! haste thee, haste !

Fear not, love ! thy rigid father
 Soundly sleeps, bedrench'd with wine ;
 'Tis thy true love holds the ladder,
 To his care thyself resign !
 Now my arms enfold a treasure,
 Which for world's I'd not forego ;
 Now our bosoms feel that pleasure,
 Faithful bosoms only know.

Long have our true love's been thwarted
 By the stern decrees of pride,
 Which would doom us to be parted,
 And make thee another's bride ;
 But behold my steeds are ready,
 Soon they'll post us far away ;
 Thou wilt be Glen Alva's Lady
 Long before the dawn of day !

Alex. Rodger.

COME THEN, ELIZA DEAR.

DEAREST Eliza, say, wilt thou resign
 All thy companions gay, and become mine ?

Wilt thou through woe and weal,
 Be my loved partner still,
 Share with me every ill,
 Nor e'er repine ?

Wilt thou, O lovely fair ! when I'm distress'd.
 All my afflictions share, soothe them to rest ?
 Wilt thou, when comforts fail,
 When woe and want assail,
 With sympathizing wail,
 Cling to this breast ?

Yes, yes, O dearest youth ! here I resign,
 All else I prize on earth, thy fate to join ;
 Gladly I'll share thy woes,
 Soothe thee to calm repose,
 While heaven on me bestows
 Such love as thine.

Come then, Eliza dear, come to this breast,
 Thou alone reignest here, kindest and best ;
 If wealth and rural peace,
 If love that ne'er shall cease,
 Can give thee ought like bliss,
 Thou shalt be bless'd.

Alex. Rodger.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED ! a steed of matchless speed,
 A sword of metal keen !
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpets loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come ;

And oh ! the thund'ring press of knights,
 When as their war-cries swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,
 Or rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
 And don your helms amain,
 Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye,
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
 For the fairest of the land.

Let piping swain and craven wight,
 Thus weep and puling cry;—
 Our business is, like men to fight
 And hero-like to die!

Motherwell.

YOUNG PADDY'S TUTOR.

SOME patriots howl o'er Paddies wrongs,
 And raise such lamentation, O ;
 Whilst others contrive with their speeches and songs,
 To complete her stultification, O.
 Ould Father M'Flail, good honest man,
 Like a heavenly constellation, O,
 Enlightens the Paddies as much as he can,
 With his system of education, O.

(Spoken.) 'Come hither the whole varmint of ye, and let me see that ye're all present and none ov ye absent. I see ye're all here, my honnies; the more credit to you for the interest you take in your larn-in'. But before commencin' the instruction of the day, let us attend to the comforts of the Academy. Phidre O'Gallach ! what sort of a turf is that ye brought with you this morning? Ye'll be after kaping it warm in your pocket, for shame, till ye come up to the school;—did you ever expect that a handful like it could give a hap'worth of heat to

comfort the Institution? Jim Mullen, now for you, my man; what sort of a way is that 'you've turn'd the corner of your catechism? don't abuse the literature of the country. Are ye at it already? paice childer—houl' your paice, I say, agin; for I don't know whether my tongue is in my own mouth, or dancin' agin the teeth of all the childer in the Academy. Mike Linahan, there's no hearin', for you're roaring as if a score of ducks were houlding a holiday in your mouth; them black-nosed pepper-boxes on Dublin Castle, with the brimstone breath comin' up their throats, couldn't hear themselves spakin' for you! turn the dumb side of your tongue uppermost, or I'll glue it agin the ceilin' of your mouth! Winny M'Coy, my little pot of honey; there's not a sweeter mouth in ould Ireland, nor one that M'Flail would like to put knowledge and letters into, but there is no opening or pretinsion yet in your intellects; the mighty big letters coming up from the bottom of your breast, would be splittin' your throat to ribbands, and opening another mouth below your illigant chin; and there would be no raison for your takin' in sustenance and comforts there, my sweet potato blossom; just trot away home on that purty little foot of your's, that couldn't hurt a hair on the head of a daisy, and come back agin to the instruction when the turf is puttin' on its clothes for summer. Now, children, go on with the instruction of the day. Looney M'Twolter, ye scoundrel, what's the name of that letter that's starin' you there in the face?' 'Q, sur.' 'It's a lie, sir: that's A; didn't I tell you that a month ago? Sure you might see the two legs of it standing up there like the sticks at your grandmother's clay cabin door? O, Looney, Looney! you'll never make a clargy in the 'varsal world. And what's the name of the next letter that comes after the A? sure you havn't forgot it already! What do you call the little gentleman, with the sting in his tail, and yellow jacket over his shoulders, that flies about the bogs and the ditches?' 'Bec, sur.' 'That's the name of it, you blackguard; many's the day you run after him when ye should have been following your edication. And what do you call the fellow of the B?' 'That's the moon, sur.' 'Thunder and thump! that's murderous; who ever heard of a letter called the moon? What do I do when I look through my spectacles, ye rapscallion, ye?' 'Ye squint, sur' (Beats him.) 'And what else?' 'You see, sur.'

'Troth, I do that, and C is the very name ov it; run away to your seat an' turn the sharpest corner of your eye to your lesson.'

And thus the worthy Father lays,
 Of knowledge the sure foundation, O,
 The system every one should plase,
 For its all of his own creation, O.
 The Arts and Sciences every one,
 From the very first emanation, O,
 He explains to all as clear as the sun,
 What a brilliant elucidation, O.

'Charley M'Fluskey, come hither; but first of all take that fly out of your mouth. What would you think now, if that little creature contained in its tiny body the soul of your own ould grandmother? but you don't understand transmugrification; never catch flies in the school, sur. Denis Hourigan, now, tell me the name of that letter I was explaining to you yesterday—the long one there, for all the world like a May-pole? You've forgot, I see, that's sartin. What was't your father gave to your mother last Saturday night, when he came home?' 'He gived her a black eye, sur.' 'And isn't I the very name of the letter? And what's the name of the next but one after the I? What does your mother open the door with?' 'A latch, please your worship.' 'Any thing else?' 'A key, sur.' 'Sure, and K's the very name of it too. Well, and what's the name of that round letter like the full moon, afore she turns herself into a raping-hook agin, as our own Belfast prophets foretel? I wonder if I can 'ring it out ov ye?' (*Pulls his ear.*) 'O murder, murder!' 'That's it now; I'll take the O, and lave the murder to yourself. Tell me now, before I dismiss you, the name of that one with the slop over his head. Sure you know what mother takes to her breakfast on Sunday morning?' 'Rum, sur.' 'Oh ye little tell-tale! well does I love it my own self too, as well as a duck does a dhurty day; an' it were not for a dhrop or two of it, my ould throat would get dhry with spaking—and my body a lump of dhry dust—ould Father M'Flail, your tutor, would be blown about like the dust in the very air you're breathin'. Does your mother never take anything else?' 'Tay, sur.' 'And T's the very word I want; so get away to your seat, and pay more attention for the future. And now,

Dennis O'Neal, you are farther on with your larning; tell me how many cases them Latins had amongst them.' Six; please your honour. 'Then fire away and let's hear their names.' 'There was the Nominativ, and the Genitiv, and the Jockativ.' 'Thunder and turf, who ever heard of the Jockativ case; take that, (*knocks him down,*) and remember that is the *Knockativ*. There is a lesson in jigonometry for you, that your mother never contracted for. Larry Hoolagan, spell Babelmandel, an' be hanged t'ye.' 'B-a-able-m-a-mandle, Babelmandel.' 'That's the thing, my boy. Spell us Constantinople.' 'C-o-n-con-s-t-a-n-stan-tinople, Constantinople.' Do you know the meanin' of that mighty word, now? That's the name of the Grand Turk, sir, who commands the eratures with the three tails. There's the benefit of navigation to you without ever puttin' your foot on water.'

Now boys and girls go home I say,
 And see ye give over flirtation, O;
 Nor dare any more the truant to play,
 But get on with your idieation, O.
 May English, Irish, Scotch, each one,
 Soon make an amalgamation, O,
 With heart, and soul, and blood, and bone,
 To confirm their liberation, O.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
 In yon dowie dell,
 It was there we twa first met
 By Wearie's cauld well.
 We sat on the brume bank
 And look'd in the burn,
 But sidelang we look'd on
 Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
 His sad eeric cry,
 And the wee stars were dreaming
 Their path through the sky:

The burn babbled freely
 Its love to ilk flower,
 But we heard and we saw nought
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
 Above or around ;
 We felt that our love lived,
 And loathed idle sound.
 I gazed on your sweet face
 Till tears filled my e'e,
 And they drapt on your wee loof—
 A world's wealth to me.

Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
 On bare holm and lea ;
 And the cauld wind is strippin'
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.
 But the snaw fa's not faster,
 Nor leaf disna part
 Sae sune frae the bough, as
 Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
 Your bridegroom to be ;
 But can his heart luvae sae
 As mine luvit thee ?
 Ye'll get biggings and mailings,
 And monie braw claes ;
 But they a' winna buy back
 The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
 My first luvae and last,
 May thy joys be to come—
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness,
 This hour fa's on me ;

But light, as thy luve, may
It fleet over thee !

Motherwell.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane—
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine
Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !

Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae—
 And wae's me for the destinic,
 That gart me luvè thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame—
 But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a warld's shame!
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin;
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see—
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine—
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart—
 Oh! haud me up and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa pairt,
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
 Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
 That lilt's far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,

Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh ! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—

And oh ! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee !

And oh ! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
'That file my yellow hair—

That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair !

Motherwell.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,

As spring's rath blossoms die,

And sadness hath o'ershadowed now

Thy once bright eye ;

But, look on me, the prints of grief

Still deeper lie.

Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,

Thy step is sad and slow,

The morn of gladness hath gone by

Thou erst did know ;

I, too, am changed like thee, and weep

For very woe.

Farewell !

It seems as 'twere but yesterday

We were the happiest twain,

When murmured sighs and joyous tears,

Dropping like rain,

Discoursed my love, and told how loved

I was again.

Farewell !

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
 We gave our passion name ;
 Scorning such tedious eloquence.
 Our hearts' fond flame
 And long imprisoned feelings fast
 In deep sobs came.
 Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
 That merest worldlings know,
 When passion's draught to our doomed lips
 Turns utter woe,
 And our poor dream of happiness
 Vanishes so !
 Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
 There's yet some touch of bliss,
 Since fate robs not our wretchedness
 Of this last kiss :
 Despair, and love, and madness, meet
 In this, in this.
 Farewell !

Motherwell.

MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blythsome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 'Tis early prime ;
 And hark ! hark ! hark !

His merry chime

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love ! and May-dews shake

In pailfuls from each drooping bough,

They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom

That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,

Aurora's smiles are streaming free ;

With earth it seems brave holiday,

In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,

For mark, love, mark !

How bathed in light

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! he upward flies,

Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel

The voice of heaven within them thrill,

In summer morn, when mounting high

This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky dell,

Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,

And where its clear stream murmurs on,

Meet type of our love's purity ;

No witness there,

And o'er us, hark !

High in the air

Chirrup the lark :

Chirrup ! chirrup ! away soars he,

Bearing to heaven my vows to thee !

Motherwell.

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!
 Like the leaf from the tree;
 Or the down that is blown
 By the wind o'er the lea.
 He is fled, the light-hearted!
 Yet a tear must have started
 To his eye, when he parted
 From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!
 Like a gallant so free,
 Plumed cap on his head,
 And sharp sword by his knee;
 While his gay feathers fluttered,
 Surely something he muttered,
 He at least must have uttered,
 A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away
 To far lands o'er the sea—
 And long is the day
 Ere home he can be;
 But where'er his steed prances,
 Amid thronging lances,
 Sure he'll think of the glances
 That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!
 Like the leaf from the tree;
 But his heart is of stone
 If it ne'er dream of me!
 For I dream of him ever:
 His buff-coat and beaver,
 And long sword, Oh, never
 Are absent from me!

Motherwell.

OH, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.

Oh wae be to the orders that marched my luv awa',
 And wae be to the cruel cause that gars my tears doun fa';
 Oh wae be to the bluidy wars in Hie Germanie,
 For they hae ta'en my luv, and left a broken heart to me
 The drums beat in the mornin' afore the screich o' day,
 And the wee, wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet the
 morn was gray ;

The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to see,
 But waes me for my sodger lad that marched to Germanie.

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie Pier o' Leith,
 Oh dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw-drift in the
 teeth !

And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gather'd in my
 e'e,

When I gade there to see my luv embark for Germanie !

I looked ower the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen
 Ae wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in ;
 But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sail'd
 speedilie,

And the waves and cruel wars hae twinn'd my winsome
 luv frae me.

I never think o' dancin, and I downa try to sing,
 But a' the day I spier what news kind neibour bodies bring ;
 I sometimes knit a stocking, if knittin' it may be,
 Syne for every loop that I cast on, I am sure to let doun
 throe.

My father says I'm in a pet, my mither jeers at me,
 And bans me for a dautit wean, in dorts for aye to be ;
 But little weet they o' the cause that drumles sae my e'e :
 Oh they hae nae winsome luv like mine in the wars o'
 Germanie !

Motherwell.

BRITAIN'S QUEEN, VICTORIA.

AIR—*Rob Roy Macgregor O.*

BRIGHTEST gem of Britain's Isle !
 Born to wear the British crown,
 Millions basking in your smile,
 Crowd around your noble throne,
 Rending air with loud applause,
 Swearing to defend your cause,
 British rights and British laws,
 And Britain's Queen, Victoria.

Bravest Britons guard your crown !
 Patriots, statesmen, honest men—
 Tyrants, traitors, trample down !
 Never more to rise again ;—
 Let corruption wither'd parch !
 Let reform and knowledge march !
 Through perfection's glorious arch,
 Led by Queen Victoria !

Equal rights, and equal laws,
 Let the people all enjoy,
 Peace proclaim'd with loud huzzas !
 Never more let war destroy ;—
 Agriculture, lead the van ;
 Commerce, free to ev'ry man ;
 Religion pure, complete the plan,
 Glory to Victoria.

John Paterson.

I MET TWA CRONIES.

I MET twa cronies late yestreen,
 Wham blythe I've aft been wi' ;
 And ilka mind soon felt inclined
 To taste the barley-bree :

We sat sae late, and drank sae deep,
 That roarin' fou gat we ;
 And haith! I found, when I gaed hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

All lanely by the fire she sat,
 Her brows hung owre her e'e ;
 And wistfu' hush'd she aye the bairn,
 Though sleeping on her knee—
 I saw the storm was masking fast,
 That soon wad fa' on me ;
 Sae quietly slipt I aff to bed,
 And left her in the gee.

Neist day her looks were sour and sad,
 And ne'er a word spak she ;
 But aye the tear-drap gather'd big,
 And dimm'd her bonnie e'e :
 Quo' I, " My dear, what's past let gang,
 And frown nae mair on me,
 The like again I'll never do,
 Gin ye'll ne'er tak the gee !"

When this she heard, her brows she raised,
 And down beside me sat ;
 I kiss'd her, for her heart was fu',
 And, puir wee thing! she grat :
 Quo' she, " Gin ye'll but keep your word,
 And bide at hame wi' me—
 Hae, there's my han', that, while I live,
 I'll never tak' the gee !"

Then let us ca', and pay our drap,
 And toddle while we doo ;
 For gin we drink anither bowl
 We'll a' get roarin' fou' :
 My wifie's smile is aye sae kind,
 When blythe or pleased is she,
 To anger her wad be a sin,
 Or gar her tak' the gee!

MARRY FOR LOVE AND WORK FOR SILLER.

WHEN I and my Jenny thegither were tied,
 We had but sma' share o' the world between us ;
 Yet lo'ed ither weel, and had youth on our side,
 And strength and guid health were abundantly gi'en us ;
 I warsled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,
 And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till her,
 For aye we had mind o' the canny auid rule,
 "Marry for love, and work for siller."

Our bairns they cam' thick—we were thankfu' for that
 For the *bit* and the *brattie* cam' aye along wi' them ;
 Our *pan* we exchanged for a guid *muckle pat*,
 And somehow or ither, we aye had to gi'e them.
 Our laddies grew up, and they wrought wi' mysel',
 Lik ane gat as buirdly and stout as a miller,
 Our lasses they keepit us trig aye, and hale,
 And now we can count a bit trifle o' siller.

But I and my Jenny are baith wearin' down,
 And our lads and our lasses hae a' gotten married ;
 Yet see, we can rank wi' the best i' the town,
 Though our noddles we never too paughtily carried.
 And mark me—I've now got a braw *cockit hat*,
 And in our *civic building* am reckon'd a pillar ;
 Is na THAT a bit honour for ane to get at,
 Wha married for love, and wha wrought for siller ?
Alex. Rodger.

IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt braw,
 It's no that thy skin has the pureness o' snaw,
 It's no that thy form is perfection itsel',
 That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna tell ;
 But oh ! its the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,
 That mak's thee sae dear and sae lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,
 Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,
 It's joyous to gaze on these tresses sae bright,
 O'ershading a forehead sae smooth and sae white ;
 But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,
 O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,
 The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,
 Those gay gowden ringlets that yield sic delight,
 By the cauld breath o' time may be changed into white ;
 But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,
 Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can dee.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch the shore,
 Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labrador,
 Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,
 Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams ever run ;
 Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,
 If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

Alex. Rodger.

A LULLABY.

O SAFTLY sleep, my bonnie bairn !
 Rock'd on this breast o' mine ;
 The heart that beats sae sair within,
 Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts !
 That such late watches keep ;
 An' if ye break the mother's heart,
 Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn !
 Nor look sae wae on me,
 As if ye felt the bitter tear
 That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears.
 Lest on my bairn ye dreep ;
 An' break in silence, waefu' heart,
 An' let my baby sleep.

Ritchie.

THE DOCTORS.

BE honours which to Kings we give,
 To Doctors also paid ;
 We're the King's *subjects* while we live,
 The Doctor's when we're dead.

Though when in health and thoughtless mood,
 We treat them oft with scoffing ;
 Yet they, returning ill with good,
 Relieve us from our *coughing* (coffin).

At times they kill us, to be sure,
 In cases rather tickle ;
 But when they've kill'd—they still can *cure*
 Their patients—in a *pickle*.

And when at last we needs must die,
 The Doctors cannot save
 From death—they still most kindly try
 To *snatch us* from the *grave*.

LADY'S POCKET ADONIS.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man,
 And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman,
 A nasty, ugly Irishman,
 A wild tremendous Irishman,
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, rearing
 Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small-pox 'twas searr'd across ;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost double a yard across.

Oh the lump of an Irishman,
 The whisky-devouring Irishman—
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting,
 rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear ;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs,
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.

Oh the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman—
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering
 swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,
 That he used to snort and snuffle, O ;
 And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

Oh the horrible Irishman,
 The thundering, blundering Irishman,
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-
 ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
 He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

The boozing, bruising Irishman,
 The 'toxicated Irishman—
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy
 Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality ;

And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.

Oh the leatbering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—

The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were
bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

Doctor Maginn.

A COOK'S LEGACY.

BLEAK now the winter blaws, thick flee the driftin' snaws,

A' the warld looks cauld and blae;

Birds wha used to sing, now wi' shiverin' wing,

Dozen'd sit on the frosted spray;

But though the wintry winds blaw keenly,

What are the wintry winds to me,

When by the kitchen fire sae cleanly,

My love is baking a pie for me!

Oh when I think on her cheeks sae greasy,

Oh when I think on her shoulders fat,

Never a lass have I seen like Leezy,

She makes my poor heart to go pitty-pat!

All the way hame though never so dreary,

It charms my heart to think of thee;

How by the kitchen fire sae cheery,

My love is baking a pie for me!

Some yield their hearts to the charms of beauty,

Doating with pleasure upon her smile,

But when they've caught their long-wish'd booty,

'Twill neither make pat nor pan to boil;

And wi' their beauty they aft catch a Tartar—

Often it happens, as all may sec;

Then for beauty, I'll scorn to barter

The maid that is baking a pie for me!

Carrick.

JUNE AND JANUARY.

AIR—"Willie was a Wanton Wag."

FROSTY-bearded warlock body,
 Wife to you I'll never be ;
 Rather wad I wed the wuddie,
 Or a runkled maiden die ;
 Gang your wa's, an' seek some ither—
 Ane that's weary o' her life,
 For ye're liker Death's half-brither,
 Than a man that wants a wife.

What care I for a' your grandeur,
 Gear an' lands, and houses braw ?
 Sapless rung ! the witch o' Endor
 Scarce wad taen you wi' them a' !
 Troth, ye might hae hain'd your siller,
 That ye've spent on fripperies vain ;
 Dotard fool ! to think a tailor
 E'er could mak' you young again !

When you gat your dandy stays on,
 Was't to mak you trig an' sma' ;
 Or for fear that ye might gyzen,
 And in staves asunder fa' ?
 Ye wad tak' me to your bosom,
 Buy me braws an' ilk thing nice !
 Gude preserve's ! I'd soon be frozen,
 Clasp'd by sic a sherd o' ice !

Hoot ! haud aff—ye're quite ridic'lous
 Wi' your pow as white as snaw,
 An' your drumstick-shauks sac feckless,
 Aping youth o' twenty-twa ;
 Wha could thole your senseless boasting,
 Squeaking voice, an' ghaistlike grin ?
 Doited driveller ! cease your hoasting,
 Else gie ower your fulsome din.

Wha could sit an' hear a story,
 'Bout a bosom's burning pains,
 Frae an auld "*Memento mori*,"
 Sand-glass, skull, an' twa cross banes ?
 But for fear my scorn should cool ye,
 Hark ! I'll tell you what I'll do,
 When Decceber's wed to July,
 There's my *fit*, I'll then tak' you.

Alex. Rodger.

MY GUDEMAN.

AIR—"Loch-Erroch Side."

My gudeman says aye to me,
 Says aye to me, says aye to me ;
 My gudeman says aye to me,
 Come cuddle in my bosie !
 Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still
 Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,
 And a' his aim's to see me weel,
 And keep me snug and cozie.

For though my cheeks where roses grew,
 Hae tint their lively glowing hue,
 My Johnnie's just as kind and true
 As if I still were rosy.

Our weel-won gear he never drank,
 He never lived aboon his rank,
 Yet wi' a neebour blythe and frank,
 He could be as jocose aye.

We hae a hame, gude halesome cheer,
 Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,
 And rosy bairns, to us mair dear
 Than treasures o' Potosi :
 Their minds are formed in virtue's school,
 Their faut's are check'd wi' temper cool,
 For my gudeman mak's this his rule,
 To keep frae hasty blows, aye.

It ne'er was siller gart us wed,
 Youth, health, and love, were a' we had,
 Possess'd o' these, we toil'd fu' glad,
 To shun want's bitter throes, aye ;
 We've had our cares, we've had our toils,
 We've had our bits o' troubles whiles,
 Yet, what o' that? my Johnny's smiles
 Shed joy o'er a' our woes, aye.

Wi' mutual aid we've trudged through life,
 A kind gudeman, a chcerfu' wife ;
 And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,
 Towards our journey's close, aye ;
 And when we're stretch'd upon our bier,
 Oh may our souls, sae faithfu' here,
 Together spring to yonder sphere,
 Where love's pure river flows, aye.*

Alex. Rodger.

O PETER M'KAY.

Ane sober advice to ane drucken Souter in Perth.

AIR—"Come under my Plaidie."

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!
 Gin ye'd do like the brutes, only drink when ye're dry,
 Ye might gather cash yet, grow gawey and gash yet,
 And carry your noddle Perth-Provost-pow-high ;
 But poor drucken deevil, ye're wed to the evil
 Sae closely, that naething can sever the tie ;
 Wi' boring, and boosing, and snoring, and snoozing,
 Ye emulate *him* that inhabits—the sty.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!
 I'm tald that ye drink ilka browster wife dry ;—
 When down ye get sitting, ye ne'er think o' flitting,
 While cogie or caup can a dribble supply ;—

* The first four lines form the chorus of a very old song.

That waur than a jaw-box, your monstrous maw soaks
 Whate'er is poured in till't, while "give" is the cry;
 And when a' is drunk up, ye *bundle* your *trunk* up,
 And bid, like the *sloth*, the bare *timmer* good-bye.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!

Gang hame to your awls, and your lingals apply,
 Ca' in self-respect, man, to keep you correct, man—
 The task may be irksome—at ony rate try;
 But gin ye keep drinking, and dozing, and blinking,
 Be-clouding your reason, God's light from on high,
 Then Peter depend on't, ye'll soon make an end on't,
 And close your career 'neath a cauld wint'ry sky.

Alex. Rodger.

MARY'S GANE.

O WAES my heart, now Mary's gane,
 An' we nae mair shall meet thegither,
 To sit an' crack at gloamin' hour,
 By yon auld grey-stane amang the heather.
 Trysting-stane amang the heather,
 Trysting-stane amang the heather,
 How bless'd were we at gloamin' hour,
 By yon auld grey-stane amang the heather.

Her faither's laird sae gair on gear,
 He set their mailin to anither,
 Sae they've selt their kye, and ower the sea
 They've gane, and left their native heather.
 Left their native blooming heather,
 Left their native blooming heather,
 They've selt their kye, and ower the sea
 They've gane, and left their native heather.

Her parting look bespake a heart,
 Whase rising grief she couldna smother, •

As she waved a last fareweel to me
 An' Scotland's braes an' blooming heather ;
 Scotland's braes and blooming heather,
 Scotland's braes and blooming heather,
 'Twas sair against the lassie's will,
 To lea' her native blooming heather.

A burning curse licht on the heads
 O' worthless lairds colleagued thegither,
 To drive auld Scotland's hardy clans
 Frae their native glens and blooming heather.
 Native glens and blooming heather,
 Native glens and blooming heather,
 To drive auld Scotland's hardy clans,
 Frae their native glens and blooming heather.

I'll sell the cot my granny left,
 Its plenishing an' a' thegither,
 An' I'll seek her out 'mang foreign wilds,
 Wha used to meet me amang the heather ;
 Used to meet me amang the heather,
 Used to meet me amang the heather,
 I'll seek her out 'mang foreign wilds,
 Wha used to meet me amang the heather.

Carrick.

OUR JOHN HIELANMAN.

I've sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
 I've sax eggs in the pan, gudeman ;
 I've ane for you, an' twa for me,
 An' three for our John Hielanman.

Oh Johnny has a shapely leg,
 Weel fitted for the philibeg ;
 While we've a hen to lay an egg,
 That egg's to our John Hielanman.
 I've sax eggs, &c.

Ye ken, gudeman, you're failing noo,
 An' heavy wark ye canna do,
 Ye neither thrash nor haud the plough
 Sae weel as our John Hiellanman.
 I've sax eggs, &c.

The folk that work should always eat,
 An' Johnny's wordy o' his meat.
 For ne'er a job that's incomplete
 Is done by our John Hiellanman.
 I've sax eggs, &c.

As yet, gudeman, I'm no to blame,
 For I've maintain'd an honest fame ;
 But just stap aff to your lang-hame,
 An' I'll wed our John Hiellanman.
 I've sax eggs, &c.

Carrick.

THE HERRING-HEAD CLUB.

As we journey through life let us live by the way,
 A famous remark which a sage once did say ;
 We all now are met, spite of care the old scrub,
 And we'll pass half an hour in the Herring-head club.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Some good folks complain of the times being bad,
 But the way to improve them, is not to be sad ;
 To laugh is no sin, if we raise no hubbub,
 At least so we think at the Herring-head club.
 Derry down, &c.

King Fergus the First, who in Scotland did reign,
 Was a merry old blade who did seldom complain :
 No glasses had he, so he drank from a shell,
 His nobles and he had a glorious spell.
 Derry down, &c.

One night being merry and full of much glee,
 For with herrings and drink they were all on the spree—
 This meeting, cried Fergus, it is now time to dub,
 So, my drouthies, we'll call it the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

And now I command that ye keep the thing up,
 Be sure once a-month that on herrings ye sup,
 And if ye forget it, my ghost shall ye drub,
 And this was the rise of the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

Then drink to King William, and drink to the Queen,
 May their pains be all past and their sorrows all seen ;
 May we all pass through life without jostle or rub,
 And often come back to the Herring-head club.

Derry down, &c.

THE AULD SCOTTISH BRUGH.

AIR—“*John Anderson my Jo.*”

IN Scotland stands an ancient brugh, wi' some twal-hundred
 people,

A lang and narrow strip o' street, and ae high-shoulder'd
 steeple ;

Ilk grocer i' the borough is a bailie, or has been,
 But the Provost was perpetual, and drave the hail machine.

At twal o'clock, the Provost cam, and stood upo' the street,
 And waggit to his right-hand man, i' the public house to meet ;
 The Bailie threw his apron by, and o'er their gill they sat,
 And they managed a' the Toun's affairs in a bit quiet chat.

The Deacon, wi' a face half-wash'd, gaed consequential by—
 But the Deacon, as a' body kent, had nae finger i' the pie.
 The Deacon made the Provost's breeks, and a' his laddies'
 claes—

And the Provost, though the best o' friends, was yet the
 warst o' faes.

And oh! the Provost was a man o' consequence and worth—
He managed weel, he strutted weel, yet had nae wit nor
birth:

He led the Council in a string, and the member ken't, I
trow,

That, if he said the word, 'twas done, and there were votes
enow.

And when the canvassin' cam' round, the member walk'd
about,

And bughted i' the Provost's arm—they sought the Deacon's
out;

The bodies threw their nightcaps by, or wi' them cleaned a
chair,

And the member sat i' the ben house, wi' a condescendin'
air.

The gudewife stood aside, and beck'd and twirled her apron
strings,

And wunner'd that the member deign'd to speak to them,
puir things!

The Parliamentar roar'd, and talked, and syne kiss'd the
gudewife—

And the wife declares the Deacon's vote is now as sure's his
life.

The Bailie's wife, wi' a braw head, frae her window looks
out,

And cried, ' Preserve 's! he's comin' now—what are ye a
about?

Put down the wine, ye lazy jad!—the lassie's surely mad!
And down sho sits, to be surprised, upon her cosh bit pad.

The Bailie bustles in before—his very lugs are red—

The gudewife hears upo' the trance a Parliamentar's tread!

He enters a' sooawvity, and chucks each chubby laddie,

And swears how ane is like to her, anither to its daddy.

And now the Provost walks him hame to dinner wi' himsel',
 And the member tak's his seat atween the leddie and Miss
 Bell—

And the leddie cracks o' Dr. John, and syne o' Captain
 Sandy,

Wha, by his Honour's influence, to India got so handy.

But, waes my heart! the auncient town has now gane down
 the hill,

And vested rights o' families are stolen by Russell's Bill—
 And vulgar weaving touns, I trow, like Glasgow and Dundee,
 Maun steal the honours frae our brughs o' high antiquity!

MISTER PETER PATERSON.

Or, a Bailie in his Cups.

MISTER Peter Paterson,
 Ye will find that late or soon,
 If ye dinna change your tune,
 Ye will most dearly rue.

Mister Peter Paterson,
 Mister Peter Paterson,
 Mister Peter Paterson,
 I see you're gayan' fu'.

You're a Bailie now, ye ken,
 Then drink wi' nane but sober men,
 Nor sit in ony dirty den
 Wi' ony vulgar crew.

For I maun tell it to your face,
 That it's a sin and a disgrace,
 For you to sit in sic a place,
 And drink till ye get fu'.

So, Mister Peter Paterson, &c.

Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Ye aye tak' the gate ower soon,

To snool your pet an' keep him down,
 Before ye ken what's true :
 Believe me, I was nae sic gates,
 But dining wi' the magistrates,
 An' some o' them gaed *ower the sklates*,
 As weel's your dainty dow.

So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 I'm no sae vera fu'.
 Provost Brodie he was there,
 But yet they gart me tak' the chair,
 Guidsake, Kate, had ye been there,
 You'd keckled weel, I true.

Deacon Roset when he saw't,
 He left the room he was sae chawt,
 And on his tail we ne'er coost saut,
 The hail nicht lang I true.
 So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 I'm no sae vera fu'.

(*Bailie hickuping and laughing as he proceeds.*)—"I'm no sae vera fu', Mrs. Paterson, and its vera ill-done o' you to say sae; besides, it's no a proper expression to use to a man filling a civil as weel as an official capacity, and who has got a cocket hat on his head, and a gou'd chain about his neck—ha, ha, lass, ca' ye that naething?—lang looked-for's come at last—I've got the cocket hat noo—you did na ken what I was about these twa-three days. Little thought ye o' the braw tow I had in my rock—ha, ha, lass, catch a cat sleeping wi' a mouse in her lug. I've been on the hunt these twa days, and I've catched cocky at last. But noo, Mrs. Paterson, since you're a Bailie's wife, I maun gi'e you a word o' advice:—Never say the Bailie cam' hame fu'. O woman: woman! what wad the Provost's wife think o' you? she's the prudent woman! she never says the Provost cam' hame fu'.—na, na, the Pro-

vost cam' hame 'a *leetle elevated*,' that's her prudent expression, worthy woman that she is; so dinna forget, Mrs. Paterson, but just say, when ye speak about me and the town's affairs, that 'the Bailie cam' hame a *leetle elevated*.' But what d'ye think we're gaun to be about the morn? Ha, ha, lass, we're to be great folks the morn—the morn's the Lord's day, ye ken, Mrs. Paterson, and me and the magistrates are gaun to hae a grand *paraad* to the kirk, and we're to hae the town-officers afore us, wi' their hats aff and their halberts in their han's; ay, woman, they're to be a' afore us, guid-be-thanket! they're to be *afore us*, I've been sair enough fashed i' my day wi' them *gaun after me*. Mony a time the buffers took me *afore* the Bailie; but praise be blessed! I've got them *afore the Bailie now*; time about's fair play, ye ken, Mrs. Paterson. Now, Mrs. Paterson, there's just ae favour I want o' you the night; Mrs. Paterson, and ye maunna deny me; you needna laugh, Mrs. Paterson, I'm a wee new-fangled about my cocket hat; ye ken, I had a lang and a sair strussel to get it; now, I acknowledge I'm a *leetle elevated* the night, as the Provost's wife says, and I canna think to part wi' woman; now, what I want o' you, Mrs. Paterson, is just to let—let—let me sleep wi' my cocket hat on the night—I just want to lie in *stale* for ae night; and ye ken, Mrs. Paterson, you would be so agreeably astonished when ye waukened in the morning, and found yoursel lying beside a Bailie, a *real Bailie*, woman! wi' his three-cornered night-cap and a' his paraphernalia on. Now, Mrs. Paterson, you'll oblige me the night, like a dear, and I'll tell you the morn about a town's job that I'm to get that'll do me muckle good and you *little ill*. Thou's get the best silk gown to be had within the four quarters o' this or any ither town in Scotland. What d'ye think o' that, Mrs. Paterson?"

There's mony a job about a town
 To gar a Bailie's pat play brown,
 But on ae job I'll keep my thumb,
 Ye'll hear't some ither day.
 So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
 Mistress Peter Paterson,
 So, Mistress Peter Paterson,
 I'm no sae vera fu'

Carrick.

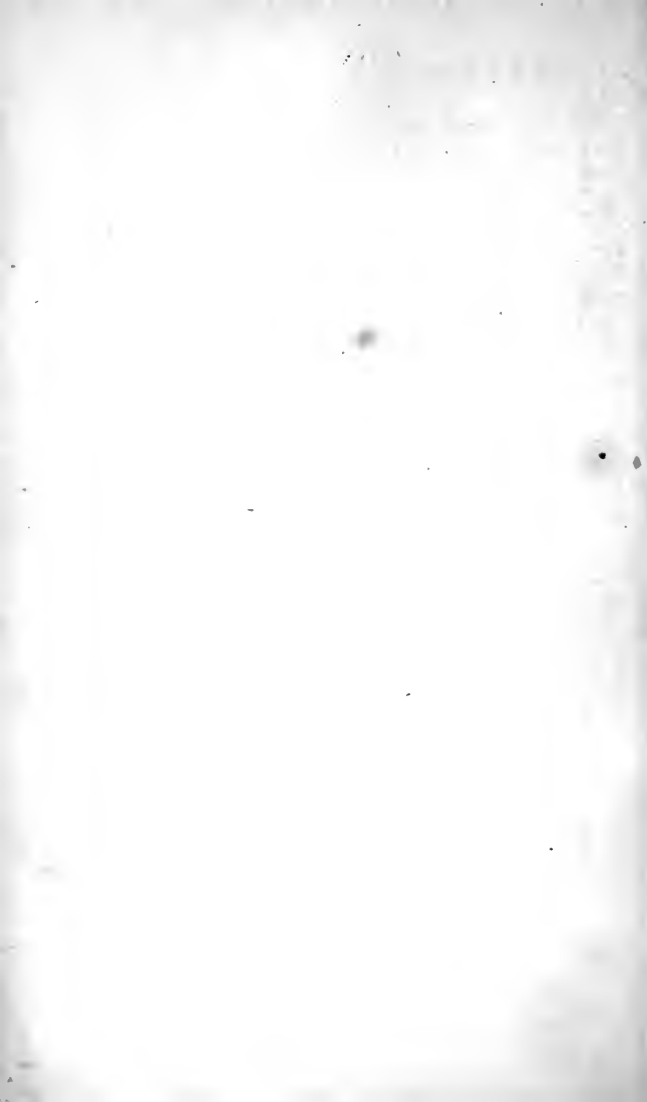
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OR, THE

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WHISTLE-BINKIE.

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“LO'E ME LITTLE AND LO'E ME LANG.”

Awa' wi' your wheezing, your coaxing, and teasing,
Your hugging and squeezing I beg you'll let be ;
Your praising sae fulsome, too sweet to be wholesome
Can never gang down wi' a lassie like me ;
Nae mair than a woman, nae higher than human,
To Sylphs and to Seraphs I dinna belang ;
Then if ye wad gain me, the way to attain me,
Is “ Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang.”

Wi' some silly gawkie, your fleeching sae pawkie,
Like sweet dozing draughts, will glide cannily down ;
Hence, seek some vain hizzy, and doze her till dizzy,
She'll quickly consent a' your wishes to crown ;
But pester na me wi't, my heart canna 'gree wi't,
I'm sick o' your cuckoo's unvarying sang
Cease, therefore, your canting, your rhyming and ranting,
But “ Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang.”

The love that lowes strongest, say, lasts it the longest ?
The fires that bleeze brightest burn soonest awa' ;
Then keep your flame steady—a moderate red aye,
Or else ye may yet hae a cauld coal to blaw ;

And quat your romantics, your airs, and your anties,
 Tak' truth's honest track, and you'll seldom gae wrang
 Then win me, and welcome, let weal or let ill come,
 I'll " Lo'e you little, but lo'e you lang."

ALEXANDER RODGER.

THE AULD SCHOOL.

A NEW SANG TO A NEW TUNE.

Is there ony that kens nae my auld uncle Watty,
 Wi' 's buckled knee breckums an' three cockit hattie?
 Is there ony that kens nae my auld auntie Matty,
 Wi' 'r wee black silk cloak, and her red collar'd cattie?

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld auntie Matty,

Ye may gang whare ye like, but their match winna see.

They've a weel plenished house, an' a weel stockit pantry,
 Kegs o' gin in their press, kegs o' ale on their gantree;
 An' the lean parish poor, an' the fat county gentry,
 Ne'er find sic a bien couthy hame in the kintry.

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld auntie Matty,

Ye're dear unto a', but ye're dearer to me.

They've saved a' they hae, tho' they never were greedy,
 Gang to their house hungry, they're sure aye to feed ye,
 Gang to their house tatter'd, they're sure aye to cleed ye;
 O, wha 'll fill their place to the puir an' the needy?

O, auld uncle Watty,
 An' auld aunty Matty,

Ye're kind unto a', but ye're kinder to me.

I mind nae o' mither, I mind nae o' faither,
 Yet ne'er ken't the ha'cing or wanting o' either,
 For the puir orphan sprout, that was left here to wither,
 Gat unco for faither, and aunty for mither.

O, auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,

Few orphans ha'e uncle and aunty like me.

An' didna my bosom beat fondly an' fou,
When up like an aik 'neath their nursing I grew ;
While a tear in their e'e, or a clud on their brow,
Was aye sure to pierce my fond heartie right through.

O, auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,

Ye're faither, an' mither, an' a' thing to me.

But luve play'd a plisky, that maist rave asunder,
Three hearts that ye'll no find the like in a hunder ;
I married wee Mary, to a' body's wonder,
An' maistly had paid for my het-headed blunder.

For auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,

Vow'd they wad ne'er own either Mary or me.

But Mary's kind heart, aye sae couthy and slec,
Soon won the auld bodies as she had done me ;
When our callant cam' hame, to the kirk wi't cam' she—
Ca'd it Watty—the auld folk sat bleer't in the e'e.

An' auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,

Cam' nursin' the wean hame 'tween Mary an' me.

An wow but the callant grows buirdly an' strang,
There's nae Carritch question, nor auld Scottish sang,
But the loun screeds ye aff in the true lowland twang,
I doubtna he'll beat his ain faither or lang ;

For auld uncle Watty,
An' auld aunty Matty,

Are learnin' the callant as aince they did me.

Gae bring me the pinks o' your famed infant schools,
Whase wee sauls are laden wi' newfangled rules,

Gif wee Watty dinna mak a' o' them fools,
I'll e'en gie ye leave to lay me in the mools:

An' auld uncle Watty,
An' auld Aunty Matty,

May throw down their buiks an' gae booby for me.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh

MY COUSIN JEAN.

TUNE,—“ *When she cam' ben she bobbit.*”

CHORUS.

My Cousin Jean—my cousin Jean,
A wild little hempie was my cousin Jean;
For gentle or semple she ne'er cared a preen.
Yet the toast o' our parish is my cousin Jean.

I mind her right weel whan the cricket was young,
She'd a stap like the roe an' a glibby gaun tongue,
An' a' the schule callants she skelpit them clean,
Sae supple the nieves gat o' my cousin Jean.

Whar mischief was brewin' or devilry wrought,
A lum set a-low, or a tough battle fought,
At the head of the foray was sure to be seen,
The wild wavin' ringlets o' my cousin Jean.

O, rade ye to market or rade ye to fair,
Ye were sure to fa' in wi' my daft cousin there;
Yet the puir, an' the feckless, aye gat a gude frien',
And a plack frae the pouches o' my cousin Jean.

She helpit the tinklers their dour mules to load,
She follow'd them miles on their moorland road,
Sync frighted the bairns wi' their stories at e'en;
Weel kent were their cantrips to my cousin Jean.

But our auld Mess John had a Lunnun brod son,
Wha lang had an e'e after Jean and her fun,
An' he begg'd but an hour frae his father at e'en,
To convert the wild spirit o' my cousin Jean.

I wat a sweet convert the stripling soon made,
 But gif a' wi' his preachin', troth's no to be said,
 For precious to him were the dark glancin' e'en,
 Whilk laugh'd 'neath the arch'd brows o' my cousin Jean.

Young Jean took to reading o' queer prented buiks,
 An' wander'd at midnight 'mang hay-ricks and stooks—
 Whilst the college-bred birkie right aften was seen,
 Pointing out heaven's wonders to my cousin Jean.

Nae doubt the hale parish was spited to see,
 Sic a dance in her gait, sic a sang in her e'e,
 And ilk auld wifie wager'd her life to a preen,
 She would soon get a down-come—my young cousin Jean.

Dumfounder'd were a' the hale parish, I trow,
 When they saw the next week i' the minister's pew,
 At the young laird's right han', they could scarce trust their
 e'en—

A modest young bride sat my young cousin Jean.

Now crabbit auld wisdom should ne'er slight a tree,
 Though when it is young it may waver a wee,
 In its prime it may flourish the fair forest queen,
 For sae was the upshot o' my cousin Jean.

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

AIR,—“ *For lack o' gowd.*”

How happy lives the peasant, by his ain fireside,
 Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside,
 Wi' his wifie blythe and free, and his bairnie on her knee,
 Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside.
 Nae cares o' State disturb him, by his ain fireside,
 Nae foolish fashions curb him, by his ain fireside,
 In his elbow chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,
 To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,
 That health, content and peace, surround his ain fireside,
 A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles,
 At their harmless pranks and wiles, around his ain fireside.
 And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,
 In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,
 Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,
 He informs ilk youthfu' mind about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor, draws near his ain fireside,
 And seeks the friendly door, that guards his ain fireside,
 She's welcomed to a seat, bidden warm her little feet,
 While she's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.
 When youthfu' vigour fails him, by his ain fireside,
 And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,
 With joy he back surveys, all his scenes of bygone days,
 As he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,
 What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside,
 With a bosom-cheering hope, he takes heaven for his prop,
 Then calmly down does drop, by his ain fireside.
 O may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside,
 Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside,
 May virtue guard our path, till we draw our latest breath,
 Then we'll smile and welcome death, by our ain fireside.

ALEX. RODGER.

TAK IT MAN, TAK IT.

TUNE,—*Brose and Butter.*

WHEN I was a Miller in Fife,
 Losh ! I thought that the sound o' the happer,
 Said tak hame a wee flow to your wife,
 To help to be brose to your supper.
 Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
 But someway by random it rackit ;

For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
 While the happer said—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill and the kill,
 The garland and geer for my cogie,
 Hey for the whisky or yill,
 That washes the dust owre my craigie.

Altho' its been lang in repute,
 For rogues to mak rich by deceiving;
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit,
 Honest men to begin to the thieving.
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
 Od! I thought ilka dunt it would crack it;
 Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,—
 Still the happer said—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
 Might be deaved wi' its clamorous clapper;
 Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
 After kenning what's said by the happer.
 I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
 Saying shame, is your conscience no chackit;
 But when I grew dry for a horn,—
 It changed aye to—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam wi' their pocks,
 'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker;
 Sae I barter'd whiles wi' the gowks,
 Gied them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
 I had lang been accustom'd to drink,
 And aye when I purposed to quat it,—
 That thing wi' its clapperty clink,—
 Said aye to me—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
 This far I can see through the matter;

There's men mair notorious to fame,
 Mair greedy than me for the muter.
 For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
 Or wi' safety the half we may mak it,
 Had some speaking happer within,
 That said to them—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

DAVID WEBSTER.

RONALD MACGIECH.*

AIR—“*Hills o' Glenorchy.*”

O RONALD MACGIECH was a kenspeckle loon,
 Had cash in ilk pocket, and feres in ilk town;
 He was idle and thro'ither, and drucken an' a',
 His face it was round, and his back was aye braw.
 He ate o' the daintiest, drank o' the best,
 At sma' cost to him, as the neighbourhood wist;
 He troubled the change-folk baith often and dreigh—
 Yet wha was sae welcome as Ronald Magiech?
 Tho' landlord and maid wad fain answer'd his bell,
 The landlady ever served Ronald hersel';
 She'd sit to taste wi' him, though ever sae thrang,
 And see him a' right, though a' else should gae wrang.
 And rise when he liket at e'en to gae 'wa',
 He ne'er got a hint for his lawing áva;
 Baith merehants and customers boost stand abeigh,
 No ane wad she look at but Ronald Maegiech.

* Ronald Maegiech—with other aliases—who paid the forfeit of his crimes in front of the Glasgow Jail, along with an associate in crime—Robert M'Kinlay, alias Rough Rab, in 1819. Ronald was a veteran in his profession, and thoroughly understood all the Outs and Ins of burglary. He had attained the moral hardihood—which only a course of orime can induce—to turn into humorous burlesque the exit from the scaffold—by remarking, “That it was sair on the e'e-sicht.” When his hosiery had been the worse for wear, he used to say that it “Saved him trouble, for he could draw them on by whatever end he caught first.”

Sae lichtly, nae lad in the hale kintra side,
 Could dance you a hornpipe, or set to a bride :
 At fairs, in the reel-house he'd caper and spreigh,
 Till the rattle-tree rattled wi' Ronald Macgeich.
 Though o' him the men were a' rede and unfain,
 The lasses aye leuch when they met him again :
 To a' ither wooers though saucy and skeigh,
 They were aye unco cosh-like wi' Ronald Macgiech.

Whate'er was awn him he was aye sure to get,
 But ne'er could remember to pay his ain debt ;
 The luckiest wight too he was in the land,
 For ithers aft lost things, but Ronald aye fand.
 At last he did something—no ane could tell what,
 The Wiggies* were down on him, nae gude sign that ;
 He died in his shoon, about twa stories heich,
 'Twas sair on the e'esicht of Ronald Macgiech.

THOMAS DICK, Paisley.

I'LL TEND THY BOWER, MY BONNIE MAY.

I'LL tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 In spring-time o' the year,
 When saft'ning winds begin to woo
 The primrose to appear—
 When daffodils begin to dance,
 And streams again flow free—
 And little birds are heard to pipe
 On the sprouting forest tree.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When summer days are lang—
 When Nature's heart is big wi' joy,
 Her voice laden wi' sang—
 Wheu shepherds pipe on sunny braes,
 And flocks roam at their will,

* Lords of Justiciary.

And auld an' young in cot an' ha',
 O' pleasure drink their fill.
 I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When autumn's yellow fields—
 That wave like seas o' gowd—before
 The glancin' sickle yields ;
 When ilka bough is bent wi' fruit—
 A glorious sight to see!—
 And showers o' leaves, red, rustling, sweep
 Out owre the withering lea.
 I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
 When thro' the naked trees,
 Cauld, shivering on the bare hill side,
 Sweeps wild the frosty breeze ;
 When tempests roar, and billows rise,
 Till Nature quakes wi' fear—
 And on the land, and on the sea,
 Wild winter rules the year.

WILLIAM FERGUSON, Edinburgh.

THE MERMAYDEN.

Set to Music by R. A. Smith.

- “ THE night is mirk, and the wind blaws schiil,
 And the white faem weets my bree,
 And my mind misgies me, gay mayden,
 That the land we sall never see.”
 Then up and spak the mermayden,
 And she spak blythe and free,
 “ I never said to my bonnie brydegroom
 That on land we should weddit be.
 “ Oh, I never said that ane erthlie priest
 Our bridal blessing should gie ;
 And I never said that a landwart bower
 Should hald my love and me.”
 ‘ And whare is that priest, my bonnie mayden,
 If ane erthlie wicht is na he ?’

“ Oh the wind will sough, and the sea will rain
When weddit we twa sall be.”

‘ And whare is that bower, my bonnie mayden,
If on land it should na be ?’

“ Oh my blythe bower is low,” said the mermaid,
“ In the bonnie green hows o’ the sea.

My gay bower is biggit o’ the gude ships’ keels,
And the banes o’ the drown’d at sea ;
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my drurie.

“ And my bower is sklaitit wi’ the big blue wave,
And paved wi’ the yellow sand ;
And in my chalmers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.

And have ye e’er seen, my bonnie brydegroom,
A leman on earth that wad gie
Aiker for aiker o’ the red plough’d land,
As I’ll gie to thee o’ the sea ?

The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bricht starns will shine,
Then we’ll sink to my bowir ’neath the wan water,
Full fifty fathoms and nine.”—

A wild, wild skreich gied the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud lauch the bryde ;

For the mune rose up, and the twa sank down,
Under the silver’d tide.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WHETHER OR NO.

Set to Music by John Turnbull.

‘MANG a’ the braw lads that come hither to woo me,
There’s only but ane I wad fain mak’ my joe ;
And though I seem shy, yet sae dear is he to me,
I scarce can forgie mysel’ when I say “ No.”

My sister she sneers 'cause he hasna the penny,
 And cries, "ye maun reap, my lass, just as ye sow,"
 My brither he bans, but it's a' ane to Jenny,
 She'll just tak' the lad she likes—whether or no.

My father he cries, "tak' the laird o' Kinlogie,
 For he has baith mailins and gowd to bestow;"
 My mither cries neist, "tak' the heir o' Glenbogie,"
 But can I please baith o' them?—weel I wat no!
 And since 'tis mysel' maun be gainer or loser—
 Maun drink o' life's bicker, be't weal or be't woe,
 I deem it but fair I should be my ain chooser;—
 To love will I lippen, then—whether or no.

Cauld Prudence may count on his gowd and his acres,
 And think them the sum o' a' blessings below,
 But tell me, can wealth bring content to its makers?
 The care-wrinkled face o' the miser says "No!"
 But oh when pure love meets a love corresponding,
 Such bliss it imparts as the world cannot know;
 It lightens life's load, keeps the heart from desponding,
 Let Fate smile or scowl, it smiles—whether or no!
ALEX. RODGER.

THE WIDOW'S EXCUSE.

AIR—*"O saw ye the Lass wi' the bonnie blue een."*
 "O LEEZIE M' CUTCHEON, I canna but say,
 Your grief hasna lasted a year and a day;
 The crape aff your bonnet already ye've tane;
 Nae wonner that men ca' us fickle an' fain.
 Ye sich't and ye sabbit, that nicht Johnnie dee't,
 I thought my ain heart wad hae broken to see't;
 But noo ye're as canty and brisk as a bee;
 Oh! the frailty o' women I wonner to see:
 The frailty o' women, I wonner to see,
 The frailty o' women, I wonner to see;

Ye kiss'd his cauld gab wi' the tear in your e'o ;
Oh, the frailty o' women I wonner to see.

“ When Johnnie was living, oh little he wist,
That the sound o' the mools as they fell on his kist,
While yet like a knell, ringing loud in your lug,
By anither man's side ye'd be sleeping sae snug.
O Leezie, my lady, ye've surely been fain,
For an unco-like man to your arms ye have ta'en ;
John M'Cutcheon was buirdly, but this ane, I trow,
The e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through :

O, the e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through,
His nose it is shirpit, his lip it is blue,
Oh Leezie, ye've surely to wale on had few,
Ye've looted and lifted but little, I trow.”

“ Now, Janet, wi' jibing and jeering hae dune,
Though it's true that anither now fills Johnnie's shoon,
He was lang in sair trouble, and Robin, ye ken,
Was a handy bit body, and lived butt and ben.
He was unco obliging, and cam at my wag,
Whan wi' grief and fatigue I was liken to fag ;
'Deed, John couldna want him—for aften I've seen
His e'e glisten wi' gladness whan Robin cam' in.

Then, how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun !-
Oh, how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun,
When I needed his help, he was aye at commaun' ;
Then how can ye wonner I gi'ed him my haun ?”

“ At length when John dee't, and was laid in the clay,
My haun it was bare, and my heart it was wae ;
I had na a steek, that was black, to put on,
For wark I had plenty wi' guiding o' John ;
Now Robin was thrifty, and ought that he wan,
He took care o't, and aye had twa notes at commaun',
And he lent me as muckle as coft a black goon,
Sae hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon.

Then hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon,
 My heart-strings wi' sorrow were a' out o' tune :
 A man that has worth and twa notes at commaun',
 Can sune get a woman to tak him in haun."

WILLIAM FINLAY.

AULD JOHN NICOL.

AIR—"John Nicol."

I SING of an auld forbear o' my ain,
 Tweedle dum twadle dum twenty-one ;
 A man wha for fun was never out-done,
 And his name it was auld John Nicol o' Quhain.

Auld John Nicol was born—he said,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;
 Of man or of maid 's no weel kent—sin he's dead,
 Sae droll was the birth o' John Nicol o' Quhain.

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;
 And auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
 And he courted her tocher—the lands o' Balquhain.

Auld John Nicol he made her his wife,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;
 And the feast was the funniest feast o' his life,
 And the best o' the farce he was laird o' Balquhain.

The lady was fifty, his age was twal' mair,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;
 She was bow-hough'd and humph-back'd, twined like a
 stair,
 "But her riggs are fell straucht," quo' John Nicol o'
 Quhain.

By some chance or ither auld John got a son,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;

He was laid in the cupboard for fear that the win',
 Wad hae blawn out the hopes o' the house o' Balquhain.

The lady was canker'd and eident her tongue,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;

She scrimpit his cog—thrash'd his back wi' a rung,
 And dousen'd for lang auld John Nicol o' Quhain.

Ae day cam a ca'er wi' mony lang grane,
 Tweedle dum, &c. ;

“ Oh ! death ”—quo' the laird, “ come stap your wa's ben,
 Ye'se be welcome to tak Mrs. Nicol o' Quhain.”

Auld John was a joker the rest o' his life,
 Tweedle dum, &c. :

And his ae blythest joke was the yirdin' his wife,
 For it left him the laird o' the lands o' Balquhain.

PATRICK BUCHAN.

I HAD A HAT, I HAD NAE MAIR.

AIR—“ *I had a horse, I had nae mair.* ”

I HAD a hat, I had nae mair,
 I gat it frae the hatter ;
 My hat was smash'd, my skull laid bare,
 Ae night when on the batter ;
 And sae I thocht me on a plan,
 Whereby to mend the matter—
 Just turn at ance a sober man,
 And tak to drinking water.

My plan I quickly put in force,
 Yea, stuck till't most sincerely,
 And now I drive my gig and horse,
 And hae an income yearly.
 But, had I still kept boozing on,
 'Twa'd been anither matter,
 My credit, cash, and claes had gono,
 In tatter after tatter.

My wife, perhaps, a worthless pest,
 My weans half-starved and duddy ;
 And I, mysel', at very best,
 Gaun wi' an auld coal cuddie ;
 Wi' scarce a stick in a' the house,
 Or spoon, or bowl, or platter,
 Or milk, or meal, to feed a mouse,
 Or blanket save a tatter.

Now, Gude be praised, I've peace o' mind,
 Clear head and health o' body,
 A thrifty wifie, cosh and kind,
 And bairnies plump and ruddy.
 Hence, I'd advise ilk weirdless wight,
 Wha likes the gill-stoup's clatter,
 To try my plan this very night,
 And tak' to drinking water.

ALEX. RODGER.

PAT MULLIGAN'S COURTSHIP.

'Tis our duty to love both our father and mother,
 Give up talking nonsense, and all sorts of bother,
 But greater by far is the duty to smother

Our love, when beginnin' to ail :

O dear ! dear ! what can the matter be !

Och botheration now, what can the matter be,

Thunder and turf ! why what can the matter be ?

How, Cupid, my poor heart doth flail !

“Och, Judy, but you have kilt me now, I can nather ate, sup, sleep,
 nor drink, for thinking ov ye, ye've made a hole in my heart like a
 bung-hole, for which I hope you will live to repint and be forgiven.
 Bad cess to me ! if the people ar'nt beginnin' to think, that I am the livin'
 atomy, aich of us, both saw at Donnybrook Fair, an' if my flesh, an'
 bones, an' blood, dhrop of me longer, they'll be in earth's keeping afore
 my own eyes. Living, you must be mine, and if I die, I shall lay my

death agin ye every night till I bring you to your senses, you murdering jewel!"

Then I search'd all around for a sweetheart less cruel,
 In the hope she would make me forget my first jewel
 This only was adding fresh fire to the fuel,
 And making more trouble and wail.

"It is all over with you now, Paddy, says I, so before the breath laves yer body, you had better consult your own clergy, Father Murphy, and get a mouthful of ghostly consolation to die with. Father, says I to him, I am going to die." "Then you're a great big fool," says he, "what puts that into your head, my son?" "Judy has kilt me," says I, "and it's of no use livin' any longer." "Paddy, my son," says he, "you ought to know that this world on which you are placed, is just like a potful of praties—ye are all sent here to jumble, and tumble, and bubble, and roar; and, the man that remains longest in the pot of affliction without his skin breakin' intirely—that man, you may dipind on't, is the true potatoe." "Arrah Father," says I, "it's not that at all, it's Judy."

