







THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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

28th January 1927.



Glen 378² #

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A
SELECTION
of
Original Scots Songs
in

Three Parts
The Harmony by

H A Y D N

Dedicated by Permission

to

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York

Vol. II.

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P R E F A C E.

THE favourable manner in which the First Volume of Scots Songs was received by the Public, has induced the Editor to continue the Work on the same plan.

In the selection of the Airs, he has endeavoured to trace the Original Melodies, as far as they can be ascertained; and in this he has carefully studied the simplicity of their character, by rejecting the AFFECTED Graces and Variations, which bad taste or caprice had introduced into many of the most popular songs.

The difficulty of harmonizing those wild but expressive Melodies, so as to preserve their Effect, has been acknowledged by the most skilful Musicians. In the present Volume, the Editor considers himself as peculiarly fortunate in having engaged the superior talents of the celebrated HAYDN, by whom the whole of the Harmonies to the following Songs is composed; and he trusts they will be found worthy of the exalted patronage, and cultivated taste, to which they are respectfully presented.

Of the genius and character of the Scots Music, so much has been said in the Dissertation prefixed to the First Volume, that little remains for the Editor to add.

P R E F A C E.

He has only to request that those, who are not skilled in the THEORY, as well as in the PRACTICE of Music, will not *hastily* decide on the merit of the following performance. Whatever objections may be imagined, on the first trial, he is confident they will vanish, in proportion as the performer becomes more ready and correct in the execution.

The original Words, to many of the Songs, being unfit for a work of this nature, others have occasionally been substituted; and in this the Editor has been favoured with the assistance of several gentlemen, distinguished in the literary world, particularly by DR. WOLCOT, the elegance of whose compositions, in Song writing, has been equalled only by the humour of the productions that have given celebrity to the name of PETER PINDAR.

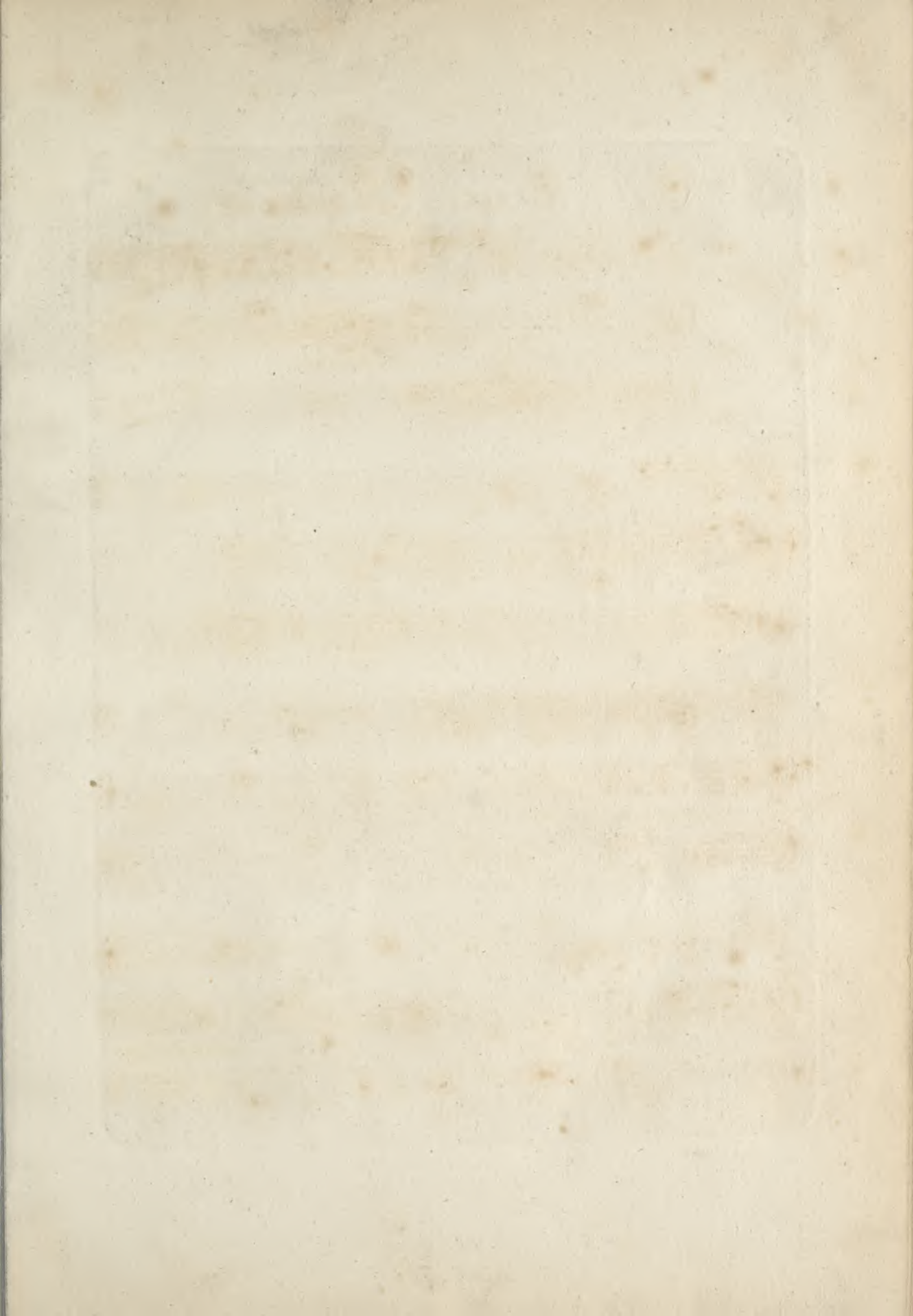
The Editor would be wanting, in a due sense, of the merits of those eminent artists, HAMILTON and BARTOLOZZI, were he not gratefully to acknowledge their liberality in the design and elegant execution of the characteristic Frontispiece to this Volume.

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Marys Dream.

Violin

Slow

The moon had climbd the higheft hill, which rifes o'er the

source of Dee, And from the eastern fummit shed her fil-ver light on

6 # 6 9 8 5 8 5 6 6 5

4 6 3 4

tow'r and tree: When Mary laid her down to fleep, Her thoughts on Sandy

5 6 8 6 6

far at Sea; When foft and low a voice was heard, O Mary weep no more for me.

Tender

6 5 6 9 8 5 5 5 6 5 #

4 3 4 6 3 5 5 4 3 5 #

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dec,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
 When soft and low a voice was heard,
 " O Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be ?
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow eye :
 " O Mary, dear ! cold is my clay ;
 " It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
 " Far, far from thee, I sleep in death ;
 " So, Mary, weep no more for me !"

" Three stormy nights, and stormy days,
 " We tofs'd upon the raging main ;
 " And long we strove our bark to save,
 " but all our striving was in vain.
 " Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 " My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;
 " The storm is past, and I at rest,
 " So, Mary, weep no more for me !"

" O maiden, dear ! thyself prepare,
 " We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 " Where love is free from doubt and care,
 " And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled ;
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderfon, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent :
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the fnaw ;
 But bleffings on your frofty pow,
 John Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderfon, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And fleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderson.

Violin

Slow

John An-der-son my Jo John when we were first ac-

6 6 6 5 6 3 8

- - quaint; Your locks were like the Ra - - ven, your honny brow was

8 8 6 5 6 6

brent; but now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the

10 1 6 6 6 6 6 5

fnaw; but blessings on your frofty pow John Anderfon my Jo.

6 5 6 # 7 6 6 5 8 4 #

I Love my Love in Secrets

Violin

Slow

My Sandy gied to me a ring, was a befet wi' diamonds fine, But

6 5 6 5 6 4 7 8 8

I gied him a better thing, I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. My

6 6 6 7 6 5 5 4 3 6 5 3 6

Sandy O, my Sandy O, my bonny, bonny Sandy O! Tho' the love that I owe to

6 5 6 4 5 3 6

hee I dare na show, Yet I love my love in fecret my Sandy O!

6 6 6 4 5 3 6 5 3

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

MY Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine,
But I gied him a better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.
My Sandy O, my Sandy O!
My bonny, bonny Sandy O!
Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na fhow,
Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O!

My Sandy brak a piece of gow'd,
While down his cheeks the faut tears row'd,
He took a hauf and gied it me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.

My Sandy O! &c. &c.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

O Willie was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa':
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow! but Willie he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hung a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses ane and a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And, ay, whatever Willie said,
 It still was hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durft him brag,
 The feint a ane amang them a'.

Willie was a Wanton Wag. 5

Violin

Lively

O Willie was a wanton wag, the blytheft lad that e'er I saw, At
bridals ftill he bore the brag, and carried ay the gree a_wa. His
doublet was of Yetland f'nag, And vow! but Willie he was braw, And
at his shoulder hung a tag, That pleaf'd the Lafses ane and a'.

6 5 6 6 # 6
6 6 6 5 6 6/5
6 6 3 6 6/5

Saw ye my Father?

Violin

Slow

O Saw ye my Fa-ther, or faw ye my

6 6 5 8

Mi-ther, or faw ye my true love John? I

7 6 9 8 7 6 #

4 3

faw not your Father, I faw not your Mither, but

6 5 7

4 3 5

I faw your true love John.

6 5 5 9 8 6 5

4 3 4 3 4 3

O! SAW YE MY FATHER.

O! Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
 Or saw ye my true love John?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mither,
 But I saw your true love John.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin:
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd, and let him in.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring, ding dong;
 He's met wi' some delay, that caufeth him to stay,
 But he will be here e'er long.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
 And is my Johnny true!
 I have nae time to tell, but fae lang's I like myfell,
 Sac lang shall I like you.

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johnny's face it grew red:
 Yet, tho' he often figh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
 And crawl when it is day;
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
 And your wings of the silver gray.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink of the moon.

T O D L E N H A M E .

WHEN I have a fax-pence under my thum,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town;
 But ay, when I'm poor, they bid me gae by;
 O! poverty parts good company.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 O! could na my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the gude wife, and fend her gude fale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her brown ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be fma',
 We'll tak a gude scour o't and ca' it awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep I come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to fleep,
 And twa pint stoops 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 todlen dow,
 Ye're ay fae gude-humour'd when wetting your mou';
 When sober, fae four, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Todlen Hame

7

Violin

Modenitely
Slow

When I have a fix-pence un-der my thum, then

I'll get credit in il-ka town, But ay when I'm poor they

bid me gae by; O! pover-ty parts good com-pa-ny,

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

5 3 6 4 5 6

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

9 8 7 5 6 5 6 8 9 8 7 5 6 3 3 3 3

Fy gar rub her o'er we Strae.

Violin

Musical notation for the Violin part, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Slow

And gin ye meet a bon-ny Lalsie, Gie'er a kifs, and let her

Piano accompaniment for the first system, including treble and bass staves. The bass line features a sequence of notes with fingerings: 6, 8, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, 8 6 #, 6 4 #.

Musical notation for the Violin part, continuing the melody from the first system.

gae, But gin ye meet a dirty hufsy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi ftrae. Be

Piano accompaniment for the second system, including treble and bass staves. The bass line features a sequence of notes with fingerings: 6 5 #, 3, 6, 6, 6, 5, 2, 6, 5, 5, 6 8 6 #, 6 4 #, 5.

Musical notation for the Violin part, continuing the melody.

fore ye din-na quit the grip, of il-ka joy, when ye are young, Be-

Piano accompaniment for the third system, including treble and bass staves. The bass line features a sequence of notes with fingerings: 5, 4, 6, 6 5 #, 4 3 #, 6 4.

Musical notation for the Violin part, continuing the melody.

fore and age your vi-tals nip, and lay ye twa fauld o'er a rung.

Piano accompaniment for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves. The bass line features a sequence of notes with fingerings: 5, 4, 3, 2.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

AND gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gie'er a kifs, and let her gae,
 But gin ye meet a dirty huffy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip,
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafauld o'er a rung.

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

Green grow the Rashers. 9

Violin

Lively

There's nought but care on ev'ry han' In ev'ry hour that

6
4

pases, what signifies the life o' man, an 'twere not for the Lases.

7 6 6
4 5

Chorus

Green grow the rashers, O! Green grow the rashers, O! the

6 2 6

weetest hours that eer I spend, are spent among the Lases, O.

6 2 6

The wae fu' heart.

Violin

Slow

Gen living worth coud win my heart you woud na speak in

5 2 5 8 7 6 5

vain, but in the darksome grave its laid never to rise a-gain.

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

My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his whose heart was on-ly mine, And

4 2 6 5 6 4 5 8

ah! what a heart was that to lose but I maun no re-pine.

8 6 5 5 6 3
3 5 4

THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth cou'd win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Never to rife again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine:
 And, ah! what a heart was that to lose;
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth,
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see, his gentle spirit comes
 To show 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, wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheeks possest,
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows funk to rest.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 His mind is ever true, Jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, Jo.

And I will wash my ploughman's hofe,
 And I will drefs his o'erlay :
 And I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston :
 The bonniest fight that e'er I saw,
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wet and weary ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed my dearie.

With naw white stockings on his legs,
 And filler buckles glancin,
 A gude blue bannet on his head,
 And, oh ! but he was handsome.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

Then up wi't a', &c.

The Ploughman.

Violin

Lively

The Ploughman he's a bonny lad, His mind is ever

true jo, His garters knit below his knee, His bonnet it is blue jo.

Chorus

Then up wi't a' my Ploughman lad, and hey my merry Ploughman of

a' the trades that I do ken commend me to the Ploughman.

Barbara Allen.

Violin

Slow

It was in and a--bout the Mar-tin-mas,

time When the green-- leaves were a falling. That

Sir John Graham in the west Country Fell in

love with Bar--ba--ra Al--len.

Fine

BARBARA ALLEN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,
 Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling:
 O! haste and cum to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allen.

