

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC

OF

SCOTLAND.

PART I.

I.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE words and air of this song were composed by Mr Macvicar, when purser of the Solbay man of war. It was originally published as a half-sheet song, and Oswald afterwards inserted the music in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book xi, in 1750. The late Mr D. Herd inserted the words in the first volume of his Scottish Songs, in 1776. The Highland King, intended as a parody on the former, was the production of a young lady, the friend of Charles Wilson of Edinburgh. It first appeared in a collection of songs, edited by this Wilson, in 1779, entitled, St Cecilia, or the Lady and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion.

II.

AN' THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

THE late Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, was of opinion, that this beautiful air must have been composed between the period of the Restoration and the Union. Mr William Thomson, editor of the Orpheus Caledonius, on the other hand, supposed it to have been a composition of David Rizzio. Both opinions, however, are equally fanciful, and unsupported by evidence. That the air, and first verse, including the chorus, of this

song are ancient, there can be no doubt, because, in 1725, Thomson printed it as an ancient song; but neither the name of its composer, of the tune, nor that of the poet who wrote the original words to which it is adapted, are now known. It is remarkable, that the old verse, beginning with, "I would clasp thee in my arms," is not to be found in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, although it appears in the Orpheus Caledonius. The four additional stanzas, beginning, "Of race divine," are generally attributed to Ramsay, but he himself annexes the letter X to the song, to denote that the author was unknown.

III.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

X MR J. STAFFORD SMITH, in his "Musica Antiqua," vol. iii. p. 183, gives this beautiful air as the composition of the celebrated Henry Purcell, because John Playford had printed it as such in his "Musick's Handmaid," published at London in 1689. The old Irish air called, "Lillibulero," is likewise given by Smith as Purcell's composition. But neither the Scotch nor the Irish air were composed by Purcell, (although he might have put a bass to them for his old friend Playford) nor have either of them the smallest resemblance to any of the other compositions of this truly eminent master. The Scottish air appears in a very old manuscript music book, now in the possession of the editor, written in square or lozenge shaped notes, under the title of, "Peggie, I must love thee," in all probability, long before Purcell was born. Of this ancient song nothing remains but the tune and the title, for the verses to which the air is adapted, both in the Orpheus Caledonius, and in the Scots Musical Museum, were the production of Allan Ramsay. His friend, Crawford, likewise wrote a song to the same air, beginning, "Beneath a beech's grateful shade," inserted in Mr George Thomson's collection of Scots songs, vol. iii. p. 124, where it is beautifully harmonized and arranged as a duet for two voices, by the celebrated Dr Haydn. It may also be noticed *en passant*,

that Henry Playford adapted an English song to the same Scottish air, beginning, "Tom and Will were shepherd swains," which was printed in his first volume of "Wit and Mirth," printed at London in 1698.

LILLIBURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH were the pass words used by the Irish papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The song of Lilliburlero was written in 1686, on the king's nominating General Talbot, a furious papist, (newly created Earl of Tyrconnel) to the lieutenancy of Ireland. This song contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. It is inserted in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 365.

IV.

BESS, THE GAWKIE.

THIS song is the production of the late Rev. James Muirhead, minister of the parish of Urr, in the province of Galloway. Burns justly remarks, that "*it is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.*"—See his Reliques by Cromek. This song appears in Herd's collection in 1776.

V.

LORD GREGORY.

THIS is a very ancient Gallowegian melody. The two verses adapted to the air in this collection, were compiled from the fine old ballad, entitled, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which was first published in a perfect state by Sir Walter Scott in his Minstrelsy of the Border, vol. ii. p. 411. Burns remarks, that "it is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune, which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few, as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, '*The Lass o' Lochroyan,*' which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway."—*Reliques*, p. 196.

VI.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

* BURNS says, "this song is one of the many attempts that the English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of *Anglo Scottish* productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt."—See *Burns's Reliques*.

If any resemblance can be traced between this melody and those of Scotland, it does not, at all events, appear to be very striking. For to what genuine Scottish air has there ever been a regular recitative prefixed? The English composer, Mr Hook, certainly never meant it should pass for a Scottish production, else he would not have displayed his name on the original title-page. This song was very popular during Mr Tenducci's residence in Scotland, and Johnson, at the request of several of his subscribers, was induced to give it an early place in his work. The greater part of the first volume of the Museum was engraved before Burns and Johnson became acquainted.

VII.

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS Border melody was communicated to the editor by Mr Stephen Clarke. Burns mentions, that when he was a boy it was a very popular song in Ayrshire, and he has heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignified with the name of hymns, to this air. These itinerant visionaries were so denominated from their leader, *Elizabeth Buchan*, the wife of one of the proprietors of the Delft manufactory at Glasgow, by whom she had several children. About 1779 she began to prophecy, that the day of judgment was at hand, and that all Christians ought to abandon their worldly affairs, and be in readiness to meet Christ. She soon gathered a number of proselytes, and journeyed with them through several parts of Scotland. Whilst in Nithsdale the Buchanites resided in a barn, where the women span flax during the day, and re-

ceived their male visitors at night. The prophetess had asserted, that she was to be translated alive into heaven; but she died in 1791, and her infatuated disciples, after hiding her body in a peat-moss, gradually dispersed. In Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vi. p. 663, there is a very interesting account of these singular enthusiasts.

VIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

“THESE beautiful verses (says Burns) were the production of Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr Blacklock (to whom I am indebted for the anecdote) kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the same tune. Tytler, in his amusing History of Scottish Music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own Collection of Scots Tunes, wherein he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.”

We have only to add, that Oswald was not the composer of the air of Roslyn Castle. The same tune, note for note, appears in a prior publication, namely M'Gibbon's Collection of Scots Tunes, under the title of the “House of Glams.” The old words which had been adapted to this air, however, are now lost. The words of both the songs to this air appeared in Herd's Collection, printed in 1776, and afterwards in the collection entitled, St Cecilia, at Edinburgh, in 1779.

IX.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'.

“THIS song, for genuine humour, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.”—*Burns's Reliques.*

This observation had been hastily made, for the air, either when played or sung slowly, as it ought to be, is exceedingly pathetic, not lively. Burns afterwards became sensible of this; for, in one of his letters to Thomson, inserted in Currie's edition of his works, he says, “I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible, in singing, to give it

half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement.

I.

“Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever ;
Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou hast left thy lass for ay,
I must see thee never, Jamie,
I will see thee never.

II.

“Thou hast me forsaken, Jame,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou canst love another maid
While my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary eyes I'll close
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.”

Mr Thomas Fraser, to whom Burns alludes, was an intimate acquaintance of the poet, and an excellent musician. He still lives, and is at present (1820) the principal oboe concerto player in Edinburgh, of which city he is a native. His style of playing the melodies of Scotland is peculiarly chaste and masterly.

X.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'.

THIS humorous old song was omitted by Ramsay in his Tea-table Miscellany, in 1724, although it was quite current in the Border long before his time. Oswald inserted the tune, and Herd the words, in their respective collections. The following verses to the same air, in the genuine spirit of the original, were written by Mrs Scott of Dunbartonshire.

I.

The grass had nae freedom o' growing,
As lang as she was nae awa ;
Nor in the town could there be stowin,
For wooers that wanted to ca :
Sic boxin, sic brawlin, sic dancin,
Sic bowin and shakin a paw,
The town was for ever in brulzies,
But now the lassie's awa.

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and awa',
 The dandelie toast o' the parish,
 Is woo'd and carried awa'.*

II.

But if he had ken'd her as I did,
 His woin it wad hae been sma ;
 She kens neither bakin nor brewin,
 Nor cardin, nor spinnin awa :
 But a' her skill lies in buskin,
 And O if her braws were awa,
 She soon wad wear out o' the fashion,
 And knit up her huggers wi' straw.

Woo'd and married, &c.

III.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And O she was bonnie and braw ;
 She cried on her gudeman to gie her
 An ell o' red ribban or twa :
 He took and he set down beside her
 A wheelie and reelie to ca' ;
 She cried, " was he that way to guide her,"
 And out at the door and awa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

IV.

The road she took was to her mither,
 Wha said, " Lassie, how gaes a' ?"
 Quo she, " Was it for nae ither
 That I was married awa,
 But to be set down to a wheelie,
 And at it for ever to ca' ?
 An' syne to ha'et reel'd by a cheelie,
 That's everly crying to draw ?"

Woo'd and married, &c.

V.

Her mither said till her, " Hech ! Lassie,
 He's wisest I fear o' the twa ;
 There'll be little to put in the tassie,
 Gif ye be sae backward to draw ;
 For now ye should work like a tyger,
 And at it baith wallop and ca',
 Sae lang's ye hae youdith and vigour,
 An' weanies and debt kept awa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

VI.

" Sae, swith ! awa hame to your haddin,
 Ye're the mair fool for comin awa,
 Ye manna be ilka day gaddin,
 Nor gang sae white finger'd and braw ;

For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
 And wi' him should cannily draw ;
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit ;
 So that's an answer for a'."

Woo'd and married, &c.

VIII.

Young luckie thus fand hersel' nither'd,
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa ;
 At length wi' hersel' she consider'd
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,
 And e'en tak her chance o' the landing
 However that matters might fa',
 Folks manna on frets aye be standing,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married, &c.

Mrs Grant of Laggan wrote an English parody of Mrs Scott's song, which Mr G. Thomson has inserted in his Collection, vol. iii.

XI.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

THIS charming song (says Burns) is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words much older still, and which I take to be the original one ; but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading. The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, are still older, and are familiar, from the cradle, to every Scottish ear.

Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Linkin o'er the lea ?
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 Her coat aboon her knee, &c. &c.

Though it by no means follows, that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song ; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in *Ramsay*, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our

peasantry, while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his Collection.—*Burns's Reliques.*

In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany we find his song, called "The Toast," to the same tune, "*Saw ye my Peggy?*" but he left out both of the old songs under this title, to which Burns alludes. The first of these two songs is still extant, but the words are not fit to be sung in a drawing-room. The other, which is likewise older than Ramsay's time, was not inserted in any regular collection of Scottish songs till that of David Herd in 1769, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum. The melody, however, is inserted in the old manuscript music-book, in the editor's possession, before alluded to, and was also printed in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725.

XII.

THE BONNIE SCOTSMAN.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, who calls it "THE BONNY SCOT, *to the tune of the Boatman.*" The old verses, which had been adapted to this original Scottish melody, are now however supposed to be lost. There is a striking coincidence in several bars, between this air and that of "Nancy's to the Greenwood gane." Perhaps they were both composed by the same minstrel. Thomson published Ramsay's verses to the tune of "The Boatman," in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725. The same melody appears in Craig's Collection, A. D. 1730, and several subsequent musical publications.

XIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

THIS song, from intrinsic evidence, is not very ancient. It is neither to be found in Ramsay's Miscellany, the Orpheus Caledonius, nor in Craig or Macgibbon's Collections; but both of them are inserted in a collection of songs called, "*The Muses' Delight,*" printed and sold by John Sadler, Liverpool, 1754. In this work it is entitled, "The Flower

of Edinburgh, set by Signor D. Rizzio." Oswald has a copy of the air in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, vol. iii. printed in 1742; and the words appear in Herd's collection, who has used some liberty with the original, though his alterations are neither numerous nor important. The Liverpool editor is unquestionably erroneous in ascribing the melody to Rizzio, for there is reason to believe, that it was composed subsequent to the year 1700. Indeed the editor is creditably informed, that the tune only became a fashionable Scottish measure (a sort of hornpipe so called) about the year 1740; and that it was subsequent to this period when the verses appeared by an anonymous hand.

Burns says, that this song "is one of the many effusions of Jacobitism. The title, *Flowers of Edinburgh*, has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains."—*Vide his Reliques*.

The grounds our poet had for conjecturing that this song was a Jacobite effusion, do not appear to be sufficiently plain. No such song as the one alluded to is known to exist. Subsequent to the year 1745, indeed, there was a Jacobite ballad, which was frequently sung to this air, beginning,

To your arms, to your arms, my bonny Highland lads!
 To your arms, to your arms at the touk o' the drum!
 The battle-trumpet sounds, put on your white cockades,
 For Charlie, the great Prince Regent, is come.

But this ballad, which may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, has no allusion whatever to *The Flowers of Edinburgh*. It seems more likely that the composer of this Scotch measure had given it the name in compliment to the young ladies of the Scottish metropolis, who were then attending the dancing schools.

Burns further observes, that "it is singular enough, that the Scottish muses were all *Jacobites*. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single

stanza, nor even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyric reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head; and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than * * * *

Our poet's heart certainly hurried him, on some occasions, too fast for his head; for there were many songs composed in Scotland at the time, diametrically opposite to Jacobitism. The three following, excerpted from a MSS. collection of loyal songs, composed for the use of the Revolution Club, part of which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh, by A. Donaldson and J. Reid, in 1761, may not be unacceptable as counter specimens.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

I.

When you came over first frae France,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 You swore to lead our king a dance,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 And promis'd on your royal word,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 To mak the Duke dance o'er the sword,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

II.

Whan he to you began to play,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 You quat the green and ran away,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 The dance thus turn'd into a chace,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 It must be own'd you wan the race,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

III.

Your partners that came o'er frae France,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 They understood not a Scots dance,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;

Therefore, their complaisance to shew,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Unto our Duke they bow'd right low,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

IV.

If e'er you come to dance again,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 New dancers you must bring frae Spain,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 And, that all things may be secure,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 See that your dancers be not poor,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

V.

I think insurance you should make,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Lest dancing you should break your neck,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 For he that dances on a rope,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Should not trust all unto the Pope,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

VI.

For dancing you were never made,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Then, while 'tis time, leave off the trade,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Be thankful for your last escape,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 And, like your brother,* take a cap,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

O BROTHER SANDIE.

To the Tune of "*Lilli Bullero.*"

I.

O BROTHER Sandie, hear ye the news ?

Lilli bullero, bullen a la,

An army's just coming without any shoes.

Lilli bullero, bullen a la.

To arms, to arms, brave boys to arms !

A true *British* cause for your courage doth call ;

Court, country, and city, against a banditti.

Lulli bullero, bullen a la.

II.

The Pope sends us over a bonny young lad,

Lilli bullero, &c.

* Cardinal York, brother of Charles, and second son of James, denominated "the Pretender."

Who, to court British favour, wears a Highland plaid.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

III.

A protestant church from Rome doth advance,

Lilli bullero, &c.

And, what is more rare, it brings freedom from *France*,

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

IV.

If this shall surprise you, there's news stranger yet,

Lilli bullero, &c.

He brings *Highland* money to pay British debt.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

V.

You must take it in coin, which the country affords,

Lilli bullero, &c.

Instead of broad pieces, he pays with broad swords.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

VI.

And sure this is paying you in the best ore?

Lilli bullero, &c.

For who once is thus paid, will never want more.

Lilli bullero, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

GREAT WILLIAM OF NASSAU.

TUNE.—“The Nun and Abbess.”

I.

GREAT William of Nassau, who sav'd us from Rome,

Being born to make happy the ages to come,

First, by his sword, he rescu'd our cause,

And thereafter, for ever, secur'd it by laws.

II.

To prevent the surrender of Sovereign pow'r

To one who had sworn it away to the whore,

He settled the crown on the *Hanover* line,

And defeated that right which some rogues call divine.

III.

May the *Palatine* race, who have ventur'd and lost,

For their country and God, be repaid their cost,

In a vast long train of generous blood,

On our throne, till 'tis ask'd where *London* has stood.

Many similar anti-jacobite songs might be quoted, but these may suffice. Before concluding this long article, it

may be proper to state that Burns himself wrote two pretty stanzas to the tune of the Flowers of Edinburgh. They are as follow :

I.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade ;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid !
'Tis not *Maria's* whispering call ;—
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

II.

It is *Maria's* voice I hear !
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,—
At once 'tis music—and tis love !
And art thou come, and art thou true !
O welcome dear to love and me !
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of *Cree*.*

XIV.

JAMIE GAY.

THE author of the words of this song is unknown, but the music is the composition of Mr Berg. This song was originally entitled, "The Happy Meeting," and was frequently sung at Ranelagh, with considerable applause. It is printed in the "London Songster," for W. Nicoll, St Paul's Church-yard, London 1767, and afterwards by Herd in 1776. Burns, in his Reliques, observes, "that it is a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece." 1769 a 28

XV.

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

THIS song was collected and published by Charles Wilson in his "St Cecilia, or Harmonious Companion," published in 1779. The melody is uncommonly pretty, and is much in the style of Mr James Hook's Anglo Scottish productions. We do not know, however, that it is actually his. Mr Jo-

* The name of a small river on the west coast of Scotland.

seph Dale published the same song with introductory and concluding symphonies, under the title of "Absent Jockey," in the second volume of Scottish songs; but he has not favoured us with the name either of the author or of the composer.

XVI.

FYE GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

THIS air is very ancient, but the precise era of its composition is unknown; but it is at least as old as the reign of Queen Mary, as it is inserted in a MS. music book written in the old notation or tabletture for the lute, about the beginning of the reign of her son and successor James VI. This fine old tune had remained very long a favourite in England, for about the beginning of last century, it was adapted to an English song beginning, "*How can they taste of joys or grief; Who beauty's powers did never prove.*" Mr Gay also selected it as a melody for one of his songs in his "Musical Opera of Achilles," beginning, "Think what anguish," which was performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's decease. This song was sung by Miss Norsa, in the character of *Deidamia*. Thomson published this tune to Ramsay's verses in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, and Watts reprinted both in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. v. London, 1731. Burns observes, "it is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song far more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to then. As music is the language of nature, and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb), by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by. To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that I ever heard:"—

"GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae,
 Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae ;
 And gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae."

Burns's Reliques.

The song, as it is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius, Johnson's Museum, and other collections, is an abridgment of Ramsay's spirited imitation of the "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum,*" of Horace, which Lord Woodhouselee considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius. The reader is here presented with a complete copy of this elegant poem.

LOOK up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
 Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw,
 O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and slap,
 As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
 There are nae gowfers to be seen ;
 Nor dowsser fowk wysing a-jee
 The byass-bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals and ripe the ribs,
 And beek the house baith butt and ben ;
 That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
 And drives away the winter soon ;
 It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care ;
 If that they think us worth their while,
 They can a rowth of blessings spare,
 Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do should we gang wud ;
 If they command the storms to blaw,
 Then upo' sight the hailstones thud.

But soon as ere they cry, "Be quiet,"
 The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, and wait
 The high command of supreme Jove.

Let niest day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours :
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 And laugh at Fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then lads and lasses, while its May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minute of delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say ;
 "Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;"
 Syne frae your arms she'll run away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness you want,
 And plainly tells you to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss ;
 Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods' indulgent grant ;
 Then, surly carles, whist, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

The ingenious reader will easily perceive, that the song of "Fye gar rub her o'er wi' strae" is composed of the first four old lines mentioned by Burns, and the seven concluding verses of Ramsay's spirited and elegant Scottish version of Horace's 9th Ode. Ad Thaliarchum.

The other verses to the same tune in the Museum, beginning, "Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck," are likewise by Ramsay, and were introduced as one of the songs in his Gentle Shepherd.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THIS tune is inserted in Mrs Crockat's Music Book, with many other old Scottish airs, in 1709; but, in all probability, it is fully a century older; for Ramsay, who was born in 1684, gives it as an ancient tune. Ramsay wrote new verses to it, beginning, *Pained with her slighting Jamie's love*, and published them in 1724. They afterwards appeared with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. The original verses to this air, in three eight-line stanzas, are well known—they have merit as to humour, but they are, as Burns justly remarks, *rather unfit for insertion*. The old song begins,

The bonnie lass of Livingston,
 Her name ye ken, her name ye ken;
 And she has written in her contract
 To lie her lane, to lie her lane.
 &c. &c. &c.

XVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THIS air is of undoubted antiquity. Burns says, that “Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. When old titles of songs convey any idea at all, they will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.”—*Burns's Reliques*.

This conjecture of Burns turns out to be amazingly correct. In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, there are six MSS Collections of old Scottish tunes, which had belonged to Sir John Skene, who published the Acts of the Scots Parliament, with a treatise *De verborum significatione*, in 1597. These MSS, now bound in one volume, bear Sir John's signature, and were probably compiled when he was a very young man. They were presented a considerable time ago to that Library, along with several other MSS, by one of Sir John's descendants. In these Collections, the identical tune

of “The last time I came o'er the moor” occurs no less than twice, and one of the sets commences with the two first lines of the old song.

“Alace! that I came o'er the moor
“And left my love behind me.”

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr Thomson concerning this song, says, “there are several lines in it which are beautiful, but, in my opinion—pardon me, revered shade of Ramsay! the song is unworthy of the divine air.” Burns, although he did not altogether like Ramsay's song, seems, nevertheless, to have felt an aversion to alter it. In another letter, addressed to the same gentleman, he proceeds, “Ramsay, as every other poet, has not been always equally happy in his pieces; still I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author as Mr W. proposes doing with *The last time I came o'er the moor*. Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another, and work it into a piece of his own; but to mangle the works of a poor bard, whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house—by Heaven, 'twould be sacrilege! I grant that Mr W's version is an improvement, but let him mend the song as the Highlander mended his gun—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel.”

XIX.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

THIS elegant song, beginning, *How blest has my time been, what joys have I known*, is not a Scottish production. It was written by Mr Edward Moore, author of *Fables for the Female Sex*, *The Gamester*, a tragedy, and other esteemed works. In this song, Mr Moore has not only exhibited a charming picture of real domestic happiness, but has likewise paid a delicate compliment to the amiable virtues of his wife. This lady, whose name was Janet Hamilton, was a daughter of Mr Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses. She had also a poetical turn, and is said to have assisted her husband in writing his tragedy. One specimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and afterwards appeared

in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749, page 192. It was addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, and begins with the following stanza :

You will think it, my Duck, for the fault I must own,
Your Jessy, at last, is quite covetous grown ;
Though millions if fortune should lavishly pour
I still should be wretched if I had not MORE.

After playing on his name with great delicacy and ingenuity through half a dozen of other stanzas, she thus concludes :

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me ;
But you shan't know his name, though I told you before
It begins with an M ; but I dare not say MORE.

Mr Moore's works were printed in one volume, 4to. in 1756. He died a few months thereafter, viz. on 28th February 1757.

XX.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

HER maiden name, as we learn from the Statistical Account of Scotland, was Anderson, the only daughter and legitimate child of John Anderson, Esq. of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, and county of Aberdeen. Her father, who generally went by the name of *Black John Anderson*, was likewise proprietor of the estates of Tullikearie in the parish of Fintray, and Standing-stones in the parish of Dyce. From her uncommon beauty, accomplishments, and prospect of a large fortune, she had many admirers. Mr Sangster, then Laird of Boddom, in attempting clandestinely to carry the young lady off about the year 1550, was discovered by a dog, and received a very rough chastisement from her father. The disappointed lover, in revenge, wrote an ill-natured song, of which her great-grandson, born in 1703, and now living (in 1791) remembers these words,

Ye'll tell the gowk that gets her,
He gets but my auld sheen.

A more favoured lover composed a song to her praise, the air of which only is now preserved. His name, likewise, was Anderson. On this gentleman she bestowed her fair hand,

and had several children by him. Having survived her first husband, she was afterwards married to a Mr James George, to whom she also bore a family. Like many other beauties, she was latterly very unfortunate. Her father having killed a man in the burgh of Inverurie, fled to Orkney, where his maternal uncle was bishop. His flight—the derangement of his affairs during his absence—and the expence of procuring a pardon, ruined his estate. Several of the descendants of this celebrated beauty reside in the parish of Keith-hall, and the adjacent districts of that part of the country.

