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ANCIENT AND MODERN
Scottish Songs,
HEROIC BALLADS,
ETC.

COLLECTED BY

David Herd,

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1776,

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE PIECES SUBSTITUTED IN THE EDITION

OF 1791 FOR OMISSIONS FROM THAT OF 1776, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

KERR & RICHARDSON,
GLASGOW.

1869.

(Large Paper Copy.)

GLASGOW :
PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON,
22 ANN STREET,
OFF JAMAICA STREET.

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8051
H. H. C.
1829
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NOTE.

THE two volumes published in 1776, entitled 'Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.,' are generally acknowledged to be the collection of DAVID HERD. It has been surmised,* from a letter of Bishop PERCY to PATON, dated 9th February, 1769, that PATON was in whole or in part the editor of the first edition of these Songs and Ballads, published in one volume, in 1769. With this exception, HERD is always alluded to as the editor.

In the Preface to the 1776 edition, it is said that the favourable reception of the first edition "encouraged the Editor to extend and arrange it in the form which it now wears. The reader will find here all the Songs contained in the former edition, with the addition of nearly an equal number. In fine, the Editor hath attempted to compile a more compleat and better arranged collection of Scottish Songs than any hitherto published."

It is clear from this statement that the editor of the second edition was the editor of the first; and no coadjutor is acknowledged.

DAVID HERD, who died in 1810, aged seventy-eight, was a native of St. Cyrus, in Kincardineshire. He was a clerk in the office of Mr. DAVID RUSSELL, accountant, in Edinburgh. SCOTT says he "was known and generally esteemed for his shrewd, manly common sense, and antiquarian science, mixed with much good-nature and great modesty. His hardy and antique mould of countenance, and his venerable grizzled locks, procured him, amongst his acquaintance, the name of Graysteil."

The value of HERD'S Collection is variously estimated. RITSON† is "bound in gratitude to acknowledge" indebtedness to it for "a number of excellent and genuine compositions, never before printed." And, again, begs PATON (Letter, 19th May, 1795) to present HERD with "my sincerest acknowledgements for his valuable collection of Scottish Ballads, many of which are particularly curious, and such as I had never before seen or heard of."

SCOTT calls it "the first classical collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads."

* Biographical notice of George Paton, in "Ritson's Letters to Paton," Edinburgh, 1829.

† Historical Essay, Ritson's Scottish Songs, Vol. 1.

ROBERT CHAMBERS remarks that HERD'S compilation shows him to have been a man of equal industry with RAMSAY, and of more antiquarian and classic taste. Besides many of the legendary poems which he gathered from oral tradition, CHAMBERS enumerates fifty-four Songs of "great merit," which HERD noted down from recitation, and which might otherwise have been lost.

Moreover, and what may be more to the purpose, in the estimation of the antiquary and the curious, in CHAMBERS'S Songs and Ballads of Scotland, the editor, designing his collection for "the tasteful, the fair, and the young," apologises for the "violation" of excluding entire pieces, and "silently omitted passages," by saying, that the Songs are to be found, "in all their native beauty, in the collections of RAMSAY and HERD."

AYTOUN (Ballads of Scotland) remarks that DAVID HERD, as a collector, was *fortunately* a man of a very different stamp from ALLAN RAMSAY—that he contented himself with faithfully preserving such remnants of the floating minstrelsy and song as he could procure, either from tradition or from manuscript.

That this re-issue may be complete, there are added, in the form of an Appendix, all the pieces substituted in the edition of 1791 for those omitted of the 1776 edition; also, one Ballad contained in the first edition, 1769, in one volume, and not contained in the later editions. The edition of 1791, published by Lawrie and Symington, Edinburgh, is characterised as a mere reprint of that of 1776; but besides the omissions from the latter (forty-one in all), there is considerable variation in the orthography, and most of the few Notes inserted by HERD are omitted. The versions of Auld Robin Grey are so different that both are given. Altogether, the edition of 1791 can hardly be considered a reprint of HERD.

The student of Scottish ballad lore will find in HERD'S collection the germs of many of BURNS'S imperishable lyrics.

Although the high price which these volumes bring at public auction proves them to be scarce, it by no means follows that there is a wide-spread desire to possess them. It is believed, however, that there are many who, from antiquarian motives, will not think ill-timed a limited issue of this reprint, faithfully transcribed from the best edition; and, perhaps, more

"Who love a ballad in print,"

And hold that,

"——Though old wrytynges apere to be rude,
Yet notwithstandinge, they do include
The pythe of a mater most fructuously."

R.

SCOTS SONGS.

VOL. I.

a

ANCIENT AND MODERN
SCOTTISH SONGS,
HEROIC BALLADS,
ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

The garb our Muses wore in former years.

HAMILTON.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by JOHN WOTHERSPOON,

FOR

JAMES DICKSON and CHARLES ELLIOT,

MDCCLXXVI.

P R E F A C E .

THE common popular songs and national music, as they form a favourite entertainment of the Gay and the Cheerful, seem likewise to merit some regard from the Speculative and Refined, in so far as they exhibit natural and striking traits of the character, genius, taste and pursuits of the people. And trivial as his idea of a song may be, the statesman has often felt this paultry engine affecting the machine of government; and those who are versant in history can produce instances of popular songs and ballads having been rendered subservient to great revolutions both in church and state.

Every nation, at least every ancient and unmixed nation, hath its peculiar style of musical expression, its peculiar mode of melody; modulated by the joint influence of climate and government, character and situation, as well as by the formation of the organs. Thus each of the states of ancient Greece had its characteristic style of music, the Doric, the Phrygian, the Lydian mood, &c., and thus the moderns have their distinct national styles, the Italian, the Spanish, the Irish, and the Scottish. That predilection so natural for every production of one's own country,

together with the force of habit, a certain enthusiasm, attendant on music, and perhaps sometimes the principle of association, whereby other agreeable ideas are mingled and always called up to the mind together with the musical air, has ever induced people to prefer their own national music to that of all others: and we are seldom at a loss for arguments in support of this real or fancied pre-eminence. Strongly biased, however, as our judgments must be by the powerful prejudices mentioned above, it would seem that the question concerning the comparative merit of the respective styles of national melody is a question of much difficulty and little importance.

The Scots yield to none of their neighbours in a passionate attachment to their native music; in which, to say the truth, they seem to be justified by the unbiased suffrage of foreigners of the best taste, who have often candidly allowed it a preference to their own. Many ingenious reasons have been assigned for a distinction so agreeable, chiefly drawn from the romantic face of the country, and the vacant, pastoral life of a great part of its inhabitants; circumstances, no doubt, highly favourable to poetry and song.

But the editor of these little volumes will not hazard a disquisition on this delicate subject, satisfied that it is not in his power to do it justice, and

conscious of strong prepossessions. In general, it may be permitted him to observe, that the merit both of the poetry and the music of the Scots songs is undoubtedly great; and that the peculiar spirit and genius of each is so admirably adapted to each other, as to produce, when conjoined, the most enchanting effect on every lover of nature and unaffected simplicity. For the characteristic excellence of both, he apprehends, is nearly the same, to wit, a forcible and pathetic simplicity, which at once lays strong hold on the affections; so that the heart itself may be considered as an instrument, which the bard or minstrel harmonizes, touching all its strings in the most delicate and masterly manner! Such is the character of the pathetic and sentimental songs of Scotland, which may with truth be termed, *the poetry and the music of the heart*. There is another species, to wit, the humorous and comic, no less admirable for genuine humour, sprightly naivete, picturesque language, and striking paintings of low life and comic characters; the music whereof is so well adapted to the sentiment, that any person of a tolerable ear upon hearing it, feels a difficulty in restraining a strong propensity to dance.

But perhaps too much has been already said on the subject of these volumes. The Editor shall anticipate the censure of the severe, by confessing them a work of slight importance, which hath no

higher aim than mere amusement. To magnify, therefore, the importance of the publication by pompous encomiums would justly subject him to ridicule.

It seems proper, however, in this place, to give some account of the conduct and arrangement of this collection. It is divided into three parts. The first is composed of all the Scottish ancient and modern Heroic Ballads or Epic Tales, together with some beautiful fragments of this kind. Many of these are recovered from tradition or old MSS. and never before appeared in print. The second part consists of all the Sentimental, Pastoral and Love Songs; and the third is a collection of Comic, Humorous, and Jovial songs. In these two last, as in the first part, will be found a number of songs to favourite Scottish airs, not hitherto published, and many stanzas and passages restored and corrected by collating various versions.

The Editor hath not attempted to reduce the language to the orthography of the times in which the several pieces may be supposed to have been written. This was a task for which he found himself unqualified; and which appeared the less necessary, as the collection was not intended to be confined to the critical antiquarian, but devoted to the amusement of the public at

large. Of many of the songs in these volumes the chief merit will be found to consist in the musical air, while the poetry may appear much below mediocrity. For this the Editor has no other apology to offer, than that these were the only words existing to the tunes in question, the original words which gave rise to these tunes being irrecoverably lost. There are, however, many of these adopted words to ancient tunes which are by no means liable to this censure, being composed by eminent modern Scots poets; and the classical reader may easily substitute more.

The favourable reception of the first edition of this collection, and the frequent demands for it since it has become scarce, encouraged the Editor to extend and arrange it in the form which it now wears. The reader will find here all the songs contained in the former edition, with the addition of nearly an equal number. In fine, the Editor hath attempted to compile a more complete and better arranged collection of Scottish songs than any hitherto published: with what success, the candid public will determine.

S C O T S S O N G S.

P A R T F I R S T.

H E R O I C B A L L A D S

A N D

F R A G M E N T S.

SCOTS SONGS.

PART FIRST.

HEROIC BALLADS,

A N D

F R A G M E N T S.

GIL MORRICE*.

GIL MORRICE was an erle's fon,
His name it waxed wide :
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor zet his meikle pride ;
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That livd on Carron fide.

Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoes and shoen ;
That will gae to Lord BARNARDS ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin errand, WILLIE,
And ze maun rin wi' pride ;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horfe-back ze fall ride.

Oh no! oh no! my mafter dear!
I dar nae for my life ;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife.

* On this ballad the Tragedy of DOUGLAS is founded.
VOL. I. A

My bird WILLIE, my boy WILLIE;
 My dear WILLIE, he sayd:
 How can ze strive against the stream?
 For I shall be obey'd.

Bot, O my master dear! he cry'd,
 In grene wod ze're zour lain;
 Gi owre fic thochts, I wald ze rede,
 For fear ze should be tain.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi' speid:
 If ze refuse my high command,
 I'll gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem;
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane bot hir lain:
 And there it is, a filken farke,
 Hir ain hand fewd the flieve;
 And bid hir come to GIL MORRICE,
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
 Though it be to zour cost;
 Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ze fall find frost.
 The baron he's a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ze will see before its night,
 How fma' ze hae to vaunt.

And fen I maun zour errand rin
 Sae fair against my will,

I'fe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It fall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to Broken brigue,
He bent his bow and fwam ;
And when he came to grafs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to BARNARDS ha',
Would neither chap nor ca' ;
Bot fet his bent bow to his brieft,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wad nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait ;
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were fet at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle fire and dame !
My meffage winna waite ;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tack this gay mantel,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem :
Zou man gae to the gude green wode,
Ev'n by yourfel alane.

And there it is, a filken farke,
Your ain hand fewd the fleive ;
Ze maun gae speik to GIL MORRICE
Speir nae bauld barons leive.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' her ee ;
Bot a' that she cou'd fay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its furely to my bowr-woman ;
 It neir could be to me.
 I brought it to Lord BARNARDS lady ;
 I trow that ze be shee.
 Then up and fpack the wylie nurfe,
 (The bairn upon her knee),
 If it be cum from GIL MORRICE,
 Its dear welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurfe,
 Sae loud's I heire ze lee ;
 I brought it to Lord BARNARDS lady ;
 I trow ze be nae fhee.

Then up and fpack the bauld baron,
 An angry man was hee ;
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till filver cup and ezar dish
 In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
 That hings upon the pin ;
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
 And speik wi' zour lemman,
 O bide at hame, now Lord BARNARD,
 I warde ze bide at hame ;
 Neir wyte a man for violence,
 That neir wyte ze wi' nane.

GIL MORRICE fat in gude grene wode,
 He whistled and he fang :
 O what means a' the folk coming ?
 My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the threds of gold,
 Drawn from M I N E R V A S loome :
His lips like rofes drapping dew,
 His breath was a perfume.

His brow was like the mountain fna
 Gilt by the morning beam ;
His cheiks like living rofes glow :
 His een like azure fream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
 Sweet as the infant fpring :
And like the Mavis on the bufh,
 He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
 Wi' muckle dule and care,
And there he firft fpied G I L M O R R I C E ,
 Kaiming his zellow hair,
That sweetly waved round his face,
 That face beyond compare :
He fang fae fweet it might difpel
 A' rage but fell difpair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, G I L M O R R I C E ,
 My lady loed thee weel :
The faireft part of my body
 Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir-the-lefs now, G I L M O R R I C E ,
 For a' thy great bewty,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
 That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And flaited on the ftrae ;

And thro' GIL MORRICE' fair body
 He's gard cauld iron gae.
 And he has tain GIL MORRICE' head,
 And fet it on a fpeir:
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain GIL MORRICE up,
 Laid him acrofs his fleid,
 And brought him to his painted bowr,
 And laid him on a bed.
 The lady fat on castil wa',
 Beheld baith dale and doun;
 And there she faw GIL MORRICE' head
 Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
 Bot and that zellow hair,
 Than Lord BARNARD and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and thair.
 And she has tain hir GIL MORRICE,
 And kifs'd baith mouth and chin:
 I was ance as fow of GIL MORRICE,
 As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's hause,
 Wi' mickle fin and fham;e;
 I brocht ze up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain:
 Oft have I by thy craddle fitten,
 And fondly feen thee sleip;
 Bot now I gae about thy grave,
 The faut tears for to weip.

And fyne fhe kifs'd his bluidy cheik,
And fyne his bluidy chin :
O better I loe my GIL MORRICE
Than a' my kith and kin !
Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an ill deith mait ze dee :
Gin I had kend he'd been zour fon,
He'd neir been flain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord BARNARD !
Obraid me not for fhamme !
Wi that fame fpeir O pierce my heart !
And put me out o' pain.
Since naething but GIL MORRICE head
Thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that faim hand now tack hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be faft or kind ;
I'll fill the air with heavy fighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blude by me's bin fpilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee ;
I rather lourd it had been my fel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;
Sair, fair I rew the deid,
That eir this curfed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winfom dame ;
Ze neer can heal the wound ;

Ze fee his head upon the fpeir,
 His heart's blude on the ground.

I curfe the hand that did the deid,
 The heart that thocht the ill;
 The feet that bore me wi' sic fpeid,
 The comely zouth to kill.

I'll ay lament for GIL MORRICE,
 As gin he were my ain;
 I'll neir forget the driery day
 On which the zouth was flain.

EDOM O' GORDON.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Quhen the wind blew fchrill and cauld,
 Said EDOM o' Gordon to his men,
 We maun draw to a hauld:

And what a hauld fall we draw to,
 My mirry men and me?

We waul gae to the houfe o' the Rhodes,
 To fee that fair ladie.

The ladie ftude on her caftle wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down;
 There fhe was ware of a hoft of men
 Cum ryding towards the toun.

O fee ze not, my mirry men a'?
 O fee ze not quhat I fee?
 Methinks I fee a hoft of men:
 I merveil quhat they be.

She weend it had been hir luvly lord,
 As he came riding hame;

It was the traitor E D O M o' Gordon,
Quha reekt nae fin nor flame.

She had nae fooner bufkit hersel,
And putten on hir gown,
Till E D O M o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae fooner fupper fett,
Nae fooner said the grace,
Till E D O M o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sae fast as she could drie,
To see if by hir fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady faif
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all aghaft.

Cum down to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me :
This night fall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride fall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals G O R D O N ,
I winnae cum doun to thee ;
I winnae forfake my ain dear lord,
That is fae far from me.

Give owre zour houe, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour houe to me,
Or I fall brenn yourfel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze fals GORDON,
 To nae sic traitor as zee ;
 And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
 My lord fall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, GLAUD, my man,
 And charge ze weil my gun :
 For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
 My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
 And let twa bullets flee :
 She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
 And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals GORDON,
 All wood wi' dule and ire :
 Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
 As ye brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, JOCK my man,
 I paid ze weil zour fee ;
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
 Lets in the reek to me ?

And een wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour hire :
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
 To me lets in the fire ?

Ze paid me weil my hire, Lady ;
 Ze paid me weil my fee :
 But now Ime EDM O' Gordons man,
 Maun either doe or die.

O than bespack hir little fon,
 Sate on the nourice' knee :

Says, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
For the reek it fmithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the weftlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespack hir dochtir dear,
She was baith jimp and fma :
O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd her owre the wa :
But on the point of G O R D O N 's spear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd hir owre,
O gin her face was wan !
He said, Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.

He turn'd her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was whyte !
I might ha spared that bonny face
To hae been fum mans delyte.

Bufk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guefs ;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grafs.

Thame luiks to freits, my mafter deir,
 Then freits will follow thame :
 Let it neir be faid brave E D O M o' Gordon
 Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye fee the fire
 Cum flaming owre hir head,
 She wept and kift hir children twain,
 Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The G O R D O N then his bougill blew,
 And faid, Awa', awa' ;
 This houfe o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
 I hauld it time to ga'.

O then befpyied hir ain dear lord,
 As he cam owre the lee ;
 He fied his caſtle all in blaze,
 Sae faſt as he could fee.

Then fair, O fair his mind miſgave,
 And all his hart was wae :
 Put on, put on, my wighty men,
 Sae faſt as ze can gae ;

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
 Sae faſt as ze can drie ;
 For he that is hindmoſt of the thrang,
 Sall neir get guide o' me.

Than ſum they rade, and ſum they rin,
 Fou faſt out-owre the bent ;
 But eir the foremoſt could get up,
 Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
 And wept in teenefu' muid :

O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the GORDON he is gane,
Sae fast as he nicht drie ;
And foon i' the GORDON'S foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM speiks of lords, fum speiks of lairds,
And ficklike men of hie degrie ;
Of a gentleman I fing a fang,
Sumtyme cal'd Laird of Gilnockie.
The king he wrytes a luving letter
Wi' his ain hand fae tenderlie,
And he hath fent it to JOHNY ARMSTRANG,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The ELLIOTS and ARMSTRANGS did convene ;
They were a gallant companie :
We'll ryde and meit our lawfull king,
And bring him fafe to Gilnockie.
Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venifon in great plentie ;
We'll welcum hame our royal king,
I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie.

They ran their horfe on the Langum Hawn,
And brake their speirs with meikle main ;
The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
God bring our men weil back again.

Quhen J O H N Y came before the King,
 With all his men fae brave to fee,
 The King he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my fovereign Liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me,
 For my name it is J O H N I E A R M S T R A N G,
 And subject of zours, my Liege, said he.

*Away, away, thou traytor strang,
 Out of my ficht thou mayst fune be,
 I grantit never a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin with thee.*

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I will gi' to thee,
 Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt fleids,
 Were a' foald in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk-whyt fleids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.

Away, away, thou traytor, etc.

Grant me my life, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,
 Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a' the zeir to me.
 These four-and-twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw a' the zeir,
 And as meikle of gude reid quheit,
 As all thair happens dow to beir.

Away, away, thou traytor, etc.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four-and-twenty fisters sons,
 Sall for thee fecht tho' a' fould flee.

Away, away, thou traytor, etc.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee ;
 All between heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytor, etc.

Ze lied, ze lied now, King, he says,
 Althocht a King and prince ze be ;
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well fay it, but honesty :
 But a fat horse and a fair woman,
 Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir ;
 But Ingland fuld haif fund me meil and mat,
 Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho fuld haif fund me meal and malt,
 And beef and mutton in all plentie ;
 But neir a Scots wyfe coud haif faid,
 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
 To feik het water beneath cauld yce,
 Surely it is a great folie ;
 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kend or I cam frae hame,
 How thou unkind wadst bene to me.
 I wad haif kept the border-fyde,
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.

Wif England's king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man wad he be ;
 For ance I flew his sisters fon,
 And on his brieft-bane brak a trie.

J O H N wore a girdle abut his middle,
 Imbroidred owre with burning gold,
 Befpangled with the fame mettle,
 Maift bewtiful was to behold.

Ther hang nine targats at J O H N I E S hat,
 And ilka ane worth thrie hundred pound :
What wants that knave that a King fuld have,
But the fword of honour and the crown.

O quhar got thou these targats, J O H N I E,
That blink fae brawly abune thy brie !

I gat them in the fild fechting
 Quher, cruel King, thou durft not be.
 Had I my horfe and my harnesf gude,
 And ryding as I wont to be,
 It fuld haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
 The meiting of my king and me.

God be wi' thee, K I R S T Y, my brither,
 Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun ;
 Lang mayeft thou dwell on the border-fyde,
 Or thou fe thy brither ryde up and doun :
 And God be wi' thee, K I R S T Y, my fon,
 Quhair thou fits on thy nurfes nee ;
 But and thou live this hundred zeir,
 Thy fathers better thoul't never be.

Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,
 Quhair on Esk fyde thou standeft stout :
 Gif I had lieved but feven zeirs mair,
 I wuld haif gilt thee round about.

J O H N murdred was at Carlinrigg,
 And all his gallant companie ;
 But Scotland's heart was neir fo wae,
 To see fae mony brave men die.

Because they favd their country deir
 Frae Inglishmen ; nane were fae bald,
 Quhyle J O H N I E livd on the border-syde,
 Nane of them durft cum neir his hald.

Young W A T E R S .

A B O U T Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 A' ! ther is cum to our king's curt
 Mony a well-favourd man.

The Quein luikt owre the castle wa,
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw zoung W A T E R S
 Cum ryding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horfemen rade behind,
 And mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horfe before,
 And filler shod behind ;
 The horfe zoung W A T E R S rade upon
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spack a wylie lord,
 Unto the Queen said he,

O tell me quha's the faireft face
Rides in the companie?

I've feen lord, and I've feen laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung W A T E R S
Mine eyne did never fee.

Out then fpack the jealous King,
(And an angry man was he),
O if he had been twice as fair,
Zou might have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, fhe fays,
Bot the King that wears the crown;
Ther is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.

For a' that fhe coud do or fay,
Appeas'd he wadnae be;
Bot for the words which fhe had faid,
Zoung W A T E R S he maun die.

They hae taen zoung W A T E R S, and
Put fetters on his feet;
They hae taen zoung W A T E R S, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thru Stirling towne
In the wind bot and the weit,
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling towne
Wi' fetters at my feit.

Aft I have ridden thru Stirling towne
In the wind bot and the rain,
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling towne
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
 His zoung fon in his craddle,
 And they hae taen to the heiding hill
 His horfe bot and his faddle:

They hae taen to the heiding hill
 His lady fair to fee:
 And for the words the Queen had spoke,
 Zoung WATERS he did dee.

Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir JOHN GRÆME in the west countrie
 Fell in love with BARBARA ALLAN.

He fent his man down thro' the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling:
 O haste and cum to my master dear,
 Gin ye be BARBARA ALLAN.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtin by,
 Young man, I think youre dying.

O its I'm fick, and very very fick,
 And 'tis a' for BARBARA ALLAN.
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, faid she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,

That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And flighted BARBARA ALLAN?

He turn'd his face into the wa',
And death was with him dealing,
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to BARBARA ALLAN.

And flowly, flowly raife she up,
And flowly, flowly left him;
And fighting, faid, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringing,
And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to BARBARA ALLAN!

O mother, mother, mak my bed,
O make it fast and narrow;
Since my luvè died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

Bonny Earl of MURRAY*.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of MURRAY,
And they have laid him on the green!
They have, etc.

* James VI. being jealous of an attachment betwixt his Queen, Anne of Denmark and this Earl of Murray, the handsomest man of his time, prevailed with the Marquis of Huntley, his enemy, to murder him; and by a writing under his own hand, promised to save him harmless. BURNET.

Now wae be to thee, HUNTLY,
 And wherefore did you fae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to flay.
I bade, etc.

He was a bra gallant,
 And he rid at the ring;
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
 Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, etc.

He was a bra gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba':
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY
 Was the flour amang them a'.
And the, etc.

He was a bra gallant,
 And he play'd at the gluve:
 And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
 Oh! he was the queen's luvie.
And the, etc.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Look oer the caistle Down,
 Ere she see the Earl of MURRAY
 Cum founding through the town.

The young Laird of OCHILTRIE.

O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,
 Listen to quhat I tell to thee,
 The King has taiken a poor prifoner,
 The wanton Laird of OCHILTRIE.

Quhen news came to our guidly Queen,
 She ficht, and said right mournfullie,
 O quhat will cum of Lady MARGARET,
 Quha beirs sick luvè to OCHILTRIE?

Lady MARGARET tore hir yallow hair,
 Quhen as the Queen told hir the faim :
 I wis that I had neir bin born,
 Nor neir had known OCHILTRIE'S naim.