O! hooly, hooly, rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think you're dying.

O! I am sick, and very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allen:
 O! the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O! dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye the cups was fillin,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And flighted Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was wi' him dealing:
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 Be kind to Barbara Allen.

And slowly, slowly, rose she up,
 And slowly, slowly, left him;
 And sighing said, she cou'd not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell knelling,
 And ev'ry jow the dead bell gied,
 Cry'd, woe to Barbara Allen.

O! mither, mither, mak my bed,
 O! mak it fast and narrow,
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

HAD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.

O! Had awa, had awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald;
 Your heart is made o'er big for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will change as aft as thee, Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething fuch,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald,
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair with art pretend,
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald,
 For words of falshood ill defend,
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald:
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald,
 But, now the mask is fallen, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Gae seek a heart that's like thy ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald:
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er love man, nor thee, Donald.

Had a wa frae me Donald. ¹³

Violin

Slow

O had a - wa, had a - wa, had awa frae me Donald, your

heart is made oer big for ane. It is not meet for me Donald, Some

fickle mistrefs you may find, will change as aft as thee Donald; To

il - ka Swain fhe will prove kind, and nae lefs kind to thee Donald.

Will ye go to Flanders.

Violin

Slow

Will ye go to Flanders my Mal-ly O? And

6/4 — 5/8 2/2 8

see the chief com-manders my Mal-ly O? You'll

6 6 4 3 7 6 5 5 4 6

see the bullets fly, and the Soldiers how they die, And the

7 4 3 6 7

Ladies loudly cry, my Mal-ly O!

6 b>5 6 4 5 3

WILL YE GO, TO FLANDERS.

WILL ye go to Flanders, my Mally O?
And see the chief commanders, my Mally, O?
You'll see the bullets fly, and the foldiers how they die,
And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally O!

TO THE SAME TUNE.

By P. P. Esq.

O Cynthia! I confes thy pow'r;
Of love I feel the dart;
Thine image haunts my ev'ry hour,
And hangs around my heart:

If other fair ones meet my fight,
I feel no soft alarm:
Thou only canst inspire delight:
Thy smiles alone can charm.

I ask no gifts from Fortune's hand;
Enough my pastures hold:
Ah! what are herds that croud my land,
If nought they bring but gold?

Tho' rich in flocks, I still am poor;
But could the fleecy breed
Be chang'd for her whom all adore,
I then were rich indeed!

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O! This is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't,
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-fide,
Mine ain house I like to guide,
And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds me into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

This is no mine ain. House. 15

Violin

Lively

O this is no mine ain houfe, I ken by the rigging o't, Since

6 6 6 5 7 6

wi' my love I've chang'd vows, I dinna like the bigging o't, For

now that I'm young Robbies bride, and mistress of his fire fide, Mine

ain houfe I like to guide, and please me wi' the trigging o't.

7b 7 5 3 7

Braw Lads of Galla Water

Violin

Slow

Braw braw Lads of Gal - - la wa - - ter

6
5

O braw Lads of Gal - - la wa - - ter I'll

6 5 6 6 8 3 6 - 6
4 3 8 4

gae my lane be - - yond the hill, And

8 2 6
8 -

look for him my heart fighs af - - ter.

7 6 7 6 3 6 5
3 4 5 4 3 4 3

GALLA WATER.

O! Braw lads of Galla Water,
O! braw lads of Galla Water,
I'll gae my lane beyond the hill,
And look for him my heart fighs after.

But when returning, crown'd with laurels,
Frae the fields of death and slaughter,
Ye shall meet with me, my love,
And bring me hame o'er Galla Water.

O'ER BOGIE.

I Will a awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her:
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I will awa' wi' her.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, traits, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

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

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

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.

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.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.

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.

Oer Bogie.

17

Violin

Lively

I will a-wa wi my love, I will a-wa wi' her; Tho'

5 5 - 6
3 2

a' my kin had fworn and faid, I will a--wa wi her. I'll

5 6 4 2 6 6 5 5 5 5 5

oer Bogie oer Bogie oer Bogie wi' her, Tho'

5 6 5 6 5 - 2 6

a' my kin had fworn and faid, I will a--wa wi' her.

5 6 4 2 6 6 5 5 5 5

I had a Horse.

Violin

Moderately Slow

I had a horse and I had nae mair, I got him frae my daddy, My
 purfe was light, and my heart was fair, but my wit it was fu' ready, And
 fae I thought me on a time out wittens' o' my dad-dy, To
 fee my felf to a lowland Laird wha had a bon - - ny Lady.

10 10 5 - 6 6 - 6 3 10 10 5 6 #

6 6 - 6 5 - 5 6 #

6 # 6

6 5 6 5 5 6 #

I HAD A HORSE.

I Had a horfe and I had nae mair,
I got him frae my daddy ;
My purse was light, and my heart was fair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And fae I thought upon a wile
Outwittens o' my daddy,
To fee myself to a lawland laird,
Who had a bonny lady.

Then she pat filler in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie ;
She fee'd a man to rub my horfe,
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 yate,
When I was wi' his lady.

M Y B O Y T A M M Y.

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy
Tammy?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing
Just come frae her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammy!
I hae a houe—it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenishan and geer;
Ye'fe get it a' war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my
boy Tammy?

I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face,—
“I maun nae leave my mammy;
“She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife,
“She's been my comfort a' my days,
“My father's death brought mony waes,
“I canna leave my mammy.

What faid ye to the bonny bairn, my
boy Tammy?

I prais'd her een so lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou,
I prée'd it aft as ye may trou;—
She faid, “she'd tell her mammy.”

“We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
“My ain kind-hearted lammy;
“We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claife,
“We'll be her comfort a' her days.”
The wee thing gies her hand, and says,
“There, gang and ask my mammy!”

Has she been to the kirk with thee, my boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee;
But, oh! she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammy.

My Boy Tammy.

Violin

Slow

Whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tam - my,

4 3 8 7 5 6

whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tammy? I've

been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and Mountain gray,

Courting o' this young thing juft come frae her Mammy.

By the stream so cool & clear.

Violin

Slow

By the stream so cool and clear, And thro' the caves where

6 5 6 5 5 6 5 8 6

breezes languish, Soothing still my ten- - der anguish

6 6

Hoping still to find my lo - ver, I have wan - derd

6 5 5 6 5 2 5-6 6 6 6 7 6 5 5 4 8

far and near, O where shall I the youth dis - co - ver.

6 5 = 6 6 6 5 5 5 5 6 5

BY THE STREAM SO COOL AND CLEAR.

BY the stream so cool and clear,
And thro' the caves where breezes languish,
Soothing still my tender anguish,
Hoping still to find my lover,
I have wander'd far and near,
Oh! where shall I the youth discover!

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,
Ye rocks with mofs and ivy waving,
On some bank where wild waves laving,
Murmur thro' the twisted willow?
On that bank, O! where I laid,
How soft should be my lover's pillow.

FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

AND fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there;
 For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
 The las' wi' the gowden hair;
 And there will be lang kail and castocks,
 And bannocks o' barley meal;
 And there will be gude fa't herrings,
 To relish a cogue o' gude ale.
 And, fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawndy the futor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mow;
 And there will be Tam the bluter,
 Wi' Andrew the tinkler, I trow.
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
 With thumblefs Katie's gude-man;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
 And, fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 Wi' his glaiket wife Jenny Bell;
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Mackapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel'.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings,
 Will feast i' the heart of the ha',
 On fybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
 And, fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be laper'd milk kebbucks,
 And fowens, and farles, and baps;
 Wi' swats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps.
 And there will be buckies and partans,
 Wi' fkink, to sup till ye rive;
 And roasts to roast on a brander
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
 And, fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulce, and tangles,
 And a mill of gude snifhin to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking
 We'll rife up and dance till we die.

Then, fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there;
 For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
 The las' wi' the gowden hair.

Try let us a to the Bridal. 21

Violin

Lively

And fy let us a to the Bridal for there'll be liltin' there, For

5 6 6 4 7

Jock's to be married to Jenny, The Lads wi' the gow-den hair. And

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

there will be langkail and castocks, and bonnock's of barley meal, And

6 6 4 6 5 7 6 5 2

there will be good fawt herrings, To relish a cog of good ale.

6 5 6 5 6

The Shepherd Adonis.

Violin

Slow

The Shepherd A--do--nis being weary'd with
 sport, He for a re-tirement, to the woods did re-
 -fort; He threw by his crook, and he laid him-self
 down; He en-vy'd no Monarch nor wif'd for a crown.

6 6 5 5

5 6 6 10 9 > 6
8 > 5 4

5 3 10 10 6 5
4 3

6 5 10 9 > 6
4 3 8 > 5 4

THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

THE shepherd Adonis
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He, for a retirement,
 To the wood did resort;
 He threw by his crook,
 And he laid himself down,
 He envy'd no monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank o' the burn,
 And he ate frae the tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free;
 He wish'd for no nymph,
 Tho' never fae fair,
 He had nae ambition,
 And therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus,
 In an ev'ning fae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice
 Sounded fast in his ear;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring grove,
 Where bonny Amynta
 Sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way,
 And found who was there;
 He was quite confounded
 To see her fae fair;
 He stood like a statue,
 Not a foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him—
 But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him
 With a kind modest grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her
 Beam forth in his face;
 And, blushing a little,
 She to him did say,
 O shepherd! what want ye,
 How came ye this way?

His spirits reviving,
 The fwain to her said,
 I was ne'er fae surpris'd
 At the sight of a maid;
 Until I beheld thee,
 from love I was free,
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

MY love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was feen,
 But now he makes our hearts fu' fad,
 He takes the field wi' his white cockade.

Oh! he's a rantin, roving lad,
 He is a brisk and bonny lad,
 Betide what may I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll fell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow :
 To buy myfell a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

Oh! he's a rantin, roving lad,
 He is a brisk and a bonny lad,
 Betide what may I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

The White Cockade.

23

Violin

Lively

My Love was born in A - berdeen, The boniest Lad that e'er was seen, But
now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He takes the Field wi' his white Cockade. Oh
he's a Ranting roving Lad, he is a brisk & a bonny Lad, Be -
- tid what may I will be wed, And fol - low the Boy wi' the white Cockade.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a violin part and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked 'Lively' and includes the lyrics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a violin staff and a piano grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'My Love was born in A - berdeen, The boniest Lad that e'er was seen, But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He takes the Field wi' his white Cockade. Oh he's a Ranting roving Lad, he is a brisk & a bonny Lad, Be - tid what may I will be wed, And fol - low the Boy wi' the white Cockade.'

The Lass of Livingston.

Violin

Slow

Pain'd with her flighting Jamies love, Bell dropt a Tear Bell dropt a Tear, The

5 5/3 6/4 7/5 6 6 6 4 3 - 7/5 5/3 f 5

God's descend - ed from above, Well pleas'd to hear, Well pleas'd to hear, They

6 5 6 10 6 4 6 p b10 10 10 8/3

heard the praises of the Youth From her own Tongue, from her own Tongue, Who

5/3 6/4 5/3 6 6 6 4 3 - p 7/5 5/3

now con-vert-ed was to Truth, And thus she sung, And thus she sung.

f 6 5 6 10 10 p

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her flighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;
 The Gods, descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear:
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue;
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung:

Bless'd days! when our ingenious sex
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind;
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return---wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care,
 Or cause him mourn---or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain!
 Yet still thought shame---yet still thought shame;
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame---to own my flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment
 And seem too coy---and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My slighted joy---my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in it's spring,
 Own your desire---own your desire;
 While love's young pow'r wi' his soft wing
 Fans up the fire---fans up the fire;
 O! do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design---or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer kind---but answer kind.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
 With flowing eyes---with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time
 With sweet surprize---with sweet surprize;
 Some God had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd--his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms and cry'd, my love,
 I am reveng'd---I am reveng'd!

JOHN OF BADENYON.

By the Rev. Mr. SKINNER.

WHEN first I came to be a man of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went, and, when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and cheer'd myself with John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and e'en improves the mind:
On Phillis, fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd my eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do;
But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd with foolish hopes and vain,
To Friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine,
And now, whatever might betide, a happy man was I;
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile, still hoping to succeed:
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where, and studied night and day;
Nor mis'd what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And, carefully, thro' many a page, I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I try'd, and yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, every where, who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here, is but an empty name,
For friendship, love, and learning deep, you'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where, then do as I have done;
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of Badenyon.

John of Badenyon

Lively

Vio^{na}

When first I came to be a Man, Of twenty Years or so, I thought myself a handfom Youth &

fain the World wou'd know, In best attire I stept abroad, With Spirits brisk and gay, And

here & there, & ev'rywhere was like a Morn in May. No care I had nor fear of want, But

rambled up an down, And for a Beau I might have pass'd, in Country or in Town, I

still was pleas'd where'er I went & when I was a-lone, I tund my Pipe & pleas'd myself w. John of Badenyon.

The boniest Lass in a the World.

Violin

Slow

Look where my dear Ha-milla smiles Hamilla 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 youthfull pleasure! There

love in smiling language speaks, there spreads the ro-sy treasures.

6 5 5 6 4 3
2

6

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a violin line and a piano accompaniment. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'Look where my dear Ha-milla smiles Hamilla heavenly'. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'charmer! See how with all their arts and wiles, the loves and graces arm her!'. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics: 'A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks fair feat of youthfull pleasure! There'. The fifth system contains the final line of lyrics: 'love in smiling language speaks, there spreads the ro-sy treasures.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), a common time signature (C), and dynamic markings like 'Slow'. There are also some performance instructions like '6 5 5 6 4 3' and '2' under the piano part, and '6' under the piano part of the fourth system.

