

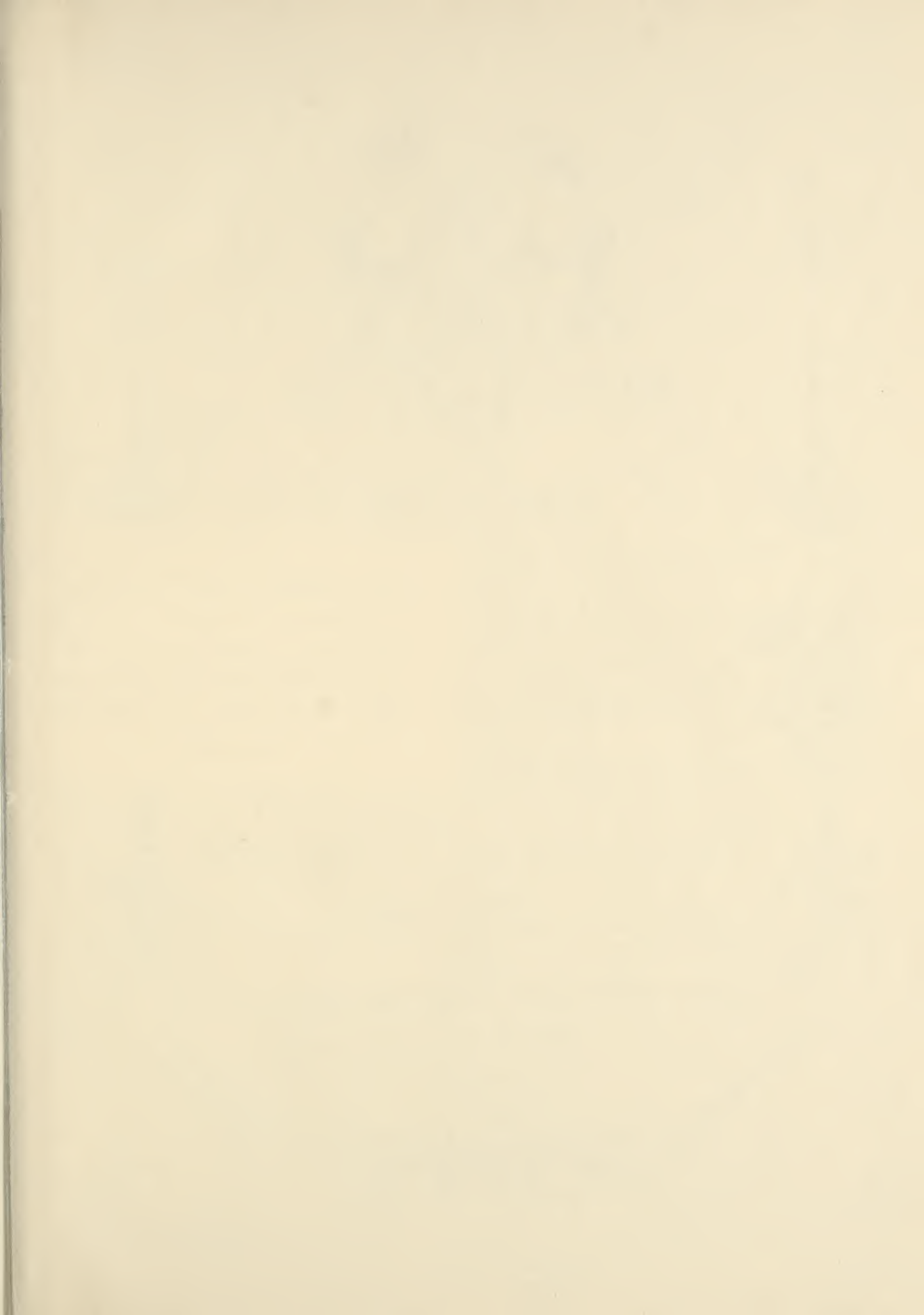
DALE'S  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SCOTCH SONGS

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# DALE'S

*Sixty favorites*

## SONGS,

and for the

## PIANO-FORTE

OR  
*Harpsichord.*

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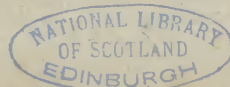
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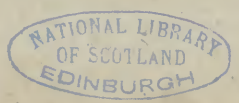
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# Explanation of Words used in DALE's Collections of Scots Songs

## A

A', *All*  
 Aboon, *Above*  
 Ae, *One*  
 Aff, *Of*  
 Aften, *Often*  
 Aik, *Oak*  
 Ain, *Own*  
 Aith, *Oath*  
 Alane, *Alone*  
 Albeit, *Altho*  
 Amaist, *Almost*  
 Amang, *Among*  
 Ane, *One*  
 Anes, *Once*  
 Anither, *Another*  
 Ase, *Ashes*  
 Asteer, *in Stir, Commotion*  
 Auld, *Old*  
 Awa, *Away*  
 Ay, Aye, *Ever, Always*  
 Ayont, *Beyond*

## B

Ba', *Ball*  
 Bairn, *Child*  
 Bairns, *Children*  
 Baith, *Both*  
 Bald, *Bold*  
 Bane, *Bone*  
 Bannocks, *a soft sort of Bread  
 baked on a Stone or Girdle*  
 Baps, *soft long Rolls*  
 Baubie, *Halfpenny*  
 Bauld, *Bold*  
 Ben, *the Inner room of a House*  
 Bent, *Open Fields*  
 Bid, *pray for, Desire*  
 Big, Bigg, *Build*  
 Bigging, *Building*  
 Billy, *Brother*  
 Birks, *Birch, Beech, Trees*  
 Blate, *Bashfull*  
 Blathrie, *Abuse*  
 Blaw, *Blow*  
 Blink, *Glaunce of the Eye*  
 Blutter, *a Blunderer*  
 Blythe, *Cheerfull, Happy*  
 Bobbit, *Courtsied*  
 Bonny, *Beautiful*  
 Bow'd, *Crooked*  
 Bracken, *Fern or Fuel*  
 Brae, *Side of a Hill*  
 Brak, *Break*  
 Braid, *Broad*  
 Brander, *Crutiron*

Braw, *Finely dressed*  
 Breeks, *Breeches*  
 Brent, *Brow*  
 Bridal, *Wedding*  
 Broach, *a kind of Buckle*  
 Brochan, *a kind of Gruel, made  
 of Catneal, Butter & Honey*  
 Brow, *Forehead*  
 Bucky, *the Large Sea Snail*  
 Bught, *Sheep fold*  
 Burn, *Rivulet, a Brook*  
 Busk, *Deck or Dress*  
 But, & Ben, *This & the other  
 end of the House*  
 Byer, *Cow-house*

## C

Ca', *to Call, or Drive*  
 Cadgily, *Jovially*  
 Canna, *Cannot*  
 Canker'd, *Peevish*  
 Canny, *Stalful, Prudent*  
 Canty, *Cheerful, Merry*  
 Cap, *a wooden Bowl*  
 Carle, *an Old Man*  
 Carlings, *boild Peas, afterwards  
 Broild*  
 Carna, *Care not*  
 Castocks, *the Core & Stalk of  
 Fruits or Vegetables*  
 Cauld, *Cold*  
 Cauldrife, *Chilly, Spiritless*  
 Chap, *to Knock*  
 Claise, *Clothes*  
 Claiths, *Cloaths*  
 Cleeding, Clyding, *Cloathing*  
 Cleed, *Clothing*  
 Cockernony, *the Hair bound up*  
 Cog, *a large wooden Dish  
 used for Pottage*  
 Coggie, *little Cag*  
 Coost, *Cast*  
 Couth, *Kind, Comfortable*  
 Craig, *Neck, also Rock*  
 Cramasie, *Crimson*  
 Crowdie, *Meal mixed with water*  
 Crowdy-Mowdy, *a sort of Gruel*  
 Crummy, *a Cows Name*

## D

Daddie, *Father*  
 Daffin, *Fooling, Waggersy*  
 Daft, *Foolish, Giddy*  
 Dander, *to waste Time Idly, to  
 Saunter*

Danton, *Dawnt*  
 Darna, *Dare not*  
 Daunton, *Affright*  
 Dawt, *Fondle, Carefs*  
 Deary, *Term of Endearment*  
 Deil, *Devil*  
 Dight, *to Clean, to Dress*  
 Dike, *a Wall*  
 Din, *Noise*  
 Ding, *Excell*  
 Dinna, *Do not*  
 Disna, *Does not*  
 Docken, *Dock-weed*  
 Doggie, *little Dog*  
 Doited, *Crazy, as in Old Age*  
 Dorty, *Scornfull*  
 Doughty, *Valiant*  
 Douse, *Solid, Grave, Prudent*  
 Dow, *Dove, also can*  
 Dowy, *Fining, Drooping*  
 Drammock, *Meal mixed with  
 Water*  
 Dreigh, *Unwilling*  
 Drumly, *Muddy*  
 Dub, *Mire, Slough, or Puddle*  
 Dud, *Rag*  
 Dule, *Pain, Grief*  
 Dulse, or Dilse, *a Sea-weed*

## E

Earn, *Yern, Cardle*  
 Ee, een, *Eye, Eyes*  
 Eerie, *afraid of Apparitions*  
 Eild, *Age*  
 Ezer, *Azure*

## F

Fa', *Fall*  
 Fae, *Foe*  
 Fain, *Glad, with Pleasure*  
 Fairfa, *Good Luck*  
 Farles, *Cakes*  
 Fash, *Trouble*  
 Fauld, *Fold for Sheep, Indosure*  
 Feck, *Faith*  
 Feint, *the Feint a bit, not a bit*  
 File, *to Dirty*  
 Flang, *Flang*  
 Flinders, *Splinters*  
 Flit, *to move from one Place to another*  
 Frae, *From*  
 Fou, or fu', *Full*





Pine, Pain  
Plaiden, course Blanketing  
Plenishan, Household Furniture  
Pleugh, Plough  
Pocks, Sacks  
Pow, Head  
Pree'd, Tasted  
Pu, Pull

Q

Quey, a Young Heifer  
Quhen, When  
Quheir, Where

R

Rang, Reigned  
Ranty, tainty, a Scots Dish  
Rashes, Rushes  
Rede, Advise, Counsel  
Reft, Robbed, Forced, or taken away  
Rifarts, Radishes  
Rife, Plenty  
Riggs, Ridges  
Rin, Run  
Rive, to Rend, Split or Burst  
Roose, to Commend, Extol  
Rou, Roll  
Rowth, Plenty  
Rung, a Rough strong  
Walking Stick

S

Sae, So  
Saft, Soft  
Sair, Sore  
Sall, Shall  
Sarke, Shirt  
Saul, Soul  
Saut, Salt  
Scon, a Cake of Bread  
Scuds, Ale  
Sell, Sale, Self  
Sen, sin, fyne, Since, Then  
Shanks, Linbs  
Shauna, Shall not  
Sharn, Cows Dung  
Shaw, Shew  
Shire, a Clever Wag  
Shoo, Shoe  
Shoon, Shoes  
Sic, Such  
Siller, Silver, Money  
Sine, Since  
Sinsyne, Since that Time

Skaith, Hurt or Damage  
Skeith, Shy  
Skink, Strong Soup  
Slaited, Wheted, Wiped  
Sma, Small  
Snaw, Snow  
Sniskin, Snuff  
Snood, a Head Band  
Sodger, Soldier  
Soup, a small quantity of Liquor  
Sowens, Flummery  
Speer, to Ask to Inquire  
Spring, a Lively Air, a Tune  
on a Musical Instrument  
Staw, Stole  
Starn, Star, smallest part  
Stane, Stone  
Stoup, a Can  
Stown, Stolen  
Sturt, Wrath  
Swats, Small Ale  
Sutor, a Shoemaker  
Sybows, a small species of Onions  
Syné, Since, Formerly

T

Tak, Take  
Tald, Told  
Tane, Taken  
Tane, the One  
Tangles, the Stalk or Stem of  
Dulse a Sea weed  
Tapsalteerie, Head over Heels  
Tauk, Talk  
Tedding, laying new Mown  
Grass in Rows  
Tent, Attention, Cautious  
Tenty, Cautious  
Tine, Lose  
Tint, Lost  
Tirl, at the Pin, rap with the  
Knocker, or play with the latch of the  
Door  
Todden, Reeling, Tottering  
Tofall, of Night, Twilight  
Toom, Empty  
Trews, Trowsers  
Trigging, neatly Arranging the  
Furniture of a House  
Twa, Two  
Twin, to Part from  
Tocher, Dewry, Portion  
Triste, Appoint, Entice

U

Unco, Very, or much

V

Vaunty, Vain Glorious  
Vow, or Wou, an exclamation  
signifying I swear, or be

W

Wa, Wall  
Wad, Would  
Wae, Wee  
Waes, Woes  
Waefu, Woeful  
Wale, to Chuse, Choice  
Wander, Wonder  
Ware, Bestory, Spend, also Goods  
Wat ye, Know ye  
Wauking o the hault, Watching  
of the Sheep Fold  
Weaponshaw, a place at the edge  
of a Wood where they meet to  
exercise Cudgelling  
Wee, Little  
Weel, Well  
Weelfar'd, Well favoured  
Westlin, Western  
Wha, Who  
Whist, Hist  
Wi, With  
Wimpling, Twisting, Meandering  
Win, Won, Dwell  
Winna, Will not  
Winsome, Handsome  
Wist, Known  
Wite, Blame  
Woo, Wool  
Wow, Wonderful, Ah!  
Wreath, Ghost  
Wylie, Cautious, Cunning

Y

Yern, Earn, Curdle  
Yese, Ye shall  
Yestreen, Last Night

Z

Ze, Ze  
Zou, Zou



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# THE LASS OF PEATIES MILL

3

Moderately

The Lass of Peaties mill, So bon-ny blyth and gay, In spite of all my  
 The Lass of Peaties mill, So bonny blyth and gay, In spite of all my  
 skill, Hath stole my heart a - way. When tedding of the hay, Bare headed on the  
 skill, Hath stole my heart a - way. When tedding of the hay, Bare headed on the  
 green, Love 'midst her looks did play, And wanton'd in her een.  
 green, Love 'midst her looks did play, And wanton'd in her een.

6 6 6 5 3  
 4 3  
 6 6 6 6 6  
 6 5 6 4 2  
 6 6 5 3  
 6 6 5 3  
 6 5 3

2

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn;  
 To age it wou'd give youth,  
 To press 'em with his hand.  
 Thro' all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of blifs,  
 When I such sweetness find,  
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

3

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 When'er she spoke or fmild.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd,  
 I with'd her for my bride.

4

O had I all that wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Infur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasures at my will;  
 I'd promise and fulfill,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Peaties mill,  
 Should share the fame with me.



## KATHARINE OGIE

Slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Fingerings and breath marks (marked 'h') are indicated throughout the score. The lyrics are: 'As walking forth to view the plain, Up-on a morning ear-ly, While May's sweet scent did chear my brain, From flow'rs which grew so rarely. I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid, She thind' tho' it was foggie, I ask'd her name, Sweet Sir, she said, My name is Kath'rine Ogie.'

I stood A WHILE, and did admire,  
To see a Nymph so stately;  
So brisk AN AIR there did appear,  
In this dear maid so neatly:  
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,  
Like lilies in a bogie;  
Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
Like this same Kath'rine 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,  
Excels a clownish rogie;  
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

I FEAR the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare MAKES HER exceed  
All other works in nature.  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and fogie:  
Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above,  
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I BUT some SHEPHERD swain.  
To feed my flock beside thee,  
At bought'NING 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 Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' IMPERIAL throne,  
And statesmen's dang'rous stations;  
I'd be no king, I'D WEAR no crown,  
I'd smile at conq'ring nations;  
Might I carefs and still posses,  
This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.





## THE BLATHRIE O'T

Lively

When I think on this warld's pelf, And the lit-tle wi share I hae o't to myself, And  
 how the lafs that wants it is by the lads forgot, May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

6 4 5 3 6 6 2 3

Jockie was the ladie that held the pleugh,  
 But now he's got gowd and gear enough;  
 He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat;  
 May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,  
 But now she is clad in her filken attire, got  
 And Jockie says he looes her, and swears he's me for  
 May the shame, &c.

4  
 But all this shall never danton me,  
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;  
 For the lad that's fae inconstant, he is not worth a groat;  
 May the shame, &c.

## BESSY BELL &amp; MARY GRAY

Brisk

O' Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, They are twa bonny lassies, They bigg'd a bow'r on  
 yon burn side, And thee'd it o'er with rash-es. Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen, And  
 thought I neer cou'd al-ter; But Ma-ry Gray's twa pawky een, Gard a' my fancy fal-ter.

b5 b5 6 7 6 6 8 7



2

Now Betsy's hairs like a lint tap;  
 She smiles like a May morning,  
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning;  
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;  
 With ilka grace she can command:  
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

3

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
 Her een like diamonds glances;  
 She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,  
 She kills whenever she dances;  
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is,  
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,  
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

7

4

Dear Betsy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco' fair oppress us;  
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny lassies:  
 Wae's me! for baith I cannot get,  
 To ane by law we're stinted;  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

## SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN QUO SHE

Brisk

Saw ye Johnnie cummin quo' she, saw ye Johnnie cummin, O saw ye Johnnie cummin quo' she,

saw ye Johnnie cummin, Wi' his blue bonnet on his head, And his doggie runnin, quo she and his doggie runnin

:s:

2

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him; :S:  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a' weel doin;  
 And a' the wark about the house  
 Gaes wi' me when I fee him, quo' she;  
 Wi' me, when I fee him.

3

What will I do wi' him, hufsy,  
 What will I do wi' him.  
 He's ne'er a fark upon his back,  
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.  
 I ha'e twa farkes into my kist,  
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,  
 And for a mark of mair fee  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo she;  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

:s:

4

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Well do I lo'e him; :S:  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;  
 Lie wi' me at e'en.

8 THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR

Slow

The last time I came o'er the moor, I left my love, be-hind me; Ye Powrs! what  
 pain do I endure, When soft i - - de - as mind me! Soon as the ruddy morn display'd, The  
 beaming day en - fuing, I met betimes my lovely maid, In fit re - treats for wooing.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. There are several 'trill' (tr) markings above notes in the treble clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chafely 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.

3

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 hope again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

4

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter:  
 Since she excels in every 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.

5

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.



# AH! CHLORIS

Plaintive

To the Tune of Gilder Roy.

The musical score consists of five systems of three staves each. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. There are several '6' and '5 4 #' markings below the piano staves, likely indicating fingerings or specific notes.

Ah! Clo - ris, cou'd I now but fit As un-concern'd, as when Your  
 Ah! Chloris, cou'd I now but fit As un-concern'd, as when  
 in - fant beau - - ty cou'd beget No hap - pi - nefs nor pain. When  
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget No hap - pi - nefs nor pain. When  
 I this dawning did admire, And praif'd the com - ing day, I lit - - the  
 I this dawning did admire, And praif'd the com - ing day, I  
 thought that ri - - fing fire Wou'd take my reft a - - way.  
 little thought that ri - - fing fire Wou'd take my reft a - - way.

2

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,  
 As metals in a mine;  
 Age from no face takes more away,  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:  
 But as your charms inſenſibly  
 To their perfection preſs'd;  
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And center'd in my breaſt.

5 4 #  
3

My paſſion with your beauty grew,  
 While Cupid at my heart,  
 Still as his mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart.  
 Each gloried in their wanton part;  
 To make a lover, he  
 Employ'd the utmoſt of his art  
 To make a beauty, ſhe.



## HOOLY AND FAIRLY

Brisk

Oh what had I a do for to marry, My wife she drinks naithing but  
 sack and ca - na - ry: I to her friends com - plained right airly: O gin my  
 wife wad drink hooly and fair - ly, hooly and fair - ly, hooly and fair - ly,  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fair - ly.

2

First she drank Crummie, and syne she drank Garie;  
 Now she has druaken my bonny grey marie,  
 That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

3

If she'd drink but her ane things I wad nae much <sup>care;</sup>  
 She drinks my claihs I canna well spare;  
 To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely:  
 O gin my wife, &c.

4

If there's only filler, she maun keep the purse;  
 If I feek but a haubee she'll scold & she'll curse,  
 She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely:  
 O gin my wife, &c.

5

I never was given to wrangling or strife:  
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life:  
 E'er it comes to a War I'm ay' for a parley:  
 O gin my wife, &c.

6

A pint, wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
 But when she fits down she fills herself fow;  
 And when she is fow she's unco camsterie;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

7

And when she comes hame she laes on the lads;  
 She caes the lasses baith limmers and jades;  
 And I my ain fell an auld canker'd carlie:  
 O gin my wife, &c.



## Plaintive

The night her filent fable wore, And gloo-my were the fkies; Of  
glitt'ring ftars ap-pear'd no more, Than those in Nel-ly's eyes: When  
to her fa-ther's door I came, Where I had of- - ten been, I  
begg'd my fair, my love - - ly dame, To rife and let me in.

2

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflam'd my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
While her bright eyes did roll:  
But virtue only had the pow'r  
To charm my very soul.

3

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part!  
I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.  
My eager fondness I obey'd,  
Resolv'd she should be mine,  
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
My treasure so divine.

4

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
Transporting is my joy;  
No greater blessing can I prove;  
So blest a man am I.  
For beauty may a while retain  
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
But virtue only is the chain  
Holds never to depart.

ANN THOU WERE MY AIN THING

Slow

Ann thou were my ain thing, O I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee,  
 Ann thou were my ain thing, How dearly I wou'd love thee! O  
 I wou'd clasp thee in my arms, And I'd secure thee from all harms! For  
 a - - bove mor - tal thou hast charms, How dear - ly do I love thee!

2

Ann thou were &c.  
 Of race divine thou needs must be;  
 Since nothing earthly equals thee:  
 For Heaven's sake then pity me,  
 Who only lives to love thee.

3

Ann thou were &c.  
 The gods one thing peculiar have,  
 To ruin none whom they can save;  
 O for their sake support a slave,  
 Who ever on shall love thee.

4

Ann thou were &c.  
 To merit I no claim can make,  
 But that I love, and for your sake  
 What man can name I'll undertake,  
 So dearly I do love thee.

5

Ann thou were &c.  
 My passion, constant as the sun,  
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done  
 'Till fate my thread of life hath spun,  
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.



# TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE

Slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "In Winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost & snaw on ilka hill, And Boreas with his". The second system continues the lyrics: "blasts fae bauld, Was threatning a' our ky to kill; Then Bell my wife, wha loves nae strife, She". The third system concludes the lyrics: "said to me right hastily, Get up, good man, save Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak about ye." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines, along with fingerings (e.g., 6, #) and dynamic markings.

2

My Cromie is a useful cow,  
 And she is come of a good kyne;  
 Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,  
 And I am laith that she shoud tyne;  
 Get up, good man, it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

3

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now its scantly worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thirty year;  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die;  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To have a new cloak about me.

4

In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half a crown;  
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou the man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

5

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,  
 I think the world is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I fit hurklen in the ase.  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

6

Good-man, I-wat 'tis thirty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we have had between us twa  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten;  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

7

Bell my wife, she loves nae strife;  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless you give her a' the plea;  
 Then I'll leave off where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

## THE BOAT-MAN

Slowly

Ye gales that gently wave the sea, And please the can - - ny Boat-man, Bear  
me frae hence, or bring to me My brave, my bon - - ny Scot-man: In  
ha - - ly bands we join'd our hands, Yet may not this dis - - co - ver, While  
parents rate a large estate Be-fore a faith - fu' lo - ver.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system is marked 'Slowly'. The lyrics are: 'Ye gales that gently wave the sea, And please the can - - ny Boat-man, Bear me frae hence, or bring to me My brave, my bon - - ny Scot-man: In ha - - ly bands we join'd our hands, Yet may not this dis - - co - ver, While parents rate a large estate Be-fore a faith - fu' lo - ver.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. There are also some numbers (6, 5, 4, 3) written below the bass staff, possibly indicating fingerings or specific notes.

