THE

# SONGS OF SCOTLAND

## ADAPTED TO THEIR APPROPRIATE MELODIES

ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

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FINLAY DUN, &c.

Illustrated with Historical, Biographical, and Critical Notices


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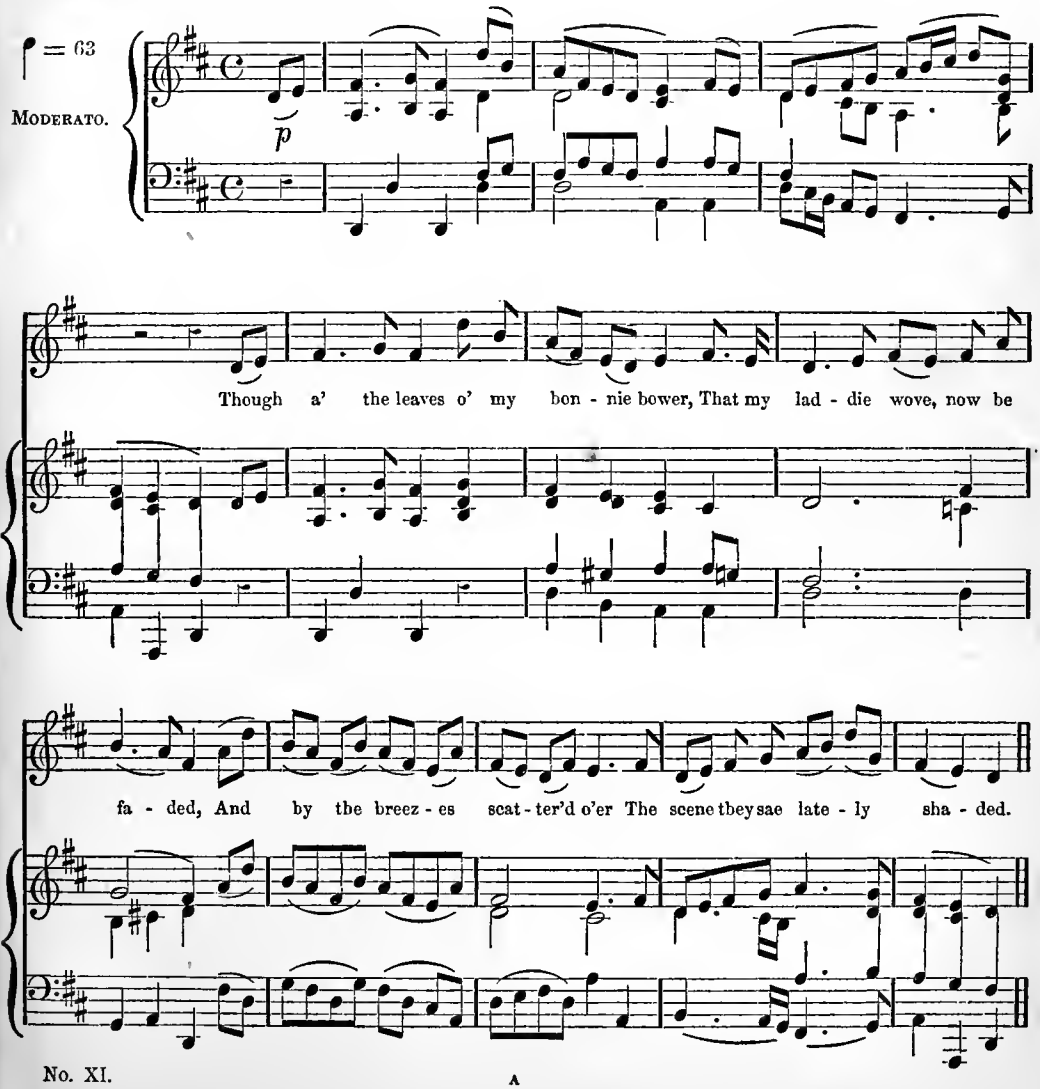
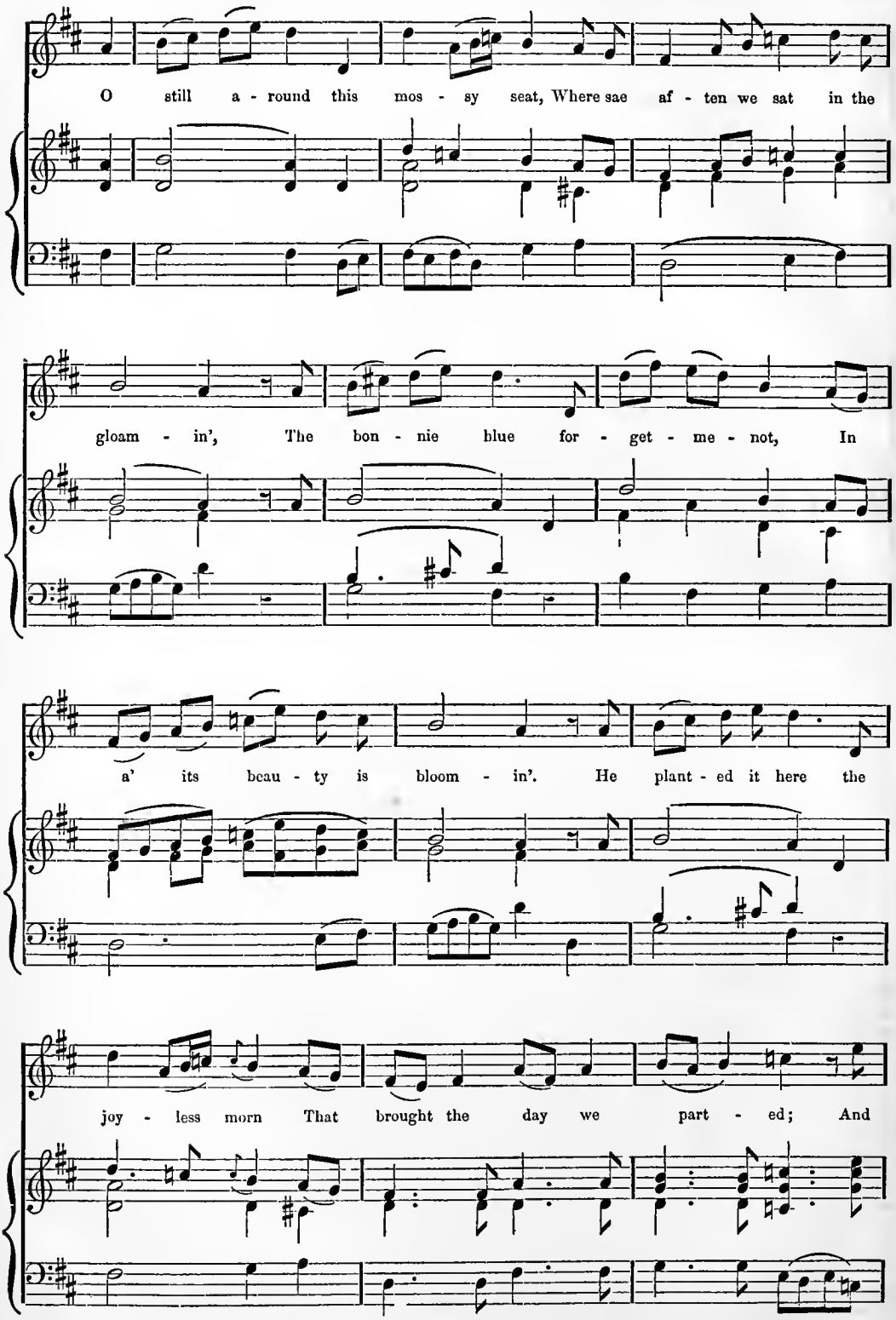
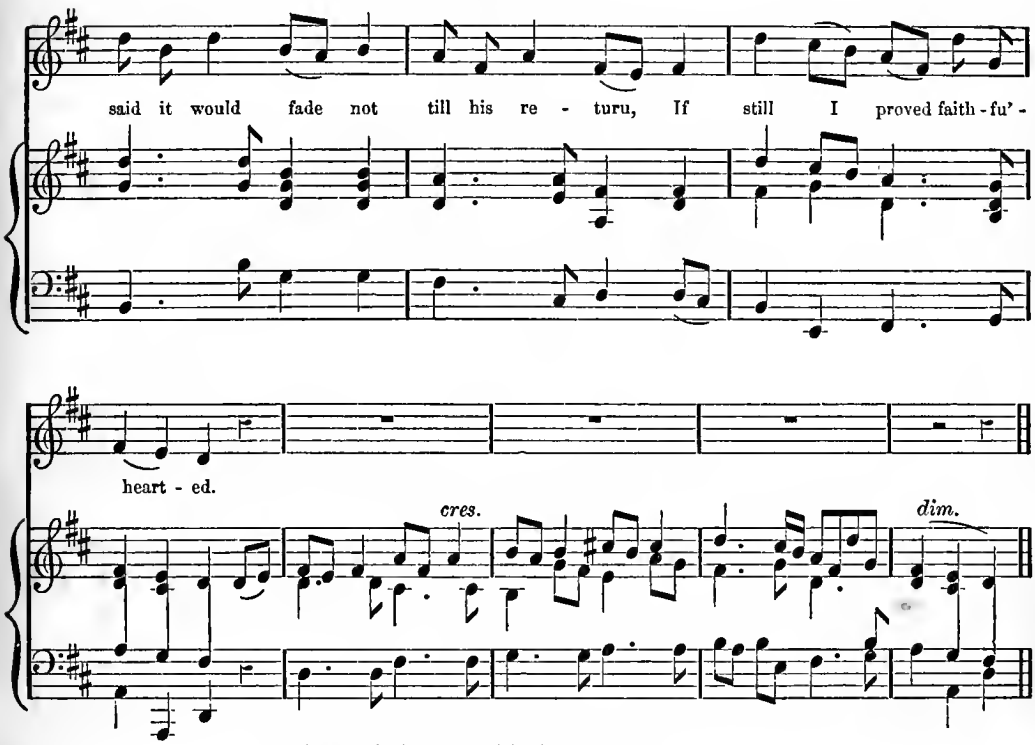
# SCOTTISH SONGS.

## THE FADED BOWER.

AIR, "SOUR PLUMS IN GALASHIELS." ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.




O still a - round this mos - sy seat, Where sae af - ten we sat in the
gloam - in', The bon - nie blue for - get - me - not, In
a' its beau - ty is bloom - in'. He plant - ed it here the
joy - less morn That brought the day we part - ed; And




My heart still is true, and it shares my sigh,
When the breeze has ceased frae blawing,
And it drinks oft a drop frae this lanely eye,
When nae dews frae heaven are fa'ing.
But his heart may be here, though his step be far
On the wilds o' the glens and moorlands,
While he thinks on the times when he wove for my hair,
O' the boughs and the blossoms the garlands:
And the bonnie, bonnie blue forget-me-not,
Shall spread not its leaves to lose them,
Till twined wi' my locks, on this blessed spot,
It fade on his heating bosom.

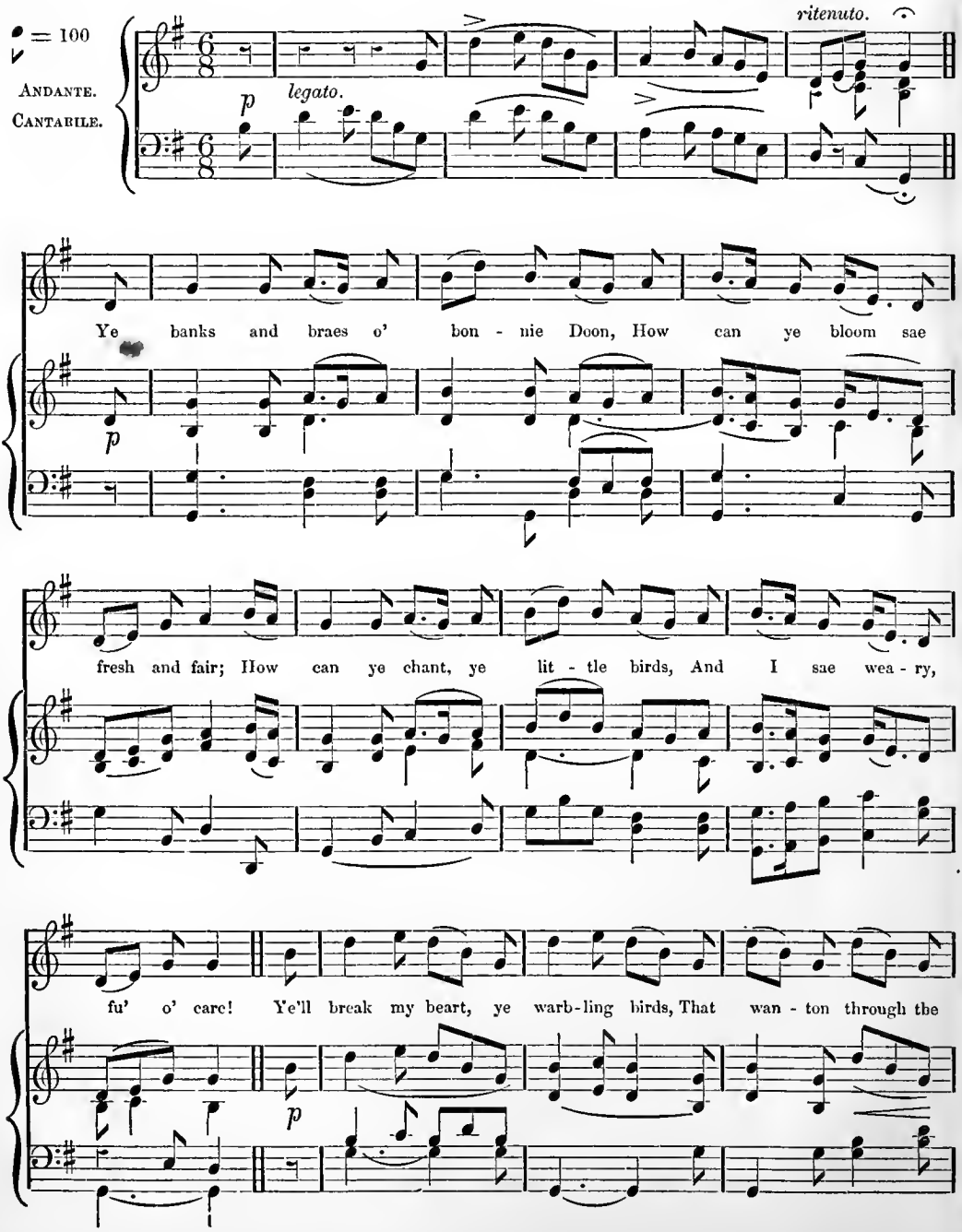
---

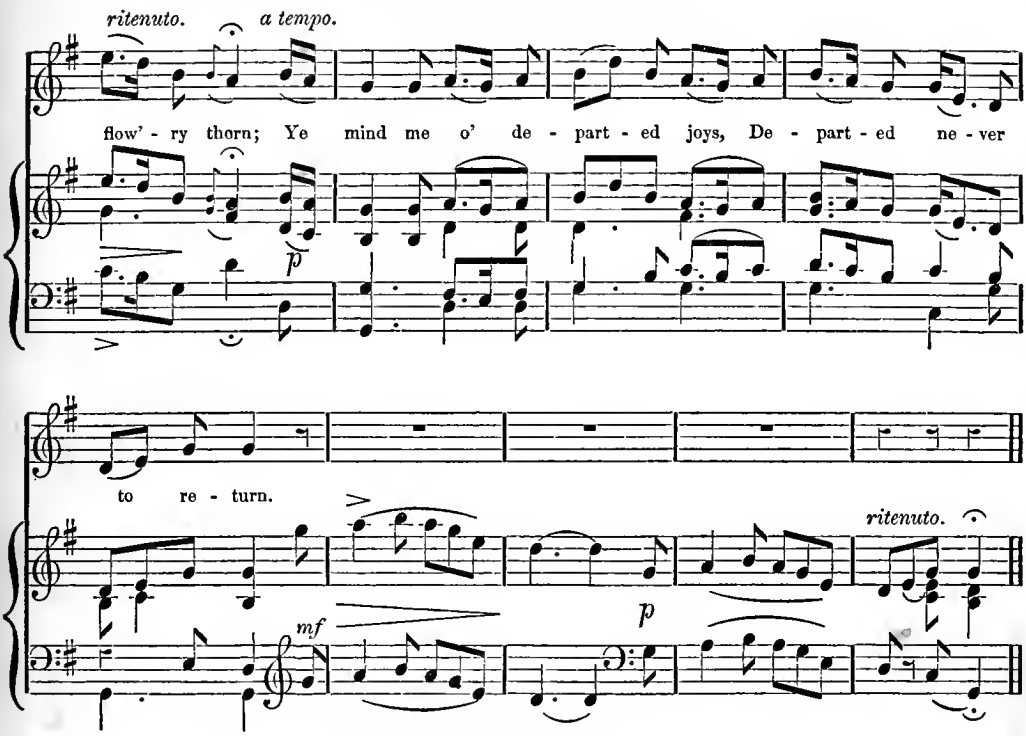
"THE FADED BOWER." Air, "Sour plums in Galashiels." The old title, says Burns, was probably the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost. The tune of Galashiels was composed about the beginning of last century, 1700, by the Laird of Galashiels' piper; and Mr. Cromek adds, that the piper of Galashiels was the subject of an unpublished mock-heroic poem by Hamilton of Bangour.—*Reliques.* In the Additional Illustrations to the Museum, Mr. Laing of the Signet Library gives a portion of a Journal kept by Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology, when on a Border tour in 1816, for the purpose of collecting local tunes. This contains notices of the best Border pipers of the eighteenth century, taken down from the conversation of Mr. Thomas Scott, (the uncle of Sir Walter Scott,) who was himself a skilful performer on the Lowland or bellows pipe. One of these was Donald Maclean of Galashiels, "a capital piper, and the only one who could play on the pipe the old popular tune of 'Sour plums of Galashiels,' it requiring a peculiar art of pinching the back-note of the chanter with the thumb, to produce the higher notes of the melody in question." Sir Walter Scott records, that his uncle, Thomas Scott, died in 1823, aged 90. He, "being a great musician on the Scotch pipes, had, when on his death-bed, a favourite tune played over to him by his son James, that he might be sure he left him in full possession of it. After hearing it, he hummed it over himself, and corrected it in several of the notes. The air was that called, *Sour plums in Galashiels.*"—Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. i. This old tune first appears in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725.

The old words, beginning, "Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate," were written by Hamilton of Bangour, and published by Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1725. The verses which we have adopted for this work, were written by the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, and are here published by his express permission.

# YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






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

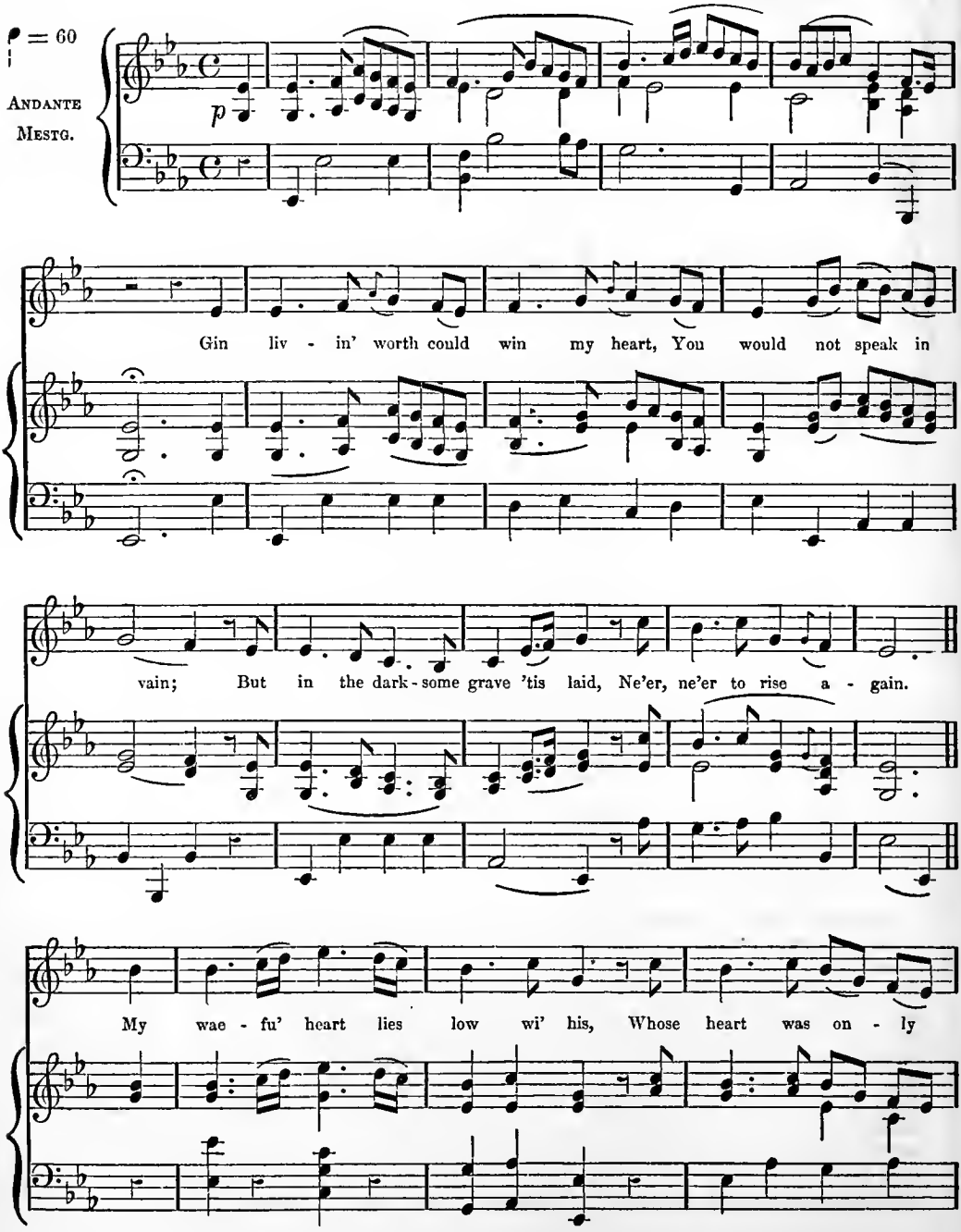
---

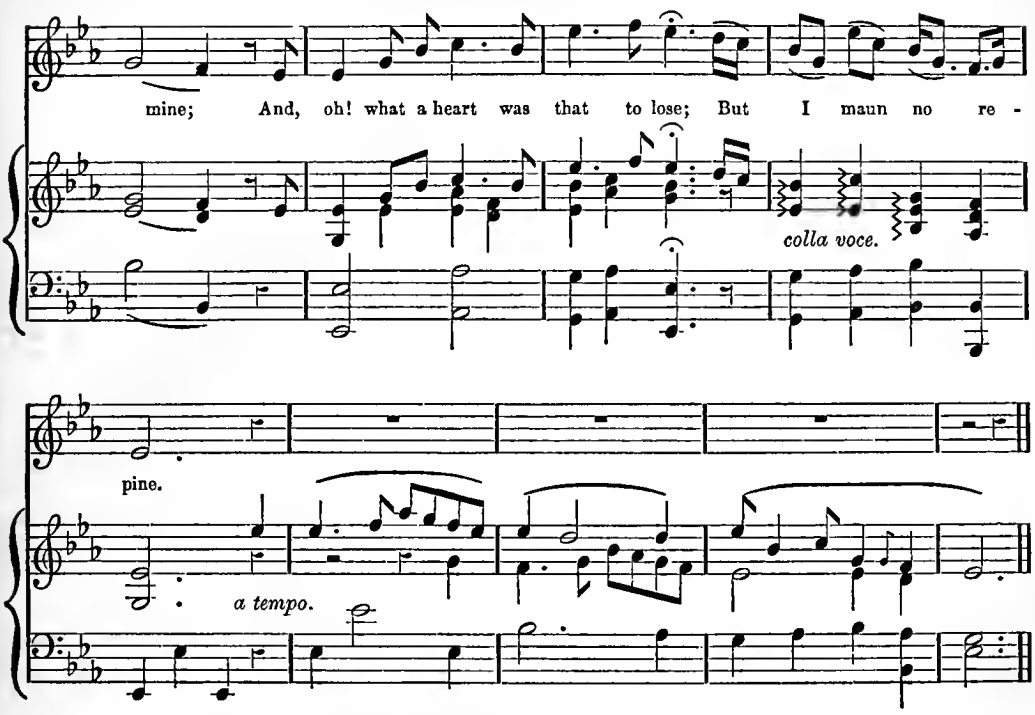
"YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, November, 1794, Burns says, "There is an air, 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson—'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;' this air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the *black keys;* but this account which I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a Countess informed me, that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I, myself, have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them."

Another and an earlier version of this song was found by Cromek among Burns' papers, and was admitted into the "Reliques." It is even more simple and touching than the altered version; and it is said that whenever the genius of Burns was a topic of conversation, Cromek used to descant on the exquisite simplicity and force of his sentiments and language, and generally instanced the last two verses of the first copy of "The banks o' Doon," as a fine specimen of his natural powers. See Cunningham's Burns, vol. iv. p. 245.

# THE WAEFU' HEART.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Yet, oh! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,
Sin' Jamie's in his grave!
And see! his gentle spirit comes,
To show me on my way;
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wondering at my stay.

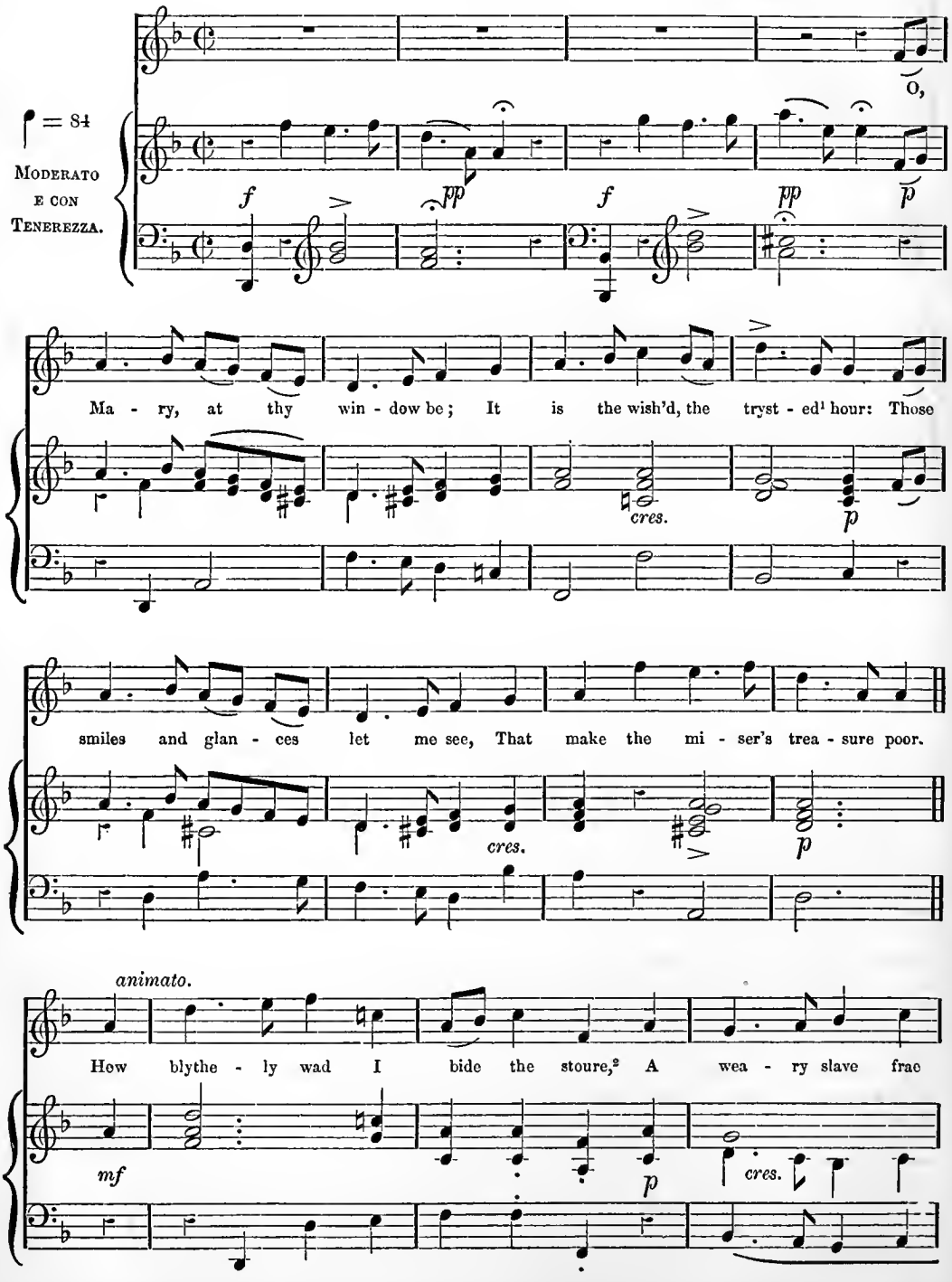
I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And, oh, wi' what gude will
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead!
Ye canna lead to ill!—
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possess'd;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat;
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

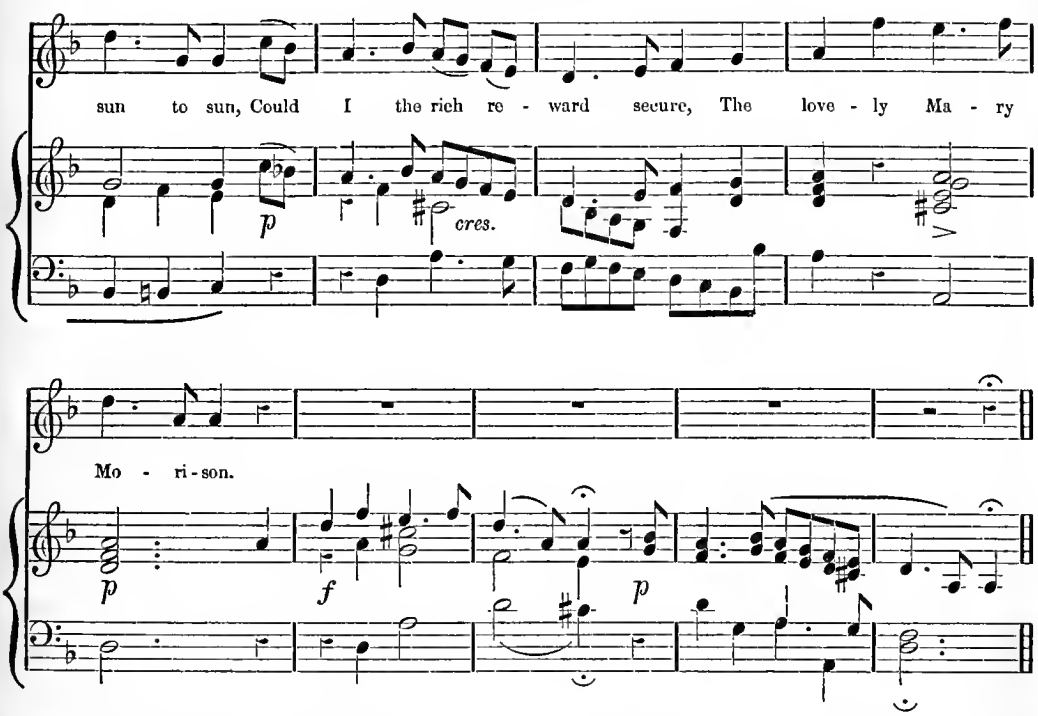
---

"THE WAEFU' HEART." Mr. Stenhouse's Note on this air is as follows:—"Both the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed at London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, No. 19. Cornhill, '*sung by* MASTEA KNYVETT.' From these circumstances, I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Scottish production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collections of our songs. If it be an imitation of the Scottish style, however, it is a very successful one." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 228. Patrick Maxwell, Esq., the editor of the Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, the "Muse of Cumberland," (Edinburgh, 1842,) has no doubt that she was the authoress of "The waefu' heart." He says, "Having long had a settled conviction in my mind that the writer of 'The Siller Crown' was also the writer of 'The waefu' heart;' and having ascertained beyond a doubt that the first-mentioned song was the production of Miss Blamire, I thought it would be useful to print the songs together, the better to examine their styles, and to see how closely they resembled each other in sentiment and expression. I think it cannot fail to strike every one, that the second song is a continuation of the first; had the 'Jamie' of the latter but been the 'Donald' of the former, the likeness would have been perfect," &c. See "Memoir of Miss Blamire," pp. xl. xli. *et seq.*

# MARY MORISON.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






Yestreen, when to the stented[3] string
The dance gaed through the lichtit ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast o' a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morison.

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown,
A thocht ungentle canna be
The thocht of Mary Morison.

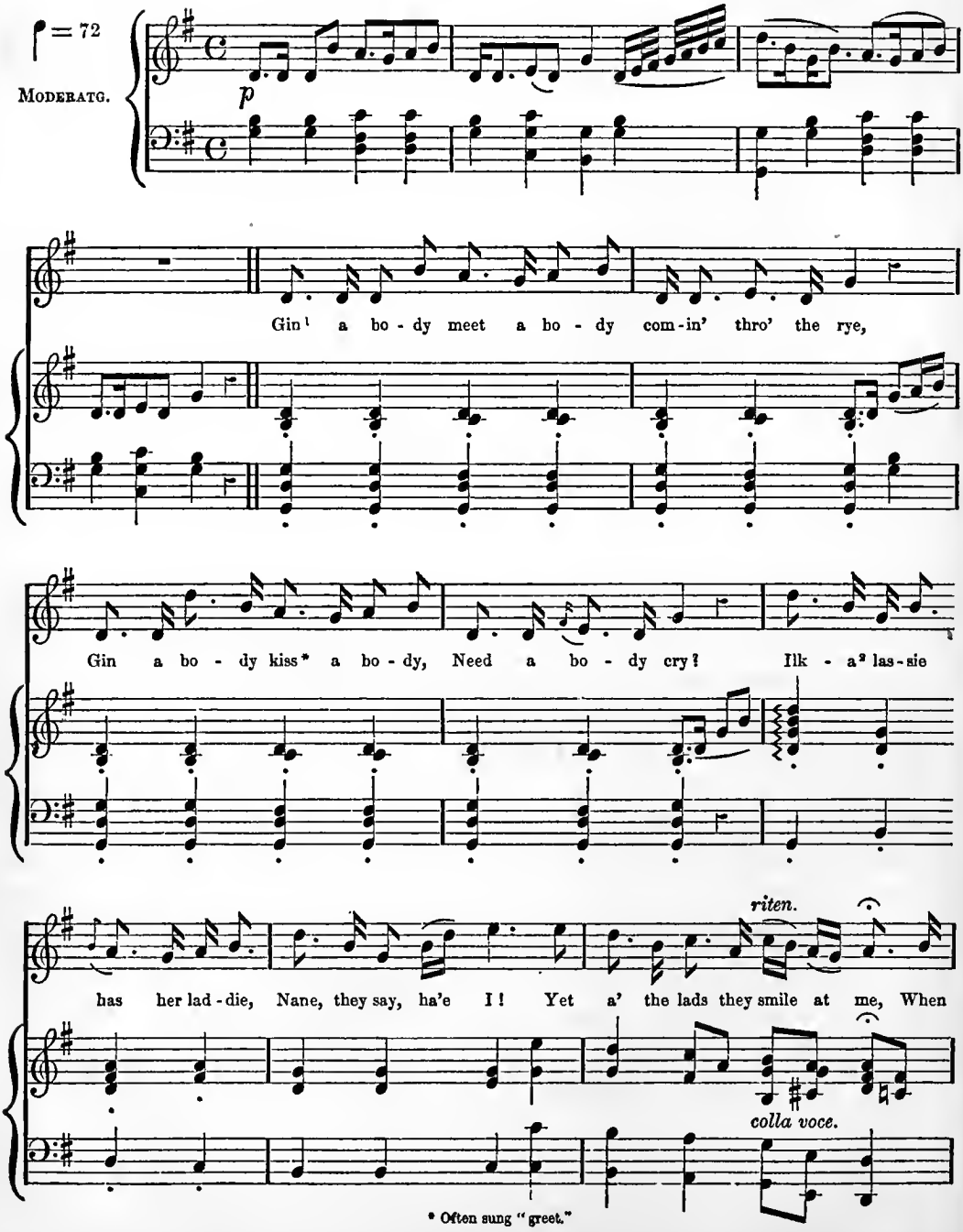
[1] Appointed; agreed upon. [2] Dust; metaphorically—labour, hardship.
[3] Tightened.—In some editions "trembling" is substituted for "stented."

"MARY MORISON." In Johnson's Museum the air is called "The Miller;" and is there given with verses written by Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Bart., one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, and a man of remarkable learning and accomplishments in his day. One of his younger sons was John Clerk of Eldin, Esq., distinguished for his work on "Naval Tactics," and the father of the late Lord Eldin, an eminent Scottish lawyer. See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 120-203. The humorous verses by Sir John Clerk do not appear to us to be very suitable to the air, which is in a minor key, and of a tender and rather pathetic character. We have therefore substituted for them the words by Burns, which begin, "O, Mary, at thy window be," and which were, as he says, "one of his juvenile works." He had written them to the air of "Bide ye yet;" and we think his having done so exhibits one of the very rare instances in which Burns did not perceive that the air was not well suited to the words that he wrote for it. The air of "The Miller," on the contrary, is well adapted to the song of "Mary Morison."

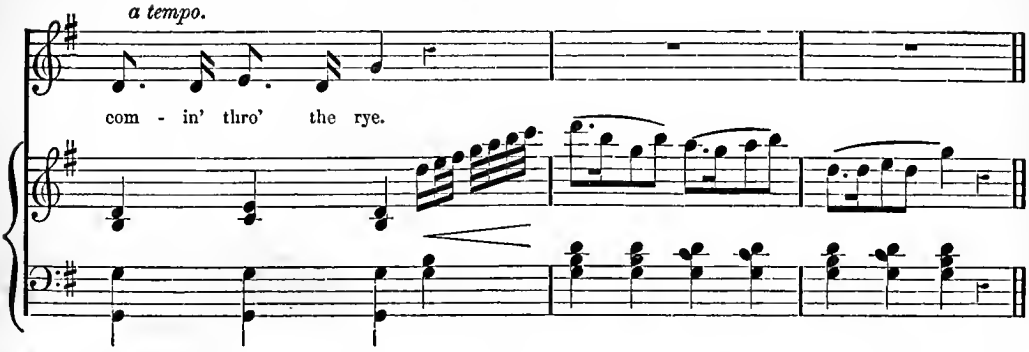
The author of the air is not known. Its date seems to belong to a period not earlier than the commencement of the last century. Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," introduces "Mary Morison" as follows:—"The late William Hazlitt, who wrote many works on the *belles lettres*, pays a high compliment to the genius of Burns, in his 'Lectures on the British Poets.' The passage has often been quoted, but as the memories of all the admirers of our Bard may not be so good as our own, we may be pardoned if we quote it again. 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him, in the manner of the old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such as the lines on 'Mary Morison,' those entitled, 'Jessie,' and the song beginning, 'Oh, my love is like a red, red rose.'' Now, it so happens that 'My love, &c.,' is *an old ballad*, which proves the discernment of Hazlitt as a critic."

# COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

ARRANGED BY T M. MUDIE.




* Often sung "greet."




Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body gloom.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I?

Miss Stephens was accustomed to conclude the song with the following lines sung to the first part of the air :—

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

[1] If. [2] Each; every.

---

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE." There are three versions of this air inserted in Johnson's Museum, the first of which was probably communicated by Burns. As the second is the most popular, as well as the most characteristic, we have adopted it in this work. Mr. Stenhouse's Notes upon them are as follows :—"1st Set. This song was written by Burns. The air is taken from the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called 'The Miller's Daughter.' Ses Gow's First Collection."—"2d Set. The words and music of this song, beginning, 'Gin a body meet a body,' are parodied from the first set, which was published as a single sheet song before it was copied into the Museum. Mr. John Watlen, musician and music-seller, formerly in Edinburgh, now in London, afterwards altered the first strain of the former tune a little, and published it with the new words. His edition had a considerable run." The third version is adapted to the words, "I've been courting at a lass, these twenty days and mair." It bears a striking resemblance to the others; but is styled by Mr. Stenhouse, "Ah, ha! Johnnie, lad, you're nae sae kind's ye sud ha' been." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 377.

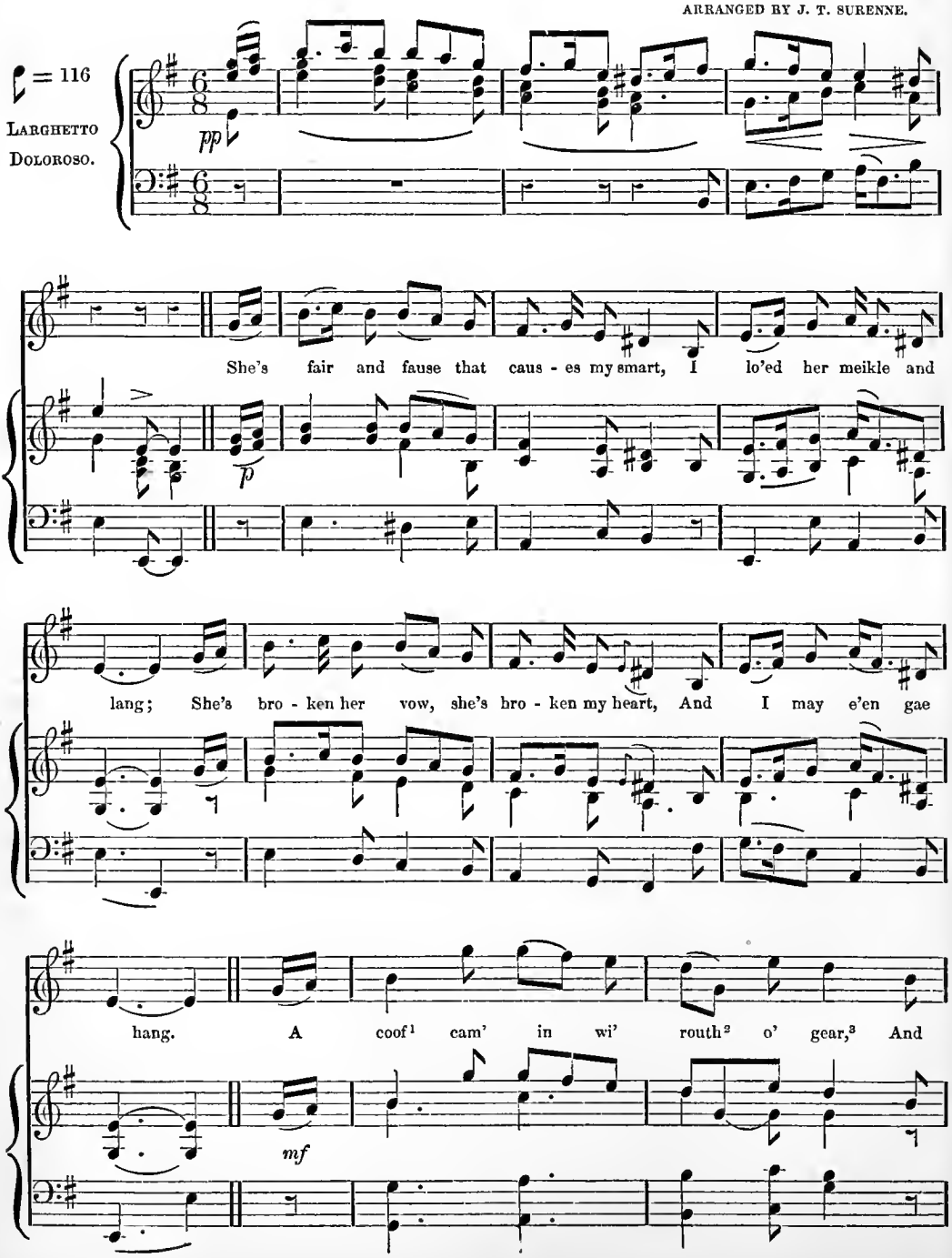
The following stanzas are very frequently sung to this air; they were written by Mr. Dunlop, Collector of Customs, Port-Glasgow :—

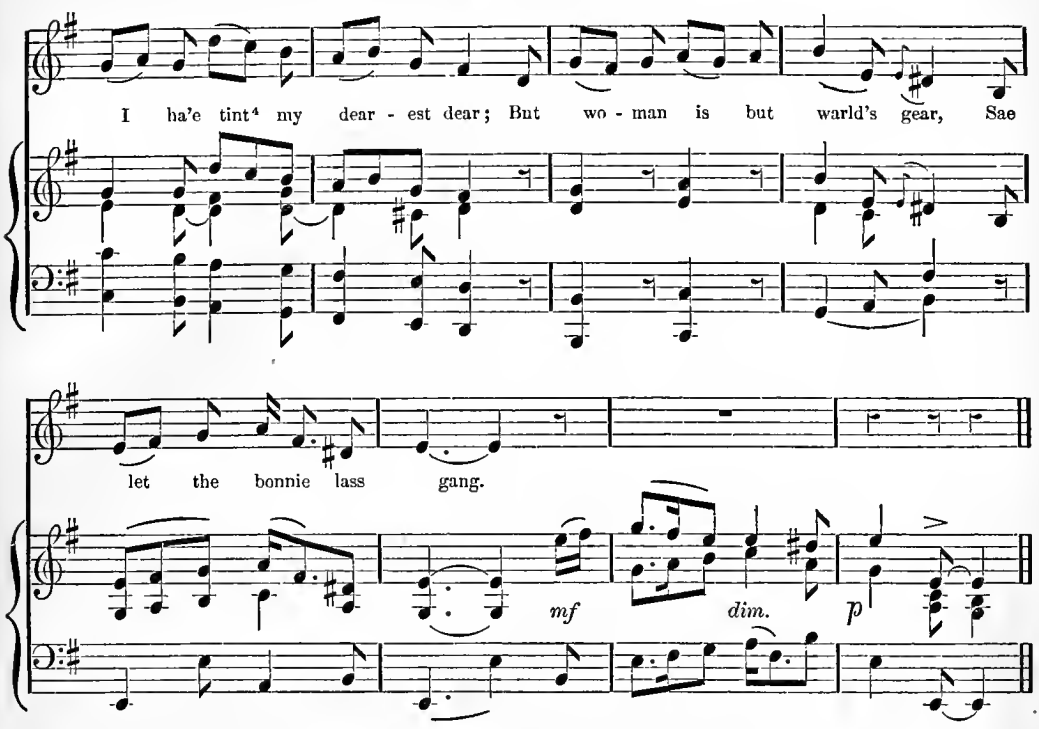
Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
Troth, I daurna tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
Ask it o' yoursel'.
Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
And bonnier lasses see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.
For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove false to me.

# SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie[5] 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.

O woman lovely! woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to [ha'e] gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

[1] Fool. [2] Plenty. [3] Riches; goods. [4] Lost. [5] Wonder.

"SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE." Mr. Stenhouse informs us, that "Burns picked up this charming old melody in the country, and wrote the verses to which it is so happily adapted in the Museum." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 359. We have no doubt that this was the case, for Burns, as we have already had occasion to remark, was very successful in recovering old melodies that were but little known, and at once giving them a more extended circulation, by writing songs for them. In this instance, however, Oswald had already rescued the air from oblivion, by printing it in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book iv., where it appears under the title of "The lads of Leith." In the first stanza of the song, the repetition of the word "gear" in rhyme, is rather a blemish.

In his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," No. 3, Captain C. Gray, R.M., quotes Burns regarding "A Collection of Songs:"—"That volume was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them during my work, or walking to my labour, song by song, verse by verse—carefully noticing the true tender or sublime, from affectation or fustian; and I am convinced, that I owe to this practice most of my critic-craft, such as it is." Captain Gray thinks that this Collection of Songs, so much studied by Burns, was most probably the first or second edition of the "Scots Nightingale;" the second edition, "with one hundred modern songs," having been printed in 1779. Captain Gray gives reasons for his opinion by quotations; and, among others, quotes from the "Scots Nightingale," "The Address;" the last four lines of which seem to have suggested to Burns a striking idea in his song, "She's fair and fause."

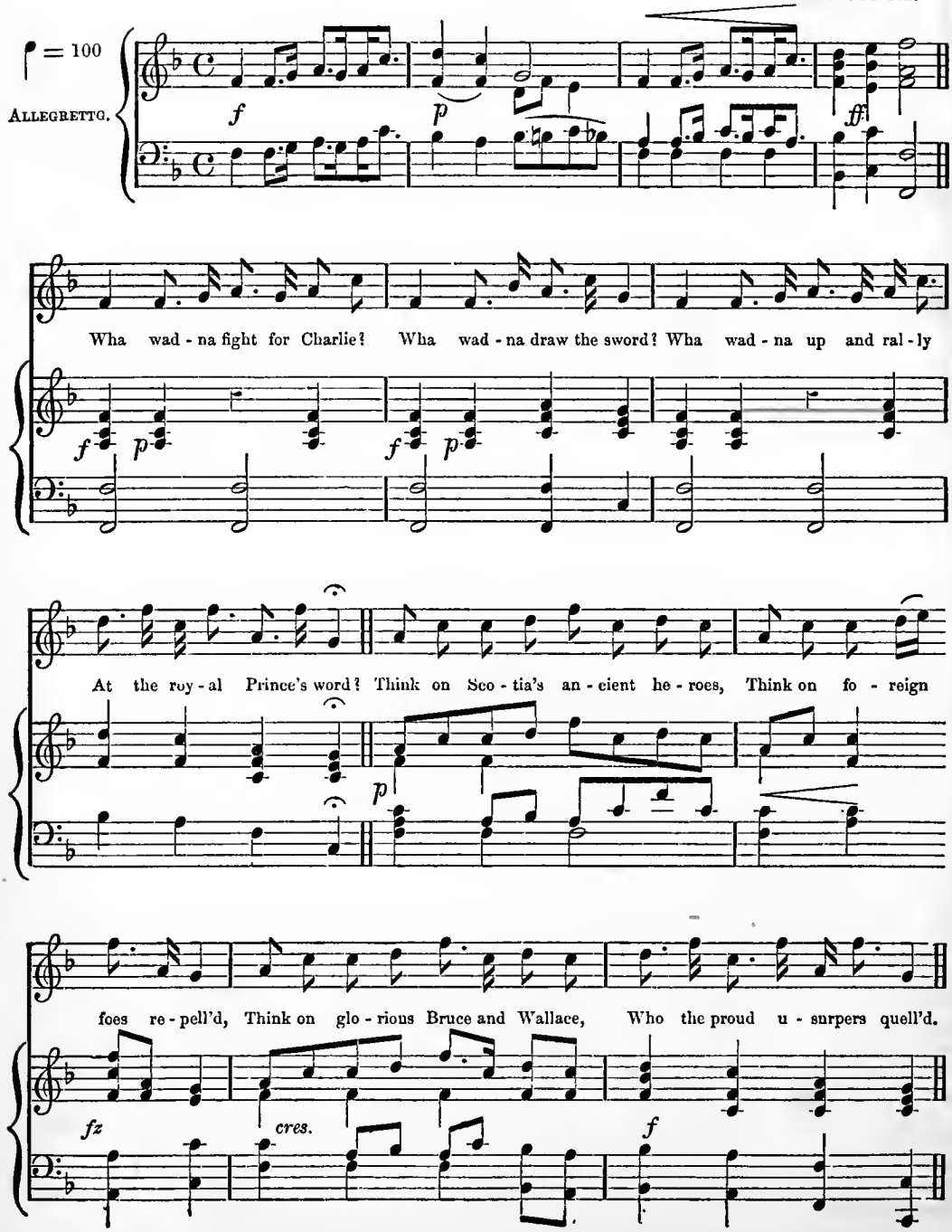
The four last lines of the "Address" are:—

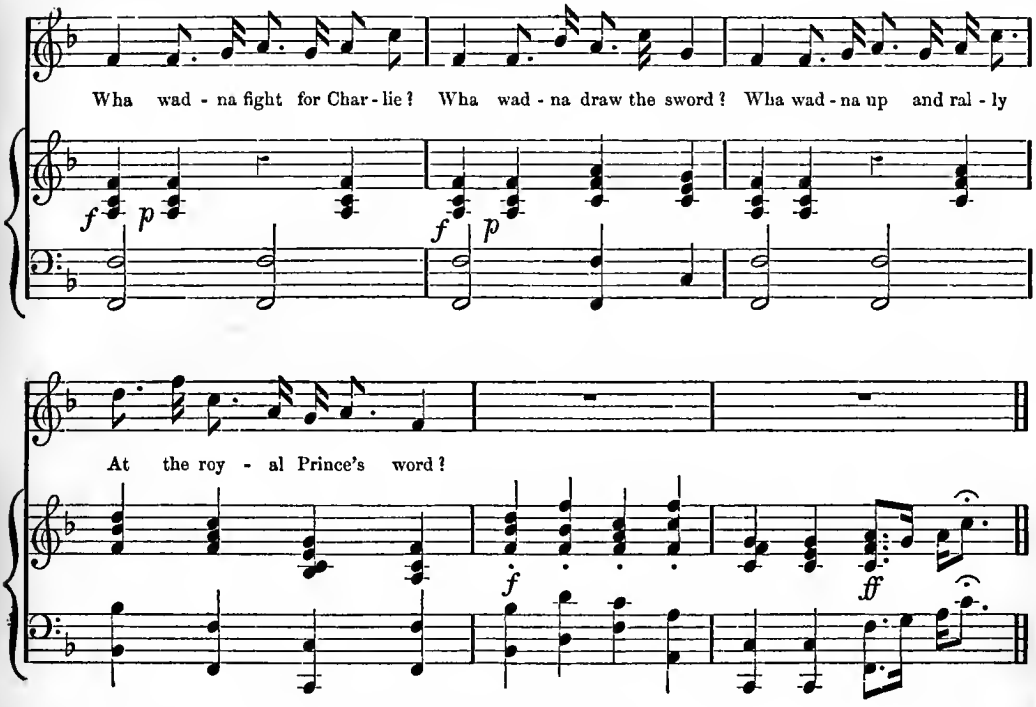
"To bless is Heaven's peculiar grace;
Let me a blessing find:
And since you wear an angel's face,
Oh show an angel's mind!"

Burns, doubtless, borrowed the idea; but he improved it, as his verses show. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and other great poets, were great borrowers—improving upon the ideas they adopted from others. The first poet who borrowed nothing from any one is yet unknown. In No. 4 of his Remarks, Captain Gray mentions another book, —"The Lark, being a Collection of the most celebrated and newest Songs, Scots and English, 1765,"—which also contains "The Address" above quoted; and thence infers, that "The Lark" may, still more probably have been the Collection referred to by Burns.

# WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE?

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIBDIN.






Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
Rouse, and join your chieftains' banners—
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!—
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish lion rallies—
Let us strike for Prince and laws.
Wha wadna fight, &c.

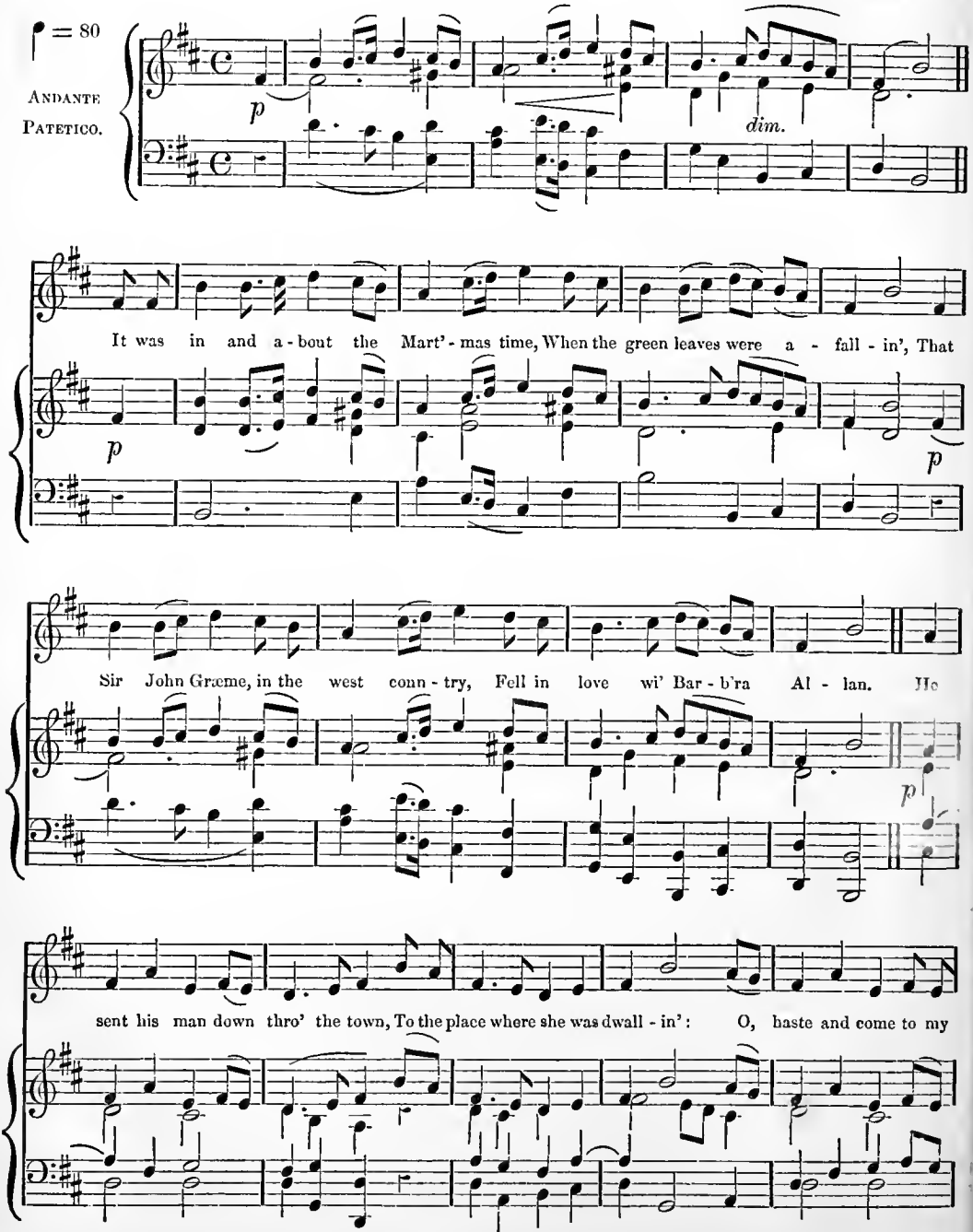
---

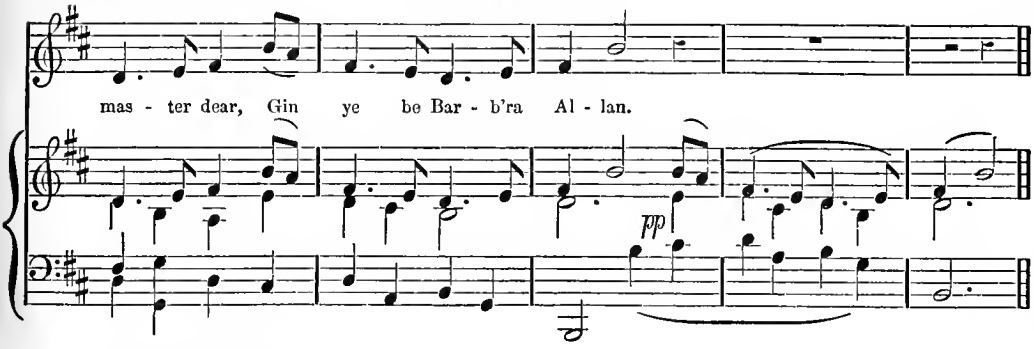
"WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE?" James Hogg gives this song and air in the second series of his "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," pp. 100, 101; Edinburgh, William Blackwood; London, Cadell and Davies. 1821. Hogg's Note upon it, *ibid.*, p. 305, is as follows:—"Song LIV. 'Wha wadna fight for Charlie?' is likewise a Buchan song, sent me by Mr. John Wallace. The air has the same name; but in the south is called, '*Will ye go and marry, Katie?*'" The air is evidently a strathspey. It is printed in Johnson's Museum, vol. v., with the words, "Will ye go and marry, Katie?" which appear to have been recovered and sent to the publisher of that work by Burns. In Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys and Reels, it is called, "Marry Ketty."

Hogg does not say whether this lyric was sent to him as a real Jacobite war-song, written to rouse the clans to follow their Prince into the field, or whether it is merely a modern imitation. Internal evidence would lead us to the belief that its composition dates much nearer to 1845 than to 1745. To be an old song, it is too correct in rhymes, too refined in language, and it wants that characteristic of the Jacobite muse—unsparing abuse of the House of Hanover.

# BARBARA ALLAN.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






O, hooly,[1] hooly, rase she up
To the place where he was lyin',
And when she drew the curtain by—
Young man, I think ye're dyin'.

It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan.
O, the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blude were a-spillin'.

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slichtit Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin':
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin', said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knellin',
And every jow[2] that the deid-bell gi'ed.
It cried, Woe to Barbara Allan

Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

[1] Slowly. [2] Peal.

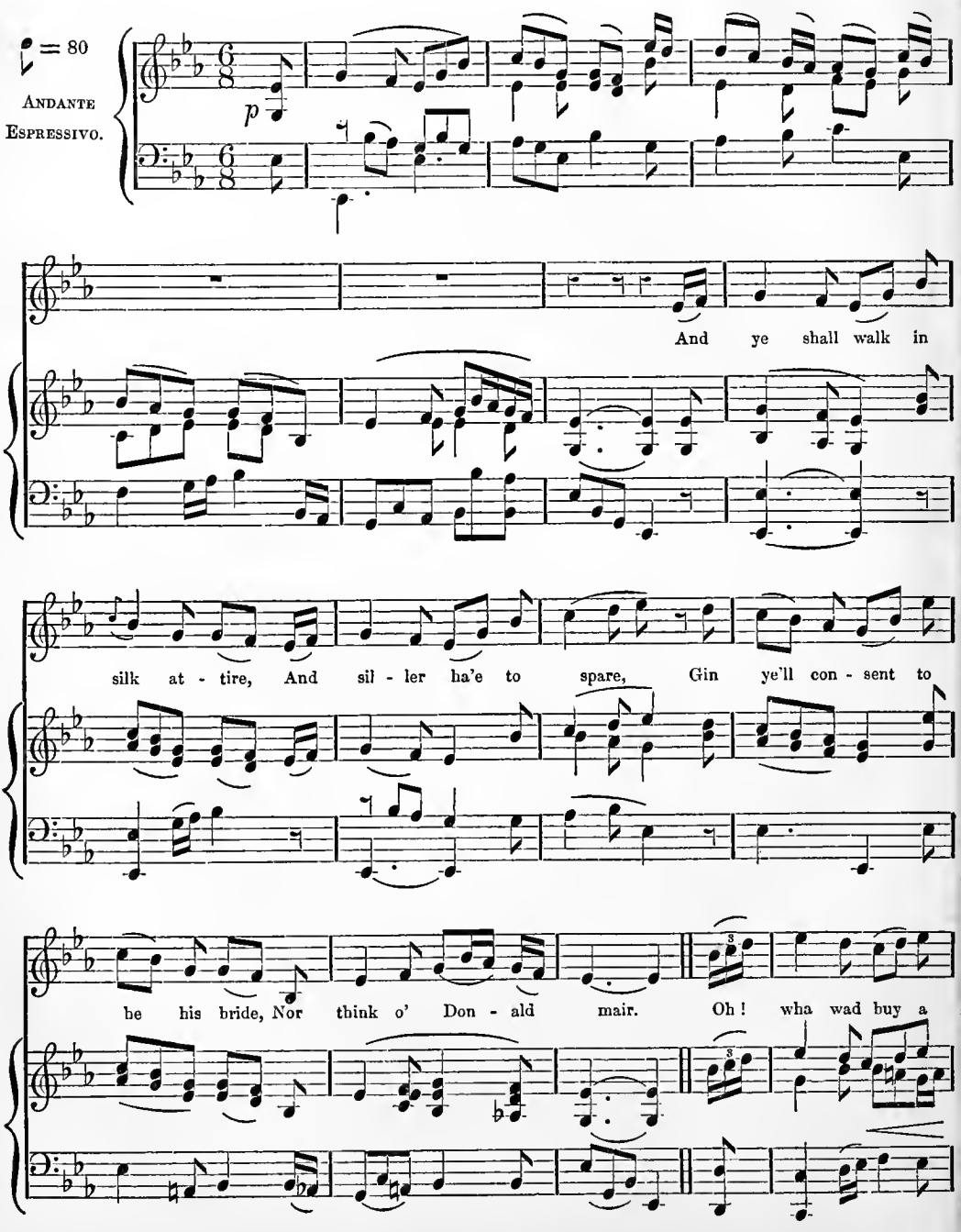
"Barbara Allan." "This ballad is ancient. Bishop Percy had an old printed copy in his possession, which was entitled, 'Barbara Allan's Cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy,' reprinted in the third volume of his Ancient Songs and Ballads, at London in 1767. It is evidently an embellished edition of the old Scottish ballad in the Museum, which is taken *verbatim* from that preserved in Ramsay's Miscellany in 1724. The learned prelate's copy makes the heroine's residence at *Scarlet Town*, (the city of Carlisle, perhaps,) and calls the hero *Jemmye Grove*. In other respects the story is nearly the same in both ballads, and may possibly have had its origin from circumstances that really occurred. Be that as it may, it has been a favourite ballad at every country fire-side in Scotland, time out of memory. The strains of the ancient minstrel who composed this song may, indeed, appear harsh and unpolished when compared with modern refinements; nevertheless he has depicted the incidents of his story with such a bold, glowing, and masterly pencil as would do credit to any age. A learned correspondent informs me, that he remembers having heard the ballad frequently sung in Dumfries-shire, where it was said the catastrophe took place—that there were people of the name of Allan who resided in the town of Annan—and that, in some papers which he had seen, mention is made of a Barbara of that family; but he is of opinion she may have been baptized from the ballad." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 213, 214. In the Add. Illust., p. 300*, C. K. Sharpe, Esq., writes as follows, regarding the preceding Note:—"In this Note Mr. Stenhouse alludes to me. Unluckily I lost the paper I found at Hoddam Castle, in which Barbara Allan was mentioned. I remember that the peasantry of Annandale sang many more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print, but they were of no merit—containing numerous magnificent offers from the lover to his mistress—and, among others, some ships in sight, which may strengthen the belief that this song was composed near the shores of the Solway. I need scarcely add, that the name of Grahame, which the luckless lover generally bears, is still quite common in and about Annan."

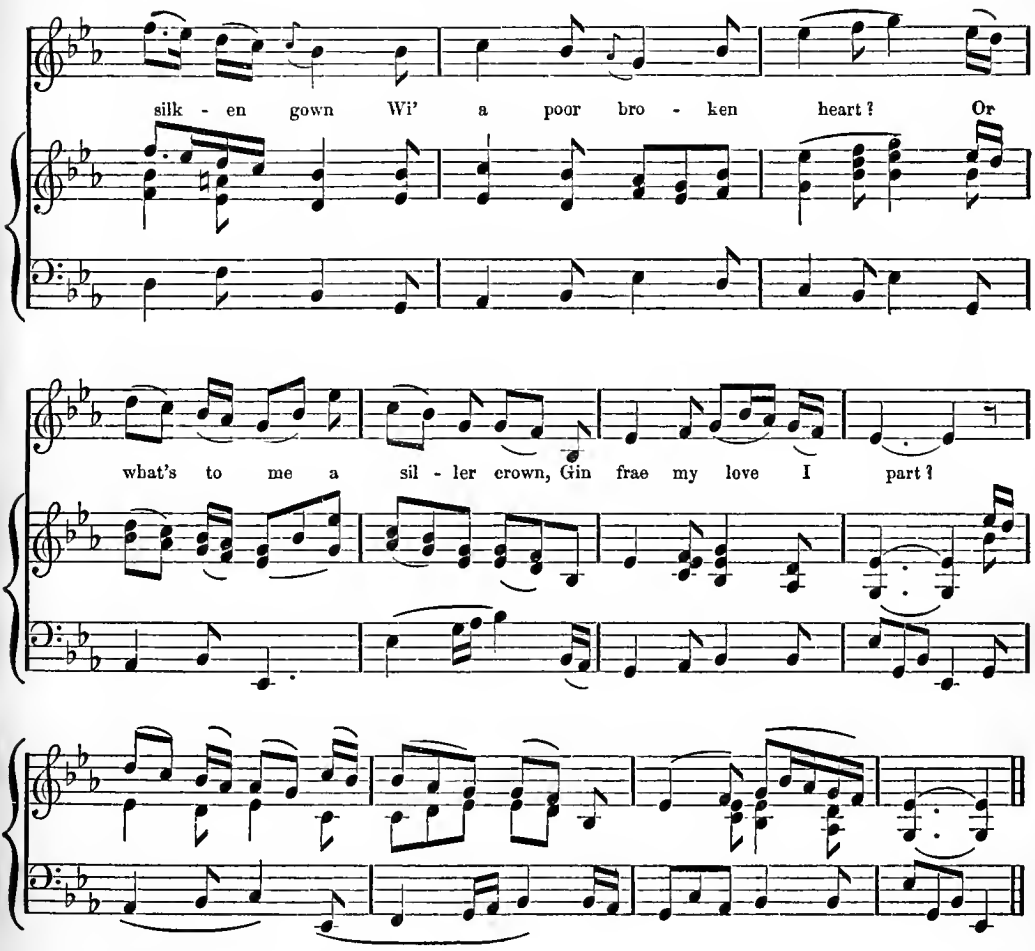
Allan Cunningham remarks of this ballad:—"Never was a tale of love-sorrow so simply and so soon told; yet we learn all that we wish to know, and any further incidents would only cumber the narrative, and impair the effect. I have often admired the ease and simplicity of the first verse, and the dramatic beauty of the second."

The melody bears marks of antiquity, from the nature of the tonality employed. Its author is unknown. We find in Mr. W. Chappell's "National English Airs," a melody of the same name, which is, however, quite different from the Scottish melody, besides being in a major key, and in three crotchet time.

# AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






The mind whase every wish is pure,
  Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
  I'll lay me down and dee;
For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth,
  Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
  Wi' a' its virtues rare.

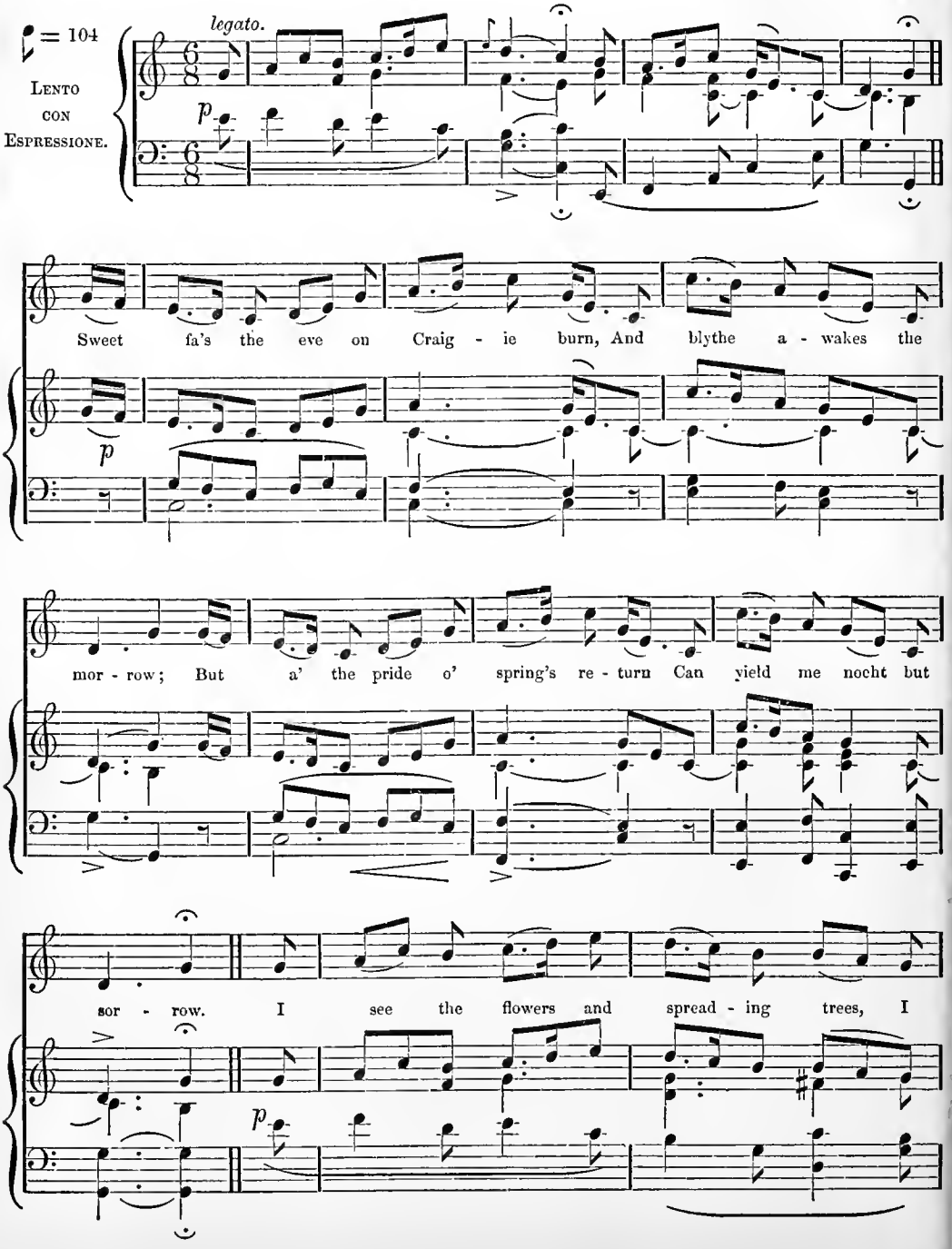
His gentle manners wan my heart,
  He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to see it back,
  It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
  The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
  I'll lay me down and dee.

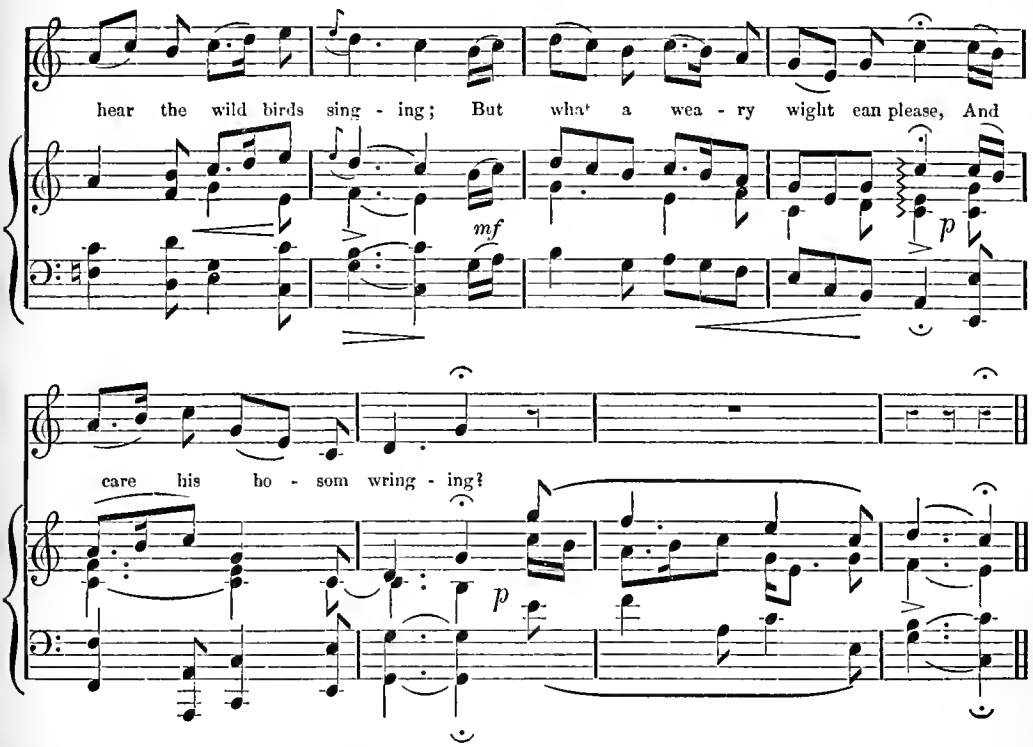
---

"AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE." This song, also known under the title of "The Siller Crown," was written by Miss Susanna Blamire, of Cumberland. See Note upon "The waefu' heart," p. 7 of this volume. Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This fine song was originally published by Napier as a single sheet song, from which it was copied into the Museum; but neither the author nor the composer are yet known. An excellent parody of the older verses, by a modern hand, and set to a beautiful tune, composed by Miss Grace Corbet, is inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, see Notes on song No. 583, entitled 'O Mary, ye'se be clad in silk.' Urbani reprinted this latter song in his Collection, under the title of 'I'll lay me down and die.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 225.

# CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






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

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

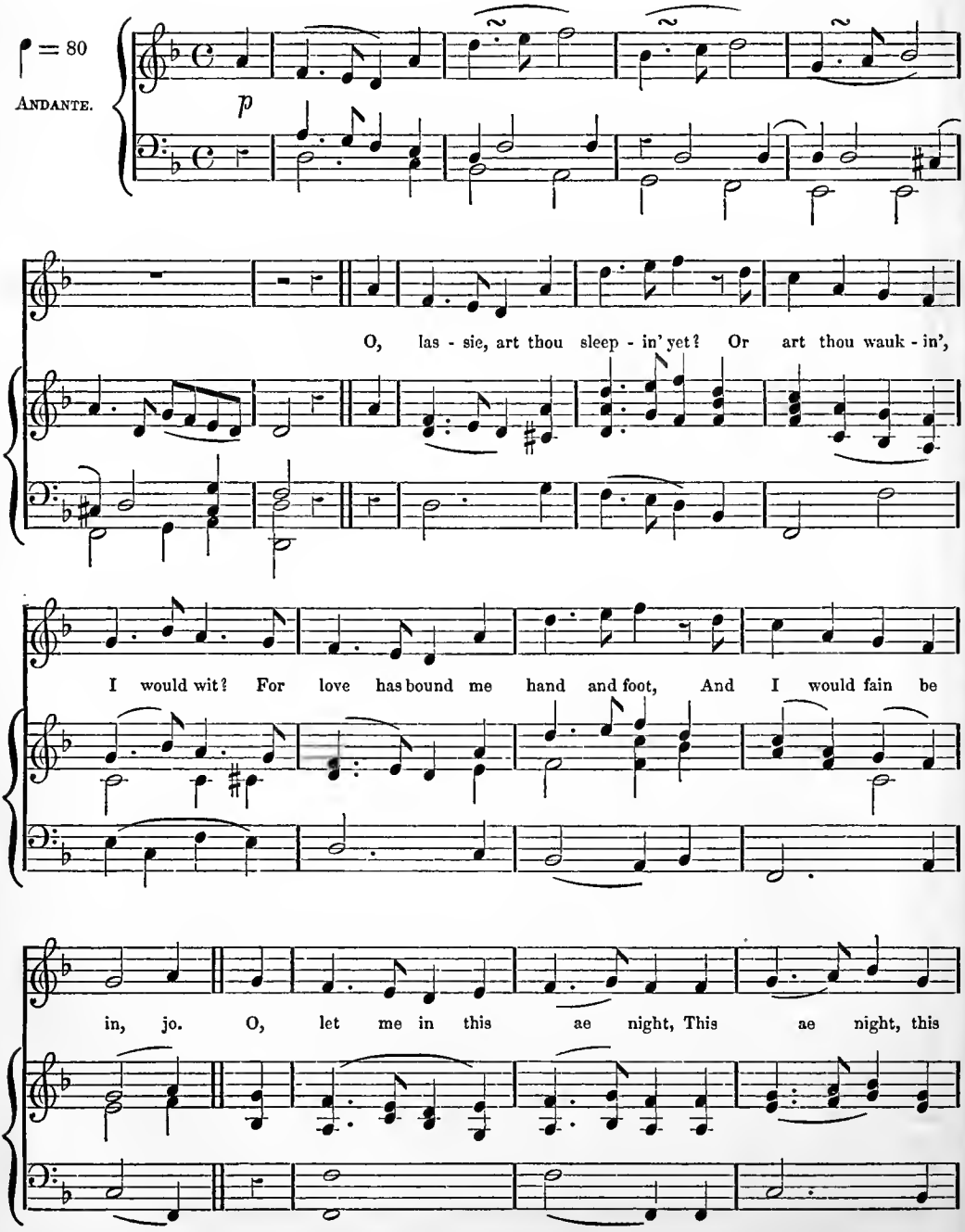
---

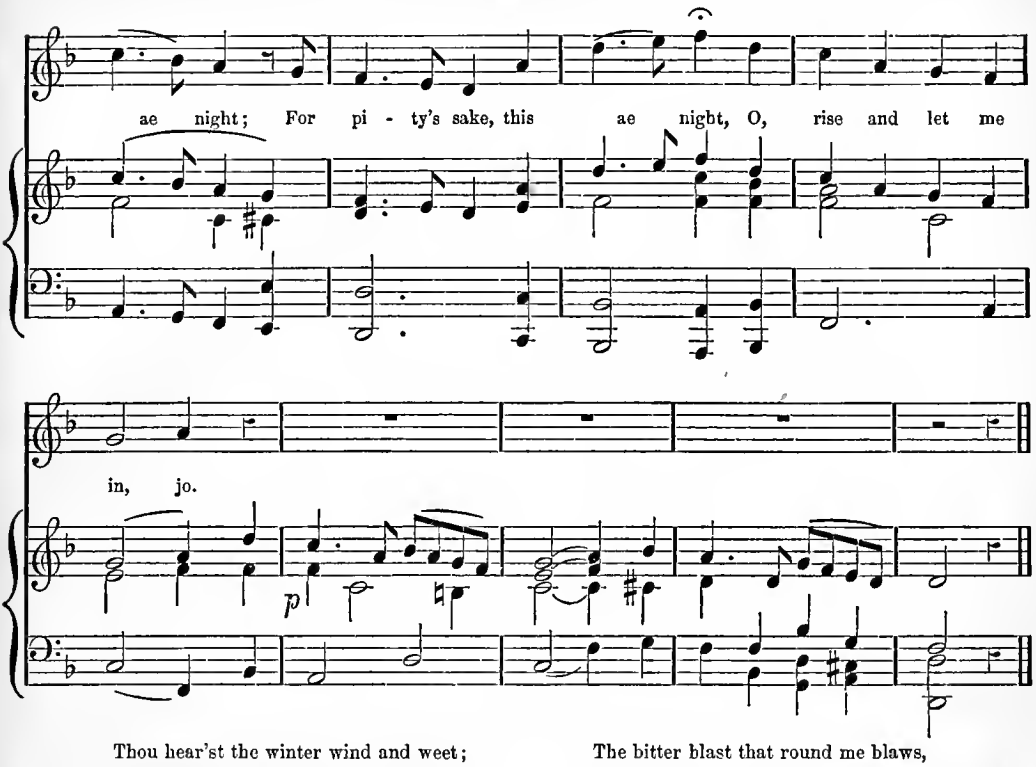
"CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD." Burns wrote his first version of this song to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, who was paying his addresses to Jean Lorimer, then residing at Craigie-burn-wood, near Moffat. Neither the poet's verse nor the lover's language could prevail: the lady married an officer of the name of Whelpdale—lived with him a few months—quitted him in consequence of great provocation—and afterwards took up her residence in Dumfries. The song was re-written in 179–, for Mr. George Thomson's Collection, and the chorus, part of an old ballad, was discarded. Mr. Stenhouse tells us,—"The air called 'Craigie-burn-wood,' taken down from a country girl's singing, was considered by the late Mr. Stephen Clarke, as one of our finest Scottish tunes. At the foot of the manuscript of the music of this song (written for Johnson's Museum) is the following note, in the hand-writing of Mr. Clarke:—*There is no need to mention the chorus. The man that would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air, should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again!!*" "It is remarkable of this air," says Burns, "that it (its name) is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our lowland music, (so far as from the title, words, &c., we can localize it,) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity."—*Reliques.*

Dr. Currie informs us, that "Craigie-burn-wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigie-burn and of Dumcrieff were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and that he conceived some of his beautiful lyrics.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 295, 296.