Then dear! dear! what can the matter be!
 Och botheration now, what can the matter be,
 Pewter and pots! why what can the matter be?

Cupid, my poor heart doth flail.

So finding no peace, I determined to marry,
 Get Judy's consent, and no longer to tarry,
 'Tis the road all must go, though a few will miscarry,
 As onward through life they do sail.

"Judy," says I, "will you have me iver and always and amin?" "Well Pat, an' suppose I were, should I be any the worse for't." "Troth an' myself often wondered that you were niver axin me." "Is't your own self that I'm hearin' spakin'—beauty an' blessing on every tether lenth o' ye Judy?" "It's not in the natur of woman to refuse ye, Pat Mulligan," says she. "Then it's done in the closing of an eye-cover," says I, "and next Sunday, Father Murphy, took us afore him, and repated the last bindin' words, that we should be one in

sowl, body, an' nature, seed, breed, an' giniration for ever, and I never ripinted; and I would advise all love-sick swains, just to ax their sweethearts, and maybe they'll answer like my own Judy, it's not in the natur of woman to refuse ye."

Well! well! now nought can the matter be,
 Honey, and sugar now, nought can the matter be,
 Pigs and paraties since nought can the matter be,
 Paddy no longer need wail.

THOU ZEPHYR, AS THOU FLITT'ST AWAY.

THOU zephyr, as thou flitt'st away,
 Wafting thy perfume o'er the grove,
 If in thy course thou chance to stray
 Along the cheek of her I love;
 Oh! tell her that thou art a sigh,
 Breathed from a fond and humble heart,
 By fate, debarr'd from hopes so high,
 But do not tell from whom thou art!

Thou streamlet, murmuring sweetly o'er,
 The pebbles in thy rocky bed,
 If ever near thy lonely shore,
 Her wandering foot should chance to tread;
 Oh! whisper softly in her ear,
 That with thy pure transparent wave,
 There mingles many a bitter tear,
 But do not tell the eye that gave!

E. PINKERTON.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of Beauty, Song,
 and Flowers;
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness
 to bowers;

Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and care
 aside,
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and
 bland;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously,
 It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and welcome
 thee:
 And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are
 silvery grey—
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering “Be
 gay!”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:
 Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming like
 red gold,
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course
 they hold.
 Heaven bless them! all these little ones, who far above this
 earth,
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.
 But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder wood it
 came;
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad
 name;—
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art,
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the
 heart!

It is a rare and gracious boon ! for thought-crazed wight
 like me,
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer
 tree !
 To suck once more in every breath their little souls away.
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright sum-
 mer day,
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant
 boy,
 Wander'd through green woods all day long, a mighty heart
 of joy .

I'm sadder now, I have had cause ; but oh ! I'm proud to
 think
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight to
 drink ;—
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm un-
 clouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and
 cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed
 old !

MOTHERWELL.

OCH! WHILE I LIVE, I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

Ocu ! while I live, I'll ne'er forget
 The troubles of that day,
 When bound unto this distant land,
 Our ship got under weigh.
 My friends I left at Belfast town,
 My love at Carriek shore,
 And I gave to poor old Ireland
 My blessing o'er and o'er.

Och ! well I knew, as off we sail'd,
 What my hard fate would be ;
 For, gazing on my country's hills,
 They seem'd to fly from me.
 I watch'd them, as they wore away,
 Until my eyes grew sore
 And I felt that I was doom'd to walk
 The shamrock sod no more !

They say I'm now in Freedom's land,
 Where all men masters be ;
 But were I in my winding-sheet,
 There's none to care for me !
 I must, to eat the stranger's bread,
 Abide the stranger's scorn,
 Who taunts me with thy dear-loved name,
 Sweet isle, where I was born !

Och ! where—och ! where's the careless heart
 I once could call my own ?
 It bade a long farewell to me,
 The day I left Tyrone.
 Not all the wealth, by hardship won
 Beyond the western main,
 Thy pleasures, my own absent home !
 Can bring to me again !

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

THE PEERLESS ROSE OF KENT.

WHEN beauty, youth, and innocence,
 In one fair form are blent,
 And that fair form our vestal Queen,
 The peerless ROSE of KENT,
 Say, where's the Briton's heart so cold—
 The Briton's soul so dead,

As not to pour out ardent prayer
For blessings on her head ?

This is the day —the joyous day,
That sees our lady crown'd,
Hence, may not one disloyal heart,
In Albion's Isles be found ;
But may she find in every breast
An undisputed throne,
And o'er a gallant people reign,
Whose hearts are all her own.

For ne'er did woman's hand more fair
The regal sceptre hold,
And ne'er did brow more spotless wear
The coronal of gold ;
And ne'er beneath the purple robe
Did purer bosom beat ;
So ne'er may truer lieges kneel
A lovelier Queen to greet.

May every blessing from above,
On Kent's fair Rose descend,
While wisdom, dignity, and grace,
On all her steps attend.
Still may she wear fair Virtue's bloom,
Throughout a happy reign,
And long be hail'd the " Queen of Isles"—
Fair Mistress of the Main !*

ALEXANDER RODGER.

THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.

O ENGLAND! dear home of the lovely and true
Lovedland of the brave and the free,

* This song was written on the Coronation of Queen Victoria, 28th June, 1838.

Though distant—though wayward—the path I pursue,
 My thoughts shall ne'er wander from thee.
 Deep, in my heart's core,
 Rests the print of thy shore,
 From a die whose impression fades never ;
 And the motto impress'd,
 By this die, on my breast,
 Is " England, dear England, for ever,"
 May blessings rest on thee for ever !

As Queen, she sits throned with her sceptre of light,
 Aloft on the white-crested wave ;
 While billows surround her, as guards of her right
 To an island where breathes not a slave.
 And her sceptre of light
 Shall, through regions of night,
 Shed a radiance like darts from day's quiver,
 Till the unfetter'd slaves,
 To the Queen of the Waves,
 Shout " Freedom and England for ever,"
 May blessings rest on thee for ever !

How often hath Fame, with his trumpet's loud blast,
 Praised the crimes of mock-heroes in war,
 Whose joy was to revel o'er nations laid waste,
 And drag the fallen foe at their car !
 But a new law, from heaven,
 Hath by England been given
 To Fame—and from which she'll ne'er sever,—
 " No hero but he
 Who saves and sets free,"
 Saith England, free England, for ever,
 May blessings rest on thee for ever !

J. D. CARRICK.

BAULD BRAXY TAM,

A WHEEL KENNED CHIEF IN CARNWATH MUIR.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

BAULD BRAXY TAM, he lives far in the west,
Whaur the dreary Lang Whang heaves its brown heather
crest ;

He's bauld as a lion, tho' calm as a lamb—
rede ye nae rouse him, our bauld braxy Tam.
The strang stalwart loon wons upon the hill tap
In a peat-biggit shieling wi' thin theekit hap—
Yet he ne'er wants a braxy, nor gude reestit ham,
And snell is the stamack o' bauld braxy Tam.

See how his straught form, 'midst the storm-flecker'd lift,
Stalks athwart the bleak muir, thro' the dark wreaths o'
drift,

While the wowff o' the colley or bleat o' the ram
Are beacons o' light, to guide bauld braxy Tam.
When April comes in aye sae sleety and chill,
And mony young lammie lies dead on the hill,
Though miss'd by its owner, and left by its dam,
Its gude gusty gear to our bauld braxy Tam.

Tho' some o' us think he gets mair than eneugh—
That he finds them himsel', whilk he cast in the heugh,
The bauldest amang us maun keep a sough calm—
He's a lang luggit decvil, our bauld braxy Tam.
He ne'er parts wi' master, nor master wi' him—
When the headsman luiks sulky, the herdsman luiks grim.
Synce they souther a' up wi' a flyte and a dram,
For Tam's like the master, the master like Tam.

Thro' a' our braid muirlands sae stunted an' brown,
There's uane fear'd nor lo'ed like the hellicat loun ;

Our fair freekled maidens feel mony love dwaum,
 When milking the ewes o' our bauld braxy Tam;
 For the wild roving rogue has the gled in his e'e,
 Twa three-neukit e'ebrees, aye louping wi' glee,
 Wi' a black bushy beard, and a liquory gam—
 O wha wad be kittled by bauld braxy Tam.

At the lown ingle cheek, in the lang winter night,
 Tam's welcomed wi' pleasure aye mingled wi' fright;
 Queer sangs, and ghaist stories, a' thro'ither cram,
 In the big roomy noddle o' bauld braxy Tam.

Then the weans cour in neuks frae the fancy-raised ghaist,
 And ilk lad faulds his arms round his ain lassie's waist;
 The auld folks gae bed, in an ill-natured sham,
 But the young gape till midnight round bauld braxy Tam

They wad fain hae him married, his courage to cove,
 For he's fickle's the clouds, tho' he's het as the lowe,
 He courts a' the lasses without ere a qualm,
 Yet for nane by anither cares bauld braxy Tam.

But a puir auld sheep-farmer cam here to the muir,
 Wi' a daughter as fair as her faither is puir;
 She's pure as the dew-drap, an' sweet as the balm,
 And she's won the stout heart o' our bauld braxy Tam.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

THE SMIDDIE.

AIR—" *The days o' langsyne.*"

YE'LL mount your bit naggie an' ride your wa's down,
 'Bout a mile and a half frae the neist borough toun,
 There wons an auld blacksmith wi' Janet his wife,
 And a queerer auld cock ye ne'er met i' your life,
 As this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;
 O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Ye'll fin' 'im as I do, a trust-worthy chiel
 Weel temper'd wi' wit frae his head to his heel,

Wi' a saul in his body auld Nick ne'er could clout,
And a spark in his throat, whilk is ill to drown out.

This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
For a deil o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

His smiddie ye'll ken by the twa trough stanes
At the auld door checks, an' the black batter'd panes—
By the three iron cleeks whilk ho straik in the wa',
To tye up wild yads when heigh customers ca'
Oh this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
Sure the hail countrie kens him, this cronie o' mine.

Up agen the auld gable 'tis like you may view,
A tramless cart, or a couterless plough,
An' auld teethless harrow, a breechen ring rent,
Wi' mae broken gear, whilk are meant to be ment
By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine;
He's a right handy craftsman, this crony o' mine.

There's an auld broken sign-board looks to the hie road,
Whilk tells ilka rider whar his naig may be shod,
There's twa or three wordies that ye'll hae to spell,
But ye needna find fault for he wrote it himsel';
This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
He's an aul' farren carl, this cronie o' mine.

When ye fin his auld smiddie, ye'll like, there's nac doubt,
To see the inside o't as well as the out;
Then stap ye in bauldly, altho' he be thrang,
Gif the pint-stoup but clatter, ye'll ken him ere lang,
This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
Baith wit, fun, and fire, has this cronie o' mine.

Twa or three chiels frae the town-end are sure to be there—
There's the bauld-headed butcher, wha taks aye the chair,
'Mang the queerest auld fallows ae way and anither,
That e'er in this world were clubbit thegither,
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

There's Dominie Davie, sae glib o' the mou ;
 But its like ye will fin' the auld carl blin' fou ;
 'Wi' the wee barber bodie, an' his wig fu' o' news,
 Wha wad shave ony chap a' the week for a booze ;
 A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

There's our auld Toun-Clerk, wha has taen to the pack,
 Whilk is naething in bulk to the humph on his back ;
 His knees are sae bow't, his splay feet sae thrawn.
 Troth its no easy tellin' the road whilk they're gaun,
 Tho' a cronie o' mine, a bauld cronie o' mine,
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

There's Robin the ploughman, wha's cramm'd fu' o' fun,
 Wee gamekeeper Davie, wi' bag, dog, and gun,
 And the miller, wha blythly the pipes can play on,
 So your sure to fa' in wi' the " Miller o' Drone,"
 A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
 They'll a' mak ye welcome, these cronies o' mine.

Then wi' thumpin' o' hammers, and tinklin' o' tangs,
 Wi' auld fashion'd stories wrought into queer sangs,
 Wi' this soun, and that, ye'll ablins be deaved—
 And tak care o' your breeks that they dinna get sieved
 Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 For an arm o' might has this cronie o' mine.

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw,
 Frae a black sooty hole whilk ye'll see i' the wa',
 And lang or its empty, frien', I meikle doubt,
 Gif the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about,
 Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine—
 O! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Come now my gude frien' gie's a shake o' your haun,
 The night's wearin' thro', and ye maun be gaun,

The callan will bring down your naig in a blink,
 But before that ye mount again let us drink
 this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 Here's lang life and pith to this cronie o' mine.

ALEXANDER MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

SOME PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LANG KATE DALRYMPLE,
 A CELEBRATED BALLAD SINGER.

TUNE—"Whistle, and I'll come to ye my lad."

O KATIE'S worth gowpens o'gowd to me,
 O Katie's worth gowpens o'gowd to me,
 Gang favour, gang fortune, I carena a flee,
 My Katie's worth gowpens o'gowd to me.

She's nippit, decrepit—she's crabbit and wee.
 Looks twa ways at ance wi' a grey greedy glee,
 But she turns round on me wi' the tail of her e'e,
 An' ilk glance has the glamour o' sunshine to me.

O Katie's worth, &c.

I'm couring and cauldribe, I'm lang and I'm lean,
 Hae a leg like a lath, an' an arm like a preen,
 Hae a face like a knife, an' a head like a bean,
 Yet I'm comely and dear in my kind Katie's e'en.

O Katie's worth, &c.

We live man and wife, by nae priest ever tied,
 We are bound by love's fetters, nae bondage beside ;
 We were made, Kate an' me, to be ilk ither's pride,
 Nane else covets me, nor yet fancy's my bride.

O Katie's worth, &c.

O why should a blackcoat tie me to my joe,
 Sic bands may bring weal, but they sometimes bring woe ;
 Gin ye're no match'd aboon, ye'll ne'er souther below,
 Far better shake hands on't, sync bundle and go.

O Katie's worth, &c.

I ance was a wabster, and sair did bewail
 That bonny wee Katie should sup water kail,
 She windit my pirns, I was fond, she was frail,
 So to fend for our weanies I took to the trail.

O Katie's worth, &c.

Syne I learnt a bit sang that spak kindly o' Kate,
 Her name had a music that rang in my pate,
 An' I sang't wi' sic birr thro' the streets air and late,
 That a' body bought it wha cam in my gate.

O Katie's worth, &c.

When weans cry lang Katie, I e'en let them cry,
 When fou fools wad fash me, I jouk an' gae bye,
 When lasses come flirtin, I coax them fu' sly
 Sae there's nane comes my way, but my ballant they buy.

O Katie's worth, &c.

Guid-natured contentment is aye sure to please,
 I souther a' jars wi't, a' life's wheels I greeze;
 Like the sweet sighing sough o' the saft summer breeze,
 Is a well scrapit tongue, tho' its laden wi' lees.

O Katie's worth, &c.

Then wha wad eir fash wi' a loon that's sae slee,
 Wha shouthers life's rubs wi' a heart fu' o' glee,
 Ye'll ne'er break my heart, nor yet bluther my e'e,
 Sae lang's ye leave Katie to cuddle wi' me.

Then my Katie's worth, &c.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

THE EVIL E'E.

AN evil e'e hath look't on thee,
 My puir wee thing, at last,
 The licht has left thy glance o' glee,
 Thy frame is fading fast.

Wha's frien's—wha's faes in this cauld warld
 Is e'en richt ill to learn,
 But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn,

Your tender bulk I happit warm,
 Wi' a' a mither's care,
 I thought nae human heart could harm
 A thing sae guid an' fair.
 An' ye got aye my blessing when
 I toil'd, your bread to earn,
 But an evil e'e hath look't on thee
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

The bloom upon thy bonnie face,
 The sunlicht o' thy smiles,
 How glad they made ilk eerie place,
 How short the langsome miles,
 For sin I left my minnie's cot
 Beside the brig o' Earn,
 O, ours has been a chequer'd lot,
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

I can forgie my mither's pride,
 Though driven frae my hame,
 I can forgie my sister's spite—
 Her heart maun bear its blame.
 I can forgie my brither's hard
 And haughty heart o' airn,
 But not the e'e that withers thee,
 My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

I ken that deep in ac black breast
 Lies hate to thee and me;
 I ken wha bribed the crew that press't
 Thy father to the sea.
 But hush!—he'll soon be back again
 Wi' faithfu' heart I learn,

To drive frae thee the evil e'e,
My bonnie—bonnie bairn.

ALEXR. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

OUR AIN GUDE TOWN.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

AIR—" *The young May moon.*"

O LEEZE me now on our ain gude Town !
I wat there's few like our ain gude Town ;
On the crown o' the land, may be mony mair grand—
But there's nae ane sae dear as our ain gude Town.

There's lads fu' rare in our ain gude Town,
And lasses fu' fair in our ain gude Town ;
The light o' their e'e is a fountain o' glee,
And it flows to the heart in our ain gude Town.
O leeze me now, &c.

O dearly we loe thee, our ain gude Town,
And meikle we owe thee, our ain gude Town ;
The friendship, the love, we were fated to prove,
Were happiest aye in our ain gude Town.
O leeze me now, &c.

Then here's to the health o' our ain gude Town,
The wisdom and wealth o' our ain gude Town ;
May plenty and peace, ilka blessing increase,
And sweet freedom aye halo our ain gude Town !
O leeze me now, &c.

THOS. DICK, Paisley.

THE KAIL BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.*

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a spot o' good ground for to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they had the regard ;
 O ! the kail brose of auld Scotland ;
 And O ! for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd his foes,
 Before they began they had dined upon brose.
 O ! the kail brose, &c.

Then our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
 With bonnet and belt which their dress did compose,
 With a bag of oatmeal on their back to make brose.
 O ! the kail brose, &c.

* This song has been reprinted in our collection as being an exact copy from the original MS.—which we have seen in the hands of Mr. Peter Buchan, the indefatigable ballad collector. The author was Alex. Watson, merchant tailor in Aberdeen, who was at one time Deacon of the Incorporated Trades, in the northern metropolis. The circumstance that first suggested the idea to the author, was a Scottish regiment recruiting in Aberdeen, playing in their processions the "Roast Beef of Old England" oftener than the patriotic Deacon thought consistent with true national spirit—thus, as he thought, holding his country in invidious contrast—and so, while the goose was hot, he struck off the "Kail Brose of Auld Scotland." We think it contains incontestible evidence that the worthy Deacon knew that there were other sorts of padding that would relieve the acute angles in the framework of man besides roast beef. The reader will observe that there are two or three stanzas in the original not printed in the current version ; and the third stanza but the last, "Now State," &c. was never before given. This song was written during the period of the American war, 1781, and the guardians of the Press in those days were so nervous, that they feared, if published, it might be construed into sedition.

In our free early ages a Scotsman could dine
 Without English roast beef, or famous French wine,
 Kail brose, if weel made, he always thought fine.

O! the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or mayor,
 Nae kickshaws of puddings or tarts were seen there,
 A dish of kail brose was the favourite fare.

O the kail brose, &c.

It has been our favourite dish all along,
 It our ladies makes beauties, our gentlemen strong—
 When moderately used, it our life does prelong.

O! the kail brose, &c.

While thus we can live, we dread no kind of foes—
 Should any invade us, we'll twist up their nose,
 And soon make them feel the true virtue of brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

Now State politicians, new taxes propose,
 Involving our country in numberless woes,
 What a blessing it is! there's yet nane upon brose!

O! the kail brose, &c.

But aye since the thistle was joined to the rose,
 And Englishmen no more accounted our foes,
 We have lost a great part of our stomach for brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

But each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
 Can cheerfully dine on a dishful of brose,
 And the grace be a wish to get plenty of those.

O! the kail brose of auld Scotland,

And O for the Scottish kail brose!

LASS, GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

“LASS, gin ye wad lo'e me,

Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,

Ye'se be layde o' my ha',
 Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.
 A canty butt, a cozie ben,
 Weel plenished ye may true me;
 A brisk, a blythe, a kind gudeman—
 Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me !”

Walth, there's little doubt ye hae,
 An' bidin' bein an' easy;
 But brisk an' blythe ye canna be,
 An' you sae auld and crazy.
 Wad marriage mak you young again?
 Wad woman's love renew you?—
 Awa', ye silly doitet man,
 I canna, winna lo'e you.”

Witless hizzie, e'en's ye like,
 The ne'er a doit I'm carin';
 But men maun be the first to speak,
 An' wanters maun be speirin'.
 Yet, lassie, I hae lo'ed you lang,
 And noo I'm come to woo you—
 I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,
 I think you'd better lo'e me !”

“Doitet bodie !—auld or young,
 Ye needna langer tarry;
 Gin ane be loutin' owre a rung,
 He's no for me to marry.
 Gae hame and ance bethink yoursel'
 How ye wad come to woo me—
 And mind me i' your latter-will,
 Bodie, gin ye lo'e me !”

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

TA PRAISE O' OUSKIE.

AIR—“*Neil Gow's farewell to whisky.*”

Ta praise o' ouskie, she will kive,
An' wish ta klass aye in her neive ;
She tisna thought that she could live
Without a wee trap ouskie, O.

For ouskie is ta thing my lad,
Will cheer ta heart whene'er she's sad :
To trive bad thoughts awa like mad,
Hoogh ! there's naething like kood ouskie, O.

Oh ! ouskie's koot, an' ouskie's cran,
Ta pestest physick efer fan ;
She wishes she had in her han',
A kreat pig shar o' ouskie, O.

Ta lallan loon will trank at rum,
An' shin tat frae ta Tutchman come ;
An' pranty—Fieugh ! tey're a' put scum,
No worth a sneesh like ouskie, O.

Ta shentles they will trank at wine,
Till faces like ta moon will shine ;
Put what's ta thing can prighten mine ?—
Poogh ! shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

Ta ladies they will klour and plink,
Whene'er tey'll saw't a man in trink ;
Put py temsel tey'll never wink,
At four pig dram o' ouskie, O.

An' some will trank a trashy yill,
Wi' porter some their pellies fill ;
For Loch Ard fu', a sinkle shill
She wadna gie o' ouskie, O.

Some lads wi' temprant rules akree,
An' trench their kite wi' slooshy tea ;

She's try't tat too, but nought for me—
Is like a wee trap ouskie, O.

What kars her roar, and tance, and sing ?
What kars her loup ta highlan fling ?
What kars her leuk as pault's ta king ?
Put shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

Whene'er she's towie fex, and wae,
Whane'er ta cault her nose maks plae,
What cheers her heart py night an' tay ?
Hoogh ! shust a wee trap ouskie, O.

ALEX. FISHER.

SINCE FATE HAS DECREED IT.

AIR—“ *A' body's like to get married but me.* ”

SINCE Fate has decreed it—then e'en let her gang,
I'll comfort mysel' wi' a canty bit sang :
Yes ; I'll sing like a lintie and laugh at it a',
Though the auld donnart dotard has wiled her awa'.
O wae worth that siller ! what mischief it breeds,
Dame Fortune's pet weans, how it pampers and feeds ;
It has made them baith ane whom auld Nature meant twa,
And has torn frae my arms, my dear lassie awa'.

The neighbours will clatter about the affair,
But e'en let them talk—that's the least o' my care,
For the sugh will blaw by in a fortnight or twa,
But ne'er can restore to me, her that's awa'.
Come cheer up my heart !—yet, what need'st thou be wae,
There are thousands behint her, sae e'en let her gae ;
Yes ; thousands, as bonnie, as good, and as braw—
Then why should'st thou grieve for her, now she's awa' ?

But ah ! hapless lassie, my heart's wae for thee,
To think what a comfortless life thou maun dree ;
How cheerless to sit in a rich splendid ha'
'Midst desolate grandeur, when love is awa'.

And thou, her auld mither, ah what wilt thou say,
 When thou sceest thy poor lassie, heart-broken and wae ;
 Ah what will avail then, her cleeding sae braw,
 When it covers a bosom that's riven in twa.

ALEX. RODGER.

DOWN THE WATER.

AIR—"The Jorum."

Quo' Jean to me the tither morn, while munching at our
 toast, sir,

"Dear me, gudeman, ye're unco worn—ye're looking like a
 ghost, sir—

Ye're thin and wan—ye're colour's gane—I trow ye are nao
 fatter—

In troth ye'll needs subtraet a day, and journey down the
 water.

I'm sure 'twill do us meikle gude—a waucht o' cauler air,
 sir,

A cauler douk—a cauler breeze—and cauler fish and fare, sir ;
 Besides, ye ken, I'm far frae weel—and sae is Jane our
 daughter,

Sae trowth, gudeman, ye'll needs consent to journey down
 the water.

There's Will, and Bob, and George, and Ned, are hardly
 cured the measles ;

And Jess, and May, and Jean, and I—our skins are din
 as weazles ;

Besides, ye ken, its just the thing—and see there's Mrs.
 Clatter,

And ilka creature ought genteel—for weeks been down the
 water."

Weel, weel, gudewife, sin e'en 'tis sae, and naething less
 will please ye,

We'll see and set about it straucht—but losh it's no that easy,

For things are looking slack, and cash—is no a plenty matter—
Ye'll needs douk twa-three times a-day—and fuddle lots o'
water.

I true the packing soon began—odds and ends galore, sirs—
Wi' Mackintosh's—pots and pans—and cordials a store, sirs ;
Syne bundling a' aboard—the boat maist aff ere we wan at
her—

Her tether-tow maist stapp'd my breath and journey down
the water.

Hardly frae the Broomielaw, wife and weans a' sea-sick,
Ane bocking here, anither there—their stomachs under
physic ;

And then the landing—rumbling—tumbling—swearin' like
a hatter,

And then to crown the job—mysel' maist drown'd into the
water.

Rescued frae fear o' sudden death—we gather oonsolation,
And, joyous hope, our trouble's o'er, within our new loca-
tion ;

An'now to see us pack'd and cramm'd like ony Yankee
squatter,

Nae less than five in ilka bed—that's high life down the
water.

A grumbling night o'erpast—the morn, we grumbling don
our jackets,

In haste to seize our promised jaunt—the rain pours down
in buckets ;

Neist day's the same—the neist—the neist—we hear its cease-
less patter,

And sulky through the window glow'r—that's pleasure down
the water.

At last ae sunny day is sent to cheer each drooping spirit,
In madden'd joy we hail the morn—for a' are downright
weari't ;

But mark ye how sic pleasure ends—our auldest, favourite
daughter,
Ran aff galanting, nane kent whaur—wi' some chiel down
the water.

Wi' her restored—we journey back—in direfu' wrath and
shame, sirs,
And vowing that we ne'er again shall jaunt sae far frae
hame, sirs ;
Or if we do, by sooth and troth—I'se no be sic a fauter,
As move like Patriarchs of old—in fam'lies down the water.

PATRICK BUCHAN.

IT WAS NOT FOR THE DIAMOND RING.

Set to Music by John Clow, Esq.

It was not for the diamond ring upon your lily hand,—
It was not for your noble name,—it was not for your land,—
I saw no gem, no lordly name, no broad domain with thee,
The day you stole my trusting heart and peace of mind
from me.

You came—I knew not whence you came—we met—'twas
in the dance—
There was honey in each word of yours, and glamour in
each glance ;
Though many were around me then, I nothing saw but him,
Before whose brow of starry sheen fresh-fallen snow were
dim.

You're gone !—it was a weary night we parted at the burn ;
You swore by all the stars above, that you would soon re-
turn ;
That you would soon return, light love ! and I your bride
should be,
But backward will the burnie roll, ere you come back to
me !

They say, that soon a smiling dame of lineage like to thine,
Will take thee by the fickle hand, thy falsehood placed in
mine ;

The music and the rose-red wine to greet her will appear—
For wedding-song, a sigh I'll have—for bridal-pledge, a tear.

O would that thou had'st pass'd me by, in coldness or in
pride !

Nor wrought this deadly wrong to her, who on thy truth
relied :

The hunter's to the greenwood gone, his spear is in its rest,
But he'll not wound the trusting dove, that shelters in his
breast.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

THE FLITTIN' O' THE COW.

AIR—“ *Tak' your auld Cloak about ye.*”

In summer when the fields were green,
An' heather bells bloom'd ower the lea,
An' hawthorns lent their leafy screen,
A fragrant bield for bird an' bee ;
Our Hawkie in the clover field
Was chewin' her cud wi' gratefu' mou',
An' our gudewife, wi' eidant hand,
Had just been out to flit the cow.

O, our gudeman's a leal gudeman,
But nane maun dare to say him na ;
There's nae a laird in a' the lan'
Wi' higher hand mainteens the law.
Though he be poor he's unco proud,
An' aye maun be obey'd at hame ;
An' there, when he's in angry mood,
Wha conters him may rue the same.

“ Gae flit the cow !” says our gudeman—
Wi' ready tongue the dame replies,

“ Gudeman, it is already dune”—

“ Gae flit the cow !” again he cries.

“ My will ye’ll do wi’ hand an’ heart,

If ye’re a wife baith kind an’ true ;

Obedience is the woman’s part—

Make haste, gudewife, an’ flit the cow !”

“ Gudeman, ye’re surely clean gane gyte,

The cow’s already flittit been ;

To see you fume an’ hear you flyte,

I fairlie meikle what ye mean.

What need to gang an’ do again

The thing that I hae dune e’en now ?

What idle tantrum’s this ye’ve ta’en ?”

“ I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow !”

“ Gudeman, when we were lad an’ lass,

Your tongue was like a honey kaim ;

An’ aye ye vowed ye’d ne’er prove fause,

But kythe like ony lamb at hame :

But now ye look sae dark an’ doure,

Wi’ angry e’e an’ crabbit mou’,

Ye gar me aften rue the hour”——

“ I say, gudewife, gae flit the cow !”

Syne he began to loup an’ ban,

When out the wife flew in a huff—

“ Come back ! come back !” cries our gudeman—

“ Come back ! obedience is enough !!

My sovereign will ye maun obey,

When my commands are laid on you ;

Obedient, baith by night an’ day,

An’ ready aye to “ *flit the cow!*”*

ALEXR. SMART, Edinburgh.

* We cannot but think that our friend, Mr. Smart, has represented the “ Head of the House” as carrying authority with rather a high hand.

JOSEPH TUCK.*

I'm Joseph Tuck, the tailor's son,
 A poor but honest blade, sirs,
 And for these five-and-twenty years,
 A roving life I've led, sirs;
 But as I mean to settle here,—
 I'll tell you what my trade is,—
 I'm barber, blacksmith, parish clerk,
 Man-midwife to the ladies.

Bow, wow, wow, ri tum te edi.

I learn the bloods the way to box,—
 I show them how to fence, sirs,—
 I teach the girls the way to coax,
 And also how to dance, sirs.
 I'm skilled in every Highland Reel,
 Strathspey, and Irish Jig, sirs,—
 And I can shave a parson's beard,
 And curl a lady's wig, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

My shop is stock'd with London toys,—
 Guns, wooden swords, and dolls, sirs,
 Red herrings, treacle, blacking balls,—
 Sweet gingerbread and coals, sirs.
 I sell all sorts of ladies' ware,—
 Rings, parasols, and muffs, sirs,
 I also deal in sausages,
 And other garden stuffs, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I keep all kinds of liquors, too,—
 Rum, brandy, ale, and porter,

* We have inserted this Song in our miscellany, though it has been in almost every collection of Comic Songs published within the last quarter of a century. The Author's name was never before given—it is an early effusion of one of our contributors—Mr. William Finlay, Paisley.

I light the lamps the whole year through,
 Or take them by the quarter.
 I dress all kinds of leather, too,
 And linens, fine or coarse, sirs,
 I keep a school for singing psalms,
 And tools for shooing horse, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

All kinds of sweetmeats, too, I sell,—
 Soap, sugar, salt, and spice, sirs,
 Potatoes, spunks, and periwigs,—
 And traps for catching mice, sirs.
 Ching's patent lozenges I sell,—
 And Godfrey's cordial roots, sirs,
 I also both can make and mend
 All kinds of shoes and boots, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

I also have on hand for sale,
 All sorts of weaving ware, sirs,
 Wheel-barrows, picks, and pouckin' pins,
 And cheeses made in Ayr, sirs
 All kinds of cobbler's tools I keep,
 Umbrellas, brogues, and awls, sirs,
 Flay'd pigeons, speldings, bacon hams.
 And imitation shawls, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Thus I have given you in full,
 A statement of my ware, sirs,
 My rings and ruffs—my dolls and muffs—
 My leather and my hair, sirs.
 But not to wear your patience out,
 I here will make a stop, sirs,
 And only hope you'll take the hint,
 And purchase at my shop, sirs.

Bow, wow, wow, ri tum te edi.

THE WIDOW'S WONDERS.

“ O LEEZIE but I'm wae for you, nae wonder that ye mane,
Whaur will we fin' the like o' him that noo is dead and gane?
The picture o' guid nature, aye sae hearty and sae kin',
Nae wonder whan ye think on him your wits ye're like to
tine.”

“ O Janet, Janet, say nae mair about him, honest man,
I canna weel forget him, though I do the best I can;
He was a kin', kin' man to me, and when I see the wreck
O' a' my peace and happiness, my heart is like to break.

I was an orphan lassie left, and hadna mony freens,
And Janet, lass, I mind it weel when I was in my teens,
I didna think without a man that I my life would dree,
But aft I wonder't to mysel' wha's lassie I wad be.

At Lanrick fair, I met wi' Pate, and few were like him then,
He had an unco takin' way—he was the waul o' men,
And on that day, whan he and I, did hauns thegither join—
I wonder't, if there was on yirth, a happier lot than mine.

But wark grew scarce, and markets dear, and trouble on us
cam',

And Pate turn'd ill that vera day that I lay in o' Tam,
I guided Pate, and mony a nicht as by his bed I sat,
I wonder't hoo we could come through, an' burstit out and
grat.

Tam wither't like a sickly flower that frae its stalk does fa';
And in a twalmonth after that, puir Pate was ta'en awa;
And as I laid him in his kist, and closed his glazed e'e,
I wonder't if the yirth contain'd a lanelier thing than me.

Noo I'm a waefu' widow left, a' nicht I sich and grane,
And aften in my musin' moods when sitting here iny lane
There's ae thing, I'll confess to you, 'bout whilk I'm sair
perplex't,—

I aften wonder Janet, now—wha's lassie I'll be next.

WILLIAM FINLAY, Paisley.

THE EWE MILKER'S SONG.

OH! what is peace?

'Tis the bleat of the lamb as it plays on the mountain ;
'Tis the sound of the stream as it falls from the fountain :
'Tis the soft evening breeze as it stirs among the trees,
And wakes the voice of melody to soothe and to please.

Oh! this is peace.

Oh! what is fair?

'Tis the dew-laden primrose that droops her fair form ;
'Tis the harebell that glistens tho' dashed with the storm ;
'Tis Cynthia's pale car ; 'tis the mild evening star,
That spies the fond lovers, and gladdens from far.

Oh! this fair.

But what is love?

'Tis the cry of the cushat as it coos in the dale ;
'Tis the voice of my Colin as he sings in the vale :
'Tis the thick beating sigh : 'tis the fair melting eye,
That moistens with fondness when Colin is nigh.

Oh! this is love.

WILLIAM NICHOL.

COME AFF WI' YOUR BONNETS, HUZZA! HUZZA!*

COME aff wi' your bonnets, huzza! huzza!

The Provost is comin', huzza! huzza!

* "*Come aff wi' your bonnets.*"—This song was written on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Scotland in 1822, when the then civic dignitaries paid their loyal and dutiful respects to their Sovereign. A short time before this, a certain Chief Magistrate of Glasgow had called a public meeting of the inhabitants a little against the grain. When he came to the meeting, he found the Town Hall full of people. On his coming in, no notice was immediately taken of him, the people keeping on their hats. Taking fire, at what he conceived a slight put upon him, he began a lecture upon the proprieties, telling them they ought to take off their hats to the Provost; hence there came among

The bailies an' beddles, wi hammers an' treddles,
An' lingles, an' barrels, an' a', an' a'.

some a saying of, "Aff hats to the Provost," to which, the first line of the song alludes.

"*The bailies and beddles.*"—The Church beadles were taken to Edinburgh on the occasion, as livery servants.

"*Wi' hammers, and treddles, and lingles and barrels.*"—These various implements of trade are emblematical of certain individuals in the Magistracy, there being then among our civic rulers, a smith, a weaver, a shoemaker, and a cooper.

"*Gif in Embro' our dwelling ye saw,*" &c.—Those who wish to see an account of the splendour of this dwelling, may consult a pamphlet entitled "The King's Visit to Edinburgh, as far as the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow were concerned," published in Glasgow, 1822, and said to be from the pen of an LL.D. In it, among other things, we learn that the dwelling in question, was at No. 66, Queen Street, Edinburgh; that it contained ample accommodation, there being no less than stabling for eighteen horses; and that the Provost of Glasgow, "our ain Provost's name," was engraven on a brass plate on the door.

"*We'll hing up our signs in a rarr.*"—The signs of Glasgow were at one time an object of no little pride to the citizens. Symptoms of a change in this respect, however, begin now to manifest themselves. Certain mercantile, and even manufacturing concerns in Glasgow, who would very lately have sported their signs, content themselves now with a small notice in black and gold at the side of the close or entry, as "Bogle Mirrlees, first floor;" and some of a still more uppish cast, have no less than a front door like a dwelling-house to their place of business, with a brass-plate by no means so large as was "our ain Provost's name on the ca'," but smaller, and smelling much more of gentility. Whether this feeling of disparagement respecting our signs, has spread to the provinces or not, we cannot tell; but we know, that as late as the year 1821, the signs were objects of great worship and regard to the country visitors of our good City. It is matter of history, that the attractions of our many great and gilded signs, proved a sore hindrance to the right discipline and effective order of the country troops, called in to quell the Radical rising of that year. No sooner did the gallant yeomen enter our streets, than their eyes, to the neglect of every thing else, were irresistably caught by the mass of gilded literature so abundantly spread over our walls; and when, after the toils of the day, these

Gif in Embro' our dwelling ye saw, ye saw,
 Wi' our ain provost's name on the ca', the ca',

brave men were dismissed, bands of them were seen wandering everywhere, diligently reading the signs. It was proposed to the commander of these troops (but whether carried into actual effect or not, the writer of this cannot tell) that in order at once to gratify their taste for reading, and to prevent them from wandering about in staring groups, to the defiance of all ease and convenience in passing the streets and pavements, each captain should convene his troop at a convenient place in the morning, and read for their amusement and information, two or three pages of the Glasgow Directory. And let those who are to come after us, consider well before they mock at our signs, when they are told, that when our Magistrates, and those of the surrounding towns, went to meet the King at Edinburgh, they erected booths by the highway, in which they arranged themselves to welcome him as he passed, and that over every booth there was an inscription or sign. The inscription on the Glasgow sign was, "Let Glasgow Flourish;" the one next it, and in a line with it, "We come to welcome our King;" on which, the writer of the pamphlet already mentioned, remarks—"These two inscriptions being in a row, read together wonderfully well." Hence, "We'll hing up our signs in a raw."

"*Mak' flunkies o' saulies sae bran.*"—The beadles, whom we have already remarked, were made waiting-men to the bailies, are also, for the most part, saulies, or serving-men at funerals."

"*Wi' gowd an' wi' green.*"—The livery in which these beadles were dressed, was green and gold, and very showy. The beadles, moreover, were, for the most part well-made, well-fed, rosy fellows, and became their liveries well. One of these, Warrander Begerney, was uncommonly buirdly. He is said to have made the remark, "that the King and he looked best in a' their processions;—an' nae wonner, for as to processions, the King an' me are best used to them."

"*Let Glasgow aye flourish awa.*"—"Let Glasgow Flourish," the well-known motto of the Glasgow Arms. Six coaches well painted and furnished up for the occasion, by a certain *ci-devant* Deacon-Convener, had the arms and motto emblazoned in large upon their pannels. Twelve copies of the arms and motto, therefore, appeared to "dazzle folk's e'en," wherever the civic procession moved. A thirteenth copy of the motto appeared on the sign over the booth. How could the writer omit "Let Glasgow aye flourish awa?"

An' a' that accords, ye wad tak' us for lords,
 An' let them wha win, just laugh awa, awa.
 Come aff wi' your bonnets, &c.

We'll hing up our signs in a raw, a raw,
 Mak' flunkies o' saulies sae braw, sae braw ;
 Wi' gowd an' wi' green, how we'll dazzle folk's e'en,
 An' let Glasgow aye flourish awa, awa.
 Come aff wi' your bonnets, &c.

When to Majesty down we maun fa', maun fa',
 Ilk bailie sae gancie an' braw, an' braw,
 We canna weel guess how great George can do less,
 Than to mak' bits o' Knights o' us a', us a'.

Come aff wi' your bonnets, huzza ! huzza !
 The provost is comin', huzza ! huzza !
 The bailies an' beddles, wi' hammers an' treddles,
 An' lingles, an' barrels, an' a', an' a'.

BESSY'S WOOING.

TUNE—" *The hills o' Glenorchy.*"

GUESS ye wha's gane a becking an' bowing,
 Guess ye wha's gane a billing an' cooing,
 Guess ye wha's gane a coaxing and wooing,
 To bonnie young Bessy the flower o' the Glen.

Auld Souter Rabby, that dresses sae brawly ;
 Auld Barber Watty, sae smirky an' waly ;
 Auld Elder Johnnie, sae meek an' sae haly—
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

Fat Deacon Sandy the heigh Council nabby ;
 Wee Tailor Davie, sae glibby an' gabby ;
 Dominic Joseph, sae thread-bare an' shabby—
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

Big Mason Andrew, sae heavily fistid ;
 Jock Gude-for-naething, wha three times had listed ;
 Lang Miller Geordie, wi' meal a' bedusted—
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

Gleed Cooper Cuddy, a' girded fu' tightly,
 Red-nosed Sawyer Will, wi' his beak shining brightly ;
 The tree-leggit Pensioner, marching fu' lightly—
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

They're sighing an' sabbing, they're vowing an' swearing ;
 They're challenging, duelling, boxing, an' tearing ;
 While Bess, pawky jaud, is aye smirking an' jeering—
 There ne'er was a gillfirt like Bess o' the Glen.

But a young Highland drover cam' here wi' some cattle ;
 Gat fou, an' swore Gaelic—gat fierce, an' gae battle ;
 An' a' the hale pack did he lustily rattle—
 Hech ! was nae that fun to young Bess o' the Glen ?

His braid manly shouthers, caught Bessy's black eye ;
 Her heart gae a stound, an' her breast gae a sigh ;
 An' now the bauld Drover's gien owre driving kye—
 For troth he's baith Laird o' young Bess an' the Glen.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

BETSY BAWN.

TUNE—" *Blythe, blythe are we.*"

I LITTLE reck't that restless love,
 Wad ere disturb my peace again :
 I little reck't my heart would prove,
 A victim 'neath his galling chain.
 I've bribed him o'er and o'er again,
 And mony a plack, I ween, hae drawn ;
 But a' in vain, I pine in pain
 For crookit-backit Betsy Bawn.

You've heard o' cheeks o' rosy hue—
 O' breath sweet as the bud's perfume ;
 Ye've heard o' e'en whilk dang the dew
 For brightness, on the lily's bloom ;
 Ye've heard o' waist sae jimp and sma'—
 Whilk ye nae doubt would like to span ;
 Far other charms, my fancy warms—
 Red goud's my terms wi' Betsy Bawn.

Right sad's the weary wanderer's fate,
 When round him roars the tempest's din,
 When howling mastiff at ilk gate,
 Keeps a' without, and a' within.
 I wot ! a harder fate they dree,
 Wha' maun at drouthy distance stan'
 Wi' langin e'e, yet daurna pree
 The barley-bree o' Betsy Bawn.

Sweet love, ye work us meikle ill—
 Far mair than we daur sing or say ;
 And weel ye ken had I my will,
 An hour wi' me ye doughtna stay.
 Yet for the sake o' auld langsyne,
 I'll yet forgie ye—there's my han',
 Gif wi' aue dart, ye pierce her heart—
 The flinty part o' Betsy Bawn.

Daft Beauty, swears her e'en's like deil's ;
 Her humphy back, is sax times bow't ;
 H'er wither'd limbs, like twa auld eels—
 Are roun' and roun', ilk ith'er row't.
 Let love be cross'd wi' spit and host,
 A parchment skin, a horny han' ;
 H'er purse is clad, sae I maun wed—
 And eke maun bed wi' Betsy Bawn.

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

THE SEA! THE SEA!

A PARODY.*

THE Sea! the Sea! Oh me! oh me!
 The pail—be quick! I quail—I'm sick,—
 I'm sick as I can be:
 I cannot sit, I cannot stand;
 I prithee, steward, lend a hand;
 To my cabin I'll go,—to my berth will I hie,
 And like a cradled infant lie.
 I'm on the Sea—I'm on the Sea!
 I am where I would never be;
 With the smoke above, and the steam below,
 And sickness wheresoe'er I go;
 If a storm should come no matter, I wot;
 To the bottom I'd go—as soon as not.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
 In a neat post chaise, with a couple of bays,
 And a pretty girl by my side:
 But, oh! to swing amidst fire and foam,
 And be steam'd like a mealy potato at home:
 And to feel that no soul cares more for your wo,
 Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go,
 The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,
 But I loved my donkey more and more,
 And homeward flew to her bony back,
 Like a truant boy or a sandman's sack;
 And a mother she was, and is, to me;
 For I was—an ass—to go to sea!

The fields were green, and blue the morn,
 And still as a mouse the little house
 Where I—where I was born;

* This parody on Barry Cornwall's song of "The Sea," we have taken, with permission, from Fraser's Magazine.

And my father whistled, my mother smiled,
 While my donkey bray'd in accents mild :
 Nor ever was heard such an outcry of joy
 As welcomed to life the beautiful boy.
 I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
 With my peaceable donkey and termagant wife ;
 With a spur for the one, and a whip for the other ;
 Yet ne'er have wish'd to change with another :
 And a proverb of old will apply to me—
 “ Who is born to be hang'd will not die in the sea ! ”

THE SAILOR'S REST.

WHY search the deep
 For those who sleep
 Beneath its heaving billow ?
 Is that blue sea
 Now raging free
 A more ignoble pillow,
 Than their's who die
 On shore—and lie
 Where the green turf is spread !
 Away ! away !
 Let the Sleeper lay—
 His—is a noble bed !—
 There let him rest
 His weary breast,
 Upon the lonely wave,
 Whose glittering crest
 The sunny west
 Hath made a golden grave.—
 Upon the sea
 He will not be
 The banquet of the worm ;
 But food for things
 With snow-white wings
 That sport amid the storm

He was not one
 Who looked upon
 The consecrated grave—
 As better spot
 Wherein to rot
 'Than on the deep sea wave.
 His lot was cast
 To brave the blast
 Through life—and now laid low,
 Methinks his rest
 Would be unblest
 Where the tempest cannot blow.

O ! let his tomb
 Be where his home
 Was ever in his life—
 Amid the wrath
 Of Ocean's path,
 And the wild surge's strife.—
 The winds will be
 Sweet melody
 Unto his spirit near :
 For their's was long
 The only song
 The Sailor cared to hear.

JOHN CROSS BUCHANAN.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

AIR—" *Guardian angels.*"

HAVE you hail'd the glowing morning,
 When the sun first gilds the plain ?
 Or the genial spring returning,
 After winter's dreary reign ?
 Then conceive, to me how dear.
 When my Anna—faithful, fair,

After years of lonely pain,
Bless'd my fond eyes—my arms again.

Every charm more finely heighten'd,
Fix'd my raptured, wondering eyes!
Every grace divinely brighten'd,
Held my soul in sweet surprise ;
O ! I could have gazed my last,
On her bosom heaving fast—
Met her eyes benignly bright,
With ever-growing new delight.

Who'd not bear a separation
Thus again to fondly meet,
And to find no alteration,
Save the heart's more ardent beat ;
Thus, the same soft hand to grasp,
Thus the same fair form to clasp,
Thus the same warm lips to kiss—
O, say, can Heaven give more than this ?

ALEXANDER RODGER.

O THINK IT NOT STRANGE.

O THINK it not strange that my soul is shaken,
By every note of thy simple song ;
These tears, like a summoning spell, awaken
The shades of feelings, that slumber'd long.
There's a hawthorn tree, near a low-roof'd dwelling ;
A meadow green, and a river clear ;
A bird, that its summer-eve tale is telling ;
And a form unforgotten—they all are here.

They are here, with dark recollections laden,
From a sylvan scene o'er the weary sea ;
They speak of the time when I parted that maiden,
By the spreading boughs of the hawthorn tree.

We sever'd in wrath—to her low-roof'd dwelling,
 She turn'd with a step which betray'd her pain—
 She knew not the love that was fast dispelling
 The gloom of his pride, who was her's in vain.

We met never more—and her faith was plighted,
 To one who could not her value know ;
 The curse that still clings to affections blighted,
 Tinctured her life's cup with deepest wo.
 And these are the thoughts which thy tones awaken,
 The shades of feelings that slumber'd long—
 Then think it not strange, that my soul is shaken
 By every note of that simple song.

W. KENNEDY.

COME TO THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

AIR—“*March to the battle field.*”

COME to the Banks of Clyde,
 Where health and joy invite us ;
 Spring, now, in virgin pride,
 There waiteth to delight us :
 Enrobed in green, she smiles serene—
 Each eye enraptured views her ;
 A brighter dye o'erspreads her sky,
 And every creature woos her.

Come to the Banks of Clyde,
 Where health and joy invite us ;
 Spring, now, in virgin pride,
 There waiteth to delight us.

Mark ! how the verdant lea,
 With daisies she is strewing ;
 Hark ! now, on every tree,
 The birds their mates are wooing :
 Love wakes the notes that swell their throats,
 Love makes their plumage brighter ;

Old Father Clyde, in all his pride,
 Ne'er witness'd bosoms lighter ;
 Mark ! how the verdant lea,
 With daisies she is strewing ;
 Hark ! how, on every tree,
 The birds their mates are wooing.

ALEX. RODGER.

WHAT THE BODY WANTED WI' ME.

A CARL cam' to our town,
 Whan little we war thinkin',
 Wi' a rung out ow're his riggin',
 Like a pedlar cam he linken'.
 As he hanker'd at the ha' door,
 Sic pauky blinks he gae me,—
 That I wonder'd in my mind,
 What the body wanted wi' me.

He said he was a lairdie,
 O' riggs and roughness plenty,
 His stack-yard, and his stable stow'd
 Wi' corn and couts fu' dainty ;
 And for a "serie something,"—
 Had he wauchled wast to see me—
 Still I wonder'd in my mind,
 What the body wanted wi' me.

He took me by the hand so shy,
 And fain wad stoun a prievin,
 But I started like a stunkart quey,
 To see him sae behavin' :
 "Be kind," quo he, "my lassie leel,
 Nor be sae fain to flee me ;"
 Syne I hanker'd in my mind,
 What the body wanted wi' me.

I bade the cadgie carl devawl,
 And aye his aim was speerin';
 "I'll tarry nane to tell," quoth he,
 "The ettle o' my eeran :
 I'm coothly come your luvie to win—
 Frae dool and doubting free me ;"
 And sighing said—"the bridal bed"
 Was what he wanted wi' me.

When youth and beauty were my boast,
 I then had lovers plenty,
 But sair I've rued my scorn sinsyne,
 When offers turn'd but scanty :
 I laid a laithfu' loof in his—
 But fain the fool was o' me,
 Death left me lady of his lan',
 Before a towmond wi' me.

Now back comes beauty wi' a bang—
 For walth the wrinkle covers ;
 As ance mysel', my siller now,
 Has charms, and choice o' lovers ;
 But let them gang the gate they cam,
 Their flattering winna fee me ;
 I'll hugg my hoard, an' beet my banes,
 Wi' what they're wanting wi' me.

G. MACINDOE.

JOCK, RAB, AND TAM;

OR, NATURAL REQUISITES FOR THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS

"OH what'll we do wi' Jock, gudeman ?
 It's like he'll ne'er do weel—
 He's aye at the head of a' mischief,
 And just as cunnin's the Deil."
 "Ah ! hech ! he'll yet be a man, gudewife,
 O' whilk we'll baith be proud—

We'll gie the callan a while o' the schule,
An' he'll be a lawyer gude!"

"An' what'll we do wi' Rab, gudeman—
An' how will he win his bread?
To plow and saw, to shear and maw,
He hasna hands nor head!"

"Ah! hech! he'll yet be a man, gudewife,
O' whilk we'll baith be proud—
We'll gie the callan a while o' the schule,
An' he'll be a doctor gude!"

"But what'll we do wi' Tam, gudeman,
It dings me maist of a'!
A gapin', glourin', witless coof,
He's gude for nocht ava'!"
Ah! hech! he'll yet be a man, gudewife,
O' whilk we'll baith be proud—
We'll gie the callan a while o' the schule,
An' he'll be a minister gude!"

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

THE LAKE IS AT REST.

AIR—"Angel's whisper."

THE lake is at rest, love,
The sun's on its breast, love;
How bright is its water, how pleasant to see!
Its verdant banks showing
The richest flow'rs blowing—
A picture of bliss, and an emblem of thee:

Then oh! fairest maiden,
When earth is array'd in
The beauties of heaven, o'er mountain and lea;
Let me still delight in
The glories that brighten,
For they are, dear Anna, sweet emblems of thee.

But, Anna! why redden?
 I would not, fair maiden,
 My tongue could pronounce what might tend to betray
 The traitor; the demon.
 Who could deceive woman,
 His soul's all unfit for the glories of day:

Believe me then, fairest,
 To me thou art dearest;
 And tho' I in raptures view lake, stream, and tree—
 With flow'r-blooming mountains,
 And crystalline fountains,
 I view them, fair maid, but as emblems of thee.

STREET ORATORY.

AIR—" *Bartholomew Fair.*"

'Tis a most amusing sight,
 For a philosophic wight,
 Through the streets of the city to stroll—
 And mark the variation
 Of this mighty population,
 As the great tide onward doth roll.

What a bustle, what a noise,
 What variety of cries,
 Every one tries another to out-bawl;
 You would think the Tower of Babel
 Had again let loose its rabble,
 Such a clatter ne'er was heard since the Fall!

What a comical compound,
 And diversity of sound,
 From the motely group doth arise,
 From your salt and whit'ning venders,
 Fiddle scrapers, organ grinders,
 And your sellers of yard-long shoe ties!

See yonder crowd collected,
 Every one with ears erected
 Around the far-famed Jamie Blue;*

* Jamie Blue, *alias* Blue Thumbs, *alias* P.D., so nick-named from the circumstance of his having vended button blue as indigo, and pepper dust—as best black Jamaica pepper. The real name, however, of this Goose-dub Cicero, was James M'Indoe, and the parish of Killearn, county of Stirling, has a right to claim him as one of her sons, as well as the classical George Buchanan. For many years our orator was a dealer in hardwares, and carried his shop on his shoulders to country fairs, taking the houses and villages on his way to these marts of cattle, corn, and the et ceteras of husbandry. The edge of his acquisitive disposition was rather too keenly set, and he made no scruple to make the most of his customers, as opportunity afforded. For some misdemeanour committed during his peregrinations, he was sent to board and berth in the Royal Navy, which sentence, however, he soon found means to contravene, by making his escape. Whether a patriotic spirit burned within the pepper dealer, with cayenne intensity, or an eye after the Government grant of enlistment money, we pretend not to say, though we incline to adopt the latter as the influencing motive; but the man of button-blue, soon after, threw over his shoulders, the scarlet uniform of his Majesty's privates, in the 71st, or Glasgow Regiment. To obviate the necessity of desertion, he contrived to commit some crime for which he was discharged by tuck of drum, as an accompaniment to the Rogue's March. Our hero, after this, for some time went round the country vending leeches, dropping chains, and, for at least twenty-five years, he made shift to live by editing and vending street Gazettes. We have, ourselves, heard Jamie remark on the variety of occupation and life that he had led: "he now kent a' the teeth in the wheel." Though of a robust build by nature, the dissolute life which he had led shattered the walls of the clayey tenement, and he was compelled to seek an asylum in the Glasgow Town's Hospital, where he resided for nearly the last two years of his life. When the cheering April sun of 1836 made its appearance, after the tempestuous weather that had preceded, James begged to get out to take pot luck with the world again; remarking, "that he would just do like the Robin, come back to them again in winter." James fulfilled his promise, and died in the Hospital, 24th January, 1837 — During the

The affair, depend upon't,
Of the which he gives account,
Is full, and particular, and true !

MEZZO TENORE.

“ Here you have a full and particular account of the execution of that poor unfortunate man, Saunders Widdie, for robbing the butter and potatoe market at Buchty Brae, on the seventeenth day of November last.

“ You have an account of his behaviour during the awful period of his confinement—after the fatal judgment was pronounced, till the moment he ascended the scaffold for execution.

“ He was attended in his devotions, by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Pouch-the-penny, incumbent of that parish, but melancholy to relate, so little effect had the admonitions of the pious clergyman on the unfortunate culprit, that he carried with him to the fatal drop, a pund o' butter in ae hand, an' a potatoe in the other—ay, an' he threw the potatoe wi' sic a birr, that it knockit down an auld wifie at the fit o' the gallows.”

Blind Aleck next appears,*
Whose head for many years,
A hot-bed of poesie has been :
With his violin in hand,
He now takes up his stand,
And thus his harangue doth begin :—

AIR—“ *John Anderson my Joe.*”

“ I'm the author of every word I sing,
And that you may very well see ;
The music alone excepted,
But just of the poetree.”

time of his sojourn in that establishment, he conducted himself with great propriety, and appeared to feel his moral sores as he drew nigh to the precincts of the narrow house.

* See Note in first Series, page 61.

“ Ladies and gentlemen !—Any of you that has a friend in the army—just give me their christian name, and the regiment to which they are attached, and I’ll make you a song as fast as my tongue can repeat it.”
(From the crowd)—“ Well, Aleck, try your powers on the Glasgow Volunteers, Colonels Hunter and Geddes, and Major Paterson.” *(Symphony)*—fierce dash or two of the bow.

RECITATIVE—STACCATO.

“ For they’re the men I do declare,
 I mean the Royal Lanarkshire Volunteers.”

AIR—“ *O’er Bogie.*”

“ The first comes Colonel Hunter,
 In a kilt see he goes,
 Every inch is a man
 From the top to the toes :—

He is the loyal Editor,
 Of the Herald news-pa-per—
 And no man at the punch bowl,
 The punch can better stir.
 Like the fiery god of war,
 Colonel Geddes does advance,
 On a black horse, that belonged
 To the murdered King of France.

And then comes Major Paterson,
 You’ll say he’s rather slim ;
 But ’twill take a clever ball,
 For to hit the like of him.

(Violin.) Tee ramp di damp, tee ramp di damp,
 Tee ramp di damp ti dee ;
 Tee diddledam fiddledam riddledam,
 Liddledam, tiddledam fiddle-de-dee.”

