



Brady. W. M. 1800

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 339
1-11

A
Choice Selection
OF
Ancient & Modern Scots Songs,
Adapted for the
VOICE, PIANO FORTE, GER. FLUTE,
or
Harpichord,
Chiefly selected from the celebrated Poets.

RAMSAY, BURNS &c. &c.

Written by Ramsay & Burns &c. &c.

How Bonny are our green sward Hows,
Where thro' the Birks the Durnie flows,
And the Bee Bums, & the Oo Lows,
An' Saff winds rustle
And Shepherd Lads on Sunny Knows,
Blow the Blyth whistle Reattie

Book I.

Price



LONDON.

NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH

Printed & Sold by W. BOAG at his Music Shop N. 11 Great-Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE following observations on the Scottish Music by William Tytler Esq. have been thought too pertinent, and valuable, to be omitted as a preface to the present Selection.

"As the Scottish songs are the flights of genius, devoid of art, they bid defiance to artificial graces and affected cadences. A Scots song can only be sung in taste by a Scottish voice. To a sweet, liquid, flowing voice, capable of swelling a note from the softest to the fullest tone, and what the Italians call a *voce di petto*, must be joined sensibility and feeling, and a perfect understanding of the subject and words of the song, so as to know the significant word on which to swell or soften the tone, and lay the force of the note. From a want of knowledge of the language, it generally happens, that, to most of the foreign masters, our melodies, at first, must seem wild and uncouth; for which reason, in their performance, they generally fall short of our expectation. We sometimes, however, find a foreign master, who, with a genius for the pathetic, and a knowledge of the subject and words, has afforded very high pleasure in a Scottish song. Who could hear, with insensibility, or without being moved in the greatest degree, Tenducci sing "I'll never leave thee," or "The braes of Ballendine! — or "Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion", sung by Signora Corri?

"It is a common defect in some who pretend to sing, to affect to smother the words, by not articulating them, so as we scarce can find out either the subject or language of their song. This is always a sign of want of feeling, and the mark of a bad singer; particularly of Scottish songs, where there is generally so intimate a correspondence between their air and subject. Indeed, there can be no good vocal music without it.

"The proper accompaniment of a Scottish song is a plain, thin, dropping bass, on the harpsichord or guitar. The fine breathings, those heart-felt touches, which genius alone can express, in our songs, are lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. The full chords of a thorough bass should be used sparingly, and with judgment not to overpower, but to support and raise the voice at proper pauses.

"Where, with a fine voice, is joined some skill and execution on either of those instruments, the air, by way of symphony or introduction to the song, should always be first played over, and, at the close of every stanza, the last part of the air should be repeated, as a relief for the voice, which it gracefully sets off. In this symphonic part, the performer may show his taste and fancy on the instrument, by varying it *ad libitum*.

"A Scottish song admits of no cadence; I mean by this, no fanciful or capricious descent upon the close of the tune. There is one embellishment however, which a fine singer may easily acquire; that is, an easy shake. This, while the organs are flexible in a young voice, may, with practice, be easily attained.

"A Scottish song, thus performed, is among the highest of entertainments to a musical genius. But is this genius to be acquired either in the performer or hearer? It cannot; genius in music, as in poetry, is the gift of heaven. It is born with us; it is not to be learned.

"An artist on the violin may display the magic of his fingers, in running from the top to the bottom of the finger-board, in various intricate capriccios, which, at most, will only excite surprise; while a very middling performer, of taste and feeling, in a subject that admits of the pathos, will touch the heart in its finest sensations. The finest of the Italian composers, and many of their fingers, possess this to an amazing degree. The opera airs of these great masters, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Galuppi, Perez, and many others of the present age, are astonishingly pathetic and moving. Genius, however, and feeling, are not confined to country or climate. A maid, at her spinning wheel, who knew not a note in music, with a sweet voice, and the force of a native genius, has oft drawn tears from my eyes. That gift of heaven, in short, is not to be defined: it can only be felt."

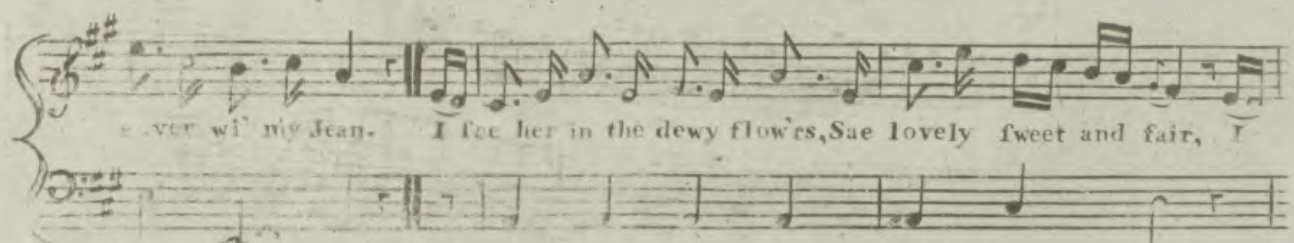
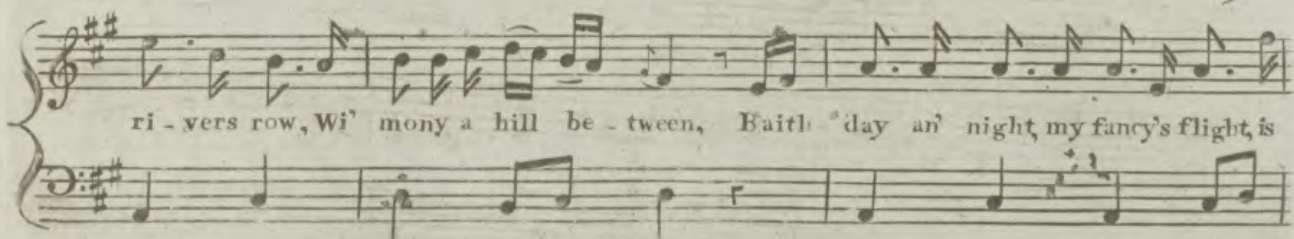
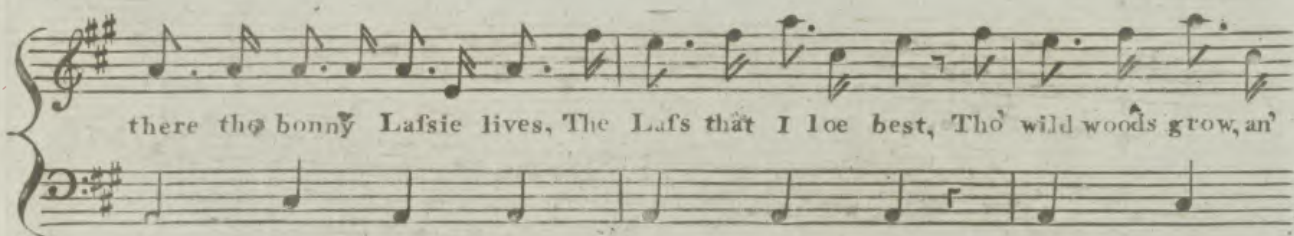
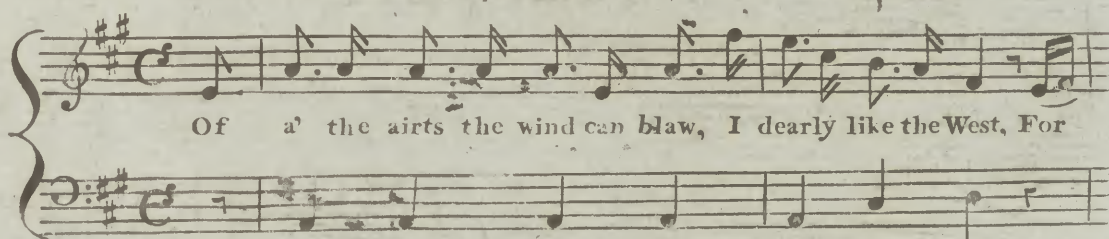
OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW
A Favourite Scotch Song

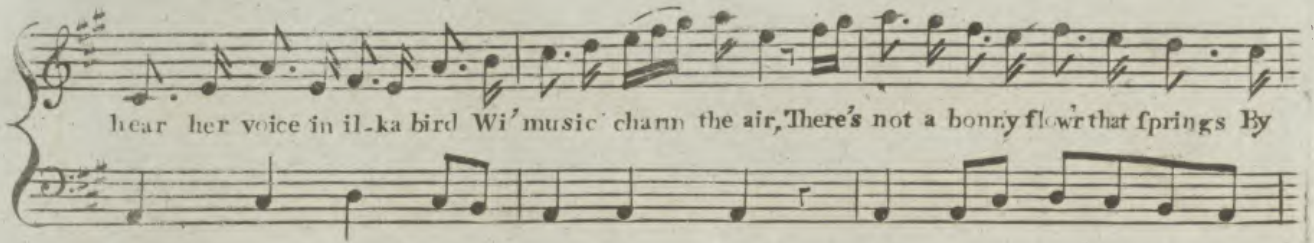
The WORDS by the Celebrated ROB^T. BURNS.

Printed & Sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop, N^o 11. Great Turnstile

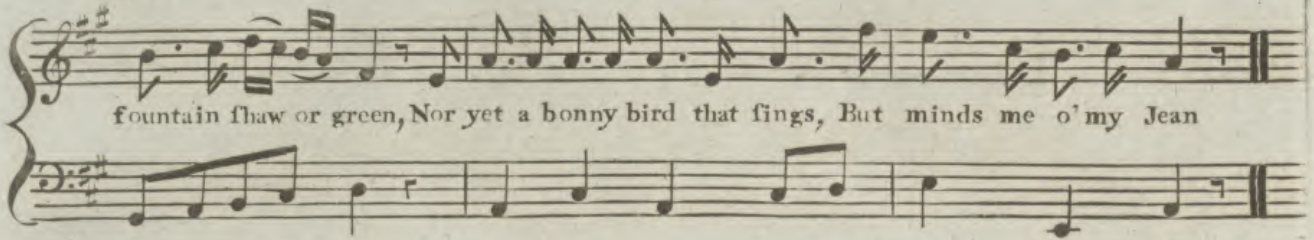
LINCOLNS INN FIELDS.

Price 6^d





hear her voice in il-ka bird Wi' music' charm the air, There's not a bonny flower that springs By



fountain flow or green, Nor yet a bonny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean

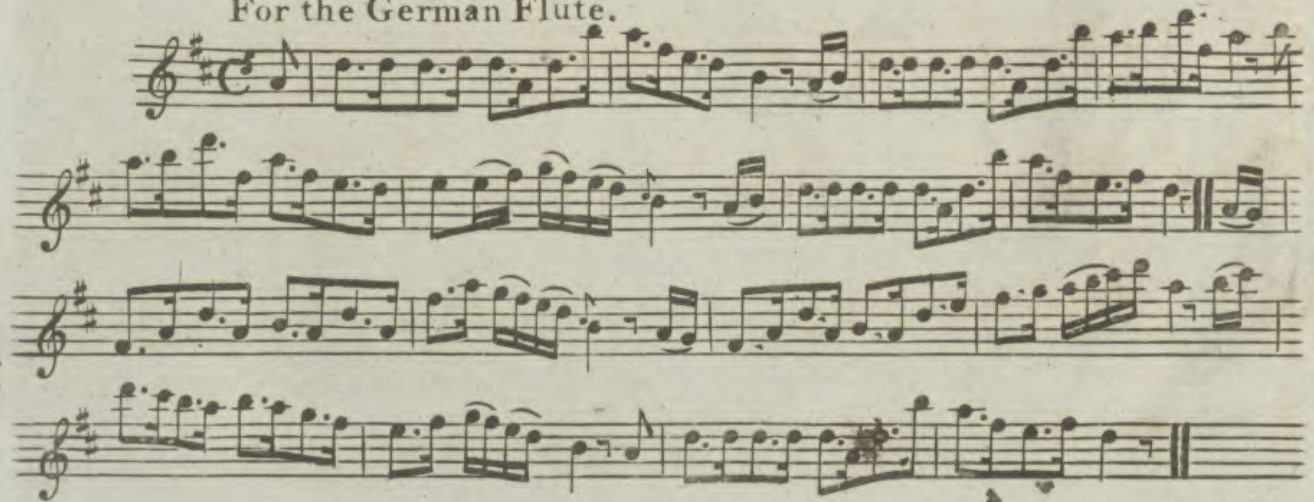
2

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde, the Lassies busk them braw,
But when their best they hae put on, my Jeanie dings them a;
In hamely weeds she far exceeds, the fairest of the town,
Baith fage and gay confess it fae, tho dress'd in rustic gown..
The gamesome lamb, that sucks the Dam-mair harmless canna be,
She has nae fault (if sic 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.

3

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

For the German Flute.



Green Grow the Rashes

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG

The Words by the Celebrated

ROBERT BURNS.

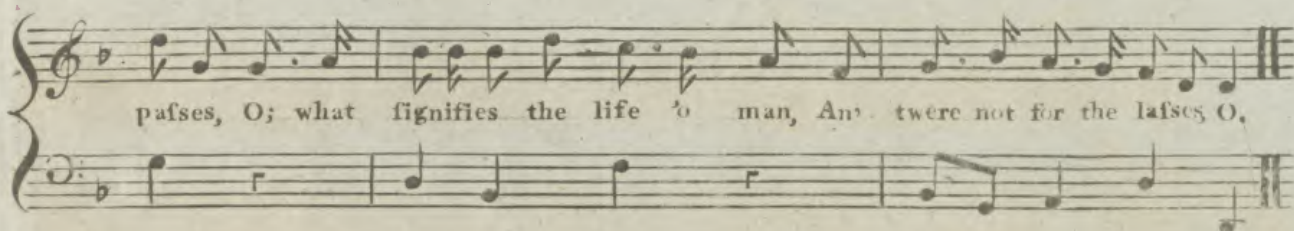
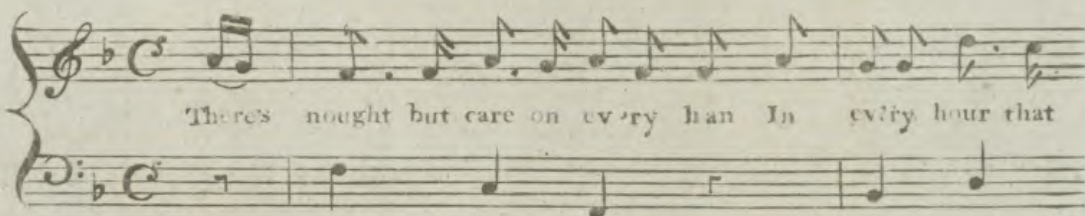
Price. 6^d

LONDON

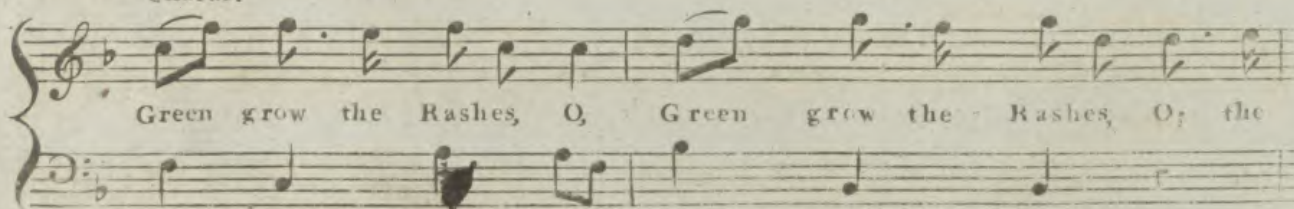
Printed & Sold by W^m BOAG, at his Music Shop

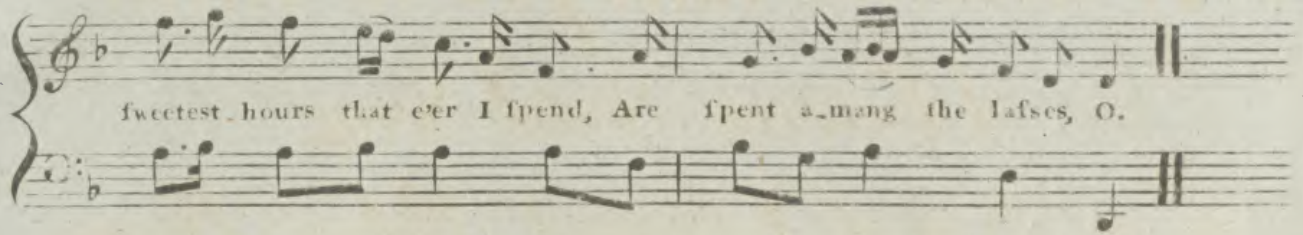
N^o. 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Andante



Chorus.





2

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches itill may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last, they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can never enjoy them, O!
 Green grow &c.

3

But gie me a canny hour at een,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' warly cats, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
 Green grow &c.

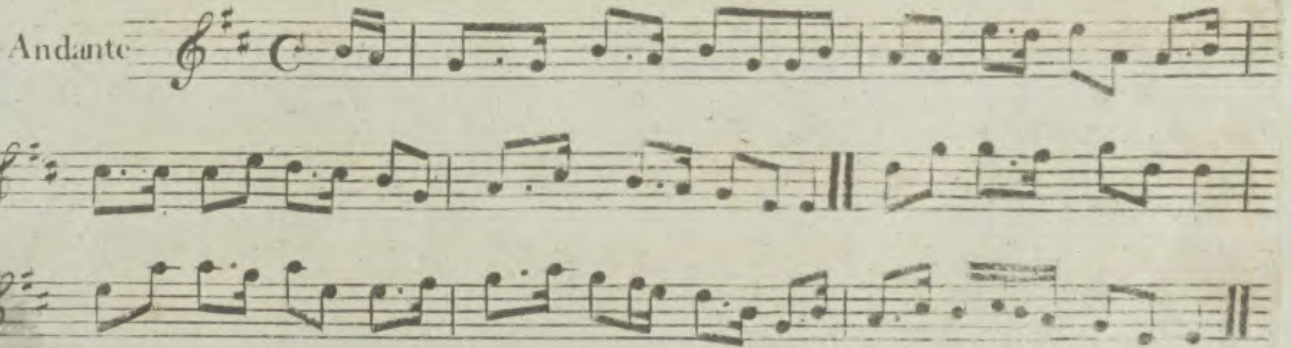
4

For you fae douse! ye sneer at this,
 Yere nought but fensel's afes, O;
 The wisest man the warl' faw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow &c.

5

Auld nature fwears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work the clafses, O.
 Her 'prentice han' the try'd on man,
 And them the made the lasses O.
 Green grow &c.

For the German Flute.



5

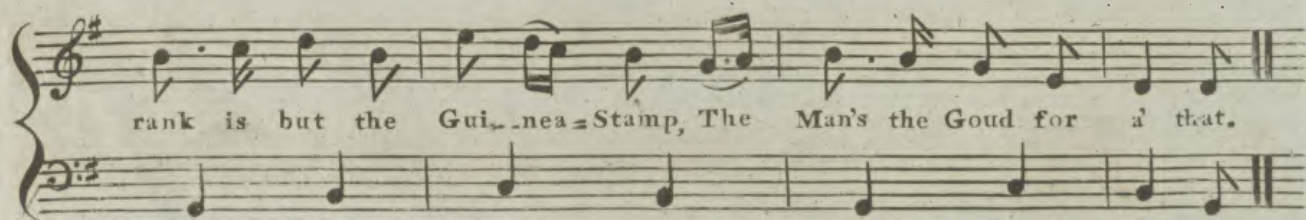
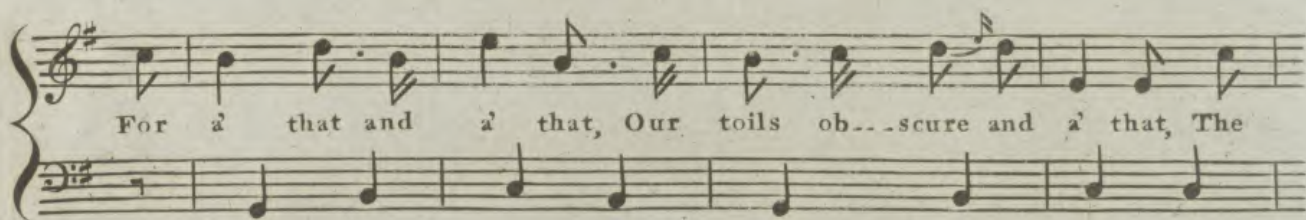
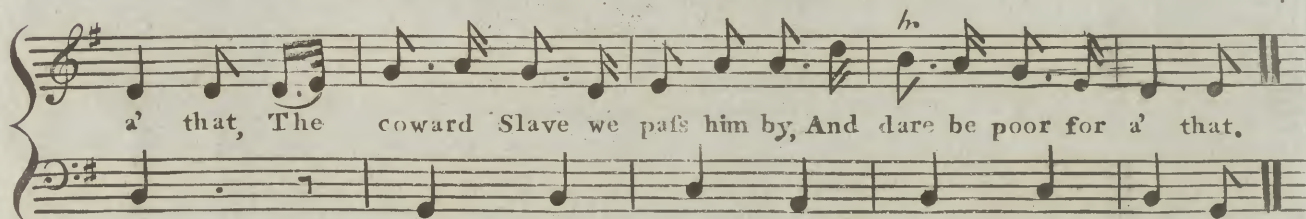
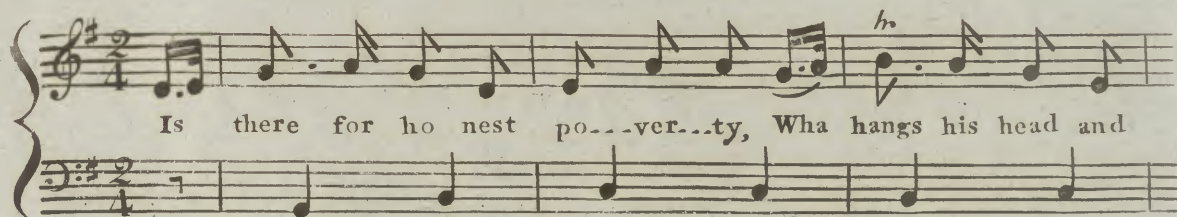
A Man's a Man for a' that,

A Favorite Scotch Song.

The Words by the Celebrated Robert Burns.

Price 6^d.

London Printed & sold by W. BOAG, at his Music Shop.
N^o. 11, Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.



2

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddens gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their fidd, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that;
 An honest man, though never fae poor,
 Is chief o' men for a' that.

3

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that;
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look, and laugh at a' that.

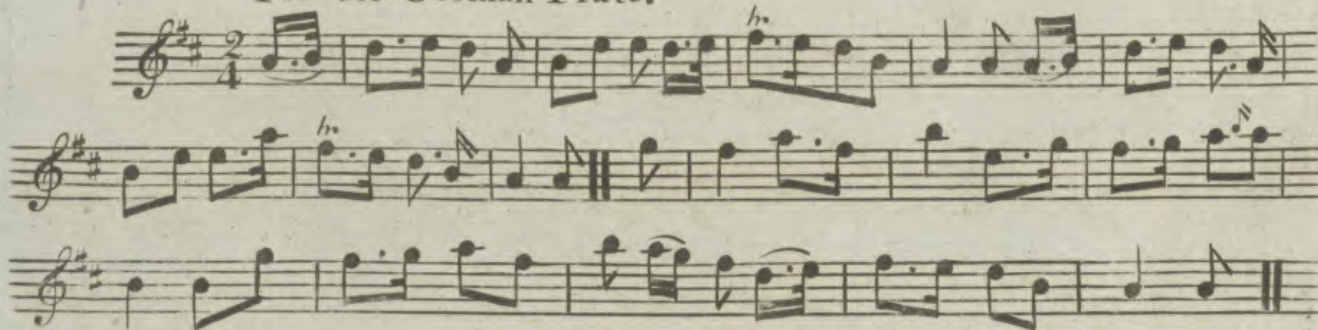
4

The king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid-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.

5

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it shall, for a' that;
 That fense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 Whan man, and man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, and a' that.

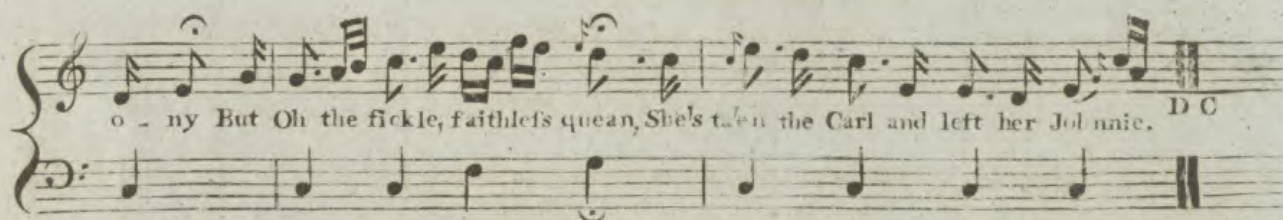
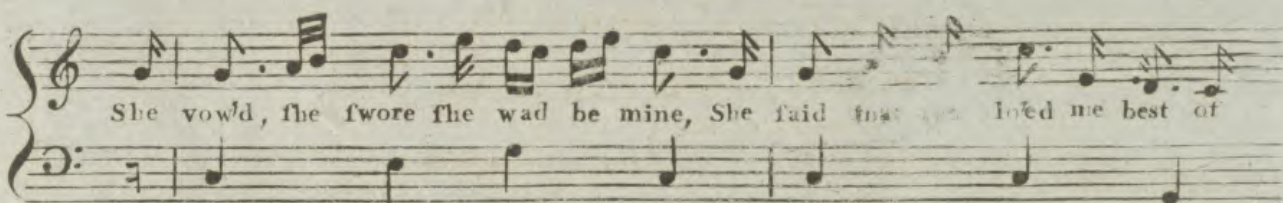
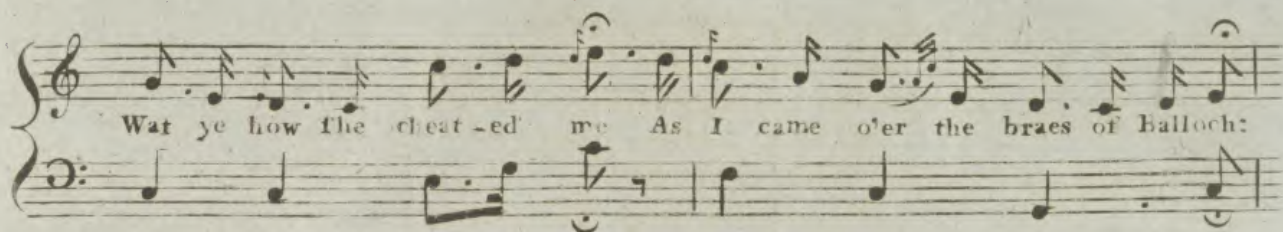
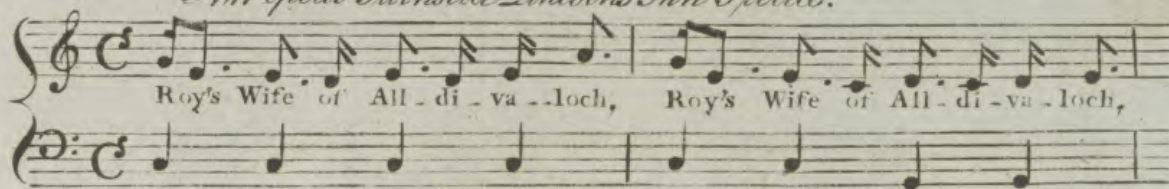
For the German Flute.



ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALLOCH. ^{Sh.} Price 1/6.

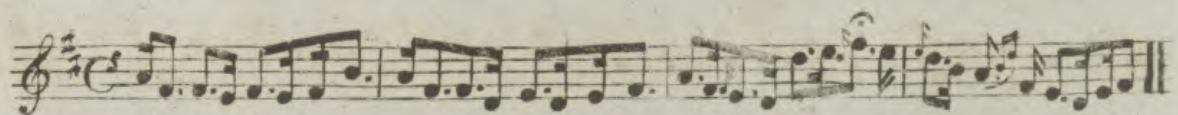
Printed & Sold by W.^m Boag at his Cheap Music Shop

N^o. 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.



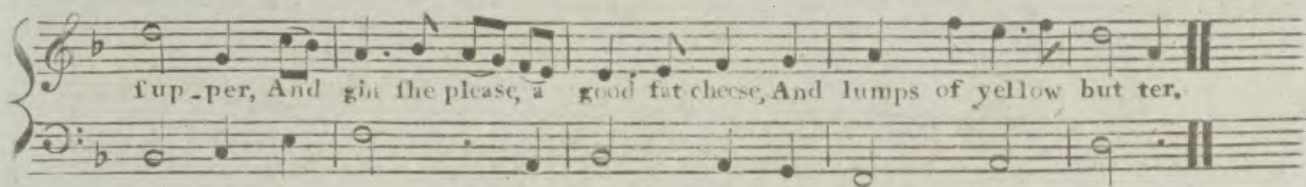
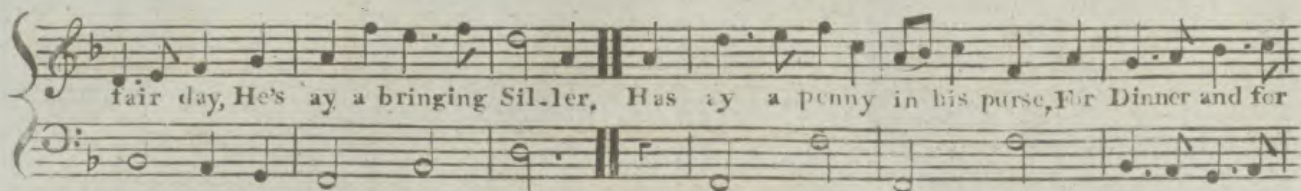
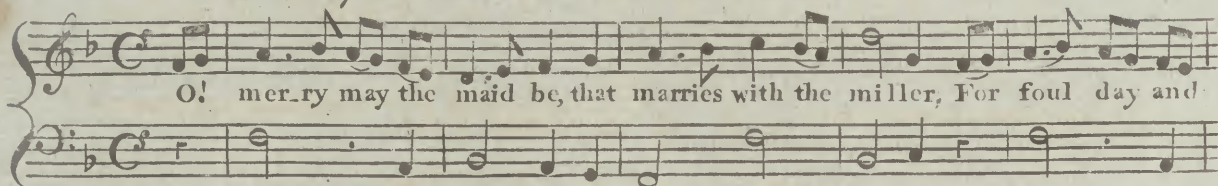
O! She was a can-ty quean,
And we'll could the dance the highland walloch,
How happy I, had the been mine
Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch
Roy's wife &c.

