THE

GARLAND OF SCOTIA;

A MUSICAL WREATH OF

SCOTTISH SONG,

WITH

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL NOTES,

ADAPTED FOR THE

VOICE, FLUTE, VIOLIN, &c.

EDITED BY

JOHN TURNBULL AND PATRICK BUCHAN.

GLASGOW:

WM. MITCHISON, BUCHANAN-STREET;
ORR AND SONS, BRUNSWICK-STREET: EDINBURGH, OLIVER AND BOYD:
LONDON, D'ALMAINE AND CO., SOHO-SQUARE;
ANDREW MOFFAT, SKINNER-STREET.

MDCCCLXI.
TO

JOHN WILSON, ESQUIRE,

OF THE THEATRES ROYAL DRURY LANE AND ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Sir,

Permit me to dedicate to you this little work, under the conviction, that beautiful as our National Melodies are, they gain an additional lustre by an association with the name of one so much their friend and patron.

The advantage which the Music of Scotland has derived from your taste and ability, is so universally acknowledged, that any thing I might say on the subject would be superfluous.

May you be long spared to sustain, with that distinguished talent which is so much the admiration of the world, the excellence of the Melodies of your native land, and to claim that gratitude your countrymen so justly owe to your merits.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

WM. MITCHISON.

Music Saloon, Buchanan-Street,
Glasgow, 1841.
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REMARKS

ON THE

ANCIENT MUSIC AND SONG OF SCOTLAND.

To seek, with the view of finding, any positive era for the origin of Scottish Song, would be a hallucination as vivid as that which possessed the renowned Knight of La Mancha, in believing himself to be the mirror of chivalry, or like the delusion of the sportive child, who sends the frothy bubble floating in the air, and supposes the fairy scenes and brilliant views depicted on its ball of nothingness are real and substantial.

The skill of the antiquary, the labour of the enthusiast, and the utmost examination and inquiry which these talents combined have exerted, pronounce Song, from the earliest ages, natural to Scotland—but leave the question of whether the strains of these days are now extant, or contained only the germs from which our innumerable songs have sprung, nearly as undecided and uncertain as before.

True it is, we can discover marks of the force and feeling of the muse of earlier days in many of our modern lyrics, but, alas! her foot-prints are almost wholly defaced, and we but catch her voice in dying murmurs, like the last faint sounds of distant melody.

It is unkind to dispel agreeable delusions where no harm can be experienced from their being cherished,—and those of family pride, or national vanity, connected with song, are such as we most fondly embrace. There is a delight inexpressible in the feeling that we sing the same wild strains that roused our martial forefathers, or breathe the gentle airs that soothed their ladye-loves—that we enjoy the same humour which cheered our rustic ancestors, and the same pictures that delighted their fair maidens and bashom matrons. Admitting that they are so, which we believe to be the fact, we will yet be thrown into considerable perplexity to establish two important points, viz. The name or names of the author or authors, and the precise era in which he or they flourished. These have been bequeathed to us, and we now bequeath them in turn, as good marrowbones, for the antiquary to try the soundness of his teeth, and the good-natured patience of his temper on withal.

Prior to the Reformation we cannot carry our inquiries far; and even after that event, the dubious light which history affords is not of itself sufficient, without conjecture, to eke out the vague and scanty materials on which our narrative must of necessity be raised. In the absence of positive proof, we must therefore be contented with that species of evidence which the nature of circumstances, and the partial and indistinct glimmerings of legitimate history supply, however unsatisfactory, hypothetical, or fruitful it may chance to be in controversy.

What the very ancient music of Scotland was, has now become altogether a matter of
faith, and the land of conjecture is so extensive and so unappropriated, that every new cultivator has a right to break up fresh ground, or seize upon any fallow without the sanction or grant of any one who may arrogate to himself the superiority of the whole, or of any neglected portion.

The opinions of men seldom agree, even on the most obvious and modern matters, how much more so must they be at variance on such as have left little or any trace to mark their excellence or worthlessness. It is therefore impossible to decide the much contested question as to the superiority or inferiority of the ancient over modern music. Indeed, it is so entirely lost, as to become a matter as unprofitable as a dead language, in which there are no extant works, and yet the study has given rise to much pedantry, and bitterness, and discussion.

From the colonization of Scotland to the invasion of the Romans, it is likely one species of music prevailed, and Dr. Macculloch’s idea, that the Scottish music partook of the Eastern character, may be so far correct; but that after the settlement of the Romans, it retained any important traces of Eastern music, I am inclined to doubt. If it did, it must have been faint indeed, considering the length of time which the Romans were in Scotland, and the close intimacy which subsisted between them and the Scotch.

In order to discover any connection which might exist between the music of the Scotch and Eastern nations, it will be necessary to examine the music of the Cambro-Britons—also descendants of the Celtic tribes, and with the greatest probability of success, seeing that they have intermixed less with the Saxons or other nations than other descendants from the same stock, from having been driven to their hills and fastnesses by the Saxons usurping that land which they had come to assist them in defending against the inroads of the Scots and Picts.

Nothing of the kind however occurs; and if it ever existed, it has been extirpated by their intercourse with the Saxons before the occurrence of this event, by the licence of travelling through other tribes, both at peace and at war, enjoyed by the harpers, and from the massacre of the Welsh bards by order of Edward the First. On his conquest of Wales, he found that they exercised, through their music, the power of inflaming the minds and passions of the subdued and still irritated nation to oppositions to his government, and rebellions innumerable, and he endeavoured, by one fell swoop, to crush the rising evil, by a complete destruction of the bardie race. Such wholesale dealings in slaughter gave a check to their music, and produced a gap in the histories of Scotch and Welsh music which cannot now be supplied. On glancing further at the history of Scotland, it will be seen that we are not to look to the Picts, or their allies the Scoto-Irish, who settled in Argyle, for any information on the subject. In short, if any Eastern connection does exist, it must be in the gatherings or war tunes of the different clans.

The characters of the National Airs of the Scotch, and Cambro-British, and Saxon, are essentially different each from the other. The two first, from having been produced by the same ideas—pastoral happiness and sublime mountain scenery—have a greater likeness, but differ widely from the last. The Saxon music, on the one hand, is marked by a good-humoured simplicity, which gives it the stamp of sincerity, and causes it to find its way to the heart and its affections; while the music of the Celts, like their character, is sensitive, impetuous, arduous, and at times imbued with a wild, melancholy, and deep pathos, which never fail to affect the hearer with feelings of sadness and sorrow.

From the bards may be dated those airs which have come down to us associated with romances or historical ballads; from the shepherds and pipers the pastoral; and from the minstrels, the successors of the bards, the lively and spirited.

In the composition of those airs the genius of the Scotch has conspicuously appeared, as well as in the more useful branches of literature; and, as long as pure taste and genuine feeling remain, the old Scotch airs must be admired. The melodies, particularly those of a melancholy cast, are so very chaste, and express the passions so strongly, that their
various strains seem to breathe the language of hope, despondency, and supplication. Surely no one will pretend to a taste for music whose whole frame does not vibrate to a Scottish song, when delivered with that tender feeling which the composer himself experienced in the moments of enthusiasm, when he first carolled forth his wood-notes wild. The older tunes generally consisted of but one measure. Some have a second part, but it is only a repetition of the first on the higher octave, and even these may be of later date than when they emanated from the composer.

Among the moderns, our Kings James I. and James IV. were celebrated composers. In fact, from James I. to James VI. may be accounted the golden era of Scottish music.

King James I. of Scotland is celebrated by all Scottish historians, not only as an excellent performer, but a great composer both of words and airs. Fordun occupies a whole chapter in an account of his knowledge of Greek and music; and Alessandro Tassoni, in his "Parisien Diversi," says, "Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia che non pur cose sacre componne in canto, ma trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, lameretore e mesta, differenta da tutte l'altra. Nel che poi e stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, Principe de Venosa che in questa, nostra età ha illustrata anch egli la musica con nuove mirabili invenzioni." "We may reckon, among us moderns, James King of Scotland, who not only composed many read pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other, in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who in our age has improved music with new and admirable inventions.

Some of the Dilletanti in the Italian music of the present times may sneer at being told that the Italians owe the improvement of their music to the early introduction into it of Scottish melody. Yet, nothing is more certain, not only from the candid acknowledgment of Tassoni, but from the testimony of the Italian music itself, before the Prince of Venosa's time. The celebrated Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, formerly Venusium, famous as the birth place of Horace, flourished about the middle or towards the end of the Sixteenth century, during the era of the revival of letters in Italy, in the Pontificate of Leo X.

Of James IV. and V. we have direct testimony to prove, that they were not far behind in their devotion to the gentle art. Although, not so celebrated as the first of their name, still they encouraged and possessed a taste for music, and some tolerable proficiency as performers.

Between the times of James V. and Queen Mary, and thence downwards to the reformation, many beautiful airs may be dated. From the reformation may be accounted the declining age of Scottish melody, not that it is to be asserted that the genius of music has taken flight from our shores. Our times teem with musical composition, perhaps equal in merit with any of the compositions of other lands; but, although they possess rapidity of thought and intricacy of arrangement, they want the touching sweetness of those of the olden time.

In a list of Songs, popular in Scotland when the "Complaynt" was composed, we find few which are still extant, and it is impossible to determine whether the songs were originally chaunted to the modern airs. Musical airs generally receive their denominations from the songs which are adapted to them, and as various songs are often adapted to the same tune, the air receives its name from the most popular: hence, the various names which the same tune has in different districts, and the frequent changes of the name of the same tune.

Many of the Songs of Burns are adapted to airs which are known to have existed long before that admirable poet was born, though they do not appear in any collection of music. Yet, it may be presumed, that in a few years—nay, even now, the airs may be known by the names of the songs which he has adapted to them. But simple melodies are less injured by tradition, than the songs to which they belong. Music is an universal
language, which speaks in the same intelligible tone to all ages and denominations of men. The peasant feels that its voice is addressed to the various emotions of his heart. It soothes the weariness of his soul—it alleviates the fatigue of labour, and amuses the tiresomeness of solitude. He learns to love the airs with which he has been delighted in his infancy, and the pleasurable associations with which they are connected, increase, with the number of his years. The peasant may change a tune from the inaptitude of his ear, but he is no musical composer to alter or mangle the airs with which he is acquainted. He has not learned his favourite airs from a music master, or in a scientific manner; but he has acquired them in his childhood in the bosom of his family, and in their tones he listens to the voice of his mother, his sister, or his youthful love.

The airs of most Scottish tunes which are still haunted in the pastoral districts of Scotland, are much more simple than the sets which are found in collections, and which have passed through the hands of the composer. This seems to me to be a strong argument for the antiquity. Historical songs, from the nature of their subjects, are less liable to be affected by tradition than those of any other class. Of this kind, five songs are mentioned in the "Complaynt;" of those are preserved—"The Battle of Harlaw;"—"The Battle of Cheviot;"—and "The Pearcy and Montgomery." The latter probably a Scottish copy of the Battle of Otterbourne, not exactly the same with any edition extant.

In a MS. collection of airs, adapted to the Lyra Viol, written soon after the Revolution, I find the following airs:—"O'er the Muir to Maggie;"—"Robin and Janet;"—"My Dearie, gin thou die;"—"Money in both Pockets;"—"The Ladie's gowne;"—"Bonnie Nanie;"—"Maggie, I must loe thee;"—"Where Helen lays;"—"Strick upon a Stroggin;"—"Happy man is he;"—"Woman's work will ne'er be done?"—"Jock, the Laird's Brither;"—"Bonnie Lassie;"—"Jenny, I told you;"—"The Gelliflower;"—"The Bony braw;"—"The New Kirk Gavel;"—"The Nightingale;"—"Jockie went to the Wood;"—"Sweet Willie;"—"Bonnie roaring Willie;"—"Tweed Side;"—"When she came ben she bobbit;"—"Fuel for my eyes;"—"When the bryd came ben she beckit;"—"The Colleyr's Daughters;"—"Foull tak the Wars;"—"The Milkeine pell;"—"The bonnie brookit Lassie."

These minute notices, had the history of Scottish song never become a subject of discussion, might have been deemed trivial or superfluous. But as it has not only been the subject of much speculation, but also of curious inquiry, perhaps they may contribute to the elucidation of a question which only admits of this kind of illustration, and where the minutest notices are often the most desirable.

As the ancient Scottish airs received their names from the songs to which they were appropriated, I have, in the discussion, constantly regarded the existence of song or dance as proof of the existence of the air. The MS. collection which I have quoted is not, indeed, of great antiquity; but as it approaches the era of the Revolution, it enables us to advance a step beyond Ramsay; and, as it shows that these songs were popular at the time of the Revolution, it renders it probable that their origin is of a much older date. Indeed, the era of the Revolution seems to be that of the decline of Scottish music. Until that time a few of the bards or minstrels existed in almost every quarter of the Scottish lowlands; but after that era scarcely any vestige of them can be traced. They were neither branded on the cheek with a red hot iron, according to an ancient law, nor yoked into the plough instead of the ox, according to a law of Macbeth's, but they sunk under the silent and slow pressure of neglect and contempt.

It is a common tradition, that before the Reformation, in ridicule of the Cathedral service, many of their most beautiful hymns were parodied, and sung as profane ballads. Of these the well-known airs, "John Anderson, my Jo," "Kind Robin loes me," and "John, come kiss me now," are cited as examples.

On the establishment of the Reformed religion, one of the first works in which the clergy engaged was the translation of the Psalms of David into metre, and their adaptation
to suitable music, much of which was composed by the divines themselves, and proves them
to have been able masters.

To enlarge the collection of religious songs, many musical translations and hymns were
made, which were again set to those tunes of which the cathedral had been robbed, and
this at the suggestion of some who had no objections to the music, however much they
might object to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church.

