

226

LIZIE LINDSAY

- A.** 'Lizie Lindsay.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. ii. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads. II, 149.
- B.** 'Donald of the Isles,' Kinloch MSS, I, 237. Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, I, 277.
- C.** 'Donald of the Isles,' Kinloch MSS, I, 253.
- D.** 'Lizzy Lindsay,' from a Note-Book of Dr Joseph Robertson, January, 1830, No 6.
- E.** 'Bonny Lizie Lindsay,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 102.
- F.** 'Lizzie Lindsay,' Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads; p. 51.
- G.** 'Leezie Lindsay,' Notes and Queries, Third Series, I, 463.

OF **A** a Professor Robert Scott says, in the letter in which it was enclosed: "You will find above, all I have been able to procure in order to replace the lost fragment of 'Lizie Lindsay.' I believe it is not so correct or so complete as what was formerly sent, but there are materials enough to operate upon, and by forcing the memory of the recorder more harm than good might have been done." Jamieson says of **b**: "Transmitted to the editor by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman.* It is very popular in the northeast of Scotland, and was familiar to the editor in his early youth; and from the imperfect recollection which he still retains of it he has corrected the text in two or three unimportant passages."

There is nothing to show whether the lost copy was recovered, unless it be the fact that Jamieson prints about twice as many stanzas as there are in **a**. But Jamieson was not always precise in the account he gave of the changes he made in his texts.

In his preface to **B**, Kinloch remarks that the ballad is very popular in the North, "and few milk-maids in that quarter but can chaunt it, to a very pleasant tune. Lizie Lindsay," he adds, "according to the tradition of Mearnsshire, is said to have been a daughter

* "Leezie Lindsay from a maid-servant in Aberdeen, taken down by Professor Scott:" Jamieson to Scott, November, VOL. IV. 33

of Lindsay of Edzell; but I have searched in vain for genealogical confirmation of the tradition." Kinloch gave Aytoun a copy of this version, changing a few phrases, and inserting st. 20 of **C**.

The following stanza, printed as No 434 of the Musical Museum, was sent with the air to Johnson by Burns, who intended to communicate something more. (Museum, 1853, IV, 382):

Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye go to the Highlands wi me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

Robert Allan added three stanzas to this, Smith's Scottish Minstrel, II, 100, and again, p. 101 of the same, others (in which Lizie Lindsay is, without authority, made 'a puir lassie'). The second stanza of the second "set" is traditional (cf. **B** 8, **C** 6, **D** 6, **E** 8):

To gang to the Hielands wi you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken nae the road I am gaeing,
Nor yet wha I'm gaun wi.

Donald MacDonald, heir of Kingcausie, wishes to go to Edinburgh for a wife (or to get Lizie Lindsay for his wife). His mother

1804, Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, I, No 117, Abbotsford.

consents, on condition that he shall use no flattery, and shall ‘court her in great poverty’ (policy, D). He sees many bonny young ladies at Edinburgh, but Lizie Lindsay is above compare with others. He presents himself to her in simple Highland garb; what he can offer is a diet of curds and whey and a bed of green rushes (bracken). Lizie would like to know where she would be going, and with whom. His father is an old shepherd (couper, souter), his mother an old dey, and his name is Donald MacDonald. Lizie’s father and mother threaten to have him hanged, which daunts him not in the least. Her maid warmly seconds the suit. Lizie packs up her clothes and sets forth with Donald to foot the steep and dirty ways; she wishes herself back in Edinburgh. They come at last to a shieling, where a woman welcomes Sir Donald; he bids her call him Donald her son, and orders a supper of curds and whey, and a bed of green rushes. Lizie, ‘weary with travel,’ lies late in the morning, and is roused as if to help at the milking; this makes her repine again. But Donald takes her out of the hut and shows her Kingcausie, where she is to be lady.

Kingcausie is some seven miles from Aberdeen, on the south side of the Dee.

Ballads of this description are peculiarly liable to interpolation and debasement, and there are two passages, each occurring in several versions, which we may, without straining, set down to some plebeian improver.

