

GALA WATER.

There is a series of old rustic songs commemorating a 'bonnie lass,' also the 'braw, braw lads,' of Gala Water, and which were sung to a beautiful simple air of one strain. The following is the lyric in praise of the lass :

Bon - nie lass o' Ga - la Wa - ter, Braw, braw lass o'
 Ga - la Wa - ter, I could wade the stream sae deep, For
 yon braw lass o' Ga - la Wa - ter.

Bonnie lass o' Gala Water,
 Braw, braw lass o' Gala Water,
 I could wade the stream sae deep,
 For yon braw lass o' Gala Water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonnie blue her een, and cheerie ;
 The mair I kiss her cherry lips,
 The mair I wish her for my dearie.
 Bonnie lass, &c.

Ower yonder moss, ower yonder muir,
 Through a' yon mossy muirs and heather,
 O, I could rin, wi' heart sae licht,
 Wi' my dear lassie to forgather !
 Bonnie lass, &c.¹

¹ Taken down from recitation.

It is otherwise given, as follows, in Herd's Collection, 1776 :

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
 O, braw lads of Gala Water,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

Ower yon bank, and ower yon brae,
 Ower yon moss among the heather,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

There was also a rather incoherent ballad, as follows :

Out ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,
 Out ower yon bonnie bush o' heather !
 O all ye lads, whae'er ye be,
 Shew me the way to Gala Water.
 Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,
 Bonnie lads o' Gala Water ;
 The Lothian lads maun ne'er compare
 Wi' the braw lads o' Gala Water.

At Nettle-flat we will begin,
 And at Halltree we'll write a letter ;
 We'll down by the Bower, and take a scour,
 And drink to the lads o' Gala Water.

There's Blindlie and Torwoodlee,
 And Galashiels is muckle better ;
 But young Torsonce he bears the gree
 Of a' the Pringles o' Gala Water.

Buckham is a bonnie place ;
But Appletree-leaves is muckle better ;
But Cockleferry bears the gree
Frae ilka laird on Gala Water.

Lords and lairds came here to woo,
And gentlemen wi' sword and dagger ;
But the black-eyed lass o' Galashiels
Wad hae nane but the gree o' Gala Water.

Lothian lads are black wi' reek,
And Teviotdale lads are little better ;
But she's kiltit her coats abune her knee,
And gane wi' the lad o' Gala Water.

Though corn-rigs are guid to see,
Yet flocks o' sheep are muckle better ;
For oats will shake in a windy day,
When the lambs will play in Gala Water.

Adieu, sour plooms o' Galashiels,
Farewell, my father and my mother ;
For I'll awa' wi' the black herd lad,
Wha keeps his flocks on Gala Water.
Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,
Bonnie lads o' Gala Water !
Let them a' say what they will,
The gree gaes aye to Gala Water.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that Burns put these productions out of their wonted popularity, by his beautiful song to the same air.