Her hair fae fair, een fae clear
Her wee bit mou', so sweet and bonny
To me she ever will be dear
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie
Roy's wife &c.



MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

*Printed & Sold by W^m Boag at his Cheap Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*



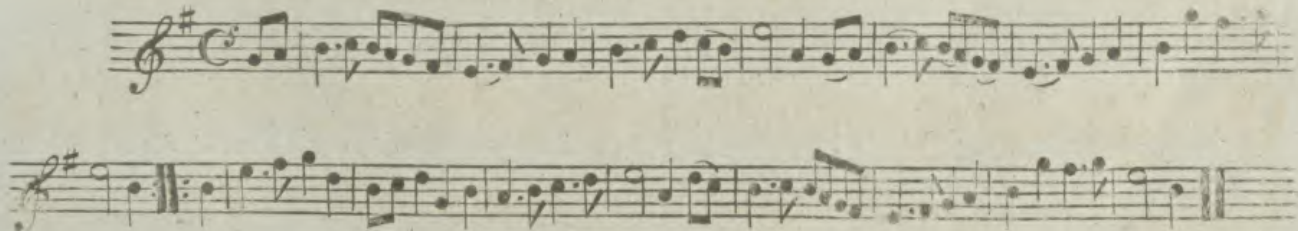
2
When Jamie first did woo me,
I speird what was his calling,
Fair Maid says he, O. come and fee,
Yere welcome to my dwelling;
Though I was shy, yet I could spy,
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

3
Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kist was plenty,
Of good hard cakes, his Mither makes,
And bannocks were na scanty,
A good fat fow, a fleepy cow,
Was standing in the byre,
While lazy poufs, with mealy mouse,
Was playing at the fire.

4
Good figns are these, my Mither says,
And bids me tak the Miller,
For foul day and fair day,
He's aye a bringing till her,
For meal and malt, she does nae want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty,
And now and then a keckling hen,
To lay her eggs in plenty.

5
In winter, when the wind and rain,
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane,
Before a rousing fire;
With nutbrown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fou nappy,
Who'd be a king a petty thing,
While a Miller lives so happy.

For the German Flute.



9

ROSLIN CASTLE

A Favorite

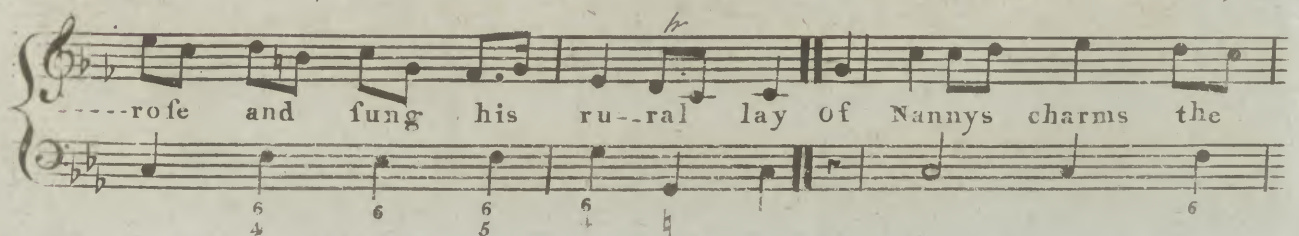
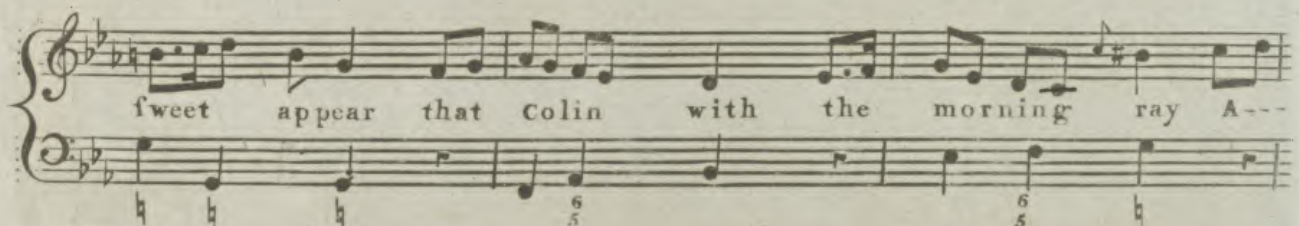
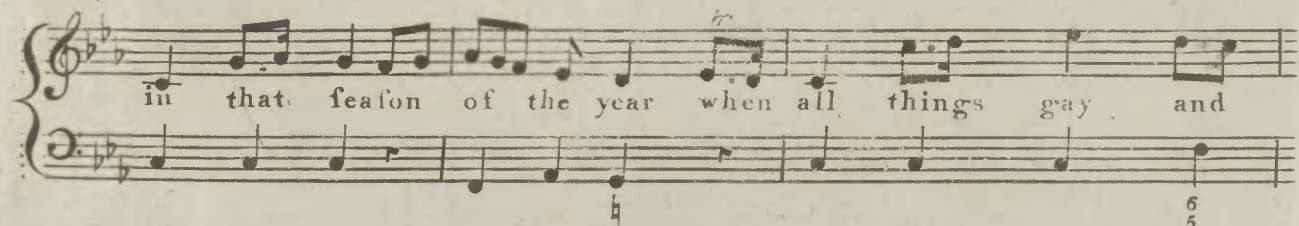
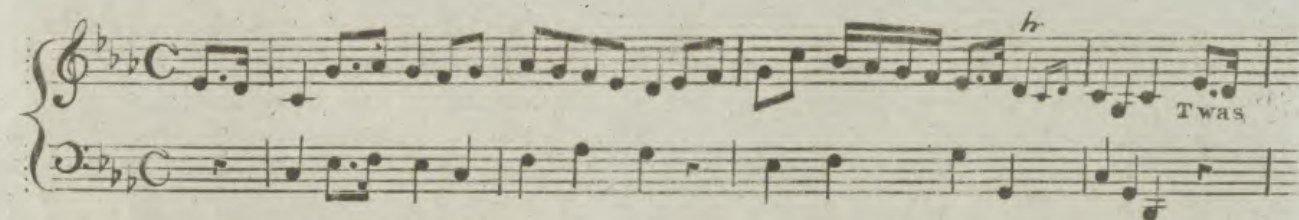
SCOTCH PASTORAL BALLAD

London

Price 6d

Printed & sold by W.^m Boag, at his Music Shop

N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.



The shepherd sung; the hills and dales with Nanny rung; while
 Roseline Cattle heard the swain, and eccho'd back the
 cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse the breathing spring
 with rapture warms; awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 who hail the morning with a song;
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay;
 O, bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray.
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
 And love inspires the melting song;
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
 For beauty darts from Nannys eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms;

O, come, my love thy Colin's lay.
 with rapture calls, O come away!
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine;
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

GERMAN FLUTE

O WAT YE WHAS IN YON TOWN.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

The Words by the Celebrated

Rob^t Burns.

Price 6.^d

London. Printed by W. Beagath's Music Shop, N^o. 11 Great Turnstile, Lincolns Inn Fields.

LIVELY

o wat ye whas in yon town, ye

see the e'ening Sun upon! the dearest maid's in yon town, that

e'ening Sun is f'ining on. Now, haply, down yon

gay green fhaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree, how blest ye

flow'rs that round her blaw! ye catch the glances o' her e'e

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And wanton in the blooming year:
 But doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 Among the broomy braes sae green,
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure is my Jean.

Without my fair not a'the charms
 O'paradise could yield me Joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
 The sinking sun's gaun down upon;
 The dearest maid's in yon town
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I'd careless quit ought else below:
 But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

A Favorite Scotch Song

By *M^r Cranford* OF AUCHINAMES.

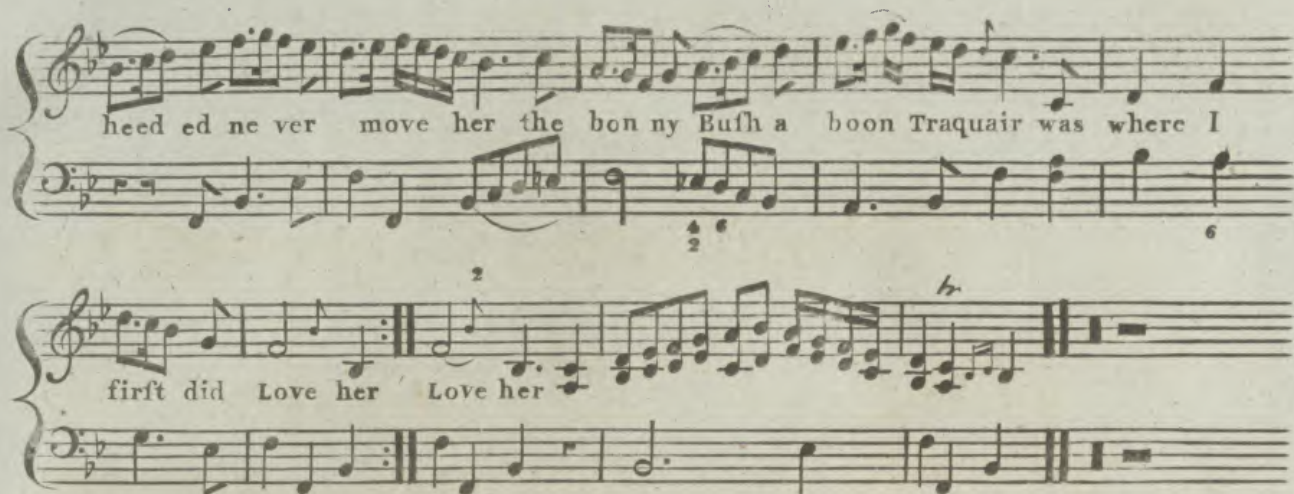
Price 6^d.

LONDON.

Printed & Sold by W Boag at his Music Shop N^o 116th Tarnstile Lincolns Inn Fields

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hear me ye
Nymphs and ev...ry Swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me tho' thus I languish
and complain A las She ne'er be...lieves me My vows and sighs like fi lent Au

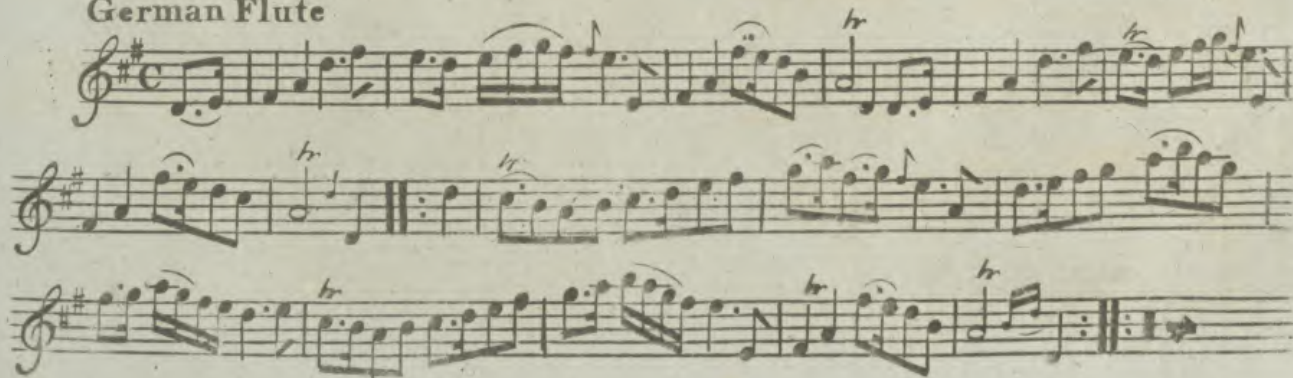


That day she smil'd, and made me glad
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender:
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain;
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay;
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 why thus should Peggy grieve me.
 Oh! make her partner in my pains;
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

German Flute



WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD.

A Fragment,

By the Cel. Robt Burns,

Pr. 6.^d

London Printed & sold by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

When Guilford good our Pilot stood, An' did our hellim thraw man Ae

night, at tea, began a plea, within A me rica, man:

Ae night at tea began a plea with in A me rica man Then up they gat the

maikin pat, And in the sea did law man; And did nae lefs in

full Congress then quite refuse our lawman An did nae lefs in full Congress Then

quite refuse our law man

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes
I wat he was na flaw, man;
Dowie's burn he took a turn,
And C. r. l. t. n did ca, man:

But yet whatreck he at Quebec,
Montgomery like did fa', man;
wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his enemies a', man.

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till willie H-e took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man,

B-rg ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Frazer brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
C-rnw ll's fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
But Cl-nt n's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And S-ckv-ll-e doure, wha stood the stoures,
The German Chief to throw, man:
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then R-ck ngh-m took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures throw, man,
For N-rth-an' F-x united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race
Led him a fair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's Boy did ca', man;
An' Scoland drew her pipe an' blew,
Up, willie, waur them a', man!

Behind the throne then Gr-nv-ll-e's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While flee D-nd-s arousd the clafs
Be north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
Inspired Bardies saw, man
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'willie, rise!
'would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

But word an' blow, N-rth F-x and Co,
Gowff'd willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raife, and cooft their claife
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man:
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To mak it guid in law, man.

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLET'S.

A Favorite Scotch Song,
The words by the Celebrated,
ROBERT BURNS.

Pr. 6^d

London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields

Sae flax.en were her ringlets, Her eyebrows of a
dark_er hue, Be wickingly o'er arch_ing Twa laughing een o'
bon_ie blue Her smil_ing fae wyl_ing wad make a
wretch for_ get his woe; what pleasure, what treasure, un_

to these rosy lips to grow: Such was my Chloris bonnie
face, when first her bonie face I saw; And ay my Chloris
dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'

2

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
wad make a faint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her fautele's form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature — auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And ay my Chloris dearest charm,
She says, she lo'es me best of a'

3

Let others love the city,
And gaudy fiew at funny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang;
while falling, recalling,
The amorous thruth concludes his sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy fhaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say, thou lo'es me best of a'

My Nannie O;

A Favorite Scotch Song,
The Words by the Celebrated Robert Burns

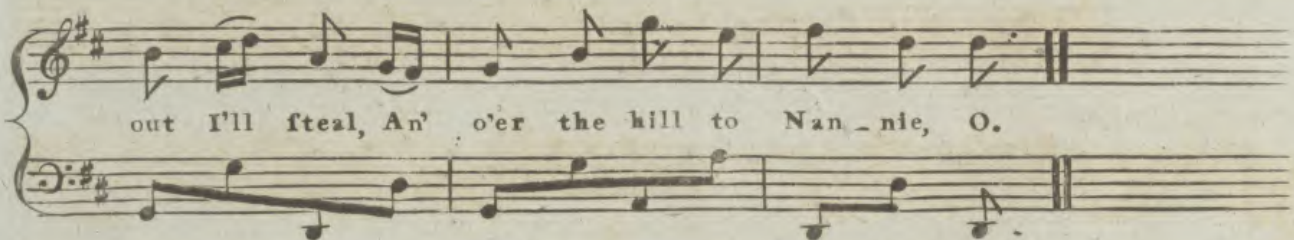
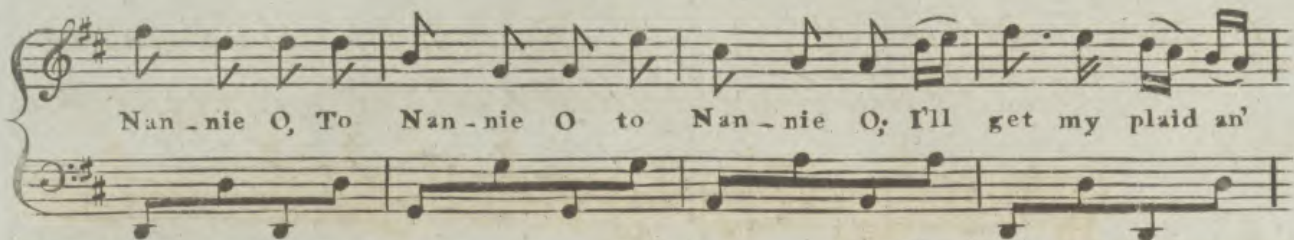
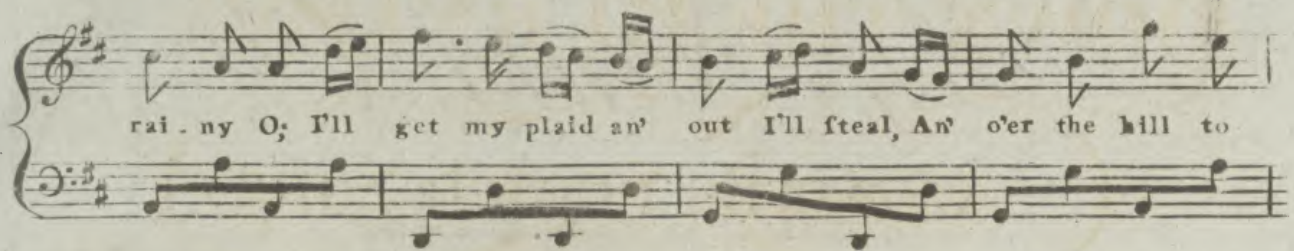
Pr. 6^d

LONDON.

Printed & Sold by W. BOAG, at his Music Shop,
N.W. Great Turnstile, Lincolns Inn Fields.

Moderato

Be hind yon hills where stinchar flows, Mang moors an' mofses
many O; The wint'ry fun the day has clos'd, An' I'll a-way to
Nan-nie O; The west-lin wind blows loud an' chill, The night's baith mirk an'



2

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill bef' the flattering tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O:
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

3

A Country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But whrat care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O;
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warlds gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

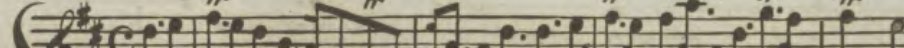
4

Our auld guidman delights to view,
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, 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, and love my Nannie, O.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

London Printed by W. Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Allegretto



A musical score for a piece titled "When". The score is written for a piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble staff is marked with a forte (f) dynamic and includes several slurs and accents. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The word "When" is written at the end of the first line of the score.

h. *h.* *h.* *h.* *h.*

Trees did bud and Fields were green and Broom bloom'd fair to see, when

Mary was compleat fifteen and Love laugh'd in her

Blithe Davy's blinks her

heart did move to speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn Davy love

down the burn Davy love down the burn Davy love and I will follow thee,

down the burn Davy love down the burn Davy love down the burn Davy love gang

down the burn Davy love and I will follow thee.

f

2

Now Davy did each Lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride.
Blithe Davy's blinks &c.

3

Her Cheeks were rosie red and white,
Her Een was bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.
Blithe Davy's blinks &c.

4

As Fate had dealt to him a Routh,
Straight to the Kirk he led her,
There plighted her his Faith and Truth,
And a bonny Bride he made her,
No more ashamed to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davy love,
And I will follow thee.

The Rigs of Barley

A favorite Scotch Song

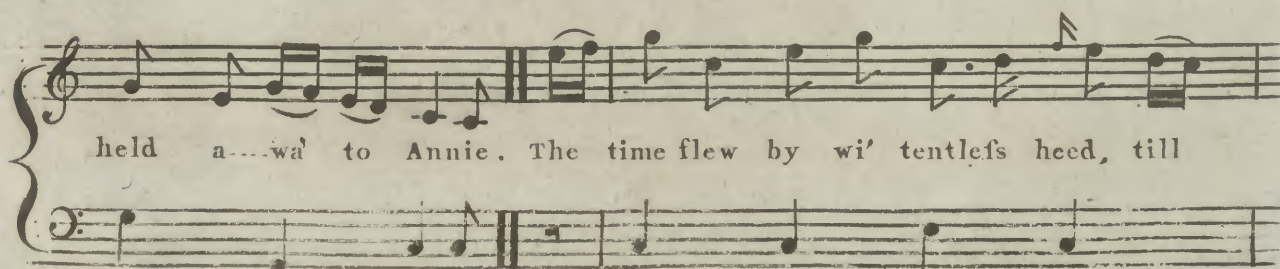
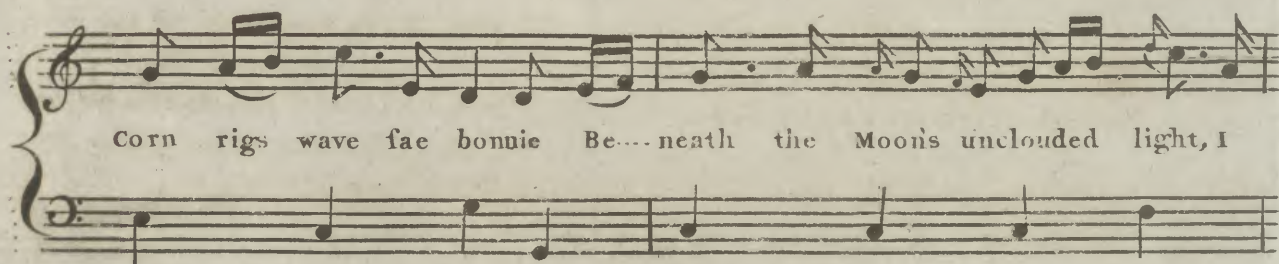
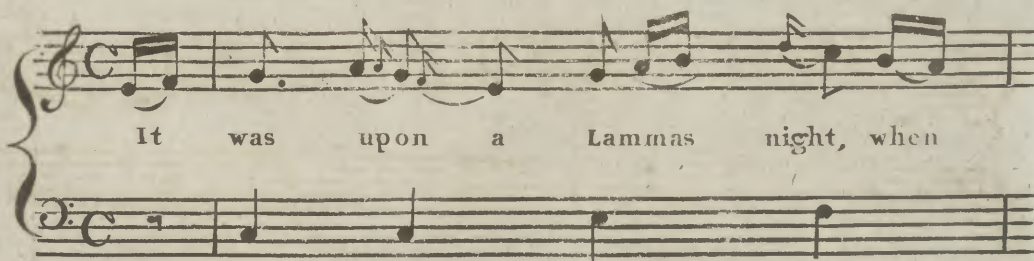
The Words by
THE CELEBRATED
Robert Burns.

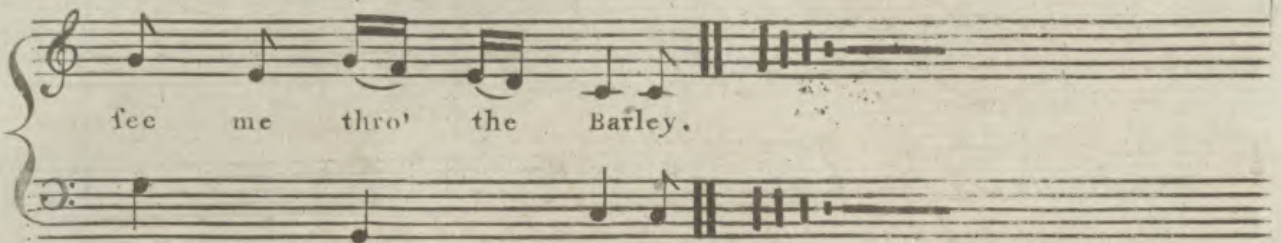
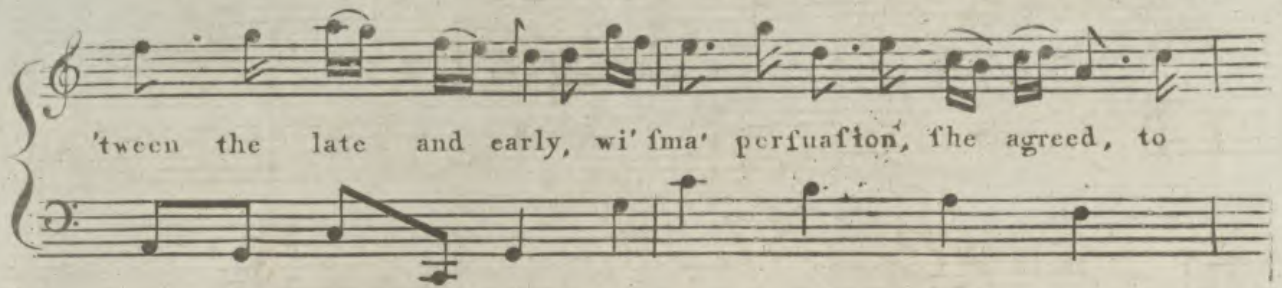
Price 6^d

LONDON

Printed & Sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile, Lincolns Inn Fields.

Moderato



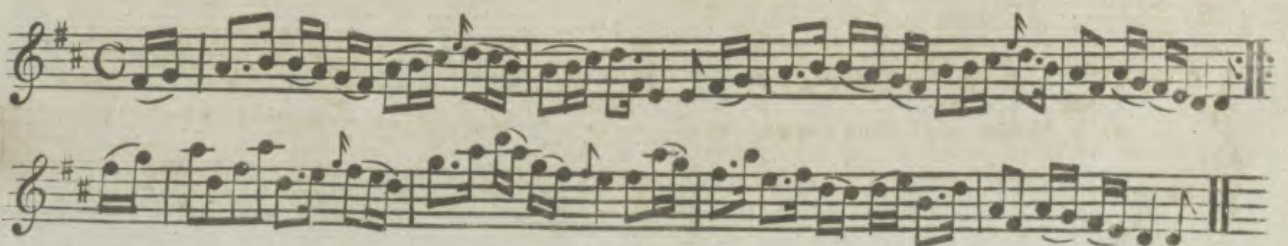


2
The sky was blue, the air was still,
The moon was shining clearly,
I set her down wi' right gude will,
Amang the Rigs of Barley;
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I lov'd her most sincerely,
I kist her owre and owre again,
Amang the Rigs of Barley.

3
I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the Rigs of Barley.
But by the moon and stars sae bright
That shone that hour sae clearly
Ill ne'er forget our happiness
Amang the Rigs of Barley

I ha'e been blyth wi' comrades dear,
I ha'e been merry drinking,
I ha'e been joyfu' gathring gear,
I ha'e been happy thinking,
But a' the pleasure's e'er I had,
Tho three times doubled fairly
That happy night was worth them a,
Amang the Rigs of Barley.

GERMAN FLUTE.



THOU LINGERING STAR,

A Favorite Scotch Song.

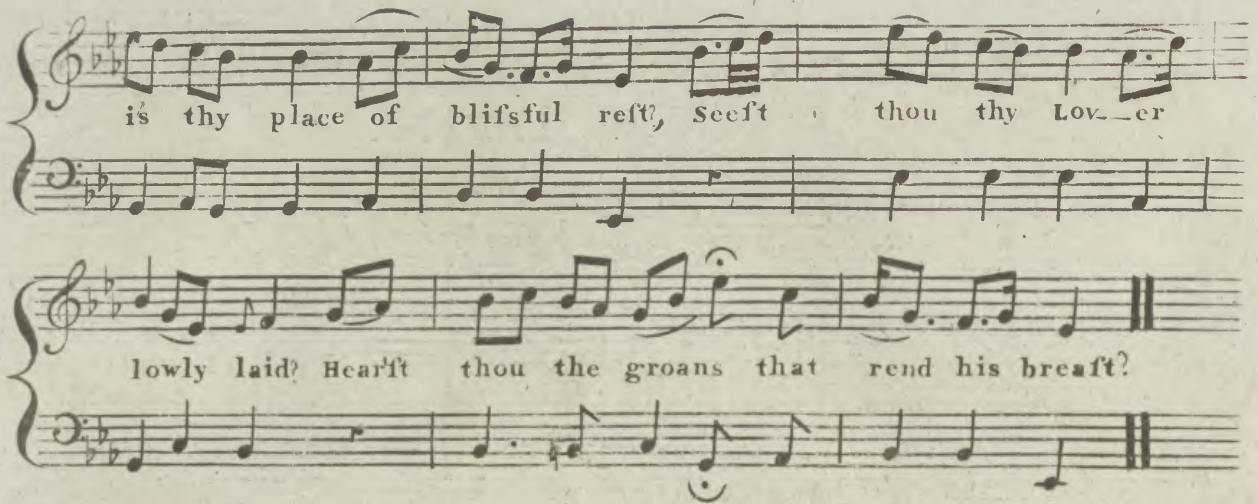
The words by the Celebrated,

Robert Burns.

Price 6.^d

London. Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile, Lincolns Inn Fields.