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.

LOOK where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heav'nly charmer;
See how, with all their arts and wiles,
The loves and graces arm her.

A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair feats of youthful pleasures!
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid! I own thy pow'r:
I gaze, I sigh, and 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.

DUNCAN DAVISON

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she gae'd o'er the moor to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison;
 The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan cou'd na win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly scoor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she fet the wheel between;
 But Duncan sware a haly aith
 That Meg shou'd be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

O! we will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry's we will 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 bonny lass,
 And ay be welcome back again.

Duncan Davison.

Violin

Lively
There was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg, And she gaid o'er the

muir to spin; There was a lad that follow'd her, They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The Muir was drigh, and Meg was skiegh, Her favour Duncan cou'd na win: For

wi' the rock she wad him knock, And ay she fhook the temper pin.

Leader Haughs & Yarrow.

Violin

Slow

The morn was fair, fast was the air, All nature's sweets were

b6
5

7
4

springing, The buds did bow with silver dew, Ten thousand birds were

b7

6
4

b7

8
3

finging; When on the bent, with blyth content, Young Ja-mie fang his

5 6

5 6

8

5 6

marrow. Nae bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs, on leader haughs and yarrow.

6

6
5

b7

6

b7
3

6

5
3

6

3 3

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing :
 The buds did blow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing :
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie fang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs,
 On leader haughs and Yarrow.

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 lafs ! have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys may flit, if you commit
 The crying ^{sin} of murder.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heav'nly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted !
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blefs my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And day and night affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, wi' 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 blest 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 bliffes.
 Thou art my Sun ! and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the bloffom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD'blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving fairly ;
 Sae loud and shril I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the mörning's nae for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When a' the hills are clad wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it is winter fairly.

The birds fit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely ;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning's, &c.

Up in the Morning early.

Violin

Lively

Could blaws the wind frae east to west, The drift is driving

6 6 465 6 6 5 6

fair - - ly; Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast, I'm sure its winter

6 6 6 b5 6 9 8 #
5 4 b

fair - - - ly. Up in the morning's nae for me, up in the morning

7 6 - # 6 - - 6 5 - - 6 8 9 8 7
4 6 7 6 5

ear - - ly, When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, I'm sure it is winter fairly.

5 3 - 6 b6 6 6 6 5 6 7 6 5 8 6 5 4 # 3 4

Fife & a' the lands about it.

Violin

Slow

Al-lan by his grief excited, Long the victim of despair;

5 6 6 5 6 6 8 7 5 6 5 3

This deplord his passion flighted, Thus address'd the scornful fair:

6 6 5 6 7 5 5 3

Fife and all the lands about it, Un-de-fir-ing I can see;

6 5 6 6 4 5 3 6 6

Joy may crown my days without it, Not my charmer without thee.

FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

ALLAN, by his grief excited,
 Long the victim of despair,
 Thus deplor'd his passion slighted,
 Thus address'd the scornful fair :
 Fife and a' the lands about it,
 Undefiring I can see ;
 Joy may crown my days without it.
 Not, my charmer, without thee.

Must I then for ever languish,
 Still complaining, still endure ;
 Can her form create an anguish
 Which her soul disdains to cure !
 Why, by hopeless passion fated,
 Must I still those eyes admire,
 Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
 In her presence I expire.

Would thy charms improve their power,
 Timely think, relentless maid !
 Beauty is a short-liv'd flower,
 Destin'd but to bloom and fade !
 Let that Heaven, whose kind impression
 All thy lovely features shew,
 Melt thy soul to soft compassion,
 For a suffer'ing lover's woe.

See my colour quickly fading,
 To a sad portentous pale :
 See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,
 O'er my vital frame prevail.
 Vain, alas ! expostulation,
 'Tis not thine her love to gain ;
 But with silent resignation,
 Bid adieu to life and pain.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I Am my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, fir,
 And running wi' a man awa,
 I'm fley'd it make me irie, fir.
 I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a fin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, fir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin fimmer, fir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

I'm o'er young to marry yet. 31

Violin

Slow

I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir, And

5 6 5
8 4 8

running wi' a' Man a-wa I'm fley'd it make me i-rie Sir. I'm

5 6 5
8 4 8

o'er young I'm o'er young I'm o'er young to marry yet; I'm

5 6

o'er young 'twad be a fin To tak me frae my mammy yet.

6 6 5
4 8

My ain kind Dearie.

Violin

Slow

Will ye gang oer the leerigg, my ain kind dearie O! And

6 5
4 8

cuddle there fae kind - - ly wi' me, My ain kind dearie O! At

5 6 6 5 6 5
4 4 8 4 8

thornie dike and birken tree, We'll daff and neer be weary O, They'll

5 6

fcug ill een frae you and me, My ain kind dearie O.

MY AIN KIND DEARY, O!

WILL ye gang o'er the lee-rigg,
My ain kind deary, O!
And cuddle there fae kindly
Wi' me, my kind deary, O?

At thornie dike and birken tree,
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary, O!
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
My ain kind deary, O!

Nae heards 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!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my Jo,
Upon the lee my pleafure grows,
Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

DAINTY DAVY.

BY drinking drive dull care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary
 In your tempers, but be gay ;
 Let mirth know no cessation :
 We all were born, mankind agree,
 From dull reflection to be free,
 But he that drinks not, cannot be :
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
 Then all our whining,
 Wishing, striving,
 To embrace what beauty yields,
 Is left when in possession ;
 But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its worth,
 We always wish'd for't from our birth,
 And shall for ever wish on.

Dainty Davie.

Violin

Lively

By drinking drive dull care away, Be brisk and ai-ry never

va-ry In your temper but be gay, Let mirth know no ces-sation: We

all were born, mankind agree, From dull reflection to be free; But

he that drinks not cannot be: Then answer your cre-a-tion.

Pentland Hills.

Violin

Slow

When the bright God of day drove westward his ray, And the evening was

9 8 6 6 6 9 5
4 3 4

charming and clear, The Swallows a - main nimbly skim o'er the Plain, And our,

9 5 - 6

shadows like Giants appear, In a Jefsamine bow'r when the bean was in flow'r, And

6 - 5 6 6 6 #
4 - 3 5

Zephyrs breath'd odours breath'd odours around, Lov'd Celia was fat, with her

6

6

6

song and her lute, And she charm'd all the Grove all the Grove with the found.

5 6 6 6 8 5 - 6 b 3 4 5

PENTLAND HILLS.

WHEN the bright god of day drove westward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
The swallows amain nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r,
And zephyrs breath'd odours around :
Lov'd Celia was fet; with her fong and her lut,
And she charm'd all the grove with the found.

Rofy bowers, she fung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive ;
Th' industrious bees, from the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along :
As she touch'd on the strings he beat time with his wings,
And Echo repeated the fong.

DUNCAN GRAY.

The words by P. P. Esq.

CYNTHIA, be as kind as fair :
Bid me not with tears depart,
'Twas thy graces laid the snare,
'Twas thy beauty caught my heart.

Let the world thy justice found,
'Tis but common justice, sure !
As thine eyes have dealt the wound,
Those sweet lips should give the cure.

Duncan Gray.

35

Violin

Slow

Cynthia be as kind as fair: Bid me not with tears depart

6 6 6 5 6 6 6
4 4

'Twas thy graces laid the snare, 'Twas thy beauty caught my heart:

5 6 6 7 5 8 6 7

Let the world thy justice fount, 'Tis but common justice fure!

7 5 6 8 6

As thine eyes have giv'n the wound, Those sweet lips shoud give the cure.

5 6 6 7 5 8 6 5

Maggy Lauder.

Violin

Slow

Wha wad na be in love wi bonny Maggy Lauder, A pi-per met her gam to fife, and

6 5 6 43 6.

speir'd what was't they ca'd her; right scornful-ly she answer'd him, be-gone, ye hal-lan-sha-ker, Jog

5 6 4 6 5

on your gate your bladderskate, my name is Maggy Lauder. Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags, I'm

5 6 4 3

fidging fain to see thee; fit down by me, my bonny bird, in trowth I win na steer thee for I'm a piper,

6 43 5 6 6 5 3 6 5 6 6

to my trade, my name is Rob the ranter, the laf ses loup as they were daft, when I blaw up my chanter.

6 5

MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speer'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, ye hallanshaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladderkate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, now by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee:
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In trouth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border?
 The lasses a' baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter:
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll bla' up your chanter.

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

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth she,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

HOW CAN I BE SAD ON MY WEDDING DAY.

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sence than any of thae,
Sour weak filly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools?
The man who is prudent ne'er light lies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

How can I be sad on my Wedding Day. 37

Violin

Lively

How shall I be sad when a husband I have that has better sense than a ny of thee, four

6 5 5 6 6 4 4 6 5 7

weak fil-ly fellows, that study like fools, to sink their ain joy, and make their wives fnools: the

5 6 6

man who is prudent neer lightlies his wife, Or with dull reproaches en-cou-ra-ges strife, he

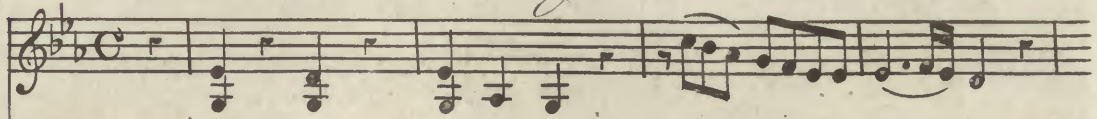
6 5 3 6 5 7

praises her virtues, and ne'er will a-buse, her for a small failing; but find an excuse.

5 6 6

Nanny O.

Violin



Slow

While absent from these faithfull arms, O'er distant hills my Henry hies Fears

6 6 6 5 6 10 10 5 6 3

fondly fram'd my heart alarms, And tears of passion bathe my eyes: A -

6 5 4

- - long this secret Grove I stray, For oft at eve I've met him here; And

6 4 5 6 6 5

to il-lu-sive thought a prey, I turn and fancy he is near.

NANNY O!

The Words by W. Pearce, Esq.

<p>W HILE, absent from these faithful arms, O'er distant hills my Henry hies; Fears, fondly-fram'd, my breast alarms, And tears of passion bathe my eyes: Along this secret grove I stray, For oft at eve I've met him here; And, to illusive thought a prey, I turn, and fancy he is near!</p>	<p>Beneath these oaks how wou'd he kneel, And vow his love with life shou'd last! But memory heightens all I feel— With pain I recollect the past! Some Fairy guide me to the spot, Where hides the sov'reign of this heart!— Adieu, ye vales!—adieu, sweet cot! My snowy lambs and I—must part.</p>
--	---

Thro' woods and wilds—'midst thorns and brakes,
 For thee, dear lad! my way I'll keep,
 'Till strength this tender frame forsakes;
 When wearied,—lie me down and weep!
 But O! return—perfidious swain!
 Thou, airy Wand'rer, cease to rove;
 Ah!—haste to these fond arms again,
 For none you meet like me will love!

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A.

THE bride came out o' the byre,
 And, O! as she dighted her cheeks!
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blankets nor sheets:
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle to do.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d—I need a' this pride?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 The night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsfey woolsey,
 And ne'er a fark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

CHORUS.

Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 And was nae she very weel aff,
 That was woo'd and married, and a'.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie,
 Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud and saucy,
 And nae for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'll never take ane i' my life.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough;
 O! had ye're tongue, my daughter,
 And ye's get gear enough:
 The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
 And our brae basin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn;—
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's fister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O! gin I were but married!
 It's a' that I desire;
 But we, poor fo'k, maun live fingle,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Wood & Married & a.

Lively

The Bride came out o' the byre, and O as she deighted her cheeks, Sirs I'm to be married the night, and has
nei_ther blankets, nor sheets, has nei_ther blankets nor sheets, nor scarce a co_ver_let too. the
bride that has a' things to borrow has e'en right meikle a do Wood and Married and a' wood and married and a', an
was nae the very weel aff, that was wood, and married and a'. wood and married and a,
wood and married and a, an was nae the ve_ryweel aff that was wood and married and a.

Chorus

Fingerings: 6 5 6 5/3 6 5 7 9 8 5 6; 5 3 6 # 6 2 6 6; 5 5 6 # 6 2 6; 7 5 8 5 6 5 6 # 6 6; 7 5 8 5 6 5 6 #

Blue Bonnets.

Violin

Slow

Wherefore fighting art thou Phillis? Has thy Prime un-heeded
 past? Hast thou found that beauty's Lillies were not made for AYE to last?
 Know thy form was once a treasure; Then it was thy hour of scorn,
 Since thou then deniedst the pleasure NOW 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn.

6 10 10 6 6 6 7 5

6 5 4 3 5 2 6 6 6 5

6 6 6 4 2 5 4 6 6

6 6 4 4 6 6 6 5 3

BLUE BONNETS.

By P. P. Esq.

WHEREFORE fighting art thou, Phillis?
Has thy prime unheeded past?
Hast thou found that Beauty's lilies
Were not made for aye to last!

Know thy form was once a treasure,
Then it was thy hour of scorn—
Since thou then denied'st the pleasure,
Now 'tis fit that thou shou'dst mourn.

WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens;
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay;
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm nae very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

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 naething gi'es me sic delight,
 As wauking o' the fauld.

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

The Wawking of the Fauld.

41

Violin

Lully

My Peggy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens fair as the day and

56 — 6 4

sweet as may, fair as the day and always gay; My Peggy is a young thing and I'm not ve-ry auld; yet

6 5 6 4 5 3

well I like to meet her at the wawking of the fauld. My Peg-gy speaks fae sweetly when

6 4 5 3 4 5 3 5 7 6 6 5 6 6

e'er we meet alane, I wifh naemair, to lay my care, I wifh naemair of a' that's rare, My Peggy speaks fae

6 4 3

sweet-ly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; but she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawking of the fauld.