# O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet
Tak' pity on my wearie feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.*

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again;
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

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

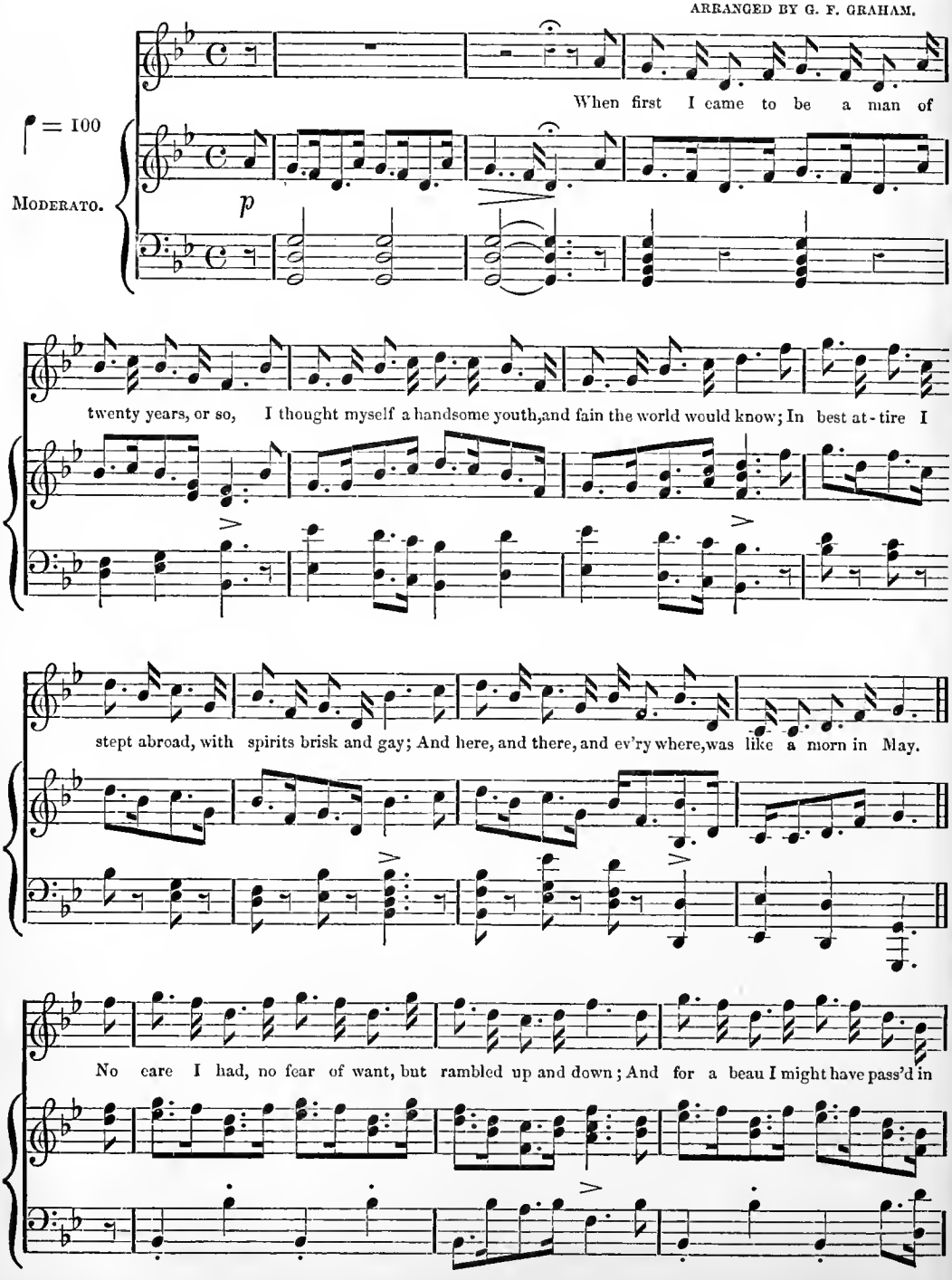
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

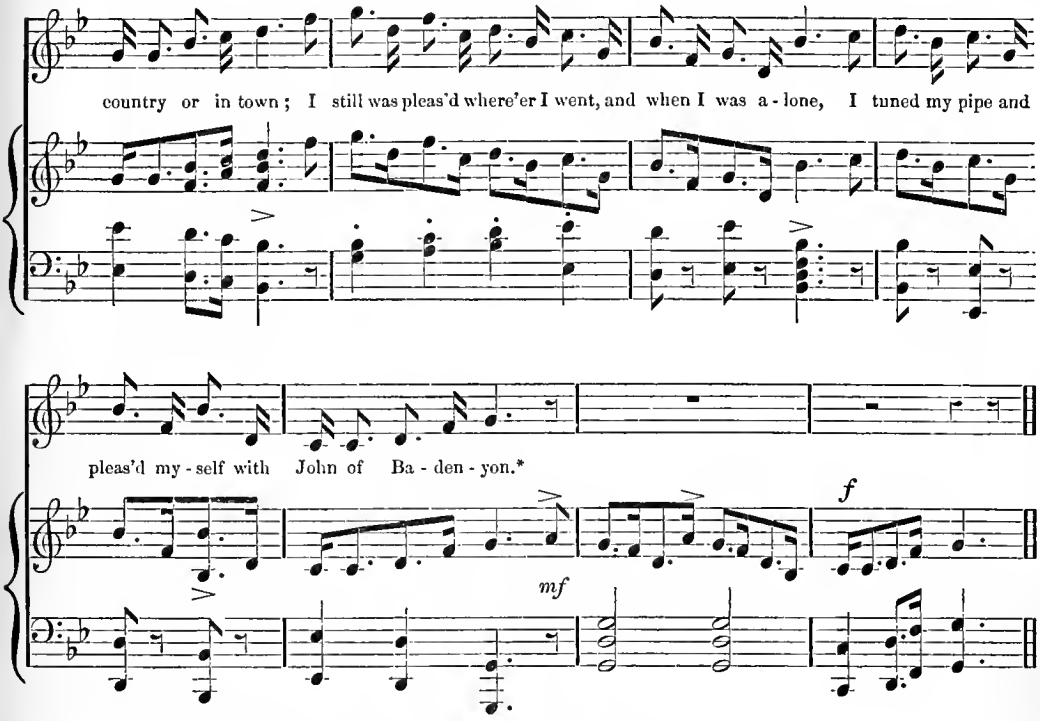
* The first verse of the answer may be substituted for the last of the song; or a verse of each may be sung alternately

"O, LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT." "This tune is very old. There is a copy of it in square-shaped notes in a manuscript book for the Virginals, in the Editor's possession, under the title of, 'The newe gowne made.' The ballad beginning, 'O, let me in this ae night,' was printed in Herd's Collection, in 1776; but it was retouched by Burns, to render it less objectionable, before Johnson would give it a place in the Museum." In 1795, Burns altered the old verses a second time, and wrote the lady's answer—both for Mr. George Thomson's work. "If the song, as it stands in Herd's Collection, has lost anything in point of wit and humour, it has at any rate gained much in respect of elegance and modesty by the judicious alterations of our bard." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 302-4. The old air, as well as the old words, has been subjected to alteration. It was rather lively, and possessed somewhat of a humorous cast, and in consequence was not so well adapted to give effect to the imploring character of Burns' verses as the modern version. We have therefore given the latter in this work,

# JOHN OF BADENYON.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






Now in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fixed mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice.
To Cupid, now, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow.
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do;
But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her cold as stone—
I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lover's pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply.
A strait soon came; my friend I tried—he laugh'd, and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed;
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to read:
I bought and borrow'd every where, and studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was pleased with none;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John of Badenyon.

* Johnson and Stenhouse give "Badenyond;" while others give "Badenyon." The latter rhymes better with the final word of the seventh line of each stanza, unless the final *d* of "Badenyond" is silent.

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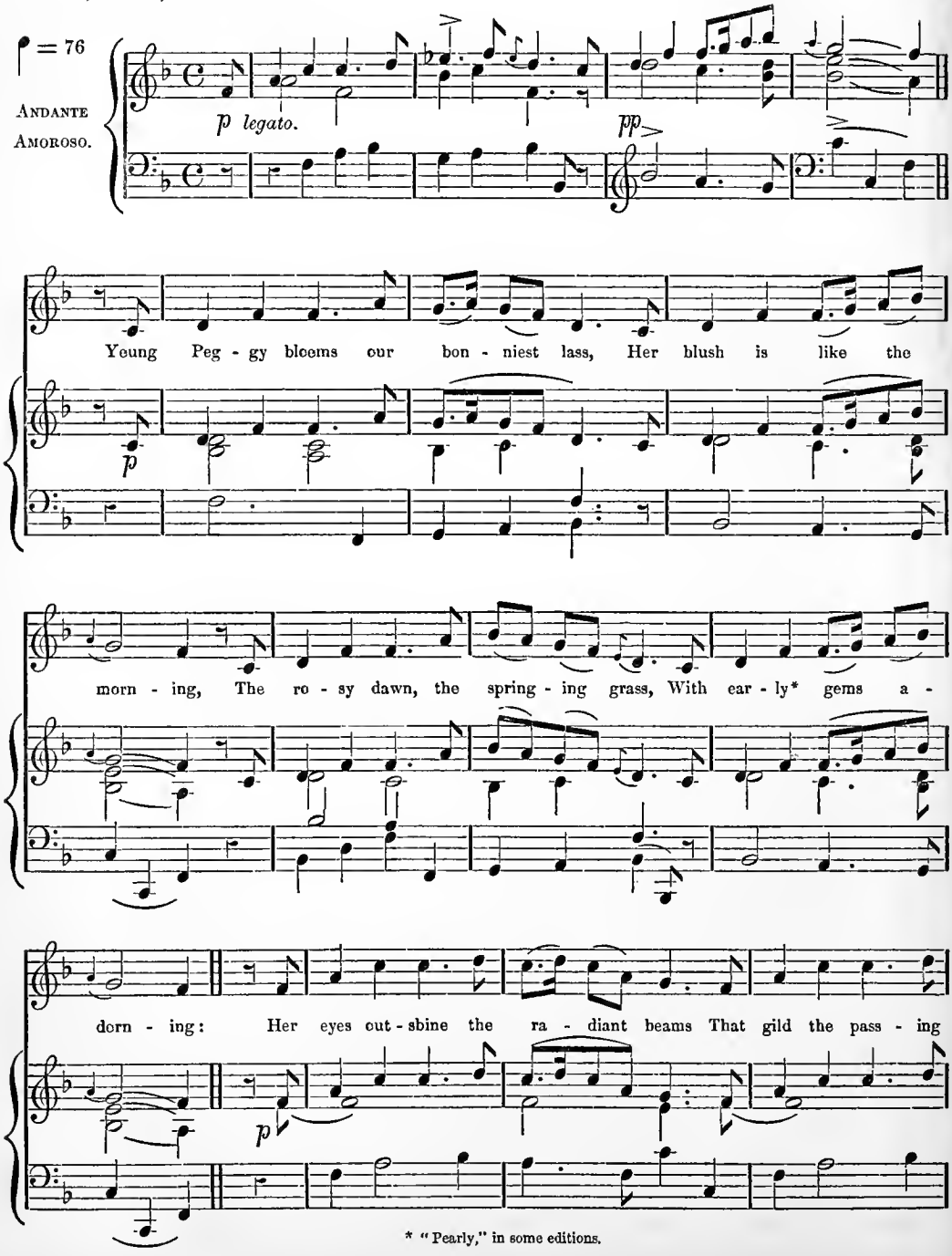
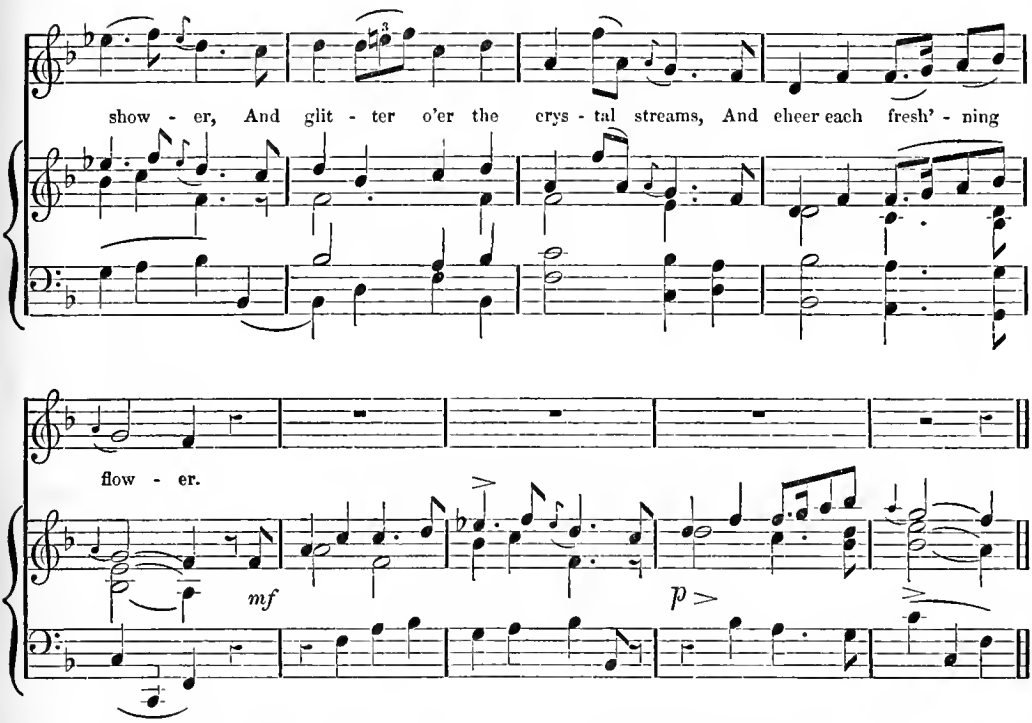
"JOHN OF BADENYON." The words are by the Rev. John Skinner, the author of the song of "Tullochgorum," already given in this work, vol. i. pp. 52, 53. The tune is an old Highland strathspey. The fourth and sixth stanzas of the song have been omitted here for want of space; they will be found in the Appendix.

# YOUNG PEGGY BLOOMS OUR BONNIEST LASS.

AIR, "PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.




* "Pearly," in some editions.




Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful hands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.

Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

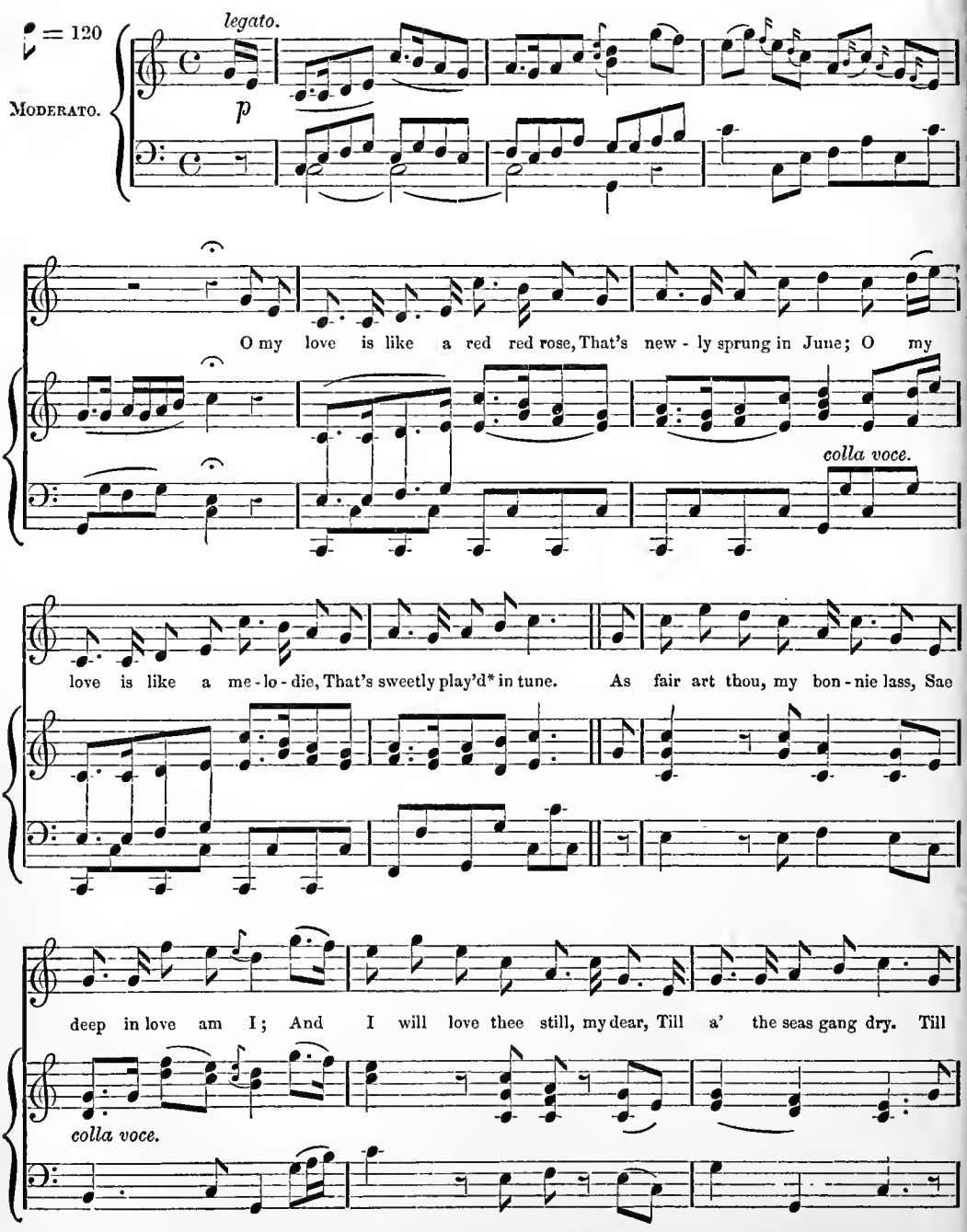
---

"PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE." Part of Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this air and song is as follows:—"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 'Lilliburlero,' is likewise given by Smith as Purcell's composition. But neither the Scotch nor the Irish air were (was) composed by Purcell, (although he might have put a bass to them for his old friend Playford,) nor have (has) 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." "Musick's Handmaid," mentioned above, is a collection of "New Lessons and Instructions for the Virginals or Harpsichord," and consists of two parts, the first of which was printed in 1678, the second in 1689. It is in the latter that this air occurs. There, it has no name attached to it, but is merely called "A new Scotch tune;" at the end of it is inscribed, "Mr. H. Purcell," but whether as the composer or arranger is not stated. The air is certainly Scottish in character, and bears a very marked resemblance in several passages to "An thou wert mine ain thing," and "Kind Robin loes me." The most probable solution of the difficulty is, that the MS. old air mentioned by Mr. Stenhouse, contained the germ or rudiments of the flowing melody into which Purcell amplified it for Playford's Virginal Book. For an example of a similar transformation, see vol. i. p. 77.

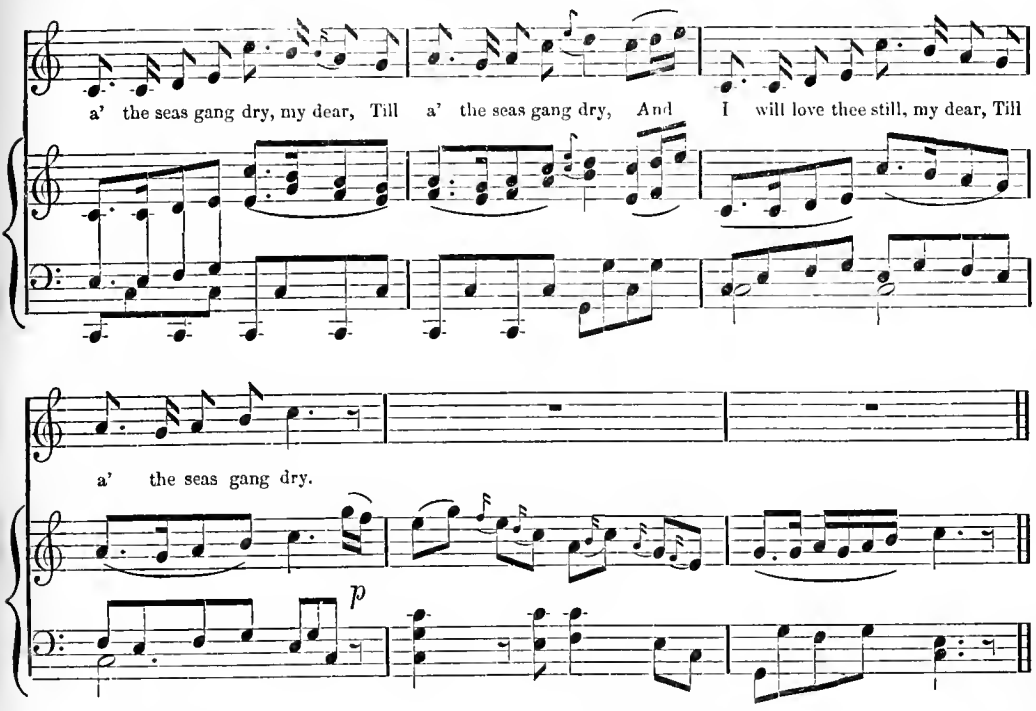
The verses here given were written by Burns; they are now, for the first time, united to this air.

# O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.




* Some editions have "sung."




Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
[O] I will love thee still my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while!

And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile!
Though it were ten thousand mile, my love!
Though it were ten thousand mile!
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile!

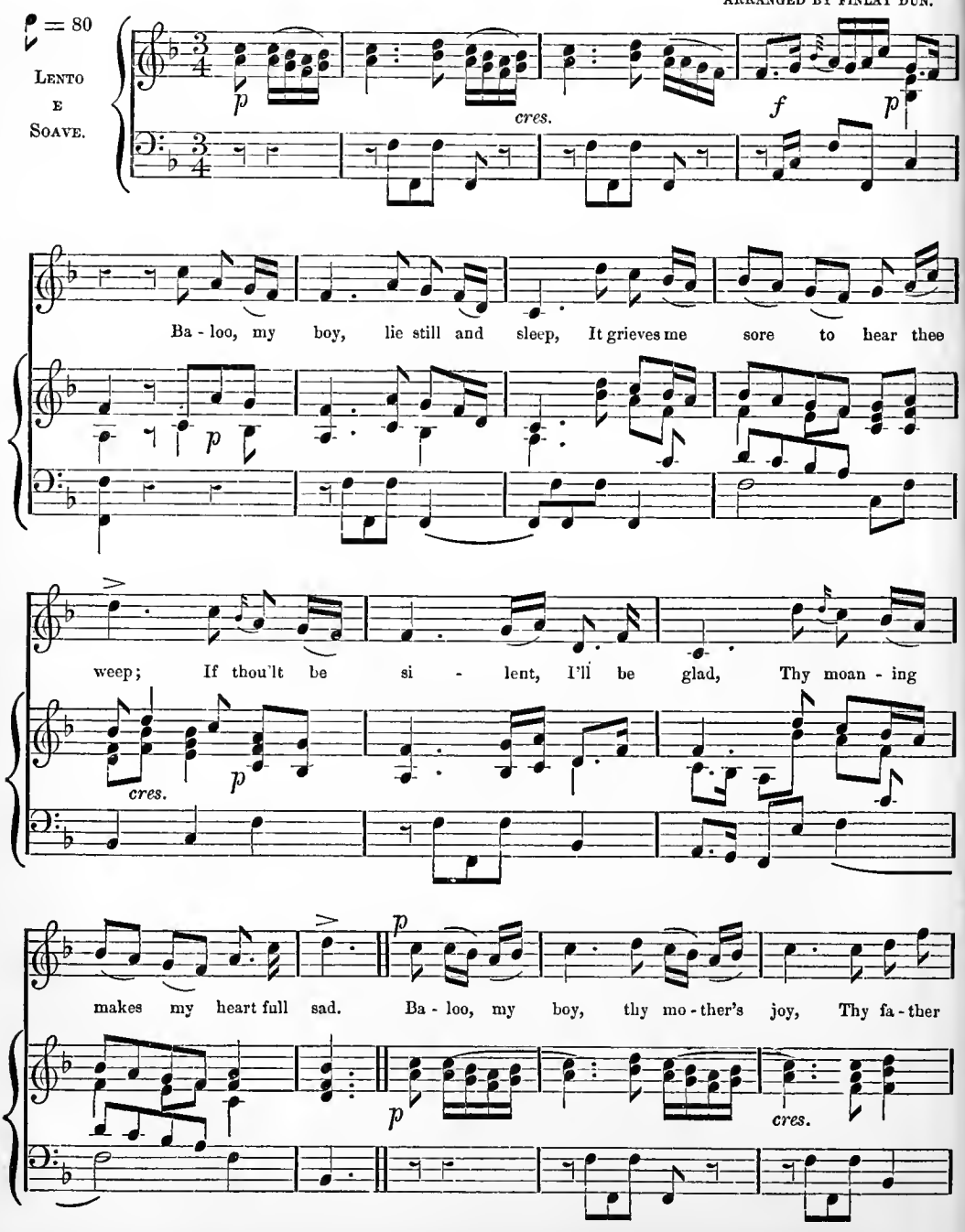
---

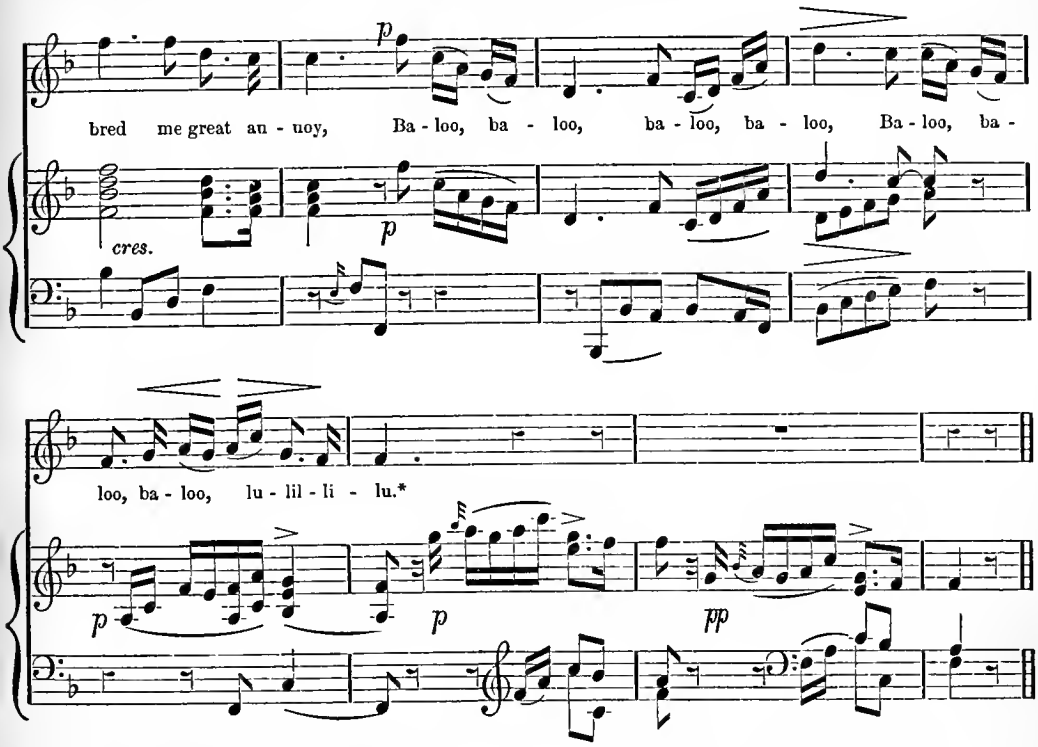
"O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE." In a former Note, vol. ii. p. 9, we have already alluded to this being an old song, which Burns revised and extended for Johnson's Museum. The subject must at one time have been a favourite with our minstrels, for no less than three versions of it are given in the second volume of Burns' works edited by Hogg and Motherwell. The first was furnished by Mr. Peter Buchan, who says,—"The song which supplied Burns with such exquisite ideas, was written by Lieutenant Hinches as a farewell to his sweetheart." No farther information is given as to this gentleman; not even when or where he lived. This is unfortunate, for authorities are desirable in old songs as well as in graver matters. The next version is from a common stall ballad, picked up by Mr. Motherwell, entitled, "The turtle-dove, or True love's farewell." The third is taken from a small Garland, without date, but supposed to be printed about 1770, entitled, "The Horn fair Garland, containing six excellent new songs." This tract is believed to have been in the possession of Burns, as his name, in a boyish hand, is scrawled on the margin of the last page. The present song seems to owe some of its lines to Song VI., "The loyal lover's farewell to his sweetheart on going a long journey;" and Mr. Motherwell observes, "this song shows how tenaciously his (Burns') memory retained every idea which a rude ditty suggested to his creative mind." We are in possession of further information on the subject, but this we shall reserve for the Appendix, merely remarking here, that the first six lines do not appear in any of these old versions.

In Johnson's Museum the song was set to two different airs, one a strathspey, called by Gow, "Major Graham," and the other a fine old melody of one strain, called, "Queen Mary's Lament." Neither of these has retained possession of the song, which is now invariably sung to a modern version of "Low down in the broom," the air to which it is adapted in this work. Sibbald, in his Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 274, states it as his opinion, that to this tune was written, "My love murnis for me, for me," one of Wedderburne's "Psalms and Ballands of Godlie purposes." These spiritual songs were undoubtedly sung to the popular tunes of the day; but every attempt to identify the latter with any air now known, must, with perhaps a few exceptions, rest purely on conjecture. Wedderburne's "Gude and Godlie Ballates," are supposed to be alluded to in a Canon of the Provincial Council, 1549, which denounces severe punishments against those who kept in their possession "aliquos libros rythmorum seu cantilenarum vulgarium, scandalosa ecclesiasticorum, aut quamcunque haeresim in se continentia." See Sibbald, vol. iii. p. 238.

# LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






O'er thee I keep my lonely watch,
Intent thy lightest breath to catch;
Or, when thou wak'st, to see thee smile—
And thus my sorrow to beguile.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy;
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Twelve weary months have crept away
Since he, upon thy natal day,
Left thee and me, to seek afar
A bloody fate in doubtful war.
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.

I dream'd a dream but yester-night:—
Thy father slain in foreign fight;
He, wounded, stood beside thy bed—
His blood ran down upon thy head;
He spoke no word, but look'd on me—
Bent low, and gave a kiss to thee!
Baloo, baloo, my darling boy,
Thou'rt now alone thy mother's joy.

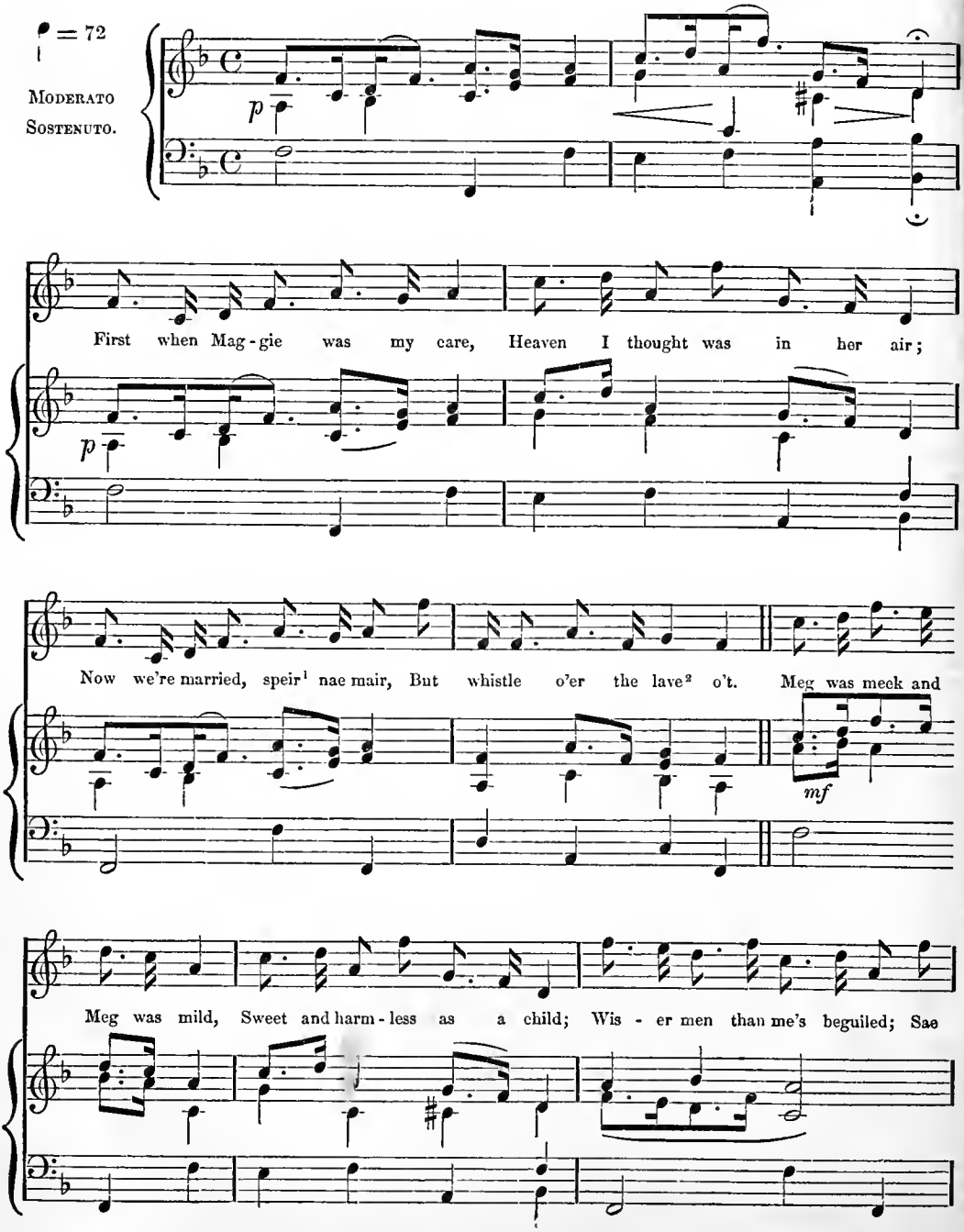
* Instead of the nursery burden of "lillilu," &c., the singer may repeat the first two lines of the stanza.

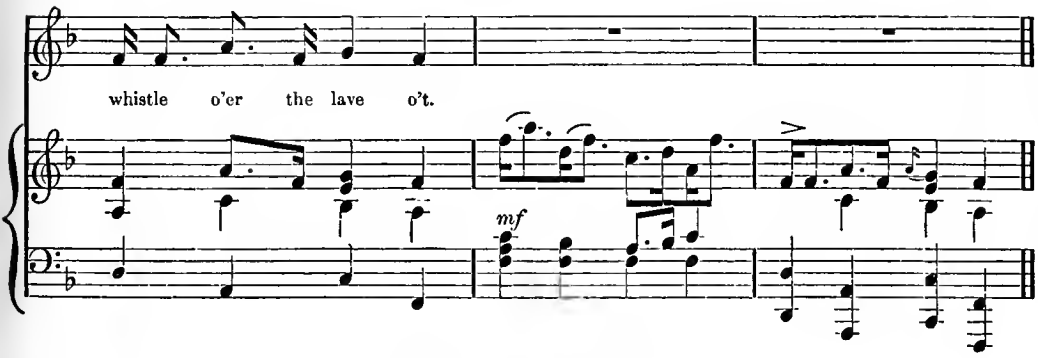
---

"Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament." "A fragment of this ancient and beautiful ballad," Bishop Percy informs us, "is inserted in his Manuscript Poems, written at least as early, if not before, the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558. It consists of seven stanzas of eight lines each. A more perfect version of the ballad, but evidently modernized, appears in Watson's first (third) Collection, printed at Edinburgh in 1711. This ballad, with the music, was afterwards published by Thomson in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 124, 125. Mr. C. K. Sharpe, (Additional Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 203-5,) states, that the personages of the ballad were Lady Anne Bothwell, daughter of the Bishop of Orkney, and her cousin, Colonel Alexander Erskine, son of the Earl of Mar. As he was killed in 1640, Bishop Percy must have made a mistake in his estimate of the date of his manuscript. The old ballad, though poetically meritorious, is so coarse in most of its stanzas as to be repugnant to modern feelings of propriety. We have, therefore, adopted only the first stanza of it, the additional stanzas here given having been written by a friend of the Publishers.

# WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.





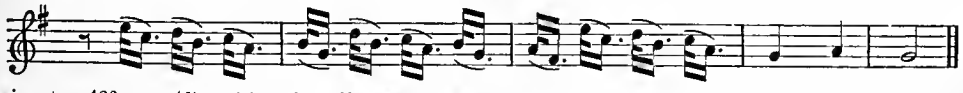

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we grec,[3]
I care-na-by[4] how few may see;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't;
Sae, whistle o'er the lave o't.

[1] Ask. [2] Rest; remainder. [3] Agree. [4] A Scottish idiom meaning "I am totally indifferent."

"WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T." "This fine air was formerly adapted to some witty, but indelicate verses, a fragment of which is preserved in Herd's Collection. The humorous song in the Museum, beginning, 'First when Maggie was my care,' was written by Burns in 1789, as a substitute for the old verses. The air was composed about the year 1720, by John Bruce, a musician of the town of Dumfries; and Oswald afterwards published it with variations in the last volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 236. John Bruce's title to be considered the composer of this air is at best very doubtful. We learn from John Mayne, who mentions him among his worthies in the "Siller Gun," 1836, that Bruce was born at Braemar—was engaged in the rebellion of 1745—was taken prisoner, and confined for some time in Edinburgh Castle—and afterwards settled in Dumfries, where he spent the remainder of his life. Mayne adds—"He is supposed by Burns to have been the composer of the favourite Scots air of 'Whistle o'er the lave o't.' This opinion is altogether erroneous; for, although John Bruce was an admirable performer, he never was known as a composer of music. The air in question was composed long before he existed."

In order to render the melody of the seventh bar (measure) more vocal, a slight alteration has been made upon it; but the original passage is given in the first bar of the ritornel.

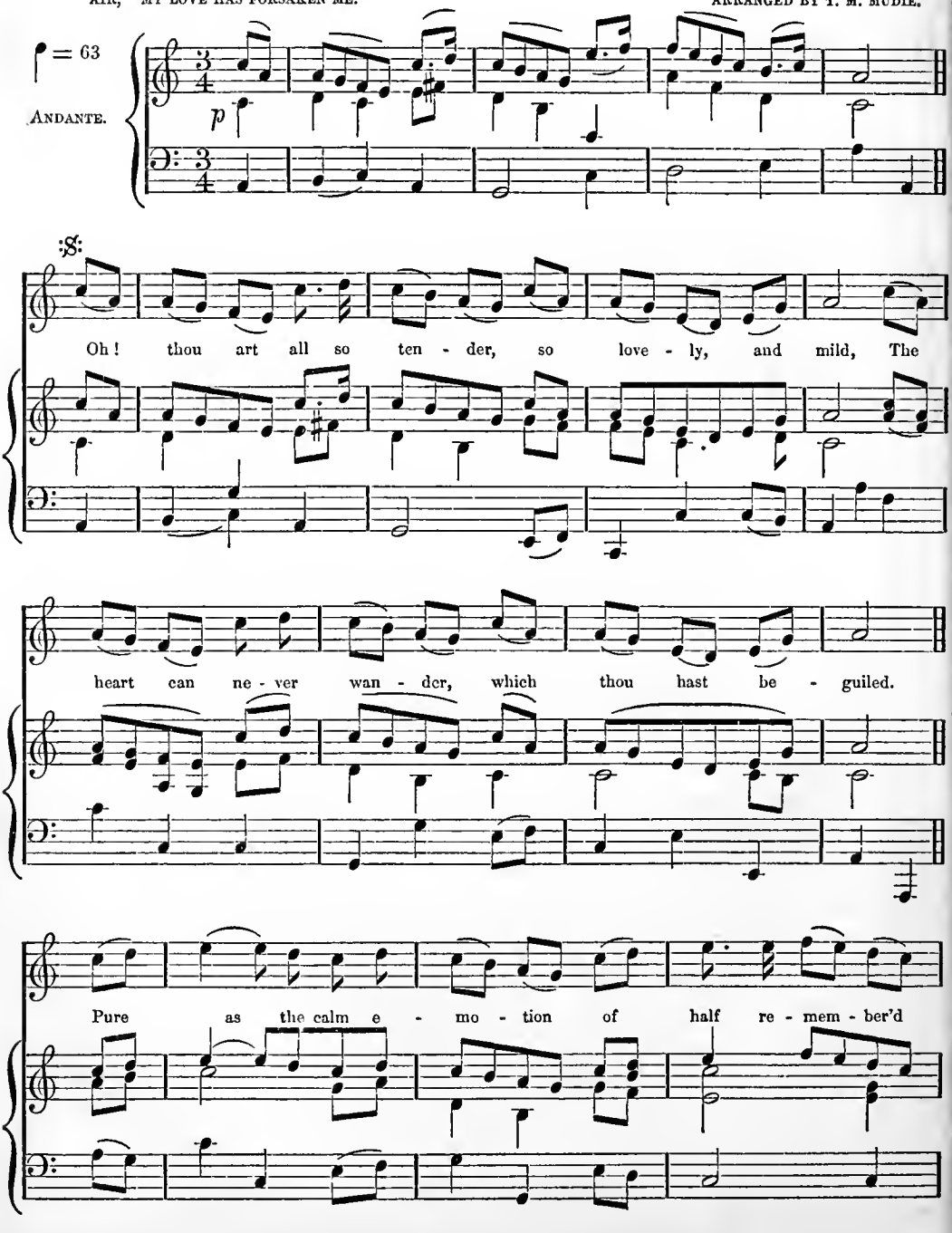
This air affords examples of what has been called the "Scottish catch," or "snap," a characteristic of the strathspey, which, though not confined entirely to that species of dance music, is yet only occasionally met with in our old slow vocal airs. This peculiarity was seized upon during last century by the English imitators of Scottish music, and was used most unsparingly in their productions. Of this the Anglo-Scottish airs contained in the first volume of Johnson's Museum afford abundant proof; among these we may particularise "The banks of Tweed," "My dear Jockey," "Kate of Aberdeen," and "Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came." The use or abuse of this "catch" was not confined, however, to imitations of Scottish airs, but was even introduced into the Italian Operatic music of the day. Writing of the London Opera in 1748, Dr. Burney, (History of Music, vol. iv. p. 457,) says,—"There was at this time too much of Scots *catch*, or cutting short the first of two notes in a melody, thus:—

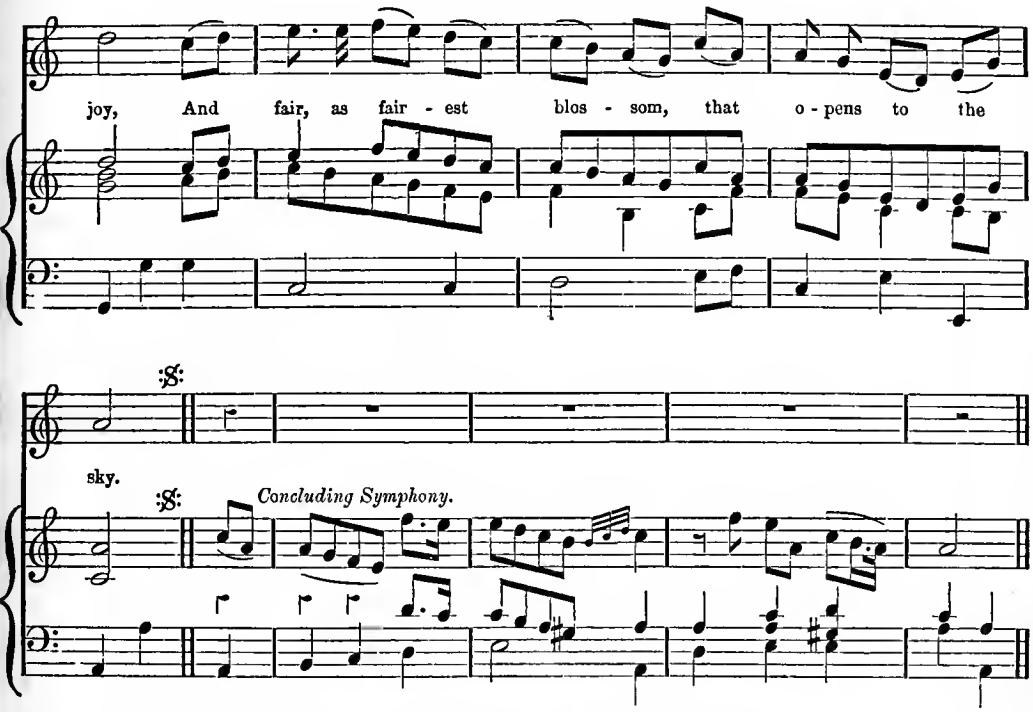


Again, at p. 466, note (d), writing about Tito Manlio, an opera brought out by Abos, a composer of the Neapolitan school, in 1756, he says,—"The first air, however, is pleasing, 'Se che più amor,' but has too much repetition and Scots *snap* of the first two notes." And again, same page, note (c), giving some account of the airs in the pasticcio "Olimpiade," brought out in 1755, he says,—"'Grandi è ver,' by Pergolesi, not in his best manner, nor without Scoticisms." As we have not seen the music here alluded to, we suppose that he refers to the "snap" or "catch" that he mentions elsewhere as being so prevalent. At p. 472, speaking of the Neapolitan school, he says,—"The Scots *snap* seems to have been contagious in that school at this time, (1759,) for all the three masters concerned in this opera, (Vologeso,) are lavish of it." The masters alluded to are Perez, Cocchi, and Jomelli.

# OH! THOU ART ALL SO TENDER.

AIR, "MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME." ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Though long and deep my sorrow, all lonely thus may be,
Oh! still my heart shall borrow a ray of joy from thee;
To thee the charms seem given of earth that never sprung,
The melting hymns of heaven are round thy spirit sung.

Then let thy form be near me, that I that form may see,
I've tried to live, but eerie, I cannot live from thee;
Nor grudge deep kindness either, to sooth me when I sigh,
I know thoul't give it rather than thou would'st see me die.

Though mine thou may'st be never, and ceaseless woes betide,
Still nought on earth shall ever my love from thee divide;
My mind may cease to cherish the hope of bliss to be,
But of the hopes that perish the last shall breathe of thee.

---

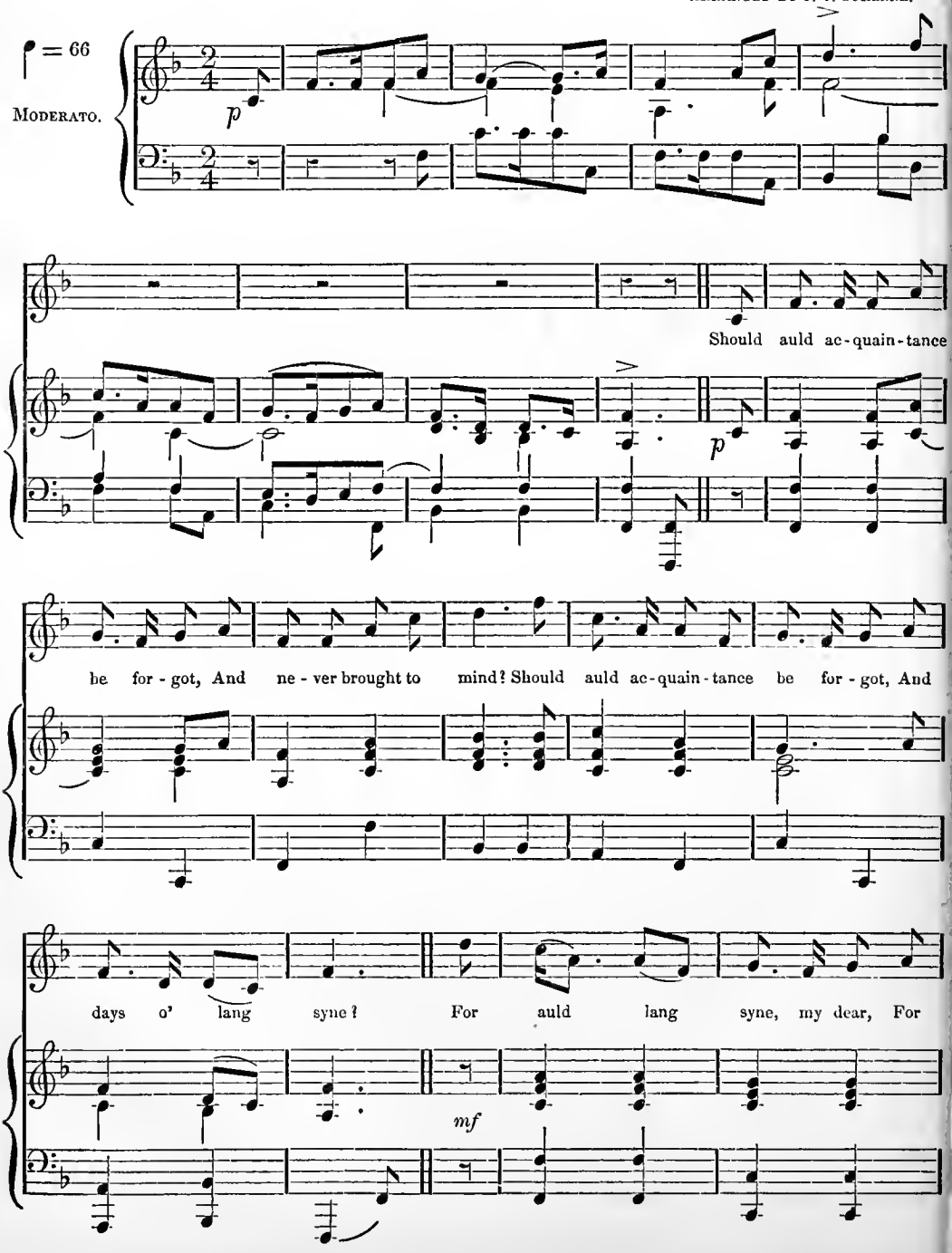
"OH! THOU ART ALL SO TENDER." This song was written by the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, and is here republished by his express permission. The air is that given in Johnson's Museum, vol. ii., under the name of "My love has forsaken me," and which is stated, by Mr. Stenhouse, to have been furnished for the Museum by Doctor Blacklock, about the close of 1787. It has somewhat of a Gaelic cast, and from the simplicity of its style, and the tonality on which it is composed, we would pronounce it to be considerably older than Dr. Blacklock's time.

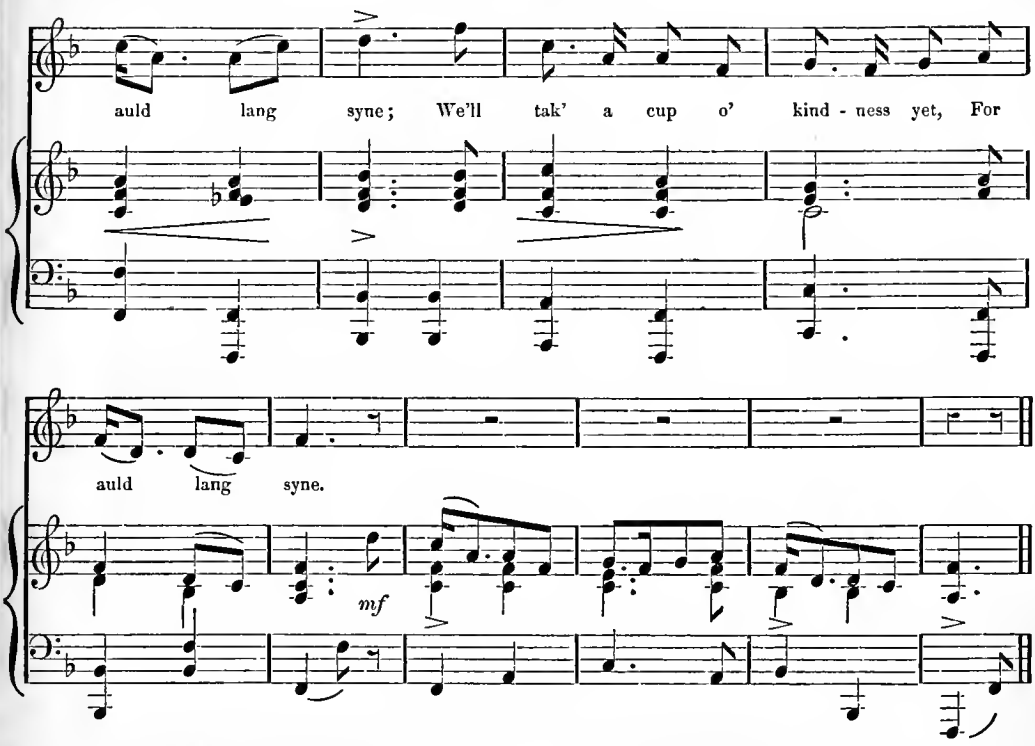
As a preliminary to the consideration of Rizzio's alleged authorship of many Scottish melodies, we subjoin a few particulars of his life. We are told by Chalmers that David Rizzio* was born at Turin, of poor parents; and that he came to Scotland in the suite of the Piedmontese Ambassador, towards the end of the year 1561. Soon afterwards he entered the service of Queen Mary, for we find that on the 8th January 1561-2, he received £50 Scots, as "virlet of the Queen's chalmer;" and again, three months later, £15, as "chalmer-chield," (page or usher.) The account given of his entrance into the Queen's household, is, that a fourth singer was occasionally wanted to take a part in the performance of madrigals and other concerted vocal music, and that he, having a good voice and being skilled in music, was engaged to fill the situation. In this position he seems to have remained for several years, for in 1564 we find that four payments were made to him at the rate of £80 a-year, still as "virlet." In 1565, the Queen's French Secretary having been dismissed, Rizzio was appointed to succeed him, but did not long enjoy his new office, as he was murdered about the close of the same year, (9th March); having thus been little more than four years in the country.

* Or rather Riccio; for thus Queen Mary spells the name in writing an account of the murder to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then her Ambassador at the Court of France.

# AULD LANG SYNE.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans[1] fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidelt[2] in the burn,[3]
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fere,[4]
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a richt-gude-willie waught,[5]
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

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

[1] Daisies. [2] Walked backwards and forwards. [3] Brook.
[4] Companion.—In some editions the word is "friend." [5] A draught with right good will.

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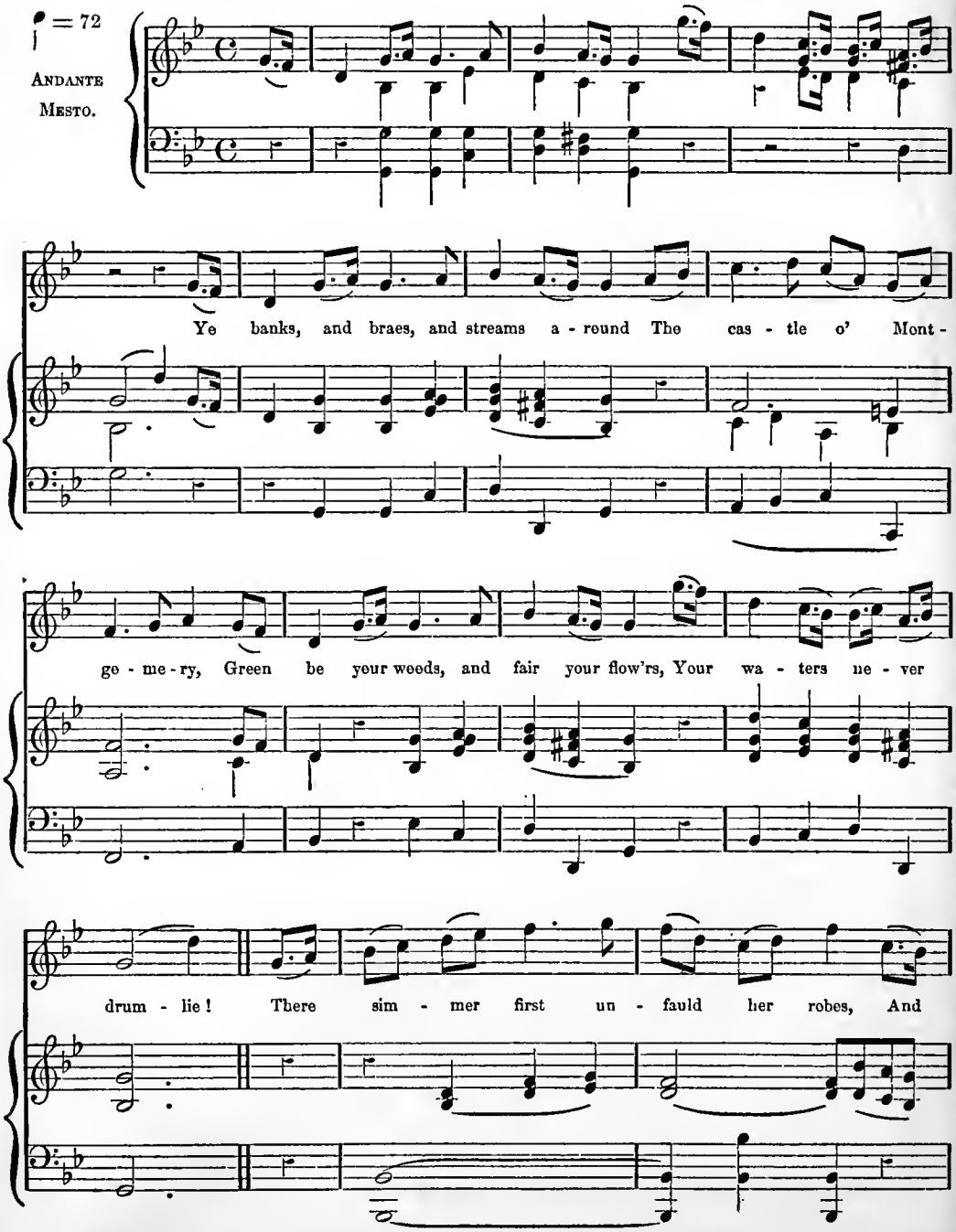
"AULD LANG SYNE." "Burns admitted to Johnson, that three of the stanzas of Lang-syne only were old; the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the *cup*, the *pint-stoup*, and a *gude-willie waught;* those two introduced by Burns have relation to the innocent amusements of youth, contrasted with the cares and troubles of maturer age." In introducing this song to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and a descendant of the race of Elderslie, the poet says:—"Is not the Scotch phrase, 'auld lang syne,' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune (of this name) which have often thrilled through my soul. . . . . 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 Bacchanalians!"

As Burns had mentioned that the old tune adapted to the song in Johnson's Museum was but *mediocre*, Mr. Thomson got the words arranged to the air, "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," to which they are now always sung. "Shield introduced it in his overture to the opera of Rosina, written by Mr. Brooks, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bagpipe tune, in which the *oboe* is substituted for the *chanter*, and the *bassoon* for the *drone*." In Cumming's Collection the air is found under the title of "The miller's wedding." Gow, in one collection, called it "The miller's daughter;" while in another he gave it the name of "Sir Alexander Don's strathspey," in compliment to the late baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was both a good violin-player, and a steady patron of the musical art. See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. pp. 374, 375.

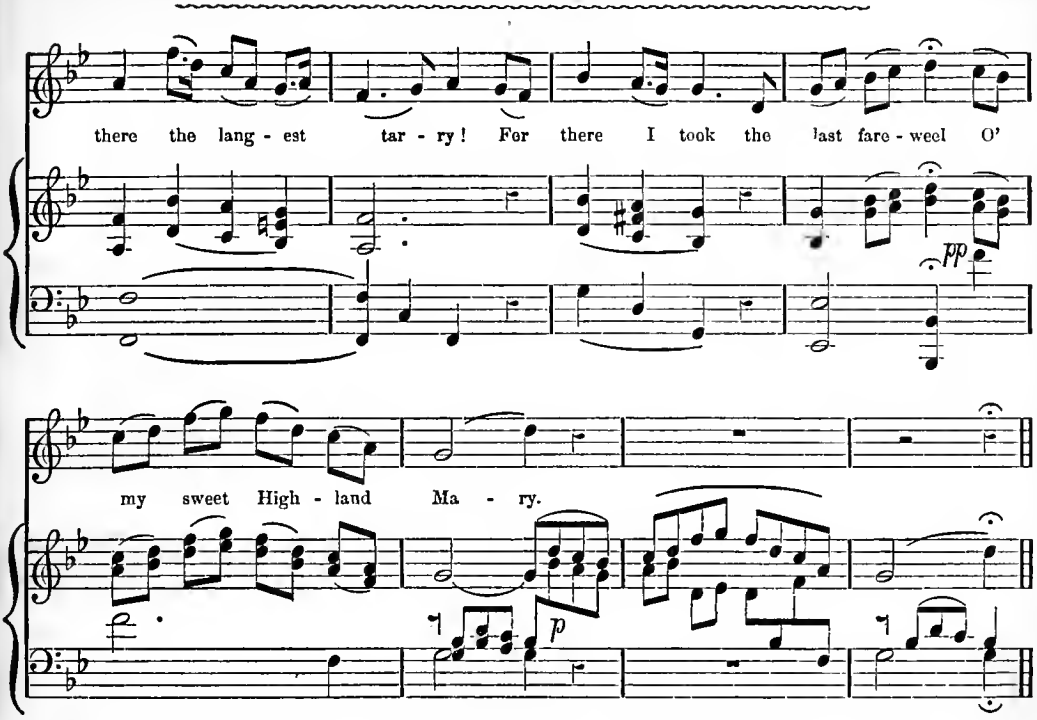
# HIGHLAND MARY.

AIR, "KATHERINE OGIE."*

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.




* *Ogie*, in the Celtic, means *little* or *young*.




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

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

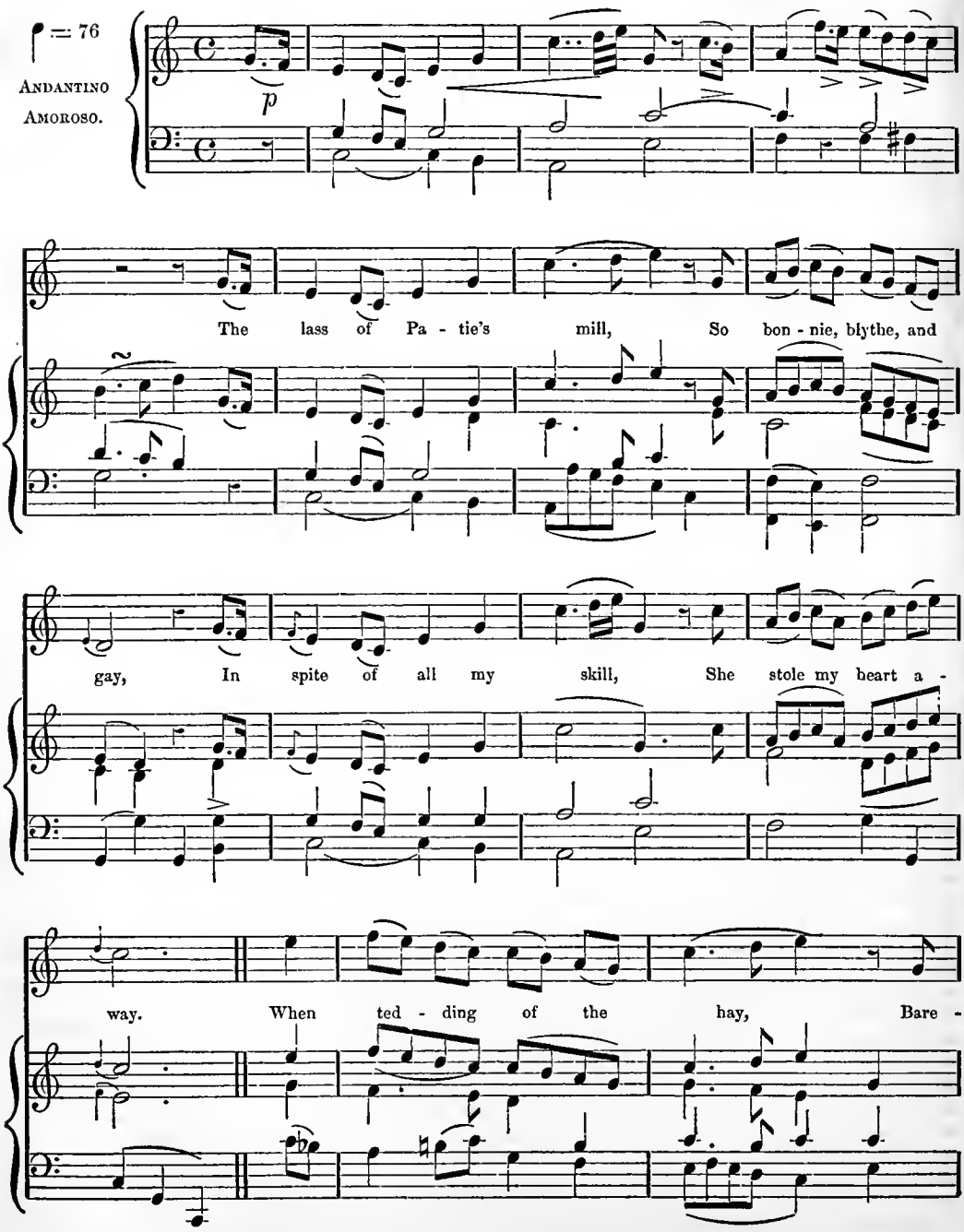
O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

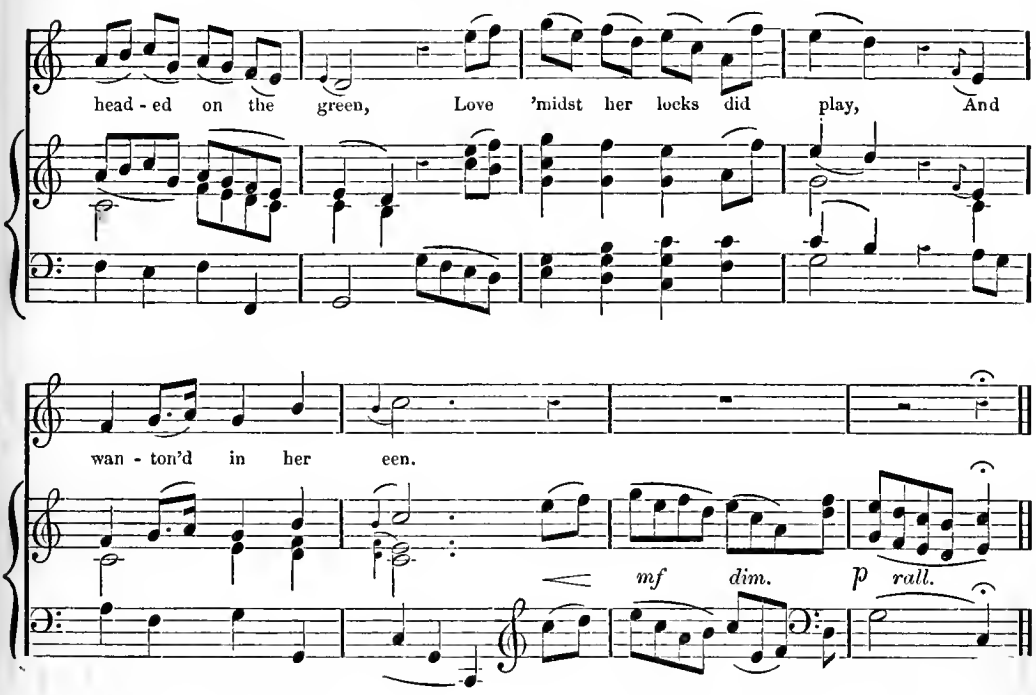
---

"Highland Mary." Burns composed this song to the air of "Katherine Ogie." In a letter to Mr. George Thomson, dated 14th November 1792, he says:—"I agree with you that the song, *Katherine Ogie*, is very poor stuff, and altogether unworthy of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it, but the awkward sound *Ogie* recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece. The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." It appears that the air of Katherine Ogie, with the words, "As I went furth to view the plain," which are characterized by Burns as "very poor stuff," was sung with great applause by Mr. John Abell, one of the gentlemen of the Chapel-Royal, at his concert in Stationers' Hall, London, in the year 1680. Also, that it was printed with the music and words, by an engraver of the name of Cross, as a single sheet song, in the course of that year. The air appears as Scottish in D'Urfey's Pills, and various subsequent publications. It is found in the Leyden MS., a copy of which was lately presented by the Editor to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.

# THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains[1] fill,
Insured long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil
That none but bonnie she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

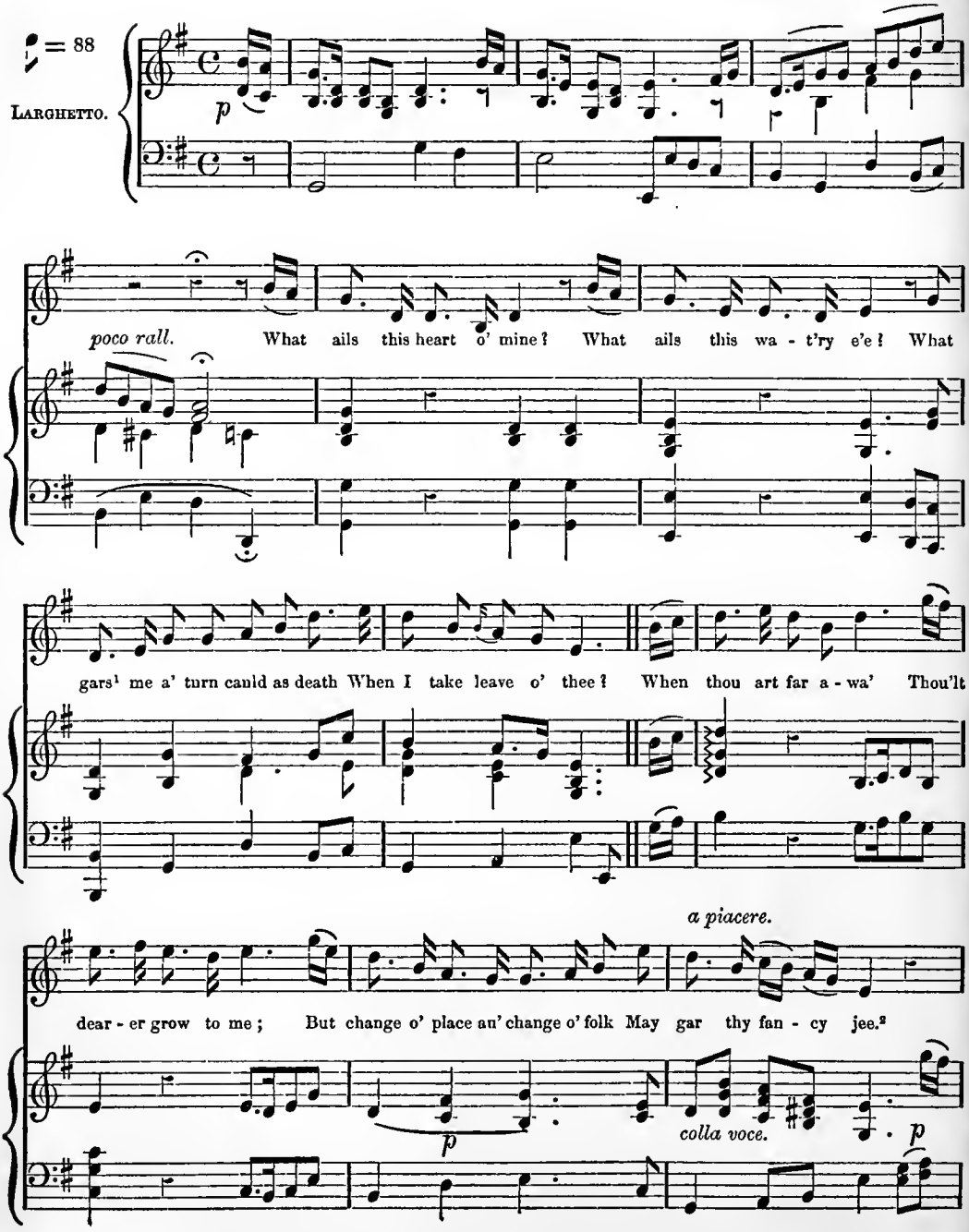
[1] The Lead-hills, belonging to the Earl of Hopetoun.

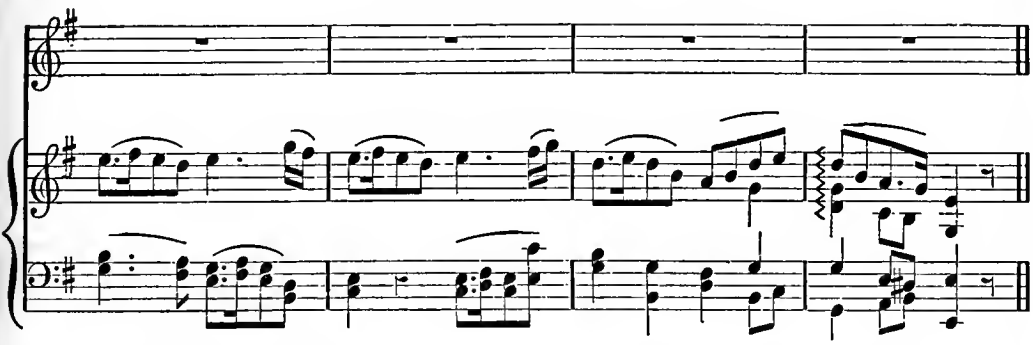
"THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon No. 20 of the Museum, gives a romantic account of the heroine of this song, from the Statistical Account of Scotland, which the reader may consult, if curious in matters so uncertain as old family traditions of the sixteenth century. From that account we learn that she was the only daughter of John Anderson, Esq., of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, and county of Aberdeen. That she was very beautiful and accomplished, and a rich heiress in prospect. That a Mr. Sangster, the Laird of Boddom, tried to carry off Miss Anderson, clandestinely, about the year 1550, and was disappointed, and soundly drubbed by her father. That she afterwards married a Mr. Anderson, who "composed a song in her praise, the air of which only is now preserved." All this may be true, or not: but Mr. Stenhouse's assertion, that "the air as has been shown, is at least as old as the middle of the sixteenth century," cannot be received without written or printed evidence in musical notation; of which there is not a shadow. The air, No. 20 of Johnson's Museum, is very unlike a Scottish air of "the middle of the sixteenth century." So is the set given in the first volume of John Watts' "Musical Miscellany," London, 1729, page 97; while that set differs materially from Johnson's. All the sets of the air that we have seen, bear internal evidence—from certain passages and cadences—of *modern* structure, not earlier than the commencement of the eighteenth century. It is surprising that Mr. Stenhouse did not perceive this. Mr. Stenhouse adds, in his Note on this song and air, "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 Ayr, 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 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.* For further information regarding the song, see Appendix.

In this work the second stanza of Ramsay's song is omitted, for very obvious reasons.

# WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.





When I gae out at e'en,
  Or walk at morning air,
Ilk[3] rustling bush will seem to say
  I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
  And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's in my lap
  I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
  That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
  I strove mysel' to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
  Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly word
  By ilka burn and tree!

Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
  Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
  The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
  And keep friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
  What can part thee and me!

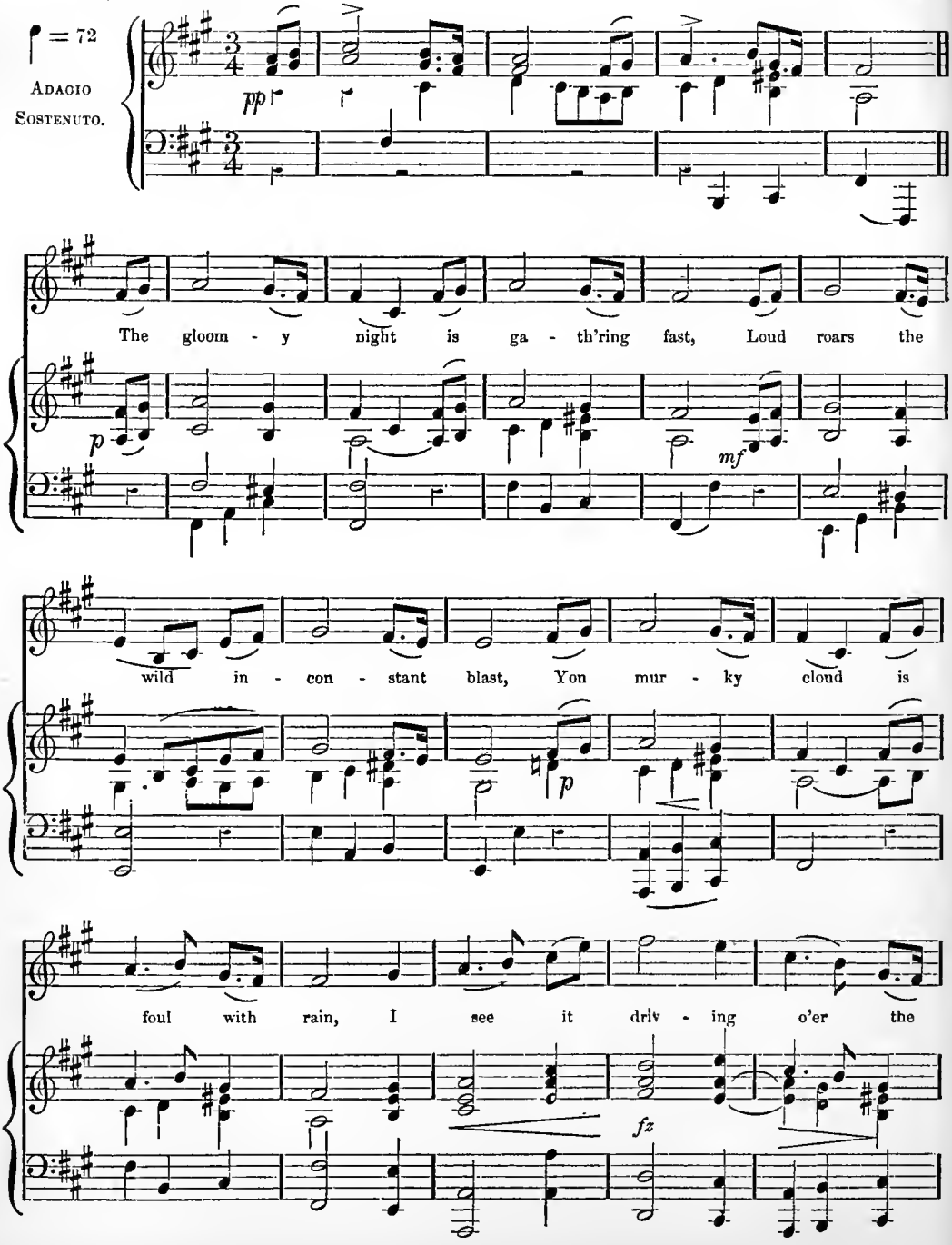
[1] Make; cause. [2] Move; change. [3] Each.

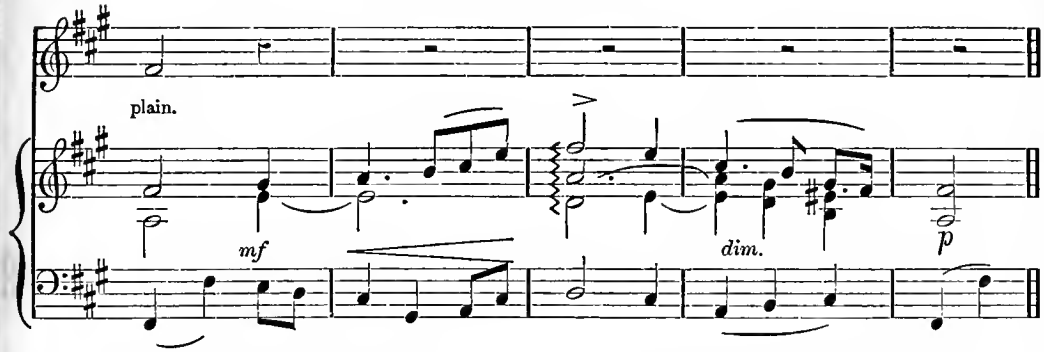
"WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?" The words are by Miss Susanna Blamire; two of whose songs have already appeared in this work. See vol. ii. pp. 7, 19. The melody is old, and was formerly called, "My dearie, an' thou dee:" it appears in its simpler form in the Leyden MS., referred to *supra*, p. 25, &c. Mr. Patrick Maxwell, in his edition of Miss Blamire's poems, 1842, informs us, that she was born at Carden Hall, Cumberland, on 12th January 1747; that she passed a good deal of her time in Scotland—her eldest sister, Sarah, having married Colonel Graham of Gartmore in 1767; and that she died at Carlisle on 5th April 1794. Mr. Maxwell says of her:—"She had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance, though slightly marked with the small-pox, beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen, 'a bonnie and varra lish young lass,'—which may be interpreted as meaning a beautiful and very lively young girl. Her affability and total freedom from affectation put to flight that reserve which her presence was apt to create in the minds of her humbler associates; for they quickly perceived that she really wished them happiness, and aided in promoting it by every effort in her power. She freely mingled in their social parties, called *merry neets*, in Cumberland; and by her graceful figure, elegant dancing, and kind-hearted gaiety, gave a zest to the entertainments, which, without her presence, would have been wanting."

