

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART V.

CCCCI.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THIS song, with the exception of the first half stanza, which is old, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum; the air is the composition of Oswald. It was published in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 9. under the title of "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," with an asterisk in the index, a mark which he annexed to such tunes as were originally composed by himself.

Cromek observes, "That Burns's most successful imitation of the old style seems to be in these verses, entitled "The Lovely Lass of Inverness." He took up the idea from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. That he passed some of these as the popular currency of other years is well known, though only discovered from the variations which his papers contain. He scattered these samples, to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited."—See *Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern*, edited by R. H. Cromek, vol. ii. p. 129.

CCCCIL.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune, "MAJOR GRAHAM'S STRATHSPEY."

THIS song, beginning "O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose," was written by Burns, and sent to Johnson for the Museum. The original manuscript is now before me. Burns, in a note annexed to the verses, says, "The tune of this song is in Neil Gow's first Collection, and is there called *Major Graham*. It is to be found on page 6 of that Collection.

Mr Clarke, after arranging the words of the song to the tune of Major Graham, observes, in a note written upon the music paper, that "once through the tune takes in all the words, except the last four lines, so that more must be added, or these left out." But this eminent musician might easily have made the words suit the melody, without adding or taking away one line, by either repeating both strains of the tune, or by singing each strain only once over. This was evidently the poet's intention; but Mr Clarke has made the second strain twice the length of the first, and this has occasioned the seeming deficiency.

CCCCIII.

Old Set—RED, RED ROSE.

THIS song contains the same words which Burns had intended for the tune of "Major Graham," above mentioned, including the four lines left out in Song No 402, from the mistake which Mr Clarke had fallen into in arranging the melody. The verses are here adapted to a very old and plaintive air, entitled "Mary Queen of Scots."—*See the following song.*

CCCCIV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.

THIS charming and pathetic ballad, beginning "Now nature hangs her mantle green," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. It is unquestionably one of the finest compositions of our immortal bard. With matchless skill, he has pourtrayed the situation and feelings of this beautiful

but unfortunate queen, languishing in a miserable dungeon, without a ray of worldly hope to cheer her afflicted soul. Can any thing be finer than the concluding lines, in allusion to her son, James VI. and the prospect of her own dissolution?

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine ;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine.
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee ;
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me.
 O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn-winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house of death,
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

The verses are adapted to the ancient air, entitled " Mary Queen of Scots' Lament," which Burns communicated to the Editor of the Museum, alongst with the ballad. It consists of one simple plaintive strain, ending on the fifth of the key, and has every appearance of being one of our earliest tunes.

CCCCV.

A LASSIE ALL ALONE .

THE words of this song, beginning " As I stood by yon roofless tower," were written by Burns for the Museum. They are adapted to a tune, called " Cumnock Psalms," which was also communicated by the bard. The original manuscript is before me ; but Burns afterwards made several alterations on the song, in which the chorus was struck out and the title entirely changed. It is here reprinted, with his last corrections.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And by the moon-beam shook to see,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posy—LIBERTY !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear ;
 But, oh ! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times ;
 But what he said, it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

Dr Currie informs us, that “ The scenery so finely described is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden or Clouden, and by the ruins of Lincluden-Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV., of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, or Grose's Antiquities of that part of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with ærial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed, that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of *Libertie*, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be ques-

tioned whether, even in the researches of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation.—*Burns' Works, vol. iv.*

CCCCVI.

THE WREN'S NEST.

THIS nursery song, beginning "The Robin cam to the Wren's nest," appears to be a parody of some foolish old verses of a similar song, preserved in Herd's Collection, vol. ii., entitled "The Wren scho lyes in Care's Bed," or "Lennox's Love to Blantyre." The reader will likewise find the song alluded to in the fifth volume of the Museum, with its original tune, page 497.

Mr Clarke has the following note on his manuscript of the words and music. "The tune is only a bad set of 'Johnny's Gray Brecks.' I took it down from Mrs Burns' singing. There are more words, I believe. You must apply to Burns." But Johnson has written below Mr Clarke's observation, "there are no more words."

CECCVII.

PEGGY IN DEVOTION.

THE words inserted in the Museum to this tune, beginning "Sweet nymph of my devotion," are by an anonymous hand. The old verses, beginning

PEGGY in devotion,
Bred from tender years,
From my loving motion,
Still was called to prayers—

may be seen in Playford's Pills, first edition of volume ii. printed at London in 1700. They are there adapted to the same tune inserted in the Museum, entitled "The Scotch Parson's Daughter." The old song, however, is only a *pseudo-Scottish* production. It is likewise both indelicate and profane.

CCCCVIII.

JAMIE O' THE GLEN.

THIS humorous old song, beginning "Auld Rob, the laird o' muckle land," has long been a favourite in the south

of Scotland, where the Editor has heard it sung from his earliest infancy; but neither the author of the words nor the composer of the tune are known. There is a striking coincidence in several bars of this old air and the tune called "O'er the Muir among the Heather."

CCCCIX.

O' GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

THIS ancient tune originally consisted of one strain. The second part was taken from one of Oswald's variations of the original melody, printed in the fourth volume of his Pocket Companion. The following is a correct set of the original melody, from a very old manuscript in the Editor's possession.

I WISH THAT YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.



This tune must have been quite common in Scotland long before 1549; for it is one of the airs to which the Reformers sung one of their spiritual hymns, beginning

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,
Keip faith and love till our gudeman;
For our gudeman in heuen does reigne
In gloir and bliss without ending.

The foolish old verses of the profane sang as it was called, are annexed.

CHORUS.

*I wish that you were dead, goodman,
And a green sod on your head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhead
Upon a rantin Highlandman.*

There's sax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's sax eggs in the pan, goodman;
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's beef into the pat, goodman,
 There's beef into the pat, goodman;
 The banes for you, and the broo' for me,
 And the beef for our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's sax horse in the stud, goodman,
 There's sax horse in the stud, goodman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's sax kye in the byre, goodman,
 There's sax kye in the byre, goodman,
 There's nane to you, and twa to me,
 And the lave to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

Upon comparing the old verses with the manuscript of this song, which Burns transmitted to Johnson in his own hand-writing, the present Editor observes, that our poet has made some verbal alterations, and omitted three stanzas of the original words; but, in their stead, he has added eight lines of his own.

CCCCX.

MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

THE author of this humorous and delightful song is unknown. It is neither to be found in the Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724, nor in Yair's Collection of 1749. It appears in Herd's Songs, printed in 1769. The song therefore was probably written between the years 1749 and 1769.

The verses have been adapted to different airs. The tune in the Museum was communicated by Burns, and answers the words extremely well, but it is evidently borrowed from "Merry may the Maid be that marries the Miller."—See the Museum, vol. ii. song 123. In Ritson's Scottish Songs, the words are set to a still more modern and a very indifferent air. In Gow's Fifth Collection of Reels and Strathspeys, page 32, is an air called "My Wife she's taen the Gee," said to be old, and communicated by the late Alexander Gibson Hunter, of Blackness, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh. The first strain of this tune precisely fits the words of the

song, and it may have been the genuine air to which the verses were originally sung.

The following anecdote relative to this song was related to the Editor, by a Field Officer of the Bombay establishment. Several years ago, some British Officers had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Tippoo Saib, who threw them into a dungeon in Seringapatam, where they were treated with great severity. Towards the approach of the then ensuing Christmas, they resolved to save a little out of the small pittance allowed for their support, in order to celebrate that natal day. With the fruits of their economy, they were accordingly enabled to purchase some liquor; and after their Christmas dinner, the glass, the toast, and the song, went cheerfully round. One of the officers, a Scotchman, when called upon for a song, favoured his messmates with "My Wife has taen the Gee." Next morning, Tippoo, as usual, inquired at the officer on guard, how the prisoners had conducted themselves over night? "They were very merry, and sung several of their national songs," was the answer. "Did you understand the import of any of them?" Only one, Sire, and it was all in praise of *Ghee*." (This is the name of a clarified oil, made from buffalo-milk, and greatly relished by the Asiatics.) "Have they ever had any *ghee* to their rice?" asked Tippoo. "No, never," replied the officer. "Then," said Tippoo, "let them henceforth have a suitable allowance of it daily." Accordingly, from that period until they obtained their liberty, these officers were regularly supplied with plenty of *ghee*, and their sufferings in other respects were considerably mitigated.

CCCCXI.

TAM LIN.

THIS romantic ballad or tale, beginning "O, I forbid you maidens a'" is of unquestionable antiquity. It has been a favourite on the borders of Scotland time out of memory.—The tale of the young *Tamlane* is mentioned in Vedderburn's Complaynt of Scotland, printed at St Andrews in

1549. The air, to which the words are uniformly chanted, had probably been used in former ages as a dancing tune, for the Dance of *Thom of Lynn*, which seems a variation of *Tam Lin*, is noticed in the same work.

The ballad is likewise quoted in a Christmas or Yule Medley, inserted in Wode's manuscript of the Psalms of David, set to music, (the bass part) with the following docket. "Set in IIII partes be an honorable man; David Peables, I. S. Noted and wreattin by me Thomas Wode, 1. December, A. D. 1566." This part of a curious and unique musical work, now lying before me, is at present (1820) the property of William Blackwood, Esq. bookseller in Edinburgh. The *soprano* part of the same work, written by the same person, belonging to the College Library of Edinburgh, has likewise been sent to the Editor for perusal, through the kindness of Principal Baird and Dr Duncan, junior. The reader is here presented with a few lines of this curious old medley.

" I saw three ladies fair
Singing, hey and how, upon yon green land-a;
I saw three marinells
Sing, row rinn below, upon yon sea strand-a.
As they begoud their notts to toone,
The pyper's drone was out of toone,
Sing, *Jollie Robin*; sing, *Young Thomlin*.
Be mirrie, be mirrie, be mirrie, be mirrie,
And twice so mirrie with the light of the moon;
Hey, hey, downe a downe; hey, downe a downe-a."

Sir W. Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Border," observes, that, like every popular subject, the tale of Tam Lin seems to have been frequently parodied as a burlesque ballad, beginning "Tom o' the Lin was a Scotsman born," is still well known; and that he had seen it alluded to in another ancient manuscript in the possession of John Graham Dalyell, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh.

A fragment of this ballad, under the title of "Kerton Ha'," or "the Fairy Court," is in Herd's Collection. It begins—

SHE's prickt hersell, and prin'd hersel,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa to Kertonha'
 As fast as she can gang.

"What gars ye pu' the rose, Jenny?
 What gars ye break the tree?
 What gars ye gang to Kertonha'
 Without the leave of me?"

"Yes, I will pu' the rose, Thomas,
 And I will break the tree,
 For Kertonha' shou'd be my ain,
 Nor ask I leave of thee."

&c. &c. &c.

Kertonha' is a corruption of the name of Carterhaugh near Selkirk. The ballad in the Museum, as well as the original air, were communicated by Burns, in his own handwriting, to the editor of that work. This copy, with some alterations, was afterwards reprinted in the *Tales of Wonder*.

Sir W. Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, has likewise favoured the public with another edition of the ballad, under the title of "The Young Tamlane;" to which he has prefixed a long and ingenious essay on the fairies of popular superstition. Many of the stanzas in Sir W. Scott's version, however, if not by himself, are evidently the work of a modern hand. The language itself betrays the era of the writer.

The scene of the ballad of Tam Lin is laid in Selkirkshire. Carterhaugh is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, about a mile above Selkirk. Sir W. Scott says, "The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be the traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped, in order to effect his disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. *Miles Cross*, (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross) where fair Janet waited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh."—*Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 178.

CCCCXII.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

THE words and air of this song were communicated by Burns; but neither of them are genuine. The words consist of a verse of a Jacobite song, with verbal alterations by Burns himself. The tune has half a bar in the first strain more than it should have; and Johnson, to mend the matter, has marked the time $\frac{9}{8}$ in place of $\frac{3}{8}$. A correct copy of the words and music is annexed.

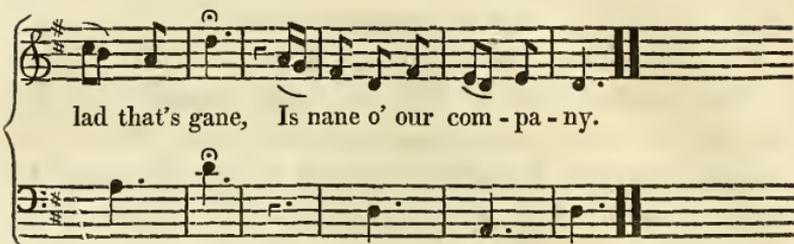
HERE'S A HEALTH TO HIM THAT'S AWAY.

HERE's a health to him that's a - way, Here's a health to

him that's a - - way, Here's to him that was here yestreen,

But durst nae a - bide till day. O wha winna drink it

dry? O wha win-na drink it dry? Wha win-na drink to the



lad that's gane, Is nane o' our com - pa - ny.

*Here's a health to him that's away,
Here's a health to him that's away,
Here's to him that was here yestreen,
But durst nae abide till day.*

O let him be swung on a tree,
O let him be swung on a tree,
Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
Can ne'er be the man for me.

*Here's a health to him that's away,
Here's a health to him that's away,
Here's to him that was here yestreen,
But durst nae abide till day.*

It's good to be merry and wise ;
It's good to be honest and true ;
It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
Afore we be on wi' the new.

Burns left the following unfinished parody of the above song, which was found among his papers after his decease.

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
May never gude-luck be their fa'.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true ;
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
And abide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
Here's a health to Charlie,* the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.

May liberty meet wi' success !
May prudence protect her frae evil !
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil !

* The Right Honourable Charles James Fox.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's a health to Tammie,* the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's Chieftan M'Leod,† a chieftan worth gowd,
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw.

CCCCXIII.

AULD LANGSYNE:

BURNS communicated this old fragment, with the third and fourth verses written by himself, to the publisher of the Museum. Johnson accordingly marked it with the letter Z, which was usually put to old songs with additions or alterations, in that work.

In a letter which Burns addressed to Mrs Dunlop, dated December, 1788, he says, "Apropos is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Langsyne* exceedingly expressive. There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet, as I suppose Mr Ker will save you the postage. (Here follow the verses, as printed in the Museum, vol. v.) Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment ! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians. Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily." Here follows the song, beginning *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*, which is inserted in the Museum, vol. iii. page 240. Burns, however, in his Reliques, afterwards admits that the whole of this song,

* Lord Thomas Erskine.

† M'Leod of that ilk.

called "The Silver Tassie," excepting the first four lines, was his own.

In the *Reliques*, published by Cromek, Burns has the following remark: "Ramsay, as usual with him, has taken the idea of *Auld Langsyne* from the old fragment, which may be seen in the *Museum*, vol. v." And, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated September, 1793, he says, "One song more, and I am done—*Auld Langsyne*. The air is but *mediocre*; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

Mr Cromek justly observes, that Burns sometimes wrote poems in the old ballad style, which, for reasons best known to himself, he gave the public as songs of the olden time. "Auld Langsyne—Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine—The lovely Lass of Inverness"—are all proofs of this fact. He admitted to Johnson, that three of the stanzas of *Langsyne* only were old, the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the *cup*, the *pint stoup*, and a *gude willie-waught*. Those two introduced by Burns, have only relation to the innocent amusements of youth, contrasted with the cares and troubles of maturer age. Burns brushed up many of the old lyrics of Caledonia in a similar manner, and several of them certainly required the pruning-hook to render them even tolerable to the present generation. Ramsay did the same thing, and it was this that offended Ritson, the antiquary. "Burns," says he, "as good a poet as Ramsay, is, it must be regretted, an equally licentious and unfaithful publisher of the performances of others. Many of the original, old, ancient, genuine songs, inserted in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, derive not a little of their merit from passing through the hand of this very ingenious critic."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*.

With regard to the tune to which the verses are adapted in Johnson's *Museum*, it is the original air of "Auld Lang-

syne," preserved in the Orpheus Caledonius of 1725, and other old collections. As Burns had mentioned that the old tune was but *mediocre*, Mr Thomson got the words arranged to an air introduced by Shield in his overture to the opera of Rosina, written by Mr Brooks, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bagpipe-tune, in which the *oboe* is substituted for the *chanter*, and the bassoon for the *drone*. Mr Shield, however, borrowed this air, almost note for note, from the third and fourth strains of the Scottish strathspey in Cumming's Collection, under the title of "The Miller's Wedding." In Gow's First Collection, it is called "The Miller's Daughter;" but the strathspey itself is modelled from the Lowland melody of "I fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas."—See Notes on Song No 394. Gow also introduced the air, as slightly altered by Shield, in his Collection of Reels, &c. book i. and gave it the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," in compliment to his friend, the late Baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was both a good violin-player, and a steady patron of the musical art.

As the latter air has, in a great measure, supplanted the proper tune of "Auld Langsyne," it is here annexed.

AULD LANGSYNE.

An old Scotch drinking Song, with additions by BURNS.

Tune—"I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas."

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot, And ne-ver brought to

mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang-

syne. For auld langsyne, my dear, For auld langsyne, We'll

tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld langsyne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stowp !
 And surely I'll be mine !
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

*We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Since auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.*

*We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 From morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae row'd
 Since auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.*

And there's a hand my trusty frere,
 And gie's a hand of thine,
 We'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

This song has been very happily arranged as a glee, for four voices, by Mr William Knyvett, of London.

