THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VI.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.
M.DCCC.XXXIX.

The Scots Musical Museum

In Six Volumes.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs

with proper Baſses for the

Piano Forte &c.

Humbly Dedicated

To the Society

of

Antiquaries of Scotland

By James Johnson

In this Publication the original simplicity of our Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered with useleſs Accompaniments & graces depriving the hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume VI. Pr. 7s

Butterworth. Scripsit.

Printed & Sold by James Johnson *Music Seller* Edinburgh *to be had at* T. Preston *N°* 97 *Strand* London, M^c^ Fadyen Glasgow, *& at all the principal* Muſic Sellers.

PREFACE.

THE Editor now presents to the Public the Sixth Volume of the Scots Musical Museum; which in all probability will be the last.

These Volumes contain every Scotish Air and Song, which the exertions of the Editor, and those of his friends and numerous correspondents, have been able to procure during a period of sixteen years. He is therefore inclined to think that the Scots Musical Museum now contains almost every Scotish Song extant. However, as he wishes to make it as complete as possible, he will spare no pains in endeavouring to procure any which may hitherto have escaped his research; and if successful, they will be published at some future period.

Without wishing to over rate this publication, the Editor may be permitted to observe, that it unquestionably contains the greatest Collection of Scotish Vocal Music ever published, including many excellent Songs written for it by BURNS; He therefore flatters himself with the hope that the prediction of our celebrated BARD respecting it will be verified; and that "To future ages the Scots Musical Museum "will be the Text Book and Standard of Scotish Song and Music."*

* See extract from BURNS'S Letter in the Preface to Volume 5th.

Edin.r June 4th. 1803.

Entered in Stationers Hall.

I N D E X.

Nota, The Songs in the 5 preceding Volumes marked R. and B. the Editor is now at liberty to say are the production of Mr. BURNS — The Originals of Mr. BURNS'S writing are in his possession — They were written for this work, but being often sent the Editor on the spur of the moment, Mr. BURNS requested these marks only, and not his name should be added to them.

First line of each Song.	Authors	Page
As I went o'er the highland hills		525
As walking forth to view the plain		526
Ae day a braw wooer	Burns	533
Ah Mary sweetest maid farewell		546
Anna thy charms my bosom fire	Burns	547
A cogie of ale and a pickle ate meal	Sherrifs Music by Mc Intosh	564
As I was walking by yon river side		566
Argyll is my name	By J. Duke of Argyll	573
An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-side		580
As I lay on my bed on a night		601
A Soldier for gallant atchievements renoun'd		608
Adieu! a heart warm, fond adieu	Burns	620
B		
Behind yon hills where rivlets row,	Burns	600
Bright the moon aboon yon mountain	Hamilton	612
C		
Come under my plaidy	Macneil, Esq.r	550
Come follow, follow		552
Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle	Music by S. Clarke	568
Cauld is the e'enin blast	Burns	603
D		
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	Burns, Music by S. Clarke.	565
F		
Frae Dunibier as I cam through		528
Farewell ye fields an' meadows green	Hamilton	597
G		
Go to Berwick Johnny	Hamilton	534
Gudeen to you kimmer	Burns	540
Gently blaw ye eastern breezes	Anderson	581
Go plaintive sound	W. Hamilton Esq.r	595
H		
Have ye any pots or pans		536
Hey! my kitten my kitten		577
How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning	Gall	586
How sweet this lone vale	A. Erskine, Esq.r	588
Hard is the fate of him who loves	Thomson	610

I N D E X.

I — Page

In Brechin did a wabster dwell — 541
I am a young bachelor winsome — 556
In yon garden fine an' gay — 582
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss — Burns — 589
I care na for your een sae blue — Hamilton — 619

L

Lord Thomas and fair Annet — 553
Little wat ye wha's coming — 591
Liv'd ance two lovers in yon dale — 616

M

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, — Burns — 517
My Daddy left me gear enough — 542
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't — Burns — 573
My Jeany and I have toil'd — 590

N

Now bank and brae are claith'd in green — 537
No Churchman am I for to rail and to write — Burns — 606

O

O steer her up and had her gaun — 520
O Cherub Content — Campbell — 526
O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair — Music by J. Fergus — 529
O ay my wife she dang me — Burns — 549
O tell me my bonny young lassie — Macniel, Esq.r — 553
O Mary turn awa that bonny face — Gall — 560
O gude ale comes — Burns — 561
O where and O where does your highland laddie dwell — 566
O once I lov'd a bonnie lass — Burns — 570
O dinna think bonnie lassie — 574
O gin I were fairly shot o' her — Anderson — 576
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten — Burns — 585
O leave novels, ye Mauchlin belles — Burns — 592
O lay thy loof in mine lass — Burns — 593
O heard ye of a silly Harper — 593
O turn away those cruel eyes — 604
O Mary ye's be clad in silk — Music by Miss G. C. — 605
O that I had ne'er been married — Burns — 613
O gin my love were yon red rose — 614
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet — Burns — 617

R

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap — D.r Couper — 519
Row saftly thou stream — Gall — 524
Robin shure in hairst — Burns — 562
Return hameward my heart again — 572

INDEX

	Authors	Page
S		
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure	Burns — the Music by A. Masterton	533
Stern winter has left us		544
Sweetest May let love inspire thee	Burns	573
Sure my Jean is beauty's blossom	Gall	587
Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride	Mackenzie, Esq^r	594
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	Burns	596
T		
Tho' for seven years and mair	Ramsay	522
'Twas summer and softly the breezes		532
'Twas at the shining midday hour	Ramsay	534
The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife		539
Thy cheek is o' the roses hue	Gall	543
'Twas at the silent solemn hour	Mallet — Music by S. Clarke	554
The sun in the west	Gall	557
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen	Burns	558
'Tis nae very lang sinsyne		569
The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green		574
There was a noble lady		582
The rain rins down thro' Merry-land toune		602
There was a bonie lass	Burns	606
There news lasses news	Burns	609
Tell me Jessy tell me	Hamilton	618
The night is my departing night		620
W		
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy	Macniel, Esq^r	518
When I gaed to the mill my lane		521
Whar' Esk its silver current leads	Carey	522
Wee Willie Gray	Burns	530
When the days they are lang		530
Willy's rare and Willy's fair		542
Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder		562
When I think on my lad		570
Y		
You ask me charming fair	W. Hamilton Esq^r	584
Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid		611
You sing of our goodman frae hame		614

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

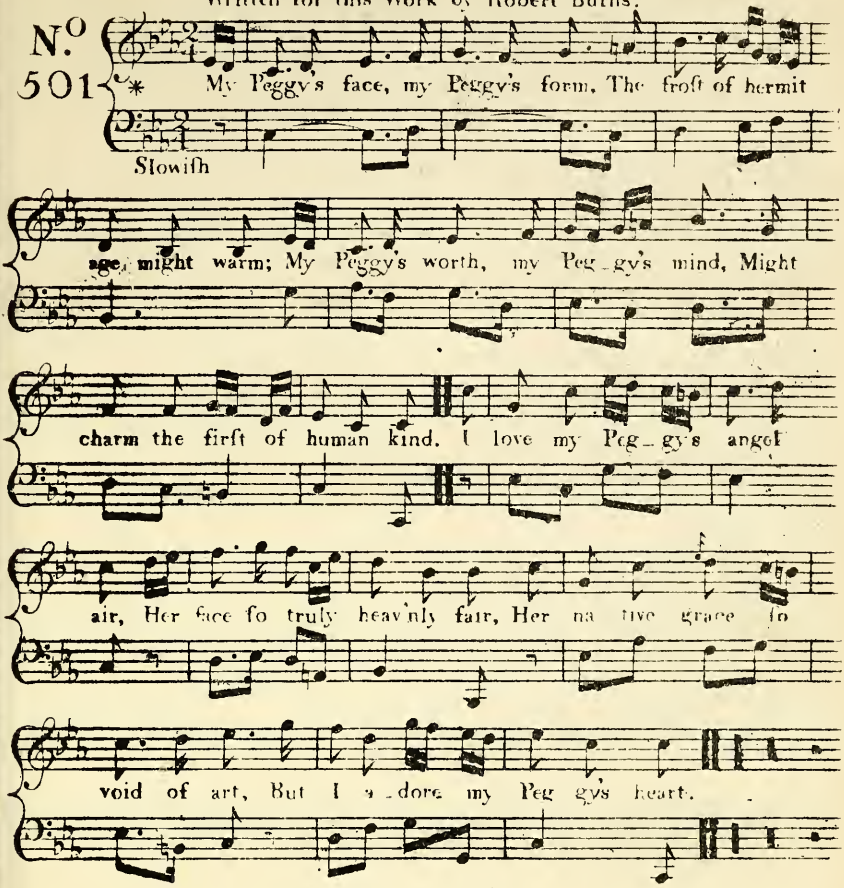
VOLUME VI.

	Page
Songs DI. to DC.,	517
Illustrations,	439
Additional Illustrations,	*513
Indexes of Airs,	i
Indexes of Songs,	xxii
General Index,	xxvii

My Peggy's face.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N.° 501



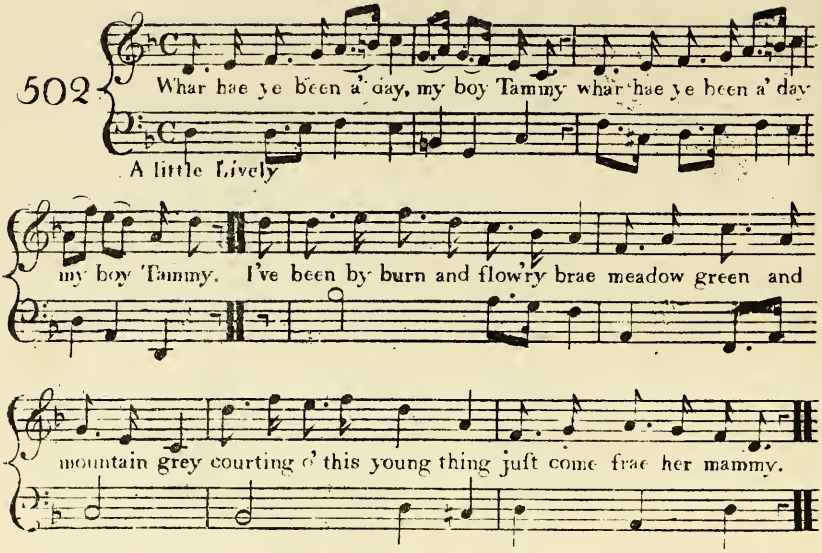
The lily's hue, the roſe's die,
The kindling luſtre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic ſway,
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpoſe nobly dear,
The gentle look that Rage diſarms,
Theſe are all Immortal charms.

Dear M.r Publiſher,

I hope againſt I return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. CLARKE if theſe words will ſuit the tune. If they don't ſuit, I muſt think on ſome other Air; as I have a very ſtrong private reaſon for wiſhing them in the 2.d Volume. Don't forget to tranſcribe me the liſt of the Antiquarian Muſic. Farewel.

R. BURNS.

My boy Tammy.



And whar gat ye that young thing my boy Tammy?
I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy.

What faid ye to the bonny bairn my boy Tammy?
I prais'd her een fae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
I pree'd it aft as ye may true She faid, fhe'd tell her Mammy.

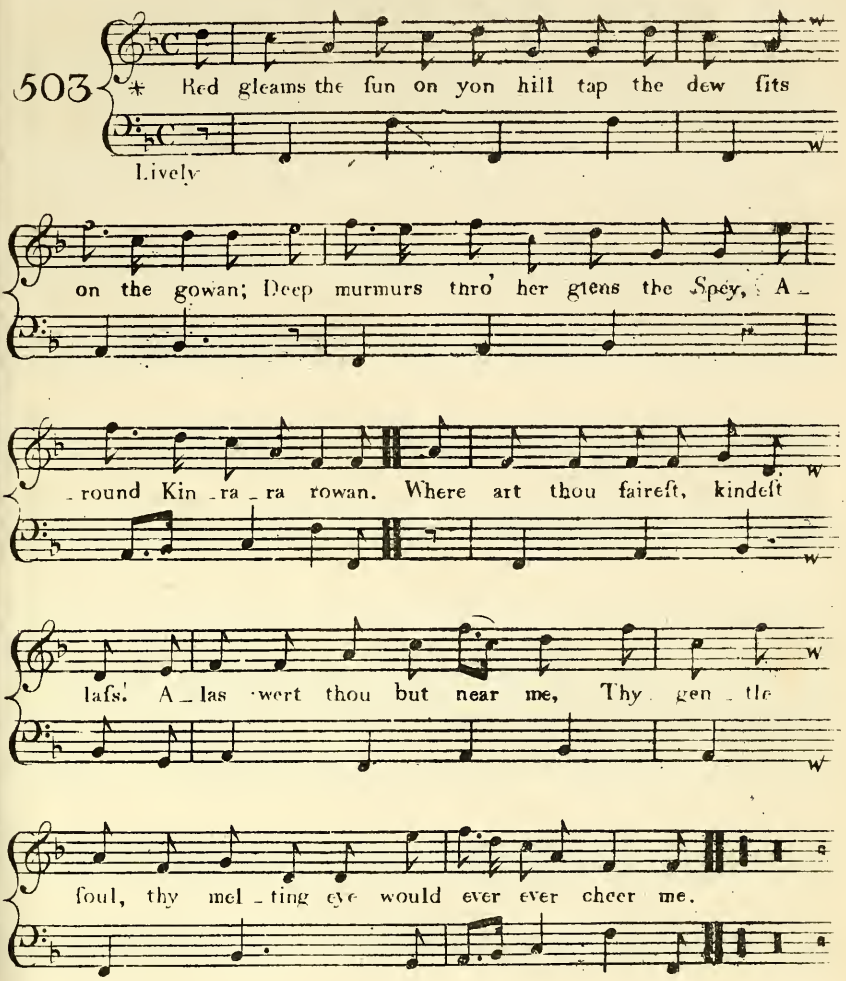
I held her to my beating heart"_my young my fmiling Lammy!
"I hae a houfe _it coft me dear,
"I've walth o' pleniſhan and geer;
"Ye'fe get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

The fmile gade aff her bonny face _"I manna leave my Mammy.
"She's gi'en me meat; fhe's gi'en me claiſe;
"She's been my comfort a' my days _
"My Father's death brought mony wae s _I canna leave my Mammy.

"We'll tak her hame and ma' her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy!
"We'll gee her meat; we'll gee her claiſe,
"We'll be her comfort a' her days;" _
The wee thing gi'es her hand and fays "There! gang and aſk my Mammy"

Has fhe been to Kirk wi' thee my boy Tammy?
She has been to Kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee, _
But Oh! fhe's but a young thing juft come frae her Mammy!

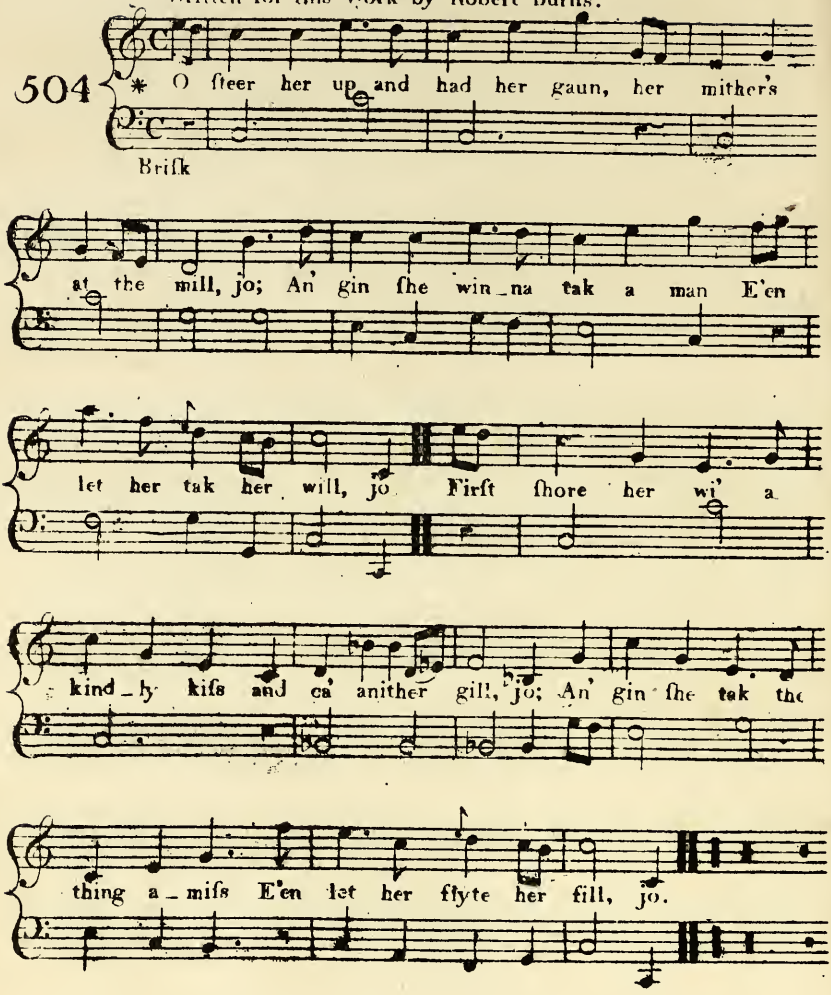
Red gleams the ſun.



The Lavrock ſings amang the clouds,
The Lambs they ſport ſo cheery,
And I ſit weeping by the birk;
O where art thou my dearie!
Aft may I meet the morning dew;
Lang greet till I be weary /
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!
Thou canna be my deary.

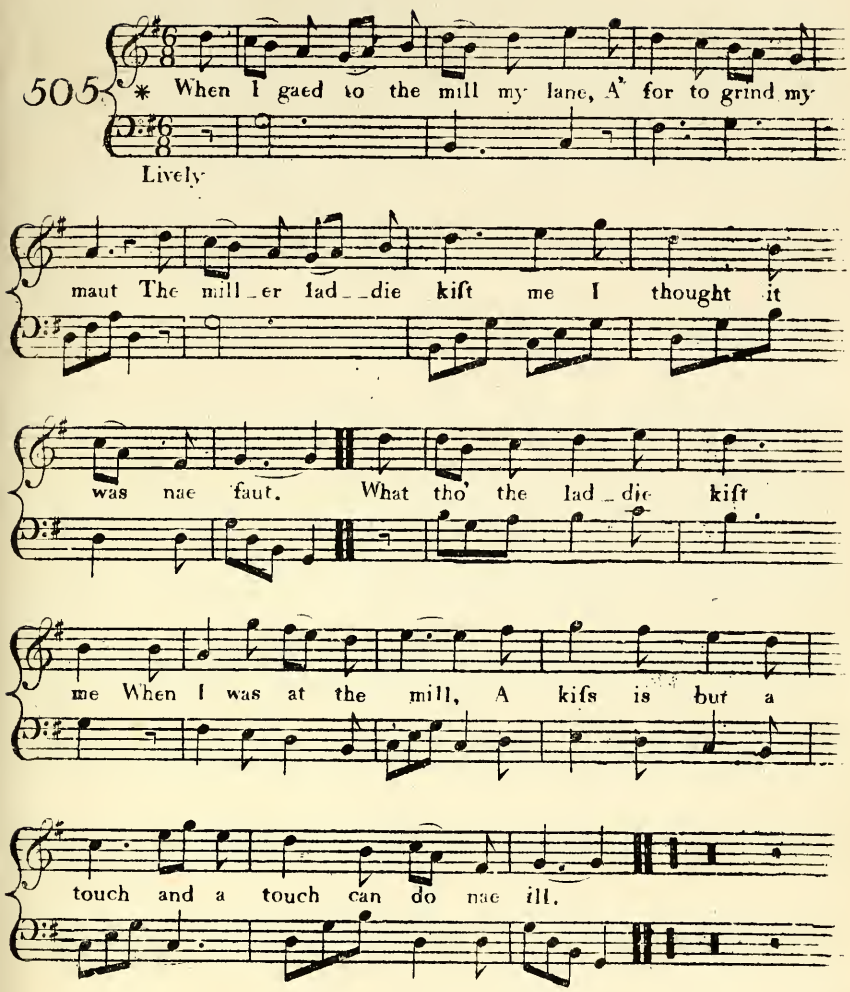
O ſteer her up and had her gaun

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



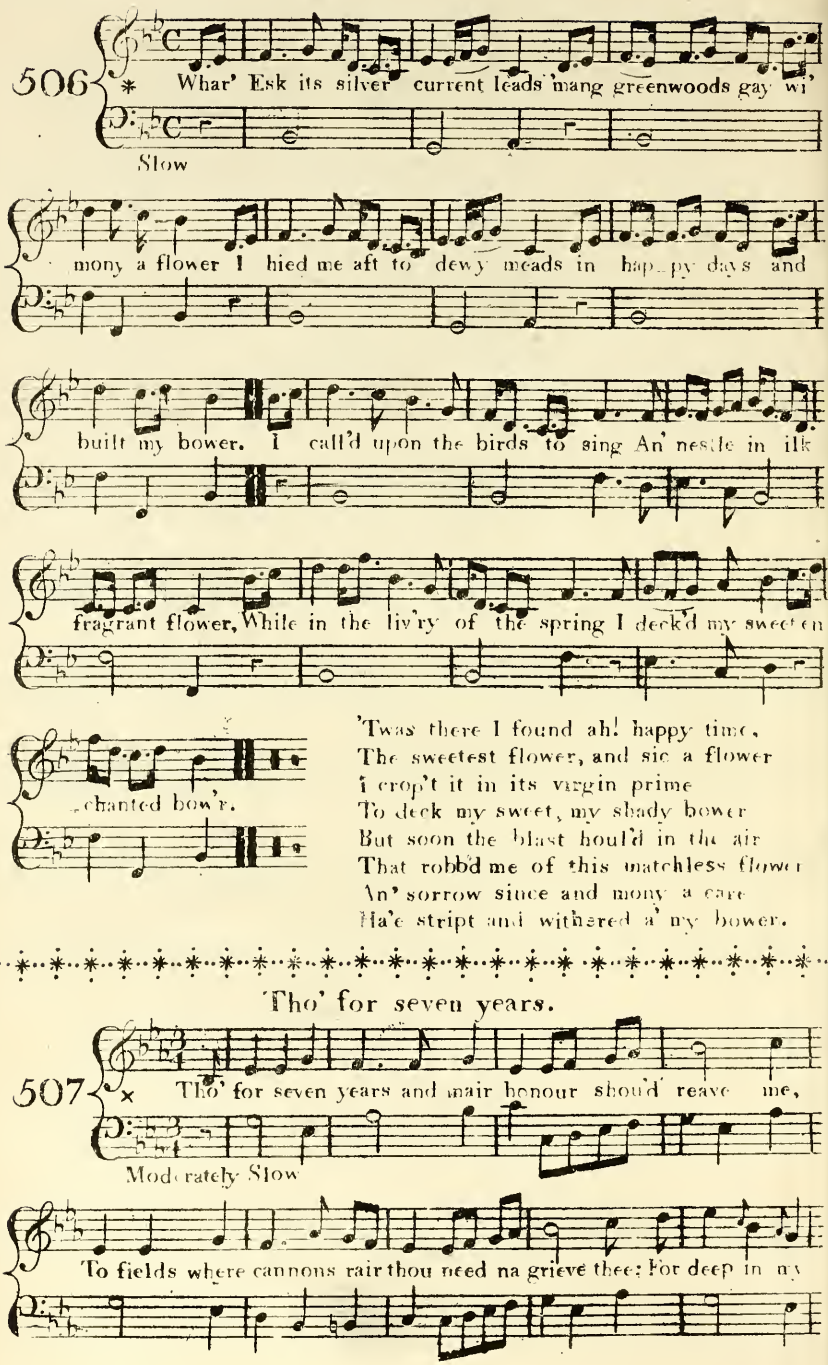
O ſteer her up and be na blate,
An' gin ſhe tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the laſsie till her fate,
And time nae langer ſpill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for ay rebute,
But think upon it ſtill, jo,
That gin the laſsie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

When I gaed to the mill.



O I loo the miller laddie!
And my laddie loes me;
He has fie a blyth look,
And a bonnie blinking ee.
What though the laddie kift me,
When I was at the mill!
A kifs is but a touch
And a touch can do nae ill.

Whar' Esk its silver stream



'Twas there I found ah! happy time,
The sweetest flower, and sic a flower
I crop't it in its virgin prime
To deck my sweet, my shady bower
But soon the blast hould'd in the air
That robbd me of this matchless flower
An' sorrow since and mony a care
Ha'e stript and withered a' my bower.

Tho' for seven years.

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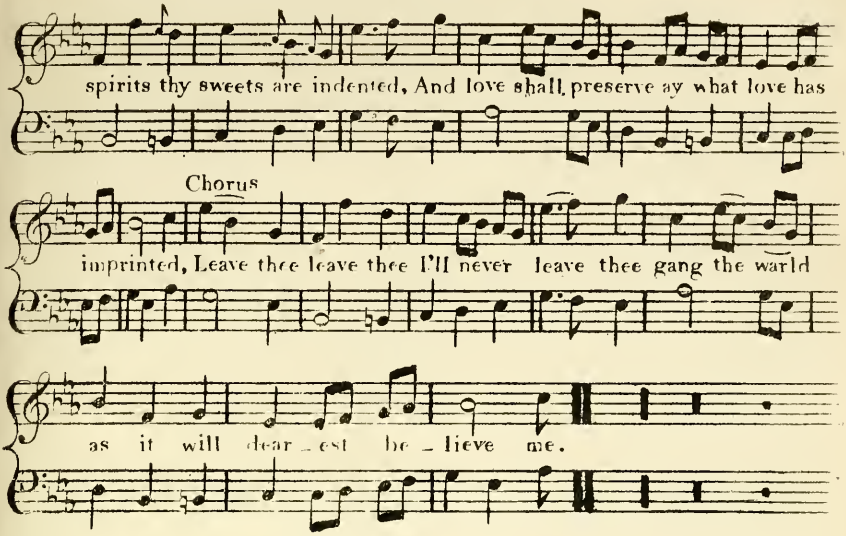


NELLY.

O Johny! 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 sairer
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.

JOHNY.

My Nelly, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first 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, dearest, believe me.

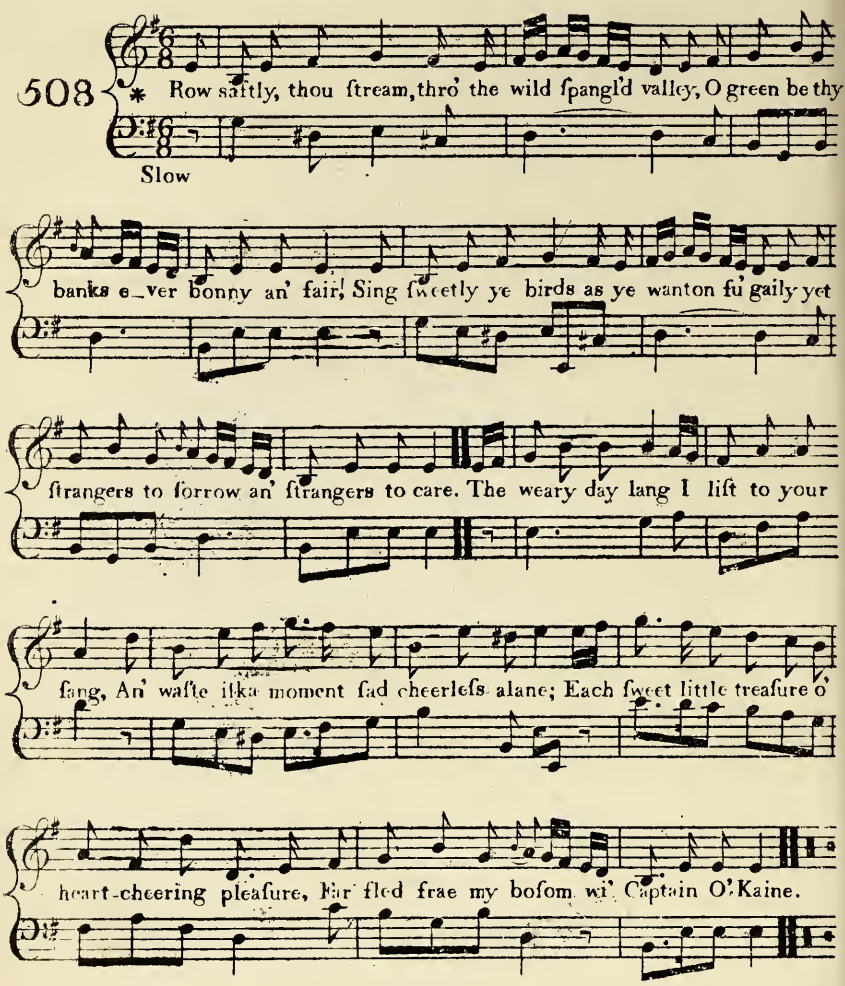
NELLY.

Then, Johny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin you prove fa'se, to ye'rsell be it said then;
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gads on the studdy,
And fair simmer 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 starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

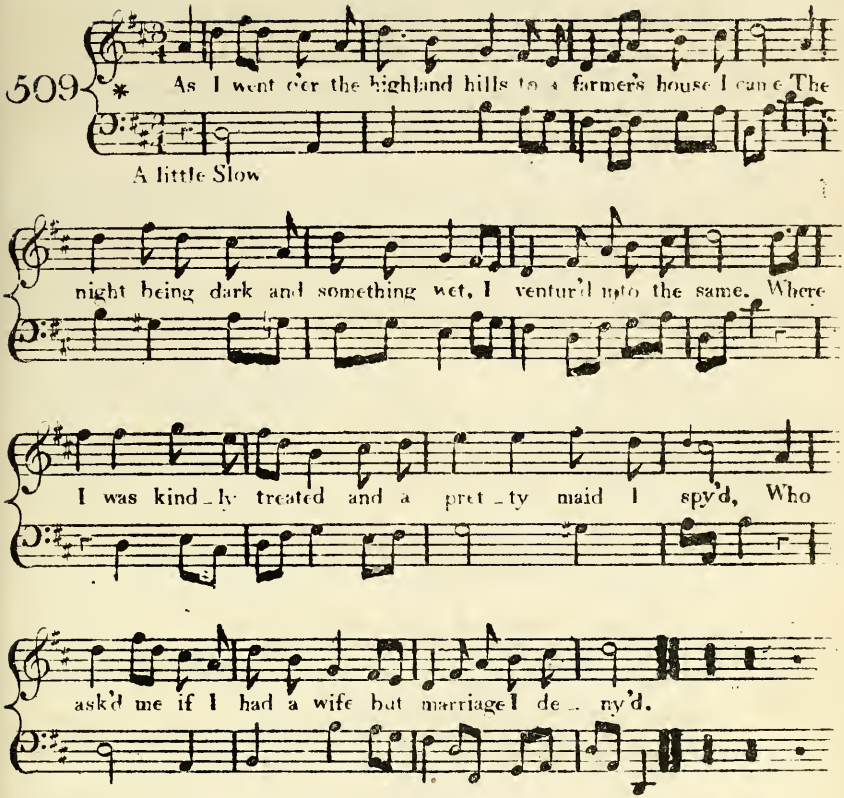
Row ſaftly, thou ſtream,



Fu' aft on thy banks na'e we pu'd the wild gowan,
An' twiſted a ringlet beneath the haw thorn!
Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleaſure was glowin!
Sweet days o' delight which can never return!
Now ever, wae's me!
The tear fills mine e'e!
An' fair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain!
Nae proſpect returning
To gladden life's morning,
For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine!

As I went o'er &c.

509



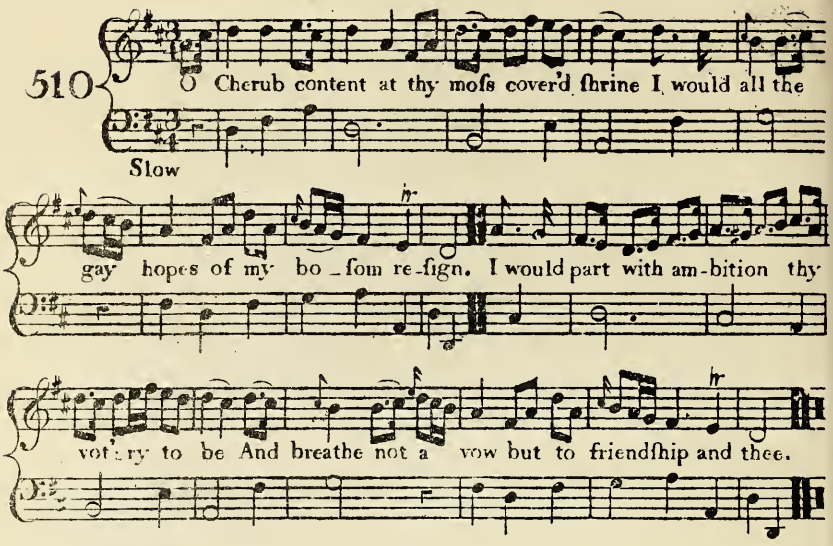
I courted her the lea long night,
Till near the dawning day
When frankly she to me did say,
Alang with you I'll gae;
For Ireland is a fine country,
An' the Scots to you are kin',
So I will gae alang with you,
My fortune to begin.

Day being come, an' breakfast o'er,
To parlour I was ta'en,
The goodman kindly ask'd me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jean;
Five hundred marks I'll give to thee,
Besides a piece of land,
But scarcely had he spoke the word,
Till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

Your offer Sir! is very good,
An' I thank you too: said I,
But I cannot be your son in law,
I'll tell you the reason why;
My business calleth me in haste
I'm the King's servant bound,
An' I must gae away this day,
Straight on, to Edinburgh town.

O! Peggy Bawn thou art my own,
My heart lys in thy breast,
An' tho' we at a distance are,
Yet still I love thee best;
Altho' we at a distance be,
An' seas between us roar;
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
To thee, for ever more.

O Cherub Content.

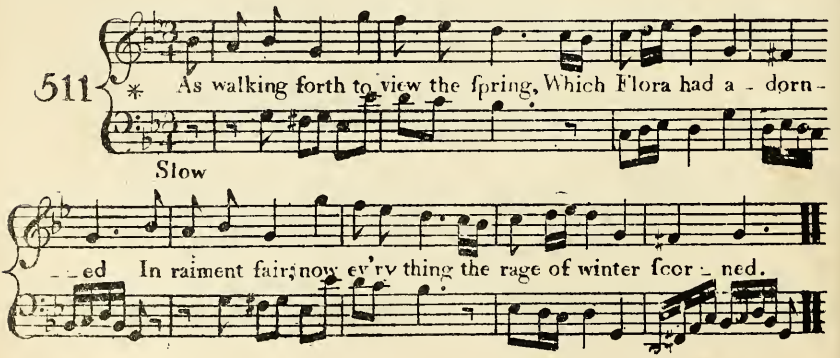


But thy preſence appears from my purſuit to fly,
Like the gold colour'd cloud on the verge of the ſky;
No luſtre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is ſo ſhort as the ſmile of thy favour to me.

In the pulſe of my heart I have nouriſh'd a care
That forbids me thy ſweet inſpiration to ſhare;
The noon of my youth flow departing I ſee;
But its years as they paſs bring no tidings of thee.

O Cherub content! at thy moſs-cover'd ſhrine
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own whom enraptur'd I ſee,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendſhip and thee.

As walking forth.



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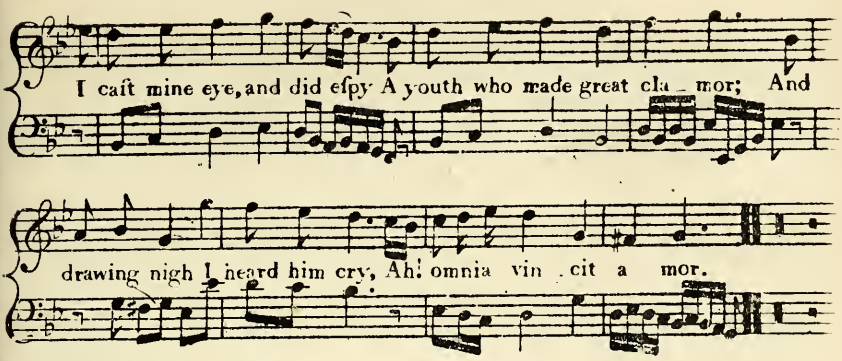


Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
With ſighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
Her locks that ſhine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning ſun outſhining,
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 wild,
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.

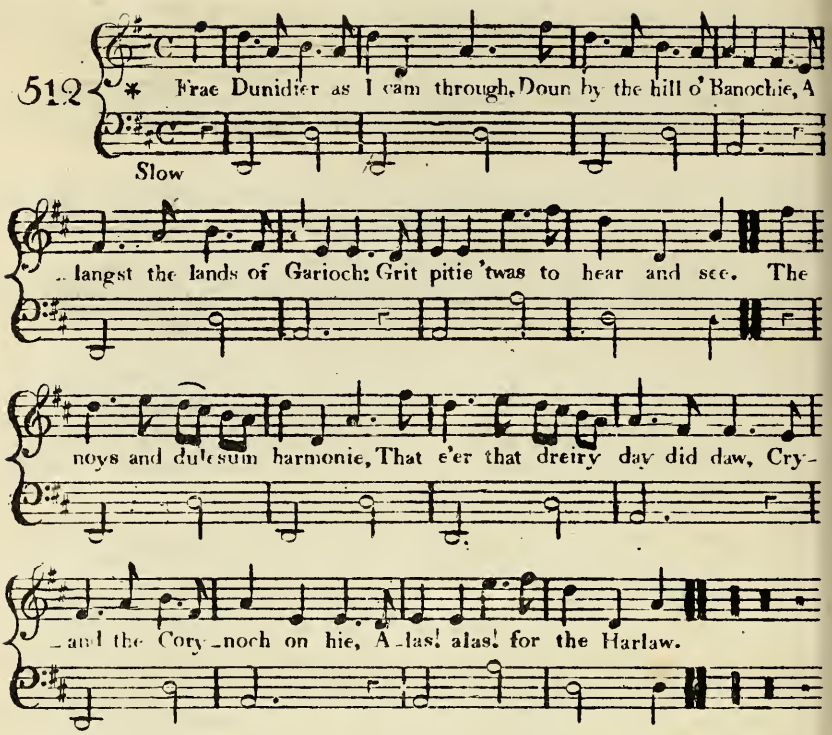
Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail
He could not ſpeak, but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But omnia vincit amor.

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I run in haſt 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 hearſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found tho' Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his Hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love
For omnia vincit amor

Hence we may ſee th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break aſunder:
Nor wiſe nor fool, need go to ſchool,
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look,
For omnia vincit amor.

The Battle of Harlaw.*



I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wist nocht qua was fae or friend;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.
But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene,
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness 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.
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
Then he entrited me tak tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

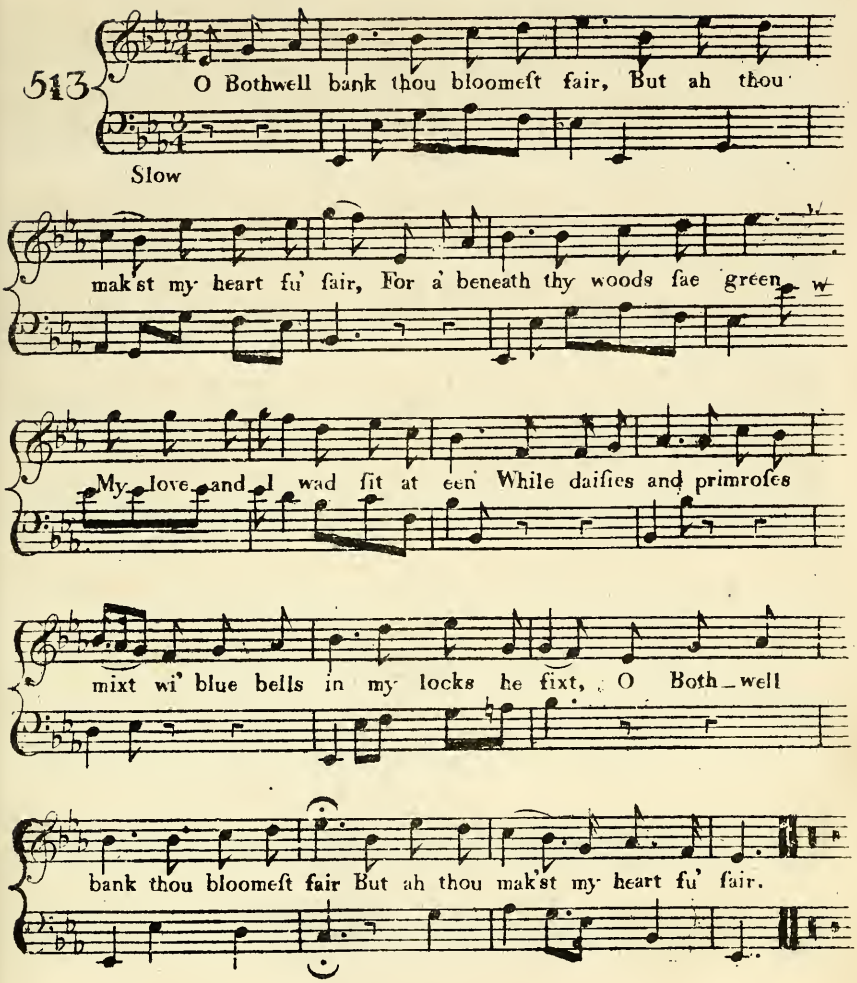
Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the Governour* he came,
Thaim for to haif gif that he micht;
Quha saw his interest was but slicht:
And thairfore answert with disdain;
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodward back again.

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 sould be dearly bocht, &c.
&c. &c.

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

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

O Bothwell bank.

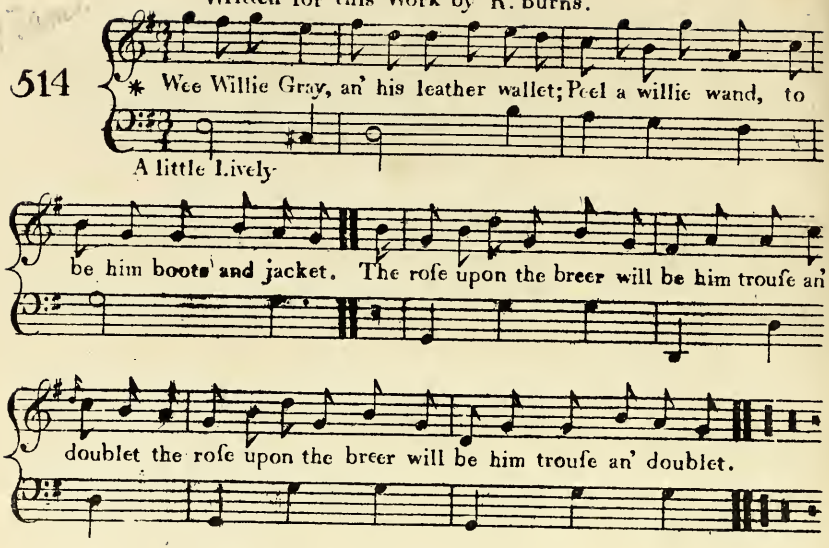


Sad he left me ae dreary day,
And haplie now ſleeps in the clay,
Without ae ſigh his death to moan,
Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.
O whither is my lover gone,
Alas I fear he'll ne'er return.
O Bothwell bank thou bloomeſt fair,
But ah thou mak'st my heart fu' fair.

Wee Willie Gray.

Written for this Work by R. Burns.

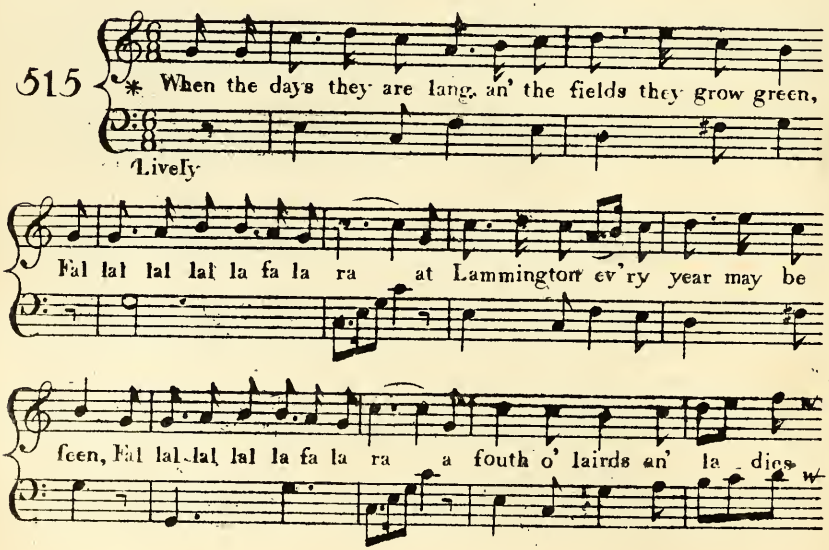
514



Wee Willy Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily-flower will be him ſark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

When the days they are lang.

515



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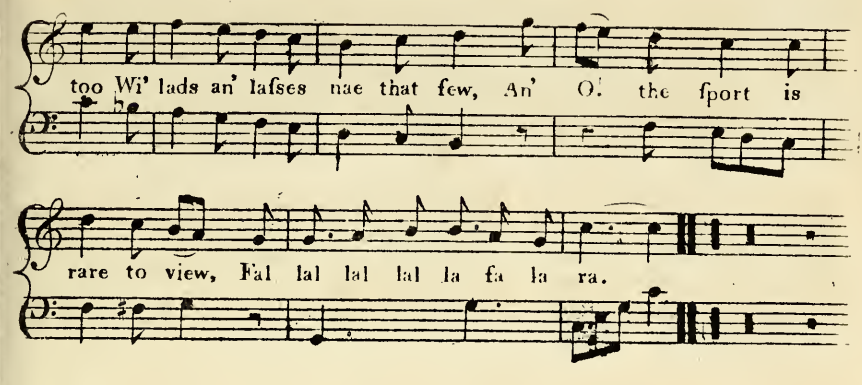


There's mony a filly come in on the ſcore, Fal lal, &c.
Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fal lal, &c.
Our ancient Wager for to win,
The Prize nae leſs than forty pun';
To ſee them is the beſt o' fun, Fal lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fal lal, &c.
An' Baillies wi' halberts weel ſcour'd, in their hand, Fal lal, &c.
To clear the courſe, the cauſe was gude,
An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,
For ilka ane on tip-tae ſtood, Fal lal, &c.

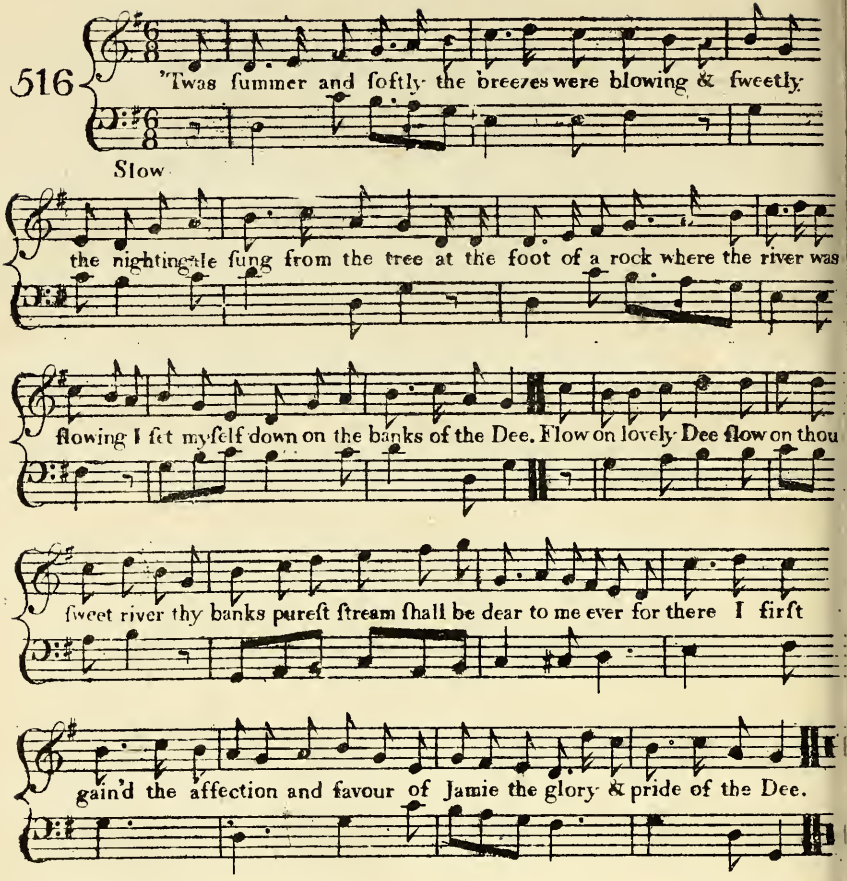
Now Kirkfield frae braw Leſmahago came, Fal lal, &c.
Our filler, nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame Fal lal &c.
But tho' he cam wi' noiſe an' din,
The beaſt was unco laith to rin;
In ſhort the lad was ahin, Fal lal &c.

An' Glentowin's horſe, he was fairly out-worn. Fal lal &c.
That morning he gat a haill firlet o' corn, Fal lal &c.
His groom kept him but careleſsly;
'Tho', had he fed him ſoberly
'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fal lal &c.

But Kingledore's mare, ſhe brak aff at the firſt, Fal lal &c.
Sax paces an' mair afore a' the reſt, Fal lal &c.
She was ſae ſupple an' ſae ſtout,
She led the lave a' round about,
An' cam in firſt—as ſhe gade out, Fal lal &c.

Now Glentowin's horſe, he could do nae mair, Fal lal &c.
An' Kirkfield's, o'er heavy to hae ony ſhare, Fal lal &c.
Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare,
Set aff wi' a' our dainty gear,
An' caper'd crouſly thro' the fair Fal lal &c.

The banks of the Dee.

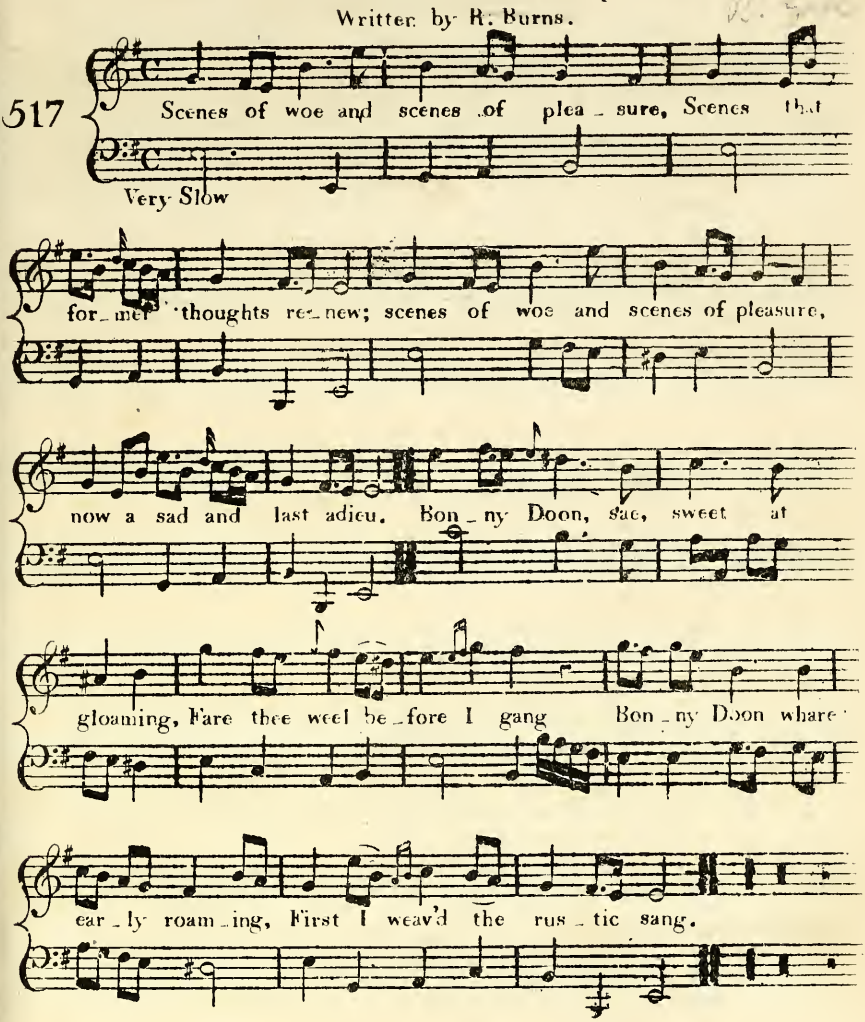


But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,
And ah there's no hope of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapleſs youth, o'er the loud roaring billows
The kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows,
And left me to ſtray mong'ſt theſe once loved willows,
The lonelieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet reſtore him,
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me,
And when he returns with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him,
He never ſhall leave the ſweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying,
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing,
While I with my Jamie am careleſsly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

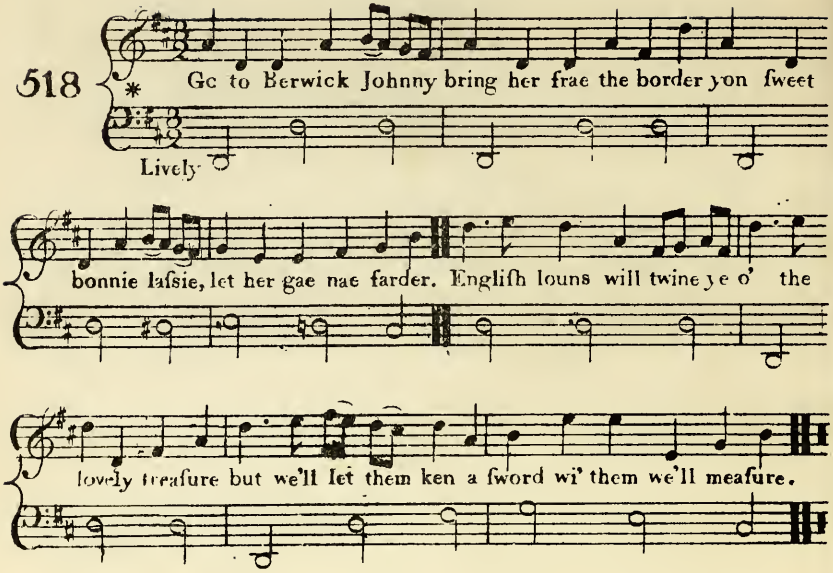
Written by R. Burns.



Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart of mine,
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

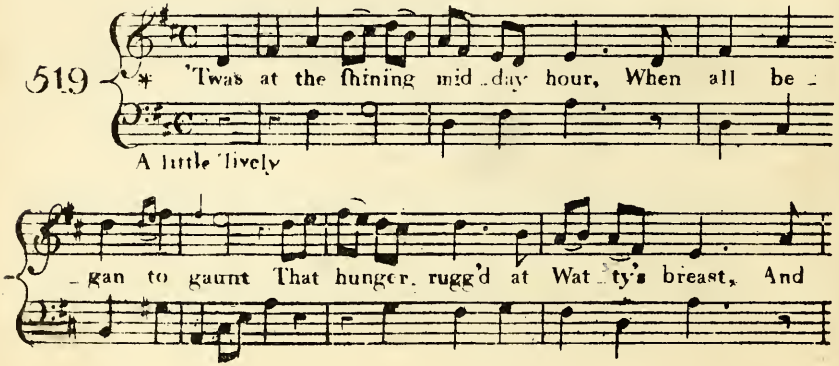
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be.
Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thought renew;
Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure
Now a sad and last adieu.

Go to Berwick Johnny.



Go to Berwick Johnny,
An' regain your honour
Drive them o'er the Tweed,
An' ſhaw our Scottiſh banner.
I am Rab the King,
An' ye are Jock my brither,
Bur before we loſe her,
We'll a' there the gither.

'Twas at the ſhining mid-day hour.



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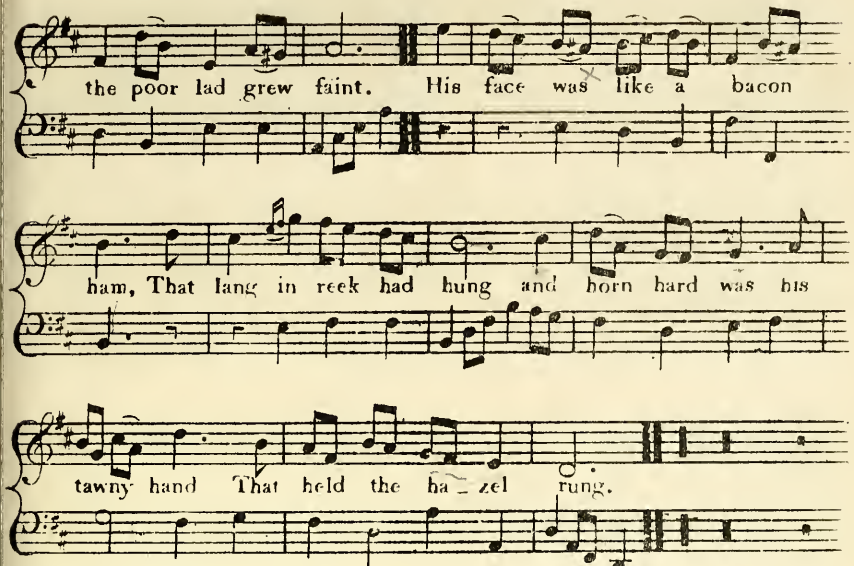
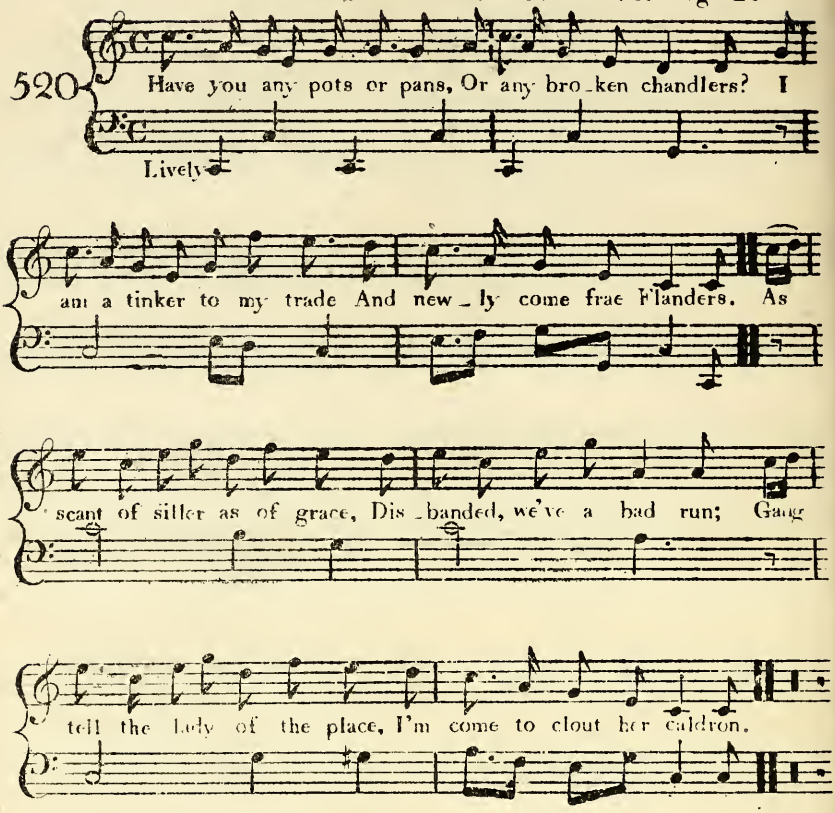


So wad the fofteſt face appear
Of the maiſt dreſsy ſpark
And ſuch the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept cloſe at wark.
His head was like a heathery buſh
Beneath his bonnet blue,
On his braid cheeks frae lug to lug,
His bairdy briſtles grew.
But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And nothing now but ſolid gear
Could give his heart delyte.
He to the kitchen ran with ſpeed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney nook
With viſage four and wan.
Get up, he cries, my crifhy love,
Support my ſinking ſaul
With ſomething that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.
This is the how and hungry hour,
When the beſt cures for grief
Are cogue-fous of thy lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.
Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
I but o'er juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs and that ye
For cakes and pudding woo'd.
Bethink thee, Watty on that night,
When all were faſt aſleep,
How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek
Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep,
How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your ſight?
How cou'd ye rooſe my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples ſlight?
Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks fae brown?
Why did you me fine garters height,
Yet let my hoſe fa' down!
O faithleſs Watty think how aft
I mend your ſarks and hoſe!
For you how many bannocks ſtown,
How many cogues of broſe!
But hark! the kail bell rings and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come ſee, ye naſh, how fair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot,
The grace was ſaid, the Maſter ſerv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blyth Watty raiſe and rax'd himſell,
And fidg'd he was fae fain.
He hy'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gooly thro' the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.
And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Have you any Pots or Pans.

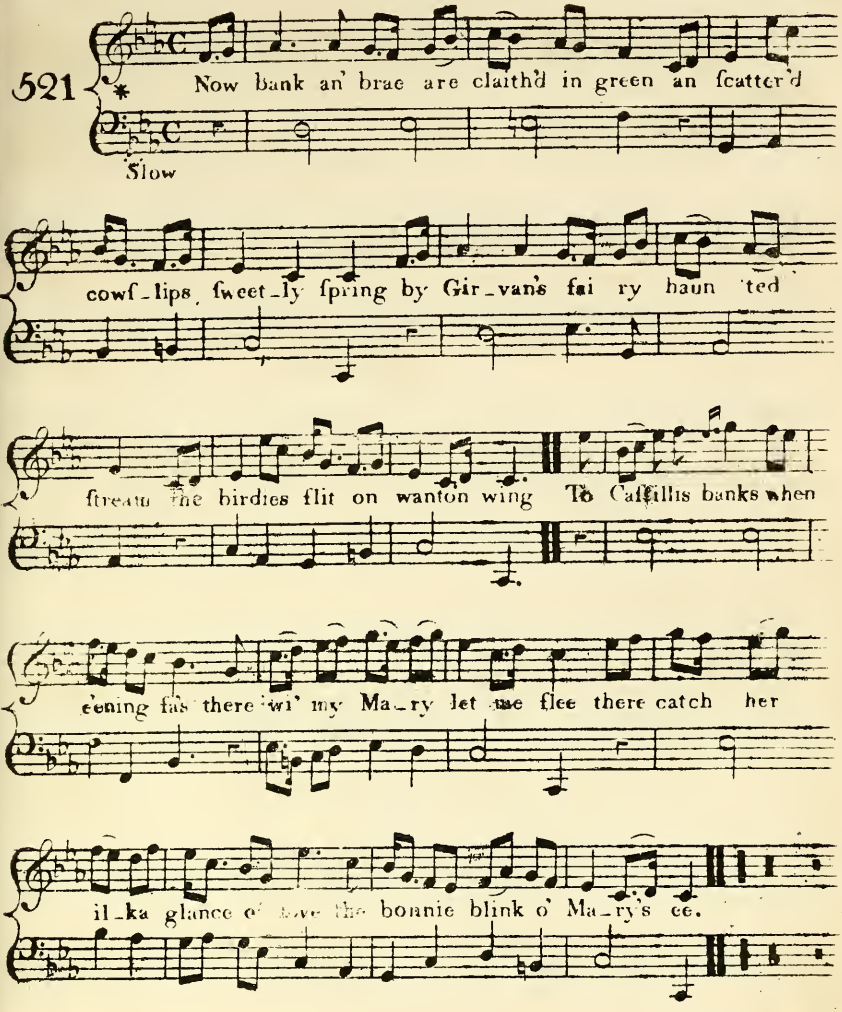
See another set of this Tune Vol. I.st Page 24



Madam, if you have wark for me.
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
For any man's resentment;
For lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinker,
Yet to yourself I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd for his lovely Leda;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argus blinker,
And win your love like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler.

