

RURAL POEMS
AND
SONGS.

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SONGS.

THE FARMER'S BEEF POT ON
BOGIESIDE.

(To the Air of Sleppytown.)

O hearken all ye people,
And listen to this song;
It's about a cranky farmer,
Near Bogie-side dis belong.
CHORUS-I write an' sing, I write.

It fell about a Martinmas time,
I went to a Rhynie fair,
And I engaged with this black tyrant
With him to work a pair.

It was on a Saturday evening,
When I had reached the toon;
There was not a chair in a' the hoose,
That any one could sit doon.

The servant lass gave me some meat,
But I'm sure it was not the best;
But being tired and weary,
I soon retired to rest.

The servants were sleeping in a place
T'was enough a dog to kill;
They were spread oot amang the corn
Like tink lads in a mill.

So when I arose next morning
I went all roond the farm,
And then came in to his kitchen fire,
Myself just for to warm.

I once thought that I would leave it,
And no longer there would bide,
When I saw the way that he used us
Upon sweet Bogie-side.

But I thought when I never did leave no other one,
I will not begin on you;
So I stood my grun' and raised some fun
Amongst the jolly crew.

This being on Sabbath, the first day of the week,
I scarce did see my neighbour's face,
For a steady
Smoke o' reek.

So the rest o' the horsemen they came home,
Being men in the prime o' life,
They were all wanters like myself,
The had not got a wife.

Our master dwelt away from the farm
Near the distance of a mile,
And he put over his fat meat
To his servants' pot to boil.

We were very sober used here,
In sight o' Tap o' Noth;
For our master ate all the beef himself,
And gave us stinking ale and broth.

There was one day we were sitting
At the usual broth and ale;
So our master's beef was taken from the pot
And put into a pail.

So one of the girls had over the pail
Just in the usual way,
But he was disappointed
Of his fat meat that day.

I blame his dog for being clever enough
Just for to take the beef,
But he tried us at law baith far an' near,
Thinking some of us was the thief.

So the girl went to his entry,
And knocked at the door,
So the housemaid came and took in the pail-
The same as she did before.

She went into his dining room
Their dinner to prepare,
But then she saw the great mistake,
That the beef it was not there.

She then went unto her mistress,
And told her all the tale;
Saying, there is no dinner come to us this day
But cold broth in a pail.

So the mistress bade her go over till the other town
As fast as she could walk;
And make inquiry about the beef,
And see into the mistake.

When the girl came to our town,
We could not do but smile,

To see them sending o'er the lass,
Near the distance of one mile.

So she went home and told her mistress
That the beef was not to be got,
That the girl was sure she put it in the pail
When it was taken from the pot.

Now when she told her mistress this,
She into a passion flew;
She said unto the great goodman,
O this will never do.

They were sitting over the table,
Wi' knives and forks in hand;
But when she saw that the beef was not to be got,
It made them curse and bann.

They need not have been so angry,
For I'm sure they got fair play-
They might have exchanged wi' their poor dog
For that one Sabbath day.

They were all so sore displeased
That they could find no relief;
They were forced to want dinner that day
For want of their ten pounds of beef.

But the mistress she spak' oot again,
And she did say so,
"You will go over to the other toon, sir,
And make them bundle all and go."

So he came over till oor toon,
And stood up in the door;
But I never did see such a face
Upon a man before.

So he stood and gazed on us a while
Till he would think wha was the thief,
And he said he would have an investigation
About his roond o' beef.

But we never minded that we heard him,
We were all reading at oor books,
And as he spake about the beef,
He cast mony an angry look.

He said "If you would own your fault,
Whaever took the beef,
I will not make it known,
Whaever is the thief."

But we said we never saw the beef
 After it was put into the pail,
And if he thought to make a case of it
 That he could try himsel'.

He said he would give us till Monday
 To consider about it all,
And if we would not own oor fault
 Some of us would find the fall.

