

1792.

F

THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady DOROTHEA RUGGLES-BRISE to
the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her
brother, Major LORD GEORGE STEWART MURRAY,
Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

Glen 3

A
COLLECTION
of

TWENTY-FOUR SCOTS SONGS;
(Chiefly Pastoral.)

Set for the
VOICE, PIANO FORTE, GER: FLUTE, CLARINET, GUITAR,
OR

Harpsichord

Written, Adapted, and Humbly Inscribed, to

MRS LIEUT COL: HAY.

by

John Hamilton

Among the Shepherd's on the Braes,
Where Lark's and Linnet's sing;
I gather'd Scenes, in Sunny day's,
And Nature taught me Rhyme.

J.H.



The sparkling Critic's read my Lays,
And Censure ilka Word an' Line;
Frae sweeter Lips I'll look for praise:
An' Ladies praise, makes Men divine.

J.H.

PRICE TO SUBSCRIBERS 6/ _____ TO NON SUBSCRIBERS 7/6.

EDINBURGH Printed & Sold by the Author, at MR. WATLEN'S Music Shop, N^o 34, North Bridge Street.
And to be had at all the Music Shops.

Geo: Walker Sculp: Edin^r

John Hamilton
No 19

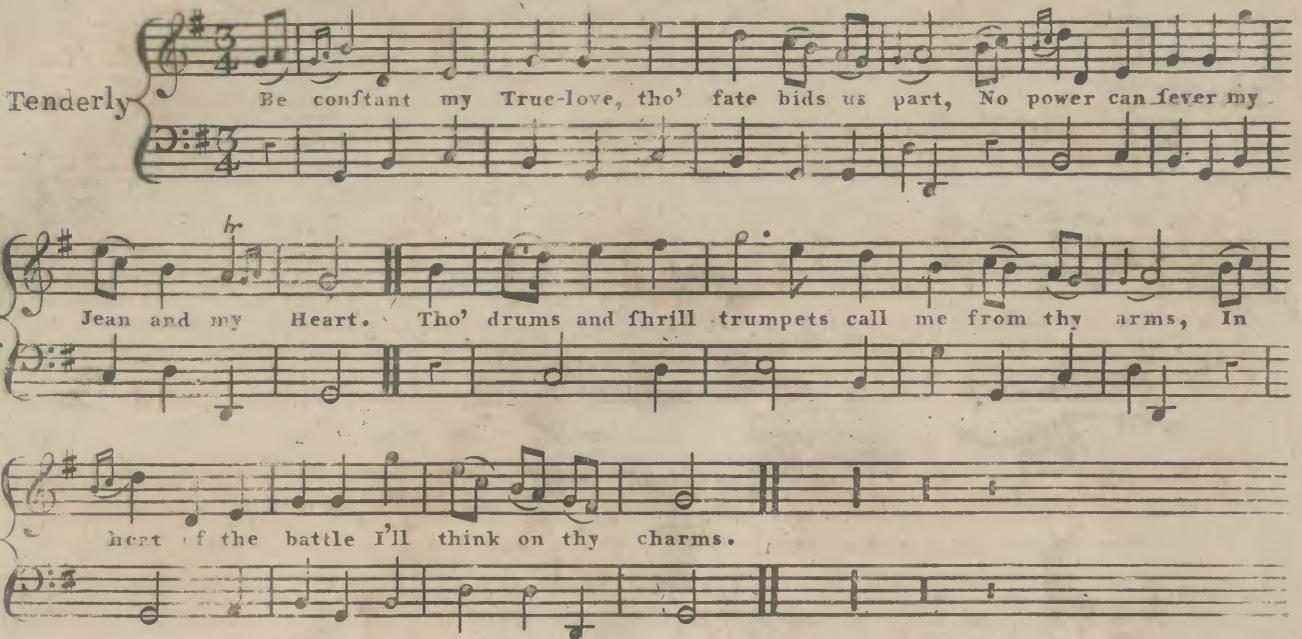


4331002

BE COSTANT MY TRUE-LOVE

1

Tenderly



Be constant my True-love, tho' fate bids us part, No power can sever my
Jean and my Heart. Tho' drums and shrill trumpets call me from thy arms, In
heat of the battle I'll think on thy charms.

2

Be constant my True-love, from thee I must go,
To meet, fight, and vanquish, the proud daring foe;
But thundering Cannon, shall bellow in vain,
No danger I'll fear, while belov'd by my Jean.

3

Be constant my True-love, we shall meet again,
Tho parting distress us, with sorrow and pain,
With glory and riches, to thee I'll return,
And never again leave my fairest to mourn.

4

Be constant my True-love, and dry up those tears,
The heart of a Soger admits of no fears,
No toil can affright me, if sorry I seem,
It's only because I must part with my Jean.

5

Be constant my True-love, I warmly request,
Where ever I go, thou shalt lodge in my breast,
My vows every morning, to thee I'll renew,
And tell them again with the evening dew.

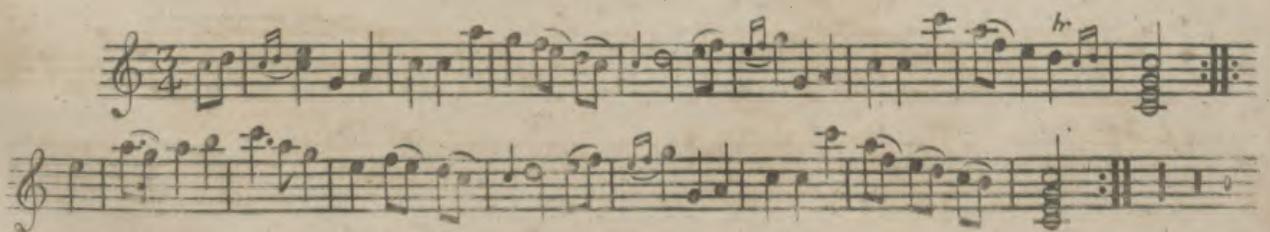
6

Be constant my True-love, thy white swelling breast,
Tells me thy dear bosom is but ill at rest,
Let reason and friendship thy fears over rule,
And dictate sweet peace to thy soft fighting soul.

7

Be constant my True-love, where ever I roam,
My heart in thy bosom, will still be at home,
And let me be stranger to honour and fame,
A traitor to all, when I love not my Jean.

For the Clarinet or Guitar.



O AS I WAS KISS'T YESTREEN

Lively

O as I was Kiss't Yestreen, down amang yon Bushes green, Kind sleep had cloid my
 Mithers e'e, when my dear Captain met wi' me. My Father was a mile frae hame, My
 Sister to her bed was gane, I quietly sta' the Garden key, A..ltho they watch me carefully.

2

Ken't they wha I met Yestreen,
 They wad gar me dight my E'en;
 But I'll remember till I die,
 How kind the Captain courted me.
 He ca'd me ay his dearest life,
 An' swore that I foud be his wife;
 For George our King, I wad na gie,
 The Lad that met Yestreen wi' me.