Thou ling'ring star, with lèss'ning ray, That lov'st to
greet the ear-ly morn, A-gain thou usher'st in the day
Mary from my soul was torn, O Mary! dear departed Shade! where



2

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

3

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green
The fragrant birch & hawthorn hoar
Twine'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

4

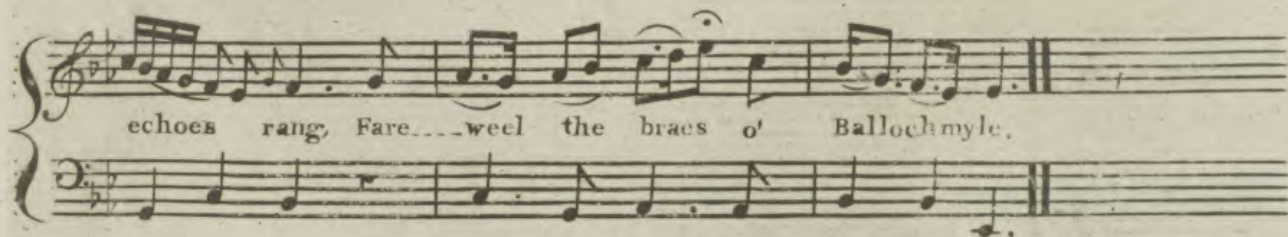
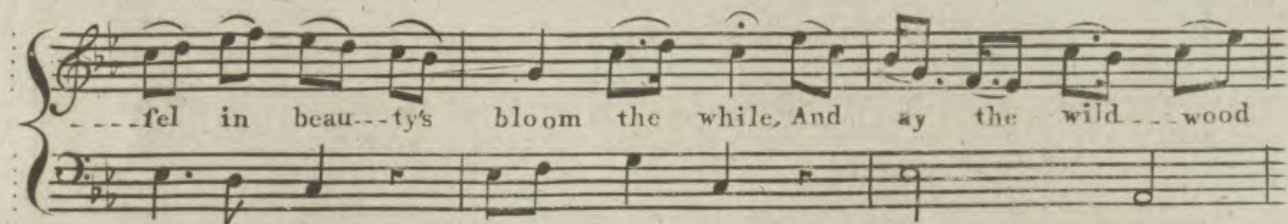
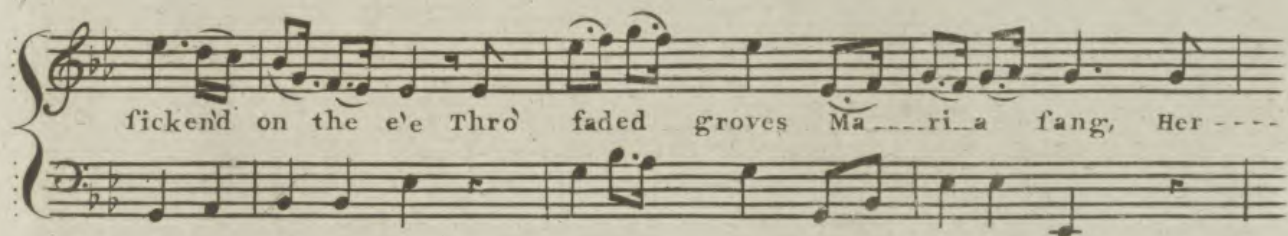
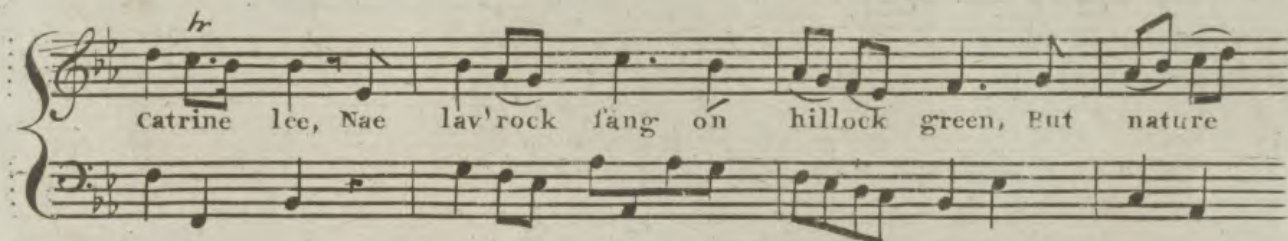
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser-care,
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear:
My Mary, dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blifsful rest?
Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hear'tt thou the groans that rend his breast!

THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE,

The words by the *Cel. R. BURNS,*

Pr. 6^d

London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 41 Great Turnstile Lincoln Inn Fields.



Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here alas! for me nae mair;
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

I GAED A WAFTU GATE YESTREEN,

The words by the Cel. R. BURNS,

Pr. 6^d

London Printed by W. Begg at his Music Shop N. 11 Great-Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line in the sixth system.

1 gaed a waftu gate yestreen A gate I fear ill
dearly rue I gat my death frae twa sweet een Twa
lovely een o bonnie blue Twas not her golden ring - lets
bright her lips like roses wat wi dew, Her heav - ing bosom
li - ly white, It was her een fae bonnie blue

She talkd the smild my heart she wyld
She charmd my soul I wist na how
And ay the stound the deadly wound
Cam frae her een fae bonnie blue
But spare to speak and spare to speed
She'll aiblins listen to my vow
Should she refuse ill lay my dead
To her twa- een fae bonnie blue

On the Green Sedgy Banks.

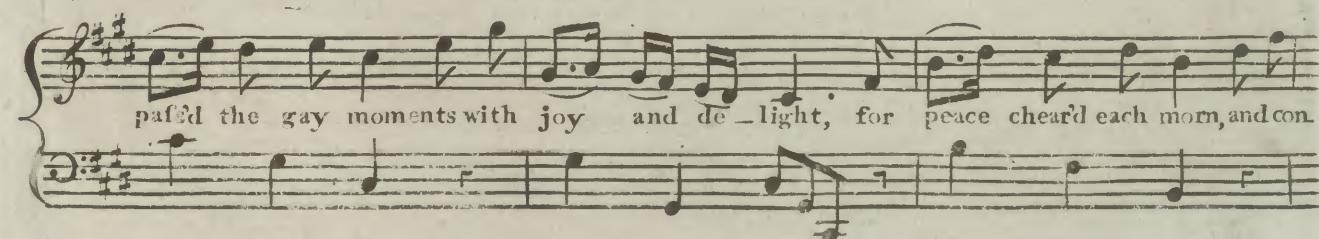
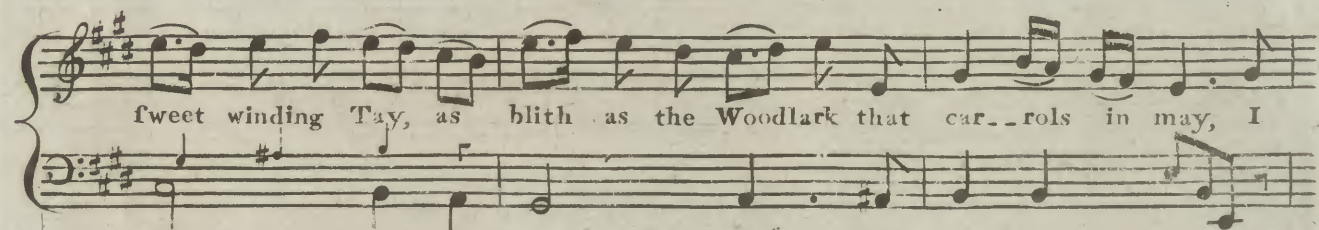
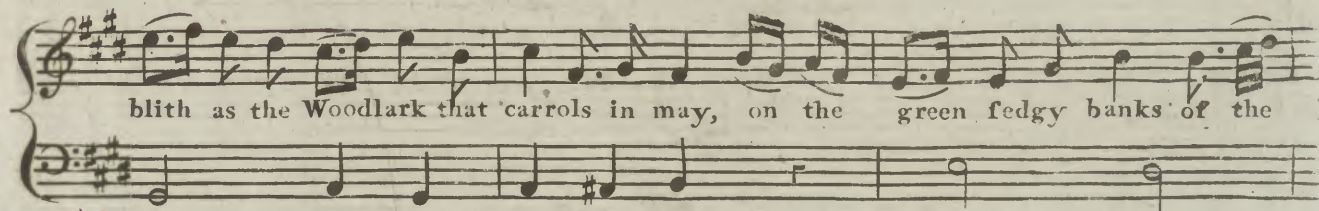
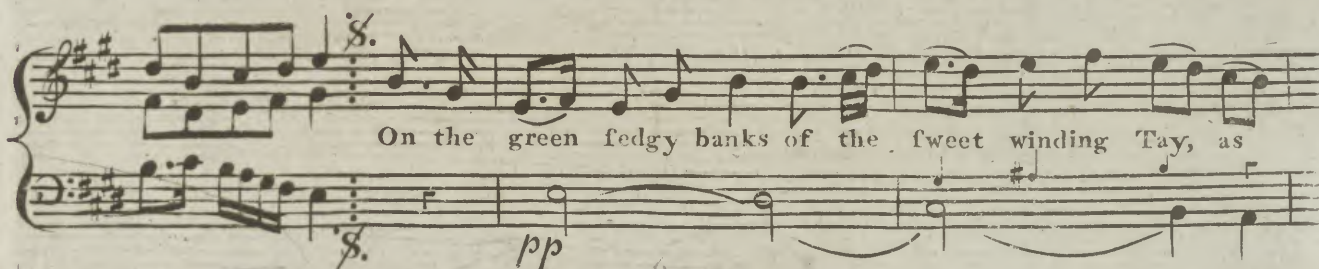
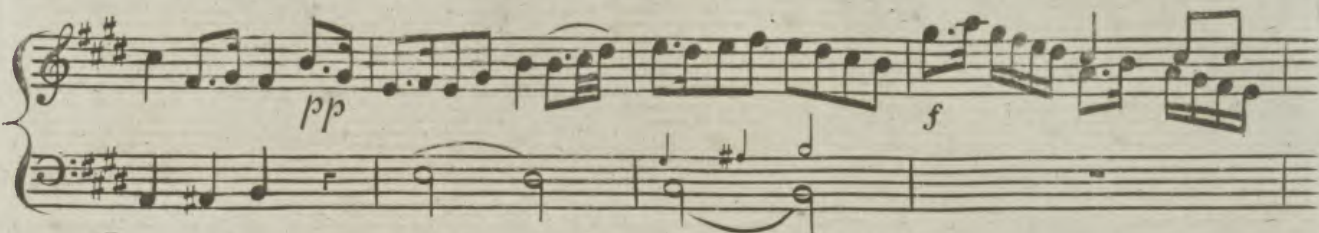
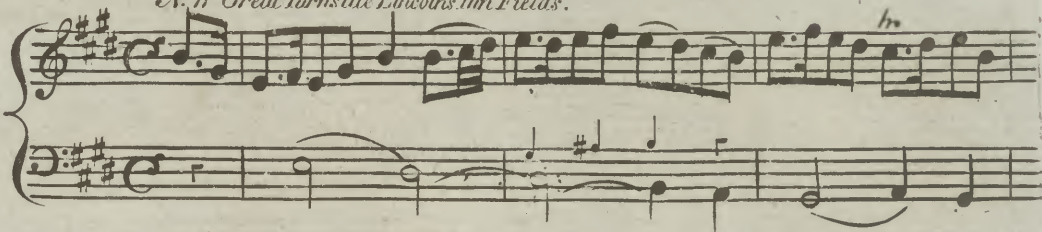
A Favorite Scotch Song, Sung by

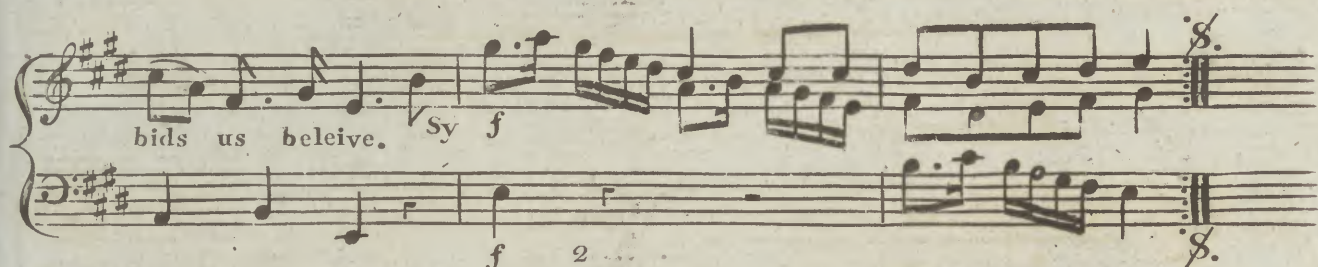
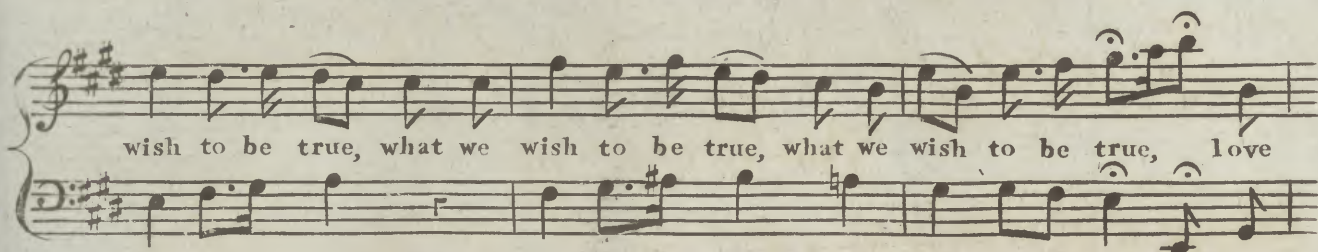
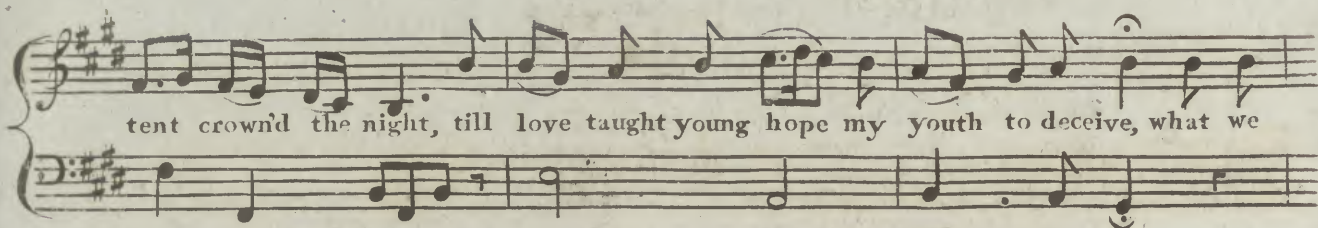
MISS LEARY at VAUXHALL.

Price 6d

*London Printed & Sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop,
No 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Andante con
espressione



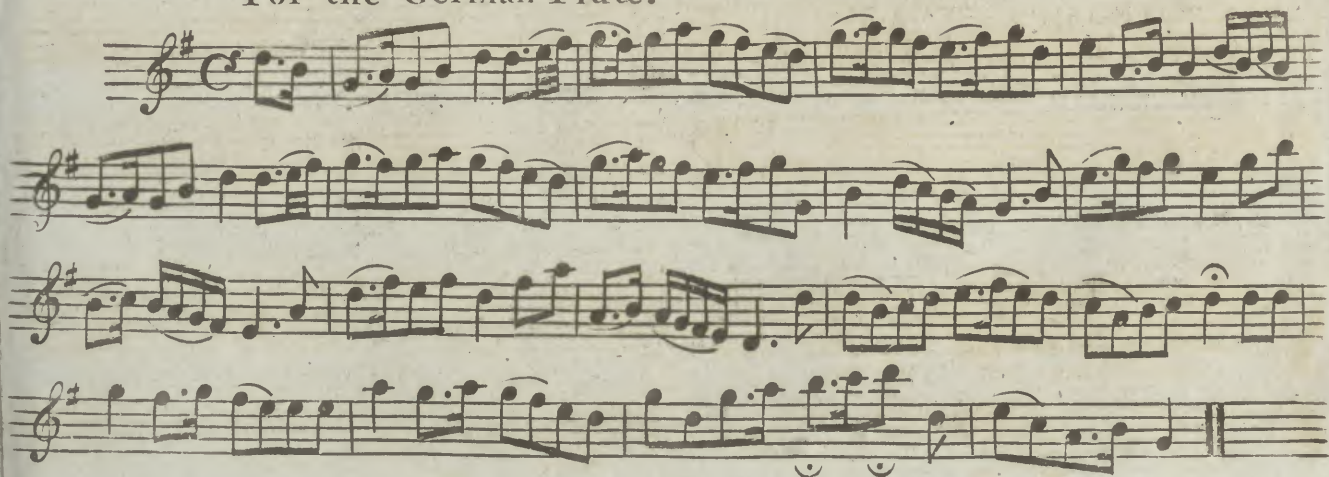


Where ever I wander, o'er hill, dale, or grove,
 Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of love,
 Enraptur'd he'd press me, then vow with a sigh,
 If Jenny was cruel, alafs he must die,
 A youth so engaging with ease might deceive,
 What we wish to be true, love bids us beleive.

3

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn
 For peace and content; that ne'er can return,
 From the clown to the beau, the sex are all art,
 They complain of the wound, but we feel the smart,
 We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive,
 What we wish to be true, love bids us beleive.

For the German Flute.



The
DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS
A favorite Scotch Song
 The Words by

THE CELEBRATED ROB^T BURNS

Pr. 6^d

*London, Printed & Sold by W. Boag, at his Music Shop
 N^o. 4, Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.*

Con Spirito

Does haughty Gaul in-va-sion threat, Then let the louns be--

ware, Sir, There's wood--en walls u--pon our seas, and

VOLUN-TEERS on shore, Sir. The NITH shall rin to

CORSINCON. The CRIFTEL sink in SOLWAY. Ere we per-mit a

Chorus

foreign foe, on British ground to ral--ly. we'll ne'er per--mit a
foreign foe, on British ground to ral--ly

(2)
O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, flap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it:
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourfels united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
For never but &c.

(3)
The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail int;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail int:
our father's blude the kettle bought!

German Flute.

And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heavns, the sacreligious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

By Heavns &c.

(4)
The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
who would set the Mob above the throne,
May they be d*mn'd together!
who will not sing, God save the king,
shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, God save the king,
we'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing &c.

Chorus

HAD I THE WYTE,

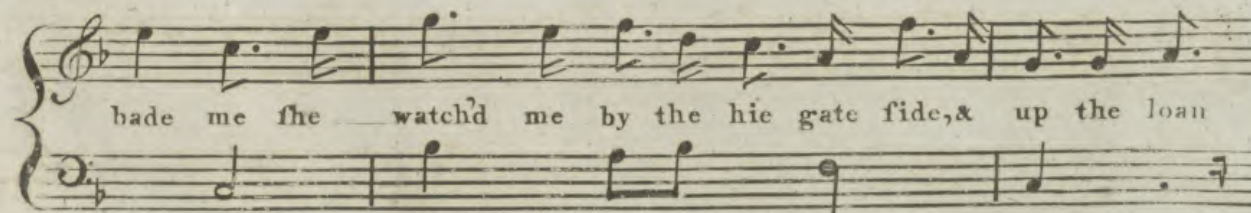
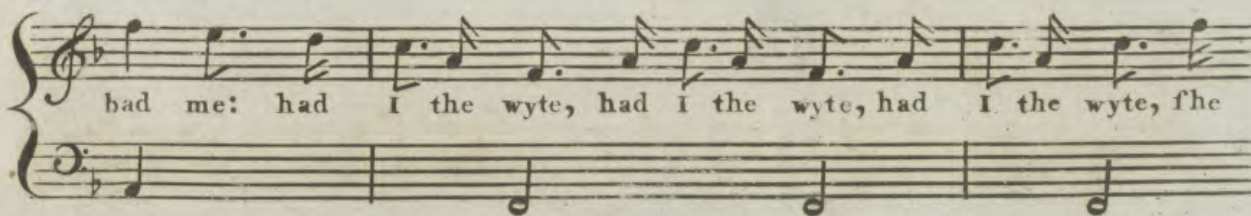
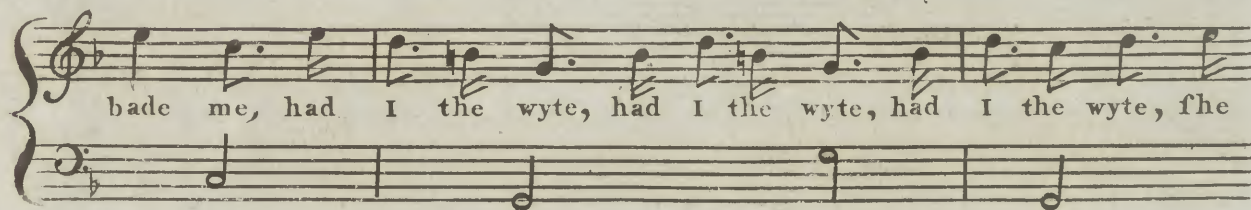
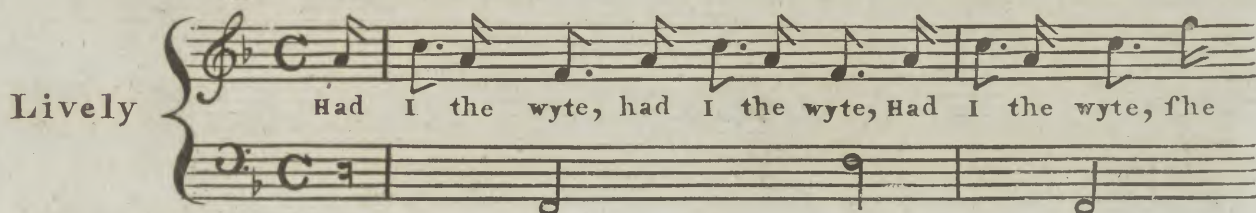
A Favorite Scotch Song,

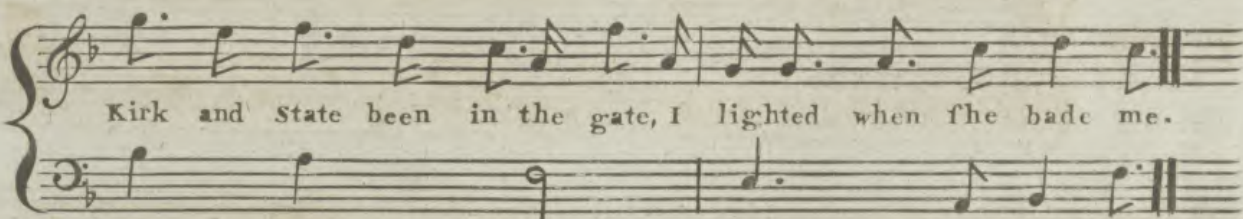
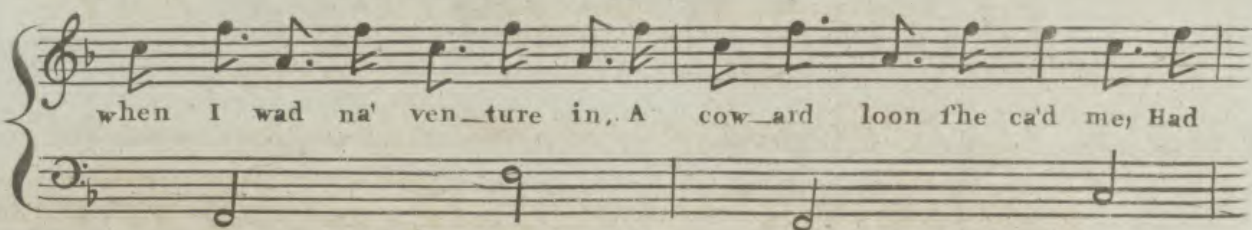
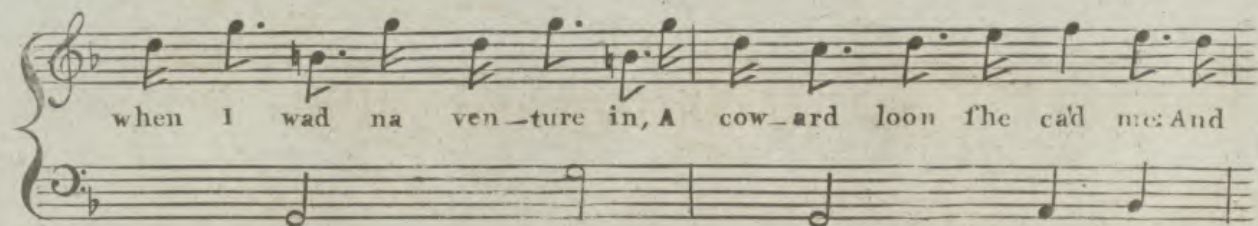
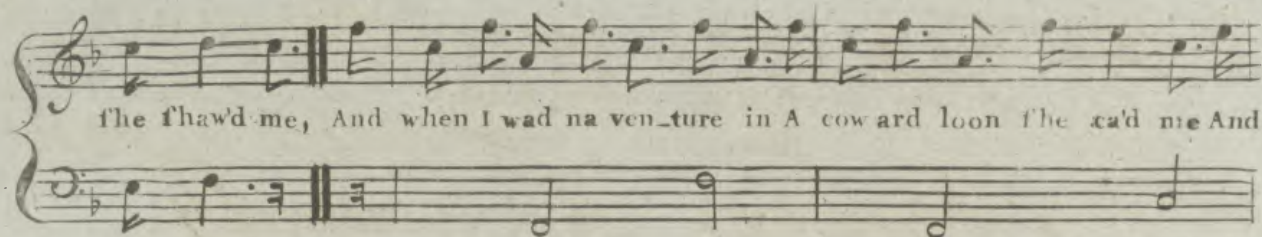
The words by the Celebrated,

ROBERT BURNS.

London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields

Lively





Sae craftilie f'he ² took me ben,
 And bade me mak nae clatter;
 "For our ramgunf'hooh, glum goodman
 Is o'er ayont the water:"
 Whae'er f'hall fay I wanted grace,
 when I did kifs and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Sync, fay, I was a fautor.

Could I for f'hame, could I for f'hame,
 Could I for f'hame refus'd her,
 And wad na Manhood been to blame,
 Had I unkindly us'd her:
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blae' and bluidy bruis'd her;
 when sic a hui'band was frae hame,
 what wife but wad excus'd her!

⁴
 I dighted ay her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy,
 And weel I wat her willin mou
 was e'en like succarcandie
 At glomin-f'hoote it was, I wat,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam thro' the Tifeday's dew,
 To wanton willie's brandy.

HOW SWEET THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN

A Favorite Song.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy,

AT

Darxhall Gardens

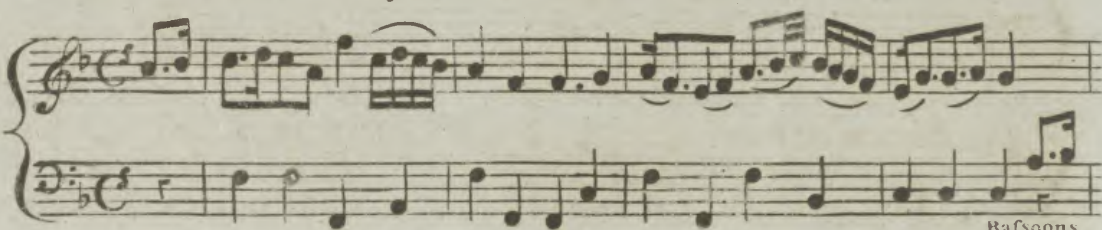
Composed by W. Hook.

Price 1^s

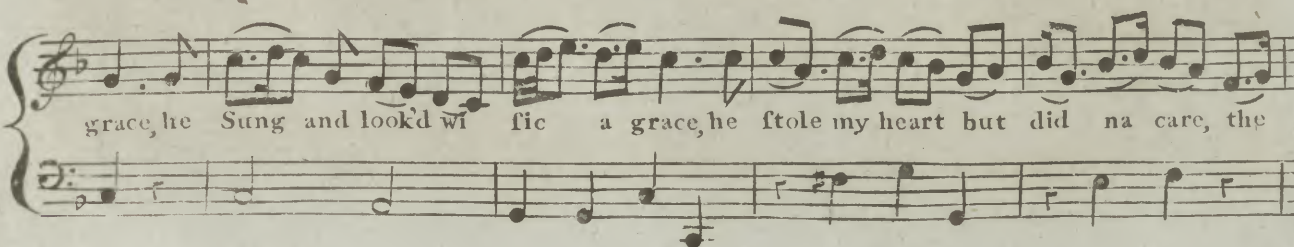
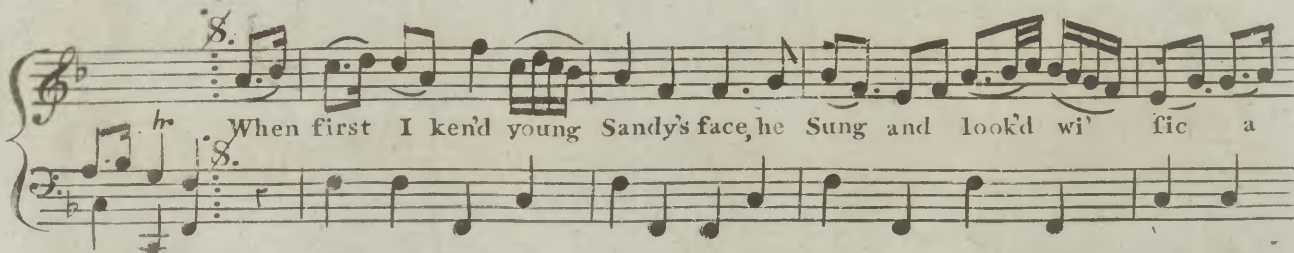
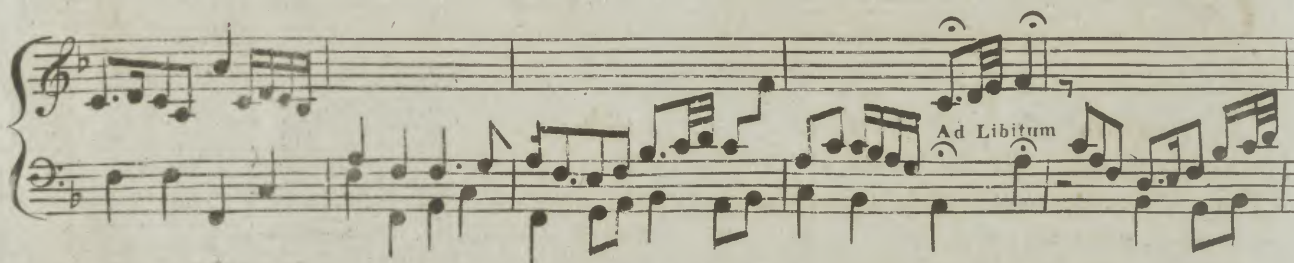
LONDON

*Printed & Sold by William Boag, at his Music Shop
N^o. 11. Great Turrestile. Lincolns Inn Fields.*

Andantino



Bassoons





2

He loo'd a Lafs wi' fickle mind,
Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind,
Which made the love-fick Laddie rue,
For she was cauld when he was true,
He mourn'd and sung o'er brae and burn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

3

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where Lillocks with sweet Cowslips Join'd,
To make a garland for her hair,
But she refus'd a gift so fair,
This scorn he cry'd can ne'er be born,
But sweet the love that meets return.