2

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
To herd the kid and goat-man,  
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
Wae worth the man who first began  
The base ungen'rous fashion,  
Frae greedy views Love's art to use,  
While strangers to its passion.

3

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
Haste to thy longing lassie,  
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
And in her bosom hawfe thee.  
Love gies the word, then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty boat-man;  
Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore,  
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.



# NANSY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE 15

Chearful

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system has four measures with a '6' below each. The second system has six measures with '6' below the first four and '6 6' below the last two. The third system has six measures with '6' below the first, second, and fifth, and '6 6' below the last two. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

There Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane, To hear the Gowdspink chatt'ring, And Wil - lie  
 he has fol - low'd her, To gain her love by flatt'ring: But a' that he can fay or do, She  
 geck'd and scorn'd at him, And ay when he be - gan to woo, She bid him mind wha gat him.

2

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minny, or my aunty?  
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang kail, and ranty-tanty:  
 With bonnocks of good barley meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty,  
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;  
 And was not that right dainty?

3

Altho' my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
 He keepit ay a good kail yard,  
 A ha house and a pantry:  
 A good blue bonnet on his head,  
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy,  
 And ay untill the day he di'd  
 He rade on good shanks nagy.

4

Now wae and wander on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?  
 Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me,  
 A docken till a tanfie?  
 I have a wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple Sandy,  
 And well I wat his bonny mou'  
 Is sweet like Sugar candy.

5

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din?  
 Do I not ken this Sandy?  
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin  
 Was Rab the beggar randy:  
 His minny Meg upo' her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me your winsome Willy?

6

My gutcher left a good broad sword,  
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be right uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a heezy.

7

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, did Sandy hear ye,  
 Ye widna misf to get a clout;  
 I ken he disna fear ye:  
 Sae had ye'r tongue, and sae nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your fancy;  
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nanfy.

## TWEED - SIDE

Printed & Sold by DALE N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street. Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Slow

What beauties does Flora dis - clofe? How sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed? Yet

Mary's still sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy ex - ceed. Not daify nor

sweet blushing rose, Not all the gay flowrs of the field, Not Tweed gliding

gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and pleasure does yield.

2

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
With music enchant every bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let's see how the primroses spring,  
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

3

How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep.  
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
Kind nature indulging my blifs,  
To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kifs.

4

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces around 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!  
Is it on the sweet winding Tay,  
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.



CORN RIGGS

Slowly

My Pa-tie is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver mud-dy; His  
 My Pate is a lo-ver gay, His mind ne'er mud-dy;  
 breath is sweet-er than new Hay, His face is fair and rud-dy.  
 His breath sweeter than new Hay, His face is fair and rud-dy.  
 His shape is hand-some, mid-dle fize; He's state-ly in his wawk-ing: The  
 His shape handsome, mid-dle fize; He's state-ly wawk-ing:  
 shi-ning of his een sur-prise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.  
 The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Laft night I met him on the bawk,  
 Where **YELLOW** corn was growing,  
 There mony a **KINDLY** word he spake,  
 That fet my heart a glowing.  
 He **KISS'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 design'd,  
 We chafely shou'd be granting;  
 Then I'll **COMply**, and marry Pate,  
 And syne my **COCKER**nony,  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

N.B. The Words and Syllables in CAPITALS are to be left out in the Second Voice Part.



FOR LAIK OF GOLD

Britishh

For laik of gold she left me Oh, And of all that's dear bereft me Oh! She  
 me for-fook for a great duke, And to endlefs care has left me, Oh! A  
 ftar and gar-ter has more art Than youth, a true and faith-ful heart; For  
 emp-ty ti-tles we must part; And for glittering show she left me, Oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injur'd heart again to love;  
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!  
 Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care  
 Commit my lovely, charming fair;  
 Your choicest blessings on her share,  
 Tho' she's for ever left me, Oh!



AMYNTA

Plaintive

To the Tune of My Apron Dearie.

My sheep I've for-faken, and left my sheep hook, And all the gay haunts of my  
youth I for-fook, No more for A-minta fresh garlands I wove, For ambition I  
said wou'd soon cure me of love. O what had my youth with ambition to do? Why  
left I A-myn-ta? why broke I my vow? O give me my sheep, and my  
sheep hook re-store, and I'll wander from love and A-mynta no more.

2

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
O what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow.  
O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,  
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

3

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!  
Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be mine;  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;  
The moments neglected return not again.  
O what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow.  
O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore  
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

## THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS

Printed & Sold by Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street. Price 6<sup>d</sup>.

Slow

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. Ornaments (hr) are placed above certain notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

How blyth was I each morn to see My fwain come o'er the hill! He  
 leap'd the brook, and flew to me; I met him with good will.  
 O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom, The broom of Cow - denknows; I  
 wifh I were with my dear fwain, With his pipe and my ewes.

2  
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 When his flocks round me lay:  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And chear'd me all the day.  
 O, the broom, &c.

3  
 He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by;  
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.  
 O, the broom, &c.

6  
 Hard fate that I must banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest fwain  
 That ever yet was born.  
 O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 Where last was my repose:  
 I wifh I were with my dear fwain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.

4  
 While thus we spent our time by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play;  
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.  
 O, the broom, &c.

5  
 He did oblige me every hour,  
 Cou'd I but faithful be?  
 He stole my heart; cou'd I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
 O, the broom, &c.



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR

21

Slow

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "Hear me ye Nymphs and ev'ry swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves me, Tho' thus I languish and complain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My vows and sighs like fi-lent air Un-heed-ed ne-ver move - - her The bon-ny bush a boon Tra-quair, Was where I first did love her." The piano part features a consistent accompaniment pattern of sixteenth-note chords, with fingerings indicated by numbers 3, 4, 5, and 6. The tempo is marked "Slow".

2

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 soothe 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.

3

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,  
 It's sweets I'll ay remember;  
 But now her frowns make it decay;  
 It fades as in December.

4

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.



## I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE

Printed & Sold by Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street. Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Slow

One day I heard Ma-ry say, How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest A-don-is, stay, Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst leave me! I'll

live and die for thy sake, Yet ne-ver leave thee.

2

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love to grieve thee?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou may'st believe me;  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

3

Adonis, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee?  
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe!  
 This breast shall receive thee:  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee:  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

4

But leave thee — leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 O! that thought makes me sad;  
 I'll never leave thee?  
 Where would my Adonis fly?  
 Why does he grieve me?  
 Alas! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee.



# THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NEER BEGUILE THEE 25

Brisk

Bet - ty ear - ly gone a maying, Met her lo - ver Willie straying:

Drift or chance, no mat - ter whether, Thus we know he reason'd with her:

Mark, dear maid, the turtles coo - ing, Fondly bil - ling, kind - ly woo - ing;

See how ev' - ry bush dis - covers, Happy pairs of feather'd lo - vers.

See the op'ning blushing roses,  
 All their secret charms disclose;  
 Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure,  
 Of their fleeting hasty pleasure!  
 Quickly we must snatch the favour  
 Of their soft and fragrant flavour;  
 They bloom to day, and fade tomorrow,  
 Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Befs, will leave no traces  
 Of those beauties, of those graces;  
 Youth and love forbid our staying;  
 Love and youth abhor delaying;  
 Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me;  
 Let your pride no more deny me;  
 Never doubt your faithful Willie,  
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.



## THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE

Printed and Sold by DALE N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street. Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Slow

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Bass, and Cello/Double Bass. It is in the key of D major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system has two lines of lyrics. The second system has two lines of lyrics. The third system has two lines of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And Summer ap-proaching re-joiceth the fwain; joiceth the fwain; The yel-low hair'd laddie would of-tentimes go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.' There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' and 'kr' (crescendo) above the notes. Fingering numbers (1-5) are written below the notes.

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And Summer ap-proaching re-  
 joiceth the fwain; joiceth the fwain; The yel-low hair'd laddie would of-tentimes  
 go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

2

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning & morn:  
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylvans and faries unseen danc'd around.

3

The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Mary be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,  
 But Susie was handsome, & sweetly could 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, & never spoke truth;  
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

5

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dowry,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four;  
 Then fighting he wished, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



# DOWN THE BURN DAVIE

25

Moderately

The musical score is written in a grand staff with two systems of treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is marked with a forte dynamic (*h*). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to see; When  
 Mary was com-pleat fifteen, And love laugh'd in her ee; Blyth  
 Davie's blinks her heart did move, To speak her mind thus free, Gang  
 down the burn, Da-vie, love, And I shall fol-low thee.

2

3

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on yon burn side;  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride;  
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 Her een were bonny blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said.  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd;  
 'Till baith at length impatient grown  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

4

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
 And naithing sure unmeet:  
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:  
 And that they aften should return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn  
 And ay shall follow you.

## PEGGY I MUST LOVE THEE

Slow

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line that includes several sixths (6) and some triplets. The lyrics are: "As from a rock past all re-lief, The shipwreck'd Co-lin spy-ing His native foil, o'er-come with grief, Half sunk in waves and dy-ing; With the next morn-ing sun he spies A ship, which gives unhop'd sur-prize; New life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, and waits her mo-tion." The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fermatas.

As from a rock past all re-lief, The shipwreck'd Co-lin spy-ing His  
native foil, o'er-come with grief, Half sunk in waves and dy-ing; With  
the next morn-ing sun he spies A ship, which gives unhop'd sur-prize; New  
life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, and waits her mo-tion.

2

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,  
I scorn'd was and deserted;  
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,  
To be for ever parted:  
Thus droop'd I, 'till diviner grace  
I found in Peggy's mind and face;  
Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
But virtue more engaging.

3

Then now, since happily I've hit,  
I'll have no more denying;  
Let beauty yield to manly wit,  
We lose ourselves in staying:  
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,  
Since marriage can my fears oppose:  
Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,  
Since, Peggy, I must love thee?

4

Men may be foolish if they please,  
And deem'd a lover's duty  
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,  
Doating on a proud beauty:  
Such was my case for many a year,  
Still hope succeeding to my fear;  
False Betty's charms now disappear,  
Since Peggy's far outshine them.



# WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER 27

Slow

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "With bro-ken words, and down-cast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his pas-sion tender; And part-ing from his Gri-fy, cries, Ah! woe's- my heart that we shoud funder! To o-thers I am cold as snow, But kin-dle with thine eyes like tin-der: From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go; It breaks my heart that we shou'd funder!" The piano part includes figured bass notation: 6, 6 4, 5 #, #, 6, 6, 6, #, 6 4, 5 #, #, 6, 6, 6.

2

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder;  
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder!  
 The image of thy graceful air,  
 And beauties which invite our wonder;  
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder!

3

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
 You'll neer engage a heart that's kinder;  
 Then seal a promise with a kifs,  
 Always to love me tho' we funder!  
 Ye gods, take care of my dear lasfs,  
 That as I leave her I may find her:  
 When that blest time shall come to pass,  
 We'll meet again, and never funder!



## TO FANNY FAIR

Slow

Tune The Mill Mill O

To Fan-ny fair could I impart, The cause of all my woe! O That  
 beau-ty which has won my heart, She scarcely seems to know O; Un-  
 skill'd in art of wo--mankind, With-out de--sign she charms O; How  
 can those sparkling eyes be blind, Which ev'-ry bo-fom warms O?

To Fan-ny fair could I impart, The cause of all my woe! O That  
 beau-ty which has won my heart, She scarcely seems to know O;  
 Unskill'd in art of wo--mankind, Without de--sign she charms O;  
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind, Which ev'-ry bo-fom warms O?

2

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,  
 The conscious blushes show O  
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet  
 Than th'op'ning budding rose O:  
 Yet the delicious fragrant rose,  
 That charms the sense so much O,  
 Upon a thorny briar grows  
 And wounds with ev'ry touch O.

3

At first when I beheld the fair,  
 With raptures I was blest O;  
 But as I would approach more near,  
 At once I lost my rest O:  
 Th'enchanted sight, the sweet surprize,  
 Prepare me for my doom O;  
 One cruel look from those bright eyes  
 Will lay me in my tomb O.



# HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK

Brisk

Jockey he came here to woo, On ae feast day when he was fou; And

Jenny put on her best ar-ray, When she heard that Jockey was come that way.

Jenny she ga'd up the stair,  
Sae prively to change her smock;  
And aye sae loud her mither did rair,  
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock!

Jenny she came down the stair,  
And she came bakein and bingein ben  
Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,  
And a braw well made mauti gown.

Jockey's ta'en her by the hand,  
Says bonny lass, will ye fancy me?  
My father is dead and left me some land,  
Wi' braw houfes, twa or three;

And I will gi' them a' to you,  
A heath, quoth Jenny, I fear ye mock.  
Then foul fa' me gin it be nae true,  
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny she's gane up the gate,  
And a' her coats as white as her smock,  
And ae so loud as her mither did cry,  
Wow, firs, has nae Jenny got Jock!

# GILL MORICE

Slow

Gill Morice was an Earl's son, His name it waxed wide, It was nae for his great riches, Nor

yet his mickle pride: But it was for a la-dy gay That liv'd on Carron side.

Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
And bid his lady cum?  
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,  
And ye may rin wi' pride;  
When other boys gae on their feet,  
On horseback ye fall ride.

Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!  
I dare nae for my life;  
I'll nae gae to the auld Baron's  
For to tryft furth his wife.  
My bird Willie, my boy Willie,  
My dear Willie, he said,  
How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I fall be obey'd.



Bot, Oh my maffer dear, he cry'd,  
In GreenWood ye're your lane;  
Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,  
For fear ye shou'd be ta'en.  
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
Bid her come here wi' speed:  
If ye refuse my high command,  
I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' good but the hem;  
Bid her cum to the good GreenWood,  
And bring nare but her lane:  
And there it is, a silken fark;  
And her hand sew'd the sleeve;  
And bid her cum to Gill Morice:  
Speer nae bauld Baron's leave.

I will gae your black errand,  
Tho' it be to thy cost;  
Sen ye by me will neer be warn'd,  
In it ye fall find frost.  
The Baron he's a man of might,  
He neer could hide a taunt,  
As ye will see before it's night;  
How fua ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,  
Sae fair against my will,  
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
It shall be done for ill.  
And when he came to broken brigg,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha',  
Wou'd neither chap nor ca';  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly lap the wa'.  
He wou'd tell naeman his errand,  
Tho' twa stood at the gate;  
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,  
Whair grit folks sit at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!  
My message winna' wait;  
Dame, ye maun to the GreenWood gang,  
Before that it be late;  
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantle,  
'Tis a' good but the hem:  
You maun gae to the good GreenWood  
Evn by your sell alane.

And there it is, a silken fark;  
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
Ye maun come speak to Gill Morice;  
Speer nae bauld Baron's leave.  
The lady stamped wi' her foot,  
And winked wi' her eye;  
Bot a' that she could fay or do,  
Forbid he wad nae be.

It's surely to my bow'r woman;  
It neer cou'd be to me.  
I brought it to Lady Barnard,  
I trow that ye be she.  
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,  
(The bairn upon her knee)  
If it be com'e frae Gill Morice,  
It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
I brought it to Lady Barnard:  
I trow ye be na she.  
Then up and spake the bauld Baron;  
An angry man was he;  
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,  
In flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,  
That hings upon a pin;  
And I'll gae to the good GreenWood,  
And spake with your leman.  
Bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,  
I warn ye bide at hame;  
Neer wyte a man for violence,  
That neer wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good GreenWood,  
He whifled and he sang;  
O what means a' these folks coming;  
My mother tarries lang.  
When Lord Barnard to GreenWood came,  
Wi' meikle dule and care;  
There first he saw the brave Gill Morice  
Keming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, sure, Oh Gill Morice,  
My lady loo'd ye weel,  
The fairest part of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel.  
Yet neertheless, now Gill Morice,  
For a' thy great beauty,  
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born,  
That head shall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the frae;  
And thre' Gill Morice' fair body  
He's gard cauld iron gae,  
And he has ta'en Gill Morice' head,  
And set it on a speir;  
The meanest man in a' his train  
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,  
Laid him across his steid,  
And brought him to his painted bow'r,  
And laid him on a bed.  
The lady sat on castle wa',  
Beheld both dale and down,  
And there she saw Gill Morice' head  
Come trailing to the town.

Far mare I loo that bloody head,  
Bot' and that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,  
As they lie here and there.  
And she has ta'en her Gill Morice,  
And kiss'd both mouth and chin,  
I once was fow of Gill Morice,  
As hip was o' the stane.

I got ye in my father's house,  
Wi' mickle sin and shame;  
I brought thee up in good GreenWood,  
Under the heavy rain.  
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,  
And fondly seen thee sleep;  
But now I'll go about thy grave,  
The s't tears for to weep.

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,  
And syne his bloody chin,  
Better I loo'd my Gill Morice,  
Than a' my kith and kin!  
Away, away, ye ill woman!  
An ill deed mait ye die;  
Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,  
Hed neer been slain for me.

Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,  
Upbraid me not, for shame!  
Wi' that same speir, O pierce my heart!  
And put me out of pain.  
Since naithing but Gill Morice' head,  
Thy jealous rage can quell,  
Let that same hand now take her life  
That neer to thee did ill.

To me no after days nor nights  
Will e'er be fast or kind;  
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind.  
Enough of bloods by me's been spilt;  
Seek not your death frae me;  
I rather it had been mysell  
Than either him or thee.

With waefow wae I hear your plaint,  
Sair, sair, I rew the deed,  
That e'er this cursed hand of mine  
Did gar his body bleed.  
Dry up your tears, my windsome dame,  
Ye neer can heal the wound;  
You see his head upon my speir,  
His heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thought the ill;  
The feet that bore me wi' sic-speed  
The comely youth to kill.  
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,  
As gin he were my ain;  
I'll neer forget the dreary day  
On which the youth was slain.



# AH! THE POOR SHEPHERDS

31

Slow

To the Tune of Gallowghills.

Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish, To  
 bear the scornful fair one's hate, Nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet ea-ger looks, &  
 dy-ing sighs, My secret foul dis-co-ver, While rap-ture, trembling thro' mine eyes, Re-  
 veals how much I love her. The ten-der glance, the red'ning cheek, O'erspread with rising  
 blushes, A thousand various ways they speak, A thousand va-rious wish-es.

The musical score consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The bass line includes figured bass notation (numbers 6, 7, 5, 4, 3) and some accidentals. There are several fermatas and dynamic markings like 'r' (ritardando) throughout the piece.

For Oh! that form so heav'nly fair,  
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling;  
 That artless blush, and modest air,  
 So fatally beguiling.  
 Thy every look, and ev'ry grace,  
 So charm whene'er I view thee;  
 'Till death o'ertake me in the chafe,  
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
 Then when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in sight of heaven.



## THE BANKS OF FORTH

Slow

Ye Syl-van pow'rs that rule the plain, Where sweetly wind - ing For - tha glides, Con - duct me to her banks a - - gain, Since there my charming Ma - ry bides. These banks that breathe their ver - nal sweets, Where ev' - ry fini - ling beau - ty meets, Where Ma - ry's charms a - dorn the plain, And cheer the heart of ev' - - ry swain.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,  
Where birds their music chirp aloud  
Alternately we sung our loves,  
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.  
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,  
Love was our banquet all the while;  
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,  
To where the ocean met the sky.

3

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,  
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,  
It was my happy chance to find  
The charming Mary lull'd asleep;  
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,  
I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss;  
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd  
Why, Damon! are you not asham'd?

4

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,  
To whom we swains our cares impart,  
Restore me to these blest'd shades,  
And ease, Oh! ease my love sick heart:  
These happy days again restore,  
When Mall and I shall part no more,  
When she shall fill these longing arms,  
And crown my bliss with all her charms.



BLEST AS TH'IMMORTAL GODS

33

Tender

To the Tune "I wish my Love were in a Mire".

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes fingerings (6, 5, 4, 5) and ornaments (hr) above certain notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, The youth that fondly fits by thee, And  
 hears and fees thee all the while So soft - ly speak and sweetly smile. 'Twas  
 this bereav'd my soul of rest, And rais'd such tumults in my breast; For  
 while I gaz'd, in transport toft, My breath was gone, my voice was loft!

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame  
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;  
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.  
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;  
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!



HERE AWA THERE AWA

Plaintive

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie; Here a-wa, there awa, here awa hame;

Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee, Now I have gotten my Willie a-gain.

Fingerings: 6, 5#, 6, 7, 6, #6, 6, 6, 4, 5#

2

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,  
 Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,  
 Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us;  
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

3

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;  
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;  
 Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

POLWART ON THE GREEN

Cheerful

At Polwart on the green If you'll meet me the morn, Where laf-fes do con-

vene To dance a-bout the thorn, A kind-ly welcome you shall meet Frae her wha

likes to view A lo-ver and a lad compleat, The lad and lover you.

Fingerings: 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6



2

Let dorty dames fay na,  
 As lang as e'er they please,  
 Seem caulder than the snaw,  
 While inwardly they bleeze:  
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee;  
 Be ever to the captive kind,  
 That langs nae to be free.

3

35

At Polwart on the green,  
 Among the new mawn hay,  
 With fangs and dancing keen  
 We'll pafs the heartsome day;  
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang-laid,  
 And thou be twin'd of thine,  
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,  
 To tak a part of mine.

## ETRICK BANKS

Lively

On Etrick banks ae Summer's night, At gloaming when the sheep came hame, I  
 met my las-fie bra' and tight, While wandring throw the mist her lane; My  
 heart grew light, I ran, and flang My arms about her bon-ny neck; I  
 kifs'd and clapp'd her there fu lang, My words they were na' mo-ny feck.

2

I said, my lasie, will ye go  
 To Highland hills, the Erse to learn.  
 And ye shall hae baith cow and yew,  
 When you come to the brigg of Earn.  
 At Leith there's meal comes in, (ne'er fash)  
 And herring at the broomy law;  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny las,  
 There's gear to win we never saw.

3

All day, when we had toil'd enough,  
 When Winter's frost and snaw begin,  
 And when the sun gaes west the Loch,  
 At night when you fa' fast 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 pleasant Summer back again.



## DUMBARTON'S DRUMS

Cheerful

Dum-bartons drums beat bon-ny O, When they mind me of my dear,  
Johnny O. How happy am I When my foldier is by, While he kif-fes and  
blefses his An-nie O? 'Tis a foldier a-lone can de-light me O, For his  
grace-ful looks do in-vite me O; While guarded in his arms, I'll fear no wars a-  
larms, Neither dan-ger nor death shall eer fright me O.

My love is a handsome laddie O,  
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:  
Tho' commissions are dear,  
Yet I'll buy him ane this year,  
For he shall serve no longer a cadie O.  
A foldier has honour and bravery O,  
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery O:  
He minds no other thing,  
But the ladies or the king!  
For every other care is but slavery O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady O,  
Farewell all my friends and my daddy O:  
I'll wait no more at home,  
But I'll follow with the drum,  
And when'er that beats, I'll be ready O.  
Dumbarton's drums sound bonny O;  
They are sprightly, like my dear Johnny O,  
How happy shall I be,  
When on my foldier's knee,  
And he kisses and blefses his Annie O!



# LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING

37

Slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes various fingering numbers (6, 5, 4, 3, 2) and dynamic markings like 'r' for *ritardando*. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay; Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her  
 say, Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way, And love is the cause of my mourn - ing. False  
 shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms, Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms; Yet  
 bring me this Strephon, I'll die in his arms, Oh Strephon the cause of my mourn - - ing. But  
 first, said she, let me go Down to the shades below, Ere ye let Strephon know That I have lov'd him so  
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show That love is the cause of my mourn - - ing.

Her eyes were scarce clos'd when Strephon came by,  
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh  
 But finding her breathless, Oh Heav'n's did he cry,  
 Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.  
 Restore me, my Chloris, ye nymphs use your art,  
 They, fighting, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart,  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,  
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.  
 Ah, then, is Chloris dead,  
 Wounded by me! he said;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,  
 Down to the silent shade.  
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.



