

ADVERTISEMENT

ON Presenting the fourth Volume of this work to the perusal of the Public, The Author flatters himself that the Selection and Harmony will be found equal to the preceding three books; the whole of the Poetry in this Vol. (except two Songs) is from the inimitable pen of Burns, Carefully adapted to the most suitable scots airs; seven of which are arranged as Duettos, so as to be sung by one or two voices at pleasure; as it is a Second only put to the Original Air.

The high estimation in which this work is held by the Public in general, is a great satisfaction to the Author and a sufficient inducement to continue the Publication; but from the Author intimating to the subscribers that the fourth Vol: was to complete his plan; nothing would have made him deviate from such, but the earnest solicitation of many of his friends (Lovers of the Scots Melody) who seeing it to be the only publication of the kind that has yet appear'd harmonized with the real national taste, they think that from the long residence of the Author in Scotland, the satisfaction he has previously given from his unwearied study of the scots music; that to stop such a publication would be depriving the Public of an opportunity that they may never have in their power again, and a laying dormant for ever many Songs of merit equally deserving of notice.

The Author therefore at the request of his friends, wishing to satisfy every party; proposes publishing a fifth Volume by subscription on the same plan of the former. Those who wish to patronize it will please send their names to Urbani & Liston N. 10 Princes Street where Subscribers Names are taken in

N.B. The whole of the preceding Volumes may be had as above adapted for one or two German Flutes or Violins

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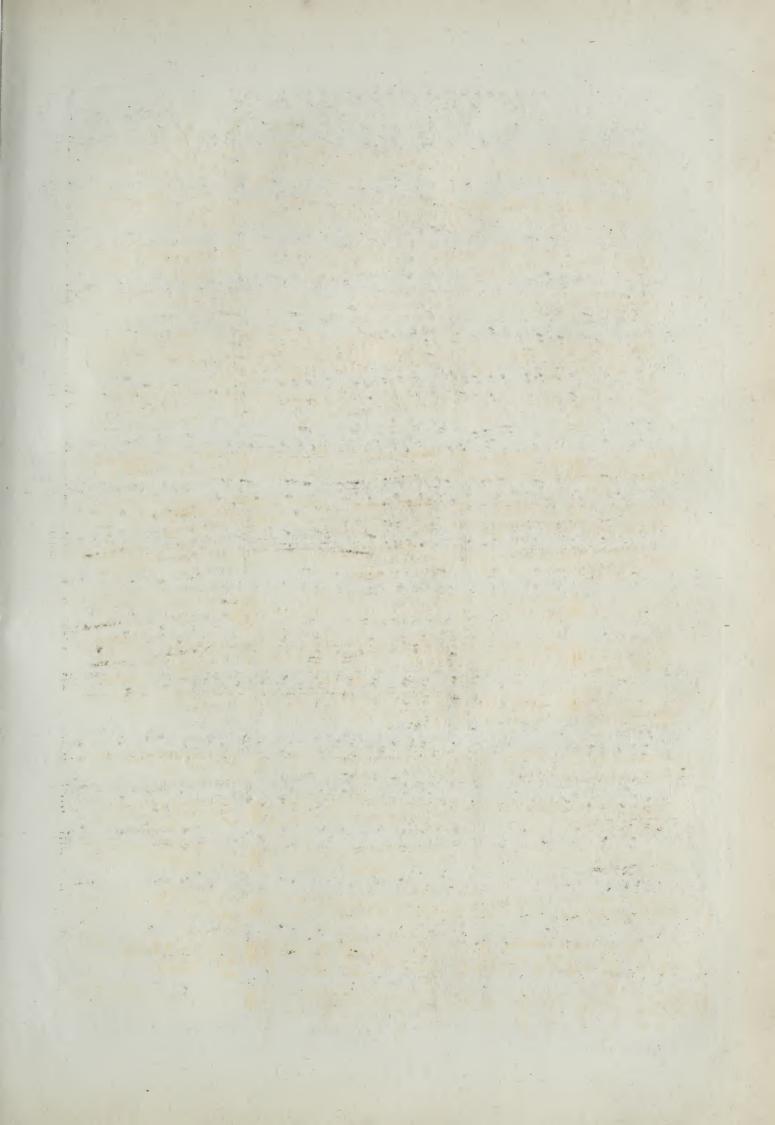
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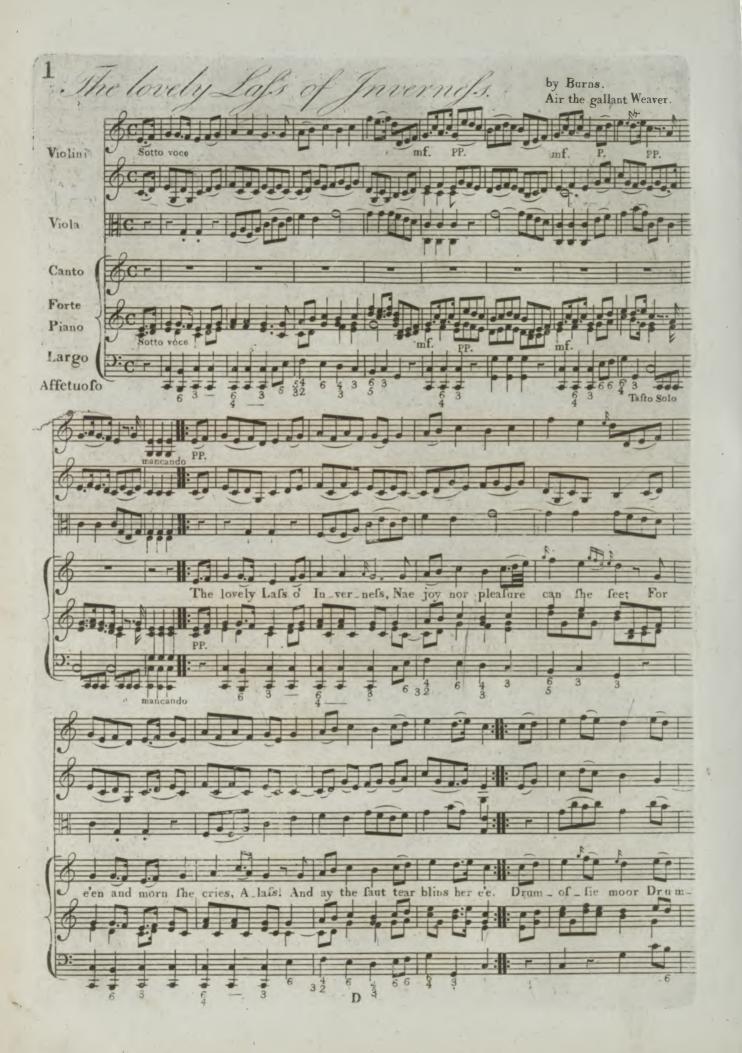
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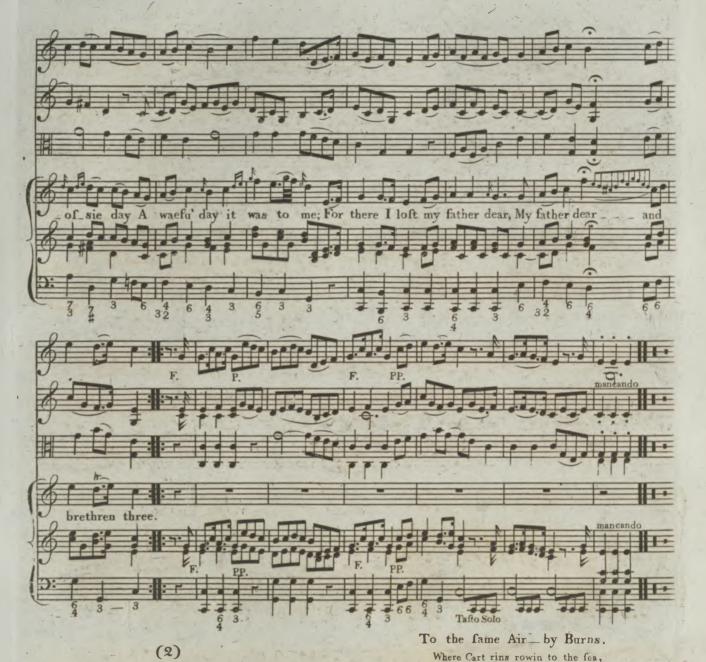
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Their winding sheet the bludy clay,

Their graves are growing green to see;

And by them lies the dearest lad

That ever blest a woman's e'e!

Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,

A bludy man I trow thou be;

For mony a heart thou hast made sair

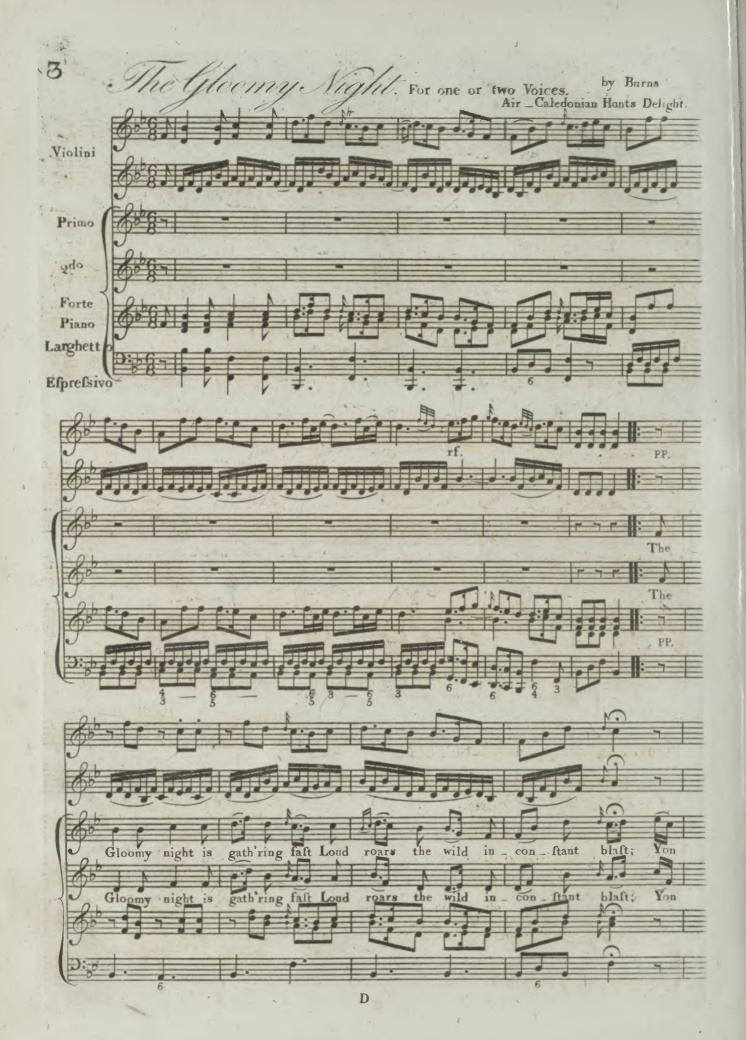
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

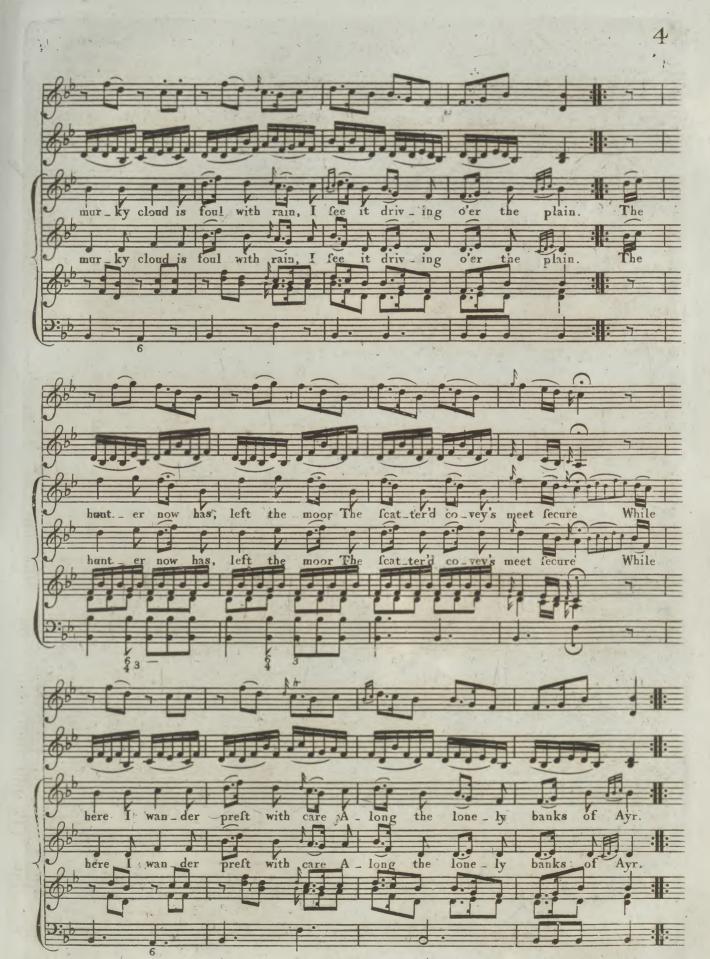
Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

(2)
My daddie fign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And I'll give it to the Weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs;
While corn grows green in fimmer flow'rs,
I will love my gallant Weaver.

By mony flow'r and fpreading tree,

There lives a lad, the lad for me, And he is a gallant Weaver.







The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Acrofs her placid, azure fky,
She fees the fcowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

5

3

'Tis not the furging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound

That heart transpiered with many a wound

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,

To leave the bonie banks of Ayr,

4

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The fcenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those,
The bursting tears my heart declare.
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

To the same Air by Burns.

