

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART IV.

CCCI.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

THIS song, beginning "Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood," was written by Burns in 1790, on purpose for the Museum. About five years thereafter, he curtailed two verses of the original copy, and altered some of the lines. His last edition of the song is here annexed.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
When care his breast is wringing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me;
If thou shalt love another;
When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

The reader, by comparing the above verses with the original in the Museum, will be enabled to form his opinion, how far our bard has improved the song by his latter alterations.

Burns composed this song on a passion which a particular friend of his, Mr Gillespie, had for Miss Jane Lorimer of Kingshall, in Kirkmahoe, Dumfriesshire, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn Wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.—

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie ;
And O to be lying beyond thee !
O sweetly, soundly, may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee !*

The air, called “ Craigie-burn Wood,” taken down from a country girl’s singing, was considered by the late Mr Stephen Clarke as one of our finest Scottish tunes. At the foot of the manuscript of the music of this song is the following note, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke, *There is no need to mention the chorus. The man that would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air, should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again !!* “ It is remarkable of this air (says Burns), that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.”—*Reliques*.

Dr Currie informs us, that “ Craigie-burn Wood is situated on the banks of the River Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigieburn and of Dumcrieff, were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the ‘ Lassie wi’ the lint-white locks,’ and that he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics.”

CCCH.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

BURNS says, “ I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.”—*Reliques*. The whole song, however, is in his own hand-writing, and I have reason to believe it is all his own. The verses

are adapted to the tune of "Carron Side," taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. viii. It is very pretty; but the composer of it has borrowed some passages from the old air, called "Todlen Hame."

CCCIII.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

ACCORDING to tradition, Robert Aldridge, bishop of Carlisle, about the year 1560, seduced the wife of Hugh Graham, one of those bold and predatory chiefs who so long inhabited what was called the debateable land on the English and Scottish border. Graham being unable to bring so powerful a prelate to justice, in revenge made an excursion into Cumberland, and carried off, *inter alia*, a fine mare belonging to the bishop; but being closely pursued by Sir John Scroope, warder of Carlisle, with a party on horseback, was apprehended near Solway Moss, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and convicted of felony. Great intercessions were made to save his life; but the bishop, it is said, being determined to remove the chief obstacle to his guilty passions, remained inexorable, and poor Graham fell a victim to his own indiscretion and his wife's infidelity. Anthony Wood observes, that there were many changes in this prelate's time, both in church and state, but that he retained his offices and preferments during them all.

Burns acquaints us, that there are several editions of this ballad, and that the one which is inserted in the Museum is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when he was a boy, it was a popular song, and that it originally had a simple old tune, which he had forgotten.—*Vide Reliques*. The copy transmitted to Johnson is entirely in Burns's own handwriting.

The reader will find an edition of this ballad in the sixth volume of Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, printed at London in 1714. It is called "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime. To the tune of Chevy-Chace." Many corruptions have crept into this copy, such

as *Grime* for Graham or Graeme; *Garland town* for Carlisle town, &c. Sir Walter Scott has given us another edition in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, which he obtained from his friend, Mr W. Laidlaw in Blackhouse, that had long been current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, has likewise published this border ditty, from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq. These different versions of the ballad nearly coincide with respect to the main incidents of the story. The tune to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, may be seen in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, under the title of "*Drimen Duff*." Some of the stanzas in the Museum have no doubt been corrected by Burns; and the localizing the song to Stirling in place of Carlisle, is evidently erroneous. In other respects, however, it appears to be the best edition of the ballad.

CCCIV.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

THE words of this song were written by Mr John Learmont, gardener at Dalkeith. It was sent to Burns, who returned it to the publisher with some verbal amendments.—Mr Learmont, in 1791, published a volume of *POEMS*, pastoral, satirical, tragic, and comic; carefully corrected by the author. Some of his pieces possess considerable poetic merit. Mr Learmont's verses, beginning *O' mighty Nature's handywarks*, are adapted to the tune called "*The Butcher Boy*."

CCCV.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

THE only remains of this curious old ballad are the tune, and the following fragment of the words, preserved by Herd.

*John, come kiss me now, now, now,
Oh! John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And make nae mair ado.*

Some will court and compliment,
 And make a great ado;
 Some will make of their gudeman,
 And sae will I of you.

John, come kiss me, &c.

In a former part of this work, see notes on song, No. 260, entitled "John Anderson," it has been shewn that the tradition, of the *Reformers* having borrowed several of the most favourite hymn tunes used in the Catholic cathedrals, and adapted them to burlesque verses, in derision of old mother church, is equally absurd, as it is contrary to the direct evidence of the service-books themselves, which were used in these churches. On the contrary, the Reformers not only called into their aid some of the finest airs among the laity, but likewise spiritualized, or rather parodied, many of their *common songs*, in order to forward their views. Of this number was the song of *John, come kiss me now*.

In a manuscript, "Historie of the Estate of the Kirke of Scotland, written by an old Minister of the Kirke of Scotland, at the desire of some of his young brethren for their information," A. D. 1560, which was formerly in the possession of Mr George Paton of the Custom-house, it is said, that "for the more particular meanes wherby came the knowledge of God's truth in the time of great darkness, was such as Sir David Lindseys poesie, *Wedderburne's Psalmes and Godlie Ballands* of godlie purposes, &c." This Wedderburne, who was likewise author of "The Complaint of Scotland," printed in 1549, quotes several of the songs in that work, which we afterwards parodied in a considerable volume, published for the second time by Andro Hart, in 1621, under the title of *Ane compendius Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates*; CHANGED OUT OF PROPHAINE SANGES, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godlie ballates, not contained in the first edition. *Newlie correctit and amended by the first originall copie.*

Among these ballads, *John, come kiss me now*, makes his

appearance in his penitential habit, which, it must be admitted, is not a little grotesque, although he has been stripped of the profane dress which had promoted *sinne* and *harlotrie*. We annex, as a specimen, two stanzas of this newly-converted godly ballad.

*John, come kiss me now,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair ado.
My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John, come kiss me now;
John, come kiss me by and by,
And mak na mair ado. &c. &c.*

The stanzas in the Museum were altered by Burns; of the merit of these alterations the reader will be enabled to judge, on comparing the old fragment, quoted above, with the copy of the song inserted in that work.

In Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. page 8th, there is a tune called the "New-rigg'd Ship, or Miss Findlay's Delight;" the second strain of which is a mere copy of the second part of the air of "John, come kiss me now," thrown into triple time.

The celebrated Wm Byrd, organist of the Chapel Royal in 1575, well known as the author of the musical canon of "Non nobis Domine," made fifteen learned and difficult variations upon the air of "John, come kiss me now," which are inserted in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, MSS. 1576.

CCCVI.

I'VE BEEN COURTING AT A LASS.

THE words of this song were copied into the Museum from Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 135. The author is anonymous. The verses are adapted to the old air of "Ah ha! Johnie, lad, ye're nae sae kind's you sud hae been."

CCCVII.

PEASE STRAE.

THE words of this old rural ditty, beginning "The country swain that haunts the plain," were recovered by Herd,

and inserted in his valuable Collection, in 1776. The author has not yet been discovered ; but the tune has long been a favourite reel in the Lowlands of Scotland, and is printed in many collections.

CCCVIII.

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

BURNS, in his Reliques, observes, that “this is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this Collection, (viz. the Museum,) was written from Mrs Burns’s voice.”

It was an old song, however, in the days of Ramsay ; for we find the very words of it, beginning “A southland Jenny that was right bonnie,” in his Tea-Table Miscellany, with the letter Z annexed, to point out that even in his time it was known to be old.

CCCIX.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

THIS lively old Scottish tune, under the title of “Joh my, cock up thy Beaver,” is to be found in “The Dancing-Master,” a very curious collection of Scots, English, and Irish Tunes, published by old John Playford of London in 1657. It is likewise preserved in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. 7th, and in many other Collections.

The fragment of the ancient song, beginning “When first my dear Johnny,” as preserved in Herd’s Collection, is annexed, to shew the improvements it received from Burns before it was inserted in Johnson’s Museum.

*When first my dear Johnny came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, my Johnny, lad, cock up your beaver :
Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
Hey, my Johnny lad, cock up your beaver ;
Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
We’ll a’ to England ere it be lang.*

The improved copy, all in the hand-writing of Burns, is now before me.

CCCX.

O LADDIE, I MAUN LOE THEE.

THIS is another edition of the old Scottish song, entitled "Come hap me with thy Petticoat." See the remarks on song No 139, beginning *O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart.*

CCCXI.

O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

THIS tune is very old. There is a copy of it in square-shaped notes in a manuscript book for the Virginals, in the Editor's possession, under the title of "The newe Gowne made." The ballad, beginning "O let me in this ae night," was printed in Herd's Collection in 1776; but it was retouched by Burns, to render it less objectionable, before Johnson would give it a place in the Museum.

In 1795, Burns altered the old verses a second time. His last improvements are now subjoined.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waking I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I wou'd fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night:
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman, say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

If the song, as it stands in Herd's Collection, has lost any thing in point of wit and humour, it has at any rate gained much in respect of elegance and modesty, by the judicious alterations of our bard. We agree with Mr Thomson, that Burns has displayed great address in the above song, and that the young woman's answer is excellent, and, at the same time, takes away the indelicacy that otherwise would have attached to her lover's entreaties.

Burns, in the course of the same year, produced the following English verses to the same air.

TUNE, "Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou love but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;

And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moment's fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet,
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

O wert thou, &c.

CCCXII.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THE words of this song, "O meikle thinks my Luve o' my Beauty," were written by Burns in 1790, for the Museum. They are adapted to a Jig in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 3d, p. 28, composed by him from the subject of an old air, in slow common time, called "The High-way to Edinburgh." Aird of Glasgow afterwards published the Jig in his Collection of Tunes, under the title of its parent melody, and it was again published by Neil Gow & Son, in their Second Collection, as "Lord Elcho's Favourite." Burns was mistaken in asserting, in the Reliques, that Gow, or any of his family, claimed this melody as their own composition; or even that it had been notoriously taken from "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," for it is nothing more than the subject of the old air of "The High-way to Edinburgh," thrown into treble time.

In the original manuscript of the song now lying before me, Burns, in a note, says, "This song is to be sung to the air, called Lord Elcho's Favourite; but do not put the name *Lord Elcho's Favourite* above it; let it just pass for the tune of the song, and a beautiful tune it is."

CCCXIII.

THEN GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

THIS song, beginning "Gane is the day, and mirk's the night," was written by Burns, with the exception of the chorus,

which is old. In the Reliques, he says “ The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect.”

EVERY day my wife tells me,
That ale and brandy will ruin me ;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—

*O gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
O gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.*

The tune to which the verses are adapted was furnished by Burns. It seems to have been partly borrowed from the air, called “ The auld Man’s Mare’s dead.”

CCCXIV.

THE WHISTLE.

THE words of this ballad, beginning “ I’ll sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,” were written by Burns in the year 1790, and transmitted, with the music, to Johnson for insertion in the Museum, amongst with the following particulars :

“ As the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our King James the VI. (1st May, 1590) there came over also a Danish gentleman, of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany ; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy

baronet of that name ; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton ; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued ; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert ; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

The editor has been told, that Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. one of this jovial party, composed the tune to the ballad.

CCCXV.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

THIS excellent song, beginning "By yon castle wa' at the close of the day," was written by Burns, and set to the old tune of "There are few good Fellows when Jamie's awa," inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 20.

In the Reliques, Burns says, that this tune is sometimes called "There's few gude fellows when Willie's awa ;" but he had never been able to meet with any thing else of the song than the title.

The Editor of this work has compared the original manuscript of the song, in Burns' own hand-writing, with the copy in the Museum, and finds it to be very correctly printed.

CCCXVI.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

THIS humorous song was written by Burns, in 1790, expressly for the Museum. Dr Blacklock had likewise written

a long ballad to the same tune. At the foot of Burns' manuscript is the following note: "Set the tune to these words. Dr B's set of the tune is bad; I here enclose a better. You may put Dr B's song after these verses, or you may leave it out, as you please. It has some merit, but it is miserably long." Johnson thought the Doctor's song too tedious for insertion, and therefore left it out.

The tune is very old. There is a set of it in the sixth book of Oswald's Collection. In the third volume of the "Pills" the title of the song is quoted, "What shall a young Woman do with an old Man," printed in 1703.

CCCXVII.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

THIS song, beginning "O, how can I be blythe and glad," is another unclaimed production of Burns. The bard's MSS. is now before me. He took the first line, however, and even some hints of his verses, from an old song in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 1, which begins "How can I be blythe or glad, or in my mind contented be." I have not been able to discover the tune to which the verses are adapted in any other collection prior to the Museum. Burns, however, never composed any words for a song unless the tune was quite familiar to him.

CCCXVIII.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

THE words of this old song, beginning "Late in an evening forth I went," appear in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany 1724, and both the words and music in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, from whence they were copied into the Museum. Bishop Percy has likewise introduced this song into his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. iii. page 116, with the following note:—"The Auld Goodman, a Scottish Song. We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song than that printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions." The worthy prelate, how-

ever, has omitted to point out the passages which he conceived to have been vitiated.

CCCXIX.

O, AS I WAS KIST YESTREEN.

THE fragment of this comical ditty was copied into the Museum from Herd's Collection, 1776, vol. ii. page 226, in which it is said to have been composed "on the late Duke of Argyle." The song, however, is of considerable antiquity, for the tune appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v. under the title of "O, as I was kiss'd the streen." The old title of the air was "Lumps o' Pudding." It appears in the *Dancing-Master*, printed in 1657. Gay selected this air for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning "Thus I stand like the Turk," acted at London in 1728.

CCCXX.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

THIS ancient and beautiful air, with the fragment of the old ballad, beginning "She sat down below a thorn," were both transmitted by Burns to Johnson, for the Museum. The reader will find a very different ballad, under the same title, in Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, beginning "There were three ladies in a ha'." Both ballads, however, appear to have been sung to the same plaintive simple melody. Herd has another fragment of a ballad, beginning "And there she lean'd her back to a thorn," in his second volume; but the verses are very imperfect.

CCCXXI.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

BURNS says, "this song is altered from a Poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems. I do think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."—*Reliques*.

Sir Robert Ayton's verses appear in John Playford's

Select Ayres, London, 1659, folio, under the title of a "Song to his forsaken Mistressse; set to music by Mr Henry Lawes." They are also printed in Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, vol. iii. page 325; and we shall now annex them, that the reader may be enabled to judge of Burns' improvements.

I.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

II.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets ;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets ;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

III.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells !
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

IV.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou has handled been awhile ;
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile,
To see thy love to every one,
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

The fine old tune, to which the Scottish version of the song by Burns is adapted, is called "The Cuckoo." There was a Jacobite song to the same air, a fragment of which is inserted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i.

CCCXXII.

IF E'ER I DO WELL 'TIS A WONDER.

THIS old comic song, beginning "When I was a young lad," appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and the music is preserved in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Compa-*

nion, book i. and several other old collections. From these sources it was copied into the Museum.

CCCXXIII.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

BURNS says, that the first verse of this song, beginning “My soger laddie is over the sea,” is old, and that the rest is by Ramsay. He also adds, “the tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called ‘Jacky Hume’s Lament;’ or ‘The Hollin Buss;’ or, ‘Ken you what Meg o’ the Mill has gotten?’”—*Reliques*.

