

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

HERD'S COLLECTION. One of the tunes in the Skene Manuscript (1630), is titled, "Sae merry as we ha'e been," which seems to indicate that the refrain is of a very early period, though we cannot class the song earlier than the time of Herd.

A LASS that was laden'd with care,
 Sat heavily under yon thorn;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn.
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping winter did wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 My heart it is like for to break
 When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he would oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me?
 Oh! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee?
 But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sighed for him.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,

DISPUTED,

WAS sung as a street ballad about 1772. A copy of it was found among the papers of William Julius Mickle, the celebrated translator of the *Lusiad*, and his admirers have since claimed the song as his. It has also been said, with more plausibility, to have been the production of Mrs. Jean Adams, a schoolmistress at Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock. While, however, we consider the claim of Mrs. Adams to be the preferable one, it is but fair to state that the evidence is not much to the point on either side, and that a satisfactory solution of the question is in all likelihood utterly impossible.

It appeared in Herd's Collection: the version here given has been much altered and improved, the sixth stanza, for instance (so much admired by Burns), having been added by Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel."

AND are you sure the news is true?
 And are you sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel.
 Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my biggonet,
 My bishop's satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat;
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa'.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirl'd through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

THE first two verses appeared in Herd's Collection, the rest appears in Johnson's Museum.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing;
 She winna be guided by me.
 She play'd the loon ere she was married,
 She play'd the loon ere she was married,
 She play'd the loon ere she was married;
 She'll do't again ere she die!
 She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
 She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
 She row'd hersel in a blanket;
 She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her,
 She mind't na when I forbade her;
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,
 And a braw guid bairn was she!

ROBIN IS MY ONLY JO.

HERD'S COLLECTION, based upon a very old and licentious ditty.

ROBIN is my only jo,
 Robin has the art to lo'e,
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy, happy was the shower,
 That led me to his birken bower,
 Whare first of love I fand the power,
 And kend that Robin loe'd me.
 They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
 And name a thousand bonnie things,
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
 But I prefer a smack of Rob,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 My titty, Mary, said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I or lang be made to see,
 That Robin did na lo'e me.
 But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, O sae keen
 Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
 Then fly, ye lazy hours away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When "join your hands," Mess John shall say,
 And mak' him mine that lo'es me.
 Till then, let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love, and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Who doubt that Robin lo'es me.
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin lo'es me.

THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN.

HERD'S COLLECTION. Nothing is known as to its authorship. The air is called in old collections "Bung your eye in the morning."

THERE cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;
There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And wow! but he was a braw young lad,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mou'.

I set him in aside the bink;
I ga'e him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fu',

Gae, get you gone, you cauldriife wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldriife wooer!
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

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

Out cam' the gudeman, and high he shouted;
Out cam' the guidwife, and laigh she louted;
And a' the toun-neebers were gather'd about it;
And there lay he I trow!

Then out cam' I, and sneer'd and smil'd;
Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' befyled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' beguiled;
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!

O SAW YE MY FAITHER.

HERD'S COLLECTION. Mr. Chappell (Music of the Olden time), from finding an English version in an earlier collection, has sprung to the conclusion that it is of English origin,—a conclusion which he does not satisfactorily prove.

O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John?

I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dang,
 He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,
 But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red,
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,
 Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirded at the pin,
 The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,
 And she open'd and lat him in.

And are ye come at last! and do I hold you fast!
 And is my Johnny true?
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel',
 Sae lang sall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
 And craw when it is day;
 And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock proved false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour owre soon:
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

THE LOVE O'SILLER.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

'Tis no very lang sinsyne,
 That I had a lad o' my ain;
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lane.
 The lass he is courting has siller,
 And I ha'e nane at a',
 And 'tis nought but the love o' the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blythe 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 mysel',
 That should nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife
 He'll ne'er ha'e occasion to rue.

I gang aye fu' clean and fu' tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell,
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysel';
 And when I'm clad in my curtsey,
 I think mysel' as braw
 As Susie, wi' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd thegither,
 And may they live happy for life;
 Though Willie now slights me, an's left me,
 The chiel he deserves a gude wife.
 But, O! I am blythe that I miss'd him,
 As blythe as I weel can be;
 For ane that's sae keen o' the siller,
 Would never agree wi' me.

But the truth is, I am aye hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
 The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak use o't,
 And there's nane about me shall want:
 For I'm a gude guide o' the world,
 I ken when to haud and to gi'e;
 But whinging and cringing for siller
 Would never agree wi' me.