In our first volume we had occasion to animadvert on the share that James Oswald had taken in the promulgation of a belief that Rizzio was the composer of some of our old Scottish melodies. Since writers, who ought to have acquired better information, have not only re-echoed Oswald's mis-statement, but have, besides, asserted that Rizzio was the originator of the Scottish style of melody, we consider it our duty to examine the question thoroughly, with the view of bringing it to a true conclusion. This will require more space than can be afforded to any single Note; we shall therefore present our materials in such paragraphs as they may naturally fall into. How or when such a belief originated, may be difficult to determine; but certainly there are no traces of it for a century and a-half after Rizzio's death. During all that time there is no historical hint that Rizzio ever composed anything in any style of music; and not a vestige of any music, sacred or secular, is ascribed to him. Tassoni, his countryman, (born in 1565, the year of Rizzio's murder,) speaking of music, says, that James, King of Scotland, invented a new and plaintive style of melody. Whether this assertion be correct or not, is of no consequence to our present inquiry. In either case Tassoni's assertion is sufficient to show, not only that no claim had till then been set up in favour of Rizzio, but also, that an earlier origin was then assigned to Scottish melody. We here exclude from consideration James VI., as he was King of England long before Tassoni died, (1635); and we consider it probable that James I. was meant—he at least being known to have included music among his accomplishments, and being said to have been an excellent performer on the lute, the harp, and other instruments. (See p. 45 for the continuation of this inquiry.)

# THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

AIR, "HUGHIE GRAHAM." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, press'd with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:

Chill rins my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scene where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!

Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr.

---

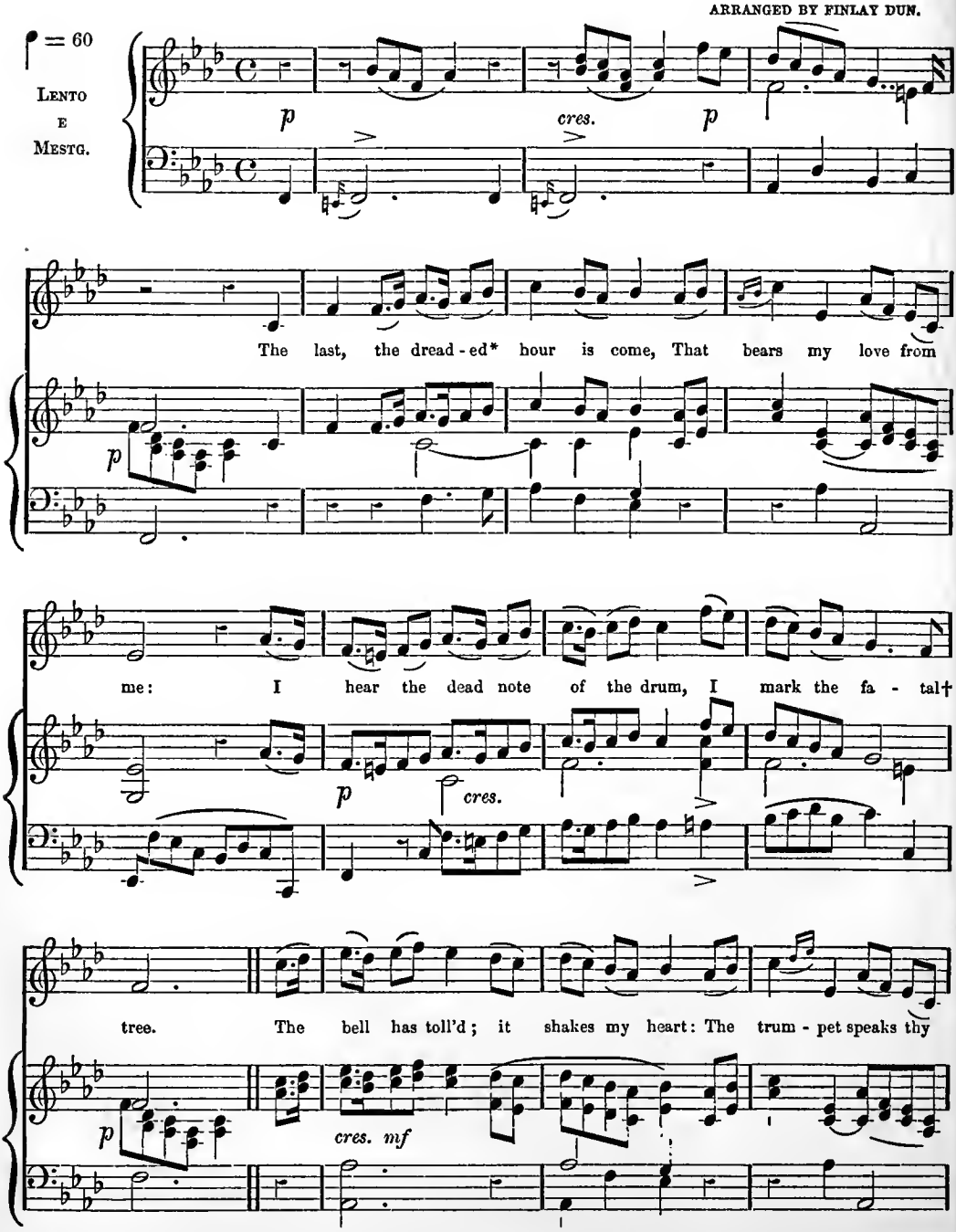
"THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST." "I composed this song," says Burns, "as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land."—*Reliques.* This was in 1786. It appears that this song was set to music by his friend Mr. Allan Masterton, a Writing-master in Edinburgh. Masterton's air is mediocre enough, and is singularly unvocal and ill-suited to the words in the first part of the second strain. At that period, and long before, as well as long after, most of the amateur musicians in Great Britain were men who could merely play a little on some musical instrument, or sing a little, without any farther knowledge of music, or cultivation of their own musical capabilities, whatever these might be. Hence so many very indifferent Scottish melodies that infest our printed musical collections; mere imitations, and mostly affected and bad ones, of the better and more ancient Scottish airs; combining want of knowledge of musical composition with want of feeling and judgment.

The air to which Burns' words are given in this work, is found in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the name of "Drimon Duff;" in the Museum, vol. iv., it is set to the Border ballad, "Hughie Graham." We believe it to be an old Highland air, and that its original title was "Drumion dubh," or "The black cow." Whatever its origin or its antiquity, it is undoubtedly Scottish, and is a very good and characteristic melody. For the old ballad of "Hughie Graham," see Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. iii. edit. 1833.

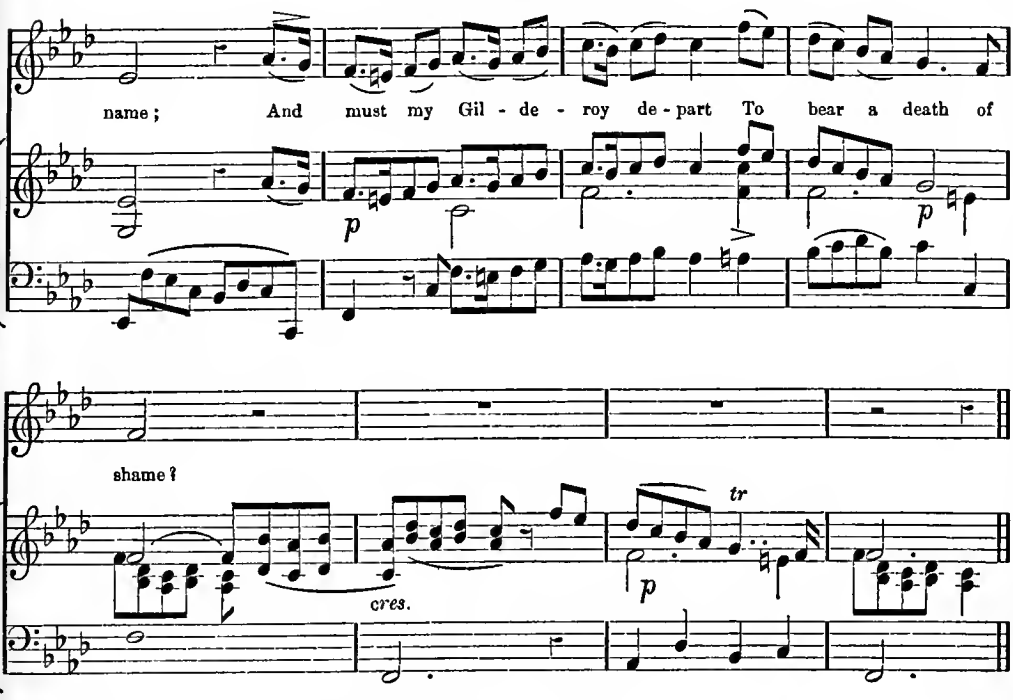
We now return to Rizzio. From what we have already stated, and from what follows, we are inclined to believe that Rizzio's name was first connected with Scottish melody by his countrymen who were in England about the beginning of last century. We know that Italian music was then fashionable in London, and that Scottish song divided the public taste with it. Whether the flowing style of melody peculiar to the Lowland pastoral airs induced the belief that an Italian only could have written them, we do not pretend to say, but it is certain that Rizzio was first heard of as a composer in 1725, when Thomson published his Orpheus Caledonius. In this there are seven airs ascribed to Rizzio; "An thou wert mine ain thing," "Bessie Bell," "Auld Rob Morris," "The boatman," "The bush aboon Traquair," "The lass o' Patie's mill," and "Down the burn Davie;" of these at least three certainly had not existed much above half a century, and the last was probably a very recent composition. Such is the earliest evidence in favour of Rizzio, and slight as it is, its authority is considerably lessened by the fact, that in the second edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, (1733,) Thomson, perhaps taking shame to himself for having been an accessory to the imposture, suppressed Rizzio's name entirely. (See p. 51 for a continuation of the subject.)

# GILDEROY.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.




* *Orig.*, fatal. † *Orig.*, gallows.—These words have been altered, not as improvements on the poetry, but merely as more suitable for singing.




The stanzas within brackets may be omitted in singing.

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

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

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

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

[Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!]

A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When ev'ry mean and cruel eye
Regards my wo with scorn?

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

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

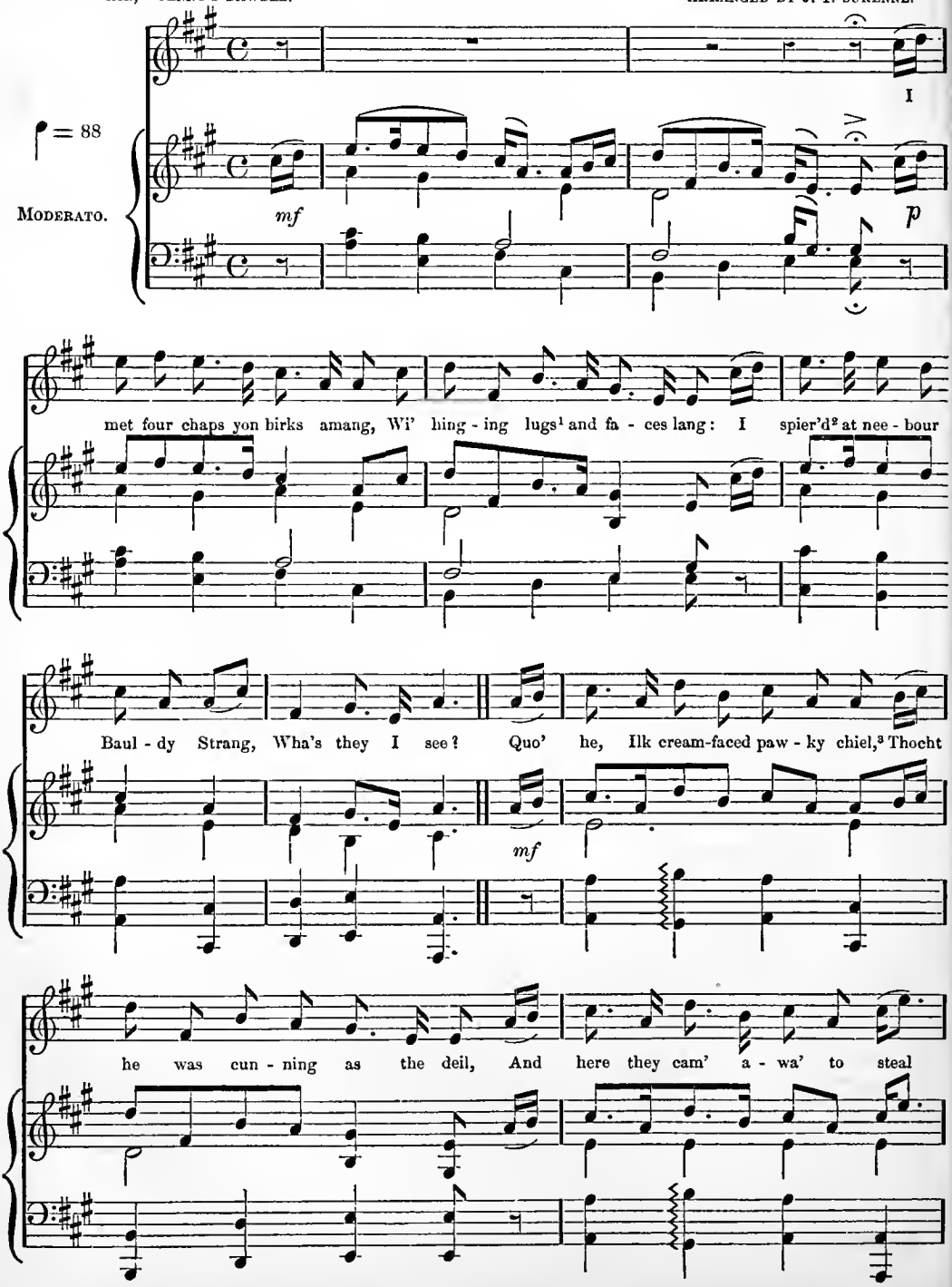
---

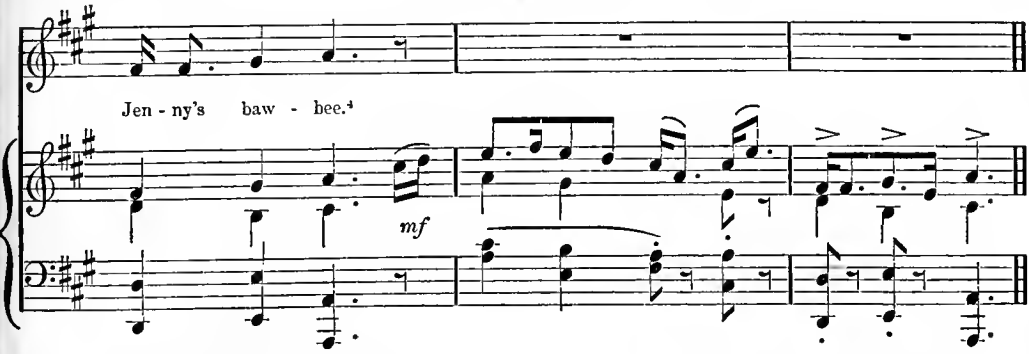
"GILDEROY." With regard to the origin of the air, we have no information. It has a modern aspect in the current versions, which are nearly the same as that found in the Orpheus Caledonius, ed. 1733. The verses given in this work were written by our celebrated countryman, Thomas Campbell; we believe they are here adapted to the air for the first time. The old ballad of Gilderoy seems to have been published about 1650. The current copy, with alterations, ascribed to Lady Wardlaw, the authoress of "Hardyknute," is much too long for a song; and is, besides, objectionable in other respects. The hero of the ballad, Gilderoy, was, it seems, a desperate freebooter in Perthshire, who, after committing many atrocities, was seized and hanged, with five of his followers, at the Gallowlee, between Leith and Edinburgh, in July 1638.

Lord Hailes, in his Annals of Scotland, vol. i., ed. 1797, speaking of an Irish chief, Gilrodh, who made an incursion into Scotland in 1233, appends a note regarding the name, p. 349—"Properly *Gilruadh*, that is, *the red-haired lad*. And hence the modern corrupted name of *Gilderoy*."

# I MET FOUR CHAPS YON BIRKS AMANG.

AIR, "JENNY'S BAWBEE." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit[5] on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,[6]
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,
But now he thocht to clout his goun
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand[7] naig and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree:
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"—
He thocht to pay what he was *awn*
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,
A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,[8]
And jaupit[9] a' was he.
He danced up, squinting through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool, he cried, "Tehee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd[10] the dishclout to his tail,
And soused him wi' the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

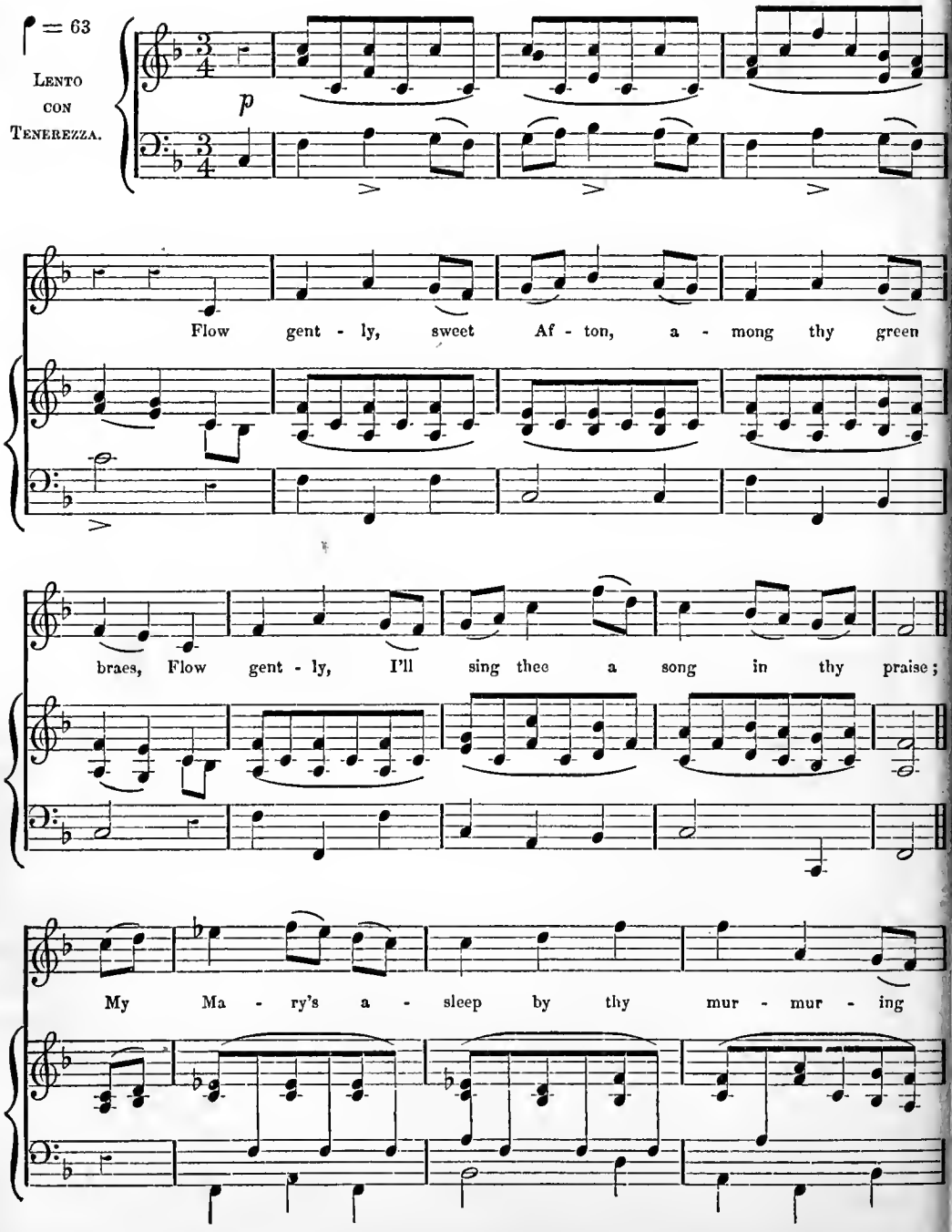
Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence;
And took young Jenny to the spence,[11]
Wi' her to crack[12] a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birled[13] her bawbee.

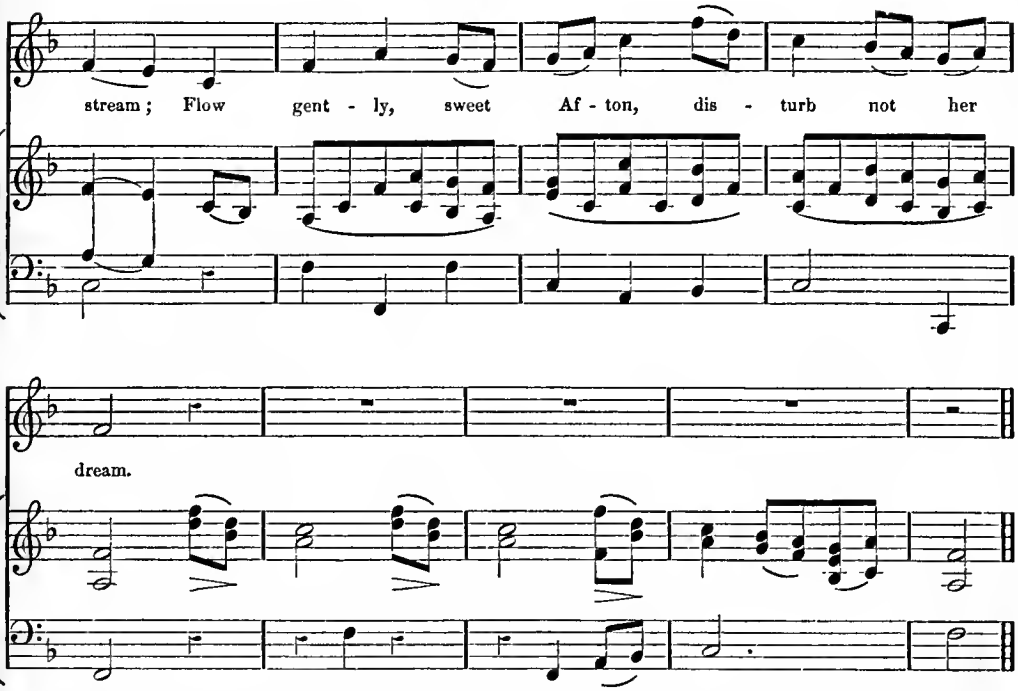
[1] Ears. [2] Asked. [3] Sly fellow. [4] Fortune; *Scotice*—tocher; literally—a half-penny. [5] Popped; dropped.
[6] Babbling tongue. [7] Having a white spot on its forehead. [8] Puddles; pools. [9] Bespattered.
[10] Pinned. [11] The inner apartment of a country house. [12] To chat. [13] Consented to share; to birl, means also to toss up.

"JENNY'S BAWBEE." This air has long been a favourite dancing tune; but it appears also to have been early adapted to words. A fragment of the old song is given by Herd, in his Collection of 1776: its merits are not great; but even had they been greater, it must still have been supplanted by the humorous verses which we give above. These were written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., and were published by him anonymously in 1803. He afterwards presented them to Mr. George Thomson for his Collection of Scottish Melodies. Allan Cunningham, in his Songs of Scotland, 1825, gives Sir Alexander's verses with an additional stanza, (the last,) which did not appear in the earlier copies; whether it was an after-thought of the author himself, or was added by another, is uncertain. Sir Alexander Boswell was the eldest son of Dr. Johnson's biographer, and was born in 1775; he died 27th March 1822. He was distinguished as an amiable and spirited country gentleman, and also as a literary antiquary of considerable erudition. Perhaps his taste in the latter capacity was greatly fostered by the possession of an excellent collection of old manuscripts and books, gathered together by his ancestors, and well known under the title of the "Auchinleck Library." From the stores of this collection, Sir Walter Scott published, in 1804. the romance of "Sir Tristrem," which is believed to be the earliest specimen extant of poetry by a Scotsman. Its author, Thomas of Erceldoune, called the Rhymer, flourished in the thirteenth century. See Chambers' Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.

# AFTON WATER.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon flow'ry den,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills;
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

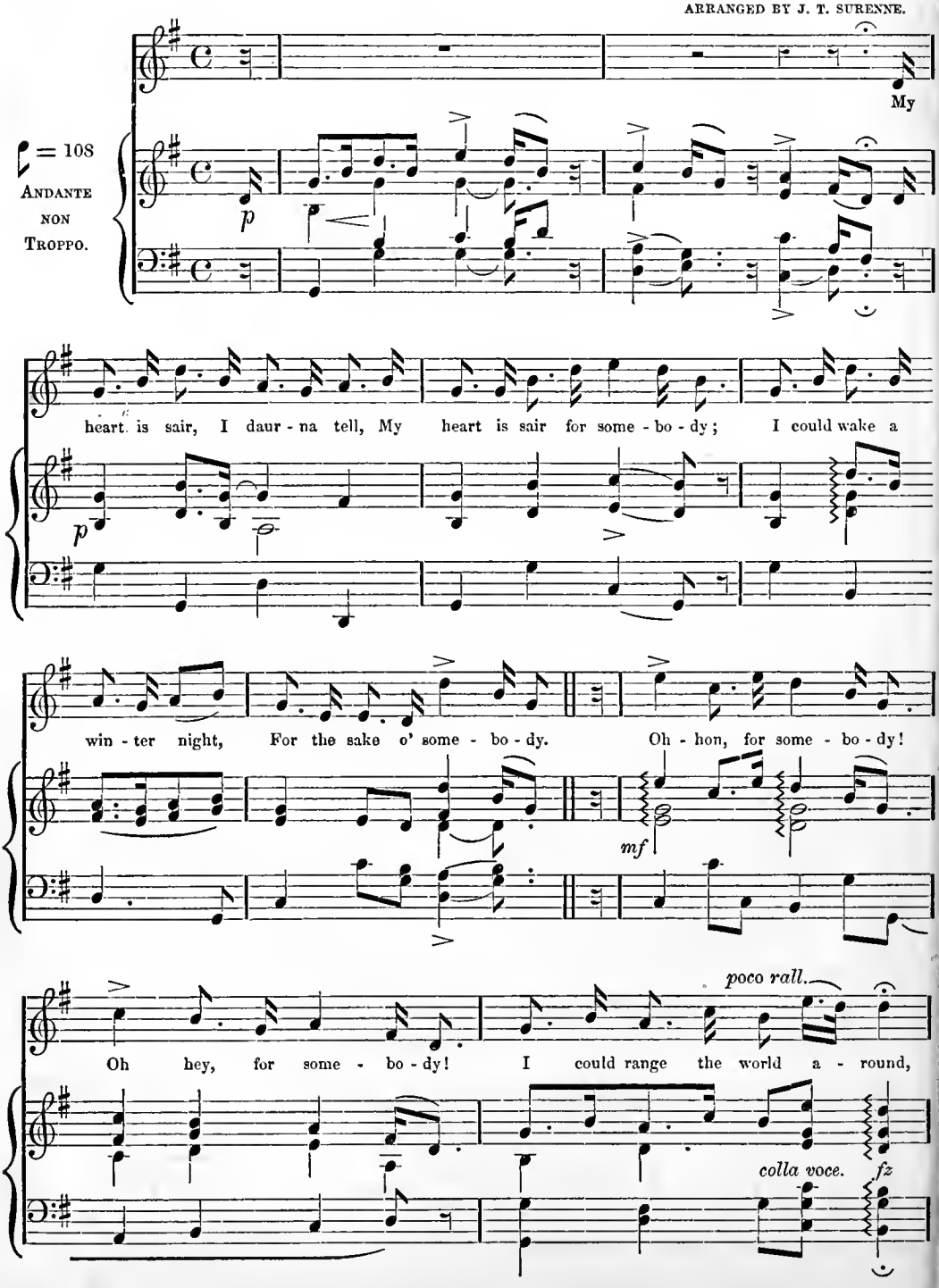
---

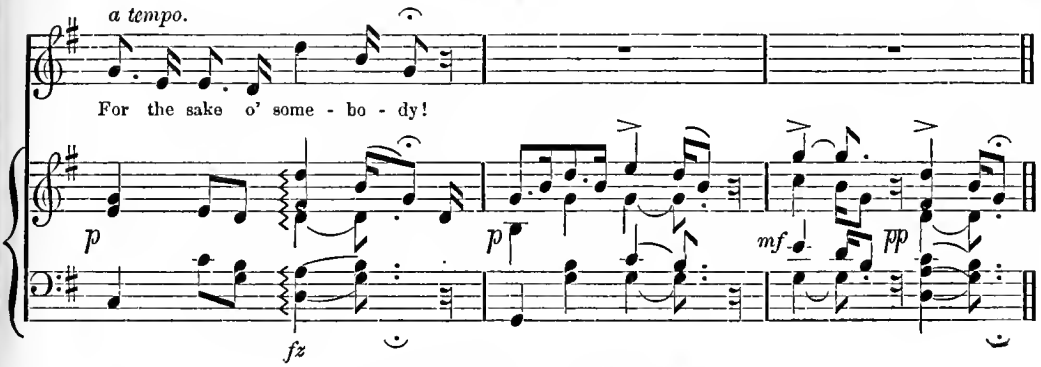
"Afton Water." "This song was written by Burns, and presented by him, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, to Mrs. Stewart of Afton Lodge, for the notice she had taken of the bard, being the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life. He afterwards transmitted the verses, along with the beautiful melody to which they are adapted, to Johnson, the publisher of the Museum. Afton is a small river in Ayrshire, a tributary stream of the Nith. Mrs. Stewart inherited the property of Afton Lodge, which is situated upon its banks, in right of her father." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 355. It does not appear whence Burns obtained the air, of which the author is unknown.

After the publication of the Orpheus Caledonius, (see p. 45,) we hear no more of Rizzio till the appearance of Oswald's Second Collection of Scottish Airs in 1742. There we find four of those airs, formerly ascribed to Rizzio by Thomson, passed over without any such ascription, while six others have the name of "Rizo" attached to them; these are, "The cock laird," "The last time I cam' o'er the muir," "Peggy, I must love thee," "The black eagle," "The lowlands of Holland," and "William's ghost;" the last of these airs being a composition of the day, perhaps even by Oswald himself. We thus see clearly enough that no dependence can be placed on these men—their pretended knowledge is mere assumption, which, however it might have imposed on the credulous and the uninformed, will not bear the test of sober criticism. It is to be remarked, that both these works, the Orpheus Caledonius, and Oswald's Second Collection, appeared in London; and that the contemporaneous Edinburgh Collections, Allan Ramsay's, *circa* 1726, Adam Craig's, 1730, and William Macgibbon's, 1742, while they contain most, if not all the airs already named, do not make any mention whatever of Rizzio. On the contrary, Craig, in dedicating his work to the "Musical Society of Mary's Chappell," states, that the airs are "the native and genuine product of the country;" words which he would not have used without alluding in some way to Rizzio, had there been any tradition then current in Scotland, connecting him with Scottish melody. (See p. 53 for a continuation of the subject.)

# FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.



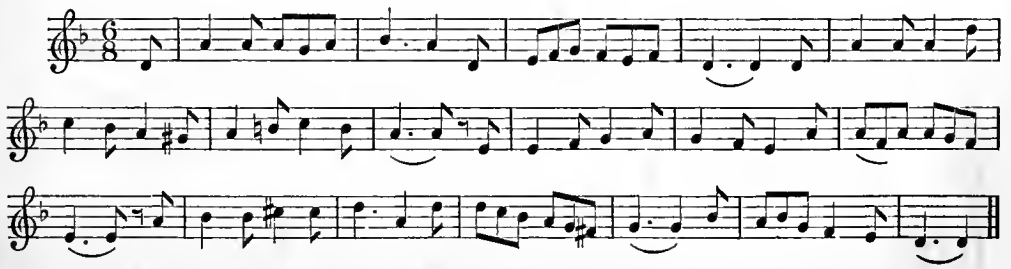



Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody.

---

"FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY." In this work we have not adopted the set of the air given by Johnson in his Museum, but the long-received and established popular set of the air. The superiority of the latter is sufficient to justify this. Mr. Stenhouse says:—"The whole of this song, as printed in the Museum, beginning, 'My heart is sair, I daurna tell,' was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay's song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. To this work, Burns, in a note annexed to the manuscript song, refers Johnson for the music. Ramsay's verses are in the shape of a dialogue between a lover and his sweetheart; but they possess very little merit. The old air consists of one simple strain, ending on the third of the key. It is probable that the melody had been originally adapted to a much older set of verses than those of Ramsay, and that the old song consisted of stanzas of four, in place of eight lines each." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 383.

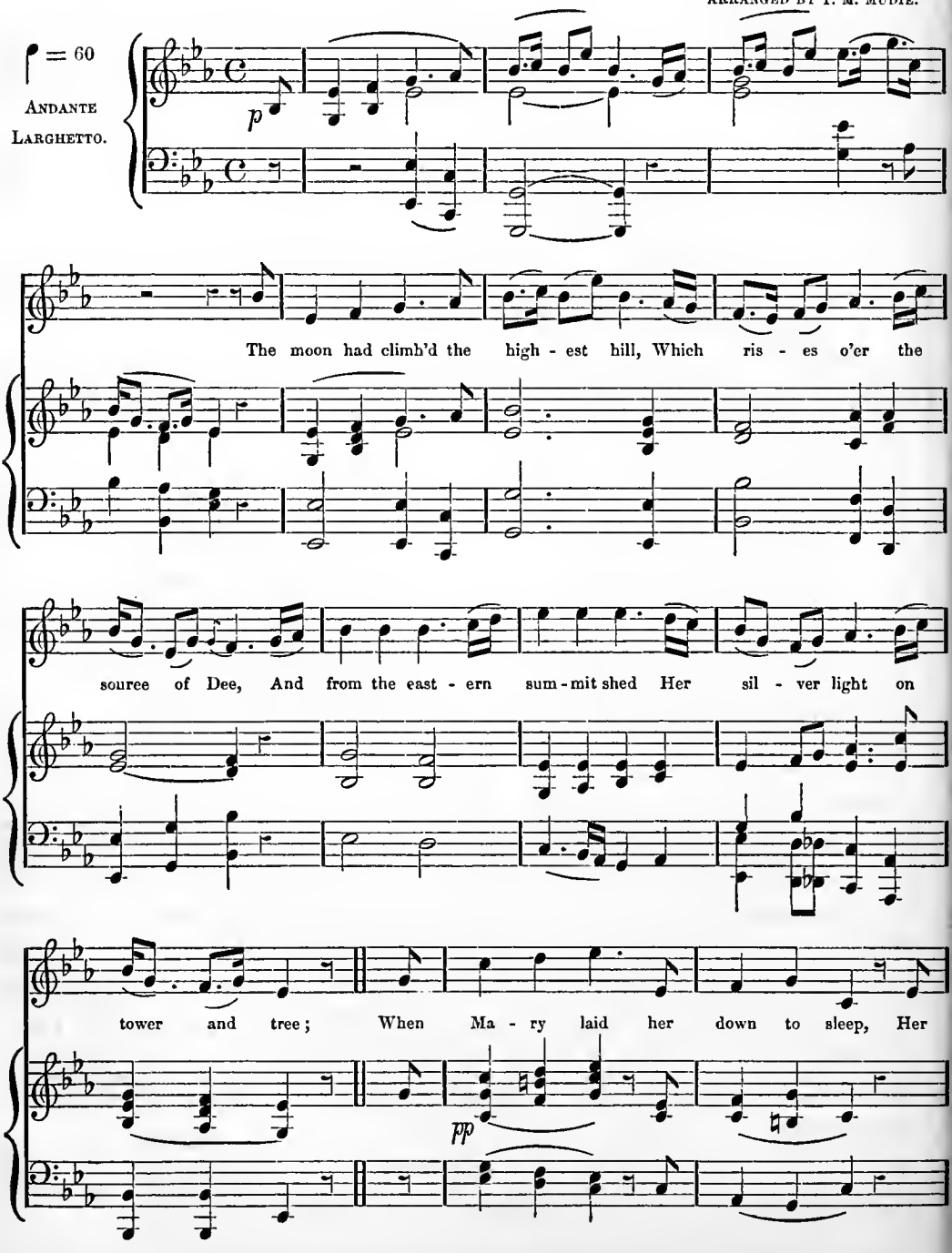
Having shown (p. 45) that Rizzio's name as a composer was not heard of for 160 years after his death, we shall now notice a few instances in which high merit is claimed for him as a melodist. Geminiani, in his "Treatise on good taste in the art of Music," London, 1749, has the following strange passage:—"Two composers of music have appeared in the world, who, in their different kinds of melody, have raised my admiration; namely, David Rizzio, and Gio. Baptista Lulli: of these, which stands highest is none of my business to pronounce; but when I consider that Rizzio was foremost in point of time, that till then melody was entirely rude and barbarous, and that he found means to civilize and inspire it with all the gallantry of the Scottish nation, I am inclinable to give him the preference." It is unnecessary for us to answer what we have already shown to be a fiction of recent origin. We shall merely place in opposition an extract from Dr. Campbell's Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland:—"That this music, or any one single Scottish air, was invented or composed by the unfortunate Rizzio, is only noticed here as an absurd fable, which having no support, merits no refutation." Geminiani's assertion, that "till the time of Rizzio melody was entirely rude and barbarous," is signally refuted by many ancient popular airs of France, Italy, and Germany. We may particularly refer to the airs, Nos. 14 and 16, of the Plates given in G. F. Graham's "Essay on Musical Composition," Edinburgh, 1838. One of these, a most graceful French air of the 15th century, we give below; the other is a free and elegant German melody of 1425.

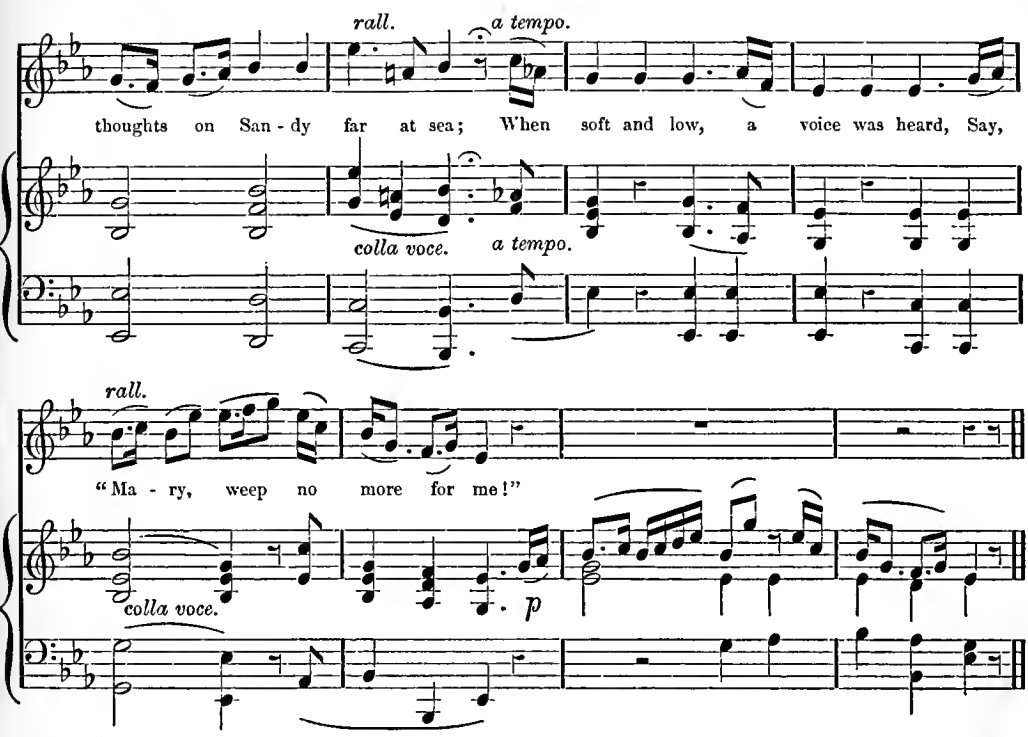



See No. 14 of Plates of Essay on Musical Composition. (See p. 61 for a continuation of the subject.)

# MARY'S DREAM.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






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

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.

Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

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

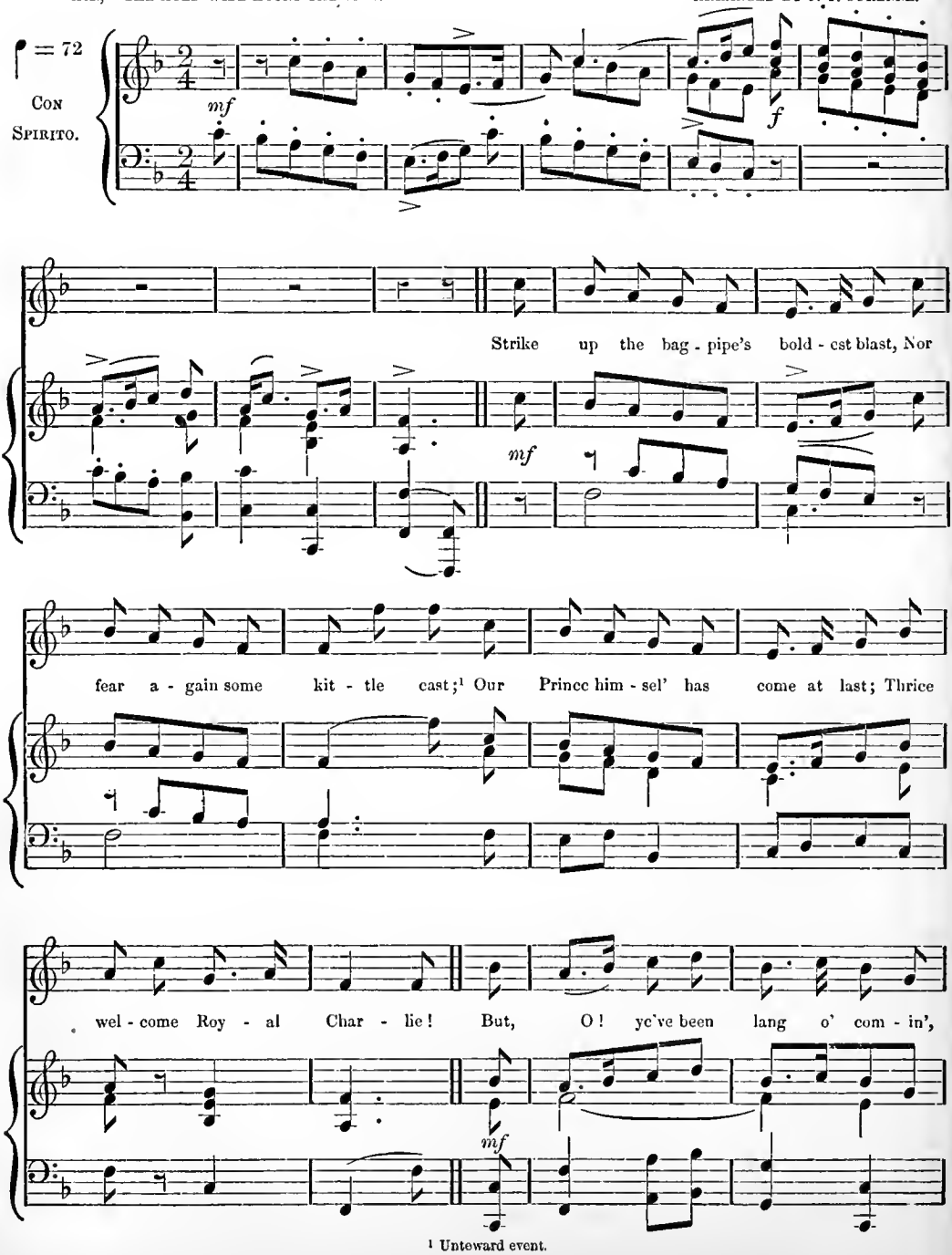
---

"MARY'S DREAM." It appears that this song was written in 1772, by Mr. John Lowe, a native of Kenmore, in Galloway. He was the eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Gordon of Kenmore's gardener, and was educated at the parish school of Kells. When fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a weaver named Heron, father of Robert Heron, author of the History of Scotland, and other works. He afterwards received instructions from Mr. Mackay, schoolmaster of Carsphairn. His abilities and good temper gained him friends, who enabled him, in 1771, to study Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. He became tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie of Airds, where he composed a number of poetical pieces, many of which are lost. Mary, one of Mr. M'Ghie's daughters, had been engaged to Mr. Alexander Miller, a surgeon, who was lost at sea. This sad event gave rise to the beautiful song of "Mary's dream." In 1773, Mr. Lowe went to America, where he was for some time tutor in the family of a brother of the celebrated George Washington. He next opened an Academy in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, which he abandoned on taking orders in the Church of England. Unfortunately, he then married a Virginian lady, whose gross misconduct broke his heart, and caused his untimely death, in 1798, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Cromek says, that "Mary's dream" was originally composed by Lowe in the Scottish dialect, but afterwards given in the English form in which it is generally known. Mr. C. K. Sharpe declares this older version to be a forgery by Allan Cunningham. See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 37, 115.

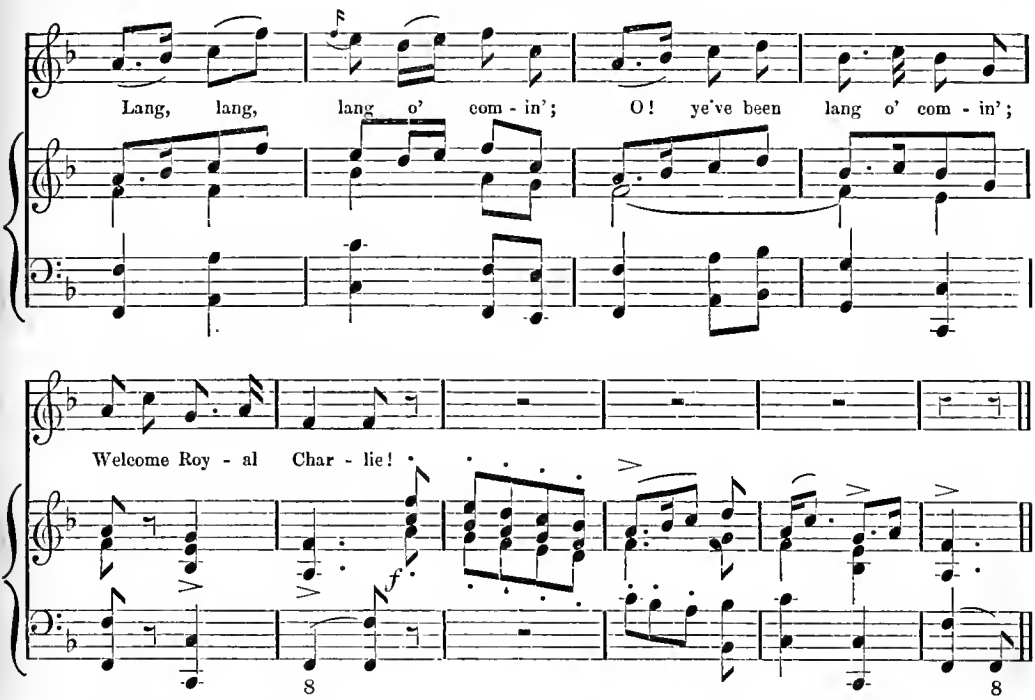
The air is evidently modern, and not Scottish in its character, except in a few passages, where the "Scottish *snap*," as Burney calls it, is introduced. Mr. Stenhouse states, that it was composed by J. G. C. Schetky, the eminent violoncello-player and composer, so long resident in Edinburgh; this, however, is flatly contradicted by a member of Mr. Schetky's family, to whom the Editor referred the question.

# WELCOME ROYAL CHARLIE.

AIR, "THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.




[1] Unteward event.




Lang, lang we look'd, frae year to year—
While gleams o' hope our hearts wad cheer—
That some kind breeze wad blaw you here,—
Our ain, our Royal Charlie.
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

Be blest the day that saw you land,
And plant your banner on our strand;
We'll march where'er you may command—
And fight for Royal Charlie.
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

Our Prince by right—our Prince by law!
We'll tak' you to your father's ha',
And crown you King amang them a'—
Our leal—our Royal Charlie!
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

Auld Scotland, frae her mountains dun,
Watch'd like a mither for her son;[1]
Ye've come at last—our cause is won—
Thrice welcome Royal Charlie!
But, O! ye've been lang o' comin', &c.

---

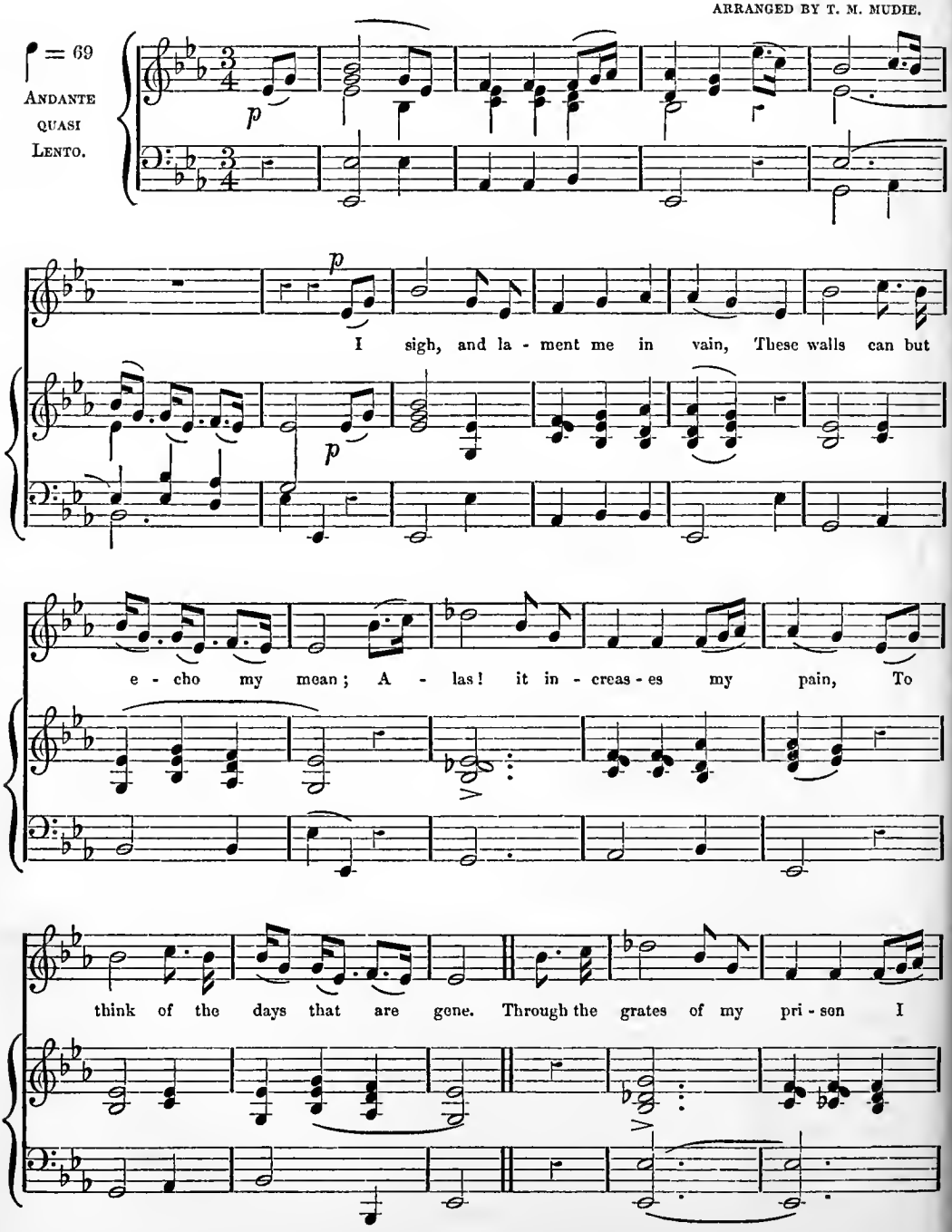
"Welcome Royal Charlie." The words beginning, "When France had her assistance lent," which are given in the second volume of "The Scottish Minstrel," to the air of "The auld wife ayont the fire," appeared to us so prosaic and spiritless, that we rejected them. Fortunately, Captain Charles Gray, R.M., has been prevailed upon to write verses upon the same subject, to the same air, expressly for this work. We are happy to give his animated and characteristic song, which carries us back to the wild and sad days of the '45, and must at once supersede the other milk-and-water "Welcome." It appears from Mr. Stenhouse's information, that the tune is found in Crockat's MS. Music-Book, written in 1709, under the name of "The old wife beyond the fire."

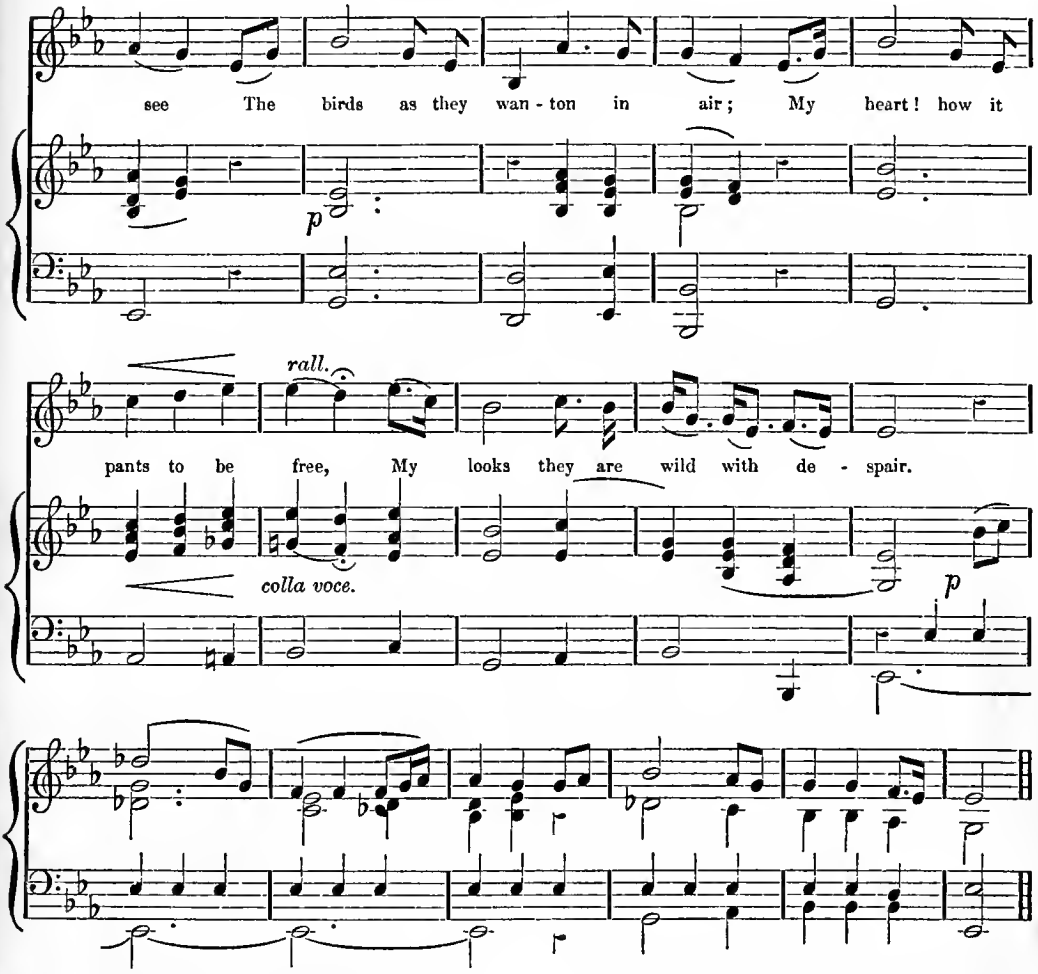
The song above noticed, "When France had her assistance lent," &c., is suggestive of some interesting historical facts. In 1744, France and England being at war, it seems to have occurred to the French ministry that a diversion in favour of their army in the Netherlands might be effected by an invasion of England. Accordingly, in that year Prince Charles Edward Stuart was called from Rome to Paris, where it was agreed that the French should land fifteen thousand soldiers in England under Marshal Saxe, Prince Charles having the chief command. But the French invading fleet was not only intercepted by an English fleet, but was dispersed by a tempest. At last, Charles rashly resolved to land in Scotland, with the sole support of his own name and private fortune, and the aid of the Jacobites who might join his standard on landing. He was dissuaded from the attempt, but persisted. On the 8th July 1745 he set sail in a frigate, the Doutelle, accompanied by a French ship of war, the Elizabeth. An English ship of war, the Lion, met these two ships—engaged the Elizabeth and disabled her. The Doutelle, having kept aloof in the action, made her escape and reached the Island of South Uist. There M'Donald of Boisdale represented the madness of the enterprise so strongly to Charles, that the latter wished to give it up and return to France. But other counsel prevailed upon him to land at Moidart, on the 25th July 1745. There Cameron of Lochiel, after arguing in vain with Charles on the folly of the enterprise, at last joined him with noble devotedness, though against his own judgment. The future career of Charles we need not trace.

[1] "Lang watch'd for you her darling son:"—This line will suit the accentuation of the tune better.

# QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
With silence and solitude dwell—
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,—
"O Mary, prepare thee to die!"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

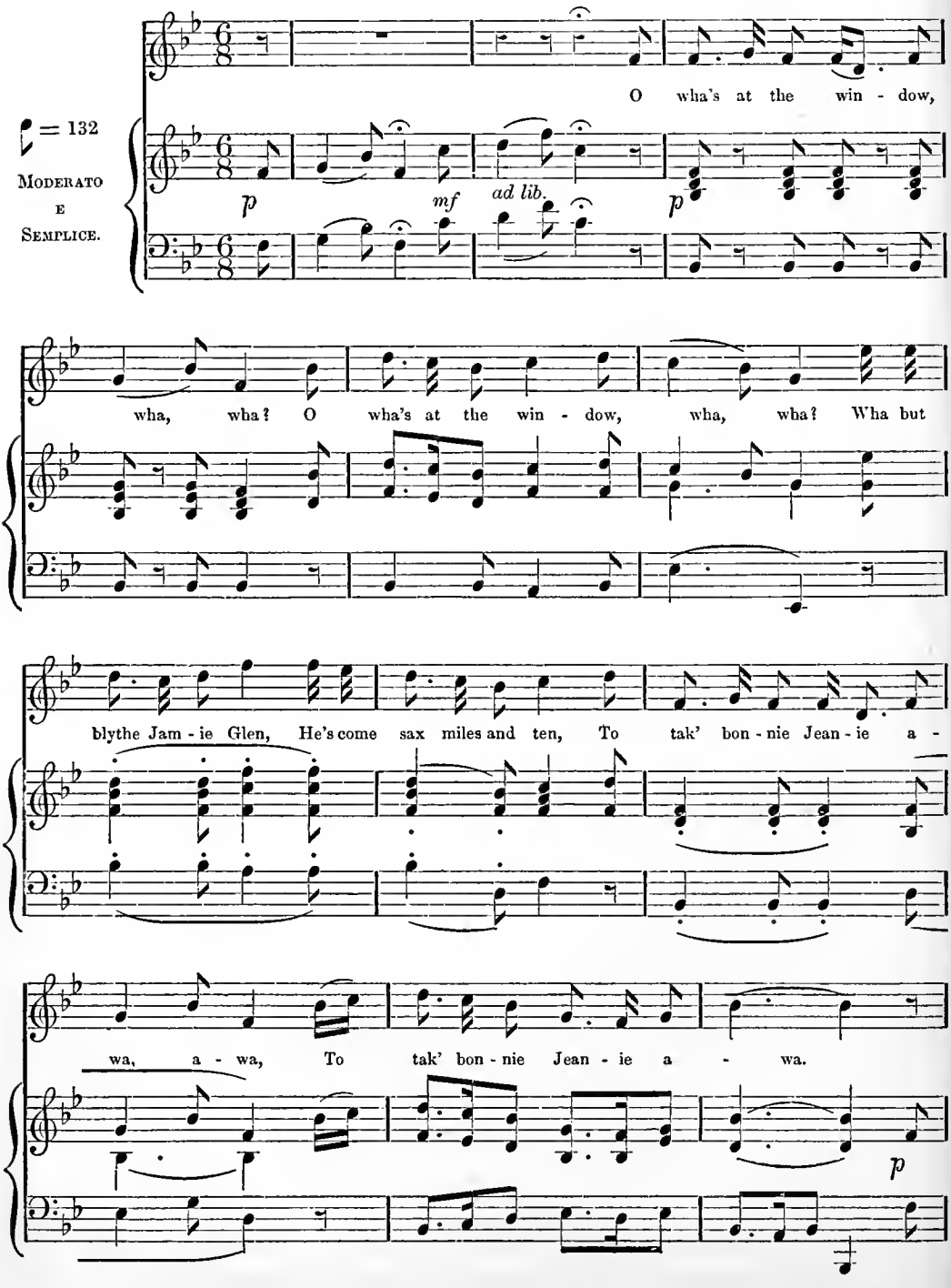
Unchanged by the rigours of fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Though Fortune has clouded my state,
This hope shall enlighten its close.

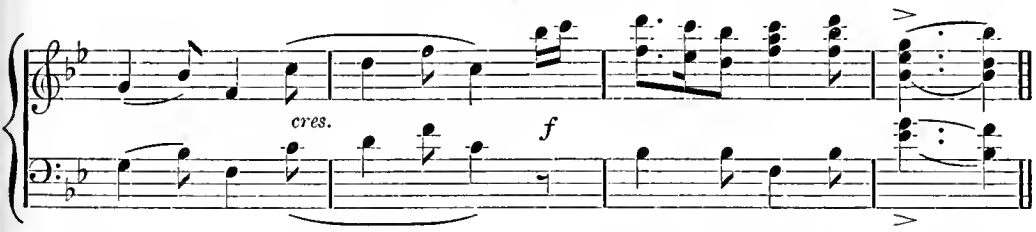
False woman! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
The heart still shall sorrow for me.

"QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT." Hitherto, in collections of Scottish songs and melodies, the author of these words and the author of the music have been said to be *unknown*. But even if the author of the words was *unknown* to the Editors of these collections, that did not justify them in altering the lines and transposing the stanzas of the original, so as to make a bad song out of a good one. The *authoress* of the words, (and we fully believe of the *music* also,) was Mrs. John Hunter, wife of the celebrated John Hunter, Surgeon, London—the youngest child of John Hunter of Kilbride, in the County of Lanark, Scotland, and brother of Dr. William Hunter, who built, at his own cost, the Anatomical Theatre and Museum in Great Windmill Street, London. Mrs. John Hunter was a daughter of Mr. Home, Surgeon to Burgoyne's regiment of light-horse. Her poetical talents are shown in her Poems, published in 1802, T. Payne, London. In that volume we find *her own* version of "I sigh and lament me in vain;" besides other songs set to music by Haydn in his inimitable canzonets; and "The Spirit's song," and "O tuneful voice," also set to music by Haydn—two of the finest of his vocal compositions. His music to "O tuneful voice," afterwards served as a *model* to Beethoven for his beautiful "Adelaida." Haydn, when in London, in 1791 and 1793, was a frequent and honoured guest in John Hunter's house.

# O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHA?

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',
Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a';
And sae has she dune,
By a' that's abune,
For he lo'es her, she lo'es him. 'bune a', 'bune a',
He lo'es her she lo'es him, 'bune a'.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,
Bridal maidens are braw, braw;
But the bride's modest e'e,
And warm cheek are to me,
'Bune pearlins and brooches. and a', and a',
'Bune pearlins and brooches, and a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
There's laughing, there's quaffing,
There's jesting, there's daffing,
And the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',
And the bride's father's blythest of a'.

Its no' that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
Its no' that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
That my heart is sae eerie
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But its just that she'll aye be awa', awa',
Its just that she'll aye be awa'.

---

"O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHA?" This song and air are here republished by the permission of Mr. Joseph M'Fadyen, Musicseller, Glasgow. The words were written by Mr. Alexander Carlile of Paisley; the air is by the late Mr. R. A. Smith. The late Allan Cunningham also wrote words to the same air. In the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, a *window* song of this kind seems to have been very popular in England. Some verses of it are sung in three of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays; in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," in "The Woman's Prize," and in "Monsieur Thomas." See also a parody in Wedderburne's "Godly and Spiritual Songs," 1590.

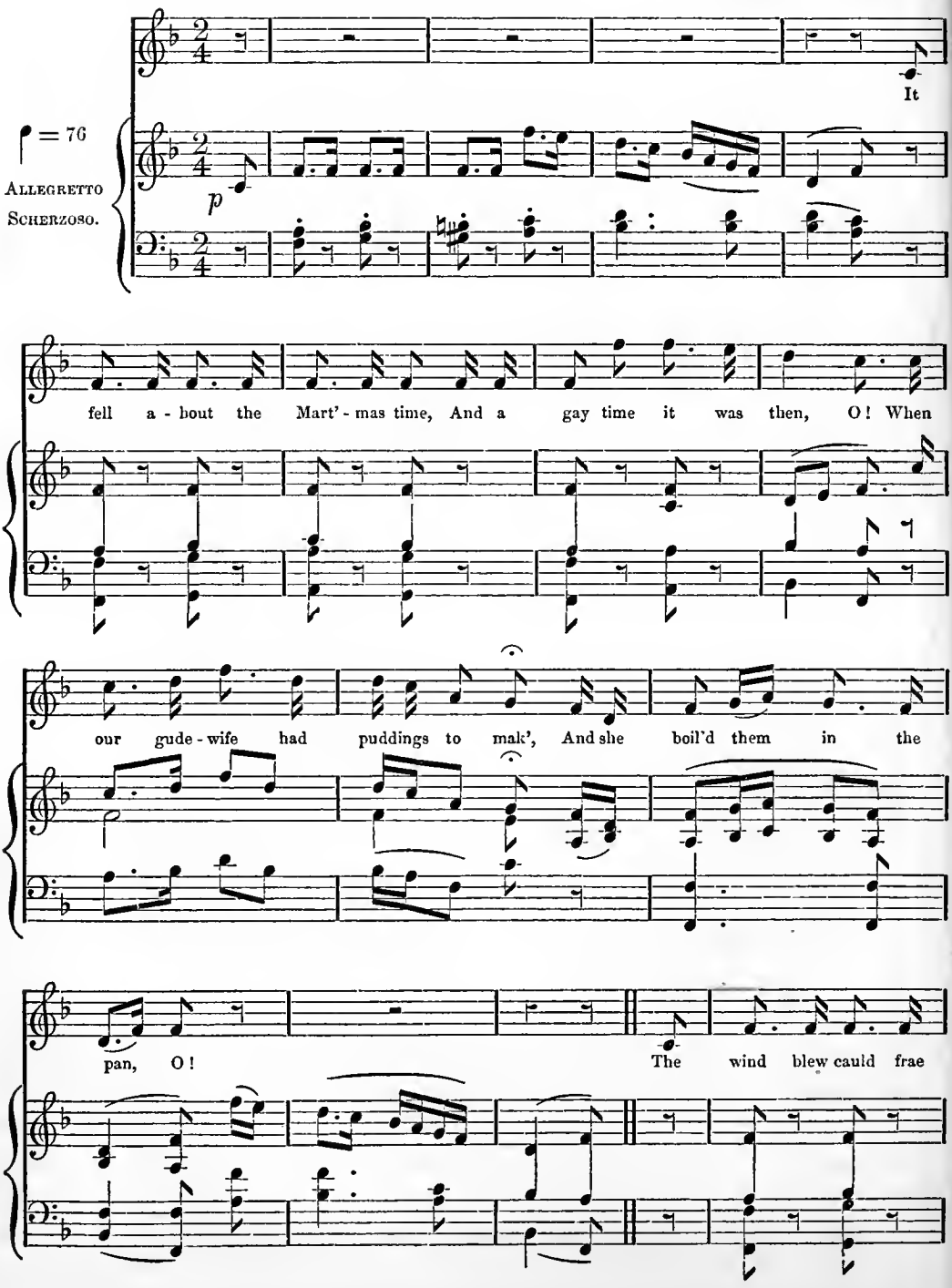
In Mr. Prior's edition of the works of Oliver Goldsmith, (London, Murray, 1837,) we find an "Essay on the different Schools of Music," upon which it is necessary to make some animadversions, as it contains most erroneous statements with regard to the music of Scotland. The Essay, indeed, as a whole, displays so much ignorance of the subject it professes to discuss, that, but for the deserved high reputation of the author in other respects, we would have passed it over as altogether unworthy of comment. After stating that the Italian school was founded by Pergolese, (!) and that of France by Lulli, Goldsmith says:—"The English school was first planned by Purcell. He attempted to unite the Italian manner that prevailed in his time with the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the Scotch ballads, 'The broom of Cowdenknows,' for instance, are still ascribed to David Rizzio."—Vol. i. p. 175. In one of his Notes, Goldsmith writes:—"It is the opinion of the melodious Geminiani, that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish; the Scotch and English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his opinion in this respect is just, (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities,) it is very reasonable to suppose; first, from the conformity between the Scotch and ancient Italian music.* They who compare the old French vaudevilles brought from Italy by Rinuccini, with those pieces ascribed to David Rizzio, who was pretty nearly contemporary with him, will find a strong resemblance, notwithstanding the opposite characters of the two nations which have preserved these pieces. When I would have them compared, I mean I would have their bases compared, by which the similitude may be most exactly seen. Secondly, it is reasonable, from the ancient music of the Scotch, which is still preserved in the Highlands, and which bears no resemblance at all to the music of the Low country. The Highland tunes are sung to Irish words, and flow entirely in the Irish manner. On the other hand, the Lowland music is always sung to English words."

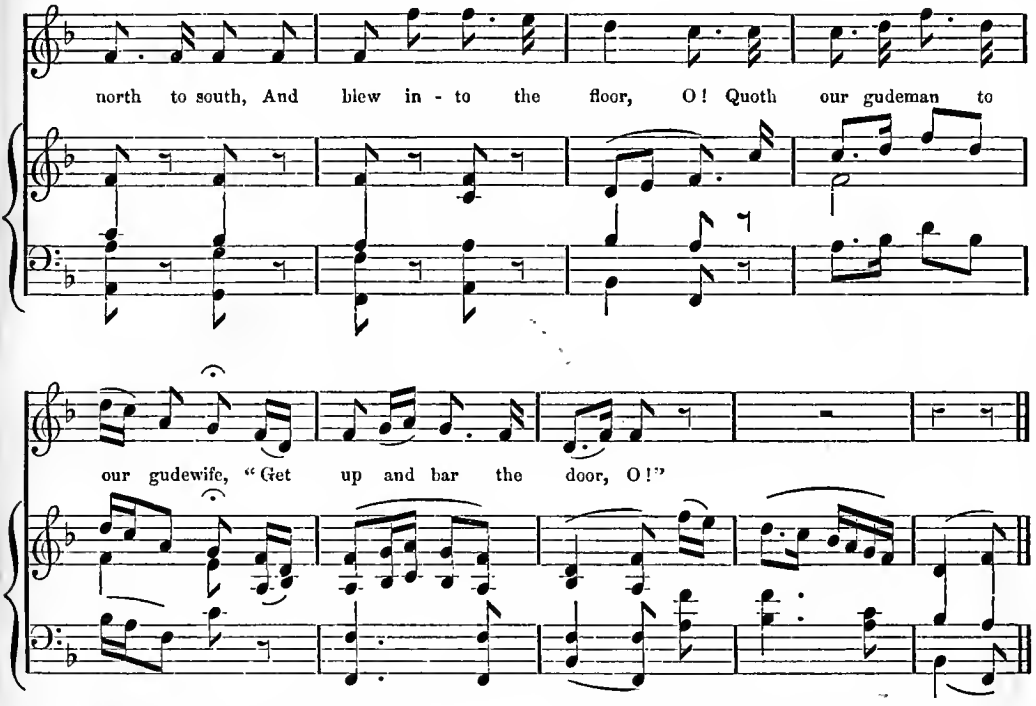
As to the opinion of "the melodious Geminiani," (whose music, by the way, is very dry and unmelodious,) it is, like every other opinion, to be valued only so far as it is supported by evidence. We, therefore, point to the Collections of Martini, Paolucci, and Choron; in which are preserved specimens of ancient and modern Italian music—ecclesiastical and secular; in none of which can be found one single melody bearing the slightest resemblance to Scottish music. As to Rinuccini, who is said to have brought the "old *French* vaudevilles out of *Italy*," (!) the mention of him is evidently a mere subterfuge, for it is not pretended that his airs have any Scottish character. It is in their *bases* (!) that we are to seek for the pretended resemblance! This is almost too absurd for a serious answer. Every musician knows, that to any given simple bass may be written an air in the Italian or the Scottish, in the military or the pastoral styles; and every series of variations upon a given theme and bass by a skilful composer will afford examples of what may be done in this way. Goldsmith's absurdities regarding Purcell's style, as having been compounded of the Italian manner and the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch *ballad*, we leave to be dealt with by Purcell's countrymen as they think proper. (See p. 71 for a continuation of the subject.)

* This subject has been already discussed, page 99 of the First Volume of Wood's Songs of Scotland.—Ed.

# GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






"My hand is in my husswyfskip,[1]
Gudeman, as ye may see, O!
An it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me, O!"

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

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

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

And first they ate the white puddings
And then they ate the black, O!

Tho' muckle[2] thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

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

"But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then, O?"
"What ails ye at the puddin' broo[3]
That boils into the pan, O?"

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

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

[1] Household affairs; housewifeship. [2] Much. [3] Juice or soup.

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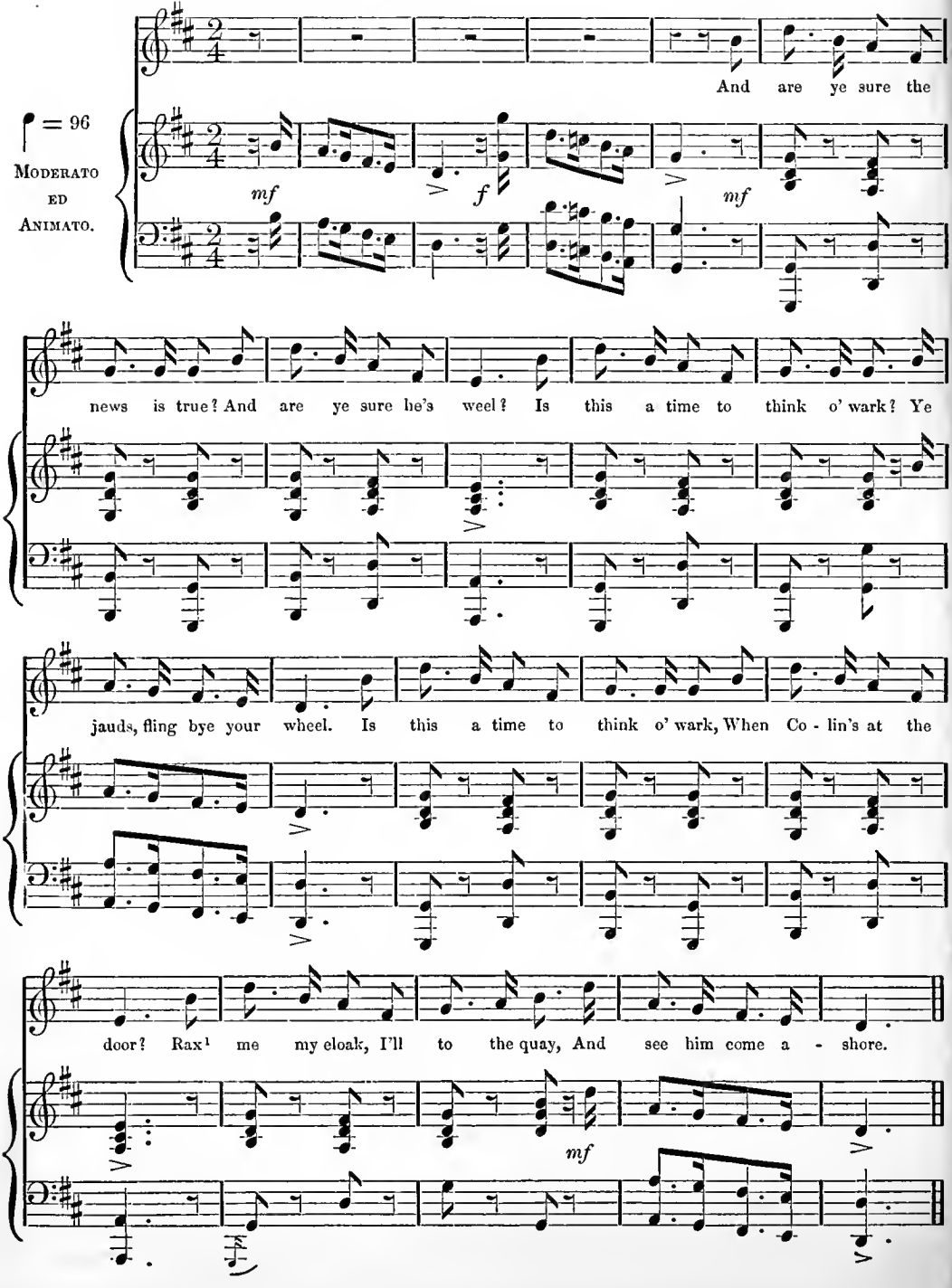
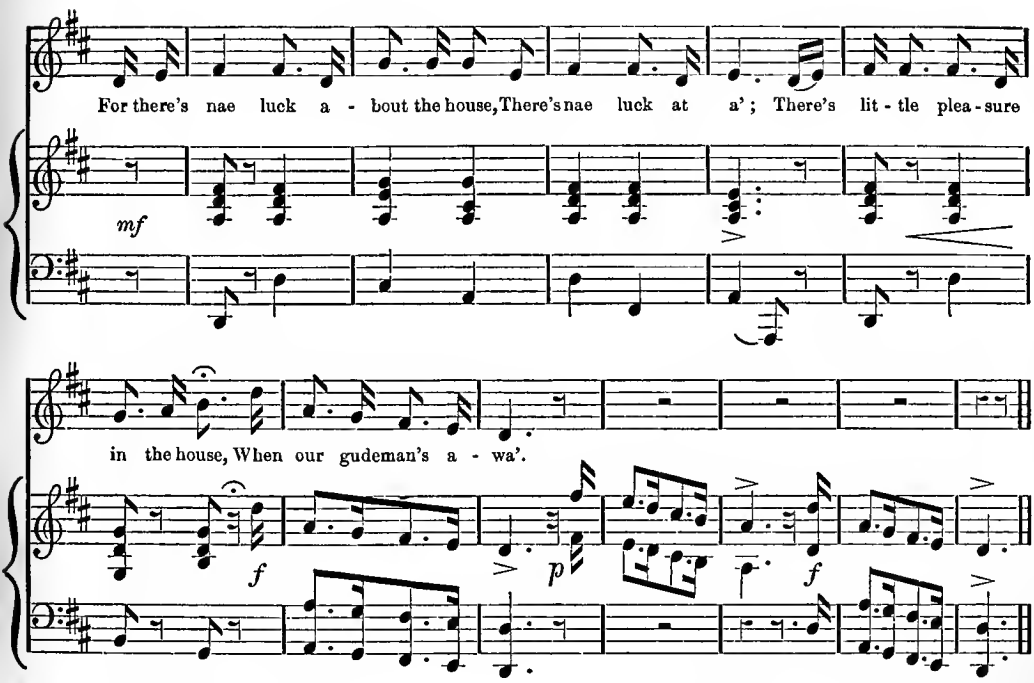
"GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR." "This exceedingly humorous Scottish ballad was recovered by old David Herd, and inserted in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 159, *anno* 1776. It appears to be an amplification of the fine old song called 'Johnie Blunt,' which will be found in the fourth volume of the Museum, p. 376, song 365. It is a curious circumstance that this ballad furnished Prince Hoare with the incidents of his principal scene in his musical entertainment of 'No Song no Supper,' acted at Drury-lane, London, 1790, (the music by Storace,) and since, at all the theatres of the United Kingdom, with great success. It still continues a favourite on the acting list. Mr. Hoare was also indebted to another old Scottish ballad for several other material incidents in the same piece, namely, 'The Freirs of Berwick,' written by Dunbar prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, in the Library of the Faculty of [Advocates] Edinburgh, of that date, and which Allan Ramsay afterwards modernized, in a poem called 'The Monk and the Miller's Wife.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 292.

# AND ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE?

AIR, "THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






And gi'e to me my bigonet,[2]
My bishops' satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat:
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
Its a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar[3] ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared,
When he was far awa'.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.[4]
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I ha'e 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.
For there's nae luck, &c.