In B 10, D 10, E 19, Lizie Lindsay, not quite ready to go with Donald, makes him an offer of five or ten guineas if he will stay long enough for her to take his picture, ‘to keep her from thinking long.’ In F 11 Donald makes the same offer for her picture. In E 10, F 6, Lizie tells Donald, who has asked where she lives, that if he will call at the Canongate Port, she will drink a bottle of sherry with him, and in the next stanza she is as good as her word. This convivial way of the young ladies of Edinburgh is, owing to an injury to the text, not perceptible in D 14, where Donald seems to be inviting Lizie’s mother to bring a bottle of sherry with her in case she should call on him at the Canongate Port.

A b is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 122; by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder der Vorzeit*, p. 125, with deficient verses supplied from F. Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 158, translates Allingham’s ballad.

A

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. ii, as sent Jamieson by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, June 9, 1805. b. Jamieson’s *Popular Ballads*, 1806, II, 149, “transmitted to the editor by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman,” but “corrected” from Jamieson’s recollection in two or three passages.

* * * * *

- 1 Out it spake Lizee Linzee,
The tear blinket in her ee;
How can I leave father and mother,
Along with young Donald to gae!
- 2 Out spoke Lizee’s young handmaid,
A bonny young lassie was she;

Said, Were I heress to a kingdom,
Along with young Donald I’d ga.

- 3 ‘O say ye so to me, Nelly?
O say ye so to me?
Must I leave Edinburgh city,
To the high Highland to gae?’
- 4 Out spoke Lizie’s own mother,
A good old lady was she;
If you speak such a word to my dochter,
I’ll gar hang [you] hi.
- 5 ‘Keep well your dochter from me, madam,
Keep well your dochter fa me;
For I care as little for your dochter
As ye can care for me.’

- 6 The road grew wetty and dubby,
 And Lizee began to think lang;
 Said, I wish had staid with my mother,
 And nae wi young Donald had gane.
- 7 'You'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,
 You'r thrice welcome to me;
 You'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,
 And your young lady you wi.'
- 8

- 'Ye call na me Sir Donald,
 But ca me Donald your son.'
- 9 'Rise up, Lizee Linzee,
 You [have] lain too long in the day;
 Ye might have helped my mother
 To milch her goats and her kie.'
- 10 Out it spake Lizee Linzee,
 The tear blinket in her eye;
 'The lads of Edinburgh city,
 They neither milch goats nor kie.'

B

Kinloch MSS, I, 237, from Miss Catherine Beattie,
 Mearnsshire.

- 1 IT'S of a young lord o the Hielands,
 A bonnie braw castle had he,
 And he says to his lady mither,
 'My boon ye will grant to me:
 Sall I gae to Edinbruch city,
 And fesh hame a lady wi me?'
- 2 'Ye may gae to Edinbruch city,
 And fesh hame a lady wi thee,
 But see that ye bring her but flattrie,
 And court her in grit povertie.'
- 3 'My coat, mither, sall be o the plaiden,
 A tartan kilt oure my knee,
 Wi hosens and brogues and the bonnet;
 I'll court her wi nae flattrie.'
- 4 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,
 He playd at the ring and the ba,
 And saw monie a bonnie young ladie,
 But Lizie Lindsay was first o them a'.
- 5 Syne, dressd in his Hieland grey plaiden,
 His bonnet abune his ee-bree,
 He called on fair Lizie Lindsay;
 Says, Lizie, will ye fancy me?
- 6 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,
 And gae, gae wi me?
 O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,
 I'll feed ye on curds and green whey.
- 7 'And ye'se get a bed o green bracken,
 My plaidie will hap thee and me;

Ye'se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizie,
 If ye'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'

- 8 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,
 Or how can I gae wi thee,
 Whan I dinna ken whare I'm gaing,
 Nor wha I hae to gae wi?'
- 9 'My father, he is an auld shepherd,
 My mither, she is an auld dey;
 My name it is Donald Macdonald,
 My name I'll never deny.'
- 10 'O Donald, I'll gie ye five guineas
 To sit ae hour in my room,
 Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;
 Whan I hae 't, I'll never think lang.'
- 11 'I dinna care for your five guineas;
 It's ye that's the jewel to me;
 I've plenty o kye in the Hielands,
 To feed ye wi curds and green whey.
- 12 'And ye'se get a bonnie blue plaidie,
 Wi red and green strips thro it a';
 And I'll be the lord o your dwelling,
 And that's the best picture ava.
- 13 'And I am laird o a' my possessions;
 The king canna boast o na mair;
 And ye'se hae my true heart in keeping,
 There'll be na ither een hae a share.
- 14 'Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,
 O gae awa happy wi me;
 O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,
 And hird the wee lammies wi me.'