3

Sweetly shone the Moon Yestreen,
 Brightly glanc'd the chrystal stream;
 But sweeter was the company,
 Of him that came a Courtin' me.
 His Grace the Duke, looks unco fine,
 Wi' Coach an' Footmen, twa behin';
 But ae blink o' the Captain's E'e,
 Is dearer than them a' to me.

4

O the Air was still Yestreen,
 Ne'er a twig to move was seen,
 The starnies twinkled bonnilie,
 While my dear Captain Courted me.
 My Father looks to goud an' gear,
 My Mither vows I'fe tak' the Peer,
 But twa three days will let them see,
 A Captain has command of me.

5

O but I was glad Yestreen,
 Whar I durst na weel be seen,
 Yet tho my Kin foud gloom at me,
 The Captain's Lady I fall be.
 My Aunty left me Thousands ten,
 There's nane can tak' frae me, I ken;
 An' ilka plack o't I will gie,
 To him (Yestreen) that Courted me.

For the German Flute.

WHAT CAN A LASSIE DO WI'AN AULD MAN

Slowish

O Katie dear Katie, ill tell ye what greives me, An' ye maun advise me the

best way ye can, If ye can relive me a present ill gie thee, For what can a Lafsie do wi'an Auldman;

I canna get sleepin, for sobin an' greetin, O! what shall I do Katie, (here, tak' my Fan.) ill

never be cheary, of life I am weary, Be cause I'm perplex'd wi' a crazy Auld man.

2

My Minny she teases me, mornin' an' e'enin',
 My Auntie she vexes me a' the day lang;
 To marry the Carle for his houses an' filler,
 But what can a Lafsie do wi' an Auld man;
 His heart it is callow, wi' een dull an' hallow,
 The hale o' his carcase is just skin an' bane,
 For him or his money I carena a penny,
 What can a young Lafsie do wi'an Auld man.

3

My Tittie the gypfie (wha wadna misca her,)
 On me tak's nae pity, but joins wi the clan,
 An' tells me, ill never get sic a gude offer,
 But what shall a Lafsie do wi' an Auld man;
 I hae woers mony, an' she has na ony,
 (Tow weel I can dive in the heart o' her plan,
 Because she's neglected, my peace she has wrecked,
 An' plagues me to marry a doited Auld man.

4

They keep me at hame, frae the dance an' the market,
 Because I am twa three years younger than Ann,
 The tawpy's their dawty, an' they for to please her,
 Wad sell a young Lafsie unto an Auld man.
 But Roses in splendour, shall blaw in December.
 The Corbie an' Crow, turn as white as a Swan,
 An Howlets shall sing, like the Lav'rock in spring,
 On the day I am marry'd unto an Auld man.

For the German Flute.

THE REQUEST, Music by a Lady.

Slow and
Supplicative

O come my Love, by chrystal Clyde, (now the month is flow'ry May,) well go & fee the

Waters glide, Among the yellow Broom so gay; The skies with sweetest blushes clad, (Lovely as that

Cheek of thine,) In varied tinges, white & red, All the plains with dewdrops shine. The vaulted air returns the

Sang, rais'd by mornings cheerfull train, And lifting Hills & Rocks along, repeat the wild harmonious strain.

2

O come my Love, 'tis I invites,
All around looks fresh and fair;
A warmer heart can ne'er intreat,
For thou alone art all my care;
See how the Sun with genial rays,
Lifts his head and calls on you;
With yellow, gilding Tinto's braes,
And cheers his tow'ring shaggy brow;
The meadow, vale, and upland fhaws,
Like enchanted scenes are seen;
And busy busy seems the Bec,
From every flow'r a kifs to gain,

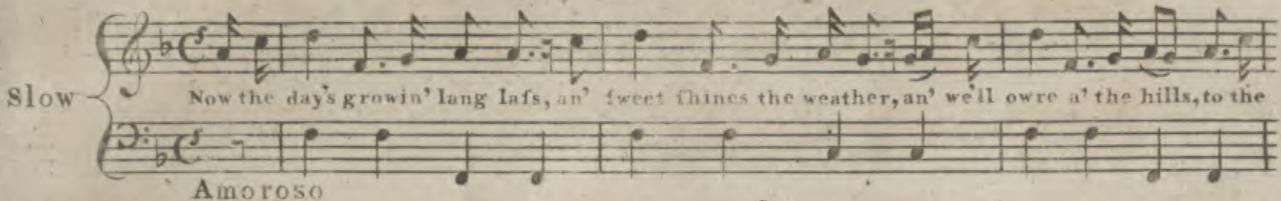
3

But, morn with all its gaudy smiles,
Is not half so sweet as thee;
Nor yet the hour that care beguiles,
So dear to the destress'd can be;
The dropping day to corn and grafs,
When the earth is parch'd and dry;
Affordeth not the happiness
I feel, when in thy company;
Not yellow Autumn thick with sheaves,
More can please the Farmers eye;
Than the propitious moment gives,
Which brings the Maid for whom I sigh.

For the German Flute.

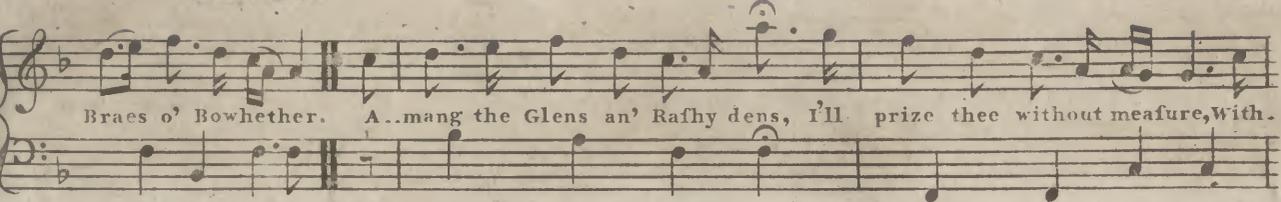
THE BRAES O' BOWHETHER

Slow



Now the days growin' lang lafs, an' sweet shines the weather, an' we'll owre a' the hills, to the

Amoroso



Braes o' Bowhether. A..mang the Glens an' Rafhy dens, I'll prize thee without measure, With.



..in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I'll clasp my lovely treasure, In sweetest love, our time will move, wi'



mair than earthly pleasure; By the little limpid streams, On the Braes o' Bowhether.

2

An' I'll ay loe thee dearly,
 Ilk. day wes' forgather,
 Syne we'll row on the fog,
 By the Braes o' Bowhether;
 To Pipe or Flute, when time will suit,
 We'll dance like ony feather,
 An', skip the knowes where Claver grows,
 Or stray amang the Heather;
 Ay free frae strife in sic a life,
 There, weary shall we never,
 By the little limpid streams,
 On the Braes o' Bowhether.