1

YE Banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom fae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary su' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the slow'ring thorn:
Thou mindst me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

2

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,

To fee the rofe and woodbine twine;

And ilka bird fang o' its luve,

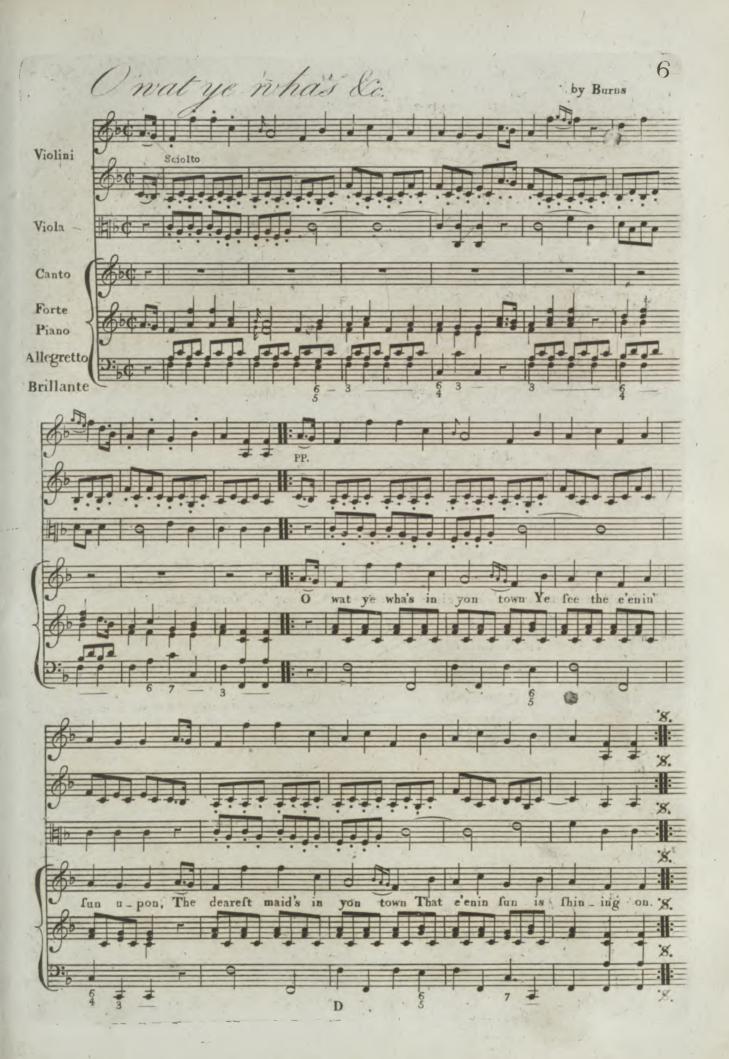
And fondly fae did I o mine.

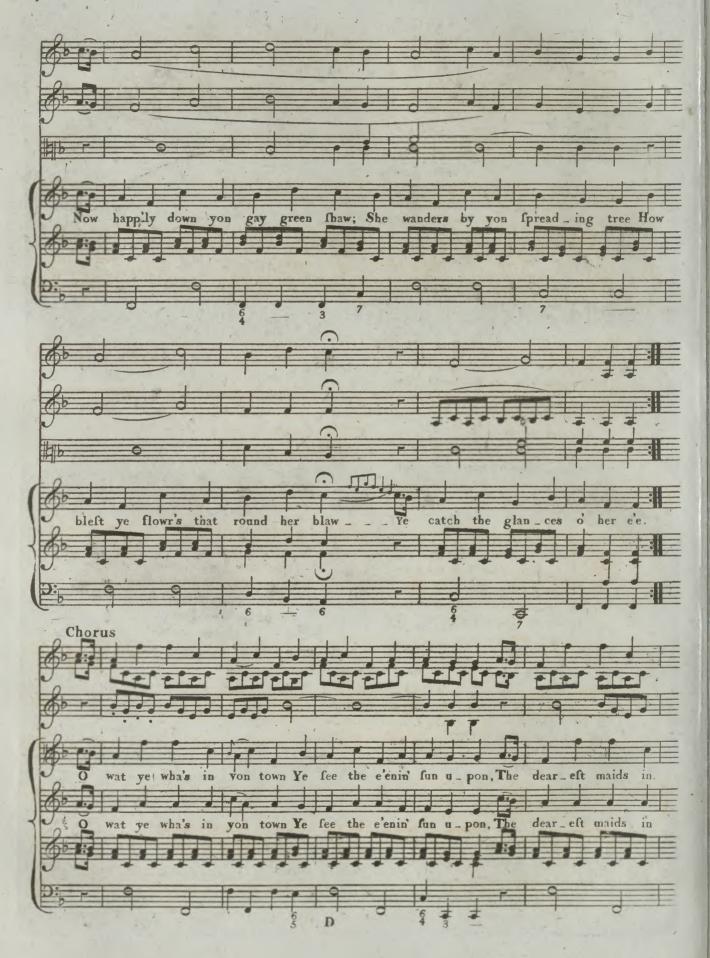
Wi' lightfome heart I pu'd a rofe,

Fu' fweet upon its thorny tree;

And my faufe Luver staw my rofe,

But, and he left the thorn wi' me.







How blest ye birds that round her sing, And welcome in the blooming year, And doubly welcome be the foring, The feafon to my Jeanie dear.

O wat ye wha's &c.

The fun blinks blytheon you town, Amang the broomy braes fae green; But my delight's in you town, And dearest pleasure is my Jean:

O wat ye wha's &c.

Without my fair, not a' the charms, O' Paradise could yeild me joy; But gie me Jeanie in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary fky; O wat ye wha's &c.

My cave wad be a lovers bow'r, Tho' raging winter rent the air; And she a lovely little flower, That I wad tend and shelter there.

O wat ye whas &c.

O sweet is she in you town, The finkin Sun's gane down upon; A fairer than's in you town, His fetting beam ne'er shind upon, O wat ye wha's &c.

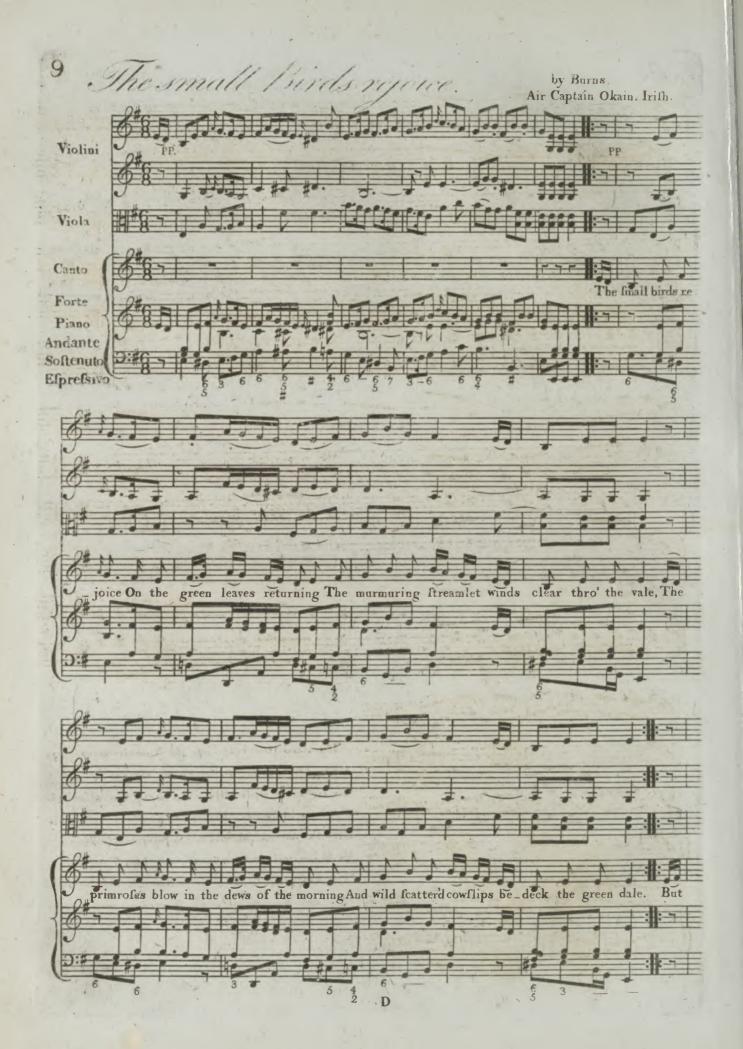
If angry fate is fworn my foe And fuff'ring I am doom'd to bear; I careless quit aught else below, But, spare me spare me Jeanie dear. O wat ye wha's &c.

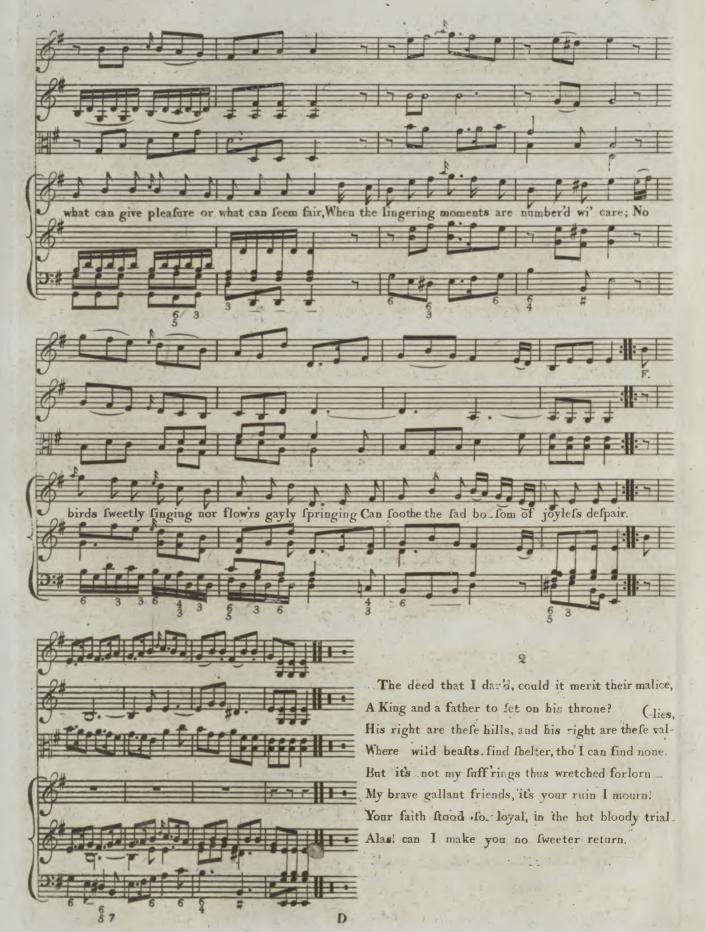
For while life's dearest blood is warm, Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart, And the _as faireft is her form, She has the truest kindest heart. O wat ye wha's &c.

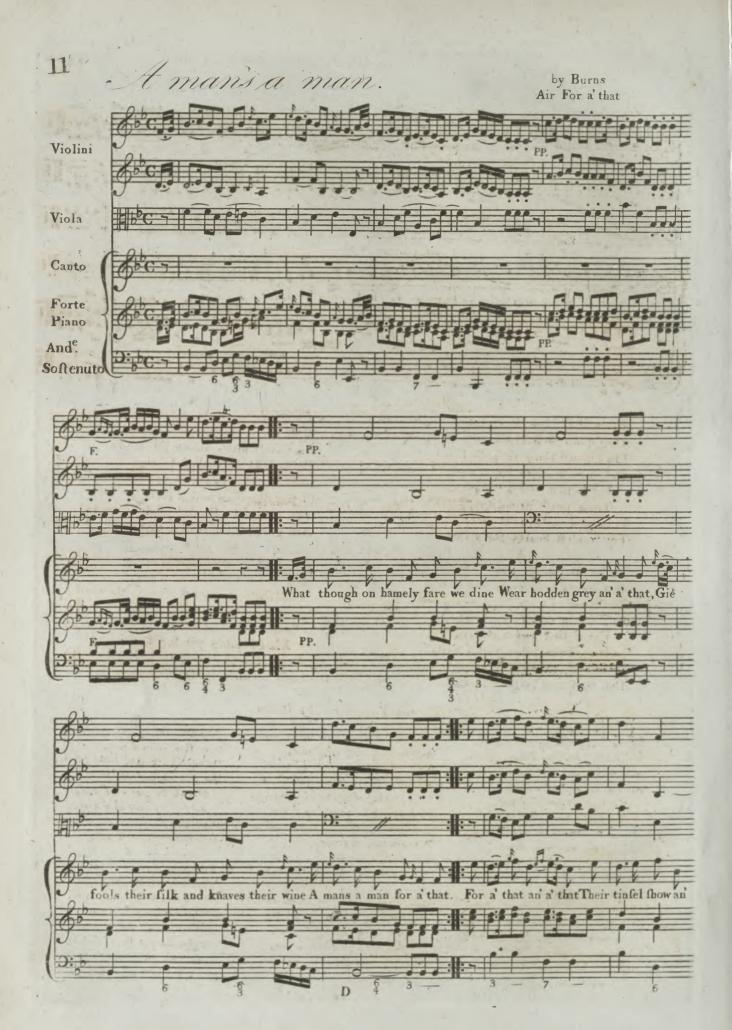
To the same Air _ by Burns.

LLL ay ca' in by yon town, And by you garden green, again; I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And fee my bonie Jean again. There's nane fall ken there's nane fall guels, What brings me back the gate again, But the my fairest faithfu' lass,

And ftow'nlins we fall meet again. She'll wander by the aiken tree, When tryftin time draws near again; And when her lovely form I fee, O haith, fhe's doubly dear again! I'll ay ca' &c.









Wha wad for honest poverty, Hang down their heads an a that, The coward slave we pass him by And dare be poor for a that.

For a that and a that;

Their purse-proud looks and a that, In ragged coats ye'll often find The noblest hearts for a that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
Wha struts and stares and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his nod,
He's but a cuif for a' that,

For a that and a that His ribbon, star, and a that, A man of independent mind Can look and laugh at a that. The King can mak a belted knight, A Marquis, Duke, and a that, An honest man's aboon his might Guide faith he manna fa that

For a that and a that,
His dignities and a that,
The pith o fense, and pride o worth,
Are grander far than a that.