Thus ends Blind Aleck’s song,
 And from the list’ning throng,
 A burst of applause is heard :

And the charitable section,
Of the crowd make a collection,
For the comfort of the poor blind bard.

So the comedy goes on,
And the characters each one,
Have their parts made exactly to fit.
But who, ye powers of mirth,
From the canvass next steps forth?
'Tis Hawkie *—the orator and wit.

* We suppose the name Hawkie, was bestowed on our Trongate Demosthenes, on account of his manner of articulating; a hawking-up-throat-sawing tone, as if there were a war in the windpipe, and the antagonist forces very nearly balanced:—were our orator, instead of rattling pebbles in his mouth, to modulate the tone, to try the friction of a bottle-brush in the passage, it were more likely to do good. This character must be known to most of our readers; his real name is William Cameron:—He was born near Bannockburn. An accident befel him while an infant, that rendered a crutch necessary from the first step in life, onwards; and this circumstance was attended with another unhappy effect, the parents, instead of putting him under wholesome discipline, and restraining his somewhat impetuous temper, petted and indulged the boy; so that when he got into his teens, no check they could impose would control him: taking the curb between his teeth, he bade complete defiance to the reins of parental authority. Cameron received an education more liberal than people in the situation of his father usually bestow on their children, partly to compensate for the defect in his limb, and also, as he promised to be a boy of spirit, and above average talent. He was apprenticed to a tailor, but would not, lame as he was, content himself to squat with the cross-legged fraternity, but made off with a gang of strolling players, with whom he remained a considerable time. This moral wreck may be seen, almost every night, in one or other of our principal streets, surrounded by a mob, haranguing them on the topics of the day. Hawkie's readiness in repartee, is truly astonishing—and woe betide any of our whiskered-cigar-smokers who attempt to break a lance with him! the coarse sarcasm with which he assails them, is as easily borne as a ladleful of boiling pitch poured down the back. Hawkie is a very extensive Manufacturer of Facts; with a

CROAKING BARRITONE (*Anglice*—Barrowtone) OF VOICE.

“A-hey! bide a wee, bodies, and dinna hurry awa hame, till ye hear what I hae gotten to tell ye; do you think that I cam’ out at this time o’ nicht to cry to the stane wa’s o’ the Brig’-gate for naething, or for onything else than for the public guid?—wearing my constitution down to rags, like the claes on my carcase, without even seeking a pension frae her Majesty; though mony a poor beggar wi’ a star o’er his breast, has gotten ane for far less.”

(*Voice from the crowd*)—“Hawkie, ye should hae been sent to parliament, to croak there like some ither parliamentary puddocks till your throat were cleared.” (*Reply*)—“Tak aff your hat when ye speak to a gentleman—it’s no the fashion in this kintra to put hats on cabbage stocks—a haggis would loup its lane for fricht afore ye—ye’ll be a

most copious vocabulary, the warp and woof of his Munchausen fabrics, are of wonderful consistency. He is far superior in point of natural talent to what Jamie Blue was, even in his best days, between whom and Hawkie, there existed a most jealous rivalry. Jamie put in his claim as greatly Hawkie’s superior in the Dialogue, indorsed with “It’s aboon his fit.” Hawkie, on the other hand, cut his rival as with a butcher’s saw, telling him that he knew nothing of the language, that he addressed the public in, “come out to the street, and be a listener, and I’ll let you hear the Scottish language in its pith and purity; ye ken as muckle about it, as grumphie does about grammar.” These feuds are now at rest. It fell to Hawkie, as the survivor, to speak of his opponent, when removed from collision in their respective callings, in the lines concluding this somewhat lengthy note. To the credit of professional jealousy must we attribute their severity:

Oh! Clootie, if to thy het hame,
His hapless soul has happed;
Tak’ care o’ a’ your whisky casks,
Or faith they’ll soon be tapped.

Chain! chain! bin’ fast, the drunken cove,
For, Clootie, ye’ve nae notion
Of Jamie’s maw, gin he’s let loose,
His drouth would drain an ocean.

king whare a horn-spoon is the emblem of authority!" (*Resumes*)—"Here ye hae the history of a notorious beggar, the full and particular account of his birth and parentage—at least on the mither's side."

"This heir to the wallets, was born in the byre of a kintra farmer, an' just in the crib afore the kye, and was welcomed to the world by the nose of honest hawkie." (*From the crowd*)—"Was this a sister of your's, Hawkie." (*Answer*)—"Whatna kail yard cam' ye out o'? that's your brither aside ye, is't? you're a seemly pair, as the cow said to her cloots." (*Continues*)—"It ne'er could be precisely ascertained the hour o' this beggar's birth, though the parish records hae been riddled to get at the fact. I maun also tell ye, for I dinna like to impose on my customers, that there is great doubt about the day o' the month, an' even about the month itsel'; but that he was born, hasna been disputed, though it might hae been, if we hadna an account o' his life and death, to convince the gainsayers. As to whether he was a seven months' bairn, or a nine months' bairn—the houdie has gi'en nae ither deliverance, than that he was his father's bairn, and what her profession required her to do; but the public voice is strongly inclined to favour the opinion, that he cam hame at full time, as he arrived sooner at the years o' discretion than usual; an' if ye dinna ken the period when a beggar's bairn comes to his estate duly qualified I'll tell you—it's when he ceases to distinguish between ither folk's property and his ain." (*From the crowd*)—"What a poor stock ye maun hae; ye hae been yelling about that beggar, till the story is as bare as your ain elbows." (*Retort*)—"Heeh, man, but you're witty—when ye set out on the tramp, dinna come to me for a certificate, for I really cou'dna recommend ye, ye havena brains for a beggar, and our funds are no in a condition to gi'e ony pensions the now." (*Continued*)—"Ye hae an account o' the education, which he received riding across the meal pock; and the lair that he learn't aff the loofs o' his mither, which was a' the school craft he e'er received:—but sic a proficient did he himsel' grow in loof lair, that like a' weel trained bairns, he tried his hands on the haffits of his auld mither in turn, and gied her sic thunderin' lessons, that she gied up her breath and business in begging, at the same time, to her hopeful son and successor." (*Voice from the crowd*)—"Ye should hae keepit a school amang beggars, and micht hae

taen your stilt for the taws." (*Retort*)—"Oh man, I would like ither materials to work wi' than the like o' you; it's ill to bring out what's no in; a leech would as soon tak' blood out o' my stilt, as bring ony mair out o' you than the spoon put in." (*Resumes*)—"Ye hae an account of his progress in life, after he began business on his ain account, and what a skilful tradesman he turn'd out—he could 'lay on the cadge' * better than ony walleeteer that e'er coost a pock o'er his shouther."

"Ye hae an account o' his last illness and death—for beggars die as weel as ither folk, though seldom through a surfeit; ye hae also a copy of his last Will and Testament, bequeathing his fortune to be drunk at his dredgy—the best action he ever did in his life, and which maks his memory a standing toast at a' beggars' carousals—whan they hae ony thing to drink it wi'; and really, you'll allow me to remark, if we had twa or three mae public-spirited beggars in our day, that would do the like, the trade might yet be preserved in the country—for it has been threatening to leave us in baith Scotland and England, in consequence of the opening up of the trade wi' Ireland; and the prices hae been broken ever since: we hae a' this to contend wi' to preserve the pocks frae perishing, for the sake o' our children." (*Voice from the crowd*)—"Och, Willie, is it your own self that I'm hearin' this morning? and how did ye get home last night, after drinking till the daylight wakened ye? troth ye did not know your own crutch from a cow's tail." (*Retort*)—"Oh man, Paddie, it's naething new to me to be drunk, but it's a great rarity to you—no for want o' will, but the bawbees. What way cam' ye here, Paddie? for ye had naething to pay for your passage; and your claes are no worth the thread and buttons that haud them thegither;—gin I had a crown for every road that your trotters could get into your trowsers by, it would be a fortune to me." "Take me over, said you, to your ould croak-in-the-bog;—I wish I had my bōdy across agin, out of this starvation could country, for there's nothing but earth and stones for a poor man to feed on; and in my own country, I'll have the potatoe for the lifting." "Hech, man,—but the police keeps ye in order—and ye thought when ye cam' o'er, to live by lifting? man! aff

* Skilful address in begging.—*Dict. of Buckish Slang.*

wi' ye to your bogs—there's nae place like hame for ye, as the Deil said when he found himsel in the Court o' Session."

"Ye hae an account o' this beggar's burial, and his dredgy." (*Boy's voice from the crowd*)—"Was ye there Hawkie? surely—if the stilt could haud ye up!" "Och, sirs, are ye out already—you're afore your time—you should hae staid a wee langer in the nest till ye had gotten the feathers on ye, and then ye would hae been a goose worth the looking at." (*Continues*)—"Sic a dredgy as this beggar had wad mak' our Lords o' Session lick their lips to hear tell o'—thae gentry come down amang us like as mony pouter-monkeys—with their heads dipped in flour pocks, to gie them the appearance o' what neither the school, or experience in the world could teach them;—gin hangie would gie them a dip through his trap-door, and ding the dust aff their wigs—there's no a beggar frae John O'Groat's to the Mull o' Galloway, that wadna gie his stilts to help to mak' a bonfire on the occasion."

"Ye hae the order o' the procession at the burial—it's the rank in the profession that entitles to tak' precedence at a beggar's burial—ye never hear tell o' blood relations claiming their right to be nearest the beggar's banes; we'll be thinking the world is on its last legs, and like to throw aff its wallets too, when sic an event occurs.

(*Interrupted*)—"Your stilt would, nae doubt, be stumpin' at the head o' them a'." (*Reply*)—"Stan' aside, lads, I'm just wantin' to see if he has cloots on his trotters, for horns are sae common, now-a-days, amang the gentry o' the blood, whar we should look for an example; that they hae ceased to distinguish the class that nature intended them for." (*Goes on*)—"First in order was Tinklers, the beggars' cavalry, wha being in constant consultation with the gentry of the lang lugs, hae some pretensions to wisdom; next Swindlers, wha mak the best bargains they can wi' their customers, without pretendin' to hae ony authority for doin't—no like our black coats, wha can only get authority on ae side, to gang to a scene of mair extensive usefulness, whar the preaching pays better—our brethren of the pock a' follow this example; they never stay lang whar there's naething either to get or to tak',—but I'm forgetting mysel;—at their heels was Pickpockets, wha just tak the hangman's helter wi' them, and gang the length o' their tether—for hangie aye keeps the hank in his ain hand. Next, Chain-

drappers—the jewellers in the camp, wha are ready to sell cheap, or half the profits wi' every body they meet, and wha are like mony o' our public instructors—aye get mair than they gie—then Prick-the-loops, wha are sae familiar wi' the hangman's loop, that they've turned the idea into business, and set up wi' their garter—which they can easily spare, as they hae seldom ony stockings to tie on wi't: by this simple expedient, they make large profits on sma' capital: Next, Chartered-beggars or Blue-gowns—wha get a license frae the authorities to cheat and lie over the whole country. Next, the hale clanjamfrey o' Vagrants—for they're a' but beggars bairns the best o' them—Randies, Thieves, Big-beggars and Wee-beggars, Bane-gatherers and Rowley-powleys—Criers o' Hanging speeches—wha, generally, should hae been the subject o' their ain story—some wi' weans, but a wi' wallets, broken backs, half arms, and nae arms; some only wi' half an e'e—ithers wi' mae e'en than nature gied them—and that is an e'e after every thing that they can mak their ain; snub-noses, cock-noses, slit-noses, and half-noses; Roman noses, lang noses—some o' them like a chuckie-stane, ithers like a jarganell pear; hawk-noses and goose-noses; and mind ye, I dinna find fault with the last kind, for nature does naething in vain, and put it there to suit the head: but whatever the size and description o' the neb, they could a' tak' their pick; for the hale concern, man and mither's son, had mouths, and whar teeth were wanting, the defect was mair than made up by desperate willin' gums."

"Some were lame, though their limbs were like ither folks; there are mae stilts made than lame folk, for I maun tell ye some gang a-begging and forget their stilts, and hae to gang back for them, afore they can come ony speed; ithers had nae legs to be lame wi'; a few like mysel' had only ae guid anc, like the goose in a frosty morning, but made up the loss by the beggar's locomotive, a stilt, which a poor goose canna handle wi' advantage."

The rear o' this pock procession, was closed by bands o' sweeps, wha are ready for a' handlings, whar there's onything to do for the teeth; an' they hae the advantage o' us, for they're aye in Court-dress, and, like honest Colly, dinna need to change their claes.

"In the hame-coming there was a scramble, wha should be soonest at the feast, and a quarrel, an' you'll maybe be surpris'd that there was

but ae quarrel, but I maun tell you, that they were a' engaged in't, an' maist o' them, kentna what they were getting their croons cloored for, but just to be neighbour-like. The cracking o' stilts, the yelly-hooings o' wives and weans, and the clatter o' tinkler's wives, wad hae ca'in'd the sea in the Bay of Biscay—do ye ken the distance at which a beggar fights his duel?—it's just stilt-length, or nearer, if his enemy is no sae weel armed as himsel'."

"Ye hae a return o' the killed and wounded—four Blind Fiddlers with their noses broken—four Tinkler's wives with their tongues split, and if they had keepit them within their teeth, as a' wives' tongues should be, they would have been safe—there's nae souder or salve that can cure an ill tongue—five Croons crackit on the Outside—sixteen torn Lugs—four-and-twenty Noses laid down—four Left Hands with the thumb bitten aff—ten Mouths made mill doors o'—four dizen Stilts wanting the shouter piece—twenty made down for the use of the family, in ither words, broken in twa; an' they're usefu', for we have a' sizes o' beggars. After a' this, the grand dredgy, but I havena time to tell you about it the night; but ye see what handlings beggars would hae if the public would be liberal."

"Buy this book, if ye hae nae bawbees I'll len' ye, for I'm no caring about siller. I hac perish'd the pack already, an' I am gaun to tak' my Stilt the morn's morning, and let the Creditors tak what they can get."

This is the end of all,
 High and low, great and small;
 This finishes the poor vain show,
 And the King, with all his pride,
 In his life-time deified—
 With the beggar is at last laid low.

MINISTER TAM!

OH! ken ye his reverence, Minister Tam?
 Oh! ken ye his reverence, Minister Tam?
 Wi' a head like a hog, an' a look like a ram—
 An' these are the marks o' Minister Tam.

Oh! Minister Tam's mistaen his trade—
 The parish beadle he should hae been made ;
 The kintra clash i' the manse to tell,
 To summon the Session, an' ring the bell !

He's gotten a kirk, but he's preach'd it toom ;
 He ca's, examines, but nane will come ;
 His elder bodies they daurna speak—
 He's makin' an' breakin' them ilka week !

There's aye some will-o'-the-wisp in his pow,
 That keeps the country side in a lowe ;
 There'll never be peace, an' that ye'll hear tell,
 Till he hang as heigh as the parish bell !

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

BRIGHTLY IS THE STREAMLET FLOWING.

AIR—“ *Merrily every bosom boundeth.*”

BRIGHTLY is the streamlet flowing,

Brightly oh ! brightly oh !

To its mother ocean going

Brightly oh ! brightly oh !

O'er its current, rapid, dancing,

Stately oaks their arms advancing,

Are the lovely scene enhancing

Brightly oh ! brightly oh !

Haste, then, streamlet to the ocean

Sweetly oh ! sweetly oh !

Kiss thy mother in devotion

Sweetly oh ! sweetly oh !

But no ray comes to illumine

My poor heart in grief consuming,

Tho' the flow'ry banks be blooming

Sweetly oh ! sweetly oh !

But what sun illumes the bushes

Radiant oh ! radiant oh !

'Tis Matilda's glowing blushes
 Radiant oh ! radiant oh !
 Run then, streamlet, run, and never
 From thy mother ocean sever ;
 Oh ! Matilda's mine for ever,
 Radiant oh ! radiant oh !

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

TUNE,—“ *The Hills o' Glenorchy.*”

THE auld cripple beggar cam jumping, jumping,
 Hech, how the bodie was stumping, stumping,
 His wee wooden leggie was thumping, thumping,
 Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man ?

An' aye he hirschelled, an' hoastit, hoastit,
 Aye he stampit his foot an' he boastit,
 Ilka woman an' maid he accostit,
 Saw ye e'er sic a hirplin crouse auld man ?

The auld wives cam in scores frae the clachan,
 The young wives cam rinnin a' gigglin an' laughin,
 The bairnies cam toddlin a' jinkin an' daffin,
 An' poocket the tails o' the queer auld man.

Out cam the young widows a' blinkin fou meekly,
 Out cam the young lasses a' smirkin fou sweetly,
 Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin discreetly,
 An' gat a bit smack frae the queer auld man.

Out cam the big blacksmith a' smcekit an' duddy,
 Out cam the fat butcher a' greczy an' bluidy,
 Out cam the auld cartwright the wee drunken bodie,
 An' swore they wad slaughter the queer auld man.

Out cam the lang weaver wi' his biggest shuttle,
 Out cam the short snab wi' his sharp cutty whittle,

Out cam the young herd wi' a big tatty beetel,
An' swore they wad batter the queer auld man.

The beggar he cuist aff his wee wooden peg,
An' he show'd them a brawny sturdy leg,
I wat but the carle was strappin an' gleg,
Saw ye e'er sic a brisk auld man ?

He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife,
He dumptit the butcher, who ran for his life,
He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife,
Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man ?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom,
He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon,
He skelpit the herd on his bog-reed to croon,
Saw ye e'er sic a strong auld man ?

The wives o' the town then a' gather'd about him,
An' loudly an' blythly the bairnies did shout him,
They hooted the loons wha had threaten'd to clout him,
Kenn'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man ?

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

COME, A SONG—A GLAD SONG.

COME, a song—a glad song, when each heart with delight,
Like fix'd stars are beaming around us to-night,
When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,
Oh! who would not join in a soul-stirring song ?

Sing on, happy hearts ! if your praises should be
Breathed forth for the land of the brave and the free,
Let the proud echoes swell Scotland's mountains among,
They're the altars of freedom ! the highlands of song !

Sing on, happy hearts ! and if love be the theme,
Then breathe in glad music the bliss of the dream,
For the ladies, God bless them ! who seldom are wrong,
Say " love's sweetest breath is a soul-melting song."

Sing on, merry hearts ! and if auld mother wit,
 Be the prize you would aim at, the mark you would hit,
 Go bathe your glad souls in the blood of the vine,
 Till your hearts overflow with the lays o' langsyne.

Song—song was the joy of our boyhood's glad time ;
 Song—song still shall cheer the proud home of our prime,
 And when bent with old age, we go hirpling along,
 We'll beat time with our crutch to a merry old song.

Then a song—a glad song, when each heart with delight,
 Like fix'd stars are beaming around us to-night,
 When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,
 Oh! who would not join in a soul-stirring song ?

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

SIMON BRODIE.

HEARD ye e'er o' our gudeman,
 The gaucy laird o' braid Dunwodie,
 The wale o' cocks at cap or can,
 Honest, canty Simon Brodie:
 Auld farren canty bodie,
 Winsome, pranksome, gleesome bodie,
 The crack o' a' the kintra side,
 Is auld canty Simon Brodie.

Simon he's a strappin' chiel,
 For looks wad mell wi' ony body,
 In height an ell but an' a span,
 An' twice as braid is Simon Brodie :
 Troth he is a canty bodie,
 An auld farren canty bodie,
 An' tho' his pow's baith thin and grey,
 Ye'd hardly match me Simon Brodie.

Simon Brodie had ane wife,
 I wat she was baith proud and bonny,

He took the dishclout frae the bink,
 And preen't it till her cockernony !
 Wasna she a thrifty bodie,
 The braw, braw lady o' Dunwodie,
 In claes sae fine to dress and dine,
 Wi' sic a laird as Simon Brodie.

An' Simon had a branded cow,
 He tint his cow and couldna find her,
 He sought her a' the lee lang day,
 But the cow cam hame wi' her tail ahind her.
 Yet think na him a doited body,
 Think na him a davert body,
 He has walth o' world's gear,
 Maks men respect auld Simon Brodie.

THE DEACON'S DAY.*

AIR—" *Kebbockstane Weddin'.*"

O RISE man Robin, an' rin your wa's,
 The sun in the lift is bleezing brightly,
 Put on the best o' your Sunday braws,
 And your gravat tie round your thrapple tichtly :
 Then whip on your castor, and haste to the muster,
 The Trades i' the Green hae this hour been convenin',
 And our wits we man use, a good Deacon to choose ;
 'Tis a day " big with fate," at your post then be leanin'
 Now Robin has risen, and aff he has gane,
 To meet wi' the leaders o' ilk Corporation—
 And awa they parade wi' their banners display'd—
 There has ne'er been it's like sin' the Queen's Coronation :

* The Deacon Convener, in Glasgow, is head of the Incorporated Trades, and presides over the meetings of these chartered crafts—he is also entitled, *ex-officio*, to a seat in the City Council.

There were Tinklers and Tailors—and Wabsters and Nailers,
 And Barbers and Blacksmiths, and Gardeners sae gaudy;
 A' life to the heels, and as guid-looking chieils
 As e'er cam to light by the help o' a howdie.

“Gentlemen,—We hae this day met for the purpose of electing a head to our Master Court. It is true that new-fangled notions hae taen possession o' men's minds since the date o' our charter, and mair particularly since the date o' our late Magna Charta—the Reform Bill; but will ony man possessed o' his seven senses argufy me into the belief, that the Incorporation of Wrights, that I hae, during the currency o' the last twalmonth, been the head o'—or rather, I may say, the centre upon which a' its hinges turned—has not been productive of substantious and manifest advantage to the public in general, and to the craft in particular. Noo, Gentlemen, to keep to the square o' my speech—rough and knotty though it be, and micht be a' the better o' a strip frae a jack plane—I like to be special in a' my specialities, and to keep to the dove-tail o' the matter—I therefore, before proceeding to the election, have to request that you will allow me to say a word or twa touching the matter in hand. Although I am yet the tongue o' the trump, it would, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, be unwise, as weel as ill-bred, to tak' up much o' your time at the present moment, seeing how much we have before us this day, independent of what we have to o'ertak', and tak'-o'er, too—the better tak' o' the twa—before bed-time; therefore, I will be exceedingly brief, for I'm beginning to fear that ye'll think me a boring-bit; to use the words of my frien', the late Deacon Convener, I will be 'very whuppy in the matter o' my speech.'—Weel, Gentlemen, we have all heard o' my friend and brother in the management o' his ain corporation—Geordy Wriggles, present Deacon of the Incorporation of Weavers. Our man is nae man of mere thrums, or a piece of veneer manufacture—put the wummle through him, ye wad find the same piece outside and in—nane o' your fley-the-dooos, but a man o' means and measures, and who will dress up and keep in thorough repair, a' the building about our Corporation—Wha seconds Deacon Wriggles?” “Me, Deacon,” answers Deacon Snipe the Tailor. “Weel, lads, I see my friend is carried unamous (at least I'm unamous) by a great majority.—Cheer the Deacon till the kebars shake.”

A shout of applause which rent the air,
 Was heard at the grand Master Deacon's election
 And awa to his dwelling they now repair,
 That his friends may rejoice in the happy selection.
 His comely guidwifie sprang out in a jiffie,
 And stood at the door in her best every steck on ;
 Joy danced in her e'en as she welcomed them in
 To dine, and to drink to the health o' the Deacon.

The dinner was tasty, their appetites guid—
 For tradesmen hac stomachs as weel as their betters,
 And they synded down the sappy, substancial food,
 Wi' a capfu' o' yill, and a glass o' strong waters :
 Then up raise the auld Deacon, a subject to speak on,
 For which he lamented his powers were not fitting ;
 But he scarted his lug, gied his wig a bit rug,
 And thus, after hoasting, broke forth to the meeting—

“ After what I hae this day spoken in anither place, there's nae occasion again to put the bit through the same bore, or to run the plane o'er a dressed plank, sae I'll gie ye Deacon Convenor Wiggles good health, no forgetting wife and sproots—they'll be a' trees belyve—and may every guid attend him and them ; and may he aye be able to keep a guid polish on the face o' our Corporation affairs, and leave them without a screw loose to his successor.—Umbrells* to Deacon Wiggles.”

The health was drunk aff wi' three times three ;
 And the roar and the ruffing a' fairly subsided—
 The young Deacon blush'd, and sat fidging a wee,
 For he saw that a speech couldna weel be avoided.
 He scarcely, we reckon, for gospel was takin',
 A' that the auld Deacon had said on his merit ;
 But like a' men in place, he received it with grace,
 Then raise up to his feet, and address'd them in spirit.

* Toast drunk off and glasses inverted.

“ Really, friens, it's out o' the power o' speech or language, whether in print or out o't, to tell ye the feelings o' my heart.—Did ever a bairn o' Willie Wriggles' think to come to such preferment—really if I could speak there's plenty o' room for scope, but my heart is tumbling the wullcat, and I canna trust the tongue in my ain head. I doubt that I'll no be able to ca' a pirnfu' o' waft into the wab o' my discourse on this occasion, bnt hae to gather up the ends afore I begin; but ultimately in the end, and in the middle o' the meantime, my gratitude and respect for ye a' will never hae done, for the lasting, permanent, and never-ending honor ye hae conferred on me this day. I expect to learn my duty as I get mair into the marrow o' our Corporation matters— you'll no expect me to be perfited in ae day. My father used to say to me, “ Geordy, my man, keep aye a canny hand—just get on by degrees gradually,” whilk I hae aye tried to do; for when I took langer steps than the length o' my limbs would allow, I aye spelder'd mysel' and cam' down to my knees, and lost my time and my standing—forbye being laught at: I ca' canny, and never draw back my shuttle till it is clear o' the selvedge—and this preserves my wab o' life free o' cluds and scobs, a'ways even. I would advise ane an' a' o' ye to do the like, and then the fabric o' your wark in the ways o' the world will be a pattern for ithers; and when your shaft is at the beam-head, you may cut your wab by the thrum-keel, wi' credit to yoursel'. I hae now gotten to the hill-tap o' my ambition; and to think o' me being advanced to be Deacon o' Deacons, is an honour that's reserved for but few: It hasna cost me a great strussel either, sic preferment—but this may be fleeching mysel', but I canna help it—ye a' ken it's truc; nae doubt the watering-can* has been gaun about, an' been gayan often filled sin' I set my e'e on the Deacon's chair, but I hae stood my water and corn brawly. (*Noise in the street.*) Dear me, freens, what's that I hear, the very weans on the street crying—gude day to yon, Deacon. “ No, no, Deacon, it's Hawkie crying a hanging speech, or maybe his cure for ill wives.” “ Is that a' ? Weel, lads, that wad be better than Solomon's Balm—for wise as he was, he couldna help

* Gill-stoup.

himself when he got his wab misbet—I was saying, was'nt I, that I had stood my corn and water? aye lay in your corn first, and ye'll be the better able to stand a tap dressing—do like the Kilbarchan calves, drink wi' a rip i' your mouth. Mony a time, and often, hae I gaen, or was taen, hame, wi' as mony great thochts in my head, working like a croak fu' o' sour dressing, as would sair ony o' our town's ministers to work wi' for a townmond; but when I lifted my e'e neist morning, the warp o' my ideas had lost the lees;—I couldna mak onything o' them; but had ony body been able to put it through a right ravel, they wad hae benefited mankind an' been the very best stroke ever drawn through a reed. Noo, ultimately in the end—as I am on my last pirn—I may just relate to you for your encouragement, frae what a sma' beginning I hae come to this pinnacle o' honour and prosperity, as ye see this day, so that nane o' ye may be discouraged, although ye begin wi' a wab o' ill yarn; and it's possible you may get up the ladder o' preferment—yea, e'en to the last step, gin ye put on your feet steadily, and aye put the richt ane first; this thing and that may gie ye a jundie, but keep a firm grip wi' baith hands o' the ladder rails, and your e'e fixed on the tap, and nae fear. Weel, after I was done wi' my 'prenticeship—and mony a time my stomach thocht my wizen was sneekit during that time—for what wi' gauze parritch, and muslin kail—ae barley-pile a hale dressing frae the ither, and dancing curcuddie in the pot a-boil—I thocht mony a time my heart wad ne'er been able to send a shot mair through the shed; but I got through, and then tried a bit shop in the Kirk-raw, wi' the house in the ben end, and a bit a garter o' garden ahint; sae on I wrocht as my father advised, by degrees gradually, and made a fendin' o't, and bettered my condition; and by-and-bye, I says to my laird—man, could ye no put back the yard dykes a bore, and gie me mair elbow room, for I could yerk my shuttle in at the ae side, and catch't at the ither without stressing mysel'; that's the very words I said to him, but he laughed me aff frae ae Martinmas till anither, till at las'—for the bit property was only his in name—a burden o' debt that lay on its back, brack down the shouthers o' the laird, and landed it on mine—whilk I could easily bear, for mair has been added till't since, and the shouthers hae stood it a'. Noo ye see what can be done;—keep Providence

aye on ae side o' ye, and a consistent life on the ither—and you'll work your last thrum into the very heddles wi' comfort to yoursel', and leave an example to the youngsters wha are just beginning to put their feet on the treddles."

At length in his chair the Deacon sat down,

And the sweat for a wee frae his haffits he dichtet ;
The glass and the song, and the joke gaed roun'

Till ilk a ane's wit by his neighbour's was lichted :
Sic laughin' and daffin', and roarin' and ruffin'—

Care couldna a hole see to stap his cauld beak in ;
And when they broke up, the glorious group

Gaed hobblin' hame—hiccupin'—Health to the Deacon.

THE BRITISH HERO.

UP with our native banner high ! and plant it deep and strong !

And o'er the empire let its folds in glory float along ;
For a thousand years have come and gone, and a thousand years shall go,

Ere tyrant force, or traitor wile, shall lay that banner low !

And come, my friends, your goblets fill, till the wine o'er-swell the brim,

And pledge me in a willing cup of gratitude to him,
Who, when the bravest shrank appall'd, that banner lifted high,

Till, where'er he stepp'd, it waved above a field of victory !

Whose arm was like the thunderbolt to do whate'er his mind—

Swift as the lightning-flash, had once imagined and combined ;

Whose soul no timid doubts could stay, nor coward fears could quell,

Not calmer in the festive hall than 'mid the battle's yell !

Who shall forget, that felt the joy, when every morning's
 sun,
 Was hail'd with rattling guns, to tell another field was won ;
 When, after years of doubt and gloom, one universal roar
 Proclaim'd through Europe's gladden'd realms that the ty-
 rant ruled no more ?

Then here's to him, the foremost man of all this mortal
 world,

Who down to dust the ruthless foe of earth and mankind
 hurl'd !

Long may he live to wield and grace the baton of command,
 That marshall'd kings and nobles once in his unconquer'd
 hand !

And never in a worthier grasp the leading-staff was worn—
 For ever honour'd be his name to ages yet unborn,
 And be it still the proudest boast, when a thousand years
 are gone,

To be a native of the land that rear'd a WELLINGTON.

E. PINKERTON.

TA OFFISH IN TA MORNING.*

TUNE—“*Johnnie Cope.*”

HER nainsel' come frae ta hielan' hill,
 Ta ponny town o' Glasgow till,
 But o' Glasgow she's koten her pelly fill,
 She'll no forget tis twa tree mornin'.

She'll met Shony Crant her coosin's son,
 An' Tuncan, an' Toukal, an' Tonal Cunn,
 An' twa tree more—an' she had sic fun,
 But she'll turn't oot a saut saut mornin'.

* This graphic piece of Celtic humour, was written by one of our contributors, and has obtained great local popularity—we have reprinted it in our collection, the current version being very incorrect.

Sae Shony Crant, a shill she'll hae
 O' ta fera cootest usquapae,
 An' she'll pochtet a shill, ay an' twa tree mae,
 An' she'll trank till ta fera neist mornin'.

She'll sat, an' she'll trank, an' she'll roar, an' she'll sang,
 An' aye for ta shill ta pell she'll rang,
 An' she'll maet sic a tin t'at a man she'll prang,
 An' she'll say't—' Co home tis mornin'.

Ta man she'll had on ta kreat pig coat,
 An' in her han' a rung she'll cot,
 An' a purnin' cruzie, an' she'll say't you sot
 She'll maun go to ta Offish tis mornin'.

She'll say't to ta man—" *De an diaoul shin duitse?*"*
 An' ta man she'll say't—" Pe quiet as ta mouse,
 Or nelse o'er her nottle she'll come fu' crouse,
 An' she'll put ta Offish in you in ta mornin'."

Ta man she'll dunt on ta stane her stick,
 An' t'an she'll pe sheuk her rick-tick-tick,
 An' t'an she'll pe catchet her by ta neck,
 An' trawn her to ta Offish in ta mornin'.

Ta mornin' come she'll be procht pefore
 Ta shentleman's praw, an' her pones all sore,
 An' ta shentleman's say't, " You tog, what for
 You'll maet sic a tin in tis mornin'."

She'll teukit aff her ponnet and she'll maet her a poo,
 An' she'll say't, " Please her Crace she cot hersel' foo,
 But shust let her co and she'll never to
 Ta like no more in ta mornin'.

But t'an she'll haet to ta shentleman's praw
 Ta *Sheordie* frae out o' her sporan traw,

* Pronounced— *De an diaoul shean toose.* *Anglicc*—What the Devil's that to you ?

An' she'il roart out loot—"De an diaoul a ha é gra?*"
 Oh hone O ri 'tis mornin'!"

O t'an she'll pe sait ta shentlemans, "she'll no unterstoct
 What fore she'll pe here like ta lallan prute,
 But she'll maet her cause either pad or coot,
 For she'll teuk you to ta law this mornin'."

Ta shentleman's say't "respect ta coort,
 Or nelse my koot lat you'll suffer for't,
 Shust taur to spoket another wort,
 And she'll send her to ta Fischal in ta mornin'.

Oich! she didna knew what to do afa,
 For she neter found herself so sma',
 An' klat she was right to kot awa,
 Frae oot o' ta offish in ta mornin'.

Oh! tat she war to ta Hielans pack,
 Whar ne'er ta pailie's tere to crack,
 An' whar she wad gotten ta sorro' a plack,
 Frae n'oot o' her sporan in ta mornin'.

An' tat there was there her coosin's son,
 An' Tuncan, an' Tookal, and Tenal Cunn,
 An' twa tree more, she wad haet sic fun,
 And no be plaiget wi' pailies in ta mornin'.

ALEX. FISHER.

ROLL, FAIR CLUTHA.

AIR—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN Nature first, with mighty hand,
 Traced Clyde's fair windings to the main,
 'Twas then the Genii of the land,
 Assembled round, and sung this strain :

* Pronounced—Tee an diaul a how craa. *Anglice*—What the devil do you say?

“ Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,
And be thy banks for ever free.”

For on thy banks in future times,
A brave and virtuous race shall rise,
Strangers to those unmanly crimes,
That taint the tribes of warmer skies.
“ Roll,” &c.

And stately towns and cities fair,
Thy lovely shores shall decorate ;
With seats of science, to prepare
Thy sons for all that's good and great.
“ Roll,” &c.

And on thy pure translucent breast,
Shall numerous fleets majestic ride ;
Destined to south, north, east, and west,
To waft thy treasures far and wide.
“ Roll,” &c.

And up thy gently sloping sides,
Shall woods o'er woods in grandeur tower ;
Meet haunts for lovers and their brides,
To woo in many a sylvan bower.
“ Roll,” &c.

And early on each summer morn,
Thy youth shall bathe their limbs in thee ;
Thence to their various toils return
With increased vigour, health, and glee.
“ Roll,” &c.

And still on summer evenings fair,
Shall groupes of happy pairs be seen,
With hearts as light as birds of air,
A-straying o'er thy margin green.
“ Roll,” &c.

And oft the Bard by thee will stray,
When Luna's lamp illumes the sky,

Musing on some heart-melting lay,
 Which fond hope tells him ne'er shall die.
 "Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,
 And be thy banks for ever free."

ALEX. RODGER.

THE HOWDIE.*

TUNE—"Jenny Nettles."

AIBLINS ye'll ken Jeanie Glen,
 Jeanie Glen, Jeanie Glen;
 Gif no, it's little loss—d'ye ken?—
 She's an auld drucken howdie!
 O wow but she's a rantin' queen—
 Her like was never heard nor seen
 O wow but she's a rantin' queen,
 The auld drucken howdie.

I gat her unto my wife Bet,
 My wife Bet, my wife Bet—
 I vow that morn I'll ne'er forget,
 The auld drucken howdie:
 The ne'er a fit she'd leave her hame,
 Till twa het pints were in her wame;
 The ne'er a fit she'd leave her hame,
 The auld drucken howdie.

I brought her 'hint me on the meer,
 On the meer, on the meer—
 She maist brack Bess's back I swear—
 The auld drucken howdie:

* This portrait is drawn by William Ferguson, journeyman plumber in Edinburgh, and is but too true a picture of these country petticoat practitioners, who, with possets, caudle-cups, and panado, really turn the house upside down.—If the colouring is strong, the subject admits not of delicate tints.

A wallet wore she round her waist,
 Would haud a bow o' meal amais—
 The pouch that hung about her waist ;
 The auld drucken howdie.

Mutches wore she, nine or ten,
 Nine or ten, nine or ten,
 Shapet like a clockin' hen,
 The auld drucken howdie :
 In her breast a sneeshin' mill,
 I wadna like to hae't to fill—
 Her siller-tappit sneeshin' mill—
 The auld drucken howdie.

My trowth she kept the house asteer,
 House asteer, house asteer ;
 Sic a dust, the guid be here !—
 The auld drucken howdie :
 Auld an' young she drave about,
 Wi' rowing pin, or auld dishclout ;
 Auld an' young she drave about,
 The auld drucken howdie.

Aye she sought the tither dram,
 Tither dram, tither dram—
 An' flate like fury till it cam',
 The auld drucken howdie.
 She turn'd the hale house upside down,
 Swagg'ring like a drunk dragoon,
 She turn'd the hale house upside down,
 The auld drucken howdie.

Ne'er a preen she cared for Bet,
 Cared for Bet, cared for Bet—
 Roar, she might, like rivers met,
 The auld drucken howdie.
 When the wean was brought to licht,
 I wat she was a dais'd like sicht,

When the wean was brought to licht,
The auld drucken howdie.

She could neither stand nor gang,
Stand nor gang, stand nor gang—
Yet up she got a caidgy sang,
The auld drucken howdie.

The sweat was hailin' owre her brow,
An' she was dancin' fiddler fou,
The sweat like sleet, fa'in' frae her brow,
The auld drucken howdie.

She gat the wee thing on her knee,
On her knee, on her knee—
An' roar'd like wud, to mask the tea !
The auld drucken howdie.

Neist she cut the cheese in twa,
Trowth she was neither slack nor slaw,
At whangin' o' the cheese in twa,
The auld drucken howdie.

Seven cups o' tea an' toast,
Tea an' toast, tea an' toast,
Her wally wizen glibly cross'd,
The auld drucken howdie.

“ She'll ne'er be done,” cried little Jock,
“ The cheese we'll in the aumry lock,”
“ She'll ne'er be done,” roar'd little Jock,
“ The auld drucken howdie.”

Aye the tither whang she took,
Whang she took, whang she took,
'Twad sair'd a sober chiel' an' ook,
The auld drucken howdie.

“ She'll eat us up,” quo' Bet my wife !
“ That pang gaed thro' me like a knife,
She'll eat us up,” quo' Bet my wife,
“ The auld drucken howdie.”

" Tell her that the bottle's toom !
 Bottle's toom, bottle's toom,
 She'll drink else till the day o' doom !
 The auld drucken howdie."
 " The deil be in your maw," quo' I,
 " I'm sure ye're neither boss nor dry ;
 The deil be in your maw," quo' I,
 " Ye auld drucken howdie."

" She swore I was a nither't loun,
 Nither't loun, nither't loun,
 Said, she'd clour my cuckold crown,
 The auld drucken howdie."
 At last she spak' o' gaun awa',
 O' what joy it gied us a' !
 Whene'er she spak' o' gaun awa',
 The auld drucken howdie.

A hale hour sat she langer still,
 Langer still, langer still,
 Her tongue gaun like a waukin' mill,
 The auld drucken howdie.
 At length she took her hood an' cloak,
 Syne to see how she did rock,
 When she got on her hood an' cloak,
 The auld drucken howdie.

Says she, " Gudeman, I'll soon ca' back,
 Soon ca' back, soon ca' back"—
 I look't right queer, but naething spak—
 The auld drucken howdie.
 I gar'd the callant yoke the cart,
 An' set her on't wi' a' my heart,
 Right glad was I wi' her to part,
 The auld drucken howdie.

MEARNS MUIR MAGGY,

A MEARNS MUIR TRADITION.

IN a wild traek o' country, the lang Mearns Muir,
 Whaur the sky is sae bleak, and the soil is sae puir,
 Whaur the rain fa's in floods, an' the wind gurls ehill,
 And as the *Flood* left it, sae Nature stands still—
 There deep in a dell, down below a steep craggy,
 There liv'd an auld wife, ca'd Mearns Muir Maggy.

She was wylie wi' wit, she was laden wi' lair,
 Could charm awa sorrow, or fley awa care,—
 Could smooth down sick pillows, wi' sie soothing skill,
 That nae weanie grew sick, nor nae wifie fell ill,
 But the *Head* o' the *House* had to mount his best naggy,
 An' bring hame ahint him auld Mearns Muir Maggy.

Ae night when the muir was half deluged wi' rain,
 An' the cauld gowlin blast swept athwart the wild plain,
 A lonely black female, sair laden wi' pain,
 Cam into Meg's cot, an' gae birth to a wean,
 Ere the morn she was gane, an' had left a gowd baggie
 Wi' the bairn to be nursed by auld Mearns Muir Maggy.

Years pass'd, and the callant grew up to a man,
 An' the clashing still gather'd, the rumour still ran,
 That the loun was nae canny, that Meg an' his faither,
 Whoever he was, were acquainted wi' ither,
 An' some wha wad fain haen her burnt for a haggie.
 Ca'd *Auld Nick* the lover o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

But scandal still quail'd 'neath her mild beaming eye,
 The Kirk never miss'd her in wat day or in dry,
 An' the strong burly black, as if bound by a charm,
 Cam' aye kindly leading auld Meg in his arm,
 Tho' mony a braw lassie wad sald her last raggie,
 To hae clung to the arm, that led Mearns Muir Maggy.

But auld Maggy died, and the Black left alane
 Roam'd like a wild spirit owre mountain an' plain,
 Bright freedom, his charter, true courage his targe,
 Daur ea' him a poacher, he'd scowl at the charge,
 Till warm wi' his wand'ring he shot a proud staggie,
 That belong'd to the landlord o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

The lord, a rich nabob, had come frae afar,
 'Twas said he had fought in the wild Indian war,
 An' come hame fortune laden, frae these sunny climes,
 Whaur fortune's like his aft are purchased wi' crimes,
 For grasping an' greedy, heart stinted an' scraggy,
 Was the judge o' the orphan o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

The judge e'ed the poacher, the poacher the judge,
 As if they bore ither some lang gather'd grudge,
 The pannel, a miniature tore from his neck!—
 'Twas the judge fondly pressing a sweet female black!
 The old sinner shook as if seized with an ague—
 His son was the black rear'd by Mearns Muir Maggy.

And whaur was there e'er sic a baron of old?
 As the Black Knight of Mearns Muir, burly an' bold?
 There's mony brave nobles hae sprung frae his reins,
 That hae held braider sway o'er auld Scotland's domains,
 But nae friend was mair manly, nae foemen mair jaggy,
 Than the comely black foundling o' Mearns Muir Maggy.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

HIGHLAND COURTSHIP.

“Orch will you had ta tartan plaids?
 Or will you had ta ring, mattam?
 Or—will you had a kiss frae me—
 An' tat's a petters ting mattam?”

(REPLY—PIANO OF VOICE.)

“Oh haud awa! bide awa!
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;

I'll neither kiss, nor hae a ring—
Nae tartan plaid for me, Donald."

" Oich tear—ay—what's noo ?

O see you not her praw new hose—
Her fleckit plaid, plue green mattam,
Ta twa praw hose—an' prawer spiog,
An' ta shouther-pelt 'peen a' mattam."

" O haud awa ! bide awa—
Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
Your shouther-knots, and trinkabouts,
Hae nae great charm for me, Donald.

" No ! it's a terrible potheration—eh—no !

Her can pe shaw ta petter houghs,
Tan him tat wear ta crown mattam—
Nainsel' hae phistol an' claymore,
Wad fley ta lallan loon, mattam."

" No haud awa—bide awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
Gae hame and hap your highlan' houghs,
An' fash nae mair wi' me, Donald."

" Ay, laty, is tat ta way you'll spoko—put—yes maybe for all tat.

Hersel' hae a short coat—pi pocht
No trail my feet at rin, mattam,
A cuttie-sark o' goot harn-sheet,
My mither he'll pe spin, mattam."

" Just haud awa—bide awa—
Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
Awa and cleed your measled shanks,
An' screen them 'boon the knee, Donald.

" Oich after all, surely and moreover—my tear.

You'll ne'er pe pitten wrocht a turn,
At ony kin' o' spin, mattam ;
Nocht—shug your laeno* in a skull
An' tidal highland sing, mattam.

Noo heard you tat ?"

* *Laeno*—child.

“ Just haud awa—bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
 Your jugging skulls, and highlan' reels—
 They'll soun' but harsh wi' me, Donald.”

“ It's a perfect pestoration—hoo—never surely—after all I'll spoke.

An' in ta mornings whan you'll rise,
 You'll got fresh whey for tea, mattam—
 Ream an' cheese, as much you please !
 Far cheaper nor pohea, mattam.

Noo, I'm sure !—ah—yes—”

“ Haud awa—bide awa—
 Bide awa frae me, Donald ;
 I wadna quit my morning's tea—
 Your whey could ne'er agree, Donald.”

“ Weel—weel—weel—I'll thocht that's all—put—

Haper-gaelic ye'se pe learn !—
 Tats ta pretty speak, mattam ;
 You'll got a cheese and putter-milk—
 Come wi' me gin ye like, mattam.

Oh yes—I'll saw your face noo.”

“ Na—haud awa—bide awa—
 Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
 Your gaelic sang, and Highland cheer,
 Will ill gang down wi' me, Donald.”

“ Never more yet—oich !—oich !—it's an awfu' this.

I'll got for you a sillar prooch—
 Pe piggar as ta meen, mattam ;
 Yes ! you'll ride in curroch 'stead o' coach—
 Tan wow but you'll pe fine, mattam !

Tat's ta thing noo, my ponniest dautie—you'll not say no—no more for
 ever—oh yes—”

But—haud awa—bide awa—
 Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
 For a' your Highland rarities,
 You're no a match for me, Donald.”

“ What !! tat’s ta way tat you’ll be kin’!
 Praw pretty man like me, mattam !
 Sac lang’s claymore hung py my pelt,
 I’ll never marry thee, mattam.

A shentleman to be disdain !”

“ Oh come awa—come awa—
 Come awa wi’ me, Donald—
 I wadna lea my Highlandman !
 Frae lallands set me free, Donald.”

Tat’s my doo—noo always for ever and never.”

BANKRUPT AND CREDITORS.

HAE ye heard o’ Will Sibbald—my trowth there were few,
 That had less in their pouch, or had mair in their pow ;
 A master for lang he had faithfully sair’d,
 Till he thocht as he ae nicht sat straiking his beard :
 “ Through wat and through dry a’ my life I hae drudged,”
 And to work late and early I never have grudged ;
 I’ve been a man’s slave since my name I could spell—
 What think ye though noo I should work for mysel’ ?

So he took a bit shop, and sell’t gingcbread and snaps,
 Spunks, treacle and brumstane, and laif-bread and baps ;
 But a’ wad na do—at his wares nane wad look,
 So a wide gaucy shop in the main street he took :
 Ilk day like a gin-horse he eidently wrocht—
 Makin’ siller like slate stanes, as a’ body thocht,
 Till ae day wi’ a dunt that astonish’d the town,
 The great Willie Sibbald—the barrow laid down.

O’ his freens and acquaintance a meeting was ca’d,
 And a lang face sly Willie put on to the squad ;
 “ My gude worthy freens,” he then said wi’ a grane,
 I have naething to show you—for books I keep nane ;

My father ne'er learnt me to write my ain name,
 And my master, I'm sure I maun say't to his shame,
 Ne'er made up the defect, sirs—but keepit me ticht,
 Tween the trams o' a barrow frae morning till nicht."

The freens then on Willie began to leuk queer,
 And ane that sat next him then said wi' a sneer—
 "Man Will, I'm dumfounner't—ye wrocht air an' late—
 Something gude might be surely brought frae your estate;"
 "Estate, man," quo' Willie—"I'se tell ye my freen,
 Ilk maik through my fingers has noo slippit clean—
 And for an estate, I can solemnly swear,
 Gif I had had that, faith I wudna been here."

'Mang Willie's rare talents, an' these were not few,
 By the virtue of which mankind's noses he drew,
 He could sing like a mavis—and ane o' his freens,
 Wha to Willie's guid fortune had furnish'd the means;
 On his creditors' list he just stood at the tap,
 So he looks in Will's face, and says he—"My auld chap,
 The best way I ken ye'll get out o' this fang,
 Instead o' our siller—just gie's a bit sang."

THE DIVIDEND.

"ALACK! what will come o' me noo I hae been stricken sair,
 I never drank like ither men, nor fed on costly fare—
 I wrocht aye till 'twas late at e'en, raise wi' the morning dawn,
 And yet ye see the barrow-trams hac drappit frae my haun.

Ye've socht a wee bit sang frae me, but brawly ye may see
 I'm no, whatever some may think, in ony singing key;
 But your promise o' a free discharge I trust ye winna shift,
 For 'twerna wi' the hope o' that, my lip I couldna lift.

I wonner what gart fock suppose that I could siller mak—
 They ne'er saw ony signs o't on my belly or my back;
 My waistcoat aye was o' the plush—my coat o' coarsest drab—
 I keepit nae establishment—nac servants, horse, nor cab.

Ye talk o' putting me in Jail, but trowth ye needna fash,
 Ye'll only lose your temper, and what's waur—ye'll lose your cash;
 For neither house nor ha' hae I—nor grun', nor guids, nor gear,
 Or, as I said before to ye—ye wudna seen me here.

I thocht when auld I wad have had a guid rough bane to pike,
 And nocht to do but streek me on the lea side o' the dike;
 But I ha'e disappointed been—my boat has gane to staves,
 And left me bare and helpless to the mercy o' the waves.

WM. FINLAY, Paisley.

THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.*

Thou cauld gloomy Feberwar,
 Oh! gin thou wert awa!
 I'm wae to hear thy soughin' winds,
 I'm wae to see thy snaw;
 For my bonnie braw young Hielandman,
 The lad I loe sae dear,
 Has vow'd to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

A silken ban' he gae me,
 To bin' my gowden hair;
 A sillar brooch and tartan plaid,
 A' for his sake to wear:
 And oh! my heart was like to break,
 (For partin' sorrows sair,
 As he vow'd to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

Aft, aft as gloaming dims the sky,
 I wander out alane,

* The first verse of this song is a fragment of the late lamented Tannahill—the supplement by Patrick Buchan, the oldest son of Mr. Peter Buchan, with whom the reader is already familiar.

Whare buds the bonny yellow whins,
 Around the trystin' stane :
 'Twas there he press'd me to his heart,
 And kiss'd awa' the tear,
 As he vow'd to come and see me,
 In the spring o' the year.

Ye gentle breezes saftly blaw,
 And cleed anew the wuds ;
 Ye lavrocks lilt your cheery sangs,
 Among the fleecy cluds ;
 Till Feberwar and a' his train,
 Affrichted disappear—
 I'll hail wi' you the blythsome change,
 The spring-time o' the year.

PUSH ROUN' THE BICKER.

YE, wha the carking cares of life,
 Have aft times caused to claw your haffet,
 Leave for a while the bustling strife,
 And worldly men and matters laugh at :
 Let fools debate 'bout kirk and state,
 Their short lived day let patriots flicker ;
 Let Outs and Ins kick ither's shins ;
 Ne'er mind, my boys—push roun' the bicker.

A' things that glitter are not gowd,
 Then push the stoup roun'—lads be hearty ;
 Wha e'er had fortune at his nod,
 Like that bauld birkie, Bonaparte ;
 He tumbled kings—thae costly things,
 Wha thocht they on their stools sat sicker ;
 But his crown at last to the yirth was cast—
 And the vision past—push roun' the bicker.

And wha could cope wi' Philip's son ?
 The greatest hero that we read o',

How did he hound his armies on,
 To conquer worlds he had nae need o',
 His beast he rade with thundering speed,
 And aye his pace grew quick and quicker,
 Till down he sat—poor fool, and grat—
 His pipe was out—push roun' the bicker.

Then let us drive dull care adrift,
 Life's day is short, even at the langest ;
 " The race is no aye to the swift,
 Nor is the battle to the strangest !"
 'Bout kirk and state let fools debate,
 Their short lived day let statesmen flicker ;
 Let Outs and Ins kick ither's shins,
 Ne'er fash your beards—push roun' the bicker.

WILLIAM FINLAY, Paisley.

JOHN GUN.

HE'S a bauld beggarman, John Gun, John Gun,
 He's a bauld beggarman, John Gun ;
 O far he has been an' muckle he's seen,
 An' mony an ill deed he's dune, John Gun,
 An' mony an ill deed he's dune.

He's been 'mang the French, John Gun, John Gun,
 He's been 'mang the French, John Gun ;
 But sune he came hame—he made little o' them,
 They had vagrants enou' o' their ain, John Gun,
 They had vagrants enou' o' their ain.

The fouks a' fear John Gun, John Gun,
 The fouks a' fear John Gun ;
 When he comes in, ye'll hear nae din,
 But our breath gaun thick out an' in, John Gun—
 But our breath gaun thick out and in.

An' how does he fend? John Gun, John Gun,
 An' how does he fend? John Gun—

He fends unco weel, he gets milk, he gets meal—
 But no for his guid but his ill, John Gun—
 But no for his guid but his ill.

ALEX. LAING, Brechin.

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,
 And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day;
 The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,
 On the deck of the Daring's a love-lighted star;
 Then wake, lady! wake! I am waiting for thee,
 And this night, or never, my bride thou shalt be!

Forgive my rough mood; unaccustom'd to sue,
 I woo not, perchance, as your land-lovers woo;
 My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
 That startle the deep, when the combat's begun;
 And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand
 Whose glove has been, ever, the guard of a brand.

Yet think not of these, but, this moment, be mine,
 And the plume of the proudest shall cower to thine;
 A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,
 And the chief of a thousand will kneel as thy slave;
 Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall last
 Till the red flag, by inches, is torn from the mast.

O islands there are, on the face of the deep,
 Where the leaves never fade, where the skies never weep;
 And there, if thou wilt, shall our love-bower be,
 When we quit, for the greenwood, our home on the sea;
 And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that were done,
 When we braved the last blast, and the last battle won.

Then haste, lady, haste! for the fair breezes blow,
 And my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow;
 Now fast to the lattice these silken ropes twine,
 They are meet for such feet and such fingers as thine;

The signal, my mates—ho ! hurra for the sea !
 This night, and for ever, my bride thou shalt be.

WM. KENNEDY

MEG MEIKLEJOHN.

YE kentna Meg Meiklejohn, midwife in Mauchlin ?
 She was the widow of lilti-cock Lauchlan ;
 He was a body gaed rockin and rowin'—
 His ae leg was stracht—its neibour a bow in't.

Maggy was boussie frae croon to the causey,
 Lauchie was gizen'd 's an auld girnall bassie ;
 And as for their features, folk said it that kent them,
 If nature meant sour anes, she needna repent them.

Of the stark aquavitæ they baith lo'ed a drappie,
 And when capernutie then aye unco happy ;
 Of a' in the parish this pair was the bauldest,
 As burns brattle loudest when water's the shaulest.

Whiles Lauchie wad spurn at the whisky like poison
 But after he preed it, wad drucken an ocean ;
 Maggy, too, had a fell tipping gate o't,
 An aye took a drappie whene'er she could get it

Lauchie had looms, but was lag at the weaving,
 His fingers and thumbs though, were active in thieving ;
 Lauchie had looms that but few could hae wrought on,
 For Lauchie had schemes that but few wad hae thought on.

Lauchie had secrets weel worthy the keeping,
 For Lauchie raade siller while ithers were sleeping,
 Lauchie a second sight surely had gi'en him,
 An' saw things wi' less light than ithers could see them.

But Lauchie did dee, and was welcomely yirdet,
 The folks said his conscience was unco ill girdet ;
 When it took a rackin, it beat a' description,
 His oily gaun tongue, too, was fu' o' deception.

Now Lauchie's awa', and the bodies in Mauchlin,
 Wish Meg in her kist, an' as deep sheugh'd as Lauchlan ;
 But Lauchie for cunning surpass'd a' his fellows,
 He die't just in time for escaping the gallows.

DAVID WEBSTER.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.*

TUNE,—“ *Up an' waur them a', Willie.*”

HEARD ye o' The Tree o' France ?

I watna what's the name o't—

Aroun' it a' the Patriots dance,

Weel Europe kens the fame o't :

It stands whare ance the Bastile stood,

A prison built by kings, man,

When superstition's hellish brood

Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upon this Tree there grows sic fruit,

Its virtues a' can tell, man ;

It raises man aboon the brute,

It mak's him ken himsel', man.

Gif ance the peasant taste a bite,

He's greater than a lord, man ;

An' wi' the beggar shares a mite

O' a' he can afford, man.

* This song is said to be a production of the Ayrshire Ploughman, and although it is not equal in concentrated power and vigour to some of his avowed poems, it must be admitted to be a piece of no ordinary merit, and a most successful imitation of his manner. We have submitted it to a gentleman of the highest respectability, to whose opinion Burns paid great deference, and to whom he was in the habit of showing his compositions, and he had never heard the Poet allude to “ The Tree of Liberty.” Burns, too, who outlived the stormiest period of the French Revolution, would doubtless have qualified many of the expressions, had he given them, after having seen some of the effects of that dreadful political hurricane which deluged that unhappy country with blood.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man,
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 An' mak' us a' content, man :
 It clears the e'en, it cheers the heart,
 Mak's high an' low guid frien's, man :
 An' he wha acts the traitor's part,
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 An' staw'd a branch, spite o' the De'il,
 Frae 'yont the Western waves, man.
 Fair virtue water'd it wi' care,
 An' now she sees, wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds an' blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
 The works o' virtue thrive, man,
 The courtly vermin bann'd the Tree,
 An' grat to see't alive, man.
 King Louie thocht to cut it down,
 When it was unco sma', man ;
 For it the watchman crack'd his crown,
 Cut aff his head an' a', man !!!