For the German Flute.



THE PLOUGHMAN

Lively

My name it is Jack, an' a Ploughman my trade; nae Kirk or State matters e'er

trouble my head, a Calling mair honest I'll ever pursue, the sweetest employment is holding the Plough

I rise in the morn, as the Lark I am gay, be..hind my twa Horses I whistle a..way; Health

bloom an' Contentment is wreath'd round my brow, an' all my delight is in holding the Plough.

2
 Wha's out or wha's in amang Tory or Whigs,
 Is naething to me; I will turn up my Rigs;
 Nae party or pension, shall e'er mak' me bow,
 For I'm Independent by holding the Plough.
 Ambition I banish, an' poorith defy,
 There's nane on the Earth is fae happy as I;
 The pleasures of Nature, a' seasons I view,
 So blest is the man that attendeth the Plough.

3
 When, Winters blaw furly, my horses they rest;
 At Smiddy or Mill, I can rant wi' the best;
 With friend or with neighbour I quaff the brown Co
 Enjoying the sweets of my holding the Plough,
 Our Nobles may croud to the buffles at Court;
 I wadna exchange them, for Country sport,
 Spring, Sumner an' Harvest successive renew,
 The fruits of my labour; by holding the Plough.

4
 What tho', when I happen to gae to the Town,
 The laisies there, ca's me a Country Clown;
 But faitens an' filks they wad ha'e unco few,
 Without the effects of my holding the Plough.
 My Peggy at hame, is far better than they,
 She's tentimes mair frank, an' is equally gay,
 Baith Carding an' Spinning fow weel she can do,
 An' lo'es the young laddie that follows the Plough.

For the German Flute.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME

Gently
& Soft

As thro' yon muir I lately came, the Wind blew hard, fair beat the Rain, an'
far frae o'ny house or ha', when loursing night be-gan to fa'; Frae Wind an' Rain, it
turn'd to Sleet, a fairer blast nae man cou'd meet, baith cauld an' weary wet an' a', A-
-mang yon Hills fae white wi' Snaw.

2

A Farmers house down in a glen,
I fand at last, they took me in;
But I'll remember till I die,
The Lafs that made the Bed to me.
Sae red an' rosey were her Cheeks,
Wi' blufhes mild as Simmer sweets;
I cou'd na' fleep for th' Coal black E'e,
O' her that made the Bed to me.

3

Niest morning bound for Enbro Town,
I kist her ance an' gie'r a Crown,
An' merry merry may she be,
The Lafs that made the Bed to me.
I left the house wi' fair regret,
My horse for bridle aft did fret;
The chamin' shape still in my E'e,
O' her that made the Bed to me.

4

Nae beauty e'er cou'd spill my rest,
Or bring a sigh frae out my breast;
Untill I saw yon lovely she,
The Lafs that made the Bed to me.
Now, love has ta'en my peace away,
I'm ay unhappy night an' day,
For a' the world I-wad na gie',
The Lafs that made the Bed to me.

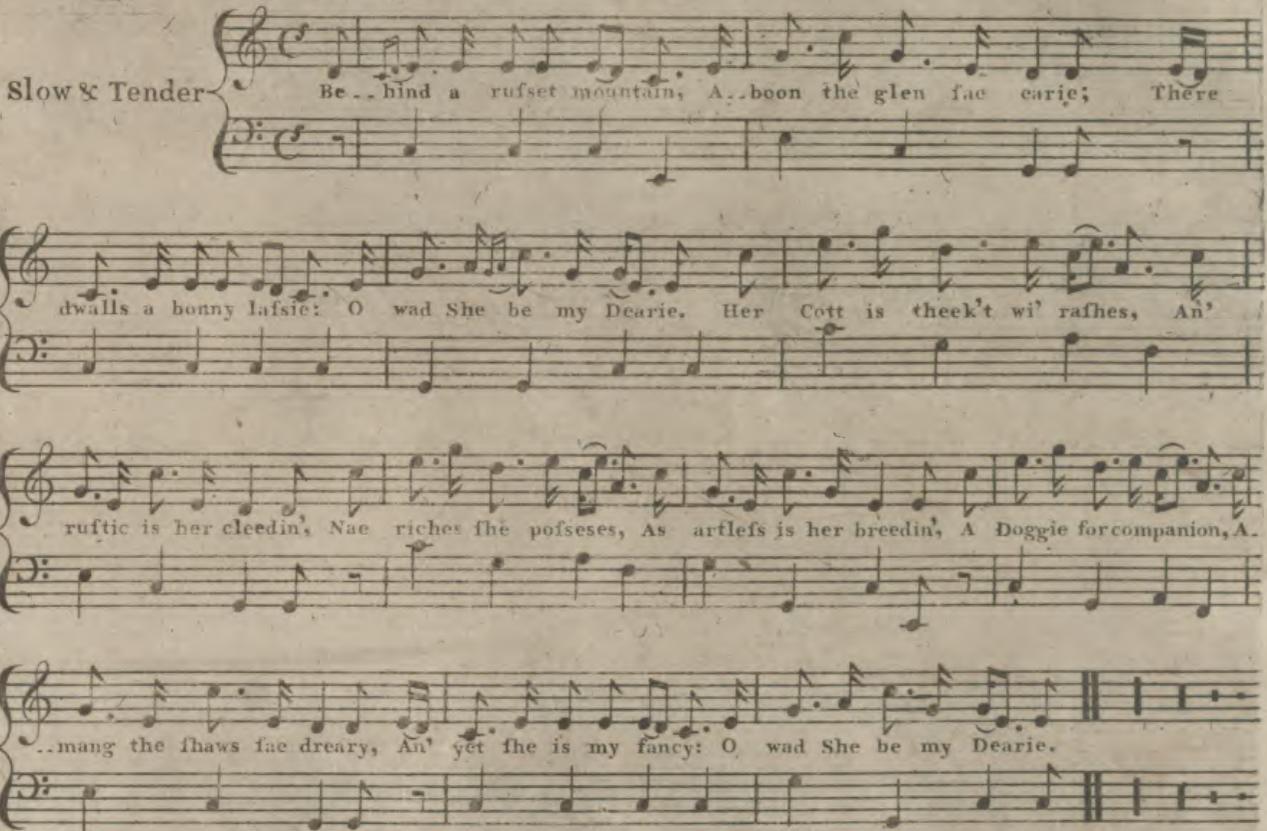
5

Nae splendid Queen, my mind cou'd move,
Or change the object o' my love,
My heart an' mind will ay be wi',
The Lafs that made the Bed to me.
In Kingly power, the joys are sma',
An' sorrow aften comes for a';
But happiness will ever be,
Wi' her that made the Bed to me.

For the German Flute.