Fie na, quoth the Queen, that maunna be,
 Fie na, that maunna be ;
 I'll fynd ze out a better way
 To faif the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

The Queen sche trippet up the stair,
 And lowly knielt upon hir knie :
 The first boon quhich I cum to craive
 Is the life of gentel OCHILTRIE.

O if you had askd me castels and towirs,
 I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie ;
 Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
 Winna buy the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

The Queen sche trippet down the stair,
 And down sche gade richt mournfullie,
 It's a' the monie in fair Scotland
 Winna buy the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

Lady MARGARET tore her yallow hair,
 Quhen as the Queen tald hir the faim ;
 I'll tack a knife and end my lyfe,
 And be in the grave assoon as him.

Ah ! na, fie ! na, quoth the Queen,
 Fie ! na, fie ! na, this maunna be ;

I'll fet ze on a better way

To loofe and fet OCHILTRIE frie.

The Queen she flippet up the stair,

And sche gaid up richt privatlie,

And sche has stoun the prifon-keys,

And gane and fet OCHILTRIE frie.

And sches gien him a purse of gowd,

And another of whyt monie,

Sches gien him twa pistoles by's fide,

Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the Queens window,

Quhaten a joyfou fhute gae he!

Peace be to our royal Queen,

And peace be in her companie!

O quhaten a voice is that? quoth the King,

Quhaten a voice is that? quoth he,

Quhatten a voice is that? quoth the King;

I think its the voyce of OCHILTRIE.

Call to me a' my gaolours,

Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;

Quhairfor the morn at twelve a clock

Its hangit schall they ilk ane be.

O didna ze fend zour keyis to us?

Ze fent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,

And wi thaim fent a strait command,

To fet at lairge zoung OCHILTRIE.

Ah! na, fie! na, quoth the Queen,

Fie, my dear luvie! this maunna be:

And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',

Indeed ze maun begin wi me.

The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,
 The ither at the Queensferrie;
 And now the Lady has gotten hir luve,
 The winfom Laird of OCHILTRIE.

Lord THOMAS and Fair ANNET.

LORD THOMAS and fair ANNET
 Sat a' day on a hill;
 Whan nicht was cum, and fun was fett,
 They had not talkt their fill.

Lord THOMAS said a word in jest,
 Fair ANNET took it ill;
 A'! I wull nevir wed a wife
 Against my ain friends wull.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to mee:
 O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
 Fair ANNET she 'as gat nane;
 And the little bewtie fair ANNET haes,
 O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brither gane:
 Now, brither, rede ye mee;

A'! fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair A N N E T bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye ;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caft fair A N N E T bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre ;
And I fall hae naething to myfell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his fister gane :
Now, fister, rede ye me ;
O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And fet fair A N N E T free ?

Ife rede ye tak fair A N N E T, T H O M A S,
And let the browne bride alane ;
Left ye fould figh, and fay, Alace !
What is this we brought hame ?

No, I wull tak my mithers counfel,
And marrie owt o' hand ;
And I wull tak the nut-browne bride ;
Fair A N N E T may leive the land.

Up then rose fair A N N E T S father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair A N N E T lay.

Rife up, rife up, fair A N N E T, he fays,
Put on your filken sheene ;

Let us gae to St Maries kirke,
And see that rich wedden.

My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
And drefs to me my hair ;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And drefs to me my fmock ;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' neidle-work.

The horse fair A N N E T rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty filler bells
Wer a' tied till his mane,
Wi' yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair A N N E T S fide,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirke,
She fat on Maries stean ;
The cleading that fair A N N E T had on
It skinkled in their ean.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun ;
The belt that was aboute her waift
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She fat her by the nut-browne bride,
And hir een they wer fae clear,
Lord T H O M A S he clean forgot the bride,
When fair A N N E T drew near.

He had a rofe into his hand,
He gae it kiffes three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair A N N E T S knee.

Up then fpak the nut-browne bride,
She fpak wi' meikle fpite ;
And whair gat ye that rofe-water
That does mak yee fae white ?

O I did get the rofe-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane ;
For I did get that very rofe-water
Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair A N N E T unto the heart,
That word fpak nevir mair.

Lord T H O M A S faw fair A N N E T wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee ;
Bot whan he faw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was fae fharp,
That was fae fharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now flay for me, dear A N N E T, he faid,
Now flay, my dear, he cryd ;

Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by hir side.

Lord THOMAS was buryd without kirk-wa',
Fair ANNET within the quiere ;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvvers deare.

Sir PATRICK SPENCE.

THE King fits in Dumfermling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine :
O quhar wull I get a guid failor,
To fail this fchip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the kings richt kne :
Sir PATRICK SPENCE is the best failor
That fails upon the fe.

The King has written a braid letter,
And fignd it wi' his hand ;
And fent it to Sir PATRICK SPENCE,
Was walking on the fand.

The first line that Sir PATRICK red,
A loud lauch lauched he :
The next line that Sir PATRICK red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me ;
 To fend me out this time o' the zeir,
 To fail upon the fe?

Mak hafte, mak hafte, my mirry men all,
 Our guid fchip fails the morne.
 O fay na fae, my mafter deir,
 For I feir a deadlie florme.

Late late yestreen I faw the new moone
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
 And I feir, I feir, my deir mafter,
 That we wull cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild shoone ;
 Bot lang or a' the play were playd,
 They wat thair heads aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 Or eir they fe Sir PATRICK SPENCE
 Cum failing to the land.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fland
 Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
 For they'll fe thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip :
 And thair lies guid Sir PATRICK SPENCE,
 Wi' the Scots lordes at his feit.

Sir JAMES the ROSE.

OF all the Scottish northern chiefs
Of his high warlike name,
The bravest was Sir JAMES the ROSE,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow ;
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yallow flew.

The Chieftain of the brave clan ROSS,
A firm undaunted band ;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen ;
Ere two and twenty op'ning springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair MATILDA dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare ;
Even MARG'RET on the Scottish throne,
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
With seeming scorn and pride ;
Yet aft her eyes confes'd the love,
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she blefs'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim :
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, BUCHAN'S cruel lord,
 Their passion difapprov'd,
 And bade her wed Sir JOHN the GRÆME,
 And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met, as they were wont,
 Deep in a shady wood,
 Where on a bank beside the burn,
 A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the under-wood,
 The crafty DONALD lay,
 The brother of Sir JOHN the GRÆME,
 To hear what they would fay.

When thus the maid began ; My Sire
 Your passion difapproves,
 And bids me wed Sir JOHN the GRÆME ;
 So here muft end our loves.

My father's will muft be obey'd,
 Nought boots me to withstand :
 Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
 Muft blefs thee with her hand.

MATILDA foon fhall be forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd :
 But may that happinefs be thine
 Which I can never tafte.

What do I hear? is this thy vow?
 Sir JAMES the ROSE reply'd ;
 And will MATILDA wed the GRÆME,
 Though fworn to be my bride?

His fword fhall fooner pierce my heart
 Than reave me of thy charms.

Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd into his arms.

I spake to try thy love, she said ;
I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
My grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere GRÆME my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth ;
And every plague become my lot
That day I break my oath !

They parted thus : the fun was set :
Up hasty DONALD flies ;
And, Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew ;
For DONALD'S blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

“ This for my brother's slighted love ;
His wrongs fit on my arm.”
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift his hand he rear'd
Frae DONALD'S head above,
And thro' the brain and crashing bones,
His sharp-edg'd weapon drove.

He stag'ring reel'd, then tumbled down
A lump of breathless clay :
So fall my foes, quo' valiant ROSE,
And stately strode away.

Thro' the Green-wood he quickly hy'd
Unto Lord BUCHAN'S hall ;
And at MATILDA'S window flood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, MATILDA dear?
Awake, my love, awake :
Thy lucklefs lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

For I have flain fierce DONALD GRÆME ;
His blood is on my fword :
And diftant are my faithful men,
Nor can affift their Lord.

To SKY I'll now direct my way,
Where my twa brothers bide,
And raife the valiant of the Ifles
To combat on my fide.

O do not fo, the maid replies ;
With me till morning flay :
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch you in the park ;
My faithful page I'll fend,
To run and raife the ROSS'S clan,
Their master to defend.

Beneath a bufh he laid him down,
And wrapp'd him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate
At diftance flood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen

He met the furious Sir J O H N G R Æ M E
 With twenty of his men.

Where go'ft thou, little page? he faid,
 So late who did thee fend?
 I go to raife the R O S E 's clan,
 Their mafter to defend :

For he hath flain fierce D O N A L D G R Æ M E ;
 His blood is on his fword :
 And far, far diftant are his men,
 That fould affift their Lord.

And has he flain my brother dear?
 The furious G R Æ M E replies.
 Difhonour blaft my name but he
 By me ere morning dies !

Tell me where is Sir J A M E S the R O S E ?
 I will thee well reward.
 He fleeps into Lord B U C H A N 's park ;
 M A T I L D A is his guard.

They fpurr'd their fteeds in furious mood,
 And fcour'd along the lee :
 They reach'd Lord B U C H A N 's lofty tow'rs
 By dawning of the day.

M A T I L D A flood without the gate ;
 To whom thus G R Æ M E did fay,
 Saw ye Sir J A M E S the R O S E laft night?
 Or did he pafs this way?

Laft day at noon, M A T I L D A faid,
 Sir J A M E S the R O S E pafs'd by :
 He furious prick'd his fweaty fteed,
 And onward faft did hye :

By this he is at Edinburgh
If horse and man hold good.—
Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair ;
Brave ROSE, thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by those means, she cry'd,
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's shrieks he heard ;
And up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword, last night, my brother flew ;
His blood yet dims its shine :
And ere the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief reply'd,
But deeds approve the man :
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward-heart ;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front in Flowden-field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight :
Then GRÆME gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword :

But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the GRÆME,
And wounded him in the side :
Out spouting came the purple-tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword not quit the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

GRÆME like a tree with wind o'erthrown
Fell breathless on the clay ;
And down beside him sunk the ROSE,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad MATILDA saw him fall :
O spare his life ! she cry'd ;
Lord BUCHAN'S daughter begs his life,
Let her not be denied.

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

In vain MATILDA begs the life
By death's arrest denied :
My race is run--adieu, my love--
Then clos'd his eyes, and died.

The sword yet warm from his left side
With frantic hand she drew :
I come, Sir JAMES the ROSE, she cry'd,
I come to follow you !

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
 And bar'd her snowy breast ;
 Then fell upon her lover's face,
 And sunk to endless rest.

The Battle of Harlaw*.

FRAE Dunidier as I cam throuch,
 Doun by the hill of Banochie,
 Alangst the lands of Garioch :
 Grit pitie was to heir and fe
 The noys and dulefum hermonie,
 That evir that dreiry day did daw,
 Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
 Alas ! alas ! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy :
 I wist nocht qua was fae or freind ;
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.
 But fen the days of auld king HAIRIE,
 Sic slaughtar was not herde nor sene,
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For biffiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requeisting him to make me quaint,

* Fought upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against Donald of the Isles.

Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw ;
 Then he entreated me tak tent,
 And he the truth fould to me schaw.

Grit DONALD of the Yles did claim,
 Unto the lands of ROSS fum richt,
 And to the Governour * he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he micht ;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht :
 And thairfore answert with difdain ;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But DONALD richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke ROBERT gaif,
 He vowed to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of ROSS to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif.
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargin fould be deirly bocht.

Then haistylie he did command,
 That all his weir-men should convene,
 Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein ;
 He waxit wrath and vowit tein
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

* Robert Duke of Albany, uncle to King James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With money maid, with fors and wyls,
Richt far and neir baith up and doun :
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangst the lands of Rofs he roars,
And all obey'd at his bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

Then all the countrie men did zield ;
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer battill in the feild,
Be fors of arms to beir him bak ;
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for thair behoif,
They fould him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them luv.

Then he a proclamation maid
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
Frae Arthurfyre unto Speyness.
And further mair, he sent exprefs,
To schaw his colours and ensenzie,
To all and findry, mair and less,
Throchout the bounds of Byne and Enzie.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to purfew,
And quhafoevir durst gainstand,
That race they should full fairly rew.
Then he bade a' his men be trew,
And him defend by fors and flicht,

And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of mekle nicht.

Without refistans as he said,

Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast.

Throw all these feilds he sped him fast,
For sic a ficht was never sene ;

And then, forfuith, he langd at last
To se the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this prowde enterprise,

The stout and mighty erle of MARR*
With all his men in arms did ryse,

Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
And down the fyde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene

To fecht, or DONALD came fae nar
The royal bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Erle of MARR,

Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemie was awarr

His banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Without all dangir, or delay,
Cum haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord OGILVY,
Of Angus sherriff principall,

* Alexander Earl of Mar, son of Alexander, the governor's brother.

The constabill of gude Dundee,
 The vanguard led before them all.
 Suppose in number they war small,
 Thay first richt bauldly did perfew,
 And maid thir faes before them fall,
 Quha then that race did fairly rew.

And then the worthy Lord SALTON,
 The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
 The stalwart laird of Lauristone,
 With ilk thair forces all and sum.
 PANMUIR with all his men did cum,
 The provost of braif Aberdene,
 With trumpets and with tuicke of drum.
 Came schorly in thair armour schene.

These with the Erle of MARR came on,
 In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
 Thair enemies to fet upon ;
 In awful manner hardily,
 Together vowit to live and die,
 Since they had marchit mony mylis
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of doubted DONALD of the Yles.

But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie along did ryde,
 With MALCOMTOSCH and fell MACLEAN,
 With all thair power at thair fyde,
 Perfumeand on thair strength and pryde,
 Without all feir or ony aw,
 Richt bauldly battil did abyde,
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet founds,
 The dandring drums aloud did tuik,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the feild fuid bruik.
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
 Fers was the fecht on ilka fyde,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk
 Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutfum victorie they dealt,
 The bluidy battill lastit lang,
 Each man his nibours fors thair felt ;
 The weakeft aft times gat the wrang :
 Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
 Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
 That Echo maid a dulefull fang,
 Thairto refounding frae the rocks.

But DONALD'S men at laft gaif back ;
 For they wer all out of array.
 The Erle of MARR'S men throw them brak,
 Purfewing fharpely in thair way,
 Thair enemys to tak or flay,
 Be dynt of fors to gar them yield,
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And fae for feirdnefs tint the feild.

Then DONALD fled, and that full faft,
 To mountains hich for all his micht ;
 For he and his war all agaft,
 And ran till they war out of ficht ;
 And fae of ROSS he loft his right,
 Thocht mony men with hem he brocht,

Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was dearly bocht.

This is (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did hear and knaw,
Thocht my discourse be fumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt fute faw ;
Contrairie God and the king's law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw,
This is the fum, fae I conclude.

But zit a bonny quhyle abyde,
And I fall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat slauchter was on ilka fyde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene :
These lazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
Cheffit lyke deirs into their dens,
And gat thair wages for reward.

MALCOMTOSH of the clan heid cheif,
MACLEAN with his grit haughty heid,
With all thair succour and relief,
War dulefully dung to the deid :
And now we are freid of thair feid,
They will not lang to cum agen ;
Thoufands with them without remeid,
On DONALD'S fyde that day war flain.

And on the other fyde war loft,
Into the feild that difmal day,
Chief men of worth (of mekle coft)
To be lamentit fair for ay.

The Lord S A L T O N of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and meikle main ;
 Grit dolour was for his decay,
 That fae unhappylie was flain.

Of the best men amang them was,
 The gracious gude Lord O G I L V Y,
 The fherriff-principall of Angus ;
 Renownit for truth and equitie,
 For faith and magnanimitie ;
 He had few fallows in the feild,
 Zet fell by fatal destinie,
 For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

Sir J A M E S S C R I M G E O R of Duddap, knicht,
 Grit constabill of fair Dunde,
 Unto the duleful deith was dicht,
 The kings chief bannerman was he,
 A valziant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predeceffors wan that place
 At Spey, with gude King W I L L I A M frie,
 Gainst M U R R A Y and M A C D U N C A N S race.

Gude Sir A L L E X A N D E R I R V I N G,
 The much renownit laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was better fene,
 Quhen they war femblit all and fum ;
 To praise him we fould not be dumm,
 For valour, witt, and worthyness,
 To end his days he ther did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidylefs.

And thair the knicht of Lauriston
 Was flain into his armour schene,

And gude Sir ROBERT DAVIDSON,
 Quha provost was of Aberdene,
 The knicht of Panmure, as was fene,
 A mortal man in armour bricht,
 Sir THOMAS MURRAY stout and kene,
 Left to the warld their laft gude nicht.

Thair was not fen king KENNETH'S days
 Sic strange intefline crewel ftryfe
 In Scotland fene, as ilk man fays,
 Quhair mony liklie loft thair lyfe ;
 Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony children fatherlefs,
 Quhilk in this realme has been full ryfe :
 Lord help thefe lands, our wrangs redrefs !

In July, on Saint JAMES his even,
 That four and twenty difmal day,
 Twelve hundred, ten fcore and eleven
 Of zeirs fen Chryft, the futhe to fay ;
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the veritic they knaw,
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim battil of the Harlaw.

Flodden-Field*.

FROM Spey to the border, was peace and good order,
 The fway of our monarch was mild as the May,
 Peace he adored, whilk Soudrons abhorred,
 Our marches they plunder, our wardens they flay.

* Fought September 9, 1513.

'Gainst L O U I S our ally their H E N R Y did fally,
 Tho' J A M E S but in vain did his herauld advance,
 Renouncing alliance, and denouncing defiance
 To Soudrons if langer abiding in France.

Many were the omens our ruin was coming,
 E'er the flower of our nation was call'd to array :
 Our king at devotion St Andrew did caution,
 And figh'd as with sorrow he to him did fay,

Sir, in this expedition you must have ambition ;
 From the company of all women you shou'd keep away.
 When the spectre this declar'd, it quickly disappear'd ;
 But where it retired no man could espy.

The flowers of the nation were called on their station,
 With valiant inclination their banner to display ;
 To Burrow-Muir resorting, their right for supporting,
 And there rendezvouzing, encamped did lay.

But another bad omen, that vengeance was coming,
 At midnight, in Edinburgh, a voice loud did cry,
 As heraulds, in their station, with loud proclamation,
 Did name all our barons in England to die.

Thesewords the demon spoke, at the throne of Plotcock,
 It charged their appearing, appointing the day.
 The provost, in its hearing, the summons greatly fearing,
 Appeal'd to his Maker, the fame did deny.

At this was many griev'd, as many disbeliev'd ;
 But forward they marched to the destiny :
 From thence to the border they march'd in good order ;
 The Merse men and Forrest they join'd the array.

England's invasion, it was their persuasion,
 To make restitution for their cruelty.

But O fatal Flodoun ! there came the wo down ;
And our royal nation was brought to decay.

After spoiling and burning, many hameward returning,
With our king still the nobles and vassals abide.
To S U R R Y ' s proud vaunting he answers but daunting ;
The king would await him whatever betide.

The English advanced to where they were flanced ;
Half-intrenched by nature, the field it so lay ;
To fight the English fearing, and sham'd their retiring :
But alas ! unperceived was their subtilty.

Our highland battalion, so forward and valiant,
They broke from their ranks, and they rush'd on to slay :
With hacking and flashing, and broad swords a-dashing,
Thro' the front of the English they cut a full way.

But alas to their ruin ! an ambush pursuing,
They were surrounded with numbers too high :
The Merse men and Forest, they suff'ered the forest
Upon the left wing was inclosed the same way.

Our men into parties, the battle in three quarters,
Upon our main body the marksmen did play :
The spearmen were surrounded, and all was confounded ;
The fatal devastation of that woful day !

Our nobles all ensnared, our king he was not spared ;
For of that fate he shared, and would not run away :
The whole were intercepted, that very few escaped
The fatal conflagration of that woful day.

This set the whole nation into grief and vexation :
The widows did weep, and the maidens did say,
Why carries my lover ? the battle's surely over ?
Is there none left to tell us the fates of the day ?

I've heard a liling at our ewes milking,
Laffes a-liling afore break of day :
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our bra forefters are a' wed away.

At boughts i' the morning nae blyth lads are fcorning :
The laffes are lonely, dowie, and wae :
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but fighting and fabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en in the glomin nae fwankeys are roaming,
Mang stacks wi' the laffes at bogle to play ;
But ilk ane fits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the Forest that are wed away.

In herft at the fhearing nae younkers are jeering :
The banfters are lyart, runkled, and gray.
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw Forrefters are a' wed away.

O dool for the order fent our lads to the border !
The Englifh for anes by guile got the day :
The flowers of the forest that ay shone the foremost,
The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liling at our ewes milking :
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our bra forrefters are a' wed away.

I've feen the fmiling of fortune beguiling ;
I've felt all her favours, and found her decay.
Sweet is her bleffing and kind her careffing ;
But now it is fled, it is fled far away.

I've feen the forest adorned the foremost
With flowers of the faireft both pleafant and gay :

Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming;
But now they are withered and all gone away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before mid-day :
I have seen Tweed's silver streams shining i' the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on the way.

O fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?
Why this perplexing poor fons of a day ?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, nor smiles cannot cheer me
Since the flowers of the Forest are a' wed away*.

The Battle of Reid-Squair †.

ON July seventh, the fute to fay,
At the Reid-Squair the tryft was fet.
Our wardens they affixt the day,
And as they promist, fae they met :
Allace ! that day I'll neir forzet,
Was fure fae feir'd, and then fae fain,
They cam thair justice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

* This version is made up from various copies of this old ballad collated, and is of very unequal merit. The stanzas from the 17th to the 22d inclusive compose a dirge of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity. The circumstances are happily chosen and combined, and the language, to those who understand it, is so picturequely expressive, that while we read the words, we feel the scene penciled on our imagination. And it is impossible to peruse it without feeling a high degree of that pleasing sombre tenderness which it is the object of this sort of poetry to produce.

† Fought on July 7, 1576.

V O L. I. (4) E

CARMICHAEL was our warden then,
 He caufit the countrey to convene,
 And the laird WATT, that worthy man,
 Brocht in his surname weil be fene :
 The ARMSTRANGS that ay haif bene
 A hardy houfe, but not a hail ;
 The ELLIOTS honours to mentain,
 Brought in the laif of LIDDISDALE.

Then TWIDAIL came to with fpeid,
 The Scheriff brocht the DOUGLAS doun,
 With CRANSTANE, GLADSTANE, gude at neid,
 Baith Rewls-water and Hawick Town.

BEANGEDDERT bauldly maid him boun,
 With all the TRUMBLES strang and flout ;

The RUTHIRFUIRDS, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With other Clanns I can nocht tell,
 Because our wairning was nocht wyde,

Be this our folk hes tane the fell,
 And plantit pallions thair to byde :

We lukit down the uther fyde,
 And faw cum briefing owr the brae,

And Sir GEORGE FOSTER was their gyde,
 With Fyftene hundrid men and mae.

It greivt him fair that day I trow,

With Sir JOHN HINROME of Schipfydehoufe,
 Because we were not men enow,

He counted us not worth a foufe ;

Sir GEORGE was gentil, meik and doufe,
 But he was hail and het as fyre :

But zit for all his cracking croufe
 He rewd the raid of the Reid S quyre.

To deil with proud men is but pain,
 For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
 Or els nae anfwer mack again,
 But play the beift, and let him be.
 It was nae wondir tho he was hie,
 Had TYNDALL, REDSDAILE at his hand,
 With CUCKSDAILE, GLADSDAILE on the lie,
 Auld HEBRIME and NORTHUMBERLAND.

Zit was our meiting meik enough,
 Begun with mirrinefs and mows,
 And at the brae abune the heugh
 The clerk fat doun to call the rows,
 And fum for ky and fum for ewis,
 Callit in of DANDRIE HOB and JOCK,
 I faw cum merching owre the knows,
 Fyve hundred FENNICKS in a flock.

With jack and fpeir, and bowis all bent,
 And warlike weaponis at their will ;
 Howbeit they wer not weil content,
 Zit be me trowth we feird nae ill :
 Sum zeid to drink, and fum ftude fill,
 And fum to cards and dyce them sped,
 Quhyle on ane Farftein they fyld a bill,
 And he was fugitive that fled.

CARMICHAEL bad them fpeik out plainly,
 And cloke nae caufe for ill nor gude,
 The uther anfwering him full vainly,
 Begouth to reckon kin and blude,
 He raife and rax'd him quhair he ftude,
 And bade him match him with his marrows ;
 Then TYNDAL hard thefe refeuns rude,
 And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was ther nocht but bow and speir,
 And ilka man pullit out a brand,
 A SCHAFTAN and a FENNICK their,
 Gude SYMINGTON was slain frae hand.
 The Scotismen cryd on uther to stand,
 Frae tyme they saw JOHN ROBSON slain :
 Quhat fuld they cry ! The Kings command
 Culd caufe nae cowards turn again.

Up raife the laird to red the cumber,
 Quhilk wald not be for all his boist,
 Quhat fuld we do with sic a number,
 Fyve thousand men into an hoist ?
 Then HENRIE PURDIE proud hes cost,
 And verie narrowlie had mischiefd him,
 And ther we had our WARDEN lost,
 Wart not the grit GOD he relievd him.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
 Quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell :
 Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,
 Into my heart it struck a knell ;
 Zit up he raife, the truth to tell,
 And laid about him dunts full dour,
 His horfemen they faucht flout and fnell,
 And stude about him in the flour.

