

JEAN ADAM.

1710—1765.

MORE than a century and a half ago, long before James Watt was born to give new life to the district, Greenock consisted of two little seaports, a quarter of a mile asunder, and with a wide bay between. The inhabitants of the one were mariners and mechanics, and of the other mariners and foreign traders; and the combined population did not number a thousand.

Both seaports had fair harbours for the period, and both enjoyed the privilege of holding yearly markets. These were frequented by the Highlanders, who, descending in companies from the neighbouring mountains—with peaceful intentions for once—disposed of their native stock, and laid in stores of what were by comparison

foreign commodities. But in each of the towns the great centres of activity were the quays, where the gabberts and the fishing-boats lay-to, and now and then a larger vessel lay off. The best houses were built round the quay-heads, in the old fashion which enabled men and women to look down upon the stir produced by their trades, and to combine the indulgence (in a way no longer possible) with air and light, and even with the view of blossoming gardens, waving woods, and green fields. And Greenock and Crawfurdsdyke alike commanded the grand silver sweep of the Frith of Clyde with its lochs, thrown up against the dark mountain land of Cowal—which included Finnart More and Argyle's Bowling-green.

In the house of one of the shipmasters of Crawfurdsdyke, Jean Adam was born about the year 1710. The education which she received in the parish and sewing schools must have been good; and it was very soon put to use. Her father dying when she was young, Jean entered, while yet a girl, the service of a clergyman in the neighbourhood—Mr. Turner of

Greenock, it has been suggested. Here she united in her own person the offices of a modern *bonne*, a nursery governess, and a sewing maid. A minister's income could not afford great remuneration for such assistance. Even highly-trained sempstresses of the time were in the habit of giving their skill and industry, together with the use of their fashionable patterns, for "sixpence a day and their meat." But if young Jean Adam got small payment in crown pieces, and fared on pease brose, nettle kail, and barley-meal scones, she had some compensation in being made so far one of the minister's family, and in being allowed some small share of the priceless treasure of leisure to cultivate her faculties. Not only had she free access to the stray folio of romances and rhymes which is said to have stirred her up to the exercise of her gift, but also to Milton's poems, and to the stately, artificial English versions of the classics on the bookshelves in the minister's study. A taste for reading in such circumstances must have been comparatively rare, and there is evidence that

Jean was greatly encouraged and applauded in its gratification.

Thus in the west country manse young Jean Adam found a home. Busy she must have been,—now knitting the minister's stockings, again helping to make the clothes of his wife and children, boys and girls alike, now taking her turn at one of the many spinning-wheels, which in their combined droning were fit to drive the worthy minister distraught over his sermons,—and again nursing the little ones and attending on the sick. But it was while so engaged that she drew near and curtsayed to the muse. For other experiences of life and livelier diversion than what was afforded by the minister's dusty, heavy volumes, she would have the news of the parish and port. She could tell which lad and lass were forgathering and on the eve of being "cried in the kirk" (*Anglicé*, having the banns published), which boat was amissing, and what bare-footed and shock-headed caterans had crossed at the Cloch ferry for no good. She must also have attended many entertainments both mirthful and solemn—penny wed-

dings and *dirgies*, rockings and tent preachings.

Doubtless, too, on occasion she would go to the fair of Inchcolm—the great Highland fair at Largs—where, besides getting a glimpse of the “horrid heights” of Goatfell and the rocky wilderness of Ailsa Craig, screaming with its wild fowl, she would see more stirks and wethers, and hear more Gaelic, than in any other assembly on this side the Clyde. And if she got a cast in a wherry as far as Glasgow, she would land at the little rustic quay of the Broomielaw, not so big or so busy then as either of those at Crawfurdsdyke or Greenock. Next, she would cross the old bridge, below the arches of which the Highland boats, with their familiar red sails, and their patriarchal freight of cattle, sheep, butter, cheese, eggs, and bright-dyed yarn, passed up the river as far as Rutherglen. Besides the Cross, the College, the High Kirk, the Laigh Kirk, and the new Ramshorn Steeple, she would be certain to visit the imposing metal statue of King William, presented to the city a short while before by Governor Macrae, of