CCCCXIV.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

BURNS, in the Reliques, says, " These words are mine." He likewise communicated the fine old air to which the verses

are adapted. This is another production of our bard in praise of his “Jean,” afterwards Mrs Burns.

CCCCXV.

HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BAD ME.

THIS old song partook too freely of the broad humour of the former age to obtain admission into the Museum, until Burns pruned it of some of its luxuriances. The old verses omitted are perhaps still too well known. The tune was originally called “Come kiss wi’ me, come clap wi’ me,” and consisted of one strain, viz. the first. The reader will find it in its native simplicity in the Orpheus Caledonius, as well as in a former part of this work. See *Notes on Song No 351*. The second strain is added in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vii. page 20, and the tune is there entitled “Had I the wyte she bad me.”

CCCCXVI.

THE AULD MAN HE CAM OVER THE LEA.

THE words and music of this song were communicated by Burns as an ancient fragment, for the Museum. It is an humorous parody of the old song, entitled “The Carl he cam o’er Craft.” The tune is said to be very old.

CCCCXVII.

COMIN THRO’ THE RYE.—1st SET.

THIS song was written by Burns. The air is taken from the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called “The Miller’s Daughter.” See Gow’s First Collection.

CCCCXVIII.

COMIN THRO’ THE RYE.—2d SET.

THE words and music of this song, beginning “Gin a body meet a body,” are parodied from the first set, which was published as a single sheet song before it was copied into the Museum. Mr John Watlen, musician and music-seller, formerly in Edinburgh, now in London, afterwards altered the first strain of the former tune a little, and published it with the new words. His edition had a considerable run.

CCCCXIX.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

“THERE is a song,” says Burns, “apparently as ancient as the *Ewe-bughts Marion*,” which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins, “The Lord o’ Gordon had three daughters.”—*Reliques*. The words of the ballad are no doubt sometimes sung to the air of *Ewe-bughts Marion*, in the south of Scotland; but it is owing to their ignorance of the original air to which the ballad is uniformly sung in the North. Mr Clarke took down the air as it was chanted by a lady of his acquaintance, and thus restored the ballad to its original tune. The words and music first appeared together in print in the Museum. Ritson has inserted the ballad in his Collection of Scottish Songs; but, as he did not know the tune, he has left a blank space for the music in his work.

Alexander, third Earl of Huntly, was succeeded, in 1523, by his grandson Alexander, Lord Gordon, who actually had three daughters. I. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John, Earl of Athol. II. Lady Margaret, married to John, Lord Forbes. III. Lady Jean, the youngest, married *first* to James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom she was divorced in 1568; she married, *secondly*, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594; and surviving him, she married, *thirdly*, Captain Alexander Ogilvie, son and successor of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Boyne, who died in 1606 without issue.

The first line of the ballad, as quoted by Burns, is evidently more correct than that inserted in the Museum or in Ritson’s Collection, for the dukedom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684. Johnson has omitted eighteen verses of the ballad for want of room, but the reader will find the whole of it in Ritson’s Scottish Songs.

CCCCXX.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A’ THE PLAIN.

THIS beautiful song is another unclaimed production of Burns. The words are adapted to the plaintive and well known air, entitled “The Carlin o’ the Glen.”

CCCCXXI.

OUT OVER THE FORTH, &c.

THIS song was written by Burns, and adapted to the air entitled "Charles Gordon's welcome Home." It was afterwards reprinted in his *Reliques*, by Cromek.

At the end of the song, Burns has the following note:—"The inclosed tune is a part of Gow's 'Charles Gordon's welcome home;' but I do not think the close of the second part of the tune happy. Mr Clarke, on looking over Gow's air, will probably contrive a better."

Mr Clarke has retained Mr Gow's tune, but at the close of the second strain he has attended to the hint given him by the bard.

CCCCXXII.

WANTONNESS FOR EVERMAIR.

THIS *bagatelle* was written, and communicated by Burns. Clarke thought it worthy a place in the Museum, that the tune might be preserved, which is ancient, and deserving of better lines than those furnished by the bard.

CCCCXXIII.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

THIS fine old humorous ballad, beginning "In Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar," was recovered by David Herd, and printed in his *Collection*. The tune was communicated to Johnson by the late Mr Robert Macintosh, musician in Edinburgh, who obtained it from an old acquaintance that used to sing this ballad with great glee. Mr James Johnson, on sending the air to be arranged, wrote Mr Clarke the following note: "Sir,—The above is the exact tune taken down by Mr R. Macintosh. It is a very funny song, and sought after by many.—J. J."

CCCCXXIV.

THE ROWIN'T IN HER APRON.

THIS ancient fragment, beginning "Our young lady's a hunting gane," with its original air, were recovered by Burns, and transmitted in his own hand-writing to Johnson for the

Museum. The scene is laid in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The old castle of Terreagles stood on the banks of the Nith, near its junction with the Cluden.

CCCCXXV.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—1st SET.

BURNS informs us, that “the author of this song, beginning ‘O weel may the boatie row,’ was a Mr Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to *There’s nae luck about the house*.”—*Reliques*.

This fine ballad is set to three different tunes in the Museum. The first four bars of the air, No 425, are taken from the tune called “Weel may the Keel row,” and all the rest from the tune of “There’s nae Luck about the House.” The words, however, are seldom sung to this mongrel melody.

CCCCXXVI.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—2d SET.

THIS air to the same words was inserted by desire of Mr Clarke, who wrote the following note under the manuscript of the music:—“You must take this, as the other music is printed already in a former volume.” This tune, however, has never become a favourite with those who sing the ballad.

CCCCXXVII.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—3d SET.

THIS fine modern air is the genuine tune of the ballad. Some years ago it was arranged as a glee, for three voices, by Mr William Knyvett of London, and has deservedly become very popular.

CCCCXXVIII.

CHARLIE HE’S MY DARLING.

THIS Jacobite song, beginning “’Twas on a Monday morning,” was communicated by Burns to the editor of the Museum. The air was modernized by Mr Clarke. The reader will find a genuine copy of the old air in Hogg’s *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 92.

CCCXXXIX.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

THIS song is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724, where it is marked with the letter M, which is the initial letter of its composer's surname, viz. David Malloch, Esq. when he was a tutor in the family of Mr Home. The verses are adapted to the tune called "The Maid's Complaint," which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fourth book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 40. The last two bars of the second strain were improved by Mr Stephen Clarke, as the reader will perceive upon comparing the air in the Museum with Oswald's tune. Mallet's verses were published in the Orpheus Caledonius, to the air of "Pinkie House."

CCCXXX.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

THIS humorous song, beginning "Gat ye me, O gat ye me," is a production of Burns'. It is adapted to a fine old lively air, communicated by Burns, which is well known by the name of "Jack o' Latin," printed, with variations, in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and several other collections. Ecclefechan is a well-known village in Dumfries-shire.

CCCXXXI.

THE COUPER O' CUDDY.

THIS humorous song, beginning "We'll hide the couper behind the door," is another production of Burns. He directs it to be set to the well-known dancing tune called "Bab at the Bouser." At the end of his manuscript he writes, "This tune is to be met with every where." If the delicacy of this song had been equal to its wit, it would have done honour to any bard.

CCCXXXII.

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING?

THIS song, beginning "Wha is that at my chamber door?" was written by Ramsay, and printed in his Tea-Table Miscel-

lany, 1724. It is there entitled "The Auld Man's best Argument," and is directed to be sung to the tune of "Widow are ye wakin," a licentious but witty old song, long anterior to the days of Ramsay. The Editor is in possession of a very old copy of this tune, but it is nearly the same as that in the Museum.

CCCCXXXIII.

THE MALTMAN.

THIS is another production of Ramsay. It possesses uncommon humour, but a sort of double meaning runs through the verses, and renders them somewhat liable to objection. The lively old air to which the words are adapted appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion.

CCCCXXXIV.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

THIS beautiful old air was communicated by Burns. The stanza to which it is adapted, beginning "Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay," was written by Burns, who intended to have added some more verses, as appears from the following memorandum, written by Johnson on the original manuscript of the music. "Mr Burns is to send words;" but they were never transmitted. He appears to have had the old fragment of the ballad called *Leezie Baillie* in view, when he composed the above stanza. See *Notes on Song No 456*. A large fragment of the old ballad of *Leezie Lindsay*, however, may be seen in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, vol. ii.

CCCCXXXV.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

THE genuine air inserted in the Museum likewise appears in Crockat's *Manuscript Music Book*, written in 1709, under the title of "The old Wife beyond the Fire." It would therefore seem, as if Ramsay had softened down an older and less *Scotified* song, preserving as much of the spirit and broad humour of the original as might appear consistent with the manners and taste of the times in which he lived. His biographer, however, attributes the whole of the song to Ram-

say ; but Ramsay himself marks this song with the letter Q, to shew that it was an *old song* with additions. The tune, under the title of “Set the old Wife beyond the Fire,” was printed in John Walsh’s Caledonian Country Dances.

CCCCXXXVI.

FOR THE SAKE O’ SOMEBODY.

THE whole of this song, as printed in the Museum, beginning “My heart is sair, I darna tell,” was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay’s song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion. To this work, Burns, in a note annexed to the manuscript song, refers Johnson for the music.

Ramsay’s verses are in the shape of a dialogue between a lover and his sweetheart ; but they possess very little merit. The old air consists of one simple strain, ending on the third of the key. The second strain is merely a repetition of the first. It is probable, that the melody had been originally adapted to a much older set of verses than those of Ramsay, and that the old song consisted of stanzas of four, in place of eight lines each.

CCCCXXXVII.

THE CARDIN O’T.

THESE verses, beginning “I coft a stane o’ haslock woo’,” were written by Burns, whose original manuscript is at present before the Editor. The words are adapted to a lively old Scotch measure, called “Salt Fish and Dumplings.”

CCCCXXXVIII.

THE SOUTERS O’ SELKIRK.

MR TYTLER, in his ingenious “Essay on Scottish Music,” alluding to the fragment of this old song, beginning “Up wi’ the Souters o’ Selkirk,” has the following remarks:—“This ballad is founded on the following incident : Previous to the battle of Flodden, the town-clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *souters*, or shoemakers of that town, who joined the royal army ; and the town-clerk, in reward of his

loyalty, was created a knight-banneret by that prince. They fought gallantly, and most of them were cut off. A few who escaped, found, on their return, in the forest of Ladywood edge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back ground a wood; and on the sarcophagus the arms of Scotland."

"For all this fine story (says Ritson, in his *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 34.) there is *probably* no foundation whatever. That the souters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount to fourscore fighting men, is a circumstance utterly incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed, that all the shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an army, at a period when shoes must have been less worn than they are at present." He then proceeds to acquaint us, that Dr Johnson was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers; that tall boys run without shoes in the streets; and, in the islands, even the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet. "Away then (says Ritson) with the fable of *The Souters of Selkirk!*"

It is matter of deep regret to observe, that some men of education, and even of very superior abilities, are occasionally betrayed into error and inconsistency, by allowing their minds to get entangled in the mazes of national and unmanly prejudice. Several instances of this fact, with regard to Scotland, disfigure the writings of Dr Johnson and Mr Joseph Ritson. In other respects their literary labours are exceedingly meritorious and valuable. These erudite and very ingenious authors have not scrupled to affirm, that the natives of North Britain are more prone to believe in absurd and extravagant traditions than any other nation whatever; that the Scots had no shoes until Cromwell's soldiers taught the people to make them; and that all Scotland could scarcely have mustered an army of eighty shoemakers at the battle of Flodden.

In short, Scotland seems to have appeared to them in the same light as it did to another Englishman, who expresses his ideas of the country in the following curious lines:—

Bleak are thy hills, O North!
 And barren are thy plains;
 Bare-leg'd are thy nymphs,
 And bare a— are thy swains.

But a candid and patient inquirer will neither permit himself to be deceived by vague assertion, nor will he degrade his character by a similar mode of retaliation, which, though easy, can never benefit the cause of truth. Sober reflection will convince every man, that the Omniscient Author of our existence has adapted every animal to the element it is destined to inhabit. Nor has he denied to mankind, wherever situated on the habitable globe, the means and the ingenuity of accommodating their dress in conformity to the nature of the climate. Amongst all the nations that inhabit the bleak and barren regions of the north, however rude or uncivilized, none have yet been discovered that were destitute of the necessary habiliments for protecting every part of the body from the inclemency of the weather. Nor was Scotland an exception to this rule until the days of Cromwell. On the contrary, it appears that the Scottish legislature, at an early period, directed its attention to the manufacturers of shoes, who had attained such skill in their profession, as to render their goods an object of foreign commerce. It was even found necessary to prohibit the export both of the raw and of the manufactured material: "Souters sould be challenged, that they bark lether, and makes shoone otherwaies than the law permittes; that is to say, of lether quhere the horne and the eare are of ane like length. They make shoone, buites, and other graith, before the leather is barked (tanned)."—*Chalmerlan Air*, c. 22. Again, by the fourth Parliament in the reign of James IV. who fell at Flodden, cordoners (i. e. shoemakers) are prohibited, under a severe penalty, from taking custom from such of their own craft as come to the weekly markets,

except what was wont by *old law*. Barked hides (i. e. tanned leather) and *made shoes*, are among the list of articles which were prohibited to be exported by act of the fourth parliament held in the reign of James VI, c, 59.

Now, these ordinances were all made long before Cromwell was born. Away, then, with the fable of Cromwell's soldiers first teaching the inhabitants of Scotland to make shoes. It seems evident, that the Doctor had never been an eye-witness of the dress of the peasantry in Scotland during the rigours of winter; nor had Ritson been more fortunate in viewing any procession of the shoemakers in a royal Scottish burgh on the day of St Crispin, a festival long celebrated in Scottish song. That eighty souters were capable of making shoes for a population of nearly two millions of inhabitants, is indeed so very absurd as to require no serious refutation.

It may be observed, *en passant*, that the epithet of "The Souters of Selkirk" does not exclusively mean those members of the incorporation who are actually shoemakers by profession. This appellation is given to the burgesses of Selkirk, whether shoemakers or not; and it appears to have originated from the singular custom observed at the admission of a new member, a ceremony which is on no account dispensed with. Some hog-bristles are attached to the seal of his burgess ticket; these he must dip in wine, and pass between his lips, as a tribute of his respect to this ancient and useful fraternity. Sir Walter Scott himself has the honour of being one of their number.

That the once populous and important royal burgh of Selkirk was pillaged and laid waste by the English, in revenge of the signal bravery displayed by its "Souters" in battle; and that James V. the succeeding monarch, testified his gratitude for their loyalty and valour, as well as his compassion for the sufferings of its surviving inhabitants; are facts that can be fully elucidated. Thus, on the 4th March 1536, that prince, on the narrative that the greater part of Selkirk had been laid waste, and destroyed by war, pestilence, fire, &c. he

erects it of new into a royal burgh, with all the privileges annexed to such corporations. On the 20th of June 1536, the same prince, “for the gude, trew, and thankful service done and to be done to ws be owre lovittis, the baillies, burgesses, and communitie of our burgh of Selkirk, and for certaine othir reasonable causis and considerationis moving ws, be the tenor hereof, GRANTIS and GEVIS license to thame and their successors to ryfe out, breke, and teil yeirlic ane thousand acres of thair common landis of our said burgh, in what part thair of they please, for the policy, strengthening, and bigging of the samyn; for the wele of ws and of lieges repairand thairto, and defence aganis owre auld innemyis of England and otherwayis; And Will and Grantis that thai sall nocht be callit, accusit, nor incur ony danger, or skaith thairthrow, in thair personis, landis, nor gudis, in ony wise in time cuming, Nochtwithstanding ony owre actis or statutis maid or to be maid in the contrair in ony panys contenit tharein, anent the quhilkis we dispens with thame be thir owre letters: With power to occupy the saidis landis with thare awne gudis, or to set thame to tenentis as thai sall think maist expedient for the wele of our said burgh; With free ishe and entrie, and with all and sindry utheris commoditeis, freedomes, asiamentis, and richtis pertinentis whatsumever pertenyng, or that rychtuisly may pertene thairto, perpetually in tyme cuming, frelie, quietlie, wele, and in peace, but ony revocation or agane calling whatsumever. Gevin under owre signet, and subscrivit with owre hand, at Striveling, the twenty day of Junii, the yeir of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty six yeris and of owre regne the twenti thre yeir.” Here follows another grant by that prince, dated about nine weeks after the one that has just been narrated: “We, understanding that owre burgh of Selkirk, and inhabitants thair of, continualie sen the Field of Flodoune has been oppressit, heriit and owre run be theves and traitors, whairthrow the hant of merchandice has cessit amangis thame of langtyme bygane, and thai heriit thairthrow, and we defraudit of owre custumis and

dewties: THAIRFOR, and for divers utheris resonable causis and considerationes moving ws, be the tenor heirof, of owre kinglie power, free motive and autorite ryall, Grantis and Gevis to thame and thair successors, ane fair day, begynand at the feist of the conception of owre Lady next to cum aftere the day of the date hereof, and be the octaves of the sammyn perpetually in time cuming; To be usit and exercit be thame als frelie in time cuming, as ony other fair is usit or exercit be ony utheris owre burrowis within owre realme; payand yeir-lie custumis and dewties, aucht and wont, as effeiris, frelie, quietlie, wele, and in pece, but ony revocation, obstakill, impediment, or agane calling whatsumever. Subscrivit with owre hand, and gevin under owre signet, at Kirkcaldy, the second day of September, the yeir of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty sex yeiris, and of owre regne the twenty three yeir."