Then let us pray that come it may And come it shall for a that, That sense and worth o'er a the earth, Shall bear the gree for a that.

For a that and a that,

It's comming yet for a' that Whan Man and Man the warld o'er Shall brethren be for a' that.

My Daddie's dead an a that, He's fnugly laid aneath the Yerd, An I'm his heir an a that.

I'm now a laird an' a' that, I'm now a laird an' a' that, His gear an' lands at my command, An' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me, wi'his dying breath, A dwalling house an' a' that, A barn, a byre, an' wabs o' claith, A big peat stack an' a' that;

A mare a foal an a' that, A mare a foal an a' that, Sax gude fat kye, a ca'f forbye, An' twa pet ewes an a' that. To the fame Air _by Burns.

A yard, a meadow, lang braid lees, An' ftacks o' corn an' a' that, Inclosed weel wi' thorns an' trees, An' carts an' cars an' a' that

A pleugh an' graith an' a' that, A pleugh an' graith an' a' that, Gude harrows twa, Cock, hens an' a', A gricie too, an' a' that.

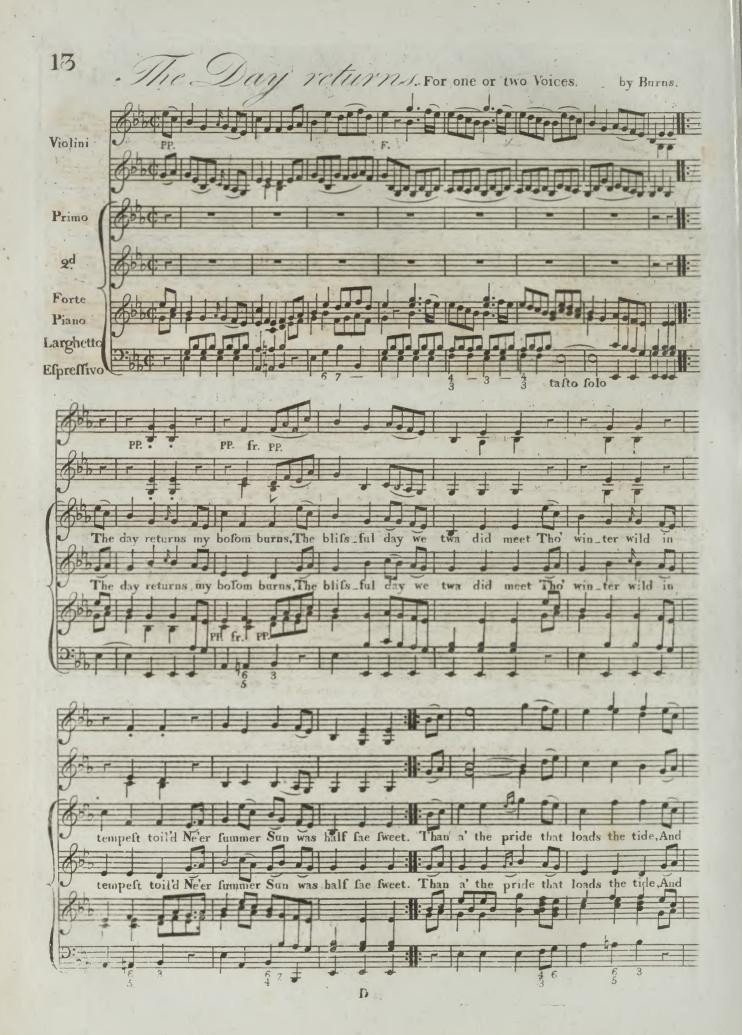
l'ye heaps o' claife for ilka days, For fundays too an' a' that, I've bills an' ban's on lairds an' lands An' filler, goud an' a' that;

What think ye lafs o a that, What think ye lafs o a that, What want I now, my dainty dow, But just a Wife to a that. Now Jenny dear, my errand here, Is to feek ye to a' that, My heart's a' loupin' while I spier, Gin yell tak' me wi' a' that,

My fel' my gear an a' that, My fel' my gear an a' that, Come gies your loof, to be a proof, Ye'll be the Wife to a' that,

Syne Jenny laid her 'nieve in his, Said, she'd tak' him wi a' that; An' he gied her a hearty kis, An' dauted her an' a' that;

They fet the day an' a' that,
They fet the day an' a' that,
When she'd gang hame to be his dame,
An' ha'e a rant an' a' that.







While day and night can bring delight,

Or nature aught of pleasure give;

While joys above, my mind can move,

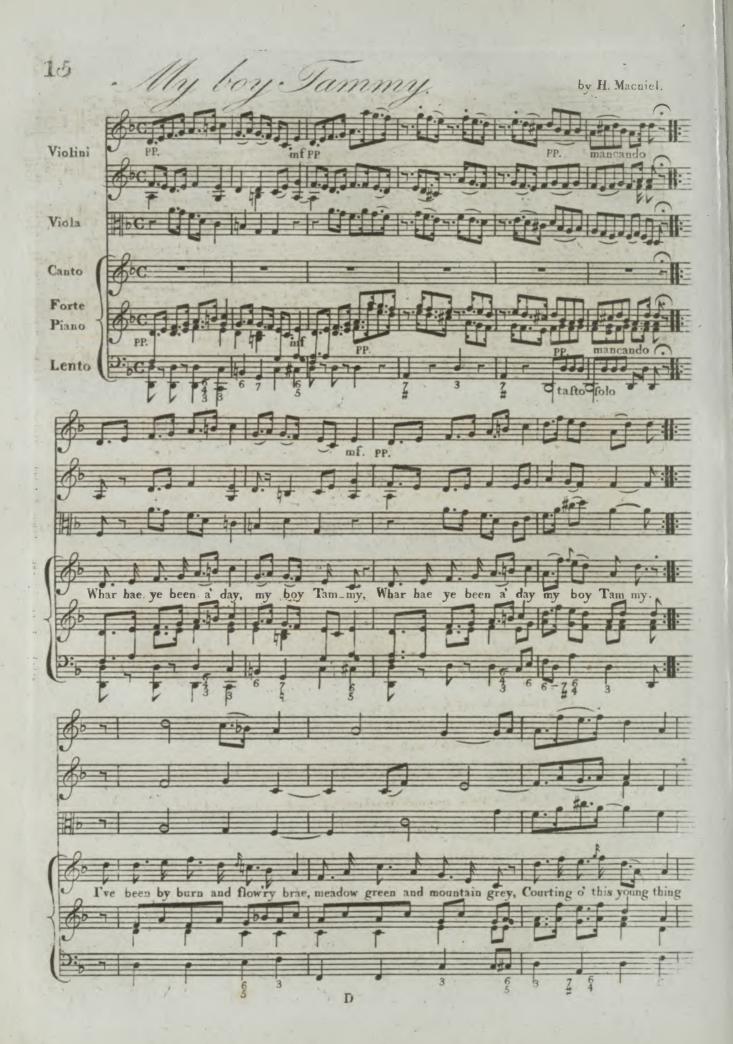
For thee and thee alone I live!

When that grim foe of life below

Comes in between to make us part;

The iron hand that breaks our band,

It breaks my bliss _it breaks my heart!





And whar gat ye that young thing my boy Tammy? I gat her down in yonder how, Smiling on a broomy knowe, Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn my boy Tammy? I prais'd her een fae lovely blue, Her dimpl'd cheek, and cherry mou; I pree'd it aft as ye may true _ She faid, she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating heart" my young my smiling Lammy! "I hae a house _it cost me dear,

"I've walth o' plenishan and geer,

"Ye'se get it a' wart ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face _"I man_na leave my Mammy, "She's ge'en me meat; she's ge'en me claise;

"She's been my comfort a my days ___

"My Fathers death brought mony wae's _I canna leave my Mammy.

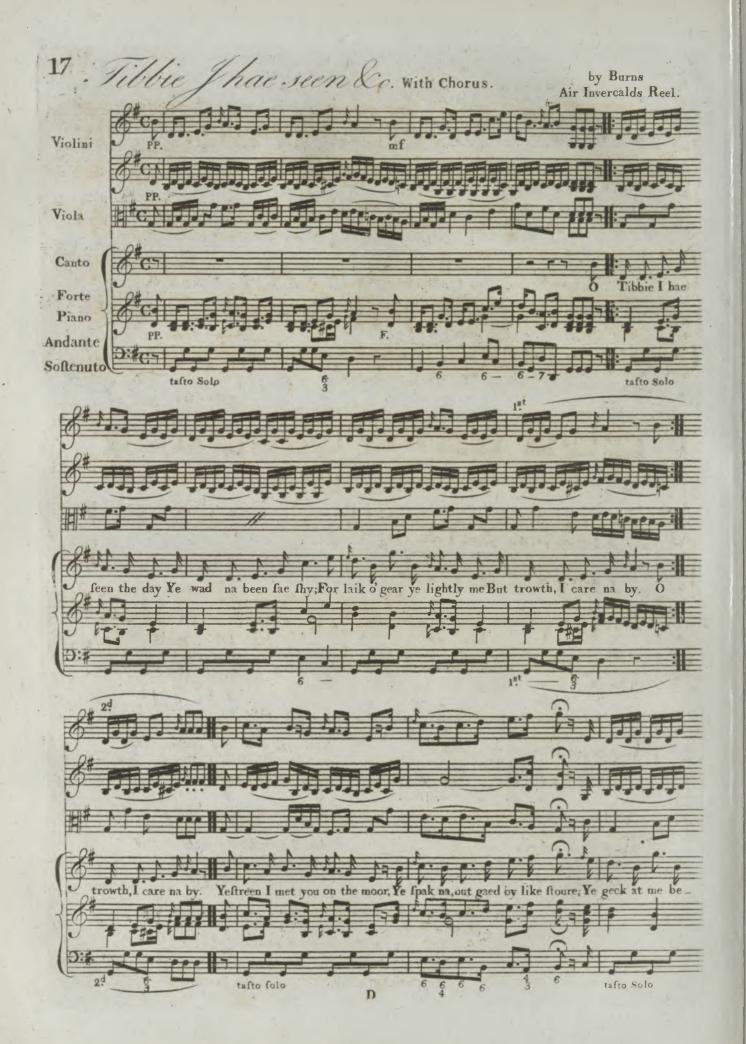
"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy,

"We'll gee her meat; we'll gee her claise, "We'll be her comfort a' her days;" __

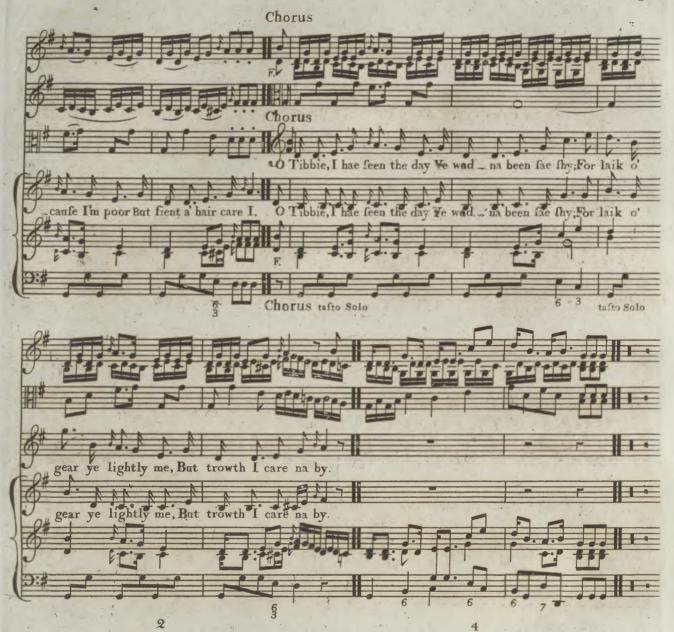
The wee thing gees her hand and fays" Therel gang and ask my Mammy.

Has she been to kirk wi' thee my boy Tammy? She has been to Kirk wi' me. And the tear was in her ee, __

But Oh! She's but a young thing just come frae her Manuny.







I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, Because ye hae the name o'clink, That ye can please me at a wink, Whene'er ye like to try O Tibbie, I hae &c.

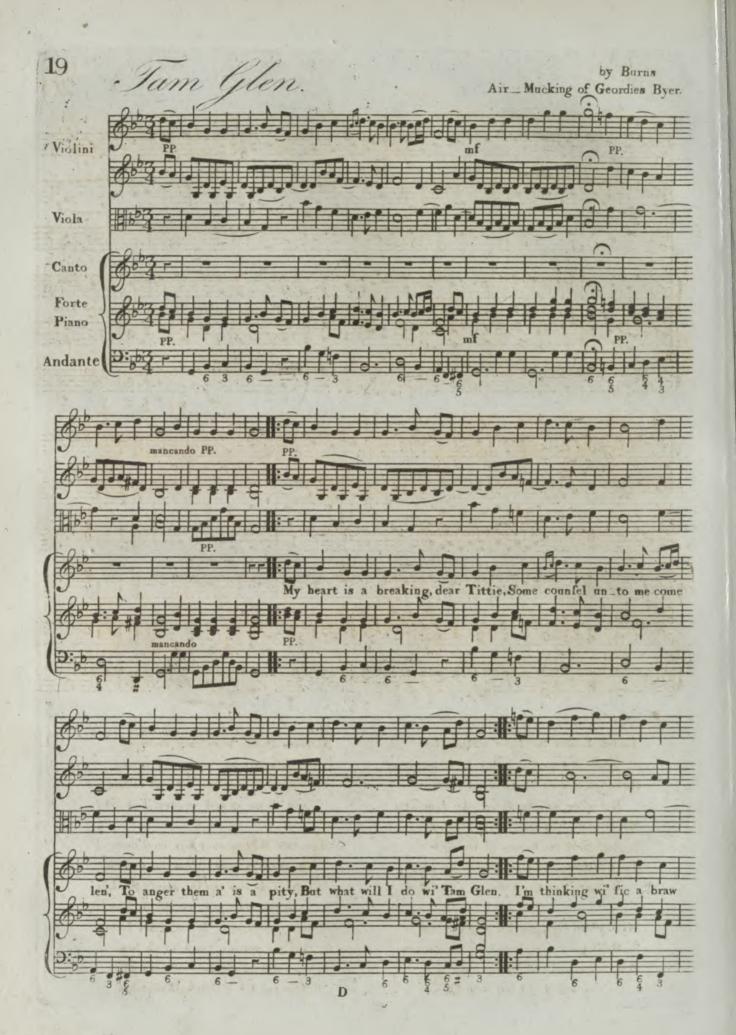
But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean, Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean, Wha follows ony faucy quean That looks fae proud and high.

