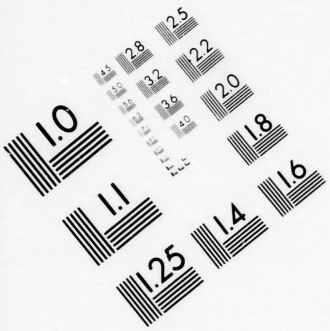

1.0
1.1
1.25
1.4
1.6
1.8
2.0
2.2
2.5
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0
4.5
5.0
5.6
6.3
7.1
8.0
9.0
10
11
12
13
14
16
18
20
22
25
28
32
36
40
45
50
56
63
71
80
90
100
110
125
140
160
180
200
220
250
280
320
360
400
450
500
560
630
710
800
900
1000
1100
1250
1400
1600
1800
2000
2200
2500
2800
3200
3600
4000
4500
5000
5600
6300
7100
8000
9000
10000
11000
12500
14000
16000
18000
20000
22000
25000
28000
32000
36000
40000
45000
50000
56000
63000
71000
80000
90000
100000
110000
125000
140000
160000
180000
200000
220000
250000
280000
320000
360000
400000
450000
500000
560000
630000
710000
800000
900000
1000000
1100000
1250000
1400000
1600000
1800000
2000000
2200000
2500000
2800000
3200000
3600000
4000000
4500000
5000000
5600000
6300000
7100000
8000000
9000000
10000000
11000000
12500000
14000000
16000000
18000000
20000000
22000000
25000000
28000000
32000000
36000000
40000000
45000000
50000000
56000000
63000000
71000000
80000000
90000000
100000000
110000000
125000000
140000000
160000000
180000000
200000000
220000000
250000000
280000000
320000000
360000000
400000000
450000000
500000000
560000000
630000000
710000000
800000000
900000000
1000000000
1100000000
1250000000
1400000000
1600000000
1800000000
2000000000
2200000000
2500000000
2800000000
3200000000
3600000000
4000000000
4500000000
5000000000
5600000000
6300000000
7100000000
8000000000
9000000000
10000000000
11000000000
12500000000
14000000000
16000000000
18000000000
20000000000
22000000000
25000000000
28000000000
32000000000
36000000000
40000000000
45000000000
50000000000
56000000000
63000000000
71000000000
80000000000
90000000000
100000000000
110000000000
125000000000
140000000000
160000000000
180000000000
200000000000
220000000000
250000000000
280000000000
320000000000
360000000000
400000000000
450000000000
500000000000
560000000000
630000000000
710000000000
800000000000
900000000000
1000000000000
1100000000000
1250000000000
1400000000000
1600000000000
1800000000000
2000000000000
2200000000000
2500000000000
2800000000000
3200000000000
3600000000000
4000000000000
4500000000000
5000000000000
5600000000000
6300000000000
7100000000000
8000000000000
9000000000000
10000000000000
11000000000000
12500000000000
14000000000000
16000000000000
18000000000000
20000000000000
22000000000000
25000000000000
28000000000000
32000000000000
36000000000000
40000000000000
45000000000000
50000000000000
56000000000000
63000000000000
71000000000000
80000000000000
90000000000000
100000000000000
110000000000000
125000000000000
140000000000000
160000000000000
180000000000000
200000000000000
220000000000000
250000000000000
280000000000000
320000000000000
360000000000000
400000000000000
450000000000000
500000000000000
560000000000000
630000000000000
710000000000000
800000000000000
900000000000000
1000000000000000
1100000000000000
1250000000000000
1400000000000000
1600000000000000
1800000000000000
2000000000000000
2200000000000000
2500000000000000
2800000000000000
3200000000000000
3600000000000000
4000000000000000
4500000000000000
5000000000000000
5600000000000000
6300000000000000
7100000000000000
8000000000000000
9000000000000000
10000000000000000
11000000000000000
12500000000000000
14000000000000000
16000000000000000
18000000000000000
20000000000000000
22000000000000000
25000000000000000
28000000000000000
32000000000000000
36000000000000000
40000000000000000
45000000000000000
50000000000000000
56000000000000000
63000000000000000
71000000000000000
80000000000000000
90000000000000000
100000000000000000
110000000000000000
125000000000000000
140000000000000000
160000000000000000
180000000000000000
200000000000000000
220000000000000000
250000000000000000
280000000000000000
320000000000000000
360000000000000000
400000000000000000
450000000000000000
500000000000000000
560000000000000000
630000000000000000
710000000000000000
800000000000000000
900000000000000000
1000000000000000000
1100000000000000000
1250000000000000000
1400000000000000000
1600000000000000000
1800000000000000000
2000000000000000000
2200000000000000000
2500000000000000000
2800000000000000000
3200000000000000000
3600000000000000000
4000000000000000000
4500000000000000000
5000000000000000000
5600000000000000000
6300000000000000000
7100000000000000000
8000000000000000000
9000000000000000000
10000000000000000000
11000000000000000000
12500000000000000000
14000000000000000000
16000000000000000000
18000000000000000000
20000000000000000000
22000000000000000000
25000000000000000000
28000000000000000000
32000000000000000000
36000000000000000000
40000000000000000000
45000000000000000000
50000000000000000000
56000000000000000000
63000000000000000000
71000000000000000000
80000000000000000000
90000000000000000000
100000000000000000000
110000000000000000000
125000000000000000000
140000000000000000000
160000000000000000000
180000000000000000000
200000000000000000000
220000000000000000000
250000000000000000000
280000000000000000000
320000000000000000000
360000000000000000000
400000000000000000000
450000000000000000000
500000000000000000000
560000000000000000000
630000000000000000000
710000000000000000000
800000000000000000000
900000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
56000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
63000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
71000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
80000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
90000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
110000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
125000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
140000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
160000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
180000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
220000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
280000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
320000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
360000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
450000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
560000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
630000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
710000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
900000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1250000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1400000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
1800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
2800000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3200000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
3600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
4500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
5600000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
6300000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
7100000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
8000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
9000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
10000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
11000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
12500000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
14000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
16000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
18000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
20000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
22000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
25000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
28000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
32000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
36000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
40000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
45000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
50

CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.

CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1981

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

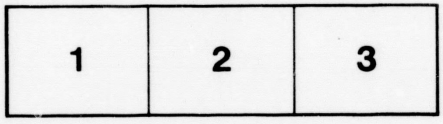
Bibliothèque nationale du Québec

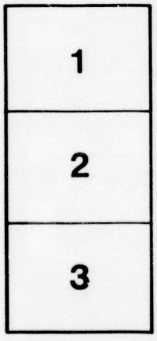
The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

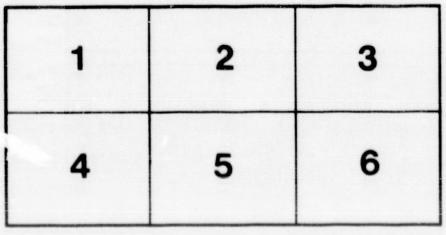
Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:







L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Québec

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

THE HISTORY

OF

SCOTTISH SONG.

BY

REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK,

AUTHOR OF

"CYCLOPÆDIA OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY," "THE BRITISH AMERICAN READER," "THE HARP OF CANAAN," "BATTLES OF THE WORLD," "EVERY MAN'S MINE OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE," AND THE "ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA."

"Tho' hair grow grey, and limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me."

"The Scottish Minstrelsy, at the present day, presents *by far the finest and most characteristic collection* of National Songs in the world."

"There is no ear so simple or so refined as not to be charmed with Scottish Melodies."—"*English Literature.*"

Montreal:

MURRAY & CO., STATIONERS' HALL, 387 NOTRE DAME STREET.

1874.

ENTERED, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-four, by REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PR
1181
B6
F5

B. Q. R.
NO. 1753

ıt of Canada,
venty-four, by
ıister of Agri-

PREFACE.

At the request of many kind friends, and others interested in Scottish Song, the following work is given to the public. The Author feels confident that it will be well received by Scotchmen and their descendants in Canada, knowing well that no book of the same kind *has ever before* been given to the world, and embracing, as THIS ONE does, all the most favorite and national songs of "Auld Scotia" together with a succinct and chronological history of the Scottish Muse from the very earliest periods to the present time. If the reading and the singing of these songs produce half the pleasure to the Public which it has caused the Author in their compilation, much will have been accomplished; and the words of JOHN IMLAH, and of the verses which follow his are the most appropriate to insert before the History.

Montreal November, 1874.

133392

HISTORY OF SCOTTISH SONG.

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

Auld Scotia's Sangs! Auld Scotia's Sangs!—the strains o' youth and yore!—
O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er;
Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud,—or changefu' as a child,
Yet lilt to me, and I will list—the "native wood notes wild!"

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up, fresh and fair,
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the Bush abune Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o' Invermay,
Or Catrine's green and yellow Woods in autumn's dwining day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar siller
burnies shine,
The Lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in Auld
Lang Syne:
And, mair than a,' the Trystin' Thorn that blossom'd
down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter
luve's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flodden's
day o' dule,—
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin' youth
at Yule;—
Now o'er young luve's impassion'd strain our conscious
heart will yearn,—
And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce o' Ban-
nockburn!

O! lovely in the licht o' sang the Ettrick and the
Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld Scotia's
lyric reed;—
The Logan and the Lugar, too, but, hallow'd meikle
mair,
The Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doun,—the Afton and
the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the pleugh—the shep-
herd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milkin' pail, or by the ingle neuk,
Lo'e weel to croon Auld Scotia's sangs—O may they
ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie lay!

Though warldly grief and warldling's guile maun l
like ithers dree,
Maun thole the sair saigh rive my breist—the het tear
scald my e'e!
But let me list the melodies o' some o' Scotia's sangs,
And I will a' forget my waes—will a' forgie my
wrangs!

O! born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's
wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' monie lovely thochts, wi' monie
lo'esome themes;
They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi' brichter
shine
On far aff scenes, and far aff friends—and Auld Lang
Syne!

Auld Scotia's Sangs!—Auld Scotia's Sangs! her
"native wood notes wild!"
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like a
child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list then o'er
and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's Sangs!—Auld Scotia's Sangs!—the
sangs o' youth and yore!

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

O sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
  I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father wished to hear,
  The sangs my mither sung,
When she sat beside my cradle,
  Or crooned me on her knee,
And I wadna sleep she sang sae sweet
  The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
  The blithesome or the sad,
They make me smile when I am wae,
  And greet when I am glad;
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
  The saut tear dims my e'e,
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins,
  As ye sing the sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' these auld sangs,
  For ilka ane can tell,
O' joy or sorrow o' the past,
  Where mem'ry loves to dwell;
Tho' hair grow grey, and limbs grow auld,
  Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
  The auld Scotch sangs to me.

THE HISTORY OF SCOTTISH SONG.

It is an historical and undeniable fact that all the nations of antiquity, even the most barbarous and most illiterate, and of which we have any knowledge or information in the pages of historical research and antiquarian lore, with, perhaps, the one, single, solitary exception of the aboriginal inhabitants of the great Australian continent and some parts of Oceanica, are known to possess snatches or fragments of music and song, and to acknowledge such in their feasts, war-dances and religious ceremonies. Thus has Poetry always and in all ages taken the precedence of Prose. The Picts and Scots were among the earliest inhabitants of fair "Albion's Isle." The Skalds or Bards, amongst these early people, celebrated their heroic exploits and warlike deeds in the rude strains and language then used by these sons of Caledon and Albion. They were their only poets. During the Middle Ages when the Celtic language was not so prevalent—and especially in Scotland, where it had been supplanted by the Anglo Saxon and Norman French—the Minstrels took upon themselves the duties which anciently belonged to the Skalds or Bards. They became a kind of professional rhyme makers or public reciters, and were often admitted into the halls, and even into the private apartments, of the great and noble of the land. There they sang and recited, always accompanied by the sweet music of the harp, versified or poetical romances "of love and war and glomourie."

On the decline of chivalry and romance, and after the Crusades, these minstrels gradually fell into disuse,—till after the invention of printing by Lawrence Koster, and its introduction into the various countries of Europe, Scotland among the rest, they sank into such a low stratum of society, that they were classed among "sturdy beggars, rogues and vagabonds" and "seem to have become somewhat like our modern street ballad mongers or the humbler portion of our street musicians."

THOMAS THE RHYMER, who flourished in the 13th century and who wrote "Sir Tristrem," is, without doubt, the first, the earliest and the eldest of any, either Scottish or English rhymer. His language does not differ in any great essentials or material manner from that of England of the same period, so that, as Sir Walter Scott himself declares, and his authority is unquestioned: "It follows that the first classical English Romance was written in part of what is now called Scotland."

A hundred years after the times of Thomas the Rhymer, lived JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who is generally recognized as the earliest Scottish poet. He wrote an interesting poem on the "Great Bruce" forming, as it does a metrical epic on the deeds of the most illustrious and the most renowned of Scotia's royal line. Here is a specimen of his Bruce:—

"— quhasae likes thai may hear
Young women, quhen thai play,
Sing it amang them ilk day."

This refers to a victory which was gained at Eskdale over a body of English soldiers.

After him flourished and sang ANDREW WYNTOUN, prior of Loch Leven, and also BLIND HARRY or HENRY THE MINSTREL. The former wrote what is called the "Chronicle of Scotland," and the latter composed a rhyme, celebrated to this day, on the life and exploits of Sir William Wallace. This version of the life of Sir William Wallace was published in 1722 by William Hamilton and since then it has passed through innumerable editions. In the days of Burns it was as popular as now. He thus speaks of it as having poured into his Scottish veins, "a tide of Scottish prejudice that would continue to boil there till the flood-gates of life were shut in everlasting rest."

None of the names above mentioned belong properly speaking to Scottish song or the writers of such. In the year 1314 was fought the decisive and memorable battle of Bannockburn, and, from this period for a hundred years after no traces of Scottish song occur worth noticing. An English chronicler, Fabyan by name, relates that "the Scotts enflamed with pride, in derysyon of the English made this rhyme as followeth:—

"Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne
For your lemmans (lovers) ye have lost at Bannockysborne,
With *Heue a lowe.*
What! weneth (imagineth) the king of Englande
So soone to have won Scotlande?
With *Rumbylowe.*"

The words printed in Italics are supposed to be old choruses or burthens as we find elsewhere.

We have now arrived at the age of JAMES I of Scotland, and the most illustrious of the many of the House of Stuart. King James may be "pronounced in addition to his eminence in serious and imaginative poetry, as the first who in his "Peblis to the Play," opened up that store of rich, humorous and graphic description of common life by which the Scottish Muse has ever since been so prominently distinguished." His description of a beautiful lady in the gardens of Windsor Castle, "his milk white dove," and who afterwards became his wife and queen of Scotland, is a masterpiece of delineation and is beautifully depicted in the poem which he wrote styled "The King's Quhair" or Book. This king was seized by Henry IVth of England when he was on his voyage to France, and for 19 years he was detained a prisoner by the English king. Whilst kept a prisoner at Windsor Castle he saw walking one day in the garden of that Castle, the beautiful daughter of the duke of Somerset. He fell deeply in love with this lady then and there. Afterwards the sum of £40,000 having been paid as a ransom for him, King James regained his liberty, and at the same time married the lady who had gained his heart "his milk white dove" and carried her to Scotland. The following are a few of the stanzas of his poem, "The King's Quhair:"

"Of her array the form gif I shall write,
Toward her golden hair and rich attire,
In freturse couchit with perlis white,

And greate balas lemying as the fire,
With many an emerant and fair sapphire
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumys parted red, and white and blue.

About her neck, white as the fyre amaille,
A goodly chain of small orfeverye,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane hearty shapen, verily,
That as a spark of lowe so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now gif there was good perde, God it wote.

And for to walk that freshe Maye's morrow,
Ane book she had upon her tissue white
That goodlier had not been seen toforowe,
As I suppose and girt she was al yte;
Thus halflying loose for haste to such delight,
It was to see her youth in goodlihead,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.
* * * * * *
In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,
" Bounty, richesse and womanly faiture,
" God better wot than my pen can report,
" Wisdom, largesse estate and conyng sure,
" In every point so guided her measure,"
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance."

A hundred years again elapse between the reigns of James Ist and James Vth. This century may be justly styled the Augustan era or age of Scottish poetry. It was during these ten decades that

HENRYSONE, DUNBAR, GAVIN DOUGLAS and SIR DAVID LINDSAY all flourished. None of these, however, may be properly called song writers. Henrysone is the only one who may properly be styled a composer of songs. He was born 1425 and died 1495. He is the author of the earliest known ballad in the Scottish language. It is of considerable merit, and for the sake of showing the style of this period we insert the opening lines. The ballad is called "Robene and Makyne."

"Robene sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie,
Mirry Makyne said him till
Robene thou rew on me,
I haef the lovit lowd and still,
Thes yieris two or thre,
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot dreid I die."

WILLIAM DUNBAR.—(Born 1465, died 1520), may truly be considered in the first rank of the old Scottish poets. He wrote a beautiful poem, and called it "The Thistle and the Rose," upon the auspicious occasion of the marriage of James IVth to Margaret Tudor, the eldest daughter of Henry VIIth of England, a marriage auspicious and momentous indeed, as it led in after years to the ultimate reunion of the crowns of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland in the person of James VIth of Scotland and Ist of England. Dunbar was a constant attender at the court of king James IVth, but at last died comparatively neglected.

GAVIN DOUGLAS was the bishop of Dunkeld, and is well known to classical scholars by his translation of the beautiful *Æneid* of the Latin poet Virgil. This is the earliest translation, and preceded any other versification in English. All that the English then knew of this favorite classic was from a romance on the siege of Troy and published by the renowned Caxton. Bishop Douglas very humorously pronounces this romance "to be no more like Virgil than the devil is like St. Austin."

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY—(born 1490, died 1557), when a boy was the page and companion of James Vth. He espoused the principles of the Reformation, and became a stern and firm supporter of the cause, not only by his dramas and satirical descriptions but by the influence which he exerted. He wrote many poems; perhaps his best is "Squire Meldrum."

We have now arrived at the time of JAMES Vth, "The King of the Commons," that merry, yet unfortunate monarch who is so well known in Scottish History. He was in the habit of strolling about the country *incognito* with the double reason, no doubt, of indulging his natural love of adventure and of ascertaining the real wants and undisguised opinions of his people. This king is said to have been the author of two songs well known to every Scotchman, viz., "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jolly Beggar." Every one knows these words:

"We'll gang nae mair a-roving, a-roving in the night,
We'll gang nae mair a-roving, tho' the moon shine
ne'er so bright."

The story of the "Gudeman of Ballangeioch" is

well known, and Sir Walter Scott has immortalized this king in his "Lady of the Lake." James also wrote a well-known poem "*Christ's Kirk on the Green.*" He died in 1542, at Falkland Castle, of a slow fever brought on by excessive grief at the news of the defeat of his army at the battle of Solway Moss. He left only one child, a daughter, the beautiful and unfortunate *Mary Queen of Scots.* Kitson speaks of this princess thus: "Not less remarkable for the accomplishments of her mind than for the beauty of her person, she wrote the most elegant songs and sung them to her lute like an angel." He admits, however, that all her compositions were in the French language.