258

226. LIZIE LINDSAY

- 15 'O how can I gae wi a stranger,
 Oure hills and oure glens frae my hame?'
 'I tell ye I am Donald Macdonald;
 I'll ever be proud o my name.'
- 16 Doun cam Lizie Lindsay's ain father,
 A knight o a noble degree;
 Says, If ye do steal my dear daughter,
 It's hangit ye quickly sall be.
- 17 On his heel he turnd round wi a bouncie,
 And a licht lauch he did gie:
 'There's nae law in Edinbruch city
 This day that can dare to hang me.'
- 18 Then up bespak Lizie's best woman,
 And a bonnie young lass was she;
 'Had I but a mark in my pouchie,
 It's Donald that I wad gae wi.'
- 19 'O Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,
 And a' your silk kirtles sae braw,
 And gang wi a bare-houghd puir laddie,
 And leave father, mither, and a'?
- 20 'But I think he's a witch or a warlock,
 Or something o that fell degree,
 For I'll gae awa wi young Donald,
 Whatever my fortune may be.'
- 21 Then Lizie laid down her silk mantle,
 And put on her waiting-maid's gown,
 And aff and awa to the Hielands
 She's gane wi this young shepherd loun.
- 22 Thro glens and oure mountains they wanderd,
 Till Lizie had scantlie a shoe;
- 'Alas and ohone!' says fair Lizie,
 'Sad was the first day I saw you!
 I wish I war in Edinbruch city;
 Fu sair, sair this pastime I rue.'
- 23 'O haud your tongue now, bonnie Lizie,
 For yonder's the shieling, my hame;
 And there's my guid auld honest mither,
 That's coming to meet ye her lane.'
- 24 'O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir Donald,
 Ye're welcome hame to your ain.'
 'O ca me na young Sir Donald,
 But ca me Donald my son;
 And this they hae spoken in Erse,
 That Lizie micht not understand.'
- 25 The day being weetie and daggie,
 They lay till 't was lang o the day:
 'Win up, win up, bonnie Lizie,
 And help at the milking the kye.'
- 26 O slowly raise up Lizie Lindsay,
 The saut tear blindit her ee:
 'O, war I in Edinbruch city,
 The Hielands shoud never see me!'
- 27 He led her up to a hie mountain
 And bade her look out far and wide:
 'I'm lord o thae isles and thae mountains,
 And ye're now my beautiful bride.'
- 28 'Sae rue na ye've come to the Hielands,
 Sae rue na ye've come aff wi me,
 For ye're great Macdonald's braw lady,
 And will be to the dav that ye dee.'

C

Kinloch MSS, I, 253; from the recitation of Mrs Bouchart,
 of Dundee.

- 1 WHAT wad ye gie to me, mither,
 What wad ye gie to me,
 If I wad gae to Edinbruch city
 And bring hame Lizie Lindsey to thee?'
- 2 'Meikle wad I gie to thee, Donald,
 Meikle wad I gie to thee,
 If ye wad gang to Edinbruch city
 And court her as in povertie.'
- 3 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,
 And there a while to resort,
 He called on fair Lizie Lindsey,
 Wha lived at the Canongate-Port.
- 4 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsey?
 Will ye gae to the Hielands wi me?
 And I will gie ye a cup o the curds,
 Likewise a cup of green whey.'
- 5 'And I will gie ye a bed o green threshes,
 Likewise a happing o grey.'