Among the literary and musical curiosities of those days may be mentioned, as the
greatest, the celebrated collection of godly songs by Wedderburne—an attempt to en-
lighten the people through means of their popular airs, and thus assist the great work of
the progress of the Reformation. The earliest edition now extant was printed by Robert
Smith, in Edinburgh, Netherbow, 1599. It was originally printed in Edinburgh, by Andrew
Hart, 1590, in black letter, under the title of "Ane Compendious Book of Godly and
Spiritual Sangs, collected out of sundrie parts of Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballants,
changed out of Profane Songs, for avoiding of Sin and Harlotrie." They were, however,
in existence before this time, as they are mentioned in a MS. history of the church, date
1560, as existing some time before, and probably are alluded to in a canon of the Pro-
vincial Council, 1549, denouncing punishment on all who possessed "alios libros rythmorum
sca cantilenarum vulgarum, scandalosa ecclesiasticorum, aut quaecumque harrësim in
se continentie." Of the author nothing is known, unless he be the same Wedderburn
named in the Harleian MS., as the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland." These
Psalms and Paraphrases contain allusions, and a variety of satirical invectives against
the abuses and corruptions of the established church, artfully enough devised for the in-
struction of the vulgar, who, although they could not read, could sing, and would naturally
enough retail one to another, more especially when connected with favourite airs. It was
ostensibly introduced for the purpose of putting away immoral songs.—"For the use of
young persons, and such as are nocht exercisit in the Scripture, quha will sooner con-
ceive the true word, nor quhen they hear it sung in Latin, the quilk they know nocht what
is. But when they hear it, or says it themselves in their vulgar tongue, with sweet
melodie, then shall they love their God, and put away bawdie and unclean sangs." As a
matter of curiosity, the following specimens will give some idea of the work:—

"Up! in the morning early,"

"The wind blawis cauld, furious, and bauld,
This long and mony a day;
But Christ's merele we maun all dree,
And keep the cauld wind away."

"Widow, are ye wauking," was also suited with a new dress:—

"Qwho is at my window, qwho, qwho?
Goe, from my window, goe, goe;
Qwho calls their so like ane strangere?
Goe, from my window, goe, goe."

And "The huntis up" was also re-modelled:—

"The huntis up, the huntis up,
It is now perfect day;
Jesus, our king, is gone a-hunting;
Wha likes to speed they may."

"Till our gudeman,"—

"For our Gudeman in heaven does reign,
In glorie and bliss without ending;
Qwhere anglies sings ever Osan,
In laude and praise of our Gudeman."
"I'll never leave thee."

"Ah! my love, leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Ah! my love, leif me not,
Thus mine alone."

And so on to verse 3

"With sinnes am I laden sore,
Leif me not, leif me not;
With sinnes I am laden sore,
Leif me not alone."

To "Tuttie Taittie," was sung:

"Hey now the day dallies,
Now Christ on us calles,
And welth on our wallis
Appeares anon;
Now the Word of God rings,
Qwhilk is King of all kings,
Now Christ's flock sings,
The nicht is near gone."

We might well add, in the words of Pope—

"To laugh were want of godliness and grace,
And to be grave exceeds all powers of face."

After the Reformation, some highly beautiful airs were composed,—airs which partake of all the impassioned feeling of the older Scotch melodies, and will, like them, withstand the devouring tooth of Time. For instance, how naturally does the air correspond with the description of the love-sick Mary,—

"Aye waukin, oh! waukin aye, and weari,
Sleep I canna get for thinking o' my dearie."

Who cannot participate in the sorrows of the Border Widow? What a melancholy picture of despair and anxiety to be rid of the cares that coil "around this mortal frame," is expressed in "I wish I were where Helen lies?" How much broad humour lies in "Brose and Butter?" Who can resist enjoying, with all the zest of an approved spirit, the pictures of happiness and innocent delight, in "The Broom o' the Cowden Knowes," and others of the same stamp? It were endless to run through a list of Scottish airs in which particular passions are so forcibly depicted. Among so many that are enchanting, the only difficulty is to choose.

As the airs of Scotland are devoid of all art, and solely the flights of genius, they bid defiance to every thing in the shape of modern grace and improvement. In their native purity, they delight and charm: it is to this power alone that we owe their preservation. They continue still to possess the same effects, and will continue to charm and delight the heart of every person whose taste is not vitiated by novelty or fashion,—"as long as in Scotland the heather shall bloom."
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

With expression.

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquaintance, Your locks were like the raven, Your bonny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill the-gither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand and hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep the-gither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

The present verses were written by Burns to an old tune of the same name, whose words would not now be tolerated in the drawing-room by our modern beaux and belles; and well it is so, for no good cometh of such pastime as singing songs which have a tendency to corrupt the morals of the fair and young. The air, which all unite in pronouncing beautiful and touching, is generally believed to have been used as a chant in "haly kirk," until a short time prior to, or about the period, of the Reformation, when it was dressed in the coarse though somewhat witty words alluded to, as a sort of ridiculous contrast to its former service in the Roman Catholic religion. The famous John was a town-piper of Kelso.
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Slow, with expression.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, I've tasted her pleasures and felt her decay;

Sweet was her blessing, and kind her caressing, But now they are fled, they are fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost, Wi' flowers o' the fairest, both pleasant and gay; Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming, But now they are wither'd and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning, And loud tempest roaring before parting day; I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams, Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way. O fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting, Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day? Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer me, Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a lilting at our ewe-milking,
Lasses loud lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning in ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her legin and hies her away.

In hairs't at the shearing nae youths now are joering,
Bansters are runkled, and lyart, and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngsters are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits e'rie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.
We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning in ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

This most beautiful and pathetic song requires neither praise nor comment; its pathos is the pathos of nature, and every heart that feels will understand it. Commemorative of the battle of Flodden, fought 9th September 1513, where James the Fourth and the flower of his nobles fell, it is supposed to be written with reference to the depopulation of the border districts, and particularly of those about Ettrick Forest. At the period of Flodden, the forest extended over a considerable tract of land, and had therefore many warriors to lose on that fatal field. The fate of our gallant James seems yet dubious; but he was lost to his country, whatever became of him. His body was never identified, and the conduct of some of the Scottish leaders during and after the battle was sufficiently mysterious. The origin of this luckless expedition was too great devotion to the wishes of the fair Queen of France, who, being at the time at war with England, and well aware of our monarch's chivalrous disposition, entreated him to "step but one step in England and strike but one stroke for her sake." The result was Flodden field. The air is as old as is the line with which it commences, "I've heard a lilting at our ewe-milking," and the often recurring line which presses on our hearts the desolation of the forest. Another still remembered fragment of the old song, which gave birth to both the present, contains a most affecting image, and shows that the old minstrel had penned his lamentations from a lady's lips—

"I ride single on my saddle,
While the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

The authoresses of the present songs, both so justly admired, are Miss Jane Elliot, sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, ancestor of the Earl, (I have not heard that any other strain, either of mirth or sorrow, flowed from her pen), and Miss Rutherford, of Fairmalie, in Selkirkshire, and wife of Mr. Cockburn, of Ormiston. Both have succeeded so well as to surround their names with an unfading halo. The whole comes with a "cry" in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden; and when it is sung, we owe little to our imagination, when we associate it with the desolation of the forest, and hear in its plaintive sounds the ancient wail of its maids and matrons.
O! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO’E YE.

With feeling.

O! din-na ask me gin I lo’e ye; Troth I daur-na tell:

Din-na ask me gin I lo’e ye; ask it o’ your-self. O!

din-na look sae sair at me, For weel ye ken me true. O!

gin ye look sae sair at me, I daur-na look at you.

An’ when ye’re gane to yon big town,
An’ mony a braw lass see,
O, Jamie, dinna look at them,
For fear ye mind na me;
For weel I ken there’s mony a ane
That weel might fancy thee;
Then, Jamie, keep me in your mind,
Wha loes but only thee.

This song was written to the old air of “Coming through the rye” by a Mr. Dunlop.
COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Same air as "Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye."

Gin a body meet a body
    Coming through the rye,
Gin a body greet a body,
    Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
    Nane, they say, hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
    When coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
    Coming frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
    Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
    Coming frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
    Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie, &c.

* Amang the train there is a swain
    I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whar his hame, or what his name,
    I dinna care to tell.

* These last four lines to be sung to the first part of the air.
LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

_Slowly._

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, They hae ta'en a-wa' Jamie that delved in the yard,

Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma', They hae ta'en a-wa' Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'.

_Anovation._

He said, 'Think na lang, lassie, though I gang a-wa', For I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'.

O, Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a hadden, an' siller forbye;
But I wad hae Jamie wi's staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae Sandy wi's houses and land.

He said, &c.
My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
But daddy and minnie although that they be,
There’s nae o’ them a’ like my Jamie to me.

He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loo’ed me sae weel;
He had but ae sixpence, he brake it in twa,
And gied me the hauf o’t when he gaed awa’.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa’,
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa’,
For simmer is coming, cauld winter’s awa’,
And ye’ll come and see me in spite o’ them a’.

This inimitable song belongs to the “North countrie:” the author was George Hacket, schoolmaster, for some time, at Rathen, and author of “Whirry Whigs awa’, man,” with several other esteemed Jacobite songs. He was a Jacobite out and out; so much so, that, when the Duke of Cumberland was in the North, he offered a reward of one hundred guineas for his head, either dead or alive;—so much offence had the effusions of his muse given to the then reigning powers. The hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at Logie, parish of Crimond, Aberdeenshire.
JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Smoothly.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond, And

left the red clouds to pre-side o'er the scene; While

lane-ly I stray in a calm sim-mer gloam-in, To

muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane. How

sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing bloss-om; And

sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o' green; But

sweet-er and fair-er, and dear to this bo-som, Is

charm-ing young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dum-blane, Is
She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
   For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
   And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
   Wha'd blight, in its blossom, the flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
   Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
   Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
   Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days 'till I met wi' my Jessie,
   The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
   'Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
   Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
   And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
   If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Of all Tannahill's songs, "Jessie" is perhaps the greatest favourite with the public. Many are the conjectures regarding the fair one; but I believe, like most of his other charmers, she was only one in idea, not one of flesh and blood. The music was composed by his friend, Mr. R. A. Smith, who has married excellent music to excellent words.
MY TOCHER’S THE JEWEL.

Archly.

O, mei-kle thinks my love o’ my beauty, And
mei-kle thinks my love o’ my kin; But lit-tle thinks my love
I ken brawlie My tocher’s the jew-el has charms for him.

It’s a’ for the apple he’ll nourish the tree; It’s
a’ for the honey he’ll cherish the bee; My laddie’s sae meikle in
love wi’ the sil-ler, He can-na hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o’ love’s an airlie-penny,
My tocher’s the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi’ anither your fortune maun try.
Ye’re like to the timmer o’ yon rotten wood,
Ye’re like to the bark o’ yon rotten tree;
Ye’ll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye’ll crack your credit wi’ mair nor me.

The tactics of this song are more of a business than of a love nature; but the hero
of the piece seems to be over-matched by the shrewd cunning of his sweetheart, who
quotes proverbs, to prove that the real love to whom he is paying his addresses lies snugly
in the bottom of the chest, and not in the rosy cheeks and sprightly e’e of his crafty fair
one. Burns is the author. This air was found by Gow in Oswald’s Pocket Companion
as a jig; it struck him it would be pretty if slow; and being without a name, he called it
Lord Elcho’s Favourite. Oswald was a music-seller in London. The four last lines of
this song are very old; so are the two—

“It’s a’ for the apple he’ll nourish the tree;
It’s a’ for the hinny he’ll cherish the bee.”
There's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that passes, O! What signifies the life o' man, If 'twere na' for the lasses, O!

Green grow the rash-es, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that e'er I spent were spent a-mang the lasses, O!

The worldly race may riches chace,
   An' riches still may flee them, O;
   An' though at last they catch them fast,
   Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
   Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
   My arms about my dearie, O;
   An' worldly cares and worldly men
   May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
   Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
   Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
   He dearly loo'ed the lasses, O.
   Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
   Her noblest works she classes, O:
   Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
   An' then she made the lasses, O.
   Green grow the rashes, O!
   Green grow the rashes, O!
   The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
   I've spent amang the lasses, O!

This song is by Burns. There is a very old song of the same name; but we dare not insert it here. In the "Complaynt of Scotland," there is mention made of another, somewhat similar.
CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

With feeling.

Ca’ the ewes to the knowes, Ca’ them whar’ the heather grows,

Ca’ them whar’ the burnie rows, My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side, There I met my shepherd lad, He

row’d me sweetly in his plaid, And ca’ed me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae gently glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu’ clearly.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon to thy white feet,
And in my arms ye’se lie and sleep,
And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye’ll but stand to what ye’ve said,
I’ll gang wi’ you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I shall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin’ my e’e,
Ye shall be my dearie.

This sweet song is very old, with a few modern emendations by a Mr. Pagan. The last verse is truly fine. The air is also very beautiful, very old, and a true pastoral.
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Slow.

Oh! where and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell?

He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land, where the blue-bells sweet-ly

smell, And oh! in my heart I love my lad-die well.

O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
A scarlet coat and bonnet blue, with bonny yellow hair,
And nane in a’ the world can with my love compare.

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
He’s gane to fight for George our King, and left me a’ alane,
For noble and brave is my loyal Hielandman.

O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
Whene’er the war is o’er, he’ll return to me with fame,
With the heather in his bonnet, my gallant Hielandman.

The author of this song is unknown. There are another version and set of the tune, much older; but the author and composer are both buried in oblivion.
MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY.

Slow and with feeling.

My luve's in German-y, Send him hame, send him hame; O, my luve's in German-y, Send him hame.

My luve's in German-y, Fighting for royalty, He may ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame, send him hame, He may ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame, send him hame;
He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame.
He's brave as brave can be,
He wad rather fa' than flee;
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame, send him hame.
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
Willie's gane.
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
To his love and ain countrie—
O, this world's nae mair for me,
Willie's gane, Willie's gane.
O, this world's nae mair for me,
Willie's slain.
MY AIN FIRESIDE.

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la-dies a' co-ver'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de-light-fu', I trow, I ne'er spied, As the bonny blythe blink o' my ain fire-side. My ain fireside, my

ain fire-side; O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be prais'd, round my ain heartsome ingle, Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle; Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad, I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad. Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear, But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer; Of a' roads to happiness ever we tried, There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside. My ain fireside, my ain fireside, O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane, My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain; Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight, Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night. I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see, And mark soft affection glint soft frae ilk e'c; Nae pluckings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride, 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside. My ain fireside, my ain fireside, O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

The author of this domestic song was William Hamilton, the friend and correspondent of the celebrated Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd," &c.
MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

With feeling.

My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for somebody:

I could wake a winter night, For the sake o' somebody.