These two last reigns, viz., those of James Vth and Mary tended much to improve the musical tastes of the Scottish nation. Queen Mary had two secretaries, named respectively David Rizzio and Chatelar, the first an Italian, the other a Frenchman. They were both good musicians and "encouraged a love of music among the frequenters of Queen Mary's court, and thus they influenced, to a greater or less degree the love of it among the common people. It is said that many song tunes now considered Scotch were ascribed to Chatelar and are evidently of French origin and that Scotland is indebted to Rizzio for a number of its melodies." This opinion, is, however, contradicted by other writers. In the memoirs of Sir James Melville it is recorded "Queen Mary had three valets who sang three parts and she wanted a person to sing a bass or fourth part. David Rizzio who had come with the ambassador of Savoy was

recommended as one fit to make the fourth in concert and thus he was drawn in to sing sometimes with the rest and afterwards, when her French secretary retired himself to France; this David Rizzio obtained the same office." The poet Bell beautifully speaks of these men in his "Queen Mary:"

"*The scene was changed.* It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, list'ning to the rain, and sighing with the winds
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,

They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce
domestic broils."

During the reign of Queen Mary the times were too troublesome for the cultivation of the Muses and hence we find few poetical names in this epoch. ALEXANDER SCOT, the Scottish Anacreon, is the only one whose lyrics are worth mentioning. His principal one is named "*Address to his Heart.*" It might appear with little change as a modern production. The first stanza reads thus:

"Return thee hamewart, Hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou wast wont to be;
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane
For love of her that loves not thee.
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie;
Love nane bot as they mak thee cause;
And let her seik ane hairt for thee;
For feind a crum of thee sche fawis.

Whilst the Reformation in England had been the means of consigning to oblivion or to popular hatred and detestation very many of the ancient songs and song tunes in Scotland, such was the musical love and ardour of the inhabitants that many of the familiar and old airs were sung to secular words. "Many beautiful Roman Catholic chants *then* became secular, and such as '*John! come kiss me now!*'—'*Auld Lang Syne*'—'*John Anderson my Jo*'— and '*We're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin'*, which belonged to the cathedral services of both England and Scotland, were then appropriated to purposes of profane parodies, and sung sometimes in ridicule of that church from which they had been taken and sometimes to words of a

more objectionable character." Whilst Sidney and Spenser and other poets were illustrating the glorious reign of Good Queen Bess (Queen Elizabeth) of England, the Muses in Scotland were not altogether neglected. "There was very little intercourse between the two countries, and the works of the English bards seem to have been comparatively unknown in the north and to have had no imitators in Scotland. The country was then in a rude and barbarous state, tyrannized over by the nobles and torn by feuds and dissensions. In England the Reformation had proceeded from the throne and was accomplished with little violence or disorder. In Scotland, however, it uprooted the whole form of society, and was marked by fierce contentions and lawless turbulence. The absorbing influence of this ecclesiastical struggle was unfavorable to the cultivation of poetry. It shed a gloomy spirit over the nation, and almost proscribed the study of romantic literature. The drama, which in England was the nurse of so many fine thoughts, so much stormy passion and beautiful imagery, was shunned as a very leprosy fatal to religion and morality. The very songs of Scotland then partook of this religious character, and so widely was the polemical spirit diffused that Alexander Scot in his '*New Year gift to the Queen.*' written in the year 1562, says, 'That limmer lads and little lasses too, will argue baithe with bishop, priest and friar.'"

After Scot came ALEXANDER HUME, minister of Logie, who wrote in 1599 a book of hymns or sacred songs. The accession of James VIth, of Scotland, to

the English throne, and the union of the two countries and crowns in 1603, at first had a very unfavorable influence on Scottish poetry and song. Independent of James' partiality for his native language and countrymen, his mother tongue, non-sanctioned by the gay court of England, soon ceased to be used by writers of reputation, and the leading and best poets of the country sang in English strains and cultivated the English language instead of the Scotch. A few of these may be mentioned here: WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Earl of Stirling, who died in 1640. SIR ROBERT AYTOUN, Secretary to Queen Anne, of Denmark who was wife of James VIth. WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden, died 1649. These were the most illustrious names. But although this period was destitute of any great song writer, still some very old and favorite and well-known songs were now composed, but who composed them, for what purpose, or on what occasion, is all lost in obscurity, and is now only matter of speculation and conjecture. Some of the principal songs are the following: "*Birks of Abergeldy*," "*Maggie's Tocher*," "*Todlen Hame*," "*The Ewe-buchts*," "*Jocky said to Jenny*," "*Auld Rob Morris*," composed 1692, "*In January last*," "*Leezie Lindsay*," "*Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.*" This song highly humorous, and at one time very popular appears in print in 1725. Ramsay states that in his day it was of an unknown age and considered a very old song. "*Although I be but a country lass.*" This song is not so old as the preceding. It appears in the Tea Table Miscellany and also appears in "*Pills to purge Melancholy*," published 1700. "*The Barring of the door*,"

"Over the hills and far awa," "Ettrick Banks," "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been," &c., &c.

BIRKS OF ABERGELDY.

This song gave rise to Burns' "Birks of Aberfeldy." It is very old. In a book called Playford's Dancing Master, printed A. D. 1657, this song and tune are found. The words are:—

Bonnie lassie will ye go
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the Birks of Abergeldy?
Ye sall get a gown of silk,
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
Ye sall get a gown of silk,
And coat of callimankie.

No, kind sir, I dar na gang,
I dar na gang, I dar na gang,
No kind sir, I dar na gang,
My minny will be angry.
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

This is a very old ballad, and sometimes much lengthened by other verses.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
My bride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Hielands wi' you sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

Gin ye be the laird o' Clan Ronald,
A great ane I ken ye maun be;
But how could a chieftain sae mighty
Think on a puir lassie like me?

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee;
An' she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

THE EWE-BUCHTS.

The words and tune of this song are of great antiquity, and at this era were great favorites. They appeared in the Orpheus Caledonius, published A. D. 1725, and belong to a far earlier period. The words are:—

Will ye gae to the ewe-buchts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

Oh Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blythe blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk in your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en, when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glower in their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion,
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And ye'se get a green sey apron,
And waiscoat o' London broun,
And vow but ye'se be vap'rin,
Whene'er ye gang to the toun.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green,
And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae, put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And as sure as my chin has nae hair on,
I will come west and see ye.

After the publication of Hume's sacred songs with the exception of the stray songs already mentioned, "The Scotish Muse (says Chambers) lay dormant for nearly a century except when it found brief expression in some stray song of broad humour or simple pathos, chanted by the population of the hills and dales. The genius of the country was at last revived in all its force and nationality, its comic dialogue, its doric simplicity and wonderful tenderness by ALLAN RAMSAY, whose very name is now the impersonation of Scottish scenery and manners. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over Scotland and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists, but a freer spirit found its way into the towns along with the increase of trade and commerce. The higher classes were now in the habit of visiting London, though the journey was still performed on horseback, and the writings of Pope and Swift were being circu-

lated in the North. Clubs and taverns were rife in Edinburgh, in which the assembled wits loved to indulge in a pleasantry that often degenerated into excess. Talent was readily known and appreciated, and when Allan Ramsay appeared on the scene as an author, he found the nation ripe for his native humour."

Most readers are aware that the "*Gentle Shepherd*" is the best of his works, and in which there are a number of very fine songs, among which mention may be made of the opening song in the book "*The wauking o' the Fauld*," also "*Corn Riggs*."

THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delyte,
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.

He also wrote:—

"*The Flower of Yarrow*," "*Busk ye Busk ye*," "*The Yellow Haired Laddie*," "*Bessie Bell and Mary Grey*," "*Gie me a Lass*," "*The Lily of the Vale*," "*An thou were my ain thing*," "*An auld Man*," and "*Bonnie Christie*." There is another which has received a world-wide celebrity and has historic associations second to none. Played upon the pibroch when the Highlanders as emigrants have left their native heather hills to become exiles in a foreign land, it partakes almost of a national character, and when we add that on account of the influence it exerted on

Highland Regiments on foreign service it has been forbidden by the War Office of Britain to be played by any Highland corps whilst serving abroad, this too adds interest to the song. It is stated that a large percentage of the men of one of our best Highland Regiments whilst serving in India were always sick and in hospital with no virulent or fatal disease of the country. On examination by medical men, a clever surgeon found out that the playing of the air referred to, whilst the officers were at mess, by the pipers of the regiment, affected the men so much that they actually pined away, thinking on their far off heather hills, and to them might well be applied the words of Burns when he sings:

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands achasing the deer,
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love."

The song to which we refer is called:

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more—
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest o' thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward o' the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee wi' love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny lasses,
They bigged a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
And theeked it ower wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy faulter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills wi' rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,
Wi' ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamond's glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses:
Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

From the days of Allan Ramsay to about the year of the American Revolution, 1776, though most of the Scottish poets wrote in the English language, some, however, stimulated by the success of Ramsay, cultivated their native language with much éclat.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, WILLIAM HAMILTON and DAVID MALLET were associated with Ramsay in the "Tea Table Miscellany," and all wrote more or less in their native language. Hamilton wrote the "Life of Sir William Wallace" mentioned before and taken from "Blind Harry." Mallet wrote the well-known ballad, "William and Margaret," and Crawford wrote, "*The Bush aboon Traquair*," "*Broom of Cowdenknows*," "*One day I heard Mary*," "*Tweedside*," "*Down the Burn, Davie.*" This last one is given as an illustration of Crawford's Muse:

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burnside;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white;
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like the morning bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flow'ry dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale;
Dear Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And aye will follow you.

At this period Scottish music and Scottish song were almost universally cultivated and patronized even by the higher circles of society. Throughout all the country and at every fashionable evening party, the simple singing of Scotch songs formed a leading source of amusement. Some of the highest rank cultivated the Scottish muse, both ladies and gentlemen. We now insert a song written during this period, and which is to this day a universal favorite.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

The "Great Argyll" of this song is supposed to have been John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, commander of the royal forces in Scotland during the rebellion of 1715. As an enlightened statesman, and thoroughly patriotic Scotchman, he was universally respected. The well-known martial air of "The Campbells are comin'" is very old.

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three bonnie perches play.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin,' O ho, O ho.

The great Argyll, he goes before,
He makes the canons and guns to roar:
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin,' O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho;
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho.

ALEXANDER ROSS, a schoolmaster of Lochlea, wrote two songs which are pretty well known. They are called "*Woo'd and Married and a'*," and "*The Rock and the wee Pickle Tow*," and which to this day are deservedly popular in Scotland.

In 1750 two Scotch ladies composed two versions of a favorite national ballad "*The Flowers of the Forest.*" Both continue to this day to divide the favor

of all lovers of Scottish song. It has truly been said that in "minute observation of domestic life, traits of character and manners, and the softer language of the heart, ladies have often excelled the 'Lords of the Creation' and in music their triumphs are indeed manifold." So in the case before us. The songs were written to bewail the terrible and sad loss of the Scots at the fatal Battle of Flodden A.D. 1513, and which is so grandly and pathetically told in Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and beginning:

"News of battle, news of battle,
Hark 'tis ringing down the street."

Miss Jane Elliott's version of the song is the following:—

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a lilting at our ewes' milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the break o' day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming
'Mang stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

In har'st at the shearing nae youths now are jeering;
The bandsters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that aye shone the foremost,
The prime of the land now lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewes' milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

MRS. COCKBURN'S verses follow:—

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled, 'tis fled far away;
I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay,
Sae bonnie was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and are a' wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle fortune why this cruel sporting?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me,
Thy smiles cannot cheer me,
For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

Another song of this period is a great and universal favorite. The author of it is unknown. Some say that Mr. Douglas of Findland wrote it upon Annie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of the Barony of Maxwelton. They found their assertion on the fact that a copy of the song was found on him when he fell in battle. This song was long popular throughout the south of Scotland, Maxwelton being a place in Dumfrieshire. A lady who altered the original song produced the Annie Laurie of modern popularity. This song was a very great favorite with the British Army during the Russian war of the Crimea. It is related the evening before the bloody battle of Inkerman, a young Scottish soldier at his tent door commenced singing Annie Laurie, immediately a large number of men of the different corps near began to take it up, and the plaintive sweet notes were borne far away on the passing breeze and towards Sebastopol. Numbers of those who sang it, a few hours later were sleeping that sleep which knows no waking on the bloody field of battle. There are two versions of this song,

each wonderfully tender, and sweet, and chaste for the age in which they were written. The modern version is here given:—

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And its there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be,
An' for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonny Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

At this period, 1772, LADY ANNE LINDSAY, or Bernard, composed "*Auld Robin Gray*," one of the most perfect, tender and affecting of all the ballads of either the Scottish or English languages. Indeed, it has been styled, and that truly, "The king of all the Scottish ballads." A very old version having been sung to the young family of the Earl of Balcaras, in Fife, Lady Anne, one of the daughters, was particularly impressed with its melody and beauty. Taking the name of the old cow-herd of her father's home-farm, Robin Gray, by name, she represented a young maiden as obliged by family misfortunes, to accept him for a lover and husband, and then make her become overwhelmed with grief when she found her youthful lover and sweetheart, supposed to be dead, still alive. As soon as it was composed and set to an ancient and popular air it became a universal favorite, and to this day maintains its place among the ballads of Scotland.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for
his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething beside.
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown awa,
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.
My father couldna work, and my mither doughtna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!"

My heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack,
The ship it was a wrack; why didna Jenny dee?
Oh! why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!
My father argued sair; my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
Now auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back, love, to marry thee."
O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish'd I were dead; but I'm no like to dee,
Oh! why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.
"Nae langer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
Despair it was come, and she thought it content,
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she dropp'd like a lily broke down by the hail."

The last four lines were added by Sir Walter Scott. She also wrote

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yard,
Wha played on the pipe, and the viol sae sma';
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';
He said, Think na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa';
For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has ousan, 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 him wi' the houses and land.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie as you.
He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,'
And gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

The great antiquity of this song, a selection of which is here printed, is proved from a stanza of it being quoted by Shakespeare in his beautiful Play of Othello, and first published in 1611. In the 2nd act, scene III, Iago is represented making use of almost the words of the last stanza, when singing over his wine with Cassio. Instead of King Robert Shakespeare has King Stephen.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blast sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill;
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
And she has come of a good kin;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne,
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I ha'e worn't this thirty year.
Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when gude King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon,
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thour't a man o' low degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

The Rev. John Skinner deserves a place here among the song writers of "Auld Scotia," if it were for no other piece than "Tullochgorum." This

song greatly tended to allay the fierce, rancorous feelings between the Whigs and Tories which ran so high in the stirring and exciting times of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and after the fatal and bloody field of Culloden. He also wrote "*John of Badenyon*," "*When I began the World*," but his chief song is "*The Ewie wi' the crookit Horn*," which is a favorite old Scottish lyric, and justly ranked amongst the first class of that species of Poetry to which it belongs. The first verse of Tullochgorum is given as an example of his style. Burns says that this song is "first of songs." The origin of the song is as follows: The author and others were dining in a lady's house named Montgomery in Ellon, Aberdeenshire. After dinner there arose political disputes, and the lady seeing how things would end asked for a song, and Mr. Skinner produced immediately the song. It was first printed A. D. 1776:

"Come, gie's a song, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide,
For what's been done before them;
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend the night in mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me,
The reel of Tullochgorum.

The following fine Jacobite songs are here inserted as they appropriately follow Skinner's Tullochgorum:

O'ER THE WATERS.

Come, boat me ower, come, row me ower,
Come, boat me ower to Charlie;
I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
To ferry me ower to Charlie.
We'll over the water and over the sea,
We'll over the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be that abhor him;
But O, to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,
And the sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie.

I ance had sons, I now ha'e nane;
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie!

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

BARONESS NAIRN.

Charles Edward entered Carlisle preceded by a hundred pipers. Two thousand Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown; the tide being swollen, nothing was seen of them but their heads and shoulders, they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When landed, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry again.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Oh, it's owre the border awa', awa,'
It's owre the border awa', awa',
We'll on, an' we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castles, an' a', an' a',

Chorus—Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gi'e them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh, our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartan kilts an' a,' an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, and feathers, and glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear,
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Highland men?
Second-sichted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mithers grat when they marched away.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a',
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet and feathers he's waving high!
His prancing steed maist seems to fly!
The nor'-win plays wi' his curly hair!
While the pipers blaw wi' an unco flare!

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep;
But shouther tae shouther the brave lads keep,
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfoundered, the English saw, they saw,—
Dumfoundered, they heard the blaw, the blaw!
Dumfoundered, they a' ran awa,' awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie,
For ships o' war have just come in,
An' landed Royal Charlie!
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early,
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown him rightfu', lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
Ha'e to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, ha'e
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete and early,
His very name my heart's blood warms,—
To arms for royal Charlie!
Come through, &c.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

BARONESS NAIRN.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's owre the hills we daurna name,
He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fecht for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame,
My mither greets and prays for them,
And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame,
He's owre the hills, &c.

The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah! that love maun be sincere,
Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
An' for his sake leaves a' beside,
He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
O'er Hieland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did our laddie will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
He's owre the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight,
For your country, religion, and a' that is right;
Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
I'd dee as aft for ane o' the three!
He's owre the hills, &c.

WHEN THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER.

Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, was the heroine of this song, and is also supposed to be the author of it. So strongly was she attached to the Stuarts, that when her two sons returned to Scotland, she never ceased to importune them, notwithstanding the fearful danger attending it, till they engaged actively in the cause of the exiled family.

I may sit in my wee croo-house,
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;
I may think on the days that's gane,
And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
A foreign loon to own or flatter;
But I will sing anither sang,
That day our king comes owre the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
That I ha'e begged, and begged frae heaven,
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
And dance and sing frae morn till even:
For there is ane I winna name,
That comes the reigning bike to scatter;
And I'll put on my bridal gown,
That day our king comes owre the water.

I ha'e seen the guid auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bore the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter?
I'll sing and dance ae ither day,
That day our king comes owre the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver!
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes owre the water.

WILL YOU NO COME BACK AGAIN.

Bonnie Charlie's now awa'
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be—
Will you no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie;
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.
Will you no, &c.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir, and puirer we maun be;
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will you no, &c.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning gray,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray.
Will you no, &c.

Sweet's the laverock's note an' lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings a'e sang,
Will you no come back again?
Will you no, &c.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

This is one of the most spirited of all the Jacobite songs and one of the most popular. It was probably written after the accession of George I to the throne of England in 1714, but when or where it first appeared is now unknown. The above version first appeared in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," in 1819.

Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,
But a wee, wee German Lairdie;
When we gaed owre to bring him hame,
He was delvin' in his kail-yardie,
He was sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
Without the hose, and but the breeks,
And up his beggar duds he cleeks,
This wee, wee German Lairdie.

And he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German Lairdie;
And he's brought fouth o' his foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yardie.
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
But our Scotch thistle will jag his thumbs,
This wee, wee German Lairdie.

Come up amang our Hieland hills,
Thou wee, wee German Lairdie,
And see the Stuart's lang kail thrive,
They hae dibbled in our kail-yardie.
And if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yokin' o' a plough,
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou',
Ye feckless German Lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole,
For nursin' siccan vermin;
But the very dogs in England's court,
They bark and howl in German.
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
Thy spade but and thy yardie;
For wha the deil now claims your land,
But a wee, wee German Lairdie.

O WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

O, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea,
To his ain countrie,
Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

Awa, awa, auld carlie,
Awa, awa, auld carlie,
Gi'e Charlie his crown,
And let him sit down,
Whar ye've been sae lang, auld carlie.