6 6 — 6 4 3 7 #

The musical score is written for Violin and Lully. The Violin part is in the treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The Lully part is in the bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written in a traditional Scottish dialect. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

John come kiss me now.

Violin

Slow

When charming Chloe gently walks, Or sweetly smiles or gaily

talks; No goddess can with her compare, So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd, Is with a mind as nobly grac'd, With

sparkling wit and solid sense, And soft persuasive eloquence.

6 4 2

5 6 5 b5 6 5 6 6 5 2 6 6 6 5
4 3

8 3 b 3 3 b6 6 7 6 5
5 4 3

6 6 5 6 6

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

WHEN charming Chloe gently walks,
Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks;
No goddess can with her compare,
So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
With sparkling wit and solid sense,
And soft persuasive eloquence.

MOUNT YOUR BAGGAGE.

O! mount and go,
Mount and make you ready,
O! mount and go,
And be a captain's lady.

When the drums do beat
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state
And see thy love in battle.
O! mount and go, &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O! mount and go, &c.

Mount your Baggage.

Violin *Lively*

O mount & go, mount & make you ready, O mount and go and be a

6 4 6 6 6 5 10 10 6 6

Captains La-dy when the drums do, beat and the can_nons rat_tle thou shall

f

fit in state and fee thy love in bat_tle, when the drums do beat and the

6 6

can_nons rat_tle thou shall set in state and fee thy Love in bat_tle.

Ye Gods was Strephons picture blest.

Violin

Slow

Ye Gods was Strephons picture blest, With the fair heaven of

5 3 7 5 6 4

Chloe's breast: Move softer thou fond flutt'ring heart, Oh gently thro, too

6 5 4 3

fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind, For Strephon was the blifs de -

5

-fignd? For Strephon's sake dear charming maid, Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

4 2 6 4 2 8 6 5 5

YE GODS! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

YE Gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heav'n of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'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 sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest'd 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.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alm 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.

'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.

S L E E P Y B O D I E.

ALTHO' I be but a country lafs,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear, O,
 And think myfell as good as thofe
 That rich apparel wear, O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
 My skin it is as faft, O,
 As them that fatin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads alaft, O.

What tho' I keep my father's fheep?
 The thing that muft be done, O,
 With garlands of the fineft flowers
 To shade me frae the fun, O.
 When they are feeding pleafantly,
 Where grafs and flowers do fpring, O,
 Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
 I fet me down, and fing, O.

My Paisley Piggy cork'd, with fage,
 Contains my drink, but thin, O,
 No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to fin, O.
 My country curds and wooden fpoon,
 I think them unco fine, O,
 And on a flow'ry bank at noon,
 I fet me down, and dine, O.

Sleepy Bodie.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Al - tho' I be but a Country lads, Yet a lof - ty mind I bear

O, And think myself as good as those That rich apparel wear O, Al -

- - tho' my gown be hame spun gray, My fkin it is as soft O, As

them that fat - tin weeds do wear, And carry their heads a - loft O.

The Gardner & his Puddle.

Violin

Slow

When ro--fy May comes in wi' flowrs, to deck her gay, green

spreading bowrs; then bufy, bufy are his hours, the Gard'ner wi' his

pai-dle. The chrys-tal wa-ters gent-ly fa; the mer-ry birds are

lo-vers a; the scented breezes round him blaw, the Gardner wi' his pai--dle.

5 7 5 8 6 7 5

6 5 8 7 7 6 5 6 2 6 6 5

5 6 7 5

5 # 8 7 7 6 5 6 9 6 6 5

THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

WHEN rofy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers,
Then bufy, bufy are his hours,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
The chryftal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The fcented breezes round him blaw,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare :
Then thro' the dews he maun repair,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the weft,
The curtain draws o' nature's reft,
He flees to her arms he loves the beft,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

THERE came a young man to my daddy's door,
 My daddy's door, my daddy's door,
 There came a young man to my daddy's door,
 Came seeking me to woo;

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldribe wooer,
 Ye four-looking cauldribe wooer,
 I straightway shoo'd him to th' door,
 Saying, come nae mair to woo.
 And vow but, &c.

And vow but he was a braw young lad,
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And vow but he was a braw young lad,
 Came seeking me to woo.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door;
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he, I trow.
 And vow but, &c.

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came, when he came;
 I took him in, and ga'e him a scone
 To thow his frozen mou'.

And vow but, &c.

Out came the good man and high he shouted,
 Out came the good wife and low she louted,
 And a' the town neighbours were gather'd about it,
 And there lay he I trow.

And vow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the bink,
 I ga'e him bread, and ale to drink;
 And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
 Until that he was fou'.

And vow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a befyl'd,
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.

And vow but, &c.

The Brisk young Lad.

47

Violin

Lively

There came a young man to my daddies door, my daddies door, my

6 5 7 6

daddies door, there came a young man to my daddies door, Came seeking me to

6 5 6 5 6 6 # 4

woo. And vow but he was a braw young lad, A brisk young lad, and a

7

braw young lad, And vow but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

Cumbernauld House.

Violin

Slow

Where winding Forth a - dorns the vale fond Strephon once a Shepherd gay, did

to the rocks his lot bewail, and thus address'd his plaintive lay. O

JULIA more than lil - ly fair more blooming than the op - ning rose, How

can thy breast re - lent - less wear, A heart more cold than winters snows.

CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
Fond Strephon, once a shepherd gay,
Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
And thus address'd his plaintive lay :

O! Julia, more than lily fair,
More blooming than the op'ning rose,
How can thy breast, relentless, wear
A heart more cold than Winter's snows.

O! CAN YOU SEW CUSHIONS.

O! can you sew cushions, and can you sew sheets,
And can you sing balla loo when the bairn greets,
And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb,
And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb?
Hee O! wee O! what wou'd I do wi' you?
Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
Mony o' you, little for to gi' you,
Hee O! wee O! what wou'd I do wi' you?

O can you Sew Cushions.

Violin

Stave

O. can ye few Cushions and can ye few Sheets and can ye fing ballaloo

5 6 5 9 8 5 6 6 5
4 3

when the Bairn greets. And hee and haw Birdie and hee and haw Lamb and

p 4/2 6 f p 4/2 6 f p 5

hee and haw Birdie my bonny wee Lamb. Hee O wee O what wou'd I do wi' you black's the

6 5 2 6 6 - 6 8 8 8

lifethat I lead wi' you monny O you little for to gi' you hee O wee O what wou'd I do wi' you.

Slow 6 5

Here's a health to my true Love.

Violin

Slow

To me what are riches en-cumber'd with care? To

6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 3

me what is pomp's in-fig-ni-fi-cant glare? No

5 6 5 6 5 5 6 6 4 #

mi-nion of for-tune; no pa-geant of ftate, Shall

3 3

e-ver in-duce me to en-vy his fate.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

TO me what are riches encumber'd with care,
 To me what is pomp's insignificant glare.
 No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,
 Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.

Let rakes in a paramour's love acquiesce,
 Or jealousies stifle in noisy excess ;
 Such pleasures I court as my soul can review,
 Nor tumults attend, nor compunctions pursue.

Their personal graces let fops idolize,
 Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise,
 But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,
 And all their faint lustre be hid in the tomb.

Let the meteor discov'ry attract the fond sage,
 On fruitless researches for life to engage,
 Content with my portion, the rest I forego,
 Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.

Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,
 While misers their wishes concentrate in pelf,
 Let the god-like delight of imparting be mine,
 Enjoyment reflected is pleasure divine.

Extensive dominion and absolute power,
 May tickle ambition perhaps for an hour ;
 But power in possession soon loses its charms,
 While conscience remonstrates, and terror alarms,

With vigour, O ! teach me, kind heaven, to sustain
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain :
 And, when 'tis allow'd me the goal to descry,
 For my species I liv'd, for myself let me die.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

O! merry may the maid be,
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 He's ay a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper ;
 And gin she please, a gude fat cheefe,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

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 :
 Tho' 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.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of gude hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were nae scanty ;
 A gude fat sow, a sleeky cow,
 Was standin in the byre ;
 Whilst lazy poufs, and mealy moufe,
 Were playing at the fire.

Gude 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 nor malt she does nae want,
 Nor any thing that's dainty,
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

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 fae happy.

Merry may the Maid be.

Violin

Lively

O merry may the maid be, that marries the Miller, For
 foul day or fair day, he's ay-- bringing till her. He's
 ay a penny in his purse, for dinner and for sup--per, And
 gin she please a gude fat cheefe and lumps of yellow but--ter.

6 # 5 # 6 5 6 8

5 5 6 > 5 4 6 #

b6 4 6 6 5 6 6 5

5 6 - > 5 6 #

The Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

Violin

Slow

As I went o'er yon meadow, and carelessly passed a - long, I

6 5 6 5 5 6 5 6 5

listend with pleasure to Jenny, while mournfully sing - ing this song. The

6 6 5 6 # 5 6 # 6

mucking of Geordy's byer, and the shooling the Gruipe so clean, Has aft gart me

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

spend the night fleepless, and brought the fat tears in my een.

5 6 4

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

AS I went over yon meadow,
 And carelessly pass'd along,
 I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,
 While mournfully singing this song :

Though the roads were ever fae filthy,
 Or the day fae scoury and foul,
 I wou'd ay be ganging wi' Geordie,
 I lik'd it far better than school.
 The mucking, &c.

The mucking of Geordie's byre,
 And the shoaling the Gruip fae clean,
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
 And brought the faut tears in my een.

My brither abuses me daily
 For being wi' Geordie fae free,
 My sifter she ca's me hood-winked,
 Because he's below my degree.
 The mucking, &c.

It was not my father's pleasure,
 Nor was it my mither's desire,
 That ever I puddl'd my fingers
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
 The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
 Altho' he was cunning and flee ;
 He ca's me his dear and his honey,
 I am sure that my Geordie loo's me.
 The mucking, &c.

T I B B Y F O W L E R.

TIBBY Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her;
 Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her.

Courting at her, wooing at her,
 Seeking at her, canna get her;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
 And ten came rowing o'er the water;
 Twa gaid down the lang dyke fide,
 There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Fye upon the filthy fnort,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her;
 Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;
 There's seven-and-forty wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Be a lassie ne'er fae fine,
 Gin she want the penny filler,
 She may live till ninety-nine
 E're she get a man till her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Be a lassie ne'er fae black,
 Gi'r the name o' meikle filler,
 And fet her on a hill tap,
 The wind will bla' a man till her.
 Courting at her, &c.

She's got pendels to her lugs,
 Cockle-shells wad fet her better,
 High heel'd shoon, and filler studs,
 And a' the lads are courting at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

In came Frank, wi' his lang legs,
 Gar'd a' the stairs, play clitter clatter;
 Had awa, young men, he begs,
 For, by my sooth I will be at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Tibby Fowler.

Violin

Lively

Tibby Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er monny wooing at her:

Tibby Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er monny wooing at her:

Courting at her, wooing at her, seeking at her, canna get her;

Filthy elf, its for her pelf, That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Love will find out the way.

Violin

Slow

Quite over the mountains, and o-ver the waves, Quite over the fountains, and

un-der the graves; O'er floods that are deepest, which Neptune o-bey, O'er

rocks that are steepest, love will find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest, which

Neptune o-bey, O'er rocks that are steepest love will find out the way.

6 6 6 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6

4 5 5 4 3

6 6 3

5 7 5 8 # 3 3

5 5 6 # 4 6

6 5 6 5 8 # 4 6

6-5 4-3

h

h

h

7 5 6 # 5 3 5 #

5 6

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

QUITE over the mountains,
 And over the waves,
 Quite over the fountains,
 And under the graves;
 O'er floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey,
 O'er rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie;
 Where there is no space
 For the receipt of a fly;
 Where the midge dare not venture,
 Left herself fast she lay;
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child in his force,
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worfe;
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing! to be blind;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind Love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop as you list,
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phœnix of the East;
 The lions ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey;
 But you'll never stop a lover,—
 He will find out the way.

BE KIND TO THE YOUNG THING.

STELLA, darling of the Muses,
 Fairer than the blooming spring, O,
 Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
 When of thee, he strives to sing, O.

Whilst my soul with wonder traces
 All thy charms of face and mind, O,
 All the beauties, all the graces,
 Of thy sex in thee I find, O.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
 In my breast alternate rife, O,
 Words no more can paint my passion
 Than the pencil can thine eyes, O.

Lavish Nature, thee adorning,
 O'er thy cheeks and lips hath spread, O,
 Colours that do shame the morning,
 Shining with celestial red, O.

Pallas, Venus, now must never
 Boast their charms triumphant fit, O,
 Stella, bright, outvying either,
 This in beauty, that in wit, O.

Cou'd the gods, in blest'd condition,
 Ought on earth with envy view, O,
 Lovely Stella, their ambition,
 Would be to resemble you, O.