O WAD SHE BE MY DEARIE

Slow & Tender



Be...hind a russet mountain, A...boon the glen fae earie; There
dwalls a bonny lalsie: O wad She be my Dearie. Her Cott is theeht wi' rashes, An'
ruffic is her cleedin', Nae riches she posseses, As artlefs is her breedin', A Doggie for companion, A...
...mang the thaws fae dreary, An' yet she is my fancy: O wad She be my Dearie.

2
The first time e'er I met her,
'Twas on a brae fae breiry,
Down at her side I fet me,
Spierd gin she'd be my dearie;
A blufh her cheeks ran over,
I ne'er faw ough fae bonny;
Says she, you are a rover,
I lo'e na' ane but Johnny;
His heart is leel as ony,
Baith e'en an' morn he's cheary,
Ye manna tak' a lalsie
Like me, to be your dearie.

3
Mair simple than the daifey,
As ony lamb she's merry,
Far sweeter than the hawthorn,
An' caller like a cherry;
Altho a Sheperds daughter,
An' herdin' wi' her dady,
O' charms she has fae mony
Wad fit her for a Lady;
When absent frae the lalsie,
I'm ay baith dull an' weary,
She is my only treafure,
O wad she be my dearie.

For the German Flute.



WHAT THE DEUCE CAN AIL YE ⁹

Cantily

Says Nell to Meg, whar ha'e ye been, wha met ye comin' o'er the Green, whar left ye Jockie, Befs an' Jean, or what the Deuce can ail ye? Was ony Lafsie ev-er feen, Caften-down like you yestreen, ye're furely fick ye look fae mean, wha fees ye maun bewail ye.

²
 But Hark? I'll wad' I guefs the caufe,
 Of a' thy granes, thy hums an' haws,
 Ye've got a lick wi' Cupids taws,
 An' that's the thing that ails ye.
 But ne'er a man that stan's on feet,
 E'er soud mak' me weet my cheek,
 Ye are a fool to sob an' greet,
 Because a Wooer fails ye.

³
 D'ye ken, when Davie took the dour,
 An' courted Maggy, o'er the moor;
 I fang frae morn till e'enin's hour,
 Then what the Deuce can ail ye?
 An' gin ye'd tak' advice frae me,
 I wad let the Younker fee!
 His freaks soud never trouble gie,
 Nor a' his art beguile ye.

⁴
 Nor wad I vex myfelf' fae fair,
 Tho' Jockie, he war thrice as fair,
 I'd gi'e him fauce for fauce, an' mair,
 For that's the gate to heal ye.
 Then come dear Meg, thraw by yere wae,
 Be as blyth's the lightfome Kae;
 Chear up yere heart, e'en let him gae,
 An' fay there's naething ails ye.

For the German Flute.

DUNCAN M^C QUEEN

Slow

Up among the Highland Hills, how sweetly blooms the Heather, there the Birk an' Hazel grow; Where

little Streams forgather. Hounds an' Horn makes Echo ring, ftrong an'clear the Lav'rocks sing;

There among the Bent an' Ling, the Plovers whistle mellow; An' there with comely air an'mien, is the

man I love; (Duncan M^C Queen) with all the sweetness of a King, in Tartans green an' yellow.

2

Up among the Highland Hills,
The Stag at pleasure prances;
Round the hillock Kid an' Lambs,
In blythfome frolic dances:
There my youthfu' heart did prove,
All the sweets of tender love,
Gay an' harmless as a Dove,
I spent the day in pleasure!
There happy happy ha'e I been,
Among yon hills with young M^C Queen,
Mair lovely than a funny beam,
An' to my breast a treasure.

3

Up among the Highland Hills,
The Simmer shines ay clearly,
At the hut an' milking shiel,
The time it passes cheerly;
There the Highland youths are seen,
Strong as Aik, an' tall as Pine;
There our ancient valour shine,
In sweet enraptur'd Story: *
The Highland Hills I'll ay esteem,
An' ever love Duncan M^C Queen,
I'd rather be with him again,
Than walk in splended glory,

For the German Flute.

NO RICHES GIVES PLEASURE TO ME 11

Slow

No Riches gives Pleasure to me, nor worlds beyond the Ocean; all I wish or

all I crave, is Nelly to my Bosom; let her looks an' smiles be mine, an' for her Lover

crown me, ye Kings then I'm a boon ye all, an' shall inferiors own ye.

2

In ftation my lot is but low,
 An' th' hills I daily wander,
 Yet my Cot holds out the snow,
 Or blaits that Winter render;
 Let the storm without afsail;
 Close in my arms I'll fold her,
 My glowing heart shall keep us warm,
 While to my breast I hold her.

3

Ay mutual our wishes, an' love
 Unstain'd by pride or malice;
 Sweet content with us will dwell,
 When absent from a palace;
 When the smiling Sun returns,
 To cheer our Nother'n nation;
 Then by some streams sweet flow'ry verge,
 We'll fix our habitation.

4

While all the gay charms of the Spring,
 Our view shall wander over;
 Waving Corn, an' Grafs green fields,
 An' sweetly smelling Clover;
 Blest with Nellys company,
 I'll ay possess a treasure,
 Alone I'll reign within her breast,
 Alone I reap the pleasure.

For the German Flute.

DELVIN SIDE

Slow

When Lads an' Lasses ted the hay, An' filler waters peacefu' glide, A...

...mang my Sheep I carelefs lay, Up on the braes of Delvin Side: A blooming Maid came o'er the lee, Her

charms my youthfu' heart betray'd, As ony Lilly sweet an' fair, That ever grew on Delvin Side.

2

I spier'd at Her gin the wad stay,
 An' be a humble Shepherds bride;
 I said, I'd loe her night an' day,
 While I had life, on Delvin Side:
 'Sae far frae guile an' fause deceit,
 'Nae toil but harmlefs flocks to guide,
 'An' spend the pleasure of your days
 'Wi' sweet content, on Delvin Side.

3

'Our hearts ay leel as ony dove,
 'Amang the Brackens spreading wide;
 'There rest by turns, or sweetly rove,
 'To pu' the Flow'rs on Delvin Side:
 'Then, say dear Lafsie, yes or no,
 'I canna fleech whate'er betide;
 'But o sae happy's we foud be,
 'Gin ye wad stay on Delvin Side.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.

O THOU ART FAIR MY LOVE 13

Slow

O thou art fair my Love, Charming and beautifull, Comely and pleafant in

every degree; Let me, O! let me thy Lover fo dutifull, tent the foft glance of thy fweet rolling Ee.

Gentle thy bofom, where Innocence dwelleth, and concious Virtue ap. pears in thy mien;

Ev'ry be.hol. der, thy perfections telleth, and calls Thee, the mortal that fhould be divine.

2

When I look on thee, my Soul all in rapture flies,
 Tides of fweet extacy run through my frame;
 Blefs't with thy prefence, the foftest emotions rife,
 Far from the power of language to name.
 Kind and endearing thy fweet converfation,
 With accents feraphic that tenderly flow;
 Whilft I enjoy it with fond admiration,
 And taste the gay pleasures of Heaven below.