## SAE MERRY AS WE HAE BEEN

Slow

A Lafs that was laden'd with care Sat heavi-ly under yon thorn; I listen'd a-  
 while for to hear, When thus she be-gan for to mourn: Whene'er my dear shepherd was near The  
 birds did me-lodioufly fing, And cald nipping winter did wear A face that resembled the  
 spring. Sae merry as we twa hae been; Sae merry as we twa hae been; My  
 heart it is like for to break When I think on the days we hae feen.

2

Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
 He gently prefsing my hand,  
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,  
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!  
 My dear, he would aft to me fay,  
 What makes you hard hearted to me?  
 Oh! why do you thus turn away  
 Frae him wha is dying for thee?  
 Sae merry, &c.

3

But now he is far from my sight,  
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,  
 Which makes me lament day and night,  
 That ever I granted my love.  
 At eve, when the rest of the folk  
 Were merrily seated to spin,  
 I fet myself under an oak,  
 And heavily sigh'd for him.  
 Sae merry, &c.



# WALY WALY

39

Slow

O Waly, Wa-ly, up yon bank, And Waly, Waly, down yon brae, And  
 Waly by yon river fide, Where I and my love went to gae: O  
 Wa-ly, Wa-ly, love is bon-ny, A little while when it is new; But  
 when it's auld, it waxes cauld, And wears a-wa like morning dew.

2

I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree!  
 But first it bow'd, and fine it brak,  
 And fae did my fause love to me.  
 When cockle shells turn filler bells,  
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;  
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

3

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;  
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love's forsaken me.  
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,  
 And tak a life that wearies me?

4

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency,  
 'Tis no sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely fight to see;  
 My love was clad in velvet black,  
 And I myself in cramafie.

5

But had I wist before I kifs'd  
 That love had been fae ill to win,  
 I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,  
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.  
 Oh! Oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysell were dead and gane,  
 For maid again I'll never be!

## LOCHABER

Slow Printed & Sold by DALE N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & 132 Oxford Street. Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Farewell to Loch-a-ber, and fare-well my Jean, Where heartfome with thee I have  
 no - ny days been, For Lochaber no more, Loch-aber no more, We'll may be re-  
 turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my  
 dear, And no for the dan-gers at - tending on Weir; Tho' bore on rough  
 seas to a far bloody shore, May be to re-tur to Loch-a-ber no more.

2  
 Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll n'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd;  
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

3  
 Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse.  
 Without it I n'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favor I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 A heart I'll bring to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



# THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE

41

O San-dy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn? Thy presence could ease me, when  
 nae-thing can please me; Now dow-ie I fish on the banks of the Burn, Or thro' the wood  
 Laddie, un-till thou re-turn. Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings fae clear, While  
 lav'rocks are sing-ing, And prim-ro-fes springing; Yet nane of them please my  
 eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, Laddie, ye dinna ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:  
 I'm 'fash'd wi' their scorning,  
 Baith evening and morning;  
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When thro' the wood, Laddie, I wander myfell.  
 Then ftay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away;  
 But quick as an arrow,  
 Hasten here to thy marrow,  
 Wha's living in langour, 'till that happy day,  
 When thro' the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.



## ROSLINE CASTLE

Slow

'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That

Co-lin with the morning ray A-rose and fung his ru-ral lay. Of

Nan-ny's charms the shepherd fung; The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung, While

Rosline Caf-tle heard the fwain, And e-cho'd back the cheerful strain.

2

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.

3

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 Nanny's eyes;  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4

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!



# MY NANNY O

43

While some for pleasure pawn their health Twixt Lais and the Bagni-o, I'll  
 save my-self, and without stealth Bles and ca-fes my Nan-ny O. She  
 bids more fair t'en-gage a Jove. Then Le-da did or Da-nae O: Were  
 I to paint the queen of love, None else should fit but Nan-ny O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,  
 When dancing she moves finely O!  
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,  
 Which sparkle so divinely O.  
 Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I  
 Breathe in the blefs'd Britannia, O  
 None's happiness I shall envy,  
 As long's ye grant me Nanny O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny O,  
 My lovely charming Nanny O;  
 I care not tho' the whole world know  
 How dearly I love Nanny O.



## YOUNG PHILANDER

*♩. Slow* *hr*

Young Philander wood me lang, But I was peevish, and forbade him, I wou'd na  
tent his loving fang, But now I wish, I wish I had him. Ilk morning when I  
view my glafs, Then I perceive my beau-ty going; When the wrinkles feize the face, Then  
we may bid a-dieu to wooing. My beau-ty anes so much admir'd, I find it fa-ding  
fast, and flying, My cheeks, which coral like appear'd, Grow pale, the broken blood decaying

2

Ah! we may see ourselves to be  
Like summer fruit that is unshaken;  
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,  
And by corruption quickly taken.  
Use then your time, ye virgins fair,  
Employ your day before 'tis evil;  
Fifteen is a season rare,  
But five and twenty is the devil.  
Just when ripe, consent unto't,  
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;  
Women are like other fruit,  
They lose their relish when too mellow.

3

If opportunity be lost,  
You'll find it hard to be regained;  
Which now I may tell to my cost,  
Tho' but myself none can be blamed:  
If then your fortune you respect,  
Take the occasion when it offers;  
Nor a true lover's suit neglect,  
Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers:  
I, by his fond expressions, thought  
That in his love he'd neer prove changing,  
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,  
And past my hope he's gane a ranging.



4

Dear maidens, then, take my advice,  
 And let nae coyness prove your ruin;  
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,  
 Your suiters will give over wooing.  
 Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,  
 And in that fretful rank be number'd,

As lang as life; and when ye die,  
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd:  
 A punishment and hated brand,  
 With which we cannot be contented;  
 Then be not wise behind the hand,  
 That the miftake may be prevented.

### MY DEARY IF THOU DIE

Slow

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes fingerings (6, 5, 3) and ornaments (hr) indicated above the notes.

Love never more shall give me pain, My fancy's fix'd on thee; Nor ever maid my  
 heart shall gain, My Peg-gy, if thou die. Thy beauty doth such pleasure give, Thy  
 love's so true to me, With-out thee I can ne-ver live, My dea-ry if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
 How shall I lonely stray!  
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
 In sighs the silent day.  
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
 Nor such perfection see;  
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,  
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new blown beauty fires my heart  
 With Cupid's raving rage;  
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,  
 Must all the world engage.  
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,  
 Gave joy and life to me;  
 And when its destin'd day is done,  
 With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,  
 And in such pleasures share;  
 You who its faithful flames approve,  
 With pity view the fair:  
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,  
 Those charms so dear to me;  
 Oh! never rob them from these arms,  
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.





# THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

47

Lively

The Lawland lads think they are fine; But O they're vain and wond'rous gaudy! How  
 much un-like that grace-fu' mien, And manly look of my High-land Laddie.  
 O my bonny, bonny, High-land Laddie, O my handsome High-land Laddie,  
 When I was sick and like to die He row'd me in his Hi-land plaidy.

2

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

3

The brauest beau in Burrows 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.

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

# BUSK YE BUSK YE

Soothingly

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic pattern of sixteenth notes, with some systems including a '6' below the notes, likely indicating a fingering or a specific rhythmic pattern. The score ends with double bar lines and repeat dots.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - ny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some marrow;

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - ny bride, And let us to the braes of Yarrow;

There will we sport and ga - ther dew, Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning;

There learn frae tur - tles to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yeilds,  
 And when the beams are kindly warming,  
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,  
 And nature looks more fresh and charming.  
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,  
 Tho' on their banks the roses blosom,  
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,  
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,  
 Haste to my arms and there I'll guard thee;  
 With free consent my fears repel;  
 I'll with my love and care reward thee;  
 Thus fang I fastly to my fair,  
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,  
 O queen of smiles, I ask na mair,  
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.



# JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE

49

Slow

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five 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 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. Dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins) are present. The score ends with a double bar line.

By smooth winding Tay a fwain was reclining, Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun  
 I ftill live pining My - fel thus a - - way, and darna dif - cover To my bon - ny  
 lafs, that I am her Lover. Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes  
 ftronger; If she's nae my bride, my days are nae langer; Then I'll take a  
 heart, and try at a venture, May be e'er we part my vows may con - tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
 When birds mount & sing, bidding day a good morrow:  
 The Sward of the mead, enamell'd with daifies,  
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.  
 But if she appear where verdures invite her,  
 The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter;  
 'Tis Heaven to be by her when her wit is a flowing;  
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;  
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:  
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid to carefs ye:  
 For a' my desire is Hay's Bonny Lafsie.



50 THE BONNIEST LASS IN A THE WORLD

**Lively**

Look where my dear Ha - mi - lia smiles, Hami - lia, heavenly charmer, See how with all their  
 arts and wiles, The Loves and graces arm her. A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks, Fair  
 feat of youthful pleasure; There Love in smi - ling language speaks, There spreads the ro - sy treasure.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r;  
 I gaze, I sigh, & languish:  
 Yet, ever, ever will adore,  
 And triumph in my anguish.  
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,  
 And let my torments move thee;  
 As thou art fairest of the fair,  
 So I the dearest love thee.

**BONNY JEAN**

**Moderato**

Love's God - defs in a myrtle grove Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed, Nor let the shaft at  
 random rove, For Jenny's haughty heart must bleed. The smiling boy, with divine art, From Paphos  
 shot an ar - row keen, Which flew, un - erring, to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bon - ny Jean.



No more the nymph, with haughty air,  
 Refuses Willy's kind address;  
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,  
 But too much fondness to suppress.  
 No more the youth is fullen now,  
 But looks the gayest on the green,  
 Whilst every day he spies some new  
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,  
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,  
 His former sorrows seem a jest  
 Now, when his Jeany is turn'd kind;  
 Riches he looks on with disdain,  
 The glorious fields of war look mean:  
 The cheerful hound and horn give pain,  
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,  
 Which evn in summer short'ned seems;  
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,  
 He wonders at her in his dreams.  
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen;  
 With breaking day, he lifts his fight,  
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with some melodic movement in the right hand. There are some performance markings like 'h' for hairpins and '6' for fingerings.

Saw ye nae my Peggy, Saw ye nae my Peggy, Saw ye nae my Peggy, Coming o'er the lee.

Sure a finer creature Neer was form'd by Nature, So complete each feature, So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me! Ev'ry look still warms me, Ev'ry thought alarms me, Left she love nae me.

Peggy doth dis-cover Nought but charms all o-ver; Nature bids me love her; That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,  
 To become a rover .  
 No, I'll ne'er give over,  
 Till I happy be.  
 For since love inspires me,  
 As her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her;  
 Cou'd I but obtain her,  
 Happy would I be!  
 I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
 With faint looks implore her,  
 Till she pity me.

## PINKY HOUSE

Tender

By Pin-ky House, oft let me walk, While, cir- cled in my arms, I  
hear my Nelly sweet-ly talk; And gaze o'er all her charms. O  
let me e- ver fond behold Those gra- ces void of art! Those  
cheerful smiles that sweetly hold In wili- ing chains my heart!

2  
O come, my love! and bring a new  
That gentle turn of mind;  
That gracefulness of air, in you  
By Nature's hand design'd!  
What beauty, like the blushing Rose,  
First lighted up this flame;  
Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
Within my breast the same!

3  
Ye light coquets! ye airy things!  
How vain is all your art!  
How seldom it a lover brings!  
How rarely keeps a heart!  
O gather from my Nelly's charms,  
That sweet, that graceful ease;  
That blushing modesty that warms;  
That native art to please!

4  
Come then, my love! O come along,  
And feed me with thy charms;  
Come, fair inspirer of my song,  
O fill my longing arms!  
A flame like mine can never die,  
While charms so bright as thine,  
So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,  
And fill the soul divine!



# ALLOA HOUSE

55

Slow

The springtime returns and cloaths the green plains; And Allo-a thines more cheerful and

gay; The Lark tunes his throat; and the neighbouring swains Sing merri-ly round me, wher-e-ver I

stray; But. Sandy no more re-turs to my view; No springtime me cheers, no mu-fic can

charm; He's gone! and, I fear me, for e-ver! a-dieu, A-dieu ev'ry pleasure this bofom can warm!

O Alloa House! how much art thou chang'd!      So spoke the fair maid; when sorrows keen pain,  
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!      And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress't;  
 Alone I here wander, where once we both rang'd,      For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,  
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!      Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address't;  
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told;      My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love,  
 Here list'ned, too fond, whenever you sung:      No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,  
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold.      And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,  
 Or foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue.      Who knows thy fair worth, & adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;  
 And will you, my love! be true. she reply'd;  
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same.  
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride.  
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;  
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:  
 Then adieu to all sorrow! what foul is so blind,  
 As not to live happy for ever with you.

## CHEVY CHACE

Plaintive

God prosper long our noble King, Our lives and safeties all, A wo-ful hunting  
 oncethere did In Chevy chace be-fal. To drive the deer with hound and horn, Earl Piercy took his  
 way: The child might rue that was unborn, The hunting of that day.

2

5

8

The stout Earl of Northumberland	The bow men musterd on the hill,	And now with me, my countrymen,
A vow to God did make,	Well able to endure;	Your courage to advance;
His pleasure in the Scottish woods	Their backfides all with special care,	For there was ne'er a champion yet,
Three summer's days to take;	That day were guarded sure.	In Scotland or in France,
The choicest harts of Chevy chace.	The hounds ran swiftly thro' the wood,	That ever did on horse back come,
To kill and bear away;	The nimble deer to take;	But if my hap it were,
These tidings to Earl Douglas came	And with their cries the hills & dales	I durst encounter man for man,
In Scotland where he lay;	An echo shrill did make.	With him to break a spear.

3

6

9

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,	Earl Piercy to the quarry went,	Lord Douglas on a milk white steed,
He would prevent the sport.	To view the tender deer;	Most like a baron bold,
The English Earl, nor fearing him,	Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised	Rode foremost of the company,
Did to the woods resort,	This day to meet me here:	Whose armour shind like gold.
With twenty hundred bow men bold,	But if I thought he would not come,	Shew me said he whose men ye be,
All chosen men of might,	No longer would I stay.	That hunt so boldly here,
Who knew full well, in time of need,	With that a brave young gentleman	That, without my consent, do chace
To aim their shafts aright.	Thus to the Earl did say:	And kill my fallow deer.

4

7

10

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,	Lo yonder doth Lord Douglas come,	The first man that did answer make,
To chace the fallow deer.	His men in armour bright:	Was noble Piercy, he
On Monday they began to hunt,	Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,	Who said, we list not to declare,
When day light did appear;	All marching in our fight;	Nor shew whose men we be;
And long before high noon they had	All pleasant men of Teviot dale,	Yet we will spend our dearest blood
An hundred fat bucks slain.	Dwell by the river Tweed.	The choicest harts to slay.
Then, having din'd, the drovers went	Then cease your sports, Earl Piercy said,	Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
To rouse them out again.	And take your bows with speed.	And thus in rage did say:



Ere thus I will out braved be,  
One of us two shall die.  
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
Lord Piercy, so am I.  
But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of those our harmless men;  
For they have done no ill:

12

Let thee and me the battle try,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurst be he, said Earl Piercy,  
By whom this is denied.  
Then steps a gallant 'squire forth,  
Witherington by name;  
Who said, he would not have it told  
To Henry, his King for shame,

13

That ere my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You be two Earls, said Witherington,  
And I a 'squire alone.  
I'll do the best that I may do,  
While I have power to stand;  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand.

14

Our Scottish archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourcore English flew.  
To drive the deer with hound & horn,  
Douglas bade on the bent:  
A captain mov'd with meikle pride;  
The spears in shivers went.

15

They clos'd full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.  
O but it was a grief to me,  
And likewise for to hear,  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
Were scatter'd here and there!

16

At last, these two stout earls did meet,  
Like chieftains of great might;  
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,  
And made a cruel fight.  
They fought untill they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

17

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said;  
In faith I will thee bring  
Where, thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish King.  
Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Lord Piercy then;  
Thy proffer I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born.  
With that there came an arrow keen,  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Lord Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow;

19

Who never spake more words than these,  
Fight on my merry men all:  
For why, my life is at an end;  
Lord Piercy sees me fall.  
Then, leaving life, Lord Piercy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, Lord Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

20

Oh, but my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take.  
A knight among the Scots there was,  
Who saw Earl Douglas die;  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Earl Piercy.

21

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely thro' the fight.  
He pass'd the English archers all,  
Without all dread or fear.  
And through Earl Piercy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear.

22

With such vehement force and might,  
It did his body gore,  
The spear ran through the other side,  
A large cloth yard or more.  
So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain.  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
His noble lord was slain;

23

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree,  
An arrow of a cloth yard's length,  
Unto the head drew he;  
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,  
So right his shaft he set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon,  
In his heart blood was wet.

24

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun;  
For when they rang the evening bell,  
The battle scarce was done.  
With the Lord Piercy there was slain  
Sir John of Ogerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron;

Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,  
Both knights of good account;  
Good Sir Ralph Roby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did furmount:  
For Witherington I needs must wail,  
As one in doleful dumps;  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought still on his stumps.

26

And with Earl Douglas there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery;  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never fly;  
Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,  
His sisters son was he;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet saved could not be;

27

And the Lord Maxwell in likewise  
Did with Earl Douglas die.  
Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears  
Went home but fifty three.  
Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
Scarce fifty five did flee:  
The rest were slain at Chevy chace,  
Under the greenwood tree.

28

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail;  
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears  
But all could not prevail.  
Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,  
They bore with them away:  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times  
When they were cold as clay.

29

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.  
Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith't will no better be:  
I trust I have in my Realm  
Five hundred as good as he.

30

Like tidings to King Henry came,  
Within as short a space,  
That Piercy of Northumberland  
Was slain at Chevy chace.  
O heavy news, King Henry said,  
England can witness be,  
I have not any captain more,  
Of such account as he.

31

Now of the rest of small account,  
Did many hundreds die.  
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy chace,  
Made by the Earl Piercy.  
God save the King, and bless the land  
With plenty, joy and peace;  
And grant henceforth, that foul debates  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.



## LOGIE OF BUCHAN

Price 6<sup>d</sup>Printed & fold by J. Dale at his Mufic Warehoufes N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street .

Moderato

O Logie of Buchan! O Logie the Laird! They hæ taen a-wa Jamie that  
 Delv'd in the Yard! Who play'd on the Pipe, wi' the Vi-ol fae, fina; They hæ taen a-wa  
 Jamie the Flower o' them a'. He said think na lang Lafsie, tho' I gang a--wa;  
 He said think na lang Lafsie tho' I gang a--wa; For the Simmer is coming, cauld  
 Winter's a--wa, And I'll come and fee thee, in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has Oufen, has Gear, and has Kye;  
 A Houfe and a Hadden, and Siller forby.  
 But I'd tak mine ain Lad wi' his Staff in his Hand  
 Before I'd hæ Him wi' his Houfes and Land.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> He said think na lang Lafsie. &c.

My Daddy looks fulky, my Minny looks four,  
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor,  
 Tho' I loe them as weell as a Daughter shou'd do,  
 They are no half fae dear to me, Jamie, as You.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> He said think na lang Lafsie. &c.

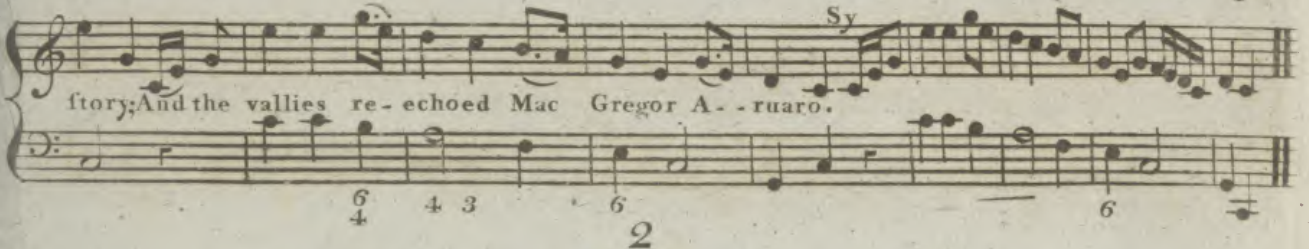
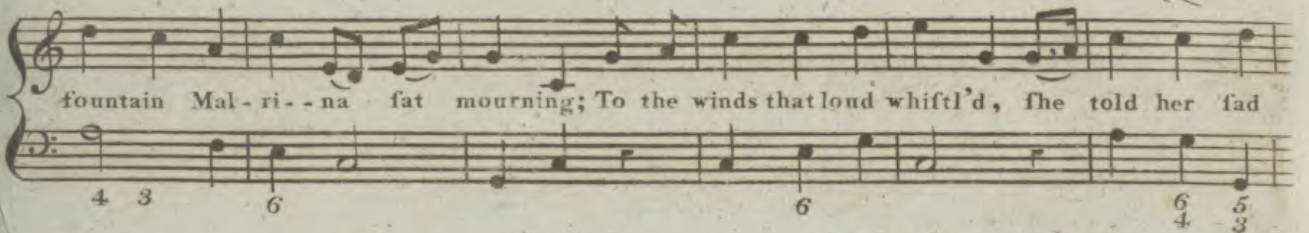
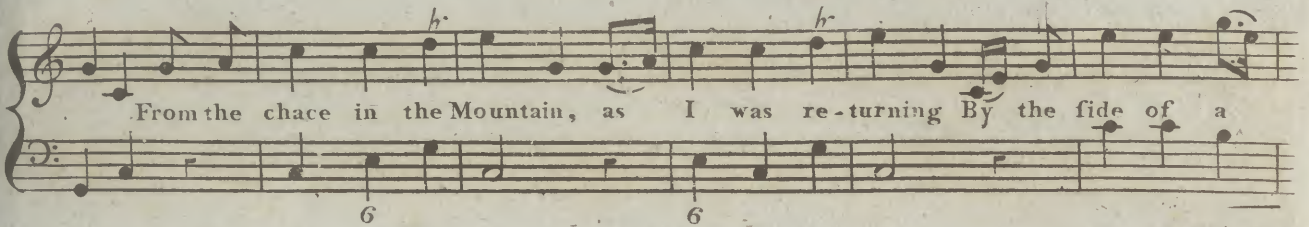
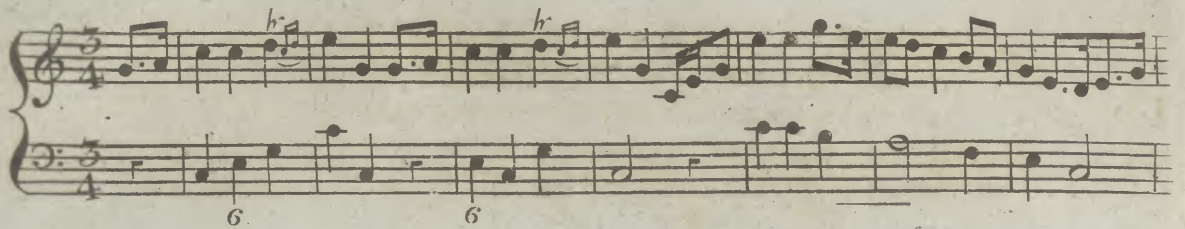
4  
 I fit on my Creepie and spin at my Wheel  
 And think on the Laddie that loed me fae weel,  
 He had but æ Saxpence, He brak it in twa,  
 And he gied me the hæf o't, when He gaed awa.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> Then hafte ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,  
 Then hafte ye back Jamie, and bide na awa,  
 Simmer is coming, cauld Winter's awa,  
 And Ye'll come and fee me in spite o' them a'.

From Dale's M<sup>u</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs. Price 7/6 .



## MAC GREGOR ARUARO

Largo



2  
 Like a flash of red lightning, o'er the heath came Macara,  
 More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn Iara.  
 Oh where is Mac Gregor, say where does he hover.  
 You son of bold Calmar, why carries my lover.

