

AS I CAME IN BY FISHERRAW.

Herd's Collection, 1776, gives us a short rustic song, alluding to an unfortunate love affair in humble life, of which all that is presentable is as follows :

As I came in by Fisherraw,
Musselburgh was near me ;
I threw my mussel-pock aside,
And courted wi' my dearie.
Up stairs, down stairs,
Timmer stairs fear me ;
I thought it lang to lie my lane,
When I'm sae near my dearie.

The editor assigns to it as a tune *Jenny Dang the Weaver*. It appears to be one of the old simple country songs which Allan Ramsay well-intendingly endeavoured to supersede with purer, if not better verses, for he gives in his *Tea-table Miscellany* a song of his own, beginning

O mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Though I'm baith blithe and bonnie—

as to the tune of *Jenny Beguiled the Webster*, and with an indication of the auld chorus, as he phrases it, 'Up stairs, down stairs,' &c.

There is reason to believe that the old song and air existed from a time a good way back in the seventeenth century, for in a poetical tract published in London in 1686, under the title

¹ Communicated to the editor in 1831 by Mr James Hendry, Keith, Aberdeenshire.

² See also *Notes and Queries*, second series, v. 186.

of *A Joco-Serious Discourse, in Two Dialogues between a Northumberland Gentleman and his Tenant, a Scotchman, by George Stuart*, the said tenant is represented as singing the first verse of one of his native songs as follows :

This Janet is a bonnie lass,
 This Janet is my dearie ;
 What then need I lig by mysel,
 And Janet's bed sae near me ?

which, however, the gentleman does not allow him to continue, such a strain being, he says, unfit to celebrate the coronation of their majesties (James II. and his queen). The tenant, thus interrupted, strikes up a more fitting strain as follows :

The this - tle is the heal - ing plant: What
 then need I to fear me? For my guid health I
 ne'er can want, The this - tle grows so near me: It
 cures con - vul - sions (in the state), It helps a' these are
 aguish; And rag - ing fevers it will 'bate, Al -
 be - it they were plaguish.

The thistle is the healing plant :
What then need I to fear me ?
For my guid health I ne'er can want,
The thistle grows so near me :
It cures convulsions (in the state),
It helps a' these are aguish ;
And raging fevers it will 'bate
Albeit they were plaguish.

Wha canna luv the thistle weel
Are oddly gi'en to folly ;
Take thou of it, and thou'll ne'er feel
Disease of melancholy :
Against the rickets it is guid,
The ligaments it looses,
And purifies corrupted blood,
Sae never spare thy doses.

But this tune, it will be observed, is different from that now recognised as *Jenny Dang the Weaver*.