The Royal Charter, confirming the three foregoing deeds, and ratifying them in the most full and ample manner, is dated at Edinburgh the eighth day of April 1538, and is preserved in the records of the burgh of Selkirk.

William Brydon, the town-clerk of Selkirk, who led "the Souters" to the field of battle, was knighted for his gallant conduct at Flodden. This fact is ascertained by many deeds still extant, in which his name appears as a notary-public. John Brydon, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal descendant, is still alive, and in possession of the sword of his brave ancestor. A standard, the appearance of which bespeaks its antiquity, is still carried annually, on the day of riding their common, by the corporation of weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English in the field of Flodden. This the Editor has often seen. Thus every circumstance of the traditional story is corroborated by direct evidence.

That the ballad, a corrupted fragment of which is inserted in the Museum, relates to the eventful battle of Flodden, the Editor, who was born and educated in the neighbourhood of Selkirk, has not the smallest doubt. The late Mr Robert-

son, minister of Selkirk, indeed mentions, in his statistical account of the parish, that the song,

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
And down with the Earl of Home—

was not composed on the battle of Flodden, as there was no Earl of Hume at that time, nor till long after; but that it “arose from a bet betwixt the Philiphaugh and Hume families; the Souters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk against the men of Hume, at a match of football, in which the Souters of Selkirk completely gained, and afterwards perpetuated their victory in that song.” The late Andrew Plummer, Esq. of Middlestead, who was sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk, and a faithful and learned antiquarian, in a letter to the late Mr David Herd, dated 13th January 1793, says, “I was five years at school at Selkirk, have lived all my days within two miles of that town, and never once heard a tradition of this imaginary contest till I saw it in print.”

“Although the words are not very ancient, there is every reason to believe that they allude to the battle of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the souters and Lord Hume upon that occasion. At election dinners, &c. when the Selkirk folks begin to get *fou* (merry), they always call for music, and for that tune in particular. At such times I never heard a Souter hint at the football, but many times speak of the battle of Flodden.”—*See Scott's Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 118.

Neither Mr Robertson nor Mr Plummer, however, appear to have heard or seen any more than three or four lines of the song, otherwise not a doubt could have been entertained on the subject. The words, as well as the genuine simple air of the ballad, both of which have been shockingly mutilated and corrupted, are here restored, as the Editor heard them sung and played, by the border musicians, in his younger days. The original melody is a bag-pipe tune, of eight diatonic intervals in its compass; a bass part has therefore been added, in imitation of the drone of that instrument.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

Lively.

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk, And down wi' the fazart Lord
Hume, But up wi' il-ka brow callant That sews the single-soal'd
shoon; And up wi' the lads o' the Forest, That ne'er to the
Southron wad yield, But deil scoup o' Hume and his menzie, That
stude sae abiegh on the field.

II.

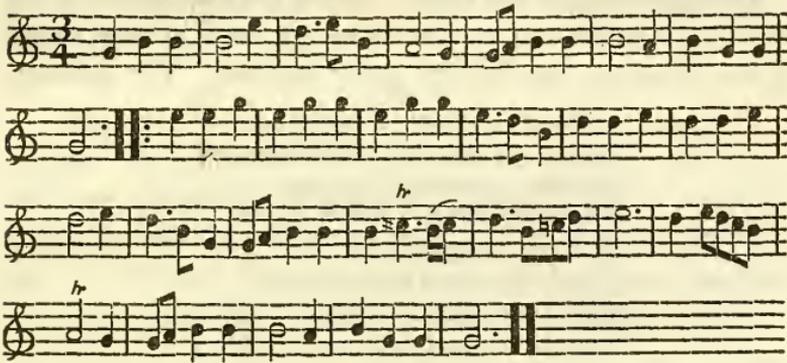
Eye! on the green and the yellow,
The craw-hearted loons o' the Merse;
But here's to the Souters o' Selkirk,
The elshin, the lingle, and birse.
Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leil;
And up wi' the lads o' the forest—
And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

CCCCXXXIX.

THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE is a very old set of verses to this tune, but they are rather coarse for insertion. A copy of the tune, under the title of "A Scottish March," appears in John Playford's *Musick's Hand-Maid*, published in 1678; but the second strain contains a redundant bar, which spoils the measure. It is reprinted, with all its imperfections, in Smith's *Musica Antiqua*, vol. ii. p. 175. The tune is annexed.

A SCOTTISH MARCH. 1678.



Ramsay wrote new words to the same air, beginning "I hae a green purse wi' a wee pickle gowd," printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724. Mr Alexander Ross, formerly schoolmaster at Lochlee in the county of Forfar, likewise wrote a song on the old model, beginning "There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow," in which he has incorporated several lines of the original verses with those of his own composition, and has spun out the song to nineteen stanzas of eight lines each. The reader who may wish to peruse the whole of Mr Ross's song, which possesses considerable merit, although it is by far too long to be inserted in this work, will find it annexed to his beautiful poem of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," first printed at Aberdeen in 1768. The verses in the *Museum* are an abridgment of Ross's song, it is believed by himself, and are taken from Herd's *Collection* in 1776.

CCCCXL.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

ALTHOUGH the Editor has heard this old song from his earliest infancy, he never saw a correct copy of it in print till it was inserted in the Museum. An imperfect fragment appears in Herd's Collection of 1776. Ramsay has a song in his Miscellany, in 1724, to the same tune, but it is not in his best style. It begins "Tibby has a store of charms," and is entitled "Genty Tibby and Sonsy Nancy," to the tune of "Tibby Fowler in the Glen." Since the publication of the Museum, two modern stanzas have appeared in some copies of the old song; but they are easily detected. For instance,

IN came Frank wi' his lang legs,
 Gard a' the stair play clitter clatter;
 Had awa, young men, he begs,
 For, by my sooth, I will be at her.

Fye upon the filthy snort,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her;
 Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;
 There's seven and forty wooing at her.

Fye upon the filthy snort of the man that could write such nonsense. It is really too bad to disfigure our best old songs with such unhallowed trash.

Cromek, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Song," tells us, "that in the trystes of Nithsdale there are many variations of this curious song;" and he accordingly presents his readers with a medley, which he "picked up from a diligent search among the old people of Nithsdale." But any person, by glancing at Cromek's medley, will at once discover his verses to be modern, and totally destitute of the exquisite humour of the original. Indeed, this author unfortunately betrays his own secret; for, after having amused us with his sham verses, he presents his readers with "The old words," which are copied, without the slightest alteration or acknowledgment, from Johnson's Museum.

CCCCXLI.

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

THE air as well as the words of this song, beginning "Blest are the mortals above all," were composed by the late Mr Allan Masterton of Edinburgh, the mutual friend of Burns and the present Editor. He is the Allan, who is celebrated in the song of "Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut," mentioned in a former part of this work. Mr Stephen Clarke, in a note subjoined to the manuscript of the music, says to Johnson, "The words and music of this song are by Mr Allan Masterton. You must get the rest of the words from him." Johnson did so.

CCCCXLII.

THERE'S THREE GUDE FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

THE title and tune are all that remain of the old song, which is taken from Macgibbon's First Collection of Scots Tunes, p. 18. Oswald afterwards printed it under the new title of "There's Three Good Fellows down in yon Glen," in the fifth book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 1.

The four lines in the Museum, beginning "Its now the day is daw'ing," introduced in the solo, were hastily penned by Burns at the request of the Publisher, who was anxious to have the tune in that work, and the old words could not be discovered. The word *fa' in* is erroneously printed *fain* in the Museum. This beautiful old air, however, well merits a better set of verses than those in the above-mentioned work.

CCCCXLIII.

THE WEE THING, OR MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

THIS charming ballad, beginning "Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing," was written by Hector Macneil, Esq. author of the celebrated poem of "Will and Jean," and several other esteemed works. It first appeared in a periodical publication, entitled "The Bee," printed at Edinburgh in May 1791. Mr Macneil informed the writer of this article, that the tune to which his song is adapted in the Museum is the genuine melody that he intended for the words.

CCCCXLIV.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

THE words and music of this nursery song were communicated by Burns to the publisher of the Museum, in which it first appeared in print; but the bard has left us no hints respecting the history of the song. The late Mr Urbani of Edinburgh, an excellent musician and composer, who was very fond of the melody, afterwards introduced it, with new accompaniments by himself, in the second volume of his valuable Collection of Scottish Songs. Since that period it has always been a favourite. I have heard another verse of this ditty: It runs—

I've placed my cradle on yon holly top,
 And aye as the wind blew, my cradle did rock;
 O hush a ba, baby, O ba lilly loo,
 And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee dow.

Hee O! wee O!

What will I do wi' you, &c.

CCCCXLV.

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

THIS ballad, beginning "In lovely August last," was originally composed by Mr Thomas D'Urfey, in imitation of, and introduced by him as, a Scottish song, in his comedy of "The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters," acted at London in 1676 with great applause. Mr John Playford afterwards published it with the music in the second volume of his Choice Ayres and Songs, London 1679. It was again printed in Henry Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth" in 1698. Allan Ramsay reprinted it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, as an old song with additions. Ramsay's additions, however, are neither more nor less than alterations of some words in the original song, of which Dufey, from his ignorance of the Scottish dialect, seems neither to have understood the spelling nor the sense. At the request of Johnson, Burns brushed up the three first stanzas of Ramsay's version, and omitted the remainder for an obvious reason.

*Volume 11, 2^d vol.
 is third year
 earlier than volume 11
 5th book*

With regard to the tune, to which the words were originally adapted, it is evidently a florid set of the old simple air of "Willie and Annet," which has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, under the new title of "Jock of Hazledean, a ballad written by Sir Walter Scott. As the curious reader may wish to compare both tunes; they are here annexed, note for note, with the first stanza of their respective verses.

WILLIE AND ANNET.

Liv'd ance twa lu-vers in yon dale, And they luv'd i-ther

weel; Frae ev'ning late to morning aire, Of luving luv'd their

fill. Now, Willie, gif you luve me well, As sae it seems to me, Gar

build, gar build a bonnie schip, Gar build it spee - di - lie.

IN JANUARY LAST,

An Anglo-Scottish Song in DUFFEY'S *Fond Husband*, 1676, reprinted in PLAYFORD'S "Choice Ayres," Book Second, London, 1679.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: IN Ja-nu-a--ry last, on Munnonday at morn, As I a-long the fields did pass, To view the winter's corn, I leaked me be-hind, and I saw come ore the knough, Yan glenting in her apron, with bonny brent brow.

The tune to which Duffey's song, as altered by Burns for the Scots Museum, is adapted, was taken from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725,) where the whole verses, as altered by Ramsay, may likewise be seen. They have since been reprinted in Herd's Collection, and several others.

CCCCXLVI.

O WALY, WALY!

THIS is merely the first verse of the old song inserted in the second volume of the Museum, page 166, adapted to a different set of the air. With regard to this tune, the Edi-

tor observes the following note on the back of the original manuscript of the music, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke, addressed to the publisher.—“ If you choose to print this song, it is right ; but the alterations are little from the other, and much to the worse in my opinion. I took it down at the late Glenriddel’s desire, and put the bass as it now stands ; but I thought you had had enough of the poor Captain’s variations before.”

CCCCXLVII.

SHE SAYS SHE LO’ES ME BEST OF A’.

THIS song, beginning “ Sae flaxen were her ringlets,” was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an Irish tune, entitled *Onagh’s Waterfall*. Respecting this tune, Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated Sept. 1794, says, “ The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort of her’s shall have merit ;” still I think, that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the Scots Musical Museum, and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song to the air above-mentioned, for that work.” [Here follows the song as printed in the Museum.]

CCCCXLVIII.

THE BONNIE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

BURNS wrote this amatory ballad in imitation of the olden style. His model was an old ballad, which tradition affirms to have been composed in an amour of Charles II. with a young lady of the house of Port-Letham, whilst his Majesty was skulking about Aberdeen in the time of the usurpation. It begins—

THERE was a lass dwalt in the north,
 A bonnie lass of high degree ;
 There was a lass whose name was Nell,
 A blyther lass you ne’er did see.

O, the bed to me, the bed to me,
 The lass that made the bed to me ;

Blythe and bonnie and fair was she,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 &c. &c. &c.

A corrupted version of this ballad, under the title of "The Cumberland Lass," may be seen in Playford's "Wit and Mirth," vol. ii. first edition, London 1700; but neither the air nor the words (although the sense is retained) are genuine. Had the delicacy of this old ballad been equal to its humour, the writer of this article, who has frequently heard it in his youth, would gladly have inserted it in this work; but it is inadmissible, and even Burns' first draught of the imitative verses are not altogether unobjectionable. Of this the bard was afterwards fully sensible, and it is one of those pieces, which, in his letter to Johnson, he says might be amended in a subsequent edition. The following version of the ballad contains the last alterations and corrections of the bard.

WHAN winter's wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the North I bent my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na whare to lodge till day.
 A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,
 Just in the middle o' my care,
 And kindly she did me invite,
 Her father's humble cot to share.
 Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
 Her limbs like marble fair to see;
 A finer form nane ever saw,
 Than her's that made the bed to me.
 She made the bed baith lang and braid,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
 She bade "Gude night," and smiling, said
 "I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'."
 Upon the morrow, whan I raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;
 A blush cam o'er the comely face
 Of her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne ;
 The tear stude twinkling in her ee ;
 O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,
 Ye ay sall mak' the bed to me.

The air, to which the verses in the Museum are adapted, was communicated by Burns, and is reputed to be very ancient. The musical reader will observe a remarkable coincidence between the first four bars of this tune and the well-known air of "Johnnie Cope." They may possibly be productions of the same minstrel.

CCCCXLIX.

SAE FAR AWA.

THIS song, beginning "O sad and heavy should I part," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a Scots measure, or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection, under the title of "Dalkeith Maiden Bridge." The bard's original manuscript of the song is at present in the Editor's possession. Johnson has committed a mistake in printing the seventh line of the first stanza, which mars the sense. In place of "*Gin* body strength" it should be "*Gie* body strength," as in the manuscript.

CCCCL.

PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

THIS is a mere fragment of one of these satirical and frequently obscene old songs, composed in ridicule of the Scottish Bishops, about the period of the reformation. The tune and title are preserved in the Collections of Macgibbon, Oswald, and several others.

CCCCLI.

HALLOW FAIR.—THERE'S FOUTH O' BRAW JOCKIES AND JENNYS.

THIS humorous song was written, and communicated by Robert Ferguson to David Herd, who published it after the poet's decease, in the second volume of his Collection, in 1776. Hallow Fair is held annually at Edinburgh, after the winter Sacrament in November. The verses in the Museum are adapted to an old tune called "Wally Honey," taken

from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii. page 6.

CCCCLII.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

THIS song, beginning "My dear and only love I pray," was written by James Graham, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, whose great bravery, military talents, and fidelity to his sovereign, Charles I. during the latter period of his reign, place him on a level with the most renowned heroes of antiquity. In his latter days, however, like his royal master, he experienced a sad reverse of fortune. After a gallant but fruitless resistance against Colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish Parliament, he took refuge in a remote part of the estate of Macleod of Assint; but Macleod basely betrayed and delivered him up to General Leslie, his most bitter enemy. After a mock trial, for what was called treason, he was condemned to death by the very Parliament who had acknowledged Charles as their lawful king, and under whose commission and orders he had acted. This gallant nobleman was accordingly executed at Edinburgh, with every mark of indignity and revenge that the malice and cruelty of his enemies could suggest, on the 21st May 1650.

The verses in the Museum, though abundantly long for any ordinary song, are only the *first part* of Montrose's ballad; but the curious reader will find the whole of it in Watson's Collection, Book iii. printed at Edinburgh in 1711, or in Herd's Collection, so often referred to, in 1776.

The words in the Museum are adapted to the ancient tune of "Chevy Chace."

CCCCLIII.

MY FATHER HAS FORTY GOOD SHILLINGS.

MR RITSON informs us, that there is an old English ballad, in the black letter, entitled "The Maiden's sad Complaint for want of a Husband; to the *new* west country tune, or, Hogh, when shall I be married? By L. W.;" the first, second, and fifth stanzas whereof (for there are fourteen in

all) are either taken from, or have given rise to, the present song. To enable the reader to judge for himself, Mr Ritson annexes the following stanzas, which are copied from his work.

O WHEN shall I be married,
Hogh, be married?
 My beauty begins to decay :
 'Tis time to find out somebody,
Hogh, somebody,
 Before it is quite gone away.

My father hath forty good shillings,
Hogh, good shillings,
 And never a daughter but me :
 My mother is also willing,
Hogh, so willing,
 That I shall have all if she die.

My mother she gave me a ladle,
Hogh, a ladle,
 And that for the present lies by :
 My aunt she hath promised a cradle,
Hogh, a cradle,
 When any man with me does lie.

From the peculiar metre of the third and sixth lines of the second stanza, however, the old black letter ballad quoted by Ritson would appear to have been originally of Scottish origin, for the word *die* is never pronounced *dee* in England as it is in Scotland; and, moreover, the old tune, which is well known in Scotland, had eluded every research of this diligent antiquarian.

CCCCLIV.