Madras, whose brother was the Ayrshire fiddler in utmost request at kirns. She would get a glimpse of the grand town houses, with their rows of trees and their gardens, and of the high walls and palisades of the mansions of Blythswood and Shawfield, shut off from the streets like the old family hotels of Paris. She would stare awestruck at the Virginian merchants (themselves the noblest, most magnificent men she could ever have beheld), cadets of the county gentry—of the Walkinshaws, Porterfields, Glassfields, and Buchanans. These merchants wore velvet breeches, scarlet cloaks braided with gold or silver, and cocked hats above their wigs. They promenaded, as if with the kind intention of making a public show, before the Exchange, and on that side of the Trongate which at certain hours of the day was respectfully set apart for their private use. Then if Jean had any hankering after the full stream of ruder life, she had liberty to make her way through the narrow lanes and the hurrying throngs of the Salt-market, the Gallowgate, and the Candleriggs.

No portrait of Jean as she was at this date or at a later time is preserved; nor has any tradition handed down her bodily likeness. Her friends of later generations have to fall back on their fancies, and from analogy puzzle out her physical traits. Was she not a raw-boned, irregular-featured, ruddy lass, somewhat uncouth in air and gait, and at once half bashful and half bouncing in manner? Was not her bearing full of simplicity and straightforwardness, while the fire of enthusiasm dwelt in the large grey eyes under the bushy brows, and a world of warm womanly sympathy and loving kindness spoke in the full soft mouth? As to dress: for a gala trip to Glasgow, and a night or two under the hospitable roof of her own or the Turners' kindred, she was certain to wear a well-preserved Indian cotton gown, and a *bon grace* (straw hat). But when down at the manse of Crawforddyke, she would boast nothing better than a woollen petticoat and a short gown of striped linen within the house; and for a tramp across the moor, blackberry-gathering with the bairns, or a turn on the

quay, she had only to throw over her head the tartan screen or plaid, a fashion which kept its hold in this district long after it had been given up in others. Such was the becoming everyday attire of the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire women.

The great glory of Jean's life, attained whilst she was yet a young woman, was the publication of her volume of poems by subscription. The first piece she is said to have written was nothing more formidable than "An Address to Grief," which, however, was much admired by her friends. She continued to write, her poems getting scattered about. They were collected by a Mr. Drummond of Dymnack, and printed in a little volume by James Duncan, in the Salt-market, Glasgow, in 1734. The curious Address to the Reader, which opens the volume, was not written by Jean, but by one of the Crawfurds, her patrons. It gives a short account of the author, and expressly refers to the literary advantages which she had enjoyed during her service in the manse.

Whether the book was published before or after she had quitted this household, which in

course of time must have had no further need of her, is uncertain. Be this as it may, the list of subscribers shows no lack of friends in her native place. The names of Crawfurds are there by scores, from Dame Margaret of Castlemilk, to the relict of Mr. Thomas Crawford, advocate. There are baronets and lairds of that ilk, and their ladies; noble Temples and Montgomerys; ministers of the Gospel and students of divinity in abundance; masters of grammar schools, condescending generously to encourage a sister rival; and merchants and tradesmen down to hammermen and portioners.

If Jean's literary venture did not prove a great success in a mercantile light, it was at least well received by her contemporaries. And one advantage, quite apart from its pecuniary success, it certainly won for her, and that was the distinction, by no means slight in those primitive days, of being in most circles welcomed as a poetess. Yet this distinction was not always held as an honour by the traders of the west. Within the next fifty years the appointment of master of the grammar school of Greenock was

hampered by the stipulation that the master should thenceforth abandon the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.*

On leaving the manse Jean set up a day-school for teaching girls of her own degree reading, writing, and needlework. According to tradition it was situated among the notable houses of the quay-head. She had for a number of years presided over her samplers, quilting-frames, spelling-books and primers, before the great journey of her life was undertaken. She must have been hard upon middle age when she closed her school for six weeks, and travelled to London and back, in order to obtain an interview with Richardson, the creator of her idol, Clarissa. It has been questioned whether it was within her walking capability to accomplish the long journey at the rate of twenty miles a day, as it was accomplished by Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, impelled by a much more powerful motive. But, with an occasional "lift" from a coach or a chance traveller, it is quite possible that Jean Adam may have accom-