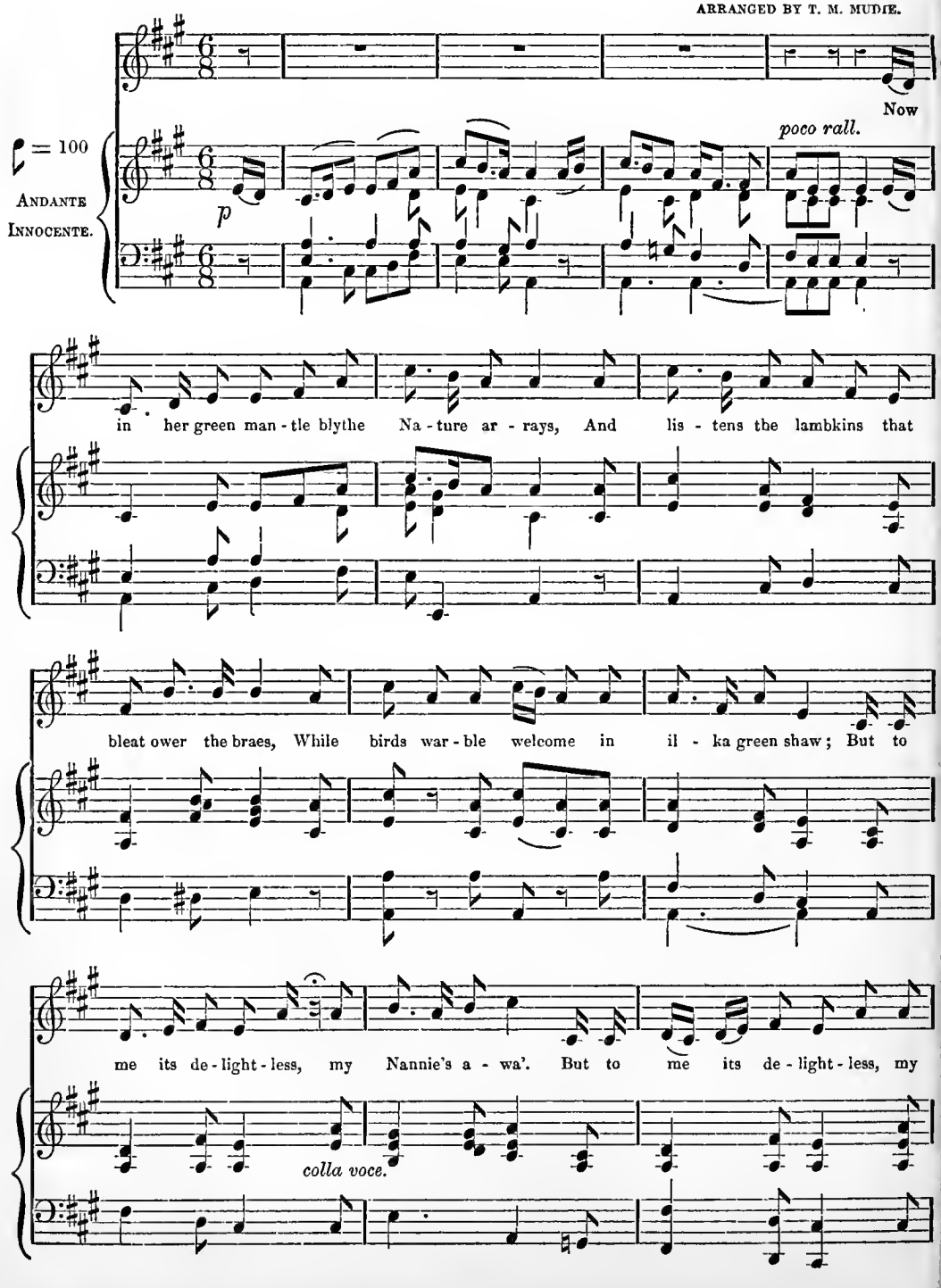
Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:[5]
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought—
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

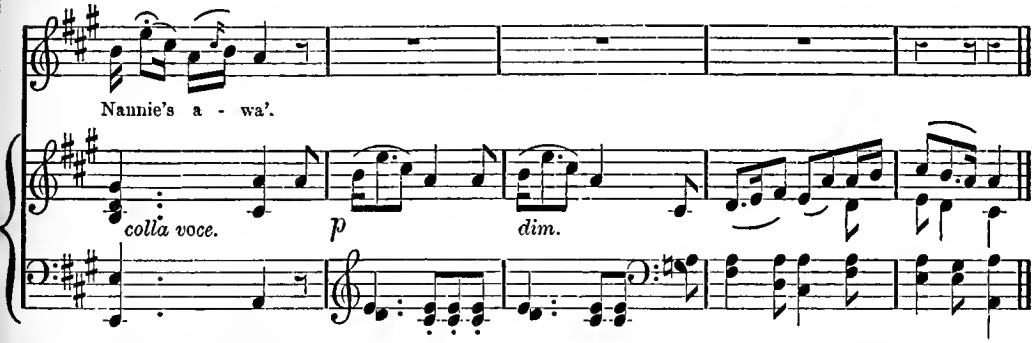
[1] Stretch. [2] A linen cap, or coif. [3] Make. [4] To shed tears. [5] Remainder.

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE." Although this air is certainly a modern production, the author of it is not known. There has been much disputation regarding the authorship of the song; opinions are divided between William Julius Mickle, a native of Langholm, well-known as the translator of the Lusiad, and Jean Adams, a teacher of a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, near Greenock. See Appendix for a further consideration of the question.

# MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






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

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

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

---

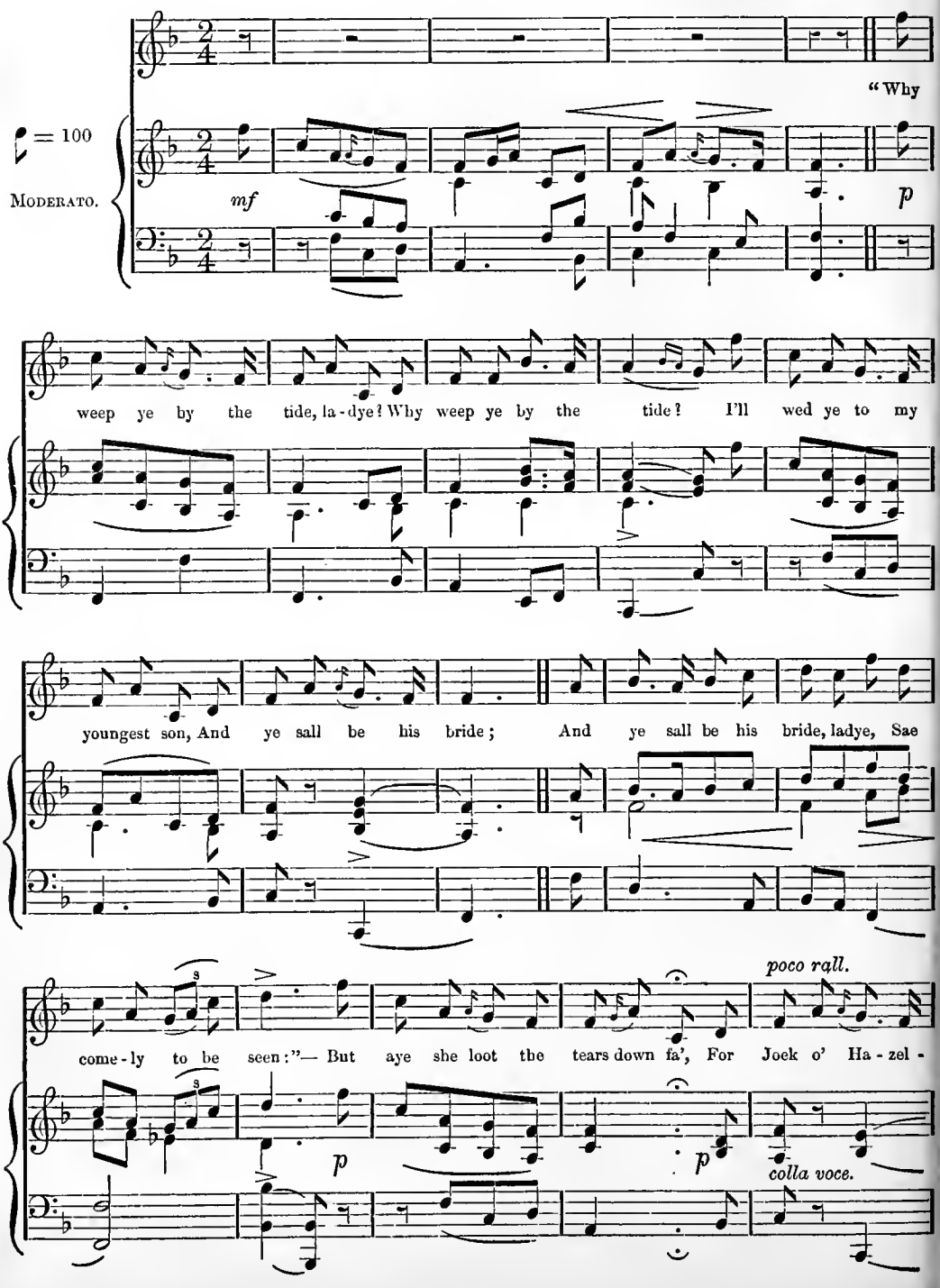
"My Nannie's awa'." Upon this song Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," gives the following Note. Before quoting it, we might perhaps venture to suggest, that Burns' admiration of Clarinda may find its remoter parallel in that of Petrarca, early in the fourteenth century, for the lady whom he has rendered so celebrated, in verse and prose, under the name of Laura. Petrarca, in his "Epistle to Posterity," calls his regard for Laura, "veementissimo, ma unico ed onesto." To say, that a very warm and sincere friendship cannot innocently subsist between a married woman and an unmarried man, is not only to contradict daily experience, but to utter a licentious libel upon human nature. Were such the case, many of the strongest heart-ties between friends and relatives must be at once torn asunder, never to reunite in this world.

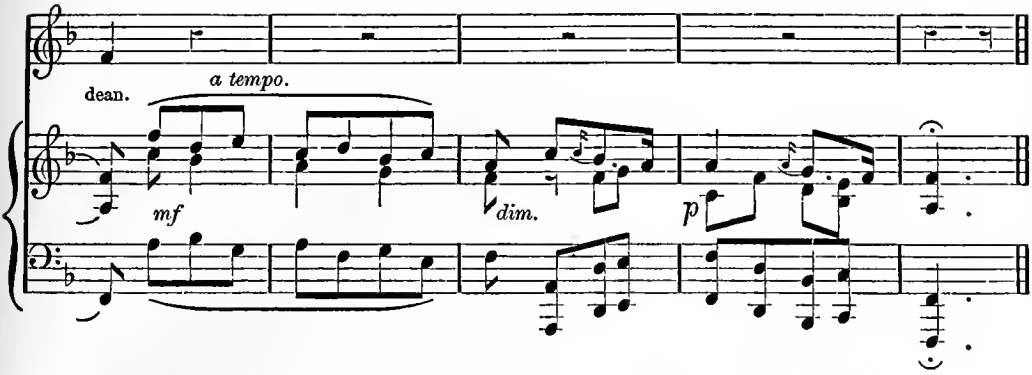
"'My Nannie's awa',' is one of the sweetest pastoral songs that Burns ever wrote. He sent it to Mr. Thomson in December 1794, to be united to the old melody of, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie come hame.' In this song the Bard laments the absence of Mrs. M'Lehose, (Clarinda,) who had left Scotland to join her husband in the West Indies, in February 1792. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying a word or two about the lady whose beauty and accomplishments had so captivated our Bard, and inspired him with this and some others of his most beautiful love-songs. Burns, having published the second edition of his poems in 1787, was just about to leave Edinburgh when he was introduced to Clarinda. One of our Poet's biographers alleges, that he was very tolerant as to the personal charms of his heroines; but as to the wit, beauty, and powers of conversation of Clarinda, there can be no doubt. She seems to have completely fascinated him at the very first interview. That Mrs. M'Lehose was no ordinary person is proved by her letters, now printed along with those of Burns; and it is saying much for her, that they do not suffer from being placed in juxtaposition with those of the Bard. This romantic attachment between the poet and poetess was not of very long duration; but while it lasted, as many letters passed between them as form a goodly sized octavo volume! The germ of 'Nannie's awa'' is to be found in one of Clarinda's letters, (see Correspondence, &c., p. 185,) written thirty-five days after they became acquainted. They were about to part, and she says:—'You'll hardly write me once a month, and other objects will weaken your affection for Clarinda: yet I cannot believe so. *Oh! let the scenes of Nature remind you of Clarinda! In winter, remember the dark shades of her fate; in summer, the warmth, the cordial warmth of her friendship; in autumn, her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all; and let spring animate you with hopes that your poor friend may yet live to surmount the wintry blast of life, and revive to taste a spring-time of happiness!*' This passage, so beautifully descriptive, in the letter of his fair correspondent, was not overlooked by Burns. He says, in reply:—'There is one fine passage in your last charming letter—Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it. I shall certainly *steal it and set it in some future production*, and get immortal fame by it. 'Tis where you bid the scenes of Nature remind me of Clarinda.' The poet was as good as his word. Some months after Clarinda had left this country, Burns, reverting to the passage we have quoted from her letter, made it his own by stamping it in immortal verse, bewailing the absence of Clarinda in a strain of rural imagery that has seldom or never been surpassed."

The air to which we have here united the words, we believe to be modern; yet we have not been able to trace it to any composer. Like many other airs, it probably owes its present form to several individuals. It appears to have passed orally from one singer to another, until Mr. George Croall, Musicseller, Edinburgh, rescued it a few years ago from threatened oblivion.

# JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale:
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen:"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

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

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

---

"JOCK O' HAZELDEAN." There is mention made by some writers of an old ballad called "Jock o' Hazelgreen," but without documentary authority. It appears that Mr. Thomas Pringle gave, in Constable's Magazine, the first stanza of the present song, as that of an old ballad which he had heard his mother sing; and that Sir Walter Scott, upon inquiry, adopted that stanza as old, and added to it those that now make up his very popular song of "Jock o' Hazeldean," which he wrote for the first volume of Mr. Alexander Campbell's work, named "Albyn's Anthology." The melody, in an older and more Scottish form, occurs in the Leyden MS., No. 50, under the name of "The bony brow;" but we give the version of the air now more generally current.[1] The melody published in Book Second of Jo. Playford's "Choice Ayres," London, 1679, appears to have been that sung to an imitation of a Scottish song by Thomas D'Urfey, in his comedy of "The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters," acted in 1676; and closely resembles the air given in the Leyden MS. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon "The glancing of her apron," No. 445 of Johnson's Museum, says:—"With regard to the tune to which the words were originally adapted, it is evidently a florid set of the old simple air of 'Willie and Annet,' which has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, under the new title of 'Jock o' Hazledean,' a ballad written by Sir Walter Scott."

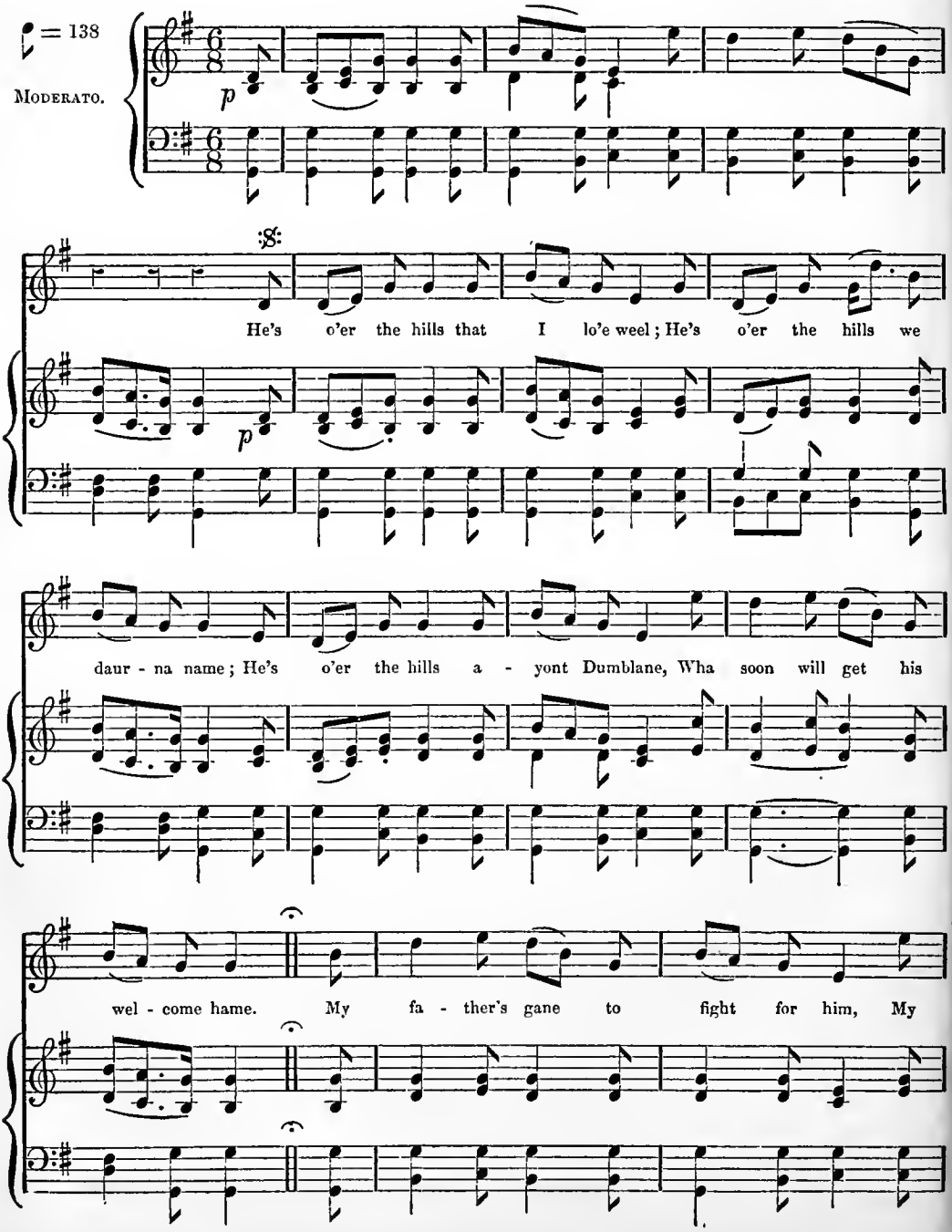
Thomas Moore, in the Preface to the fifth volume of his Works collected by himself, London, 1841, remarks—that, "with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician."—p. v. In the same Preface he touches, gently, upon Sir Walter Scott's deficiency of musical ear. The Editor of this work was personally acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, and had his own good-humoured confession that he was totally destitute of an ear for music. Sir Walter himself, in his "Autobiography," after speaking of his ineffectual attempts at sketching or drawing landscapes, says:—"With music it was even worse than with painting. My mother was anxious we should at least learn psalmody; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair.[2] It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies; and although now few things delight or affect me more than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and as it were by my feeling of the words being associated with the tune; although my friend Dr. Clarke, and other musical composers, have sometimes been able to make a happy union between their music and my poetry." See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

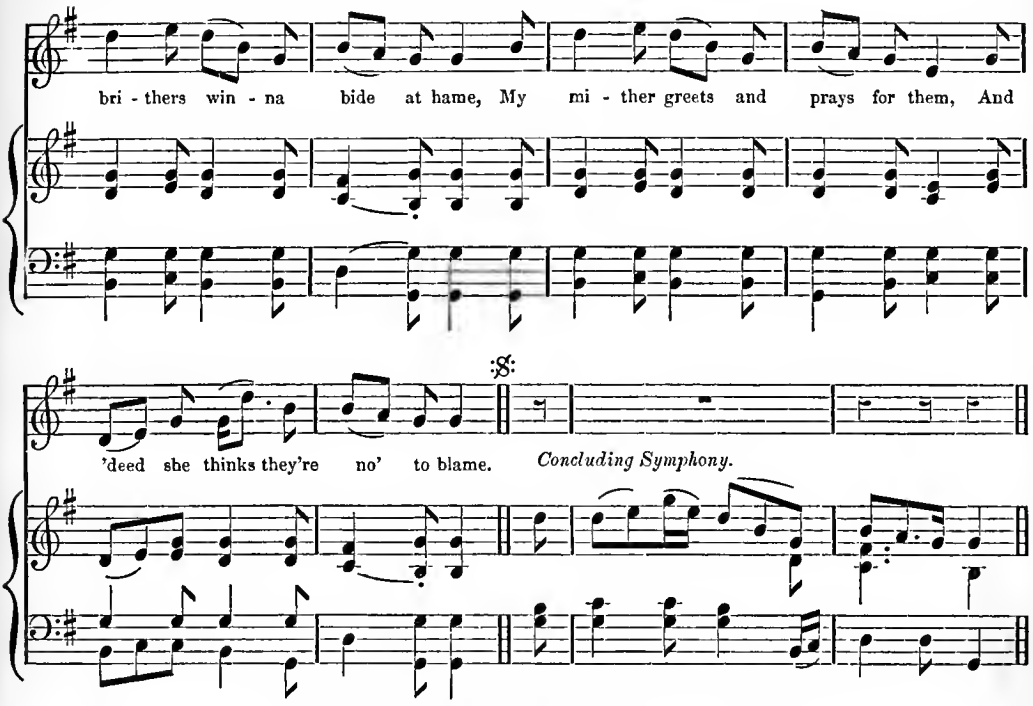
[1] A copy of that Leyden MS. was deposited by the Editor in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates on 26th November 1847.

[2] That teacher may have been ignorant and unskilful, as too many were in Scott's early days. They required to go to school themselves.—Ed.

# HE'S O'ER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






[The succeeding verses begin with the second part of the melody.]

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

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

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

---

"HE'S O'ER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL." A modern Jacobite song—very popular of late years. Neither the author of the words nor the author of the music is known.

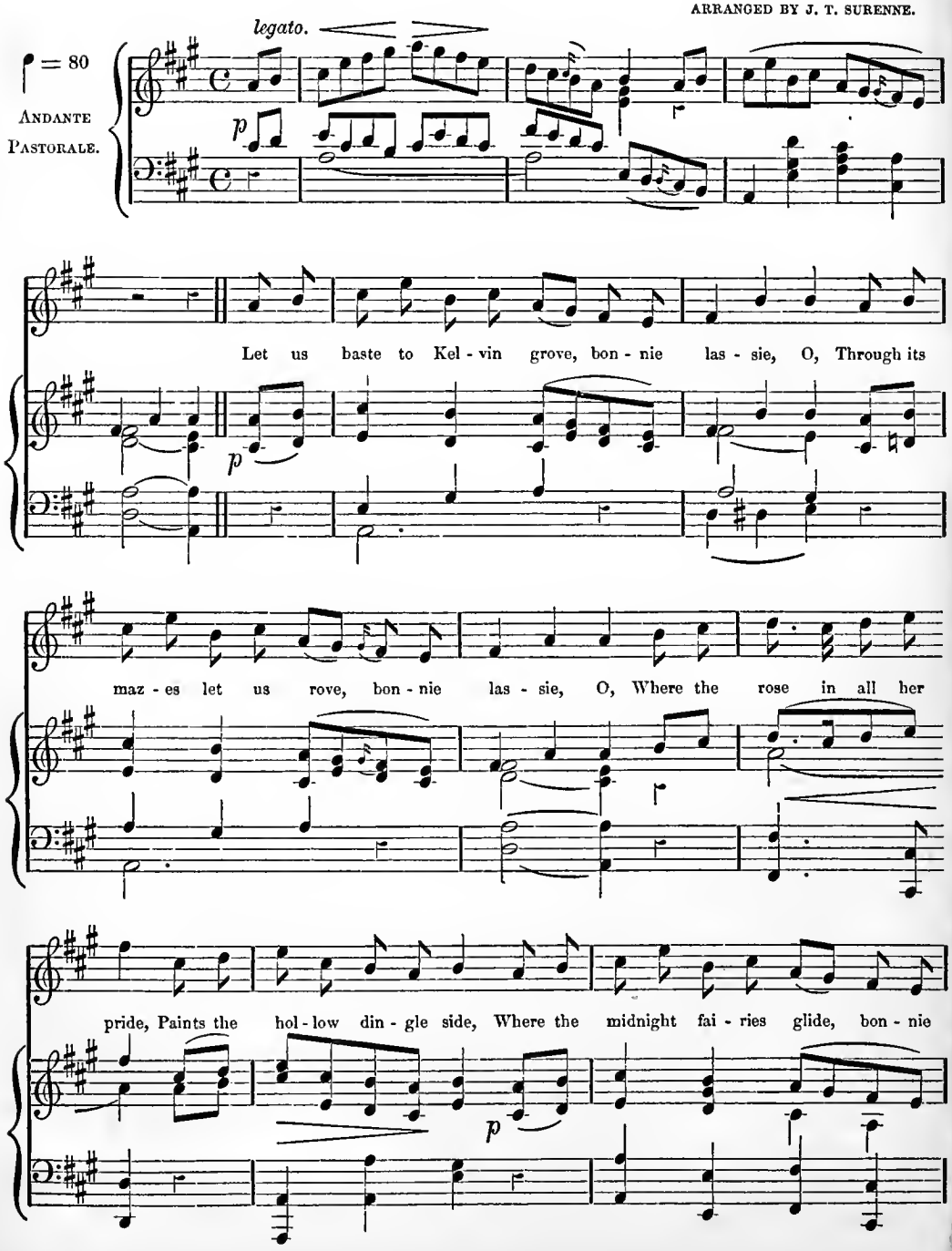
We now resume the Note, p. 61, *supra*. When Goldsmith, or rather Geminiani, asserts, that there is "in the dominion of Great Britain no original music except the *Irish*," the Welsh music is quite left out of view. As to the Scottish "Highland tunes flowing entirely in the *Irish* manner," we refer to Edward Bunting's and Thomas Moore's Collections of Irish Melodies for disproof of the assertion. In short, it is evident that Goldsmith chose to write an Essay upon a subject of which he was profoundly ignorant. That talented and accomplished Irishman, Thomas Moore, speaks thus of the antiquity of Irish melodies:—"Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no farther than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, 'decantare loca dolentia.' Mr. Pinkerton[1] is of opinion, that not one of the Scotch popular airs is as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and although musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage 'Ceanans,' 'Cries,' &c.,[2]) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch." (For a continuation of this subject, see p. 73.)

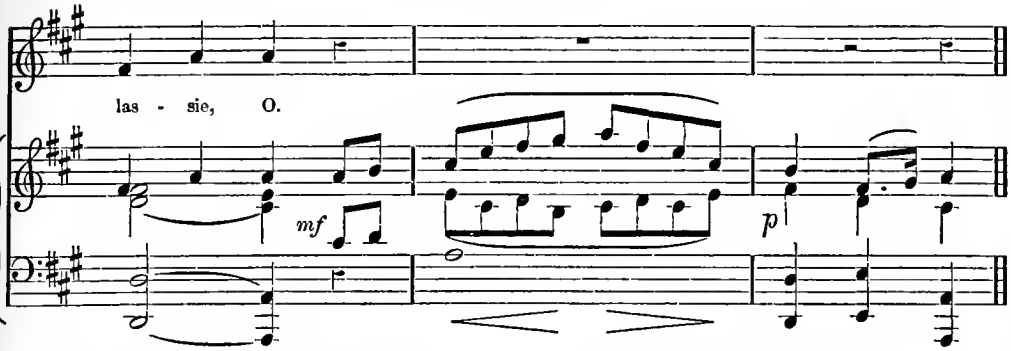
[1] Dissertation prefixed to the Second volume of his Scottish Ballads.

[2] Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

# KELVIN GROVE.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call,
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

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

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

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

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

---

"KELVIN GROVE." It appears that this highly popular song was erroneously ascribed to Mr. John Sim in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," in which it was first published, but was soon after claimed by Mr. Thomas Lyle, Surgeon, Glasgow, who proved his title to it in a satisfactory manner. A Note on the verses, in Messrs. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," informs us, that "Kelvin Grove, a picturesque and richly wooded dell, through which the river Kelvin flows, lies at a very short distance to the north-west of Glasgow, and will in all probability soon be comprehended within the wide-spreading boundaries of the city itself. At one part of it, (North Woodside,) is an old well, called the Pear-Tree-Well, from a pear-tree which formerly grew over it. This used to be, and still is to some extent, a favourite place of resort for young parties from the city on summer afternoons." Mr. Lyle's own version of the song is here given, from pages 228, 229, of a Collection of Ballads and Songs, published by him in 1827. It has one stanza more than in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," and in other respects differs from the copy in that work. The air appeared in the second volume of "The Scottish Minstrel," where it is called "Kelvin Water." Its original name was, "O the shearin's no for you," which was the first line of a song now deservedly forgotten.

We now resume Mr. Moore's remarks, p. 71, *supra*. "But music is not the only subject on which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;[1] that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks;[2] or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.[3] By some of these archaiologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counterpoint; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit 'the light of song' through the variegating prism of 'harmony.'"—See Irish Melodies, No. III. A Prefatory Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of D——. Dublin, January, 1810. (See p. 83 for the conclusion of this subject.)

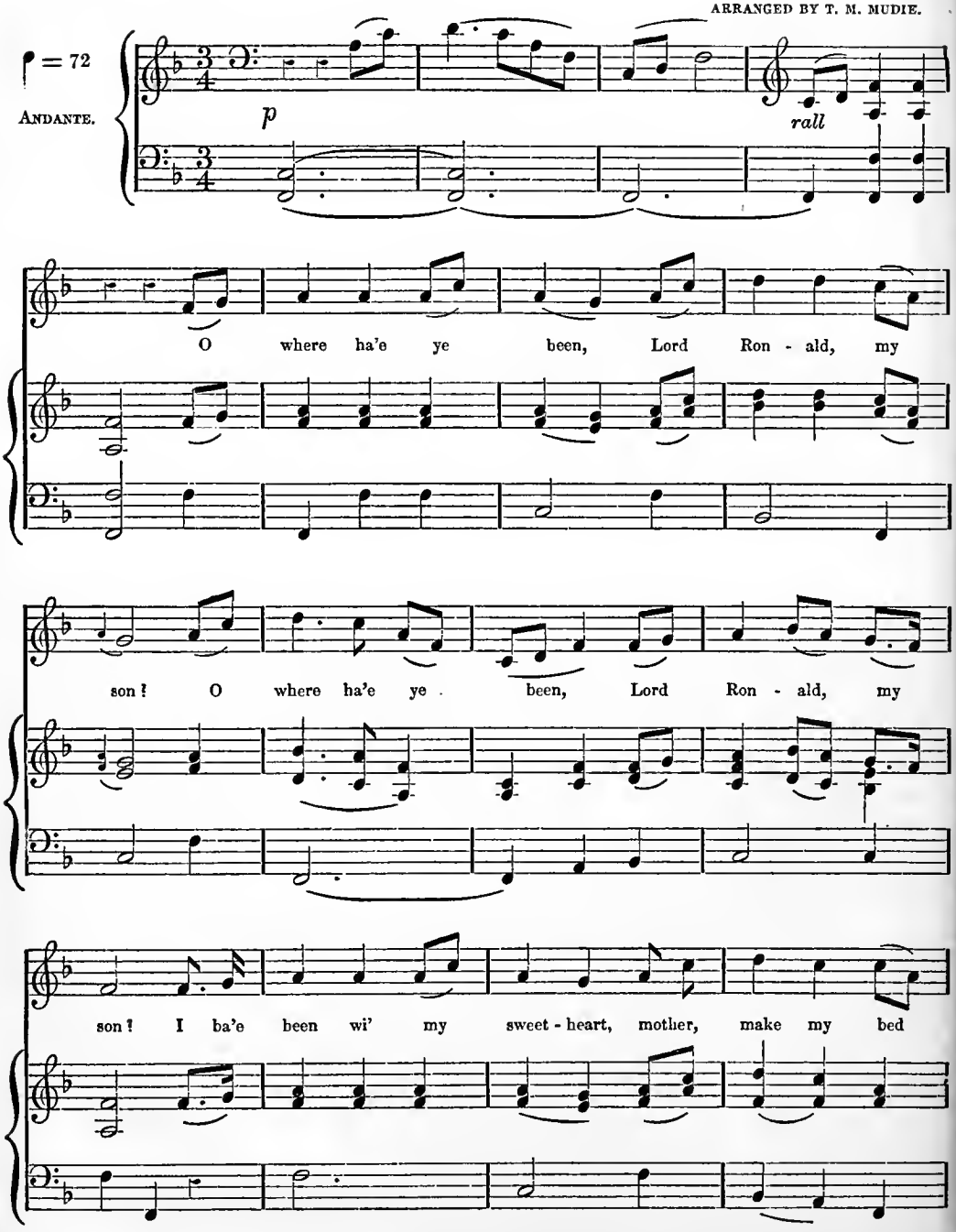
[1] See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin. In the Preface to Wm. Shaw's Gaelic and English Dictionary, 4to, 1780, it is quite gravely asserted that Gaelic was the language originally spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise.—ED.

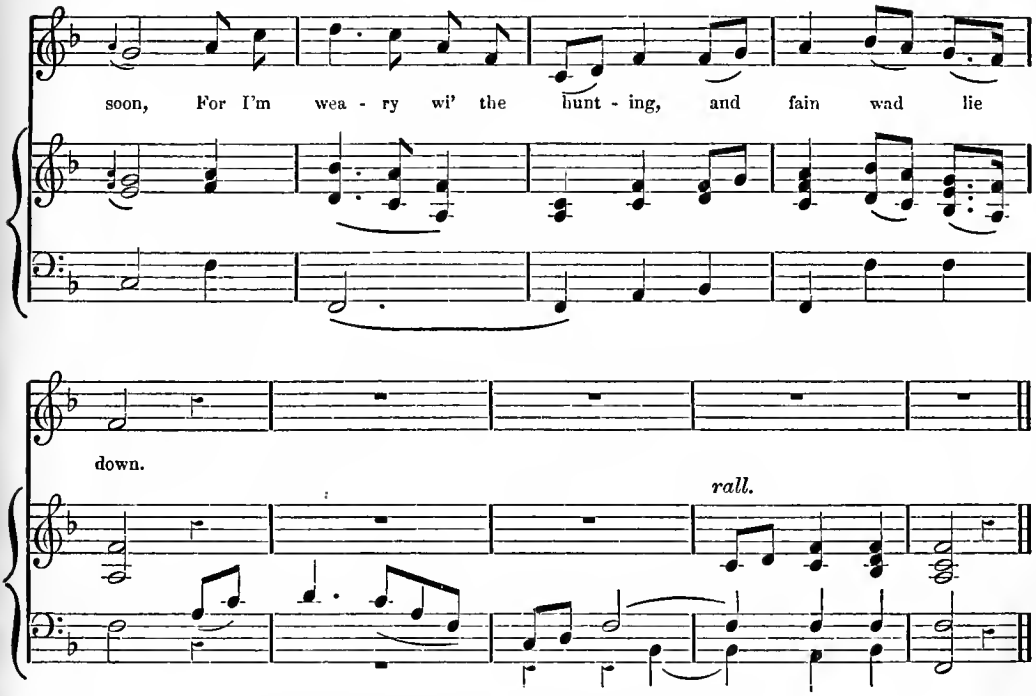
[2] O'Halloran, vol. i. part i. chap. 6.

[3] Id. ib. chap. 7.

# LORD RONALD.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.





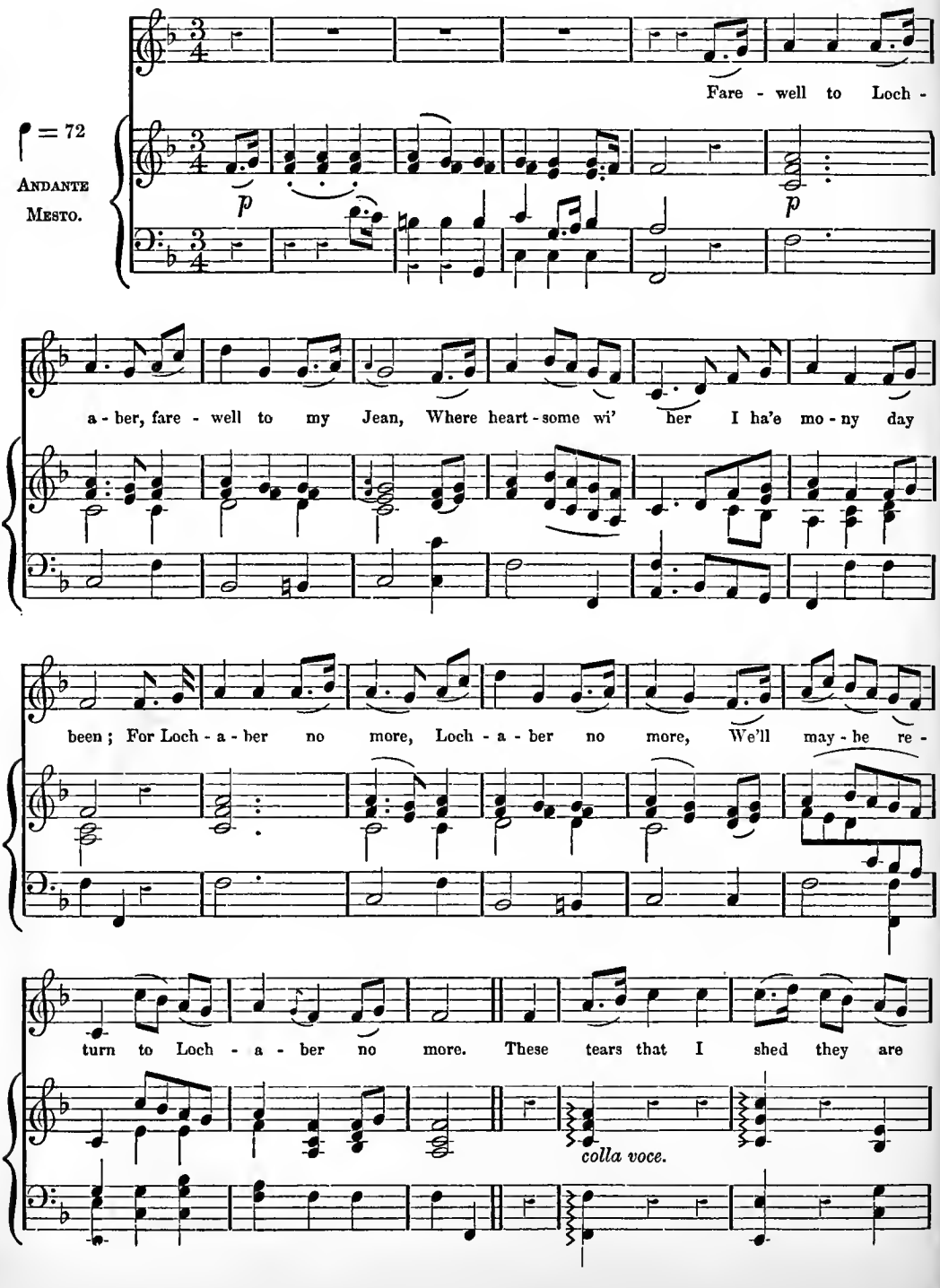

What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
I ha'e got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon,
For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.

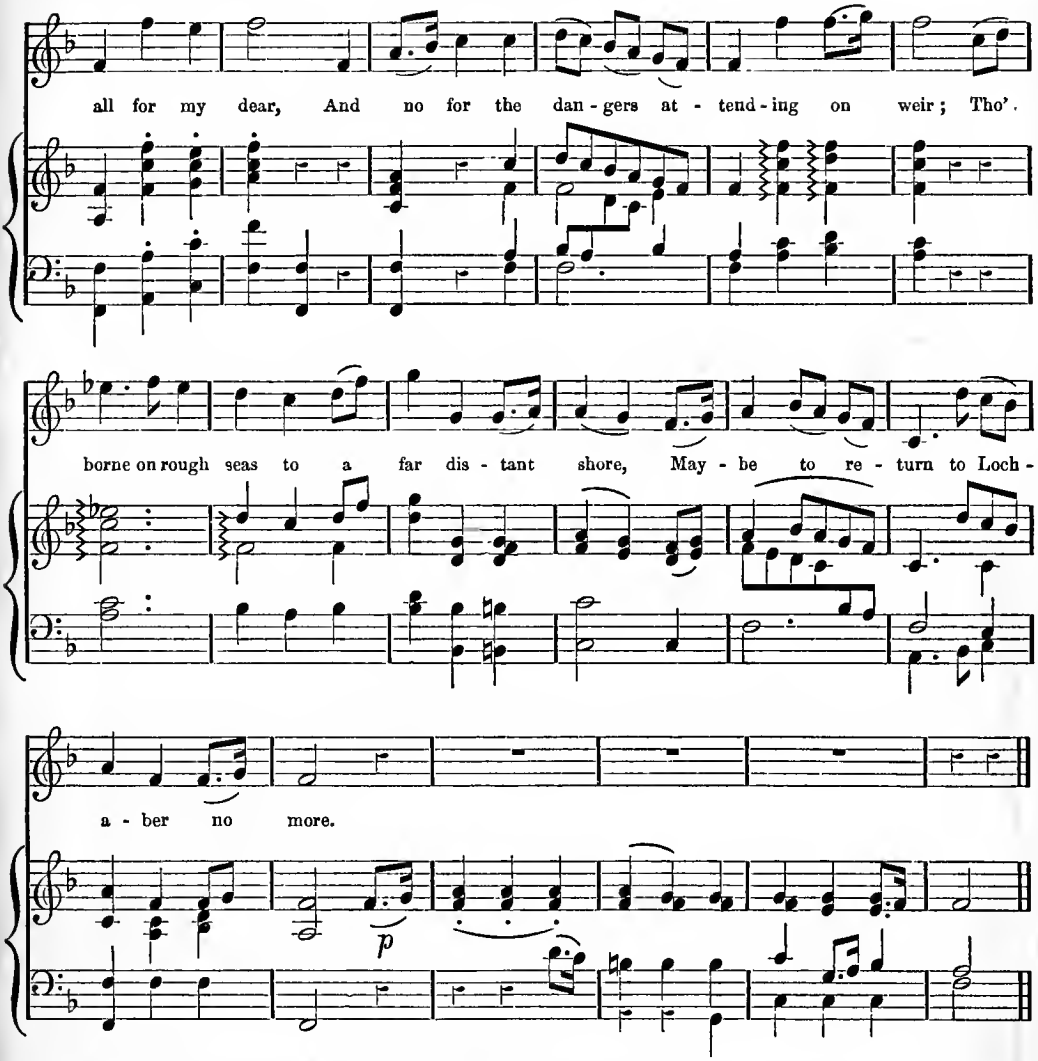
---

"Lord Ronald, my son." The two stanzas of the ancient ballad, sent by Burns to Johnson's Museum, together with the simple and pathetic melody, were recovered by Burns in Ayrshire. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," gives six stanzas of the ballad as sung in Ettrick Forest, under the title of "Lord Randal." We refer to Sir Walter's remarks upon the ballad, and his reasons for preferring the name "Randal" to "Ronald." Sir Walter Scott refers to "a very similar song, in which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false stepmother." This nursery song is called "The croodlin' doo," *i.e.*, "The cooing dove." Buchan, in his "Ballads of the North," gives a similar song, called "Willy Doo." In Jamieson's "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," is found a fragment of a Suffolk version of the ballad, and also a translation of a German ballad, called "Grossmutter Schlangenkoechin," *i.e.*, "Grandmother Adder-cook." Mr. Kinloch, in his "Ancient Scottish Ballads," 1827, gives another version of ten stanzas, under the name of "Lord Donald." Burns (*Reliques*) observes, that "this air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the *original of Lochaber*. In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears." We demur to Burns' theory of "musical shepherds," and "*improved form* of the simple original air by more learned musicians." But we have no reason to doubt Burns' opinion that the air of "Lord Ronald" was the original of "Lochaber." In Dr. John Leyden's MS. Lyra-Viol Book, formerly referred to in this work, p. 25, *et passim*, we find, (No. 2,) an air called "King James' March to *I*rland." It differs considerably from the air of "Lord Ronald," and from the more modern air of "Lochaber;" but still resembles both so strongly as to point to the same family origin. But the air of "Lord Ronald" consists of *one strain*, as happens in most of our oldest Scottish melodies; while "Lochaber," and "King James' March to *I*rland," consist each of *two strains;* thus throwing back the greater probability of antiquity upon "Lord Ronald." James II. landed at Kinsale in Ireland, on 12th March 1689. The Battle of the Boyne took place on 30th June 1690, when James was defeated, and fled back to France. As to the name of "Limerick's Lamentation," given by the Irish to a modified version of the air of "Lord Ronald," the title may refer to the capitulation of Limerick to William's forces, soon after the Boyne battle; or to the taking of Limerick, in 1649, by Cromwell's troops, aided by pestilence and treachery. See Appendix for Sir Walter Scott's version of the ballad.

# FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

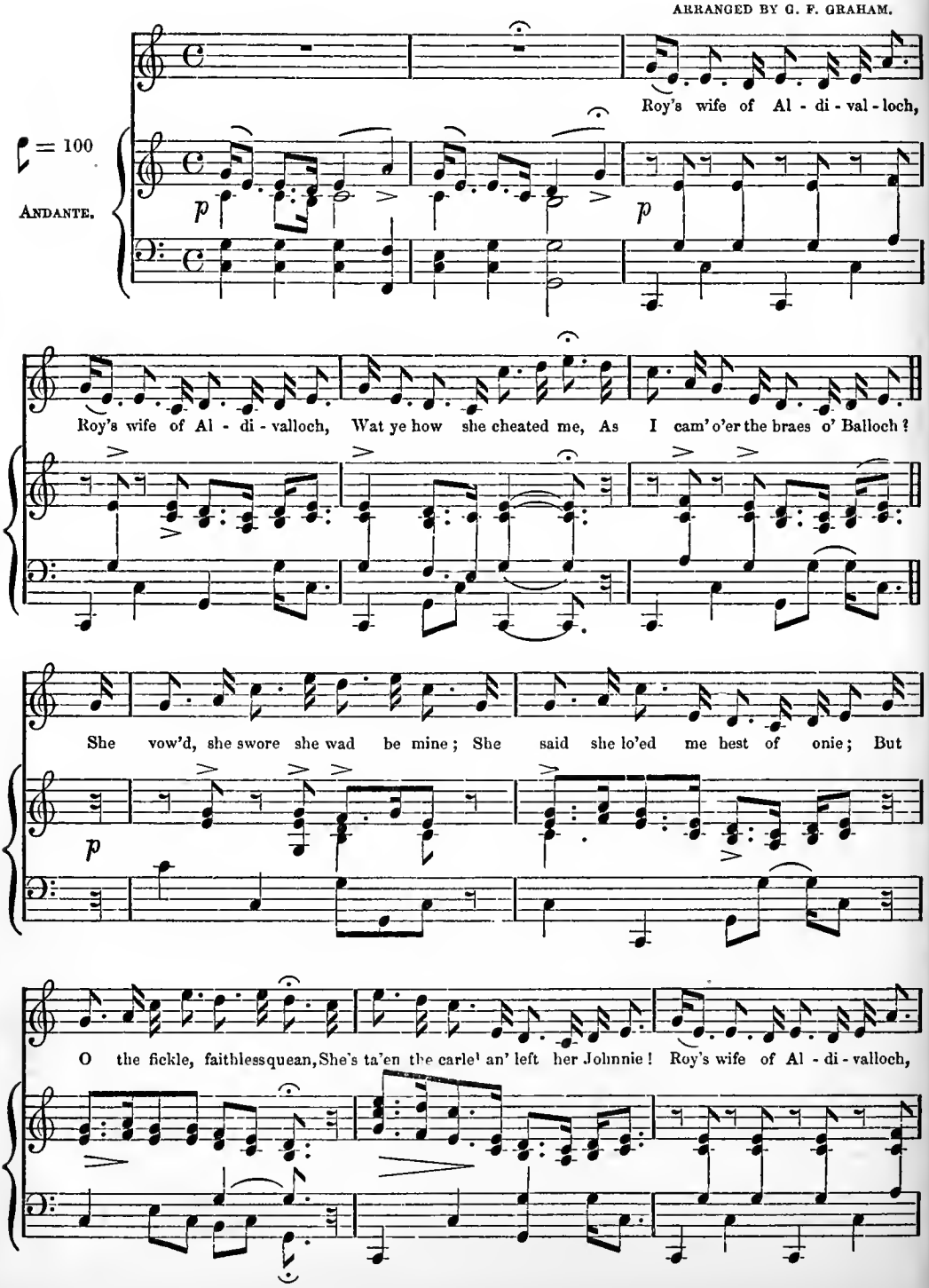
Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love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

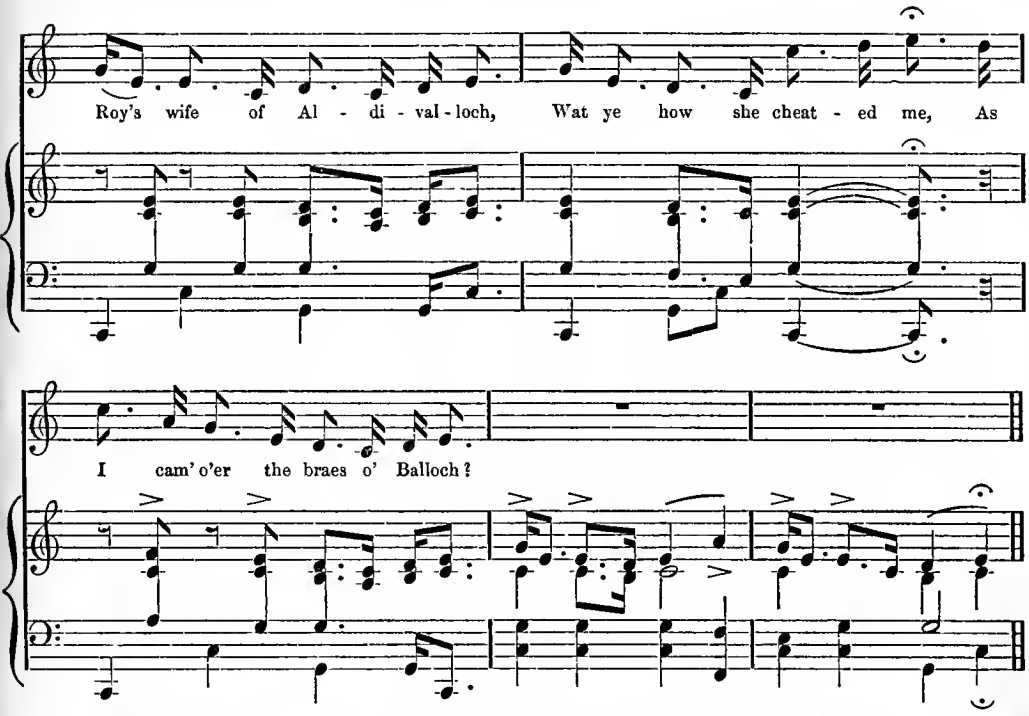
---

"LOCHABER NO MORE." In the preceding Note upon "Lord Ronald," we have discussed the derivation of "Lochaber" from that tune, or from "King James' March to *Ir*land," as in the Leyden MS. The received air of "Lochaber" is evidently of modern construction, because in it the fourth and the major seventh of the tonic (or key-note) are freely employed. The verses here given to the air of "Lochaber" were written by Allan Ramsay. A lady still living, in whose father's house at Edinburgh Robert Burns was a frequent and honoured guest, one evening played the tune of "Lochaber," on the harpsichord, to Burns. He listened to it attentively, and then exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart!" The lady in question stood so high in Burns' estimation, that he offered to write to her a journal of his intended tour in the Highlands of Scotland. A trifling circumstance prevented him from completing his offer of so valuable a communication.

# ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






O, she was a cantie[2] quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

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

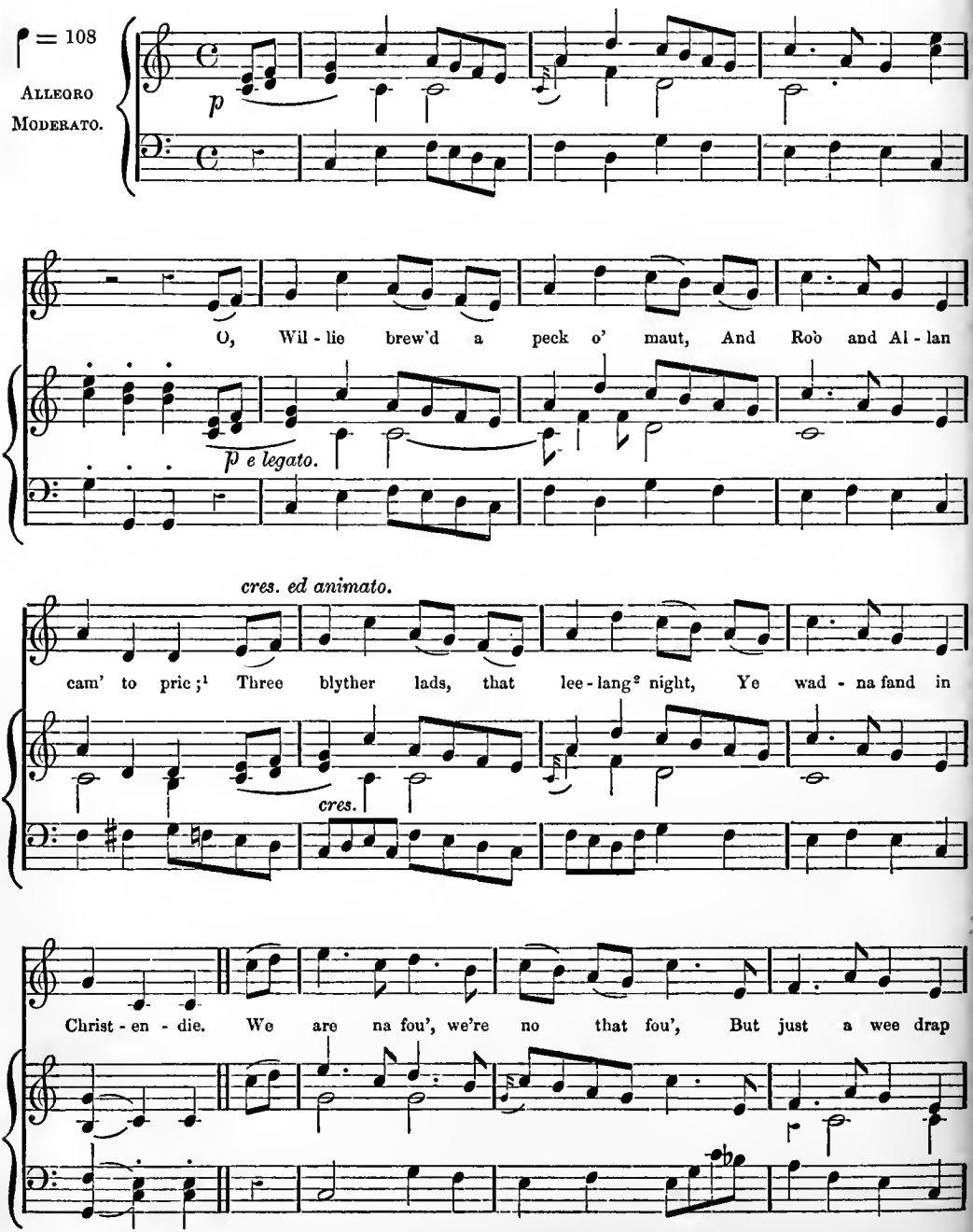
[1] An old man.

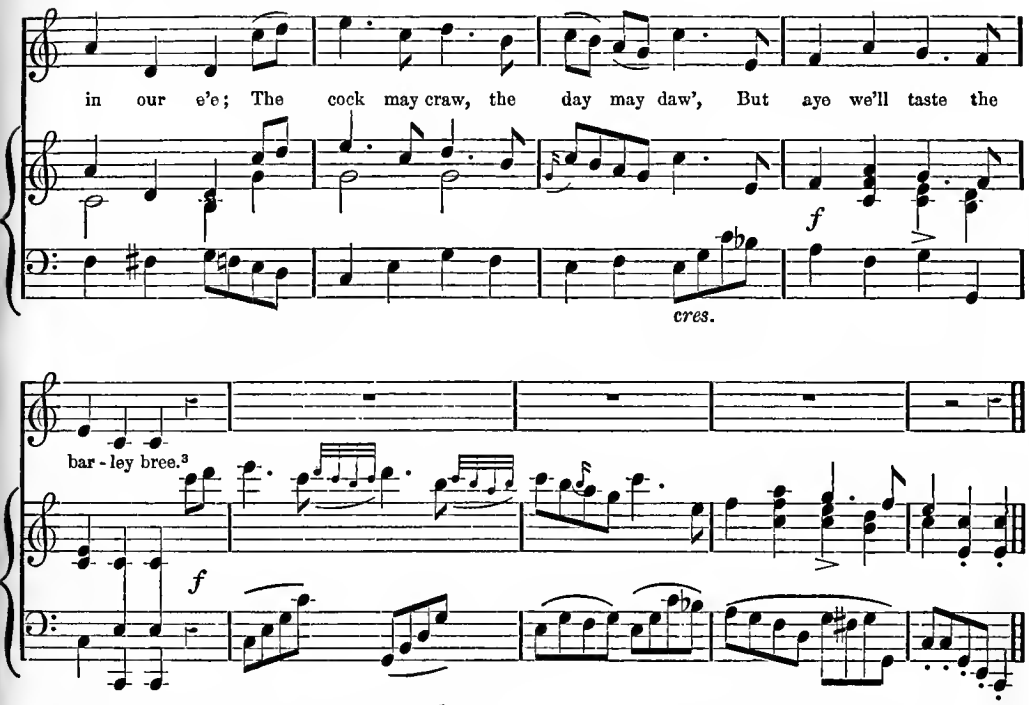
[2] Merry.

"ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH." This song was written by Mrs. Grant of Carron, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Murray of Bath. Burns also wrote verses for the same air, beginning, "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?"—but the lady's verses have always held their ground to this day. David Laing, Esq., in his Additional Illustrations to Johnson's Museum, (vol. iv. pp. 368, 369,) says:—"Through the obliging inquiries of John P. Grant, Esq., (son of the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan,) I have since learned the following particulars respecting this lady. Her maiden name was Grant; and she was born near Aberlour, on the banks of the river Spey, about the year 1745. She was twice married, first to her cousin, Mr. Grant of Carron, near Elchies, on the river Spey, about the year 1763; and, secondly, to a physician in Bath, whose name is stated to have been Brown, not Murray. She died at Bath sometime about 1814, and is not known to have written any other song than 'Roy's Wife.'" Mr. Laing is satisfied, from the authority of Mr. George Thomson and Mr. Cromek, that the lady's second husband was Dr. Murray of Bath. The tune is old, and was called "The Ruffian's Rant;" a name happily superseded by "Roy's Wife." We have no doubt that it is a Highland air. In several passages, modern *improvers* of our old melodies have, as usual, introduced flourishes that are incompatible with the simple character of this air. We have rejected these flourishes, as we shall always do, whenever we find them disfiguring our national Scottish airs. From the earlier part of the last century, the process of *altering* and pretended *improving* of these airs, seems to have gone on, up to a certain point, when it was found necessary to stop short in disguising them. The rage for embellishment as applied to these simple melodies, may be traced to the time when they became so fashionable in England, and got into the hands of public singers in London. For some hints on this subject, see Note, p. 33, of this volume. Italian *fioriture*, of a particular kind, were not less liberally applied in those days to every melody than they have been of late years, with a change of form. National airs could not escape the contagion. The celebrated Catalani, on one of her first appearances in Edinburgh, about forty years ago, sang "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch," with great applause. *How* she sang it we have no record; but we have no doubt that the powers of her magnificent voice were not subdued for the occasion. About twenty-seven years ago, we became personally acquainted with Catalani, and conversed with her regarding her own art. We were struck with the child-like playfulness and simplicity of character in the great singer and actress. She bitterly lamented her want of early education; and added, (in her own language,) "I have talents that never were fully developed!"

# O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






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

It is the moon—I ken her horn—
That's blinkin' in the lift[4] sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait awee.[5]

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

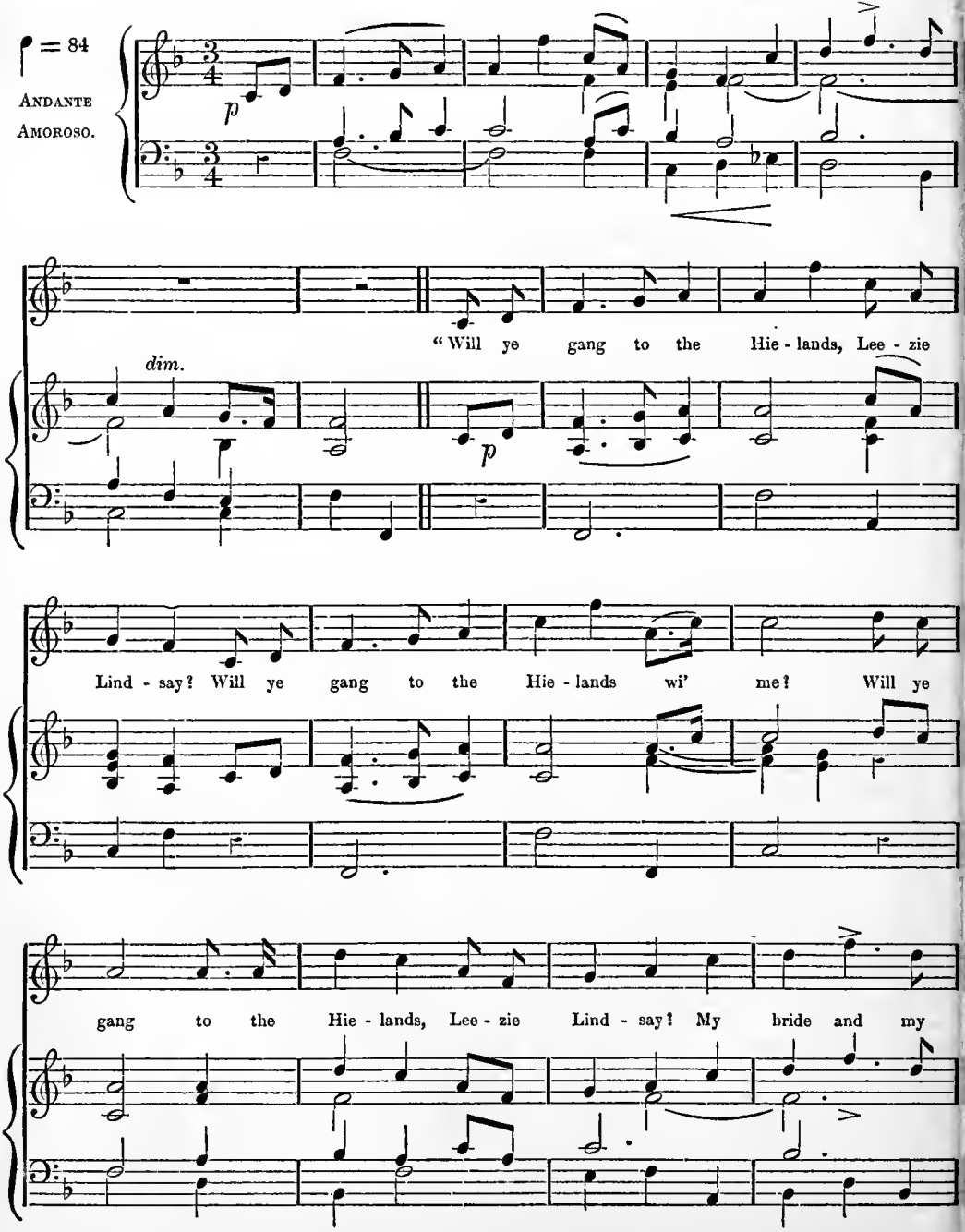
[1] To taste. [2] Livelong. [3] Ale, beer—sometimes, whisky. [4] The firmament. [5] A short time—but here to be understood ironically.

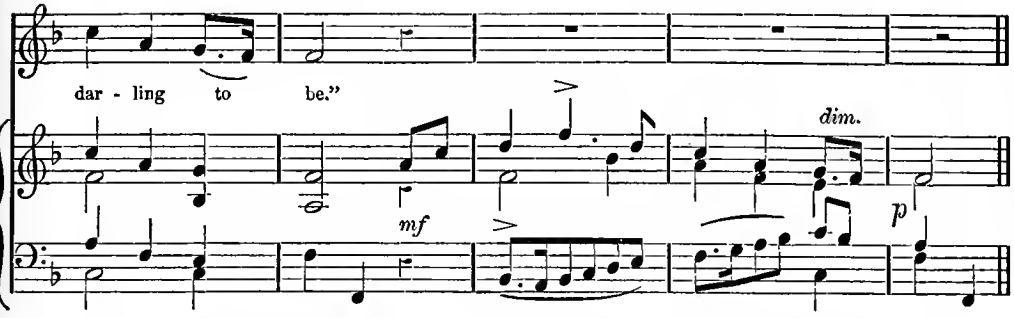
"O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT." In the autumn of 1789, Burns wrote this excellent convivial song, which his friend Allan Masterton, a writing-master in Edinburgh, set to music. Masterton died about the year 1800. The song was written on the occasion of a "house-warming" at William Nicol's farm of Laggan, in Nithsdale. "We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in his own way, that we should celebrate the business." William Nicol was one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. He was Burns' companion in his tour of the Highlands, and died in the summer of 1797. Dr. Currie, in his Life of Burns, gives an interesting account of Nicol. The air, as composed by Masterton, appears in Johnson's Museum, vol. iii. p. 301; but that set has long been superseded by the one here given, which is an improvement on Masterton's air, by some unknown singer or arranger.

Captain Charles Gray, R.M., in No. XIV. of his "Cursory Remarks on Scottish Song," when speaking of Burns as having "contributed no less than two hundred and twenty-eight songs" to Johnson's Museum, adds—"we take credit to ourselves for being the first to claim for him the merit of his collecting and preserving above fifty Scottish melodies. This labour of love alone would have entitled Burns to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen, had he done nothing else; but it was lost in the refulgent blaze of his native genius, which shed a light on our national song that shall endure as long as our simple Doric is understood. In the lapse of ages even the lyrics of Burns may become obsolete, but other bards shall rise, animated with his spirit, and reproduce them, if possible, in more than their original beauty and splendour. We hold our national melodies to be imperishable. As no one can trace their origin, it would be equally futile to predict their end. Their essence is more divine than the language to which they are wedded."

# LEEZIE LINDSAY.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, Sir,
Wad bring the saut tear to my e'e,
At leaving the green glens and woodlands,
And streams o' my ain countrie."

"Oh, I'll shew you the red-deer roaming,
On mountains where waves the tall pine;
And, far as the bound of the red-deer,
Ilk moorland and mountain is mine.

"A thousand claymores I can muster,
Ilk blade and its bearer the same;
And when round their Chieftain they rally,
The gallant Argyle is my name."

There's dancing and joy in the Hielands,
There's piping and gladness and glee,
For Argyle has brought hame Leezie Lindsay
His bride and his darling to be!

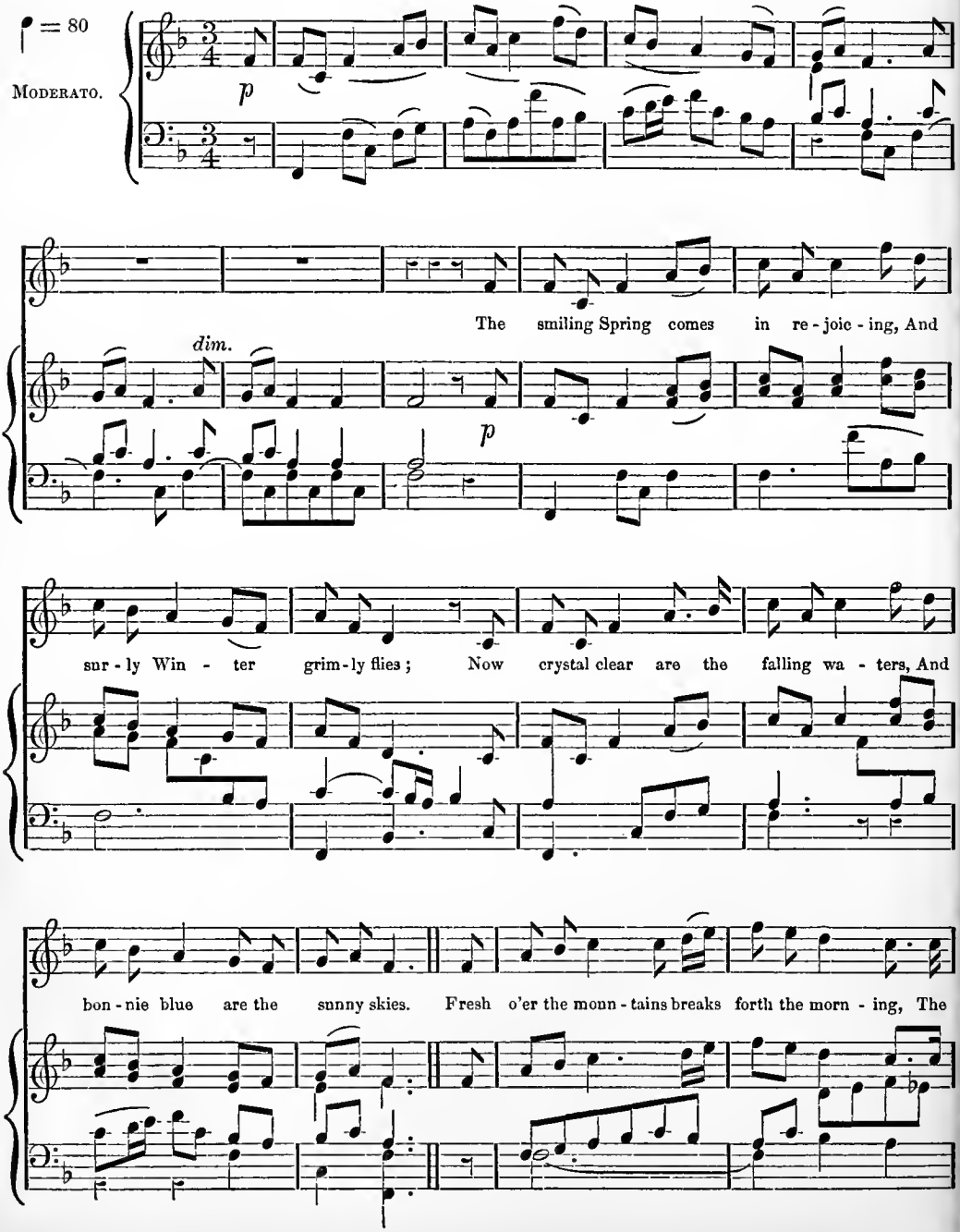
---

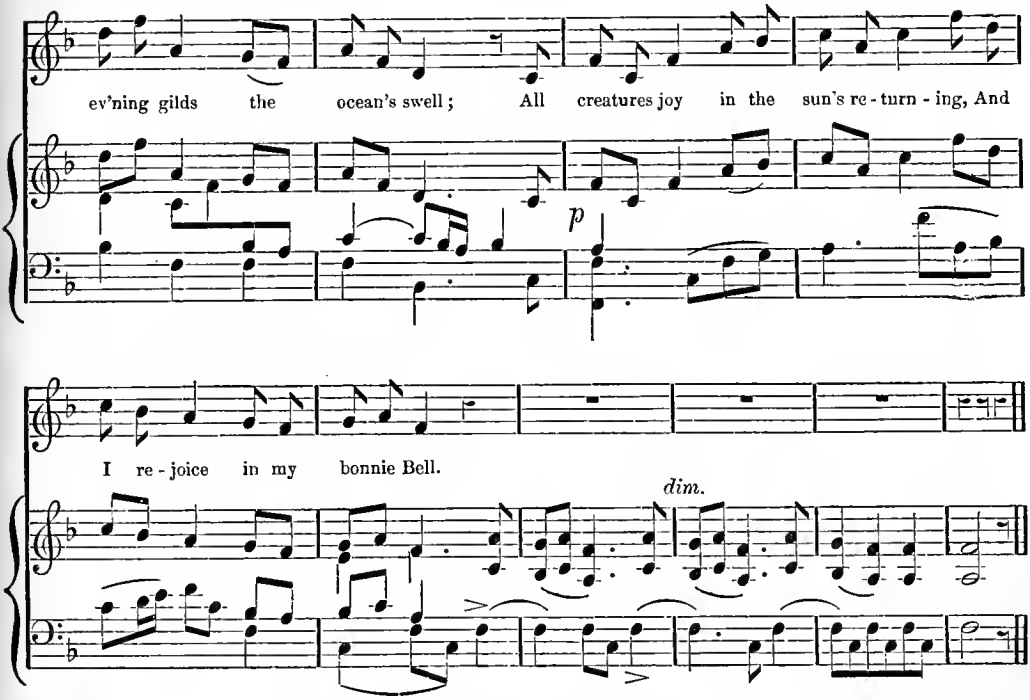
"Leezie Lindsay." The old air, probably Highland, was sent by Burns to Johnson, together with the first four lines of the song. Burns intended to send more verses, but never did. The other verses here given were written by Mr. Robert Gilfillan. The greater part of the old ballad of "*Lizie Lindsay*" was sent by Professor Scott of Aberdeen to Robert Jamieson, Esq., who published the fragment in the second volume of his "Popular Ballads and Songs," 1806, pp. 149-153. Burns evidently had the first stanza of the old ballad in view, though he changed the fourth line—"And dine on fresh cruds and green whey?" See Appendix.

Referring to Note, p. 73, *supra*, we now conclude, for the present, our remarks upon Irish music. No Irishman can feel and admire more than we do, the beauty and originality of the best Irish melodies. They are, indeed, rare gems that sparkle brightly on Erin's laurel-wreath. But we regret that these fine melodies were not earlier collected by some skilful musician competent to a task so difficult. Irish airs were floating about Europe long before Edward Bunting's attempt was made to form a Collection of them in 1792, from the performances of the old Harpers then assembled at Belfast, from all parts of Ireland, and subsequently, when he visited some of those Harpers at their own dwellings. Bunting was then a very young man, having been born in February 1773. His biographer, in the Dublin University Magazine for 1847, states, (p. 67,) that on the occasion of the meeting of Harpers at Belfast in 1792, "Bunting was employed by the Committee of Directors to commit to writing the melodies of which they were, in many instances, the sole depositaries." The task committed to Bunting by the Directors, he could not possibly perform on the spot, unless he were able to write down the notes of the airs and harmonies as fast as they were played—an impracticable feat, as every good musician well knows. So that unless those Harpers had played over the airs again and again to Bunting, and paused every now and then to give him time to write them down, measure by measure, his record of the airs taken on the spot at Belfast cannot be considered as authentic. Indeed, his biographer (*loc. cit.* p. 67) says, that the collecting of these airs "necessarily required a cultivation of his (Bunting's) powers, to enable him to effect it." Bunting himself says, (Preface to his third volume, 1840,) that "immediately after the termination of the meeting in 1792, he commenced forming his first collection. For this purpose he travelled into Derry and Tyrone, visiting Hempson, after his return to Magilligan in the former county, and spending a good part of the summer about Ballinascreen and other mountain districts in the latter, where he obtained a great number of admirable airs from the country people. His principal acquisitions were, however, made in the province of Connaught." His biographer (*loc. cit.* p. 70) tells us, regarding Bunting's second volume, published in 1809, that "he went on journeying, and collecting, and arranging what he gathered, . . . . and having the provinces travelled by agents qualified to note down the melodies for him, as well as the original Irish words to which they were sung." We much doubt the efficiency of those *agents* in the musical department. It will be here observed that Bunting himself *arranged* or *harmonized* the airs for the pianoforte. Passing over at present the many harmonic crudities which all these arrangements exhibit, what shall we say of the gross deception which Bunting practised in 1815, upon "many of the most eminent musicians in Paris," when he deliberately and gravely *assured* them that the harmonies he played to the airs "were equally Irish, and contemporaneous with the airs themselves!"—(*loc. cit.* pp. 71, 72.) After that, who can have faith in Bunting? In the Introduction to Wood's Songs of Scotland, pp. iii, iv, we have animadverted upon some of Bunting's untenable assertions.

# THE SMILING SPRING.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.





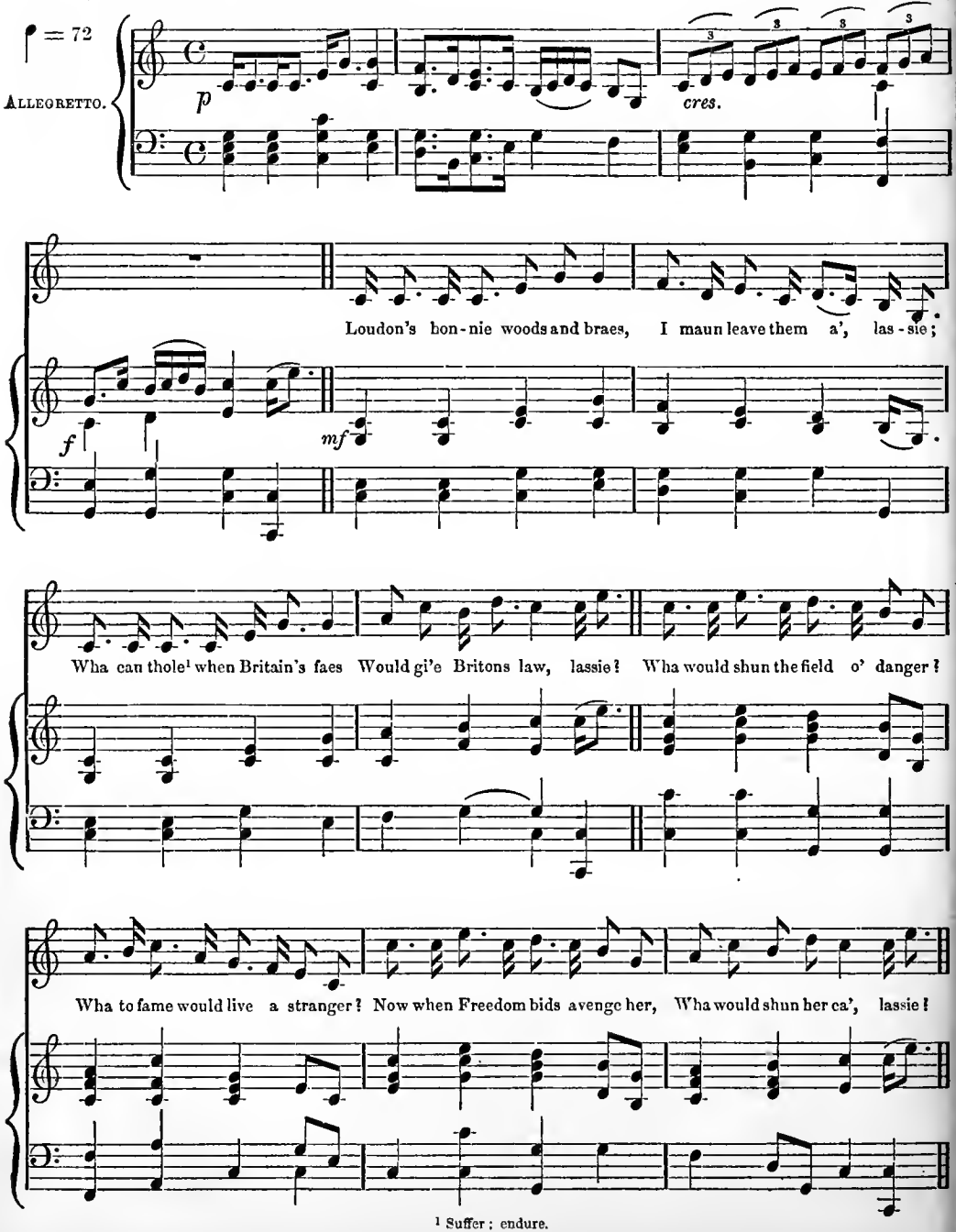

The flow'ry Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

---

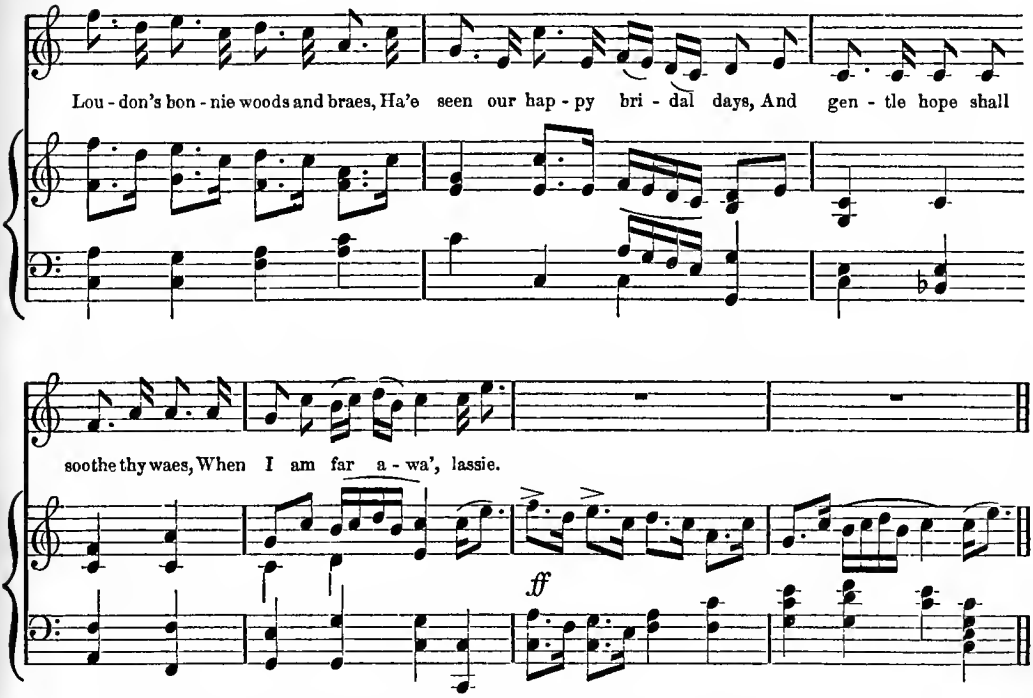
"THE SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—"This song, beginning, 'The smiling *morn* comes in rejoicing,' is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the Museum." Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 355. The song affords one of the most remarkable examples of irregular versification that we meet with in the poetry of Burns. In Note, p. 157, of the first volume of this work, we have touched upon irregular verses written in order to suit certain airs, and have quoted Thomas Moore and others on the subject. But we must say that in this song Burns has not been so happy as usual in his adaptation of words to music. In several lines of the second stanza especially, there is unnecessary and unsuitable irregularity of metrical structure, which prevents the same notes being sung to the words of the second as to those of the first stanza. Above all, the last line of the second stanza consists of seven syllables, which cannot be sung to the same detached notes as the last line of the first stanza, consisting of nine syllables. The air, sent by Burns to the Museum, we think presents marks of an English Border melody, if not of an Irish tune. Mr. Moore, in the Preface to the fifth volume of his Poetical Works, 1841, has the following passage regarding Burns as a song-writer:—"Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed." See pp. x. xi. Mr. Moore was misinformed when he said that "Burns was wholly unskilled in music." See pp. 95, 141, of the first volume of this work.

# LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

AIR, "MARQUIS OF HASTINGS' STRATHSPEY." ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.




[1] Suffer; endure.




Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
  Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
  Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments counting,
  Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields o' war,
Where Vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
  And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,
  Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil
  That the soldier shares, lassie:
Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
  Till the day we dee, lassie:
Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
  On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

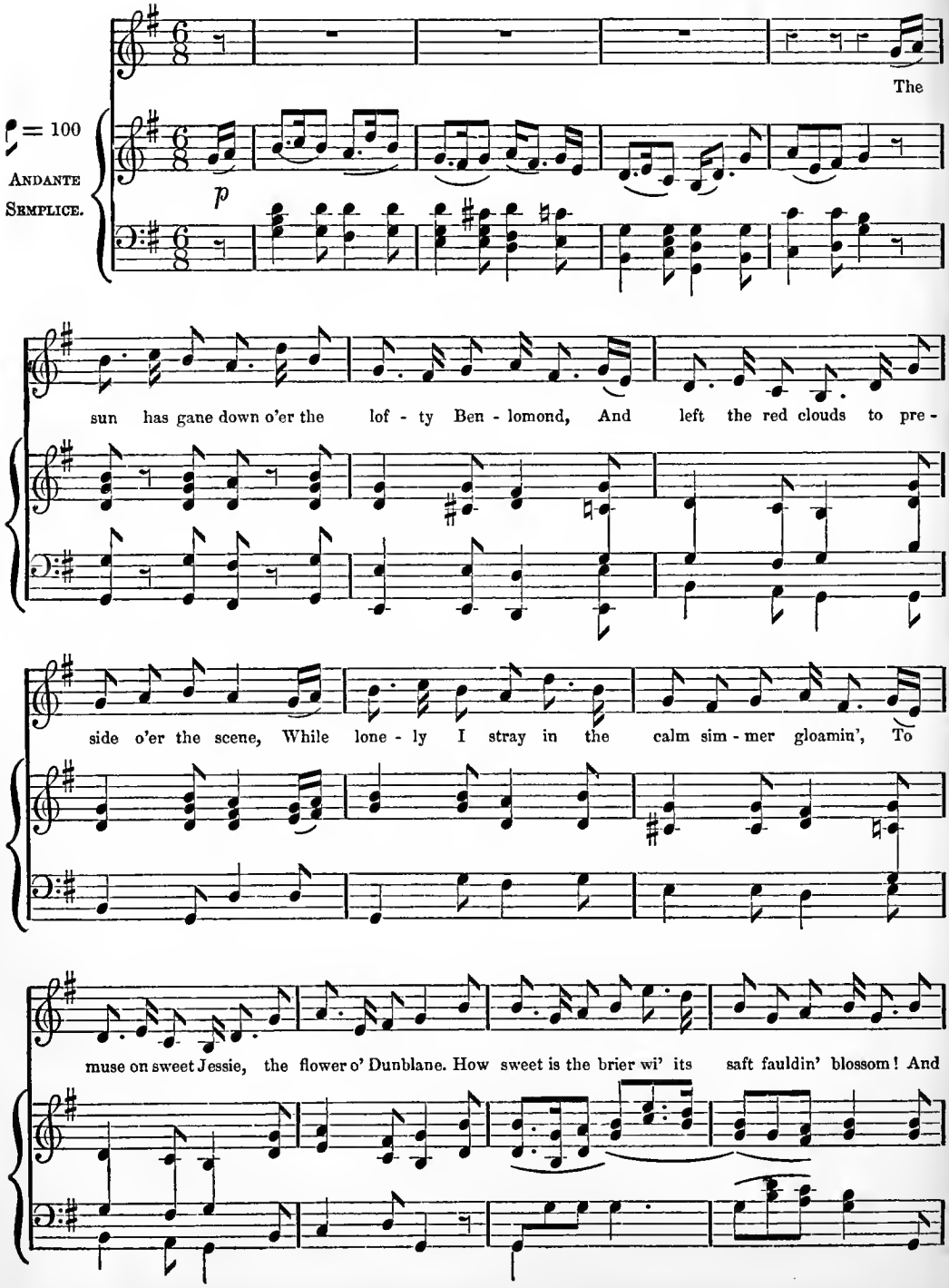
---

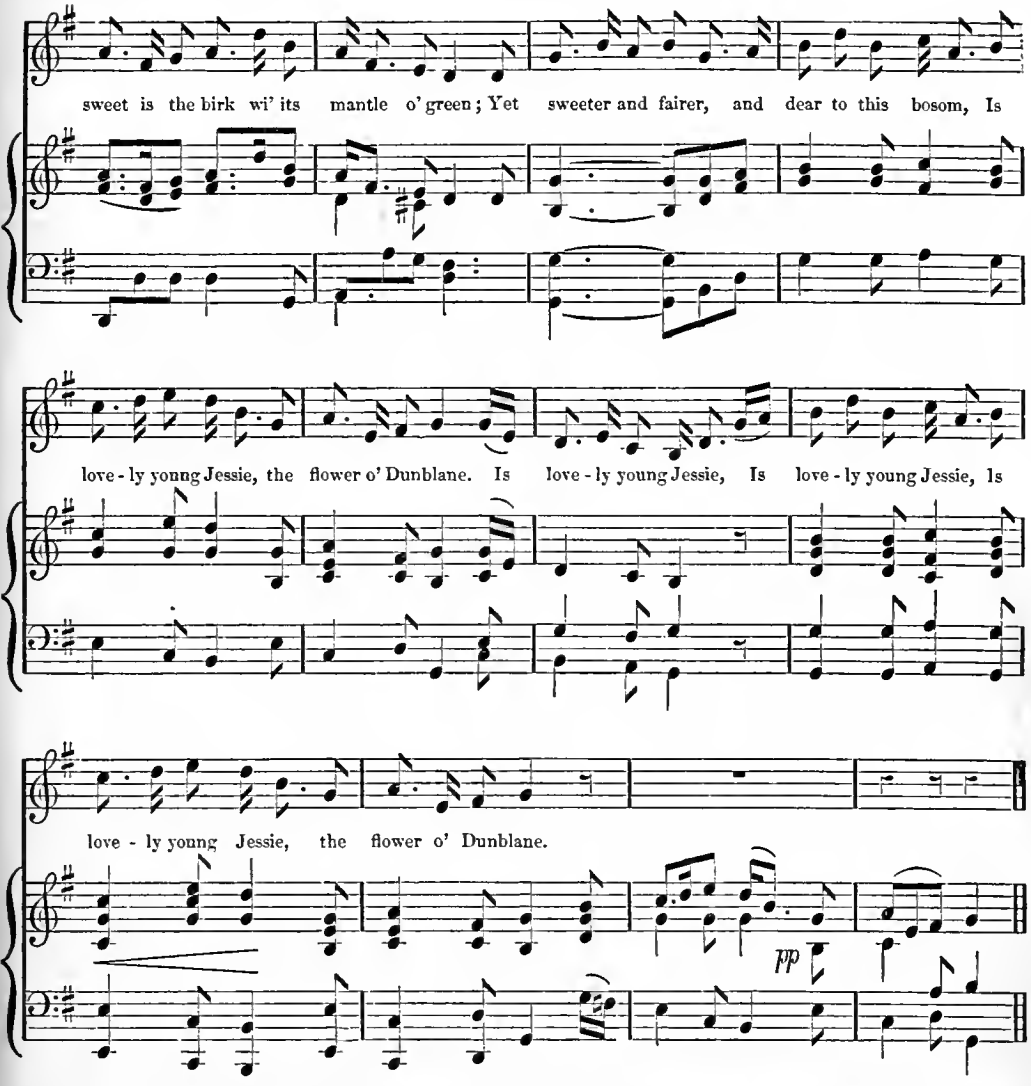
"LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES." These verses were written by Robert Tannahill, and appear to have been very popular for ten or twelve years before the close of the last European war. Loudon Castle, in Ayrshire, was the seat of the Earl of Moira, afterwards created Marquis of Hastings, while Governor-General of India in 1816. This song is said to be commemorative of his parting, upon foreign service, from his young wife the Countess of Loudon.

Referring to p. 105 of vol. i. of this work, and to pp. 35, 43, 45, 51, 53, 61, 71, 73, of this current second volume, we think we have there shown satisfactorily that all ascriptions of the composition of Scottish melodies to Rizzio (or Riccio) are founded in error; and we now take leave of the subject by a short recapitulation of the facts. 1. Rizzio's name is not mentioned as a composer of music of any kind for a hundred and sixty years after his death. 2. He lived little more than four years in Queen Mary's household, and for much the greater part of that time in the capacity of a menial. 3. The Italian writer, Tassoni, makes no mention of Rizzio's pseudo-compositions. 4. Thomson, in his "Orpheus Caledonius," printed in London in 1725, was the first to ascribe seven Scottish airs to Rizzio; and, in the second edition of his work, 1733, ashamed of the imposture, entirely suppressed Rizzio's name. 5. James Oswald, a noted impostor, in his Second Collection of Scottish Airs, also printed in London, again resumed the ridiculous deception regarding Rizzio, while the contemporaneous Edinburgh Collections of Ramsay, Craig, and M'Gibbon, make no mention of Rizzio. Craig, 1730, states, that the airs are "the native and genuine product of the country." 6. We have shown Geminiani's opinions regarding Rizzio, and Scottish and other music, to be absurdly erroneous; and the opinions of his blind and ignorant follower, Oliver Goldsmith, to improve greatly in error and absurdity upon those of Geminiani and others. If any Rizzio MSS. should turn up, like the Skene, and Straloch, and Leyden, we should welcome them heartily as very wonderful curiosities.

# JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the ev'ning,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

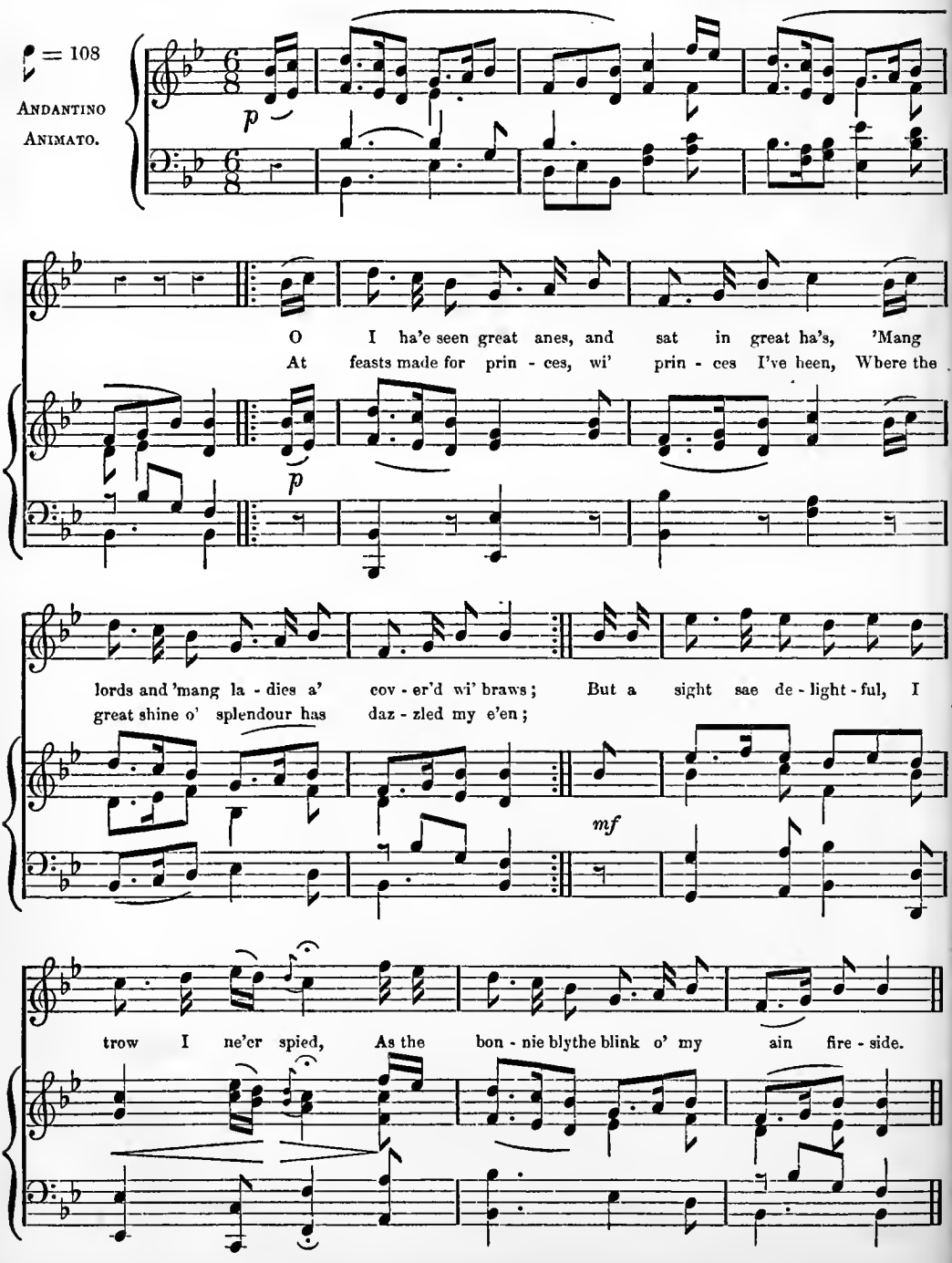
How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

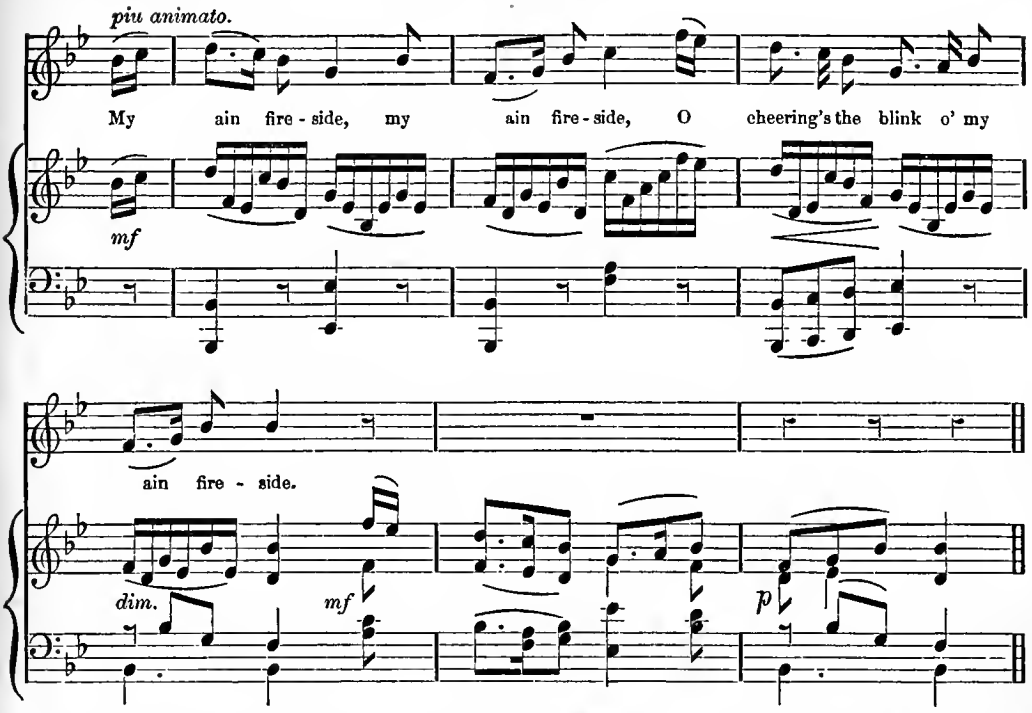
---

"JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE." The words were written by Robert Tannahill, of whom some account has been given in the first volume of this work, pp. 7, 113, 159. Tannahill's words were immediately set to music by the late Robert Archibald Smith, who is also noticed in that volume, pp. vi., 113, 159. Smith was brought to Edinburgh in 1823, by the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, and appointed by him precentor in St. George's Church. He died at Edinburgh on 3d January 1829. Not a few of the airs which Smith gave in his "Scottish Minstrel" as ancient Scottish melodies, were actually of his own composition, as could even now easily be proved. Whatever may be a man's ingenuity in committing musical or literary hoaxes upon the public, the principle of such doings will not bear the slightest examination.

# MY AIN FIRESIDE.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






As the succeeding stanzas are each two lines longer than the first, it is necessary in singing them to repeat the second as well as the first strain of the melody. Another, and a very objectionable, mode is, however, more generally adopted; this is, to omit a portion of each stanza, and thus accommodate it to the music.

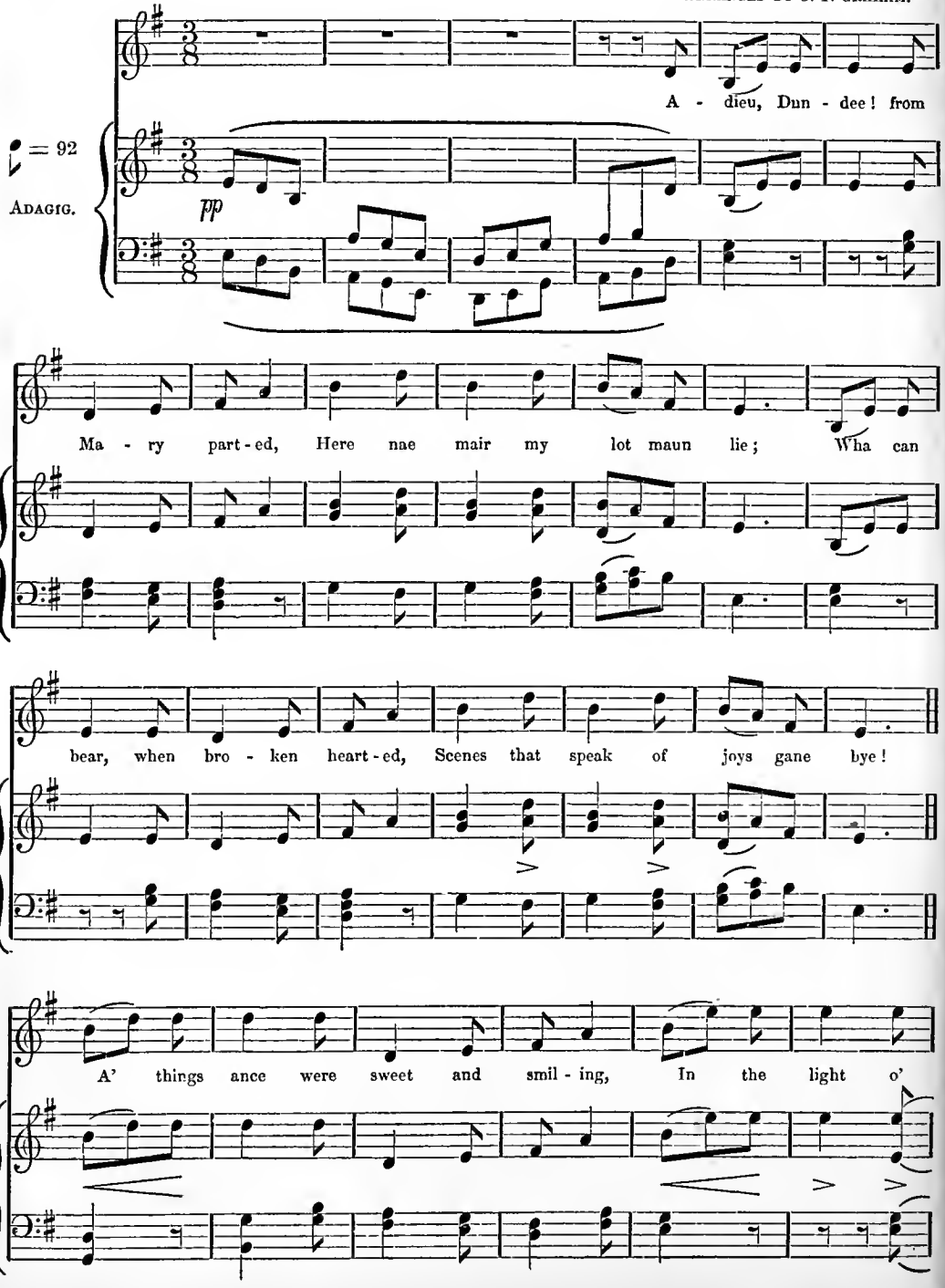
Anee mair, gude be praised, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may langh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of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

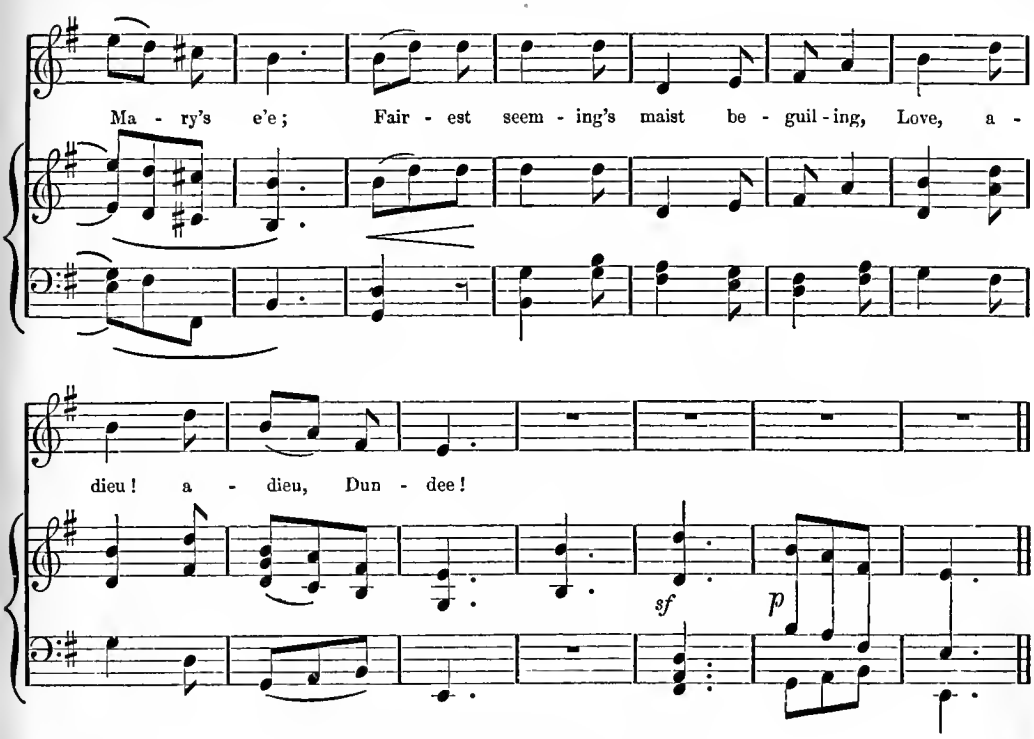
When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearth-stane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleechings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

"My ain fireside." In Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," these verses are ascribed to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, the authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and various other prose works, chiefly relative to education. She was the sister of Captain Charles Hamilton, in the service of the East India Company, who was also an author. She died about 1817. The air is that given in Johnson's Museum under the title of "Todlen hame." This ancient air has been wrought into a variety of modern tunes, under different names; such as, "Armstrong's Farewell," "Robidh donna gorrach," "The days o' Langsyne," "Lude's Lament," "The death of the chief," &c. See Muscum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 258.

# ADIEU, DUNDEE!

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.





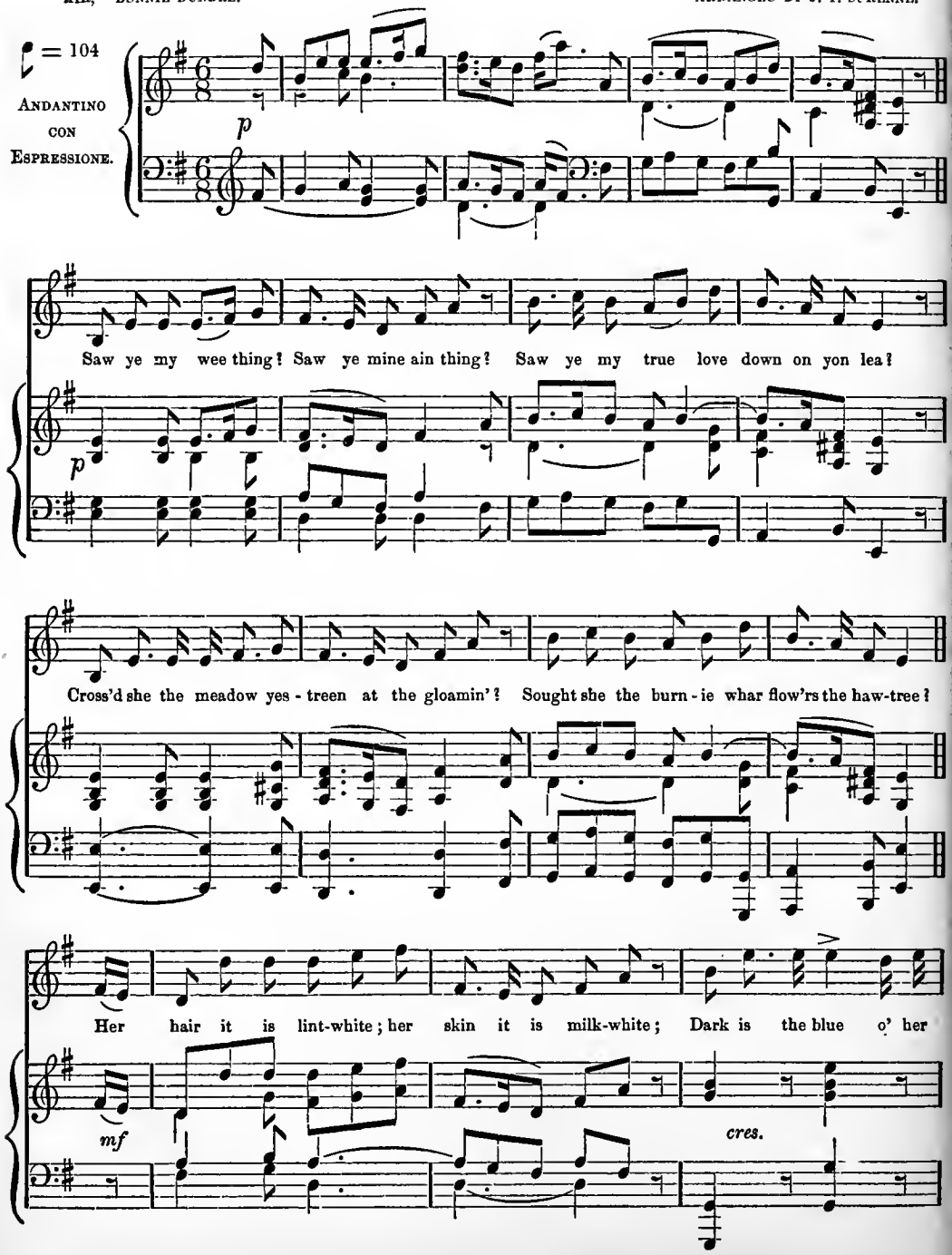

Like yon water saftly gliding,
When the winds are laid to sleep;
Such my life, when I confiding,
Gave to her my heart to keep!
Like yon water wildly rushing,
When the north wind stirs the sea;
Such the change, my heart now crushing—
Love, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

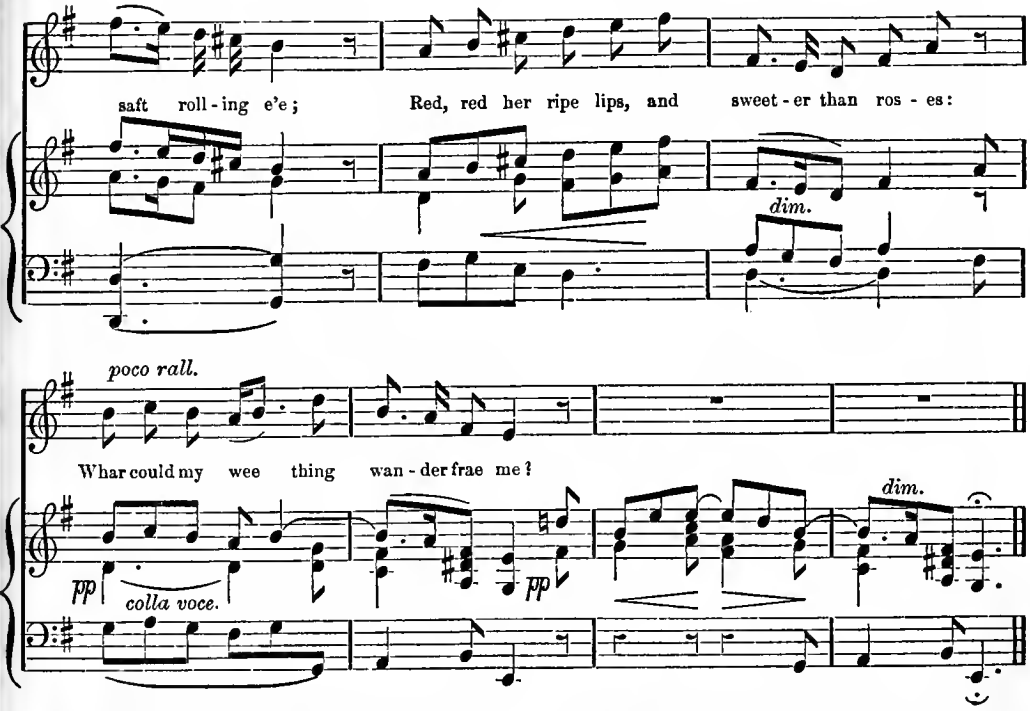
---

"ADIEU, DUNDEE!" The air is found in tablature in the Skene MS., already referred to in this work, vol. i. p. iv. of Introduction, *et passim*. The late William Dauney, Esq., Advocate, who published the translation of the Skene MS., with an able Dissertation, &c., was one of the best amateur singers and violoncello players in Scotland. Soon after the publication of that work he went to Demerara, where he held the office of Solicitor-General. Universally esteemed for his abilities and his amiable manners and character, he had the prospect of rising there to higher honours, when the fever of the country cut him off prematurely on 28th July 1843. He was born on 27th October 1800. Before he left Scotland, he requested Mr. Finlay Dun and the Editor of this work to harmonize for him some of the airs from the Skene MS., to which words were to be written by two Edinburgh gentlemen. Three of these airs were accordingly published in 1838 in that form. "Adieu, Dundee!" was one of these. It is now reprinted by permission of Mrs. Dauney, the proprietress of the music, and of Charles Neaves, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff of Orkney, who is the author of the expressive and appropriate verses written for the old air at the request of his intimate friend the late Mr. Dauney. In the Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 102, Mr. Stenhouse makes the following remarks upon the air of "Bonnie Dundee," as given, No. 99 of the Museum:—"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." As to the probable date of the Skene MS., we have already touched upon that subject, p. iv. of Introduction, and in the Note, p. 3 of the first volume of this work. Mr. Stenhouse's assertion, that the air, "Bonnie Dundee," given in Johnson's Museum, appears in Skene's MS. under the title of "Adew, Dundee," is incorrect; and clearly proves that Mr. Stenhouse could not translate the tablature of the Skene MS. The two airs are by no means identical, as any one may easily see who takes the trouble to compare them together.

# SAW YE MY WEE THING?

AIR, "BONNIE DUNDEE." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart! and modest her nature!
She never lo'ed onie till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e!—
Ye's rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

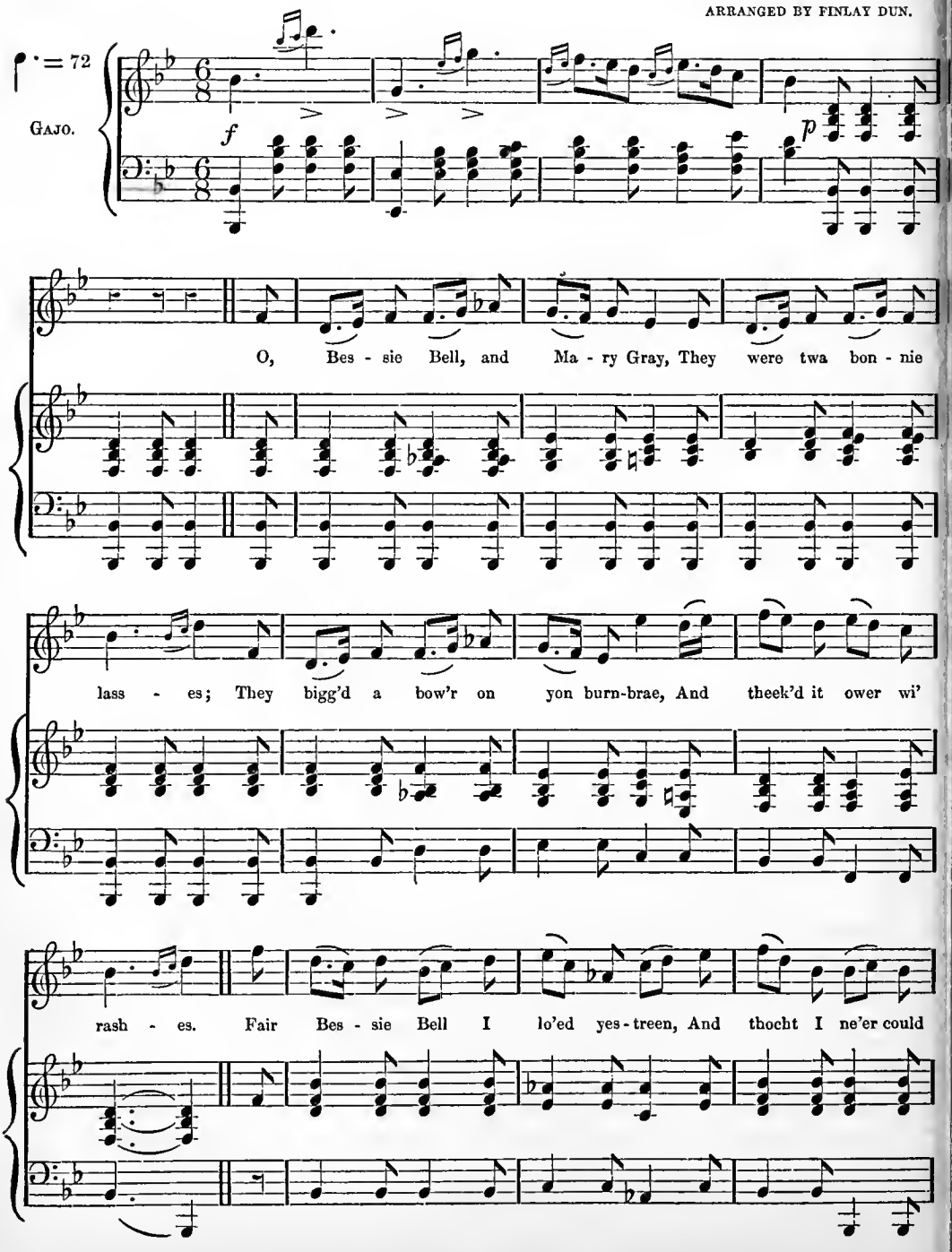
Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling:—
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!
Is it my wee thing! is it my ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see!
O Jamie, forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee!

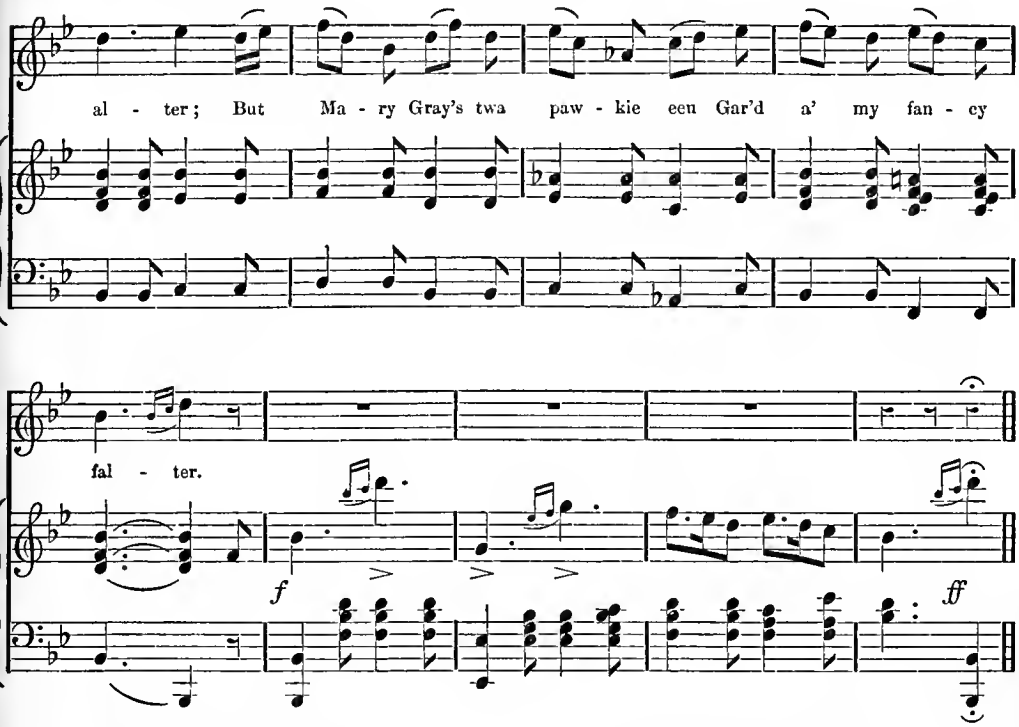
---

"SAW YE MY WEE THING?" Mr. Stenhouse says,—"This charming ballad, beginning, 'Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?' was written by Hector Macneil, Esq., author of the celebrated poem of 'Will and Jean,' and several other esteemed works. It first appeared in a periodical publication, entitled 'The Bee,' printed at Edinburgh in May 1791. Mr. Macneil informed the writer of this article, that the tune to which his song is adapted in the Museum is the genuine melody that he intended for the words." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 393. The melody given in the Museum, No. 443, is entitled, "The wee thing, or Mary of Castle-Cary;" it is now quite unknown, having been supplanted in the public favour by the beautiful and well-known air, "Bonnie Dundee;" in a future number, however, we shall revive this forgotten melody, which ought not to be altogether lost sight of. "Bonnie Dundee" is nearly the same air as that which we have just before given from the Skene MS. with words by Charles Neaves, Esq., Advocate, under the title of "Adieu, Dundee!" The air, "Adew, Dundie," from the Skene MS., is the more simple and touching of the two. The Editor's translation of it was first published in Mr. Dauney's "Ancient Scottish Melodies," No. 24, p. 225. See Mr. Dauney's remarks upon the air, pp. 266, 267, of the same work.

# BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






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

Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamond's glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and braw;
She kills whene'er she dances.

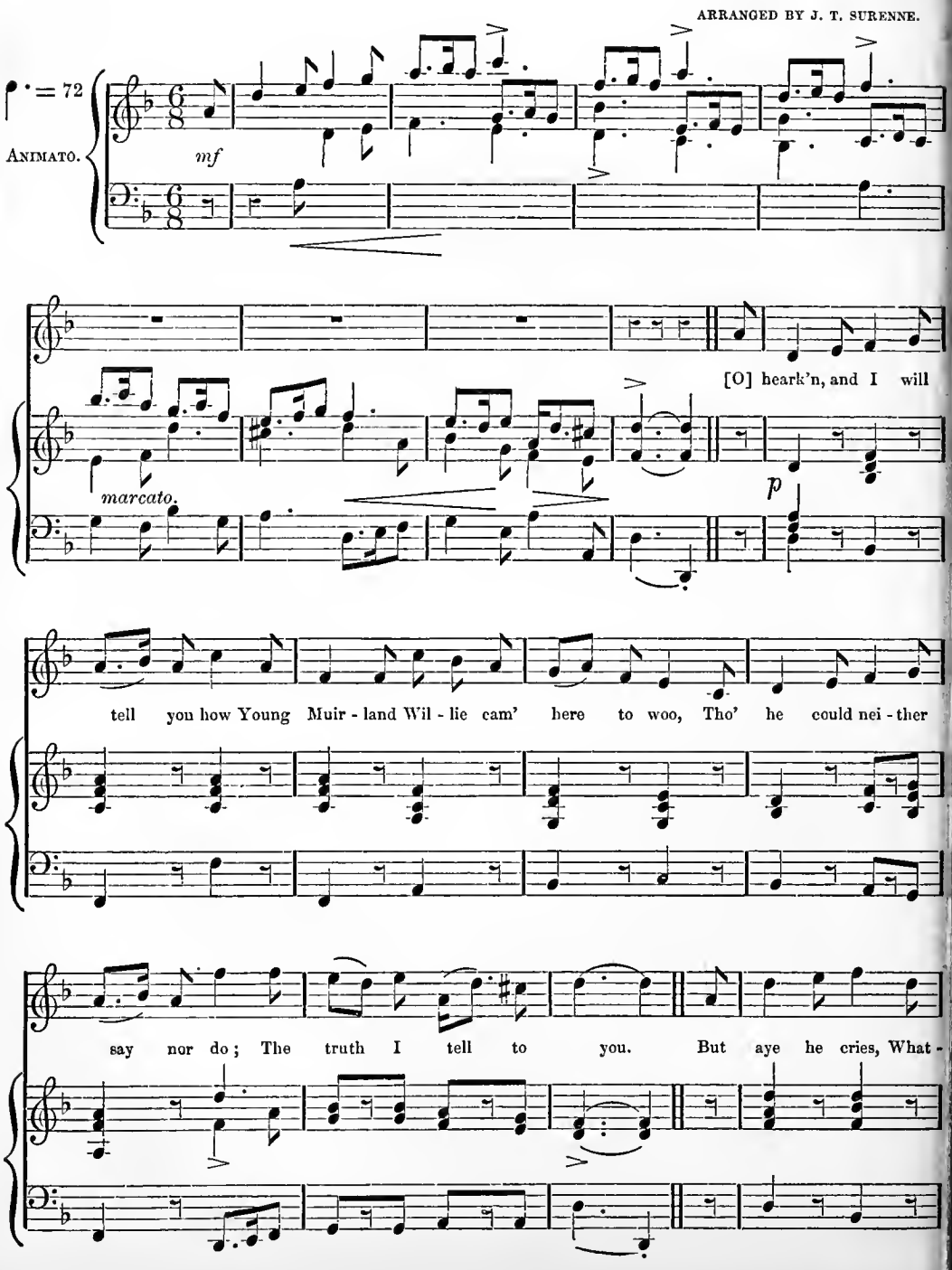
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

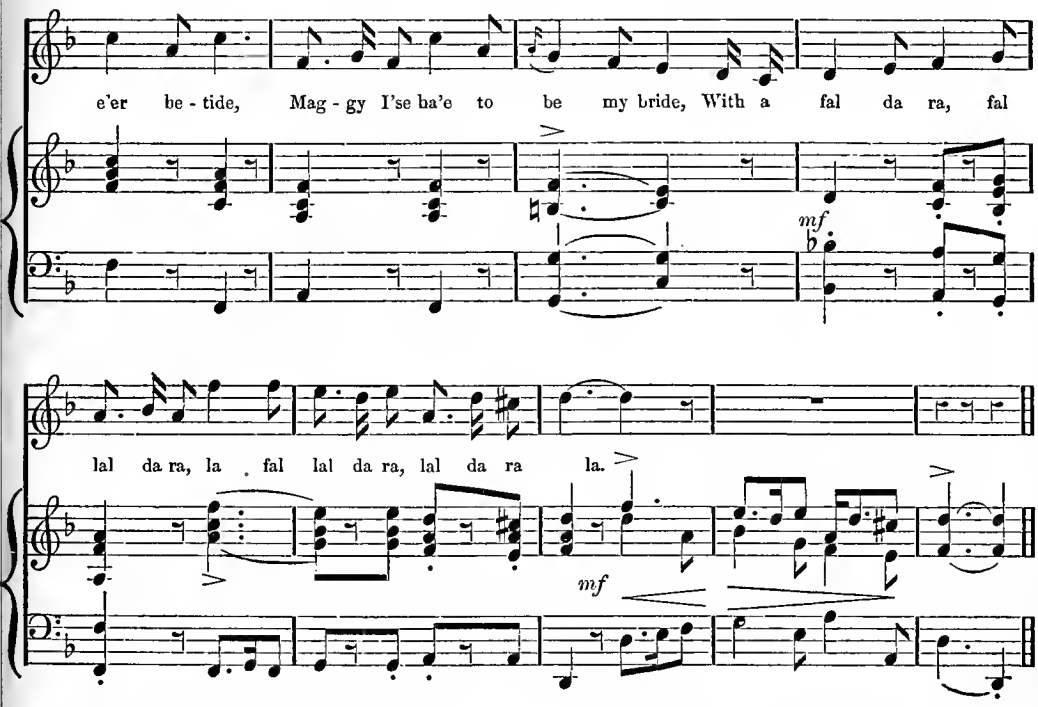
Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
To aue by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this song is as follows:—"The first stanza of this song is old, the rest of it was written by Ramsay. Thomson adapted Ramsay's improved song to the old air in his Orpheus Caledonius, in 1725, from whence it was copied into the first volume of Watt's Musical Miscellany, printed at London in 1729. The tune also appears in Craig's Collection in 1730, and in many others subsequent to that period. The heroines of the song, viz., Miss Elizabeth Bell, daughter of Mr. Bell of Kinvaid, Perthshire, and Miss Mary Gray, daughter of Mr. Gray of Lyndock, are reported to have been very handsome young ladies, and very intimate friends. While Miss Bell was residing at Lyndock, on a visit to Miss Gray, in the year 1666, the plague broke out. With a view to avoid the contagion, they built a bower, or small cottage, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, about three-quarters of a mile from Lyndock house. Here they resided a short time; but the plague raging with increased fury, they at length caught the infection, after receiving a visit from a gentleman who was their mutual admirer; and here they both died. They were interred about half a mile from the mansion-house; and Major Berry, the late proprietor of that estate, carefully enclosed the spot, and consecrated it to those amiable and celebrated friends. Lyndock is now the property of Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndock, the gallant hero of Barossa. Mr. Gay selected the tune of 'Bessie Bell and Mary Gray' for one of his songs in the Beggar's Opera, beginning, 'A curse attends that woman's love who always would be pleasing,' acted at London in 1728." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 122, 123. In the Additional Illustration, ibid. p. 203, C. K. Sharpe, Esq., writes thus:—"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray died of the plague, communicated by their lover, in the year 1645; see Pennant, and the Statistical Account of Scotland."

# MUIRLAND WILLIE.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddie's door,
With a fal da ra, &c.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal da ra, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won,[1] or in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom,
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,[2]
With a fal da ra, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle[3] brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town:
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd[4] fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,
Syne[5] ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But siccan[6] a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, &c.

[1] Dwell. [2] Brisk; lively. [3] An upper garment. [4] Curtsied. [5] Afterwards. [6] Such.

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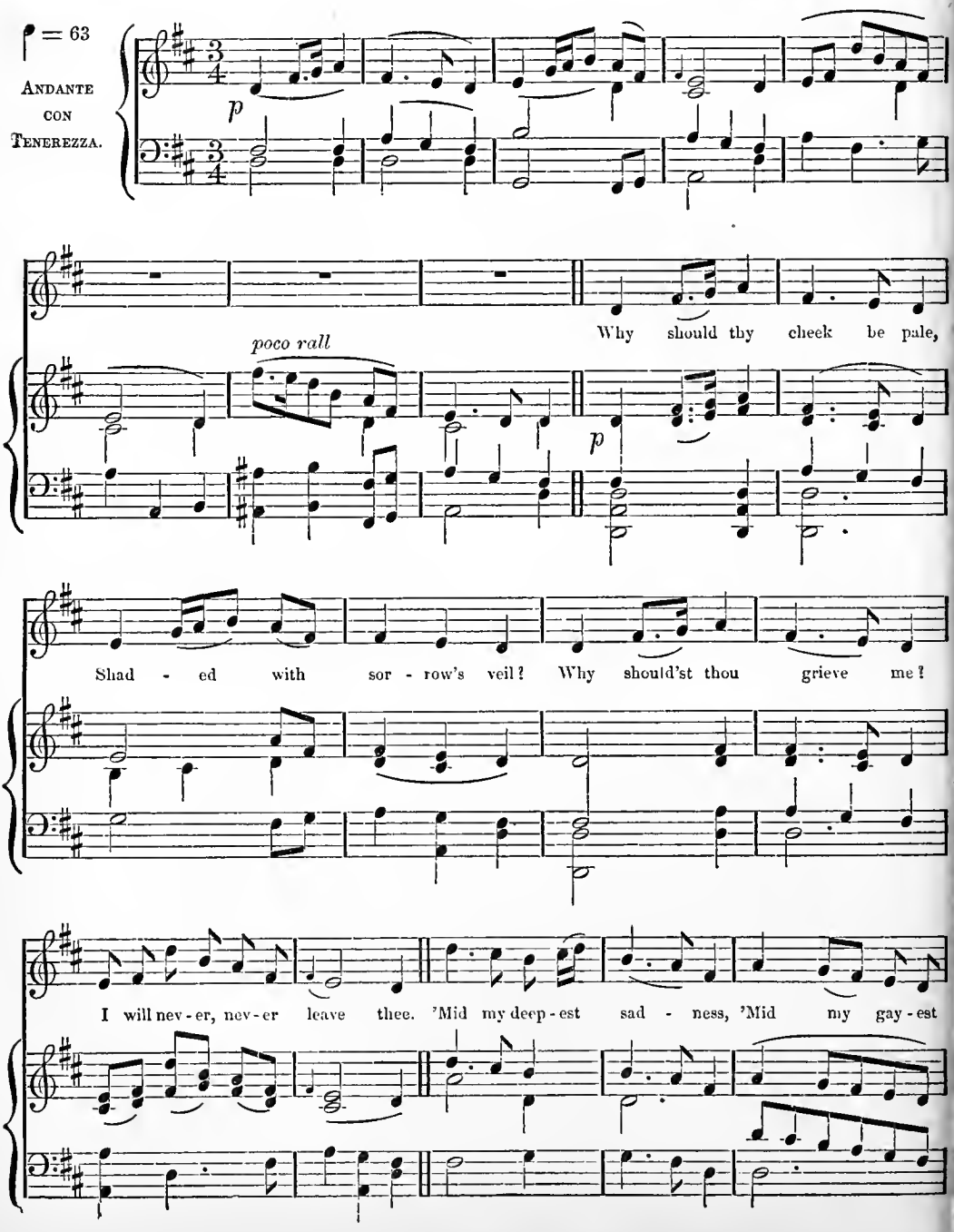
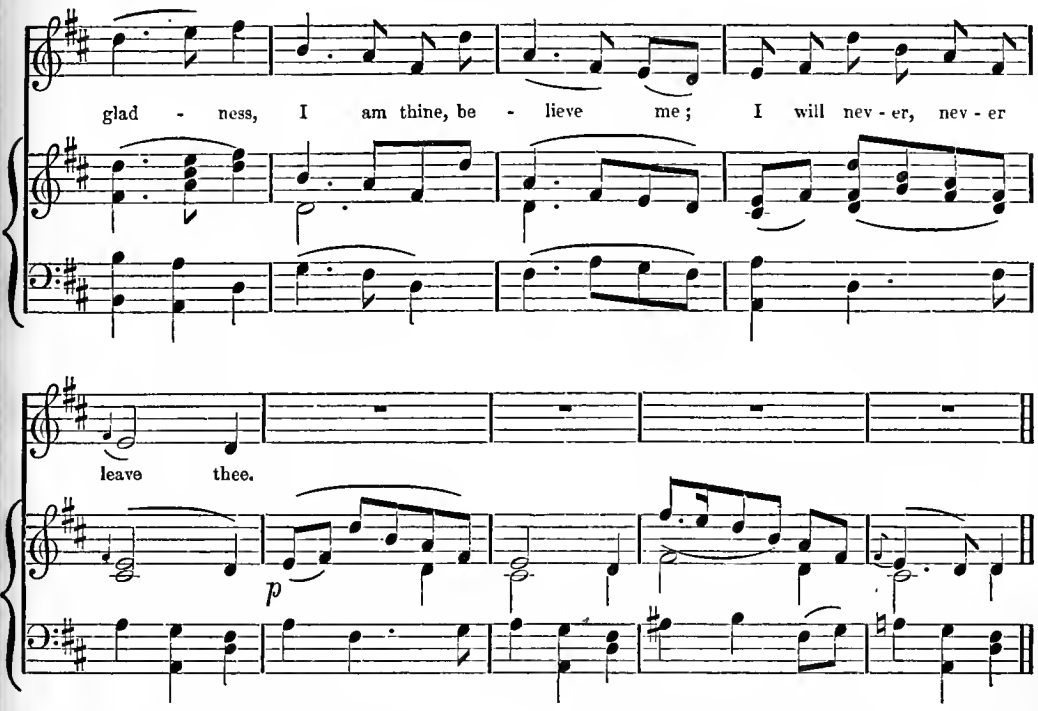
"MUIRLAND WILLIE." Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This very humorous ballad, beginning, 'Hearken, and I will tell ye how,' is published in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, with the signature Z, to denote that it was then considered to be very old. It was likewise printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, with the music, in 1725. The tune also appears in Mrs. Crockat's Manuscript Collection, written in 1709, now in the Editor's possession." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 342. With regard to this air, "Muirland Willie," the Editor refers to his Note on "My boy Tammy," (p. 61 of first volume of this work,) in which he points out different editions of "Muirland Willie," and states that "My boy Tammy" is a mere transformation of "Muirland Willie."

# I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Life's storms may rudely blow,
Laying hope and pleasure low:
I'd ne'er deceive thee;
I could never, never leave thee!

Ne'er till my cheek grow pale,
And my heart-pulses fail,
And my last breath grieve thee,
Can I ever, ever leave thee!

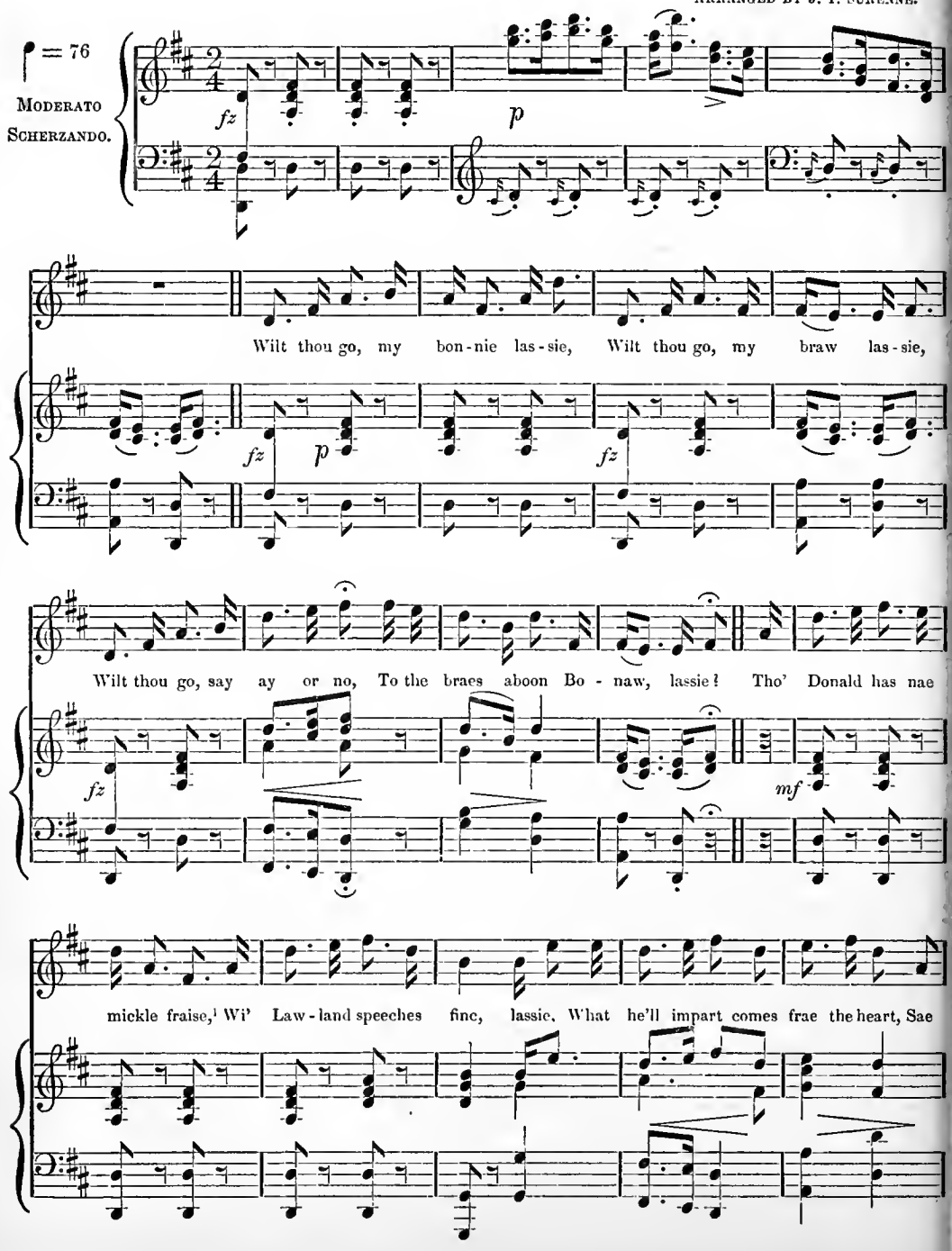
"I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE." This beautiful air is unquestionably very old. Sibbald (Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. p. 275) is of opinion that the modern version of it is a little corrupted, and that the original air was intended to be sung to one of Wedderburne's Spiritual Ballads, (before 1549,) beginning,—

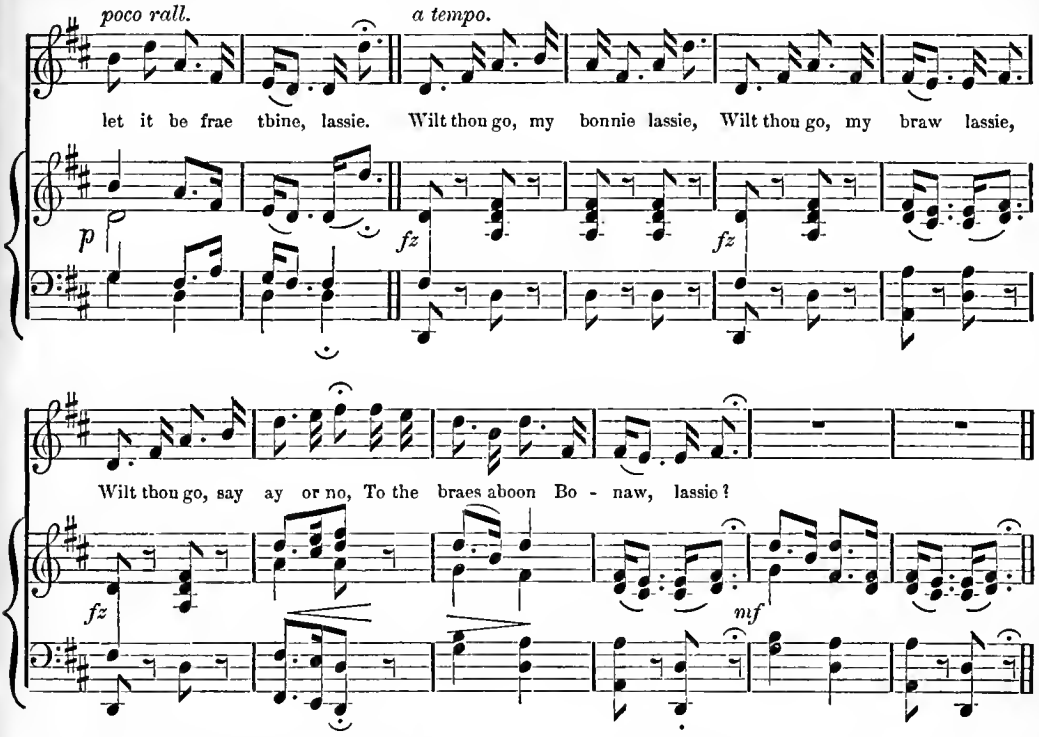
"Ah! my love! leif me not!
Leif me not! leif me not!
Ah! my love, leif me not,
Thus mine alone!"

Although Mr. Stenhouse agrees in this opinion, we doubt whether its truth can be established by any existing evidence. (See our Note, vol. ii. p. 29.) Mr. Stenhouse's words are:—"This (Sibbald's) opinion appears to be correct, for this identical tune is mentioned in Geddes' 'Saint's Recreation,' written in 1673, as appears 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' 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 bonnie broom*, *I'll never leave thee*, *We'll all go pull the hadder*, and such like, without any challenge or disparagement.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 93, 94. In Mr. William Dauney's Dissertation, p. 38, there is a longer quotation from Geddes. The following passage of that quotation is too curious to be omitted:—"It is alleged by some, and that not without some colour of reason, that many of our ayres or tunes are made by good angels, but the letters or lines of our songs by devils. We choose the part angelical, and leave the diabolical." The set of the air which we publish is chiefly taken from that given by Francis Peacock, No. 15 of his "Fifty favourite Scotch Airs," dedicated to the Earl of Errol, and printed in London about 1776. It is, in our opinion, much superior to the ordinary versions, which have been corrupted by the insertion of embellishments altogether destructive of the beauty and simplicity of the ancient melody. Peacock was a dancing-master in Aberdeen, and a good player on the violin and violoncello. As the words usually sung to the air do not conform to it in their accentuation, and require besides an addition to the second strain, at variance with the rhythm, we have substituted other words written for this work by a friend of the publishers.

# THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






When simmer days cleed a' the braes
Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
At milking sheel,[2] we'll join the reel,
My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie,
For duck and drake, I'll beat the brake,
Nae want shall come thee nigh, lassie.
Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par, wi' canny care,
I'll wiley skim the flee, lassie;
Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.
"Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

[1] Cajoling discourse.

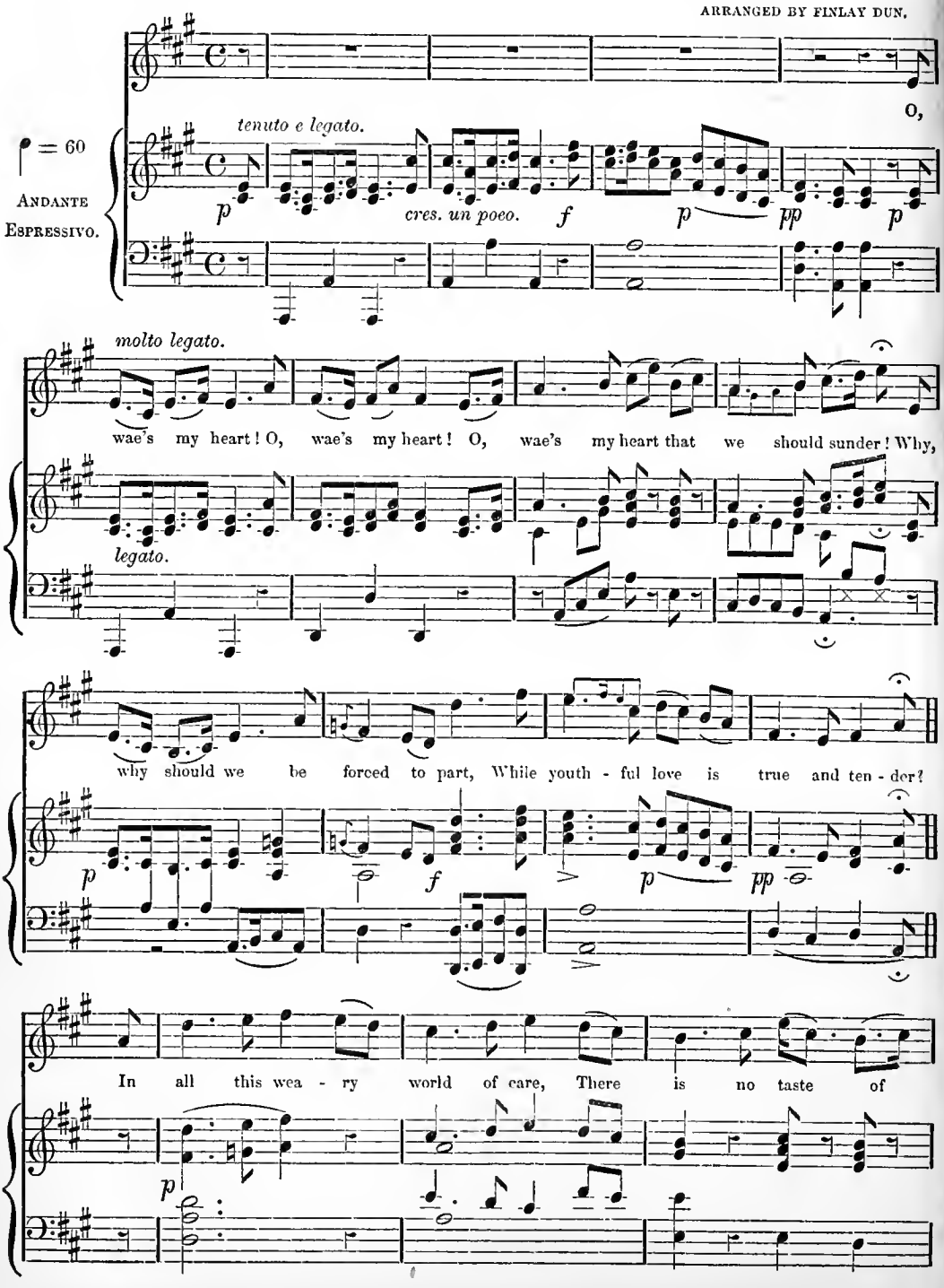
[2] An out-house for cattle.

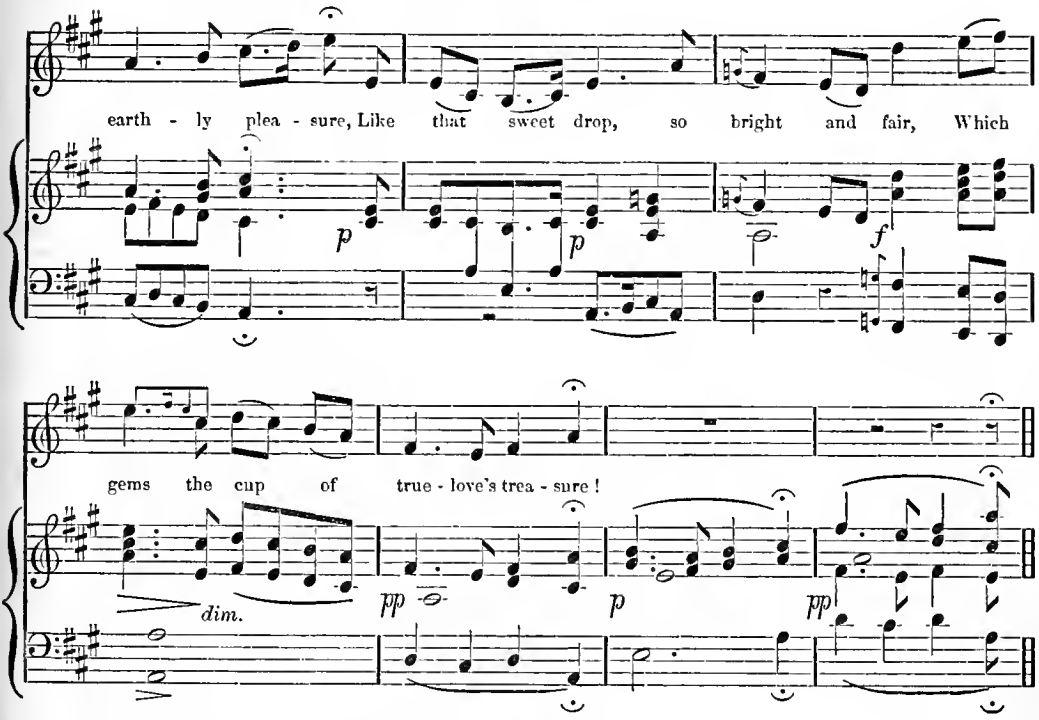
"THE BRAES ABOON BONAW." In the first volume of "The Scottish Minstrel," we find this song and air, but the editor of that work indicates that the author is *unknown*. Messrs. Blackie, in their "Book of Scottish Song," give the verses, with merely this Note:—"Written, and music arranged by W. Gilfillan." The air is obviously borrowed, in some measure, from the popular dance-tune of "Duncan Davidson," formerly called, "You'll aye be welcome back again." Mr. Stenhouse says of "Duncan Davidson," (Museum Illustrations):—"This lively tune was inserted, about a century ago, in John Welsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, book ii. p. 45. It is also to be found in Oswald's Pocket Companion, and several other old collections." "The braes aboon Bonaw," with the air, was first printed as a single-sheet song.

The Editor has been favoured with the following reply to his letter to Robert Gilfillan, Esq.:—"Leith, 14th March, 1848. I regret I cannot give you any direct information regarding the author of 'The braes aboon Bonaw.' Twenty-one years ago, R. A. Smith wrote me, inquiring if I were the author of the song. In reply, I answered that the song was written before I was born, and that my father, then living, believed it to be the composition of a second cousin of his own, who, in early life, went abroad, and died shortly after. The few families of Gilfillan in Scotland almost all *count kin*; the history of the clan being as follows:—Originally it belonged to the Isle of Mull; but, during the feudal wars, was overcome by a more powerful clan, and completely extirpated. Two of the widows, however, by a coincidence, bore each twin sons, from whom we have all sprung. . . . . My father wrote occasional verses on local subjects, but none of them were ever printed."

# O, WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER!

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






Though far away from thee, my love,
My thoughts will ever seek thy dwelling;
For distance cannot all remove
This faithful heart with fondness swelling!

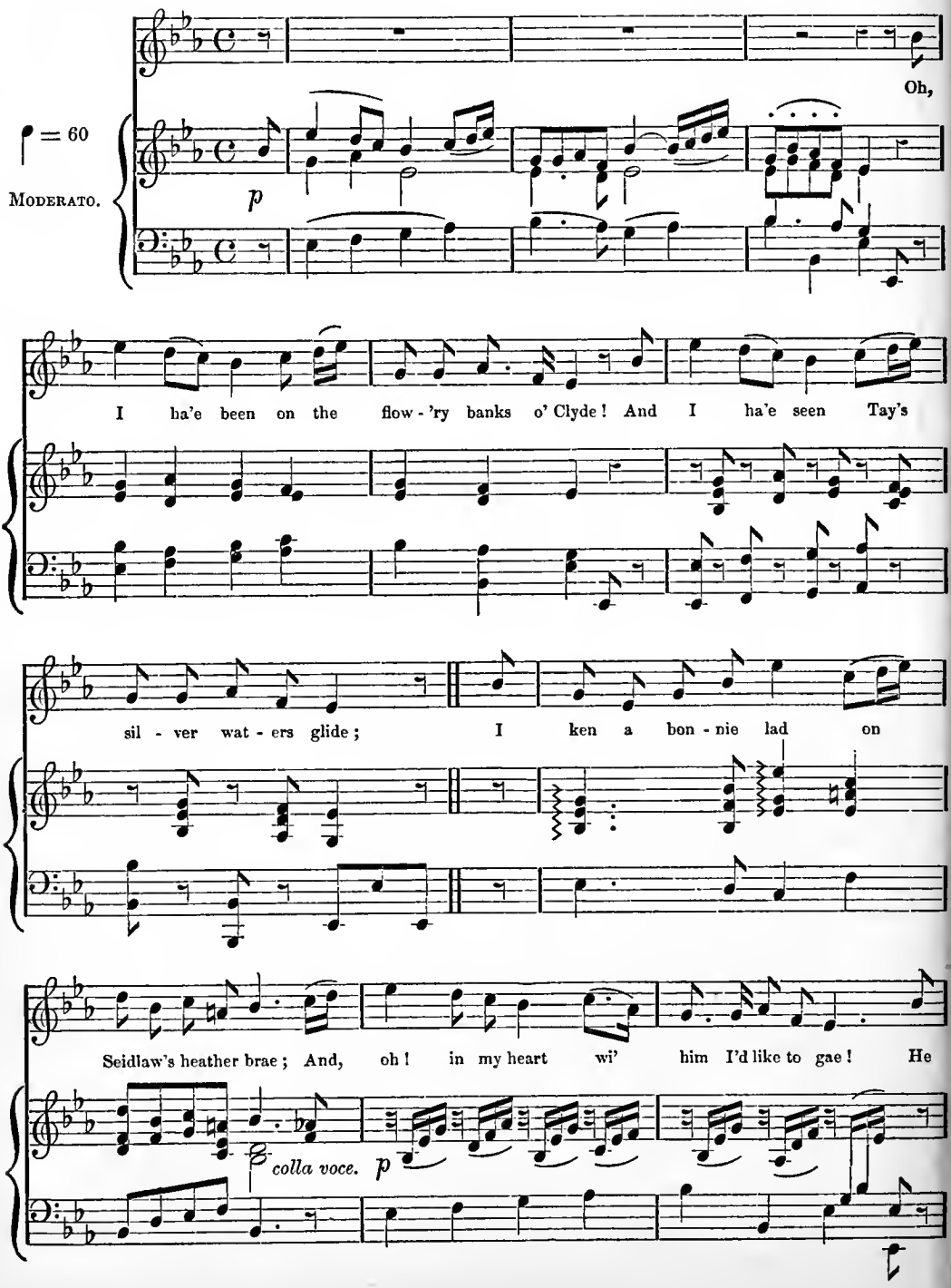
And, should I fall, far, far from thee,
Amid the storm of warlike thunder,
My latest breathing words will be—
"O, wae's my heart that we should sunder!"

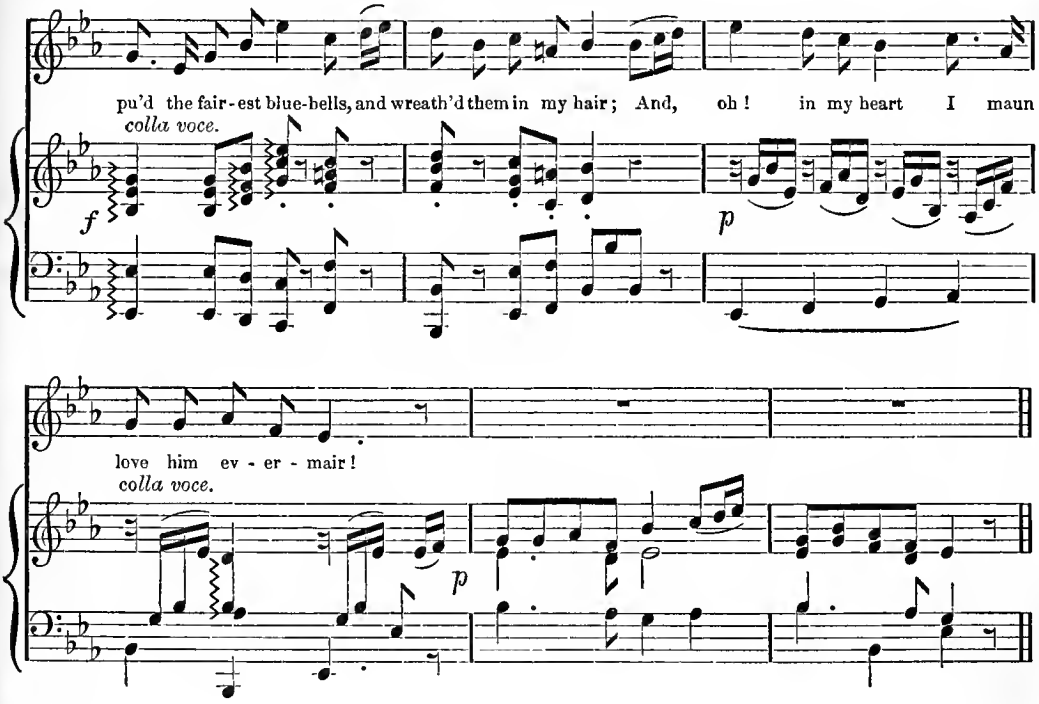
---

"O, WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER!" The oldest known fragmentary form of this beautiful air is found, under a different name, in the Skene MS., referred to *possim* in this work. There it is called, "To dance about the bailzeis dubb," and consists of two strains; the first of four measures, the second of eight. It wants several of the passages introduced into the more modern sets, and the closes are different; but many of the essential features of the more modern sets are there. See No. 3 of translated airs in the late Mr. Dauney's "Ancient Scottish Melodies." In the Appendix we give the air translated from the Skene MS. tablature, and also the first strain of "Alace this night yat we suld sinder," (No. 12 of airs in Mr. Dauney's work,) also from the Skene MS. It will be seen that from these two old airs, the modern air of "Wae's my heart that we should sunder," has been compounded; No. 12 containing the closes that are not in No. 3. Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon No. 131 of Johnson's Museum, says:—"This tune occurs in Skene's MSS., written prior to 1598, under the title, 'Alace this night yat we suld sinder,' which was undoubtedly the first line of a very ancient song now lost." But this unqualified assertion affords additional proof of what we have repeatedly had occasion to state in the course of this work, viz.—that Mr. Stenhouse did not understand the tablature of the Skene MS., and could not translate it. He does not take the least notice of "To dance about the bailzeis dubb," which actually contains the commencement of the modern air, while "Alace this night yat we suld sinder," does not begin at all like the modern air, though it contains similar closes. Ramsay wrote two songs for the modern air. One, beginning, "With broken words and downcast eyes," which was published with the music in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725; and the other, beginning, "Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief," introduced by him as a song in his Gentle Shepherd. Neither of these songs possesses much poetical merit, and neither is well-suited to the melody. We have chiefly followed M'Gibbon's set of the air, and give it with new words written expressly for this work by a friend of the publishers.

# OH, I HA'E BEEN ON THE FLOW'RY BANKS O' CLYDE!

AIR, "THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND." ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






His e'e is bright as the summer morn to me;
Its shade fa's light as the gloamin' on the lea:
It's no his manly bearing, it's no his noble air,—
But, oh! 'tis the soul that gives expression there!
We've wander'd 'mang the gowd-broom,[1] and by the river side,—
And, oh! in my heart, I think I'll be his bride!

[1] Golden-broom.

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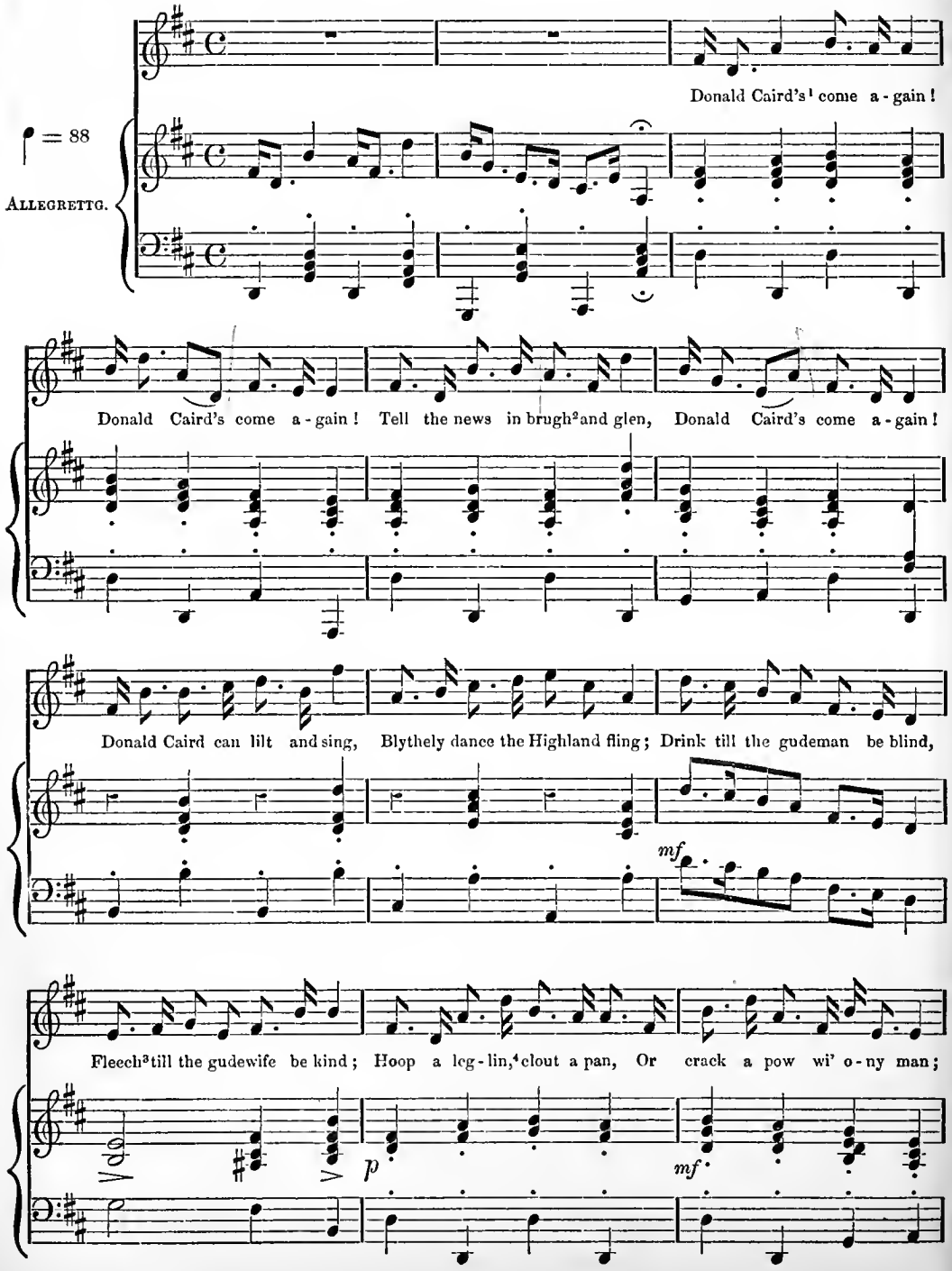
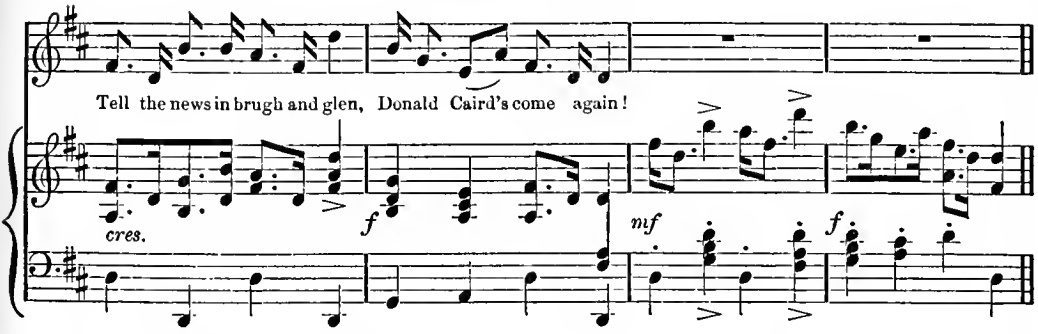
"THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND." The words have been expressly written for this work, and presented to the publishers, by that talented lady Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune. We rejected the old words as very silly, and quite unworthy of the popular air to which they were adapted. "This song appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, beginning, 'O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?' on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in 1799. The words are adapted to a modern Scottish air." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 480. The air given in Johnson's Museum is different from and inferior to that which we find adapted to Mrs. Grant's words in Mr. George Thomson's Collection, vol. iii. p. 135, and afterwards in R. A. Smith's Collection, vol. v. pp. 58, 59, to nearly the same words as those in Johnson's Museum, vol. vi. pp. 566, 567, with some verbal alterations, and the omission of the last stanza. We have, of course, chosen the better and the more popular of the two airs, and which appears to us to be of English composition, although hitherto claimed as Scottish. Mr. Stenhouse is in error when he says, that the song, beginning, "O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell?" "appears to be a parody of another written by Mrs. Grant of Laggan," &c. On the contrary, Mrs. Grant's song has evidently been suggested by the words, No. 548 of Johnson, or by the words of a less delicate kind, given, pp. 12, 13, of Joseph Ritson's edition of "The North-country Chorister," entitled, "The new Highland lad," and beginning, "There was a Highland laddie courted a Lawland lass." It consists of seven stanzas, and Ritson adds the following note:—"This song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs. Jordan, who knew neither the *words* nor the *tune*." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., says, in the Museum, (vol. vi. pp. 526, 527,) "but there is another set of words, probably as old, which I transcribed from a 4to collection of songs in MS. made by a lady upwards of seventy years ago." It begins, "O, fair maid, whase aught that bonny bairn?" and is of the same character as the song above-mentioned given in "The North-country Chorister." The allusion to the Parson and the Clerk in each of these three songs, points out their English origin. In "The New Whim of the Night, or the Town and Country Songster for 1801," London, C. Sheppard, we find, p. 74, "Blue Bell of Scotland, sung by Mrs. Jordan," and p. 75, a parody upon it, called, "Blue Bell of Tothill Fields," whose hero is a convict "gone to Botany Bay."

# DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN!

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bagpipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird can wire a maukin,[5]
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin';
Leisters kipper,[6] makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith, or reward,
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird can drink a gill,
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:[7]
When he's fou, he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle o' the causey;[8]
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gi'e room to Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again!
Steek the aumrie,[9] lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:
Dunts o' kebbuck,[10] taits o' woo',
Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
Ware the wuddie,[11] Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again!
On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether,[12] legs to airn:[13]
But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie.
Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's loose again!

1 Caird, or Ceard, (Gaelic,) *Tinker*.
2 Burgh.
3 Flatter.
4 A milk-pail.
5 Snare a hare.
6 To spear salmon with a three-pronged weapon.
7 Drinks lustily.
8 Middle of the roadway.
9 Shut the pantry.
10 Large pieces of cheese.
11 Beware of the gallows.
12 Throat to the halter.
13 Legs to fetters.

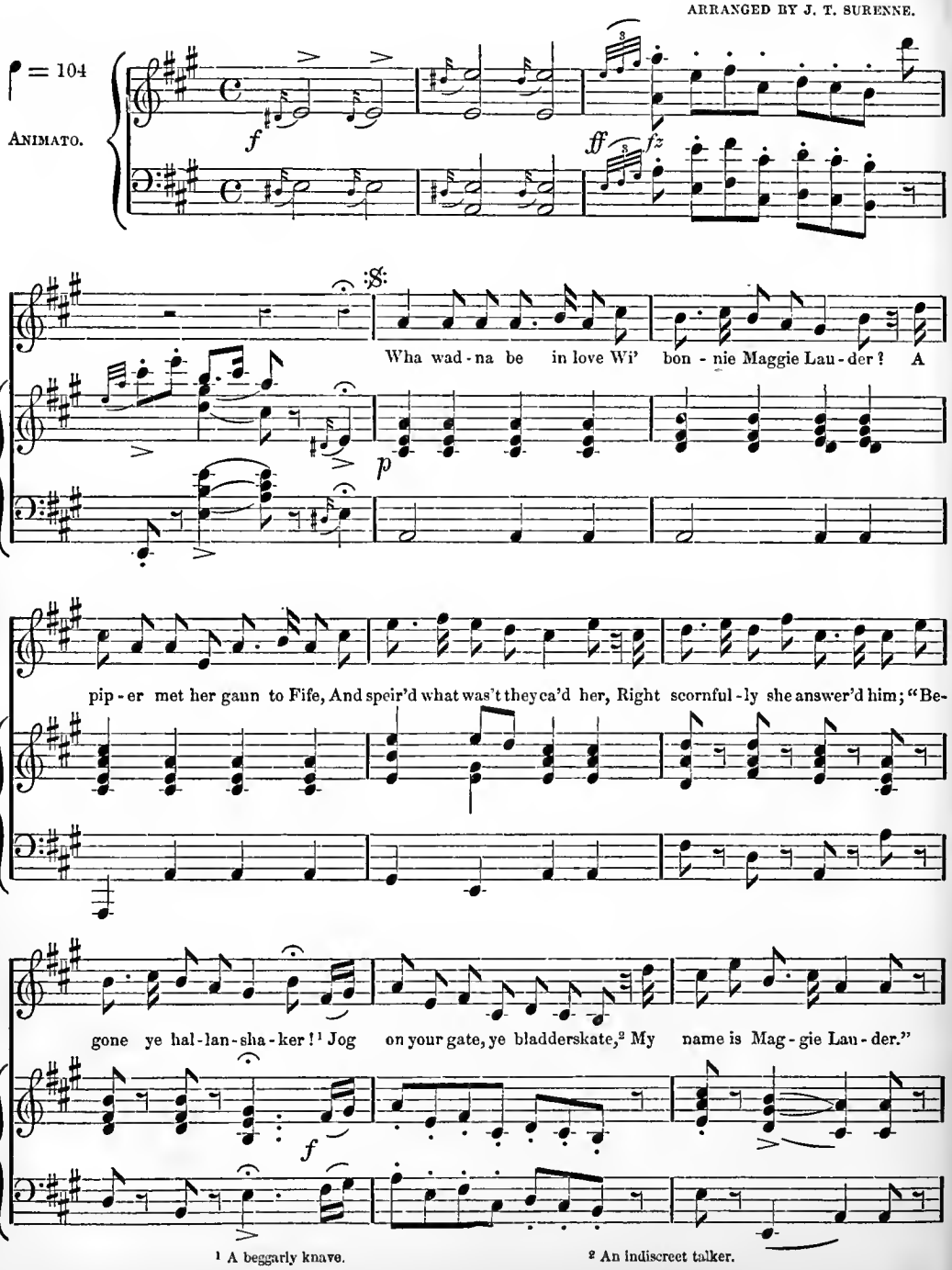
---

"DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN!" This spirited and humorous song was written by Sir Walter Scott for an air in the second volume of the work called "Albyn's Anthology," published in 1818, by Alexander Campbell. The tune given in that work to Sir Walter Scott's verses is called "Malcolm Caird's come again," and is by no means a good specimen of Highland melody, while the harmonical arrangement given to it is as barbarous as possible. The melody we give is quite modern, and some part of it may be traced to an air by George Frederick Handel, in the overture to his opera of "Alcina," which was first produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, London, on 16th April 1735. There was no style of his time that Handel could not imitate and improve. That air, in his overture to Alcina, shows how open Handel's ears were to all styles; like the ears of every great musician. In it he has not only imitated what Doctor Burney called the "Scotch snap,"* but has composed a very pleasing air, which might easily pass with many persons as Scottish. Mr. Alexander Campbell, the editor of "Albyn's Anthology," showed to Captain C. Gray, R.M., the original MS. of "Donald Caird," in the hand-writing of Sir Walter Scott. It was written in a small hand, in double columns, on the back of an old letter; the last stanza standing by itself at the foot of the page. Sir Walter Scott, like Pope, often wrote passages of his works upon any pieces of paper that came to hand, as appeared from his MSS. formerly in the possession of the late Mr. John Ballantyne.

* See page 33 of the second volume of this work.

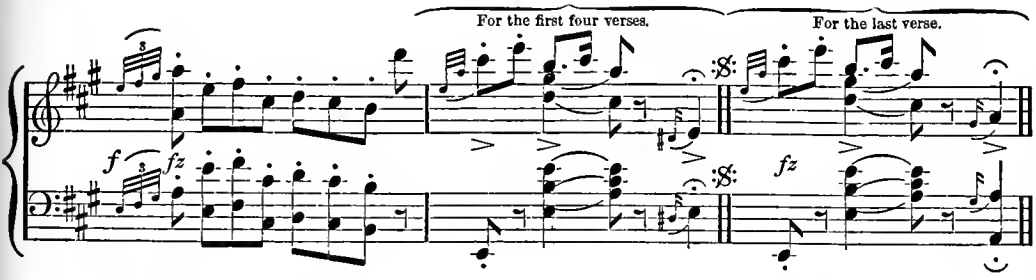
# MAGGIE LAUDER.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.




[1] A beggarly knave.

[2] An indiscreet talker.




Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I ha'e sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simson.*
I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

We subjoin the spirited verses written by Captain Charles Gray, R.M., to the same tune, and published in his "Lays and Lyrics," 1841.

Tho' Boreas bauld, that carle auld,
Should sough a surly chorus;
And Winter snell walk out himsel'
And throw his mantle o'er us;—
Tho' winds blaw drift adown the lift,
And drive hailstanes afore 'em;
While you and I sit snug and dry—
Come push about the jorum!

Tho' no a bird can now be heard
Upon the leafless timmer;
Whate'er betide, the ingle side
Can mak' the winter—simmer!
Tho' cauldrife souls hate reekin' bowls,
And loath what's set before 'em;
How sweet to tout the glasses out—
O leeze me on a jorum!

The hie hill taps, like baxter's baps,
Wi' snaw are white and floury;
Skyte doun the lum the hailstanes come,
In Winter's wildest fury!
Sharp Johnnie Frost, wi' barkynt hoast,
Mak's travellers tramp the quicker;
Should he come here to spoil our cheer,
We'll drown him in the bicker!

Bess, beet the fire—come, big it higher,
Lest cauld should mak' us canker'd;—
This is our hame, my dainty dame,
Sae fill the tither tankard.
Wi' guid ait cakes, or butter bakes,
And routh o' whisky toddy,
Wha daur complain, or mak' a mane,
That man's a saul-less body?

---

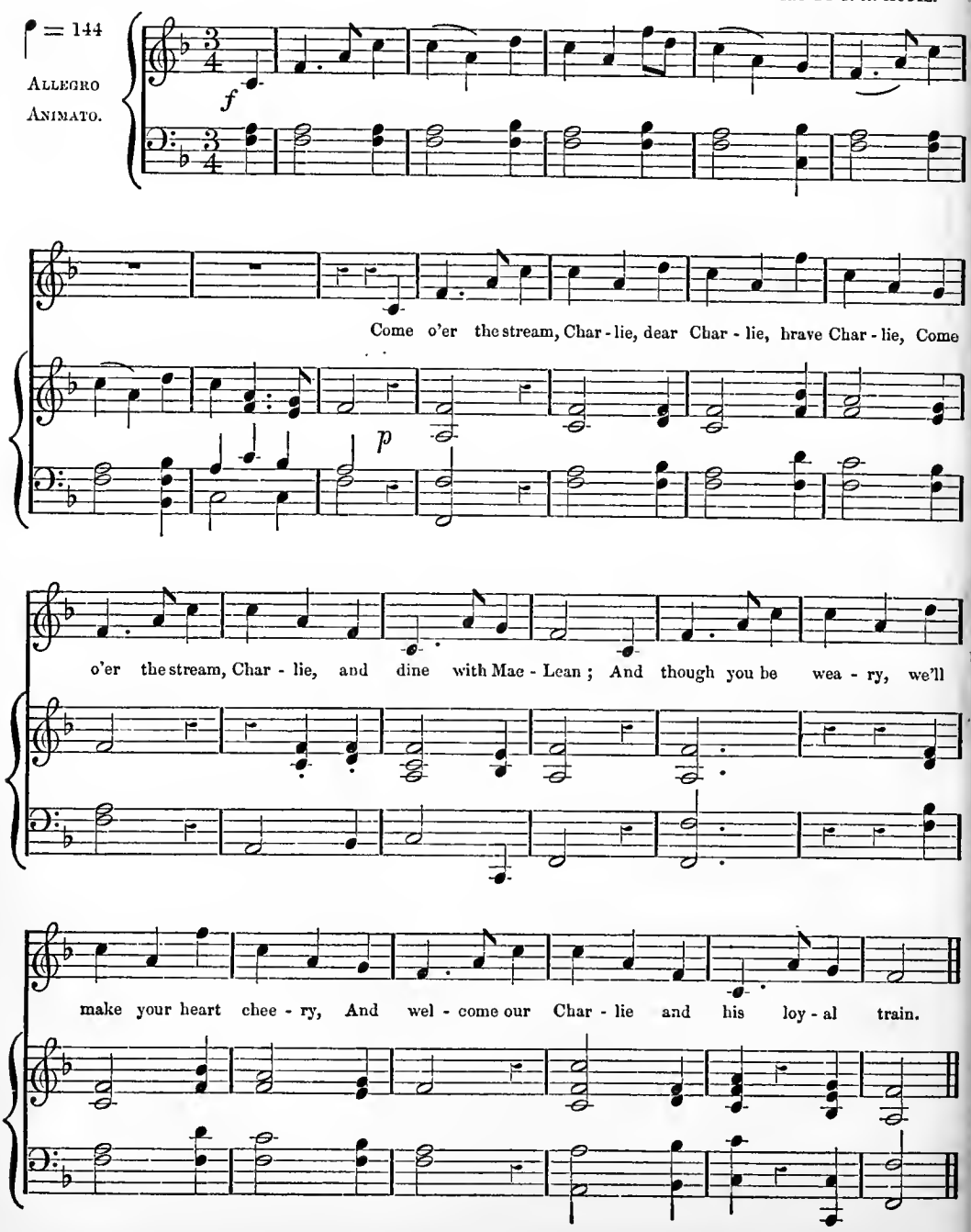
"MAGGIE LAUDER." "This comic ballad was written by Francis Semple of Beltrees, Esq., in the county of Renfrew, about the year 1642. This fact is stated on the joint authorities of two of his descendants, viz.—the late Mr. Semple of Beltrees, who died in 1789, and his relation, the late Mr. Semple of Edinburgh." Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 475. The author of the air is not known, but it seems to have made its way to London in the beginning of the 18th century, having been sung in the Quaker's Opera, performed at Lee and Harper's booth in Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1728, and also introduced in Gay's Opera of *Achilles*, printed in 1733. Whether Maggie Lauder was a real, or only an imaginary person, we cannot ascertain. In his highly humorous poem of "Anster Fair," Professor W. Tennant† has made Maggie Lauder his heroine, in the reign of James V. The scene of the poem is the burgh of Easter Anstruther, in the county of Fife, where three fairs were formerly held annually.

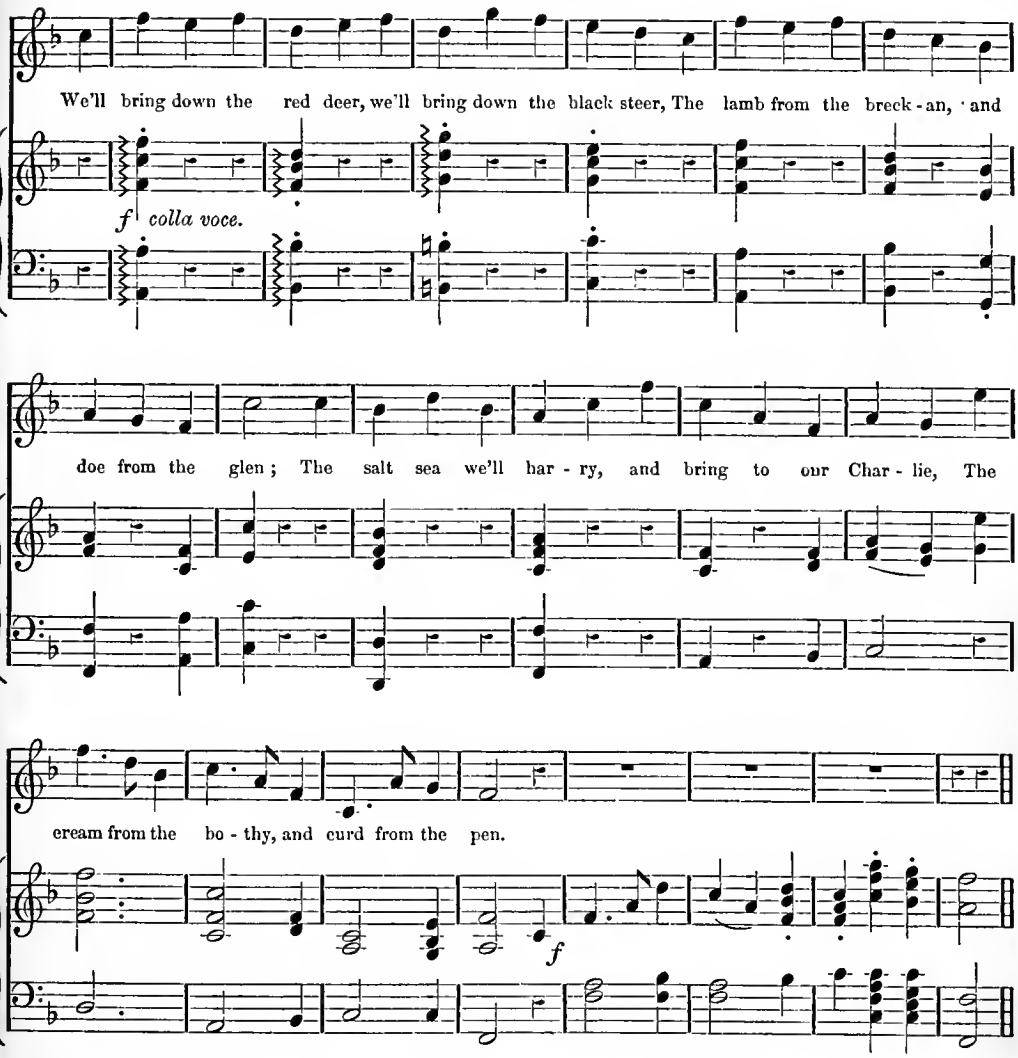
* See "The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan, Habbie Simson," in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, Edinburgh, 1713, Part i. pp. 32-35. That clever poem was written by Robert Semple, Esq., of Beltrees, the father of the author of "Maggie Lauder."

† Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.

# COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

AIR, "MACLEAN'S WELCOME." ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.

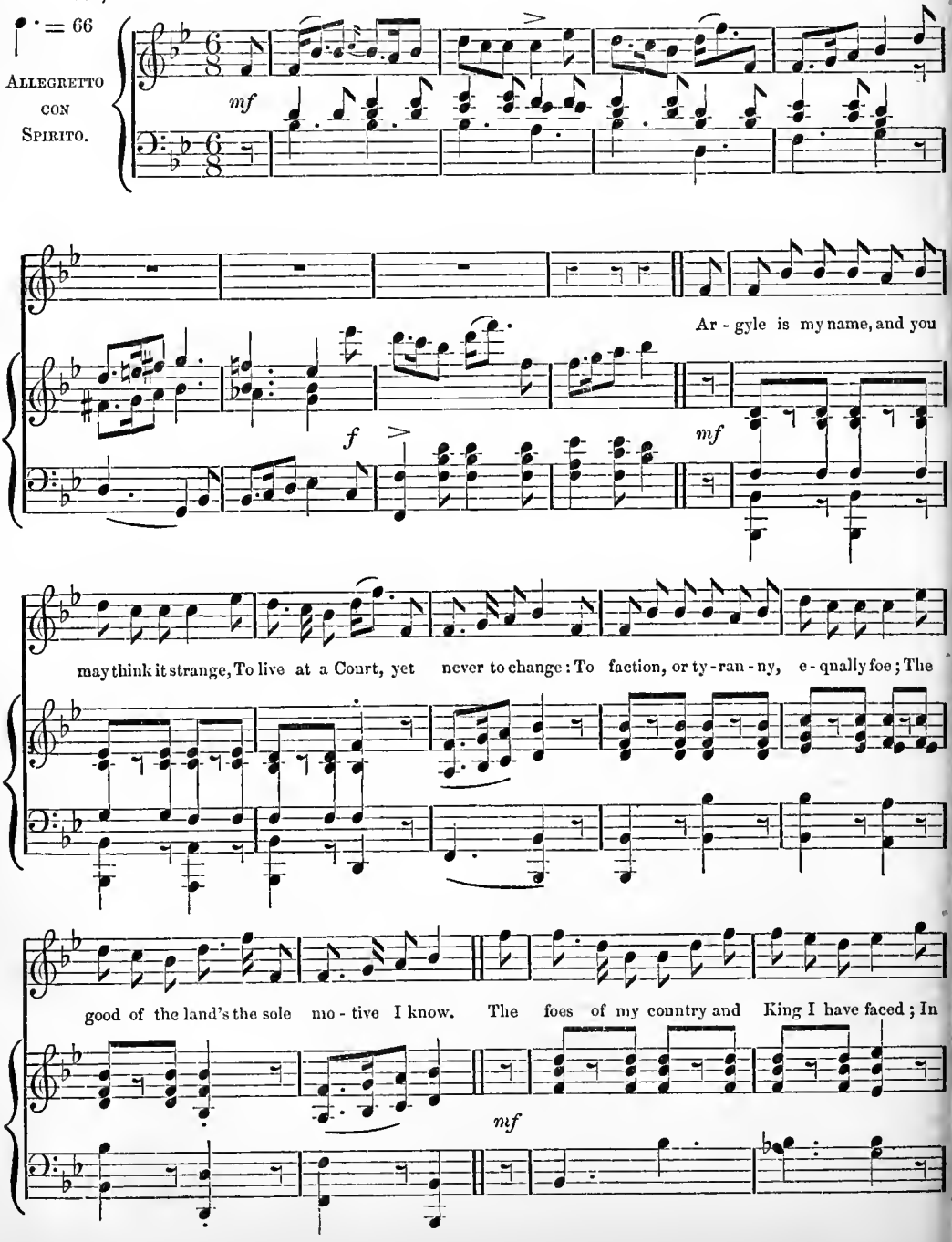
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

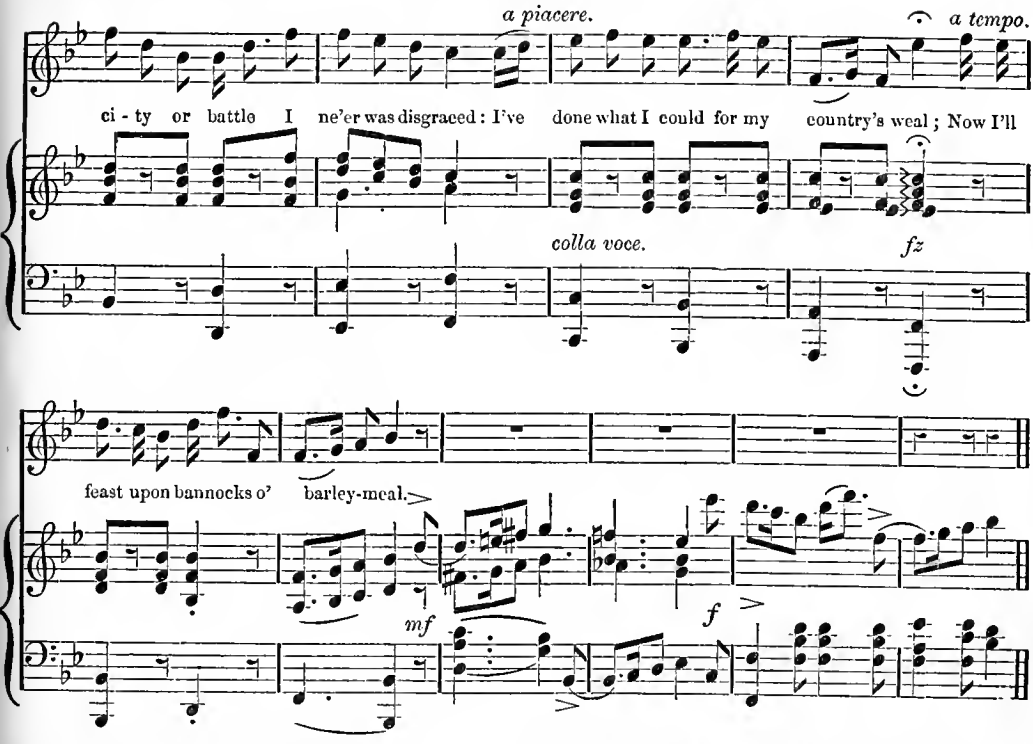
---

"COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE." In "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd," 1831, we find the following Note by James Hogg:—"I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen-Lyon, from a scrap of prose, said to be the translation, *verbatim*, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air, sung by one of the sweetest singers and most accomplished and angelic beings of the human race. But, alas! earthly happiness is not always the lot of those who, in our erring estimation, most deserve it. She is now no more, and many a strain have I poured to her memory."

# ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

AIR, "BANNOCKS O' BARLEY-MEAL." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And Folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!
For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife—
For myself I seek peace and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene
With Maggie, my love, in her rocklay[1] o' green;
On the banks o' Glenaray what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannock o' barley-meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his King as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
Oh, may he be worthy to wear't on his side!
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place,
I long for the smile of each welcoming face—
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley-meal.

[1] A short cloak.

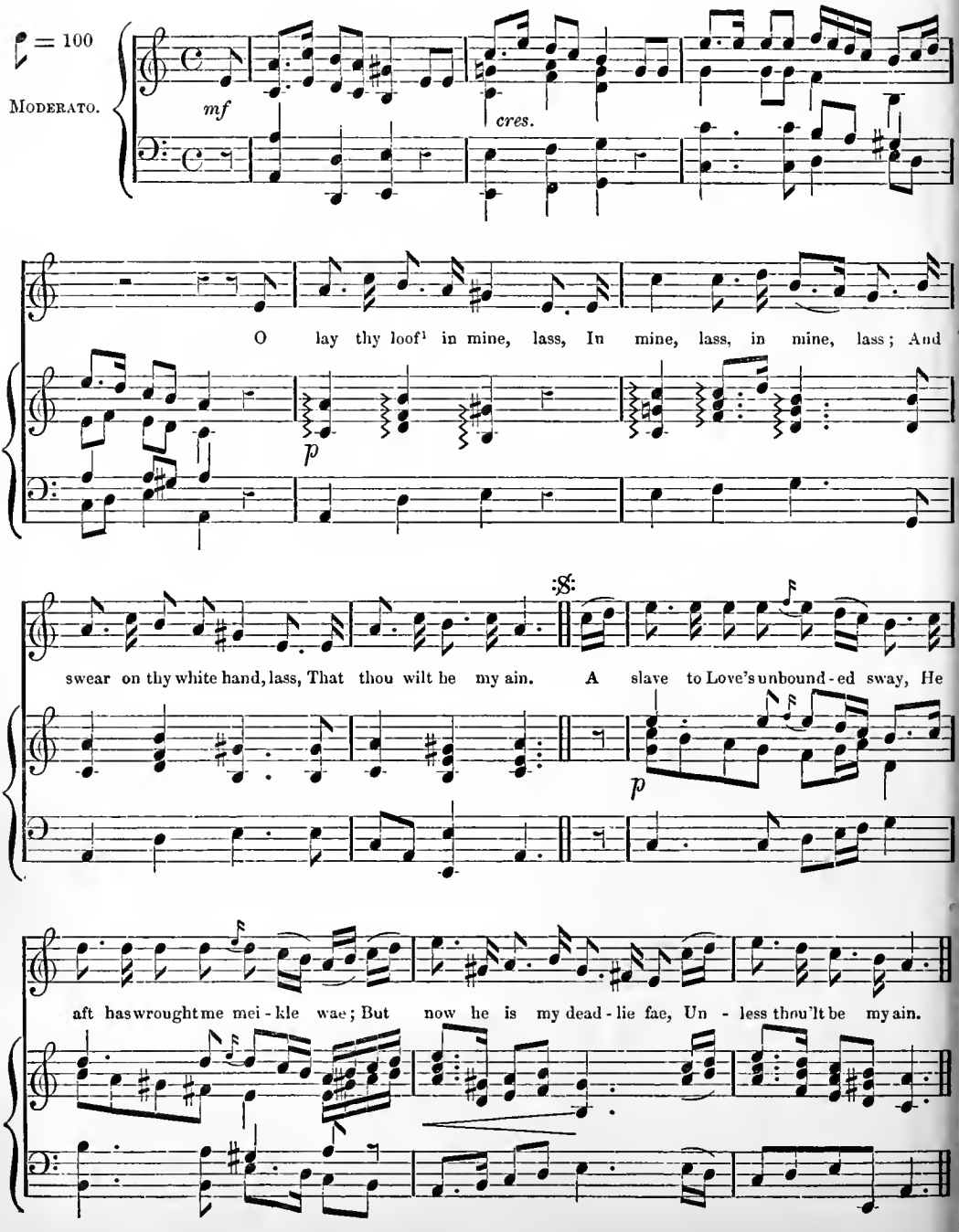
"ARGYLE IS MY NAME." The words given in the present work were written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, but are only a modification of the older words. In his Note on No. 560 of the Museum, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This ballad is universally attributed to John Campbell, the renowned Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, whose uncorrupted patriotism and military talents justly entitled him to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of his country. He died on the 4th of October 1743, in the sixty-third year of his age. The tune is of Gaelic origin." The present Editor would rather say that the tune is very probably of Irish origin. Certainly it has never been claimed by Ireland, nor ever appeared in any collection of Irish melodies. It may therefore be a Scottish imitation of the Irish style. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., writes the following Note on the ballad, p. 523, vol. i. of Museum:—"This song is older than the period here assigned to it; and if the name of Maggie is to be trusted, can only apply to the first Marquis of Argyle, whose wife was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton. He was so very notorious a coward, that this song could have been made by nobody but himself, unless to turn him into ridicule." Pope, in the Epilogue to his Satires, Dialogue ii., verses 86, 87, speaks thus in praise of the Duke of Argyle and Greenwich:—

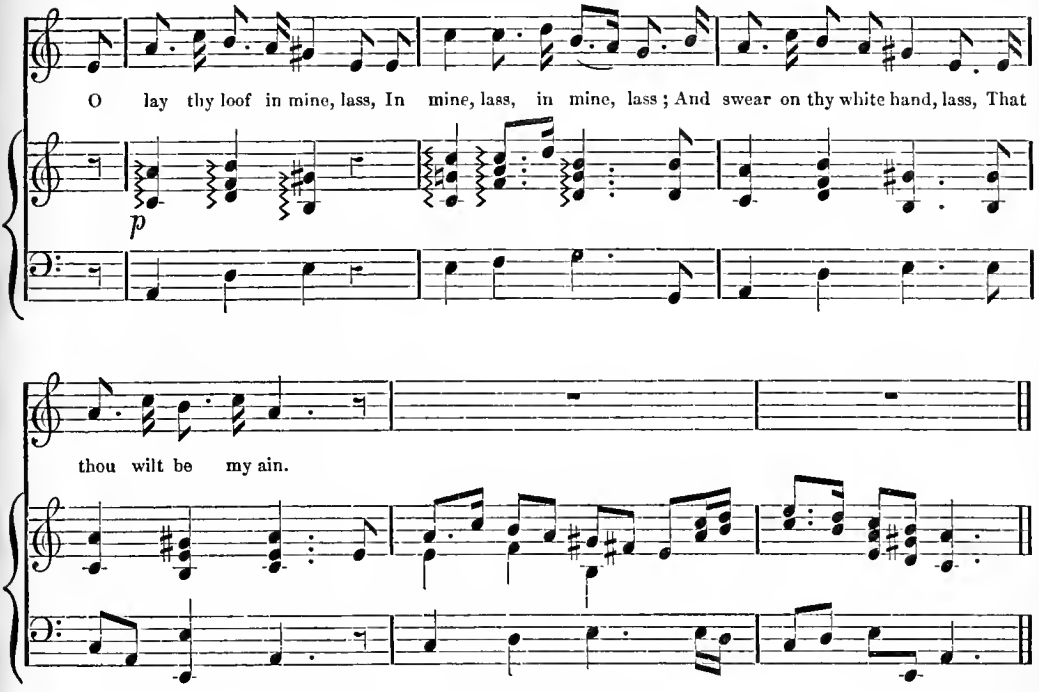
"Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

One of his biographers says of him—"In private life the Duke's conduct was highly exemplary. He was an affectionate husband and an indulgent master. He seldom parted with his servants till age had rendered them incapable of their employments; and then he made provision for their subsistence. He was liberal to the poor, and particularly to persons of merit in distress: but though he was ready to patronize deserving persons, he was extremely cautious not to deceive any by lavish promises, or leading them to form vain expectations."

# O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.





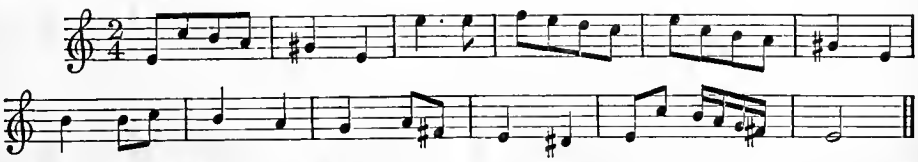

The next verse begins at the sign :𝄋:

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink[2] I ha'e lo'cd best;
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain!
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

[1] Palm of the hand. [2] A short time.

"O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS." "This song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the favourite old tune, called *The Cordwainer's March*, which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and useful fraternity at their annual procession on St. Crispin's day. The tune is also preserved in Aird's first volume of Select Airs, and other Collections." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 491, 492. This air of "The Cordwainer's March" suggests to us a Russian air that resembles it in some leading passages, and is found in a MS. Collection of Russian airs, made in 1817-18, by Dr. William Howison of Edinburgh, when he was in Russia. We here quote the air, No. 29 of Dr. Howison's Collection, and obligingly sent to us by him at our request. The Russian title of the song for the air is translated "I did not know for what."

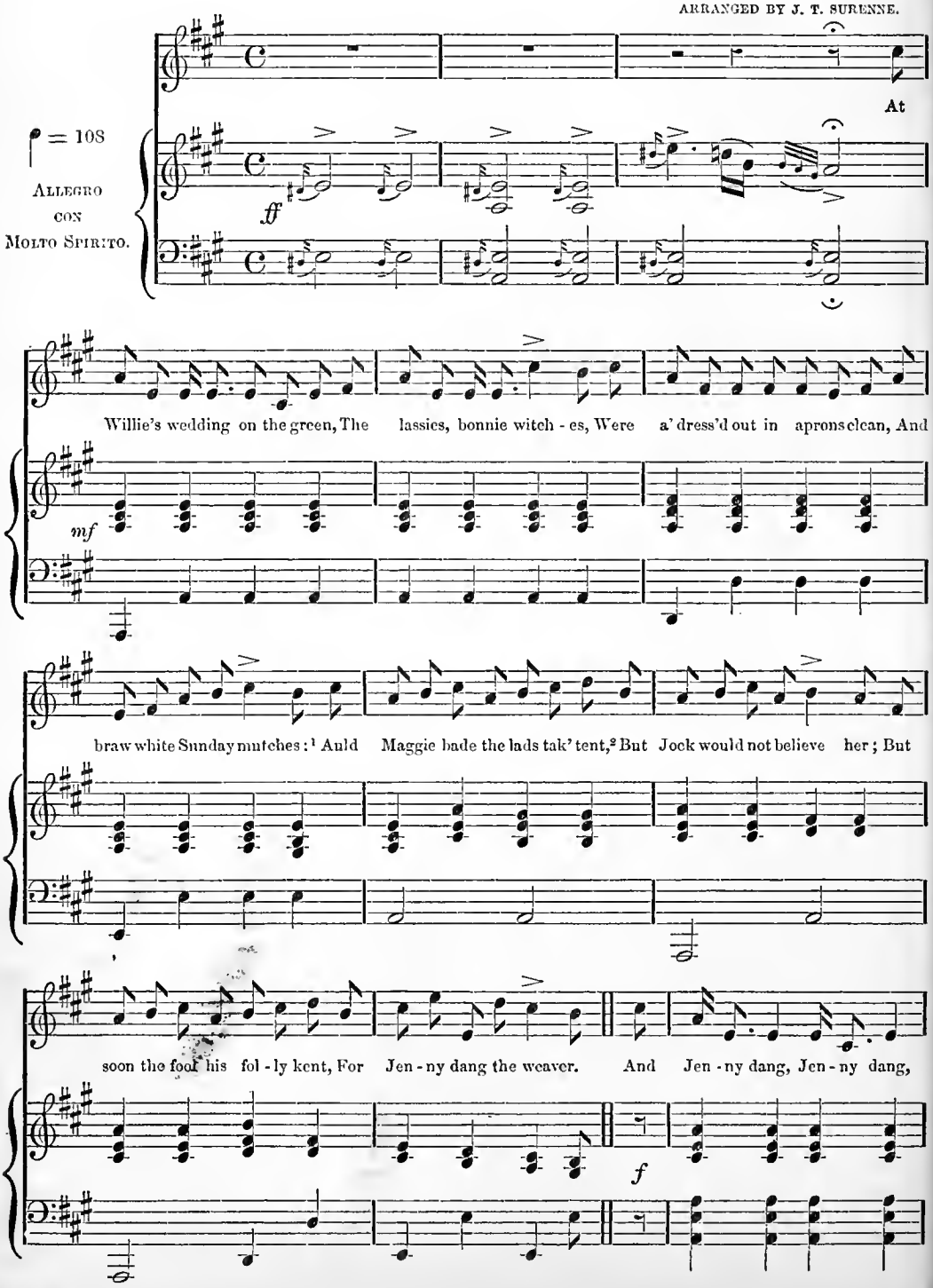
*Andante Molto.*

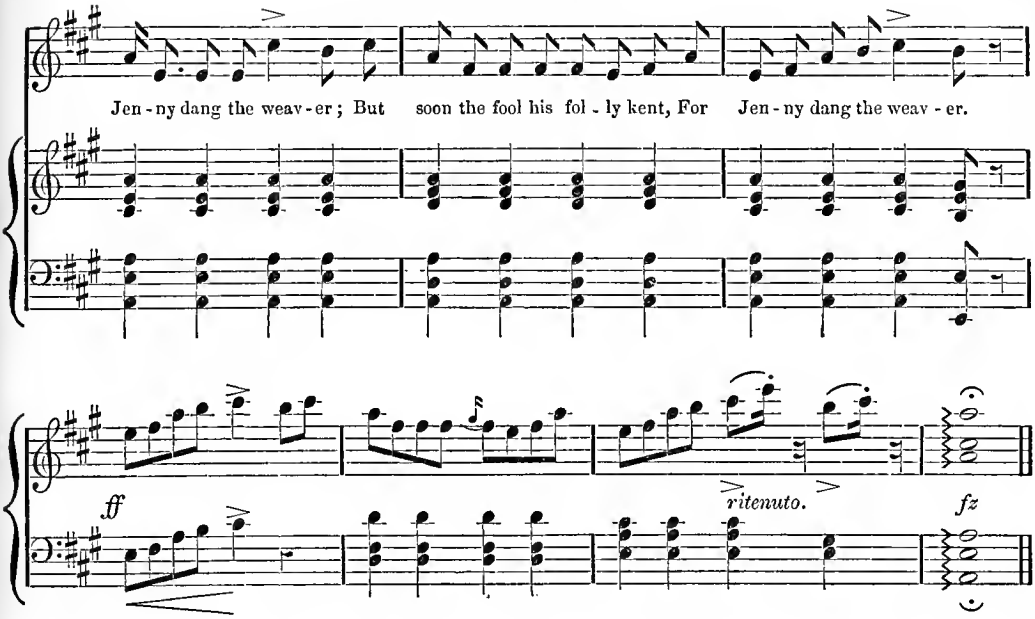


This is an air of one strain, modulating half between A minor and E minor, on which last key it ends. In general, Russian airs in a minor key, if they consist of *two* strains, modulate from the minor to its next relative major; for example, from A to C—and in the second strain modulate back from the relative major to the original minor. We have more to say upon this subject, and upon minor keys, but must postpone our remarks to p. 123 of this volume.

# JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbin';
When she sat down—he sat down,
And to her would he gabbin';
Where'er she gaed, baith butt and ben,[3]
The coof[4] would never leave her;
Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny daug,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You've bonnie een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither;
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried, Peugh!
And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

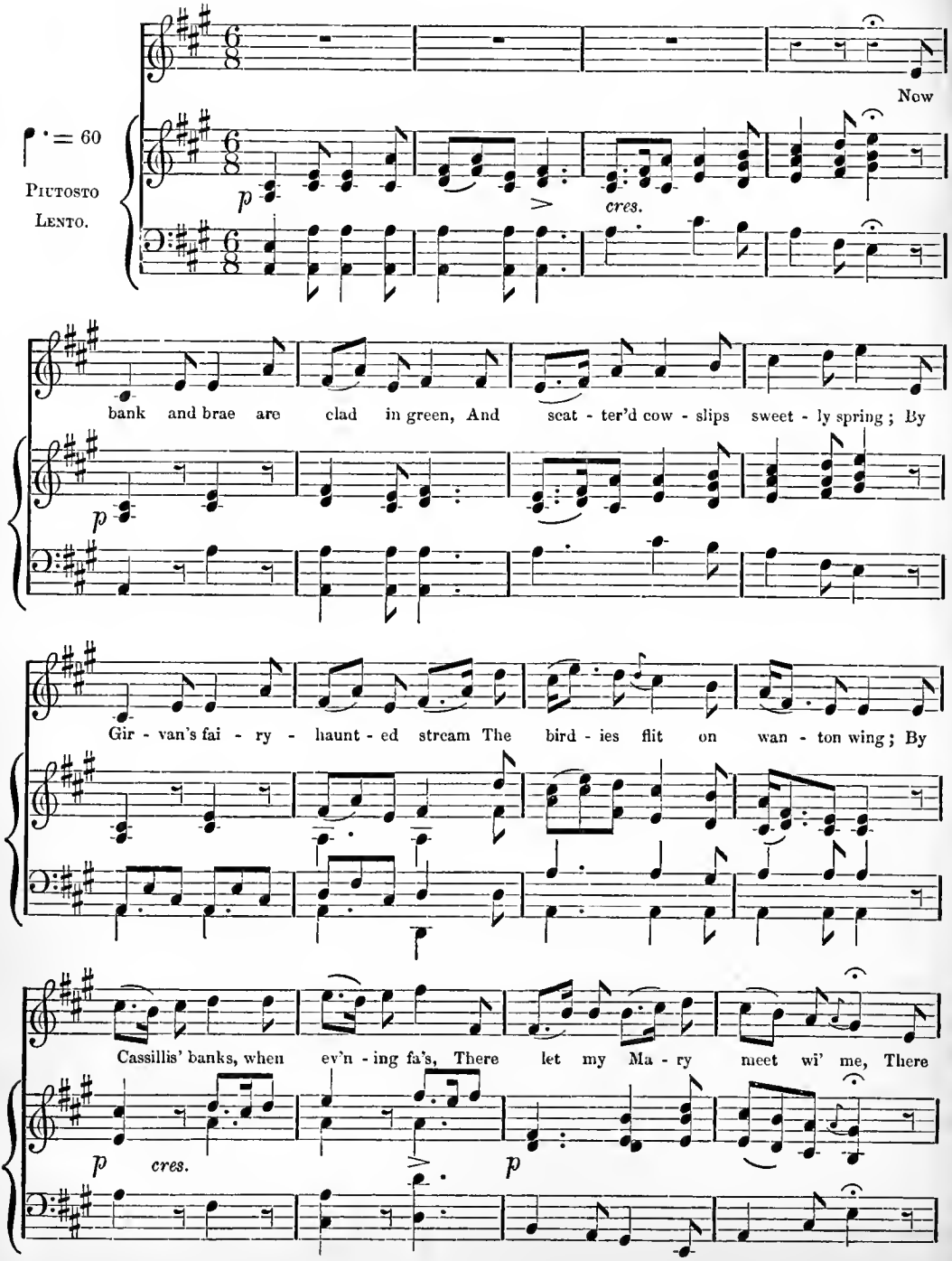
[1] Head-dresses for females. [2] To be on one's guard. [3] Outer and inner apartments of a house. [4] Simpleton.

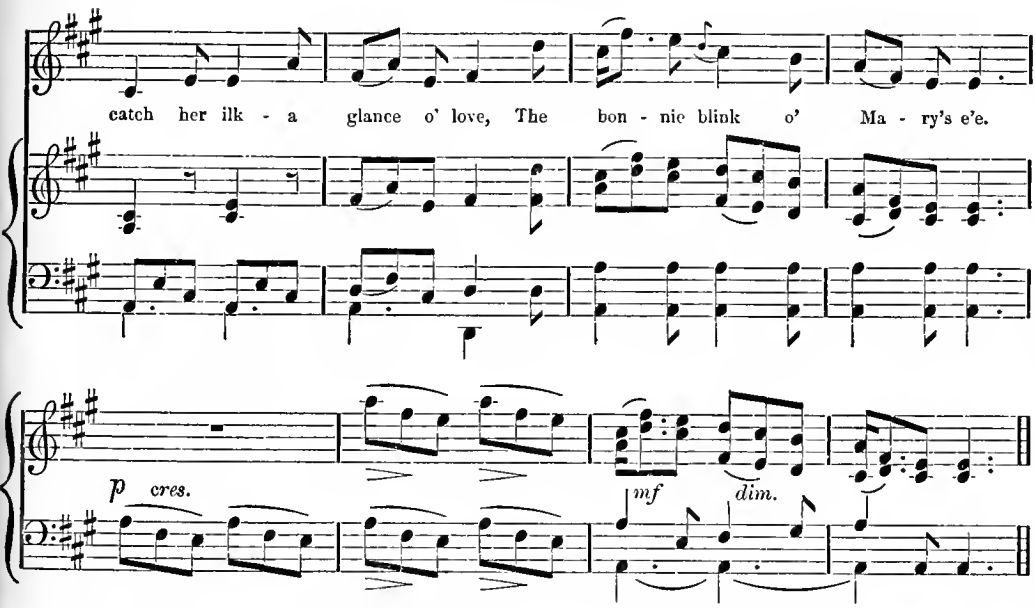
---

"JENNY DANG THE WEAVER." This humorous song was written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, mentioned before, p. 49 of this volume, and regarding whom we shall state some further particulars in the Appendix. As to the air, Mr. Stenhouse and others make no mention of its origin; but we quote the following very amusing Note from pp. 308, 309, of Mr. Hugh Paton's "Contemporaries of Burns," &c., Edinburgh, 1840:—"The origin of the air of 'Jenny dang the weaver,' is somewhat curious. The Rev. Mr. Gardner, minister of the parish of Birse in Aberdeenshire, well known for his musical talent and for his wit, was, one Saturday evening, arranging his ideas for the service of the following day, in his little study, which looked into the court-yard of the manse, where Mrs. Gardner, *secunda*—for he had been twice married—was engaged in the homely task of 'beetling' the potatoes for supper. To unbend his mind a little, he took up his Cremona, and began to step over the notes of an air he had previously jotted down, when suddenly an altercation arose between Mrs. Gardner and Jock, the 'minister's-man'—an idle sort of weaver from the neighbouring village of Marywell, who had lately been engaged as man-of-all-work about the manse. 'Here, Jock,' cried the mistress, as he had newly come in from the labours of the field, 'gae wipe the minister's shoon.' 'Na,' said the lout, 'I'll do nae sic thing: I cam' here to be yir ploughman, but no yir flunky; and I'll be d——d gif I'll wipe the minister's shoon!' 'Deil confound yir impudence!' said the enraged Mrs. Gardner, as she sprung at him with a heavy culinary instrument in her hand, and giving him a hearty beating, compelled him to perform the menial duty required. The minister, highly diverted with the scene, gave the air he had just completed the title of 'Jenny dang the weaver.' This is supposed to have occurred about the year 1746." Se non è vero, è ben trovato!

# THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E.

AIR, "I HA'E LAID A HERRIN' IN SAUT." ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






The chiel wha boasts o' warld's wealth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
And Fortune canna gi'e me mair.

Then let me stray by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e.

---

"THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S E'E." The words here given to the air of "I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut." were written by Richard Gall, a native of Linkhouse near Dunbar. They are printed in his Poetical Works, 1 vol. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1819. Gall was bred a carpenter, but afterwards served as a compositor in the printing-office of Mr. Ramsay, Edinburgh, and finally became Mr. Ramsay's clerk. He died in 1801, aged twenty-five.

"Mr. John Stafford Smith, in the first volume of his Musica Antiqua, published at London in 1812, gives us the following words of 'A very popular song in the early part of Henry the Eighth's reign':—

'Joan, quoth John, when wyll this be?
Tell me when wilt thou marie me,
My corne, and eke my calf and rents,
My lands, and all my tenements?
Saie Joan, said John, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come every day to woe.'

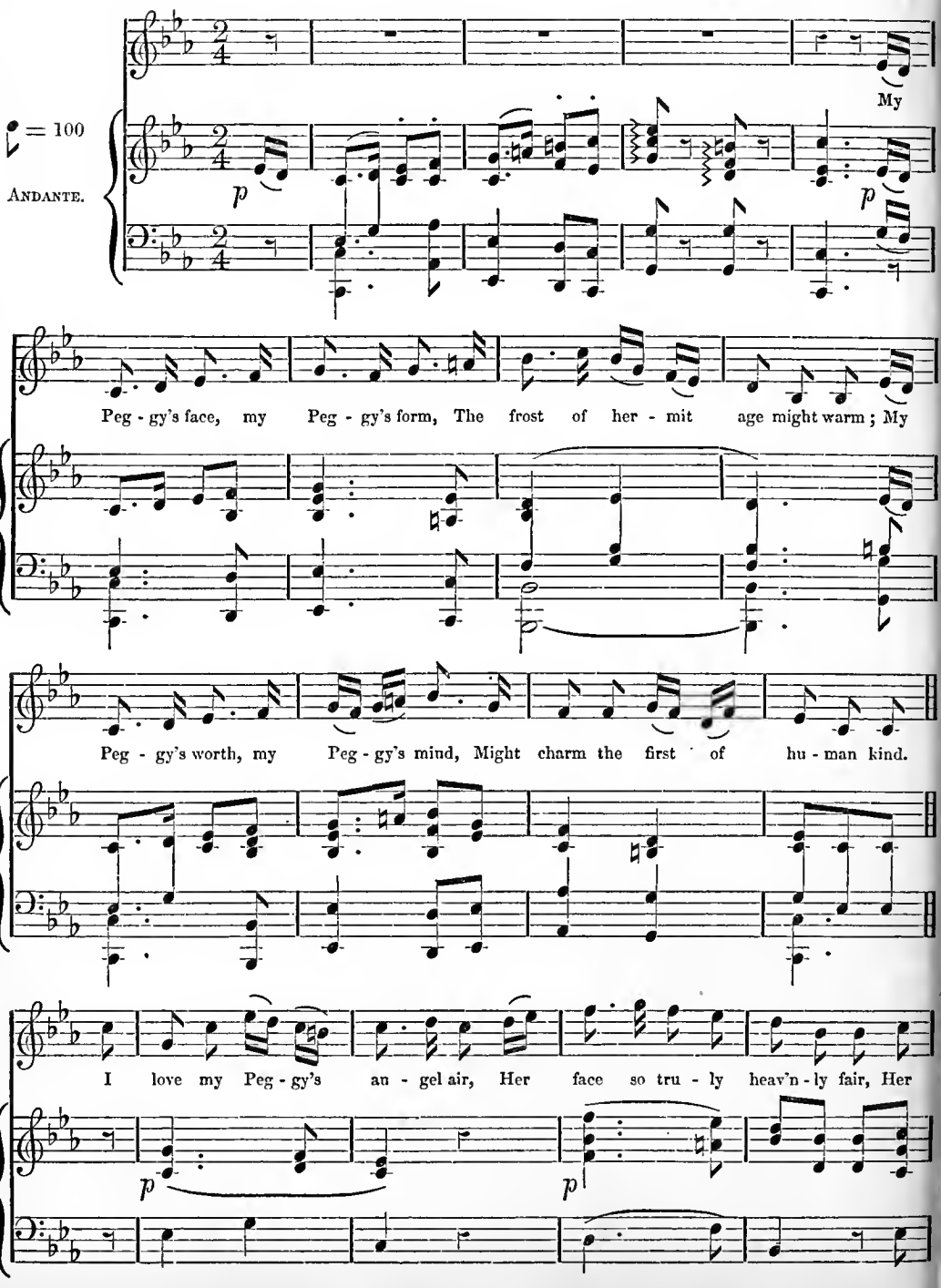
"Mr. Smith, in the same work, also gives the original air to these words, with a bass of his own composition, and affirms that the Scots have borrowed their old song of 'I canna come ilka day to woo,' from this English source. But there is not the smallest ground for such a conjecture. The old Scottish air is totally different from the English one. The former, which is uncommonly cheerful and lively, and extremely well adapted to the nature and spirit of the words, bears the marks of genuine antiquity; it commences on the third, and ends on the fifth of the key. The latter is a stiff and awkward tune, and is as opposite to the general style of the old Scottish airs as night is to day. The incidents in both songs are likewise totally different. The solitary line, 'I cannot come every day to woo,' is no doubt nearly the same in both copies; but if the composer of either of these songs did borrow a line at all, it is just as likely that the English poetaster took his line from the old humorous Scottish ballad, as that the minstrel who framed the latter borrowed a single phrase from such a composition as that published so lately for the first time by Mr. Smith. Is it not absurd to affirm that the Scots have laid claim to an English song, which has not the least affinity to their own Scottish song, either in sound or in sense? David Herd has preserved a fragment of a song, apparently still older than that inserted in the Museum which is here annexed.

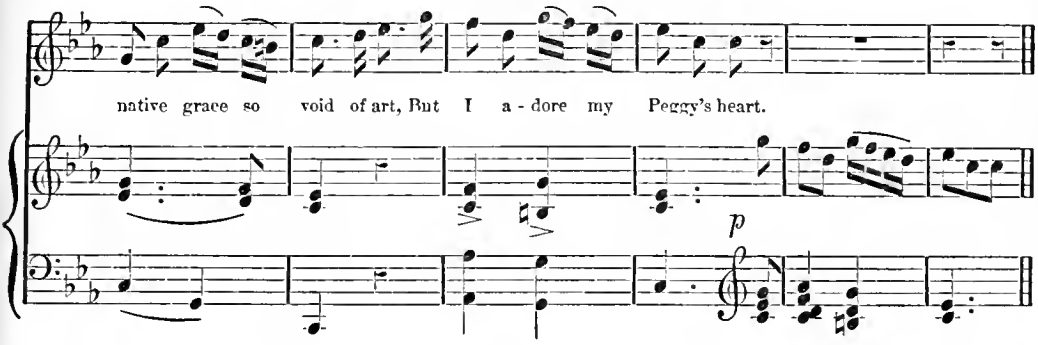
'I ha'e layen three herring a' sa't;
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak' me, tell me now;
And I ha'e brew'n three pickles o' mau't,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo," &c.

See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 228, 229. See Appendix for the old words.

# MY PEGGY'S FACE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms!

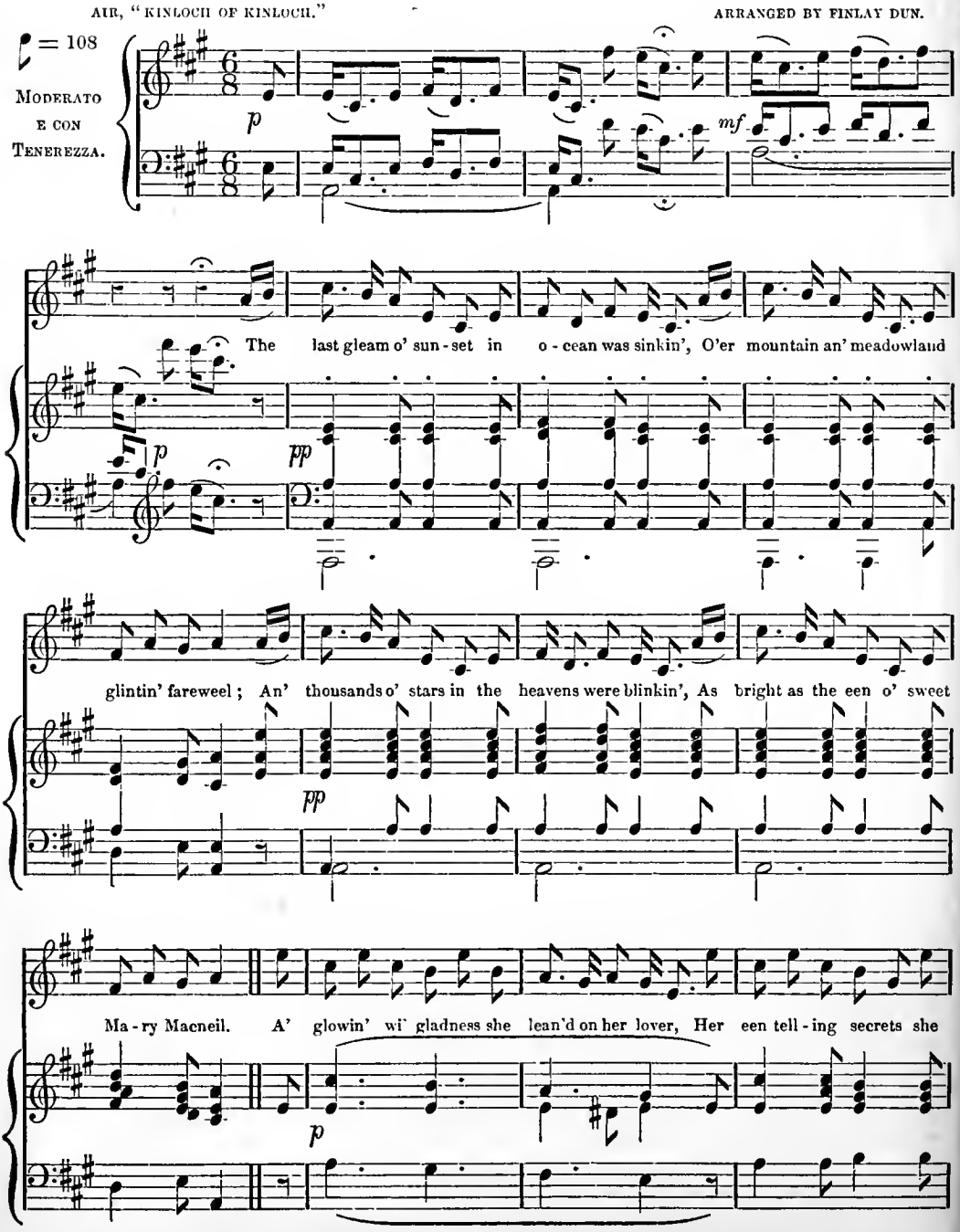
---

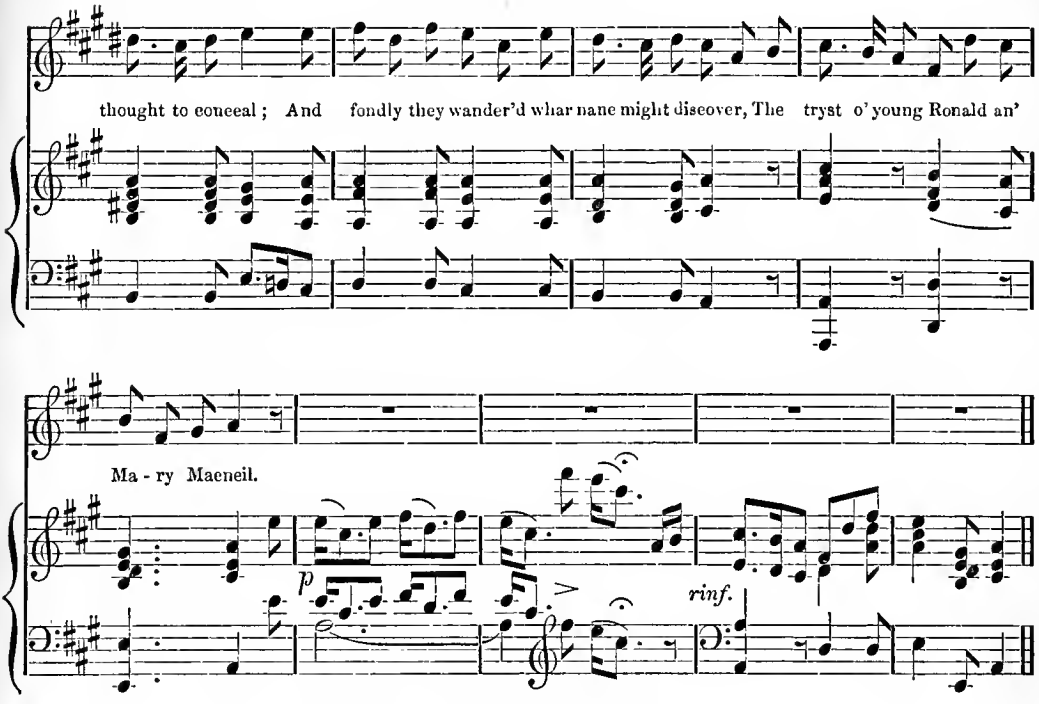
"My Peggy's face." "This song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum, but having been mislaid, it did not make its appearance till the publication of the last volume of that work. In a letter, inclosing the song and the fine air to which it is adapted, the bard thus addresses Mr. Johnson:—'Dear Mr. Publisher, I hope, against my return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. Clarke if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other air, as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the *second* volume. Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian music. Farewell. R. Burns.' Burns alludes to the manuscript music in the library of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh. Mr. George Thomson has inserted this song in the third volume of his Collection; but the name of the heroine, in place of 'Peggy,' is changed for that of 'Mary,' and the words are directed to be sung to the tune called 'The ewie wi' the crooked horn.' These alterations, however, do not appear to be for the better. It will generally be found, that the tune which the poet himself had in view when composing a song, if not superior, is, at least, more in unison with the sentiments expressed, than any other that can be selected." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 439, 440.

Referring to Note, p. 117, *supra*, we resume, for a moment, the subject of Russian melodies. The musical instruments in common use among the Russian peasantry must have had much influence in the structure of their national airs. With regard to these instruments, and the major and minor chords struck by some of them, when accompanying the vocal music of the Russian peasants, as well as some curious questions regarding the origin of musical harmony among Northern nations, and the utter ignorance of musical harmony among the people of Eastern countries, we shall, in the Appendix to this volume, give some information that may be new to most of our readers. Meantime we must notice what we consider as a very erroneous theory, just broached by a lady of remarkable literary talent. Miss Harriet Martineau, in her "Eastern Life, Present and Past," recently published, makes some universal assertions regarding the "minor key," which we cannot receive as true, seeing that they are contradicted, in numerous cases, by facts well established. Miss Martineau says:—"I do not know whether all the primitive music in the world is in the minor key; but I have been struck by its prevalence among all the savage, or half-civilized, or uneducated people whom I have known. The music of Nature is all in the minor key—the melodies of the winds, the sea, the waterfall, birds, and the echoes of bleating flocks among the hills; and human song seems to follow the lead, till men are introduced at once into the new world of harmony and the knowledge of music in the major key. Our crew (Nile boatmen) sang always in unison, and had evidently no conception of harmony. I often wished that I could sing loud enough to catch their ear amidst their clamour, that I might see whether my second would strike them with any sense of harmony; but their overpowering noise made any such attempt hopeless. We are accustomed to find or make the music which we call spirit-stirring in the major key; but their spirit-stirring music, set up to encourage them at the oar, is all of the same pathetic character as the most doleful, and only somewhat louder and more rapid." In the first place, we should like to know if this clever writer is practically acquainted with music, and if she is aware of the elements of sound that constitute a *minor key*, or a *major key*? Next, we may ask, how any one of acoustical perceptions so obtuse as to be obliged to use an ear-trumpet, can possibly distinguish musical intervals, and the differences between *major* and *minor* ones? These are necessary questions preliminary. We shall resume this subject at p. 133 of this volume.

# MARY MACNEIL.

AIR, "KINLOCH OF KINLOCH." ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






O! Mary was modest, and pure as the lily
That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around her;
She smiled, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;
An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',
Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.
The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein'—
The autumn, his corse on the red battle-field;
The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';
An' spring spread the green turf o'er Mary Macneil!

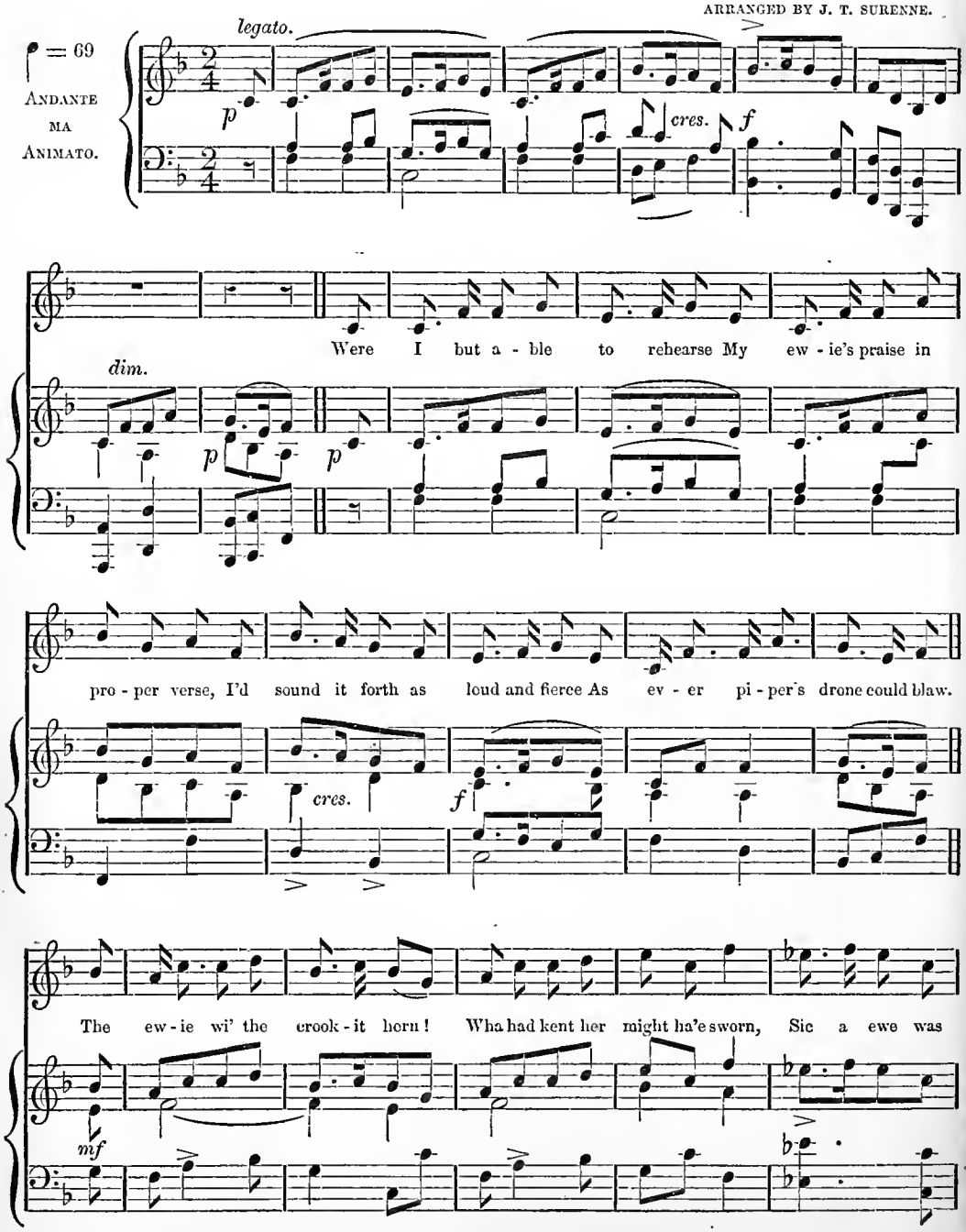
---

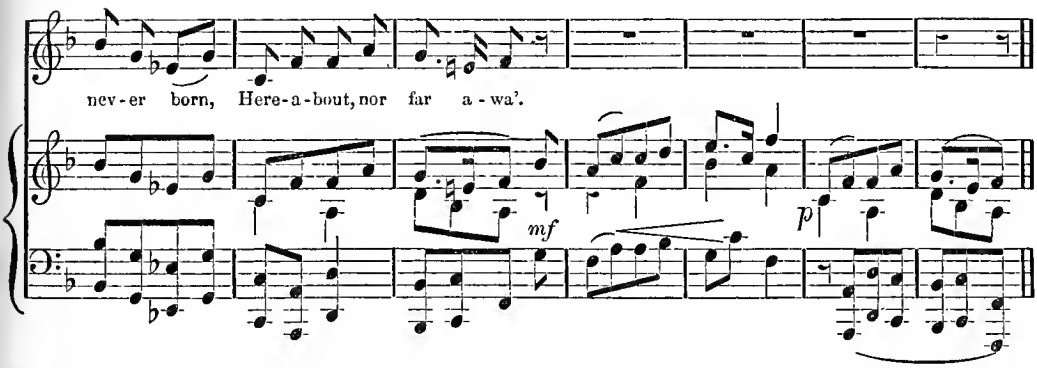
"MARY MACNEIL." The author of this song was Erskine Conolly, a native of Craill, in Fifeshire. He was bred a bookbinder, and followed that occupation for some time, but eventually settled in Edinburgh as a Messenger-at-Arms.* One of his old friends says of him:—"His gentle and amiable manners rendered him very popular, even in the exercise of his painful duties. Besides his song of 'Mary Macneil,' which appeared in the Edinburgh Intelligencer, 23rd December 1840, Conolly wrote, 'We sat beside the trysting-tree,' published in the same paper, 16th December 1840, and, 'There's a thrill of emotion,' printed along with the two former in the third series of the 'Whistle Binkie,' by Mr. D. Robertson, Glasgow, in 1842. The poetical talent shown in these, makes us regret that he did not write more in the same style. His occasional 'Addresses' in verse, delivered to the Chapters of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther, held in Edinburgh, will not soon be forgotten by those who mingled in these few but pleasant symposia. He died at Edinburgh on 7th January 1843, aged about forty-three." The air to which this song was written is called "Kinloch of Kinloch," and was composed by George Kinloch, Esq., of Kinloch. The second strain of the melody has been slightly altered in order to adapt it to the words.

* Messengers-at-Arms are officers subservient to the Supreme Courts of Session and Justiciary in Scotland; and their proper business is to execute all Royal letters, either in civil or criminal cases.

# THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN!

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






I never needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel;
Her crookit hornie did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit ay her ain jog-trot;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweirt to lead nor ca'.

Cauld nor hunger never dang[1] her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her;
Ance she lay an ouk[2] and langer
Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd[3] about the barn wa'.

A better, or a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man could weel ha'e wist;
For, silly thing, she never mist
To ha'e, ilk year, a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock;
And now the laddie has a flock
O' mair nor thirty head ava.

I lookit aye at even for her,
Lest mischanter shou'd come o'er her,
Or the foumart[4] might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.

My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Weel deserved baith gerse and corn;
Sic a ewe was never born,
Hereabout, or far awa.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without greeting?)
A villain cam', when I was sleeping,
Sta' my ewie, horn and a'.

I sought her sair upo' the morn;
And down aneath a buss o' thorn,
I got my ewie's crookit horn,
But my ewie was awa'.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,
Sworn I have, as weel as said it,
Though a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gi'e his neck a thra'.

I never met wi' sic a turn
As this, sin' ever I was born;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly ewie, stown awa'.

O! had she deid o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they are auld,
It wadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn;
The loss o' her we cou'd ha'e borne,
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife;
I'm really fley't that our gudewife
Will never win aboon't ava.

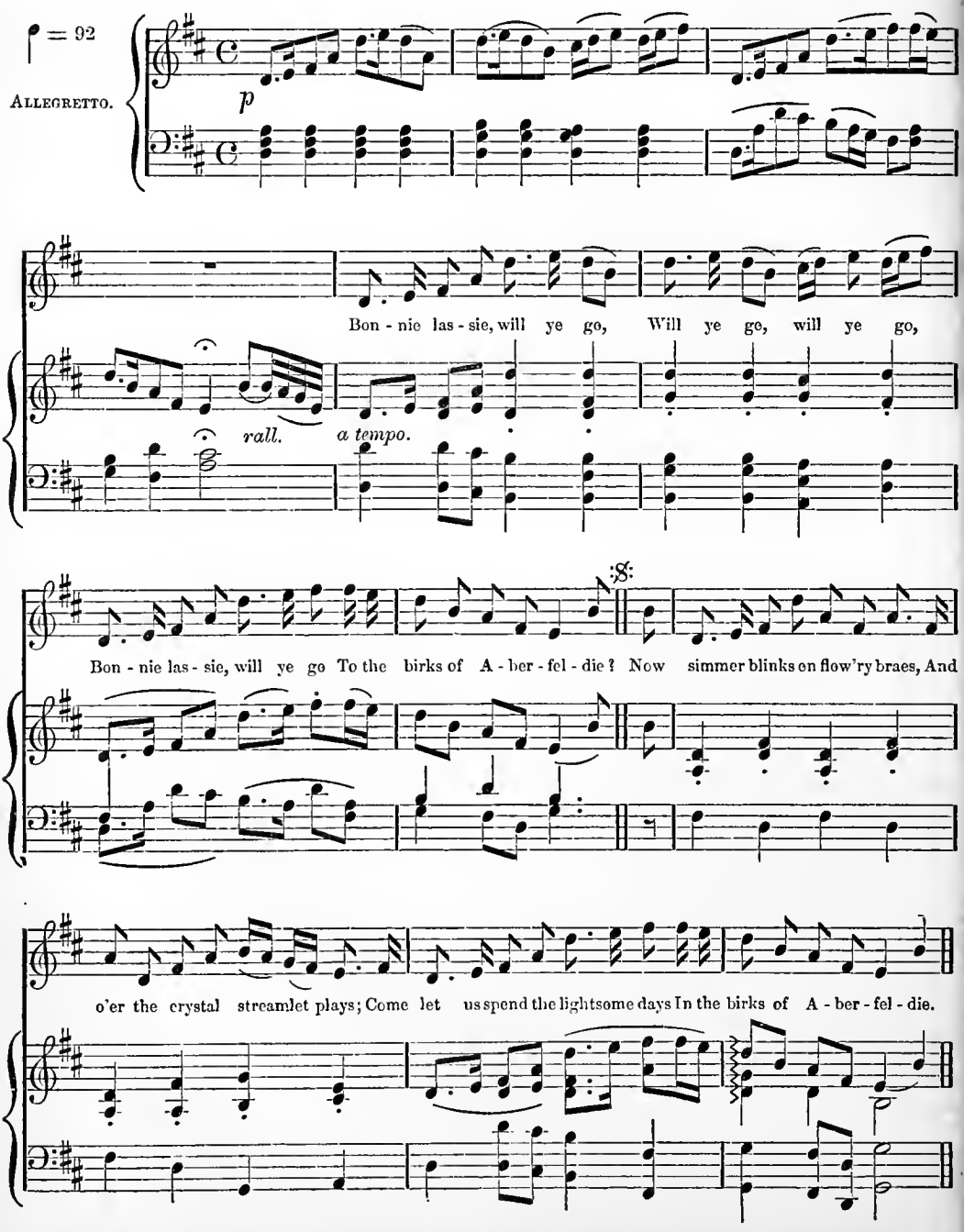
O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call your muses up and mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae's, an' fell't an' a'!

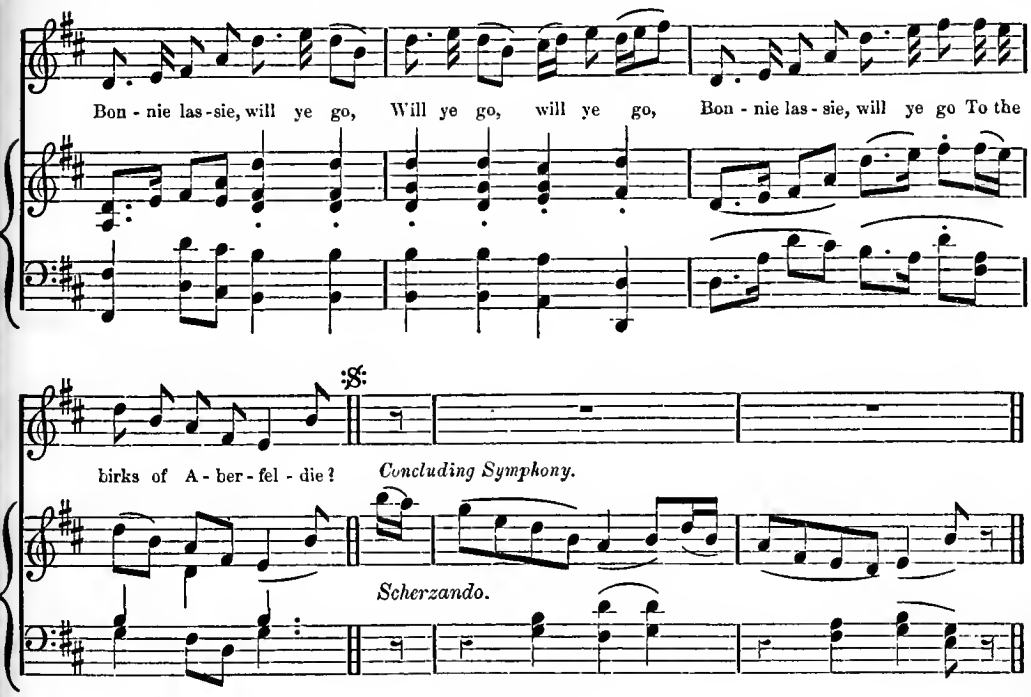
[1] Overcame. [2] A week. [3] Nibbled. [4] A polecat.

"THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN." Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This excellent song, beginning, 'O were I able to rehearse,' is another production of the Rev. Mr. John Skinner. The verses are adapted to a fine lively Highland reel, of considerable antiquity, which received its name from a 'Ewie' of a very different breed; namely, the whisky-still, with its *crooked*, or rather spiral apparatus." Museum Illustrations, vol. iii., p. 287. Mr. Stenhouse gives the song, "with the author's last corrections," which, of course, we have adopted. In the Note upon "Tullochgorum," vol. i., p. 53 of this work, we stated a few particulars regarding the Rev. Mr. Skinner.

# THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






The following verses begin at the sign 𝄋

While o'er their head the hazels hing,
The little hurdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs
The birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

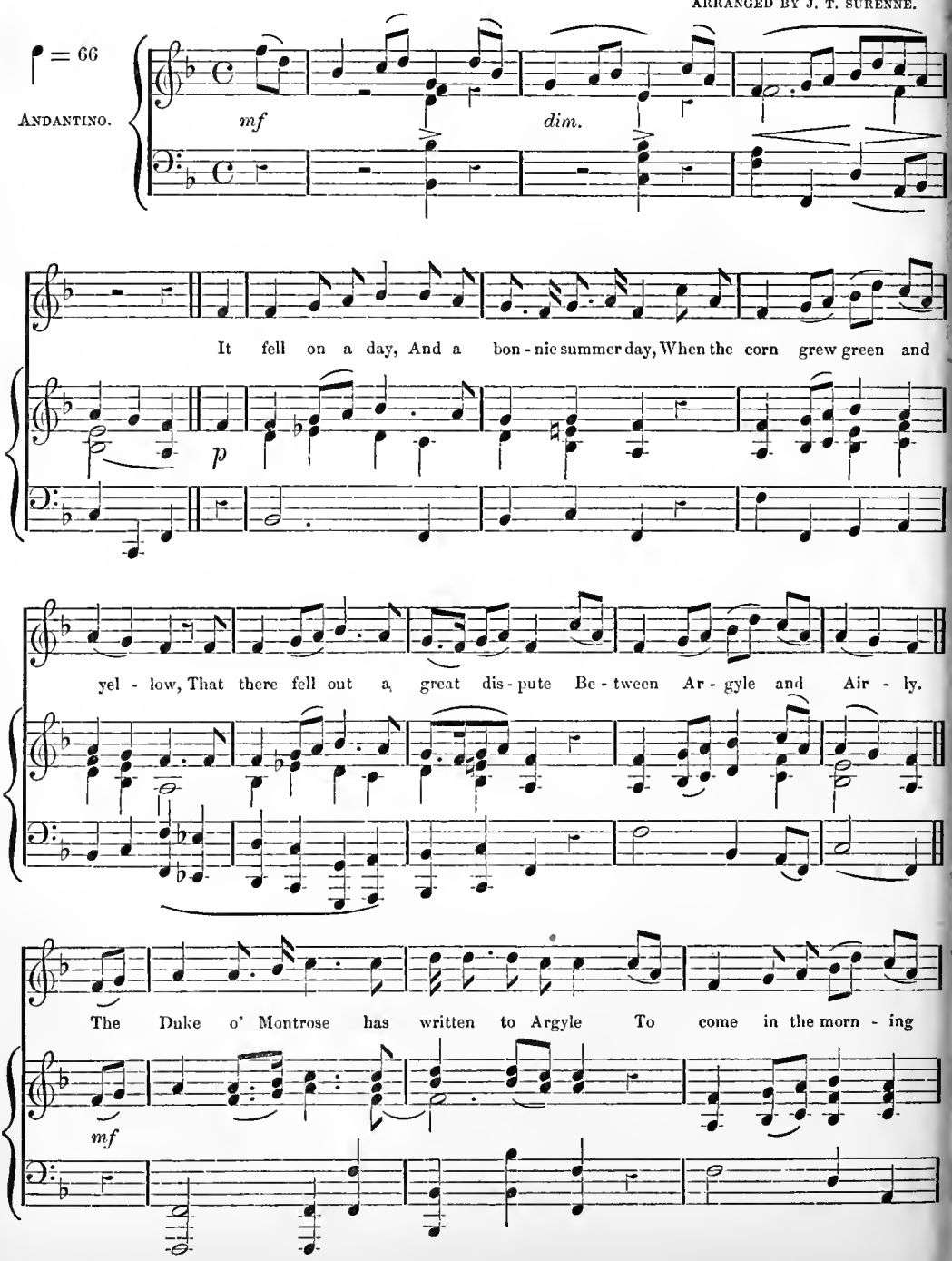
Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

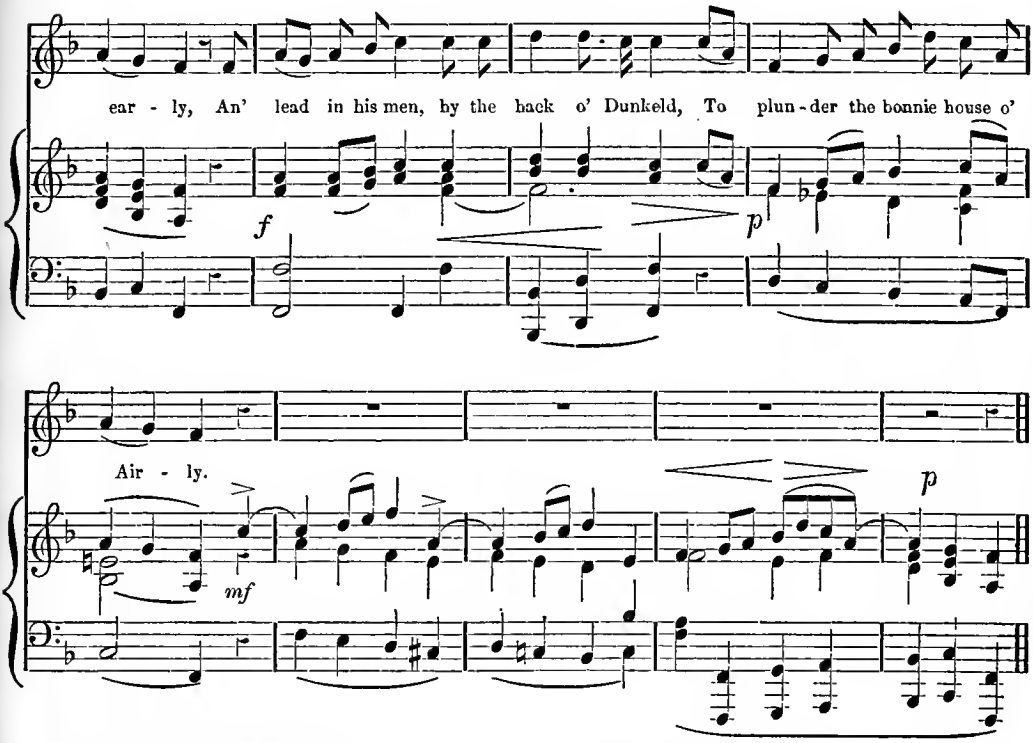
---

"THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDIE." "This old sprightly air," says Mr. Stenhouse, "appears in Playford's 'Dancing-master,' first printed in 1657, under the title of 'A Scotch Ayre.'" The words here given, except the chorus, which is old, were written by Burns for Johnson's Musical Museum, in September 1787, while standing under the Falls of Moness, near Aberfeldie, in Perthshire. Burns, at that time, was travelling in the Highlands of Scotland with his intimate friend William Nicol, one of the masters of the Edinburgh High-School. Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of Robert Burns, chap. vi., records a remarkable trait of the pride and passion of William Nicol when Burns and he were together at Fochabers; and of Burns' kind self-denial and breach of etiquette with a Duke, in order to soothe his irritated friend. "Burns, who had been much noticed by this noble family when in Edinburgh, happened to present himself at Gordon Castle, just at the dinner hour, and being invited to take a place at the table, did so, without for a moment adverting to the circumstance that his travelling companion had been left alone at the inn in the adjacent village. On remembering this soon after dinner, he begged to be allowed to rejoin his friend; and the Duke of Gordon, who now for the first time learned that he was not journeying alone, immediately proposed to send an invitation to Mr. Nicol to come to the Castle. His Grace's messenger found the haughty schoolmaster striding up and down before the inn-door, in a state of high wrath and indignation, at what he considered Burns' neglect; and no apologies could soften his mood. He had already ordered horses; and the poet finding that he must choose between the ducal circle and his irritable associate, at once left Gordon Castle and repaired to the inn; whence Nicol and he, in silence and mutual displeasure, pursued their journey along the coast of the Moray Frith."—Lockhart's Life of Burns. Regarding the air, we have to observe, that in the earlier copies, the melody seems to have been disfigured by a misprint of the sixth note of the first measure, where three Ds occur consecutively, instead of D, E, D. In the present edition that wrong note has been altered.

# THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,
And, oh! but she look'd weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear day-light,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly."

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury[1]?"
"It's up and down the bonnie burn side,
Amang the planting of Airly."

They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And, oh! but she grat sairly,
And led her down to yon green bank
Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly.

"O! its I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,
"And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And although I had as mony mae,
I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie.

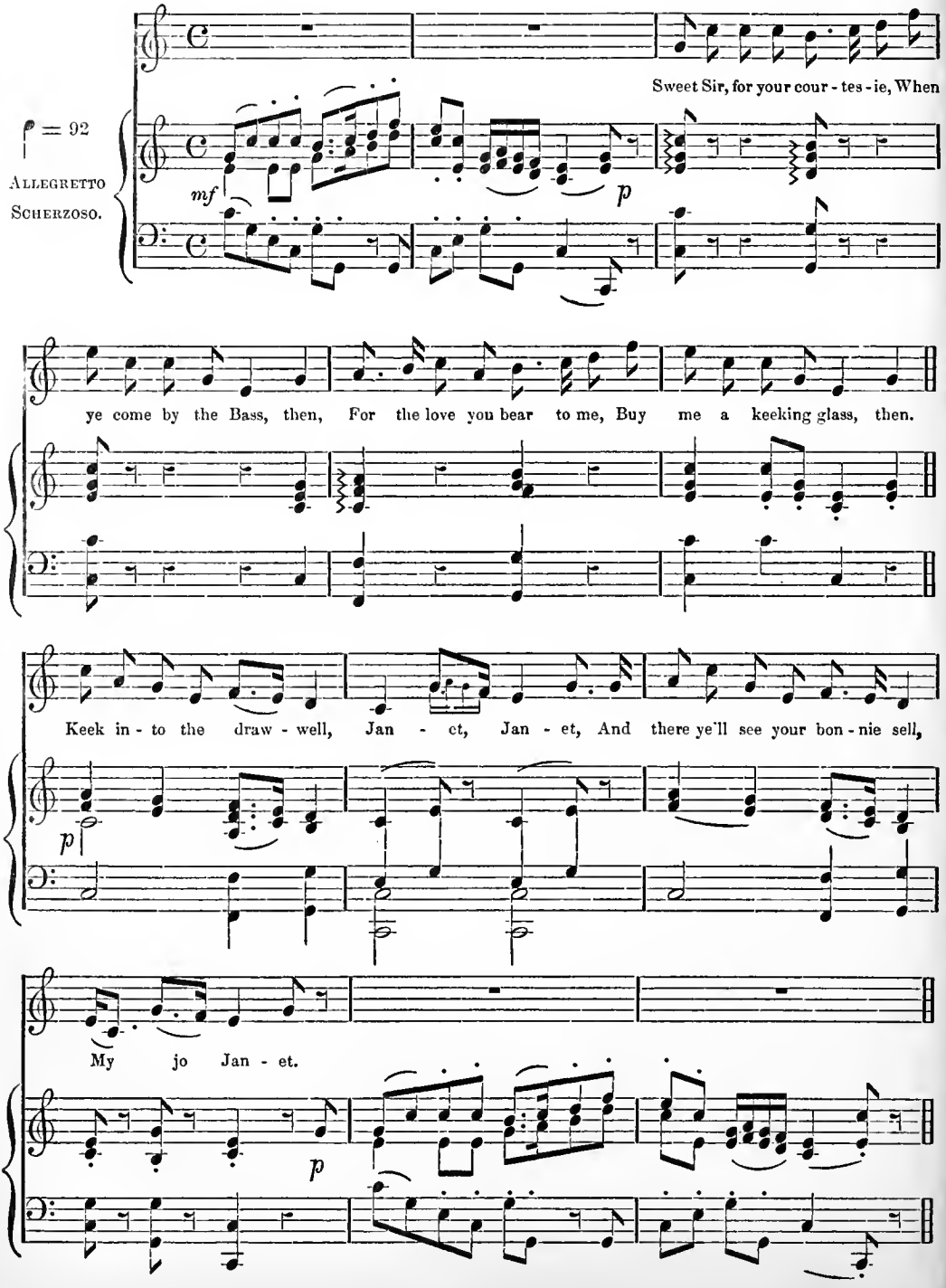
"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly."

[1] Treasure.

"THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY." When Montrose was driven out of Perth by Argyle in September 1644, he marched into Angus-shire, where he was joined by the old Earl of Airly and two of his sons, who never forsook him in success or disaster. During Montrose's retreat from the Castle of Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, we learn from Sir Walter Scott, (History of Scotland,) that "on the road he was deserted by many Lowland gentlemen who had joined him, and who saw his victories were followed with no better results than toilsome marches among wilds, where it was nearly impossible to provide subsistence for man or horse, and which the approach of winter was about to render still more desolate. They left his army, therefore, promising to return in summer; and of all his Lowland adherents, the old Earl of Airly and his sons alone remained. They had paid dearly for their attachment to the Royal cause, Argyle having (1640) plundered their estates, and burnt their principal mansion, the 'Bonnie house o' Airly,' situated on the river Isla, the memory of which conflagration is still preserved in Scottish song." We give the ballad as it is published in Messrs. Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, according to John Finlay's version.

# MY JO JANET.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.



Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in, then?
Syne[1] a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysel' for sin, then.
Haud[2] the better by the brae,[3]
Janet, Janet,
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' shoon, then.
Clout[4] the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet,
A pair may gain[5] ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
An' skippin' like a mawkin',
If they should see my clouted sheen,[6]
Of me they will be taukin'.
Dance ay laigh.[7] an' late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse, then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

[1] Then. [2] Hold. [3] Bank. [4] Patch. [5] Suffice. [6] Shoes. [7] Low.

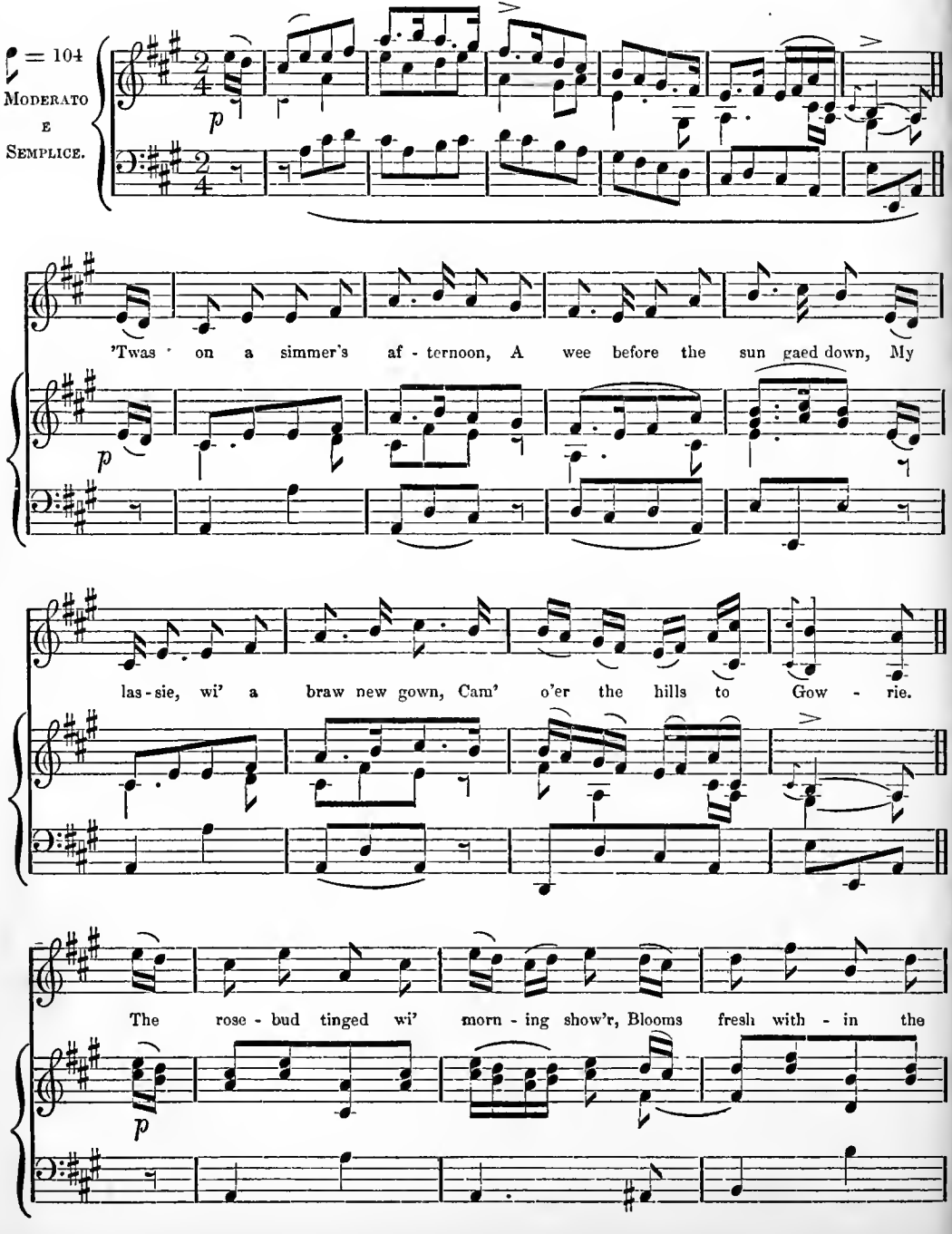
---

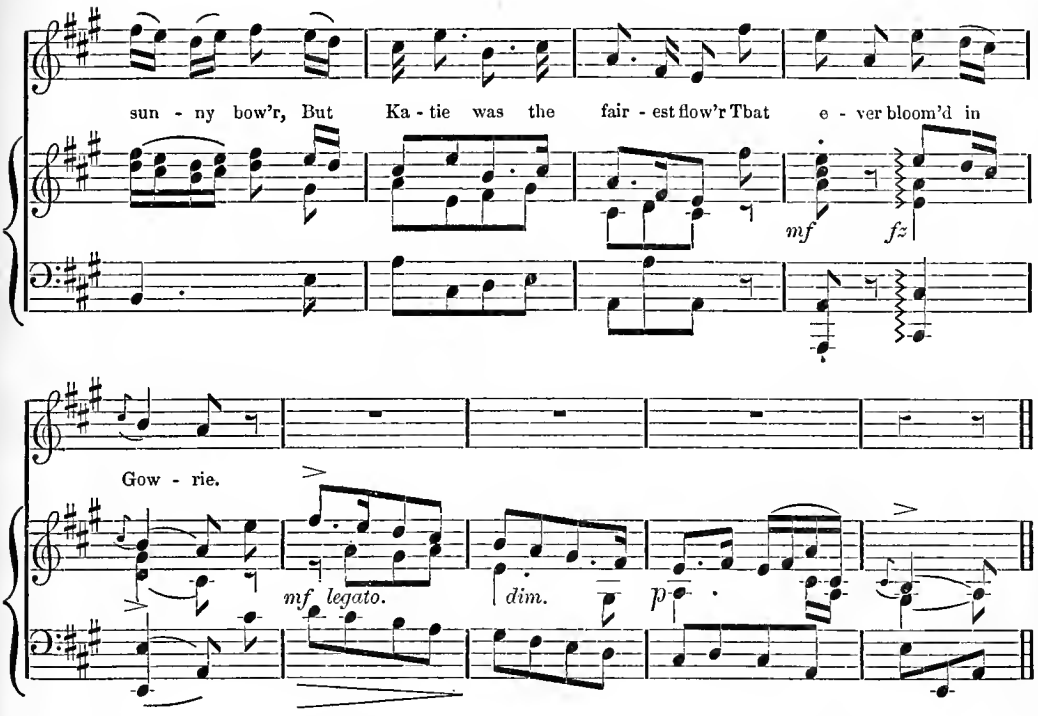
"My jo Janet." Mr. Stenhouse, in his Note upon this air in Johnson's Museum, says:—"The tune is very ancient: it is in Skene's MSS. under the title of 'The keiking glass.'" This is another astounding instance of Mr. Stenhouse's utter ignorance of the tablature in which the Skene MSS. are written. The air in these MSS. called "The keiking glasse," bears no resemblance whatever to "My jo Janet," or to any other Scottish tune. Had Mr. Stenhouse been able to decipher the Skene MSS., he might have found there some of the elements of "My jo Janet" under the title of, "Long er onie old man." In the Straloch MS. of 1627-9, we find another form of this, nearer to the modern air of "My jo Janet," under the name of "The old man." For these airs from the Skene and Straloch MSS. see Appendix to this volume. The verses here given are from Johnson's Museum. They appeared in the Orpheus Caledonius, and were afterwards retouched by Allan Ramsay. Johnson, however, from some scruple of delicacy, omitted the last stanza. In December 1793, Burns wrote his comic song, "My spouse Nancy," to the tune of "My jo Janet." We give Burns' song in the Appendix.

We resume from p. 123. Miss Martineau asserts, that "the music of Nature is all in the minor key; the melody of the winds, the sea, the waterfall, birds, and the echoes of bleating flocks among the hills." Now, let us take first the song of birds. *In general* it consists of *intervals* so shrill and minute as to be musically *inappreciable* to the human ear. It often resembles the chirping produced by turning rapidly the ground glass-stopper in the neck of a bottle. At other times it breaks out in bold and decided *major* intervals, as in the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and the linnet. The Editor of this work has, several times, *written down* the leading passages of the song of a blackbird singing among the trees near his window—all decidedly in a *major key*. The thrush, the same. Even the *two notes* sung by the cuckoo do not *always* form a *minor* third, but just as often a *major* one. As to "the melodies of the winds, the sea, the waterfall," we defy any musical ear to detect in the *sounds* so produced any appreciable musical intervals; *ergo*, neither *minor* nor *major*. The wild and melancholy sound of the stormy wind rushing through a crevice, rises and falls by degrees inappreciable in practical music; somewhat as in the case of drawing the finger upwards and downwards upon the string of a violoncello, while the bow makes it vibrate. But all that has nothing to do with any *minor* or *major* key, musically understood. The same inappreciable transitions of pitch may be heard in the bellowing of a bull, the lowing of a cow, the neighing of a horse, and the cries of various beasts and birds. Even in the sawing of a piece of wood there is a production of *sound* varying in pitch; but no one would ever dream of referring it to a *minor key* or a *major key*. The dismal hootings of an owl have nothing to do with a *minor* or a *major* key in music; neither has the rising and falling yell of the whistle of a railway-engine, or the war-whoop of an American savage. The melancholy *sough* of the autumnal winds through the leafless branches of the forest trees, is only the voice of one of Nature's gigantic Æolian harps —incapable of being reduced to any system of musical sounds, and therefore belonging to neither minor nor major keys in music. Where there are no distinctly appreciable musical intervals produced in a certain fixed order, it proves mere ignorance of music to talk of vague indeterminate sounds as types of minor or major keys. We have dwelt upon this matter at some length, to hinder, if possible, dreamy persons from being greatly misled by the erroneous theory of an able writer, who always writes well, and to the purpose, upon any subject that she thoroughly understands. Doctor Burney, in his Preface to his History of Music, says:—"Indeed, I have long since found it necessary to read with caution the splendid assertions of writers concerning music, till I was convinced of their knowledge of the subject; for I have frequently detected ancients as well as moderns, whose fame sets them almost above censure, of utter ignorance in this particular, while they have thought it necessary to *talk about it*." See further in Appendix to this volume.

# THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

AIR, "LOCH-EROCH SIDE." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






I praised her beauty loud an' lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie!
The auld folks soon ga'e their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha tyed them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

---

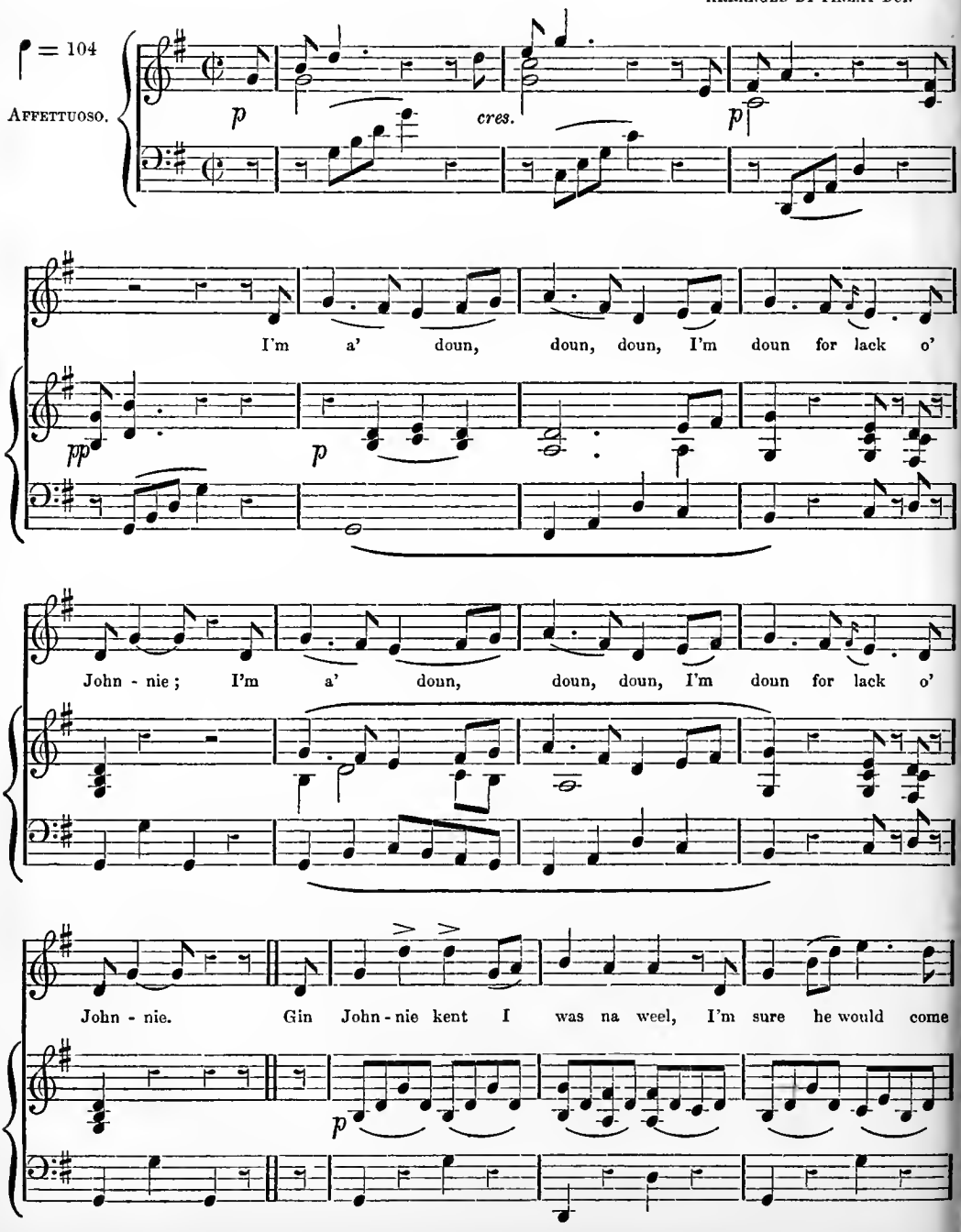
"THE LASS O' GOWRIE." The air is that more commonly called "Loch-Eroch Side," a favourite modern Strathspey, taken from the air of an old Scottish song and dancing tune, named, "I'm o'er young to marry yet." Loch Erocht, or Ericht, is a large lake in the north-west of Perthshire. The words here given to this air are from page 10 of a small pamphlet entitled, "One hundred and fifty Songs," printed by David Halliday, Dumfries, about 1839. Halliday's version consists of three stanzas only, while some later versions contain five. Two of the stanzas of these later versions seem to us not only superfluous but objectionable; and therefore we have adopted Halliday's version, which contains also what we think a better reading of the first line of the second stanza. The song that evidently appears to have suggested the later one was published by Brash and Reid of Glasgow, without date, in one of their penny numbers of a Collection entitled "Poetry, Original and Selected." These numbers were afterwards published in four volumes 18mo, and in the third volume we find, "The gowd o' Gowrie; a Scots song never before published: tune—Dainty Davie," and beginning:—

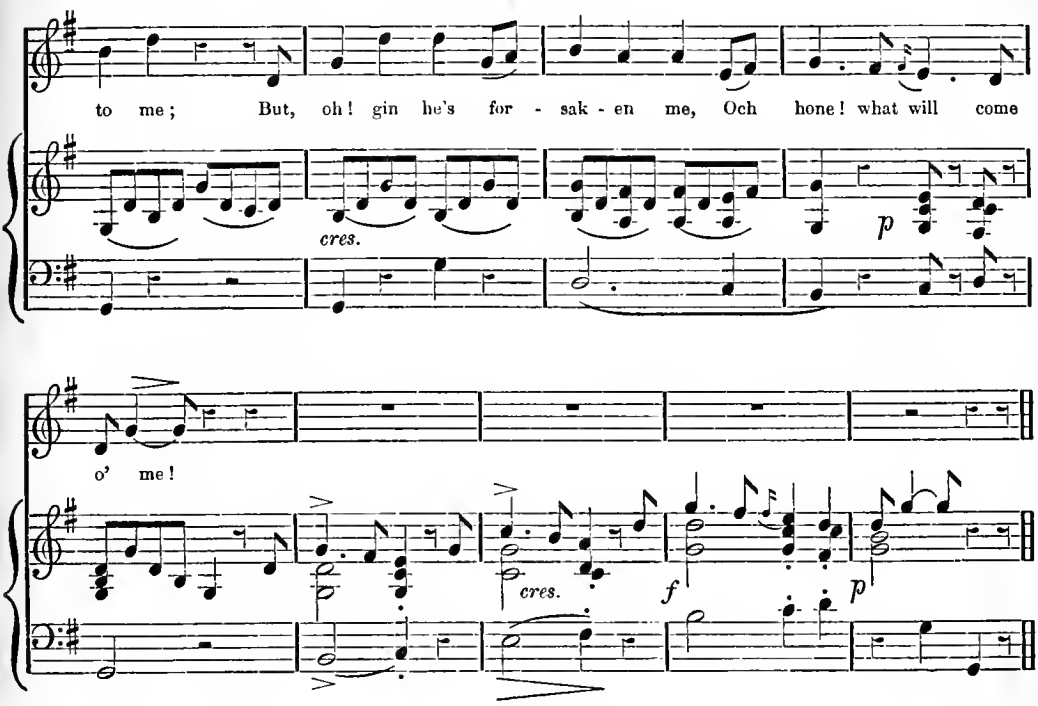
"When Katie was scarce out nineteen,
O but she had twa coal-black een—
A bonnier lass ye couldna seen
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie."

It is believed that these words were written by Mr. William Reid, (of that firm of Brash and Reid,) the author of several popular Scottish songs. These words were afterwards published in Mr. Robert Chambers' edition of "The Scottish Songs collected and illustrated," vol. ii. pp. 512, 513. The tune indicated by Mr. Chambers is "Loch-Eroch Side." In the Appendix to this volume we give Burns' beautiful words to the same air, beginning, "O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay."

# I'M A' DOUN FOR LACK O' JOHNNIE.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN






I'm a' doun, doun, doun,
I'm doun for lack o' Johnnie;
I'm a' doun. doun, doun,
I'm doun for lack o' Johnnie.
I sit upon an auld feal-sunk,[1]
I spin and greet for Johnnie;
But gin he's gi'en me the begunk,[2]
Och hone! what will come o' me!

[1] A seat made of turf. [2] To deceive.

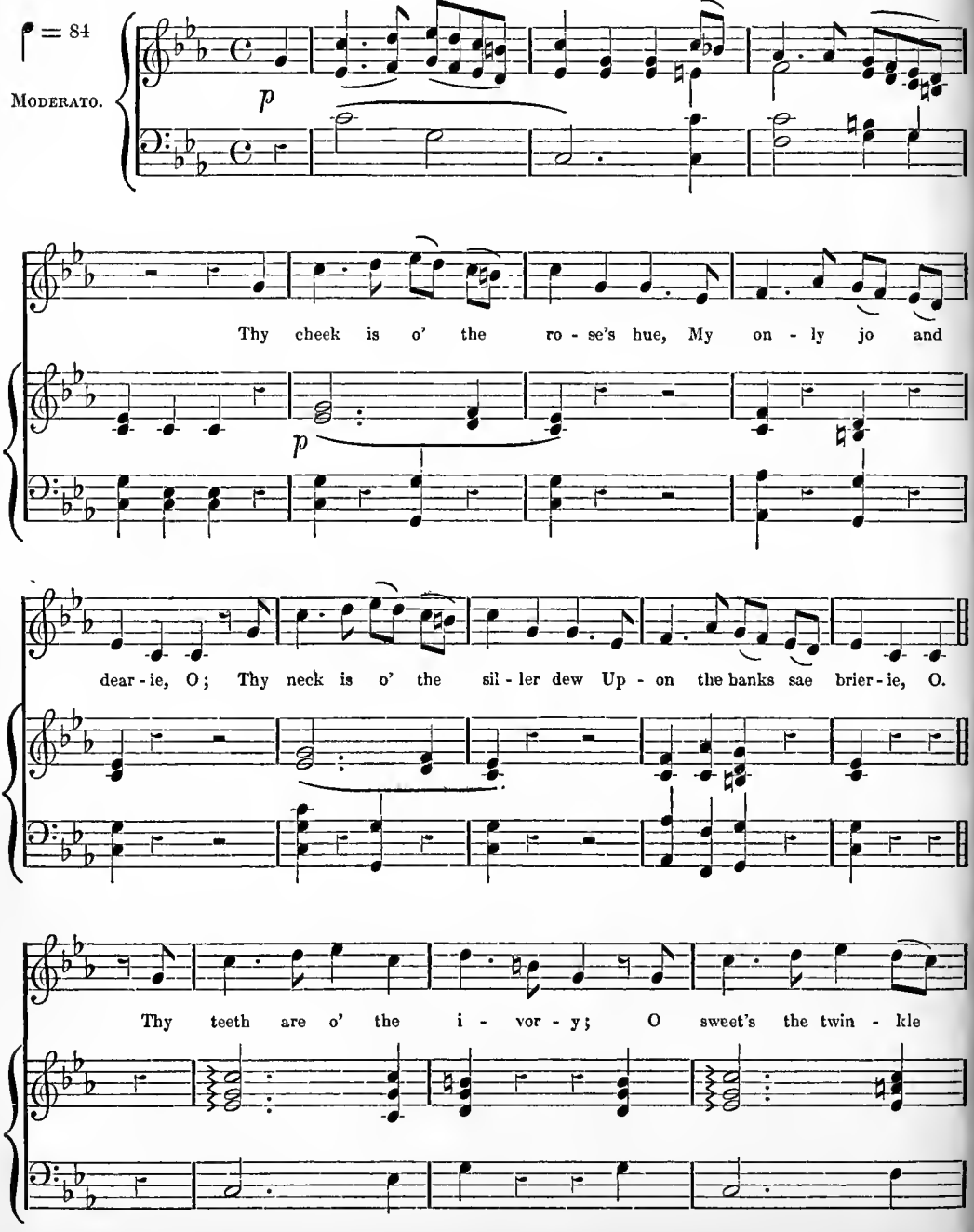
---

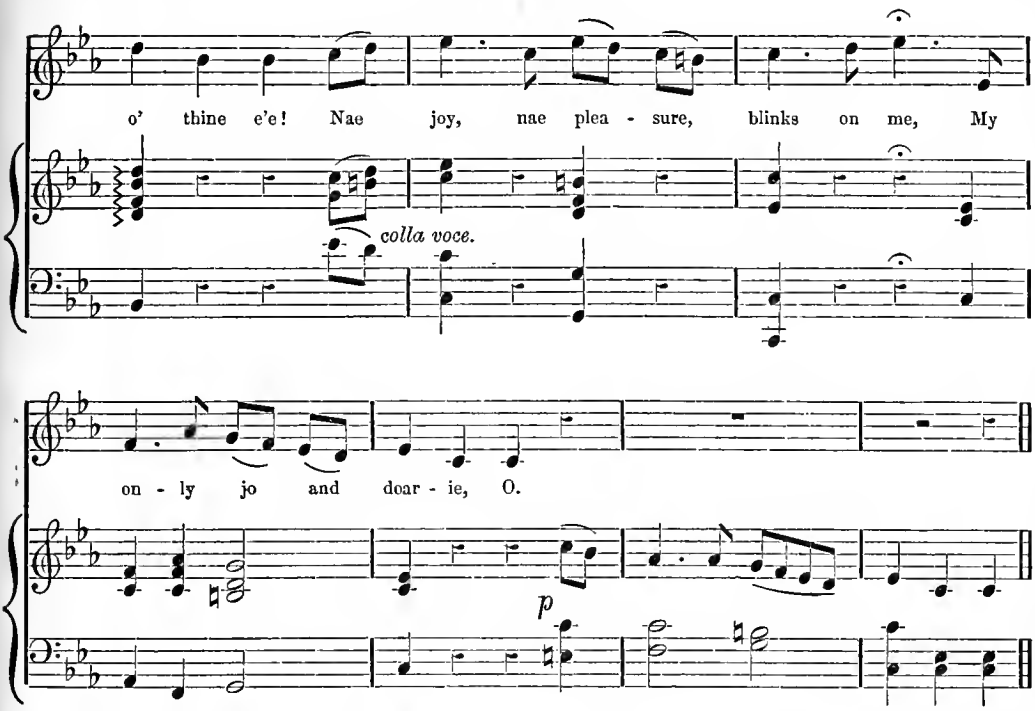
"I'M A' DOUN FOR LACK O' JOHNNIE." The talented arranger of this air writes to us as follows:—"With regard to the authorship of the words and air of the song, 'I'm a' doun for lack o' Johnnie,' I have been unable to procure any information. All that I can say about it is, that the song is known and sung in the North of Scotland." The air and words were communicated to Mr. Dun for this work, and were never before published. We have no doubt that both are quite modern. Mr. Dun has lately contributed his aid to the editing of a Collection of Gaelic Songs, published by Messrs. Wood and Co. of Edinburgh. It contains some excellent specimens of Scottish melody not hitherto published. Mr. Dun's observations in the preface are well worthy of attention. We have no doubt that many good Scottish melodies may still exist, from oral tradition, in various parts of Scotland that are seldom visited by musical collectors.* In searching for and collecting such relics of the olden time, the musical competency of the collector is of much more consequence than is generally supposed. He must not only be a good musician, but able to write down *accurately*, with due pauses, any air that he hears sung or played. Very few persons are able to do this—not one in a hundred, indeed, of amateur musicians. To do this, many persons not well skilled in music think that nothing more is required than to be able merely to sing, or to play upon some musical instrument. This is a great mistake; a very extensive knowledge of music is required for such a task. The want of such knowledge has produced the gross errors in many of our Collections of Scottish music.

* The Editor of this work has lately set on foot inquiries regarding ancient Border airs in the wild districts of Liddesdale, &c.; but has not yet gained so much information as he could desire, although his correspondents were as obliging as zealous.

# THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE.

AIR, "MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O." ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie,[1] O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
Aft we would daff[2] the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,[3]
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I would dawt[4] thee night and day,
Nae ither warldly care I'd ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

[1] Timorous. [2] Sport. [3] To lose. [4] Caress.

---

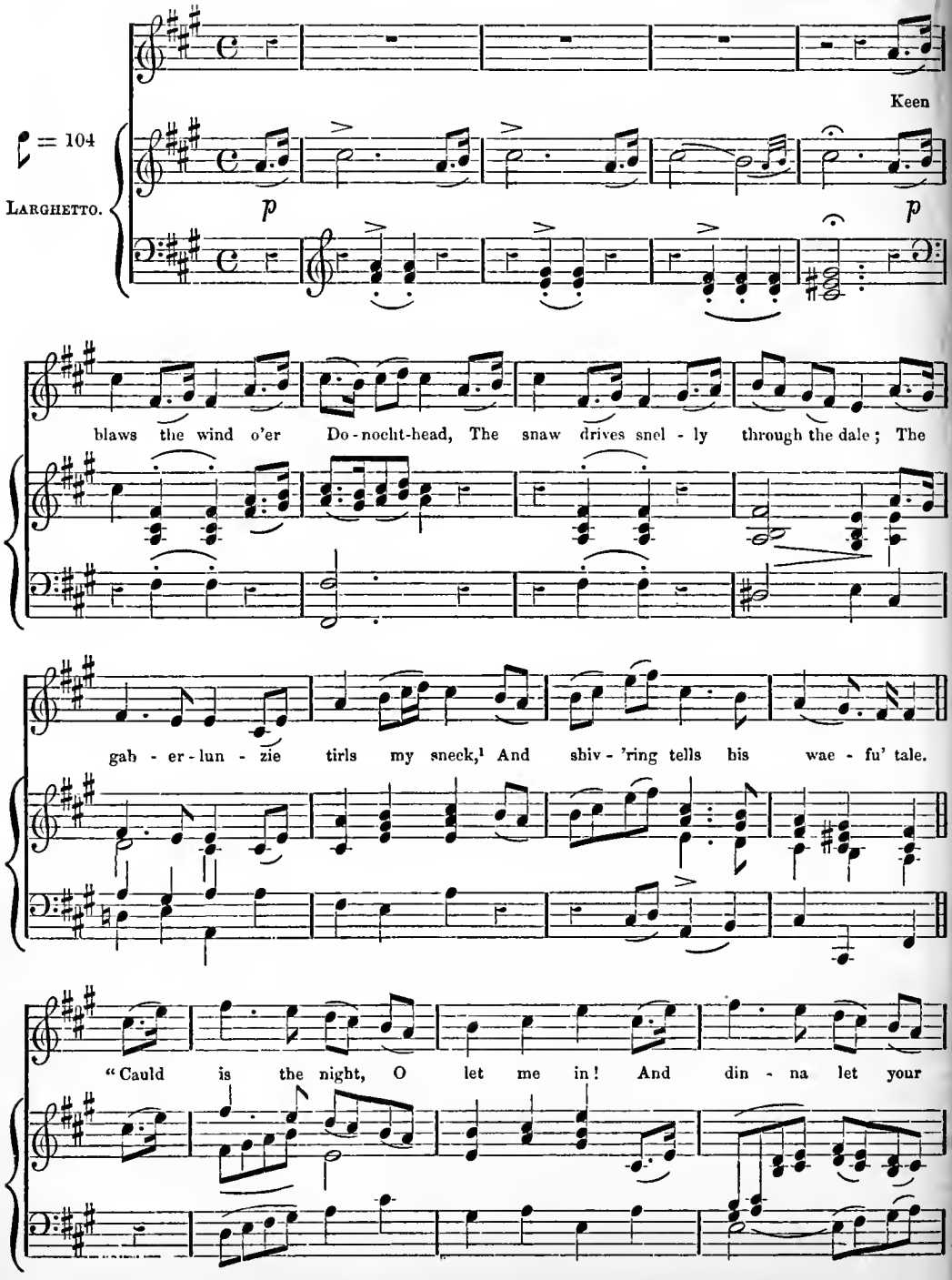
"MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O." "This beautiful song, which is another of the productions of the late Mr. Richard Gall, was written at the earnest request of Mr. Thomas Oliver, printer and publisher, Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of the author's. Mr. Oliver heard it sung in the Pantomime of Harlequin Highlander, at the Circus, and was so struck with the melody, that it dwelt upon his mind; but the only part of the words he recollected were—

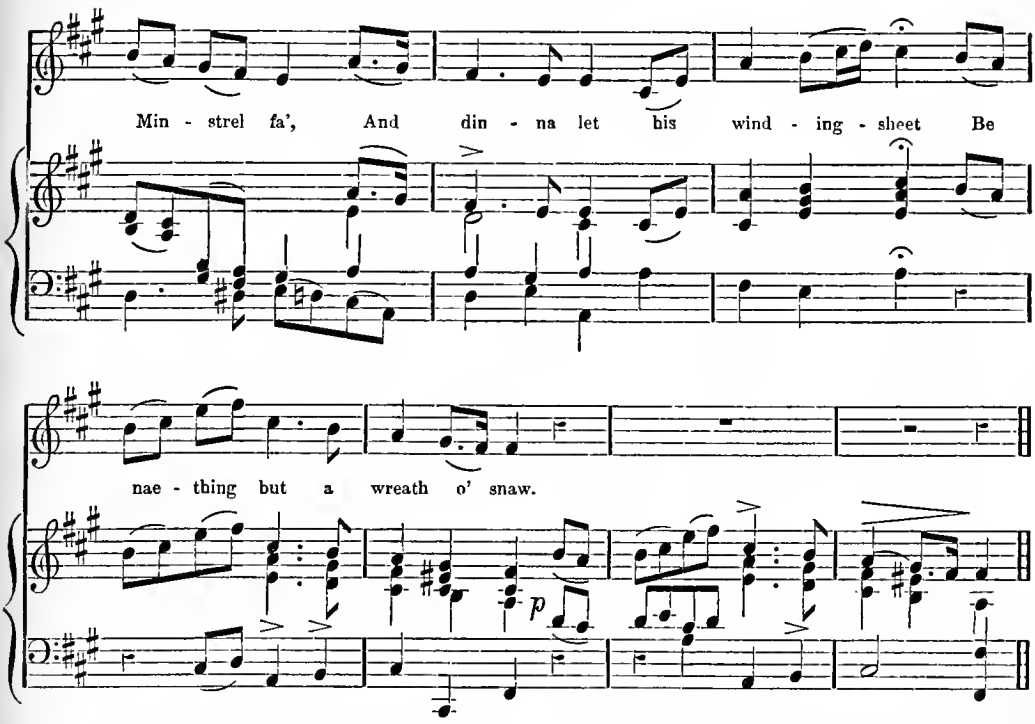
'My love's the sweetest creature
That ever trod the dewy green;
Her cheeks they are like roses,
Wi' the op'ning gowan wet between.

And having no way of procuring the verses he had heard, he requested Mr. Gall to write words to his favourite tune. Our young bard promised to do so; and in a few days presented him with this elegant song, in which the title of the tune is happily introduced at the close of every stanza." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi., pp. 406, 407. In the Note upon "I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut," p. 121 of this volume, we have given a brief account of Richard Gall.

# KEEN BLAWS THE WIND O'ER DONOCHT-HEAD.

AIR, "MARY'S DREAM,"—OLD SET. ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.






"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
And piped where gor-cocks[2] whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,
To lilts which frae my drone I blew."
My Eppie waked, and soon she cried—
"Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow, it's sweet!
E'en though she hans and scaulds a wee;
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me!
"Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire,
And mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,[3]
Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame."

"Nae hame ha'e I," the Minstrel said,
"Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And, weeping, at the eve o' life
I wander through a wreath o' snaw."
"Wae's me, auld carle! sad is your tale—
Your wallet's toom[4]—your claithing thin;
Mine's no the hand to steek[5] the door
When want and wae would fain be in."

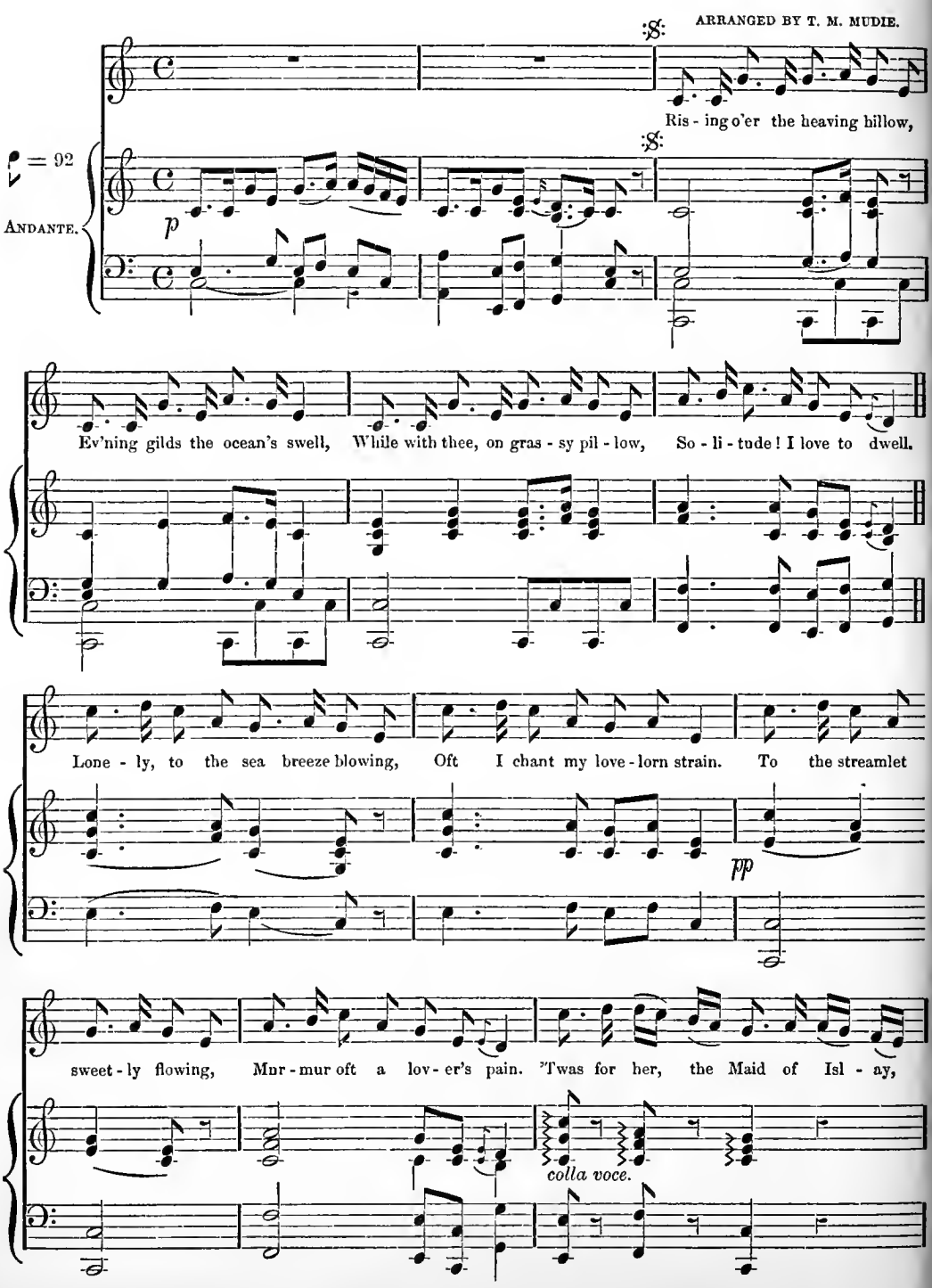
We took him ben—we set him doun,
And soon the ingle bleezed fu' hie;
The auld man thought himself at hame,
And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.
Ance mair the Minstrel waked a strain—
Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;
In fancy's ear it seem'd to wail
A free-born nation's overthrow.

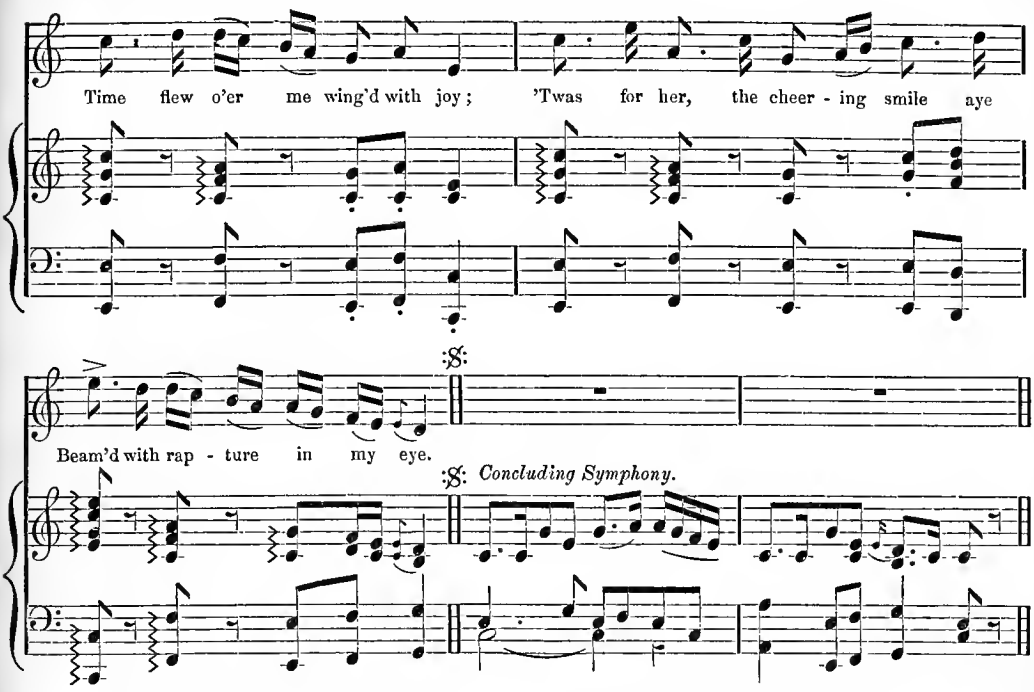
[1] Twirls the door-latch. [2] Muir-cocks. [3] Lost the road. [4] Empty. [5] Close.

---

"KEEN BLAWS THE WIND O'ER DONOCHT-HEAD." This song, with the exception of the last twelve lines, which were added by Captain Charles Gray, R.M., is thus noticed by Burns in a letter to Mr. George Thomson of 19th October 1794:—"Donocht-head is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald, and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." In 1815 there was published at Newcastle, by S. Hodgson, an 8vo volume of 182 pages, entitled, "Poetry, fugitive and original, by the late Thomas Bedingfeld, Esq., and Mr. George Pickering." In that volume, which was dedicated by its editor to "Walter Scott, Esq.," we find, (pp. 57, 58,) "Donocht-head" given as by George Pickering, while some confirmation of the authorship is offered in pages 55, 56, introductory to the fragment. Pickering was born at Simonburn in Northumberland, in 1758; went abroad in embarrassed circumstances about 1798; returned in poverty to his native place after an absence of more than a quarter of a century; and died near Newcastle about 1830. It does not appear that Pickering ever resided in Scotland; and Donocht-head, or Dunnet-head, is a promontory on the coast of Caithness. The additional twelve lines by Captain Gray very happily complete the unfinished ballad.

# THE MAID OF ISLAY.






Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
Loud your loss my heart shall mourn
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
Bliss that never can return.

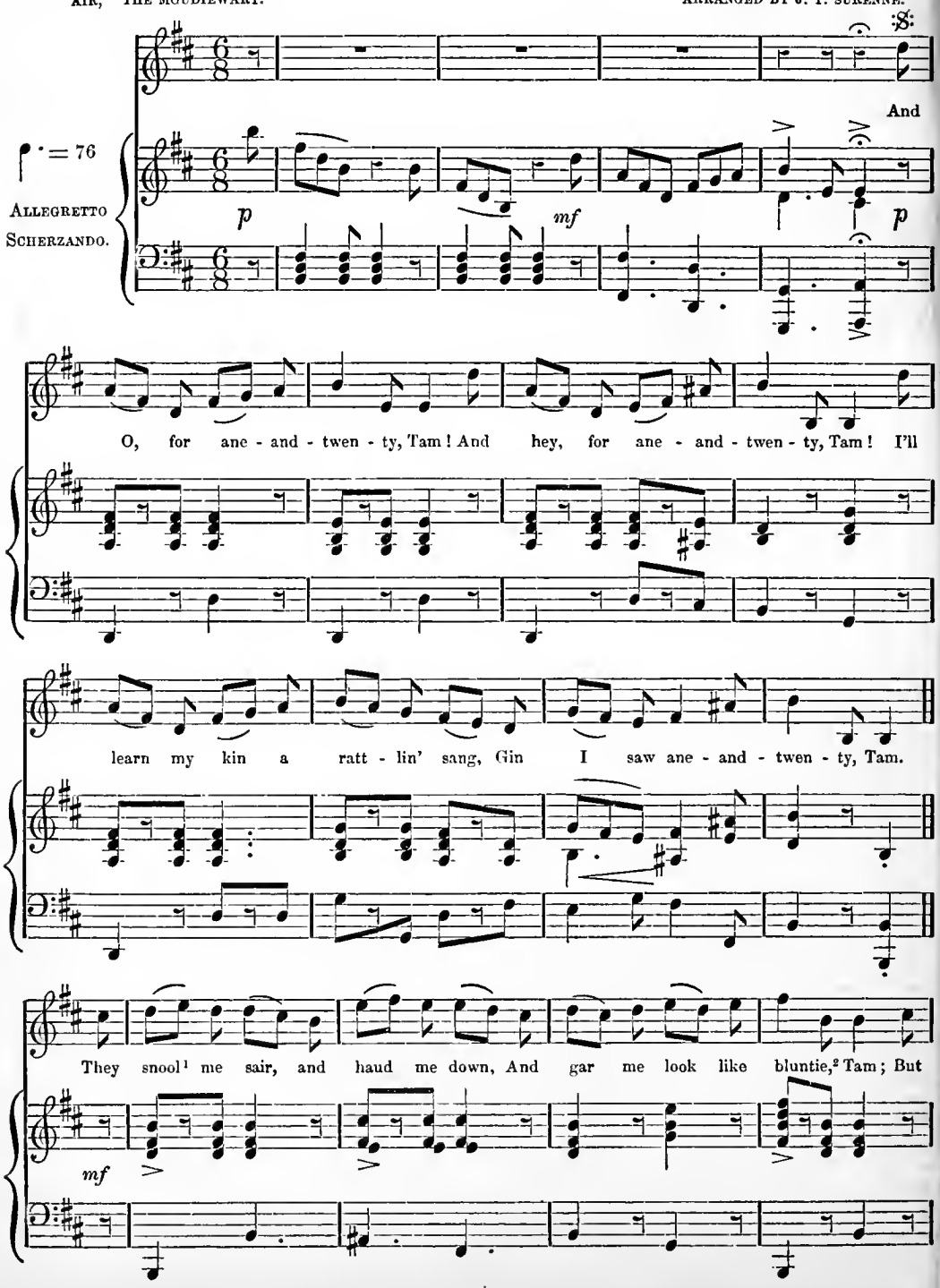
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

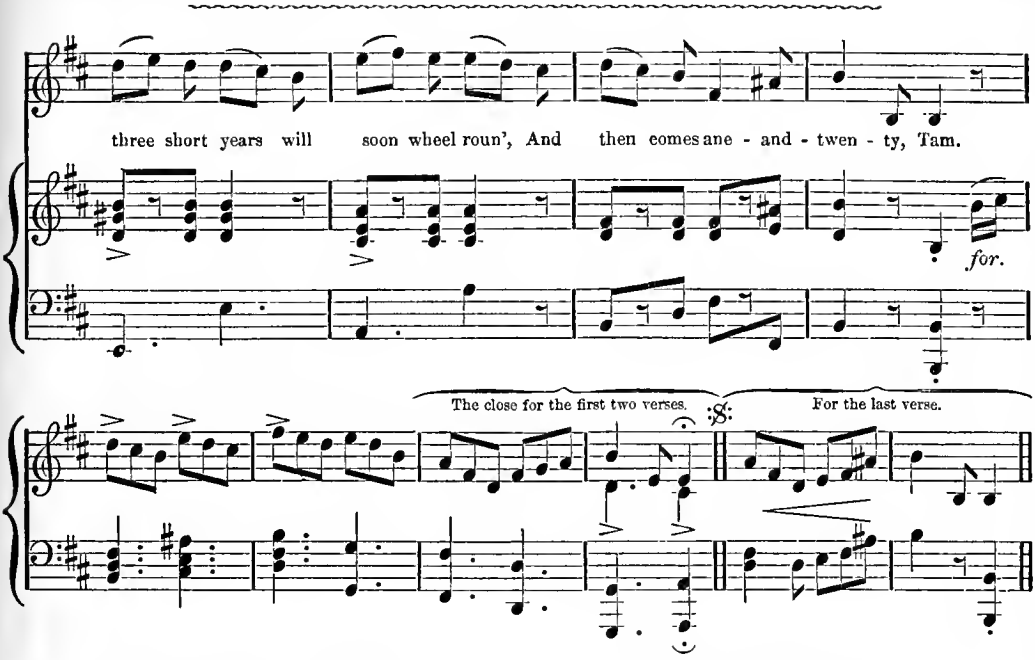
---

"THE MAID OF ISLAY." The air appears in Gow's Fourth Collection, p. 20, under the name of "The Maid of Isla, a Strathspey," with the following Note:—"I am indebted to Col. and Lady Charlotte Campbell for this beautiful air." In a small Collection of Songs by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, printed for Messrs. Manners and Miller, Edinburgh, 1803, Sir Alexander gives verses to "The Maid of Isla," and says:—"The air is a reel of the island of Isla, brought over by Lady Charlotte Campbell. Like many others, when played slow it is very plaintive." The words which we give with the air were composed for it by Joseph Train, a native of the village of Sorn, in Ayrshire. He was born in 1779, of poor but respectable parents, who, about eight years after, removed to the town of Ayr. He there attended school for a short time, and was then apprenticed to a mechanical occupation which he did not like. He devoted every leisure moment to self-instruction, and with such ardour as, in a few years, to raise his intellectual far above his social position. In 1799 he was ballotted for the Ayrshire militia, and while stationed at Inverness, his literary tastes and pursuits became accidentally known to Sir David Hunter Blair, the Colonel of the regiment, who was so much pleased with Train's talents and excellent conduct, as to become thenceforward his steady friend and patron. When the militia was disbanded in 1802, Sir David recommended Train to several persons of influence, who obtained for him, in 1808, an appointment in the Excise. From Largs, his first place of settlement in 1811, he was transferred in 1813 to Newton-Stewart, and afterwards to Castle-Douglas, in Galloway. His surveys, as a Supervisor of Excise, led him through wild and remote districts filled with strange old traditions. Some of these he embodied in his "Strains of the Mountain Muse," a little volume published in 1814 at Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott was so much struck with the merit of these metrical tales, that he immediately entered into correspondence with Mr. Train, requesting some communication regarding Galloway traditions. This led to a personal acquaintance between Sir Walter and Mr. Train, during which the latter communicated a great many curious stories and traditions, and sketches of remarkable characters, which Sir Walter made use of in his inimitable novels. Mr. Train also procured for Sir Walter a number of interesting ancient relics, which are preserved at Abbotsford. For these particulars regarding Mr. Train, we are indebted to the curious and entertaining work entitled, "The Contemporaries of Burns, and the more recent poets of Ayrshire, with selections from their writings." Hugh Paton, Edinburgh, 1840.

# AND O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

AIR, "THE MOUDIEWART." ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.






A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,[3]
Were left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith and kin I needna speir,
Gin I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,[4]
Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie?—there's my loof[5]—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

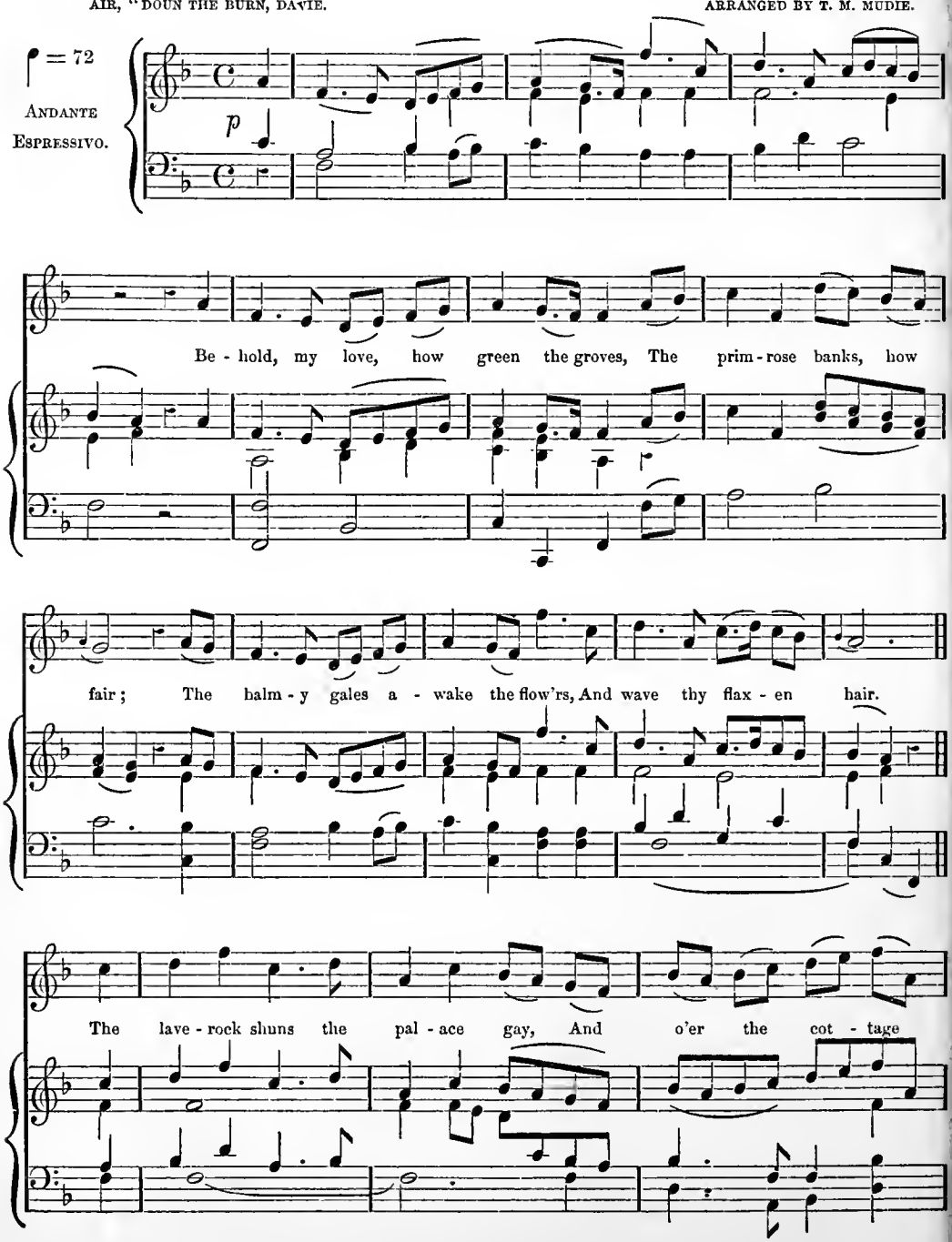
[1] To subjugate by tyrannical means. [2] Stupid. [3] A sum of money. [4] Fool. [5] Hand.

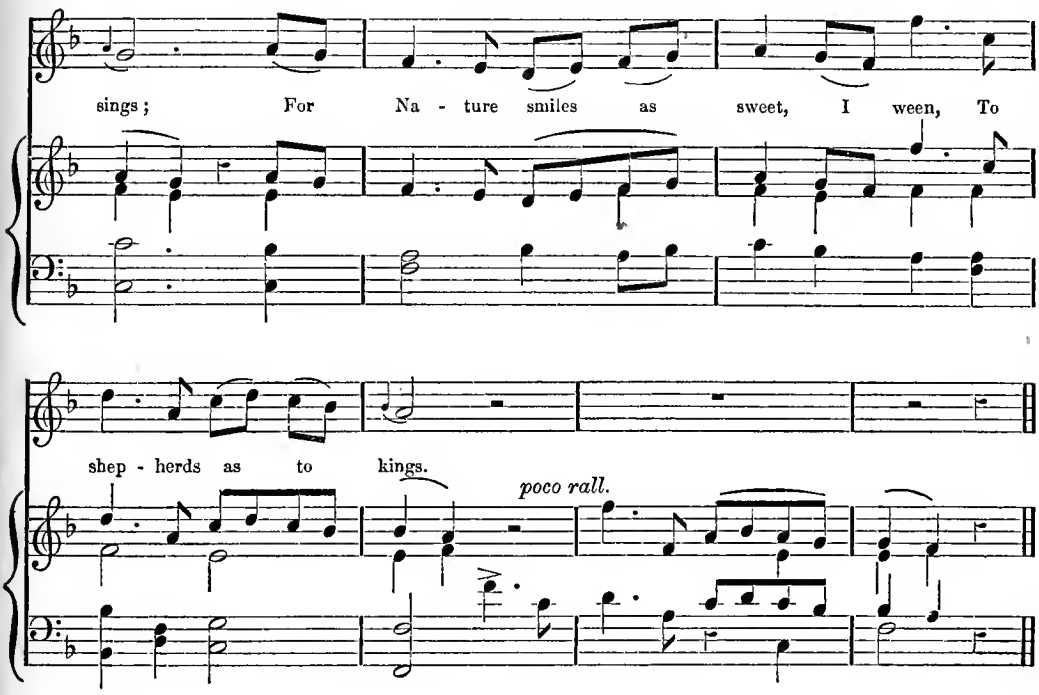
"AND O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!" Mr. Stenhouse gives the following Note upon this song and air:—"This comic song, the manuscript of which is before me, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. The subject of the song had a real origin. A young girl having been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection. The verses are adapted to an old tune, called, *The Moudiewart*. In the 'Reliques,' Burns says, 'this song is mine.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. p. 327.

In the course of this work we have occasionally noticed the remarkable popularity of Burns' songs, and their influence upon his countrymen. One of the most striking instances on record is that given in the Note, p. 137 of the first volume, where we quote from James Grant, Esq., an incident during the battle of Waterloo. The following humble individual instance of Burns' influence is interesting, and was communicated to us by a respected literary friend, who, when a boy, for amusement, took part in the harvest operations which he mentions. Our friend says:—"It may not be uninteresting to you to know how strongly, if not extensively, the prose and poetical writings of Burns had taken possession of the minds of his countrymen; and many more instances than the one I give might be adduced as illustrative of this. The educated were not more enthusiastic concerning the Bard than were the peasantry, as the following short narrative will abundantly prove. It might be about the year 1811, that the harvest came suddenly upon us, and being resident with an uncle whose farm was situate in a landward district, many miles remote from any town, all hands were called on to assist. The ploughman was to be builder of the ricks, and your humble servant was to fork to him. He was an uncouth-looking man, with a very slender education, but possessed of great natural powers, and an extraordinary relish for wit and humour; so you may easily conceive how pleasantly the time flew by us. Bob (Robert Stevenson by name) delighted me with his scraps from Burns. We had plenty of leisure, and were not overwrought, luckily for my young arms; and I shall never forget how aptly he introduced his quotations, both grave and gay, (for Bob appreciated both,) and with what a *gusto* the more notable and pithy parts of the Bard were uttered by my pleasant fellow-labourer. This took place in Dumfries-shire, about thirty miles from the town of Dumfries, and you will see by the date, not many years after the lamented death of the Bard. I have said *prose* as well as *poetry*; the latter is nothing wonderful, but the former was, and remains with me a matter of greater astonishment, since Currie's edition was the only one at that time extant, and which could have been but seldom within his reach to peruse with anything like leisure."

# BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

AIR, "DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE. ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.






Let skilful minstrels sweep the string
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw.[1]
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In hamely 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 o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

[1] A piece of flat ground at the bottom of a hill covered with short scraggy birches.

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"BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES." "Burns says:—'I have been informed that the tune of *Doun 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." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 78. Instead of Crawfurd's very objectionable words, given in the Museum to the air of *Doun the burn, Davie*, we give those written by Burns for the same air. It seems as if Burns had had in view the following song, though in a different measure, written by James Thomson, author of The Seasons.

### THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

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.

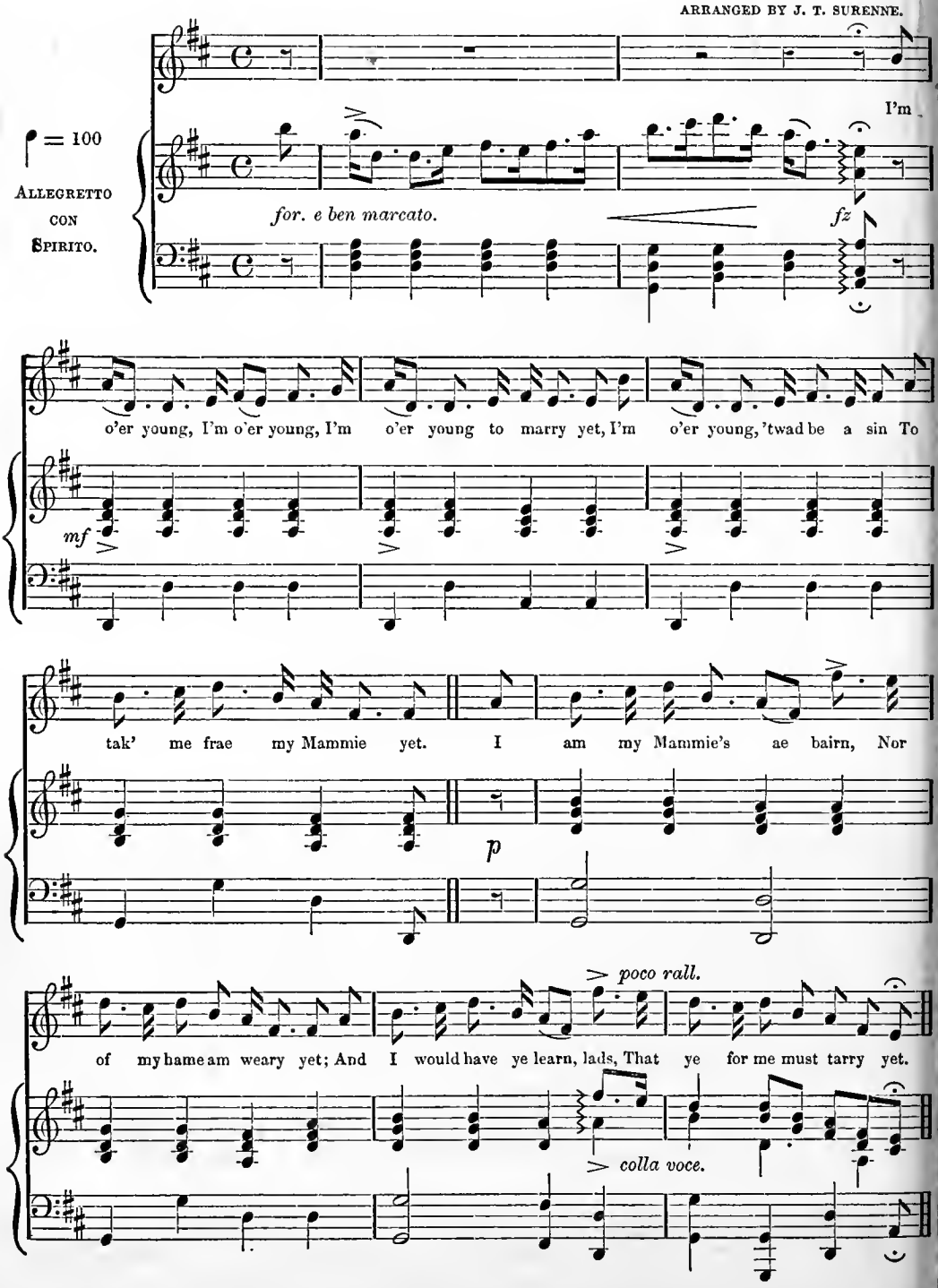
If those who sit at shepherd's board
Soothe not their taste by wanton art,
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

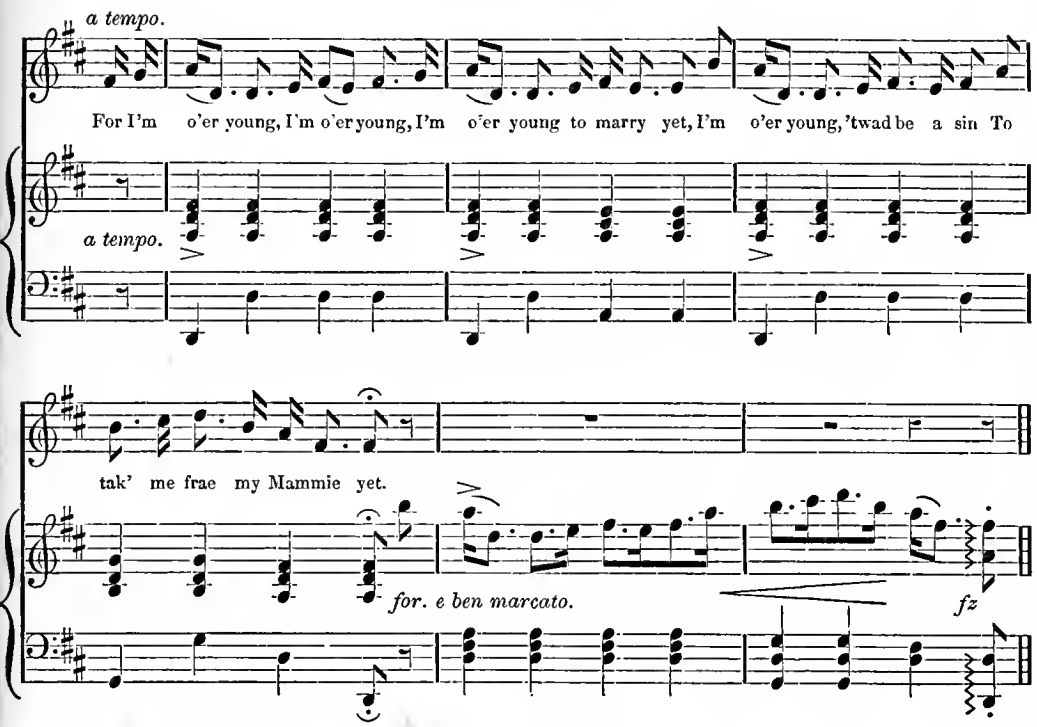
If those who drain the shepherd's bowl
No high and sparkling wines can boast,
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

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.

# I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET!

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.



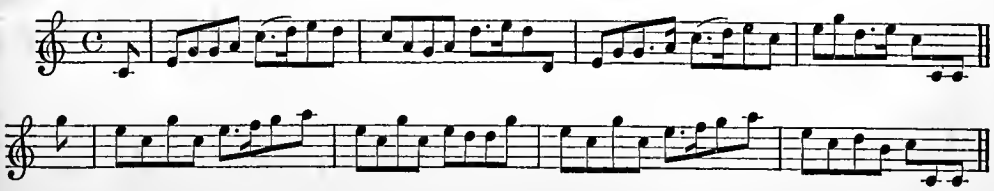



I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak' me frae my Mammie yet;
For I've aye had my ain will,
Nane dared to contradict me yet,
And now to say I wad obey,
In truth I darna venture yet.
For I'm o'er young, &c.

---

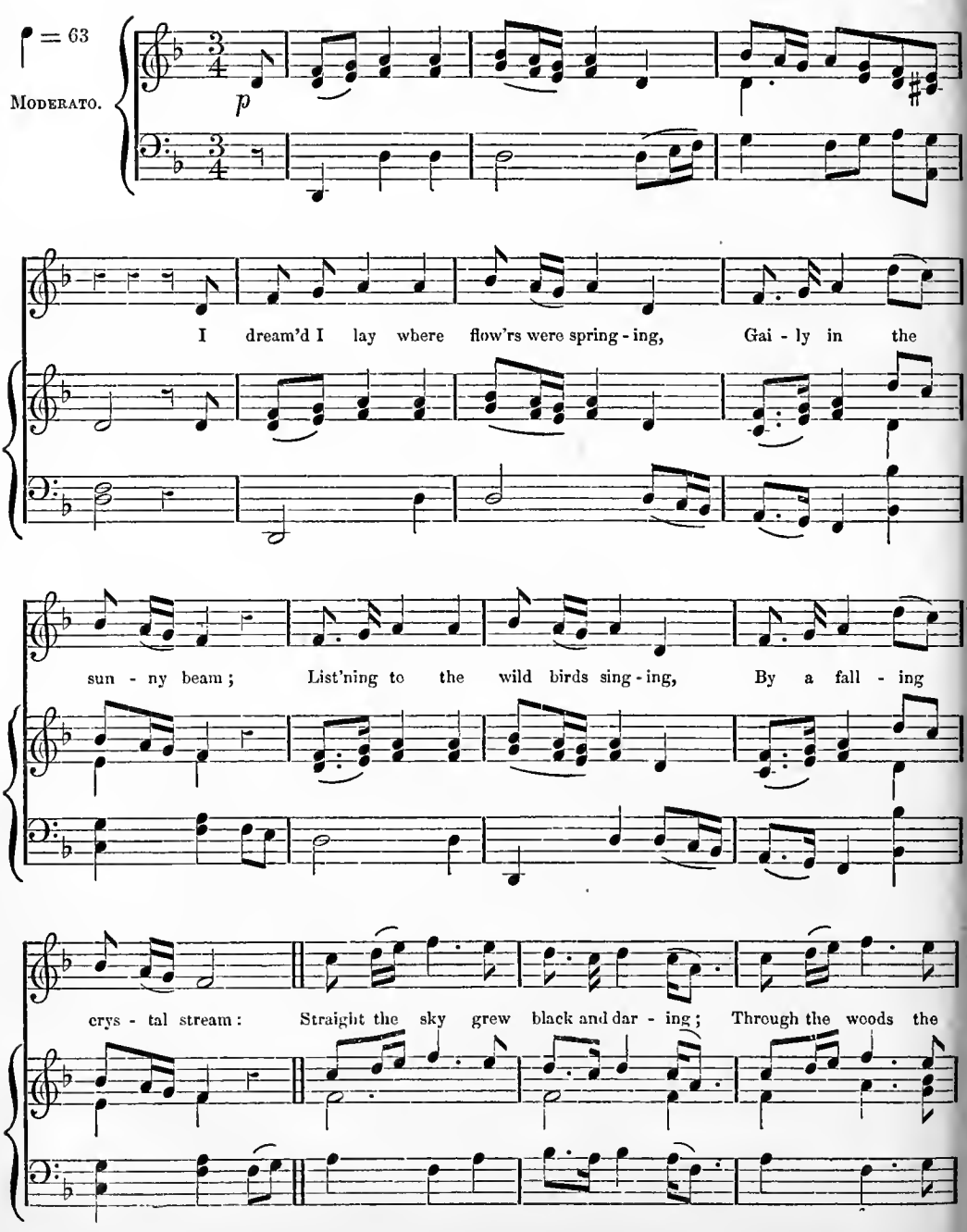
"I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET." The chorus of this song is old. The words and air here given are from Messrs. Wood and Co.'s "Vocal Gems of Scotland." They were rendered very popular in Edinburgh about ten or twelve years ago, by the arch manner in which they were sung by Miss Coveney, a youthful vocalist of considerable promise, whose career was soon after cut short by death. In Johnson's Museum we find a set of words with the same title, but in many respects unsuited to this work. Burns did not succeed well in his attempt to mitigate and improve the rude old words. The air here given to the words is a more modern and popular tune. In R. Bremner's "Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances," oblong 8vo, published in London about the middle of last century, we find the old tune, "I'm o'er young to marry yet," from which is evidently derived the excellent strathspey called, "Loch-Eroch Side," which will be found, pp. 134, 135, of this volume, united to the song, "The lass o' Gowrie."