Oh hon! for somebody. Oh hey! for somebody.

I could range the world a-round For the sake o' somebody.

How aft I've wander'd by the burn,
At gloamin hour wi' somebody,
And listen'd to the tale o' love,
Sae sweetly told by somebody.

Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,
Sae blest was I wi' somebody.

But now the tear-drap dims my e'e,
Whene'er I think o' somebody;
For weel I lo'e the bonnie lad
That's far awa,—my somebody.

Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
While I live I'll ne'er forget
The parting look o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.

Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody.

In Mr. R. A. Smith's "Selection for the use of his Pupils," where this popular song first appeared, it is mentioned "that the first and fourth stanzas of this song are from the pen of Burns; the others were never before printed." Whether these additional stanzas are wholly the production of Mr. Smith himself or any of his poetical friends, poor Jamie Hill, for instance, we have little right to conjecture; but they are more happily introduced than additional verses usually are, and are worthy of a place in the first collections of the present day. The air is well known and beautiful. We have found it in a collection which we have every reason to believe is very old.
Leezy Lindsay.

Moderate time.

Will ye gang to the High-lands, Lee-zy Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the High-lands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the High-lands, Lee-zy Lindsay, My pride and my dar-ling to be?

O ye are the bonniest maiden,
The flower o' the west countrie;
Will ye gang to the High-lands, Leezy Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be.

I've goud an' I've gear, Leezy Lindsay,
And a heart that lo'es only but thee;
They a' shall be thine, Leezy Lindsay,
Gin ye my lov'd darling will be.

She has gotten a gown o' green satin,
And a bonny blythe bride is she;
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
His pride and his darling to be.

To whom we are indebted for these simple and sweet lines neither tradition nor history informs us. The music is also excellent, so that they are a happy accompaniment to each other.
TULLOCHGORUM.

With spirit.

Come gie's a sang, the lady cried, And lay your disputes all aside, What signifies' for folks to chide For what's been done before them? Let Whig and Tory all agree, Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory all agree, To drop their whig-meg-mor-um. Let
Whig and Tory all agree, To spend this night with mirth and glee, And cheerful sing a-lang wi' me, The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
    In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we's be a',
    And make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
    The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
    For hauf a hunder score o' em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
    Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste.
    Compared wi' Tullochgorum.
Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
To the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

The Reverend John Skinner, minister of the Episcopal chapel of Linshart, near Peterhead, was the author of this excellent song. Burns speaks rapturously of it, and very deservedly. The lady who requested the song was a Mrs. Montgomery, of Ellon, who one evening good-humouredly observed to her reverend guest, that this beautiful old music wanted words, and begged he would try his hand upon it, when the preceding was the result. We wish every one so situated were as successful. The tune is very old, and is mentioned in Habbie Simson's Epitaph—

"Sae well's he keepit his decorum,
And all the stottis of Quhipp Meg Morum."

Stottis means notes—Quhipp Meg Morum is the old name of the air, and the sense is therefore Notes of Whig Meg Morum.
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Slow.

I'm wearin' a' wa', Jean, Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm
wear-in' a' wa' To the land o' the leal. There's
nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The
day is aye fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith good and fair, Jean,
And, O! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's coming fast, Jean,
A joy that's ay to last
I' the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
O, dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean.
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day its wearing thro', Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-yo-well, my ain Jean,
This world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet and we'll be fain
I' the land o' the leal.
HIGHLAND MARY.

With much feeling,

Ye banks, and braes, and streams a-round The
castle o' Mont-go-me-rie, Green be your woods, and
fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne-ver drum-lie.

There sim-mer first un-falds her robes, And
there they lang-est tar-ry; For there I took the
last fare-well O' my sweet High-land Ma-ry.

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

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursells asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sac early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.
O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss’d sae fondly!
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould’ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo’ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom’s core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Mary Campbell, the subject of this and several other of the most beautiful effusions of the unfortunate Burns, was unquestionably the object of the purest, holiest, and most ardent affection that ever glowed within the bosom of the poet. The history of their loves is interesting. Mary Campbell resided near Mauchline, in the humble capacity of servant to a gentleman’s family. She was not celebrated for great beauty, but she possessed the less perishable charms of an intelligent mind, a sweet temper, and mild disposition, which gained her general esteem, and won the heart of the youthful bard. After a pretty long tuck of the most ardent reciprocal affection, they met on a May Sunday in a sequestered spot on the banks of Ayr, to enjoy a day of “parting love,” before Mary should embark for the Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for her projected change in life. The ceremonial observed at parting was extremely simple and impressive. The lovers stood upon the opposite sides of a limpid stream, laved their hands in its purling waters, and then exchanged Bibles, and in the most solemn manner pledged vows of eternal fidelity across the rivulet. The Bible which Burns that day placed in the hands of his soul’s idol is still preserved. Upon the boards of the first volume is inscribed, in the handwriting of the bard, “And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord.” Levit. XIX chap. 12th verse. On the second volume, “Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths.” Matth. V chap. 33rd verse. Upon the blank leaf of each, “Robert Burns, Mossgiel.”

Mary proceeded to the Highlands and communicated to her relations the matrimonial offers of her lowland lover. Burns’ gallantry at this time formed a “theme for gossip’s story.” He was then the father of an illegitimate child, and her friends were averse to her forming an union with one whom the world condemned as a rake. Had Mary survived, however, these objections would doubtless all have been surmounted; but, alas! “the course of true love never did run smooth.” The solemn parting on the “banks of Ayr” was indeed their last; for ere they were long separated, the restless arm of death numbered Mary among its victims, and she was mingled with the clods of the valley, while the bard, unconscious of his bereavement, was reveling in visionary prospects of domestic bliss. Impatient of delay, Burns wrote repeatedly to the Highlands, but could obtain no information to quiet his doating and doubting soul. At length he addressed a letter of inquiry to her uncle at Greenock, and by him the striking and melancholy truth was unfolded. To one who was so tenderly alive to all the finer feelings and passions this proved an overwhelming blow; and his impassioned address to “Mary in Heaven” shows how deep-rooted was his affection. After Mary’s death, several letters from Burns, breathing all the ardour and enthusiasm which characterized his amatory effusions, were discovered in her chest. These, however, with a letter of condolence to Mrs. Campbell on the death of her daughter, were committed to the flames by the ruthless hand of one of Mary’s brothers. The reason he assigned for doing so was, “that his mother always shed tears when she read them, and he could not bear to see his mother weeping.” The ashes of Highland Mary repose in the West churchyard of Greenock, without a stone to “mark the whereabouts.”
THE BOATIE ROWS.

Lightly, except the last verse.

O, weel may the boatie row, And

better may it speed; O,

weel may the boatie row, That

wins the bairns' bread. The
I coost my line in Largo Bay,
And I caught fishes nine;
'Twas three to roast, and three to boil,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.
O weel may the boatie row
    That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a’ frae head to feet,
    And buys our pottage meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
    The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a’
    That wish the boatie speed.

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

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

When Sawny, Jock, an’ Janetie,
    Are up, and gotten learner,
They’ll help to gar the boatie row,
    And lighten a’ our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
    The boatie rows fu’ weel;
And lightsome be the heart that bears
    The murlin and the creel.

This beautiful song has been erroneously ascribed to a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen, by many who should have known better. It was written at least an hundred years before honest John drew breath, and was called “The Fisher’s Rant of Fittie” (Foot-Dee). The old song, or rather ballad, contains twice the number of verses as the present one, which was abridged by the late Mr. John Ewen, jeweller, for the purpose of being sung by a Mr. Wilson in the theatre of Aberdeen, when it became so popular as to be published by James Chalmers in one of the Aberdeen Magazines. One of the old verses runs thus:

And when with age we’re worn down,
    And hirpling round the door,
They’ll row to keep us dry and warm,
    As we’ve done them before.

These warm-hearted lines breathe the sentiments of true affection and parental love; showing the hope and the faith they had in their offspring, when the winter of age had enfeebled their own hands.
THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

Mournfully.

By yon cas-tle wa', at the close of the day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey; And as he was sing-ing, the tears down came, There'll ne-ver be peace till Ja-mie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars, Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars; We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame; There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, And now I greet round their green beds in the yird; It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame; There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me sair down, Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown; But till my last moments my words are the same, There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

This plaintive song refers to King James, the abdicated monarch, and has long been popular amongst the Jacobites. Quaintly, yet powerfully, does it detail the convulsions which then so fearfully racked our native land. The air to which it is sung is enchanting
THE BROOM O' COWDENKNOWES.

With feeling.

How blythe was I ilk morn to see My swain come o'er the hill; He leap'd the burn and flew to me, I met him wi' good will.

O, the broom, the bon-ny, bon-ny broom, The broom o' the Cowdenknowes; I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi' his pipe and my ewes.
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He staw my heart, cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

My doggie and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, brooch, and crooked stick,
May now lye useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu,
Farewell, a' pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.

By some editors this song is ascribed to a Mr. Crawford; but Allan Ramsay, who must have known better than any other person, in his "Tea-table Miscellany," where it first appeared, gives S. R. as the initials of the author. There is a beautiful, very old ballad of the same name, and sung to the same tune.
MAGGY LAUDER.

Lively.

Wha wad-na be in love Wi'

bon-ny Mag-gy Lau-der! A

pi-per met her gaun to Fife, An'

spier'd what was't they ca'd her: Right

scorn-ful-ly she ans-wer'd him, Be-
gone ye hal-lan-sha-ker, Jog

on your gate, ye bleth-er-in skate, My

name is Mag-gy Lau-der.
Maggy, quoth he, now by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
Indeed I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

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

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

Well hae ye played your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae well,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
And gin ye come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

This curious song is very old. Tradition ascribes it to Francis Semple, the author of "The blythesome Bridal." We possess a much more graphic version in manuscript, rich as this one is in allegory, but we will not pollute our pages by giving it here. Pity it is that our wittiest songs have thus brought upon themselves their own condemnation.
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

In moderate time.

Wilt thou be my dearie? When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, O,

wilt thou let me cheer thee?

By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! I swear and vow that only thou Shalt ever be my dearie.

On-ly thou, I swear and vow, Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt not be my ain,
Sayna thou'll refuse me.
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for mine may choose me;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

This song was written by Burns to the above air "The Sutor's Daughter."
O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE.

O speed, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast, Sin'
ye mann frae your coun-try flee; Nae mer-cy mot fa'
to your share, Nae pi-ty is for thine and thee.

Thy la-dy sits in lone-ly bower, And
fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And aye she sighs, "O,
blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Niths-dale far frae me."

Her heart sae wae was like to break,
While kneeling by the taper bright;
But ae red drap came to her cheek,
As shone the morning's rosy light.
Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,
Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;
"O, ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
"Wha' sic a comely knight had slain."

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love,
But he thought on his country's wrang;
And he was deem'd a traitor syne,
And forced frae a' he lov'd to gang.
"O, I will gae to my lov'd lord,
He mayna smile I trow bot me;"
But home and la', and bonny bowers,
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

Written by Robert Allan, of Kilbarchan, author of many beautiful lyrics. The music is old.
WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Lively.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, O,

whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho'

father and mother, and a' shou'd gae mad, O,

whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad. But

warily tent, when ye come to court me, And

come na unless the back-yett be a jee; Syne

up the back stile, and let nae-body see, And
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' shou'd gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny blythe e'e,
Yet look as ye warna lookin' at me.

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

The music of this song was composed by a Jacobite fiddler of the name of Bruce, a native of Dumfries. The words by Burns, founded on an old song of the same name.
ROY'S WIFE.

In moderate time.

Roy's wife of Al-dival-loch, Roy's wife of

Al-dival-loch, Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As

I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch? She

vow'd, she swore, she wou'd be mine, She said she lo'ed me
best o' o-ny; But, oh! the fic-kle, faith-less quean, She's
ta'en the carle and left her John-nie! Da Capo.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?
She was a kind and canty quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?
Her hair sae fair, her c'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie!

The authoress of this excellent song is said to be Mrs. Grant. The music, as well as another version of the words, is old; and one of those lively Highland airs that carry a freshness about them which never fades.
O, POORTITH CAULD.

Plaintively.

O, poor-tith cauld, and rest-less love, Ye
wreck my peace be-tween ye; Yet,
poor-tith, a' I could for-gie, An't
wer-na' for my Jean-ie. O,
why should fate sic plea-sure have, Life's
dear-est bands un-twin-ing? Or
why sae sweet a flower, as love, De-
pend on Fort-une's shin-ing?
This world's wealth, when I think on
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O, why should fate, &c.

Her e'en, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O, why should fate, &c.

O! wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O! wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O, why should fate, &c.

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie.
O, why should fate, &c.

When George Thomson was preparing his collection of Scottish music for the public, he applied to Burns for words to many of the airs; the old versions being too indeleicate for the present generation. Amongst the many he sent was the preceding song, but without note or comment.
AY WAUKIN', O!

Slow.

Ay wauk-in', O! Wauk-in' ay and weary;

Sleep I can-na get For think-ing o' my dea-rie.

Ay wauk-in', O! Spring's a pleasant time,

Flow'rs of ev'-ry co-lour, The sweet bird builds its nest, And

I long for my lover.
When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Rest I canna get
For thinking on my dearie.
Ay waukin', O!
Waukin' ay and wearie;
Come, come blissful dream,
Bring to me my dearie.

Darksome night comes down,
A' the lave are sleepin'
I think on my kind lad,
And blin' my e'en wi' greetin'.
Ay waukin', O!
Waukin' ay and wearie;
Hope is sweet, but ne'er
Sae sweet as thee, my dearie.