It's up in the morning early,
It's up in the morning early,
The bonny white rose,
The plaid and the hose,
Are on for Scotland and Charlie.

The swords are drawn now fairly;
The swords are drawn now fairly;
The swords they are drawn,
And the pipes they ha'e blawn
A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
The flags are fleeing fu' rarely;
And Charlie's awa'
To see his ain ha',
And to bang his faes right sairly.

Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea
To his ain countrie;
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLANDMEN.

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymore—fight for Prince Charlie.
Down from the mountain steep—
Up from the valley deep—

Out from the clachan, the bothy and shieling,
Bugle and battle-drum,
Bid chief and vassal come,
Loudly our bagpipes the pibroch are pealing!

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie!

Men of the mountains, descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame and hills of your fathers;
Say shall the southron—the Sassenach fear us,
When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers!
Long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Rust hath been blunting the armour of Albin:
Seize, then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Bredalbin!

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie!

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
And Donald Macdonald!

Come Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie!

THE GALLANT MONTROSE.

The gallant Montrose has his pennon unfurl'd,
His foot in the stirrup, his face to the world;
He spurs to the Highlands, his liege men to bring,
And marshall his clans to the aid of the king.
Up, up and away, in battle or fray,
Be the deeds of your fathers remember'd to-day.

The pibroch is sounding o'er forest and fell,
The clang of the claymore is heard in the dell;
Five thousand blue bonnets are seeking the foes
Of bonnie Prince Charles and the gallant Montrose.
Up, up and away, &c.

There's strife in the Lowlands, the Campbells are nigh,
Argyll and the Covenant; hark to the cry:
The trumpets ring shrill o'er the waters of Forth,
The Graham is upon them, like hail from the north.
Up, up and away, &c.

The haughty Argyll to his stronghold has fled,
The flower of the Campbells lies stricken and dead;
So true to his king, and so stout to his foes,
O! where is the lord like the lord of Montrose.
Up, up and away, &c.

The following are some old songs:—

HAME CAM' OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.

There is an allusion here to hiding or harboring one of Prince Charlie's men "Ye're hidin' Tories in the house." In Lady Drummond's song she says: "A curse on dull and drawling Whig," intended for the king's followers and supporters.

Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en;
And hame cam' he,
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where horse sud na be.
Oh! how's this? and what's this?
And wha's may he be?
How cam' this horse here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye silly, blind, doited carle,
And blinder may ye be:
It's but a bonnie milk cow
My minnie sent to me.
Milk cow! quo' he; ay, milk cow, quo' she;
O far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,
But a saddle on a milk cow,
Saw I never nane.

Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And there he saw a siller sword,
Where nae sic sword sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam' this to be?
How cam' this sword here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye stupid, auld, doited carle,
Ye're unco blind I see;
It's but a bonnie parritch-stick
My minnie sent to me.
Parritch-stick! quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and meikle hae I seen,
But siller mounted parritch-sticks,
Saw I never nane.

Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam' he,
And there he saw a feather cap,
Where nae cap sud be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam' this to be?
How cam' this bannet here
Without the leave o' me?
Ye're a silly, auld, donard bodie,
And unco blind I see;
It's but a tappit clocken hen,
My minnie sent to me.
A clocken hen! quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;
Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,
But white cockades on clocken hens,
Saw I never nane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,
And ben gaed he,
And there he spied a Hieland plaid,
Where nae plaid should be.
How's this? and what's this?
And how cam' this to be?
How cam' the plaid here
Without the leave o' me?
O hooly, hooly, my gudeman,
And dinna anger'd be;
It cam' wi' cousin M'Intosh,
Frae the north countrie.
Your cousin! quo' he; aye, cousin, quo' she;
Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,
Ye're hidin' Tories in the house,
Without the leave o' me.

WHEN YE GANG AWA,' JAMIE.

When ye gang awa', Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie;
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?

I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I'll send ye a braw new gown, lassie,
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

That's nae gift ava', Jamie,
That's nae gift ava', laddie;
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land,
I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

When I come back again, Jeanie,
When I come back again, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
To be your ain guidman, lassie.

Be my guidman yoursel', Jamie,
Be my guidman yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me owre to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna ken how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd 'gree, lassie.

You should ha'e telt me that in time, Jamie,
You should ha'e telt me that in time, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Your een were like a spell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I could na help mysel', lassie.

Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like mine, laddie.

Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
My story's a' a lee, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

Think weel before ye rue, Jamie,
Think weel for fear ye rue, laddie,
For I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnston's bower, and Hunting tower,
An' a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Mart'mas time
And a gay time it was then, O
When our gudewife had puddings to mak'
And she boil'd them in the pan, O!

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,
And blew into the floor, O!
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O!"

"My hand is in my husswyfskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me, O!"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Whaever spak' the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O!
And they could neither see house nor ha'
Nor coal nor candle light, O!

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But never a word wad ane o' them speak
For barring o' the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black, O!
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to herself
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

Then said the ane unto the other—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff to the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then, O?"
"What ails you at the puddin' bree
That boils into the pan, O?"

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O!"

THE BOATIE ROWS.

This song, says Burns, nearly equals "There's nae luck about the House." It first appeared in Johnson's Museum, and became very popular at the end of the last century and still continues to be so. It was written by John Ewen, a native of Montrose, who died in Aberdeen, 1821,—in his 80th year. "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life." These are the words of Scotia's greatest song writer, who highly appreciated it.

O! weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And liesome may the boatie row
That wins my bairns's bread;
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns's bread.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O! muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

When Sawny, Jock, an' Janetie,
Are up and gotten lair;
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The merlin and the creel.

And whan wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before;
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns's bread;
And happy be the lot o' a,'
That wish the boatie speed.

The following two songs are from the pen of Lady Baroness Nairn, whose two beautiful Jacobite songs are already given.

CALLER HERRIN'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
There bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye are sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows.

Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.

Noo a' ye lads at herrin' fishing,
Costly vampins, dinner dressing,
Sole or turbot, how distressing,
Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessing.
Wha'll buy, &c.

And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy, &c.

Noo neebour' wives come tent my telling.
When the bonnie fish ye're selling,
At a word aye be your dealing,
Truth will stand when a' things failing.
Wha'll buy, &c.

THE ROWAN TREE.

Oh! rowan tree, oh! rowan tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me;
Entwin'd thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy.
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the simmer's pride;
There was na sic a bonnie tree in a' the country side.
Oh! rowan tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white;
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright;
On thy fair stem were mony names which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be.
Oh! rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang;
My mither, oh! I see her still, she smiled our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.
Oh! rowan tree.

Oh! there arose my father's pray'r in holy evening's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the martyr's psalm!
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee turn o' hame and infancy.
Oh! rowan tree.

JAMES THOMSON, author of the "Seasons," wrote the songs, "For ever Fortune," and "Tell me, thou Soul." The first appeared in the Orpheus Caledonius so far back as 1725, and is here given. Speaking of Thomson, every Scotchman must feel proud when he remembers that the national song, "Rule Britannia," is from the pen of the author of the "Seasons," and appeared in the "Masque of Alfred." It is remarkable that the other national ode, "God save the Queen," or the "King's and Queen's Anthem" is the production of Carey, and appeared as a pure Jacobite song just before the insurrection of 1715. The first words were:—

"God save great James, our King,
Send him victorious,
Soon to reign over us,"

After the rebellion, being sung publicly in the London theatre, and changing James to George, it became immensely popular, and has ever since been the Royal Anthem.

FOR EVER FORTUNE.

For ever Fortune wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part.
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish—the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy, still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, oh Fortune hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

From about 1750 to the year 1850 was the period when all the principal songs of Scotland, except those already spoken of, and those of very recent date, were composed. This era produced Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Thomas Campbell, Robert Tannahill, Hector McNeil, Richard Gall, Sir Alexander Boswell, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, William Mickle, Robert and William Fergusson, William Motherwell, Susanna Blamire, William Thom, Mrs. Grant, Thomas Lyle, Alexander Rodger, David Vedder, James Ballantyne, William Laidlaw, Adam Skirving, Robert Gilfillan,

Alexander Laing, Captain Charles Gray, James McDonald, Richard Glass, John Mitchell, Robert Nicoll, Thomas Latto, and Alexander McClaggan, besides a large number of others who wrote either only single pieces or two or three. We will take these authors and others of less note, and extract the crème-a-crème of their songs for this collection.

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D., was a distinguished poet, and published a volume of poetry. Among its contents are "*The Minstrel*," "*Hope*," "*The Hermit*," and "*The Judgment of Paris*," published in 1765. As far as is known he wrote only one song, '*Blow, blow, thou vernal gale*," which is here inserted.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU VERNAL GALE.

A song in imitation of Shakespeare's "Blow, blow, thou winter winds."

Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smooth,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream;
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou can'st not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the Winter's blast
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your soft control
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye streams forget to glide!
Be hush'd each vernal strain;
Since nought can soothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride.

Whilst the Scottish Muse was thus cultivated by the higher classes of society as well as by the lower ranks, a young Scotch poet,—well styled the precursor of Burns—Robert Fergusson by name, was eking out a miserable pittance as a lawyer's copying clerk which ultimately caused him to perish (with all his senses about him at the last) in a cell of an old madhouse at the early age of 24. He wrote Hallow Fair, The Birks of Invermay and The Lea Rig. Many years after his death Burns erected a Monument over his grave in the Cannongate Churchyard, Edinburgh.

THE LEA RIG.

Will ye gang o'er the Lea Rig,
My ain kind dearie O!
And cuddle there fu' kindly
Wi' me, my kind dearie O!
At thorny bush or birken tree
We'll daff and never weary O!
They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me
My ain kind dearie O.

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there
Shall ever come tae fear ye O!
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo, like me, their dearie O!
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lea my pleasure grows
Wi' thee, my kind dearie O!

IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

This spirited song appears in the "Lark," 1765, and in Herd's Collection, 1769. It was written by Gen. Sir Harry Erskine. The tune to the song is called "The Highland or 42d Regiment's March," and was composed by Gen. John Reid of the 88th Regiment.

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's cause;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bright, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain,
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes,
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
E'en Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause;
That they like our bold ancestors, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

WILLIAM MICKLE wrote "*There's nae luck about the House*," which song Burns says "Is positively the finest love ballad in the Scottish or perhaps in any other language." This verdict of the great bard will be endorsed by every lover of poetry and very feeling heart. The two lines

'And will I see his face again,
'And will I hear him speak!'

are unequalled by any thing I ever heard or read." The song appeared about A. D., 1771. It is a long song, but we give the best.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

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

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air,
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
Since Colin's weel, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave,
Could I but live to mak' him blest
I'm blest aboun the lave.
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak,
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

JOHN LOWE, tutor in the house of Mr. Macghie of Airds, wrote Mary's Dream, one of the most beautiful pieces in the English language. While residing

at Airds, 1772, Mr. Alex. Miller, the lover of Miss Mary Macghie, was drowned at sea—and this was the occasion of the production of the song.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
  Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
  Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
  Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
Then soft and low a voice was heard,
  Saying—" Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised
  Her head to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
  With visage pale and hollow e'e:
" Oh Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
  It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
  So Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
  We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
  But all our striving was in vain.
Even then when horror chilled my blood,
  My heart was filled with love for thee,
The storm is past, and I at rest,
  So Mary, weep no more for me.

O maiden fair thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passive spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

W. PAUL, of Glasgow, wrote the two beautiful songs "Bonnie Jeannie Gray" and "The Bridal Day." The 2nd stanza of Jeannie Gray was written by William Thom.

BONNIE JEANNIE GRAY.

Oh whar was ye sae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray?
Your mither miss'd you late at e'en,
And eke at break o' day.
Your mither look'd sae sour and sad,
Your father dull and wae,
Oh! whar was ye sae late yestreen,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray.

I've mark'd that lanely look o' thine,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray;
I've kent your kindly bosom pine,
This monie, monie day.
Ha'e hinnied words o' promise lur'd
Your guileless heart astray?
O! dinna hide your grief frae me,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray.

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
And let nae body ken;
For I ha'e promis'd late yestreen,
To wed young Jamie Glen;
The melting tear stood in his e'e,
What heart could sae him nay?
As aft he vow'd, through life, I'm thine,
My bonnie Jeannie Gray.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

Oh I maun braid my yellow hair,
An' I maun busk me braw,
An' I maun to the greenwood gang,
Whatever may befa'—
An' I maun say the word at e'en,
That brings me weal or wae,
For Jamie press'd me sair yestreen
To set the bridal day.

Oh little does my father think
That he maun ware his gear;
And little does my mammie think
The trysting hour is near;
But yonder blinks the e'ening star
O'er Roslyn castle gray,
An' I maun to the greenwood gang,
To set the bridal day.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was a fruitful writer, and has left us some of the most beautiful of Scottish songs. The most popular are those inserted in this collection. Every line of "*Loudon's bonny woods and braes*" teems with patriotism and martial fire—though the writer was timid as a fawn, and so sensitive that it caused him afterwards to commit suicide. Hear what he says:

"Wha can thole when Britain's faes
Would gie to Britons law, lassie?
Wha wad shun the field o' danger,
Wha to fame would be a stranger,
Now when freedom bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?

———

Perhaps the most noted of his songs is "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane. The Jessie here spoken of is a purely imaginative personage as the poet never was in Dunblane. The words are:

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lonely I stray, in the calm simmer glomin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft fauldin' blossom;
And sweet as the birk, in its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
And far be the villain divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.

Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen,
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Written by Tannahill about the year 1808 and arranged to music by R. A. Smith.

Gloomy winter 's now awa',
Saft the westlin breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie, Oh.
Sweet the craw-flowers early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie, Oh.

Come my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythly spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never wearie, Oh.
Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw white clouds,
Siller saughs wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie Oh.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, Oh.
Trees may bud and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring
Unless in thee, my dearie, Oh.

O! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carrie;
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.

O! are ye sleeping, Maggie?
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O! rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.

She oped the door, she let me in;
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye.

Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boor-tree bank, or warlock craigie.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

When John and me were married,
Our hauding was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gie us nocht ava'.
I wairt my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But weel I wat our bridal bed
Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what ye see;
For fortune thrave aneath our hand,
Sae eydent aye were we,
The lowe o' luve made labour light,
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will live in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae, lassie, tak the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should mak' your bridal bed
O' clean pease strae.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM wrote "*Hame, hame, hame,*" "*Bonny Lady Ann,*" "*My ain countrie,*" "*Our Ladye's Blessed Well,*" "*The Spring of the year,*" and other songs. He wrote a song, a great favorite with sailors, which though not in the Scotch language is inserted here as illustrating his writings.

A WET SHEET.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away our good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

James Hogg, The Ettrick Shepherd, wrote some fine songs. The principal song, "*When the Kye come Hame*," first appeared in his novel which he wrote and called "*The Three Perils of Man*," and though indeed few have ever heard of or read this book, tens of thousands have sung throughout the British Empire and wherever the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races have spread themselves:

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken,
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name,
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet between the crown;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birch
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie, lassie,
When the kye come hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see,
And up upon the topmost bough,
Oh a happy bird is he.
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up his e'e,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
The hail soul to beguile,
There's joy in every whisper
And joy in every smile.
Oh, who would choose a crown
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His yowes are in the fauld
And his lambs are lying still,
Yet he downa gang to rest
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame, &c.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
What comfort can they gie?
And a' the arts that prey
On man's life and liberty;

Give me the highest joys
That the heart o' man can name,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie
When the kye come hame, &c.

Hogg could write equally well in English as in Scotch, and in his beautiful ditty, "The Lark," expressions are found which are evidence of a refined and well cultivated mind.

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying!
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away.

*

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Bird of the wilderness,
Blessed is thy dwelling place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Gary?
Saw ye my lad wi' his bonnet and white cockade,
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Chorus—Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang thou hast loved and trusted us fairly.
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down to Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down with them rarely!
Ronald and Donald drive on with your braid claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.

ADAM SKIRRING wrote the Jacobite song, "*Johnnie Cope.*" This song relates to the Battle of Preston Pans in the days of Prince Charles Stuart. A fine parody on this song was hawked about the streets of Edinburgh on the occasion of Queen Victoria's *first* visit to the Northern Capital. The Queen was expected to have landed at Leith at 6 o'clock P.M. on a particular day, but deferred it until the following morning: she landed quite early, and before the Provost and Magistrates were ready to receive her, hence the parody. Sir James Forest was the Provost of Edinburgh then. The two first lines are:—

Hey Johnny Forest, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your Baillies snoring yet?

ELIZABETH HAMILTON, the authoress of the well known book, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," wrote that exquisite song, "*My ain Fireside,*" and though we know of no other song written by her, the words alone of this would have stamped her as gifted with no small share of poetic lore:

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' mine ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
Oh cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
Oh there's nought to compare wi ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thanket, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nae half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

ROY'S WIFE.

This fine song is sometimes erroneously ascribed to the pen of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. The authoress is Mrs. Grant of Carron, who lived at the close of the last century.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch ?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of onie,
But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Oh she was a cantie quean,
We'el could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldervalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

MRS. GRANT, (of Laggan) composed the well known song, "*Oh where, tell me where,*" and referring to the departure of the Marquis of Huntly with his regiment to the Continent of Europe during the wars.

OH WHERE, AND OH WHERE.

O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?
O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell,
And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?
A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair;
And nane in the world can wi' my love compare.

O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane?
O where, and O where, is your Highland laddie gane?
He's gone to fight for George, our king, and left us all alane;
For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.

O what, lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain?
O what lassie, what, if your Highland lad be slain?
O no! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe again;
For I never could live without my Highlandman!

O when, and O when, will your Highland lad come hame?
O when, and O when will your Highland lad come hame?
Whene'er the war is over, he'll return to me with fame;
And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely Highlandman

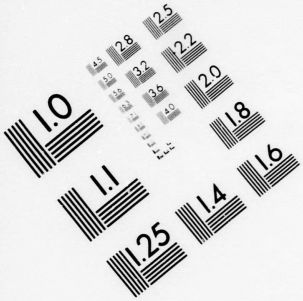
O what will you claim for your constancy to him?
O what will you claim for your constancy to him?
I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say Amen;
And I'll never part again from my bonnie Highland-
man.

LOW DOWN I' THE BRUME.

The words of this sweet song were written by JAS. CARNAGIE, Esq., of Balnamoon near Brechin. They can be traced back to A.D. 1765, and were published then in "The Lark."

My daddie is a cankert carle,
He'll no twine wi' his gear;
My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,
Hauds a' the house asteer.
But let them say or let them do,
It's a' ane to me,
For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me,
For he's low doun, he's in the brume,
That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a Joe has she.
But let them say, &c.



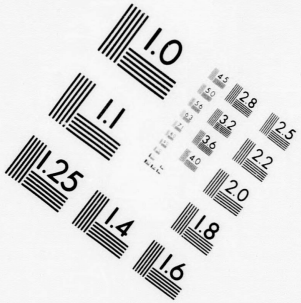
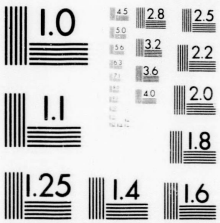
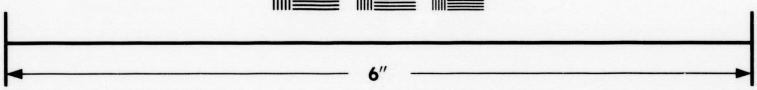
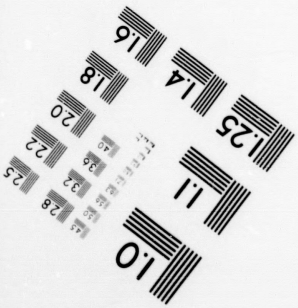
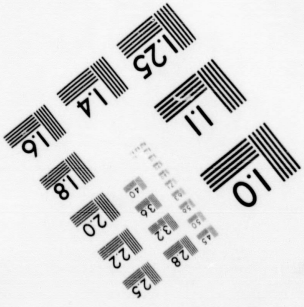


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)









Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnnie o' the Glen,
And aye sin syne she cries, "Beware
O' fause, deluding men."
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam' west yestreen,
And speir'd when I saw Pate,
And aye sin syne the neebors round,
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, &c.

