

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

The yel-low haired lad-die sat on yon burn
brae, Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let
nane o' them gae; And aye she
milk-ed and aye she sang, The
yel-low haired lad-die shall be my guid-man.

The yellow-haired laddie sat on yon burn brae,
Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae ;
And aye she milked and aye she sang,
The yellow-haired laddie shall be my guidman.
And aye she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in ;
They winna bught in, although I should die,
O yellow-haired laddie, be kind unto me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The guidwife cries but the house, 'Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.'
 Though butter and cheese and a' should sour,
 I'll crack wi' my love for another half-hour—
 Ae half-hour, and we'll e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow-haired laddie my husband shall be.

This appears in the *Tea-table Miscellany* (1724), as the original simple rustic song to the beautiful melody of *The Yellow-Haired Laddie*. The air by itself had been published in Mrs Crockat's Music Book, in 1709. Ramsay composed a song to the air, beginning—

'In April when primroses paint the sweet plain,'
 which is far from being devoid of merit: he also composed for it a song in *The Gentle Shepherd*—

'When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill'—
 a not less pleasing song. Yet it may be said that the old country ditty, which milkmaids used to sing, and which perhaps a milkmaid composed, has a superior charm to all that has been attempted to the same strain.

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

(RAMSAY'S VERSION).

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-haired laddie would oftentimes go
 To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn-trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn:
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung : 'Though young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
Her breath 's like the breezes perfumed in the spring ;

'That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
But Susie was faithful, good-humoured, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

'That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour.'
Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.¹