Then raifd the flogan with an schout,
 Fy, TYNDALL to it, JEDBRUGH heir :
 I trow he was not half fae flout,
 But anes his stomak was a steir,
 With gun and genzie, bow and speir,
 He nicht se mony a crakit crown,
 But up amang the merchant geir,
 They buffie were as we wer doun.

The swallow-tails frae teckles flew,
 Fyve hundred flain into the flicht,
 But we had pestellets anew,
 And fshot amang them as we nicht.
 With help of G O D the game gade richt,
 Frae tyme the foremost of them fell ;
 Hynd owre the know, without gude-nicht,
 They ran with mony a fchout and zell.

And after they had turnd again,
 Zit T Y N D A L L men they turnd again,
 And had not bene the merchant packs,
 There had been mae of Scotland flain :
 But J E S U gif the folk was fain
 To put the buffing on thair theis,
 And sae they fled with all thair main,
 Doun owre the brae lyke clogged beis.

Sir F R A N C I S R U S S E L tane was thair,
 And hurt, as we heir men reherse ;
 Proud W A L L I N G T O U N was wouDED fair,
 Albeit he was a Fennick ferfs,
 But gif ze wald a fouldier ferche
 Amang them all was tane that night,
 Was nane fae wordie of our verfe
 As C O L I N G W O O D that courteous knight.

Zung H E N R Y fkapit hame, is hurt,
 A fouldier fshot him with a bow,
 Scotland has caufe to make great sturt,
 For laiming of the Laird of M O W .
 The Laird W A T T did weil indeid,
 His friends stude stoutly by himfell,
 With little G L A D S T A N E, gude in neid,
 For G R E T E I N kend not gude be ill.

The SCHERIFF wantit not gude-will,
 Howbeit he might not ficht fae fast :
 BENJEADERT, HUNDLIE and HUNTHILL,
 Three, on they laid weil at the laft,
 Except the horfemen of the gaird ;
 If I could put men to avail,
 Nane floutlier ftude out for their laird,
 Nor did the lads of LIDDISDALE.

But little harnes had we thair,
 But auld BADRULE had on a jack,
 And did richt weil, I zou declair,
 With all the TRUMBULLS at his back.
 Gude EDERSTANE was not to lack,
 With KIRKTOUN, NEWTOUN, nobill-men.
 Thir is all the fpecials I haif fpack,
 Forby them that I could nocht ken.

Quha did invent that day of play,
 We neid nocht feir to find him fune,
 For Sir JOHN FOSTER, I dare weil fay,
 Maid us that noyfome afternune :
 Not that I fpeik precifely out,
 That he fupposd it wald be perill,
 But pryde and breaking out, but dout,
 Gart TYNDALL lads begin the quarrell.

Chevy-Chace.

GOD profper long our noble king,
 Our lives and fafetyes all ;
 A woful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-chace befall ;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl P E R C Y took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of N O R T H U M B E R L A N D
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.

Thefe tyding to Earl D O U G L A S came,
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl P E R C Y present word,
He wold prevent his sport.

The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods refort ;

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chofen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede,
To aime their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds quickly ran,
To chafe the fallow-deere :

On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appear ;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes flaine ;

Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;

Their backfides all, with special care,
That day were guarded fure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hiles and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord P E R C Y to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere ;
Quoth he, Earl D O U G L A S promised
This day to meet me heere :

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the earl did say.

Loe yonder doth Earl D O U G L A S come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our fight ;

All men of pleafant Tivydale,
Faft by the river Tweede :
Then ceafe your sport, Earl P E R C Y faid,
And take your bowes with fpeede :

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horfebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durft encounter man for man,
With him to break a fpeare.

Earl D O U G L A S on a milk-white steede
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of his company,
 Whose armour shone like gold :

Show me, sayd he, whose men ye bee,
 That hunt fae boldly heere,
 That, without my consent, do chafe
 And kill my fallow-deere?

The man that first did answer make
 Was noble P E R C Y hee ;
 Who sayd, We list not to declare,
 Nor shew whose men we bee :

Yet will we spend our deereft blood,
 Thy chiefeft harts to slay.
 Then D O U G L A S swore a solemne oathe,
 And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
 One of us two shall dye :
 I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
 Lord P E R C Y so am I.

But trust me, P E R C Y, pittye it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our harmlesse men,
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battel trye,
 And fet our men aside.
 Accurs'd bee hee, Lord P E R C Y sayd,
 By whom this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
 W I T H E R I N G T O N was his name,

Who said, I wold not have it told
To HENRY our king for shame,
That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You see two earls, sayd WITHERINGTON,
And I a squire alone :

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl DOUGLAS had the bent ;
Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,
Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O CHRIST ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earles did meet,
Like captaines of great might ;
Like Lyons wood, they layd on load,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steele;
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord PERCY, DOUGLAS sayd;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By JAMES our Scottish king.

Thy ranfom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.

No, DOUGLAS, quoth Earl PERCY then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yet was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Earl DOUGLAS to the heart,
A deep and deadlye blow:

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord PERCY fees me fall.

Then leaving life, Earl PERCY tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Earl DOUGLAS, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O CHRIST! my very heart doth bleed,
With forrow for thy fake;

For fure, a more renowned knight
Mifchance did never take.

A knight amongft the Scotts there was,
Which faw Earl DOUGLAS dye,
Who freight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord PERCY :

Sir HUGH MOUNTGOMERY was he call'd,
Who, with a fpeare moft bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant fteed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight ;

And paff the Englifh archers all,
Without all dread or feare ;
And thro' Earl PERCY'S body then
He thruft his hatefull fpeare ;

With fuch a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The fpeare went thro' the other fide
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both thefe nobles dye,
Whofe courage none could flaine :
An Englifh archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was flain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trufty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee :

Againft Sir HUGH MOUNTGOMERY,
So right the fhaft he fett,
The grey goofe-wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wett.

This fight did laft from breake of day,
 Till fetting of the fun;
 For when they rung the evening-bell,
 The battel scarce was done.

With brave Earl PERCY, there was flain
 Sir JOHN of OGERTON*,
 Sir ROBERT RATCLIFF, and Sir JOHN,
 Sir JAMES that bold baron:

And with Sir GEORGE and stout Sir JAMES,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir RALPH RABBY there was flaine,
 Whose prowesse did furmount.

For WITHERINGTON needs muft I wayle,
 As one in doleful dumpes†;
 For when his leggs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his flumpes.

And with Earl DOUGLAS, there was flain
 Sir HUGH MOUNTGOMERY;
 Sir CHARLES MURRAY, that from the feeld
 One foote would never flee.

Sir CHARLES MURRAY, of Ratcliff, too,
 His fifters fonne was hee;
 Sir DAVID LAMB, fo well esteem'd,
 Yet faved could not be.

And the Lord MAXWELL in like cafe
 Did with Earl DOUGLAS dye:

* The names here feem to be corrupted from the old Copy.

† i. e. "I, as one in deep concerne, muft lament." The construction here has generally been mifunderftood.

Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,
Scarce twenty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-chafe:
Under the green-woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did rayne,
That brave Earl D O U G L A S suddentlye
Was with an arrow flaine:

O heavy newes! King J A M E S did fay,
Scotland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King H E N R Y came,
Within as short a space,
That P E R C Y of N O R T H U M B E R L A N D
Was slain in Chevy-chafe:

Now G O D be with him, said our king,
Sith it will no better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yet shall not Scotts nor Scotland fay,
 But I will vengeance take,
 I'll be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl P E R C Y's fake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
 After, on Humbledowne;
 In one day, fifty knights were flayne,
 With lords of great renowne :

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many thousands dye:
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chafe,
 Made by the Earl P E R C Y.

G O D fave the king, and blefs this land
 In plentye, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

E D W A R D, E D W A R D.

Q U H Y dois zour brand fae drap wi' bluid,
 E D W A R D, E D W A R D?

Quhy dois zour brand fae drap wi' bluid?
 And quhy fae fad gang zee, O?

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,
 Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid;
 And I had nae mair bot_hee, O.

Your haukis bluid was nevir fae reid;
 E D W A R D, E D W A R D.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid;

My deir fon I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan fleid,

Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my reid-roan fleid,

That erst was fair and fric, O.

Zour fleid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,

EDWARD, EDWARD:

Zour fleid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,

Sum other dule ze drie, O.

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,

Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,

Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?

EDWARD, EDWARD.

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that?

My deir fon, now tell me, O.

Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,

Mither, mither:

Ile fet my feit in zonder boat,

And Ile fare over the fea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour touirs and zour ha',

EDWARD, EDWARD?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',

That were fae fair to see, O?

Ile let thame stand tull they doun fa',

Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',

For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
EDWARD, EDWARD?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the fea, O?

The warldis room, late thame beg thrae life,
Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let thame beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I fee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
EDWARD, EDWARD?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
My deir fon, now tell mee, O?

The curfe of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

The curfe of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Sic counfeils ze gave to me, O.

Lady BOTHWELL'S Lament.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me fair to hear thee weep:

If thou't be filent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full fad.

Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me fair to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'ft then sweetly smile;

But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids, nay G O D forbid;
 For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my boy, etc.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
 In time to me did not appear;
 But now I see that cruel he,
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, etc.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
 That ever kifs'd a woman's mouth;
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy courtesy:
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, etc.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst;
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, etc.

O gin I were a maid again,
 From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain,
 For now unto my grief I find
 They all are perjur'd and unkind:

Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
 Witnefs my babe lyes in my arms.

Balow, my boy, etc.

I tak my fate from bad to worfe,
 That I muft needs be now a nurfe,
 And lull my young fon on my lap:
 From me, fweet orphan, tak the pap:
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all blifs exil'd.

Balow, my boy, etc.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whofe greateft grief's for wrangling thee,
 Nor pity her deferved fmart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart;
 For, too foon trufting lateft finds,
 With faireft tongues are falfeft minds.

Balow, my boy, etc.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftlefs fon hath play'd;
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy curfe and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the fwine.

Balow, my boy, etc.

But curfe not him; perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is bleffing thee:
 Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
 Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,
 By fome proud foe has ftruck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low?

Balow, my boy, etc.

I wish I were into the bounds,
 Where he lyes fmother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair,
 No woman's yet so fiercely fet,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy, etc.

If linen lacks, for my love's fake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
 Ah me! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, etc.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
 Thy griefs are growing to a fum,
 G O D grant thee patience when they come;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me fair to hear thee weep.*

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bony bride,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to lieve
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and forrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birk on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint hir luvver luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of forrow,
And I hae flain the comeliest fwain
That e'er pu'd birk on the braes of Yarrow.

Why run thy streams, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of forrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?
What's yonder floats? O dule and forrow!
'Tis he the comely fwain I flew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and forrow,

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters fad,
 Ye Sisters fad, his tomb with forrow,
 And weep around in waeful wife,
 His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his usefess usefess shield,
 My arm that wrought the deid of forrow,
 The fatal speir that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
 And warn from fight; but to my forrow,
 O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
 Thou met'ft, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grafs,
 Yallow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair fair indeed thy lue,
 In flowry bands thou him did'ft fetter;
 Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,
 Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I bufk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I bufk a winfome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That flew my lue on thé braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, let never never rain,
No dew thy tender bloffoms cover,
For there was bafely flain my lue,
My lue, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veft, 'twas my awn feuing;
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend
He was in thefe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white fteed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I fang, my voice the words returning:
But lang e'er night the fpear was floun
That flew my lue, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purfue me?
My luer's blood is on thy fpear,
How can't thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy fifters may be may be proud;
With cruel, and ungentle fcoffin,
May bid me feek on Yarrow braes
My luer nailed in his coffin.

My brother D O U G L A S may upbraid,
And ftrive with threatning words to move me:

My luv'er's blood is on thy fpear,
 How can't thou ever bid me luv'e thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv'e,
 With bridal sheets my body cover;
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Tak aff tak aff these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best beluv'd,
 O could my wramth to life restore thee!
 Yet lye all night between my briefs,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter!
 And lye all night between my briefs,
 No youth shall evir lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy ufeless forrow,
 Thy luv'er heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lyes a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,

Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of filken foy,

Wi' garters hanging down ;
It was, I weene, a comlie fight,
To see fae trim a boy ;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh! sikk twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costlly filken clothes ;
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy ;
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear GILDEROY.

My GILDEROY and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luvè each other ;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and GILDEROY.

For GILDEROY that luvè of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding fark of holland fine,
Wi' filken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wadding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,

Nae lad nor lassie eir could fing,
 Like my love GILDEROY.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time,
 Among the leaves fae green;
 Aft on the banks we'd fit us thair,
 And sweetly kifs and toy,
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
 My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh! that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life;
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feates of strife:
 And he in many a venturous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try,
 And now this gars mine heart to bleed
 For my dear GILDEROY.

And whan of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee;
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 " My benifon gang wi' thee!
 God speid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy;
 My heart is rent sith we maun part,
 My handsome GILDEROY."

My GILDEROY baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in evry town,
 And bauldly bare away the gear
 Of many a lawland lown;
 Nane eir durst meit him man to man,
 He was fae brave a boy,

At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome GILDEROY.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
That my love let me want :
For cow and ew he brought to me,
And e'en when they were skant.
All these did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their cefs *
To my love GILDEROY.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or afs,
For sheep, or horse, or mare ;
Had not their laws been made fae strict
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi' forrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear GILDEROY.

Giff GILDEROY had done amiffie
He mought hae banisht been,
Ah ! what fair cruelty is this
To hang sik handsome men ;
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
Nae lady had fae white a hand
As thee, my GILDEROY.

Of GILDEROY fae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,

* This cefs which was paid by the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland to the robbers of that country, was a composition for sparing their cattle and effects, and is well known by the Name of the BLACK MAIL.

Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung :
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was fae trim a boy,
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handfome GILDEROY.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
 I washt his comely clay ;
 And ficker in a grave fae deep
 I laid the dear-lued boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep
 My winsome GILDEROY.

WILLIAM'S Ghost.

THERE came a ghost to MARG'RET'S door,
 With many a grievous groan,
 And ay he tirdled at the pin,
 But answer made she none.

Is that my father PHILIP?
 Or is't my brother JOHN?
 Or is't my true love WILLIE
 From Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father PHILIP,
 Nor yet thy brother JOHN;
 But 'tis thy true love WILLIE,
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet MARG'RET! O dear MARG'RET!
 I pray thee speak to me,

Give me my faith and troth, MARG'RET!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kifs my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kifs thy rofy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet MARG'RET! O dear MARG'RET!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, MARG'RET!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the fea;
And it is but my sp'rit, MARG'RET,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, WILLIE;
God fend your faul good rest!

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, WILLIE,
 Or any room at your feet,
 Or any room at your side, WILLIE,
 Wherein that I may creep?

There's no room at my head, MARG'RET,
 There's no room at my feet,
 There's no room at my side, MARG'RET,
 My coffin's made fo meet.

Then up and crew the red cock,
 And up then crew the gray,
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear MARG'RET,
 That you were going away.

No more the ghoft to MARG'RET said,
 But, with a grievous groan,
 Evanifhed in a cloud of mift,
 And left her all alone.

O flay, my only true love, flay,
 The constant MARG'RET cry'd;
 Wan grew her cheeks, fhe clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her foft limbs, and dy'd.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
 When all were faft afleep,
 In glided MARG'RET'S grimly ghoft,
 And flood at WILLIAM'S feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
 Clad in a wintery cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lily-hand
 That held her fable froud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That tips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view :

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night,
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, W I L L I A M, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?

Why faid you that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep?

How could you swear my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?

And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my fister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come fee, false man! how low she lyes,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glif'tning head:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARG'RET'S body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green grafs-turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET'S name,
And thrice he wept full fore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

Waly, waly.

O W A L Y waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie trie ;
But first it bow'd, and fyne it brake,
And fae my true love did lyghtlie me.

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

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

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
'Tis not fick cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely fight to see ;

My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
And I myfell in cramafie.

But had I wift before I kifst,
That love had been fae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a cafe of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a filler pin.

Oh, oh ! if my young babe were borne,
And fet upon the nurse's knee,
And I myfell were dead and gone,
For a maid again Ile never be !

WILLIE'S drown'd in Yarrow.

WILLIE'S rare, and WILLIE'S fair,
and WILLIE'S wondrous bonny,
And WILLIE hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow ;
For a' the live-lang winter-night
I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side ?
Pu'd you the rose or lilly ?
Or came you by yon meadow-green ?
Or faw ye my sweet WILLIE ?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
She fought him braid and narrow ;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

BOTHWELL.

AS BOTHWELL was walking in the lowlands alane,
Hey down, and a down.

He met fix ladies fae gallant and fine,

Hey down, and a down.*

He cast his lot amang them a',

And on the youngest his lot did fa'.

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,

Unto his strongest castle and tower.

But ay she cried and made great moan,

And ay the tear came trickling down.

Come up, come up, said the foremost man;

I think our bride comes slowly on.

O Lady, fits your saddle awry?

Or is your steed for you owre high?

My saddle is not set awry,

Nor carries me my steed owre high:

But I am weary of my life,

Since I maun be Lord BOTHWELL'S wife.

He's blawn his horn fae sharp and shrill,

Up start the deer on every hill.

He's blawn his horn fae lang and loud,

Up start the deer in gude green wood.

His Lady Mother lookit owre the castle wa',

And she saw them riding ane and a'.

She's call'd upon her maids by seven,

To mak his bed baith fast and even:

She's call'd upon her cooks by nine,

To make their dinner fair and fine.

When day was gane, and night was come,

What ails my love on me to frown?

* The chorus repeated at the end of each line.

Or does the wind blow in your glove?
Or runs your mind on another love?
Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Nor runs my mind on another love;
But I not maid nor maiden am,
For I'm wi' bairn to another man.
I thought I'd a maiden fae meek and fae mild,
But I've nought but a woman wi' child.
His mother's taen her up to a tower,
And lockit her in her secret bower:
Now, daughter mine, come tell to me,
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi'?
O mother dear, I canna learn
Wha is the faither of my bairn;
But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane,
I met a gentleman gallant and fine;
He keepit me there fae late and fae lang,
Frae the ev'ning late till the morning dawn,
And a' that he gied me to my propine,
Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring;
Three laughters of his yellow hair,
In case that we shou'd meet nae mair.
His Lady Mother went down the stair.
Now fon, now fon, come tell to me,
Where's the green gloves I gave to thee.
I gied to a lady, fae fair and fae fine,
The green gloves and a gay gold ring;
But I wad gie my castles and towers,
I had that lady within my bowers:
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to be my wife.
Now, keep, now keep your castles and towers,
You have that lady within your bowers;

Now keep, now keep your very life,
 You have that lady to be your wife.
 O row my lady in fattin and filk,
 And wash my fon in the morning milk.

Fair MARGARET and Sweet WILLIAM.

AS it fell out on a long summer's day
 Two lovers they fat on a hill;
 They fat together a long summer's day,
 And could not talk their fill.

I fee no harm by you, MARGARET,
 And you fee none by mee:
 Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
 A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair MARGARET fate in her bower-window,
 A combing of her hair;
 She spy'd Sweet WILLIAM and his bride,
 As they were a riding near.

Down she layd her ivory combe,
 And up she bound her hair;
 She went her way forth of the bower,
 But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 There came the spirit of Fair MARG'RET,
 And stood at WILLIAMS feet.

God give you joy, you lovers true,
 In bride-bed fast asleep;

Lo! I am going to my green-grafs grave,
And I'm in my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from fleep,
Sweet WILLIAM to his lady fay'd,
My dear, I have caufe to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreames are never good,
I dreamt my bower was full of red fwine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, fuch dreams, my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red fwine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three:
Saying, I'll away to Fair MARG'RETS bower,
By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair MARG'RETS bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were her feven brethren
To let Sweet WILLIAM in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
Pray let me fee thee dead;
Methinks ſhe does look pale and wan,
She has loſt her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, MARGARET,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
Though a ſmile I cannot win.

With that bespake the feven brethren,
Making most piteous mone :
You may go kifs your jolly brown bride,
And let our sifter alone.

If I do kifs my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right ;
For I made no vow to your sifter dear,
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal
Of your white bread and your wine ;
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair MARGARET dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet WILLIAM dyed the morrow :
Fair MARGARET dyed for pure true love,
Sweet WILLIAM dyed for forrow.

MARGARET was buryed in the lower chancel,
And WILLIAM in the higher :
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher ;
And there they grew in a true lovers knot,
Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had still been there.

Fine Flowers o' the Valley.

THERE was three ladies in a ha',
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 There cam three lords among them a',
 The red, green, and the yellow.

The first of them was clad in red,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 O lady fair, will ye be my bride?
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The fecond of them was clad in green,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 O lady fair, will ye be my queen?
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The third of them was clad in yellow,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 O lady fair will ye be my marrow?
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

You must ask my father dear,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 Likewise the mother that did me bear,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

You must ask my sifter ANN,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 And not forget my brother JOHN,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

I have ask't thy father dear,
 Fine flowers i' the valley;

Likewise the mother that did thee bear,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

I have ask't thy sifter ANN,
Fine flowers i' the valley;
But I forgot thy brother JOHN,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her father led her through the ha',
Fine flowers i' the valley;
Her mother danc'd before them a',
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her sifter ANN led her through the clofs,
Fine flowers i' the valley;
Her brother JOHN put her on her horse,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

You are high and I am low,
Fine flowers i' the valley;
Let me have a kifs before you go,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She was louting down to kifs him sweet,
Fine flowers i' the valley;
Wi' his penknife he wounded her deep,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O lead me over into yon stile,
Fine flowers i' the valley;
That I may stop and breathe a while,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O lead me over into yon stair,
Fine flowers i' the valley;

For there I'll ly and bleed ne mair,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O what will you leave your father dear?
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 That milk-white ffeed that brought me here,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O what will you leave your mother dear?
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 The filken gown that I did wear,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O what will you leave your sifter ANN?
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 My filken fnood and golden fan,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

What will you leave your brother JOHN?
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 The higheft gallows to hing him on:
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

What will you leave your brother JOHN's wife?
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 Grief and forrow to end her life,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

What will you leave your brother JOHN's bairns?
 Fine flowers i' the valley;
 The world wide for them to range,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She louted down to gie a kifs,
 With a hey and a lily gay;

He stuck his penknife in her ha's,
 And the rose it smells so sweetly.
 Ride up, ride up, cry'd the foremost man,
 With a hey and a lilly gay;
 I think our bride looks pale and wan,
 And the rose it smells so sweetly.

L I Z I E W A N .

L I Z I E W A N sits at her father's bower door,
 Weeping and making a mane,
 And by there came her father dear,
 What ails thee, L I Z I E W A N ?

I ail, and I ail, dear father, she said,
 And I'll tell you a reason for why,
 There is a child between my twa sides,
 Between my dear Billy and I.

Now L I Z I E W A N sits at her fathers bower door,
 Sighing and making a mane,
 And by there came her brother dear,
 What ails thee, L I Z I E W A N ?

I ail, I ail, dear brother, she said,
 And I'll tell you a reason why,
 There is a child between my twa sides,
 Between you, dear Billy, and I.

And hast thou told father and mother of that,
 And hast thou told fae o' me?
 And he has drawn his gude braid sword,
 That hang down by his knee.

And he has cutted off LIZIE WAN'S head,
 And hir fair body in three,
 And he's awa to his mother's bower,
 And fair aghaft was he.

What ails thee, what ails thee, GEORDY WAN,
 What ails thee fae fast to rin?
 For I fee by thy ill colour,
 Some fallow's deed thou haft done.

Some fallow's deed I have done mother,
 And I pray you pardon me,
 For I've cutted off my greyhound's head,
 He wadnae rin for me.

Thy grayhound's bluid was never fae red,
 O my son GEORDY WAN,
 For I fee by thy ill colour,
 Some fallow's deed thou haft done.

Some fallow's deed I hae done mother,
 And I pray you pardon me,
 For I hae cutted off LIZIE WAN'S head,
 And hir fair body in three.

O what will thou do when thy father comes hame,
 O my son GEORDY WAN?
 I'll fet my foot in a bottomlefs boat,
 And fwim to the fea ground.

And when will thou come hame again,
 O my son GEORDY WAN,
 The sun and the moon shall dance on the green,
 That night when I come hame.

MAY COLVIN.

FALSE Sir JOHN a wooing came,
To a maid of beauty fair;
MAY COLVIN was this lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He woo'd her butt, he woo'd her ben,
He woo'd her in the ha',
Until he got this lady's consent,
To mount and ride awa'.

He went down to her father's bower,
Where all the steeds did stand,
And he's taken one of the best steeds
That was in her father's hand.

He's got on, and she's got on,
And fast as they could flee,
Until they came to a lonesome part,
A rock by the side of the sea.

Loup off the steid, says false Sir JOHN,
Your bridal bed you see,
For I have drowned seven young ladies,
The eight ane you shall be.

Cast off, cast off, my MAY COLVIN,
All, and your filken gown,
For its o'er good, and o'er costly,
To rot in the salt sea foam.