ANDREW PARK wrote "*Hurra for the Highlands,*" a deeply pathetic and patriotic effusion.

HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

Hurra! for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands,
The home of the clansman, the brave and the free—
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there when the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light,
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet, tiny bark through the perilous night.
Then hurra! for the Highlands, &c.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has mights that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.
Then hurra! for the Highlands, &c.

I have trod merry England and dwelt on its charms,
I have wandered through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,
For her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.
Then hurra! for the Highlands, &c.

WILLIAM THOM, the weaver of Inverury, wrote the three followingpathetic songs:

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha' stands last an' lanely an' sairly forfairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head,
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair,
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'o na' the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid,
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in Heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

Oh! speak him na harshly! he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding and blesses your smile,
In the dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

LOVE.

The music of this fine song is from the pen of Samuel Lover.

Oh say not "Love will never
  Breathe in that breast again,"
That "where he bled must ever
  All pleasureless remain."
Shall tempest riven blossom,
  When fair leaves fall away,
In coldness close its bosom
  'Gainst beams of milder day?
    Oh never! nay,
It blooms whene'er it may.

Though ruthless tempest tear,
Though biting frosts subdue,
And leave no tendril where
Love's pretty flowerets grew,
The soil all ravag'd so
Will nurture more and more,
And stately roses blow
Where gowans droop'd before.
Then why, Oh why
Should sweet love ever die?

MY HEATHER LAND.

The air to which these beautiful words are sung is "*The Black Watch*," the same air as "*In the Garb of old Gaul*."

My heather land, my heather land!
My dearest prayer be thine,
Although upon thy hapless heath
There breathes nae friend of mine.
The lonely few that Heaven has spared
Fend on a foreign strand,
And I maun wait to weep wi' thee,
My hameless heather land.

My heather land, my heather land!
Though fairer lands there be,
Thy gowanie braes in early days
Were gowden ways to me.
Maun life's poor boon, gae dark'ning doun,
Nor die whaur it had dawn'd,
But claught a grave ayont the wave,
Alas! my heather land!

My heather land, my heather land!
Though chilling winter pours
Her freezing breath round fireless hearth,
Whaur beardless misery cowers!
Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
The godless reivin' land,
Whaun wither'd tyranny shall reel,
Frae our roused heather land.

Mr. Dunlop, of Port Glasgow, wrote two well-known songs which are inserted here:

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.'

Here's to the year that's awa'!
We will drink it in strong and in sma'
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed
While swift flew the year that's awa'.
And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blaw,
May they live in our song and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa.'
May they live, &c.

OH! DINNA ASK ME.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
'Deed I darena tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
Ask it o' yoursel'.
Oh! dinna look sa aft at me,
For oh! ye weel may trow,
That when ye look sae sair at me,
I dare nae look at you.

An' when ye gang to yon braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
O, Jamie! dinna look at them,
For fear ye mind na me.
For I could never bide the lass,
That ye lo'ed mair than me!
And O I'm sure my heart would break
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

HECTOR MCNEIL wrote some very beautiful and well known songs, three of which are inserted here. Born near Roslin, 1745, he died in Edinburgh, 1818. "My Boy Tammy" was first printed in the "Bee" in 1791.

MY BOY TAMMY.

Whar ha'e ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?
Whar ha'e ye been a' day,
My boy Tammy?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?
I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomie knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her puir mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I praised her e'en, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou':—
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishin' and gear:
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammy!
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days;—
My faither's death brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie,
We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says—
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her e'e;
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

THE WEE THING.

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whar flowers the haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming
Down by the burnie whar flowers the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!
She never lo'ed ony till ance she loved me.

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee';
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning:
Defend ye fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
Aft went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

Is it my wee thing! is it my ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander dear laddie frae thee.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw;
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
O! come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll na sit beside ye;
Ye may be my gutcher: auld Donald gae 'wa!
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae tug and sae braw!
O nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brows like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk and has naething ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly; I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw,
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca',

My father's aye tauld me, me mither and a'
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I loo Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie,
But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma',
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder then three score and twa.

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whar Johnnie was list'ning and heard her tell a',
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if burstin in twa,
He wandered hame wearie, the night it was drearie,
And thowless he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screemin' while Johnnie cried women
Wad' marry auld men, if they'd keep them aye braw.

The following are old Ballads and yet retain all their original popularity.

THERE CAM' A YOUNG MAN.

OR, THE CAULDRIFE WOOER.

There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
There cam' a young man to my daddie's door,
Cam' seeking me to woo.
An' wow! but he was a bonnie young lad,
A brisk young lad, an' a braw young lad,
An' wow! but he was a bonnie young lad,
Cam' seeking me to woo.

I set him in aside the bink;
I gied him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Till he was warm and fu'.
An' wow! but he was, &c.

Gae, get you gane, you cauldrife wooer!
Ye sour-looking, cauldrife wooer!
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
An' wow! but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
An' there fell he, I trow.
An' wow! but he was, &c.

Out cam' the gudeman, an' heigh he shouted;
Out cam' the guidwife, an' laigh she louted;
An' a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;
An' there lay he, I trow!
An' wow! but he was, &c.

Then out cam' I, an' sneer'd an' smil'd;
Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled,
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!
An' wow! but he was, &c.

BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Braw, braw lads, on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
An' though I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that's the warld's chiefest treasure.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

This popular and humorous ditty is from the pen of Miss Ferrier, the well-known authoress of Marriage; The Inheritance; and Destiny. It is supposed that the two concluding verses are not Miss Ferrier's.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep
But favour wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well,
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig he well pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a that?

He took the grey mare and rade cannilie,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.'

Dumfounder'd he was, but ae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
And often he thought as he ga'ed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green ;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, as all know, was more of a romancer than a song writer, nevertheless, he has left some beautiful songs, interspersed among his prose writings. The following are a few examples.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae.
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo.
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalach !
If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give our roofs to the flames and our flesh to the eagles,
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach !
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach !
Through the depth of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!
Why my lads dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the blue bonnets are bound for the border.
Many a banner spread, flutters about your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story;
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the queen of your old Scottish glory!

Come from the hill where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow!
Trumpets are sounding,—War steeds are bounding,—
Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order?
England shall many a day mourn for the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

'Why weep ye by the tide, lady?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to be seen;'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry thy cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale.

His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen:'
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

'A chain of gowd ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a,'
Shall ride our forest queen;'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen!
She's ower the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

This song was an especial favorite with Sir Walter Scott, and he always delighted to hear it sung by his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart. It occurs in the beautiful Poem of "Rokeby."

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid
And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew, my love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love!
And adieu for evermore."

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone,
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late,
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And here I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could mar,
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume.
And the bridemaidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch invar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," said young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

ALLAN-A-DALE.

From Rokeby.

Allan-a-dale has no faggot for burning;
Allan-a-dale has no furrow for turning;
Allan-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allan-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allan-a-dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains on Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the lamb for his game;
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale was ne'er a belted knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allan-a-dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
Who at Rerecross, on Stanmore, meets Allan-a-dale.

Allan-a-dale to his wooing is come,
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home,
"Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allan, "shows gallanter still,
'Tis the blue vault of heaven with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allan-a-dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and bade him begone;
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry!
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonnie black eye,
And she fled to the forest, to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-dale.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke—
Ere the King's crown goes down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier that loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

Chorus—Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, come call out my men;
Unhook the west port and let us gae free,
For its up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backwards, the drums they are beat!
But the Provost (douce man) said, 'Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is well rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.'

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Dunniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry, Hey! for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

Then away to the hills, to the lee, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble false Whigs in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no' seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes o' Bonnie Dundee.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

From "*The Lady of the Lake.*"

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, for many years, the faithful steward and trusty friend of Sir Walter Scott wrote the beautiful and pathetic piece "Lucy's Flittin'."

This admirable song is justly ranked in the first class of our modern lyrics. Its unaffected feeling and natural simplicity are altogether irresistible. Hogg has stated, that, with two exceptions, this is the only song or poem of any kind ever composed by the author;—and regarding such a piece of information,

there can exist but one sentiment in the minds of all who have perused the affecting little history of "Lucy's Flittin'."

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer,
She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea;
An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.

She gaed by the stable, whare Jamie was stan'in',
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy, quo' Jamie, and ran in,—
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e.
As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh! what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither,
Nae mither nor friend the poor lammie can see;
I fear I ha'e left my bit heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e rowed up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin'
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy,
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
He couldna say mair, but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy—
Yet that will I mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lee;
But Lucy likes Jamie—she turned and she lookit;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.—
Ah! weel may young Jamie, gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never retu n.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the great poet, wrote some fine and spirited songs. A few are inserted here. His great work was "*The Pleasures of Hope.*" He and Dibdin much roused the patriotic ardor of Great Britain by their splendid sea songs. The first given is "*The Maid's Remonstrance.*"

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-torn heart pursuing;
Read you not the wrongs you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue!
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed—or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited,
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half quench'd appears,
Damp'd and wavering and benighted
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim and worthless your possessing
Not with age but woe.

THE EVENING STAR.

Star! that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free,
If any star shed peace 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise ;
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews!
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, e'er the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my father who welcom'd me back;
I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strains that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart—
"Stay, stay, with us—rest! thou art weary and worn"
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

GILDEROY.

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me,
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree.

The bell is toll'd; it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom,
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
Where first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart.

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
  Your hunter-garb was trim,
And graceful was the ribbon green,
  That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
  Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear upon the scaffold floor
  The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combin'd
  The guiltless to pursue,
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
  He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
  Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
  Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
  And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty bears
  The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
  That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the round,
  And sigh my heart away.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim,
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the song and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear,
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here,
For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep,
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die,
His valorous heart they have wounded deep
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd him dim and red,
On the high born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy deathbed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to the knight forlorn;
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the sound of the huntsman's horn,
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought field
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd, nor helmet nor shield,
And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.

But bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight,
For his much loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight,
Than Wallace of Elderslie.
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unintomb'd shall with glory be palm'd,
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start,
Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd.

Lord Byron wrote two pieces, relating to his boyhood in the Highlands of Scotland. Extracts are given below:

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven, of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,

Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name,
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotion arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove:
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love;

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

SUSANNA BLAMIRE wrote "*What Ails this Heart?*" "*The weafu' Heart*" "*Ye shall walk in Silk Attire,*" and the "*Nabob.*" All these songs are very fine.

THE NABOB.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
  Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
  Wi' mony hopes and fears:
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
  May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
  The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile,
  My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
  O' some dear former day;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
  Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
  A' naething to langsyne.

The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
  Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
  Nae weel kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
  Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
  He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hung o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I clos'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's,
And wish'd my groves away:
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine:"
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenn'd face
I miss'd the youthful bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declar'd divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrill'd through a' my heart:

The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confess'd 'twas fine;
But miss'd the simple melody
I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgi'e an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen:
When time has past, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn cauld as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I us'd to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove mysel' to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree!

——

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL wrote the "*May Morn*," "*The Bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary*," and "*My head is like to rend*," which almost surpasses Jeanie Morrison in feeling and pathos; but the best song and the one which has immortalized his memory is "*Jeanie Morrison*." This song as soon as it was published was hailed by all classes as the most true and tender effusion of the Scottish Muse, which any age had produced, and it still sustains its place in the estimation of every true lover of Scottish poetry and song.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never, can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my e'en wi' tears :
They blind my e'en wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part ;
Sweet time—sad time ! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear ;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think ?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said
We cleek'd thegither hame ?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ain by ain the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! Oh mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon;
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;

But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

SILLERY wrote the beautiful song,

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Let the pround Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
His pastures of perfume, and rose-covered dells;
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,
For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,
And dreadful your wrath as the foam-flashing fountain,
That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming,
And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells,
And bright are your broadswords, like morning dews gleaming
On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells.

*

Awake! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
Ye mermaids, arise from your coralline cells,
Come forth with your chorus all chanting together,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

A. McEwan wrote the song,

THE BONNIE WEE ROSEBUD.

A bonnie wee rosebud grows down by yon burnie,
A bonnie wee rosebud as e'er you did see;
Wi' saft silken leaves, underneath a green thornie—
O spare the wee rosebud! O spare it for me!
The redbreast sings wanton around this sweet possie;
Fond, fond to make love doth the wee birdie flee.
Sure nane'd be sae cruel as steal frae my breastie,
This bonnie wee rosebud—O spare it for me!

How fain would I change for the wee birdie's station;
How blythe wad I peep 'neath the green thorny tree,
Enraptur'd to muse, and transported to gaze on
This bonnie wee rosebud—O spare it for me!
O hasten the moment, blest moment of pleasure,
When lock'd to my breast the wee rosebud will be
United for ever, my soul's dearest treasure—
Do spare the wee rosebud, spare, spare it for me!

Rev. H. Riddel wrote the well known song,

SCOTLAND YET.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
  Gae bring it free and fast;
For I maun sing anither sang
  Ere a' my glee be past.
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
  The burden o't shall be,
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
  And Scotland's hills for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
  Wi' a' the honors three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
  And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still
  As they dance down the dells.
And weel I lo'e the land my lads,
  That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's vales,
  And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
  Wi' a' the honors three.

The thistle wags upon the fields
  Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
  To die her auld grey plaid.
And looking to the lift, my lads,

He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brichter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gi'e me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang;
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That kenna' to be free;
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me;
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honors three.

We now come to BURNS. Robert Burns, the greatest of Scotland's song writers, is thus spoken of by Gilfillan who is so well known by his book, "*The Bards of the Bible.*" He says: "Song writing, latterly Burns' only true solace, has become his most generally admitted claim to fame. What unquenchable life is possessed by these simple melodies. Listen to yonder Lowland lassie singing in the harvest field—you can tell what she is singing—it is one of the songs of Burns, perhaps it is his "*Lea Rig.*" Hear yonder ploughman crooning to himself as he draws his straight, clear furrow, the song is his "*Caledonia,*" and as he sings you see the sentiments in his kindling eye—"Burns was once a ploughman like my-

self." From the city loomshop, at the hour of dawn, you hear a loud cheerful chant, you hearken and find it to be "*My Heart's in the Highlands.*" From the giddy summit of a rising millstalk there descends a voice,—it is a mason lad singing Burns' "*Farewell to St. James' Lodge,*"

> "Adieu, a heartfelt, fond adieu,
> Dear Brothers of the mystic tie."

You, a Scotchman, are pacing in a melancholy vein—thinking perhaps of home—the streets of a London suburb, in an autumn eve, when, hark, a strain of dulcet melody from a female voice, mingling with the thrilling notes of a harp or piano—it is an English lady setting "*Highland Mary*" to the exquisite modulations of her southland tongue. How often, under the frowning battlements of Sebastopol, have little clubs of true-hearted and brave Scotchmen sung together and felt the trumpet-like inspiration of "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*" A Perthshire gentleman is walking through the twilight streets of Paris, what strange, sweet yet old familiar sound is that which crosses suddenly his ear and brings tears into his eyes,—it is the voice of two Scottish orphan children singing the "*Birks of Aberfeldy.*" And what festive company of the Scotch met in the beginning of each year—whether in Caledonia herself, or in the backwoods of Canada, or under the Southern Cross of Australia, what company can or does separate without "*Auld Lang Syne*"—nay did not the noble Robert Moffatt teach the tune of that matchless melody to the Hottentots themselves and

sing it with them, for long hours together, under the soft bright moon of an African night." It must be here, however, mentioned that though this world-wide and renowned song is generally ascribed to Burns, he was not the author of it. As we said before this tune and several others were taken from the Cathedral services of both England and Scotland at the Reformation, and became secular. Burns himself says in one of his letters, "Light be the turf on the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment." It is very curious to reflect that this air or melody belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and that the most popular song ever written in Britain is anonymous, and is it not also remarkable that so much of the great fame of Burns rests upon this song in which his share amounts only to a few emendations? Burns says in another letter to Thomson: "It has never been in print nor even in manuscript until I took it down from an old man's singing."

The artistic merit of the poetry and songs of Burns, apart from their great and universal popularity, is very evident. The best of his songs are truly most beautiful poems, and nothing can equal the following: "*Mary in Heaven*," "*For a' that*," "*Afton Water*," or "*Highland Mary*." Some writers of Scotch songs have indeed produced certain individual songs quite equal, if not superior, to Burns, but taking his songs as a whole they are far finer because the temperament of the great poet was more lyrical and his blood hotter than theirs; for instance, Tannahill's "*Gloomy winter's noo awa'*," or Mrs. Grant's

"*Roy's Wife*," or Scott's "*Jock o' Hazeldean*" and his "*March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale*" or Gilfillan's "*Oh, why left I my hame*," or Hogg's "*When the kye come hame*," or Thom's "*Mitherless Bairn*," or Sillery's "*Scottish Blue Bells*," or Laidlaw's "*Lucy's Flittin'*," or Susanna Blamire's "*What ails this heart o' mine*," or Motherwell's "*Jeanie Morrison*," or McNeil's "*Come under my Plaidie*" and "*Saw ye my wee thing*," or "*The Land o' the Leal*," "*Auld Robin Gray*," "*Annie Laurie*," and some others are all individual songs which equal Burns, but only as individual instances; and although these songs have a perpetual and never-decreasing fame and are favorites wherever we go, yet, the songs of Robert Burns of the same character and class are very many indeed, and to try to praise *even one* would be to praise them all. Whilst Scott and Ramsay and Tannahill and all the other beautiful song writers shall never fade from the breast of all true Scotchmen, *wherever* they *now* are, *wherever* they may *hereafter* be, of Burns it can truly be said in the words of George Dobie :—

FORGET HIM! Did I say forget! 'Tis Scotia's Bard I mean.
Forget him! No; we never can, while woods and meads are green;
Forget him! while the earth revolves, and on its axis turns,
His name will never be forgot—the honored name of Burns,

Forget him! Yes; we may forget, when stars cease
giving light;
When all the scenes our Poet loved are rapt in lasting
night;
When "bonny Doon" runs backwards, and "Ayr's
twa brigs" shall float,
And daisies deck the fields no more,—then Burns may
be forgot.

Forget him! No; it cannot be. Forget so loved a name!
Old time, the longer that it rolls, but addeth to his
fame;
Forget him! No; the lightning's flash, now under
man's control,
It swifter wings the fame of Burns athwart from pole
to pole.

Forget him! when the sun forgets to send forth light
and heat;
Forget him! when no human heart is left on earth
to beat;
Forget him! when no summer comes, or verdure
springs to cheer,
And all the birds are mute and still which Burns so
loved to hear.

Forget him! when the earth forgets to grow the
cheering vine;
Forget! when reft of woman's love, that joy of joys
divine;
Forget him! when this ponderous globe, like some
vast ball, shall rot;
Till then, the name and fame of Burns shall never be
forgot.