And we came in on Monday,
 Just in the usual style;
It was for till get oor dinner,
 And for to stand oor trial.

So when we took oor dinner,
 Roond the fire we took a smoke;
And we gave him taunts about his beef,
 Which did him sore provoke.

He told us that we would be punished
 According to the law,
That if we would not own oor fault
 Before he'd go awa.

So he sent for the bulky,
 And he came to oor hoose;
And him an' the farmer on that night,
 They spak' oot very croose.

The farmer and the bulky
 Butt in a room did stan';
And they call us in to stand oor trial,
 All single, one by one.

But we told them all one story,
 To them we did not bow;
We joined all like brothers dear,
 And stood it staunch and true.

They thought to fricht a girley,
 And force her to tell all;
But all the plans that they could try
 Proved of no avail.

She said she would not lie to please them,
 For she feared her Maker above;
But he said "haud your tongue, ye stupid girl,
 We have a lang time here to live."

But for saying words all of this kind

He will get his due reward,
For the devil will bank his siller,
And will tare him like a kaird.

Though ye be rolled in riches,
It will not pay a lawyer
His case to plead,
For if any one go the broad road I'm sure he
[will get the lead.

So they baith came ben into the kitchen
And stood up in the floor,
And the looks of these lads upon this night
Indeed were very sour.

But then oot spak' the foremost man,
And he told him all his mind;
"We have been near smored here wi' reek," he said,
"And used like swine.

"Though ye be rolled in riches,
You will not force us to tell;
Would you go to try a number of men
To swear against themsel's."

"I never do intend to do that," he said,
"But I'm trying the truth to trace;"
So therefore, said the foremost man,
You will better hold your peace.

So he went away unknowing,
The same as he did afore,
And we joined our voices all as one
And cheered him from the door.

So one night being after supper,
And joining in a song;
The bulky came unto our door,
And knocked baith loud and strong.

The kitchen lass went to the door,
It was to let the bulky in;
And he said, your keeping hearty, lads,
And rearing up the din.

He said, these are summonses
That I have brought to you,
And for not begging your master's pardon,
I'm sore afraid you will rue.

But we said we told you the self-same word
That we would do again;

So he began to change his words,
When he saw he was him lane.

So these summonses were telling us
To appear before the laird,
But we joined all in hand
And were none afraid.

By the writ of hand we were ordered
To appear before three o'clock,
And after we slackened at eleven
Again we did not yoke.

So we all put our best coats,
And made ourselves look clean;
And we were a band o' the best-looking thieves
That ever the laird had seen.

As we went through Rhynie toon,
It's there we had a glass;
And we drank bad luck unto our master,
And wished it might come to pass.

So we went to the Justice-house,
And at his door did call;
And his butler showed us the way,
And bade us sit doon in his hall.

When we were sitting in his hall,
It was like a civil jail;
When we thought about his beef pot,
We could not do but smile.

The lads considered in the other room
Which of us they would blame;
And they called us butt all single,
By whatever was oor name.

He said he would let the girl be the last,
She was of another strain;
By all that he had seen and heard,
She was somewhat insane.

But whether she was insane or no,
On that I will not much say;
For what she wanted of herself
She was learned well that day.

He was as angry at me,
As he would have seen my back all torn;
And these words he did reply to me
Before that I was sworn.

Do you know the value of your oath-
 These words he spoke out kneff-
But I said it was more precious
 That your ten pounds of beef.

So we all swore according to the yea sight,
 As far as we did see;
And as they could find no depredator,
 All parties then got free.

So we came on to Rhynie toon,
 Our speerits they were high;
To see that had won the day,
 And did them all defy.

When we arrived in Rhynie toon,
 We were a hearty crew to see,
And on the head of his beef pot
 That night we had a spree.

As we were sitting ower a glass
 We heard a dreadful soon',
And that was then cheering him
 As he cam doon the toon.

I went to the door just with a glass,
 And this to him did say,
Come back and I will give you a dram
 For giving us the holiday.