226. LIZIE LINDSAY

259

- If ye will gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsey,
 If ye 'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'
- 6 'How can I gang?' says Lizie Lindsey,
 'How can I gang wi thee?
 I dinna ken whare I am gaing,
 Nor wha I am gaing wi.'
- 7 'My father is a cowper o cattle,
 My mither is an auld dey;
 My name is Donald Macdonald,
 My name I 'll never deny.'
- 8 Doun cam Lizie Lindsey's father,
 A revrend auld gentleman was he:
 'If ye steal awa my dochter,
 Hie hanged ye sall be.'
- 9 He turned him round on his heel
 And [a] licht lauch gied he:
 'There is na law in a' Edinbruch city
 This day that can hang me.'
- 10 It's doun cam Lizie's hand-maid,
 A bonnie young lass was she:
 'If I had ae crown in a' the warld,
 Awa wi that fellow I'd gae.'
- 11 'Do ye say sae to me, Nelly?
 Do ye say sae to me?
 Wad ye leave your father and mither,
 And awa wi that fellow wad gae?'
- 12 She has kilted her coats o green silk
 A little below her knee,
 And she's awa to the Hielands wi Donald,
 To bear him companie.
- 13 And whan they cam to the vallies
 The hie hills war coverd wi snow,
 Which caused monie a saut tear
 From Lizie's een to flow.
- 14 'O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,
 And safe in my ain countrie,
 O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,
 The Hielands shoud never see me.'
- 15 'O haud your tongue, Lizie Lindsey,
 Na mair o that let me see;
 I 'll tak ye back to Edinbruch city,
 And safe to your ain countrie.'
- 16 'Though I war in Edinbruch city,
 And safe in my ain countrie,
 Though I war in Edinbruch city,
 O wha wad care for me!'
- 17 Whan they cam to the shiels o Kilcushneuch,
 Out there cam an auld dey:
 'Ye're welcome here, Sir Donald,
 You and your lady gay.'
- 18 'Ca me na mair Sir Donald,
 But ca me Donald your son,
 And I 'll ca ye my auld mither,
 Till the lang winter nicht is begun.'
- 19 'A' this was spoken in Erse,
 That Lizie nicht na ken;
 A' this was spoken in Erse,
 And syne the broad English began.
- 20 'Ye 'll gae and mak to our supper
 A cup o the curds and whey,
 And ye 'll mak a bed o green threshes,
 Likewise a happing o grey.'
- * * * * *
- 21 'Won up, won up, Lizie Lindsey,
 Ye've lain oure lang in the day;
 Ye nicht hae been helping my mither
 To milk the ewes and the kye.'
- 22 Then up got Lizie Lindsey,
 And the tear blindit her ee:
 'O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,
 The Hielands shoud never see me!'
- 23 'Won up, won up, Lizie Lindsey,
 A fairer sicht ye hae to see;
 Do ye see yon bonnie braw castle?
 Lady o it ye will be.'

D

From a Note-Book of Joseph Robertson, January, 1830,
 No. 6; derived from John Hill Burton.

- 1 THERE dwalt a lass in the South Countrie,
 Lizzy Lindsay called by name,
 And many a laird and lord sought her,
 But nane o them a' could her gain.
- 2 Out spoke the heir o Kinkawsie,
 An down to his fader spoke he;
 'Fat would ye think o me, fadther,
 Fat would ye think o me,
 To go to Edinburgh city,
 Bring hame Lizzy Lindsay wi me?'
- 3 Out and spoke his auld modther,
 An auld revrend lady was she;
 'Court her wi nae fause flatterie,
 But in great policie.'
- 4 He was nae in Edinbruch citie
 But a twalmont an a day,
 When a' the young lairds an the ladies
 Went forth to sport an play:
 There was nane like Lizzy Lindsay,
 She was baith gallan an gay.
- 5 'Will ye go to the Hielans, Lizzy Linsay?
 Will ye go to the Hielans wi me?
 If ye'll go to the Hielans, Lizz[y] Linsay,
 I'll gar ye get crouds an green whey.'
- 6 'How can I go to the Hielans?
 Or hoo will I go with thee?
 I dinna ken whaar I'm going,
 Or fa't is I would go wi.'
- 7 'My fadther he is an auld couper,
 My modther a brave auld dey;
 If ye'll go to the Hieland[s], Lizzy Linsay,
 I'll gar ye get cruds and green whey.'
- 8 Out it spoke Lizzy's best maiden,
 A wat a fine creature was she;
 'Tho I were born heir till a crown,
 It's young Donald *that* I would go wi.'
- 9 'Oh say ye sae to me, Nelly?
 Oh say ye sae to me?
 Will I cast off my fine gowns and laces,
 An gae to the Highlans him wi?'
- 10 She's putten her hand in her pocket,
 She's taen out ten guineas roun:
 'And that wad I gie to thee, Donald,
 To stay but ae hour i my room,
 Till I get your fair pictur painted,
 To haud me unthought lang.'
- 11 'I care as little for your guineas
 As you can care for mine;
 But gin that ye like my fair face,
 Then gae wi me, if that ye incline.'
- 12 Out it spak Lizzy's auld mither,
 I wite a fine lady was she;
 'Gin I hear you speak sae to my daughter,
 I vow I'se cause them hang thee.'
- 13 He turned about on his heel,
 And a loud, loud laughter gae he:
 'They are not in Edinburgh city,
 I trow, that dare hang me.'
- 14 'But an ye come to the Canongate-Port —
 An there ye'll be sure to see me —
 Bring wi ye a bottle of sherry,
 I'll bear you good company.'
- 15 They sought all Edinboro citie,
 They sought it roun an roun,
 Thinkin to fin Lizzy Lindsay,
 But awa to the Highlans she's gane.
- 16 Whan they came to the shielin,
 Out bespoke the ould dye;
 'You're welcome home, Sir Donald,
 Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'
- 17 'Ye'll call me nae mair Sir Donald,
 Ye'll call me nae sic thing;
 But ye'se be my auld mither,
 And I'se be Donald your sin.'
- 18 'Ye'll mak for us a supper,
 A supper o cruds and green whey,
 And likewise a bed o green rashes,
 For Lizzy and I to ly.'
- 19 She's made for them a supper,
 A supper o cruds and why,
 And likewise a bed o green rashes,
 For Lizzy an him to ly.'