Cast off, cast off, my MAY COLVIN,
All, and your embroidered shune,

For they are o'er good and o'er costly,
To rot in the falt fea foam.

O turn you about, O false Sir J O H N,
And look to the leaf of the tree,
For it never became a gentleman,
A naked woman to fee.

He turn'd himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf of the tree,
So swift as M A Y C O L V I N was
To throw him in the fea.

O help, O help, my M A Y C O L V I N,
O help or else I'll drown:
I'll take you hame to your father's bower,
And fet you down safe and found.

No help, no help, you false Sir J O H N,
No help, nor pity thee;
Though seven king's daughters you have drown'd,
But the eight shall not be me.

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee,
And she cam hame to her father's bower,
Before it was break of day.

Up then spak the pretty parrot,
M A Y C O L V I N where have you been?
What has become of false Sir J O H N,
That woo'd you so late the streen?

He woo'd you butt, he woo'd you ben,
He woo'd you in the ha',

Until he got your own confent
 For to mount and gang awa'.
 O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
 Lay not the blame upon me.
 Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,
 Your cage of the root of the tree.
 Up then spake the king himself,
 In the bed-chamber where he lay,
 What ails the pretty parrot
 That prattles so long ere day?
 There came a cat to my cage door,
 It almost worried me,
 And I was calling on MAY COLVIN
 To take the cat from me.

The wee wee Man.

AS I was walking all alone,
 Between a water and a wa',
 And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
 And he was the least that ere I saw.
 His legs were scarce a fathmont's length,
 And thick and thimber was his thighs,
 Between his brows there was a span,
 And between his shoulders there was three.
 He took up a meikle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see,
 Though I had been a WALLACE wight,
 I couldna listen't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
 O tell me where thy dwelling be?
 My dwelling's down at yon' bonny bower,
 O will you go with me and see?

On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny green ;
 We 'lighted down for to bait our horse,
 And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green,
 Though the King of Scotland had been there,
 The warft o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny ha',
 Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the flair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and fma',
 But in the twinkling of an eye,
 My wee wee man was clean awa'.

Sir H U G H .

A' T H E boys of merry Linkim,
 War playing at the ba',
 An up it stands him sweet Sir H U G H ,
 The flower among them a'.

He keppit the ba' than wi' his foot,
 And catcht it wi' his knee,

And even in at the Jews window,
He gart the bonny ba' flee.

Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba' to me.

Ah never a bit of it, she fays,
Till ye come up to me.

Come up, sweet H U G H, come up, dear H U G H,
Come up and get the ba'.

I winna come, I mayna come,
Without my bonny boys a'.

Come up, sweet H U G H, come up, dear H U G H,
Come up, and speak to me;

I mayna come, I winna come,
Without my bonny boys three.

She's taen her to the Jew's garden,
Whar the grafs grew lang and green,
She's pu'd an apple red and white,
To wyle the bonny boy in.

She's wyled him in through ae chamber,
She's wyl'd him in through twa,
She's wyl'd him till hir ain chamber,
The flower out ovr them a'.

She's laid him on a drefsin board,
Whar she did often dine,
She stak a penknife to his heart,
And drefs'd him like a fwine.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep,

She threw him i' the Jew's draw-well,
It was fifty fathom deep.

Whan belles were rung, and mafs was fung,
And a' man bound to bed,
Every lady got hame her son,
But sweet Sir H U G H was dead.

Bonnie M A Y .

IT was on an ev'ning fae fast and fae clear,
A bonny lafs was milking the kye,
And by came a troupe of gentlemen,
And rode the bonny lassie by.

Then one of them said unto her,
Bonny lafs, pr'ythee shew me the way.
O if I do fae it may breed me wae,
For langer I dare nae stay.

But dark and misty was the night
Before the bonny lafs came hame;
Now where hae you been, my ae doughter?
I am fure you was nae your lane.

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,
A gentleman of high degree,
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,
And bonny bonny blinkit his ee.

Or e'er fix months were past and gane,
Six months but and other three,
The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

O wae be to my father's shepherd,
 An ill death may he die ;
 He bigged the bughts fae far frae hame,
 And trysted a gentleman to me.

It fell upon another fair evening,
 The bonny lassie was milking her ky,
 And by came the troop of gentlemen,
 And rode the bonnie lassie by.

Then one of them flopt, and said to her,
 Wha's aught that baby ye are wi' ?
 The lassie began for to blush, and think
 To a father as good as ye.

O had your tongue, my bonny M A Y ,
 Sae loud I hear you lie ;
 O dinnae you mind the misty night
 I was in the bught with thee ?

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,
 And he has taen her hame :
 Now let your father bring hame the ky,
 You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

I am a lord of castles and towers,
 With fifty ploughs of land and three,
 And I have gotten the bonniest lads
 That is in this countrie.

M A C P H E R S O N ' S Rant.

I ' V E spent my time in rioting,
 Debauch'd my health and strength ;

I've pillag'd, plunder'd, murdered,
But now, alas ! at length,
I'm brought to punishment direct,
Pale death draws near to me ;
This end I never did project,
To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree ! a tree !
That curs'd unhappy death !
Like to a wolf to worried be,
And choaked in the breath.
My very heart would surely break,
When this I think upon.
Did not my courage singular,
Bid penfive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,
More courage had than I ;
I dar'd my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly ;
This grandeur stout, I did keep out,
Like H E C T O R , manfullie :
Then wonder one like me, so stout,
Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far,
Than ever did a general
His foldiers in the war.
Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
I liv'd most joyfullie :
O ! curfe upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree.

As for my life, I do not care,
If justice would take place,
And bring my fellow plunderers
Unto this fame disgrace.

For PETER BROWN, that notour loon,
Efcap'd, and was made free ;
O! curfe upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree.

Both law and justice buried are,
And fraud and guile fucceed,
The guilty pafs unpunished,
If money interceed.
The Laird of Grant, that Highland faint,
His mighty majestie,
He pleads the cause of PETER BROWN,
And lets MACPHERSON die.

The def'tny of my life contriv'd
By thofe whom I oblig'd,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.
For BRACO DUFF, in rage enough,
He firft laid hands on me ;
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged wou'd I be.

As for my life, it is but fhort,
When I fhall be no more ;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.
Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you fhall be.

Gillicrankie.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
 Came down upo' the raw, man,
 Who being stout, gave mony a clout;
 The lads began to claw then.

With sword and terge into their hand,
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy figh,
 The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er flank,
 She flang amang them a', man;
 The Butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then.

They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
 Which to their grief they saw, man;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man,
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man,
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sick a paw then.

The folemn League and Covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then.

In W I L L I E'S name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a' man,
 But hur nane fell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cryd, Furich-Whiggs awa', man.

Sir E V A N D U, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared fuch,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true M A C L E A N, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a' man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,
 Why should she lose King S H A M E S, man?
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then ;
 With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-fell's won the day, man.
 King S H A M E S' red-coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa', then ;
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd fav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And W I L L I E'd ran awa' then.

Sheriff-Muir.

THERE'S some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a' man;
 But one thing I'm fure,
 That at Sheriff-muir,
 A battle there was, which I fa', man;
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 and we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

Brave ARGYLE and BELHAVEN,
 Not like frighted L-----N,
 Which ROTHES and HADDINGTON fa', man;
 For they all with WIGHTMAN
 Advanc'd on the right, man,
 While others took flight, being ra', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord ROXBURGH was there,
 In order to fhare
 With DOUGLAS, who flood not in awe, man,
 Volunteerly to ramble
 With Lord LOUDOUN CAMPBELL,
 Brave ILAY did suffer for a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Sir JOHN SCHAW, the great knight,
 With broad-sword most bright,
 On horseback he strangely did charge, man,
 An hero that's bold,
 None could him with-hold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

For the cowardly W-----M,
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-fwords with a pa', man,
 And that in fuch thrang
 Made BAIRD edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave MAR and PANMURE
 Were firm I am fure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave HARRY retook
 His brother, and laught at them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Grave MARSHAL and LITHGOW,
 And GLENGARY'S pith too,
 Affited by brave LOGGIA-MAN,
 And GORDONS the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 The red-coats took flight and awa', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

STRATHMORE and CLANRONALD
 Cry'd still, advance DONALD,
 Till both thefe heroes did fa', man ;
 For there was fuch hafhing,
 And broad fwords a clafhing,
 Brave FORFAR himfelf got a cla', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord PERTH flood the florm,
 SEAFORTH but lukewarm,
 KILSYTH and STRATHALLAN not fla', man ;

And HAMILTON pled,
 The men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave generous SOUTHESK,
 TILEBAIRN was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not dra', man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord ROLLO not fear'd,
 KINTORE and his beard,
 PITSLIGO and OGILVIE a', man,
 And Brothers BALFOURS,
 They flood the first show'rs,
 CLACKMANNAN and BURLEIGH did cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

But CLEPPAN acted pretty,
 And STROWAN the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to dra', man,
Though we ran, and they ran, etc.

For HUNTLY and SINCLAIR
 They both play'd the tinclair,
 With consciences black like a cra's man.
 Some Angus and Fifemen
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a LOT's wife there at a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then L-----E the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king, and his country, and a', man,
 Pretending M A R might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then L-----E for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took D R U M M O N D's best horse and awa', man,
 Instead of going to Perth
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

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

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stands in need of a draw, man,
 And then in a tether
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 Go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

R O B R O Y flood watch
 On a hill for to catch
 The booty for ought that I fa', man,

For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 'Till no more to do there at a' man.

For we ran, and they ran, etc.

So we all took the flight,
 And M-----y the Wright;
 But D-----m the Smith was a bra-man,
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man.

And we ran, and they ran, etc.

And Trumpet M-----E,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
 By saving his neck
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man.

And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chafe was at a', man;
 From other they ran,
 Without tuck of drum;
 They did not make use of a pa', man.

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

Tranent Muir.

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

The brave LOCHIEL, as I heard tell,
Led CAMERONS on in clouds, man:
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
Down guns they threw, and fwords they drew,
And foon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

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

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were croufe, man:
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn't,
They were not worth a louse, man;

Maißt feck gade hame; O fy for shame!

They'd better flaid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

M-----H the great, when herfell shiit,

Un'wares did ding him o'er, man,
Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did fcour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he flood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
'That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And S-----N keen to clear the een

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

Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang

But twa, and anc was tane, man;
For CAMPBELL rade, but MYRIE flaid,
And fair he paid the kain, man;
Fell skelps he got was war than shot
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae mony a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But GARD'NER brave did still behave

Like to a hero bright, man;

His courage true, like him were few
That still despis'd flight, man ;
For King and laws, and country's cause,
In Honour's bed he lay, man ;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

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

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

And CADDELL dress'd, among the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man ;
On gelding grey he rode that way,
With pistols fet before, man ;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man ;
But the night before he left the cor,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant R O G E R, like a foger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man:
 I'm wae to tell, at laft he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man.
 At point of death, wi' his laft breath,
 (Some flanding round in ring, man),
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cry'd, God fave the King, man.

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

At the thorn tree, which you may fee,
 Beweft the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony flain lay on the plain;
 The clans purfuing fill, man.
 Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never faw the like, man,
 Loft hands and heads coft them their deads,
 That fell near Prefton-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to fee the fray, man;
 But had I wift what after paf, I'd
 better flaid away, man:
 On Seaton fands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wifh ne'er to drie fick fear,
 For a' the fum and mair, man.

The Archer's March.

SOUND, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it ;

Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery ;

Its origin divine is,
 The practice brave and fine is,
 Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
 By which heroes enjoyed,
 By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreath of victory.

The deity of Parnassus,
 The god of soft careffes,
 Chaste CYNTHIA and her lasses
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended,
 'Tis J O V E himself that bends it,
 'Tis J O V E himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high it glows.

All nations, Turks and Parthians,
 The Tartars and the Scythians,
 The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
 With brav'ry draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us
 In martial archery ;

With shafts our fires engaging,
 Oppos'd the Romans raging,
 Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
 And spar'd few Danes to flee.

Witness Largs and Loncartie,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Roslin and Bannockburn.

The Cheviots-----all the border
 Were bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if further
 'They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery :
 Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Now no more care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony :
 The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and ev'ry tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree,

Appear in ancient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring in slavery
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the music, found it,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Health and prosperity
 To our great CHIEF and Officers,
 T' our President and Counsellors;
 To all who, like their brave forbears,
 Delight in archery.

General LESLY'S March.

MARCH, march, march,
 Why the d----- don't ye march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order,
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border,
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain,
 The parliament's blyth to see us a' coming;
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae Popish relicks, and a' such innovations,
 That a' the world may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we,
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

J E N N Y shall wear the hood,
 J O C K Y the fark of G O D ;
 And the kift fou of whistles,
 That make sick a cleiro,
 Our pipers bra, shall hae them a', whate'er comes on it;
 Busk up your plaids, my lads, cock up your bonnets.
March, march, etc.

Highland March.

By Sir Harry Erskine.

I N the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

C H O R U S .

*Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
 That like our ancestors of old, we stand by Freedom's
 cause;
 We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our
 laws.*

No effeminate customs our finews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race,
 Our loud-founding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, etc.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
 M I N E R V A would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, etc.

As a storm in the ocean when B O R E A S blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, etc.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they fled for a truce.

Such our love, etc.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove
 kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
 That they like our ancestors bold, etc.*

Little wat ye, etc.

L I T T L E wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 J O C K and T A M and a's coming.

DUNCAN'S coming, DONALD'S coming,
COLIN'S coming, RONALD'S coming,
DOUGAL'S coming, LAUCHLAN'S coming,
ALASTER and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,

JOCK and TAM and a's coming.

BORLAND and his men's coming,
The CAMERONS and M'LEANS coming,
The GORDONS and M'GREGORS coming,
A' the DUNYWASTLES' coming.

Little wat ye, etc.

M'GILVREY of Drumglafs is coming.

WIGTON'S coming, NITHSDALE'S coming,
CARNWATH'S coming, KENMURE'S coming,
DERWENTWATER and FOSTER'S coming,
WITHRINGTON and NAIRN'S coming.

Little wat ye, etc.

Blyth COWHILL and a's coming.

The Laird of M'INTOSH is coming,
M'CRABIE and M'DONALD'S coming,
The M'KENZIES and M'PHERSONS' coming,
A' the wild M'CRAWS' coming.

Little wat ye, etc.

DONALD GUN and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look fae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye, etc.

F R A G M E N T S

O F

HEROIC BALLADS.

HARDYKNUTE: Or, The Battle of LARGS*.

STATELY stapt he east the wa,
And stately stapt he west:
Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
With skerfs sevin zeirs of rest.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae;
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith,
He was their deadly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towirs a hicht,

* The battle of Largs was fought on the 1st of August 1263, between Alexander the III. king of Scotland and Haquin the V. king of Norway, in their contention for the Northern and Western Isles. Haquin had already reduced Bute and Arran; and making a descent with 20,000 men on the continent, was encountered and defeated by the Scots army at Largs in Airshire; upon which he retreated to his ships, and his fleet being dissipated, and in part destroyed by a tempest, he returned to the Orkneys, from whence he had made the descent, and there, after a few days illness, expired.

And guidly chambres fair to fee,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
 His dame fae peirlefs anes and fair,
 For chafte and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif E M E R G A R D the queen.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout;
 In bludy ficht with fword in hand
 Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To ſtand by liege and land:
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great luvè they bare to F A I R L Y fair,
 Their ſiſter faſt and deir;
 Her girdle ſhawd her middle gimp,
 And gowden gliſt her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred,
 Waefou to zung and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As ſtory ever tauld!

The King of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 With mony a hardy knicht.
 The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he fat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

“ To horfe, to horfe, my royal Liege,
 Zours faes ftand on the ftand,
 Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears
 The King of Norfe commands.”
 “ Bring me my fteed Mage dapple gray,”
 Our gude King raife and cryd,
 “ A trufter beaft in all the land
 A Scots king nevir feyd.

Go, little page, tell H A R D Y K N U T E ,
 That lives on hill fae hie,
 To draw his fword, the dreid of faes,
 And haft and follow me.”
 The little page flew fwift as dart
 Flung by his mafters arm :
 “ Cum down, cum down, Lord H A R D Y K N U T E ,
 And rid zour King frae harm.”

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
 In dangers great, to do :
 He hes tane a horn as grene as glafs,
 And gien five founds fae fhrill,
 That treis in grene wod fchuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His fons in manly fport and glie
 Had paft that fommers morn,
 Quhen low down in a graffy dale
 They heard their fatheris horn :
 That horn, quod they, neir founds in peace,
 We haif other fport to byde.

And fune they hey'd them up the hill,
And fune were at his fide.

“ Late late zeftrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age nicht weil excufe my arm
Frae manly feats of ftryfe ;
But now that N O R S E dois proudly boaft
Fair Scotland to intrhall,
Its neir be faid of H A R D Y K N U T E,
He feard to ficht or fall.

“ R O B I N of Rothfay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows fchute fae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale.
Brade T H O M A S, tak ze but zour lance,
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainft W E S T M O R L A N D ' S ferfs heir.

“ M A L C O M, licht of fute as flag
That runs in foreft wyld,
Get me my thoufands thrie of men,
Well bred to fword and fchild ;
Bring me my horfe and harnifine,
My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They fune had fled for feir.

“ Fareweil my dame fae peirlefs gude,
(And tuke hir by the hand),
Fairer to me in age zou feim,
Than maids for bewtie famd :

My zoungeft fon fall here remain
 To guard thefe ftately towirs,
 And fchut the filver bolt that keips
 Sae faft zour painted bowirs.”

And firft fcho wet hir comely cheiks,
 And then her bodice grene,
 Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,
 Weil plait with filver fchene ;
 And apron fet with mony a dice
 Of neidle-wark fae rair,
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may guefs,
 Saif that of F A I R L Y fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and mofs,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
 Making a heavy mane ;
 “ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
 By treacheries falfe gyles ;
 Witlefs I was that eir gaif faith
 To wicked womans fmyles.”

“ Sir Knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
 To lean on filken feat,
 My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
 Quha neir kend deidly hate :
 Hirfelf wald watch ze all the day,
 Hir maids at deid of nicht ;
 And F A I R L Y fair zour heart wald cheir,
 As fcho ftands in zour ficht.

“ Aryfe, young knicht, and mount zour fteid,
 Full lowns the fhynand day :

Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way."

With smylefs luke, and visage wan,
The wounded knicht replyd,
" Kynd chiftain, zour intent purfue,
For heir I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But fune beneath fum draping tree
Cauld death fall end my care."
With him nae pleiding nicht prevail ;
Brave H A R D Y K N U T E in to gain,
With fairest words, and reason strong,
Straif courteoufly in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
Lord C H A T T A N S land fae wyde ;
That Lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage feyd :
Of Piçtish race by mothers fyde,
Quhen Piçts ruld Caledon,
Lord C H A T T A N claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he faist Piçtish crown.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,
He reicht a ryfing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
N O R S E menzie lay in ficht.
" Zonder, my valiant fons and ferfs,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottifh fwaird,
To try with us their fate.

Mak orifons to Him that faift
Our fauls upon the roode ;
Syne braiffly fchaw zour veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude.”
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhile thoufands all around,
Drawn frae their fheaths glanft in the fun,
And loud the bougills found.
To join his King, adown the hill,
In haft his merch he made,
Quhile, playand pibrochs, minftrails meit
Afore him flately frade.
“ Thyryfe welcum, valziant floup of weir,
Thy nations fcheild and pryde ;
Thy King nae reafon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his fyde.”
Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could he flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
With little fkaith to man,
But bludy bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.
The King of Scots that findle bruid
The war that luikt like play,
Drew his braid fword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows feimt but delay.
Quoth noble ROTHSA Y, “ Myne I’ll keip,
I wate its bleid a fkore.”

“ Haff up, my merry men,” cryd the King,
As he rade on before.

The King of Norfe he focht to find,
With him to menfe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A fharp unfonfie fhaff;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midft between his ene.

“ Revenge, revenge!” cryd R O T H S A V S heir,
“ Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
The ftrength and fharpnefs of my dart:”
Then fent it through his fyde.
Another arrow weil he markt,
It perfit his neck in twa,
His hands then quhat the filver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my Liege, fair fair he bleids!”
Again with micht he drew,
And gefture dreid, his fturdy bow,
Faft the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now, Queen E L D R E I D,
Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

“ Tak aff, tak aff his coftly jupe,
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, through quhillk
His fleily harnes fhynd),
Tak, N O R S E, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;

Sae, if he face my bended bow,
He fure nae weapon feirs."

Proud N O R S E with giant body tall,
Braid shouolders and arms strong,
Cry'd, " Quhair is H A R D Y K N U T E fae fam'd,
And feird at Britains throne?
Tho Britons tremble at his name,
I fune fall make him wail,
That eir my sword was made fae sharp,
Sae fast his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou micht ;
" I'm H A R D Y K N U T E this day, he cry'd,
To Scotlands king I hecht
To lay thee law, as horses hufe,
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
He garrd his body bleid.

N O R S E ene like gray gofehawke flaird wyld,
He ficht with shame and spyte ;
" Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm,
That left thee power to stryke :"
Then gaif his head a blow fae fell,
It made him down to stoup,
As law as he to ladies usit
In courtly guife to lout.

Full foon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld fair,
Sen blows till then on him but darr'd
As touch of F A I R L Y fair :

N O R S E ferlit too as fair as he,
 To fe his stately luke;
 Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, like a fyre to hether fet,
 Bauld T H O M A S did advance,
 A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
 Up towards him did prance;
 He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks,
 'The hardy zouth to quell,
 Quha stude unmovit at his approach,
 His furie to repell.

“ That schort brown shaft fae meanly trim'd,
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands gier;
 But driedfull feims the rusty point!”
 And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britons blude has dim'd its fchyne;
 This poynt cut schort their vaunt:”
 Syne piercd the boisters bairded chiek,
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his faddill fwang,
 His furrup was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
 Sure taken he was fey:
 Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
 Richt far was heard the thud;
 But T H O M A S lukit not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mind unmovit,
 On raid he north the plain;

His feim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 Quhen winter ay the fame ;
 Nor zit his heart dames dimplet chiek
 Could meife fast luvè to bruik,
 Till vengeful A N N returnd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

*Now darts flew wavering through flaw speid,
 Scarce could they reach their aim ;
 Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
 'Twas all but shot in vain :
 Right strengthly arms forfeebled grew,
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils ;
 E'n fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
 And curs'd Wars cruel broils.*

*Yet still Wars horns sounded to charge,
 Swords clash'd and harness rang ;
 But softly fae ilk blaster blew
 The hills and dales fraemang,
 Nae echo heard in double dints,
 Nor the lang winding-horn,
 Nae moir she blew out brade as she
 Did eir that summers morn.*

In thrawis of death with wallowit cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,
 Neir to aryse again ;
 Neir to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blythsom founds
 To boist the glories of the day,
 And schaw thair shyning wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke owre the schiples feis
 Befoir hir mate appeirs.

Ceife, E M M A , ceife to hope in vain ;
 Thy Lord lyis in the clay ;
 The valziant Scots nae revers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

There on a lee, quhair stands a crofs
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full ferfs that summers day
 Filld kene Waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhile Scots, praise H A R D Y K N U T E ,
 Let N O R S E , the name ay dried :
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir H A R D Y K N U T E
 Wan neir his stately towir.
 His towir that ufd with torches bleise
 To shyne fae far at nicht,
 Seemd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he sichd.

“ Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
 Thairs nae licht in my hall ;
 Nae blink schynes round my F A I R L Y fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.

Quhat bodes it? R O B E R T --- T H O M A S , say ? ” ---
 Nae answer fits their dried.

“ Stand back, my fons, I’ll be zour gyde : ”
 But by they past with speid.

“ As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes,”----
 Thair ceift his brag of weir,
 Sair schamit to mynd ought but his dame,
 And maiden F A I R L Y fair.
 Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
 He wist not zit with dried :
 Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,
 And all the warriour fled.

* * * * *

D U N C A N .

S A W ye the thane o' meikle pride,
 Red anger in his ee?
 I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd,
 Red anger frights na me.
 For I have stude whar honour bad,
 Though death trod on his heel;
 Mean is the crest that stoops to fear,
 Nae sic may D U N C A N feel.
 Hark! hark! or was it but the wind,
 That through the ha' did fing;
 Hark! hark! agen, a warlike found,
 The black woods round do ring.
 'Tis na for naught, bauld D U N C A N cry'd,
 Sic shoutings on the wind.
 Syne up he started frae his feat,
 A thrang of spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
 Anes mair to follow me ;
 We'll meet yon shouters by the burn,
 I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speids fae fast,
 Frae the flaw marching thrang ?
 Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
 The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap,
 Then not at peace I trow.
 My master, D U N C A N bade me rin,
 And say these words to you :

Restore again that blooming rose,
 Your rude hand pluckt awa' ;
 Restore again his M A R Y fair,
 Or you shall rue his fa'.

Three strides the gallant D U N C A N tuik,
 He struck his forward spear :
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a waffail rout,
 Of revel, sport, and play ;
 Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
 Our hearts together grew,
 Like twa sweet roses on ae stalk,
 Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped;
Bald D U N C A N faid in jeer,
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a waffail rout,
Of revels, sport, and play;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew;
Like twa fweet rofes on ae flak,
Frae hate to love they flew.