A wicked crew syne on a time,
 Did tak' a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish in its prime—
 I wat they pledged their faith, man ;
 Awa' they gaed, wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles huntin' game, man ;
 But sune grew weary o' the trade,
 An' wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

For freedom standing by the Tree,
 er sons did loudly ca', man ;

She sung a sang o' Liberty,
 Which pleas'd them ane an' a', man.
 By her inspir'd, the new-born race
 Sune drew the avengin' steel, man,
 The hirelings ran—her foes gi'ed chase,
 An' bang'd the despots weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar, an' her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 An' o'er her neibours shine, man ;
 But seek the forest round an' round,
 An' soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree cannot be found
 'Tween Lon'on an' the Tweed, man.

Without this Tree, alake ! this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man,
 A scene o' sorrows, mix'd wi' strife ;—
 Nae real joys we know, man :
 We labour sune, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man,
 An a' the comfort we're to get,
 Is—that ayont the grave, man !

Wi' plenty o' sic Trees, I trow,
 The warld wad live in peace, man ;
 The sword wad help to mak' a plough,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each ither smile, man,
 An' equal rights an' equal laws,
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome, dainty cheer, man—
 I'd gi'e the shoon frae aff my feet
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.

Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sune plant this far-famed Tree, man ;
 An' blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us Liberty, man.

KITTY O'CARROL.

O TALK not of battles and wars,
 Where nations and monarchs will quarrel ;
 Of Venus, and Cupid, and Mars,
 I'm for Kitty O'Carrol !
 Kitty's the joy of my soul,
 She has made my poor heart to surrender ;
 That heart, once as sound as a coal,
 Is now almost burnt to a cinder.

Och ! my darlin', every eye in your head is mild and lovely, and every thing lookin' out of them that's good and natural in the world. Ah ! my jewel, but every morsel of your purty body, hands and feet, body and shouldurs, mouth and nose, all illigance itself intirely. Oh ! you creature of all creatures aneath the stars and the moon, not forgettin' the great sun himself ! I'm sure the very daisy that you tread upon will lift its head and look after ye, cryin', my dew-drop, when shall I have another kiss of your purty toes.

O when I get up in the morn,
 Her image is standin' 'fore me,
 Murder, but I am forlorn—
 Kitty I live to adore ye !
 Morning, or evening, or noon,
 Eatin', or drinkin', or sleepin',
 Mine you will surely be soon,
 Or else I will kill me wid weepin .

Love has been compared to a giddiness ; faith ! I think it is rather like law, or a rat-trap ; when once you get into it, there's no getting out agin ; or the great bog of Allen the farther in the deeper. Surely she

must relent some time ; there is nothing in this world like perseverance, as the Cat said when she scratched her way into the milk-house. Och, what is really to become of me—it is better to die at once than be kilt intirely, from mornin' till night ; och, sure and my body is lavin' my bones altogether. My clothes are beginnin' to wonder what has become of me—and they'll be after seekin' some other carcase to cover themselves wid—ar'n't they roarin' murder at every corner of my bones ? I'm good for nothing now but stanin' amongst the praties whan they're comin' forward to be useful to the mouth, and cryin' to them black-nosed thieves, be after takin' your body away gin the feathers will carry you, Master Horny-beak, and lave the blessings to the people that have some naturality in them, for it will be better for me to be stuck up among the swate pratie blossoms, and purtectin' the fruit, than runnin' about like a walkin' bone-fire among the bogs.

Oh Kitty I live but for you,
 For you, love, I daily am dyin',
 My heart you have bored through an' through,
 And kilt me with groaning and cryin'.
 Consent now, and say you'll be mine,
 For I know you are full of good nature,
 To me you are all but divine,
 You murtherin', coaxing young crature !

'T WAS MORN.

AIR—“ *Within a mile of Edinburgh Town.*”

'T WAS morn—and the lambs on the green hillocks played,
 The laverock sang sweetly on high,
 The dew-drops bespangled ilk green spiky blade,
 And the woods rang wi' music and joy ;
 When young Patie down the vale
 Met fair Kitty wi' her pail,
 He clasp'd her hand and blythely speered,
 “ Dear lassie, where to now ?”

“ A wee bit down the glen,” quo’ she,
 “ To milk our bruckit cow.”

“ O Kitty ! I’ve lo’ed you this towmond an’ mair,
 And wha lo’es na you canna see,
 There’s nane on our plains half sae lovely and fair,
 No ;—nane half sae lovely to me :
 Will you come, dear lass, at e’en,
 Up the burnie’s bank sae green ?
 And there beneath the beechen shade,
 You’ll meet a lover true.”
 “ Na, na,” she cried, “ I canna come
 At e’en to meet wi’ you.

“ My mither will flyte and my father will ban,
 Gin here meikle langer I stay,
 Come cease wi’ your wheezin’, and let gae my han’,
 It’s daft like at this time o’ day.”
 “ Dearest lassie, ere ye gang,
 Tell me shall we meet ere lang ?
 Come say’t an’ seal’t wi’ ae sweet smack
 O’ that enticing mou’ ;”
 “ Haud aff,” she cried, “ nor think that I
 Was made for sport to you.”

“ Then fareweel, proud lassie, for since ye’re sae shy,
 Nae langer I’ll press you to bide ;
 E’en show aff your airs, toss your head and look high,
 Your beauty demands a’ your pride ;
 I may find some ither where,
 Ane mair kind, although less fair.”
 He turned to gang—she laughing cried,
 “ Stop, lad, I’ve ta’en the rue,
 Come back and set the tryst wi’ me,
 And I will meet wi’ you.”

ALEX. RODGER.

BEACON SONG.

THERE'S fire on the mountains, brave knights of the north,
 Mount, mount your fleet steeds and away ;
 There's fire on the mountains, mount knights of the north,
 For our beacons blaze bright as the day.

Haste away, haste away.

Let your war-flags wave wild on the blast of the night.
 To the notes of the bold bugle-horn ;
 Though your steeds may get warm in your fiery advance,
 They'll grow cool in the dews of the morn.

Haste away, haste away.

Hot foot comes the foe from his home in the south,
 To ravage our dear native land ;
 Haste away, haste away, brave knights of the north,
 And meet him with buckler and brand.

Haste away, haste away.

From litter, from loch-side, from corry and glen,
 The mountain-men come to your aid,
 With broadsword and axe newly ground for the fray,
 And all in their tartans arrayed.

Haste away, haste away.

Haste away, haste away, brave knights of the north,
 There's glory, there's fame to be won ;
 Berwick law, Berwick law, is your mustering ground,
 Oh ! shame if the conflict's begun.

Haste away, haste away.

The foe you now meet, you have oft met before,
 And oft driven him back with dismay ;
 Though his spear-heads, in thousands, gleam bright to our
 fires,

Clap spurs to your steeds and away.

· Away, haste away.

J. D. CARRICK.

FIRST LOVE.*

THOU think'st that nought hath had the power
 This heart to softness move ;

Thou'rt wrong—no knight more faithfully
 Ere wore his lady's glove,
 Than I within my breast have borne
 A first, an only love.

Her form—I cannot paint her form—
 In life I was but young,
 Even when I last knelt at her feet,
 And on her accents hung.

I would not swear her beautiful,—
 Yet such she must have been,—
 And in my dreams of paradise
 She mingles in each scene.

This present time, in crowded halls,
 Surrounded by the gay,
 I follow, in forgetfulness,
 Her image far away ;
 And if I list a touching voice,
 Or sweet face gaze upon,
 'Tis but to fill my memory
 With that beloved one.

For days—for months—devotedly
 I've lingered by her side,
 The only place I coveted
 Of all the world so wide ;
 And in the exile of an hour,
 I consolation found,

* We have, with the author's kind permission, taken this exquisite ballad from "Fitful Fancies," by William Kennedy, from which we have already extracted so liberally. It is, perhaps, the most finished piece published in modern times—whether as respects the intensity of feeling, or the classical elegance of expression.

Where her most frequent wanderings
Had marked it holy ground.

It was not that in her I saw
Affection's sovereign maid,
In beauty and young innocence
Bewitchingly arrayed ;
'Twas more—far more ;—I felt, as if
Existence went and came,
Even when the meanest hind who served
Her father, breathed her name.

I longed to say a thousand things,
I longed, yet dared not speak,
Half-hoped, half-feared, that she might read
My thoughts upon my cheek.
Then, if unconsciously she smiled,
My sight turned faint and thick,
Until, with very happiness,
My reeling heart grew sick.

O days of youth ! O days of youth !
To have these scenes return,
The pride of all my riper years
How gladly would I spurn !
That form—the soul of my boy-life—
Departed, and none came,
In after-time, with half the charm
Which cleaves unto her name.

Nor vanished she, as one who shares
The stain of human birth,
But, like an angel's shade, that falls
In light, upon the earth ;
That falls in light, and blesses all .
Who in its radiance lie,
But leaves them to the deeper gloom
Whene'er it passes by.

RHYMING RAB THE RANTER.*

WHEN Scotia's pipe had tint her tune,
 Lang reestin' in the reek, man,
 And pipers were sae faithless grown,
 They scarce could gar her squeak, man ;
 A doughty chiel cam' down the hill,
 Ca'd Rhymin' Rab the Ranter—
 But pipers a' their chafts might claw,
 When he blew up the chanter.

He blew sae sweet, he blew sae shrill,
 He blew sae loud and lang, man,

* This song was produced on the Anniversary of the Kilbarchan Burns' Club.

It may not be known, generally, that Kilbarchan was the birth-place of Habbie Simson, rival to Rab the Ranter. There is a tradition that Habbie, who could not bear a rival, was fairly beat by Rab in a trial of their musical powers, and that, determining to be avenged, he put his hand to his sword, and aimed a most dreadful blow at his successful rival, turning away his head at the same time to avoid seeing the deadly gash that his weapon had inflicted. Taking the direction of Blackstone Moss, he bogged himself for three days in one of the bogs. The stomach, ever selfish, and not caring about the sympathies of the neck, put in her irresistible alternative, "Better be hanged than starved;" so the combative piper returned to a friend's house, who was anxious about him, and could not account for his absence. Habbie, relating the detail of the murder, claimed his protection against the fangs of justice. "Gae wa', ye daft gouk! my certie, Rab's baith meat and claith like; I saw him this verra day, and there didna appear to me the scart o' a precn about his face." Habbie, though relieved from fear, would not have cared though his rival's drone had been for ever silenced. On examining the scabbard of his sword, he found the blade sleeping quietly and bloodless; the hilt having come away in the haste and fury of the enraged piper.

A statue of Habbie graces a niche in the Kilbarchan church steeple, blowing with as much expression as rudely chiselled freestone can give; at least two bagfuls of spare wind in his inflated cheeks.

Baith hill and dale can tell the tale,
 They ne'er gat sic a sang, man ;
 Fame heard the soun' a' Scotland roun',
 My sooth he didna saunter,
 Like fire and flame flew fast the name,
 O Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

From John o'Groats to cross the Tweed,
 And round the English border,
 Was heard the rant o' Rabbie's reed,
 Sae weel 'twas kept in order.
 To shepherd knowes where shamrock grows,
 Wi' sic a stound he sent her,
 Auld Erin's drone her hood put on,
 To shun the Scottish chanter.

Our lasses linket to the lilt,
 The lads they lap and caper'd,
 The carlins coost their crummies tilt,
 Sae vauntingly they vapour'd,
 Auld gutchers gray streek't up their clay,
 To club the merry canter ;
 Whilst wood and glen prolong'd the strain,
 O' Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

But Scotia weel may wail her skaith,
 And break her drones an a' man,
 For death has marr'd her piper's breath,
 Nae langer can he blaw, man,
 She e'en may sit her down and sigh,
 And wi' a greet content her,
 She'll ne'er again on hill or plain,
 Meet Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

Here's health to Scotland and her lair,
 Her heighs and hows sae scraggie ;
 Her doughty sons and dochters a',
 Her haggis and her coggie.

And when the wee drap's in her e'e,
 To fend her frae mishanter,
 Her toast triumphant still shall be,
 Here's Rhymin' Rab the Ranter.

G. MACINDOE.

FRIENDS AROUND THE TABLE SET.

AIR,—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bléd.*

FRIENDS around the table set,
 Blyth am I to see you met,
 See that your ills ye a' forget,
 And sing your sang wi' glee.

Nae doubt but ye have a' some grief,
 For ae night wont ye tak' relief,
 For ae short night your sails unreef,
 And take the tide so free.

Wha would sit in sullen gloom,
 For sic a ane we hae nae room,
 Wi' gude peat-reek your brain perfume,
 And let us merry be.

Wha never grumbles, stan' or fa'
 However fortune rows the ba',
 But aye weel pleased his cork can draw,
 That's the man for me.

Then tak' your tumbler while its warm,
 A wee drap drink can do nae harm,
 It cheers the heart, and nerves the arm—
 At least it's so wi' me.

Man's life is but a wee bit span,
 And is it no the wisest plan,
 To be as happy as we can,
 And aye contented be?

D. S.

THE TINKLER'S SONG.

AIR,—“*Allan-a-Dale.*”

O who are so hearty, so happy and free,
 Or who for the proud care so little as we ?
 No tyrants control us, no slaves we command,
 Like free passage-birds we traverse sea and land ;
 And still to the comfort of all we attend,
 By singing out “ caldrons or kettles to mend.”

Each climate—each soil, is to us still the same,
 No fix'd local spot for our country we claim ;
 Yon lordly domain, with its castles and towers,
 We care not a pin for—the world it is ours ;
 Superiors we know not—on none we depend,
 While our business is, caldrons or kettles to mend.

The law says we're vagrants—the law tells a lie,
 The green earth's our dwelling, our roof the blue sky,
 Then tho', through the earth, for employment we roam
 How can we be vagrants, who ne'er are from home ?
 Our neighbours are mankind, whom oft we befriend,
 While trudging about, pots or kettles to mend.

No rent, tithes, nor taxes, we're called on to pay,
 We take up our lodgings wherever we may,
 If people are kind, we show kindness to them,
 If people are churlish, why we are the same ;
 But those who are friendly fare best in the end,
 While their pots, bellows, caldrons or kettles we mend

Not even the parson, the squire, nor my lord,
 A daintier supper than we can afford,
 For nature profusely each blessing doth grant,
 Then why should her children be ever in want ?—
 Let them share with each other whate'er she may send,
 Like us—while we've caldrons or kettles to mend.

Then fill to the stranger a cup of the best,
 And when he is wearied conduct him to rest,

For the poor lonely wanderer, homeless and bare,
 Should ever the wanderers' sympathy share;
 Now we've one consolation—whate'er be our end,
 While the world remains wicked—we daily do mend.

ALEX. RODGER.

COW KATE,

AN ANNANDALE STORY.

Seeking a Tune.

THERE'S a green velvet hollow, amang Moffat hills,
 Ca'd the Deevil's Beef Pot, where in three little rills
 The Tweed, Clyde, an' Annan, sweet babbling arise
 Amang bald mountain-tops, that brave cauld gowlin skies;
 There nature—wild nature—reigns glorious an' great,
 An' there by the Annan dwells bonnie Cow Kate.

Cow Kate was brought up by a rich Border Laird,
 Wha'd mony braid acres o' Annan's best sward,
 Nae workin', nor daffin', her mettle could tire,
 For the lassie wrought hard in the fields an' the byre.
 An' simmer an' winter, an' early an' late,
 Aye up to the oxters was bonnie Cow Kate.

She grew like a tree, and she bloom'd like a flower,
 Wi' her growth there cam' grace, wi' her beauty cam' power,
 An' she tripped up the hill, an' she strade down the glen,
 Envied by the lasses, adored by the men;
 Yet the farmers were shy, an' the herdsmen were blate,
 An' nane cam a-wooing to bonnie Cow Kate.

There's changes in a' thing, e'en fortune will change,
 An' faces look fond, that were wont to look strange,
 An' hunders o' woocrs baith stalwart an' braw,
 Cam round her when death took the auld laird awa',
 An' the clatter gaed round he had left his estate
 To his ae strappin daughter, our bonnie Cow Kate.

Kate kilted her high, an' she stood in the byre,
 Sent her woocrs to Annan to drown out their fire,

Ca'd her sheep to the tryst, an' her kye to the fair,
 Ne'er ae better drover or herdsman was there,
 An' mony a jockie was fain to retreat,
 Wi' his wit for his winning frae bonnie Cow Kate.

The shyest are catch'd, when they're catch'd wi' a start,
 The head may be cool, but waes me for the heart,
 Even Katie fand out, 'mid a mirk wreath o' snaw
 That a herdsman had stoun a' her heart's peace awa',
 Wrapt warm in his bosom, he bare hame elate,
 An' had for his valour our bonnie Cow Kate.

JAMES BALLANTINE, Edinburgh.

HURRAH FOR THE THISTLE.

Music by Mr. Turnbull, Glasgow.

HURRAH for the Thistle!—the brave Scottish Thistle,
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me;
 A fig for the flowers, in your lady built bowers;
 The strong bearded—weel guarded, Thistle for me.

'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in its flight,
 When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might;
 'Tis the flower that laughs at the storm as it blows,
 For the greater the tempest, the greener it grows.

Hurrah for the Thistle.

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land,
 On the bonneted brow—on the hilt of the brand—
 On the face of the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
 May the Thistle be seen, whare the Thistle should be.

Hurrah for the Thistle.

Hale hearts we hae yet to bleed in its cause,
 Bold harps we hae yet to sound its applause,
 How then can it fade, when sic cheils an' sic cheer,
 And sae mony braw sprouts o' the Thistle are here.

Then hurrah for the Thistle!—the brave Scottish Thistle,
 The evergreen Thistle of Scotland for me;

A fig for the flowers, in your lady built bowers,
The strong bearded—weel guarded Thistle for me.

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

WHA DAUR MEDDLE WI' ME?

ROUGH, sturdy, beardy, fire-crown'd king,
Thou jaggy, kittly, gleg wee thing,
Wha dares to brave the piercing sting
O' Scotia's thistle,
Soon scamper aff, hap stap an' fling,
Wi' couring fustle.

'Midst scenes o' weir, in days o' yore,
When the grund swat wi' life's red gore,
And Scotia's land frae shore to shore,
Groan'd sair wi' wacs,
Thy form dim seen, 'midst battle's roar,
Aft scared her faes.

When Wallace, sturdy patriot wight,
His trusty broad sword glancing bright,
Gar'd Southron reivers scour like fright
Frae Scotland's braes,
Thou snelly shot thy horns o' might,
An' brôgged their tacs.

When Bruce at Bannockburn's red field
Made Edward's doughty army yield,
An' Southrons down in thousands reeled,
Stark, stiff an' dour,
The vera weans did thistles wield,
An' fought like stour.

Since then no foe hath dared to tread
Upon thy guarded, crimson head,
But proudly from thy mountain bed
Thy head thou rear'st,
By flowing springs of freedom fed,
No blast thou fear'st.

And auld aunty's heart he gar'd clink,
 Wi' "Mirren, will ye be my deary?"
 For I'm neither sae auld, auld,
 Nor am I sae gruesome or uggin,
 I've a score o' guid nowt i' the fauld,
 And a lang neck'd purse o' a moggin.

At this Mirren's heart gae a crack,
 Like the thud o' a waukin mill beetle,
 And she thocht, but she ne'er a word spak,
 "Weel, I'd e'en be contented wi' little."
 For Mirren, tho' three score and ane,
 Had never had "will ye," speer'd at her,
 So she laid a fond loof in his han',
 And quo' "Robin that settles the matter."
 Sae busk ye lass braw, braw,
 Busk and let's aff, for I'se warren,
 We'se hae daffin and laughin an' a',
 At the buikin o' Robin and Mirren.

PATRICK BUCHAN.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

TUNE,—*"The Brier Bush."*

How are ye a' at hame,
 In my ain countrie?
 Are your kind hearts aye the same,
 In my ain countrie?
 Are ye a' as fu' o' glee,
 As witty, frank and free,
 As kind's ye used to be?
 In my ain countrie.
 Oh! a coggie I will fill
 To my ain countrie!
 Ay and toom it wi' gudé will
 To my ain countrie!
 Here's to a' the folk I ken,
 'Mang the lasses and the men,

In ilk canty butt an' ben,

O' my ain countrie !

Heaven watch thou ever o'er

My ain countrie !

Let tyrants never more

Rule my ain countrie !

May her heroes dear to thee—

The bauld hearts and the free—

Be ready aye to dee,

For their ain countrie !

May a blessin' licht on a'

In my ain countrie !

Baith the grit folk an' the sma

In our ain countrie !

On whatever sod I kneel—

Heaven knows I ever feel—

For the honour and the weal

O' my ain countrie !

ALEX. MACLAGGAN, Edinburgh.

THE HIGHLAND MAID.

TUNE,—“*42d March.*”

AGAIN the lav'rock seeks the sky,

And warbles dimly seen,

And summer views wi' sunny joy,

Her gow'ny robe o' green.

But ah ! the summer's blyth return

In flowery pride array'd,

Nae mair can cheer the heart forlorn,

Or charm the Highland maid.

My true love fell by Charlie's side,

Wi' mony a clansman dear,

A gallant youth, ah ! wae betide

The cruel Southron's spear.

His bonnet blue is fallen now,
 And bloody is the plaid,
 That aften on the mountain's brow
 Has wrapp'd his Highland maid.

My father's shieling on the hill,
 Is cheerless now and sad ;
 The passing breezes whisper still,
 " You've lost your Highland lad."
 Upon Culloden's fatal heath.
 He spak o' me they said,
 And faulter'd wi' his dying breath,
 " Adieu ! my Highland maid."

The weary night for rest I seek,
 The langsome day I mourn,
 The smile upon my wither'd cheek
 Ah ! never can return.
 But soon beneath the sod I'll lie,
 In yonder lowly glade,
 Where haply ilka passer by
 Shall mourn the Highland maid.

SIR BENJAMIN BUFFSTRAP.*

AIR,—“ *Black Jock.*”

HAVE you heard of Sir Benjamin Buffstrap, the Broad,
 That knight of the razor so outre and odd—
 The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar ?

* This clever, little, facetious, bustling personage, is a particular friend of the author ; is considered a great accession to every social party—and is as ready at repartee as the celebrated Jemmy Wright. He still resides at Barrowfield bar, Bridgeton—is barber, toll-man, spirit-dealer, farmer of ladle-dues, draff and sand contractor, punster, and poet. The term barbarous, has only an alliterative application ; the worthy polisher of chins is as smooth and agreeable in his manners as the edge of his own blades.

Sure a sharper short shaver has seldom been seen,
 With his buffstrap so black and his blades all so keen,
 And his suds in his soap-box as white as the snow—
 How closely the crop of the chin he can mow!

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

Though a barbarous barber Sir Benjamin be,
 Yet, like his neighbour shaver, no Savage† is he,

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar :

For all his barbarities tend but to smooth
 The wrinkles of age down to dimples of youth,
 While the blood of his victims he studiously spares,
 And only cuts off stiff rebellious hairs—

The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar.

This barbarous barber's a wonderful wight,
 For his breadth is exactly the length of his height!—

The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar ;

And his broad bluff face is so pregnant with glee,
 And his wild wit comes flashing so fearless and free,
 That to see and to hear him, I'm certain would make
 A whole congregation of Quakers' sides ache—

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

'Tis said, too, that he can disguise so the truth,
 As to give to old age the resemblance of youth—

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar ;

Can make the dark countenance lively and fair,
 And give the bald pate an exub'rance of hair ;
 Nay, more—by the help of his combs and his curls,
 Can transform mouldy maids into gay giddy girls—

The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

Long may this sharp shaver successfully shave
 The chin of the just man—the cheek of the knave—

• Savage is the name of a neighbour strap.

But while light sweeps his hand o'er the honest man's chin,
 Ne'er causing wry faces, nor scratching the skin,
 May the cheek of the villain severely be stung
 By the rough rugged razor, or keen cutting tongue,
 Of the barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

ALEX. RODGER.

THE BLACK SHEEP.*

AIR,—“*John Anderson my jo.*”

OH John, what can be keeping you—how lang man, will ye
 bide,
 Ye surely hae mista'en your road, and dauner't into Clyde;
 Here weary by the ingle side, a lanely wife I sit—
 I'm sure that's Twa that's chappit noo, and nae word o' ye
 yet.

Of our John's reformation I lang hae tint a' houp,
 He never thinks o' rising while a drap there's in the stoup:
 Wi' gaunting and wi' gaping, my puir head's like to split—
 I hear his voice upon the stair—and surely that's his fit.

(*John soliloquising on the stair.*) “That's no our stair—no the ane
 that I gang up to my nest on—I think it's coming down to meet me—
 and it's gaun round about too—there's no twa stanes in't like ane
 anither—some o' them wad haud twa feet, and ithers a sparrow couldna
 get fittin' on. Weel, gin I were at the head o't, and on the inside o' my
 ain door, I'll raise a skellihewit wi' Janet, it will I—because, gin I
 dinna do't wi' her, she'll do't wi' me—an' a man should be aye'master
 in his ain house, right or wrang; it's a' the same whether the parritch is
 ready or no—on the fire or af't—cauld or het, I maun be het;—if she's pou-

* This piece of exquisite humour is a contribution of the late John Carrick, to the second series of the Laird of Logan, and we have thought that it is not out of its element in this collection.

terin' at the fire, and keeping it in for me, I'll tell her she had nae business staying up—she might hae been aneath the blankets, for she would ponter a while, afore the fire could len' ony light for me to come hame wi';—and if she be in her bed, I'll make her lugs stoun' wi' her carelessness about her half marrow—that he might hae been robbed or murdered for ony care she had o' him, but lying there snoring like a dog in a tod's hole.—But there she is—I hear her,—can I really be angry wi' her?—Yes; I mann be angry at something.”—(*Chaps.*) (*Enquires*)—

“Wha's that?” “Open the door, and ye'll see—it's ill to ken folk through a twa-inch plank.” “I would like to ken wha it is, before I open my door to ony body.” “Weel, Janet, you're perfectly right—there's naething like being cautious.” “Is't you, John, after a' ? siccan a night as I hae spent, thinking a' the ills on earth had happened to you; whar hae ye been, John?” “Oh, Janet, dinna be in sic a hurry.” “In a hurry, John, near three o'clock in the morning!” “Janet, it's the first time since you and I cam thegither, that I hae seen you wasting ony thing!” “Me wasting, John!—the only thing I'm wasting is mysel.” “Na, Janet, that's no what I mean; what's the use o' burning twa crusies to let ae body see—an' ye might hae lighted half a dizen an' they a' couldna let me see to come hame?” John, John, you're seeing wi' mae een than your Maker gied ye this night—your een are just gaun thegither.” “I'm no a hair fley'd for that, my doo, Janet, as lang's my nose is atween them.” “Ou ay, John, but ye hav'na tell't me whar ye hae been till this time in the morning?” “Did ye ever hear sic a high wind as is blawin' frae the lift this night? the cluds will be blawn a' to rags—there'll no be a hale corner left in them to haud a shower in, afore the mornin'—no a gas-lamp blinkin' in the Trongate; gin ye get up wi' the ducks in the moruin', Janet, you'll see the Green scattered ower wi' the kye's horns, for they couldna keep their roots in siccan a win'—an' ye'll get them for the gathering.” “Ay, John, it's a high wind, but for any thing that I hear, it's blawin' nae higher than your ain head; whar was ye?” “Dear me, did I no tell ye, Janet? I'll hae forgotten then; I might hae tell't ye—I'm sure I was nae ill gate—that's a lang an' no vera tenty stair o' ours to come up; I maist missed my fit this night coming up it mair than ance—we'll hae to flit next term I doubt; ye maun gang and look after anither ane the morn, an'

I'll gang wi' ye—twa heads are better than ane, quo' the wife, gaun wi' her dog to the market." "Come, come, John, nane o' your palavers, ye needna think to draw the blade ower an auld body's e'e; the stair, John, atweel's nane o' the best, but the stair that would suit you best this night, is ane wi' nae steps in't;—but whar was ye? and wha was ye wi'?" "Janet, ye hae little pity for me; if I should crack ane o' my pins (limbs) ye maybe think because I'm a shaver o' corks, that I can easily mak' a new ane—but, Janet, fu' o' curiosity too! woman, it's a dangerous thing to be ower inquisitive—ye mind what the mither o' us a' got by't; besides, 'Gied,' as honest Rabbic Burns says, 'the infant world a shug, maist ruined a'—oh, but it is a pithy word that *shug!* there's no a part o' speech in the English tongue like it." "Whaur was ye, John, whaur? I doubt ye hae been in ill company, this night—ye never put me aff this way before; will ye no tell me, John?" "Weel, weel, Janet, dinna be sae toutit about it—I was awa' at a burial." "At a burial, John!—what burial could there be at this hour? It could be nae decent body, I'm sure, that had to be huddled awa' at sic an untimeous time o' nicht." "'Deed, Janet, you're richt there; she was a very troublesome kind o' body, and raised muckle discord amang families; we were a' saying, she's weel awa' if she bide." "But wha is she?" "Just our auld frien' ANNIE, and she never cam about the house but *ill weather* was sure to follow; now, I think ye may guess." "Ay, puir body!—has she win' awa' at length, puir creature. Annie! Annie!—oh aye, but whan I mind—there's mae Annie's than ane—was it Annie Spittle?" "Oh no, it wasna her, poor body!" "Was it Annie Dinwiddie?" "No; that woman's *din* is enough to drive ony man to the *muddie*." "Weel, John, I ken nae mae o' the name; but I see you're just trying, as usual, to mak' game o' me. Wæes me! it's a hard thing to be keepit sae lang out o' my bed to be made a fou man's fool."

Says John, "no ane that ye hae nam'd 's the lassie that I mean—

Ae Annie yet, my dearest doo, ye hae forgotten clean;
 We buried ANIMOSITY—and trowth I thought it fit,
 That whan we had her in the yird, a skinfu' I should get."

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PAISLEY:

Stereotyped and Printed by J. Neilson.



WHISTLE-BINKIE;

OR, THE

PIPER OF THE PARTY:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF SONGS,

FOR THE

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

EDITED BY ALEXANDER RODGER.

THIRD SERIES.

GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON;
EDINBURGH:—OLIVER & BOYD;
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MDCCCXLIH.

PAISLEY:
Stereotyped and Printed by J. Neilson.

WHISTLE-BINKIE.

THIRD SERIES.

OUR FAIR YOUNG QUEEN.

AIR—" *Calcdonia.*"

O ! SCOTLAND'S hills are bonny hills,
A' clad wi' heather bells,
And music warbles in the rills
Which sport adown the dells ;
And there be glens in fair Scotland
Where foe hath never been,
And wild and free we'll keep them yet
For our young Queen !

O ! wad she cross the Tweed some day,
Our Scottish glens to view,
Our fairy lakes and streamlets grey,
Lone isles and mountains blue.
And see auld Scotland's goodly bands,
Wi' belt and buckle sheen,
In proud array come forth to greet
Their fair young Queen !

For Scotland has her yeomen leal,
And sturdy loons they be,
That whirl, like willow wands, their steel,
When marshall'd on the lea.

And should a foe invade our soil,
 No braver band, I ween,
 Would fight beneath the banners broad
 Of our young Queen !

And Scotland has her clansmen brave,
 Who bear the targe and brand ;
 Who'd spend their dearest blood to save
 Their own romantic land.
 And they would leave their hills of mist,
 And glens of lovely green,
 To form a living bulwark round
 Their fair young Queen !

And Scotland has her lovely ones,
 A beauteous train are they ;
 But much she mourns her tuneful sons,
 Her bards and minstrels gray.
 For they who wak'd her sweetest lyres,
 Sleep 'neath the turf so green,
 We've few to sing the welcome now
 Of our young Queen !

We've heard of merry England's scenes,
 And trusty souls are there ;
 And Erin boasts her green domains,
 Rich woods, and prospects fair.
 But Scotland boasts her stormy hills,
 Where freemen aye have been,
 O come and let us doat on thee,
 Our fair young Queen !

James Murray

OUR BRAW UNCLE.

Set to Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

My auld uncle Willie cam doun here frae Lunnon,
 An' wow but he was a braw man ;
 An' a' my puir cousins around him cam rinnin',
 Frae mony a lang mile awa, man.

My uncle was rich, my uncle was proud—
 He spak o' his gear, and he bragg'd o' his gowd ;
 An' whate'er he hinted, the puir bodies vow'd
 They wad mak' it their love an' their law, man.

He staid wi' them a' for a week time about,
 Feastin', an' fuddlin', an' a', man,
 Till their pantries and patience he baith riddled out,
 An' they thocht he was ne'er gaun awa', man.
 And neither he was ; he had naething to do,
 He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too ;
 Though they ne'er saw a boddle they'd naething to say,
 For they thocht they wad soon hae it a', man.

But when our braw uncle had stay'd here a year,
 I trow but he wasna a sma' man,
 Their tables cam down to their auld hamilt cheer,
 An' he gat himsel' book'd to gae 'wa', man.
 Yet e'er the coach started, the hale o' his kin
 Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in,
 And they prest on him presents o' a' they could fin',
 An' he vow'd he had *done* for them a', man.

And sae did he too ; for he never cam' back,
 My sang ! but he wasna a raw man,
 To feast for a year without paying a plack,
 An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.

An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed
 O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed.
 The best o't, when auld uncle Willie was dead,
 He left them—*just naething ava, man.*

James Bullentone

WILLIE WINKIE. *

A Nursery Rhyme.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the toon,
 Up stairs an' doon stairs in his nicht-gown,
 Tirlin' at the window, crying at the lock,
 "Are the weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
 The cat's singin' grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,
 The dog's speldert on the floor and disna gie a cheep,
 But here's a waukrife laddie, that *wunna fa' asleep.*"

Onything but sleep, you rogue, glow'ring like the moon,
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
 Rumblin', tumblin' roon about, crawin' like a cock,
 Skirlin like a kenna-what, waukenin' sleepin' fock.

"Hey Willie Winkie, the wean's in a creel,
 Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a verra eel,
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug and raveling a' her thrums—
 Hey Willie Winkie—see there he comes."

* The Scottish Nursery Morpheus.

Wearit is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
 A wee, stumpie, stousie, that canna rin his lane,
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep afore he'll close an e'e—
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips, gies strength anew to me.

William Miller

THE E'ENING DRAPPIE.

AIR—"When the kye come hame."

While drinkers revel in excess, let tenty folk abstain,
 The spendthrift meet the knave's caress, the miser hoard
 his gain,

We scorn excess in ilka form, and keep the line between,
 Aye steerin' clear o' calm and storm, when o'er a glass at e'en.

Wi' it the auld heart canty grows, the waefu' cease to
 mourn,

Within ilk breast a feeling lows, that heats but disna burn.
 The niggard's hand it opens wide, and makes the simple
 keen,

A magic change that winna hide, springs frae a glass at
 e'en.

When nith'rin cares begin to bite, and life's gay spring
 runs dull.

Afore sic showers o' life and light, they tide it fresh and
 full.

Ilk clud frae aff the mind it blaws, and leaves the soul se-
 rene,

An' ilka frosty feeling thaws, outowre a glass at e'en.

The tale that's told o' ithers' wo comes wi' a sharper thrill,
 And melts and moulds wi' kindly glow, ilk passion to its
 will,

Our very feelings, thaw'd wi' it, to virtue's side will lean,
 It waukens pity, sharpens wit, a canny glass at e'en.

The stane that plumbs the sleeping pool, an eddy frae it
 springs,

Till owre the surface nought is found but wavy wimplin
 rings,

And so the stagnant, selfish heart, where feeling ne'er was
 seen,

Wi' kindness circles and expands, when owre a glass at e'en.

When round the fire we tak our sup, ilk feelin' brighter
 beams,

The ills o' life a' bundled up, leave nought but pleasant
 dreams,

Ilk object bears a warmer tint, afore that wasna seen,

Ane likes the warld and a' that's in't, when o'er a glass at
 e'en.

M. A. Foster

THE ROYAL UNION.

THERE'S joy in the Lowlands and Highlands,

There's joy in the hut and the ha' ;

The pride o' auld Britain's fair islands,

Is woo'd and wedded an' a' :

She's got the dear lad o' her choosing—

A lad that's baith gallant and braw ;

And lang may the knot be a-loosing

That firmly has buckled the twa.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a',
 Buckled an' bedded an' a',
 The loveliest lassie in Britain
 Is woo'd an' wedded an' a'.

May heaven's all-bountiful Giver
 Shower down his best gifts on the twa;
 May love round their couch ever hover,
 Their hearts close and closer to draw.
 May never misfortune o'ertake them,
 Nor blast o' adversity blaw;
 But every new morning awake them
 To pleasures unsullied as snaw.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a', &c.

Then here's to our Queen an' her Marrow,
 May happiness ay be their fa',
 May discord and sickness and sorrow
 Be banished for ever their ha'.
 So, fy let us coup aff our bicker,
 And toast meikle joy to the twa,
 And may they, till life's latest fliker,
 Together in harmony draw.

Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

Alex^r Rodger

THE AULD GUDEWIFE AN' HER FOUR GUDE
 KYE.

AIR.—“*Cutty-spoon an' tree-ladle.*”

THE auld gudewife gade out at e'en,
 An' owre the craft her leefu' lane,
 An' sought her kye and cried them hame,
 An ca'd them ilka ane by name.

Come hame, ye jauds! the byre is clean,
 Your lair is made o' the breckans green,
 An' the yellow clover fills your sta;
 Come hame, ye jauds!—come here awa'.

Come hame, &c.

What hauds the house i' saip an' saut,
 What buys the houps to brew the maut,
 An' mony a needfu' thing forbye?

Atweel its just my four gude kye.

Better kye there's nae i' the braes,

Brownie for butter, Brandie for cheese,

Hawkie for milk, Hornie for whey;

I wat fu' weel I'm proud o' my kye.

Better kye, &c.

Alexander

OH! AND NO.

“ Mary, Mary, long have I
 Heaved for thee the weary sigh.”

“ Oh!” said she,

“ Canst thou not some kindness shew
 Him that doteth on thee so?”

“ No!” said she.

“ Hast thou not, upon my breast,
 Love as warm as mine confessed?”

“ Oh!” said she.

“ I charge thee, then, if thou art true,
 Do as love would have thee do.”

“ No!” said she.

“ By that check, whose living red
 Shames the tint o'er rose-loaves shed!”

“ Oh!” said she,

“ Let that cheek, I charge thee, know
Love’s deeper, richer, warmer, glow !”

“ No !” said she.

“ By thine eye, whose dazzling blue
Dulls the light of heaven’s own hue !”

“ Oh !” said she,

“ Let, I charge thee, love inspire
That holy eye with subtler fire !”

“ No !” said she.

“ Still one plea remains at least,
Might not we go seek the priest ?”

“ Oh !” said she,

“ If I asked you there to fly,
Could you still my suit deny ? —

“ No !” said she.

G. Buchanan Hall

DRINKING SONG.

AIR.—“ *Fake away.*”

SEE, see that each glass, and each jug be full,
Each jug be full !

We must have a strong, and a powerful pull,
Drink away !

And I’ll tell you to-night, if you all agree,
A bit of my mind in a melodie,

Then drink away, boys, drink away !
Steadily, readily, drink away !

I know there are fools in this world who sneer,
In this world who sneer,

At our merry songs, and our hearty cheer,
Drink away .

But wine is good is wise Solomon's say,
 To fill up the cracks in our thirsty clay,
 Then drink away, boys, drink away!
 Cheerily, merrily, drink away!

See, see that ye fill, boys! for time and tide,
 For time and tide,
 The old sages say, will on no man bide,
 Drink away!

But what care we how the tides may go,
 When the rivers of wine beside us flow?
 Then drink away, boys, drink away!
 Steadily, readily, drink away!

I wish that the wise in their solemn schools,
 In their solemn schools,
 Would mix with their mournful, some merry rules,
 Drink away!

And if wisdom, old lady, wont dry her tears,
 We must pack her off with our roaring cheers;
 Then drink away, boys, drink away!
 Cheerily, merrily, drink away!

See, see that you fill, boys! come now a toast!
 Come now a toast!

Here's a health to the lass each lad loves most!
 Drink away!

And thick be the thorns on his life's highway,
 Who would a sweet lass, or a friend betray!
 Then drink away, boys, drink away!
 Steadily, readily, drink away!

A MacLellan

DRINKIN' BODY.

AIR.—“*Dainty Davie*”

O! mony ills we ken thee bie,
 Drinkin' body, blinkin' body;
 And fearfu' ills I wat they be,
 Auld drinkin', blinkin' body.

O! mony ills we ken thee bie,
 Thy tremblin' han', and sunken e'e,
 The sad effects o' barley-bree,
 Poor drinkin', blinkin' body.

Thou's scarce a dud upon thy back,
 Reckless body, feckless body!
 Whilk ance was clad right bein, alack!
 Auld reckless, feckless body!
 Thou's scarce a dud upon thy back,
 Just like a house without its thack!
 And yet thou'lt fuddle ilka plack,
 Poor reckless, feckless body.

Thou boasted ance thy lands to plough,
 Tauntin' body, vauntin' body;
 Thy sax guid yads as ever drew,
 Auld tauntin', vauntin' body;
 Thou boasted ance thy lands to plough;
 A butt, a ben, and aumry fu',
 But whar the mischief are they now?
 Poor tauntin', vauntin' body.

Now, thou's neither milk nor meal,
 Senseless body, mensless body,
 Buttered cake, nor kebbuc-heel,
 Auld senseless, mensless body.

Now thou's neither milk nor meal,
 Weel stock'd byre, nor cozy beil;
 Thou's dancin' daily to the deil!
 Poor mensless, senseless body.

Gif sober housewife say thou's wrang,
 Tatter'd body, batter'd body,
 When 'gainst her winnock thou com'st bang,
 Auld tatter'd, batter'd body.

Gif sober housewife say thou's wrang,
 Thou bids her for a witch gae hang,
 'Syne dings her wi' a roguish sang,
 Poor tatter'd, batter'd body.

For gudesake mend while yet thou can,
 Witless body, fitless body ;
 Foresake thy drouthy, clouty clan,
 Auld witless, fitless, body.

For gudesake mend, if yet thou can ;
 'Tis human nature's wisest plan,
 To sink the brute and raise the man !
 Poor witless, fitless body.

A MacLellan

MAY, SWEET MAY.

O ! MAY, dear May,
 A thousand welcomes, May !
 At sight of thee my spirit springs
 Aloft, as it were borne on wings !
 Nor care, nor toil,
 I reck the while
 I'm basking in thy glorious smile,
 Upon thy bosom, May.

O ! May, dear May,
 Fond, flowery-bosom'd May !

Thy briery-scented breath again
 Plays round my cheek, as fresh as when
 Upon the green,
 From morn till e'en,
 With dallyings of love between,
 I danced with thee, young May.

O ! May, dear May,
 Blithe, song-inspiring May !
 Thy joyful presence setteth free
 The slumb'ring founts of melody.
 And young and old,
 The dull, the cold,
 Their summer songs and hearts unfold,
 To greet thy coming, May.

O ! May, dear May,
 Sport, laughter-loving May !
 Hie we to thy woodbine bowers,
 Nor idly spend the fleeting hours,
 For soon, too soon !
 The waning moon
 Will bring thy buxom sister, June,
 And banish thee, sweet May.

O ! May, dear May,
 Ripe, rosy-lipped May,
 'Tho' brief the while thou ling'rest here,
 I'll woo thee all the coming year ;
 For she, sweet life !
 My promised wife,
 With every charm of nature rife,
 Thine image is, my May.

O ! May, dear May,
 Mine own loved natal May,

Thy blessed light it was which first
 Upon mine infant eyelids burst ;
 And when they close,
 With all my woes,
 And I am laid to long repose,
 Light thou my grave, loved May.

W Ferguson

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

AIR—" *Brose and Butter.*"

OUR May had an e'e to a man,
 Nae less than the newly-placed Preacher ;
 And we plotted a dainty bit plan
 For trapping our spiritual teacher.
 O, we were sly, sly ! O, we were sly and sleekit !
 But ne'er say a herring is dry until it be reestit and reekit.

We treated young Mr M'Gock,
 We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy ;
 And we praised every word that he spoke,
 Till we put him maist out o' the body.
 O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

And then we grew a' unco guid—
 Made lang faces aye in due season ;
 When to feed us wi' spiritual fuid,
 Young Mr M'Gock took occasion.
 O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
 Except when frae hame he was helping ;

And then May, and often us a',
Gaed far and near after him skelping.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought droll,
That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,
Was, though a wee dry on the whole,
As refreshing as dewes on Mount Hermon.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—
The dainty bit plan that we plotted
Was to get a subscription afit,
And a *watch* to the minister voted.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk,
By turns lent a hand in collecting ;
But May took the feck o' the wark,
And the trouble the rest o' directing.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
And May, wi' sma' prigging, consentit
To be ane o' a party o' five
To gang to the Manse and present it.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice
To May in a deep consultation,
To hae something to say unco nice,
And to speak for the hale deputation.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

Taking present and speech baith in hand,
May delivered a bonny palaver,
To let Mr M'Gock understand
How zealous she was in his favour.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove
 That his female friends valued him highly,
 But it couldna express a' their love;
 And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.
 O, we were sly, sly, ! &c.

He put the gold watch in his fab,
 And proudly he said he would wear it;
 And, after some flattering gab,
 Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.

O, we were sly, sly ! O, we were sly and sleekit !
 But Mr M'Gock was nae gowk wi' our dainty bit plan to be
 cleekit.

May cam' hame wi' her heart at her mouth,
 And became frae that hour a Dissenter;
 And now she's renewing her youth,
 Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.
 O, but she's sly, sly ! O, but she's sly and sleekit !
 And cleverly opens ae door as soon as anither ane's steekit.

TA KRAN HIGHLAN' PAGPIPE.

YOU'LL may spoke o' ta fittle, you'll may prag o' ta flute,
 Ay an' clafer o' pynas, pass trums, clairnet an' lute;
 Put ta far pestest music you'll may heard, or will fan,
 Is ta kreat Hielan pagpipe, ta kran Hielan pagpipe, ta prite
 o' ta lan'.

O ! tere is no one can knew all her feelin', her thought,
 Whan ta soon o' ta piproch, will langsyne to her prought,
 An' her mint whirl rount apout wi' ta pleasure once fan,
 Whan she hears ta kreat pagpipe, ta kran, &c.

A teefishal lee is tolt apout Orpus, poor shiel,
 Who went awa' toon to peg her wife pack frae ta teil,
 Tey'll tolt tat she sharm'd Satan wi' a lute in her han',
 No such thing, 'twas ta pagpipe, ta kran Hielan, &c.

It is lang since ako, tey'll spoke o' music ta got,
 (Apollo tey ca' her) put she'll thocht fery ott
 Tat tey'll paint her, so ponny, wi' a lyre in her han',
 When tey'll knew 'twas the pagpipe, &c.

Fan ta Greek wi' him's pibrochs sharmed Allister Mhor,
 And made him's heart merry—and made him's heart sore,
 Made him greet like a childrens, and swore like a man,
 Was't his lyre?—'twas ta pagpipe, &c.

Whan ta clans all pe kather't, an' all reaty for fought,
 To ta soon o' ta fittle, woult tey march, tid you'll thought?
 No, not a foot woult tey went, not a claymore pe trawn,
 Till tey heard ta kreat pagpipe, ta kran, &c.

'Whan ta funeral is passin' slow, slow through ta klen,
 Ta hearts all soft wi' ouskie, what prings tears from ta men?
 Tis ta Coronach's loot wail soonin', solemn an' kran,
 From ta kreat Hielan pagpipe, ta kran Hielan, &c.

Whan ta wattin' teuks place, O! what shoy, frolic, an' fun,
 An' ta peoples all meetit, an' ta proose has been run,
 Tere's no music for tancin', has yet efer been fan,
 Like ta kreat Hielan pagpipe, ta kran Hielan, &c.

O, tat she hat worts to tolt all her lofe an' tclight
 She has in ta pagpipe, twoult teuk long, long years to write;
 Put she'll shust teuk a trap pefore her task she'll pegan;
 So here's to ta pagpipe, ta kran Hielan pagpipe, ta prite o'
 ta lan'.

Alfred Fisher

THE LONELY DWELLIN'.

O ! I ha'e seen the wild flowers blaw
 On gentle Spring's returnin',
 O ! I ha'e seen the sere leaves fa',
 And Nature clad in mournin' ;
 But even then, my heart was light,
 I knew nor care nor sorrow ;
 For Fancy painted a' things bright,
 And Hope smiled on the morrow.

Now, waes my heart ! the flowers may blaw,
 The fleeting seasons vary ;
 I only mark the leaves that fa'
 Around the grave o' Mary !
 The moaning winds of Winter rise,
 And on the ear come swellin' ;
 While crisp and cauld the cranreuch lies
 Upon her lonely dwellin'.

Charles Gray

AS I WEND THROUGH THE WILD WOOD.

THE gloamin' is gloomin', the daylight awa',
 A down the lang loanin' the owsen come slaw,
 Lowne sings the mavis on yonder auld tree,
 And the lark leaves the clud for its nest on the lea ;
 As I wend through the wild wood, the dark wood, sae
 eerie,
 As I wend through the lang wood to meet thee, my
 dearie.

The auld crazy mill seems to deepen its din,
 While louder the burnie rairs o'er the wee lin,
 And the howl of the mastiff, sae lang and sae drear,
 'Maist dauntens my heart as it fa's on my ear.

As I wend, &c.

Nae moon climbs the dull lift, sae bare and sae blue,
 Whare ae little starnie looks glimmering through ;
 And the saft westlin' breeze as it passes me by,
 Lifts the locks frae my brow wi' a pitifu' sigh.

As I wend, &c.

Ilk wee bird has faulded its wing for the night,
 And the howlet belyve, frae yon auld turret's height,
 Whare it dozes its lane, will be hootin' awa'

To the wandering sterns as they rise and they fa'.

Then haste through the wild wood, the dark wood sae
 eerie,

Haste, haste through the lang wood to meet me, my
 dearie.



THE BOROUGH BAILIE.

To our borough my lord in his chariot rolled,
 And his flunkies were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the smile on his face, and the glance of his e'e
 Seemed as fair to my sight as the flowers on the lea.

Like bees round their hives when the summer is green,
 The councillors all round the tavern were seen ;
 Like bees when the leaves of the forest are strewn,
 That party by midnight were all overthrown.

For the steam of the alcohol rose to their brains,
 And the window-frames shook with their bacchanal strains,
 And in bumpers they drank to his lordship's success,
 Till they dropt on the carpet like pears on the grass.

And there lay the butcher in holiday pride,
 Not a cowl on his head, nor a steel by his side,
 And the *sugh* of the sleeper waxed noisier still,
 Though the shoemaker bawled for a *finishing* gill.

And there lay the tailor dejected and wan,
 A shriveled abortion,—a fraction of man ;—
 And the room is all silent, the carpet all wet ;
 The tumblers demolished, the tables upset.

And the matrons were angry and loud in their wail,
 That their doves had imbibed so much whisky and ale ;
 But a compliment kindly and decently shored,*
 And they melted in smiles at the glance of my lord !

D. Vedder

THE TOWN PIPER'S LAY.

AIR—" *Will ye gang to the ewe-bughts, Marion ?* "

NAINSEL frae ta hills wad pe fittin',

An' come to a toon on ta coast :

An' as it was proper and fittin',

She soon got a shentleman's post.

Her cousin ta laird o' Petgrunsel

A letter did send in a crack ;

An' syne frae ta provos' an' council

She got a *toon-coat* on her back !

* Offered.

She disna pe drink in ta mornin',
 Except it be trams ane or twa ;
 An' when ta lord provos' gies warnin'.
 She aye studes his henchman fu' pra'.
 She disna pe drink in ta e'enin',
 Unless it pe four or five cann ;
 An' if she behaves where she's peen in,
 She'll soon pe ta provos' pest man.

She marches ilk week to ta preachin',
 An' shoulders her halbert like daft ;
 An' aye while ta minister's teachin',
 She sleeps in ta magistrate's laft.
 But though she's o' shentle connexion,
 She scorns for to prag or to plaw ;
 Weel may ye deshest your refection !
 Goot nicht, Sirs, an' shoy wi' ye a' !

J. Vedder

LAUCHIE FRASER'S PROMOTIONS.

Air—"Johnny Cope."

NAINSEL she was porn 'mang ta Hielan' hills,
 'Mang ta goats, an' ta sheeps, an' ta whiskee stills,
 An' ta brochan, an' brogues, an' ta snuishin' mills,
 Oich ! she was ta ponnie land she was porn in ;
 For a' ta lads there will be shentlemans porn,
 An' will wear *skean-dhu* an' ta praw snuishin'-horn,
 An' ta fine tartan trews her praw houghs to adorn,
 An' mak' her look fu' spruce in ta mornin'.

Noo, ta shentlemans will no like to wroughtin' at a',
 But she'll sit py ta *grieshach* her haffets to claw;
 An' pe birsie her shanks, till they're red as ta haw,
 An' a fu' o' measles ilka mornin'.

But her nainsel' at last to ta Lalans cam' doon,
 An' will got her a place 'mang ta *mhor* Glaschow toon;
 Whar she's noo *prush-ta-poot*, an' pe *polish-ta-shoon*,
 An' pe shentleman's *funkie* in ta mornin'.

But at last she will turn very full o' ta *proud*,
 An' she'll hold up her heads, an' she'll spoke very loud,
 An' she'll look wi' disdains 'pon ta low tirty crowd,
 Tat will hing 'pout ta doors ilka mornin'.

Noo, her nainsel is go to have one merry ball,
 Whar she'll dance *Killum Callum*, hoogh! ta best o' them all,
 For ta ponniest dancer she'll pe in ta hall,
 Ay, either 'mang ta evenin' or mornin'.

Ither lads will have lassies, hersel will have *no*,
 It pe far too expense wi' ta *lassie* to go;
 So, she'll shust dance hersel', her fine *preedings* to show,
 Tat she learn 'mang ta place she was porn in.
 Then ta lads will ery "Lauchie, where from did you'll cam',
 Tat you'll not give ta lassie ta dance an' ta dram?"
 But te're a' *trouster mosachs*, every one shust ta sam'
 They wad spulzie all her sporrان ere ta mornin'.

Noo, she's thoectin' she'll yet turn a praw *waiter's pell*,
 When she wear ta fine pump an' pe dress very well;
 An' py Sheorge! ero she'll stop, she'll pe maister hersel,
 In spite o' a' their taunts an' their scornin'.
 Syne wha like ta great Maister Fraser will pe,
 When she'll hing up ta sign o' the "Golden Cross Key,"
 An' will sit in her parlour her orders to gie
 To her waiters an' her boots in ta mornin'?

Alex^r Rodger

RHYMING RAB O' OUR TOUN.

Down by, near our smiddy, there lives a queer boddie,
 As couthie an' canty's the simmer day's lang;
 An' auld funny story sets him in his glory,
 For aft he knocks 't into some pithy bit sang.
 Tho' aye ha'fins modest, his cracks are the oddest
 That ever were heard thro' the hale kintry roun',
 Aye tauld aff sae freely, sae pauky an' sleely,
 He's far an' near kent, Rhyiming Rab o' our toun.

Tho' deep read in pages o' auld langsyne sages,
 As meikle 's micht maist turn the pows o' us a'.
 Sent soon to the shuttle, his schule-craft 's but little,
 Yet auld mither Nature him kindness did shaw;
 Wi' first glint o' morning he's up, slumber scorning,
 Enraptur'd to hail ilk melodious soun'
 Whar clear wimplin' burnie trots slow on its journey,
 Ye're sure then to see Rhyiming Rab o' our toun.

When e'en bit a younker, he'd cower in a bunker
 Wi' 's beuk, daft gaffawers to mixna amang,
 It pleas't him far better than gowk's sillie clatter,
 The deeds o' our gutchers in auld Scottish sang.
 When e'ening's clud's fa'in', and cauld win's are blawin',
 His fireside 's the shelter o' ilk beggar loun,
 Wi' kimmer or carle he'd share his last farle,
 A warm-hearted chiel's Rhyiming Rab o' our toun.

He's free o' deceivry, the basest o' knavery,
 An's blythe aye the face o' a cronnie to see;
 Wi' him the lang mouter, mysel' an' the souter,
 Hae aften forgather't an' had a bit spree;
 There's naething we crack o' but he has the knack o',
 When we owre the stoup an' the cauppie sit down,
 Tho' chiel's we've had clever, the equal we never
 Had yet o' this bauld Rhyimin' Rab o' our toun.

There 's nae gothic chaumer, whar deils their black glaume
 Hae niffert wi' auld wives langsyne, late at e'en ;
 Nae cave, crag, nor cairnie, by time-blasted thornie,
 Owre Scotland's braid borders that he hasna seen.
 But this Monday comin' we meet at the gloamin,
 In wee Andro Sibbal's, our sorrows to droun,
 Sae gin, my auld hearty, ye're ane o' the party,
 Ye'll baith see an' hear Rhymin Rab o' our toun.

Robert Clark

SWEET MAY! SWEET MAY!

AIR—“ *Miss Graham of Inchbraickie.*”

SWEET May! sweet May! revives again
 The buds and blossoms of the year ;
 And, clad anew, each hill and plain
 In emerald green appear.
 How bright the view from yonder bank,
 Of primroses and daisies fair,
 Where high o'er head the joyous lark
 Makes vocal all the air ;
 And round and round the spangl'd mead
 The bounding lambkins frisk and play,
 And little rills, like living light,
 Gleam in the sunny ray.

But what were nature's fairest scenes,
 Though grac'd with all her gayest flowers,
 Unless we lov'd, unless we felt,
 One fond, fond heart, were ours!

Then come, my own dear Mary, come,
 My all on earth I prize most dear;
 And in yon blooming hawthorn shade,
 The glowing landscape near,
 I'll tell to thee my hopes and fears,
 And all my heart to thee confess,
 And if thou giv'st me love for love,
 I'll own no higher bliss.



OUR PUIR COUSIN.

To an original Air, by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

My young cousin Peggy cam down frae Dunkeld,
 Wi' nae word o' lawlants ava, man,
 But her blue speakin' een a' her kind meaning tald,
 An' her brow shone as white as the snaw, man;
 She cam here to shear, and she stay'd here to spin,
 She wrought wi' the fraumit, an' liv't wi' her kin,
 She laid naething out, but she laid muckle in,
 An' she livit upon naething ava, man.

An' wow but the lassie was pawky an' siee,
 For she smiled an' she smirkit till a', man,
 Growing a' bodies' bodie, baith muckle an' wee,
 An' our folk wadna let her awa, man,
 For when there was trouble or death in the house,
 She tended the sick-bed as quiet as a mouse,
 An' wrought three folks' wark aye sae canny an' douce,
 Ye wad thought she did naething ava, man.

She grew rich in beauty, she grew rich in gear,
 She learnt to speak lawlants an' a', man;
 Her wit it was keen, and her head it was clear,
 My sang, she was match for us a', man;
 She was trysted to suppers, and invitit to teas,
 Gat gude wappin' presents, an' braw slappin' fees,
 An' een my ain billies sae kittle to please,
 She tickled the hearts o' them a', man.

