

## THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

There was an old nursery-song in Scotland, of which the following copy has been preserved by Mr Stenhouse :

O this is no my ain house,  
My ain house, my ain house,  
O this is no my ain house,  
    Aken by the riggin' o't.  
For bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,  
Are my door-cheeks, are my door-cheeks,  
For bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,  
    And pancakes the riggin' o't.

O this is no my ain wean,  
 My ain wean, my ain wean,  
 O this is no my ain wean,  
 I ken by the greetie<sup>1</sup> o't.  
 I'll tak the curchie aff my head,  
 Aff my head, aff my head,  
 I'll tak the curchie aff my head,  
 And row't about the feetic o't.

When the Scottish Jacobite contemplated the changed condition of his country under a parliament-appointed dynasty, he recalled the refrain of this grandam's ditty, and metaphorising the state as his house, broke out in a political song, representing the whole of its architectural features as changed for the worse, and above all the daddy—the auld guidman—driven out of his chair in the hall, to give place to a foreign intruder.

O this is no my ain house, I  
 ken by the big - gin' o't, For  
 bow kail thrive at my door cheek, And  
 thris - tles on the rig - gin' o't. A  
 car - le cam wi' lack o' grace, Wi'

<sup>1</sup> Style of weeping.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in a single system. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, aligned with the syllables. The first staff contains the lyrics 'un - co gear and un - co face, And'. The second staff contains 'sin' he claimed my dad - dy's place, I'. The third staff contains 'dow - na bide the trig - gin' o't.' and ends with a double bar line.

un - co gear and un - co face, And  
 sin' he claimed my dad - dy's place, I  
 dow - na bide the trig - gin' o't.

O this is no my ain house,  
 I ken by the biggin' o't,  
 For bow-kail thrive at my door-cheek,  
 And thistles on the riggin' o't.

A carle cam wi' lack o' grace,  
 Wi' unco gear and unco face,  
 And sin' he claimed my daddy's place,  
 I downa bide the triggin' o't.

Wi' rowth o' kin and rowth o' reek,  
 My daddy's door it wadna steek,  
 But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,  
 And girdle-cakes the riggin' o't.

My daddy bag his housie weel,  
 By dint o' head and dint o' heel,  
 By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,  
 And muckle weary priggin' o't.

Then, was it dink or was it douce,  
 For ony cringin' foreign goose,  
 To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,  
 And spoil the hamely triggin' o't?

Say, was it foul or was it fair,  
 To come a hunder miles and mair,  
 For to ding out my daddy's heir,<sup>1</sup>  
 And dash him wi' the whiggin' o't?

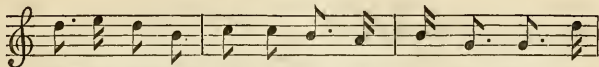
Ramsay and Burns were also impelled, by the charm of the melody, to compose sentimental songs to it; but regarding these there is no occasion at present to speak.

An earlier and simpler, but much inferior set of the air, is given by Mr Stenhouse from 'Mrs Crockat's Book, written in 1709.' In Johnson's *Museum*, the song is presented in connection with an air entirely different, which is commonly recognised under the name of *Deil Stick the Minister*, being the proper melody of a song so called, too primitive in its style of ideas for modern society. The old hard laird of Dumbiedykes, it will be recollected (*Heart of Midlothian*, chap. viii.), 'soughed awa in an attempt to sing *Deil Stick the Minister*.' As this classic circumstance may have given the reader an interest in the subject, the melody is here repeated, with the first verses of *This is no my ain House*, set to it.

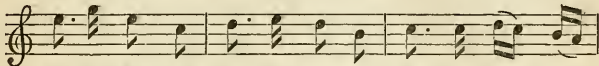
O this is no my ain house, I ken by the  
 big - gin' o't, For bow - kail thrave at my door-cheek, And  
 thris-tles on the rig - gin' o't. A car - le cam wi'

<sup>1</sup> Variation—

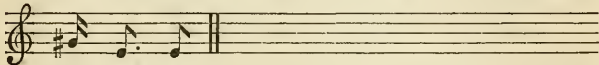
To ding my daddie frae his chair.



lack o' grace, Wi' un - co gear and un - co face, And



sin' he claimed my dad - dy's place, I dow - na bide the



trig - gin' o't.

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