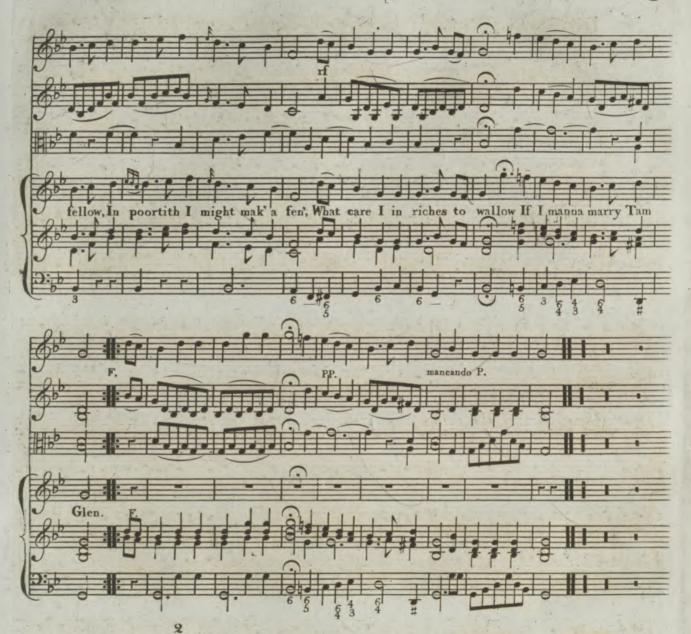
O Tibbie, I hae &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart, If that he want the yellow dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, And answer him fu' dry. O Tibbie, I hae &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear, Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, Tho' hardly he for sense or lear Be better than the kye. O Tibbie, I hae &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice, Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice; The deil a ane wad spier your price, Were ye as poor as I. O Tibbie, I hae &c.





There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,

"Gude day to you brute" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his filler,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen.
My Minnie does conftantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: But, if its' ordain'd I maun take him, O wha will I get but Tam Glen. Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,

My heart to my mon gied a sten;

For thrice I drew ane without failing,

And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin

My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,

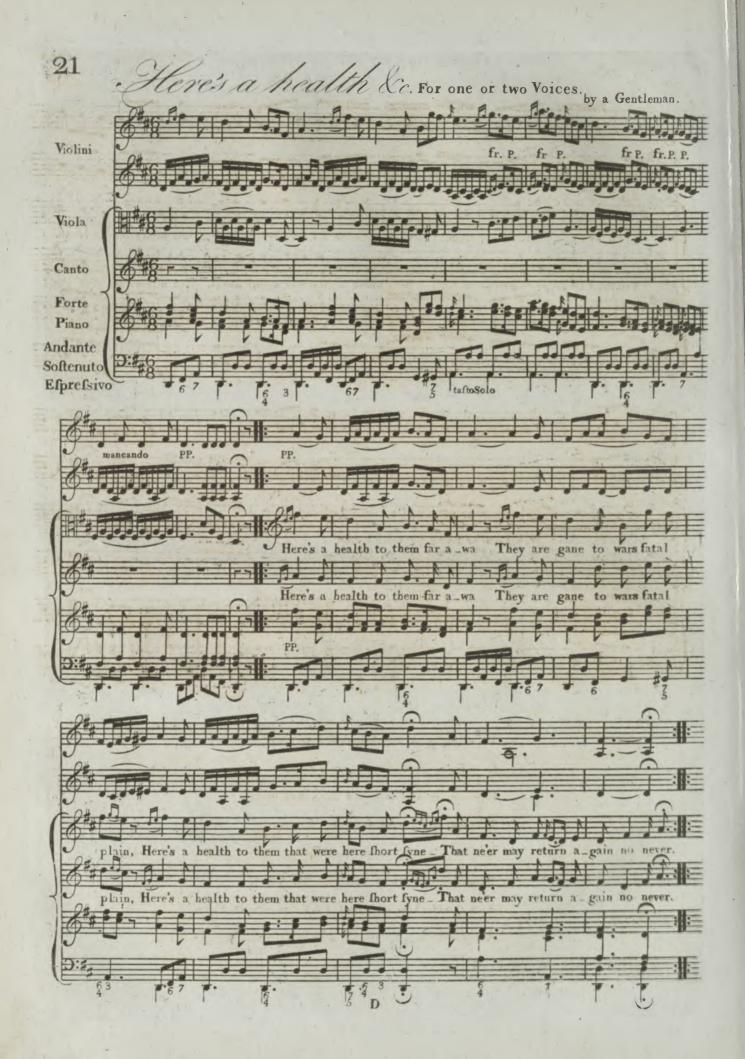
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;

I'll gie you my bonie black hen,

Gif ye will advise me to Marry

The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.





They are gane the sword for to draw,

In defence of their country's Law,

But woe to the arm that does any harm,

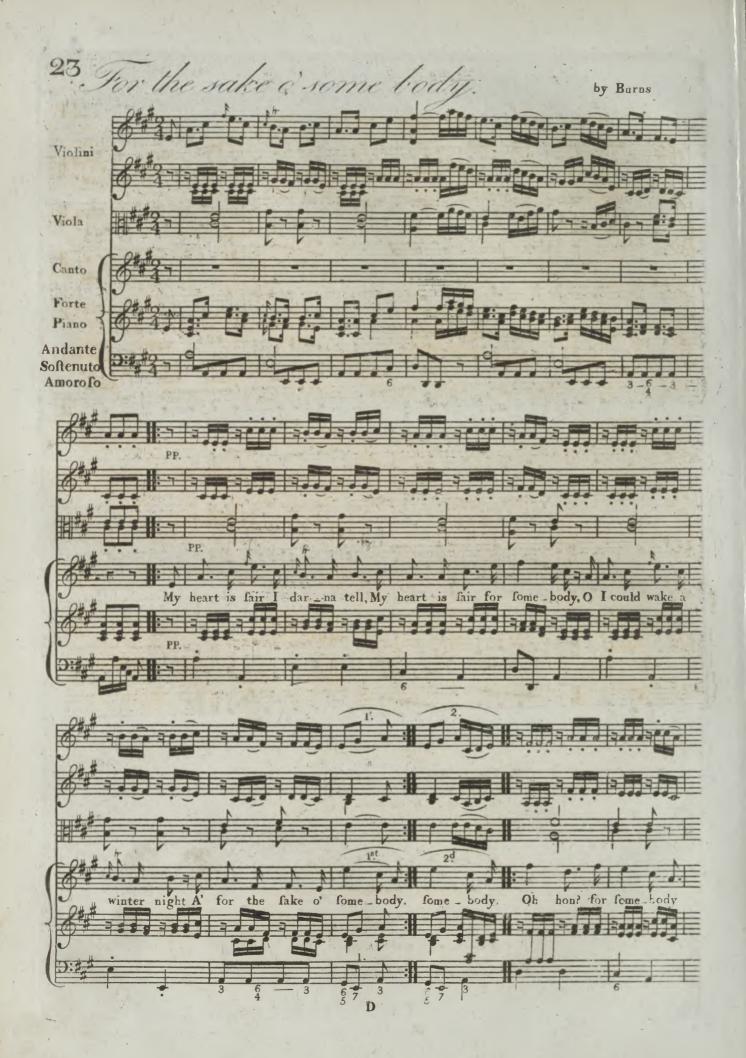
To them thats gane far awa for ever,

But why shou'd we live in despair,

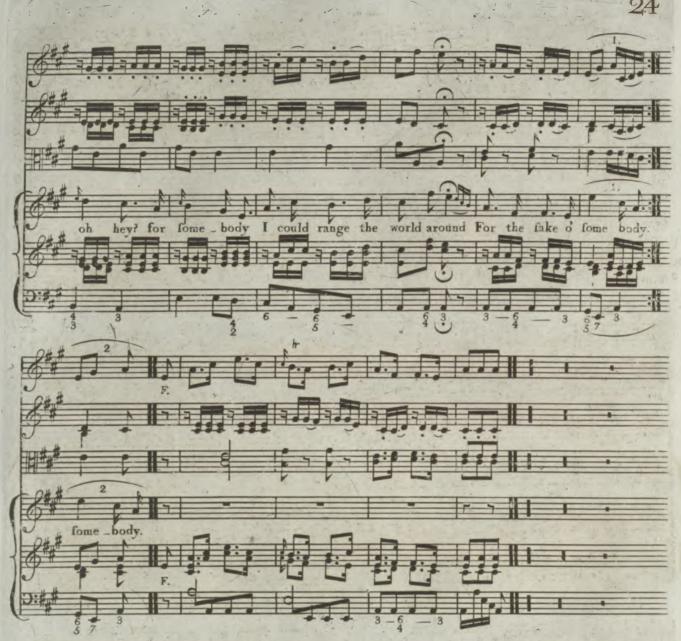
Some Gaurdian may watch on the plain,

And shield them in battle from dangers to share,

And send them to us safe hame for ever.







Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,

O, sweetly smile on Somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,

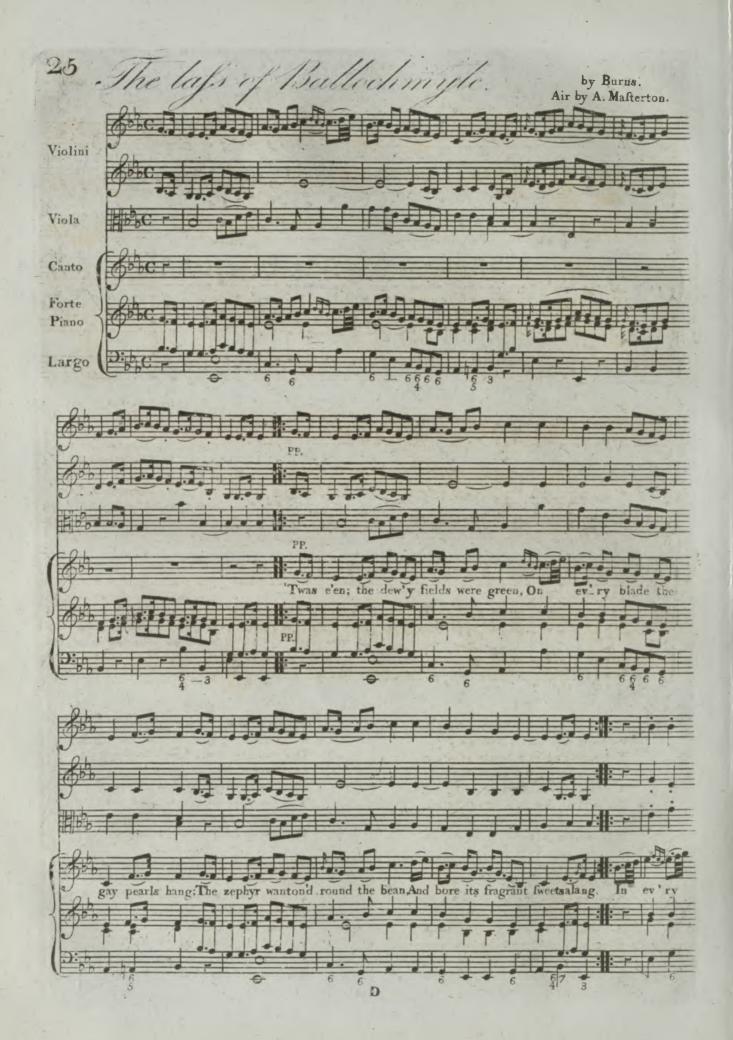
And fend me fafe my Somebody.

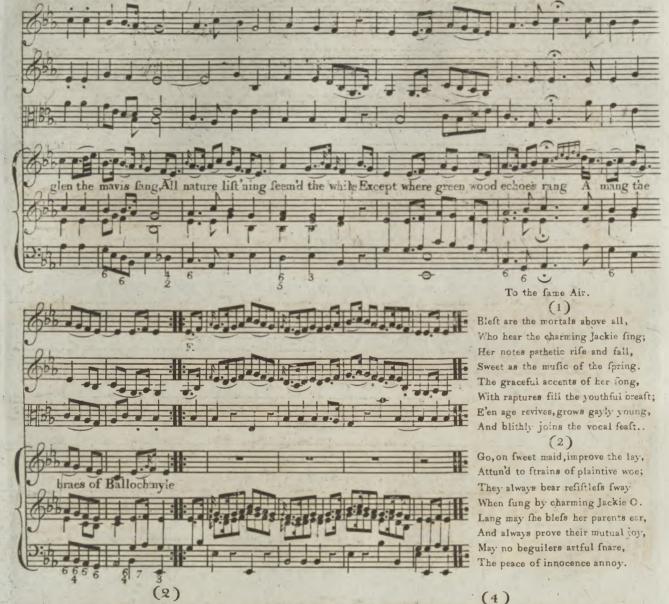
Oh_hon! for Somebody!

Oh hey! for Somebody!

I wad do __ what wad I not _

For the fake o' Somebody!