Allan Ramsay adapted his modern words to the old melody, and transferred the heroine of his muse to the parish of Galston in the county of Air, where a mill with a similar name was existing. Burns gives us the following account of this translocation, upon the authority of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, Baronet, to whom the anecdote was communicated by the late John, Earl of Loudon. “The then Earl of Loudon, father of Earl John before-mentioned, had Ramsay at London, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine-water, near New-mills, at a place yet called Patie’s Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed, that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon-castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.”—*Burns’s Reliques*.

Ritson says, that Ramsay’s Lass of Patie’s Mill, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even, in point of pastoral simplicity, superior to most lyric productions, either in the Scottish or any other language. The second verse is omitted in Mr George Thomson’s Collection, probably from an idea that the imagery was somewhat too warm. Ramsay’s verses appear in the Orpheus Caledonius; but the air, as has been shewn, is at least as old as the middle of the sixteenth century.

XXI.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE two songs in the Museum, viz. the first beginning, *The Lawland lads think they are fine*, and the other, *The Lawland maids gang trig and fine*, were both written by Ramsay, and published by him in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. With regard to the tune, it is very ancient; a set of it appears in a manuscript collection of airs in 1687. It originally consisted of no more than one strain of eight bars, and was copied in this primitive state, adapted to Ramsay's verses, in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. The ancient words to the tune are now lost, and the second part or strain of this tune is a modern interpolation.

XXII.

THE NEW HIGHLAND LADDIE.

X THIS beautiful melody was composed, by the celebrated Dr Arne, to an English version of Ramsay's *Highland Lassie*. Both words and music are printed in the *Muses' Delight*, p. 66, Liverpool, 1754. The second set of verses, beginning, *Ah! sure a pair was never seen*, also adapted to Dr Arne's tune, was written by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. and introduced as a song in his musical opera of the *Duenna*, acted at Drury Lane in 1775.

XXIII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THIS truly comic ballad, beginning, *Hersell be Highland shentleman*, by an anonymous author, does not appear either in the Tea-Table Miscellany or the Orpheus Caledonius. It is preserved, however, in Herd's Collection of 1769, with another ballad in the same style to the tune of, "Had awa frae me, Donald," probably by the same hand. From its excellent broad humour, and the ludicrous specimen of a Highlander's *broken* English, it has long been a popular favourite in the lower districts of Scotland. It is adapted to the ancient air of "Clout the Caldron," of which tradition relates, that the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, no-

thing would sooth him so much as to hear this tune played by the way.

In the Museum one stanza has been left out, apparently from want of room. It should be placed between the 9th and 10th stanzas. It is as follows :

Tey tak the horse ten by the head,
And tere tey make her stand, man ;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had nae sic command, man.

The old song, beginning, "Have you ony pats or pans," may be seen in the Tea-table Miscellany, and the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Burns observes, that "the air is also known by the name of the *Blacksmith and his apron*, which, from the rhythm seems to have been a line of some old song to the same tune."—*Reliques*.

XXIV.

BLYTHE JOCKEY.

BOTH the air and words of this Anglo-Scottish song, beginning, *My Jocky is the blythest lad*, are comparatively modern. It came out about the year 1769, and was inserted in the first edition of Horsfield's Songster's Companion, 2 vols 12mo. London, 1770. The first set of verses in the Museum are slightly altered from the copy in Horsfield's Collection, and in Wilson's Cecilia, published in 1779. The other verses to the same tune, beginning, *To fly like bird from grove to grove*, are pretty; but their author is yet anonymous. They were also taken from Horsfield's Songster, Vol. II. p. 220.

XXV.

AULD LANG SYNE.

THESE verses, with the exception of the first line, which is the title of the old tune, are wholly by Ramsay. They appeared in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and again in 1725, along with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius. About the year 1790, Burns was so fortunate as to recover some fine original verses of the older ballad, as he himself informs us, from an old man's singing them to him. He afterwards communicated them to the editor of the Museum,

to Mrs Dunlop, and to Mr George Thomson. Burns speaks with rapture of this recovery. In a letter to Mrs Dunlop, he says, "light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians." The reader will find this fine old fragment in the fifth volume of the Scots Musical Museum, p. 426, where it is set to the original Lowland air of *Auld lang-syne*. It has since been published by Mr George Thomson, in his Collection of Scottish Songs, adapted to a very beautiful and more modern air, now generally known by the name of *Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey*. This latter tune has nearly superseded the old air, as the verses are now seldom, if ever, sung to any other. The history of this air is somewhat curious. Mr William Shield, in his overture to *Rosina*, acted at Covent Garden in 1783, introduced into this overture two strains of an old Scottish strathspey, slightly altered, entitled, "The Miller's Daughter." Some years thereafter, Mr Gow published Shield's copy of the tune in his Collection of Reels and Strathspeys; and, in compliment to the late worthy Baronet of Newton Don, gave it the name of *Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey*. The late Sir Alexander Don was an excellent musical amateur, and some persons, from this circumstance, have been erroneously led to imagine that he was the composer of the air.

XXVII.

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

THERE are two sets of verses in the Museum, both of which are adapted to the tune of *Jockey's gray breeks*. With regard to the melody, Burns observes, that "though it has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune in the north of Ireland, called the '*Weaver and his Shuttle, O*,' which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune."—*Reliques*.

The old slow Scottish air, which is in *triple time*, is preserved in Oswald's Collection, Vol. II. p. 32. Oswald him-

self, although he lays no claim to it, it is believed, composed the more modern tune *in common time*, and inserted it in the same collection, which first appeared in 1742, consequently the *tune* adapted to the verses in the Museum, as well as to the song of “The Weaver and his Shuttle,” cannot be many years anterior to that date. Oswald, however, borrowed the *subject* of his air from the older melody. Every musician knows how easy a matter it is to change a tune from triple to common time, and *vice versa*, though, to an unexperienced ear, the air might seem totally different.

This tune appears to have been highly relished by our poet, for in a subsequent part of his remarks, he says, that “to sing so beautiful an air to such execrable verses is downright (prostitution) of common sense. The Scots verses,” he adds, “are indeed tolerable.”—*Reliques*. Burns, however, is certainly too severe in his strictures on the harmless effusions of this anonymous “Gentle Swain,” whose verses indeed, though far short of sublimity, do not seem to merit the harsh epithet of *execrable*. The other set of verses, to which the poet alludes, beginning, “Jenny’s heart was frank and free,” and which, he admits, are tolerable, was written by Mr Mayne, formerly of Glasgow, who likewise composed some beautiful verses to the tune of “Logan Water.” Mr Mayne is also the author of the *Siller Gun*, and several other pieces of considerable poetical merit.

As this melody was a particular favourite of Burns, he did not permit it to slip away unwedded to his muse. The following beautiful stanzas were accordingly composed by him, which are admirably suited to the air. They appear in Mr Thomson’s Collection, p. 108, under the title of

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

I.

’TWAS even,—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung;
The zephyr wanton’d round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along!

In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

With careless steps I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When, musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy :
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
 The lily's hue and rose's dye
 Proclaim'd the lass o' Ballochmyle.

III.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
 But woman, nature's darling child,
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain !
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

V.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine,
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine :
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day has joys divine
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

The older set of verses to the same air, which Johnson, from an unaccountable fastidiousness, had rejected, are not destitute of merit. These artless strains are still sung in Scotland at every country fire-side, and it now becomes a matter of justice to restore them.

JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

I.

WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year
 I was baith blythe and bonnie, O ;
 The lads loo'd me baith far and near,
 But I loo'd nane but Johnny, O.
 He gained my heart in twa three weeks,
 He spak sae blythe and kindly, O ;
 And I made him new grey breeks
 That fitted him most finely, O.

II.

He was a handsome fellow,
 His humour was baith frank and free ;
 His bonny locks, sae yellow,
 Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee ;—
 His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face so fair and ruddy, O ;
 And then a' day his grey breeks
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

III.

But now they are quite thread-bare worn,
 And wider than they used to be ;
 They're a' tash'd-like and unco torn,
 And clouted sair on ilka knee :
 But gin I had a simmer's day,
 As I hae had right mony, O,
 I'll make a web o' new grey,
 To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

IV.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
 And better than I hae to gie ;
 But I'll take pains upo' them,
 And strive frae faults to keep them free.
 To clead him weel shall be my care,
 And please him a' my study, O ;
 But he maun wear the auld pair
 Awee, tho' they be duddy, O.

I have seen two additional stanzas to the song, but they appear to be the production of a different and very inferior pen ; they are likewise coarse, and inadmissible on the score of delicacy.

XXVIII.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

“ THIS song, says Burns, is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.”—*Reliques*. This beautiful melody, to which the verses are set, is the composition of

Sig. Tomaso Giordani, a native of Italy. It was originally adapted to a French song, beginning, *Lison dormoit dans un boccage*, of which the stanzas in the Museum are an English version, and possess no small share of elegance and pastoral simplicity. This fine air was arranged as a lesson for the piano-forte or harpsichord, by the celebrated Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, and it has been very much and very deservedly admired by all who have heard it.

XXIX.

BLYTHE JOCKEY YOUNG AND GAY. *26 1771*

THIS song is of considerable antiquity. It is inserted in a musical manuscript, written about 1680. An imperfect copy of the tune and words afterwards found their way into Henry Playford's *Mirth and Wit*, first edition, in 1698. The two middle stanzas are omitted in Playford's copy, and he has also taken some liberties with the air. Both of these, however, are restored to their original state in the Museum. In 1773, Mr James Hook of London set the same verses to an air of his own composition, which was sung at Vauxhall Gardens that year with applause. *H^o*

XXX.

BONNY BESSY.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and published by him in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, to the old tune of *Bessie's haggis*, which, from the title, would seem to have been a very humorous old Scottish song, now supposed to be lost. Ramsay's words, adapted to the music, appear in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. About the year 1745, a Jacobite parody of the old song came into vogue. It began,

KEN ye wha supped Bessy's haggies?
 Ken ye wha dinner'd on our Bessy's haggies?
 Four good lords and three bonny ladies,
 A' to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.
 Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie,
 Lords on the bed and Dukes in the aumrie;
 There was a king's son cover'd o'er wi' raggies,
 A' for to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.

This song is inserted at large in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 191, *et seq.*

XXXI.

TWINN WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

I REMEMBER an old lady who sang these verses to a very plaintive and simple air in slow treble time, a copy of which, but corrupted with embellishments, appears in Oswald's Collection, No 12, under the title of "The lassie lost her silken snood." Napier, who first published the song, being unacquainted, perhaps, with the original melody, adapted the verses to the same air which is inserted in Johnson's *Museum*. This song, though undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, is neither to be found in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, nor in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

XXXII.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

BURNS observes, that "it is too bare-faced to take Dr Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer it to pass for a Scots song. I was not unacquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity"—*Reliques*. These remarks are equally true and candid; yet it may not be improper to observe, that even Bishop Percy, when he wrote these elegant verses, might have had in view the Scottish song inserted in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, "*The young Laird and Edinburgh Kate*." The structure of the stanza in both songs is exactly alike, and one cannot but remark, that the Bishop's song commences in words nearly similar to the second stanza of the other.

Old Song, verse 2d.

O Katy wiltu gang wi me,
And leave the dinsome town awhile;
The blossom's sprouting from the tree,
And a' the simmer's gawn to smile.

The Bishop's song begins,

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

But, be this as it may, it must be admitted that the Bishop's verses, which were adapted to a beautiful air, composed by Mr Thomas Carter, and sung by Mr Vernon at Vauxhall in 1773, form one of the most successful imitations of the Scottish pastoral ballad which has ever yet appeared on the south side of the Tweed. This beautiful Anglo-Scottish song is here presented to the reader.

OH, NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

Words by Bishop PERCY. Music by Mr THOMAS CARTER. 1773.

OH, Nan-cy, wilt thou go with me, Nor sigh to leave the

flaunting town? Can si-lent glens have charms for thee, The

low-ly cot and rus-set gown? No long-er drest in

silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare ;

Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where thou wert

fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each

courtly scene, Where thou wert fairest of the fair? Where

thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where
! ! ! ! !

thou wert fair - est of the fair.

XXXIII.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

THIS artless melody of one strain, in the *minor mode*, carries with it every mark of antiquity, and the pretty verses in the Museum are admirably adapted to the air. Kelly, who published his *Scottish Proverbs* in 1721, tells us, it was then an old song. In Yair's *Charmers*, however, printed 1749, there appears another version of the same song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of "Dunbarton Drums." As the latter version has been copied both by Herd and Ritson in their respective collections, it is here annexed.

I.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myself;
I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

II.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he wasna worth a groat,
And shame fa', &c.

III.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire;
And she was a lass who wore a plaiden coat,
And shame fa', &c.

IV.

Yet a' this shall never daunt on me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May the deil tak the gear and the bagrie o't.*

Burns says, "the following is a *set* of this song, which was the earliest I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing."

I.

O WILLIE weel I mind I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot,
That you called it the gear and the blathrie o't.

* "Shame fu the gear and the bladry o't," says Kelly, is the turn of an old Scottish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man upon account of his wealth."—*Scots Proverbs*, page 296. It would, therefore, seem, that the version in the Museum is the older of the two.

II.

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
 I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride ;
 For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
 And preferable to gear and the blathrie o't.

III.

Tho' my lassie has nae scarlets nor silks to put on,
 We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne ;
 I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she came in her smock,
 Than a princess wi' the gear and the blathrie o't.

IV.

Tho' we hae nae horses nor menzie at command,
 We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand ;
 And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in any spot,
 And we'll value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

V.

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent ;
 Hae we less, hae we mair, we will aye be content ;
 For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a groat,
 Than the miser wi' his gear and the blathrie o't.

VI.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen,
 They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim ;
 On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still remote,
 Sac tak this for the gear and the blathrie o't.

Vide Reliques.

As the last stanza speaks of *meddling with the affairs of the kirk or the queen*, it is probable that the verses recovered by Burns were written in the time of Queen Anne, perhaps about the year 1710.

Oswald added a second strain to this very ancient tune, which is printed in the fifth volume of his *Pocket Companion*, page 23, under the title of "Deil take the gear;" but it is quite unsuitable for the ordinary compass of the human voice, being almost a repetition of the first strain, set an octave higher.

XXXIV.

LUCKY NANCY.

IN Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* these truly comic verses are directed to be sung to the old air of "*Dainty Davie*." They are accordingly adapted to this tune in the *Museum*. The tune of *Dainty Davy* is inserted in Play-

10th ed. of 1858

ford's Dancing-Master, first published in 1657. It is clear, therefore, that there was a song under this title, long before the well-known story about the Rev. David Williamson and the daughter of the Laird of Cherrytrees.

From the letter Q being affixed to this song in Ramsay's work, (by which, he tells us, is meant, *old songs with additions*) Burns was induced to conjecture, that nothing but the chorus was old, and that Ramsay himself was the author of the song. In a communication, however, by Lord Woodhouselee to Mr R. H. Cromek, his Lordship says, "I have good reason to believe, that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed, by good authority, that the words, as printed in Ramsay's Collection, were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session."—*See Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, with critical observations and biographical notices, by Robert Burns, vol. ii. p. 188.*

XXXV.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THIS song was written by the late Mr John Cunningham, the poet and comedian, about the year 1766, and set to music by Mr Jonathan Battishill, a celebrated English composer, who obtained the gold medal in 1770 for his well-known glee for three voices, *Underneath this myrtle shade*. This song was printed without the music in the *London Songster*, in 1767, and was frequently sung by Miss Polly Young at Vauxhall Gardens, with great applause. Burns says, that "Kate of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player, of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital.—"A fat dignitary of the church, coming past Cunningham one *Sunday*, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his

reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, *as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool.* This, Mr Woods the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true."—*Reliques.*

The late Mr William Woods, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, was incorrect when he told Burns that Durham was the place of Cunningham's nativity. He was born in the year 1729 in Dublin, where his father, an eminent wine-merchant, (who was a descendant of the Cunninghams of Enterkine in Ayrshire) then resided. At the age of twelve he wrote several little poems, which are still admired, and he produced the only dramatic performance he left, viz. *Love in a Mist*, before he was seventeen. Although both his voice and figure were rather against him, his passion for the stage obtained so strong a power over him, that he secretly left his parents, and embarked for England. After experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune as an itinerant player, he was, in 1761, engaged as a performer at the Edinburgh Theatre, at that time under the direction of Mr Love. Here he wrote some of his best pieces, and, as a poet, began to emerge from obscurity. He afterwards repaired to London, in hopes of obtaining a more comfortable, as well as a more respectable subsistence in the literary world; but the bookseller, by whom he was employed, in a short time became bankrupt, and he once more returned to Scotland. At this period he was engaged by Mr Digges, who had now become manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, who treated our author with uncommon respect and kindness. Mr Cunningham resided in Edinburgh during the whole of Mr Digges' management of the Theatre. He then went to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which had formerly been his residence for several years, and which, to his last breath, he used emphatically to call his home. At this place, and in the neighbouring towns, he earned a moderate subsistence, and was much esteemed by several of the most respectable characters in the country. Mr Cunningham

died at Newcastle on the 18th September, 1773, and was buried in St John's Church-yard.

XXXVI.

TWEED-SIDE.

IN the *Muses Delight*, printed at Liverpool in 1754, this beautiful old Scottish melody is erroneously attributed to Signor David Rizzio, a musician in the service of Mary, Queen of Scots. The real name of the composer is unknown. Prior to the birth of Ramsay, in 1684, it was adapted to the following verses, which are said to have been written by Lord Yester.

WHEN Maggie and I were acquaint,
 I carried my noddle fu' hie ;
 Nae lint-white on all the gay plain,
 Nor gowdspink sae bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
 I woo'd, but I came nae great speed,
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.
 To Maggie my love I did tell,
 Saut tears did my passion express ;
 Alas ! for I loo'd her o'er well,
 And the lasses loe sic a man less :
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed,
 Therefore I will wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

The beautiful song, beginning, *What beauties does Flora disclose*, was written prior to 1724, as it was printed in Ramsay's Collection that year, and again in 1725, with the music, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. The author was Mr William Crawford, of the house of Auchinames, in the county of Renfrew, an intimate friend and correspondent of Hamilton of Bangour.—See Lord Woodhouselee's *Life of Lord Kaims*, vol. i. According to the testimony of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. the lady who is celebrated in Crawford's song was a Miss Mary Lillias Scott, one of the daughters of Walter Scott, Esq. of Harden, an estate delightfully situated on the north side of the Tweed, about four miles below Melrose. This lady was a descendant of another celebrated beauty, Mary Scott, daughter of Mr Scott of Dryhope,

in Selkirkshire, famous by the traditional name of "*The Flower of Yarrow*." Miss M. L. Scott of Harden was certainly, in her youth, one of the greatest beauties in Scotland. She, as well as her elder sister, who was rather plain than handsome, were both excellent singers. The youngest sister, in particular, frequently sung the ballad of *Lochaber* with such feeling and effect, as to draw tears from those who heard her. The Duke of Hamilton, who was a great admirer of this lady, had her picture painted by Ramsay, the poet's son. It was esteemed a good likeness. Pennant takes notice of this picture; but the editor is uncertain if it still remains in Hamilton Palace. In Burns's Reliques, it is said that the Christian name of the poet was *Robert Crawford*, and that the Mary he celebrated was a Mary Stewart, of the Castlemilk family, afterwards married to a Mr John Ritchie. As to both these points, the information which Burns received appears to have been incorrect. Mr Gay selected this beautiful air for one of his songs in the opera of "*Polly*," beginning, *The stag, when chac'd all the long day*—printed in 1729.

XXXVII.

MARY'S DREAM.

THIS beautiful song, as well as the first set of the tune, are the composition of Mr John Lowe, who was born at Kenmore in Galloway, in the year 1750. His father was gardener to the Hon. Mr Gordon of Kenmore, son of that unfortunate nobleman who paid the forfeit of his life and titles for his adherence to the House of Stewart in 1715. Lowe was the eldest son of a numerous family, and received a pretty liberal education at the parish-school of Kells. At the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a respectable weaver of the name of Heron, father of the late Robert Heron, author of the *History of Scotland*, in six volumes, and other works. This profession, though dictated by the necessity of a parent, was neither congenial to the feelings nor genius of young Lowe. By his own industry, however, he was afterwards enabled to place himself under the tuition

of Mr Mackay, then schoolmaster of Carsphairn, an eminent master of the languages. Lowe at this time employed his evenings in teaching church-music, as he possessed a very just ear, sung well, and played with considerable skill upon the violin. These qualities, added to a happy temper and a fine flow of animal spirits, soon gained him many friends, through whose assistance our poet was, in 1771, enabled to enter himself a student of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. On his first return from college, he became tutor in the family of Mr M'Ghie of Airds, an amiable country gentleman, who had several beautiful daughters. In this romantic abode, so favourable to the descriptive muse, Lowe composed many little pieces, of which, it is to be regretted, few copies are now to be found, though there are some songs of his composition still sung by the common people of the Glenkens in Galloway. He also composed a pretty long pastoral, entitled, "Morning, a Poem," which is still preserved in his own hand-writing, and another fine song, Pompey's Ghost. He likewise attempted to write a tragedy, but no part of it is now to be found. About this time Mr Alexander Miller, a surgeon, who had been engaged to MARY, one of the young ladies of Airds, was unfortunately lost at sea, an event which would probably now have been forgotten but for the exquisitely tender and pathetic song of Mary's Dream, which has given to it immortality. It is presumed, that our poet was sensibly alive to the misfortunes of a young lady, whose sister had inspired him also with the tenderest passion; but it was not their fate to be united.

After finishing his studies at the Divinity-hall, and seeing no prospect of obtaining a living in his native country, Mr Lowe, in 1773, embarked for America. For sometime he acted as tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington, a situation which supplied some hopes of advancement. He next opened an academy for the education of young gentlemen in Fredericksburgh, Virginia,⁴ which was given up upon his taking orders in the church of England. After this event he married a Virginian lady, who unfortu-

nately proved his ruin. She was not only regardless of his happiness, but even unfaithful to his bed. Overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and sorrow, the vigour of his constitution was broken, and he fell into an untimely grave, in 1798, in the 48th year of his age. His remains were interred under the shade of two palm-trees, near Fredericksburg, without even a stone to write, "Mary, weep no more for me."

This truly elegant and popular ballad, however, Mr Cromek informs us, was originally composed by Lowe in the Scottish dialect, before he gave it the polished English form. As the older ballad may be interesting to some readers in original Scottish garb, it is here subjoined.

I.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill,
Where eagles big aboon the Dee ;
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to every body's ee.
A' but sweet Mary deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea ;
A voice drapt softly on her ear,
" Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !"

II.

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be,
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Pale-bending on her his hollow ee !
O Mary dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thraws aneath the sea ;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me !

III.

The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it wak'd and rais'd the main,
And God, he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' Him, but strave in vain !
He stretch'd his arm and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang *but* thee ;
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me !

IV.

Take off thae bride-sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me ;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet in heaven, aboon, wi' thee.

Three times the grey cock flap his wing,
 To mark the morning lift his ee,
 And thrice the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me !

XXXVIII.

NEW SET OF MARY'S DREAM.

THIS second set of the air to Lowe's song, is, I believe, the composition of my friend Mr Schetky, the celebrated Violoncello player in Edinburgh.

Mary M'Ghie, the heroine of both songs, was afterwards married to a very respectable gentleman, and died in England about two years ago.