The air of this song is beautiful, although the words seem somewhat ridiculous. The chorus is old, and part of the song modern. There is an old and romantic story where this air forms a very prominent feature. A young gentleman was returning to his home along with his father one dark and stormy evening in the depth of winter. Having to cross a burn, swollen by the mountain streams to a foaming torrent, and being well assured of their horses' powers, both plunged in, the father foremost. With much difficulty he gained the opposite bank, and turned round to cheer his gallant boy up the steep, not doubting but that he was immediately behind. What was his horror in beholding the trusty steed gain his footing on the solid earth without his rider, who had been swept away by the boiling flood. No one lamented him more than his sister, to whom he was ardently attached. One night, as she lay lamenting and sorrowing for his death, he appeared to her in the room, and informed her that he was not dead as was supposed, but had been stolen away by the Fairy Queen, by whom he was beloved. He farther informed her, that on a particular night at a certain hour, should she be at a certain place and attend to his directions, she might yet redeem him, by pulling him from his horse, a milk-white steed, in the centre of the cavalcade, and retaining him in spite of all the transmigrations which he should undergo. The night came, the maiden went to the appointed spot, adhered strictly to all the directions, until he was changed into some hideous form in her arms, which she unfortunately unbound for a moment in an agony of terror. All was lost, and he could never again be recovered, but was heard often in the stilly night pouring forth his complaints in the beautiful and touching air of "Ay waukin', O!"
AULD LANGSYNE.

In moderate time.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And
never brought to mind; Should auld acquaintance
be forgot, And days o' langsyne.

CHORUS.

For auld langsyne, my dear, For
auld langsyne: We'll tak' a cup o'
And surely ye'll be your pint stoup!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
   And pou't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
   Sin' auld langsyne.
   For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
   Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
   Sin' auld langsyne.
   For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
   And gies a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught,
   For auld langsyne.
   For auld, &c.

Part of this song is old, the rest by Burns. James Watson, in his Collection of Ancient Poems, published two parts of a song of the same character about a hundred and twenty years ago, and Allan Ramsay has followed in the same walk. The music claims the same affinity with the church as "John Anderson, my jo," viz. that of being a stolen chant. Insensible, indeed, must he be whose whole heart has not thrilled an accompaniment to both the music and words of this universal favorite, while grasping in friendship's circle the hands of the loved and tried of Auld Langsyne.
THOU ART GANE AWA FRAE ME, MARY!

Thou art gane a - wa, thou art
gane a - wa, Thou art gane a - wa frae
me, Ma - ry! Nor friends, nor I could
make thee stay, Thou hast cheat - ed them and
me, Ma - ry. Un -

til this hour I ne - ver thought That
ought could alt - er thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt
Whate'er he said or might pretend,
Wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary;
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Nor nae sic love as mine, Mary.
I spake sincere, ne'er flatter'd much,
Had no unworthy thought, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then farewell; of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For all the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary!

The author of this song and his Mary were one evening at a ball, when they were paid an unexpected visit by an early friend; and, to pay him all possible respect, the intended bridegroom gave up his Mary as his partner for the night, when she eloped with the stranger in the morning; which ingratitude on the one part, and falsity on the other, left the author to die a melancholy death.
MY NANNIE, O.

Moderately slow.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows 'Mang
muirs and mosses many, O; The
wintry sun the day has clos'd, And
I'll a wa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin win' blows loud and shrill, The
night's baith mirk and rainy, O; But I'll
get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And
o'er the hills to Nannie, O.
My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come well, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heaven will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

The present verses are by Burns. Ramsay also wrote a song to this tune; and there was one prior to both, a copy of which is given in Fullarton and Co.'s edition of Burns' Works, Vol. II. The heroine of Burns' song was a Miss Fleming, daughter of a farmer in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire, and the verses were written when the author was very young. The late W. Motherwell, Esq. had a very old MS. musical collection in which this air occurred.
THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, altho' I shou'd die,
O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
The cheese is to make, and the butter's to kirk;
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd gae sour,
I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae hauf hour.

For my yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

Allan Ramsay, like Robert Burns, renovated many of the old decayed Scottish songs, of which this was one. The music is sweet and old. The beauty of the air, and the happiness of the subject, have united in giving popularity to a song which cannot rank high as poetry. Ramsay seems to have admired the air much, since he wrote another in the Gentle Shepherd in the same measure. This last is valuable in containing a list apparently of the poet's favourite songs—

"Oar Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden broom knowes,"
And Rosie lits sweetly the "Milking the ewes;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
At "Thro' the wood, laddie," Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggie sings with better skill
"The Boatman," "Tweed-side," and "The lass o' the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee."
DONALD.

Slowly.

When first you court-ed me, I own, I fond-ly fa-vour'd you; Ap-pa- rent worth and high re-nown, Made me be-lieve you true, - Do-nald. Each vir-tue then seemed to a-dorn The man es-teemed by me; But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn To waste one thought on thee, - Do-nald.

O, then, for ever haste away,
Away from love and me;
Go, seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald.
For I'll reserve myself alone
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I cannot find,
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

Burns has written two fine stanzas to this air—"From thee, Eliza, I must go;" but as they are to be met with in almost every collection of songs, we prefer giving the above old words as the greater rarity.
LOGAN WATER.

Slow.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide That day I was my Willie's bride, And years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Logan to the summer's sun.

But now the flow'ry banks appear Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, While my dear lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Logan braes.
Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within you milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithful mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile;
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

Mr. John Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun," "Glasgow," a poem, and others, as well as Burns, have sung the praise of Logan stream, and Logan braes. It was also a favourite with the minstrels of old, whose verses served as a basis for the preceding. The music is very old.
SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING, QUO' SHE.

Slowly.

Saw ye John-nie com-ing, quo' she,

Saw ye John-nie com-ing; O

saw ye John-nie com-ing, quo' she,

Saw ye John-nie com-ing, O

saw ye John-nie com-ing, quo' she,

Saw ye John-nie com-ing Wi'

his blue bon-net on his head,
Aud And Lis hid =sr: 
dog
gie 
gie 
quo
she,
lun.

Fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
Fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad,
And a well-doing;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me, when I see him, quoth she,
    Wi' me when I see him.

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

For weel do I lo'e him, quoth she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quoth she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,
O fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quoth she,
    And crack wi' me at e'en.

This is a very old but very excellent song, and contains much to be admired. Her generous example ought to be more universally followed by all maidens. When played slow and with feeling it is most affecting: under such an impression Burns has beautifully wedded it to "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie."
WALY, WALY.

Slow.

O waly, waly up the bank, And

waly, waly down the brae, And waly by yon river side, Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leant my back unto an aik, I

thought it was a trusty tree; But first it bow'd and syne it brake, And sae did my true love to me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O, wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.
Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,
   The sheets shall ne'er be foil'd by me;
Saint Anton's Well shall be my drink,
   Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
   And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
   For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
   Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis nae sic cauld that makes me cry,
   But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
   We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' the black velvet,
   And I myself in cramasie.

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

This fragment of a very old song was first published by Allan Ramsay, not knowing, perhaps, that there still remained another and a better half, which has never yet been laid before the public. The present part has been repeatedly printed as complete. Burns was in error in saying he had seen a different edition of the second stanza, which ran thus—

   When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
   And mussels grow on ilka tree,
   When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
   Then shall my love prove true to me.

These lines have no connection whatever with this beautiful song; they are part of another very different from the above. Bishop Percy unwittingly fell into the same error.
THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Moderately.

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When Co - lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come a - shore. For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck a - va', There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, Whan our gudeman's a - wa'.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snae;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
There are twa hens upon the bauk
   Been fed this month and mair,
Make haste and throw their necks about,
   That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
   Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
   For he's been lang awa'.

Come, gie me down my bigonets,
   My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife
   That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday sheen they maun gae on,
   My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
   For he's baith leal and truc.

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

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
   That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
   'Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my mind,
   It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
   The niest we never saw!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
   I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to make him blest,
   I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
   And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzie wi' the thought,
   In troth I'm like to greet.

This is one of the best domestic songs in existence. The author has not been finally decided upon—one person giving it to Mrs. Jane Adam, a schoolmistress in the west of Scotland, and author of a small volume of religious poems; others ascribing it to Mr. Julius Mickle, a poet of no mean reputation—an altered and interlined copy in MS. having been found amongst his papers after his death, confirming this supposition, although by no means proof positive.
HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Slow.

Here a-wa, there a-wa, wander-ing Wil-lie,

Here a-wa, there a-wa, hand a-wa hame;

Come to my bo-som, my ain on-ly dear-ie,

Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil-lie the same.

Win-ter winds blew loud and cauld at our part-ing,

Fears for my Wil-lie brought tears to my ee;

Wel-come now sim-mer, and wel-come my Wil-lie, The

sim-mer to na-ture my Wil-lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.
HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame,
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame;
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Maids, have ye seen him, my ain true love, Willie,
Blythe as the bird when the bud's on the tree?
If ye hae seen him, and dinna esteem him,
Ye havena seen Willie, the lad wha loes me.

There is a characteristic Jacobite song to this tune, and somewhat similar in many of the lines, where Duke William of Cumberland is the hero of the piece. It is written in a very satiric strain. Tradition ascribes this song and music, both very old, to a daughter of the house of Cullen, in Buchan. Aberdeenshire.
DUNCAN GRAY.

Sprightly.

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,

Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't; On New-year's night, when

we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't,

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-sklen, and

un-co skeigh, Gart poor Duncan stand a-beigh;

Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
Spake o' louping o'er the linn,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France—for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t;
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And, O! her een, they spake sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o’t.

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

These verses, founded upon an old song of the same name, are by Burns, who says, in his correspondence with Thomson, that the air of “Duncan Gray” is that kind of light-horse gallop which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature. The music, according to Dr. Blacklock, is by a carman of Glasgow.
Bon-ny las-sie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go?
Bon-ny las-sie, will ye go To the

birks of A-ber-fel-dy?

Now

sim-mer blinks on flow'-ry braes, And

o'er the crys-tal stream-lets plays: Come

let us spend the light-some days In the

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

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

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
While o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
    The birks of Aberfeldy.

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

The old song on which Burns founded this one was called the "Birks of Abergeldie." This one was written while on a Highland tour, and beside the Falls of Aberfeldy, in Perthshire. Abergeldie belongs to the Gordon family of Newton in the Garioch. Many have wandered among the birks, carolling this beautiful air, and the verses of the olden time, which Burns has so successfully renovated; the same, at least nearly the same sentiments in far more beautiful and euphonic words.
MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Rather lively.

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O? Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O?

ye'll tak heart and gang wi' me, Mis-

hap will ne-ver steer ye, O; Gude luck lies o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie, O.

There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O;
There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
It's neither land, nor goud, nor braws,
Let them gang tapsal-teerie, O;
It's walth o' peace, o' love, and truth,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Poor Fergusson also wrote words to this beautiful air, which is very old; but we have chosen the above by another hand. A stanza of the old song runs thus:

I'll Rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O;
I'll Rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wet,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd Rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Slow.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in
our kail-yard, And white are the blossoms on't in
our kail-yard, Like wee bit white cock-ades for our
loyal Hieland lads; And the
lass-es lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa'?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'? They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha', And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been, Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green; Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha', And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me, He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me; A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee; He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and yon be he.

This Jacobite song evidently alludes to James, son of the abdicated monarch. The air is beautiful, and the words not so far amiss. There are more versions than one. The incorruptible affection, nay almost adoration, with which the unfortunate Stuarts, as rightful kings of Scotland, were regarded, is truly wonderful.
BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

With spirit.

Cam ye by Ath - ol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg,

Down by the Tum - mel, or banks o' the Gar - ry?

Saw ye the lad wi' his bon - net and tar - tan plaid,

Leav - ing his moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie?

Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee?

Lang hast thou lo'ed and trust - ed us fair - ly,

Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad - na fol - low thee,

King o' the High - land hearts, bon - ny Prince Char - lie?
I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,
    But if I had ten they shou'd follow Glengarry:
Health to Mc Donald, and gallant Clan Ronald,
    For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
    Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
    Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them,
    They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
    Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
    Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,
    Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
    Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

The above song was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and set to music by Niel Gow, junior.
SAW YE MY WEE THING?

Slow and with expression.

Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?

Saw ye my true love down by yon lea?

Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?

Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;

Dark is the blue o' her saft roll-ing e'e!

Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet-er than roses;

Whar could my wee thing wan-der frae me?
I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met a bonny thing late in the gloaming,
   Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
   Dark was the blue of her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
   Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

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

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

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

Mary of Castle Cary, by Hector Macneil, was one of his first songs; and that species of ballad-writing was all he attempted for some time. Many of his songs are exquisitely beautiful, and, from the interesting simplicity of their thoughts, perfectly naive and natural. Macneil's mind in early life was imbued with all the softness of the tender passion. His first productions were dedicated to love; and, from what little he has left us (for he destroyed all he could of his earlier works), we may easily gather that his genius was inspired to its sublimest flights by the feelings of the heart. This is one of Hector Macneil's best songs, which has long been popular with song-singers; but there seems a few inconsistences in it. First, they are unequally matched in their ages; he must have been a grown-up man when she was but a child on his knee; so that friendship, but not love, only could have existed. The second, its language is more that of children than of older and more experienced wooers. The air to which it is adapted is the beautiful and very old one of "Bonny Dundee." Proud indeed ought the fair town to be in having inspired so many followers of music and poetry to sing her praises. No town in Scotland has so many airs and songs associated with its name and history.
THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

Moderate.

My Peg-gy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens, Fair
as the day, and sweet as May, Fair
as the day, and always gay. My
Peg-gy is a young thing, And I'm not very auld; Yet
weel I like to meet her at The
wauking o' the fauld. My
Peg-gy speaks sae sweetly, When-
c'er we meet a lane; I
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld;
And naething gie's me sic delight,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

This song was written by Allan Ramsay to accompany that inimitable drama, the "Gentle Shepherd," and takes precedence of all the others. It is founded, like many of Ramsay and Burns's best songs, on one of a much more ancient date, the indelicacies of which exclude them from modern publications.
MARY MORRISON.

O! Mary, at thy window be, It

is the wished, the trysted hour, Thy

smiles and glances let me see, Wad

mak' the miser's treasure poor.

How gladly wad I bide the stoure, A

weary slave frae sun to sun, Could

I the blest reward secure, My

charming Mary Morrison.
Yestreen, when to the trembling string
    The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
    I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
    And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
    Ye are na Mary Morrison.

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
    Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
    Whose only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
    At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
    The thought o' Mary Morrison.

This is one of Burns's juvenile compositions; but by no means the worst. It is written in the old ballad style, simple and expressive; and rivets itself to the affections of every admirer of nature in its primitive state. The music is old. There are modern sets of music to the same words.
DONALD AND FLORA.

Slowly.

