

## THE EWE-BUCHTIN'S BONNIE.

The only other song of Lady Grizel Baillie which has been brought before the world is a fragment, but one breathing strongly of the soft and tender style of the author. The late Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe published it in a sheet, along with an air which his father had composed for it, at a surprisingly early period of life.<sup>2</sup>

O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,  
When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn ;  
While we're milking, they're liting, baith pleasant and clear—  
But my heart's like to break when I think on my dear.

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,  
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn ;  
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free,  
But, alas, my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee !

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?  
Will ye go to Flanders, my bonnie Mally O?  
There we'll get wine and brandy,  
And sack and sugar-candy;  
Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?  
And see the chief commanders, my Mally O?  
You'll see the bullets fly,  
And the soldiers how they die,  
And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally O?

This song is from Herd's Collection, and the air from Bitson's (1794).

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## S U P P L E M E N T.

### AIR OF THE EWE-BUCHTIN'S BONNIE.

[In connection with this song at page 313, it was stated that Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe published it with an air which had been composed for it by his father at a surprisingly early period of life. With some difficulty a copy of this rare sheet has been recovered. It bears the title of 'Absence: the words by Lady Grizell Baillie . . . the air composed for the flageolet by the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., when seven years old: Edinburgh, 1838.' The beauty and suitableness of the air, apart from the singularity attending its composition, recommend it for being reprinted in this collection.]

O, the ewe-bucht-in's bon-nie, baith  
 e'en-ing and morn, When our blithe shepherds play on the  
 bog-reed and horn; While we're milking, they're liltin', baith  
 pleas-ant and clear—But my heart's like to break when I  
 think on my dear. O the shepherds take pleasure to  
 blow on the horn, To raise up their flocks o' sheep  
 soon i' the morn; On the bon-nie green banks they feed  
 pleas-ant and free, But, a-las, my dear heart, all my  
 sigh-ing's for thee!