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

SOUTHLAND JENNY.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY, that was right bonnie,
 Had for a suitor a Norland Johnnie;
 But he was sicken a bashful wooer,
 That he could scarcely speak unto her;
 Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
 Forced him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the muir and marry;

SHE

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie,
 Though we gang neatly, some are mair gawdy;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE

Ye lasses o' the south, ye're a' for dressing;
 Lasses o' the north mind milking and threshing;
 My minnie wad be angry, and sae wad my daddy,
 Should I marry ane as dink as a lady;
 For I maun ha'e a wife that will rise i' the morning,
 Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a' scolding,
 Toolie wi' her nei'bour, and learn at my minny,
 A Norland Jocky maun ha'e a Norland Jenny,

SHE

My father's only daughter, and twenty thousand pound,
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown:
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye;
 Ga'e hame, ye Norland Jock, and court your Norland Jenny.

 HEY, HOW, JOHNNIE LAD.

HERD'S COLLECTION. We have, however, given the song with a few variations from the first version, by Allan Cunningham, and which are necessary to fit the song for "ears polite."

HEY, how, Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha'e been,
 For gin your voice I had na kent,
 I'm sure I couldna trust my cen;
 Sae weel's ye might ha'e courted me,
 And sweetly pree'd my mou' bedeen:
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha'e been.

My father, he was at the pleugh,
 My mither, she was at the mill;
 My billie, he was at the moss,
 And no ane near our sport to spile:
 The feint a body was therein,
 Ye need na fley'd for being seen:
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha'e been.

But I maun hae anither joe,
 Whase love gangs never out o' mind,
 And winna let the moment pass
 When to a lass he can be kind.

Then ye may woo wi' blinkin' Bess—
 For you nae mair I'll sigh and green :
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye sud ha'e been.

MY WIFE HAD TA'EN THE GEE.

HERD'S COLLECTION.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he would ha'e me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the neist burrows town.
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the waur for me ;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I'll tell to you,
 That ere the middle o' the night,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tears blind aye her e'e,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake,
 But monie a sad and sour look,
 And aye her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour on me ?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee.

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

IF MY DEAR WIFE.

FROM Maidment's North Country Garland, 1824; recovered from oral tradition.

If my dear wife should chance to gang,
 Wi' me, to Edinburgh toun,
 Into a shop I will her tak',
 And buy her a new gown.
 But if my dear wife should hain the charge,
 As I expect she will,
 And if she says, The auld will do,
 By my word she shall ha'e her will.
 If my dear wife should wish to gang,
 To see a neebor or friend,
 A horse or a chair I will provide,
 And a servant to attend.
 But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
 As I expect she will,
 And if she says, I'll walk on foot,
 By my word she shall ha'e her will.
 If my dear wife shall bring me a son,
 As I expect she will,
 Cake and wine I will provide,
 And a nurse to nurse the child.
 But if my dear wife shall hain the charge,
 As I expect she will,
 And if she says, She'll nurs't hersel',
 By my word she shall ha'e her will.

 THE SPINNIN' O'T.

ALEXANDER ROSS,

AUTHOR of "Helenore," or the "Fortunate Shepherdess." He was for upwards of fifty years schoolmaster of Lochlee, in Forfarshire. He died in 1783, at the advanced age of 83.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't;
 She louted her doun, and her rock took a-low,
 And that was a bad beginnin' o't.
 She sat and she grat, and she flat and she flang,
 And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled and wrang,
 And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,
 Alas, for the dreary beginnin' o't.
 I've wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,
 And this was to be the beginnin' o't;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinnin' o't.

For never since ever they ca'd as they ca' me,
 Did sic a mishap and mischanter befa' me;
 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang and to draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinnin' o't.
 I hae keepit my house now these threescore years,
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin' o't;
 But how I was sarkit, foul fa' them that speirs,
 For it minds me upo' the beginnin' o't.
 But our women are now-a-days a' grown sae braw,
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, and some ha'e twa—
 The warlds were better where ne'er ane ava
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin' o't.
 In the days they ca' yore, gin auld fouks had but won
 To a surcoat, hough-syde, for the winnin' o't,
 Of coat-raips weel cut by the east o' their bum,
 They never socht mair o' the spinnin' o't.
 A pair o' grey hoggers weel cluikit benew,
 Of nae ither lit but the hue of the ewe,
 With a pair o' rough mullions to scuff through the dew,
 Was the fee they socht at the beginning o't.
 But we maun ha'e linen, and that maun ha'e we,
 And how get we that but by spinnin' o't?
 How can we hae face for to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winnin' o't?
 And we maun ha'e pearlins, and mabbies, and cocks,
 And some other things that the ladies ca' smocks;
 And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,
 And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't?
 'Tis needless for us to mak' our remarks,
 Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.
 She never kenn'd ocht o' the guid o' the sarks,
 Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.
 Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht
 By our auld-warld bodies, and that bude be bought;
 For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—
 Sae little they kenn'd o' the spinnin' o't!