XXXIX.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

WE are indebted both for the words and music of this fine English song to that eminent composer, Thomas Augustine Arne, Mus. Doc. It was originally sung by Mr Tenducci in the English opera of Artaxerxes, first performed at Covent Garden in February 1762. Dr Arne was the brother of Mrs Cibber, the celebrated singer and actress, and the father of Michael Arne, who likewise became an excellent musician. Many of Dr Arne's ballads were professed imitations of the Scottish style, and, in his other songs, he frequently dropped into it, though perhaps without design. He is generally supposed to have been the *Dr Catgut* of Foote's comedy of "The Commissary," acted at Hay-market in 1765. Dr Arne was born at London in March 1710, and died there of a spasmodic complaint, on 5th of March 1778.

XL.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

THIS fine pastoral song was written by Mr Robert Dudgeon, farmer at Preston, near Dunse, in the county of Berwick. Some elegant poetical compositions (still unpublished) are likewise attributed to this modest and unassuming writer. The air of this song is said to be of Gaelic origin, and that it is called, "*Nian down nan gobhar*," See Fraser's Highland Melodies. The editor never met with this Highland song,

neither did he ever hear the tune, until it was published with Mr Dudgeon's verses.

XLI.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

THIS old melody is inserted in a manuscript music-book, which, from an inscription, appears to have belonged to a "Mrs Crockat in 1709," now in the editor's possession. The old song began—

I wish my love were in a myre
That I might pu' her out again.

The remainder of this ditty, I believe, is lost. The verses in the Museum, beginning, "Blest as th' immortal Gods is he," were adapted to the old melody, and published by Thomson in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. They are a translation of an Ode of Sappho of Mitylene, the celebrated Greek poetess, who, for her excellence, is sometimes styled the *Tenth Muse*. She flourished about six hundred years before the Christian era. It is said, that being unable to conquer her own passion for Phaon, or to gain his affections, she cast herself headlong from the promontory of Leucas, and perished in the sea. The translator was Ambrose Philips, Esq. the English dramatic writer and poet, who is allowed to have done every possible justice to his Grecian model. This spirited translation has been set to music by Mr Stubbley, as well as by Mr Exeter, both doubtless in their best styles. It still, however, continues to be more usually sung to the old Scottish air.

The second set of verses to the same air, beginning, "O lovely maid, how dear's thy power," appears in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* with the initial L; but Ramsay has left no clue for ascertaining the author.

XLII.

LOGAN WATER.

THIS beautiful old tune appears in Mrs Crockat's manuscript book in 1709. Though the song originally adapted to this air may have been pathetic, or of a melancholy cast, corresponding to the nature of the melody itself, which is slow,

plaintive, and in the minor mode ; nevertheless, it is certain, that it was adapted at an early period to a song of a very different cast ; it began

AE simmer night, on Logan braes,
I helped a bonnie lassie on wi' her claise,
First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon,
But she gied me the glaiks when a' was done.
But had I ken'd what I ken now,
I would, &c. &c.

The rest of the song is rather exceptionable on the score of delicacy. The verses in the Museum, beginning "For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove an unrelenting foe to love," written by our admired poet James Thomson, author of the Seasons, first appeared, adapted to the air of Logan Water, in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. *1783*

About the year 1783, a new song, to the tune of Logan Water, written by Mr John Mayne, a native of Glasgow, became very popular in the south west of Scotland. It was published along with the old air, not long thereafter, by the music-sellers, and soon became a favourite at Vauxhall and other parts of the kingdom. It was afterwards printed in the Star Newspaper of London, signed with *the initial letter* of the author's surname, on 23d May 1789.

LOGAN WATER.

By MR JOHN MAYNE.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep ;
Herded sheep or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes :
But, waes my heart ! thae days are gane,
And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane ;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing—thae days are gane !
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Mr Burns imagined that this delightful composition of Mr

Mayne was of considerable antiquity. In a letter to a correspondent, dated 7th April, 1793, he says, “I remember the two last lines of a verse in some of the old songs of *Logan Water*, which I think pretty.”

“Now my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.”

These two lines Burns has incorporated into his elegant stanzas to the same tune, composed in one of his pensive moods, as he himself informs us in the following letter addressed to Mr George Thomson, and afterwards published in Dr Currie's edition of our poet's works.

“Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of *Logan Water*; and it occurred to me, that its querulous melody had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow chair, ought to have some merit.”

LOGAN WATER.

By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my WILLIE'S bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

II.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay,
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs.

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While WILLIE's far frae Logan braes.

III.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile.
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While WILLIE's far frae Logan braes.

IV.

O wae upon you, men of state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the Orphan's cry ;
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And WILLIE hame to Logan braes.

In Duncan's Pocket Encyclopedia of Scottish, English, and Irish Songs, printed at Glasgow, in two neat vols, 18mo. 1816, *four* additional stanzas are annexed to Mayne's song. They possess considerable merit, and bring matters to a happy issue between the disconsolate shepherdess and her dear lad, who had returned "free from wars alarms," and agreeably surprised her while weeping his absence on Logan braes. He leads her immediately to the altar of Hymen, and all's well. These additional verses, however, render the song too long and tedious.

This Logan Water, celebrated by so many Scottish bards, rises in the hills which separate the parishes of Lismahagoe and Muirkirk, and, after running eastward for a course of eight miles, falls into the river Nethan.

XLIII.

ALLAN WATER.

THIS tune is inserted in a very old manuscript in the possession of the Editor, written in square-shaped notes. It has no title prefixed to it, so it is uncertain what it was called

prior to the year 1724. There is some reason to believe that the old song began, *My love Annie's very bonnie*, as the song of *Allan Water*, in Ramsay's Collection, has both these titles, though no such line as *My love Annie's very bonnie* occurs in the whole of Crawford's song. The verses in the Museum, beginning, "What numbers shall my muse repeat," were written by William Crawford, Esq. author of the fine pastoral song of Tweedside. They were first adapted to the old air of Allan Water, in the Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725.

The Allan Water here celebrated, is a small river in Perthshire, which takes its rise at Gleneagles, in the parish of Blackford, and, passing by Dunblane, discharges itself into the river Forth, about two miles above Stirling bridge.

XLIV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE author of this inimitable ballad was William Julius Mickle, Esq. a native of Langholm, and well known as the elegant and inimitable translator of the "Lusiad and other poetical works." The sixth stanza alone, as it stands in the Museum, is not the composition of Mickle; neither is it in Herd's copy. It was supplied by Dr Beattie, subsequently to 1776. "This (says Burns) is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." These two lines,

"And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones,

"His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair."

are unequalled by almost any thing I ever heard or read; and the lines,

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."*

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or '72, it came first on the

* These are the two last lines of the sixth stanza, which was supplied by Dr Beattie.

streets as a ballad, and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period." Thus far Burns. Mr Cromek, the editor of his *Reliques*, was at considerable pains to discover the author of this incomparable ballad. At first he seems to have been inclined to ascribe it to a Miss Jean Adams, who formerly taught a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, and who died in the Town Hospital of Glasgow, on 3d April 1765. The reasons which induced Mr Cromek to form this conclusion were, *1mo*, That Mrs Fullerton, who was a pupil of Jean Adams, frequently heard her repeat it, and affirm it to be her composition. *2do*, Mrs Crawford, a daughter of the above Mrs Fullerton, in a letter to Mrs Fletcher, dated Ratho-house, January 24, 1810, says, "You may assure Mr Cromek, that the ballad, 'There's nae luck about the house,' was written by Jean Adams on a couple in Crawford's-dyke, the town where her father lived. I do not recollect that I ever heard her repeat it; but since I can remember any thing, I have always heard it being spoken of as being her composition by those she depended much upon. My aunt, Mrs Crawford of Cartsburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adams.'" *3tio*, The song was published before Mr Mickle was known as an author.

The grounds which had been adduced by Cromek, for supposing Jean Adams to be the author of the ballad, at once appear vague, inconsistent, and altogether inconclusive. Mrs Fullerton says, she frequently heard Jean Adams repeat it as her own composition. Her daughter, on the other hand, declares, she does not recollect she ever heard her repeat it, but has always heard it spoken of as being her composition. This proves nothing with respect to Mr Cromek's own assertion, that the ballad was published before Mr Mickle was known as an author, and that Jean Adams repeatedly declared it to be her's at a time when Mr Mickle was living to disprove her title to it; it can now only be matter of sincere regret, that he should have hazarded such unguarded assertions,

or shown himself so little acquainted with the particulars of Mr Mickle's public life. The ballad was neither seen in print, nor heard of in any shape whatever, before Mr Mickle was known as an author. So early as 1755, some of Mickle's poems were sent to Lord Lyttleton, who was so delighted with them, that he dissuaded Mickle from entering the marine service, to which the young man's views were at that time directed, and encouraged him to persevere in the paths of poetry. The idea of Mr Mickle, contradicting poor Jean Adams' assertion of being the author, is really too absurd to require a serious refutation. Mickle never, in all probability, heard of her name, nor the story of her claiming his ballad as her own composition, in the whole course of his life. The following important discovery, by the Rev. Mr Sim, which was in 1810 communicated to Mr Cromek himself, at once swept away his former cobweb theory, and restored the true author of this inimitable ballad to his proper and now indisputable right. It is here introduced into Mr Cromek's own words :

“ As the editor, on claiming the ballad ‘ There's nae luck about the house’ as the property of Jean Adams, had nothing in view but truth, he hastens to lay the following letter before the readers of these volumes, written by the Rev. John Sim, A. B. editor of Mr Mickle's works, and his intimate friend, and *received since the above account was printed.*

“ The contents of Mr Sim's letter, and the poetical sketch it incloses, warrant *the editor* (Mr Cromek) *in conceding the ballad to Mr Mickle.*”

“ *Pentonville, April 14, 1810.*

“ DEAR SIR,—Since I received Mr Mudford's letter, (a copy of which you will see in the Universal Magazine for this month, page 265) I have been so very fortunate as to discover among Mr Mickle's MSS. what I have every reason to believe, from its inaccuracy and other evident marks of haste, to be the very first sketch of the ballad, ‘ There's nae luck about the house,’ a copy of which I have inclosed. Besides

the marks of haste which I have noticed in the margin, you will find Colin spelt once with two and twice with a single *l*; the verb *mun* (must) spelt with an *u* and an *a*, at the distance of only two lines; and the word *make* spelt twice with and thrice without the letter *e*. One stanza contains twelve, two stanzas eight, and the others only four lines a-piece; by which he seems undetermined whether the first four or the last four lines should form the chorus. Other inaccuracies and blunders you will perceive on comparing the MSS. with the printed copy in my edition of Mickle's poetry.

“ Since I wrote to Mr Mudford, Mrs Mickle has informed me, without being asked, that she now perfectly recollects, that Mr Mickle gave her the ballad as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases; and she repeated to me, with very little assistance, the whole of the song, except the eight lines, which I have, and I think with justice, ascribed to Dr Beattie.* When I asked her why she hesitated at first; she said, that the question, coming unexpectedly upon her, flurried her, and the flurry, together with the fear that she might be called upon to substantiate what she then said upon oath, made her answer with diffidence and hesitation. This struck me at the time to have been the case; and I believe such a behaviour to be very natural to persons labouring under a disorder so depressive as a paralysis.

“ I shall only add, that Mickle had too high an opinion of his own poetical powers, to have adopted the compositions of but very few of his contemporaries; and certainly too much

* On the authority of the Rev. Patrick Davidson of Rayne, in the county of Aberdeen.

The eight lines omitted in Mr Mickle's copy are likewise not to be found in Mr Herd's early edition of this song. They are as under—

“ The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw !”

XLVI.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

IT is difficult now to determine, whether this air be originally Irish or Scottish. In Scotland the old tune, "Will ye go to Flanders," which may be seen in the second page of M'Gibbon's first-Collection, is almost, note for note, the same as "Gramachree." In the Museum there are three *sets* of verses adapted to the air, all of them excellent. The *first* beginning, "One morning very early, one morning in the spring," is attributed to George Syron, a negro; and it is said, that this poor maniac actually composed the song during his confinement in Bedlam. The *second*, "As down on Banna's banks I strayed, one evening in May," is the composition of Mr Poe, a counsellor in Dublin. "This anecdote," says Burns, "I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the 'Molly' who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than,

"How can she break that honest heart,
That wears her in its core."

RELIQUES.

For the *third* and last set of verses, beginning, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," we are indebted to the elegant pen of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who introduced it as one of the songs in his musical opera of "The Duenna," written in 1775, and performed at Drury-lane that year. Mr Herd has preserved two verses of the old song of, "Will ye go to Flanders," in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 223, but they are of little interest.

XLVII.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THIS old song, which appears to have been retouched about the beginning of last century, is printed along with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. It was also selected by Mr Gay, for a tune to one of his songs, in his mu-

sical opera of "Polly," beginning, "When right and wrong's decided." Mr Gay selected a considerable number of other Scottish airs for his songs in the opera of Polly, intended as a second part to the Beggar's Opera, which is partly incomplete without it. Though the author seems to have written the second part to atone for any mischief his first might occasion among the lower orders of the people, the Duke of Grafton, who was then Lord Chamberlain, not only refused to license it, but likewise commanded it to be suppressed, through the intrigues of Walpole and his party; but from what motives it is not easy to discover. It was, however, printed by subscription, at the desire of Gay's numerous patrons and friends, in 1729, both in quarto and octavo; and the author cleared four times as much money as he could have expected from a very tolerable run of it at the theatre.

Burns judiciously remarks, that the first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began thus—

“ THE collier has a dochter,
 And, O, she's unco bonny;
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money.
 She wadna hae a laird,
 Nor wad she be a lady,
 But she wad hae a collier,
 'The colour o' her daddie.”

Burns himself wrote another set of verses to this air, which may be seen in Mr George Thomson's Collection; but they are not in his happiest style.

XLVIII.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

THERE is an old Anglo-Scottish song, entitled, " 'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town," which, there is reason to believe, was a production of Thomas Durfey, published in Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth," in 1698. The air is also preserved in Oswald's Collection; it is in the key of G *minor*. The words in the Museum, beginning,

“ ‘Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,” are only a modern, though improved, version of the old verses, adapted to a new air, composed by Mr James Hook of London, well known for several successful imitations of the Scottish style.

XLIX.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

THE old melody, together with a “jig” on the same subject, appear in Oswald. The verses in the Museum, beginning, “Will ye gang o’er the lea rig,” were written by Robert Fergusson in one of his merry humours. There is an excellent song under the same title, however, which is much older than that of Fergusson. It begins,

I’LL rowe thee o’er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O ;
 I’ll rowe thee o’er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Altho’ the night were ne’er sae wat,
 And I were ne’er sae weary, O,
 I’ll row thee o’er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The following additional stanzas, grounded on the old verses, were written by Mr William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow, who has composed several very fine songs.

AT gloamin, if my lane I be,
 Oh, but I’m wondrous eerie, O ;
 And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
 When absent frae my dearie, O :
 But, seated ’neath the milk-white thorn,
 In e’ning fair and clearie, O ;
 Enraptur’d, a’ my cares I scorn,
 Whan wi’ my kind dearie, O.
 Whare thro’ the birks the burnie rows,
 Aft ha’e I sat fu’ cheerie, O ;
 Upon the bonny greensward howes,
 Wi’ thee, my kind dearie, O :
 I’ve courted till I’ve heard the crow,
 Of honest chanticleerie, O ;
 Yet never mist my sleep ava,
 Whan wi’ my kind dearie, O.
*For tho’ the night were ne’er sae dark,
 And I were ne’er sae wearie, O,
 I’d meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.*

While in this wearie warld of wae,
 This wilderness sae drearie, O :
 What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae ?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

L.

NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

THIS is one of the fine old and exquisitely humorous Scottish Songs, which has escaped the polishing file of Ramsay, and happily reached us in its simple and native garb. It appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany with the signature Z, by which letter Ramsay denotes such genuine old songs as had been composed *time out of mind*, but whose authors were unknown, even in his day, or that of his father before him. Ramsay was born in 1684; and, from the structure of the language and other intrinsic circumstances, it may fairly be conjectured, that the song itself is at least as ancient as the union of the crowns in 1603. This song appears in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius along with the music, in 1725. Mr Gay selected this charming old Scottish air for one of his songs, beginning, "In war we've nought but death to fear," in his Musical Opera of Achilles, performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's death.

LI.

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

THE verses adapted to this tune in the Museum, beginning, "Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty," were written by Mr Joseph Mitchell, a Scotchman. He was the son of a stone-mason, and born in the year 1684. At an early period he had the happiness to be introduced to the Earl of Stair and Sir Robert Walpole, on the latter of whom he was for the greater part of his life almost entirely dependent. So zealous was Mitchell for the interest of his patron, that he was frequently distinguished by the title of Sir Robert Walpole's poet. Mitchell was the author of "Fatal Extravagance," a tragedy, published in 1720; Poems, in two volumes octavo, 1729; and the opera of "The Highland Fair," 1731. This author died, 6th February 1738, in the 53d

year of his age. Mitchell lived in good correspondence with several eminent poets of his time, particularly Aaron Hill, James Thomson, David Mallet, and Allan Ramsay.

In the Orpheus Caledonius the two following verses of another song, but in a different measure, are prefixed to Mitchell's words,

As the gentle turtle dove
By cooing shews desire ;
As ivys, oaks do love,
And twining round aspire :
So I my Betty love,
So I my Betty woo ;
I coo as coos the dove,
And twine as ivys do.

Her kiss is sweet as spring,
Like June her bosom's warm ;
The autumn ne'er did bring,
By half so sweet a charm.
As living fountains do
Their favours ne'er repent,
So Betty's blessings grow,
The more, the more they're lent.

The measure of these stanzas is similar to that of the "Lass of Patie's Mill," to which air it is probable their author had intended them to be sung. But Thomson, in adapting the old air to these two stanzas, in his Orpheus Caledonius has taken some liberties with the melody ; and, by blending these stanzas with those of Mitchell, the song became a confused medley. These blunders were rectified in the Museum. The original words of the song, however, were written long before Mitchell's time, and are as follow :

BLINK o'er the burn, sweet Betty,
It is a cauld winter night ;
It rains, it hails, and it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light :
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That ever I tint my way ;
O lassie let me creep ayont thee,
Until it be break o' day.

It's Betty shall bake my bread,
And Betty shall brew my ale ;

And Betty shall be my love,
 When I come over the dale ;
 Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
 Blink over the burn to me ;
 And while I hae life, my dear lassie,
 My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

LII.

JENNY NETTLES.

MR CHALMERS, the biographer of Allan Ramsay, attributes this comic song to Ramsay himself. He is so far right ; but some of the lines belong to a much more ancient, though rather licentious song, which for that reason is here inadmissible. This old air is uncommonly pretty ; and, when played, makes a very lively and excellent dancing tune.

LIII.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.

THIS delightful air was formerly called, " O Jean, I love thee ;" but the words of this ancient song are supposed to be lost. The song to which this old air is adapted in the Museum, beginning, " When absent from the nymph," was written by Ramsay, and printed in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the Orpheus Caledonius. Ramsay certainly must have seen the English song, which was written by Thomas Southerne and set to music by Thomas Farmer, introduced in the comedy called, " The Disappointment, or Mother of Fashion," acted at London in 1684. This English song is printed in Henry Playford's " Theater of Musick," Book I, p. 5. London, 1685. It consists of the following stanzas :

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain resolve to love no more ;
 Tho' reason would my flame remove,
 My love-sick heart will still adore.
 My weak endeavours are in vain,
 They vanish soon as they return ;
 I by one look relapse again,
 And in a raging fever burn.

To rocks and trees I sigh alone,
 And often do my passion tell ;
 I fancy that they hear my moan,
 And echo back, *You love too well !*

Forbear your passion to pursue,
 Or it will end in misery ;
 The nymph's in love, but not with you—
 If this wont do, despair and die.

The English air by Farmer is in treble time, but greatly inferior to the old Scotch tune, in common time, called, "O Jean I love thee," to which William Thomson adapted Ramsay's verses in 1725. Ramsay's song is entitled, "The Complaint," to the tune, *When absent from the nymph I love*. From this circumstance it would appear, that he had known both the words and music of Southerne's English song.

LIV.

BONNY JEAN.

THIS fine pastoral melody was in former times called "My bonny Jean of Aberdeen," the last line of the chorus of a very old song which Ramsay had deemed inadmissible in his Collection. This poet, however, wrote the song in the Museum, beginning, "Love's goddess in a myrtle grove," in 1723, and Thomson adapted it to the old tune in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Watts reprinted both the words and music in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany in 1729, and the song has since appeared in various collections. Adam Craig, who was one of the principal violin players at the concert held at Edinburgh on St Cecilia's day the 22d of November 1695, published a Collection of Old Scottish Airs in 1730, one of which is "Bonny Jean of Aberdeen." The reader will find a plan of this concert, with the names of the professional and amateur performers, inserted in the first volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and likewise in the Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany for February 1792, communicated by the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq.

Mr Charles Coffey selected this air of "My bonny Jean" for one of his songs, beginning, "Long have I been with grief oppressed," in his musical opera of "The Female Parson, or Beau in the Sudds," acted at Haymarket Theatre in London 1730. This opera was very justly condemned by

the audience on the first night of its representation, but the author published it with the songs set to music (among which there are several Scottish melodies), in the course of the same year.

LV.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

THIS old air of one strain (for the second strain is only a slight variation of the first,) was united to some verses which Ramsay very properly rejected in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and substituted one of his own composition, which is that in the Museum, beginning, "And I'll o'er the muir to Maggie." Thomson did not insert Ramsay's song in his Orpheus Caledonius. It appeared however in a monthly musical publication, called, "The British Miscellany, or the Harmonious Grove," printed for Daniel Wright, Brook Street, London, in November 1733. It is here entitled, "O'er the moor to Maggie, within the compass of the Flute, never before printed."

A second strain to the old tune appears in this publication, as well as in the subsequent Collection of Scottish Tunes by Oswald; but both of them are merely the old tunes slightly varied.

LVI.

PINKY HOUSE.

THE air of Pinky House was anciently called "Rothe's Lament." Of this old song, the melody and title are all that remain. It was printed in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, adapted to the following ballad, one of the earliest compositions of Mr David Mallet.

I.

As *Sylvia* in a forest lay
To vent her woe alone;
Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,
And heard her dying moan:
Ah! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

II.

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;

In shades you may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove :
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To every oath you swore ?
 But ah ! it seems they most deceive
 Who most our charms adore.

III.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 My love hath made me blind.
 For you delighted I could die ;
 But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that cred'ulous constant I
 Should by yourself be kill'd.

IV.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt :
 But ere the word was given,
 The hoary hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

The song in Johnson's *Museum*, beginning, "By Pinkie House oft let me walk," is said to have been written by Mr Joseph Mitchell, of whom mention has already been made. Mitchell seems to have been very partial to this old air, for he wrote another song to the same tune, beginning, "As love-sick Corydon beside a murmur'ing riv'let lay," which is printed in Watt's *Musical Miscellany*, vol. v. London, 1731.

LVII.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

THIS charming little air, with the three first stanzas, each of four lines, were recovered by James Oswald, who printed the tune with variations in the seventh book of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. Old David Herd afterwards published the words in his *Collection* in 1769. The last four silly lines, which are attached to them in the *Museum*, have no earthly connexion with the preceding stanzas ; they belong to a still more ancient but inadmissible version of the song. Burns always felt a particular delight in hearing this beautiful old air ; and he composed the following verses for it

in March 1793, which are certainly inferior to nothing almost that he ever wrote.—

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, had awa hame ;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

II.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting ;
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my ee ;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

III.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers ;
How your dread howling a lover alarms !
Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

But oh ! if he's faithless, and minds na his *Nannie*,
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main ;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my *Willie's* my ain.

