



Ingles 143

4324281









N<sup>o</sup> 2

My dear Sir

Yours truly

---

Corrie's S. C. S. Sings.

2. Books also directions for singing

---









Tanto, bass  
compato

Moderately Slow.  
Andante Soltenuto.

For Lake of Gold she's left me  
Oh! and of all that's dear be- left me Oh! she me for- look for A great Duke and to  
end- lefts care has left me Oh! A star and Gar- ter has more Art than  
Youth a true and faith- ful heart for emp- ty Tit- tles we must part, and for  
glit- ring show she left me Oh!

(2)

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



## Scotch Air

## LOW DOWN in the BROOM.

Thoro' bass  
Accompanio

Lively  
Allegro

My Dad-dy is a can-ker'd Carle he'll  
ne twin wi' his Gear, My Min-ny she's a scol-ding Wife, hads a' the house a steer;  
But let them say, or let them do, its a' ane to me; for he's low down he's  
in the Broom that's wait-ing on me; Wait-ing on me, My Love he's wait-ing on me for he's  
low down he's in the Broom that's wait-ing for me.

(2)

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

(3)

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

(4)

Glee'd Sandy he came waft ae night,  
And speer'd when I saw Peat  
And aye since-lyne the neighbours round  
They jeer me air and late.  
But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' ane to me;  
For I'll gae to the bonny lad  
That's waiting on me  
Waiting on me, my love,  
He's waiting on me;  
For he's low down, he's in the broom  
That's waiting on me.



Thoro' bass  
Accompaniment  
Semp're P.  
Largo

S. Fare-well to Lo-  
-cha-ber, and fare-well my Jean, where heart-some with thee I have mo-nv days been; For Lo-cha-ber no  
more, Lo-cha-ber no more, we'll may be re-turn to Lo-cha-ber no more. These tears that I  
shed they are all for my Dear, and no for the dan-gers at-ten-ding on Weir; tho' born on rough seas to a  
far bloo-dy shore, may be to re-turn to Lo-cha-ber no more.

(2)

(3)

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

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



Thoro' bass  
Accompaniment  
And<sup>te</sup>

S. By Pin - kie -

House! let me walk, While cir - cled in my Arms, I hear my Nel - ly

sweet - ly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O! let me e - ver fond be - hold Those

gra - ces void of art, Those cheer - ful smiles that sweet - ly hold In will - ing

chains my heart. heart.

(2)

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

(3)

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!  
How vain is all your art!  
How seldom it a lover brings!  
How rarely keeps a heart!

O! gather from my Nelly's charms,  
That sweet, that graceful ease;  
That blushing modesty that warms;  
That native art to please!

(4)

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



Thoro' bass  
Accompato

P.

Largo

Oh, fend Lew-is Gor-don hame, and the Lad I  
win-na name tho' his back be at the wa' here's to him that's far a-wa'. Oh bon! my  
High-land-man Oh my bon-ny High-land-man Weel wou'd I my true love ken a  
- mang ten thou- sand High- land- men.

*sy*

*F.*

*S.*

(2)

Oh to see his Tartan Trews,  
Bonnet blue, and leigh heeld shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee,  
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi'.

(3)

The Princely youth that I do mean,  
Is fitted for to be a King:  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd tak him for the God of War.

(4)

Oh, to see this Princely One,  
Seated on a royal throne  
Disalters a' wou'd disappear,  
Then begins the Jub'lee year.



When the Sheep are in the fauld and the Ky at Hame and

*Larghetto.*

the world To sleep are gane the Waes of my heart fi in

Showrs frae my ee, when my Gude man Lyes sound by me.

## New Sett of AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*Larghetto P.*

Young Ja-mie low'd me weel, and ask'd me for his Bride but fa-ving a

Crown he had na' thing elfs be-fide to make the Crown a Pound my

Ja-mie went to sea, and the Crown and the Pound were baith for me.



# AULD ROBIN GRAY.

86

had nae been gane but a year and a day when my Fai-ther brake his Arm and our  
 Cow was stole a-way; My Mi-ther she fell sick, and Ja-mie at the Sea, and  
 Auld Ro-bin Gray came a cour-ting to me.

(2)

My Faither cou'dna wark, my Mither cou'dna spin,  
 I toild day and night, but their Bread cou'dna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd em baith and with tears in his Eee,  
 Fair Janie for their sakes oh marry me:  
 My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,  
 But the wind it blew hard, and his Ship was a wrack,  
 His Ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die,  
 And why was he spared to cry waes me.