3

Can't thou, O wilt thou, thy favour beftow on me?
 Is there a hope that my vows may prevail;
 If Loving fincerely, has worth to be own'd by thee,
 Let no more anguifh my Bofom afail.
 As thou art faireft among all the Virgin train,
 Cruelty never can lodge in thy Breaft;
 Speak, O! fpeak comfort to thy loving, dying Swain,
 None but thy felf can reftore me my reft.

For the German Flute.

THE CAPTIVE

Slow &
Expressive

The Ancients they tell, what ills them befell, when Tyrants depriv'd them of

tweet Liberty. how Angels came down, (in prison when bound,) at midnight to loose them from Captivity.

But now in our days they act other ways; and Fetters hath long been allotted to me; Yet

Chains tho' I wear, un- to me they're dear, And nothing is sweeter than Captivity.

2
To Angelic Ann, a prisoner I am,
The fairest in all the gay circle I see;
So gentle and fine, She must be Divine,
The Angel that holds me in Captivity.
And if She will hear my Vows so sincere,
The Fops may go range the wide World, for me!
I'll ever approve the bonds of my Love,
And never complain: tho' in Captivity.

3
But wou'd She extend, her heart and her hand,
In happiness none could be equal to me;
For freedom and right, the nation may fight,
I still shall have pleasure in Captivity.
When Valley and Cope, with Shepherd and Flocks,
Are clad; Her attendant among them I'll be:
Or Winters grim frown, drive Ladies to Town,
I'll follow, and glory in Captivity.

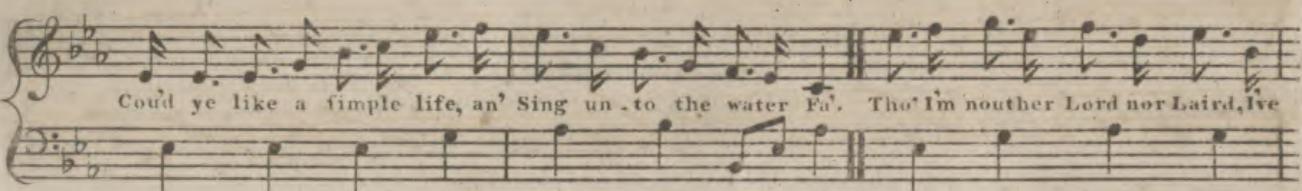
For the German Flute.

LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATTIE

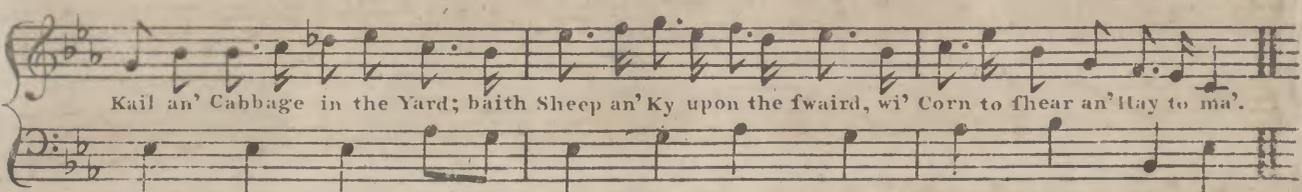
Moderate



Lassie wi' the Yellow Coattie, wilt thou ha'e a muirlan' Jockie?



Co'd ye like a fimple life, an' Sing un. to the water Fa'. Tho' I'm nouthur Lord nor Laird, I've



Kail an' Cabbage in the Yard; baith Sheep an' Ky upon the fward, wi' Corn to fhear an' Hay to ma'.

2

Lassie wi' the Yellow Coattie,
 Gin ye'll tak' a muirlan' Jockie;
 A' the goud an' gear I win,
 My lassie ye fall get it a';
 Tho' I be na' braw or fair,
 An' tho' I'm ruffic in my air,
 My honest heart is better fate,
 Than a' the beauties man can shaw.

3

Lassie wi' the Yellow Coattie,
 Gin' ye'll wed a muirlan' Jockie;
 Milk an' Meal ye fanna want,
 Wi' Woo to spin, to mak' ye braw;
 'Stead o' Tea ye fall get Whey,
 Baith Curds an' Cream twice ilka day,
 Yere time will glide as sweet as May,
 By trottin' burn or birken shaw.

4

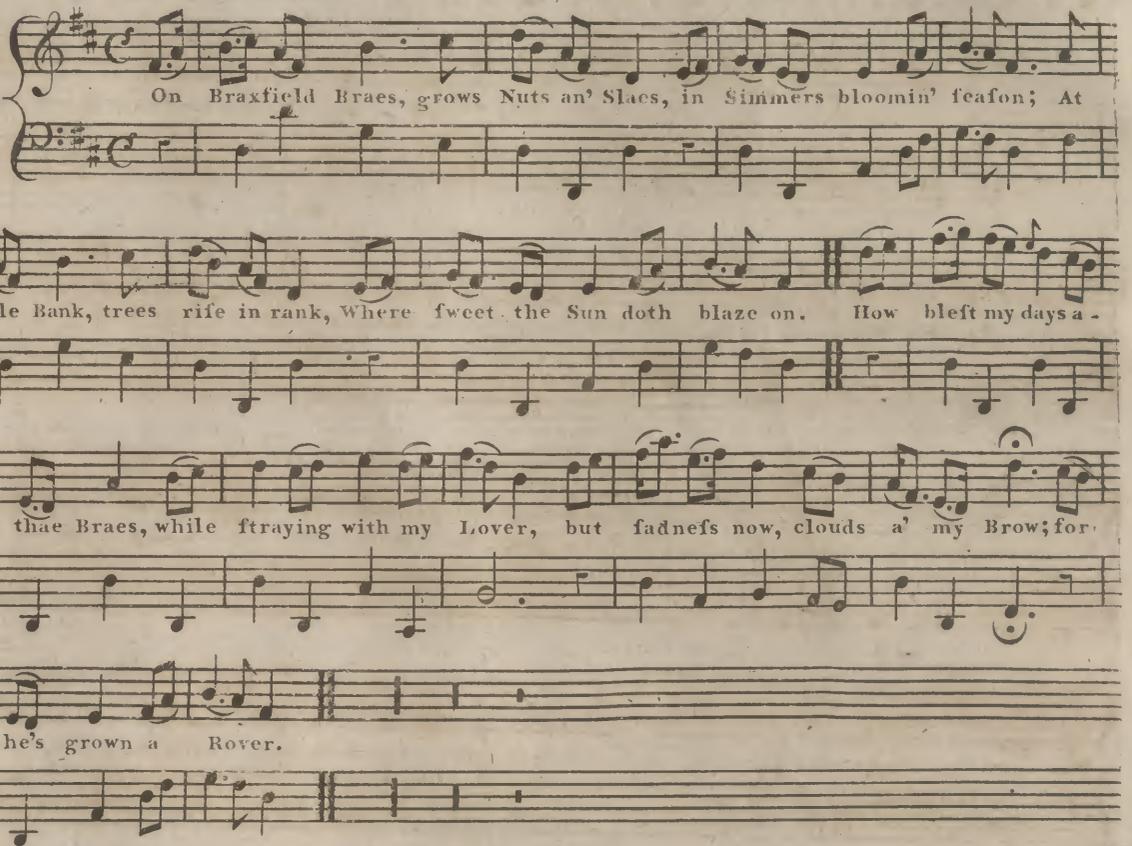
Lassie wi' the Yellow Coattie,
 Gin' thou gues wi' muirlan' Jockie;
 I fall hap thee weel at e'en,
 Whene'er the frosty win's do blaw;
 A' my life my heart ye's share,
 I fanna vex ye late or air,
 An' loe thee too, forever mair,
 Whate'er may happen or befa'.