Both the words and music of this song appear in Thomson’s *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, from whence they were copied into the Museum. The tune must therefore have been known long before that period by the name of “My Soldier Laddie,” which is the title prefixed to it in Thomson’s work.

This song was reprinted in the sixth volume of Watt’s *Musical Miscellany* in 1731.

CCCXXIV.

WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and printed in the first volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, under the title of “THE CORDIAL, to the tune of *Where shall our Goodman ly*.” One stanza of the foolish old song runs thus :

WHERE shall our goodman lie,
O, where shall our goodman lie;
Where shall our goodman lie,
Till he shute o’er the simmer?
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Amang the rotten timmer.

This tune appears in Playford’s *Dancing Master*, 1657, under the title of “The Red House;” and Gay selected it for one of his songs in “Polly,” beginning “I will have my humours,” printed in 1729.

CCCXXV.

O, GALLOWAY TAM.

BURNS says, "I have seen an interlude acted at a wedding to this tune, called 'The Wooing of the Maiden.' These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. 'Silly puir auld Glenlae,' and this one, *The Wooing of the Maiden.—Reliques.*

Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," printed at London in 1810, accuses Johnson, the original proprietor and publisher of the Museum, of *ignorance*, in rejecting two additional verses, which he, Cromek, has recovered and united to their fellows. These verses, however, are palpable forgeries, and are, besides, both shockingly indelicate and profane.

With regard to this tune, although it appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 6th, printed in 1742, our musical readers will easily perceive, that it is the old air of "O'er the Hills and far away," changed from *common* into *treble* time. The antiquity of it is very questionable.*

CCCXXVI.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

BOTH the words and music of this song were transmitted by Burns to Johnson, for the Museum. Burns, in his *Reliques*, mentions, that it is a very popular song in Ayrshire. It does not appear in any Collection prior to the Museum.

CCCXXVII.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THE fragment of this ancient ballad, beginning "O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son," with the beautiful air to which it is sung, were both recovered by Burns, and placed in the Museum. In the second volume of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," edited by Sir Walter Scott, we have

* Galloway Tam, the hero of this song, was Thomas Marshall, a stout and athletic Galwegian gypsey, equally celebrated for making songs, snuff-mills, and horn spoons. Some of his descendants, it is said, still inhabit Nithsdale and Galloway.

a more full, though evidently a more modern, version of the ballad, under the title of “ Lord Randal,” which that ingenious and justly celebrated author introduces to his readers with the following prefatory remarks.

“ There is a beautiful air to this old ballad. The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald ; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy, for calling him *Randal*, because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332 at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison.—See *The Bruce*, book 20th. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story ; both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes, in his “ Remarks on the History of Scotland.” There is a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by his false step-mother.

LORD RANDAL.

O, WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son ?
 O, where hae ye been, my handsome young man ?
 I hae been to the wild wood ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.
 Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?
 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man ?
 I din'd wi' my true-love, mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.
 What gat ye to dinner, Lord Randal, my son ?
 What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man ?
 I gat eels boil'd in broo ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.
 What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son ?
 What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man ?
 O they swell'd and they died ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down.

O, I fear you are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son !
 O, I fear you are poison'd, my handsome young man !
 O, yes ! I'm poison'd ; mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.

Burns observes, that “ this air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the *original of Lochaber*. In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple original air ; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.”—*Reliques*. His remarks are certainly just.

CCCXXVIII.

O’ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

BURNS says, that this song, beginning “ Comin thro’ the Craigs of Kyle,” is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore but also a thief ; and in one or other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard.”—*Reliques*. There are much older verses to this air than those in the Museum, but they are rather too loose for insertion. Stewart Lewis, a minor Scots poet, likewise wrote some verses to the same air, which were published, along with his poems, about twenty years ago. The tune was published as a reel in Bremner’s Collection, about the year 1764.

CCCXXIX.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING !

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1790, for the Museum. In his manuscript, he directs Mr Clarke to set the words to the tune of “ Cornwallis’s Lament for Colonel Muirhead.” This is a modern air, by Mr M. S.

CCCXXX.

TO THE ROSEBUD.

THIS song, beginning “ All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,” was written by one Johnson, a joiner, in the neighbourhood

of Belfast. The tune is evidently the progenitor of the air called "Jocky's Gray Brecks." It indeed appears, under the title of "Jocky's Gray Breeches," in Oswald's second volume, published in 1742. I observe that Burns has altered the spelling of a few words in the author's manuscript, to give this song a little more sprinkling of the Scottish language.

CCCXXXI.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. In his *Reliques*, he says, "This tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know."—*Reliques*. The reader, on turning to the notes on Song No 117, entitled "The Highland Lassie," will have no difficulty in understanding that part of the bard's private history to which he alludes. The tune, under the title of "Phebe," by *Mr Oswald*, was published in his fourth volume, in 1742.

CCCXXXII.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS song, beginning "I hae been at Crookieden," was patched up by Burns from the fragments of an old Jacobite effusion. In the copy transmitted to Johnson, the third line originally stood, "There I saw some folk I ken." Burns, I observe, has drawn his pen through this line, and written above it, "Viewing Willie and his men."

In the *Reliques*, our bard, alluding to the tune of the Highland laddie, says "As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the Musical Museum, beginning 'I hae been at Crookieden' (a vulgar cant name for hell.) One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald has it in his Collection by the name of 'The Auld Highland Laddie.' It is also known by the name of *Jinglan Johnie*, which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is

little known to the peasantry by the name of ‘ Highland Laddie,’ while every body knows ‘ Jinglan Johnie.’ The song begins,

“ *Jinglan John, the meickle man,
He met wi’ a lass was blythe and bonnie.*”—RELIQUES.

It is now, perhaps, impossible to determine whether Burns may, or may not, be right respecting the seniority of this tune to its other namesakes. But in Gow’s Repository, part second, there is an air called “ The Original Highland Laddie, or the Quickstep of the gallant 42d Regiment, as performed when that regiment was reviewed by his Majesty at Ashford, 7th May, 1802;” and this very tune appears in Playford’s *Dancing Master*, published at London in 1657, under the title of “ Cockle-Shells.” From this circumstance it would appear, that our poetical politicians, in after times, generally adapted their Jacobite verses to such airs as were well known and much esteemed at the time, without taking the trouble of composing *new* tunes to the words. It is curious to remark, that the same air which was played before his Majesty in 1802, must have been well known about two hundred years before that period, when the Stewart family succeeded to the imperial throne of Britain.

Signor Pasquali composed a new tune to the song, beginning “ The Lowland lads think they are fine,” written by Ramsay. This tune appears in Oswald’s first book, under the title of “ The Highland Lassie.” The words and air were afterwards reprinted in “ The Muses Delight,” at Liverpool, in 1754.

CCXXXIII.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

In the Reliques, Burns says, these verses were originally English, and that he gave them their Scotch dress. The tune was composed by Oswald, and inserted in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book iv. p. 30, published in 1742 under the title of “ The Maid’s Complaint ” It is certainly one of the finest Scottish airs that Oswald ever composed.

CCCLXXXIV.

DONALD COUPER.

THIS old tune is mentioned by Colonel Cleland in his mock poem on the "Highland Host," written in 1697.

*Trumpets sounded, skeens were glancing,
Some were Donald Couper dancing.*

But it was current in England long before this period, as it appears in Playford's *Dancing Master* in 1657, under the title of *Daniel Cooper*. Tom Durfey, or some of his Grubstreet brethren, wrote an execrable and indecent ballad to this tune, which is inserted in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy, vol. v. anno. 1719," entitled "Good honest Trooper take warning by Donald Cooper. To the tune of Daniel Cooper."

David Herd has preserved the following fragment of the old song; upon comparing which with the copy inserted in the Museum, the reader will be enabled to discover the humorous touches it has received from the pen of Burns.

Donald Couper and his man,
They've gane to the fair;
They've gain to court a bonny lass,
But fint a ane was there:
But he has gotten an auld wife,
And she's come hirpling hame;
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet-stool,
And brake her rumple-bane.
*Sing, hey Donald, how Donald,
Hey Donald Couper;
He's gane awa to court a wife,
And he's come hame without her.*

The tune in the Museum has been considerably altered and modernized. The following is a genuine copy:

DONALD COUPER. A. D. 1657.



CCCCXXV.

THE VAIN PURSUIT.

THIS song, beginning "Forbear, gentle youth, to pursue me in vain," is another production of the venerable Dr Blacklock. I believe the tune is his likewise. His amanuensis brought both the words and music to Johnson.

CCCCXXVI.

EPPIE M'NAB.

THE verses in the Museum, beginning "O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie MacNab," were written by Burns as a substitute for the old song, which, he justly observes, had more wit than decency. The modern verses, in the poet's own hand-writing, are now lying before me. The tune is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vi. under the title of "Appie M'Nabb."

CCCCXXVII.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

THIS tune, in old times, was known by the name of "Lass, an I come near thee," which was the first line of the chorus of a foolish old song.

*Lass, an I come near thee,
Lass, an I come near thee,
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel,
Lass, an I come near thee.*

The verses adapted to this tune in the Museum were written by Burns on purpose for that work. Mr Cromek says, that Mr Gilbert Burns told him, "this song was suggested to his brother by the 'Auld Man's Address to the Widow,' printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, which the poet first heard sung, before he had seen that Collection, by *Jean Wilson*, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Tarbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naivette* of her character and for singing old Scots songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family-worship; and before she sung a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse, as if she had a numerous audience!"—*Reliques*.

The Auld Man's Address, above alluded to in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, is called "The Auld Man's Best Argument," to the tune of "Widow, are ye wakin?" The words and music are inserted in the fifth volume of the Museum, p. 444. The song begins, "Wha is that at my chamber door?"

CCCXXXVIII.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

THE fine old Scottish tune of "Had awa frae me, Donald," appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, which was published, 1657, under the title of "Welcome home, Old Rowley." The tune in the Museum, No 338, as well as the words, are modernized from the old song. To enable the reader to compare the ancient air with its modern representatives, it is here annexed:—

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD. 1657.



This tune, with considerable embellishments, was printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. *Truly*

CCCXXXIX.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

New Set.

THIS is the same air, with the embellishments introduced by the late Mr P. Urbani in singing the song at the concerts in Edinburgh. This gentleman published at Edinburgh, in two folio volumes, "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice, with introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello," a work of great merit. In the preface he informs us, that having been struck with the elegant simplicity of the original Scots Melodies, he applied himself for

several years, in attending to the manner of the best Scottish singers; and having attached himself to that which was generally allowed to be the best, he flattered himself that he had acquired the true national taste. He sung, during a period of four years, the Scots airs in the concerts of the *Harmonical Society* of Edinburgh, and for three years in the concerts in Glasgow. In both places he received such marks of universal applause, as convinced him that his method of singing was approved by the best judges.—*See his advertisement prefixed to the work.*

The writer of this article knew Urbani intimately. He was an excellent singer, and his knowledge of Counterpoint was very masterly and profound. In 1802, he and the late Mr Sybold, the composer and harp-player, engaged a numerous and respectable band of vocal and instrumental performers from various parts of the kingdom, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Glasgow might be gratified with hearing some of the best Oratorios of Handel, &c. This concern, although deserving of encouragement, did not succeed, and the affairs of both contractors were ruined. Sybold died that spring of a broken heart, and poor Urbani, after struggling with his misfortunes for some time in Edinburgh, was at length induced to settle in Ireland, where he continued to the period of his death, in 1816.

CCCXL.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS elegant song is the composition of Miss Cranston, now married to Dugald Stewart, Esq. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Burns acquaints us, that the song wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, and that he added the first four lines of the last stanza.—*Reliques.* The words are adapted to an air taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iv. page 8, entitled "Anthy, the lovely;" but it is not a Scottish melody. It is the composition of Mr John Barret of London, organist, a pupil of Dr Blow, who set

this air to the English song of “Ianthé, the lovely,” printed in the fourth volume of the “Pills,” in 1707. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Beggar’s Opera, beginning “When he holds up his hands arraigned for life,” acted at London in 1728.

CCCXLI.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

THESE verses, beginning “Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,” were composed by Burns, as he informs us, *on his little idol, the charming lovely Davies*.—*Reliques*. The words are adapted to the tune of “The bonie wee Thing,” in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii.—*See notes on Song No 349, entitled “Lovely Davies.”*

CCCXLII.

ROY’S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MR CROMEK says that the words of this song were written by Mrs Murray, spouse of Dr Murray, Bath. In the collections of Thomson, Urbani, &c. they are attributed to the pen of Mrs Grant of Carron. There may be two different editions of this song, which is adapted to the old tune, called “The Ruffian’s Rant.” “Roy’s Wife” is the modern name of the air.

Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated Sept. 1793, and printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie’s edition of his works, says, “I have the original words of a song for the last air, (Roy’s Wife) in the hand-writing of the lady who composed it; and they are superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen.” In another letter from the bard to the same gentleman, dated 19th November, 1794, and published in the same work, he says “Since yesterday’s penmanship, I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song, to Roy’s Wife. You will allow me, that, in this instance, my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish.” The reader will find the verses inserted in the notes on Song No 156, beginning “Can’st thou leave me thus, my Katy?”

Burns continues, "Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not so far amiss. You see I am determined to have my quantum of applause from some body."—*See his Works, vol. iv.*

Dr Currie, in a note to the above song, says, "To this address, in the character of a forsaken lover, a reply was found on the part of the lady among the MSS. of our bard, evidently in a female hand-writing, (which is doubtless that referred to in Burns's letter of September, 1793.) The temptation to give it to the public is irresistible; and if, in so doing, offence should be given to the fair authoress, the beauty of her verses must plead our excuse." The reader will likewise find the reply by the lady, in the notes to the same song, No 156. It begins, "Stay, my Willie, yet believe me."

There appears to be some obscurity in Dr Currie's account. The reader will observe, that Burns, in his letter, dated September 1793, says, he had the lady's verses of the song *at that time* in his possession. But Burns's English address was not composed till 19th November 1794, upwards of a year thereafter. Unless, therefore, we suppose that his verses were originally written in the Scottish dialect, and that he subsequently gave them an English dress, it appears impossible that the lady's verses can be considered as a reply to a song which was not then in existence.

CCCXLIII.

LADY RANDOLPH'S COMPLAINT.

THE words of this song, as the editor has been informed, were written for the Museum by Dr Blacklock. The manuscript, however, must have been either abstracted or lost, as it is not now among the original materials furnished to Johnson for his fourth volume. The verses, beginning "My hero, my hero, my beauteous and brave," are adapted to the tune of "Earl Douglas's Lament," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 7th, page 30. This beautiful tune, however, if it be not the progenitor of the melodies of

"When I hae a sixpence under my thumb—*Robidh donna Gorrach*," &c. &c. is evidently nearly connected with them. The song appears to have been written subsequent to the appearance of Home's celebrated tragedy of Douglas, in which Lady Randolph is one of the principal characters.

CCCXLIV.

COME, HERE'S TO THE NYMPH THAT I LOVE!