OUR GOODMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

THE words of this extremely curious old ballad were recovered by David Herd, and printed in his Collection in 1776. Johnson, the publisher of the Museum, after several unavailing researches, was at length informed, that an old man of the name of Geikie, a hair-dresser in the Candlemaker-row, Edinburgh, sung the verses charmingly, and that the tune was uncommonly fine. Accordingly, he and his friend Mr Clarke took a step to Geikie's lodgings, and invited him to an

inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made him very merry; and on being requested to favour them with the song, he readily complied, and sung it with great glee. Mr Clarke immediately took down the notes, and arranged the song for the Museum, in which work the words and music first appeared together in print. Mr Anderson, music engraver in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Mr Johnson, informs me, that Geikie died about four days after the tune was taken down.

Ritson copied the words from Herd's into his own Collection; but he could not discover the music when that work was printed in 1794.

CCCCLV.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

THIS curious, ironical, and burlesque old song, beginning "O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm," was recovered by Yair, and printed in the second volume of his "Charmer" in 1751. It also appears in Herd's Collection in 1776. The tune is to be found in Aird's Collection, and several others. It is evidently the same melody with that called "O fare ye weel my auld Wife." See the song, No 354, in the fourth volume of the Museum.

The song is said to have been composed on a former Baronet of Lochore and his friend Mr Don, who, it is alleged, rather annoyed their bottle companions with the history of their adventures after the glass began to circulate.

CCCCLVI.

MY BONNY LIZAE BAILLIE.

THIS old ballad appears in Herd's Collection in 1776, with the following introductory stanza, which was omitted in the Museum.

"Lizae Baillie's to Gartantan gane
To see her sister Jean,
And there she's met wi' Duncan Graeme,
And he's convoy'd her hame."

The charming old simple melody of one strain, to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, was communicated by

Burns. It is the genuine original air of the song, which has long been a favourite at every farmer's fireside in Scotland. The words and music never appeared together in print, however, until the publication of the Museum. Many other beautiful old airs, and fragments of their original words, still remain uncollected, but continue to be handed down from one generation to another by oral communication. Several of these are well deserving of publication.

CCCCLVII.

THE REEL OF STUMPIE.

THIS fine lively old reel tune wanted words, and Burns supplied the two stanzas, beginning "Wap and row the feetie o't," inserted in the Museum. The tune may be found in the Collections of Aird, Gow, and many others. The Reel of Stumpie was formerly called "Jocky has gotten a Wife," and was selected by Mr Charles Coffey for one of his songs, beginning "And now I am once more set free," in the opera of "The Female Parson, or Beau in the Suds," acted at London 1730.

CCCCLVIII.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

THIS song, as well as the other, beginning "O wat ye wha's in yon town," were both written by Burns for the Museum, the original manuscript of which are in the Editor's possession. Both of the songs were composed in honour of "His Jean," afterwards Mrs Burns. They are adapted to the fine old air called "I'll gang nae mair to yon Town," which was the first line of an old ballad that began thus—

"I'LL gang nae mair to yon town,
O, never a' my life again;
I'll ne'er gae back to yon town
To seek anither wife again."

The tune appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion under the title of "I'll gae nae mair to yon Town," and in Aird's First Book it is called "We'll gang nae mair to yon Town." This air was introduced as a rondo, with variations,

in a Violin Concerto, composed by the late Mr Girolamo Stabellini, and performed by him at Edinburgh with great applause. It has likewise been arranged as a lesson, with variations for the piano-forte, by Butler, and several other musicians.

CCCCLIX.

WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

THIS ballad was furnished by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old reel, printed in Bremner's Collection in 1764, entitled "Will ye go and marry, Kettie?"

At the foot of his manuscript, Burns, in a note to Johnson, says, "You will find this tune in Neil Gow's, and several other Collections. The bard alludes to Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. in which the tune appears under the name of "Marry Ketty."

CCCCLX.

BLUE BONNETS.

THIS fine old pastoral air appears in the modern part of Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Music-book, dated 1709, under the title of "Blew Bonnetts." It is also printed in Macgibbon and Oswald's Collections.

As the old words could not be found, Burns wrote two songs to the tune; the first begins "Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?" and the second, "Powers celestial! whose protection." Both songs are printed in the Museum. In a note to Johnson, Burns says, "See Macgibbon's Collection, where you will find the tune. Let this song follow, 'Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?'"

In any future edition of the Museum, the title of the song should be "Wherefore Sighing," or "Powers Celestial," written by Burns to the tune of "Blue Bonnets;" because the present title has no relation whatever to the words of either of the songs.

CCCCLXI.

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY.

THIS fragment of an ancient song, beginning "It's whis-

per'd in parlour, it's whisper'd in ha," together with the elegant original little air of one strain, to which the words are adapted, were recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for his Museum. This song is to be found in no other work.

CCCCLXII.

THE RANTIN LADDIE.

THIS old ballad, beginning "Aften hae I play'd at cards and the dice," as well as the original air, were also communicated by Burns to the publisher of the Museum. The chasm which appears near the conclusion of the ballad ought to be filled up, by restoring the two following lines:—

As to gar her sit in father's kitchen neuk,
And balow a bastard babie.

Johnson, in place of the word *balow*, (that is, *to hush* or *sing to sleep*), has printed it *below*. This error destroys the sense, and should therefore be corrected.

CCCCLXIII.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOWN.

THE humorous song, beginning "What think ye o' the scornfu' quine?" was written and composed by the late Mr Alexander Robertson, engraver, Edinburgh, who for a long time played the music bells of the High Church in that city. He likewise for many years engraved most of the landscapes which embellished the Edinburgh Magazine. The words are adapted to the "Orchall Strathspey" in Aird's Collection, vol. iii. p. 193.

CCCCLXIV.

O MAY, THY MORN.

This song was written by Burns for the Museum. The air was likewise communicated by the bard; but it is evidently a slight variation of the ancient tune called "Andro and his Cutty Gun," inserted in a former part of the work. Burns' manuscripts of the music and words are in the Editor's possession.

CCCCLXV.

MY MINNIE SAYS I MANNA.

THIS air is taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, where it is inserted under the title of "My Mother says I maun not." Dr Pepush arranged this tune as the melody of one of Gay's songs in "The Beggar's Opera," 1728, to be sung by Polly, beginning "I like a ship in storms was tost." Another English song, to the same tune, appears in the sixth volume of the Pills, edited by T. Durfey, in 1719.

The words in the Museum are only a fragment of the old Scottish song, which is rather a coarse one, and on that account Johnson would not insert any more of it. The air, however, well merits good verses.

CCCCLXVI.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

Tune.—"The Banks of Helicon."

THIS very singular ballad, beginning "About ane bank, with balmy bewis," was written by Captain Alexander Montgomery, who is denominated by Lord Hailes, as "The elegant author of the Cherrie and Slae." This ballad was written prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, compiled of that date, now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Captain Montgomery married the youngest daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Eglinton. His poetical talents procured him the patronage and friendship of his sovereign James VI. who was pleased to notice some of his verses, and this ballad in particular, in a work published by its royal author in 1584, under the title of "The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poetry." The period of Montgomery's death is uncertain, though it is supposed he died about the year 1600. Most of his poetical compositions are preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript. There is, likewise, a manuscript volume of his poems in the College Library of Edinburgh.

The ingenious Mr Tytler, in his "Dissertation on Scottish Song," observes, that the Cherrie and the Slae, as well

as a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father of the famous Secretary Maitland, ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale, is directed to be sung to the tune of “The Banks of Helicon.” “This must have been a well-known tune,” he continues, “upwards of two hundred years ago, as it was sung to such popular words; but it is now lost. It cannot exist in other words, as the metrical stanza of ‘The Cherrie and the Slae’ is so particular, that I know of no air at this day that could be adapted to it.”

Mr Tytler, however, was not correct in asserting the tune to be lost, for it is preserved in several old manuscripts. In one of the volumes of Thomas Wode’s manuscript of the Psalms of David, set to music in four parts by Andrew Blackhall, Andrew Kemp, Dean John Angus, and others, in the College Library of Edinburgh, which was mostly transcribed between the years 1560 and 1566 (as is instructed by another volume of the same work, belonging to Mr Blackwood, bookseller in Edinburgh), the counter-tenor part of this tune is inserted near the end, under the title of “About the Bankis of Helicon—Blakehall;” and in another manuscript of the same period, now in the Editor’s possession, there is a copy of the tenor part of the tune, under the same title.

This Andrew Blakehall (or Blackhall, for his name is variously spelled), appears to have been an eminent musician. Several of his “Gude ballats” are inserted in the manuscripts alluded to. He is designated “Minister of God’s word at Mussleburgh.” The transcriber, Thomas Wode, styles himself “Vicar of Sanctandrous.” Another copy of the tune “About the Bankis of Helicon,” is preserved in a manuscript which formerly belonged to the Rev. Mr Cranstoun, minister of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and afterwards to Dr John Leyden. A printed copy of the music likewise appears in Campbell’s Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, Edinburgh 1798, and another in Sibbald’s Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. Edinburgh 1802. These two

printed copies agree with the old manuscript almost note for note, but the tune in the museum is that handed down by oral communication. The reader is here presented with a genuine copy of the music, in modern notation, but crotchets and quavers are substituted for the lozenge-shaped minims and crotchets in the manuscript, and bars are introduced for dividing the measure, which are omitted in the ancient copies.

THE BANKS OF HELICON.

From a MS. in 1566.

DECLARE, ye banks of He-li-con, Par-nas-sus hill and

dails ilk one, And fountaiu Ca-bel-lein, Gif o-ny of your

Muses all, Or Nymphis, may be pe-re-gall Un-to my la-dy

schein; Or if the la-dies that did lave Their ho-dies by your

brim, So seimlie wer, or yet so suave, So beau-ti-ful or

trim. Con-tem - pill, ex - em - pill Tak by her proper port, Gif

o - - ny, sa bo - nie, Amang you did resort.

The image shows a musical score for two stanzas of a song. Each stanza consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The first stanza begins with the lyrics 'trim. Con-tem - pill, ex - em - pill Tak by her proper port, Gif' and ends with a double bar line. The second stanza begins with 'o - - ny, sa bo - nie, Amang you did resort.' and also ends with a double bar line. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century Scottish ballads.

No, no. Forsuith wes never none
 That with this perfect paragon;
 In bewtie might compar.
 The Muses wald have given the gree
 To her, as to the *A per see*,
 And perles perle preclair.
 Thinking with admiration
 Her persone so perfyte.
 Nature in hir creatioun;
 To form hir tuik delyte.
 Confess then, express then
 Your nymphes and all thair race,
 For bewtie, of dewtie
 Sould yield and give hir place.

This poem was probably composed on the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It would exceed our limits to give the whole words, consisting of nine additional stanzas in the same hyperbolic style; but the original is preserved in the Pepys' Collection in the University of Cambridge. The poem may also be seen in Pinkerton's Maitland Collection, and in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, with the Musical Notes, vol. iii. p. 185 *et seq.*

CCCCLXVII.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

THE first stanza of this song is old, the second stanza was written by Burns, and Johnson, accordingly, marked it with the letter Z, to shew that it was an old song with additions

or alterations. The words are adapted to an air taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i, page 12th, entitled "The Highland Lassie."

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "Another Highland Laddie is also in the Museum, vol. v. which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus 'O my bonnie Highland lad, &c.' It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus, and has humour in its composition;—it is an excellent, but somewhat licentious, song. It begins,

As I cam o'er the Cairney mount,
And down among the blooming heather, &c.

This air, and the common *Highland Laddie*, seem only to be different *sets*."

Our bard, however, was mistaken in supposing the air of this song to be Ramsay's original Highland Laddie. The Highland Laddie, to which Ramsay's words and the old chorus are adapted, is printed in *The Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. It consists of one simple strain, as has been mentioned in a former part of this work, and is now annexed.

THE AULD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

O MY bon-nie bon-nie High-land lad-die, O my
bonnie bonnie Highland lad-die; When I was sick, and like to
die, He row'd me in his Highland plaidy.

*
See flyleaf
at end of this
volume.

The verses written by Ramsay are inserted in the first volume of the Museum, pages 22, and 23; but the reader, upon comparing the airs of the old “Highland Laddie,” and “As I came o'er the Cairney Mount,” will easily see that they are quite different tunes.

CCCLXVIII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS song, beginning “The bonniest lad that ere I saw,” was compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses, entitled “The Highland Lad and Lawland Lassie,” printed in the celebrated “Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. 1750.” The original verses are annexed; and, upon comparing these with the words in the Museum, the reader will at once discover the share that Burns had in this remodelled song.

THE HIGHLAND LAD AND LAWLAND LASSIE.

(A DIALOGUE.)

TUNE.—“*If thou'lt play me fair play.*”

1.

THE cannons roar and trumpets sound,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' Charles resound,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

2.

In vain you strive to sooth my pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 With that much long'd for glorious name,
Bonny Highland laddie.
 I too, fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 With which you now so freely part,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

3.

No passion can with me prevail,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 When king and country's in the scale,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Though this conflict in my soul,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 Tells me love too much does rule,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

4.

Ah! dull pretence—I'd sooner die,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Than see you thus inconstant fly,
Bonnie Highland laddie ;
 And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Of Whiggs to mock for trusting you,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

5.

Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 I never will my love forsake,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Be now content—no more repine,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For James shall reign, and ye'se be mine,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

6.

While thus abandon'd to my smart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To one more fair ye'll give your heart,
Bonnie Highland laddie ;
 And what still gives me greater pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Death may for ever you detain,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

7.

None else shall ever have a share,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 But you and honour, of my care,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 And death no terror e'er can bring,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 While I am fighting for my king,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

8.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere ought thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 My fondness shall no more controul,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Your generous and heroic soul,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

9.

Your charms and sense, your noble mind,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 Wou'd make the most abandon'd kind,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

For you and Charles I'd freely fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 No object else can give delight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

10.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 And when victorious, you shall find,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 A *Jenny* constant to your mind,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Another Jacobite song, to the same tune, appears in the work just quoted, which we also annex for the gratification of such as are curious in these matters.

“IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR PLAY.”

1.

If thou'lt play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Another year for thee I'll stay,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 For a' the lasses hereabouts,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Marry none but Geordie's louts,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

2.

The time shall come when their bad choice,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 They will repent, and we rejoice,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 I'd take thee in thy Highland trews,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Before the rogues that wear the blues,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

3.

Our torments from no cause do spring,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 But fighting for our lawful king,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Our king's reward will come in time,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And constant *Jenny* shall be thine,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

4.

There's no distress that earth can bring,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 But I'd endure for our true king,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 And were my Jenny but my own,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 I'd undervalue Geordie's crown,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The air to which the foregoing songs are adapted is very spirited. It appears without a name in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 36, under a slow air called "The Highland Laddie." But the old appellation of the air was "Cockle Shells," and was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's "Dancing Master," first edition, in 1657. The Jacobites, as has already been observed, composed no new tunes, but adapted their songs to such airs as were well-known favourites of the public.

In the Reliques, Burns, alluding to this tune, says, "another Highland Laddie, also in the Museum, vol. v. is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines:

"Whare hae ye been a' day,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Down the back o' Bell's brae,
 Courtin' Maggie, courtin' Maggie."

CCCCLXIX.

CHRONICLE OF THE HEART.

THIS ballad, beginning "How often my heart has been by love overthrown," was written by the Rev. Dr Thomas Blacklock. The verses are adapted to the tune called "Gingling Geordie," which seems to be an old Highland pibroch. Indeed, it has such a striking resemblance to the air published in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of "Pioberachd Mhic Dhoniul," and lately reprinted with variations in Albyn's Anthology, vol. i. with the title of "Pibroch of Donald Dubh," that there can scarcely be a doubt as to the locality of the air.

CCCCCLXX.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

THIS charming little song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the first strain of an old strathspey, called "The Souter's Daughter." Burns, in a note annexed to the words says, "tune *The Souter's Daughter* N. B.—It is only the first part of the tune to which the song is to be set."

The Souter's Daughter is printed in Bremner's Collection of Reels, in 1764. It also appears in Niel Gow and Son's Collection, and in several others.

CCCCCLXXI.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

This song, beginning "O Lovely Polly Stewart," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old favourite tune, called "Miss Stewart's Reel," to which some Jacobite verses, written about the year 1748, were adapted when the tune received the new name of "You're Welcome Charlie Stewart." These verses were printed in the Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. 1750, and are now annexed to give the reader an idea of the spirit of those times.

CHORUS.

*You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
There's none so right as thou art.*

Had I the power as I've the will,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
Thy foes I'd scatter, take, and kill,
From *Billingsgate* to *Duart*.

You're welcome, &c.

Thy sympathising complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France ;
But woe is me for thy mischance !
Which saddens every true heart.

You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun
By *Lockhart* and such cowards.

You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence, to thee a friend,
A lovely maid did timely send,
To save thee from a fearful end,
Thou charming Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray,
That she and we may see the day,
When Britons all with joy shall say,
You're welcome Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirst and hunger after blood,
Just Heaven will preserve the good
To fight for Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

When e'er I take a glass of wine,
I drink confusion to the swine ;
But health to him that will combine
To fight for Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall ;
We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
For liberty and Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye Britons, and set on
Your lawful king upon the throne ;
To Hanover we'll drive each one
Who will not fight for Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

CCCCLXXII.

THE HIGHLAND BALOW.

THIS curious song, beginning "Hee balow, my sweet wee Donald," is a versification, by Burns, of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady. The bard's original manuscript is in the Editor's possession.