3  
 Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus sounded,  
 Low lies your Mac Gregor, pale mangl'd and wounded.  
 Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,  
 Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.

4  
 As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom,  
 So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom.  
 Mac Gregor! Mac Gregor! loud echoe refounded,  
 And the hills rung in pity, Mac Gregor is wounded.

5  
 Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her,  
 And they laid down Mac Gregor sound sleeping beside her,  
 Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;  
 Near the roaring loud waters their spirits oft wander.

## DUNCAN DAVISON

Lively

There was a lads, they cād her Meg, And she held o'er the moors to spin; There  
 was a lad that fol-low'd her, They cād him Dun-can Da-vi-son. The  
 moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh, her fa-vour Duncan cou'd na win; For  
 wi' the rock she wad him knock, and ay she fhook the tem-per pin.

2

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they eaf'd their fhanks,  
 And ay she fet the wheel between:  
 But Duncan fwoor a haly aith  
 That Meg fhould be a bride the morn,  
 Thén Meg took up her fpinnin graith,  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

3

We will big a wee, wee houfe,  
 And we will live like King and Queen,  
 Sae blyth and merrý's we fhall be,  
 When ye fet by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink and no be drunk,  
 A man may fight and no be flain;  
 A man may kifs a bony lads,  
 And ay be welcome back again.



# TODLEN HAME

Slow

When I have a Saxpence under my thum, then I'll get Credit in il-ka town;

But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by; O! Poverty, parts good Com-pa-ny,

Tod-len hame Tod-len hame O! cou'd na my love come Tod-len hame.

Tod-len hame Tod-len hame O! cou'd na my love come Tod-len hame.

Fair fa' the gude wife and fend her gude fale,  
 She gies us whitè Bamocks to drink her brown Ale,  
 Syne if her Tippony chance to be fina',  
 We'll take a gude Scoure o't and ca' it awa'.

Todlen hame, Todlen hame,  
 As round as a neep I came Todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to fleep,  
 And twa pint stoups at our Bed feet,  
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry,  
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I.

Todlen but and Todlen ben,  
 Sae round as my love comes Todlen hame.

Leez me on Liquor, my Todling dow,  
 Ye're ay so gude humourd when wetting your mou,  
 When fober fae four, you'l fight wi a flee  
 That tis a bilyth fight to the bairns and me.

Todlen hame, Todlen hame;

When round as a neep I come Todlen hame.  
 From Dale's 1<sup>st</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs. Price 7/6 .



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DALE'S

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**SCOTCH SONGS.**

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*Price 7/6*

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*Printed by J. Doherty, at his Music & Instrument Warehouses.*



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## JOHNY FAA

Slow

The gip-fies came to our Lords yett, And vow but they sang

sweety; They sang fae sweet, and fae compleat, That down came the fair Lady.

When she came tripping down the stair, And a' her maids be-fore her; As

soon as they saw her weel fa'rd face, They coost the gla-mer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,  
 And bring to me a plaidie;  
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypfie laddie.  
 Yestreen I lay in a weel made bed,  
 And my good Lord beside me;  
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.

3

Oh! come to your bed says Johny Faa,  
 Oh! come to your bed, my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.  
 I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
 And I'll go to bed to my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
 That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,  
 And I'll make a hap to my deary;  
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
 And my Lord shall nae mair come near me.  
 And when our Lord came hame at e'en  
 And speir'd for his fair Lady,  
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
 She's awa wi' the gypfie laddie.

5

Gae faddle to me the black, black steed,  
 Gae faddle and make him ready;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I'll gae seek my fair Lady.  
 And we were fifteen well made men,  
 Altho' we were nae bonny;  
 And we are a' put down for aye,  
 The Earl of Caillis' Lady.



CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN

Moderato

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "There's Cauld Kail in A-berdeen, and Caftocks in Stra'-bogie, whar Il--ka Lad mun hae his Lafs, But I mun hae my Coggie. For I mun hae my Coggie, trowth I can-na want my Cog-gie, I wad-na gie my Three gird Cogg, For a' the Wives of Boggie." There are fingerings '6' and '6' indicated below the bass staff in the second and fourth systems respectively.

2

4

Johnny Smith has got a Wife  
 Wha scrimps him o' his Coggie,  
 But were she mine, upon my life  
 I'd duck her in the Boggie,  
 Cho<sup>s</sup>. For I mun hae my Coggie, &c.

She fand him anes at Willie Sharps;  
 And what they maist did laugh at,  
 She brack the Bicker, spild the Drink,  
 And tightly gouff'd his haffet.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup>. Crying "wae betide the three gird Coggie"

3

5

Twa, or 'three todling Waens they hae,  
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;  
 When e'er the Totums cry for meat  
 She curses ay his Coggie.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup>. Crying "wae betide the three gird Coggie"  
 "Oh wae betide the Coggie,"  
 "It does mair Skaith, than a the ills"  
 "That happen in Stra'bogie?"

Yet heres to ilka Honest Soul  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a Coggie;  
 And for ilk fillywhinging fool,  
 We'll drake them thro' the Boggie.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup>. For I mun hae my Coggie, Sirs  
 I canna want my Coggie,  
 I wadna gie my three gird Cogg  
 For a' the Queens in Boggie.

## THE WAEFU' HEART

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Sung by Maister Knyvett

Printed & fold by J. Dale at his Music Warehouses N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street.

Slow

Gin li - - ving worth cou'd win my heart, You wou'd na  
 speak - in vain, But in the darksome grave its laid, ne -  
 yer to rise a - - gain. My wae - - fu' heart lies low wi' his; Whose  
 heart was on - - iy mine; And ah! what a heart was  
 that to lose But I maun no re - - pine.

7 2  
 6 4 5 3  
 T.S.  
 6 6 4 3  
 4 2 6 6 4 3  
 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 4 5 3  
 6 4  
 3 4 3 6 6 4 5 3

Yet Oh gin Heav'n in mercy soon  
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,  
 And take this life, now naething worth,  
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.  
 And see, his gentle spirit comes  
 To shew me on my way.  
 Surpris'd nae doubt I still am here  
 Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,  
 And Oh! wi' what gude will  
 I follow wherefoe'er ye lead,  
 Ye canna lead to ill.  
 She faid, and soon a deadly pale,  
 Her faded cheeks posseft,  
 Her waeFU' heart forgot to beat,  
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

From Dale's 2<sup>d</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs . Price 7/6 .



# WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

Andante

Printed and Sold by J. DALE Cornhill and Oxford Street.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, In the ro-fy time of the year Sweet flow-ers bloom'd, and the grafs was down, and each Shepherd wood'd his dear Bonny Jockey blith and gay Kifs'd sweet Jenny making hay, the Lafsie blufh'd and frowning cry'd, no no it will not do I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot monnot buckle too.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. Below the piano part, there are several sets of figured bass notation: 5/3 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6, 6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3, and 6 6 6/4 5/3 7/2 8/3 7/2 8/3.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
 Tho' long he had follow'd the Lafs,  
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs,  
 Bonny Jockey blith and free  
 Won her heart right merrily,  
 Yet still she blufh'd and frowning cry'd no no, it will not do  
 I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot monnot buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his Bride,  
 Tho' his flocks and herds werẽ not few,  
 She gave him her hand and a kifs. beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily.  
 At Church she no more frowning cry'd no no it will not do  
 I cannot cannot wonnot wonnot monnot buckle too.



## JOHNNY AND MARY

Sung by Master Welch

Price 6<sup>d</sup>.Printed & Sold at Dale's Music & Instrument Warehouses N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & 132 Oxford Street.

*Affettuoso*

*Fagotto*

*S.*

Down the Bourne & thro' the Mead, his golden Lockswa'd o'er his brow, John-ny lilt-ing

*S.*

tun'd his Reed and Ma-ry wip'd her bon-ny mou' Dear the loo'd the well known Song

while her Johnny blithe and bonny sung her praise the whole day long; Down the bourne &

thro' the Mead his golden lockswa'd o'er his brow, Johnny lilt-ing tun'd his Reed, and

Mary wip'd her bon-ny mou.

*S.*

Costly Claihs she had but few  
 Of Rings and Jewels nae great store  
 Her Face was fair her love was true  
 And Johnny wisely wif'd no more  
 Love's the Pearl the Shepherd's prize  
 O'er the Mountain near the Fountain  
 Love delights the Shepherd's eyes  
 Down the Bourne & c.

Gold and Titles give not health  
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart  
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth  
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart  
 Sweet the Joys the Lovers find  
 Great the treasure sweet the pleasure  
 Where the heart is always kind  
 Down the Bourne & c.



YE GODS! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the bass staff. The lyrics are: "Ye Gods! was Strephon's Picture blest, with the fair heav'n of Chloe's breast. Move softer, thou fond flut'ring heart Oh gently throb, too fierce thou art, Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind for Strephon was the bliss design'd, For Strephon's like dear charming Maid didst thou prefer his wandring shade."

2

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art  
Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,  
For me the tender hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.  
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear,  
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,  
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,  
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

3

I cannot blame thee; were I lord  
Of all the wealth these breasts afford,  
I'd be a Miser too, nor give  
An alms to keep a God alive.  
Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
On these cold looks that lifeless are;  
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
With eager love and soft desire.

4

'Tis true, thy charms, O powerful maid,  
To life can bring the silent shade:  
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
And real warmth and flames impart.  
But, Oh! it ne'er can love like me;  
I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:  
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.



Printed & Sold at Dale's Music & Instrument Warehouses N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Be-neath a green shade a lovely young swain, One Ev'ning re- - clind to dis- co - - ver his pain; So sad yet so sweet-ly he warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe and the fountains to flow; Rude winds with com- - pafsion could hear him com- - plain, Yet Chloe left gen- tle was deaf to his strain." The piano part includes various fingering numbers (6, 4, 3, 2) and dynamic markings like *hr* (hairpins).

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew, Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view; All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;  
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey, From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they; To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;  
 New scenes of distress please only my fight, But love's ardent fever burns always the same,  
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light. No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

4  
 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 madnets that preys on my mind,  
 Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care  
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.



# THE BROOM ON COWDENKNOWS

Andante

When  
 Summer comes the Swains on Tweed, ting their successful Loves; Around the Ewes and Lambkins  
 feed, And Mufic fills the Groves; But my lov'd song is then the Broom, So fair on Cowden-  
 -knows, For sure fo soft fo sweet a bloom Elfe where there ne-ver grows, Oh the Broom the  
 bonny bonny Broom the Broom on Cowdenknows For sure fo soft fo sweet a bloom Elfe  
 where there ne-ver grows.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are several trills and grace notes. The bass line is simpler, often consisting of quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

There Colin tun'd his Oaten Reed,  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,  
 Cou'd play with half such art;  
 He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde  
 The Hills and Dales all round  
 Of Leader haughs and Leader side  
 Oh! how I blefs'd the sound.  
 Oh the Broom. &c.

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,  
 May with its Broom compare,  
 Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the Bush' aboon Traquair;  
 More pleasing far are Cowdenknows  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my Ewes  
 At Eve among the Broom.  
 Oh the Broom. &c.



THE FLOWERS OF THE FORREST

Adieu ye streams that smoothly glide, thro' ma-zy windings o'er the plain, ill in some lonely

Cave re-fide, and e- vermourn my faithful swain. Flower of the forest was my Love,

Soft as the fishing- Summers gale, Gentle and constant as the Dove, Blooming as ro-fes in the Vale.

Alas by Tweed my Love did stray, for me he search'd the banks a-round, but Ah the sad and fa-tal

day my Love the pride of swains was drown'd. Now droops the willow o'er the stream pale talks his

Ghoft, in yonder Grove dire fancy paints him in my dream, A- wake I mourn my hopeless Love.

COMING THRO' THE BROOM

Norepose can I disco-ver, no fond Joy without my Lover; Can I stay when she's not near,

Cruel fates once deign to hear me, can I stay when she's not near me, Cruel fates once deign to hear me.



# THE EWE-BUGHTS

Andante

Adagio

Will ye go to the Ewe - Bughts Ma - rion, and  
 wear in the Sheep wi' me. the Sun fhines fweet my  
 Ma - rion but nae half fae fweet as thee, the Sun fhines  
 fweet my Ma - rion but nae half fae fweet as thee.

2  
 O Marion's a bonny lafs,  
 And the blyth blink's in her ee  
 And fain wad I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

3  
 I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
 A Cow and a brawney Quey  
 I'll gi'e them a'to my Marion  
 Juft on her bridal day.

6  
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion  
 And kyrtil of the cramafie  
 And foon as my chin has nae hair on  
 I'll hall come weft and fee ye'.

4  
 And ye's get a green fey apron,  
 And waitcoat of the London brown  
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

5  
 I'm young and ftout my Marion  
 Nane dances like me on the green  
 And gin ye forfake me Marion  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean



## SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA BEACH CAME

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came, where Jocky speeld the vesel fide, Ah! wha can keep their  
heart at hame, when Jockey's toft a-boon the tide. Far aff to distant realms he gangs, Yet  
Ill prove true as he has been; And when ilk lafs a-bouthim thrangs, Heli think on Annie, his faithful ain.

2

3

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,  
Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,  
He praif'd my brow, my rollingeen,  
And made a brag of what he'd gee.  
What tho' my Jockey's far away,  
Toft up and down the ansome main,  
I'll keep my heart anither day,  
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair.  
And fairly cast your pipe away;  
My Jocky wad be troubled fair,  
To see his friend his Love betray;  
For a' your songs and verse are vain,  
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;  
My heart to him shall true remain,  
I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

4  
Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
And gar your waves be calm and still;  
His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.  
What tho' my Jocky's far away,  
Yet he will bra' in filler shine;  
I'll keep my heart anither day,  
Since Jocky may again be mine.

## LOGAN WATER

For e-ver, fortune, wilt thou prove, An unrelenting foe to love, and when we meet, a  
mutual heart some in between, and bid us part; Bid us sigh on from day to day, And wish & wish the



foul a-way, Till youth and genial years are flown, And all the life of love is gone.

6 6 7 7 4 6 8 6 5 6 4 5

But busy busy still art thou  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow;  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 And join the gentle to the rude.  
 For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

### THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

Ye Highlands, and ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you been, they have slain the Earl of  
 Murray, & they laid him on the green they have slain the Earl of Murray, & they laid him on the green.

6 6 6 6 6 6 4 5 3

Now wae be to thee, Huntley,  
 And wherefore did you say?  
 I bade you bring him wi' you,  
 But forbade you him to flay.  
 I bade, &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
 And he play'd at the ba',  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 Was the flower among them a'.  
 And the, &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
 And he rid at the ring,  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 Oh! he might have been a king.  
 And the, &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
 And he play'd at the glove;  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 Oh! he was the Queen's love.  
 And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his Lady  
 Look o'er the castle Down,  
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
 Come founding through the town.  
 Ere she, &c.



## ALLAN WATER

What numbers shall the muse repeat. What verse be found to praise my Annie. On  
 her ten thousand graces wait; Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny. Since  
 first she trod the happy plain, She set each youthful heart on fire; Each  
 nymph does to her swain complain. That Annie kindles new de-fire.

6 6 6 6 6  
 6 6 6 6 6  
 6 6 6 6  
 6 6 6 6  
 6 8 7 6 5 6 6 5  
 2 4 3 5

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 convene,  
 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 his flame,  
 His words were few, his wishes many.  
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye.  
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

4

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.

## MAGGY'S TOCHER

The meal was dear short syne, We buckl'd us a the gither, And Maggy was just in her prime, When

7 7 6 6



Wil-ly made courtship till her: Twa pistols charg'd be gues, To gie the courting shot; And

fyne came ben the las, Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt, He first speer'd at the guid-man, And

fyne at Giles the mither, And ye wad gi's a bit land, We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My daughter ye shall hae,  
I'll gi' you her by the hand;  
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,  
Or I part wi' my land.  
Your tocher it shall be good,  
There's nane fall hae its maik,  
The las bound in her snood,  
And Crummie wha kens her stake:  
With an auld bedden o' claiths,  
Was left me by my mither,  
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well guidman,  
But ye maun mend your hand,  
And think o' modesty,  
Gin ye'll not quat your land:  
We are but young ye ken,  
And now we're gawn the gither;  
A house is but and ben,  
And Crummie will want her fother.  
The bairns are coming on,  
And they'll cry, O their mither!  
We have nouter pat nor pan,  
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
For that ye need nae fear,  
Twa good stiltis to the pleugh,  
And ye your fell maun steer:  
Ye shall hae twa good pocks  
That anes were o' the tweel,  
The t'ane to had the grots,  
The ither to had the meal;  
With an auld kist made of wands,  
And that fall be your coffer,  
Wi' aiken woody bands,  
And that may had your tocher.

Confider well guidman,  
We hae but borrowed gear,  
The horse that I ride on  
Is Sandy Wilson's mare:  
The faddle's nane of my ain,  
And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
And when that I gae hame,  
I maun tak to my koots:  
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
That gars me look fae crouse;  
Come fill us a cogue of fwats,  
We'll make nae mair toom rufe.

I like you well young lad,  
For telling me fae plain,  
I married when little I had  
O' gear that was my ain:  
But fyne that things are fae,  
The bride she maun come furth,  
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,  
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,  
Fy cry on Giles the mither:  
Content am I quo' she,  
En'gar the hisie come hither.  
The bride she gade till her bed,  
The bridegroom he came till her;  
The fidler crap in at the fit,  
And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.



## WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD

Why hangs that cloud up-on thy brow, That beauteous heav'n ere while serene. Whence do these

storms and tempests flow, Or what this gust of passion mean: And must then mankind lose <sup>t</sup>light, which

in thine eyes was wont to shine, And lie obscur'd in endless night, For each poor fil-ly speech of mine.

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,  
 Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
 Thy beauty can make large amends:  
 Or if I durst profanely try  
 Thy beauty's pow'ful charms t' upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t'enfnare,  
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,  
 And Pallas with unusual care,  
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.  
 Who can the double pain endure,  
 Or who must not resign the field  
 To thee, celestial maid, secure  
 With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield.

4

If then to thee such pow'r is given,  
 Let not a wretch in torment live,  
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,  
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does  
 Forgive th'offender and th'offence,  
 But even itself appear'd bestows,  
 As the reward of penitence.

## BLINK OVER THE BURN SWEET BETTY

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty, leave kindred and friends for me: Af-sur'd thy

servant is steady To love, to honour, and thee, The gifts of nature and fortune, May fly by



chance as they came, They're grounds the destinies sport on, But virtue is e - ver the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,  
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,  
 That, other beauties disproving,  
 I'd worship thine only my dear.  
 And shoud' life's sorrows embitter  
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,  
 To share them together is fitter,  
 Than moan a sunder like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blest,  
 To grasp my love in my arms!  
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kiss'd!  
 And live on thy heaven of charms!  
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,  
 Shoud' fortune capricious prove;  
 Tho' death shoud' tear me to pieces,  
 I'd die a martyr to love.

### BONNY CHRISTY

How sweetly smells the fimmer green! Sweet taste the peach and cherry: Painting and or - der  
 please our een, And claret makes us mer-ry: But fi - nest colours, fruits, and flowers, And wine, tho'  
 I be thirf - ty, Lofe a' their charms and weaker powers, Compar'd with those of Chrif - ty.

When wandring o'er the flow'ry park,  
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,  
 How lightfome is't to hear the lark,  
 And birds in confort chanting!  
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,  
 I'm rapt in admiration;  
 My thoughts with ecstasies reioice,  
 And drap the haill creation.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,  
 His Christy did o'erhear him;  
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
 But e'er he wist drew near him  
 She spake her favour with a look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her;  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And flang his arms about her.

Whene'er she smiles, a kindly glance,  
 I take the happy omen,  
 And aften mint to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:  
 But, dubious of my ain desert,  
 My sentiments I smother;  
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
 For fear she love another.

My Christy! — witness, bonny stream,  
 Sic joys frae tears arising,  
 I wish this mayna be a dream;  
 O love the maist surprizing!  
 Time was too precious now for tauk;  
 This point of a' his wishes  
 He wadna with fet speeches bauk,  
 But war'd it a' on kisses.



## AULD ROB MORRIS

Theres auld Rob Morris - that wins in yon glen, He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld men, Has fourscore of blacksheep, and four-score too, And auld Rob Morris, is the man ye maun loo.

6 6 6 6

6 6 6 6

6 5 4 3 DOUGHTER

6 6 6 5 4 DOUGHTER

**DOUGHTER**  
 Pray had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,  
 For his eild and my eild will never agree:  
 They'll never agree, and that will be feen;  
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

**DOUGHTER**  
 That auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,  
 His back it sticks out like ony peat creel,  
 He's outfhin'd, inkne'd, and ringle ey'd too;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

**MITHER**  
 Then had your tongue, daughter, & lay by your pride,  
 For he's be the bridegroom, & ye's be the bride:  
 He shall lie by your fide, and kifs ye too;  
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

**MITHER**  
 Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,  
 Yet his auld brags it will buy you a new pan;  
 Then, daughter, ye shouldna be foill to thoo,  
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

**DOUGHTER**  
 But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,  
 His back is fae ftiff, and his beard is grown gray:  
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year;  
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN

The pawkie auld carl came o'er the lee, Wi' mo-ny good e'ens and days to me, Saying goodwife for your cour-ti-fie Will you lodge a filly filly poor man. The

6 6 6

6 6 6





## O'ER BOGIE

I will a-wa' wi' my love, I will a-wa' wi' her. Tho' a' my kin had  
 sworn and said, I will a-wa' wi' her. I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Scrogie, O'er Bogie wi' her. Tho'  
 a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa' wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,  
 I dinna care a strae;  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
 And wordy of my hand,  
 And well I wot we shanna part  
 For filler or for land.  
 I'll o'er Bogie &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,  
 And beaux admire fine lace,  
 But my chief pleasure is to blink  
 On Betty's bonny face.  
 I'll o'er Bogie &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,  
 Of colour, treats, and air,  
 The faul that sparkles in her een  
 Makes her a jewel rare.  
 I'll o'er Bogie &c.

Her flowing wit gives shining life,  
 To a' her other charms;  
 How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,  
 And lock'd up in my arms!  
 I'll o'er Bogie &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry, your humble servant, King!  
 Shame fa' them that wad change.  
 I'll o'er Bogie &c.

A kifs of Betty, and a smile,  
 Albeit ye wad lay down  
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,  
 And offer me ye'r crown.  
 I'll o'er Bogie &c.



When absent from the nymph I love, I'd fain shake off the chains I wear; But  
 whilst I strive these to remove, More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear. My  
 captiv'd fancy day and night, fair-er and fair-er re-presents Be-  
 linda, form'd for dear delight, But cruel cause of my complaints.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system includes a fermata over the final note. The third system includes a fermata over the final note. The fourth system includes a fermata over the final note. Fingerings and dynamics (like 'h' for hairpins) are indicated throughout.

2

All day I wander through the groves,  
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree,  
 The happy birds chirping their loves;  
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.  
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings,  
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,  
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
 That keep me watching all the night.

3

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,  
 And all the graces in her train,  
 With melting smiles and killing air,  
 Appears the cause of all my pain.  
 A while my mind delighted flies  
 O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,  
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,  
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

4

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,  
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;  
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear  
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.  
 When to myself I turn my view,  
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:  
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,  
 I scarcely look or love a man.



## DE'EL TAK THE WAR

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup>19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup>132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>.

De'el tak the war that hurrid Willy fra me wha to loo me juft had fworn they made him.  
 Captain fure to un-do me, wae is me, he'll ne'er re-tur'n; a thousand Loons abroad will  
 fighthim he frae thousands ne'er will run, day and night I did in-vite him to ftay  
 fafe from Sword or Gun; I uf'd al-luring Graces with muckle kind embraces,  
 now fighting, then crying, Tears dropping fall; and had he my foft arms prefer'd to Wars a-  
 larms my love grown mad without the man of Gad I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wafh'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,

Snares they faid wou'd catch the men;

And on my head a huge Comode fat cocking,

Which made me fhew as tall agen:

For a new Gown I paid muckle money,

Which with golden flowers did fhine:

My Love well might think me gay and bonny.