THE words of this song are taken from *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the letters J. W. Q. subjoined to it. The editor has not yet learned who is the author. The verses are adapted to the air of "Auld Sir Simon the King," according to the direction of their author. This tune is very old: It appears in Playford's *Dancing Master*, in 1657; in *The Pills to Purge Melancholy*, it frequently occurs with *one strain* only, which undoubtedly was the original simple melody. In Playford's second part of "*Musick's Handmaid*," published in 1689, the melody is published with variations for the Virginals, under the title of "Old Simon." It is, perhaps, impossible to decide whether the tune is originally Scottish or English, for it has been a favourite in both countries past the memory of man.

CCCXLV.

THE TITHER MORN.

BURNS says, "This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song."—*Reliques*. The musical reader will easily observe, that the second strain of this *Highland* tune is almost note for note the same with the second part of the air of "Saw ye Johnie comin', quo' she." It is, however, a fine tune for all that, and was sent by Burns to Mr Johnson, alongst with the pretty verses adapted to it; which, it is believed, are the composition of our bard.

CCCXLVI.

A COUNTRY LASS.

THIS old Scots Song had found its way into England about the year 1700; for it appears in the second volume of

The Pills to Purge Melancholy, printed that year. Henry Playford, the editor and publisher of the three first volumes of that work, had not however known the original tune, as he directs it to be sung to the air called “Cold and Raw;” and to make the verses suit this tune, he has altered some of the words, as well as the terminating letter *O* into *A*, at the end of every alternate line, thus :

What tho’ I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear *a*;
I think myself as good as those
That gay apparel wear *a*.

This alteration renders the song perfectly ludicrous, and opposite to the intention of the old homely minstrel who composed it. The song, however, is fortunately preserved in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and directed to be sung “*to its ain tune.*” Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, has adapted the verses to a tune not unlike, and probably the original melody, which Carey afterwards altered a little to suit his song of *Sally in our Alley*. The fine original air, of one simple strain, however, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson; and the verses were at last adapted to *their ain tune* in the Museum.

Burns likewise sent the rude fragment of the old ballad, called “Geordie,” beginning “There was a battle in the north,” which he had heard sung to the same tune. This ballad seems to relate to George Earl of Huntly, who was sent on an expedition to Shetland, in 1554, by the Queen Regent of Scotland to seize a certain person who had proved offensive to her. He, however, returned without being successful. Upon this he was incarcerated, and his titles and estates were forfeited. He was afterwards liberated and restored to his dignities, and chosen to be one of the privy counsel to Queen Mary.—See *Holinshead’s Scottish Chronicle*.

CCCXLVII.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE SEVER.

THIS song was written by Burns, in 1790, on purpose for

the Museum. In his original manuscript, now before me, he directs it to be set to the tune of "Rory Dall's Port," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. This has accordingly been done by the editor, and his friend, Mr Clarke.

The first couplet of this song had probably been suggested to our bard, on hearing the introductory stanza of the English song, which begins—

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

CCCXLVIII.

AS I WAS A WAND'RING.

THIS beautiful Gaelic melody was obtained by Burns during his excursion in the north of Scotland, in the year 1787. It is entitled *Rinn m' eudail mo mhealladh*, i. e. "My dear did deceive me." The verses in the Museum were likewise transmitted by Burns. They are said to be a correct Scottish metrical version of the Gaelic song, from an English translation communicated to Burns with the original air.

A modern and a much inferior set of this tune has lately (1816) appeared in Fraser's Collection of Original Highland Airs, which, he says, but for him, *would in all probability have perished with his life.*

CCCXLIX.

LOVELY DAVIES.

THIS is another production of Burns, in compliment to the young lady (Miss Davies) formerly noticed, whose personal and mental accomplishments have more than once been the theme of our bard's poetical encomiums.—*See notes on Song 341, entitled "The bonnie wee Thing."* In his original manuscript, I observe that the 9th line began "Ilk eye she cheers," which he afterwards altered to "Each eye it cheers;" and in the twenty-second line, the word *humble* is struck out, and *willing* is substituted. The verses, beginning "O how shall I unskilfu' try," were adapted to the tune called "*Miss Muir*," at his own request.

CCCL.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE tune and title of this song were taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book viii. The humorous verses were supplied by Burns, on purpose for the Museum. The bard has only altered one word in his original manuscript, viz. *suck*, at the end of the third line of the second stanza, is scored through with his pen, and *souk* substituted as being more euphonical.

CCCLI.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

THIS song was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The words are adapted to the old air, called "When the King came o'er the Water," which was the title of a song composed on the battle, fought on the banks of the River Boyne in Ireland, between William III. and his father-in-law, James II. in 1690. King James was totally defeated, and afterwards retired to France, where he died in 1710.

Johnson has erroneously given the above air the name of "Come kiss with me, come clap with me," which is quite a different and a much older tune. It originally consisted of one strain, and was printed in this simple manner even so late as 1733, in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, *edition second*.

AIR, "COME KISS WITH ME, COME CLAP WITH ME."



In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, one of the songs, beginning "My Jocky blyth for what thou'st done," is directed to be sung to this lively old air. Oswald added the second strain to it.—*See notes on Song No 415.*

A second strain being afterwards added to it, and adapted to some licentious verses, it became known by the name of "Had I the wyte, she bade me."—See *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vii. page 20. It is now known by the name of "The Bob of Fettercairn."—See *Gow's Third Collection of Reels, Strathspeys, &c.*

CCCLII.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

THIS old tune is taken from *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*. It was formerly adapted to some trifling verses, beginning

I HAE a wife o' my awn,
I'll be haddin' to naebody;
I hae a pat and a pan,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

The verses in the Museum were written for that work by Burns, a few days after his marriage. "At this period (says Dr Currie) sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination, and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, he had ever experienced." In this situation he expressed his feelings in the vigorous and energetic lines inserted in the Museum, formed on the model of the old ballad.

CCCLIII.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED.

THE fragment of this ancient ditty, which is preserved in Herd's Collection, required some burnishing before it could be presented to the subscribers for the Museum. Burns undertook to make it passable, and, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, it must be admitted, that he has performed the task with great skill and dexterity. The musical reader will scarcely require to be informed, that this spirited air, of one simple strain, is among the oldest of our Scottish melodies. It is preserved in the first book of *Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*, with some of his own variations

upon the air. It also appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Book of Tunes, dated 1709.

CCCLIV.

O, FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

THIS fragment of a humorous old Scottish ballad, with its original melody, was communicated by Herd. The words were previously printed in the second volume of his Collection in 1776. They were slightly retouched by Burns for the Museum.

CCCLV.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

THIS comic song, the manuscript of which is before me, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The subject of the song had a real origin: A young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection.

The verses are adapted to an old tune, called *The Mouldiewart*. In the Reliques, Burns says, "this song is mine."

CCCLVI.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

THE frequent wars between England and Scotland, for a series of ages, were extremely injurious to both kingdoms, but more especially to their frontiers, which, being continually liable to be ravaged and laid waste, afforded few or no inducements for cultivating the soil. Driven from the quiet pursuits of a pastoral life, the manners and character of the inhabitants became totally changed: those hands that once held the plough, or guided the scythe and the sickle, now brandished the sword, the spear, and the battle-axe. The peasantry, associating under the banners of their respective

chieftains, formed themselves into various hostile clans, whose interests were perpetually clashing, their principal means of support being derived from rapine and pillage. The conflicts between these border septs, however, were not viewed by their relative sovereigns in the light of national quarrels. Much of the country they possessed was claimed by both kingdoms, and the mutual jealousies of the two courts enabled these marauders to plunder one another, as well as their more peaceable neighbours, without challenge or control.

Accustomed to depend upon the sword for their livelihood, and inured to every species of danger and fatigue, they paid no respect to private property. Their ideas of justice were suited to their mode of living. Every thing they could seize was considered to be fair booty, and as such they protected it at all hazards. Notwithstanding their roving and predatory life, they, nevertheless, were ardent and faithful in their attachments, and always ready to devote themselves in revenging injuries done to their relations and friends. When called upon to espouse the national cause, they flocked with cheerfulness to the standard of their sovereign, and their services in the field proved their vast superiority over those raw troops that were raised in the interior of the kingdom. But as the military services of these chieftains were generally rewarded by large grants of territories, as well as titles of honour, some of them, by degrees, became so powerful and arrogant as even to disregard the royal authority.

Amongst the clans on the Scottish side, the Armstrongs were formerly one of the most numerous and potent. They possessed the greater part of Liddesdale and of the debateable land. All along the banks of the Liddel, the ruins of their ancient fortresses may still be traced. The habitual depredations of this border race had rendered them so active and daring, and at the same time so cautious and circumspect, that they seldom failed either in their attacks or in securing their prey. Even when assailed by superior num-

bers, they baffled every assault, by abandoning their dwellings, and retiring with their families into thick woods and deep morasses, accessible by paths only known to themselves. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Terras-moss, a frightful and desolate marsh, so deep that two spears tied together could not reach the bottom.

Although several of the Scottish monarchs had attempted to break the chain which united these powerful and turbulent chieftains, none ever had greater occasion to lower their power, and lessen their influence, than James V. During his minority, the kingdom was torn by their dissensions, the laws were disregarded, and even the rights of the sovereign were deeply infringed. But no sooner did this gallant young prince free himself from the vassalage in which he had been held by Douglas earl of Angus, and his brother, than he began to reform the abuses in his kingdom with such spirit and zeal, as manifested a determined resolution to suppress them. After banishing the Douglasses, and restoring order and tranquillity to the interior, he next directed his attention to the due administration of justice on the Border. He accordingly raised a powerful army, chiefly composed of cavalry, "to danton the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddesdale, and other parts of the country." Aware, however, that these depredators could never be effectually crushed, unless the chieftains who protected them were properly secured, he took the necessary precaution of forfeiting, or committing the whole of them to ward, with the exception of Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, commonly called the King of the Border, who were publicly executed. About the beginning of June 1529, the king departed from Edinburgh at the head of his army, and marched rapidly through Ettrick Forest, and Ewsdale. During this expedition, John Armstrong of Gilnockie, the hero of the ballad, presented himself before the king with thirty-six of his followers, in expectation of obtaining pardon. This Armstrong, as we are told by Pitscottie, "was the most redoubted chieftain

that had been for a long time on the borders either of Scotland or England. He ever rode with twenty-four able gentlemen, well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottish man." It is said that, from the borders to Newcastle, every Englishman, of whatever state, paid him tribute. Glenockie came before the king with his foresaid number, (thirty-six,) richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of this free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, frowardly turned himself about, and bade them take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, *What wants that knave that a king should have?* John Armstrong made great offers to the king, that he should sustain himself with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottish man. *Secondly*, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "*It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: But, had I known this, I should have lived on the borders in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know that king Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.*" Lindsay of Pitscottie's History, p. 145. This execution is also noticed by Hollinshead, who says, that "In the month of June 1529, the king, with an army, went to the borders, to set order there for better rule to be kept, and to punish such as were known to be most culpable. And hereupon, he caused *forty-eight* of the most notable thieves, with their captain, *John Armestrang* to be apprehended; the which, being convicted of murder, theft, and treason, were all hanged on growing trees, to the example of others. There was one cruel thief among the rest, who had burned a house with a woman and her children within it; he was burned to death. *George Armestrang*, brother to *John*, was pardoned, to the end he

should impeach the residue, which he did ; so they were apprehended by the king's commandment, and punished for their misdoings, according as they had deserved." Hollinshead's *Scottish Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 182. This historian appears, however, to have confounded John Armstrong and his party, with the whole other depredators who were executed during the march.

The place where John Armstrong and his followers suffered, was at Carlenrig chapel, about ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. They were buried in a desert church-yard, where their graves are still pointed out. The peasantry in these districts hold the memory of John Armstrong in high estimation, and scruple not to affirm, that the growing trees mentioned by the historians withered away as a manifest sign of the injustice of the execution. They likewise assert, that one of Armstrong's attendants, by the strength and swiftness of his horse, forced his way through the ranks of the surrounding host, and carried the tidings of the melancholy fate of his master and companions to Gilnockie castle. This castle was situated upon a rock, surrounded by the river Esk, at a place now known by the name of the Hollows, a few miles from Langholm, and its ruins still serve to adorn one of the most romantic and picturesque landscapes in all Scotland. The very rigorous measures which were pursued by James V., for suppressing the unruly border clans, however, did not produce the effects he so anxiously expected. The unfortunate defection of his troops at the raid of Solway Moss, in 1541, proved, that the prompt severities he had exercised against these septs were impolitic rather than wise ; having soured the tempers and lessened the affections of those restless but brave subjects, who had so frequently protected the throne at the expense of their lives. This unlucky affair, indeed, made such an impression on his mind, from the moment the intelligence of it reached him, that he became quite dispirited and melancholy ; and, not long thereafter, he sunk

into an untimely grave, on 14th December, 1542, in the 33d year of his age.

Although George Armstrong of Mangerton had received a pardon from the late sovereign, the death of his brother John was neither to be soon forgotten, nor the descendants of the sufferers easily to be pacified. Indeed, the hostile and turbulent spirit of the Armstrongs was never broken or suppressed, until the reign of James VI., when their leaders were brought to the scaffold, their strong holds razed to the ground, and their estates forfeited and transferred to strangers. So that, throughout the extensive districts formerly possessed by this once powerful and ancient clan, there is scarcely left, at this day, a single landholder of the name.

The death of this redoubted border hero is noticed by Buchanan. It is likewise frequently alluded to by the writers of that age. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in his "Satyre of the Three Estates," introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in reliques, who, in enumerating his halie wares, is made to say,

HERE is me coird baith grit and lang,
Quilk hangit *Johnie the Armstrong*,
Of gude hemp soft and sound ;
Gude halie peopill, I stand ford,
Quba ever beis hangit with this coird,
Neids never to be dround !

In the "Complaynt of Scotland," John Armstrong's dance is also mentioned as a popular tune.

The celebrated ballad of "Johnie Armstrong," was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his *Evergreen*, in 1724, who tells us, that he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman of the name of Armstrong, who was the sixth generation from the above John. The reciter likewise informed him, that this was ever esteemed the genuine ballad, the common one false. By the common one, Ramsay means an English ballad upon the same subject, but differing from the one he had thus obtained in various particulars. The English ballad may be seen in Ritson's Select Collection of English Songs, vol. ii p. 322.