Cromek, in his "Select Scottish Songs," vol. i. p. 73, has copied this song without acknowledgment from the Museum ; and he thus introduces it to his readers :—"The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began

their nightly depredations, was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked, that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a *Michaelmas-moon* is proverbial; and, by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn, (the moon,) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. Nay, to this day a Highlander, that is not a sturdy moralist, does not deem it a very great crime to *lift* (such is the phrase) a sheep now and then. If the reader be curious to contemplate one of these heroes *in the cradle*, he may read the following Highland balow or nursery song. It is wildly energetic, and strongly characteristic of the rude and uncultivated manners of the Border Islands."

HEE, balow, my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture of the great Clanronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie cragie,
 An thou live, thou'll steal a nagie;
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou funder—
 Herry the lowns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

CCCCLXXIII.

AULD KING COUL.

THIS humorous old ballad appears in Herd's Collection, in 1776, under the title of "Old King Coul." The version in the Museum was furnished by Burns. It is, however, almost verbatim the same as Herd's copy. Auld King Coul was the fabled father of the giant Fyn M'Coule. The following account of this latter personage is given by HECTOR BOETIUS, as translated by BELLENDYNE:—"It is said, that FYN MAC-COULE, the sonne of COELUS, *Scottisman*, was in thir days (of KYNG EUGENIUS, fifth century) ane man of huge sta-

ture, of seventeen cubits hycht. He was ane gret hunter, rycht terrybill for his huge quantitie to the pepyll, of quhom *ar mony vulgar fabyllis amang us*, nocht unlyke to thir fabyllis that *ar rehersit* of KYNG ARTHURE. But becaus his dedis is nocht authorist by *autentic* authoris, I will rehers nathyng thairof, bot declare the remanent gestis of KYNG EUGENIUS."

Bishop Lesley's account (*anno 1570*) is in these words:—
 "Multorum opinio est, FINNANUM quondam, Coeli filium, nostra lingua FYN-MAC-COUL dictum, ingentis magnitudinis virum, ea tempeste (A. D. 430) apud *nostros* vixisse, et tanquam ex veterum gigantum stirpe exortum."

The reader will find a curious description of the great Fyn MacCoule and his gigantic wife, in Sir David Lindsay's interlude of the Droichs. It is the very quintessence of absurdity. The following verse of it may suffice. Of Fyn MacCoule, it is said—

He had a wyfe was mekile of clift,
 Hir heid was heiohar nor the lyft;
 The hevin reudit when she wad rift;
 The lass wes nathing schlender.

Scho spat Loch Lowmond with her lippis;
 Thunder and fire flawght flew fra her hippis,
 Quhan scho was crabbit, the sone^{thol'd} clippis,
 The feynd durst nocht offend her.

The well-known English song of "Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all in a Row," which first appeared in the sixth volume of the "Pills," in 1712, is evidently a parody of this ballad of Auld King Coul.

CCCCLXXIV.

THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

THIS comic song, beginning "A laddie and a lassie dwelt in the south countrie," is preserved in Yair's Collection, vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1751, and in Herd's Collection, 1776. The lively air to which the words are adapted, was communicated to Mr Clarke by a gentleman from Roxburghshire, who sung the song with great humour and spirit.

CCCCLXXV.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL.

THIS fine old tune was originally called "The Killogie;" but the words beginning "A lad and a lassie lay in a Killogie," are inadmissible. In 1688, Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William Ker, Earl of Lothian, afterwards created Earl of Ancram and Marquis of Lothian, wrote a satirical song on the Revolution, which was adapted to the same air. It was called "Cakes of Crowdy." A copy of this curious production may be seen in the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*. Another song to the same tune, beginning "Bannocks of bear-meal and bannocks of barley," is still sung, but it possesses little merit. Burns wrote the stanzas in the *Museum* in the Jacobite style, in which he interwove the latter title of the song with the new words.

Cromek, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Songs," has the following remark:—"In the Scots Musical Museum there is but one verse and a half preserved of this song. One is surprised and incensed, to see so many fine songs shorn of their very best verses for fear they should exceed the bounds of a page. The editor (Cromek) has collected the two last heart-rousing verses, which he believes will complete the song." Here they are:

AND claw'd their back at Falkirk's fairly,
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks of barley?
 Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie,
 An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly,
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

If Cromek, or his Nithsdale friends who furnished him with the *old songs* for that work, had only looked into the *Museum*, they would have observed, that the chorus is repeated to the *first* strain of the air, and the two remaining lines to the *last*,—so that Burns' words are quite complete, and re-

quire the tune to be sung twice over. Nay more, they would have discovered that there was plenty of room on the plate, had Burns chosen to write a verse or two more. It is therefore to be hoped, for the credit of our bard, that his verses will never be united to the trash that Cromek has endeavoured to palm upon the country as the remnant of what he calls a heart-rousing old song.

It is a curious fact, that Oswald has inadvertently copied the air twice in his Caledonian Pocket Companion. In the third volume of that work, it is printed under the title of "Bannocks of Bear-meal;" and, in the sixth volume, it again appears under the name of "There was a Lad and a Lass in a Killogie," from the first line of the old indelicate words alluded to.

CCCCLXXVI.

WAE IS MY HEART.

THIS simple old air of one strain was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to the Editor of the Museum, alongst with the three beautiful stanzas written by himself, to which the tune is adapted. The original manuscripts of the melody, and Burns' verses to it, are in the possession of the Editor.

CCCCLXXVII.

THERE WAS A SILLY SHEPHERD SWAIN.

THIS old ballad was taken from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1776. In the third volume of Playford's Wit and Mirth, first edition, in 1702, there is a ballad, beginning "There was a knight, and he was young," in which, though the hero is of higher degree than the silly shepherd swain in the Scottish ballad, yet the leading incidents, and even some of the stanzas, are so similar, that the one must have been borrowed from the other. For instance,

THERE was a knight, and he was young,
 A riding along the way, Sir,
 And there he met a lady fair
 Among the cocks of hay, Sir.

* * * * *

So he mounted her upon a milk-white steed
Himself upon another ;
And then they rid upon the road
Like sister and like brother.

And when she came to her father's house,
Which was moated round about, Sir,
She stepped straight within the gate,
And shut this young knight out, Sir.
* * * * *

If you meet a lady fair
As you go by the hill, Sir,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

The English ballad is adapted to the old Scottish tune called " Boyne Water."

CCCCLXXVIII.

KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

THE words of this song, beginning " Robin is my only jo," are taken from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Songs*, printed in 1776. There is a much older set of verses to the same air, however, but they are not quite fit for insertion.

In the " Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," which was written in the year 1692, it is said, that Mr James Kirkton, in October last, preaching on hymns and spiritual songs, told the people—there be four kinds of songs—profane songs, malignant, allowable, and spiritual songs ; as,

My mother sent me to the well—
She had better gane hersell ;
For what I gat I darna tell,
But kind Robin loes me.

This author of the *Presbyterian Eloquence*, however, was incorrect in giving these four lines as a verse of " Kind Robin loes me," for the three first lines belong to an old song called " Whistle o'er the Lave o't," which may be seen

in Herd's Collection above referred to. The old words of "Kind Robin loes me" begin thus :

*Hech hey ! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey ! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey ! Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin loes me.*

Robin, Robin, let me be
Until I win the nourrice fee ;
And I will spend it a' wi' thee,
For kind Robin loes me.
&c. &c. &c.

The following beautiful verses to the same tune, which is one of our best melodies, were published in the "Vocal Magazine," printed by Charles Stewart and Co. at Edinburgh in 1798.

1.

COME all ye souls devoid of art,
Who take in virtue's cause a part,
And give me joy of Robin's heart,
For kind Robin lo'es me.
O happy, happy was the hour
And blest the dear delightful bow'r,
Where first I felt love's gentle pow'r,
And knew that Robin lo'ed me.

2.

O witness ev'ry bank and brae !
Witness, ye streams, that thro' them play !
And ev'ry field and meadow gay,
That kind Robin lo'es me !
Tell it, ye birds, from ev'ry tree !
Breathe it, ye winds, o'er ilka lea !
Ye waves, proclaim from sea to sea,
That kind Robin lo'es me !

3.

The winter's cot, the summer's shield,
The freezing snaw, the flow'ry field,
Alike to me true pleasures yield,
Since kind Robin lo'es me.
For warld's gear I'll never pine,
Nor seek in gay attire to shine ;
A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,
The lad that truly lo'es me.

CCCCLXXIX.

WE'LL PUT THE SHEEP HEAD IN THE PÁT.

THIS is merely a fragment of an old silly ballad, which was printed in the sixth volume of "Wit and Mirth," London 1712. It consists of six stanzas, beginning "Poor Sandy had marry'd a wife;" but they are not worth the transcribing.

CCCCLXXX.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

THIS short song, of two stanzas, beginning "Although my back be at the wa'," was written by Burns. The words are adapted to a tune, called "The Job of Journey Work," in Aird's Collection, vol. iii. The song has a jocular allusion to the situation of Mrs Burns previous to her marriage with the bard. See *Currie's Life of Burns*, vol. i.

CCCCLXXXI.

THE MAID GAED TO THE MILL.

THIS foolish song was copied from Herd's Collection, and adapted to the old air of "John Anderson, my Jo." Many similar double-meaning ditties occur in Playford's Wit and Mirth, and Herd's version seems to have been compiled from one of them.

CCCCLXXXII.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "The King sits in Dumfermline town," has been a favourite in Scotland for many generations. Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. i. printed in 1765, published a copy of it under the title of "Sir Patrick Spence, a Scottish ballad, from two M.S. copies transmitted from Scotland." "In what age (continues this learned editor) the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened, that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to

discover ; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my observation." *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i. p. 71.

Though history is silent respecting some incidents of the ballad, uniform tradition is not. Alexander III. of Scotland, (whose favourite residence was at Dunfermline,) having the misfortune, before his decease, to lose his queen and all his children, assembled a parliament at Scoone in 1284, when it was settled, that, in the event of his death, the crown of Scotland should descend to his grand-daughter Margaret, styled by historians, "*The Maid of Norway*," who was the only child of Eric, King of Norway, by his Queen Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. Anxious to see his grand-daughter and successor, he despatched one of his ablest sea-captains, Sir Patrick Spens, to Norway, accompanied by several Scottish nobles, to fetch the young princess to Scotland. King Eric, however, after various procrastinations, refused to allow his daughter to embark, and Sir Patrick Spens, on returning, at a late season of the year, from this fruitless expedition, was shipwrecked in a hurricane off the coast of Scotland, and all on board perished.

In the mean time, Edward I. of England conceived the idea of marrying his eldest son, Edward Prince of Wales, to the heiress of Scotland, a measure equally agreeable to Alexander and the Scots nobles ; for by this marriage the two kingdoms would have been united, and those bloody and destructive wars, which afterwards desolated both kingdoms for three centuries, would, in all probability, never have taken place ; but Providence had otherwise decreed it. Alexander III. being accidentally killed by a fall from his horse near Pettycur, the Scottish parliament despatched Sir David Wemyss and Sir Michael Scott on a second expedition, to receive their young queen, but the death of the Maid of Norway totally ruined a scheme concerted between England and Scotland, which

might have been productive of the most beneficial consequences to both kingdoms.

“ It is somewhat remarkable (says Arnot, in his History of Edinburgh) that there are but three celebrated captains mentioned in Scottish story, Sir Patrick Spens, Sir Andrew Wood, and Andrew Barton, of whom the two first perished in storms, the last in a naval engagement with the English.” Scotland, indeed, appears to have been almost destitute of a navy at this period ; nor did the habits of the people, in these times, dispose them to follow maritime affairs. Hence the insufficiency of their ships, their ignorance of naval tactics, and the liability to shipwreck in rough seas. Even so late as the reign of James III. it was enacted, “ That there be nae schip fraughted out of the realm, with ony staple gudes, frae the feast of Simon’s and Jude’s day, unto the feast of the purification of our lady, called Candlemas,” (that is to say, from the 28th of October to the 2d of February thereafter,) under the penalty of £5. And this penalty was raised to £20 in the reign of his grand-son James V. What a miserably picture of the state of the naval tactics and commerce of Scotland in these days !

Bishop Percy informs us, that “ in some modern copies, instead of Sir Patrick Spens, hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral, who flourished in the time of Edward IV. but whose story has nothing in common with this ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.”—*Percy’s Reliques.*

The copy of the ballad in the Museum is exactly the same as that inserted in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which has been elegantly translated into the German language by Professor Herden, in a work entitled the “*Volk Leider.*” It has since been printed, with additions, in Sir Walter Scott’s *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. i.

CCCLXXXIII.

THE WREN, OR LENNOX'S LOVE TO BLANTYRE.

THIS old *Nursery Song*, beginning "The wren scho lies in care's bed," was taken from Herd's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*. The words are adapted to the beautiful air called "Lennox's Love to Blantyre," which is frequently played as a dancing-tune. This tune is modelled from the air called "O dear Mother what shall I do."

CCCLXXXIV.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS old ballad, commemorating some real or supposed achievements of "the hero of Scotland," was recovered by Burns, and transmitted, alongst with the melody (taken down from oral communication) to the publisher of the Museum. The bards MSS. of the music and the words are in the possession of the editor.

That the heroic Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie, near Paisley, was the subject of many songs and ballads, though now, perhaps, irrecoverably lost, cannot be doubted; for some of them are expressly referred to as evidence of this historical fact in Fordon's *Scotichronicon*, vol. ii. page 176. That in the Museum, beginning "O for my ain king, quo' gude Wallace," is the only ballad relating to the actions of this hero that the Editor has either met with or heard sung. It is, however, evidently imperfect, and has no doubt suffered greatly, in passing, by oral recitation, from one generation to another. The leading incidents of the ballad are nevertheless corroborated by a similar account in *Blind Henry the Minstrel's Metrical Life of the Acts and Deeds of Wallace*, book v.

Many of the adventures and exploits related by this ancient minstrel, however, have been reckoned apocryphal, and even apparently supernatural. The destruction of the early historical records of Scotland unfortunately leaves the truth or

falsehood of these traditional relations in a great measure undecided. But we have sufficient evidence to convince us, that Wallace possessed uncommon strength and activity of body ; a constitution capable of enduring the most severe privations and fatigue ; a mind at once firm, bold, and energetic ; he not only delivered his country from the oppression and tyranny of Edward I., but likewise made severe retaliations on the dominions of that monarch. He became the scourge and terror of the English, who watched every opportunity to destroy him. Notwithstanding his eminent and glorious services in behalf of Scotland, he was, at length, treacherously betrayed by his countryman, Sir John Menteith, and delivered into the hands of the relentless and cruel Edward, who basely murdered the gallant hero, in the year 1303.—All these facts are on record, and it is not quite fair to disregard traditional relations, in so far, at least, as they do not appear inconsistent with probability. Indeed, many other equally miraculous exploits of the Scottish hero have been handed down by tradition, and are still current among the peasantry in England, with whom Wallace could scarcely be thought to be a favourite.

CCCLXXXV.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THE words and air of this comic old song were composed by Patrick Birnie of Kinghorn, a celebrated musician and rhÿmer of his day. It is probably as old as 1660. Ramsay, in one of his poems printed in 1721, entitled “Elegy on Patie Birnie,” says,

YOUR honour's father, dead and gane,
 For him he first wad make his mane,
 But soon his face cou'd make ye fain,
 When he did sough ;
O wiltu, wiltu; do't again ?
 And gran'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke, "*The auld man's mare's dead—
 The peats and turfs and a's to lead ;*"
 O fy upon her!
 A bonny *auld thing* this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

CCCLXXXVI.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. It begins "But lately seen in gladsome green." He likewise communicated the plaintive air to which his verses are adapted. It is apparently borrowed from the English tune of Chevy-Chace, in Dale's Collection.

CCCLXXXVII.

GOOD MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS.

THE words of this song were taken from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Songs* in 1776. The original air, which is really beautiful, was communicated to Mr Clarke by a gentleman who sung the song with much pathos and feeling.—Mr Ritson copied the words into his Collection, and left blank lines for the music, as he was unable to discover the genuine air. The words and music first appeared together in the Museum, but the song is known to be pretty ancient.

CCCLXXXVIII.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

THIS popular Scottish ballad, beginning "As I came in by Auchindown," was long hacked about among the stalls before it found its way into any regular collection. Ritson published it with the musical notes in his *Scottish Songs*, in 1794, and he subjoins the following paragraph with regard to it: "No notice is taken of this battle in the history of Montrose's wars, nor does any mention of it elsewhere occur. The only action known to have happened at Cromdale, a village in Inverness-shire, was long after Montrose's time."

This explanation, however, is neither accurate nor satisfactory. Cromdale is an extensive parish, nearly equally situ-

ated in the counties of Inverness and Moray. Its length is fully twenty, and its breadth, in some places, nearly twelve miles. Though the appearance of the country is somewhat bleak, and the soil in general thin and arid, yet the haughs, or low grounds, on the banks of the river Spey are very fertile. In this parish, the covenant forces at first obtained a slight advantage over the Highlanders, but were soon thereafter routed with great slaughter.

With respect to the ballad, it seems either to have been written at a later period than the events which it is intended to record took place, or else, it has been imperfectly transmitted by oral communication. The old name of the tune, as appears from a manuscript of it in the Editor's possession, was "Wat ye how the Play began?" and this is likewise the title of it in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. Besides, the troops which were raised by the Lords of the Covenant to oppose Montrose were not styled Cromwell's men, as they are denominated in the last stanza of the ballad, although that appellation not long thereafter came to be bestowed on the parliament armies which combated the royal forces.