Nae Scots Lafs was e'er fo fine.

My Petticoat I spotted,

Fringe too with Thread I knotted,

Lac'd Shoes and Silken Hofe Garter'd o'er the knee;

But Oh! the fatal thought,

To Willy thefe are nought,

Wha rid to Towns, and rifled wi' Dragoons,

When he, filly Loon, might ha'plunder'd me.

From Dale's 2<sup>d</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs. Price 7/6



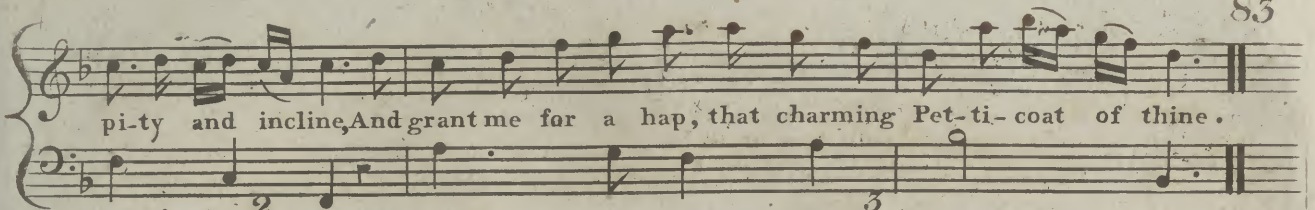
THE MAID OF SELMA

In the hall I lay in night mine eyes half clo'd with fleep, Soft music came  
 to mine ear, Soft music came to mine ear, it was the Maid of Selma, her breasts were white as  
 the bosom of a Swan, trembling on swift rolling waves, She rais'd the nightly Song for she  
 knew that my soul was a stream that flow'd at pleasant sounds, mix'd with the  
 Harp a - - rose her voice, mix'd with the Harp a - - rose her voice, She came on my troubled  
 Soul, Like a beam on the dark heaving ocean when it bursts from a cloud and  
 brightens the foamy side of a wave, 'twas like the memory of joys that are past  
 pleasant and mournful to the soul, pleasant and mournful to the soul.









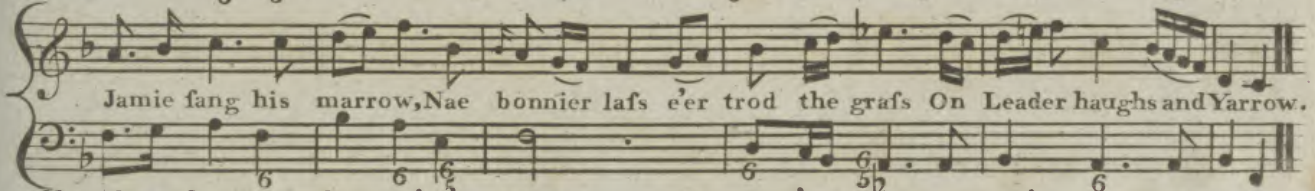
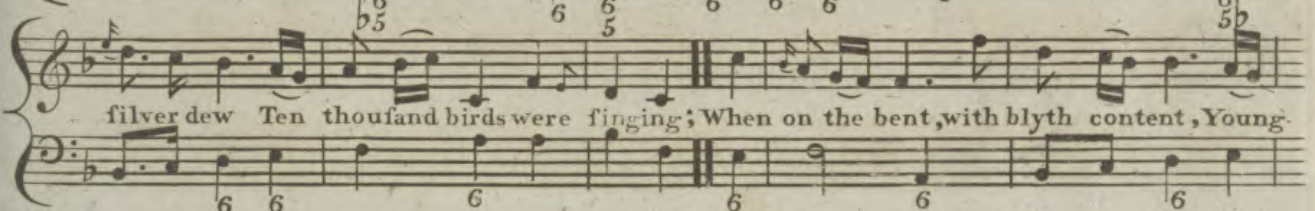
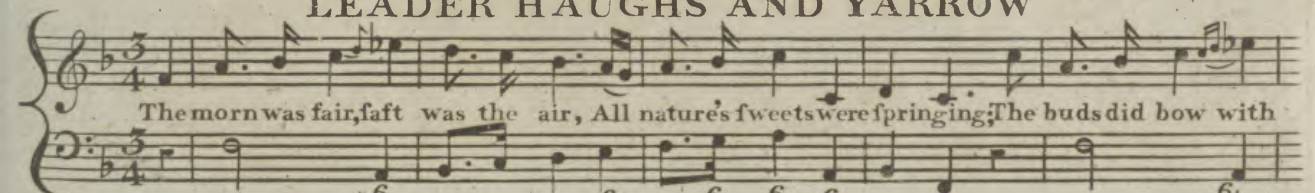
Mv ravish'd fancy <sup>2</sup> in amaze  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways  
 Present thee to my arms.  
 But waking think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure  
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I <sup>3</sup> wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just reward that's due to love,  
 And let true passion die.  
 Oh! turn, and let compassion seize  
 That lovely breast of thine;  
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

4

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight  
 That beauteous form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its laws to flight,  
 By hind'ring the design.  
 May all the powers of love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine;  
 Or loose my chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

### LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW



How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace,  
 In heavenly beauty's planted!  
 Her smiling e'en, her comely mein,  
 That nae perfection wanted.  
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
 But bless my bonny marrow:  
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
 My mind shall ken no sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share  
 Of ev'ry charm enchanting,  
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
 Poor me, if love be wanting.  
 O bonny lass! have but the grace  
 To think ere ye gae further,  
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit  
 The crying sin murder.

My wandering ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
 And day and night affright ye;  
 But if ye're kind, and joyful mind,  
 I'll study to delight ye.  
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,  
 From all things joy shall borrow:  
 Thus none shall be more bless than we,  
 On Leader-Haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you  
 Can make life worth my wishes,  
 If equal love your mind can move  
 To grant this best of blisses.  
 Thou art my sun, and thy leafst frown  
 Would blast me in the blossom:  
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,  
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.



## AT SETTING DAY

Price 6<sup>d</sup>.Printed & Sold at Dale's Music & Instrument Warehouses N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & 132 Oxford Street.

Amoroso

At set-ting day and ri-fingmorn, wi'  
 foul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heav'n a safe return, wi' a' that can im-  
 -prove me and ye aft seek the birkin bush, where first ye kindly tauld me sweet  
 tales of love, and hid thy blush, whilst round I did en-fold thee.

To a' our haunts be sure repair,  
 To greenwood shade or fountain,  
 Where summer days I us'd to share  
 Wi' thee upon the mountain.  
 There tell to a' the Trees and flowers,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine, my love is yours  
 A heart, which ne'er can wander.

From Dale's 2<sup>d</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs. Price 7/6.



# HIGHLAND LAMENTATION

Slow

A. midst a ro-fy bank of flowers, young Damon mournd his  
 for- lorn fate, in sighs he spent his lan- - guid hours, and breathd his  
 woes in lone- - ly ftate. Gay Joy no more fshall ease his mind, no  
 wan- ton sports can sooth his care, fince sweet A- - man- da prov'd un-  
 kind, and left him full of black dif- - pair .

2

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,  
 Can now no longer smiles impart;  
 His penfive soul on fadness born,  
 Is rackd and torn by Cupid's dart.  
 Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your swain,  
 Unshroud him from this veil of woe;  
 Range every charm, to soothe the pain,  
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.



## WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS

One morning very Ear-ly, one morning in the Spring, I heard a maid in Bedlam, who  
 mournfully did sing, Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung She, I  
 love my love, because I know my love loves me.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system has a treble clef and a common time signature. The third system has a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. There are some markings like 'hr' above the notes and numbers like '6', '4', '5', '6', '6', '6' below the bass staff.

O! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea, I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship, which bore my love from me, With roses, lillies, daises, I'll mix the eglantine,  
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me, And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea  
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me. For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky, O, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast  
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly; Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest  
 To guard him from all dangers, how happy would I be! To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me. For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

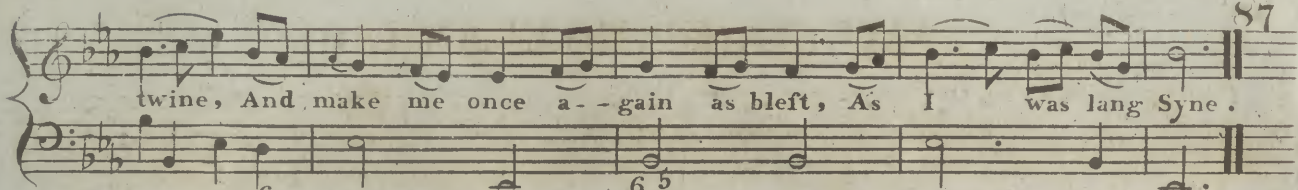
O! if I were an eagle, to soar above the sky,  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might spy;  
 But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see;  
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

## AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, tho' they re-turn with Scars, These are the noble  
 Hero's lot, Obtain'd in glo-rious Wars: Welcome my Va-ro, to my breast, Thy Arms about me

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system has a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. There are some markings like '6', '6', '6' below the bass staff.





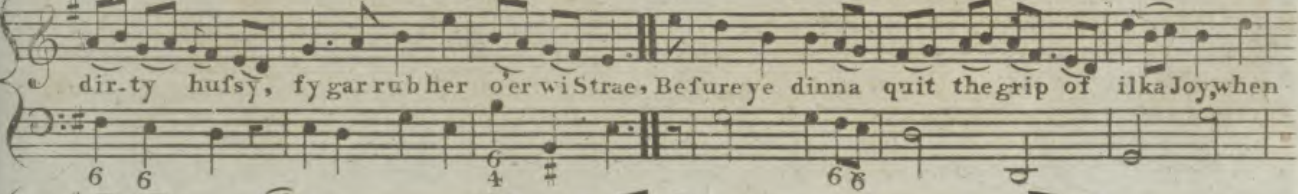
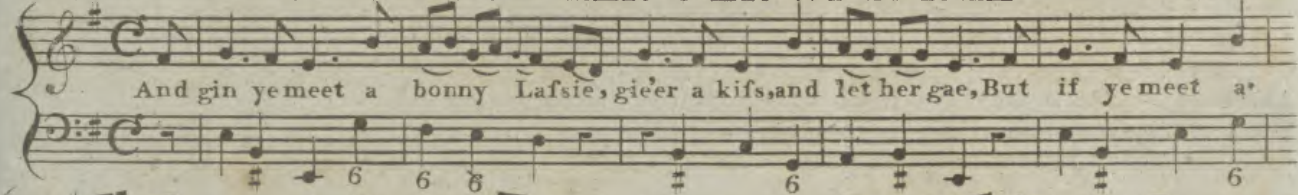
Methinks around us, on each bough,  
 A thousand Cupids play,  
 Whilft through the groves I walk with you,  
 Each object makes me gay:  
 Since your return, the sun and moon  
 With brighter beams do shine,  
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,  
 As they did lang syne .

O'er moor and dale with your gav friend  
 You may pursue the chace,  
 And, after a blyth bottle, end  
 All cares in my embrace:  
 And in a vacant rainy day;  
 You shall be wholly mine;  
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,  
 And laugh at lang syne .

Despise the Court, and din of ftate;  
 Let that to their share fall,  
 Who can esteem such slavery great,  
 While bounded like a ball:  
 But sunk in love, upon my arms  
 Let your brave head recline,  
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,  
 As we did lang syne .

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,  
 The signs of generous love,  
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,  
 Bow'd to the Powrs above:  
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,  
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine,  
 Where the good Priest the couple blest,  
 And put them out of pine .

### FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE



2  
 Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time,  
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,  
 Gae pu'the gowan its prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.  
 Watch the fast minutes of delyte,  
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,  
 And kifses, laying a' the wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony fkaith.

3  
 Haith, ye're ill bred, she'll smiling, say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;  
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide herself in some dark nook.  
 Her laugh will lead you to the place  
 Where lies the happiness ye want,  
 And plainly tell you to your face,  
 Nineteen nayfays are haf a grant.

4  
 Now to her heaving bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs:  
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,  
 As taiken of a future blifs .  
 These bennifons, I'm very fure,  
 Are of the Gods indulgent grant;  
 Then, surly carles, wifht, forbear  
 To plague us wi' your whining cant .



## THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

The Lawland Ladstink they are fine, But O they're vain and i-dly gawdy, How  
 much unlike that man-ly mein, And man-ly looks of my Highland Laddie.  
 O my bonny Highland Laddie, My handsome smiling Highland Laddie, May  
 Heav'n's still guard, And Love re-ward, The Law-land Lads and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,  
 To be the weethiest Lawland Lady;  
 I'd take Young Donald without Trows,  
 With Bonnet blue and belted Plaidy.  
 O my bonny. &c.

The brawest Beau in Burrow's 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 and Dady;  
 Frae Winter's cauld and Summer fun,  
 He'll fereen me with his Highland Plaidy.  
 O my bonny. &c.

A painted Room and filken Bed,  
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;  
 But I can Kifs 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 Lads,  
 Sine rows me in beneath his Plaidy.  
 O my bonny. &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Then that his Love prove true and steady;  
 Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland Laddie.  
 O my bonny. &c.



THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine, But af they're four and un-co fawfv,  
 Saeproud they never can be kind, Like my good humour'd Highland Lafsie,  
 O my bon-ny Highland Lafsie, My hear-ty smil-ing Highland Lafsie, May  
 never care make thee le's fair, But Bloom of youth ftill blets my Lafsie.

Than ony Lafs in Borrowstown,  
 Wha mak their cheeks wi Patches motie,  
 I'd take my Katie but a Gown  
 Bare footed in her little Cotie.  
 O, my bonny & c.

O'er highest heathery Hills I'll stem,  
 With cockit Gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the Deer out of their Den,  
 To feast my Lafs on Difhes dainty.  
 O, my bonny & c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bufh  
 Whene'er I ki's and court my Dautie,  
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wifh,  
 My Flighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie.  
 O, my bonny & c.

There's nane that dare by deed or word,  
 'Gainst her to wag a Tongue, or Finger  
 While I can weild my trusty Sword,  
 Or frae mv side whifk out a Whinger.  
 O, my bonny & c.

The Mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,  
 To range with me, let great Fowk gloom,  
 While Wealth and Pride confound their pleasure.  
 O, my bonny & c.



## OH BONNY LASS

Andante

Larghetto

Oh bonny Lafs will you lie in a Barrack, Oh bonny Lafs will you lie in a Barrack,

Oh bonny Lafs will you lie in a Barrack and Marry a Soldier and car-ry his Wallett,

sy Oh yes I will do it and think no more of it I'll

Marry my Soldier and car-ry his Wallett I'll nither speere leave of my Minne or Daddy but

Mount and a-way with my Sol-dier Laddie.

Oh bonny Lafs will you go a Campaining,  
 Endure all the hardhips of Battle and Famine,  
 When Bleeding, and Fainting, Oh cou'd you draw near me,  
 And kindly support me and tenderly cheer me,  
 Oh yes I will go thro' those hardhips you mention,  
 And twenty times more if you have the invention,  
 Nither Danger, nor Death, nor Battle's alarm me,  
 My Soldier is near me and nothing can harm me.



# BONNY JAMIE O

All<sup>o</sup> con Spirito

The Swain tho' I right meickle prize,  
 Yet now I wad na ken him;  
 But with a frown my heart disguis'd,  
 And strave away to send him:  
 But fondly he still nearer preft,  
 And at my feet down lving;  
 His beating heart it thump't sae fast,  
 I thought the Lad was dying.  
 My bonny bonny Jamie O &c.

But still resolving to deny,  
 And angry Pafsion feigning;  
 I after roughly shot him, by,  
 With words fow of disdaining:  
 He seiz'd my hand and nearer drew,  
 And gently chiding a my pride;  
 So sweetly did the Shepherd woo,  
 I blushing vow'd to be his bride.  
 My bonny bonny Jamie O &c.



# FAIREST OF THE FAIR

The musical score consists of eight systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 under notes. Dynamics like *hr* and *h* are present. The score ends with a double bar line.

O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me, nor figh to leave the flaunting Town; Can  
 fi-lent glens have charms for thee, the lowly Cot, and ruf-fet Gown.  
 Nae langer drest in filken fheen, Nae langer deckd wi Jewels rare,  
 Say can't thou quit each courtly scene, Where thou was fairest of the fair, where  
 thou was fairest of the fair

O Nannie when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind.  
 Say can't thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind.  
 O can that fast and gentlest mien,  
 Severeft hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair.

O Nannie can't thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils kean wi' me to gae.  
 Or when thy Swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with me the pang of wae.  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the Nurfes care,  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair.

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath,  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death,  
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,  
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair.



# ABSENT JOCKEY

Allegretto

My Laddie is gang'd far a-way, o'er the plain While in  
 forrow behind I am forc'd to remain tho' Blue Bells and Vi-lets the Hed-es adorn tho'  
 Trees are in blosom and fweet blow the Thorn. No Pleasure they give me in  
 vain they look gay, there's nothing can please now my Jockey's away, For-lorn I sit fing'ing and  
 this is my strain Hafte hafte my dear Jockey, hafte hafte my dear Jockey, hafte hafte my dear  
 Jockey to me back a gain. Sy

When Lads and their Lasses are on the Green met,  
 They Dance and they Sing they Laugh and they Chat,  
 Contented and Happy with Hearts full of Glee,  
 I can't without envy their Merriment see,  
 Those Pastimes offend me, my Shepherds not there,  
 No Pleasure I relish that Jocky don't share,  
 It makes me to sigh I tears scarce can refrain,  
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But Hope shall sustain me nor will I despair,  
 He promis'd he wou'd in a Fortnight be here,  
 On fond Expectation my wishes I'll feast,  
 For Love my dear Jocky to Jenny will hafte,  
 Then farewell each Care and adieu each vain sigh,  
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I,  
 I'll sing on the Meadows and alter my strain,  
 When Jockey returns to my Arms back again.



## THE FLOWER OF EDINBURGH

My Love was once a bonny Lad He was the flow'r of all his Kin The  
 absence of his bonny Face My tender Heart has rent in twain By  
 Day or Night find no de-light In fi-lent tears I ftill complain And  
 rail at thofe my ri-val Foes That took from me my darling Swain.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first system ends with a '6' in the bass staff. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a '6' in the bass staff. The fourth system ends with a double bar line.

2

Despair and anguish fills my Breast  
 Since I have lost my blooming Rose  
 I sigh and mourn while others rest  
 His absence yields me no repose  
 To seek my Love I'll range and rove  
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain  
 I ne'er will cease but spend my Days  
 'Till I hear from my darling Swain.

3

I need not strange at Nature's change  
 Since Parents shew'd such cruelty  
 Therefore my love from me do range  
 And knows not to what destiny  
 The pretty Kids and tender Lambs  
 Shall cease to sport upon the Plain  
 But they lament in discontent  
 For th'absence of my darling Swain.

4

Kind Neptune let me you intreat  
 To send a fair and pleasant gale  
 Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait  
 For to convey me on your tail  
 May Heavens bless me with success  
 Whilst crossing on the raging Main  
 And send me o'er to that same shore  
 To meet my lovely darling Swain.

5

All Joy and Mirth at our return  
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay  
 The Bells shall ring the Birds shall sing  
 To grace an crown our nuptial day  
 Thus blest with charms in my loves Arms  
 Once more my Heart I will obtain  
 I'll range no more t'adistant shore  
 But will enjoy my darling Swain.







## WOOD AND MARRIED AND A

The Bride came in from the barn and  
 The was dighting her Cheeks How can I be married to Day that has neither Blankets nor sheets I have  
 neither Blankets nor sheets & wants a Covering too The Bride that has a thing to borrow has  
 Chorus  
 een right meckle to dow Wood and Married and a Married and Wood and a and  
 was not the very well off That was Wood and Married and a . sy

First spake the Bride's Mother  
 De'il stick a this Pride  
 I had not a Plack in my Pocket  
 The Day that I was a Bride  
 My Gown was a Linfie Winfie  
 And never a Sark at a  
 And you have Gowns and Buskins  
 More than ane or twa  
 Wood & Married & c.

Then spake the Bride's Father  
 As he came in frae the Plough  
 Had your Tongue my Daughter  
 And you'fe get Gear enough  
 The Stirk that gangs on the Tether  
 And our brawn basen'd Yade  
 To lead your Corn in Harveft  
 What wad ye hae mair ye Jade  
 Wood & Married & c.

4

What's the matter quoth Donald  
 Tho' we be scarce of Claith's  
 We'll creeo the clofer together  
 And fley awa the Flaes  
 The Summer is coming on  
 And we'll get Puckles of Woo  
 We'll fee a Lafs of our ain  
 And she'll Spin Blankets enough  
 Wood & Married & c.



O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT

O Dearie are ye fleeplyinget, Or are ye wawking I wad wit, for Love has bund me hand & Fitt, and I wad fain be in Jo, O let me in this ae ae Night, this ae bit Night, this ae ae Night, O let me in this ae bit Night, I'll ne'er come back a - gain Jo.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef staff is in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-7 below the bass clef staff. The first system has six measures with fingering 6. The second system has seven measures with fingering 6, 6, 4, 3, 6, 6, 6. The third system has seven measures with fingering 6, 7, 7, 4, 3.

He <sup>2</sup>  
 The Morn it is the Term Day,  
 I maun awa I canna ftay,  
 O pity me before I gae,  
 And rise and let me in Jo.  
 O let me in &c.

He <sup>3</sup>  
 I am the Laird of Winey wafe,  
 I comna here without a caufe,  
 For I have gotten mony faw s,  
 Upon a nakit Wame Jo.  
 O let me in &c.

She <sup>4</sup>  
 My Father walk upo the Street  
 My Mither the Chamber Key does keep  
 The Chamber door does chirp and cheep  
 And I darna let you in Jo.

He <sup>5</sup>  
 This, Night it is baith Wind and weet  
 The Morn it will be Snaw and fleet  
 My Boots are fticken to my feet  
 We ftanding in the Rain, Jo.  
 O let me in &c.

She <sup>6</sup>  
 Caft aff the Boots frae aff your Feet  
 Caft up the Door but dinna cheep  
 Caft aff the Boots frae aff your Feet  
 And fyne come creeping in Jo.

He <sup>7</sup>  
 O well's me on this ae Night  
 This ae ae ae bit Night  
 O well's me on this ae Night  
 For I ll ay come back again Jo.

<sup>8</sup>  
 She lut him in fae privitly  
 She lut him in fae cannely  
 She lut him in fae privitly  
 To do the thing ye ken Jo.

She <sup>9</sup>  
 O wells me on this ae Night  
 This ae ae ae bit Night  
 O wells me on this ae Night  
 That e'er I lut you in Jo.

<sup>10</sup>  
 When a'was done and a'was faid  
 Out fell the Bottom o'the Bed  
 The Lafs look'd as her Nose had bled  
 For her Mither hard the din Jo.

She <sup>11</sup>  
 O the Divel tak this ae Night  
 This ae ae ae bit Night  
 O the Divel tak this ae Night  
 That e'er I lut you in Jo.







# SOGER LADDIE

The musical score consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and repeat signs.

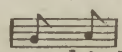
My So-ger Lad-die is o-ver the Sea, And he will bring Gold and

Money to me, and he will bring Gold and Money to me. And

when he comes hame he'll make me a Lady, my blefsing gang with my Soger Lad-die, my

blefsing gang with my So-ger Lad-die. Sy

My doughty Laddie is Handfom and Brave Shield him ye Angels, frae Death in Alarms,  
 And can as a Soger and Lover behave, Return him with Laurels to my langing Arms,  
 True to his Country, to Love he is steady Syne frae all my care he'll pleasantly frae me  
 There's few to compare with my Soger Laddie. When back to my wifhes my Soger ye gie me.