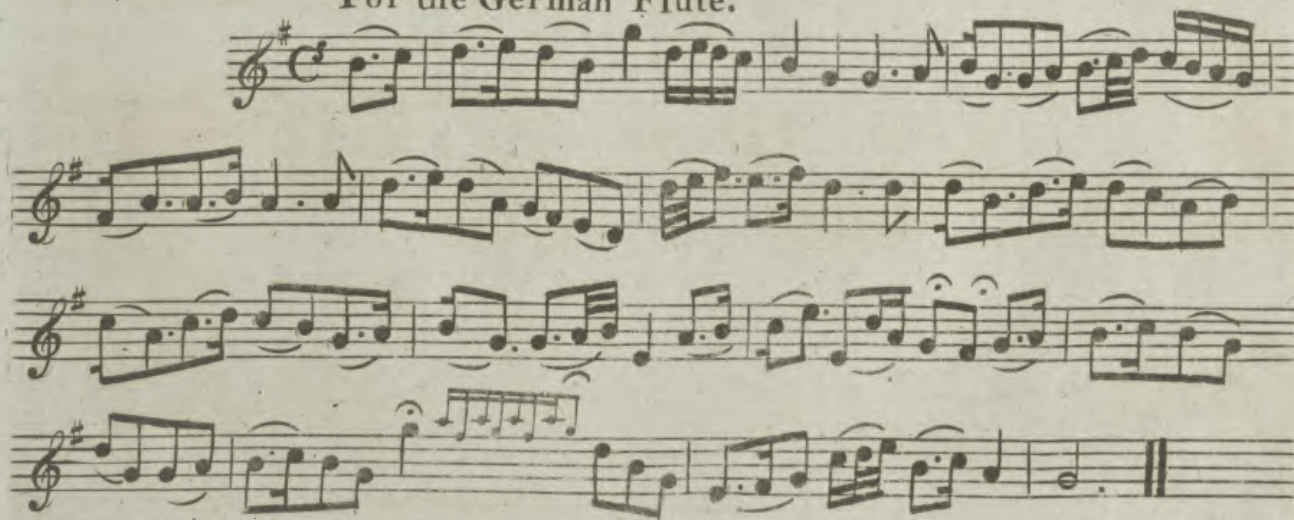
4

Just then he met my tell tale een,
And love so true is soonest seen,
Dear Lafs said he my heart is thine,
For thy soft wishes are like mine,
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

5

My answer was both frank and kind,
I loo'd the lad and tell'd my mind,
To Kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
And wha sa blest as he and me,
Now blith we sing o'er brae and burn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

For the German Flute.



A
Choice Selection
OF
Ancient & Modern Scots Songs,
Adapted for the
VOICE, PIANO FORTE, GER. FLUTE,

or
Harpisichord,
Chiefly selected from the celebrated Poets,
RAMSAY, BURNS &c. &c.

Writing Eng^d by James Watson for Wm. B. Shaw

*How Bonny are our green sward Hews,
Where thro' the Links the Burnie flows,
And the free Burns, & the free Lows,
An' soft winds rustle
And Shepherd Lads on Sunny Knows,
Blaw the Blith whistle Beattie.*

Book 2.

Price

6/



LONDON.

Printed & Sold by W^m BOAG at his Music Shop N^o 1 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE WHISTLE,

The words by the Celebrated ROB^t BURNS,

*Founded on a fact noticed by D^r Samuel Johnson
in his Tour thro' Scotland.*

LONDON.

Price 1/

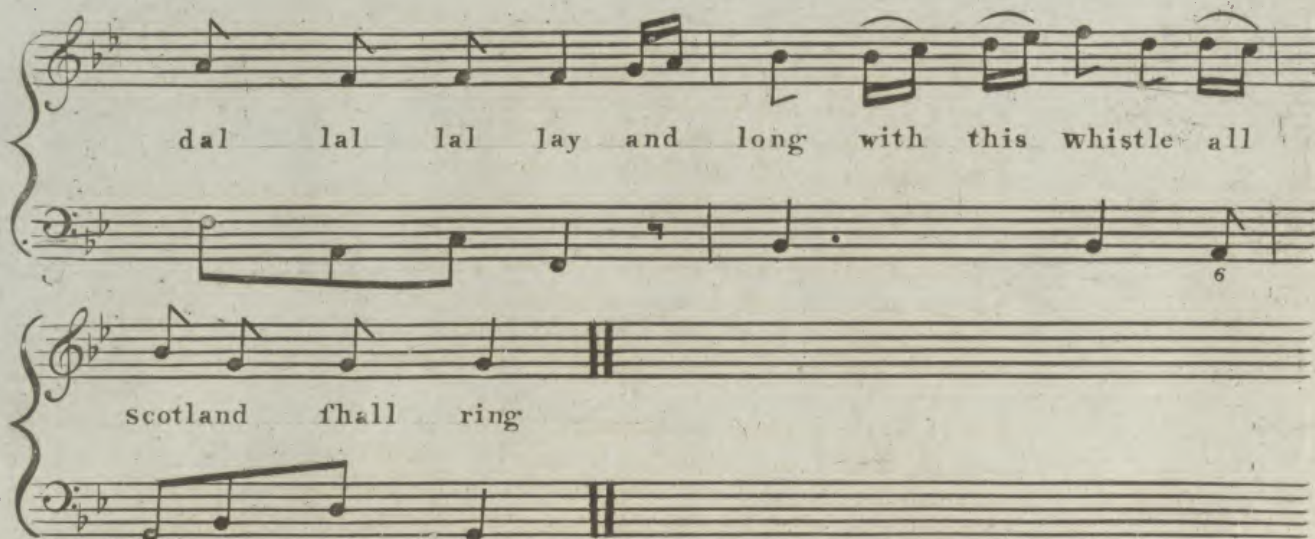
*Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Slowly

I fing of a whistle, a whistle of worth, i fing of a whistle the

pride of the North was brought to the court of our good Scottish king and

long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring Fal de



* Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall —
This whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more, Fal de dal &c

Old Poets have sung, and Chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd what champions fell:
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle their requiem thrill, Fal de dal &c

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle unconquerd in war
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he, Fal de dal &c

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd
Till three noble Chieftans, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd, Fal de dal &c

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw,
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth and law,
And trusty Glenriddel, so vers'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines, Fal de dal &c

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil,
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more in claret try which was the man. Fal de dal &c

By the gods of the Ancients! Glenriddel replies.
Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er! Fal de dal &c

Sir Robert, a soldier no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend
Said tofs down the whistle prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret hed die or hed yield, Fal de dal &c

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
 Than the sense, wit and taste of a sweet lovely Dame, Fal de dal &c

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
 And tell future ages the feats of the day:
 A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been, Fal de dal &c

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
 And every new cork is a new spring of joy,
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet, Fal de dal &c

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,
 Bright Phebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps.
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn. Fal de dal &c

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore twas 'the way that their Ancestor did, Fal de dal &c

Then worthy Glenriddel so cautious and sage
 No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
 A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
 He left the foul business to folks less divine, Fal de dal &c

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,
 But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend;
 Tho' Fate said, a hero should perish in light,
 So uprose bright Phebus and down fell the Knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink,
 "Craigdarroch, thoult fear, when Creation shall sink!
 "But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
 "Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!" Fal de dal &c

"Thy Line that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
 "Shall Heroes and Patriots ever produce:
 "So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay,
 "The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!" Fal de dal &c

As the authentic Prose history of the whistle is curious, we shall hear subjoin it — In the train of Anne, Princess of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with her husband, James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless devotee of Bacchus. He had a curious ebony Ca'or whistle, which, at the beginning of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow the whistle, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. — The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts of Germany, and challenged the Scottish Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present Sir Robert, who after three days & nights Claret shew'd left the Scandinavian dead drunk, and blew on the whistle his requiem thrill. Sir Walter Lowrie, son of Sir Robert before mentioned afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married the sister of Sir Walter. — On Friday, the 16th of October 1790, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, Rob^t Riddel Esq^r of Glenriddel lineal descendant & representative of Walter Riddel who won the whistle, and in whose Family it had continued; and Alex^r Ferguson Esq^r of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the Field.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE

as Sung in the Scots Pastoral Comedy of the Gentle Shepherd.

London. Printed & sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop, No. 69, St. Martin's Lane Fields.

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gale to the green hill, And I at ew-mil-king first

Slow

1st 2^d

fey'd my young skill, fey'd my young skill, To bear the milk bow-ie nae pain was to

1st 2^d

me When I at the bughting for-ga-ther'd wi' thee, ga-ther'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the ftane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny fings saftly the COWDEN BROOM KNOWS,
And Rosie lilt's sweetly the MILKING THE EWS;
There's few JENNY NETTLES like Nancy can sing;
At THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE, Befs gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy fings wi' better skill,
The BOATMAN, TWEEDSIDE, or the LASS OF THE MILL,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire.
And praises fae kindly increases love's fire:
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make mysell better and sweeter for thee.

THE YELLOW HAIRD LADDIE

A favorite Scotch Song, with the Original Music.
Price 1^s/6

Slow

In April when Primroses paint the fweet plain, and Summer ap-proaching re
 joiceth the Swain. joiceth the Swain. The Yellow Haird Laddie wou'd oft-en times
 go, to Wilds and deep glens where the Hawthorn Trees grow. Hawthorn Trees grow.

2

There under the Shade of an old facred thorn,
 With freedom he fang his Love's Ev'ning and Morn;
 He fang with fo fast and inchanting a found,
 That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

3

The Shepherd thus fung, tho' young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu proud air;
 But Susie was handsome and fweetly cou'd Sing,
 Her Breath like the breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

4

That Maddie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the Moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie was faithfull good humour'd and free,
 And fair as the Goddefs who sprang from the Sea.

5

That Mama's fine Daughter with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy and frequently four,
 Then fighting He wished would parents agree,
 The witty Sweet Susie his Mistrefs might be.

For the Guitar and Ger: Flute.

London Printed & Sold by William Bouslog at his Music Shop, No. 6, Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE

A Favorite Scotch Song with the Original Words by

ALLAN RAMSAY.

for Two Voices.

Slow

The yellow hair'd Laddie fat down on yon brae, cries milk the ews Lalsie let

The yellow hair'd Laddie fat down on yon brae, cries milk the ews Lalsie let

none of them gae, none of them gae: And ay the milked and ay the

none of them gae, none of them gae: And ay the milked and ay the

fang, The yellow hair'd Laddie shall be my good Man. be my good Man.

fang, The yellow hair'd Laddie shall be my good Man. be my good Man.

2

The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin,
The ews are new clipped they winna bught in,
They winna bught in tho' I fhou'd die,
O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me,
They winna bught in tho' I fhou'd die,
O yellow hair'd laddie be kind to me.

3

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to Kirm,
Tho' butter and cheese, and a fhou'd four,
I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour,
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the yellow hair'd Laddie my husband shall be.

(43)

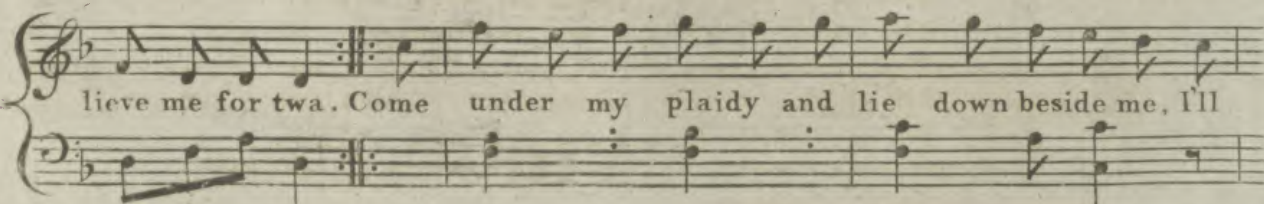
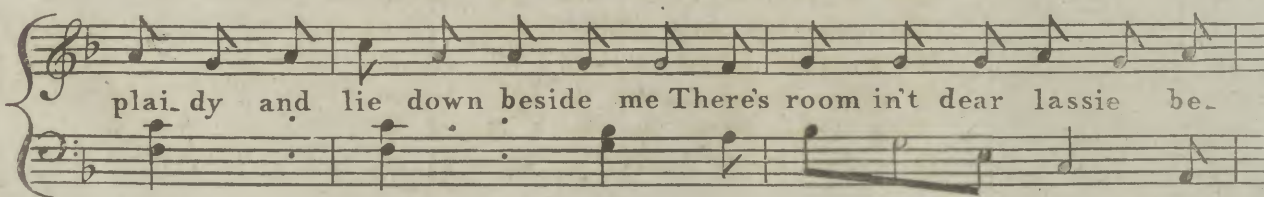
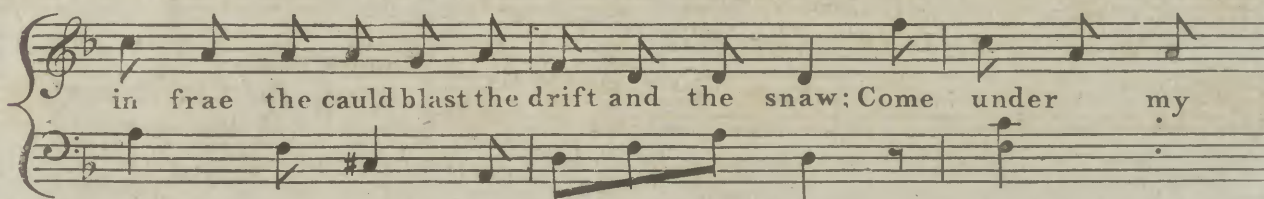
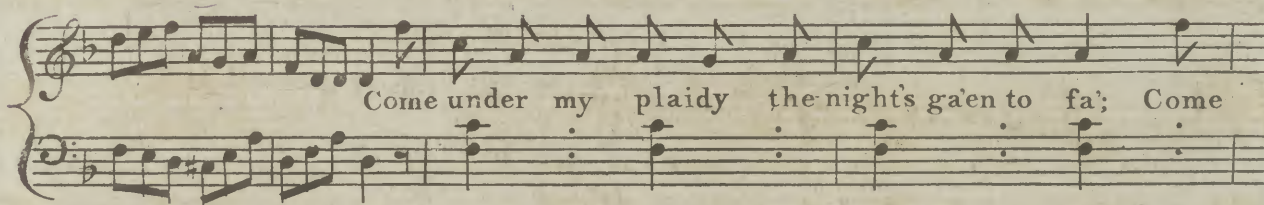
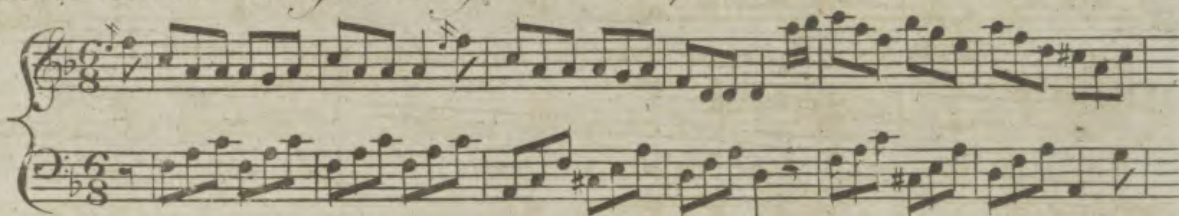
COME UNDER MY PLAIDY

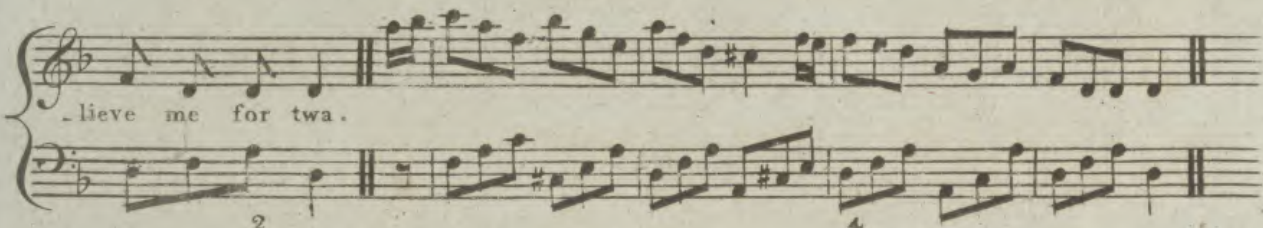
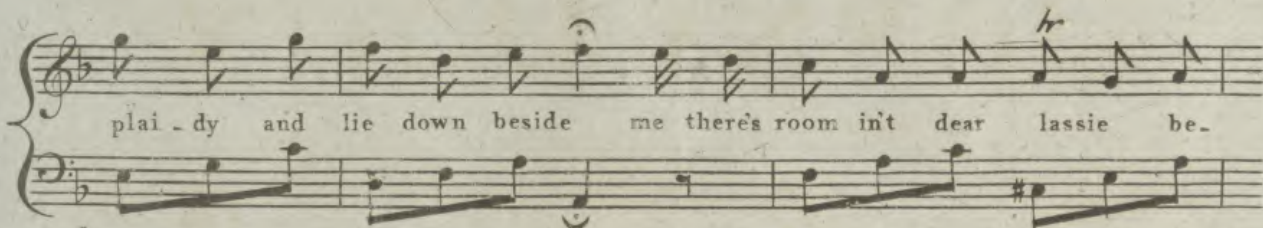
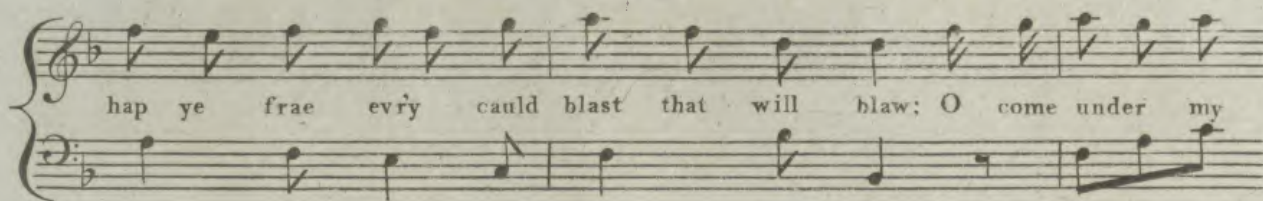
Or. Modern Marriage Delineated

A Favorite Scotch Song.

Price 1^s

London, Printed & Sold by W. Beagat his Music Shop, N^o. 11 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields





Gae'wa wi' your plaidy, auld Donald gae'wa,
I fear nae the cauld blast the drift or the snaw;
Gae wa wi your plaidy I'll no lie beside ye.
Ye may be my gutchard — auld Donald gae'wa.
I'm gaen to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny
He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw
Other's nane dance sae lightly, sae graceful sae tightly
His cheeks like the new rose, his brows like the snaw.

3

Dear Marion let that fleestick fast to the wa,
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naithing ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk you aye finely,
At kirk or at market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca.

O the deels in the lasses they gang now sae bra,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain luvie is the cauldest blast now that can blaw:

My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a'
Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me a braw;
It's true I loo Johnny he's gude and he's bonny,
But waes me! ye ken he has naithing ava.
I hae little tocher; youve made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma;
Sae gi me your plaidy I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

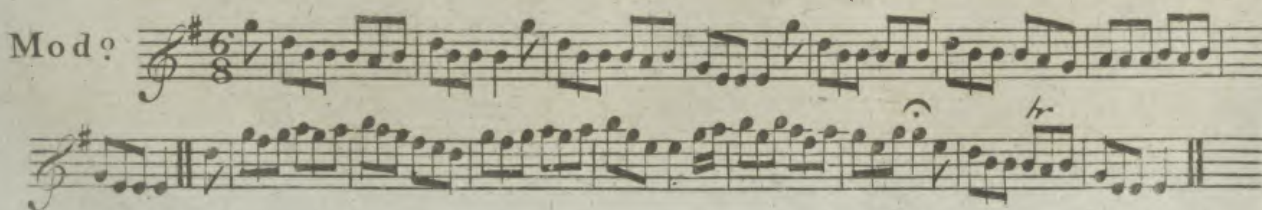
5

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa'
Whar Johnny was list'ning and heard her tell a'
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary the night it was dreary,
And thowless he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw,
The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, Women
Wad marry auld nick if he'd keep them ay bra!

6

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry,
Young wives in their coaches will whip and will ca';
Till they meet wi' some Johnny, that's youthful and bonny,
And he'll gie ye horns on ilk haffit to claw!

German Flute .



155
Ye *BANKS* And *BRAES*

(of)

BONNY DOON

a favourite Scotch Song

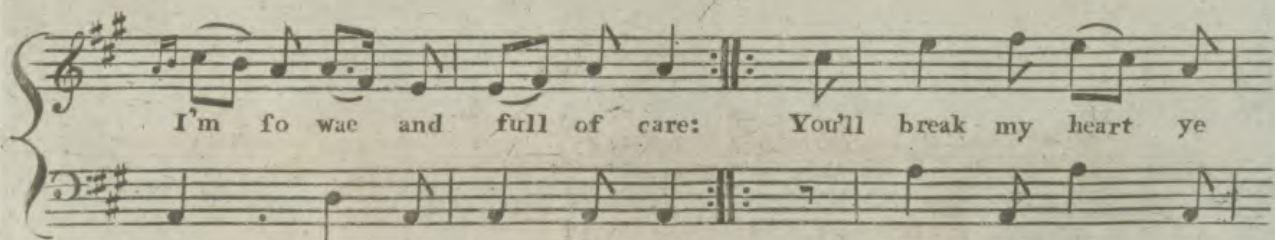
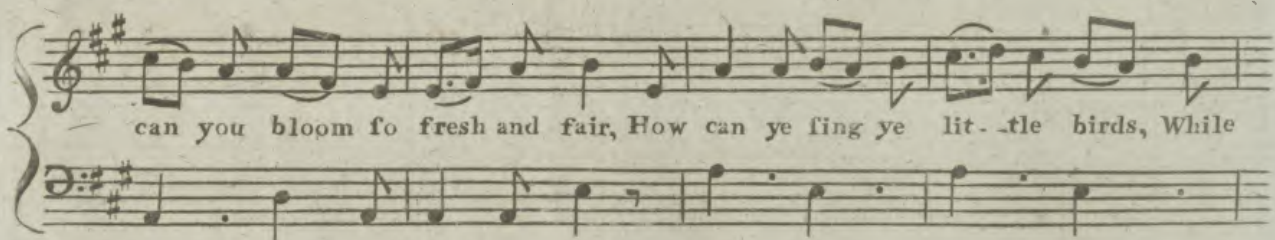
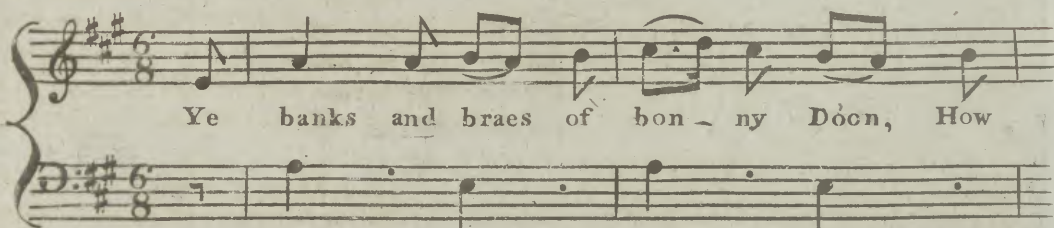
The WORDS by the Celebrated ROB^T BURNS.

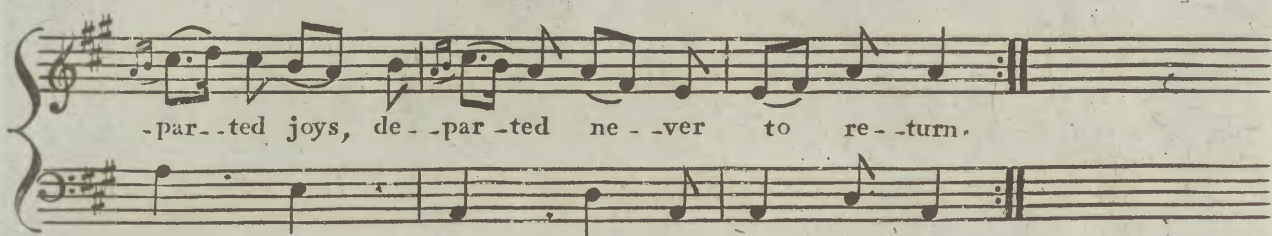
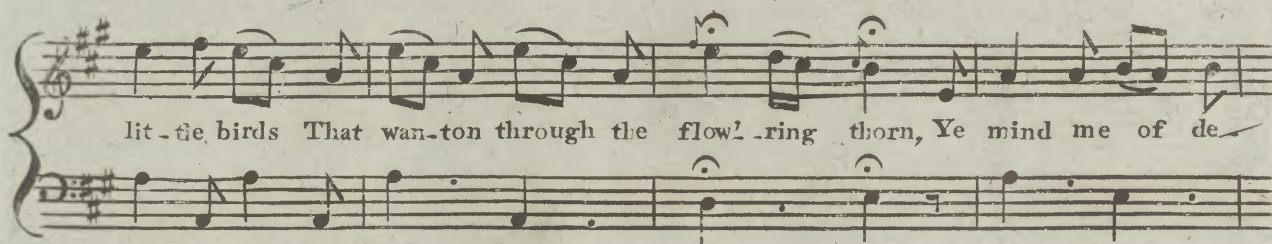
Printed & Sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr^t Turnstile

LINCOLNS INN FIELDS.

Price 6.^d

Andantino

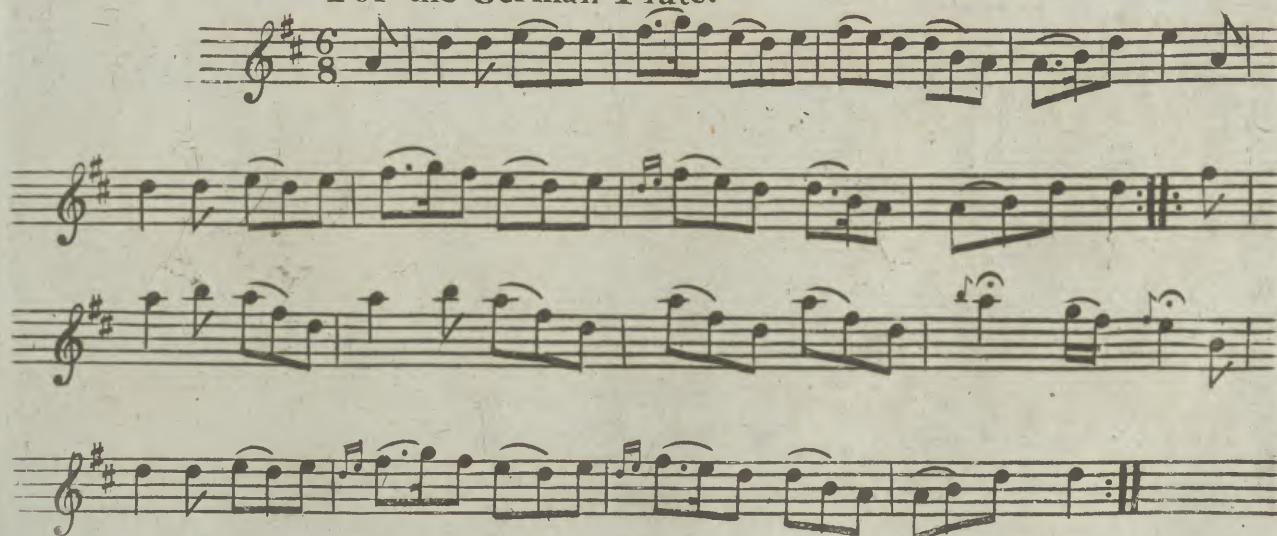




2

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 Where ilka bird fung o'er its note,
 And chearfully I join'd with mine.
 Wi heartsom glee I pull'd a rose,
 A rose out of yon thorny tree;
 But my false love has stol'n the rose,
 And left the thorn behind to me.

For the German Flute.



47

CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

Composed by

Alan Ramsay,

London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Price 6^d

Andante

My Pa...tie is a Lo...ver gay his

mind is ne...ver mud...dy his breath is sweeter

then new Hay his face is fair and rud...dy His

fhape is hand..some mid...dle fize He's fteat..ly in his

wawk.....ing the fhin....ing of his Een fur--prise tis

heaven to hear him taw - - - king

Last night I met him on the baw^k,
Where yellow corn was growing
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That fet my heart a glowing.
He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to fing finfyne,
O! corn riggs are bonny!

Let maidens of a filly mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are designd,
We chafte^{ly} fhould be granting.
Then i'll comply and marry Pate
And fyne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Whare corn riggs are bonny.

