TWO SONGS BY LADY NAIRNE

William Montgomerie

I. THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

In the past—and this is true of all art-song derived from folk-song, e.g. the songs of Robert Burns—the approach has been from the art- to the folk-song. The folk-song has had value, not in itself but as an inspiration for the art-song. The assumption has been, especially in studying Burns, that the poet always improved on his source material. It is my purpose here to study two derivative songs by Lady Nairne, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, where the student of literature has good reason for claiming improvement, and *Kitty Reid's House*, where the case for improvement is a very doubtful one.

In this essay, the approach to Lady Nairne's two songs—in preparation for a much wider examination of all her songs—is analogous to the new biochemical approach to the problems of biology. As Ernest Baldwin pointed out recently in the first of his six radio talks on "The Chemical Basis of Life":

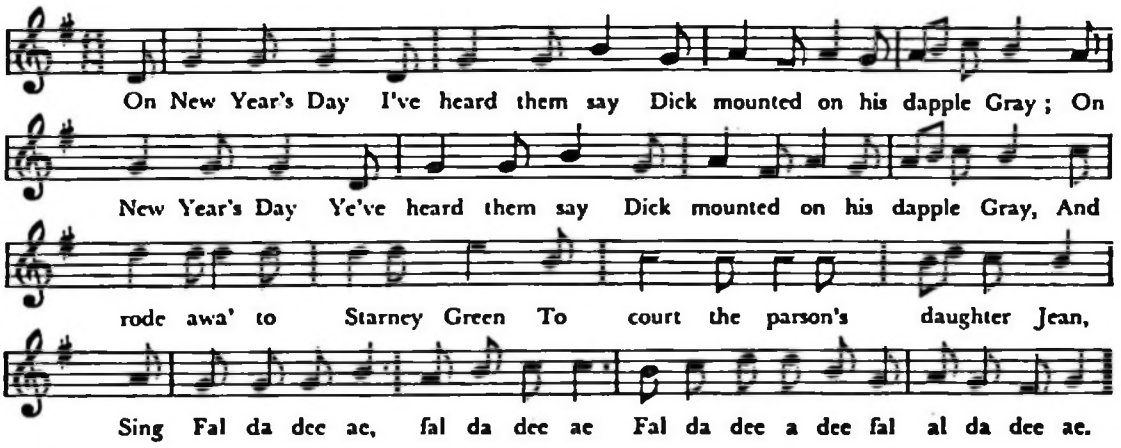
> During the last thirty or forty years the technique of studying the parts of animals and plants—the organs and the cells—have been supplemented by a newer approach; that of biochemistry. Instead of starting with large objects and working downwards, biochemistry starts with simple naturally occurring chemical substances and works upwards to progressively larger units and more complex chemical systems. In fact biochemistry attacks the problem from the opposite end to that of the older techniques, and at the present time the different lines of approach have begun to meet.

The problem of Lady Nairne's poems is attacked from the opposite end to that of nineteenth-century criticism. One assumption is made: folk-song has value in itself, and the study of folk-song has value for its own sake.

First let us look at courting songs not dissimilar to that of *The Laird o' Cockpen*. Robert Bell (1889 pp. 369-73) in his "Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England", prints the words of *Richard of Taunton Dean*, "taken down from the singing

of an old blind fiddler, 'who,' says Mr. Sandys, 'used to accompany it on his instrument in an original and humorous manner; a representative of the old minstrels!' The air is in *Popular Music*." Gavin Greig (MSS.) noted an oral version of the song:

NEW YEAR'S DAY



Robert Bell's version is as follows:

Last New-Year's day, as I've heerd say,
Young Richard he mounted his dapple grey,
And he trotted along to Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter, Jean.
Dumble dum deary, dumble dum deary,
Dumble dum deary, dumble dum dee.

With buckskin brecches, shoes and hose,
And Dicky put on his Sunday clothes;
Likewise a hat upon his head,
All bedaubed with ribbons red.

Young Richard he rode without dread or fear,
Till he came to the house where lived his sweet dear,
When he knocked, and shouted, and bellowed, "Hallo!
Be the folks at home? say aye or no."

A trusty servant let him in,
That he his courtship might begin;
Young Richard he walked along the great hall,
And loudly for mistress Jean did call.

Miss Jean she came without delay,
To hear what Dicky had got to say;
"I s'pose you knaw me, mistress Jean,
I'm honest Richard of Taunton Dean.