* It is alleged that this story owes its origin to a mischievous jest

plished her cherished purpose. She was very much the hare-brained, hardy woman who, for such a cause, would encounter the fatigue and danger that a long journey then involved. The matter, however, remains one of hypothesis; nobody can actually tell, at this date, whether Jean performed her exploit or not. Her scholars believed she performed it. And if she did, it may well be asked where—among the extremes of society which met in the London of Lord Chesterfield and George Whitefield, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lady Huntingdon, of Vauxhall and Moorfields—could there be found a stranger figure than that of the travel-soiled, mazed Scotch schoolmistress? Of all the decorous, sentimental ladies who fluttered round this genius of a dapper little printer, and petted him to his heart's content—what worshipper so unsophisticated, so arch, and so likely to fill him with wondering trepidation as this wild, pure-minded, high-hearted Scotchwoman?

Jean had a little circle at home, in which she was known, loved, and well remembered. This included the kindred spirits among her scholars.

One day she introduced into their studies the startling novelty of reading aloud to them from Shakespeare. The play was *Othello*; and she read it with so much effect, and was so much moved by her own reading, and by Shakespeare's writing, that at last she "swerfed" away in the tumult of her thoughts and feelings. These were the days of fine-lady swooning. And Jean, with her ambition and her imperfect education, was not so circumstanced as to be above affectation, in spite of her natural sincerity. She had a craving for refinement, and refinement was then believed to culminate in that languishingly vague impersonation, "a delicate female." But she was rather out of order in appreciating Shakespeare so heartily. Hers was not the age of hearty enthusiasm for the dramatist, whom it mincingly termed "the Swan of Avon."

Jean indulged her scholars in other intellectual treats. She sang her own songs (would we had more of them to sing!) in her school-room "many a time." And we may be sure that she did not "swerf" away after singing one of them;

on the contrary, we may picture her nodding her head, beating time with her foot, and cracking her fingers, in the most gleeful satisfaction.

But the grim realities of life were fast coming on Jean. It so happens that the loveliest lyric on wedded love is believed to have been written by an unwedded woman—the song of wifely pride and tenderness that comes nearest to Burns' "John Anderson," is held to have been the utterance of the subtle sympathy and latent affection of a woman who never owned a husband. Of all Jean's acquaintances, gentle and simple—merchants, masters of grammar-schools, and ship captains—not one sought, or at least was successful in the suit for, her hand. Yet, with her large-heartedness and quick impulsiveness—though these are towers of strength, if well restrained—Jean Adam was as little capable of standing alone in the world as the silliest and weakest of her sex. Among her many talents practical wisdom did not hold a place. That London journey, and the closing of her door for weeks beyond the brief space usually allotted for holidays, was a dubious step

as regards the prosperity of the school. Scarcely less doubtful was the reading of Shakespeare's play to the children of sternly matter-of-fact and rigidly-righteous folk, descendants of the play-banning Covenanters, in their chief seat, the West. Without question a new and more accommodating schoolmistress would be found, whose fruit and satin pieces, in the easily-dazzled eyes of the sea captains' young daughters, would put out fine linen quilting, and whose strength of mind would not be of such a nature as to lead her to fly in the face of their fathers' and mothers' principles with regard to the vanity of *Othello*.

What told sorest on Jean was an exceedingly rash speculation into which she entered. The single edition of her poems did not all get into the home market. Think of this lone woman—her hair growing grizzled under her *bon grace*—having herself rowed up, wind and tide in her favour, on a Wednesday half-holiday or a Saturday afternoon, to make searching inquiries of Mr. James Duncan in the Saltmarket as to the sale of her book, her anxiety for his

answers balancing any over-weening vanity of which she might ever have been guilty. Time has robbed these incidents of their prosaicness, but left them their poor human interest. Jean was sanguine still, however, and shipped the surplus copies of her poems to Boston in America, from which she never got any return of sale. In addition to the mortification and disappointment which this loss caused her, it swallowed up the little savings she had gathered; and thus she was left destitute when well advanced in years.