For the German Flute.



BRAXFIELD BRAES

Slow &
Pathetic



On Braxfield Braes, grows Nuts an' Slaes, in Simmers bloomin' feason; At
Castle Bank, trees rise in rank, Where sweet the Sun doth blaze on. How blest my days a -
mang thae Braes, while ftraying with my Lover, but fadness now, clouds a' my Brow; for
ah! he's grown a Rover.

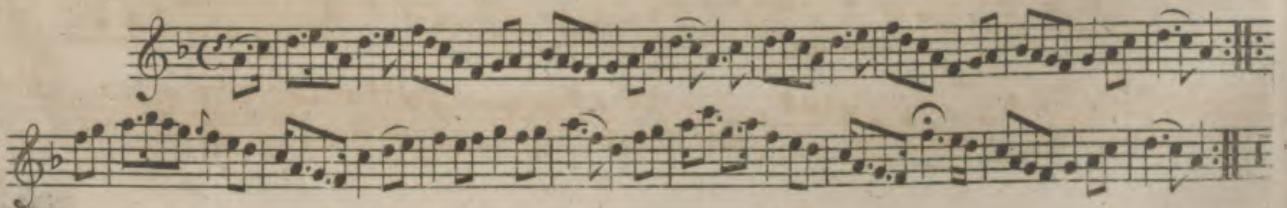
2
O! Braxfield Braes, on thee I gaze,
An' former times remember,
The days are gane that I ha'e seen,
An' left me bleak December:
Tho' Corn an' Hay mak's thee look gay,
Mixt with the honey Clover,
Yet these to me, nae pleasure gie;
My Love is now a Rover.

3
If Braxfield Braes could foeth my waes,
There aften I wad wander,
But ilka bush, where sings the Thrush,
Doth sharper anguish render:
Sweet Castle Bank nae mair I'll haunt,
New beauties to discover,
My troubled breast can fin' nae rest,
Sin' my Love turn'd a Rover.

4
Yet Braxfield Braes I'll sing thy praise,
While life glides in my bosom,
Amang thy Cliffs, pour out my griefs,
For him wha was my chosen:
On Castle Bank I'll ay discant,
An' a' thy Charms tell over;
Altho' my heart be fu' o' smart,
For him that's turn'd a Rover.

5
If happy days on Braxfield Braes,
Again shou'd be my fortune;
Nae flae tongu'd youth, o' fickle truth,
Shall wi' my heart be sportin';
I'll mind the past, an' keep it fast,
Untill I find a Lover,
Wha winna vow an' prove untrue,
Nor ever turn a Rover.

For the Guitar.



JENNY DANG THE WEAVER

Lively

The tither night as by my fell, I trac'd a limpid river, I heard ae lafs anither tell how

Jenny dang the Weaver. She buff'd him out an' buff'd him in, throw' a' the Houfe an' Pantry, fyne

in the Treddle hole he crap, an' there she gae him plenty. She gart him promise an' protest, nae

mair for Pirns to deave her, ye wad a laught gif ye had seen, how Jenny dang the Weaver.

2

'When first he came unto the Town,
'He was a s'trapin' s'creiver,
'A brawer lad there cou'd na be,
'Or brifker than the Weaver.
'I thought he might a stay'd at hame,
'An' either o' us marry'd,
'But Diel-macare, he left us baith,
'An' faith he's fair miscarry'd.
'Belive me lafs it gae me sport,
'F'orget it f'all I never,
'To see how Jenny, ance fae mim,
'So nicely dang the Weaver.

3

'D'ye mind we've aften heard him say,
'That naething e'er cou'd greive her,
'How muckle t'ocher too, she had,
'An' what her Aunt wad leave her;
'He thought she was a Saint I trow,
'An' slighted us for sake o'r;
'But troth we've gotten our revenge,
'An' he for life maun take her.
The lasses ga'e a hearty laugh,
An' vow'd a friendship ever;
An' wish'd they might ha'e better luck,
Than Jenny an' the Weaver.

For the German Flute.

CLYDE SIDE

Slow

When sweet smiling Simmer re- turns frae the fouth, An' fro-lic some Nature is
 blooming in youth, It's charming to wander, the fancy to feed, An' pu' the green Birks in the
 Woods by Clyde Side. How aft at that feason, the Moon fhining clear, By mutual ap-
 ..pointment I've met with my dear, A .mang the sweet bushes an' trees spreading wide, To
 breath our fast wifhes by lovely Clyde Side.

2

In scenes so delightfull, so deeply in love,
 With joy overflowing through mazes we rove,
 The world an' its treafures I'll ever deride,
 Compar'd with the moments we spent on Clyde Side.
 But pleasure's uncertain an' happinefs short,
 An' false fickle fortune makes mortals her sport,
 I'm forc'd frae my wifhes (what mair can betide)
 An' all the sweet charms I enjoy'd by Clyde Side.

3

But the winds they may rage an' the seas they may roar,
 An' drive me away to a far distant shore,
 Whatever may happen, my heart shall abide
 With her I love dearly, by charming Clyde Side.
 O Clyde thy green banks I will ever esteem,
 O Clyde by thy waters how happy I've been,
 There is not a River in all the world wide,
 For beauty and pleasure, like blooming Clyde Side.

For the German Flute.

JEANNY IS FALSE AN' UNKIND

19

Very Slow
&
Pathetic.

Wher ever I am, an' what ever I do, my Jeanny is ftill in my mind; No

forrow or fighing my bofom e'er knew, when fhe was com .plaisent an' kind. The voice of the

morning I heard, with de .light, an' the Blackbirds fweet fong gave me pleasure at night; But

now like the Owl I am weary of light, for Jeanny is falfe an' un .kind.'