Burns thus speaks of Mary Campbell his "Highland Lassie" This extract is taken from Chamber's Book of Scottish songs. "My Highland Lassie, was a warmhearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." Cromek adds a few particulars of the final interview of the youthful lover. "This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials, which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook, they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, they pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again." Cromek's account of his parting interview was considered somewhat apocryphal, till, a good many years ago, a pocket Bible, in two volumes, presented by Burns to Mary Campbell, was discovered in the possession of her sister at Ardrossan. This Bible afterwards found its way to Canada,

whence the family had removed; and having excited the interest of some Scotsmen at Montreal, they purchased it, (for its possessors were unfortunately in reduced circumstances,) and had it conveyed back to Scotland, with the view of being permanently placed in the monument at Ayr. On its arrival at Glasgow, Mr. Weir, Stationer, Queen Street, (through the instrumentality of whose son, we believe, the precious relic was mainly procured,) kindly announced, that he would willingly show it for a few days at his shop to any person who might choose to see it. The result was, that thousands flocked to obtain a view of this interesting memorial, and the ladies, in particular, displayed an unwonted eagerness regarding it, some of them even crying, on beholding an object which appealed so largely to female sympathies. On the anniversary of the Poet in 1841, the Bible, inclosed in an oaken glass case, was permanently deposited among other relics in the monument at Ayr. On the boards of one of the volumes is inscribed, in Burns's hand-writing,—"'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord,' Levit. chap. xix. v. 12;" and on the other, "'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath,' St. Matt. chap. v. v. 33;" and on the blank leaves of both volumes, "Robert Burns, Mossgiel." A monument, the expense of which was defrayed by public subscription, is now erected over the grave of Highland Mary in Greenock churchyard. The foundation-stone of it was laid on the anniversary of the birth of the Poet, in 1842.

The following are among the best of the poem-songs and songs of Robert Burns.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that.
An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor,
Is chief o'men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Who struts and stares, an' a that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a cuiff for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that
  His ribband, star, an' a' that,
A man of independent mind,
  Can look and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that,
An honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that
  His dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
  Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
  An' come it shall, for a' that,
When sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
  Shall bear the gree, an' a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
  It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man, an' man, o'er a' the earth,
  Shall brithers be, an' a' that.

THOU LING'RING STAR

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love.
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
The image of our last embrace;—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbl'd shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

AULD LANGSYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld langsyne?

For auld langsyne, my dear,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a wearie fit
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

Noo there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a right guid willie waught,
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn,
Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
When ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white;
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She [illegible]ked, she smiled, my heart she wiled;
She charmed my soul, I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a soger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
What ane ever thinks of the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the licht to my e'e.

But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nocht but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my deid.

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a nicht-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breist.

Oh had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listen the lambkins that bleat ower the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless, my Nannie's awa'.
But to me it's delightless, my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn:
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN.

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day, o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth my while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Chorus—For Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' Robin, rantin' Robin,
Robin was a rantin' boy,
O rantin', rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a';
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yaird,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yaird;
Like wee bit white cockades for our loyal Hieland lads,
And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yaird.

But were they a' true that were far awa?
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa?
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',
And forgot auld frien's when far awa.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you've been;
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol's green;
Ye lo'ed our weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa.

He's comin' fra' the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' fra' the north that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee:
He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds with anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul o' mine,
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

If a body meet a body comin' through the rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie:
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whare his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the toun,
If a body greet a body, need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie:
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whare his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

EV'NING SHEDS HER GEMS OF DEW.

Ev'ning sheds her gems of dew,
On the heath bell's blossom blue,
Blooming here beneath the yew,
Upon thy grave, my Mary, O!
Larger drops than those of eve,
Burning tears, the flowers receive;
Grief, that time can ne'er relieve,
With me must ever tarry, O!

Nought below can e'er restore
Pleasure to my bosom more;
Anguish still must wring its core,
Till I rejoin my Mary, O!

O'er the scenes of past delight,
Slowly steals the shades of night,
Hiding from my aching sight
The lov'd resorts of Mary, O!
Scenes! by Creta rushing clear,
Haunts that bring that briny tear,
Far is she who made ye dear,
Above that vault so starry, O!
O! that brief the time may be,
Till my soul from anguish free,
Raptur'd rise to heaven and thee,
My dear departed Mary, O!

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier;
'Twas on a Monday morning right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town, the young Chevalier.
As he came marching up the street, the pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out, to meet the Chevalier,
Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear;
They came to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
They've left their bonny Highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear;
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier,
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Chorus—Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go:
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays:
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blessed wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men:
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And vowed for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean:
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A well-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenned it or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear bear,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowered as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowered as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I spiered for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachled feet;
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for guidsake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream,
Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening sweeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, now lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowrets she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

Oh, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam to pree;
Three blyther lads that lee-lang night
Ye wadna found in Christendie.
Chorus—We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony may we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Oh! for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And wha winna wish for guid luck to our cause
May never guid luck be their fa'.
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sa sma'.

Here's freedom to him that would read,
Here's freedom to him that would write,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth wad indict.
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,
And bide by the bonnets of blue

SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Ochon, for somebody,
Och hey, for somebody.
I could range the warld round,
For the sake of somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh sweetly smile on somebody;
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe, my somebody.
Ochon, for somebody,
Och hey, for somebody.
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody.

BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN.

Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I do nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing.
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

AE FOND KISS.

This impassioned lyric was written by Burns at the time when his Clarinda, (Agnes McLehose) intended emigrating to the West Indies. SIR WALTER SCOTT says thus of this song: "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."

The great poet Lord Byron, adopted these same lines as the motto to his "Bride of Abydos."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas, forever;
Deep in heartwrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy.
But to see her, was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest,
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest,
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ae farewell, alas, for ever;
Deep in heartwrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Though the northern wind blaws freezing
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a',
Time shall see us a' the blyther,
Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e,
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure,
That around us here we see?

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
Ca' his conscience half his own;
His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
Though he stan' afore a throne.

Thus then let us a' be tassing
Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame:
An' while roun' the board, 'tis passin',
Raise a sang in friendship's name.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
Frien'ship gi'es us a' delight,
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

Happy we've been a' thegither,
Happy we've been yin an' a',
Time shall find us a' the blyther,
When we rise to gang awa'.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett be a-jee,
Syne up the back stile, and let nae-body see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you my lad,
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.
At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie,
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lichtlie my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best;

Let wild woods grow and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in ilk dewy flow'r,
Sae lovely, sweet and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air;
There's no a bonnie flow'r that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft,
Amang the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale
Bring hame the laden bees!
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her would banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Ha'e passed atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part
That day she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

MY NANNIE, O.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang muirs and mosses mony, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.
The westlin' wind blaws loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O,
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be—
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O.
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are o' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
On blythe Yule nicht, when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Maggie coost her head fu' heich,
Look'd asklant and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
Spak' o' loupin' ower a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzy die?
She may gae to—France—for me!
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew weel,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, oh! her e'en they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith!
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The wardly race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

Gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warldly cares an' warldly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're noucht but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warld e'er saw
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work surpasses, O
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fallow,
In puirtith we micht mak' a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,
"Gude day to you," coof, he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;
But if it's ordained I maun tak' him,
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin'
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failin',
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e ye my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Not long after the death of Scotia's great song writer Burns, the affecting, sweet, yet melancholy song of "The Land o' the Leal" appeared, and since then has always been a favourite. It affects to personify the dying thoughts of Burns.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
To the land o' the leal,
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day's aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And, oh! we grudged her sair, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
We've lang been left alane, Jean,—
We'll a' meet again, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day its weerin' through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Introduced into Terry's opera of Rob Roy from Sir Walter Scott's celebrated novel, but the author is unknown.

Pardon now the bold outlaw,
Rob Roy Macgregor oh!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy Macgregor oh!
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland laddie free,
Make us sing wi' muckle glee
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh!

Long the state has doom'd his fa',
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh!
Still he spurn'd the hatefu' law,
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh!
Scots can for their country die,
Ne'er frae Britain's foes they flee,
A' that's past, forget, forgie,
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh.

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh!
Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh!
Long your favours ha'e been mine,
Favours I will ne'er resign,
Welcome them for auld lang syne,
Rob Roy Macgregor, oh!

ALEXANDER LAING wrote many fine songs. His volume "*Wayside Flowers*" has gone through several editions. He was born in Brechin, and his work is highly appreciated by the *natives* of the *Shires* in the north-east corner of Scotland. The song "*The Happy Mother*," is the more appropriate, seeing that the author had no family, and is a taunt at his "*better half*" Mrs. Laing.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

An', oh, may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again,
I ha'e a gude man, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' oh, may I never live single again;
I've two bonnie bairns the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've one at my foot and I've one on my knee,
An' fondly they look and say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e an' the smile on his brow—
Says how are ye lassie, oh how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gade awa'.
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery and gay,
He tells o' the toil and the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he taks on his knee
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

Oh happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name;
The cares o' the warld, they fear na to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' motherly cares,
Awa bonnie lassies—awa wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving and fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

MY AIN WIFE.

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.
A bonnier yet I've never seen,
A better canna be,—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

Oh couthie is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheerie is my Jean,
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane;

She's gude wi' a the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me,
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

An' oh her looks sae kindly,
They melt my heart outright,
When o'er the baby at her breast,
She hangs wi' fond delight,
She looks intil its bonnie face,
An' syne looks to me,
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

WEDDED LOVE.

We sought the green, the shady grove,
When life was young and love was new;
We pledg'd the vows of purest love,
And with our years affection grew.
Now in the cot on yonder brow,
Around with folding ivy wove,
The Shannon's winding stream in view,
How bless'd we'll live on wedded love.

And though our fortune is but low,
Though we have yet but little store,
I'll wield the spade and ply the hoe,
And strive to make that little more,
And when my daily toil is o'er
With cheerful heart I'll homeward move,
And smiling peace and plenty, sure,
Will bless the home of wedded love.

OH WAT YE WHA.

Oh wat ye wha cam here yestreen ?
A lad that may fu' weel be seen.
My luck for gowd I wadna gi'e,
I'm just as blythe as blythe can be;
His friendly bow, an' frank gude e'en
He gied them baith to sister Jean,
But a' the time as I could see,
His kindly looks he gied to me.
His friendly bow, &c.

I wadna gie his looks yestreen,
For a' the blythesome sights I've seen;
I've waited lang, an' wearied been,
But a' my fears were tent yestreen,
A father's house—a pantry fu'
O' meal to bake, and maut to brew;
They're nae to slicht nor cast awa',
But his kindly looks are worth them a'.
A father's house, &c.

WILLIAM FERGUSSON wrote some fine songs,—viz., "*I'm wandering wide*," "*Beechen Tree*," "*Wooing Song*," and "*I'll tend thy Bower*."

I'LL TEND THY BOWER.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
In spring time o' the year,
When saft'ning winds begin to woo
The primrose to appear,

When daffodils begin to dance,
And streams again flow free,
And little birds are heard to pipe
On the sprouting forest tree.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
When summer days are lang,
When Nature's heart is big wi' joy,
Her voice laden wi' sang,
When shepherds pipe on sunny braes,
And flocks roam at their will,
And auld an' young in cot an' ha',
O' pleasure drink their fill.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
When Autumn's yellow fields,
That wave like seas o' gowd, before
The glancin' sickle yields;
When ilka bough is bent in fruit,
A glorious sight to see!
And showers o' leaves, red, rustling sweep
Out owre the withering lea.

I'll tend thy bower, my bonnie May,
When through the naked trees
Cauld, shivering on the bare hillside
Sweeps wild the frosty breeze:—
When tempests roar, and billows rise,
Till nature quakes wi' fear,
And on the land, and on the sea,
Wild Winter rules the year.

JEFFREYS wrote "The Rose of Allandale:—

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her Highland cot,
And wandered forth with me.
Though flowers decked the mountain side,
And fragrance filled the vale,—
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wandered, east or west,
Though Fate began to low'r,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour;
When tempest lashed our gallant bark,
And rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,—
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parched,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land.
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by Fortune's gale,
Had Fate not linked my lot with hers,
The Rose of Allandale.

Dr. Spittal, wrote the following two pieces.—

THE HEATHER BELL.

Oh! deck thy hair wi' the heather bell,
The heather bell alone;
Leave roses to the Lowland maid,
The Lowland maid alone.
I've seen thee wi' the gay, gay rose,
And wi' the heather bell,—
I love you much with both, fair maid;
But wear the heather bell.
For the heather bell, the heather bell,
Which breathes the mountain air,
Is far more fit than roses gay
To deck thy flowing hair.

Away, away, ye roses gay,
The heather bell for me;
Fair maiden, let me hear thee say,
The heather bell for me.
Then twine a wreath o' the heather bell,
The heather bell alone;
Nor rose, nor lily, twine ye there,
The heather bell alone;
For the heather bell, the heather bell,
Which breathes the mountain air,
Is far more fit than roses gay
To deck thy flowing hair.

IN THE SILENCE OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

In the silence of the midnight hour,
When the moon is o'er the sea,
And the sea-bird sleeps on the moonlit rock,—
'Tis then I would dream of thee.

When all is asleep but the heav'ns and the sea,—
'Tis then that the soul feels so free;
Nought seen but the stars,—nought heard but the wave,
'Tis then I would dream of thee.
In the silence, &c.

'Tis said that the souls of the beauteous dead,
The souls of the good and the free,
Love to flit o'er the earth at the midnight hour,—
'Tis then I would dream of thee.
In the silence, &c.

The author of the following song is unknown. It was one of the six songs picked out by Queen Victoria, to be sung by the great vocalist Mr. Wilson, when Her Majesty was at Taymouth Castle, Scotland.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

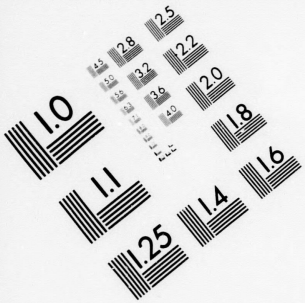
Upon a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie, in a braw new gown,
Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,
Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang,
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,
My mither coft last new-year's day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, cam' courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befel,
Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel',
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel', my bonnie queen,
I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,
Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!



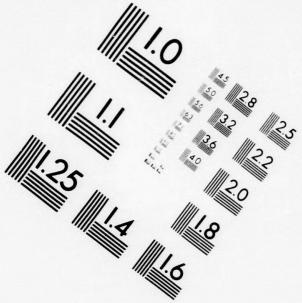
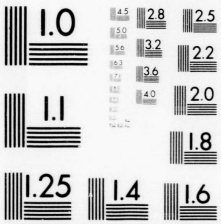
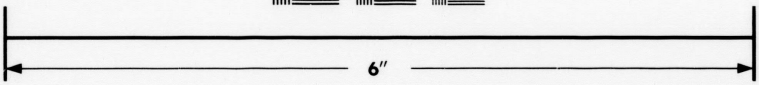
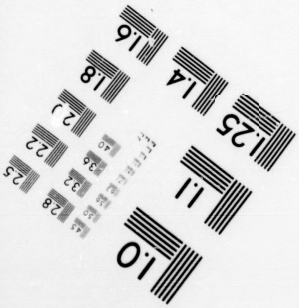
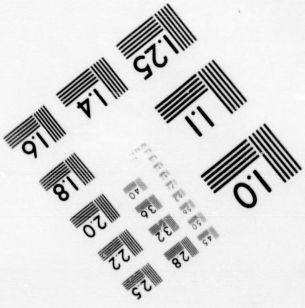


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)









Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their's heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

GILFILLAN wrote "*The Minstrel Sleeps*" beautiful lines on the death of Sir Walter Scott. "*The Lament for the Bards*," "*Oh take me to yon sunny Isle*," "*One Star of the Morning*" and "*Oh why left I my Hame.*"—This last song is the one perhaps by which the fame of the author is maintained.

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
As I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs:
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea;
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail o' slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

DAVID VEDDAR wrote "*The Sun had slipp'd,*" "*My Highland Vale,*" and

SWEET IS THE DAWN.

Sweet is the dawn of vernal morn,
And doubly sweet to me,
That moment when the lamp of day
Emerges from the sea—
And lightens up the glowing skies,
As erst he lighted paradise.

But sweeter far to view thy face
Suffused with beauty's glow;
'Tis like the morning's rosy rays,
Shining on Alpine snow;
And oh, the radiance of those eyes,
To me, is more than paradise.

Oh, sweet the mavis' matin hymn,
The merle's song at even;
And sweet the lark's wild melody,
When soaring up to heaven;
But music sweeter than thy voice
Was never heard in paradise.

Oh, Mary! let one heavenly ray
Beam from thy beauteous face,
'Twill light my clouded spirit up,
And fill my soul with peace;
'Twill dissipate my mental gloom,
And round me paradise shall bloom.

ALEXANDER RODGER wrote many songs, the principal are: "*I'll awa Hame*," "*My Mither men't my auld Breeks*," "*The Royal Union*," "*Behave yourself before Folk*," "*It's no that thou'rt Bonnie*," "*Sweet Bet of Aberdeen*," and "*My Gudeman*." Many of his songs are very long, and a number supposed to be spoken or sung by Highlanders not well versed in the English tongue. He was a fruitful contributor to "Whistle Binkie." The song "Behave yourself," is highly spoken of and quoted by the renowned *Christopher North* in his immortal "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

THOS. C. LATTO wrote the pathetic song "*The Blind Lassie*," "*The Widow's ae bit Lassie*," *The Yellow-haired Laddie*," written on the massacre of Glencoe, and the beautiful song, "*Tell me, Dear*," which is given below :—

TELL ME DEAR.

Tell me dear, in mercy speak,
  Has heaven heard my prayer, lassie ?
Faint the rose is on thy cheek,
  But still the rose is there, lassie.
Away, away, each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding,
Youthful love in sorrow shrouding,
  Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie.
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love, thy changing e'e,
Dearest gift that heaven could gie,
  Say thou'rt happy now, lassie.

Willie ! lay thy cheek to mine,
  Kiss me, oh, my ain laddie !
Never mair may lips o' thine
  Press where it hath lain, laddie !
Hark ! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke, thy soul appalling—
  'Tis my only pain, laddie !
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be ;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me,
  We part to meet again, laddie.

Lay thine arm beneath my head—
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no mortal foot is treading
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!
Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed
And hover nightly round thy head,
Although thou wilt na see, laddie.

MY HIGHLAND HOME.

The words of this exquisite song were written by MORTON, and the celebrated Henry B. Bishop composed the sweet and well-known air to which it is sung.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy mountains crown'd with driven snow
And ice-bound are thy brooks!
But colder far the Briton's heart
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart,
My native Highland home.

Chorus.—Then gang wi' me, to Scotland, dear,
We ne'er again will roam,
But with thy smiles so bonny, cheer
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
The cushet-dove within the dell
Invite to peace and love,
For blythesome is the breath of May,
And sweet the bonny broom,
And blythe the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home.
Then gang wi' me, &c.

THOMAS LYLE composed "*Kelvin Grove*," though some think that John Sim wrote it, as it was found in his hand writing, but Dr. Lyle has fully established his authorship. It was printed in the "Harp of Renfrewshire," about 1820. It is one of the most popular songs in the west of Scotland as indeed everywhere. He also wrote "*Welcome Summer*," "*Dunoon*" and "*I ance knew content*."

