



FIENT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

OUR sentimental series opens with an elegy of unreturned affection by Alexander Scott, a poet who flourished in the time of Queen Mary, and wrote so elegantly and so copiously on amatory subjects that he has been called the SCOTTISH ANACREON. Of the personal life of Scott we know literally nothing. We find, however, that he addressed a New-year's congratulation to his fair young sovereign, on the first occurrence of the festival after her return to Scotland, wherein it appears that he did not sympathise strongly with the puritanic spirit which was then recently introduced into Scotland.

This specimen of Alexander Scott's poetry was recovered by Allan Ramsay, and printed by him, with some inexcusable corruptions, in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, 1724; likewise in the collection which he called the *Evergreen*. The verses here given are those which Lord Hailes extracted from the Bannatyne Manuscript. The air is one assigned to the song in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*.

Re - turn thee hameward, heart, a - gain, And
 bid where thou was wont to be; Thou art ane fule, to
 suf - fer pain, For luv of her that luv not thee: My
 heart, let be sic fan - ta - sie, Luv nane but as they
 mak thee cause; And let her seek ane heart for thee; For
 fient a crum of thee she faws.

Return thee hameward, again,
 And bid where thou was wont to be;
 Thou art ane fule, to suffer pain,
 For luv of her that luv not thee:
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Luv nane but as they mak thee cause;
 And let her seek ane heart for thee;
 For fient a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall
 But thank, sin' thou has thy free will?
 My heart, be not sae bestial,
 But know wha does thee guid or ill.

Remain with me and tarry still,
And see wha playis best their paws,
And let fillock gae fling her fill,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzie,
She is the kind of others mae ;
For why ? there is a fellow menzie,
That seemis guid and are not sae.
My heart, tak nowther pain nor wae,
For Meg, for Marjory, or yet Mause,
But be thou glad and let her gae ;
For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Because I find she took in ill,
At her departing thou mak nae care ;
But all beguiled, go where she will,
Ashrew the heart that mane maks mair !
My heart, be merry late and air,
This is the final end and clause ;
And let her fallow ane filly fair,
For fient a crum of thee she faws.