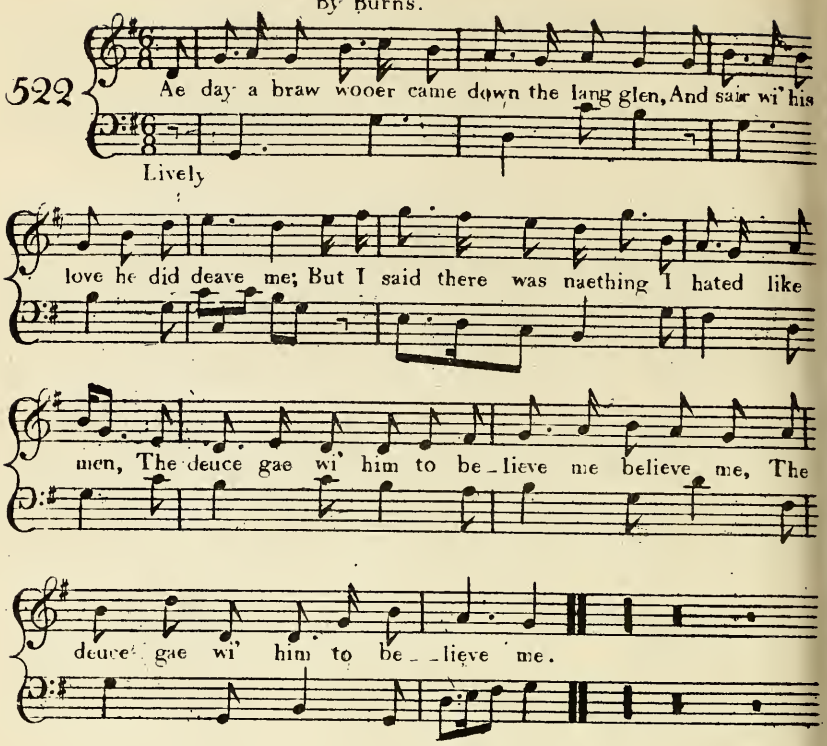
Sir, ye appear a cunningman,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack
That's us'd to clout my caldron.



The chield wha boaſts o' warld's walth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' mine ain,
Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair.
Then let me range by Caffillis' banks,
Wi' her the laffie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonny blink o' Mary's ee.

Ae day a braw wooer, &c.

By Burns.



A weel stocket mailen himsel o't the laird,
An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
I never loot on, that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' o for my love he was dein';
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The gude forgie me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The diel's in his taste to gae near her)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think how the jade I cou'd endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I freted wi' care,
I gade to the tryst o' Dulgarlock;
An' wha but my bra' fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Continued.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
  Lest neighbour shou'd think I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
  An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
  An' if she'd recover'd her hearin';
An' how my auld ☆ shoon fitted her shachel'd feet
  Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'.

He beggd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
  Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
  I think I will wed him to morrow.

☆ An old lover.

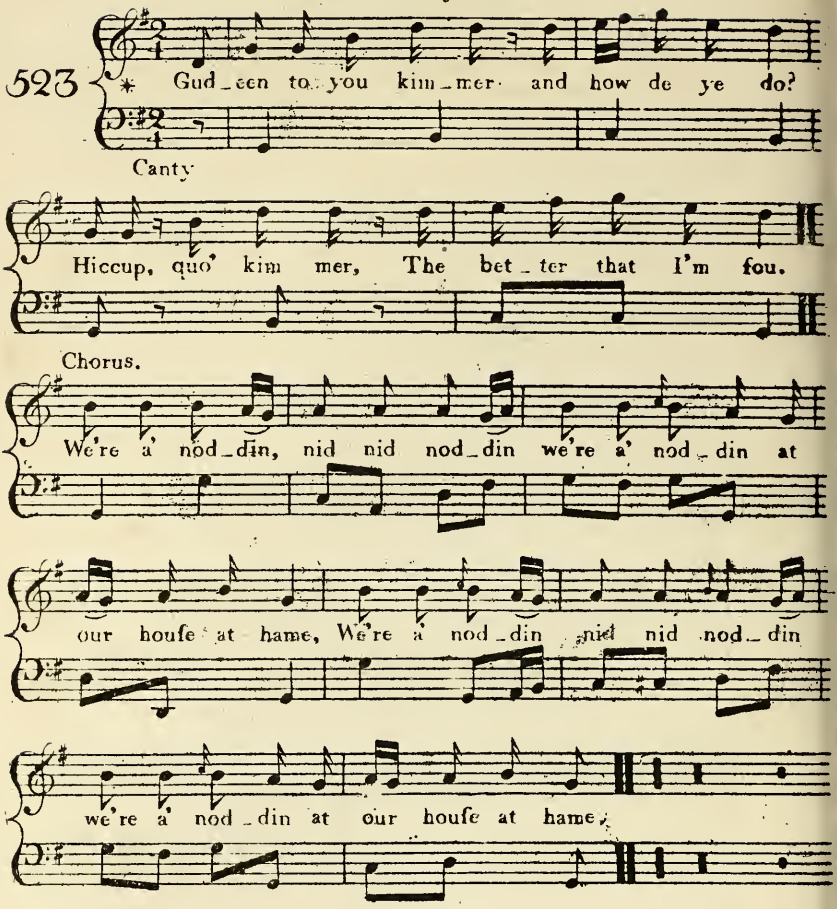
To the Foregoing Tune.

THE Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife,
Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo,
To see gin a wooer wad tak her for life,
  Sing hey, fal lal de ral, lal de ral, lal de ral,
  Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.
She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, Fal &c.
Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochnell, Sing hey, fal &c.
He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', _ Fal &c.
Whare naebody heard, and whare nae body saw, _ Sing hey fal &c.
Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice _ Fal &c.
I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd she'll be nice, _ Sing hey fal
Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, _ Fal &c.
I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, _ Sing hey fal &c.
But troth, Madam, I canna woo, _ Fal &c.
For aft I hae tried it, and ay I fa' thro', _ Sing hey fal &c.
But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin _ Fal &c.
For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, _ Sing hey fal &c.
Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, _ Fal &c.
Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, _ Sing hey fal &c.
Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, _ Fal &c.
For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, _ Sing hey fal &
Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, _ Fal &c.
For offers like him are na ay to be had, _ Sing hey fal &c.
Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, _ Fal &c.
I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, _ Sing hey fal &c.
Then she cries but the house, Jockie come here, _ Fal &c.
Ye've neathing to do but the question to spier, _ Sing hey fal &c.
The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, _ Fal &c.
The neebors cam in, and wish'd them gude luck, _ Sing hey fal &c.

Gudeen to you kimmer.

Corrected by Burns.

523



Kate ſits i' the neuk,
Suppin hen broo;
Deil tak Kate
An' ſhe be na noddin too!
We're a' noddin &c.

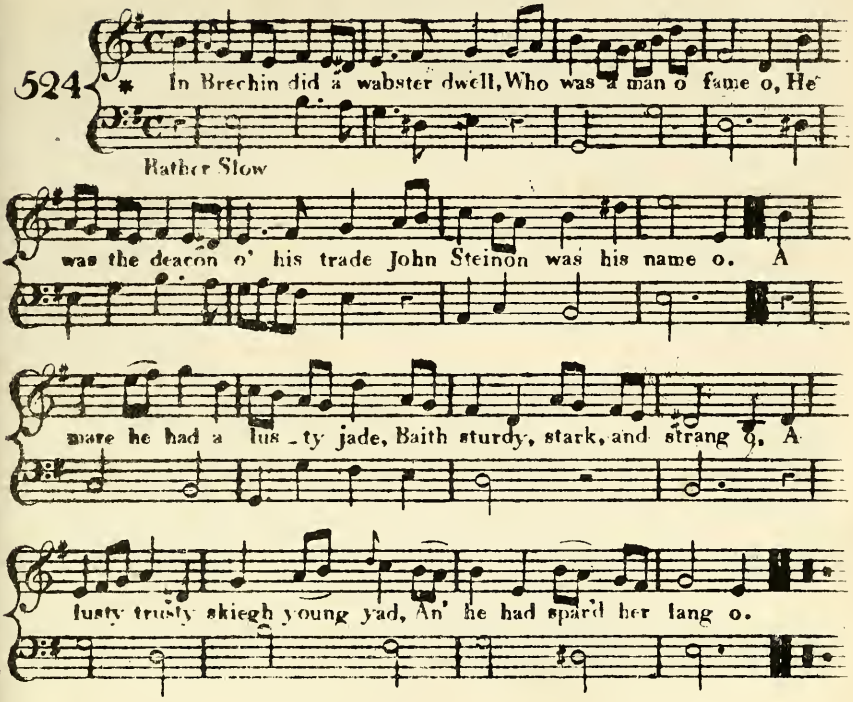
How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the beſt o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive;
How mony bairns hae ye?
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.
We're a' noddin &

Are they a' Johny's?
Eh! atweel no:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johny was awa.
We're a' noddin &c.

Cats like milk
And dogs like broo;
Lads like laſses weel,
And laſses lads too.
We're a' noddin &c.

In Brechin did a wabster dwell.



The wabster bade his mare go work,
Quoth she, I am not able,
For neither get I corn nor hay,
Nor stand I in a stable;
But hunts me, and dunts me,
And dings me from the town,
And feils me, and tells me,
I am not worth my room.

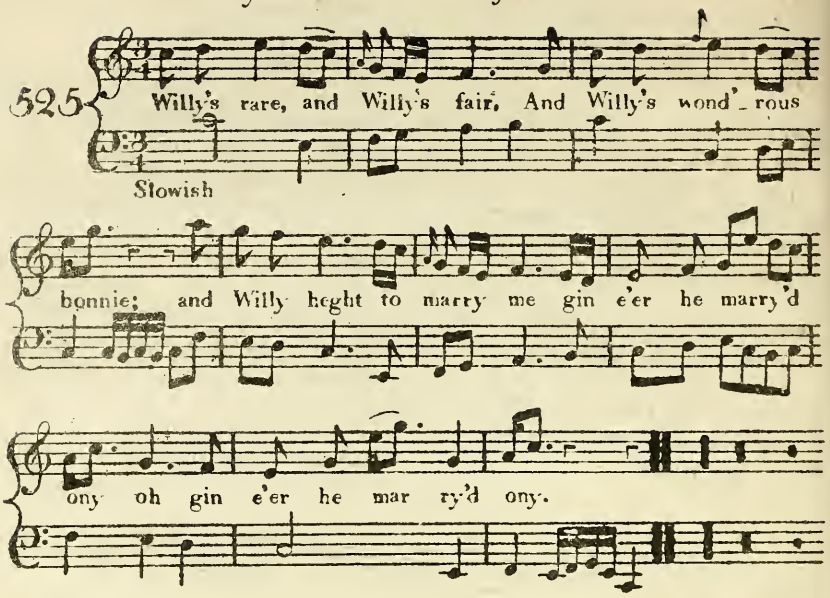
The wabster swore a bloody oath,
And out he drew a knife,
If one word come out of thy head,
I vow I'll take thy life.
The mare ay, for fear ay,
Fell fainting to the ground,
And groaningand moaning,
Fell in a deadly swoon.

They clipped her, and nipped her,
They took from her the skin;
The haunches, and the paunches,
They quickly brought them in:
Make haste, dame, said he,
And wash this grease, and dry't,
For I will hazard on my life,
The doctor's wife will buy't.

They rumbl'd her, they tumbl'd her,
They shot her o'er the brae:
With rumbling, and tumbling,
She to the ground did gae.
But the night being cauld,
And the mare wanting her skin,
And darkness came out o'er the land,
And fain wou'd she been in. &c.

&c. &c.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair.

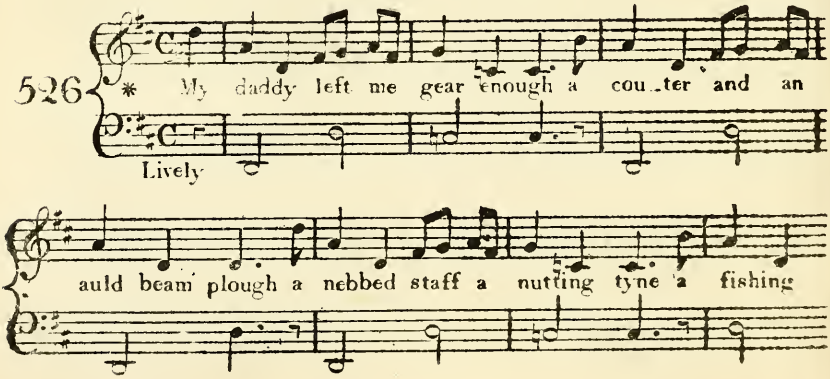


Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
The night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter's night,
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water side,
Pu'd you the rose or lily;
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west
She sought him brad and narrow:
Sine in the clifting of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

My Daddy left me &c.



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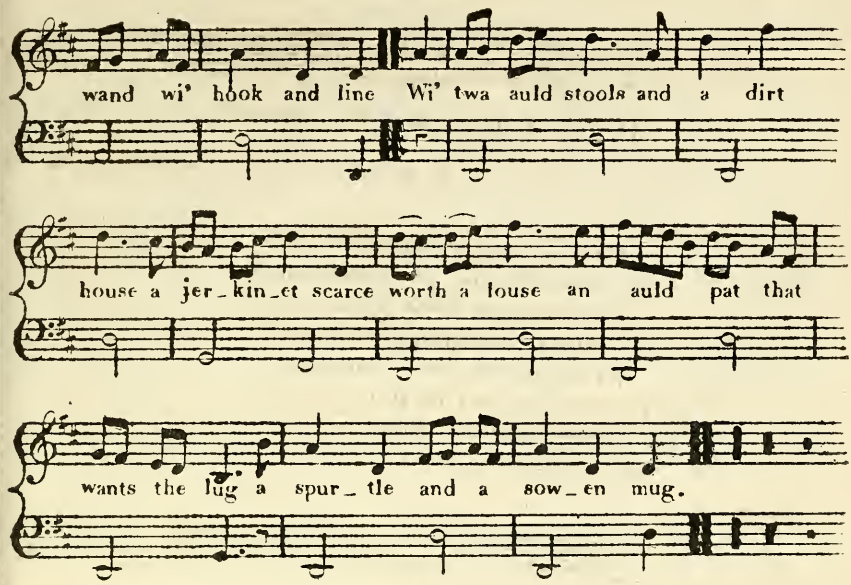


A hempken heckle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peet creel,
The spakes of our auld spinning wheel.
A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
A whang-bit, and a sniffle-bit;
Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

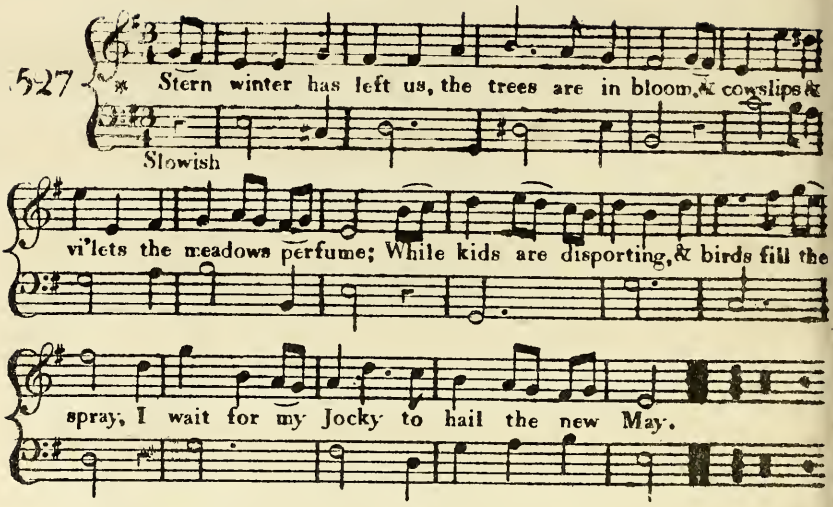
A flailing-staff and a timmer spit,
An auld kirn and a hole in it,
Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
A whistle, and a tup horn spoon,
With an auld pair of clouted shoon,
A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
The pillions of an auld car-saddle,
A gullie-knife and a horse-wand,
A mitten for the left hand,
With an auld broken pan of brass,
With an auld sark that wants the arse.
An auld-band, and a hoodling how,
I hope, my bairns, ye're a weil now.—

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
And it was a' for want of gear,
That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with mysel I did advise,
My daddy's gear for to comprize;
Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
What gear my daddy left to me.
They sat three quarters of a year,
Comprizing of my daddy's gear;
And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds scots

Stern winter has left us



Jocky Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky Young Willy 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 Jenny, the Queen of the May?

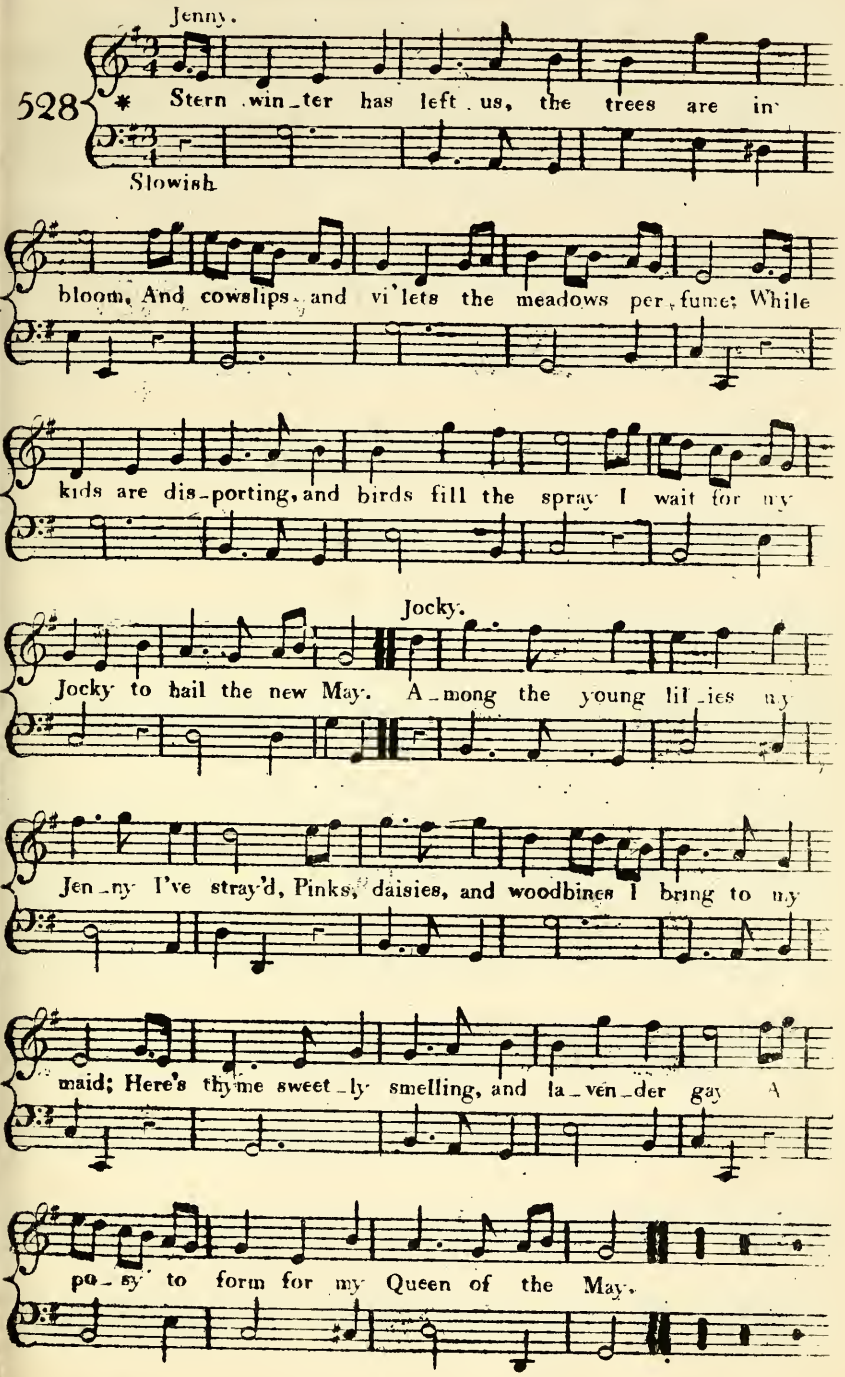
Jenny This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jocky, false hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jocky 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 Jenny, my Queen of the May.

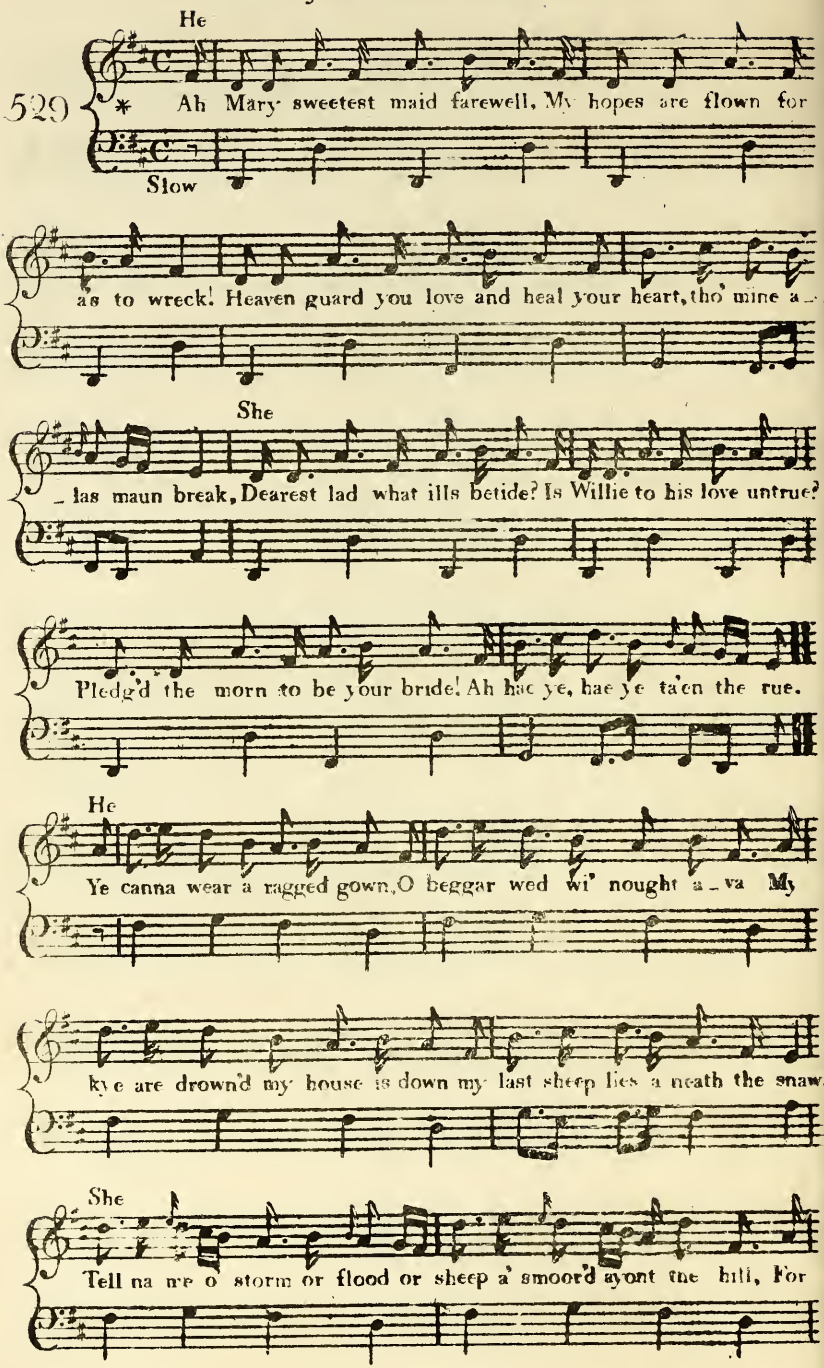
Jenny Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true;
Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

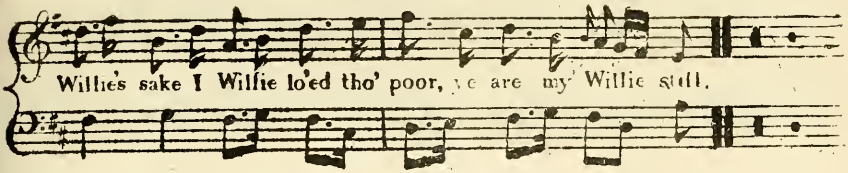
Jocky Come all ye young lovers, I pray you draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, whate're may appear;
Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

Stern winter has left us. Second Sett.



Ah Mary sweetest maid.





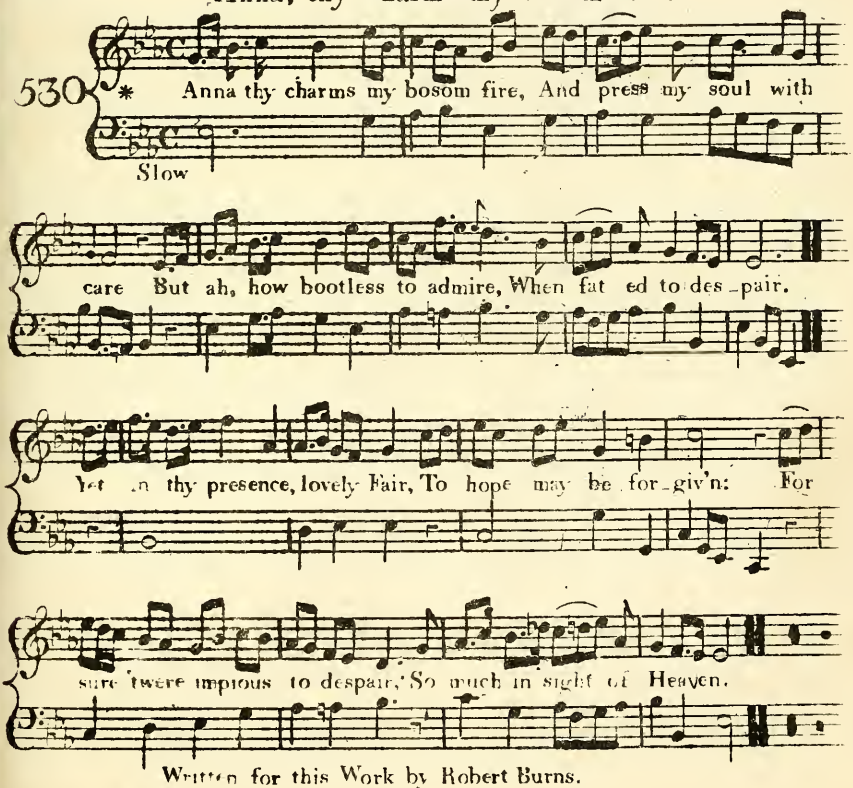
He
Ye canna thole the wind and rain,
Nor wander friendless far frae hame:
Cheer cheer your heart some richer swain,
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.

He
Pardon love! 'twas a' a snare
The flocks are safe we needna part:
I'd forfeit them and ten times mair,
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

She
I'll tak my bundle in my hand
And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee;
I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,
I'll venture wi' ye o'er the sea.

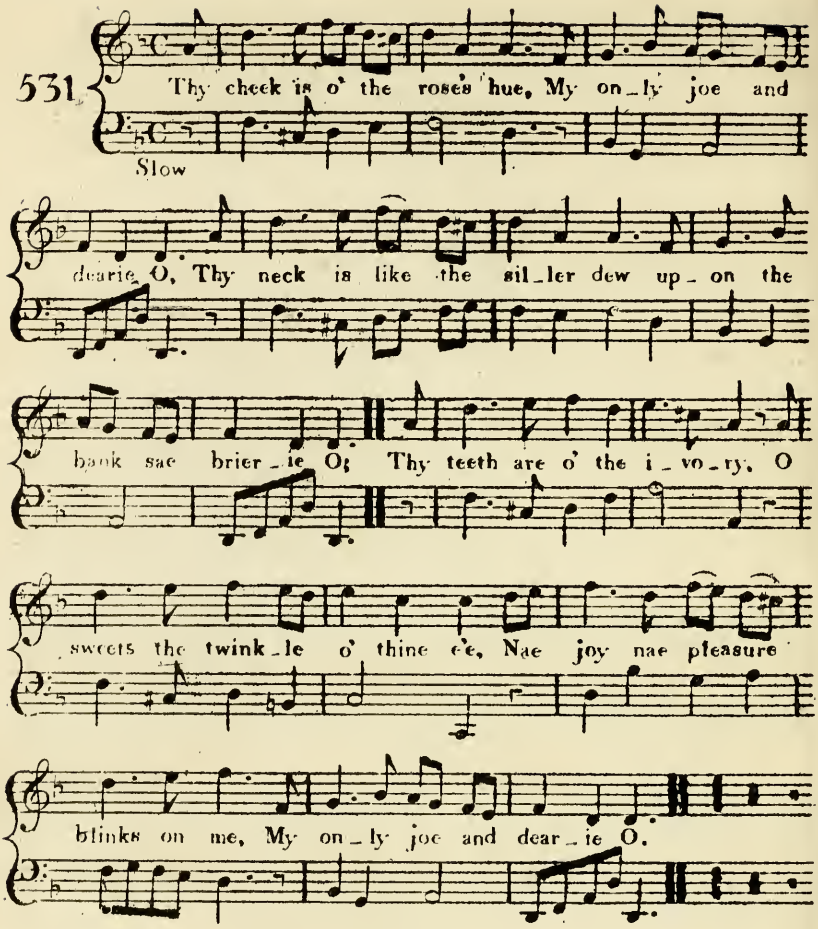
She
Could ye wi' my feelings sport,
Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?
I should wish mischief on ye for't,
But canna wish ought ill to you.

Anna, thy Charms my bosom fire.



Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Thy cheek is o' the roses hue.



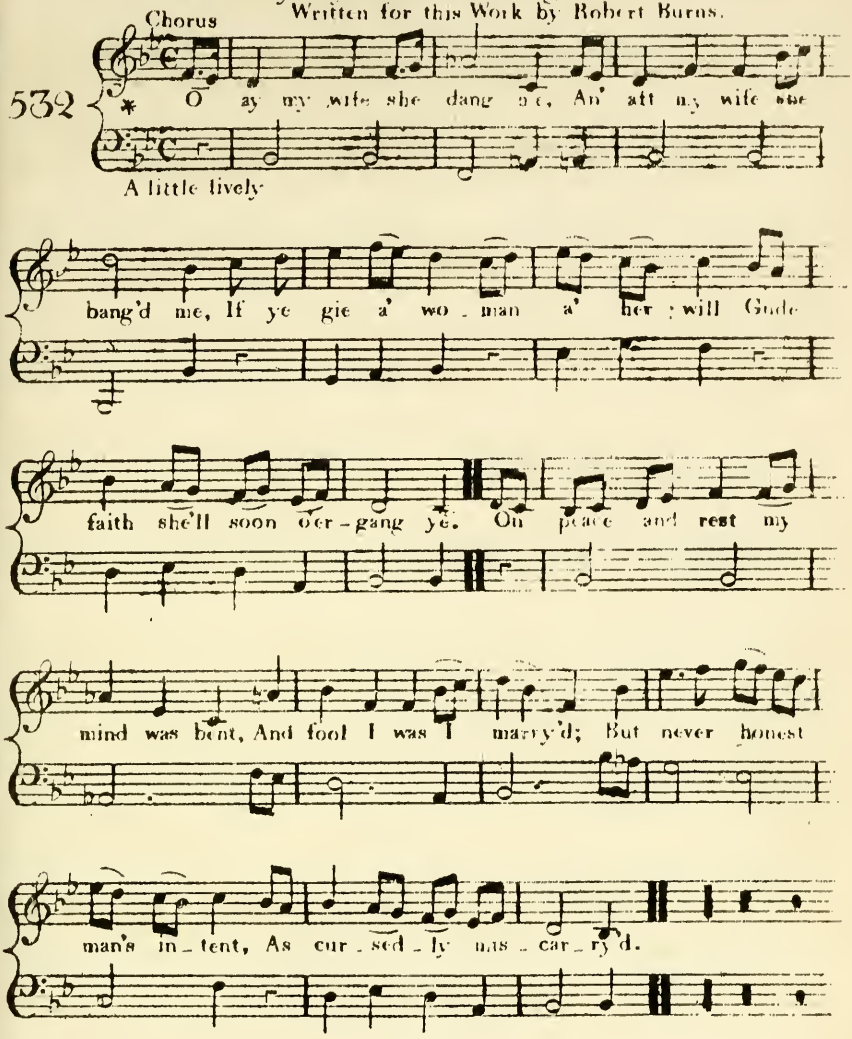
The birdie sings upon the thorn
It's sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O!
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie O!
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only joe and dearie, O!

When we war bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bony O!
Aft we wad daff the leelang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie O!
Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thornie tree,
Or pu' the wild_flowers a' for thee,
My only joe and dearie O!

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

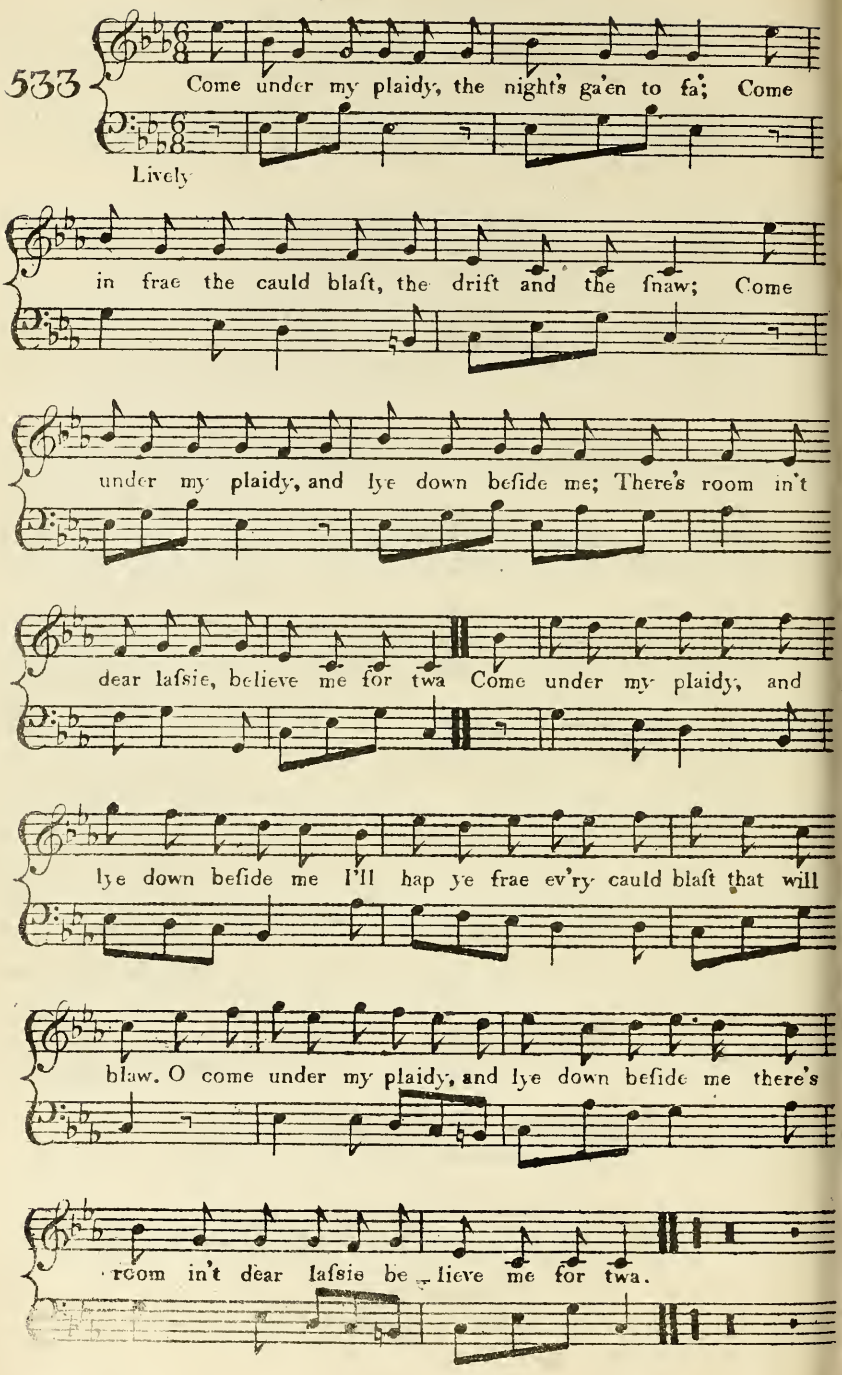
O ay my wife she dang me.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth is past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon man
O ay my wife she &c.

Come under my plaidy.



Continued.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae' wa!
'I fear na the cauld blaft, the drift, nor the fnaw.
'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lye beſide ye,
'Ye may be my gutchard, auld Donald gae 'wa.
'I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
'He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
'O there's nane dance ſae lightly, ſae gracefu', ſae tightly,
'His cheek's like the new roſe, his brow's like the ſnaw.

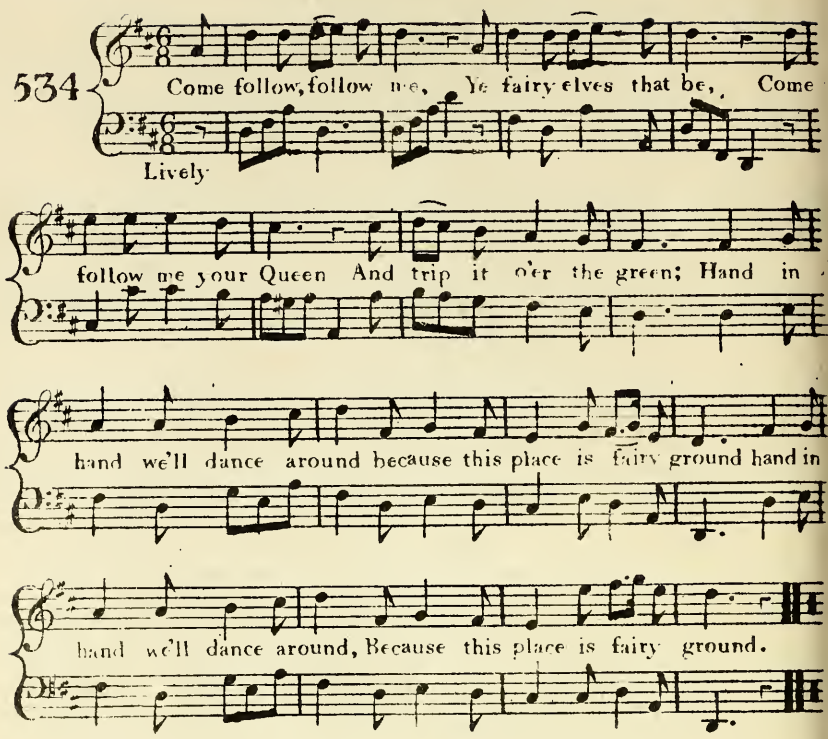
"Dear Marion let that flee ſtick faſt to the wa,
"Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava,
"The haill o' his pack he has now on his back,
"He's threttty, and I'm but threeſcore and twa.
"Be frank now and kindly, I'll buſk you aye finely;
"At kirk or at market they'll few gang ſae braw;
"A bein houſe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

'My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
'Ye'd mak' a gude huſband, and keep me ay braw,
'It's true I too Johnny he's gude and he's bonny,
'But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
'I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
'I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but ſma'
'Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beſide ye,
'I thought ye'd been aulder than threeſcore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beſide the ſtane wa'
Whar Johnny was lift'ning and heard her tell a',
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And ſtrack 'gainſt his ſide as if burſting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowleſs, he tint his gate deep 'mang the ſnaw,
The Howlet was ſcreaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
"Wa'd marry auld nick if he'd keep them ay bra'.

"O the deel's in the laſſes! they gang now ſae bra',
"They'll ly down wi' auld men o' fourſcore and twa,
"The haill o' their marriage, is gowd and a'carriage,
"Plain love is the cauldeſt blaſt now that can blaw!
"But lo'e them I canna nor marry I winna
"Wi' ony daft laſsie, tho' fair as a Queen,
"Till love ha'e a ſhare o't, the never a hair o't
"Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

Come follow, follow me.



When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheed, and unespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide,
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
Then we pinch their arms and thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

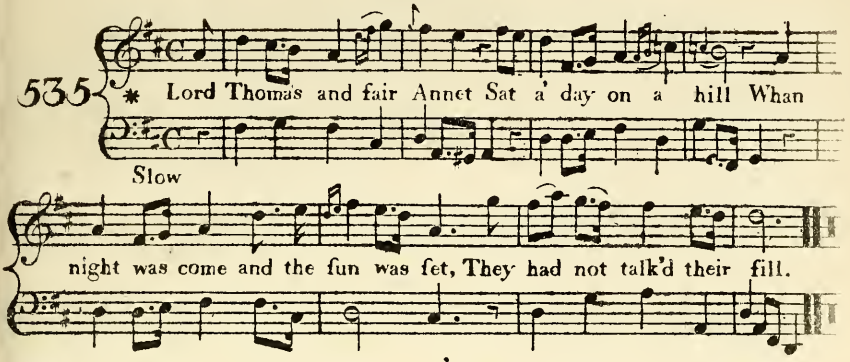
Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread,
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brain of nightingales,
With unctious fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd,
And brains of worms & marrow of mice
Do make a feast that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy,
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk;
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen,
Where we the Night before have been.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet.

535 

Lord Thomas ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair Annet took it ill;
A. I will never wed a wife
Againſt my ain friends will.

Gif ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne'er wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
An' kneel'd upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he ſays,
A gude rede gie to me.
O ſall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has gowd & gear,
Fair Annet ſhe's gat nane,
And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
O it will ſoon be gane.

And he has to his brither gane,
Now, brither, rede ye me,
A. ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye,
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caſt fair Annet by.

Her oxen may dye i' the houſe, Billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I ſall hae naething to myſell
But a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his ſiſter gane:
Now, ſiſter, rede ye me,
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And ſet fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane,
Leſt ye ſould ſigh, and ſay, Alas
What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mither's counſel,
And marrie me out o' hand,
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then roſe fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it were day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay

Riſe up, riſe up, fair Annet, he ſays,
Put on your ſilken ſheene,
Let us gae to St Marie's kirk,
And ſee that rich wedden.

My maids gae to my dreſſing-room,
And dreſs to me my hair,
Whair-ere ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dreſſing-room,
And dreſs to me my ſmock,
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horſe fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' ſiller he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

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

Over

Continued.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's ſide,
And four and twenty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirke,
She ſat on Maries ſtean,
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It ſkinkled in their een.

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

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer ſae clear,
Lord Thomas he clear forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
He gae it kiſſes three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then ſpak the nut browne bride,
She ſpak wi' meikle ſpite,
And whair gat ye that roſe-water
That does mak yee ſae white?

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

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And ſtrake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word ſpak never mair.

Lord Thomas ſaw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote bee,
But whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood wroth wexed hee.

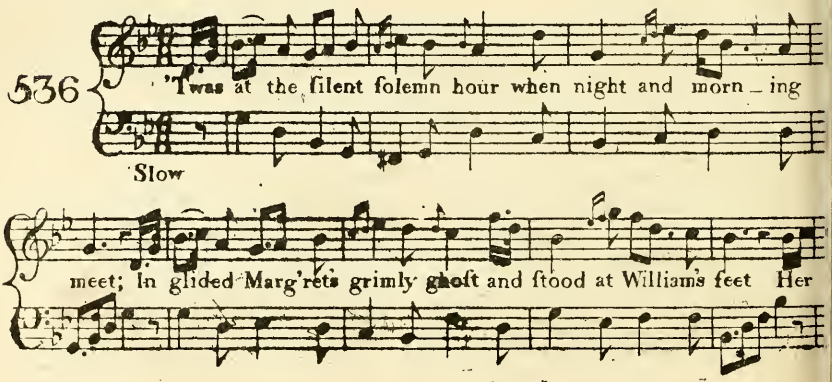
He drew his dagger that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it in to the nut broune bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now ſtay for me, dear Annet, he ſaid,
Now ſtay, my dear, he cryd;
Then ſtrake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by hir ſide.

Lord Thomas was bury'd 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 luvers deare.

William and Margaret.



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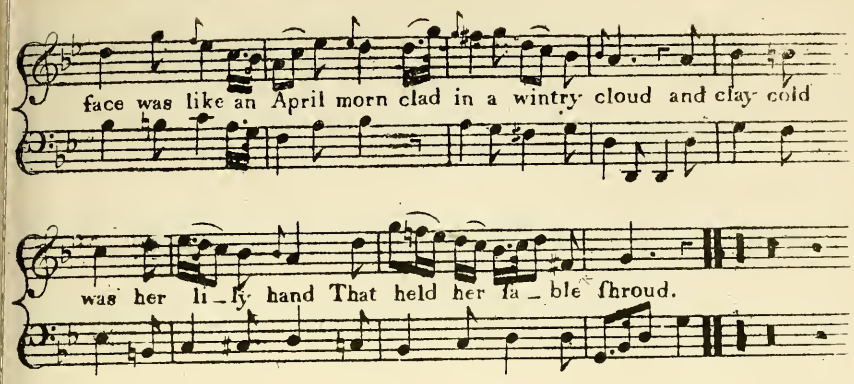


So ſhall the faireſt face appear
When youth and years are flown,
Such is the robe that Kings muſt wear
When Death has reft their crown.
Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like a 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,
"When yawning graves give up their dead
"To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.
"Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
"Thy pledge and broken oath,
"And give me back my maiden vow,
"And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promiſe love to me,
"And not that promiſe keep?
"Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
"Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?
"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 ſay my lips was ſweet,
"And made the ſcarlet pale?
"And why did I, young witleſs maid!
"Believe the flattering tale?
"That face, alas! no more is fair,
"Thoſe lips no longer red:
"Dark are my eyes, now cloſ'd in death,
"And every charm is fled.

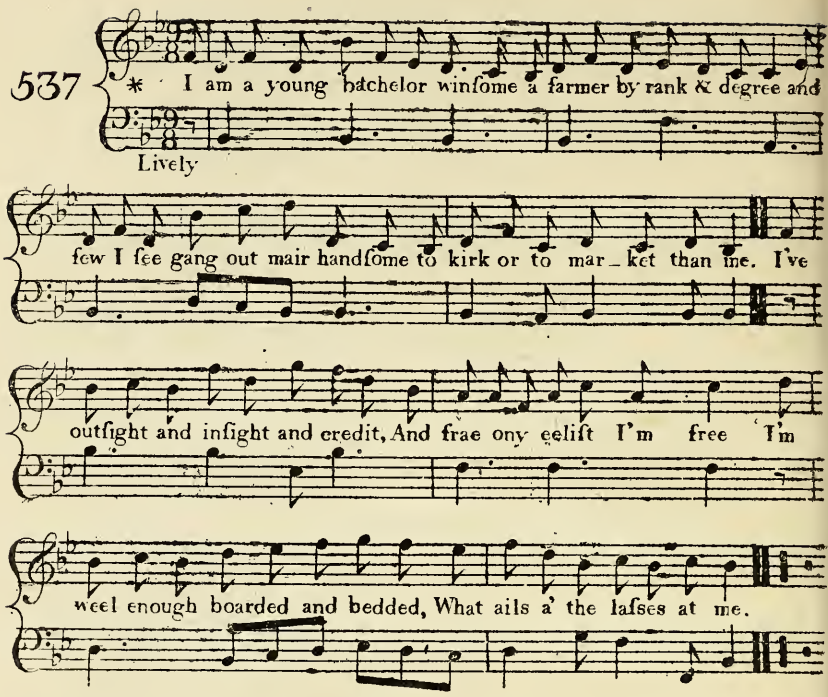
"The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
"This winding ſheet I wear;
"And cold and weary laſts our night,
"Till that laſt morn appear. (hence;
"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me
"A long and late adieu!
"Come ſee, falſe man! how low ſhe lies
"Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark ſung loud, the morning ſmil'd
With beams of roſy red;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.
He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay, (turf
And ſtretch'd him on the green graſs
That wrapp'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave
And word ſpoke never_more.
Such be the fate of vows unpaid,
And pledge of ſacred love!
Tho' they may tempt the yielding maid,
They're regiſter'd above!

What ails the laſses at me.

537



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

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

Behind backs, afore fouk I've woo'd them,
An' a' the gates o't that I ken,
An' when they leugh o' me I trow'd them,
An' thought I had won, but what then;
When I ſpeak of matters they grumble,
Nor are condeſcending and free,
But at my propoſals ay ſtumble,
I wonder what ails them at me.

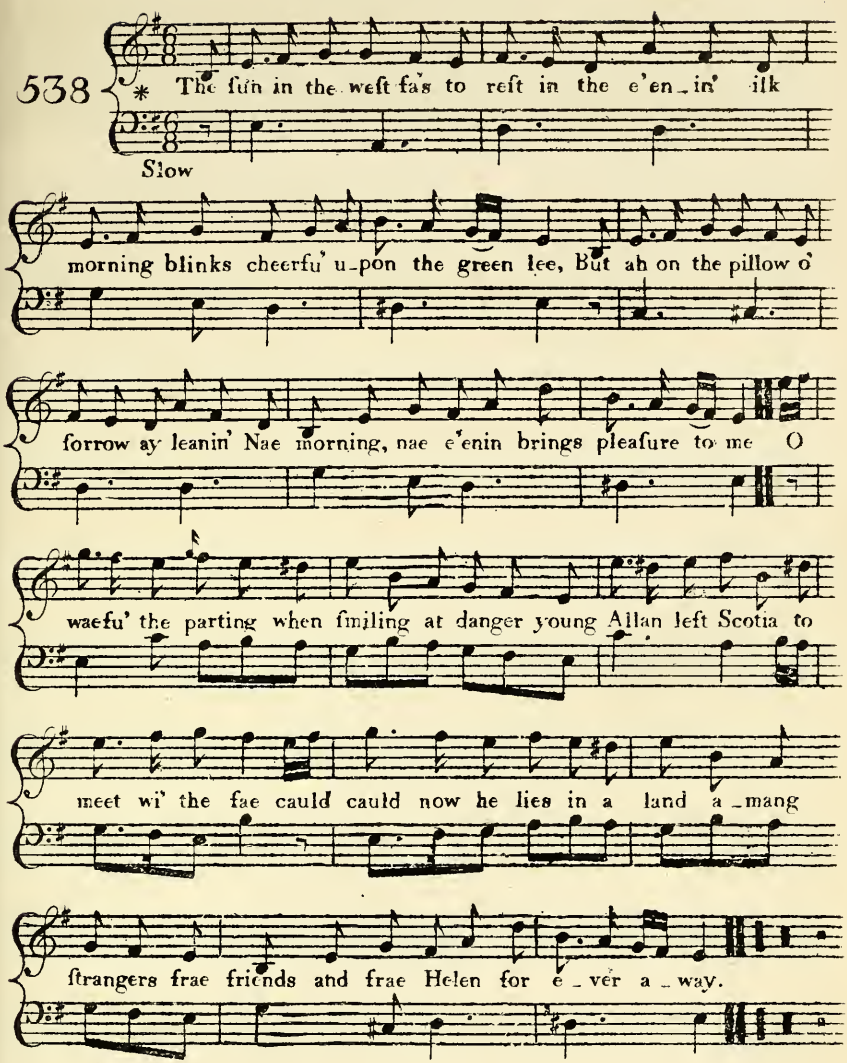
There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranſhaks,
An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
No ſooner they ſpeak to the wenches,
But they are ta'en far enough ben;
But when I ſpeak to them, that's ſtately
I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
An' get the denial right flatly;
What, think ye, can ail them at me.

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

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

The ſun in the weſt.

538

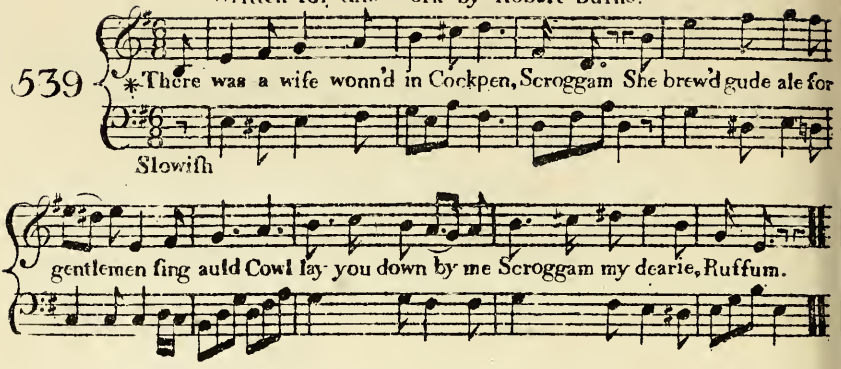


As the aik on the mountain reſiſts the blaſt rain,
Sae did he the brunt o' the battle ſuſtain,
Till treach'ry arreſted his courage ſae darin,
And laid him pale, lifeleſs upon the drear plain.
Cauld winter the flower diveſts o' its cleidin',
In ſimmer again it blooms bonny to ſee;
But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleidin,
Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

Scroggam

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

539

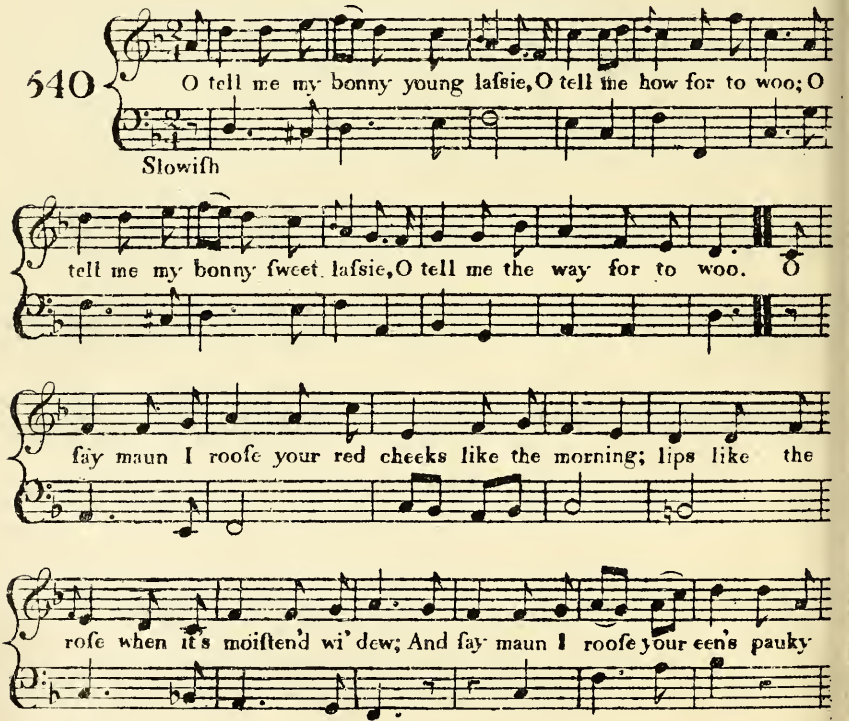


The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scroggam;
The prieſt o' the parish fell in anither, Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scroggam, (-tither
That the heat o' the tane might cool the Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. B.

O Tell me my bonny &c.

540



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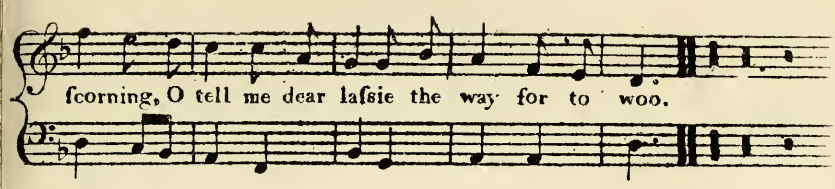


O far ha'e I wander'd dear laſsie,
To ſee thee ſail'd the ſalt ſea,
I've travel'd o'er muirlan' an' mountain,
An' houſeleſs lain cauld on the lea;
I never ha'e try'd yet, to mak' love to ony,
Never loe'd ony, till ance I loe'd you,
An' now we're alane in the greenwood ſae bonny,
Now, tell me dear laſsie the way for to woo.

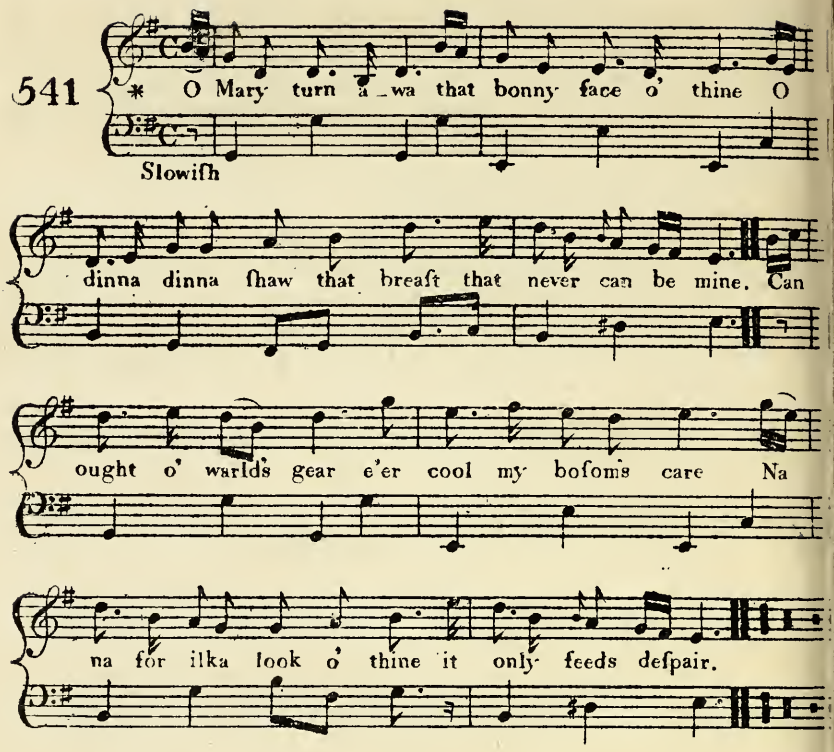
What care I, for your wandering, laddie,
Or yet for your ſailing the ſea,
It was na for nought ye left Peggy,
My tocher it brought ye to me;
An' ſay, hae ye goud for to buſk me ay gaudy,
Ribbons an' pearlin's an' breaſtknots enow,
A houſe that is canty, wi' pleniſhin' plenty,
Without them, ye never need come for to woo.

I ha'e nae goud to buſk ye ay gaudy,
Nor yet, buy ribbons enow,
I brag not o' houſe or o'plenty,
But, I ha'e a heart that is true;
I came na for tocher, I ne'er heard of ony,
Never lo'ed Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow;
I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fauſe as bonny;
I little thought this was the way for to woo.

Ha'e na ye roof'd my cheeks like the morning,
An' roof'd my cherry red mow,
Ye've come o'er the Sea, Muir, and Mountain,
What mair Johnny need ye to woo;
An' far ha'e ye wander'd I ken, my dear laddie,
Now ye hae found me, ye've nae cauſe to rue,
Wi' health we'll ha'e plenty, I'll never gang gaudy,
I ne'er wiſh'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in his boſom,
The tear fill'd ilk lover's ee,
An' ſabb'd by the ſide o' the burnie,
While the mavis ſang ſweet on the tree;
He claſp'd her, he preſs'd her an' cad her his honey,
Look'd in her face wi' a heart leel an' true,
As aften ſhe ſigh'd an' ſaid, my dear Johnny,
Nae body need tell ye the way for to woo.

O Mary turn awa



Then Mary, turn awa'
That bonny face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna ſhaw that breaſt
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's ſevereſt pangs
My heart is laiden ſair, (grow
An' o'er my breaſt the graſs maun
E're I am free frae care!

Then I'll ſit down and moan,
Juſt by yon ſpreadin' tree,
An' gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee!
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Which thou wi' roſes tied,
'Twas there by mony a bluſhing bud
I ſtrove my love to hide.

Same Tune

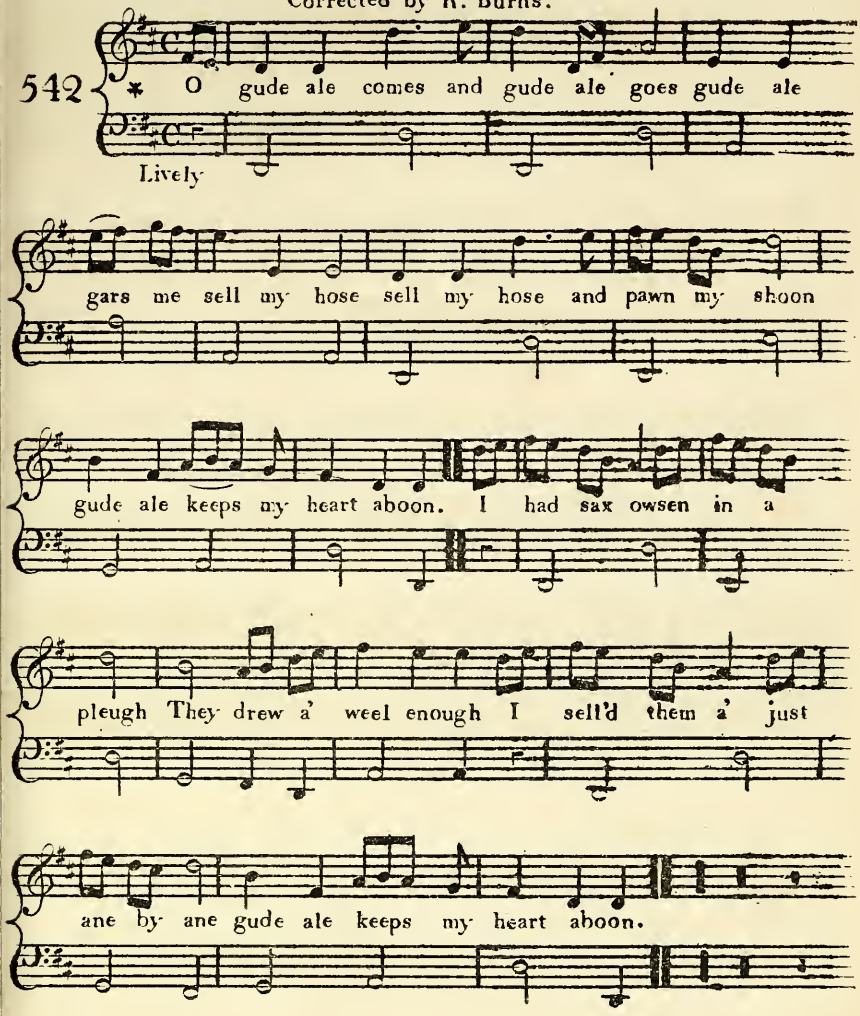
WHAT ails this heart of mine?
What ails this watry ee?
What gars me ay turn cald as death,
Whan I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'lt dearer grow to me,
But change o' fouk an' change o' place,
May gar thy fancy jee.

I'll doat on ilka ſpot
Whar I ha'e been wi' thee
I'll ca' to mind ſome fond love tale
By ev'ry burn an' tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Tho' lovers abſent be;
An' when I think I ſee thee ſtill,
I think I'm ſtill wi' thee.

O gude ale comes &c.

Corrected by R. Burns.