But to return to the ballad. After taking Dundee by assault, the Marquis of Montrose delivered up that ill-fated town and neighbourhood to be pillaged by his ferocious and blood-thirsty troops. The approach of the "Army of the Covenant," however, under the command of Generals Baillie and Urey, put a stop to these ravages, and compelled Montrose to retreat upwards of sixty miles, and to take shelter amongst the mountains of Perthshire. Baillie and Urey having afterwards imprudently divided their forces, the latter pushed forward his division to Cromdale, where he surprised and routed some Highlanders under the command of Alexander M'Donald, a firm royalist, and staunch adherent of Montrose, from his earliest career. As soon as Montrose obtained intelligence of this event, and of the separation of the Covenant forces, he commenced a most rapid and dexterous march

from Loch Katrine to the heart of Inverness-shire, and on the 4th May 1645, having come up with the troops under the command of Urrey at the village of Aulder, he defeated them with prodigious slaughter, although his forces scarcely amounted to the half of those of his opponent. Baillie, who was a veteran and skilful officer, now advanced to Strathbogie to revenge Urrey's defeat; but he experienced a similar disaster, the greater part of his men being left dead on the field in the vicinity of Alford. Encouraged by these brilliant successes, Montrose now descended into the low country, and fought another bloody and decisive battle near Kilsyth, where 6000 covenanters fell under the Highland claymores. These splendid victories at length opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose, and Charles I., as a reward for his services, appointed him Captain-general and Deputy-governor of that kingdom, upon which he summoned a Parliament to meet at Glasgow, on the 29th October 1645. But neither Charles nor Montrose were destined long to enjoy the fruits of these victories, for the former had the misfortune to be brought to the scaffold by his rebellious subjects, on 30th January 1649, and Montrose, after having been defeated by General Leslie at Philliphaugh, in the county of Selkirk, and afterwards by Colonel Strachan in the county of Ross, shared a similar fate at Edinburgh, on the 21st May 1650.

In excuse for the Scots, it must be remembered, that the bloody battle of Kilsyth, where 6000 brave but inexperienced soldiers fell a sacrifice while fighting for their religion, the freedom of conscience, and the liberties of their country, combined with the cruelties which Montrose had committed on the inhabitants of Dundee and in various other parts of Scotland, *were still fresh in the minds of his antagonists*. Nor was Montrose himself free from the guilt of murder and apostacy. For, at first he joined the covenanters, and in his zeal forced the inhabitants of Aberdeen to take the covenant; he even crossed the Tweed in 1640,

and routed the vanguard of the King's cavalry. Yet, in 1643, he abandoned the religious tenets he had sworn to adhere to, espoused the royal cause, and delivered up the town of Aberdeen to destruction and pillage, in order to expiate the very principles which he himself had formerly imposed upon them. Montrose was undoubtedly one of the most able and brave generals that ever existed, but his memory will ever be tarnished by the horrid acts of cruelty and oppression which he exercised on his unfortunate countrymen.

CCCLXXXIX.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "I chanc'd to meet an airy blade," was copied from Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. p. 347, printed at Edinburgh in 1751. It also appears in Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs. Ritson likewise inserted it in his Collection in 1784, and left blank lines for the music, as he could not discover the tune. But the late James Balfour, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, who was a charming singer of Scottish songs, obligingly communicated the original melody, which enabled the publisher of the Museum to present both the words and music to the public for the first time in that work.

The Editor is credibly informed, that this ballad was written by the late Rev. Mr Nathaniel Mackay, minister of Cross-Michael, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

CCCCXC.

THE TAILOR.

THIS jocose effusion of Burns, beginning "For weel he kend the way, O," was written on purpose for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old reel tune in Bremner's Collection, 1764, entitled "The Drummer." This tune was selected by Mr O'Keefe, for one of his songs in the comic

opera of “The Poor Soldier,” which was first acted in Covent Garden in 1783. It begins, “Dear Kathleen, you no doubt.”

CCCCXCI.

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

THIS exquisitely comic and humorous Scottish ballad, beginning “There was a wee bit wifeikie, and she gaed to the fair,” was written by Dr Alexander Geddes, a catholic clergyman, author of *Lewie Gordon*, and several other poetical pieces of merit.

The words of the song are adapted to a Highland strathspey composed by the same author, but it is evidently modelled from the tune called “The Boatie rows.” Dr Geddes likewise altered the old air of “Tarrie Woo,” to suit the words of his “*Lewis Gordon*.”

CCCCXCII.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH IN OUR KAIL YARD.

THIS song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the Museum. It is accordingly marked with the letter Z, to denote its being an old song with additions. Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted. It is apparently the progenitor of the improved tune, called “For the lake of gold she’s left me,” to which Dr Austin’s words are adapted, and which the reader will find inserted in the second volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 163.*

CCCCXCIII.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAINS.

THIS song was also written by Burns for the Museum. He took the tune from Oswald’s *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vii. page 17th, where it is inserted under the title of “At setting Day.”

But it is not a genuine Scottish melody; for the air was composed by the late Samuel Howard, Mus. Doctor, to the

verses which Allan Ramsay wrote as a song for Peggy in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd," beginning

At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 &c. &c. &c.

Ramsay directed his verses to be sung to the fine tune of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, which is unquestionably far superior to Dr Howard's air, although the latter, with Ramsay's words, became a very popular song in England, and was frequently sung by Mr Lowe, at Vauxhall, with great applause. This Anglo-Scottish song was printed in Robart's "Caliope, or English Harmony," vol. ii. London 1739, and again in another work, entitled "The Muse's Delight," printed at Liverpool in 1754.

The anonymous editor of the work entitled "Musical Biography," printed at London in 2 vols 8vo, 1814, informs us, that Dr Howard, "who was educated at the Chapel Royal, was not more esteemed for his musical talents than he was beloved for his private virtues, being ever ready to relieve distress, to anticipate the demands of friendship, and to prevent the necessities of his acquaintance. He was organist of the churches of St Clement Danes and St Bride. His *ballads* were long the delight of natural and inexperienced lovers of music, and had at least the merit of neatness and facility to recommend them. He preferred so much the style of music of his own country to that of any other, that nothing could persuade him out of a belief that it had not then been excelled. He died at his house in Norfolk-street, in the Strand (London) on the 13th of July 1782, and was succeeded in his situation of organist of St Clement's by Mr Thomas Smart, and that of St Bride's by Mr Thomas Potter, the son of the flute-maker of that name."—*Mus. Biog.* vol. ii. p. 200.

CCCCXCIV.

O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

THE Editor has not yet been able to discover the author of the words, or the composer of this air. Johnson copied the song from a single sheet, published by Messrs Stewart & Co. music-sellers, South Bridge, Edinburgh, which is entitled "The favourite duet of *O dear, what can the matter be?*" It appears to be an Anglo-Scottish production, not many years anterior to the publication of the Museum, and is still a favourite.

CCCCXCV.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a beautiful strathspey tune, called "Laggan Burn," which Burns communicated along with another air to the same words, that Mr Clarke might have the option of adopting either of the two he pleased.

The Editor, on looking into the manuscript of the music, observes the following note to Johnson, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke: "This song must have a verse more or a verse less. The music intended for it was so miserably bad, that I rejected it; but luckily there was a tune called 'Laggan Burn' on the opposite side, which will answer very well, by adding a verse or curtailing one. I know that Burns will rather do the former than the latter.

"P. S. When I wrote the above, I did not observe that there was *another verse* on the opposite page."

There is a striking resemblance between this tune of "Laggan Burn" and "Lady Shaftsbury's Strathspey," composed by Mr Nathaniel Gow, and published in his Third Collection, page 15. 1792

CCCCXCVI.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

THE old words of this song, beginning "And a' that e'er my Jenny had," were copied from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, Edinburgh 1776, and are adapted to their ori-

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
 The soger no to strut sae big,
 The lawyer no to be a prig;
 The fool cried, " Tehee !
 I kent that I could never fail !"
 But she prin'd the dishclout to his tail,
 And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

CCCCXCVII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

THIS is another production of Burns, in allusion to " the royal family of Stuart," and the unfortunate fate of many of its adherents. The beautiful air to which his verses are adapted, consisting of one strain, was also communicated by the bard. Mr Hogg had been informed by some person, who thought this an old song, that it was written by a Captain Ogilvie, who was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and was afterwards killed on the banks of the Rhine in 1695.

CCCCXCVIII.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THIS pathetic ballad, of eight stanzas, beginning " Oh ! I am come to the low countrie," was *wholly* composed by Burns for the Museum, unless we except the exclamation *Ochon, ochon, ochrie !* which appears in the old song composed on the massacre of Glencoe, inserted in the first volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 89.*

Burns likewise communicated the plaintive *Gaelic* air, which he obtained from a lady in the north of Scotland, and of which he was remarkably fond. The bard's own manuscripts, both of the words and of the music, are in the present Editor's possession. Burns, it is observed, had misplaced some of the bars in the melody, which Mr Clarke has rectified in the Museum. The words and music first appeared in print in the fifth volume of that work.

Burns never could reflect on the unnecessary and indiscriminate severities which the Duke of Cumberland exerci-

sed on the unfortunate inhabitants of the Highlands after the battle of Culloden (fought on the 16th April 1746), but his heart thrilled with sensations of the deepest detestation and horror. In the month of May following, the Duke advanced as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments to ravage the whole country. "The castles of Lovat, Glengary, and Lochiel, were destroyed; the cottages were burnt to the ground; the cattle driven away; and the wives and children of the hapless rebels, if spared from conflagration and the sword, were driven out to wander, houseless and without food, over the desolate heath. So alert were these ministers of vengeance in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen within the compass of *fifty miles*; all was ruin, silence, and desolation."—*Simpson's Hist. of Scotland*. The keen sensibility which these barbarities excited in the feeling and susceptible mind of Burns, gave rise to several exquisite ballads from his versatile pen, in allusion to these horrid times of butchery and havoc. "The Lovely Lass of Inverness;" "It was a' for our rightfu' King;" "The Highland Widow's Lament;" and several other of his songs, in the Museum, are proofs of this fact.

The present ballad, however, like many others of our great bard, has had the misfortune to be disfigured since its first publication, by three additional verses of a modern poet-aster, who has neither paid regard to the *measure* of the original stanzas, nor to the *melody* to which they were adapted. Cromek, as usual, first set the example, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Song," and he has since been copied by later publishers of Scottish songs. The interpolated verses are annexed, to enable the reader to distinguish the old lines from the spurious.

" I HAE nocht left me ava,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher band,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 My winsome Donald's durk and bran',
 Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bludie crowns
 To them gar't Donald die!!!"

These fabricated stanzas are no more to be compared with the fine verses of Burns, than the daubings of a sign-painter with the pictures of Raphael.

CCCCXCIX.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

THIS charming and pathetic song, beginning "Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a plaintive, slow air, which was also communicated by the bard. This song was originally intended for the air, "Here awa, there awa', bide awa', Willie," which would have answered it far better; but, as that tune had been printed in a former part of the Museum, Johnson wished another for the sake of variety.

D.

EVAN BANKS.

THIS fine song, beginning "Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires," was likewise written by Burns for the same work. The words are adapted to a slow air, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 18, entitled, "Green grows the Rashes," but it is evidently the same tune as "Gude Night and Joy be wi' you," slightly varied.

Evan is a small river in Dumfries-shire, in the parish of Moffat, which takes its rise at Clydesnan, very near the source of the Clyde.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART V.

CCCCI.

THE LASS OF INVERNESS.

THIS subject has been finely treated by Mr Allan Cunningham, in a pathetic song called "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," which first appeared in Cromek's *Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*.

CCCCIX.

O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

"THE concluding stanza of this Song is,

Then round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An round, &c.

Saying—' Haud awa' your blue breeks frae me, gudeman.'"
(C. K. S.)

CCCCXI.

TAM LIN.

"THE name of Walter de Lynne is to be found in Ragman's Roll. This Walter," says Nisbet, "is without doubt the ancestor of the Lynnes of that ilk, a little ancient family in Cuningham, but lately extinct."—The Christian name of Thomlyne occurs also in several old Romances.

"On the subject of such poetical names, it may be mentioned here, that Tristram was the ancient appellation of the Earl of Howth's family, till it was changed, owing to a signal victory gained by one of the chiefs on St Laurence's day." (*Vide Pedigree of the Earls of Howth, in the Irish Peerage.*)

“ It is remarkable that none of our Scottish ballads contains the names, or is founded on any incident to be met with in the collections of Ossianic poetry, as far as I have ever observed; this cannot easily be accounted for; as many picturesque stories are set forth in these poems, which probably, if the whole be not a dream, must have been familiar to the Scottish Lowlanders.”—(C. K. S.)

The account given of Wood's MS. 1566, at pages 369, 407, &c., is not quite accurate. The volume quoted as “ Mr Blackwood's MSS.” is now in my possession, and is unquestionably an interesting relique of its kind, although of less antiquity than Mr S. has assigned to it. The Medley which he quotes, was not written by Wood in 1566, but has been inserted, along with various miscellaneous airs, by a different hand, probably between 1600 and 1620. The Medley itself is contained along with the “ Pleugh Song,” in the second edition of the “ Cantus, &c,” printed at Aberdeen, 1666. See the Introduction to the present work.

CCCCXIII.

AULD LANGSYNE.

IN Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Part III. Edinb. 1711. 8vo, there is a poem entitled “ Old Longsyne,” written about the middle of the 17th century. It contains ten stanzas, divided into two parts, of which the first and sixth stanzas may serve as a specimen. It is probably an English ballad, and founded upon one of an earlier date.

Should old Acquaintance be forgot
 And never thought upon,
 The flames of love extinguished,
 And freely past and gone?
 Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
 In that loving breast of thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On Old-long-syne?

If e'er I have a house, my Dear,
 That truly is call'd mine,
 And can afford but country cheer,
 Or ought that's good therein ;
 Tho' thou wert Rebel to the King,
 And beat with wind and rain,
 Assure thyself of welcome Love,
 For Old-long-syne.

CCCCXXV.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

BURNS has attributed this Song to a person whose death was thus announced in the Obituaries of the time.

“ Oct. 21, 1821—Died at Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, JOHN EWEN, Esq., who was a most useful member of society, and one of the most respectable public characters of that place for more than half a century. His exertions in favour of charitable institutions, and for every individual case of distress that came under his notice, were zealous and unremitting; his conduct, as connected with public affairs, was strictly disinterested; while his great information on subjects of general interest, merited, upon all occasions, the respectful attention of the community. Strangers visiting Aberdeen, who very frequently had introductions to Mr Ewen, will long recollect his assiduous and polite attentions. Though not a native of Aberdeen, he had long been regarded as one of her most eminent citizens. With the exception of various sums left to the public charities of Aberdeen, he has bequeathed the bulk of his property (perhaps L.15,000 or L.16,000) to the Magistrates and Clergy of Montrose, for the purpose of founding an Hospital, similar to Gordon's Hospital of Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of boys.”—(*Scots Magazine*, 1821, p. 620.)

This bequest gave rise to a protracted litigation, in the course of which, the conduct of “this respectable public character,” in his family settlements, appeared in a very

singular point of view. He was not, however, a person of so much note as to make it worth while to state all the particulars; but the following notice has been kindly communicated by James Maidment, Esq., Advocate, who was one of the counsel employed.

“ JOHN EWEN was born in Montrose—he was of humble origin, and his parents had not the means of giving him almost any education. His frugality and industry having early in life enabled him to scrape together a few pounds, he went to Aberdeen in 1760, and set up a small hardware shop for the sale of goods.

“ From 1760 to 1766, Mr Ewen was not particularly prosperous, but in the last-mentioned year, he bettered his circumstances by marrying Janet Middleton, one of the two daughters of John Middleton, yarn and stocking-maker, Aberdeen, and of Elizabeth Mac-Kombie, his wife. In right of this lady, whose father was then dead, Mr Ewen became possessor of one-half of the property (chiefly heritable) of his deceased father-in-law. On the 27th Dec. 1766, a postnuptial contract of marriage was entered into between the husband and wife, by which she conveys to her husband her place of the heritage, which consisted of certain tenements in Aberdeen, a bond for L.100, and certain furniture valued at L.43, 7s. He, in return, conveyed to her, in case of her surviving him, all his moveable effects; but declaring, that if a child or children be alive at the dissolution of the marriage by Ewen's death, that, in that case, her right should be restricted to one-half of the furniture, and an annuity of L.10 per annum. In case of his survivance, and there being issue, he became bound to give them all his property, heritable or moveable, which he might die possessed of.

“ Mrs Ewen did not long survive after giving birth to a daughter. This young lady married in 1787. As Mr Ewen's parsimony effectually prevented him making any suitable provision on this occasion, and as his son-in-law had

only the fortune of a younger brother, the newly-married pair resolved to leave Scotland, and try their fortune in a foreign clime. This circumstance, perhaps, originally induced the father to think of devoting his accumulations to the endowment of an hospital; however, as the conditions of the marriage-contract with Miss Middleton necessarily fettered him, he resolved to endeavour to procure a discharge of the provisions in the deed, upon payment of small sum of money. This he was enabled to effect, and he thereupon became absolute and unlimited master of property, real and personal, of considerable value.