THE BRIDAL.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

THEY say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
 They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
 For he grows brawer ilka day;
 I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't:
 For yesternight, nae farther gane,
 The back-house at the side-wa' o't,
 He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen;
 I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
 An we had but a bridal o't,
 We'd leave the rest unto good luck,
 Although there might betide ill o't.
 For bridal days are merry times,
 And young folk like the coming o't,
 And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
 And pipers play the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't,
 Their brows maun be in rank and file,
 Although that they should guide ill o't.
 The boddom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up into the inmost o't;
 The end that held the keeks sae cleau,
 Is now become the teemest o't.

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

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
 The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
 Can smell a bridal unco far,
 And like to be the middlers o't:
 Fan thick and three-fauld they convene
 Ilka ane envies the tother o't,
 And wishes nane but him alane
 May ever see another o't.

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

ABSENCE.

DR. BLACKLOCK,

THE author of the celebrated letter to Burns, which overthrew the poet's Jamaica scheme, and turned his steps to Edinburgh. Blacklock was born at Annan in 1721. He lost his sight when very young, and though he studied for the Church, and was duly licensed, his infirmity prevented him from receiving any appointment. He latterly kept a select boarding-house in Edinburgh, devoting himself, however, principally to literary pursuits. He died in 1791.

Ye rivers so limpid and clear,
 Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
 All the beauties that vary the year,
 All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!
 How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Marg'ret the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the fair!

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze
 As far as the view can extend!
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend!
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Marg'ret with me to admire!
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
 How majestic the mountains aspire.

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
 Or catch as it swells from the grove,
 The music that floats on the gale:
 Alas! the delusion how vain!
 Nor odours nor harmony please
 A heart agonizing with pain,
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
 To cheat my despair of its prey,
 What object her charms can assume!
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
 How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
 Ye sunbeams around her that play,
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
 Does she number the hours of my stay?

First perish ambition and wealth,
 First perish all else that is dear,
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;
 When with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart
 We felt it more ardently glow.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

DR. BLACKLOCK.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 Ae evening reclined to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountain to flow;
 Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could survey;
 Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than they.
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fire burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

THE WEDDING DAY.

DR. BLACKLOCK.

ONE night as young Colin lay musing in bed,
 With a heart full of love and a vapourish head;
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
 Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding day:

“What would I give for a wedding day!
 Who would not wish for a wedding day!
 Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,
 With all ye can boast, for a wedding day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom implore
 One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,
 For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone I would pray,
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day!
 Blessed be the approach of my wedding day!
 Hail, my dear nymph and my wedding day!
 Earth smile more verdant, and heaven shine more gay!
 For happiness dawns with my wedding day.”

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides
 O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,
 Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's mind:
 O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!

“Why was I born to a wedding day!
 Cursed, ever cursed be my wedding day.”
 Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
 And blast all your joys on your wedding day.

Horns are the gift of a wedding day;
 Want and a scold crown a wedding day;
 Happy and gallant, who, wise when he may
 Prefers a stout rope to a wedding day!

ALL LOVELY ON THE SULTRY BEACH.

WILLIAM WALLACE,

OF Cairnhill, Ayrshire. Born 1712, died 1763. Air—The Gordons ha'e
 the guiding o't.

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

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

TULLOCHGORUM.

REV. JOHN SKINNER,

Was born at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire, in 1721. In 1742 he settled at Longside, near Peterhead, as Pastor of the Episcopal Church. He ministered there till his death, which took place in 1807.

No one was a greater admirer of Skinner's genius as a song writer than Robert Burns, who styled " 'Tullochgorum' the best Scotch Song Scotland ever saw."

COME, gi'e's a sang Montgomery cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To spend the night in mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 For blythe and cheerie we's be a',
 Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
 Blythe and cheerie we's be a',
 And mak' a happy quorum.
 For blythe and cheerie we's be a',
 As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a praise,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys,
 For half a hundred score o' 'em.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum :
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fears of want, and double cess,
 And sullen sots themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum ?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit
 To the reel of Tullochgorum ?