In her extremity she had no resource but to seek help from the old friends whom she seems to have more or less offended and alienated by her waywardness and eccentricity. She had now no home or resting-place among her lass-bairns at the quay-head of Crawfurdsdyke. Calm and storm might succeed each other on the watery highway; the golden sun might set and the silver moon rise behind the mountains of Cowal; Dutch and French skippers might take the place of the Highlandmen, and chatter their gibberish in room of the sputtered Gaelic; more and bigger ships, in full sail and with flags

and garlands flying at the masts, might ride in on the rising tide; and happy family groups might sally forth to welcome the returning sailors; but Jean Adam would not be there to see. She had ere this "taken her foot in her hand," according to the old half-piteous, half-scornful proverb, and gone trudging in sun and wind, in rain and snow, from clachan to village, from farm-town to laird's place, wherever she could hope to "fend" by such work as she was still able to do.

A townsman and gallant biographer of Jean Adam has tried to free her memory from the degradation of her having become a beggar at last. Nor is it at all likely that Jean was ever a beggar outright. But it is certain that she was a wandering hawker of whatever ability still remained to her to shape and sew, to bake and brew, to nurse the very young, and wait on the very old. The scant recollections which are handed down, sorrowful ones in their way, bear out this softened version of Jean's reduced condition. Mrs. Fullarton, an old pupil, told her daughter of Jean's coming to

her house in this character. Mrs. Fullarton had offered Jean old clothes, which she had at first proudly declined. But pressed by necessity or rebuked by her sensitive conscience for haughtiness of spirit unbecoming her situation, Jean had come back and taken the clothes away. This was natural behaviour on the part of a poor, half-dependent woman, but it was not the behaviour of an ordinary beggar.

Jean eventually returned to a harder state of service than that of her youth, when she was too old a woman to be capable of it, for her best days were long past. Her fingers were waxing stiff and her eyes dim. What had been but play to the light heart of youth, with all the world before it, was a dreary *darg* to the heavy heart that had known better things, and was now without any refuge, under the sun, save the grave. Probably it was because she was proud in her downfall—the hardness of her fate having soured the natural sweetness of her temper—that no friend interposed to prevent the end.

On the 2nd of April, 1765—in the spring, which is so softly balmy and tearfully bright in

that Scotland of the west—Jean stood once more within the shadow of King William's statue and of the grand mansions of the Virginian merchants. Stumbling into the presence of the merchants themselves, she went on in her faded tartan screen and draggled gown till she skirted the Trongate, and vanished in the crowd of the Gallowgate. She was more footsore than if she had made another journey to London, more faint-hearted than when she "swerfed" away after the reading of *Othello*. Her high spirit and tender heart were fairly broken. But a new dawn was breaking for her, and a Friend was waiting for her in a land that was far away, yet very near. Jean Adam was admitted into the poorhouse of Glasgow, by an order from two of the baillies of Greenock, as "a poor woman in distress, a stranger who had been wandering about." She died there the next day, and was buried by the parish.

Jean's champion attempts to establish the fact, that the poorhouse of Glasgow was then more of a hospital than a poorhouse, and that various persons, quite different from the modern

pauper, found refuge under its roof, and died in that shelter. Very possibly he is right. At the date of her death, the years since the '45 were not so many but that men and women more highly born and delicately nurtured than Jean had been, might have been thankful to live and die within those despised walls. Nevertheless, even a hospital and its bed were a woeful last home and bed for Jean Adam; and "a stranger who had been wandering about," was a woeful title for the author of "There's nae luck about the house."