When merry hearts were gay, Careless of aught but play, Poor Flora slipt away

Sadd'ning to Mora. Loose flow'd her yellow hair, Quick heav'd her bosom bare, And thus to the troubled air She vent-ed her sor-row:

Loud howls the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary waste;
Haste then, O, Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since on a foreign shore
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

Come then, O, come away!
Donald! no longer stay!
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me!
Heavens! is't not yonder he
Comes bounding o'er Mora?
Never, O, wretched fair!
Sigh’d the sad messenger,
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold as yon mountain’s snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low!
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
While weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant men
On Saratoga’s plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But, though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory!
For youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell, far, far from Mora!

Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
Donald, expiring, said;
Give it to yon dear maid,
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O, Allan, tell!
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora!

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair!
Striking her bosom bare,
She sigh’d, poor Flora!
Ah! Donald, ah! well-a-day!—
Flora no more could say;
At length the sound died away
For ever in Mora!

Hector Macneill, the author of the "Waes of War; or, Will and Jean," wrote this song; and I believe it to be amongst his worst, and not at all in keeping with any of his other songs. The music, however, will make amends for the deficiency of the words.
LORD GREGORY.

Slow, with feeling.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, And loud the tempest's roar; A wae-fu' wand'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha', And a' for loving thee: At least some pity on me shaw, If love it may na be.
Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonny Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?
How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O, wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

This beautifully pathetic song is the composition of Burns, founded on the old traditional ballad of "The Lass of Lochreyan." Peter Pindar, alias Dr. Wolcot, wrote another founded on the same subject and name; but, for a Scottish taste, Burns's is the most natural, Dr. Wolcot's the most poetical.
MY DADDY IS A CANKER’D CARL.

Lively.

My daddy is a canker’d carl, He’ll
no twine wi’ his gear; My
min-ny she’s a scolding wife, Hauds
a’ the house a-steer; But
let them say, or let them do, It’s a’ ane to me, For he’s
low down, he’s in the broom, That’s waiting for me,
Waiting on me, my love, He’s waiting on me; For he’s
low down, he’s in the broom, That’s waiting on me.
My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel I ken it's a' for spite,
For ne'er a jo has she.
    But let them, &c.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
Wi' Johnny o' the glen;
And aye sinyne she cries, beware
Of false, deluding men.
    But let them, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
And spier'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air an late.
    But let them, &c.

This song is ascribed to a James Carnegie, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate near Brechin; but with what certainty I know not. Honest Davie Herd was the first who brought it before the public, in his two valuable volumes of Scottish Song; and old part of the song at least must be; for it is mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland." It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home in case that he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when brought out and planted on horseback, he at once tumbled off, he remained all night where he was; but, if he still preserved sufficient strength to enable him to sit upright, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions, he was always attended by a faithful old man-servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way. One night, as the loving pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose: he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the neighbouring quagmires for Balnamoon's wig; and at last he was so fortunate as to find it. He instantly clapped it upon his master's head at random, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue his way home, when Balnamoon's voice was heard faintly to exclaim, through the dripping curls which hung round his face, "Oh! John, man, this is surely no my wig, for it does na fit me ava." "Dell care, Bonnymoon," quo John, "Ye must just be content wi' what ye've got; there's nae wale o' wigs here"—an expression which has since become proverbial in the country.
Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,

Love-ly wee thing wert thou mine,

I would wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my wee thing I should tine.

Wish-fu-ly I look and lan-guish,

In that bon-ny face o' thine;

And my heart it stounds with an-guish,

Lest my wee thing be nae mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
Bonny wee thing, &c.

Burns was the author of this song, long and deservedly a popular one.
BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Moderately slow.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;

But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Gallawater. * Braw, braw lads.

* This bar may be omitted.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gallawater.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I haena meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gallawater.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that's the chiefest world's treasure!

The principal rivers and streams in this part of the country may be said to be classic, for almost all of them have been celebrated in Scottish song. The air of this song is exquisitely beautiful, and very old, as were the original words, which begun thus:

"Braw, braw lads of Gallawater,
Braw, braw lads of Gallawater,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water."
WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

With pathos.

A wee bird came to our ha' door, He
war-bled sweet and clearly; And
aye the o'er-come o' his sang, Was

"Wae's me for Prince Charlie!" Oh!

when I heard the bon-ny, bon-ny bird, The
tears came drapping rarely; I
took my bon-net aff my head, For

weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.
Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills, that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
Out owre the hills and valleys;
And whare was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"O, this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain,
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

This pathetic and beautiful Jacobite song is the composition of the late William Glen, of Glasgow, the original MS. of which I have seen. Those who have read the wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden, will feel a difficulty in suppressing their tears or singing with the poet, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIELEE.

Moderate.

The broom, the brier, the birk-en bush, Bloom

bon-ny o'er thy flow'ry lea; And

a' the sweets that ane can wish, Frae

na-ture's hand are strewed on thee.

Thou bon-ny wood of Crai-gie-lee, Thou

bon-ny wood of Crai-gie-lee, Near

thee I've spent life's ear-ly day, And

won my Ma-ry's heart in thee.
Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously;
The mavis down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.
   Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa' ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
   Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
   Then, O, in pity, let them be!
   Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
   Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
   As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
   Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though Fate should drag me south the line,
   Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever min',
   That I in youth hae spent in thee.
   Thou bonny wood, &c.

The author of this song was the unfortunate Robert Tannahill. The music was composed by "Blythe Jamie Barr frae St. Barchan's town." It does its author great credit. It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become deservedly a great favourite. It possesses considerable merit. One of its stanzas is particularly beautiful:

   While winter blaws in sleety showers,
   Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
   He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
   As laith to harm a flower in thee.
I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Smoothly.

I gaed a wae-fu' gate yes-treen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; I gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa love-ly een o' bon-ny blue.

'Twas not her gold-en ring-lets bright, Her lips like ro-ses wat wi' dew, Her heaving bo-som li-ly white, It was her een sae bon-ny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
She charm'd my soul I wistna how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een sae bonny blue.

But spare I'd speak, and spare I'd speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonny blue.

This is one of Burns's sweet little songs, composed in honour of one of the Lochmaben beauties, of the name of Miss Jeffrey, who, to augment her fortune, went to New York in North America.
MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE.

Same air as "I gaed a wae fu' gate yestreen."

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
   My only jo and dearie, O;  
Thy neck is like the siller dew,  
   Upon the bauks sae brierie, O;  
Thy teeth are o' the ivorie,  
   O, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e!  
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,  
   My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
   It's sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O;  
Rejoicing in the summer morn,  
   Nae care to make it eerie, O;  
But little kens the sangster sweet  
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,  
That gar my restless bosom beat,  
   My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
   And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,  
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day  
   Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;  
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,  
And round about the thorny tree,  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
   My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;  
I wish thou wert for ever mine,  
   And never mair to leave me, O;  
Then I wad daut thee night and day,  
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,  
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,  
   My only jo and dearie, O.

This beautiful love song was long ascribed to the Ayrshire bard. Its sweetness and simplicity, particularly the last stanza, are quite in accordance with many of his best songs. The real author was Richard Gall, a printer, of Edinburgh.
THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

With expression.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, Where bright beam- ing

summers exhale the perfume, Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green

breck-an, Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom. Far dearer to

me are yon humble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly un-
seen; For there, light-ly trip-ping a-
mang the wild flowers, A- listen-ing the
lin-net, aft wan-ders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

This song Burns wrote in honour of his country and his Jean (Mrs. Burns), to the old Irish air of the "Humours of Glen," of which he was very fond. The old words are rather of an indelicate cast.
THOU DARK WINDING CARRON.

Slowly.

Thou dark winding Carron once
pleasing to see, To me thou canst never give
pleasure again, My brave Caledonians lie
low on the lee, And thy streams are deep ting’d with the
blood of the slain. Ah! base-hearted treachery has
doom’d our undoing, My poor bleeding country, what
more can I do? E’en valour looks pale o’er the
red field of ruin, And

freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.
Farewell! ye dear partners of peril, farewell!
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave;
Your deeds shall enable the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps like a traitor ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O, my country! indignant, I ponder—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

This lament of the great Scottish Patriot, Sir William Wallace, is the composition of Robert Tannahill. The following notice of this song occurs in a letter from Tannahill to one of his particular friends, for whom, it seems, he had written other verses, to accompany the same beautiful and plaintive air, but which not altogether pleasing himself, he had substituted the above: "According to promise," says he, "I send you two verses for the 'Maids of Arrochar.' Perhaps they are little better than the last. I believe the language is too weak for the subject: however, they possess the advantage over the others of being founded on a real occurrence. The battle of Falkirk was Wallace's last, in which he was defeated with the loss of almost his whole army. I am sensible that, to give words suitable to the poignancy of his grief, on such a trying reverse of fortune, would require all the fire and soul-melting energy of a Campbell or a Burns."

The modest terms in which our amiable author speaks of his verses quite blunt the edge of criticism, and fully compensate for any lack of that deep and powerful feeling, that vigour and grandeur of conception, which the loftiness of his theme required. Be it remembered, that it was no less than the anguish of a fearless and unshaken patriot, bewailing the ruins of his native land, and breathing revenge against the insulting and cruel invader, which the poet wished to express; that it was no less than all the noble workings of passion in the bosom of the unsubdued, incorruptible, heroic, and godlike Wallace, which the poet attempted to embody in words. It was no common strain he chose, and it required no common power of execution to perform it well. We do not mean to say that these are the very best verses which could have been written on such a subject: we only rejoice that they are so excellent as they are, and will have the effect, though it should be in never so partial a degree, of preserving and extending the glory of our national champion. The battle of Falkirk, in its consequences so fatal to the Scots, was fought on the 22nd of July, 1408. It was obstinately contested for a long time; but the superiority of the English, in the number of their cavalry, decided the day. Some historians allege, that this defeat happened in consequence of the little piques and jealousies which at the time subsisted amongst the leaders of the Scottish army; but this is merely conjectural. The English authors are unanimous in their praises of the firmness and courage displayed by their enemies on that occasion. Langtoft gives a curious description of the mode in which the Scottish phalanx sustained the onset.

"Ther formast Corsey, ther bakkis togedere sette,
Ther speres poyn to over poyn, so fare and so thikke,
And fast togidere joyn to se it was ferlike
Als a castelle thei stode that were walled with stone,
Their wende ne man of blode thorgh them suld haif gone."

The life of Wallace is minutely detailed in the metrical work of Henry the Minstrel, better known by the name of Blind Harry, which, with all its chronological inaccuracies and romantic fictions, must still be considered as forming a part of authentic history.
WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

With feeling.

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wat'ry ce? What

gars me aye turn cauld as death, Whan

I take leave o' thee? When

thou art far awa, Thou'lt
dear'er be to me; But

change o' folk', and change o' place, May

gar thy fancy jee.
Then I'll sit down and moan,
  Just by yon spreading tree;
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
  I'll ca't a word frae thee.
Syne I'll gang to the bow'r,
  Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there, by many a blushing bud,
  I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot,
  Whare I hae been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale,
  By every burn and tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
  Though lovers absent be;
And when I think I see thee still,
  I'll think I'm still with thee.

This love-lorn song was written by a Miss Blamire, who, no doubt, wrote as she felt, and thereby published her own feelings and sentiments.
WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

Moderate.

What can a young lassie, What shall a young lassie, What can a young lassie Do wi' an auld man? Bad luck on the penny That tempted my Minny To sell her poor Jenny For sil-ver and lan'!

He's always complain-ing, Frae morn-in' to e'en-in', He hoasts an' he hirl-ples The weary day lang. He's doil't and he's dozin', His bluid it is frozen; O, drea-rie's the night Wi' a cra-zy auld man.
He hums and he hankers,
He frets and he cankers;
I never can please him,
   Do a' that I can.
He's peevish and jealous
Of a' the young fellows;
O, dool on the day
   I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie
Upon me takes pity;
I'll do my endeavour
   To follow her plan.
I'll cross him, and wreck him,
Until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass
   Will buy me a new pan.

This song, by Burns, is founded on one of older date, which brings to recollection several of a similar tendency, which cannot now be laid before the British fair. The plan the young lady seems to have adopted to get rid of her blood-frozen husband, will, by perseverance, prove effectual.
MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Lively.

My love she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet, I'll let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O, I rue the day I sought her, O; Wha gets her need-na say he's woo'd, But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae, seek for pleasure where ye will;
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And cou'dna preach for thinking o't.

In this humorous song, composed of the two leading features of man's life, love and drink, they are characteristically portrayed, and the preference given to the passion of love.
THE WAEFU’ HEART.

Pathetically.

Gin liv-ing worth could win my heart, You
wou’d-na speak in vain; But in the darksome
grave it’s laid, Ne-ver to rise a-gain.

My waefu’ heart lies low wi’ his, Whose
heart was on-ly mine; And, oh! what a heart was
that to lose; But I maun ne’er re-pine.

Yet, oh! gin heaven in mercy soon
Wou’d grant the boon I crave,
And tak’ this life, now naething worth,
Sin’ Jamie’s in his grave.
And see his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way;
Surpris’d, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wond’ring at my stay.

“I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And, oh! wi’ what gude-will
I follow, wharsee’er ye lead!
Ye canna lead to ill.”
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possess’t;
Her waefu’ heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrow sunk to rest.

We have been unable to trace any thing more of this excellent song than the author’s name, which is Jeanie Ferguson.
LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Lively.

He spake o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying
I said, he might die when he liked for Jean:
But Gude forgie me for lying, for lying,
But Gude forgie me for lying.
A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
   And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenna'd it, or car'd,
   But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
   But thought I might hae waur offers.