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

But for the dirty, fawning fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for 'im !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be, that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum !

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

WHEN I began the world first,
It was not as 'tis now,
For all was plain and simple then,
And friends were kind and true.

O! the times, the weary, weary times,
The times that I now see,
I think the world's all gone wrong,
From what it used to be.

There were not then high capering heads,
- Prick'd up from ear to ear,
And cloak, and caps were rarities
For gentle folks to wear.

O! the times, &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom now,
But what sets up for taste,
And not a lass in all the land
But must be lady-drest.

O! the times, &c.

Our young men married then for love,
So did our lasses too,
And children loved their parents dear
As children ought to do.

O! the times, &c.

For O! the times are sadly chang'd,
A heavy change indeed!
For truth and friendship are no more,
And honesty is fled.

O! the times, &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride
Among both high and low,
And strife, and greed, and vanity,
Is all that's minded now.

O! the times, &c.

When I looked through the world wide,
How times and fashions go,
It draws the tears from both my eyes,
And fills my heart with woe.

O! the times, the weary, weary times,
The times that I now see,
I wish the world were at an end,
For it will not mend for me.

THE EWIE WI' CROOKIT HORN.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

O, WERE I able to rehearse,
 My ewie's praise in proper verse;
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn!
 A' that kenn'd her would ha'e sworn,
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
 Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
 To mark her upon hip or heel;
 Her crookit hornie did as weel
 To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man need e'er ha'e wish'd;
 For, silly thing, she never miss'd
 To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock;
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I ga'e to Jean; and now
 The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her;
 Ance she lay an quk and langer
 Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kale for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But teezed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mishanter should come ower her,
 Or the founart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie baide awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can tell o't without greeting?)
 A villain cam', when I was sleeping,
 Staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
 And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
 There I fand her crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I ha'e sworn as weel as said it,
 Although the laird himsell forbid it,
 I sall gi'e his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn :
 At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,
 Safe steekit up ; but, 'gain the morn,
 Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'.

A' the claes that we ha'e worn,
 Frae her and hers sac aft was shorn ;
 The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
 Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa'.

O, had she died o' croup or cauld,
 As ewies die when they grow auld,
 It hadna been, by mony fauld,
 Sac sair a heart to ane o' us a'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
 Beneath a bluidy villain's knife ;
 In troth, I fear that our gudewife
 Will never get abunc 't ava.

O, all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'!

JOHN O' BADENYON.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years, or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would
 know ;

In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay ;
 And here, and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
 No care I had, no fear of want, but rambled up and down ;
 And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town :
 I still was pleased where'er I went ; and, when I was alone,
 I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find ;
 For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind :
 On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd mine eyes ;
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart and she became my choice.

To Cupid, now, with hearty prayer, I offer'd many a vow,
 And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do;
 But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her cold as stone—
 I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish hopes and
 vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers'
 pain;
 A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something like divine;
 An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.
 And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.
 A strait soon came; my friend I tried—he laugh'd, and spurn'd
 my moan;
 I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnie Wilkes, and cry'd up parson Horne;
 Their noble spirit I admir'd, and praised their noble zeal,
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd the public
 weal.
 But, e'er a month or two had pass'd, I found myself betray'd;
 'Twas Self and Party, after all, for all the stir they made.
 At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne;
 I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed;
 I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to read:
 I bought and borrowed every where, and studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
 Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
 And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after truth:
 A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was pleased with
 none;
 I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name;
 And girls, and friends, and books also, you'll find them all the
 same.

Then be advised, and warning take from such a man as me;
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high degree;
 You'll meet displeasure every where; then do as I have done—
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John o' Badenyon.

THE MARQUIS'S REEL.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
 Play the marquis' reel discreetly,
 Here we are a band completely
 Fitted to be jolly.

Come, my boys, blythe and gawcie,
 Every youngster choose his lassie,
 Dance wi' life and be not saucy,
 Shy nor melancholy.

Come, my boys, &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
 Clouded brows and drumlie faces,
 Look about and see their Graces,
 How they smile delighted:

Now's the season to be merry,
 Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
 Time enough to come camsterry,
 When we're auld and doited.
 Now's the season, &c.

Butler, put about the claret,
 Through us a' divide and share it,
 Gordon Castle weel can spare it,

 It has claret plenty:
 Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
 Draffy drink may please the vicar,
 When he grasps the foaming bicker,
 Vicars are not dainty.

Wine's the true inspiring liquor, &c.