"I'm an honest fellow, although I be poor,
And I never was in love afore;
My mother she bid me come here for to woo,
And I can fancy none but you."

"Suppose that I would be your bride,
Pray how would you for me provide?
For I can neither sew nor spin;—
Pray what will your day's work bring in?"

" Why, I can plough, and I can zow,
And zometimes to the market go
With Gaffer Johnson's straw or hay,
And yarn my ninepence every day!"

"Ninepence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too!
Ninepence a day won't buy us meat!"
"Adzooks!" says Dick, "I've a zack of wheat;

"Besides, I have a house hard by,
'Tis all my awn, when mammy do die;
If thee and I were married now,
Ods! I'd feed thee as fat as my feyther's old zow."

Dick's compliments did so delight,
They made the family laugh outright;
Young Richard took huff, and no more would say,
He kicked up old Dobbin, and trotted away,
Singing, dumble dum deary, &c.

Robert Bell (1889 p. 371) notes that he has heard a Yorkshire version of this English West Country song. Another version in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England" is called *Richard of Dalton Dale*. In addition, Mr. Bell (1889 pp. 370-1) prints the first two stanzas of *Last New-Year's Day*, an Irish variant of the same song:

Last New-Year's day, as I heard say,
Dick mounted on his dapple gray;
He mounted high and he mounted low,
Until he came to *sweet Raphoe!*
Sing fal de dol de ree,
Fol de dol, righ fol dee.

"My buckskin does I did put on,
My spladdery clogs, *to save my brogues!*
And in my pocket a lump of bread,
And round my hat a ribbon red." . . .

The rest of it follows the English song almost verbatim. The second Irish variant is worth printing at length:

Dicky of Ballyman

On New-Year's day, as I heard say,
Dicky he saddled his dapple gray;
He put on his Sunday clothes,
His scarlet vest, and his new made hose.
Diddle dum di, diddle dum do,
Diddle dum di, diddle dum do.

He rode till he came to Wilson Hall,
There he rapped, and loud did call;
Mistress Ann came down straightway,
And asked him what he had to say.

"Don't you know me, Mistress Ann?
I am Dicky of Ballyman;
An honest lad, though I am poor,—
I never was in love before.

"I have an uncle, the best of friends,
Sometimes to me a fat rabbit he sends;
And many other dainty fowl,
To please my life, my joy, my soul.

"Sometimes I reap, sometimes I mow,
And to the market I do go,
To sell my father's corn and hay,—
I earn my sixpence every day!"

"Oh, Dicky! you go beneath your mark,—
You only wander in the dark;
Sixpence a day will never do,
I must have silks and satins, too!

"Besides, Dicky, I must have tea
For my breakfast, every day;
And after dinner a bottle of wine,—
For without it I cannot dine."

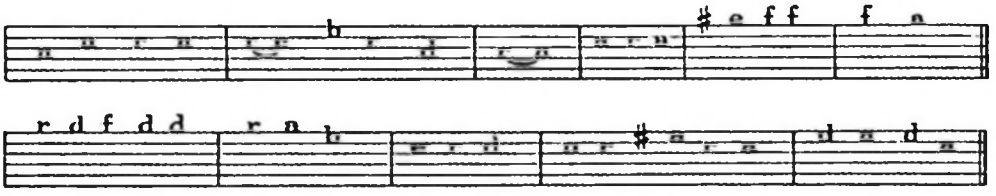
"If on fine clothes our money is spent,
Pray how shall my lord be paid his rent?
He'll expect it when 'tis due,—
Believe me, what I say is true.

"As for tea, good stirabout
Will do far better, I make no doubt;
And spring water, when you dine,
Is far wholesomer than wine.

"Potatoes, too, are very nice food,—
I don't know any half so good:
You may have them boiled or roast,
Whichever way you like them most."

This gave the company much delight,
And made them all to laugh outright;
So Dicky had no more to say,
But saddled his dapple and rode away.
Diddle dum di, &c.

In these English and Irish variants of the courting song made famous by Lady Nairne, there is no connexion with the Laird of Cockpen, whose home was near Edinburgh. But before printing a Scottish folk version of *The Laird o' Cockpen*, it would be better to refer to a song about one Laird of Cockpen, which has been accepted by some authorities as a source for Lady Nairne's song. The melody for this song is in *Leyden's MS.* (G. F. Graham 1847), of the end of the seventeenth century. The words are in David Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (1776):



WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBBIT

When she came ben she bobbit,
And when she came ben she bobbit.
And when she came ben she kist Cockpen,
And then deny'd that she did it.