As the Editor of the Museum was under the necessity of leaving out the greater part of this fine old Scottish ballad for want of room, it is here annexed.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
 And sielyke men of hie degrie;
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
 Sum tyme calld laird of Gilnockie.
 The king he wrytes a hiving letter,
 With his ain hand sae tenderly,
 And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
 To cum and speik with him speidily.
 The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
 They were a gallant company:
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful king,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
 Make kimen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plenty,—
 We'll welcome hame our royal king,
 I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie.
 They ran their horse on the Langum 'Flowm,'
 And brake their speirs with meikle main;
 The ladies lukit frae their loft windows:
God bring our men weil back again!
 Quhen Johnie came before the king,
 With all his men sae brave to see,
 The king he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a king as well as he.
 May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me;
 For my name is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of zours, my liege, said he.
Away, away, thou traytor strang,
Out of my sight thou may'st sune be;
I grantit never a traytor's lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.
 Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I will gie to thee,
 Full four-and-twenty milk whyte steids,
 Were a' foald in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude luglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.
Away, away, thou traytor, &c.
 Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,

Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a the zeir to me.
 These four-and-twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
 And as meikle of gude reid quheit,
 As all thair happens dow to bear.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,
 Sall for thee fecht though all sould flee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee ;
 All betwene heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay their zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, king, he says,
 Althocht a king and prince ze be ;
 For I huid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well sayit, but honesty :
 But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
 Twa bonie dogs to kill a deir ;
 But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
 Gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho suld have found me meil and malt,
 And beif and mutton in all plentie ;
 But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said,
 That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
 To seik bet water beneath could yce,
 Surely it is a great folie ;

*I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
 But their is nane for my men and me.*

But had I kend, or I came frae haine,
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
 I wad haif kept the border syde,
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.
 Wist Englands king that I was tane,
 O gin a blyth man waid he be !
 For anes I slew his sister's son,
 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle about his middle,
 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
 Bespangled with the same mettle,
 Maist beautiful was to behold.
 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
 And ilk an worth three hundred pound :

*What wants that knave that a king suld haif,
But the sword of honour and the crown?*

*O quhar gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?*

I gat them in the field fechtin,
Quher, cruel king, thou durst not be.
Had I my horse and my harness gude,
And ryding as I wont to be,
It sould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
The meiting of my king and me.

God be with thee, Kirsty, my brither,
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun—
Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,
Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down.
And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Quhair thou sits on thy nurses knie;
But and thou live this hundred zeir,
Thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bony Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Esk-syde thou standest stout,
Gif I had livd but seven zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.
John mured was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant companie;
But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,
To see so many brave men die.

Because they savd their country deir
Frae Englishmen, nane were sae bauld;
Quhyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,
Nane of them durst come neir his hald.

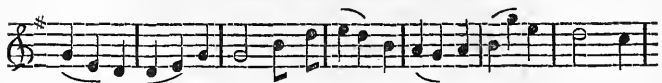
The air of this ballad, commemorating an event in 1529, is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and in Ritson's Collection of Scottish Songs, as well as in the Museum. It would appear to be the progenitor of that class of airs so frequently noticed under the name of *Todlen Hame*—*Lament for the Chief*—*Robidh donna gorradh*, and several others. Robert Hastie, formerly town-piper of Jedburgh, who was a famous reciter of the old Border ballads, had a similar, but still more simple, set of the tune than any of them. It extended only to four lines of the poetry, in place of eight in the printed collections. The notes, as he chanted them in my infancy, (for he really was

not what in modern times is termed a singer,) still vibrate in my ear. They are annexed.

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.



SOME speiks of lords, some speiks of lairds, And sicklike



men of hie degrie; Of a gen-tle-man I sing a sang, Some-



tyme call'd laird of Gil - nockie.

The tune called "*Johnie Armstrang's Dance*," was probably nothing more than the above artless old melody, played somewhat quicker as a jig. Indeed many of the ancient Scottish airs, when sung or performed slowly on an instrument, have an exceedingly plaintive and pathetic effect; but when played fast, they become, with little or no variation, very lively and cheerful dancing-tunes.

CCCLVII.

HEY, HOW, JOHNIE, LAD.

THIS humorous song was picked up by Herd, and placed in his Collection of 1776. The author is anonymous. The verses are adapted to a lively old air, which appears in Bremner's Collection of Reels and Country Dances, published in 1764, under the title of "The Lasses of the Ferry."

CCCLVIII.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

CONSIDERABLE liberties have been taken both with the words and music of this fine song in the Museum. It begins, "O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird." On turning up the manuscript transmitted to Johnson, and comparing it with the song, as preserved in a curious collection which belonged to the late Mr James Sibbald, bookseller in

Edinburgh, now in the possession of the present Editor, he observes, that Burns has made several alterations on the old verses. These, however, do not always appear to be for the better; and the tune is evidently altered for the worse. The original air consists of one simple strain, and this is repeated for the chorus. It is here annexed with the old verses, which are said to be the composition of Lady Ann Lindsay, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray."

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Lo - gie of Buchan, O Lo - gie the laird, They hae
 ta'en a - wa Ja-mie that delv'd in the yard, Wha play'd on the
 pipe and the vi - ol sae sma', They hae ta'en a - wa Jamie, the
 flow'r o' them a'.

Chorus to be sung to the same notes.

*He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa ;
 He said, think nae lang, lussie, tho' I gang awa ;
 For simmer will come when cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite of them, a'.*

II.

Tho' Sandie has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house, and a hadden, and siller forbye ;
 Yet I'd tak mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him wi' the houses and land.

CHORUS.—*He said, think nae lang, lassie, &c.*

III.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor ;
 Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They are no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

IV.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loed mè sae weel ;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gae me the half o't, when he gaed awa.

*Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.*

CCCLIX.

O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

THE hero of this ballad was the Right Honourable William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south-west of Scotland in 1715. Having left Kenmure at the head of about two hundred horsemen, and formed a junction with the troops under the command of General Forster, he marched as far as Preston in Lancashire. Here, however, his lordship surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion, and was appointed to be conducted, with many of his unfortunate followers, to London, in 1715. Arriving at Highgate, each of the prisoners was placed on horseback, with his arms firmly pinioned, and a foot soldier holding the reins of his bridle. On the 9th of that month, General Tatton, who commanded the detachment, left Highgate with the prisoners, and proceeded to London, drums beating a victorious march, and the mob strengthening the chorus with the horrid din of marrow-bones, cleavers, and warming-pans. In this disgraceful

triumph were the unhappy captives led through the streets of the city, amidst the hootings and insults of a barbarous rabble, and conducted to the several prisons assigned to receive them. Lord Kenmure and several other noblemen were committed to the tower. He was afterwards tried, and (very unjustly, as some thought) beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February 1716.

Burns transmitted the ballad in his own hand-writing, with the melody to which it is adapted, to Mr Johnson. Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," printed in 1810, has inserted three additional stanzas, which he pretends are of equal merit and antiquity with those in Ritson's Scottish Songs (copied from the Museum), but they are evidently spurious and modern. They are here annexed, however, for the reader's inspection.

THERE'S a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie ;
There's a rose Kenmure's 'cap ;
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blede
Afore the battle drap.

He kissed his ladie's hand, Willie ;
He kiss'd his ladie's hand ;
But gane's his ladie-courtesie,
When he draws his bludie brand.

His ladie's cheek was red, Willie ;
His ladie's cheek was red ;
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
Which smell'd o' deadly feud.

It might rather have been supposed, that the lady's cheeks would have assumed a pale in place of a red colour, situated as she was; and as to the expressions, *ruddie heart's blede* and *ladie courtesie*, they seem inexplicable.

CCCLX.

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

THIS song, beginning "O, leeze me on my spinning-wheel," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The beautiful melody to which the verses are adapted was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth book of his

Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 10th, under the title of "Sweet's the Lass that loves me."

CCCLXI.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

THE words of this song, beginning "Where live ye, my bonny lass," as well as the tune, were transmitted by Burns to Johnson in the poet's own hand-writing. It appears in no other collection. In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "I do not know a blyther old song than this." The greater part of it, however, is his own composition.

CCCLXII.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THIS old comic song appears in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. It contains two verses more than the copy inserted in the Museum, which were chiefly omitted on the score of delicacy. The pretty tune to which the words are adapted in the Museum was communicated by Burns; but a respectable old lady informed the Editor, that, in her early days, the verses were usually sung to the well known air of "Bab at the Bowster," *alias* "The Country Bumpkin."

CCCLXIII.

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," was recovered by Ramsay, and printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany, 1725. Both Bishop Percy and Mr Ritson have inserted it in their respective Collections. Ritson says, that "the two last stanzas were probably added by Ramsay; they are evidently spurious." The verses recovered by Ramsay are only a fragment of the old ballad. The first part of it, entitled "Willie and May Margaret," may be seen in Gilchrist's Collection, vol. i. Willie, the hero of the piece, resolves to visit his sweetheart, Margaret, contrary to the advice of his mother. He accordingly sets out, and, arriving at her door, is peremptorily refused admittance. On his return home, he is drowned in attempting to cross the River Clyde. His ghost afterwards appears to the

fickle Margaret. Such are the leading incidents of the ballad, which appears to have been a great favourite with our ancestors. Several stanzas of it are interwoven with another old piece, entitled "Clerk Saunders," printed in the second volume of "The Minstrelsy of the Border." It is a curious fact, that the chief incidents of Burger's celebrated German ballad, *LEONORA*, which has been admirably translated by Mr Taylor of Norwich, Sir Walter Scott, and others, have evidently been taken from the old Scottish ballad of "*WILLIAM'S GHOST*." In Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book v., is an air entitled "William's Ghost," but it is evidently modern. The tune, as inserted in Ritson's Collection and in the Museum, is genuine.

CCCLXIV.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HOME.

THIS song, beginning "The noble Maxwells and their powers," was written by Burns, as a tribute of respect to Mr Maxwell of Nithsdale. The verses are adapted to an air composed by the late Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. The old castle of Terreagles, to which the poet alludes, is situated in a parish of the same name, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

CCCLXV.

JOHNIE BLUNT.

THIS old song, beginning "There liv'd a man in yonder glen," as well as its ancient simple air, were transmitted by Burns for the Museum. It is said that this song is the original of "Get up and bar the Door," inserted in the third volume of the Museum.—*See Notes on Song, No 300.* Tradition reports, that John Blunt resided in the parish of Crawford in the county of Lanark.

CCCLXVI.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning "In simmer, when the hay was mawn," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The verses are adapted to the old air, entitled "The Coun-

try Lass," which is inserted in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. Henry Carey, in composing the melody to his song, "Of all the girls that are so smart," or, "Sally in our Alley," has evidently borrowed from this tune; as he has taken the greater part of the melody of "God save the King," from that of "Remember, O thou man," inserted in Forbes Cantus, printed at Aberdeen in 1666, merely by changing the key from the minor to the major mode.

CCCLXVII.

FAIR ELIZA.

THIS song, beginning "Turn again, thou fair Eliza," was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to a Perthshire air, taken from Macdonald's Collection. In Burns' MSS. I observe, that the original title of the song was *Fair Rabina*, which was afterwards altered to *Fair Eliza*, for the sake of euphony. Burns, in a note to Johnson, which is annexed to the song, says, "So much for your Rabina—How do you like the verses? I assure you, I have tasked my muse to the top of her performing. However, the song will not sing to your tune; but there is a Perthshire tune in Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, which is much admired in this country. I intended the verses to be sung to that air. It is in page 17th, and No 112. There is another air in the same Collection, an Argyleshire air, which, with a trifling alteration, will do charmingly; it is in page 20, No 133." Rabina was a young lady to whom Mr Hunter, a friend of Mr Burns, was much attached. This gentleman went to Jamaica, and died there shortly after his arrival.

CCCLXVIII.

FAIR ELIZA.

THIS is the same song as the last, adapted to the Argyleshire air, No 133 of Macdonald's Collection, mentioned by Burns, with a slight variation in order to suit the words.

CCCLXIX.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

THIS very humorous ballad, beginning "Hearken, and I will tell ye how," is published in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the signature Z, to denote that it was then considered to be very old. It was likewise printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius with the music, in 1725. The tune also appears in Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Collection, written in 1709, now in the Editor's possession.

Burns says, "this lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times, *whan thieves were rife*, and the lads went a-wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or launces. Willie's durk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person."—*See Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, with Critical Observations by Robert Burns, edited by R. H. Cromek, vol. ii. London, 1810.*

CCCLXX.

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

WE are indebted to old David Herd for recovering this curious fragment of romantic ballad, beginning "As I was a-walking all alone." Herd published it in his Collection, first edition, in 1769, and Ritson copied it, with the melody, from the Museum, in which the words and music appeared together for the first time. It is said that Sir Walter Scott is now in possession of a complete copy of the ballad, communicated to him by the late Mr Joseph Ritson.

CCCLXXI.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

THIS Jacobitical effusion is another unclaimed production of Burns. It is adapted to an air which has always been a favourite in the low country, and to which several of their songs have been sung. The ballad on the celebrated pirate, Paul Jones, beginning "You've all heard of Paul Jones, have you not? have you not?" was sung to the same

tune. There is another ballad to the same air, beginning "My love's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame," published as a single sheet song by N. Stewart and Co. Edinburgh, said to have been written by a lady on the death of an officer, 1794. The late Hector Macniell, Esq. told me, however, that he was the author of this ballad himself.

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY.

My luve's in Germany, send him hame, send him hame ;

My luve's in Germany, send him hame ;

My luve's in Germany,

Fighting for royalty,

He may ne'er his JEANIE see,

Send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be, send him hame, send him hame ;

He's brave as brave can be, send him hame ;

He's brave as brave can be,

He wad rather fa' than flee,

His life is dear to me,

Send him hame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonny dame, bonny dame ;

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee, bonny dame ;

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,

For he fell in Germany

In the cause of Royalty,

Bonny dame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea—Willie's slain, Willie's slain ;

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea—Willie's slain ;

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,

To his luve and ain countrie ;

The warld's nae mair for me—

Willie's gane !

CCCLXXII.

THE POOR THRESHER.

THIS ballad, beginning "A nobleman liv'd in a village of late," was transmitted by Burns, in his own hand-writing, to Johnson. In a note, accompanying it, the bard says, "*It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never, that I know of, was printed before.*"

CCCLXXIII.

THE POSIE.

THIS song, beginning "O luve will venture in where it darena weel be seen," was written by Burns for the Museum.

In the Reliques, Burns says, "It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his Roslin Castle on the modulation of this air. In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses, to which it was sung when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit. The following is a specimen :

THERE was a pretty May, and a milken she went,
Wi' her red-rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair ;
And she has met a young man coming o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

O where are you going, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair ?
Unto the yowes a milken, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair ?
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir ? she says,
With a double and adieu to thee, fair May.

&c. &c. &c.

Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, printed in Dr Currie's edition of Burns' Works, dated 19th October, 1794, says, "The Posie, in the Museum, is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country; but the old words are trash. By the bye, take a look at the tune again, and tell me if you do not think it is the original from which Roslin Castle is composed. The second part in particular, for the first two or three bars, is exactly the old air."

Burns labours under a mistake, in supposing that Oswald composed the beautiful air of Roslin Castle. The tune did not receive this name, until Mr Hewit, who was Dr Blacklock's amanuensis, wrote the song of Roslin Castle, and adapted it to the old air, entitled "The House of Glamis, or Glammis Castle," in Forfarshire, the seat of the Earl of

Strathmore. It is printed with the old title in Macgibbon's Collection, book ii.

Neither in the Caledonian Pocket Companion, nor in the Forty-three Scots Airs, with Variations, dedicated to the Earl of Bute, does Oswald himself make the least pretensions as the composer of the air of Roslin Castle, although he prefixes an asterisk to the other tunes which were composed by him. Indeed he could not have claimed it without instant detection.

CCCLXXIV.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

THIS song, beginning "*Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,*" was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to an air, formerly called *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, which was the joint composition of Mr James Miller, Deputy teind-clerk, Edinburgh, and the late Mr Stephen Clarke, organist in the same city. The Editor was acquainted with all the parties, and therefore the following facts, as related by Burns, may be depended upon. In a letter to Mr Thomson, dated November, 1794, the bard says, "There is an air, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. *Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon*; this air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the *black keys*; but this account

which I have just given you, Mr Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to shew you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted, that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish Gentleman, who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a Countess informed me, that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I, myself, have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them."