226. LIZIE LINDSAY

261

- 20 But Donald rose up i the mornin,
 The rest o his glens to spy ;
 It was to look for his goats,
 His goats, his yows, an his kye.
- 21 But Lizzy, bein wearied wi travel,
 She lay till 't was lang i the day :
 'Get up, get up, Lizzy Linsay,
 What maks you sae lang for to ly?
 You had better been helping my mither
 To milk her yews and her kye.'
- 22 But Lizzy drew till her her stockings,
 The tears fell down on her eye :
 'I wish I were at Edinboro city,
 I can neither milk yews nor kye.'
- 23 'Oh hold your tongue, Lizzy Linsay,
 Your weepin I mustna be wi ;
 I'll sen you hame to your mither,
 In the greatest o safety.'
- 24 But he has tane her by the han,
 And has shewn her the straight way to go :
 'An dont you see bonny Kincawsie,
 Wher you and I is to ly?'
- 25 Out then comes his old mither,
 An twenty brave knichts her wi :
 'Y'er welcome home, Sir Donald,
 Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'
- 26 Out then comes his old father,
 An twenty brave ladies him wi :
 'You 'r welcome home, Sir Donald,
 An that fair creature you wi.'
- 27 He 's taken her by the han,
 An he 's shewn her the straight way in :
 'An ye 'se be Lady Kincawsie,
 An ye 'se hae Donal, my sin.'

E

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 102.

- 1 IN Edinburgh lived a lady,
 Was ca'd Lizie Lindsay by name,
 Was courted by mony fine suitors,
 And mony rich person of fame :
 Tho lords o renown had her courted,
 Yet none her favour could gain.
- 2 Then spake the young laird o Kingcaussie,
 And a bonny young boy was he ;
 'Then let me a year to the city,
 I'll come, and that lady wi me.'
- 3 Then spake the auld laird o Kingcaussie,
 A canty auld mannie was he ;
 'What think ye by our little Donald,
 Sae proudly and crouslly cracks he?'
- 4 'But he 's win a year to the city,
 If that I be a living man ;
 And what he can mak o this lady,
 We shall lat him do as he can.'
- 5 He 's stript aff his fine costly robes,
 And put on the single liverie ;
- With no equipage nor attendance,
 To Edinburgh city went he.
- 6 Now there was a ball in the city,
 A ball o great mirth and great fame ;
 And fa danced wi Donald that day
 But bonny Lizie Lindsay on the green !
- 7 'Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie ?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me ?
 Will ye leave the South Country ladies,
 And gang to the Hielands wi me ?'
- 8 The lady she turned about,
 And answered him courteouslie ;
 'I'd like to ken faer I am gaun first,
 And fa I am gaun to gang wi.'
- 9 'O Lizie, ae favour I'll ask you,
 This favour I pray not deny ;
 Ye'll tell me your place o abode,
 And your nearest o kindred do stay.'
- 10 'Ye'll call at the Canogate-Port,
 At the Canogate-Port call ye ;
 I'll gie you a bottle o wine,
 And I'll bear you my companie.'