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, oh,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie oh!
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, oh.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, oh,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, oh,
Where the glens rebound the call,
Of the roaring waterfall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, oh.

Oh Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, oh,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, oh.
There, the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, oh.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, oh,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, oh,
Yet with fortune on my side
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, oh.

But the powers of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, oh,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, oh,
Ere yon golden orb of day,
Wake the warblers in the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, oh.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, oh,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, oh,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, oh.

JAMES BALLANTYNE published a beautifully illustrated work and called "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," at Edinburgh. In this work are interspersed many poetical pieces of great feeling and replete with genuine Scottish humor and pathos. He wrote the following three songs.

SAFT IS THE TWINK O' THINE E'E, LASSIE.

Saft is the twink o' thine e'e, lassie,
Saft is the twink o' thine e'e;
An' a bonny wee sun glimmers on its blue orb,
As kindly it blinks upon me.

The curls that twine roun' thy brow, lassie,
Are gowden as gowden may be;
Like the wee curly cluds that play roun' the sun,
When he's just gaun to drap in the sea.
Saft is the twink, &c.

Thou hast a bonny wee mou', lassie,
As sweet as a body may pree;
An' I will pree that wee hinny mou',
E'en though thou shouldst frown upon me.
Saft is the twink, &c.

Thou hast a lily white hand, lassie,
As fair as a body may see:
And saft is the squeeze o' that wee genty hand,
At eve when thou partest wi' me.
Saft is the twink, &c.

O! thou art a' thing to me, lassie,
O! thou art a' thing to me;
What care I tho' the warl' should frown,
Gin heaven but smile, an' thee.
Saft is the twink, &c.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, wha sits poking in the ase,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face,
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?
Ah! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air.

His wee chubby face, an' his tousie curly pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin, at the dancin' lowe,
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, an' singe his sunny hair,
Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a'doun;
Worlds whomblin' up and doun, bleezin' wi' a flare,
See how he loups as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,
There's mair folk than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a nicht in winter may weel mak' him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld,
His brow is bent sae braid, O pray that daddy care,
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air!

He'll glower at the fire, an' he'll keek at the licht;
But mony sparklin' stars are swallowed up by nicht!
Aulder een than his are glaumered by a glare,
Hearts are broken—heads are turned—wi' castles in the air.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS.

Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind—
Though pressed and hemmed on every side
Ha'e faith, and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love,
As whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart,
Or tears flow frae your een;
Believe it for the best, and trow,
There's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain
To nature, parched and dry,
The genial night, with balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

So, lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine
We should feel ower proud and hie,
And in our pride forget to wipe
The tear frae poortith's e'e,
Some wee drak clouds o' sorrow come,
We ken na whence nor how,
For ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Wm. Glen was the author of the sweetly tender Jacobite song "*Wae's me for Prince Charlie,*" composed about 1810. It is related of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen that when on one of her visits to the Scottish Highlands, andbeing at Taymouth Castle,the well-known Marquis of Breadalbane, having engaged Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before her, when a list of the songs he was accustomed to sing was presented to her from which to choose, she immediately chose the following: "*Lochaber no more,*" "*The Flowers of the Forest,*" "*The Lass o' Gowrie,*" "*John Anderson My Jo,*" "*Can ye by Athol,*" and "*The Laird o' Cockpen.*" This beautiful song of Glen's was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but Her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "*Wae's me for Prince Charlie,*" which he was able to do. This selection of songs which our good Queen made eminently displays her sound taste and fine feelings. Perhaps a better selection or one more varied both regarding music and words, taking the number of pieces into account, could not easily be found anywhere.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'er come o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."
Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,
The tears cam' drappin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow,
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by richt his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly;
For sairly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Cold o'er the hills and valleys;
An' whaur was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?

He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"O! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
Awhile he hovered on the wing
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

This song was written by C. MacKay, and set to music by Russel. To huntsmen it is peculiarly pleasing.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free,
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me.
When morning beams o'er the mountain streams
Oh! merrily forth we go,
To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
And to chase the bounding roe,
Some love to roam, &c.

The deer we mark in the forest dark
And the prowling wolf we track,
And for right good cheer, in the wildwood here,
Oh! why should a hunter lack—
For with steady aim at the bounding game,
And hearts that fear no foe—
To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
Oh! merrily forth we go.
Some love to roam &c.

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

This sweet ditty is the production of a Canadian poet, EVAN MCCOLL, of Kingston. He published in Scotland a pretty volume of poetry, and called it "*The Mountain Minstrel*, in 1838, and previous to his coming to Canada. He also wrote the stirring song on the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, which is inserted in this collection. Some of his other songs are: "*The Shepherd Boy*," "*The Hills of the Heather Glenaray*." He has also written some fine poems :—

And thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
When I am far away,
And thou wilt wake the echoes wild,
To list unto my lay.
This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,
Forget though others may,
That thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
When I am far away.

Unknown to wealth and friendship too,
Though oft the minstrel sings,
Give him his fame, though small the due,
He'll laugh at crowns and kings.
Ev'n I the thought is heaven to me,
Ev'n I my meed shall ha'e,
Since thou wilt sing the song, sweet child,
When I am far away.

A great many songs about 35 years ago—old as well as of modern date—were collected and collated by Alexander Rodger, Donald Carrick and others, and published under the peculiar name of "Whistle Binkie." One extract from that collection follows, as others have already been given. Rodger wrote the song on the occasion of the marriage of Queen Victoria and the late lamented Prince Consort.

THE ROYAL UNION.

There's joy in the Lowlands and Highlands,
There's joy in the hut and the ha';
The pride o' auld Britain's fair islands
Is woo'd and wedded an' a':
She's got the dear lad o' her choosing—
A lad that's baith gallant and braw;
And lang may the knot be a loosing
That firmly has buckled the twa.

Woo'd and wedded an' a',
Buckled an' bedded an' a',
The loveliest lassie in Britain
Is woo'd an' wedded an' a'.

May heaven's all bountiful Giver
Shower down his best gifts on the twa:
May love round their couch ever hover,
Their hearts close and closer to draw.
May ne'er misfortune o'ertake them,
Nor blast o' adversity blaw;
But every new morning awake them
To pleasures unsullied as snaw.
Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

Then here's to our Queen an' her Marrow,
May happiness aye be their fa',
May discord and sickness and sorrow
Be banished for ever their ha'.
So, fy let us coup aff our bicker,
And toast meikle joy to the twa,
And may they, till life's latest flicker,
Together in harmony draw.
Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

Many individual songs have appeared since the commencement of this century and especially in the past 40 years. One song in particular had a host of admirers a quarter of a century ago. The song is supposed to have been written by our Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and is said to have been picked up by the chamber maid in the parlor of Balmoral Castle on the morning of the Queen's leaving the Highlands for England.

OH, WOE BETIDE THE MORNING.

Oh, woe betide the morning,
Oh, woe betide the day,
That sees us frae these Hieland hills
In sorrow forced away.
There's not a lassie in the strath,
Or gillie on the hill,
But stays—if she have mind to stay—
Or goes against her will.

But I, and my braw Albert,
Our Lords and Leddies too,
Wi' a' the bairns and babbie things,
Maun tak the journey noo.
The southron folk expect us a'
Again amang them soon—
Oh, weary is the head that wears
And maun support, a crown.

Sae blythe a time we've spent here,
Amang the Hieland heather,
The clansmen gathering all around,
Wi' smart cockade and feather;
Mysel' asteer ere dawn o' day,
And Albert deer a-stalking,
Wi' trophies on the mountain won,
Ere other folks were wauking.

Our bairnies too, sae cheery,
Upon the braes disporting,
The cones o' pine, the heather-bell,
Among their toys assorting.

Their hearts as light as ours to-night,
The morrow—sad and grieving,
To hear that they, and we, maun gae,
These Hieland hills a' leaving.
Oh, woe betide the morning, &c., &c.

J. P. CARRICK wrote the beautiful song which follows:

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Over moor and mountain hath passed the war sign;
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
The clans they are gathering by loch and by lea;
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.
Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Charge as you've charged in the days o' langsyne
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,
He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for dimm'd is its shine
The foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,
And who kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine!
The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle is over—the victory won!
There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done.
Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland.

Ryan wrote :—

THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLUE EEN.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een ?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween,—
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee ;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,
Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.
O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again ;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
As the dove that has wandered away from his sweet nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
O saw ye the lass, &c.

John Parry wrote the following two songs :

O! MERRY ROW THE BONNIE BARK.

(*Founded on an ancient Northumbrian melody.*)

"O! merry row, O! merry row
The bonnie bonnie bark;
Bring back my love to calm my woe,
Before the night grows dark.

"My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow-white rose upon it too,
A Highland lad is he.
"Then merry row, O! merry row
The bonnie bonnie bark,
O! merry row, O! merry merry row,
And bring him safe to me."

As on the pebbly beach I stray'd,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a Lowland maid
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose—the waves ran high—
The waves ran high—the waves ran high—
And dark and murky was the sky—
The wind did loudly roar.
But merry row'd, O! merry row'd
The bonnie bonnie bark,
O! merry row'd the bonnie bonnie bark,
And brought her love on shore.

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
Pri'thee do not frown, sweet lassie, for it gives me pain.
If to love thee too sincerely be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely is not kind in thee.
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, pri'thee smile again.

*

Fare-thee-well! my bonnie lassie, lassie, fare-thee-well!
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie, more than tongue can tell.
Tho' we're doom'd by fate to sever (and 'tis hard to part,)
Still, believe me, thou shalt ever own my faithful heart.
Then smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, pri'thee smile again.

FREEMAN wrote :—

HERE'S A HEALTH BONNY SCOTLAND.

Here's a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave—
Here's a health to the bold and the free,
And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave—
Here's a health bonny Scotland, to thee.
Here's a health to the land of victorious Bruce,
And the champions of liberty's cause,
And may their example fresh heroes produce,
In defence of our rights and our laws.
Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to the land where bold Wallace unfurled
His bright banner of conquest and fame;
The terror of foemen, the pride of the world,
Long may Scotland hold dearly his name;
And still, like their fathers, our brothers are true,
And their valour with pleasure we see;
Of the wreaths that were won at renowned Waterloo,
There's a bough of the laurel for thee.
Here's a health, &c.

Here's success to the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Rose—
May they ever in harmony twine;
And should wily discord again interpose,
Let us challenge each other in wine;
For while we're united foes threaten in vain,
And their daring our fame shall increase;
Till the banner of victory o'er land and main
Triumphant is waving in peace.
Here's a health, &c.

PETER STILL wrote :—

YE NEEDNA BE COURTIN' AT ME, AULD MAN.

O ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me;
Yu're three-score and three, and ye're blin' o' an e'e,
Sae ye needna be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna be courtin' at me.

Ha'e patience and hear me a wee, sweet lass,
Ha'e patience and hear me a wee,
I ha'e goupins o' gowd, and an awmry weel stow'd,
And a heart that lo'es nane but thee, sweet lass,
And a heart that lo'es nane but thee.

Gang hame to your gowd and your gear, auld man,
Gang hame to your gowd and your gear,
There's a laddie I ken has a heart like my ain,
And to me he shall ever be dear, auld man,
And to me he shall ever be dear.

I'll busk ye as braw as a queen, sweet lass,
I'll busk ye as braw as a queen,
I ha'e guineas to spare and, hark ye, what's mair,
I'm only twa score and fifteen, sweet lass,
I'm only twa score and fifteen.

O stan' aff na', and fash me nae mair, auld man,
Stan' aff na', and fash me nae mair.
There's a something in love that your gowd canna move—
I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare, auld man,
I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare.

BONNIE MARY HAY.

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD, a native of Ayr, is the author of this song. It appeared in his series of stories published in 1825, which was entitled "Tales of my Grandmother".

Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,
For thy eye is the slae, and thy air is the jet,
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;
Oh! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me,
When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree?
To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie berry den?
And I'll tell you, Mary Hay, how I lo'e you then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's haliday to me,
When thou art coothie, kind, and free,
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay;
But come to the bow'r by the hawthorn brae.
But come to the bow'r, and I'll tell you a' that's true,
Oh, bonnie Mary Hay! I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

J. BLACK wrote:

FOR OH! THOU WERT MINE ONLY LOVE.

Alone I sit and think on thee,
When all around are hush'd in sleep.
And as fond memory calls thee forth
My eyes grow dim, I can but weep.
For oh! thou wert my only love,
I loved but thee, but thee alone,
And fondly, fondly did I hope,
That thou wouldst yet be all mine own.

Our happy walks in yonder glen,
Our resting-place beneath yon tree,
Our hopes and vows when we did part
Ah! ne'er can be forgot by me.
For oh! thou wert, &c.

Oh! cruel death thy wanton sting,
Has sorely, sorely wounded me,
Thoust ta'en frae me my brightest joy,
And left the salt, salt tear with me.
For oh! thou wert, &c.

WILLIAM CAMERON wrote:

O! DINNA CROSS THE BURN, WILLIE.

O, dinna cross the burn, Willie,
Dinna cross the burn;
For big's the spate, and loud it roars,
O, dinna cross the burn.
Your folks a' ken you're here the night,
And sair they would me blame;
Sae bide wi' me till mornin' light:
Indeed your'e no' gaun hame.
Ha'e ye nae care about yoursel';
To brave that fearfu' storm?
Some twa three hours a tale may tell
We noo can hardly form.
O, dinna cross, &c.

O bide, dear Willie, here the night,
O bide till morning here—
Your faither—he'll see a' things right,
And y'ell hae' nought to fear,
Sae dark's the lift, nae moon is there,
The rain in torrents pours—
Ah! see the lightnin's dreadfu' glare,
Hear how the thunder roars.
O, dinna cross, &c.

Away he rode, nae kindness could
His wild resolve o'erturn;
He plunged into the foaming flood,
But never cross'd the burn.

And noo, though ten lang years ha'e past,
Since this wild storm blew by.
Ah! still the maniac hears the blast,
And still the crazy cry,
O, dinna cross, &c.

The following song—poems, ballads and songs are unknown as to the authorship. They consist of a variety of subjects, and were made at different eras of the history of Scottish Minstrelsy.

ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

It may not be, it cannot be,
That such a gem was made for me;
But oh! gin it had been my lot,
A palace, not a Highland cot:
That bonny, simple gem had thrown
Bright lustre round a jewelled crown;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

Chorus—Annie o' the banks o' Dee,
Annie o' the banks o' Dee,
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth,
I love her with the heart of youth;
When all the golden dreams of love
Bring winged angels from above:
A stolen glance from Annie snares
My heart away from a' its cares;
For oh! the sweetest lass to me
Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I LO'E THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

I lo'e the hills of Scotland,
May her thistle proudly wave,
The emblem of my native land,
The motto of the brave.

Thy sons shall guard thy rocky shores
From every hostile band,
And in the cause of liberty
Shall aye the foremost stand.
I lo'e the hills, &c.

Where is the heart that wadna warm
To hear o' Scotland's weal?
The name alone it breathes a charm
Her sons shall ever feel.
I lo'e the hills, &c.

Thy sons, though far in ither climes,
Still mind the happy spot;
The noisy brook, the silver stream,
And ivy covered cot.
I lo'e the hills, &c.

Home of my youth—my fond desire
Shall o'er the waters glide,
For aye auld Scotland shall be free,
Free as the swelling tide.
I lo'e the hills, &c.

MY FATHERLAND.

And must I bid a last farewell—
  A long, a sad adieu
To lake and forest, flood and fell?
  To all I loved so true?
The vessel bounds o'er billows free,
  Night's shadows are at hand,
And I must see no more of thee,
  My dear, dear Fatherland!

O Scotland! o'er th' Atlantic's roar
  Tho' fated to depart,
Nor fortune's frown nor tyrant's power
  Can tear thee from my heart;—
My happy, happy Highland home,
  Still far away thou'lt seem
An Eden bright in fancy's light,
  A heaven in mem'ry's dream!

Land of the thousand heath-clad hills—
  The streams that wildly flow
In music through the shieling dells
  Where often bounds the roe,—
Land of the brave, the fair, the free,
  May foe ne'er touch thy strand:
Farewell to thee! farewell to thee!
  My dear, dear Fatherland!

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing
His love song in the morn,
I have seen the dew-drops clinging
To the rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness, too,
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me thou wilt be dearer
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

THE BONNIE LASS.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When walking in the garden gay,
Or roaming in the valley wild;

But woman, Nature's darling child,
In thee all work she doth excel,
In thee all other work is foil'd
The bonnie lass I love so well.

Oh! had she been a village maid,
And I a lowly shepherd swain,
And shelter'd on the lowest mead
That ever rose on Scotland's plain—
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy and rapture would I hail,
And nightly to my bosom strain,
The bonnie lass I love so well.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

The red moon is up o'er the moss-covered mountains,
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
With the cottager's daughter, by Logan's fair water,
And tell her how truly her Donald can love.
And tell, &c.

I ken there's the miller, wi' plenty o' siller,
Wad fain win a smile from her bonnie blue e'e;
But my ain charming Mary, the star o' Glengary,
Keeps a' her sweet smiles and soft kisses for me.
Keeps a', &c.

'Tis lang since we first trod the Hielands thegither,
Twa frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer,
When I ca'd her my life, my bonnie wee wife,
And ne'er felt sic joy as when Mary was near.
And ne'er, &c.

An' still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom,
A blossom I'll cherish and wear till I dee:
For my ain charming Mary, the star o' Glengary,
She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a guid to me.
She's health, &c.

HALF-PAST TEN.

I mind when I courted my ain wife Jean—
Tho' often I gaed, she little was seen;
For her father—the elder—like a' godly men,
Aye steeked his door about half-past ten.

Ae Sacrament Sabbath I saw Jeanie hame—
Ony lad wi' his lassie wad hae dune the same,
We cracked sae long at the cozy fire en',
That the time slipped awa' till near half-past ten.

The worthy man read, syne rev'rently prayed,
And when he was dune he solemnly said;
"It has aye been a rule—but 'tis likely ye ken—
That we steek a' our doors about half-past ten."

The hint was enough for a blate lad like me,
But I catched a blink o' Jeanie's black e'e,
As much as to say, come ye back to the glen,
And ye'll may be stay langer than half-past ten.

Ae nicht twa-three lads and myse!' did agree
To gang some place near jist to hae a bit spree,
Quo I, "What d'ye think to gang doun to the glen,
For we're sure to be hame about half-past ten.

We a' were received wi' hearty guidwill,
An' the elder, nae less, broach'd a cask o' his yill;
Syne gaed aff to his bed, and says Jean ye'll atten'
That the doors are a' locked at half-past ten.

"Ou, aye," says Jean, but the best o' the joke
Was her slipping ben and stopping the clock;
I'm no gang to tell you the hoo or the when,
But the hauns were na' pointing to half-past ten.

Aboot four i' the morning the auld man arose,
An', lichtin' a spunk, to the clock straught he goes,
"Guide sauf us, guidwife, did ye hear me gae ben'
Lo'd the lads are awa' afore half-past ten.

But the cat vera sune was let oot o' the pock,
By the kecklin' o' hens an' the craw' of the cock,
An' openin' the shutters, he clearly saw then
We wad a' hae our breakfast ere half-past ten.

Ye ne'er heard such lauchin a' the days o' yer life,
And nane were sae hearty's the auld man an' his wife,
Quo he, "What'll the lasses no dae for the men?
E'en cheat their auld faithers wi' half-past ten."

It was settled then that Jean should be mine;
The wedding sune followed, an' we've aye sinsyne
Leev'd happy thegither, an' hope to the en,'
We'll aye min' that nicht an' its half-past ten.