Be kind to the Young thing.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Stella darling of the Mu - ses, fairer than the blooming spring O sweetest

4 6 6
2 7 6

hr

theme the po - et chu - ses, when of thee he strives to sing O, whilst my

foul with wonder tra - ces, all thy charms of face and mind O, all the

6 6 5

hr

beau - ties, all the gra - ces of thy sex in thee I find O,

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

Violin

Slow

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, And castocks in Strabogie, Gin

I hae but a bonny Lafs, Ye're welcome to your Co-gie. And

ye may fit up a' the night; And drink till it be braid day light; Gie

me a Lafs baith clean and tight, To dance the reel of ho-gie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

The Words by the Duke of Gordon.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 An ca'locks in Stra'bogie;
 Gin I hae but a bonny lafs,
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.
 And ye may fit up a' the night,
 And drink till it be braid day-light;
 Gie me a lafs baith clean and tight,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
 John Bull in countra dances;
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well,
 Mynheer an all'mand prances;
 In fourfome reels the Scots delight,
 The threefome maifl dance wound'rous light;
 But twafome ding a' out o' fight,
 Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well;
 Wale each a blythfome rogie,
 I'll take this lassie to mysel,
 She feems fae keen and vogie;
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring,
 The countra fashon is the thing,
 To prie their mou's ere we begin
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs
 Save yon auld doited fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,
 As they do in Stra'bogie;
 But a' the lassies look fae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain;
 For they maun ha'e their come again,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
 Like true men of Stra'bogie;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tipple out a cogie;
 Come now, my lads, and tak your glafs,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishing health to every lafs
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

SAW ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Coming o'er the lee?
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
 Every look still warms me;
 Every thought alarms me,
 Left she love nae me:
 Peggy doth discover
 Naught but charms all over;
 Nature bids me love her,—
 That's a law to me.

Who wou'd 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,
 Naught 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.

Saw ye my Peggy.

57

Violin

Slow

f p f p

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy, faw ye nae my Peg-gy,

f p

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy Co--ming o'er the lee?

f p f

Sure a fi--ner creature, Ne'er was form'd by na--ture,

f p f

So compleat each fea--ture So di-vine is the.

The Banks of Spey.

Violin

Slow

Talk not of love, it gives me pain, For love has been my

6 5 6 4 2 6 8

foe; He bound me with an Iron chain, and plung'd me deep in woe.

8 6 5 6 6 2 6

But friendship's pure and lasting joys, my heart was form'd to prove; Then

6 6 8 3 6 8 7 6 5 4 # 6 3

welcome win and wear the prize, but never talk of love.

6 4 3 6

THE BANKS OF SPET.

TALK not of love, it gives me pain,
 For love has been my foe,
 He bound me with an iron chain,
 And plung'd me deep in woe ;
 But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
 My heart was form'd to prove,
 Then welcome win and wear the prize,
 But never talk of love.

Your friendship, much can make me blest,
 Oh ! why that blifs destroy ?
 Why urge the only one, request
 You know I will deny ;
 Your thought, if love must labour there,
 Conceal it in that thought,
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The only friend I fought.

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go?

Bonny lassie will ye go

To the birks of Abergeldie?

Ye fall get a gown of filk,

A gown of filk, a gown of filk,

Ye fall get a gown of filk,

And a coat of eallimankie.

Na, kind fir, I dare nae gang,

I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,

Na, kind fir, I dare nae gang,

My minny will be angry;

Sair, fair, wad she flyte;

Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;

Sair, fair, wad she flyte;

And fair wad she ban me.

The Birks of Abergeldie.

59

Violin

Lively

Bonny Lafsie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

6 5 3 3 6 5

Bonny Lafsie will ye go, To the birks of A - ber - gel - die?

6 6 5 6 5 6 #

Ye shall get a Gown o' filk, a Gown o' filk, a Gown o' filk,

5

Ye shall get a Gown o' filk, And Coat of cal - li - mankie.

5 6 5 6 #

The bonny brucket Lafsie.

Violin

Slow

The bon-ny brucket Lafsie, She has the tearfull

een: She was the faireft Lafsie That danced on the

green. A Lad he lood her dearly, She did his love re-

- - turn: But he his vows has broken, And left the maid to mourn.

THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE bonny brucket lassie,
She has the tearful een,
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green;
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return,
But he his vows has broken
And left the maid to mourn.

“ O! could I live in darknes,
“ 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.”

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.”

THE SOGER LADDIE.

MY foger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My bleffings gang wi' my foger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handfome and brave,
And can as a foger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is fleddy;
There's few to compare with my foger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleafantly free me,
When back to my wishes my foger ye gie me.

O! foon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

The Soger Laddie

61

Violin

Lively

My So-ger Laddie is over the Sea, And he will bring gold and
money to me, And when he comes hame he'll make me a Lady, My
blefsings gang wi my So-ger Laddie. My doughty Laddie is
handfome and brave, And can as a Soger and Lover behave; True to his
Country to love he is steady, There's few to compare wi my Soger Laddie.

The musical score is written in a single system with two staves. The top staff is for the Violin, and the bottom staff is for the Lively accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written in the spaces between the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are: "My So-ger Laddie is over the Sea, And he will bring gold and money to me, And when he comes hame he'll make me a Lady, My blefsings gang wi my So-ger Laddie. My doughty Laddie is handfome and brave, And can as a Soger and Lover behave; True to his Country to love he is steady, There's few to compare wi my Soger Laddie." The score ends with a double bar line.

O let me in this ae Night.

Violin

Slow

O Lafsie, art thou fleeping yet; Or are you waking

4 6 5/3

I would wit^p For love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be

4 6 5/3 6/5

in jo. O let me in this ae night, this ae, ae,

48 # 6 6

ae, night O let me in this ae night, Ill ne'er come back again, jo.

5 5 # 5 5 5 6 #

O! LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O! Laffie, art thou sleeping yet;
Or are you waking, I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, Jo.
O! let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,
O! let me in this ae night, I'll ne'er come back again, Jo.

The night it is baith cauld and weet,
The morn it will be fnaw and fleet,
My fhoon are frozen to my feet,
Wi' standing on the plain, Jo.
O! let me, &c.

WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBED.

The Words by P. P. Esq.

AH! why to others art thou fair?
Why from thy bosom's snowy white,
Thy smiles, thy cheeks, thy glossy hair,
Shall other shepherds steal delight?

From morn to eve let me admire,
Untir'd, thy converse sweet approve;
Thy charms, that other shepherds fire,
O! Delia, wrong my constant love.

I feel the beauties that are thine,
Yet, let my heart alone adore;
An avarice of love is mine,
That doats like misers on their store.

Then, Delia, view my secret vale,
And with thy smiles indulge the swain;
How blest to tell the love-sick tale
To her whom thousands seek in vain.

When she came ben she bobet. 63

Violin

Livdy

Ab! why to o - thers art thou fair? Why from thy bosoms

7 8 — 3 3 6 8 5 6 6

fnowy white, Thy smiles, thy cheeks, thy glof - fy hair Shall

46 6 7 5 6 5

other Shepherds steal delight? From morn to eve, let

6 3 3 3 5 3 6 5

me ad - mire un - - tird, thy converse fweet approve, Thy

6 6 6 6 46

charms that o - ther Shepherds fire, O Delia wrongs my constant love.

5 6 5 3 6 3 3 5 3

Hallow ev'n.

Violin

Slow

Why hangs that cloud up - on thy brow, That beauteous heaven ere -

6 6 5 6 6 5

- while serene? Whence do those storms and tempests flow? Or what this guilt of

6 5 6 8 8 7 7 7 3

passion mean? And must then mankind lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to

5 5 6

shine, And lye obscur'd in endless night, For each poor fil-ly speech of mine?

6 5
4 3

H A L L O W E V ' N .

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
 That beauteous heav'n e'er while serene?
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow?
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscur'd in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child! how can I wrong thy name,
 Thy form so fair, and faultless, stands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty could make large amends:
 Or, if I durst profanely try,
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, ev'ry heart t'enfnare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face;
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry 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's shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is giv'n,
 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, pleas'd, itself bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town, or here awa';
 Fu' blyth he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roos'd my een fae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waift fae genty fma';
 An' aft my heart came to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or faw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lee I look fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a';
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Jockey was the blythest Lad.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Young Jockey was the blythest lad In a' our Town or here a - -

1 1 5 5 6 6 5 4 #

- wa; Fu' blyth he whistled at the gaud, Fu' lightly danod' he in the ha'.

5 3 5 3 6 5 4 #

He roofd my een fae bonnie blue, He roofd my waift fae genty sma'; An

5

aft my heart came to my mou, When ne'er a bo - - dy heard or saw.

6 6 # 6 3 6 5 #

Margret's Ghost.

Violin

Slow

'Twas at the fearfull midnight hour, When all were fast were fast a - -

5 2 5 6 # 5 - 4 6 5 6

- - sleep, In glided Margret's grimly Ghost And stood at Williams Williams feet.

6 5 6 6 6 6 5 5 - 6 6 5 3

Her face was pale, like April morn, Cled in a wintry wintry cloud; And

5 2 6 7 # 9 5 6 4 3 5 #

clay cold was her li - ly hand, That held her fable fable throud.

7 6 5 3 6 5

MARGARET'S GHOST.

'TWAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
That tips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like a canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,—
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

How cou'd you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep?

How cou'd you swear, my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my filter is,
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ning head;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Marg'ret's body lay;
And stretch'd him o'er the green grafs turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

HARK! yonder eagle lonely wails,
 His faithful bosom grief affails:
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird, I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly;
 He mourns for love, and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast;
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly lov'd was dead;
 With Delia's breath my joy expir'd,
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd;
 Like that poor bird, I pine, and prove
 Naught can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate,
 That robb'd him of his darling mate;
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky;
 To him is now for ever lost,
 The heart-felt bliss he once cou'd boast:
 Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
 An image of my soul's dismay.

The Black Eagle.

Violin

Slow

Hark! yonder Eagle lonely wails; His faithfull bosom

5 6 5 1 1 1 6 6
3 4 3

grief af-fails: Last night I heard him in my dream, When death and wo were

6 4 # 5 7 5 1 1 5 6 6 6
3 5 3

all the theme. Like that poor bird I make my moan, I grieve for dearest

6 # 6 6 6

Delia gone With him to gloomy rocks I fly, He mourns for love and so do I.

8 6 5 7 6 6 - 7 8 6 6 7 6 5
6 4 # 3 - - 3 3 # 4 #

How long & dreary is the Night.

Violin

Slow

How long and dreary is the night, When I am frae my

dearie! I fleepless lye frae een to morn, Tho'

I were neer fo weary. I fleepless lye frae

een to morn, Tho' I were neer fo weary.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

HOW long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleeplefs lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary;
I sleeplefs lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary.

When I think on the happy days,
I spent wi' you, my dearie!
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?
And now what lands, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na fae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was na fae ye glinted, &c.

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty,
Leave kindred and friends for me ;
Assur'd thy fervant 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 ever the same.

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

Blink o'er the Burn sweet Betty.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty, Leave kindred and friends for

6 6 7 # 6 5 6 5 6

me! Absurd thy servant is steady To love, to honour and thee. The

6 7 # 6 - 8 7 6 5 8 7 8 7 6 4 3

gifts of nature and fortune, May fly by chance as they came They're

6 5 6 6 # b6 5 6 5 6 6

grounds the desti-nies sport on, But vir-tue is e-ver the same.

8 3 b7 6 5 6 6 6 # 3 3 3 6 6 7 6 - 5 3

Wat ye wha, I met yestreen.

Violin

Slow

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming thro' the broom my jo: My
 mistress in her tartan screen, Fu' bonny braw and sweet my jo. My
 dear quoth I thanks to the night, That never wish'd a lo-ver ill, Since
 ye're out of your mither's sight, Let's tak' a wauk up to the hill.

The score consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a Violin part on a single staff and a Piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are printed below the piano accompaniment. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 on the violin staff and 1-6 on the piano staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming thro' the broom, my Jo?
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my Jo;
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's fight,
 Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

Soon as the clear good-man of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn side and play,
 And gather flowers to buik ye'r brow;
 We'll pu' the daifies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleafant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, faft, 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.

MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRAN O'ER ME.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Tho' she did the fame before me ;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my love,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For, though 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.

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.

My Mithers ay glowran o'er me

Violin

Lively

My mither's ay glowran o'er me, Tho' she did the same be-

- fore me I canna get leave To look at my love Or else she'll be like to de-

- your me. Right fainwad I tak yer offer. Sweet fir, but Ill tine my tocher; Then

Sandy, ye'll fret, And wyte ye'er poor Kate, When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

Young Damon.

Violin

Slow

A - mid a ro - - fy bank of flowers, Young Da - mon

mournd his for - - lorn fate, In fighs he spent his languid hours, And

breathd his woes in lone - ly ftate. Gay joy no more shall eat his

mind, No wan - ton sports can foath his care, Since fweet A -

- man - da provd unkind, And left him full of black de - fpair.

8 7 6 5 6 6
3 5 4 3 4

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

6 5 9 8 b7 4 6 7 6 5
4 3 4 5 4 5 4 6

9 8 5 6 5 3 10 6 # 6 6
8 4 4 5

b7 5 b7 4 6 3
3 4 4

Y O U N G D A M O N.

AMID a rosy bank of flowers,
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate ;
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
No wanton sports can soothe his care,
Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart ;
His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda ! cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from his veil of woe ;
Range every charm to ease the pain
That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

R O B I N Q U O ' S H E .

ROBIN is my only Joe,
 Robin has the art to loo,
 So to his fuit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he loo's me;
 Happy, happy, was the show'r,
 That led me to his birken bow'r;
 Where first of love I fand the pow'r,
 And ken'd that Robin loo'd me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings;
 Speak of gloves, and kissing strings;
 And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them figs he loo's me;
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wobb,
 Because I ken he loo's me.

He's tall and sonfy, frank and free;
 Loo'd by a', and dear to me;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin loo's me.
 My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I ere lang be made to see
 That Robin did na' loo' me.

But little kens she what has been
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, O! so keen
 Kind Robin is that loo's me;
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, join'd our hands, mefs John shall fay,
 And mak him mine that loo's me.

'Till then let every chance unite.
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin loo's me.
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin loo's me!

Robin quo' she.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Robin is my on-ly Joe, Robin has the art to

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

loo; So to his fuit I mean to bow Because I ken he looes me.

f 5 7 5 8 6 # 6 5 8 lower - 4 3

Happy happy was the show'r That led me to his birken bow'r. Whare

6 5 - 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 # 6 5 # 5 6
3 - 4 4 3

first of love I fand the pow'r And kend that Robin loo'd me.