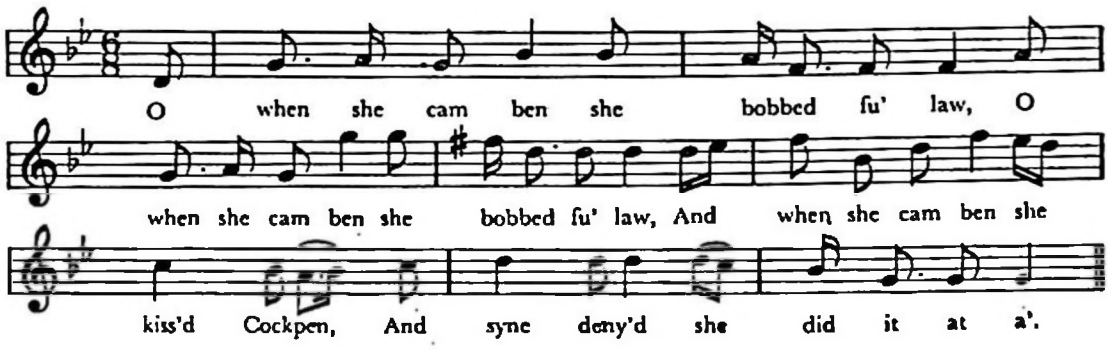
And was nae Cockpen right sawcy,
And was nae Cockpen right sawcy?
He len'd his lady to gentlemen,
And he kist the collier lassie.

And was nae Cockpen right able,
And was nae Cockpen right able?
He left his lady with gentlemen,
And he kist the lass in the stable.

O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?
O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?
O if I am not, I hope to be,
E'er the green leaves be shaken.

This is probably the source of Robert Burns's song in the *Scots Musical Museum* (Johnson 1792):

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED



And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
In leaving the dochter o' a lord,
And kissin a collier lassie an' a'?

O' never look down, my lassie, at a'!
O, never look down, my lassie, at a'!
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

R. H. Cromek (1810) in *Select Scottish Songs*, adds the note:

Here is a verse of this lively old song that used to be sung after these printed ones.

O, wha has lien wi' our Lord yestreen?
O, wha has lien wi' our Lord yestreen?
In his soft down bed, O, twa fowk were the sted,
An' whare lay the chamber maid, lassie, yestreen?

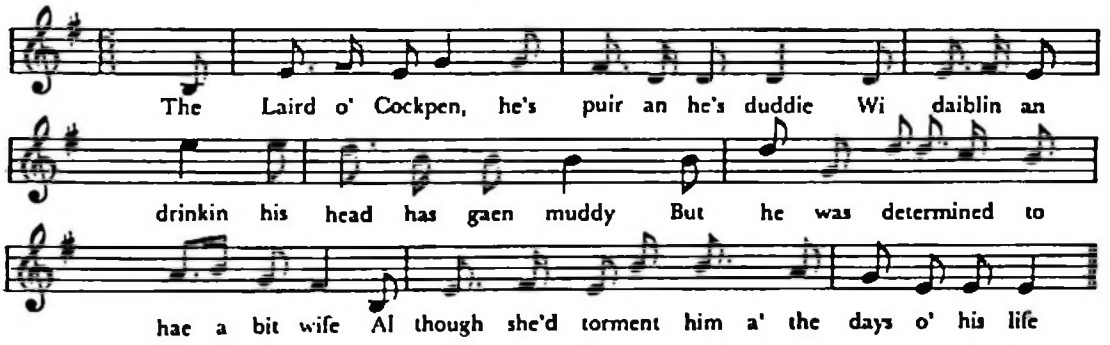
According to tradition, this Laird of Cockpen was a boon companion of Charles II. That the late seventeenth-century

Leyden MS. (G. F. Graham 1847) records the tune of this version of the song to some extent supports this tradition.

There is one snag, however, when David Herd's version (1776) is quoted as Lady Nairne's source. The English and Irish songs discussed above, as well as Lady Nairne's version, describe a perfectly moral wooing. There is further evidence that there were at least two songs. One of them—by no means the only song of its type that has survived in manuscript and oral tradition—is Herd's song about the Laird's amours. The other—one of a common type of wooing song—gave rise to the English and Irish variants, whose style suggests the eighteenth century.