Burns, I believe, sent the first transcript of these verses to Mr George Thomson, to be inserted in his Collection of Scottish Songs. In the opinion of this gentleman, however, as well as that of William Erskine, Esq. advocate, the verses in some instances did not exactly correspond with the musical notes, and they suggested several amendments for the poet's approbation. The greater part of these Burns refused to adopt. "Give me leave," says he, in his letter to Mr Thomson, "to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge ; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad, I mean simplicity. Now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

LVIII.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

THIS ancient and uncommonly humorous song appears in Watson's "Choice Collection," printed at Edinburgh in

1706. It is there titled "The blythsome Wedding," and placed next to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with which it is probably coeval. This is another of the old Scottish songs, which has fortunately been handed down to us in its primitive state. It is valuable both as a curious specimen of the ancient language of Scotland as well as of the coarse but lively manners of our peasantry in the olden times, circumstances which too frequently escape altogether the notice of the historian. A genuine copy of the music and words of this song is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius. The copy in the Museum is likewise a correct one, with the exception of the last line of stanza 4th. In the original, the words are, "And bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg*," which Johnson thought proper to change for the sake of delicacy, though the line he has substituted is nearly as coarse as well as defective in point of measure. It would appear that the writer of the song had been a native of the northern side of the river Forth, from his sarcastic allusion of "Kirsh" having gone *south* to Edinburgh for her education.

LIX.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

THIS air appears in Skeine's MS. written prior to the year 1598. It is there titled, "Sae mirrie as we hae bein," the first line no doubt of a song, or of its chorus, which is now lost. In the Orpheus Caledonius, the music is adapted to some stanzas beginning, "Now *Phoebus* advances on high, nae footsteps of winter are seen," which were written by Ramsay, and published in his Tea-Table Miscellany.

* Mons-Meg was the name given to a huge cannon which formerly lay in the castle of Edinburgh. In the accounts of the grand Chamberlain of Scotland, the following entries, relative to this piece of ordnance, occur, "1497, July 21. To the pyonouris to gang to the castell to help with Mons down, 10 sh. Item to the menstrallis that playit before Mons down the gait, 14 sh. I am informed that she burst during the reign of Charles II. On the 19th day of April 1754, Mons-Meg was removed from the castle of Edinburgh to Leith to be shipped for the tower of London, where she afterwards arrived in safety, and is still preserved there as a national curiosity. Her *calibre* is about two feet, and her weight has been computed to be upwards of five tons.

The verses in the Museum, however, in which part of the ancient chorus seems to be retained, are certainly preferable. They were copied from Herd's Collection, but he has left no key for ascertaining who wrote them. Burns, alluding to this song, says, it "*is beautiful; the chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn any thing of its author.*"

RELIQUES.

LX.

BONNY CHRISTY.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, and it is supposed to have been one of the earliest productions of his muse. It is the first song in point of order in his Tea-table Miscellany, 1724. In the year following, Thomson adapted it to the old air of "Bonny Christy," in his Orpheus Caledonius, but the original words of the ancient song are now lost. The editor is credibly informed, that the bonny Christy of Ramsay's song was Dame Christian Dundas, daughter of Lord Arniston, and wife of Sir Charles Erskine of Alva, Bart. This old tune is to be found in the Collections of M'Gibbon, Oswald, and several others.

LXI.

JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

THIS humorous picture of a rustic courtship, is another little poetic gem of some ancient though now forgotten minstrel. It appears in the Tea-Table Miscellany with the signature Z; which denotes that the song had been composed time out of mind, as Ramsay expresses it, but that even in his days, the author was unknown. It is likewise inserted with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany this song is entitled "For the love of Jean." This title however does not appear to have any sort of relation to the old comic verses. Perhaps there was another song sung to the same tune in the days of Ramsay.

LXII.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

THE title of this old pipe tune is "O'er the hills and far awa," of which a manuscript copy of considerable antiquity is

in the possession of the editor. It is probable that this, with many other Scottish melodies and songs, were introduced into England about the year 1603, when James VI. left his native country to ascend the English throne. In the Pepysian Collection, there is an humorous poetical dialogue, which seems to have been composed about this time, called "A proper new ballad, entitled, The wind hath blown my plaid awa, or a discourse betwixt a young maid and the Elphin Knight. *To be sung to its own new pleasant tune.*" It consists of twenty stanzas, of which the first may serve as a specimen.

THE Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba;
He blows his horn both loud and shrill,
The wind has blown my plaid awa.

From the peculiar structure of the stanzas, and the broad dialect of the burthen line, the author of this ballad must have heard both the tune and words of the silly old Scottish ditty; it begins,

IT'S o'er the hills and far awa,
It's o'er the hills and far awa,
It's o'er the hills and far awa,
The wind has blawn my plaid awa.

The song in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, "O'er the hills and far away," beginning, *Jockey met with Jenny fair*, is not a genuine Scottish production. It was made by one of the Grub-street poetasters about the year 1700, and afterwards inserted with the music in the fourth volume of the "Pills to purge Melancholy," a second edition of which, by Mr John Lenton, was printed in 1709. It is there called "Jockey's Lamentation." Ramsay only altered some of the words, and struck out the last stanza of the English song, which runs thus:

THERE by myself I'll sing and say,
'Tis o'er the hills and far away
That my poor heart has gone astray,
Which makes me grieve both night and day.
Farewell, farewell thou cruel She,
I fear that I shall die for thee;
But if I live this vow I'll make,
To love no other for your sake.
'Tis o'er the hills, &c.

Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, acted at London in 1728, beginning, "Were I laid on Greenland coast." It was also chosen as the air to a loyal and patriotic ballad, written and printed in the reign of Queen Ann, entitled, "The Recruiting Officer, or the Mer-ry Volunteers," beginning,

HARK! now the drums beat up again,
 For all true soldier gentlemen:
 Then let us list and march, I say,
 Over the hills and far away.
 Over the hills and over the main,
 To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
 Queen Ann commands, and we'll obey,
 Over the hills and far away.
 &c. &c. &c.

This latter ballad was inserted in Lenton's second edition of the Pills, vol. iv. printed at London in 1709.

LXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THE battle of Flodden-field, between James the IV. King of Scots, and Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, commander in chief of the English forces, was fought on the 9th of September 1513. On that fatal day, this gallant Monarch, with many of his nobles and the greater part of his army, composed of the flower of the Scottish youth, were left dead on the field. Of the old ballad, commemorating this melancholy catastrophe, a broken stanza or two, I believe, are all that remain; but the ancient air is preserved in Skene's MS. with the title of "The flowres of the Forrest." It is also printed in Oswald's Collection, and in many other musical works.

OLD FRAGMENT.

I'VE heard a liting
 At the ewes milking,
 * * * * *

The flowres of the forrest are a' wede awa.

The loss of the old ballad, however, judging from the foregoing specimen, is the less to be regretted, since it has been supplied by three of the finest lyrical compositions, of which the English or Scottish language can boast; all of them, too, by ladies no less distinguished for the brilliancy of their talents than their respectability in private life.

The earliest of these compositions was written by Miss Rutherford, daughter of Mr Rutherford of Fairnalie, in the county of Selkirk. This lady was afterwards married to Mr Cockburn* of Ormiston, son of the then Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, and eminent for his useful and extensive improvements in agriculture. The production of this lady's song was occasioned by the following incident. A gentleman of her acquaintance, in passing through a sequestered but romantic glen, observed a shepherd at some distance tending his flocks, and amusing himself at intervals by playing on a flute. The scene altogether was very interesting, and, being passionately fond of music, he drew nearer the spot, and listened for some time unobserved to the attractive but artless strains of the young shepherd. One of the airs in particular appeared so exquisitely wild and pathetic, that he could no longer refrain from discovering himself, in order to obtain some information respecting it from the rural performer. On inquiry, he learnt that it was "The Flowers of the Forest." This intelligence exciting his curiosity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain possession of the air. He accordingly prevailed on the young man to play it over and over, until he picked up every note, which he immediately committed to paper on his return home. Delighted with this new discovery, as he supposed, he lost no time in communicating it to Miss Rutherford, who not only recognised the tune, but likewise repeated some detached lines of the old ballad. Anxious, however, to have a set of verses adapted to his favourite melody, and well aware that few, if any, were better qualified than Miss Rutherford for such a task, he took the liberty of begging this favour at her hand. She obligingly consented, and, a few days thereafter, he had the pleasure of receiving the following pretty stanzas from the fair author.

* Mr Cockburn was one of that literary society of Edinburgh, so distinguished in point of manners and accomplishments, of which the fathers were Hamilton of Bangour, Sir William Bennet, &c. who were succeeded by still abler men, David Hume, John Hume, Lord Elibank, Henry Mackenzie, and others.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By MRS COCKBURN.

I.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

II.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay ;
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede away.

III.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
 And the red storm roaring, before the parting day ;
 I've seen *Tweed's* silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
 Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

IV.

O fickle Fortune! why thus cruel sporting?
 Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

The next beautiful elegy, adapted to the same air, and which made its appearance several years subsequent to that of Mrs Cockburn, was written by Miss Jane Elliot, a sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. one of the senators of the College of Justice, father of the late, and grandfather of the present, Earl of Minto. The worthy Baronet had also a fine genius for poetry ; two of his songs are inserted in the Museum.

Miss Elliot's ballad was published anonymously about the year 1755. From its close and happy imitation of ancient manners, it was by many considered as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. It did not, however, deceive the eagle eye of Burns. "This fine ballad," says he, "is even a more palpable imitation than *Hardiknute*. The *manners* are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered."—*Reliques*. It was so ; and to Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Sheriff-depute of Selkirk-

shire, and the Rev. Dr Somerville of Jedburgh, we are indebted for the discovery.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

By Miss JANE ELLIOT of Minto.

I.

I've heard them liltin at the ewe-milkin,
Lasses a-liltin before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green-loaning;
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

II.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning;
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighin and sabbin;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

III.

In har'st, at the shearin, nae youths now are jearin;
Bandsters are runkled and lyart or gray;
At fair or at preachin, nae wooing, nae fleechin,
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

IV.

At e'en, in the gloamin, nae younkers are roamin
'Bout staks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits eerie, lamentin her deary,—
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

V.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the Forest that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

VI.

We'll hear nae mair liltin at the ewe-milkin,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin and moaning on ilka green loaning,
The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The third set of verses adapted to the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning *Adieu ye streams that smoothly glide*, inserted in the Museum, was composed by Miss Home, afterwards married to the celebrated Mr John Hunter, surgeon, brother of the founder of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. This ladylikewise wrote the fine songs which are adapted to the airs of "Queen Mary's Lamentation—The Cherokee Indian's death-song—My mother bids me bind my hair," and many

other beautiful lyric compositions. Her poetical works, edited by herself, and dedicated to her son, were published in a neat volume, 12mo.

LXIV.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

THIS delightful air was formerly called, “The Braes of Yarrow.” Some fragments of the old song still remain; but that which is inserted in the Museum was wholly written by Ramsay, with the exception of the first four lines, which form part of the ancient ballad. Hamilton of Bangour also composed a fine poem in imitation of the ancient ballad, which is printed in his poetical works; it commences with the identical four old lines which Ramsay had previously adopted. Thomson published Bangour’s ballad, adapted to the old air, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. The Rev. Mr Logan, formerly one of the ministers of Leith, likewise composed a very pretty ballad to the same tune, which is printed in his works. Both of these ballads, however, are too long to be inserted in the present compilation.

The subject of the old ballad had been a great favourite, and, of course, was subsequently modelled into a variety of forms. Fragments of these appear in Burns’ *Reliques*, and Herd’s printed and MSS. Collections. The most perfect of them, however, is to be found in the “*Minstrelsy of the Border*,” vol. ii. under the title of the *Dowie Dens of Yarrow*, which consists of seventeen stanzas of four lines.

Tradition affirms, that the hero of the ancient ballad was one of the ancestors of the present Lord Napier, who was treacherously slain by his intended brother-in-law, Scott of Tushielaw, at a place called Annan’s-Treat, in Selkirkshire. The alleged cause of this atrocious act, it is said, originated from a proposal made by old Tushielaw to divide his estate equally between his son and daughter, in the event of her marrying so renowned a warrior.

THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILÉ THEE.

THIS ancient Scottish melody formerly consisted of one strain. It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius of 1725 in this simple garb, with the same verses that are inserted in the Scots Musical Museum, beginning, " Betty early gone a Maying." It was afterwards printed in the fourth volume of Watt's Musical Miscellany in 1730. There are some verses to the same air in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724, beginning " My sweetest May let love incline thee," in stanzas of eight lines each. From this circumstance it is evident that a second strain had about this time been added to the tune, though unknown to the editor of the Orpheus Caledonius. The verses to which the tune was originally adapted are supposed to be now irrecoverably lost.

The ceremony of confirming a bargain, or contracting any solemn engagement, by each party licking his right hand thumb, and afterwards pressing it against that of the other, is of great antiquity. Decrees are yet extant in the Scottish records, prior to the institution of the College of Justice, sustaining sales upon summonses of *thumb-licking*, the fact of the parties having licked thumbs at finishing the bargain being first established by legal proof. Traces of this custom too are discoverable not only in the ancient history of eastern nations, among whom it probably originated, but likewise in that of the Scythian and Celtic tribes, the Goths, the Armenians, the Romans, the Iberians, and other nations. It has been conjectured by some persons, that Adonibezek cut off the thumbs and great toes of threescore and ten kings, to punish them for breaking a covenant that had been ratified by this symbol.—*See Judges, chap. i. verse 7th.*

We likewise learn from Tacitus, that the Iberians tied their right hand thumbs together by a strait cord; and when the blood diffused itself to the extremities, it was then let out by slight punctures, and mutually licked by the parties to the contract.—*Vide Tacit. Ann. lib. xii.* The Moors of

India at this day frequently conclude bargains with one another, by licking and joining thumbs, in the very way which is still practised among the boys and some of the lower orders in Scotland. To this custom the last line, or burden of the old Scottish song, alludes, *There's my thumb, I'll never beguile thee.*

LXVI.

GILDEROY.

THIS song is improperly titled in Johnson's Museum. It should have been called, "Ah, Chloris, to the tune of *Gilderoy*." The tender and pathetic stanzas in the Museum were composed by the Right Hon. Duncan Forbes, Esq. Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland, about the year 1710. They were addressed to Miss Mary Rose, the elegant and accomplished daughter of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Kilravock. To this lady, with whom he had been acquainted from infancy, he was afterwards united in marriage. She bore him one son, who was his heir and successor, but Mrs Forbes did not long survive this event. His Lordship, however, remained a widower from that time till his decease, which happened on the 10th of December 1747, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were interred at Edinburgh, in the Grayfriar's Church-yard. It may safely be affirmed, that a worthier man, a better lawyer, a more discerning and upright judge, or a more clear-headed, steady, and patriotic statesman than Duncan Forbes of Culloden, never existed in any country or age. A chaste and masterly marble statue, reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated sculptor Roubilliac, has since been erected in the Parliament-house at Edinburgh, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to the memory of this truly great and good man.

Ritson places Lord President Forbes's elegant stanzas at the head of his Collection of English Songs, in 3 vols 8vo. London, 1783, and says, that he never heard of its being set to music. It would therefore seem, that he never thought of looking for the song amongst the productions of the sister

kingdom, for it appears in the first volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, published at Edinburgh on the 1st day of January, 1724, where it is directed to be sung *To the tune of Gilderoy*. The late editor of the Culloden papers has, with great justice, attributed the song to its proper author.

With respect to the *hero* of the ballad, called "GILDEROY," we learn the following particulars from Spalding and other historians: "Gilderoy was a notorious free-booter in the highlands of Perthshire, who, with his gang, for a considerable time infested the country, committing the most barbarous outrages on the inhabitants. Seven of these ruffians, however, were at length apprehended through the vigilance and activity of the Stewarts of Athol and conducted to Edinburgh, where they were tried, condemned, and executed, in February 1638. Gilderoy, seeing his accomplices taken and hanged, went up, and in revenge burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts in Athol. This new act of atrocity was the prelude to his ruin. A proclamation was issued offering £1000 for his apprehension. The inhabitants rose *en masse*, and pursued him from place to place, till at length he, with five more of his associates, were overtaken and secured. They were next carried to Edinburgh, where, after trial and conviction, they expiated their offences on the gallows, in the month of July 1638.

If we may place any reliance on traditional report, it would seem that Gilderoy belonged to the proscribed "Clan, Gregor," and that the ballad was composed, not long after his death, by a young woman of no mean talent, who unfortunately became attached to this daring robber, and had cohabited with him for some time before his being apprehended. That the ballad was well-known in England in 1650, is evident from a black-letter copy of it printed at least as early as that date. There is another copy of it, with some slight variations, in Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, first edition of vol. iii. printed in 1703. Both these copies, however, though possessing several stanzas of real poetical merit, contained many

at p 320* it
is stated 1636.
Robert Chambers
in Songs of Scotland
page 1636.

indelicate luxuriances that required the aid of the pruning-hook. This was performed by a lady in every respect qualified for such an undertaking, namely, Miss Halket of Petteran, afterwards married to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire, the well-known authoress of *Hardicannute*. In Lady Wardlaw's amended copy, which did not appear till after her death, some of the old stanzas are retained, others retouched or expunged, and several from her own pen are added. The ballad, in its present shape, is now excellent and unexceptionable. It is rather long for insertion here, but it may be seen in the Collections of Herd, Ritson, Gilchrist, and many others.

LXVII.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE music adapted to the same stanzas, inserted in the Museum, beginning, "By smooth winding Tay," appears in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. The verses are generally attributed to Allan Ramsay; but, from the circumstances about to be mentioned, they would rather seem to be the production of an older and somewhat inferior poet. *First*, Though the verses in the Tea-table Miscellany were only printed in 1724, yet the music made its appearance in London in a few months thereafter, viz. in 1725, and again in Craig's Collection, 1730. Now, it is a fact well known, that neither William Thomson, nor Adam Craig, published any tunes in their collections, but such as were old, and universally sung in Scotland at the time. *Secondly*, It is a received opinion, that Hay's Bonnie Lassie was a daughter of John Hay, Earl of Tweeddale, afterwards Countess Dowager of Roxburgh; and Burns says, that this lady died at Broomlands, near Kelso, sometime between the years 1720 and 1740. Can we then for a moment suppose, that Ramsay could commit such anachronism as to represent this dowager as a "dear maid, fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora," in 1724? This seems rather improbable. The tune, as well as the verses (if written by Ramsay) must have been known

long before the period of his publishing the Tea-Table Miscellany. This song was afterwards published with the music, in Watt's Musical Miscellany, vol. iv. London 1730.

LXVIII.

THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

THIS Air appears in Oswald's first Collection, published in 1741. The verses in the Museum, with exception of the two first lines which belong to the old song that was rejected by Johnson on the score of delicacy, were written by Mr James Tytler, a very clever but eccentric character, commonly called Balloon Tytler, from the circumstance of being the first person who projected and ascended from Edinburgh in one of these aerial machines.

Tytler was the son of a clergyman in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother of Dr Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. His attainments in almost every department of literature and science were in no small degree eminent. He was not only the principal editor, but likewise the composer of three-fourths of the *second edition* of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. He was engaged, on still more liberal principles, to conduct the *third* edition of that work, and wrote a larger share in the earlier volumes than is ascribed to him in the general preface. But, unfortunately, he embarked in the wild and irrational schemes of the British Convention, and published a hand-bill, written in so inflammatory a style, that a warrant was issued to apprehend him. He, however, escaped to America, and fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the province of Massachusetts. Here he established a newspaper, in connection with a printer, which he continued to his death in 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

LXIX.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

THIS is a very ancient and beautiful little air of one strain. The song, to which the tune was originally united, with the exception of the chorus, is supposed to be lost. The old chorus consists of the following four lines :

O THE broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of the Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were at hame again,
 Milking my daddy's ewes.

This is, in all probability, one of the Scottish tunes that were introduced into England, not long after the union of the crowns in 1603, for there is an ancient black-letter English ballad, "To a pleasant Scotch tune, called the Broom of Cowdenknows," with the following burden,

WITH, O the broom, the bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 Fain would I be in the north country,
 To milk my daddy's ewes.

The first set of verses in the Museum, beginning "How blyth ilk morn was I to see," was copied from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it is subscribed with the letters "S. R." which probably were the initials of its author. The second set, beginning "When summer comes, the swains on Tweed," was written by William Crawford, Esq. and first printed in Ramsay's Miscellany.

Mr Gay selected the tune of the Broom of Cowdenknows for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning "The miser thus a shilling sees," acted in 1728. In Mrs Crokatt's Manuscript Music Book, dated 1709, a second strain or part is added to the old air ; but by whom this was done it does not appear. It is a manifest interpolation, and has seldom, if ever, been sung. The estate of Cowdenknows is situated on the east bank of the River Leader, about five miles north-east of Melrose. It presently belongs to Dr John Home, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh. Some of this gentleman's predecessors are probably alluded to in the old ballad, written by a minstrel named Burn, entitled "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." It is inserted in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and concludes thus,

FOR mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth folk kend nae sorrow ;
 With *Homes* that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And *Scotts* that dwelt on Yarrow.

LXX.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

THESE three pretty stanzas in the Museum, beginning *O see that form that faintly gleams!* were written by Miss Ann Keith. The tune, which is a successful imitation of the Gaelic style, is the composition of Mrs Tough.

LXXI.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

THIS is the fine old air to which Thomson adapted Ramsay's song, beginning "When absent from the Nymph I love," in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. In the Museum this song is set to the tune of "O Jean I love thee."—See No 53. The original song is lost, but the old verses could hardly have surpassed those elegant stanzas in the Museum, beginning "Tho' distant far from Jessie's charms," now adapted to the tune, and which, I believe, made their first public appearance in this work. Johnson, the original proprietor, could not recollect who wrote them. The ideas of the last stanzas, however, beginning "For conquering love is strong as death," are evidently borrowed from Scripture.—See *Song of Solomon, chap. viii. v. 6. and 7.*

LXXII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THIS is one of the finest pastoral melodies of Scotland. Mallet wrote the two first stanzas of the song, beginning *The smiling morn, the breathing spring,* and directed them to be sung *To a Scotch tune, The Birks of Endermay.* Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, accordingly adapted them to this tune, which he also calls "the Birks of Endermay." Ramsay inserted Mallet's song in the third volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*; but he took the liberty of altering the last line of Mallet's two stanzas, both of which end with *the shades of Endermay,* into *the birks of Invermay.* Ramsay likewise published three additional stanzas,

possible, therefore, that there might have been older verses to the same tune, in which the beauties and accomplishments of some fair native of the banks of the Ender were celebrated in the song of the Lowland bard? We have in our days, a *Maid of the Clyde*, a *Lady of the Lake*, Why then, in older times, might there not be a fair one, whose residence was among the birks of the river Ender? The *Ender May*?

LXXIII.

MARY SCOTT.

THIS ancient border-air originally consisted of one simple strain. The second, which, from its skipping from octave to octave, is very ill adapted for singing, appears to have been added about the same year, 1709, and was printed in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725, adapted to the song written by Ramsay, beginning "Happy's the love that meets return," consisting of three stanzas of eight lines each, which is very far from being in his best style. I have frequently heard the old song, in my younger days, sung on the banks of the Tweed. It consisted of several stanzas of four lines each; and the constant burden of which was, "Mary Scott's the flow'r o' Yarrow."