2

Soft breezes may fan, or rude Boreas may roar,
An' never be notic'd by me;
I droop like a leaf when the Summer is o'er,
That withers an' falls from the tree;
When nights fable Curtain lulls mortals to reft,
Sleep flys from my pillow an' peace from my breaft;
No fancy can fathom how fore I'm opprest,
For Jeanny is falfe an' unkind.

3

Her form is fo deeply imprefs'd on my mind,
No time can it ever remove;
The more that I ftrive to fuppreff it, I find
The more I am tortur'd with love:
To woods dark an' gloomy for life I will go,
To rocks an' to echoes I'll pour out my Woe;
No home but the Hermits henceforth I fhall know,
For Jeanny is falfe an' unkind.

For the German Flute.

THE BANKS OF ESK

Slow &

Tenderly

When Flora queen in robes of green, Shows all her native grandure, The Banks of Esk in

verdure drest, Ap-pears in lovely splendour. There tow'ring trees the fancy please, In foilage, wide ex-

-tending; And cooing Doves frequent the groves, Th'en chanting scene commending. While Blackbirds sing, and

Echoes ring, In accents soft and tender, The Oak and Pine their branches twine, A sweet retreat to render.

2

There bushes rise in simple guise,
Bespangl'd o'er with Roses;
The Afric shore can boast no more,
Than Esk, thy Banks disclose.
The sunny beam, and silver stream,
With bright reflection glances;
And vagrant Bees on honey lees,
In search of treasure dances.
The stately Bean with mantle green,
Exhales a fragrant flavour;
Both Wheat and Corn thy haughs adorn,
Thou sweetly winding river.

3

Within thy shades, a Maid resides,
Of beautys self the blossom;
Her blooming cheek and temper meek,
Is dear unto my bosom.
She often strays Esk's mazy ways,
The balmy Aether breathing;
Among the flow'rs in roseate bow'rs,
From Grass the dew drops laveing.
Within my breast, her form's impress,
Remove it shall I never;
And time will prove, my lasting love,
To Her and Esk forever.

For the German Flute.

THE ALE WIFE'S DAUGHTER

Slow and Supplicative

Sweet Laisie, bring a Coggie fow, O' bizzin' Ale, a..boon the mow, An'

there's my han' my fonfy dow, To me ye'll ay be dear. Come fit be fide me, tak' a drink, An'

let me see thee blythly blink, Thy Min.ny thro' the Houfe may link, An' draw the Ale an' Beer.

2

O sic a white an' lily brow,
Or rosey cheeks, wha has like you,
Thy een, my heart gaes thro' an' thro',
They shine sae sweet an' clear.
But dearie! fill the Cog again,
Yet dinna let thy Mither ken,
I wadna for a groat she came,
An' fand me wi' you here.

3

For ay she bids me pay my score,
Which has been awn a year an' more;
But it's for you, that I adore,
Brings me sae aften here;
An' drink is just the spring o' love,
It lifts a man, a' cares above,
Mak's him in airy circles move,
Whar name but lover's steer.

4

Sae let me kifs thy hinny mow,
Far sweeter than my cann I trow,
Come to my arms an' tell me how,
Or where we'll meet again;
O, sweetest armfu' ever man,
Had in his arms fen' time began,
My deathless faul I'd lay in pawn,
To ca' ye a' my ain.

5

Then fill the Coggie up, my sweet,
The night it blaws baith win' an' weet,
Sae dark an' dirty is the street,
I darna venture hame;
But let it blaw an' rudely rair,
A month or twa, for aught I care,
While in my arms I hae my dear,
The fform I wadna blame,

For the German Flute.



SANDY

Moderato

Gin ye Court a Lafsie young, Kifs her sweetly Sandy; Wi' a faft an' wily Tongue,
 A' the does commend ay; Pleafe an' teafe her a' the day, That's the gate o't Sandy;
 Gin ye woo her fic a way, lang the winna ftand ye

2
 Gin ye meet at dance or fair,
 Be na baffhu' Sandy,
 Sack an' Sugar dinna spare,
 Lafses loes na Brandy;
 Ay be kind to a' the Sex,
 Tent thy Mither Sandy,
 Strive to pleafe, but ne'er perplex,
 Sae foud ilka man do.

3
 Gin ye Court a Widow meek,
 Mind I tell ye Sandy,
 Join her baith in laugh an' greet,
 That fow weel ye can do,
 Syne her heart will be ye're ain,
 Nane kens better, Sandy,
 Widows is na ill to tame,
 This for truth ye'll find ay.

4
 But when e'er ye wale a Wife,
 O be ficker Sandy,
 Tocher'd lafses is na rife,
 An' the filler's handy;
 Beauty's but a fadin' flower,
 What's the gude o't Sandy,
 Houfe or Ha'it winna ftore,
 Nor a Saxpence lend ye.

5
 Marri'd, gin ye loe na ftrife,
 Harken to me Sandy,
 Be na ruld, nor rule thy wife,
 This thy Father fand ay;

Never gloom when ye're at hame,
 I advife ye Sandy,
 Sulky looks mak's fullen dames,
 Aft a ragin' randy.

6
 Ony faut a wife may hae,
 Ay excufe it Sandy,
 Mak' her blyth but never wae,
 Then fh'e'll be the dandy;
 Gin ye keep her heart aboon,
 I can tell ye Sandy,
 Ye'll be happy late an' foon,
 Routh o' gear command ay.

7
 Gin my councils ye purfue,
 Ye will find them Sandy;
 Keep ye canty warm an fou,
 Frae a' fkaith defend ye;
 Ilka man will be ye're frien,
 I hae prov'd it Sandy;
 But for nane, need care a prin,
 Money hae to fpend ay.

8
 But if poortith be ye're lot,
 I can fpae it Sandy,
 Like the dead, ye'll be forgot,
 That ye may depend ay;
 How the rich their favours row,
 Time will teach ye Sandy,
 Gin ye claw an Auld mans pow,
 Better than I can do.

For the Clarinet or Guitar.

FRENET HA'*

Written bi Bauldie Scrimézour.

Slow &
Moving

Quhair wife I lay my hede, Quhair lay my bodie doune, Quhairfor na am I

died, Sen' wandrin' I bene bown; O! Marie ze war fairer than ony goud or gear; O!

bot my herte is fairer than' has bene mony zeir.

2

'O! blythsom was the wi time,
'That I hae spent wi thee,
'Aft kiss't that cheik o' thyne,
'As ze sat on my knee.
'But cauld's thy bodie now Marie,
'O! dull thy blinkin' E'e,
'Quhairfor do I heir tarry,
'An' canna win to thee'.

3

He fat doune on a stane,
His hame was far awa;
He sicht an' made a mane,
An' sicht O! Frenet Ha'.
Syne drew his schairp Sword frae its shethe,
It gleitert wi the Sun***
An' ay he cry'd dear Mary,
My Love to thee I come.