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

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

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

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

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

This song, by Burns, is founded on the old one named "The Queen of the Lothians came cruising to Fife." It possesses a good deal of dry humour, disappointment, and satire, particularly towards her black cousin Bess with the shauchled feet. It is a well-drawn picture of the conduct of many ladies of the present day, who have as much need as Miss Jean of praying to Gude to "forgie them for lying."
HAME, HAME, HAME.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame, fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's an e'e that e-ver weeps, and a fair face will be fain, As I pass through Annan wa-ter, Wi' my bon-ny band a-again, When the flow'r is i' the bud, and the leaf up-on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun-trie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs, wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
The great now are gane, a' who ventur'd to save,
The new grass is grown aboon their bloody grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e—
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

This Jacobite song is very descriptive of a Scottish exile, and ascribed by Hogg to Allan Cunningham; but with what certainty it is not known. Sir Walter Scott mentions it in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." In listening to the music, feelingly and expressively executed, methinks one could almost mark each note as a heart-wrung sigh from the home-sick exile, and borne across the blue waves that rolled between him and his native land.
HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel, He's
owre the hills we dar-na name, He's
owre the hills a-yont Dun-blane, Wha
soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him, My
brither's win-na bide at hame, My
mith-er greets and prays for them, And
'deed she thinks they're no to blame.
The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs may jeer,  
But, ah! that love maun be sincere,  
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
An' for his sake leaves a' beside.  
   He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,  
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
What lads e'er did, our laddies will do,  
Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.  
   He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;  
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,  
Hear him but anec, to his standard you'll run.  
   He's owre the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore for Charlie, then fight  
For your country, religion, and a' that is right;  
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,  
I'd die as aft for ane o' the three!  
   He's owre the hills, &c.

To whom we are indebted for this pretty Jacobite song none can tell, as most of these pieces were written under the rose. Prince Charles Stuart supplied many a Scottish bard with a subject for his muse, either in his own person or that of his followers.
OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

Moderate time.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I

dear-ly like the west, For

there the bon-ny las-sie lives, The

las-sie I lo'e best. There

wild woods grow and ri-vers row, And

mony-a hill be-tween; But

day and night my fan-cy's flight Is

ever wi' my Jean;
I see her in the dewy flowers, I
see her sweet and fair, I
hear her in the tuneful birds, I
hear her charm the air: There's not a bonny flower that springs By
fountain, shaw, or green, There's not a bonny bird that sings But minds me o' my Jean.

This song was written out of compliment to Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns, by her husband, during the courting-days. In some editions of this song there are four stanzas instead of the two given here; but as the two additional are spurious, they are withheld. It was composed to the beautiful air of Miss Admiral Gordon by Marshal, butler to the Duke of Gordon.
LOUDON'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

With spirit and feeling.

Lou don's bon ny woods and braes,

I maun lea' them a', las sie;

Wha can thole when Bri ton's faes

Would gie Bri ton's law, las sie?

Wha would shun the field o' dan ger?

Wha frae fame would live a stran ger?

Now when free dom bids a venge her,

Wha wad shun her ca', las sie?

Lou don's bon ny woods and braes Hae
seen our happy bridal days; And

gen-tle hope shall soothe thy waes, When

(sefter and slower.)

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the doleful bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
On the gory field of war,
Where vengeance drives her crimson car,
Thou'lt may be fu', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

(with spirit)

O, resume thy wonted smile,
O, suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil,
That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie.
Midst our bonny woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blythe's you lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

The Earl and Countess of Moira (afterwards Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings) are the hero and heroine of this pastoral song by Robert Tannahill. The air, which has always been a great favourite, was composed by a Mr. Mc Intyre. The last part was added, with other variations, by Nathaniel Gow.
PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

With energy.

Pi-broch of Don-uil Dhu, Pi-broch of Don-uil,

Wake thy wild voice a-new, Summon Clan Con-uil:

Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum-mons!

Come in your war ar-ray, Gentiles and com-mons.

Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum-mons!

Come in your war ar-ray, Gentiles and com-mons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain sae rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky:
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar:
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad-swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See, how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset.

This Highland war-song is the composition of the late Sir Walter Scott, who was well acquainted with the gathering of the clans. Connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to distinguish, in a well composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heavy fight." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage in the following elegant passage:—"A pibroch is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and western isles of Scotland. It is performed on the bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity to imitate the conflict and pursuit, then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy, and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."
TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Expression suited to each verse.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Sae tak ye're auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Sae tak ye're auld cloak about ye.
My cloak was once a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantily worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thirty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'ed the tailor thief an' loon.
He was the King that wore the crown,
And thou'rt a man o' low degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak ye're auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its ain hool;
I think the world is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantlie,
While I sit hurklin in the ase?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Sin' we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had atween us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses ten.
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if ye prove a good husband,
'E'en tak yere auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life
I aft maun yield tho' I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at women's hand,
Unless ye gie them a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

This excellent Scottish song is as old as the days of Shakespeare, who has quoted one of the verses in the drinking scene of Othello. It was first published in an entire form by Allan Ramsay in 1724, and since by Bishop Percy in a new garb, having found, as he says, an additional stanza more of an English caste than those preserved in the "Tea-table Miscellany."
SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Rather slow.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I
loed her mickle and lang; She's broken her vow, She's
broken my heart, and I may e'en go hang.

A coof came in wi' routh o' gear, And
I hae tint my dear-est dear; But woman is but
world's gear, Sae let the bon-nie lass gang.

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

This is one of Burns's happiest lyrics, although flattery and satire go hand in hand. Burns often advocated the cause of his friends, as in this instance, in consequence of a Miss Stuart having jilted her sweetheart, his friend. Than the concluding stanza, more poignant satire can scarcely be conceived.
Sprightly.

I hae laid a herring in saut, Lass, gin ye lo’e me, tell me noo. I hae brew’d a forget o’ maut, An I canna come ilka day to woo; I hae a calf will soon be a cow, Lass, gin ye lo’e me, tell me noo.

I hae a pig will soon be a sow, An I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a house on yonder muir,
Lass, gin ye lo’e me, tell me noo;
Three sparrows may dance on the floor,
An I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a but, and I hae a ben,
Lass, gin ye lo’e me, tak me noo;
I hae three chickens and a fat hen,
An I canna come ony mair to woo.

I hae a hen wi’ a happity leg,
Lass, gin ye lo’e me, tell me noo;
An ilka day it lays me an egg,
An I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a kebbock upon my shelf,
Lass, gin ye lo’e me, tell me noo;
I downa eat it a’ myself,
An I winna come ony mair to woo.

This is a picture of ancient wooing. To prevent after mistakes, and to secure a ready and willing offer, the suitor at once presents his wished-for bride with a catalogue of his goods, gear, and chattels, as a sure passport to her heart, and perhaps thinks, although not expressed, “that she may tak a waur offer.”
THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Rather lively.

Up - on a sim - mer af - ter - noon, A

wee be - fore the sun gaed down, My

las - sie in a braw new gown, Came

o'er the hills to Gow - rie.

The rose - bud, ting'd wi' morn - ing show'r, Blooms

fresh with - in the sun - ny bow' r; But

Ka - tie was the fair - est flow' r That

e - ver bloom'd in Gow - rie.
Nae thought had I to do her wrang;
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, my dearie, will ye gang
   To see the Carse of Gowrie?
I'll take ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll make you lady of them a',
   The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown of siller gray,
My mither coft last New-year's Day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
   To keep me out of Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, came courting Nell,
And won the lass; but what befel,
Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel—
   She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare and wit like thine;
Except yourself, my bonny queen,
   I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae diel,
   Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
Then whisper'd modestly, and said,
   O, Kate, I'll stay in Gowrie!
The auld folks soon gae their consent;
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha tied them to their heart's content,
   And now she's Lady Gowrie.

The Carse of Gowrie lies between Perth and Dundee, one of the most fertile spots in Scotland. The air to which the words are sung is "Loch Errochside;" but the author's name is unknown.
BONNY JEAN.

Moderate.

There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and mar - ket to be seen! When a' the fair - est maids were met, The fair - est maid was bon - ny Jean. And aye she wrought her mam - my's work, And aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie: The blyth - est bird up - on the bush Had ne'er a light - er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest, And frost will blight the fairest flower, And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
    The flower and pride of 'a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
    And wanton naggies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
    He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
    Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom of the stream
    The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
    Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mammy's work,
    And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
    Or what wad make her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
    And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
    Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
    The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
    And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
O Jeanie fair, I love thee dear!
    O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,
    And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn nor byre thou shalt na drudge,
    Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang the heather-bells,
    And tent the waving corn wi' me.
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
    She hadna will to say him na;
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
    And love was aye between them twa.

The artless manner in which the portraits of the two lovers are drawn is quite becoming, and not overstrained. There is a natural and sweet simplicity in the whole.
THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER.

*Sprightly.*

Let us go, lassie, go, To the

braes of Bal-quither, Where the

blae-ber ries grow, 'Mang the

bon-ny Highland heather!

Where the deer and the rae, Light-ly

bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the

lang sim-mer day, On the

braes of Bal-qui-ther. Da Capo.
I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds
And the deep glens sae drearic,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling;
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquither.

This favourite pastoral song is the composition of the late unfortunate Robert Tannahill, whose songs have ever met with a ready welcome from the admirers of Scottish minstrelsy.
On Ettrick's banks, in a summer's night, At gloaming, when the sheep drive hame, I met my lassie braw and tight, Came wading, barefoot, a her lane; My heart grew light, I ran, I flung My arms about her lily neck, And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fulang: My words they were na mone yeck.
I said, my lassie, will ye go
   To the Highland hills the Erse to learn?
I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe,
   When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
   And herrings at the Broomie Law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
   There's gear to win ye never saw.

All day, when we hae wrought enough,
   When winter, frost, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun goes west the loch,
   At night, when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
   And thus the weary night will en',
Till the tender bird and lamb-time bring
   Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
   And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
   And lead you to my summer shiel.
Then far from a' the scornfu' din,
   That makes the kindly hearts their sport,
Will laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
   And gar the langest day seem short.

The world is indebted for the preservation of this beautiful old song to Allan Ramsay, along with many others of a like description. The author seems to have been much better acquainted with pastoral life than Tannahill, who wrote the foregoing one. His picture of domestic felicity is truly grand; but few arrive at such perfection.
O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

*Briskly.*

O, din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,
I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think,
bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll tak a stick in-
to my hand, and come a-gain and see you.

*Slower.*

Far's the gate ye hae to gang,
dark's the night and ee-rie;
Far's the gate ye hae to gang,
dark's the night and eerie;
Owre the muir and thro' the glen,
ghaists may-hap will fear ye; O,

Stay at hame, it's late at night, an'
din'na gang an' leave me.

It's but a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie;
When the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;
An' gin ye loe me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.

O, dinna think, bonny lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonny lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
Dinna think, bonny lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
For let the world gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.

The struggles between these parting lovers are well told by that excellent poet, Hector Macneil. The ghosts and storms which are conjured up by the fair one to prevent her lover from leaving, though they seem to make no impression upon his frozen heart, are told with that arch simplicity, that make-believe anxiety about the object, which ladies know so well how to bring into play when wishing to gain a point.
I LO’E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Tenderly.

I lo’e nae a laddie but ane, He lo’es na a las-sie but me; He’s willing to make me his ain, An his ain I am willing to be; He cost me a roke-ly o’ blue, And a pair o’ mit-tens sae green; He vow’d that he’d e-ver be true, And I plight-ed my troth yes-treen.
Let others brag well o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree,
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drives ilka fear far awa;
I listen, poor fool, and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
What's gowd to the heart that is wae?
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
Yet, see! how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naithing but health,
Are cantie and leal evermair.

O Marie! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldlings, gae hord up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
True love is the guardian of mine."

A great part of this song is borrowed from one by Robert Ferguson; for particulars of which, see his poetical works. There is something in the words of this song which always struck us as being irresistibly pleasing: they breathe the very soul of devoted affection, and are allied to one of our finest plaintive airs.

The Scots have often been accused of claiming the Irish music as their own; and, though we wish to act fairly by them, we cannot but doubt the exclusive right which, in many instances, has been asserted in favour of the sister country. Burns says, "The wandering minstrel harpers and pipers used to go frequently enough through the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both." From this intercourse, the itinerant minstrels of either country might widely disseminate these tunes, and each nation might gradually mould them to its own peculiar character. Of this, many instances, we think, may be traced. The air adapted to Burns's song, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," says Smith, "which we carefully noted from the singing of an aged Highland woman several years ago, is very like, in the second strain, to a well-known Irish tune. If it be of Irish origin, the Highlanders have altered it to their own scale; but might not the Irish have taken the same liberty? The similarity of "I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane" to the air "My lodging is on the cold ground" is striking; and yet this air has long been considered to be in Scotland of native growth."
DONALD O' DUNDEE.

Sprightly.

Young Donald is the blythest lad, That

e'er made love to me; When

e'er he's by, my heart is glad, He

seems so gay and free: Then

on his pipe he plays so sweet, And

in his plaid he looks so neat; It

cheers my heart at eve to meet Young

Donald of Dundee.
Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
   Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
   But, ah! it canna be.
Though mither frets both air and late
For me to wed this youth I hate;
There's none need hope to gain young Kate
   But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay,
   The ring he showed to me,
And bade me name the bridal day,
   Then happy would he be.
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Mess John to me shall quickly bind
   Young Donald of Dundee.

This young maiden, like many of her kind, thinks of nothing but marriage, and how to obtain this wished-for blessedness. She is determined to have young Donald, even at the risk of her mother's frowns, of which she seems regardless.
KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

Moderately slow.

O Robin is my only jo, For Robin has the art to lo'e; So to his suit I mean to bow, Because I ken he lo' es me. O happy, happy was the show' r That led me to his birk-en bow' r, Where first of love I fand the pow' r, And kenn' d that Robin lo' ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free, He's lo' ed by a' and dear to me; Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die, Because my Robin lo'es me. My little Mary said to me, Our courtship but a joke would be, And I ere long be made to see That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been Me and my honest Rob between, And in my wooing, O sae keen Kind Robin is that lo'es me. Then fly, ye lazy hours, away, And hasten on the happy day When, join your hands, Mess John will say, And make him mine that lo' es me.
THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

With varied expression.

On the banks of Allan Water, When the
sweet spring-time did fall, Was the miller's lovely
daughter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a soldier
sought her, And a winning tongue had he. On the
banks of Allan Water, None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spread his store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he.
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free.
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she.

The beauty of the scenery on the banks of Allan Water, near Dumblane, has inspired many fine songs; but none has shared a greater popularity than the above. The poetry is by M. G. Lewis, Esq., author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c. The music is by a Lady.
THE EWE-BUGHTS.

Moderately slow.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts,
Marion, And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee!
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee!

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glow'r with their eye,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But none of them lo'es like me.
I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
   A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
   Just on her bridal-day.
And ye's get a green sey apron,
   And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
   Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
   Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
   I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
Sae put on your parlins, Marion,
   And kyrtle of the cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
   I shall come west and see ye.