He stamp't his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did fay,
God strike my faul, if frae this field,
We baith in life shall gae!

He wav'd his hand: the pipers play'd,
The targets clattered round;
And now between the meeting faes
Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins fae fast?
Her feet nae flap they find;
Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud,
Upo' the fimmers wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd afore,
She show'd of lilly hue;
Sae frae the grey mist breaks the fun,
To drink the morning dew.

Alack! my friends, what fight is this?

O, flap your rage! she cry'd,

Whar love with honey'd lips should be,

Mak not a breach fo wide.

Can then my uncle draw his fword,

My husband's breast to bleed?

Or can my fweet Lord do to him

Sic foul and ruthlefs deed?

Bethink you, uncle, of the time,

My gray-hair'd father died,

Frae whar your shrill horn shuck the wood,

He fent for you with speed.

My brother, guard my bairn, he said,

She'll hae nae father foon,

Regard her, DONALD, as your ain,

I'll ask nae uther boon.

Would then my uncle force my love,

Whar love it coudna be?

Or wed me to the man I hate?

Was this his care of me?

Can these brave men, who but of late,

Together chas'd the deer,

Against their comrades bend their bows,

In bluidy hunting here?

She spake, while trickling ran the tear

Her blushing cheek along;

And filence, like a heavy cloud,

O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne flap the red-hair'd MALCOLM furth,

Three-score his years and three;

Yet a' the strength of strongest youth,
In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breast,
For war alane he loo'd ;
His grey een sparkled at the fight
Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What ! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
Bend to a woman's fang ?
Or can her words our honour quit,
For sic dishonest wrang ?

For this did a' these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale ?
And o'er our death-accustomed arms,
Shall filly tears prevail ?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
They clash'd their steely swords ;
Like the loud waves of Barra's shore,
There was nae room for words.

* * * * *

A cry the weeping M A R Y gied,
O uncle hear my prayer ;
Heidna that man of bluidy look.----
She had na time for mair.

For in the midst anon there came,
A blind unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae aff her D U N C A N 's targe,
And strack her to the heart.

Awhile she stagger'd, fyne she fell,
And D U N C A N fee'd her fa' ;

Aftound he stood, for in his limbs
 There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
 Stood fix'd within his hand ;
 His lips half open, cou'dna speak,
 His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
 With arms in triumph dight,
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

K E N N E T H .

I W E I R D, I weird, hard-hearted lord,
 Thy fa' shall soon be seen ;
 Proud was the lilly of the morn,
 The cald frost nipt or een :

Thou leughst in scorn when puir men weep'd,
 And strack the lowly down ;
 Sae fall nae widow weep for thine,
 When a' their joys are flown.

This night ye drink the sparkly wine ;
 I redd you drink your fill ;
 The morrow's sun shall drink your bluid,
 Afore he reach the hill.

I see the snaw-maned horses ride,
 Their glitt'ring swords they draw ;
 Their swords that shall nae glitter lang,
 Till K E N N E T H's pride shall fa.'

The black Dog you'd; he saw the fight

Nae man but I could see:

* High on fair MARG'RET'S breast her sheet,

And deadly fix'd her ee:

Sae spake the feer; wild in his een

His frighted spirit gaz'd:

Pale were his cheeks, and stiff his hair

Like boary bristles rais'd.

Loud, loud in KENNETH'S lighted ha',

The fang of joy was heard;

And mony a cup they fill'd again,

Afore the light appear'd.

“ War my son WILLIAM now but here,

He wad na fail the pledge”-----

Wi' that in at the door there ran

A ghously-looking page.

“ I saw them, Master, O! I saw,

Beneath the thorney brae,

Of black-mail'd warriors mony a rank;

Revenge! he cried, and gae.”

The youth that bare Lord KENNETH'S cup,

The fast smile on his cheek,

Frae his white hand let fa' the drink,

Nor did the baldest speak.

* To persons unacquainted with the superstition of the highlands, this may not be easily intelligible. There the feer is suppos'd to behold the figure of the person about to die, clothed in their winding-sheet; and the higher it is on their bodies, the nearer their approaching dissolution.

Sae have I feen the gray-wing'd shaft
 That strak the noblest deer;
 Astounded gaz'd the trembling herd,
 Nor could they flee for fear.

“ Ride, ride, and bid Lord WILLIAM come;
 His fathers fair befet.”-----

“ It was Lord WILLIAMS horse that neigh'd;
 I heard them bar the yate.”

“ Welcome, my valiant fon,” he said;
 Or should I welcome say,
 In sic an ill hour, when you come
 To meet thy father's fae?”

“ Curs'd be that thought,” said WILLIAM said;
 “ My father's faes are mine;
 Lang has my breast frae KENNETH learn'd
 Sic baby fear to tine.”

“ O WILLIAM! had we kent yestreen.”-----
 “ Father, we ken it now;
 Let women tell what women wish.”-----
 Syne three shrill blasts he blew.

Fair MARG'RET lay on downy bed;
 Yet was na found her rest;
 She waken'd wi' Lord WILLIAM'S horn,
 And down she came in haste.

“ What mean you, KENNETH, by that blast?
 I wish my dreams bode guid;
 Upon a bed of lillies fair
 I thought there rain'd red bluid.

My fon! my fon! may peace be there
 Whar noble WILLIAM stands."-----

" We are the lillies," anwer'd he,
 May their bluid weit our hands."

" What means my WILLIAM by sic words?
 Whafe bluid would WILLIAM spill?
 I thought that horn had blawn in peace,
 That wak'd the night fae still."

She luik'd; but nane durst anwer make,
 Till gallant WILLIAM said,
 " Aft has my mother bade us joy,
 When we to battail gade.

Again thy hands may work the plaid
 For him that fought the best;
 Again may I hing up my targe
 Upon the pin to rest.

But WILLIAM never liv'd to flee;
 Nor did his mother hear
 A warrior cry on WILLIAMS name,
 That was na found for fear.

And if we fa', my gallant friends,
 We shall na fa' alane;
 Some honest hand shall write our deeds
 Upon the tallest stane."-----

" Haste, KENNETH, haste; for in the field
 The fire-ey'd WALTER rides;
 His men, that come fae thrang wi' haste,
 For slaw delay he chides."

" By Mary, we will meet him there,"
 The angry WILLIAM cry'd;

Thy fon will try this Lion-fae,
And you with MARGARET bide."

" No, on my faith, the fword of youth
Thy father yet can wield ;
If that I shrink frae feircest faes,
May babies mock my eild."

Then forth they rush'd, afore the yate
The warriors fallied out :
Lord WILLIAM smil'd upon their ranks ;
They answer'd wi' a shout.

" Gae rin, and fay to WALTER thus :
What seek thae warriors here?
Or why the din of fiery war
Afound the peaceful ear?"

Swift ran the page. " Thus KENNETH fays,
What seek thae warriors here?
Or why the din of fiery war
Afound the peaceful ear?"

" Gae tell thy master, frae this arm
Mine answer will I gi'e ;
Remind him of his tyrant deeds,
And bid him answer me.

Wha was't that flew my father dear?
That bar'd my castle wa' ?
Wha was't that bade wild ruin bruid
Whar pipes did glad the ha' ?"

Nor half way had the message sped,
When their tough bows they drew ;
But far attour the warriors heads
The shafts for anger flew.

“ Sae ever shute Lord KENNETH’S faes,”
 The Valiant WILLIAM faid ;
 Wi’ this I war nae wi’ the wind.”
 And drew his glittering blade.

Below the arrows’ arch they rufh’d
 Wi’ mony a shout, fae fast :
 Beneath the rainbow the big clouds
 Sae drives the roaring blast.

Bald WALTER sprang frae aff his steid,
 And drave him o’er the lee ;
 “ Curs’d be the name of that bafe cow’rd
 That could but think to flee.”

Firmly he fet his manly foot,
 And firm his targe he bare ;
 Never may WALTER greet his friends,
 If KENNETH’S see him mair.

* * * * *

Multa defunt.

Fair MARGARET wi’ her maidens sat
 Within the painted wa’ ;
 She started at ilk breath of wind
 That whistled through the ha’.

“ Wha was’t that gi’d yon cry below?-----
 Say, page, does ill betide?”

KENNETH and WILLIAM baith are slain ;
 Mak haste, mak haste and ride.”

Her maidens screech’d : but any speech,
 Nor wail of wae, had she ;
 She bow’d her head, and fair she sigh’d,
 And cald Death clos’d her ee.

Frennet Hall. Part 1st.

WHEN Frennett castle's ivied wall
Thro' yallow leaves were seen;
When birds forfook the saplefs boughs,
And bees the faded green;
Then Lady F R E N N E T, vengeful dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wild forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.
Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whafe branches to the angry blast
Were foughing mournfullie.
He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good lord J O H N and R O T H E M A Y
Were rideing down the brae.
Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
When prey beneath is seen:
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.
O hie thee, hie thee! lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa:
Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hastling to the ha'.
Then round she rowed her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,

Until she left the forest skirts
A lang bow-shot and mair.

O where, O where, my good lord J O H N,
O tell me where you ride?
Within my castle-wall this night
I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
In yonder bower to stay;
Soft ease shall teach you to forget
The hardness of the way.

Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you ken your husband dear
Was by our father slain.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge
Your angry bosom swell:
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
Should this black passion quell.

O fear not, fear not, good lord J O H N,
That I will you betray,
Or sue requittal for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,
Ye lights that 'gin to shine,
This night shall prove the sacred cord
That knits your faith and mine.

The lady flee with honeyed words
Entic'd thir youths to stay:
But morning sun nere shone upon
Lord J O H N nor R O T H E M A Y .

Tune, Wally wally up the bank.

EARL DOUGLAS, than quham nevir knight
 Had valour more ne courtesie,
 Zet he's now blamet by a' the land
 For lightillying o' his gay Lady.

* * * * *

Go, little page, and tell your lord,
 Gin he will cum and dyne wi' me,
 I'll fet him on a feat of gold,
 I'll ferve him wi' my bended knee.

The little page gaid up the flair:
 " Lord DOUGLAS, dyne wi' zour lady;
 She'll fet you on a feat of gold,
 And ferve ze on her bended knee."

Quhen cockle-shells turn filler bells;
 Quhen muffells grow on ilka tree;
 Quhen frost and fna fall warm us a',
 Then fall I dyne wi' my lady.

* * * * *

Now wae betide ze, black Fastness,
 Ay and an ill dead mai ze die:
 Ze was the first and foremost man
 Quha parted my true lord and me.

* * * * *

To the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow.

* * * * *

I DREAM'D a dreary dream last night;
 God keep us a' frae forrow:
 I dream'd I pu'd the birk fae green
 Wi' my true luvè on Yarrow.
 I'll read your dream, my sifter dear,
 I'll tell you a' your forrow:
 You pu'd the birk wi' your true luvè;
 He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.
 O gentle wind, that bloweth fouth,
 To where my love repaireth,
 Convey a kifs from his dear mouth,
 And tell me how he fareth!
 But o'er yon glen run armed men,
 Have wrought me dule and forrow:
 They've slain, they've slain the comliest fwain,
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow.

L A M M I K I N .

To the Tune of Gil Morrice.

A B E T T E R mafon than L A M M I K I N
 Never builded wi' the stane:
 Quha builded Lord W E I R E S castell,
 Bot wages nevir gat nane.

* * * * *

“ Sen ze winnae gie me my guerdon, Lord,
 Sen ze winnae gie me my hyre,
 Yon proud castle, fae stately built,
 I fall gar rock wi’ the fyre.

“ Sen ze winnae gie me my wages, Lord,
 Ze fall hae caufe to rue.”

And fyne he brewed a black revenge,
 And fyne he vowed a vow.

* * * * *

“ Now byde at hame, my luve, my life,
 I warde ze byde at hame:
 O gang nae to this day’s hunting,
 To leave me a’ my lane!

“ Zefstreene, zefstreene, I dreamt my bower,
 Of red, red blude was fu’.
 Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
 I fall hae caufe to rue.”

Quha looks to dreams, my winfome dame?
 Ze hae nae caufe to feare.”

And fyne he’s kift her comely cheek,
 And fyne the starting teare.

And fyne he’s gane to the good greene wode,
 And she to her painted bowir;
 And she’s gard fleek doors, windows, yates,
 Of castle, ha, and towir.

They fleeked doors, they fleeked yates,
 Clofe to the cheek and chin:

They fleeked them a’ but a little wicket,
 And L A M M I K I N crap in.

Now quhere's the Lady of this castle,
 Nurfe tell to LAMMIKIN?
 She's fewing up intill her bowir ;
 The fals NOURICE she fung.

LAMMIKIN nipped the bonnie babe,
 Quhile loud fals NOURICE fings :
 LAMMIKIN nipped the bonnie babe,
 Quhile hich the red blude springs.

O gentil NOURICE ! please my babe,
 O please him wi' the keys !
 It'll no be pleased, gay lady,
 Gin I'd sit on my knees.

Gude gentle NOURICE, please my babe,
 O please him wi' a knife !
 He winnae be pleased, mistrefs myne,
 Gin I wad lay down my life.

Sweet NOURICE, loud, loud cries my babe,
 O please him wi' the bell !
 He winnae be pleased, gay lady,
 Till ze cum down yourfell.

And quhen she saw the red, red blude,
 A loud scrich schriched she.
 O monfter, monfter ! spare my child,
 Quha nevir skaithed thee.

O spare ! gif in your bludy breast
 Albergs not heart of stane !
 O spare ! and ye fall hae of goud
 Quhat ze can carrie hame.

Dame, I want not your goud, he said ;
 Dame, I want not your fee ;
 I hae been wranged by your Lord,
 Ze fall black vengeance drie.

Here are nae ferfs to guard your halls,
 Nae trusty speirmen here ;
 They found the horn in gude grene wode,
 And chaffe the doe and deer.

Tho' merry founds the gude grene wode,
 Wi' huntfmen, hounds, and horn,
 Zour Lord fall rue, e'er sets yon fun,
 He has done me skaith and scorn.

* * * * *

* * * * *

S H E has call'd to her her bower-maidens,
 She has call'd them one by one ;
 " There is a dead man in my bower,
 I wish that he was gone."

They have booted him, and spurred him,
 As he was wont to ride :
 A hunting-horn around his waist,
 A sharp sword by his side.

Then up and spake a bonny bird,
 That sat upon the tree,
 " Quhat hae ze done with Earl RICHARD,
 Ze was his gay lady?"

Cum down, cum down, my bonnie bird,
 Cum sit upon my hand :

And ze fall hae a cage o' the goud,
 Quhere ze hae but the wand."

" Awa' awa', ze ill woman,
 Nae ill woman for me ;
 Quhat ze hae done to Earl RICHARD,
 Sae wad ye do to me."

* * * * *

" O there's a bird within your bower,
 That fings fae fad and fweet ;
 O there's a bird intill your bower,
 Kept me frae my night's fleep."

* * * * *

And fhe fware by the grafs fae green,
 Sae did fhe by the corn,
 That fhe had not feen Earl RICHARD
 Syne yesterday at morn.

* * * * *

The Bonny Lafs of Lochroyan.

O W H A will fhoe thy bonny feet?
 Or wha will glove thy hand?
 Or wha will lace thy middle-jimp,
 With a lang, lang London whang?
 And wha will kame thy bonny head
 With a Tabean birben kame?
 And wha will be my bairns father,
 Till love GREGORY come hame?

Thy father'll shoe his bonny feet ;
 Thy mother'll glove his hand ;
 Thy brither will lace his middle jimp
 With a lang lang London whang.

Myfell will kame his bonny head
 With a Tabean birben kame ;
 And the Lord will be the bairns father
 Till G R E G O R Y come hame.

Then she's gart build a bonny ship,
 It's a' cover'd o'er with pearl :
 And at every needle-tack was in't
 There hang a filler-bell.

And she's awa-----
 To sail upon the fea :
 She's gane to seek love G R E G O R Y
 In lands whare'er he be.

She had na fail'd a league but twa,
 Or scantly had she three,
 Till she met with a rude rover
 Was failing on the fea.

O whether art thou the queen herfell?
 Or ane o' her Maries three?
 Or art thou the Lafs of Lochroyan
 Seeking love G R E G O R Y?

O I am not the queen herfell,
 Nor ane of her Maries three ;
 But I am the Lafs of Lochroyan
 Seeking love G R E G O R Y?

O fees na thou yon bonny bower,
 It's a' cover'd o'er with tin :

When thou haft fail'd it round about,
Love GREGORY is within.

When she had fail'd it round about,
She tirl'd at the pin :
O open, open, love GREGORY,
Open, and let me in !

For I am the Lafs of Lochroyan,
Banisht frae a' my kin.

*[His mother speaks to her from the house, and she
thinks it him.]*

If thou be the Lafs of Lochroyan,
As I know na thou be,
Tell me some of the true takens
That past between me and thee.

Haft thou na mind, love GREGORY,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings aff ithers hands,
And ay the best was mine ?

For mine was o' the gude red gould,
But thine was o' the tin ;
And mine was true and trusty baith,
But thine was fause within.

And haft thou na mind, love GREGORY,
As we sat on yon hill,
Thou twin'd me of my maidenhead
Right fair against my will ?

Now open, open, love GREGORY,
Open, and let me in ;
For the rain rains on my gude cleeding,
And the dew stands on my chin.

If thou be the Lafs of Lochroyan,
 As I know na thou be,
 Tell me some mair o' the takens
 Paft between me and thee.

Then fhe has turn'd her round about,
 Well fince it will be fae,
 Let never woman who has born a fon
 Hae a heart fae full of wae.

Take down, take down that maft of gould,
 Set up a maft of tree ;
 For it difna become a forfaken lady
 To fail fae royallie.

[*The Son fpeaks.*]

I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
 I wifh it may prove true,
 That the bonny Lafs of Lochroyan
 Was at the yate juft now.

Lie ftill, lie ftill, my only fon,
 And found fleep mayft thou get ;
 For it's but an hour or little mair
 Since fhe was at the yate.

Awa, awa, ye wicked woman,
 And an ill dead may you die ;
 Ye might have either letten her in,
 Or elfe have wakened me.

Gar faddle to me the black, he faid,
 Gar faddle to me the brown,
 Gar faddle to me the fwifteft fteed
 That is in a' the town.

Now the first town he came to,
The bells were ringing there;
And the next town he came to,
Her corpse was coming there.
Set down, set down that comely corpse,
Set down, and let me see,
Gin that be the Lass of Lochroyan,
That died for love o' me.
And he took out his little penknife,
That hang down by his gair;
And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet,
A lang claith-yard and mair.
And first he kiss her cherry-cheek,
And syne he kiss her chin,
And next he kiss her rosy lips;
There was nae breath within.
And he has ta'en his little penknife,
With a heart that was fou fair;
He has given himself a deadly wound,
And word spoke never mair.

The Battle of Otterburn.

IT fell and about the Lammas time,
When husband men do win their hay,
Earl DOUGLAS is to the English woods,
And a' with him to fetch a prey.
He has chosen the LINDSAYS light,
With them the gallant GORDONS gay,

And the Earl of F Y F E withouten strife,
 And Sir H U G H M O N T G O M E R Y upon a grey.

They hae taken Northumberland,
 And fae hae they the north-shire,
 And the Otter-dale they burnt it hale,
 And fet it a' into a fire.

Out then fpack a bonny boy,
 That ferv'd ane o' Earl D O U G L A S' kin,
 Methinks I fee an English host
 A-coming branken us upon.

If this be true, my little boy,
 An it be troth that thou tells me,
 The brawest bower in Otterburn
 This day shall be thy morning fee.

But if it be false, my little boy,
 But and a lie that thou tells me,
 On the highest tree that's in Otterburn
 With my awin hands I'll hing thee hie.

The boy's taen out his little penknife,
 That hanget low down by his gare,
 And he gae Earl D O U G L A S a deadly wound,
 Alack! a deep wound and a fare.

Earl D O U G L A S said to Sir H U G H M O N T G O M E R Y,
 Tack thou the vanguard o' the three;
 And bury me at yon braken bush,
 That stands upon yon lilly lee.

Then P E R C Y and M O N T G O M E R Y met,
 And weel a wat they war na fain;
 They swapp'd swords, and they twa fwat,
 And ay the blood ran down between.

O yield thee, yield thee, P E R C Y, he said,
 Or else I vow I'll lay thee low.
 Whom to shall I yield? said Earl P E R C Y;
 Now that I see it maun be fo.

O yield thee to yon braken bush,
 That grows upon yon lilly lie.
 * * * * *

I winna yield to a braken bush,
 Nor yet will I unto a brier;
 But I wad yield to Earl D O U G L A S,
 Or Sir H U G H M O N T G O M E R Y, if he was here.

As foon as he knew it was M O N T G O M E R Y,
 He stuck his sword's point in the ground:
 And Sir H U G H M O N T G O M E R Y was a courteous knight,
 And he quickly brought him by the hand.

This deed was done at Otterburn,
 About the breaking o' the day.
 Earl D O U G L A S was buried at the braken bush,
 And P E R C Y led captive away.

The Jew's Daughter.

T H E rain runs down thro' Mirry-land toune,
 Sae dois it doune the Pa:
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
 Quhan they play at the ba.
 Then outand cam the Jewis dochter,
 Said, Will ye cum in and dine!

I winnae cum in, I winnae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

Scho pow'd an apple reid and white
To intice the young thing in :
Scho pow'd an apple white and reid,
And that the fweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zoung thing of his life !
A word he neir spake mair.

And outand cam the thick thick bluid,
And outand cam the thin ;
And outand cam the bonny herts bluid :
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing faid, Gae now and pley
With zour fweet play-feres nine.

Scho row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and fleip.
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mafs was fung,
And every lady went hame :
Than ilk lady had her zoung sonne,
But Lady H E L E N had nane.

Scho row'd hir mantil hir about,
And fair fair gan she weip :
And she ran into the Jewis castel,
Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny Sir H E W, my pretty Sir H E W,
I pray thee to me speik :

“ O lady rinn to the deip draw-well

“ Gin ze zour sonne wad feik.”

Lady H E L E N ran to the deip draw-well,

And knelt upon her kne :

My bonny Sir H E W, an ze be here,

I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,

The well is wondrous deip,

A keen pen-knife flicks in my hert,

A word I downae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mother deir,

Fetch me my winding-sheet,

And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,

Its there we twa fall meet.

* * * * *

There Gowans are gay.

TH E R E gowans are gay, my joy,

There gowans are gay ;

They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,

The first morning of May.

About the fields as I did pafs,

There gowans are gay ;

I chanc'd to meet a proper las,

The first morning of May.

V O L. I.

O

Right bufy was that bonny maid,
There gowans are gay;
I halft her, fyne to her I faid,
The firft morning of May:

O miftrefs fair, what do you here?
There gowans are gay;
Gathering the dew, what neid ye fpeir?
The firft morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?
There gowans are gay;
Quoth fhe, To wafh my miftrefs clean,
The firft morning of May.

I afked farder at hir fyne,
There gowans are gay,
Gif to my will fhe wad incline?
The firft morning of May.

She faid, her errand was not there,
Where gowans are gay;
Her maidenhood on me to ware,
The firft morning of May.

Then like an arrow frae a bow,
There gowans are gay;
She fkipt away out o'er the know,
The firft morning of May.

And left me in the garth my lane,
There gowans are gay;
And in my heart a twang of pain,
The firft morning of May.

The little birds they sang full sweet,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Unto my comfort was right meet,
 The first morning of May.

And thereabout I past my time,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Until it was the hour of prime,
 The first morning of May.

And then returned hame bedeen,
 The gowans are gay ;
 Panfand what maiden that had been,
 The first morning of May.

Kertonha' : or, The Fairy Court.

SHE's prickt herfell and prin'd herfell,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa' to Kertonha',
 As fast as she can gang.

“ What gars ye pu' the rose, J E N N Y ?
 What gars ye break the tree ?
 What gars you gang to Kertonha',
 Without the leave of me ? ”

“ Yes, I will pu' the rose, T H O M A S ,
 And I will break the tree ;
 For Kertonha' thou'd be my ain,
 Nor ask I leave of thee . ”

“ Full pleafant is the fairy land,
 And happy there to dwell ;

I am a fairy lyth and limb ;
Fair maiden, view me well.

O pleafant is the fairy land !
How happy there to dwell !
But ay at every feven years end,
We're a' dung down to hell.

The morn is good Hallow-e'en,
And our court a' will ride ;
If ony maiden wins her man,
Then she may be his bride.

But firft ye'll let the black gae by,
And then ye'll let the brown :
Then I'll ride on a milk-white fteed,
You'll pu' me to the ground.

And firft, I'll grow into your arms,
An esk, but and an edder ;
Had me faft, let me not gang,
I'll be your bairn's father.

Next, I'll grow into your arms
A toad, but and an eel ;
Had me faft, let me not gang,
If you do love me leel.

Laft, I'll grow into your arms
A dove, but and a fwan ;
Then, maiden fair, you'll let me go,
I'll be a perfect man.

* * * * *

Clerk COLVILL: or, The Mermaid.

