

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

The song here presented has long been in great favour in Scotland. According to Mr Peter Buchan, it was the composition of Mr George Halket, and was written by him while schoolmaster of Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, about the year 1736. 'The poetry of this individual,' says Mr Buchan, 'was chiefly Jacobitical, and long remained familiar amongst the peasantry in that quarter of the country. One of the best known of these, at the present, is *Wherry, Whigs, awa', Man!* In 1746, Mr Halket wrote a dialogue betwixt George II. and the Devil, which falling into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland while on his march to Culloden, he offered one hundred pounds' reward for the person or the head of its author. Mr Halket died in 1756.

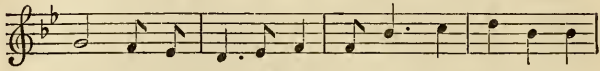
'The Logie here mentioned is in one of the adjoining parishes (Crimond), where Mr Halket then resided; and the hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at the place of Logie.'

The song and air first appeared in Johnson's *Museum*.

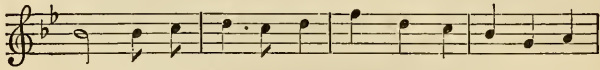
O, Lo-gie o' Buch-an, O, Lo-gie, the
 laird, They ha'e ta'en a-wa' Jam-ie that delved in the
 yard; He play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae
 sma'; They ha'e ta'en a-wa' Jam-ie, the flower o' them



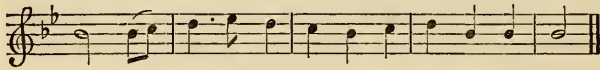
a'. He said, Think na lang, lass - ie, though I gang a-



wa'; He said, Think na lang, lass - ie, though I gang a-



wa'; For the sim - mer will come, when cauld win - ter's a-



wa', And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O, Logie o' Buchan, O, Logie, the laird,
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delved in the yard;
 He play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma';
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
 He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa';
 He said, Think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa';
 For the simmer will come, when cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Though Sandie has owsen, and siller, and kye,
 A house and a haddin',¹ and a' things forbye,
 Yet I wad ha'e Jamie, wi's bonnet in's hand,
 Before I'd ha'e Sandie wi' houses and land.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
 But daddie and minnie although that they be,
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

¹ A holding.

JENNY NETTLES.

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I sit on my creepie,¹ and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;
He had but ae sixpence—he brak it in twa,
And he gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa' ;
The simmer is comin', cauld winter 's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.