We'll extol our noble master,
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor,—
 Heaven preserve him from disaster,

 So we pray in duty.
 Prosper, too, our pretty duchess,
 Safe from all distressful touches,
 Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
 Long in health and beauty.

Prosper, too, our pretty duchess, &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
 Make him long his father's joy,
 Sturdy, like the heir of Troy,

 Stout and brisk and healthy.
 Pallas grant him every blessing,
 Wit and strength, and size increasing,
 Plutus, what's in thy possessing,

 Make him rich and wealthy.
 Pallas grant him every blessing, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
 In refined and worthy measure :
 Merit gain him choicest treasure,
 From the Royal donor :
 Famous may he be in story,
 Full of days and full of glory ;
 To the grave, when old and hoary,
 May he go with honour !
 Famous may he be in story, &c.

Gordons, join our hearty praises,
 Honest, though in homely phrases,
 Love our cheerful spirit raises,
 Lofty as the lark is :
 Echo, waft our wishes daily,
 Through the grove and through the alley,
 Sound o'er every hill and valley,
 Blessings on our Marquis.
 Echo, waft our wishes, &c.

OLD AGE.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

O! WHY should old age so much wound us, O?
 There is nothing in't all to confound us, O?
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our eyes all around us, O.
 We began in the world wi' naething, O,
 And we've jogged on and toiled for the ae thing, O ;
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankfu' hearts were glad,
 When we got the bit meat and the claithing, O.
 We have lived all our lifetime contented, O,
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O ;
 It's true we've been but poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
 Yet we never pined nor lamented, O.
 We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O,
 By ways that were cunning or stealthie, O ;
 But we always had the bliss—
 And what farther could we wiss?—
 To be pleased wi' ourselves and be healthy, O.
 What though we canna boast of our guineas, O,
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O ;
 And these, I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
 Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O.

We have seen many a wonder and ferlie, O,
 Of changes that almost are yearlie, O,
 Among rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
 Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O?
 A straitened life, we see, is no rarity, O;
 Indeed, we've been in want,
 And our living been but scant,
 Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.
 In this house we first came together, O,
 Where we've long been a father and mother, O;
 And though not of stone and lime,
 It will last us a' our time;
 And I hope we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this poor habitation, O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O;
 We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
 To a better house than this,
 To make room for the next generation, O.
 Then why should old age so much wound us, O?
 There is nothing in't all to confound us, O?
 For how happy now am I,
 With my auld wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O!

THERE LIVES A LASSIE ON THE BRAE.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

ANOTHER version is given in the collected volume of the Author's poems,
 1809.

THERE lives a lassie on the brae,
 O! but she's a bonnie creature;
 They ca' her Lizy Liberty,
 And monie ane's wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, fain wad ha'e her,
 Courting at, but canna get her;
 Bonnie Lizy Liberty,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her.

Her mither wears a plettit mutch;
 Her father is an honest dyker,
 An' she hersel's a daintie quean,
 Ye winna shaw me monie like her,
 Wooing at her, &c.

A pleasant lass she's kent to be,
 Wi' fouth o' sense an' smeddum in her;
 There's no a swankie far or near,
 But tries wi' a' his might to win her.
 Wooring at her, &c.

But sweet and pleasant as she is,
 She winna thole the marriage tether,
 But likes to rove and rant about,
 Like highland couts amang the heather.
 Wooring at her, &c.

It's seven years and somewhat mair,
 Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till her,
 A merchant bluff, ayont the burn,
 Wi' heaps o' breeks an' bags o' siller.
 Wooring at her, &c.

The next to him was Baltic John,
 Stept up the brae and keeket at her,
 Syn'e turn'd as great a fool's he came;
 And in a day or twa forgat her.
 Wooring at her, &c.

Now Lawrie French has ta'en the whim,
 To toss his airs, and frisk about her,
 And Malcolm Fleming puffs and swears
 He disna value life without her.
 Wooring at her, &c.

They've casten out wi' a' their kin,
 Thinking that wad gar them get her;
 Yet after a' the fash they've ta'en,
 They maybe winna be the better.
 Wooring at her, &c.

But Donald Scot's the happy lad,
 Wha seems to be the coshest wi' her;
 He never fails to get a kiss,
 As aften as he likes to see her.
 Wooring at her, &c.

But Donald, tak' a friend's advice,
 Although I ken ye fain wad ha'e her,
 E'en just be doing as ye are,
 And haud wi' what ye're getting frae her.
 Wooring at her, &c.