“ Ewen died in Oct. 1821, never having taken a second wife, and leaving behind him a very ample fortune, which on deathbed he devised to trustees for the purpose of endowing an hospital at Montrose, upon a similar footing with that of Gordon’s at Aberdeen. This settlement was challenged by his daughter; and after various conflicting decisions, was, to the satisfaction of every one, finally set aside by the House of Peers, on the 17th Nov. 1810, on the clear legal ground, which had been very superficially considered in the Court below, that the deed was void, in consequence of its *uncertainty* and want of precision both as to the sum to be accumulated by the trustees before they were to commence building the hospital, and as to the number of boys to be educated in it when built.”

A full report of this lawsuit is contained in Wilson and Shaw’s “ Cases decided in the House of Lords on Appeal from the Courts of Scotland,” vol. iv. p. 346-361.

In the Museum, three different sets of this popular air are given. The following verses, written by JOANNA BAILLIE, for Mr Thomson’s Collection, are here copied from that work, which is enriched with several others by the same lady. She has imbibed so much of the true character and feeling of our older lyric poetry, that it is matter of regret she had not directed herself more to this branch of composition.

O swiftly glides the bonny boat,
 Just parted from the shore ;
 And to the Fisher's chorus note,
 Soft moves the dipping oar.
 His toils are borne with happy cheer,
 And ever may they speed,
 That feeble age and helpmate dear,
 And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
 Our nets are floating wide,
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide :
 And happy prove our daily lot,
 Upon the summer sea ;
 And blest on land our kindly cot
 Where all our treasures be.

The Mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The Witch may weave her charm,
 Nor Water-sprite nor eldrich thing
 The bonny boat can harm.
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Thro' many a stormy gale,
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.
 We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

CCCCXXIX.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

THIS song, as stated at page 381, appeared in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. The following passage, in a letter of Malloch's, dated Dreghorn, 10th Sept. 1722, seems to refer to that collection, which is usually considered to have been first published in 1724. "I saw Captain Hamilton (of Gilbertfield) some time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his Life of Wallace ; and, at the same time, so far sunk his character with people of taste, that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr Ramsay, again, aspires no higher than humble Sonnets at present. He has published several collections of Scotch

Songs, and wonderfully obliged the young creatures of both sexes; the men, by giving them an opportunity of letting the world see they are amongst the number of those *Quos æquus amavit Apollo*; and the women, by making public those pretty love-songs, where their sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and snowy breasts, are so tenderly described. *His Miscellany Songs are wrote by various hands.* These are the present entertainments in town."

The above is an extract from one of a series of original letters by Malloch, addressed to Professor Ker of Aberdeen, between the years 1720 and 1727. It is to be regretted that he has not described more particularly the various hands "that wrote these Miscellany Songs." See page * 383.—Malloch's letters, which are printed in "The Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany" for 1793, contain a number of curious literary notices, including some particulars of his own life.

Mr Stenhouse has, not only in this place, erroneously ascribed, "As Sylvia in a forest lay," to Malloch, or Mallet, but in a former note, at page 58, he has very superfluously inserted the whole of the song verbatim, (also calling it one of Mallet's earliest compositions,) overlooking, I presume, the circumstance that it occurred in this volume of the Museum. The author of the song was JOSEPH MITCHELL, a countryman of Mallet's, who, like him, had proceeded to London to better his fortune. He was the author of one or two dramatic pieces, as well as poems, and has been noticed by Mr S. at pages 54 and 59. See also an account of his life in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, vol. xxii. p. 204.

That Mitchell was the author of this song is indubitable, as it is contained with some variations, under the title of "Sylvia's Moan," in vol. ii. p. 236, of the collection of his "Poems on Several Occasions," Lond. 1729, 2 vols. large 8vo.

Another song by Mitchell, well known as "the Duke of

Argyle's Levee," has been usually attributed to Lord Binning. The following letter on the subject, was written, I believe, by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, and is copied from the Edinburgh Magazine for April 1786.

"The ballad known under the name of 'Argyle's Levee' has been often printed, and Lord Binning has been held out to the public as its author.

"It is fit that the public should at length be undeceived. That Lord Binning was the author of that satirical ballad, is reported on no better authority than a vague popular rumour.

"To this I oppose, first, the mild character of that young nobleman, who was a wit indeed, but without malice. Secondly, the assertion of his brother, who told me, that Lord Binning, before he went to Naples, where he died, solemnly declared, that it was not he, but one Mitchell, the author of a book of poems, who wrote that ballad.

"Should any person wish to know who it is who gives you this information, he shall be satisfied on leaving his address with you. I do not choose to let my name be seen in a magazine; but I am ready to satisfy the curiosity of any person who wishes to be satisfied, at the expense of giving up a popular opinion.

"Give me leave to add, that the notes subjoined to the ballad, are incorrect and unsatisfactory. It would be easy for me to explain the obscure passages in it; but it would be a task equally disagreeable and useless, to point out the meaning of obsolete scandal."

CHARLES HAMILTON, LORD BINNING, the eldest son of Thomas sixth Earl of Haddington, was born in the year 1696. He served as a volunteer, along with his father, at the battle of Sherriffmuir, 13th of November 1715. A song in praise of Æmilius, supposed to be written by him while a youth, in his own commendation, contains a jocular allusion to his father's terror during that conflict with the

rebels. Lord Binning is allowed to have had a fine genius for lyric poetry, and was much beloved for his amiable disposition. He married Rachel, daughter of George Baillie of Jerviswood, by his wife Lady Grissel Baillie.

It is singular that his much admired pastoral Song, "Ungrateful Nanny," should not have found a place in the Musical Museum. It is no doubt full of conceits somewhat unsuited to such a composition; but there are not many pastorals of that age superior to it for elegance of expression and easy flow of verse; and if ladies and gentlemen will assume the character of shepherdesses and shepherds, they will not incur any disgrace should they indite such strains as the following song.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
 As I ungrateful Nanny do?
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
 Was ever broken heart so true?
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
 Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bid me run?
 She only had the word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done:
 I always thought on her, but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay?
 Though to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two:
 Did not her lambs in safety sleep,
 Within my folds in frost and snow?
 Have they not there from cold been free,
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan ;
 Oh, how those hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain.
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be
 But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me,

If Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitcher fill ;
 Full as they were I brought them home,
 Her corn I carried to the mill :
 My back did bear her sacks, but she
 Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best ;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least :
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she
 Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo ?
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.

Lord Binning died at Naples, the 27th of December 1732, O.S., in his 36th year, whither he had gone, with some of his relations, for the sake of his health.

An epitaph on Lord Binning, by Hamilton of Bangour, occurs in his Poems, p. 82, edit. 1760, 12mo.

CCCCXXXIX.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

ALEXANDER ROSS was born on the 13th of April 1699, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neill, Aberdeenshire ; and passed through a regular course of study at Marischal College, where he took his degree of A.M. in the year 1718. In 1726 he was appointed schoolmaster of Lochlee, in the

county of Angus ; and in this secluded and romantic spot he continued in the humble discharge of that office during the long period of fifty-six years. He died on the 20th of May 1784, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His principal work, "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," a pastoral tale, was first published at Aberdeen, 1768, 8vo, and has passed through several editions. To the latest edition, printed at Dundee, 1812, small 8vo, there is prefixed a minute and interesting account of the author's life, by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, minister of Lentrathen. It is to be regretted, however, that Ross's miscellaneous poems had not been added to the volume.

CCCCXL.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

MR R. CHAMBERS, in his collection of "Scottish Songs," has the following note on this song : "Said to have been written by the Rev. Dr Strachan, late minister of Carnwath, although certainly grounded upon a song of older standing, the name of which is mentioned in the Tea-Table Miscellany. The two first verses of the song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776. There is a tradition at Leith, that Tibbie Fowler was a real person, and married, sometime during the seventeenth century, to the representative of the attainted family of Logan of Restalrig, whose town house, dated 1636, is still pointed out at the head of a street in Leith, called the Sheriff-Brae. The marriage contract between Logan and Isabella Fowler is still extant, in the possession of a gentleman resident at Leith.—See Campbell's History of Leith, note, p. 314." (vol. ii. p. 378.)

Unfortunately, we cannot rely on the above appropriation of this song, for the simple reason, that there was no Dr Strachan, minister of Carnwath, during at least the last three hundred years.

CCCCXLVI.

WALY, WALY.

IN his previous note on this pathetic song, at page 147, Mr Stenhouse has quoted some lines from Wood's MS.; but that portion of the MS. was written long subsequent to 1566. See Note ccccxI. at page * 439.

“ In the West country (says Burns), I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines beginning, ‘ When Cockle-shells,’ &c., the other way ran thus :

‘ O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin’ my fause love has me forsook,
And says, he’ll never luvè me mair ! ’ ”

Reliques, p. 245.

CCCCLI.

HALLOW FAIR.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, the eminent but unfortunate precursor of Burns, was born at Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1750. He received part of his elementary education at Dundee, and, with the view of coming out for the Church, he was sent to pursue his studies at St Andrew's. Circumstances having occurred to make him change his views, he came to Edinburgh, and was chiefly employed in copying law-papers in the office of the Commissary-clerk. At the same time, he became a stated contributor of verses to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, while his convivial talents led him to indulge too much in idle society. He died on the 16th of October 1774, aged twenty-four, at the time of life when it might have been expected that the brilliant promises of his youthful genius would have been realized. It is a beautiful and an affecting incident in Burns's life, that one of his first acts, after he himself had acquired any degree of public fame, was to raise a humble monument to Fergusson's memory, by erecting at his own expense a

headstone over his grave, in the Canongate churchyard. It is certainly not creditable to the literature of Scotland, that no decently printed edition of his Poems has ever appeared.

It may be noticed, in proof of Fergusson's early celebrity, that some of his songs were sung at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, while he himself subsisted as a drudge by copying deeds, at about twopence a page. The following is the title and the names of the actors in the English Opera of Artaxerxes, as performed at Edinburgh, in 1769.

“ Artaxerxes, an English Opera, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. The Music composed by Tho. Aug. Arne, Mus. Doc. with the addition of Three favourite Scots airs. The words by Mr R. Fergusson. Edin. printed by Martin and Wotherspoon, 1769.” 12mo.—The performers were:—Artaxerxes, Mr Ross—Artabanus, Mr Phillips—Arbaces, Mr Tenducci—Rimenes, Mrs Woodman—Mandane, by ****—Semira, Miss Brown.—The actress whose name is left blank, was Madame Tenducci.

CCCCLVI.

MY BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

“ THE heroine of this song was a daughter of Baillie of Castle Carey, and sister, as it is said, to the wife of Macfarlane of Gartartan. A MS. copy of the verses, of some antiquity, commences thus :”—(C. K. S.)

It was in and about the Martinmass,
When the leaves were fresh and green,
Lizzie Baillie's to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister Jean.

She was nae in Gartartan
But a little while,
When luck and fortune happen'd her,
And she gaed to the Isle. *

When she gaed to the bonny Isle,
She met wi' Duncan Grahame ;

* The isle in the lake of Menteith, in which the priory of Inchmahome is situated. So I was assured, as a fact resting on local tradition, by the late Rev. Dr. Macfarlane.

Sae bravely as he courted her,
 And he convoy'd her hame.
 My bonnie Lizzie Baillie, &c.

CCCCLXI.

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY,

“ Is now printed complete in Mr Motherwell's collection of Scottish ballads, p. 90.”—(C. K. S.)

THE following verses to this air, are by CAPTAIN SKIRVING, to whom I have been indebted for other communications.

TO THE TUNE OF “ *I'll never gae down the Broom.* ”

He courted her kindly, consent was avow'd,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 Her interest procured him a kirk well endow'd,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

He found one more wealthy, although somewhat old,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The kirk was secure ; lo ! he grasp'd at the gold,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

Her friends, much incensed, have recourse to the law,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The wise say 'tis safer to haud than to draw,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

The last now is first, but she's caught by a knave,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The first may at last come in peace to her grave,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

CCCCLXIII.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOWN.

MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Engraver, who rang the music-bells of this city for many years, and was the writer of this song, died at Edinburgh, 22d of September 1819. The following notices of him are derived from the Council Registers. On the 14th of December 1785, Alexander

Robertson, residenter in Edinburgh, was appointed joint ringer of the music-bells. From an act, 15th of March 1809, it would seem that the whole office had then devolved on him, for it is ordered that he draw the whole salary. On the 13th of October 1819 (three weeks after his decease), sundry petitions for the vacant office were laid before the Council; and, on the 17th of November following, the Council ordered a quarter's salary to be paid to John Menzies, engraver, "to enable him to defray the expense of the funeral of Alexander Robertson, late performer on the music-bells." His original coadjutor, as ringer, was a Mr John Hay, the son of a Scots merchant, settled at Dantzic.—(See Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, vol. ii. p. 129.) It is well known that there is a very complete set of music-bells in St Giles's church, and the old custom of playing on them daily between the hours of one and two o'clock, is still kept up, although that hour of dinner, and the practice of merchants and tradesmen in the town then shutting up their shops, are completely changed. As stated at page 405, Robertson continued for many years (at least from 1783 to 1799) to engrave the views of gentlemen's seats which adorn the pages of the Edinburgh Magazines, in a style that quite suited the literary department of these periodicals.

CCCCLXVI.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

THE verses in the Museum, are merely the first four stanzas of "The Cherrie and the Slae," the well-known poem, by Captain Alexander Montgomery; whereas, Mr S., in his note at p. 406, describes them as a "very singular ballad," evidently imagining them to be something quite different. Neither are these verses contained in Bannatyne's MS., which has only a few of the minor compositions by Montgomery, and which undoubtedly were inserted in the

MS. at a later period than 1568, when the greater part of the volume was written. In fact, there is no evidence of this elegant and accomplished poet having written any thing prior to 1584; and as "The Banks of Helicon," which is preserved in Sir R. Maitland's MSS. is anonymous, it has been attributed to him only by conjecture. A collected edition of Montgomery's Poems, most of which, with the exception of "The Cherrie and the Slae," and "The Flyting," had remained unpublished, appeared in one vol. at Edinburgh, 1821, small 8vo.

"There is an admirable portrait of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, Countess of Winton, the supposed heroine of 'The Cherrie and the Slae,' in the possession of Mr Hay of Drummelzier."—(C. K. S.)

The MS. containing the air "The Banks of Helicon," which Mr S. (at p. 407) mentions as having belonged to the Rev. Mr Cranstoun and to Dr Leyden, was presented by the latter to Mr Heber; and, since the dispersion of his princely collection, it has found a place of repository in the Advocates' Library.

Mr S. further says that this song, "The Banks of Helicon," "was probably composed on the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots;" but there is no evidence for such a supposition. It was, indeed, composed during her life, which is more than can be asserted of the once popular song, "Ye meaner beauties of the Night," inserted by Allan Ramsay, in his Tea-table Miscellany, as a song, "said to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady Mary, Queen of Scots." Mr R. Chambers, in his "Scottish Songs," (vol. ii., p. 562), improving upon this title, adds, "said to have been *written by Lord Darnley*, in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage." It was in fact written by Sir Henry Wotton, "on his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia," probably thirty years after that Queen's grandmother, the unfortunate Mary, had been beheaded. (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 381, Lond. 1685, 8vo.)

not my
doing

CCCCLXVII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AMONG Burns's communications for the Musical Museum, he sent the following verses of a well-known Jacobite Song, but of which Johnson did not avail himself. The Song itself is printed in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i. p. 146, under the title, "What murrain now has ta'en the Whigs," although a better set might have been found. In Burns's MS., the verses are entitled—

THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

What merriment has ta'en the Whigs,
I think they ha'e gaen mad, sir,
Wi' playing up their Whiggish jigs,
Their dancin' may be sad, sir.

CHORUS.

Sing, heedle liltie, teedle liltie
Andum, tandum, tandie ;
Sing fal de dal, de dal, lal, lal,
Sing howdle liltie dandie.

The Revolution principles
Has put their heads in bees, sir,
They're a' fa'en out amang themsels,
Deil tak the first that grees, sir.
Sing heedle, &c.

CCCCLXIX.

CHRONICLE OF THE HEART.

DR THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the author of this Song, had been a frequent contributor to the Museum, but he was dead some years before this volume appeared. His life has been so often written, that it may suffice to mention that he was born at Annan in the year 1721, and lost his sight by the smallpox in infancy ; that he studied for the Scottish church, and was licensed to preach in 1759 ; but his blindness proved the means of preventing his settlement as a parochial minister : and that after this time he continued to reside in Edinburgh, devoting the remainder of his life to

literary pursuits, and was much respected. In 1766, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Marischal College, Aberdeen. He died at Edinburgh in July 1791, in the seventieth year of his age.

CCCCLXXIII.

AULD KING COWL.

It is a mistake to attribute the Interlude of the Droich's (or Dwarf's) part of the Play, quoted at p. 418, to Sir David Lyndsay.—See Dunbar's Poems, vol. ii. p. 410.

CCCCLXXV.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MILL.