And noo a wee bit of advice I would gi'e:—
"Ne'er stint young folks time when they gang to a spree,
I'm a faither mysel', but brawly I ken,
That the fun jist begins about—half-past ten.

THE WEE ROSEBUD.

The cauld bare win' was blawin'
Wi' an early winter blast,
An' the yellow leaves were fa'in',
For their fair green life was past;
They danced about i' the surly gust,
As if laith to part frae the tree—
Oh, they min't me sair o' the frien's that must
For aye be twin'd frae me.

On ae wee rosebuss was ae wee bit bud,
'Twas the only ane I saw,
An' I wonnert hoo it alane had stud,
When the rest were dead an' awa—
It min't me o' the only ae heart
That's left when the lave hae past,
As the only ban' that winna part,
In sunshine or winter's blast.

Its rosy e'e was sae fair when a'
Was wallow't an' wilsome beside,
An' it seem'd to smile in its tiny blaw
Wi' a sweet an' a happy pride.
I thocht it said, "They're a' gane noo,
That were braw i' the sunny hour;
But I have bidden to speak to you,
Tho' the cluds o' winter lower."

Like the ae kin' heart, wha fearsna
The dark an' dolefu' tide
O' mortal ill, an' caresna,
Tho' a' ithers leave my side—

It's only whan the heart is sad,
An' few may care to cheer,
That ae sweet voice can mak me glad,
Like this wee bit blossom here.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

We ha'e sangs about myrtle, an' sangs about oak,
An' sangs about palm trees an' willows;
We ha'e sangs about battles an' glory an' smoke,
An' sangs about crossin' the billows.
Their palm trees an' willows are fushionless gear,
For myrtles I carena a whistle;
I'll sing o' our ain Scottish emblem sae dear,
The wide-spreading, sturdy auld thistle.

Langsyne when King Haco, that terrible chiel,
Whose hame was the wild stormy ocean,
Cam' o'er frae the Baltic as fierce as the de'il,
By my saul, but he raised a commotion.
But he made naething o't, for on Largs' bluidy strand,
He was crush'd in his shell like a mussel;
"Come awa', lads," quo' he, "we maun leave this curs'd land,
Faith, we'll no soon forget the Scotch thistle."

When Edward cam' down like the wild mountain flood,
Wi' his chivalry prancin' in bravery;
He swore by St. George, an' his ain royal bluid,
He would bring puir auld Scotland to slavery.

But our hardy blue bonnets, at fam'd Bannockburn,
Ga'e his mail-coated heroes a tussle;
An' for mony a lang year "merrie England" did mourn,
An' bann'd baith the Scots an' their thistle.

O' our brave Scottish clans, time would fail me to tell
A' their deeds, that are famous in story;
How for freedom they fought, an' for freedom they fell,
Their slogan "Come death, or come glory."
O'er their graves may the red heather blossom for aye,
An' the pines wave wi' murmurin' rustle;
In our bosoms their mem'ry shall never decay,
While green grows the wide-spreadin' thistle.

Now, "Here's to the Queen, the Prince, an' the Weans,"
May her reign be baith prosp'rous an' happy:
Here's "The People;" frae age, wi' its sorrows an' pains,
To the bairnie that lies in the lappie.
May the sunshine o' liberty gladden our sight,
Free frae war's deadly turmoil and bustle;
While the red blushin' rose an' green shamrock unite,
Wi' the wide-spreadin' sturdy Scotch thistle.

AULD SCOTLAND.

A song for thee, auld Scotland, the beautiful, the brave,
Where the heather blooms so sweetly, where the bonny tartans wave,
Where loch and tarn lie sparkling, in the gladsome summer sky,
And crag and carn re-echo with the lordly eagle's cry.
Oh well, with pride, the bosom of 'the kindly Scot' may swell,
Whose ev'ry inch of native soil some gallant deed can tell;
Where ev'ry stream breathes music, as it wildly rolls along,
And wafts from ev'ry tow'r a tale—from ev'ry isle a song.

When for thy cherish'd liberty thou stood'st in days of yore,
Thy brow was stern, thy heart was firm, and keen thy 'gude claymore.'
Let him, who deems thee chang'd since then, thy broadsword stroke less true,
Go count the foes that fell before thy sons at Waterloo.
Oh! land of Bruce and Wallace, of mountain and of glen,
Where virtue crowns the maiden's brow, and valour moulds the men,

Lnog, long as thy fair heritage 'the links of faith' shall be,
Unbroken may the bonds remain that bind our hearts to thee.

I HAD A HAME.

I had a hame and I had a hope, and ane who lo'ed me too—
But him they banished far away, and others came to woo,
And now, like ane that's in a dream, I roam by glen and lee,
And have a fancy thus to sing, the grave, the grave for me.
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave, the grave for me.

They tell me that the clay is cauld, though a' be warm elsewhere,
And that nae ray of light can meet the bonnie black e'e there;
But they hae hearts mair cauld, I trow, than aught that there can be,
Who taught me thus to stray and sing, the grave, the grave for me.
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave, the grave for me.

It was na weel to chase the hue o' this pale cheek away,
And waken in my heart the pain that sleeps not night or day:

It was na weel to part me thus frae him I ne'er shall see,
And leave me here to stray and sing, the grave, the grave for me.
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave, the grave for me.

Our meeting still was in the bower when dowie midnight came,
For love is like a tender flower, aye sweetest far frae hame;
My hame will soon be far away, and I at rest will be.
And thus I have delight to sing, the grave, the grave for me.
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave, the grave for me.

A DITTY O' FORTY-FIVE.

Our sceptre was stown by the hands o' our foemen,
An' Charlie maun wander beyond the fierce main;
But leal hearts an' strong hands are burnin' to welcome
Our Prince to his crown, an' auld Scotlan' again.
For lang hae we felt a' the woes o' a tyrant,
An' lang hae we mourn'd for the lad that's awa';
Then soon may he come to the hame o' his fathers,
An' hear the blythe welcome, "Prionnsa Tearlach gu brath!"

The beacon shall gleam, like the moon on the ocean,
To pleasure his heart as he cometh afar;
The fiery-cross speed o'er the moors an' green valleys,
An' rouse the brave clansmen to haste to the war.
For lang hae we felt, &c.

Oh! then, we will gather, wi' hearts beating lightly,
An' eyes beaming bright as the claymores we bear—
Fair maids they will deck wi' the plumes o' the eagle
An' blooms o' the heather, the bonnets we wear.
For lang hae we felt, &c.

We'll hew a tall pine from its deep native forest,
Where Spey rolls her waters in darkness along,
An' fix there a banner to honour our Charlie,
An' hail its first flutter wi' pibroch an' song.
For lang hae we felt, &c.

Then quick we will rear it, that Englan' may see it,
On the hill that is steepest, an' nearest the cloud,
An'—ere it's defiled by the hands o' fause traitors—
Our sword-arm shall wither, its faulds be our shroud.
For lang hae we felt, &c.

Like torrents that foam from the crest o' the mountain,
In anger, in vengeance, we'll rush on the foe;
Their ranks shall be broken, their leaders forsaken,
An' the pride o' the Southern for ever laid low.
For lang hae we felt, &c.

HEARD YE THE BAGPIPE.

2d Voice. Heard ye the bagpipe, heard ye the drum?
1st Voice. Heard ye the news, that Charlie is come?
Both. And the Whigs a' rinnin', rin, rin, rinnin'?
And the Whigs a' rinnin' fast awa' hame?
And the Whigs a' rinnin', rin, rin, rinnin'?
And the Whigs a' rinnin' fast awa' hame?

2d. Were ye at Holyrood? saw ye him there?
1st. Saw ye him sittin' in his ain meikle chair?
And the Whigs a' rinnin', &c.

2d. Haith, Donald! I saw him at Holyrood house,
1st. Wi' money braw lads, fu' keen and fu' crouse,
And the Whigs a' rinnin', &c.

2d. We'll delve our ain yard, and we'll pu' our ain kail,
1st. We'll brew our ain maut, and drink our ain yill;
For the Whigs are rinnin', &c.

1st. The rose it is white,
2d. And the heather is red;
1st. The tane they'll ne'er pu',
Both. Nor the tither e'er tread;
For they're aff and rinnin',
Rin, rin, rinnin';
For they're aff and rinnin',
Fast awa' hame.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

Old Bothwell Castle's ruin'd towers
Stand lonely 'mang yon woody bow'rs
Where Clutha fondly winds around,
As loth to leave the hallowed ground.

But where are now the martial throng?
The festive board, the midnight song?
The ivy binds the mould'ring walls,
And ruin reigns in Bothwell halls.

O deep and long have slumber'd now,
The cares that knit the soldier's brow,
The lovely grace, the manly pow'r,
In gilded hall and lady's bow'r.

Old Bothwell castle, ages gone,
Have left thee mould'ring and alone:
While noble Douglas still retains
Thy verdant groves and fair domains.

No Saxon foe may storm thy walls,
Or riot in thy regal halls—
Long, long hath slept brave Wallace' shade,
And broken now his battle-blade.

The tears that fell from beauty's eye,
The broken heart, the bitter sigh;
And deadly feuds have passed away,
Still thou art lovely in decay.

MY HEATHER HILLS.

O gladsome is the sea, wi' its heaving tide,
And bonnie are the plains in their simmer pride;
But the sea wi' its tide, and the plains wi' their rills
Are nae half sae dear as my heather hills.
I can heedless look on the siller sea,
I may tentless muse on the flow'ry lea,
But my heart wi' a nameless rapture thrills
When I gaze on the cliffs o' my heather hills.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for the heather hills,
Where the bonnie thistle waves to the sweet blue bells,
And the wild mountain floods heave their crests to the clouds,
Syne foam down the steeps o' my heather hills.

O! aft in my roving youthfu' days,
I've nestled and row'd on their sunny braes;
And poukit the bloom and the sweet hare bells
Aff the bonnie broomy knowes o' my heather hills.
I ha'e herried the nest o' the wild muircock,
I ha'e clamber'd the steeps o' the raven's rock;
I ha'e courted my love in their rocky fells,
And won a sweet bride on my heather hills.—Then hurrah, &c.

I cling to their braes like the bud to the thorn,
For' mang their heather knowlets sae free, was I born
And the hame o' my youth is my lov'd hame still,
'Neath the kindly shade o' a heather hill.

And when nature fails, row'd in my plaid,
I'll lay me down on a heather bed;
And leesome I'll wait till kind heaven wills
To waft me awa' frae my heather hills.—Then hurrah,
&c.

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

Sweetly shines the sun on auld Edinbro' town,
And maks' her look young and cheerie;
Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.
And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,
There's nought in the world to fear ye;
For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gin ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

O the sun, winna blink in thy bonnie blue een,
Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie,
For I'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green,
By the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

But Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower
At your form in the water so clearly,
Or the fairy will change ye into a wee wee flower,
And you'll grow by the Wells o' W arie.

Yestreen as I wandered there a' alane,
I felt unco douf and drearie,
For wanting my Mary a' around me was but pain,
At the lanesome Wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,
Let fate look gruesome and eerie;
True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,
When we meet by the Wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me by bonnie Mary Grieve,
Nae danger will daur to come near ye,
For I hae asked your minnie, and she has gin ye leave
To gang to the Wells o' Wearie.

THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

This fond heart is thine, lassie, charming and fair,
This fond heart is thine, lassie dear;
Nae world's gear ha'e I, nae oxen nor kye,
I've naething, dear lassie, save a pure heart to gie.

CHORUS.

Yet dinna sae me na, but come, come awa,
An' wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dunmore,
An' wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dunmore.

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming an' fair,
Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear;
I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
Yet dinna say me na, &c.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,
Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;
This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,
I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.
O dinna say me na, &c.

*

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

There's many a man of the Cameron clan
That has followed his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side—
For a Cameron never can yield.
Chorus—I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountains and glen;
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh proudly they walk, though each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true—
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said,
That whatever men dare, they can do.

THE HIGHLANDS! THE HIGHLANDS! O GIN I WERE THERE.

The Highlands! the Highlands! O gin I were there,
Where the muirland and mountains are rugged and bare,
Tho' bleak be the clime, and tho' scanty the fare,
My heart's in the Highlands, O gin I were there.

The Highlands! the Highlands! My fond bosom swells,
When I think on thy streams gushing wild thro' thy dells,
With thy rocks towering high, and thy lakes streaming fair,
My heart's in the highlands, O gin I were there.

The Highlands! the Highlands! far up yon grey glen,
Stands a cosey wee cot, wi' a but and a ben,
Wi' a dace at the door, and my auld mither there,
Croonin' "haste ye back Donald and lea' me nae mair."

The Highlands! the Highlands! there's health in the air,
And freedom's enshrined in the hearts that are there,
The clansmen are brave, and the maidens how fair?
Oh! my ain dear lov'd Highlands, Oh! gin I were there.

MARY TO "W. C."

Oh, wha's to blame that I'm nae wed?
Oh, wha's to blame but thee, Willie?
My love is aye the same for you,
But ye hae nane for me, Willie.

Love gathers up his broken shafts,
Despair sits on his brow, Willie;
They a' fa' harmless frae the hearts,
Of bachelors like you, Willie.

Sae shield yoursel' nae mair behind
Excuses, for it's vain, Willie;
Why aggravate the grief you've caused,
And wound my heart again, Willie?

Time heals the hearts o' mony ane,
Though wounded deep and sair, Willie;
But mine 's a wound that winna cure,
A wound that heals nae mair, Willie.

Hope aft would lichten up my e'e,
When I was young and fair, Willie;
Now, hope has fled far, far frae me,
And left my heart fu' sair, Willie.

Your heart is cauld, love gets nae biel',
In breasts sae chill as yours, Willie,
Although his busy han's should throw
His darts on you in showers, Willie.

Ye strike your lyre wi' muckle skill,
But, oh! your lay is fause, Willie;
I fear your love, if love ye hae,
Is flung awa in sma's, Willie.

Now Mary bids a last fareweel,
A last fareweel to you, Willie;
Though ye've been fause —O fause to me—
Still I've been leal and true, Willie.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

The following was composed by the late Earl of Eglington, and found among his papers after his death:

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing, long ago, the song of other shores:
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as you pull your oars:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' Land.

From the lone shieling of the misty Island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' Land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' Land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortifi'd the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep:

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' Land.

Come, foreign raid, let discord burst in slaughter!
Oh, then for clansmen true, and stern claymore!
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily, beyond the Atlantic roar:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' Land.

A. HUME wrote the two following songs:

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Fareweel, fareweel, my native hame,
Thy lonely glens an' heath-clad mountains,
Fareweel thy fields o' storied fame,
Thy leafy shaws an' sparklin fountains.
Nae mair I'll climb the Pentlands' steep,
Nor wander by the Esk's clear river,
I seek a hame far o'er the deep,
My native land, fareweel for ever.

Thou land wi' love an' freedom crown'd,
In ilk wee cot an' lordly dwellin'
May manly-hearted youths be found,
And maids in ev'ry grace excellin'.
The land where Bruce and Wallace wight,
For freedom fought in days o' danger,
Ne'er crouch'd to proud usurpin' might,
But foremost stood, wrong's stern avenger.

Tho' far frae thee my native shore,
An' toss'd on life's tempestuous ocean;
My heart, aye Scottish to the core,
Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion.
An' while the wavin' heather grows,
An' onward rows the windin' river,
The toast be "Scotland's broomy knowes,
Her mountains, rocks, an' glens for ever."

SCOTLAND DEAR.

My mountain hame, my mountain hame,
My kind, my independent mother!
While thought an' feeling rule my frame,
Can I forget the mountain heather?
Scotland dear!

Though I to other lands may go,
Should fortune's smile attend me thither,
As robin comes in winter's snaw
I'll hameward seek the mountain heather,
Scotland dear!

I love to hear your daughters dear
The simple tale in sang revealing;
Whene'er your music greets my ear,
My bosom melts wi' joyous feeling,
Scotland dear!

When I shall die, O I wad lie
Where life an' me first met thegither,
That my cauld clay, through its decay,
Might bloom again in the mountain heather,
Scotland dear!

ROBERT ALLAN wrote

LOVELY ARRAN MAID.

Speed, O speed, thou bonnie bark!
An' blaw thou gentle gale;
An' waft me to my native shore,
An' sweet Glen-Rosa vale.
Glen-Rosa! thou art dear to me,
An' dear to me the shade,
Where I hae woo'd, where I hae won
My lovely Arran maid.
Where I hae woo'd, &c.

When hung the mist upon the brae,
An' thunder loud would swell,
In echoes from the rugged cliff,
An' down the hollow dell;
Ev'n then, amid Glen-Rosa's wilds,
I hae delighted strayed,
To win the smile of that dear ane,
My lovely Arran maid.

When flow'rs were waving owre the stream,
An' blooming in their prime,
An' owre the towering Goatfell hung,
The harebell and the thyme,
'Twas sweet to climb the airy height,
Or roam the dusky glade,
Wi' thee my heart sae fondly wooed,
My lovely Arran maid.

O were I chief of Arran's isle,
  Its hills an' glens sae steep,
Nae mair my bark would beat the wave,
  Nae mair would plough the deep;
Glen-Rosa! I would haunt thy bowers,
  Nor seek a sweeter shade
Than thine, with Rosie in my arms,
  My lovely Arran maid.

Dr. O'MEARA wrote

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,
  The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
  And heaven is smiling o'er us.
The woes and pains, the galling chains,
  Which kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain we've broke again,
  And tore each link asunder.
    March to the battle field, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
  Would fly from her invader,
Who, his base life to save,
  Would traitor-like degrade her?
Our hallowd cause, our home and laws,
  'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
  Or die our rights maintaining.
    March to the battle field, &c.

J. McGregor wrote the two following songs:—

LADDIE, OH! LEAVE ME.

Doun whar the burnie rins wimplin' and cheerie,
When love's star was smilin' I met wi' my dearie;
Ah! vain was it smilin', she wadna believe me,
But cried wi' a saucy air, Laddie, oh! leave me.

"I've lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie—
I've lo'd thee o'er fondly thro' life e'er to weary—
I've lo'd thee o'er lang, dear, at last to deceive thee—
Look cauldly or kindly but, bid me nae leave thee."

"There's nae ither saft e'e that fills me with pleasure—
There's nae either rose-lip has half o' its treasure
There's nae ither bower, love, shall ever believe me,
Till death breaks this fond heart, O then maun I leave thee."

The tears o'er her cheeks ran, like dew frae red roses—
What hope to the lover, one tear drop discloses!
I kissed them, and blest her, at last to receive me,
Till prest to my heart, she sigh'd, "Oh! never leave me."

THE ROVER'S SERENADE.

Come over the moon-lit sea, love,
When the tide's gently flowing;
Come over the moon-lit sea, love.
When the wind's gently blowing.

And ere the dawn of morning light,
We'll be far out on the sea;
And cheer the silent gloom of night,
With dancing and revelry.
Come over, &c.

And o'er the green waves we'll fly, love,
Like the clouds before the breeze,
With the black flag waving high, love,
O'er the 'Skimmer of the Seas.'
And should a sail e'er heave in sight,
We'll crowd every stitch in chase,
For my brave little bark is swift and light,
And we'll speedily win the race.
Come over, &c.