In their subjects as well as their style Jean's published poems bear internal evidence of the source from which their inspiration was drawn. We have such titles as, "On Creation," "On Redemption," "On the Method of Grace," "On Abel," "On Joseph," "On Astrea," "On Lucretia," "On Cleopatra," and so forth. These poems are what might be expected—the unconscious reflection and echo of Jean's studies. They made no pretensions to originality, and the claim which was set up for them—that of correctness of phrase and propriety of figure—

would not get them a moment's hearing in the present day. Like most echoes, they are monotonous, formal, and inflated; frequently they are childish; occasionally they are quaint. The most quaint in plan are, "A Dialogue between the Soul and Curiosity," and "Curiosity and the Soul about the keeping of the Ten Commandments."

But it is unfair to judge Jean Adam by these poems. The English language was, in truth, a foreign tongue to her. She was not playfully coquetting with it, but struggling laboriously and painfully to master it, in such earnest, indeed, that she changed her very name to meet its supposed requirements—writing Christian and surname on her title-page, "Mistress *Jane Adams*." She might have succeeded in reading English with relish; but she could never write it without cramping impediment. But set her to her native dialect, and she could, and did, write very differently.

As there has been a renewed dispute about the authorship of "There's nae luck about the house," the writer of the present article begs to

state on what grounds the song is here attributed to Jean Adam.

No copy of the song is found either in Mickle's works or in Jean Adam's works printed while they lived. Burns wrote that "There's nae luck about the house," came on the streets as a street ballad about 1771-2—six or seven years after Jean Adam's death. Cromek claimed the song for Jean Adam on the ground of strong local tradition, and on the direct testimony of Jean Adam's pupil, Mrs. Fullarton, who declared that she had frequently heard Jean sing or repeat the song, and state that it was her own composition. This evidence was confirmed by fellow-pupils, and by Mrs. Fullarton's daughter, Mrs. Crawford, in the latter case with additional testimony. Mrs. Crawford, who had married into the family of Jean's early patrons, the Crawfurds of Cartsburn, wrote: "My aunt, Mrs. Crawford of Cartsburn, often sang it ['There's nae luck about the house'] as a song of Jean Adam's."

In 1806 Sim claimed the song as that of William Julius Mickle. The claim was chal-

lenged by Cromeck, but this challenge was withdrawn when he was told that Sim had found two copies of the song among Mickle's papers in his handwriting, one of the copies bearing corrections; further, that Mrs. Mickle had said to Sim that the song was a Scotch song written by Mickle; that he had given her a copy, and explained the Scotch phrases to her, she being an Englishwoman; and finally, that Mrs. Mickle, *with a little assistance*, repeated the song to Sim.

This may sound at first positive proof, as it did to Cromeck; but, besides the fact that the accident of handwriting has failed before now to constitute a claim of authorship, there is counter-proof, both internal and external, which contradicts Sim's conclusion.

What was supposed to be the original scroll of the song, from which the copy was judged—and rightly, in all probability—to be a corrected copy, not only differs from the popular version, but has phrases and words so thoroughly *un-Scotch*, and so many gross mistakes both in sense and spelling, that it is very difficult to

imagine how a man capable of writing the song could have committed them.*

The scenery, the incidents, the expressions of the song, are thoroughly identified with the west coast of Scotland; so is the very name of the hero. Mickle was a native of Langholm, in the inland county of Dumfries; he was some time in Edinburgh, and then went to England, where he spent the greater part of his life; and there is no evidence that he ever visited Greenock.

Mrs. Mickle seems to imply that the song was written and given to her by her husband not earlier than the time of their marriage, which took place in 1781-2, *ten or eleven years after the date* when Burns declares that the song was sung in the streets. Between the time of Mr. Mickle's marriage and the time when she gave these answers to Sim's questions more than twenty years had passed, and she had suffered from an attack of paralysis. There is hardly need to add the observation of David Hume, that "Mrs. Mickle was not a person whose evidence was of much consequence at any time."

* "Jean Adam," by Alexander Rodger

The explanation which has been suggested is, that Mickle, more than half Anglicised by a long residence in England, took the song rapidly down from the mouth of a street singer, and copied his first writing, with a few corrections. The Scotch song to which Mrs. Mickle alluded, if it ever had an existence, might have been one of her husband's old English ballads—a very different style of song, yet apt to be confused by her with Jean Adam's "There's nae luck about the house," in a way not incomprehensible on the part of an Englishwoman.