For the German Flute,

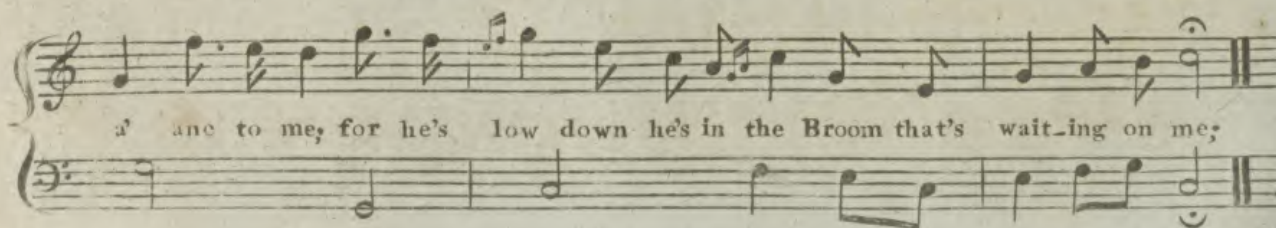
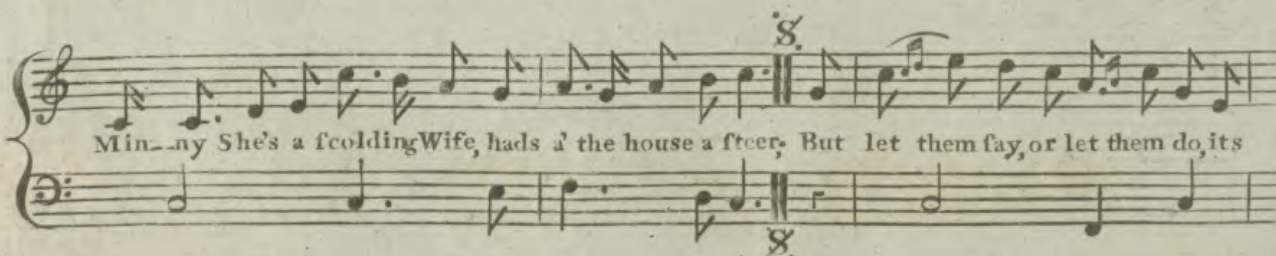
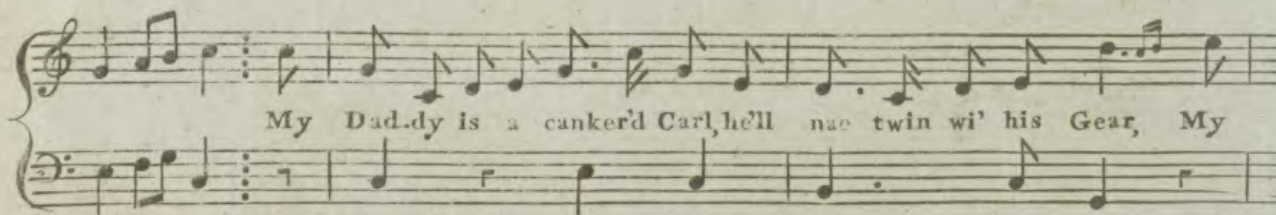
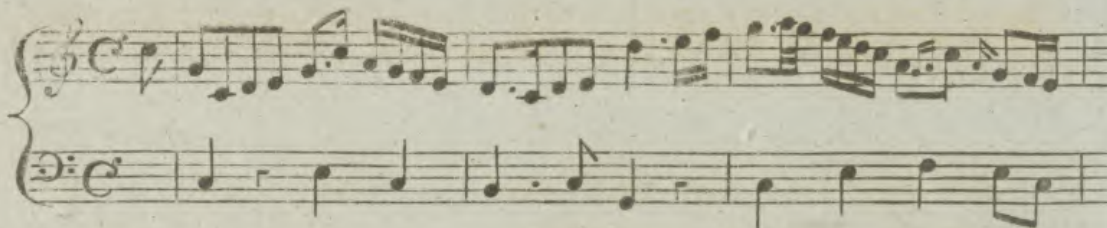
He's low Down He's in the Broom

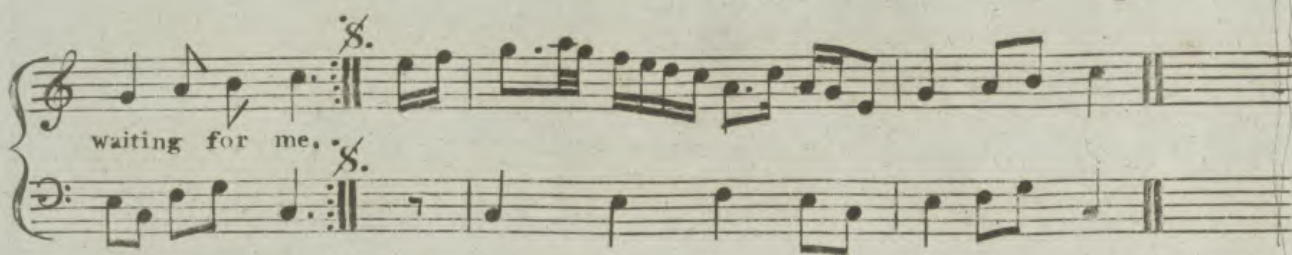
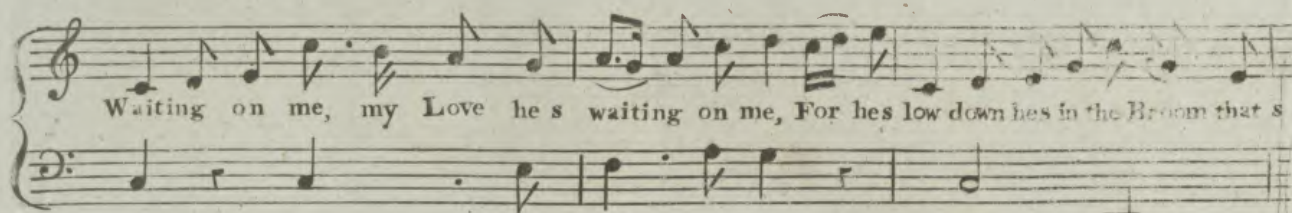
A FAVORITE Scotch Song.

LONDON

Price 6^d

Printed & sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop.
N^o. 11. Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.



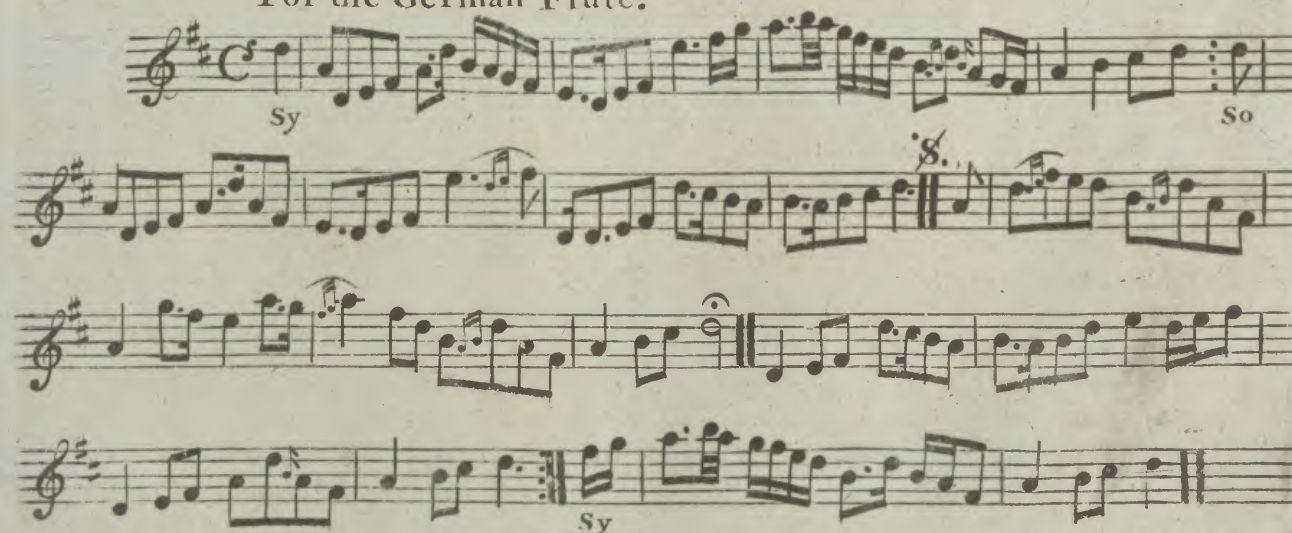


2
My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And fair she lightlies me;
But weel keen I it's a' envy;
For ne'er a jo has she,
But let them fay, &c:

3
My cousin Kate was fair beguill'd,
Wi' Johnnie in the glen;
And aye since-fyne, she cries, beware
Of false deluding men.
But let her fay, &c:

4
Glee'd Sandy he came wast ae night,
And speer'd when I saw Peat,
And aye since-fyne the neighbours round,
They jeer me air and late,
But let them fay or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For I'll gae to the bonny lad,
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me &c:

For the German Flute.



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A Favorite Scotch Song

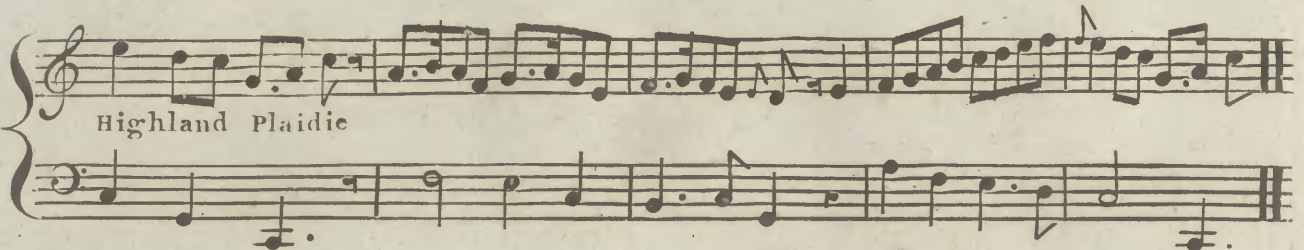
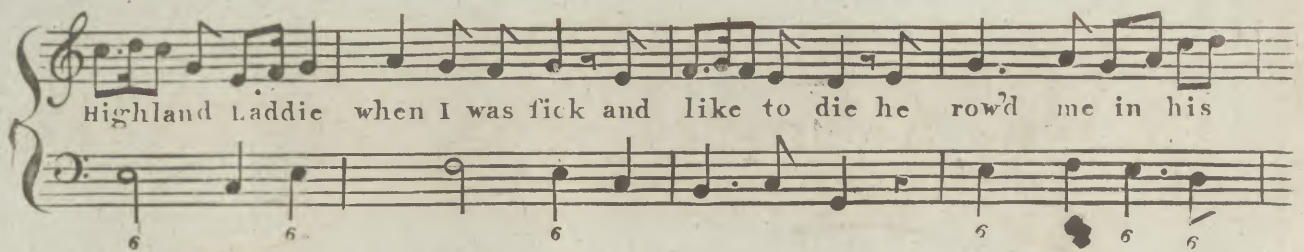
Price 6^c

London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Lawland Lads think they are fine; but O they're vain &

wondrous gawdy how much unlike that gracefu' mein & manly looks of my

Highland Laddie O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my hand some



If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blew and belted plaidy.
O my bonny &c

The bravest beau in borrows town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan plaidy.
O my bonny &c

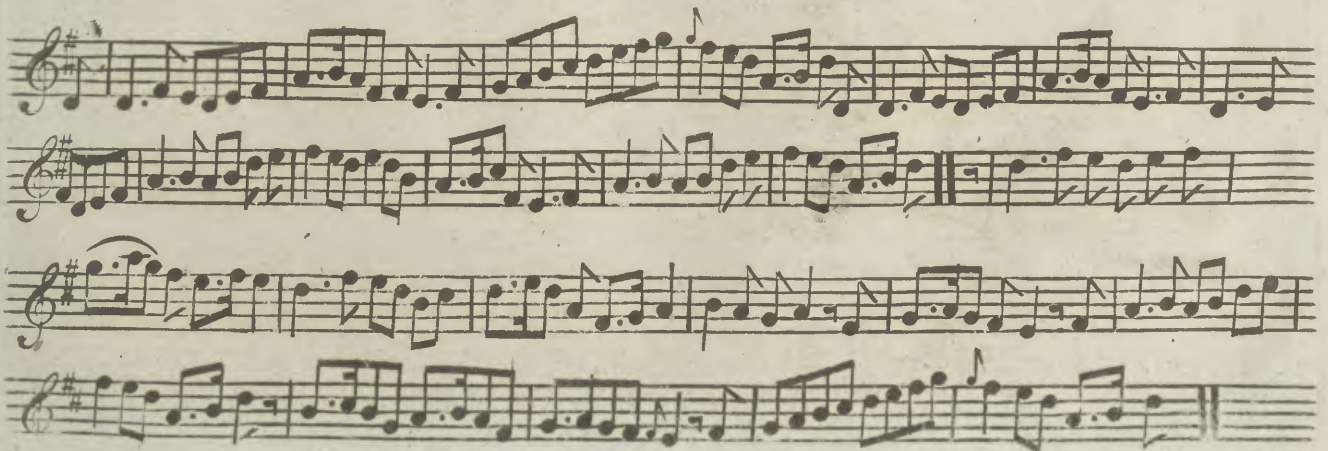
O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin & dady,
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy
O my bonny &c

A painted room and filken bed,
May please a Lawland Laird & Lady;
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny &c

Few compliments between us pass:
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,
Synce rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny &c

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true & steady
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
while heaven preserves my Highland
O my bonny &c. Laddie.

GERMAN FLUTE



NOW WESTLIN WINDS,

A Favorite Scotch Song.

The words by the Celebrated,

Robert Burns,

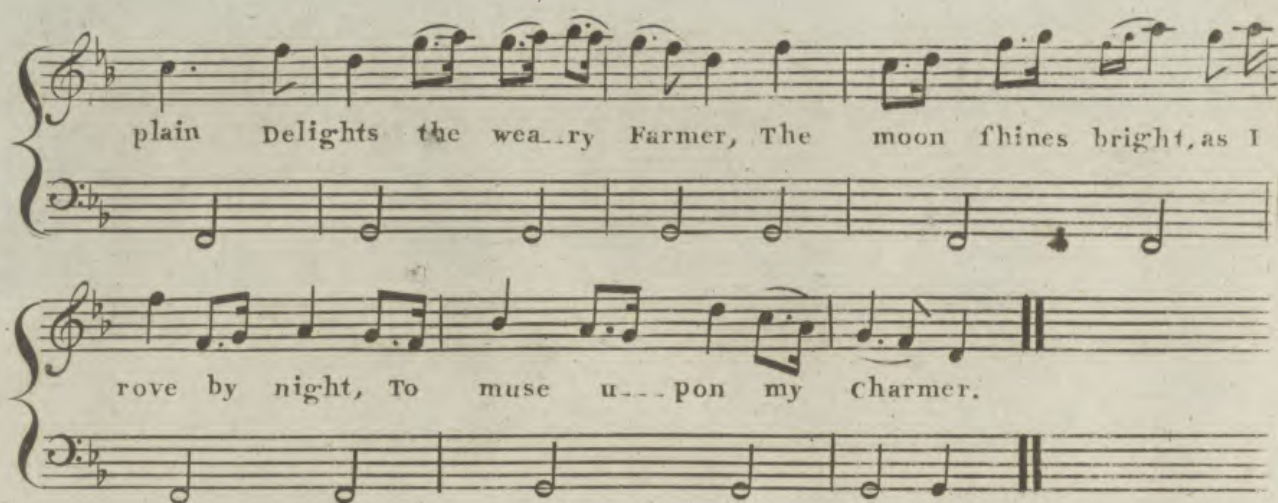
Price 6.^d

*London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Slow with

expression

Now westlin winds, and flaughterin guns Brings Autumn's
pleatant weather; The gor---cock springs, on whirring wings A---
mang the blooming heather: Now waving grain, wide o'er the



The Pairtrick loes the fruitfu' fells;
 The Plover loes the mountains;
 The Woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
 The soaring Hern the fountains:
 Thro' lofty groves the Cufhat roves,
 The path o' Man to thun it,
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some social join, and leagues combine,
 Some folitary wander:
 Avaunt, away! the cruel fway,
 Tyrannic Man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

But Peggy dear the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The fky is blue the fields in view
 All fading-green, and yellow:
 Come let us stray our gladfome way,
 And view the charms o' Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly;
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly press,
 Swear how I loe thee dearly!
 Not vernal flowers to buding flowers
 Not Autuma to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair my lovely Charmer.

Through the Wood Saddle A Favorite, Scotch Song.

Price 6^d

LONDON

Printed & Sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop
N^o. 11. Great Turnstile, Lincolns Inn Fields.

O Sandy why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn, thy
preference could ease me, when naithing can please, me, now
dowie I figh on the banks of the burn, or thro' the wood

Laddie, un--til thou're turn Tho' woods now are gay and mornings fo

clear, while Lav'rocks are fingering and primroses springing yet

none of them please my eye or my ear when thro' the wood

Laddie, ye dinna ap-pear

| | |
|---|---|
| That I am forsaken some spare na to tell; | Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away, |
| I'm fash'd wi' their scorning, | But quick as an arrow, |
| Baith evening and morning; | Haste here to thy marrow; |
| Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell, | Wha's living in langour, till that happy day, |
| When thro' the wood, Laddie I wander mysel. | When thro' the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing & play |

GERMAN FLUTE

TWEEDSIDE.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

Composed by

M^r Crawford of Auchinames.

London Printed & Sold by W. Beag at his Music Shop, N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

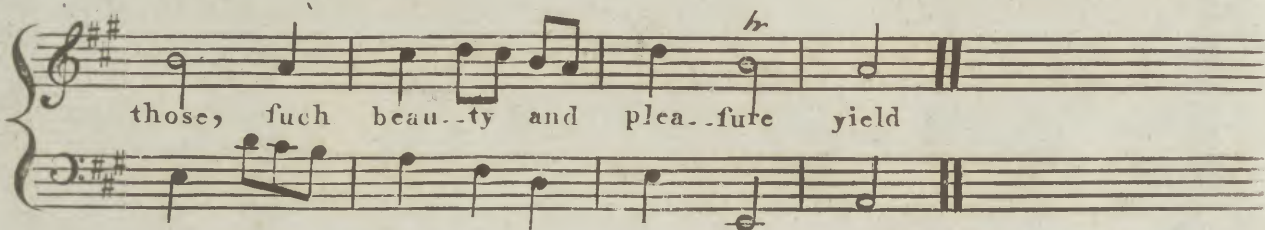
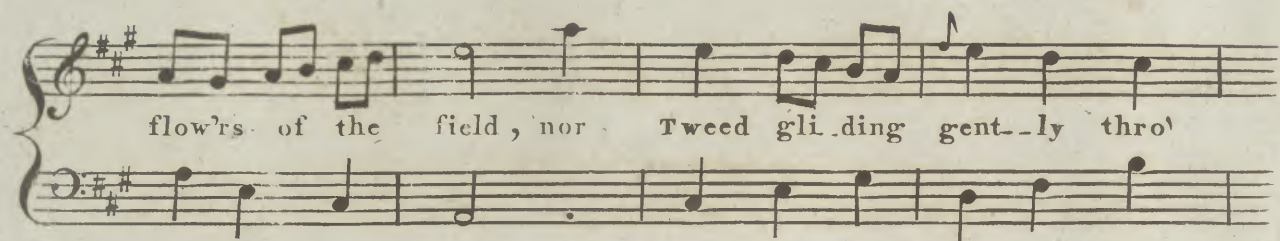
Price 6s.

Price 6c.

what beauties does Flo...ra dis...close, !, how

sweet are her smiles up on Tweed,! Yet Ma...ry's ftill

Sweeter than those, both nature and fancy exceed, No

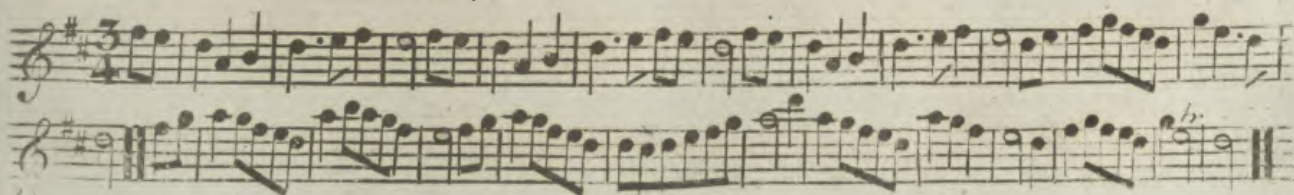


The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark and the thrush
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
with music enchant ev'ry bush;
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd flock sing,

How does my love pass the long day,
Does Mary not tend a few sheep,
Do they never caresly stray,
while happily she lies asleep;
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair;
Say charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
oh tell me at noon where they feed,
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

German Flute .



TAM GLEN

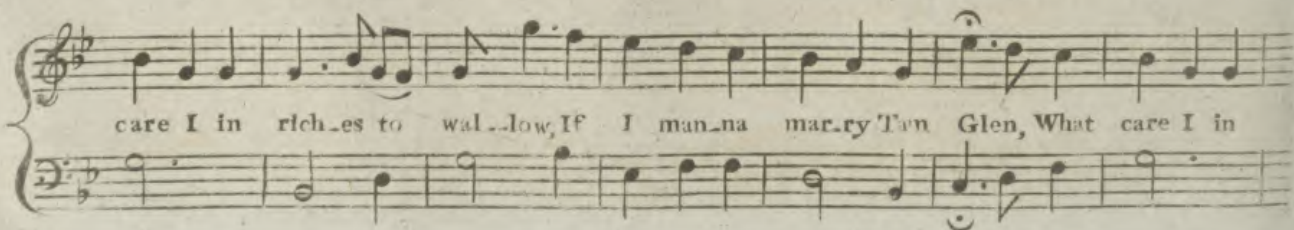
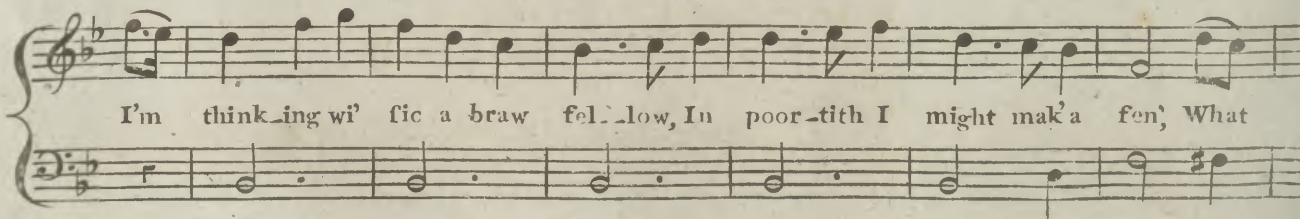
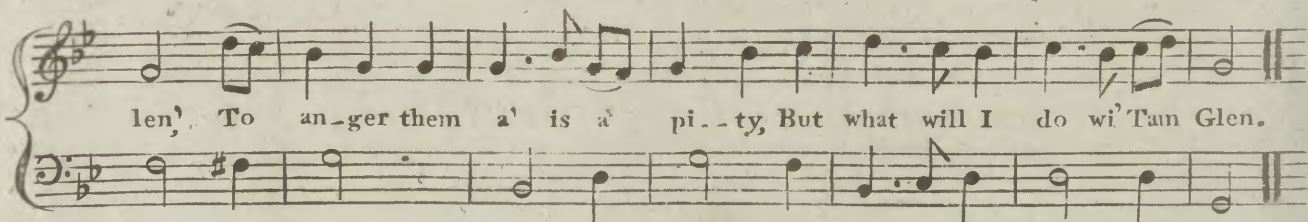
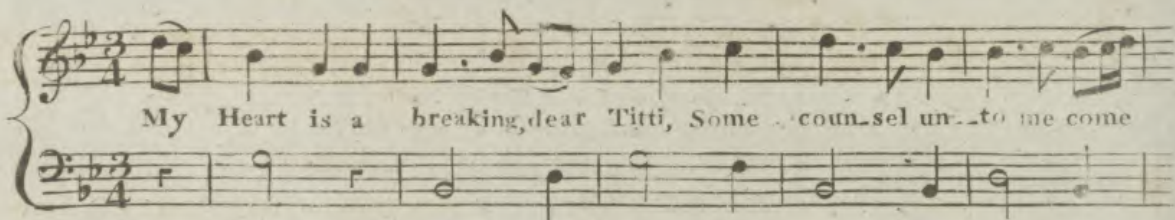
A Favorite Scotch Song.

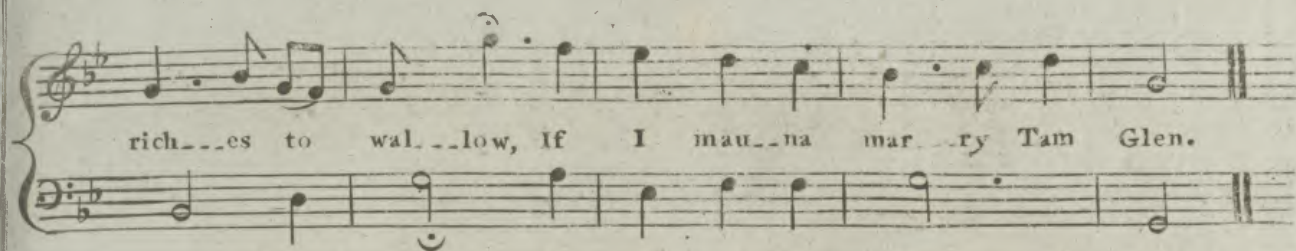
The Words by

The Celebrated Robt Burns.

Price 6^d

London
Printed & Sold by W^m Boag, at his Music Shop
N^o. 11. Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.





2

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 constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.
They flatter, &c.

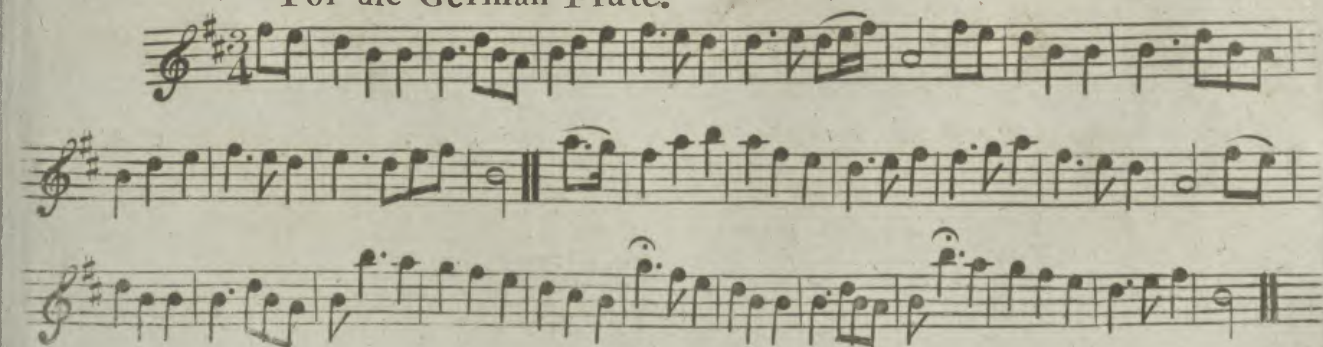
3

My Daddie says gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen.
Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou, gied a ften;
For thrice I drew aye without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
For thrice, &c.

4

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin,
My droukit fark fleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to Marry,
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
Gif ye will, &c.

For the German Flute.



ON A BANK OF FLOWERS,

A Favorite Scotch Song.