There has always been one gap in the evidence, namely the Scottish variant of the wooing song that Lady Nairne used as her source. To suggest as in the past that Lady Nairne completely recreated the Herd version, and expanded it to the length of her song, is quite untypical of the poetess. She could improve a folk-song, usually by condensation, but such a feat of recreation was beyond her powers, as it is beyond the powers of most folk-song poets. It is strange that a folk version of *The Laird o' Cockpen* has remained unprinted. The following words of the old version from D. McN. Kilmaurs is copied from a Manuscript (Findlay) now in my possession, the music from Smith (1821-24, III).

The Laird o' Cockpen



At the back o' a knowe a lassie did dwell
At muckin a byre he thocht she'd look well
McClcish's ae dochter o' Claversha' lee
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree

He mounted his cuddy an cantered away
Until he cam doun to the hip o' the brae
An' there the auld donkey grew dour as the deil
Sae up wi' his cudgel an thumpit it weel

Wi' whippin an spurrin he got round the hill
Till ance he cam round to the end o' the mill
'Gae tell Mistress Meg to come to the house-end
She's wanted to speak wi' the laird o' Cockpen'

His hair was weel kaimed an pouthered wi' meal
Quo' he to himsel' I'm a gay lookin chiel
His coat it was green an' his trousers plush blue
Wi' a great hole ahind where his sark tail hang through

Mrs. Meg she chanced to be meetin the swine
'O what brings the body at sic a like time
She thumpit the grumphies an made them stan round
Syne kilted her coatie an cam away round

An when she cam round she bowèd fu' low
Quo' he 'I'm come here to mak ye my joe
My stockins to clout my plush breeks to mend
Sae come awa hame this nicht to Cockpen'

Whan Meg heard o' that she cockit her lug
She thocht wi' the laird she'd be unco snug
'It's come awa in lat my auld mither ken
An faith I'll gang wi' ye the nicht to Cockpen'

Sae the laird steppit in to see the auld wife
He ne'er lookt sae crouse a' the days o' his life
Quo' he 'my auld wifie I'm wantin to ken
Gin ye'll lat your ae dochter gang hame to Cockpen'

The auld wife consentit, sae did the auld man
Up started the laird an took Meg by the han'
A' bade them fareweel an bade them guidsen'
An tellt them 'be fruitfu' an plenish Cockpen

An noo they are married an lien fu' snug
For happier never were bridegroom an bride
Wi' great muckle dochters an sturdy young men
Wha cry 'faither' an honour to the Laird o' Cockpen

One scholar (C. H. A. 1899) to whom this folk version of the song was unknown and who traced Lady Nairne's song to Herd's version, records one significant fact about the early sevententh-century Laird:

The Cockpen register of baptisms begins only in 1690, and after that date it is noted that Mark Carss and Margaret Fowls had four sons—Thomas, John, William, and George, born in 1696, 1698, 1700, and 1706 respectively.

There is here no record of the "great muckle dochters" of the folk-song, but the name of the Laird's wife, Margaret, agrees with the Meg of the song. In Lady Nairne's song she is Mistress Jean. The last two stanzas of the same version which have been ascribed, by different critics, to Susan Ferrier and Sir Alexander Boswell differ significantly from the folk-song.

Between the printing of Lady Nairne's song (Smith 1821-24) and William Findlay's recording of the folk version (*c.* 1868) the oral song may have been influenced by the popular printed version, but the English and Irish variants support the authenticity of the song in Findlay's notebook, and it may be Lady Nairne who is derivative even where the lines are identical or similar.

The scholar familiar with material, printed and written, whose composition can be dated accurately must modify his preconceptions when dealing with oral tradition, where a song recorded in 1868 may be the source of a song printed nearly half a century before. It was an adjustment that Professor Child had to make. With Child, as with other students of ballad and folk-song (and ballads are folk-songs), the final arbiter is the ear.

2. KITTY REID'S HOUSE

The second of Lady Nairne's poems to be considered, *Kitty Reid's House*, echoes the traditional song, *The House on the Green*, which was "recovered from tradition, and for the first time printed" as an eight-page pamphlet privately issued in 1869, above the name Omar, who seems to have been the Rev. Thomas Morris, a Perth antiquary. One copy, probably the only one that has survived came into my possession among the papers of the Rev. William Findlay (1868).