262

226. LIZIE LINDSAY

- 11 Syne he called at the Canogate-Port,
At the Canogate-Port calld he ;
She gae him a bottle o wine,
And she gae him her companie.
- 12 ‘Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,
And gang to the Hielands wi me?’
- 13 Then out spake Lizie’s auld mither,
For a very auld lady was she ;
‘If ye cast ony creed on my dochter,
High hanged I’ll cause you to be.’
- 14 ‘O keep hame your dochter, auld woman,
And latna her gang wi me ;
I can cast nae mair creed on your dochter,
Nae mair than she can on me.’
- 15 ‘Now, young man, ae question I’ll ask you,
Sin ye mean to honour us sae ;
Ye’ll tell me how braid your lands lie,
Your name, and faer ye hae to gae.’
- 16 ‘My father he is an auld soutter,
My mither she is an auld dey,
And I’m but a puir broken trooper,
My kindred I winna deny.
- 17 ‘Yet I’m nae a man o great honour,
Nor am I a man o great fame ;
My name it is Donald M’Donald,
I’ll tell it, and winna think shame.
- 18 ‘Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizie?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,
And gang to the Hielands wi me?’
- 19 ‘O Donald, I’ll gie you ten guineas,
If ye woud but stay in my room
Until that I draw your fair picture,
To look on it fan I think lang.’
- 20 ‘No, I carena mair for your guineas,
Nae mair than ye care for mine ;
But if that ye love my ain person,
Gae wi me, maid, if ye incline.’
- 21 Then out spake Lizie’s bower-woman,
And a bonny young lassie was she ;
Tho I was born heir to a crown,
Young Donald, I woud gang him wi.
- 22 Up raise then the bonny young lady,
And drew till her stockings and sheen,
And packd up her claise in fine bundles,
And awa wi young Donald she’s gane.
- 23 The roads they were rocky and knabby,
The mountains were baith strait and stay ;
When Lizie grew wearied wi travel,
For she’d travelld a very lang way.
- 24 ‘O turn again, bonny Lizie Lindsay,
O turn again,’ said he ;
‘We’re but ae day’s journey frae town,
O turn, and I’ll turn wi thee.’
- 25 Out speaks the bonny young lady,
Till the saut tear blinded her ee ;
Altho I’d return to the city,
There’s nae person woud care for me.
- 26 When they came near the end o their journey,
To the house o their father’s milk-dey,
He said, Stay still there, Lizie Lindsay,
Till I tell my mither o thee.
- 27 When he came into the shielen,
She hailed him courteouslie ;
Said, Ye’re welcome hame, Sir Donald,
There’s been mony ane calling for thee.
- 28 ‘O ca me nae mair, Sir Donald,
But Donald M’Donald your son ;
We’ll carry the joke a bit farther,
There’s a bonny young lady to come.’
- 29 When Lizie came into the shielen,
She lookd as if she’d been a feel ;
She sawna a seat to sit down on,
But only some sunks o green feall.
- 30 ‘Now make us a supper, dear mither,
The best o your cruds and green whey ;
And make us a bed o green rashes,
And covert wi huddins sae grey.’
- 31 But Lizie being wearied wi travel,
She lay till ’t was up i the day :
‘Ye might hae been up an hour seener,
To milk baith the ewes and the kye.’
- 32 Out then speaks the bonny young lady,
Whan the saut tear drapt frae her eye ;
I wish that I had bidden at hame,
I can neither milk ewes nor kye.

- 33 'I wish that I had bidden at hame,
 The Hielands I never had seen,
 Altho I love Donald M'Donald,
 The laddie wi blythe blinking een.'
- 34 'Win up, win up, O bonny Lizie,
 And dress in the silks sae gay;
 I'll show you the yetts o Kingcaussie,
 Whare I've playd me mony a day.'
- 35 Up raise the bonny young lady,
 And drest in the silks sae fine,

And into young Donald's arms
 Awa to Kingcaussie she's gane.

- 36 Forth came the auld laird o Kingcaussie,
 And hailed her courteouslie;
 Says, Ye're welcome, bonny Lizie Lindsay,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.
- 37 'Tho lords o renown hae you courted,
 Young Donald your favour has won;
 Ye'se get a' the lands o Kingcaussie,
 And Donald M'Donald, my son.'

F

Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 51, "from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow."

