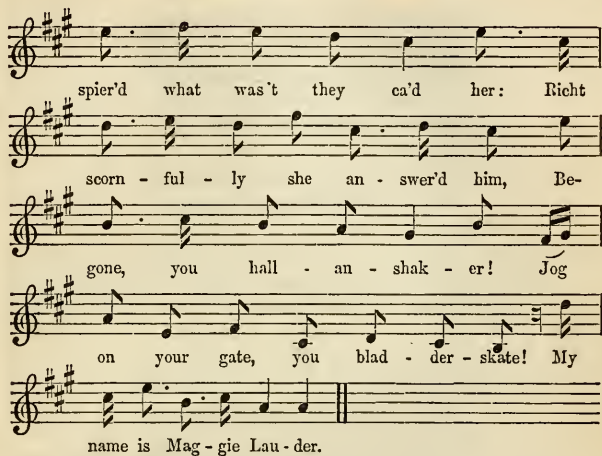


MAGGIE LAUDER.

This very clever song, which first appeared in Herd's Collection, is usually attributed to Francis Sempill of Beltrees, Renfrewshire, who lived and flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, and died about 1685. The only authority for the statement is the allegation of Sempill's grandchildren, which, however, was equally confident in the case of *She rose and loot me in*, a song now proved to have been by D'Urfey. All that we really know with confidence is, that there was an air called *Moggy Lauther* or *Moggie Lauder* in vogue in England about the beginning of the reign of George II.; that this is introduced in the opera of the *Beggar's Wedding*, second edition, 1729, but under the title of *Moggy Lauther on a Day*,¹ implying a different song from the present; and that the song now so familiar nowhere appears before Herd's Collection. The style of verse, so free and facile, certainly bears little resemblance to any specimens of the muse of Sempill which are not open to dispute. It much more clearly recalls that of *Willie was a Wanton Wag*, and *Muirland Willie*.

Wha wad - na be in love Wi'
 bon - nie Mag - gie Lau - der? A
 pip - er met her gaun to Fife, And

¹ Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 620, note.



spier'd what was't they ca'd her: Richt
 scorn - ful - ly she an - swer'd him, Be-
 gone, you hall - an - shak - er! Jog
 on your gate, you blad - der - skate! My
 name is Mag - gie Lau - der.

Wha wadna be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her:
 Richt scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker!¹
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate!²
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

¹ *Hallanshaker* is what the old people call a rambling mischievous fellow; one who sods up the burns, ties the doors, and works other pranks of innocent merriment. The *hallan* is a bundle composed of the longest broom, entwisted with willows, placed movable to ward the wind from the door. The partition which divided the spence from the hall was frequently named "the Hallan," being formed of similar materials.
 —CROMEK. We are to presume, from this explanation, that one of the pranks of the practical joker in question was to steal in and alarm the evening fireside circle by shaking the hallan.

² 'Bladderskate ought to be *Blether-skyte*. "Ye bletherin' loon," "Ye

Maggie! quoth he; and, by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee!
 Sit down by me, my bonnie 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, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you;
 Live you upo' the Border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' richt guid will,
 Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed;
 About the drone he twisted:
 Meg up and wallop'd ower the green;
 For brawly could she frisk it!
 Weel done! quo' he. Play up! quo' she.
 Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
 It's worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer!

Weel hae ye play'd your part! quo' Meg;
 Your cheeks are like the crimson!
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Sin' we lost Habbie Simpson.¹

vile skyte," are terms of familiar reproach still in use, and are innocently applied to those satiric rogues who have the art of mingling falsehood with truth with admirable art, annoying with it the sage remarks of the sober-minded and wise.—CROMEK.

¹ A celebrated piper at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, whose memory and merits are preserved in an elegy by Robert Sempill. He flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century.

I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
This ten years and a quarter ;
Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.