6 - 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 8 lower - 4 3
5 - 4 3 2 3 4 3

Logie of Buchan.

Violin

Slow

O Logie of Buchan! O Logie the Laird! They hae taen awa Jamie that

6 6 5 6 5 6 5 7

delvd in the yard! Whoplaid on the Pipe wi the Viol fae sma; They hae taen awa

6 3 3

Chorus

Jamie the flow'r o' them a! He said think na lang Lafsie, tho' I gang a -

6 # 5 6

- wa; He said think na lang Lafsie tho' I gang a - wa; For the Simmer is

coming, cauld Winters a - wa; And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O! Logie of Buchan, O! Logie the laird,
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard
 Who play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol fae sma';
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'!

CHORUS.

He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
 He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has owfen, has gear, and has kye;
 A house, and a hadden, and filler forby,
 But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said, &c.

My daddy looks fulky, my minny looks four,
 They frown upon Jamie becaufe he is poor;
 Tho' I looe them as well as a daughter shou'd do,
 They are nac half fae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, &c.

I fit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loo'd me fae weel;
 He had but a fix-pence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.

CHORUS.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';
 Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa'
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

MY EPPIE ADAIR.

AN' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wad na be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair!

By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty;
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair.

An', O! my Eppie, &c.

A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

Eppie Adair.

Violin

Moderately Slow

An O my Eppie my Jewel my Eppie Wha wad na be happy wi'

6 # 6 # # 5 6 6

Eppie A-dair! By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; I

10 - 8 6
8 - 6 4 # 5 # 3 8 # 6 5

I swear to be true to my Eppie A-dair! By love, and by beauty, By

5 6 6 4 # # 3 8 # 5

law and by du-ty; I swear to be true to my Eppie A-dair.

6 6 10 - 8 6
8 - 6 4 #

Widow are ye waking.

Violin

Slow

O wha's that at my chamber door? Fair Wi - dow are ye

6 5 3 3 6

wa - - king? Auld Carl your fuit give o'er Your lovelyes a in taw -

6 3 7 6 5 6 5 3 3 6 6 4 3

- - - king. Gie me a lad that's young and tight, Sweet lik an April

6 7 6 4 5 3 - 6 3 6 3

meadow; 'Tis fick as he can blefs the fight, And ho som of a Widow.

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

WIDOW ARE YE WAKING?

O! Wha's that at my chamber door?

“ Fair widow are ye waking?”

Auld carle, your fuit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in tawking;

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an April meadow;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight

And bosom of a widow!

“ O! widow, wilt thou let me in?

“ I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty;

“ And come of a right gentle kin,

“ I'm little mair than fifty.”

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be—but troth

In love ye're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let those guineas speak,

“ That powerfully plead clinkan;

“ And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they mak you young, fir,

And ten times better can exprefs

Affection, than your tongue, fir.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we're married spier nae mair,
 But whistle o'er the lave o't;
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Sweet and harmlefs as a child;
 Wifer men than me's beguil'd,
 So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we gree;
 I care na by how few may see—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't;
 Wha I wifh were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I cou'd write, but Meg maun see't,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Whistle o'er the lave o't

Violin

Moderately Slow

Firft when Maggy was my care, Heavn I thought was in her air;

Now we're married, spier nae mair, But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmlefs as a Child;

Wifer men than me's beguild, So whistle o'er the lave o't.

My heart's in the Highlands.

Violin

Slow

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the

Highlands a chafing the Deer; A chafing the wild Deer, and following the Roe, My

hearts in the Highlands, wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands fare-

-well to the North, The birth place of Valour, the Country of worth, Wherever I

wander wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands, for ever I love.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a chafing the deer ;
 A chafing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth :
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I'll love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below :
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chafing the deer :
 Chafing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

STEER HER UP, AND HAD HER GAWIN.

O! steer her up, and had her gawin,
 Her mither's at the mill, Jo;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, Jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin longer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
 How invitingly it looks;
 Tak it aff, let's ha'e mair o't,
 Fy on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let's ha'e mair pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Place't on the middle of the table,
 And let the wind and weather growl.

Steer her up & had her gawin.

Violin

Stow

O fteer her up and had her gawin, Her mithers at the mill jo; But
 gin she winna tak a man, E'en let her tak her will, jo. Pray thee
 lad leave fil-ly thinking, Cast thy cares of love a-way - Let's our
 sorrows drown in drink-ing, 'Tis daffin langer to de-lay jo.

6 5
4 8

5

6

1 1

b6

Jamie come try me.

Violin

Slow

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a Violin part and a Piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Jamie come try me, Jamie come try me. If thou wou'd win my love Ja-mie come try me. If thou should ask my love, Coud I de-ny thee? If thou woud win my love Ja--mie come try me." The piano part includes fingerings and ornaments indicated by numbers and symbols like 'z' and '7'.

Violin

Jamie come try me, Jamie come try me

If thou wou'd win my love Ja-mie come try me.

If thou should ask my love, Coud I de-ny thee?

If thou woud win my love Ja--mie come try me.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.
If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I Ha'e been courting at a lafs,
 These twenty days and mair;
 Her father winna gi'e me her,
 She's sic a gleib of gear;
 But gin I had her where I wou'd,
 Amang the hether here,
 I'd strive to win her kindnefs
 For a' the miller's care.

For she's a bonny, fonsy lafs,
 An armsfu', I fwear;
 I wou'd marry her without a coat,
 Or e'er a plack o' gear;
 For, trust me, when I saw her first,
 She ga'e me sic a wound,
 That a' the docters i' the earth
 Can never mak me found.

For when she's absent frae my sight,
 I think upon her still,
 And when I sleep, or when I wake,
 She does my senses fill;
 May heaven guard the bonny lafs,
 That sweetens a' my life;
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek
 Anither for my wife.

The Millers Daughter.

Violin

Slow

I have been courting at a lads These twenty days and

mair; Her father winna gie me her, She's fick a glib of gear. But

gin I had her where I wou'd, Among the hether here, I'd

strive to win her kindnefs, For a' the Miller's care.

Raving Winds.

Violin

Slow

Raving winds around her blowing, Yellow leaves the Woodlands

ftrowing, By a river hoarfely roaring, I-fa-bel-la stray'd de-

- - ploring, Farewell, hours that late did measure, Sunshine days of joy and

pleasure: Hail thou gloomy night of forrow, Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands frowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Ifabella stray'd, deploring:
 Farewell, hours, that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
 On the hopeless future pond'ring,
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes;
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!

WILLY'S RARE, AND WILLY'S FAIR.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
 And Willy heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he marry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
 The night I'll make it narrow;
 For a' the live long winter's night,
 I'll lie twin'd of my marrow.

O! came you by yon water-side?
 Pu'd you the rose or lily?
 Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him brade and narrow;
 Sine, in the clifing of a craig,
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

Willy's Rare.

Violin

Slow

Wil-ly's rare and Willy's fair, And

6

Wil-ly's wond'rous bon-ny; And Willy heght to

6 6 5 4 6 6
4 3

marry me, Gin e'er he mar-ry'd o-ny, Oh gin

5 6 6 6 6 5 5 6

e'er he mar-ry'd o-ny.

b7 6 5
4 3

Lizae Baillie.

Violin

Slow

My hon - - ny Li - - zae Bail - - - lie, Ill

row ye in my Plai - - - die, And

ye. maun gang a - lang wi' me, And

be a High - - - land La - - - dy.

5 8 — 6 5 4 3 9 6 # 6 5

5 6 \flat 5 8 \flat 4 8

6 6 \flat 4 6

6 5 6 9 8 5 3

L I Z A E B A I L L I E.

MY bonny Lizae Baillie,
 I'll row ye in my plaidie,
 And ye maun gang along wi' me,
 And be a Highland lady.

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
 Made o' the gilded leather;
 And she's put on her Highland brogues,
 To skip amang the heather.

"I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wife,
 Gin I wad gang wi' you, fir;
 For I can neither card or spin,
 Nor yet milk ewe or cow, fir."

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
 Made o' the filk and fatin;
 And she's put on a tartan plaid,
 To row amang the braken.

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,
 Let nane o' these things daunt ye:
 Ye'll ha'e nae need to card or spin,
 Your mither weel can want ye."

She wad nae ha'e a Lawland laird,
 Nor be an English lady;
 But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
 And row her in his plaidie.

THE MAID'S COMPLAINT.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain, Sylvander, came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.
 Ah! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
 Ere you'd exchange your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But, ah! it seems they must deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind:
 Alas! I see it, but too late,—
 My love had made me blind.
 What cause, Sylvander, have I given,
 For cruelty so great?
 Yes—for your sake I flighted Heaven,
 And hugg'd you into hate.

For you, delighted, I could die;
 But, oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that cred'lous, constant I,
 Should by yourself be kill'd.
 But what avail my sad complaints,
 While you my ease neglect?
 My wailing inward sorrow vents,
 Without the wish'd effect.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand;
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt:
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

The Maids Complaint.

Violin

Slow

As Sylvia in a Forest lay, To vent her woe a - -

6 6 6 8 7 6 5

- - done; Her Swain Sylvander came that way, And heard her dying.

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

moan. Ah! is my love, she said, to you So worthless and so

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

vain? Why is your wonted fondness now Converted to dis-dain?

5 6 8 7 3 6 5 # 5 # 6 6 5 4 #

Oh Onochrie.

Violin

Slow

Oh was not I a weary wight! Oh onochrie O! oh onochrie

6 6 5 4 3 3 3

O! Maid Wife, and Widow in one night! Oh onochrie onochrie onochrie O! When

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

in my soft and tender arms, Oh onochrie O! oh onochrie O! When most I

5 6 8 10 6 6 5 # 5 6 7 6 6 6 5 8 6

thought him free from harms, Oh onochrie onochrie onochrie O!

2 6 5 6 5 6

O H! O N O C H R I E.

O H! was not I a weary wight!	Even at the dead time of the night,
Oh! onochrie, O! oh! onochrie, O!	Oh! &c.
Maid, wife, and widow in one night!	They broke my bow'r, and slew my knight;
Oh! onochrie, onochrie, onochrie, O!	Oh! &c.
When in my soft and tender arms,	With ae lock of his jet black hair,
Oh! onochrie, O! oh! onochrie, O!	Oh! &c.
When most I thought him free from harms.	I'll tye my heart for ever mair.
Oh! onochrie, onochrie, onochrie, oh!	Oh! &c.

Nae fly-tongu'd youth, or flatt'ring fwain,
 Oh! &c.
 Shall e'er untie this knot again;
 Oh! &c.
 Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
 Oh! &c.
 Nor pant for aught, fave Heaven and thee.
 Oh! &c.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short fyne,
 We buckl'd us a' thegither;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her;
 Twa piftals charg'd beguefs,
 To gi'e the courting shot;
 And fyne came ben the lafs,
 Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.
 He first spier'd at the guidman,
 And fyne at Giles, the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 Wee'd buckle us e'en thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good stils to the plough,
 And ye yourfell maun steer:
 Ye fall ha'e twa good pocks,
 That ance were o' the tweel;
 The t'ane to had the groats,
 The ither to had the meal;
 Wi' an auld kift made o' wands,
 And that fall be your coffer;
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Confider weel, guidman,
 We ha'e but borrow'd gear;
 The horfe that I ride on,
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare;
 The faddle's nane o' my ain;
 And thae's but barrow'd boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my coots;
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look fae crouse;
 Come, fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, 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 forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll ha'e
 'Twill be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy, cry on Giles the mither;
 Contented am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.

Maggies Tocher.

Violin

Lively

The meal was dear shortfyne, We buckled us a' the gether, And

Maggie was in her Prime, When Willie made courtthiptill her; twa Pistols charg'd he gues, to

gie the courting shot; And syne came ben the lafs, Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt. He

first speerd' at the guid man, And syne at Giles the mither, An

ye wad gis a bit land, We'd buckle us een the gither.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 9/8 time. It consists of six systems of music. Each system includes a Violin part and a Lively accompaniment part. The lyrics are written below the piano part. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some performance markings like '6' and '5' below the piano part.

I dream'd I lay.

Violin

Slow

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gaily in the

funny beam; Lift'ning to the wild birds fing'ring, By a falling Chrystal stream.

Straight the sky grew black and daring; Thro' the woods, the whirlwinds rave;

Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

I DREAM'D I LAY.

I Dream'd I lay were flowers were springing,
 Gayly in the sunny beam;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream:
 Straight the sky grew black and daring;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
 But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming,
 A' my flow'ry blifs destroy'd;
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

IN lovely August last,
 On Munanday at morn,
 As thro' the fields I past,
 To view the yellow corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know,
 Ane glancing in her apron,
 With a bonny brent brow.

I said, good morrow, fair maid;
 And she, right courteouslie,
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
 " Good day, sweet fir, to thee."
 I speer'd, my dear, how far awa'
 Do ye intend to gae?
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa,
 And o'er yon broomy brae.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sic company;
 For I am ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said to hir, my dow,
 May wee not lean us on this plain,
 And kifs your bonny mou'.

The Glancing of her Apron.

Violin

Lively

In lovely August last, On munday at morn, As

thro' the fields I past - - To view the yellow Corn. I

look - - ed me behind, And saw come o'er the know, And

glancing in her A - pron, With a bonny bent brow.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system includes a Violin part and a Lively accompaniment. The lyrics are: "In lovely August last, On munday at morn, As". The second system continues the lyrics: "thro' the fields I past - - To view the yellow Corn. I". The third system continues: "look - - ed me behind, And saw come o'er the know, And". The fourth system concludes the lyrics: "glancing in her A - pron, With a bonny bent brow." The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

O Bonny Lads.