But the sweet Highland lassie, sae gentle and meek,
 Refused them for gude an' for a', man,
 Aye gaun to the auld Highlan' kirk ilka week,
 While the minister aft gae a ca', man;
 O his was the fervour, and her's was the grace,
 They whisper'd sweet Gælic, he gazed in her face,
 Like light, true love travels at nae laggard pace—
 She's the star o' his heart an' his ha', man.

James Ballantyne

THE BORRISTOUN.

Written to an unpublished Gaelic Melody.

'Twas on a cauld an' rainy day,
 When coming owre the hills o' Dee,
 I met a lassie young an' gay,
 Wi' rosy checks an' lily bree:
 An' laith that sic a flow'r should bloom,
 Without the bield o' bush or tree;
 I said, my lassie, will ye come
 An' dwell in Borristoun wi' me?

O wha may think to stay the hand
 That turns the page o' destinie ?
 The broken ship has come to land,
 The stately bark has sunk at sea.
 But fain to woo, and free to wed,
 I'll bless the doom I hae to dree
 That ettled her, my Highland maid,
 To dwell in Borristoun wi' me !

Alexander

PETTICOAT WOOING.

AIR—" *Braes of Bogie.*"

YE'LL come to the woin', dear laddie,
 Ye'll come to the woin' at e'en ;
 An' gin ye can win my auld daddie,
 We'se sune mak a bridal, I ween.
 'Tis true we hae baith a beginnin',
 Tho' nane o' his siller we see ;
 But the gudewill is aye worth the winnin'
 Whan there's mair than gude wishes to gie.

Your *lure* you may hang i' the widdie—
 Your *sighs* you may stick to the wa' :
 They'll do wi' the dochter, my laddie,
 But no wi' the daddie at a' :
 Ye'll crack awa doucely an' cannie,
 Of markets, of farmin', and flocks ;
 Ye'll ruse up the days o' your grannie,
 Auld fashions, an' auld-fashion'd fo'ks.

An' whan ye man wish him gude-e'enin',
 I winna be far out o' view,
 I'll come frae my dairy or spinnin',
 An' gang out the loanin' wi' you :
 An' gin the auld bodie's nae gloomin',
 Gin nane o' his tauntin' he flings,
 Niest Friday ye'll ca' i' the gloamin',
 An' overly speak about things.
 But gin ye see like a storm brewin',
 Ye'll to your auld stories again ;
 An' we'll tak anither week's woin',
 An' try him mair cannily then.
 I've heard my ain mither declarin',
 An' wha cou'd hae kend him sae weel ?
 My father wad lead wi' a bairn,
 But wadna be ca'd for the de'il.

Alexander

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

O MEIKLE bliss is in a kiss,
 Whyles mair than in a score,
 But wae betak the stonin' smack
 I took ahint the door.
 "O laddie, whisht ! for sic a fright
 I ne'er was in afore,
 Fu' brawly did my mither hear
 The kiss ahint the door.
 The wa's are thick, ye needna fear,
 But gin they jeer and mock,
 I'll swear it was a startit cork,
 Or wyte the rusty lock.
 O meikle, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
 Was like a lowin' coal,
 An', as for me, I could hae crept
 Into a mouse's hole :
 The mother lookt, saff's how she look't !
 Thae mithers are a bore,
 An' gleg as ony cat to hear
 A kiss ahint the door.

O meikle, &c.

The douce gudeman, tho' he was there,
 As weel might been in Rome,
 For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,
 An' never fashed his thoom.
 But tittrin' in a corner stood
 The gawky sisters four,
 A winter's nicht for me they nicht
 Hae stood ahint the door.

O meikle, &c.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
 The bauld gudewife began ;
 Wi' that a foursome yell gat up,
 I to my heels an' ran ;
 A besom whiskit by my lug,
 An' dishelouts half-a-score,
 Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,
 At kissing 'hint the door.

O meikle, &c.

T. C. LATTO.

WHEN THE BUTTERFLY.

WHEN the butterfly swung on the rose's fair breast,
 And zephyrs would steal from the sky,
 When each bird had for pleasure forsaken the nest,
 Fair Rosa in anguish would sigh ;

Yet ev'n she was lovely as e'er was the thought
 Of innocence smiling in sleep ;
 And happy—till love in her bosom had sought
 A birth-place, and left her to weep.

When the halls of old Sarnia echoed the song,
 And the dance and the music were there ;
 When pleasure and revelry reign'd in the throng,
 Fair Rosa would sigh in despair ;
 Yet once would her presence give bliss to the spot
 Where the hours did in revelry fly ;
 Yet soon were her name and her presence forgot,
 And alone she unheeded would sigh.

The roses of health and of beauty soon fled,
 Youth's noon was benighted with care ;
 Old Sarnia's sepulchre yawned for the dead,
 The priest with his missal stood there ;
 And peaceful and lone in the dark house she sleeps,
 Where love enters not to annoy,
 And nought save the wind o'er the dismal spot weeps ;
 But Rosa will waken in joy.

THERE'S A THRILL OF EMOTION.

Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

THERE'S a thrill of emotion, half painful half sweet,
 When the object of untold affection we meet,
 But the pleasure remains, though the pang is as brief
 As the touch and recoil of the sensitive leaf.

There's a thrill of distress, between anger and dread,
 When a frown o'er the fair face of beauty is spread ;
 But she smiles—and away the disturber is borne,
 Like sunbeams dispelling the vapours of morn.

There's a thrill of endearment, all raptures above,
 When the pure lip imprints the first fond kiss of love !
 Which, like songs of our childhood, to memory clings ;
 The longest, the last, of terrestrial things.

E. Bonnelly



SCOTLAND'S GUID AULD CHANNEL STANE.*

AIR—“*Highland Harry.*”

OF a' the games that e'er I saw,
 Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
 The bravest far aboon them a',
 Was aye the witching Channel Stane !

O for the Channel Stane !
 The fell gude game, the Channel Stane !
 There's no a game amang them a'
 Can match auld Scotland's Channel Stane !

I've played at quoiting i' my day,
 And maybe I may do 't again,
 But still unto mysel' I'd say,
 O this is no the Channel Stane !

O for, &c.

I've been at bridals unca glad ;
 In courting lassies wondrous fain ;
 But what was a' the fun I've had,
 Comparit wi' the Channel Stane !

O for, &c.

* Another name for the Curling Stone.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
 Never to come back again,
 I'd sweep the mune an' starlits by,
 And beat them at the Channel Stane.

O for, &c.

We'd boom across the Milky Way,
 One tee should be the Northern Wain;
 Another bright Orion's ray,
 A comet for a Channel Stane!

O for, &c.

James Mass

THE POETS, WHAT FOOLS THEY'RE TO DEAVE US.

AIR—“*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*”

THE poets, what fools they're to deave us,
 How ilka ane's lassie's sae fine;
 The first ane's an angel, and, save us!
 The neist ane you meet wi' s' divine:
 An' then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,
 Be't Katie, or Janet, or Jean;
 An' the moon or some far awa planet's
 Compared to the blink o' her cen.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit
 For figures to set aff their charms,
 An' no a wee flower but's attackit
 By poets, like bumbees in swarms.
 What signifies now a' this clatter
 By chiels that the truth winna tell?
 Wad it no be settlin' the matter
 To say—Lass, ye're just like yoursel?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,
 For they are no deaf to the din,
 That, like me, ony puir luckless deevil
 Daur scarce look the gate they are in!
 But e'en let them be wi' their scornin',
 There's a lassie whase name I could tell,
 Her smile is as sweet as the mornin',
 But whisht! I am ravin' mysel'.

But he that o' ravin' 's convickit,
 When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,
 May he ne'er get anither strait jacket
 Than that buckled on by Mess John!
 An' he wha, though cautious an' canny,
 The charms o' the fair never saw,
 Though wise as king SOLOMON'S grannie,
 I swear is the daftest of a'.

Robt Giffman

THE LOSS OF THE ROEBUCK.

How oft by the lamp of the pale waning moon,
 Would Kitty steal out from the eye of the town;
 On the beach as she stood, when the wild waves would roll,
 Her eye shed a torrent just fresh from the soul;
 And, as o'er the ocean the billows would stray,
 Her sighs follow after as moaning as they.

I saw, as the ship to the harbour drew near,
 Hope redden her cheek, then it blanch'd with chill fear ;
 She wished to inquire of the whispering crew,
 If they'd spoke with the Roebuck, or ought of her knew ;
 For long in conjecture her fate had been tost,
 Nor knew we for certain the Roebuck was lost.

I pitied her feelings, and saw what she'd ask,
 (For Innocence ever looks through a thin mask,)
 I stept to Jack Oakum, his sad head he shook,
 And cast on sweet Kitty a side-glancing look :
 " The Roebuck has founder'd—the crew are no more—
 Nor again shall Jack Bowling be welcom'd on shore !"

Sweet Kitty, suspecting, laid hold of my arm :
 " O tell me," she cried, " for my soul's in alarm ;
 Is she lost ?" I said nothing ; while Jack gave a sigh,
 Then down dropt the curtain that hung o'er her eye ;
 Fleeting life, for a moment, seem'd willing to stay,
 Just flutter'd, and then fled for ever away.

So droops the pale lily, surcharg'd with the shower,
 Sunk down as with sorrow, so dies the sweet flower ;
 No sunbeam returning, nor spring ever gay,
 Can give back the soft breath once wafted away ;
 The eye-star, when set, never rises again,
 Nor pilots one vessel more over the main !*

S. Blamire

* From a forthcoming volume of Poems and Songs by Miss Susanna Blamire, for the first time collected ; with a Memoir and some account of her writings, by Mr. Patrick Maxwell, Edinburgh. Miss Blamire

MATTHEW M'FARLANE,

THE KILBARCHAN RECRUIT.

AIR.—“*Kenmure's on an' awa', &c.*”

WHARE cam' the guineas frae, Matthew, my dear ?
I trow thou had nane till the sodgers cam here ;
If they be the king's, or the sergeant's, my son,
Gi'e them back, for thou never maun carry the gun.

Could thou e'er think to gang o'er the braid sea,
To lea'e the loan-head, the auld bigging, and me ;
The smith and the smiddy, thy loom, and the lass
That stands at the gavle and laughs when ye pass ?

Mind, Matthew ! for thou likes thy belly fu' weel,
There is naething abroad like our hearty aitmeal,
Nor guid sheep-head-kail, for nae outlandish woman
Has the gumption to ken that they need sic a scummin'.

In thy lug tho' that wild Highland sergeant may blaw,
And talk o' the ferlies he's seen far awa,
And the pleasures and ease o' a sodgering life,
Believe me, it's naething but labour and strife !

was a native of Cumberland ; she was born at Thackwood, in the parish of Sowerby, in 1747, and died in Carlisle in 1795. She has long been favourably known as the author of “*What ails this heart o' mine,*” “*The Nabob's Return,*” “*The Chelsea Pensioners,*” and lately has been proved to have written that exquisite Scottish lyric, “*An' yeshall walk in silk attire.*” Her songs amount to between thirty and forty, many of them of surpassing beauty ; and her poems bear the impress of a highly gifted poetical mind.

If thy fit should but slip in the midst o' the drilling,
 The ranking and rawing, and marching and wheeling,
 The sergeant would cry, "Shoot the stammering loon!" or
 else,

"Tie the scoonerel up to the halberds, ye scoonerels!"

And when our king George to the wars wad be prancing,
 Wi' the crown on his head, and his sceptre a' glancing,
 Wi' chariots, and horsemen, and cornels, a host o' them,
 And Sergeant M'Tavish as proud as the best o' them;

My son, and the rest o' the puir single men would be
 Trudging behint them wi' their legs twining wearily;
 Laden like camels, and cringing like colly dogs,
 Till the Frenchmen in swarms wad come bizzen about
 their lugs.

Then to meet Bonaparté rampaging and red
 To the verra e'en-holes wi' the spilling o' bluid!
 O, maybe the fiend in his talons wad claught thee!
 And rive thee to spawls without speering whase aught
 thee!

Thou maunna wear claes o' red, Matthew M'Farlane!
 Nor ringe wi' twa sticks on a sheep's-skin, my darlin'!
 Nor cadge wi' a knapsack frae Dan to Beersheba, nor
 Dee like thy father at wearifu' Baltimore!

Bide still in Kilbarchan! and wha kens but thou
 May be some day an elder, and keep a bit cow,
 And ha'e for thy wife the braw through-ither lass
 That stands at the gavle and laughs when ye pass.

But if thou maun sodger, and vex thy puir mither,
 It's ae comfort to me, should I ne'er ha'e anither,
 Whaever may shoot thee, their prey when they mak' o' thee,
 Will e'en get a gude linen sark on the back o' thee!

WM. CROSS.

THE CURLERS' GARLAND.

CURLERS, gae hame to your spades, or your ploughs.
 To your beuks, to your planes, or your thummills;
 Curlers, gae hame, or the ice ye'll fa' thro';
 Hame, swith ! to your elshins, or wummills.

The curlin's owre, for the thow is come ;
 On Mistilaw the snaw is meltin',
 His hetheric haffets kythe black in the win',
 And the rain has begun a-peltin'.

A lang fareweel to greens and beef,
 To yill, to whisky, and bakes :
 Fu' o' cracks is the ice, but we'll smuir our dulo
 By gorblin' up parritch and cakes.

We'll nae mair think o' the slithery rink,
 Nor the merry soun " Tee high,"
 Nor " Inwick here," nor " Break an egg there,"
 Nor " He's far owre stark, soop him bye."

We maunna think o' the slithery rink,
 Nor of hurras a volley ;
 The ice is dauchie, nae fun can we get,
 For ilka stane lies a collie ;

Nor roar " Besoms up, he's a capital shot ;"
 " Now Jock, lie here, I say ;"
 " He's weel laid on, soop him up, soop him up,"
 " Now guard him, and won is the day."

But we trow when winter comes again,
 Wi' a' its frosts and snaws,
 We'll on the ice ance mair forgether,
 Before life's gleamin' close.

—Curlers, gae hame to your spades or your ploughs,
 To your pens, to your spules, or your thummills;
 Curlers, gae hame, or the ice ye'll fa' through—
 Tak' your ellwands, your elshins, or wummills.

When writing these verses, the author had in his eye Castlesemple Loch in Renfrewshire, a famous place for curling. Mistilaw is a conspicuous hill in the neighbourhood.

HALKERTON'S CALF.

TUNE—"The Corby and Pyet."

AN ill-deedy limmer is Halkerton's cow,
 An' owre mony marrows has Halkerton's cow;
 But the auldest greybeard sin' he kent a pickstaff,
 Ne'er heard o' a marrow to Halkerton's calf.

Ne'er heard, &c.

Whan the kailyard is out o' its best cabbage stock,
 An' the hairst-rig is short o' a thrave or a stouk,
 An' the stack has been eased o' the canny drawn sheaf,
 The mark o' the cloven foot tells o' the thief.

The mark, &c.

He's doure i' the uptack the deil canna teach,
 This wonderfu' calf has the rare gift o' speech;
 Has scripture by heart, as the gowk has its lied,
 An' fechts wi' his tongue for a kirk an' a creed.

An' fechts, &c.

At alehouse an' smiddy he rairs an' he cracks,
 'Bout doctrines, an' duties, an' statutes, and acts;
 At blythemeat, an' dredgy, yulefeast, an' infare,
 He's ready aff-hand wi' a grace or a prayer.

He's ready, &c.

Alexander

WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

Music by P. M'Leod, Esq.

WHEN Autumn has laid her sickle by,
 And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry ;
 And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
 And dance about in the fitfu' breeze ;
 And the robin again sits burd-alane,
 And sings his sang on the auld peat stane,
 When come is the hour of gloamin grey,
 Oh ! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When Winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
 And spairgin about his snaw and his hail,
 And the door is steekit against the blast,
 And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,
 And the ribs are rypet, the cannel alight,
 And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright,
 And the bicker is reamin wi' pithy brown ale ;
 O dear is to me a sang or a tale !

Then I tove awa by the inglc-side,
 And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,
 When the nights were lang, and the sea ran high,
 And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,
 And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,
 By some demon on message of mischief sent ;
 O I bliss my stars that at hame I can bide,
 For dear, dear to me is my ain inglc-side !

Charles Gray

THE SOCIAL CUP.

AIR—“ *Andro and his cutty gun.* ”

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry are we,
 Blythe are we, ane and a’ ;
 Aften hae we cantie been,
 But sic a nicht we never saw !
 The gloamin’ saw us a’ sit down,
 And meikle mirth has been our fa’ ;
 Then let the sang and toast gae roun’
 ‘Till chanticleer begins to craw !
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Pick and wale o’ merry men ;
 What care we tho’ the cock may craw,
 We’re masters o’ the tappit-hen !
 The auld kirk bell has chappit twal,
 Wha cares tho’ she had chappit twa !
 We’re licht o’ heart and winna part,
 Tho’ time and tide may rin awa’ !
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Hearts that care can never ding ;
 Then let time pass—we’ll steal his glass,
 And pu’ a feather frae his wing !
 Now is the witchin’ time o’ nicht,
 When ghaists, they say, are to be seen ;
 And fays dance to the glow-worm’s licht
 Wi’ fairies in their gowns of green.
 Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Ghaists may tak their midnight stroll
 Witches ride on brooms astride,
 While we sit by the witchin bowl !
 Tut ! never speir how wears the morn,
 The moon’s still blinkin i’ the sky,
 And, gif like her we fill our horn,
 I dinna doubt we’ll drink it dry !

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we,
 Blythe, out-owre the barley bree ;
 And let me tell, the moon hersel'
 Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea.

Then fill us up a social cup,
 And never mind the dapple dawn ;
 Just sit a while, the sun may smile
 And licht us a' across the lawn !

Blythe, blythe, and merry are we ;
 See! the sun is keekin ben ;
 Gie Time his glass—for months may pass
 Ere we hae sic a nicht again !

Charles Lyman

SIMMER DAYS ARE COME AGAIN.

AIR.—“Cameron's got his wife again.”

The simmer days are come again,
 The rosy simmer's come again,
 The sun blinks blythe on hill and plain,
 The simmer days are come again.

A gowany mantle cleeds the green,
 The blossom on the tree is seen,
 And Willie saw a bat yestreen,
 I'm sure the simmer's come again.

The simmer days, &c.

The hazle bushes bend nae mair
 Beneath the lades that crushed them sair,
 And Tweed rows past her waters fair,
 The cheerfu' simmer's come again.

The simmer days, &c.

The glens are green that looked sae ill,
 The blast that shored our lambs to kill,
 The wind has gliff'd it owre the hill,
 And gladsome simmer's come again.

The simmer days, &c.

Ye little birdies, ane and a',
 Aloud your tunefu' whistles blaw;
 The wind's gane round, and fled's the snaw,
 And lightsome simmer's come again.

The simmer days, &c.

Now, simmer, ye maun use us weel,
 Wi' shower and sunblink at its heel;
 We're unco glad ye're come, atweel,
 Ye're doubly welcome back again.

Then welcome simmer back again, &c.

For Spring, ye see, ne'er minds us now,
 To nurse the lambs, or tend the plough.
 There's nane to tak our pairt but you,
 And wow! we're glad ye're back again!

Then welcome simmer back again,

Rosy simmer back again,

The wuds sall ring wi' mony a strain,

To welcome simmer back again.

James Murray

MOULDYBRUGH.

I RENT a wee toon, and a queer toon it was,
 Auld Mouldybrugh, that was its name ;
 A dreary dull village, wi' battered gray wa's,
 Where ony thing new never came ;
 Just twa or three houses, a' dismal and black,
 And twa or three shoppies sae sma' ;
 A market, where whiles the folk gathered to crack,
 And drive a bit bargain or twa.

Besides an auld jail, wi' the court-house hard by,
 A cross, and a mossy stane well ;
 A kirk and a steeple, that dinlit the skye
 Wi' a clinkin' auld timmer-tongu'd bell.
 While the brown battered tower on the hoary hill tap,
 That frowned owre the silly auld toon,
 Tald o' its auld pith, for a bold baron chap
 Had biggit it ne'er to come down.

The hills lay in silence behind the auld toon,
 A bleak heathery moor lay before ;
 There we sported oursels in the days that are flown,
 And dearly we lov'd the grey moor.
 Ah! thou wert an Eden—yea, truly a land
 Of milk and of honey to me ;
 Where we herded the kye, a happy young band,
 And harried the bike of the bee.

So quiet was the toon, and so douce were the folk,
 They lived in a kind o' a dream ;
 But at last they were roused wi' a desperate shock,
 By that vapourin' article steam.
 For wha wad hae thocht it ? A railway was made
 Across the lang heather sae dreary ;
 The canny auld toonsfolks grew perfectly wud,
 An' a' thing was turned tapsaltcery.

Auld Mouldybrugh fairly was rowed aff its feet,
 And naething gat leave to stand still ;
 They pulled doon the houses, and widened the street,
 And biggit a muckle brick mill.
 And droves o' new cōmers, that naebody kent,
 Were workin', they kentna at what ;
 The bodies were just in a perfect ferment,
 And didna ken what to be at.

Sic smashin' and chappin' was a' round about,
 Sic clankin', sic rattlin', an' din ;
 Wi' rocks blaun like thunder frae quarries without,
 And smiddies an' reeshlin' within ;
 And wheelbarrows drivin' a' hours of the day,
 Wi' Eerishmen swearin' like Turks ;
 And horses were fechtin' wi' cartfu's o' clay,
 And plaister and stanes for the works.

Soon a' kinds o' traders cam flockin' in shoals,
 The railway brocht wonders to pass ;
 Colliers cam howkin' to sair us wi' coals,
 And gas-bodies cam to make gas ;
 And butchers, sae greasy, wi' sheep, beef, and pigs,
 And schoolmasters cam for the teachin' ;
 And doctors wi' doses, and barbers wi' wigs,
 And kirks were ereckit for preachin'.

But dearer to me is the auld biggit toon,
 Wi' its cottages hoary and grey,
 Where naething is altered, and naething dung doon,
 Except by the hand of decay.
 And oh for the bodies sae simple and plain,
 Aye faithfu', and kindly, and true ;
 And oh for the days that we'll ne'er see again,
 When they dreamt na of onything new !

B. H.

THE PRIDEFU' TAID.

AIR.—“ *Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*”

Wow me ! for sic a pridefu' taid
 Our Tibbie's gown, the hizzie ;
 She cuts sic capers wi' her head,
 'Twad ding a bodie dizzie.
 D'ye think it's her braw clouts o' claes
 That mak's her look sae saucy ?
 Her bannet's but a bunch o' straes,
 Does she ken that ? vain lassie !

A cauldrie silken tippet's neist
 Aboon her shoulders wavin' ;
 A lang white ribbon, round her waist,
 Hangs like a crookit shavin' !
 What tho' her slender sides shine braw
 Wi' dashin' duds o' muslin,
 Her share o' mither wit's but sma',
 As yon new cleckit goslin'.

On Sunday, see her trip to kirk
 Wi' rhymin' Rab, auld Nan's son ;
 Neist day, she's aff wi' this gay spark,
 To some grand ball o' dancin'.
 Sae Tibbie means to let her life
 Dance down the paths o' pleasure,
 An' thinks, nae doubt, soon for his wife,
 The chield will gladly seize her.

But, thoughtless Tib, my bonnie doo,
 I'm fley'd ye'll be mistaken ;
 For promise never yet prov'd true
 Frae chiels wha gang a rakin'.

The days o' peace your breast now feels,
 Will change to months o' mournin' ;
 Frae ane wha kens sic flighty chieles,
 Dear Tibbie, tak a warnin' !

Robt Carmichael

THE HAPPY PAIR.

AIR—" *Johnnie M'Gill.*"

Low down in a valley fu' snugly and braw,
 There liv'd a blythe bodie o' saxty an' twa ;
 Nae wranglin' to deave him, nor sorrow to grieve him,
 He aye was contented an' happy wi' a'.

On his ain snug bit craftie, delighted fou aft he
 Belabour'd frae mornin' to e'ening awa ;
 Sae cheery an' dainty, he sang like a lintie,
 Till gloamin, when darkness began for to fa'.

For Bessie his wife, to comfort his life aye,
 Wad cleed him fu' cozie, in time o' the snaw ;
 And tho' she was fifty, sae tidy and thrifty,
 She aye made her hallan to shine like a ha'.

Near han' was a weddin', the bodies war bidden,
 An' there they were buskit, fu' cleanly an' braw ;
 But fu' o' rejoicin', they thocht na o' risin',
 Until that the daylight began for to daw.

Their auld favourite doggie, a wee sleekit rogie,
 Had toddled ahint them, when they gaed awa,
 For aye he was timefu' to get a gude wamefu',
 Altho' that he hadna ae tusk in his jaw.

Sae strong was the whisky, the carlie grew frisky,
 For seldom he'd toom'd sic a drap in his maw;
 But while he was cheerfu', his Bessie was fearfu'
 That ony mishanter her Johnnie should fa'.

The drinkin' o' toddy, it made the auld bodie
 The white o' his e'en, like the parson, to shaw;
 Wi' arms high uplifted, he roar'd an' he rifted,
 "I'm up in the happy place—Bess, come awa!"



FAREWELL TO SCOTIA.

FAREWELL to ilk hill whar the red heather grows,
 To ilk bonnie green glen whar the mountain stream rows,
 To the rock that re-echoes the torrent's wild din,
 To the graves o' my sires, and the hearths o' my kin.

Fareweel to ilk strath an' the lav'rock's sweet sang,
 For trifles grow dear whan we've kenn'd them sae lang;
 Round the wanderer's heart a bright halo they shed,
 A dream o' the past, whan a' others hae fled.

The young hearts may kythe, tho' they're forced far away,
 But its dool to the spirit whan haffets are grey;
 The saplin transplanted may flourish a tree,
 Whar the hardy auld aik wad but wither and dee.

They tell me I gang whar the tropic suns shine
 Owre landscapes as lovely and fragrant as thine;
 For the objects sae dear that the heart had entwined,
 Turn eerisome hame-thoughts and sicken the mind.

Aye smashin', smashin',
 Danny was nae canny ;
 Few could stand a thrashin'
 Frae stieve-fisted Danny.

They lived up a stair
 Down in the Laigh Calton ;
 Siccan shines were there,
 Siccan noisy peltin' ;
 Danny with his rung
 Steekin' ilka wizen ;
 Nanny wi' her tongue,
 Nineteen to the dizen.
 Aye clashin', crashin',
 Trowth it was nae canny ;
 Ony fashin', fashin',
 Danny an' his Nanny.

Bodies round about
 Couldna thole nor bide them ;
 Fairly flitted out,
 Nane were left beside them ;
 Their bink was a' their ain,
 Nane could meddle wi' them,—
 Neighbour lairds were fain
 A' the land to lea' them.
 Some gae hashin' smashin',
 Makin' siller canny,
 Wha gat rich by clashin' ?
 Danny an' his Nanny.

They'd a bonnie lassie,
 Tonguey as her mither ;
 Yet as game and gaucie
 As her fightin' faither.

O! her waist was sma',
 O! her cheeks were rosy,
 Wi' a shower o' snaw,
 Flaiket owre her bozy.
 Sun rays brightly flashin'
 Owre the waters bonny,
 Glanced nae like the lashin',
 Sparklin' een o' Anny.

Sight ye never saw,
 Like the Laird and Leddy,
 Wi' their dochter braw,
 An' themsels sae tidy;
 Wi' their armies crost,
 On their ain stair muntit;
 Gin ye daured to hoast,
 How their pipies luntit.
 Wooers e'er sae dashin',
 Durst nae ca' on Anny,
 Dauntit wi' the clashin'
 O' her mither Nanny.

Beauty blooming fair
 Aye sets hearts a bleezing;
 Lovers' wits are rare,
 Lovers' tongues are wheezing.
 Barred out at the door,
 A slee loon scaled the skylight,
 An' drappit on the floor,
 Afore the auld folks' eyesight.
 In a flaming passion,
 Maul'd by faither Danny,
 Aff to lead the fashion,
 Scamper'd bonny Anny.

James Ballantyne

MARY MACNEIL.

AIR—“*Mrs. Kinloch of Kinloch.*”

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
 Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fareweel;
 An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
 As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
 A' glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover,
 Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;
 And fondly they wander'd whar nane might discover
 The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

O! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily
 That dew-drops o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
 Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
 Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
 She mov'd, and the graces play'd sportive around her,
 She smil'd, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
 She sang, an' the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
 To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
 Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',
 Inflicts the deep wound naething earthly can heal.
 The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein'—
 The autumn, his corse on the red battle-fiel';
 The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';
 An' spring spread the green turf owre Mary Macneil!

E. Bonnell



WE SAT BENEATH THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

WE sat beneath the trystin' tree,
 The bonnie dear auld trystin' tree,
 Whar Harry tauld in early youth,
 His tender tale o' love to me ;
 An' walth o' wedded happiness
 Has been our blessed lot sinsyne,
 Tho' foreign lands, lang twenty years,
 Has been my Harry's hame an' mine.
 Wi' gratefu' glow at ilka heart,
 An' joyfu' tears in ilka e'e,
 We sat again, fond lovers still,
 Beneath the bonnie trystin' tree.

We gaz'd upon the trystin' tree,
 Its branches spreading far an' wide,
 An' thocht upon the bonnie bairns
 That blest our blythe bit ingle-side ;
 The strappin' youth wi' martial mien,
 The maiden mild wi' gowden hair,
 They pictur'd what oursel's had been,
 Whan first we fondly trysted there ;
 Wi' gratefu' glow at ilka heart,
 An' joyfu' tears in ilka e'e,
 We blest the hour that e'er we met
 Beneath the dear auld trystin' tree !

E. Bonnell


THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY ! oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
 Like some sweet plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by :
 It speaks a tale of other years—
 Of hopes that bloomed to die—
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie !

Mournfully ! oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth moan ;
 It stirs some chord of memory
 In each dull heavy tone :
 The voices of the much-loved dead
 Seem floating thereupon—
 All, all my fond heart cherished
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully ! oh, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth swell,
 With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
 Hope's passionate farewell
 To the dreamy joys of early years,
 Ere yet grief's canker fell
 On the heart's bloom—ay ! well may tears
 Start at that parting knell !

W. Motherwell

THOU KNOW'ST IT NOT, LOVE.

Thou know'st it not, love, when light looks are around
thee,

When Music awakens its liveliest tone,
When Pleasure, in chains of enchantment, hath bound
thee,

Thou knowest not how truly this heart is thine own.
It is not while all are about thee in gladness,

While shining in light from thy young spirit's shrine,
But in moments devoted to silence and sadness,
That thou'lt e'er know the value of feelings like mine.

Should grief touch thy cheek, or misfortune o'ertake thee,
How soon would thy mates of the Summer away!

They first of the whole fickle flock to forsake thee,
Who flatter'd thee most when thy bosom was gay.

What though I seem cold while their incense is burning,
In depths of my soul I have cherish'd a flame,
To cheer the loved one, should the night-time of mourning
E'er send its far shadows to darken her name.

Then leave the vain crowd,—though my cottage is lonely,
Gay halls, without hearts, are far lonelier still;

And say thou'lt be mine, Mary, always and only,
And I'll be thy shelter, whate'er be thine ill.

As the fond mother clings to her fair little blossom,
The closer, when blight hath appeared on its bloom,

So thou, love, the dearer shalt be to this bosom,
The deeper thy sorrow, the darker thy doom.

Will-Kennedy


MY AULD UNCLE JOHN.

I SING not of prince, nor of prelate, nor peer,
 Who the titles and trappings of vanity wear ;
 I sing of no hero whose fame has been spread
 O'er the earth, for the quantum of BLOOD he hath shed ;
 But of one, who life's path with humility trod,
 The friend of mankind, and at peace with his God ;
 Who indeed died to " Fame and to Fortune unknown,"
 But who lives in my heart's core—my auld Uncle John.

His manners were simple, yet manly and firm—
 His friendship was generous, and constant, and warm ;
 To Jew and to Gentile alike he was kind,
 For the trammels of party ne'er narrow'd his mind :
 His heart, like his haun, was aye open and free,
 And tho' he at times had but little to gie,
 Yet even that little with grace was bestow'n,
 For it cam' frae the heart o' my auld Uncle John.

O weel do I mind, tho' I then was but young,
 When he cam' on a visit, how blythely I sprung
 To meet the auld man, who with visage so meek
 Would a kiss of affection imprint on my cheek ;
 Then I'd place him his chair—take his staff, and his hat—
 Then climb up on his knee, whar delighted I sat ;
 For never was monarch sae proud on his throne
 As I on the KNEE o' my auld Uncle John.

When at school, to his snug room with pleasure I'd hie,
 And often I've seen the fire flash from his eye—
 And a flush o' delight his pale cheek overspread,
 When a passage from Shakspeare or Milton I read.
 For me the best authors he'd kindly select,
 He then to their beauties my eye would direct,
 Or the faults to which sometimes great genius is prone—
 So correct was the taste o' my auld Uncle John.

'Twas said, when a stripling, his feelings had been
 Storm-blighted and rent by a false-hearted quean ;
 But this sour'd not his temper, for maidens would bloom
 More brightly and fresh, when among them he'd come.
 They would cluster around him, like flow'rs round the oak,
 To weep at his love-tale, or laugh at his joke ;
 For his stories were told in a style and a tone
 That aye put them in raptures wi' auld Uncle John.

To all he was pleasing—to auld, and to young—
 To the rich, and the poor, to the weak, and the strong ;
 He laugh'd with the gay—moraliz'd with the grave—
 The wise man he honour'd—the fool he forgave.
 Religion with him was no transient qualm,
 'Twas not hearing a sermon, or singing a psalm,
 Or a holiday-robe for a season put on,
 'Twas the everyday garb o' my auld Uncle John.

His country he lov'd, for her glory he sigh'd,
 Her struggles of yore for her rights were his pride ;
 He lov'd her clear streams, and her green flow'ry fells—
 Her mists and her mountains, her dens and her dells.
 Yes, the land of his fathers—his birth-place he lov'd !
 Her science, her wit, and her worth he approv'd ;
 But men of each kindred, and colour, and zone,
 As brethren were held by my auld Uncle John.

His last sickness I tended ; and when he was dead,
 To the grave, in deep sorrow, I carried his head
 The spot is not mark'd by inscription or bust—
 No child nor lone widow weeps over his dust ;
 But oft when the star of eve brightly doth burn,
 From the bustle and noise of this world I turn ;
 And forget, for a while, both its smile and its frown,
 O'er the green turf which covers my auld Uncle John

Wm. Linsley

THOUGH BACCHUS MAY BOAST.*

THOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
 Such worship, alas! has no charms for the soul
 When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe !

What soul that's possessed of a dream so divine
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's ton !
 The tender excess which enamours the heart,
 To few is imparted—to millions denied ;
 The finer the feelings, the keener the smart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess has through life been my doom,
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life !
 Then come, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions which ravish the soul,
 Awake in my heart the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor soon, jolly god, from thy banquet remove ;
 Each throb of my heart shall accord with the wine
 That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by love !

* This song has been several times in print, but not with Miss Blaire's name appended, nor with the last stanza. We give it from the original MS. in the hands of Mr Maxwell.

And now, my gay comrades, the myrtle and vine
 Shall united their blessings the choicest impart ;
 Let reason, not riot, the garland entwine—
 The result must be pleasure and peace to the heart.

S Blamire

THE WARY CHIEL:

THEY wad gi'e me a wife yestreen,
 Without my will—against my will ;
 They ettled wi' a winsome queen
 To trap a wary chiel like me.
 Had I been a silly fool,
 Fast wad I been on the brier,
 For free and pawky was the lass,
 And witnesses she had to swear.
 Deep and cunning was their plan
 To beguile me—to beguile me ;
 Guid be praised ! a single man
 I am yet, and aye will be.

It's no a joke to marry folk
 Wha want na wives—wha want na wives ;
 There's mair nor me that canna dree
 The saftest tether a' their lives.
 I heard them laugh when I ran aff
 An' left them a'—the bride an' a' :
 But deil may care ; I well can spare
 To gi'e them mair than ae guffaw.

Let them laugh and let them jeer,
 I am easy—I am easy—
 Never shall a woman wear
 Breeks o' mine, for a' their jaw.

I ance was owre the lugs in love,
 When daft and young—when daft and young,
 But how I play'd the turtle-dove
 Shall ne'er be sung—shall ne'er be sung.
 And though I'm safe, and draw my breath
 Wi' freedom now—wi' freedom now,
 I fear I may some luckless day
 Still tine my precious liberty.
 A' yestreen I dreamt some lass,
 Unco bonnie—sinfu' bonnie,
 Stievely held me round the ha'se,
 And roughly kiss'd and towzled me.

GEORGE JAAP.

AULD ELSPA'S SOLILOQUY.

THERE'S twa moons the nicht,
 Quoth the auld wife to hersel',
 As she toddled hame fu' cantie,
 Wi' her stomach like a stell !

There's twa moons the nicht,
 An' watery do they glower,
 As their wicks were burnin' darkly,
 An' the oil was rinnin' ower !

An' they're aye spark, sparkin',
 As my ain auld cruizie did,
 When it blinket by the ingle,
 When the rain drapt on its lid.

O but I'm unco late the nicht,
 An' on the cauld hearthstane
 Puir Tammie will be croonin',
 Wae an' weary a' his lane.

An' the wee bit spunk o' fire I left
 By this time's black and cauld,—
 I'll ne'er stay out sae late again,
 For I'm growing frail an' auld.

I never like to see twa moons,
 They speak o' storm and rain,
 An' aye, as sure's neist morning comes,
 My auld head's rack'd wi' pain !

Andrew Park

MY AULD BREEKS.

AIR—“*The Cornclips.*”

My mither men't my auld breeks,
 An' wow ! but they were duddy,
 And sent me to get Mally shod
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy ;
 The smiddy stands beside the burn
 That wimples through the clachan,
 I never yet gae by the door,
 But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
 An' had ae bonnie dochter,
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
 Tho' mony lads had sought her ;

But what think ye o' my exploit ?
 The time our mare was shoeing,
 I slippit up beside the lass,
 And briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
 The time that we sat crackin',
 Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
 I've new anes for the makin' ;
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
 An' lea' the carle, your father,
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
 Mysel, an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
 I really think I'll tak' it,
 Sae, gang awa', get out the mare.
 We'll baith slip on the back o't ;
 For gin I wait my father's time,
 I'll wait till I be fifty ;
 But na!—I'll marry in my prime,
 An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow ! Robin was an angry man,
 At tyning o' his dochter :
 Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
 An' far an' near he sought her ;
 But when he cam' to our fire-end,
 An' fand us baith thegither,
 Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
 An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
 Guid sooth ! quo' he, you're merry,
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
 An' end this hurry-burry ;

So Robin an' our auld wife
 Agreed to creep thegither ;
 Now, I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
 An' Robin has my mither.

Alex^r Rodger

“ THE DREAM OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.”

ONCE more, Eliza, let me look upon thy smiling face,
 For there I with the “joy of grief” thy mother's features
 trace ;

Her sparkling eye, her winning smile, and sweet bewitch-
 ing air—

Her raven locks which clust'ring hung upon her bosom fair.

It is the same enchanting smile, and eye of joyous mirth,
 Which beamed so bright with life and light in her who
 gave thee birth ;

And strongly do they bring to mind life's gladsome happy
 day,

When first I felt within my heart love's pulse begin to play.

My years were few—my heart was pure ; for vice and folly
 wore

A hideous and disgusting front, in those green days of yore
 Destructive dissipation then, with her deceitful train,
 Had not, with their attractive glare, confus'd and turn'd my
 brain.

Ah ! well can I recal to mind how quick my heart would
 beat,

To see her in the house of prayer, so meekly take her seat ;

And when our voices mingled sweet in music's solemn strains,
 My youthful blood tumultuously rush'd tingling through my veins.
 It must have been of happiness a more than mortal dream,
 It must have been of heavenly light a bright unbroken beam;
 A draught of pure unmingl'd bliss; for to my wither'd heart
 It doth, e'en now, a thrilling glow of ecstasy impart.
 She now hath gone where sorrow's gloom the brow doth never shade—
 Where on the cheek the rosy bloom of youth doth never fade;
 And I've been left to struggle here, till now my locks are grey,
 Yet still I love to think upon this "dream of life's young day."

Wm. Forsyth

"O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING."*

(A NEW VERSION.)

*O Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling;
 O Charlie is my darling,
 The young Chevalier.*

WHEN first his standard caught the eye,
 His pibroch met the ear,
 Our hearts were light, our hopes were high,
 For the young Chevalier.

* This, and the songs that precede, are from a volume entitled "Lays and Lyrics," lately issued at Edinburgh, by Capt. Charles Gray, R.M.

Then plaided chiefs cam' frae afar,
 Wi' hearts without a fear ;
 They nobly drew the sword for war,
 An' the young Chevalier.

But they wha trust to fortune's smile,
 Hae meikle cause to fear ;
 She blinket blythe but to beguile
 The young Chevalier.

O dark Culloden—fatal field
 Fell source o' mony a tear ;
 There Albyn tint her sword and shield,
 And the young Chevalier.

Now Scotland's "flowers are wede away,"
 Her forest trees are sere ;
 Her royal oak is gane for aye,
 The young Chevalier !

Charles Lyman

THE GOSSIPS.

AIR—*Laird o' Cockpen.*

Loon ! sit down, Mrs. Clavers, and bide ye a wee,
 I'll put on the kettle and mask a drap tea ;
 The gudeman's at the fair, 'twill be nicht or he's back,
 Sae just sit ye down noo, and gi'es a' your crack,
 Ah ! woman, I'll tell ye what I heard yestreen,
 Somebody was some way they shouldna hae been ;
 It's no that I'm jalousin' ocht that is ill,
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still.

'Twas just i' the gloamin' as our kimmer Nell,
 Wi' her stoups and her girr, was gaun down to the well;
 She heard sic a rustle the bushes amang,
 And syne sic a whistle sae clear, laigh, and lang;
 She thocht 'twas the kelpie come up frae the loch,
 But she fand her mistak', and was thankfu' enouch;
 It's no that I'm jalousin' ocht that is ill,
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still.

A shepherd-like chiel junket round by the dyke,
 She kend wha it was by the yamph o' his tyke;
 Syne through the laird's winnock he just gied a keek,
 And the door gied a jee, syne did cannily steek:
 There she saw some ane, dress'd in a braw satin gown,
 Gang oexterin' awa' wi' her faither's herd loou;
 It's no that I'm jalousin' ocht that is ill,
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still,

His lang-nebbit words and his wonderfu' lare
 Gar'd his honour the laird and the dominie stare;
 But, losh! how they'll glow'r at the wisdom o' Jock,
 When somebody lets the cat out o' the pock;
 My certes! the leddy has surely gane gyte,
 But if onything happens we'll ken wha to wyte;
 It's no that we're jalousin' ocht that is ill,
 But we aye ken our ain ken, and sae we'll ken still.

Alex. A. Ritchie

THE ADMONITION

Oh! that fouk wad weel consider,
 What it is to tyne a name.—MACNIELL.

“HECH! lasses, ye're lichtsome—it's braw to be young.”
 Quo' the eldren gudewife, wi' her ailments sair dung;

“ Ye’re thrang at your crack about maybees an’ men—
 Ye’re thinkin’, nae doubt, about hames o’ your ain ;
 An’ why should ye no—I was ance young mysel’,
 An’ sae weel’s I’ve been married my neighbours can tell !

“ In jokin’ an’ jamphin’ there’s nae ony crime,
 Yet youth is a trying, a dangerous time ;
 Tho’ now ye’re as happy as happy can be,
 Yet trouble may come i’ the glint of an e’e.
 When roses wad seem to be spread i’ your path,
 Ye may look for the briers to be lurking aneath ;
 But do weel and dree weel, there’s nae meikle fear,
 The lot’s unco hard the leal heart canna bear.

“ I’ve liv’d i’ the warld baith maiden an’ wife,
 An’ mony’s the change I ha’e seen i’ my life—
 Tho’ some may na think it, it maks na to me,
 There’s few for the better or likely to be.
 When I was as young as the youngest o’ you,
 The men ware mair faithfu’, the women mair true ;
 There was na the folly an’ ill-fashion’d ways,
 Amang the young fouk that we see now-a-days.

“ Yet, lasses, believe me, I’m happy wi’ you,
 Ye’re thochtfu’ an’ prudent as mony, I trow ;
 Though like’s an ill mark, it’s a pleasure to me,
 When I look to ithers, your conduct to see ;
 I canna say flichter’d an’ foolish ye’ve been—
 I canna say failings an’ fau’ts ye hae nane—
 The best has them baith, as ye’ve aften heard tell,
 They rade unco sicker that never ance fell.
 Sae mind your ain weakness, be wary an’ wise ;
 Let age an’ experiènce your conduct advise ;
 And tho’ it is said, youth an’ eild never ’gree,
 There’s-nae fear o’ flytin’ atween you an’ me.

" It may be there's some, tho', I'm sure, name o' you,
 Wad think wi' sic things I ha'e little to do—
 Wad think that behaviour was naething to me,
 Gin servants ware tentie—were worth meat an' fee.
 Wae's me! is there ony to think sae inclin'd,
 They ken na the duties I've daily to mind;
 While I ha'e the fremmit my hallan within—
 My bannock to brack, an' my errand to rin;
 The present, the future, their gude an' their gain.
 I'm bound to look owre as gin they ware my ain;
 To see to their conduct a-field an' at hame,
 To be, as it were, like a mither to them!

" Ye mind the auld proverb, auld fouk were na blate—
 ' Misfortune's mair owing to folly than fate'—
 Sae, lasses, for ance, ye maun lend me your ear,
 Frae me an' my counsel ye've naething to fear.
 Look weel to the ford ere ye try to wade thro',
 It's just atween tyning an' winning wi' you;
 Ye've woers about ye as mony's ye may—
 Ye've hopes an' ye've wishes as a' women ha'e;
 Ye're young, and the lads, it wad seem, think ye fair;
 But sma's your experience, I rede ye—BEWARE.
 A woman's gude name is a treasure—a mine,
 But ance be imprudent, an' ance let it tync,
 Her lost reputation she canna regain—
Tak care o' yoursel's, an' beware o' the men!"

Alexander

MY AULD LUCKY DAD.

My auld lucky dad was a queer couthie earl,
 He lo'ed a droll story, and cog o' guid yill;
 O' siller he gather'd a won'erfu' harl,
 By the brisk eydent clack o' his merry-gaun mill.

He wasna a chicken, tho' blythsome and vaunty,
 For thrice thretty winters had whiten'd his pow;
 But the body was aye unco cheery and canty,
 And his big moggin knot set my heart in a low.

At the close o' the day, when his labour was ended,
 He dandled me kindly fou aft on his knee;
 Thro' childhood and danger me fed and defended,
 And lang was a gude lucky daddy to me.

But death cam athort him, and sairly forfoughten,
 He hurkl'd down quietly—prepared for to dee;
 And left a' the bawbees, he aye had a thocht on,
 The mill, and his lang neckit moggin to me.

A cottar hard by had a bonnie young dochter,
 Sae winsome, and winning, she made my heart fain;
 Her heart and her hand she gae when I socht her,
 Syne blushing, consented—she soon was my ain.

Noo, Maggy and I are baith cozy and happy,
 Wi' bairnies around us, in innocent glee;
 Sae I'll aye be joyfu', and tak' out my drappy,
 That I too an auld lucky daddy may die.

My neighbours they ca' me the little cot lairdie:
 Bless'd peace and contentment aye dwallround our hearth,
 And a clear siller burn wimpling thro' our bit yairdie,
 A lang wi' the flowers, mak' a heaven upon earth.

While the loud roaring winds thud against our het hallan,
 My wifie sits spinning, and liltis a bit sang;
 Nae trouble nor sorrow is kent in the dwallin'—
 Nae nicht in December to us seems ower lang.

And when hoary age crowns my pow, still contented,
 I'll lead the same life that my forbear had led,
 That, when laid in the yird, I may lang be lamented
 By kind-hearted oys, as a gude lucky dad.

D. S. Buchanan

MY AIN JESSIE.

THE primrose loves the sunny brae,
 To meet the kiss o' wanton May ;
 The mavis loves green leafy tree,
 And there makes sweetest melodie ;
 The lammie loves its mither's teats,
 An' joyfu' by her side it bleats ;
 For heather-bells the wild bee roves--
 A' Nature's creatures hae their loves,
 An' surely I hae mine, Jessie.

Thou little kens, my bonnie lass !
 Thou hast me brought to sic a pass ;
 Thy e'e sae saftly dark an' bright,
 Like early simmer's day an' night ;
 It's mildness and its sunny blink
 Hae charm'd me sae, I canna think
 O' aught in earth, or sky, but thee,
 An' life has but ae joy to me--
 That is in lovin' thee, Jessie.

Last Sunday, in your faither's *dais*,
 I saw thy bloomin' May-morn face ;
 An' as I aften staw a look,
 I maist forgot the holy book ;

Nor reekt I what the preacher preach'd,
 My thoughts, the while, were sae bewitch'd!
 An' aye I thought when thy bright e'e
 Wad turn wi' lovin' look to me,

For a' my worship's there, Jessie.

But short time syne I held in scorn,
 An' laugh'd at chiels whom love did burn;
 I said it is a silly thought
 That on a bonnie face could doat!
 But now the laugh is turn'd on me—
 The truth o' love is in thine e'e;
 An' gin it's light to me wad kythe,
 I something mair wad be than blythe,—

For in its smile is heaven, Jessie.

John Murray

THE PANG O' LOVE.

Set to Music by Mr. M'Leod.

THE pang o' LOVE is ill to dree—
 Hech whow! the biding o't—
 'Twas like to prove the death o' me,
 I strove sae lang at hiding o't.

When first I saw the wicked thing,
 I wistna it meant ill to me:
 I straik'd its bonny head and wing,
 And took the bratchet on my knee;
 I kiss'd it ance, I kiss'd it twice,
 Sae kind was I in guiding o't,
 When, whisk!—it shot me in a trice,
 And left me to the biding o't.

An' hey me ! how me !
 Hech whow ! the biding o't !
 For ony ill I've had to dree
 Was naething to the biding o't.

The doctors pondered lang and sair,
 To rid me o' the stanging o't;
 And skeely wives a year and mair,
 They warstled hard at banging o't.
 But doctor's drugs did fient a haet—
 Ilk wifie quat the guiding o't—
 They turned, and left me to my fate,
 Wi' naething for't but biding o't.

An' hey me ! how me !
 Hech whow ! the biding o't !
 For ony ill I've had to dree
 Was naething to the biding o't.

When freends had a' done what they dought,
 Right sair bumbazed my state to see,
 A bonny lass some comfort brought—
 Ill mind her till the day I dee ;
 I tauld her a' my waefu' case,
 And how I'd stri'en at hiding o't,
 And, blessings on her bonny face !
 She saved me frae the biding o't

An' hey me ! how me !
 Hech whow ! the biding o't !
 For a' the ills I've had to dree
 Were trifles to the biding o'.

James Murray

THE LAST LAIRD O' THE AULD MINT.*

Auld Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint,
 Had an auld farrant pow, an' auld farrant thoughts in't ;
 There ne'er was before sic a bodie in print,
 As auld Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint :
 So list and ye'll find ye hae muckle to learn,
 An' ye'll still be but childer to auld Willie Nairn.

Auld Nanse, an auld maid, kept his house clean an' happy.
 For the bodie was tidy, though fond o' a drappy ;
 An' aye when the Laird charged the siller-taed cappy,
 That on great occasions made caasers aye nappy.
 While the bicker gaed round, Nanny aye got a sharin'—
 There are few sic-like masters as auld Willie Nairn.

He'd twa muckle tabbies, ane black and ane white,
 That purred by his side, at the fire, ilka night,
 And gazed in the embers wi' sage-like delight,
 While he ne'er took a meal, but they baith gat a bite :
 For baith beast an' bodie aye gat their full sairin—
 He could ne'er feed alane, couthy auld Willie Nairn.

He had mony auld queer things, frae queer places brought—
 He had rusty auld swords, whilk Ferrara had wrought—
 He had axes, wi' whilk Bruce an' Wallace had fought—
 An' auld Roman bauehles, wi' auld baubees bought ;
 For aye in the Cowgate, for auld nick-nacks stairin',
 Day after day, daundered auld, sage Willie Nairn.

* The Old Mint of Scotland, in which this eccentric philanthropist and antiquarian resided, is situated in South Gray's Close, and forms one of the most remarkable curiosities to the visitor of the Scottish metropolis.

There are gross gadding gluttons, and pimping wine-bibbers,
 That are fed for their scandal, and called pleasant fibbers ;
 But the only thanks Willie gae them for their labours,
 Were, " We cam nae here to speak ill o' our neighbours."

O ! truth wad be bolder, an' falsehood less darin',
 Gin ilk ane wad treat them like auld Willie Nairn.

His snaw-flaiket locks, an' his lang pouthered que,
 Commanded assent to ilk word frae his mou' ;
 Though a leer in his e'e, an' a lurk in his brow,
 Made ye ferlie, gin he thought his ain stories true ;
 But he minded o' Charlie when he'd been a bairn,
 An' wha, but Bob Chambers, could thraw Willie Nairn.

Gin ye speered him anent ony auld hoary house,
 He cocked his head heigh, an' he set his staff crouse,
 Syne gazed through his specks, till his heart-springs brak'
 loose,

Then 'mid tears in saft whispers, wad scarce wauk a mouse ;
 He told ye some tale o't, wad mak your heart yearn,
 To hear mair auld stories frae auld Willie Nairn.

E'en wee snarling dogs gae a kind yowffin bark,
 As he daundered down closes, baith ourie and dark ;
 For he kend ilka door stane and auld warld mark,
 An' even amid darkness his love lit a spark :
 For mony sad scene that wad melted cauld airn,
 Was relieved by the kind heart o' auld Willie Nairn.

The laddies ran to him to redd ilka quarrel,
 An' he southered a' up wi' a snap or a farl ;
 While vice that had daured to stain virtue's pure laurel,
 Shrunk cowed, frae the glance o' the stalwart auld carl :
 Wi' the weak he was wae, wi' the strong he was stern—
 For dear, dear was virtue to auld Willie Nairn.

To spend his last shilling auld Willie had vowed ;—
 But ae stormy night, in a course rauchan rowed,
 At his door a wee wean skirled lusty an' loud,
 An' the Laird left him heir to his lands an' his gowd !

Some are fond o' a name, some are fond o' a cairn,
 But auld Will was fonder o' young Willie Nairn.

O ! we'll ne'er see his like again, now he's awa !

There are hunders mair rich, there are thousands mair
 braw,

But he gae a' his gifts, an' they whiles werena sma',

Wi' a grace made them lightly on puir shouthers fa' :

An' he gae in the dark, when nae rude e'e was glarin'—

There was deep hidden pathos in auld Willie Nairn.

James Ballantyne

I WILL THINK OF THEE, MY LOVE.

I WILL think of thee, my love,

When, on dewy pinions borne,

The lark is singing far above,

Near the eyelids of the morn.

When the wild flowers, gemm'd with dew,

Breathe their fragrance on the air,

And, again, in light renew

Their forms, like thee, so fair.

I will think of thee, my love,

At noon when all is still,

Save the warblers of the grove,

Or the tinkling of the rill.

When the Zephyr's balmy breeze

Sighs a pleasing melody ;

Then, beneath the spreading trees,

All my thoughts shall be of thee.

I will think of thee, my love,
 At evening's closing hour,
 When my willing footsteps rove
 Around yon ruin'd tower.
 When the moonbeam, streaming bright,
 Silvers meadow-land and tree,
 And the stars have paled their light—
 Then, my love, I'll think of thee.
 I will think of thee, my love,
 At morning, noon, and night,
 And every thing I see, my love,
 My fancy shall delight.
 In flowers I'll view thy lovely face ;
 Thy voice—the lark's sweet song
 Shall whisper love ; and thus I'll trace
 Thine image all day long.

Thomas Gray

O, MARY, WHEN YOU THINK OF ME

O, MARY, when you think of me,
 Let pity hae its share, love ;
 Tho' others mock my misery,
 Do you in merey spare, love.

This touching piece is from the pen of a hand-loom weaver at In-
 werry, an occupation any thing but favourable to the cultivation,
 even the very existence of poetic feeling. Mr. Thom will, we trust,
 ere long give to the world more substantial evidence of his talents,
 and which we have heard is in contemplation.—Ed.

My heart, O Mary, own'd but thee,
 And sought for thine so fervently !
 The saddest tear e'er wet my e'e,
 Ye ken *wha* brocht it there, love.

O, lookna wi' that witching look,
 That wiled my peace awa, love !
 An' dinna let me hear you sigh,
 It tears my heart in twa, love !
 Resume the frown ye wont to wear !
 Nor shed the unavailing tear !
 The hour of doom is drawing near,
 An' welcome be its ca', love !

How could ye hide a thought sae kind,
 Beneath sae cauld a brow, love ?
 The broken heart it winna bind
 Wi' gowden bandage, now, love.
 No, Mary ! Mark yon reckless shower !
 It hung aloof in scorching hour,
 An' helps na now the feckless flower
 That sinks beneath its flow, love.

J. M. Macnamara —

A HIGHLAND GARLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.

(*A biographical sketch of Duncan M' Rory.*)

PART FIRST.

His honour the laird, in pursuit of an heiress,
 Has squander'd his money in London an' Paris,
 His creditors gloom, while the black-legs are laughin':
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

Our worthy incumbent is wrinkled an' auld,
 An' whiles tak's a drappie to haud out the cauld ;
 Syne wraps himself round in his auld tartan rachan :
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

The dominic toils like a slave a' the week,
 An', although he's a dungeon o' Latin and Greek,
 He hasna three stivers to clink in his spleuchan :
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

The doctor's a gentleman learned and braw,
 But his outlay is great, an' his income is sma' ;
 Disease is un kent i' the parish o' Strachan :
 The gauger's the mightiest man i' the clachan !

Auld Johnnie M'Nab was a bien bonnet-laird,
 Sax acres he had, wi' a house an' a yard ;
 But now he's a dyvor, wi' birlin' an' wauchin' :
 The gauger's the wealthiest man i' the clachan !

The weel-scented barber, wha mell'd wi' the gentry,
 The walking gazette for the half o' the kintra—
 His jokes hae grown stale, for they ne'er excite laughin' :
 The gauger's the wittiest man i' the clachan !

The drouthy auld smith, wi' his jest an' his jeer,
 Has shrunk into nought since the gauger cam' here ;
 The lang-gabbit tailor's as mute as a maukin :
 The gauger's the stang o' the trump i' the clachan !

On Sunday the gauger's sae trig an' sae dashin',
 The model, the pink, an' the mirror o' fashion ;
 He cleeks wi' the minister's daughter, I trow,
 An' they smirk i' the laft in a green-cushion'd pew'
 At meetings, whenever the Bailie is preses,
 He tak's his opinion in difficult cases ;
 The grey-headed elders invariably greet him ;
 An' brewster-wives curtsy whenever they meet him !

The bedral, wha howffs up the best in the land,
 Aye cracks to the gauger wi' bonnet in hand;
 Tho' cold, wi' his asthma, is sair to be dreaded,
 He *will*, in his presence, continue bare-headed.