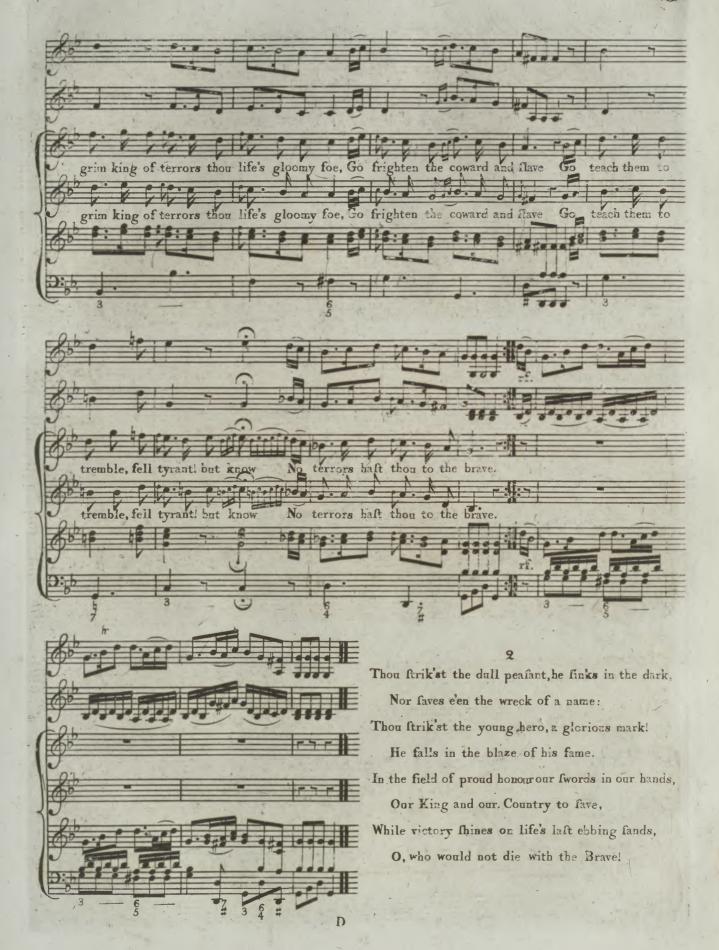
With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy;
Till wand'ring in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye;
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the Lass of Ballochmyle.

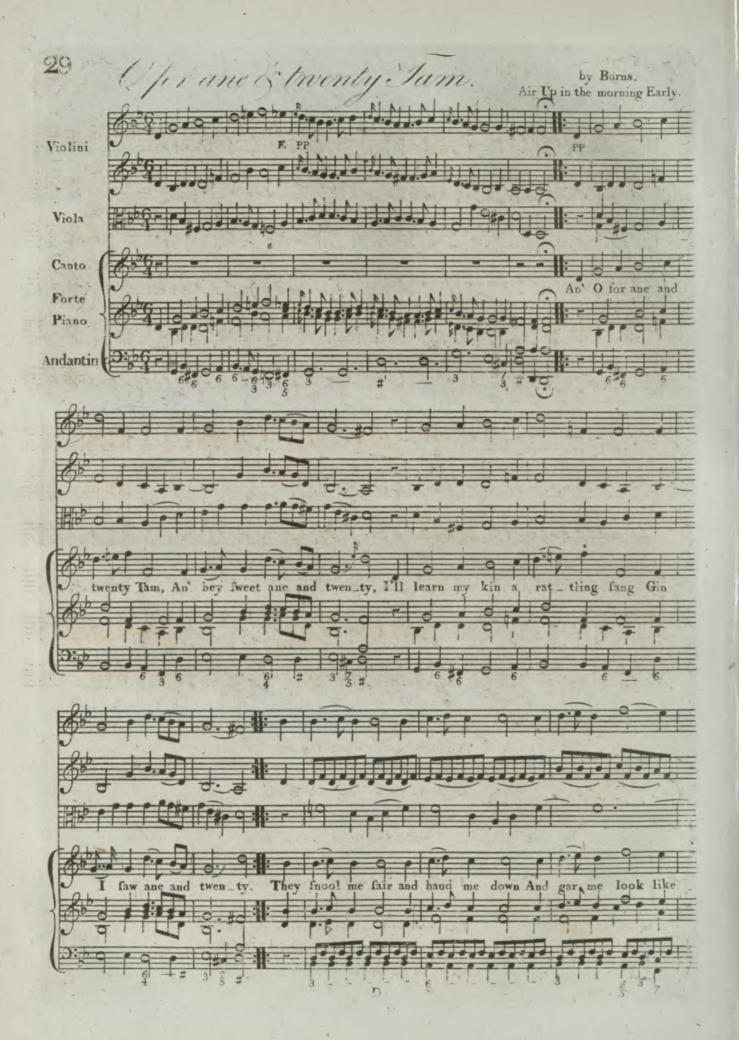
Sweet is a morn in flow'ry May,
And foft a night in harvest mild,
When wand'ring in the garden gay,
Or roaming thro' the lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she doth compile,
And all her other works are foil'd,
By the sweet Lass of Ballochmyle.

O gif she were a country maid, And I the happy country swain, Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shade, That ever rose on Scotia's plain; Thro' weary Winter's wind and rain, With joy, with rapture would I toil, And nightly to my bosom strain, The bonny Lass of Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep, Where wealth and honours lofty shine, And thirst for gold might tempt the deep, Or downwards dig the Indian mine; Give me the Cot below the pine, To tend the slocks, or till the soil, And every day brings joy divine The bonny Lass of Ballochmyle.









A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

Was left me by my Auntie,

At kith or kin I need na fpier,

Gin I faw ane and twenty,

An' O, for &c.

3

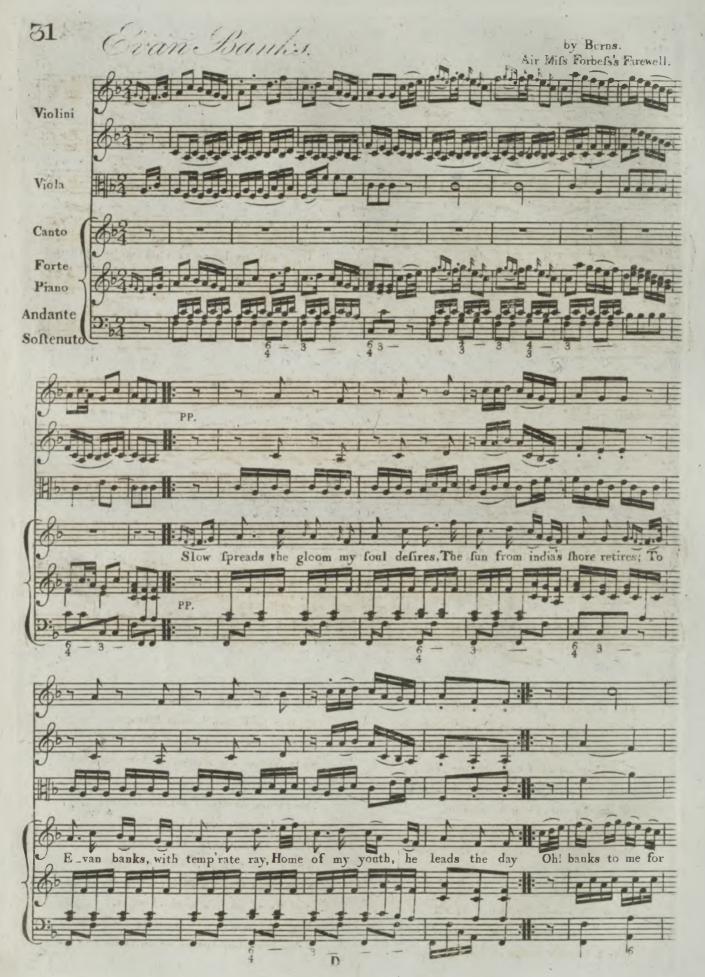
They'! I hae me wed a wealthy coof,

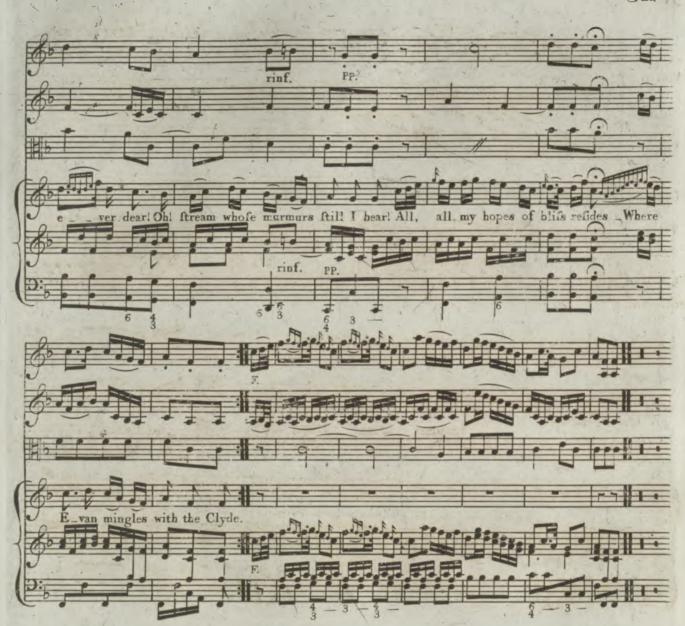
Tho I mysel hae plenty,

But hearst thou, laddie, there's my loof,

I'm thine at ane and twenty,

An' O, for &c.





And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye;
Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bow'rs recline,
Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide,

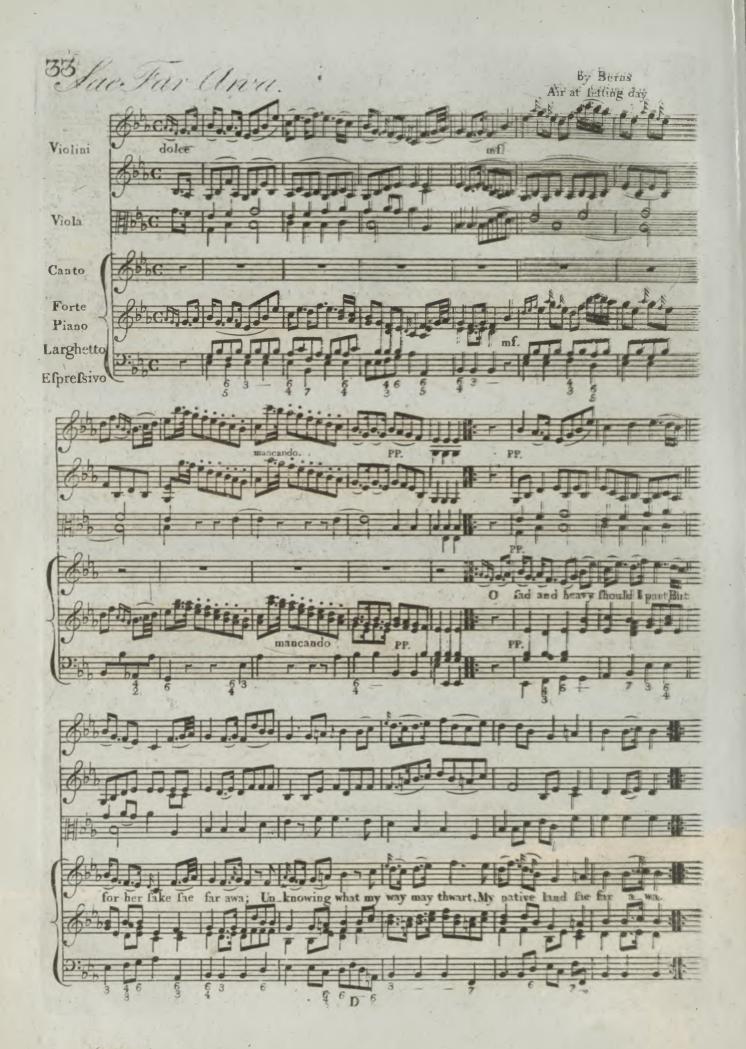
3

Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound! Ye lavish woods that wave around, And o'er the stream your shadows throw, Which sweetly winds so far below; What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs,
Sweet banks, ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream, she views thee haste to Clyde.

4

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Alone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!
Swift from this desart let me part,
And sly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which slows to Clyde.





How true is love to pure defert,

So love to her, fae far awa:

And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,

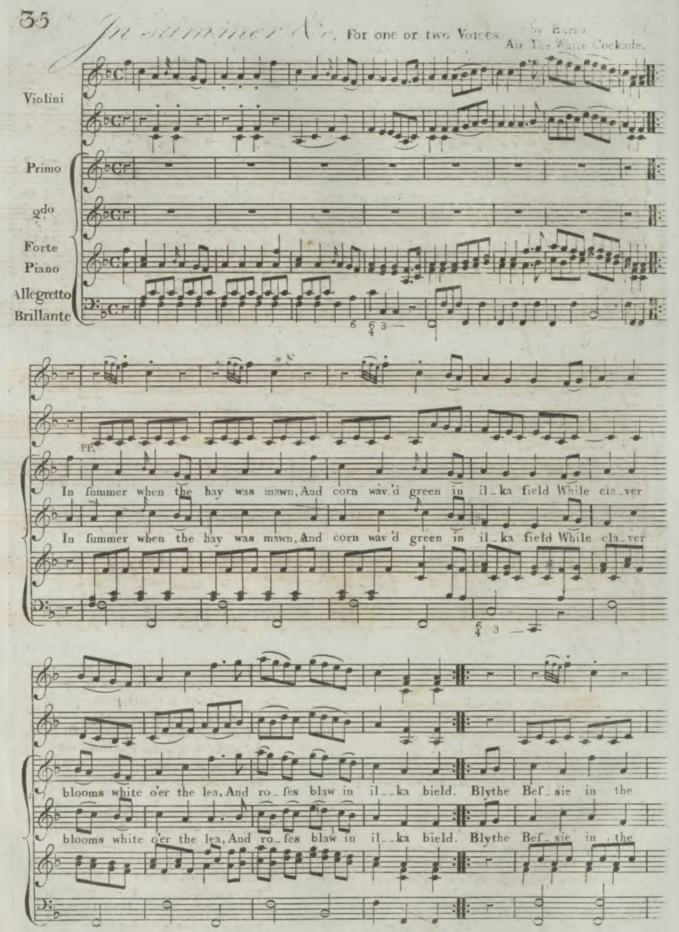
While, Oh, she is sae far awa.