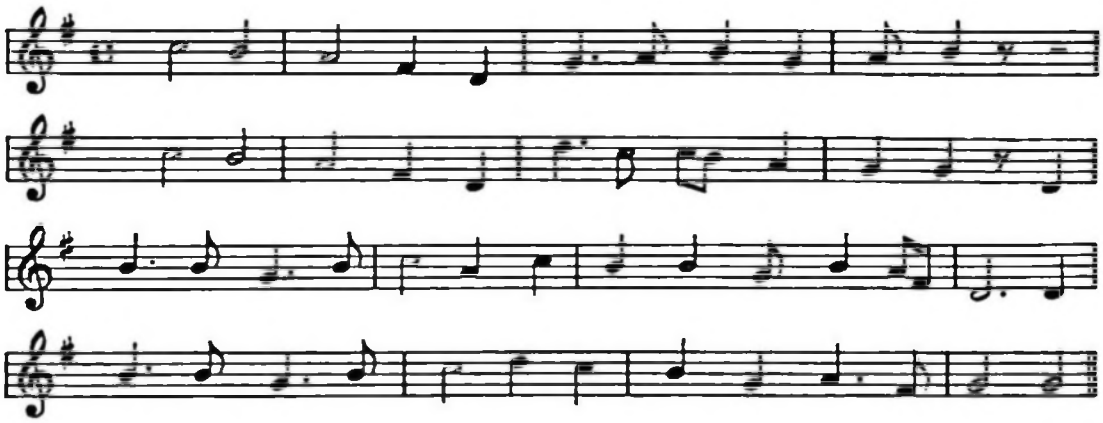
The House on the Green stood in the fifteenth century at a spot where the Watergate now joins Perth High Street. The House belonged to the Mercers of Aldie and Meikleour. Sir Michael Mercer flourished at that time and his name is connected with the House, sometimes called the Kirk or old Temple of Perth.

A smaller house stood there in the seventeenth century, and is the hostelry of the song. It was a rendezvous for the Perth County lairds.

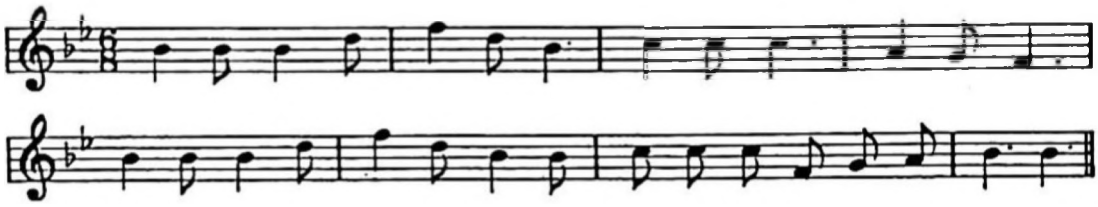
Lady Nairne gives "Country Bumpkin" as the air to which her version should be sung. Thomas Morris, in his pamphlet,

mentions a nursery rhyme version sung to the air of "Bab at the Boster". I print two versions:

B O BABBITY (MACLAGAN 1901)



BABBITY BOWSTER (GOMME 1894)



" It may be stated," concludes Omar, "that this old ballad is now, so far as we are aware, printed for the first time, although several fragments have occasionally appeared:—"

The House on the Green

We're a' reelin' doun the brae,
To Jenny Ryd's house, to Jenny Ryd's house;
We're a' reelin' doun the brae,
To Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.

And it's O rare! the mirth that was there,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
And it's O rare! the mirth that was there,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
The laird o' Cultoquhey sat eatin' a pie,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
The laird o' Logie he left a clean cogie
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

Up hill an' doun brae,
To Jenny Ryd's house, to Jenny Ryd's house;
Frae Strageath, Meikleour, an' bonnie Pitfour,
To Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
Kirkpottie, Kintullo, Pitcur an' laird Rollo,
Cam' a' to the house, to Jenny Ryd's house;
Invermay, Monivaird, Balbeggie, Kinaird,
Cam' a' to the house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

And it's O rare! the mirth that was there,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
What wi' Condie an' Cragie, an' crouse Aberdalgie,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
Sic a crackin' o' bickers an' breakin' o' plates,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
When crusty Balquhidder sent the lairds thro' ither,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

It's the laird o' Kinvaid that kissed the maid,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
It's the laird o' Gleneagles that joukit the beagles,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
The laird o' Perth he foucht wi' airth,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
An' young Seggieden set the cock on the hen,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