At dredgies an' weddings he's sure to be there,
 An' either is *in*, or sits *next* to the chair;
 At roups an' househeatin's, presides at the toddy,
 An' drives hame at night i' the factor's auld noddie.

At Yule, when the daft-days are fairly set in,
 A ploy without him wadna be worth a pin;
 He opens ilk ball wi' the toast o' the parish,
 An' trips like Narcissus, sae gaudy and garish.

An' when he's defunct, and is laid in the yerd,
 His banes maunna mix wi' the mere vulgar herd
 In the common kirkyard, but be carried in style,
 An' buried deep, deep, in the choir, or the aisle.

PART SECOND.

BEING, WHA WAS HE THINK YOU ?

CRITIC—"Pray, who is this rare one? The author's to
 blame—

Not to tell us long since of his lineage and name."

AUTHOR—"A truce with your strictures—don't ravel my
 story;

If I *must* tell his name, it is Duncan M'Rory.

"An' as for his ancestors—Sir, by your leave,
 There were GRANTS in the garden with Adam and Eve;
 Now, Duncan held this an apocryphal bore,
 But he traced up his fathers to Malcolm Canmore!

"An' they had been warriors, an' chieftains, an' lairds,
 An' they had been reivers, an' robbers, an' cairds;
 They had filled every grade from a chief to a vassal;
 But Mac had been Borrisdale's *ain* dunniwassel.

“ The chief an’ M’Rory had hunted together,
They had dined i’ the Ha’ house, an’ lunched on the
heather ;

M’Rory had shaved him an’ pouthered his wig—
My certie! nae wonder M’Rory was big !

“ When Borrisdale sported his jests after dinner,
M’Rory guffaw’d like a laughing ‘ hyenar ’,
An’ thunder’d applause, and was ready to ‘ swear
‘ Such peautiful shestin’ she neffer tit hear.’

“ When Borrisdale raised a young regiment called ‘ lecal,’
An’ pibrochs an’ fifes made the mountains seem vocal,
M’Rory was aye at his post i’ the raw,
An’ was captain, an’ sergeant, an’ corplar, an’ a’.

“ An’ he drill’d the recruits wi’ his braw yellow stick,
Wi’ the flat o’ his soord he ga’e mony a lick :
An’ in dressin’ the rauks he had never been chidden ;
An’ he dined wi’ the cornal whene’er he was bidden.

“ On his patron’s estate he was principal actor,
Gamekeeper an’ forester, bailie an’ factor ;
An’ mony a poacher he pu’d by the lugs,
An’ mony a hempie he set i’ the jous !

“ But Borrisdale gaed to the land o’ the lecal,
An’ his *country* was bought by a nabob frac Keel ;
So M’Rory’s a gauger sae trig an’ sae garish,
The mightiest man i’ the clachan or parish !”

David Necker.

A BAILIE'S MORNING ADVENTURE.

THE sun clam up outowre the Neilston braes,*

And frae his e'ebrows scuff'd the mornin' dew ;
And warnin' dargsmen to put on their claes,
Began to speil along the lift sae blue.

He sheuk his sides, and sent a feckfu' yeild,

And rais'd the simmer-lunts† frae loch and linn ;
The wunnocks skinkl't in the heartsome beild,
And ilka dew-drap shone a little sin.

The funneit tod cam forth to beik himsel' ;

The birds melodious chirpit in the shaw ;
Sae braw a mornin' gae a bodeword fell,
That some wanchance was no that far awa.

For deils and warlocks earthly things foreken,

And wyse their fause end by a pauky quirk—
Sae aft they harbinger the weird o' men,
An' wind a bricht pirn for a cast richt mirk.

As rose the sun afore the sax-hour bell,

Sae rose the Bailie, and stravaigit out ;
Guess ye the Bailie, whose explôit I tell,
In five feet verses jinglin' time about.

Nae feck o' care was in the Bailie's head ;

He thocht nae mair nor common bodies think ;
Sae witches draw us stownlins to our deid,
And wyse us smilin' to the very brink.

He daunert on, ne'er thinkin' whar-awa ;

He walkit stately—bailies douna rin ;—
Till, wi' a start he thocht he halfins saw
Some fearsome bogle wavelin' in the sin.

* Neilston Braes—Rising ground in the parish of that name, to the south of Paisley and Glasgow.

† Simmer-lunte—Exhalations rising from the ground in warm weather.

He cried, but naething answered to his ca';
 His steps he airtit to the bogle's stance ;
 But aye the bogle lap a bit awa ;
 He only wan whar it had kyth'd to dance.
 Awhile he glowr'd ; hech, what an eerie sicht !
 A bushy shaw grew thick wi' dulesome yew ;
 Sure sic a spat was made to scaur the licht,
 And hide unearthly deeds frae mortal view.
 How lang he stood, dementit, glowrin' there ;
 Whether he saw a wraith, or gruesome cow ;
 How near he swarf'd, how started up his hair,
 Are secrets still deep buried in his pow.
 What words he spak, we'll aiblins ne'er find out ;
 But some fell charm he surely mann'd to mutter ;—
 For at the very bit he turn'd about,
 And doddit hame to eat his rows and butter.

And. Crawford

I'LL LIVE A SINGLE LIFE.
 SOME foolish ladies will have men,
 Whatever these should be,
 And fancy they are getting old,
 When scarcely twenty-three :
 They never once reflect upon
 The trials of a wife ;
 For me, I'll pay my lovers off,
 And live a single life !
 I cannot think of Mr. Figg ;—
 I do not like the name ;
 And as for Mr. Tikeler,
 Why that is much the same !

And Mr. *Goold* has grown so *poor*,
 He could not keep a wife,
 And Mr. *Honey* looks so *sour*—
 I'll live a single life !

I see some ladies who were once
 The gay belles of the town,
 Though but a short year married,
 All changed in face and gown.
 And Mr. *Gentle* rudely *scolds*
 His little loving wife;
 And Mr. *Lowe* has grown so *cold*—
 I'll live a single life !

There's Mr. *Home* is always *out*
 Till twelve o'clock at night ;
 And Mr. *Smart* is *dull* and *black*,
 Since married to Miss *White*.
 And Mr. *Wright* has all gone *wrong*,
 And beats his loving wife;—
 I would not have such men, I trow—
 I'll live a single life !

Miss *Evans* looks so very *odd*,
 Since wed to Mr *Strang* ;
 Miss *Little* looks so very *broad*
 Beside her Mr. *Lang*.
 Miss *Hartley* looks so *heartless* now,
 Since Mr. *Wishart's* wife ;
 Miss *Rose* has turn'd so *lily-pale*—
 I'll live a single life !

There's Mr. *Foot* has begg'd me oft
 To give him my fair *hand*;
 And Mr. *Crabbe* has sought me too,
 And so has Mr. *Bland*;

And Mr. Young and Mr. Auld
 Have asked me for their wife ;
 But I've denied them every one—
 I'll live a single life !

So, ladies who are single yet
 Take heed to what I say ;
 Nor cast your caps, and take the pet,
 As thoughtless maidens may :
 Remember 'tis no common task
 To prove a prudent wife ;
 For me, no one my hand need ask—
 I'll live a single life !

Andrew Park

MARY DRAPER.*

AIR—"Nancy Dawson."

Don't talk to me of London dames,
 Nor rave about your foreign flames,
 That never lived,—except in drome=,
 Nor shone, except on paper ;
 I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
 Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew,
 And, let me tell you, mighty few
 Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
 Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,
 Her foot was small, and neat to view,
 Her waist was slight and taper ;

* Taken, with permission, from Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.

Her voice was music to your ear,
 A lovely brogue, so rich and clear ;
 Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
 As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
 Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
 Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"

For nothing could escape her :
 I've seen her too—upon my word—
 At sixty yards bring down her bird ;
 Oh ! she charmed all the Forty-third !
 Did lovely Mary Draper.

And at the spring assizes ball,
 The junior bar would, one and all,
 For all her fav'rite dances call,

And Harry Deane would caper ;
 Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
 King's Counsel, voting law a bore,
 Were proud to figure on the floor,
 For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
 Were all her slaves, and so would you,
 If you had only but one view

Of such a face and shape, or
 Her pretty ancles—but, ohone !
 It's only west of old Athlone
 Such girls are found—and now they're gone—
 So here's to Mary Draper.

I'VE AYE BEEN FOU SIN' THE YEAR CAM' IN.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in,
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in ;
It's what wi' the brandy, an' what wi' the gin,
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Our Yule friends they met, and a gay stoup we drank,
The bicker gaed round, an' the pint-stoup did clank :
But that was a naething, as shortly ye'll fin'—
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Our auld timmer clock, wi' thori an' string,
Had scarce shawn the hour whilk the new year did bring,
When friends and acquaintance cam' tirl at the pin—
An' I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

My auld auntie Tibbie cam ben for her cap,
Wi' scone in her hand, and cheese in her lap,
An' drank a gude New Year to kith an' to kin:—
Sae I've aye been fou' sin the year cam' in !

My strong brither Sandy cam' in frae the south—
There's some ken his mettle, but nane ken his drouth ;
I brought out the bottle, losh ! how he did grin !
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Wi' feasting at night, an' wi' drinking at morn,
Wi' here tak' a caulker, and there tak' a horn,
I've gatten baith doited, and donner't, and blin'—
For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

I sent for the doctor, an' bade him sit down,
He felt at my hand, an' he straiket my crown ;
He order'd a bottle—but it turned out gin ;
Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

The Sunday bell rang, an' I thought it as weel
 To slip into the kirk, to steer clear o' the De'il ;
 But the chiel at the plate fand a groat left behin'—
 Sae I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

'Tis Candlemas time, an' the wee birds o' spring
 Are chirming an' chirping as if they wad sing ;
 While here I sit bousing—'tis really a sin !—
 I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

The last breath o' winter is souging awa',
 An' sune down the valley the primrose will blaw ;
 A douce sober life I maun really begin,
 For I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in !

Robt Gifford

THE VOICE OF MERRIMENT.*

I HEARD the voice of merriment—
 Of man in his glad hour,—
 And there the joyous bumper lent
 To mirth its maddening power :
 And when I asked the reason why,
 They told me that the year
 Was aged, and about to die—
 Its end was drawing near.—

* The amiable and accomplished author of these lines, and "The Sailor's Rest," inserted in the last published series of this work, died of aneurism of the heart, in July, 1839. Whilst he was seated with Mrs. Buchanan, witnessing the gambols of their children, death suddenly en-

How strange a thing ! the human heart,
 To laugh at time's decay,
 When every hour we see depart
 Is hurrying us away !
 Away—from all the scenes that we
 Have loved so much, so well ;
 To where ? ah ! whither do we flee—
 Whose is the tongue to tell ?

John Galt, John Galt

MY BEAUTIFUL SHIP.

My beautiful ship ! I love thee,
 As if thou wert living thing ;
 Not the ocean bird above thee,
 That speeds on its snow-white wing,
 To its hungry brood at even,
 Hath a fonder, gladder breast,
 Than mine, when I see thee driven
 By the wind that knoweth no rest !

tered the joyous circle, and bereft his family and the world of an ornament of literature, and an accomplished gentleman ; a premature grave closing over him at the age of thirty-six.

In 1833, a volume of poetry, entitled "Edith," was issued anonymously from the Glasgow press, and although the author chose to conceal his name, the reading portion of the world was not long in tracing the authorship to the sequestered shades of Auchintosban, in Dumbartonshire, Mr. Buchanan's family seat, where he had so successfully courted the tuneful Nine.

When the silvery spray flies o'er thee,
 Like a shower of crystal gems,
 And the wave divides before thee
 Wherever thy bold bow stems—
 Oh! my heart reboundeth then,
 With a beat, which hath been rare,
 Since the gay glad moments—when
 The blood of my youth gushed there.

These are joys the Landsman's soul
 Can never wot of, I ween,
 No more than the buried mole
 Can tell of the earth that's green.
 Oh! bear me, my ship, away,
 Away on the joyous wave!
 I cannot abide earth's clay—
 For it minds me of the grave.

Thou art to mine eyes the fairest
 Of all the fair things that be;
 Every joy of my life thou sharest,
 That bringest new life to me.
 Shall my soul then cease to love thee,
 My beautiful sea-home? Never!
 As long as the sky's above me,
 Thou shalt be my Idol ever.

John West John Lamar

I'M LIVING YET.

THIS flesh has been wasted, this spirit been vexed,
 Till I've wish'd that my deeing day were the next;
 But trouble will flee, an' sorrow will flit,
 Sac tent me, my lads—I'm living yet!

Ay, when days were dark, and the nights as grim,
 When the heart was dowff, an' the e'e was dim,
 At the tail o' the purse, at the end o' my wit,
 It was time to quit—but I'm living yet !

Our pleasures are constantly gi'en to disease,
 An' Hope, poor thing, aft gets dowie, and dies ;
 While dyester Care, wi' his darkest litt,
 Keeps dipping awa'—but I'm living yet !

A wee drap drink, an' a canty chiel,
 Can laugh at the warl', an' defy the deil ;
 Wi' a blink o' sense, an' a flaught o' wit,
 O ! that's the gear keeps me living yet !

*Hew Ainslie**

MY LAST SANG TO KATE REID.

I'LL sing a sang to thee, Kate Reid,
 It may touch a lonesome string ;
 I'll sing a sang to thee, Kate Reid,
 Be't the last that e'er I sing, Kate Reid,
 Be't the last that e'er I sing.

* Hew Ainslie, who still, we believe, survives beyond the western wave, in Louisville, United States of America, was born in the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire, in 1792. His father removed to Edinburgh in 1809, and his son, the subject of this note, was employed as a copying clerk in the Register Office for some time. He occasionally acted as amanuensis to the late Dugald Stewart, after that celebrated metaphysician and elegant writer had resigned the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University. Ainslie wrote with great rapidity

For I hae sung to thee, fair Kate,
 When the young spring, like thysel',
 Kythed bonnilie on Roslin lea,
 In Gourton's flowery dell, Kate Reid, &c.

And simmer eves hae seen us, Kate,
 Thy genty hand in mine,
 As, by our pleasant waterside,
 I mix'd my heart wi' thine, Kate Reid, &c.

And harvest moons hae lighted us,
 When in yon silent glen
 Ye sat, my living idol, Kate—
 Did I not worship then, Kate Reid? &c.

and elegance, but the fastidious taste of the critic frequently marred by nice corrections the flowing caligraphy of his recorder. Mr. Ainslie again returned to the Register Office, and soon after married his cousin, Janet Ainslie. The mechanical drudgery of copying legal records sickened the poet, and he resolved on emigrating to America. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to establish a business, he at last so far succeeded, and we hope will realize for himself and his large family, if not wealth, a sufficient competency. Mr. Ainslie is the author of several published pieces of great merit, a list of which may be seen in a publication lately issued in Edinburgh, entitled "The Contemporaries of Burns," a work wherein much local talent, hitherto unknown, has been brought to light. He was also the author of a series of papers contributed to the Newcastle Magazine, which were considered worthy of being republished in a volume, and entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," a name now used to designate the locality of Burns's nativity. Mr. Ainslie went out alone to America, to find a resting-place for his family ere he should remove them from Scotland, and it was during this period of separation from all that was dear to him, and under a fit of sickness, that the labouring and scathed heart sought relief in the gush of affection, entitled "The Absent Father."

Hymns frae my heart hae sung o' thee ;
 And trees by my auld hame,
 That echoed to thy praises aft,
 Stand graven wi' thy name, Kate Reid, &c.

Thrice seven lang years hae past us, Kate,
 Since thae braw days gaed by ;
 Anither land's around me, Kate,
 I see anither sky, Kate Reid, &c.

My simmer hour is gane, Kate Reid,
 The day begins to dow ;
 The spark hath left this e'e, Kate Reid,
 The gloss hath left this brow, Kate Reid, &c

Yet fresh as when I kiss'd thee last,
 Still unto me ye seem ;
 Bright'ner o' mony a dreary day,
 Ye've sweeten'd mony a dream, Kate Reid, &c.

Heu Anshie

THE ABSENT FATHER.

THE friendly greeting of our kind,
 Or gentler woman's smiling,
 May sooth a weary wand'rer's mind,
 Some lonely hours beguiling ;—

May charm the restless spirit still,
 The pang of grief allaying ;—
 But, ah ! the soul it cannot fill,
 Or keep the heart from straying.

O! how the fancy, when unbound,
 On wings of rapture swelling,
 Will hurry to the holy ground
 Where loves and friends are dwelling.

My lonely and my widow'd wife,
 How oft to thee I wander!
 And live again those hours of life,
 When mutual love was tender.

And now with sickness lowly laid,
 All scenes to sadness turning,
 Where will I find a breast like thine,
 To lay the brow that's burning?

And how'st with you my little ones?
 How have those cherubs thriven,
 That made my hours of leisure light,
 That made my home like heaven?

Does yet the rose array your cheeks,
 As when in grief I bless'd you?
 Or are your cherry lips as sweet,
 As when with tears I kiss'd you?

Does yet your broken prattle tell—
 Can your young memories gather
 A thought of him who loves you well—
 Your weary, wand'ring father.

O! I've had wants and wishes too,
 This world has choked and chill'd;
 Yet bless me but again with you,
 And half my prayer's fulfill'd.

How Anshie

WHY DO I SEEK THE GLOAMING HOUR?

Why do I seek the gloaming hour,
 When others seek the day?
 Why wander 'neath the moon's pale light,
 And not the sun's bright ray?
 Why beats my heart as every blast
 Gaes whistling through the trees?
 Be still in pity, gentle wind,
 My Willie's on the seas.

And should an angry mood come o'er
 Thy balmy summer breath,
 Remember her who courts thy smiles,
 Nor seek my sailor's death:
 Think on a mother's burning tears,
 The wee things on her knee;
 Be still in pity, gentle wind,
 My Willie's on the sea.

For oh, I fear the azure caves,
 Thine angry mood explores;
 And sorely dread the hidden rocks,
 And shelving iron shores.
 Bespeak the love-sick moon's control,
 And bless with fav'ring breeze—
 Blow soft and steady, gentle wind,
 My Willie's on the seas.

J. S.

 THE INDIAN COTTAGER'S SONG.

Founded upon St. Pierre's tale of the Indian Cottage, and adapted
 to an Hindostan air. Arranged and harmonised by R. A. Smith.

Tho' exiled afar from the gay scenes of Delhi,
 Although my proud kindred no more shall I see,
 I've found a sweet home in this thick-wooded valley,
 Beneath the cool shade of the green banyan tree;

'Tis here my loved Paria* and I dwell together,
 Though shunned by the world, truly blest in each other,
 And thou, lovely boy! lisping "father" and "mother,"
 Art more than the world to my Paria and me.

How dark seemed my fate, when we first met each other,
 My own fatal pile ready waiting for me;
 While incense I burned on the grave of my mother,
 And knew that myself the next victim† would be:
 'Twas then that my Paria, as one sent from heaven,
 To whom a commission of mercy is given,
 Shed peace through this bosom, with deep anguish riven,
 To new life, to love, and to joy waking me.

He wooed me with flowers,‡ to express the affection
 Which sympathy woke in his bosom for me;
 My poor bleeding heart clung to him for protection;
 I wept—while I vowed with my Paria to flee.
 My mind, too, from darkness and ignorance freeing,
 He taught to repose on that merciful Being,
 The Author of Nature, all-wise and all-seeing,
 Whose arm still protecteth my Paria and me.

Now safely we dwell in this cot of our rearing,
 Contented, industrious, cheerful, and free;
 To each other still more endeared and endearing,
 While Heaven sheds its smiles on my Paria and me.

* "Paria," the most degraded among the Indian castes; a Paria is one whom none belonging to other castes will deign to recognise.

† "The next victim." The person here is supposed to have been the widow of a young Hindoo, condemned by the barbarous laws of the Brahmins to be burned alive on the funeral pile of her husband.

‡ "He wooed me with flowers." The mode of courtship in many eastern countries, especially among the Hindoos.

Our garden supplies us with fruits and with flowers,
 The sun marks our time, and our birds sing the hours,
 And thou, darling boy! shooting forth thy young powers,
 Completest the bliss of my Paria and me.

Alex^r Roger

LAMENT FOR CAPTAIN PATON. *

TOUCH once more a sober measure,
 And let punch and tears be shed,
 For a prince of good old fellows,
 That, alack a-day! is dead;
 For a prince of worthy fellows,
 And a pretty man also,
 That has left the Saltmarket
 In sorrow, grief, and wo.

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

* We have, with the kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood, taken this Lament, written by Mr. Lockhart, from their Magazine, published in September, 1819. We know of no piece of the serio-comic to compare with it; it has, in fact, no rival. As a specimen of the fine arts in verse, the portrait is complete—there is scarcely a touch wanting to present the living man—a limber-built, whalebone-frame standing in erect column, five feet eight, or so—tailoring decorations, precise to a stitch, and adjusted on his person with the nicety of a gold balance—in his gait erect as if the spine were a solid, instead of a flexible column—and as little use made as possible of the foldings at the knee.

Captain Archibald *Patoun* was a son of Dr. David Patoun, a physician in Glasgow, who left to his son the tenement in which he lived for many years preceding his decease, called "Patoun's Land," opposite the Old Exchange at the Cross. The broad pavement, or "plaiustones,"

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,
 Were all cut off the same web,
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
 Or a modest genty drab ;
 The blue stripe in his stocking
 Round his neat slim leg did go,
 And his ruffles of the cambric fine
 They were whiter than the snow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

His hair was curled in order,
 At the rising of the sun,
 In comely rows and buckles smart
 That about his ears did run ;
 And before there was a toupée
 That some inches up did go,
 And behind there was a long queue
 That did o'er his shoulders flow.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

as it was called, in front of the house, formed the daily parade ground of the veteran. The Captain held a commission in a regiment that had been raised in Scotland for the Dutch service ; and after he had left the tented field, lived with two maiden sisters, and Nelly, the servant, who had, from long and faithful servitude, become an indispensable in the family. He was considered a very skilful fencer, and excelled in small sword exercise, an accomplishment he was rather proud of, and often handled his rattan as if it had been the lethal instrument which he used to wield against the foe. The wags of the day got up a caricature of the Captain parrying the horned thrusts of a belligerent bull in the Glasgow Green. The Captain fell in that warfare from which there is no discharge, on the 30th July, 1807, at the age of 63, and was interred in the sepulchre of his father in the Cathedral, or High Church burying grounds. The ballad has, by a slight mistake, deposited his remains in the Ram's-horn, now St. David's, churchyard.

And whenever we foregathered,
 He took off his wee three-cockit,
 And he proffered you his snuff-box,
 Which he drew from his side pocket ;
 And on Burdett or Bonaparte,
 He would make a remark or so,
 And then along the plainstones
 Like a provost he would go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

In dirty days he picked well
 His footsteps with his rattan ;
 Oh ! you ne'er could see the least speck
 On the shoes of Captain Paton ;
 And on entering the coffee-room
 About *two*, all men did know,
 They would see him with his Courier
 In the middle of the row.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Now and then upon a Sunday
 He invited me to dine,
 On a herring and a mutton chop
 Which his maid dressed very fine ;
 There was also a little Malmsey,
 And a bottle of Bourdeaux,
 Which between me and the Captain
 Passed nimbly to and fro.

Oh ! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo !

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
 The Captain he would ring,
 And bid Nelly to the West-port,*
 And a stoup of water bring ;

* A well, the water of which is excellently adapted for the compounding of cold punch, now at the foot of Glassford Street, but in the days of the Captain, a little east of the Black Bull, Argyll Street.

Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
 As they made it long ago,
 With limes that on his property
 In Trinidad did grow.

Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's
 punch no mo!

And then all the time he would discourse,
 So sensible and courteous;
 Perhaps talking of the last sermon
 He had heard from Dr. Porteous,*
 Or some little bit of scandal
 About Mrs. So-and-so,
 Which he scarce could credit, having heard
 The *con* but not the *pro*.

Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
 And the night was fairly setting in,
 He would tell some fine old stories
 About Minden-field or Dettingen—
 How he fought with a French major,
 And despatched him at a blow,
 While his blood ran out like water
 On the soft grass below.

Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

But at last the Captain sickened,
 And grew worse from day to day,
 And all missed him in the coffee-room,
 From which now he stayed away;
 On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk †
 Made a melancholy show,
 All for wanting of the presence
 Of our venerable beau.

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

* A favourite preacher.

† Now the Tron Church.

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
 And Corkindale could do,*
 It was plain, from twenty symptoms,
 That death was in his view ;
 So the Captain made his test'ment,
 And submitted to his foe,
 And we laid him by the Rams-horn-kirk|—
 'Tis the way we all must go.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
 And let punch and tears be shed,
 For this prince of good old fellows,
 That, alack a-day ! is dead ;
 For this prince of worthy fellows,
 And a pretty man also,
 That has left the Saltmarket
 In sorrow, grief, and wo !

For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

J. H. H. H.

THE FA' O' THE YEAR.

AFORE the Lammas' tide
 Had dun'd the birken-tree,
 In a' our water-side
 Nae wife was blest like me ;

* Eminent Physicians.

† Now St. David's Church.

A kind gudeman, and twa
 Sweet bairns were round me here;
 But they're a' ta'en awa'
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
 An' made me, when it cam',
 A bird without a mate,
 A ewe without a lamb.
 Our hay was yet to maw,
 And our corn was to shear,
 When they a' dwin'd awa'
 In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
 For aye I trow I see
 The form that was a bield
 To my wee bairns and me:
 But wind, and weet, and snaw,
 They never mair can fear,
 Sin' they a' got the ca'
 In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
 I see him 'mang the ferns,
 The lover o' my teens,
 The faither o' my bairns;
 For there his plaid I saw
 As gloamin' aye drew near—
 But my a's now awa'
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonny rigs theirsel'
 Recc' my wacs to mind,
 Our puir dumb beasties tell
 O' a' that I hae tynod;

For wha our wheat will saw,
 And wha our sheep will shear,
 Sin' my a' gaed awa'
 In the fa' o' the year ?

My hearth is growing cauld,
 And will be caulder still ;
 And sair, sair in the fauld
 Will be the winter's chill ;
 For peats were yet to ca'—
 Our sheep were yet to smear,
 When my a' dwined awa'
 In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
 But wee, wee patterin' feet
 Come rinnin' out and in,
 And then I just maun greet :
 I ken it's fancy a',
 And faster rows the tear,
 That my a' dwined awa'
 In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heav'n abune !
 To ane sae wae and lane,
 And tak' her hamewards sunc,
 In pity o' her mane ;
 Lang ere the March winds blaw,
 May she, far far frae here,
 Meet them a' that's awa'
 Sin' the fa' o' the year.

From as I mihert

SHE COMES IN A DREAM OF THE NIGHT.

ORIGINAL AIR.

SHE comes in a dream of the night,
 When the cumberless spirit is free,
 A vision of beauty and light,
 And sweetly she smiles upon me.
 And with the dear maid as of yore,
 Through scenes long remembered I stray ;
 But soon the illusion is o'er—
 It flits with the dawning of day.

Though low be the bed of her rest,
 And sound is her sleep in the tomb,
 Her image enshrined in my breast,
 Still lives in its brightness and bloom ;
 And link'd with the memories of old,
 That image to me is more dear
 Than all that the eyes can behold—
 Than all that is sweet to the ear.

And like the soft voice of a song,
 That trembles and dies in the air,
 While memory the strain will prolong,
 And fix it unchangeable there ;
 So deep in remembrance will lie,
 That form, ever lovely and young ;
 The lustre that lived in her eye,
 The music that flow'd from her tongue.

Alec Smart

JOHN FROST.

AIR—The young May moon is beaming, love.

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost,
 Wi' your crispin' an' poutherin' gear, John Frost ;
 For hedge tower an' tree, as far as I see,
 Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You've been very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost,
 Altho' ye hae wrought in the dark, John Frost ;
 For ilka fit-stap frae the door to the slap,
 Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
 An' ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost ;
 For the weans, wi' cauld taes, crying "shoon, stockings,
 claes,"
 Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

An' to tell you I winna be blate, John Frost,
 Our gudeman stops out whiles rather late, John Frost,
 An' the blame's put on you, if he gets a thocht fou',
 He's sae fleyed for the slippery lang gate, John Frost.

Ye hae fine goin's-on in the north, John Frost,
 Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost ;
 Tho' their kirn's on the fire, they may kirn till they tire,
 But their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost ?

Now your breath wad be greatly improven, John Frost,
 By a whilock in some baker's oven, John Frost ;
 Wi' het scones for a lunch, and a horn o' rum punch,
 Or wi' gude whisky toddy a' stovin', John Frost.

William Miller

I LO'ED YE WHEN LIFE'S EARLY DEW.

I LO'ED ye when life's early dew
 A' fresh upon your bosom lay ;
 I preed your wee bit fragrant mou',
 An' vow'd to lo'e ye in decay.

Ye now sit in the auld aik chair ;
 The rose hath faded frae your cheek ;
 Wi' siller tints time dyes your hair—
 Your voice now quivers whan ye speak.

Yet joy it is for me to hae
 Your wintry beauty in my arms ;
 The faithfu' heart kens nae decay—
 It's simmer there in a' its charms.

An' kindly is your smile to me,
 Altho' nae dimple round it plays ;
 Your voice is aye a melody,
 That breathes to me o' ither days.

Fill hie the cup, my gude auld May,
 In ruddy wine I'll pledge ye yet ;
 While mem'ry lingers o'er the day,
 The happy day when first we met.

An' this the pledge 'tween you an' me,
 Whan time comes hirplin wreath'd in snaw,
 Like leaves frae aff an aged tree,
 May we to earth thegither fa'.

THE BURNSIDE.

I WANDER'D by the burn side,
 Lang, lang syne ;
 When I was Willie's promis'd bride,
 And Willie's heart was mine.
 I wander'd by the burn side,
 And little did I think,
 That e'er I should gang mournin'
 Sae sadly by its brink.

We wander'd by the burn side,
 Late, late at e'en,
 And mony were the vows breath'd
 Its flowery banks atween :—
 We wander'd late, we wander'd aft,
 It ne'er seem'd late nor lang,
 Sae mony were the kind things
 That Willie said and sang.

But, waes me for the burn side,
 It's flowers sae sweet, sae fair ;
 And waes me for the lasting love,
 That Willie promis'd there :
 The flowers forsook the burn side,
 But ah ! they didna part
 Sae cauldly frae its bonny banks,
 As truth frae Willie's heart.

Now I gang by the burn side,
 My sad, my leefu' lane,
 And Willie on its flowery banks
 Maun never look again.
 For ither scenes, and ither charms,
 Hae glamour'd Willie's ecn,
 He thinks nae on the burn side,
 He thinks na on his Jean.

O! blessin's on the burn side!
 Its a' the bless I hae
 To wander lonely by its brink,
 The lee lang night and day—
 But waes me for its bonny flowers
 Their sweets I daurna see,
 For Willie's love, and Willie's wrang,
 Wi' tears blind aye my e'e!



HERE'S TO YOU AGAIN.

AIR—"Toddlin' hame."

LET votaries o' Bacchus o' wine make their boast,
 And drink till it mak's them as dead's a bed-post,
 A drap o' maut broe I wad far rather pree,
 And a rosy-faced landlord's the Bacchus for me.
 Then I'll toddle butt, and I'll toddle ben,
 And let them drink at wine wha nae better do ken.

Your wine it may do for the bodies far south,
 But a Scotsman likes something that bites i' the mouth,
 And whisky's the thing that can do't to a Tee,
 Then Scotsmen and whisky will ever agree;
 For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
 Sae lang we've been nurst on't we hardly can spean.

It's now thretty years since I first took the drap,
 To moisten my carcass, and keep it in sap,
 An' tho' what I've drunk might hae slockened the sun,
 I fin' I'm as dry as when first I begun;

For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
I'm nae sooner slockened than drouthy again.

Your douse folk aft ca' me a tipplin' auld sot,
A worm to a still,—a sand bed,—and what not;
They cry that my hand wad ne'er bide frae my mouth,
But, oddsake! they never consider my drouth;
Yet I'll toddle butt, an' I'll toddle ben,
An' laugh at their nonsense—wha nae better ken.

Some hard grippin' mortals wha deem themsel's wise,
A glass o' good whisky affect to despise,
Poor scurvy-souled wretches—they're no very blate,
Besides, let me tell them, they're foes to the State;
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
Gin folk wadna drink, how could Government fen'?

Yet wae on the tax that mak's whisky sae dear,
An' wae on the gauger sae strict and severe:
Had I but my will o't, I'd soon let you see,
That whisky, like water, to a' should be free;
For I'd toddle butt, an' I'd toddle ben,
An' I'd mak' it to rin like the burn after rain.

What signifies New'rday?—a mock at the best,
That tempts but poor bodies, and leaves them unblest,
For a ance-a-year fuddle I'd scarce gie a strae,
Unless that ilk year were as short as a day;
Then I'd toddle butt, an' I'd toddle ben,
Wi' the hearty het pint, an' the canty black hen.

I ne'er was inclined to lay by ony cash,
Weel kennin' it only wad breed me mair fash;
But aye when I had it, I let it gang free,
An' wad toss for a gill wi' my hindmost bawbee;
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
I ne'er kent the use o't, but only to spen'.

Had siller been made in the kist to lock by,
 It ne'er wad been round, but as square as a die;
 Whereas, by its shape, ilka body may see,
 It aye was designed it should circulate free;
 Then we'll toddle butt, an' we'll toddle ben,
 An' aye whan we get it, we'll part wi't again.

I ance was persuaded to "put in the pin,"
 But foul fa' the bit o't ava wad bide in,
 For whisky's a thing so bewitchingly stout,
 The first time I smelt it, the pin it lap out;
 Then I toddled butt, an' I toddled ben,
 And I vowed I wad ne'er be advised sae again.

O leeze me on whisky! it gies us new life,
 It mak's us aye cadgy to cuddle the wife;
 It kindles a spark in the breast o' the cauld,
 And it mak's the rank coward courageously bauld;
 Then we'll toddle butt, an' we'll toddle ben,
 An' we'll coup aff our glasses,—"here's to you again."

Alex^r Rodger

THE IRON DESPOT OF THE NORTH. .

THE iron Despot of the North
 May on his vassals call,
 But not for him will I go forth
 From my old castle hall.
 Though sabres, swayed by Polish hands,
 Have battled for the foe,
 There's one, at least, Oppression's bands
 Shall ne'er see brandished so!

I fought in Freedom's farewell field,
 I saved a useless life;
 No weapon from that hour to wield,
 In a less noble strife.
 When hostile strangers passed my gate,
 On Hope's red grave I swore,
 That, like my ruined country's fate,
 This arm should rise no more.

I flung into the bloody moat,
 A flag no longer free,
 Which centuries had seen afloat,
 In feudal majesty.
 The sword a warrior-race bequeathed
 With honour to their son,
 Hangs on the mouldering wall unsheathed,
 And rust consumes my gun.

The steed that, rushing to the ranks,
 Defied the stubborn rein,
 Felt not on his impatient flanks,
 The horseman's spur again.
 And I, the last of all my line,
 Left an affianced bride,
 Lest slaves should spring from blood of mine,
 To serve the Despot's pride.

Will-Kennedy


THE KAIL-BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.*

(NEW VERSION.)

AIR—*The Roast-beef of Old England.*

THE Genius of Scotland lang wept owre our woes,
 But now that we've gotten baith peace and repose,
 We've kits fu' o' butter—we've cogs fu' o' brose:

O! the kail-brose of auld Scotland,
 And O! for the Scottish kail-brose.

Nae mair shall our cheeks, ance sae lean and sae wan,
 Hing shilpit and lank, like a bladder half-blawn;
 Our lang runkled painches will now, like a can,
 Be stentit wi' brose o' auld Scotland,
 The stiff, stughie, Scottish kail-brose.

Our Sawnies and Maggies, as hard as the horn,
 At e'en blythe will dance, yet work fell the neist morn;
 They'll haud baith the French and their puddocks in scorn,
 While fed on the brose o' auld Scotland,
 Large luggies o' Scottish kail-brose.

There's our brave Forty-second, in Egypt wha fought,
 Wi' Invincibles styled, whom they soon set at nought;
 But the Frenchmen ne'er dreamt that sic wark could be
 wrought,
 For they kent na the brose o' auld Scotland,
 The poust that's in Scottish kail-brose.

* This modern version of the potent effects of the National dish, Kail-brose, fairly, in our opinion, excels the original by Deacon Watson; but our friend Mr. Inglis must not be unduly elevated at our preference, because the Deacon of the Tailors lays claim, professionally, to fractional proportions in the *genus homo*, though really his song is worthy of Nine hands, the quantity of squatters who are required to fill the clothes of an able-bodied member in common society.

Again, at the battle o' red Waterloo,
 How they pricket and proget the French thro' and thro':
 Some ran, and some rade—and some look'd rather blue,
 As they fled frae the sons o' auld Scotland,
 Frae the chieils that were fed upon brose.

To tell ilka feat wherein Scotsmen hae shone,
 Is vain to attempt—they're so numerous grown;
 For where will you meet wi' mair muscle and bone,
 Than is bred on the brose o' auld Scotland,
 The rib-prapping Scottish kail-brose?

Then join me, all ye to whom Scotland is dear,
 And loud let us sing o' the chief o' her cheer;
 Let cutties and cogs show our hearts are sincere,
 While we welcome the brose o' auld Scotland,
 The brow halesome Scottish kail-brose!

Robt. Lyle's

IT'S DOWIE IN THE HIN' O' HAIRST.

It's dowie in the hin' o' hairst.
 At the wa'gang o' the swallow,
 When the winds grow cauld, when the burns grow
 bald,
 An' the wuds are hingin' yellow;
 But, O! it's dowier far to see
 The wa'gang o' her the heart gangs wi'—
 The deadset o' a shining c'e
 That darkens the weary warld on thec.

'There was muckle luv' atween us twa—
 O! twa could ne'er be fonder;
 An' the thing below was never made
 That could hae gar'd us sunder.
 But the way o' Heav'n's aboon a' ken—
 An' we maun bear what it likes to sen—
 It's comfort though, to weary men,
 That the warst o' this warl's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come an' gae—
 Just seen and just forgotten—
 An' the flow'rs that busk a bonnie brae,
 Gin anither year lie rotten;
 But the last look o' that lovely e'e,
 An' the dying grip she ga'e to me,
 They're settled like eternity:—
 O, Mary! that I were with thee!

New Ainslie

I'VE SOUGHT IN LANDS AYONT THE SEA.

AIR—"My Normandic."

I've sought in lands ayont the sea
 A hame—a couthie hame for thee,
 An' honeysuckle bursts around
 The blythsome hame that I hae found;
 Then dinna grudge your heather bell,
 O fretna for your flowerless fell,
 There's dale an' down mair fair to see,
 Than ought in our bleak countrie!

Come o'er the waters, dinna fear,
 The lav'rock lilt as lo'esome here,
 An' mony a sweet, around, above,
 Shall welcome o'er my Jessie, love,
 My hame wi' halesome gear is fu',
 My heart wi' lowing love for you ;
 O haste, my Jessie, come an' see
 The hame—the heart that wants but thee!

But mind ye, lass, the fleetfu' hours,
 They wait na—spare na fouk nor flowers,
 An' sair are fouk and flowers to blame,
 Wha wishfu' wastefu' wait for them.
 O bide na lang in swither, then,
 Since flowers and fouk may wither, then,
 But come as lang's I hae to gi'e
 A hame, a heart to welcome thee !

William Thomson

I WOULDNA—O I COULDNA LOOK.

I WOULDNA—O I couldna look
 On that sweet face again,
 I daurna trust my simple heart,
 Now it's ance mair my ain.

I wouldna thole what I ha'e thol'd,
 Sic dule I wouldna dree,
 For a' that love could now unfold
 Frae woman's witchfu' e'e.

I ve mourn'd until the waesome moon
 Has sunk ahint the hill,
 An' seen ilk sparkling licht aboon
 Creep o'er me, mournin' still.

I've thocht my very mither's hame
 Was hameless-like to me ;
 Nor could I think this warld the same,
 That I was wont to see.

But years o' weary care ha'e past,
 Wi' blinks o' joy between ;
 An' yon heart-hoarded form at last
 Forsakes my doited een.

Sae cauld and dark's my bosom now,
 Sic hopes lie buried there ;
 That sepulchre whare love's saft lowe
 May never kindle mair.

I couldna trust this foolish heart
 When it's ance mair my ain ;
 I couldna—O ! I daurna look
 On Mary's face again !

William Thomson

I KEN A FAIR WEE FLOWER.

I KEN a fair wee flower that blooms
 Far down in yon deep dell,
 I ken its hame, its bonny hame,
 But whare, I winna tell.
 When rings the shepherd's e'ening horn,
 Oft finds that soothing hour,
 Stars on the sky, dew on the earth,
 And me beside my flower.
 It is not frae the tints o' day
 My gentle flower receives
 It's fairest hue, nor does the sun
 Call forth its blushing leaves ;

In secrecy it blooms, where Love
 Delights to strow his bower ;
 Where many an unseen spirit smiles
 Upon my happy flower.

Ah ! weel ye guess, that fancy gives
 This living gem o' mine
 A female form o' loveliness,
 A soul in't a' divine !
 A glorious e'e that rows beneath
 A fringe o' midnight hue,
 Twa yielding lips, wi' love's ain sweets
 Ay meltin' kindly through.

'Tis a' the wealth that I am worth,
 'Tis a' my praise and pride ;
 And fast the hours flee over me
 When wooin' by its side.
 Or lookin' on its bouny breast,
 So innocently fair,
 To see the purity, and peace,
 And love, that's glowing there.

Wi' saftest words I woo my flower,
 But wi' a stronger arm
 I shield each gentle opening bud,
 Frae every ruthless harm.
 The wretch that would, wi' serpent wile,
 Betray my flower so fair,
 Oh, may he live without a friend,
 And die without a prayer !

A MacLellan

PHŒBE GRAEME.

ARISE, my faithfu' Phœbe Graeme!

I grieve to see ye sit
 Sae laigh upon your cutty stool
 In sic a dorty fit!
 A reamin' cog's a wilin' rogue;
 But, by our vows sincere,
 Ilk smilin' cup, whilk mirth filled up,
 Was drained wi' friends lang dear:

Ye needna turn your tearfu' e'e
 Sae aften on the clock;
 I ken the short hand frae the lang
 As weel as wiser folk.
 Let hoary time, wi' blethrin' chi no
 Taunt on—nae wit has he
 Nae spell-spun hour—nae wilin' power
 Can win my heart frae thee.

O, weel ye ken, dear Phœbe Graeme!
 Sin' we, 'maist bairns, wed,
 That, torn by poortith's iron teeth,
 My heart has aften bled.
 Fortune, the jaud, for a' she had,
 Doled me but feckless blanks;
 Yet, bless'd wi' thee, and love, and glee,
 I scorn her partial pranks.

As drumlie clouds o'er simmer skies
 Let anger's shadows flit!
 There's days o' peace, and nights o' joy
 To pass between us yet!
 For I do swear to thee, my fair,
 Till life's last pulse be o'er,
 Till light depart, one faithful heart
 Shall love thee more and more.

Fair be thy fa! my Phœbe Graeme,—
 Enraptured now I see
 The smile upon thy bonny face,
 That wont to welcome me.
 Grant me the bliss o' ae fond kiss,
 And kind forgiving blink
 O' thy true love, and I will prove
 Far wiser than ye think!

A MacLellan

WIFIE COME HAME.

Wife come hame,
 My couthie wee dame;
 O but ye're far awa,
 Wife come hame.

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow,
 Come wi' the lown star o' luve in thine e'e;
 Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou,
 A'furred wi' balm like the dew on the lea.
 Come wi' the gowd tassels fringing thy hair,
 Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee;
 Come wi' thy wee step an' wifie-like air,
 O quickly come an' shud blessings on me.

Wife come hame,
 My couthie wee dame;
 O my heart wearies sair,
 Wifio, como hame.

Come wi' our luvè pledge, our dear little dawtie,
 Clustering my neck round, and clambering my knee,
 Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
 Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee.
 O! but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
 Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree ;
 O come awa, and I'll dance round about ye,
 Ye'se ne'er again win' frae my arms till I dee.
 Wife, come hame,
 My couthie we dame ;
 O! but ye're far awa,
 Wife, come hame.

James Ballantyne

THE HIGHLAND DRILL.*

Come Corplar M'Donald, pe handy my-lad,
 Drive in a' ta stragglers to mornin' paraad!
Greas orst!† or you'll maype get "through ta wood laddie,"
 Ta Kornal will not leave a soul in your pody!
 Faall into ta ranks tere! ye scoundlars fall in!
 I'll mak' ta one half of you shump from your skin!
 You're raw as ta mutton, an' creen as ta cabbage,
 I'll treel you to teath with your weight heavy paggage!

* The spoken passage in this song is taken from the "Laird of Logan," and contributed to that work by Mr. Carrick. We do not know whether to admire most the prose or verse portion. The description is so true to life, that we think the burly, consequential tones of the sergeant sound in our ears.

† Make haste; pronounced *kress-horst*.

Advance to ta left tere ! faall pack to ta right !
Tress straight into line, or I'll treel you till night !
You sodgers !—ye're shust a disgraish to your clan,
An' a ferry hard pargain to SHORGE, honest man !

You Tuncan M'Donald ! you fery great sot, ,
You're trunk as ta cap, or ta stoup, or ta pot !
You'll ket a night's quarters into ta plack hole :—
Now, silence ! an' answer to call of ta roll.

Sergeant (bawling at the top of his voice,) "Donald M'Donald, *Mhor ?**—(no answer, the man being absent)—I see you're there, so you're right not to speak to nobody in the ranks. Donald M'Donald, *Rhua ?*† "Here." "Ay, you're always here when nobody wants you. Donald M'Donald, *Fad ?*‡—(no answer)—oh decent, modest lad, you're always here, though, like a good sodger, as you are, you seldom say nothing about it. Donald M'Donald, *Cluasan Mhor ?*§—(no answer)—I hear you ; but you might speak a little louder for all that. Donald M'Donald, *Ordag ?*¶ "Here." "If you're here this morning, it's no likely you'll be here to-morrow morning ; I'll shust mark you down absent ; so let that stand for that. Donald M'Donald, *Casan Mhor ?*** "Here." "Oh damorst ! you said that yesterday, but wha saw't you ?—you're always here, if we tak your own word for it. Donald M'Donald, *Cam beul ?**** "Here"—(in a loud voice.) "If you was not known for a tam liar, I would believe you ; but you've a bad habit, my lad, of always crying here whether you're here or no ; and till you give up your bad habit, I'll shust always mark you down absent for your impudence : it's all for your own good, so you need not cast down your brows, but shust be thankful that I don't stop your loaf too, and then you wad maybe have to thank your own souple tongue for a sair back and a toom belly. Attention noo, lads, and let every man turn his eyes to the sergeant."

* Big or great. † Red-haired. ‡ Long. § Big ears.

¶ Applied to a man having an extra thumb. ** Big feet.

*** Crooked mouth.

You Ronald M'Donald ! your pelt is as plaek
 As ta pra' Sunday coat on ta minister's paek ;
 So you needna stand cruntin' tere shust like ta pig,
 For ta Captain *shall* send you on duty fatigue !

An' as for you, Evan M'Donald, you see
 You'll go to ta guard-house tis moment wi' me ;
 Your firelock and pagnet 'll no do at a',
 An' ta ram-rod's sae roosty it winna pe traw !

An' Struan M'Donald, stand straight on your shanks,
 Whenever ta sergeant treels you in ta ranks ;
 An' hoult up your head, Sir, and shoulter your humph !
 I *toot* you've been trinkin', you creat muekle sumph !

You, Lauchie M'Donald ! you skellum, ochon !
 Your hair's neither pouthered nor letten alone
 An' the tin o' your pig-tail has lost the shapan,
 An' your frill is as brown as the heather o' Pran !

Oigh ! Dugald M'Donald ! your small clothes are aye
 As yellow as mustard in April or May ;
 I tare say you think it a creat cryin' sin
 To puy ta pipe clay, an' to rub it hard in !

An' now you'll dismiss like goot bairns till to-morrow,
 I'm sure you're my pride, an' my shoy, an' my sorrow ;
 It's a' for your goods if I gie you a thraw,—
 For the sergeant ye ken has the sharge of ye a'.

David Necker.

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WHISTLE-BINKIE;

OR, THE

PIPER OF THE PARTY:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF SONGS,

FOR THE

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CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

EDITED BY ALEXANDER RODGER.

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WHISTLE-BINKIE.

FOURTH SERIES.

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

AIR—“ *What's a' the steer?* ”

COME awa', bairnie,
For your bawbee,
Rosy cheekit apples
Ye shall hae three :
A' sae fou' o' hinny,
They drappit frae the tree ;
Like your bonny sel'
A' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', bairnie,
Dinna shake your head ;
Ye mind me o' my ain bairn,
Lang, lang, dead.
Ah ! for lack o' nourishment
He drappit frae the tree ;
Like your bonny sel',
A' the sweeter he was woo.

Oh ! auld frail folk
Are like auld fruit trees ;
They canna stand the gnarl
O' the cauld winter breeze.

But heaven tak's the fruit
 Tho' earth forsake the tree ;
 An' we mourn our fairy blossoms,
 A' tho sweeter they were wee.

Come awa', bairnie,
 For your bawbee,
 Rosy cheekit apples
 Ye shall hae three :
 A' sae fou' o' hinny,
 They drappit frae the tree ;
 Like your bonny sel',
 A' the sweeter they are wee.

James Ballantyne

THE SLEEPY WEE LADDIE.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken the day, ye rogue ?
 Your parritch is ready and cule in the cog ;
 Auld bawdrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk,
 Wad fain hae a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.
 There's a wee burd singin'—"get up, get up !"
 Losh ! listen it cries, "tak' a whup, tak' a whup !"
 But I'll "heat a wummil"—a far better plan—
 Or pouter his pow, wi' a waterin'-can.
 There's claes to wash—and the house to redde,
 And I canna begin till I mak' the bed ;
 For I count it nae brag to be clever as some,
 Wha, while bakin' a bakin, can soop the lum.
 'Tis nine o'clock ! and father, ye ken,
 Has scrimpitly time a minute to spen' !
 But a blink o' his wifie and bairn on her knee,
 Aye lightens his toil, tho' sair it may be.

So get up to your parritch ! and on wi' your claes !
 There's a fire on might warm the Norlan braes !
 For a parritch cog, and a clean hearth-stane
 Are saut and sucker in our town-en'.

William Miller

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

AIR.—“ *Lochaber no more.* ”

THE morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an' stream,
 An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream ;
 The goud light of morning is sweet to the ee ;
 But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me :
 The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
 An' fairer creations arise to the night ;
 When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my ee,
 Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me !

O ! come Spirit-Mother—discourse of the hours,
 My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours ;
 When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel tell
 On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell !
 That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
 When a' else forsook me ye wouldna forsake ;
 Then come, O my mother ! come often to me,
 An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee.

An' thou shrouded loveliness ! soul-winning Jean,
 How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen !
 'Twas kind—for the love that your ee kindled there,
 Will burn—ay an' burn—'till that breast beats nae mair.

Our bairnies sleep round me, O bless ye their sleep !

Your ain dark-ee'd Willie will wauken an' weep ;

But blithe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you

His heaven-hamed mammie was " dawtin' his brou." *

Tho' dark be our dwelling—our happing tho' bare,

And night creeps around us in cauldness and care,

Affection will warm us ; for bright are the beams

That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams :

Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign—

Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then !

The goud light of morning is lightless to me,

But O for the night wi' its ghost revelrie !

William Thomson—

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

AIR—" *Bonny house o' Airlie.*"

SWEETLY shines the sun on auld Edinbro' toun,

And mak's her look young and cheerie ;

Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon

At the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,

There's nought in the world to fear ye ;

For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gien ye leave

To gang to the wells o' Wearie.

O the sun winna blink in thy bonny blue een,

Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie,

For I'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green,

By the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

* Patting his forehead.

But Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower
 At your form in the water sae clearly,
 Or the fairy will change ye into a wee wee flower,
 And you'll grow by the wells o' Wearie.

Yestreen, as I wandered there a' alane,
 I felt unco douf and drearie,
 For wanting my Mary a' around me was but pain
 At the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,
 Let fate look gruesome and eerie ;
 True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,
 When we meet by the wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonny Mary Grieve,
 Nae danger will daur to come near ye,
 For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gien ye leave
 To gang to the wells o' Wearie.

Alex. A. Ritchie

MY WIFIE AN' ME.

AIR—" *Toddlin' but and toddlin' ben.*"

THE laddies now laugh at my wifie and me,
 Tho' auld aboon countin', yet canty are we :
 They scarce can believe me, when aften I say
 My Kate and her jo were ance blithesome as they.
 My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,
 What gars them a' laugh at my wifie an' me ?

Now wither'd an' cripple, an' maistly as frail
 As the wa's o' our housie that rock i' the gale ;
 Wha ance wi' the lasses could jig it wi' me ;
 Or shaw'd sic a leg, an' wha loupit sac hie ?

My wifie an' me, &c.

Though my pow is now bel' as the howe o' my han',
 An' the crap on my chin's like the down o' the swan,
 The day's been my haffets fu' richly were clad,
 When the een now sae dim could be match'd wi' the gled.

My wifie an' me, &c.

An' Kate! my auld lassie, it seems like yestreen
 Sin' ye were run after frae mornin' to een ;
 Then happy the lad frae ye're ee could beguile
 What his fancy might count as the gift o' a smile.

My wifie an' me, &c.

A' day what a steer did ye mak' in my breast ;
 Night fauldit her wings, but she brought me nae rest ;
 My blude gallop'd wild as a cowte owre the green,
 An' my heart it gaed duntin' the lang simmer een.

My wifie an' me, &c.

But Katy, my dawtie ! tho' auld we hae grown,
 The love's but the firmer sae early was sown ;
 As canty's we've speel'd it we'll slip down life's brae,
 An' we'll creep aye the closer the langer we gae.

My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,

Just let them laugh on at my witie an' me !

Thomas C. Letto

JOHN BUCHAN.

AIR,—“*The deil amang the tailors.*”

He's a douce-leukin, fair-spoken carle, John Buchan—
 But nane i' the parish maun thraw wi' John Buchan ;
 He has power o' the laird, o' the parson, an' people,
 The keys o' the kirk, an' the tow o' the steeple !

Do ye want a new tack ? are ye ca'd to the session ?
 Hae ye quarrell'd wi' neebours, an' i' the transgression ?
 Hae ye meetin' to haud i' the kirk, or the clachan ?
 Do ye want the bell rung ? ye maun speak to John Buchan !
 There's weight in his word ! do ye wonder what's made it ?
 I'll tell ye that too, though its nane to our credit ;
 He keeps the braw shop at the cross o' the clachan,
 An' we're a' deep in debt to our merchant, John Buchan !
 An' the fear, an' the terror o' poindin' an' hornin',
 An' turnin' us out at the bauld *beagle's** warnin',
 Without bield or bannock, wi' scarce rag or rauchan,
 Maks the hail parish wag at the wind o' John Buchan !

Alexander

MY AIN HAME AT E'EN.

AIR—“*And sae will we yet.*”

LET the drouthy, boozin', tipplin' loon, that doesna loe his
 hame,
 Wha throws awa' his wits an' gear wi' ilka gill-house dame—
 E'en let him a' his pleasures fin' in the nightly revel scene ;
 But mine lies a' in Maggie, an' my ain hame at e'en.
 My ain hame at e'en, O my ain hame at e'en ;
 Where sweetest smiles hing o'er me, at my ain hame
 at e'en.

* A sheriff's-officer.

How gladsome pass my hours wi' my bonnie Meg sae leal !
 An', to see our tender pledges rompin' roun' our cozie biel' ;
 Where, i' their gleesome faces, ilka mither-feature 's seen,
 For we live an' love thegither at our ain hame at e'en.

My ain hame at e'en, &c.

Tho' o' this world's gear we can boast but little share,
 We're contented aye, an' happy, sae we wish for naething
 mair ;

I wadna change for kingly ha', or pearl-muntit Queen !
 Sae dear to me is Maggie, an' my ain hame at e'en.

My ain hame at e'en, &c.

Should the chiel wi' the shearin' hook, an' chafts sae lank
 an' thin,

Come an' steal awa' my Maggie fair, an' leave puir me
 behin',

Nae mair would cheerie smiles ever welcome me, I ween,
 But a' be douff and drearie at my ain hame at e'en.

My ain hame at e'en, &c.

I'd rather, when he comes, he'd lay a paw on ilka pow,
 'Twould save the earle a tramp, an' hae twa for ane, I trow ;
 Gin he'll gi'e's a bit respite, syne, guid day to ilka frien',
 We'll tak the road thegither to our lang hame at e'en.

Our lang hame at e'en, to our lang hame at e'en,
 " Hand in hand " we'll toddle on to our lang hame at
 e'en.

J. H. F. F. F.

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

FAIR Ellen, here again I stand,
 All dangers now are o'er ;
 No sigh to reach my native land
 Shall rend my bosom more.

Ah ! oft, beyond the heaving main,
 I mourn'd at Fate's decree ;
 I wish'd but to be back again
 To Scotland and to thee.

O Ellen ! how I prized thy love
 In foreign lands afar ;
 Upon my helm I bore thy glove
 Through thickest ranks of war.
 And as the pledge, in battle-field,
 Recall'd thy charms to me,
 I breath'd a prayer behind my shield
 For Scotland and for thee.

I scarce can tell how eagerly
 My eyes were hither cast,
 When, faintly rising o'er the sea,
 These hills appeared at last.
 My very breast, as on the shore
 I bounded light and free,
 Declared by throbs the love I bore
 To Scotland and to thee.

O long, long has the doom been mine
 In other climes to roam :
 Yet have I seen no form like thine,
 No sweeter spot than home ;
 Nor ask'd I e'er another heart
 To feel alone for me ;
 O Ellen ! never more I'll part
 From Scotland and from thee !

Robert White.



WILLIE'S AWAY!

Music by Mr. M'Leod.

THE last wreath o' winter has fled frae the hill—
 The breeze whispers low to the murmuring rill—
 The spring smiles around me, and ilka thing's gay,
 But what shall delight me?—my Willie's away!

I smile as they bid me, when neebours are nigh—
 I joke as I dow, when the jest circles by—
 I tell them I'm cheery, but sighs tell them—nay—
 I canna dissemble—my Willie's away!

I busk me wi' elaes that it pleased him to see—
 I wear the love token that Willie gae me—
 The sangs he lo'ed maist I wad sing a' the day,
 But saut tears prevent me—my Willie's away.

When the bright star o' gloaming climbs up in the sky,
 I start, ere I wist, to our trysting to hie;
 Alake! my puir heart's fa'n to sorrow a prey,
 There's nane there to meet me—my Willie's away.

The same leaves that sighed where my faither was laid—
 The autumn wind strewed o'er my mother's cauld bed—
 They left me in childhood, and ah! well a-day!—
 My last joy's departed—my Willie's away.