C L E R K C O L V I L L and his lusty dame
Were walking in the garden green ;
The belt around her stately waift
Coft Clerk C O L V I L L of pounds fifteen.

O promise me now, Clerk C O L V I L L ,
Or it will coft ye muckle strife ;
Ride never by the wells of Slane,
If ye wad live and brook your life.

Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,
Now speak nae mair of that to me ;
Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
But I wad fin with her fair body?

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
Nought minding what his lady said ;
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
Where washing was a bonny maid.

“ Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
That wash fae clean your fark of filk ;”
“ And weel fa' you, fair gentleman,
Your body's whiter than the milk.”

Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk C O L V I L L ,
O my head it pains me fair ;
“ Then take, then take,” the maiden said,
“ And frae my fark you'll cut a gare.”

Then she's gi'ed him a little bane-knife,
And frae his fark he cut a share ;
She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,
But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cry'd the Clerk COLVILL,
 " O fairer, fairer akes my head ;"
 " And fairer, fairer ever will,"
 The maiden crys, 'till you be dead."

Out then he drew his shining blade,
 Thinking to flick her where she stood ;
 But she was vanish'd to a fish,
 And swam far off a fair mermaid.

O mother, mother, braid my hair ;
 My lusty lady, make my bed,
 O brother, take my sword and spear,
 For I have seen the false mermaid.

* * * * *

WILLIE and ANNET.

L I V'D ance twa lovers in yon dale,
 And they lov'd ither weel,
 Frae ev'ning late to morning aire
 Of luv'ing luv'd their fill.

" Now, WILLIE, gif you luve me weel,
 As fae it seems to me,
 Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,
 Gar build it speedilie.

And we will fail the sea fae green,
 Unto some far countrie,
 Or we'll fail to some bonie isle
 Stands lanely midst the sea."

But lang or ere the schip was built,
 Or deck'd, or rigged out,

Came fiek a pain in A N N E T ' s back,
That down she cou'd na lout.

“ Now, W I L L I E, gif ye luv me weel,
As fae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r maidens three.”

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kifs'd her cheik and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

“ Now, leave my bower, W I L L I E, she said,
Now leave me to my lane;
Was nevir man in a lady's bower
When she was travelling.”

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane:
Sae loud's he heard his young fon's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

“ Now come, now come, W I L L I E, she said,
Tak your young fon frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie.”

He's taen his young fon in his arms,
He's kifs'd him cheik and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By th' ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold Barone,
And he spake up wi' pride,

“ Gar feek, gar feek the bower-maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the brude.”

“ My maidens, eafy with my back,
And eafy with my fide.

O fet my faddle faft, W I L L I E,
I am a tender bryde.”

When fhe came to the burrow town,
They gied her a broach and ring,
And when fhe came to * * * * *

They had a fair wedding.

O up then fpake the Norland Lord,
And blinkit wi’ his ee,

“ I trow this lady’s born a bairn;”
Then laucht loud laughters three.

And up then fpake the brisk bridegroom,
And he fpake up wi’ pryde,

“ Gin I fould pawn my wedding-gloves,
I will dance wi’ the bryde.”

“ Now had your tongue, my Lord, fhe faid,
Wi’ dancing let me be,

I am fae thin in flefh and blude,
Sma’ dancing will ferve me.”

But fhe’s taen W I L L I E be the hand,
The tear blinded her ee,

“ But I wad dance wi’ my true luv---
But burfts my heart in three.”

She’s taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,

“ Gie that, gie that to my young fon.
He’ll ne’er his mother fee.”

* * * * *

“ Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
 Gar deal, gar deal the wyne ;
 This day hath feen my true luvè's death,
 This nicht shall witness myne.”

The cruel Knight.

THE Knight stands in the stable-door,
 As he was for to ryde,
 When out then came his fair lady,
 Desiring him to byde.

“ How can I byde, how dare I byde,
 How can I byde with thee ?
 Have I not kill'd thy ae brother ?
 Thou hadst nae mair but he.”

“ If you have kill'd my ae brother,
 Alas ! and woe is me !
 But if I save your fair body,
 The better you'll like me.”

She's taen him to her secret bower,
 Pinn'd with a filler-pin,
 And she's up to her highest tower,
 To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the stair,
 And entered in her tower,
 When four-and-twenty armed knights
 Came riding to the door.

“ Now, G O D you save, my fair lady,
 I pray you tell to me,
 Saw you not a wounded knight
 Come riding by this way ?

“ Yes; bloody, bloody was his fword,
And bloody were his hands ;
But if the steed he rides be good,
He’s past fair Scotland’s strands.

Light down, light down, then, Gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine ;
The better you will him pursue,
When you shall lightly dine.”

“ We thank you for your bread, Lady,
We thank you for your wine.
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
Your fair body was mine.”

Then she’s gane to her secret bower,
Her husband dear to meet ;
But out he drew his bloody fword,
And wounded her very deep.

“ What aileth thee now, good my Lord,
What aileth thee at me ?
Have you not got my father’s gold,
But and my mother’s fee ?”

“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour,
There’s ne’er a leech in fair Scotland
But shall be at thy bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live,
How can I live for thee ?
See you not where my red heart’s blood
Runs trickling down my knee !

* * * * *

Wha will bake, etc.

WHA will bake my bridal bread,
 And brew my bridal ale?
 And wha will welcome my brisk bride
 That I bring o'er the dale?

I will bake your bridal bread,
 And brew your bridal ale,
 And I will welcome your brisk bride
 That you bring o'er the dale.

But she that welcomes my brisk bride
 Maun gang like maiden fair,
 She maun lace on her robe fae jimp,
 And braid her yellow hair.

But how can I gang maiden-like,
 When maiden I am name?
 Have I not born seven fons to thee,
 And am with child agen?

She's taen her young fon in her arms,
 Another in her hand,
 And she's up to the highest tower,
 To see him come to land.

You're welcome to your house, Master,
 You're welcome to your land,
 You're welcome with your fair lady,
 That you lead by the hand.

* * * * *

And ay she ferv'd the lang tables
 With white bread and with wine,
 And ay she drank the wan water,
 To had her colour fine.

Now he's taen down a filk napkin
 Hung on the silver-pin,
 And ay he wipes the tear trickling
 Adown her cheek and chin.

I'll wager, I'll wager, etc.

I'LL wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
 Five hundred merks and ten,
 That a maid fha'nae go to yon bonny green wood,
 And a maiden return agen.

I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
 Five hundred merks and ten,
 That a maid fhall go to yon bonny green wood,
 And a maiden return agen.

She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-bush,
 And strew'd them on's white hafs-bane ;
 This is a sign whereby you may know
 That a maiden was here, but she's gane.

O where was you, my good gray steed,
 That I hae lo'ed fae dear ?

O why did you not waken me
 When my true love was here ?

I stamped with my foot, Master,
 And gar'd my bridle ring,
 But you wadnae waken from your sleep,
 Till your love was past and gane.

Now I may fing as dreary a fang,
 As the bird fung on the brier,
 For my true love is far remov'd,
 And I'll ne'er see her mair.

END OF PART FIRST.

SCOTS SONGS.

PART SECOND.

SENTIMENTAL

AND

LOVE SONGS.

VOL. I.

P

S C O T S S O N G S .

P A R T S E C O N D .

S E N T I M E N T A L

A N D

L O V E S O N G S .

An thou wert my ain Thing.

*A*N thou wert mine ain thing,
I would lue thee, I would lue thee;
An thou wert mine ain thing,
How dearly would I lue thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since naething earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's fake, oh! favour me,
Who only live to lue thee.
An thou wert, etc.

The gods ae thing peculiar have,
To ruin nane wham they can fave;
O! for their fake support a slave,
Who only lives to lue thee.
An thou wert, etc.

To merit I nae claim can make,
But that I lue; and, for thy fake,

What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lue thee.

An thou wert, etc.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my thread o' life hae spun,
Which breathing out I'll lue thee.

An thou wert, etc.

* * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning-dew
Frae flours o' sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.

An thou wert, etc.

Sae lang's I had the use o' light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in fast whispers thro' the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

An thou wert, etc.

How fair and ruddy is my J E A N !
She moves a goddess o'er the green !
Were I a king, thou shou'd be queen,
Nane but mysell aboon thee.

An thou wert, etc.

I'd grasp thee to this breast o' mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

An thou wert, etc.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay ;
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.

An thou wert, etc.

While Love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will o' him wha lues thee.

An thou wert, etc.

Same Tune.

*WERT thou but mine ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;
 Wert thou but mine ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee !*

As round the elm th' enamour'd vine
 Delights wi' wanton arms to twine,
 Sae I'd encircle thee in mine,
 And show how much I love thee.

Wert thou but, etc.

This earth my paradise shou'd be ;
 I'd grasp a heav'n of joys in thee,
 For thou art a' thy sex to me,
 So fondly do I love thee.

Wert thou but, etc.

Shou'd thunder roar its loud alarms,
 Among the clash of hostile arms,
 I'd fastly sink among thy charms,
 And only live to love thee.

Wert thou but, etc.

Let Fortune drive me far away,
 Or make me fa' to foes a prey,
 My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,
 And dying I would lue thee.

Wert thou but, etc.

Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead,
 My faul should hover round thy head:
 I may be turn'd a filent shade,
 But never ceafe to lue thee.

Wert thou but, etc.

To the Tune of *Apron, Deary.*

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forfook,
 Nae mair for A M Y N T A fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would foon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I A M Y N T A? why broke I my vow?

O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,

I'll wander frae love and A M Y N T A no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wild ocean secure me from love!
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O what had my youth, etc.

Alas! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine;
 Poor shepherd, A M Y N T A nae mair can be thine:
 Thy tears are a' fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return nae again.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I AMYNTA? why broke I my vow?
 O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander frae love and AMYNTA no more.*

Alloa-Houfe.

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green plains,
 And Alloa shines more chearful and gay;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring fwains
 Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray:
 But SANDY nae mair returns to my view;
 Nae spring-time me chears, nae mufic can charm;
 He's gane! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
 Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa-houfe! how much art thou chang'd!
 How filent, how dull to me is each grove!
 Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
 Alas! where to please me my SANDY ance strove!
 Here, SANDY, I heard the tales that you tauld,
 Here list'ned too fond whenever you fung;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cauld?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,
 And Shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;
 For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, wi' rapture, his NELLY address:
 My NELLY! my fair, I come; O my luve!
 Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, NELLY, nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy charms.

She heard; and new joy fhot thro' her faft frame,
 And will you, my Luvè! be true? ſhe replied:
 And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the fame?
 Or dream I that SANDY will make me his bride?
 O NELLY! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
 Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true:
 Then adieu to a' forrow; what foul is ſo blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

Same Tune.

O H! how cou'd I venture to luvè ane like thee,
 And you not deſpiſe a poor conqueſt like me?
 On lords, thy admirers, cou'd look wi' diſdain,
 And knew I was naething, yet pity'd my pain?
 You ſaid, while they teaz'd you with nonſenſe and drefs,
 When real the paſſion, the vanity's leſs;
 You ſaw thro' that ſilence which others deſpiſe,
 And, while beaux were a-tauking, read luvè in my eyes.
 O! how ſhall I fauld thee, and kiſs a' thy charms,
 Till fainting wi' pleaſure, I die in your arms;
 Thro' a' the wild tranſports of ecſtaſy toſt,
 Till ſinking together, together we're loſt?
 Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
 Whoſe wit does enliven each dull pauſe of joy;
 And when the ſhort raptures are all at an end,
 From beautiful miſtreſs turns ſenſible friend?
 In vain do I praiſe thee, or ſtrive to reveal,
 Too nice for expreſſion, which only we feel.
 In a' that you do, in each look and each mein,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unſeen.

When I fee you, I luvè you ; when hearing, adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
 Till mad wi' admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care :
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
 Which never displeas'es, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgement enquire ;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire :
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :
 Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And mak me ance again as blest,
 As I was lang fyne.

Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst through the groves I wauk with you,
 Each object maks me gay :
 Since your return, the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang fyne.

Despise the court and din o' state;
 Let that to their share fa',
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ba':
 But sunk in love, upo' my arms
 Let your brave head recline;
 We'll please ourfels wi' mutual charms,
 As we did lang fyne.

O'er moor and dale wi' your gay friend
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 A' cares in my embrace:
 And in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll mak the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang fyne.

The hero, pleas'd wi' the sweet air,
 The signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above;
 Next day, wi' glad consent and haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out o' pine.

Same Tune.

WHEN floury meadows deck the year,
 And sporting lambkins play,
 When spangled fields renew'd appear,
 And music wak'd the day;

Then did my C H L O E leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no power
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in thrangs,
And a' their tunefu' art bestow,
To gi' us change o' fangs :
Scenes o' delight my soul possess'd,
I blefs'd, then hugg'd my maid ;
I robb'd the kiffes frae her breast,
Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

But joy transporting never fails
To flee awa' as air ;
Another swain wi' her prevails
To be as fause as fair.
What can my fatal passion cure ?
I'll never woo again ;
A' her disdain I maun endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus fighting wi' his pain !
But time and scorn may gi'e him joy,
To hear her sigh again.
Ah ! fickle C H L O E , be advis'd,
Do not thyfel' beguile ;
A faithfu' lover should be priz'd,
Then cure him wi' a smile.

Allan Water.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my ANNIE?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy plain,
 She set each youthfu' heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That ANNIE kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming ANNIE,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When FLORA's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 A' day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 A' night, when she nae mair is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd AMYNTOR came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to ANNIE,
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 Wi' smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, Why shou'd I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love maun be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young DAMON came, with CUPID's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.
 He staw awa' my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor AMYNTOR, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chufe some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to DAMON his own ANNIE.

Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blythe, ilk morn, was I to fee
 My fwain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me;
 I met him wi' good will.
*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom o' Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were wi' my dear fwain,
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
 The birds flood lift'ning by;
 Ev'n the dull cattle flood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' 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 so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I shou'd 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 ev'ry hour;
 Cou'd I but faithfu' 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 foup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly usefess by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave, or care.

*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

Same Tune.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd fong is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For fure fo sweet, fo soft a bloom
Elfewhere there never grows.

There C O L I N tun'd his oaken reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Cou'd play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide,
Oh! how I blefs'd the found.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For fure fo fresh, fo bright a bloom
Elfewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes fo green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At ev'n among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, CUPID, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shaft at random rove,

For JENNY's haughty heart maun bleed.
 The smiling boy, with art divine,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny JEAN.

Nae mair the nymph, wi' haughty air,
 Refuses WILLY's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew nae care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.

Nae mair the youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny JEAN.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind;
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his JENNY is turn'd kind;
 Riches he looks on wi' disdain,

The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny JEAN.

The day he spends in amorous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, wi' glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.

A' charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
 Wi' breaking day he lifts his fight,
 And pants to be wi' bonny J E A N .

Same Tune.

N O W Spring begins her smiling round,
 And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground;
 The birds now lift their chearful voice,
 And gay on every bough rejoice:
 The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
 Knit fast in Love's eternal band,
 With early step, at morning dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where-e'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love:
 Now, by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride;
 While pleas'd she hears his artless vows,
 Each bird his feather'd comfort woos:
 Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield
 Her various gifts to ev'ry field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show!
 With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow;
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies borne,
 Perfume the breezes of the morn:
 The smiling day and dewy night,
 To rural scenes my fair invite;
 With summer-sweets to feast her eye,
 Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive show.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flourish of thy years;
The lovely bud shall soon disclose
To ev'ry eye the blushing rose;
Now, now, the tender stalk is seen,
With beauty fresh, and ever green:

But when the sunny hours are past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last;
Let not the flatterer, Hope, persuade,
Ah! must I say that it will fade?
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Now winter from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver stream constrains:
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath to cloath each tree;

Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fleest, displeas'd, the frozen shore.
When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade;

Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other day?

But when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant fun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not lose, but change our joy:
Happy! abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus, with witty friends,
In smiles the hoary season ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire and age severe,
Make beauty fly we know not where.

The fair, whom Fates unkind disarm,
Ah! must they ever cease to charm?
Or is there left some pleasing art,
To keep secure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;
Tho' Ecstasy with Beauty flies,
Esteem is born when Beauty dies.

Happy the man whom Fates decree
 Their richest gift in giving thee :
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
 Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

Banks of Forth.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle wooes his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.
 O more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle-dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy ;
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

Same Tune.

YE fylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly-winding Fortha glides,
 Conduct me to these banks again,
 Since there my charming MOLLY bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets ;

Where M O L L Y ' s charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of ev'ry fwain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
When I, amidst the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And M O L L Y ' s charms were all my song.
While she was present all were gay,
No sorrow did our mirth allay ;
We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happiest fwain !
No adverse fortune marr'd my joy ;
The shepherd sigh'd for her in vain,
On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd :
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid ;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming M O L L Y lull'd asleep :
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss ;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd,
Why, D A M O N , are you not ashamed ?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.

The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
 Love was our banquet all the while ;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye fylvan powers, ye rural gods,
 To whom we fwains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these blefs'd abodes,
 And ease, oh ease ! my love-sick heart ;
 These happy days again restore,
 When M O L L and I shall part no more ;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my blifs with all her charms.

Bush aboon Traquair.

HE A R me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry fwain,
 I'll tell how P E G G Y grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like filent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.
 That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

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

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should PEGGY grieve me?
 Oh! mak her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion nae mair tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in fast raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tunefu' strains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer-fruits,
To mirth a' nature now invites;
Let us be blythfome then, and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The bufy bees with humming noise,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladness ca';
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling fun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Braes of Ballenden.

By Mr Blacklock.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 Ae ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds, wi' compassion, cou'd hear him complain,
 Yet **C H L O E**, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 E'er **C H L O E**'s bright charms first flash'd in my view;
 Those eyes then, wi' pleasure, the dawn cou'd survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning mair chearfu' than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not **S T R E P H O N**'s desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind;
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winfome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow.
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing the morning :
 There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
 O BELL, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.
 To westlin breezes F L O R A yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.
 Hasten ye, hasten ye, my bonny BELL,
 Hasten to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 Wi' free consent my fears repel,
 I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
 Thus fang I fastly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting ;
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny BELL's consenting.

Bonny Boatman.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,

Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot---man :
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chufe in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat---man,
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refufe my bonny Scot---man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
The bafe ungen'rous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's arts to ufe,
While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
Who pants to prefs thy bawmy youth,
 And in her bosom haufe thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board,
Fair winds and tenty boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot---man.

Blink over the Burn, sweet B E T T Y.

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet B E T T Y,
Leave kindred and friends for me :

Affur'd thy fervant is steddly

To love, to honour, and thee.

The gifts of nature and fortune

May flee by chance as they came ;

They're grounds the destinies sport on,

But virtue is ever the fame.

Altho' my fancy were roving,

Thy charms so heav'nly appear,

That other beauties disproving,

I'd worship thine only, my dear.

And shou'd life's forrows embitter

The pleasure we promis'd our loves,

To share them together is fitter,

Than moan afunder like doves.

Oh! were I but ance so blessed,

To grasp my love in my arms!

By thee to be grasp'd, and kissed!

And live on thy heaven of charms!

I'd laugh at Fortune's caprices,

Shou'd Fortune capricious pruve ;

Though death should tear me to pieces,

I'd die a martyr to luv.

B E S S Y ' S Haggies.

BE S S Y ' s beauties shine fae bright,
Were her mony virtues fewer,

She wad ever gie delight,
 And in transporth mak me view her.
 Bonny B E S S Y, thee alane
 Love I, naething else about thee ;
 With thy comelinefs I'm tane,
 And langer cannae live without thee.

B E S S Y's bofom's faft and warm,
 Milk-white fingers ftill employ'd,
 He who taks her to his arm,
 Of her fweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear B E S S Y, when the rofes
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind difclofes,
 Will keep love from growing caulder.

B E S S Y's tocher is but fcanty,
 Yet her face and foul difcovers
 Thofe enchanting fweets in plenty
 Maun entice a thoufand lovers.
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and eafy,
 That gives happinefs uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Bonniest Lafs in a' the World.

L O O K where my dear H A M I L L A fmiles,
 H A M I L L A! heavenly charmer ;
 See how wi' a' their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.

A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair feats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rofy treasures.

O fairest maid! I own thy power,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer! ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the summer green!
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our e'en,
 And claret maks us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits, and flours,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of CHRISTY.

When wand'ring o'er the floury park,
 Nae nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in confort chanting?
 But if my CHRISTY tunes her voice,
 I'm wrapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I tak the happy omen,
 And aften micht to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she loves another.

Thus sang blate EDIE by a burn,
 His CHRISTY did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wifely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My CHRISTY!---witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprizing !
 Time was too precious now for tawk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kiffes.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 They war twa bonny lassies,
 They biggi'd a bower on yon burn brae
 And thecked it o'er wi' rashes.

Fair BESSY BELL I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter:
 But MARY GRAY'S twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now BESSY'S hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When PHOEBUS starts frae THETIS' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And MARY'S locks are like a craw,
 Her e'en like diamonds glances;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O JOVE, she's like thy PALLAS.

Dear BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 Ye unco fair opprefs us;
 Our fancies jee between you tway,
 Ze are sic bonny lasses:
 Waes me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're flented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tack my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

Bonny Lafs of Brankfome.

AS I came in by Tiviot-fide,
And by the braes of Brankfome,
There first I faw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
Her skin was faster than the down,
And white as alabafter;
Her hair a shining wavy brown;
In straightness nane surpass her.
Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprizing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising.
Nae silken hose wi' goosnets fine,
Or shoon wi' glancing laces,
On her bare leg forbade to shine,
Well-shapen native graces.
Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her clathing;
Ev'n these o'er meikle;----mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naething.
She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my faul away,
While on her sweets I doated.
A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And, butt designing, charm'd me.

Hurry'd by love, clofe to my breaft
 I grafp'd this fund of bliffes ;
 Wha fmil'd, and faid, Without a prieft,
 Sir, hope for nought but kiffes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I cou'dna want her ;
 What fhe demanded, ilka charm
 Of hers pled, I fhould grant her.

Since Heav'n had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her ;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

Charms of Lovely P E G G Y .

O N C E more I'll tune the vocal fhell,
 To hills and dales my paffion tell ;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my P E G G Y .

Yet greater bards the lyre fhould hit ;
 For pray what fubject is more fit,
 Than to record the facred wit,
 And bloom of lovely P E G G Y ?

The fun juft rifing in the morn,
 That paints the new-befpangled thorn,
 Does not fo much the day adorn
 As does my lovely P E G G Y .

And when in 'T H E T I S ' lap to reft,
 He ftreaks with gold the ruddy weft,
 He's not fo beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely P E G G Y .

Were she array'd in ruffic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaken reed,
 To please my lovely P E G G Y.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All pleases while she's in my fight;
 But when she's gone 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my P E G G Y.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 They do not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely P E G G Y.
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as P E G G Y.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the waters love,
 So lang shall I love my P E G G Y.
 And when Death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely P E G G Y.

Cold Frosty Morning.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere A N N I E became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she?

Roufe up thy reason my beautiful A N N I E,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a jee:
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And favour thy J A M I E wha dotes upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give A N N I E the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lapdogs or monkees draw tears from those een,
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Roufe up thy reason, my beautiful A N N I E,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
 And think upon J A M I E wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new mantua or Flanders lace head,
 Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasng thine?

Roufe up thy reason, my beautiful A N N I E,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled S A N Y,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair A N N I E,
 And aim at those benifons promis'd to me?

Roufe up thy reason, my beautiful A N N I E,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy J A M I E wha dotes upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka sweet hour,
 That flade away fastly between thee and me,

Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had pow'r
 To rival my love, or impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me:
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And love him wa's langing to center in thee.

Cumbernauld House.

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,
 From all th' uneasy cares of life,
 From beauty still to merit blind,
 And still to fools and coxcombs kind;
 To where the woods, in brightest green,
 Like rising theatres are seen,
 Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
 And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill:
 Where PHILOMEL, in mournful strains,
 Like me, of hopeless love complains,
 Retir'd I pass the livelong day,
 And idly trifle life away:
 My lyre to tender accents strung,
 I tell each flight, each scorn and wrong,
 Then reason to my aid I call,
 Review past scenes, and scorn them all.
 Superior thoughts my mind engage,
 Allur'd by NEWTON'S tempting page,
 Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
 And trace the glorious source of light:
 But should CLARINDA there appear,
 With all her charms of shape and air,

How frail my fixt resolves would prove,
 Again I'd yield, again I'd love!

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY P A T I E is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprife;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.

He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting:

Then I'll comply and marry P A T I E,
 And fyne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

Collier's Bonny Laffie.

TH E collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money:
 The tutors watch'd the motion,
 Of this young honest lover;
 But love is like the ocean;
 Wha can its depth discover!

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonnie lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of W I L L I E .

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her,
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:

For I have gear in plenty,
 And love fays, 'tis my duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Down the Burn, D A V I E.