542

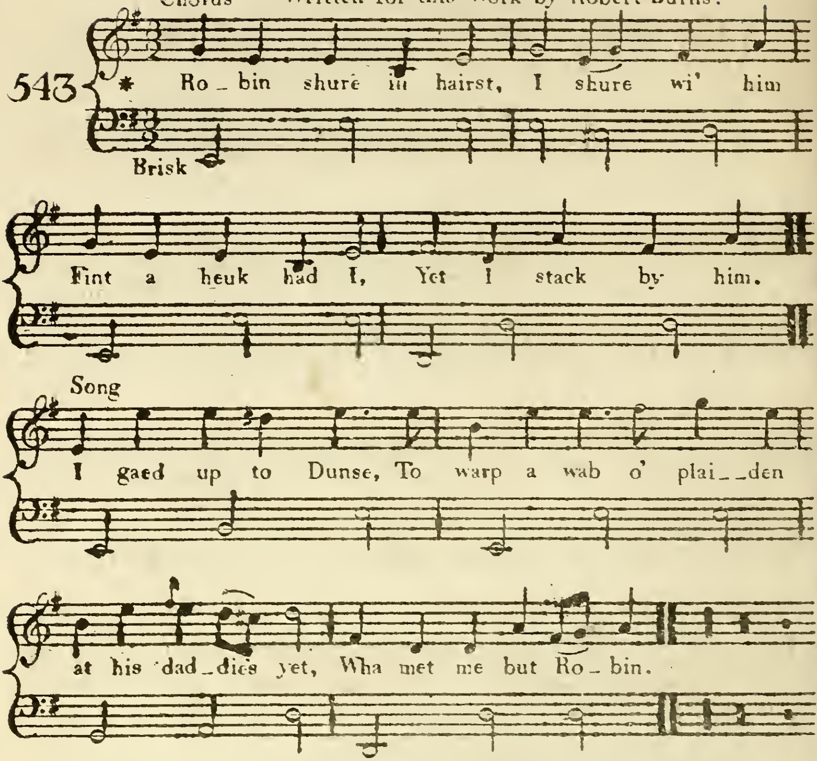


Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Robin shure in hairst

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

543



Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick
And me the Eller's dochter?
Robin shure &c.

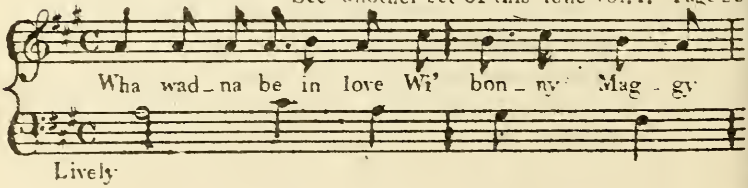
Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and whittle.
Robin shure &c.

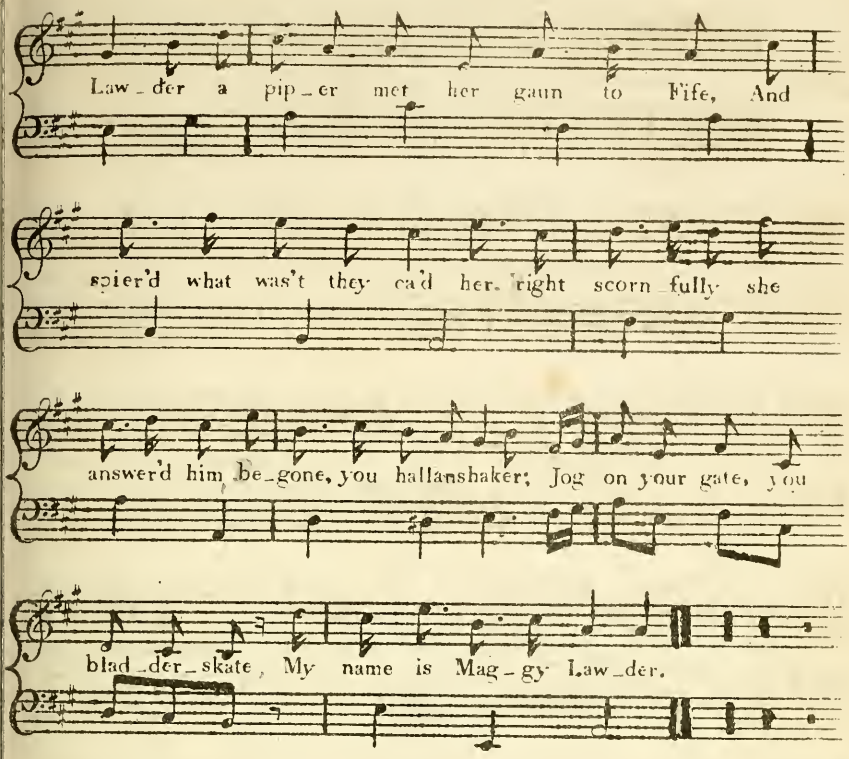
✡✡

Wha wadna be in love &c.

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1st Page 99

544





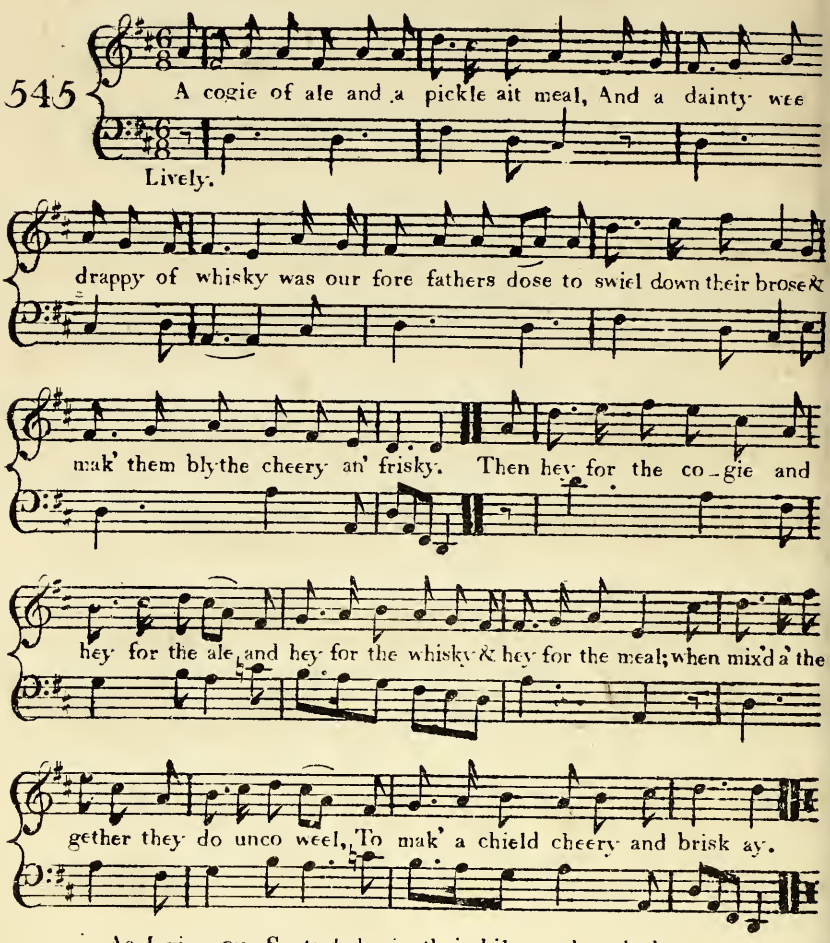
Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see you;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft
When I blaw up my chanter.

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

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

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin you should come to Enster fair,
Spier ye for Maggy Lawder.

A Cogie of ale, and a pickle ait meal.



As I view our Scots lads, in their kilts and cockades,
A' blooming and fresh as a rose, man;
I think wi' mysel', O! the meal and the ale,
And the fruits of our Scottish kail brose, man.
Then hey for the cogie &c.

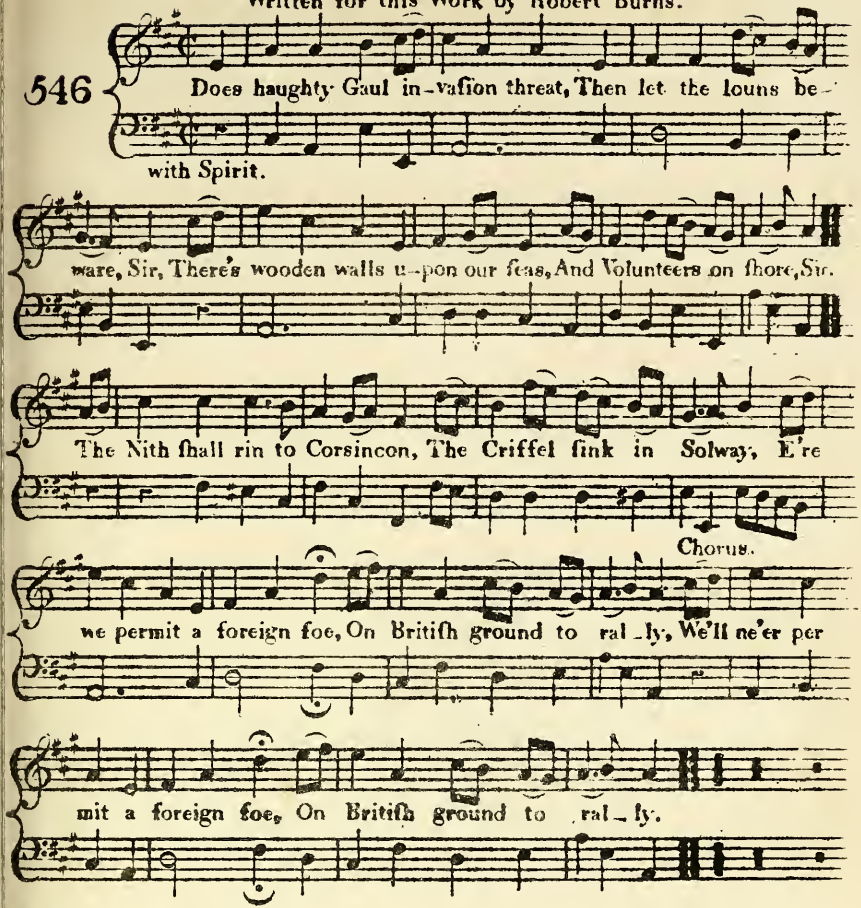
When our brave highland blades, wi' their claymores and plaids,
In the field, drive, like sheep, a' our foes, man;
Their courage and pow'r, spring frae this, to be sure,
They're the noble effects of the brose, man.
Then hey for the cogie &c.

But your spindle shank'd sparks, wha but ill set their sarks,
And your pale visag'd milksops, and beaus, man,
I think when I see them, 'twere kindness to gi'e them,
A cogie of ale and of brose, man.
Then hey for the cogie &c.

The Dumfries Volunteers.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

546



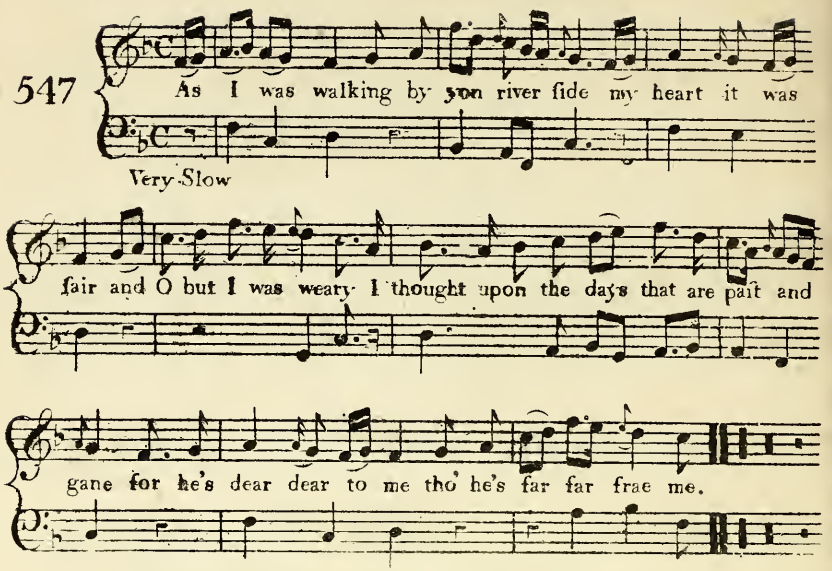
O let us not, like ſnarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, ſlap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it:
Be Britain ſtill to Britain true,
Amang ourſels united:
For never but by Britiſh hands
Maun Britiſh wrangs be righted.
For never but &c.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't:
Our fathers blude the kettle bought.
And wha wad dare to ſpoil it,
By Heavens, the ſacrilegious dog
Shall ſuffer be to boil it!
By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true ſworn brother,
Who would ſet the Mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together.
Who will not ſing, God ſave the king;
Shall hang as high's the ſteeple;
But while we ſing, God ſave the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we ſing &c.

He's dear dear to me &c.

547



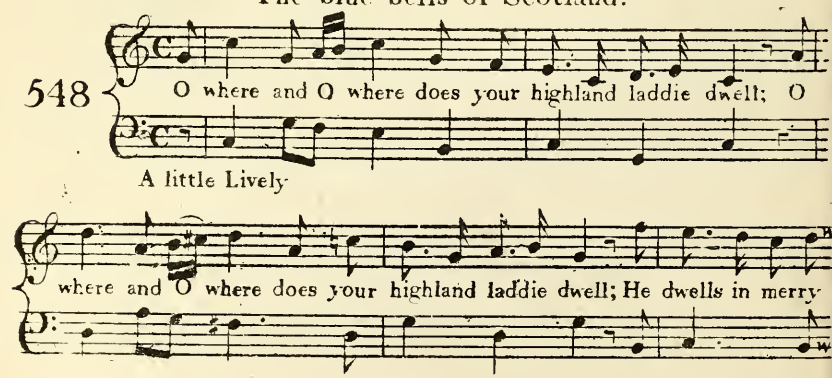
I've been in the lowlands where they ſhear the ſheep,
An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather,
I ken a bonny ladie that lo'es me weel,
But he's far far awa' that I lo'e far better.

But I'll write a letter, an' ſend it to him,
An' tell him he's dearer to me then ony,
An' that I've ay been ſorry, ſen' he gaed awa',
Tho' he's far far away, yet he's dear dear to me.

If winter war' paſt, an' the ſimmer come in,
When daiſies an' roſes ſpring fae freſh an' bonny,
Then I will change my ſilks for a plaiddin coat,
An' awa to the lad that is dear dear to me.

The blue bells of Scotland.

548



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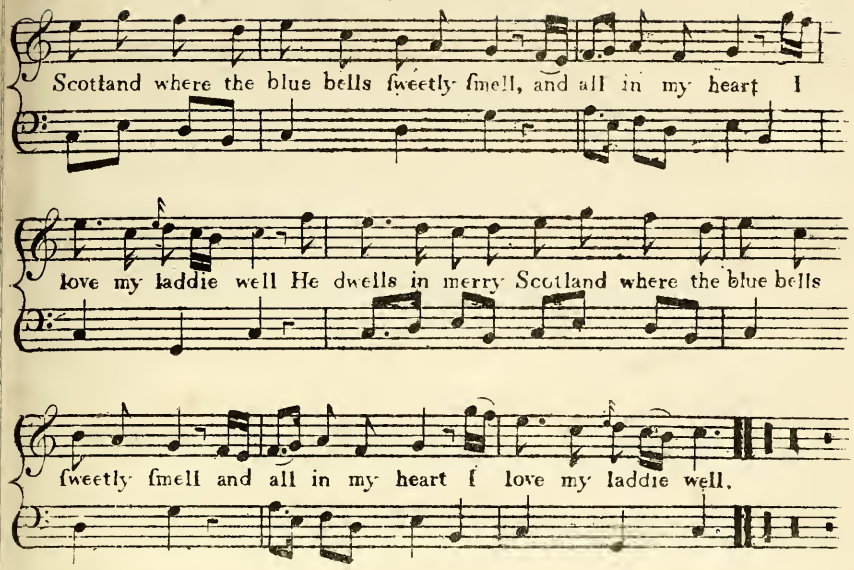


O what laſsie what does your highland laddie wear,
O what laſsie what does your highland laddie wear,
A ſcarlet coat and bonnet blue with bonny yellow hair,
And none in the world can with my love compare.

O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
He's gone to fight for George our King, and left me all alone,
For noble and brave's my loyal highlandman.

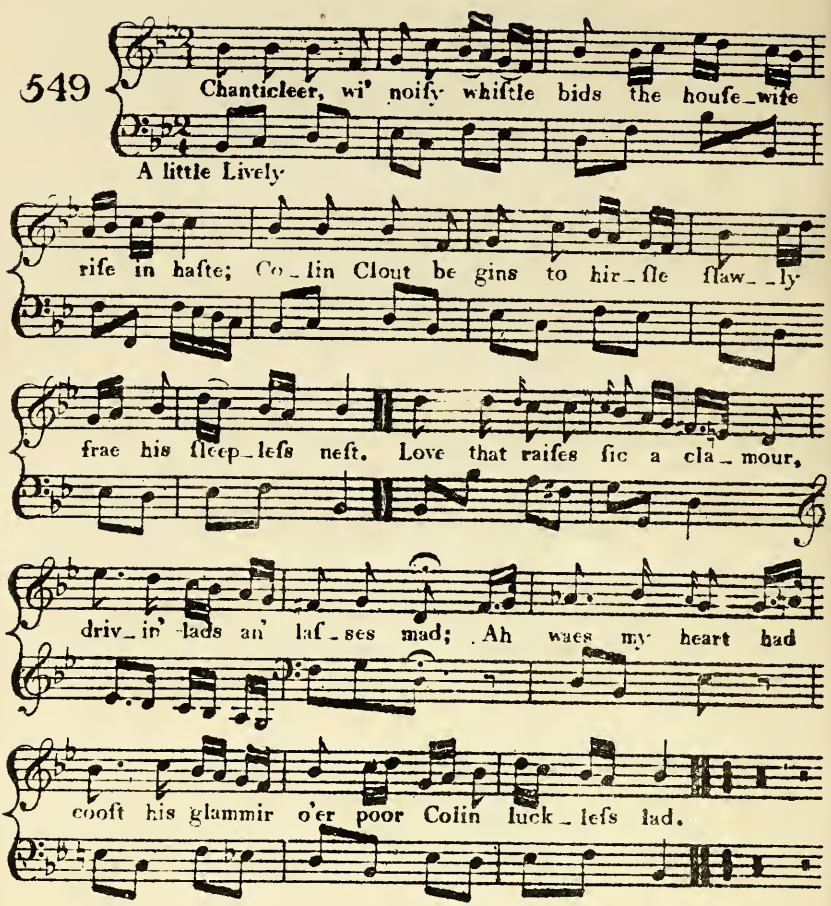
O what laſsie what if your highland lad be ſlain,
O what laſsie what if your highland lad be ſlain
O no true love will be his guard and bring him ſafe again,
For I never could live without my highlandman.

O when and O when will your highland lad come hame,
O when and O when will your highland lad come hame,
When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame,
And I'll plait a wreath of flow'rs for my lovely highlandman.

O what will you claim for your conſtancy to him,
O what will you claim for your conſtancy to him,
I'll claim a Prieſt to marry us, a Clerk to ſay Amen,
And ne'er part again from my bonny highlandman.

Colin Clout

549

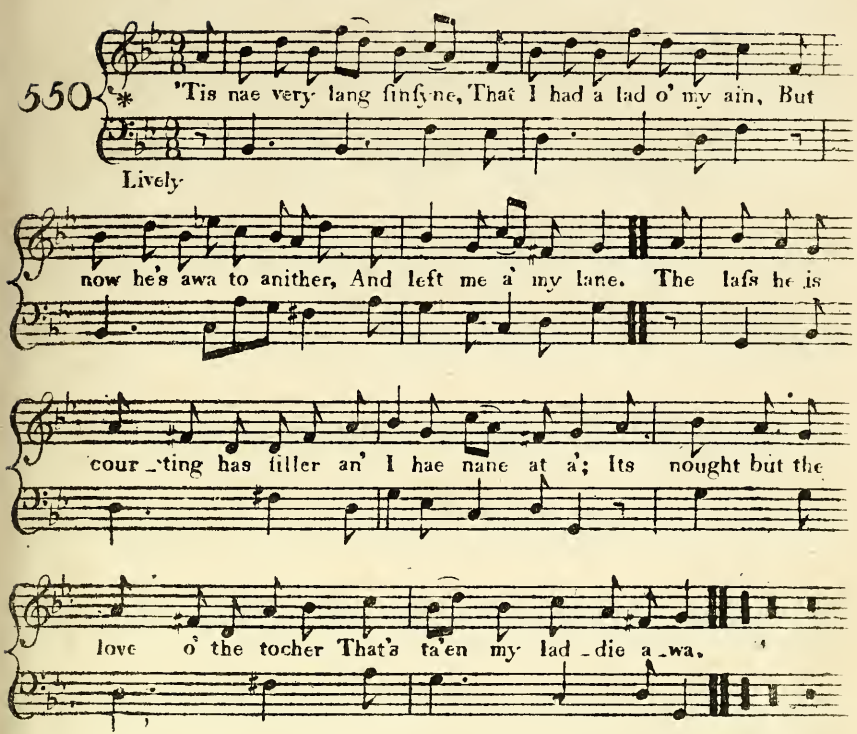


Cruel Jenny, lack a daiſey!
Lang had gart him greet an grane,
Colins pate was hafflins crazy,
Jenny laugh'd at Colins pain,
Slawly up his duds he gathers,
Slawly, ſlawly trudges out,
An' frae the fauld he drives his wedders
Happier far than Colin Clout.

Now the ſun, raiſ'd frae his nappie,
Set the Orient in a low,
Drinkin, ilka glancin drappie,
I' the field, an' a' the knowe.
Many a birdie, ſweetly ſingin,
Flafter'd briſkly round about;
An' mony a dainty flow'rie ſpringin,
A' were blythe but Colin Clout.

What is this? cries Colin glow'rin,
Glaiked-like, a' round about,
Jenny, this is paſt endurin;
Death maun eaſe poor Colin Clout.
A' the night I toſs an' tummle,
Never can I cloſe an e'e
An' a' the day I grane an' grummle,
Jenny, this is a' for thee.

Ye'll hae nane but farmer Patie,
Cauſe the fallow's rich I trow,
Ablins, tho' he ſhou'd na cheat ye,
Jenny, ye'll hae cauſe to rue.
Auld, an' gley'd, an' crooked-backed,
Siller bought at ſic a price,
Ah! Jenny, gin ye lout to tak it,
Fo'k will ſay ye're no o'er nice. &c. &c.



But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has ſenſe to wale a good wife.
For though I ſay't myſell,
That ſhou'd nae ſay't, tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occaſion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou toſh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've ſeldom a gown on my back
But ſic as I ſpin myſell.
And when I am clad in my coutſey,
I think myſell as braw
As Suſie, wi' a' her pearling
That's tane my laddie awa'.

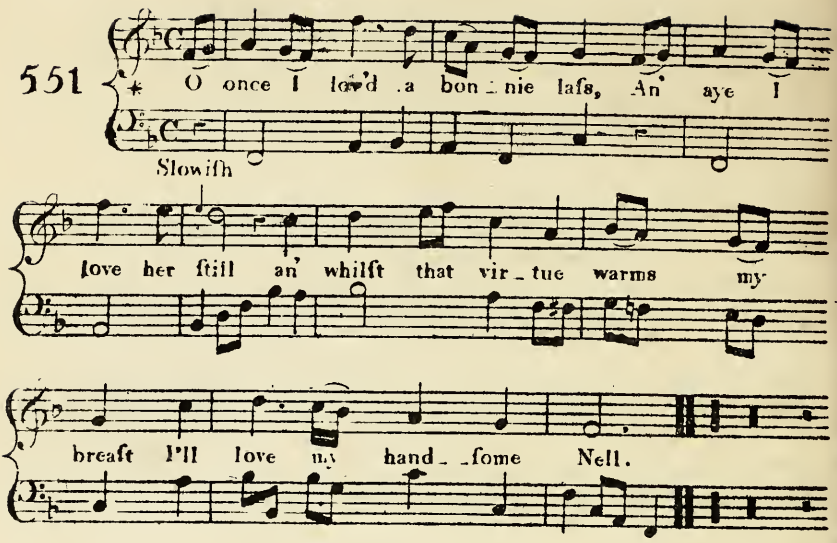
But I wiſh they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does ſlight me, and's left me,
The chield he deſerves a good wife.

But, O! I'm blyth that I've miſs'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's ſae keen o' the ſiller
Will never agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be ſcrimpit or ſcant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll mak uſe o't,
And nae ane about me ſhall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for ſiller
Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The maſter is ſeldom ſae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd caſt up,
To mak me his partner for life;
If the chield has the ſenſe to be happy,
He'll ſa on his feet for a wife.

O once I lov'd



As bonnie laſſes I hae ſeen,
And wony full as braw,
But for a modeſt graceful mein
The like I never ſaw.

A bonny laſs I will confeſs,
Is pleaſant to the e'e,
But without ſome better qualities
She's no a laſs for me.

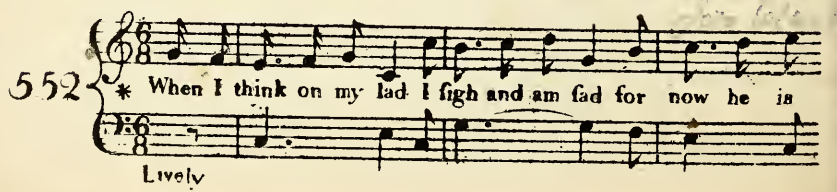
But Nelly's looks are blythe and ſweet,
And what is beſt of a',
Her reputation is compleat,
And free without a flaw;

She dreſſes ay ſae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's ſomething in her gait
Gars ony dreſs look weel.

A gaudy dreſs and gentle air
May ſlightly touch the heart,
But its innocence and modeſty
That poliſhes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleaſes me,
'Tis this enchants my ſoul;
For abſolutely in my breaſt
She reigns without controul.

When I think on my lad.



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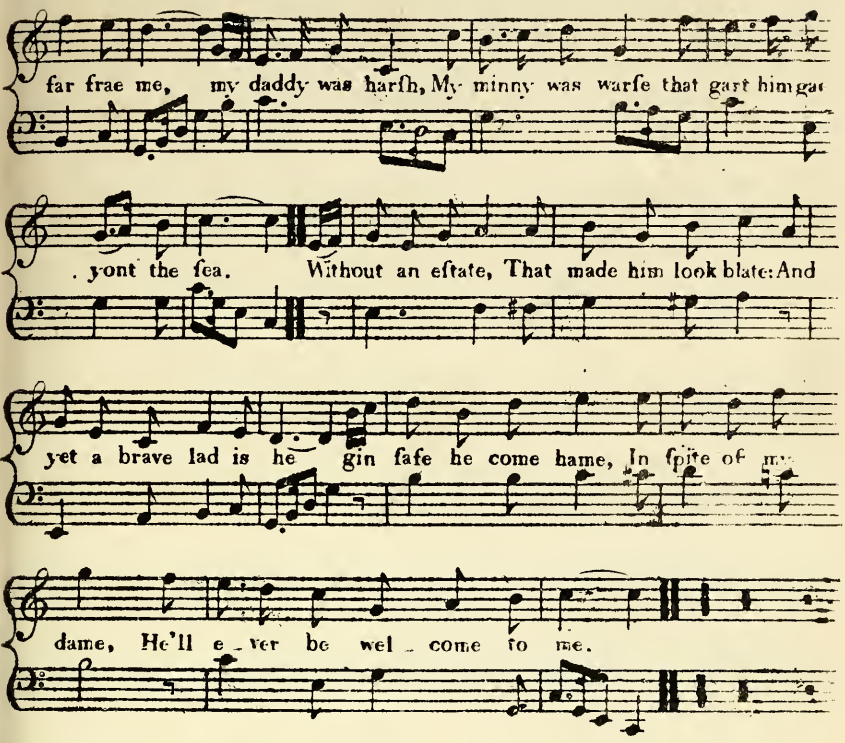


Love ſpeers na advice
Of parents o'er wiſe,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon caſh,
As naething but traſh,
That ſhackles what ſhould be free.
And tho' my dear lad
No ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
A' beit I'm an Heireſs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him ſince he loves me.

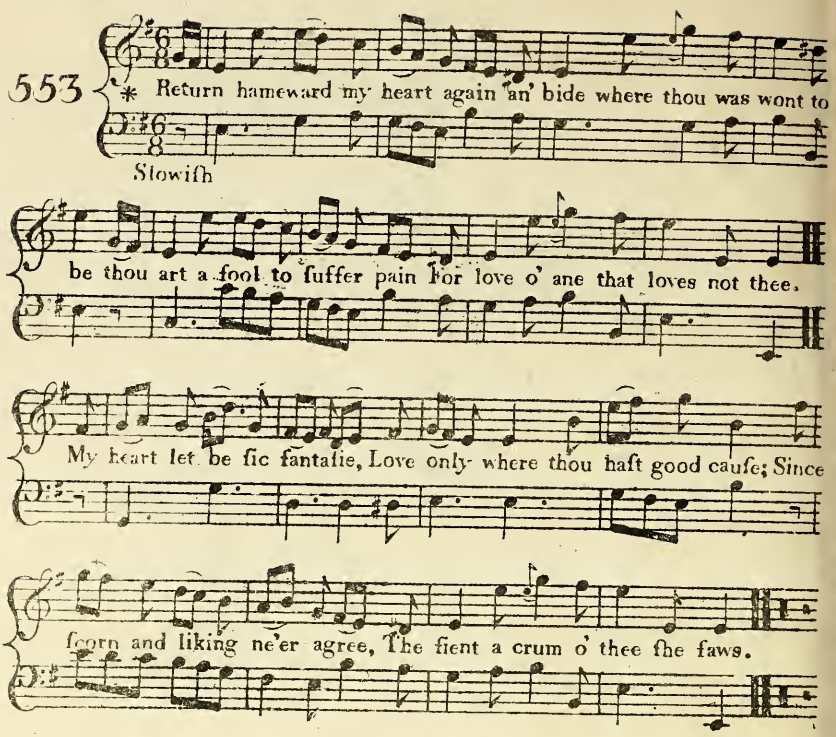
Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,
To her wha can find
Nae eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.

Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone
My favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart,
That can never deſert,
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friend to our love,
When our firm reſolves they ſee:
Then I with pleaſure
Will yield up my treaſure,
And a' that love orders in thee.

Return hameward.

553



To what effect ſhould thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free will,
My heart, be never beſtial,
But ken wha does thee good or ill,
At hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſee wha can beſt play their paws,
And let the ſilly fling her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Tho' ſhe be fair I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why they are a fellon menzie
That ſeemeth good and are not ſae.
My heart, take neither ſturt nor wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Mauſe,
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Remember, how that Medea
Wild for a ſight of Jaſon yied,
Remember how that young Creſſida
Left Troilus for Diomede:
Remember Helen as we read,
Brought Troy from bliſs unto bare wa's:
Then let her gae where ſhe may ſpeed
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

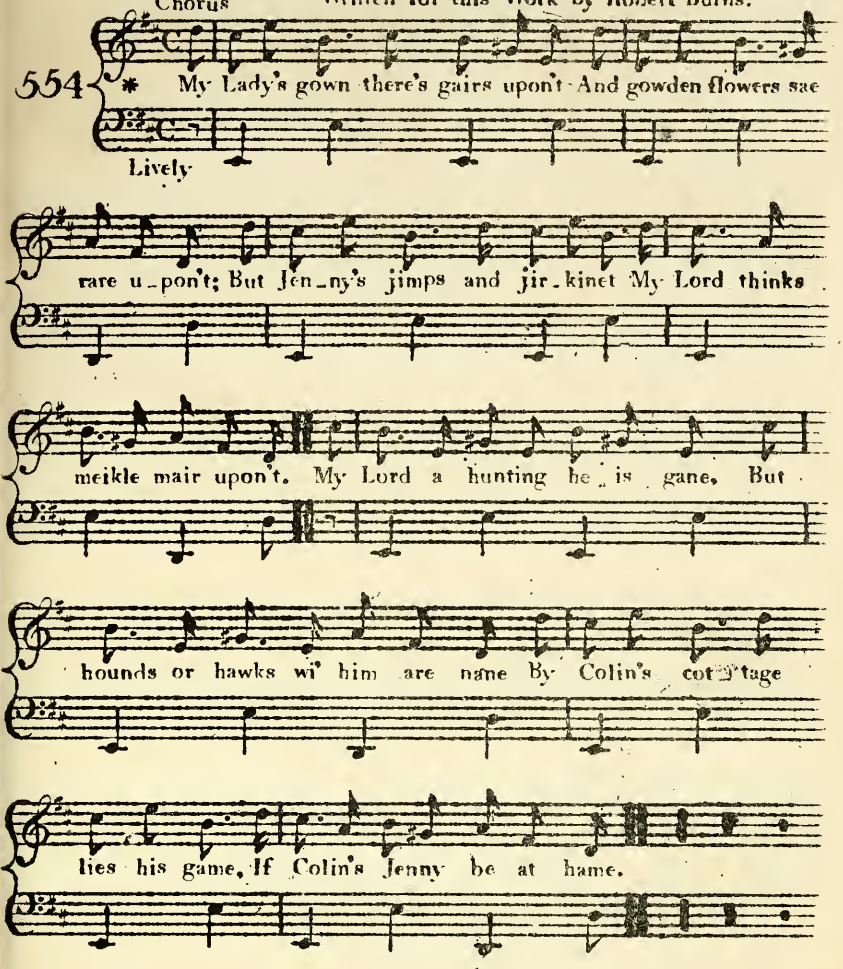
Becauſe ſhe ſaid I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was fair,
But, was beguil'd; gae where ſhe will,
Beſhrew the heart that firſt takes care.
But be thou merry late and air,
This is the final end and clauſe,
And let her feed and foully fair
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breaſt,
Ne'er let her ſlights thy courage ſpill,
Nor gie a ſob altho' ſhe ſneeſt,
She's faireſt paid that get's her will
She's geck as gif I mean'd her ill,
When ſhe glaicks paughty in her braws:
Now let her ſnirt and ſyke her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe faws.

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't.

Chorus — Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

554



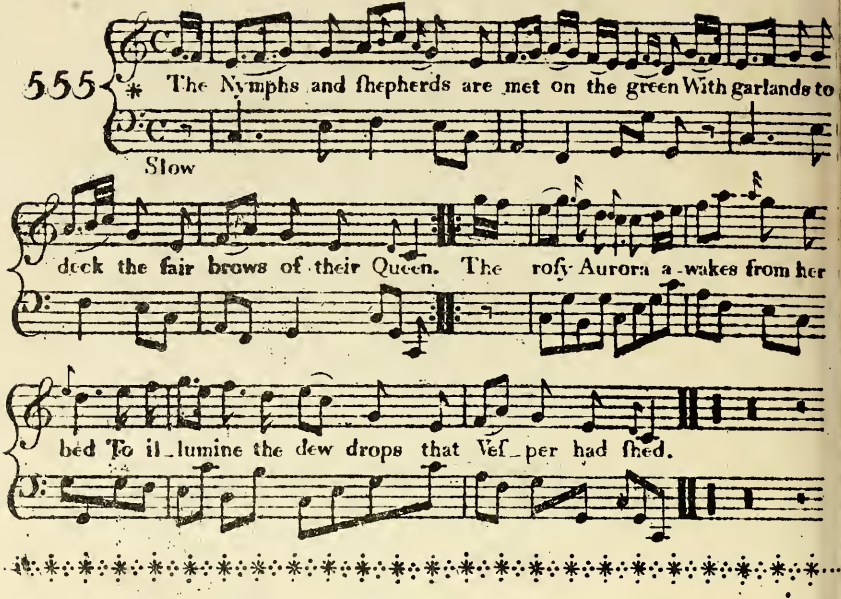
My Lady's white, my Lady's red
And kith and kin o' Cassillis blude,
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed,
My Lady's gown &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness,
My Lady's gown &c.

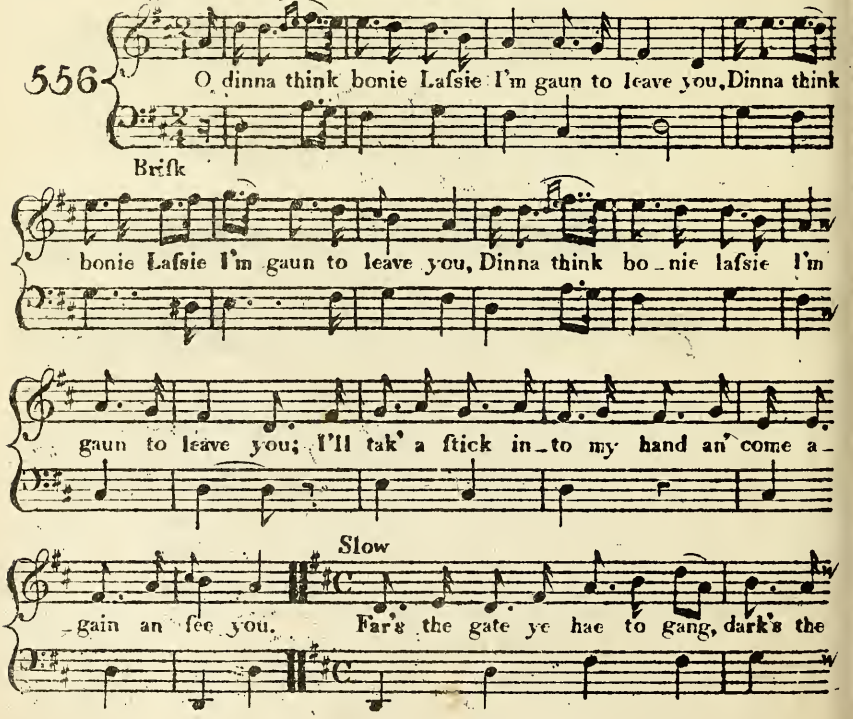
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' Lovers hymns:
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My Lady's gown &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west:
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest.
My Lady's gown &c.

May Morning.



Dinna think bonie Laſsie I'm gaun to leave you.



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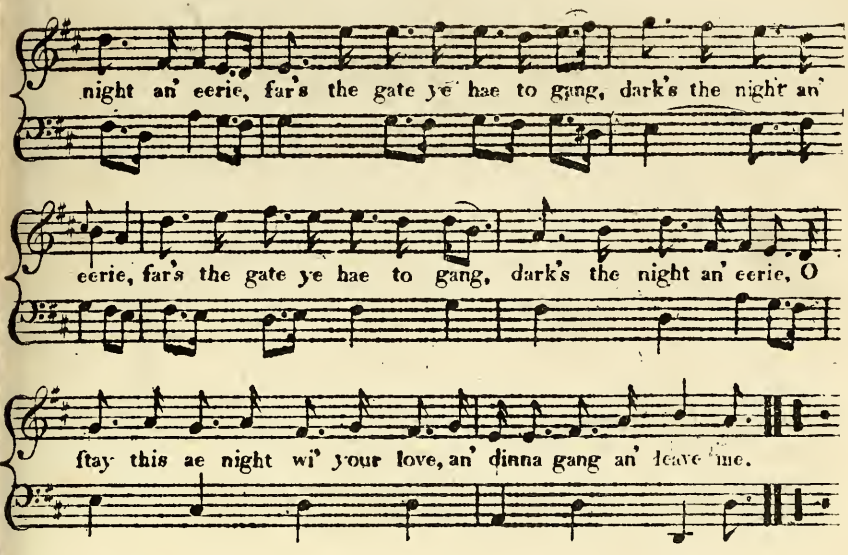
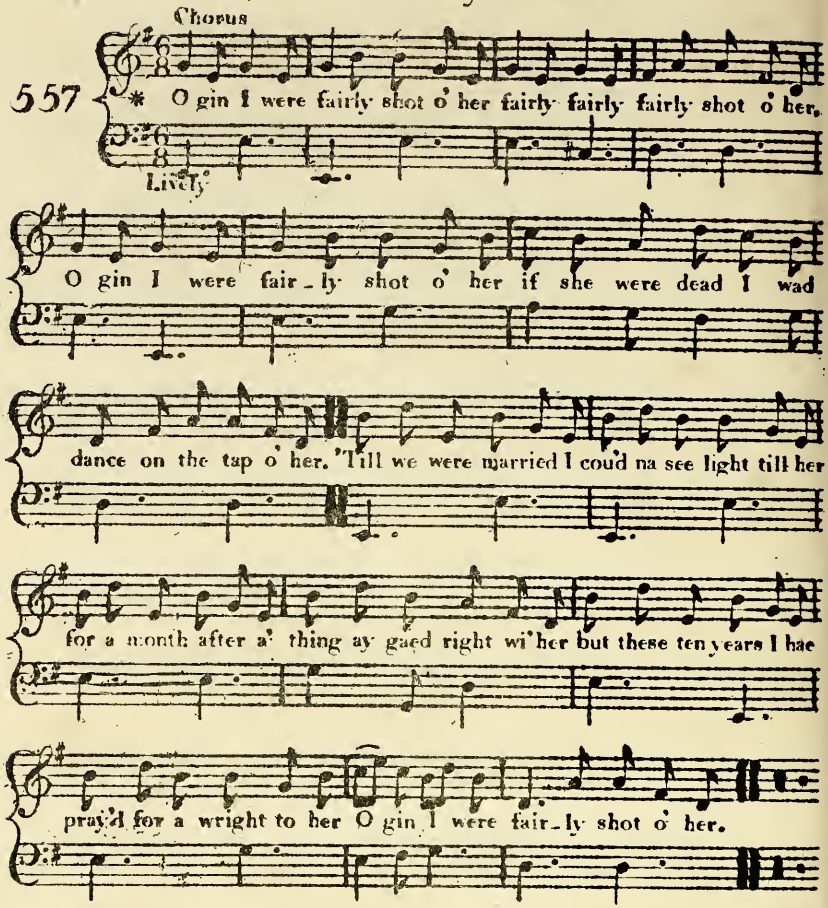


Briſk. It's but a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
When e'er the ſun gaes weſt the loch, I'll come again an' ſee thee;
Slow. Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,
Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,
When the lave are found aſleep I am dull an' eerie,
An' a' the lee lang night I'm ſad, wi' thinkin' on my dearie.

Briſk. O Dinna think bonie laſsie I'm gaun to leave you,
Dinna think bonie laſsie I'm gaun to leave you,
Dinna think bonie laſsie I'm gaun to leave you,
When e'er the ſun gaes out o' ſight I'll come again an' ſee you,
Slow. Waves are riſing o'er the ſea, winds bla loud an' fear me,
Waves are riſing o'er the ſea, winds bla loud an' fear me,
While the waves an' winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,
An' gin ye loe me as ye ſay, ye winna gae an' leave me.

Briſk. O Never mair bonie laſsie will I gang an' leave thee,
Never mair bonie laſsie will I gang an' leave thee,
Never mair bonie laſsie will I gang an' leave thee,
E'en let the warld gae as it will, I'll ſtay at hame an' cheer thee;
Slow. Frae his hand he cooſt the ſtick, I winna gang an' leave thee,
Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee,
Drew his boots an' flang them by, cry'd my laſs be cheerie,
I'll kiſs the tear frae aff thy cheek, an' never leave my dearie.

O gin I were fairly shot o' her.

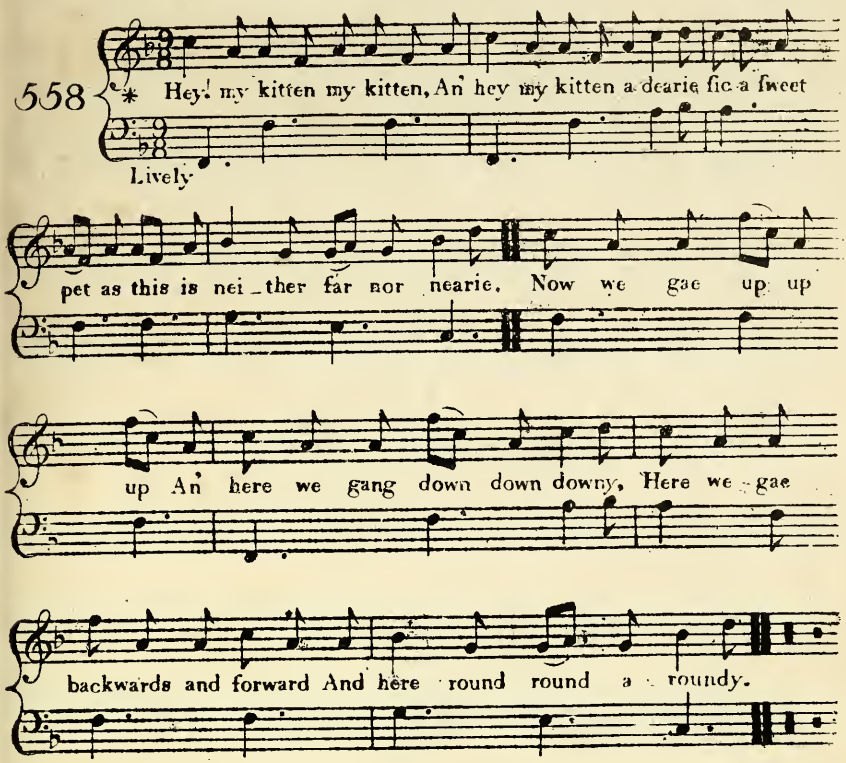


Nane o' her relations or frien's cou'd stay wi' her
The neighbours and bairns are fain to fly frae her,
An' I my ain sell is forc't to gie way till her
O gin I were fairly &c.

She ganga aye sae braw, shes sae mickle pride in her
There's no a goodwife in the haill country side like her
Wi' dress an' wi' drink the d-l wadna bide wi' her
O gin I were fairly &c.

If the time wou'd but come that to the kirk gate wi' her
An' into the yerd I'd mak my sell quit o' her
I'd then be as blyth as first when I met wi' her
O gin I were fairly &c.

Hey my kitten my kitten.



Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
See, ſee, ſic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin towny.
This pig went to the market;
Squeek mouſe, mouſe, mouſy;
Shoe, ſhoe, ſhoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol douſy.

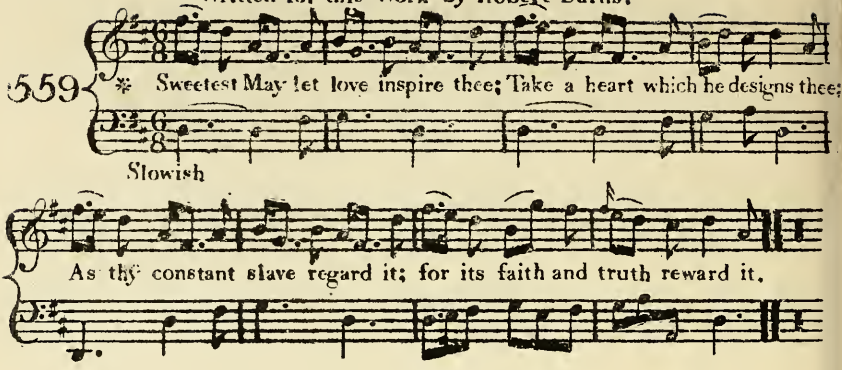
Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a ſugar and ſpicy;
Huſh a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy,
Did a papa torment it?
Did_e vex his own baby? did-e?
Huſh a baba in a boſie;
Take ous own ſucky: did_e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
Slavers a thread o' cryſtal,
Now the ſweet poſſet comes up;
Who ſaid my child was piſs all?
Come water my chickens, come clock
Leave off or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
Come, gie me your hand, ane I'll beat him;
Wha was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw;
Where was a gigling honey?
Goody, good child ſhall be fed
But naughty child ſhall get nony
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody bones
Here is a child that wont fear ye.
Come piſsy, piſsy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

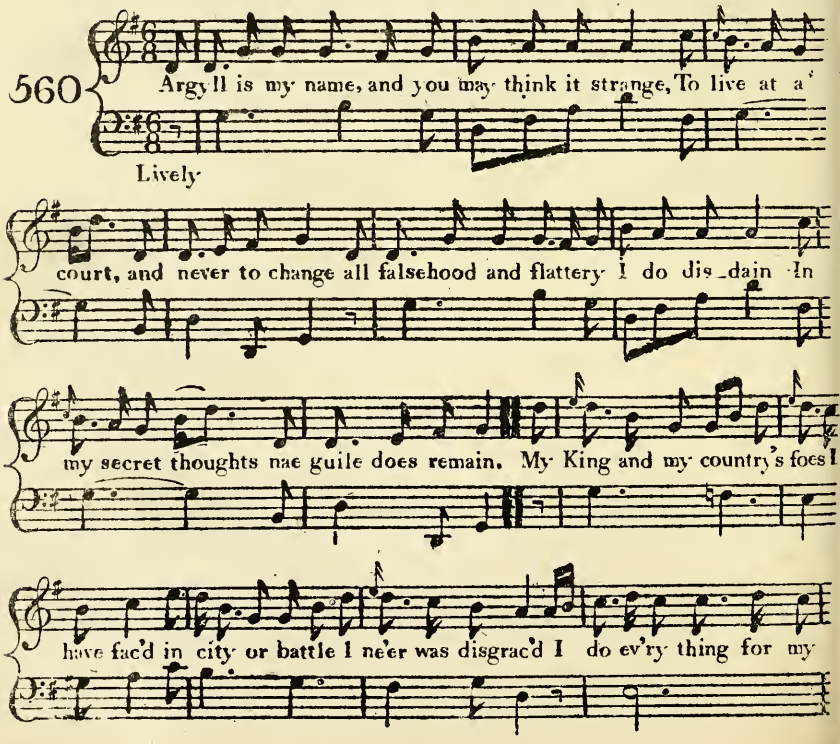
Sweetest May.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



Proof o' shot to Birth or Money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In Love's silken band can bind it.

Argyll is my name.



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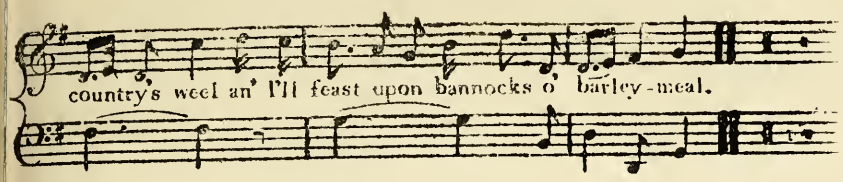


Adieu to the courtie of London town,
For to my ain country I will gang down;
At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strife,
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me weel,
Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

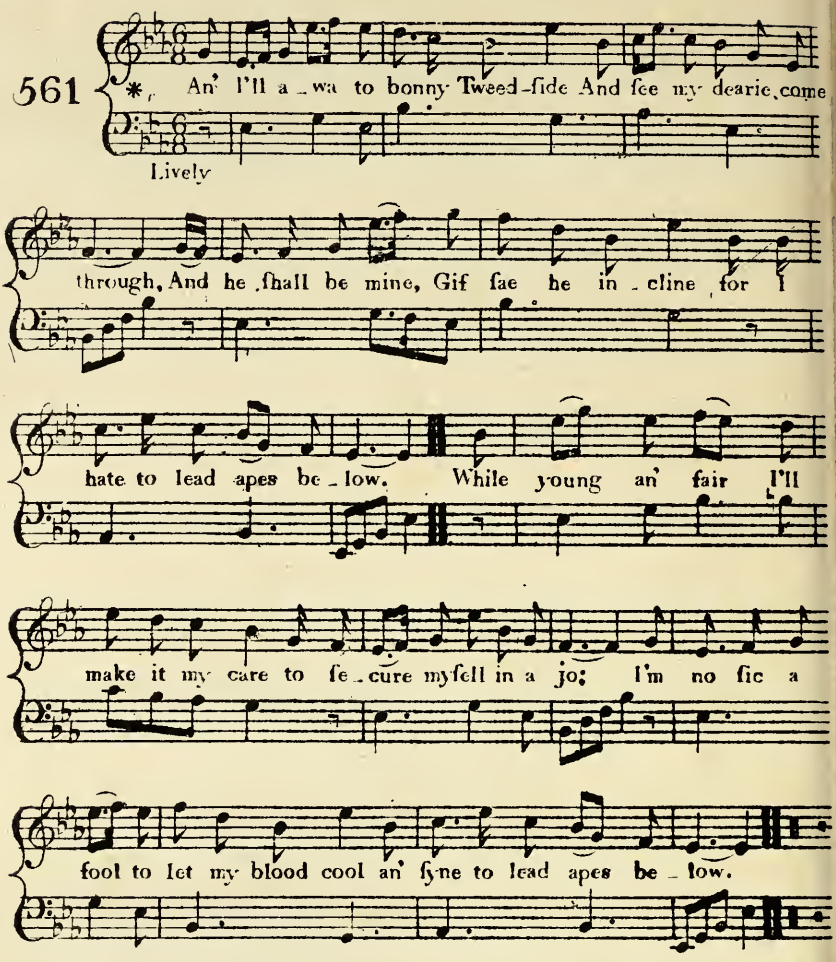
I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
Hame to my Maggie I think for to gae,
Wi' my claymöre hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
A pair of fine garters for Maggie to wear;
And some pretty things else, I do declare,
When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
And whan we are married we'll keep a cow,
My Maggie sall milk her, and I will plow:
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

If my Maggie should chance to bring me a son,
He's fight for his King, as his daddy has done;
I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
And thus we'll live and industrious be,
And wha'll be fae great as my Maggie and me;
We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal. &c. &c. &c.

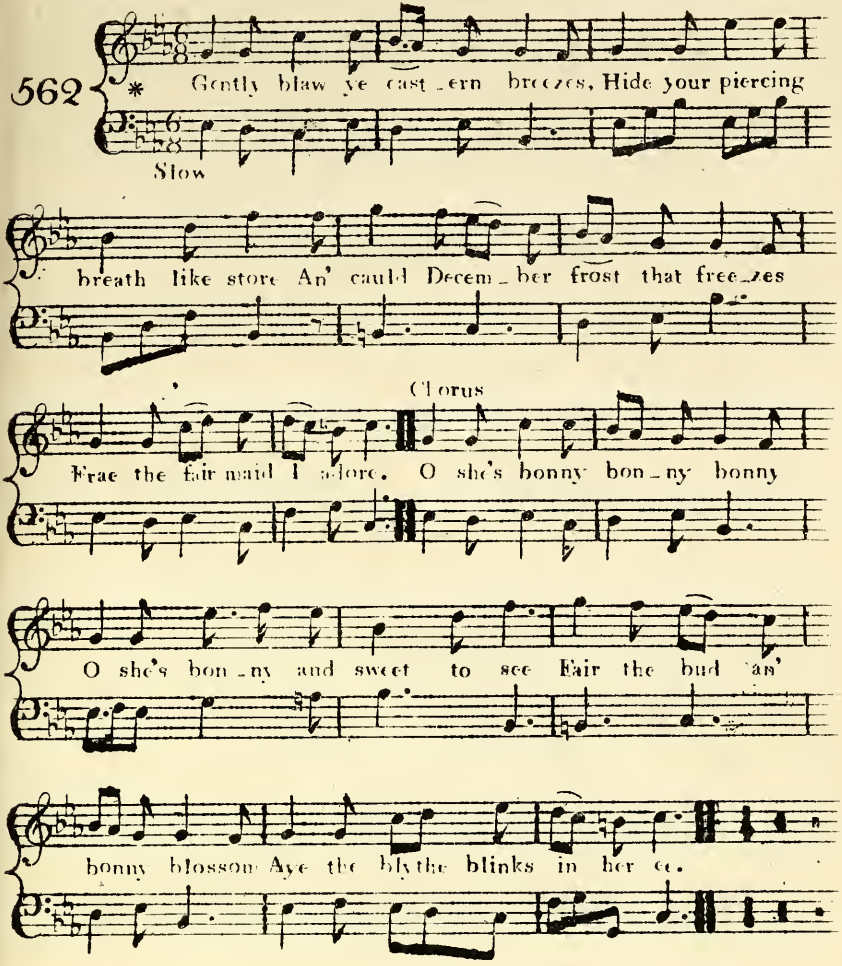
An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-ſide.

561



Few words bonny lad
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing I daftly ſay no
Gae on with your ſtrain
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.
Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow,
Then I will do well,
Do better what will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.
'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead apes below.



Frae winter's scoure, the simmer torment
Hoary mists that point the air
Frae grief o' mind that aft does foment
Making life a dreary care
O she's bonny &c.

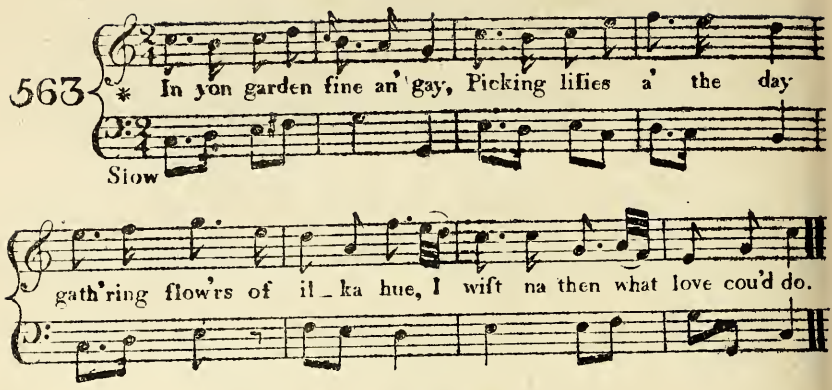
For she's as the new blawn rose
That's nourish'd with the simmer's sun
Her smiles is like the sweet repose
Man seeks when his last sand is run
O she's bonny &c.

Red's her cheek, and sweets her feature
Glancin een like diamonds bright
Handsome shape, the choice o' nature
Wonder o' the day and night
O she's bonny &c.

If, but this bud and bonny blossom
I could say 'twere only mine
I'd plant it deep within my bosom
An' round my heart I'd it entwine
O she's bonny &c.

In yon garden &c.

563

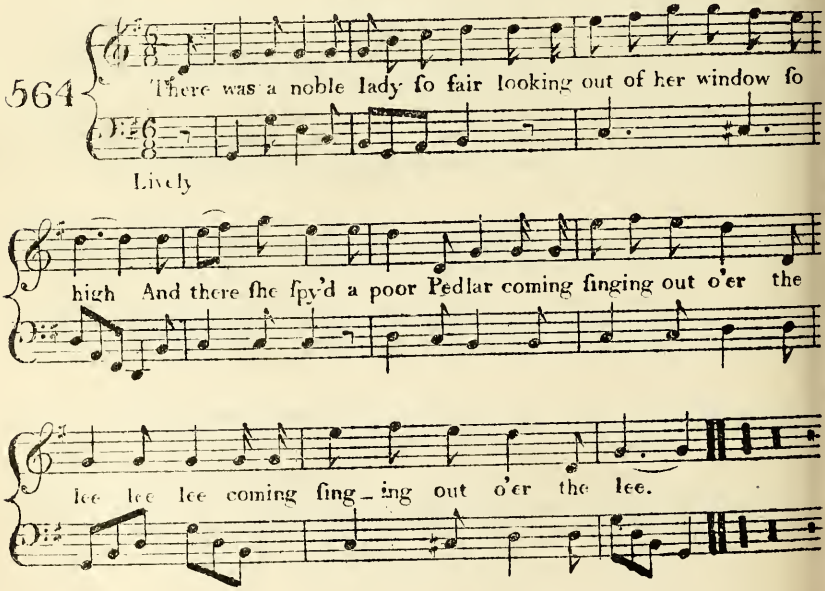


Where love is planted there it grows,
It buds and blows like any roſe
It has a ſweet and pleaſant ſmell,
No flow'r on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the buſh,
And thought the ſweeteſt roſe to find,
But prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the ſweeteſt roſe behind.

The poor Pedlar.

564



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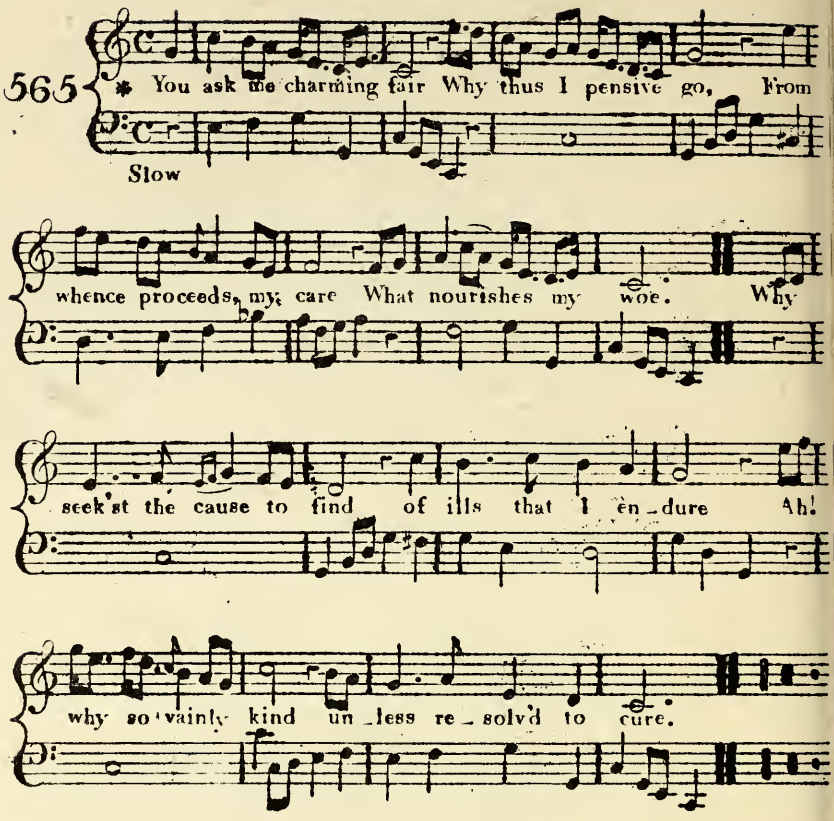
She call'd upon her ſervant man,
Her ſervant that on her did wait,
"Gae open the yetts, both braid and wide,
"And let the poor pedlar in in in,
"And let the poor pedlar in.
He ſet the yetts, both braid and wide,
And let the poor pedlar in;
And then ſhe took him by the coat neuks,
And ſhe led him from room to room room room,
And ſhe led him &c.
Till he came to my lady's room,
My lady's room where ſhe lay;
"I wad gie a' my pack he ſaid,
"For the night of a gay lady, lady;
"For the night &c.
"Wilt thou gie me my pack again,
"My pack, and my pack pinn,
"An' thou gie me my pack he ſaid,
"I'll gie thee both broach and ring, ring ring,
"I'll gie thee both &c.
"I'll no gie thee thy pack again,
"Thy pack nor thy pack pinn;
"I'll no gie thee thy pack ſhe ſaid.
"Tho' thou wad greet till thine eyes gae blin' gae blin.
"Tho' thou wad &c.
Out then ſpak the noble lord,
Out of his bow'r within,
"O who is this into my houſe
"That makes ſuch a noiſe and dinn dinn dinn.
"That makes &c.
"As I came through your garden Sir,
"I pull'd ſome of your flowers;
"A box of ſpice was in my pack,
"And I borrowed a morter of yours of yours.
"And I borrowed &c.
"Gi'e the poor pedlar his pack again,
"His pack and his pack pinn,
"Keep nathing frae a poor pedlar,
"Who has a' his living to win to win.
"Who has &c.
She took the pack by the twa neuks,
And ſhe flang it out o'er the wa',
"Upo' my ſooth, quo the poor pedlar,
"My pack it has gotten a fa' fa' fa'.
"My pack &c.
He took the pack upon his back,
Went ſinging out o'er the lee,
"O I ha'e gotten my pack again,
"And the kiſs of a gay lady lady,
"And the kiſs &c.

You ask me charming fair.



It needs no magic art,
To know whence my alarms,
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.
Whene'er the youthful quoir,
Along the vale advance,
To raise, at your desire,
The lay, or form the dance.