Burns alludes to the following passage in Ritson's Historical Essay on Scottish song, page 102. As truth, not system, is the object of this inquiry, the following communication, from a very ingenious and much esteemed musical friend, appeared too interesting to be suppressed.—“When I was in Italy, it struck me very forcibly, that the plain chants which are sung by the friars or priests, bore a great resemblance to some of the oldest of the Scottish melodies. If a number of bass voices were to sing the air of *Barbara Allan* in the ecclesiastical manner, the likeness would appear so great to a person who is not accustomed to hear the former frequently, that he would imagine the one to be a slight variation from the other. That accident might be the cause of original invention, the underwritten will prove,—About twelve years ago (1782), on trying my Piano-forte, after tuning, by putting my fingers casually (with some degree of musical rhythmus) upon the short keys, avoiding the long ones, it surprised me much to hear an agreeable Scottish melody. This is so curious and so certain, that those who are totally ignorant of music may amuse themselves by playing the same measure and motion of any well known tune upon the short keys only, which, in modern instruments, are

made of ebony, to distinguish them from the long ones, which are generally made of ivory."

It remains to be observed, that the two stanzas in the Museum are the genuine production of Burns. The original manuscript of the song, which is written upon a slip of Exercise paper, with red ink lines on the back, is now lying before the present Editor. The two additional stanzas in the Glasgow Pocket Encyclopedia Song-book, beginning "O blow ye flow'rs your bonnie bloom," are spurious. They were written by the late John Hamilton, Music-seller, in Edinburgh, as he himself informed me.

CCCLXXV.

DONOCHT-HEAD.

THIS charming song, beginning "Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-Head," was written by Thomas Pickering, Esq., author of several other fine songs. Mr Thomson inquired of Burns if he was the author of Donocht-Head, and received the following answer: "Donocht-Head is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald; and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." See his letter to Mr Thomson, dated 19th October 1794, printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of his works.

The verses are adapted to the fine old pathetic air, called *Gordon Castle*, which was published in M'Gibbon's Scots Tunes, and afterwards by Oswald in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book 9th. X

The reader is presented with another specimen of Mr Pickering's poetical talents.

A LAPLAND SONG,

By THOMAS PICKERING, Esq.

THE snows are dissolving on Torno's rude side,
And the ice of Lulhea flows down the dark tide;
Thy stream, O Lulhea, flows swiftly away,
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to-day.

Far off the keen terrors of winter retire,
And the north-dancing streamers relinquish their fire;

The sun's genial heat swells the bud on the tree,
And Enna chants forth her sweet warblings with glee.

The rein-deer unharness'd in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er Odin's deep precipice stray ;
The wolf to the forest recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides through the sky.

Then haste, my fair Enna, oh ! haste to the grove,
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love,
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,
For the winter of life scarce a transport can know.

This song was arranged as a glee for three voices by Dr Horsley, and dedicated to his friends the Misses Stapleton.

CCCLXXVI.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

THIS very humorous song, beginning *Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed*, was written by Burns purposely for the Museum. The words are adapted to a tune called "The Eight Men of Moidart," which was formed into a strathspey, and published by Bremner, in his Collection of Reels and Country Dances, about the year 1764.

CCCLXXVII.

LADY MARY ANN.

THIS fine song, with the very beautiful old air to which it is adapted, were communicated by Burns. It was modelled by Burns from a fragment of an ancient ballad, entitled "Craigton's Growing," still preserved in a manuscript collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, in the possession of the Rev. Robert Scott, minister of the parish of Glenbuck-et. Several old ballads, which have hitherto been considered as lost, appear in this collection.

CCCLXXVIII.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

THIS song, beginning "Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame," is likewise an unclaimed production of Burns. It is adapted to the old air, entitled "A Parcel of Rogues in the Nation," which appears both in M'Gibbon and Oswald's Collections. Dr Blacklock had also written a song to the same melody ;

for Burns, in a note subjoined to his verses, says, *I inclose what I think the best set of the tune. Dr B's words, inclosed, may follow the same tune.* Johnson, however, omitted the Doctor's verses, as he had no room on the plate.

CCCLXXIX.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THIS comic ballad, beginning "There lived a Carle in Kelly-burn braes," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. Burns, however, modelled his ballad from an old one sung to the same tune. Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song," has published the following verses, entitled "Original of Burns' Carle of Kelly-burn Braes."

THERE was an auld man was hauding his plow,
Hey! and the rue growes bonnie wi' thyme!
 By came the devil, say, "How do you do?"
And the thyme it is withered and rue is in prime.

It's neither your ox, nor your ass that I crave,
Hey! &c.
 But its your auld scaulding wife, man, and her I maun have,
And, &c.

Go take her, go take her, the auld carle said,
Hey! &c.
 Ye'll no keep her lang, and that I'm afraid,
And, &c.

The devil he mounted her on his back,
Hey! &c.
 And awa like a pedlar he trudged wi his pack,
And, &c.

He carried her on till he came to hell's door,
Hey! &c.
 And bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,
And, &c.

He placed her on his big arm chair,
Hey! &c.
 And thousands o' devils came round her to stare,
And, &c.

But ay as they at the auld carlin play'd pouk,
Hey! &c.
 She gaed them a bann, and she lent them a clout,
And, &c.

A reekit wee devil glowr'd owre the wa',

Hey! &c.

Says, help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a',

And, &c.

The deil he came up wi' a good brunstane rung,

Hey! &c.

And out at the door the auld carlin he swung,

And, &c.

He hynt up the carlin again on his back,

Hey! &c.

And awa fu' blythely he trudged wi' his pack,

And, &c.

He carried her owre an acre or two,

Hey! &c.

Till he came to the auld man hauding his plow,

And, &c.

And ay as the auld carle ranted and sang,

Hey! &c.

In troth my auld spunkie ye'll no keep her lang,

And, &c.

Gude-morrow, most sadly, the auld carle said,

Hey! &c.

Ye're bringing me back my auld wife I'm afraid,

And, &c.

I try'd her in spunks, and in caudrons I try'd her,

Hey! &c.

And the wale o' my brunstane wadna hae fry'd her,

And, &c.

I stapped her in the neuk o' my den,

Hey! &c.

But the vera damn'd ran whan the carlin gaed ben.

And, &c.

Sae here's a gude pose for to keep to yoursel',

Hey! &c.

She's nae fit for heaven, and she'll ruin a' hell,

And, &c.

In a note annexed to the foregoing ballad, Cromek says, "This original and highly-relieved song, was retouched by Burns. Yet there is reason to believe he had not seen the whole of the verses which constitute the present copy, as it contains many characteristic traits that his critical taste would have held sacred."

The reader, on comparing Cromek's ballad with that of Burns' inserted in the Museum, will have no difficulty in discovering that a considerable portion of Cromek's pretended original, as he calls it, is a contemptible modern fabrication, and is as inferior, in point of humour, to that of Burns, as any two compositions can possibly be. It is really too bad to affirm, that Burns would have held *sacred* such abominable trash. He was a man of a very different stamp.

CCCLXXX.

EVANTHE.

THIS song, beginning "When, dear Evanthe, we were young," was written by Dr Blacklock for the Museum. The air is likewise the Doctor's composition. The original words and music, copied by his amanuensis, are in the Editor's possession.

CCCLXXXI.

JOCKEY FOU, AND JENNY FAIN.

THIS song is printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, who affixes the letter Q to it, to show that it was an old song with additions. Burns added the four following lines to suit the tune to the words.

LET love sparkle in her ee,
Let her loe nae man but me;
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the lover's treasure lies.

Burns, upon the manuscript sent to Johnson, has the following note: "These are the old words, and most excellent words they are: set the music to them, and let Dr Blacklock's words follow to the same tune." The air in the Museum has received some recent embellishments. See notes on song No 298.

CCCLXXXII.

AY WAKIN', O.

SEE notes upon another set of this tune, which is inserted in the third volume of the Museum, page 222, song No 213 of that work. This set of the tune was transmitted by Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, Esq. to Mr Stephen Clarke.

CCCLXXXIII.

PATIE'S WEDDING.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "As Patie came up frae the glen," was published by David Herd in the second volume of his Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1776. The words are adapted to a modernized set of the air, to which a foolish old ballad was sung, beginning

WE'LL put the sheep-head in the pat,
Horns and a' thegither;
We'll make broth of that,
And a' sup thegither;
We'll a' sup thegither,
A' lye thegither,
We'll make nae mair beds,
Till it be warmer weather.

This curious song is inserted in the fifth volume of the Museum. See notes on song No 479.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

THE words and music of this song, beginning *It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall*, were communicated by Burns for the Museum. The air, it is said, is an original African melody.

CCCLXXXV.

ORAN AN AOIG; OR, THE SONG OF DEATH.

THIS charming song, beginning "Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies," was written in 1791 by Burns, for the Museum. The verses are adapted to a Gaelic melody in Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs. In a letter addressed to Mrs Dunlop, dated Ellisland, 17th December, 1791, and printed in the second volume of Dr Currie's edition of Burns' works, the bard says, "I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology.

"SCENE—A field of battle—Time of the day, Evening,—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following

“SONG OF DEATH.”

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad-setting sun !
 Farewell, loves and friendships ; ye dear tender ties !
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors—thou life's gloomy foe !
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou for the brave !

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name !
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark,
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last-ebbing sands—
 O who could not die with the brave !

“The circumstances that gave rise to the foregoing verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran an Aoig* ; or, *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.”

Both Mr Ritson and Mr George Thomson have copied this song from the Museum into their respective Collections. The former has retained the original Gaelic air, but the latter has adapted the verses to the tune of “My Lodging is on the cold Ground.” Dr Currie has pronounced this song to be “worthy of the Grecian Muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for wisdom and valour.” In a note inserted in the first volume of Dr Currie's edition, it is said, that “the poet had an intention, in the latter part of his life, of printing it separately, set to music, but was advised against it. The martial ardour, which rose so high afterwards on the threatened invasion, had not then acquired the tone necessary to give popularity to this noble song, which, to the Editor, seems more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence in a season of real pressing danger, than any production of modern times.

CCCLXXXVI.

AFTON WATER.

THIS song, beginning "Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes," was written by Burns, and presented by him, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, to Mrs Stewart of Afton Lodge, for the notice she had taken of the bard, being the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life. He afterwards transmitted the verses, amongst with the beautiful melody to which they are adapted, to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum.

Afton is a small river in Ayrshire, a tributary stream of the Nith. Mrs Stewart inherited the property of Afton Lodge, which is situated upon its banks, in right of her father.

CCCLXXXVII.

BONNY BELL.

THIS song, beginning *The smiling morn comes in rejoicing*, is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the Museum.

CCCLXXXVIII.

GREEN SLEEVES.

THIS song, beginning "Ye watchful guardians of the fair," was written by Allan Ramsay, and printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. The verses are adapted to the old tune, called *Green Sleeves, and Pudding Pies*, the first line of an old licentious song. Bishop Percy says, "It is a received tradition in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and bawdy were composed, to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green Sleeves, and Pudding Pies*, (designed to ridicule the popish clergy,) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns. *Maggy Lauder* was another; *John Anderson, my jo*, was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine." See Percy's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. ii. Tradition, in this instance, however, is opposed to written evidence, as has been

fully demonstrated in the notes to “John Anderson, my Jo,” and elsewhere. See notes on song No 260.

The air of “Green Sleeves,” originally consisted of one strain, and was equally popular in England as in Scotland, upwards of two centuries ago; many of the old English ballads being directed to be sung to this tune, which also went under the name of “Nobody can deny.” It may be seen almost in its primitive state, under the title of *The Blacksmiths*, in Henry Playford’s *Wit and Mirth*, vol. i. London 1698. The second strain, however, is at least as old as 1657, as it appears in “The Dancing-Master” of that year. John Christopher Pepush, Musc. Doc., who, at the request of Gay and Rich, selected and prepared the music to the *Beggar’s Opera* in 1727, from various ballads and country-dance tunes then in vogue, adapted Gay’s song, beginning *Since laws were made for ev’ry degree*, sung by Macheath, to the tune of *Green Sleeves*.

CCCLXXXIX.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

THIS song, beginning “Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,” was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to a beautiful air, communicated by himself, and selected from the first book of Aird’s (of Glasgow) Collection, under the title of *The Weaver’s March*.

The White Cart is a small river in Renfrewshire, which takes its rise in the parish of Eaglesham, and, after passing the town of Paisley, celebrated for its various *productions of the loom*, joins the Black Cart at Inchinnan-bridge, and falls into the Clyde near Renfrew.

CCCXC.

SLEEPY BODY.

THIS song is a translation of the following Latin verses, printed in Ramsay’s *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, with the letter Q affixed, to denote that the verses were old with additions. The only addition is, the translation of the original Latin verses into Scottish metre.

Somnolente, quaeso repente
 Vigila, vivat, me tange.
 Somnolente, quaeso repente
 Vigila, vive, me tange.
 Cum me ambiebas,
 Videri solebas
 Amoris negotiis aptus ;
 At factus maritus
 In lecto sepitus
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

Thomson published the Scottish translation with the original tune in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1733, and left out the Latin verses, which were sung to the same air.

It is a curious circumstance, that Oswald, although he had inserted this air in the third book of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, page 17th ; yet, in his fourth book, page 7, he has a *jig* to the air of *The Plowman*, nearly in the same notes which constitute the melody of *Sleepy Body*. This charming old air, however, is certainly deserving of much better words than any of those, whether Latin or Scottish, to which it has hitherto had the misfortune of being united.

CCCXCI.

I LOVE MY JOVIAL SAILOR.

THE words and music of this song were sent anonymously to Johnson, who thought them entitled to a place in the Museum. They are to be found in no other work yet extant. The tune, however, seems to be nearly allied to an air called *The auld Man's Mare's dead*, which likewise goes under the name of *The Oyster Wench*.

CCCXCII.

HEY CA' THRO', CA' THRO'.

THIS lively old air, with its humorous verses, beginning "Up wi' the Carles of Dysart," were communicated by Burns to the Editor of the Museum. This song is not yet to be found in any other publication.

CCCXCIII.

WHILE HOPELESS, AND ALMOST REDUC'D TO DESPAIR.

THIS plaintive song was composed, and communicated to Johnson, by Mr R. Mundell of Edinburgh, with the air to which the verses are adapted in the Museum.

CCCXCIV.

O CAN YOU LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN.

IN the second volume of *Select Scottish Songs*, with Critical Observations by Burns, edited by Mr Cromek, Burns informs us, that this song, beginning *I feed a man at Martinmas*, has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite. The first verse should be restored to its original state.

I FEED a lad at Roodmass,
Wi' siller pennies three;
When he cam hame at Martinmass,
He coudna labour lea.
O can ye labour lea, young lad?
O can ye labour lea?
Indeed, quo' he, my hand's out,
And up his graith pack'd he.

"The old way, (says he) is the truest; for the terms Roodmass is the hiring fair, and Hallowmass the first of the half year." But the present Editor always heard the first line of the song in these words, "I feed a lad at Michaelmas," which is the head hiring fair.