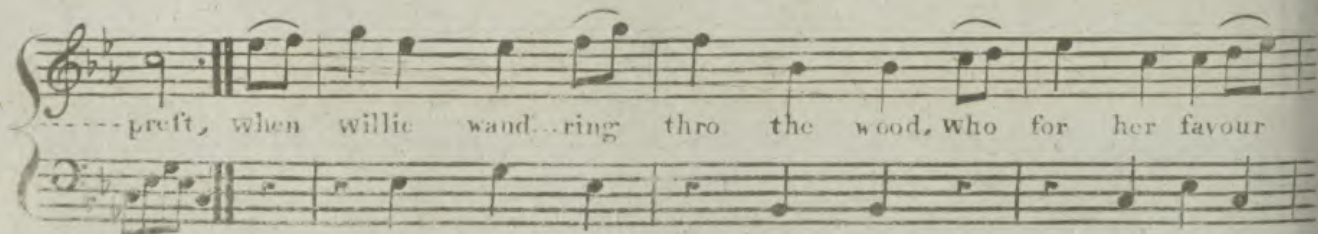
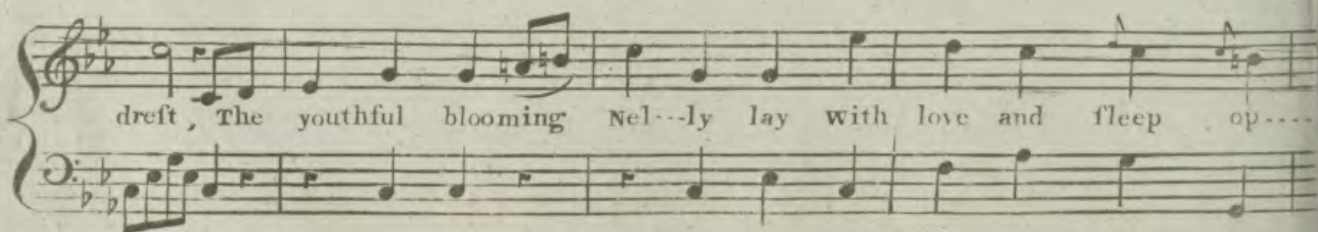
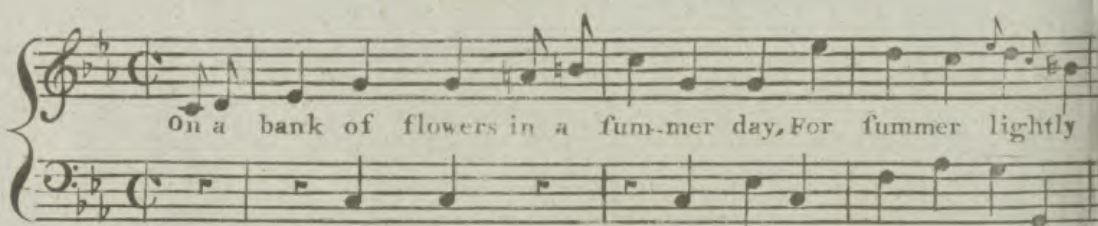
The words by the Celebrated,

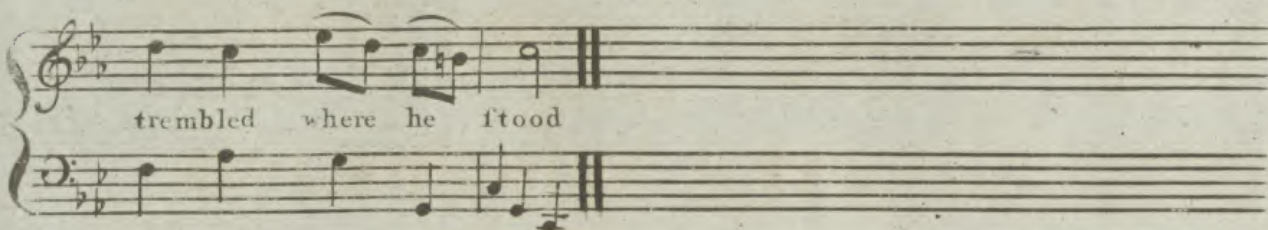
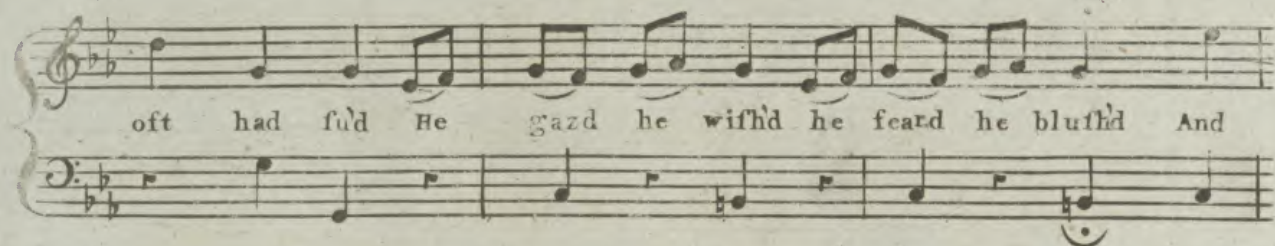
Robert Burns,

P.^r 6^d

*London Printed by Will^m. Boag at his Music Shop
N^o. 11 Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields,*

Andantino





2

Her clofed eyes like weapons fheathd
 Were feald in foft repose;
 Her lips ftill as fhe fragrant breathd
 It richer dyd the rose.
 The fpringing lilies fwetly preft,
 Wild, wanton kifd her rival breaft
 He gazd he wifhd, he feard, he blufhd;
 His bosom ill at reft.

3

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native eafe.
 All harmony and grace:
 Tumultuous tides his pulfes roll,
 A faltering, ardent kifs he ftole;
 He gazd, he wifhd, he feard, he blufhd,
 And fighd his very foul.

4

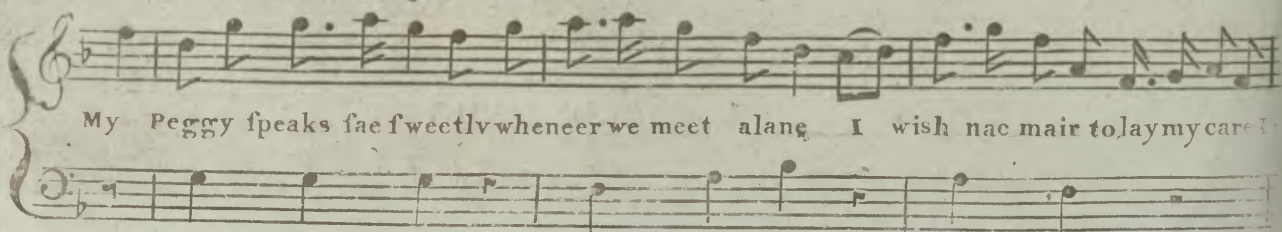
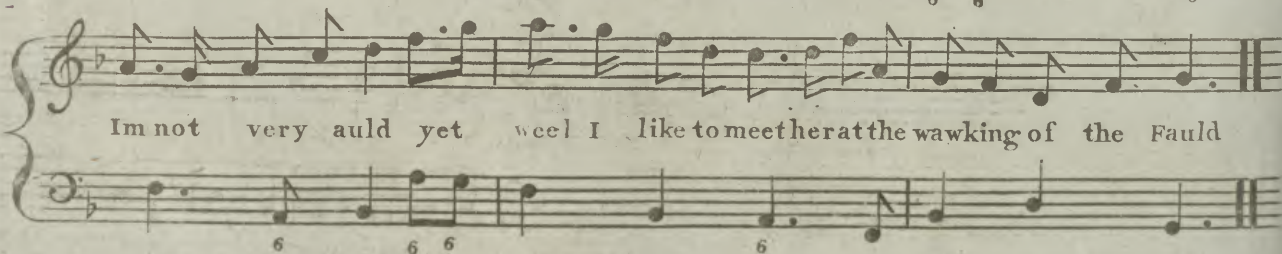
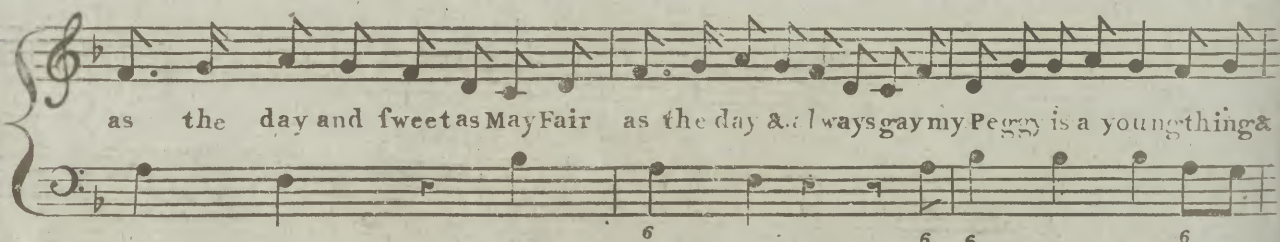
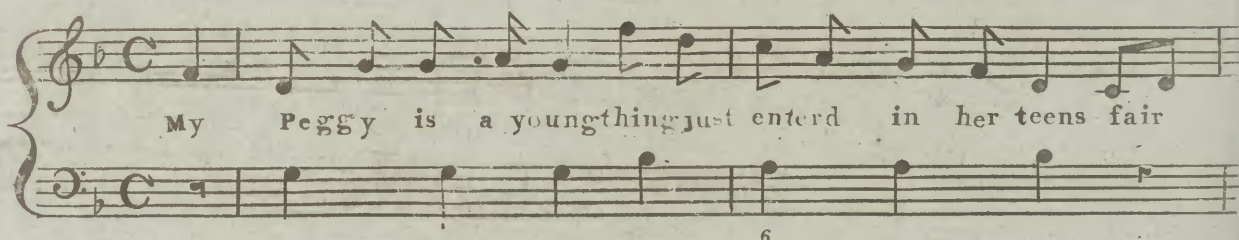
As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly ftarting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted fprings:
 But Willy followd—as he fould,
 He overtook her in the wood;
 He vowd, he prayd, he found, the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

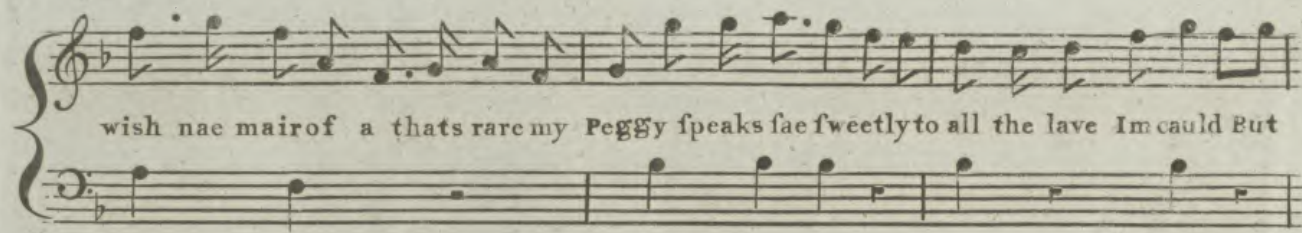
MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING
A favorite Song,
 SUNG IN THE
Scotch Pastoral Comedy
 OF THE
 GENTLE SHEPHERD.

LONDON

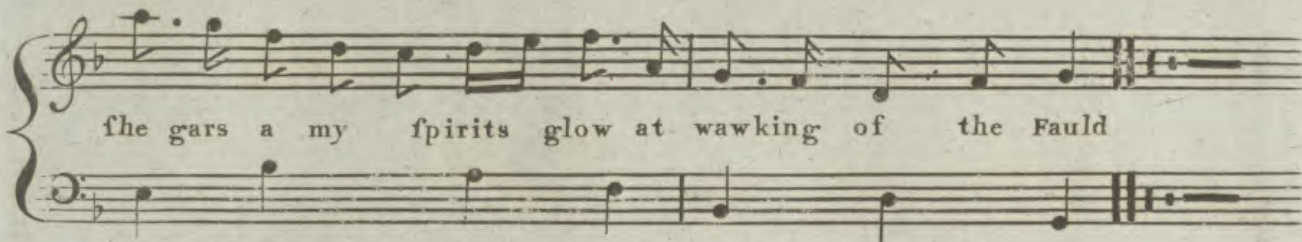
Price 6^d

*Printed & Sold by William Boag, at his Music Shop
 N^o Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*





wish nae mair of a that's rare my Peggy speaks sae sweetly to all the lave I'm cauld But

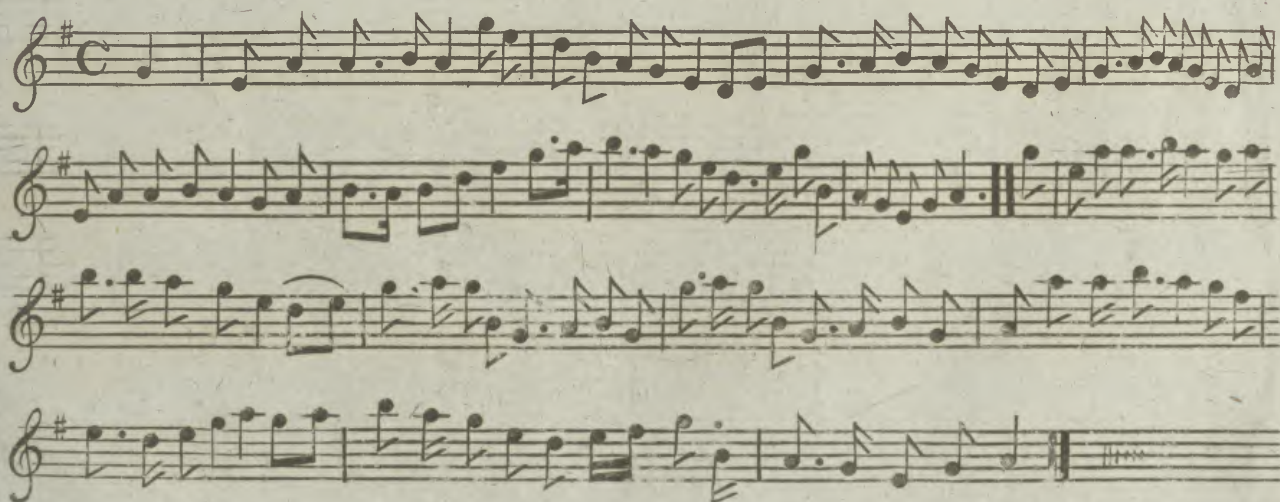


the gars a my spirits glow at wawking of the fauld

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 When'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a the town,
 That I look down upon a crown,
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me Blyth and bauld
 And naithing gie's me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld ;

My Peggy fings sae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she fings best;
 My Peggy fings sae fastly,
 And in her fangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld .

GERMAN FLUTE



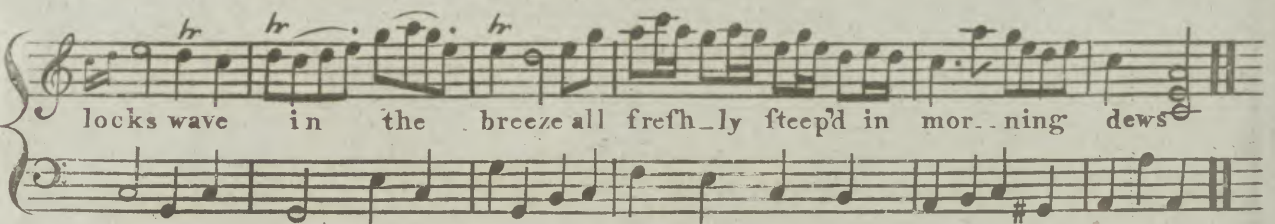
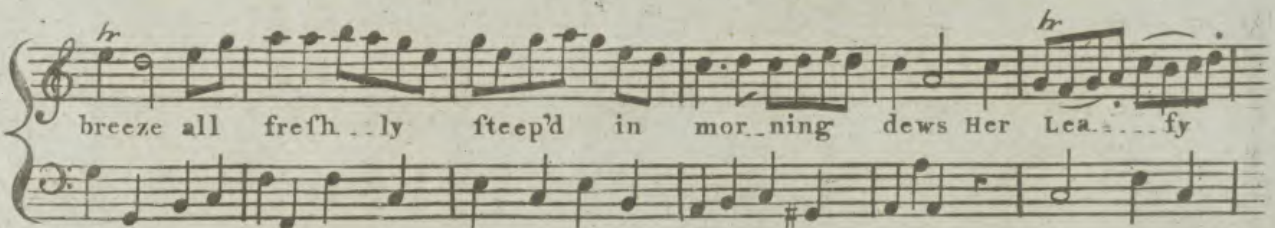
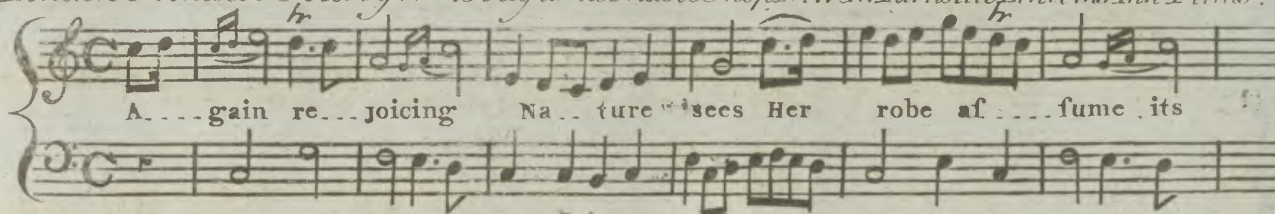
165
AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES,

A Favorite Song,

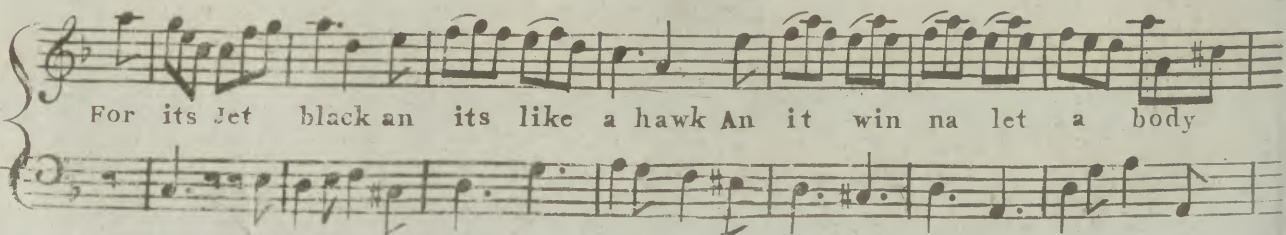
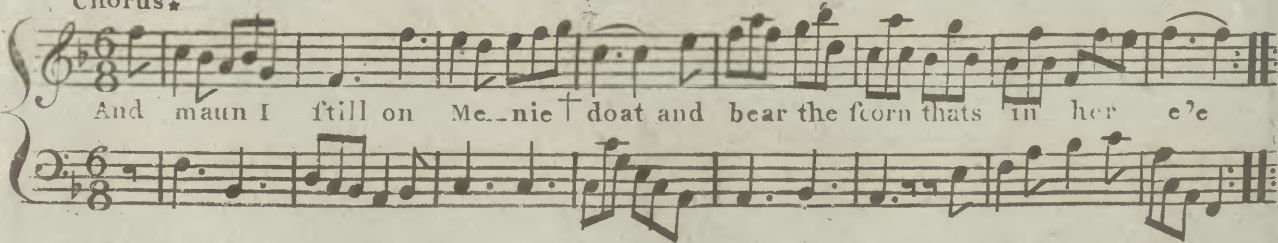
By the cel. *Robt Burns*,

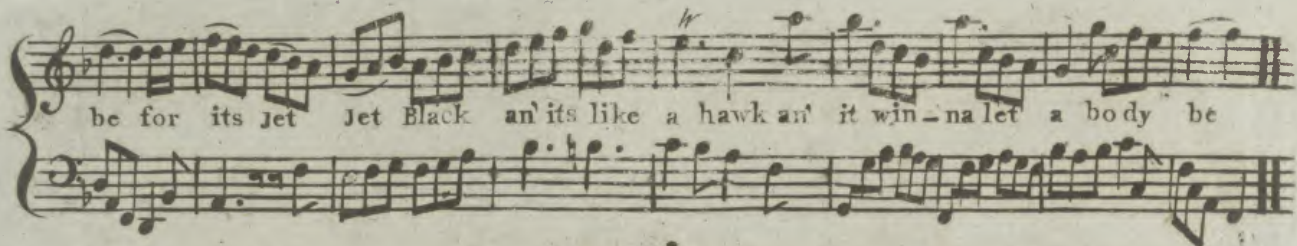
Pr. 6^d

London Printed & Sold by W^m Boag at his Music Shop, N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile, Lincolns Inn Fields.



Chorus.





In vain to me the cowflips blaw,
In vain to me the v'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or fhaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The sheep herd steeks his faulding flap,
And owre the moorlands whistles phill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

⚭ This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in
Edinburgh a particular friend of the Author's.

† Menie is the common abbreviation of Mariamne.

1671
SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM MY SOUL DESIRES.

— *A Favorite Scotch Song,* —

The words by the Celebrated,

ROBERT BURNS.

Pr. 6^d

London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, The

fun from India's shore retires; To R. van banks with

temp. rate ray, Home of my youth, he leads the day.

oh! banks to me for e-ver dear! oh! stream whose murmurs

still I hear! All, all my hopes of bliss re-fide where

E-van mingles with the Clyde.

2

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 bowers recline?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

3

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 fide:
Blest stream! the 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 fight!
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

KATHARINE OGIE.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

Sung at

Mr Abels Concert 1680.

London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Plaintive.

Price 6^d

AS walking forth to view the plain up- on a morning

AS walking forth the plain up- on a morning

ear-ly while MAY'S sweet scent did chear my brain, from flow'rs which grew fo

ear-ly while MAY did chear my brain, from flow'rs which grew fo

rarely, I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty Maid; She fhind, tho' it was

rarely, I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty Maid; She fhind, tho' it was

fogie. I ask'd her name Sweet fir, she said my name is KATHARINE OGIE

fogie. I ask'd her name Sweet fir, she said my name is KATHARINE OGIE

I stood a while, and did admire
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same KATHARINE OGIE.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird or lord, or duke,
My charming KATHARINE OGIE.

O were I but some Shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but KATHARINE OGIE.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statemens dangerous stations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations;
Might I caress and still possess
This lass, of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys and still look less
Compar'd with KATHARINE OGIE.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works of nature:
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie;
Pity my case, ye powers above!
Else I die for KATHARINE OGIE.

1701

LAST TIME I CAME OER THE MOOR

A Favorite Scotch Song,

Composed by

Allan Ramsay.

London Printed & sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N. W. Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Price 6^d

Slow

THE last time I came oer the moor I left my Love be...

... hind me Ye Powers what pain do I endure when foft I... de... as

mind me Soon as the rud dy - - morn displayd The

fountains to flow Rude winds, with com...passion, could hear him

com plain Yet CHLOE less gentle was deaf to his strain

How happy, he cry'd my moments once flew
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see! the pale moon all clouded retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care,
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

German Flute

ALLAN WATER.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

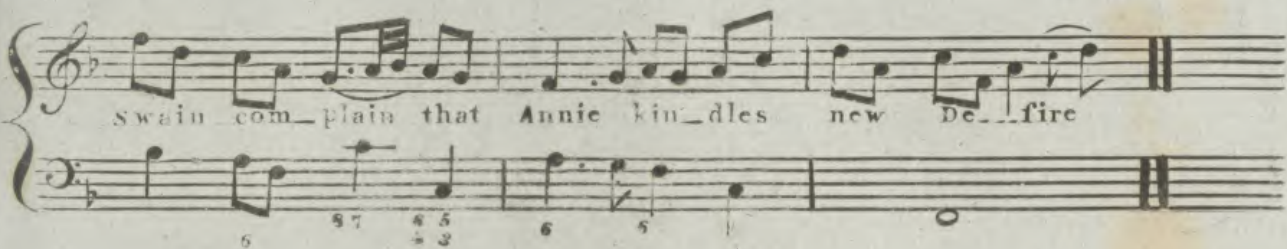
London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N^o 116 r. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Price 6^d

what Numbers shall the muse repeat what verse be found to

praise my Annie On her ten thousand Graces wait each swain admires &

owns this bonny Since first she trod the happy plain She

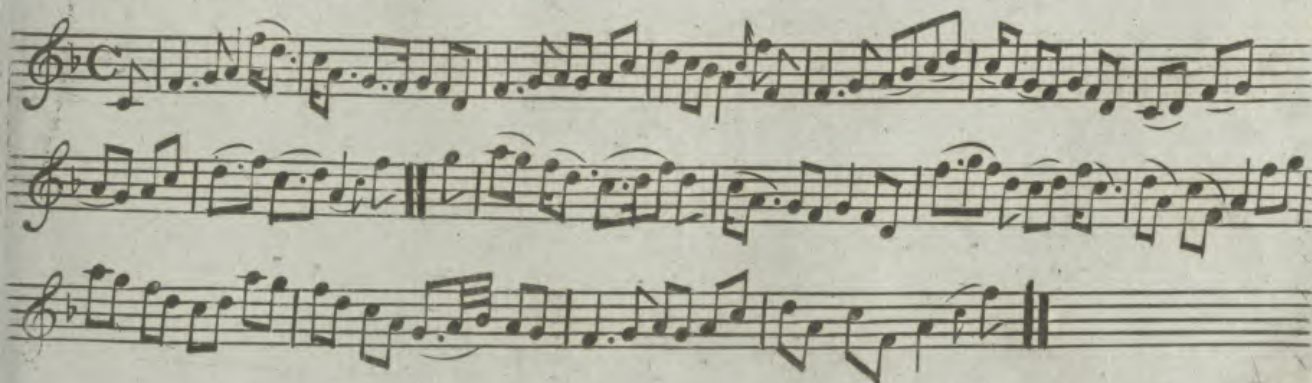


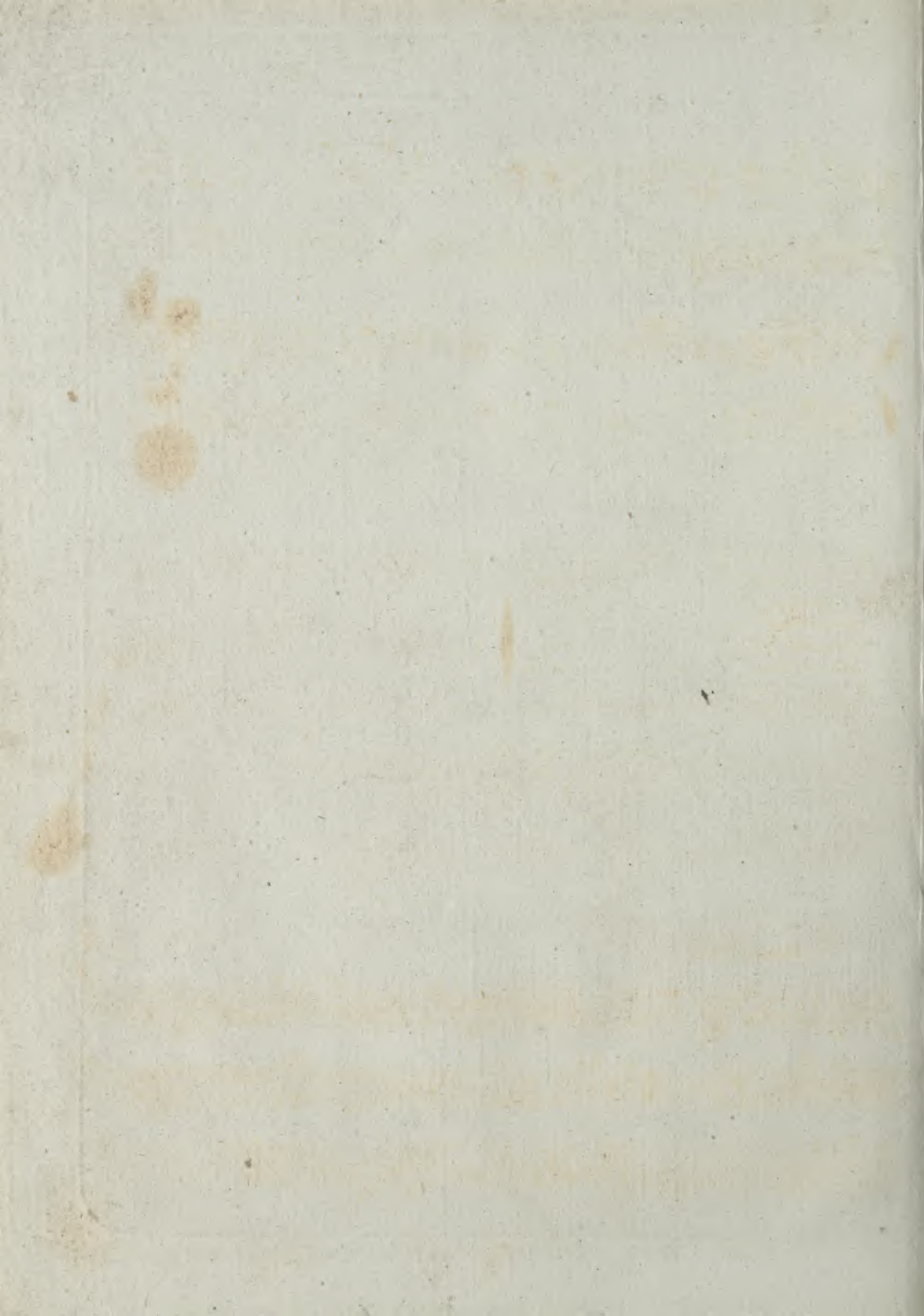
This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All Day the am'rous youths conven,
 Joyous they sport and play before her,
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the croud Amyntor came,
 He look'd he lov'd he bow'd to Annie;
 His rising sighs express'd his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive y-?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling;
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find
 On yonder plain; the nymphs are many:
 Then chuse some heart, that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

German Flute





A
Choice Selection
OF
Ancient & Modern Scots Songs,
Adapted for the
VOICE, PIANO FORTE, GER-FLUTE,
or
Harp-sichord,
Chiefly selected from the celebrated Poets,
RAMSAY, BURNS &c. &c.

Writing Eng^d by Rymers & Son N^o 14 Gr^o Will^d Str^t

*How Bonny are our green sward Hows,
Where thro' the Birks the Burnie flows,
And the Bee Bums, & the Ox Lows,
An' Soft winds rustle
And Shepherd Lads on Sunny Knows,
Blaw the Blyth whistle Beattie.*

Book 3.

Price 6/



LONDON.

Printed & Sold by W^m BOAG at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

74
O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

The words by the Celebrated,

ROBERT BURNS.

Pr. 6^d

London Printed by W. B. Boag at his Music Shop N. 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields

o willie brew'd a peck o' maut, And

Rob and Al-lan cam to fee; Three blyther hearts, that

lee lang night, Ye wad - - na found in christendie. we

Chorus

are na fou, we're nae that fou, But

just a drappie in our ee; The cock may craw the

day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

2

Here are we met, three merry boys
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!
 Cho^s we are na fou, &c.

3

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift fae hie;
 She thines fae bright to wyle us hame
 But by my footh she'll wait a wee!
 Cho^s we are na fou, &c.

4

wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, cowardloun is he!
 wha first beside his chair shall fa,
 He is the king amang us three!
 Cho^s we are na fou, &c.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE

The Words by the Celebrated **ROB^T BURNS.**

London Printed by Will.^m Boag at his Music Shop *Price 6^d*
N.^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.

Very Slow

wilt thou be my Dear--ie; when sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, O

wilt thou let me chear thee; By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I

bear thee! I swear and vow, that only thou shalt ever be my dearie.

only thou I swear and vow, Shall ever be my Dearie.

Lassie, say thou loes me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me!
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me

THEIR GROVES O SWEET MYRTLES,

The words by the Cel. ROB^t BURNS.