4

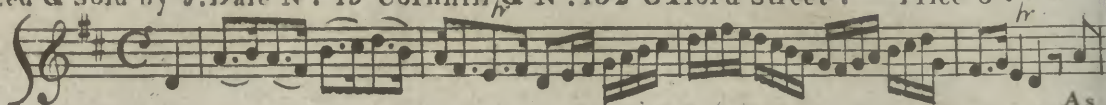
O foon may his Honours-bloom fair on his Brow  
 As quickly they muft, if he get his due  
 For in Noble Ac-tions his Courage is ready  
 Which makes me Delight in my Soger Laddie .



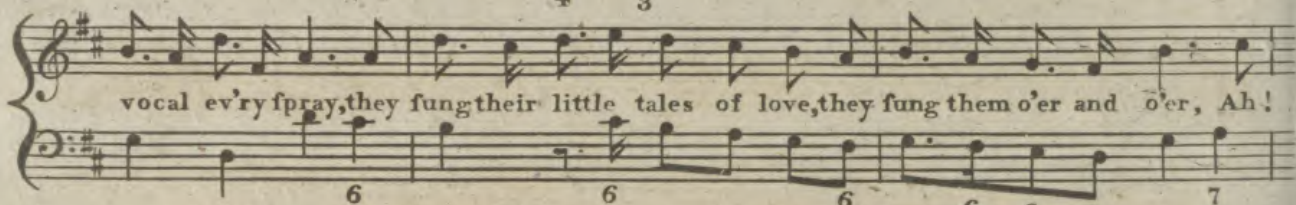
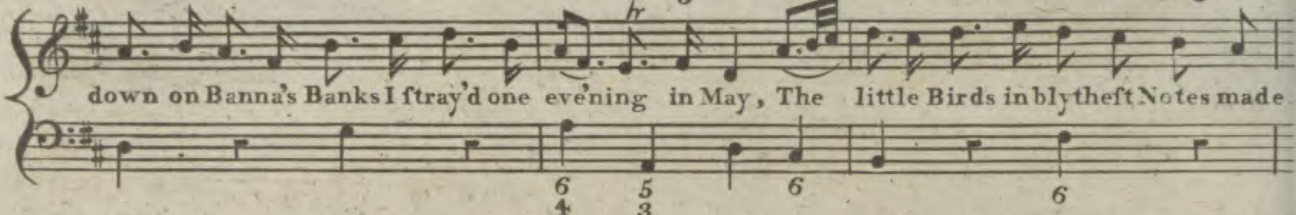
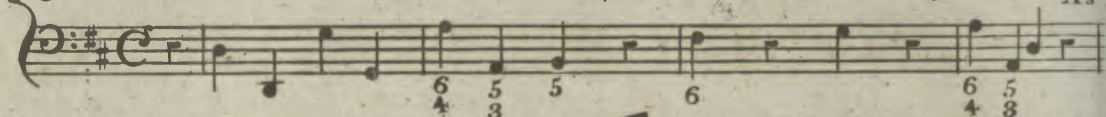
## GRAMACHREE MOLLY

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>.

Andante



Affettuoso



2

The daify pied and all the sweets the dawn of Nature yeilds  
The Primrose pale, the Violet blue lay scatter'd o'er the field  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her who I adore. Ah! Gramachree & c

3

I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my sad fate  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love and cruel Molly's hate  
How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core. Ah! Gramachree & c

4

You said you lov'd me Molly dear ah why did I believe  
Yet who could think such tender words were meant but to deceive  
That love was all I ask on earth nay heav'n could give no more. Ah! Gramachree & c

5

Oh had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill  
Or low'd for me the numerous herds that yon green Pasture fill  
With her I love I'd gladly share my Kine and fleecy store. Ah! Gramachree & c

6

Two Turtle doves above my head sat courting on a bough  
I envied them their happiness to see them bill and coo  
Such fondness once for me she shew'd but now alas 'tis o'er. Ah! Gramachree & c

7

Then fare thee well my Molly dear thy loss I e'er shall mourn  
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart 'twill beat for thee alone  
Tho' thou art false may heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour. Ah! Gramachree & c



# DOWN THE BURN DAVY LOVE

Allegretto

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a common time signature. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below notes. Ornaments (hr) are placed above certain notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

When Trees did bud and Fields were green and Broom bloom'd fair to see, When  
 Ma-ry was com-pleat fif-teen and Love laugh'd in her Ee  
 Blithe Da-vy's blinks her Heart did move to speak her mind thus  
 free Gang 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.

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.

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 a sham'd to own her Love,  
 Or speak her mind thus free;  
 Gang down the burn Davy love,  
 And I will follow thee.





## ALLY CROAKER

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>

There lived a Man in Bale - no Cra - zy, who wanted a Wife to  
 make him un - ea - - fy, Long had he fight'd for dear Al - ly Croa - ker,  
 and thus this gen - - tle Youth be - - spoke her Will you marry me dear  
 Al - - ly Croaker Will you marry me dear Al - ly Al - ly Croaker .

T.S.

This artless young man just come from the Schoolary, He drank with the Father he talk'd with the Mother,  
 A Novice in Love, and all its Foolary, He Rompt with the Sister he Gam'd with the Brother,  
 Too dull for a Wit, too grave for a Joaker, He Gam'd till he pawnd his Coat to the Broker,  
 And thus this gentle Youth he bespoke her. Which lost him the Heart of his dear Ally Croaker.  
 Will you marry me dear Ally Croaker. Oh! the fickle Ally Croaker.  
 Will you marry me dear Ally Ally Croaker. Oh! the fickle Ally Ally Croaker.

4

To all you young Men who are fond of Gaming  
 Who are spending your Money whilst others are saving,  
 Fortune's a Jilt, the De'el may choak her,  
 A Jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker  
 Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker.  
 Oh! the inconstant Ally Ally Croaker.



## SAW YOU MY FATHER

O faw you my Fa--ther faw you my Mo---ther

faw you my true love John. He told his on-ly dear that he

foon would be here, But he to a...no--ther is gone.

2

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

3

Then John he up arose  
And to the Door he goes  
And he twirled he twirled at the Pin,  
The Lafsie took the hint  
And to the Door she went,  
And she let her true love in .

4

Fly up fly up  
My bonny Grey Cock  
And Crow when it is Day,  
Your Breaft shall be  
Of the beaming Gold  
And your Wings of the Silver grey.

5

The Cock he proved false  
And untrue he was  
For he Crowed an Hour too soon  
The Lafsie thought it Day  
So she fent her love away  
And it proved but the blink of the Moon .



## MAGGIE LAWDER

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>

O wha wad na be in love, wi bon-ny Mag-gie Lauder, A  
 Pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And speird what waf't they ca'd her; Right  
 scornful-ly She answer'd him, Be-gone ye hal-lan--fha--ker, Jog  
 on your gate, ye bladderfkate, My name is Maggie Lauder .

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,  
 I'm fidgeting fain to see ye,  
 Sit down by me my bonny bird,  
 In troth I winna fteer thee;  
 For I'm a Piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the ranter,  
 The Lasses loupe 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 up o' the border;  
 The Lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard of Rob the ranter,  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right goodwill,  
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twitted,  
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green  
 For brawley 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 fick a dancer.

5

Weel hae you play'd your part quoth Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimfon,  
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae 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 Enfter Fair,  
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.



WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG

Willy was a wanton wag, The blitheft Lad that e'er I faw, At  
 bridals ftill he bore the brag, And carried ay the gree a--wa. His  
 doublet was of Zetland fhag, And vow! but Wil-ly he was braw, And  
 at his fhoulderhang a tag, That pleafd the Lafses beft of a; He was a man

2

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw;  
 And ay whatever Willy faid,  
 It was ftill hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon fhaw;  
 Upon the green naue durft him brag,  
 The fiend a ane among them a'.

3

And was not Willy well worth gowd,  
 He wan the love of great and sma';  
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,  
 He kifs'd the lafses hale-fale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
 When be the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them beftow'd,  
 By virtue of a ftanding law.

6

Bridegroom, fhe fays, you'll fpoil the dance,  
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag.  
 Unlefs, like Willy, ye advane;  
 (O! Willy has a wanton leg;)  
 For wi't he learns us a' to fteer,  
 And formaft ay bears up the ring;  
 We will find nae fick dancing here,  
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

4

And was na Willy a great lown,  
 As fhyre a lick as e'er was feen?  
 When he danc'd with the lafses round,  
 The bridegroom fpeer'd where he had been.  
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing, faith, my fhanks are fair.  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

5

Then reft ye, Willy, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring;  
 But fhame light on his fouple fnout,  
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.  
 Then ftraight he to the bride did fare,  
 Says, well's me on your bonny face;  
 With bobbing, Willy's fhanks are fair,  
 And I'm come out to fill his place.



## ANNA

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Shepherds I have lost my Love; Have you seen my  
 An - - na? Pride of ev - - ry sha - dy grove up - - on the Banks of  
 Banna! I for her my home for - - sook Near yon mi - ty mountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my Crook, Greenwood shade - - - and fountain.

## 2

Never shall I see them more  
 Untill her returning  
 All the Joys of Life are o'er  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning  
 Whither is my charmer flown?  
 Shepherds tell me whither?  
 Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone  
 For ever and for ever.

From Dale's 2<sup>d</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs . Price 7/6



# THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

And are ye fure the news is true And are ye fure he's well Is  
 this a time to tawk of wark Mak hafte fet by your wheel Is this a time to  
 tawk of wark When Collin's at the door Gie me my Cloak I'll to the Quey And  
 see him come a-fhore For there's nae luck a-bout the houfe There's nae luck at  
 a There's lit-tle pleasure in the houfe when our goodman's a - - wa.

Rife up and mak a clean fire fide  
 Put on the muckle Pat  
 Gie little Kate her Cotton Gown  
 And Jock his Sunday's Coat  
 And mak their fhoon as black as flaes  
 Their Hofe as white as Snaw  
 It's a to please my ain Good man  
 For he's been long awa  
 And there's nae &c.

There is twa Hens into the bauk  
 S'been fed this month and mair  
 Mak hafte and thra their necks about  
 That Collin well may fare  
 And spread the Table neat and clean  
 Gar ilka thing look bra  
 It's a for love of my Good man  
 For he's been lang awa  
 Ah there's nae &c.

O gie me down my big Bonnet  
 My Bifhops fattin Gown  
 For I maun tell the Baillie's wife  
 That Collin's come to town  
 My Sunday's fhoon they maun gae on  
 My Hofe o'pearl blue  
 It's a to please my ain Good man  
 For he's baith leel and true  
 Sure there's nae &c.

Sae true's his words fae smooth's his speach  
 His breath like caller Air  
 His very foot has Mufic in't  
 When he comes up the stair  
 And will I see his face again  
 And will I hear him speak  
 I'm downright dizzy wee the thought  
 In troth I'm like to greet  
 For there's nae &c.

The cauld blafts of the winter wind  
 That thrilled thro' my heart  
 They're a blaun by I hae him fae  
 'Till death we'll never part  
 But what puts parting in my head  
 It may be far awa  
 The present moment is our ain  
 The neift we never faw  
 And there's nae &c.

Since Collin's well I'm we'll content  
 I hae nae mair to crave  
 Could I but live to mak him blest  
 I'm blest aboon the lave  
 And will I see his face again  
 And will I hear him speak  
 I'm downright dizzy wee the thought  
 In troth I'm like to greet  
 And there's nae &c.



KATE OF ABERDEEN

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup>19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup>132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Larghetto

The Silver Moon's en-a-mour'd beam, Steals  
 soft-ly thro' the Night, To wanton in the winding stream, and Kifs re-flec-ted  
 light To Courts begone heart soothing Sleep, Where you've so feldom been, Whilst  
 I my wakefull Vi-gil keep with Kate of A-ber-deen with Kate of A-ber-  
 -deen with Kate of A-ber-deen.

The Nymphs and Swains expectant wait,  
 In Primrose Chaplets gay,  
 'Till Morn unbars her golden Gate,  
 And gives the promis'd May;  
 The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare  
 The promis'd May when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

3  
 I'll tune my Pipe to playful Notes,  
 And rouse you nodding Grove,  
 'Till new wak'd Birds distend their throats,  
 And hail the Maid I Love;

At her approach, the Lark mistakes,  
 And quits the new dress'd green,  
 Fond Birds 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

4  
 Now blithsome o'er the dewey Mead,  
 Where Elves disportive play,  
 The festal Dance young Shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their Love tun'd lay;  
 'Till May in Morning robe draws nigh,  
 And claims a Virgin Queen,  
 The Nymphs and Swains exulting cry,  
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.



## DONALD

Larghetto

When first you courted me I own I fondly favour'd you; Ap-  
parent worth and high renown made me believe you true Donald.

Each virtue then seem'd to a-dorn- the Man esteem'd by me, but  
now the mark's thrown off I scorn to waste one thought on thee Donald.

## 2

Q then for ever haste away  
 Away from love and me  
 Go seek a heart that's like your own  
 And come no more to me Donald.  
 For I'll reserve myself alone  
 For one that's more like me  
 If such a one I cannot find  
 I fly from love and thee Donald.



## THOU ART GONE AWA

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street . Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Andante

Softenuto

Thou art gone awa thou art gone a-wa thou art gone a-wa from  
me Mary, nor friends nor I could make thee stay thou hast cheated them and me Mary,  
Untill this hour I ne-ver thought that ought could al-ter thee Ma-ry,  
thou'rt still the Miftrefs of my heart, think what you will of me Mary .

2

3

What e'er he said or might pretend,  
That stole that heart of thine Mary;  
True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,  
Or nay such Love as mine Mary.  
I spoke sincere nor flatter'd much,  
Had no unworthy thoughts Mary;  
Ambition, Wealth, nor nathing such;  
No I lov'd only thee Mary .

Tho' you've been false yet while I live,  
No other Maid I'll woo Mary;  
Till friends forget and I forgive  
Thy wrongs to them and me Mary.  
So then farewell, of this be sure,  
Since you've been false to me Mary;  
For all the world I'd not endure,  
Half what I've done for thee Mary .



# AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame, And a' the world to fleep are  
gane, the waes of my heart fa in showrs frae my ee, when my gudeman lies found by me.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. There are two '6' time signatures in the bass line of the first system and three '6' time signatures in the second system.

Young Jamie fought me lang to be his bride,  
But faving a croun, he had naught beside,  
And to make it a pound, my Jamie gade to fea  
And the croun and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but twa  
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow ftoun awa,  
My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the fea  
And auld Robin Gray, came a courting to me.

My father coudna work, nor my mother spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bred coudna win,  
Auld Robin fed them baith, and wi' tears in his ee  
Said Jenny for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it faid nay, for I hoped Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship was a wrack  
The ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die?  
And why do I live, to fay waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna speak  
She looked in my face till my heart was like to break  
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at fea  
And auld Robin Gray, is good-man to me.

I hadna been a wife a week, but four  
When sitting right woefull at the door  
I saw my Jamie's wreath, for I coudna think it he,  
Till he faid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet and muckle did we fay,  
We took but ae kifs and tore ourselves away,  
I wifh I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,  
And why do I live to fay waes me?

I gang like a ghaift, and I carena to spin  
I darena think on Jamie, for that woud be a fin  
But I'll do my best, a gude wife for to be  
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.



# AULD ROBIN GRAY.

A favourite Scotch Song. Set to the Original FAVOURITE AIR.

Recit:

Sung by M.<sup>r</sup> Kennedy at Vaux-hall

Price 6<sup>d</sup>

When the Sheep are in the fauld, and a the kye at hame,

And all the weary world a-sleep is gane; The wae o my

heart fall in showers fra my eye, while my gude Man sleep found by me.

Air

Young

Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his Bride, but fav-ing a Crown he had

naithing else be-side; To make the Crown a Pound, my Jamie went to Sea, and the

Crown and the Pound were baith for me; He had nae been gane a



Year and a day, when my Faither brake his Arm, and our Cow was stole a way; My  
Mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the Sea, and Auld Robin Gray came a  
Courting to me.

2  
My faither cou'd nae wark, and my Mither cou'd nae spin,  
I toiled Day and night, but their Bread I cou'd nae win,  
Auld Robin fed em baith, and wi tears in his eye,  
Said Jeany for their sake, O pray marry me:  
My heart it fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and his Ship was a wrack,  
His Ship was a wrack, why did nae Jeanie die,  
And why was she spared to cry wae is me?

3  
My faither urg'd me fair, but my Mither did nae speak,  
But she look'd in my Face till my heart was like to break,  
Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the Sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray, was gude Mon to me:  
I had nae been a Wife, but Weeks only four,  
When sitting sa Mournfully, out my ain Door,  
I saw my Jamie's Waift, for I cou'd nae think it he,  
Till he said, Love I am comed hame to Marry thee.

4  
Sair, fair did we greet, and mickle did we fay,  
We took but ane Kifs, and we tore oursel's away,  
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee,  
O why was I born to fay wae is me?  
I gang like a Ghait, and I canna like to spin,  
I dare nae think o Jamie, for that wou'd be a Sin,  
But I'll da my best a gude Wife to be.  
For Auld Robin Gray, is very kind to me.



# 114 THE BANKS OF THE DEE

A favorite Song & Duet

Price 6d

Printed and Sold by J. DALE at his Music Warehouses N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & 132 Oxford Street.

It was Summer so softly the Breezes were blowing and sweetly the Nightingale sung from a  
 Tree At the foot of a Rock where the River was flowing I sat myself down on the Banks of the Dee  
 Flow on lovely Dee flow on thou sweet River thy Banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever where I  
 first gain'd th' affection and favor of Jemmy the glory and pride of the Banks of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus Mourning,  
 To quell the proud Rebels for Valiant is he  
 And yet there's no hopes of his speedy returning  
 To wander again on the Banks of the Dee  
 He's gone hapless Youth o'er the loud roaring Billows,  
 The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,  
 And has left me to mourn amongst these once lov'd Willows  
 The loneliest Maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayrs may perhaps yet restore him,  
 Bless'd Peace may restore my dear Shepherd to me  
 And when he comes home with such care I'll watch o'er him,  
 He never shall quit the sweet Banks of the Dee,  
 The Dee then shall flow all its beauties displaying,  
 The Lambs on the Banks shall again be seen playing,  
 Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

For Flute or Guitar.

From Dale's 2<sup>d</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs. Price 7/6.



Duet for 2 Voices

It was Summer so softly the Breezes were blowing and sweetly the Nightingale

It was Summer so softly the Breezes were blowing and sweetly the Nightingale

Fingerings: 7 8 6 7 6 5 6 6 5

fung from a Tree At the foot of a Rock where the River was flowing I sat myself

fung from a Tree At the foot of a Rock where the River was flowing I sat myself

Fingerings: 6 5 7 8 6 7

down on the Banks of the Dee Flow on lovely Dee flow on thou sweet River thy

down on the Banks of the Dee Flow on lovely Dee flow on thou sweet River thy

Fingerings: 6 5 6 7 8 6 7

Banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever where I first gain'd th' affection and

Banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever where I first gain'd th' affection and

Fingerings: 6 4 6 6

fa-vor of Jemmy the glo-ry and pride of the Banks of the Dee.

fa-vor of Jemmy the glo-ry and pride of the Banks of the Dee.

Fingerings: 6 6 6 6 6



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DALE'S  
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## THE HIGHLAND QUEEN

Printed & Sold by J. Dale N<sup>o</sup> 19 Cornhill & N<sup>o</sup> 132 Oxford Street. Price 6<sup>d</sup>

Andante

The musical score for 'The Highland Queen' is written in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'No more my Song shall be, ye Swains of pur-ling streams, or flow-ry plains; More pleasing beauties now in-spire, And Phoebus tunes the warbling Lyre: Divinely aided thus I mean, To ce-le-brate, Sy To cele-brate my Highland Queen.' The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fingerings (e.g., 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1).

## THE HIGHLAND KING

2

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,  
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;  
From pride and affectation free,  
Alike she smiles on you and me:  
The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

3

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,  
Her settled calm of mind destroy;  
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
And adds a lustre to the whole:  
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,  
All center in my Highland Queen.

4

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate,  
Has destin'd for so fair a mate!  
Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,  
And each returning day brings more.  
No youth so happy can be seen,  
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

1

Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid,  
Inspire a tender bashful maid!  
That's lately yielded up her heart,  
A conquest to Love's pow'ful dart:  
And now would fain attempt to sing,  
The praises of my Highland King.

2

Jamie, the pride of all the green,  
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:  
When first I saw him, 'twas the day  
That ushers in the sprightly May;  
When first I felt Love's pow'rful sting,  
And fight'd for my dear Highland King.

3

With him for beauty, shape, and air,  
No other shepherd can compare;  
Good nature, honesty, and truth,  
Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;  
And graces, more than I can sing,  
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

4

Would once the dearest boy but say,  
'Tis you I love; come, come away,  
Unto the Kirk, my Love, let's hy;  
Oh me! in rapture I'd comply!  
And I should then have cause to sing  
The praises of my Highland King.



# JAMIE GAY

Andante

As Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way a-long the banks of Tweed, a  
 bonny lafs, as e-ver was, came trip-ping o'er the mead. The  
 hear-ty Swain, un-taught to feign, the buxom Nymph fur-vey'd, and  
 full of glee, as lad could be, be-spoke the pretty maid.

2

Dear lafsie tell, why by thy fell  
 Thou haft'ly wand'rest here.  
 My ewes, the cry'd, are straying wide;  
 Can't tell me, Laddie, where?  
 To town I hy, he made reply;  
 Some meikle sport to see,  
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,  
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

3

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,  
 But lik'd the youth's intent;  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,  
 Right merrily they went.  
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,  
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around:  
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

4

And now the Sun had rose to Noon,  
 In zenith of his power,  
 When to a shade their steps they made,  
 To pass the mid day hour.  
 The bonny Lad row'd in his plaid  
 The Lafs, who scorn'd to frown;  
 She soon forgot the ewes she fought,  
 And he to gang to town.



## BESS THE GAWKIE

Blyth young Bess to Jean did say, will ye gang to yon funny brae, where

flocks do feed, and herds do stray, and sport a while wi' Jamie! Ah na, lads, I'll no gang

there, nor about Jamie tak' nae care, nor about Jamie tak' nae care, for he's tane up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lads,  
Did I not see your Jamie pass,  
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,  
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.  
I wat he ga'e her mony a kifs,  
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss:  
'Tween ilka smack - pleaf'd her with this,  
That Bess was but a gawkie.

3

For when a civil kifs I seek,  
She turns her head, and throws her cheek,  
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;  
Who'd not call her a gawkie?  
But sure my Maggy has mair sense,  
She'll gi'e a score without offence;  
Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,  
And ye shall be my dawtie.

4

O Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane,  
But I will never stand for ane,  
Or twa, when we do meet again;  
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.  
Ah na, lads, that ne'er can be,  
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,  
Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whifht! - nae mair of this we'll speak,  
For yonder Jamie does us meet;  
Instead of Meg he kifs'd fae sweet,  
I trow he likes the gawkie.  
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
When I came by, your Gown's fae new,  
I think you've got it wet wi' dew,  
Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

6

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,  
Sae you may gang the gate you came,  
And tell it to your dawtie.  
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;  
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,  
If I should gang a nither gate,  
I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

7

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,  
That ever Maggy's face he knew,  
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.  
As they went o'er the muir they sang;  
The hills and dales with echoes rang,  
The hills and dales with echoes rang,  
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.



# OH OPEN THE DOOR LORD GREGORY

119

Adagio

Oh open the door, Lord Grego-ry, Oh open and let me in; The  
 rain rains on my scar-let robes, The dew drops o'er my chin. If you are the  
 lass that I lov'd once, As I true you are not she, Come give me  
 some of the to--kens That past between you and me.

