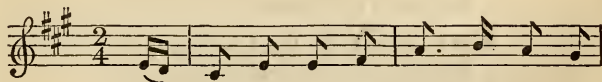
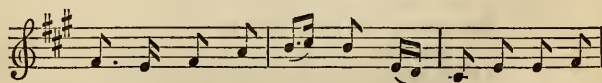


LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

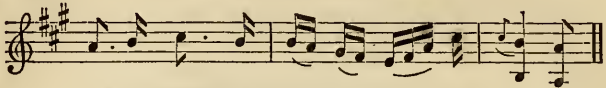
The melody of this song—than which there is scarcely any in greater popular favour, or more deserving of it—was long known as a dancing tune. The song here given in connection with it being that from which it takes its ordinary name, was written for it by a singular genius recognised in Edinburgh as *Balloon* Tytler, from an attempt he made in the art of aërostation about the time of its invention in France. Old Alister Campbell, who remembered the affair, described it to me a great many years ago in brief terms: ‘Tytler’s baloon,’ said he, ‘rose over a dyke, and then quietly settled on a midden.’ It was a type of most of his ventures in life. I have seen a periodical work of which he was the author, but which he could not be said to have written, the truth being that he composed it at the printer’s case from his own thoughts, without the usual intervention of manuscript. In him, some singular mental gifts were clouded by poverty and depressing family cares, and at length, having adopted the views of the Friends of the People, he was compelled to make an abrupt flight to America. He died, while editor of a newspaper, at Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1805, aged fifty-eight.



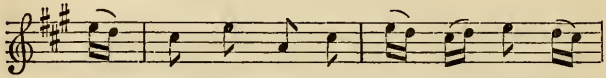
As I cam by Loch Er - roch side, The



lof - ty hills sur - vey - ing, The wat - er clear, the



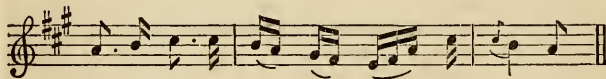
heather blooms Their fra - grance sweet con - vey - ing ;



I met, un - sought, my love - ly maid, I



found her like May morn - ing; With graces sweet, and



charms so rare, Her per - son all a - dorn - ing.

As I cam by Loch Erroch side,
 The lofty hills surveying,
 The water clear, the heather blooms
 Their fragrance sweet conveying ;
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,
 I found her like May morning ;
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
 While in my arms I prest her !
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
 As fondly I caress'd her :
 She said, If that your heart be true,
 If constantly you 'll love me,
 I heed not care nor fortune's frowns,
 For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
 For ever thou shalt find me ;
 And of our meeting here so sweet,
 Loch Erroch sweet shall mind me.
 Enraptured then, My lovely lass,
 I cried, no more we'll tarry !
 We'll leave the fair Loch Erroch side,
 For lovers soon should marry.

To this delightful air Burns afterwards composed his song, *O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay*; but both have been thrown into the shade in our own time, as far as popularity is concerned, by a song called *The Lass o' Gowrie*, of which the following seems the best version :

'Twas on a summer afternoon,
 A wee before the sun gaed down,
 My lassie, wi' her braw new gown,
 Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie.
 The rosebud wet wi' morning shower,
 Blooms fresh within the sunny bower,
 But Katie was the fairest flower
 That ever bloomed in Gowrie.

I praised her beauty, loud and lang,
 Around her waist my arms I flang,
 And said, My dearie, will ye gang
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie.
 I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green field beside the shaw,
 I'll mak ye lady o' them a',
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
 She whispered modestly and said,
 I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
 The auld folks soon gave their consent,
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tied us to our hearts' content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.