This is a very old song, with additions by Allan Ramsay, and quite characteristic of the old school. The air is one of that peculiar caste which so enchants and saddens its auditors.
LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Joyfully.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,

Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,

a' is young and sweet like thee; O,

wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And

say thou'lt be my deary, O. Da Capo.
And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Burns says this piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded. The tune, "Rothemurchie's Rant," is a splendid strathspey.
HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

Slow.

Here's a health to them that's away, Who are

gone to war's fatal plain; Here's a

health to them that were here t'other day, But who

ne'er may be with us again, oh, never!
"Tis hard to be parted from those, With whom we for ever could dwell; But bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows, When perhaps we are saying farewell, for ever! D. C.

Tho' those whom we tenderly love,
Our tears at this moment may claim;
A balm to our sorrows this truth sure must prove,
They'll live in the records of fame—for ever!
CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Lively.

Con-tent-ed wi' lit-tle, and can-tie wi' mair, When-

e'er I for-ga-ther wi' sor-row and care; I

gie them a skelp, as they're creep-in' a-lang, Wi' a

cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scot-tish sang.

I whiles claw the el-bow o' trou-ble-some though; But

man is a sod-ger, and life is a faught; My

mirth and guid hu-mour are coin in my pouch, And my

free-dom's my laird-ship nae mo-narch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellow-ship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end o' our jour-ney at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, c'en let the jade gae;
Come ease or come trav'ail, come plea-sure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

This song was written by Burns, to the tune of "Lumps o' pudding," for George Thomson's musical work, then publishing by him.
MY RONALD WAS A GALLANT GAY.

With feeling.

My Ronald was a gallant gay; Full
state-ly strade he o'er the plain; But
now he's banish'd far a-way, I'll
never see him back again.

O, for him back again!
O, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knok-haspie's land
High-land Ronald back again.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
And sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O, for him back again, &c.

O, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I wad see the joyfu' sight
O' Highland Ronald back again.
O, for him back again, &c.

The original of this song is very old, but the sweetness of the air induced Burns to alter and amend it. The air has been enlisted into the Jacobite service more than once.
OH! HEY, JOHNNIE, LAD.

Plaintively.

Oh! hey, Johnnie, lad, Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been;

Och! hey, Johnnie, lad, Ye did na keep your tryste yestreen. I

wait-ed lang be-side the wood, Sae wae and wea-ry a' my lane;

Och! hey, Johnnie, lad, Ye did na keep your tryste yestreen.

I lookit by the whinny knowe,
I lookit by the firs sae green;
I lookit o'er spunky howe,
And aye I thought ye wad hae been.
The ne'er a supper crossed my craig,
The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een;
Och! hey, Johnnie, lad,
It was a waefu' night yestreen.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
Then I was waiting by the thorn;
I thought it was the place we set,
And waited maist till dawning morn.
But be na vex'd my bonny lassie,
Let my waiting stand for thine;
We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

Tannahill wrote this song, which we cannot consider one of his nest; yet from the beauty of the music, which is old, it has always been popular.
There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wins in yon
glen, He's the king o' gude fel-lows and
wale of auld men; He has gow'd in his
eof-fers, he has ows-en and kine, And
ae bon-nie las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

Auld Rob Morris, like Old King Cole, seems to have been a merry old soul, and a
laird of houses and land to boot; but the daughter is the great attraction. Burns founded
this song on two of greater antiquity.
COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

Lively.

"Come under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa'; Come
in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw; Come
under my plaidy, and sit down beside me, There's
room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me, I'll
hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come
under my plaidy, and sit down beside me, There's
room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

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"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll not sit beside ye,
Ye might be my gutcher—auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

"My father ay tauld me, my mither an' a',
Ye'd make a gude husband and keep me ay braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
I'm nae mair than twenty, my time is but sma'!
Sae gie me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!"

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnny cried, "Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

O, the diel's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauld'est blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! take tent wha ye marry,
Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whip and they'll ca',
Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu' and bonny,
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

This is the best song Macnill ever wrote, and early gained that popularity to which it is justly entitled. It is somewhat strange, that in most of Macnill's songs we find the lovers unequally matched, either a young lassie and an old man, or vice versa. The air, Johnny Macgill, is by a Dumfries fiddler of the same name, and is truly a spirited and lively production.
MY BOY TAMMY.

With delicacy.

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tam-my?

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tam-my?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,

Meadow green and mountain grey,

Courtin' o' this young thing,

Just come frae her mam-my.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
    I gat her down in yonder howe,
    Smiling on a broomy knowe,
    Herding ae wee lamb and ewe for her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
    I prais'd her e'en sae bonny blue,
    Her dimpl'd cheek and cherry mou',
    And prie'd it aft, as ye may trou, she said, she'd tell her mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—I manna lea my mammy;
    She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,
    She's been my comfort a' my days,
    My father's death brought mony waes—I canna lea my mammy.
We'll tak her hame and mak her sain, my ain kind-hearted lammy,
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days—
The wee thing gies her hand, and says, there gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her e'e;
But, oh! she's but a young thing, just come frae her mammy.

This song, written by Macneil, has long been a favourite.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Same air as "Saw ye Johnny," page 52.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou can'st love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary cen will close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.

This song Burns composed to the tune of "Fee him, father, fee him," which he says, when writing to Thomson on the subject, when played slow by Frazer, "is the language of despair." The words were written at the lee-side of a bowl of punch at the back of midnight, when all else but himself and muse were overset by its reeking contents.
ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL.

Duet.

Row, row, my boatie, row weel, Row weel, my merry men a't; For there's dule and there's wae in Glen-fiorich's bow'rs, And there's grief in my father's ha'. And the skiff it dance'd light on the merry wee waves, And it flew o'er the waters sae blue; And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allan-dhu; Och-on, for fair Ellen, Och-on, Och-on, for the pride of Strath-coe; In the deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree, Lord Reoch thy Ellen lies low.

The scene of this beautiful and interesting ballad is laid in a distant part of the West Highlands. The Laird of Glenfiorich lay at the point of death, and his daughter Ellen, the Lady of Lord Campbell Reoch, was hastening to attend him, when the melancholy event occurred on which the interest of the ballad depends. The boat went down within sight of Allan-dhu, the port or landing place nearest to the castle of Glenfiorich.
I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Lively.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to marry yet; I'm sae young, twad be a sin To tak' me frae my mam-my yet.

I am my mam-my's ae bairn, Nor of my hame am wea-ry yet; And I wad have ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet. For I'm, D.C.

For I have had my ain way,
Nane daur'd to contradict me yet;
Sae soon to say I wad obey,
In truth, I daurna venture yet.
For I'm, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
For I'm, &c.

The chorus of this song is old; the rest was written by Burns for Johnstone's "Musical Museum." The air has "mischief in its very eye." No one can list the cheerful notes without a lightening of the spirit.
AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Slow.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But saving a crown he had nae thing beside; To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had na been gane a week but only twa, When my father brake his arm, and our
auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldn'a work, and my mither couldn'a spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldn'a win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?
My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to say, wae is me?

My father urged me sair, though my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So I gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door;
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but a kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead, but I am not like to die;
And why do I live to say, wae is me?
I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Ann Lindsay was the authoress of this very fine song. In all works of pathos, how supereminently does female intellect surpass the descriptive powers of the male portion of creation! The old music is generally sung as an introduction to the words, "When the sheep are in the fauld." The modern air is truly exquisite, and was composed by the Rev. W. Leeves.
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Moderately slow.

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my young-est son, And ye shall be his bride.

And ye shall be his bride, ladye, Sae come-ly to be seen—But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Hazel-dean.

Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale.
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazel-dean.
A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen—
She's o'er the border, and awa',
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

The first stanza of this beautiful ballad, by Sir Walter Scott, is old, having been copied from the ballad of "John of Hazelgreen," a perfect copy of which is to be found in "Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland." The air is one of those to which many a bold borderer of the olden time has listened with delight.
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

With energy.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling, Oh!

Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. Oh!

Charlie is my darling, my
As he came marching up the street,
    The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folks came rinnin' out
    To meet the Chevalier.

      Oh! Charlie, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
    And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right
    And the young Chevalier.

      Oh! Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonny Hieland hills,
    Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
    The young Chevalier.

      Oh! Charlie, &c.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
    And mony hopes and fears;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
    For the young Chevalier.

      Oh! Charlie, &c.

The air to which this Jacobite song is written is exceedingly beautiful, which has caused many imitators of the words; but the foregoing are the original. Really these Jacobites were men of taste, as far as music was concerned. There is not a single Jacobite song of any notice which is not joined to beautiful music.
LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

With feeling.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'-in', And

Mar-tin-mas dow-ie had wound up the year, That

Lu-cy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' in't, And

left her auld mas-ter and neigh-bours sae dear.

For Lu-cy had serv'd in the glen a' the sim-mer, She

came there be-fore the flow'r bloom'd on the pea; An

or-phan was she, and they had been guid till her; O,

that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.
She gaed by the stable whare Jamie was stannin',
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
Fare ye weel, Lucy, quo' Jamie, and ran in—
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
Fare ye weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin', high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin' the brown leaves amang.

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

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

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

The author of this beautifully pathetic song was William Laidlaw, an intimate friend of the late Sir Walter Scott. Like Blair, the author of the "Grave," it is said he never wrote but this one piece; and the more's the pity that one so capable should hang his harp on the willows.
SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

With energy.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,

Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,

Welcome to your gory bed,

Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;

See the front o' battle low'r;

See approach proud Edward's pow'r,

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

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
   Caledonian! on wi' me!

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

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

This exquisite song was composed by Burns one stormy night, while wandering among the wilds of Glen-Reu in Galloway, to the old and beautiful air of "Hey tuttie taitie," said to be the music played by the band of King Robert Bruce, when marching his gallant troops to the field of Bannockburn.
AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk attire, And
sil-ler hae to spare, -- Gin
ye'll con- sent to be my bride, Nor
think on Do - nald mair.

O, wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a
poor brok-en heart? Or
what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin
frae my love I part?
The mind whose meanest wish is pure,  
    Far dearest is to me;  
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,  
    I'll lay me down and die.  
For I hae vow'd a virgin's vow,  
    My lover's fate to share;  
And he has gien to me his heart,  
    And what can man do mair?

His mind and manners wan my heart,  
    He gratefu' took the gift;  
And did I wish to seek it back,  
    It wad be waar than theft.  
For longest life can ne'er repay  
    The love he bears to me;  
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,  
    I'll lay me down and die.

The author of this beautiful song is unknown. We look upon the lover to speak in allegory, and consider it one of those Jacobites, whose language and meaning are better understood than plainly expressed.
O, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGY?

Moderate.

Mirk and rainy is the night,

No a star'n in a' the carry;

Lightnings gleam athwart the lift, And

winds drive wi' winter's fury.

O, are ye sleeping, Maggy?

O, are ye sleeping, Maggy?

Let me in, for loud the linn Is

roaring o'er the warlock craigie.
Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank,
   The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yett does clank,
   And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.
   O, are ye sleeping, Maggy? &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
   For fear I rouse your waukrisfe daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
   O, rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
   O, are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.

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

This song, by Robert Tannahill, was written to the tune of a very old song of the same name. There are few, who have ever lifted a foot in a barn-floor, that have not danced to "Sleepy Maggie." It is a favourite all the country over. The present air is modern, and more vocal in its nature.
HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

Moderato.

Haud a-wa', bide a-wa', Haud a-wa' frae me, Do-nald; What care I for a' your wealth, Or a' that ye can gie, Do-nald.

I wad na leave my law-land lad For a' your gowd and gear, Do-nald; Sae tak' your plaid, and o'er the hill, And stay nae lang-er here, Do-nald. D.C.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
I lo'e but him alane, Donald;
And in bonny Scotland's isle
Like him there is nane, Donald.

Haud awa', &c.

He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,
Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
But, O! he wears a faithfu' heart,
And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.

Sae haud awa', bide awa',
Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
I wadna break my Jamie's heart
To be a Highland queen, Donald.

The old song of this name is too high-kilted for modern ears; we are therefore quite satisfied with the present, written by Robert Allan, of Kilbarchan, as the music is the same. The air occurs in a manuscript written for the Viol de Gamba, dated 1683.
DESPAIRING MARY.

Pathetically.

Mary, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?

See, all around thee the flow'rs sweetly blow;

Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Ju- ra,

Sweet sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.

How can this heart never mair think o' pleasure?

Sim-mer may smile, but delights I hae nane;

Cauld in the grave lies my heart's dear-est treasure,

Na-ture seems dead since my Ja-mie is gane.

This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,

Dear, dear to me is the gift for his sake;

I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,

Hope died wi' Jamie and left it to break.

Sighing for him I lie down in the e'ening,

Sighing for him I awake in the morn;

Spent are my days a' in secret repining,

Joy to this bosom can never return.

R. A. Smith's endeavours to shake himself clear of "The flowers o' the forest," in composing this air, were unsuccessful; but, having produced a beautiful adaptation to his friend Tannahill's words, he was content to adopt the strain.
YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON

With feeling.

Ye banks and braes o' bon-ny Doon, How
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And
I sae wea-ry, fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou war-bling bird, That
Oft hae I rov’d by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang of its love,
And fondly sae did I of mine.
Wi’ lightsome heart I pou’d the rose,
Fu’ sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi’ me.

These are all that Burns wrote of this lovely song; and the enchanting music was composed by a Mr. Miller, writer in Edinburgh. The origin of the tune was this: Mr. Miller, being one time in company with Mr. Clarke the musician, expressed a wish that he could compose a Scotch air, when Clarke, in joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsicord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would have his wish gratified; and what is strange to tell, by doing so, Mr. Miller, in a few days, produced the sketch, which, with a few corrections from Clarke, formed the now beautiful air before us.
THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Moderate.

Far lone, among the Highland hills, 'Midst nature's wildest grandeur, By rocky dens, and woody glens, With weary steps I wander. The

Langsome way, the darksome day, The mountain mist sae rainy, Are

Nought to me, when gaun to thee, Sweet lass of Arran-teenie.
Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
   Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
   And 's scarcely seen by ony.
Sae sweet amidst her native hills
   Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
   The flower of Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
   I view the distant ocean,
There avarice guides the bounding prow,
   Ambition courts promotion.
Let fortune pour her golden store
   Her laurell'd favours many;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
   The lass of Arranteenie.