We're a' at hame in Jenny Ryd's house,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
We're a' at hame in Jenny Ryd's house,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
They came frae the north, an' they came frae the forth
To Jenny Ryd's house, to Jenny Ryd's house;
Up hill and doun brae,
To Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

Gae tell Tullylumb that he's wanted to come,
To Jenny Ryd's house, to Jenny Ryd's house;
Tell Bousie an' Keir, an' Riven the peer,
To come to the house on the green, jo.
It's the laird o' Keir he made a steer,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jennie Ryd's house;
When the laird o' Strathallan dang doun the hallan,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

Fetch Easter Tarsappie an' gie him a drappie,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
Fetch Wester Tarsappie an' he'll be as happy,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
Gae tell auld Monzie that he's wanted to see
The lairds in the house, in Jenny's Ryd's house;
Tell the laird o' Woodhead that his bed's newly made,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

An' it's O rare! the mirth that was there,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
They danced an' sang the nicht an' day lang,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
The laird o' Arnprior brunt his taes at the fire,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
The laird o' Kinnoull gaed on like a fool,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

Deil tak' Dumbarnie an' Abercairnie,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
They crackit the cradle an' fliggit the bairnie,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
Stormont and Pitheavles are weel kent for deevils,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
But the laird o' Moncreiffe was a' the lairds' chief,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' doun the brae, &c.

Hech! hey! it's nae mair the daffin' was there,
An' mirth in the house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
English men, a hunder an' ten,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house, frae Jenny Ryd's house;
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae, &c.

There was clappin' o' cods, an' shakin' o' beds,
An' waukenin' lairds in Jenny Ryd's house;
There was crackin' o' bickers an' breakin' o' plates,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' it's O sair! the dule that was there,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
Oliver's men, baith but an' ben,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae, &c.

The laird o' Crief he cam' to grief,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
Young Balgowan he set a' a-lowan,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
Auld Gorthie Graeme gaed canterin' hame,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house, frae Jenny Ryd's house;
An' Meffan gaed wi' him, an' Keillor gaed wi' him,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae, &c.

The laird o' Coplindie jumpit out at the window,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
Balvaird Murray peeled his kuits in the hurry,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
Ochtertyre he lap ower the mire,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house, frae Jenny Ryd's house;
The laird o' Monzie he flew like a flee,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae, &c.

The laird o' Scone he crackit his crown
That day in the house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
The laird o' Blair tumbl't doun the stair,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
The laird o' Struan he rade like a growan,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house, frae Jenny Ryd's house;
The laird o' Struan he swore it was ruin,
That day in the house on the green, jo.
An' we're a' reelin' up the brae, &c.

Ilk laird that day took the King's hie way,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house, frae Jenny Ryd's house;
Some up hill, an' some doun brae,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.
An' there's armed men, five score an' ten,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
An' it's O sair! the dule that was there,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.

An' we're a' reelin' up the brae,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house, frae Jenny Ryd's house;
Up hill an' doun brae,
Frae Jenny Ryd's house on the green, jo.

Charles Rogers (1869), in *Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne* goes off at a tangent in his note to Lady Nairne's song:

The elder composition originated in the practice of the lairds of the district frequenting the hostelry of Catherine Reid, a celebrated club-house on St Ninian's Green, Stirling. From the

recitation of an aged gentleman we have recovered some of the original verses:—

Chorus

There's chappin o' cods and makin o' beds
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house;
'There's chappin o' cods and makin o' beds
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house.
An' O 'twas rare, the fun that was there,
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house;
An' O 'twas rare, the fun that was there,
At Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

The laird o' Polmaise cam' drivin' his chaise
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house;
The laird o' Gargunnock cam' eatin' a bannock
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house.
The laird o' Dunmore puffed his pipe at the door
O' Catherine's house, o' Catherine's house;
The laird o' Airth cam' crying out dearth
At Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

The lairds o' Cambus cam' seekin an awmous
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house;
The laird o' Dunblane cam' ridin' his lane
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house.
The laird o' Keir cam' makin' a steir
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house;
The laird o' Strathallan rade up to the hallan
O' Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

The laird o' Saint Ringan's cam' peelin' his inguns
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house;
The laird o' Boquhan was oure late, and he ran
To Catherine's house, to Catherine's house;
The laird o' Doune fell an' crackit his croon
At Catherine's house, at Catherine's house;
The Provost o' Stirlin sat by the house skirlin'
In Catherine's house on the green, Jo.

