

POEMS AND SONGS

BOYNDLIE'S BRAES.

Air—"Drumdelgie."

BOYNDLIE's banks and braes are steep,
 And decked wi' flo'ers o' mony a hue,
 There the birdies sing sae sweet,
 And burnies wimple down the howe.

Liltin adie, toorin adie,
 Liltin adie, toorin oo.

There does dwell my bonnie Nell,
 Wi' gowden locks and face sae fair;
 And I cam' ower frae Aberdour
 (To lat her taste my fruits sae rare.)

Liltin adie, etc.

The lasses about Boyndlie's braes
 They dress themselves wi' care and skill;
 But when they a' hae done their best,
 They are but nought unto my Nell.

Liltin adie, etc.

Her eyes they shine like diamonds fine,
 Her cheeks ye might bleed wi' a strae;
 The blythesome blink o' Nellie's e'e
 Has fairly stown my heart away.

Liltin adie, etc.

I'm but a 'prentice laddie, yet,
 Jist workin' for my penny fee;
 But were I laird o' Boyndlie's lands,
 I wad them a' to Nellie gie.

Liltin adie, etc.

But we are young and hae nae wit
 O' hoose-haddin' to hae the care;
 And we will wait a whilie yet,
 And we will aye be gatherin' mair.

Liltin adie, etc.

* Wi' ribbons for her golden hair

Folk-Song of the North-East,

BY

GAVIN GREIG, New Deer.

XCII.

THE ARDLAW CREW.

It was in the year eighteen-eighty
When I put this in rhyme ;
It's nae concernin' things o' auld,
It's about the present time.
Wi' my airie idle tadie um,
My idle tum taril a.

It' nae concernin' things o' auld,
The truth I'll tell to you,
It's jist a verse or twa you'll find
About the Ardlaw Crew.
Wi' my, etc.

For rhymin's grown sae common noo,
That the like o' me maun try
To get a verse or twa to clink,
To gar the time pass by.

William Michie is our grieve,
He's a very quiet man ;
He can conduct the jolly crew,
Wi' muckle skill and can.

James Sutherland is our foreman,
His pair is Sharp and Sall ;
He tak's them oot in the mornin',
A' jist at the first call.

He tak's them oot in the mornin',
A' jist at the first call,
And gies them wark fae morn till nicht,
Till evenin' does doonfall.

Sometimes he gaes to the cart,
And sometimes to the ploo ;
And he must haud the hemp upon the hair,
Or else it wadna do.

James Scott he is our second man,
He's on the list you'll find ;
He drives a pair o' young anes,
And follows tee behind.

Sandy Ritchie is our third man,
Their kickers he can bide ;
He has an iron red and a gallant gray,
He calls them Bet and Clyde.

Clyde and Bet is an able pair,
And so is Sharp and Sall ;
They have to do the heavy wark,
They're the best among them all.

John Howatt is our fourth man,
His pair is Dash and Dan,
He follows them through thick and thin,
He's a knackie little man.

George Ritchie is our fifth man,
He drives a pair o' broons ;
He tak's them oot in the mornin'
And mak's them walk their roons.

Sandie Adie is our sixth man,
He has a chestnut and a broon ;
He follows up the merry crew
Upon the Ardlaw Toon.

James Murison is our orra man,
He keeps ticht baith close and pens,
And ony orra job like that,
Siclike as muck the hens.

For me, I am first bailie,
It's a very sharny shift,
But Whitsunday is comin' roon.
When I can tak' the lift.

James Mowat he is our second bailie,
He suits the berth fu' weel,
And but and ben the muck'le byre
We gar the barrows wheel.

Donald Adie is our third bailie,
To plan he is nae slack ;
But I am led to understand
His name is in the task.

William Mutch he is our fourth bailie,
New Pitsligo is his name,
And he cam' doon to Ardlaw
Some Irishmen to tame.

First on the list of the female sex,
Her name is Maggie Broon,
She has to plan the dairy work
Upon the Ardlaw Toon.

Next comes our housemaid,
Her name is Katie Massie,
But I canna say muckle aboot her,
She is only bit a lassie.

Maggie Simpson is our kitchen maid,
She has our kail a-makin',
And wi' sae mony hungry mou's,
She's aften busy bakin'.

Janet Barron is oor oot-woman,
She is on the roll, oh-ty,
She has to work the outdoor wark,
And help to milk the kye.

But noo our gaffer's leavin',
And nae langer we can bide ;
So we'll gang to the hirin's,
Baith Strichen and Longside.

We will traivel up to Strichen toon,
And then we'll tak' the rails ;
And if they dinna gie's a blast,
We are sure to rug their tails.

So fare-ye-well to Ardlaw,
Nae langer we maun stay ;
We will tak' oor budgets on oor back,
On the twenty-sixth o' May.

Now that is all I've got to say,
And I hope I've said naething wrang,
For I jist made it up ae day
To haud me on-thocht lang.

"The Ardlaw Crew" belongs to a class of song of which we have already given a number of specimens. These ditties of farm life constitute the most genuinely native part of our popular minstrelsy. They may not amount to much as poetry ; but there is an air of sincerity and conviction about them that makes for force and vitality. Further, they illustrate local life and language better than any other kind of song or ballad which we have. "The Ardlaw Crew" may be taken as a very good specimen of this type of ditty. Our copy of the words comes from the author, Mr Gordon M'Queen, Aberdour, per Mr John Mowat. As the song is of quite recent origin we have taken the liberty to soften one personal allusion. The air we take to be that of "Jack Munro," so commonly sung to ditties of this kind.

SOWENS FOR SAP.

The foremost man o' oor New Tap
He works a stallion fine ;
The Lion they do call him,
The Lion is his name.

The summer sun is shining
 Far o'er yon grassy lea,
 The lark is piping overhead,
 The blackbird in the tree.
 The primrose decks yon grassy banks
 By yon bonnie burnie side,
 I love to rove in yonder grove,
 With the hawthorn spreading wide.

Well do I mind on days lang syne
 I' youth's bright happy days,
 Twas then I paddled in the burn,
 And basked me on the braes.
 The thrush was singing in the bush,
 The broom bloomed on the brae,
 The bonnie birch wi' foliage rich,
 The bramble and the slae.

I loved to roam by the Hawpath,
 Where the hazel doth entwine,
 The burnie wimples by the braes
 The deep blue sea to join.
 St. Drostan's Well- it bears the shell,
 The pebble decks the shore,
 Around about the hoary cliffs,
 The wild sea-billows roar.

Although apart by hill and glen,
 And the deep Atlantic wide,
 We'll hope to meet in that fair land
 Upon the other side.
 Although oppressed by care and toil,
 There is no need to grieve -
 A brighter and a better land
 For such as do believe.

Gordon McQueen.