This celebrated fair one was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, in the county of Selkirk. The old tower of Dryhope, where Mary Scott was born, was situated near the lower extremity of Mary's lake, where its ruins are still visible. She was married to Walter Scott, the laird of Harden, who was as renowned for his depredations as his wife was for her beauty. By their marriage-contract, Dryhope agrees to keep his daughter for sometime after the marriage, in return for which, Harden binds himself to give Dryhope the profits of the first Michaelmas moon. One of her descendants, Miss Mary Lilius Scott of Harden, equally celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, is the Mary alluded to in Crawford's beautiful song of "Tweedside."—*See Notes on Song, No 36.*

Sir Walter Scott says, that the romantic appellation of the “Flower of Yarrow,” was in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on the Miss Mary Lillias Scott of Crawford’s ballad. It may be so, but it must have been confined to a very small circle indeed, for though born in her neighbourhood, I never once heard of such a circumstance, nor can I see any justice whatever in transferring the appellation of the “Flower of Yarrow” to her descendant, who was born on the banks of the Tweed.

The old air of the Flower of Yarrow, as has been said, consisted originally of one strain, to which a second had been annexed, not earlier than the beginning of last century. The same subject was afterwards formed into a reel or dancing tune, to which my late esteemed friend, Hector M’Niel, Esq. wrote a very pretty song, beginning “Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I’m gaun to leave you.” But, in the first number of Mr Gow’s Repository, which was published a few years ago, this tune is called “Carrick’s Rant,” a strathspey; and the compiler of this Collection asserts, that “the old Scotch song (he must certainly mean the air) of Mary Scott, is taken from this tune.” The converse of this supposition is the fact; for Carrick’s Rant is nothing else than *Clurie’s Reel*, printed in Angus Cumming’s Collection. But the tune of Mary Scott was known at least a century before either Clurie’s Reel, or Carrick’s Rant, were even heard of.

LXXIV.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

MR BURNS says, “I have been informed, that the tune of *Down the burn Davie*, was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds, belonging to the Laird of Riddell in Tweeddale.” RELIQUES. But he was probably misinformed; for the tune occurs note for note in the Orpheus Caledonius, printed in 1725. The verses beginning *When trees did bud, and fields were green*, are also in the Orpheus Caledonius. They were written by Crawford, but not in his usual elegant and chaste manner.

Burns wrote the three following verses, which unite very happily with the air.

I.

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks, how fair ;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings ;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherd's as to kings.

II.

Let skilful minstrels sweep the string,
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw ;
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn,
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn.

III.

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
In homely phrase will woo ;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast of thine ;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

Burns, in writing this song, had a very elegant model before him, though in a different sort of stanza. It was the following.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD,

Written by JAMES THOMSON, *Esq. Author of the Seasons.*

If those, who live in shepherd's bow'rs,
Press not the rich and stately bed,
The new mown hay and breathing flow'rs,
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste by wanton art ;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those, who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast,
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those, who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

LXXV.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

THIS air was composed by Mr James Oswald, and published in the first volume of his *Pocket Companion*, 1741. The verses in the *Museum*, beginning *Ye Sylvan powers that rule the plains*, are selected from a song by an anonymous author, printed in Herd's *Collection*, consisting of six stanzas of eight lines, of which only the first, fourth, fifth, and sixth, are copied into the *Museum*, the entire song having been deemed too long for insertion. In the same *Collection*, we likewise meet with the following stanzas. They appear to have been the original words to which the air had been adapted, but I have not yet learnt who wrote them.

BANKS OF FORTH.

I.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows,
 The trees retain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And *Forth* in dimples glides along.

II.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing
 Those pleasures wait, on waiting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

It will probably occur to the reader, that there is a striking similarity between the two stanzas last quoted, and those writ-

ten by Mallet to the tune of “The Birks of Invermay,” beginning “The smiling morn, the breathing spring.” But both of these poets are evidently indebted to an inspired author for the principal imagery of their songs. “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”—CANT. ii. ver. 10—13.

LXXVI.

SAW YE MY FATHER.

THIS simple and pathetic melody is not to be found in any very early musical publication; and even the verses, so far as I have been able to discover, do not appear in any collection prior to that of Herd. It is a certain fact, however, that the song has been a great favourite in Scotland for a long time past. An English version of the ballad, with the music, appears in the second edition of Horsfield's *Songster's Companion*, 8vo. London, 1772; and also in Dale's *Collection of Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. The copy in the Museum is taken verbatim from Herd's edition. We have another version in Cromeck's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. In a note prefixed to which, he says, that Pinkerton published the spurious verses, beginning, *Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother*, six-and-twenty years ago, (viz. in 1784), and that though he pronounced even them to constitute an excellent song of superlative beauty, yet from that time to the present (1810) no exertions have been made to recover the original glowing verses now presented to the reader.

1.

I'LL clip, quo' she, yere lang grey wing,
 An' pouk yere rosie kame,
 If ye daur tak' the gay morn star
 For the morning's ruddie leam!
 But if ye craw na till the day,
 I'll make your bauk o' silk,
 And ye shall pickle the red cherries,
 And drink the reeking milk!

F

II.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
 An' craw when it is day ;
 An' I'll make ye a kame o' the beaten gowd,
 An' yere wings o' the siller gray !
 But fause, fause proved the bonnie grey cock,
 An hour owre soon crew he ;
 He clappit his wings owre the auld guid wife,
 And an angry wife raise she.

III.

Wha's that, quo' she, at our door latch ?
 Is it some limmer loon ?
 Na, mither, it is the pawky tod
 That howls again' the moon.
 What step is that by our ha' en',
 Which treads sae light o' spauld ?
 O, mither, it is the herd laddie
 Gaun by to look the fauld !

Cromek tells us, that the above verses were communicated by Mr Allan Cunningham, and that he had them from his father, whose memory was richly fraught with old songs and notices regarding them. Any person in the least conversant with Scottish song, must at once see that Pinkerton might justly have retorted the charge on Cromek ; for if Cunningham's song be not his own composition, it is at least a modern, and a very silly fabrication by another. But why attack Pinkerton, and leave David Herd and Horsfield out of the question, both of whom had published the song long before 1748. 1784

LXXXVII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THE air of this song is old ; a bad set of it occurs in Oswald's first Collection, 1740 ; but he seems to have forgot that the tune had been used as a reel as well as a song, in Scotland, time out of memory. Some fragments of the ancient song are still preserved. It begins,

WE'RE a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
 The parson kist the fiddler's wife,
 And cou'dna preach for thinking o't.
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 A feather-bed is nae sae soft,
 As a bed among the rashes, O.

The remaining lines are quite unfit for insertion, but the song seems to have been one of those burlesque and sly satires on the real or supposed profligacy of the priests prior to the reformation. The tune, however, appears to have been also known by the title of "Cow thou me the Rashes green," quoted in the Complaint of Scotland, in 1549. The verses in the Museum were written by Burns, and, if I rightly remember, it was the first song which he contributed to that work.

LXXVIII.

LOCH EROCH SIDE.

THERE are two songs in the Museum adapted to this tune. The first beginning *As I came by Loch Eroch Side*, was written, I believe, by *Balloon Tytler*. The other, beginning *Young Peggy blooms, our bonniest Lass*, by Burns. Both songs are adapted to the well known modern strathspey, called "Loch Eroch Side;" the subject of which, however, was taken from the air of an old Scottish song and dancing tune, called, *Im o'er young to marry yet*. The words of this humorous old song are well known, but they possess more wit than delicacy. Loch Erocht, or Ericht, is the name of a lake in Perthshire, the largest in the county except Loch Tay.

LXXIX.

THE BONNY GREY-E'YD MORN.

THE editor of the "Musical Biography," (2 vols. London, 1814,) says, that Jeremiah Clark, organist of St Paul's, composed, for Dufey's comedy of the Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters, that sweet ballad air, "The bonny grey-e'y'd Morn," which is introduced into the Beggar's Opera, and sung to the words, *'Tis woman that seduces all mankind*. This information does not appear to be well authenticated. The "Fond Husband" was acted at Drury-Lane, 1676, with great applause, and was honoured with the presence of King Charles II. three out of its first five nights. Now, if Mr Clark composed the music, we may at least suppose him at

this time to be twenty years old, or that he was born in 1656. But Clark, we all know, was a pupil of Dr Blow, and Dr Blow was only appointed master of the children of the Chapel-royal in 1674. And it was in this seminary, and under this master, that Clark received his musical education. Dr Burney acquaints us, that Clark having conceived a violent but hopeless passion for a young lady, of rank far superior to his own, his sufferings became so intolerable, that he terminated his existence by suicide, at his own lodgings in St Paul's Church-Yard, in July 1707. This rash act certainly looks more like that of a young man than of one who, according to the former supposition, must then have been at least fifty-one years old. There are several of Clark's songs in the "Pills," but none of them have the least resemblance to this fine air; and Oswald, in his Collection of Scottish Tunes, calls it, by way of distinction, "The old grey-ey'd Morning."

The tune of the "Bonny grey-ey'd Morn," with two indelicate stanzas, was printed in the first volume of Playford's Wit and Mirth, in 1698. In Durfey's subsequent edition of that work, in 1719, they are omitted in that volume. The song in the Museum was introduced by Ramsay as one of the songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

LXXX.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS charming pastoral melody is ancient. It was formerly called, "The bonny Bush aboon Traquhair." It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, adapted to the same beautiful stanzas that are inserted in the Museum, beginning *Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain*, written by William Crawford, Esq. author of Tweedside, &c; but the old song, it is believed, is lost. Mr Thomas Walker selected *The bonny Bush*, for a tune to one of his songs, beginning "My dearest Johnny, ease my pain," in "The Quaker's Opera," acted at Lee and Harper's booth, Bartholomew Fair, in 1728. Mr Walker, it is believed, was induced to bring out this ballad-opera, from the great applause he received in per-

forming the part of Captain Macheath in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, in which are also a number of Scottish tunes.

Traquair is a parish in the county of Peebles, lying on the south side of the Tweed, and watered by the rivulet Quair. In this parish stands the old mansion of Traquair, the residence of the Earl of that name, delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed. On the side of a hill overlooking the lawn is the old "Bush aboon Traquair," still pointed out by a few solitary ragged trees, in former ages the peaceful resort of innocence and love. Adjacent to this spot, his Lordship has planted a clump of trees, to which he has given the name of "The new Bush."

LXXXI.

ETTRICK BANKS.

THIS is another of those delightful old pastoral melodies, which has been a favourite during many generations. It is inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, with the same elegant stanzas that appear in the *Museum*, beginning *On Ettrick banks, ae summer's night*. Ramsay has left no key to discover the author of the song: it does not appear, however, to be his; and indeed it is not claimed by his biographer as his composition. In the *Museum*, the fourth line of stanza first, in place of "Came wading barefoot a' her lane," was changed into "While wandering through the mist her lane;" but I do not consider it any improvement on the elegant simplicity of the original. In other respects the verses are correct. From some short hints scattered through the ballad, such as, *When ye come to the brig of ERNE—Soon as the sun goes round the LOCH—When ye sit down to spin, I'll screw my PIPES*; we may conjecture, that the lover of this Ettrick nymph resided on the banks of Loch Erne, in Perthshire.

The Ettrick, of such poetical celebrity, is a river in Selkirkshire; it rises in the parish of the same name, and after a winding course of 30 miles in a N. E. direction, during

which it receives the Yarrow near Philiphaugh, falls into the Tweed three miles above Melrose.

LXXXII.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

THIS beautiful melody is ancient, but of the old song only a fragment remains, ending with "My dearie, an thou die." Crawford, however, has amply repaired the loss in his elegant song beginning, "Love never more shall give me pain," first printed in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724; and again, in 1725, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, with the music; but the editor of this latter work has taken some liberties with the old tune, which have rather disfigured than improved it.

The following is the genuine air, from an old manuscript in the editor's possession:

MY DEARIE, AN THOU DIE!

An ancient Scottish Melody.



LXXXIII.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

"THIS," says Mr Ritson, in his historical essay on Scottish song, page 60, "is an *English* song of great merit, and has been scotified by the Scots themselves. The modern air, a fine composition, probably by Oswald, is very different from that in the Pills." The air was composed long before Oswald was born, for a copy of it, in square-shaped notes, is inserted in an old MSS. virginal book in the possession of the editor. The tune is here entitled, "Shoe roasse and leit me in." The same tune also appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. But could any person in his sound senses affirm, that such lines as the following, in Playford's edition of the song, printed in his fourth volume of "Choice Ayres and Songs,"

with the music, in 1683, were not only English, but English of great merit too ?

BUT, oh ! at last she proved with bern,
 And sighing sat and dull ;
 And I, that was as much concern'd,
 Lookt then just like a fool !

The truth is, that the song was originally written by Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, about the year 1650. He was a grandson of Sir James Semple of Beltrees, the ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of James the Sixth. A manuscript copy of Francis Semple's Poetical Works was, very lately, and, if living, may still be, in the hands of one of his descendants, Mrs Campbell of Paisley. Burns says, "The old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this," meaning that in the Museum ; "but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.—*Reliques*." No, no, it was not Ramsay. The song still remains in his Tea-Table Miscellany and the Orpheus Caledonius, and even in Herd's Collection, in its primitive state of indelicacy. The verses in the Museum were retouched by an able and masterly hand, who has thus presented us with a song at once chaste and elegant, in which all the energetic force and beauty of the original are preserved, without a single idea to crimson the cheek of modesty, or to cause one pang to the innocent and feeling heart. I have no hesitation to assert, that if Burns had lived to reconsider the subject, or to superintend the publication of his observations on this song before they were committed to the public, they would have been widely different from those which have appeared in the *Reliques*.

LXXXIV.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

THIS song is enumerated in the list of those pastoral lyrics selected by Mr Ritson, which that gentleman not only considered to be genuine, but even peculiar to North Britain. These specimens, he was of opinion, were "the production of

obscure or anonymous authors—of shepherds and milkmaids, who actually felt the sensation they describe—of those, in short, who were destitute of all the advantages of science and education, and perhaps incapable of committing the pure inspirations of nature to writing; and, in this point of view, it is believed, that the English have nothing equal in merit, nor, in fact, any thing of the kind.”—*Essay on Scottish Song*, page 79 and 80. Though Mr Ritson certainly displays a great deal of good nature, and is even more complimentary to the Scots here than in any other part of his work, yet he never seems to sit right in his saddle. He is either tumbling upon the neck, or sliding over the crupper. That the English have many pastoral songs exquisitely beautiful, no person of candour can possibly deny. Even his own Collection of English Songs affords the clearest evidence of the fact. If these, however, were written by people of fine taste and education in England, so were many of those charming lyrics in Scotland. From the instances already given, and still to be produced, it has been shewn, that a considerable proportion of the favourite songs of Scotland, in place of being the composition of shepherds and milkmaids, were written by persons of both sexes, no less eminent for their talents than their rank in society. With regard to the composers of the melodies peculiar to North and South Britain, that is indeed a very distinct question, and a subject which is foreign to the present department of this work. But it may be remarked, in passing, that the beautiful melody of “Sweet Annie frae the Sea-beach came,” is one of the most unfortunate specimens that Mr Ritson could have stumbled upon as the production of some simple Scottish shepherd or uneducated milkmaid. It is in fact a modern composition, and one, likewise, in which more artificial modulation is displayed, than is compatible either with the knowledge of a shepherd or the simplicity of his pipe. Nay, so far at least as concerns the melody, it is not a Scottish song at all. It was composed by that eminent musician, Maurice Greene, mus. doct. son of

the Reverend Thomas Greene, vicar of St Olave, Jewry, London. Dr Greene gave permission to Henry Robarts to put it in his "Calliope, or English Harmony;" and it was accordingly published in the first volume of that work, with the name of its composer, page 200, printed in 1739. The words of the song, it is said, were written by Dr John Hoadley, son of Bishop Hoadley. The melody was afterwards inserted by Mr Oswald in the sixth volume of his Pocket Companion in 1742, and this circumstance induced subsequent editors to consider it a genuine Scottish song. It is a most beautiful imitation, however, and is deservedly a great favourite on both sides of the Tweed.

LXXXV.

THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

THIS song is a genuine and beautiful relique of the pastoral muse of our ancestors. It appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, along with its fine melody, in 1725. In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany it is marked as an old song, with additions; but on comparing it with that inserted by Bishop Percy in his Ancient Ballads, who gave it a place in his Collection, as he informs us, on account of its great antiquity and simplicity of sentiment, *these* additions are not even discernible. We can only discover a slight difference in the orthography of the two copies, such as Ramsay's substituting the letter *y* in place of *z*; curtailing such letters as appeared to be redundant in the old mode of spelling, and by such means giving the ballad a more easy and modern shape. Burns remarks, that he is uncertain whether this old and charming air is a native of the north or south of Scotland, but that the ballad of "Lord Gordon and his three Daughters," apparently as old as the Ewe-bughts Marion, and which sings to the same tune, is evidently of the north.—*Reliques*. It is a matter of very little consequence, to be sure, whether the air be a native of the north or south of Scotland. The tune, however, has been familiar in the Lowlands for ages, whilst, up to the present moment, it is to be found in no Gaelic mu-

sical publication whatever. The family of Gordon, it must also be observed, originally belonged to the south, and both the title of Duke and Marquis of that noble family, though now transferred to their possessions in the north, are derived from their ancient domains in the parish of Gordon in Berwickshire.

LXXXVI.

LEWIS GORDON.

THE author of this modern Jacobite song was the Rev. Alexander Geddes, D. D. formerly a Catholic priest at Shenval, but afterwards better known as the projector of a new translation of the Bible, with annotations. Part of this learned and elaborate work was published; but Dr Geddes died before it was completed, and it still remains in an unfinished state.

The air of Lewis Gordon is evidently borrowed from the old tune of "Tarry Woo," already noticed. Indeed Burns assures us, that he had in his possession one of the earliest copies of the song, which had prefixed to it "Tune of *Tarry Woo*;" and Ritson also takes notice of the same circumstance. "The lad I darna name," *who wore a star*, was the "Chevalier;" and the Lewis Gordon, who is likewise alluded to in the song, was a younger brother of the then Duke of that name. He commanded a detachment for the Chevalier in 1715; and historians allow that he acquitted himself with great judgment and gallantry. He died in France in 1754.

LXXXVII.

THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD.

THIS tune is very ancient, and some stanzas of the old song are still occasionally sung. It begins,

O WILL ye speak at our town
As ye come frae the fauld, &c.

But it is to be regretted, that the delicacy of this ancient fragment, like many others, is not equal to its wit and humour. The verses in the Museum, beginning *My Peggy is a young thing*, were written by Ramsay, and published

with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. It is one of Patie's songs in the Gentle Shepherd.

LXXXVIII.

MY NANNIE, O.

THIS fine old air, with the verses in the Museum, beginning, *While some for pleasure pawn their health*, written by Ramsay, appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. Burns wrote a beautiful song to this tune, which is inserted in the last volume of the Museum, song 581, where it is adapted to a different air; but as the verses were expressly composed for the air of "My Nannie, O," and evidently unite more happily with it than any other melody to which it can possibly be adapted; and as Burns subsequently gave his original song a few masterly touches, which have considerably heightened its effect, we presume it will neither be deemed ill-timed nor improper to give it a place in the present part of the work.

MY NANNIE, O.

By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

BEHIND yon hills where LUGAR * flows,
Mang moors and mosses many, O;
The wintry sun the day has closed,
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 o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

II.

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

* The Lugar is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the River Ayr, at Barskimming,

III.

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

IV.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O,
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

LXXXIX.

OH ONO CHRIO. *

DR BLACKLOCK informed Burns, that this song, which is adapted to a wild and plaintive Gaelic air, in the Museum, but quite different from that which appears in Oswald's Collection, was composed on the horrid massacre at Glencoe, in 1691, when thirty-eight innocent and unsuspecting persons, including the chief of the clan, were inhumanly butchered in their beds by a military party under Campbell of Glenlyon. Neither age, youth, nor sex, were spared in the dreadful carnage, and many who escaped immediate death, afterwards perished in the mountains from the inclemency of the weather, hunger, and fatigue. For a particular account of this atrocious butchery, which will remain an eternal stain on the reign and memory, and on the ministers of King William III. see Smollet and other historians.

Glencoe is a vale in Argyleshire, near the head of Loch

* There is some diversity of opinion with regard to the meaning of the burden of this lament. Some consider it to be a corruption of the Gaelic words "*O hunc a ric*," signifying, *alas, my prince or chief*. Others again suppose it to be a vitiated pronunciation of "*Ochoin och ric*," a Gaelic exclamation, generally expressive of deep sorrow and affliction, similar to that of *Oh! my heart!* This, indeed, seems to be the proper interpretation.

Etive, and famous for being the birth-place of Ossian, as appears from several passages in the poems of that ancient bard and celebrated warrior.

XC.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

IN his Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 274, Sibbald states it as his opinion, that one of Wedderburn's godly ballads, first printed about the year 1549, and again by Robert Smyth at Edinburgh, 1599, was sung to this old tune. It begins,

My lufe murnis for me, for me,
 My lufe that murnis for me ;
 I'm not kinde, hes not in minde,
 My lufe that murnis for me.
 &c. &c. &c.

He likewise observes, that there is some appearance that the hint had been taken from

He's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting for me.

This fine old ballad, beginning *My daddy is a canker'd carle*, does not appear in the Tea-Table Miscellany. David Herd rescued it from the stalls, and gave it a place in his Collection. Oswald has inserted a wretched copy of the melody in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of *My Love's in the Broom*. In the Museum there is a genuine copy both of the words and air.

XCI.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THIS beautiful air is unquestionably very old. Sibbald was also of opinion, that another of Wedderburn's spiritual ballads, in 1549, beginning,

AH ! my love ! leif me not,
 Lief me not, lief me not,
 Ah ! my love ! leif me not,
 Thus mine alone.

 &c. &c. &c.

was sung to the original air of "I'll never leave thee," the music of which is probably a little corrupted. This opinion appears to be correct, for this identical tune is mentioned in Geddes' "Saint's Recreation," written in 1673, as ap-

pears from the approbations of the Rev. William Raitt, and the Rev. William Colvill, Primar of the College of Edinburgh, both of which are dated in August, 1673. This work was afterwards printed in 1683. Several of Geddes's pious songs are directed to be sung to popular tunes, and he vindicates the practice in the following words: "I have the precedent of some of the most pious, grave, and zealous divines in the kingdom, who to very good purpose have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, *The bonny broom—I'll never leave thee—We'll all go pull the hadder*, and such like, without any challenge or disparagement."

The chorus of the old popular song runs,

LEAVE thee, leave thee, lad,
I'll never leave thee.
Gang a' the world as it will,
I'll never leave thee.

Ramsay wrote a poetical dialogue between Johnny and Nelly, beginning, "Tho' for seven years and mair," to this tune, in which he has introduced nearly the whole of the old chorus or burden. Watts printed this dialogue, with the tune, in his *Musical Miscellany*, vol. iv. London, 1730. The song in the *Museum*, beginning "One day I heard Mary say," was written by Crawford. It was printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724, and again in 1725, with the music, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. Burns did not think it one of Crawford's happiest compositions: "What an absurdity," says he, "to join such names as *Adonis* and *Mary* together." *Reliques*. This is surely a very venial fault. It is like the discovery of a mote flickering in a sunbeam.

XCII.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

THE title of this song should have been, *Beneath a green Shade*, written by Thomas Blacklock, D. D. to the tune of *The Braes of Ballenden*; for Dr B's song has no relation to the Braes of Ballenden whatever. The composition of this fine air has been attributed to Oswald, but upon what authority I am at a loss to discover. The editor of Albyn's

Anthology, in the introduction to that work, asserts that Oswald was the composer in the following terms: "In the year 1759, James Oswald, one of our most successful musical adventurers in London, published his Caledonian Pocket Companion, in twelve thin octavo volumes, (usually bound up in two) in which he appears in the double capacity of author and editor; he is among the very few to whom we can trace the authenticity of our national melodies. Had he composed nothing else but The Braes of Ballenden, and the air to Lovely Nymph, introduced in the burletta of *Midas*, his name would live as long as a relish existed for genuine Scottish melody; but he composed several other pretty enough pieces of vocal and instrumental music, which do him equal credit; and, in truth, his country may proudly class him with King James the First, the Earl of Kelly, and a few more, whose works remain as never-fading testimonies of their brilliant talents, and love of the muse."