Nae other love, nae other dart,

I feel, but her's sae far awa;

But fairer never touch'd a heart

Than her's, the Fair sae far awa.





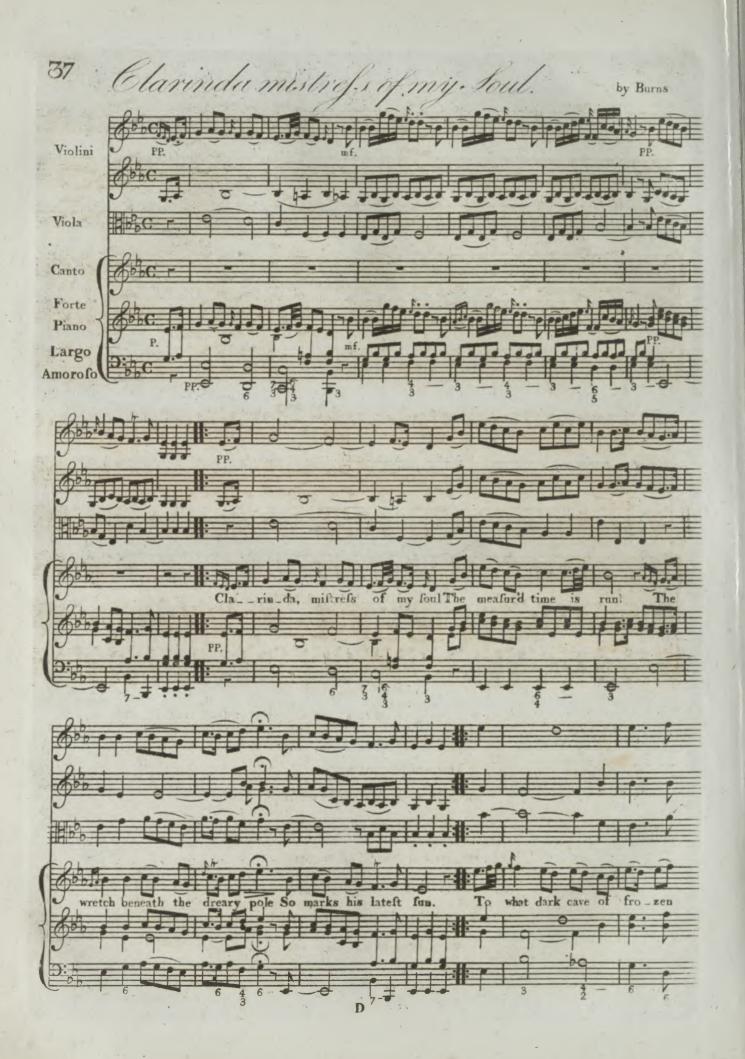
Its ye hae wooers mony ane,
And lassie ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and canie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen,
Fu' is his barn, su' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire.

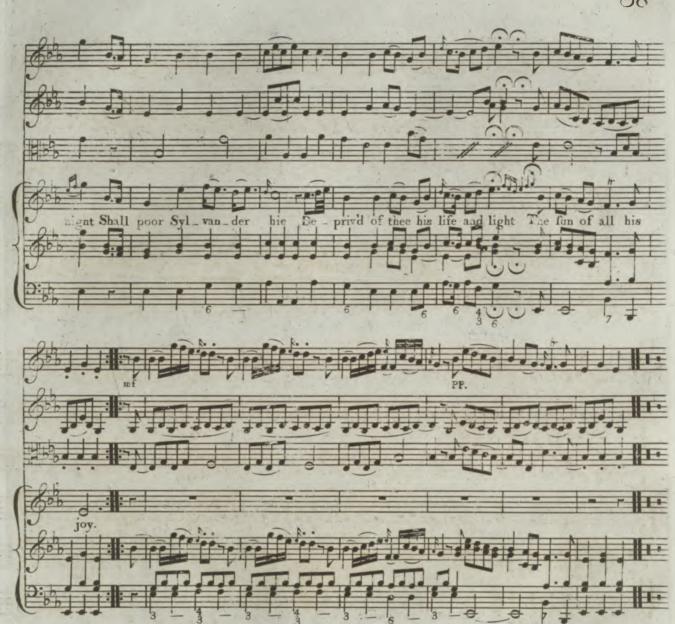
For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single slie;
He loes sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae louve to spare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he loes me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
The canniest gate, the strife is fair;
But ay su' han't is feehtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sneep and kye;

But the tender heart o leefome loove,
The gowd and filler canna buy.
We may be poor, Robie and I,
Light is the burden Loove lays on;
Content and Loove brings peace and joy,
What mair has Queens upon a throne.





We part-but by these precious drops,

That fill thy lovely eyes.

No other light shall guide my steps,

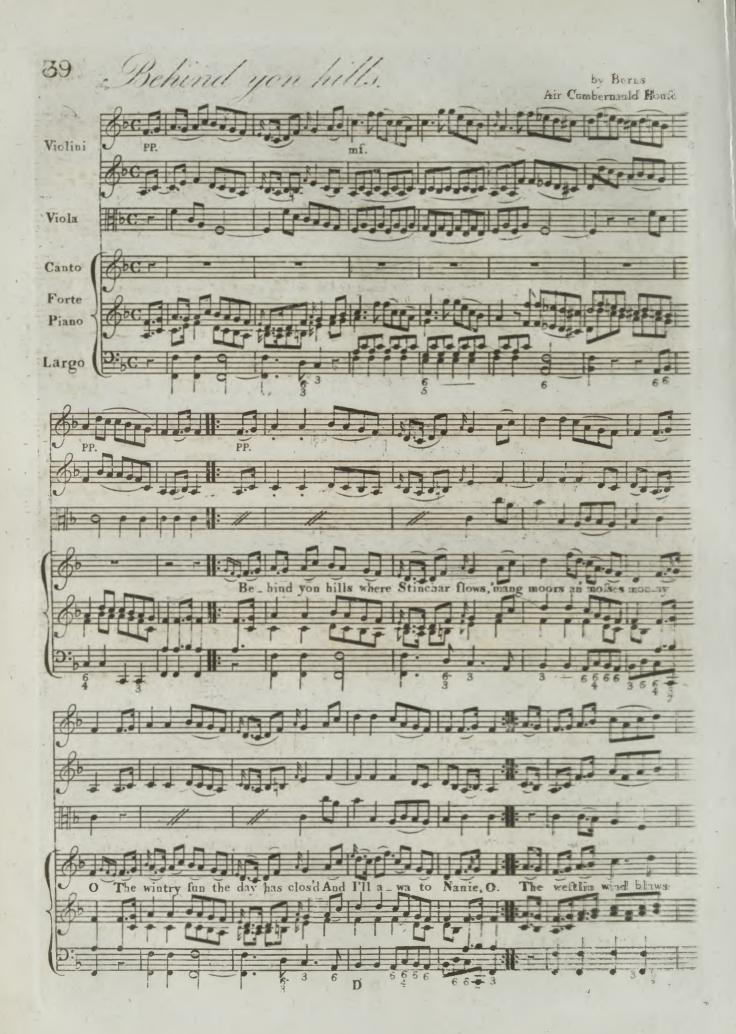
Till thy bright beams arise.

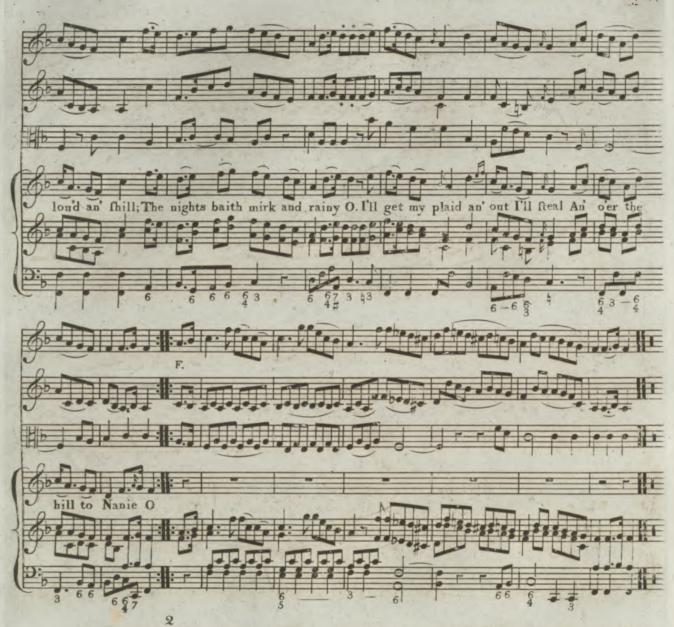
She, the fair Sun of all her sex,

Has blest my glorious days;

And shall a glimm'ring Planet fix

My worship to its ray?





My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artsu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill besa' the flatt'ring tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.
Her sace is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

3

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

4

Our auld Guidman delights to view

His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;

But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,

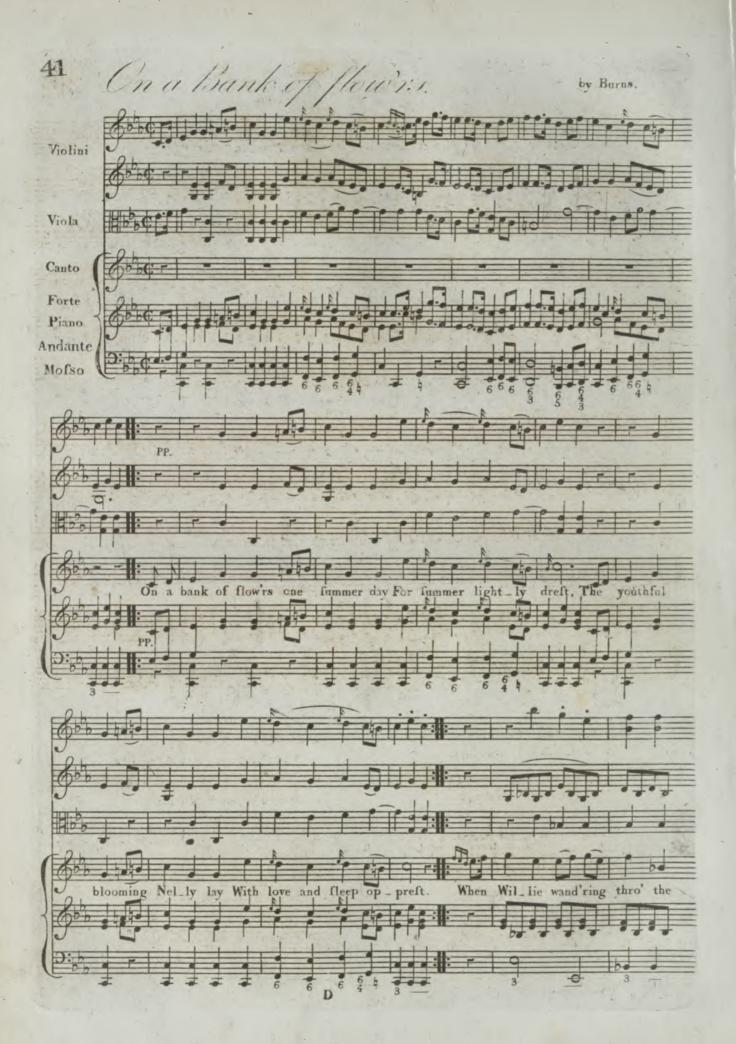
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,

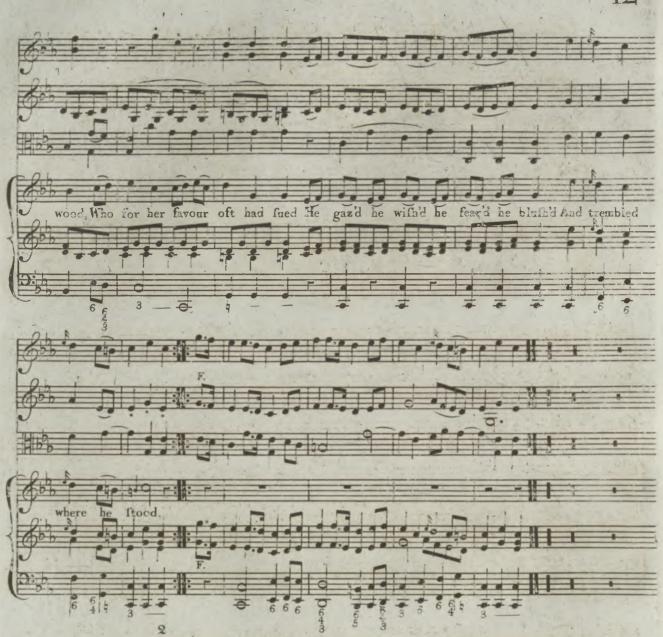
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;

Nae ither care in life have I,

But live, an' love my Nanie, O.







Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

3

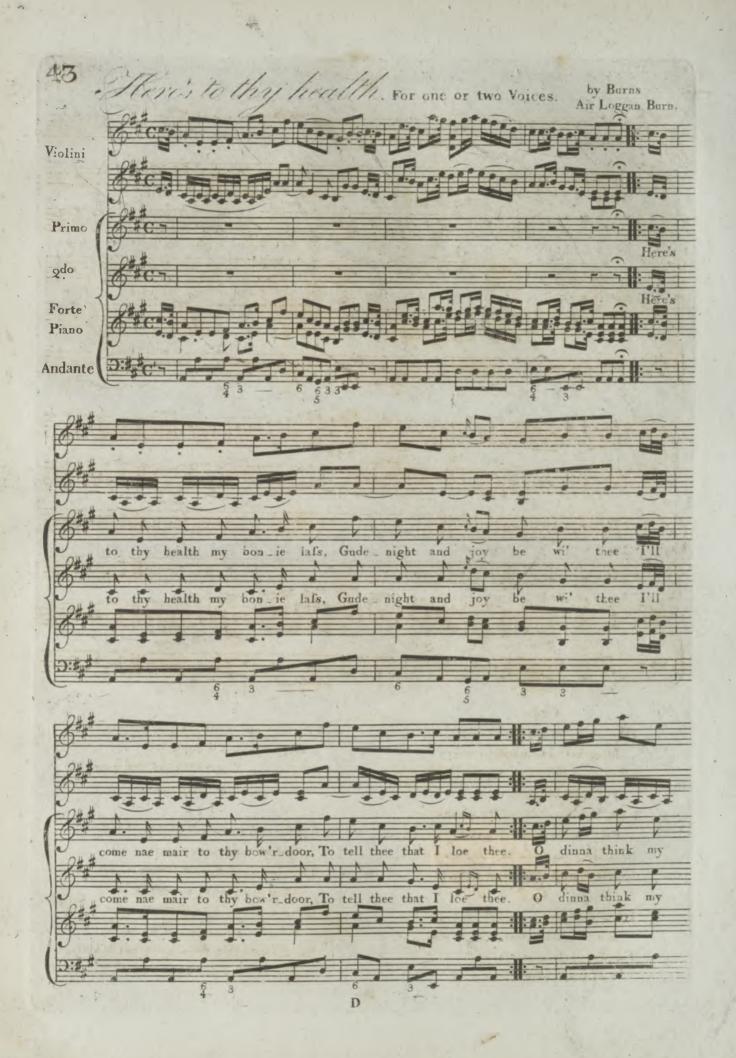
Her robes light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her levely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.

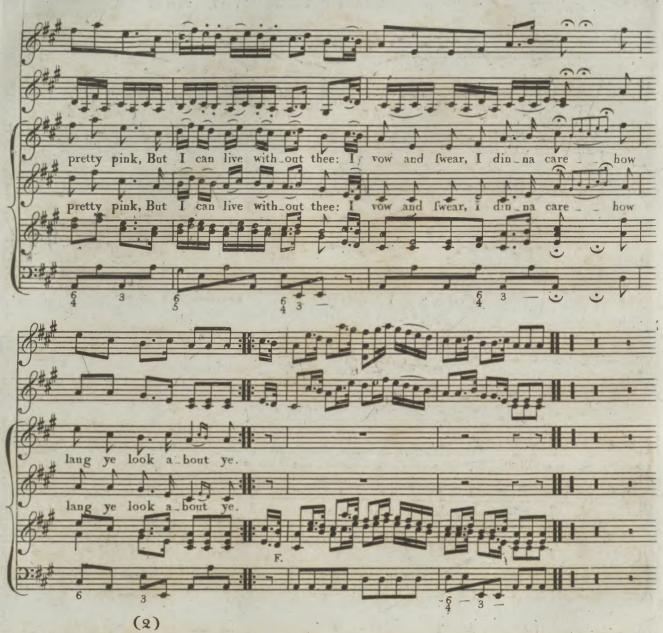
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,

A falt'ring, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake On fear-inspired wings,

So Nelly starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs:
But Willy follow'd, —as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.





Thou art ay sae free informing
Thou hast nae mind to marry.
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee;
Depending on some higher chance,
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they foorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
For I'm as free as any he,
Sma' filler will relieve me.

I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:
I'll fear nae scant, I'll boad nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

(4)

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,

And ay until ye try them:

Tho' they feem fair, still have a care,

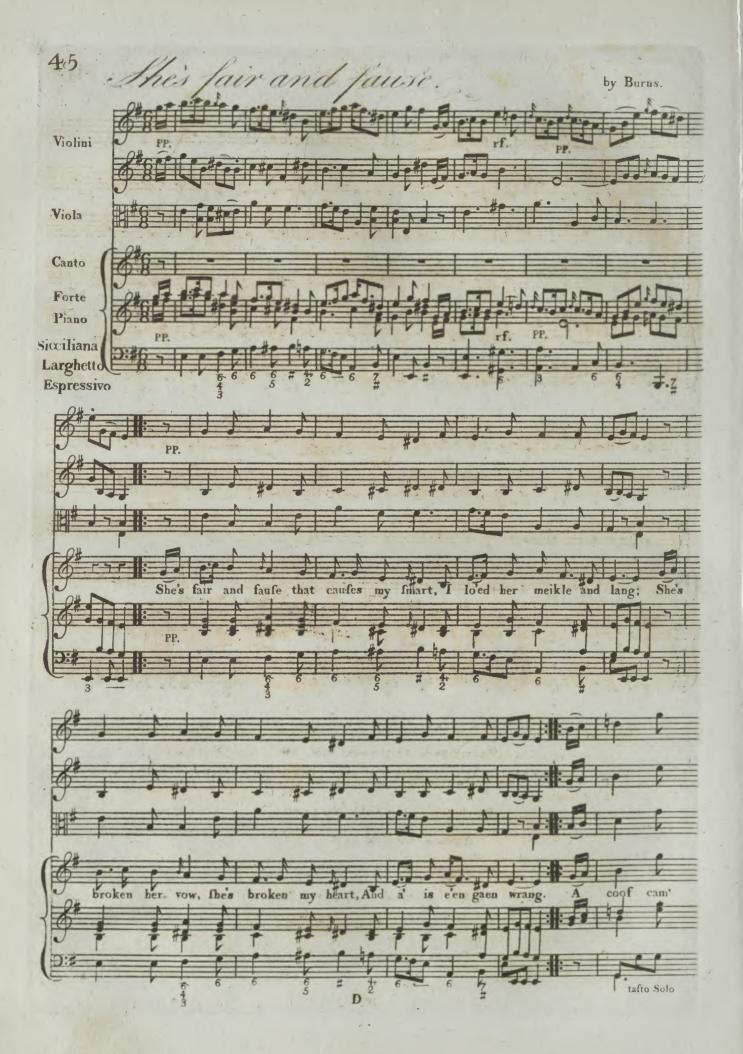
They may prove as bad as I'm

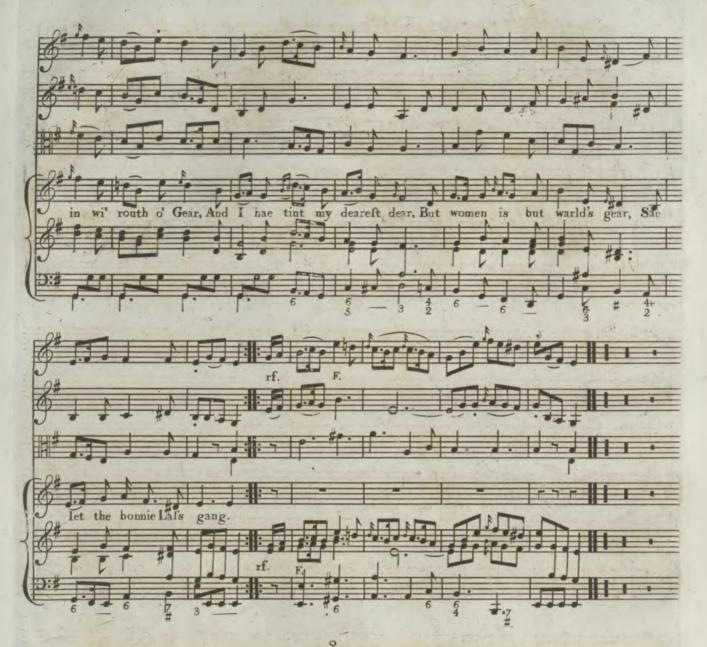
But at twelve at night, when the moon shines.

My dear, I'll come and fee thee;

For the man that loves his mistress weel,

Nae travel makes him weary.





Wha eer we be that woman love,

To this be never blind,

Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,

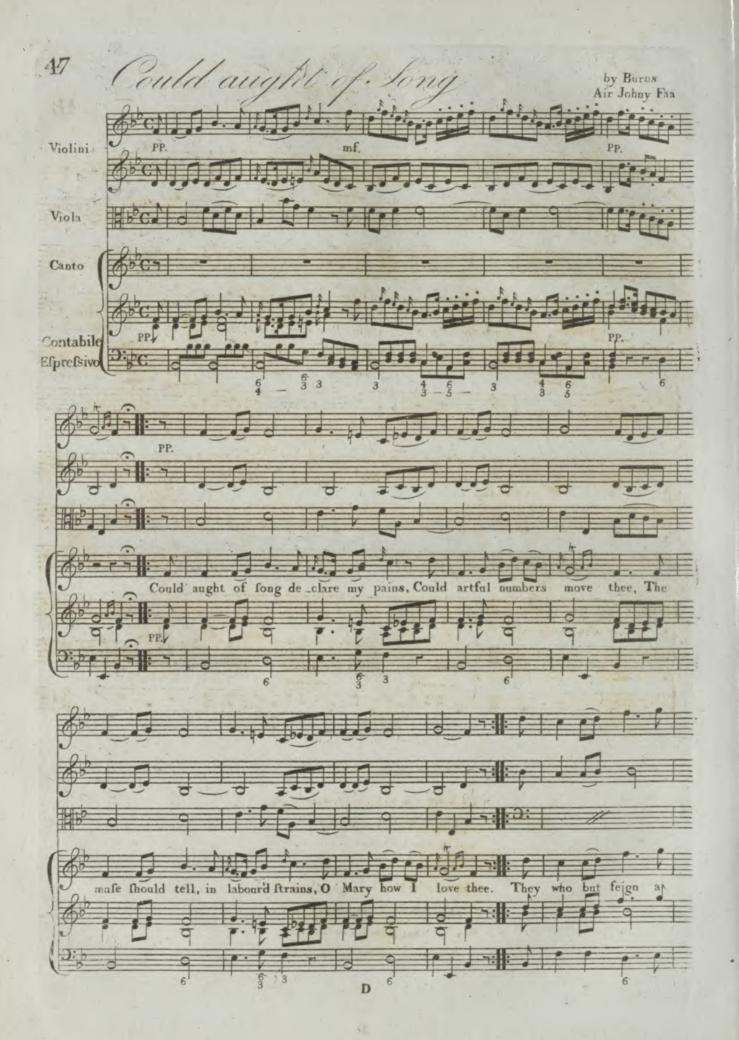
A woman has't by kind:

O woman lovely woman fair!

An angel form's faun to thy share.

'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,

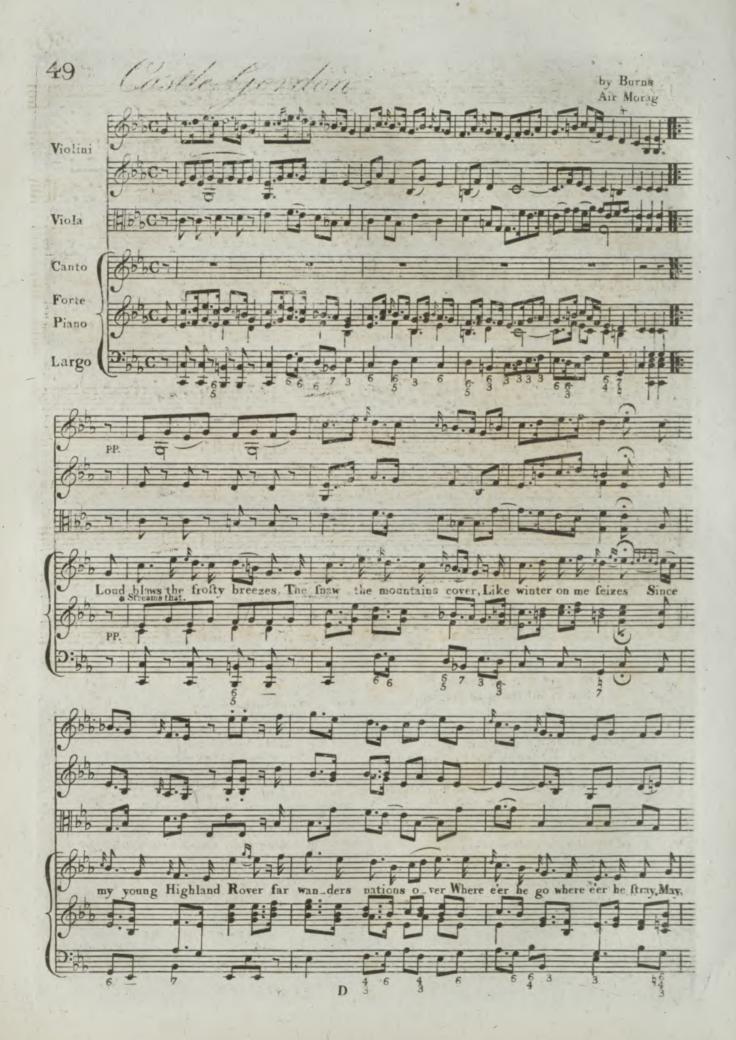
I mean an angel mind.

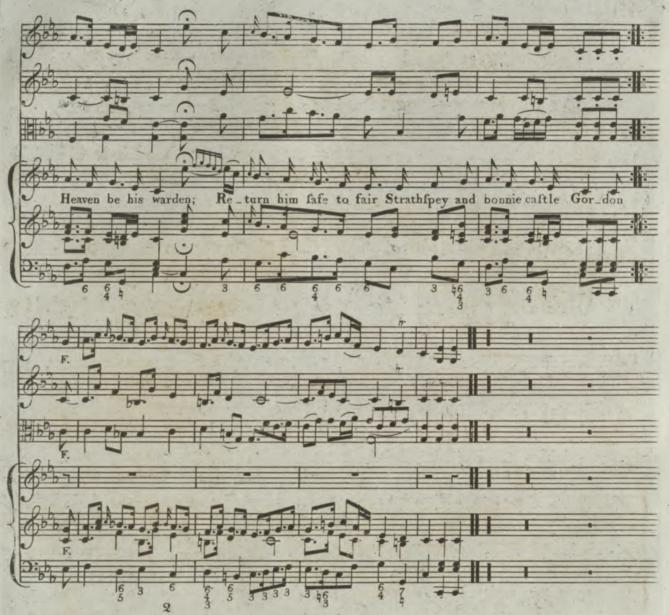




(2)

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of Nature prizing.