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!  
 An ill death may you die!  
 You will not be the death of one,  
 But you'll be the death of three.  
 Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory.  
 'Twas down at yon burn side  
 We chang'd the ring of our fingers.  
 And I put mine on thine.

## THE BONNY SCOT MAN

Andante

Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the can-ny Boat-man, Bear  
 me frae hence, or bring to memy brave my bonny Scotman, In ha-ly Bands we jeind our hands yet  
 may not this dif-co-ver, While Parents rate a large El-tate be-fore a faith-ful Lo-ver.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
 To herd the kid and goat, man,  
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends  
 Refuse my bonny Scot man.  
 Wae worth the man  
 Wha firft began  
 The base ungenerous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views,  
 Love's art to use,  
 While strangers to its pafsion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Hast to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy baumy mouth,  
 And in her bosom haufe thee.  
 Love gies the word,  
 Then haste on board,  
 Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
 Frae yonder shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny Scot-man!



THE BANKS OF THE TWEED

Recitative

As on the Banks of Tweed I lay reclind' beneath a verdant shade, I

heard a sound more sweet than pipe or flute, sure more enchanting was not Orpheus' lute;

while list'ning and amaz'd I turn'd my eyes, the more I heard, the greater my sur-

-prize; I rose and follow'd guided by my ear, and in a thick set grove I saw my

dear. Un-seen, unheard, she thought, thus sung the Maid.

Air

Andante

To the soft murr'ring streams I will sing of my Love, How de-

-lighted am I when a-broad I can rove, To indulge a fond passion for



Jocky my dear! When he's absent I sigh, but how blith when he's  
near! 'Tis this rural a-musement de-lights my fad heart: Come away to my  
arms, love! and ne-ver de-part. To his Pipe I could sing, for he's bonny and  
gay; Did he know how I lov'd him, no lon-ger he'd stay.

2

Neither Linnet or Nightingale sing half so sweet,  
And the soft melting strain did kind Echo repeat,  
It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,  
Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear.  
She surpriz'd, and detected, some moments did stand,  
Like the rose was her cheek, and the lilly her hand,  
Which she placed on her breast, and said, Jockey, I fear  
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

3

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,  
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;  
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how off have I sigh'd,  
And have vow'd endless love, if you would be my bride.  
To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,  
Where knot of affection shall tie the fond pair;  
To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,  
And will bless the dear grove, by the banks of the Tweed.



## THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE

Oh Sawny why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn thy presence cou'd ease me, when  
 neathing cou'd please me, thy presence cou'd ease me, when neathing cou'd please me.  
 Now Dowie I figh on the Banks of the Burn, or thro' the wood Laddie un-  
 till thou return, thro' the wood Laddie thro' the wood Laddie thro' the wood thro' the wood  
 thro' the wood Laddie now Dowie I figh on the banks of the Burn or thro' the wood Laddie untill thou re-  
 turn, thro' the wood Laddie untill thou return.

The Woods now are bonny and Mornings are clear,  
 While Lav'rocks are singing and Primroses springing  
 Yet nane of them pleases mine Eye or mine Ear  
 When thro' the Wood Laddie ye dinna appear. Thro' the Wood Laddie, &c.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell  
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning baith Ev'ning and Morning  
 Their jeering goes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell  
 When thro' the Wood Laddie I wander my Sell. Thro' the Wood Laddie, &c.

Then stay my dear Sawny nae langer away  
 But quick as an Arrow haste here to thy Marrow  
 Wha's living in langour till that happy day  
 When thro' the Wood Laddie we'll dance sing & play. Thro' the Wood Laddie, &c.

From Dale's, 3<sup>d</sup> Collection of Sixty Scots Songs. Price 7/6



LASS GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOW

Moderato

I hae laid a herring in fat, Lafs gin ye lo'e me

tell me now. I hae brew'd a for-pet o' ma't an I canna come

il-ka day to woo. I hae a calf will foon be a cow,

Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now, I hae a pig will

foon be a fow, an' I canna come il-ka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now,  
 Three sparrows may dance on the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo;  
 I hae a butt and I hae a benn,  
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now;  
 I hae three chickens and a fat hen,  
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi'a happy leg,  
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a kebbock upon my shelf,  
 Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,  
 I downa eat it a'myself,  
 And I winna come ony mair to woo.







# THE TURNIMSPIKE

Tune Clout the Caldron :

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with the lyrics: "Her fell be Highland fgentleman, Be auld as Pothwelprigman, And mony al, te -". The second system continues with: "rations seen amang telawland Whigman, Fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal". The third system concludes with: "fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal fal lal lal lal lal lal". The bass staff includes numerical figures (6, 6, 4, 6) and a sharp sign (#) indicating fingerings and accidentals.

2

First when her to the Lawlands came,  
Nainfell was driving cows, man;  
There was nae laws about him's n- ,  
About the preeks or trews, man.

3

Nainfell did wear the philebeg,  
The plaid prick't on her shoulder;  
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,  
The pistol fharg'd wi' powder.

4

But for wher'as these cursed preeks,  
Wherewith her n- be lockit,  
O hon! that e'er she saw the day!  
For a' her houghs be prokit.

5

Every t'ing in te Highlands now  
Pe turn't to alteration;  
The sodger dwell at our toor-fheek,  
And tat's te great vexation.

6

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,  
An' laws pring on te cadger:  
Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,  
But Oh! she fears te foger .

7

Anither law came after that,  
Me never saw te like, man;  
They mak a lang road on te crund,  
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

8

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,  
Like Louden corn-rigs, man;  
Where twa carts may gang on her,  
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

9

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,  
In troth, she'lli no pe sheaper,  
For nought put gaen ap' the crund,  
And they gi'e me a paper.

10

Nae doubts, Nainfell maun tra her purse,  
And pay them what hims like, man:  
I'll see a shugement on his toor;  
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man!

11

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,  
Where te'il a anc dare turn her,  
And no come near her Turnimspike,  
Unless it pe to purn her .



## MY DEAR JOCKEY

Andante

My Laddie is gane far a-way o'er the plain, while in sorrow behind I am  
 forc'd to remain; tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn, tho' trees are in bloisom, and  
 sweet blows the thorn, no pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay, there's nohing can please me now  
 Jockey's away: forlorn I sit fingering, and this is my strain, hafte, hafte, my dear Jockey, hafte,  
 hafte, my dear Jockey, hafte, hafte, my dear Jockey, to me back a-gain.

The musical score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

2

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
 They dance and they sing, and they laugh, and they chat,  
 Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,  
 I can't without envy their merriment see.  
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,  
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,  
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

3

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,  
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;  
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,  
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will hafte;  
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,  
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I!  
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,  
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.



THE HAPPY MARRIAGE

Slow

How  
blest has my time been, what joys have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made  
me free my own! So joyfull my heart is, so ea-sy my chain, That  
freedom is tasteless, and ro-ving a pain.

2  
Thro'walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:  
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me.

3  
To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,  
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:  
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

4  
What tho' on her cheeks the Rose loses its hue,  
Her wit and good humour last all the year thro';  
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

5  
Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous Fair;  
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.



AWA WHIGS AWA

A--wa whigs a--wa, A--wa whigs a--wa, Ye're but a pack o'  
 traitor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'. Our thrif'sles flourifh'd  
 fresh and fair, And bonie bloom'd our roses; But whigs cam like a  
 frost in June, And wi--ther'd a' our po-fies. A--wa whigs a--  
 -wa, A--wa whigs a--wa, Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, Ye'll  
 do nae gude at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust;  
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,  
 And write their names in his black beuk  
 Wha gae the whigs the power o't!  
 Cho? Awa whigs &c.

Our sad decay in church and state  
 Surpases my descriving;  
 The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,  
 And we hae done wi' thriving.  
 Cho? Awa whigs &c.

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken:  
 Gude help the day when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin.  
 Cho? Awa whigs &c.



LEANDER ON THE BAY

Slow

Leander on the bay Of Hellepont all naked flood, Im-patient of de-

-lay, He leap'd in to the fatal flood; The raging seas, Whom none can please, gainst him their malice

shew, The heavens lour'd, The rain down pour'd, And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,  
Thus of his fate he did complain,  
Ye cruel rocks, and skies!  
Ye stormy winds, and angry main,  
What 'tis to miss  
The lovers bliss,  
Alas! ye do not know;  
Make me your wreck  
As I come back,  
But spare me as I go.

3

Lo! yonder stands the tower  
Where my beloved Hero lies,  
And this is the appointed hour  
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.  
To his fond suit  
The gods were mute;  
The billows answer, No;  
Up to the skies  
The surges rise,  
But sink the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,  
Divided 'twixt her care and love,  
Now does his stay upbraid;  
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove:  
O fate! said she,  
Nor heaven, nor thee,  
Our vows shall e'er divide.  
I'd leap this wall,  
Cou'd I but fall  
By my Leander's side.

5

At length the rising sun  
Did to her sight reveal too late,  
That Hero was undone;  
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.  
Said she, I'll shew,  
Tho' we are two,  
Our love's were ever one;  
This proof I'll give,  
I will not live,  
Nor shall he die alone.

6

Down from the wall she leapt  
Into the raging seas to him,  
Courting each wave she met,  
To teach her weary'd arms to swim;  
The sea gods wept,  
Nor longer kept  
Her from her lover's side,  
When join'd at last,  
She grasp'd him fast,  
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.



JENNY'S HEART WAS FRANK AND FREE

Slow

The musical score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Jen-ny's heart was frank and free, And woors she had mony yet, Her sang was aye, 'Of a' I see, Commend me to my Johnie yet. For air and late, he has sic gate To mak a bo-dy cheary, that I wish to be, be-fore I die, His ain kind deary yet. For air and late, he has sic gate To mak a bo-dy cheary, that I wish to be, be-fore I die, His ain kind deary yet." Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. A fermata is placed over the final note of the sixth system.

2

3

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,  
 Her shape was fina' and genty-like,  
 And few or nane in a' the place  
 Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet;  
 Tho' war's alarms, and Johnie's charms,  
 Had gart her aft look eerie, yet  
 She sung wi' glee, "I hope to be  
 "My Johnie's ain kind Deary yet:

"What tho' he's now gaen far awa,  
 "Where guns and cannons rattle, yet,  
 "Unless my Johnie chance to fa'  
 "In some uncanny battle, yet  
 "Till he return, his breast will burn  
 "Wi' love that will confound me yet,  
 "For I hope to see, before I die,  
 "His Bairns a' dance around me yet.



## I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE

Slowly

I loe nae a laddie but ane, He loes na a lafsie but me; He's

willin' to make me his ain, An' his ain I am willin' to be. He

coft me a rokley o' blue, A pair o' mittens o' green, An' his

price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I paid him the debt yef-treen.

2

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,  
 "That I'm lucky young to be wed;"  
 But lang'ere she countit my days,  
 O' me she was brought to bed:  
 Sae mither, just fettle your tongue,  
 An' dinna be flytin' fae bauld;  
 For we can do the thing when we're young,  
 That we canna do weel when we're auld.

1

## To the Same Tune

3

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:  
 His words mair than fugar are sweet,  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa!  
 I listen poor fool! and I greet  
 Yet oh! how sweet are the tears as they fa!

2

"Dear lafsie, he cries wi' a jeer,  
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
 Tho' we've little to brag o' ne'er fear,  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae.  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth;  
 Yet see! how he's dwining wi' care:  
 Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,  
 Are cantie and leil evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair coftlie than gear;  
 "Ilk e'en, it has naithing to rue,  
 "Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear:  
 "Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,  
 "And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:  
 "Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar and door  
 "While thus in my arms I lock mine!"

4

He ends wi' a kifs and a smile  
 Waes me! can I tak it amifs,  
 When a lad fae unpractif'd in guile  
 Smiles fastly, and ends wi' a kifs!  
 Ye lafses wha loo to torment!  
 Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—for I've gi'en my consent  
 And this night I'll tak Jamie for life.



BONNY BESSY

Tune Bessy's Haggies.

Andante

Bessy's beauties shine fae bright, were her mony  
 vir - tues fewer, She wad e - - ver gie de light, And in transport  
 make me view her. Bon - ny Bess - y, thee a - - - - lane  
 Love I, nae - thing else a - - - - bout thee; With thy come - li -  
 - - nefs I'm taen, And lan - ger can - not live without thee.

2

Bessy's bosom's soft and warm,  
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,  
 He who takes her to his arm,  
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.  
 My dear Bessy when the roses,  
 Leave thy cheek as thou grows aulder,  
 Virtue which thy mind discloses,  
 Will keep love from growing caulder,

3

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,  
 Yet her face and soul discovers,  
 Those enchanting sweets in plenty,  
 Maun entice a thousand lovers.  
 'Tis not money, but a woman,  
 Of a temper kind and easy,  
 That gives happiness uncommon,  
 Petted things can nought but tease y



## TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN

Slow

O! I hae loft my filken fnood, That tied my hair fae yellow, I've

gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd; he was a gal-lant fellow. And

twine it weel, my bon-ny dow, And twine it weel, the plaiden; The

lafsie loft her filken fnood, In pu'ing of the bracken.

2

He praid'd my een fae bonny blue,  
 Sae lilly white my fkin o;  
 And fyne he pric'd my bonny mou,  
 And swore it was nae fin o;  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel the plaiden;  
 The lafsie loft her filken fnood,  
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

3

But he has left the lafs he loo'd,  
 His ain true love forsaken,  
 Which gars me fair to greet the fnood,  
 I loft among the bracken.  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel the plaiden;  
 The lafsie loft her filken fnood,  
 In pu'ing of the bracken.



# LUCKY NANCY

Tune Dainty Davie .

Lively

While fops in fact Italian verfe, Ilk fair ane's een & breaft rehearfe, While fangs a-bound & fenfe is scarce, thefe lines I have in dited; But neither darts nor arrows here, Venus nor Cupid shall appear, & yet with thefe fine founds, I swear, The maidens are delighted. I was ay telling you, Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy, Auld fprings wad ding the new; But ye wad never trow me.

2

Nor snaw with crimfon will I mix,  
 To fspread upon my laffie's cheeks;  
 And fyne th'unmeaning name prefix,  
 Miranda, Chloc, or Phillis,  
 Ill fetch nae fimile frae Jove,  
 My hight of ecftafy to prove,  
 Nor fighing-thus-prefent my love,  
 With rofes eke and lillies,  
 I was ay a telling you,  
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,  
 Auld fprings wad ding the news;  
 But ye wad never trow me.

3

But ftay, I had amaift forgot,  
 My miftrefs, and my fang to boot,  
 And that's an unco' faut, I wot;  
 But, Nanfy, 'tis nae matter .  
 Ye fee I clink my verfe wi' rhyme,  
 And ken ye, that atones the crime;  
 Forby, how fweet my numbers. chyme,  
 And flide away like water .  
 I was ay telling you,  
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,  
 Auld fprings wad ding the new;  
 But he wad never trow me.

4

Now ken, my rev'rand fonfy fair,  
 Thy runkled cheeks, and lyrat hair,  
 Thy half fhut een, and hodling air,  
 Are a' my paffion's fewel,  
 Nae fkyring gowk, my dear, can fee,  
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee,  
 Yet thou haft charms anew for me,  
 Then fmile, and be na cruel .  
 Leez me on thy fnawy pow,  
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy;  
 Dryeft wood will eitheft low,  
 And, Nancy, fae will ye now.

5

Troth, I have fung the fang to you,  
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do,  
 Hear then my charitable vow,  
 Dear venerable Nancy!  
 But if the world my paffion wrang,  
 And fay ye only live in fang,  
 Ken, I defpife a flandering tongue,  
 And fing to please my fancy .  
 Leez me on thy fnawy pow,  
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,  
 Dryeft wood will eitheft low,  
 And Nancy fae will ye now.



# THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS

Slow

Up amang you cliffy rocks, Sweetly rings the riving e-cho, To the maid that

tends the goats, Liltin'g o'er her native notes. Hark, the fings, young Sandy's kind,

"An he's promi'd ay to lo'e me; Here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tin'd, Till he's fairly

marri'd to me; Drive away, ye drone time, "An' bring about our bridal day.

2

"Sandy herds a flock o' fheep,  
 "Aften does he blaw the whiffle,  
 "In a ftrain fae faftly fweet,  
 "Lam'mies liftning dare nae bleat;  
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,  
 "Wading thro' the winter fnow,  
 "Keeping ay his flock together;  
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blaft.

3

"Brawly he can dance and fting  
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;  
 "Nane can ever match his fling  
 "At a reel, or round a ring;  
 "Wightly can he wield a rung  
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangfter:  
 "A' his praise can ne'er be fung  
 "By the langest winded fangfter.  
 "Sangs that fting o' Sandy  
 "Come fhort, tho' they were e'er fae lang.



## THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE

Lively

The collier has a daughter, And O she's wonder bonny! A laird he was that  
 fought her, Rich baith in lands and mony. The tutors watch'd the mo-tion of  
 this young honest lover. But love is like the o - cean; Wha can its-deeps dif-co-ver.

He had the art to please ye,	He lov'd beyond expression,	My bonny collier's daughter,
And was by a' respected,	The charms that were about her,	Let naething difcompose ye,
His airs sat round him easy,	And panted for possession,	'Tis no your scanty tocher,
Genteel but unaffected;	His life was dull without her;	Shall ever gar me lose ye;
The collier's bonny lassie,	After mature resolving,	For I have gear in plenty,
Fair as the new blown lillie,	Clofe to his breast he held her,	And love says, 'Tis my duty,
Ay sweet, and never faucy,	In fastest flames dissolving,	To ware what heav'n has lent me,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.	He tenderly thus tell'd her.	Upon your wit and beauty.

## JENNY NETTLES

Lively

O saw ye Jenny Nettles; Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles, Saw ye Jenny Nettles,  
 Coming frae the market; Wi' Bag and baggage on her back, Her fee and bountith  
 in her lap, wi' Bag and baggage on her back, And a babie in her ox-ter.

I met ayont<sup>2</sup> the kairny,  
 Jenny nettles Jenny Nettles,  
 Singing till her bairny,  
 Robin Rattles bastard;  
 To flee the dool up' the stool,  
 And ilka ane that mocks her,  
 She round about seeks Robin out,  
 To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy. Robin Rattle,  
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,  
 Fy, fy. Robin Rattle,  
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly;  
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,  
 And without mair debate o't,  
 Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain,  
 The leel and leesome gate o't.



## THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T

Tune, East nook o' Fife .

Lively

O wha my babie-clouts will buy, O wha will tent me when I cry;

Wha will kifs me where I lie. The ran-tin dog the daddie o't. O

wha will own he did the faut, O wha will buy the groan-in maut, O

wha will tell me how to ca't. The ran-tin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the Creepie-chair,  
 Wha will fit beside me there,  
 Gie me Rob, I'll feek nae mair,  
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't.  
 Wha will crack to me my lane;  
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain;  
 Wha will kifs me o'er again.  
 The rantin, dog the Daddie o't.



## MY AIN KIND DEARY O

Andante

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, my ain kind deary-o! And  
 cuddle there fae kind-ly wi' me, my kind deary-o! At  
 thornie dike, and birken tree, we'll daff, and ne'er be weary-o; They'll  
 fcug ill een frae you and me, mine ain kind deary-o!

2

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,  
 Shall ever come to fear ye-o;  
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,  
 Shall woo, like me, their deary-o!

3

While others herd their lambs and ewes,  
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo,  
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,  
 Wi' you, my kind deary-o!



# O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

139

Jocky met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning of the day, But Jocky now is fu' of care, Since  
 Jenny staw his heart away. Altho' she promis'd to be true, She proven has al-ake! unkind! which  
 gars poor Jocky often rue, that e'er he lov'd a fickle mind. And it's over the hills and far away,  
 over the hills and far a way over the hills and far away the wind has blawn my plaid away.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Naw Jocky was a bonny lad,  
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair,  
 But now poor Man! he's e'en gane wood,  
 Since Jenny has gart him despair,  
 Young Jocky was a piper's Son,  
 And fell in love when he was young,  
 But a' the sprints that he could play,  
 Was o'er the hills and far away,  
 An it's o'er the hills &c.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Ah! could she find the dismal wae,  
 That for her sake I undergae,  
 She could nae chuse but grant relief,  
 And put an end to a' my grief,  
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,  
 Which causes a' my sighs and care,  
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,  
 And takes a pleasure in my pain,  
 And it's o'er the hills &c.

<sup>3</sup>  
 He sung when first my Jenny's face,  
 I saw she seem'd fae fu' of grace,  
 With mickle Joy my heart was fill'd,  
 That's now alas! with sorrow kill'd,  
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,  
 'Twad put an end to my despair,  
 Instead of that she is unkind,  
 And wavers like the Winterwind,  
 And it's over the hills &c.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Hard was my hap, to fa' in love,  
 With one that does fae faithless prove,  
 Hard was my fate to court a maid,  
 That has my constant heart betray'd,  
 A thousand times to me she swore,  
 She wad be true for evermore,  
 But to my grief alake did fay,  
 She staw my heart and ran away,  
 And it's o'er the hills &c.

<sup>6</sup>  
 Since that she will nae pity take,  
 I maun gae wander for her sake,  
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy Grove,  
 I'll fighting sing adieu to love,  
 Since she is fause whom I adore,  
 I'll never trust a woman more,  
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,  
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,  
 O'er the hills and far away.



## O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGY

Lively

And I'll o'er the moor to Mag-gy; her wit and sweet-nefs

call me: then to my fair I'll show my mind, What-e-ver may be-

fal me. If she love mirth, I'll learn to fing; Or like the Nine to fol-low, I'll

lay my lugs in Pin-dus' spring, And in-vo-cate A-pol-lo.

2

If she admire a martial mind,  
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;  
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,  
 With gayest airs I'll charm her;  
 If she love grandeur, day and night,  
 I'll plot my nation's glory,  
 Find favour in my prince's fight,  
 And shine in future story.

3

Beauty can wonders work with ease,  
 Where wit is corresponding;  
 And bravest men know best to please,  
 With complaisance abounding;  
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn,  
 Me to what shape she pleases;  
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,  
 Which in my bosom blazes.







## JOCKY SAID TO JEANY

**Lively**

Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't? Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher good,  
 For my tocher good I winna marry thee. E'ens ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let me be.

6 6 6

2 3

I hae gowd and gear, and I hae land enough,  
 I hae seven good owfen gangin in a pleugh,  
 Gangin in a pleugh, and linkin o'er the lee;  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be .

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,  
 A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,  
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be .

4

Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,  
 Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the lass my fell.  
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be .

## THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE

**Slow**

The Bon-ny Brucket Lassie, She's blue beneath the e'en; She  
 was the fairest Lassie That danc'd on - the green. A  
 lad he - loo'd her dear-ly, She did his love re - - - turn; But

6 5  
4 3

6



he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

“My shape, she says, was handsome,  
 “My face was fair and clean,  
 “But now I’m bonny brucket:  
 “And blue beneath the e’en,  
 “My eyes were bright and sparkling,  
 “Before that they turn’d blue;  
 “But now they’re dull with weeping,  
 “And a, my Love, for you.

“O could I live in darkness,  
 “Or hide me in the sea,  
 “Since my love is unfaithful,  
 “And has forsaken me!  
 “No other love I suffer’d  
 “Within my breast to dwell;  
 “In nought I have offended  
 “But loving him too well.

“My person it was comely,  
 “My shape they said was neat;  
 “But now I am quite chang’d,  
 “My stays they wina’ meet.  
 “A’ night I slept soundly,  
 “My mind was never sad;  
 “But now my rest is broken,  
 “Wi’ thinking o’ my lad.

Her lover heard her mourning,  
 As by he chanc’d to pass;  
 And press’d unto his bosom  
 The lovely brucket lass.  
 “My dear, he said, cease grieving;  
 “Since that your love’s so true,  
 “My bonny, brucket lassie,  
 “I’ll faithful prove to you;”

OSCAR'S GHOST

Slow O see that form that faintly gleams! 'Tis Of-car come to

hear my dreams; On wings of wind, he flys a-way; O stay, my lovely Ofcar, stay.