Tradition has something to say as to the originals of the song. They were popularly held to be a couple named Colin and Jean Campbell, who lived at Crawfurdsdyke. "Jean made a great work about her man," and no necromancy was needed on the part of her neighbour and namesake to interpret and utter Jean Campbell's feelings on the return of her husband from one of his longer voyages.

The local scenery throws light on various details of the song; whilst other details, graphic and still more minute, illustrate the

prosperous middle-class condition of the heroine and the hero.

“ And are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he’s weel ? ”

the song begins in a fond realisation of bliss, so great that, for a moment, it cannot be credited.

“ Is this a time to think o’ wark ? ”

follows, in the full extravagance of joy.

“ Ye jands, fling by your wheel ; ”

and then the triumphant, loyal lilt of the chorus, glad in proportion to the former rueful, lonely independence, sounds out clearly :—

“ For there’s nae luck about the house,
There’s nae luck at a’ ;
There’s little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman’s awa’.

Is this a time to think o’ wark
When Colin’s at the door ?
Rax me my cloak——”

The singer has servants to do her bidding ; she has already issued her orders to her lasses :—

“ I’ll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.”

The "bigonet," or high-cauled, starched matron's cap, above the comely face, now flushed with honest delight; the "bishop-satin gown;" the "turkey slippers," and "hose o' pearl blue," were more or less costly articles of dress, proving the rank and wealth of the woman who could afford to wear them. So, too, a hundred and thirty years ago, were little Kate's "Sunday gown" and Jock's "button coat." The motive for putting them on in each case is the artless art of a heart which both loves and honours its master:—

"It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'."

The two fat hens reposing, unconscious of their doom, on "the bauk," are a picture in one line of homely "couthiness," and the record that the hens have been fed

"This month and mair"

pleasantly suggests how Colin has been watched and waited for.

"Mak haste and thrav their necks about"

sounds like a cruel summary sentence of death;

but the wholesale destruction was in the best of causes,—

“That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw.”

How much of the mistress survives in the wife ! The duty was discharged ungrudgingly ; and graceful was the compliment paid to the enviable Colin. He must have been a good fellow to have been so doted on after many years had tried his worth. But it is also on the cards that he may have been a gruff and surly bear, or a dry and stiff dog of a man. Still the wistful question is sweet :—

“For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa’ ?

“Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air—”

and the joyful woman runs on—

“*His very foot has music in’t*
As he comes up the stair.”

This innocently insane delusion of the wife’s, chiming in as it does with a host of similar

hallucinations, has made so deep an impression, that Jean's townsman thinks it right to append an explanation making known its peculiar significance. Those big, brow houses on the quay-head, with their foreground of landlocked water—ship and boat and mountain, seen doubled by their shadows—and their background of wooded heights and flowery gardens (full of Ayrshire roses as well as cockle-shells), had also wide outside stairs, with steps of sounding Norway deal, on which children played and women sat and worked, and which Colin, coming back to his jewel of a wife, might climb two at a time.

The last verse is the climax of the whole—the ineffable melting of the tremulous laughter into a sudden shower of tears, all glistening as they temper the broad sunshine of the heart,—

“ And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet,”

followed up quickly by the recovered bell-like ring,—

“ For there’s nae luck about the house,
 There’s nae luck at a’ ;
 There’s little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman’s awa’ ”

THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he’s weel ?
 Is this a time to think o’ wark ?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel
 Is this a time to think o’ wark,
 When Colin’s at the door ?
 Rax me my cloak, I’ll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore
 For there’s nae luck about the house,
 There’s nae luck at a’ ;
 There’s little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman’s awa’

And gie to me my bigonet,
 My bishop-satin gown ;
 For I maun tell the baillie’s wife
 That Colin’s come to town
 My turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o’ pearl blue ;
 It’s a’ to please my ain gudeman,
 For he’s baith leal and true

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gie little Kate her Sunday gown
And Jock his button coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave :
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet
For there's nae luck, &c.