The trees now naked groaning,
Shall foon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely finging,
And ev'ry flow'r be fpringing.
Cho' Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon.

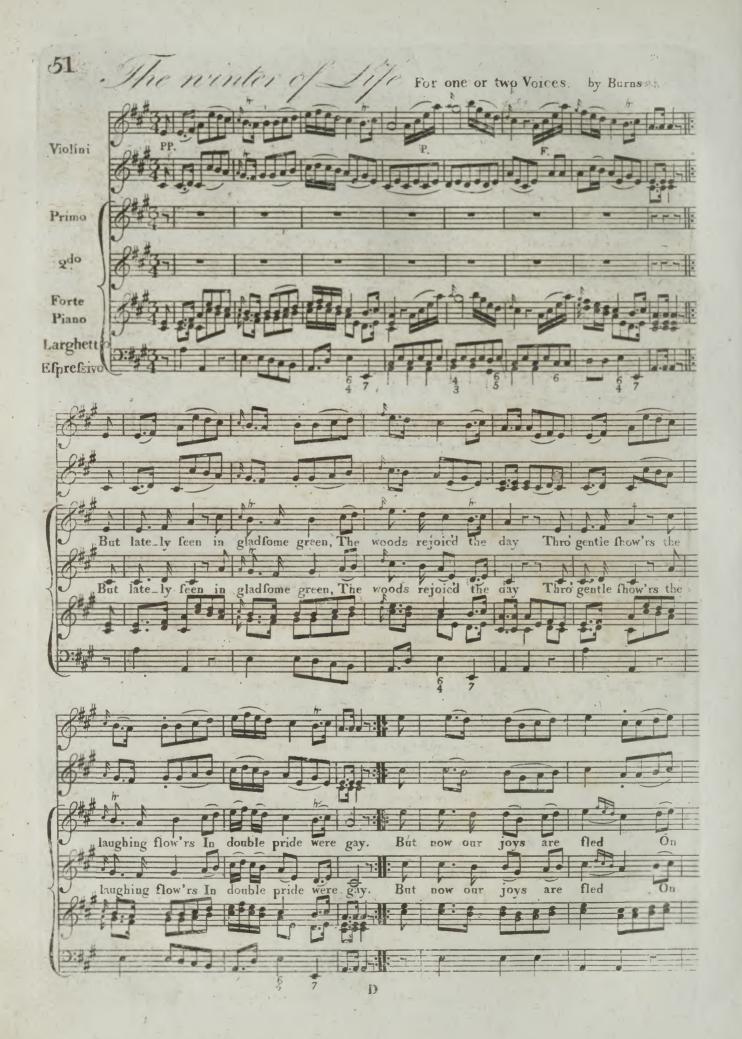
To the fame Air_by Burns.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound in winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden fands,
There inmix'd with fouleft frains
From tyranny's empurp!'d hands:
Thefe, their richly—gleaming waves,
I leave their tyrants and their flaves;
Give me the fream that fweetly laves
The banks, by Caftle Gordon.

Torrid forests ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches fold to toil;
Cr the ruthless native's way
Bent on ravage, blood and spoil:
Woods, that ever-verdant wave
I leave the savage and the slave,
Give me the groves that, losty, brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns, and rules the whole;
In that feber penfive mood,
Deatest to the feeling foul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood.
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find, at night, a shelt'ring cave,
Where waters flow, and wild woods wave
By benie Castle Gordon.

. N.B. When the other fet of word are used the Singer must begin with the first bar as shewn.







But my white pow nae kindly thowe

Will melt the snaws of Age

My trunk of eild, by buss or build,

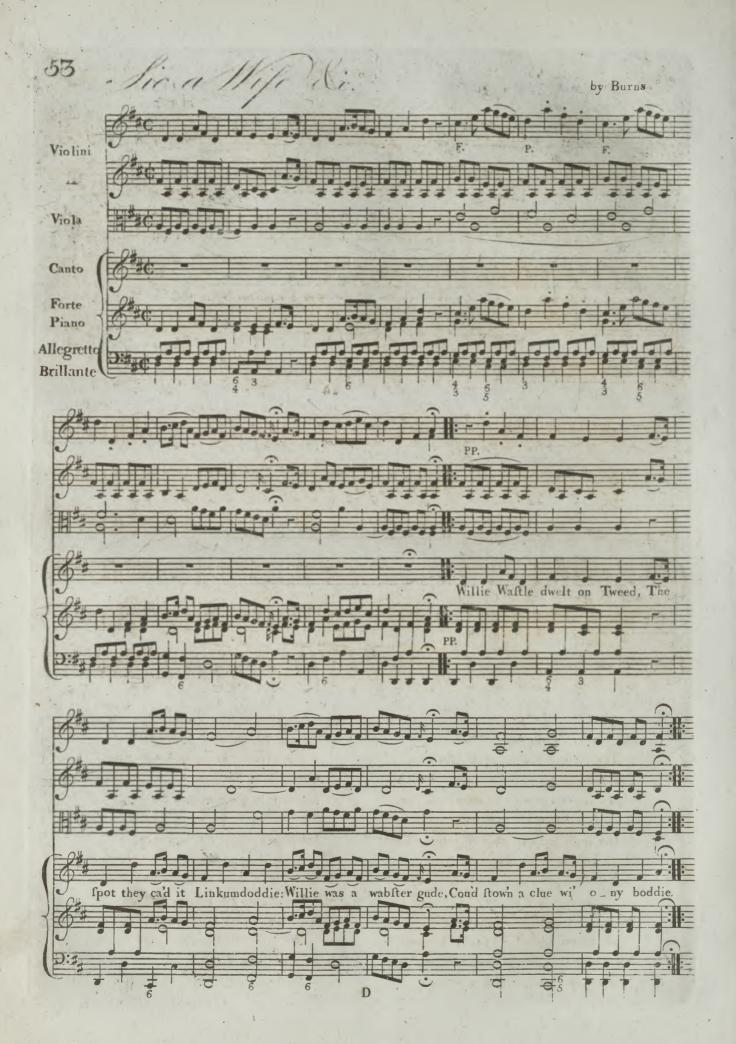
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

Oh, Age has weary days!

And nights o' sleepless pain!

Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,

Why comes thou not again!





She has an e'e, she has but ane,

The cat has twa the very colour;

Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,

A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;

A whiskin beard about her mon,

Her nose and chin they threaten ither;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.
(3)

She's bow-hough'd, the's hem thin'd,

Ae limpin leg a tand breed thorter;

She's twifted right the's twifted left,

To balance fair in ilka quarter.

She has a hump upon her breast,

The twin o that upon her shouther,
Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for her.

(4)

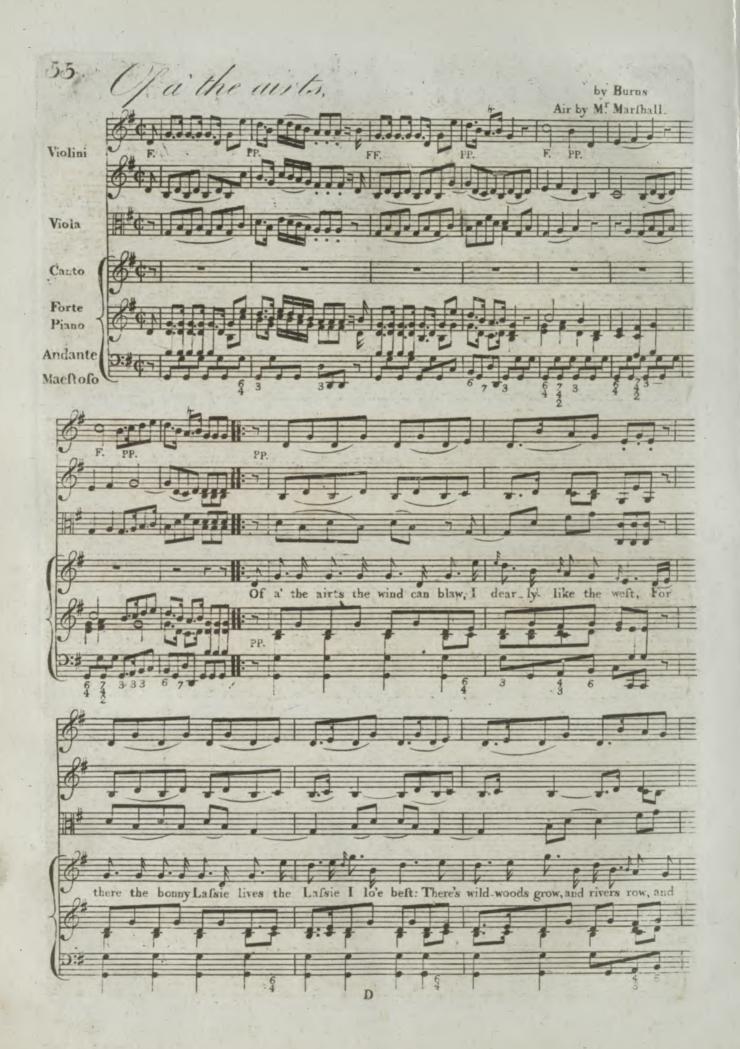
Auld baudrans by the ingle fits,

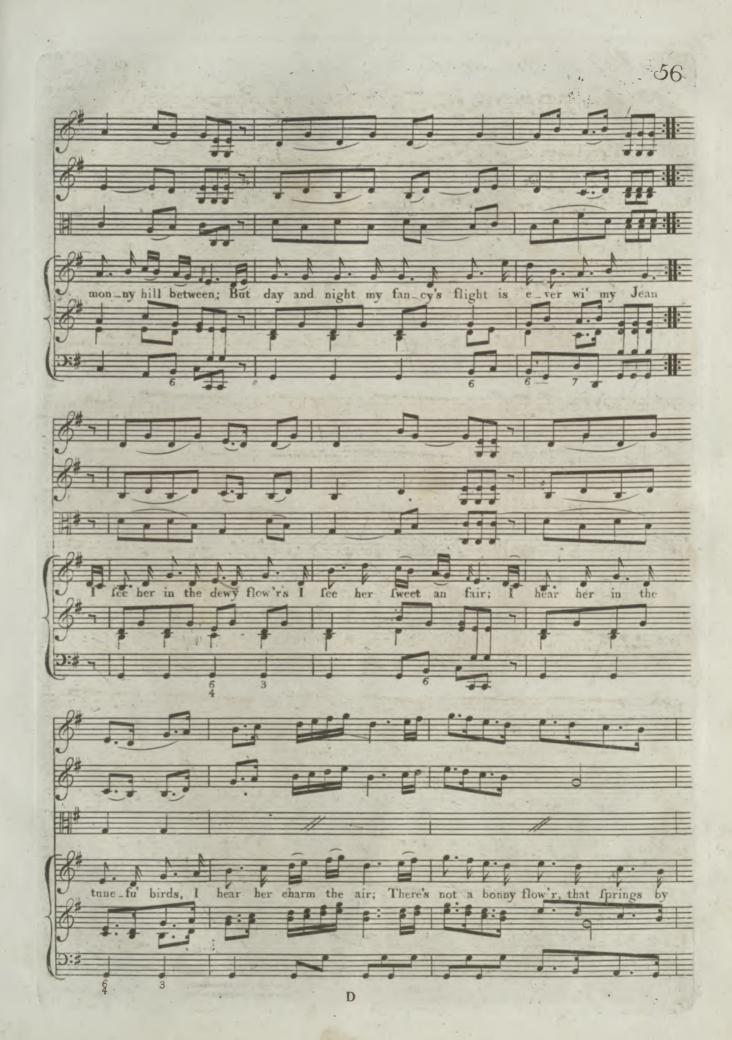
An' wi' her loof her face a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae fac trig,

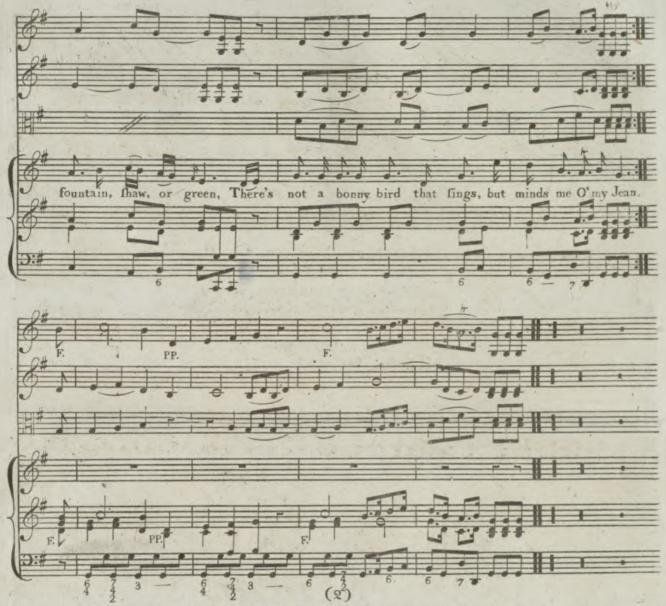
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion,
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,

Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wad na gie a button for ber.







Upon the banks of flowing Clyde, the lasses busk them braw
But when their best they have put on, my Jeanie dings them a',
In hamely weeds she far exceeds, the fairest of the town,
Baith grave and gay confess it sae, tho dress't in rustic gown
The gamesome lambsthat sucks the dam mair harmless canna be.
She has nae faut (if sie we ca't) except her love for me.
The sparkling dew, of clearest hue, is like her shining een,
In shape an' air wha can compare, wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye westlin', winds, blaw saft, amang the leafy trees, Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale bring hame the laden'd bees, An' bring the lassie back to me that's aye sae neat an' clean, Ae blink o' her wad banish care, sae charming is my Jean. What sighs an' vows amang the knowes hae past atween us twa How sain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade awa; The pow'rs aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen, That nane can be sae dear to me, as my sweet lovely Jean.