IN this note, and in a variety of other places, Mr Stenhouse has referred to the volume published by Robert H. Cromek, under the title of "Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," London, 1810, 8vo, and has usually coupled such references with remarks not altogether called for. Mr S. might have known, that the volume which is so often the subject of his abuse, consisted, in fact, almost wholly of verses written by Mr Allan Cunningham, who, in a very harmless way, had imposed on Mr Cromek's credulity. The success that attended his "Reliques of Burns," had induced Cromek to glean what he considered the neglected minstrelsy of that district; and various circumstances at the time, led his friend to rather an extensive manufacture of traditional Songs and Ballads; but few persons were deceived as to the genuineness of such pretended originals. See an article in Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vi. p. 314. Mr Cromek himself was much esteemed for his enthusiastic attachment to the Fine Arts. Mr Cunningham, in a letter of a late date, says, "I loved the man much: he had a good taste, both in Poetry and Painting, and his heart was warm and kind: I have missed him much." He died at London, 14th of March 1812, aged about forty-five. He was the publisher, by subscrip-

tion, of the large and splendid edition of Blair's Grave, with original designs by Blake, in 1808. This edition was again published, or re-issued, by Ackermann of the Strand, London, with a short memoir of Mr Cromek prefixed, but I have not been able to see a copy of that new edition in Edinburgh.

CCCCLXXXII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THIS ballad has usually been regarded as one of the oldest in the series of Scottish Historical Ballads. In referring to it in a former note (see p. * 320), I forgot that it was included in this work ; but I shall now take the liberty of adding a few more words respecting it. That the ballad was intended to embody some remote event in Scottish history, is quite evident ; and it would have been difficult to fix on a more poetical incident than it presents, although not strictly adhering to historical facts. Had the ballad really possessed any claims to such high antiquity as would fix its composition near to the epoch of Margaret, the "Maiden of Norway," on whom her grandfather, Alexander the Third, had devolved the Crown of Scotland before the close of the thirteenth century, it is hardly conceivable that it should never have been heard of till it was sent to Bishop Percy, in 1765, by some of his correspondents in Scotland, along with other traditional ballads of still more questionable antiquity. Since his time, it has been printed in a hundred different shapes, generally with some additional verses or improvements "fortunately recovered," &c., but most of which improvements are palpable interpolations.

On referring to Finlay's "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," vol. i. p. 46, Edinb. 1808, I find the following remark : "The present editor, however, cannot think that the ballad, as it is, has a claim to such high antiquity. Indeed, the mention of *hats* and *cork-heeled shoon*, would lead us to infer that some stanzas are inter-

polated, or that its composition is of a comparatively modern date." Bishop Percy also remarks (vol. i. p. 81, note), that "an ingenious friend thinks the author of Hardyknute has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing and other old Scottish songs in this collection." It was this resemblance, with the localities Dunfermline and Aberdour, in the neighbourhood of Sir Henry Wardlaw's seat, that led me to throw out the conjecture, whether this much admired ballad might not have been written by Lady Wardlaw herself, to whom the ballad of "Hardyknute" is now universally attributed.

The ballad, accompanied with two different sets of the air, will also be found in the second volume of Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

Coleridge, at the commencement of one of his Odes, thus alludes to "Sir Patrick Spence," after quoting as a motto, the lines "*Late, late, yestreen.*"

Well! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made
 THE GRAND OLD BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE;
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, &c.

CCCCLXXXIV.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS is another ballad of an alleged antiquity, the correctness of which may reasonably be doubted. I am persuaded it is merely an altered or abridged copy of one that appeared in a common *chap form*, along with some Jacobite ballads, printed about the year 1750. The following is a copy of the ballad in question, which seems, in fact, to be only a passage in Blind Harry the Minstrel's poem modernized, (Book V.)

ON AN HONOURABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF SIR WILLIAM
 WALLACE, NEAR FALKIRK.

"Had we a king," said Wallace then,
 "That our kind Scots might live by their own,

But betwixt me and the English blood
 I think there is an ill seed sown."
 Wallace him over a river lap,
 He look'd low down to a linn ;
 He was not war of a gay lady,
 Was even at the well washing.
 " Well mot ye fare, fair Madam," he said,
 " And ay well mot ye fare ; and see !
 Have ye any tidings me to tell,
 I pray you'll show them unto me ?"
 I have no tidings you to tell,
 Nor yet no tidings you to ken ;
 But into that hostler's house
 There's fifteen of your Englishmen :
 And they are seeking Wallace, then,
 For they've ordained him to be slain ;
 O, God forbid ! said Wallace then,
 For he's o'er good a kind Scotsman.
 But had I money me upon,
 And ev'n this day, as I have none,
 Then would I to that hostler's house,
 And ev'n as fast as I could gang.
 She put her hand in her pocket,
 She told him twenty shillings o'er her knee :
 Then he took off both hat and hood,
 And thank'd the lady most reverently.
 If e'er I come this way again,
 Well paid money it shall be ;
 Then he took off both hat and hood,
 And he thank'd the lady most reverently.
 He lean'd him two-fold o'er a staff,
 So did he three-fold o'er a tree ;
 And he's away to the hostler's house,
 Even as fast as he might dree.
 When he came to the hostler's house,
 He said, Good-ben, quoth he, be here.
 An English captain being deep load,
 He asked him right canker'dly,
 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,
 And in what place and what country ?
 'Tis I was born in fair Scotland,
 A crooked carle although I be.
 The English captain swore by th' Rood,
 We are Scotsmen as well as thee,
 And we are seeking Wallace, then
 To have him, merry we should be.

The man, said Wallace, ye're looking for,
 I seed him within these days three,
 And he has slain an English captain,
 And ay the fear'der the rest may be.
 I'd give twenty shillings, said the captain,
 To such a crooked carle as thee,
 If you would take me to the place
 Where that I might proud Wallace see.
 Hold out your hand, said Wallace then,
 And show your money and be free,
 For tho' you'd bid an hundred pound,
 I never bade a better bode.
 He struck the captain o'er the chafts,
 Till that he never chewed more.
 He stick'd the rest about the board,
 And left them all a sprawling there.
 Rise up, goodwife, said Wallace then,
 And give me something for to eat,
 For it's near two days to an end
 Since I tasted one bit of meat.
 His board was scarcely well covered,
 Nor yet his dine well scantly dight,
 Till other fifteen Englishmen
 Down all about the door did light.
 Come out, come out, said they, Wallace then,
 For the day is come that ye must die ;
 And they thought so little of his might,
 But ay the fear'der they might be.
 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,
 It put them all into a fever ;
 Then five he sticket where they stood,
 And five he trampled in the gutter.
 And five he chased to yon green wood,
 He hanged them all out o'er a grain ;
 And 'gainst the morn at twelve o'clock
 He dined with his kind Scottish men.

Bower, the continuator of Fordun, thus mentions the circumstance of Wallace's exploits being frequently celebrated in verse :—“ Post enim conflictum de Roslyn, (A.D. 1298.) Wallace, ascensa navi, Franciam petiit ; ubi quanta probitate refusit, tam super mare a piratis quam in Francia ab Anglis perpressus est discrimina, et viriliter se habuit, *nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsa Francia quam Scotia, attestantur.*” (vol. ii. p. 176.)

CCCCCLXXXV.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THERE is an admirable portrait of Patie Birnie, the famous fiddler of Kinghorn—a face full of comic humour and indicative of genius—at Leslie House. It is supposed to have been painted by Aikman, who died in 1731; and the old head of Patie, with Ramsay's lines, is also said to have been etched by Aikman from his own drawing in red chalk, which was sold at a sale in Edinburgh a few years ago.

CCCCCLXXXVII.

GOOD-MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS.

“THIS fragment seems to be part of an English ballad, called ‘The Duchess of Newcastle's Lament,’—it begins,

There is not a taylor in all London town
Can shape Newcastle's fair lady a gown,
Her belly's turn'd big and her face pale and wan;
She's fallen with child to her own servant man.

* * * * *
Thou worst of all women, thou emblem of strife,
I took thee a servant and made thee my wife, &c.

(C. K. S.)

CCCCCLXXXIX.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THIS song has been variously attributed. The following extract respecting it, is copied from Buchan's “Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads,” Peterhead, 1825, 12mo:—

“The author of this excellent song,” says Mr B., “was the Rev. JOHN FORBES, Minister at Deer, Aberdeenshire. This eccentric character was born at Pitnacalder, a small estate near Frazerburgh, of which his father was proprietor. From the name of his paternal spot, he was commonly designated Pitney, and better known by that appellation than that of his office. In his younger years, and before

he was appointed incumbent at Deer, he wrote the well-known song of 'Nae Dominies for me, Laddie,' which seems to be a picture of himself drawn from real life, and which he took the greatest delight in singing, and hearing sung.

"He was a rigid Presbyterian, and said by some to possess the gift of prophecy. Many curious anecdotes are told of him. He died in 1769, and was buried in the churchyard of Old Deer, where a plain stone is placed to his memory, bearing the following appropriate inscription: 'Dedicated by Mrs Margaret Hay, widow, to the memory of John Forbes of Pitnacalder, M.A., Minister of Deer, who died anno 1769, in the 81st year of his age, and the 52d of his ministry. With a manly figure he possessed the literature of the scholar, the elocution of the preacher, and the accomplishment of the gentleman. As a pastor, his character was distinguished by piety, virtue, and entire devotion to the cause of Christ. Beloved by his relatives, respected by his acquaintances, venerated by the body of his people; his life was useful, and his end was peace.'"

The ballad has been preserved in the form of a broadside, printed apparently about the year 1740. Mr Stenhouse, in his note at page 431, states, that he was credibly informed it "was written by the late Rev. Mr Nathaniel M'Kay (M'Kie), Minister of Crossmichael, in the stewartry of Kirkeudbright." The above account seems, however, the most probable; but it may be added, that the Rev. NATHANIEL M'KIE, Minister of Crossmichael, was a writer of verses. About the middle of the last century, John Gordon of Kenmure, Esq., commonly called Lord Kenmure, addressed a letter in verse to the Rev. Nathaniel M'Kie, challenging him to a game at curling. This rhyming epistle, with the answer by Mr M'Kie, also in verse, and Lord Kenmure's rejoinder, are preserved in a volume entitled, "Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia," p. 95. Dumfries, 1830, 8vo.

Mr M'Kie died at his manse of Crossmichael, 26th of

January 1781, in the 66th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry. (Scots Mag. 1781, p. 55.)

CCCCXCI.

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

ALEXANDER GEDDES, LL.D., the author of this song and of "Lewis Gordon," No. LXXXVI., is mentioned by Mr S. in his note on the latter song, at p. 90. Of this singular person, a detailed biography was published under the title of "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Reverend Alexander Geddes, LL.D. By John Mason Good." London, 1803, 8vo. Geddes was born in the county of Banff, in the year 1737. Being destined for the Roman Catholic Church, after a preliminary education at Scalan, a seminary in the Highlands, he spent six years in the Scots College at Paris, and returned to Scotland, where he officiated as a priest in different parts of the country. The University of Aberdeen, in 1780, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and at this time he removed to London, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 26th of February 1802, in the 65th year of his age.

Dr Mason Good has given a very graphic description of his person and manners, on being first introduced to this learned but eccentric character. It may be here quoted:—
 "It was about this period, the year 1793, I first became acquainted with Dr Geddes. I met him accidentally at the house of Miss Hamilton, who has lately acquired a just reputation for her excellent Letters on Education: and I freely confess that, at the first interview, I was by no means pleased with him. I beheld a man of about five feet five inches high, in a black dress, put on with uncommon negligence, and apparently never fitted to his form: His figure was lank, his face meagre, his hair black, long, and loose, without having been sufficiently submitted to the operations of the toilet—and his eyes, though quick and vivid, spark-

ling at that time rather with irritability than benevolence. He was disputing with one of the Company when I entered, and the rapidity with which, at this moment, he left his chair, and rushed, with an elevated tone of voice and uncourtly dogmatism of manner, towards his opponent, instantaneously persuaded me that the subject upon which the debate turned was of the utmost moment. I listened with all the attention I could command; and in a few minutes learned, to my astonishment, that it related to nothing more than the distance of his own house in the New Road, Paddington, from the place of our meeting, which was in Guildford Street. The debate being at length concluded, or rather worn out, the doctor took possession of the next chair to that in which I was seated, and united with myself and a friend who sat on my other side, in discoursing upon the politics of the day. On this topic we proceeded smoothly and accordantly for some time; till at length, disagreeing with us upon some point as trivial as the former, he again rose abruptly from his seat, traversed the room in every direction, with as indeterminate a parallax as that of a comet, loudly, and with increase of voice, maintaining his position at every step he took. Not wishing to prolong the dispute, we yielded to him without further interruption, and, in the course of a few minutes after he had closed his harangue, he again approached us, retook possession of his chair, and was all playfulness, good humour, and genuine wit." (p. 302.)

CCCCXCII.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

“MR ROBERT CHAMBERS has written an excellent song to this air, only to be found in a volume of his poetry not printed for sale—by his permission it is here inserted.”—
(C. K. S.)

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa',
 Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa';
 'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thretty-twa,
 That Randal, the Laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
 And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
 And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the Castle wa',
 And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

" Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she spier,
 " Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
 " Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa',
 Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed awa',
 And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
 Like the merrie, merrie ~~look~~, in the morning sky. *Carl*

Oh, Randal was an alert man whan he came hame,
 A sair alert man was he, whan he came hame;
 Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
 And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
 And down came a ladye to see him come in,
 And after the ladye came bairns feifteen—
 " Can this muckle wife be my true love, Jean?"

" Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame;
 " Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
 " Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
 " In troth," quo' the ladye, " sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about, wi' a waeful ee,
 And a heart as sair as sair could be;
 He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
 And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
 And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
 And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
 For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

The mention of Dr Austin's name in this note, furnishes an opportunity of adding to the notice at page 214, that Adam Austin received his degree of M.D. at Glasgow, 15th of May 1749; that he was licensed to practise, by the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, 7th of August 1753; and that he was admitted a Fellow of the College, 3d of August 1762.

CCCCXCIX.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

THESE pathetic verses were addressed by Burns to Clarinda, otherwise Mrs M'Lehose.—See Mr Cunningham's edit. of Burns, vol. iv. p. 330.

CCCCXCVII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

“THESE verses were not entirely, if indeed at all, the composition of Burns; one stanza at least belongs to a ballad, very common formerly among the Scottish hawkers, called bonny Mally Stuart. I give it entire from my stall copy.

1.

The cold winter is past and gone,
 And now comes on the spring,
 And I am one of the King's life-guards,
 And I must go fight for him, my dear,
 And I must go fight for my king.

2.

Now since to the wars you must go,
 One thing, I pray, grant me,
 It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
 And I will travel along with thee, my dear,
 And I will travel along with thee.

3.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
 That my love endanger'd were,*
 The rattling drums and shining swords
 Will cause you great sorrow and woe, my dear,
 Will cause you great sorrow and woe.

4.

I will do the thing for my true love
 That she will not do for me ;
 It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red clothes,
 And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
 And mourn till the day I die.

5.

I will do more for my true love
 Than she will do for me ;
 I will cut my hair, and roll me bare,
 And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
 And mourn till the day I die.

6.

So farewell my father and mother dear,
 I'll bid adieu and farewell ; †
 Farewell my bonny Mally Stuart,
 You're the cause of all my woe, my dear,
 You're the cause of all my woe.

7.

When we came in to Stirling town,
 As we all lay in camp : ‡
 By the King's orders we were drawn,
 And to Germany we were sent, my dear,
 And to Germany we were sent.

8.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
 And the maids therein also,
 And farewell bonny Mally Stuart,
 You're the cause of all my woe, my dear,
 You're the cause of all my woe.

* Probably this should be, " That my love were endangered so."

† Probably, " I'll bid farewell and adieu !"

‡ " Tent," perhaps.

9.

She took the slippers off her feet,
 And the cockups off her hair,
 And she has taken a long journey,
 For seven long years and mair, my dear,
 For seven long years and mair.

10.

Sometimes she rode, sometimes she gaed,
 Sometimes sat down to mourn ;
 And aye the o'er word of her tale,
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come ? my dear,*
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come ?

11.

The trooper turn'd himself about,
 All on the Irish shore ;
 He has given the bridle reins a shake,
 Saying, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 Saying, adieu for evermore !

“ The ballad, as it appears in the Museum, was much admired by Sir Walter Scott ; he was delighted to hear it sung by his daughter, Mrs Lockhart.”—(C. K. S.)

D.

EVAN BANKS.

JOHNSON committed a mistake in affixing the name of Burns to this song, and various editors of his works, by trusting to this, have fallen into a similar mistake. Currie, aware of this error, withdrew it in his second edition. But Cromek in the “ Reliques,” having given the song anew in Burns's name, Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review on that volume, says, “ Mr Cromek ought to have known that this beautiful song was published by Dr Currie in his first edition of Burns's works, and omitted in all those which followed, because it was ascertained to be the composition of Helen Maria Williams, who wrote it at

* “ Shall I e'er see my bonny lad return ?”

the request of Dr Wood. Its being found in the hand-writing of Burns occasioned the first mistake, but the correction of that mistake leaves no apology for a second." (vol. i. p. 34.)

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS was born in the North of England in 1762. In the earlier part of her life she published various poems which attracted notice at the time when such writers as Hooke, Hayley, Seward, and Pye, flourished, and were in vogue. She resided at Paris during the time of the French Revolution, devoting herself to literary pursuits, and was best known by her "Letters written from France, &c." She was also the translator of Humboldt's Personal Narrative. She died at Paris in December 1827.

notes

No 410. "As I came o'er the bairney Mount."

I think Mr Walter Scott once informed me that this song was composed on an incident in the ^{married} life of William Earl of Lutherdale and his countess, the parents of the late Duke of Cumberland.