Ye're weel, and wats nae, as we say,
 In getting leave to dwell beside her;
 And gin ye had her mair your ain,
 Ye'd maybe find it waur to guide her.

Wooring at her, &c.

Ah! Lawrie, ye've debauch'd the lass,
 Wi' vile new-fangled tricks ye've play'd her;
 Depraved her morals;—like an ass,
 Ye've courted her, and syne betray'd her.

Wi' hanging of her, burning of her,
 Cutting, hacking, slashing at her;
 Bonnie Lizy Liberty,
 May ban the day ye ettled at her.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

JOHN LAPRAIK,

A SMALL Ayrshire Laird, who was ruined by the bursting of "that villanous bubble, the Ayr Bank." He was born at Dalfrain, near Muirkirk, in 1727, and died at Muirkirk, where he kept the Post-office, in 1807. He was intimately acquainted with Burns, who describes him as "a very worthy facetious old fellow." The song here given, addressed to his wife, is said to have been written when he was a prisoner for debt in Ayr gaol.

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
 Enraptured do I call thee mine,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain.
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the meltin' kiss:
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
 But only gi'e us change o' bliss.
 Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee!
 I ken thy wish is me to please.
 Our moments pass'sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze;
 Weel pleased they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
 And aye, when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.
 I'll lay me there and tak' my rest:
 And, if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drop a tear.
 Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!
 United still her heart and mine;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

MY AULD MAN.

RITSON'S SCOTTISH SONGS, 1794.

In the land of Fife there lived a wicked wife,
 And in the town of Cupar then,
 Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,
 Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,
 She said, What's guid for an auld man?
 O wheit-breid and wine, and a kinnen new slain;
 That's guid for an auld man.

Cam ye in to jeer, or cam ye in to scorn,
 And what for cam ye in?
 For bear-bread and water, I'm sure, is much better—
 It's ower guid for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,
 Into his cauld grave he's gane:
 Lie still wi' my blessing! of thee I hae nae missing;
 I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three-quarters of a year,
 She was married to a young man then,
 Who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer,
 And spent mair gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,
 And cauld grew her pat and her pan:
 And now she sighs, and aye she says,
 I wish I had my silly auld man!

THE SCOTTISH KAIL BROSE.

ASCRIBED, says Mr. Robert Chambers, to "— Sheriff, an Aberdeenshire poet," a contemporary of Burns. Mr. Peter Buchan ascribes a somewhat similar song to Alex. Watson, at one time tailor in Aberdeen, and states that it was composed during the American War of Independence.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
 For a wee piece grund to be a kail-yard,
 It was to the brose that they paid their regard;
 O! the kail brose of auld Scotland;
 And O! for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings I suppose,
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
 Just before they began they 'd been feastin' on brose.
 O! the kail brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
 With bonnet and belt which their dress did compose,
 With a bag of oatmeal on their back to be brose.
 O! the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or mayor,
 Nae kickshaws or puddings or tarts were seen there,
 But a cog o' guid brose was the favourite fare.

O! the kail brose, &c.

But when we remember the English, our foes,
 Our ancestors beat them wi' very few blows;
 John Bull oft cried, O! let us rin—they've got brose;

O! the kail brose, &c.

But, now that the thistle is joined to the rose,
 And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
 We've lost a good deal of our relish for brose;

O! the kail brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotchman by nature jocose,
 Likes always to feast on a cog o' guid brose,
 And thanks be to Heaven we've plenty of those.

O! the kail brose, &c.

CA' THE YOWES.

ATTRIBUTED TO ISABELLA PAGAN,

A CONTEMPORARY of Burns. A strange compound of woman and devil. She lived at Muirkirk, Ayrshire, where she subsisted partly by charity, but principally by selling whisky (without a licence) to drouthy neighbours and visitors. She sang well, had great and ready wit, and could be sociable when she pleased, but generally her temper was furious, her manner cruel, her habits dissolute, and her wit biting and sarcastic. She died in 1821, in her eightieth year. A curious account of her is given in Mr. Paterson's contemporaries of Burns.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 And ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

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

Ca' the yowes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And nae body to see me.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye shall be my dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

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

Ca' the yowes, &c.

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

Ca' the yowes, &c.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE,

BORN 1750, died 1797.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed:
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
 That bears frae me the meed.

I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture in my heart;
 And he that bends not to thine eye,
 Shall rue it to his smart.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
 O tell me how to woo thee!

For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I'll dight me in array;

I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch;

Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow;

Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
 I never loved but you.

For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue;

For you alone I strive to sing—
 O tell me how to woo!