James Murray

O JEANIE, WHY THAT LOOK SAE CAULD?

“O JEANIE! why that look sae cauld

And withering to me now?

And wherefore scowls that cloud o' gloom

Upon thy bonnie brow?

What hae I said, what hae I done,
 To draw sic looks frae thee?
 Is this thy love—thy fond regard,
 Sae lately pledged to me?"

"O Jamie! spier na that at me,
 But guess the cause yoursel',
 Ye thocht, yestreen, ye werena seen
 Alang wi' bonnie Bell?
 Your arm enclaspit round her waist,
 Your cheek to her's was laid,
 And mony a melting kiss she gat
 While row'd within your plaid."

"O lassie dear! why vex yoursel'
 Wi' jealous thochts and mean,
 For I was twenty miles and mair
 Awa' frae hame yestreen?
 I gaed to see my sister dear—
 A gift she sent to thee;
 And see—thou maun this necklace wear
 That day thou'rt wed to me."

"And are you then still true to me?
 I'll ne'er forgi'e mysel';
 O what could tempt me to believe
 You'd quit your Jean for Bell?
 But there's my hand—I'll never mair
 Dream foolish thochts o' thee,
 But love wi' a' a woman's love,
 Till light forsake mine e'e."

Alex^r Rodger

OUR AIN BURN SIDE.

AIR,—“*The Brier Bush.*”

Oh! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn side,
 When we clam the sunny braes, by our ain burn side;
 When flowers were blooming fair,
 And we wandered free o' care,
 For happy hearts were there, by our ain burn side!

Oh! blythe was ilka sang, by our ain burn side,
 Nor langest day seemed lang, by our ain burn side;
 When we decked our woodland queen
 In the rashy chaplet green,
 And gay she look'd, I ween, by our ain burnside!

But the bloom hath left the flower, by our ain burn side,
 And gathering tempests lower, by our ain burn side;
 The woods—no longer green,
 Brave the wintry blasts sac keen,
 And their withered leaves are seen, by our ain burn side.

And the little band is gane, frae our ain burn side,
 To meet, ah! ne'er again, by our ain burn side;
 And the winter of the year
 Suits the heart both lane and sere,
 For the happy ne'er appear, by our ain burn side.

R. G. Gieseler

DUNCAN DHU'S TRIBULATIONS.

AIR—" *Killicrankie.*"

NAINSEL was porn a shentleman,
 An' wadna work ava, man !
 Sae ribbans till her ponnet preen'd ;
 An' shoin'd the Forty-twa, man.
 Ta sergeant was a lawlan' loon,
 An' kiek'd her like a pa', man ;
 Her Heelan stamack no like tat,
 An' sae she ran awa', man.
 She shanged her name frae Duncan Dhu
 To, *what*, she winna tell, man ;
 But Donald Gun or Ranald Mhor
 Shust sair'd her turn as well, man.
 Syne teuk ta tramp wi' a' her speed
 Beyond Glenocher fell, man,
 An' wi' a pand o' pretty men
 She wrought ta ouskie stell, man.
 She gather'd gear frae year to year,
 An' made ta pot play prawn, man ;
 But SHORGE TA TIRD gat in a rage,
 An' swore he'd put her down, man ;
 Syne sent ta local volunteers,
 Led by ta gauger loon, man,
 An' crush'd her stell, and proke her worm,
 An' crack'd her vera croon, man.
 They pu'd her wee bit bothie down,
 Her maat prunt on ta fluir, man ;
 They dang her parrels a' to staves,
 They were sae curst an' duir, man.
 They teuk her ouskies, stoup an' roup,
 An', och ! she was a puir man ;
 There wasna sic a fell stramash
 Sin' days o' Shirra Muir, man !

At last the gauger's colley* eam
 An' spoked a lang oration,
 How "SHORGE was no to haud nor bind,
 An' greetin' wi' vexation ;
 An' she'll maun pay ta fifty pound
 To cover her transgression,
 Or gang to Inverara shail
 For leecit instillation."

Ochone! ochone! they lodged her deep
 Into ta Massymore, man,
 Ta rattonses an' mices danced
 Shantreuse about the floor, man ;
 But Donald Oig, ta shailor-laad,
 Forgot to lock ta door, man—
 An' noo she works ta pigger stell
 Nor e'er she wrought pefore, man!

David Necker.

WAT O' THE HOWE.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

WHA e'er came owre Soutra kenned Wat o' the Howe,
 Wi' the smooth sleekit tongue, and the beld shining powe,
 A' the Tweed and the Gala, frae Kelso to Stowe,
 Had a'some giff gaffin' wi' Wat o' the Howe.

* The sheriff's officer.

His wee house stood lown in the neuk o' the hill,
 Sae couthie, that nane e'er cam' out on ae gill ;
 E'en the snell-nebbit priest ne'er could win bye the lowe,
 But he'd step in to pree wi' auld Wat o' the Howe.

The drappy he said too, he brew'd it himsel',
 He said sae, tho' whaur ne'er a bodie could tell ;
 They whiles smell'd some peat-reek ayont the whin knowe,
 Yet ne'er found the stell o' auld Wat o' the Howe.

He dealt in nick-nackets, tho' a' on the sly,
 Gin he'd what they wanted nae wifie gaed bye ;
 They gat tea an' backo for hamilt-made tow,
 An' a wee drap to tak' it frae Wat o' the Howe.

The cadgers' an' colliers' carts aye at the door,
 In a cauld winter day ye might countit a score,
 An' the naigs they might nicher, the collies bow wow,
 But they ne'er liftit early frae Wat o' the Howe.

'Twas strange that the gaugers could ne'er fin' him out ;
 'Twas strange that nae smugglers were e'er gaun about ;
 'Twas strange that e'en red-coats the loon couldna cove,
 Nor find out the slee howff o' Wat o' the Howe.

Yet aiblins ye'll guess how a' this cam' to be,
 Wat couldna be seized, for nae smuggler was he,
 But smuggled gear's cheap, (sae a' puir bodies trow,)
 Though they gatna great gaffins frae Wat o' the Howe.

Wat livit ere his time, like a' ither great men,
 The tree that he plantit has flourish'd since then,
 Yet I ne'er hear Cheap John, wi' his roupin bell jowe,
 But I think on the slee tricks o' Wat o' the Howe.

James Ballantine

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.*

AIR.—“*Paddy O'Carroll.*”

BAD luck to this marching,
 Pipe-claying and starching ;
 How neat one must be to be killed by the French !
 I'm sick of parading,
 Through wet and cowl'd wading,
 Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
 To the tune of a fife,
 They dispose of your life,
 You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
 Now I like Garryowen,
 When I hear it at home,
 But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

Then though up late and early,
 Our pay comes so rarely,
 The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
 They say some disaster,
 Befel the paymaster ;
 In my conscience I think that the money's not there.
 And, just think, what a blunder ;
 They won't let us plunder,
 While the convents invite us to rob them, tis clear ;
 Though there isn't a village,
 But cries, “ Come and pillage,”
 Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
 I long for that island

* The publisher begs to acknowledge his deep obligation to Messrs. Curry & Co., publishers, Dublin, for their kind permission to take this and the following song from “Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.”

Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;
 Where it is no disgrace,
 If you don't wash your face,
 And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
 With no sergeant t'abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon ;
 How I'd dance like a fairy,
 To see ould Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon !

THE BRETON HOME.

WHEN the battle is o'er, and the sounds of fight
 Have closed with the closing day,
 How happy, around the watch-fire's light,
 To chat the long hours away ;
 To chat the long hours away, my boy,
 And talk of the days to come,
 Or a better still, and a purer joy,
 To think of our far-off home.
 How many a cheek will then grow pale,
 That never felt a tear !
 And many a stalwart heart will quail,
 That never quailed in fear !

And the breast that, like some mighty rock
 Amid the foaming sea,
 Bore high against the battle's shock,
 Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,
 Their hands together steal,
 Each thinks of some long hallowed spot,
 And all like brothers feel :
 Such holy thoughts to all are given ;
 The lowliest has his part ;
 The love of home, like love of heaven,
 Is woven in our heart.

STAR OF THE EVENING.

STAR of the lover's dream !
 Star of the gloaming !
 How sweetly blinks thy beam,
 When fond ones are roaming !
 Pure in the heavens blue
 Like chrystal gem lightly ;
 When comes the even's hue
 Thou shinest forth brightly.

Know'st thou of toil and care,
 Sorrow and anguish ;
 Bosoms left cold and bare,
 Lonely to languish ?
 Has misery's bitter blast
 Crush'd every flower,
 O'er which thy young heart cast
 Hope's sunny shower ?

Has blighted affection
 E'er scar'd thy fond heart,
 While sad recollection
 Could never depart ?
 Star of the even mild,
 I invoke thee in vain !
 Useless my wish and wild,
 Thou speak'st not again !

Other eyes will gaze on thee
 When I cease to be ;
 True hearts walk beneath thee,
 When I cannot see !
 Thy beams shine as clearly
 On ocean's cold breast,
 When the heart that lov'd dearly
 Is hush'd into rest !

John Young

O MEET ME, LOVE, BY MOONLIGHT.

AIR—“ *This is no mine ain house.* ”

O MEET me, love, by moonlight,
By moonlight, by moonlight,
And down the glen by moonlight,
How fondly will I welcome thee!

And there, within our beechen bower,
Far from ambition's giddy tower,
O what a heart-enthalling hour,
My Mary dear, I'll spend with thee!
Then meet me, love, &c.

Reclining on our mossy seat,
The rivulet rippling at our feet,
Enrapt in mutual transport sweet,
O who on earth so blest as we?
Then meet me, love, &c.

Our hopes and loves each sigh will speak,
With lip to lip or cheek to cheek,
O who more heartfelt joys would seek,
Than such, at eve, alone with thee?
Then meet me, love, &c.

To clasp thy lovely yielding waist;
To press thy lips so pure and chaste;
An' be in turn by thee embraced,
O that were bliss supreme to me!
Then meet me, love, &c.

Not worldling's wealth, nor lordling's show,
Such solid joys can e'er bestow,
As those which faithful lovers know
When heart to heart beats fervently.
Then meet me, love, &c.

Alex^r Roger

JOCK.

THE laird's son said to Jock—" Jock !

When ye gang to the mill,
Can ye no shouther your pock
Without gaun to the yill ?

Is't needfu' that the miller and you,

Twa drucken sots,

Drownin' your groats,

Should aye get roarin' fou ? "

" It's a stoury place the mill,

Master mine," quo' Jock ;

" I never pass the kil',

But aye I'm like to choke !

And sae to clear ane's craig, I think,

There's nought can match a waught o' drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—" Jock !

When ye gang to the town,
I'm tauld ye snoove, an' stare, an' rock

Alang the causeway crown,

Until ye meet some weirdless wight,

Just like yoursel' ;

And sync pell mell

Ye fuddle awa' wi' a' your might."

" It's a queer place the town,

Master mine," quo' Jock ;

" For daunderin' up an' down,

Ane's sure to meet kent folk :—

And aye when auld friends forgither, I think,

It's unco cauld rife no to drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—" Jock !

When ye gang to the fair,
What cause ha'e ye to treat and troke

Wi' ilk loon and limmer there ?

Is't needfu' ye should guzzle a'
 Your towmond's fee,
 Now tell to me,
 In a'e short day awa'?"

"The fair's a place for fun,
 Master mine," quo' Jock ;

"And when we're ance begun
 We aye spin aff the rock ;
 For when folk's merry, somehow, I think,
 To keep them sae there's nought like drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock !
 When ye gang to the kirk,
 Can ye no, like decent folk,
 Come hame afore it's mirk ?
 Is't needfu' ye should sit sae late
 The change-house in,
 Till dais'd and blin',
 Ye tine your hameward gate?"

"The kirk's a cauld rife place,
 Master mine," quo' Jock ;

"Aiblins I'm scant o' grace,
 (Forbid ! that I should mock,)
 But cauld at kirk or field, I think,
 To warm ane weel there's nought like drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock !
 I fear you'll never mend ;
 I fear your drouth it winna slock
 While you've a plack to spend :
 At fair or kirk, at town or mill,
 It makes na where,
 Nor late, nor ear',
 You'll drink your greedy fill !"

"It's but the truth ye tell,
 Master mine," quo' Jock;
 "For sin' I broke the shell,
 My faults I couldna cloke;
 Sae haud your wisht, whate'er ye think,
 And let me tak' my wee drap drink."*



MY OWN MARION.

Music by Mr. Peter M'Leod.

My own, my true-loved Marion,
 No wreath for thee I'll bring;
 No summer-gathered roses fair,
 Nor snowdrops of the spring!
 O! these would quickly fade, for soon
 The brightest flowers depart;
 A wreath more lasting I will give—
 A garland of the heart!

*Our temperance and tee-totalling friends have found fault with us for inserting an undue proportion of songs of a convivial nature, in the preceding portions of this work. We have not given these with the desire of encouraging the abuse of stimulating liquors; on the contrary, we have always advocated their moderate use. Let those who have never transgressed the rule of sobriety, and yet abstain for the sake of example, content themselves with pressing their views on those who have become the slaves of intemperance; for, if they cannot succeed with fair argument, they must just leave these unfortunate Jocks "to tak' their wee drap drink"—to attempt more, would, we humbly think, be to interfere with the liberty of the subject.—ED.

My own, my true-loved Marion !
 Thy morn of life was gay,
 Like to a stream that gently flows
 Along its lovely way !
 And now, when in thy pride of noon
 I mark thee, blooming fair,
 Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
 And sunshine ever there !

My own, my gentle Marion !
 Though 'tis a' this world of woe,
 There's many a golden tint that falls
 To gild the road we go !
 And in this chequered vale, to me
 A light hath round me shone,
 Since thou cam'st from thy Highland home
 In days long past and gone !

My own, my true-loved Marion !
 Cold, cold this heart shall be,
 When I shall cease to love thee still—
 To cheer and cherish thee !
 Like ivy round the withered oak,
 Though all things else decay,
 My love for thee shall still be green,
 And ne'er will fade away !

R. C. Gifford

THE WIFIE OUTWITTED.

TUNE—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

A CUNNIN' wee carlie was auld Robbie Young,
 A sly pawky body that wadna be dung;
 Though tied till a wifie,
 The plague o' his lifie,
 His tricks were a match for the wifkie's tongue.

A grocer was he, in our auld borristoun,
 An' he coupt up his caupie, night, mornin', an' noon;
 Aye watchin' an' joukin'
 Whan she wasna lookin',
 He winket an' leugh as the drappie ran down.

And aye whan the wee drap wad biz in his pow,
 It set a' his couthie auld heart in a lowe;
 Sae kind to the bairns,
 Wha ran bits o' erran's,
 A snap or a parlie he aye wad bestow.

But the wifie bethought her, sae crafty an' crouse,
 An' removed the temptation to sell't ben the house;
 Her pressie she locket,
 The key in her pocket,
 While Robbie sat watchin' as mum as a mouse.

"Tak' warnin', ye auld drunken carlie," quo' she,
 "Ye'll ken late or soon what the drinker maun dree;
 Ae drap to your weazen,
 Although it should gizen,
 For fechtin' or fleechin' ye'll getna frae me!"

How customers gathered she couldna weel tell,
 The bonny auld greybeard now ran like a well;
 The change aye increasin',
 She thought it a blessin',
 But kentna it cam' frae auld Robbie himsel'!

O Robin was mair than a match for her still—
 The whisky she took, but she left him the *till* ;
 He ga'e the weans siller,
 An' sent them ben till her,
 An' never ance wantit a glass or a gill !

An' syne how the bodie would laugh in his sleeve,
 An' drink without speerin' the wifiekie's leave ;
 It sweetened the drappie,
 An' made him sae happy,
 To think he sac weel could the wifie deceive !*



THE CANTY, COUTHIE CHIEL.

GANG hame, ye glunchin' grumblers, gae to your beds and
 sleep,
 Till ilk head is like a mummy, or as fozzy as a neep ;
 Or sit glowrin' in the ingle, seeking forms wad fley the diel,
 But you'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel ;
 O' a canty, couthie chiel, a canty, couthie chiel,
 You'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel.

We dinna like the wily loon wha slinks about sae sly,
 Wi' a sneer for the laigh and a smile for the high ;

* Robbie may blame us for moralising, but we would advise him and all his drouthy successors to be moderate in their mirth, and bear in mind our national proverb, " Ne'er let the nose blush for the sins o' the mouth."—ED.

For on his neebour's neck to favours he would speel,
 He's spurned frae the friendship o' a canty, couthie chiel.
 We canna thole the foplin thing, vain fashion's tinsel toy,
 Our boon o' sociality he never can enjoy ;
 Hauding native grace as "vulgar," and freedom "ungenteel."
 He's look'd and he's lauch'd at by a canty, couthie chiel.

But wed me to the lassie kind, wha tries to humour a',
 She's thrifty in the kitchen, and she's honour'd in the ha' .
 She can lauch at a bit joke, at a tale o' sorrow feel,
 She'll mak' a right gude wifie for a canty, couthie chiel.

When the toil and the trouble o' the weary day is past,
 We poker up the ingle, steek the shutters on the blast—
 Sit down to our bicker, and our scones o' barley meal,
 And spend the night sae merry, wi' a canty, couthie chiel.

Alex. A. Ritchie

SPIRIT OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

SPiRiT of Love and Beauty,
 That breathest o'er the earth,
 Where'er thou roamest, lovely flowers
 Are springing into birth ;
 The daisy's crimson curtains,
 The violet's starry eyes,
 Are opening up in silent joy,
 And gazing on the skies.

Old Winter flies before thee,
 With surly downcast looks,
 As from his icy barriers
 Thou free'st the murruring brooks.

The feather'd tribe, from hedge and grove.
 Pour forth their grateful lays,
 And lambkins on a thousand hills,
 Are bleating in thy praise !

And still to hail thine advent,
 Far from the noisy town,
 The toil-worn artisan goes forth,
 Ere health and strength are flown ;
 In the silence of the evening
 A lonely hour to pass,
 Where the gowan peeps wi' modest c'e,
 Frae out the dewy grass.

Sweet as the precious treasure
 Within the honeycomb ;
 And fresh and sparkling as the dews
 From morning's fruitful womb ;
 O'er hill and plain thou fliest,
 With gladness on thy wing—
 O, tarry with us yet awhile,
 Sweet spirit ! gentle Spring.

William Calder.

WIFE O' WILLOWDENHA'.

ORIGINAL AIR.

THE waefu' Gudewife o' the Willowdenha'
 Was ance the beauty an' toast o' the parish ;
 Her daddie had deet and left her his a',
 Her uncle had siller, an' she was his heires—

Sie comin', an' gangin',
 An' woin', an' thrangin',
 An' tynin', an' winnin',

Was ne'er i' your kennin'—
 But the laddie that carry't the lassie awa',
 Was Johnny Gilfillan o' Willowdenha'!

The lassie was bred in a braw borough-town,
 Whar fouth o' gude manners she learn'd fu' ready;
 Whar a' the new fashions frae Lon'on come down,
 Whar a' the young misses are fine as my lady,
 Wi' ribbons an' ruffles,
 Wi' feathers an' muffles,
 Wi' fringes an' laces,
 An' pearlins an' braces—
 Wi' ilka thing bonny, an' ilka thing braw,
 She dazzl't the folks o' the Willowdenha'!

His daddie was vauntie, his minnie was vain,
 They gied to their Johnny the house an' the haudin';
 An' mickle was gotten, an' plenty was gaun,
 For the back an' the belly, the day o' the waddin'—
 Wi' dautin' an' kissin',
 Wi' keekin' an' dressin',
 Wi' jauntin' an' callin',
 An' rantin' an' ballin',
 The day slippet ower, an' the nicht flew awa',
 An' a' was fu' happy at Willowdenha'!

But wae to the wane o' the blythe hinnymoon;
 The luvie o' the bonny young lady miscarry't;
 When the daffin was done, she gaed a' out o' tune,
 An' she thocht it an unco thing now to be marry't—
 An' thinkin' an' ruein',
 An' wishin' an' trewin',
 An' frettin' an' sighin',
 An' sabbin' an' cryin'—

The country was dull, an' the haudin' was sma',
An' sair did she weary o' Willowdenha'!

Tho' Johnny was young and had siller fu' rife,
A braw plenish'd house, an' a weel stocket mailin ;
Yet a' wadna pleasure his gentle gudewife,
An' happiness never wad enter his dwellin'—
Sae broken an' blearie,
An' daivert an' dreary,
An' gloomin' and grievin',
An' dauntet an' driven—

He sought i' the houff—whar the drouthy loons ca'—
For the peace that had fled far frae Willowdenha'!

At morning an' evening, at nicht an' at noon,
They wasted, they wair'd, an' they wrangl't wi' ither ;
Till the siller, the gear, an' the credit gae'd done,
An' auld uncle's penny was gien till anither ;
Then waefu' an' wearie,
An' wilfu' an' eerie—
Wi' poverty pressin',
An' a' thing distressin'—

His honour the laird he came in wi' the law,
An' roupet the haudin' o' Willowdenha'!

Alasdair

THE FLOWER O' DONSID.

AIR—*The lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.*

OH! ken ye sweet Chirsty, tho' Flower o' Donside,
She's fair as the morning, and modest beside ;
Sae sweet and sae sylphlike—the delicate flower
Is like her soft beauty, in summer's fair hour.

When the dim mists o' eve curtain Don's pleasant vale,
 I'll pour in her chaste ear my love-burthen'd tale ;
 As we stray by the river's soft silvery tide
 I'll fondly caress the sweet Flower o' Donside!

Oh ! ken ye sweet Chirsty, &c.

There are moments of bliss, when we feel the pure joy
 And transport of loving, without grief's alloy,
 Such moments as brighten sad life's weary way,
 When o'er the brown heath-flower at gloaming I stray,
 And the light arm that links in my own makes me feel
 A thrill of delight, which I cannot reveal—

May Heaven grant me this, whate'er else may betide,
 To twine with my fate the sweet Flower o' Donside.

Oh ! ken ye sweet Chirsty, &c.

Arch^d. A. Watson.

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Oh! why left I my hame ?
 Why did I cross the deep ?
 Oh! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep ?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs,
 And to the Indian maid
 The bulbul* sweetly sings;

* The Nightingale.

But I dinna see the broom,
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang
 O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here, no sabbath bell
 Awakes the sabbath morn ;
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Amang the yellow corn ;
 For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of slavery ;
 But the sun of freedom shines
 In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain,
 But the first joys of our heart
 Come never back again.
 There's a track upon the deep,
 And a path across the sea,
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie.*

P. B. Gilfillan

* This exquisite effusion of Mr. Gilfillan, which reminds us of the "Babel Streams" of the captive Jews, we have taken, with permission, from "Original National Melodies of Scotland," by Peter M'Leod. Had our pages admitted music, the melody to which these

THE SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blade's in our hand,

Our birthright is the ocean vast—we scorn the girdled land ;

And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can bolder be

Than the hoarse-tongued tempest, raving o'er a proud and swelling sea !

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend

Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a friend ;

And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled billow's foam,

While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean as our home !

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind,

And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean speck behind ;

We shoot into the untrack'd deep, as earth-freed spirits soar,

Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms without a shore !

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we bound free,

The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty ;

verses are married, would have been given ; it is one of the finest of modern compositions, and comes with heart-melting pathos on a Scottish car.—Eo.

No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man can
mete
The sky which arches o'er our head—the waves which kiss
our feet!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his
pride ;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast—the untam'd ocean
tide ;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the saucy
wave,
While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of
the brave.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and
free,
And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless
glee;
Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss
the spray,
As proudly through the foaming surge the Sea-King bears
away!

William Motherwell

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I saw my true Love first on the banks of queenly Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away ;
I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it more and more,
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before!
I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a
strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh! never, shall my cold ear hear again.

In all our friendless wanderings—in homeless penury—
Her gentle song and jetty eye, were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true Love fade—I heard her latest sigh—
I wept no friv'rous weeping when I closed her lightless eye ;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's
grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury ! around my Jeanie's bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury ! where'er my footsteps tread ;
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.*

William Thomson—

* “ Three mountain streamlets brawl separately down their break-neck journey, and tumble in peace together at the woods of Newton, just by Old Rayne, Aberdeenshire. This quiet confluence is the Ury. Like worn-out racers, these boisterous burns take breath, gliding along in harmonious languor some two miles or so, when the peaceful Ury is, as it were, cut through by the Gadie, a desperately crabbed-looking rivulet, raging and rumbling from Ben-na-chie. From this last annoyance Ury moves onward in noiseless sweetness, winding and winding as if aware of its own brief course, and all unwilling to leave the braes that hap the heroes of Harlow. By and by, it creeps mournfully past the sequestered grave-yard of Inverury, kisses the “ Bass,” and is swallowed up in the blue waters of the Don, its whole extent being only ten miles.”

William Thomson—

MAY MORNING SONG.

ARISE, fair maids, the east grows bright,
 The ocean heaves in lines of light,
 The earth is green, the lift is blue,
 Arise, fair maids, and gather dew ;—
 'Tis May morning, as you must know,
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go,
 A-Maying go, a-Maying go ;
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go.

There's Marjory mild, and Marion meek,
 And bonny Bell with her dimpling cheek ;
 There's Grace the gay can love inspire,
 And 'Liza, too, with the lily lyre,
 And Fan and Nan, in glesome row,
 All merry merry maids a-Maying go,
 A-Maying go, &c.

There's simple Ciss so soft and sweet,
 And Mary mild with her milk-white feet,
 There's Judith trig, and Janet trim,
 And Madeline with her waist so slim ;
 There's Sall, and Mall, and all, heigho !
 All merry merry maids a-Maying go.
 A-Maying go, &c.

There's Jill, and Jen, and jinking Jean,
 And winsome Win, they skiff the green,
 There's blythe young Bess with her locks so brown,
 And kindly Kate from the borough town,
 There's Sue, and Prue, and many moe,
 All merry merry maids a-Maying go,
 A-Maying go, &c.

Then away, fair maids, in the dawning's prime,
 Away and gather the dows in time,

Ev'n so shall your roses bloom more bright,
 Your eye reflect more heavenly light ;
 'Tis May morning, as all do know,
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go,
 A-Maying go, a-Maying go ;
 When merry merry maids a-Maying go.

James Telfer

HAPPY THE HEARTS.

HAPPY the hearts that did not beat
 In the gloomy old guard room,
 Where many a weeping maid and wife
 Bewailed a hopeless doom.
 There fast, fast, fell my own hot tears,
 When they told me I must stay,
 With a breaking heart, in a homeless land,
 And my true love far away.

The route came to our warlike camp ;
 I sought our chieftain's hall,
 I found the proud one, and before
 His dark stern face did fall :—
 " O ! part not me and mine ! " I cried ;
 But coldly answered he—
 " Weeper, away ! we may not take
 " Such silly things as thee."

The marching hour, it came at last,
 How gaily their banners flew ;
 Loud roll'd the mighty thundering drum,
 And wild the bugles blew ;

Whilst thousands to their windows rush'd
 The stirring sight to see,
 Shouting "Success to Briton's arms!"
 O! mournful sounds for me!

Loud shouted still the multitude,
 As played the merry band,
 Until they reached the strong war ship
 Beside the stormy strand;
 There, then, amidst their ranks I rush'd,
 My last farewell to take,
 To kiss his manly cheek, and breathe
 A prayer for his dear sake.

How close unto his heart I clung!
 How much I had to say!
 When loud amidst the mustering ranks,
 The bugles sung, "Away!"
 And away they bore him—O! my soul!
 That long, that farewell cheer,
 Rung like the knell of a thousand deaths
 Deep in my startled ear.

I saw no more—I felt no more
 For one long day and night;
 Till, waking from a dreadful dream
 Of death and cruel fight,
 I called on him I loved to hear;
 But he I loved was gone,—
 And I a wretched mourner was,
 In tears, and all alone.

A MacLellan

WHEN THE BEE HAS LEFT THE BLOSSOM.

ORIGINAL AIR.

WHEN the bee has left the blossom,
 And the lark has closed his lay,
 And the daisy folds its bosom
 In the dews of gloaming grey ;
 When the virgin rose is bending,
 Wet with evening's pensive tear,
 And the purple light is blending
 With the soft moon rising clear ;

Meet me then, my own true maiden,
 Where the wild flowers shed their bloom,
 And the air, with fragrance laden,
 Breathes around a rich perfume.
 With my true love as I wander,
 Captive led by beauty's power,
 Thoughts and feelings sweet and tender
 Hallow that delightful hour.

Give ambition dreams of glory,
 Give the poet laurell'd fame,
 Let renown in song and story
 Consecrate the hero's name.
 Give the great their pomp and pleasure,
 Give the courtier place and power--
 Give to me my bosom's treasure,
 And the lonely gloaming hour.


 A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Alice Smart". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page.

DAFT DAYS.

“ THE midnight hour is clinking, lads,
 An' the douce an' the decent are winking, lads,
 Sae I tell you again,
 Be't weel or ill ta en,
 It's time ye were quatting your drinking, lads.”

“ Gae ben an' mind your gantry, Kate,
 Gie's mair o' your beer, an' less bantry, Kate;
 For we vow whar we sit,
 That afore we shall flit,
 We'll be better aequant wi' your pantry, Kate.

“ The daft days are but beginning, Kate,
 An' we've sworn (wad ye ha'e us be sinning, Kate?)
 By our faith an' our houp,
 We shall stick by the stoup
 As lang as a barrel keeps rinnin, Kate.

“ Through spring an' through simmer we moil it, Kate,
 Through hay an' through harvest we toil it, Kate;
 Sae ye ken, whan the wheel
 Is beginning to squcal,
 It's time for to grease or to oil it, Kate.

“ Then score us anither drappy, Kate,
 An' gi'e us a cake to our cappy, Kate;
 For, by spigot an' pin,
 It were mair than a sin
 'To flit when we're sitting sae happy, Kate.”

New Ainslie

IT SPEAKS TO MY SPIRIT.

It speaks to my spirit the Voice of the Past,
 As I listlessly move on my way ;
 And pleasures, that were far too pleasant to last,
 Shine again, as they did in their day.
 In an isle of the West, there's a tangled retreat,
 Which the sweet sun looks bashfully on,
 And my soul has flown thither, in secret to meet
 With the feelings of years that are gone.

Across the broad meadow, and down the green lane,
 I have sped on the light foot of love,
 And I stand, as I stood long ago, once again,
 By the old mossy seat in the grove.
 Ah! yonder's the oak-tree, and under its shade
 One with looks full of welcome I see ;
 Yes—yes—'tis my Ellen, in beauty arrayed,
 As she was, when she first met with me.

Remembrance is rapture—nay, smile if you please,
 While you point to my thin locks of gray,
 Yet think not a heart, with emotions like these,
 Ever knows what it is to decay.
 The furrow lies deep in my time-stricken cheek,
 And the life-blood rolls languidly on,
 But the Voice of the Past has not yet ceased to speak
 With the feelings of years that are gone.

Will-Kennedy


I ANCE WAS IN LOVE.

I ANCE was in love—maybe no lang ago—
 And I lo'ed ae sweet lassie most dearly ;
 I sought her wee hand, but her daddy growl'd " no !"
 Which stung my young heart most severely.
 For he, wealthy wight, was an auld crabbit carl,
 Wha held fast the grip he had got o' the warl' ;
 So the poor plackless laddie got nought but a snarl,
 For lo'eing the lassie sincerely.

But love wadna hide, and the lassie lo'ed me,
 And oh ! her black een tauld it clearly,
 That she'd tak' and wed me without a bawbee,
 Although she had twa hundred yearly.
 So ae winter night, when her dad was asleep,
 And the wind made the doors a' to rattle and cheep,
 Frae out the back window she made a bit leap,
 And my arms kepp'd the prize I lo'ed dearly.

Auld GRIPSICCAR wasna to haud nor to bin',
 He tint a' his wee judgment nearly ;
 He stormed, he rampaged, he ran out, he ran in,
 And he vowed we should pay for it dearly ;
 But time wrought a change when he saw his first oe,
 Nae langer was heard then, the growl, and the " no !"
 Our house now is Gripsiccar, Goodsir, & Co.,
 While our labours are prospering yearly.

Alex^r Rodger

O LEEZE ME ON THEE, TIDY WIFIE.
 O LEEZE me on thee, tidy wifie, canty wifie, couthie wifie,
 Thou'rt the charm that binds me still
 To life and a' the cares that's in't ;

Never sighin', aye sae merry, aye sae winsome, aye sae lifie,
 Thy laughin' heart is free frae ill,
 And far thou leav'st a' cares ahint.

O lucky day when first I saw thee sittin' singin' at the cow,
 The blude a' swater't through my heart,
 And I forgat to gang, I wat ;

And when I cam' and spak' awhile, and wad hae preed your
 bonny mou',

And swore ye war a bit divert,
 Right weel I mind the skelp I gat.

O leeze me, &c.

They tell'd me how ye sune wad change, and sune wad turn
 baith douf and douce,

(But oh, the fules ! they little kenn'd

The leal, the kindly heartie o't,)

That ye wad sune forget your claes, and be a sackless slut
 and sour ;

Instead o' that ye darn and mend,

And ne'er an inch unseemly o't.

O leeze me, &c.

We now hae tried it mony a day, and still thy heart is light
 and free,

On ilka heart that's seen warld's wacs

The balm o' kindness pourin' yet,

Care whiles keeks by our hallan cheek, and gi'es a canker'd
 glower at me,

But when he sees thy happy face,

It sets him aff a stourin' yet.

O leeze me, &c.

THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

AIR—" *Gin a bodie meet a bodie.*"

THEY speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her e'e—

I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That's unco sair to dree ;

But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in' tear,

Is, heaven kens, fu' sweet amen's,
An' tints o' heaven here.

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,
Life's tempests howl in vain—

The very tears o' love are sweet
When paid with tears again.

Shall sapless prudence shake its pow,
Shall cauldrie caution fear,

An' drown that lowe, that livin' lowe,
That lights a heaven here ?

What tho' we're ca'd a wee before
The stale " three score an' ten :"

When " Joy " keeks kindly at your door,
Aye bid her welcome ben.

About yon blissfu' bowers above
Let doubtfu' mortals speir,

Sae weel ken we that " Heaven is love,"
Since love makes Heaven here.

William Thomson—

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERKIP.

O'ER Cowal hills the sinking sun

Was bidding Clutha's vale guid-day,

And, from his gorgeous golden throne,

Was shedding evening's mildest ray,

As round the Cloch I bent my way,
 With buoyant heart and bounding skip,
 To meet my lass, at gloaming grey,
 Among the shaws of Inverkip.

We met—and what an eve of bliss!
 A richer, sweeter, never flew,
 With mutual vow, with melting kiss,
 And ardent throb of bosoms true:—
 The bees, 'mid flowers of freshest hue,
 Would cease their honeyed sweets to sip,
 If they her soft sweet lips but knew—
 The lovely lass of Inverkip.

Her ebon locks, her hazel eye,
 Her placid brow, so fair and meek,
 Her artless smile, her balmy sigh,
 Her bonnie, blushing, modest cheek—
 All these a stainless mind bespeak,
 As pure as is the lily's tip;
 Then, O, may sorrow's breath so bleak
 Ne'er blight my Bud of Inverkip.

Alex^r Rodger

A HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Och! you hafe left us a',
 You're teat's a stone now, Dannie;
 Ta cauld toor's on your heat,
 In ta krafe wi' your krannie.
 Och! ish O! Och! ish O!
 Sair's ta heart o' your mither,
 She would not be so fex
 Hat you left put a prither.

Och! prawlie she'll hae mint
 Whan ye'll ran 'mang ta heather,
 Ant ta kyes ant ta sheeps
 Ye'll prought hame to your mither.
 Och! ish O! &c.

Ant no more will you play
 "Gillie Callie" at ta wattin,
 Or Shuke Corton's strathspey,
 From ta kreen to ta pettin.
 Och! ish O! &c.

Yesh! you nefer sait a swear,
 Or a cursh to your mither;
 Ant you ne'er lift your han'
 All your tays to your father.
 Och! ish O! &c.

Your skin was white's a milk;
 Your hair was fine's a moutie;*
 Your preath was sweeter far
 Than smell of putter't croutie.
 Och! ish O! &c.

Put och! noo you are teat—
 Nefer more will she sawt you;
 Ta cauld toor's on your heat—
 Your mither's tarlin' dawtic.
 Och! ish O! &c.

I SAID I LOVED THE TOWN.

I SAID I loved the town—and I felt the tale was true—
Beyond the spreading lawn, with its daisies dipt in dew ;
For I never sought the breezy hill, the woodlands, or the
plain,

But my heart with rapture bounded to the busy town again.

I said I loved the town—and I thought the tale was true,
Till Jessie thence had gone, then my fancy flitted too ;
The spell dissolved, like boyhood's bliss before the eye of
age,

As fades before the glare of day the tinsel of the stage.

I said I loved the town—but I doubted if 'twas true,
Yet felt ashamed to own the longing strange and new,
That sighed for rural landscapes in all their varied dyes,
Exulting in the golden gleam of sunny summer skies !

I said I hate the town—and, alas ! the tale was true,
It's only charm had flown when Jessie's smile withdrew ;
Oh ! I could love the bleakest spot on yonder mountain
bare,

Beyond all else, if Jessie's eye were beaming on me there !

E. Bonnelly



THE MOON SHONE CALMLY BRIGHT.

THE moon shone calmly bright
Upon the slumb'ring scene,
Ten thousand stars shone out that night,
Around their placid queen ;

A ship hath left the shore,—
 Where shall that good ship be,
 Ere fill the moon one bright horn more?—
 Deep—deep in the booming sea.
 “Hark!—heard ye not, but now,
 A wild unearthly cry,”
 They ask with troubled breast and brow,
 And startled ear and eye—
 “Was’t the water-spirit’s shriek?
 What may that boding be?”
 And a moment blanch’d the brownest cheek,
 On the deep and booming sea.
 “What fear?—the breeze to-night
 Can scarce a ripple wake,
 And slow moves our ship with her wings of white,
 Like a swan o’er a moonlit lake!”
 Ah! little dreamt they then
 The change so soon to be,
 And arose the songs of jovial men
 On the deep and booming sea!
 ’Tis morn—but such a morn
 May bark ne’er brave again,
 Through vaulting billows—tempest-torn,
 Toils the reeling ship in vain!
 The waves are hushed and blue,
 But where—oh! where is she,
 The good ship with her gallant crew?
 Deep—down in the booming sea!

John G. S. S. S.

O COME AWA', JEANIE.

Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

O COME awa', Jeanie, and hearken to me,
 Wi' the sweet winning smile o' your daddie's blithe e'e ;
 I'll gi'e an advice o' the best I can gi'e,
 Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

O Jean, bide awa' frae that son o' the laird's,
 Things sacred and virtuous he naething regards ;
 It is no for aught your auld minnie can name,
 That he sees ye, an' e'es ye, an' follows ye hame.

Now sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,
 Wi' your daddie's brent brow and your daddie's dark e'e,
 I'll gi'e ye an advice o' the best I can gi'e,
 Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's douce Johnny Lowrie, the minister's man,
 But his graces and face is a wee thing owre lang,
 He woo'd and beguiled a young maiden before,
 O gi'e Johnny Lowrie the back o' the door.

But sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,
 Your minnie can see what her bairn canna see ;
 I'll gi'e my advice, and it's a' I can gi'e,
 Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's young Hughy Graham o' the Windlestrae dell,
 He's blooming, and guileless, and gude, like yersell ;
 The Laird and John Lowrie can court ye mair free,
 Without the pure lowe o' his kind loving e'e.



A' WEAR THE MASKS.

AIR—" *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

WILL SHAKSPEARE, in his witty page,
Declares that "all the world's a stage,"
And we as players a' engage,

To—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Priest humility will teach—
To poverty contentment preach—
Place rank and wealth within his reach,

He—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Doctor, wi' his drap and pill,
May, as it happens, cure or kill ;
If he contrive his pouch to fill,

He'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

The learned Lawyer pawkilic,
In gown and wig, will press your plea ;
But, win or lose, has fobb'd his fee,

Sae—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Actor, he "plays mony a part,"
Wi' comic shrug, or tragic start,
To glee, or grief, he bends the heart,

And—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Fiddler, wi' his magic bow,
O'er mortals, too, his spell can throw ;
He screws his pegs to joy or woe,

Sync whistles owre the lave o't.

The Landlord, wi' his beer sac sma',
Nae final reckoning fears ava ;
Instead o' ane he'll score you twa,

Then—whistle owre the lave o't.

The Soldier, though he drills a' day,
And right and left maun face away,
At night makes merry wi' his pay,

And—whistles owre the lave o't.

The Gangrel, on his timmer pegs,
 Wha, through the day, for awmous begs,
 At night will dance on twa gude legs,
 And—whistle owre the lave o't.
 In human life, we thus may see,
 A' wear the mask in some degree ;
 This ane will cheat, that ither lee,
 A' whistle owre the lave o't.

Charles Gray,

THE WEE WEE FLOWER.

Air by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

THE wee wee flower, the wee wee flower,
 Shrinks frae the droukin midnight shower,
 But opes its leaves in sunny hour—
 Slee type o' life—the wee wee flower.

The wee wee flower begins to blaw
 When early draps o' spring dew's fa',
 But snell April aft gars it cour—
 Ah! silly thing, the wee wee flower.

When opening buds a' lang for light,
 The wee flower peeps wi' gowd-e'e'd sight ;
 An', O! it's Nature's richest dower
 To deck ance mair the wee wee flower.

When elfin fairies trip the green,
 Wi' dew-stars blobbin in their e'en,
 They lay them down, a' happit owre,
 A' nestling in the wee wee flower.

The wee flower decks nae garden gay,
 But blooms in neuks that's far away ;
 It canna stand ae wild e'e's glower—
 Ah ! blate young thing, the wee wee flower.

'Mang trees the wee flower rears its stem,
 Cheer'd by the juice that nurtures them ;
 Yet a' it tak's, ne'er stints their power—
 It lives on love, the wee wee flower.

But O ! the wee flower dwines an' dees,
 When nither'd by the norland blast ;
 As Passion plucks frae Nature's bower,
 An' leaves to dee, the wee wee flower.

James Ballantyne

THE ROUGH KISS.

O ! WOMAN'S wit, O ! woman's wiles—
 I would that I were free—
 Far frae the magic o' your smiles,
 Your winning witchery :—
 Yet, did I vow the fair to flee,
 Their favours sweet to scorn,
 I meikle doubt that I should die
 A sinner sair foresworn.

Yestreen the new hairst-moon rose bright,
 And ilka star, that beamed
 In beauty on the brow o' night,
 An angel's spirit seemed.

My weary naigs were fed, and clean,
 Safe hame were kye and sheep ;
 Thick cam' my nightly thoughts o' Jean,
 Till I fell sound asleep.

And syne I dreamed—as fools will dream—
 O' wandering near a bower,
 Beside a merry chaunting stream,
 Wi' green banks a' in flower.
 There, fairer far than bowers or brooks,
 Or flowers in summer sheen,
 In ane o' Nature's rosy nooks,
 I met my true-love Jean.

A herdin' crook held ae white han',
 A silken leash the ither,
 Wi' whilk she led, frae upland lawn,
 A wee lamb and its mither.
 How could my heart be passion-proof
 When love brought us thegither ?—
 The sunny sky our chamber roof,
 Our couch the balmy heather.

Then—as I breathed my love—my sighs,
 My words grew warmer, dearer ;
 And, somehow, 'tween her kind replies,
 We nearer crept, and nearer.
 But when I preed her mou', to prove
 The raptures o' my faith,
 I thought the loupin' throes o' love
 And joy had been my death.

Alas ! soon fled the vision sweet,
 The joys o' each embrace,
 And I awoke, methought to meet
 Auld Satan face to face :

My rosy bed, beside the brook,
 Proved but a couch o' thorns;
 And high, instead o' Jeanie's crook,
 Towered twa lang crooked horns!

And close, instead o' Jeanie's waist,
 For beauty's model meet,
 I faund my twining arms embraced
 Twa cloddy, cloven feet!
 And what I deem'd the sweets that sprung
 Frae Jeanie's honey mou',
 Were lappings frae the lang rough tongue
 O' auld Tam Tamson's cow!

A MacLellan

THE BONNIE KEEL LADDIE.*

The bonnie keel laddie, the cannie keel laddie,
 The bonnie keel laddie for me, O!
 He plies at his wark, wi' his blue woollen sark,
 An' he brings the white money tiv me, O!

Throughout the hail raw, he's the nicest iv a'
 An' sey sharp is the glance iv his e'e, O!
 Sey tight an' sey toppin', sey smart an' sey strappin'—
 Ah! dearly he's welcome tiv me, O!

* On the Tyne, the large boats are called *keels*, in which coals are conveyed down the river to the coasting vessels. *Ran* is applied to the long range of low houses erected near a colliery, for the accommodation of its workmen.

Frev his hat tiv his showe—when he's dressed braw an'
new—

He's gentility's sel' tiv a tee, O!

His hue is sey bonnie, there's nane like my Johnny

Owre a' the wide warld, tiv me, O!

The cannie keel laddie, the bonnie keel laddie,

The cannie keel laddie for me, O!

My heart aye louns leet, when he comes hame at neet,

Tiv his cozie hearth-stane, an' tiv me, O!

Robt. White.



SHEAN M'NAB.

AIR—“*Lord Balgonie's Favourite*”

OF Shean M'Nab she'll want to sing,

Ant all ta ponny flowers of Spring,

To make compare wi' Shean, she'll pring;

My tearest! sweetest Shean M'Nab!

Ta primrose, in ta tew of morn,

Ta woods ant mossy pank's atorn;

Put not a primrose e'er was porn

Is half so sweet as Shean M'Nab!

You'll surely hafe ta fiolet seen!

Se motest hite from kazers een!

Ant plushing sweet, shust like my Shean,

My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Gran' is ta smell come from ta rose,

Ponny's ta pud she early shows,

Her plooming colour sweetly blows

Upon ta sheek of Shean M'Nab.

Ta lily is poth sweet ant fair,
 Naething can wi' her compare;
 Put shust ta posom of my tear,
 My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Melting sweet's her tark plue e'e,
 Like hare-pell on ta sunny lea,
 Ant, och! ta plink is tear to me,
 Ta klancc of ponny Shean M'Nab.

Her preath's more sweet as meatow hay,
 Or frakrant wilt thyme's flower in May,
 Och! she could lif for cfer aye
 Upon ta lips of Shean M'Nab.

Shean's tall ant stately as ta pine,
 Her form is kraceful, most tifine;
 All other maitens she'll outshine,
 My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Happy to pe, she coult not fail,
 If nainsel' coult on Shean prefail
 To shange her name to Shean M'Phail,
 Ant nefer more pe Shean N'Nab.

Alex Fisher

NO SEASON THIS FOR GLOOMING.

No season this for glooming,
 No season this for sorrow,
 The blithe old earth is blooming,
 Sweet flowers the air perfuming,
 And birds sing loud, "good morrow!"

Lo! where the clouds are breaking,
 And, from their fleecy bosoms,
 The jovial sun awaking,
 His morning draught partaking—
 The dew that gems the blossoms!

Then let old Care go slumber,
 While here, with blue-eyed Pleasure,
 Devoid of thought or cumber,
 As time's hours slowly number,
 We dance a jocund measure!

W. Ferguson

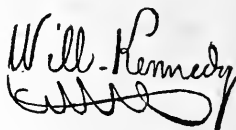
O FOR THE MERRY MOONLIGHT HOUR!

O FOR the merry moonlight hour!
 O for the hearts that warmest glow!
 O for the breath of the summer flower,
 Far floating in the vale below!
 Hail to the clime where Beauty's power
 Is stamped on every plant and tree;
 Joy's rosy throne—Love's wedding bower—
 Land of our choice, fair Italy!

O for the dance!—the dance at even!—
 Woman's smile is loveliest then;—
 O for the notes which came from Heaven,
 Which came—but ne'er returned again.
 Blessed be these notes! they long have striven
 To keep the young heart warm and free;
 And never was boon to mortals given,
 Like the song of fervid Italy.

O for the morn! the glorious morn!
 When souls were proud, and hopes were high,
 Ere the Eagle's fiery plume was torn,
 Or his course grew dark in the western sky.
 That wild bird's wing is shrunk and shorn,
 Yet our empire winds from sea to sea;
 Fame's wandering torch o'er earth is borne,
 Love's, shines alone for Italy!

Then hail to the merry moonlight hour!
 And joy to the hearts that warmest glow!
 Ever bright be the bloom of the summer flower,
 And sweet its breath in the vale below!
 And long may our maidens' evening bower
 Echo the song of the gay and free;
 And long may Beauty's dazzling power
 Reign over blooming Italy!

Will-Kennedy


THEN MOUNT THE TACKLE AND THE REEL.

Our sport is with the salmon rod,
 Fine gut, tough ravel string,
 A hook of the true "Kirkby bend,"
 Dark-bodied with white wing;
 Dark-bodied with white wing, my boys!
 A yellow bob behind,
 And deep red hackle, fastened round
 With tinsel well entwined.

Then mount the tackle and the reel,
 Is now the fisher's song,
 For Bringham Dub and Carham Wheel *
 Hold many a salmon strong.

A south-west wind that steady blows,
 A dark grey cloudy sky,
 A ripple o'er the water clear,
 To lead away the fly ;
 To lead away the fly, my boys !
 There strike ! the reel goes free !
 With a new run fish, as fresh and strong
 As ever left the sea.

Then mount, &c.

The yielding rod bends like a bow,
 And lifts him from his hold,
 With quivering pull, and bounding leap,
 Or steady run so bold ;
 The steady run so bold, my boys !
 As through the stream he flies,
 Tells with what energy he fights
 Before a salmon dies.

Then mount, &c.

Reel up, reel up ! one sullen plunge,
 He takes out line no more,
 Head down the stream ! then haul him in !
 He gasps upon the shore ;
 He gasps upon the shore, my boys !
 His weight an English stone,
 As beautiful a thing in death
 As eye e'er gazed upon.

Then mount, &c.

* Celebrated pools or *holds* for salmon on the Tweed.

The sport is o'er! and home we go,
 A bumper round we bear,
 And drink "The face we never saw,
 But may it prove as fair!"*
 But may it prove as fair! my boys,
 Each fisher drinks with glee,
 And benisons to-morrow's sport,
 That it may better be.

Then mount, &c.

M. A. Foster

THE FLOWER O' THE AYR.

I WALK'D out yestreen, when the e'enin' was fa'in',
 A lingering glory yet played on the sea,
 The woods were sae still, no a zephyr was blawin',
 The sang o' the lav'rock was hushed on the lea.
 Awa' frae the town, wi' its din and its folly,
 I kent na, and cared na, how far I had gane,
 The night was sae peacefu', the hour was sae holy,
 The spirit o' nature and I were alane.

I thought on the days when I stray'd wi' my Jessie,
 While birds lilted sweet on the banks of the Ayr,
 When Hope's fairy visions were shared wi' my lassie,
 And life was as happy as simmer was fair.
 Sad was my heart, for again I was roamin'
 Through scenes that were dear in the days o' langsyne,
 And Mem'ry flew back to the still simmer gloamin',
 When, prest to my bosom, she vowed to be mine.

* Fishers' toast.

There was the burnie yet, fring'd with the breckan ;
 There was the bank where she sat on my knee ;
 There was the birken bower, sad and forsaken,
 Where aft she had lookit sae fondly on me ;
 But where is my lassie, O where is my Jessie ?
 Ah! cruel echoes, ye mock my despair ;
 Nor sunshine may cheer me, nor tempests can fear me—
 Oh, soon may I lie wi' the Flower o' the Ayr.

Thomas C. Letto

GLENORCHY.

O WILD singing spirit of Glenorchy's lone vale,
 Why ceased is thy music, why gone is thy tale ?
 Has thy bard sunk to slumber with those who are gone,
 That I hear not his harp, with its heart-stirring tone ?
 Round the towers of Kilchurn thy murmur sweeps low,
 But 'tis lost in the lake of Glenorchy's loud flow ;
 Thy name and existence they flit fast away,
 And thy bard and his numbers have gone to decay !

Has no minstrel e'er given thy praises to fame ?
 Are thy scenes doom'd to die, like thy perishing name ?
 Are those haunts doom'd to fade, like the quick-passing
 flower
 That blooms into beauty and dies in an hour ?
 From thy cloud on the mountain I hear thee reply :—
 " Many bards have I had in the ages gone by ;
 But the Sassenach loved not our wild Highland strain,
 And the Gael's native music was wasted in vain !"

But yet on thy lonely braes, thrilling afar
 The soft notes of love, and the loud tones of war,
 By thy shepherds awaken'd, may still there be heard,
 Re-echoing sweetly the tones of thy bard.

And often, when o'er Ben Cruachan in light
 The moon sheds her silvery rays on the night,
 She sees her attendant stars shine in the deep
 Of thy long inland waters, as softly they sleep.

And she hears through the silence of ages gone past,
 The echoes of harps chiming lone on the blast ;
 They speak of the glory that's faded away,
 And mournful's the sound of their lingering lay !
 When the thick falling dews seem'd to swell the bright
 stream,

And the waterfall tinkled beneath the moonbeam,
 When the long summer nights seemed still longer to stay,
 And the glory of evening was brighter than day.

Then the fairies in splendid array would advance,
 As they glided along in their wild mystic dance,
 And the music of spirits by mortals unseen
 Sounded sweet with their mirth as they danced on the
 green.

But the music has ceased, and the fairies are gone,
 And the scene only mourns in its beauty alone ;
 Neglect with her shadow now closes it o'er,
 And the haunts once so loved will be cherish'd no more !

Thos. Young

SANDYFORD HA'.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

YE'LL a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha',
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha';
 When Summer returns wi' her blossoms sae braw,
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

This dwelling though humble is airy and clean,
 Wi' a hale hearty wifie baith honest and bien,
 An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

A wooden stair leads to the attics aboon,
 Whar ane can look out to his friends in the moon,
 Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa',—
 Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we ha'e closed,
 An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dozed.
 We'll puff our Havana, on Hope we will ca',
 An' our chief guest be Pleasure at Sandyford Ha'.
 Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,
 For the wee thochtless birdies lilt a' the day lang ;
 The lentic, the laverock, the blackbird an' a',
 Ilk' day ha'e a concert at Sandyford Ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may stare,
 Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—
 At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge is sma',
 There's far mair contentment at Sandyford Ha'.
 There's something romantic about an auld house,
 Where the cock ilka morning keeps crawling fu' crouse,
 An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,
 An' such is the case at blythe Sandyford Ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen tree,
 As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the sea,
 Till night her grey mantle around us shall draw,
 Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford Ha'.

At morning when music is loud in the sky,
 An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,
 We'll saunter in joy where the lang shadows fa',
 'Mang the sweet-scented groves around Sandyford Ha'.

Andrew Park

RANTIN' ROBIN, RHYMIN' ROBIN.

AIR—"Dainty Davie."

WHEN Januar winds were ravin' wil'
 O'er a' the districts o' our isle,
 There was a callant born in Kyle,

And he was christen'd Robin.

Oh Robin was a dainty lad,
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;
 It made the gossips unco glad

To hear the cheep o' Robin.

That ne'er-to-be-forgotten morn,
 When Coila's darling son was born,
 Auld Scotland on her stock-an'-horn

Play'd "welcome hame" to Robin.

And Robin was the blythest loon,
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
 That ever sang beneath the moon,—

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Fame stappin in ayont the hearth,—
 Cried, "I foresee your matchless worth,
 And to the utmost ends o' earth

I'll be your herald, Robin!"

And well she did emblaze his name,
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
 In characters o' livin' flame,—

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

The Muses round his cradle hung,
 The Graces wat his infant tongue,
 And Independence wi' a rung,
 Cried—"Redd the gate for Robin!"
 For Robin's soul-arousing tones,
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
 Gar'd tyrants tremble on their thrones,—
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin!

Then let's devote this night to mirth,
 And celebrate our Poet's birth;
 While Freedom preaches i' the earth,
 She'll tak' her text frae Robin!
 Oh! Robin's magic notes shall ring,
 Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
 While rivers run and flowerets spring,
 Huzza! huzza for Robin!!

David Veeder.

PEGGY PENN.

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

AIR—"The Barley Brec."

THE muin shone breet, the tudder neet:
 The kye wer milkt; aw wark was duin;
 I shavet mysel', an' cwomt my hair,
 Flang aff the clogs, pat on greas'd shoon;
 The clock strack eight, as out I stule,
 The rwoad I tuik reet weel I ken,
 An' crosst the watter, clam the hill,
 In whopes to meet wi' Peggy Penn.

When i' the wood, I heard two talk,
 They cutter't on, but rather low ;
 I hid mysel' ahint a yek,
 An' Peggy wid a chap suin saw :
 He smackt her lips ; she cried, " Give owre !
 We lasses aw are pleag't wi' men !"
 I tremlin' stuid, but dursen't speak,
 Tho' fain I'd coddelt Peggy Penn !

He cawt her Marget, sometimes Miss,
 He spak' queyte feyne,* an' kisst her han' ;
 He braggt ov aw his fadder hed—
 I seeght ; for we've nae house or lan' !
 Said he, " My dear, I've seen you oft,
 An' watch'd you link thro' wood an' glen,
 With one George Moor, a rustic boor,
 Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Penn !"

She drew her han', an' turnt her roun',
 " Let's hae nae mair sic talk !" says she,
 " Tho' Gwordie Muir be nobbet puir,
 He's dearer nor a prince to me !
 Mey fadder scauls, mworn, nuin, an' neet,
 Mey mudder fratches sair ; what then ?—
 Aw this warl's gear cud niver buy
 Frae Gworge the lave ov Peggy Penn !"

" O, Miss !" says he, " forget such fools,
 Nor heed the awkward, stupid clown ;
 If such a creature spoke to me,
 I'd quickly knock the booby down !"
 " Come on !" says I, " thy strenth c'en try,
 Suin heed owre heels sic tuils I'd sen' ;
 Lug off thy cwoat, I'll fecht aw neeght
 Wi' three leyke thee for Peggy Penn !"

* A would-be dandy.

Now off he flew ; mey airms I threw
 About her waist ; away we went ;
 I axt her if she durst be meyne ;
 She squeezt my han' an' gev consent :
 We talkt, an' jwokt, as lovers sud,
 We partet at their awn byre en',
 An' cre anudder month be owre,
 She'll change to Muir frae Peggy Penn !*

Robert Anderson.

* We are indebted to our friend, James Steel, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Carlisle Journal*, for the following biographical notice of the Cumberland bard. Many of Mr. Anderson's pieces appeared first in that journal.—Ed.