Without entering into any comparison between such an accomplished prince as James I. of Scotland, and James Oswald the musician, it may be remarked, that Oswald published his Pocket Companion in periodical numbers, which he calls volumes, each consisting of from 32 to 36 pages; six of these in two parts, called his First and Second Collection, price ten shillings, were advertised in the Scots Magazine for November 1742. In the fifth number, appears the tune of "The Braes of Ballandine," but he makes no claim to it by the asterism, which in the Index is annexed to his own compositions, neither is it ascribed to him in the Collection of M'Gibbon. The air, "Lovely Nymph," is generally attributed to the celebrated J. J. Rousseau, as well as that of "Pray Goody, please to moderate," another song in the musical burletta of *Midas*, written by Mr Kane O'Hara, and acted at Covent Garden in 1764. Oswald composed a very pretty tune, called, "Lovely Nancy," in compliment, no doubt, to some "lovely nymph," but it is quite a different air from that in *Midas*.

XCIII.

CORN RIGGS.

THIS tune is of considerable antiquity. The verses in the Museum, beginning *My Patie is a Lover gay*, were written by Ramsay as a song for Patie in the Gentle Shepherd. There was a much older Scottish song, however, than that of Ramsay, adapted to this tune, of which the following lines are the chorus.

O CORN riggs and rye riggs,
And corn riggs are bonnie,
And gin ye meet a bonnie lass,
Prin up her cockernony.

The tune appears in Craig's Collection, in 1730. Craig was a very old man when he published his Collection, for he was one of the principal violin-players at the Edinburgh concert in 1695.

The Grub-street gentry, in derision of the Scots, clothed this fine old tune in a garb of their own peculiar manufacture. The following sample, taken from their pattern-book, "Mirth and Wit," vol i. p. 133, London 1698, may serve as a specimen.

A SONG.

SAWNEY was tall and of noble race,
And lov'd me better than any eane;
But now he ligs by another lass,
And *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen.
I gave him fine Scotch sark and band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand;
I gave him house, I gave him land;
Yet *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen.

Mr Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in his musical opera of "Polly," beginning "Should I not be bold when honour calls," printed, but not acted, in 1729.

XCIV.

MY APRON, DEARIE.

THE title of the song, in the Museum, ought to have been "My Sheep I've forsaken," written by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. to the tune of "My apron, Dearie." This is a

very elegant pastoral song, and reflects much honour on the poetical taste of the worthy composer.

The old words and music are preserved in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. Another edition of the song, with considerable alterations, perhaps improvements, may be seen in *Yair's Collection*, vol ii. printed at Edinburgh in 1751, which *Herd* has exactly copied into his later *Collection* in 1776. But the old song, even with all the improvements it has received, would not be quite palatable to the taste of the present age of refinement. It is on that account omitted in this work.

In a late publication of *Gaelic Melodies*, (see *Fraser's Gaelic Airs*, Edinburgh 1816,) a different set of this air makes its appearance in two florid strains, evidently modern, under the title of *N't aparan goirid*, or, "The short Apron;" and the editor hazards an opinion, that the Lowlanders are indebted to his country for the original melody. That the former were capable of composing the most exquisite pastorals that have ever been produced in any age or clime, will not surely be called in question. Moreover, the tune of "My apron, dearie," appears in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, where it is preserved in its primitive state, consisting of *one simple strain*, of sixteen bars in treble time. *Craig* also published this melody in his *Collection of "Scots Tunes,"* published at Edinburgh in 1730, where it first appears, with a second part, added by himself; but it is only a slight variation of the subject of the original strain. This venerable musician assures us, in his dedication to the lords and gentlemen of the *Musical Society of Mary's Chapel*, with whom he had then been acquainted upwards of forty years, that the tunes in his *Collection*, are the native and genuine product of the country. It will, therefore, require better evidence than a vague assertion made in 1816, to convince us, that this melody was originally imported from the Highlands. A learned and ingenious correspondent has favoured me with the following remarks on the tune of "My apron dearie." "The internal

evidence," he says, "appears to me strong for its being a native of the south. I never heard an air more completely of that sweetly pastoral kind, that belongs to the shepherds of Ettrick and Yarrow. If it was originally of *Sir G. Elliott's* country, it would naturally account for his writing better words to an air, which, it is probable, he admired from his infancy." To these observations, I shall only add, that a very slight comparison of the tune, as it stands in the Orpheus Caledonius in one simple and elegant strain, with that in Fraser's book of two parts, both of which are represented with *diminuendos, crescendos, expressivos, pauses, swells, shakes, &c. &c.* will at once satisfy every person of common sense and integrity, both with regard to the country and to the priority of the two melodies.

XCIV.

LOCHABER.

THIS fine old melody, as well as Ramsay's song, beginning *Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean*, both appear in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. From the import of the song, it would seem that Ramsay had composed it in compliment to some young military friend, probably a native of Lochaber, then about to leave his country and his Jean to join the British forces on the continent, under John Duke of Marlborough, whose glorious, though bloody campaigns, will long be remembered. This is another of Craig's genuine Scottish melodies, but the old original song is perhaps lost.

In almost every recent copy of the tune called Lochaber, a flat seventh is introduced in the middle of the second strain; but it is neither to be found in the old set of the air in the Orpheus Caledonius, nor in Craig's Collection. Here we have one proof, that although the old melodies have generally been pretty closely adhered to, they have, in some cases, been retouched by modern artists. Some of these alterations, like that just alluded to, are manifest improvements, but in many other instances, they are the very reverse, as the pastoral simplicity of the tune, by injudicious alterations, is frequently

destroyed. In the Museum, the note E, answering to the verb *bore* in the second strain of *Lochaber*, ought to be flat. It had been overlooked by Mr Clark when revising the proof sheets; but it is easily corrected with a pen.

XCVI.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THIS old air was formerly called "My father's a delver of dykes;" from a curious old song, preserved in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, a copy of which is annexed.

I.

My daddie's a delver of dykes,
My minnie can card and spin,
And I'm a bonnie young lass,
And the siller comes linken in;
The siller comes linken in,
And it is fu' fair to see;
And its wow-wow-wow,
What ails the lads at me?

II.

Whenever our bawtie does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will light and venture in;
But ne'er a ane comes in,
Though mony a ane gaes by;
Syne ben the house I rin,
And a wearie wight am I.

III.

I had ane auld wife to my grannie,
And wow gin she kept me lang,
But now the carlin's dead,
And I'll do what I can,
And I'll do what I can,
Wi' my twenty pounds and my cow,
But wow, its ane unco thing,
That naebody comes to woo.

Ramsay wrote an introductory stanza to this old song, beginning *'Tis I have seven braw new gowns*; and in place of the last stanza, which he suppressed, he added two of his own, beginning *When I was at my first prayers*. The song, thus altered, he entitled, "Slighted Nancy," to the tune of *The kirk wad let me be*. The editor of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, however, adhered to the words and tune of the old song,

and very properly rejected Ramsay's verses, of which the two last are certainly objectionable.

About the year 1700, a certain lady of high rank and fashion fell in love with a fine young man of an inferior station in life, he being one of her father's tenants. She married him, however, in direct opposition to the will of her family, and this circumstance gave occasion to the humorous but vulgar ballad of "The mucking o' Geordie's byre." It begins

THE mucking o' Geordie's byre,
 And shoollng the gruiþ sae clean,
 Has gard me weet my cheeks,
 And greet with baith my een.
 It was not my father's will,
 Nor yet my mither's desire,
 That e'er I should file my fingers
 Wi' mucking o' Geordie's byre.

A contemporary bard, however, took up the cudgels for Geordie in a very spirited manner. His ballad concludes thus:

THE lads that gae courting the lasses
 Had need to be canny and slee,
 Or else they'll be guided like asses,
 Gin they be as silly as me.
 I courted a lassie for siller,
 And she was baith saucy and spree,
 But when I was buckled until her,
 The devil ae bodle had she.

This beautiful air, when played slow, is very plaintive, but the songs to which it has hitherto been united are all of a very humorous cast. The tune appears in Mrs Crokot's book, in 1709, under the title of "*The three good fellows*," which must have been the name of another old and now forgotten song, to the same melody. The verses to which it is adapted in the Museum, beginning "As I went over you meadow," were written by Mr James Tytler, with the exception of two lines, taken from the old chorus.

XCVII.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is as rich a vein of lively and innocent humour in this pretty little ballad as in any to be found in the whole

compass of the Museum. It begins *Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire*. It was picked up and published by Herd, but the author is still anonymous. Some stanzas also, to the same tune, were written by Miss Janet Graham of Dumfries, a maiden lady, who lived to a considerable age, although much afflicted with an asthmatic complaint, to which she ultimately fell a victim. Being naturally of a cheerful disposition, she often attempted to beguile her sufferings by composing Scottish songs and poems of humour. As Miss Graham's song is highly spoken of by Burns, it is annexed. It was originally published in Herd's Collection, under the title of *The Wayward Wife*, but rather in an imperfect state, two lines of the second stanza being wholly omitted.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

I.

ALAS, my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day of ease,
When you have got a wife to please.

*Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.*

II.

Your ain experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trode,
Which gars you sing along the road.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

III.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning wheel,
She'll drive at you, my bonny chiel,
And send you headlang to the de'il,

Sae bide you yet, &c.

IV.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she,
Like you, I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.

Sae bide you yet, &c.



V.

Great Hercules, and Samson, too,
Were stronger men than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

VI.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls;
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, &c.

XCVIII.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

THESE three humorous stanzas, beginning *I married with a scolding wife the fourteenth of November*, were written by Burns. They are adapted to the well-known air of *Maggie Lauder*. For an account of this tune, see Notes on Song No 544. *It is by the same tune as the one in the next page.*

XCIX.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

THIS air appears in Skene's MSS. under the title of "Adew Dundee." It is therefore certain that the song was a well-known favourite in Scotland long before the year 1598. The old song, which is certainly none of the most delicate, was travestied by the Grub-street junto, who, as usual, made it ten times worse. Those who have any curiosity to see their pitiful production, will find it in "Wit and Mirth," vol. iii. first edition, 1703, under the title of *Jockey's escape from Dundee*. It begins,

WHERE got'st thou that *haver-mill* bonack?
Blind booby, can'st thou not see?
I've got it out of a Scotchman's wallet,
As he lig lousing himself under a tree!

This elegant travestie thus concludes.

WITH sword ready drawn, they rode to the gate,
Where being denied an entrance thro',
The master and man, they fought at that rate,
That some ran away, and others they slew.
Thus *Jocky*, the laird, and *Sawney*, the man,
They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can;
In spite of the loons, they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

The song in the Museum, with the exception of the first four lines, beginning *O where did you get that haver-meal bannock*, which formed part of the first stanza of the old ballad, was wholly written by Burns. The last verse is uncommonly pretty.

My blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessings upon thy bonny e'e bree,
 Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie ;
 Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear,
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear !

Burns sent a copy of the first draught of his improved version to his friend Mr Cleghorn, with the following laconic epistle :

“ Dear Cleghorn, you will see by the above that I have added a stanza to ‘ Bonny Dundee.’ If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

UPON a ten string'd instrument,
 And on a psaltery.

R. B.

“ To Mr Cleghorn, farmer. God bless the trade.”

Mr Gay selected “ Bonnie Dundee ” as a tune for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning “ The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,” acted at London in 1728. But it was known in England long before that time, as it is printed in Playford's Dancing Master, in the year 1657.

c.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

THIS song, beginning *Down the burn, and through the mead*, is an Anglo-Scottish production of considerable merit. It was first introduced and sung by Miss Cately, as a “ Favourite new Scotch song,” in the opera of *Love in a Village*, and was received with great applause. This opera, by Mr Bickerstaffe, was first acted at Covent Garden, London, in 1762. The last line of every stanza of *Johnny and Mary* tells us, that *Mary wiped her bonny mow*. This has always been considered very faulty and disagreeable, more especially

as it is repeated no less than four times in singing the song. It reminds one of Solomon's observation on a certain character, that "She eateth and wipeth her mouth, and saith I have done no wickedness." If the composer had only substituted a better line in place of this, the song would have been much improved, and nearly faultless. Miss Cately, it would seem, had introduced *Johnny and Mary* as an *extra* song in *Love in a Village*; for it is not to be found in the list of those songs which Bickerstaffe originally selected for this opera.

END OF PART FIRST.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART I.

I.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE authority for ascribing this song to MR MACVICAR is Burns's MS. note, in his interleaved copy of the Museum, which states that he had the information from Dr Blacklock. (Cromek's Reliques of Burns, p. 195.) But no particulars respecting Macvicar have been discovered. The song was first published, accompanied with the music, in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine for April 1758. It next occurs in a collection, of which only one volume appeared, under the title of "The Lark : being a Select Collection of the most celebrated and newest Songs, Scots and English. Vol. I. Edinburgh, printed for W. Gordon, bookseller in the Parliament Close, 1765." 12mo.

II.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

THERE is no kind of evidence for attributing a single Scottish melody to David Rizzio. Thomson, indeed, in his Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, ascribed to "David Rezzio" this and six other old tunes ; but, in republishing that work in 1733, the name was withdrawn. Other tunes under the name of "Rizo," by Oswald, were subsequently published. These were his own compositions ; as a friend of his, in 1741, on his leaving Edinburgh, says,

When wilt thou teach our soft Æidian fair,
To languish at a false Sicilian air ;

Or when some tender tune compose again,
And cheat the town wi' David Rizo's name?

See also the Chronological List, annexed to the Preface of this work.

In asserting this to be an old tune, Mr Stenhouse was correct; for we find "An thou wer myn oun thing," in a MS. Lute-book, written at Aberdeen by Robert Gordon of Straloch, in the year 1627.

IV.

BESS THE GAWKIE.

THE author of this song, the Rev. JAMES MUIRHEAD, descended from an ancient family, was the son of — Muirhead of Logan, and born in the year 1740; or, according to the author of the Literary History of Galloway, in 1742. He was educated at the College of Edinburgh; was licensed to preach in 1769; and ordained Minister of Urr in the year 1770. In 1794, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the honorary degree of D.D.; and at a more advanced period of life (in 1806), the celebrated linguist Dr Alexander Murray was appointed his assistant and successor. In 1795, at the controverted election for the Dumfries boroughs, Dr Muirhead fell under the lash of Burns, who then printed, for private distribution, several ballads in the shape of broadsides, which gained him less credit for wit than for ill-nature. Dr Muirhead replied in some virulent lines, which reflect no credit upon their author. See Chambers's Lives, vol. i. p. 440; and Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. i. p. 310. Allan Cunningham, both in his "Songs of Scotland," and in his edition of Burns, calls him by mistake William; and Murray says he died in 1806. His death is thus recorded in the Scots Magazine (vol. lxx. p. 479), "1808, May 16, At Spottes-hall, Dumfries-shire, the Rev. Dr James Muirhead, of Logan, Minister of the Gospel at Urr, in the 68th year of his age, and 38th of his Ministry."

V.

LORD GREGORY.

“ O, OPEN the door, love Gregory,
 O open, and let me in—
 The wind blows through my yellow hair,
 And the dew draps o'er my chin.

“ This is much better than ‘ *the rain rains on my scarlet robes,*’ and is as generally sung by the people of Galloway and Dumfries-shire.”—(C. K. S.)

VI.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

“ FERDINANDO TENDUCCI.—This was, as far as I know, the only very celebrated Italian singer who ever visited Scotland. His arrival is thus announced in “ The Edinburgh Evening Courant, Monday, May 16, 1758.” “ Last night, arrived here from Ireland, Mr Tenducci, the celebrated singer.” Along with him he brought his wife, whom he had married in Ireland; she also sang in public—but with a very indifferent voice, as I have been told by those who heard it; her extraordinary Platonic passion ended in an elopement with a gallant, and in a divorce, which makes a figure in the Trials for adultery, &c. Tenducci was a very handsome man—she, a pretty, modest looking girl. He taught music while in Edinburgh; and published a folio volume of his own compositions of which this is the title—“ A Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord, or Piano and Forte, composed by Ferdinando Tenducci. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Hope. Printed for the author, and to be got at his lodgings, opposite Lord Milton’s, Cannon-gate; at Mrs Phinn’s, and Richard Carmichael, engraver, back of the Guard, and at R. Bremner’s music-shop.” Minuets are mingled with the sonatas, but only two have the names of ladies prefixed—Ladies Hope and Cunningham (Miss Myrton of Gogar). Lady Cunningham’s minuet, with variations, is extremely beautiful.”—(C. K. S.)

VIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

RICHARD HEWITT was a native of a village near Carlisle, and was taken when a boy to lead blind Dr Blacklock, who resided in Cumberland, during the earlier part of his life. Finding him to be a youth of promising dispositions, he instructed him in various languages; and Hewitt, on leaving his service, addressed some verses to Mr Blacklock, which bear testimony to the warm affection he entertained for his master. Mr Henry Mackenzie, in his edition of Blacklock's Poems, Edinburgh, 1793, informs us, that Hewitt subsequently became Secretary to Lord Milton (then Lord Justice-Clerk, and Sub-Minister for Scotland, under Archibald, Duke of Argyle); but that the fatigue of that station hurt his health, and he died in 1764.

IX.

SAW YE JOHNIE COMIN'.

THOMAS FRASER, whom Mr Stenhouse mentions in this note, died in 1825. See note in Chambers's "Scottish Songs," p. 279, Edinburgh, 1829, 2 vols., 8vo.

X.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AN' A'.

MR STENHOUSE, in his Illustrations, uniformly quotes Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany as having been published in 1724. The first volume certainly appeared at Edinburgh in that year; but the second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately, in 24mo, at various intervals. "A New Miscellany of Scots Songs," printed at London in 1727, contains a selection of the Scottish songs in the first two volumes. The Tea-Table Miscellany, volume third, was printed at Edinburgh for Allan Ramsay, in 1727; but at what time the Fourth volume was published I have not been able to ascertain, having only seen a very imperfect copy of the original edition. The first collected edition

of this popular work contains the three volumes in one, "London, printed for and sold by A. Millar, 1733," 12mo. It is called "The Ninth Edition, being the compleatest and most correct of any yet published, by Allan Ramsay." The accuracy of this statement I should be disposed to question. On the other hand, there are three distinct editions, each professing to be "The Twelfth Edition," viz. at Glasgow, 1753; Edinburgh, 1760; and London, 1763. The eighteenth, and probably the latest edition, appeared at Edinburgh, 1792. All the editions, subsequent to that of 1733, contain the four volumes of the collection.

XIII.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

"BURNS is not quite correct in his assertion that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites—a song, beginning '*The cats hae kittled in Charlie's wig,*' is certainly the wretched effusion of a Scottish Hanoverian."—(C. K. S.)

"N.B. Our ancient Border rhyme runs thus—

Tillielute, tillielute, tillielute of Bowelaw,
 Our cat's kittled in Archie's wig;
 Tillielute, tillielute, tillielute of Bowelaw,
 Four of them naked, and four of them clad,

I am afraid the Scots Hanoverian had been but a plagiarist after all."—(MS. Note by Sir Walter Scott, in 1821).

XVI.

FYE GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

MR STENHOUSE, in this note and elsewhere, refers to a MS. music-book, as in his own possession, written in tablature for the lute, and supposes it to be as old as the reign of Queen Mary. As he mistook the age of other MSS., I suspect that he imagined this one to be of much too early a date; but unfortunately it is not known what has become of that MS.

XVII.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

THE MS. music-book, with the autograph of "Mrs Crockat, 1709," which is frequently mentioned by Mr Stenhouse, is now in the possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.

XVIII.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

MR STENHOUSE formed an erroneous opinion of the age of the MS. collection of tunes, preserved in the Advocates' Library, and described in this note. The volume consists of seven (not six) little books bound in one; having on the first leaf the signature, "Magister Johannes Skeine," by whom there can be little doubt that the collection was formed. This person, however, was not Sir John Skene of Curriehill, "when he was a very young man," but John Skene of Hallyards, in Mid-Lothian, the second son of that eminent lawyer; and instead of being written "prior to 1598," as stated in Note CXXXI, or "circa 1570," as in Note DLXXXIX, it belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, apparently about the year 1615.

The MS. collection, however, is one of great importance, as it contains a number of popular Scottish airs of earlier date, and in a more genuine form than they are known to have been elsewhere preserved. A volume, containing the several Scottish airs, (which in the MS. are written in tablature for the Mandour,) rendered into modern notation, is now on the eve of publication, by William Dauney, Esq., Advocate, accompanied with an elaborate dissertation on the origin of Scottish Music:—such a work cannot fail to be of great interest to all lovers of our National Melodies.

XXIII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

"THAT person of the Kenmure family alluded to in the tradition, was most probably Robert, fourth Viscount of

Kenmure, who suffered many hardships on account of his loyalty, and was excepted out of Cromwell's act of grace and pardon, 1654. He died at Greenlaw, without issue, 1663."—(C. K. S.)

“ Burns says nothing about the authorship of this humorous song ; but we may mention that it, and its counterpart, ‘ John Hielandman's remarks on Glasgow,’ are from the pen of DOUGALD GRAHAM, Bellman in Glasgow, and author of the facetious histories of ‘ Lothian Tam,’ ‘ Leper the Tailor,’ ‘ Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes,’ ‘ Jocky and Maggy's Courtship,’ ‘ John Cheap the Chapman,’ ‘ The Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork, with his Coat buttoned Behind,’ ‘ John Falkirk's Carritches,’ ‘ Janet Clinker's Orations in the Society of Clashin' Wives,’ and a ‘ Metrical History of the Rebellion in 1745,’ in which he had a personal share, &c. &c. His works, in the form of Penny Histories, have long formed staple articles in the hawker's basket ; and while the classic presses of Paisley, Stirling, and Falkirk, have groaned with them, the sides of the Scottish lieges have been convulsed with them for the greater part of a century.”—(Edition of Burns, by Motherwell, vol. v. p. 299.)

In the Paisley Magazine, 1828. (of which he was editor), Mr Motherwell gave an interesting account of Dougald Graham, proving that he was the writer of the above ‘ chap books,’ which contain a great deal of very coarse humour ; but which, for the credit of our peasantry, are less sought for than formerly. Graham was born about 1724, and died in the year 1779. His ‘ History of the Rebellion,’ 1745, was a favourite work of Sir Walter Scott's, and was first printed under the following title :—

“ A full, particular and true Account of the Rebellion, in the years 1745–6.

Composed by the Poet D. GRAHAM,
In Stirlingshire he lives at hame,

To the Tune of *The gallant Grahams*. To which is add-

ed, Several other Poems by the same Author. Glasgow, printed and sold by James Duncan, &c., 1746. Price fourpence half-penny." 12mo, pp. 84.

In a metrical "Account of the Author," Graham mentions that he was born near Raploch, in Stirlingshire, and that he remained as a servant at Campsie. But the second edition, 1752, bears "Printed for and sold by Dougal Graham, merchant in Glasgow." In the third edition, 1774, the work was entirely re-written, and not improved, and it is this text that has been followed in six or seven later impressions. The first edition is so extremely rare, that only one copy is known to be preserved, and, as a literary curiosity, it might be worth reprinting; although it demolishes the fine story of the Author's difficulty in obtaining the Bellman's place from the Glasgow Bailies, on account of his being a Jacobite, and having joined the Pretender's army.