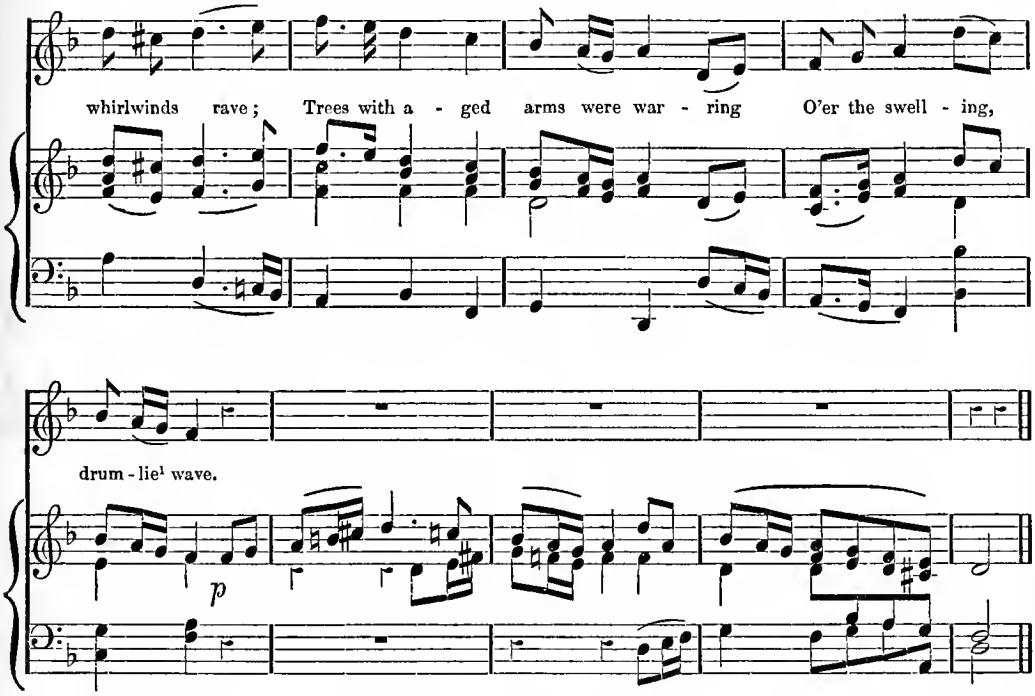
The following is the old tune as given by Bremner:—



# THE DREAM.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.





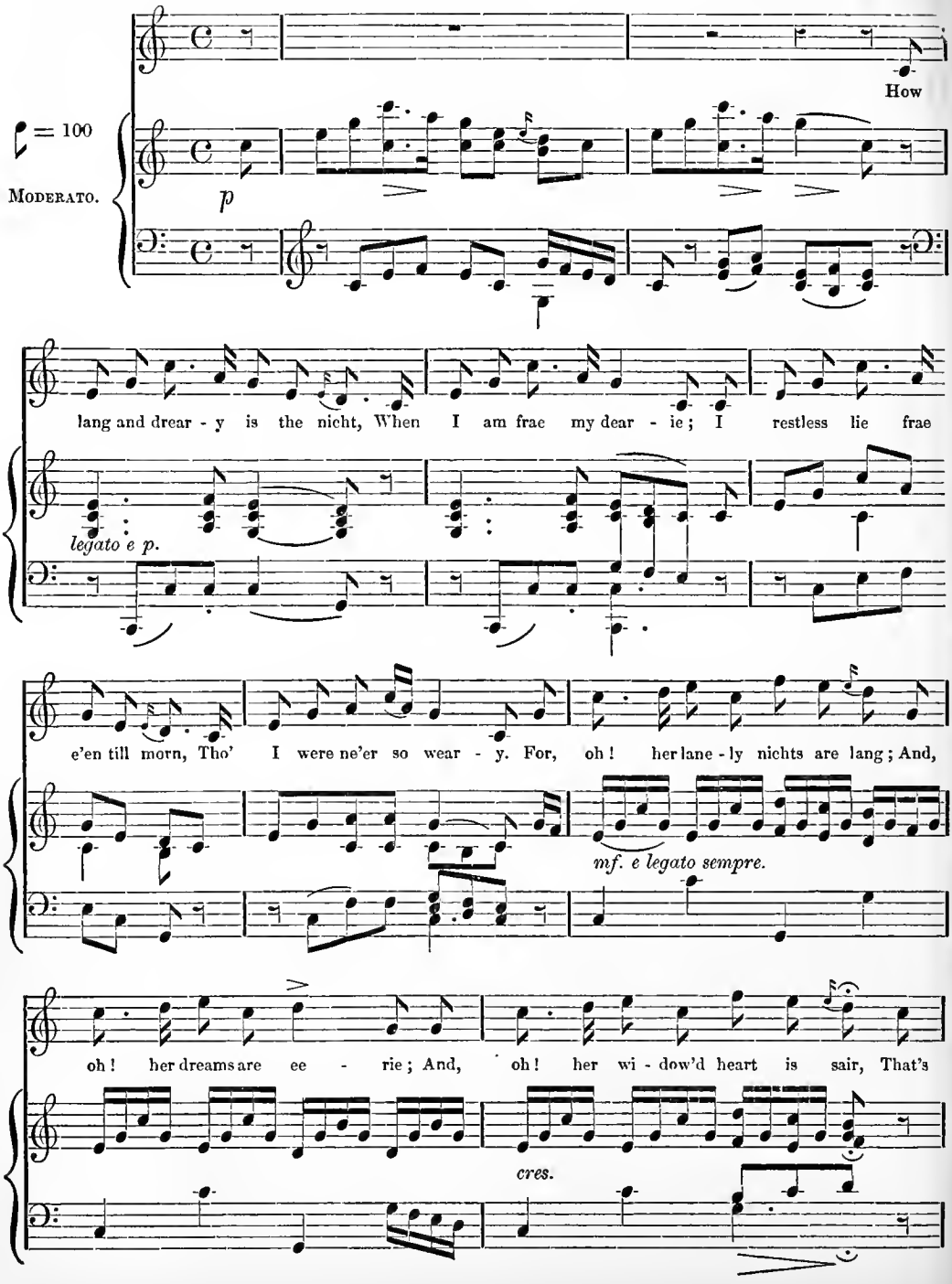

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd:
But lang or[2] noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
She promised fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me—
I bear a heart shall support me still.

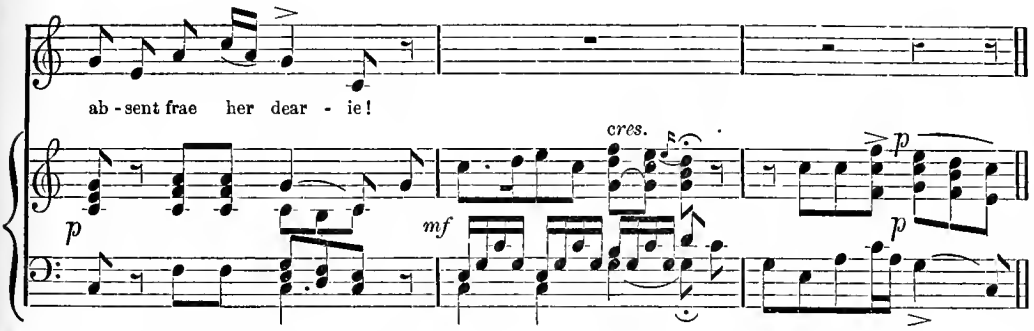
[1] Troubled. [2] Before; ere.

"THE DREAM." "These two stanzas," says Burns, "I composed when I was seventeen: they are among the oldest of my printed pieces."—*Reliques.* Gilbert Burns says, that Robert's literary zeal slackened considerably after their removal to Tarbolton. "The seven years we lived in Tarbolton parish, (extending from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth of my brother's age,) were not marked by much literary improvement," &c. Mr. Lockhart, writing of that period of Burns' life, says:—"Thus occupied with labour, love, and dancing, the youth 'without an aim,' found leisure occasionally to clothe the sufficiently various moods of his mind in rhymes. It was as early as seventeen, he tells us, that he wrote some stanzas which begin beautifully, 'I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing,' &c. On comparing these verses with those on 'Handsome Nell,' the advance achieved by the young bard in the course of two short years, must be regarded with admiration; nor should a minor circumstance be entirely overlooked, that in the piece which we have just been quoting, there occurs but one Scotch word. It was about this time, also, that he wrote a ballad of much less ambitious vein, which, years after, he says, he used to con over with delight, because of the faithfulness with which it recalled to him the circumstances and feelings of his opening manhood. 'My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border,'" &c. See Lockhart's Life of Burns. It does not appear whence the air was obtained for Johnson. The cast of the air is not Scottish, and the Editor is of opinion that the barring ought to begin after the *three first* quavers, D, F, G, and not after the *first* D. However, the air is presented as it stands in Johnson's Museum, with the exception of a slight alteration of notes in the twelfth measure, for the sake of simplicity. With regard to the adaptation of the words to the air, several false accents occur; such as, "Gaily *in*," "List'ning *to*," &c., where the words *in* and *to* fall upon long notes. Such errors are rare in Burns' later songs, when he had acquired more knowledge of the art of composing verses to music. His skill in this rare art quite puzzled the poet Moore, who erroneously supposed Burns to be entirely ignorant of music, as we have elsewhere mentioned.

# HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NICHT.

AIR, "CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN." ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.






When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now, what seas between us roar—
How can I be but eerie.
For, oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And, oh! her dreams are eerie;
And, oh! her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours—
The joyless day, how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.
For, oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And, oh! her dreams are eerie;
And, oh! her widow'd heart is sair
That's absent frae her dearie!

---

"Cauld kail in Aberdeen." "This beautiful air does not appear in any of our old Collections by Thomson, Craig, M'Gibbon, or Oswald. It seems to have been modelled from the ancient tune in triple time, called, *The sleepy body*, like that of another from the same source, called, *The Ploughman*. See No. 165. For upwards of half a century, however, few if any of our tunes have been greater favourites with the poets than that of 'Cauld kail in Aberdeen.' Although this air, particularly when played slow, is rather of a tender and plaintive cast, yet most of the songs that have been adapted to it are of a very opposite description." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 150. The song beginning, "How lang and dreary is the night," of three stanzas of six lines each, was written by Burns to a Highland air. Long afterwards, in October 1794, he altered that song to suit the air of "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," for Mr. George Thomson's work. This is the version here given. Most of the humorous songs written for this air are objectionably coarse, not excepting the one written by Burns' noble friend, the Duke of Gordon. We give the following merry lines written for the air by the late Mr. William Reid, bookseller, Glasgow, not only because they are unobjectionable, but because they are good of their kind. He was a personal friend and great admirer of Burns, and published several pieces of poetry of considerable merit. David Laing, Esq., in his Additional Illustrations of Johnson's Museum, vol. ii. pages *212, 213, says:—"Having been favoured by Mr. James Brash of Glasgow, (through the kind application of Mr. P. A. Ramsay,) with some particulars of Mr. Reid's history, I take this opportunity of inserting them, as a tribute of respect to his memory. He was remarkable for a fund of social humour, and was possessed of no inconsiderable poetical powers, with some of the eccentricities occasionally allied to genius. Mr. Reid was born at Glasgow on the 10th of April 1764. His parents were Robert Reid, baker in Glasgow, and Christian Wood, daughter of a farmer at Gartmore, in Perthshire. Having received a good education in his native city, he was originally employed in the type-foundery of Mr. Andrew Wilson, and afterwards served an apprenticeship with Messrs. Dunlop & Wilson, booksellers in Glasgow. He remained in their employment till the year 1790, when he commenced business as a bookseller, in partnership with the late Mr. James Brash; and, for a period of twenty-seven years, they carried on a most respectable business, under the well-known firm of 'Brash & Reid.' In a small publication which they issued in numbers, at one penny each, under the title of 'Poetry, Original and Selected,' between the years 1795 and 1798, and which forms four volumes, there are several contributions of Mr. Reid. Most of his compositions were of an ephemeral kind, and it is to be regretted that no selection of them has ever appeared. He died at Glasgow, 29th of November 1831, leaving a widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. James Henderson, linen-printer, Newhall, and two sons and five daughters."

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And bannocks in Strathbogie—
But naething drives awa' the spleen
Sae weel's a social cogie.

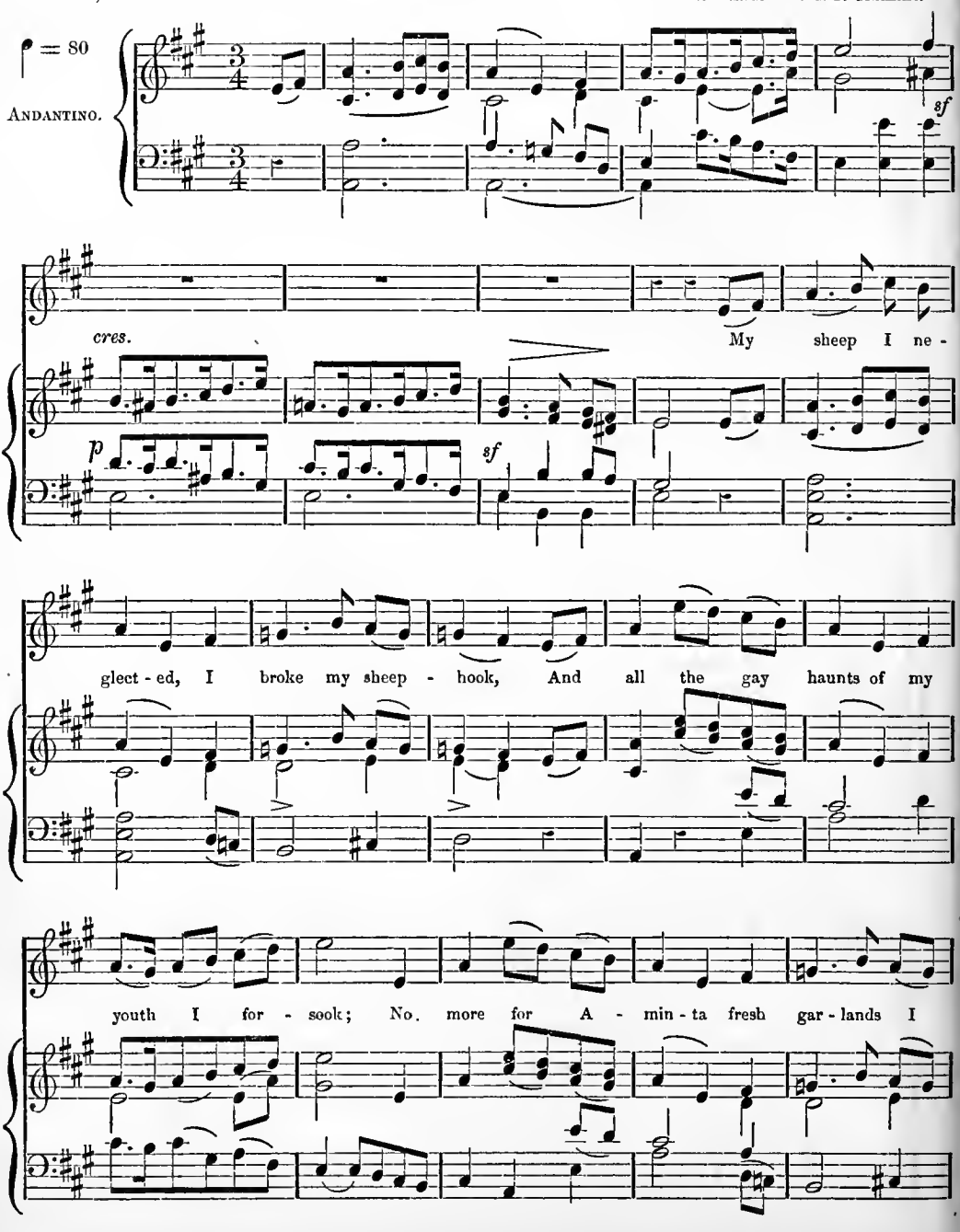
That mortal's life nae pleasure shares,
Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;
Whane'er I'm fasht wi' worldly cares,
I drown them in a cogie.

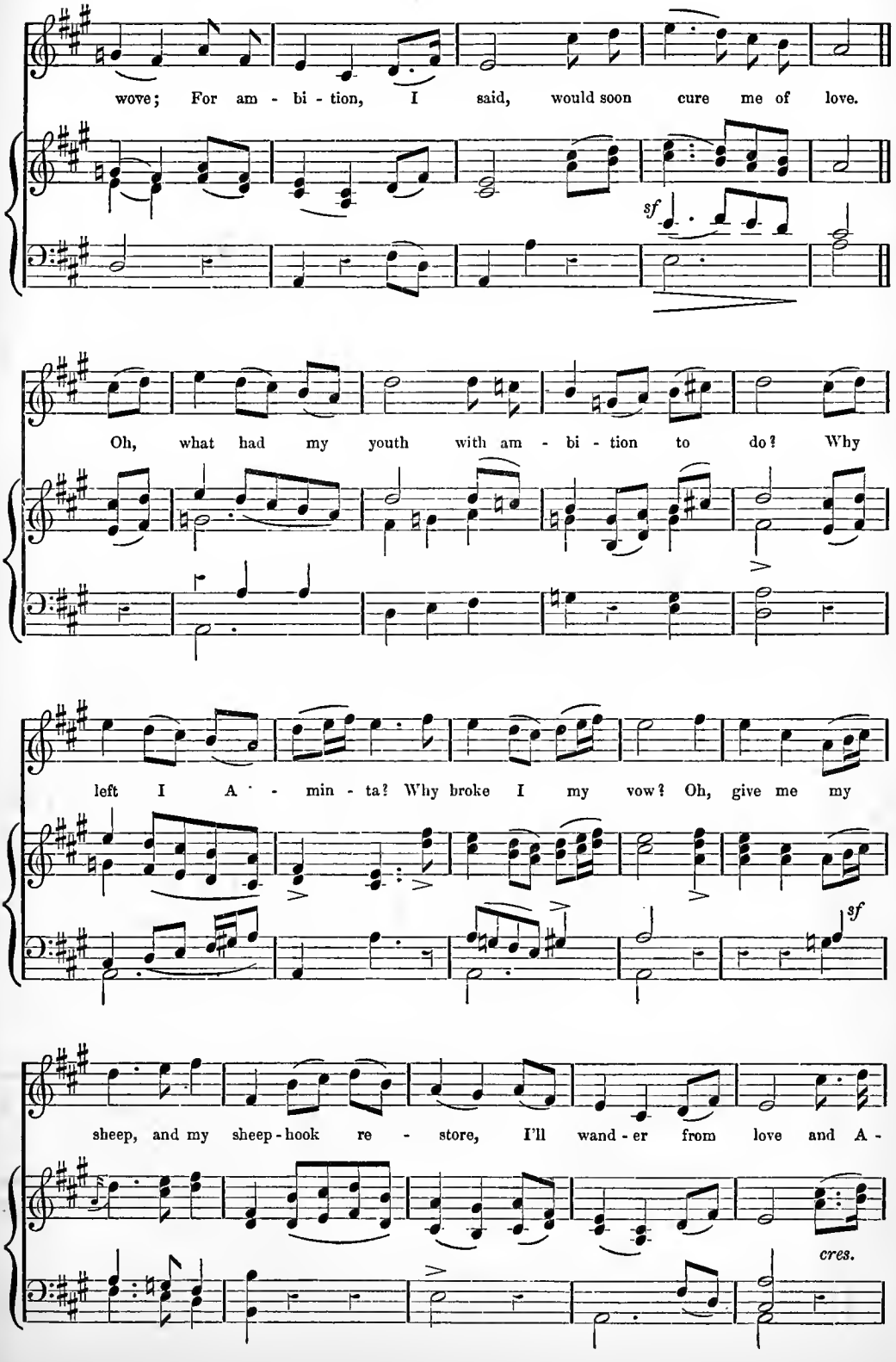
Thus merrily my time I pass,
With spirits brisk and vogie,
Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
My cronies and my cogie.

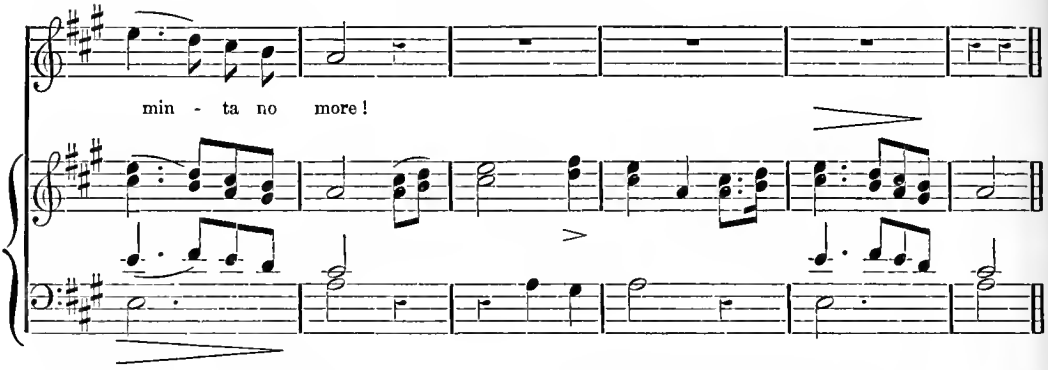
Then haste and gi'e's an auld Scots sang,
Sic like as Kath'rine Ogie;
A gude auld sang comes never wrang
When o'er a social cogie.

# MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, I BROKE MY SHEEP-HOOK.

AIR, "MY APRON DEARIE." ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.




wove; For am - bi - tion, I said, would soon cure me of love.
sf
Oh, what had my youth with am - bi - tion to do? Why
left I A - min - ta? Why broke I my vow? Oh, give me my
sf
sheep, and my sheep-hook re - store, I'll wand - er from love and A -
cres.




Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
Ah, fool! to imagine that aught can subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Aminta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again!
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more!

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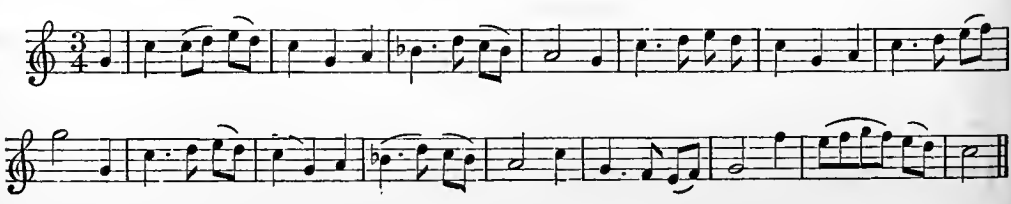
"My apron dearie." The words here given to this air were written for it by Sir Gilbert Elliot, third Baronet of Minto, and brother of Miss Jane Elliot, the authoress of "The Flowers of the Forest." (See p. 3 of the first volume of this work.) Sir Gilbert Elliot's song, "My sheep I neglected," &c., appears to have been first printed in "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. The air is found in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. In Watts' Musical Miscellany, London, 1730, vol. iii., we find a version of the original air much more simple than that given in Johnson's Museum, or in any subsequent Collection. It consists of sixteen measures only, and we have rather adopted it, for the most part, than the more florid versions given in later editions. The version published by Craig at Edinburgh in 1730, contains a second part, added by himself, and which is given in Johnson's Museum and also in this work. Mr. Stenhouse, in Johnson's Museum, vol. i. p. 97, makes the following remarks:—"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." After some farther remarks, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"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. Elliot'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, espressivos, 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." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

The following is the version of the air of "My apron dearie," given in Watts' Miscellany above-mentioned, vol. iii. p. 74—one strain only, of sixteen measures:—



# APPENDIX.

Under this head we purpose giving—1st, Additional observations upon the Songs and Melodies contained in this volume; 2d, The old Songs which have been superseded in the text by modern verses; 3d, Additional modern Songs to a few of the airs; 4th, Two or three of the old airs mentioned in the Notes.

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### "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."—Pp. 4, 5.

Very recently the publishers met with a sheet song, entitled, "List! list to my story," published without imprint about 1801, as the water-mark on the paper shows, and on which, "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" is stated to be an *Irish* air. Our Note, p. 5, proves the air to be *Scottish* on the authority of Burns, who gives the whole history of its composition.

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### "Wha wadna fight for Charlie?"—Pp. 14, 15.

We had often heard of Sir Walter Scott's fondness for Jacobite songs. It is proved by the following portion of a letter from Dr. Lappenberg, containing some of his reminiscences of Scott. The whole letter will be found in "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, London, 1837:"—"July 16, 1836. . . . . But no recollection is more lively and vivid than that of a voyage I had the good fortune to make in his society from Edinburgh to London. He had the kindness, when he heard of my intention of going thither, to suggest that I should take my passage in the same vessel, and be of his party, which consisted of his daughter, Mr. William Erskine, and a few other intimate friends. He had brought with him Dolinger's 'Alexis von Mainz,' and some other German poems, with the intention of looking them over with me. But the inexhaustible attractions and liveliness of his conversation did not allow us to make any progress in reading. He had not read much of German poetry, but had profoundly studied some of the best; and had, if I mistake not, translated Goethe's 'Egmont,' and various poems of Bürger, which he never published. During the voyage he often spoke of his intention to visit the field of battle of Leipsig, and to write a poem about it; but he contented himself, I believe, with the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Erskine kept awake his interest in Scotch historical anecdotes, being himself profound in that lore. Miss Scott gave us some delightful Scotch songs, especially some old Jacobite ones, which her father cherished beyond all others. Mr. Erskine having observed, that the printing of such ballads within British territory was contrary to law, Mr. Scott directly suggested that Mr. König was then on board of our vessel with one of his newly-invented printing presses, which were afterwards employed at Newspaper offices in London. He insisted that, as the learned counsellor (so he styled Mr. Erskine) had interdicted the printing of these *memorabilia* on shore, there was now an excellent opportunity of putting them to press on the lawless sea, for which purpose he requested the assistance of the German artist. Thus, some copies of 'Over the water, and over the sea,' with two or three of the same class, were actually printed *off Scarborough Head*, as expressed at the bottom of the leaf, which I still possess among my *Keimelia*. The most remarkable circumstance, however, attending our passage is, that on the second evening a storm was threatening, of which the younger and inexperienced passengers were kept ignorant. We were sent early to the cabin; and from the rolling of the vessel and great noise on deck, I spent a very restless and uncomfortable night. Next morning I learned from the captain, Mr. Erskine, and others, that the storm had been a very dangerous one. The captain, mate, and crew, had lost all self-possession, and nearly despaired. Mr. Scott, however, had remained on deck during all the commotion, assuming the part of the 'Pilot who weathered the storm;' and to his inflexible courage and steadiness, his persuasive and energizing eloquence, the vessel and her passengers owed their narrow escape." These events happened in 1815.

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### "Barbara Allan."—Pp. 16, 17.

In Pepy's Diary, the following passages allude to "Barbara Allan:"—"2 Jan. 1665-6. Up by candle-light again, and my business being done, to my Lord Brouncker's, and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but above all, my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of 'Barbary Allen;' and to make our mirth the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirth, and his mimicall tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best musique that ever I saw, and certainly would have made a most excellent

actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Then, it being past night, against my will, took leave." '5 Jan. 1565-6. Home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not, she being busy with company, but sent me a pleasant letter, writing herself 'Barbary Allen.'" This Mrs. Knipp was a clever actress and singer.

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"And ye shall walk in silk attire."—Pp. 18, 19.

In the Number of Mr. Bentley's Miscellany for September 1848, we observe a letter to him from that talented writer, Mrs. Gore, in which she mentions that the melody of the ballad is hers. This melody, of course, cannot be the one published in Johnson's Musical Museum, in George Thomson's Collection, and now in this Collection. Mrs. Gore says, that in 1822, she added a stanza to the song, which was "at that time rendered popular by the exquisite singing of Miss M. A. Tree." She adds that she was then "ignorant of the authorship of the words, but soon afterwards found the whole ballad in the collected works of Robert Burns." Whoever published that Collection of Burns' Works—which is one we have not seen—must have assigned the song to Burns at random; as it was never claimed by him, nor for him by any of his recent editors. We refer to the edition of Miss Susanna Blamire's Poems, by Patrick Maxwell Esq., for the evidence he adduces to show that Miss Blamire was the authoress of the song "And ye shall walk in silk attire."

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"John of Badenyon."—Pp. 24, 25.

We insert here the fourth and sixth stanzas of the song, omitted formerly for want of space.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnnie Wilkes, and cry up Parson Horne;
Their noble spirit I admired, and prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd the public weal:
But ere a month or two was past, I found myself betray'd;
'Twas Self and Party after all, for all the stir they made:
At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne,
I eurs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters everywhere, who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name,
For girls, or friends, and books, and so, you'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
You'll find displeasure everywhere; then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipes, and please yourself with John of Badenyon.

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"O my love is like a red red rose."—Pp. 28, 29.

For the following Note we are indebted to Captain Charles Gray, R.M.:—"Admirers of our Scottish lyrics can hardly have failed to observe how peculiarly happy Burns has been in the opening lines of many of his songs. It is not very often that the first half of a stanza should be what is called *the making of a song;* but so it is in this instance; the first four lines were, undoubtedly, written by Burns, who says, in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, 'A poet who knows anything of his calling, will husband his best thought for the conclusion.' Yet such is the power of genius, that a creative touch at the beginning of this song pervades the whole of it, and carries it successfully to its close. Mrs. Begg informs us, that this was one of the many old songs sung by her mother, from whose singing Burns, no doubt, wrote it down, and then brushed it up a little for Johnson's Museum. Mrs. Begg observes, that it was rather a long ditty; in which she is borne out by the versions in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of the Poet's works. We have been favoured by Mrs. Begg with the following lines, which are all that she can now recollect of the ballad as sung by her mother:—

"Your friends they are displeased wi' me,
And look wi' an angry eye;
But I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

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

"And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well a-while;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

"Tho' it were ten thousand mile, my love,
Through England, France, and Spain;
My mind shall never alter'd be
Till I see your face again."

### "The Lass of Patie's mill."—Pp. 40, 41.

In the additional Note below, upon "I met four chaps yon birks amang," it will be seen, from the testimony of Mr. Boswell, that "The lass of Patie's mill" was one of the Scottish airs with which his Corsican friends were "charmed" in 1765.

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### "What ails this heart o' mine?"—Pp. 42, 43.

Mr. Maxwell has informed us, that his statement of Miss Blamire's eldest sister, Sarah, having married Colonel Graham of Gartmore in 1767, was accidentally erroneous. The lady, he says, married Colonel Graham of Duchray Castle and Ardoch. Mr. Maxwell mentions also, that Miss Blamire was born at *Cardew* Hall, Cumberland, and that the name *Carden* was a misprint.

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### "I met four chaps yon birks amang."—Pp. 48, 49.

As we have alluded in the Note to the late Sir Alexander Boswell's father, Mr. James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, we quote here a curious passage from Mr. Boswell's visit to Corsica in 1765, containing an account of the effect produced upon the Corsican peasants and soldiers, when he played to them certain Scottish and English airs:—"The Corsican peasants and soldiers were quite free and easy with me. Numbers of them used to come and see me of a morning, and just go out and in as they pleased. I did everything in my power to make them fond of the British, and bid them hope for an alliance with us. They asked me a thousand questions about my country, all which I cheerfully answered as well as I could. One day they would needs hear me play upon my German flute. To have told my honest natural visitants, 'Really, gentlemen, I play very ill,' and put on such airs as we do in our own genteel companies, would have been highly ridiculous. I therefore immediately complied with their request. I gave them one or two Italian airs, and then some of our beautiful old Scots tunes, 'Gilderoy,' to 'The Lass of Patie's mill,' 'Corn riggs are bonnie.' The pathetic simplicity and pastoral gaiety of the Scots music will always please those who have the genuine feelings of nature. The Corsicans were charmed with the specimens I gave them, though I may now say that they were very indifferently performed. My good friends insisted also to have an English song from me. I endeavoured to please them in this too, and was very lucky in that which occurred to me. I sung them—

'Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.'

I translated it into Italian for them; and never did I see men so delighted with a song as the Corsicans were with 'Hearts of Oak.' 'Cuore di querco,' cried they, 'bravo, Inglese.' It was quite a joyous riot. I fancied myself to be a recruiting sea-officer. I fancied all my chorus of Corsicans aboard the British fleet."—See page 233, vol. x. of J. W. Croker's edition of the Life of Samuel Johnson. London, 1839. Murray.

"The idea of this song, as observed by Allan Cunningham, was probably suggested to Sir Alexander by the following lines of an old fragment, familiar to most Scottish ears:—

'An' a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
A' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae bawbee.

'There's your plack and my plack,
An' your plack an' my plack,
An' my plack an' your plack,
An' Jenny's bawbee.'

But though indebted to an old rhyme for the air and 'o'erword,' as Burns was in some of the most delightful of his lyrics, the song is in every other feature original. The group of lovers whom he represents as in search of 'Jenny's Bawbee,' are entirely his own, and so characteristic as not to admit of doubt that they are real portraits.* We have heard it stated that the heroine who figures under the homely designation of 'Jenny,' was no less a personage than the late Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop."—See pages 307, 308, of "The Contemporaries of Burns, and the more recent Poets of Ayrshire." Published by Hugh Paton, Carver and Gilder to Her Majesty. Edinburgh, 1840.

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### "And are ye sure the news is true?"—Pp. 64, 65.

As to the claim put forward by some persons in favour of Jean Adams, the teacher of a day-school at Crawford's-Dyke, near Greenock, as the authoress of this excellent song, the evidence appears to us quite defective. The sixth

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* "In a note to this song, first published by the author in 1803, Sir Alexander gave the following explanation:—'As this song has been very unfairly interpreted, the author takes this opportunity of unequivocally disavowing any allusion to individuals. Let the blame rest with those who applied it, and those who felt the application.'"

stanza is vouched to have been written by Dr. Beattie later than 1776. All the evidence for Jean Adams amounts merely to this—that she often repeated the song to respectable persons, and claimed it as her own composition, and that others often heard it spoken of as being her composition. But looking at other published compositions of Jean Adams, in 1734, there is nothing to indicate her power to write a song so excellent, and so full of simple and natural touches; but quite the contrary. From all this, we must not take the old saying, *ex ungue leonem*, in judging of Jean Adams' claim; but looking at the body of her collected works, say *ex leone unguem*. Jean Adams may have seen or heard the song, and not knowing the author, thought there was no great harm done if she claimed it as her own. Instances of this kind of literary plagiarism are too common. She might appropriate it as a valuable *waif*, or stray thing, that nobody else in her neighbourhood could or would claim. The evidence adduced on the other hand, in favour of William Julius Mickle, as the author of this song, seems to us equally defective. In his translation of the Portuguese poet Camœns' "Os Lusiadas," and in his other published works, nothing appears to show that he might have written such a song. The evidence there is all against his presumed claim. But he did not claim the song, for it was not published in his works during his lifetime. That a strangely incorrect copy of it was found among his papers, is no proof that he composed it. That Mrs. Mickle, struck with paralysis, should have asserted the song to have been her late husband's composition, is not good evidence; and besides, if David Hume the historian is to be trusted, Mrs. Mickle was not a person whose evidence was of much consequence at any time. Upon the whole, then, we humbly think that neither Jean Adams nor William Julius Mickle composed the song; and that its real author is yet to be discovered.

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"Lord Ronald, my son."—Pp. 74, 75.

The following is Sir Walter Scott's version of the ballad. He says, "The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him Randal; because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and Governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison."

"O where ha'e ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi' my true love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your blood-hounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your blood-hounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

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

See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

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"The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing."—Pp. 84, 85.

In Note, p. 157 of the first volume of this Work, we have touched upon the difficulty of writing regular verses to suit certain airs. The following passage contains some interesting remarks on the same subject. In his letter to Mr. George Thomson, dated November 8, 1792, Burns writes as follows:—"If you mean, my dear Sir, that all the songs in your Collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find more difficulty in the undertaking than you are aware of. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting

syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature-notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on farther study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random chink." Burns subjoins his song, "The winsome wee thing."

Referring to Mr. Moore's assertion, quoted p. 85, that "Burns was wholly unskilled in music," we give the following passages from Burns' own writings, and from information obtained by Captain Charles Gray, R.M., from Mrs. Begg, the poet's surviving sister. In Burns' First Common-Place Book, begun in April 1783, Burns writes thus:—"September. There is a fragment in imitation of an old Scotch song, well known among the country ingle sides. I cannot tell the name, neither of the song nor the tune, but they are in fine unison with one another. By the way, these old Scottish airs are so nobly sentimental, that when one would compose to them, to 'south [*sough*] the tune,' as our Scotch phrase is, over and over, is the readiest way to catch the inspiration, and raise the hard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scotch poetry. I shall here set down one verse of the piece mentioned above, both to mark the song and tune I mean, and likewise as a debt I owe to the author, as the repeating of that verse has lighted up my flame a thousand times:—

'When clouds in skies do come together
To hide the brightness of the sun,
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone.'"

The two additional stanzas which Burns says he composed "*extempore*," we omit as unworthy of his genius. After another prose passage, he goes on:—"'Twas at the same time I set about composing an air in the old Scotch style. I am not musical scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, and perhaps 'tis no great matter; but the following were the verses I composed to suit it:—

"O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging fortunes withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

"My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossoms sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

"But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

The tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air."—See Cromek's *Reliques*, p. 353.

From other early specimens of Burns' versification, such as *Winter, a Dirge; Upon a bank of flowers; My Nannie, O!; Green grows the rashes*, &c., he appears to have wanted nothing but the *mechanical* part of his art to have become at once a first-rate song writer. But, as Southey well observes, "A poet must serve a long apprenticeship to the art of versification." Hence we have little faith when we hear of a man having written a *first-rate song*, and *nothing more*; unless, indeed, it has been well ascertained that he courted the Muse in secret. Lowe wrote other things beside his "Mary's dream;" and William Laidlaw wrote at least two songs more than his "Lucy's Flitting."

Captain Charles Gray, R.M., favours us with the following remarks upon this song:—"The air to such words, had it been preserved, would certainly have been a musical curiosity. These twelve lines are the most unskilful that Burns ever attempted to write for music. Never was there a more unhappy collocation of rhythmical syllables. We cannot imagine what the effect might be of adding an 'O' after the words 'low,' 'blow,' 'grow,' in *singing*, but the effect is sufficiently ludicrous in reading. No one could have divined from this early specimen that Burns would have risen to be such a master in the art of versification."

The following is a copy of Captain C. Gray's letter to the Editor, which gave rise to the subjoined Questions and Answers:—

"Crummock, Beith, Ayrshire, January 1847.

"My Dear Sir,—Keeping in mind your advice that I should take notes of everything that Mrs. Begg might choose to relate to me respecting her brother, I have made several memoranda, of which one may be particularly interesting to you at the present time, as Editor of Wood's 'Songs of Scotland.' On asking Mrs. Begg if the poet played on any instrument, she answered 'yes, a little on the violin.' 'He would be no great proficient, I suppose?' 'No: his playing was something like his singing—

"Rude and rough;
But croonin' to a hodie's sel'
Does weel enough."

"This intimation will at once explain to you the mastery which Burns acquired over the difficult art of adapting words to our old national melodies. However little Burns' knowledge of music may have been, without that little

he never could have attained that nicety of accentuation which is so necessary when words are to be vocally expressed. I trust you will agree with me in looking upon this discovery, small as it may appear to be, as the secret of Burns' success in lyrical composition. We have under Burns' own hand, that he could not write words for an air unless he was master of it in his own way. Now, as Burns wrote songs for most of our old Scottish airs, and retouched the greater part of our old Scottish ballads, it is quite clear that he could not have *mastered all the melodies*, even in his own way, without the help of an instrument. That instrument, we now find, was the violin. . . . . We may take it for granted then, that Burns' knowledge of music was sufficient to account for the exquisite tact which Moore admits he had in adapting new words to our old melodies; an art which he (Moore) thought altogether unattainable, except by one well-skilled in the art of musical composition.

"The twentieth anniversary of the Irvine Burns Club was a joyous one as usual. As croupier, I did my endeavour to 'gi'e ae night's discharge to care,'—our motto being, 'short speeches and long songs.' Accordingly, the merriment was kept up, and the evening spent, apparently, to the satisfaction of all the members present. We broke up about the 'witching time o' night'—in the words of the Poet—

'Resolved to meet some ither day.'

"I am, &c.

"CHARLES GRAY."

"To GEORGE FARQUHAR GRAHAM, Esq., 31, Gilmore Place."

Burns' first fiddle-playing began in the summer of 1781, and winter and summer of 1781-82.

In 1847, the Editor sent to his friend, Captain Charles Gray, R.M., some questions regarding Burns' musical acquirements. Captain Gray submitted these questions to Mrs. Begg, Burns' sister, with whom he was well acquainted, and obtained from her the answers here given. These answers are quite sufficient to show that Burns had *some* practical knowledge of music. Whatever might be the amount of his musical acquirements from 1781 to 1796, it was enough, for a man of his powerful intelligence, to enable him to adapt words to music in a manner that few others have been able to do; and so as to puzzle extremely the distinguished Irish poet, Moore, who was led to believe that Burns was totally ignorant of music.

QUERIES.

1. Did Robert Burns *read* written or printed music, and could he write down music?
2. Did he play and sing entirely by the ear, or did he *read* from airs printed or written?
3. What sort of airs did he seem to prefer—slow and pathetic ones, or quick and lively ones—or did he relish both equally?
4. What became of his violin that he used to play upon? Where did he get it? Did anybody ever teach him music?
5. Was it he, or Stephen Clarke, or some one else, who wrote down the airs that he occasionally sent to Johnson and to G. Thomson?
6. 
7. Question by Captain Charles Gray, R.M.—Did Mrs. Begg ever see any one dancing to the Poet's music?

ANSWERS.

1. Burns could read music, either written or printed. I have seen him write *sacred* music, but never any other.
2. He played from printed airs.
3. He liked both; but at that time pathetic airs had a decided preference. "Loch-Eroch Side" was one he often played; also, "My Nanny, O," "Tweedside," "For Lack of Gold," "Cold Frosty Morning," "Auld Rob Morris," &c. Strathspeys were his favourites in lively tunes.
4. Mrs. Begg cannot say what became of his violin. Last time she saw it, it was hanging in his bedroom in Ellisland. Has forgot where he got it. Got it two years before he left Lochlea. He never got any instructions in playing, but attended a singing-school (for sacred music) two months in Lochlea, when the teacher got the use of their *barn*, and all the young people in the neighbourhood attended. After going to Mossgiel, he went three months to a singing-school in Mauchline, which is the sum total of his musical education.
5. Can't say who wrote these airs. After he went to Dumfriesshire, knew less of his doings.
6. 
7. No: never saw any one dance to his music. He had not arrived at such perfection in his fiddle-playing.

We have left the sixth question and its answer blank, because both referred merely to a visit paid by Mrs. Begg some years ago at Prestonpans, to the lady alluded to, p. 77 of this volume, in the Note upon "Lochaber no more." In September 1848, Mrs. Begg informs Captain Gray that Burns practised on the violin for about twelve months or so. "He used to play in summer when they took shelter from the rain; and in winter he used to rise early in the mornings and *chap up the gathering coal*, and play away for the amusement of those in bed—so that could not be borne for ever, and speedily came to an end." In a letter in 1790 from Burns, under a fictitious signature, to Charles Sharpe, Esq., of Hoddam, Burns says, "I am a fiddler and a poet; and you, I am told, play an exquisite violin, and have a standard taste in the Belles Lettres. The other day a brother catgut gave me a charming Scotch air of your composition. If I was pleased with the tune, I was in raptures with the title you have given

it; and taking up the idea, I have spun it into three stanzas enclosed." The Editor may remark, that this curious passage, in which Burns himself confirms the fact of his fiddle-playing, has been hitherto altogether overlooked by his commentators. It does not follow from Mrs. Begg's recollection of Burns' violin practice at Lochlea in 1781-82, that he gave up the violin entirely in 1783, after the death of his father. In the fifth Answer, she says, "After he went to Dumfriesshire, (she) knew less of his doings." So that he might have continued to practise the violin, after 1783, without her knowledge. This letter, in 1790, to Charles Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddam, indicates that he was then still "a fiddler." The editor has been promised some farther information regarding Burns' violin-playing subsequent to the year 1783.

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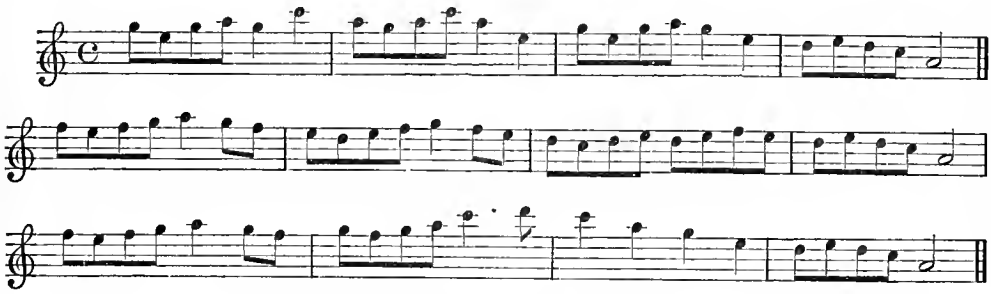
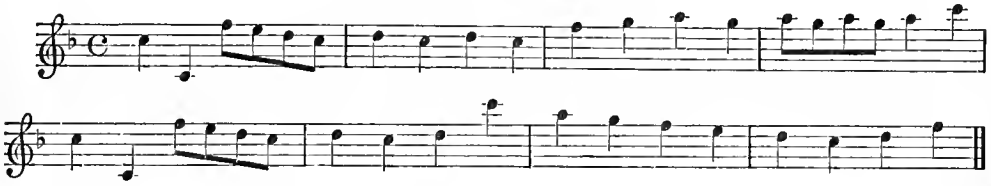
"O WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER."—Pp. 104, 105.

We here give the air, "To dance about the bailzeis dubb," and the first strain of "Alace this night yat we suld sinder;" both referred to in the Note, page 105. It must be remembered that these are instrumental sets of the airs.

"TO DANCE ABOUT THE BAILZEIS DUBB."



"ALACE THIS NIGHT YAT WE SULD SINDER."



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"JENNY DANG THE WEAVER."—Pp. 118, 119.

We now give the additional information promised regarding Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck. It is from that curious and entertaining work, "The Contemporaries of Burns," &c., published at Edinburgh in 1840, by Hugh Paton, Carver and Gilder to Her Majesty:—

"It is rather surprising that none of the literary friends of the late Sir Alexander Boswell have as yet attempted a collection of his writings. Several of his lyrical effusions have been long popular; and he was known to devote no inconsiderable portion of his leisure hours to pursuits of a more erudite description than the occasional cultivation of the muse. It is chiefly in relation to his character as a Poet, however, that he falls within the scope of the present work; yet, limited as the task thus naturally becomes, we are not sure that we possess materials for the proper execution of more than a brief outline of his literary character or history. Indeed, without access to the cabinet of the late Baronet, it would be impossible to do that justice to his reputation which some future and more favoured biographer may have the gratification of performing. The family of the Boswells is of considerable antiquity in this country, tracing as it does its Norman origin to the days of William the Conqueror. The lands of Balmuto in Fife were acquired by Roger de Boswell or Bosville, in the reign of David I., and it is from this stock that the Auchinleck branch proceeds. Thomas, second son of the eleventh inheritor of Balmuto, having been attached to the court of James IV., obtained from that monarch the lands of Auchinleck, previously in possession of a family of the 'same name with the lands, but which had become forfeited to the crown.'* Thomas, who married a daughter of Sir Hew Campbell of Loudoun, was 'slain in battle, fighting along with his sovereign at the fatal field of Floddon.'

* Boswell's Life of Johnson. The Laird of Auchinleck (of that Ilk) is mentioned in the wars of Sir William Wallace, as one of the companions in arms of the Scottish patriot.

" Alexander Boswell, the subject of our memoir, was born on the 9th of October 1775. He was the eldest son of the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson, and grandson of Lord Auchinleck,* one of the Senators of the College of Justice. His mother, a daughter of Sir Walter Montgomery, Bart. of Lainshaw,† was a woman in several respects the very opposite of his father, possessing a warmth of feeling, and a soundness of judgment, which at once rendered her manner dignified and agreeable.‡ Alexander, together with his only brother James, was educated in England, first at Westminster school, and afterwards at the University of Oxford; and, on the death of his father in 1795, succeeded, ere he had completed his twentieth year, to the paternal estate. Having made a tour of Europe about that period, he subsequently resided chiefly at Auchinleck, and was early distinguished in the county of Ayr as a gentleman of much spirit, warmth of heart, and public enterprise. In his character may be said to have been combined the best qualities of his father, without his frivolities. Together with a large share of the genius, he inherited his fondness for literature; and amid the accumulated stores of the 'Auchinleck Library,' —one of the most valuable private collections in the country—he had ample opportunity of gratifying his taste for antiquarian research. The muse, however, seems to have early claimed his attention; and though unwilling, perhaps, publicly to commit himself as a poet, his efforts in that way were well-known in the circle of his acquaintances. He was a warm admirer of Burns, and to this feeling, perhaps, we owe several Scottish songs from his pen, scarcely less national and popular than those of Coila's Bard himself. Among these may be mentioned 'Jenny's Bawhee.'" See " The Contemporaries of Burns," above mentioned, pages 305-307. Our southern readers ought to be informed that the name *Auchinleck* is pronounced in Scotland *Affleck*. Similar curious contractions of names occur in England: for example, *Cirencester* is pronounced *Sissiter*. We willingly pass over the unhappy circumstances which led to Sir Alexander Boswell's death, on the 27th March 1822, from a pistol-shot received in a duel. It is deeply to be regretted that such a man should have lost his valuable life by adherence to that false principle of honour involved in the barbarous, irrational, and unchristian practice of duelling—a practice which religion, reason, and higher civilisation, must, sooner or later, banish entirely from Great Britain. Among the opponents of the absurd practice are now found some of the bravest officers in the British army and navy.

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### " The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e."—Pp. 120, 121.

The old words referred to in the Note are the following:—

" I ha'e layen three herring a' sa't;
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak' me, tell me now;
And I ha'e brew'n three pickles o' ma't,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

" I ha'e a wee calf that wad fain be a cow:
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak' me, tell me now;
I ha'e a grice that wad fain be a sow,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo."

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### " My Peggy's face."—Pp. 122, 123.

We here resume our remarks on the national music and musical instruments of Russia; though, for want of space, we must postpone most of our materials to the third volume.

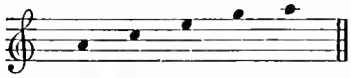
The musical instruments in common use among the Russian peasantry must have had much influence on the structure of their national airs. These instruments, as we are informed, are,—1st, A sort of rude violin with three strings, called *goudok*, played with as rude a bow, and closely resembling in form a bow-instrument represented in Plate XXXII. fig. 18, of the second volume of Gerbert's work, " De Cantu et Musica Sacra," from a MS. of the earlier part of the ninth century. The form of the body is that of the Mandoline, *i. e.* almond-shaped. The *goudok* is, in general, so tuned that the lowest string gives the final note of the melody; and the

* On the authority of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Croker gives the following characteristic anecdote of this eminent lawyer, who appears to have looked upon Dr. Johnson, and some of the other companions of his son, with contempt. " Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer and good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued, on his own advantages, as a man of good estate and ancient family; and, moreover, as he was a strict Presbyterian, and a Whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terrible proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships, and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. 'There's nae hope for Jamie, man,' he said to a friend, 'Jamie has gane clean gyte. What do ye think, man, he's done wi' Paoli? He's aff wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whase tail do ye think he has pinned himsel' to now, man?' Here the old judge summed up, with a sneer of the most sovereign contempt, 'a *dominie*, man—an auld *dominie*; he keepit a *schule* and called it an *academy!*'"

† This property was purchased by William Cunninghame, father of the present possessor, from Sir Walter, in 1779.

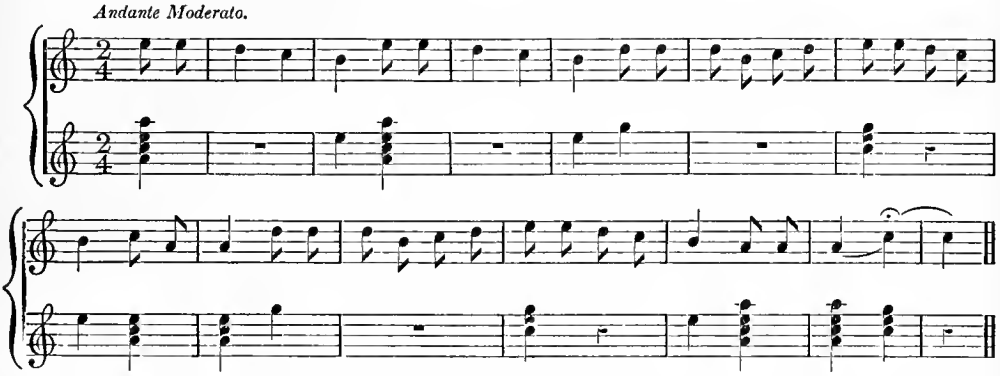
‡ Mrs. Boswell was not without a vein of pleasantry, sarcastic or otherwise, as occasion dictated. In allusion to the influence of Johnson over her husband, she one day remarked, while the Doctor sojourned at Auchinleck, that " she had seen many a bear led by a man, but had never before seen a man led by a bear."

other two strings give the fifth above, and the upper octave of that fifth. 2d, A guitar with two strings, called *balalaika*. 3d, A horizontal harp with five strings, called *gously*, and tuned



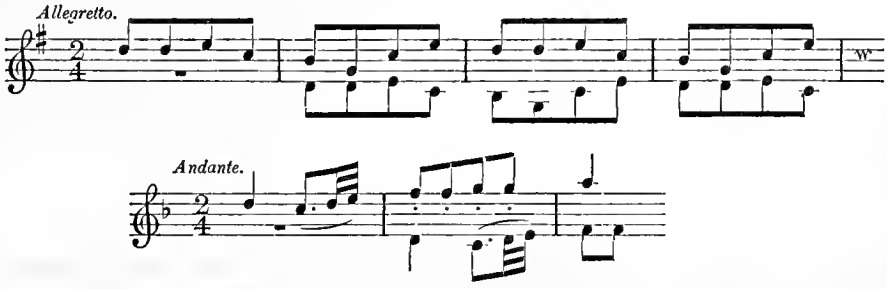
When the peasants sing, their voices are accompanied from time to time at the beginning of the song, at a change of mode, and at the close, by a perfect chord, major or minor, as the melody may require; and this chord is either struck on the *gously*, or sung by *other* voices.

Lively movements in the major key occur in the dance-tunes and war-songs of the Russians, Cossacks, and Tartars. The following is a very ancient Russian air, with its accompaniment for the *gously*, as noted down by the eminent French musician Boieldieu, during his residence in Russia from 1803 to 1810 :—



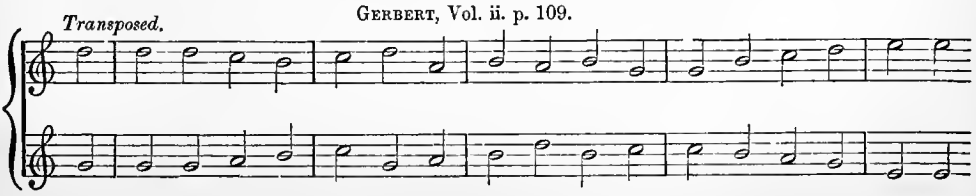

According to M. Boieldieu, this air is sung particularly in the interior of Little Russia, and is of the highest antiquity. In the last couplet, the voice rests upon the A of the first time of the penultimate measure.

It is a curious fact that all the old slow Russian airs lend themselves easily to a harmony of alternate minor and major perfect chords; and that many of their airs, slow or quick, major or minor, are quite naturally susceptible of passages of harmonic imitation. For example :—

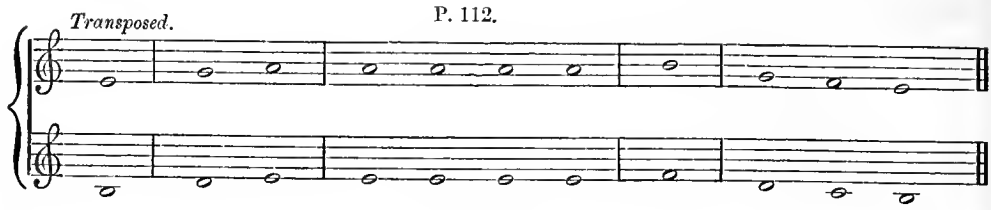



J. J. Rousseau asserted, that *musical harmony was "only a Gothic and barbarous invention."* Perhaps this remark, thrown out in a fit of spleen, fell nearer the truth than Rousseau imagined. It appears that a rude and very simple kind of harmony has been known for many centuries among those northern tribes who overran the south of Europe in the earlier part of the Christian era. Also, the instruments used by the ancient Irish, Welsh, and Scots—harps and bagpipes, &c.—indicate certain elements of harmony. It has been said, with much probability, that the bagpipe was introduced into Italy by the Scandinavian invaders. The sustained sounds of the bagpipe drones, heard along with the varying sounds of the air played by the chanter, produce a rude kind of harmony which is not only inoffensive when compared with the most ancient specimens we have of *organizing*, or *discant*, or *biscant*, consisting of series of fourths, fifths, and octaves, between the upper and lower parts, but is actually in use in modern classical harmony, as appears in what are technically called *Points-d'Orgue*.

The following specimens of early harmony are such as no modern ear could tolerate :—



P. 112.

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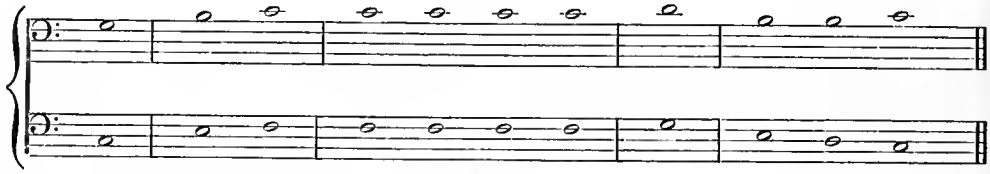
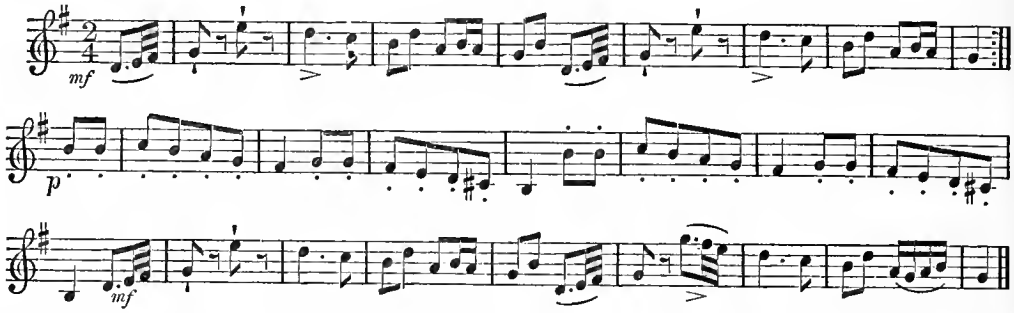


See Gerbert, "De Cantu et Musica Sacra;" vol. ii., *passim*.

The following is a very spirited Russian air in the major mode:—

Russian Boat-Song.




Want of space prevents us from giving here other Russian, Sclavonian, Tyrolian, and Suabian airs, which will appear in the third volume.

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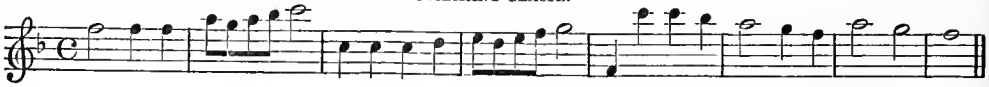
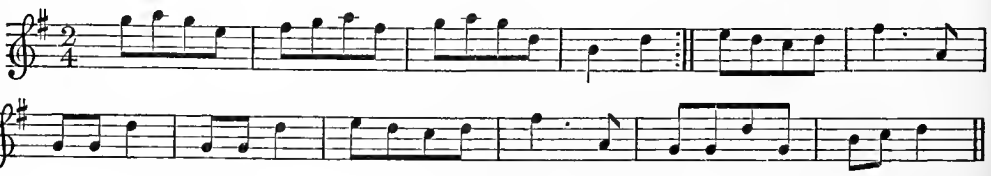
"My jo Janet."—Pp. 132, 133.

The following is the air called "The keiking glasse," in the Skene MS., and which was alluded to in Note, page 133. We give here also "Long er onie old man," and "The old man," referred to in the same Note:—

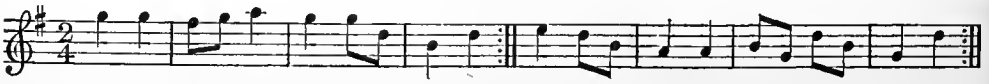
"The keiking glasse."



"Long er onie old man."



"The old man."



In December 1793, Burns wrote the following Comic Song to be sung to the tune of "My jo Janet:"—

"My spouse, Nancy."

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
*One of two must still obey,*
Nancy, Nancy;
*Is it man or woman? say,*
My spouse, Nancy.

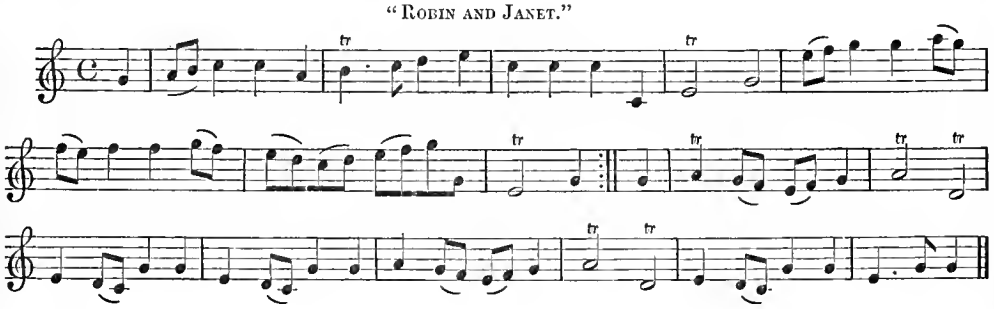
If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so goodbye allegiance!
*Sad will I be if so bereft,*
Nancy, Nancy;
*Yet I'll try to make a shift,*
My spouse, Nancy.

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how ye will bear it!
*I will hope and trust in heaven,*
Nancy, Nancy;
*Strength to bear it will be given,*
My spouse, Nancy.

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed,
Horrid sprites will haunt you.
*I'll wed another like my dear*
Nancy, Nancy;
*Then all hell will fly for fear,*
My spouse, Nancy!

The following is a translation of the air called "Robin and Janet," from No. 13 of the Tablature of the Leyden MS. An exact copy of that MS. was presented by the Editor in 1847 to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, for preservation there. At the same time, he presented to that Library a transcript in Tablature of the Scottish airs contained in the Straloch MS. of 1627-29—the oldest Scottish Musical MS. known to exist.—See vol. i. of this Work, Introduction, pp. iv. v.:—

"Robin and Janet."



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"Loch-Eroch side."—Pp. 134, 135.

The following is Burns' song to that air, referred to in the Note:—

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that would touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' wo could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

---

"And O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam."—Pp. 144, 145.

Captain Gray communicates the following Note:—"A copy of this song, together with the version of 'Logie o' Buchan,' as it appeared in Johnson's Museum, both in the hand-writing of Burns, are now in the possession of Captain Charles Gray, R.M. They are written on Excise paper, with printed red lines."

# ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOL. I.

"My Nannie, O!"—Pp. 34, 35.

We have just been favoured with the following Note from Captain Charles Gray, R.M., whose indefatigable quest of information regarding Burns and his Works merits the grateful acknowledgments of the Scottish public:—

"ON THE HEROINES OF BURNS' SONGS."

"We have it under the hand of Burns himself, that in moments of inspiration, instead of drawing on his imagination for pictures of ideal beauty and loveliness, he placed before him some living symbol. The consequence of this is, that we can trace in his writings, with some degree of certainty, who were the fair inspirers of many of his most beautiful songs, from 'Handsome Nell,' down to Jessy Lewars. Some of his biographers and annotators, however, not content with this, have set themselves to the task of finding out living prototypes of the whole of his heroines, from 'Meg of the Mill,' down to the *grousum* wife of 'Willie Wastle!' We enter our protest against this silly species of fraud, because it tampers with the truth, and renders that which may be true extremely doubtful. We cannot comprehend, even *in small matters*, why truth should be set aside, and a preference given to fiction, by clothing biography in the story-telling habiliments of the novelist. Such, however, is the fact. In the present day, the memoirs of a literary man become a romance in the hands of his biographer, and *stories* must be invented and told of the unfortunate author, to satisfy the diseased appetite of the writer, or the high-seasoned fancy of the reader; we know not which. The life of Robert Burns was, indeed, a romance, differing so far from written fictions, that every chapter of it was a stern reality. So much so, that a constitutional melancholy, and days of incipient toil, even before he arrived at manhood, made him exclaim—

[This] 'Life to me's a weary dream,
The dream of one that never wakes.'

Hence fictitious stories have been told of him that reflect no credit on his memory, and far less on the narrator who sat down deliberately for the purpose of penning falsehoods. We express ourselves in plain terms, as *truth* demands that a fraud of this nature should be characterized by its right name. Perhaps this digression will not appear so much out of place when we have pursued our inquiries a little farther. It will be admitted that all stories told by interested persons should be received with due caution. That is to say, persons who were acquainted with Burns, and who wished, as his sister expressed it, *to make themselves great men with the poet*—such, for instance, as John Blane, the gadsman, who affirmed to Mr. Robert Chambers that he was with Burns when the latter turned up the mouse's nest with the plough, in November 1785. We have it from the very best authority, that Blane's information regarding the Poet is extremely apocryphal; and we are fully prepared to refute a number of anecdotes which have been engrafted on Burns' history—anecdotes got up for the nonce, without having the least foundation in truth. Some time ago, when the death of Blane was announced in the newspapers, Mrs. Begg said to one of her daughters 'There that impudent bodie, John Blane, has slippit awa' before I could get to Kilmarnock to scold him for the *great lees* he told about my brother.'

"At present we have to deal with the Heroines, real or imaginary, on whom the pen of Burns bestowed a poetic immortality. In the year 1792, when Mr. George Thomson projected his Musical Collection, a number of old and silly songs were still in possession of some of our finest national melodies. Those were to be set aside, and to Burns was assigned the task of providing them with new and appropriate words. The air of 'Wandering Willie' was one of these. Here the poet had no occasion to look out for a heroine. One was already offered to him. All that he had to do—and therein lay the difficulty—was to find sentiments befitting the forlorn and love-sick maiden; and never, we venture to affirm, were words and music more happily blended together than in this exquisitely plaintive song. Yet, strange as it may appear, one annotator says, 'The heroine of the Wandering Willie of Burns *is said* to have been the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Riddel.' Now, this conjecture—for it is nothing more—appears to us to be the very March-hare-madness of heroine-hunting! Why Mrs. Riddel? we would ask. Was the idea of 'the fair mourner' insufficient for the poet's purpose, without having the charms of the accomplished Maria before his eyes? Were we to set our wits to work in order to find out a heroine for this fine song, we think we could make a far more probable conjecture as to the lady Burns might have had in his eye, than the one above-named. We maintain, at the same time, that a heroine was not wanted on this occasion; but, if one must be had, the probability is, that the 'Nannie' mentioned was Mrs. Agnes M'Lehose, instead of Mrs. Maria Riddel. It will be recollected, that when Burns was about to leave Edinburgh in December 1786, he got acquainted with Mrs. M'Lehose, (Clarinda,) who afterwards, in 1792, went to the West Indies to join her husband. Might not Burns have glanced at her history—a chequered one—when writing this song for Mr. Thomson's work in 1793?—

'But oh, if he's faithless, and minds nae 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.'

* Mrs. M'Lehose, after residing for a short time with her husband at Kingston, Jamaica, returned to Edinburgh, on account of her health. "There were other reasons; Mr. M'Lehose, like most West Indian planters, had a family by a coloured mistress."—Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda, page 41.

"The beautiful air of 'My Nannie, O!' was an especial favourite of Burns in his ploughboy days, and the song which he then wrote for it, in point of rural imagery and pastoral simplicity, he hardly ever afterwards surpassed. This song appeared in the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems, 1786. Some fifty years thereafter, a hunt was made for a heroine by an annotator, when it was discovered that a servant girl, named Agnes Fleming, had lived at Dowery, near Lochlea, at the time that William Burness occupied that farm. This evidence was thought quite sufficient. No more was sought. The note was written—the affair was settled—and Agnes Fleming, however plain in look, must have been more than woman had she refused the heroineship of so sweet a song, after the gratuitous manner in which it had been thrust upon her. 'Nannie,' it is said, owned 'the soft impeachment' in her own homely manner, and was likely to have carried off the prize, if we had not stepped in and placed the chaplet on the brow of one who had actually wounded the heart of the poet. On our mentioning this subject to Mrs. Begg, the poet's youngest sister, she could scarcely repress her resentment; assuring us that Agnes Fleming, whom she knew, had no pretensions, either morally or physically, to be considered the heroine of that fine song. 'Pray then,' we inquired, 'who was the heroine?' 'Peggy Thomson,' was the reply, 'the fair *fillette* that upset the poet's trigonometry at Kirkoswald.' It may be objected, that by substituting the name of the imaginary heroine 'Nannie,' in place of the real one 'Peggy,' the points do not tally so well; but Burns knew perfectly what he was about. He was writing a song for 'one of the best of our Scottish melodies,' and knew that it was much better to retain the well-known burden of 'My Nannie, O!' whatever might be the name of the goddess at whose shrine he was offering up the incense of his poetic idolatry. Allan Cunningham avers that Burns celebrated the praise of this favourite fair one in no less than four other songs; in two of which, 'Montgomery's Peggy,' and 'Bonnie Peggy Alison,'—the *names of the airs* are substituted for that of the heroine. Why then may not Peggy Thomson figure in a fifth song under the guise of 'My Nannie, O?' But if other evidence were wanted than that which we have adduced, as to the heroine of this song, it is at hand, and upon the very best authority, viz., that of the Bard himself. In Burns' Common-Place Book, begun in 1783, wherein this song was inscribed. (See Cromek's Reliques, p. 326,) he remarks, 'Whether the following song will stand the test (*of criticism*), I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say it was, at the time, *genuine from the heart.*' Here Burns confesses that this song was written in a fit of 'real passion,' such as that which he felt for Peggy Thomson. But who, until some fifty years after the poet's death, ever heard of his making love to Agnes Fleming, either in prose or verse? Then was 'Nannie' disentombed, that she might, like an Egyptian mummy, be embalmed in the poet's verse, merely because she had the good luck to be *kirsened* 'Nannie,' or Agnes. At all events it must be admitted, that the living testimony of Mrs. Begg on this question, is to be preferred to any information gleaned from other persons half a century after the poet's death. Having set aside the claim of Agnes Fleming to the heroineship of this song, we may remark, that few poets have sung so sweetly of the 'cannie hour at e'en' as Burns, and none seems to have enjoyed its inspiration more; but it was impossible that he could have been *owre the luys in love* with *all* 'the nymphs that he loved and caressed,' of which we are now about to give a list. Nothing like chronological order has been attempted, as no dates could be found to guide us in our curious research, further than what the poet himself has given us. First and foremost is 'Handsome Nell,' she of 'the nettle-stings and thistles;'—'Montgomery's Peggy;'—'Annie' of the 'Barley Rigs;'—the Lass of 'Cessnock-banks;'—the Lass among 'yon wild mossy mountains;'*—'Mary Morrison;'†—'Highland Mary;'—'Black-e'ed Bess,' and 'Bonnie Jean.' If we reckon that he was sincerely attached (for the time being) to less than the one-half of them, we will, probably, come near the truth, viz., Peggy Thomson, the Lass of Cessnock-banks, Highland Mary, and Jean Armour."

### "THE LASS OF CESSNOCK-BANKS."

In the posthumous edition of Burns' Works edited by Dr. Currie, the second volume, containing the "General Correspondence," opened with four letters addressed to E. B., which were afterwards withdrawn in subsequent editions. Allan Cunningham observes in a note, that they were omitted "for reasons which may be *easily imagined*;" while on the contrary, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his Life of the Poet says, "for what reason Gilbert Burns omitted them in *his* edition, *I cannot imagine!*" Where poets differ so widely, plain prose-men may be excused for offering an opinion. Certain it is, that they are among the most sensible of that class of letters, and no edition of Burns' Works would now be complete without them. These amatory effusions are so unlike the general style of Burns, that they have puzzled his biographers, and become a stumblingblock to the critics—all save to him of the *Westminster*, who, if our waning memory is not altogether at fault, at once settled the matter to his own satisfaction—(having solved in a former number the cause of Dr. Johnson's interminable tea-drinkings)—by finding that they were the first four letters of a novel, written *à la* Richardson, merely by way of trying the powers of the poet's unfledged pen in a

* Burns, when he came to speak of this song, suppressed the name of the heroine. In his memoranda, he says, "This song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know." Gilbert Burns could not throw any light on this part of the Poet's history; and his sister, Mrs. Begg, is equally ignorant. Mr. Cunningham avers, that the heroine is either "Nannie," who dwelt by the Lugar, or "Highland Mary." We have narrowed the conjecture so far, by proving that it was not Agnes Fleming. Mr. Motherwell, in a note on this song remarks, "We scarce think it a spontaneous burst of passion, but rather a lyric made *according to order.*" In contradiction of this, Burns, in a letter to George Thomson, in October 1792, says,—"You must know, that all my earliest love-songs were the breathings of *ardent passion.*"

† There is much of the spirit of ballad poetry in this fine song in praise of "Mary Morrison." She has hitherto escaped the research of annotators, nor does Mrs. Begg know anything respecting her.

prose narration! As the introduction to a novel, we fear they would have been found insufferably dull by the customers that frequent our circulating libraries; but as the veritable love-letters of a young Ayrshire peasant, they certainly do credit to his understanding as well as to his heart. These letters, dated in 1783, form a strong contrast to those addressed to Clarinda in 1788. Their object was to conciliate the favour of a fair one, for whom Burns professed, and seems to have entertained, the strongest regard. The subdued tone in which these letters are written, although very unlike what Burns displayed in after life, appears to us to be quite natural. As yet he had not learned to have full confidence in his powers of pleasing. The tremulousness of true love hung about him, and checked his advances. These tremors he gradually learned to shake off when he got farther acquainted with the world and all its devious ways. As no one could describe his feelings under such circumstances so well as himself, we shall give an extract from his third letter to E. B.:—

"A lover is never under greater difficulty in acting, or more puzzled for expression, than when his passion is sincere, and his intentions honourable. . . . There is such a number of foreboding fears and distrustful anxieties crowd into my mind when I am in your company, or when I sit down to write to you, that what to speak or what to write I am altogether at a loss." All those who bear in recollection the first approaches of the tender passion, will own the justice of these remarks;—they depict the feelings of a young ingenuous mind—the hopes and fears that take possession of a lover's heart when in the presence of his mistress:—

"Fain, fain wad I my griefs impart,
But darna for your anger."

The following fragment, picked up in our youth, embodies the same sentiment, not unhappily, in rhyme:—

"O, I have loved you—loved you long!
The night's dull ear has heard my sighs;
And though love ne'er escaped my tongue,
You might have read it in my eyes.

"My passion I can ne'er express—
Love's arrows fly without a sound;—
If, in my heart, I loved you less,
My tongue had readier utterance found."

The officiousness of editors at one time, and their carelessness at others, are utterly confounding. When these letters appeared in Dr. Currie's edition of the Poet's Works, they were simply addressed to E. B. Future editors, however, went a step further, and whatever surname might lurk under B., they were sure the letter E. must stand for Eliza, thereby falsifying what they did not comprehend, and making that which was dark still more obscure. The fact is—and we give it on the best authority—that Ellison Begbie, (for that was the lady's name,) was the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Galston, while she, at the time that Burns became acquainted with her, lived on the Cessnock, about two miles from Lochlea. Burns, in answer to the letter wherein she rejected him, pays the highest compliments to her personal as well as to her intellectual accomplishments. He says, "her charming qualities, heightened by an education much beyond anything I have ever met with in any woman I ever dared to approach, have made an impression on my heart that I do not think the world will ever efface." From this we might conclude, that Miss B. was much better educated than persons in her situation of life generally are;—but this may be doubted—her father only being a *small* farmer, having several other children besides her. We may state, however, upon the testimony of Mrs. Begg, from whom this information is drawn, that Miss B. was no ordinary person; on the contrary, that she was possessed of great natural abilities: that all the members of William Burness' family looked upon her as a very superior person, accomplished in manner, and of great personal attractions, more so than any one with whom they were then acquainted. In fact, Miss Begbie was a gentlewoman of nature's own making,—

"Not bred in courts—though formed in courts to shine;
A diamond polished, ere it leave the mine."

Let us hear no more, then, of the cuckoo cry, that Burns was tolerant as to the beauty of his heroines.

Mrs. Begg seems inclined to think, that Ellison Begbie was the first sweetheart to whom Burns was sincerely and ardently attached. Be this as it may, we have seen in the verses which he wrote in her praise, and which have been called "a song of similes," that the Poet racked his imagination in order to compare her with everything beautiful in nature:—

"Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

"Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

"Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock-banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

"But its no her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace;
But chiefly in her roguish een."

No wonder that Burns was astounded when he found himself rejected by one he prized so highly. He seems to have parted with her, nevertheless, more in sorrow than in anger. He craves a parting interview with her, and begs to be admitted as a friend. We understand that he did not crave for this in vain. She visited the Poet

occasionally along with her husband, and some correspondence was kept up between them. All this, to us, is delightful. It is the light which helps to enliven and give softness to a sombre picture. It seems strange that in all the more prominent attachments of Burns—and they were numerous—so many of them should have left so deep and enduring an impression on his heart. The ties that bound him to his favourite fair one, might be

"sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire;"

but the embers of affection were never wholly extinguished. A sight of the beloved fair one would at once rekindle the dying spark that had formerly burned in the susceptible bosom of the Poet. Miss Begbie having married, and settled in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, Burns met her there one day after the publication of the first edition of his poems, and presented her with a copy, on a blank leaf of which he inscribed the following Verses to an old sweetheart after her marriage:"—

"Once fondly loved, and still remember'd dear;
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

"And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar."

To our mind, these stanzas place the character of Burns in a very amiable point of view. But this was not all;—having returned in triumph from Edinburgh, after the publication of the second edition of his poems, we are told that the Poet, in *a crack by the chimla cheek*, in the family circle at Mossgiel, in speaking of his former sweethearts, declared, that of all the women he had ever *courted*, he had met with none that he could have made such a companion of for life as Ellison Begbie. Such was the lasting impression which this beautiful and intelligent farmer's daughter left upon the heart and mind of the Poet. The Ettrick Shepherd, in his life of Burns, observes, in his own quaint way, "There is no doubt that hanging and marriage go by destiny, else Burns should have had this sensible girl. I wonder if she could be handsome Nell, whom he first celebrated in song, or Annie of the Barley Rigs, or Peggy of Kirkoswald, who upset his trigonometry. There is no doubt that this fickle dame extracted some love verses from him in the heyday of his passion." A sagacious conjecture this of the Shepherd, in which he is borne out by the beautiful song of which we have quoted the last four verses.

Hogg, as well as Cunningham, was disposed to think that these four early love letters were addressed to Peggy Thomson. In this, as we have seen, they were mistaken. The initial letters, E. B., as originally prefixed to them, were correct, although editors lost themselves in conjecture, and critics in vain attempted to solve the difficulty. The name of the heroine of "On Cessnock banks there lives a lass," is no longer a secret. That it should not have been disclosed until more than fifty years after the Poet's death, does, indeed, seem passing strange!

### THE PARENTS OF BURNS.

HAVING a small space left, perhaps we cannot do better than devote it to a short description of the personal appearance of the parents of the Poet. Allan Cunningham, in the Life of Burns, gives the following account of the Poet's mother:—"The mother of Burns was a native of the county of Ayr; her birth was humble, and her personal attractions moderate; yet in all other respects she was a remarkable woman. She was blessed with singular equanimity of temper; her religious feeling was deep and constant; she loved a well-regulated household; and it was frequently her pleasure to give wings to the weary hours of a chequered life, by chanting old songs and ballads, of which she had a large store. In her looks she resembled her eldest son; her eyes were bright and intelligent; her perception of character quick and keen." According to Mrs. Begg, her mother was about the ordinary height;—a well made sonsy figure, with a beautiful red and white complexion;—(a skin the most transparent that Mrs. Begg ever saw)—red hair, dark eyes and eye-brows, with a fine square forehead. With all her good qualities, and they were many, her temper, at times, was irascible. William Burness, the father of the poet, was a thin, sinewy figure, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, somewhat bent with toil; his "haffet-locks thin and bare," with a dark swarthy complexion. From this it will be seen that Burns inherited his *swarthy* complexion from his father—not from his mother, as stated by Mr. Cunningham. Men who rise to celebrity in the world are generally supposed to inherit their genius from the maternal side. If it shall be said that Burns inherited his love of ballad lore from his mother, we may presume that he derived his strong manly sense from his father;—as to his *genius*—

"——— the *light* that led astray,
Was *light* from heaven."

It may be traced in many of his poems, and flashes out in his lyrics like *sheet*-lightning in a summer's eve, when sung to the simple, yet deeply pathetic melodies of his native land.

We shall return to Burns in the Appendix to the third volume.

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### "CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES."—Pp. 94, 95, and Appendix 165.

IN addition to what has been there said about Isobel Pagan, we may quote what Captain Charles Gray, R.M., wrote lately on the subject of the woman and her *pseudo*-poetical works, in a Scottish periodical, dated 25th

February 1848. He has directed his attention to the modern poetry of Scotland more than any other man that we know.—" ' *The crook and plaid.*' This song, as well as ' Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' is said to have been written by Isobel Pagan; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the ' *auld* ROUDES' ever wrote anything half so good as either of them. There is a want of skill in the composition of this song; but, upon the whole, the ideas are not badly expressed, and far above the pitch of Tibbie's printed doggrel. The editor of the ' Contemporaries of Burns,' p. 118, says, ' Were it possible to procure a perfect copy of Isobel's volume, the question could at once be decided, whether she was the authoress of that song (Ca' the yowes) or not.' To this we would still demur, for reasons which we shall shortly mention. He admits that ' there is nothing at all tempting in Isobel's collection,' and then quotes a song of four stanzas as one of the best. It turns out, however, that *honest* Tibbie has no claim whatever to the authorship of these verses, they being a very incorrect version of Edward Moore's sweet song, beginning,—

' How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own,' &c.

After this we cannot give Tibbie Pagan credit for writing the two songs above mentioned, even although they were to be found in her volume. Whoever wrote them must have been imbued with a love of pastoral life, and have had an eye for whatever was simple and beautiful in nature. Tibbie is said to have been the very reverse of this;—' for, night after night, the vaulted roof of her humble dwelling rang with the voice of licentious mirth, and the revelries of bacchanalian worshippers, among whom she was the administering priestess.'—Contemporaries of Burns, p. 116. As Tibbie was famed for her vocal powers as well as her sarcastic wit, she may have picked up the two songs above mentioned, and appropriated them as her own. At all events, her literary dishonesty in purloining Edward Moore's song, and the sorry doggerel in which the other parts of her volume appear to be written, do not warrant us in believing that she was the author of either the one or the other. That woman, Pagan, was an unscrupulous literary thief, and no better. Among the illiterate frequenters of her discreditable *howff*, she easily passed off her literary thefts as her own property; and thus, like many other impudent plagiarists, acquired a literary reputation which she did not deserve."

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" THE WEARY PUND O' TOW."—Pp. 140, 141.

THE following Note has just been obligingly communicated by Captain Charles Gray, R.M. :—" Mr. Stenhouse does not appear to have been aware that a song bearing this title existed prior to the days of Burns. Strange to say, it escaped the researches of David Herd, who, Allan Cunningham says, ' seemed to have an art of his own in finding curious old songs.' It appeared, however, in Laurie & Symington's edition of Herd's Collection, 1791, vol. ii. p. 292, along with Macneill's ' My boy, Tammy,' ' Green grow the rashes,' and several other modern songs. The air, as has been already observed, is excellent; but even this song may not be of any great antiquity. That it is not devoid of the quaint humour so peculiar to the Scottish muse, will be seen from the following verses:—

' I lookit to my yarn knagg, and it grew never mair;
I lookit to my meal kist,—my heart grew wond'rous sair;
I lookit to my sour-milk boat, and it wad never sour;
For they suppit at and slaikit at, and never span an hour.

' But if your wife and my wife were in a boat thegether,
And yon honest man's wife were in to steer the rither;*
And if the boat were bottomless, and seven mile to row,
I think my wife wad ne'er come back to spin her pund o' tow.'

But Burns' wit and humour is so rich and concentrated, that he owes nothing to the old song except the burden. We find another version of this song in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns' Works, vol. ii. p. 292, where it is said to be very old. We doubt it. It seems to us to be of Anglo-Scottish origin, and calculated for the meridian of Vauxhall, as will appear from the following lines:—

' The town and city damsels, they gang sae neat and fine,
In drinking tea and brandy is a' that they incline;
And for to powder, patch, and paint, and walk about the knowe,
Is a' their wark—they'll rather die than spin the pund o' tow.'

It is probable that these verses were written about the time that this fine air became popular in England."

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* Rudder.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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