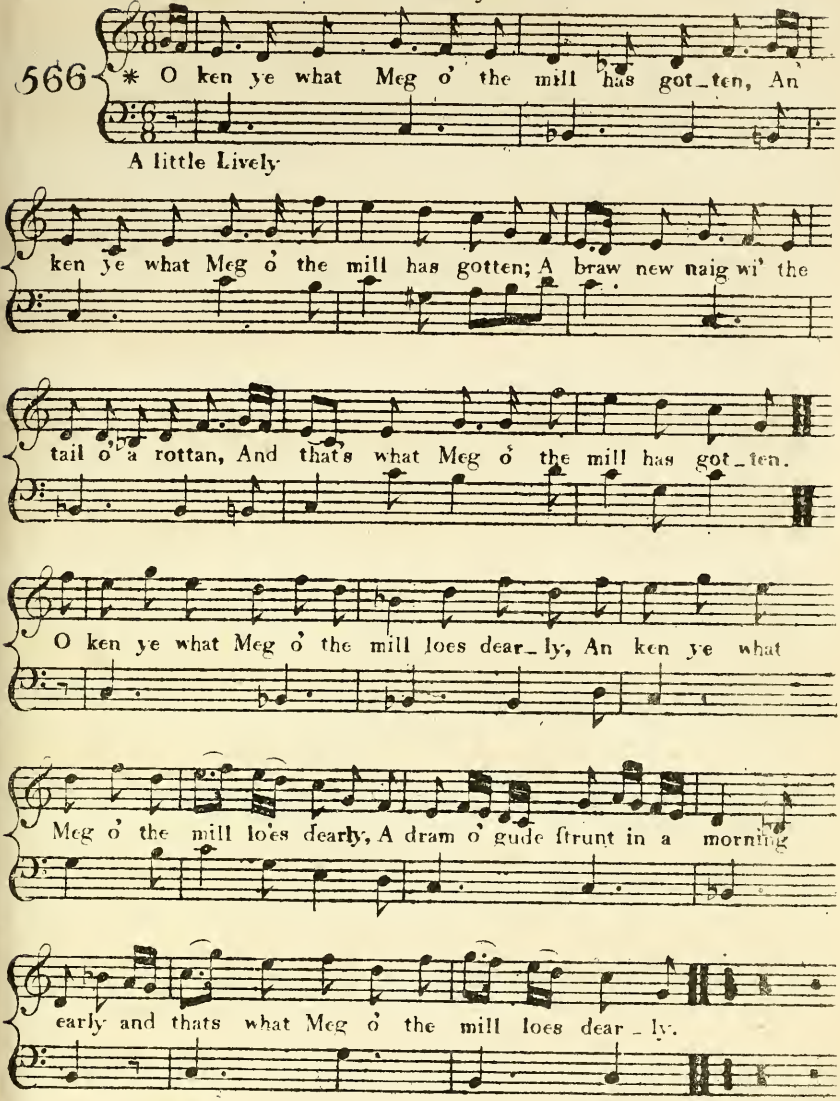
Beneficent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.
Whilst on my love you put
No value; On the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves,
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.
My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide,
How soon the heart's betray'd
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have born,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn.
But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driv'n to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten.

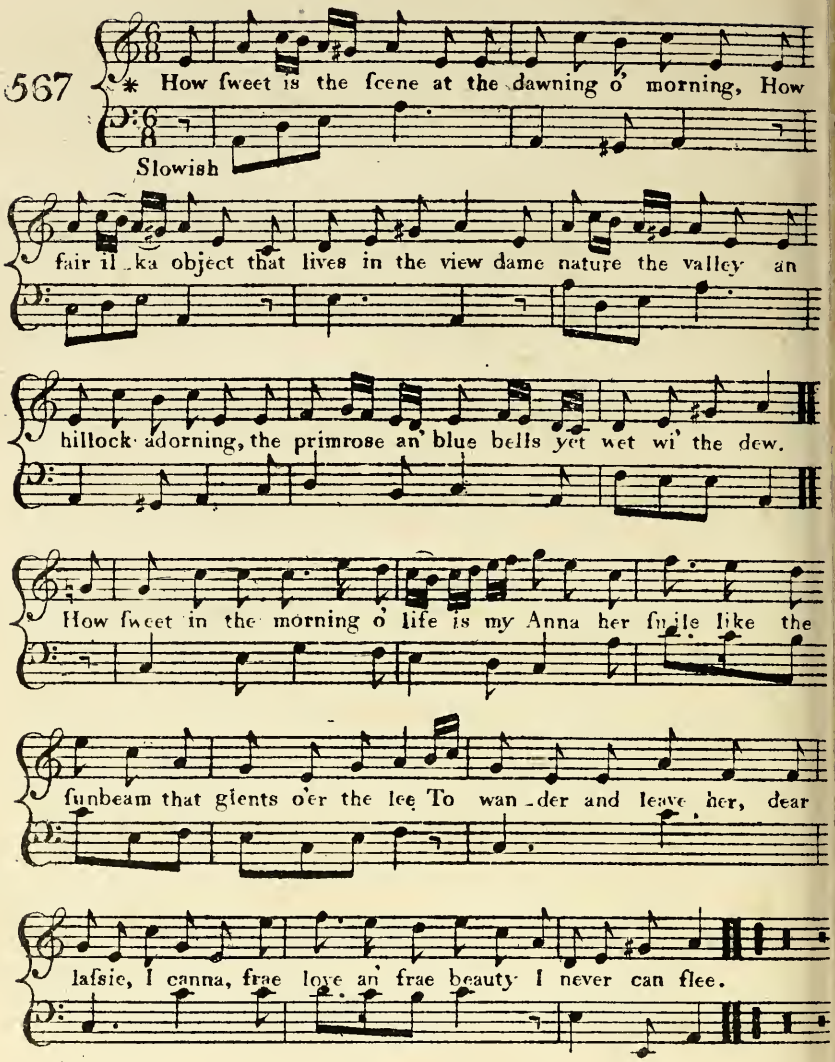
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married;
The Prieſt he was exter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
An ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded;
The groom gat ſae fu' he fell awald beſide it,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

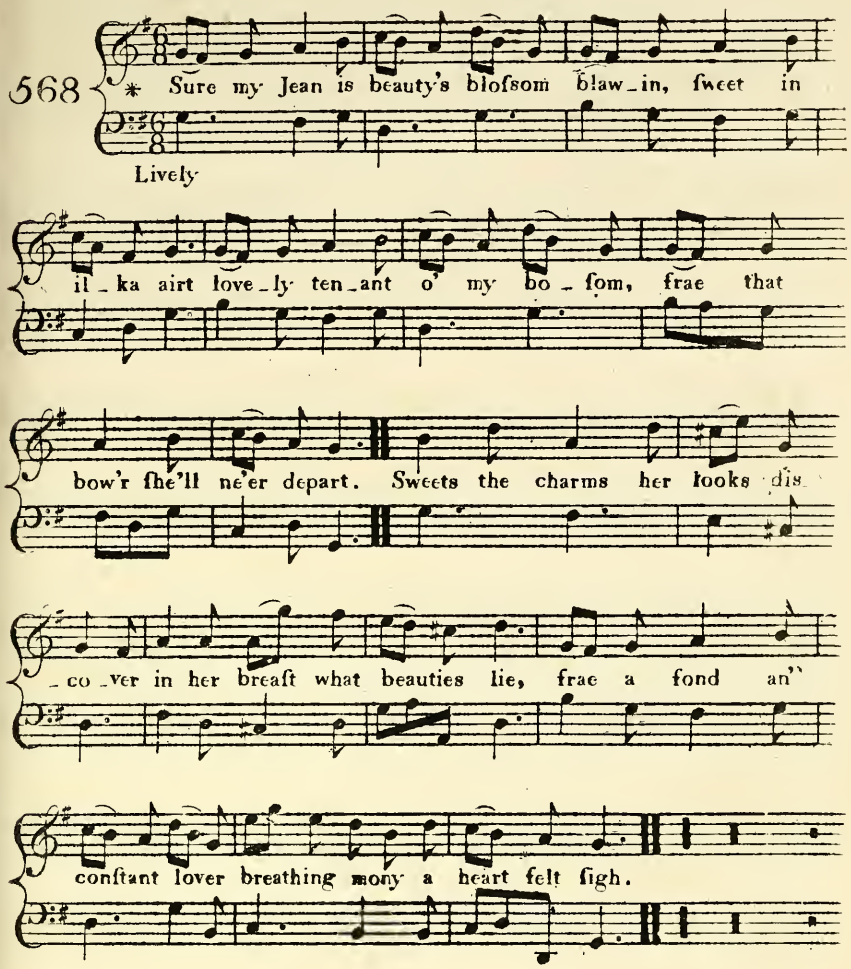
How ſweet is the ſcene.

567



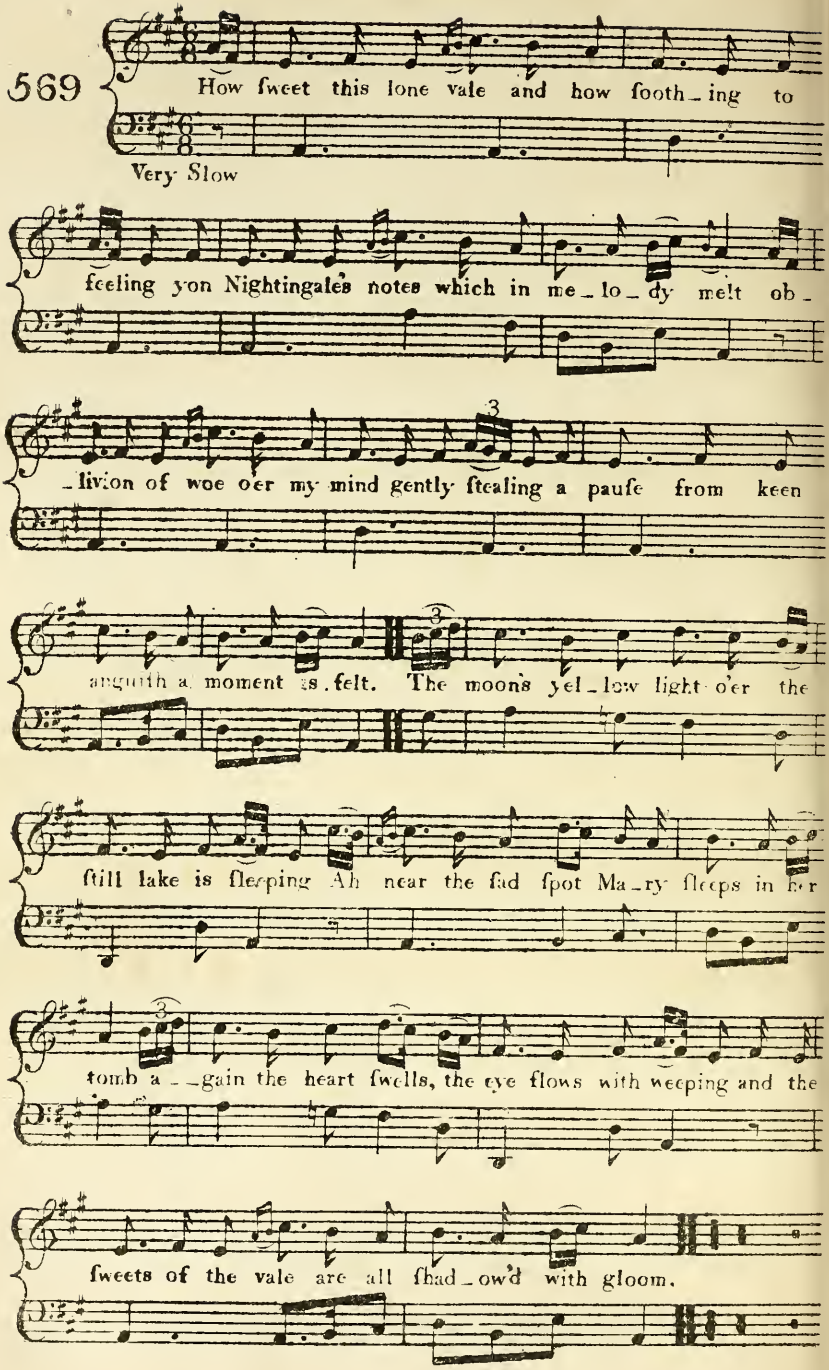
O lang ha'e I lo'd her an' loe her fu' dearly,
An' aft ha'e I preed o' her bonny ſweet mow!
An' aft ha'e I read in her e'e blinkin' clearly,
A language that bade me be conſtant an' true!
Then others may doat on their fond war'ly treaſure,
For pelf, filly pelf, they may brave the rude ſea;
To love my ſweet laſsie be mine the dear pleaſure
Wi' her let me live — and wi' her let me die!

Sure my Jean.



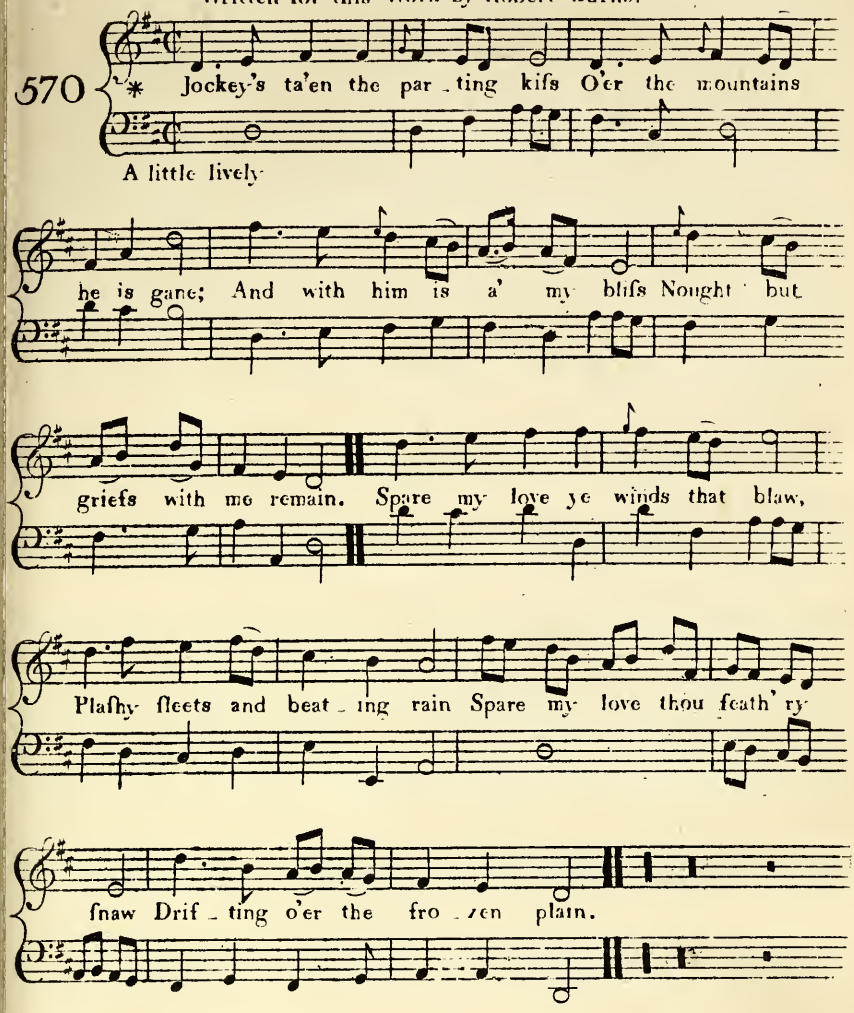
I ha'e ſeen the floweret ſpringin'
Gaily on the ſunny lea;
I ha'e heard the mavis ſingin'
Sweetly on the hawthorn tree:
But my Jeanie, peerleſs dearie,
She's the flow'r attracts mine ee;
Whan ſhe tunes her voice ſae cheerie,
She's the mavis dear to me!

How ſweet this lone vale.



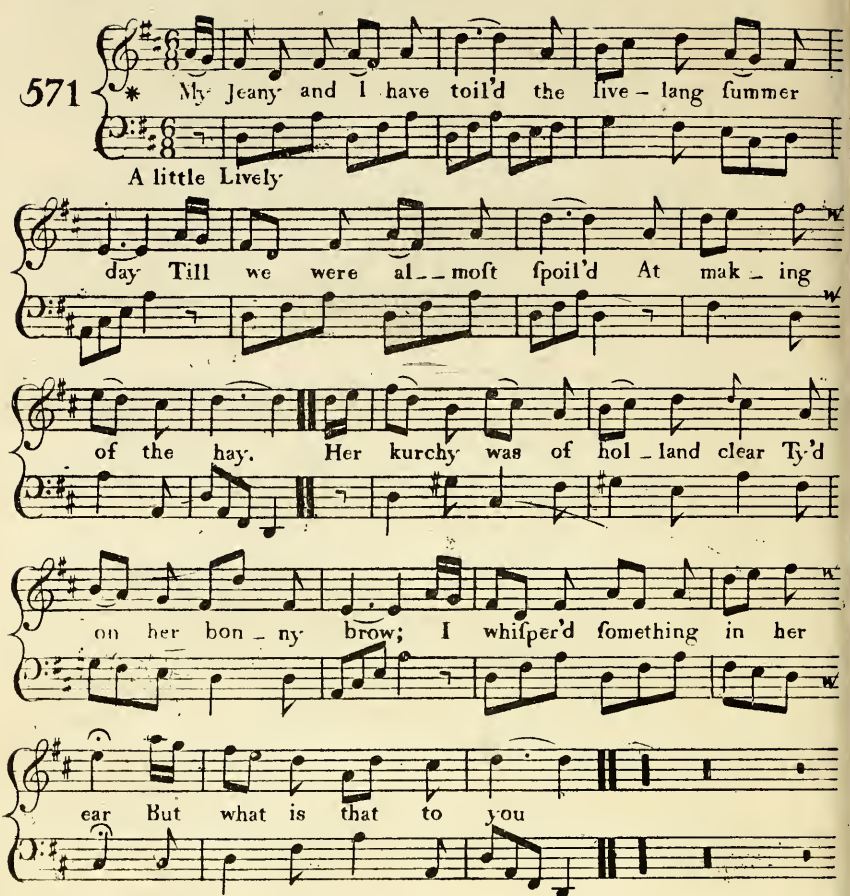
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiſs.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



When the ſhades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladſome e'e,
Sound and ſafely may he ſleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For whare'er he diſtant roves
Jockey's heart is ſtill at hame.

What's that to you.



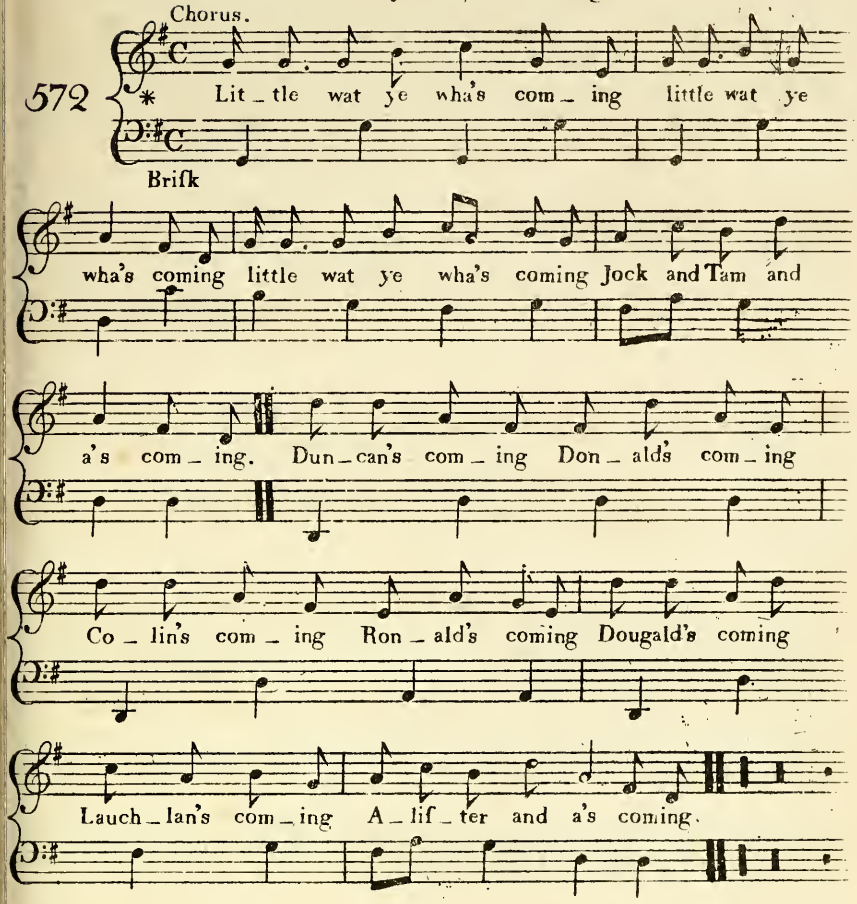
Her ſtockings were of Kerſy green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
O ſuch a leg was never ſeen,
Her ſkin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet ſweet was her mou;
Oh, Jeany daintily can kiſs,
But what's that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair,
There is no bonniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face
May cauſe mae men to rue,
And that may gar me ſay, Alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I, with faithful heart, ſhall ſwear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true;
His joys were ſhort of mine:
And Jeany's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what's that to you?

Little wat ye wha's coming.



Borland and his men's coming,
The Camerons and Mc Leans coming,
The Gordons and Mc Gregors coming
A' the Dunywaſtles' coming
Little wat ye, &c.
Mc Gilvrey of Drumglaſs 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, &c.
Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

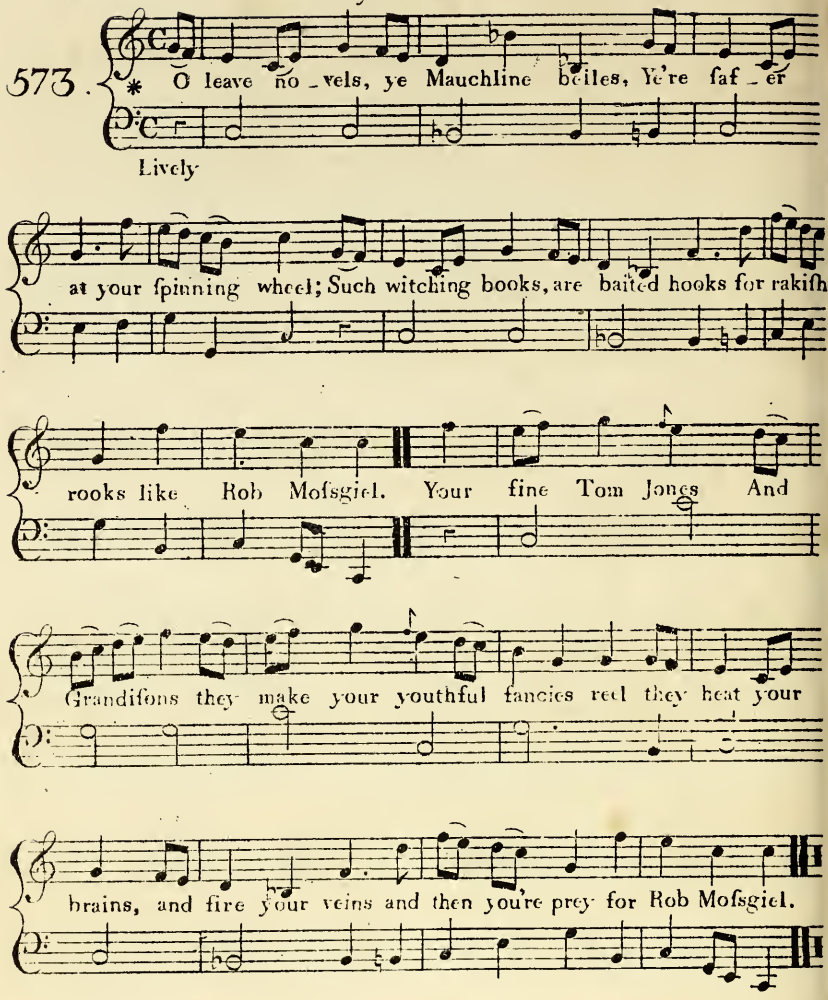
The Laird of Mc Intoſh is coming,
Mc Crabie and Mc Donald's coming,
The Mc Kenzies and Mc Pherſons coming
A' the wild Mc Craws' coming,
Little wat ye, &c.
Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look ſae 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, &c.

O leave novels &c.

By Burns.

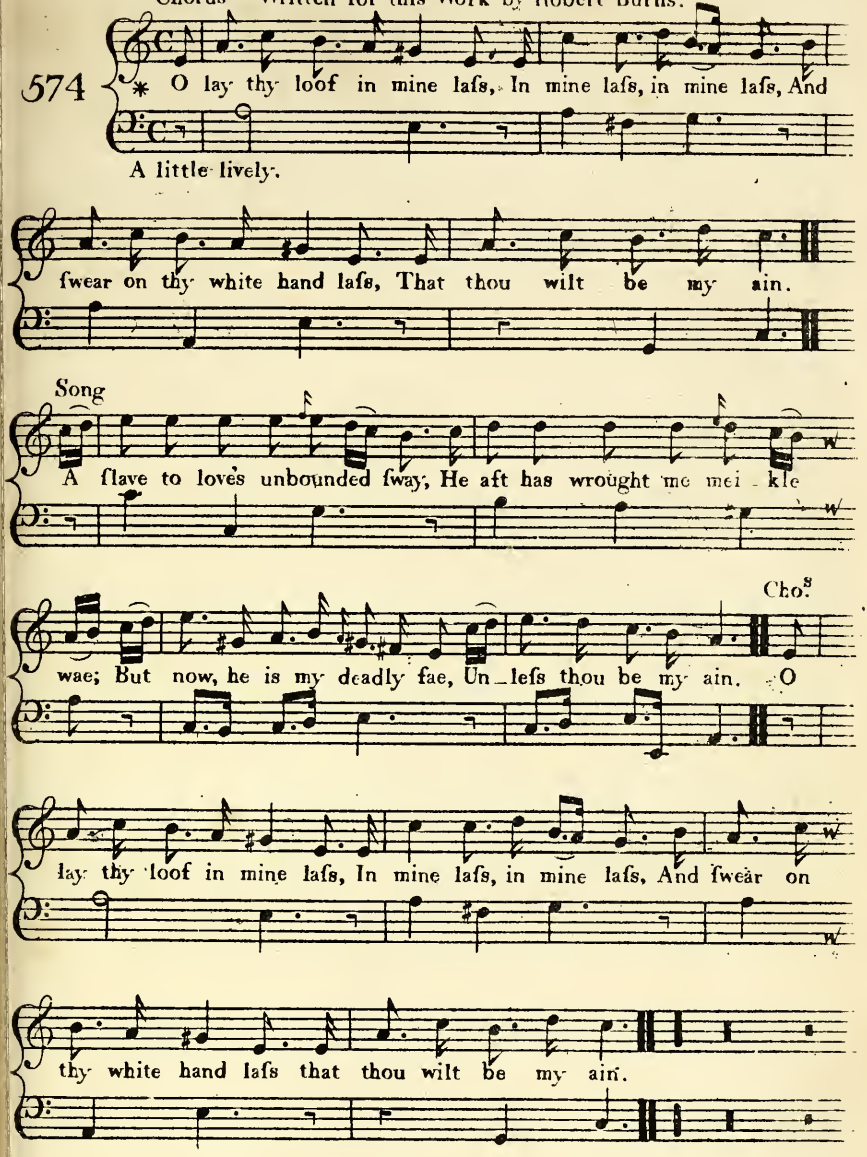
573.



Beware a tongue that's ſmoothly hung;
A heart that warmly ſeems to feel;
That feelin heart but acks a part,
'Tis rakiſh art in Rob Moſsgiel.
The frank addreſs, the ſoft careſs,
Are worſe than poiſoned darts of ſteel,
The frank addreſs, and politeſse,
Are all fineſse in Rob Moſsgiel.

O lay thy loof in mine lafs.

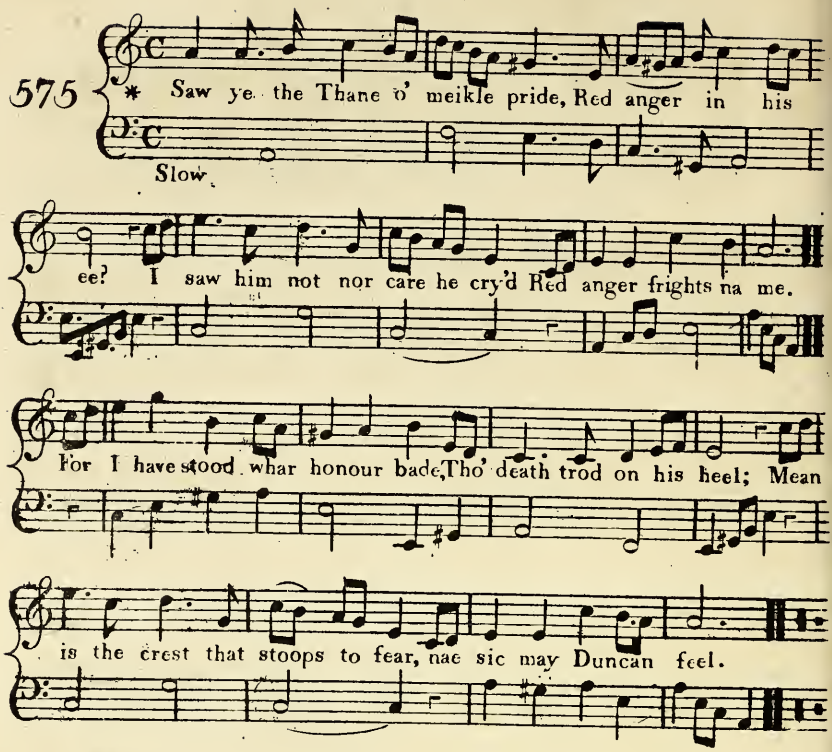
Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



There's monie a lafs has broke my reſt,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed beſt;
But thou art queen within my breaſt
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof &c.

Saw ye the Thane &c.

575



Hark! hark! or was it but the wind,
That through the ha' did sing;
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound,
The black woods round do ring.
'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,
Sic shouting on the wind.
Syne up he started frae his seat,
A throng 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 sae fast,
Frae the slaw 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, Duncan bade me rin,
And say these words to you.

Restore again that blooming rose,
Your rude hand pluckt awa';
Restore again his Mary fair,
Or you shall rue his fa'.

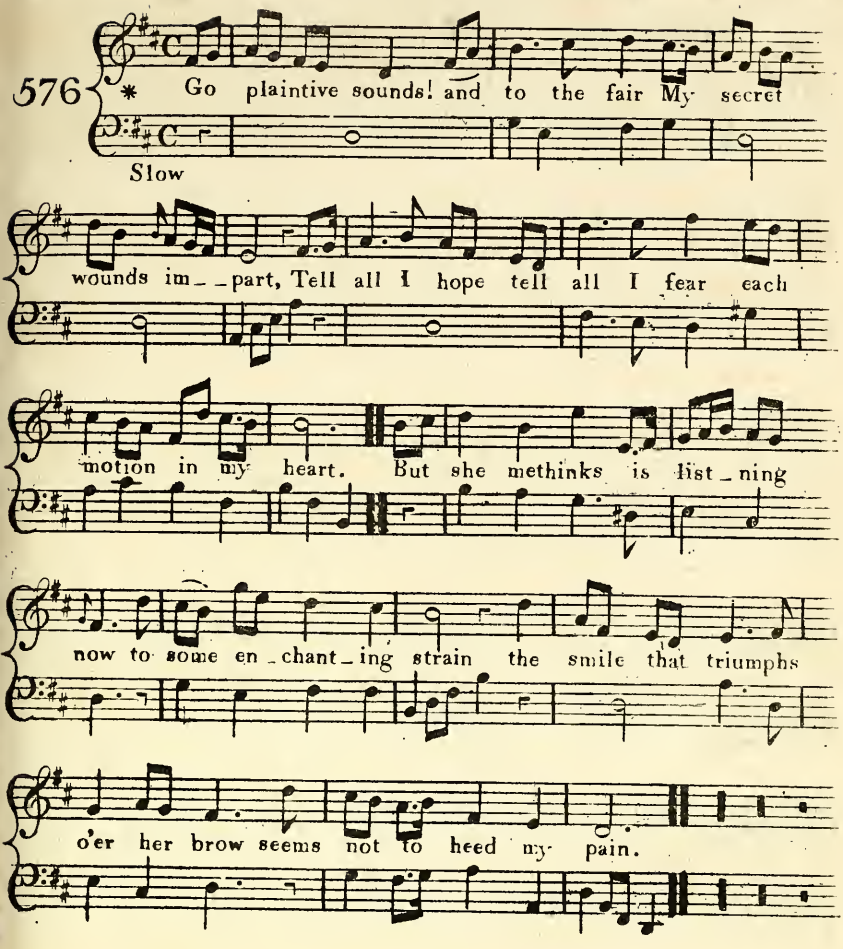
Three strides the gallant Duncan tuk,
He struck his forward spear:
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout,
Of revel, sport, and play;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang ere this rueful day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew,
Like twa sweet roses on ae stak
Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped;
Bald Duncan said in jeer,
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear. &c &c &c

Go plaintive sounds.



Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
  Howe'er my love repine,
Let that gay minute pass away,
  The next perhaps is thine.
Yes plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
  Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
Her cheek undimpled now, has lost
  The smile it lately wore.

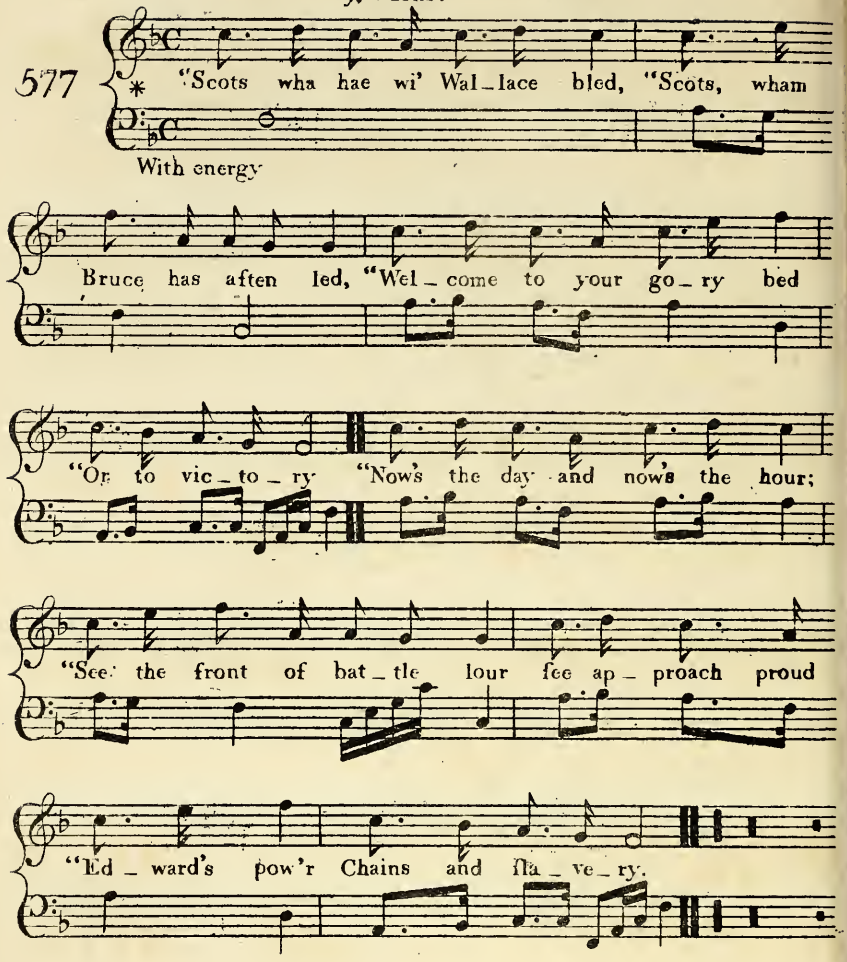
Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,
  'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
  And be that softness, love.

Cease plaintive sounds, your task is done
  That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
  I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles return again,
  Return each sprightly grace,
I yield up to your charming reign,
  All that enchanting face.
I take no outward shew amiss,
  Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
  So she but hear my sighs.

Bruce's addreſs to his Army.

By, Burns.



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

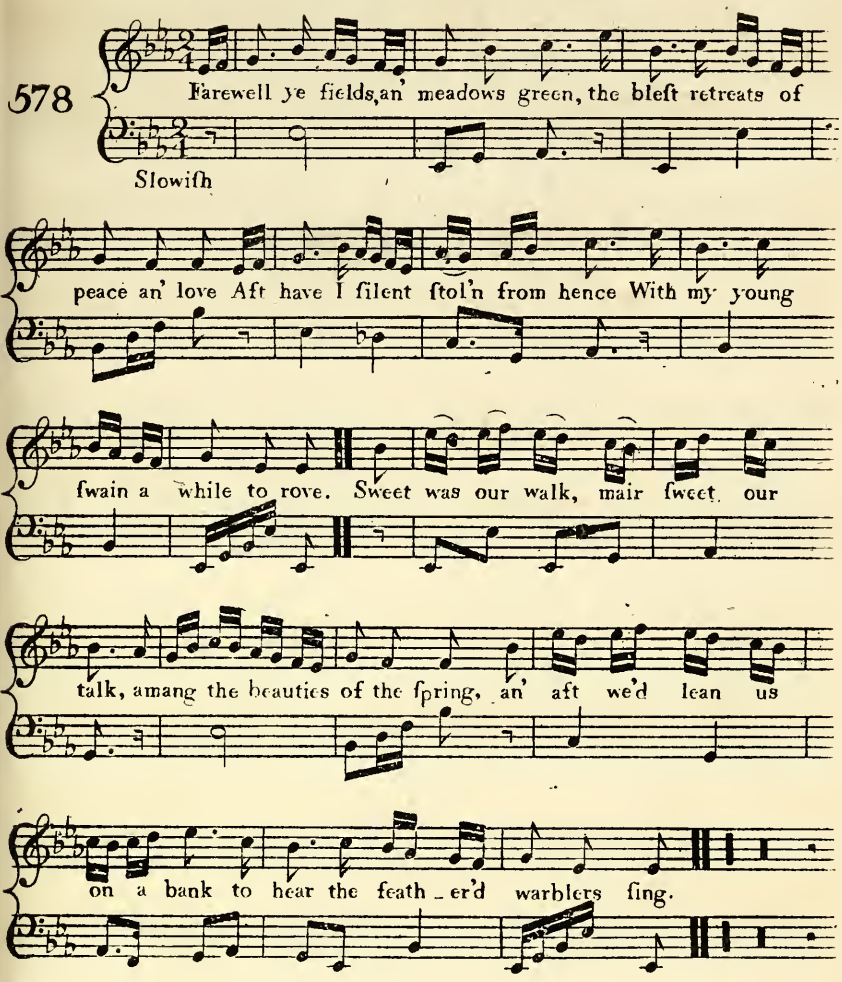
"Wha for Scotland's king and law
"Freedom's ſword will ſtrongly draw,
"Free-man ſtand, or free-man fa',
"Caledonian! on wi' me!

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

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

Farewell ye fields &c.

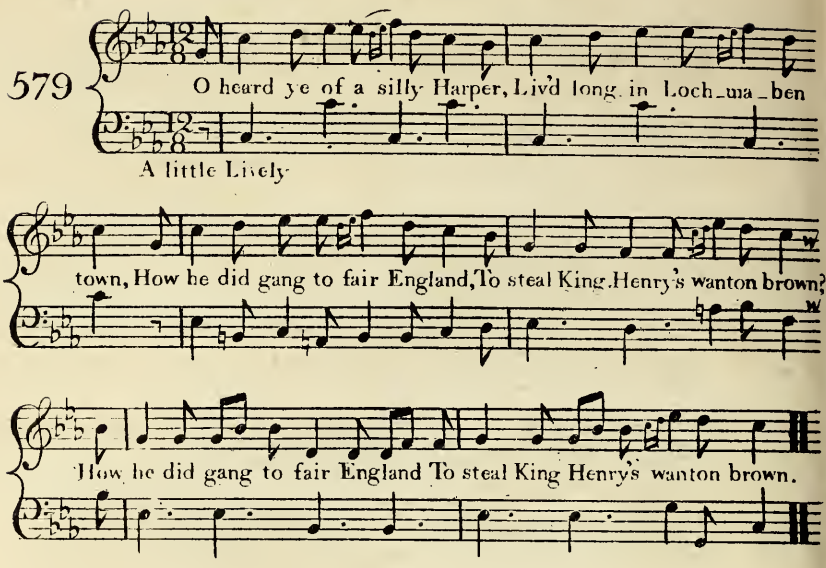
578



The azure ſky the hills around,
Gave double beauty to the ſcene
The lofty ſpires of Banff in view,
On every ſide the waving grain:
The tales of love my Jamie told,
In ſuch a ſaft an' moving ſtrain,
Have ſo engag'd my tender heart,
I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be ſae kind,
As favour my return once more,
For to enjoy the peace o' mind,
In thoſe retreats I had before:
Now, farewell! Banff! the nimble ſteeds.
Do bear me hence, I muſt away,
Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
To part nae mair from ſcenes ſo gay.

O heard ye e'er of a silly blind Harper,



But first he gaed to his gude-wife
Wi' a' the speed that he cou'd thole:
This wark, quo' he, will never work,
Without a mare that has a foal.
This wark, &c.

Quo' she, thou has a gude grey mare,
That'll rin o'er hills baith low & hie;
Gae tak' the grey mare in thy hand,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me.
Gae tak', &c.

And tak' a halter in thy hose,
And o' thy purpose dinna fail;
But wap it o'er the wanton's nose;
And tie her to the grey mare's tail:
But wap, &c.

Syne ca' her out at yon back yeate,
O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,
Till she come hame to her ain foal.
For she'll, &c.

So he is up to England gane,
Even as fast as he can hie,
Till he came to King Henry's yeate;
And wha' was there but King Henry?
Till he, &c.

Come in, quo' he, thou silly blind Harper;
And of thy harping let me hear.
O! by my sooth, quo' the silly blind Harp
I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.
O! by my, &c.

The King looks o'er his left shoulder,
And says unto his stable groom,
Gae tak the silly poor Harper's mare,
And tie her 'side my wanton brown.
Gae tak, &c.

And ay he harped, and ay he carpit,
Till a' the Lords gaed through the floor,
They thought the music was sae sweet,
That they forgat the stable door.
They thought, &c.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
Till a' the nobles were sound asleep,
Than quietly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.
Than quietly &c.

Syne to the stable door he hies,
Wi' tread as light as light cou'd be,
And whan he open'd and gaed in,
There he fand thirty good steeds & three.
And whan &c.

He took the halter frae his hose,
And of his purpose did na' fail;
He slipt it o'er the Wanton's nose,
And tied it to his grey mare's tail.
He slipt &c.

He ca'd her out at yon back yeate,
O'er moss and muir & ilka dale,
And she loot ne'er the wanton bite,
But held her still gaun at her tail.
And she &c.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,
And did na fail to find the way,
For she was at Lochmaben yeate,
Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.
For she &c.

When she came to the Harper's door,
There she gae mony a nicher and snear,
Rise, quo' the wife, thou lazy lass,
Let in thy master and his mare.
Rise, quo' &c.

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,
And lookit out through the lock hole;
O! by my sooth then quoth the lass,
Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.
O! by my &c.

Come haud thy peace, then foolish lass,
The moon's but glancing in thy ee,
I'll wad my haill fee 'gainst a groat,
It's bigger than e'er our foal will be
I'll wad &c.

The neighbours too that heard the noise,
Cried to the wife to put her in,
By my sooth, then quoth the wife,
She's better than ever he rade on.
By my &c.

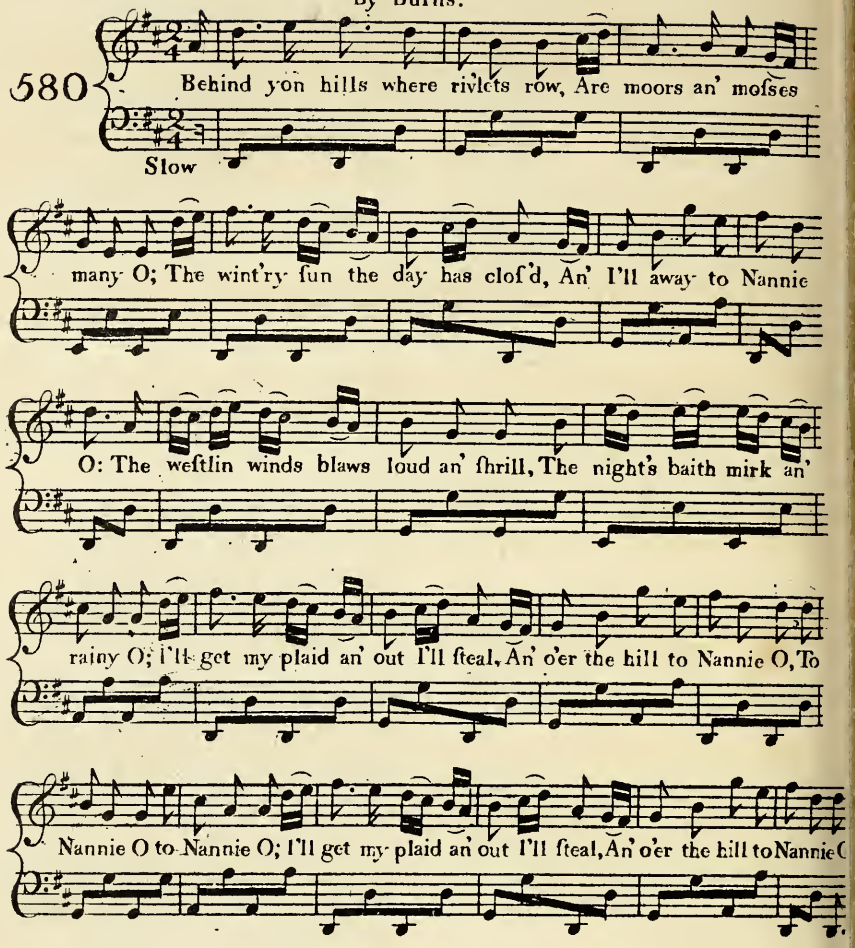
But on the morn at fair day light,
When they had ended a' their chear,
King Henry's wanton brown was stawn,
And eke the poor old Harper's mare.
King Henry's &c.

Alace! alace! says the silly blind Harper,
Alace! alace! that I came here,
In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal,
In England they've stawn my guid grey mare.
In Scotland &c.

Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind harper
And of thy alacing let me be,
For thou shall get a better mare,
And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.
For thou shall get a better mare,
And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

My Nannie O.

By Burns.



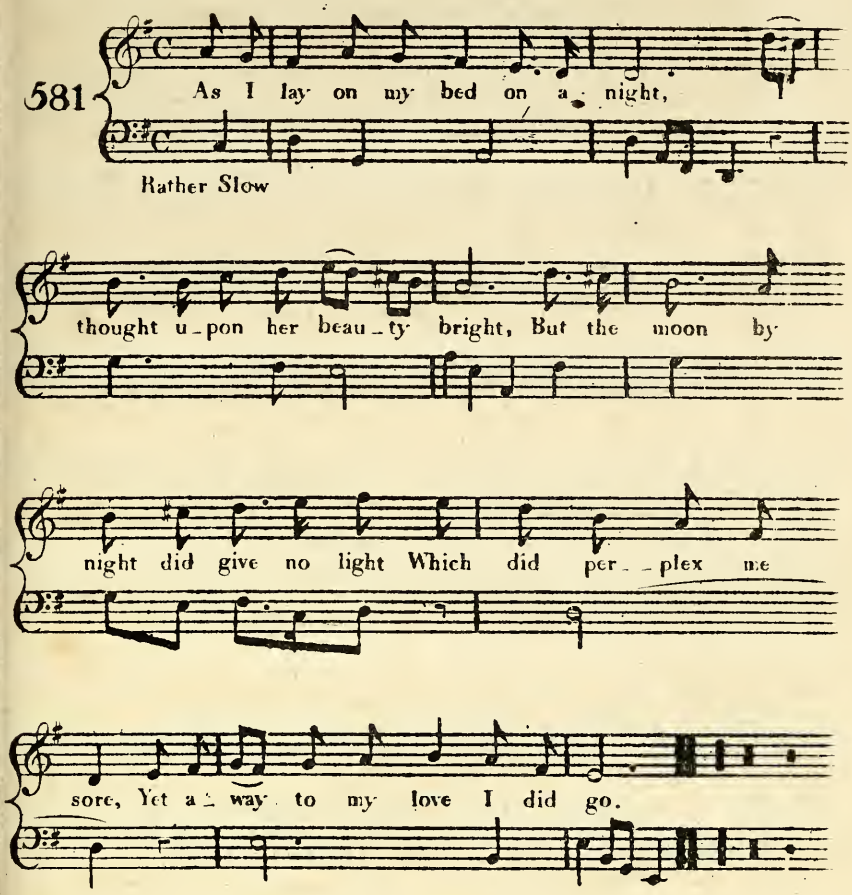
My Nannie's charming, ſweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie O:
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonnie O;
The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie O.

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

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

Our auld guidman delights to view,
His ſheep an' kye thrive bonnie O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh
An' has nae care but Nannie O;
Come well, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will ſend me O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nannie O.

As I lay on my bed on a night.



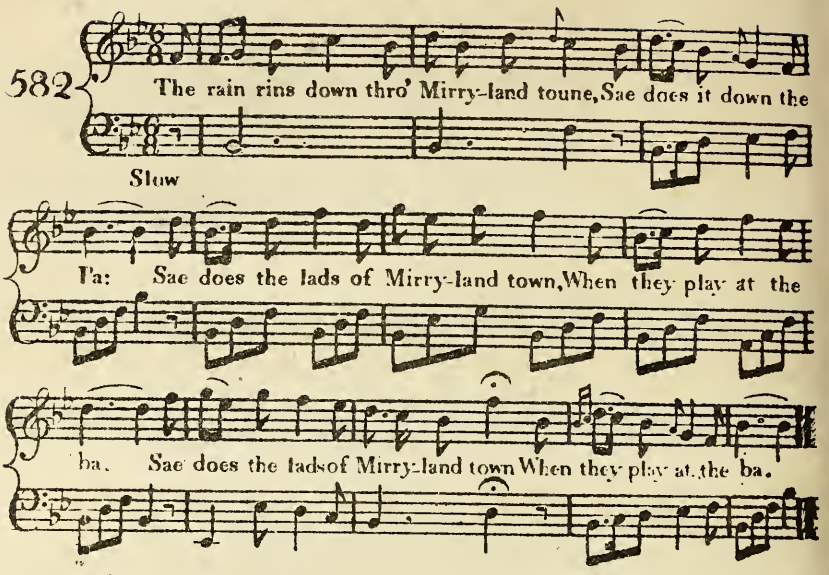
Then under her window I came,
I gently call'd her by her name,
Then up she rose, put on her clothes,
And whisper'd to me slow,
Saying, go from my window, Love, do.

My father and my mother are asleep,
And if they chance to hear you speak,
There will be nocht but great abuse,
Wi' many a bitter blow,
And it's go from my window, Love, go.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The rain rins down &c.

582



Then out and cam the Jew's dochter,
Said, will ye com in and dine!
I winnae cum in, I winnae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

She pow'd an apple reid and white,
To intice the young thing in:
She pow'd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweet bairn did win.

And she has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
She has twin'd the young thing o' his life,
A word he ne'er spake mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid;
Thair was nae life left in.

She laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, gae now and play
With your sweet play-feres nine.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep.
She cast him in a deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells wer rung, and mass was sung
And every lady went hame:
Than ilk lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantil her about,
And sair sair gan she weep:
And she ran into the Jewis castle,
When they wer all asleep.

My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speak:
"O lady rinn to the deep draw-well
"Gin ye your son wad seek."

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw well,
And knelt upon her knee,
My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me.

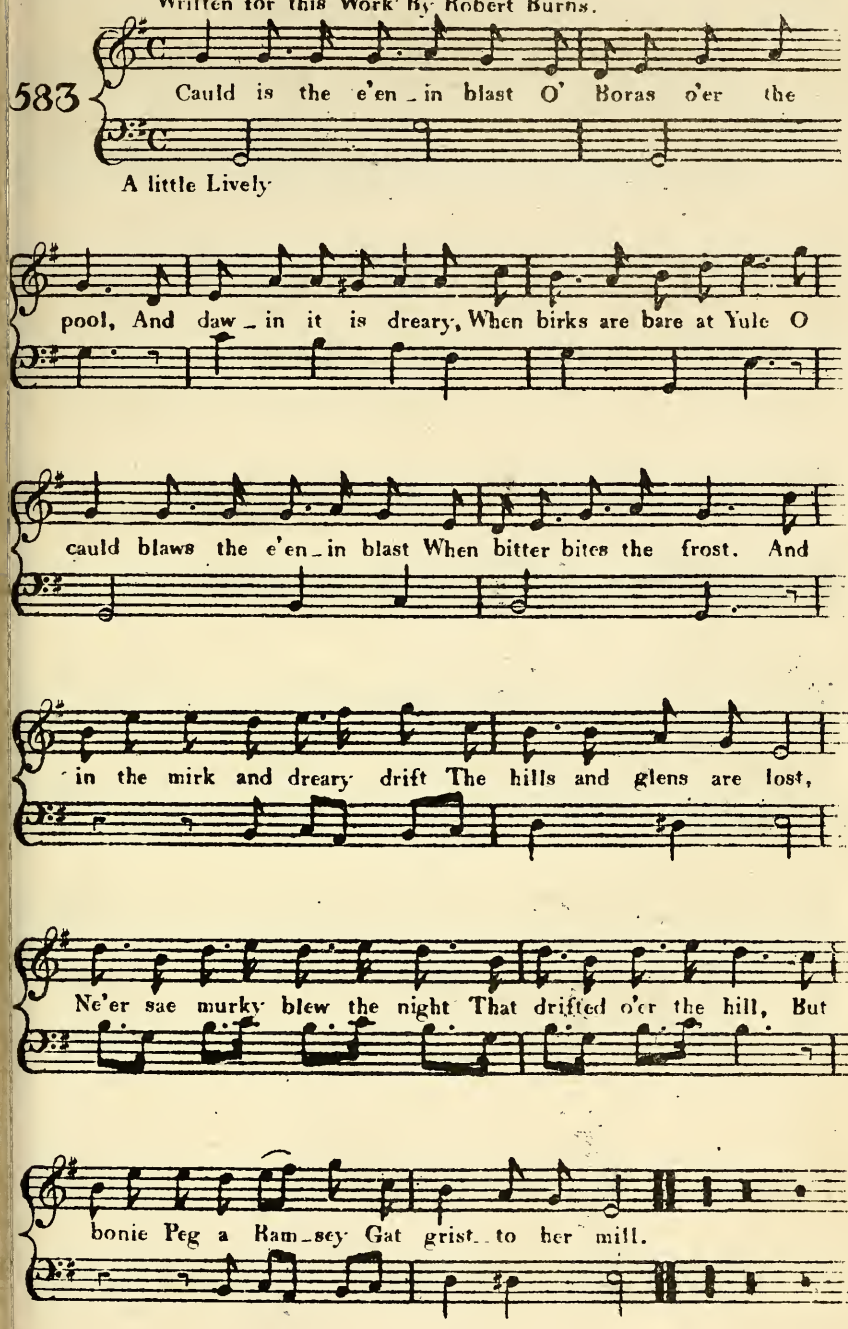
The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I downae speak.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,
Its there we twa sall meet.

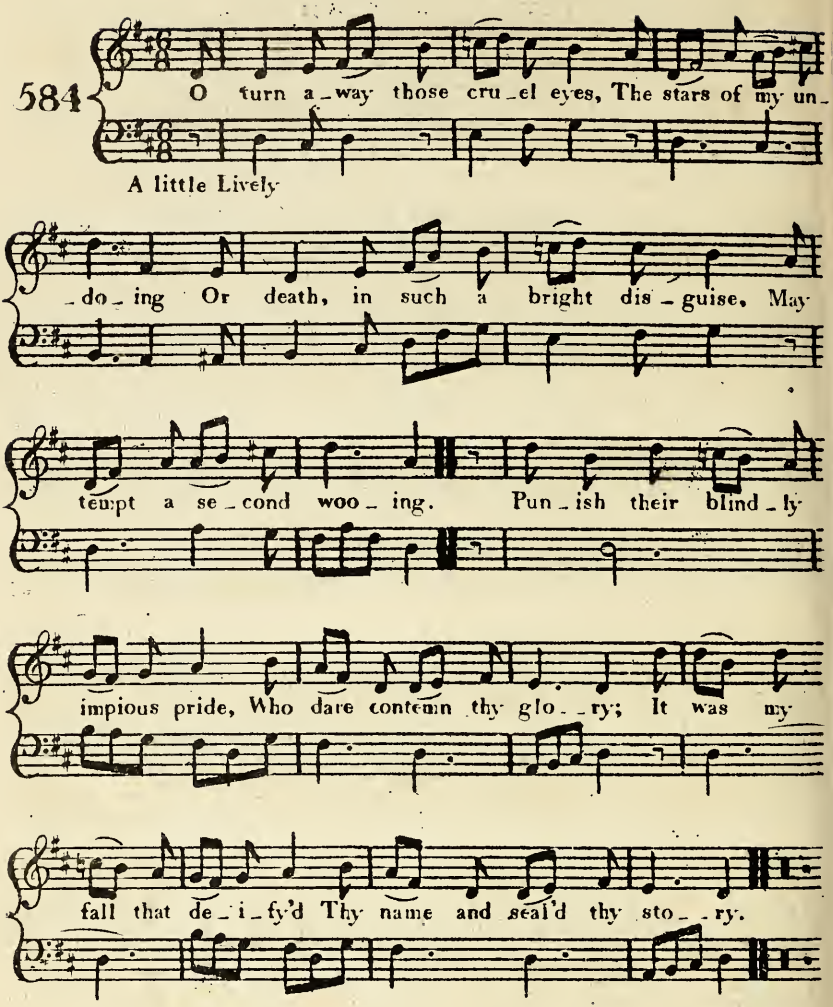
Cauld is the e'enin blast.

Written for this Work By Robert Burns.

583

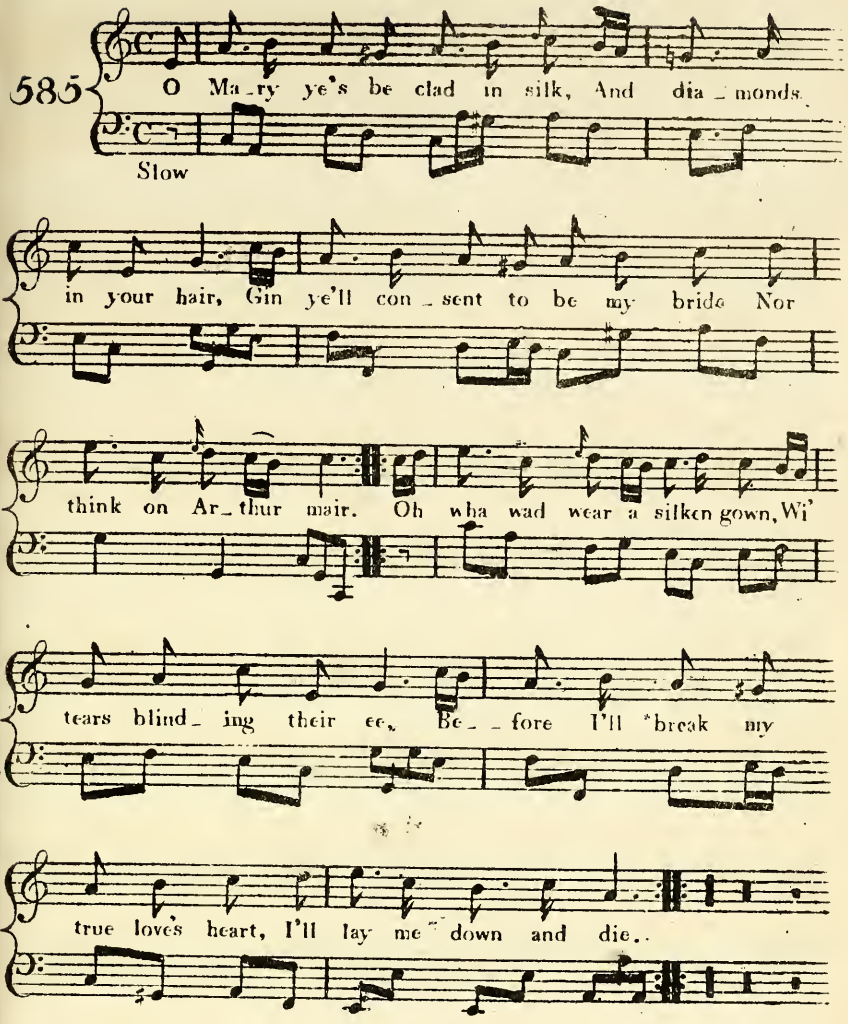


O turn away those cruel eyes.



Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will dethrone thee.
Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel;
And if thou burn'st one victim twice,
Think thee both poor and cruel.

O Mary ye's be clad in silk.



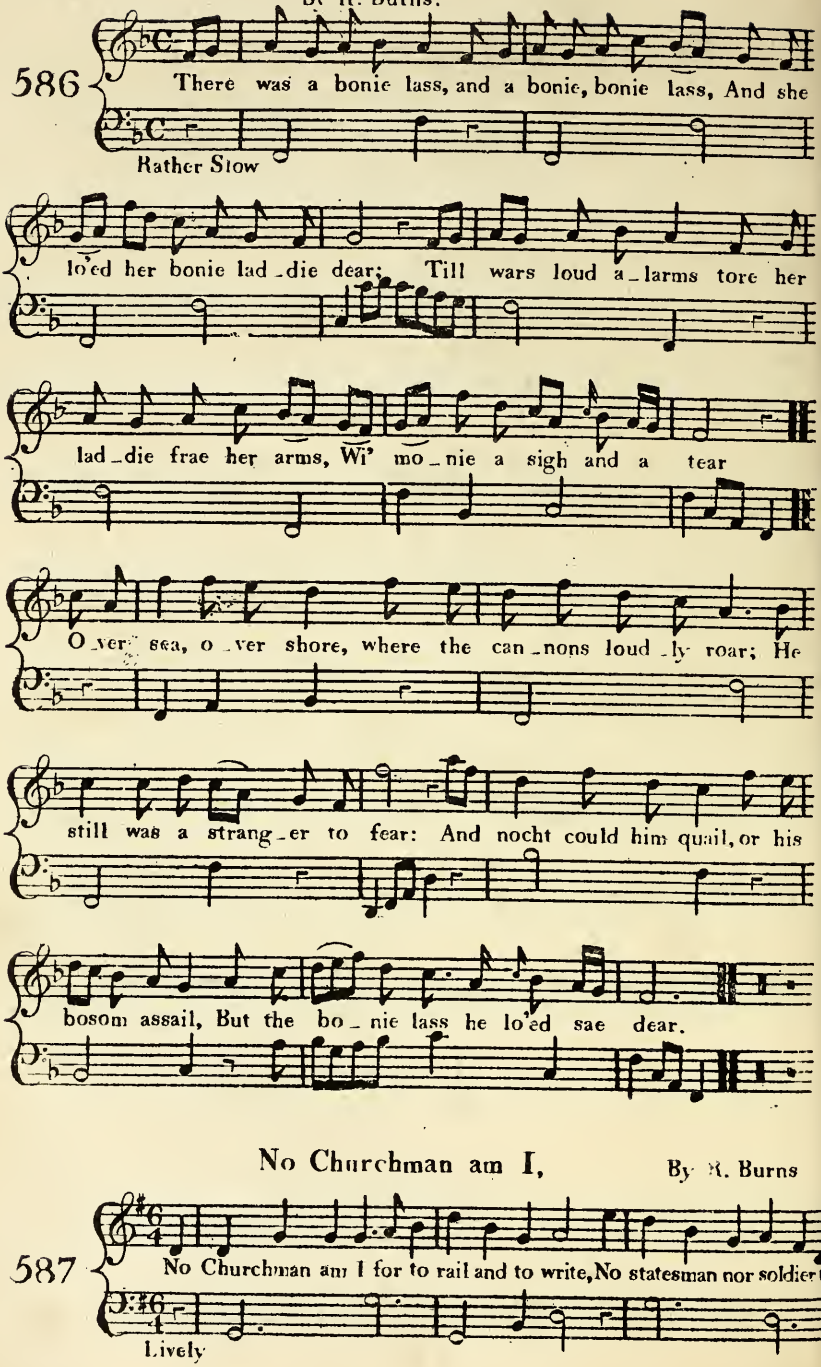
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave Arthur's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.
The mind whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me,
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me down and di.