The celebrated writer of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" is the author of the following beautiful and pathetic song. Professor Aytoun is better known as a lay writer than as a song composer, but this example shows that whatever he touches has pathos, feeling and poetic beauty in it. What a pretty yet sad conclusion are these words:

"But we'll hold our tryst in heav'n, Willie,
In the spring time o' the year."

ANNIE'S TRYST.

Your hand is cauld as snaw, Annie,
Your cheek is wan and white;
What gars ye tremble sae, Annie,
What mak's your e'e sae bright?

The snaw is on the ground, Willie,
The frost is cauld and keen,
But there's a burnin' fire, Willie,
That sears my heart within.

The spring will come again, Annie,
And chase the winter showers,
And you and I shall walk, Annie,
Amang the simmer flow'rs,
Oh! bonnie are the braes, Willie,
When a' the drifts are gane,
But my heart misgi'es me sair, Willie,
Ye'll wander there alane.

Oh! will ye tryst wi' me, Annie?
Oh! will ye tryst me then?
I'll meet ye by the burn, Annie,
That wimples down the glen.
I daurna tryst wi' you, Willie,
I daurna tryst ye here,
But we'll hold our tryst in heav'n, Willie,
In the spring time o' the year.

COLIN SIEVERIGHT wrote the following song. He is one of the few still living authors mentioned in this History, and was the author of "A Garland for the Ancient City." The song given here is one of a series of effusions which bears the name of "Love Lilts o' the Braes o' Angus."

WHERE THE BURNIE ROWS—LINTRATHEN.

Where the burnie rows, an' the heather grows,
An' the sun shines bricht an' fair;
Where the blue hare-bell, an' the tinkling rill,
Wi' their music fill the air;
O Nora, love, will ye roam wi' me
Where the lichtsome lammie plays;
On the gowden knowes and the hiddlin' howes
O' Lintrathen's sunny braes?

Where the burnie rows, an' the heather grows,
An' the muircock craws sae crouse;
Dear Nora, say cud ye thole to stay
I' the shepherd's wee cot house?
Cud ye aye be glad when yer shepherd lad
Cam' hame at the even-tide,
To row yer head in his tartan plaid,
An' to be his dautit bride?

Where the burnie rows, an' the heather grows,
Far awa' fae the warld o' strife;
Sweet Nora Chree, wad ye care to be
The puir shepherd's ain gudewife;
To milk the yowes on the gowden knowes,
An' to mak' the yowe-milk cheese;
To herd the cow, where the rashes grow,
An' to watch for the swarmin' bees?

Where the burnie rows, an' the heather grows,
When the wintry tempests roar
We'll faud the yowes on the broomy knowes,
An' we'll steek the hallant door.

Wi' the aumrie fu', an' the meal kist too,
Sae cozy, snug, an' warm,
I' the ingle nook, wi' a cheerie book,
A' the lang forenicht we'll charm.

Where the burnie rows, an' the heather grows,
There are peats, an' sods, an' whins;
An' we'll big them in ere the storm comes on
To birsle our taes an' shins.
I will read to you, while ye caird the 'oo
That's to mak' the bairnies' claes;
And ye'll bring again, wi' yer ain sweet sang,
A' the joys o' oor coortin' days.

THE CRIMEAN WAR and the terrible MUTINY IN INDIA were events which gave rise to very many poems and some songs. The poet MCLAGGAN is conspicuous among the writers. One of his songs "*We'll hae nane but Highland Bonnets here*," and referring to an incident at the Battle of Alma, was a great favorite with the Highland Brigade in the Crimea.

WE'LL HAE NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS HERE.

Alma, field of heroes, hail,
Alma, glorious to the Gael;
Glorious the symbol dear,
Glorious the mountaineer,
Hark, hark to Campbell's battle cry!
It led the brave to victory;
It thundered through the charging cheer,
W'ell hae nane but Highland bonnets here.
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here.

See, see the heights where fight the brave!
See, see the gallant tartans wave!
How wild the work of Highland steel,
When conquered thousands backward reel.
See, see the warriors of the north,
To death or glory rushing forth!
Hark to their shout from front to rear,
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
Hark to their shout from front to rear,
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!

Braver field was never won,
Braver deeds were never done,
Braver blood was never shed,
Braver chieftain never led,
Braver swords were never wet
With life's red tide when heroes met!
Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!

Let glory rear her flag of fame,
Brave Scotland cries, 'This spot I claim:'
Here will Scotland bare her brand,
Here will Scotland's lion stand!
Here will Scotland's banner fly,
Here Scotland's sons will do or die!
Here shout above the 'symbol dear,'

We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!

He also wrote "*Hurrah for the Thistle.*"

HURRAH FOR THE THISTLE.

Hurrah! for the thistle, the bonnie Scotch thistle,
The evergreen thistle of Scotland for me;
Awa' wi' the flow'rs in your lady-built bow'rs,
The strong-bearded weel-guarded thistle for me.
'Tis the flower the proud eagle greets in his flight,
When he shadows the stars with the wings of his might,
'Tis the flow'r that laughs at the storm as it blows,
For greater the tempest the greener it grows.

Round the love-lichted hames o' our ain native land—
On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand,
On the face of the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!
Hurrah! for the thistle, &c.

Hale hearts hae we yet to bleed in its cause,
Bold harps hae we yet to sound its applause;
How then can it fade, when sic chiels an' sic cheer,
And sae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here!
Then hurrah! for the thistle, &c.

Another of his songs is the affecting, but some say fictitious story of Jessie Brown at the siege of Lucknow.

JESSIE BROWN.

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart—
The foes of auld Scotland for ever will fear it,
"We are saved! we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid;
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! Oh, dinna ye hear it?"

A moment the tempest of battle was hushed,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to the shot-shattered ramparts they rushed,
Again roared the cannon, again flashed the steel
Still the Highland maid cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick; but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing, 'The Campbells are coming!'
They are charging and cheering! Oh! dinna ye hear it?"

The heroes of Lucknow? fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul-stirring story,
For ever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to the Queen, and the hearts who defend her!
Success to our flag! and, when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing, "The Campbells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "Oh! dinna ye hear it?"

Another fine song-poem, written on the death of Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell), by King Smith, must be inserted here as a tribute to the memory of one of Auld Scotia's bravest sons.

LORD CLYDE OF CLYDESDALE.

Silent was the battle-slogan,
On no stricken field he fell;
England's clasping arms were round him,
Warrior whom she trusted well.
Yet our thoughts are all of conflict
As beside that grave we mourn,
For his name was hung with trophies
From a thousand foemen torn.

Fast are memories thronging o'er us
Of the grand old fields of Spain,
How he faced the charge of Junot
And the fight where Moore was slain.
Oh ! the years of weary waiting
For the glorious chance he sought,
For the slowly ripening harvest
That life's latest autumn brought.

Tardy laurels ! yet he grasped them
With a bold and steadfast hand,
When we fought the swarthy swordsmen
From the river-sundered land.
And the lightning of his onset
Pierced the Scythians' stubborn lines,
When a new and fearful purple
Flushed o'er Alma's tangled vines.

There is many a Russian mother,
There is many a Tartar maid,
Weeps the day when Balaklava
Saw Sir Colin's red brigade.
Yet in triumph's day they passed him
Till there came a night of grief,
And then England, in her anguish,
Sought the old and slighted Chief.

And from Ganges' banks to Indus
Swept the legions that he led,
And the torn and trampled lotus
Marked their stern avenging tread.

Lay him there where Outram slumbers,
Let him sleep by Canning's side;
Death has joined the great triumvirs,
And has sheathed the sword of Clyde.

With two other illustrations we close "*The History of Scottish Song*:" the first was written in 1870, by the Canadian Poet, "Evan McColl," of Kingston, and of whom mention was made before. It is a spirited tribute to the happy event which it commenorates, and is called,

LOUISE.

Hurrah! for the news o'er the wide world just gone out!
The bards all enraptured are rhyming upon it:
A son of the Mist (up yet higher my bonnet!)
Has won the young heart of Balmoral's Louise.
Glad tidings to all save those wee German lairdies
Whose wont was to steal our choice flowers for their "yairdies."
Henceforth, from such theft let's pray Cupid to guard us,
And give a gay Lorne to each charming Louise

'Tis long since the Gael of both mainland and island
Well knew that in heart the dear lassie was Highland,
The Stuart, it seemed, with a strip o' Argyll in't,
Would just be the plaid to suit winsome Louise!

Though earth's proudest King might right glad be to
wed her,
She's much better match'd—thanks to love 'mang the
heather!
A lad who can sport the MacCailean's proud feather
Is just the right mate for the bonny Louise!

A gathering of Clans on my vision is looming,
Dunchuaich proudly echoes "The Campbells are coming!"
In fancy I listen the *Gunna Cam* booming
Its joy at the Bridal of Lorne and Louise.
Alas that in fancy alone can I wend there
My welcome to give them—my homage to tender,
And help happy thousands the welkin to rend there,
Proud toasting Lord Lorne and the Lady
Louise.

The second song is styled *Scotland's Welcome*," and is composed by F. R. Havergal on the occasion of the auspicious marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

SCOTLAND'S WELCOME.

Sweet rose of the south, contented to rest
In the fair island home which thy presence has
blessed,
From the Highlands resounding glad welcome shall
float,
And the Lowlands re-echo the jubilant note.

Merry England has loved thee and cherished thee long,
Her blessings go with thee in prayer and in song;
Bonnie Scotland has won thee, and lays at thy feet
Love tender and fervent, love loyal and sweet.

Chorus.—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,
While greeting and homage we loyally bring;
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for thee.

Then come like the summer that gilds with a smile
The dark mountains and valleys of lovely Argyle,
Golden splendour shall fall on the pale northern snow
And with rose-light of love, the purple shall glow.
Though the voice that should bless, and the hand that should seal,
Are away and at rest in the "land o' the leal,"
May the God of thy Father look graciously down
With blessings on blessiugs thy gladness to crown.

Chorus.—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,
While greeting and homage we loyally bring;
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for thee.

INDEX.

PAGE.

A.

Auld Scotia's Songs 1
Annie Laurie 32
Auld Robin Gray 33
A Wet Sheet 77
A Weary Lot is Thine 104
Allan-a-Dale 107
Auld Lang Syne 143
Auld Rob Morris 146
Afton Water 156
Ae Fond Kiss 161
Annie o' the Banks o' Dee 207
Auld Scotland 217
A Ditty o' Forty-Five 219
Annie's Tryste 235

B.

Birks of Abergeldy 17
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray 24
Blow, Blow, Thou Vernal Gale 64
Bonnie Jeannie Gray 71
Bonnie Prince Charlie 82
Braw, Braw Lads on Yarrow Braes 100
Blue Bonnets over the Border 103
Bonnie Dundee 109
Bruce's Address 148
Bonnie Wee Thing 151
Blythe ha'e I been 160
Bonnie Mary Hay 2
Bothwell Castle 24

C.

Caller Herrin' 59

Come under my Plaidie 97
Contented wi' Little 148
Comin' through the Rye 152
Charlie is my Darling 153
Castles in the Air 189
Canadian Boat Song 229

D.

Down the Burny Davie 26
Duncan Gray 167
Draw the Sword, Scotland 199

E.

Evening sheds her Gems of Dew 152

F.

For ever Fortune 63
Forget Him 135
For a' That 140
For oh! Thou wert mine only Love 205

G.

Get up and Bar the Door 56
Gloomy Winter's Now awa 74
Gilderoy 116
Green Grow the Rashes, O 168

H.

He's Ower the Hills 43
Hame cam' our Gudeman at E'en 52
Hurra for the Highlands 88
Hail to the Chief 110
Highland Mary 139
Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue 159
Happy Friendship 162
Here's a Health, Bonny Scotland 202
Half-Past Ten 212
Heard ye the Bag Pipe 221
Hurrah for the Thistle 240

I. J.

In the Garb of Old Gaul 66
Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane 73
Jock o' Hazeldean 103
Jeannie Morrison 125
I gaed a Waefu' Gate Yestreen 145
John Anderson, my Joe 150
I'll Tend thy Bower 176
In the Silence of the Midnight Hour 179
Ilka Blade o' Grass 190
I lo'e the Hills of Scotland 208
I had a Hame 218
Jessie Brown 241

K.

Kelvin Grove 186

L.

Leezie Lindsay 18
Lochaber no more 23
Logie of Buchan 35
Low down i' the Brume 87
Love 90
Lucy's Flittin' 111
Lachin-Y-Gair 120
Last May a Braw Wooer 155
Lovely Arran Maid 252
Laddie oh! Leave me 234
Lord Clyde of Clydesdale 242
Louise 244

M.

Mary's Dream 70
My Ain Fireside 83
My Heather Land 91
My Boy Tammy 93
My Nannie's Awa' 147
My Lowe's Like a Red, Red Rose 147
My Nannie, O! 166
My Ain Wife 174
My Highland Home 185

My Father Land 209
Mary of Argyle 210
My Heather Hills 223
Mary to W. C 227
March to the Battle Field 233

N. O.

O'er the Waters 39
O Wha's for Scotland and Charlie 48
O are ye sleeping, Maggie 78
Oh where, and oh where 86
Oh! Dinna Ask Me 93
O Whistle and I'll Come to you, my Lad 163
Of a' the Airts the Win' can Blaw 164
Oh What ye Wha 176
Oh! Why left I my Hame 181
Oh Woe Betide the Morning 198
O! Merry Row the Bonnie Bark 200
O! Dinna Cross the Burn, Willie 206

P. Q. R.

Royal Charlie 41
Rise, Rise, Lowland and Highland Men 49
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch 85
Rantin', Rovin' Robin 149
Rob Roy Macgregor 172

S.

Scotland Yet 131
Somebody 160
Sweet is the Dawn 182
Saft is the Twink o' Thine e'e, Lassie 188
Some Love to Roam 194
Smile Again, my Bonnie Lassie 201
Scotland Dear 231
Scotland's Welcome 245

T.

The Auld Scotch Sangs 4
The Ewe-Buchts 19
The Wauking o' the Fauld 21

209 The Campbells are Coming 27
210 The Flowers of the Forrest..... 29-30
223 Tullock Gorum..... 38
227 The Hundred Pipers..... 40
233 The Wee, Wee German Lairdie 47
The Gallant Montrose..... 51
The Boatie Rows 58
39 The Rowan Tree 61
48 The Lea Rig 66
78 There's nae Luck about the House 69
86 The Bridal Day..... 72
93 The Lark..... 81
163 The Mitherless Bairn..... 89
164 The Year that's Awa'..... 92
176 The Wee Thing..... 95
181 There Cam' a Young Man..... 98
198 The Laird o' Cockpen..... 100
200 The MacGregor's Gathering..... 102
206 The Maid's Remonstrance..... 113
The Evening Star..... 114
The Soldier's Dream..... 115
41 The Dirge of Wallace 118
49 The Nabob..... 122
85 The Scottish Blue Bells..... 129
149 The Bonnie Wee Rosebud..... 130
172 Thou Ling'ring Star..... 142
There Grows a Bonnie Briar Bush..... 150
The Birks of Aberfeldy..... 154
131 The Highland Laddie 158
160 Tam Glen..... 169
182 The Land o' the Leal 171
88 The Happy Mother..... 173
94 The Rose of Allandale..... 177
01 The Heather Bell 178
31 The Lass o' Gowrie 179
45 Tell me, Dear..... 184
The Royal Union 196
4 The Lass wi' the Bonnie Blue E'en..... 200
19 The Star of Glengarry..... 211
21 The Wee Rose Bud..... 214

The Scotch Thistle 215
The Wells o' Wearie 224
The Woods o' Dunmore 225
The March of the Cameron Men 226
The Highlands! the Highlands! o gin I were there 226
The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell 230
The Rover's Serenade 234

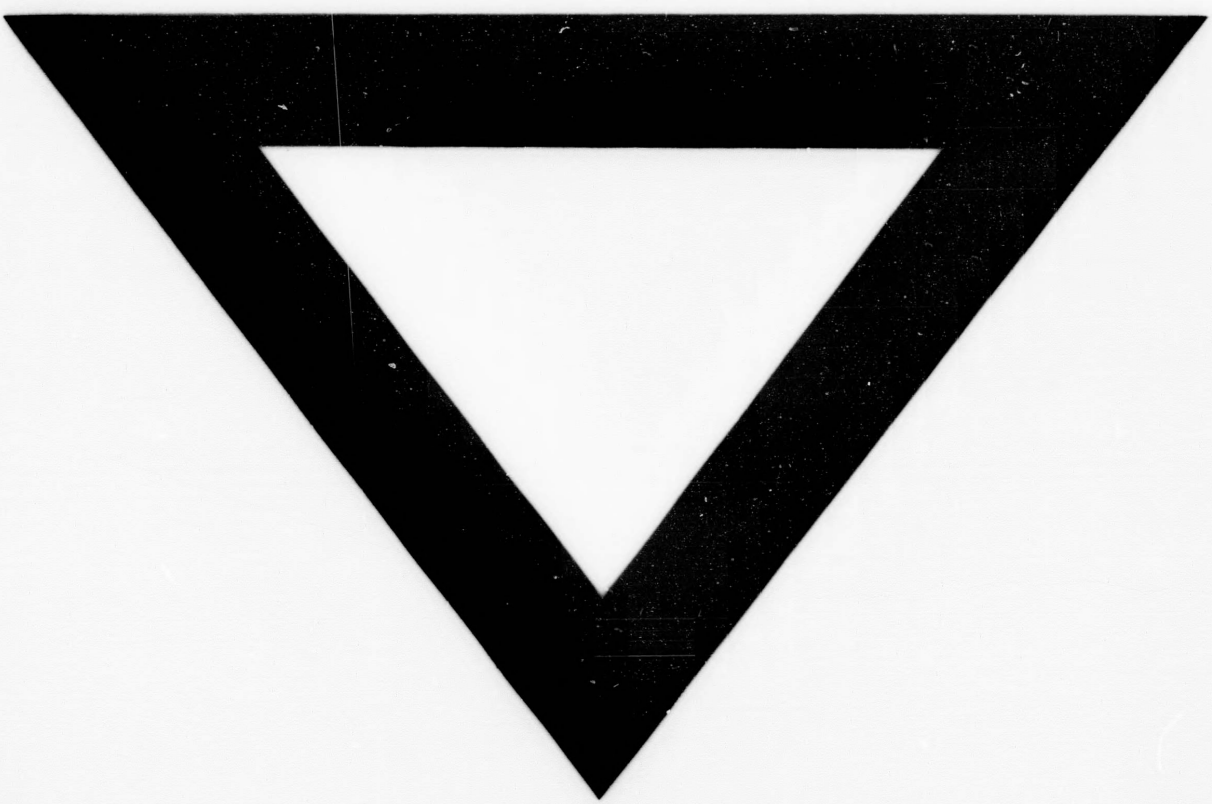
U. V. W.

When the King Comes Owre the Water 44
Will you no Come Back Again 45
When Ye Gang Awa', Jamie 54
When John and me were Married 76
When the Kye Come Hame 79
When I roved a Young Highlander 119
Wat ails this Heart o' Mine 124
Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut 157
Wedded Love 175
Wae's me for Prince Charlie 193
When I am Far Away 195
Where the Burnie flows, Lintrathen 237
We'll hae nane but Highland Bonnets here 238

X. Y.

Yak' your Auld Cloak about ye 36
Ye Banks and Braes 144
Ye Needna be Courtin' at me, auld Man 203
Young Lochinvar 105

215
224
225
226
226
230
234

44
45
54
76
79
119
124
157
175
193
195
237
238

36
44
03
05