Of course, this is a Stirlingshire variant of the Perthshire song, and it must have been the Perthshire song that Lady Nairne used for her version. In the version in "The Maxtone's of Cultoquhey" is the line, "The Laird o' Gask had muckle to ask", which suggests that the song would—for the sake of that line—be preserved in "the auld house" of Gask in Perthshire, where Carolina Oliphant was born in 1766.

Thomas Morris (1869), in his pamphlet, mentions another

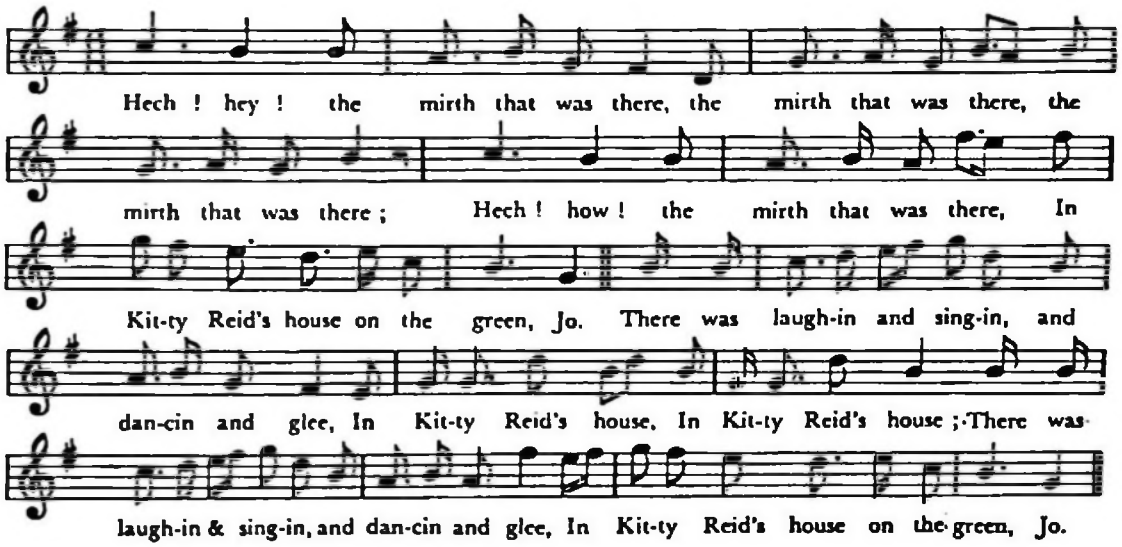
version of the song still extant in 1869 in the neighbourhood of Crieff—which is also in Perthshire—and quotes four lines of it:

Abercairney sat rockin' a bairnie,
In Jenny Ryd's house, in Jenny Ryd's house;
Abercairney he cuddled the bairnie,
In Jenny Ryd's house on the green, Jo.

It is recorded that the landlady had six handsome daughters, which may help to explain the connexion between Abercairney and the bairnie he cuddled, assuming that there is any historical basis for the libel. The words of the song depend so much on the rhymes that, without proof, one must doubt the truth of the personal references to the lairds.

When Lady Nairne summarised the song in three stanzas, the poetess omitted the references to all the Perthshire lairds. Yet this list of lairds is probably the most traditional part of the song. Here is Lady Nairne's version of the words. The music is to be found in *The Scotish Minstrel* (Smith 1821-24, IV).

KITTY REID'S HOUSE ON THE GREEN, JO



Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
Hech! how! the fright that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
An' a'body thocht the lift it would fa',
An' lads and lasses they soon ran awa'
Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The birds an' beasts it wauken'd them a',
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
The piper, the fiddler, auld Kitty, an' a',
The kye fell a routin', the cocks they did craw,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

In this version, the fact that Kitty Reid's House was a seventeenth-century hostelry is not clear, though it would explain the mirth of the first stanza. The reason for the fright in the second stanza is obscure, and the dule, or sorrow, of the third is equally unaccounted for. Cromwell, who entered Perth in 1651 and gives the traditional song historical interest, has been lost in the shortened song, as well as all the lairds.

Lady Nairne's attempt to modernise the song is unsuccessful, and though it continues to be printed among her works it is not one of her better-known songs. That the older version has survived at all is due entirely to preservation by a few antiquaries. It is the version which has died in oral tradition which is the better song, but folk-singers do not preserve a song for purely historical reasons.

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