Wake Ofsian, last of Fingal’s line,  
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;  
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,  
 And sooth my soul with Ofcar’s praise.

The shell is ceas’d in Ofcar’s hall,  
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;  
 The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,  
 Nor hears the cry of Ofcar’s hounds.



# TO EASE HIS HEART

*Affettuoso*

*Sym.*

6 4 5 3 6 6 6 6 6 6

To ease his heart and own his flame, Young Jockey to my cottage

6 6 4 5 3 6 6 6

came, But tho' I lik'd him passing weel, I careless turn'd my spinning wheel, My

6 6 6

milk white hand he did extol, And prais'd my fingers long and small, Un-u-sual

6 4 5 3 6 6 6 6

joy my heart did feel, But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

6 6 6

Then round about my slender waift, He clasp'd his arms and me embrac'd, To

6 4 5 3 6 5

kiss his hand he down did kneel, But yet I turn'd my spinning wheel. With

*Poco f* 6 8



gentle voice I bid him rise, He blest my Neck, my Lips, and Eyes, My fondness I could

6 4 5 4/2 6 6 6 6 6

scarcely conceal, Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

6 f 6

Till bolder grown so close he press'd, His wanton thoughts I

6 4 6 5 4/2 6 6

quickly guess'd, Then push'd him from my rock and reel, And angry turn'd my

6 5 6 6 6 6 4 7

spinning wheel, At last when I began to chide, He swore he meant me

6 4 5 4/2 6 6 6

for his bride, 'Twas then my love I did reveal, And flung away my

5 6 6

spinning wheel.

6



## RATTLIN ROARIN WILLIE

Lively

O Rattlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair, An'

for to fell his fiddle And buy some other ware; But parting wi' his fiddle, The

faut tearblint his e'e; And Rattlin, roarin Willie Ye're welcome hame to me.

2

O Willie, come fell your fiddle,  
 O fell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie, come fell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine;  
 If I should fell my fiddle,  
 The world would think I was mad,  
 For mony a rantin day  
 My fiddle and I hae had.

5

As I cam by Crochallan  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was fitting at yon boord-en,  
 Sitting at yon boord-en,  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.



LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT

Very Slow

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of three systems of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system contains the first two lines of the poem. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final line of the poem, which is a refrain: 'low balow, balow, balow, balow, balow, balow, lu lil li lu.' The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings (e.g., '6', '26', '8').

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,  
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;  
For in thine eye his look I see,  
The tempting look that ruin'd me. Balow, &c.

3  
When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugar'd words to move,  
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,  
In time to me did not appear;  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for his babe nor me. Balow, &c.

4  
Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth  
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;  
Let never any after me  
Submit unto thy courtesy:  
For if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how. Balow, &c.

5  
I was too cred'ulous at the first,  
To yield thee all a maiden durst;  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
But quick as thought, the change is wrought,  
Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought. Balow, &c.

6  
O gin I were a maid again,  
From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain,  
For now unto my grief I find  
They all are perjur'd and unkind;  
Bewitching charms bred all my harms:  
Witness my babe lyes in my arms. Balow, &c.

7  
I tak my fate from bad to worse,  
That I must needs be now a nurse,  
And lull my young son on my lap:  
From me, sweet orphan, tak the pap:  
Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
Shall wail as from all blifs exil'd. Balow, &c.

8  
Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wrangling thee,  
Nor pity her deserved smart,  
Who can blame none but her fond heart,  
For, too soon trusting latest finds,  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds. Balow, &c.

9  
Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
When he the thriftless son hath play'd;  
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.  
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
Make him eat acorns with the swine. Balow, &c.

10  
But curse not him; perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:  
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,  
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,  
By some proud foe, has struck the blow  
And laid the dear deceiver low. Balow, &c.

11  
I wish I were into the bounds  
Where he lyes smother'd in his wounds,  
Repeating, as he pants for air,  
My name, whom once he call'd his fair;  
No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, though not forget. Balow, &c.

12  
If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
Then quickly to him would I make,  
My smock once for his body meet,  
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.  
Ah me! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein. Balow, &c.

13  
Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:  
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum;  
God grant thee patience when they come:  
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name. Balow, &c.







## THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD

Andante

My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, and

fweet as may, Fair as the day, & always gay; my Peggy is a young thing, & I'm not very auld; yet

well I like to meet her, at the wawking of the fauld. My Peggy speaks fae fweetly, when --

-e'er we meet alane, I wish nae mair, to lay my care, I wish nae mair of a' that's rare; my

Peggy speaks fae fweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; But she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawking of the fauld.

2

5

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown;  
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld;  
 And naithing gi'es me sic delight,  
 As wawking of the fauld .

My Peggy fings fae 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 fae fastly,  
 And in her fangs are tauld,  
 With innocence, the wale of sense,  
 At wawking of the fauld .



## THE BONNY GREY EY'D MORN

Andante

The bonny grey ey'd morning begins to peep, And darknefs flies be-  
 fore the ri- ing ray, The hear-ty hynd starts from his la-zy fleep, To  
 follow healthful la- bours of the day; With- out a guilty fting to wrinkle his  
 brow, The lark and the lin- net tend his le- vee, And he joins their concert.  
 driving his plow, from toil of gri- mace and pa- gean- try free .

2

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with lofs  
 Of half an eftate, the prey of a main,  
 The drunkard and gamefter tumble and tofs,  
 Wilhing for calmnefs and flumber in vain.  
 Be my portion health, and quietnefs of mind,  
 Plac'd at due diftance from parties and ftate,  
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,  
 Reach him who has happinefs link'd to his fate .



## BIDE YE YET

Andante

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire, A bonny wee Wifie to

praise and admire, A bonny wee Yardy a-fide a wee burn; fareweel to the bodies that

Chorus

yammer and mourn! Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, ye little ken what may be

tide ye yet. Some bonny wee body may be my lot, and I'll ay be canty wi'

Sym.

thinking o't.

2

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,  
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean,  
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,  
That will cry, Papa, or Daddy, to me.

Cho: Sae bide ye yet, &c.

3

And if there should happen ever to be  
A difference a'tween my wee wifie and me,  
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,  
I'll kifs her and clap her untill she be pleas'd:

Cho: Sae bide ye yet, &c.



## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al-lan

cam to fee; Three blyther hearts, that lee langnight, Ye wad na found in

Cho<sup>s</sup>

Christendie. We 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<sup>s</sup> We are na fou, &c.

3

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin in the lift fae hie;  
 She shines fae bright to wyle us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> We are na fou, &c.

4

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!  
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> We are na fou, &c.



# BONIE DUNDEE

153

Slow

“O whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? O fil-ly blind  
 body, O dinna ye fee; I gat it frae a young brifk Sodger Laddie, Be-  
 tween Saint Johnstn and bo-nie Dundee. O gin I faw the  
 laddie that gae me't! Aft has he doudi'd me up-on his knee; May Heaven pro-  
 tect my bonie Scots laddie, And fend him safe hame to his babie and me.

My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!  
 My blefsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!  
 Thy smiles are fae like my blyth Sodger laddie,  
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!  
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,  
 Whare Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;  
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,  
 And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.



## I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

Lively

I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir, And

ly-ing in a man's bed, I'm fley'd it make me ir-rie, Sir, I'm

o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet; I'm

o'er young, 'twad be a fin To tak me frae my mammy yet

2

Hallowmafs is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;  
 And you an' I ae bed,  
 In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.  
 I'm o'er young &c.

3

Fu' loud and fhill the frofty wind,  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 Ill aulder be gin fimmer, Sir,  
 I'm o'er young &c.



## BONNIE MAY.

Slow

It was on an ev'ning fae fast and fae clear, A

bonnie lafs was milk'ing the kye, And by came a troupe of

gen-tle-men, And rode the bonnie laf-sie by.

2  
Then one of them said unto her,  
Bonnie lafsie, fiew me the way,  
O if I do fae it may breed me wae,  
For langer I dare na ftay.

3  
But dark and mifty was the night,  
Before the bonnie lafs came hame;  
Now where hae you been, my ae daughter,  
I am fure you was na your lane.

4  
O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,  
A gentleman of high degree,  
And ay whan he spakē he lifted his hat,  
And bonnie, bonnie blinkit his ee.

5  
But when twenty weeks were past and gane,  
O twenty weeks and three,  
The lafsie began to grow pale and wan,  
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

6  
O wae be to my father's herd,  
An ill death may he die;  
He bigged the bughts fae far frae hame,  
And wadna bid wi' me.

7  
It fell upon another fair evening,  
The bonnie lafs was milking her ky,  
And by came the troop of gentlemen,  
And rode the bonnie lafsie by.

8  
Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
Wha's aught that baby ye are wi',  
The lafsie began for to blufh, and think,  
To a father as gude as ye.

9  
Oh had your tongue, my bonnie may,  
Sae loud's I hear you lie;  
O dinnae you mind the mifty night,  
I was in the bught with thee.

10  
Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,  
And he has taen her hame:  
Now let your father bring hame the kye,  
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

11  
He was the laird of Auchentrone,  
With fifty ploughs and three,  
And he has gotten the bonniest lafs,  
In a' the south countrie.



# MY JO JANET

Lively

O sweet fir, for your courtifie, When ye come by the Bafs then,

For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keekinglafsthen. Keek into the draw well,

Jan-et, Janet; And there ye'll see your bonny fell, My Jo Janet.

2

Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
 What if I shou'd fa'in then;  
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,  
 I drown'd my fell for sin, then.

Had the better by the brae,

Janet, Janet;

Had the better by the brae,

My Jo Janet.

3

Good Sir, for your courtifie,  
 Coming thro' Aberdeen then,  
 For the love you bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair of sheen then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,

Janet, Janet;

A pair may gain ye ha'f a year.

My Jo Janet.

4

But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a mawkin,  
 If they should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be taunking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,

Janet, Janet;

Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,

My Jo Janet.

5

Kind Sir, for your courtifie,  
 When ye gae to the croses then,  
 For the love you bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse then.

Pace upo' your spinning wheel,

Janet, Janet,

Pace upo' your spinning wheel,

My Jo Janet.



## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Tune, Birks of Abergeldie.

Lively

Bonny lalsie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 bonny lalsie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfel- - dy ? Now Simmer blinks on  
 flowery braes, And o'er the chryftal streamlets plays, Come let us spend the lightsome days In the  
 birks of Aberfel-dy. Bonny lalsie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonny lalsie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfel- dy ?

2  
 The little birdies blythely fmg,  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing;  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonny lalsie &c.

3  
 The braes ascnd like lofty wa's,  
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant-spreading fhaws.  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonny lalsie &c.

4  
 The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours.  
 And rising weets wi' misty fhowers,  
 The birks of Aberfeldy,  
 Bonny lalsie &c.

5  
 Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy,  
 Bonny lalsie &c.

## BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE

Bonny lalsie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go will ye go,  
 Bonny lalsie will ye go,  
 To the birks o' Abergeldie?  
 Ye shall get a gown of filk,  
 A gown of filk, a gown of filk,  
 Ye shall get a gown of filk,  
 And coat of calimanco.

Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,  
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,  
 Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,  
 My minnie she'll be angry:  
 Sair, fair wad the flyte,  
 Wad the flyte, wad the flyte,  
 Sair, fair wad the flyte,  
 And fair wad the ban me.



## THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

Slowly

The love that I have chosen I'll therewith be content, The

faut fea shall be frozen Before that I repent; Repent it shall I never Un-

-till the day I die, But the lowlands of Holland Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love lies in the faut fea,  
 And I am on the side,  
 Enough to break a young thing's heart  
 Wha lately was a bride:  
 Wha lately was a bonie bride  
 And pleasure in her e'e;  
 But the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

3

New Holland is a barren place,  
 In it there grows no grain;  
 Nor any habitation  
 Wherein for to remain:  
 But the sugar canes are plenty,  
 And the wine draps frae the tree;  
 And the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonie ship  
 And set her to the sea,  
 Wi' seven score brave mariners  
 To bear her companie:  
 Three score gaed to the bottom,  
 And three score di'd at sea;  
 And the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

5

My love has built another ship  
 And set her to the main,  
 He had but twenty mariners  
 And all to bring her hame:  
 The stormy winds did roar again,  
 The raging waves did rout,  
 And my love and his bonie ship  
 Turn'd widdershins about.

6

There shall nae mantle cross my back  
 Nor kame gae in my hair,  
 Neither shall coal nor candle light  
 Shine in my bower mair;  
 Nor shall I chuse anither love  
 Until the day I die,  
 Since the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.



O MITHER DEAR

Time. Jenny dang the Weaver.

Lively

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear, Tho' I'm baith good and bon-ny, I

winna keep, for in my fleep, I start, and dream of John--ny. When

Johnny then comes down the glen To woo me din--na hin-der, But

wi' con-tent gi' your con-tent, For we twa ne'er can fin--der

2

Better to marry, then miscarry;  
 For flame and skaith's the clink o't;  
 To thole the dool, to mount the stool,  
 I downa bide to think o't;  
 Sae while'tis time, I'll fhum the crime,  
 That gars poor Epps gae whingeing,  
 With haunches fow, and een sae blew,  
 To all the bedrals bingeing.

3

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,  
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it;  
 But when the words' gane thro' the town,  
 Alake, how can she mend it,  
 Now tam maun face the minister,  
 And she maun mount the pillar;  
 And that's the way that they maun gae,  
 For poor folk hae nae filler.

4

Now had yer tongue, my daughter young,  
 Replied the kindly mither,  
 Get Johnny's hand in haly band,  
 Syne wap your wealth together,  
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,  
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;  
 And prove a wife will gar his life,  
 And thine go on right sweetly.



## WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE

Slowish

There was ance a May, and she loe'd na men; She  
 biggit her bon-ny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool and a  
 well - a - day! Come down the green gate, and come here a - - way .

Fingerings: 6, 6/4, 7, 6, 6/4, 5/3, 2, 2, 6, 6, 6

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,  
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
 He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things,  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

3

He had a wee titty that loed na me,  
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;  
 She raif'd fick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
 That were na my heart light I wad die.

4

The day it was fet, and the bridal to be,  
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;  
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,  
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

5

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
 Said, what had he to do with the like of me!  
 Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny:  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,  
 Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,  
 Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill e'e:  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

7

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,  
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;  
 And then she ran in and made a loud din,  
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

8

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;  
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:  
 But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,  
 And casts himself dowie upo' the corn bing.

9

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,  
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
 The live lang night he ne'er steeks his eye:  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.

10

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,  
 And linking it on the lilly - white lee;  
 And wow gin I were but young for thee.



## WAP AT THE WIDOW MY LADDIE

Lively

The widow can bake, the widow can brew, The widow can shape, & the

widow can sew, And mony braw things the widow can do, Then wap at the widow, my

laddie. With courage attack her baith early and late, To kifs her and clap her ye manna be

blate; Speak well and do better; for that's the best gate, To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu, and never ae hair  
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi'naething but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

3

Then till'er and kill'er wi' courtiesie dead,  
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
 Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while'tis het if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.



## THE MILLER

Slowish

O Merry may the Maid be That marries with the Mil-ler, For

foul day and fair day He's ay bringing till her. Has

ay a penny in his purse, For din-ner and for sup-per; And

gin the please a good fat cheefe And lumps of yellow but-ter.

When Jamie first did woo me,  
 I speir'd what was his calling;  
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,  
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:  
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd 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 bakes,  
 And bannocks were na scanty;  
 A good fat fow, a flecky cow  
 Was standin in the byre;  
 Whil't lazy poufs with mealy moufe  
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
 And bids me tak the Miller;  
 For foul day and fair day  
 He's ay bringing till her;  
 For meal and malt she does na 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 nut-brown ale he tells his tale,  
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy  
 Who'd be a king - a petty thing,  
 When a Miller lives so happy.



# DUSTY MILLER

Lively

Hey, the Dufty Miller, And his duf-ty coat, He will win a fhilling,  
 Or he spend a groat. Duf-ty was the coat, Duf-ty was the colour,  
 Duf-ty was the kifs That I got frae the Miller.

2  
 Hey, the dufty Miller,  
 And his dufty sack;  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dufty peck:

3  
 Fills the dufty peck,  
 Brings the dufty filler;  
 I wad gie my coatie  
 For the dufty Miller.

Very Slow **BRAW, BRAW LADS OF GALLA-WATER**

Braw, Braw lads of Gal-la wa-ter; O! Braw lads of Gal-la  
 wa-ter: I'll kilt my coats a--boon-- my knee, And  
 fol-low my love thro' the wa-ter.

2  
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 The mair I kifs, the's ay my dearie.

3  
 O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er yon mofs among the heather;  
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.

4  
 Down among the broom, the broom,  
 Down among the broom, my dearie.  
 The lassie loft a filken snood,  
 That coft her mony a blirt and bleary.



## A COCK LAIRD, FU' CADGIE

Lively

A Cock laird, fu' cadgie, With Jen-ny did meet, He

haws'd her, he kifs'd her, And ca'd her his sweet, Gin thoult gae along Wi' me,

Jenny, quo' he; Thous'e be my ain lemman, Jo Jen-ny, Jenny.

2  
If I gang along wi' ye,  
Ye mauna fail  
To feast me with caddels  
And good hackit-kail.  
The deil's in your nicety,  
Jenny, quoth he,  
Mayna bannocksof bear-meal  
Be as good for thee.

3  
And I maun hae pinner  
With pearling fet round,  
A skirt of puddy,  
And a waistcoat of brown,  
Awa' with fick vanities,  
Jenny, quoth he,  
For kurchis and kirtles  
Are fitter for thee.

4  
My lairdfhip can yield me  
As meikle a year,  
As had us in pottage  
And good knockit beer:  
But having nae tenants,  
O Jenny, Jenny,  
To buy ought I ne'er have  
A penny, quoth he.

5  
The Borrowftoun merchants  
Will fell you on tick,  
For we maun hae braw things,  
Albeit they foud break.  
When broken, frae care  
The fools are fet free,  
When we mak them lairds  
In the Abbey, quoth he.



## THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CRAFT

Lively

The carle he came o'er the craft, And his beard new fhaven,

Glowr'd at me as he'd beendaft, The carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt awa, I winna hae him,

No forfooth, I'll no hae him, New hofe and new fhoon And his beard new fhaven.

2

A filler broach he gae me niest,  
 To fasten on my curchie nooked,  
 I wor't awee upon my breast;  
 But foon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;  
 And fae may his; I winna hae him,  
 Na, forfooth, I winna hae him,  
 Ane twice a bairn's a las's jest;  
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

3

The carle has nae fault but ane,  
 For he has lands and dollars plenty;  
 But wae's me for him! fkin and bane  
 Is no for a plump las's of twenty.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,  
 Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!  
 What signifies his dirty riggs,  
 And cash, without a man wi'them.

4

But fhou'd my canker'd dady'gar  
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,  
 I warn the fumbler to beware,  
 That antlers dinna' claim their station.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!  
 Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!  
 I'm flected to crack the haly band,  
 Sae lawty fays, I fhou'd nae hae him.



## LASS WI' A LUMP OF LAND

Lively

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with some fingerings indicated by numbers 5 and 6.

Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land, And we for life shall  
 gang the-gither, Tho' daft or wife, Ill ne-ver demand, Or black, or  
 fair, it meke-sna whether; I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And  
 blood a--lane is no worth a fhillin', But she that's rich her  
 market's made, For il--ka charm a--bout her is kil--ling.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Gie me a lass wi' a lump of land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny to meddle;  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

<sup>5</sup>  
 There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And filler and gowds a sweet complexion;  
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:  
 Love tips his arrows with wood and parks,  
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,  
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,  
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.



# I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

Very Slow

I had a horse, and I had nae mair, I gat him frae my

daddy; My purse was light, and my heart was fair, But my wit it was fu' ready.

And fae I thought me on a time, Out-wit-tens of my daddy, To

see my fell to a lawland laird, wha had a bonny lady.

2  
I wrote a letter, and thus began,  
Madam, be not offended,  
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you  
And care not tho' ye kend it:  
For I get little frae the laird,  
And far less frae my daddy,  
And I would blythly be the man  
Would strive to please my lady.

3  
She read my letter, and she leugh,  
Ye needna been fae blate, man,  
You might hae come to me yourself,  
And tald me o' your state, man:  
You might hae come to me yourself,  
Outwittens o' any body,  
And made John Gouckston of the laird,  
And kis'd his bonny lady.

4  
Then she pat filler in my purse,  
We drank wine in a cogie;  
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,  
And wow but I was vogie!  
But I gat ne'er fae fair a fleg  
Since I came frae my daddy,  
The laird came rap rap to the yett,  
Whan I was wi' his lady.

5  
Then she pat me below a chair,  
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;  
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
And wis'd me wi' my daddy.  
The laird went out, he saw na me,  
I went whan I was ready:  
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back  
To see his bonny lady.



## THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the freet, my jo; My  
 mistress in her tar-tan screen, Fu' bonie, braw and sweet, my jo. My  
 dear, quoth I, thanks to the night That ne-ver wisht a lo-ver ill, Since  
 ye're out of your mather's fight, Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

2  
 O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinfome town a while,  
 The blofsoms sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' the simmers gawn to smile;  
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
 The bleating lambs and whistling hind,  
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,  
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

3  
 Soon as the clear goodman of day,  
 Bends his morning draught of dew,  
 We'll gae to some burn-fide and play,  
 And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;  
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
 The lucken gowans frae the bog:  
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

4  
 There's up into a pleasant glen,  
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
 A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,  
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r;  
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to that cauler shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in my arms,  
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.



## KATY'S ANSWER

My Mither's ay glowran o'er me, Tho' the did the fame be-

6 5 4/3

-fore me, I canna get leave To look to my love, Or else the'll be like to de-

6 6 #

-vour me. Right fain wad I tak ye'r of-fer, Sweet Sir, but I'll tinemy tocher; Then,

# 6 6 6 6 5 6

Sandy, ye'll fret, And wyte ye'er poor Kate, Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

6 6 # #

2

For th' my Father has plenty  
Of filler and plenifhing dainty,  
Yet he's unco sweer  
To twin wi' his gear,  
And fae we had need to be tenty.

3

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wylie in ilka motion,  
Brag weel o' ye'r land,  
And there's my leal hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



## O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

Lively

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to

Charlie; I'll gie John Rofs a--nother bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to Charlie; Come

weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie.

2

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Tho' some there be abhor him:  
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him!  
 We'll o'er, &c.

3

I swear and vow by moon and stars,  
 And sun that shines so early!  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.  
 We'll o'er, &c.



# UP AND WARN A' WILLIE

171

Slow

Up and warn a' Willie, warn warn a'; To hear my canty highland fang Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar, And to the wapon-fhaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve the King and

banish whigs a-wa, Willie. Up and warn a' Willie, Warn warn a'; For

Lords and lairds camethere bedeen, And wow but they were brow Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
Right fierce the wind did blow, Willie;  
The royal nit upon the tap  
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Then second fought Sandy said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth  
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
We didna doubt the rougues to rout,  
Restore our King and a', Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
The pipers play'd frae right to left  
O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir  
And there the rebels saw, Willie;  
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,  
Our flank and front and a', Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Traitor Huntly soon gave way  
Seaforth, S! Clair and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,  
The rebel's left did claw, Willie,  
Lie there the greatest slaughter made  
That ever Donald saw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn warn a';  
And Whittam f - t his breeks for fear  
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob  
And soon he'd flay us a', Willie,  
But we chaf'd him back to Stirling brig  
Dragoons and foot and Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
At length we rallied on a hill  
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,  
And them in order saw, Willie,  
He streight gaed to Dumblane again  
And back his left did draw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Then we to Auchterairder march'd  
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie,  
We baith did fight and baith did beat  
And baith did rin awa, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
For second fought Sandie said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.



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