This old tune was modelled into a strathspey, called the "Miller's Daughter;" which Shield selected for one of his airs in the overture to *Rosina*; and Gow afterwards printed the air from that overture, under the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey." It is now called "Auld Lang Syne."

CCCXCV.

ON THE DEATH OF DELIA'S LINNET.

THIS elegiac song, beginning "O all ye loves and groves lament," with the modern Scottish air to which the words are adapted, appeared for the first time in the *Museum*. The author, however, is still anonymous.

CCCXCVI.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

THIS humorous ditty, beginning "The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout," was written by Burns for the *Museum*. The bard, however, has introduced two or three lines from the old words, which it would have been better to have left out.

This tune was probably introduced into England about the union of crowns in 1603; for it was well known in the early days of old John Playford, who published it along with many other Scots tunes in his *Dancing Master*, in 1657, under the title of the "Buff Coat." The import of the old Scottish name of the tune could not be generally, if at all, understood in England. Dr Pepush adapted Gay's song to this air, beginning "Why that languish? O, he's dead! O, he's lost forever!" introduced in the musical opera of *Polly*, or the second part of *The Beggar's Opera*, in 1729.

CCCXCVII.

AS I WENT OUT AE MAY MORNING.

THE words and music of this old ballad were communicated to Johnson by Burns, in the poet's own hand-writing. Some of the verses seem to have been retouched by our bard; but it would have been better had he altered a little more of it.

CCCXCVIII.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

BURNS picked up this charming old melody in the country, and wrote the verses to which it is so happily adapted in the Museum. Gow has lately introduced this beautiful tune in the third book of his *Complete Repository*, dedicated to the Countess of Loudon and Moira, page 9th.

CCCXCIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THIS comic song, beginning "The Deil cam fiddlin thro' the town," was written by Burns for the Museum. The original is written upon a slip of excise paper, ruled on the back with red lines. It is said, that at a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries, our poet, on being called for a song, handed these verses extempore to the president upon the back of a letter. The old name of the tune, to which the words are adapted, was "The Hemp-dresser;" and it is published with the genuine title in old Playford's *Dancing-Master*, so frequently alluded to. It was afterwards known by the name of "The Sun had loos'd his weary Team," from the first line

of a comic English ballad which appeared in the first volume of the “Pills to purge Melancholy,” printed at London in 1698.

CCCC.

MISS WEIR.

THE words and music of this humorous song, beginning “O love, thou delights in man's ruin,” were transmitted to Johnson for his Museum, by Burns, in the poet's own handwriting. It is said to be the composition of a dissenting clergyman at Biggar.

END OF PART FOURTH.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART IV.

CCCIV.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

THIS song is altered and improved, from one that appears (at p. 85.) in the volume of Poems mentioned by Mr Stenhouse, which was printed by subscription, and has the following title : “ Poems Pastoral, Satirical, Tragic, and Comic. By JOHN LEARMONT. Carefully corrected by the Author.

My Muse is a queer wayward wight,
And cramm'd with many a quirky flight :
She soaring whiles mounts out of sight,
Beyond the moon ;
Next dizzy 'mong the shades of night
Comes donart down.

“ Edinburgh, printed for the Author, &c. 1791.” 8vo. pp. 414. The dedication to “ Charles Earl of Dalkeith, and heir-apparent to his Grace Henry Duke of Buccleugh,” is dated from Dalkeith. The prefatory address to the public, states, that “ The author is a gardener by profession, and a poet (if he deserves that appellation) by propensity ; and labours under the disadvantage of a stinted education.” The volume includes a dramatic piece, entitled “ The Unequal Rivals, a Pastoral.” In a poetical dedication, he thus alludes to his connexion with Eskdale ; but he himself, it is supposed, was a native of Tweeddale.

Accept, O Eskdale, these a Bardy's lays,
Ta'en frae thy gowany glens, and cowslip braces :

Accept o' this frae him—a tribute due
 Unto thy bold inhabitants and you.
 I on your banks attun'd my rustic strains,
 Till fell misfortune drove me frae your plains.
 Tho' Fate convey me to the Snowy Isles,
 Where ne'er a flower reflects the sunny smiles
 To generous Eskdale I wad tune my lays ;
 And lilt her grottos and her sunny braes ;
 Her birken bowers, &c.—(p. 260.)

Before the publication of this volume, the author had obtained the situation of head gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch at Langholm Lodge, while his namesake and relation, John Learmont, was head-gardener at Dalkeith Palace. The latter retired, at an advanced age, before 1806, and was succeeded by Mr Macdonald ; while the former, who is described as having “ studied poetry more than raising garden-stuff,” lost his situation. After this he lived, I understand, near Colinton, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he died probably more than thirty years ago.

CCCXIV.

THE WHISTLE.

“ THERE are some odd blunders in the legend of the Whistle, which a pedigree of the Maxwelton family in my possession enables me to mention. There was no Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton prior to, or during the reign of King James the Sixth. Stephen, the third son of John Laurie, the first of the family on record, and an inhabitant of Dumfries, purchased the lands of Maxwelton from the Earl of Glencairn in the year 1614. He was succeeded by his son, John, who died in the year 1649 ; and his son and heir, Robert, was created a baronet on the 27th of March, 1685. By his second wife, Jean Riddel, daughter of the Laird of Minto, he had three sons and four daughters, of whom Catharine was married to Walter Riddel of Glenriddell, and Anne to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch. His son, Sir Robert, was killed, when a lad, by a fall from

his horse in the year 1702. So the story of Queen Anne's drunken Dane may be regarded as a groundless fable, unless such a person came over in the train of Prince George of Denmark, the husband of our last Queen Anne, which is not very probable."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXI.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

"THIS is the song which Burns altered, and thought he had 'improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.' It is usually attributed to Aytoun, and is just as likely, from its easy and graceful style, to have been written by him as by any of his contemporaries; but in Watson's Collection, part iii. p. 91 (where Burns probably found it), it is anonymous; as it also is in Playford's earlier musical collection of 'Select Ayres and Dialogues, 1659.' There are a few slight variations between the two copies which it is not necessary to specify."—(Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. i. p. 323).

Sir ROBERT AYTOUN, a younger son of the family of Kinaldie in Fife, was born in the year 1570, and educated at St Andrews. He was knighted by King James, and dying at London, in March 1638, he was interred in Westminster Abbey. Some account of his life, and a collection of his Poems are contained in "The Bannatyne Miscellany," Vol. I. p. 299–324. Edinb. 1828, 4to.

CCCXXIV.

WHAR WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE.

"THE more modern version of this song was said to have been composed on the beautiful Lady Anne Cochrane, Duchess of Hamilton, who, at an early age, died in childhood. She is still remembered by tradition as 'bonnie Annie;' but her portrait at Holyroodhouse, and a cast of her face at Hamilton, inspire no admiration of her charms. The former, indeed, is very ill done; and I have been told

that the latter was taken after her death. Her Epithalamium and Elegy are to be found among the poems of Allan Ramsay.”—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXV.

GALLOWAY TAM.

MR STENHOUSE concludes his note with expressing a doubt as to the antiquity of this air. “Gallua Tam,” occurs, however, as the title of an air in Sir R. Gordon of Straloch’s MS. Lute Book, 1627.

CCCXXVII.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

“The nursery song ran thus:—

O, whar ha’ ye been a’ day,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
O, I’ve been at my stepmither’s,
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did scho gie to you to eat,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?—
Scho gied to me a wee fishie;
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did scho catch the fishie in,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
Scho catch’d it in the gutter hole,
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did ye do wi’ the banes o’t
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
I gied them to my little dog,
Mak’ my bed, mammie, noo.

An’ what did your little doggie do,
My bonnie wee crooden doo?
It stretch’d out its head an’ its feet, and dee’t,
An’ sae will I, mammie, noo.

“The nurse, or nursery-maid, who sung these verses (to a very pretty plaintive air), always informed her juvenile audience that the stepmother was a rank witch, and that

the fish was an ask (*i.e.* newt) which was in Scotland formerly deemed a most poisonous reptile. In that very amusing book, the Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, “asks” are explained “newts—animals of the lizard species; they are always considered to have poison somewhere about their *hinnerliths*.”—(C. K. S.)

CCCXXVIII.

O’ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

JEAN GLOVER, to whom this song is ascribed by Burns, and whom he describes in language sufficiently explicit, was the daughter of a weaver in Kilmarnock. The author of the “Contemporaries of Burns,” has succeeded in collecting some information regarding her history, from which it appears that she was born in that town, 31st of October 1758. Having become enamoured with a strolling player who frequented that part of the country at fairs, and other occasions, she eloped with him; and afterwards pursued an irregular course of life, but perhaps not quite so disreputable as Burns’s words imply. She occasionally visited her native town in company with the “slight-of-hand blackguard,” whom Burns mentions, and whose name was Richard. She is still remembered in that neighbourhood. “An old woman, with whom we conversed (says the author of the work referred to), also remembered to have seen Jean at a fair in Irvine, gaily attired, and playing on a tambourine at the mouth of a close, in which was the exhibition-room of her husband the conjurer. “Weel do I remember her,” said our informant, “an’ thocht her the brawest woman I had ever seen step in leather shoon.”—P. 37.

Jean Glover pursued this vagrant course of life till the year 1801, when she died, it is supposed, at Letterkenny in Ireland, in the 43d year of her age.

A ballad, under the same title, “O’er the Muir amang the Heather,” by Stewart Lewis, is inserted at p. 338 of Maclaggart’s Gallovidian Encyclopedia. Lond. 1824. 8vo.

CCCXXXIV.

DONALD COUPER.

THE mock poem, the "Highland Host," was printed in 1697, in a posthumous volume of Cleland's Poems, but it must have been written at least eight or ten years earlier, as the author, Lieut.-Col. WILLIAM CLELAND, was killed at Dunkeld in August 1689, at the early age of twenty-eight.

CCCXL.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

IN the Index to the Museum, "This Song of Genius" (as Burns calls it), is assigned to "Miss C*****n," and it has been correctly attributed to MRS DUGALD STEWART; with the exception of the first four lines of the last stanza, which were supplied by Burns to suit the music. See page 319. This lady, HELEN D'ARCY CRANSTOUN, was the third daughter of the Honourable George Cranstoun, youngest son of William Fifth Lord Cranstoun. (Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. i. p. 369). She was born in the year 1765; married Professor Dugald Stewart, of Catrine, Ayrshire, 26th of July 1790, and died at Warriston House, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, 28th of July 1838.

The following verses, I have reason to believe, were also written by Mrs Stewart. They breathe, in graceful language, the same strain of tender feeling, with her justly admired song, "*The Tears I shed*;" and I am sure the reader will be gratified in thus possessing another specimen of her lyrical talents, hitherto confined to the circle of a few private friends of that accomplished Lady.

Returning Spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the Earth, and smooths the deep;
All nature smiles, serene and gay,
It smiles, and yet, alas! I weep.

But why, why flows the sudden tear,
Since Heaven such precious boons has lent,

The lives of those who life endear,
And though scarce competence,—content.

Sure when no other bliss was mine
Than that which still kind Heaven bestows,
Yet then could peace and hope combine
To promise joy and give repose.

Then have I wander'd o'er the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view ;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt,
That happy bosom knew no ill,
That those who scorn'd me time would melt,
And those I loved be faultless still.

Enchanting dreams, kind was your art
That bliss bestow'd without alloy ;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter still than joy.

Oh! whence the change that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye ;
And conquers the once powerful charms
Of Youth, of Hope, of Novelty.

'Tis sad Experience, fatal power,
That clouds the once illumin'd sky,
That darkens life's meridian hour,
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far
From that which youthful fancy drew ,
Shows joy and prudence oft at war,
Our woes increased, our comforts few.

And when, perhaps, on some loved friend
Our treasured fondness we bestow,
Oh! can she not, with ruthless hand,
Change even that friend into a foe ?

See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the rose to 'scape the thorn,

And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more;
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Can nought my happiness restore?

Relentless power, at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give caution, but withhold distrust,
And guard, but harden not my heart.

CCCXLII.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

IN some collections, this favourite song is ascribed to MRS GRANT of Carron, and, in others, to MRS MURRAY of Bath. This difficulty has been explained by a note received from George Thomson, Esq., the correspondent of Burns, and Editor of the "Scottish Songs." "Mrs Grant of Carron," says Mr T., "is the same lady who married Dr Murray of Bath, but I know not her maiden name, nor whether she be alive or dead,—dead probably, for she was well up in years when she married the Doctor, whom I knew well, a warm-hearted Irishman, and a very good flute player. She was generally understood to be the writer of "Roy's Wife," but I cannot help you to any written authority for the fact. You are quite right in suspecting traditional authorities *in general*. They are little to be relied on."

Through the obliging inquiries of John P. Grant, Esq. (son of the late Mrs Grant of Laggan), I have since learned the following particulars respecting this lady. Her maiden name was Grant, and she was born, near Aberlour, on the banks of the river Spey, about the year 1745. She was twice married, first to her cousin, Mr Grant of Carron, near Elchies, on the river Spey, about the year 1763; and, secondly, to a physician in Bath, whose name is stated to have been Dr Brown, not Murray. She died at Bath

sometime about 1814; and is not known to have written any other song than "Roy's Wife."

In regard, however, to the name of Mrs Grant's second husband, I cannot think there can be any question, after what Mr Cromek states in his "Select Scottish Songs," Lond. 1810. In giving the substance of an interesting conversation he had with that lady, he expressly terms her "Mrs Murray (married to Dr Murray of Bath), and authoress of the celebrated song, '*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*.'"—(vol. i. p. 55).

Cromek has also, in the same work, given a communication from "Mrs Murray of Bath" respecting Ross of Lochlee (who died in 1783), and after alluding to 'his humble abode,' and the character of the inhabitants of that secluded district, she says, "I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland."—(vol. i. p. 206.)

CCCXLVI.

A COUNTRY LASS.

"MR RITSON, in his Northumberland Garland, gives what is probably the original of this ballad—the hero of which was George Stoodle, 'dwelling some time on Gateside Moor, and some time at Newcastle.' He was executed, A. D. 1610."—(C. K. S.)

CCCXLVII.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE SEVER.

AT page 358 of the music, this song is said to have been "written for this work by Robert Burns." It was, in fact, written by him as a kind of parting address to the lady with whom he corresponded under the assumed name of Clarinda (see p. 220), at the time when she meditated a trip to the West Indies, for the benefit of her health.

Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review on Burns's Reliques, refers to this song, and says, "The

following exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales :—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Lord Byron also, quotes the same lines as a motto to his “Bride of Abydos.”

Burns, in his directions to Johnson, desires the words to be set to “Rory Dall’s Port,” a tune included in Oswald’s and other collections. This popular air, however, is ascertained to be of greater antiquity than was imagined; as it occurs in Gordon of Straloch’s Lute-Book, written in 1627. As these Highland Ports, are a very uncommon description of music, an exact copy of the air, as it occurs in Gordon’s MS., but here given in modern notation, is subjoined, through the kind assistance of George F. Graham, Esq.