So trust me when I swear to thee,
By a' that is on high,
Though ye had a' this warld's gear,
My heart ye could na buy;
For langest life can ne'er repay,
The love he bears to me;
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

There was a bonie lass.

By R. Burns.

586

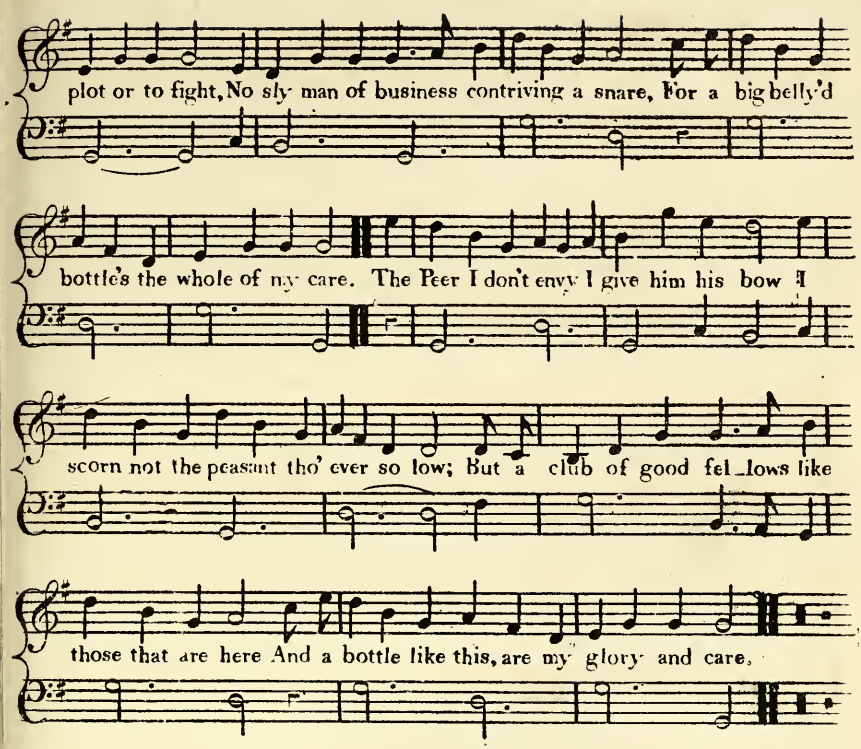


No Churchman am I,

By R. Burns

587

Continued.



Here passes the Squire on his brother-his horse,
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

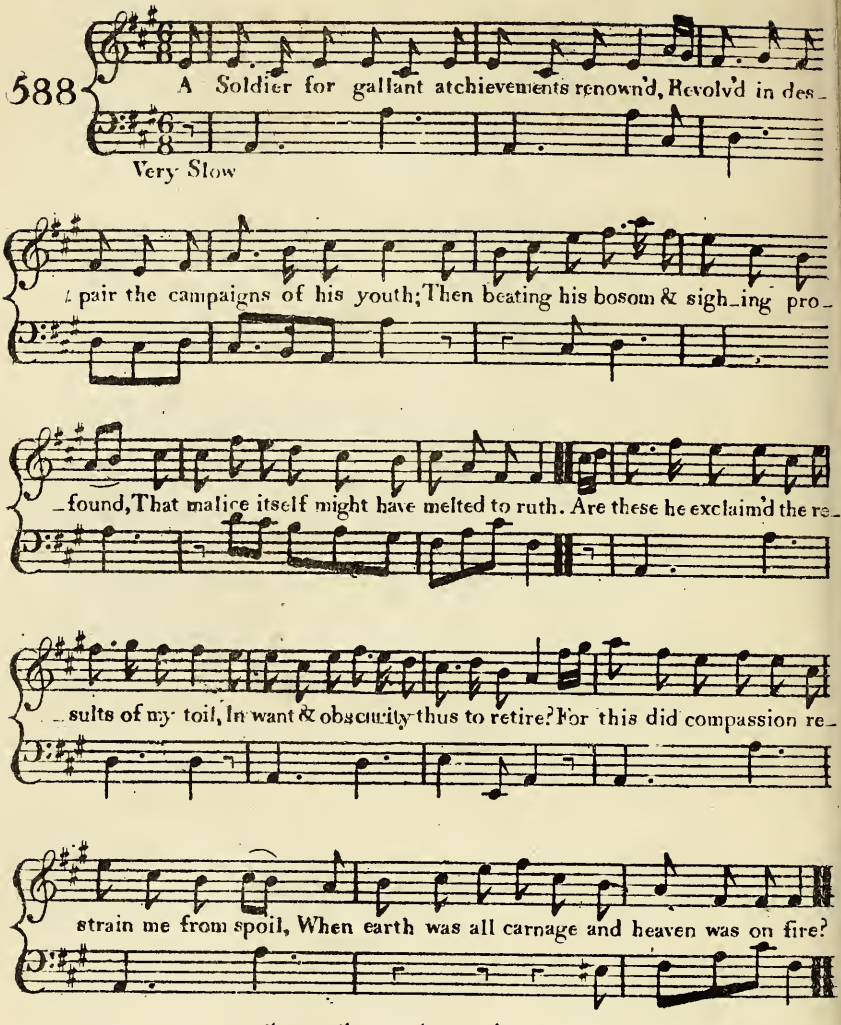
I once was persuaded a venture to make,
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
'Life's cares they are comforts ✡'—a maxim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown,
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours Masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

✡ Young's Night Thoughts.

The Highlander's lament



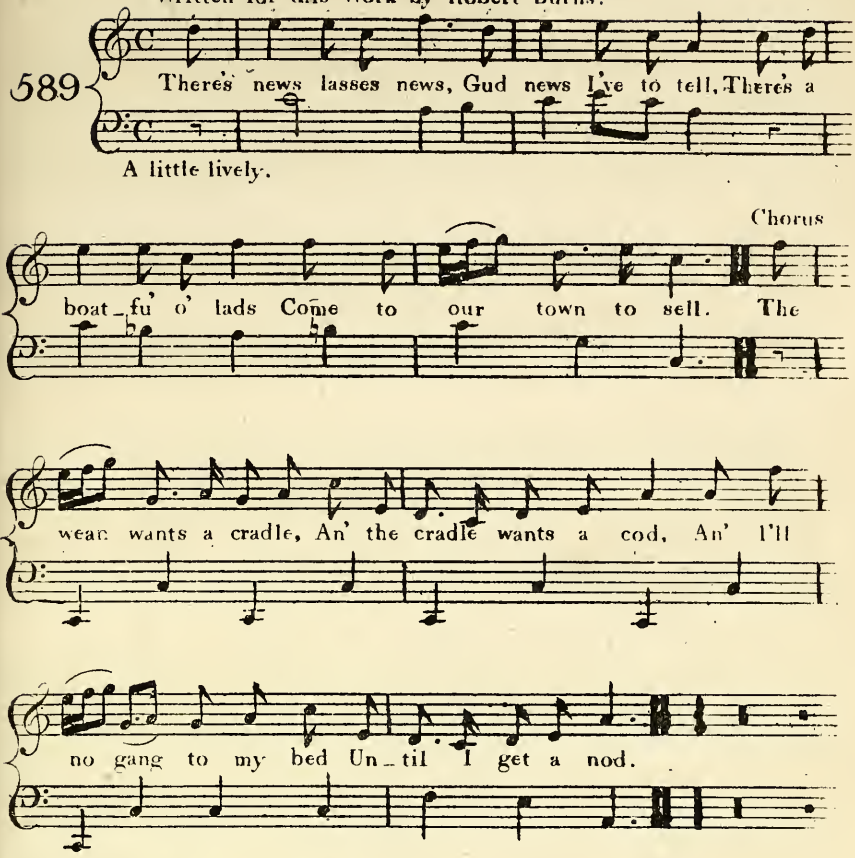
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air
The vari'd horizon henceforth I abhore,
Give me death the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
Which fortune can offer or nature implore.
To madness impell'd by his griefs as he spoke,
And darting around him a look of disdain,
Down headlong he leapt from a heaven towring rock,
And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

Supposed to have been written in the year 1746

There's news lasses news.

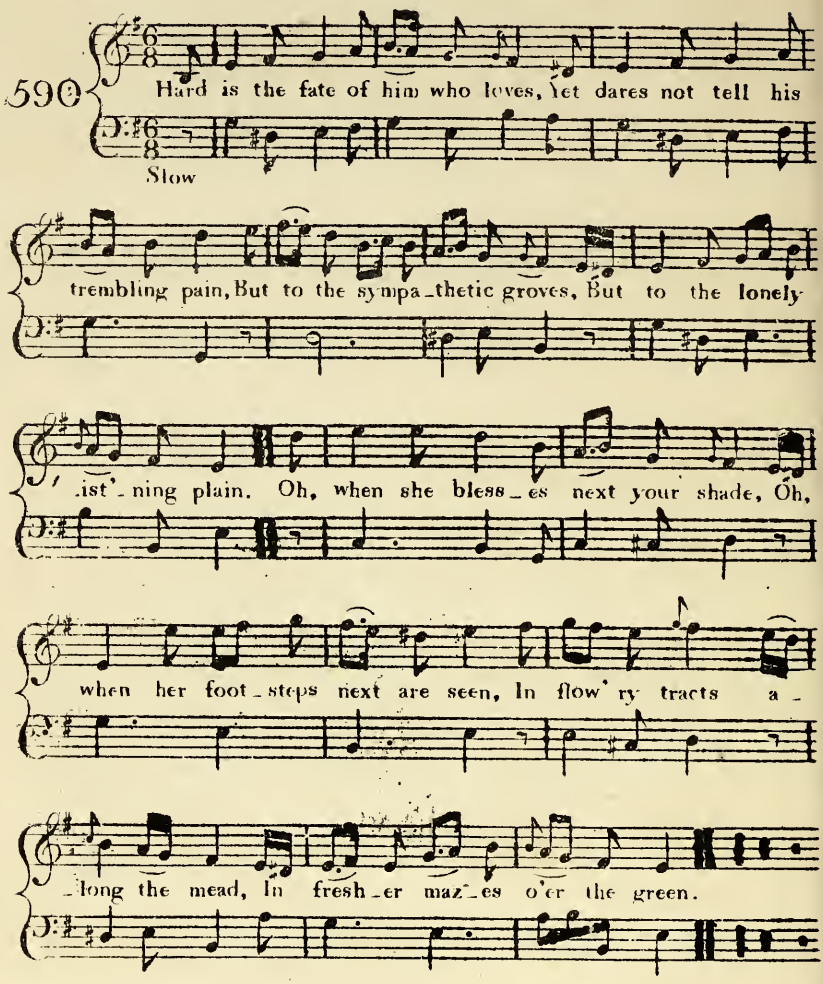
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.



Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what ye can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again.
The wean &c.

Hard is the fate of him who loves.

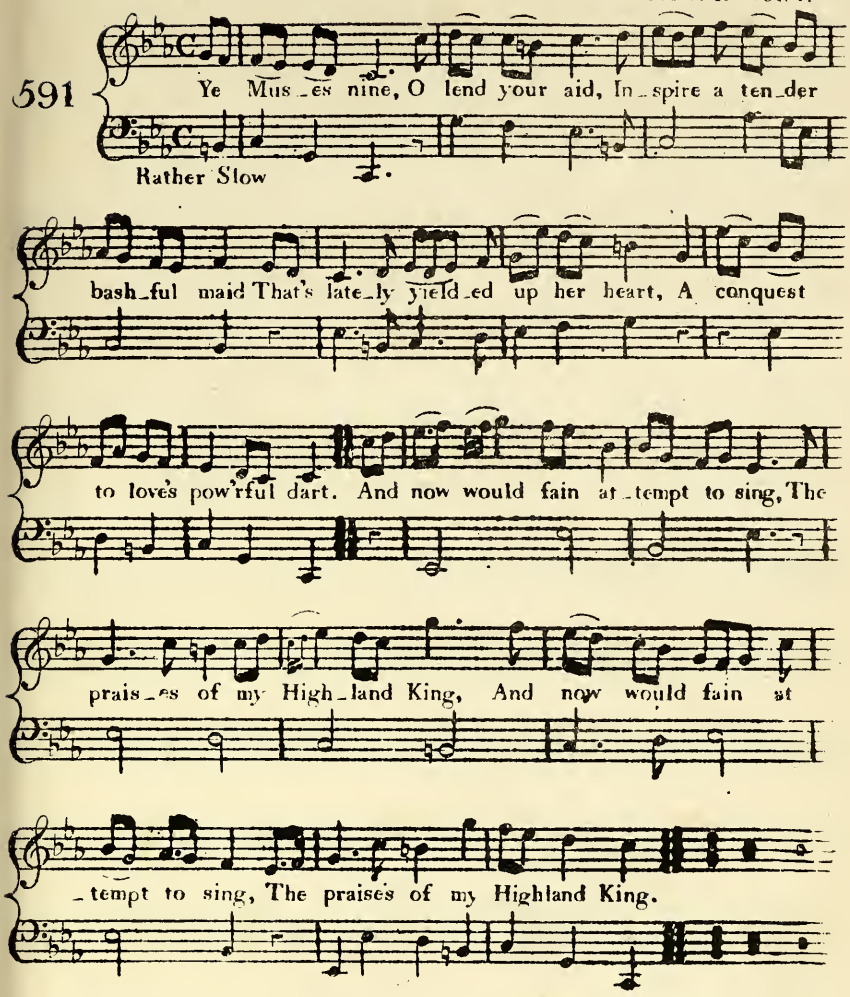


Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear;
True love and friendship are the same.

Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid.

See P. 1st Vol. 1st

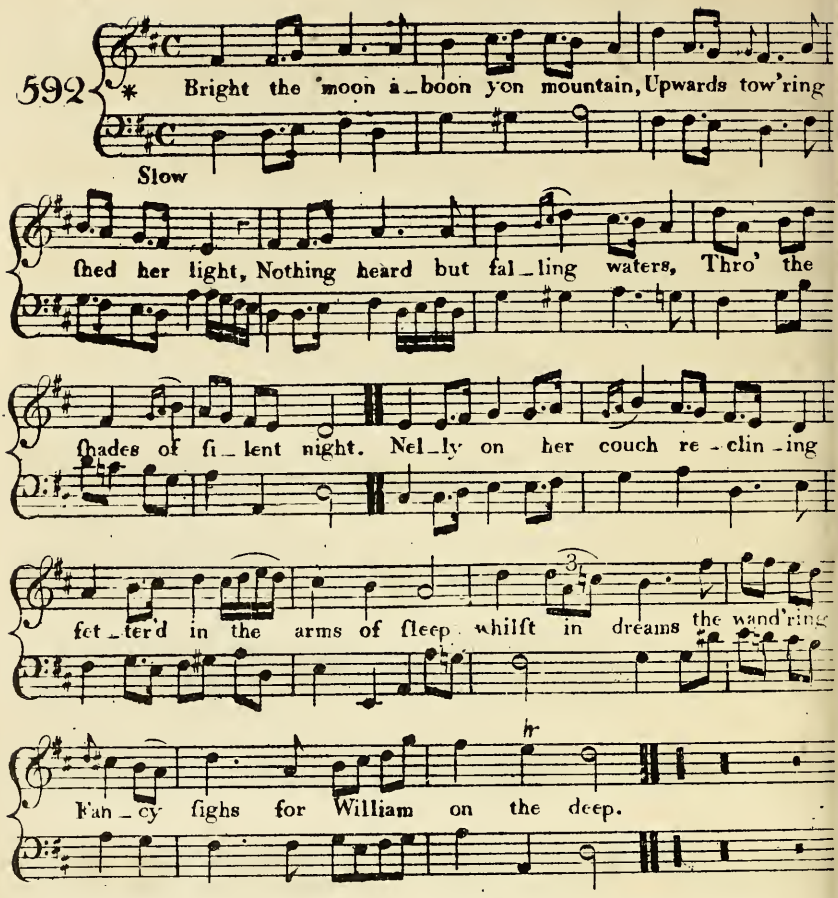


Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day,
That ushers in the sprightly May;
When first I felt love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare;
Good nature, honesty, and truth,
Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
'Tis you I love; come come away,
Unto the kirk, my love, let's hy;
Oh me in rapture, I'd comply!
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Nelly's Dream.



Loud ſhe hears the tempeſt howling,
High ſhe ſees the billows roll,
Lightnings flaſh and thunders roaring,
Spreading terror to each Pole.
On the sea-beach this beholding.
Trembling dreads her William, loſt,
Yes, ſhe cries, he comes I ſee him,
O how pale, 'tis William's Ghoſt.

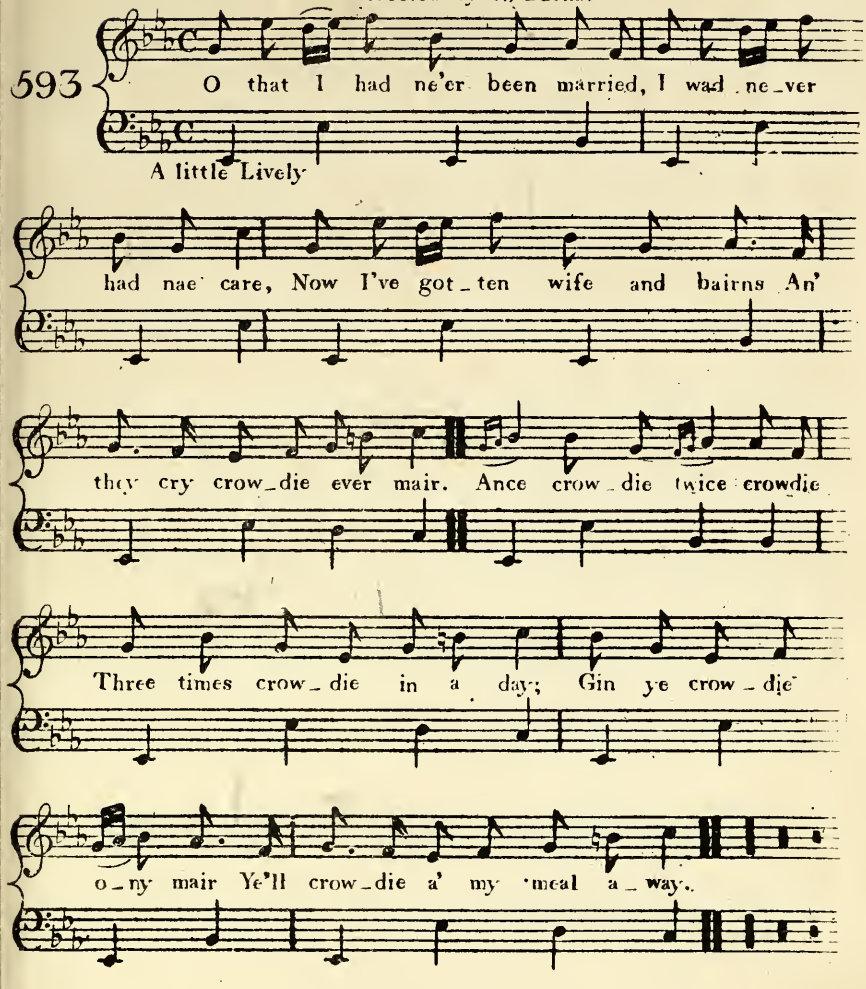
Sighs and tears, and wild diſtraction,
Rend the maiden's tender breaſt,
William! why my William ſhun me,
O my heart is ſore oppreſt.
Oft you ſwore you lov'd me dearly,
How have I your favour loſt
Bear me to him, rolling billows
Let me claſp my William's Ghoſt.

Nelly's mind thus wildly raving,
Deeply drown'd in ſleep the while,
William in the harbour landing,
Went to meet his Nelly's ſmile,
At her window gently calling,
Wake my love, 'tis day almoſt,
Yes, ſhe cry'd I'll come to thee,
Yes, I'll follow William's Ghoſt.

Clear at length the ſun was ſhining,
Sleep forſook her death-like throne,
Nelly ſtarted from her ſlumbring,
Glad her dream and night was gone.
Fair and ſpotleſs as the lily,
Laden with the morning dew,
Nelly ran to meet her William,
With a heart both kind and true.

O that I had ne'er been Married.

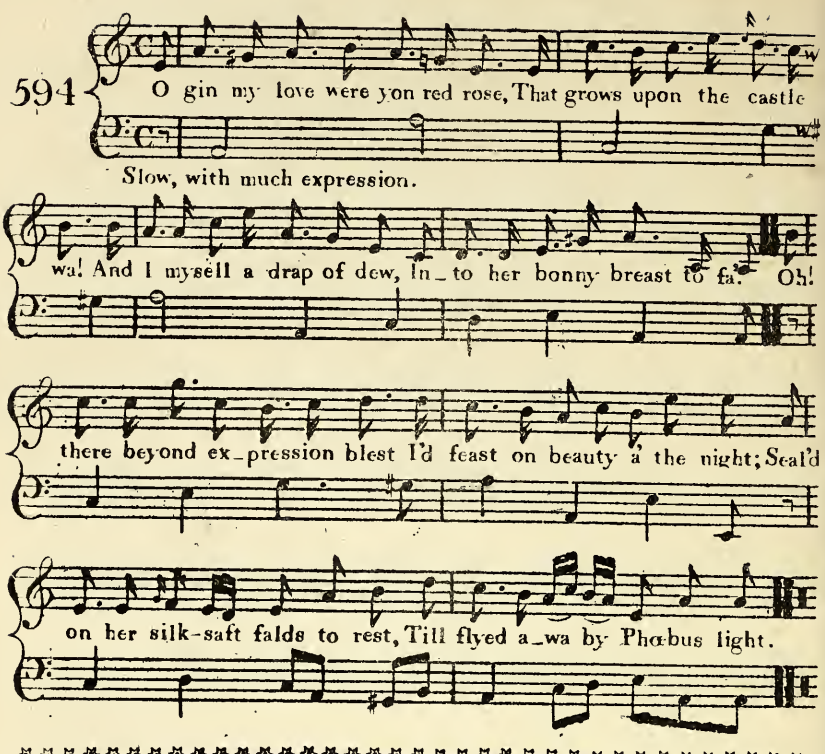
Corrected by R. Burns.



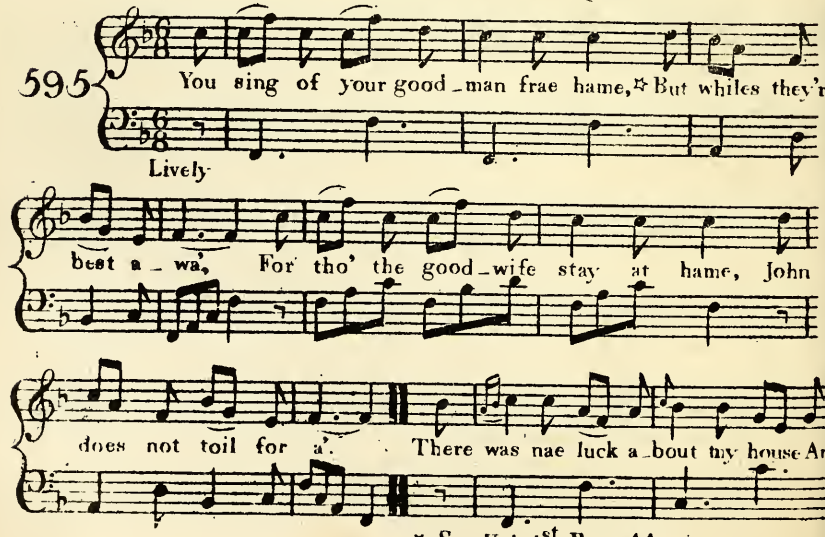
Added by BURNS.

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en';
Sair I feckt them at the door,
But ay I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie &c.

O gin my love were you red rose.



Nae luck about the house when our goodwife's awa.



✡ See Vol. 1st Page 44.

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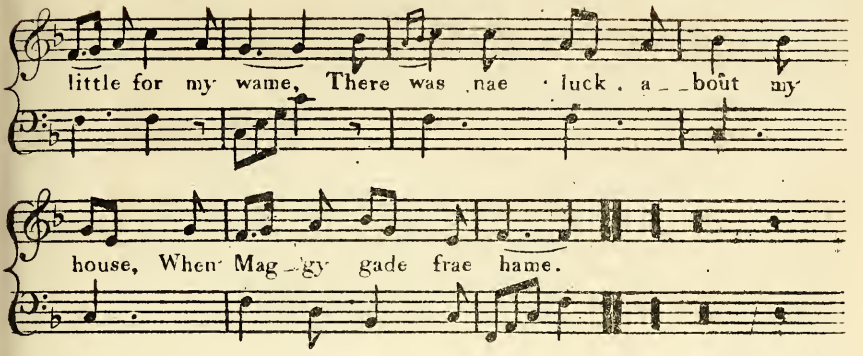


For first the bairns raise frae their bed,
And for a piece did ca',
Then how could I attend my work,
Who had to answer a'
There was nae luck,&c.

Their hands and faces was to wash,
And coaties to put on,
When every dud lay here and there,
Which vexed honest John.
There was nae luck,&c.

He made the pottage wanting salt,
The kail sing'd in the pot,
The cutties lay under his feet,
And cogs they seem'd to rot.
There was nae luck,&c.

The hen and birds went to the fields,
The glaid she whipt up twa,
The cow wanting her chaff and stra',
Stood routing thro' the wa'.
There was nae luck,&c.

The bairns fought upon the floor,
And on the fire did fa';
Which vex'd the heart o' honest John,
When Maggy was awa'.
There was nae luck,&c.

With bitten fingers and cutted thumbs,
And scriechs which pierc'd the skies,
Which drove his patience to an end,
Wish'd death to close their eyes.
There was nae luck,&c.

Then went to please them with a scon,
And so he burnt it black,
Ran to the well with twa new cans,
But none of them came back.
There was nae luck,&c.

The hens went to the neighbour's house,
And there they laid their eggs,
When simple John reprov'd them for't,
They broke poor chuckies legs.
There was nae luck, &c.

He little thought of Maggy's toil,
As she was by the fire,
But when he got a trial o't,
He soon began to tire.
There was nae luck,&c.

First when he got the task in hand,
He thought all would go right,
But O he little wages had,
On Saturday at night.
There was nae luck,&c.

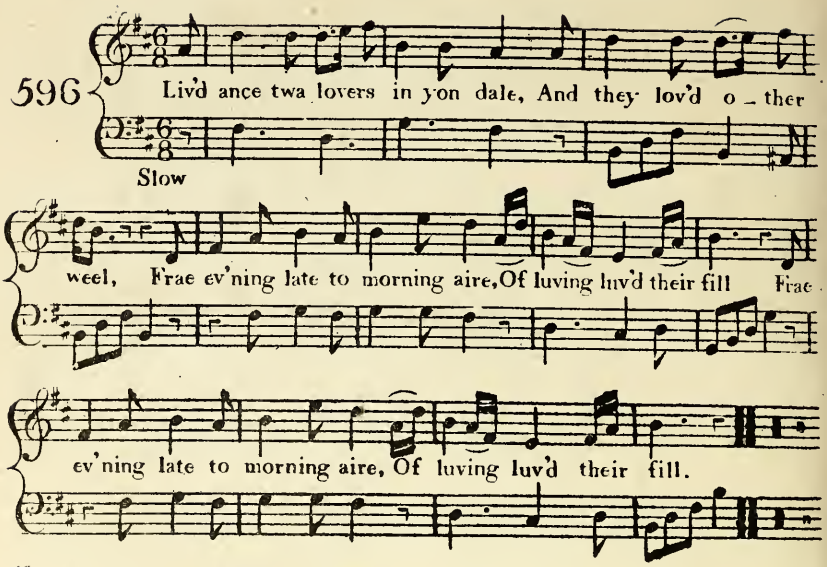
He had no gain from wheel or reel,
Nor yarn had he to sell,
He wish'd for Maggy hame again,
Being out of money and meal.
There was nae luck,&c.

The deil gade o'er Jock Wabster,
His loss he could not tell.
But when he wanted Maggy's help,
He did nae good himsell.
There was nae luck,&c.

Another want I do not name,
A' night he got no ease,
But tumbl'd grumbl'd in his bed,
A fighting wi' the flaes.
There was nae luck,&c.

Wishing for Maggy's muckle hips,
Whereon the flaes might feast,
And for to be goodwife again,
He swore it was nae jest.
There was nae luck,&c.

Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale.



"Now, Willie, gif you luve me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,
Gar build it speedilie.

And we will sail the sea sae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll sail to some bonie isle
Stands fanely midst the sea."

But lang or ere the ship was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'd na lout.

"Now, Willie, gif ye luve me weel,
As sae 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 kiss'd her cheek and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

"Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said,
Now leave me to my lane;
Was never 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 son's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

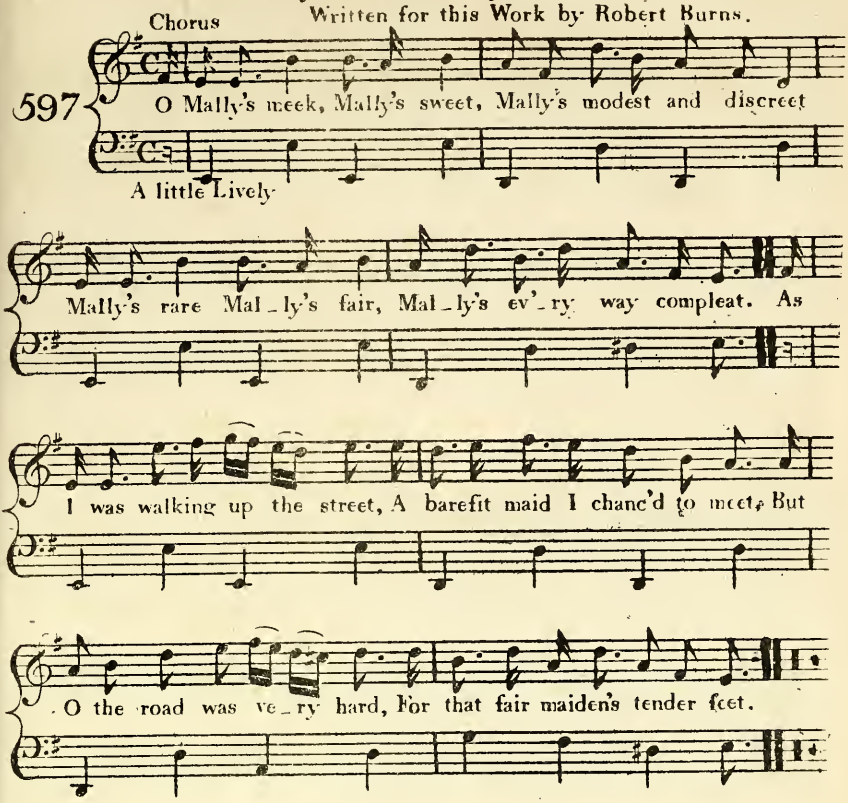
"Now come, now come, Willie, she said,
Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie."

He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kiss'd him cheek and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By the ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold Baron,
And he spake up wi' pride,
"Gar seek, gar seek the bower maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bride.

"My maidens, easy with my back,
And easy with my side.
O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bride".

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.



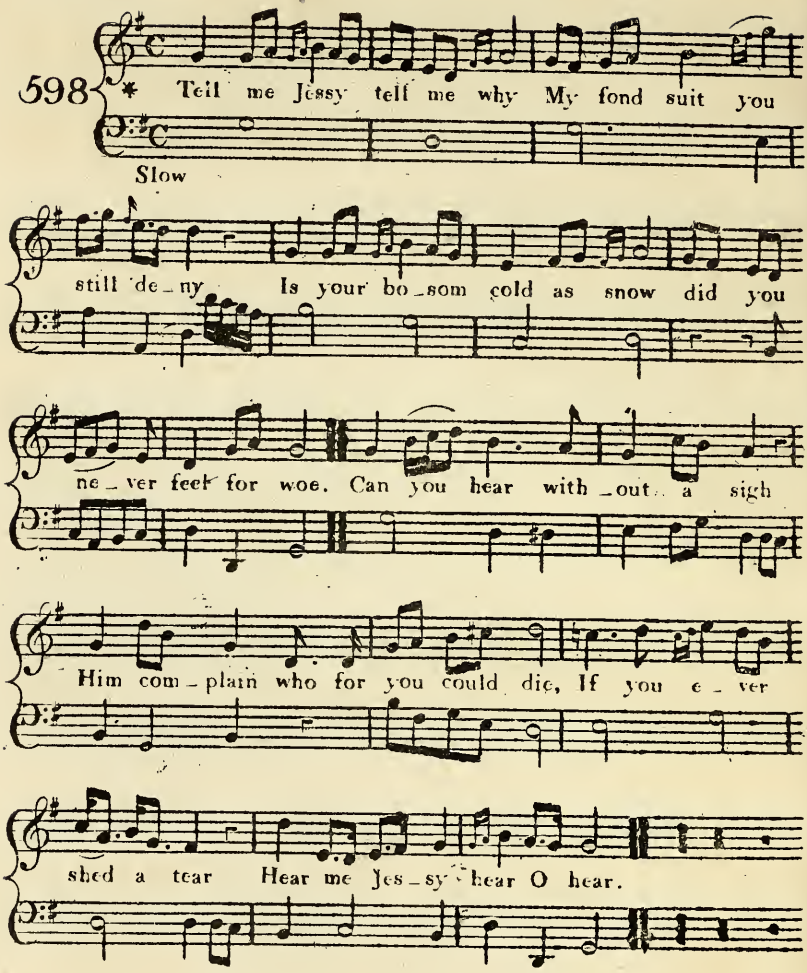
Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And twere more fit that she should sit,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan white neck,
And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

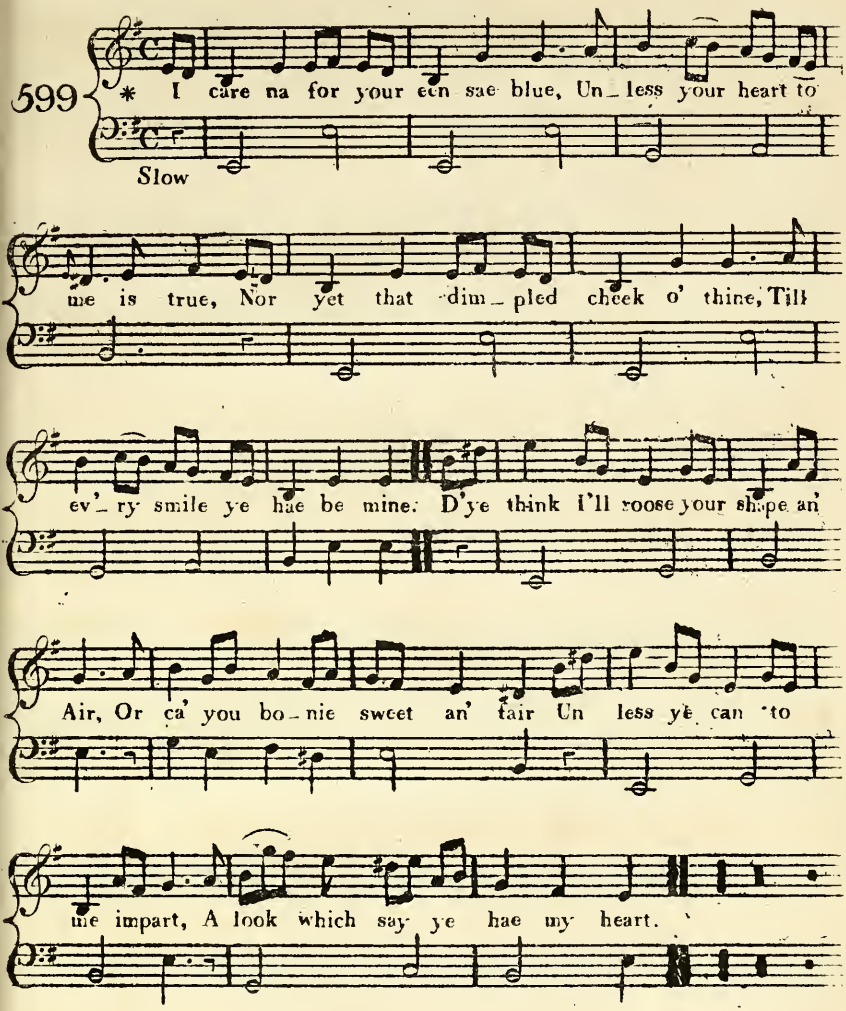
Tell me Jessy tell me why



Life to me is not more dear,
Than the hour brings Jessy here,
Death so much I do not fear
As the parting moment near.
Summer smiles is not so sweet,
As the bloom upon your cheek,
Nor the chrystal dew so clear,
As your eyes to me appear.

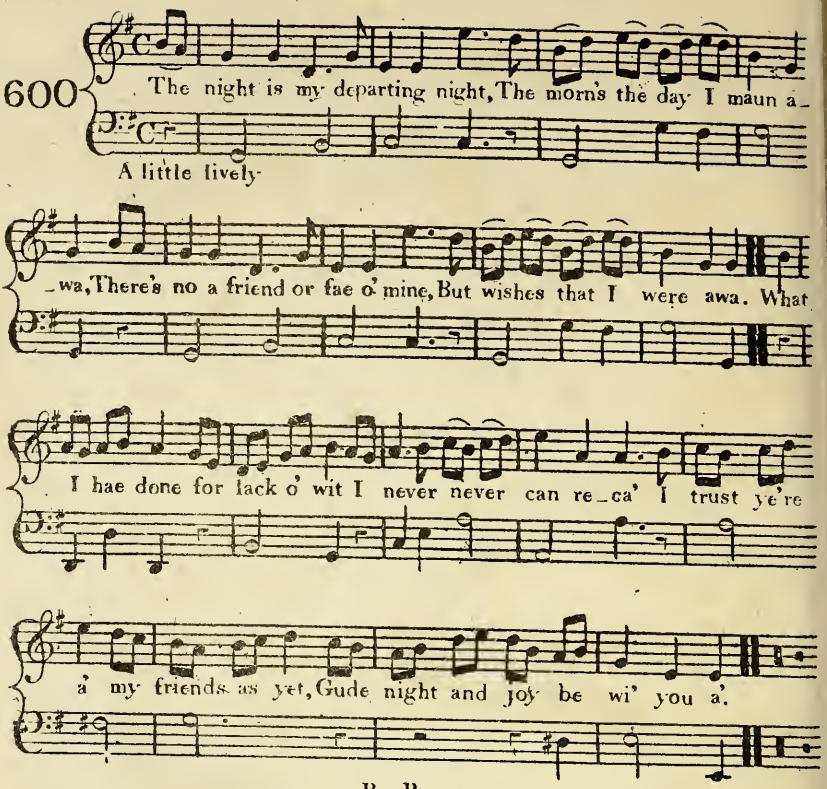
These are part of Jessy's charms
Which the bosom ever warms
But the charms by which I'm stung,
Comes, O Jessy, from thy tongue.
Jessy be no longer coy,
Let me taste a lover's joy,
With your hand remove the dart
And heal the wound that's in my heart.

I care na for your een sae blue.



I care na for your witching tongue,
Which pleases a' an' pierces some,
Until I hear that tongue declare
Nane but mysel your heart shall share
An' gin that saft an' melting ee,
Doth beam on me an' only me
My fate is seal'd, then I am thine
An' let me die when I repine

Good night and joy be wi' you a'.



By Burns.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd Few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortun's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa',

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the Sons of light:
And by that Hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the grand Design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

FINIS.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC

OF

SCOTLAND.

PART VI.

DI.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum, but having been mislaid, it did not make its appearance till the publication of the last volume of that work. In a letter, inclosing the song and the fine air to which it is adapted, the bard thus addresses Mr Johnson: "Dear Mr Publisher, I hope, against my return, you will be able to tell me from Mr Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the *second* volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian music. Farewell. R. Burns." Burns alludes to the manuscript music in the library of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.

Mr George Thomson has inserted this song in the third volume of his Collection; but the name of the heroine, in place of "Peggy," is changed for that of "Mary," and the words are directed to be sung to the tune called "The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn." These alterations, however, do not appear to be for the better. It will generally be found, that the tune which the poet himself had in view when composing a song, if not superior, is, at least, more in unison

with the sentiments expressed, than any other that can be selected.

DII.

MY BOY TAMMY.

This fine ballad, beginning "Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy, Tammy?" was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. It first appeared in a magazine, printed at Edinburgh in 1791, entitled "The Bee," which was conducted by his friend Dr James Anderson. It has since been printed in the author's poetical works, and has deservedly become a favourite with the public. Miss Duncan (afterwards Mrs Davidson) the celebrated actress, used frequently to sing this ballad on the stage with great applause.

The melody, to which the words are adapted, is very ancient and uncommonly pretty. The old song, however, was quite puerile; the Editor has often heard it sung by old people, when he was a boy, and he still remembers some of the verses. One of them ran thus:

Is she fit to soop the house,
My boy, Tammy?
Is she fit to soop the house,
My boy, Tammy?
She's just as fit to soop the house
As the cat to tak' a mouse;
And yet she's but a young thing
New come frae her mammy.

Another verse contained a very singular sort of puzzle:

How auld's the bonnie young thing,
My boy, Tammy?
How auld's the bonnie young thing,
My boy, Tammy?
She's twice six and twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven;
And yet she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammy.

DIII.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

This song was written by Robert Couper, Esq. M. D. author of two volumes of poetry, chiefly in the Scottish lan-

guage, printed at Inverness in 1804, and dedicated to the late Jane, Duchess of Gordon. The title of the song, in the Doctor's works, is " Kinrara, —*tune*, " Niel Gow."

In the Museum, the song has accordingly been set to the beautiful strathspey, called " Niel Gow," which was composed by Mr Macintyre, the musician, in honour of the late father of Scottish *ball music*, Niel Gow of Dunkeld. Kinrara Lodge was the summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon.

DIV.

O, STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN.

Ramsay wrote a bacchanalian song to this ancient tune, and printed it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. He very properly suppressed the old song, enough of which is still but too well known. The first four lines of the song in the Museum were taken from Ramsay's, and the rest of it was written by Burns for that work. Johnson has made a mistake in copying the fifth line of the second stanza. It should be " Ne'er break your heart for *ae* rebute," as in the manuscript.

DV.

WHEN I GAE'D TO THE MILL.

This song was copied from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, printed in 1776. It is adapted to a tune, which Oswald, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book ix. calls " The Birth of Kisses," which was probably the original title of the song. The author's name has not yet been discovered.

DVI.

WHAR ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

This beautiful song, according to the information of the publisher of the Museum, was written by Mr Carey. It is adapted to a very beautiful and plaintive old air, called " I'll never see him more," printed in the sixth book of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 16. This tune is omitted in the Index of Oswald's work.

Mr Carey's song, five years after its appearance in the sixth volume of the Museum, which was published on the 4th of June 1803, appeared, for a second time, in the fourth number of Mr George Thomson's Collection, printed in 1808, with the following alterations, which are evident improvements. In place of the 8th, 10th, and 12th lines in the Museum, read, as in Mr Thomson's edition,

I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower—line 8th.
A modest sweet and lovely flower—line 10th.
To grace and chear my bonnie bower—line 12th.

Mr Thomson says the author is unknown, and that "The Esk here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of Roslin, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful." There are, at least, six rivers of that name in Scotland, whose banks are all particularly romantic, and there is not one line in the song that fixes the locality to the Esk which washes the ruins of Roslin Castle. Mr Thomson directs the words of Carey's song to be sung to the "Braes of Ballochmyle," a song written by Burns, set to music by A. Masterton, and published in the second volume of the Museum, page 285, in the year 1790.

DVII.

THO' FOR SEVEN YEARS AND MAIR.

This poetical dialogue between two rustic lovers, was written by Ramsay to the tune of "I'll never leave thee," and printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. Some lines of the ancient song of "I'll never leave thee," however, are interspersed here and there in Ramsay's production. The editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, having preferred Crawfurd's song, beginning "One day I heard Mary say," to the same air, published it in that work in 1725.

Mr John Watt, in the fourth volume of his "Musical Miscellany," printed at London in 1730, published Ramsay's song, adapted to the tune of "A Lad and a Lassie lay in a Killogie," which was afterwards called "Bannocks o' Bear Meal, and Bannocks o' Barley," under the following

title, " A dialogue between Jenny and Nelly, to the tune of I'll never leave thee." As Crawfurd's song to the genuine air, was published in the first volume of the Museum, page 92, Johnson adapted the same tune that Watt had selected for Ramsay's dialogue, which suits the words nearly as well as the proper tune of " I'll never leave thee" would have done.

DVIII.

ROW SAFTLY, THOU STREAM.

This beautiful song, entitled " Captain O'Kaine," was written by the late Mr Richard Gall, a young man of the most promising poetical talents, and author of several songs in the sixth volume of the Museum. The tune is certainly Irish.

Richard Gall was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in the month of December 1776. At an early period he was sent to the school at Haddington, where he soon acquired a proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic. On leaving school, his parents placed him under the charge of a relation, to learn the trade of a house-carpenter; but, ere long, he felt such antipathy to the occupation that he left it. He was next placed with a respectable builder and architect, to acquire a knowledge of his profession. After a trial of this new line of business however he found it nearly as disagreeable to him as the other; he therefore gave it up also, and went to Edinburgh, to which city his father and mother had recently removed.

Soon after his arrival in the Scottish metropolis, he was bound apprentice to Mr David Ramsay, a respectable printer, and publisher of the Edinburgh Courant. This mode of life proved quite congenial to the feelings of young Gall. Indeed, the attention and friendship which his worthy master showed him on every occasion, attached him so strongly to his employer, that after the expiration of his indenture, he continued in the service of that gentleman during the rest of his life.

Whilst in this situation Gall employed his spare hours in acquiring various branches of education, and in wooing Scotia's muse. His poetical efforts soon began to attract considerable attention, and procured him the friendship and correspondence of several literary characters, amongst whom were Burns and Macneill. About the beginning of 1801, an abscess broke out in his breast, which, notwithstanding every possible care and the best medical assistance, put a period to his existence on the 10th of May 1801, in the 25th year of his age.

During his last illness, although unable from weakness to hold a pen, he committed several of his poems to paper, written with a black lead pencil. Mr Stark, in his *Biographica Scotica*, justly observes, that " Of all the writings of Mr Gall, the tendency is *uniformly virtuous*. But this is not their only merit. A rich vein of poetry pervades them ; the sentiments are striking; the language simple and unaffected."

Mr Gall's Poetical Works were lately published in a neat volume 12mo, by Messrs Oliver & Boyd, with a Life of the Author, elegantly written, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart.

DIX.

AS I WENT O'ER THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

This is the well-known ballad of " Peggy Bawn," which has long been a favourite at the firesides of the peasantry of Scotland, although it does not appear to have been honoured with a place in any regular collection until the publication of the Museum. The air is said to be Irish, but the ballad itself is unquestionably of Scottish origin. The tune, however, is very pretty. It was made into an excellent rondo, with variations for the piano-forte or harpsichord, by Butler the organist, which has had a considerable run. The author of the words and music has not yet been discovered.

DX.

O, CHERUB CONTENT.

This beautiful song was written by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, and many other excellent poems. The words are adapted to the favourite Irish air, called *Coolun*. Mr Campbell evinced considerable abilities, both as a poet and a scholar, at a very early period of life. The present Editor recollects of having read a poem, called "The Choice of Paris," written by Mr Campbell, when he was a boy at the high-school of Glasgow. Mr Campbell entered that seminary on 10th October 1785.

DXI.

AS WALKING FORTH TO VIEW.

This ballad was printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the letter Q annexed, to denote that it was an old song with alterations. It is entitled "Omnia vincit amor," i. e. "Love conquers all."

In Skene's music manuscripts, written in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, there is an air with the same Latin title inserted in book sixth, after "Lady Rothemayes Lilt." The original ballad must therefore have been a favourite long before the year 1600. It seems to have been set to various tunes, for in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. there is a slow air, in common time, entitled "Omnia vincit amor," which is quite different from the air in Skene's MSS. as well as that in the Museum. But the Editor is of opinion, that neither the airs published by Oswald nor Johnson are so old as the words.

DXII.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

This old ballad, beginning "Frae Dunideir, as I cam throuch," gives a very minute and faithful account of the cause and issue of the battle of Harlaw, fought on the 24th day of July 1411, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Earl of Mar, son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent

of Scotland, during the captivity of his nephew, James I. King of Scots. Harlaw, where the battle took place, is situated in Garioch, a district in Aberdeenshire. The royal army on this occasion were completely victorious; Donald's forces being defeated with great slaughter.

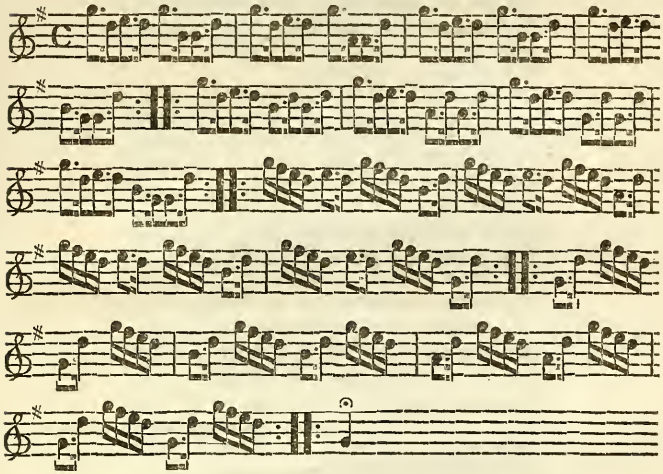
"The Battel of Hayrlaw" is quoted as one of the "sweet sangis," in Wedderburn's "Complainte of Scotlande," printed in 1549; but, so far as we know, no printed edition of this celebrated ballad has yet been discovered, prior to that in Ramsay's Evergreen, published at Edinburgh in 1724, from an ancient manuscript copy. The late Lord Hailes seemed to have entertained some doubts of its being a genuine production of the 15th century; because Ramsay did not scruple on some occasions to retrench, or substitute verses of his own for originals of the ancient poetry which he collected. The present ballad, however, is so very different from the style and structure of every production of Ramsay, and bears such evident and strong marks of antiquity, that, making allowance for some verbal alterations which may, perhaps, have been substituted for a few of the more ancient and obsolete words, there can scarcely remain a doubt of its genuine authenticity. Indeed, Ritson, who in general had little or no faith in any of the *Scottish* traditions, thus expresses himself with regard to this ballad. "The Battel of Hayrlaw," (mentioned by Wedderburne) is presumed to be the fine poem printed in the "Evergreen," which, with submission to the opinion of the late Lord Hailes, may, for any thing that appears either in or out of it to the contrary, be as old as the 15th century."

In Drummond of Hawthornden's mock-heroic poem, which was edited, with notes and illustrations, by Bishop Gibson in 1691, mention is made of a bagpipe tune, called the Battle of Harlaw—

> "*Interea ante alios dux Piper Laius heros,*
> *Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,*
> *Incipit* HARLAII *cunctis sonare* BATTELLUM."

The present Editor is in possession of a folio manuscript of Scots tunes of considerable antiquity, wherein this pibroch is inserted under the title of the "Battle of Hardlaw." It is here annexed:

BATTLE OF HARDLAW. *A Pibroch.*



Mr Ritson conjectures, that this ballad must have been sung to a very slow air; but none of these long ballads were sung in *adagio* time. It seems highly probable, that this ballad was chanted to the first strain of the old pibroch, which contains the whole air, and suits the measure of the stanza. The other strains of this wild pibroch are evidently mere variations of the *theme* or first strain.

As Johnson was under the necessity of curtailing this fine old historical ballad, on account of the limited size of his sixth volume, it is here reprinted from Ramsay's Evergreen, 1724.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

Frae Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se,
The noys and dulesum hermonie,
That evir that driery day did daw,

Cryand the corynoch* on hie,
" Alas, Alas! for the Harlaw!"

II.

I marvlit what the matter meint,
All folks were in a fiery fairy,†
I wist not quha was fae or friend,
Zit quietly I did me carrie:
But sen the days of auld King Harrie,‡
Sic slauchter was not hard or sene;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requesting him to mak me 'quaint
Of the beginning and the event
That happenit thare at the Harlaw;
Then he entreated me tak tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.——

IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht;
Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
And thairfore answerit with disdain;
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodword § back again.

V.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vow'd 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 bargane sould be deirly bocht.

---

* *Corynoch*, i. e. a funeral dirge, or lament for the dead.

† Bustle and confusion.

‡ Whilst our Malcolm IV. was on the Continent with Henry II. of England, Somerled, Thane of Argyle, who aspired to the throne of Scotland, raised a formidable rebellion in the north, which was fortunately quelled by the Earl of Angus, commander of the royal army, who defeated Somerled's forces with immense slaughter. It is a singular coincidence, that Donald, Lord of the Isles, likewise took the opportunity of urging his claim to the lands of Ross, during the absence of his Sovereign; James I. being, at this period, a captive in England.

§ Reply, or message.

VI.

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 wraith and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the north,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
Merns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

VII.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With money made, with forss and wyles,
Right far and neir, baith up and down,
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Alangst the land of Ross he roars,
And all obeyit at his bandown,
Evin frae the north to suthren shoars.

VIII.

Then all the countrie men did yeild,
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer battil in the field,
Be forss of arms to beir him bak;
Syne thay resolvit all, and spak
The best it was for their behufe,
They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them lufe.

IX.

Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray-Land to mak a raid
Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness;
And, furthermair, he sent express,
To schaw his collours and ensenyie
To all and sindry, mair and less,
Throuchout the boundis of Boyn and Enyie.

X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoever durst gainstand,
That race they should full sairly rew.
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forss and slicht,
And promist them rewairds anew,
And mak them men of mekle micht.

XI.

Without resistans, 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 fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was nevir sene,
And then forsuith, he langd at last
To see the bruch of Aberdene.

XII.

To hinder this prowd enterprise,
The stout and michty Erle of Mar,
With all his men in arms did ryse,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene,
To fecht, or Donald cam sae nar,
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

XIII.

And thus the martial Erle of Mar,
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Before the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did display;
For weil eneuch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Withoutin dangir or delay,
Came haistily to the Harlaw.

XIV.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus Sheriff principal;
The Constabill of gude Dundé,
The vanguard led before them all;
Suppose in number they were small,
They first richt bauldlie did pursew,
And maid their faes befor them fall,
Quha then that race did sairly rew.

XV.

And then the worthy Lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
The Stalwart laird of Lawriestoune,
With ilk thair forces all and sum;
Panmuir with all his men did cum;
The Provost of brave Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuick of drum,
Came shortly in their armour schene.

XVI.

These, with the Erle of Mar, came on
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Their enemies to set upon,
In awful manner hardily;
Togither vowit to live or die,
Since they had marchit mony miles,
For to suppress the tyrannie
Of doubted Donald of the Yles.

XVII.

But he in number ten to ane,
Richt subtilie alang did ride,
With Malcolmtosh and fell Maclean,
With all their power at their syde;
Presumeand on their strength and pryde,
Without all feir of ony aw,
Richt bauldlie battill till abyde
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

XVIII.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
The dandring drums alloud did tuik,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the field sould bruik;
Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk,
Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that there did battill byd.

XIX.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
The bludy battill lastit lang;
Each man his nibour's forss there felt,
The weakest aft-times gat the wrang;
There was nae mowis there them amang,
Naething was hard but heavy knocks,
That echo maid a dulefull sang,
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

XX.

But Donald's men at last gaif back,
For they war all out of array,
The Erl of Mar's men throw them brak,
Pursewing shairply in thair way,
Thair enemys to tak or slay,
Be dint of forss to gar them yield;
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And sae for feirdness tint the fray.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains hich for all his micht,
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of sicht;
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thoch mony men with him he brocht,
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thoch my discourse be sumthing short
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw.
Contrair God and the King's law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw:
This is sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

But zit a bonny whyle abide,
An I sall mak thee clearly ken,
Quhat slauchter was on ilka syde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men;
Quha for thair awin haif ever bene,
These lazie lowns micht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke deirs into thair den,
And gat thair wages for rewaird.

XXIV.

Malcolmtosh of the clan heid chief,
Maclean with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair succour and relief
War dulefully dung to the deid;
And now we are freid of thair feid
And will not lang to come again
Thousands with them without remeid
On Donald syd, that day war slain.

XXV.

And on the uther syd war lost,
Into the field that dismal day,
Chief men of worth (of mekle cost),
To be lamentit sair for ay;
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main,
Grit dolour was for his decay
That sae unhappylie was slain.

XXVI.

Of the best men amang them was
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principal of Angus
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie ;
He had few fallows in the feild
Zit fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddop, knicht,
Grit Constabill of fair Dundee,
Unto the duleful deith was dicht,
The King's chief banner-man was he,
A valiant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude King William frie,
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was better sene,
Quhen they were semblit all and sum,
To praise him we sould not be dumm,
For valour, witt, and worthyness,
To end his days he there did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyless.

XXIX.

And there the knicht of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene ;
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha Provost was of Aberdene ;
The knicht of Panmuir, als was sene,
A mortal man in armour bricht,
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene,
Left to the world thair lost gude nicht.

XXX.

There was not sin King Keneth's days
Sic strange intestine cruel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe ;
Quhilk made divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony children fatherless,
Quhilk in this realm hath been full ryfe,
Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress !

XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his even',
That four-and-twenty dismall day,
Twelve hundred ten score and eleven
Of Zeirs sen Chryst, the suth to say;
Men will remember, as they may,
Quhen thus the verite they know,
And mony ane may mourn for ay
The brim battill of the Harlaw.

In the reign of Henry the II. of England, Scotland was torn by intestine broils and insurrections. This was occasioned by the servile conduct towards that monarch, both by MALCOM, and his brother and successor WILLIAM, kings of Scotland, which disgusted and enraged the Scottish chiefs. During the reign of William, Donald, another Lord of the Isles, likewise invaded Scotland, and committed horrid ravages in the counties of Ross and Murray. This person was a progenitor of the Donald mentioned in the ballad, and claimed the crown in right of Duncan, the bastard King of Scots. This circumstance is alluded to in stanza xxvii. On the 5th July 1187, however, Roland, the gallant hero of Galloway, decided the fate of the older Donald, who was slain in an accidental rencounter of a foraging party, and the greater part of his followers were put to the sword.

The wild melody, to which the ballad of Harlaw is adapted in the Museum, is evidently the progenitor of the old Highland Pibroch formerly mentioned. The second stanza is merely a slight alteration of the first.

DXIII.

O BOTHWELL BANK, THOU BLOOMEST FAIR.

THIS song was written by Mr John Pinkerton, the historian, who is a native of Edinburgh. The words are adapted to a fine modern air, which was composed by Mr Fergus, organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow.

In 1783, Mr Pinkerton published this song, alongst with several other pieces, as genuine old Scottish reliques. The forgery of these poems, however, being detected by a gentleman, who directly accused Mr P. by a letter inserted in

the Gentleman's Magazine, for November 1784. Our historian confessed himself guilty. In palliation of his conduct, he pleads his youth and purity of intention; professing that the imposition was only intended to give pleasure to the world. "All which, (says the satirical Ritson,) it is to be hoped he has found some charitable person to believe!" *Ritson's Essay on Scottish Song, p.* 77.

Burns makes the following remark on this song: "This modern *thing* of Pinkerton's could never pass for old, but among the sheer ignorant. What poet of the olden time, or indeed of any time, ever said or wrote any thing like the line—

"Without ae flouir his grave to crown."

"This is not only the pedantry of tenderness, but the very bathos of bad writing." See Select Scottish Songs, with Critical Remarks by Burns; edited by Cromek. 2 vols. London. 1810.

It is neither the Editor's intention to palliate imposition, nor defend poetry that is really bad; but he is of opinion, that a slight alteration of the second stanza is all that the song requires to render it unexceptionable. Indeed Burns, in one of his letters, (see vol. iv. letter No 28, in Dr Currie's edition,) afterwards admits, that "Mr Pinkerton, in his what he calls ancient ballads, many of them, though notorious, are *beautiful enough* forgeries."

DXIV.

WEE WILLY GRAY.

This comic little song, intended for the nursery, was written by Burns. It is adapted to the lively tune, called, "*Wee Totum Fogg*," the first line of a much older ditty of the same description, which Burns must have had in view when he wrote the words for the Museum. It began,

Wee Totum Fogg
Sits upon a creepie;
Half an ell o' gray
Wad be his coat and breekie.

These old tunes—*Wee Totum Fogg—The Dusty Miller—Go to Berwick, Johnnie—Mount your Baggage—Robin Shure in Har'est—Jockey said to Jenny, &c. &c.*, have been played in Scotland, time out of mind, as a particular species of "*the double hornpipe.*" The late James Allan, piper to the Duke of Northumberland, assured the present Editor, that this peculiar measure originated in the borders of England and Scotland. Playford has inserted several of them in his "Dancing Master," first published in 1658. Some modern imitations of this old style appear in Gow's Repositories, and several other collections of Scotch tunes.

DXV.

LAMMINGTON RACES.

This ballad, beginning "When the days they are lang," commemorates a horse-race of Lammington, in the county of Lanark. It possesses considerable humour; and the tune to which it is adapted is lively enough; but all *jeux d'esprit*, of a local or personal nature, generally cease to be interesting when the original characters are no more. The song was written by Mr Macaulay, an acquaintance of Mr Johnson; but the composer of the air is unknown.

DXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

This charming song, beginning "*'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,*" was written by the late John Tait, Esq. writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Police Court, Edinburgh. It is adapted to the Irish air called *Langolee*. This song has often, though erroneously, been attributed to the Rev. Mr John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas." It was inserted in Wilson's Collection of Songs, printed at Edinburgh 1779, with some additional stanzas written by Miss Betsy B—s; but the lady's verses are far inferior to the original. Mr Tait's song was written in 1775, on the departure of a friend for America to join the British forces, who were at that time endeavouring "to quell the proud rebels" of Columbia; but the issue of

that contest was very different from the anticipations of the bard. The Americans, after a long and arduous contest, proved ultimately successful; and their independence was acknowledged, on the part of Great Britain, by a treaty of peace ratified in 1783.

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr George Thomson, dated 7th April 1793, says, "*The Banks of the Dee* is, you know, literally *Langolee*, to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it; for instance,

"And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree."

"In the first place, the nightingale sings in a low bush, but never from a tree; and in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or on the banks of any other river in Scotland. Exotic rural imagery is always comparatively flat."

The justice of these remarks appears to have been admitted by Mr Tait; for in a new edition of the song, retouched by himself, thirty years after its first appearance, for Mr Thomson's Collection, and published in the fourth volume of that work, the first half stanza is printed thus—

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree.
At the foot of a rock, where the wild-rose was growing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

The only other corrections and alterations are as follow—

Stanza II. line 5,
For *loud roaring*, read *rude roaring*.

Stanza II. line 8,
For *And left me to stray 'mongst these once loved willows*,
Read *And left me to wander 'mongst these once loved willows*.

Stanza III. line 2,
For *dear shepherd*, read *dear Jamie*.

DXVII.

SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF PLEASURE.

This elegant and pathetic song was written by Mr Richard Gall, who has already been noticed in a former part of this

work.—*Vide Notes on Song No* 508. The air to which it is adapted was composed by Mr Allan Masterton, who has also been often mentioned in the course of the present Editor's remarks.