*London Printed by WILL^m BOAG at his Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*

Price 6^d

SLOW

Their groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon, where bright beaming

Summers ex-alt their perfume, far dearer to me yon lone Glen o' green breckan, with the

burn stealing under the lang yellow broom; Far dearer to me yon hum-ble broom

bowers where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen, For there lightly tripping a...

...mang the wild flowersa' lift'ning the lin.net aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay funny valleys,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace;
what are they? the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views, wi' disdain
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains
Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean!

THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

A Favorite Scotch Song.

Composed by

D^r Blacklock

London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N.W. Co. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Price 6^d

Affecttuofo

BE..NEATH a green shade a love ly young Swain One

ev'ning re.....clind, to dis....co...ver his pain So sad yet fo

sweetly he warbl'd his woe the wind ceas'd to breathe & the

beaming day en suing I met betimes my lovely Maid in

fit retreats for wooing

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chaffly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me,
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

German Flute

O SAY BONNY LASS

A favorite Scotch Song

Printed & Sold by WILLIAM BOAG at his Music Shop
N^o. 11 Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields (Price 6^d)

O! say bonny Lass will you lie in a Bar-rack, and marry a Sol-dier and

car-ry his wal-let, O! say woud you leave baith your Mither and Dad-dy, And

fol-low the Camp, with your Sol-dier Lad-die, O! say woud you leave baith your

Mi-ther and Dad-dy, and fol-low the Camp with your Sol-dier Lad-die O!

She
O yes bonny Lad I could lye in a Barrack,
And marry a Soldier and carry his wallet,
I'll neither ask leave of my Mither or Daddy,
But follow my dearest my Soldier Laddie.

He
O say bonny Lads would you go a Campaining,
And bear all the hardships of Battle and Famine,
When wounded & bleeding then wouldst thou draw near me,
And kindly support me and tenderly chear me.

She
O yes bonny Lad I'll think naithing of it,
Put follow my Harry and carry his wallet,
Nor danger nor famine nor wars can alarm me,
My Soldier is near me and nothing can harm me.

He
But say bonny Lads when I go into Battle,
Where dying Men groan & the loud Cannons rattle,
She
O then bonny Lad I will share all thy harms
And should'st thou be kill'd I will die in thy arms.

DUETTO

She
O then bonny Lad I will share all thy harms and shouldst thou be kill'd I will

He
then bonny Lads I will share all thy harms and should I be kill'd I will

die in thy Arms I'll still be near to thee and shield thee from harms And

die in thy Arms I'll still be near to thee and shield thee from harms And

should'st thou be kill'd I will die in thy Arms, I'll still be near to thee and

should I be kill'd I will die in thy Arms, I'll still be near to thee and

shield thee from harms and should'st thou be kill'd I will die in thy arms.

shield thee from harms and should I be kill'd I will die in thy arms.

CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD

A Favorite Scotch Song

The Words by

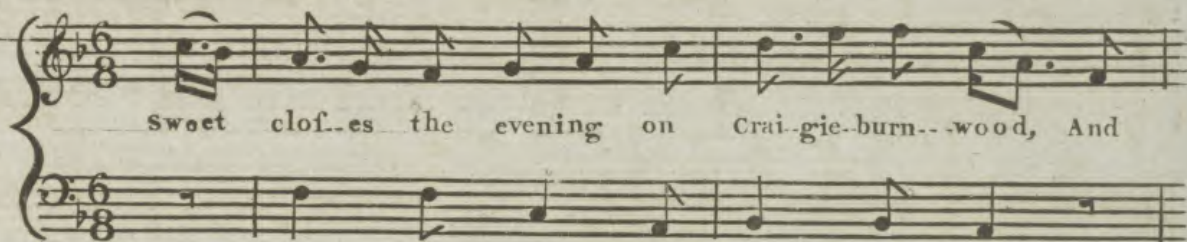
The Celebrated Robert Burns.

Pr. 6^d

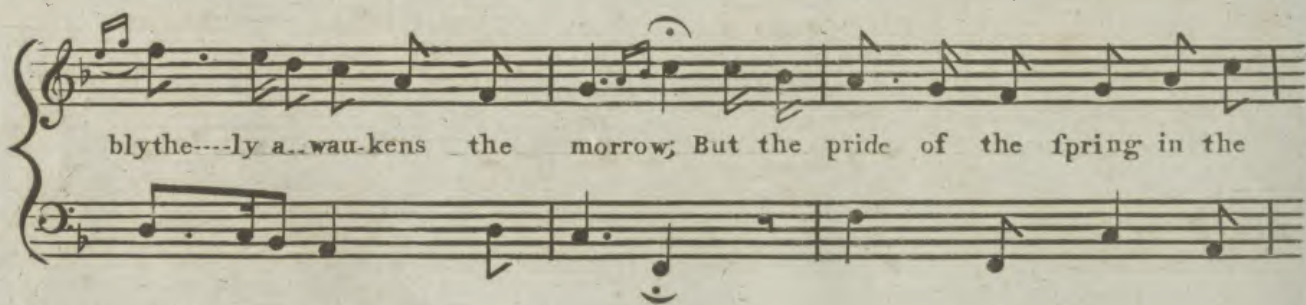
London

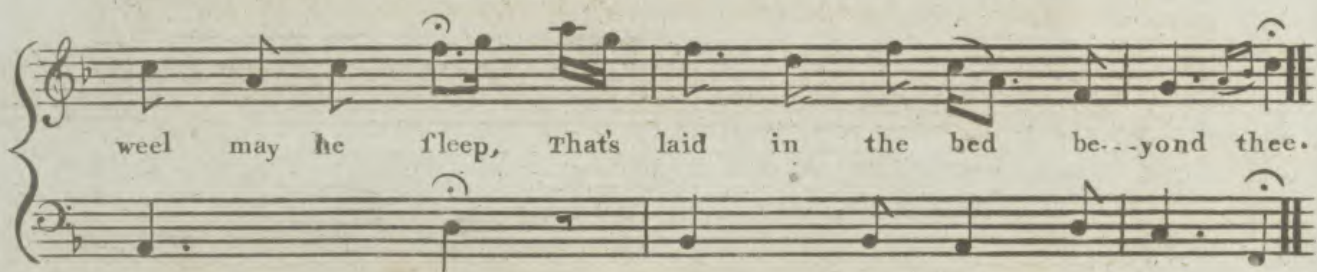
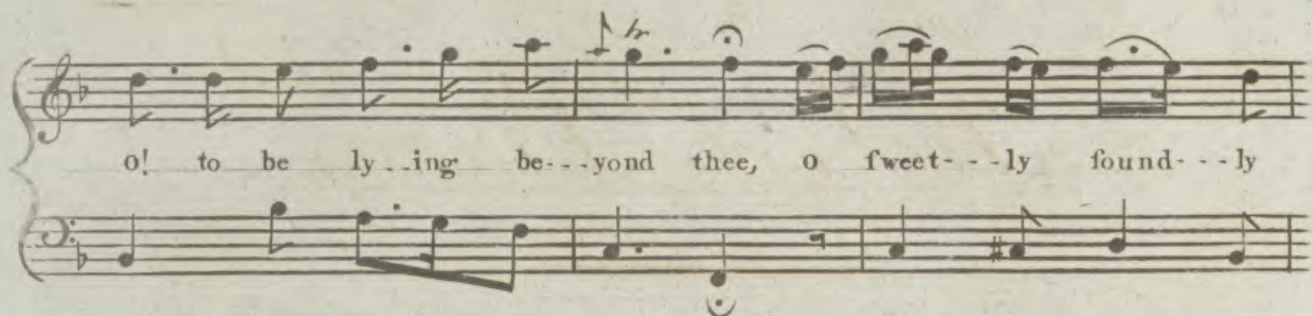
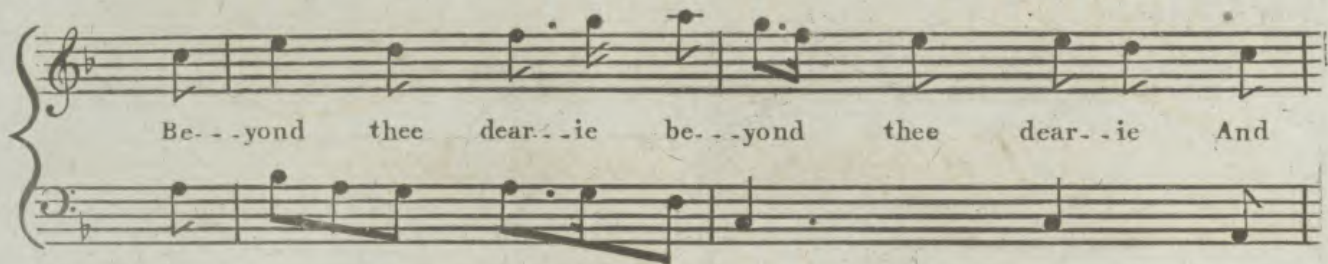
Printed & Sold by W. Boag, at his Music Shop

N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.



Slow with much expreffion.





(2)

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds finging;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me.
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, &c.

(3)

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger:
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, &c.

(4)

I see thee gracefu' straiht and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonie,
 But O, what will my torments be,

If thou refuse thy Johnie!
 Beyond thee, &c

(5)

To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad brust wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, &c.

(6)

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou loes nane before me;
 And a' my days o' life to come
 Ill gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, &c.

AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER,

A Favorite Scotch Song.

The words by the Celebrated,

Robert Burns,

*London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop
N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.*

Price 6^d

Recitativo

As I stood by yon roofless tower, where the

wa' flower scents the dewy air, where the houlet mourns in her

in time very Slow Chorus

i-vy bower, And tells the midnight moon her care, A

lafsie all alone was making her moan, La...menting our lads, be

yond the fea; In the bluidy wars they fa' and our

in time very Slow

honor's gane and a', And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The tod was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.
 A Lafsie &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
 Was ruffling by the ruind wa;
 Hastening to join the sweeping Nith
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa,
 A Lafsie &c.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like Fortune's favors, tint as win,
 A Lafsie &c.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,
 When, lo, in form of Minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd
 A Lafsie &c.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the flumbering Dead to hear;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Britons ear,
 A Lafsie &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes,
 A Lafsie.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY

A favorite Scotch Song,

THE OLD & MODERN WORDS.

Pr 6.^d

London.

Printed & Sold by W. Boag, at his Music Shop.

N. 11. Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.

Andante

Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Comin through the rye,

Gin a bo - dy kifs a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry! Il ka bo - dy has a bo - dy,

Ne'er a ane hae I; But a' the lads they loe me weel, And what the war am I!

2

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin frae the well;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body tell.
 Ilka body, &c.

3

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin frae the town;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body gloom.
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, &c.

MODERN

1

Comin through the rye, poor body;
 Comin through the rye,
 She draight a' her petticoat,
 Comin through the rye,
 Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry,
 She draight a' her petticoat,
 Comin through the rye.

2

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin through the rye,
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body cry.
 Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

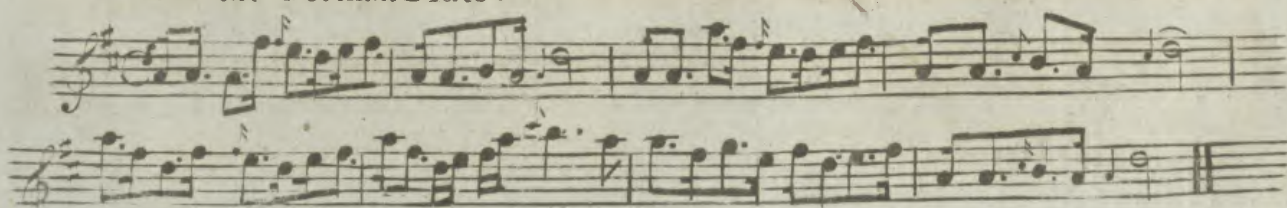
3

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin through the glen;
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need the world ken.
 O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

4

Kissin is the key o' love,
 And clappin is the lock,
 And makin o's the best thing,
 That e'er a young thing got.
 O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

For the German Flute.



THE SOLDIERS RETURN.

A Favorite Scotch Song,

The Words by the Celebrated Robert Burns,

Adapted to the Mill Mill.

Price 6

London Printed & Sold by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

when wild wars

dead-ly blast was blawn, and gentle peace re-turn-ing, and eyes a-gain with

plea-sure beam'd, that had been blear'd with mourning. I left the lines and

tent-ed fields, where lang I'd been a lodg-er my hum-ble knap-sack. A my

wealth A poor but ho nest soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill, and tryfting thorn,
where Nancy aft I courted.

wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy happy, may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my King and country lang,
Take pity on a foldier.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, a foldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I shall never.

our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't,
That gallant badge, the cockade,
You're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd the reddend like a rose,
Syne pale like only lily,
She sunk within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie.

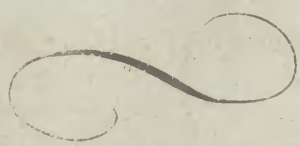
By Him who made yon fun and fky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man! and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
And mailin' plenish'd fairly;
Come then, my faithful soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honour.

The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.



90

Strick Banks

A Favorite Scotch Song.

LONDON

Price 6^d

Printed & sold by William Boag, at his Music Shop
N^o 7 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system ends with the word 'On'. The third system begins with a fermata over the first measure and contains the lyrics 'Strick Banks ae Summer's night, at gloaming when the Sheep came hame, I'. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'met my Laffy bra' and tight while wandring thro' the mist her lane.' and ends with a double bar line. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 and 6-5. Ornaments (hr) are placed above certain notes in the third and fourth systems.

Strick Banks ae Summer's night, at gloaming when the Sheep came hame, I
met my Laffy bra' and tight while wandring thro' the mist her lane.

My heart grew light I ran, and flang my arms about her bon--ny neck, I kis'd and
clap'd her there fu' lang, my words they were na' mony feck.

Ifaid, my Laffy, will you go
To Highland hills, the Er'e to learn.
And there ye i' hall have cow yew,
When you come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith, auld meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
An herring at the Broomy law;
Chear up your heart my bonny Lafs,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we ha toild enough,
When winter's frost and snaw begin,
And when the sun goes west the Loch,
At night when you Sit down to spin
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring.
And thus the dreary night we'll end,
Till tender kids and lamb time bring
Our pleafant fummer back again.

GERMAN FLUTE

Song

The Lass that made the Bed to me.

A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG

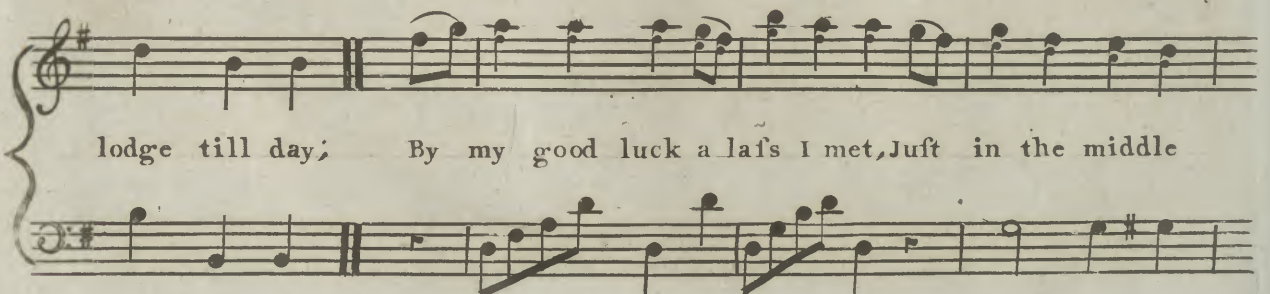
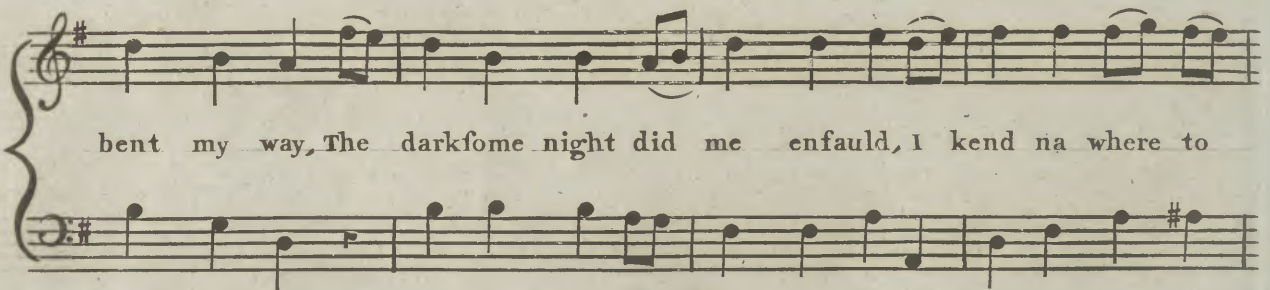
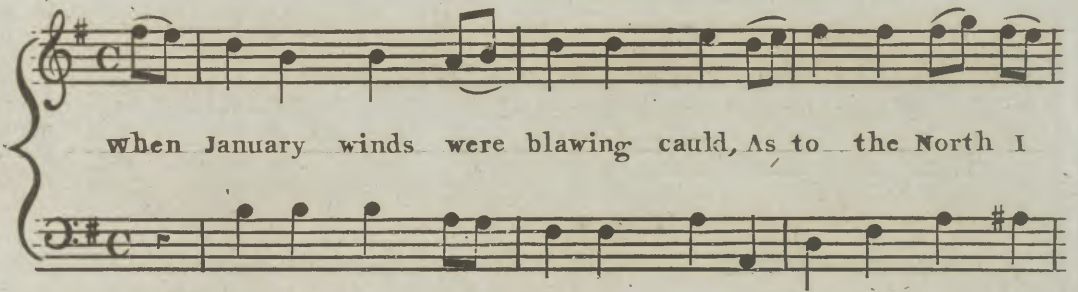
The Words by

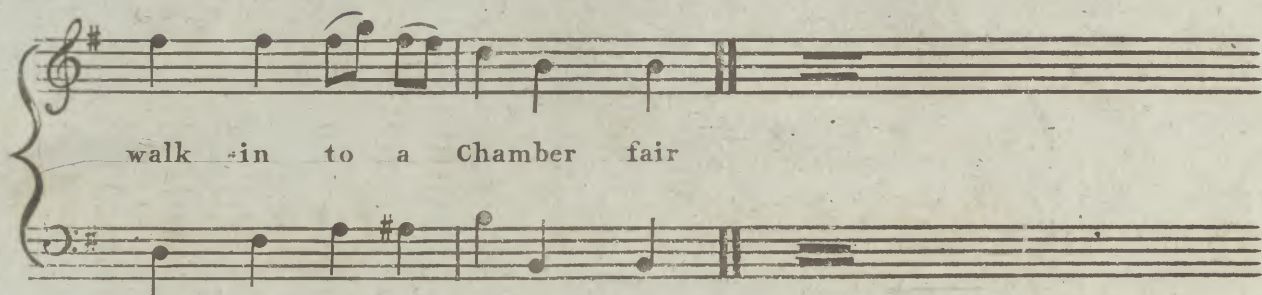
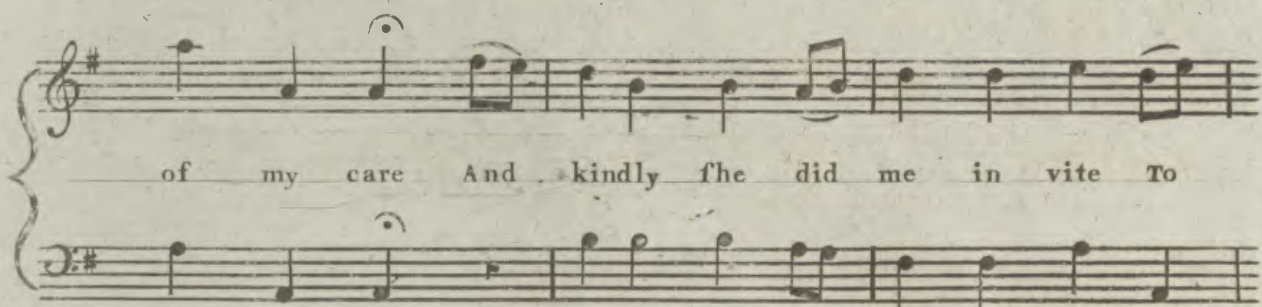
THE CELEBRATED ROBT BURNS.

London

Pr. 6^d

Printed & Sold by W^m BOAG, at his Music Shop
N^o. 11. Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.





2
 I bow'd, fu'low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie;
 I bow'd fu'low unto this maid,
 And bid her mak a bed for me:
 She made the Bed baith large and wide,
 wi'twa white hands she spread it down;
 she put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank, 'Young man sleep ye sound.'

3
 She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
 But I call'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair below my head:
 Aco'd she laid below my head,
 And served me wi' due respect;
 And to salute her wi' a kifs,
 I put my arms about her neck.

4
 Haud aff your hands young man, she says,
 And binna fae uncivil be;
 Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
 O wrang na my virginity!
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth ware like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks likelilies dipt in wine,
 The las's that made the bed to me,

5
 Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane
 The las's that made the bed to me:
 I kifs'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say;
 I laid her between me and the wa',
 The las'sie thought na lang till day.

6
 Upon the morrow when we rase,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;
 But ay she blush'd and ay she sigh'd
 And said, 'Alas! ye've ruind me.'
 I clasp'd her waist and kifs'd her syne,
 while the tear stood twinklin in her ee;
 I said, my las'sie dinna cry
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

7
 she took her mithers holland sheets,
 And made them a' in farks to me;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The las's that made the bed to me;
 The bonie las's made the bed to me,
 The braw las's made the bed to me,
 Ill ne'er forget till the day that I die,
 The las's that made the bed to me.

THE GREY COCK OF SCOTLAND.

or Saw you my Father

*A Favorite Scotch Song,
Sung with unbounded applause by*

M^{rs} Jordan,

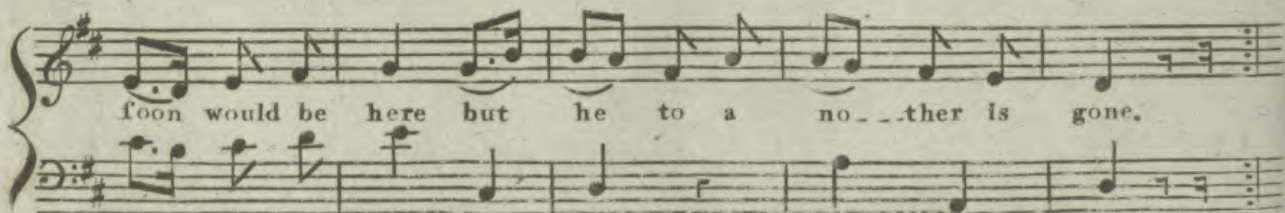
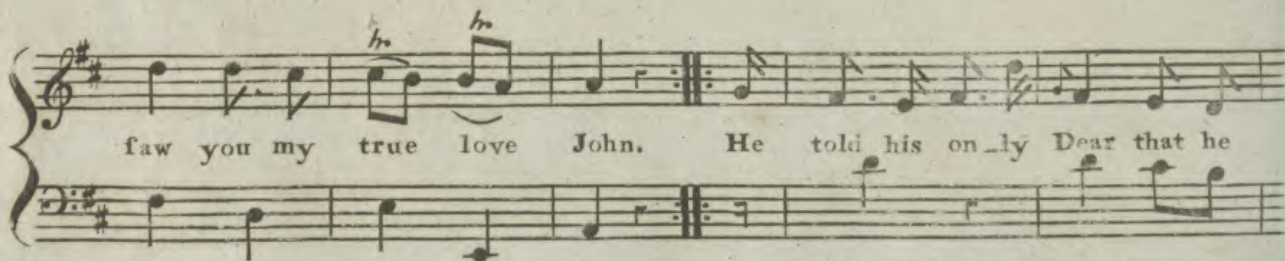
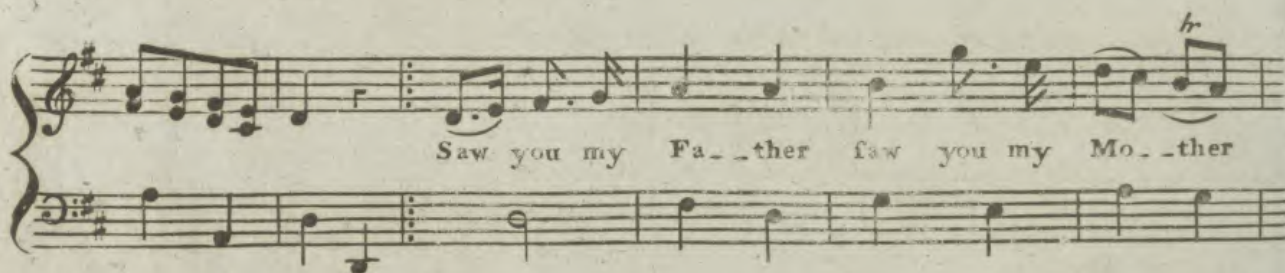
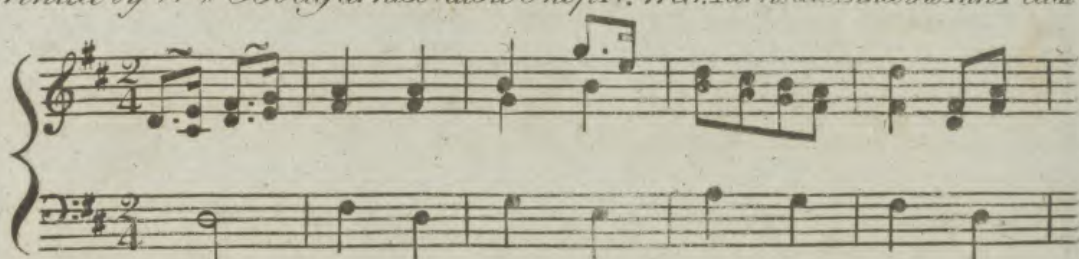
at the

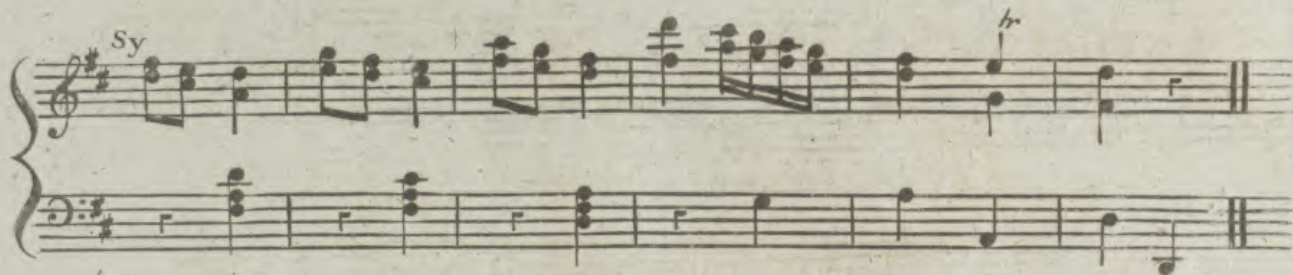
Price 1/6

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Gr. Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields

Larghetto





2

I Saw not your Father,
I Saw not your Mother,
But I Saw your true love John,
He has met with some delay,
Which has Caused him to stay,
But he will be here Anon.

3

Up Johnny rose,
And to the door he goes,
And Gently tirded at the Pin,
The Lalsie took the hint,
And to the Door she went,
And she Let her true Love in.

4

Flee up, Flee up,
My Bonny Grey Cock,
And Crow when it is Day,
Your Comb shall be,
Like the Bonny Beaming Gold,
And your wings of the Silver Grey.

5

The Cock he proved false,
And untrue he was,
For he Crowed an hour to foon,
The Lalsie thought it Day,
So She sent her Love away,
And It was but the Blink of the Moon.

Fare thee Weel thou first & fairest.
A Favorite Scotch Song
THE WORDS BY
The Celebrated
ROBERT BURNS.

Price 6^d

LONDON

Printed & Sold by William Boag at his Music Shop.
No. Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Slow and Plaintive

Fare thee weel thou First and Fairest,

Fare thee weel thou best and dearest Thine be il...ka

Joy and treaf...ure, Thine en...joy...ment, Love and Pleaf...ure.

Ae fond kifs and then we fever, at,

Ae fare...weel A....las! for ever, still my Heart is

in thy bosom, Thou my first and on ly chos...en.

2
To forget thee, Love I canna,
Naething can resist my Anna,
If to see her be to love her,
Love but ance, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd fae kindly,
Had we never lov'd fae blindly,
Never met, nor never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

3
wha can say, that Fortune grieves him,
whil a ray of Hope she leaves him;
But nae chearfu' twinkle lights me,
Care and sighs so close benight me
Ae fond kifs and then we fever,
This embrace, then part forever;
Still my heart is in thy bosom,
Thou my first and only chosen,

GERMAN FLUTE

Now Jenny Lafs my Bonie Burd.

A favorite
Scotch Song

The **WORDS** by
The Celebrated Rob.^t Burns.

Price 6^d

LONDON

Printed & Sold by William Boag. at his Music Shop.

N^o. 11. Great Turnstile. Lincolns Inn Fields.

Lively but not Quick

Now JENNY lafs my bonie burd, My Daddies dead an'

a' that, He's snugly laid a - - - neath the Yerd, An'

in his heir an a' that, I'm now a' laird an' a' that, Im

row 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 dwelling house an' a that
A barn, a byre, an' wabs o' clath,
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 calf forbye,
An' twa vetewes an'a that.

A yard, a meadow, lang braid lees,
An' stacks 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 gricic too, an' a' that.

I've heaps o' claife for ilka day,
For sundays 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.