Violin

Slow

O fay bonny Lads will you lye in a Barrack, and marry a Soldier and

8 6 5 5 6 6 6 5 3 5 6 10 8 8 6

carry his wallet, O fay woud you leave baith your Mither and Daddy, And

6 4 # 4 6 > 6 4 2 6 5

follow the Camp with your Soldier Laddy, O fay woud you leave baith your

10 10 6 5 6 # 4 6 >

Mither and Daddy, And follow the Camp with your Soldier Laddy.

4 2 6 5 10 10 6 6 5 6 4 #

O! SAY, BONNY LASS.

O! Say, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack,
 And marry a foldier, and carry his wallet;
 O! say, wou'd you leave baith your mither and
 daddy,
 And follow the camp with your foldier laddy?
 O! say, wou'd you leave baith your mither and
 daddy,
 And follow the camp with your foldier laddy?

O! yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,
 And marry a foldier, and carry his wallet;
 I'd neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,
 But follow my dearest, my foldier laddy.

O! say, bonny lass, wou'd you go a campaign-
 ing,
 And bear all the hardships of battle and famine;
 When wounded and bleeding, then wou'd'st thou
 draw near me,
 And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?

O! yes, bonny lad, I'll think naething of it,
 But follow my Henry, and carry his wallet;
 Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me,
 My foldier is near me, and naething can harm me.

But say, bonny lass, when I go into battle,
 Where dying men groan, and loud cannons rattle?
 O! then, bonny lad, I will share a' thy harms,
 And should'st thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
He was the flower of a' his kin;
The absence of his bonny face
Has rent my tender heart in twain;
I day nor night find no delight,
On silent tears I still complain;
And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
That ha'e ta'en from me my darling fwain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose;
I sigh and moan, 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;
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
To hear tidings from my darling fwain.

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately Slow

My love was once a bonny lad, He was the flow'r of a' his kin; The

5 6 5 7 8 b7 6 5
8 4 8 2 8 4 8

absence of his bonny face Has rent my tenderheart in twain. I day nor

6 5 7 8 b7 4 6 5 8
4 8 2 8 4 8 7 5

night find no delight; In silent tears I still complain; And exclaim'gainst

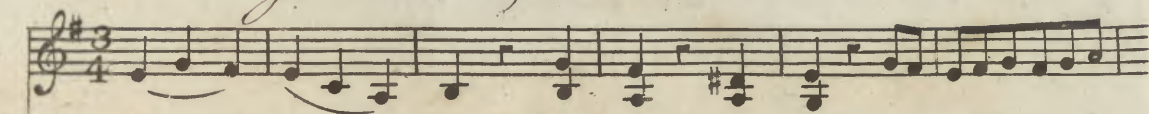
6 6 8 6 5
8 3 6 5

those my ri-val foes; That hae taen from me my darling Swain.

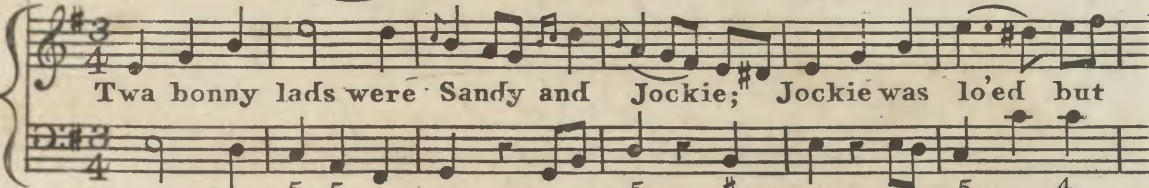
6 5 5 6 5
4 8 3 4 8

Jockie & Sandie.

Violin

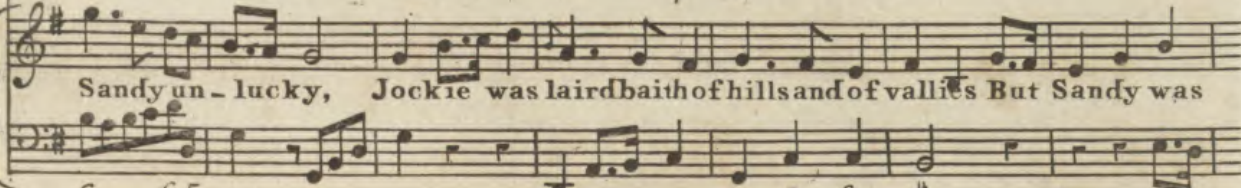
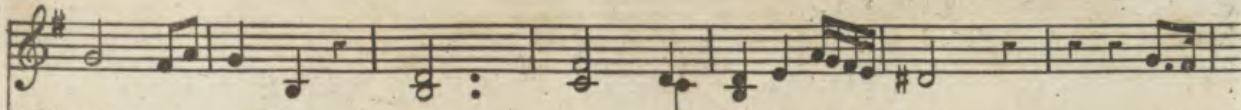


Slow



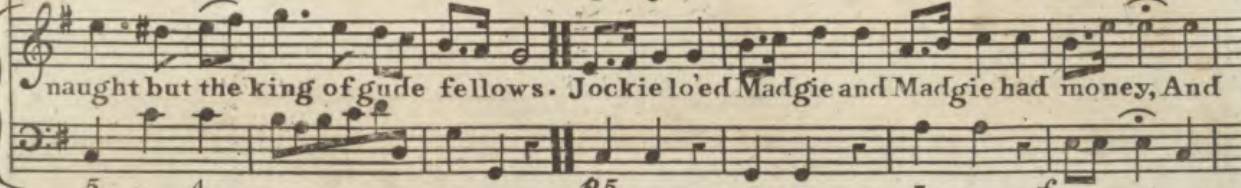
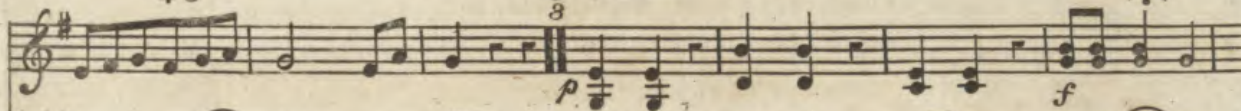
Twa bonny lads were Sandy and Jockie; Jockie was lo'ed but

6 5 5 6 5 # 5 4 2



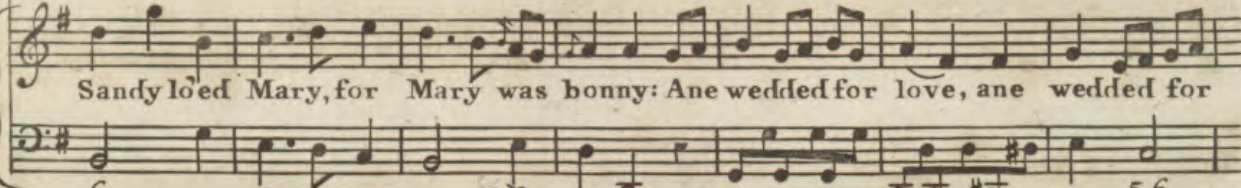
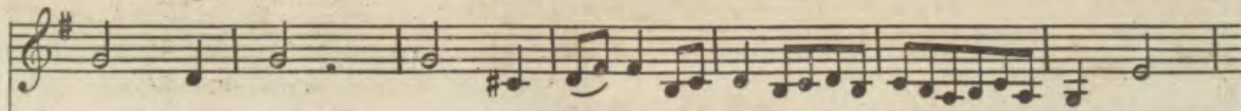
Sandy un-lucky, Jockie was laird baith of hills and of vallies But Sandy was

6 6 5 5 5 6 #



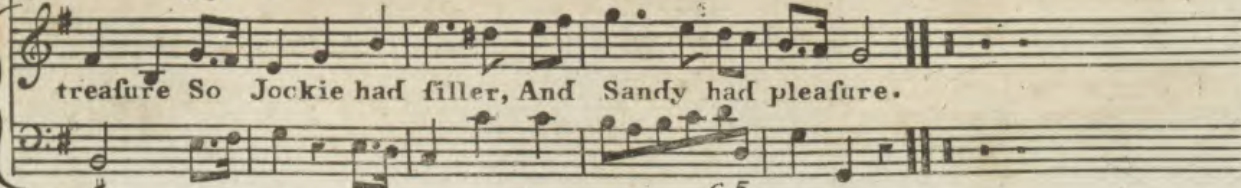
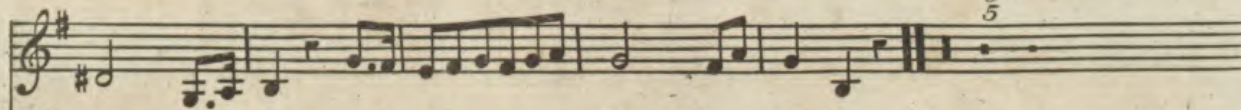
naught but the king of gude fellows. Jockie lo'ed Madgie and Madgie had money, And

5 4 2 p 5 5 f 5



Sandy lo'ed Mary, for Mary was bonny: Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for

6 6 6 # 5 5 6



treasure So Jockie had filler, And Sandy had pleasure.

6 5 4 3

JOCKIE AND SANDY.

TWA bonny lads were Sandy and Jockie,
Jockie was loo'd, but Sandy unlucky;
Jockie was laird baith of hills and of vallies,
But Sandy was naught but the king of gude fellows.
Jockie loo'd Madgie, for Madgie had money;
And Sandy loo'd Mary, for Mary was bonny.
Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for treasure,
So Jockie had filler, and Sandy had pleasure.

THE MILL, MILL O!

The Words by P. P. Esq.

FIE! Mary, to be so unkind,
And cruel hoard thy bliffes!
Those lips for rapture were design'd,
Then let me steal their kiffes.
What, tho' a score or two I take?
Be generous, girl, and scorn 'em!
Yet should'st thou pout to have them back—
I promise to return 'em.

The Mill Mill O.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Fie! Ma ry to be fo unkind, And cruel, hoard thy

6 6 8 6 6 5

h l i s s e s ! Th o s e l i p s f o r r a p t u r e w e r e d e s i g n d . T h e n l e t m e s t e a l t h e i r k i s s e s .

9 6 8 5 6 8 6 6 6 9 6 5

W h a t t h o ' a s c o r e o r t w o . I t a k e ? B e g e n ' r o u s , G i r l a n d s c o r n ' e m : Y e t

10 10 6 9 6

s h o u l d s t t h o u p o u t t o h a v e t h e m b a c k ; I p r o m i s e t o r e - t u r n ' e m .

6 6 6 6 9 6 5

Shepherds I have lost my Love.

Violin

Slow

Shepherds, I have lost my love, Have you seen my

8 7 6 5

An-na, Pride of ev'ry shady Grove, Upon the banks of Banna.

6 4 # 6 6 5 6 6 5 8 6 3 5 4 3

I for her my home for-folk Near you mighty mountain.

6 6 5 8 6 4 #

Left my flock my pipe, my crook, Greenwood shade and fountain.

6 5 5 4 2 6 6 4 3

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna?

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until 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! wo for me! perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

A BONNY KATE OF EDINBURGH.

WHERE waving pines salute the skies,
 And silver streams meand'ring flow;
 Where verdant mountains gently rise,
 Thus Sandy fung his tale of woe.
 Ah! Katty, cruel, perjur'd maid,
 Why hast thou stole my heart away?
 Why thus forsaken am I laid,
 To spend in tears and sighs the day?

The cooing turtle hears my moan,
 My briny tears increase the stream;
 The mountains echo back the groan,
 Whilst thou, fair tyrant, art my theme.
 O blooming maid, indulgent prove,
 And wipe the tears from Sandy's eyes;
 O! grant him kind returns of love,
 Or Sandy bleeds, and falls, and dies!

Thus Sandy fung; but, turning round,
 Beheld sweet Nancy's injur'd shade;
 He trembling saw, he shook, and groan'd,
 Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:
 "Ah! hapless man! thy perjur'd vow,
 "Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave;
 "The damps of death bedew'd my brow,
 "While you the dying maid could save!"

Thus spake the vision, and withdrew;
 From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;
 Guilt and Despair their arrows threw,
 And now behold the traitor dead.
 Remember, swains, my artless strain,
 To plighted faith be ever true,
 And let no injur'd maid complain,
 She finds false Sandy live in you.

Bonny Kate of Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Where waving Pines salute the skies, And filver streams meandring

5 3 5 5 6 5

flow, Where verdant mountains gently rise, Thus Sandy sung his tale of woe.

6 > 5 5 5 6 5 6 5 —

Ah! Kitty, cruel perjurd maid, Why hast thou stole my heart away; Why

10 5 5 8 —

thus for-saken am I laid, To spend in tears and sighs the day!

6 5 > 5 5 6 6 5

If e'er ye do well it's a Wonder.

Violin

Slow

How blest was the hour when I stole to thy bow'r and the smile seem'd to grow from thy

beau - - ty? How my days are forlorn And in silence I mourn Thou command'st & to

part, is my du - - - ty. I own that I love! But wherefore reprove and re -

- pel me with frowns so a - - larm - - - ing? Thou ought not to blame the poor

swain for his flame, But dame nature who form'd thee so charm - - - ing.

IF E'ER I DO WEIL IT'S A WONDER.

The Words by P. P. Esq.

How blest was the hour,
When I stole to thy bow'r,
And the smile seem'd to grow from thy beauty :
Now my days are forlorn,
And in silence I mourn—
Thou command'st, and to part is my duty.

I own that I love !
But wherefore reprove,
And repel me with frowns so alarming ?
Thou ought'st not to blame
The poor swain for his flame,
But Dame Nature, who form'd thee so charming.

PEGGY IN DEVOTION.

The Words by P. P. Esq.

SWEET nymph of my devotion!

Let thy smile

My hours beguile,

For care's an idle notion:

Then let love be free.