Mr Graham, in answer to a request that he would harmonize one or other of these old Scottish airs, remarks, that “all the best tunes in that MS. are not susceptible of any thing like a regular and continuous harmony. By applying to them any thing of that kind, I might attempt in vain to exercise ingenuity while I utterly ruined the peculiar style and character of these airs. They never were intended for *harmony*—such as we find in ancient or modern elaborated compositions. I allude especially to the *Ports*, which are the wildest, most peculiar, and best of these tunes; and *certainly Scottish*, if there is any faith in national tradition. All the best of our old Scottish melodies have been destroyed in their true characteristics by the *forced* application to them of a *modern* system of *harmony*, which belongs to a system of composition that has little or nothing in common with the old and purely *melodic* style belonging to *all* the *most ancient* national airs in the world; when such a thing as artificial harmony was not dreamed of. I have alluded strongly to

this modern error in the latter part of the appendix to my
“ Essay on Music.”

RORY DALL'S PORT.



The following remarks, suggested by this and the other Ports contained in the Straloch MS., are from the pen of a musical friend to whom a copy of the tunes had been submitted.

“ With respect to the tune called ‘ Rory Dall’s Port,’ lately deciphered from Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch’s MS., it will be at once seen, that, although it bears the same name with that given in the ‘ Museum,’ it is totally dissimilar from it. The former, of course, is the genuine air, and being of a date contemporary with its author, and written for the lute, an instrument somewhat analogous to the harp, for which it was composed, it may be presumed to have been but little altered from the original.

“ Macdonald, in his *Essay on Highland Music* (p. 11), and Gunn, in his ‘ Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland’ (pp. 95, *et seq.*), have furnished us with some interesting particulars relative to a blind harper, called Roderick Morison, who was generally known by the name of *Rory Dall*, or Blind Rory, and whom they describe as ‘ the last person in this country who possessed the talents of bard and harper, of poet and composer of music, in an eminent degree.’ He is said to have been born a gentleman, and to have lived on that footing at Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, in the family of a Laird of Macleod, one of the last of the Celtic proprietors who kept up, on a liberal scale, the full retinue of the Highland chief. Mr Macdonald, whose *Essay* was published in 1781, says, that after the death of this Macleod, the establishment was abandoned; ‘ a measure which the poor neglected bard lamented, in an excellent elegy on his patron, which was printed in a late collection of Gaelic poems.’

“ This may probably be a specimen of Rory’s poetry; but whether that which we have here given is to be considered as a specimen of *his* music, or the music of some predecessor of the same name, is somewhat doubtful. The date of the

Straloch MS. is 1627, and the Rory Dall above mentioned, is said by Macdonald to have flourished *in the end* of the 17th century. Mr Gunn also speaks of a pupil of his—one Murdoch Macdonald, called Murdoch *Clarsair*, or 'the Harper,' who remained in the family of Coll in quality of harper, until the year 1734, and, if these statements are correct, there must have been more than one Rory Dall of musical celebrity. But as traditional information of this nature is seldom to be depended upon with respect to dates, it is more probable that we could never boast of more than one of these personages, who, in the imposing language of Mr Macdonald, 'like Demodocus, was blind, and like him, graced his poetry with the music of the harp;' and that the true era of the bard was the age of James VI., a supposition which is not irreconcilable with a circumstance alluded to by Mr Gunn, as having occurred after the breaking up of his old patron's establishment, when, *about the year* 1650, he says, that he accompanied the Marquis of Huntley on a visit to Lude House, and there composed a 'Port' or air, which was called 'Suipair Leoid,' or 'Lude's Supper.' Mr Gunn also speaks of another harper and composer, who lived in the reign of James VI. and Charles I., called John Garves Maclean of Coll.

"We are sorry to observe that our Highland countrymen have, for these many years, been so much engrossed in sounding the praises and tracing the pedigrees of their pipers, and in reviving the warlike strain of the 'piob mhor,' that they seem to have ceased to feel any interest in the softer, more delicate, and peaceful instrument, the harp, and its more poetical and accomplished professors. Nor is it easy to account for the circumstance that while so enlightened and powerful an association as the Highland Society have done so much for the encouragement of pipes and pibrochs, they should have made no attempt to revive the practice of an instrument once in such high estimation

in this country, and to which most of our ancient airs, both Highland and Lowland, were originally adapted. A little more, at least, might, with propriety, have been done, and may still be accomplished, towards the recovery of the many fine 'Luineags' and 'Ports' with which Scotland at one time abounded, and some of which it may not yet be too late to arrest in their progress towards oblivion. So many years, however, have elapsed since the harp was cultivated in the Highlands, that in any enquiries of this kind we can place no faith whatever in tradition, by which we are certain that the original airs must have been altered and modernized;* but must look entirely to early transcripts, such as those of the Skene and Gordon MSS. The former contains only one of the class of airs, called 'Ports,'† viz. 'Port Ballangowne,' and this happens to be *the same* with the Rory Dall's Port of the Straloch MS., although the particular version given in the latter, and which is here published, differs from and is, we think, very superior in style and character to that contained in the Skene MS. The musical reader cannot fail to regard it as a great curiosity. It is a precious relic of the last of the Highland bards; not like most of our old airs taken down from its ancient model and rebuilt after the modern fashion, but presented to our view, as nearly as possible, in its original state. The Straloch MS. has also been

* "Macdonald remarks, 'There is indeed a strong likeness between the Irish songs and the Highland luineags. *If the latter are shorter and more incomplete, it seems owing to their being preserved by oral tradition among a people who of late had no regular musicians.* Whereas the great Irish families continued to the last passionately fond of their national peculiarities, and entertained, in their houses, harpers that were the depositaries of their best pieces of music.'"

† "Port, in Gaelic, signifies an air, either sung or played upon an instrument; but Mr Tytler, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, very correctly describes this species of composition as of the plaintive strain and *modulated for the harp*. Every 'Port' which we have seen answers this description."

the means of restoring four other Ports which Mr G. F. Graham has translated, and all of these are equally remarkable with that now mentioned, exhibiting along with the vigorous and strongly marked features of a bygone age, not a little of the 'master's hand and poet's fire,' for which Scotland was anciently so renowned. The style of their modulation is particularly bold and striking, and if we were to compare them with any music of the present day with which we are acquainted, we would say that they reminded us chiefly of some of the wilder and more gloomy conceptions of Beethoven's adagios. In these particulars, and as showing that the 'land of the mountain and the flood' at one time possessed a style of harp minstrelsy peculiarly its own, and different from that of Ireland and Wales, these remains are not only interesting but instructive."

I beg to subscribe to the above suggestion, that some encouragement to Harp-playing, even at the expense of what our Celtic brethren consider their national music, would be highly worthy of the Highland Society. There can be no doubt, I think, that the Rory Dall who gives his name to the Port in the Straloch MS. must have flourished at the end of the 16th, or early part of the 17th century; and unless the traditionary notices are altogether erroneous, he must have had a successor of the same name, distinguished as a harper. In "Waverley," there is mention thus made of Roderick Morison: "Two paces back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands." In a notice appended to the last edition of Macintosh's Gaelic Proverbs, p. 199, Edinburgh, 1819, 12mo., it is stated that a harper, named "Rory Dall, lived in the family of Macleod of Macleod, in Queen Anne's time, in the double capacity of harper and bard to that family; and that many of his songs and poems are still repeated by his countrymen. But there is a Gaelic proverb,

in that volume, "Am Port is fearr a sheinn Ruadhriamh, ghabhta seirbh dheth." *The best tune Roderick ever played, one may tire of.*

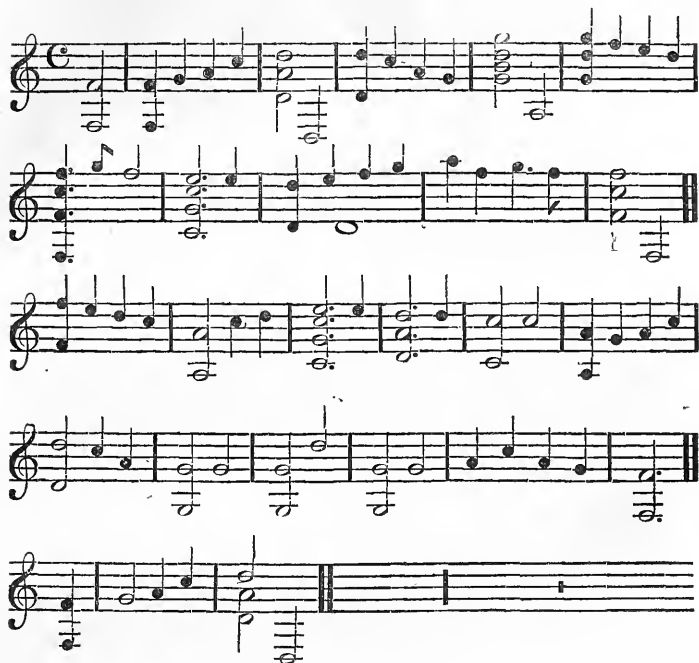
As there are four other Ports contained in the Straloch Manuscript, I avail myself of this opportunity to introduce two of these old, wild characteristic airs, as they are likely to possess more than common interest to persons who may wish to examine the earlier relics of genuine Scottish melody. The first is simply entitled

A PORT.



Two others bear a similar title ; but the following specimen which we have here selected, is called—

JEAN LINDSAY'S PORT.



On the subject of Highland airs, in general, the reader may be referred to P. Macdonald's Collection, to Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, two vols., to Angus Mackay's Pipe Tunes, 1838, and to the volume entitled "An Historical Enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland; from the earliest times, until it was discontinued, about the year 1734." By John Gunn, F. A. S. E. Edinburgh, 1807, 4to.

CCCLI.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

"It is a mistake to say that this song was written on purpose for Johnson's Museum, as it was first published in the

Kilmarnock edition of Burns, 1786, before the poet had any connexion with Johnson. It was, indeed, one of his earliest compositions—on a girl named Margaret Thomson at Kirkoswald.—See his autobiographical letter to Dr Moore.”—(Note by Mr R. Chambers).

CCCLVII.

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG.

MR STENHOUSE, at the close of his long note on this old popular ballad, inserts the air to which he was accustomed to hear it chaunted when a youth, by Robert Hastie, town-piper of Jedburgh. (See page 335.) At page 389, he has also given another favourite air of the Border Musician's, as performed in his younger days. The late Mr Alexander Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology, made occasional tours to different parts of the country, partly with the object of collecting local tunes; and I possess a MS. Journal by him, in 1816, when he visited Roxburghshire, in which he has introduced a notice of the most eminent Border pipers of the last century, which I may take this opportunity to extract. As stated, it was written down from the communication of Mr Thomas Scott at Monkclaw, (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott,) who was himself a skilful performer.

“ Monday, 21st [Oct. 1816], Mr Thomas Scott performed many pieces on the pipe, two of which I noted down; after which, I jotted down the particulars following regarding the best Bag-pipers of the Border, most of whom he himself knew personally.

“ A List of the best Border Bag-pipers (together with a few particulars regarding them) who lived from about the beginning of the year 1700, down till about the commencement of the year 1800, noted down from Mr Walter Scott's uncle, Mr Thomas Scott, presently resident at Monkclaw, near Jedburgh, 21st Oct. 1816:—

“ 1. Walter Forsyth, piper to Mr Kerr of Littledean, Roxburghshire : He was an excellent performer.

“ 2. Walter Forsyth (son of the former) was gamekeeper to the then Duke of Roxburghe ; the son was reckoned likewise a good piper. The third in succession of celebrated Border pipers was,

“ 3. Thomas Anderson, by trade a skinner, in Kelso. The father and grandfather of Thomas Anderson were esteemed good performers on what is called *the Border or Bellows-bagpipe*. They lived about the close of the seventeenth century.

“ 4. Donald Maclean, piper at Galashiels (father to the well-known William Maclean, dancing-master in Edinburgh), was a capital piper, and was the only one who could play on the pipe the old popular tune of “ Sour Plums of Galashiels,” it requiring a peculiar art of pinching the back hole of the chanter with the thumb, in order to produce the higher notes of the melody in question. He died about the middle of the eighteenth century. Richard Lees, manufacturer in Galashiels, has the said William Maclean’s bagpipes in his possession.

“ 5. John Hastie, piper of Jedburgh, lived about the year 1720 (see his elegy). He was the first performer who introduced those tunes now played in Teviotdale on the bagpipe. Mr Thomas Scott is decidedly of opinion, that the Border bellows-bagpipe is of the Highland (or, at any rate, the north-east coast) origin, as all the pipers with whom he was acquainted positively declared. This is a remarkable fact, not generally known, and difficult of belief. The small Northumberland bagpipe differs considerably from the one alluded to, particularly in the mode of execution. The successor of John Hastie, was

“ 6. Robert Hastie (nephew of the former). Mr Thomas Scott, thinks that Hastie succeeded his uncle about the year 1731 : he was reckoned a good performer.

“ 7. George Syme, was supposed to have been born and

bred in one of the Lothians. He was the best *piper of his time*; he knew the art of producing the high octave by pinching the back hole of the chanter, which was reckoned a great improvement. He was the best piper of his day. He lived about the middle of the eighteenth century.

“The earliest Pipers (Mr Thomas Scott says) of the *Scotish Border*, properly speaking, were of the name and family of Allen, who were born and bred at Yettam, in Roxburghshire. They were all tinkers. The late James Allen was piper to the Duke of Northumberland, and was the best performer on the loud and small bagpipes of his time. He being a *Border-lifter*, the poor fellow was caught hold of in some of his *lifting exploits*, and cast into prison; but escaping justice, and set at large, he renewed his *bye-jobs*, was again incarcerated, and condemned to be hanged; which sentence was, at the solicitation of the Duchess of Northumberland, changed to imprisonment for life. He died in jail, at the advanced age of eighty years and upwards, about two months before his pardon came down from the King: this happened in the year 1808.

“After jotting down the preceding notices respecting the most celebrated Pipers of the Border, I took my leave of the venerable, cheerful, intelligent, and worthy gentleman who so liberally made the communication, and proceeded to Jedburgh, which is within little more than a mile from Monkton, to deliver my letter of introduction to Robert Shortreed, Esq., the Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, the old and intimate friend of his brother sheriff, Walter Scott.”

Sir Walter Scott records, that his uncle, Mr Scott, “died at Monklaw, near Jedburgh, at two of the clock, 27th January 1823, in the 90th year of his life, and fully possessed of all his faculties. He read till nearly the year before his death; and being a great musician on the Scotch pipes, had, when on his death-bed, a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him

in full possession of it. After hearing it, he hummed it over himself, and corrected it in several of the notes. The air was that called *Sour Plums in Galashiels*.”—(Lockhart’s Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 102. 12mo edit.)

It may be added that, in Kay’s Portraits, vol. ii. p. 137, there is a biographical sketch and portrait of George Syme, one of these pipers. He was an inhabitant of Dalkeith, and died probably about 1790. The print is dated 1789, and has this inscription—

This represents old Geordy Sime,
A famous piper in his time.

CCCLVIII.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY was certainly not the authoress of this song, or ballad, which is said to have been composed by George Halket, schoolmaster at Rathen, in the year 1736 and 7. She was born in 1750. See page *311.