XXXII.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

"PERHAPS both the author of 'The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy' and Bishop Percy took the idea of their ballads from a song in Lee's beautiful tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love:—

Can'st thou, Marina, leave the world,
The world that is devotion's bane?—

Can you your costly robes forbear
To live with us in poor attire?" &c. &c.—(C. K. S.)

XXXVI.

TWEEDSIDE.

JOHN LORD YESTER, second Marquis of Tweeddale, died at Yester, 20th of April, 1713, in the 68th year of his age. Scot of Satchel, in the dedication of his Rhyiming History of the name of Scot, in 1688, compliments his Lordship for his poetical abilities. For his character, see Macky's Memoirs, p. 186, and Douglas's Peerage, by Wood, vol. ii. p. 610.

Mr Stenhouse and other editors have asserted that Burns was mis-informed in regard to the author of " Tweedside," and of some of our finest pastoral lyric poems, and state that the poet's name was not ROBERT, but WILLIAM CRAWFURD of Auchinames. The only person of that name, mentioned in the genealogical account of this family, is said to have married Helen, daughter of Sir Thomas Burnet, M.D., an eminent physician in Edinburgh, in the reign of Charles II.; and to have died without issue during his father's life. (Crawfurd's Renfrewshire, by Robertson, p. 371.) This seems to apply to William Crawford, younger of Auchinames, who died previous to 4th July, 1695, when his father Archibald Crawford was served his heir. This, however, would be much too early for the writer of the fine songs which appeared in the Tea-Table Miscellany. In calling the poet William, Mr S. and others appear to have relied on the opinion of Lord Woodhouselee, who quotes a letter from Hamilton of Bangour to Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames, in July 1739, where he says, "I have made the corrections on the moral part of *Contemplation*, and in a post will send it to WILL. CRAWFORD, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject." "It is pleasing to remark (Lord Woodhouselee adds), that the Will. Crawford here mentioned was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of *Tweedside*, which, with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood." (Life of Lord Kames, 8vo edition, vol. i. p. 97.) The letter in question refers to Hamilton's poem, which was written in 1739, and printed in 1744; and the William Crawford here mentioned was a merchant in Glasgow, who died probably about 1750. In the second edition of Hamilton's Poems, 1758, there is a dedication prefixed, "To the Memory of Mr William Crawford, merchant in Glasgow, the friend of Mr Hamilton."

It is singular that Lord Woodhouselee and subsequent

writers should have overlooked the letters of Ramsay of Ochertyre to Burns, which were printed by Currie, and which I think ascertain beyond all doubt that the writer of 'Tweedside,' 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' and other songs published by Ramsay in the Tea-Table Miscellany, was ROBERT CRAWFURD, a cadet of the family of Drumsoy. As these Songs appeared in 1724, he was probably born about the close of the Seventeenth Century.

Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre, in a letter, dated 22d of October, 1787, says, "'Twas only yesterday I got Colonel Edmonstoune's answer, that neither the words of '*Down the burn, Davie,*' nor '*Daintie Davie*' (I forget which you mentioned), were written by Colonel G. Crawford. Next time I meet him I will enquire about his cousin's poetical talents." In another letter, addressed to Dr Blacklock, from Ochertyre, 27th of October, 1787, Mr Ramsay says, "You may tell Mr Burns when you see him, that Colonel Edmonstoune told me t'other day that his cousin Colonel George Crawford was no poet, but a great singer of songs; but that his eldest brother Robert (by a former marriage) had a great turn that way, having written the words of '*The bush aboon Traquair*' and '*Tweedside.*' That the Mary to whom it was addressed was Mary Stewart of the Castlemilk family, afterwards wife of Mr John Belches. The Colonel (Edmonstoune) never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago. He was a pretty young man, and had lived long in France. Lady Ankerville is his niece, and may know more of his poetical vein. An epitaph-monger like me might moralize upon the vanity of life, and the vanity of those sweet effusions." (Currie's edition of Burns, vol. ii. pp. 107 and 120.)

Patrick Crawford, third son of David Crawford of Drumsoy, merchant in Edinburgh, was twice married, first, to a daughter of Gordon of Turnberry, by whom he had two sons, 1st, Thomas, who was successively Secretary to the Embassy of the Earl of Stair, and Envoy Extraordinary to

the Court of France. He died at Paris, in 1724. 2d, Robert, the poet, who died unmarried. His brother's official residence at Paris may have been the occasion of his remaining there till 1732, when he died, or, as reported, was drowned, on his return to his native country. His father, Patrick, was married, secondly, to Jean, daughter of Archibald Crawford of Auchinames, by whom he had a large family; Colonel George Crawford, mentioned by Ramsay of Ochertyre, was the second son by this marriage. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 53d regiment, and died in 1758. It is plainly, therefore, a mistake to designate the Poet, 'of Auchinames.' According to the information of old Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee to Burns, Robert Crawford was drowned in returning from France, in 1732; if so, his body may have been brought to Scotland for interment.

In this Note, Mr Stenhouse refers to a portrait of Mary Scott, "the Flower of Yarrow," as painted for the Duke of Hamilton. Pennant, in describing the pictures at Hamilton, is quite animated when he comes to speak of this portrait painted by Ramsay:—"Irresistless beauty" (he says) "brings up the rear, in form of Miss Mary Scott, a full length, in white satin; a most elegant figure: and thus concludes the list with what is more powerful than all that has preceded; than the arms of the warrior, the art of the politician, the admonitions of the churchman, or the wisdom of the philosopher." (Tour in Scotland, vol. ii. p. 125.) Another picture of "the Flower of Yarrow," also by Ramsay, if I remember right, is in the Marquis of Bute's possession, at Mount Stuart.

XXXVII.

MARY'S DREAM.

"It is quite evident that this Dream, in its first Scottish dress, is a forgery, proceeding from the same sources

whence many of Cromek's ballads were derived. One of the lines is too long—

Pale—bending on her his hollow ee.”—(C. K. S.)

Although never acknowledged, I have no doubt that Allan Cunningham was the author of this version of ‘Mary’s Dream’—a circumstance that cannot be excused, merely as a pretended original old ballad, since it affected Lowe’s reputation as a poet, by taking away the originality of the poem to which alone he owes any celebrity; but I am sure, my excellent friend has long since repented ever having made any such attempt. In Cromek’s *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, where this version first appeared, there is an interesting account given of Lowe, communicated by the Rev. Mr Gillespie. Dr Thomas Murray, in his *Literary History of Galloway*, has also a minute biography of Lowe. Mr Cunningham, however, in his edition of Burns (vol. viii. p. 35), reprobates, in strong terms, Lowe’s conduct to the Lady, to whom he addressed his ‘Mary’s Dream.’

XLII.

LOGAN WATER.

JOHN MAYNE, the author of “The Siller Gun,” and other poems, was a native of Dumfries. He was long connected with the London newspaper press, and died at an advanced age, 14th of March 1836. “A better or warmer-hearted man” (says Allan Cunningham) “never existed.” See an account of his life in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, May 1836, and in *The Annual Obituary* for 1837.

XLIV.

THERE’S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

“It was from my notes that Mr S. took the traditional account of Colin’s fate. As to the contest about the authorship of this song, it is very improbable that Mickle, who had a musical ear in poetry, could ever have made

speak rhyme to *greet*—a defect which greatly spoils the effect of these charming verses.”—(C. K. S.)

“The authorship of this song” (says the late Mr Motherwell) “has been disputed, some ascribing it to Mrs Jean Adams, and others to William Julius Mickle. I am not convinced yet that Mickle was its author; on the contrary, I think that the evidence contained in the Appendix to Cromek’s *Scottish Songs*, completely outweighs the circumstances on which it has been assigned to Mickle. We may farther add, that the measure and rhythm of many of Jean Adams’ other poems, which are all of a religious and moral cast, are so like that of this song, as forcibly to recall it to recollection, while nothing written by Mickle has the remotest resemblance to it.”—(Edit. of Burns, vol. v. p. 308.)

I shall not presume to offer any decided opinion on this disputed point; and shall only observe that the evidence in favour of Jean Adams contained in Mrs Fullerton’s letter, published by Cromek, is that of a lady whose family were her chief patrons; and that we know nothing of her compositions during the last twenty years of her life, and therefore it would be unfair to judge her solely by an examination of verses which she composed in her younger days, in the style of “the best English poets that have written within seventy years.” Had Mickle himself included the song in the collection of his *Poems*, or left any written evidence claiming it as his own composition, no doubt on the subject would have remained; but the manuscript copy found among his papers, is such as a person might have written after having heard it sung.

A parody on this song, on the conclusion of Peace with America, appeared in 1782, and was printed in the common stall-form. It begins thus—

But are you sure the news is true?
 And is it really fact?
 Have Conway, Burke and Fox at last
 Laid North upon his back?

CHORUS.

There's nae luck about the Court,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There can be nane while we're at war
 Wi' North America.

It is a very poor performance, and only worthy of notice to show the popularity of the original song. See also Song Dxcv, in the 6th vol. of the Musical Museum, for

There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudewife's awa'.

What is designated "the Gallovidian" way of the old Scottish song, '*There's nae luck about the house*,' a version evidently by the author of the work, will be found at page 244 of that most strange production called "The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, by John Mactaggart." London, 1824, 8vo.

The fullest account of JEAN ADAMS, who died in the Town's Hospital at Glasgow, 9th of April, 1765, is given by Cromek, in the Appendix to his 'Select Scottish Songs,' vol. i. p. 189. The volume of her Poems was published by subscription, and is dedicated by her "To Thomas Crauford of Craufordsburn, Esq."

The volume bears this title—"Miscellany Poems, by Mrs Jane Adams, in Crawfordsdyke. Glasgow, printed by James Duncan in the Salt-market, near Gibson's Wynd, 1734," 8vo. The Address to the Reader, signed Archibald Crauford, states that "The Author of the following Miscellany Poems is a young woman, born in the town of Craufordsdyke, in the parish of Greenoak, and shire of Renfrew, in the West of Scotland: her father was a shipmaster in that place: her breeding was as is ordinary for girls of her station and circumstances; and having several years ago lost her father, Providence ordered her lot for some years in the family of a reverend Minister in the neighbourhood, where she had access to peruse such of that Minister's books as her fancy led her to read."

Mrs Jean Adams was not very successful in her imita-

tions of the style either of Milton or Cowley, and she was rather fond of displaying her learning. In an address "To the Phoenix," she speaks of thousands having beheld that fabulous bird on Mount Helicon, and boasts,

Nay, I my self have seen thee there,
But never any other where,
Except at Pindar's Well.

The following poem, although the latter part, containing the reply of the Goddess of Justice, approaches to bombast, may be relished by Album writers of the present age.

ON ASTREA.

ASTREA, why so pale and sad?
Why so plainly drest?
Why upon the jovial plain
Shunned by all the rest?

For a garland of fresh flowers,
Why a pair of Scales?
Thou art not yet above the sky
Where Equity prevails.

Put that rigid aspect off,
Suit thee to the time.
All the Constellations here
Are valued as they shine.

Rather let me, Phoenix-like,
Live on Earth alone;
Till by Nature's course I fly
To meet that glorious Sun.

Whose radiant beams will touch my wings
With pure celestial fire;
Which shall to endless ages burn,
Yet never shall aspire.

Lament thou not, because thine eyes
Shall see no Son of mine;
I'll flourish thro' Eternity,
Like Jove in spight of time.

The volume concludes with the following singular lines :—

TO THE MUSE.

Come hither to the Hedge, and see
The walks that are assign'd to thee :
All the bounds of Virtue shine,
All the plain of Wisdom's thine,
All the flowers of harmless Wit
Thou mayest pull, if thou think'st fit,
In the fair field of History ;
All the plants of Piety
Thou mayest freely thence transplant :
But have a care of whining Cant.

L.

SCORNFUL NANCY.

“ I POSSESS a MS. copy of this excellent ballad, subjoined to an early transcript of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, which contains, what seems to me, an improvement on the printed editions. In these, Willy enumerating the dignities of his father, mentions—

A gude blue bonnet on his head,
An ourlay on his craigie ;
And aye, untill the day he died,
He rode on gude shank's nagie.

Riding on shank's nagie means walking on foot, which is no peculiar distinction ; but in my MS. the line stands—

He rode an ambling nagie ;

which certainly coincides much better with the rest of the description.”—(C. K. S.)

Ll.

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

“ THE first line of this song is quoted by Shakspeare, in King Lear.”—(C. K. S.)

LII.

JENNY NETTLES.

“ There is a tradition in Fife, that Jenny hanged herself

for love, and her grave is still pointed out. The following notice respecting some relics discovered there was kindly communicated to me by Mr Fraser, jeweller, St Andrew's Street, Edinburgh, in whose possession they now remain:—'Gold ear-ring and bead of a necklace which belonged to the famed Jenny Nettles of Scottish song, whom tradition mentions committed suicide, and was buried between two lairds' lands near the Lomond hills, a cairn or heap of stones being raised to mark the spot, according to ancient usage. A stranger, happening to visit a farmer in that neighbourhood, was accidentally informed of the above circumstance, and was shown the place where the cairn once stood. Prompted by the love of antiquarian research, he immediately commenced digging, when, at the depth of eighteen inches, he found the skull and other bones of poor Jenny (which must have remained inhumed at least a century), along with two ear-rings and twenty-four beads. One of the ear-rings was given to a gentleman who went to France, and twenty-three of the beads were distributed amongst various persons. 1830.'—(C. K. S.)

LVIII.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

THIS humorous song was formerly supposed to have been written by FRANCIS SEMPLE of Beltrees: it has been claimed, upon apparently better grounds, as the composition of SIR WILLIAM SCOTT of Thirlestane, in Selkirkshire, ancestor of the present Lord Napier. "There is a tradition in the family of Lord Napier, that this ballad was composed by William Scott, Esq., younger of Thirlestane, who married Elizabeth, Mistress of Napier. Their marriage-contract is dated 15th Dec. 1699."—(C. K. S.)

The family tradition is minutely detailed by Mr Mark Napier, in his "History of the Partition of the Lennox," p. 237-239. Edinb. 1835. 8vo. He there quotes a letter to himself from the late Lord Napier, dated Thirlestane,

15th December, 1831, as follows :—“ Sir William Scott was author of that well-known Scots song, ‘ *Eye, let us a’ to the bridal—for there will be liltings there*’—a better thing than Horace ever wrote. My authority was *my father*, who told me he had from *his*, and that he had it from *his*, who was Sir William’s son.” Sir William Scott died on the 8th of October, 1725. A collection of his Latin Poems was printed in a volume, entitled “ *Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcarnii Med. Doctoris, Gul. Scot a Thirlestane Equitis, Thomae Kincadii, et aliorum.*” Edinb. 1727. 12mo. Mr Napier, in mentioning this volume, says that Sir William “ is therein eulogized *by the editor*, Dr Pitcairne,” the learned gentleman forgetting that Dr Pitcairne died in 1713, and that he is the first person who “ is therein eulogized by the editor ” in the address, by the printer, “ *Robertus Fribarnius Lectori φιλόμωσφ S.*,” which was probably written by Thomas Ruddiman the grammarian.

LXIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I CANNOT ascertain where the different sets of these beautiful lyrics were first published. It is also somewhat doubtful which of them should claim priority of composition. A few particulars, however, respecting the ladies by whom they were written will not be here misplaced.

1. MRS COCKBURN was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernylee, in the county of Selkirk, and born probably about the year 1710 or 1712. In 1731 she married PATRICK COCKBURN, youngest son of Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk, who died 16th of April, 1735, in the 79th year of his age. Patrick was admitted advocate, 27th of January, 1728; but died, “ after a tedious illness,” at Musselburgh, 29th of April, 1753. Her pathetic verses, ‘ *I’ve seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,*’ are printed in

“The Lark,” p. 37, Edinburgh, 1765, with some occasional variations. She survived her husband for more than forty years. From family intimacy, this lady was well known to Sir Walter Scott in his youth, and on several occasions he has mentioned her in terms of great regard. “Even at an age” (he says) “advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration. The Editor, who knew her well, takes this opportunity of doing justice to his own feelings; and they are in unison with those of all who knew his regretted friend.” (*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 338, edit. 1833.) See also Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 9, 86, 88, 97, 122; and vol. ii. p. 358.

Sir Walter Scott communicated at considerable length to Mr Robert Chambers, when publishing his “*Scottish Songs*,” in 1829, his personal recollections of Mrs Cockburn; and these, as possessed of more than common interest, are here copied from the preface to that collection.

“MRS CATHERINE COCKBURN, authoress of those verses to the tune of the Flowers of the Forest, which begin,

I’ve seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,

was daughter to — Rutherford, Esq. of Fairnalee, in Selkirkshire. A turret in the old house of Fairnalee is still shown as the place where the poem was written. The occasion was a calamitous period in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, when no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year.

“Miss C. Rutherford was married to — Cockburn, son of Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scot-

land. Mr Cockburn acted as Commissioner for the Duke of Hamilton of that day ; and being, as might be expected from his family, a sincere friend to the Revolution and Protestant succession, he used his interest with his principal to prevent him from joining in the intrigues which preceded the insurrection of 1745, to which his Grace is supposed to have had a strong inclination.

“ Mrs Cockburn was herself a keen Whig. I remember having heard repeated a parody on Prince Charles’s proclamation, in burlesque verse, to the tune of ‘ Clout the Caldron.’ In the midst of the siege or blockade of the Castle of Edinburgh, the carriage in which Mrs Cockburn was returning from a visit to Ravelstone, was stopped by the Highland guard at the West Port ; and, as she had a copy of the parody about her person, she was not a little alarmed at the consequences ; especially as the officer talked of searching the carriage for letters and correspondence with the Whigs in the city. Fortunately, the arms on the coach were recognised as belonging to a gentleman favourable to the cause of the Adventurer, so that Mrs Cockburn escaped, with the caution not to carry political squibs about her person in future.

“ Apparently, she was fond of parody ; as I have heard a very clever one of her writing, upon the old song, ‘ Nancy’s to the greenwood gane.’ The occasion of her writing it, was the rejection of her brother’s hand by a fantastic young lady of fashion. The first verse ran thus :—

Nancy’s to the Assembly gane,
To hear the fops a’ chattering ;
And Willie he has followed her,
To win her love by flattering.

“ I farther remember only the last verse, which describes the sort of exquisite then in fashion :—

.
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?
Na, I’ll hae ane has learned to fence.

And that can please my fancy ;
 Ane that can flatter, bow, and dance,
 And make love to the ladies,
 That kens how folk behave in France,
 And's bauld amang the cadies.*

“ Mrs Cockburn was authoress of many other little pieces, particularly a set of toasts descriptive of some of her friends, and sent to a company where most of them were assembled. They were so accurately drawn, that each was at once referred to the person characterised. One runs thus :—

To a thing that's uncommon—a youth of discretion,
 Who, though vastly handsome, despises flirtation ;
 Is the friend in affliction, the soul of affection,
 Who may hear the last trump without dread of detection.

This was written for my father, then a young and remarkably handsome man.

“ The intimacy was great between my mother and Mrs Cockburn. She resided in Crichton Street, and, my father's house being in George's Square, the intercourse of that day, which was of a very close and unceremonious character, was constantly maintained with little trouble. My mother and Mrs Cockburn were related, in what degree I know not, but sufficiently near to induce Mrs Cockburn to distinguish her in her will. Mrs Cockburn had the misfortune to lose an only son, Patrick Cockburn, who had the rank of Captain in the Dragoons, several years before her own death ; which last event took place about forty years since.

“ Mrs Cockburn was one of those persons whose talents for conversation made a stronger impression on her contemporaries, than her writings can be expected to produce. In person and features she somewhat resembled Queen Elizabeth ; but the nose was rather more aquiline. She

* An old-fashioned species of serviceable attendants, between the street-porter and the valet-de-place, peculiar to Edinburgh. A great number were always hanging about the doors of the Assembly Rooms.

was proud of her auburn hair, which remained unbleached by time, even when she was upwards of eighty years old. She maintained the rank in the society of Edinburgh, which French women of talents usually do in that of Paris; and her little parlour used to assemble a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Home, Lord Monboddoo, and many other men of name, were frequently to be found. Her evening parties were very frequent, and included society distinguished both for condition and talents. The *petit souper* which always concluded the evening, was like that of Stella, which she used to quote on the occasion:—

A supper like her mighty self,
Four nothings on four plates of delf.

But they passed off more gaily than many costlier entertainments.

“ She spoke both wittily and well, and maintained an extensive correspondence, which, if it continues to exist, must contain many things highly curious and interesting. My recollection is, that her conversation brought her much nearer to a Frenchwoman than to a native of England; and, as I have the same impression with respect to ladies of the same period and the same rank in society, I am apt to think that the *vieille cour* of Edinburgh rather resembled that of Paris than that of St James’s; and particularly, that the Scotch imitated the Parisians in laying aside much of the expense and form of those little parties in which wit and good-humour were allowed to supersede all occasion of display. The lodging where Mrs Cockburn received the best society of her time, would not now offer accommodation to a very inferior person.”—(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

As a farther specimen of Mrs Cockburn’s talent for metrical composition, the two following songs have been communicated by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who has added marginal notes explaining the allusions to the persons described.

A COPY OF VERSES, WROTE BY MRS COCKBURN

On the back of a Picture of Sir Hew Dalrymple.

To the tune of "All you Ladies now at Land."

1.

Look behind, and you shall see
 A portrait just and true ;
 Here's of mankind th' epitome,
 Form'd in our right Sir Hew—
 Sprightly, witty, gay, and glad ;
 Thoughtful, serious, sour, and sad ;
 Pray, is not this Sir Hew ?

Sir Hew Dalrymple, second baronet of North Berwick. He sat in Parliament as member for Haddingtonshire, and died at London, 1790.

2.

Ever varying, yet the same,
 We find our friend Sir Hew ;
 Fond of public life and fame,
 And of the private too—
 Though public life is his desire,
 He warms his shins at his own fire,
 Who is not like Sir Hew ?

3.

Once an amorous swain, Sir Hew,
 As e'er pip'd on the plain ;
 As witness Helen Cantilew,
 Of sixty years and twain—
 But now, on soul of woman bent,
 He scorns her earthly tenement—
 Woe's me for poor Sir Hew !

This stanza alludes to his having declared to the lady that he *once* admired her person, but *now* only her good understanding and mental accomplishments.

4.

Humane and generous drops the tear,
 Most genuine and true,
 For woes that others feel and bear,
 From gentle, kind Sir Hew :
 Though out of sight is out of mind ;
 Yet see him, and he's always kind,
 Our worthy friend, Sir Hew.

5.

To all below him mild and just,
 And to his friendships true—
 Forsakes no friend—betrays no trust—
 Adore him in this view !—
 Yet fog or rain will cramp his heart ;
 One hour he'll act a different part—
 Who is not like Sir Hew ?

6.

Nature cried (who form'd this man
 A little odd and new),
 "Try, Art, to spoil him, if you can,
 For I have made Sir Hew."
 Art, fond of spoiling Nature's trade,
 Said, "Let him be a member made,
 Then know your own Sir Hew."

7.

For twenty years she tries her tricks,
 And sends him to the senate ;
 Shows factions, parties, politics,
 And yet—the devil's in it—
 The man grows very little worse ;
 His heart is sounder than his purse.
 Pray, sirs, is this not true ?

This allusion might fix the date of the song to the year 1761, as Sir Hew was first returned to Parliament in 1741.

SONG BY MRS COCKBURN.

To the tune of "All ye Ladies now at Land."

1.

ALL health be round Balcarras' board,
 May mirth and joy still flow ;
 And may my Lady and my Lord
 Ne'er taste of future wo !
 Come fill a bumper to the brim,
 And here's to her, and here's to him.
 Fa, la, &c.