Since nature gave thee beauty,

Grant the kifs,

The higheft blifs,

For know it is thy duty:

Listen, girl, to me.

Peggy in Devotion.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Sweet Nymph of my de - - vo - - tion, Let thy smile my
 hours beguile; For care's an idle no - - tion, Let love be
 free. Since nature gave thee beau - - ty, Grant the kifs, The
 higheft blifs; For know it is thy du - - ty, Listen Girl to me.

Colonel Gardner.

Violin

Slow

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cocks crowing,

6 5 10 9 7 6 7 6 5 6 6 5 6

8 7 5 4

When westland winds shook Stirlings towers, With hollow murmurs blowing; When

5 - 6 5 10 9 7 6 7 6 5 5 6 5

3 4 3 6 6 8 7 5 4 3 4

Fanny fair all woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the

6 6 6 6 5 6 5 2 6 6 5

4 3

ruin'd towers she heard, The boding screech Owl crying.

6 # 7 6 5 5

C O L O N E L G A R D N E R.

'T WAS at the hour of dark midnight,
 Before the first cock's crowing,
 When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
 With hollow murmurs blowing;
 When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
 Sad on her bed was lying,
 And from the ruin'd towers she heard
 The boding screech-owl crying.

O dismal night! she said, and wept;
 O night! presaging sorrow!
 O dismal night! she said, and wept,
 But more I dread to-morrow.
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 Each host to Preston bending:
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 With deadly hate contending.

Even in the visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping;
 And all the matrons of the land,
 And all the virgins weeping;
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning,
 And now thro' all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast! she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading;
 O! speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!
 I see, I see him bleeding!
 "A pale corpse on the fullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;
 Even at the threshold of his gate,
 The foe of life bereft him.

Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
 With many a wound deformed;
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair isle ne'er adorned."
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining;
 But, oh! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining!
 But why complain? the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining:
 May Providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

T O D A U N T O N M E.

ALAS! when charming Sylvia's gone,
 I sigh, and think myself undone;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear;
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove;—
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah, me! what pow'r can move me so?
 I die with grief when she must go;
 But I revive at her return;
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new;—
 Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah! no, 'tis love! 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain!
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
 Gods! if the truest must be bless'd,
 O! let her be by me possess'd.

To Danton me.

Violin

Moderately Slow

A - lafs! when charming Syl - via's gone, I sigh and

think my - self undone; But when the lovely nymph is here, I'm

pleas'd, yet grieve, and hope, yet fear. Thoughtless of all but

her I rove. Ah! tell me is not this call'd love?

Jenny was Fair.

Violin

Slow

When west winds did blow with a soft gentle breeze, And sweet blooming

6 5 5 6 5 6 6 7 6 6 5 4 3

verdure did cloth all the trees, I went forth one morning to hail the new spring And

6 5 6 6 5 6 6 7 6 6 6 5 4 3

hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing. I saw the green forest, I saw the gay

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

plain, But nature to me was delightful in vain, For love had invaded the

6 5 3 3 8 8 6 5 4 6 6 5 6

peace of my mind, And Jenny, dear Jenny was fair and unkind.

b6 5 6 6 5 b7 5 6 5 4 3

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

WHEN west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze,
 And sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees,
 I went forth one morning, to hail the new spring,
 And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing ;
 I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain,
 But nature to me was delightful in vain ;
 For love had invaded the peace of my mind,
 And Jenny, dear Jenny ! was fair and unkind.

Ye powers, who reside in the regions above,
 Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love !
 Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
 That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
 Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell ;
 Contentment should guard us in some humble cell ;
 Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare ;
 Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

THO' distant far from Jeffy's charms
 I stretch, in vain, my longing arms ;
 Tho' parted by the deeps of sea,
 Her absence will not alter me ;
 Tho' beauteous nymphs I see around,
 A Chloris, Flora, might be found,
 Or Phillis, with her roving eye ;
 Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
 Inconstant lovers may beguile ;
 But to my lass I'll constant be,
 Nor shall her absence alter me ;
 Though laid on India's burning coast,
 Or on the wide Atlantic toft,
 My mind from love no pow'r could free,
 Nor could her absence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun,
 Pursues him till his race is run ;
 See how the needle seeks the pole,
 Nor distance can his pow'r controul ;
 Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue ?
 The needle to the pole prove true ?
 Like them shall I not faithful be,
 Or shall her absence alter me ?

Ask, who has seen the turtle dove
 Unfaithful to its marrow prove ?
 Or who the bleating ewe has seen
 Desert her lambkin on the green ?
 Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
 To us, display their love and care ?
 Shall they in union sweet agree,
 And shall her absence alter me ?

For conq'ring love is strong as death,
 Like veh'ment flames his pow'rful breath ;
 Thro' floods unmov'd, his course he keeps,
 Ev'n thro' the sea's devouring deeps ;
 His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,
 Unchang'd they blaze till thy return ;
 My faithful Jeffy then shall see,
 Her absence has not alter'd me.

Her absence will not alter me.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Tho' distant far from Jessy's charms, I stretch in vain my longing

arms, Tho' parted by the deeps of sea, Her absence will not alter me.

Tho' beauteous nymphs I see around, A Chloris, Flora, might be found, Or

Phyllis with her roving eye; Her absence will not alter me.

G L O S S A R Y.

<p>A', all Aboon, above Ae, or Ane, one Ain, own Aith, oath Aff, off Aften, often Alane, alone Albeit, altho' Amang, among Awa', away Auld, old Ay, always Bannocks, a sort of bread, thicker than cakes, soft and round Bairn, a child Bairns, children Baith, both Baps, soft long rolls Bauld, bold Ben, the inner room of a house Bent, open fields Bid, pray for, desire Bigging, building Birks, beech trees Blaw, blow Blink, a glance of the eye Blutter, a blunderer Blythe, cheerful, happy Bobbit, curstied Bonny, beautiful Bow'd, crooked Brae, the side of a hill Brak, break Brander, gridiron Braw, brave, fine in apparel Brent-brow, smooth, high forehead Bridal, wedding Brochan, a kind of gruel made of oatmeal, butter, and honey</p>	<p>Brow, forehead Bucky, the large sea-snail Burn, a brook But and Ben, this and the other end of the House Byer, a cow-house Ca', to call, or drive Canna, cannot Canty, cheerful, merry Cap, a wooden bowl Carle, an old man Carlings, boiled pease afterwards broiled Carna', care not Castocks, the core and stalk of cabbages Cauldrie, chilly, spiritless, having no address Claife, clothes Cog, a large wooden dish, in which the country people put their pottage Couth, kind, comfortable Craig, a rock Crowdie, meal mixed with water Daft, foolish, mad, and sometimes wanton Darna, dare not Daunton, affright Deary, little dear, a term of endearment Dight, to clean, to dress Dike, a wall Din, noise Ding, excel Dinna, do not Doited, crazy, as in old age Dow, dove Doughty, valiant</p>	<p>Douse, solid, grave, prudent Drammock, meal mixed with water Dreigh, the English language has no word which can express the full meaning of this; but it signifies slow in one's motion, raw, cheerless Dub, mire, slough, or puddle, Dulse or Dilse, a sea-weed, with a long broad leaf Een, eyes Eerie, afraid of apparitions Fa', fall Fain, expresses earnest desire, as fain would I; also, joyful, tickled with pleasure Fairfa', good luck Farles, cakes Fauld, fence, inclosure, fold for sheep Feint, the feint a bit, not a bit File, to dirty Flang, flung Flit, to move from one place to another Gabbocks, large mouthfuls Gae, go Gaed, went Gang, go Gar, to cause, make, or force Gaiit or Ghaiit, ghost Gate, way Gear, wealth, goods Gied, gave Gif, if Gin, if Girn, to grin, snarl Glaiked or Glaikit, foolish, wanton, light Glen, a hollow between two hills</p>
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G L O S S A R Y.

Glinted, <i>glided</i>	Marrow, <i>mate, lover</i>	Shire, <i>a clever wag</i>
Glowring, <i>staring</i>	Maun, <i>must</i>	Shoon, <i>shoes</i>
Gowden, <i>golden</i>	Meal-kail, <i>soup with pot-herbs</i>	Sic, <i>such</i>
Graith, <i>all kinds of instruments</i>	<i>and oatmeal</i>	Siller, <i>silver or money</i>
Gree, <i>prize, victory</i>	Meikle, <i>much, great</i>	Sine, <i>since</i>
Greet, <i>to weep</i>	Midding, <i>a dunghill</i>	Skaith, <i>hurt or damage</i>
Grip, <i>to hold fast</i>	Mill, <i>a snuff-box</i>	Skeigh, <i>shy</i>
Gude or Guid, <i>good</i>	M inny, <i>mother</i>	Skink, <i>strong soup</i>
Ha', <i>hall</i>	Mither, <i>mother</i>	Snaw, <i>snow</i>
Hadden, <i>held</i>	Mony, <i>many</i>	Snishin, <i>snuff</i>
Hain, <i>to save, manage well</i>	Mou', <i>mouth</i>	Sowens, <i>flummery</i>
Hame, <i>home</i>	Mucking, <i>cleansing from dung</i>	Speer, <i>to ask, to enquire</i>
Heartsome, <i>gladsome, pleasant</i>	Muckle or Meikle, <i>much</i>	Spring, <i>a tune on a musical instrument</i>
Heght, <i>promised</i>	Munandy, <i>Monday</i>	Starn, <i>star, smallest part</i>
Hooly, <i>slowly, with care</i>	Na, or Nae, <i>not</i>	Stoup, <i>a can, a pint stoup is a can or pot which holds two English quarts</i>
How, <i>low ground, a hollow</i>	Nane, <i>none</i>	Swates, <i>small ale</i>
Jag, <i>the best part of the calf leather, uncurried</i>	O'er, or Ower, <i>too much</i>	Sutor, <i>a shoemaker</i>
Ilk, <i>each</i>	O'erlay, <i>a cravat</i>	Sybows, <i>a species of small onions</i>
Ilka, <i>every</i>	Owfen, <i>oxen</i>	Syne, <i>since, formerly</i>
Jo, <i>sweetheart</i>	Outwittens, <i>without the knowledge of</i>	Tane, <i>taken</i>
Jow, <i>the toll of a bell</i>	Paidle, <i>a spade</i>	Tangles, <i>the stalk or stem of the dulce, a sea-weed, see Dulse</i>
Jse, <i>I shall</i>	Partans, <i>crab-fish</i>	Tapfalteerie, <i>head over heels</i>
Kail, <i>broth of Coleworts</i>	Pawky, <i>fly, witty, cautious</i>	Tent, <i>attention, cautious</i>
Ken, <i>know</i>	Pearlings, <i>thread lace to a woman's cap</i>	Tirl at the pin, <i>rap with the knocker, or play with the latch of the door</i>
Kepp, <i>catch</i>	Plenishan, <i>household furniture</i>	Tocher, <i>portion, dowry</i>
Kimmer, <i>a female gossip</i>	Pleugh, <i>plough</i>	Todlen, <i>reeling, tottering</i>
Kin, <i>kindred</i>	Pocks, <i>jacks</i>	Toom, <i>empty</i>
Kirk, <i>church</i>	Pow, <i>head</i>	Trigging, <i>neatly arranging the furniture of a house</i>
Kist, <i>chest</i>	Prec'd, <i>tasted</i>	Twin, <i>to part</i>
Kith and Kin, <i>Kindred</i>	Pu', <i>pull</i>	Uncò, <i>very, or much</i>
Know, <i>a hillock</i>	Rashes, <i>rushes</i>	Vow or wow, <i>an exclamation signifying, I swear, or oh!</i>
Ky, <i>cows</i>	Reft, <i>robbed, forced, or taken away</i>	Waufu', <i>woeful</i>
Lack, <i>want</i>	Rifarts, <i>radishes</i>	Waes, <i>woes</i>
Laigh, <i>low</i>	Rife, <i>plenty</i>	Wale, <i>to chuse</i>
Laird, <i>a gentleman of estate</i>	Rigs, <i>ridges</i>	Ware, <i>bestow, spend, also goods</i>
Laith, <i>loath, sorry</i>	Rive, <i>to rend, split or burst</i>	What ye, <i>know ye</i>
Lane, <i>by one's self</i>	Roofe, <i>to commend, extol</i>	Wauking o' the fauld, <i>the watching of the sheep-fold</i>
Lang, <i>long</i>	Rowth, <i>plenty</i>	Weaponshaw, <i>a place at the edge of a wood, where they meet to exercise cudgelling</i>
Langsome, <i>tiresome, tedious</i>	Rung, <i>a rough strong walking stick</i>	<i>&c.</i>
Lang kail, <i>coleworts uncut</i>	Sae, <i>so</i>	Wee, <i>little</i>
Lapper'd, <i>curdled</i>	Sair, <i>sove</i>	Westlin, <i>western</i>
Lave, <i>the rest, or remainder</i>	Sall, <i>shall</i>	Wylie, <i>cautious, cunning</i>
Lee, <i>fallow or untilled ground, also, an open grassy plain</i>	Sark, <i>shirt</i>	Yestreen, <i>last night</i>
Leez me, <i>a phrase used when one is in love, or is pleased with a person</i>	Saul, <i>soul</i>	
Lough, <i>laughed</i>	Saut, <i>salt</i>	
Lilt, <i>a merry tune, or doing any thing easily or lively</i>	Scon, <i>a soft cake of bread</i>	
Loo, <i>to love</i>	Scuds, <i>ale</i>	
Mair, <i>more</i>	Sell, <i>self</i>	
Maiist, <i>most</i>	Shanks, <i>limbs</i>	
Manna, <i>must not, may not</i>	Sharn, <i>cow's dung</i>	
	Shaw, <i>a wood or forest</i>	