So I went back into the room
 And there took oot my spree;
And we wished bad luck to our master,
 But merry men were we.

So we went home just to our work,
 Thinking that the law suits were all deen;
But they tried us before the Fiscal
 In the toon o' Aberdeen.

Aboot what he said aboot one of the girls
 His words proved not in vain.
For by what she did she showed herself
 To be somewhat insane.

She thought to clear herself of it,
 And put the wite on other three;
But the way that we were all innocent,
 Still all that did not dee.

So three of us were summoned

To go to Aberdeen,
And such a row about beef
I'm sure was never seen.

But we treated ourselves to brandy stoot
To keep ourselves from fear or shake;
And we arrived at the place
Which is called Lodge Walk.

It was there that we were charged
With stealing our master's beef;
But there we pleaded innocent,
And said we were not the thief.

They said we told our comrades
About it no to tell;
But we said that story would not draw,
The we would refer it to themselves.

They tried these men in Aberdeen,
To see if they had anything about it to tell;
But for all the plans that they did try,
They proved of none avail.

But the term time it will be here,
Just in a day or two;
And we will leave this black tyrant,
And bid him farewell, adieu.

So I shall now conclude the song,
And end it with a great cheer;
And it will keep up my memory
When I'll be far from here.

So I'll mind upon this beef rease
When I'll be absent form the shore;
So fareweel, my dearest comrades,
And I shall add no more.

...

FAREWELL TO DEVERON-SIDE
(To the Air of The Emigrant's Farewell)

In eighteen hundred and sixty,
As this song will tell,
Three lads from the Cabrach,
To Australia set sail.
They did sail to that country,
That far distant shore,
They may or may never
Return no more.
Ye hills and low valleys
Of sweet Deveron-side.
I am sorry for leaving,
But no longer can bide.
So farewell to my sweethearts
That I once loved so true.
So may all good attend them,
So farewell, adieu.
That night being dark
On which we left home,
Away to Australia
Intending to roam,
way to that country
For to push our lot;
We may return from that country,
Or perhaps we may not.
But farewell to Glenlivat
And all Livat side,
I am sorry for leaving,
But no longer can bide.
So farewell to Glenann,
And ye wild hills all roond,
For the storm lies upon you
In the lang days o' June.
Farewell to Cairngorm,
Where the moon shines so bright,
Off times have I gathered stones
By the pales of her light,
So farewell to all country,
Farewell to all town,
Adieu, ye lands of Mortlach,
Farewell Auchendoun.
So farewell to Benrinnes,
Adieu to the Buck,
And to every good ploughman
I wish them good luck,
Whether they plough in Scotland
Or in yon country
These are my wishes to them,
I hope they wish good to me.

The snail does get even
As soon as the swallow that fly,
But do not live in that notion,
Nor no sluggish life try;
But push and keep steady,
Your condition to better,
And when I reach yon country
I will write you a letter.
I will write you a letter
Sae Frank and sae free;
You are my loving comrades,
You have all been kind to me
But let us drink and be merry,
Let a parting glass spull,
That there may be mair between us
Aye the best of all good will.
So farewell to Black Water,
Where I've roved many a night,
Embracing the sweet charms
Of my whole heart's delight.
When I live in yon country,
Off times I will repine,
When I think upon the former joys
I spent there in lang syne.
But where'er I chance to wander
Upon this world wide,
My heart shall mind on my true love
Upon sweet Deveron-side.
I'm grieved for leaving,
But longer I cannot bide;
So fare ye well, ye people all,
Upon sweet Deveron-side.

...

THE MOWER'S DREAM.

From Scotland to England
I went to mow hay,
I walked out one evening
Some fairlies to spy.

The small birds sung so sweetly,
They being in a merry mood,
They sang me asleep,
On the banks of the Tweed.

I thought I had my sweetheart there,
The one that I loved best;
And I rolled her in my arms that night,
And locked her to my chest.