4
The point set to his breast,
The hilt on her Grave stane,
With grief (said he) opprest,
'Nae mair can I gae hame;
'O Mary ye war dearer,
'To me than life can prove,
Than sank upon his weapon,
An' dy'd of thwarted Love.

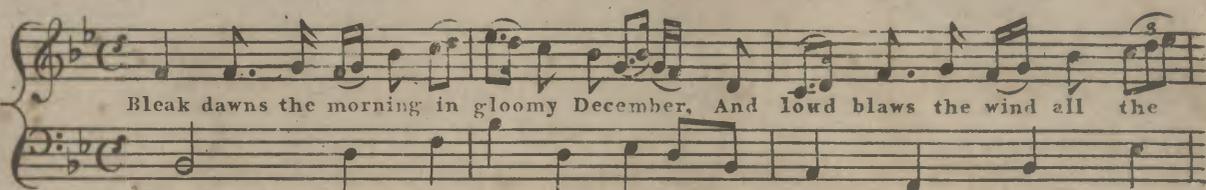
5
Let feuds forever cease,
Amang our Nobles a';
Ye proud, look to the peace,
An' fate o' Frenet Ha';
For Love was Mary's ruin,
Restrained by stern command;
An' Frenet's heir's undoing,
Was' fire's relentless hand.

For the German Flute.

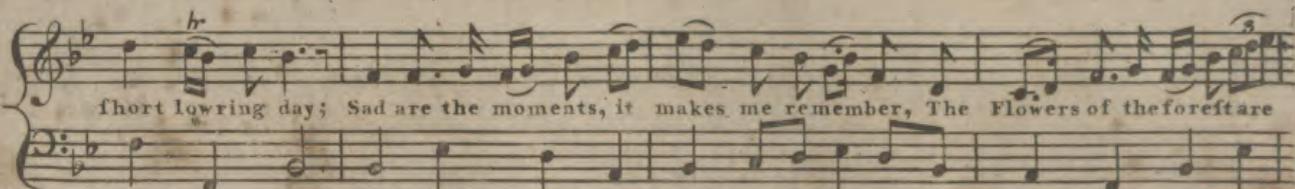
* The first 2 Verses & part of the 3^d I got from a Gentleman, said to be wrote by the above Author at an early period, I took the liberty to add the rest, tho' far inferior to the Original; which for simple Elegance and the Breathings of heart felt Sorrow, I confess I never saw their equal.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

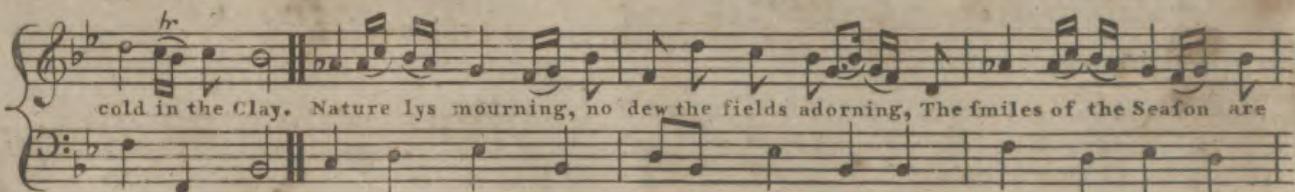
Very Slow



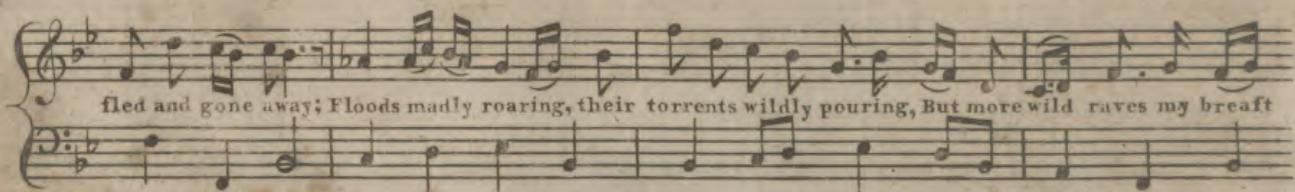
Bleak dawns the morning in gloomy December, And loud blows the wind all the



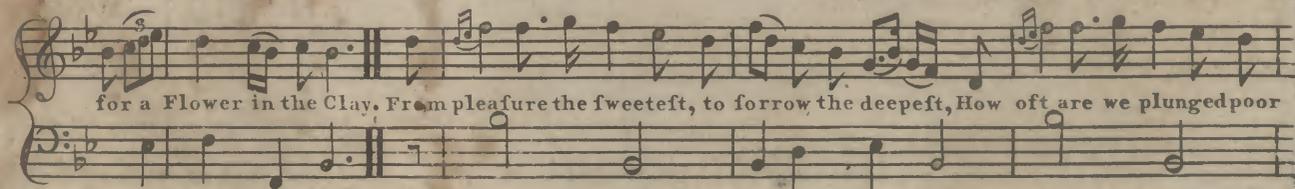
short lowering day; Sad are the moments, it makes me remember, The Flowers of the forest are



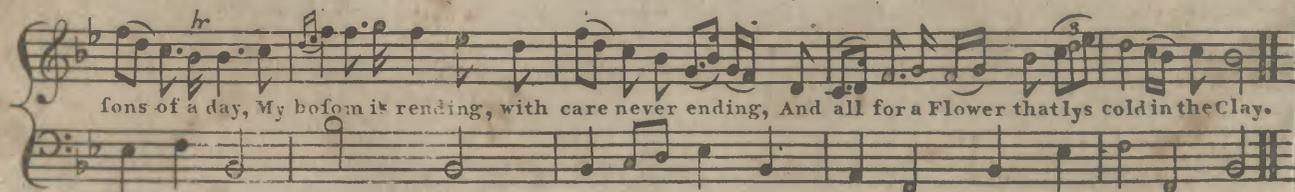
cold in the Clay. Nature lyes mourning, no dew the fields adorning, The smiles of the Season are



fled and gone away; Floods madly roaring, their torrents wildly pouring, But more wild raves my breast



for a Flower in the Clay, From pleasure the sweetest, to sorrow the deepest, How oft are we plunged poor



sons of a day, My bosom is rending, with care never ending, And all for a Flower that lyes cold in the Clay.

Summer when rarest, in full blooming beauty,
The weather when mildest with showers fine & gay,
Autumn so rich cannot yield me a treasure,
To equal the Flower that lyes cold in the Clay;
Light may the Turff ly, on her who was my fancy,
O press not ye Clods on the once so lovely ray,

2
Pure as the fountain, comes runing from the mountain,
Was yon lovely Flower that lyes cold in the Clay;
O fate I must blame thee, no pity can disarm thee,
The sighs of the Youth, nor the moans of the Gray,
How low lyes my Laura. death take another Arrow,
And lay me beside her, lyes cold in the Clay.

For the German Flute.



* On the death of a Young Lady, a particular friend of the Authors.