James, fifth Earl of Balcarras, married Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton, Kt., son of Sir Hew Dalrymple, of North Berwick, Bart.

2.

For here, by brandy vine inspir'd,
 The frolic took its birth,
 While Horn, and Soph, and all conspir'd
 To spread around the mirth.
 St Andrews still remember'd be
 For mirth, and joy, and loyalty.
 Fa, la, &c.

3.

To the jolly Colonel and his spouse,
 Pray see a health go round ;
 For such a pair in any house
 Is seldom to be found.
 And here's to charming Elphinstone,
 May she soon of two make one !
 Fa, la, &c.

Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, afterwards a general in the army. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Elphinstone of Logie, and died 1794.

Miss Peggy Elphinstone. Colonel Horn's sister-in-law.

4.

To Guadaloupe's fair governess
 We next due honours pay,
 And to the lad that she likes best,
 Though he be far away—
 Fly, gentle Peace, with downy wing,
 And to her arms her soldier bring.
 Fa, la, &c.

Mrs Campbell Dalrymple, daughter of Mr Douglas of St Christopher's, and wife of Colonel Campbell Dalrymple, Governor of Guadaloupe. After her first husband's death, she married Elizabeth Lady Balcarras's father, Chas. Dalrymple of North Berwick.

5.

Come crown the goblet once again,
 And see it quickly done.
 A cup of thanks we owe, that's plain,
 To Neptune's gallant son :
 O all the powers of mirth forbid,
 That we forget our noble Kyde.
 Fa, la, &c.

Captain Kyde.

6.

Now, lovely nymphs, and loving swains,
 Across pray join your hands,
 We mean to pay you for your pains,
 For this our song commands—
 To laugh, and love, and live in bliss—
 Behold, how good a thing it is
 For neighbours thus to love and kiss.
 Fa, la, &c.

Verse added by MISS ANNE KEITH.

Come, to our laureat fill again,
 For sure it's good our part ;
 And let dear COCKBURN'S friendly name
 Inspire each grateful heart.
 Go, Chorus, with our loud huzzas,
 To tell her of her song's applause.
 Fa, la, &c.

It will be remarked that Sir Walter Scott has styled Mrs Cockburn, Miss *Catherine* Rutherford and Mrs *Catherine* Cockburn. From the following entry of her marriage in the Parish Registers of Ormiston, it is certain that Sir Walter was mistaken :—

“ 12th March, 1731, Mr Patrick Cockburn, Advocate,

in this Parish, and Mrs Alison Rutherford, in the Parish of Galashiels, were contracted in order to marriage, and after due proclamation were married."

There was a Mrs Catherine Cockburn (the daughter of Captain David Trotter), who, at an earlier period, wrote several plays and philosophical works, which were much admired. Mr Burnet of Kemnay, in 1704, in writing to the Princess Sophia, drew Mrs Trotter's character in such advantageous terms, that her Royal Highness replied, "Je suis charmée du portrait avantageux, que vous me faites de la nouvelle Sappho Ecossoise, qui semble meriter les eloges que vous luy donnéz." She died in May 1749, aged 71; and possibly the similarity of name may have misled Sir Walter Scott's recollections. A collection of "The Works of Mrs Catherine Cockburn, Theological, Moral, Dramatic, and Poetical," with her Life by Dr Birch, was published at London in 1751, 2 vols. 8vo.

Mrs Alison Cockburn died at Edinburgh on the 24th of November, 1794.

2. MISS JANE ELLIOT was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart., one of the Lords of Session, and Lord Justice-Clerk (who died 16th of April, 1766, aged 73), and Helen Stuart, daughter of Sir Robert Stuart of Allanbank. She was born in the year 1727. Her song, 'The Flowers of the Forest,' is said to have been written about the year 1755; and when first published it passed as an old ballad. In Herd's Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads, 1776, and in other copies, both Miss Elliot's and Mrs Cockburn's stanzas are incorporated as part of a long narrative ballad, which begins,

From Spey to the Border was peace and good order,
The sway of our Monarch was mild as the May;
Peace he adored, which Soudrons abhorred,
Our Marches they plunder, our Wardens they slay.

These stanzas are altogether inferior, and of a modern

cast; and it may safely be alleged that neither Miss Elliot or Mrs Cockburn had any concern in writing them. Miss Elliot's elegy long remained anonymous. Sir Walter Scott, in printing it, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, 1803, says, "The following well-known and beautiful stanzas were composed, many years ago, by a lady of family in Roxburghshire. The manner of the ancient Minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the Editor that the song was of modern date."

For the following character of this lady, I am indebted to a gentleman who was acquainted with her during the latter period of her life:—

"Miss Elliot had a sensible face, and a slender, well-shaped figure. Her manner was grave and reserved to strangers:—in her conversation she made no attempts at wit; and though possessed of imagination, she never allowed it to entice her from the strictest rules of veracity—a virtue not very common either in poets or poetesses. She had high aristocratic notions, which she took no pains to conceal.

"In her early youth her father employed her to read his law-papers to him, and declared that he profited by the shrewdness of her remarks. I was told by a lady very intimate with her, that she composed 'The Flowers of the Forest' in a carriage with her brother Sir Gilbert, after a conversation about the battle of Flodden, and a bet that she could not make a ballad on that subject. She had read a great deal, and possessed an excellent memory, both as to books and what had come under her own observation during life. She was very fond of French literature; but detested the modern political principles of that ungovernable nation.

"She was the only lady I remember in Edinburgh who kept her own sedan-chair. It always stood in the lobby

of her house in Brown's Square. This house has lately been demolished, during the ruinous rage of our city improvements.

“ Though a literary character, which, in the female sex, is sometimes productive of slovenliness as to dress, she was remarkably nice in that particular ; neither did she affect the costumes of her youth, which, at that time, made many old ladies appear extremely ridiculous. There was that good sense in every thing she said and did, which rendered her universally respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.”

In the Statistical Account of the Parish of Minto, just published, it is stated, respecting Miss Elliot, that “ This lady appears to have been no less remarkable for strength of character than accomplishment ; for, at the time of the Rebellion 1745-46, her father being forced to conceal himself from a party of Jacobites among the craigs, then only covered with broom and long grass, she received and entertained the officers, and, by her presence of mind and composure, averted the danger.”

There is not perhaps, in the whole range of our lyric poetry, a finer adaptation of old words handed down by tradition, than Miss Elliot's ‘ Flowers of the Forest,’—and her verses compose a dirge or elegy “ expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness, which has seldom been equalled.” It is to be regretted that this song should remain a solitary memorial of her genius ; but I cannot learn that any other verses by Miss Elliot have ever been published.

For many years, at least from 1782 to 1804, Miss Elliot resided in Brown's Square, Edinburgh ; but she died at her brother, Admiral Elliot's seat, at Mount Teviot, Roxburghshire, on the 29th of March, 1805.

3. MISS ANNE HOME, to whom the verses in the Museum, beginning, ‘ *Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide,*

are assigned, was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, surgeon of Burgoyne's regiment of Light Horse. She was born in the year 1742, and was married to John Hunter, the distinguished anatomist, in July 1771. The above verses, adapted to the tune of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' but having no reference to that calamitous event, occur in "The Lark," Edinburgh, 1765. A volume of "Poems by Mrs John Hunter" was printed at London, 1802, 8vo, with a dedication to her son, John Banks Hunter, Esq. The verses printed in the Musical Museum are not contained in that volume, but there is no reason to suppose that they have been erroneously ascribed to her pen. Her poems were formerly much admired, and display both feeling and imagination. She died at London, 7th of January, 1821, in the 79th year of her age. She was the sister of the late Sir Everard Home.

LXVI.

GILDEROY.

"THE song of 'Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit,' is to be found in Sir Charles Sedley's play of the Mulberry Garden; *ergo*, this tender tale of the President Forbes and Miss Rose goes for nothing.—In the Museum, the song is ascribed to Sir Alexander Halket of Pitferran. A lady, a connexion of his, and a near relation of mine, told me that Sir A. wrote these verses on his wife, at whose baptism he had been present."—(C. K. S.) Sedley's play was acted in 1668, and printed in 1675, being several years before President Forbes was born; and there is no doubt that Sedley wrote the song in question.

In the Museum, one or two other songs (see pp. 34 and 111) are ascribed to the LORD PRESIDENT FORBES, on rather slender authority. His character is sufficient, however, to be independent of any questionable aid; for although his claims to be reckoned among our lyric poets should not be

established, I am not sure that he would be the less respected and venerated by his countrymen. We know, at least, that he was a sincere friend of Allan Ramsay, Thomson, and other poets; and that he himself occasionally woo'd the Muses, I have a proof in his own handwriting, being an Epithalamium, extending to upwards of 230 lines. It is probably a juvenile performance, and begins

No wonder that Appollo left
Parnassus shady watry cleft,
To honour the propitious day
That blest young Strephon with the lovely Gray :

Strephon had often tuned his lyre,
And even lent his Godhead fire ;
Strephon had taught his fingers how to move,
And strung his vocall harp for speaking love.

At the top of the second column, he has written the following lines—

Colin, you see my pipe can only squeak,
The stops unequal are, the voice is weak,
My thumbs unus'd to dance upon the reed,
And I stranger to the learned lead ;
However, since I play, you weel may thol
To hear, your humble servant, Hobinol.

The occasion which called forth this poem, in all probability, is that alluded to in the following note :—

“ President Forbes’s first cousin, Mr — Forbes, married Miss Aikman, whose mother was Miss Mary Gray, of Lord Gray’s family.”—(C. K. S.)

LXVIII.

THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

BURNS’S description of the author of this song is too graphic to be omitted.—“ The two first lines of this song are all that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the *Museum* marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler,

commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: A mortal, who though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a skylighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as ‘George-by-the-grace-of-God,’ and ‘Solomon-the-son-of-David;’ yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot’s pompous Encyclopaedia Britannica, which he composed at half-a-guinea a-week.” (Reliques, p. 224.)

LXIX.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

“THE following verses to this air were taken from a MS. collection of poems; and are curious enough, not only from their bombast, but as celebrating the woes of a lady, afterwards the notorious Lady Vane.”—(C. K. S.)

ON THE DEATH OF LORD WILLIAM HAMILTON.

His Lady’s Lament, to the tune of The Broom of Cowdenknows—by Lieutenant William Hamilton, vulgo Wanton Willie.

SINCE cruel-hearted fate has rob’d me of my mate
 In the sweet flowing bloom of his years,
 Like a turtle I will moan for my jewel that is gone,
 And drown in a deluge of tears.

Unto some silent shade, in sable weed arrayd,
 Through the desarts I’ll wander and go,
 Where the heavy sighs I send to the heavens shall ascend
 In the clouds of my anguish and woe.

My penetrating cries shall rend the very skyes,
 The earth with convulsions shall reel,
 While the adamantick stones, sympathizing with my groans,
 Their grief all in tears do reveal.

But lest I should offend, my humble knees I’ll bend,
 And with sweetest composure of mind,
 I’ll unto every bitt of Providence submitt,
 For a patren to ladys behind.

Then with courage bold of mind my darline I’ll resign,
 And finish my funeral moan;
 He’s the debt that I must pay to the powers above, for why?
 I had him from them but in loan.

Now though he's from me snatcht, whom Death hath overmatcht,
 And pluckt from my bosom so soon,
 Yet methinks I hear him say, blest angels pav'd his way,
 From the evils of life to a crown.

For some notice of the writer of these verses, see the additional note to song CXXXVII.

LXX.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

MISS ANNE KEITH was the same lady as Mrs Murray Keith, an old friend of Sir Walter Scott's, whom he has so finely portrayed in the character of Mrs Bethune Baliol, in the Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate. She was born in the year 1736, and died in April, 1818.

“ Miss Anne Keith resided many years in Edinburgh (51 George Street), keeping house with her elder sister, Miss Jenny—both universally beloved and respected; they were the sisters of Sir Robert Murray Keith, commonly called Ambassador Keith, from having been employed in many diplomatic missions, with the applause of all the world. He was particularly celebrated for his colloquial talents. Sir Walter Scott told me that Mrs Anne Keith amused herself, in the latter years of her life, by translating Macpherson's Ossian into verse. He did not know what became of the MS. after her decease. Sir Robert M. Keith erected a monument to the memory of the Jacobite Marischal Keith, in the Church of Hochkirchen, with an Epitaph composed by Metastasio. See Wood's Peerage, article Marischal.”—(C. K. S.)

In a letter to Mr Terry, dated Selkirk, 18th of April, 1818, Sir Walter Scott says, “ You will be sorry to hear that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs Murray Keith. She enjoyed all her spirits and excellent faculties till within two days of her death, when she was seized with a feverish complaint, which eighty-two years were not calculated to resist. Much tradition, and of the very best

kind, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the few persons whose spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable. In the general case it seems scarce endurable." (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 139.)

Some account of Sir Robert Murray Keith will be given in the additional Note to Song CCXXI.

LXXII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE last three stanzas of this song have usually been ascribed to Mr Bryce, Minister of Kirknewton. At page 76 he is erroneously styled *Dr* Bryce; and the song is stated to have been published by Ramsay in the third volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which appeared in 1727, instead of the fourth volume of that popular collection, which was not printed for several years later. This renders it at least probable that the additional verses were written by Bryce; still it must have been at a very early period of life. Mr S.'s concluding remarks on the name Invermay and Endermay might have been spared; for, as Mr R. Chambers observes, "*Ender* is merely a corruption of *Inver* or *Inner*. The people of Peebles, in my young days, always spoke of Henderleithen, not Innerleithen."

In Chambers's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. iv. p. 493, there is an interesting memoir inserted of Mr Bryce, drawn up from family information. It is there stated, that "In early life he composed several songs, adapted to some of the most favourite Scottish airs; and his stanzas in 'The Birks of Invermay' have been long before the world."

The Rev. ALEXANDER BRYCE, Minister of Kirknewton, was born at Boarland, in the parish of Kincardine, in the year 1713. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he early distinguished himself by his scientific acquirements, which attracted the notice and secured the

patronage of Colin Maclaurin. Upon the recommendation of that very distinguished Professor, young Bryce obtained the situation of a tutor in a gentleman's family in Caithness, which enabled him to employ himself, for a period of three years, in constructing a geometrical survey, or "A Map of the North Coast of Scotland," which was afterwards engraved, and has been always highly esteemed for accuracy by the most competent judges. After his return from the North, he was licensed to preach in June 1744, and was ordained minister of Kirknewton in August 1745. He died on the 1st of January 1786, in the 72d year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

"For about three years before Mr Bryce's death (we are told), his greatest amusement was in writing poetry, chiefly of a serious and devotional cast; which, though not composed for the public eye, is read with satisfaction by his friends, and valued by them as an additional proof of his genius; and a transcript of that enlightened piety, uprightness of mind, and unshaken trust in his Creator, which characterised him through the whole of his life." Some verses by him on the death of Professor Colin Maclaurin, in June 1747, were published at the time in the Edinburgh newspapers, and are reprinted in Mr Chambers's work, vol. iv. p. 495.

LXXVII.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THIS air, as Mr Stenhouse intimates at p. 82, is old; and was long "used as a reel as well as a song." In proof of this, it may be mentioned that "A Dance, Green grows the Rashes," has been preserved in Gordon of Straloch's MS. Lute-book, written in the year 1627. Having obtained from James Chalmers, Esq., London, the use of that very curious and interesting volume, I am enabled, through the kindness of George Farquhar Graham, Esq., to give the air from that MS., rendered into modern notation.

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES.

A musical score for the tune 'Green Grows the Rashes'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one flat) and common time. The first staff contains the melody, starting with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The third staff continues the accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.

The following air occurs in the same MS., and it will at once be perceived that it bears a close resemblance to the preceding; the notation of which in Gordon's MS. is extremely confused. "These airs, however," as Mr Graham remarks, "are very curious as mere skeletons of the modern air, known under the name of '*Green grow the Rashes.*' In Gordon's MS. it is entitled,

I KIST HER WHILE SHE BLUSHT.

A musical score for the tune 'I Kist Her While She Blusht'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one flat) and common time. The notation is similar to the first piece, with a melody on the first staff and accompaniment on the second and third staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The MS. from which these tunes are given, is a small

oblong 8vo, and has the following title:—"AN PLAYING BOOKE FOR THE LVTE, wherin ar contained many Currents and other musical things. *Musica mentis medicina mœstæ.* AT ABERDEIN, Notted and collected by Robert Gordon. In the yeere of our Lord 1627. In februarye."—At the end is this colophon, "Finis huic libro impositus Anno D. 1629, Ad finem Decemb. In Stralock."

XC.

LOW DOWN I' THE BROOM.

I should have
 THIS Song was printed in 'The Lark,' at Edinburgh, in 1765; and in a stall-copy of that time, it is connected with other verses, apparently by a different hand. Mr Struthers, in the "Harp of Caledonia," vol. ii. p. 387, has assigned this song to "JAMES CARNEGIE, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate upon the slope of the Grampians, about five miles north-west of Brechin." This, of course, refers to 'the auld laird' of Balnamoon. See also Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 273.

XCIV.

MY APRON, DEARIE.

THE author of the well-known pastoral song, "*My sheep I neglected*," was SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, third Baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot, mentioned above. At page 66, he is erroneously described as one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Some notice of him will be given in the additional Note to Song ccvi.

Mr Stenhouse has omitted to mention, that Sir Gilbert's song was printed in the first volume of the collection which he quotes under the publisher's name as "Yair's Charmer." The title of the work is "The Charmer: a choice collection of Songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh, printed for J. Yair, bookseller in the Parliament Close," 1749 and 1751, 2 vols. 12mo. There is a second edition of Vol. I.

in 1752, which contains several new songs, and an Advertisement by the Editor, "J. G."

There is a later edition of "The Charmer," published at Edinburgh, by James Sibbald, in 1782, 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. is called "The fourth Edition with improvements." It is, in fact, the sheets of the edition 1752, with a new title, and a few leaves reprinted to supply the place of some corresponding pages which appear to have been cancelled (pp. 337-346, and 361, &c.) Vol. II., however, as it professes, is "An Entire new Collection;" and the songs are classed under four divisions. The editor of this volume, I should suppose, was Sibbald, whose name is best known by his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," Edinb. 1803, 4 vols. 8vo. He died a short time before its publication, in May 1803.

XCVI.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

"I REMEMBER in my youth being told by a lady the origin of this song—I have forgot the heroine's name—but she was only a Baronet's daughter. Besides making her "muck the byre," her husband used to beat her every now and then; a meet return for her folly."—(C. K. S.)

XCVII.

BIDE YE YET.

THE remark of Burns, to which an allusion is made at page 101, is as follows:—"There is a beautiful song to this tune, '*Alas, my son, you little know*'—which is the composition of MISS JENNY GRAHAM of Dumfries." This song, which appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776, in 'The Charmer,' vol. ii., 1782, and in other collections, will be found in this volume, at page 101. I am not aware of any other printed verses by this lady.

The following notice of Miss Graham formed part of a

communication, addressed to Charles K. Sharpe, Esq., by one of his relations :—

“ Miss Jenny Grahame was the daughter of Mr Grahame of Shaw, in Annandale. Her sprightly conversation, joined to perpetual good-humour, and all the moral virtues, rendered her a universal favourite in Dumfries, where she long resided. One of her particular friends was the witty Lady Johnstone of Westerhall (a daughter of Lord Elibank), whose *bon mots* and extraordinary benevolence were much talked of fifty years ago.”

Having been favoured through the kindness of Alexander Young of Harburn, Esq., and of her grand-nephew William Stewart, Esq. W.S., Gloucester Place, with some additional notices respecting this lady, I avail myself of this opportunity to give the substance of such particulars.

MISS JENNY GRAHAM was the eldest daughter of William Graham of Shaw, Esq., in Annandale. She was born at Shaw, in the small but picturesque valley of Dryfe, in the year 1724. The estate, which has been in possession of the family for several centuries, was inherited by the descendants of Sir Nicol Graham, who married Mary (*the White Lady of Avenel*), the daughter and heiress of Robert of Avenel.

Mr Young's account is as follows :—“ Miss Jenny Graham was one of the daughters of Graham of Shaw, an old and respectable family in Annandale, in the parish of Hutton and Corrie, of which my father and grandfather were ministers for a period of seventy-five years.

“ During the time of being at school, both at Annan and Dumfries, I frequently saw Miss Graham, and early conceived a high respect for her, as eminent in talents and qualifications above what often fall to the lot of her sex. She was a good poetess, and had a great deal of humour. When I first knew her, she resided chiefly at Wester Hall with Lady Johnstone, who was the sister of Lord Elibank,

the mother of Sir James Johnstone and Sir William Pulteney, and a person of extraordinary and rare endowments. Miss Graham was one of the prime favourites of this lady till the day of her death. I afterwards knew Miss Graham when I was a boarder at Dr Chapman's, the master of the grammar-school at Dumfries. She then resided in the family of Major Walter Johnstone, brother to Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, who was one of the original partners of Messrs Johnstone, Lawson, and Company, by whom bank-notes were first issued in Dumfries. I had the honour of being invited sometimes to dine at this gentleman's house, on Saturdays, and I shall never forget a scene at which I happened to be present. The Major had a very bad practice of cursing and swearing at his servants, especially for any blunders or mistakes committed by them when waiting at table. He had, on one occasion, poured forth such a torrent of abuse and malediction against an unfortunate Annandale youth who had incurred his displeasure, that I expected Miss Graham would rebuke him for it; but, on the contrary, she added such a peal of curses to the Major's, as astonished the whole company, and none more than the Major himself, who burst into a fit of laughter; when she proposed to desist from such an unseemly practice, if he would promise to do the same; and I was told, several years thereafter, that he was hardly ever known thenceforth to swear at or curse a servant.

“ Miss Graham resided in Edinburgh when I attended the College there, and some of her nearest relations (Miss Bell of Crurie and others) then lived with her. I remember her complaining occasionally of an indifferent state of health; but that, in alleviation of *asthma*, she composed humorous Scottish songs, I regard as sheer nonsense; although I know that she did actually write several pieces of humour, not, however, to be sung, but to be recited, and to raise a laugh in company; and I have heard the late Dr John Rogerson (who was the son of a small farmer, in the

same parish with Mr Graham of Shaw, the father of Miss Graham) rehearse some of her poems of a very humorous nature."

In addition to the above statement of Miss Graham composing humorous verses, as a mode of alleviating her asthmatic complaint, (derived probably from Stenhouse's note at page 101,) Mr Allan Cunningham gives the following anecdote of Miss Graham:—"She was a fine dancer in her youth; a young nobleman was so much charmed with her graceful movements, and the music of her feet, that he enquired in what school she was taught? 'In my mother's washing-tub,' was the answer." (Edit. of Burns, vol. viii. p. 59.) Mr Young remarks, that this anecdote, "I am satisfied, must appear to all those who knew her as well as I did, to be arrant nonsense, having no foundation in truth." The anecdote, however, is quite correct; and the nobleman alluded to was John, second Earl of Hope-toun, who at the time was not very young, but a widower. Miss Graham used to say, in mentioning the circumstance, "Guid forgi'e me for saying so! I was never in a washing-tub in my life."

Mrs Stewart, the mother of the gentleman above mentioned (p. *142), and the niece of Miss Graham, remarks, that "Her private uneventful life can offer little to interest the public; whilst the higher endowments of heart and intellect still endear her memory to a few sorrowing friends. Of the playful wit and genuine humour which rendered her the delight of her acquaintances, only the remembrance now remains. And the fugitive pieces of poetry, or rhymes, as she would have called them, though the frequent source of amusement and admiration to an attached circle, were merely intended to enliven the passing hours, and with them have mostly passed away. Their mutilated remains would now do little justice to her memory."