New HENNY dear, my errand here,
Is to seek ye to a' that,
My heart's a loupin' while I spier,
Gin ye'll 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 a wife to a' that.

Syne JENNY laid her nievè in his,
Said, the'd tak' him wi' a' that;
An' he gied her a hearty kifs;
An' dauted her an' a' that;

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

For the German Flute

GUDE FORGIE ME FOR LIE IN

A favorite **SCOTCH SONG**

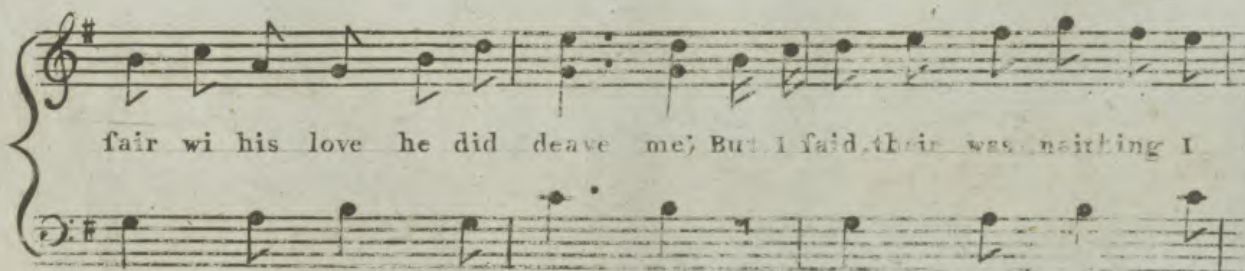
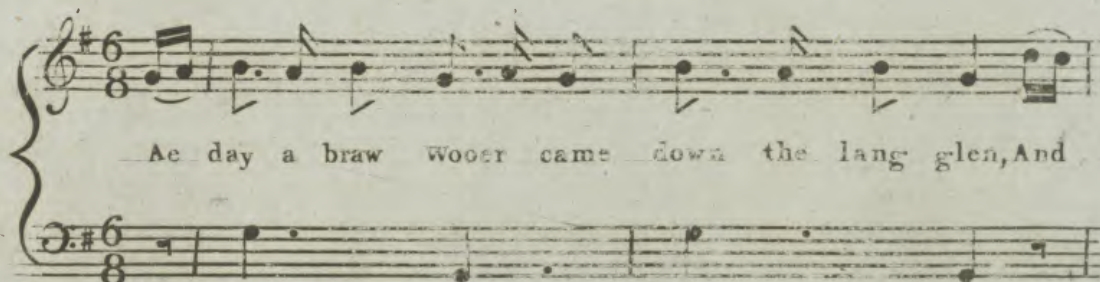
The Words by

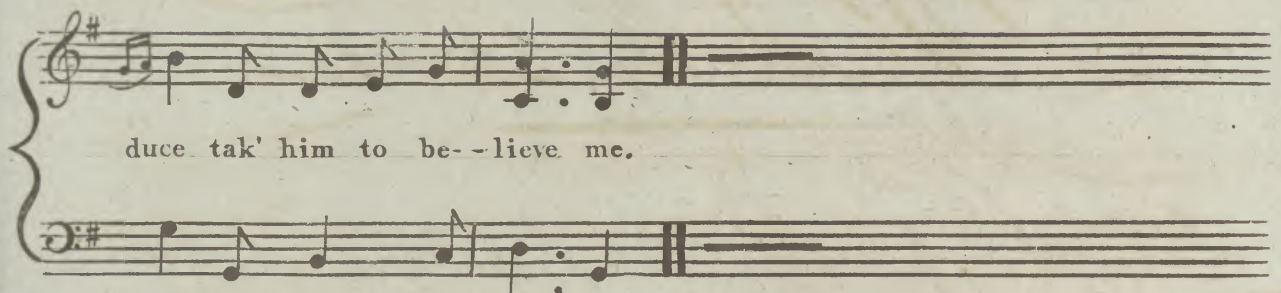
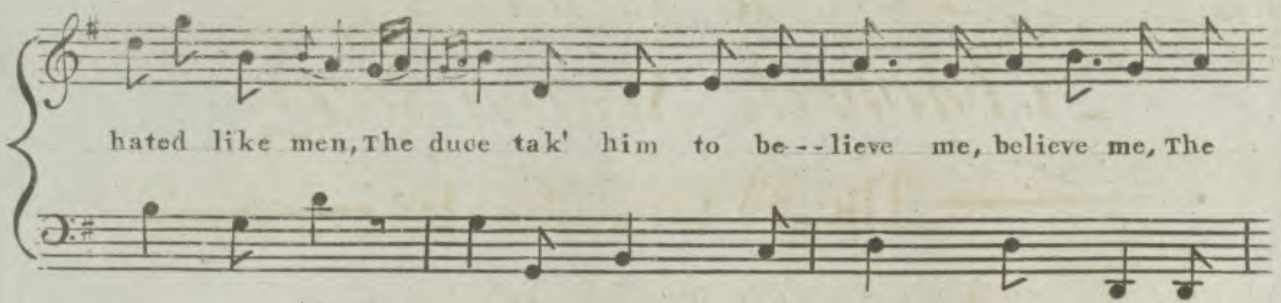
The Celebrated Robt. Burns.

Pr. 6^d

L O N D O N.

*Printed & Sold by W^m Beag, at his Music Shops
N^o. 11, Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.*





(2)
A weelstocket mailen himsell o't the laird,
An'bridal aff han'was the proffer,
I never loot on,that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

(3)
He spake o' the darts o' my bonny blackeen,
An'o. for my love he was diein';
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgie me for liein'.

(4)
But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The diels in his taste to gae near her)
He's down to the Castle to black Cousin Bels,
Think how the jade I could endure her.

(5)
An'a the nieft ouk as I freted wi' care,
I gade to the tryft o' Dulgarlock;
An'wha but my bra'fickle wooer was there,
wha glowrd as if he'd seen a warlock.

(6)
Out owre my left shouther I gied him a blink
Left neighbour shoud think I was faucy;
My wooer he caperd as he'd been in drink,
An' vovd that I was a dear lafsie.

(7)
I spierd for my Cousin, fu couthie an'fweet,
An'if she'd recoverd her hearin'; { feet.
An'how my auld*shoon fitted her shacheld
Gude saf'us how he fell a fwearin'.

(8)
He beg'd me for gudefake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
An'just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
I think I will wed him to morrow.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.



* An old Lover



The POSIE,
A Favorite Scotch Song

The WORDS by

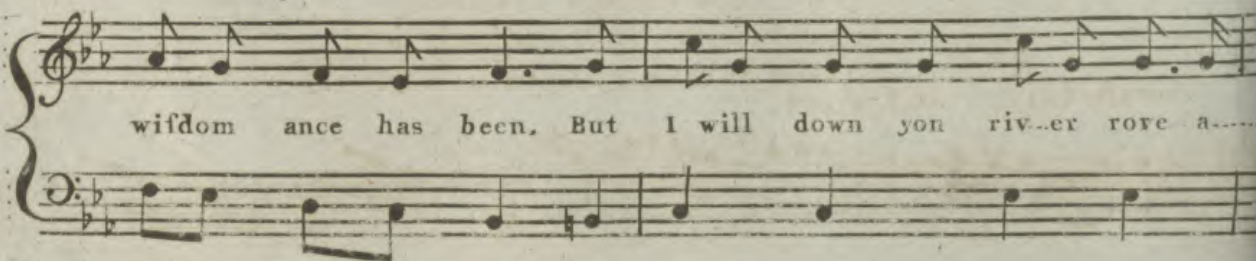
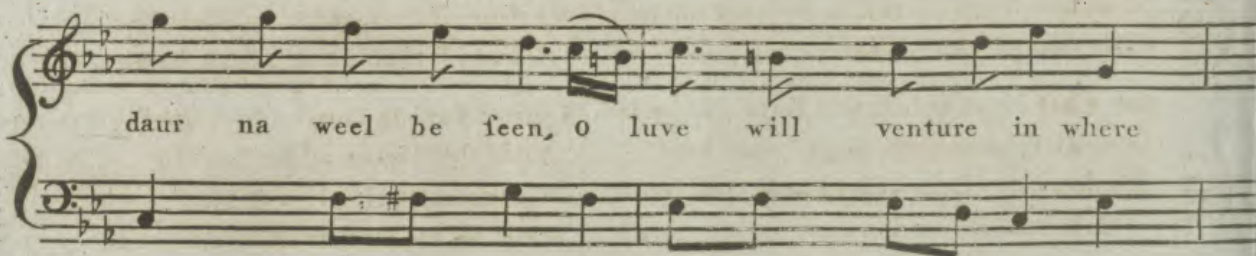
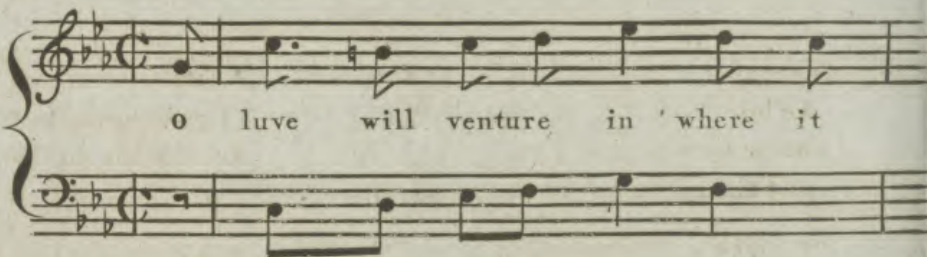
The Celebrated
Robert Burns.

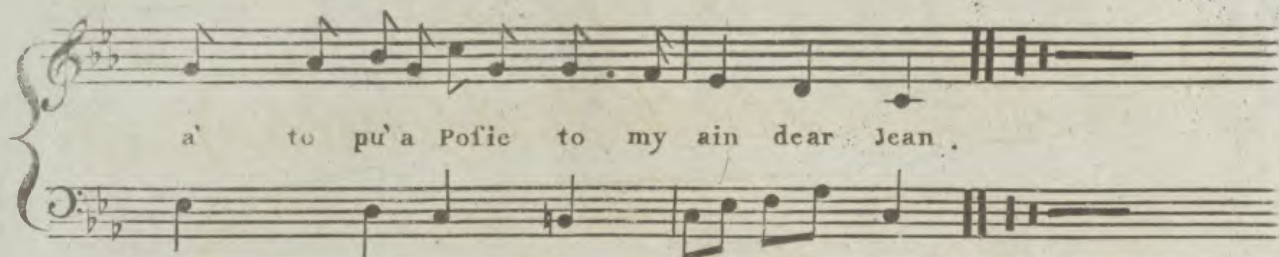
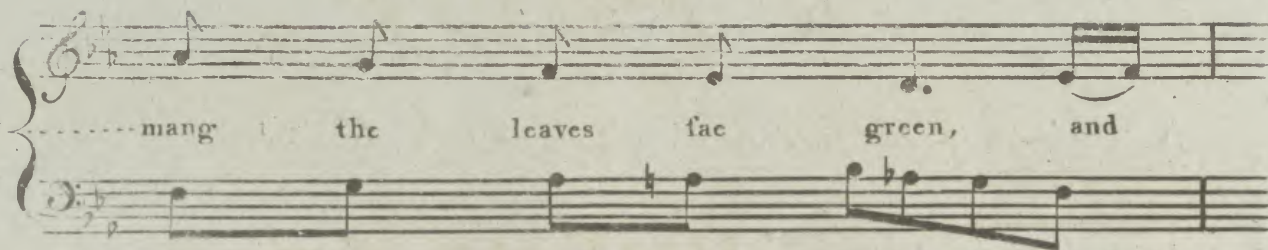
Price 6^d

LONDON

*Printed & Sold by W.^m Boag, at his Music Shop,
 N. n Great Turnstile Lincolns Inn Fields.*

Slow and Tenderly





2

The primrose I will pu' the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind (I will her ay esteem)
And a' to be a Pofie to my ain dear Jean.

3

I'll pu' the budding rose, when it glitters wi' the dew,
For it's like a bawmy kifs, of her sweet bonny mow,
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected mien,
And a' to be a Pofie to my ain dear Jean.

4

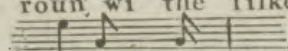
The lilly it is pure, and the lilly it is fair,
And in her lovely breast, I'll place the lilly there;
The hyacinth for constancy, and sweetly smelling bean,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear Jean.

5

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'enin' star is near,
I'll pu' the violet too, which weel she fa's to wear;
Wi'ilka flow'r on hill or dale, that sweet or comely seem,
And a' to be a Pofie to my ain dear Jean.

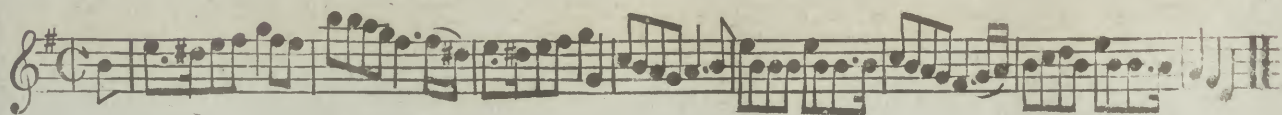
6

I'll tie the Pofie roun' wi' the filken cord o' luv,



And place it in her bosom, then swear by all above;
That to my latest breath o' life, the band shall ay remain,
And this will be a Pofie to my ain dear Jean.

GERMAN FLUTE.



O LEEZE ME ON MY SPINNIN WHEEL,

A Favorite Scotch Song,

The words by the Celebrated,

ROBERT BURNS.

Pr. 6^d

London Printed by W^m Boag at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields

Slow

O Leeze me on my spinnin-wheel, And
leeze me on my rock, and reel, Frae tap, to tac, that
cleeds me bien, And haps me fiel and warm at een!

Ill fit me down and sing and spin while

laigh descends the fimmer fun Bleft wi con tent and

milk and meal o leeze me on my spinnin wheel

2
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot,
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Acrofs the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where, blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

3
On lofty aiks the cufhats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfur tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ithers lays;
The craik amang the claver hay,
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my fhiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

4
wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distrefs, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinfome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel!

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING,

The words by the Celebrated *ROB.^T BURNS.* Price 6^d

London Printed by W. BOAG at his Music Shop Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

sen-fi-bi-li-ty how charming Dearest Nancy thou canst tell, But dis-

Plaintive

trefs with horrors arming, Thou hast also known too well, Fairest

flower behold the lilly Blooming in the funny ray Let the blast sweep o'er y'

valley, see it prostrate on the clay, Fairest flower behold the lilly Blooming

in the funny ray, Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay

(2)

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies
:S: Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe :S:

FAREWELL THOU FAIR DAY,

The words by the Celebrated *ROB^T BURNS*.

Price 6^d

London Printed by W. BOAG at his Music Shop N^o 11 Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, now gray with the broad setting

Very Slow

sun, Farewell loves and friendships ye dear tender ties, our race of ex-istence is

run, Thou grim king of terrors, Thou life's gloomy foe, Go frighten the

coward and slave, Go teach them to tremble fell tyrant but

know, No terrors ha'ft thou to the Brave

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honor, our swords in our hands,

our King and our Country to save,

while victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,

O, who would not die with the Brave!

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN

A Favorite Scotch Song

London Printed & Sold by W. Boag at his Music Shop N. 11 Great Tunnistile Lincolns Inn Fields

LIVELY

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system starts with the word 'LIVELY' in a separate block. The lyrics are: 'I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And by yon garden green, a gain; I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And fee my bonnie Jean a gain. There's nane fall ken there's nane fall gues, what brings me back the gate again, But the my fairest faithfu' lads, And stow'n lins we fall meet again'. The score ends with a double bar line.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And by yon garden
green, a gain; I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And fee my
bonnie Jean a gain. There's nane fall ken there's nane fall
gues, what brings me back the gate again, But the my fairest
faithfu' lads, And stow'n lins we fall meet again

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
when tryftin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
o haith she's doubly dear again!
I'll ay ca' &c.

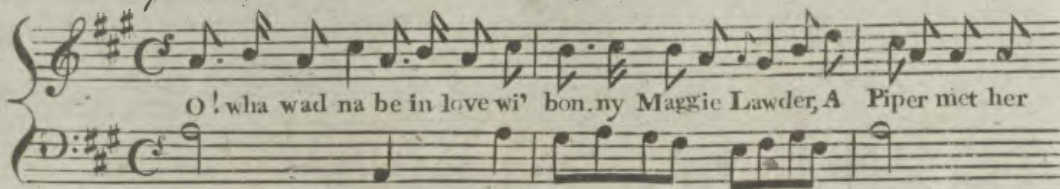
MAGGIE LAUDER a favorite SCOTCH SONG¹

with Variations for the Piano Forte, Flute & Violin

Price 1/6

Printed & Sold by William Boag at his Music Shop
N^o. 11. Great Turnstile Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Grazioso



O! wha wad na be in love wi' bonny Maggie Lawder, A Piper met her

gaun to Fife, And speird what wad they ca'd her, Right scornfully she answer'd him, Be

gone ye hallan shaker, Jog on your gait, ye bladderskate, My name is Maggie Lawder.

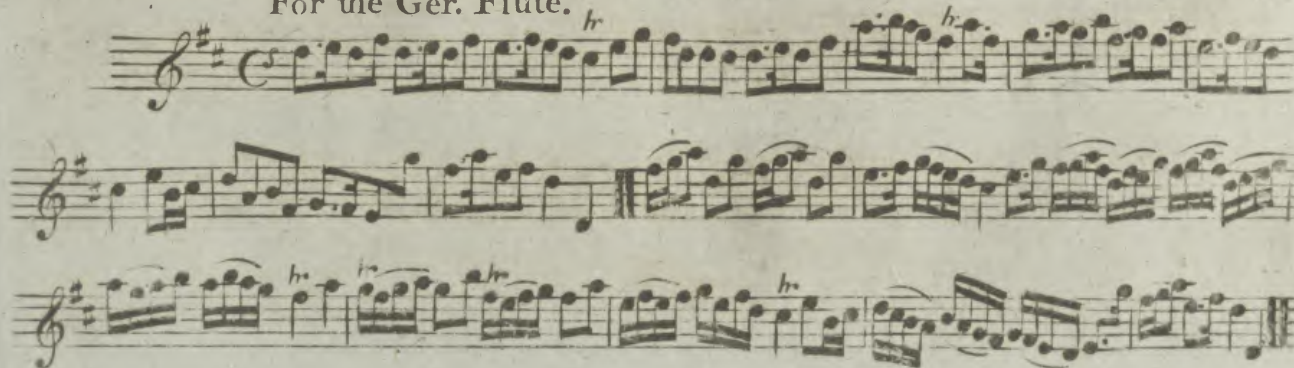
2
Maggie quoth he and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see ye,
Sit down by me my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a Piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the ranter,
The Lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

3
Piper quoth Meg, hae you your Bags,
And is your Drone in order,
If ye be Rob I've heard of thee,
Live ye upo' the border,
The Lasses a baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the ranter,
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

4
Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted,
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done quoth he play up quoth she,
Weel bob'd quoth Rob the ranter.
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

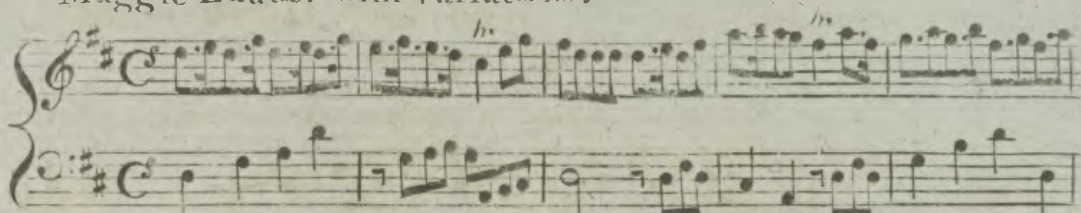
5
Weel hae ye play'd your part quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson,
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson,
I've liv'd in Fife baith Maid and Wife,
These ten years and a quarter,
Gin ye should come to Enster Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lawder.

For the Ger. Flute.

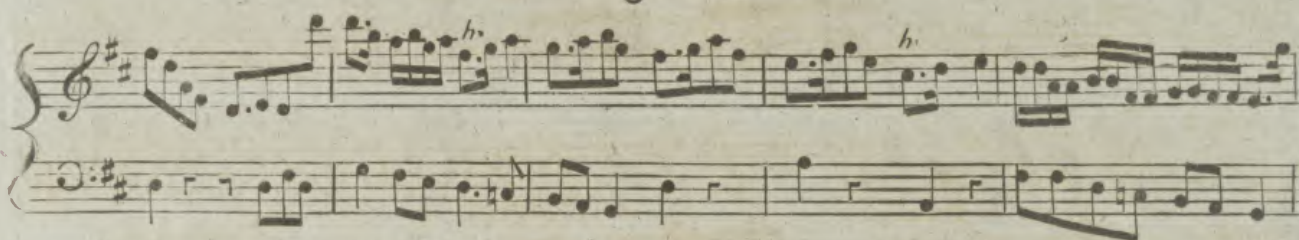


Maggie Lauder with Variations.

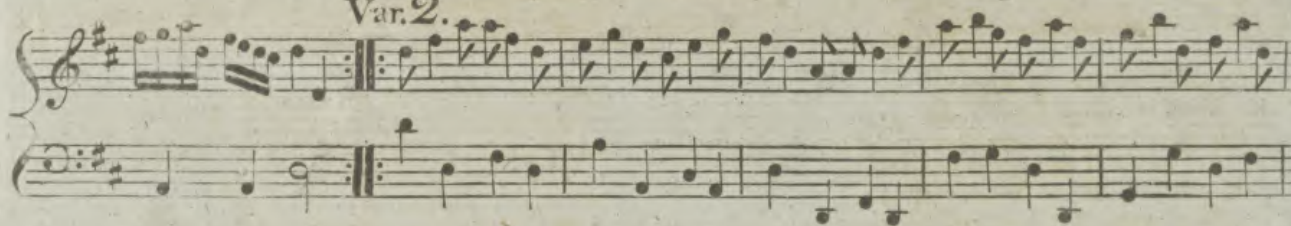
Gravioso



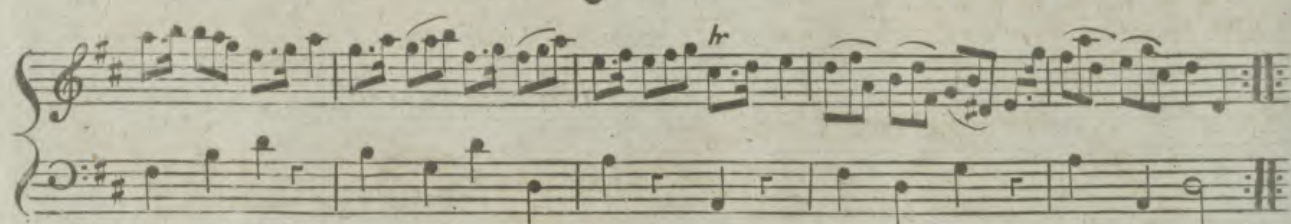
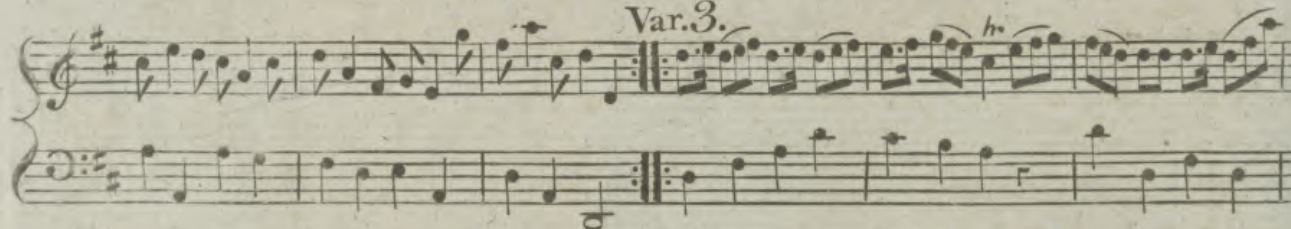
Var. 1



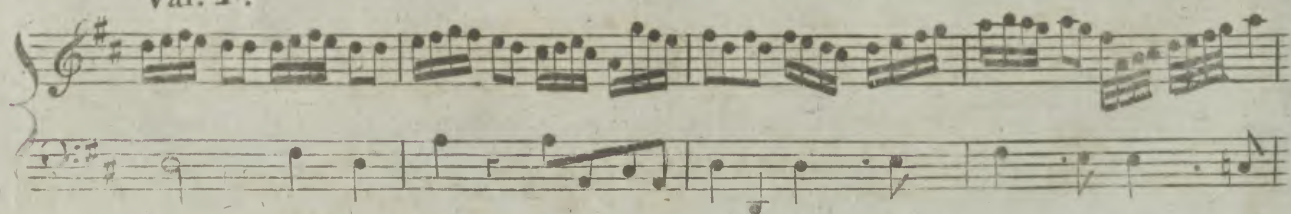
Var. 2.

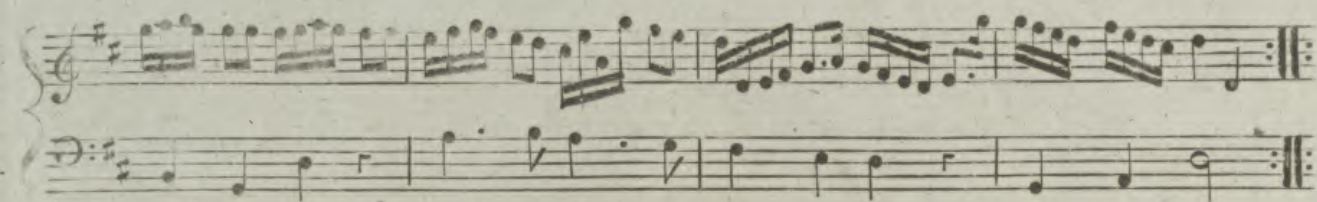


Var. 3.

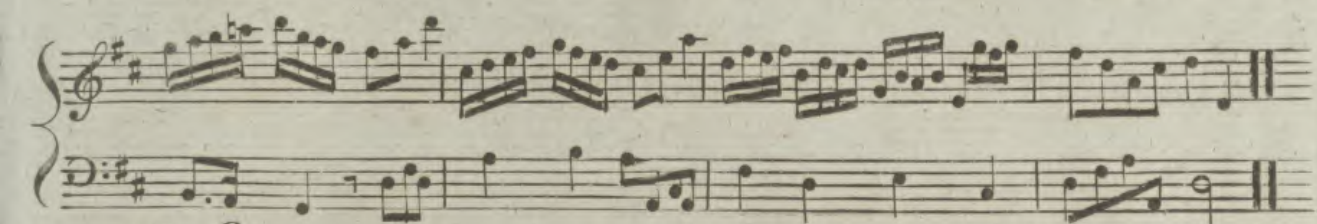
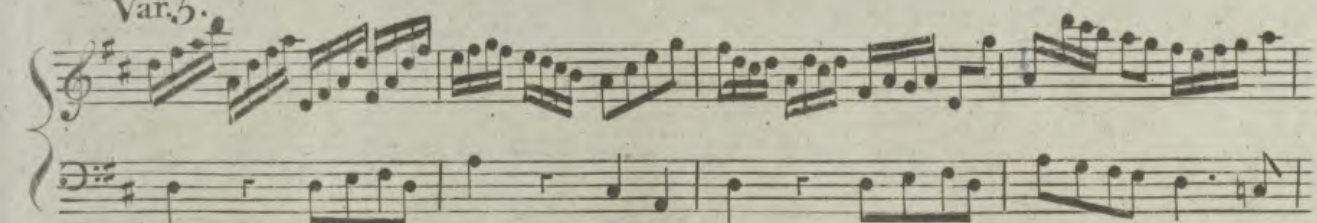


Var. 4.

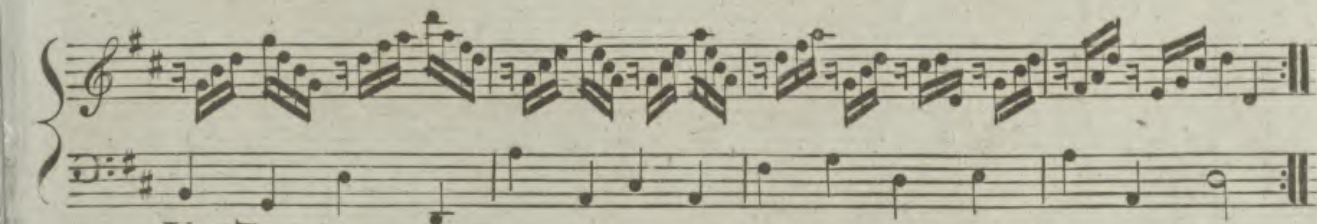
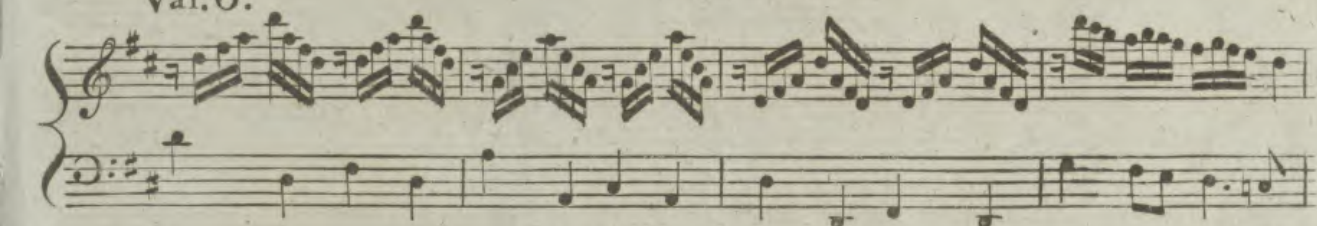




Var. 5.



Var. 6.



Var. 7.