W H E N trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to fee;
 When M A R Y was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;
 Blyth D A V I E's blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, D A V I E, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now D A V I E did each lad furpafs,
 That dwelt on this burn fide,
 And M A R Y was the bonniest las,
 Juft meet to be a bride:
 Her cheeks were rofie, red, and white,
 Her een were bonny blue:
 Her looks were like A U R O R A bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they faid!
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only faw the rest.

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

Dumbarton Drums.

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny---O,
 When they mind me of my dear J O N N Y---O.
 How happy am I,
 When my foldier is by,
 While he kiffes and bleffes his A N N I E---O!
 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me---O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me---O:
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me---O.
 My love is a handsome laddie---O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy-----O;
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie---O.
 A foldier has honour and bravery---O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery---O:
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king:
 For every other care is but slavery---O.
 Then I'll be the captain's lady---O:
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy---O;

I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready---O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny---O,
 They are sprightly like my dear J O N N Y---O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my foldier's knee,
 And he kiffes and bleffes his A N N I E---O!

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

ON Whitfunday morning
 I went to the fair,
 My yellow-hair'd laddie
 Was felling his ware;
 He gied me fick a blyth blink
 With his bonny black eye,
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink
 It was unto me.

I wift not what ail'd me
 When my laddie came in,
 The little wee starnies
 Flew ay frae my een;
 And the sweat it dropt down
 Frae my very eye-brie,
 And my heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

I wift not what ail'd me,
 When I went to my bed,

I toffed and tumbled,
And fleep frae me fled.
Now, its sleeping and waking
He's ay in my eye,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

The Deceiver.

W I T H tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young W A T Y wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye coudna fee,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did foon prevail
To gain my fond belief;
But foon the fwain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.
Though C O L I N courts with tuneful fang,
Yet few regard his mane;
The lasses a' round W A T Y thrang,
While C O L I N's left alane:
In Aberdeen
Was never feen
A lad that gave sic pain;
He daily wooses,
And still purfues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But foon as he has gain'd the blifs,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kifs
 To filly me undone:
 Bonny K A T Y,
 M A G G Y, B E A T Y,
 Avoid the roving fwain;
 His wyly tongue
 Be fure to fhun,
 Or you like me, or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

Ettrick Banks.

O N Ettrick banks, in a fummer's night,
 At glowming when the fheep drave hame,
 I met my laffie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kifs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.
 I faid, My laffie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Erfe to learn?
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fafh,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 C'hear up your heart, my bonny lafs,
 There's gear to win we never faw

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleafant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lafs amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer sheild.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

Ew-bughts M A R I O N .

W I L L ye go to the ew-bughts, M A R I O N ,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ;
 The sun shines sweet, my M A R I O N ,
 But nae haff fae sweet as thee.
 O M A R I O N ' S a bonny lafs,
 And the blyth blinks in her eye ;
 And fain wad I marry M A R I O N ,
 Gin M A R I O N wad marry me.
 There's gowd in your garters, M A R I O N ,
 And silk on your white haufe-bane ;

Fu' fain wad I kifs my M A R I O N
 At e'en when I come hame.
 There's braw lads in Ernflaw, M A R I O N,
 Wha gape and glowr with their ee,
 At kirk when they see my M A R I O N;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.
 I've nine milk-ews, my M A R I O N,
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gie them a' to my M A R I O N,
 Juft on her bridal-day:
 And ye's get a green fey apron,
 And waiftcoat 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 M A R I O N;
 Nane dance like me on the green;
 And gin ye forfake me, M A R I O N,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' J E A N:
 Sae put on your pearlins, M A R I O N,
 And kirtle of the cramafie;
 As foon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I fhall come weft and fee ye.

Flowers of the Forest.

I ' V E feen the smiling
 Of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its bleffing,
 Kind its careffing,
 But now 'tis fled,-----fled far away.

I've seen the forest
 Adorn'd the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming,
 Their scent the air perfuming;
 But now they are wither'd and wedded away.

I've seen the morning,
 With gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest forming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams,
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune!
 Why this cruel sporting?
 O why still perplex us, poor fons of a day?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

Same Tune.

ADIE U, ye streams that smoothly glide
 Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my love,
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove,
 Blooming as roses in the vale.
 Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,
 For me he search'd the banks around;

But, ah! the fad and fatal day,
 My love, the pride of fwains, was drown'd.
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
 Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,
 Dire Fancy paints him in my dream,
 Awake I mourn my hopelefs love.

Flowers of Edinburgh.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin.
 The abfence of his bonny face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day nor night find no delight,
 In filent tears I fill complain;
 And exclaim 'gainft thofe my rival foes,
 'That ha'e ta'en from me my darling fwain.
 Defpair and anguish fills my breast,
 Since I have loft my blooming rofe;
 I figh and moan while others reft,
 His abfence yields me no repofe.
 To feek my love I'll range and rove,
 'Thro' every grove and diftant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er ceafe, but fpend my days,
 'To hear tidings from my darling fwain,
 'There's naething ftrange in Nature's change,
 Since parents fhew fuch cruelty;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what deftiny.

The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain ;
 But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind NEPTUNE, let me thee entreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale ;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your tail ;
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;
 The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus bless'd wi' charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain ;
 Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

Fourteenth of October.

YE gods ! was STREPHON'S picture blest
 With the fair heaven of CHLOE'S breast ?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
 Oh gently throb,---too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For STREPHON was the bliss design'd ?
 For STREPHON'S sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my CHLOE'S heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That CHLOE, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks that lifeless are;
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'ful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart,
 But, oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.

Fairest of her Days.

W H O E' E R beholds my H E L E N' s face,
 And says not that good hap has she:

Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
 Sall think nane ever spake but she.
*The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.*

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill;
 Her virtues kindle strong desires
 In them that think upon her fill.
The short way, etc.

Her red is like unto the rose
 Whafe buds are op'ning to the sun.
 Her comely colours do disclose
 The first degree of ripeness won.
The short way, etc.

And with the red is mixt the white,
 Like to the sun and fair moonshine,
 That does upon clear waters light,
 And makes the colour seem divine.
*The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.*

G I L D E R O Y .

AH! CHLORIS, could I now but fit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant-beauty could beget
 No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmlefs childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest :
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While C U P I D at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new-flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part :
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she.

Gallowshiels.

A H the shepherd's mournful fate !
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish !
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her :

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with riling blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.
For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breath my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

Green Sleeves.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear DELIA take a care,
And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth ;
Till I return, her passions soothe,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
With soul sunk in golden grave,

Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the warld turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 'To please their vain ambition;
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd-for pleafure when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in fruition :

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair DELIA does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.

Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of mufic pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O, they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie !
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome, charming highland laddie :

*May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lafs, and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chufe,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young DONALD without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and fummer's fun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kifs and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pafs,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lafs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Same Tune.

TH E lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're four and unco sawcy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee lefs fair,
But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

Than ony las in burrows-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd take my K A T Y butt a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kifs and court my dawtie;
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stien,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my las on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,

While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my fide whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee lefs fair,
 But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.*

Had awa frae me, DONALD.

O COME awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi' me, JENNY;
 Sick frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whafe smiles ance ravish'd me, JENNY;
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought fall alter me, JENNY;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, JENNY.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, JENNY;
 But now, alas! you act a part
 That speaks unconstancy, JENNY:
 Unconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, JENNY;
 It suits not wi' your virtue nice
 To carry fae to me, JENNY.

Her answer.

O H A D awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, D O N A L D ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane
 It is not meet for me, D O N A L D .
 Some fickle mistrefs you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, D O N A L D ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae lefs kind to thee, D O N A L D .
 But I've a heart that's naething fuch,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, D O N A L D ;
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, D O N A L D .
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, D O N A L D ?
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, D O N A L D .
 First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, D O N A L D ;
 Apparent worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, D O N A L D .
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, D O N A L D ;
 But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, D O N A L D .
 And now, for ever, had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, D O N A L D ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, D O N A L D ;

For I'll reserve myself for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, DONALD;
 If sick a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loe man, nor thee, DONALD.

D O N A L D .

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, JENNY;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, JENNY.

J E N N Y .

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come awa' to me, DONALD;
 I'm weel content, ne'er to repent
 That I hae smil'd on thee, DONALD.

H A Y'S bonny Laffie.

BY smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 Myself thus awa, and darna discover
 To my bonny H A Y that I am her lover?
 Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.
 She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as A U R O R A,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding Day a good morrow;

The fwaird of the mead, enamell'd with daifies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter;
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded,
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is H A Y'S bonny lassie.

Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

O BELL, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which alone can cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh ! turn, and let compassion feize
 That lovely breast of thine ;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to flight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine ;
 Or loose my chains, and fet me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

Happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,
 And in his safe retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent poverty,
 From strife, from care, and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great ?
 Nae drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears nae danger of the deep,

Nor noify law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind ;
No trumpets rouze him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds ;
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care,
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lyes,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the sylvan scene he tries,
His spirits to regal ;
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows ;
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his time in toys
Beneath his just regard :
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and feed his tender trees ;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys their sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads and filent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight ;
 But O how pleafant is this life !
 Bleft with a chafte and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night !

Hallow Even.

WH Y hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
 That beauteous heaven erewhile ferene?
 Whence do thofe storms and tempefts flow?
 Or what this guft of paffion mean?
 And muft then mankind lofe that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to fhine.
 And ly obfcur'd in endless night,
 For each poor filly fpeech of mine?
 Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since its acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abufe thy fame,
 Thy beauty could make large amends?
 Or if I durft profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lye,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.
 For Venus, ev'ry heart t' enfnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face ;
 And P A L L A S, with unufual care,
 Bids Wifdom heighten ev'ry grace.

Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With CUPID'S bow, and PALLAS' shield?
 If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 But pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But even itself, appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

I'll never leave thee.

J O H N Y.

THOU' for seven years and mair honour shou'd reave me,
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O J O H N Y! I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
 And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer
 If you prove unconstant. and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

J O H N Y .

My N E L L Y, let never fick fancies opprefs ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly carefs ye :
 Your blooming faft beauties firft beeted Love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, deareft, believe me.

N E L L Y .

Then, J O H N Y, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your miftrefs, for love gars me trow ye ;
 And gin you prove fa'fe, to ye'rfell be it faid then ;
 Ye'll win but fma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns ! it wad reave me
 Of my reft night and day, if ye deceive me.

J O H N Y .

Bid icefhogles hammer red gads on the ftuddy,
 And fair fimmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy ;
 Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee ;
 The flarns fhall gang witherfhins e'er I deceive thee.

Same Tune.

O N E day I heard M A R Y fay,
 How fhall I leave thee ?
 Stay, deareft A D O N I S, ftay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me ?

Alas ! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shou'd leave me :
 I'll live and die for thy fake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely A D O N I S, say,
 Has M A R Y deceiv'd thee ?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that's griev'd thee ?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou mayst believe me,
 I love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

A D O N I S, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can M A R Y thy anguish footh !
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

- But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 O ! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my A D O N I S fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

I wifh my Love were in a Myre.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly fits by thee,
And hears and fees thee all the while
Softly fpeak and fweetly fmile!

'Twas this bereav'd my foul of reft,
And rais'd fuch tumults in my breaft;
For while I gaz'd in tranfport toft,
My breath was gone, my voice was loft:

My bofom glow'd; the fubtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darknefs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulfe forgot to play,
I fainted, funk, and dy'd away.

JOCKY blyth and gay.

BLYTH JOCKY young and gay, is all my heart's
delight;

He's all my talk by day, and all my dream by night.

If from the lad I be, it's winter then with me;

But when he tarries here, it's fummer all the year.

When I and JOCKY met firft on the flowery dale,

Right fweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.

You are the lafs, faid he, that flaw my heart frae me,

O eafe me of my pain, and never flaw difdain.

Well can my J O C K Y kyth his love and courtesie,
He made my heart fu' blyth when he first spake to me.

His fuit I ill deny'd, he kifs'd, and I comply'd:

Sae J O C K Y promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when J O C K Y comes, fad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when J O C K Y glooms, but when he smiles 'tis day.

When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and faint;

What lafs that wad be kind can better tell her mind?

I'll ne'er love thee more.

By the great Marquis of MONTROSE.

Part First.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,

Be govern'd by no other sway,

But purest monarchy:

For if confusion have a part,

Which virtuous souls abhor,

I'll call a fynod in my heart,

And never love thee more.

As A L E X A N D E R I will reign,

And I will reign alone,

My thoughts did evermore disdain

A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts are small,

Who dares not put it to the touch,

To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law ;
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe ;
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me fore,
And if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me ;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll, smiling, mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Second Part.

MY dear and only love, take heed,
Lest thou thyself expose ;
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.

A marble wall then build about,
 Befet without a door ;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like vollies shot,
 Make any breach at all,
Nor smoothnefs of their language plot,
 Which way to scale the wall ;
Nor balls of wild-fire love confume
 The shrine which I adore :
For if fuch fmoak about thee fume,
 I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too ftrong
 To fuffer by furprife ;
Which victual'd by my love fo long,
 The fiege at length muft rife ;
And leave thee ruled in that health
 And ftate thou was before :
But if thou turn a common-wealth,
 I'll never love thee more.

But if by fraud, or by confent,
 'Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll found no trumpet, as I wont,
 Nor march by tuck of drum ;
But hold my arms, like enfigns up,
 Thy falfehood to deplore,
And bitterly will figh and weep,
 And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as N E R O did,
 When Rome was fet on fire ;

Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire;
And scorn to shed a tear to see,
Thy spirit grow so poor;
But, smiling, sing until I die,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bore thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testify;
That every pilgrim passing by,
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,
"A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue.
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store:
True love begun shall never end;
Love one and love no more."

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But lookt like J A N U S' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So fails thou every shore,
And leaves my constant heart behind;
How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixt,
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixt,
Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shin'd at first most bright,
And woe is me therefor,
That e'er I found thy love so light,
I could love thee no more.

The misty mountains, smoaking lakes,
The rocks resounding echo;
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
Shall all with me sing hey ho.
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle chaste and true
Her fellow's death regrette,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wond'rous fore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
These monuments to view,
Whereon is written in and out,
"Thou trait'rous and untrue;"
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, fighting fore,

Alas! he had too just a caufe
 Never to love thee more.
 And when that tracing goddeſs F A M E
 From eaſt to weſt ſhall flee,
 She ſhall record it to thy ſhame,
 How thou haſt loved me ;
 And how in odds our love was ſuch
 As few has been before ;
 Thou lov'd too many, I too much,
 That I can love no more.

I fixt my Fancy on her.

BRIGHT CYNTHIA'S power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thouſand CUPIDS on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She ſeems the queen of love to reign ;
 For ſhe alone diſpenſes
 Such ſweets as beſt can entertain
 The guſt of all the ſenſes.
 Her face a charming proſpect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy bliſſes ;
 I hear an angel when ſhe ſings,
 And taſte of heav'n in kiſſes.
 Four ſenſes thus ſhe feaſts with joy,
 From Nature's richeſt treaſure ;
 Let me the other ſenſe employ,
 And I ſhall die with pleaſure.

I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

H E .

A D I E U, for a while, my native green plains,
My nearest relations, my neighbouring swains,
Dear N E L L Y, frae thoe I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E .

Then tell me the reason, thou dost not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurry away?
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover fae roving will never mind me.

H E .

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without en estate,
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E .

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then J O N N Y be counsel'd na langer to stray:
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E .

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee.
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
 Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
 If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
 May naething propitious e'er smile upon me.

JOHN ANDERSON my JO.

'T IS not your beauty nor your wit,
 That can my heart obtain ;
 For they could never conquer yet
 Either my breast or brain ;
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,
 And true as heretofore,
 Henceforth your slave I'll scorn to be,
 Nor doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind ;
 No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
 Can satisfy my mind.

Pray let Platonic play such pranks,
 Such follies I deride ;
 For love at least I will have thanks,
 And something else beside.

'Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let your actions be as free
 As virtue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind.
 If true, I'll constant be :

If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great C U P I D 's deity,
I'll never love you more.

J O C K Y and J E N N Y .

J O C K Y .

WHEN J O C K Y was blest'd with your love and
your truth,
Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythfome a youth;
With J E N N Y I sported it all the day long,
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

J E N N Y .

Ere J O C K Y had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
There liv'd in a vale not so happy a she:
Such pleasures with J O C K Y his J E N N Y had known,
That she scorn'd in a cote the fine folks of the town.

J O C K Y .

Ah! J O C K Y , what fear now possesses thy mind,
That J E N N Y so constant, to W I L L Y 's been kind!

When dancing fo gay with the nymphs on the plain,
She yielded her hand and her heart to the fwain.

J E N N Y .

You fafely upbraid,---but remember the day
With L U C Y you toy'd it beneath the new hay;
When alone with your L U C Y, the fhepherds have faid,
You forgot all the vows that to J E N N Y you made.

J O C K Y .

Believe not, fweet J E N N Y, my heart ftray'd from thee,
For L U C Y the wanton's a maid ftill for me:
From a lafs that's fo true your fond J O C K Y ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forfake the kind J E N N Y he lov'd.

J E N N Y .

My heart for young W I L L Y ne'er panted nor figh'd;
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
While Tweed's waters glide, fhall your J E N N Y be true,
Nor love, my dear J O C K Y, a fhepherd like you.

J O C K Y .

No fhepherd e'er met with fo faithful a fair;
For kindnefs no youth can with J O C K Y compare.
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealoufy free,
And none on the plain fhall be happy as we.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,

While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely :
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was foggy :
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is KATHARINE O G I E .

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country-maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie ;
 D I A N A ' S self was ne'er array'd
 Like this fame KATHARINE O G I E .

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,
 Far excells any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming KATHARINE O G I E .

O were I but a shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughing time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 P'd think myself a happier man,
 With K A T E , my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but KATHARINE O G I E .

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations:
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:
 Might I care for and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogue;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with KATHARINE O G I E .

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy:
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for KATHARINE O G I E .

Kind R O B I N lo's me.

R O B I N .

W H I L S T I alone your soul possess,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind J E N N Y lo'ed me!
Hey ho, J E N N Y, quoth he,
Kind R O B I N lo'es thee.

J E A N Y .

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor K A T E with me your heart did share.

What queen with J E N N Y cou'd compare,
 When kind R O B I N lo'ed me!
Hey ho, R O B I N, &c.

R O B I N .

K A T Y now commands my heart,
 K A T E who sings with fo much art,
 Whose life to fave with mine I'd part;
 For kind K A T Y lo'es me.
Hey ho, J E N N Y, &c.

J E A N Y .

P A T I E now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to fave I'd perish twice;
 For kind P A T I E lo'es me.
Hey ho, R O B I N, &c.

R O B I N .

What if I K A T E for thee difdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain;
 For kind R O B I N lo'es thee.
Hey ho, J E N N Y, &c.

J E N N Y .

Though P A T I E's kind, as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the fea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind R O B I N lo's me.
Hey ho, R O B I N, &c.

Laft Time I came o'er the Muir.

TH E laft time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me!

Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When foft ideas mind me?

Soon as the ruddy morn difplay'd
The beaming day enfuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling fhade we lay,
Gazing and chaftefy sporting;
We kifs'd and promis'd time away,
Till Night fpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the fkies,
Ev'n kings, when fhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal fteel may wound me,
Or caft upon fome foreign fhore,
Where dangers may furround me:
Yet hopes again to fee my love,
To feaft on glowing kifles,
Shall make my care at diftance move,
In profpect of fuch bliffes.

In all my foul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since fhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love fhall center.

Sooner the feas shall ceafe to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland-ice shall rofes grow,
 Before I ceafe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then H Y M E N ' S facred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bofom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall bloffom.

Logan Water.

F O R ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,
 An unrelenting foe to love ;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ;
 Bid us figh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the foul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone ?
 But bufy, bufy ftill art thou,
 To bind the lovelefs, joylefs vow,
 The heart from pleafure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I abfolve thy future care ;
 All other wifhes I refign,
 Make but the dear A M A N D A mine.

Same Tune.

TELL me, HAMILLA, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?
 So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother every where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.
 And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face;
 Nor with a hateful step pursue,
 As age, to rifle every grace.
 Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And, grown mature and ripe for joy,
 Leave Mamma's arms, and come to mine.

Leader Haughs.

WHEN PHOEBUS bright the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorough,
 With radiant beams and silver streams
 O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.
 When ARIES the day and night
 In equal length divideth,

And frosty SATURN takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth;
 Then FLORA Queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with CERES' fell,
 In Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

PAN playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here refort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haugh commending;
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the fun good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield
 Than Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

An houfe there stands on Leader-side,
 Surmounting my descriving,
 With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,
 Like DEDALUS' contriving;
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In footh it hath no marrow;
 It stands as sweet on Leader-side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lifts to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing;
 Into St LEONARD'S banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'erhinging;
 The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St LEONARD'S banks they sing
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wings she sporteth ;
But vows she'll flee far from the tree
 Where Philomel reforteth :
By break of day the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll stretch my wing, and mounting, sing
 O'er Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

Park, Wantonwaws, and Woodencleugh,
 The East and Western Mainfes,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corns are good in Blainfes ;
Where aits are fine, and fold by kind,
 That if ye search all thorough,
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

In Burnmill Bog, and Whiteflade Shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;
Brighaugh and Braidwoodfhiel she knaws,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth ;
Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader-haugh,
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying ?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying :
But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae bielding can she borrow

In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
And fighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With fight, and scent pursue her,
Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her :
O'er dub and dyke, o'er feugh and fyke
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till fail'd, she fa's in Leader-haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erlfington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had anes commanding ;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :
The birds that flee throw Redpath trees,
And Gledfwood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn cannot affuage
His grief while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth :
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth fowk kend nae forrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

Same Tune.

TH E morn was fair, fast was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing :

The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing;
When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young J A M I E fang his marrow.
Ne'er bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
In heavenly beauty's planted;
Her smiling een, and comely mein,
That nae perfection wanted!
I'll never fret, nor bane my fate,
But blefs my bonny marrow:
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae forrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny lafs! have but the grace
To think e'er ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying fin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
I'll study to delight ye;
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow:
Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest SUE! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of bliffes.
 Thou art my fun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the bloffom;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my JEAN,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.
 Tho' hurricanes rife, and raise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.
 Then glory, my JEANNY, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?

Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lafs, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come glorioufly hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Love is the caufe of my mourning.

BY a murmuring fream a fair fhepherdefs lay,
 Be fo kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her fay,
 Tell STREPHON I die, if he paffes this way,
And that love is the caufe of my mourning.

False fhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for STREPHON'S cold heart never
 warms ;

Yet bring me this STREPHON, let me die in his arms,
Oh STREPHON! the caufe of my mourning.

But firft, faid fhe, let me go down to the fhades below,
 Ere ye let STREPHON know that I have lov'd him fo ;
 Then on my pale cheek no blufhes will fhew,
That love was the caufe of my mourning.

Her eyes were fcarce clofed when STREPHON came by ;
 He thought fhe'd been fleeping, and foftly drew nigh :
 But finding her breathlefs, O heavens ! did he cry,
Ah CHLORIS! the caufe of my mourning.

Reftore me my CHLORIS, ye nymphs, ufe your art.
 They, fighting, reply'd, 'Twas your eyes fhot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young fhepherdefs' heart,
And kill'd the poor CHLORIS with mourning.

Ah then is CHLORIS dead, wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent shade.
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor STREPHON with mourning.

Lack of Gold.

FOR the lack of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me :
 She me forfook for a great duke,
 And to endless woes she's left me.
 A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me.
 No cruel fair shall e'er more move
 My injur'd heart again to love ;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since JEANV she has left me.
 Ye Powers above, I to your care
 Give up my charming lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me.

Lass of Livingston.

PAIN'D with her flighting JAMIE'S love,
 BELL dropt a tear---BELL dropt a tear,
 The gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear---well pleas'd to hear :

They heard the praises of the youth,
From her own tongue---from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung---and thus she sung :

Bless'd days ! when our ingenious fex,
More frank and kind---more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind---but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Would he return---would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause him mourn---or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving fvain,
Yet still thought shame---yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame---to own my flame ?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy---and seem too coy ?
Which makes me now, alas ! lament
My flighted joy,---my flighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire---own your desire ;
While Love's young power, with his soft wing,
Fans up the fire---fans up the fire.
Oh ! do not with a filly pride,
Or low design---or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain---but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes---with flowing eyes ;

Glad J A M I E heard her all the time,
 With fweet furprize---with fweet furprize.
 Some god had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd---his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd---I am reveng'd.

M A R Y S C O T T.

HA P P Y's the love which meets return,
 When in foft flames fouls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to difcover
 The torments of a hopelefs lover.
 Ye regifters of Heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
 Did you there fee me mark'd to marrow
 M A R Y S C O T the flower of Yarrow.

Ah no ! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above muft fhare ;
 While mortals with defpair explore her,
 And at diftance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and blefs me with a fmile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll foon debar a
 Sighing fwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hufh, ye fears, I'll not defpair
 My M A R Y's tender as fhe's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languifh ;

With fucefs crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the fky;
 When M A R Y S C O T's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradife in Yarrow.

Same Tune.

