THE EWE-BUCHTS.

The following song is another of the better productions of the rustic muse, probably dating from an early period of the eighteenth century, as it is published in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, 1724, and, with its fine melody, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. Bishop Percy paid it the compliment of inserting it in his *Reliques*.



Will ye go to the ewe-buchts, Marion, And weir in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But nae hauf sae sweet as thee. O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blithe blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fou fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en, when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glower wi' their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal-day.
And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London broun;
And wow but we'se be vap'rin'
Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And, as sune as my chin has nae hair on,
I will come west, and see ye.¹

¹ In a version of *The Ewe-buchts*, popular in the south of Scotland, the following chorus is added:

Come round about the Merry-knowes, my Marion; Come round about the Merry-knowes wi' me; Come round about the Merry-knowes, my Marion; For Whitsled is lying lee.

As Whitsled is a farm in the parish of Ashkirk, and county of Selkirk,