The following particulars respecting this song are extracted from Mr Stark's Sketch of the Life of Richard Gall, printed in the *Biographia Scotica*, at Edinburgh, 1805. "One of Mr Gall's songs in particular, the original of which I have by me, has acquired a degree of praise, from its having been printed amongst the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr Gall's friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the 'Scots Musical Museum' was published at Edinburgh by Mr Johnson, several of Burns's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr Gall wrote the song entitled 'Farewell to Ayrshire,' prefixed Burns' name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work. From thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of Burns. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr Gall probably thought, that under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice, which, in other circumstances, it might never have obtained, but have been doomed *to waste its sweetness in the desart air.*"

The particulars mentioned in the preceding extract by Mr Stark, who was intimately acquainted with Mr Gall, (both of them being employed in the same printing-office,) may be relied upon as being correct. The manuscript of the song, in the hand-writing of Mr Gall, is in the possession of the Editor

DXVIII.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNY.

RITSON says, he "has heard gravely asserted in Edinburgh, that a foolish song, beginning

Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnny;
Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the poney,

was actually made on one of Sir William Wallace the Scottish hero's marauding expeditions; and that the person thus addressed was no other than his *fidus Achates*, Sir John Graham.—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 26. The writer of this note, however, can safely aver, that he never heard such an assertion from the lips of any Scotsman, nor ever saw such an allegation in print, till he met with Ritson's Essay. That gentleman must certainly have been imposed upon by the *gravity* of some wag. The silly old verses are usually chanted by nurses to divert their little ones, and have not the smallest allusion either to Wallace or Graham.

The words, which are adapted to the old air in the Museum, were written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, who contributed several songs to the same work. Oswald published the air, with variations, in his Caledonian Pocket Companion. It has since been arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte, by various masters.

DXIX.

'TWAS AT THE SHINING MID-DAY HOUR.

THIS burlesque parody of Mallet's beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," was written by Allan Ramsay for the fourth volume of his Tea-Table Miscellany, where it made its first appearance under the title of "Watty and Madge." The words are adapted to a fine old tune, called *The Maid in the Mill*, taken from the seventh volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 27.

The reader will find Mallet's ballad of William and Margaret, adapted to a fine air composed by the late Mr Stephen

Clarke, in the sixth volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No* 536. In the second edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1733, Mr William Thomson, the editor of that work, adapted Mallet's ballad to the old tune of *Chevy Chace.*

DXX.

HAVE YOU ANY POTS OR PANS?

THIS humorous song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published in his Tea-Table Miscellany 1724, as a substitute for the words of the old song called "Clout the Cauldron." The original tune is printed in the first volume of the Museum, p. 24, with some curious Scoto-Gaelic verses.—See the *Notes on that Song, No* 23.

In the sixth volume of the Museum, Ramsay's verses are adapted to the favourite strathspey, called "Cameron has got his Wife again."

DXXI.

NOW BANK AND BRAE ARE CLOTHED WITH GREEN.

THIS fine Scottish pastoral song was written by Gall, and is printed in his poetical works. The words are adapted to a very beautiful tune, called "Cassilis Banks."

"Girvan's fairy-haunted stream," is a well known river in Ayrshire, which rises in the parish of Dailly, and after meandering through the district of Carrick, pours its waters into the Irish Channel at the ancient village of Girvan, to which it gives its name.

DXXII.

AE DAY A BRAW WOOER.

THIS humorous song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum; but Johnson, the publisher, who was a religious and well-meaning man, appeared fastidious about its insertion, as one or two expressions in it seemed somewhat irreverent. Burns afterwards made several alterations upon the song, and sent it to Mr George Thomson for his Collection, who readily admitted it into his second volume, and the song soon became very popular. Johnson, however, did not consider it at all improved by the

later alterations of our bard. It soon appeared to him to have lost much of its pristine humour and simplicity; and the phrases which he had objected to were changed greatly for the worse. He therefore published the song as originally written by Burns for his work. In order to enable the reader to judge how far Johnson was, or was not correct, both editions of the song are here annexed.

FIRST EDITION.

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
But I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me!

A weel stockit mailen himsel o't the laird,
And bridal aff han' was the proffer;
I never loot on that I kend or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And said for my love he was dein';
I said he might die when he liket, for Jean;
The gude forgie me for lien!'

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her,)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think, how the jade I could bear her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out oure my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neighbours shou'd think I was saucy,
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
An' if she had recover'd her hearin'?
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchel't feet?
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
And just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

SECOND EDITION.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me.
I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he lik'd, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stockit mailen himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand were the proffers;
I never loot on that I kend it or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

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

But a' the niest week, as I fretted with care,
I gaed to the tryst of Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

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

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy an' sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But, Heavens! how he fell a swearin.

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

These alterations, in general, are certainly far from being in the happiest style of Burns. Indeed he appears to have

been in bad health and spirits when he made them; for, in the letter inclosing the song, he says, "I am at present quite occupied with the charming sensations of the tooth-ach, so have not a word to spare."

Dr Currie likewise informs us, that the third line of the fourth stanza, in the manuscript sent to Mr Thomson, runs "He up the *Gateslack* to my black cousin Bess;" but Mr T. objected to this word, as well as to the word *Dalgarnock* in the next verse. Burns replied as follows:

"Gateslack is the name of a particular place; a kind of passage up among the Lauther hills, on the confines of this county (Dumfries-shire). Dalgarnock is also the remains of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial ground. However, let the first line run, "*He up the lang loan*," &c.

Dr Currie remarks, that "It is always a pity to throw out any thing that gives locality to our poet's verses."

It only remains to be observed, that this song is adapted to the tune called *The Queen of the Lothians*, the name of a curious old ballad, which is produced in the sixth volume of the Museum, and inserted after the modern verses by Burns.

DXXIII.

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.

This comic song was corrected by Burns. The greater part of the verses, however, are taken from the old satirical song formerly sung to that tune of "John Anderson my Jo." See the notes on that song, No 260. The words are adapted to the old tune of "We're a' nid noddin in our House at hame."

DXXIV.

IN BRECHIN DID A WABSTER DWELL.

This is only a fragment of a long ballad frequently heard at country firesides, entitled "The Brechin Weaver." It possesses some traits of humour, though not of the first order. The specimen in the Museum is certainly quite enough. The tune to which the ballad is chanted, however, is very pretty.

DXXV.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

THIS ancient fragment, with its original air, was copied from Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius. London, 1725. The editor has often heard the following additional stanza, though it is omitted by Thomson.

She's taen three links o' her gowden locks;
That hung down lang and yallow,
She's tied them about sweet Willy's waist,
And drawn him out of Yarrow.

This poetical relique of some ancient and long forgotten minstrel, has given rise to two beautiful modern ballads. The first of these, entitled, "The Braes of Yarrow," was written in imitation of the ancient Scottish manner, and inscribed to Lady Jane Home, by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq., prior to the year 1724. It is printed in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany of that date; and in the following year, Thomson published it adapted to the old tune of one strain in his Orpheus Caledonius. The first half stanza of Bangour's ballad, beginning, "*Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride*," is all that remains of the old song, called "*The Braes of Yarrow*." Ramsay has also preserved the first half stanza of the original verses, in the song which he wrote to the same tune. See the first volume of the Museum, page 65. The other ballad, of "The Braes of Yarrow," was written by the late Rev. Mr John Logan, one of the ministers of Leith. It begins,

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover,
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.

Both these ballads may be seen in the poetical works of their respective authors, and in various other collections of poetry. It appears, on comparing Bangour's ballad, as inserted in the Tea-table Miscellany, and the Orpheus Caledo-

nius, with a later version in the author's poetical works, that he had made some slight corrections on the earlier edition.

It remains to be observed, that in the year 1777, the words of this ancient song received some alterations and additions from the pen of an Englishman, which were set to a beautiful modern air, composed by Mr James Hook of London. This Anglo-Scottish production was sung by Mrs Wrighten at Vauxhall with much applause in the summer of 1777, and was published among the other Vauxhall songs of that year. It has since been frequently reprinted.

DXXVI.

MY DADDY LEFT ME GEAR ENOUGH.

This humorous old ballad was taken from Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, printed with the music in 1725, under the title of "Willie Winkie's Testament." The enumeration of the testator's goods and effects is extremely comic. This curious ballad appears to have been unknown to Ramsay, as it is omitted in the Tea-Table Miscellany.

DXXVII.

STERN WINTER HAS LEFT US.

First Set.

This ballad was copied from Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1721. The original air, under the title of "Jocky and Jenny," is inserted in the *fifth* volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 31.

This appears to have been a very popular song, both in England and Scotland, about the middle of the last century, for the verses, although adapted to a different air from that in Oswald's Collection, are printed in the "The Muses Delight" at Liverpool in 1754, under the title of "Jocky and Jenny, *a dialogue sung by Mr Lowe and Miss Falkner.*"

In the Museum this ballad is adapted to two tunes. The first set a Gaelic air. The other is an Irish melody.

DXXVIII.

STERN WINTER HAS LEFT US.

Second Set.

THIS is the ballad Jocky and Jenny, above noticed, adapted to the Irish tune called *Kitty Tyrell*, Johnson had heard the ballad sung to both tunes, and being unable to decide which was best, he inserted them both that the singer might choose for himself. This ballad has therefore been adapted to four different tunes. The original Scottish air is in Oswald; the English air in the "Muses Delight;" and the Irish and Gaelic tunes the in Museum.

DXXIX.

AH, MARY! SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.

THIS charming pastoral dialogue, between Willie and Mary, was written by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P. It was originally published as a single sheet song, by Messrs Gow & Shepherd, music-sellers in Edinburgh. Mr Nathaniel Gow tells me, it was at his particular request that Mr Boswell furnished him with the words. The verses are adapted to the beautiful slow strathspey tune called "The Maid of Isla," which was communicated to Mr Gow by the late Colonel John Campbell of Shawfield and his Lady.

DXXX.

ANNA THY CHARMS MY BOSOM FIRE.

THIS sweet song of two stanzas was written by Burns, and published in the Edinburgh edition of his Poems in 1787. It is adapted to a very beautiful and plaintive air composed by Oswald, and published in the first volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of "Bonny Mary."

DXXXI.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.

THIS beautiful song, which is another of the productions of the late Mr Richard Gall, was written at the earnest request of Mr Thomas Oliver, Printer and Publisher, Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of the author's. Mr Oliver

heard it sung in the Pantomime of Harlequin Highlander, at the Circus, and was so struck with the melody, that it dwelt upon his mind; but the only part of the words he recollected were,

My love's the sweetest creature,
That ever trode the dewy green;
Her cheeks they are like roses,
Wi' the op'ning gowan wet between.—

And having no way of procuring the verses he had heard, he requested Mr Gall to write words to his favourite tune. Our young bard promised to do so; and in a few days presented him with this elegant song, in which the title of the tune is happily introduced at the close of every stanza.

DXXXII.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

This humorous song was written by Burns for the Museum. The old air to which his verses are adapted, originally consisted of one strain, but Oswald made two variations to it, and published them with the old melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vi. p. iv. under the title of "My wife she dang me." The tune in the Museum is composed of the original melody, and the first of Oswald's variations. I have heard several of the old verses sung, but they are of such a nature as to render them quite unfit for insertion.

DXXXIII.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

This fine ballad is another production of my late friend, Hector Macneill, Esq. who has frequently been noticed in the course of this work. It is adapted to a lively air called "Johny M'Gill," after the name of its composer, Mr John M'Gill, who was a musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Burns likewise wrote some verses to the same tune, which are inserted in the third volume of the Museum. *Vide Notes on Song No.* 207.

DXXXIV.

COME FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME.

NEITHER the words nor music of this excellent old ballad, entitled " The Fairy Elves," are of Scottish origin, although it has long been a favourite in Scotland. The poetry is attributed to Christopher Marlow, and the melody to John Dowland, both Englishmen. The former was an eminent dramatic poet, and the latter a celebrated musician, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Marlow fell a victim to *jealousy*, the most torturing passion of the human breast; he was stabbed in a brothel, by a fellow whom he found with his mistress, and, notwithstanding the best medical care and attention, died soon after, in 1593.

Mr Gay, author of " The Beggar's Opera," wrote the following words to the same old tune in another musical opera of his, called " Achilles," printed with the music prefixed to each song by John Watts of London, in 1733, after the author's decease.

AIR.—*Fairy Elves.*

O guard your hours from care,
Of *Jealousy* beware;
For she with fancied sprites,
Herself torments and frights;
Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
Raising fears that she believes.

Bishop Percy published an edition of the Fairy Elves in 1765, taken from an old black letter copy, under title of " *The Fairy Queen.*" The ancient set of the air and that in the Museum are very similar.

DXXXV.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

BISHOP PERCY, who published this fine old Scottish ballad in his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry in 1765, from a manuscript transmitted to him from Scotland, observes, that it seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones. The first of these is entitled " A

tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor; together with the Downfall of the Browne Girl." The second is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes, or Sweet William's frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night; with the sudden Death and Burial of these noble Lovers." The learned Prelate likewise acquaints us, that although the latter ballad was picked up on a stall, he considers it to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's comedy of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." This old play, as appears from the dedication prefixed to the first edition in 4to., printed at London, 1613, was written in 1611, and was not well received when acted on the stage. The reader will find some further observations on the ballad of "Sweet William and Fair Margaret," in the notes on the following song, No 536.

Upon comparing these ballads with each other, *viz.* Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor—Fair Margaret and Sweet William—Lord Thomas and Fair Annet—the present Editor, notwithstanding the conjecture of the learned Prelate, is of opinion, both from the difference in the structure of the stanzas, the language and the incidents of the several pieces, that they were composed by different hands, although it may be difficult now to decide which of the three was first written. It is very possible, that the ballads themselves are, comparatively speaking, only modernized abridgments of ancient metrical romances, familiar among all the nations of Europe many ages ago. These romances, in their turn, likewise appear to have been derived from Asiatic sources, and were gradually introduced into the western world, by successive minstrels, for the amusement of the great. As a full investigation of these facts, however, would lead us into a field by far too wide for the nature of this work, we are constrained to return to the ballad now under consideration.

In the year 1806, Mr Robert Jamieson published a Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs from tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions, among which is a ballad entitled "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," which he took down from

the recitation of Mrs W. Arnot of Aberbrothick, who, it is said, learned it when a child from an elderly maid-servant. The leading incidents of Mr Jamieson's ballad are very similar to those of the earlier edition of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet;" but the name of the hero is changed from Lord Thomas to Sweet Willie, who is represented as "*the heir of Duplin town*," the residence of the Earl of Kinnoul in *Perthshire*. Several of the stanzas in Mr Jamieson's ballad are likewise admitted to have been altered and supplied by himself. But neither these alterations, nor interpolations, nor the changing of the scene from the borders to Perthshire, appear to have improved the original ballad. It only remains to be observed, that, in the Scots Museum, the ballad of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" is adapted to the tune called "The Old Bard," preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book xii.

DXXXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

This excellent ballad, beginning "'Twas at the silent solemn hour," was written, in 1723, by David Mallet, Esq. a native of Edinburgh, editor of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, and author of several popular poems and dramatic works. It appeared in several of the newspapers a short time after it was written, as well as in various periodical publications. Ramsay printed it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, with the signature D. M. the initials of the author, in 1724; and William Thomson, who erroneously conceived it to be very old, copied it into his Orpheus Caledonius, where it is adapted to the well-known tune of *Chevy Chace*. Mallet afterwards retouched and improved the ballad. The reader will easily discover the improvements which the author made on this fine poem, upon comparing the copy in the Museum with that in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, or any of the early editions.

Mallet, in a note prefixed to the ballad printed in the edition of his Poems, 3 vols 8vo. London, 1759, informs us, that

" in a comedy of Fletcher, called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, old MERRYTHOUGHT enters repeating the following verses:

" WHEN it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

" This (he continues) was probably the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote (1611); and it is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The unhappy adventure, here alluded to, was a circumstance that occurred in real life. A young lady, whose hand had been scornfully rejected by her infamous seducer, when in a weak state of health, fell, in consequence, into a fever; " and, in a few days after, (says Mallet,) I saw her and her child laid together in one grave." See the Plain Dealer, No 36 and 46—a periodical paper, published by Mr Aaron Hill in 1724, and afterwards reprinted in 2 vols 8vo.

Thus far concerning the origin of Mallet's fine poem, which Bishop Percy pronounces to be " one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language." Mr Ritson likewise observes, that " we have many songs equal no doubt to the best of those written by Hamilton of Bangour, or Mr Thomson; though it may be questioned whether any English writer has produced so fine a ballad as William and Margaret, or such a beautiful pastoral as Tweedside." Historical Essay on Scottish Song, p. 78.

Mr Mallet was mistaken in supposing the old ballad, quoted by Fletcher in 1611, to be lost. It is preserved in the Collections of Bishop Percy and Mr Herd. A more faithful copy, however, will be found in Ritson's Ancient English

Ballads; for the worthy Prelate has used some freedom with a few of the verses.

In the Museum, the ballad of William and Margaret, by Mr Mallet, is adapted to a beautiful slow melody, which was composed by the late Mr Stephen Clarke of Edinburgh, organist.

DXXXVII.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME?

This humorous song, in the broad Buchan dialect, beginning "I am a young bachelor, winsome," was written by Alexander Ross, author of the songs called "A Rock and a wee pickle Tow," "The Bridal o't," &c. See the Notes on Songs No 269 and 439 of the Museum. In that author's works, printed at Aberdeen in 1768, the song of "What ails the Lasses at me," and "Jean Gradan's answer," are directed to be sung to the tune of "An the Kirk wad let me be;" but as this air was inserted in the first volume of the Museum, (vide Song No 58,) entitled "Fye let us a' to the Wedding," Mr Johnson made choice of another lively Scots air, which answers the words extremely well.

DXXXVIII

THE SUN IN THE WEST.

This pathetic sonnet is another production of Mr Richard Gall. The beautiful air to which the words are adapted, is supposed to be of Gaelic origin.

DXXXIX.

SCROGGAM.

This humorous and eccentric song, beginning "There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen," was written by Burns for the Museum. There is another, and a very old song, to the same air, but it is quite inadmissible.

Cockpen is the name of a parish in the county of Edinburgh, of which the Earl of Dalhousie is patron.

DXL.

O, TELL ME, MY BONNY YOUNG LASSIE.

THIS fine pastoral dialogue was written by Hector Macneill, Esq. author of several songs in the Museum. Mr Macneill informed the present Editor, that he picked up the air, to which his verses are united in the Museum, during a trip to Argyleshire, and being very fond of the tune, he wrote the words for it *con amore.*

The late Mr Graham of Gartmore wrote a song, which has a similar burden with that of Mr Macneill's. It was printed in Mr Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border, under an idea that it was as old as the reign of Charles I. The chorus runs—

> THEN tell me how to woo thee, love!
> O tell me how to woo thee!
> For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
> Tho' ne'er another trow me.

But the two songs, in other respects, have no similarity, and the respective measures of the stanzas require them to be adapted to very different tunes.

DXLI.

O, MARY, TURN AWA.

THIS song was written by the late Mr R. Gall. His verses are adapted to the beautiful old air of "My Dearie, an thou die."

The second song, to the same tune, beginning "What ails this heart of mine," is the production of the late Miss Blamire of Carlisle. Both of these songs are excellent.

DXLII.

O, GUDE ALE COMES.

THIS humorous drinking song, with the exception of the chorus, which is old, was written by Burns. It is adapted to the tune, called "The Bottom of the Punch-bowl," which appears in Oswald's First Collection, and in many others.

DXLIII.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

THE tune and title of this song are ancient, but the rest is by Burns. In Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book fifth, page 11th, the air, with variations, is inserted under the title of "Robin shear'd in Her'st," but the old words of the song are probably now lost.

The tune, in some modern collections, is called "Bobbing John," but erroneously, for that is the name of a very old English air, printed in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' in the time of $\frac{6}{8}$, or six quavers in the bar, so far back as 1657, and in all the subsequent editions of that work. It is quite different from the Scottish air. Mr Robert Jamieson of Edinburgh, however, in his Popular Ballads and Songs, printed in 1806, has written a very humorous song to the tune, under its modern title. It follows:

BOBBING JOHN.

HEY, for Bobbing John,
Kittle up the chanter!
Bang up a strathspey
To fling wi' John the ranter.
Johnnie's stout an' bald,
Ne'er could thole a banter,
Bien in byre an' fald,
An', lassies, he's a wanter.

Back as braid's a door;
Bow-hough'd, like a felly;
Thick about the brands,
And o'er the breast an' belly.
Hey, for Bobbing John!
Kittle up the chanter!
Queans are a' gane gyte
To fling wi' John the Ranter.

Bonny's his black ee,
Blinkin', blythe, an' vogie,
Wi' lassie on his knee,
In his nieve a cogie;
Syne the lad will kiss,
Sweetly kiss and cuddle;
Cald wad be the heart
That cou'd wi' Johnnie widdle.

Sonse fa' Bobbing John;
Want and wae gae by him;
There's in town or land
Nae chiel doesna envy him.
Flingin to the pipe,
Bobbin to the fiddle,
Knief was ilka lass
That could wi' Johnnie meddle.

DXLIV.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

This comic ballad, beginning "Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggie Lawder?" was written by Francis Semple of Beltrees, Esq. in the county of Renfrew, about the year 1642. This fact is stated on the joint authorities of two of his descendants, viz. the late Mr Semple of Beltrees, who died in 1789, and his relation, the late Mr Semple of Edinburgh.

In the fifth number of the "Paisley Repository," the editor of that work has communicated the following additional information respecting the author of this favourite song:

"Anecdote of Francis Semple of Beltrees, author of *The Banishment of Poverty*—some *Epitaphs* in Pennycooke's Collection of Poetical Pieces, and the songs of 'She rose and loot me in,' and 'Maggie Lawder.'"

"When Cromwell's forces were garrisoned in Glasgow, the city was put under severe martial law, which, among other enactments, ordained 'That every person or persons coming into the city must send a particular account of themselves, and whatever they may bring with them, unto the commander of the forces in that place, under the penalty of imprisonment and confiscation, both of the offender's goods and whatever chattels are in the house or houses wherein the offender or offenders may be lodged.' &c.

"Francis Semple and his lady set out on a journey to Glasgow, accompanied by a man-servant, some time in 1651, or a little after that, to visit his aunt, an old maiden lady, his father's sister, who had a jointure of him, which he paid by half-yearly instalments.

" When he came to his aunt's house, which was on the High-street, at the *bell of the brae*, now known by the name of ' The Duke of Montrose's Lodging, or Barrell's Ha',' his aunt told him, that she must send an account of his arrival to the captain of Cromwell's forces, otherwise the soldiers would come and poind her moveables. Francis replied, ' Never you mind that; let them come, and I'll speak to them.' ' Na, na,' quoth his aunt, ' I maun send an account o' your coming here.'—' Gie me a bit of paper,' says Francis, ' and I'll write it mysel.' Then taking the pen, he wrote as follows:

Glasgow, — —

Lo doon near by the City temple,
There is ane lodg'd wi' auntie Semple,
Francis Semple of Beltrees,
His consort also, if you please;
There's twa o's horse, and ane o's men,
That's quarter'd down wi' Allan Glen.
Thir lines I send to you, for fear
O' poindin of auld auntie's gear,
Whilk never ane before durst stear,
It stinks for staleness I dare swear.

(Signed) FRANCIS SEMPLE.

Directed ' To the commander of the guard in Glasgow.' "

When the captain received the letter, he could not understand it, on account of its being written in the Scottish dialect. He considered it as an insult put upon him, and, like a man beside himself with rage, he exclaimed, ' If I had the scoundrel who has had the audacity to send me such an insulting, infamous, and impudent libel, I would make the villanous rascal suffer for his temerity.' He then ordered a party of his men to go and apprehend a Francis Semple, who was lodged with a woman of the name of Semple, near the High Church, and carry him to the provost. Mr Semple was accordingly brought before the provost, and his accuser appeared with the insulting, infamous, and impudent libel against him. It was read; but it was impossible for the provost to retain his gravity during the perusal; nay,

the captain himself, after hearing an English translation of the epistle, could not resist joining in the laugh. From that moment he and Beltrees became intimate friends, and he often declared, that he considered Semple to be one of the cleverest gentlemen in Scotland. On no account would the captain part with Beltrees during his residence in Glasgow. The time, therefore, that Francis intended to have passed with the old lady his aunt, was humorously spent with the captain and the other officers of Cromwell's forces, who kept him in Glasgow two weeks longer than he otherwise would have staid.

It seems probable, that these officers of Cromwell had introduced two of Semple's songs into England before the period of the Restoration; for they were both printed, and well known in England, in the reign of Charles II. the words and music being engraven by Thomas Cross. Henry Playford afterwards introduced the song of "She rose and let me in," in his "Wit and Mirth," vol. i. printed at London in 1698. Gay introduced the air of *Maggie Lauder* in his musical opera of *Achilles*, printed in 1733. The same air had previously been used for a song, called *Sally's New Answer, set to the tune of Mogey Lauther*, a sort of parody on Carey's *Sally in our Alley*, as well as for a song in the Quaker's Opera, written by Thomas Walker, and acted at Lee and Harper's Booth in Bartholomew Fair, anno 1728.

The following continuation of the ballad, by a modern hand, appeared in the Pocket Encyclopædia of Songs, printed at Glasgow, 2 vols 12mo, 1816. It possesses considerable merit.

The cantie spring scaree rear'd her head,
And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam to Anster fair,
And spier'd for Maggy Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green,
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk he ranted;
He play'd the auld "East nook o' Fife,"
And merry Maggie vaunted,
That *Hab* himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
And wha's like Rob the Ranter!

For a' the talk and loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and faithfu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
And since the marriage knot was tied,
Rob says he coudna want her;
For he loes Maggy as his life,
And Meg loes Rob the Ranter.

Anstruther, easter and wester, is the name of two adjacent royal burghs in the county of Fife. The scene of the ballad, however, is laid in easter Anstruther, where a fair is held on the first Tuesday after the 11th of April, another on the 5th day of July, and a third on the 12th day of November annually. This burgh has lately acquired an additional celebrity, from the excellent poem of *Anster Fair*, by Mr William Tennant, (late schoolmaster of Lasswade, now Professor in the Institution at Dollar.)

The learned editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry (Bishop Percy) says, it is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, *Maggie Lawder* was one of those ridiculous songs composed to be sung by the rabble to the tune of a favourite hymn in the Latin service, and that the original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. The absurdity of this notion has already been detected in a former part of this work.—*Vide Notes on Song No* 260 of the Museum.

The service-book used in the cathedral of Dunkeld was, till lately, supposed to be the only work of this kind that had escaped the flames at the period of the Reformation in Scotland; but this conjecture was incorrect. The service-book used in the abbey of Scone has likewise been discovered, and

is now deposited in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh. It is a very large folio volume, and very neatly written. From a Latin docquet inserted in the work,* it appears to have been compiled by Mr Robert Carver, a canon of Scone, in the twenty-second year of his age, and in the sixth year after his initiation into holy orders. The Editor has carefully examined this book from beginning to end, and can safely aver, that there is not one air that has the smallest resemblance to *Maggy Lauder*, or to any other secular Scots tune in the whole compass of the work. The chaunts, hymns, and antiphones, are all, as usual, in the Latin tongue.

DXLV.

A COGIE OF ALE AND A PICKLE AIT-MEAL.

This song was written in 1797, by Andrew Sheriffs, A. M. author of the Scottish pastoral comedy of "Jamie and Bess," printed at Edinburgh in 1790, and other poems. The Editor was present when Mr Sheriffs sung this song on the Edinburgh stage, at his own benefit; on which occasion the author's pastoral comedy above-mentioned was performed by some of his friends who were natives of Edinburgh. Mr Sheriffs received a classical education at Aberdeen, and was for a considerable time one of the editors of "The Aberdeen Chronicle." In 1798 he went to reside in London; but the writer of this article has heard nothing of him since that period. Mr Sheriffs had the misfortune to be lame from his infancy.

The melody was composed by the late Mr Robert Macintosh, musician in Edinburgh. Mr Macintosh afterwards went to London, where he continued till his death, in February 1807. He published three Collections of Scottish Reels and Strathspeys, and composed many of the best of them himself. He was an excellent violin player.

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* "*Composuit Dominus Robertus Carver Canonicus de Scona, Anno Domini* 1513, *et ætatis suæ Anno* 22, *nec non ingressus suæ religionis anno* 6to, *ad honorem Dei et Sancti Michælis.*"

DXLVI.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

THIS song, beginning "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" was written by Burns in 1795, and transmitted to Johnson for insertion in his Museum. The charming tune, to which the words are adapted, was composed by Mr Stephen Clarke, organist.

It was originally published as a single sheet song, a considerable number of which were transmitted to Mr Burns, to be distributed among the Dumfries Volunteers, of which corps he was a member. Burns, on receipt of the pacquet, wrote a letter to Johnson, which is printed in his Reliques, wherein he says, "Thank you for the copies of my Volunteer ballad. Our friend Clarke has indeed done well! 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with any thing that has pleased me so much. You know I am no connoisseur; but that I am an amateur, will be allowed me."

DXLVII.

HE'S DEAR TO ME.

THIS sweet little pastoral made its appearance about the year 1796, as a single sheet song, written by a gentleman. His name, however, the Editor has not yet learnt. The melody is very pretty, and appears to belong to the ancient class of Scottish airs of one simple strain, such as the "Braw braw Lads of Gala Water," to which indeed it bears a strong resemblance.

DXLVIII.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

THIS song appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs Grant of Laggan, beginning "O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?" on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in 1799. The words are adapted to a modern Scottish air.

DXLIX.

COLIN CLOUT.

This fragment of a very fine pastoral ballad, beginning "Chanticleer wi' noisy whistle," was communicated by Mr Gall. The Editor recollects having seen the whole of the ballad in that gentleman's hands, and perhaps the manuscript may yet be recovered. It well deserves to be printed. The author is anonymous.

The words are adapted to a fine melody, which was composed by the late Mr Stephen Clarke.

DL.

'TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.

This humorous ballad was copied from Herd's Collection, printed in 1776, where it is inserted under the title of "My Heart's my ain." It does not appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and may therefore have been composed subsequently to the year 1724. The author is unknown.

The words are adapted to the tune of "We'll kick the world before us," from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. xi.

DLI.

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

This song was the earliest that Burns ever wrote; or, as the bard terms it, the "first time he committed the sin of rhyme." It was written in the autumn of 1773. In a letter to Dr Moore, dated 2d August 1787, Burns says, "You know our country custom of coupling a man and a woman together in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass.* In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How

she caught the contagion, I cannot tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious rattan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel (*I am a Man unmarried*) to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous, as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholarcraft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, my highest enjoyment."

This song was originally intended to have been sung to the old reel tune, called *I am a Man unmarried,* with the foolish chorus of *Tal lal de ral, &c.* repeated at the end of each verse. Burns afterwards gave up this idea, and had it set to the beautiful slow melody in the Museum, which he picked up and transmitted to the publisher of that work: it is said to be very ancient.

DLII.

WHEN I THINK ON MY LAD.

This song was written by Ramsay, as a substitute for the indelicate old Scots song, called "Jumping John." Ramsay published it in his Tea-Table Miscellany, under the title of "Her Daddy forbad, her Minny forbad," in 1724. But as this tune, with new words by Burns, had been inserted in the second

volume of the Museum (vide Song No. 138), Johnson made choice of another air for Ramsay's words, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. entitled *Hark, the Cock crow'd.* Neither Oswald nor Johnson, however, seem to have been aware that this was an English tune, composed by Mr Jeremiah Clarke of London, organist, and published by Henry Playford, with the original words, in the first volume of his *Wit and Mirth*, in 1698. The English song begins,

> Hark! the cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
> And looks like a jolly fair morning;
> Up Roger and James, and drive out the teams;
> Up quickly and carry the corn in.

The old Scottish tune of *Jumping John*, was an early favourite in England. In "Playford's Dancing Master," 1657, it is printed with the name of "*Joan's Placket*," the title of a parody upon, and equally indelicate as the old northern words. In the year 1686, Lord Wharton wrote a satirical song to the same tune, beginning "Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree," which contributed in no small degree towards the great Revolution in 1688. In this song, his Lordship introduced, as the burden or chorus, the words of distinction which had been used by the Irish papists in their horrid massacre of the protestants in 1641, viz. *Lilliburlero* and *Bullen-a-lah*. It was written on occasion of James II. having nominated General Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, to the lieutenancy of Ireland. Talbot was a furious papist, and had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of these times. Bishop Burnet, alluding to the ballad which had been written by Wharton, says, that it "made an impression on the (king's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army,

and at last the people both in the city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Ritson, in alluding to the same ballad observes, " what an astonishing effect these vulgar and despicable rhapsodies had upon the temper of the times; we may, in some measure, conjecture from the brags of that unprincipled character, Lord (afterwards Marquis of) Wharton, who was wont to boast, that by the most foolish of them all (Lilliburlero) he had rhymed the king out of his dominions. *Historical Essay on National Song, p.* 62. See also Notes on Song No. 138 of the Museum. This old Scots tune of Jumping Joan, having acquired the new title of *Lilliburlero* from Wharton's ballad, has erroneously been, by many, supposed to be an Irish air.

DLIII.

THE FIENT A CRUM OF THE SHE FAWS.

This ancient song, beginning *Return hameward my heart again*, was recovered by Ramsay, and printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the letter Z, to denote its antiquity. The tune to which the verses are adapted is likewise known by the name of *The Spinning Wheel*, but it is essentially different from the air called " The Spinning Wheel," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book ix. The author and composer are unknown.

DLIV.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

This song was written for the Museum by Burns, in 1788. The words are adapted to a well-known strathspey, or reel tune, composed by the late Mr James Gregg, an eminent teacher of dancing in Ayrshire. Gregg composed the strathspey, called " Gregg's Pipes," and many other excellent dancing tunes. He had a taste for painting, mechanics, and natural history; made and improved telescopes; he was also skilled in the mathematics, and was frequently employed as a land-surveyor. He taught dancing, until, by old age, he could scarcely see his pupils, or hear the tones of his own

violin. He died, regretted by all who knew him, in November 1817, at a very advanced age.

Johnson long hesitated to admit this song into his Museum; but, being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place in that work.

DLV.

MAY MORNING.

This little song, beginning "The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green," was communicated to Johnson by an anonymous hand. It is adapted to an old strathspey tune, which is very pretty.

DLVI.

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE, I'M GAUN TO LEAVE THEE.

Hector Macneill, Esq., informed the Editor that he wrote the whole of this song except the last verse, which the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, took the liberty to add to it, and to publish as a sheet song. "It was on this account, (Mr Macneill added,) that I did not include this song in collecting my poetical works for the uniform edition in two volumes, which has been given to the public." For a similar reason he omitted another song, likewise written by him, beginning *My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame.*

The song of *Dinna think Bonnie Lassie*, is adapted to a dancing tune, called *Clunie's Reel*, taken from Cumming of Granton's Reels and Strathspeys.

DLVII.

O, GIN I WERE FAIRLY SHOT O' HER!

This old song received some additions and corrections from the pen of Mr John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Johnson, the publisher. The air, under the title of *Fairlie Shot of Her*, appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Music-book, so that the tune is very old. It is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and various other collections. This tune was selected by Mr O'Keefe for one of his songs

for "Shelty" in the *Highland Reel*, beginning, "Boys, when I play, cry O Crimini," acted at Covent Garden in 1788.

DLVIII.

HEY! MY KITTEN, MY KITTEN.

This humorous nursery song was written, about the beginning of the last century, by the celebrated Dean Swift. The words are adapted to the old Scottish air, called *Whip Her below the Couring*, which is inserted in the Crockat Manuscript, and was printed in *The Dancing Master*, by Playford, under the name of *Yellow Stockings*, in 1657. This tune has been a great favourite, time out of mind, in both kingdoms. The old Scots song is inadmissible, for an obvious reason; but there are several humorous English ones to the same tune, such as "Madam Fig's Gala," &c., of considerable merit.

DLIX.

SWEETEST MAY, LET LOVE INSPIRE THEE.

This *petit morceau*, words and music, was communicated by Burns. The tune is very simple and sweet, yet the critical reader will easily discover that Burns, in this instance, has parodied the first verse of the old song of *There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile Thee.* It begins—

My sweetest May,* let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny.

DLX.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

This ballad is universally attributed to John Campbell, the renowned Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, whose uncorrupted patriotism and military talents, justly entitled him to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of his country. He

* May, i. e. Maid.

died on the 4th of October 1743, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Old David Herd published a copy of this ballad in his Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs in 1776, under the title of *Bannocks o' Barley Meal,* with two additional stanzas; but these were rejected in the Museum, on account of their being both spurious and indelicate. The tune is of Gaelic origin.

Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq., M.P., altered and abridged this old ballad for Mr Thomson's Collection, vol. iii., published in 1801.

DLXI.

AN I'LL AWA TO BONNY TWEEDSIDE.

This song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published in his Tea-Table Miscellany, A.D. 1726. He directs it to be sung to the tune of *We'll a' to Kelso go.* In the Museum, the words have accordingly been adapted to this lively old air, which is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vi. p. 11. The old song of *We'll a' to Kelso go,* is supposed to be lost.

DLXII.

GENTLY BLAW, YE EASTERN BREEZES.

This song was written by Mr John Anderson, engraver of music in Edinburgh. It is adapted to a very ancient and beautiful air, entitled *O gin my Love were but a Rose,* from the first line of an old but rather indelicate song, still well known. Two verses of the old song were retouched by a modern hand, and printed in Herd's Collection, in 1776.—The reader will find them in the sixth volume of the Museum (vide Song 594); but they are there adapted to a different tune, taken from Gow's Collection, called *Lord Balgonie's Delight.*

DLXIII.

IN YON GARDEN FINE AND GAY.

Mr Anderson, author of the last song, informed the Edi-

tor, that the words and music of this were taken down from the singing of Mr Charles Johnson, father of Mr James Johnson, the publisher of the Museum. The song was acquired by old Johnson in his infancy, and he was then informed that it was very ancient. From the simplicity of the air, which consists of one strain, and the structure of the words, there can be no doubt of the correctness of the old man's information.

DLXIV.

THE POOR PEDLAR.

This humorous ballad, beginning "There was a noble lady so fair," has been a favourite among the peasantry of Scotland time out of mind. But the strain of double meaning, which runs through many of the verses, must ever prove a bar to its reception in the more polished circles of modern society.

DLXV.

YOU ASK ME, CHARMING FAIR.

This beautiful song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. The composer of the charming melody, to which the verses are united, has hitherto escaped the researches of the Editor.

DLXVI.

O, KEN YE WHAT MEG O' THE MILL HAS GOTTEN?

This humorous old song was retouched by Burns in 1788, and sent to the publisher of the Museum, with directions to unite it to the old air called *Jackey Hume's Lament.* This was accordingly done.

Mr Burns, about five years thereafter, made several alterations on the first copy of his song, which he transmitted to Mr George Thomson, with the following introduction: "Do you know a fine air called *Jackie Hume's Lament?* I have a song of considerable merit to that air. I'll enclose you both the song and tune, as I had them ready to send to Johnson's Museum."

It had escaped the bard's recollection, that the original draught of the song, as well as the air, had been sent to the publisher of the Museum long before this period, and that he had altered his intention of having the second edition of the song set to the air of *Jackie Hume's Lament;* for, in Dr Currie's edition of Burns' Works, we find that it is directed to be sung to the air of *O bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack.* The song, with Burns' last alterations, is annexed for the reader's perusal.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O, bonnie Lass will ye lie in a Barrack."

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fallow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear-chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

DLXVII.

HOW SWEET IS THE SCENE AT THE DAWNING OF MORNING.

THIS fine song is another of the productions of the late Mr Richard Gall. The original manuscript is in the hands of the Editor. The words are adapted to the fine old air, called "The Humours o' Glen."

DLXVIII.

SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.

THIS song was also written by Mr Gall. The original manuscript of it is likewise in the possession of the Editor. The words are adapted to a very pretty modern air, which was communicated by Mr Gall himself.

DLXIX.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

THIS song was written by the Honourable Andrew Erskine, brother of Thomas late Earl of Kellie, an eminent violin performer and musical amateur. Burns admired this song very much. In a letter addressed to Mr George Thomson, dated 7th June, 1793, he says, "Mr Erskine's songs are all pretty, but his *Lone Vale* is divine."

The verses are adapted to a favourite Gaelic melody.

DLXX.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

THIS charming song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the ancient air called *Bonnie Lassie tak a Man*, which is also preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. The old song is supposed to be now lost.

DLXXI.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

THIS is one of Thomas Durfey's *Anglo-Scottish* productions, with some alterations by Allan Ramsay. Durfey's verses were printed with the music in Playford's Wit and Mirth, vol. iii. first edition, London, 1702. Some of them are very indelicate, and even the copy re-touched by Ramsay, and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, in 1724, is not altogether free from objections on the same score. Ramsay directs the song to be sung to the tune of "The Glancing of her Apron;" but this tune being already inserted in a former volume of the Museum, Johnson got the words adapted to a modern Scots air. Mr James Hook of London, about thirty years ago, composed a beautiful melody to the modernized verses.

DLXXII.

LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.

THIS Jacobite ballad was written about the time of the rebellion in 1715. Its old title was "The Chevalier's Muster-Roll, 1715." The author, of course, is anonymous.

The Dunywastles (*Dhuine Uasal*, Gaelic) were the High-

land lairds or gentlemen. The Earls of Wigton, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and Derwentwater; the Viscount Kenmure, and Thomas Foster, Esq. M.P. for Northumberland, and commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's English forces; the Earl of Widdrington and Lord Nairn are the personages alluded to in the third stanza of the ballad. The names in the other verses are either those of particular clans, or such as are applicable to all.

The old tune, to which the words are adapted, was formerly called "Fiddle Strings are dear, Laddie," from the first line of an ancient, though now almost forgotten song. It began—

Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,
Fiddle strings are dear, laddie,
An' ye break your fiddle strings,
Ye'se get nae mair the year, laddie.

The same tune, in Gow's and other recent collections, is called *Tail Toddle*, but from what cause the Editor has been unable to discover. The old tune, called "Cuttyman and Treeladle," which is mentioned by Ramsay in the canto which he added to the ancient poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," has a considerable resemblance to "Fiddle Strings are dear, Laddie." Both airs seem to have been composed about one period, if not by the same minstrel.

DLXXIII.

O LEAVE NOVELS, YE MAUCHLINE BELLES.

This humorous but friendly advice to the ladies of Mauchline, a town in Ayrshire, on the dangers arising from an indiscriminate use of novels, was written by Burns in 1785. The *Rob Mossgiell* in the ballad was our bard himself, who has substituted the name of his farm in place of his own surname. The words are adapted to a favourite Scots measure, or dancing tune.

DLXXIV.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

This song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is

adapted to the favourite old tune, called *The Cordwainer's March*, which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and useful fraternity, at their annual procession on St Crispin's day. The tune is also preserved in Aird's first volume of Select Airs, and other collections.

DLXXV.

SAW YE THE THANE O' MEIKLE PRIDE.

THIS ballad, entitled "DUNCAN, a fragment," was written by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, and many other well-known and justly esteemed works. It was a juvenile composition; but when the late Dr Blacklock first heard the author's father read the manuscript of this poem and that of "Kenneth," as his son's compositions, he predicted that the young poet would, in his more advanced years, make a distinguished and respectable figure in the republic of literature; a prediction which has been most amply verified.

Johnson, the publisher of the Museum, has omitted several stanzas of the ballad for want of room, but the reader will find the whole of it in Mr Mackenzie's works, printed at Edinburgh in 1812, or in Herd's Collection in 1776, and in various other publications.

The tune to which the words are united in the Museum is, perhaps, one of the sweetest melodies, in the minor mode, that ever was played or sung. The composer's name has hitherto eluded every research that the Editor has made.

DLXXVI.

GO, PLAINTIVE SOUNDS.

THIS song was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. Mr William Shield of London set the words to a tune of his own composition, which is printed in Ritson's Collection of Scottish Songs, London 1794. In the Museum the words are united to a fine modern Scottish air.

DLXXVII.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

THIS justly celebrated and patriotic song, beginning "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was written by Burns on the 1st of August 1793. The following account of its origin, from the pen of his friend Mr Syme, is very interesting.

On the 30th of July 1793, Mr Syme and our bard set out on horseback from the hospitable mansion of Mr Gordon of Kenmure, for Gatehouse, a village in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. "I took him (says Mr Syme) by the moor-road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil; it became louring and dark. The hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene—he spoke not a word, but seemed rapt in meditation.

"What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day (2d July 1793) he produced me the following Address of Bruce to his Troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell." (Here follows the song.)

In the month of September following, Burns transmitted another copy of the song to Mr George Thomson, accompanied with a letter, in which he says, "I have shewed the air (meaning *Hey now the Day dawis*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Hey tutti taitie*) to Urbani, who was *highly pleased with it*, and begged me to make *soft* verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused my rhyming mania."

Mr Thomson, on receiving the song, wrote Mr Burns to the following effect: "Your heroic ode is to me the noblest composition of the kind in the Scottish language. I hap-

pened to dine yesterday with a party of your friends, to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it, entreated me to find out a suitable air for it, and reprobated the idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur, as " Hey tutti taitie." Assuredly, your partiality for this tune must arise from the ideas associated in your mind by the tradition concerning it; for I never heard any person, and I have conversed again and again with the greatest enthusiasts for Scottish airs—I say, I have never heard any one speak of it as worthy of notice." Mr T. then proceeds to inform the bard, that he had fixed on the tune of *Lewie Gordon* for the words; but this tune required an elongation of the last line of each verse, to make the words and music agree together.

This unfortunate criticism obliged Burns to lengthen and alter the last line of every stanza, to suit the newly-suggested air, which, instead of improving, manifestly injures the simple majesty of the original. That the old air was susceptible of stirring up or assuaging the passions, according to the different styles in which it may be played or sung, was at one glance obvious to Urbani, than whom no better judge of these matters ever lived. The tune has also been a favourite of Messrs Braham, Incledon, Sinclair, and the best singers throughout the united kingdom. To us, indeed, it appears impossible, that any person, who is endowed with the smallest portion of musical taste, can listen to the song of " The Land of the Leal," without feeling the most tender emotions of pity, or hear " The Bruce's Address to his Troops," without partaking of that patriotic flame that glowed in the breasts of his gallant ancestors. Mr Thomson, however, after some years reflection, has himself become a convert to the united sense of the public. In a late edition of his third volume, in which the tune of " Hey tutti taitie" is happily adapted to the original words of Burns, he observes, that " the poet *originally* intended this noble strain for the air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the editor of this work, who then thought 'Lewie Gordon' a fitter tune for the words, they were united

together, and published in the preceding volume, page 74. The editor, however, having since examined the air 'Hey tutti taitie' with more particular attention, frankly owns, that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry, than the air of 'Lewie Gordon.'"

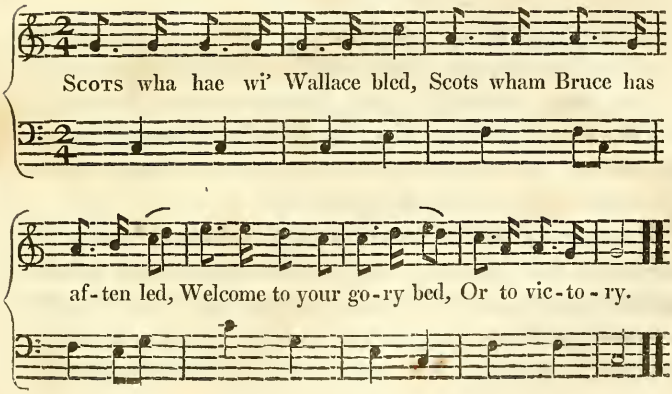
As the tune of "Hey now the Day dawis" was inserted in the second volume of the Museum, (vide Song No 170, and the observations upon it in a former part of the present work) Johnson requested Mr William Clarke, the organist, to set Burns' song to a simple ballad tune which he sent him. It is undoubtedly pretty, but by no means calculated to give adequate expression to the bold and energetic sentiments of the bard. Some people too, having got by rote the altered edition of this poem, sing it to the old air; but they are obliged to distort the tune, to make it suit the lengthened lines. For these reasons, we shall now present the reader with the words and air in their original simplicity, according to the first intention of the bard.

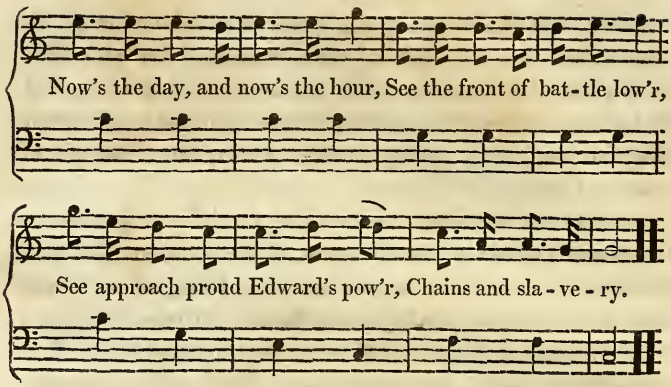
KING ROBERT THE BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY,

AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, *24th June* 1314,

As originally written by Burns,

To the tune of "Hey now the Day dawis."





Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand or freemen fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

DLXXVIII.

FAREWELL YE FIELDS AND MEADOWS GREEN.

This song, entitled "Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff," was written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. It is adapted to a favourite air, composed by Mr Isaac Cooper of Banff, musician.

The musical reader will observe a considerable similarity between this air and the tune of *Shannon's flowery Banks*, which, though generally supposed to be an Irish melody, was composed by Mr James Hook of London, organist, in 1783, and sung by Mrs Kennedy, at Vauxhall, with much applause.

DLXXIX.

THE BLIND HARPER.

This fine old ballad, beginning " O heard ye of a silly harper," with its original melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for his Museum.

Mr Ritson, in his Historical Essay on Scottish Song, alludes to this ballad in the following words: " The Reverend Mr Boyd, the ingenious translator of ' Dante,' had a faint recollection of a ballad of a Scotch minstrel who stole a horse from one of the Henrys of England."

In Mr Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border, we have another edition of the same ballad, under the title of " The Lochmaben Harper," but it is not so complete as the copy in the Museum. The fourth, fifth, and eighteenth stanzas of the original ballad are omitted in Mr Scott's edition. The following stanza, however, is substituted for the eighteenth:

Now all this while, in merry Carlisle,
The harper harped to high and low,
And the fiend thing dought they do but listen him to,
Until the day began to daw.

Mr Scott has the following verse at the end of his edition, which is not in the original:

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear;
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times o'er for the gude gray mare.

In Mr Scott's copy, the scene is laid at Carlisle, and the warden of that city is substituted for King Henry himself.

DLXXX.

MY NANNIE, O.

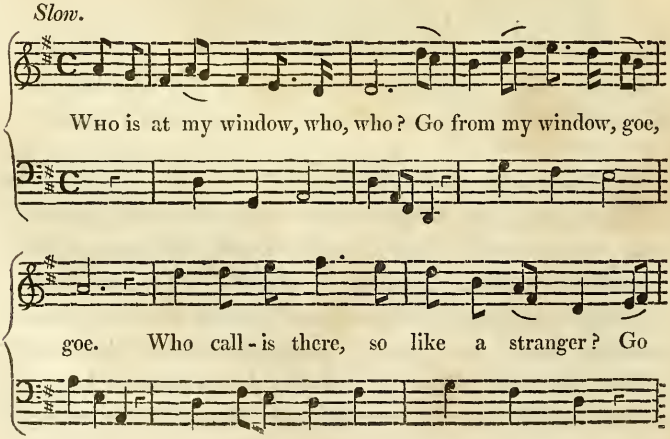
This song, beginning " Behind yon hills where riv'lets row," was written by Burns, and printed in the second edition of his Poems, at Edinburgh, in 1787. The first line of the song, as originally written, was " Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows," but Burns afterwards inserted the word *Lugar*, the name of another river in the county of Ayr, in preference to the former, as being more agreeable to the ear.

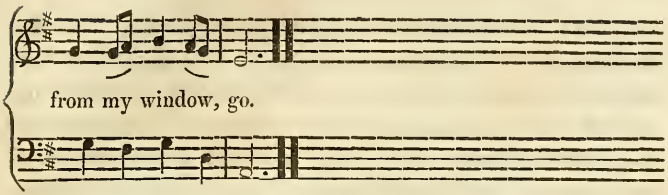
Burns directs the song to be sung to the tune of "My Nannie, O." This fine air is inserted in the first volume of the Museum, with the words by Allan Ramsay.—*Vide Song No* 88. In order to avoid a repetition of the same tune, Mr William Clarke adapted the verses by Burns to a favourite modern melody, composed by Mr Thomas Ebdon of Durham, organist.

DLXXXI.

GO FROM MY WINDOW, LOVE, DO.

THIS fragment of an ancient ballad, with its melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for the Museum. It is all that remains, we believe, of one of those secular songs that were parodied about the dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, and printed by Wedderburne in 1549, under the title of "Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the scripture, with sundrie of other ballates, changed out of profaine sanges, for avoiding sinne and harlotrie." The Editor, however, has met with a far more ancient, and, he thinks, more genuine set of the melody than that communicated by Burns, which he shall now annex with the first verse of Wedderburne's parody.





Wedderburn's parody must have been well known in England early in the reign of Elizabeth, for a new tune was made to it by J. D. *i. e.* John Dowland, which is still preserved in a work called "An Instruction to the Orpharion," printed at London by William Barley, in 1596. Dowland contributed "Mrs Winter's Jump," and several other airs, to this work; but his tune of "Go from my Window, goe," is altogether different from the ancient Scottish melody.

DLXXXII.

THE RAIN RINS DOWN THRO' MIRRYLAND TOWN.

This old Scottish ballad was published by Bishop Percy, under the title of "The Jew's Daughter," in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, printed at London in 1765. The manuscript was sent to him from Scotland.

The bishop observes, that "the ballad is probably built upon some Italian legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioresse's Tale in Chaucer; the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been murthered there by the Jews, in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained, may be seen in Chaucer. As for Mirryland-Town, it is probably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Toun; since the Pa is evidently the river Po."—*Percy's Reliques.*

The story of Hugh of Lincoln, a boy about eight years old, being murdered by the Jews, and of the child's body having been discovered in a well by his disconsolate mother, with the punishments inflicted on that dispersed and persecuted people, are circumstantially narrated by Mathew Paris. But Bishop Percy observes, that "the supposed practice of

the Jews, in crucifying, and otherwise murdering, Christian children out of hatred to the religion of their parents, hath always been alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious."

There are various editions of this ballad. That in the Museum, which was taken from Percy's Reliques, volume first, is merely a fragment. A more perfect copy was published by Mr Jamieson in his Ancient Ballads and Songs, printed at Edinburgh in 1806. It was taken down, *verbatim*, from the recitation of Mrs Brown of Falkland, wife of the reverend Dr Brown. Another edition of the ballad, under the title of "Sir Hugh," appears in Gilchrist's Scottish Ballads, vol. i. page 210. Edinburgh, 1814. But the following edition, communicated by an intelligent antiquarian correspondent, appears to be the most complete version yet obtained.

SIR HUGH OF LINCOLN,

An old Scottish Ballad.

THE rain rins down thro' merry *Lincoln*,
Sae does it down the *Pa*;
Sae rin the lads o' merry Lincoln,
Whan they play at the ba'.

Four and twenty bonnie young boys
Were playing at the ba',
With sweet Sir Hugh of Lincoln town,
The flower amang them a'.

He kick'd the ba' wi' his right foot,
And stopt it wi' his knee,
And thro' and thro' the Jew's window
He gard it quickly flee.

Sir Hugh hied to the Jew's castle,
And walk'd it round about,
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At a window looking out.

"Cast down the ba' to me, fair maid;
Cast down the ba' to me:"
"I winna cast down the ba," she said,
"Till you come up to me."

"How will I come up?" said sweet Sir Hugh,
"How can I come up to thee?
For as ye did to my father dear,
The same ye'll do to me."

"Come in Sir Hugh, my dear Sir Hugh,
And ye sall get the ba';"
"I winna come in, I canna come in,
Without my play-fere's a'."

Then outen came the Jew's daughter,
The sweet Sir Hugh to win;
She powd the apples red and white,
And wyl'd the young thing in.

She has wyl'd him thro' ae dark dark room,
Sae has she done thro' twa:
She has wyl'd him to anither room,
The mirkest o' them a'.

Then she has ta'en a sharp pen-knife,
That hung down by her gair,
And she has twin'd Sir Hugh o' his life;
Ae word he never spake mair.

She laid him on a dressing-board,
Whar she did aften dine;
And then she took his fair body,
And drest it like a swine.

And first came out the thick thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood,
There was nae life left in.

She rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep:
She cast him in a garden well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
An' a' the bairns came hame;
Then ilka lady had her young son,
But lady Helen had nane.

She wrapt her mantle her about,
And sair sair gan she weep,
Till she came to the Jew's castle,
When all were fast asleep.

"My bonnie Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray thee to me speak;"
"O lady rin to the deep draw-well,
Gin ye your son wad seek."

Then she ran to the deep draw-well,
And knelt upon her knee;
"My bonnie Sir Hugh, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray thee speak to me."

"The lead is wond'rous heavy, mither,
The well is very deep;
A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
But, mither, dinna weep."

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Prepare my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
It's there we twa sall meet.

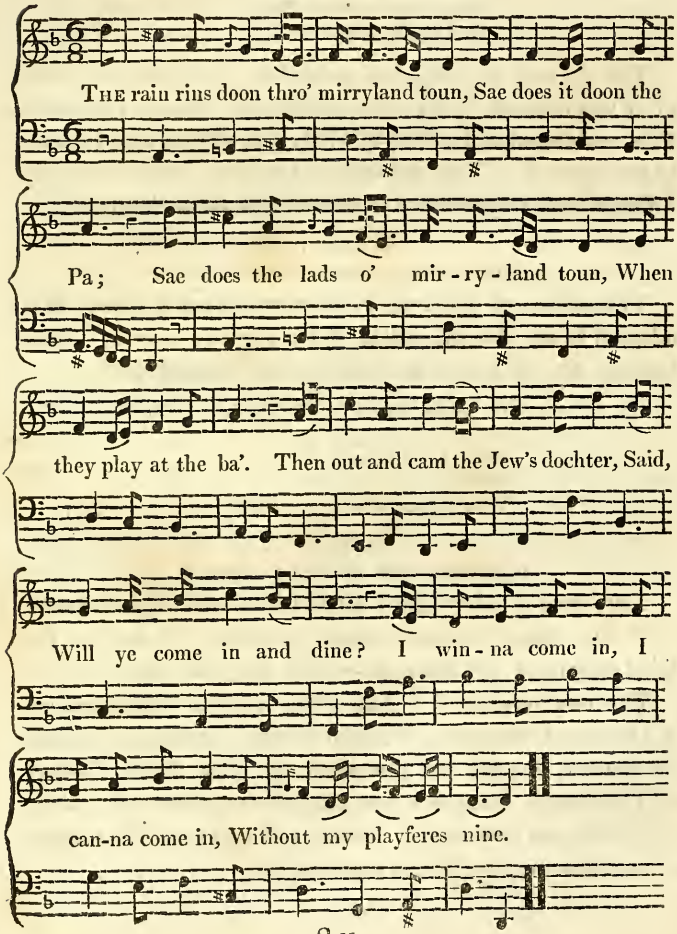
Now lady Helen is gane hame,
Made him a winding-sheet,
And, at the back o' merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln,
Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln,
Were read without men's tongue.

Was never heard in Christantie,
By woman, chyld, or man,
Sic selcouth sounds at a burial,
Sen Adam's days began.

Though the foregoing ballad is Scottish, yet, in all probability, it has been derived from a still more ancient English tragic ballad; for the scene of it not only lies in England, but the English tune to which it was sung is also known. It is very different from the Scottish melody, and seems even more appropriate to the melancholy catastrophe of the poem. For the satisfaction of the reader, we shall annex the English air, from Mr Smith's "Musica Antiqua," vol. i. folio 65.

THE JEW'S DOCHTER.



DLXXXIII.

CAULD IS THE E'ENING BLAST.

THIS short song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to an old Scottish air, called "Peggy Ramsay," which, in several bars, resembles the tune of "O'er Bogie." The ancient words, adapted to the tune of Peggy Ramsay, began—

Bonny Peggy Ramsay,
As ony man may see,
Has a bonny sweet face,
And a gleg glintin ee.

The old song is witty, but indelicate. A corrupted copy of it was inserted in the third volume of Henry Playford's Pills, published at London in 1704, who directs it to be sung to the tune of "The Suburbs of London," which is totally different and very inferior to the original Scottish air.

DLXXXIV.

O, TURN AWAY THOSE CRUEL EYES.

THE author of this song is unknown to the Editor. It is adapted to an old air, called "Be Lordly, Lassie," from the first line of a silly old nursery song, beginning—

Be lordly, lassie, be lordly,
Be lordly, lassie, be lordly;
Put a hand in each side
And walk like a bride,
Your mither bids you be lordly.

DLXXXV.

O, MARY, YE'S BE CLAD IN SILK.

THIS song is only slightly altered from the original words of "The Siller Crown," which the reader will find in the third volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No* 240.

This new version of "The Siller Crown" first appeared in Urbani's Collection of Scottish Songs, adapted to a beautiful modern Scottish air, composed by Miss Grace Corbett of Edinburgh when she was only eleven years old. Both the words and new melody were copied into the sixth volume of the Museum, by Urbani's permission.

DLXXXVI.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

This song was written by Burns. The words are adapted to the tune of a favourite slow march.

DLXXXVII.

NO CHURCHMAN AM I.

This is another production of Burns. It was published in the second edition of his poems, printed at Edinburgh in 1787. The words are adapted to a beautiful tune, called "The Lazy Mist," from the last volume of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. Several modern songs, such as "Prepare, my dear Brethren,"—"Honest Dermot," &c. have been united to this fine old air.

DLXXXVIII.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

This song, beginning "A soldier for gallant achievements renown'd," is a fragment of a larger poem, supposed to have been written by an anonymous hand after the battle of Culloden, in 1746. The tune is said to be a Gaelic melody.

DLXXXIX.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS!

This humorous song was retouched by Burns from a very ancient one, called "I winna gang to my Bed until I get a Man." It is adapted to the lively old original air, which may be considered one of the earliest specimens of *Scottish Reels.* It appears in Skene's MSS. circa, 1570, under the title of *I winna gang to my Bed till I sud die.*

DXC.

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

This elegant pastoral song was written by James Thomson, Esq. the well-known author of "The Seasons," "The Castle of Indolence," and many other excellent poems. The composer of the plaintive air, to which the words are suited, is not known. The bass part was added by Mr William Clarke.

DXCI.

YE MUSES NINE, O LEND YOUR AID!

THIS song, entitled *The Highland King*, made its appearance soon after the publication of *The Highland Queen*, by Mr Macvicar, to which it was intended as an answer. *Vide Song, No* 1. *vol. i. of the Museum.* It was printed as a sheet song, and did not appear in any regular collection until the publication of Wilson's "ST CECILIA," at Edinburgh in 1779. The author of the song, as well as the composer of the melody, have hitherto escaped the Editor's researches.

DXCII.

NELLY'S DREAM.

THIS song, beginning *Bright the moon aboon yon mountain*, was written by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh. He published it with the music as a sheet song, and it was copied into the Museum by his permission. Mr Hamilton furnished several other songs for the same work.

DXCIII.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

THE first verse of this song is old; the second was written by Burns for the Museum. The Bard likewise communicated the beautiful old air to which it is united.

In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, dated 5th December, 1795, Burns introduces the original lines to her notice, with the following prefatory remarks: "There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father; for, God knows! they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks, me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood as I am—such things happen every day;—gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough; but the man

of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I——but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!

"To leave talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing with the old Scots ballad—

"O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I would never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns—
They cry, crowdie! evermair.

