

**SCOTTISH SONGS,
BALLADS,
AND POEMS**

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Scottish songs, ballads, and poems by Hew Ainslie

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HEW AINSLIE

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AND POEMS**

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SONGS, BALLADS, AND POEMS

BY
HEW AINSLIE

AUTHOR OF THE "INGLE SIDE," "ON WI' THE VARTAN," "BOVER- O' LOCH-RYAN," ETC.

"Giv' me old songs! I know not why,
But every tone they breathe to me,
Is fraught with pleasures pure and high,—
With honest lore or social glee."—W. G. CLARK.



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REDFIELD

110 AND 112 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

1855

P R E F A C E .

THE author of the following fugitive rhymes has long been a truant from the "laurelled walks of literature," and now, in the autumnal gloaming of life, like Rip Van Winkle from his mountain slumber, he comes once more among the haunts of men, with antique accoutrements and forgotten phrasology, to enquire of wondering old friends and neighbors—whether this busy world stands where it did "In his hot youth, when George the Third was King?"

To the query, "Why has the author written in the Scottish dialect?" he can only reply, it is his mother tongue—the language spoken by Scott, and sung by Burns. With its Doric music, all his earliest and dearest associations are intertwined. Its melodies lulled his infancy; and will, he trust, contribute their share in tranquilizing his parting hour. It was thus the twig was bent—thus the tree was inclined—and thus must it eventually fall.

The fact, that the author has spent the last thirty years of his life in what was wont to be called the *far West*, will be apology enough for the few pieces on American subjects at the close of the volume; and, with this simple avowal, he, in law parlance, *will rest his case*.

To the friends who on this occasion have *formed a square* around him, what can he offer but the warm and spontaneous thanks of a glowing heart—whose earnest wish is, that they may individually realize the pleasures their generous regard has so deeply conferred on him—and so

"To each and all a kind good night."

CONTENTS.

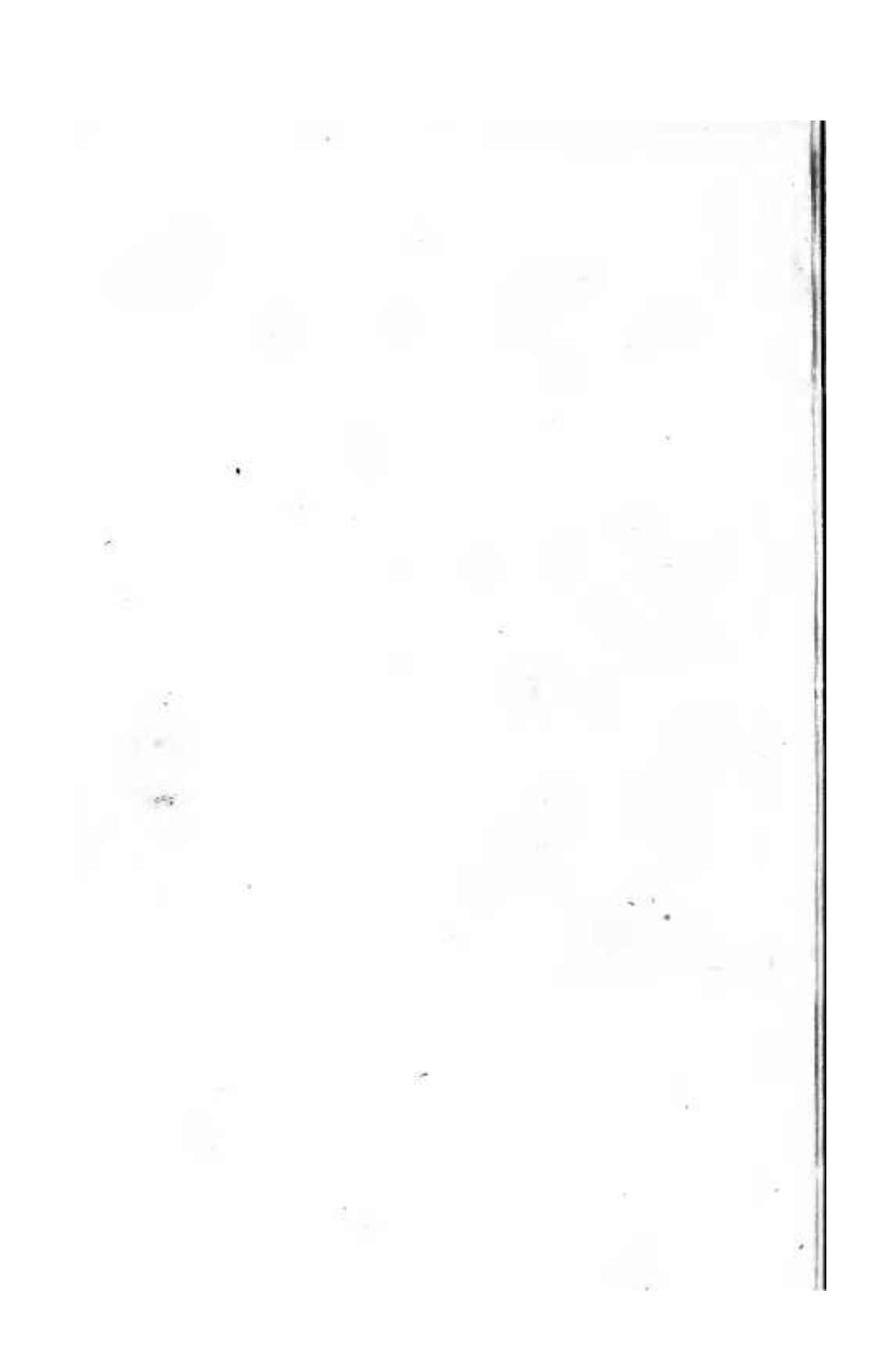
	Page
The Twa Maidens and their Men,	9
The Troker,	19
Harvest Home in America,	32
A Retrospect,	34
A Rift owre a Chappin,	36
Auld Hame Yearnings,	38
Come awa to the West,	41
A Foreigner's Feelings in the Great West,	42
A December Ditty,	44
The Lads Fur Awa,	46
I'm Living Yet,	47
The Absent Father,	48
Life's Summer Tide is Going,	50
To an old Friend,	52
To James Wellstood,	53
To a Friend,	55
To my Favorite Nook,	58
Taking the World,	59
To the Night Wind,	61
May Washing,	63
To my First and Last True Love,	65
A parting Song,	67
My Bonny Wee Bell,	69
My Last Sang to Kate Reed,	70
The Last Lock o' Hame,	72
Take me Hame to Glenlugar again,	74