'T W A S fummer, and the day was fair,
 Refolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting forrow,
 I wander o'er the braes of Yarrow;
 Till then defpifing beauty's power,
 I kept my heart, my own fecure;
 But C U P I D's art did there deceive me,
 And M A R Y's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
 No ranfom take for M A R Y's flave?
 Her frowns of reft and hope deprive me;
 Her lovely fmiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since firft I faw this charming fair:
 This beauteous flower, this rofe of Yarrow,
 In Nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
 I'd ask to ly in M A R Y's breast;
 There would I live or die with pleafure,
 Nor spare this world one moment's leifure;
 Defpifing kings and all that's great,
 I'd fmile at courts and courtier's fate;
 My joy compleat on fuch a marrow,
 I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such blifs I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my chain,
 In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
 For leaving life I'll always love her.
 What doubts distract a lover's mind?
 That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
 And she shall yet become my marrow,
 The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

The Mill, Mill---O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping found and still---O ;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her wi' good will---O :
 Her bosom I prest ; but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spill---O ;
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill---O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill---O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the bill---O.

Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraifing fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill---O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill---O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlyng speir'd how she fell---O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell---O.

Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expel---O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed myfel---O.

My bonny fweet lafs, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill---O,
 If I did offence, I'fe make ye amends
 Before I leave P E G G Y's mill---O.

O the mill, mill---O, and the kill, kill---O,
 And the coggin of the wheel---O ;
 The fack and the fieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a fodger reel---O.

My Deary an' thou die.

L O V E never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My P E G G Y, if thou die.

Thy beauties did fuch pleafure give,
 Thy love's fo true to me,
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll wafte,
 In sighs the filent day.

I ne'er can fo much virtue find,
 Nor fuch perfection fee:
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My P E G G Y, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With C U P I D's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Muft all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning fun
 Gave joy and life to me :
 And when its deftin'd day is done,
 With P E G G Y let me die.

Ye powers that fmile on virtuous love,
 And in fuch pleafure fhare ;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.

Restore my P E G G Y's wonted charms,
 Thofe charms fo dear to me ;
 Oh! never rob me from thofe arms :
 I'm loft if P E G G Y die.

N A N N Y---O.

WHILE fome for pleafure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll fave myfelf, and without ftealth,
 Kifs and carefs my N A N N Y---O.

She bids more fair t' engage a Jove,
 Than L E D A did, or D A N A E---O :

Were I to paint the queen of Love,
 None elfe fhould fit but N A N N Y---O.

How joyfully my fpirits rife,
 When dancing fhe moves finely---O!

I guefs what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle fo divinely---O.

Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As lang's ye grant me NANNY---O.

CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny NANNY---O,
 My lovely charming NANNY---O!
 I care not though the world know
 How dearly I love NANNY---O.*

Omnia vincit amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring,
 Which FLORA had adorned
 In raiment fair; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned;
 I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver;
 Ah! JEANV'S face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days;
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
 The morning fun outflining,
 Have caught my heart in CUPID'S net,
 And make me die with pining,
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me, with care,
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning;
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admired,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full fore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I confider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, though C U P I D he be blind,
 He proves in pith moft mighty.
 For warlike M A R S, and thund'ring J O V E,
 And V U L C A N with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love ;
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may fee th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break afunder :
 Nor wife nor fool need go to fchool
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book where he's to look
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

O'er Bogie.

I *WILL* awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had fworn and faid,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her confent,
 I dinna care a ftrae ;
 Though ilka ane be difcontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.

For now, she's mistress of my heart,
 And worthy of my hand,
 And well I wad we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On BETTY'S bonny face.

I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare;
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms;
 How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms!

I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble fervant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.
 A kifs of BETTY and a smile,
 Abeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle
 And offer me your crown.

I will awa', &c.

Pinky Houfe.

BY Pinky Houfe oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my N E L L Y sweetly talk;
And gaze o'er all her charms;
O let me ever fond behold
Thofe graces void of art!
Thofe chearful fmiles that sweetly hold
In willing chains my heart!

O come, my Love! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulness of air, in you,
By Nature's hand defign'd;
What beauty, like the blufhing rofe,
Firft lighted up this flame;
Which, like the fun, for ever glows
Within my breaft the fame!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How feldom it a lover brings?
How rarely keeps a heart!

O gather from my N E L L Y's charms,
That sweet, that graceful eafe;
That blufhing modefty that warms;
That native art to please!

Come then, my love! O come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair infpirer of my fong!
O fill my longing arms!

A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine!

Same Tune.

AS SYLVIA in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain SYLVANDER came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.
 Ah! is my love, she said, to you
 So worthless and so vain?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?
 You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.
 'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind:
 Alas! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you delighted, I could die;
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous constant I
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This faid——all breathlefs, fick and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital fpirits fail,
 And fenfes at a ftand.

SYLVANDER then began to melt;
 But e'er the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
 And figh'd her foul to Heaven.

PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
 The ſhipwreckt COLIN ſpying,
 His native foil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half funk in waves, and dying:
 With the next morning-ſun he ſpies
 A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurprize;
 New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I ſcorn'd was, and deferted,
 Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted:
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in PEGGY'S mind and face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying?
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:

I'll haste dull courtship to a clofe,
 Since marriage can my fears oppofe:
 Why fhould we happy minutes lofe?

Since, P E G G Y, I muft love thee.

Men may be foolifh, if they please,
 And deemt a lover's duty,
 To fight, and facrifice their eafe,
 Doating on a proud beauty:
 Such was my cafe for many a year,
 Still hope fucceeding to my fear,
 Falfe B E T T Y'S charms now difappear
 Since P E G G Y'S far outfhone them.

Same Tune.

BE N E A T H a beech's grateful fhade
 Young C O L I N lay complaining;
 He fight'd, and feem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining:
 For thus the fwain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, P E G G Y, I muft love thee.

Say, P E G G Y, what has C O L I N done,
 That thus you cruelly ufe him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you fhould excufe him!
 'Twas thy dear felf firft rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languifh;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the fame,
 And cool its fcorching anguifh.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only flights me:
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.
 That beauteous breast so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas! tho' should it ne'er relent,
 Nor COLIN'S care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My PEGGY, I must love thee.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lassies do convene
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet,
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.
 Let dorty dames say Na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;

But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang's na to be free.
 At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen,
 We'll pass the heartfome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To tak a part of mine.

Same Tune.

TH O' beauty, like the rose,
 That smiles on Polwart green,
 In various colours shaws,
 As 'tis by fancy seen :
 Yet all its diff'rent glories ly
 United in thy face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to every grace.
 So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd :
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind, am'rous C U P I D S, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings:
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

P E A T Y ' S Mill.

TH E lafs of P E A T Y ' S mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.
 Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To prefs 'em with his hand:
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.
 Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 H O P T O U N ' s high mountains fill,
 Infur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 'The lass of P E A T Y ' s mill
 Shou'd share the fame with me.

Pier of Leith.

Y O U N G P H I L A N D E R woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving fang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk morning when I view my glafs,
 Then I perceive my beauty going ;
 And when the wrinkles feize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying ;
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying :
 Ah ! we may see ourselves to be,
 Like summer-fruit that is unshaken ;
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Ufe then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil;
 Fifteen is a feafon rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.
 Juft when ripe, confent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lofe their relifh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loft,
 You'll find it hard to be regained;
 Which now I may tell to 'my coft,
 Tho' but myfell nane can be blamed;
 If then your fortune you refpect,
 Take the occafion when it offers;
 Nor a true lover's fuit neglect,
 Left you be fcoff'd for being fcoffers.

I, by his fond expreffions thought,
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, paft my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear maidens, then, take my advice,
 And let na coynefs prove your ruin;
 For if ye be o'er foolifh nice,
 Your fuitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
 As lang as life; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
 A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which nane of us are contented;
 Then be not wife behind the hand,
 That the miftake may be prevented.

P A T I E and P E G G Y .

P A T I E .

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

P E G G Y .

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and fyne the wooing's done:
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and fowr.

P A T I E .

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetnesss they may tine, and fae may ye:
 Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

P E G G Y .

'Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my P A T Y'S arms for good and a';
 But flint your wishes to this frank embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

P A T I E .

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;

A' night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
 'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

C H O R U S .

*Sun, gallop down the weftlin skies,
 Gang foon to bed, and quickly rise :
 O lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day :
 And if ye're wearied, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

Queen of the May.

J E N N Y .

S T E R N Winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
 And cowslips and v'lets the meadows perfume ;
 While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
 I wait for my J O C K Y to hail the new May.

J O C K Y .

Among the young lilies, my J E N N Y, I've stray'd,
 Pinks, daifies, and woodbines I bring to my maid ;
 Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
 A pofy to form for my Queen of the May.

J E N N Y .

Ah! J O C K Y, I fear you intend to beguile,
 When feated with M O L L Y last night on a stile.

You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
 Forgetting poor J E N N Y, your Queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Young W I L L Y is handsome in shepherds' green dress,
 He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
 Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
 Was that done like J E N N Y, the Queen of the May?

J E N N Y.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
 Since J O C K Y, false-hearted, his passion denies:
 Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
 For J E N N Y'S no longer the Queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong.
 Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
 From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
 I sing but of J E N N Y, my Queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
 My fears are all vanish'd since J O C K Y is true;
 Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
 That J E N N Y alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

J O C K Y.

Come all ye young lovers, I pray you draw near,
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;

Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
 Then come, my dear J E N N Y, and hail the new May.
Come all ye young lovers, &c.

Queen M A R Y.

Y O U meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes,
 More by your number than your light,
 Like common people of the skies;
 What are ye, when the moon doth rise?

Ye violets, that first appear,
 By your purple mantles known,
 Like proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are ye when the rose is blown?

Ye wand'ring chaunters of the wood,
 That fill the ayre with nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By weak accents; What is your praise
 When P H I L O M E L her voice shall raise?

*You glancing jewels of the east,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glittering gems: what is your praise,
 When the bright diamond shows his rays?*

*But, ah! poor light, gem, voice and smell,
 What are ye if my M A R Y shine?
 Moon, diamond, flowers, and P H I L O M E L,
 Light, lustre, scent, and musick tine,
 And yield to merit more divine.*

So when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetneffe of her looks, and minde ;
 By vertue first, then choyce a queen ;
 Tell me if she was not designde
 The eclipse and glory of her kind ?

*There rose and lilly, the hale spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;
 The diamond darkens in the ring :
 When she appears, the moon looks dead,
 As when S O L lifts his radiant head.*

Highland Queen.

N O more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains ;
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,
 And P H O E B U S tunes the warbling lyre ;
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me.
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy ;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole ;

A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate!
Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more ;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

Roslin Castle.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That COLIN, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay ;
Of NANNY'S charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with NANNY rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song ;
To NANNY raise the chearful lay,
O bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;

'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song ;
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from NANNY'S eyes,
 And love my riving bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

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

Same Tune.

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls,
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls,
 My COLIN bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield—nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful pleasing flame I feel,
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? from what grove
 Does COLIN pour his notes of love?

O bring me to the happy bower,
Where mutual love may blefs fecure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the fong,
Repeating as it flies along,
To COLIN'S ear my ftrain convey,
And fay, I hafte to come away.
Ye zephyrs foft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the fothing tale;
In whifpers all my foul exprefs,
And tell, I hafte his arms to blefs.

Ranting, roaring WILLIE.

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
Thy fmiles fo enchantingly gay,
And thoughts fo divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour display.
But fay not thou'lt imitate angels
Ought fairer, though fcarcely, ah, me!
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
A match among mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties fhed fires,
May warm up ten thousand to love,
Who defpairing, may fly to fome other,
While I may defpair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of fighting and joys
This diftant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond heart too afpiring,
Who loves in fad filence like me!

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 The shipwreck'd on landscapes on shore;
 Be still more divine, and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, MARY, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor loves nor expects to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slavery's a pleasure to me.

Sae merry as we hae been.

A LASS that was laden'd with care
 Sat heavily under yon thorn;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn:
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping winter did wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
*Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 My heart it is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we have seen.*

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he would oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?

Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?

Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.

At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily feated to spin,
I fet myself under an oak,
And heavily fighed for him.

Sae merry, &c.

Same Tune.

NOW PHOEBUS advances on high,
Nae footsteps of Winter are feen ;
The birds carrol fweet in the fky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.
Through plantings, and burnies fae clear,
We wander for pleafure or health,
Where buddings and bloffoms appear,
Giving profpects of joy and of wealth.

View ilka gay fcene all around,
That are, and that promife to be ;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, E L I Z A, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they outrival the grove ;
When zephyrs thus pleafingly fwell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The rofes and lillies combin'd,
 And flowers of maift delicate hue,
 By thy cheeks and dear breasts are outfhin'd,
 Their tinctures are naething fae true.
 What can we compare to thy voice:
 And what with thy humour fae fweet?
 Nae mufic can blefs with fick joys;
 Sure angels are juft fae compleat.
 Fair bloffom of ilka delight,
 Whofe beauties ten thoufand outfline;
 Thy fweets fhall be lafting and bright,
 Being mixt wi' fae many divine.
 Ye powers, who have given fick charms
 To E L I Z A, your image below,
 O fave her frae all human harms,
 And make her hours happily flow!

Saw ye nae my P E G G Y.

S A W ye nae my P E G G Y,
 Saw ye nae my P E G G Y,
 Saw ye nae my P E G G Y,
 Coming o'er the lee?
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine is fhe.
 O! how P E G G Y charms me;
 Every look ftill warms me;

Every thought alarms me,
 Left the love nae me.
 P E G G Y doth discover
 Nought but charms all over;
 Nature bids me love her,
 That's a law to me.

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

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

She rose and loot me in.

TH E silent Night her fables wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in N E L L Y'S eyes;
 V O L. I. (19) B b

When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood agham'd;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And every touch inflam'd.

My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I;
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah! at last she prov'd wi' bairn,
And fighting fat, and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool.

Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part!

I lov'd her fo, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime;
 Thus all was well again,
 And now she thanks the happy time
 She rofe and loot me in.

Slighted love fair to bide.

I H A D a heart, but now I heartless gae;
 I had a mind, but daily was opprest;
 I had a friend that's now become my fae;
 I had a will that now has freedom loft;
 What have I now? naithing I trow,
 But grief where I had joy:
 What am I than? a heartless man;
 Could love me thus destroy?
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
 Yet for my love difdain is my reward.
 Where fhall I gang to hide my weary face?
 Where fhall I find a place for my defence?
 Where my true love remains, the fitteft place,
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.
 She has my heart 'till I depart:
 Let her do what she lift,
 I cannot mend, but ftill depend,
 And daily to infift,
 To purchafe love, if love my love deserve;
 If not for love, let love my body ftarve.

O lady fair! whom I do honour most,
 Your name and fame within my breast I have;
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
 That I am true, and fall not rue
 Ane word that I have said:
 I am your man, do what you can,
 When all these plays are play'd.
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

Soger Laddie.

MY foger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang wi' my foger laddie.
 My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a foger and lover behave;
 True to his country, to love he is fleddy,
 There's few to compare with my foger laddie.
 Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms.
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my foger ye gie me.
 O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he get his due:
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

Tweed-Side.

W H A T beauties does F L O R A disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

Yet M A R Y's still sweeter than those;

Both nature and fancy exceed.

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,

Nor all the gay flowers of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,

With music enchant every bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?

Does M A R Y not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lyes asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;

Kind Nature indulging my bliss,

To relieve the soft pains of my breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,

No beauty with her may compare;

Love's graces around her do dwell;

She's fairest, where thousands are fair.

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

Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O S A N D Y, why leaves thou thy N E L L Y to mourn?
 Thy prefence cou'd eafe me,
 When naething can please me:
 Now dowie I figh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are finging,
 And primrofes fpringing;
 Yet nane of them pleafes my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forfaken, fome spare not to tell:
 I'm fafh'd wi' their fcorning,
 Baith evening and morning:
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myfell.
 Then ftay, my dear S A N D Y, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Hafte here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, fng and play.

To danton me.

ALAS! when charming SYLVIA's gone,
 I sigh and think myself undone;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove.
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me so?
 I die with grief when she must go,
 But I revive at her return;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain:
 For who e'er saw bright SYLVIA's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
 Gods, if the truest must be blest'd,
 O let her be by me possess'd.

Woe's my heart that we should funder.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor COLIN spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his GRISY, cries,
 Ah! woe's my heart that we should funder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:

From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
Shall still be present though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me though we funder.

Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her;
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again and never funder.

Same Tune.

S P E A K on—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears that soon will want relief,
When P A T E must from his P E G G Y funder.

A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alack, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy P E G G Y's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd
The rest, whafe wit made them to wonder,

Shall now his P E G G Y's praises tell ;
 Ah ! I can die, but never funder.
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep,
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

The wauking of the Faulds.

MY P E G G Y 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 P E G G Y is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wauking of the fauld.

My P E G G Y speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,

My P E G G Y speaks fae sweetly,
 'To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But the gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking of the fauld.

My P E G G Y smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown,
 My P E G G Y smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sick delight,
 As wauking of the fauld.

My P E G G Y sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My P E G G Y sings fae fastly,
 And in her songs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.

To the tune of *The Yellow-hair'd laddie*.

I N April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn ;

He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unfeen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sang, Tho' young M A Y A be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But S U S I E was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That M A D I E in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth;
But S U S I E was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess which sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet S U S I E his mistress might be.

Same Tune.

P E G G Y.

W H E N first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briars, or brechens ga'e trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the flane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
 Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me ;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

P A T I E .

Our J E N N Y sings fastly *the Cowden-broom knows*,
 And R O S I E liltis sweetly *the milking the ewes* ;
 'There's few *Jenny Nettles* like N A N S Y can sing,
 At *throw the wood, laddie*, B E S S gars our lugs ring ;
 But when my dear P E G G Y sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedfide, or the lafs of the mill,
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me ;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How eafy can lasses trow what they desire !
 And praifes fae kindly increafes Love's fire :
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

To the tune of *Nancy's to the green wood gane*.

I YIELD, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That fure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying :

For a' that we can do or fay
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heartstrings leads us.

To the tune of *Leith Wynd*.

J E N N Y .

W E R E I affur'd you'll constant prove,
 Ye shou'd nae mair complain;
 The easy maid, beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

R O G E R .

I'm happy now, oh! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline;
 The pleasure strikes me near hand dead;
 Is J E N N Y then fae kind!
 O let me brifs thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine;
 Delytfu' thought; we'll never part,
 Come prefs thy mouth to mine.

To the tune of *O'er Bogie*.

W E E L, I agree, ye're fure of me;
 Next to my father gae;
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly fay you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.
 Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain,
 Tho' a' my kin had faid and fworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range nor learn to change,
 Like these in high degree:
 And if ye prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae faut in me.

To the tune of *Wat ye waha I met yestreen*.

N O W from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His foul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews his light,
 Till polishing has made it shine;
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

To the tune of *Kirk wad let me be.*

DUTY and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love superior calls treason ;
 The strongest must be obey'd ;
 For now tho' I'm one o' the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels,
 For change in my heart is no entry,
 Still there my dear PEGGY excels.

To the tune of *Tweedside.*

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where-e'er my love travels by day,
 Where-ever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in fight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin-deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of M A Y,
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

· To the tune of *The bush aboon Traquair*.

A T fetting day, and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
 To all our haunts I will repair,
 By green-wood shaw, or fountain,
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees, and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

Bonny grey-eyed morn.

THE bony grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darknefs flies before the riling ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day:
 Without a guilty fling to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with lofs
 Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gameſter tumble and tofs,
 Wiſhing for calmnefs and flumber in vain;
 Be my portion health, and quietnefs of mind,
 Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happinefs link'd to his fate.

Sweet ANNIE frae the ſea beach came.

SWEET ANNIE frae the ſea-beach came,
 Where JOCKY ſpeel'd the veffel's ſide;
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When JOCKY's toſt aboon the tyde:
 Far aff to diſtant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;
 And when ilk lafs about him thrangs,
 He'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gie :
 What though my J O C K Y's far awa',
 Toft up and down the awfome main,
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since J O C K Y may return again.

Nae mair, false J A M I E, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away ;
 My J O C K Y wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his love betray :
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While J O C K Y's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales, round J O C K Y's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still ;
 His hameward fail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill :
 What though my J O C K Y's far away,
 Yet he will braw in filler shine ;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since J O C K Y may again be mine.

Deil tak the wars.

DEIL tak the wars that hurried B I L L Y from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn ;
 They made him captain fure to undo me :
 Woe's me, he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run;
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my soft arms,
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
By love grown mad, without the man of God,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode fat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did shine;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots lafs was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes, and filk hose, garter full over knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To BILLY these are nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, filly loon, might have plunder'd me.

E L O R E lo!

I N a garden so green in a May morning,
 Heard I my lady pleen of paramours,
 Said she, my love so sweet, come you not yet, not yet,
 Hight you not me to meet amongst the flowers,
 E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E !
 I love my lusty love, E L O R E lo!

The light up-springeth, the dew down dingeth,
 The sweet lark singeth her hours of prime ;
 Phœbus up spenteth, joy to rest wenteth,
 So lost is mine intents, and gone's the time.
 E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E !
 I love my lusty love, E L O R E lo!

Danger my dead is, false fortune my feed is,
 And langour my lead is, but hope I despair,
 Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is,
 Deceit out of all ware: adieu, I fare.
 E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E !
 I love my lusty love, E L O R E lo!

Then to my Lady blyth, did I my presence kyth:
 Saying, my bird, be glad; am I not yours?
 So in my arms too, did I the lusty jo,
 And kissed her times mo, than night hath hours,
 E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E ! E L O R E !
 I love my lusty love, E L O R E lo!

Live in hope, lady fair, and repel all despair,
 Trust not that your true love shall you betray,
 When deceit and languor, is banisht from your bower,

I'll be your paramour, and shall you please,
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE lo!

Favour and duty, unto your bright beauty,
 Confirmed hath lawtie obliged to truth ;
 So that your foverance, heartilie but variance,
 Mark in your memorance, mercy and ruth,
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE lo!

Yet for your courtesie, banish all jealousie,
 Love for love lustily, do me restore ;
 Then with us lovers young, true love shall rest and reign,
 Solace shall sweetly sing for ever more,
 ELORE! ELORE! ELORE! ELORE!
 I love my lusty love, ELORE lo!

Wo worth the time, &c.

WO worth the time and eke the place,
 That she was to me known ;
 For since I did behold her face,
 My heart was never mine own, mine own jo, mine
 own,
 My heart was never mine own.
 Sometimes I lived at libertie,
 But now I do not fo ;
 She hath my heart fo faithfullie,
 That I can love no mo, no mo jo, no mo,
 That I can love no mo.

To be refus'd of love, alas !

All earthly things adieu,

My mistress she is mercilefs,

And will not on me rue, me rue jo, me rue,

And will not on me rue.

Now am I left all comfortlefs,

And no remeid can crave,

My pains they are remeadilefs,

And all the wyte you have, you have jo, you have,

And all the wyte you have.

The flower of Yarrow.

IN ancient times, as fongs rehearse,
 One charming nymph employed each verse,
 She reign'd alone without a marrow,
 MARY SCOT the flower of Yarrow.

Our fathers with such beauty fir'd,
 This matchlefs fair in crouds admir'd,
 Though matchlefs then, yet here's her marrow,
 MARY SCOT's the flower of Yarrow.

Whose beauty unadorn'd by art,
 With virtue join'd attracts each heart ;
 Her negligence itself would charm you,
 She scarcely knows her power to warm you.

For ever cease Italian noise ;
 Let every string and every voice,
 Sing MARY SCOT without a marrow,
 MARY SCOT the flower of Yarrow.

Original of Tweedfide.

WHEN MEGGY and me were acquaint,
 I carried my noddle fu hie,
 Nae lintwhite on all the gay plain,
 Nor goudfpink fae bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I fang,
 I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes over the Tweed.
 To MEGGY my love I did tell,
 Saut tears did my passion exprefs,
 Alas! for I loo'd her o'er well,
 And the women loo' sic a man lefs.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed,
 Therefore I will wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

Kind ROBIN looes me.

ROBIN is my only joe,
 Robin has the art to loo',
 So to his fuit I mean to bow
 Because I ken he looes me.
 Happy happy was the show'r,
 That led me to his birken bow'r,
 Whare first of love I fand the pow'r,
 And ken'd that Robin loo'd me.
 They fpeak of napkins, fpeak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,

And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them figs he loes me.
 But I'd prefer a smack of R O B,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wobb,
 Because I ken he looes me.

He's tall and sonfy, frank and free,
 Loo'd by a' and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my R O B I N loes me.
 My titty M A R Y faid to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, or lang, be made to see,
 That R O B I N did na love me.

But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest R O B between,
 And in his wooing, O so keen,
 Kind R O B I N is that looes me.
 Then fly ye lazy hours away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When join'd our hands Mefs J O H N shall say,
 And mak him mine that looes me.

'Till then let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that R O B I N looes me.
 O hey R O B I N quo' she, O hey R O B I N quo' she,
 O hey R O B I N quo she,
 Kind R O B I N looes me.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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