

Anna Seward (1747-1809)

1 *Rich Auld Willie's Farewell*

A freebooter, taken by the English in a Border battle, and condemned to be executed

Farewell, my ingle, bleezing bright,  
When the snell storm's begun;  
My bouris casements, O! sae light,  
When glints the bonny sun!

Farewell, my deep glens, speck't wi' sloes, 5  
O' tangled hazels full!  
Farewell, my thymy lea, where lows  
My kine, and glourin bull.

Farewell, my red deer, jutting proud,  
My rooks, o' murky wing! 10  
Farewell, my wee birds, liltin loud,  
A' in the merry spring!

Farewell, my sheep, that sprattle on  
In a lang line, sae brow;  
Or lie on yon cauld cliffs aboon, 15  
Like late-left patch o' snaw!

Farewell, my brook, that wimplin rins,  
My clattering brig o' yew;  
My scaly tribes wi' gowden fins,  
Sae nimbly flickering through! 20

Farewell, my boat, and lusty oars,  
That skelp'd, wi' mickle spray!  
Farewell, my birks o' Teviot shores,  
That cool the simmer's day!

Farewell, bauld neighbours, whase swift steed 25  
O'er Saxon bounds has scowr'd,  
Swoom'd drumlie floods when moons were dead,  
And ilka star was smoor'd.

Maist dear for a' ye shared wi' me,  
When skaith and prey did goad, 30  
And danger, like a wraith, did flee  
Alang our moon-dead road.

Farewell, my winsome wife, sae gay!  
Fu' fain frae hame to gang,  
Wi' spunkie lads to geck and play, 35  
The flowrie haughs amang!

Farewell, my gowk, thy warning note  
Then aft-times ca'd aloud,  
Tho' o' the word that thrill'd thy throat,  
Gude faith, I was na proud! 40

And, pawkie gowk, sae free that mad'st,  
Or here I hanged be,  
Would I might learn if true thou said'st,  
When sae thou said'st to me!

*1802-03*

(From Sir Walter Scott, ed. *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Ed. Thomas Henderson. London, 1931)