“The author of this ballad, which we believe has never before appeared in type, was born at Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, on the 1st of February, 1770, in a suburb of the city called Dam-side. His parents were very poor, and burthened with a large family ; and Robert, being the youngest of nine children, received his early education at a charity school of the humblest pretensions. While yet a child, he used to spend his winter evenings by the fireside of an old Highland woman, who lived near the house of his parents, listening with wonder and delight to the ‘wild Scottish ballads’ she sung to him ; and from this circumstance he says he ‘imbibed the love of song,’ which clung to him through life. Before he was ten years of age, he was sent to labour, as an assistant to an elder brother, a calico printer ; and, when thirteen years old, was bound apprentice as a pattern-drawer in the same business. At the end of his apprenticeship, he went to London, and was first induced to become a song-writer by hearing some wretched songs, ‘in a mock-pastoral, Scottish style,’ sung at Vauxhall Gardens. His first effusions were set to music by Mr. Hook, and, to his great gratification, sung at Vauxhall by

JEAN MUNRO.

AIR—" *Jock o' Hazledean.*"

O HAE ye seen the lily fair, wak'd by the morning beam,
 Bending its head sae modestly aboon the biekering stream ;
 Or hae ye seen the e'ening star at gloaming brightly glow—
 Then hae ye seen the fairy form o' bonnie Jean Munro.

Her cheek is like the mellow fruit, just drapping frae the
 tree,

And there's a silent witch'ry in the twinkle o' her e'e ;
 And frae her brent and polished brow, her glossy ringlets
 flow,

That clust'ring shade the snaw-white breast o' bonny Jean
 Munro.

The miser who exultingly looks on his glittering store,
 And feels, throughout his frozen veins, a thrill of transport
 pour,

Master Phelps. He returned to Carlisle in 1796, and ten years afterwards he published his first volume of ballads in the Cumberland dialect. He soon afterwards went to Belfast to follow his profession, and continued to write ballads and other poetical pieces, which were published in the Belfast and Carlisle newspapers. He again returned to his native place in 1820, to which he was welcomed by a public dinner. A subscription was set on foot to publish his works, from which it was expected that a sum might be raised to secure him an annuity for life. The works were printed, in two volumes, but the profits upon them were very small; and poor Anderson had at last to be preserved from the workhouse by a trifling annual subscription raised amongst a few of his admirers. He died on the 26th September, 1833, and a marble bust of him has been placed in the aisle of St. Mary's Cathedral, Carlisle. His poetical powers were not of a very high order; but he had a keen perception of character, and has depicted the manners and customs of 'canny Cumberland,' in his ballads, with extraordinary vigour and truth."

The rushing tide of happiness he would at once forego,
For ae kiss o' the balmy lips o' bonnie Jean Munro.

Care hath his furrows deeply set upon my altered cheek,
And wintry Time blawn o'er my head his blasts baith cauld
and bleak ;

But could I to my cheek restore Youth's gladsome ruddy
glow,

Blythe would I be life's path to tread wi' bonnie Jean
Munro.

Wm. Lusk

POLLY CUSHANE.

O! PROTESTANT BILLY was handsome and tall,
His shoulders were broad, and his ankles were small;
There was not in our country so frisky a blade,
And by nature he was a true jintleman made.
And a waltin' the Gallachers many times got,
When they offered to tramp on the tails of his coat ;
But yet this bould rover got bound in love's chain,
And kilt by the blue eyes of Polly Cushane.

At her father's fireside, for a long winter's night,
To talk wid his Polly was all his delight—
And there they kept titterin' and botherin' still,
Till the grey eye of morning peep'd over the hill.
Billy's bosom with love was burning and dry,
For all that it drank from each glance of her eye,
Which glisten'd and laugh'd like the flower after rain—
“ Och! your'e fresher and fairer, my Polly Cushane.”

Wid a slap on his cheek, she smiling would say,
“ 'Tis late now, you rogue, so be off and away ;”
Then Billy replies, “ Faith, my darlint, that's thrue—
But how can I sleep, for a dhraming of you.”

“ Go—spalpeen !” her ould father bawls in a rage;
 Then Polly would pant like a bird in a cage,
 While Protestant Bill kiss’d her red lips again,—
 “ Good night and good luck, my sweet Polly Cushane.”

Alex. A. Ritchie

AULD EPPIE.

AULD Eppie, puir bodie, she wons on the brae,
 In yon little cot-house, aneath the auld tree ;
 Far off frae a’ ithers, an’ fu’, fu’ o’ flaws,
 Wi’ rough divot sunks haudin’ up the mud wa’s;
 The storm-tatter’d riggin’, a’ row’d here an’ there,
 An’ the reekit lum-framin’, a’ broken an’ bare,
 The lang raggit eaves hangin’ down the laigh door,
 An’ a’e wee bit winnock, amaist happit ower ;
 The green boor-tree bushes a’ wavin’ aroun’,
 An’ grey siller willow-wands kissin’ the grun’!

“ Auld Eppie’s a weird-wife,” sae runs the rude tale,
 For a’e nicht some chiels comin’ hame frae their ale
 Cam’ in by her biggin’, an’, watchin’ apart,
 They saw Eppie turnin’ the beuk o’ black art ;
 An’ O !—the douff soun’s and the *uncos* that fell,
 Nae livin’ cou’d think o’, naelanguage cou’d tell.
 Nae body leuk’s near her, unless it may be
 Whan cloudie nicht closes the day’s darin’ e’e,
 That some, wi’ rewards an’ assurance, slip ben,
 The weels an’ the waes o’ the future to ken !

Auld Eppie’s nae spaewife, tho’ she gets the name ;
 She’s wae for hersel’, but she’s wae’er for them ;

For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door, -
 She is blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.
 Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME o' LIGHT,
 An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' night—
 In a' crooks an' crosses she calmly obeys,
 E'en seasons o' sorrow are seasons o' praise ;
 She opens an' closes the day on her knee—
 That's a' the strange sicht onie bodie can see.

Alexander

ON A SWEET LOVELY ISLE.

On a sweet lovely isle, in some calm peaceful sea,
 Mid the billows at rest, thy fair dwelling should be ;
 Far from cities and towns, with their tumult and strife,
 With the birds and the flowers thou should'st pass thy
 young life ;
 Where the flower on the sward, and the bird on the tree,
 Alone gave its song and its beauty to thee,—
 Fit abode is such gem, on the bright Ocean's brow,
 For a creature so sweet and so lovely as thou.

Where the bounties of nature are scattered around,
 And each bush and each tree with rich fruitage is crown'd ;
 Where the insects and birds—as they sport on the wing—
 Rejoice in a constant duration of spring ;
 Where the streamlet—that murmurs in beauty along—
 Glads thy brow with its coolness, thine ear with its song,
 And all nature around wears her gaudiest vest,
 To welcome so good and so gentle a guest.

Where the sea that encircles that fair peaceful land,
 Never breaks with rude surge on the bright golden sand,

But the happy young wavelets, that sparkle so sweet,
 Dance wild in their glee ere they break at thy feet :
 A region of bliss—where no restless commotion
 Within, on the land, or without, on the ocean :—
 Fit emblem that land, and fit emblem that sea,
 Of a creature so pure and so peaceful as thee.

Where nature reposes—below and on high—
 In the green of the sea and the blue of the sky ;
 Where the sun loves to pour on the fairest of isles
 The first of his rays and the last of his smiles,
 And ere the bright glory has sunk in the west,
 Throws a mantle of gold round the isle he loves best—
 There to spend all my days—oh! the rapture—the bliss !
 With a creature so pure, on an island like this.

Robt Burns

O, WE'LL KEEP OUR HEARTS ABOON.

AIR—“ *O why should old age so much wound us, O.*”

O WE'LL keep our hearts aboon i' the bearing o't,
 O we'll keep our hearts aboon i' the bearing o't ;
 'Though our pows are turning grey, and life's fleeting fast
 away,
 Yet we'll never cut it short wi' the fearing o't.

O our friendship it began when our years were but few,
 O our friendship it began when our years were but few ;
 Now many a year we've seen, wi' the world white and green,
 Yet every time we've met, still our happiness is seen.

Though we're neither lairds nor lords, yet the world it is
wide,

Though we're neither lairds nor lords, yet the world it is
wide;

And the merle's i' the wud, and the lav'rock's i' the clud,
And our cantie wee bit housikie by yon burnie side.

Let the warld just rin round i' the auld way o't,

Let the warld just rin round i' the auld way o't;

And the puir conceited fool, and the cauld and envious snool,

We've still a laugh to spare them in our blythe way o't.

James Telfer

JEANIE KELLY.

“HEY Jeanie Kelly, where hae ye been, I'd wate ?

Howe Jeanie Kelly, where hae ye been sae late ?”

“It's I've been in the greenwood, meetin' Johnie Gray,

O I can meet my Johnie either night or day.

Hey the bonnie greenwood, ho the bonnie greenwood,

It's there I'll meet my Johnie either night or day.”

“Does he speak ye kindly, telling tales o' love,

Or is he ane o' thae wad woman's weakness prove ?”

“O yes, he speaks me kindly, kissin' when we part,

Of a' the lads my Johnie's dearest to my heart.

I' the bonny greenwood, &c.

Of a' the lads, &c.

“His speech is aye sae modest, and his very c'e

Tell's aye what he's meanin', at least it does to me;

And when we gang thegither, my arm link'd into his,

I mind na what the sorrow or care o' this warld is,

I' the bonny greenwood, &c.

“ O he has vow'd to lo'e me, and lo'e nane but me,
 This gowden ring he's gi'en me a pledge of faith to be ;
 He said, will ye be mine ? I couldna say him nay,
 'Twas in the bonny greenwood I wan my Johnie Gray.

Hey the bonny greenwood, &c.

'Twas in, &c.

WINTER.

Now the tops of the Ochils are chilly with snow,
 But houses are warm in the valleys below ;
 The roofs are all white in their winter's attire,
 But firesides are cosy with long flaming fire.

Old Boreas, the storesman of snow and of hail,
 Sifts down from his bolter dire drift on our vale,
 With rain-drops at his nose and ice gauds at his ears,
 He but heightens our joys when his grimness appears.

He may gowl till he gasp ; he may fret till he freeze
 All the burns in their beds, in their channels the seas ;
 But the warmth of our hearts, as in friendship they glow,
 He never can cool with his frost and his snow.

In summer we garnish our goblets with flowers,
 And we sit all the even amid our rose bowers ;
 In winter our hearts the more merrily mingle,
 And cuddle more close round the bowl and the ingle.

Then here's to the man that doth temper a wee
 His wisdem with folly, his douceness with glee;
 Whose heart, tried the more, but the better doth prove,
 Aye happy with lore, and aye kindly with love.

W. T.

O LIST THE MAVIS' MELLOW NOTE.

Oh! list the mavis' mellow note
 Frae 'mang the aspen leaves,
 While, big wi' sang, his swelling throat
 An' mottled breastie heaves.
 Oh! sweetly pours the bonny bird
 His music wild and free,
 But, Mary, sang was never heard
 Could wile my heart frae thee.

The last bright tints o' sunset fair
 Gleam on the distant hill;
 Like threads o' polish'd silver there
 Glow many a streaming rill.
 The flowers smell sweet when gloaming grey
 Sends dews across the lea—
 Nae odours sweet or colours gay
 Can wile my heart frae thee.

The blythsome lambs will sport at e'en
 On mony a broomy knowe,
 And through the gowan'd glen sae green
 The mountain stream will row.
 The trouts that sport aneath its wave
 Unguiled may live for me;
 Nae hackle bright, or harle grave,
 Can wile my heart frae thee.

Beneath the gloaming's mellow light
 The landscape fair may lie ;
 The laverock in his yirthward flight
 May cleave the gowden sky ;
 And Nature, baith wi' sicht and sound,
 May pleasure ear and e'e,
 But, Mary, lass, the world's bound
 Hauds nought sae dear to me.

M. A. Foster

SANDY ALLAN.

AIR—"Saw ye Johnny coming?"

WHa is he I hear sae crouse,
 There ahint the hallan ?
 Whase skirlin' rings thro' a' the house,
 Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
 O ! it is anc, a weel kent chiel,
 As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
 Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
 It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind guidwife,
 This blythsome Sandy Allan,
 Wha lo'es him meikle mair than life,
 And glories in her callan.

As sense an' sound are aue in sang,
 Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan ;
 Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,
 Hae Luckie an' her callan.

To gie to a', it's aye his rule,
 Their proper name an' callin' ;
 A knave's a knave—a fule's a fule,
 Wi' honest Sandy Allan.

For ilka vice he has a dart,
 An' ' heavy is it's fallin';
 But ay for worth a kindred heart
 Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings a knee he winna bring,
 Sae proud is Sandy Allan;
 The man wha rightly feels is king
 O'er rank wi' Sandy Allan.
 Auld nature, just to show the warl'
 Ae truly honest callan;
 She strippit til't, and made a carle,
 And ca't him Sandy Allan.

Alex. Home

WOMAN'S WARK WILL NE'ER BE DUNE.

WOMAN's wark will ne'er be dune,
 Although the day were e'er sae lang;
 Sae meikle but, sae meikle ben,—
 But for her care a' wad gae wrang:
 And aiblins a poor thriftless wight
 To spend the gear sae ill to won,
 Aft gars an eydent thrifty wife
 Say "woman's wark will ne'er be dune."

We little think, in youthfu' prime,
 When wooing, what our weird may be;
 But aye we dream, and aye we hope,
 That blythe and merry days we'll see:

And blythe and merry might we be—
 But when is heard the weary tune,
 “ The morn it comes, the morn it gaes,
 But woman’s wark will ne’er be dune.”

I’ve been at bridals and at feasts,
 When care was in the nappy drowned ;
 The world might sink, or it might swim,
 Man, wife and weans were a’ aboon’t :
 But—wae’s my heart to think upon’t !—
 The neist day brought the waefu’ croon,—
 “ Come bridals, or come merry feasts,
 A woman’s wark will ne’er be dune.”

Twa bairnies toddlin’ at the fit,
 An’ aiblins ane upon the knee,
 Gar life appear an unco faught,
 An’ mony hae the like to dree ;
 But cherub lips an’ kisses sweet
 Keep aye a mither’s heart aboon,
 Although the owrecome o’ the sang
 Is “ woman’s wark will ne’er be dune.”*

R Allan

* The foregoing lines are from the pen of the late Robert Allan, of the parish of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, some of whose lyrical productions have long been deservedly popular all over Scotland—such as, “ The Bonnie built Wherry,” “ The Covenanter’s Lament,” “ Haud awa’ frae me, Donald,” &c. Mr. Allan followed through life the humble occupation of a handloom weaver ; and during his leisure hours he occasionally amused himself in poetical composition, the fruits of which appeared in a volume, which was published by subscription, in 1836, but which scarcely remunerated the author. The principal poem in the volume is entitled, “ An Address to the Robin.” It is written

THE TRYSTING TREE.

THE trysting tree, the trysting tree,
 O dear that gnarly trunk to me!
 My saul hath been in heaven hie
 When wooing 'neath the trysting tree.

in the Scottish dialect, and is, from beginning to end, a burst of homely and tender recollections, blended with the associations of boyhood, and "coming events," which seem to have cast their shadow over the mind of the amiable writer. He was the father of a numerous family. His youngest son—the only one of the family remaining unmarried—a young man of great promise as a portrait painter, left this country for America. The father could not remain behind the child of his old age. He bade farewell to his native land, and accompanied the young adventurer—only, alas! to die with his foot upon the shores of the New World. He arrived at New York on the 1st of June, 1841, and died there six days afterwards, from the effects of a cold caught on the banks of Newfoundland. Allan was one of the most single-hearted beings that ever lived, and much of this character is reflected in his poems. We have had placed at our disposal a carefully written sketch of the history and career of the poet, from the pen of his son-in-law, Mr. John M'Gregor, of Lochwinnoch, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, and we regret that its extreme length hinders us from laying it before the reader. From it we learn that the various members of the Allan family have long been distinguished in their neighbourhood for their superior intelligence, general ability, and upright, honourable conduct. Old Robin moved among them not as a father, but as a brother. Indeed, he lived only in the affections and good opinion of his friends: without these, existence would have been to him a bitter burden. The following anecdote evinces the unaffected simplicity of the man:—Mr. Robertson, our publisher, took him, a short time before he left this country, to see the Glasgow City Hospital. On their way, the former introduced

The birds lay silent in their nests,
 The flowers lay faulted on the lea,
 An' a' was still, save our twa breasts,
 Warm throbbing 'neath the trysting tree.

We sigh'd, we blush'd, but a' was hush'd,
 For no ae word to spare had we ;
 But ae chaste kiss spak a' our bliss,
 Aneath the dear auld trysting tree.

We made nae tryst, we changed nae vows,
 But, aye when daylight closed his e'e,
 We somehow met aneath the boughs
 O' that auld kindly trysting tree.

But grief an' time ha'e wrought sad wark
 Upon that dear auld tree an' me ;
 The light that lit my soul is dark,
 The leaves ha'e left the trysting tree.

The trysting tree, the trysting tree,
 Though dear its twisted trunk to me,
 It wrings my heart, and droons my e'e,
 To gaze upon that trysting tree.

James Ballentine

him to the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a talented and much esteemed Roman Catholic clergyman in Glasgow. "I am glad to be introduced to you. Mr. Allan," said Mr. Gordon. "And so am I to be made acquainted with you, sir. Really, it's hard to say, when we rise in the morning, what sort o' company we may meet wi' before nicht." Mr. Allan was aged sixty-seven; he was born at Kilbarchan, 4th November, 1771.

BAULDY BUCHANAN.

O WHA hasna heard o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan ?
 A hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stan'in' ;
 Gae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,
 Ye'll scarce find the match o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
 For Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—
 A frame o' threescore, wi' a spirit o' twenty—
 Wi' his auld farrant tales, an' his jokin', an' funnin',
 A rich an' rare treat is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

Blythe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker
 O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker—
 There's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan,
 But has been run dry by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
 He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—
 The secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—
 Can tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on ;—
 Sae deep read in beuks is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, and the fiddle,
 Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle ;
 At deep calculation, at drawin', an' plannin',
 There's nacbody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.
 He kens how the negroes are black and thick-lippit—
 How leopards are spotted—how zebras are strippit—
 How maidens in Turkey sae muckle are run on ;—
 Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their whisky—
 How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, and frisky—
 How the Turks are sae grave, an' the Grecks are sae cunnin',
 Can a' be explained by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
 An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause
 O' rain an' fair weather—o' frosts an' o' thaws—
 An' what keeps the carth in its orbit still runnin' :—
 Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

When round his fireside neebours meet in the gloamin's,
 An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—
 How they battled an' fought without musket or cannon—
 The folks glow'r wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.
 Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,
 An' tells some queer story, or sings some droll ditty,
 Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin', an' punnin',
 Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

But o' a' the attractions that Bauldy possesses,
 His greatest attractions are twa bonnie lasses ;
 'Mang a' the fine leddies frae Crail to Clackmannan,
 There's nane can match Bella an' Betty Buchanan.
 For O they're sae clever, sae frank, an' sae furthy,
 Sae bonnie, sae bloomin', sae wise, an' sae worthy,
 They keep the hale lads in the parish a-runnin'
 An' strivin' for Bella an' Betty Buchanan.

Alex^r Rodger

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

AIR—"The Lothian lassie."

O THE days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
 The heir to a cozy bit mailen,
 When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!
 For she thought my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
 She thought my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
 Though sma' was my chance to be happy,
 For I found she had courtit na me, but my purse ;
 What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy ;
 What's waur—that she liket a drappy.

Then a'e nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,
 To see her was straight to adore her ;
 The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
 An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
 An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case—I was sheepishly raw,
 And she was a terrible Tartar !
 She spak about " measures," and " takin' the law,"
 And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
 I set mysel' down for a martyr.

I buckled wi' Mag, an' the blythe honeymoon
 Scarce was owre, when the widow I met her ;
 She girningly whisper'd, " Hech ! weel ye ha'e dune,
 But, tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
 But, tent me, lad, I can do better.

" 'Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools !"
 Her proverb I countit a blether ;
 But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules—
 Neist week she was cry'd wi' my feyther, my feyther,
 Neist week she was cry'd wi' my feyther.

Thomas C. Letto

A DECEMBER DITTY.

THE merry bird o' simmer's flown,
 Wi' his brave companions a' ;
 Grim Winter has the green leaf stown,
 An' gifted us the snaw.

The big bough sings a dowie sang
 As it swings in the deepening drift :
 An' the glint o' day just creeps along
 The ledge o' the leaden lift.

But awa' wi' words in wintry weed,
 An' thoughts that bode o' ill!
 What! are we o' the forest breed,
 To dow wi' the daffodil?

Let's roose up, merry days we've seen,
 When carping Care was dumb;
 Let's think on flowers and simmers green—
 There's Julys yet to come!

Though my lair is in a foreign land,
 My friends ayont the sea,
 There's fushion in affection's band
 To draw them yet to me!

New Ainslie

CAN'T YOU BE ASY.*

AIR—"Arrah, Catty, now, can't you be asy?"
 Oh what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
 And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded;
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland landed.
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive the young girls half crazy;
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 Mister Free, now—"why can't you be asy?"

* Taken, with permission, from "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon."

I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
 And destroyed them all at "Talavera,"
 And then I'll just add, how we finished the night,
 In learning to dance the "bolera ;"
 Now by the moonshine, we drank rael wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy ;
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 " Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy ?*"

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air too,
 Or may be enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair too ;
 How he'd call out to me—"Pass the wine, Mr Free,
 For you're a man never is lazy !"
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 " Arrah, Mickey dear—*can't you be asy ?*"

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him ;
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
 " But, acushla," says I, " the truth is I'm sly !
 There's a lady in Ballynacrazy !"
 " And I swore on the book—" he gave me a look,
 And cried, Mickey—" *now can't you be asy ?*"

NOW SANDY MAUN AWA'.*

AIR—“*There's nae luck about the house.*”

THE drum has beat the *General*,
 Now Sandy maun awa',
 But first he gaes the lasses roun',
 To bid God bless them a' !
 Down smirking Sally's dimpled cheek
 The tears begin to fa':—
 “O Sandy, I am wae to think
 That ye maun leave us a'.”

Poor Maggy sighs, and sings the sang
 He lik'd the best of a',
 And hopes by that to ease her heart
 When Sandy's far awa'.
 Alake ! poor silly maiden,
 Your skill in love's but sma';
 We shouldna think o' auld langsynce
 When sweethearts are awa'.

In blythesome Nancy's open heart
 His looks hae made a flaw,
 An' yet she vows the men a' loons,
 An' Sandy warst of a'!

Now Jenny she affects to scorn,
 An' sneers at their ill fa';
 She reckons a' the warld thinks
 She likes him best of a' !

At gentle Kitty's weel-kenn'd door
 He ca'd the last awa',
 Because his heart bade him say mair
 To her, than to them a'.

* This piece is from Miss Blamire's poetical works, collected by Henry Lonsdale, M.D., with prefatory memoir and notes by Patrick Maxwell, Esq.

Now Sandy's ta'en his bonnet off,
 An' waves fareweel to a',
 An' cries, just wait till I come back,
 An' I will kiss ye a'!

S Blamie

THE GATHERING.

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
 Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
 Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
 Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie:
 Down from the mountain steep—
 Up from the valley deep—
 Out from the clachan, the bothy, and shieling—
 Bugle and battle-drum,
 Bid chief and vassal come,
 Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing!
 Rise! rise! &c.

Men of the mountains!—descendants of heroes!
 Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
 Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us,
 When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
 Too long on the trophied walls
 Of your ancestral halls,
 Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
 Seize then, ye mountain Macs,
 Buckler and battle-axe,
 Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Braedalbane!
 Rise! rise! &c.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward ?

When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal ?

Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart ;

Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal !

Chief of Clanronald,

Donald M'Donald !

Lovat ! Loehiel ! with the Grant and the Gordon !

Rouse every kilted clan,

Rouse every loyal man,

Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on !

Rise ! rise ! &c.

BONNIE MARY JAMIESON.

AIR—“ *Carle, now the king's come.* ”

BONNY Mary Jamieson,

Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun !

Joy attend thee, lovely one—

Bonnie Mary Jamieson !

Weave a garland diadem—

Roses, from their flowery stem,

Wi' dew-drops glittering, mony a gem,

For bonnie Mary Jamieson !

Bonnie Mary Jamieson, &c.

Bring the lily frae the lea,

The scented flower from hawthorn tree,

And they shall be a wreath for thee,

My bonnie Mary Jamieson !

Bonnie Mary Jamieson, &c.

When the sun glides down the west,
 And feather'd songsters seek their nest,
 I'll meet wi' her whom I lo'e best—

My bonnie Mary Jamieson!
 Bonnie Mary Jamieson, &c.

And when the wintry tempests blaw,
 Drifting round the whitening snaw,
 I'll laugh the angry storm awa',

Wi' bonnie Mary Jamieson.
 Bonnie Mary Jamieson,
 Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun,
 Joy attend thee! lovely one,
 My bonnie Mary Jamieson!

R. G. Gieseler

MY HEATHER LAND.

AIR—"Black Watch."

My heather land, my heather land,
 My dearest prayer be thine,
 Although, upon thy hapless knowes
 There breathes nae friend o' mine.
 The lanely few that Heaven had spared
 Now tread a foreign strand,
 An' I maun wait to weep wi' thee,
 My dear loved heather land!

My heather land, my heather land,
 " Though fairer lands there be,"
 Your gow'nie braes in early days
 Were gouden scenes to me!
 Maun life's poor boon gae dark'ning down,
 Nor set whar it first dawn'd—
 But find a grave ayont the waye?
 Alas! my heather land!

My heather land, my heather land,
 Thy chillin' winter pours
 Its freezin' breath round fireless hearth,
 Whar breadless misery cow'rs.
 Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
 The reiver's ruthless hand,
 An' rampant tyranny shall cease
 To blight our heather land.

J. M. Maclean Thomson—

SWEET SERAPH OF THE PEACEFUL BROW.

SWEET seraph of the peaceful brow,
 And of the starry eye,
 'Tis long since aught so fair as thou
 Hath left yon azure sky.
 And long ere one so good and bright
 These eyes again may meet,
 Or know the thrill of wild delight,
 To gaze on aught so sweet.

How I have loved 'twere vain to tell,
 Yet deep that love must be,
 When nought on earth may break the spell
 That binds this heart to thee.

Should years of absence o'er us lash
 Their surges as they roll,
 Not all the waves of time shall wash
 Thy mem'ry from my soul.

No star e'er shone to pilgrim's eyes
 So bright, so fair to see,
 As when I watched thy beauty rise
 A star of hope to me.

Away from whose soft peaceful rays
 The eye may ne'er remove,
 But rests, with still admiring gaze,
 On thee, sweet star of love.

And ever, through life's troubled night,
 The bliss will still be mine
 To turn my gaze from others' light,
 And fix mine eyes on thine.

For even at last, if hope and love
 Could in this bosom die,
 Thy peaceful beauty still would prove
 A star of memory.

Robt Turnbull

THE MARLED MITTENS.

AIR—"Johnny Dow."

My aunty Kate raucht down her wheel,
 That on the bauks had lien fu' lang;
 Sought out her whorles an' her reel,
 An' fell to wark wi' merry bang.

She took her cairds, an' cairdin' skin,
 Her walgie* fu' o' creeshie woo,
 An' rave awa' wi' scrivin' din,
 An' mixed it wi' a hair o' blue.

Bedden the spokes she eident tirl'd,
 Wi' virr the rim an' spinnle span;
 And sune the rows to threads were whirle'd,
 As back an' fore the floor she ran.
 Wi' baith my een I stood and glow'r'd,
 An' ferlied what she niest wad do,
 As lichtsome ower the floor she scour'd,
 An' blithely lilted "Tarry woo."

Syne frae the wheel, and eke the reel,
 The aefauld yarn was ta'en awa',
 To the yarnits† niest, to lay an' twist—
 Ilk clew was bigger than a ba'!
 Then in twa e'enin's after dark
 Her knittin' wires she ply'd wi' glee;
 An' what was a' my aunty's wark?
 Just marled mittens wrought for me.

John Watson

THE MAID THAT I ADORE.

THE rustling of the western gale
 Is music sweet to me;
 It joyful comes, o'er moor and dale,
 From off the distant sea,

* *Walgie*, a wool sack made of leather.

† *Yarnits*, an instrument for winding yarns.

Whose waves, in lines of snowy foam,
 Salute the circling shore,
 Which bounds my Mary's peaceful home—
 The maid that I adore.

The slowly-sinking radiant sun
 Is welcome to my sight,
 When lofty ridge and summit dun
 Are basking in his light;
 I deem the while, ere he depart,
 He sheds his glory o'er
 The-dark-ey'd damsel of my heart—
 The maid that I adore.

I love to breathe, at early day,
 The balmy air of spring,
 When dew-drops hang on every spray,
 And birds unnumber'd sing.
 The blossoms white, the foliage green.
 Expanding more and more,
 Recall to me my bosom-queen—
 The maid that I adore.

O! sweet is summer's glorious smile,
 And autumn's promise rare!
 But what, o'er land, o'er sea, or isle,
 May with my love compare?
 So high in worth, surpassing far
 All nature's precious store,
 Is she—my bright, my leading-star,
 The maid that I adore.

Robert White.



TELL ME, DEAR, &c.

AIR—*“Loudoun’s bonnie woods and braes.”*

TELL me, dear! in mercy speak,
 Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
 Faint the rose is in thy cheek,
 But still the rose is there, lassie!
 Away, away, each dark foreboding,
 Heavy days with anguish clouding;
 Youthfu’ love in sorrow shrouding,
 Heaven could ne’er allow, lassie;
 Day and night I’ve tended thee,
 Watching, love! thy changing e’e;
 Dearest gift that Heaven could gi’e
 Say thou’rt happy now, lassie.

Jamie! lay thy cheek to mine,
 Kiss me, oh, my ain laddie!
 Never mair may lip o’ thine
 Press where it hath lien, laddie!
 Hark! I hear the angels calling,
 Heavenly strains are round me falling,
 But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
 ‘Tis my only pain, laddie!
 Yet the love I bear to thee
 Shall follow where I soon maun be;
 I’ll tell how gude thou wert to me:
 We part to meet again, laddie!
 Lay thine arm beneath my head,
 Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
 I’ll thole the doom that lays me dead,
 But no a tear frae thee, laddie!
 Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
 When the sun’s last beam is shedding,
 Where no earthly foot is treading,
 By my grave thou’lt be, laddie!

Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
 Frae on high my soul shall speed
 And hover nightly round thy head,
 Altho' thou wilt na see, laddie !

Thomas C. Latta

AULD JOHNNY TO YOUNG MAGGY.

AIR—“ *I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut.*”

LASS, I'm Johnny Ripples o' Whappleton Ha',
 An' you bonnie Maggy wha won at the Broom ;
 Now, better late marry than never ava,
 Sae to woo and to win ye, my dawtie, I've come.
 I'm no unco auld yet—I'm only threescore—
 Ay, threescore precisely, just coming neist Yule,
 I'm hearty an' hale, an' fu' sound at the core,
 An' gin ye refuse me, there's ane o' us fule.

I want na a tocher,—I ken ye ha'e nane,
 But, hinny, I've plenty at hame for us baith ;
 Just draw in your stool to my cozie hearthstane,
 I trow we'll ha'e nae scant o' meat an' o' claith.
 I'm a bodie fu' bien, tho' I say it mysel',
 I've a dizzen o' milk-kye, whilk rowt i' their sta',
 An' ten score o' bob-tails a' gaun on the hill,
 An' cleeding the knowes aroun' Whappleton Ha'.

And whan that we gang to the fairs or the kirk,
 Fu' braw-buss'd ahint me ye'll ride on the meer,
 An' hear, as we pass, the folk say wi' a smirk,
 “ There's douce Johnny Ripples an' his dainty dear !”
 It's cannie, an' wyse-like, to be a gudewife,
 Whan there's plenty to look to in pantry an' ha' ;
 But hunger and hership soon soon lead to strife
 When there's nought i' the house but a cauld coal to blaw.

An', Maggy, my doo, some blythe comin' year,
 Wha kens whar a family blessin' may fa';
 A bonny doo's cleekin' may aiblins appear
 A' toddlin' their lane around Whappleton Ha'.
 Now, Maggie, my dearie, I've said ye my say,
 An' I will come back on neist Friday at e'en,
 To hear frae your ain mouth your yea or your nay;
 Sae, gudenight to ye, Maggie, my winsome young queen.

YOUNG MAGGY TO AULD JOHNNY.

Air—" *I hae laid a herrin' in saut.*"

I've a bonny bit face o' my ain,
 Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;
 I'm gentle an' jimp, an' weel may be vain,
 Sae, bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?
 I've twa e'en as black as a slae,
 Carle, come here nae mair to woo;
 Twa cheeks like blossoms in flowery May;
 Grey haffits, d'ye think I'll marry you?
 I've a wee mouthie ye ne'er sall kiss,
 Grim bodie, come here nae mair to woo;
 On ilka side dimples, as deep as you'd wiss;
 Auld runkles! d'ye think I'll marry you?

I've a bonnie black mole on my chin,
 Doilt bodie, come here nae mair to woo;
 Like ink is the drap, an' like paper my skin,
 Grey-beard! d'ye think I'll marry wi' you?

I've a wee foot, there is music in't,
 Hirples, come here nae mair to woo;
 In trippin' the green it is never ahint,
 Nae lamiter jo for me I trow.

I can sing—auld bodie gae back;
 John Ripples, come here nae mair to woo;
 An' tho' I ha'e yet my mercat to mak,
 I'll never be bought, auld Grippie, by you.

C. Mercer

THIS NIGHT YE'LL CROSS, &c.

THIS night ye'll cross the bosky glen,
 Ance mair, O would ye meet me then?
 I'll seem as bygane bliss an' pain
 Were a' forgot;

I winna weep to weary thee,
 Nor seek the love ye canna gi'e;—
 Whar first we met, O let that be
 The parting spot!

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch, an' ye'll nod to your mither,
 Watchin' ilka step o' your wee dousy brither ;

Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
 An' ye'll be a braw chiel yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,
 Folks are sure to tumble, when they climb ower hie ;
 They wha canna walk right, are sure to come to wrang,
 Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

James Ballentine

LORD SPYNIE.

FROM A TRADITION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

LORD SPYNIE ye may pu' the rose,
 An' spare the lily flower,
 When ye gae through the garden green
 To woo in ladye bower ;
 An' ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,
 An' leave the lonesome rue ;
 For lang and sair will the ladye mourn
 That ye gae there to woo !

For ye will look and talk of luvè,
 An' kindly, kindly smile,
 An' vow by grace, an' a that's gude,
 An' lay the luring wile.
 'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird
 That makes you melodie ;
 'Tis cruel to win a woman's luvè,
 An' no ha'e love to gie !

I wadna ha'e your wilfu' hand
 Tho' a' the earth were thine ;
 Ye've broken many a maiden's peace,
 Ye've mair than broken mine.
 I wadna ha'e your faithless heart,
 'Tis no your ain to gi'e ;
 But gin ye ever think of heaven,
 Oh ! ye maun think of me !

Alexander

DRUCKEN TAM, THE BAKER.

A MYSTERY.

AIR—" *The Quaker's Wife.*"

MISS MYSIE MILL was aged—hem !
 And ne'er a man would take her,
 Yet how she blush'd to hear the name
 Of drucken Tam, the baker.
 For oftentimes to tea and toast,
 And other recreation,
 'Twas known she'd sent him thro' the post
 A card of invitation.

Now you must know this queer-like beau,
 Tho' dusty as a miller,
 In Mysie's eye was quite the go,
 And quite a lady-killer.
 His boots and hat (oh ! such a hat,)
 Might well have claim'd a pension ;
 And how the coat stuek to his back
 Was past all comprehension.

His head was like a cauliflower ;
 His legs were short and bandy ;
 His teeth were brown—he had but four—
 As bits of sugar-candy.
 His mouth was stretch'd from ear to ear,
 A most expressive feature ;
 But Mysie swore he was “ a dear,”
 The fascinating creature !

His nose was like a partan's back,
 Or like a copper-kettle;
 Tho' Mysie elegantly said,
 'Twas like a rose's petal.
 And as we differ in our tastes,
 For white and crimson roses,
 What wonder tho' Miss Mysie did
 Prefer a red proboscis ?

O would my verse but flow like his
 Who sung the Doon and Lugar,
 I'd paint his smile, so very sweet,
 It sav'd Miss Mysie's sugar:
 But Mysie's beau was cold to love,
 The fact there's no disguisin',
 He roll'd his eye, then ey'd his roll,
 And quietly sipp'd her Hyson.

And honest Tam, when o'er his dram,
 Did womankind despise aye ;
 He toasted baps, he toasted cheese,
 But never toasted Mysie.
 At last one summer's afternoon,
 Oh ! how she did confuse him,
 She press'd him to a cup of tea,
 Then press'd him to—her bosom.

Could brute or baker gaze unmov'd
 On Mysie's glowing charms?
 And now the *flour* of all the town
 Was clasp'd within her arms.
 Poor Thomas grinn'd a horrid grin,
 What anguish he did cause her;
 She dropt a tear, while from his hand
 There dropt a cup and saucer.
 With face as long as Aaron's rod,
 And staring goggle eyes, he
 Was gasping like a dying cod
 Within the hug of Mysie.
 One word she whisper'd in his ear,
 But none may ever know it,
 The secret rests with Tam himself,
 And Mysie, and—the poct.
 When, lo! his optics strait he rais'd,
 I'm wrong, alas! he squinted;
 But sure as fate, a loving kiss
 He on her lips imprinted.
 My tale is'told; as to the rest
 I'm mum as any Quaker;
 Miss Mysie's garret's now "To let,"
 And sober is the baker.

Thomas C. Letto

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Music by R. Stewart.

KEN ye the land o' the haugh and the brae,
 O' the meadow, the mountain, and rill?
 Ken ye the land whar the blu'art and slae
 Grow fresh on the broo o' the hill?—

The doo to the docket, the whaup to the fen,
 The young to their joy and their mirth,
 I'm thirled to it like the hare to its den,
 For that land was the place o' my birth.

Ken ye the land o' the plantin' and bower,
 O' the heather, the broom, and the whin?
 Ken ye the land o' the castle and tower,
 O' the river, the rock, and the linn?—
 The hawk to his eirie, the owl to his dream,
 The gull to his rock in the firth—
 I'm thirled to it like the trout to the stream,
 For that land was the place o' my birth.

Ken ye the land whar the thistle is found,
 The land o' the free and the bauld?
 I'm thirled to it like that plant to the ground,
 Wi' a luve that will never grow cauld.
 I'll cherish that flame still burning unblenched,
 Wi' a luve for my hame, and its hearth;
 And, oh! may those household fires never be quenched,
 That bleeze bright in the land o' my birth.

M. A. Foster

SONG OF THE LITTLE FOAM-BELL.

LIKE a wandering beam,
 On the breast of the stream,
 I have come from my home on the hills afar—
 I have leapt o'er the steeps
 Where the hurricane sweeps,
 And rings the wild song of the stormy war.

I have passed through the gorge,
 Where the boiling surge
 Was leaping the bounds of its ancient sway—
 Where the lone owl wails,
 And the Naiad sails,
 In her flowing robes 'neath the pale moon's ray.

Where the Naiads lave
 Their necks in the wave,
 And their breasts like floating snowballs seem,
 I have whirled me round,
 Like a fitful sound,
 That rings in the ear in a pleasant dream.

A wandering sigh,
 That was fluttering by,
 Pursuing hope from a maiden's breast,
 Alit on my bark,
 Like the dove on the ark.
 For it found on earth no place of rest.

A sunbeam, torn
 From the brow of morn,
 Like a living star on my pathway driven,
 Beacon'd my flight,
 When no other light
 Beam'd from the starless arch of heaven.

I bore on my bosom
 The leaf of a blossom,
 That bloom'd in a bower where lovers sighed,
 But a roaming sprite,
 In its wayward flight,
 Stole it, and sank in the silvery tide.

In the balmy spring,
 The Fairy-King
 Oft sent his Queen with me afloat ;

When the glow-worm's beam,
 And the lover's dream,
 He wove for sails to his fairy boat.
 On the waters I dwell,
 A little foam-bell :
 O ! who will with me to the silvery sea—
 I will sing a sweet song,
 As I wander along
 To the limitless realm of eternity.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

AIR—“ *Johnny Cope.* ”

THE blairin' trumpet sounded far,
 And horsemen rode, weel graithed for war,
 While Sir John Cope marched frae Dunbar,
 Upon a misty morning.
 Prince Charlie, wi' his Highland host,
 Lay westward on the Lothian coast ;
 But Johnny bragg'd, wi' mony a boast,
 He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaimed it day,
 The Prince's men stood in array ;
 And, though impatient for the fray,
 Bent low the knee that morning.
 When row-dow rolled the English drum,
 The Highland bagpipe gied a bum,
 And tauld the mountain clans had come,
 Grim death and danger scorning.

Ilk nerve was strung, ilk heart was true ;
 A shot ! and down their guns they threw ;
 Then forth their deadly claymores drew,

 Upon that fearfu' morning.

The English raised a loud huzza,
 But durstna bide the brunt ava ;
 They wavered—turned—syne ran awa',
 Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew ;
 And caps were mixed wi' bonnets blue,
 And dirks were wet—but no wi' dew—

 Upon that dreadfu' morning.

Few stayed—save ae devoted band—
 To thole the sweep o' Highland brand,
 That flashed around—and head and hand
 Cropped, on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befel !
 When faint had grown the battle's yell,
 Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell,

 Upon that awesome morning :

Nae braggart—but a sodger he,
 Wha scorned wi' coward loons to flee ;
 Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,

 Upon that fatal morning !

Charles Gray,

THE DAWTIE.

AIR—" *The haughs of Crumdale.*"

JENNY.

THOUGH weel I like ye, Jwohnnny lad,
 I cannot, munnet marry yet !
 My peer auld mudder's unco bad,
 Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet ;
 For ease or comfort she has neane—
 Leyfe's just a lang, lang neet o' pain ;
 I munnet leave her aw her lane,
 And wunnet, wunnet marry yet.

JWOHNNY.

O Jenny, dunnet brek this heart,
 And say we munnet marry yet ;
 Thou cannot act a jillet's part—
 Why sud we tarry, tarry yet ?
 Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel ;
 I've leyk'd thee lang, nin kens how weel !
 For thee, I'd feace the verra deil—
 O say not we maun tarry yet.

JENNY.

A weddet leyfe's oft dearly bowt ;
 I cannot, munnet marry yet :
 Ye ha'e but little—I ha'e nought—
 Sae we a wheyle maun tarry yet.
 My heart's yer awn, ye needna fear,
 But let us wait anudder year,
 And luive, and toil, and screape up gear—
 We munnet, munnet marry yet.

'Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,
 O, dawtie, dunnet marry yet ;
 I'll soon lig i' my last cauld bed ;
 Tow's aw my comfort—tarry yet.

Whene'er I steal out o' her seet,
 She seighs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—
 Whisht!—that's her feeble voice;—guid neet!
 We munnet, munnet marry yet.

Robert Anderson.

CRABBED CARE.

HENCE! frae my biggin', crabbed Care,
 Hence, grousome carle, and never dare
 Show face o' thine
 In hame o' mine.

Go! haunt the ha's o' spite and spleen,
 Where Envy, withering witch, is seen;
 But come nae here,
 To spoil our cheer,
 Wi' thy sour looks and prospects drear,
 Or faith, ye's get a fright, auld frien'.

Thou knowest I bore me like a saunt,
 When your keen biting brother, Waut,
 Cam', e'er I wist,
 And toom'd my kist—
 He cut my doublet's tender steeks,
 Rave saul and body o' my breeks;
 Syne stole the dew,
 And roses too,

That bloom'd wi' sic a healthy hue,
 Frae my wee dearie's lips and cheeks.

I fought the foul fiend late and ear',
 Wi' swinging flail I thrash'd him sair;

Wi' pick and spade
 His grauff I made ;
 While fast before my blythe-gaun plough
 Awa' his sooty spirit flew—
 Haith ! frien', when he
 Was made to flee
 Far frae my humble hame and me,
 I wad be laith to yield to you.

But ere ye flit the road ye cam',
 Come, clatterin' bare banes, tak a dram ;
 'Twill fire a glee
 In your dead e'e—
 'Twill ease ye o' your lade o' woes,
 And a buirdly buik ye bear, guid knows ;
 'Twill smooth awa'
 Your brow's rough raw,
 And melt wi' couthy, kindly thaw,
 The ice-draps frae your raw red nose.

Care took the cup wi' greedy grup ;
 Care toom'd his coggie at a whup ;
 Sine flung his pack
 Aff's baney back,
 Whilst glowed his face wi' ruddy flame—
 I own, quo' he, I'm e'en to blame ;
 But there's my paw,
 When neist I ca',
 Or show my face in your blythe ha',
 I'll turn my coat and change my name.

A MacLellan

WE TWINED OUR HEART'S IN ANE.

WE twined our lovin' hearts in ane,
 I' the spring-time o' the year,
 When the rejoicing earth seemed vain
 O her braw bridal gear.
 When larks aboon the brairdin' rig
 Their warm leal loves were tellin',
 Our hearts, like theirs, wi' pleasure big,
 Were proudly, fondly swellin'.

We twined our lovin' hearts in ane—
 Alas! for Fate's decree—
 Ere the green spring came back again,
 Wide sindered hearts had we.
 When next the lark aboon the braird
 His sang was sweetly pourin',
 Between our hearts, sae lately pair'd,
 The billows big were roarin'.

And ere the braird had grown to grain,
 The lark had flown the lea,
 Beneath the cauld and cruel main
 Lay a' was dear to me.
 And, oh! I wish the briny wave
 That rows aboon my lover,
 Would take me to his deep, deep grave,
 My lanely heart to cover.

W. Ferguson

O FOLLOW HER NOT!

O FOLLOW her not! O follow her not!

Though she lure thee with smile and song;
Fair is her cheek, but her heart is black,

And the poison of death's on her tongue;
She'll leave on thy innocence many a blot—
Then follow her not! O follow her not!

Some call her Pleasure, and some call her Sin,

Some call her a Lady gay,
For her step is light, and her eye is bright,
And she carols a blithesome lay.

“ Away to the bower where care is forgot!”
But follow her not! O follow her not!

Though her step invite, though her eye burn bright,

Though green be the leaves in her bower,
Yet that step is false as a meteor-light,
And that eye hath the rattle-snake's power.

Her bower! O wild and unblessed is the spot—
Then follow her not! O follow her not!

Will-Kennedy


 AULD NANNIE CRUMMIE.

AIR—*Any cannie lilt that will best answer.*

WHEN auld Nannie Crummie and I crap thegither,
Amid the lang dearth, in the cauld winter weather,
Folk jeering me, swore her as auld as my mither,
An' ca'd me an ass to be tied till her tether.

I heard a' their sneering, as mim as a dumber,
 An' could tholed muckle mair for my auld Nannie
 Crummie.

The winter was cauld, an' my cleedin' was thin,
 I couldna weel work, an' I couldna weel win',
 I had little without, I had little within,
 I had wearied the frammit, an' herriet my kin,—
 An', oh ! the blue reek wimplin' frae the wud-lummie
 Led me by the nose to my auld Nannie Crummie.

I pree'd her fat bree, an' I felt me sae couthie,
 That, fain to pree mair, I e'en pree'd her wee mouthie ;
 Young jilts whiles gae daft, but auld maids are aye toothie,
 An' like food to the hungry, or drink to the drouthie,
 Were love an' a hame, to a loun like a hummie,
 An' I met wi' them baith frae my auld Nannie Crummie.

But an auld cripple sailor cam hame frae the main,
 Wha had left hame a callant, an' Nanny a wean,
 An' he swore he wad lay my back laigh on the plain,
 But I haikit him weel, an' wad do it again.
 The auld wither'd bodie was dry as a mummy,
 He ne'er could ha'e fattened wi' auld Nannie Crummie.

Though we ha'ena a weanie to scart our meal luggie,
 Yet Nanse has a cattie, an' I hae a doggie ;
 And tho' they whiles yaumer an' youff' owre their coggie,
 Ye'll no fin' twa totums that cuddle mair vogie.
 Ye may rin, gin ye like, lest I crack your lug drummie,
 Wi' bawling the charms o' my auld Nannie Crummie.

James Ballantine

THE WARRIOR'S HOME.

SHALL the warrior rest
 When his battles are o'er?—
 When his country's oppress'd
 By the tyrant no more?

Yes, yes to the arms of affection he'll come ;
 Nor voice of the cannon, nor bugle, nor drum,
 Shall again rouse the warrior—
 The noble old warrior,
 He'll proudly enjoy the calm blessings of home !

On each gay festive night
 When his gallants sit round,
 And the soft eye of light
 In fair woman is found !
 Then, then shall he tell of his feats on the plain,
 And in fancy lead on his bright armies again !
 This will cheer the old warrior,
 The noble old warrior,—
 Yet he'll weep for the brave who in battle were slain !

He shall throw down his shield,
 And ungird his bright blade,
 That flash'd in the field
 When the onset was made ;—
 He shall hang up his helmet, and lay himself down,
 Where love, and affection ne'er veil'd in a frown !
 Then rest thee, old warrior!—
 Thou noble old warrior
 The praise of an empire take, take--'tis thine own !

Andrew Park

✓ ALL NO!—I CANNOT SAY.

AH no!—I cannot say “farewell,”
 ’Twould pierce my bosom through,
 And to this heart ’twere death’s dread knell
 To hear thee sigh—“adieu.”
 Though soul and body both must part,
 Yet ne’er from thee I’ll sever,
 For more to me than soul thou art,
 And O! I’ll quit thee—never.

Whate’er through life may be thy fate,
 That fate with thee I’ll share,
 If prosperous—be moderate,
 If adverse—meekly bear :
 This bosom shall thy pillow be
 In every change whatever,
 And tear for tear I’ll shed with thee,
 But O! forsake thee—never.

One home—one hearth shall ours be still,
 And one our daily fare ;
 One altar, too, where we may kneel,
 And breathe our humble prayer ;
 And one our praise that shall ascend
 To one all-bounteous Giver,
 And one our will, our aim, our end,
 For O! we’ll sunder—never.

And when that solemn hour shall come
 That sees thee breathe thy last,
 That hour shall also fix my doom,
 And seal my eyelids fast ;

One grave shall hold us, side by side,
 One shroud our clay shall cover—
 And one then may we mount and glide
 Through realms of love—for ever.

Alex^r Rodger

THE OCEAN CHIEF.

O'ER the ocean-hero's bed
 The loud shout of triumph raise;
 To his spirit that hath fled,
 Pour the hallow'd song of praise!
 For he listens from the skies to its tones,
 And he perish'd like a man,
 In that best—his country's cause,
 And the noble race he ran
 Asks the meed of your applause,
 Since no sculptured marble lies o'er his bones.
 He was fearless in the fight,
 But a gentle dove at home:
 'Twas his country's menaced right
 Which had sent him forth to roam—
 As a leader of her strife on the main—
 And if he fell at last,
 It was crown'd with victory;
 When the mover of the blast
 Had been vanquish'd by the free,
 And all his mighty conquests render'd vain.
 Britannia long shall wail
 For the loss of such a son;
 And her fallen foes grow pale,
 When they think how much he won:
 But his name will be cherish'd by the brave

Of every creed and race,
 When their prows shall chance to sweep
 O'er the precincts of the place,
 Where the spirits of the deep
 Roll the wild foaming billows o'er his grave.*

J. C. Denovan

* J. C. Denovan was born in Edinburgh in 1793. He had the misfortune of being born out of wedlock. His father was the late Mr. Denovan, printer in that city. After obtaining a limited education, he showed an inclination for the sea, and made a trial voyage before being fixed in the profession. Subsequently, through his father's interest, he obtained a situation on board of a sloop of war, ranking, but not rated, as a midshipman. The young volunteer was sent on a cruise up the Mediterranean, with the expectation of his father obtaining for him a warrant on his return. Alas! a sad disappointment waited him upon that return; his father was dead, and his mother insane and deserted by her relations. Poor Denovan was thus, in his sixteenth year, thrown friendless on the world. Mr. Sinclair, tea-dealer, having become acquainted with his destitute condition, took him into his warehouse as an apprentice, where he conducted himself to the satisfaction of his employer during a term of four years; and during that period several of his pieces were written. The Address to the Ocean was composed when he was only nineteen years of age. After leaving Mr. Sinclair, he obtained a situation in Leith of the same description. He displayed a warm temperament, kindly feelings, and a great sense of kindness for favours received. Ultimately, he commenced business on his own account as a coffee-roaster, in a small yard in Leith Wynd, Edinburgh.

He ventured to obtain from Sir Walter Scott the estimate which that great man might form of his productions. He made copies of

O THOU OCEAN !

OH thou Ocean ! as a sea boy, I have lain upon thy breast,
 Ere a dream of evil after-days could steal upon my sleep ;
 I have gazed upon thy beauty when thy spirit was at rest,
 Till my heart's full founts o'erflowing made me turn away
 and weep.

I have plough'd thee in the tempest, I have plough'd thee
 in the calm,

I have plough'd thee when the cannon roar and battle din
 was loud,

At midnight, and at morn, when an Ether fraught with
 balm,

Was hanging o'er thy bosom in a rosy-colour'd cloud.

them, and, along with a letter giving an outline of his history, he, in a dark winter night, and with an anxious mind, handed in the parcel at Castle Street, the town residence of the great Novelist, and paced, with palpitating heart, the pavement in front, in case Sir Walter should send after him. One circumstance made Sir Walter, in his case, depart from a rule he usually adopted, not to give opinions of MS. poetry ; this, we believe, was the passage in the letter that stated that "over the smoke and heat of a charcoal fire, these pieces were composed, to relieve his mind from the sad reflection, that he had a frenzied mother to support." Sir Walter's answer, which we have frequently seen, was worthy of his fame: it pointed out the risks and dangers of authorship, but stated that, to cheer the weary hours of labour, and to relieve the still more weary mind, no one could be better employed ; delicately adding, "that as he himself liked something better than empty praise, he ventured to enclose a pound note for the pleasure the pieces had given him." This was not the only favour conferred upon this unfortunate worshipper of the Muses by the Author of *Waverley* ; for often, on his way to the printing office, which was in the neighbourhood, did the latter call at the coffee-work and chat with Denovan in a most friendly way, and taking the most delicate method of making him a partaker of his bounty.

I have heard them talk of freedom ere I knew what freedom
 meant,
 I have heard them boast their lordship and dominion over
 thee ;
 I have seen their mighty bulwarks, like a bulrush cradle,
 rent,
 And in sorrow turning round, have cried, " Thou alone art
 free !"
 I have loved thee in my childhood, I have loved thee in my
 youth,
 I have loved thee when thy savageness was tearing mast and
 side ;
 Still looking on thy bosom as a mirror cast by truth,
 Where man might see his littleness and grow ashamed of
 pride.
 I have thought upon thy nature, but have found all efforts
 vain,
 To make myself acquainted with the changes thou hast seen ;

Little more of Denovan's short life can be interesting to the public. He struggled on at his unhealthy occupation for the support of himself and mother, towards whom, as her malady increased, he showed a greater devotion. At length, frequent exposures to heat and cold, without the comforts of home, made it apparent that disease was undermining a constitution by no means strong. Towards the close of 1826, he was confined to bed, with none to attend him but the crazed mother, for whose sake he had submitted to every privation; and in January, 1827, his spirit was relieved from its earthly prison, which it had only tenanted for twenty-nine years. He was borne to the narrow house by Mr. Robert Gilfillan, our much esteemed contributor, to whom we are indebted for this notice, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others of his literary friends. His remains repose in the Canongate church-yard, not far from the unfortunate Ferguson, whom, in his intellectual and social qualities, as well as in his unhappy and premature end, he greatly resembled.

I have heard of mighty cities, but could find no stone remain

To point me with a certainty where such a one has been.
But I loved thee in my boyhood, and will love thee in my age,
Thou vast unconquer'd element, which man would vainly
brave!

And when my weary spirit has obtain'd her skyward gage,
Oh, in some of thy recesses, let my body find a grave.

J. L. Donovan

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

Oh ! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile :—
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

William Thomson—

THE AULD MAN'S LAMENT.

My Beltane o' life and my gay days are gane,
And now I am feckless and dowie alane ;
And my Lammas o' life, wi' its wearifu' years,
Like Lammas, has brought me its floods and its tears.

Full three score and ten times the gowan has spread,
Since first o'er the greensward wi' light foot I sped ;
And three score and ten times the blue bells ha'e blawn,
Since to pu' them I first spankit blythe o'er the lawn.

The burn-banks I lo'ed when a callan' to range,
And the ferny-clad braes, a' seem eerie and strange ;
The burn seems less clear, and the lift nae sae blue,
But it's aiblins my auld een that dinna tell true.

The mates o' my young days are a' wede awa',
They are missed in the meadow and missed in the shaw ;
Like the swallows, they've fled when youth's warm days are
gane,

And I'm left like a wing'd ane a' winter alane.

It seems short to look back since my Peggy was young,
Then bonnie she leukit, and blythely she sung ;
But my Peggy has left me, and gane wi' the lave,
And the night-wind moans dreary o'er Peggy's lone grave.

See yon aged hawthorn that bends o'er the burn!
 Its wind-scattered blossoms can never return:
 They are swept to the sea, o'er the wild roarin' linn,
 Like my friends wha ha'e flourished and died ane by ane.

THE SOUTHLAN' BREEZE.

Blaw saft, blaw saft, thou southlan' breeze,
 Blaw saft, and bring to me
 A love-breath frae her balmy lips
 That wons in yon countrie;
 A warm love-breath, a' redolent
 O' beauty and o' bloom,
 A fragrance far surpassing flowers—
 The laden heart's perfume.

You'll meet her at the break o' morn
 Upon the bloomy knowes,
 And when the dewy gloamin' fa's,
 Amang the bleatit' ewes.

You'll ken her by her winsom' gait,
 As she gaes o'er the lea;
 You'll ken her by her lang brown locks—
 Her voice a' melody.

O! southlan' breeze, I marvel not
 That you are saft and sweet,
 For, as you cross'd the heather braes,
 My lassie you would meet:
 You'd touzle a' her bosom charms,
 You'd kiss her cheek, her mou':—
 O balmy, blissfu', southlan' breeze,
 I would that I were you

W. Ferguson

SPRING.

A NURSERY SONG.

THE Spring comes linkin' and jinkin' thro' the wuds,
 Saftenin' and openin' bonny green and yellow buds;
 There's flowers, an' showers, an' sweet sang o' little bird,
 An' the gowan, wi' his red croon, peepin' thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattlin' and brattlin' snell an' keen,
 Daudin' an' blaudin', tho' red set the sun at e'en;
 In bonnet an' wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair—
 Dancin' thro'ther wi' the white pearls shinin' in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythsome cheerie weans,
 Daffin' an' laughin' far a-down the leafy lanes,
 Wi' gowans and butter-cups buskin' the thorny wands—
 Sweetly singin', wi' the flower-branch wavin' in their
 hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring—
 Bricht cluds an' green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing—
 Flow'r-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en—
 Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shinin' a' in green—

Bairnies—bring treasure an' pleasure mair to me—
 Stealin' an' speelin'—up to fondle on my knee;
 In Spring-time the young things are bloomin' sae fresh an'
 fair,

That I canna Spring but love, and bless thee evermair.

William Miller

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