Mr Peter Buchan, in a little volume of “Gleanings of scarce old Ballads,” Peterhead, 1825, 12mo, has inserted this ballad, with a minute account of the alleged author, from which an extract follows:—“GEORGE HALKET, was born in Aberdeenshire, but in what place, or in what year, is not certain; he was, however, parochial schoolmaster at Rathen, in the years 1736 and 7. He inherited a rich vein of humour for satirical poetry; which was dedicated, like most of his contemporaries, to the service or aggrandizement of the Jacobite party. His poetry was long familiar to the peasants in that corner of the country, and rehearsed and sung by them at their festivals and merry meetings with great eclat, some of them having a religious tendency. He is the author of the well known Jacobite song of ‘Whirry Whigs awa’, man,’ although he contrived to father it upon a

Will Jack
Who had Corskelly boats in tack;

But who could neither read nor write,
Tho' wonderfully could indite.

Which are the lines commonly appended to most copies of this song, and which have led people to think this William Jack was the author. From Rathen, he was obliged to remove to the fishing town of Cairnbulg, for having a scuffle with Mr Anderson (who was at that time minister) in the church upon a Sunday. He continued long in Cairnbulg, and had a full school. It was here where 'Whirry Whigs' was written. In the year 1750, he removed to Memsie, &c. Mr Halket died where he had spent the most pleasant part of his life, at Memsie, in the year 1756, and was buried within the old churchyard of Fraserburgh, at the west end of the aisle."

CCCLIX.

O, KENMURE'S IN AND AWA', WILLIE.

THE three stanzas quoted from Cromeck, were written by Allan Cunningham.

CCCLXIII.

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

THIS ballad occurs in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, which was probably not printed before 1734. In June 1728, at least, Allan Ramsay advertised the work as in three volumes (*Caled. Mercury*); and the London edition, 1733, contains the three in one, and professes to be "the completest and most correct of any yet published." In the preface, Ramsay states, that in the first two volumes, he himself had written verses for above sixty of the songs, and that "about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection." It is

to be regretted that Ramsay has not specified the names of "the ingenious young gentlemen" to whom he was indebted, but, at the head of the Index, he mentions, that "the Songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c., are new words by different hands; X, the author unknown; Z, old songs; Q, old songs with additions." The following is a list of the songs thus marked. The references are to the pages of the 1733 edition.

W. B. (Sir William Bennet of Grubet?)—Sandy and Betty, p. 157.

C. (Robert Crawford). 1. The Bush aboon Traquair, p. 2.—2. Tweedside, p. 4.—3. The Rose in Yarrow, p. 40.—4. Down the Burn, Davie, p. 49.—5. My Deary, if thou die, p. 59.—6. Song, *Beneath a beech's grateful shade*, p. 76.—7. Allan Water, *What numbers shall the muse repeat*, p. 93.—8. Song, *One day I heard Mary say*, p. 140.—9. Cowdenknows, *When Summer comes*, p. 155.

2 C. (Sir John Clerk ?)—To Mrs A. H. on seeing her at a Concert, *Look where my dear Hamilla smiles*, p. 19.

D. (Dickson ?)—An Ode, *Though beauty like the Rose*, p. 3.

G. ()—A Song, *Subjected to the Power of Love*, p. 32.

H. (Hamilton of Bangour).—Song, *Adieu, Ye Pleasant Sports and Plays*, p. 191. There are seven other Songs by Hamilton, but without any initials at the end.

I. H. (Heywood ?), Jamaica.—Song, *I Toss and Tumble through the Night*, p. 152.

I. (Attributed to King James V).—The Gaberlunzie Man, p. 84.

L. (Lauder ?)—1. To Chloe, *O, Lovely Maid*, p. 15.—2. Song for a Serenade, *Teach me, Chloe*, p. 17.—3. Song, *Come, Fill me a Bumper*, p. 52.

M. (Joseph Mitchell).—1. The Promised Joy, *When we meet again, Phely*, p. 10.—2. A Song, *Leave Kindred and Friends, Sweet Betty*, p. 30.—3. Song, *As Sylvia in a Forest Lay*, p. 65.

D. M. (David Malloch, or Mallet).—William and Margaret, p. 148.

O. (Oliphant ?)—1. The Faithful Shepherd, *When Flowery Meadows*, p. 11. 2. A Song, *Celestial Muses, tune your Lyres*, p. 31.

P. (Major Pack ?)—Song, *Beauty from Fancy takes its Arms*, p. 120.

Q. (Old Songs with additions), pages 24, 63, 88, 106, 108, 141, 164, 165, 169, 170, 195, 211.

R. (Robertson of Struan?)—1. To Delia, on her drawing him to her Valentine, p. 11. 2. Song, complaining of Absence, *Ah, Chloe! thou Treasure*, p. 37.

S. R. ()—The Broom of Cowdenknows, p. 14, *How blyth ilk morn was I to see*.

T. R. ()—Song, *Of all the Birds, whose Tuneful Throats*, p. 137.

S. (Symmers?)—Song, *Is Hamilla then my own*, p. 5.

W. ()—Song, *Tell me, Hamilla, tell me why*, p. 33.

I. W. Q. ()—A Bacchanal Song, *Come, here's to the Nymph that I love*, p. 172.

W. W. (Walkinshaw, or Hamilton? See pages 128, *205).—Willy was a Wanton Wag, p. 206.

X. (Songs by authors unknown), pages 6, 18, 38, 40, 41, 50, 51, 72, 73, 128, 130, 134, 145, 150, 204, 212.

Z. (Old Songs), pages 7, 21, 28, 64, 76, 89, 98, 119, 123, 133, 135, 138, 142, 153, 167, 181, 184, 186, 192.

Of the several contributors to the Tea-Table Miscellany, the first place is justly due to the author of "Tweedside," and "The Bush aboon Traquair." At page *113, I endeavoured to identify him as ROBERT CRAWFURD, the second son of Patrick Crawford of Drumsoy, by his first marriage, with a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry. Since then, I was gratified to find that the enquiries of my friend Mr Chalmers had led him to a similar conclusion. Mr C. further informs me, that Patrick Crawford, or Crawford, the father, died on 12th of May 1733, and his son Robert, the song writer, nearly at the same time, according to the following notice in a MS. obituary kept by Charles Mackie, Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh. The notice in Professor Mackie's "Index Funereus," is thus stated, —

"Crawford (Peter) of Achenaims, May 1733."

"——— (Robert) son to do, May 1733."

Mr Chalmers says, "the mother of Robert having died long before his father, Patrick Crawford married a second wife,

Jane, the daughter of Archibald Crawford of Achinames, whereby he acquired the estates of Achinames and Crosby. His second wife survived him, and died in June 1740; when her eldest son, Patrick Crawford, succeeded her in the estate of Achinames, &c. He was M.P. for Ayrshire, from 1741 till 1754; and for Renfrewshire, from 1761 till 1768. He died 10th of January, 1778. As he was called *old* Peter Crawford, he must have died advanced in years, and been born in the beginning of that century; and his half brother, Robert, the song writer, being a son of the first marriage, was probably born at the end of the preceding century, and we may suppose, was near forty years old when he died, in 1733."

CCCLXXI.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

"WE learn from the Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, that the song of Paul Jones, formerly so popular, was composed by one Hackston, who petitioned King George the Third for the office of laureate, subscribing himself poet and private English teacher, parish of Borgue. Paul Jones hath of late times burst forth as an historical hero, and a knight of romance. I allude to his graver biography, and the very ingenious fiction composed by Mr Cunningham—his sister Jenny, who becomes a sort of queen in the latter work, was chambermaid to William Kirkpatrick of Allisland, second son of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburn—and an honest pains-taking servant, though she never reached the dignity of a sovereign princess."—(C. K. S).

MR ALLAN CUNNINGHAM ascribes the ballad on Paul Jones, alluded to at p. 343, to "a schoolmaster in Galloway." He says, that the song in the Museum was founded by Burns on some old verses; and that "the air is very popular, and has been compelled to bear the burthen of much indifferent verse."—(Edit. of Burns, vol. iv. p. 243). I hope he does not mean to include in this number his own fine

verses, which originally appeared in Crome's Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song; and which have been honoured by Sir Walter Scott, by quoting some of the lines in the Fortunes of Nigel. They are included also in Hogg's Collection, although it is absurd enough to consider such a song as belonging to the Jacobite series. Let the reader, however, judge for himself.

I.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
 The larks shall sing me hame to my ain countrie;
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

II.

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 And green it will grow in my ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

III.

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
 But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

IV.

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
 But the sun thro' the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e,
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The following is an older version of "A favourite Song," not to be found in Hogg's Jacobite Reliques, transcribed from a common stall copy, printed about the year 1780.

There is no mistaking their meaning ; as they evidently refer to the year 1746, and the Duke of Cumberland.

And from home I wou'd be,
And from home I wou'd be,
And from home I wou'd be,
To some foreign country ;
To tarry for a while,
Till heaven think fit to smile ;
Bring our King from exile
To his own country.

God save our royal King,
And from danger set him free ;
May the Scots, English, and Irish,
Flock to him speedily ;
May the ghosts of the Martyrs,
Who died for loyalty,
Haunt the rebels that did fight
Against King and country.

May the *Devil* take the Dutch,
And drown them in the sea ;
Butcher *William*, and all such,
High hanged may they be ;
Curse on the volunteers,
And an ill death may they die,
Who did fight against our *Prince*
In his own country.

May the rivers stop and stand,
Like walls on every side ;
May our Highland laddie fight,
And Jehovah be his guide.
Dry up the river Forth,
As thou didst the Red Sea,
When the Israelites did pass
To their own country.

Let the *Usurper* go home
To his own country with speed,
Even far beyond the main,
With all his spurious breed ;
Then we'll crown our lawful *Prince*,
With mirth and jollity ;
And we'll end our days in peace,
In our own country.

CCCLXXVII.

LADY MARY ANNE.

“THE words of the ballad mentioned by Mr S. as ‘Craigston’s growing,’ are subjoined from a MS. It may be observed that young Urquhart of Craigston, who had fallen into the power of the Laird of Innes, was by him married to his daughter Elizabeth Innes, and died in 1634. —See Spalding’s History, vol. 1. p. 36.”—(C. K. S).

Father, she said, you have done me wrang,
For ye have married me on a child young man,
For ye have married me on a child young man,
And my bonny love is long a growing.

Daughter, said he, I have done you no wrang,
For I have married you on a heritor of land;
He’s likewise possess’d of many a bill and band,
And he’ll be daily growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing:
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing

Daughter, he said, if ye do weel,
Ye will put your husband away to the scheel,
That he of learning may gather great skill;
And he’ll be daily growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing:
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

Now young Craigston to the college is gane,
And left his lady making great mane,
And left his lady making great mane,
That he’s so long a growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing:
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

She dress’d herself in robes of green,
She was right comely to be seen;
She was the picture of Venus the queen,
And she’s to the college to see him.

Growing, deary, growing, growing
Growing, said the bonny maid,
Slowly’s my bonny love growing.

Then all the colligeners war playing at the ba',
 But young Craigston was the flower of them a',
 He said—"play on, my school fellows a';"
 For I see my sister coming.

Now down into the College Park,
 They walked about till it was dark,

* * * * *

And she'd no reason to compleen of his growing.
 Growing, deary, growing, growing :
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly's my bonny love growing.

In his twelfth year he was a married man ;
 In his thirteenth year there he gat a son ;
 And in his fourteenth year his grave grew green,
 And that was an end of his growing.

Growing, deary, growing, growing :
 Growing, said the bonny maid,
 Slowly's my bonny love growing.

The song in the Museum was communicated by Burns, who had noted both the words and the air from a lady, in 1787, during his tour in the North of Scotland. The old ballad upon which it is founded, was first published by Mr Maidment, in the "North Countrie Garland," Edinburgh, 1824, 12mo. A traditional copy of the ballad, as preserved in the West of Scotland, will be found in Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. iii. p. 42.

CCCLXXIX.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THE original ballad, still preserved by tradition, was much improved in passing through Burns's hands.

CCCLXXXIV.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

"I BELIEVE that Burns took the idea of his verses from 'the Betrayed Maid,' a ballad formerly much hawked about in Scotland, of which a transcript from the stall copy is subjoined.

Listen here awhile, a story I will tell
Of a maiden, which lately fell.
It's of a pretty maid, who was betray'd,
And sent to Virginio.

"It's on a bed of ease, to lie down when I please,
In the land of fair England, O ;
But on a bed of straw they lay me down full low,
And alas ! I'll be weary, weary, O.

Seven years I served to Captain Gulshaw Laird,
In the land of Virginio ;
And he most cruelly sold me to Madam Guy ;
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

He billets from the woods upon our backs doth bring ;
In the land of Virginio ;
And water from the spring upon our heads we bring,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

Our master he doth stand with a lash in his hand,
Crying—' come boys, come away'—
And we must not stay to gang, but away we do run,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

Our lady goes to meat, when we have nothing to eat,
In the land of Virginio ;
At every meal of meat they lash us with a whip,
And alas ! I'll be weary, weary O.

Our lady goes to walk, we must be at her back,
In the land of Virginio ;
And when the babe doth weep, we must lull it to sleep,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

I have no company but the silly spider fly,
In the land of Virginio :
And down below my bed, where she works her tender web,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

'Tis needless for me to think of liberty,
From the land of Virginio.
We're watch'd night and day, for fear we run away,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

We are yoked to the plough, and wearied sore enough,
In the land of Virginio.

With the yoke about my neck, my back is like to break,
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

If it were my chance to Old England to advance,
From the land of Virginio;
Never more would I be a slave to Madam Guy;
And alas, I'll be weary, weary O.

“ Perhaps some of my readers will be surprised to learn, that the Slave trade was carried on here in the year 1768, and probably later. The following Advertisement is extracted from the Edinburgh Evening Courant. Monday, April 18, year above-mentioned.

“ A Black Boy to Sell.

“ To be Sold, a Black Boy, with long hair, stout made, and well limb'd, is good tempered, can dress hair, and take care of a horse indifferently. He has been in Britain near three years.

“ Any person that inclines to purchase him, may have him for L.40, he belongs to Captain Abercrombie, at Broughton.

“ This Advertisement not to be repeated.”—(C. K. S).

CCCXCIII.

WHILE HOPELESS AND ALMOST REDUC'D TO DESPAIR.

DR ROBERT MUNDELL, the author of this Song, and of the air to which the words have been adapted, still survives at Closeburn, at a very advanced age, having been born in the month of September 1758. After completing his studies at the College of Edinburgh, where he obtained the degree of A. M. he was, in the year 1784, appointed assistant and successor to his father, Mr Alexander Mundell, then Rector of the celebrated Grammar School and Academy at Wallace Hall, in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire. On the death of his father, in 1791, Mr M. succeeded to the sole charge of the Academy, and he still continues to discharge its duties. In the course of last

year, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Glasgow.

CCCXCVI.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

“ ORIGINAL words, from a 4to MS. Collection of Old Songs in my possession.”—(C. K. S.)

The nine pint bicker's fa'n off the bink,
And broken the ten pint cannie;
The wife and her kimmers sat down to drink,
But ne'er a drap gae the gudemannie.

The bairns they a' set up the cry,
The deuks hae dung o'er my daddy"—
“ There's no muckle matter,” quo the gudewife,
“ For he was but a daidling body.”

CCCXCIX.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

MR LOCKHART, in his *Life of Burns* (8vo edit. p. 310), has given a different account from that related at page 359 of this volume, of the circumstances under which these clever verses were composed.