O happy was I wi' her that night,
 She was the lass that I loved dear;
Her charms refreshed my heart so well,
 I would wish no better cheer.

Three times I kissed her ruby lips,
 And pressed her to my heart;
I thought I had met wi' her that night
 O never more to part.

The marriage night we did then set,
 That we would go together;
And wedlock tie, and live and die
 In happiness and pleasure.

I thought I was embracing her
 In my dear Highland hame:
So I arose and then awoke,
 And behold! It was a dream!

...

THE BACHELOR LAMENT.
(To the Air of Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.)

It's Dufftown is a bonny place,
And clear clear runs the Dullen water;
The Fiddoch lads ken whar to come
To get the lasses wi' the catter.

We had a lass on Deveron's banks,
She blyther was than very mony;
But hand in hand in wedlock's band,
She's ower the Balloch wi' her Johnnie.

She was a pretty charmer
As ever ane did see,
And on the bonny Fiddoch-side,
Happy may this couple be.

They had a hearty wedding,
Rejoicing o'er the glass of toddy,
And as they did drink some one did think,
Wae's me for somebody!

Cheer up you now, Jamie lad,
It has not been ordained your lot;
But I thought ye would have got the lass
When once you did repair the coat.

This farmer courted another fair maid
Who lived by yon bonny burn,

But with a coach-and-twa she has gane awa
And left poor Jamie here to mourn.

If you do not change your way of courting,
I am sure you will live a single life;
I am afraid you will did a home-made bachelor,
And never have pluck to take a wife.

Ye will put off your cap wi' luggs
And make yourself look fine,
And try your luck once more again,
For the days o' auld lang syne.

Your nearest farmer has read books
The maist part of his life,
So you can spier at him what plan you will take
To try to get a wife.

This lass was called the Queen of Deveron-side,
I am sure the lads will miss her;
But she has gane away and left them all
She is through the Balloch wi' her bircer.

...

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWEEL.
Air-Nansie's Farewell.

Come all my old comrades,
As I sit amongst you;
Let us join our sweet voices
To sing farewell, adieu!

As we are sitting in this room
With a glass in our hand,
You are wishing me a safe sail
To see yon new land.

But fill up your glasses
And send them all round,
I must trust by His mercies
Who can sink, save, or drown.

I am bound for New Zealand,
Without dread or fear,
To leave you, my comrades,
And the girl I love dear.

Oft have I been among you,
By night and by day,

So may all good attend you,
For I must away.

I am bound for yon country
To try fortune's wheel,
Where the land's free and promising,
For many there's done weel.

I am grieved to the heart, my love,
That I from you must part;
But the thoughts of you, my charmer,
Shall never leave my heart.

When I shall hear yon foreign birds
All in their morning cheer,
They will mind me on sweet Deveron-side,
And the charms of my dear

As I am leaving old Scotland,
My heart does rest on one;
For she is the pride of Deveron-side,
And the beauty of our land.

I am sorry for to go on board
And leave you, love, behind,
But though absent in the body,
Still present in the mind.

But if you keep constant,
My loving girl;
I'm sure I will keep true,
Should I be absent from this my heart will be on you.

Any man will get a sweetheart,
Of them they'll get anew,
But there is not one among a thousand
To a lover will keep true.

But I will pledge no line at the present time,
For fear that love may yield;
For love and hatred, time and rue
Shines down on nature's field.

But wherever I chance to wander
Upon this world wide,
I will leave my heart in Scotland,
Upon sweet Deveron-side.

So far ye well, my comrades dear,
All in my native plain,
Oft times I will long to see you
When I sail on the main.

When I am far ayont the sea,
With thoughts I will repine,
As I think upon the former joys
I spent there in lang syne.

When I look back to the gone past time
It makes me for to mourn,
When I think on the former joys
That never will return.

So if my love keep constant,
And mind no other one but me,
If I return to Scotland
She my loving wife shall be.