Crowdie! ance—crowdie!—twice—
Crowdie! three times in a day;
An ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away."

DXCIV.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

THIS fragment is copied verbatim from Herd's Collection, printed in 1776. Burns had a high opinion of its poetical merit. In a letter to Mr Thomson, he says, "Do you know the following beautiful little fragment in Witherspoon's Collection of Scots Songs?

AIR.—"*Hughie Graham.*"

"O GIN my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
Oh! there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night:
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

"This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself, for a musing five minutes, on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following:

"O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

How wad I mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd."

"These verses are very far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet, who knows any thing of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke."—*Burns' Works.*

Mr Thomson paid attention to this hint in arranging the old and new words; but, in place of the air of "Hughie Graham," (the music and words of which old ballad are printed in the fourth volume of the Museum, vide Song No 303), he has adapted the song to a Gaelic or Irish melody; for it is claimed by both nations. This melody, in Gow's Second Collection, is called *Ceanu dubh dileas*, and in Fraser's Highland Airs, *Cuir a ghaoil dileas tharrum do lamh*, i. e. "Place, true Love, thine arms around me." All these *three* sets of the tune differ, in some notes, from each other, as well as from the Irish set of the same air, printed in the Irish Melodies.

In the Museum, the words of *O gin my Love were yon red Rose*, are united to a strathspey tune, printed in Gow's Fourth Collection of Reels, &c. under the title of "Lord Balgonie's Favourite, *a very old* Highland tune," which was afterwards published under the new title of "Gloomy Winter's now awa," from the first line of a beautiful Scots song adapted to that air, written by the late Mr Robert Tannahill of Paisley. This strathspey, however, has lately been claimed as a *modern* production by Mr Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology. In the first volume of that work, Mr C. says he composed this strathspey in the year 1783, and in 1791, or 1792, he published and inscribed it to the Rev. Patrick Macdonald of Kilmore. The writer of this article has made a diligent search for this production, but has met with no copy to decide the question between Messrs Gow and Campbell. But

the reader, on comparing the air of Burns' song of "O lay thy Loof in mine, Lass," (vide No 574 of the Museum), which was taken from Aird's First Collection, and has been known time out of mind by the name of "The Cordwainer's March," will observe a striking similarity between it and the disputed composition.

But the proper air of "O gin my Love were but a Rose," is neither the *Strathspey* in question, nor *Hughie Graham*, nor the *Gaelic* or *Irish Melody* before alluded to. Both the words and air of this old song are still very well known. The first four lines of it, as printed in Herd's Collection, only are genuine; the other four, though beautiful, are comparatively modern. The strain of double meaning, that runs through the whole of the eight verses of the old song, prevents their insertion in the present work; but the tune to which they are uniformly sung, is that which Mr Anderson has selected for his song of *Gently blow ye Eastern Breezes*, printed in the sixth volume of the Museum. Vide Song No. 562.

DXCV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE, WHEN OUR GOODWIFE'S AWA.

This very humorous modern ballad is a parody of the celebrated poetic tale, called *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, which tradition affirms to have been composed by a priest of the name of Moffat, in the reign of James V. A manuscript copy of the original, which is preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript of 1568, in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, corroborates the traditional account, for the signature "*quod Moffat*," is actually subjoined to that copy. This curious old ballad is printed in Herd's Collection 1776, and in several others. But the most perfect edition is that in Blackwood's Edinburgh Monthly Magazine for April 1817.

The name of the author of the parody has not yet been discovered; but the writer has evidently meant it to be an answer to the beautiful ballad of, *There's nae Luck about*

the House when our Gudeman's awa, which was written by William Julius Mickle, Esq., the ingenious translator of *The Lusiad.* It is printed in the first volume of the Museum. Vide Song, No 44. The beautiful tune to which Mickle's ballad was adapted, would have suited the parody equally well; but Johnson united the latter to a sprightly modern tune for the sake of greater variety.

DXCVI.

WILLIE AND ANNET.

This old Border ballad was inserted in Herd's Collection in 1776. In the Museum the words are adapted to an air in the new series of The Vocal Magazine, published at Edinburgh, by the late Mr James Sibbald, in 1803. In that work the air is said to have been "communicated by a lady in Orkney." But the old Border melody is much better adapted to the words. Vide notes on Song No 482, of the Museum.

DXCVII.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

This song was written by Burns for the Museum. He also communicated the air to which it is united; but it is evidently borrowed from the fine old Lowland melody of *Andro and his cutty Gun.*

DXCVIII.

TELL ME, JESSY, TELL ME WHY.

This song was written and published by the late Mr John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, by whose permission it was inserted in the Museum.

DXCIX.

I CARE NA FOR YOUR EEN SAE BLUE.

This song was also written and published by Mr John Hamilton, before it appeared, by his permission, in the Museum.

DC.

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

This beautiful tune has, time out of mind, been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland. The principal publishers of Scottish music have also adopted it, as their

farewell air, in closing their musical works. Macgibbon placed it at the end of his third and last volume of Scottish Airs, published in 1755. Oswald closed the fourth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion with the same air. Oswald probably then thought it would be the last volume of his work, but he afterwards found materials for no less than *eight* more. Mr James Johnson followed the same example, in closing his sixth and last volume of the Scots Musical Museum.

There are two songs adapted to this air in the Museum. The first is said to have been composed by Thomas Armstrong, the night before his execution for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warden of the middle marches on the Border of Scotland. The warden was murdered 16th June 1600, and Armstrong suffered on 14th November 1601. It is by no means certain that these verses are the original words.

This tune was a particular favourite with Burns, who wrote the second song, beginning *Adieu! a heartwarm fond adieu!* In one of his letters, he says, "Ballad-making is now as completely my hobby-horse, as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race, (God grant that I may take the right side of the winni ng-post!), and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing, 'Sae merry as we a' hae been!' and raising my last looks to the whole of the human race, the last words of the voice of *Coila* shall be, 'Good night and joy be wi' you a'? *Works, vol. iv.* Burns here calls himself the *Voice of Coila*, in imitation of Ossian, who styles himself the *Voice of Cona*. Coila, or Kyle, is the middle bailiewick of Ayrshire.

The second song was printed in Burns's Works, at Edinburgh in 1787. It is there entitled "The Farewell to the Brethren of St James's Lodge, Tarbolton, tune, Good Night and Joy be wi' you a'." Burns became a member of this

lodge of Freemasons, after his family removed to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire." During this period (says his brother Gilbert,) he became a Freemason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon companion. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, and the praises he has bestowed on Scotch drink, (which seem to have misled his historians,) I do not recollect, during these seven years, nor towards the end of his commencing author (when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company,) to have ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking."—*Life of Burns.*

We shall conclude these remarks with the following masterly song, to the same tune, written by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P. It is entitled "The old Cheftain to his Sons," and conclude the fourth volume of Mr George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;
May life's fell blasts out-o'er ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan,
Frae boasting foes their banners tore.
Who show'd himsel a better man,
Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there,
When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our hardy fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
Anither's ay hae heart to feel;
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

FINIS.

Oliver & Boyd, Printers.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART VI.

DIII.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

This Song was afterwards inserted by the author in his collection of "Poetry chiefly in the Scotish Language. By Robert Couper, M. D." Inverness, 1804, 2 vols. 12mo. He was the author of other lyrical pieces. One of these, written "to a beautiful old Highland air," called *Geordy Agam*, is inserted in Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, vol. ii. p. 23. The author states, that he wrote this song at the request of L. G. G. (Lady Georgiana Gordon, now Duchess of Bedford), and that it alludes "to her noble brother (the Marquis of Huntley), then with his regiment in Holland. A few days after it was written, and to the author's great uneasiness, the news arrived of his being wounded, from which he is not yet recovered."

Dr Thomas Murray, in his Literary History of Galloway, p. 247, refers to a MS. Life of Dr Couper, "communicated by his accomplished friend, John Black, Esq., Wigton. On applying to Dr Murray, I was favoured with the following abstract of the memoir:—

"Robert Couper was born at Balsier, parish of Sorbie, Wigtonshire, of which farm his father was tenant, on the 22d September 1750. He entered a student in Glasgow College in 1769. He studied at first for the Scotish Church; but his parents having died, and his patrimony being small, if any thing at all, he accepted of an office as tutor in a family in the State of Virginia, America, where he

meant to take orders to enter the Episcopal Church as a clergyman. The date of his going to America is not given. But he returned in 1776, owing to the breaking out of the war of Independence. He returned to the College of Glasgow, and having studied medicine, and taken his diploma as a surgeon, (date not known,) he began practice at Newtonstewart, a village of 2000 inhabitants, in his native county. While at Glasgow, he had gained the friendship of Dr Hamilton, professor of midwifery, on whose recommendation to the Duke of Gordon, Couper settled in Fochabers (I am informed, in 1788), as physician to his Grace. Previously to going there, and preparatory to it, he had obtained the degree of M. D. from the College of Glasgow, to 'prevent people, no wiser than himself, from dictating to him.' At this time, that is, shortly after settling in Fochabers, he married Miss Stott, daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Stott, minister of the parish of Minnigaff, Kirkcudbrightshire. He left Fochabers in 1806. He died in Wigton on the 18th January 1818. He was F. R. S. E."

DVI.

WHERE ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

The author of this Song was David Carey, who was known during the earlier part of this century as "an elegant poet and agreeable novelist." He was a native of Arbroath, and he died at his father's house, in that town, after a protracted illness, on the 4th of October 1824, in the forty-second year of his age. A brief but interesting biographical notice, and a list of his various works, will be found in the Scots Magazine, for November 1824, p. 637.

DVIII.

ROW SAFTLY, THOU STREAM.

The collection of Poems and Songs, by Richard Gall, (the author of this and other Songs in the present volume of the Museum,) which is mentioned by Mr S. at page 444,

bears the date "Edinburgh, from the press of Oliver and Boyd," 1819. 12mo.

DX.

O CHERUB CONTENT.

This early production of a poet who has attained such high distinction as the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," is not contained in the collected edition of his Poems. Thomas Campbell, Esq., is a native of Glasgow, and was born in the year 1777, as, I think, he stated two years ago, at a public dinner given him in this place. His "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and other compositions, rank him as a lyric poet of the first order.

DXII.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

This well-known ballad, or poem, is probably not older than the latter part of the 16th century. There was an edition printed in the year 1668, which Ramsay probably copied, when he inserted the poem in "The Evergreen," 1724.

DXIII.

O BOTHWELL BANK.

This Song was evidently, or rather avowedly, founded upon an interesting incident related in Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," first published at Antwerp, 1605.

In Pinkerton's Select Scotish Ballads, vol. ii. p. 131. Lond. 1783, where this Song first appeared, it consists of three stanzas, disfigured by an affected use of obsolete words. The first stanza is descriptive, and runs thus:—

On the blyth Beltane, as I went
Be mysel attour the green bent,
Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde
Throch saughs and hanging hazels glyde,
There sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

The other two verses are given in the Musical Museum,

some of the words being modernized, and two lines added to suit the music. Pinkerton's imitations of our old ballad poetry, were not happy. In the account of his writings given in Chambers's Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, we meet, indeed, with the following astounding assertion respecting his publication of Ancient Scotish Poems, from Sir Richard Maitland's MSS.—" Pinkerton *maintained* that he had found the Manuscript in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge; and, in his correspondence, he sometimes alludes to the circumstances *with very admirable coolness*. THE FORGERY WAS ONE OF THE MOST AUDACIOUS RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF TRANSCRIBING. Time, place, and circumstances, were all minutely stated—there was no mystery." (vol. iv. p. 102.) I confess my ignorance of what is here meant by " the Annals of Transcribing," unless, perchance, it may have some allusion to the learned Mr Penny, the " Historian of Linlithgowshire," whose accuracy and minute research were so highly commended by his literary executors in 1831, although, it must be admitted, that the merit of his work consists wholly in the accuracy with which he transcribed that portion of Chalmers's " Caledonia," which relates to the Shire. In regard to Pinkerton, it would have been strange had he pretended any " mystery" where there was none; as the MSS. in question may be seen in the Pepysian Library to this day. Some half century after this, it is as probable that the future biographer of Mr Robert Chambers shall attribute to him all Burns's Poems, contained in his late comprehensive edition of that poet, as that any one should have given Pinkerton the credit of having written the poems by Henryson, Dunbar, and the other old Scotish Makers, contained in Maitland's Manuscript Collections, from which Pinkerton's Selections, printed in 1782, were copied. After all, it ought to be added, that the contributor of the article in Chambers's Work, merely improves upon the similar blundering statement that appeared in Nichols's Literary Illustrations, &c., vol. v. p. 670.

JOHN PINKERTON was born at Edinburgh, 17th of February 1758, and died at Paris, 10th of March 1825, at the age of sixty-seven. With all his insufferable petulance and conceit, (not to mention other failings,) he was unquestionably a man of learning and research; and he rendered very important services to the history and early literature of his native country, by several of his publications.

DXV.

LAMINGTON RACES.

THIS Song is attributed, at page 456, to "Mr Macaulay, an acquaintance of Mr Johnson," the publisher of the Museum. I have not ascertained who this Mr M. was; but it is not improbable that he was the same with JAMES MACAULAY, printer in Edinburgh, the author of a volume of "Poems on various subjects, in Scots and English."—"Edinburgh, printed for and sold by the Author, Printing-office, Castlehill, 1790," 12mo. pp. 300.

DXVI.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

THIS Song was long and deservedly popular. As stated at page 456, it was written in 1775, and it appeared in several collections. In "The Goldfinch," Edinb. 1782, it is accompanied "With additions by a Lady," being four stanzas, no doubt the same that Mr S. notices as contained in Wilson's collection, 1779, and there said to be by "Miss Betsy B—s."

The author of "The Banks of the Dee," was JOHN TAIT, Esq., who had been an assiduous wooer of the muses in his younger days. Besides the frequent contributions to the Poets' Corner, signed J. T—t, consisting of elegiac and other verses, which appeared in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Weekly Magazine for 1770, and subsequent years, he published anonymously, the "Cave of Morar," "Poetical Legends," and some other poems, in a separate form. Mr

Tait passed as Writer to the Signet, 21st November 1781. In July 1805, when the new system of police was introduced into Edinburgh, he was appointed Judge of Police, and he continued to preside in that Court till July 1812; when it was again remodelled by Act of Parliament, and the decision of Police cases replaced in the hands of the Magistrates of the City. (See Kay's Portraits, vol. ii. p. 147.) He died at his house in Abercrombie Place, 29th of August 1817. (Scots Mag. 1817, p. 99.)

DXXV.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

This song is contained in the second volume of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, and not in the first volume, 1725. So likewise is Hamilton's ballad, "The Braes of Yarrow." This favourite theme in Scotish Song, has obtained additional celebrity by the verses of our great English Poet, Mr Wordsworth, who to his "Yarrow Unvisited," in 1803, "and Yarrow Visited," in 1814, again honoured this much favoured stream by his "Yarrow Revisited," in 1831.

DXXIX.

AH! MARY! SWEETEST MAID, FAREWELL.

This song was included in a small volume of "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. Edinburgh, 1803," 8vo, published anonymously, in which the songs were given in a more correct form, in consequence of several of them having been printed "without the Author's permission, and with alterations, which he did not consider as improvements." The author of this and two other songs in this volume, (See pages 435 and 512,) Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, was the eldest son of the biographer of Johnson, and was born 9th of October 1775. He succeeded to his paternal estate in 1795, and was created a Baronet in 1821. At a time when party politics ran high,

his disposition to satirical writing unfortunately involved him in a dispute, which was the occasion of that fatal duel, 26th of March 1822, that cut off in the prime of life, a gentleman of much natural genius and high acquirements, only a few days after having performed the last sad offices to his brother James, the friend of Malone, and the editor of Shakspeare. Some affecting lines, written on the death of his brother, were found in Sir Alexander's pocket-book after his own death.

Sir A.'s love of literature was exemplified by the republication of many rare and curious works, for private circulation, from his press at Auchinleck, of which a full list is given by Mr Martin, in his "Bibliographical Catalogue of Books. Privately printed." Lond. 1834, 8vo.

DXXXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

"A GENTLEMAN of universal erudition lately showed me a MS. copy of the above, with a notice prefixed, that it was composed on—'Sharp, and Gregory's Daughter,'—most probably a descendant of Archbishop Sharp, and a lady of the learned house of Gregory, for some time settled at St Andrew's.

"I may mention here, that Mallet's song, 'A youth adorned with every art'—was composed on the ill-fated loves of Lady Jean Hume, daughter of Alexander, seventh Earl of Home, and Lord Robert Kerr, killed in the bloom of youth, and extraordinary personal attractions, at the battle of Culloden. Susanna Kennedy, Countess of Eglintoune, used to sing this pretty ballad, and relate its origin; she was well acquainted with both the parties.

"The music of this song was composed by Oswald."—(C. K. S.)

The editor of Andrew Marvell's works, Lond. 1776, in the Preface (vol. i. p. xx), refers to a MS. volume of "Marvell's Poems, some written with his own hand, and the rest copied by his order," among which was a copy of this

well-known ballad. He accordingly claimed it for Marvell, charging Mallet with gross plagiarism. "I am sorry this truth (he adds) did not appear sooner, that the Scots Bard might have tried to defend himself; but now the jackdaw must be stripped of his stolen plumage, and the fine feathers must be restored to the real peacock." Notwithstanding this bold assertion, (and, upon the same grounds, he claims for Marvell some undoubted compositions by Addison,) it is perfectly evident that the MS. he refers to, must have contained a number of pieces transcribed forty years subsequent to Marvell's death.—Allan Ramsay wrote a poetical address to Mr David Malloch on his departure from Scotland (Poems, vol. ii. p. 402), in which he specially mentions "his tender strains," in this ballad of William and Margaret.

Gibbon, in the Memoirs of his own life, mentions, that about the time when he professed himself a Roman Catholic, he had resided for some time with Mallet, "by whose philosophy I was rather scandalized than reclaimed." There are some curious anecdotes respecting his irreligion, in Davies's life of Garrick.

DXL.

O TELL ME, &c.

The song by Mr Graham of Gartmore need not be quoted here, from a work so well known as the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. When first published by Sir Walter Scott, he considered it to be a traditional version of a song of the age of Charles I.; and he afterwards remarked, that the verses "have much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry." Curious enough, however, in a collection published by John Ross, Organist in Aberdeen, the song is given as written "by Mr Jeffreys." There is no reason, however, to doubt, that Sir Walter was correct in subsequently assigning it to Mr

Graham, of whom the following is a brief notice, obligingly communicated by Sir John Graham Dalyell, Kt., who is his nephew on the mother's side. (See Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. i. p. 639.)

"ROBERT GRAHAM of Gartmore, was the son of Nicol Graham of Gartmore, by Lady Margaret Cunningham, eldest daughter of William, twelfth Earl of Glencairn. After discharging the office of Receiver-General of the Revenue of the island of Jamaica, he returned to Scotland on the decease of his elder brother, William, and succeeded his father in his estates, in the year 1775: and, on the demise of John, the last Earl of Glencairn, he succeeded to the estates of Finlayston. Mr Graham was a man of refined taste, and of a patriotic disposition; he warmly encouraged the reform so long projected of the royal boroughs, and represented the county of Stirling in Parliament (in 1794). Having been elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, he bestowed some testimony of liberality in its favour, which he was the better enabled to do from his ample fortune. Mr Graham married first, a sister of Sir John Taylor, baronet, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. Secondly, a lady alike beautiful and amiable, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Buchanan of Leny; whose son, the late Dr Francis Hamilton Buchanan, was recognised as chief of the family of Buchanan."—Mr Graham of Gartmore died the 11th of December 1797.

DXLI.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE.

IN the Scots Magazine, for February 1803, there is inserted another excellent song, entitled "The Nabob. By the *late* Miss Blamire, Carlisle," to the tune of Auld Langsyne. It begins,

When silent time, with lightly foot
Had trode on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
With many hopes and fears:

Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine,
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne.

Miss Susannah Blamire was a native of Cumberland, and was born at Thackwood-nook, in the parish of Sowerby. She died at Carlisle in 1795, aged 49, and lies interred at Roughton Head, near Rose Castle. Her nephew, William Blamire, Esq., lately one of the Members of Parliament for Cumberland, possesses the patrimonial estate called *The Oakes*, a beautiful property about three miles from Carlisle; and Rose Castle is possessed by her aunt. For this information I am indebted to Patrick Maxwell, Esq., who is forming a collection of her poems. Mr M. adds, that "Miss Blamire was very affable to the poor and the peasantry about her, and that she was generally addressed in their provincial manner by the title of *Miss Sukey*."

DXLIII.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

"'Written for this work, by Robert Burns.' This is probably wrong; or Burns suppressed the last stanza, to be found in the stall copies, besides substituting "three goose feathers and whittle," for the indecent line in the third: it is likely that he only altered the song for the Museum, making it applicable to himself as an author, by the three goose quills and the pen-knife. The last stanza begins:

"Now I'm Robin's bride, free frae kirk fo'ks bustle,
Robin's a' my ain, wi's, &c., &c., &c."—(C. K. S.)

DXLIV.

MAGGY LAUDER.

The late Mr William Motherwell had made some collections for an edition of the Poems attributed to the Semples of Beltrees. As his papers are still in the hands of his

friend, Mr P. A. Ramsay, it is to be hoped that the project will not be abandoned.

My good friend, WILLIAM TENNANT, Esq., the author of the inimitable poem of "Anster Fair," mentioned at page 478, as then newly appointed Teacher, or Professor of Languages in Dollar Academy, has since (in 1835) obtained higher and more congenial preferment, as Professor of Oriental Languages in St Mary's College, St Andrew's—an appointment alike honourable to the patrons and to himself, as the reward of learning and genius.—A short Memoir of Professor Tennant is prefixed to Chambers's late edition of "Anster Fair," Edinb. 1838, 8vo.

"IN former times, the singers of this ditty used to inform their audience that Maggie was at last burnt for a witch; I could never find her name in any lists of Satan's Seraglio which I have had an opportunity of inspecting.

"Some amusing verses were said to have been composed to this air, by a very eccentric person, Lady Dick of Prestonfield: before the reader peruses them, a short account may be given of the reputed authoress. She was the daughter of Lord Royston, a Lord of Session, son of the Earl of Cromarty, and the wife of Sir William Dick, with whom she did not live on the best of terms, having a high spirit, much satirical wit, and no children to endear their conjugal union. Her strange fancies and frolics were well remembered fifty years ago; and that with considerable spleen, as she made herself many enemies by the lampoons she was in the habit of composing. Among her other odd freaks, she took it into her head to enact the she-Petrarch to Sir Peter Murray of Balmanno, whose perfections she celebrated in several other copies of verses, besides the subjoined song—two of these have been printed in a small ballad book, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. There seems to have been nothing criminal in her admiration, as she made no secret of her poetical effusions—but those whom she had offended by poems of a different stamp, were naturally eager enough

to put the worst constructions on her mirth, and pretended to take seriously what was only meant in jest. Lady Dick died in the year 1741. There is a half-length portrait of her at Prestonfield, not handsome, and ill painted. Her Adonis, Sir Peter, married in 1751, Anne, daughter of Alexander Hay of Drummelzier."—(C. K. S.)

Tune.—MAGGY LAUDER.

On Tweedside dwells a gallant swain,
The darling o' the women;
Whene'er he makes his entering bow,
With joy their eyes are swimming.
Tho' gallant he, yet snug his heart,
He only plays with Cupid,
For as Minerva guides the youth
He never can be stupid.
Tho' gallant he, yet snug his heart,
He only plays with Cupid,
For reason tames his passions; thus
He never can be duped.

O, when he dances at a ball,
He's rarely worth the seeing;
So light he trips, you would him take
For some aerial being!
While pinky winky go his een,
How blest is each bystander;
How gracefully he leads the fair,
When to her seat he hands her!
While pinky winky go his een,
How blest is each bystander!
More conquests he is said to make
Than e'er did Alexander.

But when in accents saft and sweet
He chants forth Lizzy Baillie,
His dying looks and attitude
Enchant; they cannot fail ye.
The loveliest widow in the land,
When she could scarce disarm him,
Alas, the belles in Roxburghshire
Must never hope to charm him.

O happy, happy, happy she,
Could make him change his plan, sir,

And of this rigid bachelor
Convert the married man, sir.
O happy, and thrice happy she
Could make him change his plan, sir.
And to the gentle Benedick,
Convert the single man, sir.

How could the lovely Roman give
To Michael all her beauty,
When Peter's such a worthy saint,
To whom she owed her duty!
How could the lovely Roman let
That Michael take possession;
Nor angel he, nor saint, nor yet
An embryo Lord of Session.

The lady to whom the above verses are assigned, was Anne Mackenzie, daughter of the Hon. Sir James Mackenzie, a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Royston (and third son of George, first Earl of Cromartie), by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate in the reign of Charles the Second. As stated above, she became Lady Dick by marriage. In the Scots Magazine for September 1741, (p. 431,) where her death is recorded, she is simply styled "The Lady of Sir William Dick of Corstorphine."

DXLV.

A COGGIE OF ALE.

ANDREW SHIRREFS, A. M., was a bookbinder in Aberdeen. Burns, in the notes of his Northern Tour, mentions having seen him, and calls him "a little decrepid body, with some abilities." He is best known as the author of "Jamie and Bess, or the Laird in Disguise, a Scots Pastoral Comedy, in imitation of the Gentle Shepherd." It was first printed at Aberdeen, 1787, 12mo, and was frequently performed at different theatres in the country. In the dedication "To the Honourable the County Club of Aberdeenshire," the author says, "he never was, and probably

never will be, without the limits of their county." As stated, however, at page 479, Shirrefs migrated to the South in 1798, but whether he spent the rest of his life at London, and when or where he died, I have not been able to ascertain.

DXLVIII.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

"Mr Ritson, in his 'North Country Chorister,' gives the older words of this ballad, beginning—'There was a Highland laddie courted a Lowland lass'—and adds, 'this song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs Jordan, who knew neither the words nor the tune;' but there is another set of words, probably as old, which I transcribed from a 4to collection of songs in MS. made by a lady upwards of seventy years ago.'"—(C. K. S.)

O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn,
O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn?
It is a sodger's son, she said, that's lately gone to Spain,
Te dilly dan, te dilly dan, te dilly, dilly dan.

O, fair maid, what was that sodger's name?
O, fair, &c.
In troth a'tweel, I never speir'd—the mair I was to blame.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what had that sodger on?
O, fair, &c.
A scarlet coat laid o'er wi' gold, a waistcoat o' the same.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what if he should be slain?
O, fair, &c.
The king would lose a brave sodger, and I a pretty man.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, what if he should come hame?
O, fair, &c.
The parish priest should marry us, the clerk should say amen.
Te dilly dan, &c.

O, fair maid, would ye that sodger ken ?
O, fair, &c.
In troth a'tweel, an' that I wad, among ten thousand men.
Te dilly, &c.

O, fair maid, what if I be the man ?
O, fair, &c.
In troth a'tweel, it may be so ; I'se haud ye for the same.
Te dilly dan, te dilly dan, te dilly, dilly dan.

The song, by the late MRS GRANT, referred to at p. 480, is too well known to be quoted in this place. This lady, ANNE MACVICAR, was born at Glasgow in 1755, was married to the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan, in 1779, whom she survived many years, and died at Edinburgh, 7th of November 1838, in the 84th year of her age. A detailed notice of her life and writings, which originally appeared in the Edinburgh newspapers, will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1839, p. 97.

DLIII.

THE FEINT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

THIS ancient song, *Return hameward*, &c., says Mr S., was revised by Allan Ramsay, and printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724. It was likewise included in "The Evergreen," by Ramsay, who had used undue freedoms in altering the original verses, which were the production of ALEXANDER SCOTT, a poet who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who has been styled the Anacreon of Scotland. See edition of Scott's Poems, p. 100. Edinb. 1821, small 8vo.

DLVII.

O GIN I WERE FAIRLY SHOT O' HER.

JOHN ANDERSON, music-engraver, the writer of this and of some other verses, in the last part of the Museum, is, I am informed, still living in Edinburgh.

DLX.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

"This song is older than the period here assigned to it—and if the name of Maggie is to be trusted, can only apply to the first Marquis of Argyle, whose wife was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton. He was so very notorious a coward, that this song could have been made by nobody but himself, unless to turn him into ridicule."—(C. K. S.)

DLXIX.

HOW SWEET THE LONE VALE.

The Honourable Andrew Erskine, was the third son of Alexander, fifth Earl of Kellie, by his lady, who was a daughter of Dr Pitcairne. He was born about the year 1739, and having embraced a military life, he held a lieutenant's commission in the 71st regiment of foot, as early, at least, as 1759. On its being reduced in 1763, he exchanged from half-pay into the 24th regiment of foot, then quartered at Gibraltar. Previous to this, he had carried on a kind of literary correspondence, in verse as well as prose, with James Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq., which, with that most insatiable desire for notoriety which characterised him, were published by the latter, at London, 1763, 8vo, in order, as it was expressed, to gratify "Curiosity, the most prevalent of all our passions." Whether the publication of these letters, in "their present more conspicuous form," raised the character of the writers in public estimation, we need not stop to enquire. Both of them were likewise principal contributors to Donaldson's collection of "Original Poems, by Scots gentlemen." Edin. 1760 and 1762, 2 vol. 12mo. Mr Erskine's "Town Eclogues," and other poems, appeared at a later date. He died suddenly, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, about the end of September 1793, much lamented. Mr George

Thomson sent Burns an account of his death, as appears from Burns's reply, dated Oct. 1793, but the letter itself was not published by Dr Currie.

His eldest brother, Thomas Alexander, sixth Earl of Kellie, born 1st of September 1732, who was so distinguished for his musical genius, was also an occasional writer of verses. His brother Andrew, in 1762, alludes to some poems written by Lord Kellie; as in a letter to Boswell, he says, "Donaldson tells me that he wants thirty or forty pages, to complete his volume; pray, don't let him insert any nonsense to fill it up," (an advice that was altogether disregarded;) "but try John Home, and John R[——?], who I hear is a very good poet; you may also hint the thing to Mr N[airne?], and to my brother Lord K[ellie], who has some excellent poems by him." The following Song, I have been assured on good authority, was written by Lord Kellie. It seems, at least, to have been written by some one not a professed dealer in rhyme. It is now first printed from a MS. Album, containing Songs and Poems, written before the year 1780, in the possession of Thomas Mansfield, Esq. of Scatwell.

KELSO RACES.

Tune—Logan Water.

1.

You have heard of our sweet little races at Kelso;
Of the riders and horses, and how they all fell so,
Of Dirleton[1] and Kelly Sir John—and, what's still more,
The famed clerk of Green-Cloth, Sir Alexander Gilmore.

2.

Of Dukes there were two, of Duchesses one,
As sweet a dear woman as e'er blest a man;
Of mien most engaging, how finely she dances,
With her sister-in-law, full of mirth, Lady Frances.[2]

[1] Nisbet of Dirleton.

[2] Lady Frances Scott, afterwards Lady Douglas of Bothwell.

3.

His Grace of Buccleugh would have been most extatic,
But, alas, he was seized with a fit of sciatic.
As he could not attend to make us all mellow,
He left t'other Duke,[3] a clever little fellow.

4.

Of Nabobs a pair, their names shall have strait,
Take Archibald Swinton, and fat Thomas Rait,
As fine jolly fellows, I'm sure to the full,
As ever set their faces to the Great Mogul.

5.

The bald-pated Knight[4] soon had them in view,
And set at these Nabobs like an old Jew;
Quoth he to himself, I think I with ease,
Could plunder these Indians of all their rupees.—

6.

Gentlemen, says he, will you bet on a horse,
I'll lay what you please, without any remorse;
If that does not suit, I'll do what you list,
Perhaps you would choose a rubber at whist.

7.

Down sat the great dupes, and with them a Peer—
Lord! how the bald Knight did joke and did jeer;
The Nabobs and Peer he left not a groat,
And even condescended to steal a great-coat.

8.

Young Nisbet comes next, whom they call Maccaroni,[5]
The sweet youth whom he and we think so bonny,
That whene'er he appears, the ladies cry bless us,
I vow and protest he's a perfect Narcissus.

9.

My dearest sweet girls, pray tell me what mean ye,
Cries his spruce little cousin, Mr John Gantoucini;[6]
Pray look at me, a'n't I a fine little man,
A trig dapper fellow, deny it who can?

10.

O' my drunken friend Jock, I'll tell you a story O,[7]
He had of his own a complete oratorio;

[3] Probably the Duke of Roxburghe. [4] (In MS.) Sir John Paterson.
[5] Nisbet of Dirleton. [6] Mr John Nisbet. [7] (In MS.) M'Dowell.

Three hours after midnight his concert begun,
Where he drank and he danced and he had all his fun.

11.

His company consisted of Mr Stewart Shaw,
My Lord Percy's piper who travels to Blair, (?)
An Irish dear joy, two captains of foot,
And Lord North[8] the waiter who danced so stout.

12.

Melvina appeared next like a bright star,
She stole the heart of a young man of war.
Of all her solicitors she lives but for one,
And solicitor Dundas[9] is the happy man.

13.

The great little Percy came down from the border,
To keep us poor Scotch a little in order;
He nothing remarkable did, but we hope
Next year when he's steward, he'll take his full scope.

14.

There were many more besides, well I wot,
Sir Gilbert[10] and Lady, Miss Bell Elliot:
There was sweet Anne Scott, and Lady Diana,[11]
And bold Mrs Ker, like any hyena.

15.

I cannot pass by were I ever so brief,
That loveliest of girls, Miss Jeany Moncrieff:
To Kelso she came with uncle beau Skeene,
Whose person is always so neat and so clean.

16.

There was fat Sandy Maxwell as big as a tun,
A fine laughing fellow in whom there's much fun:
Sir William Lorrain, Jack Askew, and Selby,
As fine jolly bucks as e'er pint bottle fell by.

17.

There was John Scott of Gala, and Wat Scott of Harden,
Who they say is possessed of many a farthing;

[8] See Kay's Portraits of Edinburgh Characters.

[9] Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord Chief Baron.

[10] Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, his lady, and sister Isabella.

[11] Lady Diana Hume, who married Walter Scott of Harden, Esq.

And numbers more over—but I'm in a hurry,
I had almost forgot sweet Peter Murray. [12]

18.

We laught and we danced, and we sat up all night,
A thing, I confess, in which I delight.
But I very dear my pleasure did earn,
For I was obliged to return to Blanearn.

On the subject of Lord Kellie's musical genius, it may be sufficient to refer to the elegant collection of his Minuets, published by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., Edinburgh, 1836, 4to. The Hon. Henry Erskine, (brother of the late Earl of Buchan,) in an unpublished poem, written about the year 1772, has paid the following compliment to his Lordship's musical genius. It is entitled "The Musical Instruments, a Fable,"—when the claims of the Fiddle, to pre-eminence, are thus stated:—

'Twas he that still employ'd the master's hand,
Follow'd obsequious by the list'ning band,
Nay, swore that KELLY learnt from him his art
To rule, with magic sounds, the human heart.

DLXXV.

SAW YE THE THANE O' MEIKLE PRIDE.

IN the collected edition of Mr Mackenzie's Works, (vol. viii. p. 1,) printed at Edinburgh, 1808, 8 vols. 8vo, the author gives this account of the ballad:—

"DUNCAN: A FRAGMENT, FROM AN OLD SCOTS MANUSCRIPT.

"The following ballad was an almost extempore production, written when I was a mere lad, in imitation of the abrupt and laconic description of the ancient Scottish ballad, some of which had been collected and published at that time. It was sent, under the above title, to the editor of *The London Chronicle*, who published it without any

[12] Sir Peter Murray, *vide* page *523.

comment; and such was the state of politics at the time, that some of his readers objected to the first line,

Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride,

as applying personally to Lord Bute, who used to be known by that appellation. It was afterwards inserted in Clark's (Herd's) Collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, as genuine, though one should have thought the imitation was so inartificial as might have saved it from the sin of forgery."

Mr Mackenzie dates it 1762. It was also inserted in the Edinburgh Advertiser, April 1764, No. 575. This copy contains the following lines, omitted in the above edition, but which, as necessary for the sense, should be restored. They come in before the last verse, at page 6.

Wou'd then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it wou'd na be?
Or wed me to the man I hate?
Was this your care of me?
Can these brave men, &c.

Henry Mackenzie, Esq., best known by the title of his most popular work, as "The Man of Feeling," was born at Edinburgh, in August 1745, where he died on the 14th of January 1831, at the venerable age of 86. An excellent sketch of his life, by Sir Walter Scott, is included in his Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. iv. Edin. 1834, 12mo.

DLXXVII.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

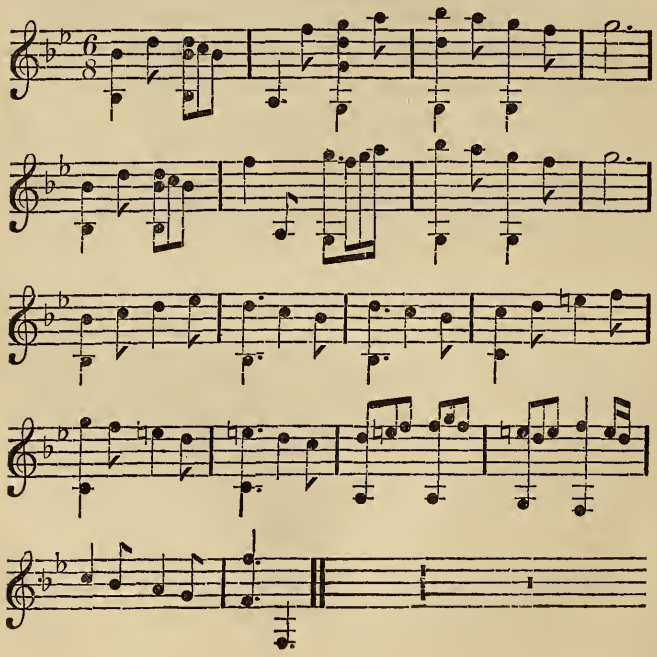
In the additional note to song CLXX., at page *215, it is stated that Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute Book, 1627, preserves the old tune, "The Day Dawis," but that it bears no resemblance to that air, (under any of its different titles of "Hey, now the day daws," "Hey, tuttie, tattie," or "The land of the leal,") which, on mere conjecture, has been assigned to the age of Robert the Bruce. The earliest reference to any of these tunes is by Dunbar, who alludes to the common minstrels of the town of Edinburgh,

(that is, to the town's pipers), in the reign of James the Fourth, as having only two hackneyed tunes, which were played, no doubt, at an early hour, to rouse the inhabitants to their daily occupations.

> Your commone Menstralis has no tone,
> But "Now the day daws," and "Into June."

It is very probable that there might have been two different airs under that name; at least the following air, which is here subjoined from Gordon's Manuscript, 1627, has more the character of an artificial tune, than of a simple melody, and it is not unlikely that it may have been composed by some of the musicians at the Scotish Court during the minority of James the Sixth, to suit Montgomery's Song, the words of which the Reader will find in this work at page 163.

THE DAY DAWIS.



DLXXXII.

THE RAIN RINS DOWN THRO' MIRRYLAND TOWN.

A CURIOUS volume has been lately published at Paris, containing, along with an Anglo-Norman ballad of the 13th century, on Hugh of Lincoln, the various Scotish or English ballads on the same subject, reprinted from the collections of Percy, Pinkerton, Jamieson, Gilchrist, and Motherwell. It is entitled, " Hugues de Lincoln: Recueil de Ballades Anglo-Normande et Ecossoises relatives au meurtre de cet Enfant commis par les Juifs en M.CC.LV. Publié avec une Introduction et des Notes, par Francisque Michel." Paris, 1834, 8vo.

The Anglo-Norman ballad is a great curiosity, and corresponds more closely with the notice that occurs in Matthew of Paris, and other old English historians, than with the more poetical cast of this tragical incident in the Scotish ballads. It begins —

Ore oez un bel chançon
Des Jues de Nichole, qui par tréison
Firent la cruel occision
De un enfant que Huchon ont nom.

DLXXXIX.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS!

In this Note, for Skene's MS. circa 1570, *read* circa 1620.

DXC.

HARD IS THE FATE, &c.

IT would be superfluous to give any account of a person so well known as the author of " The Seasons." The most minute and accurate life of the poet with which I am acquainted, is that prefixed to the elegant edition of his Poetical Works, in the Aldine series of English Poets, London, 1830, 2 vols. 12mo.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire,

11th of September 1700, and died at London, 27th of August 1748. The following is an extract from a letter written by David Malloch, or Mallet, from London in 1727, soon after the appearance of Thomson's "Winter." It was addressed to Professor Ker of Aberdeen, and gives a curious account of the estimation in which Thomson was held by his college companions at Edinburgh :—

"Sir,—I beg leave to take notice of a mistake that runs through your last letter, and that was occasioned by your not understanding a passage in mine. The copy of verses that I sent you, was, indeed, written by me, and I never intended to make a secret of it; but Mr Thomson's 'Winter' is a very different poem, of considerable length, and agreeing with mine in nothing but the name. It has met with a great deal of deserved applause, and was written by that dull fellow whom Malcolm calls the jest of our club. The injustice I did him then, in joining with my companions to ridicule the first imperfect essays of an excellent genius, was a strong motive to make me active in endeavouring to assist and encourage him since; and I believe I shall never repent it. He is now settled in a very good place, and will be able to requite all the services his friends have done him, in time. The second edition of his poem is now in the press, and shall be sent to you as soon as published. You will find before it three copies of recommendatory verses, one written by Mr Hill, the second by a very fine woman, at my request, and the third by myself. Since all this is so, I will say nothing of your suspecting me of insincerity, a vice which I am very free from."

Thomson's earliest printed verses occur in a volume entitled "The Edinburgh Miscellany," vol. I. (no second volume ever appeared). Edinburgh, 1720, 12mo.

Since the previous notes regarding Malloch or Mallet, were printed, a search has been made in the parochial registers of Crieff (from 1692 to 1730), where he is said to have been born in 1700. It appears, however, that

his baptism was not registered. The names of various children of Charles and Donald Malloch's, in the neighbourhood of Crieff, occur, including a David, in 1712. This obviously was not the poet; but it appears that his father "James Malloch, and Beatrix Clark, his wife," were brought before the Kirk-Session of Crieff, in October and November 1704, for profanation of the Lord's day, "by some strangers drinking and fighting in his house on the Sabbath immediately following Michaelmas." On the 12th of November, "they being both rebuked for giving entertainment to such folks on the Sabbath-day, and promising never to do the like, were dismissed."

DXCII.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNY.

JOHN HAMILTON, who contributed various pieces to the Museum, was for many years a Musicseller at No. 24, North Bridge street, Edinburgh. He was much employed also as a teacher of music, and I have been told that it was one of his fair pupils, connected with an ancient family, whom he married, to the no small indignation of her friends. He died at Edinburgh, in September 1814.

In the Scots Magazine for November 1814, the following notice occurs:—Sept. 23d, "Died in the 53d year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, JOHN HAMILTON, late Musicseller, in this city, author of many favourite Scots Songs, and composer of several Melodies of considerable merit."

DXCIV.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

To the two verses inserted in this Note, the one old, the other by Burns, this song has been enlarged, by the addition of the following beautiful lines, written by John Richardson, Esq., for Mr George Thomson's Collection.

O were my love yon violet sweet,
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray,
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
Amang its bonnie leaves to play;
I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide's scorching ray;
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews,
At morning dawn and parting day.

As Mr Stenhouse alludes, at page 508, to Tannahill's fine Song, "Gloomy Winter," I may take this opportunity to mention, that an interesting Memoir of that unfortunate Bard has recently appeared, by Mr Philip A. Ramsay, prefixed to "The Poems and Songs of ROBERT TANNAHILL, a revised and enlarged edition, with Memoirs of the author, and of his friend, Robert A. Smith." Glasgow, 1838, 12mo. Tannahill was born at Paisley, 3d of June 1774, where he died, 17th of May 1810, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH, usually styled 'of Paisley,' to whose musical skill Tannahill was indebted for much of the celebrity which his songs enjoyed, was born at Reading, 18th of November 1780. His father, originally a weaver from Paisley, had been settled at Reading for a number of years, but at length he returned to Paisley with his family in 1800. Here Robert continued during the best period of his life, and had so distinguished himself by his musical attainments, that so early as 1812, we find he was strongly urged to settle in Edinburgh as a teacher of music. This appears from a friendly letter addressed to him by Mr John Hamilton, Musicseller, with which I have been favoured by Smith's biographer. It was not until August 1823, on receiving an invitation from the Rev. Dr Thomson to conduct the music in St George's Church, that he came hither; and I believe he had only occasion to lament his not having done so at an earlier period of life. He died at Edinburgh, very sincerely regretted, 3d of January 1829, in the 49th year of his age, and lies interred in St Cuth-

bert's burying-ground. His "Scottish Minstrel," 1821-1824, 6 vols., and his various other musical publications, are well known and esteemed; he also enriched the music of his country by many original melodies of great simplicity and beauty; and above all, the services that he rendered to Sacred Music, by his professional skill and good taste, as well as by his original compositions, will long continue to have a beneficial influence on the Psalmody and Sacred Music of the Church of Scotland.

The late WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, who projected the publication of the volume which his friend Mr Ramsay has so well performed, was a native of Glasgow, and born 13th of October 1797. Besides his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," Glasgow, 1827, small 4to, his edition of Burns, and various other republications, he was the author of a small volume of original "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," Glasgow, 1832, 12mo, which remains as a pleasing memorial of his poetical genius. He was for many years resident in Paisley, officially connected with the Sheriff-Clerk's Office, but latterly settled in his native place (as editor of the Glasgow Courier Newspaper), where he died in the prime of life, 1st of November 1835.

DC.

GOOD-NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

THE following beautiful stanzas, by JOANNA BAILLIE, written for this air, appeared in Mr Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," vol. IV. p. 212, from whence they were copied, by his son, Mr Peter Cunningham, into one of the most elegant and judicious selections of the kind that has appeared, under the title of "Songs of England and Scotland." Lond. 1835. 2 vols. 12mo.

GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting, one by one;

Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;
And, since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Good-night, good-night!

The bride into her bower is sent,
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent;
The lover's whispered words, and few,
Have bid the bashful maid adieu;
The dancing floor is silent quite,
No foot bounds there, Good-night, good-night!

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansmen in the heather'd hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone, Good-night, good-night!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,
To warm the heart, and charm the sight;
Gay dreams to all! Good-night, good-night!

INDEX

OF THE

SONGS OR AIRS CONTAINED IN THE MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Vol. I. contains pages	1–101	Vol. IV. contains pages	311–413
— II. —— —	102–208	— V. —— —	414–516
— III. —— —	209–310	— VI. —— —	517–620

A

Page.

Absence, . . 191
A cock laird, fu' cadgie, 155
A cogie of ale, and a pickle ait meal, ... 564
A country lass, . . 356
Ae day a braw wooer, . 538
Ae fond kiss, &c., . . 358
Afton water, ... 400
Ah! Mary, sweetest maid, 546
Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate, . . 158
Ah! why thus abandon'd, , 270
A lass wi' a lump o' land, 177
A lassie all alone, . . 418
Allan water, . . , 43
Alloa house, . . . 246
A mother's lament for the death of her son, . 280
And I'll kiss thee yet, . 201
An Gille dubh ciar dhubh, 135
An I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-side, ... 580
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, ... 547
An thou wert my ain thing, 2
A red, red rose, . . 415
A red, red rose (old sett), 416
Argyll is my name, . . 578
A rosebud by my early walk, 197
As I cam down by yon castle wa', ... 336
As I came in by Auchindoun, 308
As I came o'er the Cairney mount, . . . 480
As I lay on my bed on a night, . . . 601
As I was wand'ring, . 359
As I went o'er, &c., . 525
As I went out ae May morning, 410
A southland Jenny, . 318
As Sylvia in a forest lay, . 441
As walking forth, . . 526
Auld King Coul, . . 486
Auld langsyne, . . 26
Auld langsyne, . . 426
Auld Robin Gray, . . 256
Auld Rob Morris, . . 200
Auld Sir Symon the King, 354
A waukrife minnie, . 298
Awa', whigs, awa', . . 272
Ay waukin', O, . . 222
Ay waking oh, . . 396

B.

Banks of Spey, . . 194
Bannocks o' bear meal, . 489
Benny side, . . . 160
Bess and her spinning-wheel, 371
Bess the gawkie, . . 4
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, 134
Bessy's haggies, . . 31
Beware, o' bonnie Ann, . 224
Bhannerach dhon na chri, 165
Bide ye yet, . . . 98
Birks of Aberfeldie, . 116
Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty, . . . 52
Blue bonnets, . . 473
Blythe Jockie, . . . 25

	Page.
Blythe Jockie, young and gay,	30
Blythe was she,	187
Bonny Barbara Allan,	230
Bonnie Bell,	401
Bonny Bessy,	31
Bonny Christy,	61
Bonny Dundee,	100
Bonny Jean,	55
Bonnie Kate of Edinburgh,	205
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,	342
Bonnie May,	113
Braes of Ballenden,	93
Braes of Balquhidder,	201
Braw, braw lads of Gala water,	131
Bruce's address to his army,	596
Busk ye, busk ye,	65
By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,	262

C.

Cameronian rant,	290
Captain Cook's death,	288
Carle an the king come,	248
Carle an the king come (old words),	248
Carron side,	312
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,	273
Cauld frosty morning,	236
Cauld is the evening blast,	603
Cauld kail in Aberdeen,	170
Cease, cease, my dear friend, to explore,	254
Charlie he's my darling,	440
Chronicle of the heart,	482
Clarinda,	206
Clout the caldron,	24
Cock up your beaver,	319
Colin Clout,	568
Colonel Gardener,	214
Come follow, follow me,	552
Come, here's to the nymph that I love,	354
Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me,	363
Come, let's hae mair wine in,	12
Come under my plaidie,	550
Comin' thro' the rye (1st sett),	430
Comin' thro' the rye (2d sett),	431
Corn riggs,	94
Could aught of song,	509
Country lassie,	376
Craigie-burn wood,	311
Cromlet's lilt,	207
Cumbernauld house,	149
Cumnock psalms,	418

D.

Dainty Davie,	34
Deil tak the wars,	270
Dinna think, bonny lassie,	574
Donald and Flora,	261
Donald Couper,	344
Donocht-head,	388
Down the burn Davie,	75
Drap o' capie, O,	306
Druimon dubh,	187
Dumbarton's drums,	169
Duncan Davison,	156
Duncan Gray,	168
Dusty miller,	151

E.

Earl Douglas' lament,	352
East nook of Fife,	286
Eppie Adair,	290
Eppie M'Nab,	346
Ettrick banks,	82
Evan banks,	516
Evanthe,	394

F.

Failte na miosg,	268
Fair Eliza,	378
Fair Eliza,	379
Fairest of the fair,	33
Farewell, ye fields,	597
Fife and a' the lands about it,	125
Finlayston house,	280
Fine flowers in the valley,	331
For a' that, an' a' that,	300
For lack of gold,	171
For the sake o' somebody,	448
Fourteenth of October,	182
Frae the friends and land I love,	312
Freicedan (M.),	102
Frennett hall,	296
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae,	17

G.

Gaelic air,	183
Gaelic air,	266
Gaelic air,	378
Gaelic air,	379
Gaelic air,	399
Gae to the ky wi' me Johnny,	142
Galashiels,	158
Galloway Tam,	336

	Page.
Gently blaw, &c.,	581
Geordie, an old ballad,	357
Get up and bar the door,	310
Gilderoy,	67
Gill Morrice	212
Gingling Geordie,	482
Gladsmuir,	210
Gloomy December,	515
Good-morrow, fair mistress,	502
Good-night and joy be wi' you a',	620
Go, plaintive sounds,	595
Go to Berwick Johnny,	534
Go to the ewe bughts, Marion,	86
Gow's (Neill) lamentation for Abercairney,	203
Green grow the rashes	78
Green sleeves,	402
Gudeen to you, kimmer,	540
Gude Wallace,	498

H

Had I the wyte she bad me,	427
Hallow E'en,	143
Hallow Fair,	462
Hamilla,	111
Hap me wi' thy petticoat,	146
Happy Clown,	260
Hard is the fate of him who loves,	610
Hardy Knute, or the battle of Largs,	289
Have you any pots or pans,	536
Her absence will not alter me,	72
Here awa', there awa',	58
Here's a health to my true love,	174
Here's a health to them that's awa',	425
Here's his health in water,	494
Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass,	511
He's dear dear to me, &c.,	566
He stole my tender heart away,	29
He who presumed to guide the sun,	115
Hey ca' thro'	405
Hey how, Johnie lad,	368
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock,	175
Hey my kitten, my kitten,	577
Hey, tuttie, tatti,	178
Highlander's lament,	218
Highland laddie,	481
Highland laddie (new set),	22
Highland lamentation,	186
Highland song,	274
Hooly and fairly,	199
How long and dreary is the night,	183
How sweet is the scene,	586
How sweet this lone vale,	588
Hughie Graham,	312

I.

Ianthy the lovely,	107
I care na' for your e'en sae blue,	619
I do confess thou art sae fair,	332
I dream'd I lay, &c.,	153
If e'er I do weel it's a wonder,	332
I had a horse and I had nae mair,	193
I ha'e a wife o' my ain,	364
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,	470
I'll mak' you be fain to follow me	277
I'll never leave thee,	92
I'll never love thee more,	464
I lo'e na a laddie but ane,	276
I love my Jean,	244
I love my jovial sailor,	404
I love my love in secret,	213
I'm o'er young to marry yet,	110
In Brechin did a wabster dwell,	541
Invercauld's reel,	203
In yon garden, &c.,	582
Irish air,	458
It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,	343
It was a' for our rightfu' King,	513
I've been courting at a lass,	316
I who am sore oppressed with love,	154
I wish my love were in a mire,	41

J.

Jamie, come try me,	238
Jamie Gay,	15
Jamie o' the glen,	420
Jenny's bawbie,	512
Jenny dang the weaver,	133
Jenny Nettles,	53
Jenny was fair and unkind,	217
Jocky fou, and Jenny fain,	395
Jocky said to Jenny,	62
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,	589
John Anderson my jo,	269
John, come kiss me now,	315
John Hay's bonny lassie,	68

	Page.
John o' Badenyond,	294
Johnny Macgill,	216
Johnny and Mary,	101
Johnie Armstrang,	367
Johnie Blunt,	376
Johnie Cope,	242
Johnny Faa, or the gipsie laddie,	189
Johny's gray breeks,	28
Jumpin' John,	145

K.

Kate of Aberdeen,	36
Katherine Ogie,	171
Katy's answer,	180
Kellyburnbraes,	392
Killiecrankie,	303
Kind Robin loes me,	492

L.

Laddie lye near me,	226
Laddie lye near me (old words),	227
Lady Bothwell's lament,	135
Lady Mary Ann,	390
Lady Randolph's complaint,	352
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now,	253
Leader haughs and Yarrow	220
Leander on the bay,	27
Leezie Lindsay,	446
Leith wynd,	250
Let me in this ae night,	320
Let ithers brag weel,	276
Lewis Gordon,	87
Little wat ye wha's coming,	591
Lizae Baillie,	469
Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale,	616
Lochaber,	96
Loch Eroch side,	78
Logan water	42
Loggan burn,	511
Logie o' Buchan,	368
Lord Breadalbine's march,	279
Lord Ronald my son,	337
Lord Thomas and fair Annet,	553
Louis, what reck I by thee,	427
Lovely Davies,	360
Lovely lass of Monorgan,	154
Lovely Polly Stewart,	485
Love is the cause of my mourning,	111
Love will find out the way,	157
Low down in the broom,	91
Lucky Nancy,	34
Lucy Campbell,	278

M.

M'Gregor of Roro's lament,	181
M'Pherson's farewell,	117
Maggy Lauder,	99
Magie's tocher,	238
Marquis of Huntly's reel,	209
Mary of Castlecary,	454
Mary Queen of Scots lament,	417
Mary Scot,	74
Mary's dream,	38
May-Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen,	36
May morning,	574
Merry ha'e I been teethin' a heckle,	279
M. Freicedan,	102
Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey,	244
Miss Hamilton's delight,	183
Miss Muir,	360
Miss Weir,	413
Morag,	150
Muirland Willie,	380
Musing on the roaring ocean,	187
My ain kind dearie O,	50
My apron dearie,	94
My bonny Mary,	240
My boy Tammy,	518
My collier laddie,	372
My daddy left me, &c.,	542
My dearie, if thou die,	83
My dear Jockey,	16
My father has forty good shillings,	465
My goddess woman,	314
My Harry was a gallant gay,	218
My heart's in the Highlands,	268
My joe Janet,	114
My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,	573
My loved Celestia,	160
My love has forsaken me,	159
My love is lost to me,	264
My love she's but a lassie yet,	234
My Mary, dear departed shade,	288
My minnie says I manna,	478
My Nannie, O,	89
My Nannie, O,	600
My Peggy's face,	517
My tocher's the jewel,	322
My wife has ta'en the gee,	422
My wife's a wanton wee thing,	226

N.

	Page
Nae luck about the house,	615
Nancy's ghost,	205
Nancy's to the greenwood gane,	50
Nelly's dream,	612
Nithsdale's welcome hame,	375
No churchman am I,	606
No dominies for me, laddie,	504
Now bank an' brae,	537
Now westlin' winds,	363

O.

O as I was kist yestreen,	330
O ay, my wife she dang me,	549
O Bothwell bank,	529
O can ye labor lea, young man,	407
O can ye sew cushions,	456
O cherub content,	526
O dear mother what shall I do,	245
O dear! what can the matter be,	510
O'er Bogie,	175
O'er the hills and far away,	62
O'er the moor to Maggy,	56
O'er the muir amang the heather,	338
O'er the water to Charlie,	195
O fare ye weel, my auld wife,	365
O for ane and twenty, Tam,	366
O gin I were fairly shot of her,	576
O gin my love were yon red rose,	614
O gin ye were dead, gudeman,	421
O gude ale comes, &c.,	561
O heard ye e'er of a silly blind harper,	598
Oh ono chrio,	90
Oh open the door, Lord Gregory,	5
O Kenmure's on and awa' Willie,	370
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,	585
O laddie, I maun lo'e thee,	320
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,	593
O leave novels, &c.,	592
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,	617
O Mary turns awa',	560
O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,	605
O May, thy morn,	477
O mither dear,	133
On a bank of flowers,	232
On a rock by seas surrounded,	107
On hearing a young lady sing,	453
On the death of Delia's linnet,	408
On the restoration of the forfeited estates, 1794,	308
O once I loved,	570
Orananaig,	399
Oran Gaoil,	282
O saw ye my father,	77
Oscar's ghost,	71
O steer her up and haud her gaun,	520
O tell me, my bonny, &c.,	558
O that I had ne'er been married,	613
O turn away those cruel eyes,	604
Our goodman came hame at e'en,	464
Out over the Forth, &c.,	434
O wat ye wha's in yon town,	471
O were I on Parnassus' hill,	264

P.

Patie's wedding,	396
Peas strae,	316
Peggy, in devotion,	419
Peggy, I must love thee,	3
Pinky house,	57
Polwart on the green,	191
Powers celestial, whose protion,	473
Prælium Gillicrankianum,	105
Put the gown upon the bishop,	462

R.

Rattlin' roarin' Willie,	202
Raving winds around her blowing,	181
Rinn m'eudail mo mhealladh,	359
Red gleams the sun,	519
Return hameward,	572
Robie donna gorach,	305
Robin shure in hairst,	562
Rock and a wee pickle tow,	450
Rory Dall's port,	358
Roslin castle,	9
Row saftly, thou stream,	524
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,	352
Ruffian's rant,	164

S.

Sae far awa',	461
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,	60
Sandy and Jockie,	292
Sandie o'er the lee,	283
Sawnie's pipe,	214

	Page
Saw ye Johnnie cummin', quo' she,	10
Saw ye nae my Peggy,	12
Saw ye the Thane,	594
Scenes of woe and pleasure,	533
Scots queen,	198
Scots Jenny,	217
Scroggam,	558
Sensibility, how charming,	339
Seventh of November,	233
She rose and let me in,	84
She says she lo'es me best of a',	458
She's fair and fause,	411
Sic a wife as Willie had,	389
Since robb'd of all that charm'd my views,	183
Sir John Malcolm,	468
Sir Patrick Spence,	496
Sleepy body,	404
Song of Selma,	123
Song of Selma,	265
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?	135
Stern winter has left us,	544
Stern winter has left us (2d sett),	545
St Kilda Song,	250
Strathallan's lament,	138
Strephon and Lydia,	107
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation,	391
Sure, my Jean,	587
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came,	85
Sweetest May,	578

T.

Tak your auld cloak about ye,	258
Talk not of love, it gives me pain,	194
Tam Glen,	306
Tam Lin,	423
Tarry woo,	45
Tell me, Jessie, tell me why,	618
The auld goodman,	328
The auld man,	429
The auld man's mare's dead,	500
The auld wife ayont the fire,	446
The auld yellow-haired laddie,	128
The banks o' Doon,	387
The banks of Forth,	76
The banks of Helicon,	478
The banks of Nith,	305
The banks of the Dee,	532
The banks of the Devon,	165
The banks of the Tweed,	6
The battle of Harlaw,	528
The battle of Sherra Muir,	290
The beds of sweet roses,	8
The birks of Aberfeldy,	115
The birks of Abergeldie,	115
The birks of Invermay,	73
The black eagle,	237
The blathrie o't,	34
The blue bells of Scotland,	566
The blue-eyed lassie,	304
The blythsome bridal,	58
The boatie rows (1st sett),	438
The boatie rows (2d sett),	438
The boatie rows (3d sett),	438
The bonie banks of Ayr,	293
The boniest lass in a' the warld,	111
The bonny brucket lassie,	69
The bonny Earl of Murray,	185
The bonny grey-eyed morn,	80
The bonie lad that's far awa',	328
The bonie lass made the bed to me,	460
The bonny Scotsman,	13
The bonny wee thing,	351
The braes o' Ballochmyle,	285
The breast knots,	222
The brisk young lad,	228
The bridal o't,	278
The broom blooms bonie,	474
The broom of Cowdenknows,	70
The bush aboon Traquair,	81
The butcher boy,	314
The Campbells are comin',	309
The captain's lady,	242
The captive riband,	266
The cardin' o't,	449
The carle he came o'er the craft,	141
The carlin of the glen,	433
The cherry and the slae,	478
The collier's bony lassie,	48
The cooper o' Cuddy,	442
The day returns, my bosom burns,	233
The deil's awa' wi' th' excise-man,	412
The deucks dang o'er my daddie,	409
The Duke of Gordon has three daughters,	431
The Dumfries volunteers,	565
The ewie wi' the crooked horn,	302

	Page
The flowers of Edinburgh,	14
The flowers of the Forest,	64
The gaberlunzie man,	234
The gallant weaver,	403
The gardener wi' his paidle,	229
The gentle swain,	28
The glancing of her apron,	457
The Gordons has the guiding o't,	107
The happy marriage,	20
The haws of Cromdale,	502
The Highland balou,	486
The Highland character,	218
The Highland king,	ib.
The Highland laddie,	22
The Highland lassie O,	121
The Highland queen,	1
The Highland widow's lament,	514
The Highlander's lament,	608
The humble beggar,	435
The jolly beggar,	274
The joyful widower,	99
The lass of Ecclefechan,	442
The lass of Livingston,	18
The lass of Peaty's mill,	21
The lass that winna sit down,	476
The last time I came o'er the moor,	19
The lazy mist,	241
The linkin laddie,	246
The lovely lass of Inverness,	414
The lover's address to a rose-bud,	254
The lowlands of Holland,	118
The maid's complaint,	115
The maid gaed to the mill,	494
The maid in bedlam,	46
The maid in bedlam,	47
The maid of Selma,	119
The maid's complaint,	115
The maid that tends the goats,	40
The maltman,	445
The miller,	129
The mill, mill, O,	250
The moudiewort,	366
The mucking o' Geordie's byre,	97
The northern lass,	122
Then guidwife count the lawin',	323
Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,	114
The ploughman,	173
The poor pedlar,	582
The poor thresher,	384
The posie,	386
The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin' to Fife,	539
The rain rins down,	602
The rantin dog the daddie o't,	286
The rantin laddie,	474
The reel o' Stumpie,	470
There grows a bonie brier bush,	508
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,	326
There's a youth in this city,	266
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile you,	66
There's nae luck about the house,	44
There's news, lasses, news,	609
There's three gude fellows ayont yon glen,	454
There was a bonie lass,	606
There was a silly shepherd swain,	490
There was a wee bit wiffikie,	506
The rinaway bride,	488
The rowin't in her apron,	437
The Scots recluse,	214
The shepherd Adonis,	167
The shepherd's preference,	286
The shepherd's wife,	372
The siller crown,	249
The slave's lament,	398
The soger laddie,	334
The song of death,	399
The souters o' Selkirk,	450
The sun in the west,	557
The taylor,	505
The taylor fell thro' the bed,	221
The tears I shed,	350
The tears of Scotland,	147
The tither morn,	355
The toast,	12
The turnimspike,	24
The vain pursuit,	344
The waefu' heart,	252
The wauking of the fauld,	88
The weary pund o' tow,	362
The wedding-day,	151
The wee thing,	454
The wee wee man,	382
The whistle,	324
The white cockade,	281
The winter it is past,	268
The winter of life,	501
The wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre,	497

	Page
The wren's nest,	419
The yellow-hair'd laddie,	127
The young Highland rover,	150
The young laird and Edinburgh Katie,	179
The young man's dream,	131
This is no mine ain house,	225
Tho' for seven years,	522
Thou art gane awa',	348
Thou art gane awa' (new sett),	348
Thro' the wood laddie,	161
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,	548
Tibbie Dunbar,	216
Tibbie Fowler,	452
Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day,	203
'Tis nae very lang sinsyne,	569
To a blackbird,	198
To daunton me,	190
Todlin hame,	284
To the rosebud,	340
To the weaver's gin ye go,	106
Tranent muir,	103
Tullochgorum,	298
Tune your fiddles,	209
'Twas at the shining mid-day hour,	534
Tweedside,	37
Twine weel the plaiden,	32

U.