- 1 THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh,
 And mony braw ladies were there,
 But nae ane at a' the assembly
 Could wi Lizzie Lindsay compare.
- 2 In cam the young laird o Kincassie,
 An a bonnie young laddie was he:
 'Will ye lea yere ain kintra, Lizzie,
 An gang to the Hielands wi me?'
- 3 She turned her roun on her heel,
 An a very loud laughter gaed she:
 'I wad like to ken whar I was ganging,
 And wha I was gaun to gang wi.'
- 4 'My name is young Donald M'Donald,
 My name I will never deny;
 My father he is an auld shepherd,
 Sae weel as he can herd the kye!
- 5 'My father he is an auld shepherd,
 My mother she is an auld dame;
 If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
 Ye's neither want curds nor cream.'
- 6 'If ye'll call at the Canongate-Port,
 At the Canongate-Port call on me,
 I'll give you a bottle o sherry,
 And bear you companie.'
- 7 He ca'd at the Canongate-Port,
 At the Canongate-Port called he;

She drank wi him a bottle o sherry,
 And bore him guid companie.

- 8 'Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie?
 Will ye go to the Hielands wi me?
 If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
 Ye shall not want curds nor green whey.'
- 9 In there cam her auld mither,
 A jolly auld lady was she:
 'I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,
 And wha she was gaun to gang wi.'
- 10 'My name is young Donald M'Donald,
 My name I will never deny;
 My father he is an auld shepherd,
 Sae weel as he can herd the kye!
- 11 'O but I would give you ten guineas
 To have her one hour in a room,
 To get her fair body a picture,
 To keep me from thinking long.'
- 12 'O I value not your ten guineas,
 As little as you value mine;
 But if that you covet my daughter,
 Take her with you, if you do incline.'
- 13 'Pack up my silks and my satins,
 And pack up my hose and my shoon,
 And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
 And away wi young Donald I'll gang.'
- 14 They packd up her silks and her satins,
 They packd up her hose and her shoon,

264

226. LIZIE LINDSAY

- And likewise her clothes in small bundles,
 And away with young Donald she 's gane.
- 15 When that they cam to the Hielands,
 The braes they were baith lang and stey;
 Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi ganging,
 She had travell'd a lang summer day.
- 16 'O are we near hame, Sir Donald?
 O are we near hame, I pray?'
 'We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
 Nor yet the half o the way.'
- 17 They cam to a homely poor cottage,
 An auld man was standing by:
 'Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
 Ye've been sae lang away.'
- 18 'O call me no more Sir Donald,
 But call me young Donald your son,
 For I have a bonnie young lady
 Behind me for to come in.'
- 19 'Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
 Come in, come in,' said he;
 'Although that our cottage be little,
 Perhaps the better we'll gree.'
- 20 'O make us a supper, dear mother,
 And make it of curds an green whey;
- And make us a bed o green rushes,
 And cover it oer wi green hay.'
- * * * * *
- 21 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
 Why lie ye so long in the day?
 Ye might hae been helping my mother
 To make the curds and green whey.'
- 22 'O haud your tongue, Sir Donald,
 O haud your tongue, I pray;
 I wish I had neer left my mother;
 I can neither make curds nor whey.'
- 23 'Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
 And put on your satins so fine,
 For we maun to be at Kincassie
 Before that the clock strikes nine.'
- 24 But when they came to Kincassie
 The porter was standing by:
 'Ye're welcome home, Sir Donald,
 Ye've been so long away.'
- 25 It's down then came his auld mither,
 With all the keys in her hand,
 Saying, Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
 All under them's at your command.

G

Notes and Queries, Third Series, I, 463; "from recitation, September, 1828."

- 1 'WILL you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?
 Will you go to the Highlands wi me?
 Will you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?
 And you shall have curds and green whey.'
- 2 Then up spoke Leezie's mother,
 A gallant old lady was she;
 'If you talk so to my daughter,
 High hanged I'll gar you be.'
- 3 And then she changed her coaties,
 And then she changed them to green,
 And then she changed her coaties,
 Young Donald to gang wi.
- 4 But the roads grew broad and broad,
 And the mountains grew high and high,
 Which caused many a tear
 To fall from Leezie's eye.
- 5 But the roads grew broad and broad,
 And the mountains grew high and high,
 Till they came to the glens of Glen Koustie,
 And out there came an old die.
- 6 'You're welcome here, Sir Donald,
 And your fair ladie,
'
'
- 7 'O call not me Sir Donald,
 But call me Donald your son,
 And I will call you mother,
 Till this long night be done.'