O may the highest powers protect you, love,
O choose Him for your guide,
Till I return to Scotland,
And back to Deveron-side.

To think and see it must be so,
It makes me sigh and moan;
So far ye well, my comrades dear,
My time is almost gone.

When I am on the raging seas,
And distant far from thee,
Upon the banks of Deveron-side
Some one will mind on me.

When I will be in New Zealand,
This song will be sung by you;
So fare ye well, my comrades dear,
A long and last adieu!

...

POEMS

...

THE CABRACH PLOUGHING MATCH.

On Deveron side there did take place
 A ploughing match,
And all hands tried that day
The first for to catch,
 Upon that day.

There was a lad there with his white mare,
 And real well did the carle do,
But he was further back than he thought, I fear,
 Upong that day.

But a holy praying man got the first prize,
For an honest sinner had no chance;
I think the judges
Had not the sight of their eyes
 That time.

There was a lad there, and his pair were black,
And he laid the furs o'er on their back,
And he did not haud
Nane exact
 There that day.

Another man borrowed baith horse and plough,
But for doing that
He sair did rue,
He was back for all that he could do-
 Sair did he grip.

Surely the judges
Were three stupid asses,
They would have been the better
Of some auld wife's glasses
 That day.

There were two lads not pleased
With their prizes,
And I think
They were both very wise
 For that.

They gave them the money back
To buy some fish,
To make them drink, and syne to ---
In their brown lugged dish,
 Upon that night.

So that night they had a hearty ball,
And they were very cheery all,
And some of them
Thought themselves not small,
Believe me.

So the ball went on
In splendid style,
Which made the lassies for to smile,
When they thought upon the morning while
That they would get.

Some of the lads
Was not to learn,
For on that night
They got a bairn-
Luck till't.

So on this match I will say nae mair;
But they did things
Which was not fair,
And altogether it was very rare-
The Deveron match.

...

THE CABRACH HOEING MATCH.

On Blackwater's side,
Where the river's wide,
A hoeing match came to pass,
And many a lad was alongside his lass,
There that day.

They all finished their work in splendid style,
Which made the judges study a while;
They made the lads well to consider-
They scarce knew one drill from another
There that day.

The lassies amongst themselves took another chance,
And their lads some prize money to them did advance,
And an old penny in the bonnet
Amongst the sliver did glance,
From a rich farmer.

You Cabrach lads you are as green as the rashes,
To thole such things from such stupid asses,
You should have given him his penny back to buy
[some physic,
To stretch the strings of his --- to music-

He had much need.

He is a pillar to your parish kirk,
A sulky-looking grey-faced stirk;
And in Christianity he proves a failure,
Even though he be a Cabrach elder.

He has a daughter young and fair,
And O but she is bonny;
But do not marry her for money's sake,
For I think she will not get ony.

But if it had been to pay a glass
Of the whisky clear,
And him to drink it all himself,
He would not been so sweer.

But the farmer kent better than me or you,
No to let his copper pass;
He knew he needed all his money sore,
Just for to raise a glass.

But I will not expose the farmer's name,
Not yet where he does bide;
But he is a misert farmer.
Upon sweet Deveron side.

...

The Cabrach, July 17, 1863.

Thou are the grove
 In which I love,
And this book my name does tell;
 The Cabrach I was born in, but seldom in it does
 [dwell.

The Cabrach hills are high and dreath,
 And its valleys do lie low;
And when December's blast does o'er them cast,
 It covers them with snow.

When the Blackwater hills,
 Get on their winter coat of snow,
It makes the deer come trampling down
 Unto the valleys low.

They chain their dogs amongst their neips,
 And on a stick they set the goodman's breeks,
And sometimes the goodwife's cloaky,
 To skare the deer the same as a boby.

The gamekeepers in it
They are thick,
Just on their guard
The same as auld Nick.

And herds are placed
To guard the water,
And all the fish
That in it splatter.