	Page
To S——N——,	76
A Midnight Meeting,	77
Mary,	79
Jean that's Awa,	80
Willy an' Ellen,	82
Sir Arthur and Lady Ann,	84
Andro Keir,	88
Lady Ellen's Last Night,	92
Christy Fourd,	95
The Cadger o' Kerry,	98
The Auld Frien's an' the New,	101
Fair Marion o' Kilkerran,	102
The Gowan o' the West,	104
On wi' the Tartan,	106
Fair Jeanie's Bower,	107
Tam o' the Balloch,	109
The Dogs o' Drumachreen,	111
The Daft Days,	113
Let's Drink to our Next Meeting,	115
Maggie M'Gee,	117
The Tinkler's Sang,	119
The Batchelor's Advice to the Boys,	121
To an Old Pack of Cards,	123
The Merry Maids o' Scotland,	125
Lines written on the Aniversary of Burns' Birth,	127
The Jingler's Morning Sang,	130
The Goud upon Charlie,	132
The Knight o' Ellerslie,	134
The Ingle Side,	136
A Hameward Hymn,	137
A Jingle to a Tree,	139
To an Old Flame,	140
Dear Jean,	142
Lines to a Tea-Kettle,	146
Croon to a Kyle Cow,	148
A Morning "All Hail to Coila,"	151

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Bonny Bessy Ballanteen,	153
The Bourocks o' Bargeny,	155
Mary that I were wi' Thee,	156
Doon Revisited,	158
Lines to Alloway Kirk,	160
"Lady Love,"	162
A Recipe for Making a Scotsman,	165
To my Native Strath,	167
A Ballad to a Bat,	169
The Gauger,	171
The Lads of Lendalfit,	173
The Rover o' Lochryan,	175
Farewell to the Land of Burns,	177
Lines on Leaving Scotland,	179
Farewell to my Brither Joek,	186
The Pioneer,	188
The Kebbock, the Cake, an' the Cog,	192
A Morning Wake Up,	193
Rosabell,	194
To a Fair Forest Bud on her wishing to Flourish in 'Town,	195
Buckwheat Pancakes,	196
May Colzean,	198
NOTES,	201



THE TWA MAIDENS AND THEIR MEN.

FIRST MAIDEN.

*"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."*

SLOW o'er a sky, young May had drest,
The glow o' day was gathering west,
Where darkly 'gainst the deepening glare
Rose the rough ruins o' St. Clair.

It was an eve that grief had chose,
When time had master'd half her woes,
To give to sorrow's mellowing dye,
A scantier tear, a softer sigh.
Nor was it fitted less
For love's delicious tenderness;—
The very whisperings o' the gale
Seem'd soften'd for a lover's tale.

When down the lane young Maggie's gane
Wi' step as she were dancing,
Her rosy cheek, like e'ning's streak,
Like stars her e'en are glancing.