

BONNIE DUNDEE.

There is a long musical genealogy connected with the now industrious and populous town of Dundee. First, in the Skene Manuscript, temp. Car. Primi, there occurs a melody named *Adieu, Dundee*, which is only a simple form of the fine air now

recognised as *Bonnie Dundee*. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, the tune, under the name of *Bonnie Dundee*, was known in England, for it appears by that title in an Appendix to one of the editions of Playford's *Dancing Master*, of date 1688. To what verses was it then sung? Possibly to a simple ditty which still retains a certain degree of popularity in Scotland, beginning :

O whar gat ye that haver-meal bannock?

Silly blind body, O dinna ye see?

I gat it frae a brisk sodger laddie,

Atween St Johnston and Bonnie Dundee.

Oh, gin I saw the dear laddie that gae me 't!

Aft has he doudled me on o' his knee.

But now he's awa', and I dinna ken whar he's,

O gin he was back to his minnie and me!¹

Possibly, however, I feel sorry to say, to a remarkably coarse Grub Street song of licentious sentiment, which is printed in more than one English collection of the early part of the eighteenth century, under the title of *Jockey's Deliverance, or*

¹ In *Notes and Queries*, August 1859, is printed a various version of this song, transmitted by a gentleman styling himself Yemen, who states that he found it among some old family papers :

O! whar got ye that auld crooked penny?

For ane o' bricht goud wad ye niffer wi' me?

Richt fou are baith ends o' my green silken wallet,

And high are my wa's, ower in Bonnie Dundee.

O! gin I saw the dear laddie that had it,

Wha, when we were bairnies twa, gied it to me,

For a' the bricht goud in your green silken wallet

I never wad niffer my crooked bawbee.

O! whar got ye that auld worsted plaidie?

A mantle o' satin is fitter for ye.

I'll clead ye in satin, and mak ye a lady,

Gin ye'd gang wi' me to Bonnie Dundee.

Ye may clead me in satin and mak me a lady,

And tak me ower heartless to Bonnie Dundee,

But my heart neither satin nor goud can procure ye,

I sell't it lang syne for this crooked bawbee.

the Valiant Escape from Dundee, professedly to be sung 'to an Excellent Tune, called *Bonnie Dundee*:' which song begins in a strain giving it the appearance of a parody or imitation of some preceding ballad :

Where gottest thou the Haver-mill Bonack?
Blind booby, canst thou not see?
I'se got it out of a Scotchman's wallet, &c.

This song describes the escape of a treacherous and very reckless profligate from Dundee, and has for a refrain :

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horse, and call up my man;
Come open the gates and let me go free,
For I'se gang no more to Bonnie Dundee.

The last verse is as follows :

With swords ready drawn they rid to the gate,
Where being denied a free passage through,
The Master and Man they fought at that rate,
That some ran away and others they slew;
Thus Jockey the Laird and Sawney the Man,
They valiantly fought as Highlanders can,
In spite of the loons, they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to Bonnie Dundee.

In illustration of which transaction, there is an engraving representing a hand-to-hand fight at the gate of Dundee—a gate, however, such as it would have been difficult to find in any Scotch town in the seventeenth century.

In order to convey the air of *Bonnie Dundee* to the modern reader, it may be allowable to present the old song as modified by Burns :

O whare did ye get that haver - meal bannock? O,
sil - ly auld bo - dy, O, din - na ye see, I

gat it frae a young brisk sodger lad - die, Be-
 tween St John - ston and Bon - nie Dun - dee. O,
 gin I saw the lad - die that gae me't!
 Aft has he dan - dled me on his knee; May
 heav - en pro - tect my bon - nie Scots lad - die, And
 send him safe hame to his ba - by and me.

O whare did ye get that haver-meal bannock?
 O, silly auld body, O, dinna ye see,
 I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie,
 Between St Johnston and Bonnie Dundee.
 O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
 Aft has he dandled me on his knee;
 May heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me.

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie!
 My blessings upon thy bonnie e'e-bree!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye be the dearer and dearer to me!

But I'll bigg a bowir on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimpling by sae clear ;
And I'll cleid thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie sae dear.