There is no fun to be got now at all,
But every one poaches in the cauld;
The former joys makes me sigh and moan,
When I think on the days that's gone.

When the old man begins
To say a grace,
The youngsters they
All thraw their face.

Now feats and stories
They will not believe,
Their malady will not
Give them leave.

But they take their father's plan
To grip the money,
Now reader, this is something
Funny.

But a Mutual Instruction Class
They tried to raise;
But they scarce can
One another please.

There are some students in this place,
Who do put on an earnest face;
They would make your heart turn pale and sorry,
When they tell o'er a college story.

The Cabrach parish has raised new houses to their
[poor,
To hane trouble and expense you may be sure,
And placed then near by fire and water,
Just to haud in the Cabrach catter.

There is one thought comes in my mind,
And oh it's ill to bide,
To take the poor from Deveron's banks,
Up to cold Ruster's side.

They should have rebuilt the paupers' houses,

And not made them mourn and sigh,
And in the ground of their captivity
Have let them live and die.

They are kind people to work to,
Of meat you will get your fill;
But their times by others that they adore the work-
[ing man best,
And that's just in the spring and har'st.

And a sight of him at other times does grieve their
[eye-
They would rather see the devil at their door;
And that's the way with many one,
The Cabrach is not just its lane.

They wear the coats made of the hame-grown woo',
They have a hame-made warm hue,
Spun by their auld thrifty mother,
It hauds out the cauld among the heather.

The clothes are both warm and thrifty too,
That's made of Cabrach woo';
And different patterns they do try,
To see if it would catch the stranger's eye.

There is a furnishing tailor bides at Bridgefoot,
And the home-made cloth he likes not it;
He likes them to buy his rotten rags,
For sore about them he does brag.

The people of Bridgefoot are ingenious in their
[workmanship,
As you may plainly see;
They will not stick at any trick,
Whatever it may be.

But a perpetual movement has not been found out,
With talents, skill, or can;
Nor to get a child with a barren wife,
It's out of the power of man.

So I'll leave Bridgefoot, and say no more,
In case that I should put the people in a rage,
For it's best to take the country up and down,
And the people all at large.

There were some old maids
On Deveron side,
Who I thought single on it
Their life-time would bide.

There were some of them past fifty years of age,
And that was past the wooing stage;
But on ploughmen they placed their charm,
And told them they would take a farm.

But they have no pleasure in their life,
When they look to their grey-headed wife;
And after they retire to their place of rest,
The work that's there is not the best.

But I'm sure it's this they did not consider,
That their ---- would be as tough as leather;
There is no pleasure in them beneath the sark,
But hard hard labour in the dark.

So I will drop about these auld wives,
And I think it is full time;
And between the Buck and Tap o' Noth,
It's I shall end my rhyme.

In the public prints I did see
A few lines of good metre,
In which Tap o' Noth said to the Buck,
His constant, nearest neighbour.

But hold your tongue you half-spun poets,
And do not shame your country;
You may complement your verses sweet
To your puny Rhynie gentry.

You was sore upon my native hill,
But I must take her part;
To hear any ill said on the Buck,
Would grieve me to the heart.

You cast up to me good nature's coat,
It was the highland heather;
But I'm bereft of all that now,
Which was your Rhynie blether.

The most part of a twelvemonth now,
I have laid in a fearful state,
And the wild deer that once trod my coat,
They canna now get meat.

In the silent hour of dead of night,
When everything was calm,
They put fire into my coat,
And it they did well scan.

The saffron did grow green on me,
When summer days were fine;

But it makes my heart sigh o'er with tears,
When I think upon langsyne.

The muirfowl once did reside on me,
I was their mother hill;
But since my coat has been burnt,
The cold it does them kill.

But no grouse reside upon you, Tap o' Noth,
Your clothing is our bare;
The only visitor that you have,
It is the good brown hare.

So I will drop this rhyme
About the Cabrach now;
But it was a pretty sight to see,
Our ain Buck in a low.

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