This sweet lyric is the composition of Tannahill. The music is by R. A. Smith.
BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

With great spirit.

March, march, Ett-rick and Te-viot-dale,

Why, my lads, din-na ye march forward in or-der?

March, march, Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale,

All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der.

Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head,

Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry;

Mount and make rea-dy then, sons of the moun-tain glen,

Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish glo-ry. D.C.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

This gathering song was written by Sir Walter Scott.
O, SAW YE THE LASS.

Lively.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een? Her
smile is the sweet-est that e-ver was seen; Her
cheek like the rose is but fresh-er I ween, She's the
love-li-est las-sie that trips on the green.

The home of my love is be-low in the val-ley, Where
wild-flow-ers wel-come the wan-der-ing bee; But the
sweet-est of flow'rs in that spot that is seen, Is the
dear one I love wi' the bon-ny blue een. D.C.

When night oversho-wards her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her lov'd Donald again;
And when the moon shines on yon valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

As the dove, that has wandered away from his nest,
Returns to his mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

O, saw ye, &c.

It is delightful to see fine sentiments wedded to imperishable music, as in the present case. The imag-ery to which the lover compares his mistress is beautiful and expressive. What maid would not have been proud of such a painter?
THE LAIRD O’ COCKPEN.

Briskly.

The Laird o’ Cockpen he’s proud an’ he’s great, His
mind is taen up wi’ the things o’ the state; He
wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But
fa-vour wi’ woo-in’ was fash-ons to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she’d look well
McClish’s ae daughter o’ Claverse-ha Lee,
A pennyless lass wi’ a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-pouther’d, and as guid as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock’d hat,
An’ wha could refuse the Laird wi’ a’ that?

He took the grey mare an’ rade cannily,
An’ rapt at the yett o’ Claverse-ha Lee;
“Gae, tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She’s wanted to speak to the Laird o’ Cockpen.”
Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,  
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
She pat aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low,  
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Amazed was the Laird, when the lady said, "na,'"  
An' wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,  
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;  
And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird of Cockpen was a firm adherent to the house of Stuart, in the time of Cromwell's protectorship, by which means he lost his lands, being forfeited to the Crown while he was living in Holland with Charles the Second; but on the restoration, after many unsuccessful attempts to regain them, he applied to the organist of the Chapel Royal one Sunday, when his Majesty was to be present, to play before him, which he did for some time without being noticed; but at the conclusion, in a fit of despair, instead of the usual solemn tune, he struck up the lively air of "Brose and Butter," the King's particular favourite, which had often been played to him by Cockpen in his exile, which so enchanted his Majesty, that he flew to the organ loft, passed the organist on his knees praying for mercy, as he was innocent, when the King told him he never could play such in his life; and, shaking Cockpen warmly by the hand, said, "Odds fish, I thought you would have made me dance." Cockpen complained of having lost his lands in his service; the King replied, he should yet dance to "Brose and Butter," and be again the Laird of Cockpen, which was the case.
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty, Wha

hangs his head and a' that; The

coward slave we pass him by, And

daur be purr for a' that.

For a' that and a' that, Our

toils obscure and a' that; The

rank is but the guinea stamp, The

man's the gowd for a' that.
What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin' grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that:
  The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
    Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
  His ribband, star, and a' that:
  The man of independent mind
    Can look and laugh at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dignities, and a' that:
  The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
    Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will, for a' that,
When sense and worth o'er a' the earth
  Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that:
  When man to man the warld o'er
    Shall brithers be for a' that.

This truly independent song is the fruit of an independent mind, Robert Burns, who wrote as he thought. It is a no less striking than true picture of many British-born nobles, who, it may be said, possess only the stamp of the guinea. An honest man, in the words of the poet, is “the noblest work of God.”
MY WIFE HAS TA’EN THE GEE.

Moderato.

A friend o’ mine came here yes – treen, And
he wad hae me down, To
drink a pot of ale wi’ him, In
the neist bor - ough town. But,
oh! a - lake! it was the waur, And
sair the waur for me; For
lang or e’er that I came hame, My
wife had ta’en the gee.
We sat sae late and drank sae stout,
   The truth I'll tell to you,
That lang or ever midnight came,
   We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits by the fireside,
   And the tear blinds ay her e'e;
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
   But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
   The ne'er a word she spak';
But mony a sad and sour look,
   And ay her head she'd shake.
"My dear," quo' I, "what aileth thee,
   To look sae sour at me;
I'll never do the like again,
   If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee."

When that she heard she ran, she flang
   Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses in a crack,
   And poor wee thing she grat.
"If you'll ne'er do the like again,
   But stay at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'se be the wife,
   That's never tak' the gee."

This song is very old, although a copy of it is not to be found in print earlier than the days of honest David Herd, who gives it a place in his collection.
COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

With spirit.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll mak' your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the black deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie The
cream from the bothy and curd from the pen. Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear

Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream,

Charlie, and dine wi' Maclean; And though you be weary, we'll mak' your heart cheery, And

welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

And ye shall drink freely the dews o' glen Sheerly,
That stream in the starlight when kings do not ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the Maclean.
Come o'er, &c.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms, and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.
Come o'er, &c.

This is the composition of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, from the Gaelic prose account, turned it into a singing posture very happily. Maclean was one of the Prince's faithful adherents, whom he characterises as a Highland riever, and promises to treat him as such by the fruits of his labours, which are somewhat curious for the palate of a prince.
O, WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

Lively.

The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
And Charlie's awa' to see his ain ha',
And to bang his faes right sairly.
Then, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea to his ain countrie,
Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

This song, in honour of Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender, ridicules the idea of the King of Hanover continuing to occupy the throne of Great Britain, to which the author considered he had no legal right or title. He is spoken of as the "auld carlie," a term of reproach in Scotland.
WHAT'S A' THE STEER KIMMER?

DUET.

Lively.

What's a' the steer, kimmer? What's a' the steer?

Charlie he is land-ed, And haith he'll soon be here; The win' was at his back, earle, The win' was at his back, I care-na since he's come, earle, We were-na worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer, I'm right glad to hear't; I ha'e a gude braid claymore, And for his sake I'll wear't; Since Charlie he is land-ed, We ha'e nae mair to fear; Since Charlie he is come, kimmer, We'll ha'e a jubilee year.
O, NANNY WILT THOU GANG WITH ME.

With expression.

O, Nan-ny, wilt thou gang with me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunt-ing town? Can
si-lent glens have charms for thee, The low-ly cot and rus-set gown? No
long-er drest in silk-en sheen, No long-er deck'd with jew-els rare;
Say, can'st thou quit each court-ly scene? Where thou wert fair-est of the fair.
Say, can'st thou quit each court-ly scene? Where
Oh! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
   Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
   Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O! can that soft, that gentle mien
   Severest hardships learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
   Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
   Through perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy swain mayhap shall rue
   To share with him the pang of woe;
Say, should disease or pain befall,
   Wilt thou assume the nurse's care
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
   Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
   Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
   And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
   Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
   Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

This beautiful interrogatory song is the composition of Dr. Percy, editor of the "Relics of Ancient English Poetry," a gentleman of pure and truly refined feelings. The music is beautiful and composed by T. Carter.
THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

Moderato.

O, were I able to rehearse My ewie's praise in proper verse, I'd sound it out as lang and fierce, As ever piper's drone could blaw.

My ewie wi' the crooked horn, A' that kend her could hae sworn, Sic a ewie ne'er was born, Here-a-bout or far awa.

I neither needed tar nor keil
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.

The ewie, &c.
Cauld or hunger never dang her,  
Wind or rain could never wrang her;  
Ance she lay a week and langer  
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.  

The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,  
For fear the founmart might devour her,  
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,  
Gin the beastie bade awa.  

The ewie, &c.

Yet, Monday last, for a' my keeping,  
I canna speak it without greeting,  
A villain came, when I was sleeping,  
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.  

The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upon the morn,  
And down beneath a buss o' thorn  
I got my ewie's crooked horn,  
But, ah! my ewie was awa.  

The ewie, &c.

But an I had the loon that did it,  
I hae sworn as weel as said it,  
Though a' the warld should forbid it,  
I wad gie his neck a thraw.  

The ewie, &c.

For a' the claiith that we hae worn,  
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,  
The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa.  

The ewie, &c.

But, silly thing, to lose her life  
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,  
I'm really fear'd that our gudewife  
Sall never win aboon't awa.  

The ewie, &c.

O, a' ye bards about Kinghorn,  
Call up your muses, let them mourn;  
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn  
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'.  

The ewie, &c.

There is not a more heart-stirring and pathetic song than this. It is all simplicity, literally copied from nature's book of laws, and may be said to be the prototype of one of Burn's last poems. The author was the Rev. John Skinner, an episcopal clergyman, at Longside, near Peterhead.
THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

*Allegretto.*

Wilt thou go, my bonny lassie,

Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,

Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the

braes aboon Bonaw, lassie.

Though Donald has na mickle fraise, Wi' lawland speeches fine, lassie; What

he'll impart comes frae the heart, Sae

let it be frae thine, lassie. *D. C.*
When simmer days cleed a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
   Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
   Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par wi' canny care
I'll wiley skim the flic, lassie;
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa wi' me, lassie.
"Yes, I'll go, my bonny laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

Of the many attempts to delineate the courtship of a "Highland lad and lawland lassie," this is certainly the best. After the very earnest promises to procure her every comfort, we wonder not at the frankness with which she consents to share with him "ilk joy and care." The song is beautiful, and has long been a favourite. The words are by Gillillan.
Wha'll Be King But Charlie?

With spirit.

The news frae Moi-dart cam yes-treen, Will
soon gar mon-ny fer-lie; For ships o' war hae
just come in, And land-ed Ro yal Char-lie.

Come through the heath-er, a-round him ga-ther, Ye're
a' the wel-com-er ear-ly; A-round him cling wi'
a' your kin, For wha'll be King but Char-lie? Come
through the heather, a-round him ga-ther; Come,

Ronald, come Don-ald, come a' the gi-ther, And
The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through, &c.

The Lowlands a' baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotland's King and law,
And spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows, baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadna fight for Charlie.
Come through, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms—
To arms! for Royal Charlie!
Come through, &c.

The air to which this beautiful Jacobite song is composed is one of the finest, and is worthy of the words. The authors of these lyrics generally selected the best music for their verses, so as they might become not only favourites for the cause they espoused, but that they might become popular for their harmonious sounds.
GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Moderate time.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
Saft the west-lin breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw The
ma-vis sings fu' cheerie, O.
Sweet the craw-flow'rs ear-ly bell,
Decks Glenif-fer's dew-y dell;
Blooming like thy bon-ny sel', My
young, my art-less dea-ririe, O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkillock's sunny brae;
Blythe-ly spend the golden day, 'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav' rocks fan the sna-white clouds;  
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,   
Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
Feath'ry brechans fringe the rocks,  
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
Trees may bud, an' birds may sing,  
Flow'rs may bloom, an' verdure spring,  
Joy to me they canna bring,  
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

It is rather surprising that the songs of Tannahill are not more popular than they generally are, considering the high poetical merit they possess. The braes of Gleniffer was one of his favourite walks, where he used to recline and paint the beauties of nature around him. The music is "Balgonie's favorite."
THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Lively.

There cam' a young man to my dad-dy's door, my dad-dy's door, my dad-dy's door, There cam' a young man to my dad-dy's door, A seek-ing me to woo.

And wow! he was a brisk young lad, A blythe lad, and a braw young lad; And O, he was a brisk young lad, Cam'

seek-ing me to woo.
But I was baking when he came,  
When he came, when he came,  
I took him in and gied him a seone  
To thowe his frozen mou'.

And, wow! he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink,  
I gae him bread and ale to drink,  
But ne'er a blythe styne wad he blink,  
Until his wame was fon.

But, oh! he was, &c.

Gae get you gone ye cauldrine wooer,  
Ye sour-looking cauldrine wooer;  
I straightway show'd him to the door,  
Saying, "come nae mair to woo."

But, oh! he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
Before the door, before the door,  
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
And there fell he I trow!

And, oh! he was, &c.

Out came the goodman and high he shouted,  
Out came the goodwife and laigh she looted,  
And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it,  
And there lay he I trow.

And, wow! he was, &c.

Then out came I and sneer'd and smil'd,  
Ye came to woo but ye're a' beguil'd;  
Ye've faun in the dirt and ye're a' befyl'd,  
We'll hae nae mair o' you.

But, wow! he was, &c.

This song is old, and author unknown. The excellent David Herd, in his two-volume collection of Scottish songs, was the first to give it a place according to its merits. It is one of the best humorous songs extant, and deserves to be better known to the lovers of harmonious fun and jollity.
WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

With cheerfulness.

Come all ye jolly shepherds, that whistle through the glen, I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken; What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie when the kye come hame, When the kye come hame, when the
'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down;  
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie when the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

Then the eye shines so bright the hale soul to beguile,  
There's love in every whisper and joy in every smile;  
O! wha would choose a crown wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonny lassie when the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,  
His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;  
But he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,  
To meet his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune, what comfort can they gie?  
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty!  
Gie me the highest joy that the heart of man can frame,  
My bonny, bonny lassie when the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

This beautiful song is the composition of the Ettrick Shepherd, who, no doubt, had experienced what he has here written. To those who know not the simplicity and pleasures of a pastoral life, this picture of rural love cannot be so much appreciated as it ought. The shepherd himself used to sing it with great fervour and feeling.
THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

With expression.

Here's to the year that's a-wa, We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bon-ny young las-sie we lov'd, While swift flew the year that's a-wa. And here's to ilk bon-ny young las-sie we lov'd, While swift flew the year that's a-wa.

Here's to the soldier who bled,
   To the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
   On the wings of the year that's awa.

Their fame, &c.

Here's to the friend we can trust,
   When the storms of adversity blaw;
May he join in our song and be nearest our hearts,
   Nor depart like the year that's awa.

May he, &c.

Dunlop is the name of the author of this song, which may be said to be a new-year morning toast. It is founded on the old Jacobite pledge of "Here's a health to them that's away!" of course, Prince Charles Stuart.