Up and warn a', Willie,	195
Up in the morning early,	147

W.

Wae is my heart,	490
Waly, waly,	166
Waly, waly (a different sett),	458
Wantonness for ever mair,	435
Wap at the widow, my laddie,	130
Water parted from the sea,	39
Wee Willie Gray,	530
We'll put the sheephead in the pat,	493
Were na my heart light, I wad die,	126
Wha is that at my bower door,	347
Wha wadna be in love,	562
Whar Esk its silver streams,	522
What ails the lasses at me,	556
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man,	327
What's that to you,	590
What will I do gin my hoggie die,	139
When absent from the nymph I love,	54
When Guilford good our pilot stood,	102
When I gaed to the mill,	521
When I think on my lad,	570
When I upon thy bosom lean,	214
When she cam ben she bobbed,	364
When the days they are lang,	530
Where braving angry winter's storms,	203
Where Helen lies,	163
Where wad bonie Annie lie,	335
Where winding Forth adorns the vale,	149
While hopeless, &c.,	406
Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,	109
Whistle o'er the lave o't,	258
Why hangs that cloud?	143
Widow, are ye waking?	444
William and Margaret,	554
William's ghost,	374
Willie brewed a peck o' maut,	301
Willy's rare and Willy's fair,	542
Willy was a wanton wag,	144
Will ye go and marry, Katie,	472
Wilt thou be my dearie,	484
Within a mile of Edinburgh town,	49
Woe's my heart that we should sunder,	137
Woo'd and married and a',	10

Y.

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest,	182
Ye Jacobites by name,	383
Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid,	611
Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart,	485
Yon wild mossy mountains,	340
You ask me, charming fair,	584
Young Damon,	186
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,	433
Young Jockey was the blythest lad,	297
Young Philander,	230

INDEX

OF THE

MUSICAL AIRS INSERTED IN THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
A.	
Ancient air,	130
A Port,	*376
A Scottish march,	391
Auld langsyne,	375
Auld Robin Gray,	233
Ay wakin', oh!	206
B.	
Battle of Harlaw,	447
Bruce's address to his army,	495
C.	
Cold and Raw,	132
Come kiss with me,	325
D.	
Donald Couper,	316
F.	
Fair Helen of Kirkconnell,	143
G.	
Green grows the rashes,	*138
H.	
Hap me with thy petticoat,	130
Hardie Knute,	268
Haud awa' from me, Donald,	318
Here's a health to him that's awa',	371
Hey, now the day dawis,	163
Hey, now the day dawis, (2d sett),	495
Highland laddie,	410
I.	
I kist her while she blusht,	139
In January last,	396
I wish that ye were dead, gudeman,	366
J.	
Jean Lindsay's port,	*377
Joan's placket,	129
Jockie's fow, and Jenny's fain,	282
Johnie Armstrang,	336
Jumpin Joan,	129
L.	
Logie of Buchan,	337
Long berdes hertheles,	166
Love will find out the way,	140
M.	
May her blest example chace,	132
My dearie, an' thou die,	86
O.	
O dear minny, what shall I do?	223
Oh Nancy, wilt thou go with me,	30
Oran Gaoil,	256
Over the mountains,	140
P.	
Ports (Highland),	*371
R.	
Rory Dall's Port,	*371

	Page
S.	
Sandie o'er the lea, .	257
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, ...	495
Skirving's lament, . .	*194
T.	
The auld Highland laddie,	410
The auld Jew, . .	254
The banks of Helicon, .	408
The day dawis, . .	163
The day dawis, (2d sett),	495
The day dawis, (3d sett),	*534
The flowers of the Forest,	*403
The Jew's dochter, .	503
The ploughman's whistle,	158
The rain rins down, .	503
The souters of Selkirk, .	390
This is no mine ain house,	210
Tune your fiddles, . .	190
W.	
Who is at my window? .	498
Willie and Annet, . .	395
Y.	
Young Philander, . .	214

INDEX

OF THE

FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS IN THE MUSICAL MUSEUM.

	Page
About ane bank with balmy bewis,	478
A cock laird fu' cadgie,	155
A cogie of ale and a pickle ait meal,	564
Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu,	620
Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide	64
Ae day a braw wooer,	538
Ae fond kiss and then we sever,	358
A friend o' mine came here yestreen,	422
Aften hae I play'd at the cards and the dice,	474
Ah! Chloris could I now but sit,	67
Ah, Mary, sweetest maid, farewell,	546
Ah! sure a pair was never seen,	23
Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,	158
Ah! why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe,	270
A laddie and a lassie,	488
A lass that was laden'd with care,	60
All hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,	340
Allan by his grief excited,	125
All lovely on the sultry beach,	107
Altho' I be but a country lass,	356
Altho' my back be at the wa',	494
Amidst a rosy bank of flowers,	186
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,	515
And are ye sure the news is true?	44
And a' that e'er my Jenny had,	512
And gin ye meet a bonny lassie,	17
And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,	56
And ye shall walk in silk attire	249
An' I'll awa to bonny Tweedside,	580
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,	201
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,	547
A nobleman lived in a village of late,	384
An' O for ane and twenty Tam,	366
An' O my Eppie,	290
An thou were my ain thing,	2
Argyll is my name,	578
A rose bud by my early walk,	197
As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,	47
As from a rock past all relief,	3
As I came by Loch Erroch's side,	78
As I came down by yon castle wa',	336
As I came in by Auchindown,	502
As I came o'er the Cairny mount,	480

	Page
As I lay on my bed on a night,	601
As I stood by yon roofless tower,	418
As I was a-walking all alone,	382
As I was a-walking one morning in May,	8
As I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin,	359
As I was walking by yon river side,	566
As I went o'er the Highland hills,	525
As I went out, ae May morning,	340
As I went over yon meadow,	97
As Jamie Gay gang'd blythe his way,	15
As late by a sodger I chanced to pass,	277
As o'er the Highland hills I hied,	308
A soldier for gallant achievements renoun'd,	608
As on an eminence I stood amusing,	282
As on the banks of Tweed I lay reclined,	6
A Southland Jenny that was right bonie,	318
As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,	210
As Patie cam up frae the glen,	396
As Philermon and Phillis together did walk,	162
As Sylvia in a forest lay,	441
As walking forth to view the plain,	171
As walking forth to view the spring,	526
A' the lads o' Thornie bank,	164
At Polwarth on the green,	191
Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,	200
Auld Rob the laird o' muckle land,	420
Awa, Whigs, awa',	272
Ay waking O, waking ay and wearie,	396
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,	135
Bannocks o' bear meal,	489
Behind yon hills where riv'lets row,	600
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain,	93
Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,	250
Bessie's beauties shine sae bright,	31
Betty, early gone a-maying,	66
Blest are the mortals above all,	453
Blest as the immortal gods is he,	41
Blythe, blythe and merry was she,	187
Blythe Jocky, young and gay,	30
Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,	4
Bonny lassie, will ye go,	115
Bonny lassie, will ye go,	116
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,	351
Braw, braw lads o' Gala water,	131
Bright the moon aboon yon mountain,	612
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,	65
But lately seen in gladsome green,	501
By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,	111
By Pinky House oft let me walk,	57
By smooth winding Tay,	68
By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,	262
By the stream so cool and clear,	250
By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,	326
Carl an the king come,	248
Ca' the yowes to the knowes,	273
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,	147
Cauld is the e'enin blast,	603
Cease, cease my dear friend to explore,	254
Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle,	568
Clarinda, mistress of my soul,	206
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,	195

Page
Come, follow, follow, . 552
Come, fy! let us a' to the wedding, . . . 58
Come, gies a sang, Montgomery cried, . . . 298
Come, here's to the nymph that I love, . . 354
Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle, . . . 338
Comin thro' the rye, poor body, . . . 430
Come, let's hae mair wine in, 12
Come under my plaidy, . 550
Could aught of song declare my pain, . . . 509

D.

Dear Myra, the captive rib-and's mine, . . 266
Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck, . . . 17
Deil tak the wars that hurried Willy frae me, . . 270
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat, . . . 565
Down the burn, and through the mead, . . . 101
Dumbarton drums beat bonie O, ... 169

F.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, 399
Farewell to a' our Scottish fame, . . . 391
Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean, . 96
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, . . 117
Farewell, ye fields an' meadows green, . . 597
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, . . . 280
First when Maggy was my care, . . . 258
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, 400
Forbear, gentle youth, to pursue me in vain, . . 344
For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove, . . . 42
For lake o' gold she's left me O, . . . 171
For weel he kend the way O, 505
Frae Dunidier as I cam through, . . . 528
Frae the friends and land I love, ... 312
From Roslin castle's echoing walls, . . . 9
Fu' fain wad I be Jamie's lass, 478

G.

Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . . 323
Gat ye me, O gat ye me, 442
Gently blaw, ye eastern breezes, . . . 581
Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land, . . . 177
Gill Morice was an earle's son, 212
Gin a body meet a body, 431
Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire, . . 98
Gin living worth could win my heart, . . . 252
Go fetch to me a pint o' wine, 240
Good morrow, fair mistress, 502
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care, . . . 198
Go, plaintive sounds, . 595
Go to Berwick, Johnny, . 534
Grahamius notabilis coegerat montanos, . . . 103
Gudeen to you, kimmer, 540

H.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, . . . 47
Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, . . . 427
Happy's the love which meets return, . . . 74
Hard is the fate of him who loves, . . . 610
Harken and I will tell you how, . . . 380
Hark! the loud tempest shakes earth to its centre, . 226
Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails, . . . 237
Have ye any pots or pans, 536
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain, . . 81
Hee, balou, my sweet wee Donald, . . . 486
Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad, . . 145

Page

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie, . . 58
Here's a health to them that's awa, ... 425
Here's to the king, sir, . 178
Here's to thy health, my bonie lass, ... 511
Hersell be Highland shentleman, ... 24
He who presum'd to guide the sun, . . . 115
Hey, Donald, how Donald. 344
Hey how, my Johnie lad, 368
Hey! my kitten, my kitten, 577
Hey the bony, hey the bony, 222
Hey the dusty miller, . 151
Hid from himself now by the dawn, . . . 260
How blest has my time been, 20
How blythe was I each morn to see, . . . 70
How long and dreary is the night, . . . 183
How often my heart has by love been o'erthrown, . 482
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, . 165
How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning, . 586
How sweet this lone vale, 588
How sweetly smells the simmer green, . . . 61

I.

I am a young bachelor, winsome, ... 556
I am my mammy's ae bairn, 110
I care na for your een sae blue, ... 619
I chanced to meet an airy blade, ... 504
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, 449
I do confess thou art sae fair, 332
I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, . . 153
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, 304
I had a horse and I had nae mair, ... 193
I hae a wife o' my ain, . 364
I hae been at Crookieden, 342
I hae laid a herring in saut, 253
I'll ay ca' in by yon town, 470
I lo'e nae a laddie but ane, 276

Page

I love my jovial sailor, . 404
I married with a scolding wife, 99
In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, . . 127
In Brechin did a wabster dwell, ... 541
In comin' by the brig o' Dye, 164
In lovely August last, . 457
In May when the daisies appear on the green, . 286
In Scotland there lived a humble beggar, . . 435
In summer when the hay was maun, ... 376
In the hall I lay at night, 119
In the garb of old Gaul, 218
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, ... 258
In yon garden fine and gay, 582
I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth, ... 324
It fell about the Martinmas time, ... 310
It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, 343
It is night, I am alone, . 123
It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk, ... 450
It's whisper'd in parlour, 474
It was a' for our rightfu' king, ... 513
It was in and about the Martinmas time, . . 230
It was in an evening sae saft and sae clear, . . 113
It was in sweet Senegal, 398
I've been courting at a lass, 316
I who am sore oppress'd with love, ... 154
I will awa' wi' my love, . 175
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lea, . 283

J.

Jamie, come try me, . 238
Jenny's heart was frank and free, ... 28
Jockey fou and Jenny fain, 395
Jockey he came here to woo, 175
Jockey met with Jenny fair, 62
Jockey said to Jenny, . 62
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, ... 589
John Anderson, my jo, John, 269

Page

K.

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht head, . . 388

L.

Landlady, count the lawin', 178
Lang hae we parted been, 227
Late in an evening forth I went, ... 328
Leander on the bay, . 27
Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty, . . 52
Let ithers brag weel o' their gear, ... 276
Little wat ye wha's coming, 591
Lived ance two lovers in yon dale, ... 616
Look where my dear Hamilla smiles, . . . 111
Lord Thomas and fair Annet, 553
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, 150
Louis, what reck I by thee, 427
Love never more shall give me pain, . . . 83
Love's goddess in a myrtle grove, ... 55

M.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn, . . . 147
My bonny Lizie Baillie, 469
My daddy is a canker'd carle, 91
My daddy left me gear enough, 542
My dear and only love, I pray, 464
My father has forty good shillings, . . . 465
My Harry was a gallant gay, 218
My heart is a breaking, dear titty, ... 306
My heart is sair, I dare na tell, 448
My heart's in the Highlands, 268
My heart was ance as blythe and free, . . . 106
My hero, my hero, my beauteous, my brave, . . 352
My Jeany and I have toil'd, 590
My Jockey is the blithest lad, 25
My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain, . . 16
My lady's gown there's gairs upon't, . . . 573
My loved Celestia is so fair, 160
My love has forsaken me, 159
My love she's but a lassie yet, 234

Page

My love was born in Aberdeen, ... 281
My love was once a bonny lad, 14
My mither's ay glowran o'er me, ... 180
My Patie is a lover gay, 94
My Peggy is a young thing, 88
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, ... 517
My Sandy gied to me a ring, 213
My sheep I've forsaken, . 94
My soger laddie is over the sea, 334
My wife's a wanton wee thing, 226
Musing on the roaring ocean, 187

N.

Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er so fair, . . . 121
No churchman am I for to rail and to write, . . 606
No more my song shall be, ye swains, . . . 1
No repose can I discover, . 131
Now bank and brae are claith'd in green, . . 537
Now smiling Spring again appears, . . . 28
Now Nature hangs her mantle green, . . 417
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, . . . 179
Now westlin winds and slaughterin' guns, . 363

O.

O all ye luves and groves lament, ... 408
O an ye war dead gudeman, 421
O as I was kist yestreen, . 330
O ay my wife she dang me, 549
O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart, . . . 146
O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, 134
O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair, . . . 529
O cam ye here the fight to shun, ... 290
O can ye labor lea, young man, 407
O can ye sew cushions, . 456
O cherub content, . . 526
O dear minnie what shall I do, 245
O dear Peggy, love's beguiling, ... 245
O dear! what can the matter be, 510

	Page
O dinna think, bonnie lassie,	574
O fare ye weel, my auld wife,	365
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,	244
O for my ain king, quo' gude Wallace,	498
O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnie,	142
O Galloway Tam cam here to woo,	336
O gin I were fairly shot o' her,	576
O gin my love were yon red rose,	614
O gude ale comes,	561
O heard ye of a silly Harper,	598
Oh! I am come to the low countrie,	514
Oh open the door, Lord Gregory,	5
O how can I be blythe and glad,	328
O how shall I unskilfu' try,	360
Oh! send Lewis Gordon hame,	87
Oh was not I a weary wight,	90
O I forbid you, maidens a',	423
O I hae lost my silken snood,	32
O John, come kiss me now,	315
O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm,	468
O Kenmure's on an' awa', Willie,	370
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,	585
O ladie, I maun lo'e thee,	320
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',	390
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,	593
O leave novels, ye Mauchlin belles,	592
O leeze me on my spinning wheel,	371
O let me in this ae night,	320
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,	368
O lovely maid, how dear's thy power,	42
O lovely Polly Stewart,	485
O love, thou delights in man's ruin,	413
O luve will venture,	386
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,	617
O Mary, turn awa that bonny face,	560
O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,	605
O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,	477
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,	322
O merry hae I been teethen a heckle,	279
O merry may the maid be,	129
O mighty Nature's handy-work,	314
O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,	133
O Molly, Molly, my dear honey,	132
O mount and go,	242
O my love's like a red, red rose,	415
On a bank of flowers in a summer day,	232
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,	33
On a rock by seas surrounded,	107
One day I heard Mary say,	92
One morning very early, one morning in the Spring,	46
One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,	151
One night I dream'd I lay most easy,	131
On Etrick banks ae summer's night,	82
O once I lov'd a bonnie lass,	570
O sad and heavy should I part,	461
O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn,	161
O saw ye Jenny Nettles,	53
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab,	346
O saw ye my father,	77
O see that form that faintly gleams,	71
O steer her up and had her gaun,	520
O tell me, my bonny young lassie,	558
O that I had ne'er been married,	613
O that I were where Helen lies,	163
O this is no my ain house,	225
O turn away those cruel eyes,	604
Our auld King Coul was a jolly auld soul,	486

Page
Our goodman came hame at e'en, ... 466
Our lords are to the mountains gane, . . . 312
Our young lady's a-hunting gane, ... 437
Out over the Forth, I look to the North, . . . 434
O waly, waly, up yon bank, 166
O waly, waly, up yon bank, 458
O wat ye wha's in yon town, 471
O weel may the boatie row, 438
O were I able to rehearse, 302
O were I on Parnassus' hill, 264
O wha my babie clouts will buy, ... 286
O whar did ye get that hauver meal bannock, . 100
O what had I ado for to marry, . . . 199
O when she cam ben she bobbit, ... 364
O where and O where does your Highland laddie dwell, . . . 566
O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald my son, . . 337
O where wad bonnie Annie lie, ... 335
O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad, . . . 109
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . . . 301
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar, . . 216

P.

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love, . . 18
Peggy, now the king's come, 248
Powers celestial, whose protection, . . . 473
Put the gown upon the bishop, . . . 462

Q.

Quite over the mountains, 157

R.

Rattlin, roarin Willie, . 202
Raving winds around her blowing, . . . 181
Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap, . . . 519
Page
Return hameward my heart again, . . . 572
Robin is my only joe, . 492
Robin shure in hairst, . 562
Row saftly thou stream, . 524
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, 352

S

Sae flaxen were her ringlets, 458
Saw ye Johnnie cummin' quo' she, ... 10
Saw ye my wee' thing, . 454
Saw ye nae my Peggy, . 12
Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride, . . . 594
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, . . . 533
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, ... 596
Se do mholla mholla mholla, 274
Sensibility how charming, 339
She's fair and fause that caus'd my smart, . . . 411
She sat down below a thorn, 331
She took me in and set me down, . . . 188
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, . . . 26
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, . . . 426
Simmer's a pleasant time, 222
Since all thy vows, false maid, 207
Since robb'd of all that charm'd my view, . 184
Sir John Cope trode the north right far, . . . 242
Sleepy body, drousy body, 404
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, . . 516
Some spieks of lords, some spieks of lairds, . . 367
Speak on, speak thus and still my grief, . . . 137
Stately stept he east the wa', ... 289
Stay my charmer, can you leave me, . . . 135
Stern winter has left us, . 544
Sun, gallop down the westlin skies, ... 263
Sure my Jean is beauty's blossom, ... 587
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came, . . . 85

	Page
Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn wood,	311
Sweetest May, let love inspire thee,	578
Sweet nursling of the tears of morning,	254
Sweet nymph of my devotion,	419
Sweet sir, for your courtesie,	114

T.

Talk not of love, it gives me pain,	194
Tarry woo, O tarry woo,	45
Tell me Jessy, tell me,	618
The auld man he came over the lea,	439
The auld man's mare's dead,	500
The auld wife beyond the fire,	446
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,	190
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,	484
The bonny brucket lassie,	69
The bonny grey-eyed morning,	80
The bride cam out of the byre,	10
The Campbells are comin',	309
The carl he cam o'er the craft,	141
The Catrine woods were yellow seen,	285
The Chevalier being void of fear,	103
The collier has a daughter,	48
The country swain that haunts the plain,	316
The day returns, my bosom burns,	233
The Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,	412
The deucks dang o'er my daddy,	409
The Duke of Gordon has three daughters,	431
The fields were green, the hills were gray,	29
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,	293
The gypsies cam to our gude lord's yett,	189
The king sits in Dunfermline toune,	496
The lass of Peaty's Mill,	21
The last time I came o'er the moor,	19
The Lawland lads think they are fine,	22
The Lawland maids gang trig and fine,	23
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,	241
The love that I hae chosen,	118
The lovely lass of Inverness,	414
The maid's gane to the mill by night,	494
The maltman comes on Monday,	445
The meal was dear short syne,	238
The moon had climb'd the highest hill,	38
The morn was fair, saft was the air,	220
The night her silent sable wore,	84
The night is my departing night,	620
The noble Maxwells and their powers,	375
The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green,	574
The ploughman he's a bonie lad,	173
The queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife,	539
The pawkie auld carl came over the lea,	234
The rain rins down thro' Merryland toune,	602
The robin came to the wren's nest,	419
There came a ghost to Margaret's door,	374
There came a young man to my daddie's door,	228
There grows a bonie brier bush,	508
There lived a carl in Kellyburn braes,	392
There liv'd a man in yonder glen,	376
There liv'd a wife in our gate end,	306
There Nancy's to the greenwood gane,	50
There's a youth in this city, it were a pity,	266

Page
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, ... 170
There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennies, . . 462
There's news, lasses, news, 609
There's nought but care on every hand, . . 78
There's three gude-fellows, 454
There was a battle in the north, . . . 375
There was a bonie lass, . 606
There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow, . . 450
There was ance a may, . 126
There was a jolly beggar, 274
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, ... 156
There was a noble lady, . 582
There was a silly shepherd swain, . . . 490
There was a wee bit wiffikie, 506
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, . . . 558
The shepherd Adonis, . 167
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the knowe, . . . 372
The silver moon's enamour'd beams, . . . 36
The smiling morn, the breathing spring, . . . 73
The smiling plains profusely gay, ... 213
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing, . . . 401
The spring time returns, . 246
The sun in the west, . 557
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an a', . . 221
The tears I shed must ever fall, ... 350
The Thames flows proudly, 305
The tither morn when I forlorn, ... 355
The weary pund, the weary pund, ... 362
The widow can bake, . 130
The winter it is past, . 208
The wren scho lyes in care's bed, ... 497
The yellow hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae, . 128
They say that Jocky 'll speed wcel o't, . . . 278
Page
Thickest night, surround my dwelling, . . . 138
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, ... 122
Tho' for seven years and mair, . . . 522
Thou art gane awa, thou art gane awa, . . . 348
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, . . 288
Though distant far from Jessy's charms, . 72
Tho' women's minds like winter winds, . . . 300
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, 548
Thy praise I'll ever celebrate, 274
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, 452
Tibbie, I hae seen the day, 203
'Tis nae very lang sinsyne, 569
To fly like bird from grove to grove, . . . 25
To me what are riches encumber'd with care, . 174
Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockey, . . 292
'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, . . . 214
'Twas at the shining midday hour, ... 534
'Twas at the silent solemn hour, ... 554
'Twas in that season of the year, ... 9
'Twas on a Monday morning, 440
'Twas past ane o'clock in a cold frosty morning, . 236
'Twas summer and softly the breezes, . . . 532
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, . . 49
Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly, . . . 208
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, 378

U.

Ullin, Carril and Ryno, . 265
Up amang yon cliffy rocks, 40
Up and warn a' Willie, . 195
Up wi' the carls of Dysart, 405

W.

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e, . . 490

Page

Waes me that e'er I made your bed, . . . 246
Wantonness for ever mair, 435
Wap and row, wap and row, 470
Water parted from the sea, 39
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, 168
Wee Willie Gray, . . 530
We'll hide the cooper behind the door, . . . 442
Well, I agree, ye're sure o' me, 176
We'll put the sheep-head in the pat, . . . 493
Were I assured you'd constant prove, ... 257
Wha is that at my chamber door, ... 444
Whare are ye gaun my bony lass, ... 298
Whare Esk its silver current leads, . . . 522
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad, ... 302
Whare live ye, my bonie lass, 372
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy, . . 518
Wha's that at my bower door, 347
What beauties does Flora disclose, ... 37
What can a young lassie, 327
What numbers shall the Muse repeat, . . 43
What think ye o' the scornfu' quine, . . . 476
What will I do gin my hoggie die, . . . 139
What words, dear Nancy, will prevail, . . . 140
Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder, . 562
When absent from the nymph I love, . . . 54
When, dear Evanthe, we were young, . . . 394
When first I came to be a man, ... 294
When first my brave Johnie lad, ... 319
When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill, . 128
When Frennet castle's ivy'd wall, ... 296
When Guilford good our pilot stood, . . . 102

Page

When I gaed to the mill my lane, ... 521
When I have a sixpence under my thumb, . . . 284
When I think on my lad, 570
When I think on this warld's pelf, ... 34
When I upon thy bosom lean, 214
When I was a young lad my fortune was bad, . 332
When Januar wind was blawing, ... 460
When merry hearts were gay, 261
When rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . . . 229
When summer comes, the swains on Tweed, . 71
When the days they are lang, ... 530
When the sheep are in the fauld, . . . 256
When trees did bud, and fields were green, . 75
When west winds did blow, 217
Where braving angry winter's storms, . . 203
Where Cart rins rowin to the sea, ... 403
Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis, . . . 473
Where waving pines salute the skies, . . . 205
Where winding Forth adorns the vale, . . . 149
While fops in saft Italian verse, . . . 34
While hopeless and almost reduced to despair, . 406
While some for pleasure pawn their health, . 89
Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow, . . . 143
Willie was a wanton wag, 144
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, . . . 389
Wilt thou be my dearie, . 484
Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, 50
Will ye go and marry, Katie, 472
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, . . . 86
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, . . 446
Willy's rare and Willy's fair, 542

	Page
With broken words and downcast eyes, . .	137
Y	
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Down, . . .	387
Ye gales that gently wave the sea, . . .	13
Ye gallants bright I red you right, . . .	224
Ye gods was Strephon's picture blest, . . .	182
Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands, . . .	185
Ye Jacobites by name give an ear, ...	383
Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid, ...	1
Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid, ...	611
Ye rivers so limpid and clear,	191
Ye sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain, . . .	76
Ye watchful guardians of the Fair, ...	302
Yon wild mossy mountains,	340
You ask me, charming fair,	584
Young Jamie pride of a' the plain, . . .	433
Young Jockie was the blythest lad, ...	297
Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass, . .	79
Young Philander woo'd me lang, ...	230
You sing of our goodman frae hame, . . .	614

INDEX

OF THE

FIRST LINES OF SONGS OR POEMS,

INSERTED IN THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page

A.

A cock laird fu' cadgie, . 137
Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen, . 461
Ae simmer night, on Logan braes, . . . 42
Ah! my love! leif me not, 93
Alas, my son, you little know, 101
All health be round Balcarras' board, . . . *128
And from home I wou'd be, *387
As I came in by Fisherrow, 122
As I stood by yon roofless tower, . . . 363
As I went forth to view the plain, . . . 152
As Sylvia in a forest lay, 58
As the gentle turtle-dove, 55
Astrea, why so pale and sad, *119
At gloamin, if my lane I be, 53
At setting day and rising morn, . . . 433
Awake, my love, with genial ray, . . . 80

B.

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep, . . 124
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows, . . 91
Behold, my love, how green the groves, . . 79
Be lordly, lassie, be lordly, 504
Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty, . . 55
Bonny Peggy Ramsay, 504
Born with too much fickleness, &c. . . *401
Born with too much sensibility, &c. . . *400
Braw, braw lads of Gala Water, . . 121
Bra', bra' lads o' Gala Water, ... *408
But are ye sure the news is true, . . . *117
By Logan's streams that rin sae deep, . . 42

C.

Can I cease to care? . 207
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? . . 145
Ca' the yowes to the knowes, 248
Cauld kale in Aberdeen, 150
Come all ye souls devoid of art, . . 424
Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd, . 283
Come, take your glass, the northern lass, . . 118
Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar, . . 220

D.

Dead as a door-nail, . *146
Dear Oswald, could my verse as smoothly flow, . *406
Declare, ye banks of Helicon, 408

Page

Did ever swain a nymph adore, . . . *447
Donald Couper and his man, 316
Down in yon meadow a couple did tarrie, . . 181
Duncan Gray cam here to woo, . . . 148
Dusty was his coat, . *207

E.

Every day my wife tells me, 305
Ewie wi' the crooked horn, *412

F.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, 354
Father, she said, you have done me wrang, . *388
Fiddle strings are dear, laddie, 491
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near, . . . 303
Frae Dunideir as I cam through, . . 447
From the chase in the mountain, . . . 170

G.

Gil Morice was an erle's son, 193
Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie, 16
Go, go, go—Go to Berwick, Johnny, . . 459
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a', . . . 512
Great William of Nassau, who saved us from Rome, 13

H.

Had I the power as I've the will, . . . 415
Had we never loved sae kindly, . . . *370
Hame, hame, hame, &c. *386
Hark! now the drums beat up again, . . 64
Hark! the mavis' evening sang, . . . 249
Harmonious pipe, how I envye thy bliss, . . *202
Have you any laws to mend, *402
He courted her kindly, . *452
Hee, balow, my sweet wee Donald, . . 417
Her daddy forbad, her minny forbad, . . *207

Page

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, . 60
Here is the glen, and here the bower, . . 14
Here's a health to him that's away, . . 371
Here's a health to them that's awa, . . . 372
Hey for bobbing John, . 474
Hey, now the day dawis, 163
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she, 422
Hoo are ye kimmer, . *315
How can I be sad on my wedding day, . . 136
How happy is the rural clown, . . 237
Husband, husband, cease your strife, . . 112

I.

Ianthe lovely, the joy of her swain, . . 108
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair, . . 309
I feed a lad at Roodmass, 358
If those who live in shepherds' bowers, . . 79
If thou'lt play me fair play, 413
I ha'e a cow, I ha'e a calf, *412
I hae a wife o' my ain, . 326
I hae layen three herring in saut, . . 229
I'll clip, quo' she, yere lang grey wing, . . 81
I'll gang nae mair to yon town, . . 403
I'll hap ye wi' my petticoat, 130
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea rig, 53
I'm o'er young to marry yet, 110
I'm wearing awa, Jean, . 168
In figure, in feature, and powers of mind, . *196
In January last, . 396
I saw three ladies fair, . 369
I see a form, I see a face, 209
It fell about the month of June, . . *300
I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking, . . 67
I've heard them lilting, *146
I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, . 66
I was born near four miles, &c. . . . *316

Page

I will awa' wi' my luve, 162
I will away, . . 219
I wish I were where Helen lies, . . . 143
I wish I war where Eelin lies, . . . *210
I met four chaps yon birks amang, . . . 435
It was in and about the Martinmas, . . . *451
I wish that you were dead, goodman, . . 366

J.

Joan, quod John, when wyll this be? . . . 228
Jockey's fou, and Jenny's fain, . . . 282
John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ye gae by, . 243
John, come kiss me now, 298

K.

Ken ye wha supped Bessy's haggies? . . 28
King, Lords and Commons, *193

L.

Last May a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen, . 462
Listen here awhile, a story I will tell, . . *384
Lived ance twa luvers in yon dale, . . . 395
Lizae Baillie's to Gartartan gane, . . . 402
Long berdes hertheles, . 166
Look behind and you shall see, . . . *127
Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap, . . . 16

M.

May her blest example chase, 132
My daddie's a delver of dykes, . . . 99
My luve murnis for me, for me, . . . 93
My luve's in Germany, send him hame, . . 344
My mother sent me to the well, . . . 421
My sweetest May, let love incline thee, . . 486

Page

My wife's a wanton wee thing, . . . 211
My wife's a winsome wee thing, . . . 211

N.

Nancy's to the Assembly gone, . . . *124
No wonder that Apollo left, *134

O.

O Brother Sandie, hear ye the news? . . 12
O dear, minny, what shall I do? 223
O fair maid, &c., . . *526
O far-famed Rab! my silly muse, . . . *294
O gin my love were yon red rose, . . . 507
Oh, Nancy, wilt thou go with with me, . . 30
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? . 489
O let us swim in blood of grapes, . . . 169
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide, . . . 43
O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird, . . 337
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet? . . . 302
O my bonnie, bonnie Highland laddie, . . 410
On the blythe Beltane, . *515
On Tweedside dwells a gallant swain, . . . 524
O, open the door, love Gregory, . . . *107
O swiftly glides the bonny boat, . . . *444
O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, . . . *201
O, this is no my ain house, 208
O, this is no my ain house, 210
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir, . . *408
Over the mountains, and under the caves, . 140
O waly! waly! love is bonnie, 147
O were my love yon violet sweet, . . . 538
O wha for honest poverty, 285
O wha is she that lo'es me, 134

Page

O whar hae ye been a' day, *364
O when shall I be married, 401
O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son, . 312
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, . . 109
O Willie, weel I mind I lent you my hand, . . 32

P.

Peace, wayward barne, *204
Peggy in devotion, . 365
Pray, came you here the fight to shun? . 271
Put up thy dagger, Jamie, *303

R.

Returning spring, with gladsome ray, . . *366

S.

Sawney was tall and of noble race, . . . 96
Saw ye my Maggie, . 8
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, . . . 495
See where the Forth, &c. *296
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, . . . 375
Should auld acquaintance, &c. *440
Since cruel hearted fate, *135
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature, . 247
Some speiks of lords, some speiks of lairds, . 333
Stay, my Willie, yet believe me, . . . 145
Streams that glide in orient plains, . . . 135
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, . . . 293

T.

The canons roar and trumpets sound, . . 411
The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head, . 477
The cock's at the crawing, *216
The cold Winter it is past, *466
The collier has a daughter, 52
The Coopers they came, . 410
The Elphin Knight sits on yon hill, . . 63

Page

The first day I landed, . *314
The grass had nae freedom o' growing, . . 6
The lovely moon had climbed the hill, . . . 39
The mucking o' Geordie's byre, . . . 100
The nine pint bicker's fa'n, &c. . . . *392
Then Jockey wou'd a wooing away, . . . 160
The ploughman he's a bony lad, . . . 158
The rain rins down through merry Lincoln, . 500
The rain rins doon through Mirryland toun, . 503
The reek it rose, and the flame it flew, . . 279
There is not a tailor in all London town, . . *461
There's a rose in Kenmore's cap, Willie, . . 339
There's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen, 183
There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, . 121
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, . . . 151
There's nae luck about the house, . . . 49
There was a lass dwelt in the north, . . . 397
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, . . 139
There was a knight and he was young, . . 420
There was an auld man was hauding his plow, . 350
There was a pretty may, and a milkin' she went, . 345
The snows are dissolving on Torno's wild shore, . 348
The sun is sunk, the day is done, ... 539
The winter it is past, . 188
Thickest night surrounds my dwelling, . . 126
Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream, . . 464
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, . . . 6
Thy restless father roams once more, . . *194

	Page
Tillielute, tillielute, &c.	*109
To daunton me, to daunton me,	176
To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads,	10
Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,	190
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,	25
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,	260
'Twas na her bonnie blue een was my ruin,	212

U.

Up and war them a', Willie,	179
Up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,	390

W.

Wee Totum Fogg,	455
Weel may we a' be,	167
We'll put the sheep-head in the pat,	353
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,	82
Were I but able to rehearse,	287
Whan winter's wind was blawing cauld,	398
What merriment has ta'en the Whigs,	*455
When absent from the nymph I love,	56
When first my dear Johnny came to this toun,	301
When first she cam to toun,	*299
When I sleep I dream,	206
When I think on this warld's pelf,	32
When I was in my se'enteenth year,	27
When Maggie and I were acquaint,	36
When merry hearts were gay,	239
When Phœbus bright the azure skies,	203
When silent Time, with lightly foot,	521
When steeds were saddled,	*319
When the sheep are in the fauld,	233
When white was my o'erlay,	* 317
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,	226
When you came over first frae France,	11
Where got'st thou that havermill bonack,	102
Who is at my window, who, who,	498
Why tarries my love,	*311

Y.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,	153
Ye'll bring me here a pint of wine,	*305
Ye Lothian lairds, in sable weeds,	*192
You have heard of our sweet little races at Kelso,	529
Young Philander woo'd me lang,	214
Young Randal was a bonny lad,	*465
You will think it, my duck, for the fault I must own,	20

GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

ILLUSTRATIONS.

[*** *The Names of the Scotish Lyric Poets, specimens of whose Songs are contained in the Musical Museum, are printed in Capital Letters.*]

A.

Abell, John, of the Chapel Royal, 153, 155.

Aberdeen Cantus; a Collection of Songs, &c., 1662, 1666, and 1682, 140. See also Introduction.

ADAMS, JEAN, (*Died* 1765,) 46, *117, *398.

Aird's Musical Collections for the Violin, 403, 423.

ANDERSON, JOHN, music engraver, Edinburgh, (*Alive* 1839,) 485, 487, 527.

Anderson, Thomas, piper in Kelso, *379.

Armstrong, John, old ballad, and historical notices, 327, 333.

Arne, Thomas Augustine, Mus. Doct., song by, 40.

AUSTIN ADAM, M.D., (*B.* 1726? *D.* 1774,) 153, *214, *466.

AYTOUN, SIR ROBERT, (*B.* 1570, *D.* 1638,) 308, *363.

B.

BAILLIE, LADY GRISELL, (*B.* 1665, *D.* 1746,) 119, *200.

BAILLIE, Miss JOANNA *317, *443, *444, 539.

BARCLAY, Rev. JOHN, (*B.* 1734, *D.* 1798,) 271, *322.

Barnard, Lady Ann, *vide* Lindsay.

Barrett, John, organist, 319.

Battishill, Jonathan, 34.

BEATTIE, JAMES, D.D., (*B.* 1735, *D.* 1803,) 45, 108.

Berg, Mr, 14.

Berwick, Friars of, an old Scotish poem, attributed to Dunbar, 292.

Biggar, Dissenting clergyman at, song attributed to, 360.

BINNING, Charles Hamilton, LORD, (*B.* 1696, *D.* 1732,) *447.

BIRNIE, PATRICK, fiddler at Kinghorn, (*Flour.* 1700,) 427, *461.

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS, D.D., (*B.* 1721, *D.* 1791,) 94, 119, 127, 137, 141, 159, 171, 177, *199, 211, 230, 276, 317, 321, 352, 414, *455.

Blamire, Miss, of Carlisle, (Died 1795, aged about 36, not 49, as stated at p. 521.)

Border Bag-pipers, Notices of *378–*381.

BOSWELL, SIR ALEXANDER, of Auchinleck, Bart., (*B.* 1775, *D.* 1822,) 435, 466, 512, 518.

Boswell, James, of Auchinleck, 528.

Bothwell, Lady Ann, *203.

Brash, James, bookseller, Glasgow, *214.

Bremner, Robert, musician, 110, 313, 336, 349.
Bruce, John, musician, Dumfries, 109, 236, *410.
Bruce, Michael, (*B.* 1746, *D.* 1767,) 262.
Bryce, Rev. Alexander, (*B.* 1714, *D.* 1786,) *76, *137, *138.
Buchan, Peter, Gleanings of Ballads, quoted *381, *461.
Burn, Minstrel, a Border poet and musician, 203, *298.
Burn, Nicol, a Roman Catholic priest, *298.
Burns, Robert, (*B.* 1759, *D.* 1796,) 5, 14, 25, 43, 60, 79, 83, 91, 102–105, 107, 109–118, 121, 123, 126, 131, 134, 135, 137, 139, 142, 145–148, 157, 158, 166, 170–185, 202, 206–221, 224, 226, 236, 241–248, 253, 258, 262, 274, 275, 280, 284–287, 290, 291, 295, 296, 300, &c. &c. &c. *passim.*
Byrd, William, organist, 300.

C.

Cameron, Rev. William, (*B.* 1751, *D.* 1811,) 291, *324.
Campbell, Alexander, 250, 508.
——— Albyn's Anthology, quoted *passim.*
——— Extract from M.S. Journal, *378.
Campbell, Thomas, (*Alive* 1839,) 445, 515.
Carey, David, (*B.* 1782, *D.* 1824,) song by, 441, 514.
Carnegie, James, of Balnamoon, Song attributed to, *140.
Carter, Thomas, 30.
Cassillis, Earl of, Letter on the Death of his Lady, in 1642, *218.
Chalmers, Alexander, Biographical Dictionary, quoted *304, *308.
Chalmers, George, edition of Allan Ramsay's Poems, 176, *319.
Chalmers, James, account of Hamilton of Bangour, *293.
Chambers, Robert, song of Young Randal, *465.
——— Scottish Songs, quoted *passim* in Addit. Illust.
Chambers' Biographical Dictionary, quoted 137, 516.
——— edition of Burns, quoted *221.
Chappell's National English Airs, quoted *207.
Clarinda, Mrs M'Lehose, *vide* M'Lehose, Mrs,
——— Burns's Letters to, 221, *369.
Clarke, Jeremiah, organist, London, 83, 84, 483.
Clark, Stephen, organist, Edinburgh, 127, 184, 185, 346, 393, 401, 434, 472, 480, 481.
Clark, William, organist, Edinburgh, 167, 495.
Cleland, Lieut.-Col. William, 316, *366.
Clerk, Sir John, of Penicuik, Bart., (*B.* 1680 ? *D.* 1755,) 120, *201, *202.
Clunie, Rev. John, (*B.* 1757, *D.* 1819,) 251.
Cockburn, Alicia Rutherford, Mrs, 149, 150, *122, *130, *399–*402.
Cockburn, Catharine Trotter, Mrs, *130.
Cockburn, Catharine Rutherford, Mrs, 149, 150, *127, *149.
Cooper, Isaac, musician, Banff, 496.
Corbet, Miss Grace, 504.
Couper, Robert, M.D., (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1818,) 440, 513.
Craig, Adam, musician, Edinburgh, 57.
Craig, Agnes, *vide* M'Lehose, Mrs.
Cranstoun, Helen Darcy, *vide* Stewart, Mrs Dugald,
Crawfurd, Patrick, of Auchinames, *113–*115.
Crawfurd, Robert, (*B.* 1695 ? *D.* 1733,) 36, 45, 74, 78, 85, 86, 94, 111, 203, *113, *384, *385.
Crawfurd, William, [Robert] *vide supra.*
Crokat, James, 222.
Crokat, Mrs, 222.
Cromek, R. H., Reliques of Burns, quoted *passim.*
——— Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, 350, 352, 358, 392, 419, 437.

Cumming, Angus, of Granton, 78, 252, 485.
Cunningham, Allan, (*Alive* 1839,) 82, *116, *144, *382, *385, *439, *456.
Cunningham, John, 34.
Cunningham, Peter, Collection of Songs, 539.
Currie, Dr, edition of Burns's Works, quoted *passim*.

D.

Dale's Collection of Scots Songs, 81, 151.
Dalrymple (Sir D.) Lord Hailes, Letter respecting the ballad "Argyle's Levee," *445.
Dalrymple, Sir Hew, of North Berwick, *127.
Dalyell, Sir John G., communication respecting Mr Graham of Gartmore, 521.
Dauney, William, Ancient Scotish Melodies, from Skene's MS., *110, *395, *403.
Dick, Lady, of Prestonfield, 523–525.
Douglas, Reverend Robert, *218, *219.
Drummond, Miss Jean, afterwards Duchess of Athole, 153, *214.
Dowland, John, 468, 499.
Dudgeon, Robert, 40, *395.
Dudgeon, William, (*B.* 1753? *D.* 1813,) 40, *395, *397.
Duncan Gray, *vide* Gray.
Dunbar, William, the Scotish poet, 162.
Durfey, Thomas, 246, 394, 490.
——— Pills to Purge Melancholy, quoted *passim*.

E.

Ebdon, Thomas, organist, Durham, 498.
Eglinton, Susanna, Countess of, *202.
Elliot, Sir Gilbert, of Minto, Bart. (*B.* 1722, *D.* 1777,) 96, 148, 201, *140, *211, *295, *296, *297.
Elliot, Miss Jane, of Minto, (*B.* 1727, *D.* 1805,) 67, *130–*132.
Erskine, Honourable Andrew, (*B.* 1739? *D.* 1793,) 490, 528.
Erskine, Major-Gen. Sir Henry, Bart., (*B.* 1720? *D.* 1765,) 202, *298, *400.
Erskine, Honourable Henry, 532.
Ewen, John, merchant, Aberdeen, (*B.* 1741, *D.* 1821,) *380, *441–*443.

F.

Falconer, William, (*B.* 1730, *D.* 1769,) 199, *293.
Fergus, Mr, organist, Glasgow, 454.
Fergusson, Robert, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1774,) 53, 121, 133, 173, 399, *450, *451.
Finlay's (John) Scottish Ballads, quoted, *457.
Forbes, Duncan, of Culloden, Lord President, (*B.* 1684, *D.* 1747,) 34, 70, 111, *133, *320.
Forbes, Rev. John, *461.
Fordyce, David, 217, *304.
Fordyce, James, D.D., (*B.* 1720? *D.* 1796,) 217, *304.
Forsyth's (Walter) Border Pipers, *379.
Fraser, Thomas, musician, 5, 6.
Fraser's (Captain) Collection of Gaelic Airs, 136, 209, 255.
Freebairn, Mr, his Eloge d'Ecosse, quoted *399.

G.

G, (B,) song by, *220.
Gall, Richard, (*B.* 1766, *D.* 1801,) 443, 457, 460–466, 472, 473, 488, 489, 515.
Gay, John, Songs to Scottish Airs, in his Beggar's Opera, 52.
Geddes, Alexander, D.D., (*B.* 1737, *D.* 1802,) 90, 432, *463.
Geddes, Rev. William, Saint's Recreations, 93, 94.
Gilderoy, a Highland freebooter, 71, *320.
Gleig's, Rev. G. R., History of England, quoted *207.
Glover, Jean, (*B.* 1758, *D.* 1801,) 313, *365.
Good's (Dr Mason) Life of Geddes, quoted *463.

Gordon, Alexander, Fourth Duke of, (*B.* 1743, *D.* 1827,) 152, *212.
Gordon, Sir Robert, of Straloch, his MS. Lute Book, 1627, *105, 138–*140, *215, *533.
Gow, Neil, musician, 241,
—— Neil and Nathaniel, Musical Collections, quoted *passim*.
Graham, Dougal, (*B.* 1724? *D.* 1779,) *110, *111.
Graham, George Farquhar, Esq. Old Airs harmonized or decyphered by, *139, *371, *376, *377, *408, 534.
Graham, James, British Georgics, quoted 242.
Graham, Miss Jenny, of Dumfries, (*B.* 1724, *D.* 1805,) 101, *141–*144, *408.
Graham, Robert, of Gartmore, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1797,) 473, 521.
Gray, Duncan, 148.
Green, Maurice, 88.
Gregg, James, teacher of dancing, Ayrshire, 484.
Grant, Mrs, of Carron, afterwards Mrs Dr Murray, of Bath, (*B.* 1744? *D.* 1814?) 320, *368, *369.
Grant, Mrs Anne, of Laggan, (*B.* 1755, *D.* 1838,) 527.
Gunn, John, on the Harp, quoted *373, *377.

H.

Hackston, schoolmaster, *385.
Halket, Sir Alexander, of Pitferran, *133, *320.
Halket, Elizabeth, *vide* Wardlaw, Lady.
Halket, George, *381.
Hamilton, Janet, (Mrs Moore,) 19, 20.
Halley, George, Account of the Murrays of Tullibardine, *222.
Hamilton, John, musicseller, Edinburgh, (*B.* 1761, *D.* 1814,) 459, 485, 496, 506, 510, 537.
Hamilton, Lord William, Lament for his Death, *135.
Hamilton, William, of Bangour, (*B.* 1704, *D.* 1754,) 128, 140, 171, 192, 488, 492, *293.
Hamilton, Capt. William, of Gilbertfield, (*B.* 1680? *D.* 1751,) *135, *205, *206, *444.
Hardyknute, 263, *319.
Hastie, John, Border piper, *379.
Hastie, Robert, town piper of Jedburgh, 335, *379.
Haydn, Joseph, Mus. Doct. 121.
Herd, David, Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, quoted *passim*.
Hewitt, Richard, 5, *108.
Hilton's Northern Catch, 1652, quoted 133.
Hoadley, John, LL.D., 89.
Hogg's Jacobite Relics, quoted *passim*.
Home, Miss Anne, *vide* Hunter, Mrs.
Home, Grisell, *vide* Baillie, Lady Grisell.
Home, John, 456.
Howard, Samuel, Mus. Doct. 432, 433.
Hugh of Lincoln, Ballads respecting, *490, 535.
Hunter, Anne Home, Mrs, (*B.* 1742, *D.* 1821,) 67, *132, *133.

I.

Inglis, Mrs Richmond, *297.

J.

James the Fifth, King of Scotland, (*B.* 1511, *D.* 1542,) 216, 250
Jamieson, Robert, Popular Ballads and Songs, 469, 474, 500.
Jeffreys, Mr, 520.
Jenny Nettles, tradition respecting, *120.
Johnson, Charles, 488.
Johnson, James, publisher of the Scots Musical Museum, 274, *passim*.
Johnson, Mr, 313.
Johnston, Miss, of Hilton, afterwards Mrs Oswald, *318.

K.

Keith, Anne Murray, (*B.* 1736, *D.* 1818,) 75, *129, *136.

Keith, Sir Robert Murray, Bart., (*B.* 1732, *D.* 1795,) *300, *302.
Kenmure, Gordon, Viscount of, 338.
Kellie, Thomas Alexander, Earl of, 529–532.
Kennedy, Professor Herbert, 107, *198.
Kennedy, Susanna, *vide* Eglinton, Countess of.
Kintore, Countess of, *307.
Kirkconnell, Helen of, tradition respecting, *209, *211.
Knyvett, William, 376.

L.

Lapraik, John, (*B.* 1717, *D.* 1807,) 200, 202, *294, *297.
Lawries of Maxwelton, *362.
Learmont, John, (*B.* 1765? *D.* 1810,) 298, *361, 362*.
Leeves, Reverend William, air by, 231.
Lesly, Alexander, of Doveran, ballad attributed to, *304.
Lewis, Stewart, poem on fair Helen of Kirkconnell, *208, *365.
Lindsay, Lady Anne, Lady Barnard, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1825,) 230, 337, *310, *312.
Lockhart's (J. G.) Life of Burns, quoted *392.
Logan, Reverend John, (*B.* 1748, *D.* 1788,) 68, 464.
Lowe, Reverend John, (*B.* 1750, *D.* 1798,) 37, *116.

M.

Macauley, Mr, 456, 517.
Macaulay, James, 517.
Macdonald, Andrew, (*B.* 1757, *D.* 1790,) 225, *307.
Macdonald, Patrick, collection of Highland tunes, 372, *374.
Macfarlan, Miss, *299.
Macgibbon, William, musician, Edinburgh, 192, 198, 199.
Macgill, John, musician, Girvan, Ayrshire, 202, 467.
Macgregor, Captain John Drummond, 176.
Macgregor, Joseph, Esq. communication respecting Marshall, *413.
Mackay, Rev. Nath. *vide* M'Kie.
Mackenzie, Henry, (*B.* 1745, *D.* 1831,) 492, 532, 533.
M'Kie, Rev. Nathaniel, (*B.* 1715, *D.* 1781,) 431, *462.
Macintyre, Robert, musician, Edinburgh, 379, 441, 479.
Maclean, Donald, border piper, *379.
M'Lehose, Agnes Craig, Mrs, (*B.* 1759, *alive* 1839,) 178, 180 *220, *221, *222.
M'Lennan, Rev. Murdoch, *321, *416.
Macneill, Hector, (*B.* 1746, *D.* 1818,) 238, 251, 344, 393, 440, 467, 473, 485, *313.
Macpherson, James, (*B.* 1738, *D.* 1796,) 241.
Mactaggart's Gallovidian Encyclopedia, quoted *118, *365.
Macvicar, Mr, (*Flour.* 1760,) 1, *105.
Maigh, David, 78.
Mallet, or Malloch, David, (*B.* 1700, *D.* 1765,) 58, 75, 381, 470, *399, *444, *445, 520, 536.
Mansfield, Thomas, Esq., MS. Collection of Songs, quoted *402, *408, *410, *412, *416, 529.
Marlow, Christopher, 468.
Marshall, William, musician, 115, 190, 221, *305, *413–*416.
Marvell, Andrew, 519.
Mary Queen of Scots, *207.
Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, *vide* Scott.
Masterton, Allan, Writing-master, Edinburgh, airs composed by, 126, 208, 258, 275, 286, *323, 393, *413, 442.
Masterton, Miss Ann, afterwards Mrs Derbishire, *299.
Mayne, John, (*B.* 1759, *D.* 1836,) 25, 42, *116, *397, *398.
Michel, M. Francisque, publication of Hughes de Lincoln, 535.
Mickle, William Julius, (*B* 1734, *D.* 1788,) 45, *116, *117.
Miller, James, Depute-Teind-Clerk, 346.
Mitchell, Joseph, (*B.* 1684, *D.* 1734,) 54, 59, *399, *444, *446.

Montgomery, Captain Alexander, (*Flour.* 1584,) *163, *215, 406, *453.
Montrose, James, Marquis of, (*B.* 1612, *D.* 1650,) 400, 429.
Morison, Roderick, blind harper, *vide* Rory Dall.
Moore, Edward, 19.
Motherwell, William, 539.
——— Edition of Burns, quoted *passim* in Addit. Illust.
Muirhead, James, D.D., (*B.* 1740, *D.* 1808,) 3, *106.
Mundell, Dr Robert, (*B.* 1758, *Alive* 1839,) 357, *391.
Murray, Lady, of Stanhope, *200.
Murray, Anne Keith, *vide* Keith.
Murray, Mrs, of Bath, *vide* Grant, Mrs, of Carron.
Murray, Sir Robert Keith, *vide* Keith.
Murray, Dr Thomas, Literary History of Galloway, quoted 513.
Murrays of Tullibardine, family of, *222.

N.

Napier, Mark, his Partition of the Lennox, quoted *121.
Neill, Thomas, precentor, *221.
Newbattle, Lord, Song attributed to, 419.
Nicoll, William, 286, *323.

O.

Oswald, James, musician, 95, 176, 346, *105, *406–*408.
——— Musical Collections, quoted *passim*.
——— Airs composed by, *passim* 173, 201, 202, 205, 314, 315, 325, 339, 361, 466.
——— Poetical Epistle to, in 1741, *406.

P.

Pagan, Isabel, *316.
Pasquali, Signor, 315.
Percy, Thomas, DD., Bishop of Dromore, 30, *315.
Phillips, Ambrose, 41.
Pickering, Thomas, 348.
Pinkerton, John, (*B.* 1758, *D.* 1825,) 454, *321, 515, 516.
Playford's, John, Dancing-master, 1657, quoted 113, 129, 169, 301, 308, 315, 316, 318, 322, 359.
——— Musick's Handmaid, 1678, quoted 391.
——— Choyce Ayres and Songs, 1679, quoted 394, 396.
——— Wit and Mirth, 1698–1703, quoted 3, 394, 398, 400.
Poe, Mr, 51.
Pringle, Andrew, Lord Alemore, *400.
Pringle, Thomas, *200.
Purcell, Henry, 132.

R.

R. S., Song by, 74.
Ramsay, Allan, (*B.* 1686, *D.* 1757), Songs, &c. by, 2, 9, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 28, 56, 57, 58, 62, 68, 85, 90, 91, 96, 98, 119, 120, 122, 125, 127, 130, 137, 141, 161, 162, 168, 169, 176, 208, 221, 224, 225, 236, 237, 240, 310, 381, 382, 442, 459, 460, 482, 490.
—— Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724–1740, quoted *passim*.
—— Authors of Songs in, and editions of that work, *108, *382–*384, *393.
—— MS. of the Gentle Shepherd, *202,
Reid, General John, 202, 203.
Ramsay, Philip A., edition of Tannahill's Poems, 538.
Reid, William, Bookseller, Glasgow, (*B.* 1764, *D.* 1831,) 53, 152, *212.
Richardson, John, 537.
Riddell, John, musician, 253.
Riddell, Maria Woodley, Mrs, (*B.* 1778? *D.* 1812,) 215, *208, *303.
Riddell, Robert, of Glenriddell, 290, 306, 341, *302, *323.
Rizzio, David, Scotish airs attributed to, 1, 10, 36, *105.
Robertson, Alexander, of Strowan, (*B.* 1670, *D.* 1749,) 113, 137, 141, *199.
Robertson, Alexander, engraver and musician, Edinburgh, (*B.* 1750? *D.* 1819,) 405, *452.

Robertson's Calliope, 1739, quoted 118.
Rory Dall, (or Roderick Morison,) the blind harper, 324, *372–*376.
Ross, Alexander, of Lochlee, (*B.* 1700, *D.* 1783,) 252, 391, 472, *317, *448.
Rutherford, Catharine [Alicia], *vide* Cockburn, Mrs.
Rutherford, Elizabeth, *vide* Scott, Mrs, of Wauchope.

S.

S. M., air by, 313.
Schetky, Mr, violoncello player, 40, 185.
Scott, Alexander, (*Flour.* 1568,) 527.
Scott, Elizabeth Rutherford, Mrs, of Wauchope, (*B.* 1729, *D.* 1789,) 230, *308.
Scott Mrs, of Dumbartonshire, (*Flour.* 1780,) 6, *394.
Scott, Mary, the Flower of Yarrow, 36, 37, 77, 78, *115.
Scott, R., of Biggar, 111.
Scott, Thomas, of Monklaw, Notices of Border Pipers, *378–*380.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart., (*B.* 1772, *D.* 1833,) Border Minstrelsy, quoted *passim*.
—— Recollections of Mrs Cockburn, authoress of the Flowers of the Forest, *123—mistake regarding her name, *129, *401.
Scott, Sir William, of Thirlstane, (*B.* 1670? *D.* 1725,) *121.
Sedley, Sir Charles, song by, commonly attributed to President Forbes, *133, *320.
Selkirk, Souters of, tradition respecting, 386.
Semple, Francis, of Beltrees, (*Flour.* 1650,) 87, *121, 475, 522.
Sharpe, Charles K., Esq., Ballad-Book, *306.
——— Edition of Lord Kelly's Minuets, 532.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 22, 51.
Shirrefs, Andrew, (*Flour.* 1787,) 479, 525.
Shield, William, musical composer, 24, 375.
Sibbald, James, bookseller, Edinburgh, *141, 510.
Sillar, David, (*B.* 1760, *D.* 1830,) 180, *221.
Sim, Reverend John, 47.
Skene, John, Musical Manuscript, (*circa* 1615,) 18, 61, *110, 125, *395, 445, 505.
Skinner, Rev. John, (*B.* 1721, *D.* 1807,) 189, 276, 281, 283, 287, *323, *412.
Skirving, Adam, farmer, (*B.* 1719, *D.* 1803,) 105, 220, *189, *192, *305.
Skirving, Archibald, portrait-painter, (*B.* 1749, *D.* 1819,) *193, *194.
Skirving, Captain Robert, Letter respecting his Father, *190; verses by, *193–*198.
Smith, John Stafford, his Musica Antiqua Anglicana, 228, 391, 503.
Smith, Robert A., musician, 538, 539.
Smollett, Tobias, M.D., (*B.* 1721, *D.* 1774,) 133.
Spence, Sir Patrick, ballad of, 423, *320, *457.
Southerne, Thomas, song by, 56.
Strachan, Dr, Carnwarth, *449.
Stewart, H. D. Cranstoun, Mrs Dugald, (*B.* 1765, *D.* 1838,) 319, *366.
Stuart, Alexander, music to Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, *394.
Sutherland, Earl and Countess of, Lines on their Funeral, by Sir G. Elliot, *296.
Swift, Dean Jonathan, 486.
Sybold, Mr, harp-player, 419.
Syron, George, a negro, song by, 51.
Syme, George, piper, *379, *381.

T.

Tait, John, Writer to the Signet, (*B.* 1752? *D.* 1817,) 456, *507.
Tannahill, Robert, Edition of his Poems, with Life by P. A. Ramsay, 538, 451.

Tenducci, Ferdinando, a celebrated singer, 4, *107, *451.
Tennant, Professor William, 478, 523.
Thomson, George, Correspondence with Burns, quoted *passim*.
——— Collection of Scottish Songs, quoted *317, *444, 487, 512, 537.
Thomson, James, (*B.* 1700, *D.* 1748,) 42, 79, 505, 535, 536.
Thomson, William, Orpheus Caledonius, 1725–1733, quoted *passim*.
Tytler, James, (*B.* 1747, *D.* 1805,) 73, 83, 98, 100, 122, 134, *411.
Tytler, William, of Woodhouselee 1, 5.

U.

Urbani, P., Collection of Scots Songs, 318, 394.
Urquhart of Craigston, *388.

V.

Vane, Lady, Lament on the Death of her Husband, Lord W. Hamilton, *135.

W.

Walkinshaw, William, 128, *205.
Wallace, Sir William, ballads on, 426, *458–*460.
Wallace, William, of Cairnhill, (*B.* 1712? *D.* 1763,) 108, *198.
Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances, 219.
Watlen, John, 377.
Wardlaw, Elizabeth Halket, Lady, of Pitrevie, (*B.* 1677, *D.* 1727,) 72, 268, *319, *458.
Watts's Musical Miscellany, 1729–1731, quoted 119, 162.
Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, 1706–1711, quoted *passim*.
Webster, Alexander, D.D., (*B.* 1707, *D.* 1784,) 224, *307.
Williams, Helen Maria, song by, attributed to Burns, *468.
Wood, Thomas, of St Andrews, Musical Manuscripts, 1566, &c., 147, 369, 407, *440.
Wotton, Sir Henry, song by, *454.
Wordsworth, William, Poems on Yarrow, 518.
Whyte, William, Collection of Scottish Songs, 121.

Y.

Yester, John Lord, (*B.* 1645, *D.* 1713,) 36, *112.
Young, Alexander, of Harburn, Esq., communication respecting Miss Jenny Graham, *143.

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