(3)

My Faither urg'd me sair, my Mither didna spake,  
 But she look'd in my face 'till my heart was like to break:  
 They gi'd him my hand, tho' my heart was at Sea,  
 So Auld Robin Gray is a Gudman to me:  
 I had na been a Wife a week but four,  
 When sitting so mournfully out a my door,  
 I saw my Jamie's Wraith, for I cou'dna think it He,  
 'Till he said I'm come hame love to marry Thee.

(4)

Sair sair did we greet, and mickle did we fay,  
 We tuk but a kiss and tare ourselves away;  
 I wish I were dead, but I am na lik to die,  
 Oh why was I born to fay wae's me:  
 I gang like a Ghast, and I care not to spin,  
 I dare na think on Jamie for that wou'd be a Sin;  
 So I will do my best a Gude Wife to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.



Thornbals  
Accompanio

And: Adagio.

Will ye go to the Ew - Bights  
Ma - rion, and wear in the Sheep wi' me. the Sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but  
nae half fae fweet as thee, the Sun shines sweet my Ma - rion but  
nae half fae fweet as thee.

(2)

O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blink's in her eye;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

(3)

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

(4)

And ye's get a green sey apron,  
And wailcoat of the London brown  
And wow but ye will be vapring  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

(5)

I am young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the greens;  
And gin ye forsake me Marion,  
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

(6)

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion  
And kirtle of the cramasie  
And soon as my chin has nae hair on  
I shall come west and see ye.



Thornbass  
Accompaniment

Larghetto. P.

How blyth was I each  
morn to lee, my Swain come o'er the Hill, he leap'd the brook, and flew to  
me I met him with good will. O the Broom, the bon-ny bon-ny Broom, the  
Broom of the Cow-den-knows, I wish I were with my dear swain, with  
his Pipe and my Ewes.

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

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

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

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

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



Thoro' Bass  
Accompano.

And: Solte<sup>to</sup>

S. The Lass of Peatie's Mill - so bonny blyth and gay, In spite of all my skill, the  
tole my heart a-way. When Tedding of the Hay bare-headed on the green, Love midst her  
looks did play, and wan-tond to her Ean.

(2)

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

(3)

Without the help of art,  
Like flow'rs which grace the wind,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spoke or smild.

Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguil'd,  
'I wish'd her for my bride.

(4)

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

(SECOND.)

voice Bass

S. The lass of Peatie's mill - so bonny blyth and gay, In spite of all my skill - the stole my heart a-way;  
When Tedding of the Hay, bare-headed on the green, Love midst her looks did play and wan-tond to her Ean.



Scotch Song.

DE'EL TAK the WAR.

72

Thoro' bass  
Accompany  
Andte

De'el tak the War that hur-ried Wil-ly frae me, Who to loo me juft had sworn, They made him

Cap-tain sure to un-do me, Wae is me, he'll ne'er re-turn. A thou-sand Loons a-

-broad will fight him, He frae thou-sands ne'er will run, Day and night I did in-vite him

To stay safe from Sword and Gun; I us'd al-lur-ing Gra-ces With muc-kle kind em-bra-ces, Now

Sigh-ing, now cry-ing, Then Tears drop-ping fall, And had he my soft Arms Pre-fer'd, to wars a-

larms, my love grown mad, with-out the man of Gad, I fear in my fit I had gran-ted all.

I walld and patch'd to make me look provoking, (2)  
 Snares they said wou'd catch the Men:  
 And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,  
 Which made me shew as Tall agen:  
 For a new Gown I paid muckle Money,  
 Which with golden flowers did shine:  
 My Love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 Nae Scots Lass was e'er so fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,  
 Fringe too with Thread I knotted,  
 Laced Shoes and Silken hose garter'd o'er the Knee;  
 But oh! the fatal thought,  
 To Willy these are nought,  
 Wha rid to Towns, and rifled wi' Dragoons,  
 When he, silly Loon, might ha Plunder'd me.



Thoro' bass  
Accompanio

And<sup>no</sup>

My Jo-ckey is the blith-est lad that e'er young maid did woo; When he ap-pears, my

heart is glad for he is kind and true. He talks of love when -

e'er we meet, His words in rap-tures flow, then tunes his Pipe and sings so sweet, I have not power to

go. Then tunes his Pipe and sings so sweet, I have not power to go.

(2)

All other lasses he forfakes,  
And flies to me alone;  
At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,  
I hear the maiden's moan.  
He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,  
And ribbands for my hair:  
What swain was ever half so true,  
Or half so kind and fair?

(3)

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,  
If Jockey is but by;  
For I alone am all his care,  
Whenever danger's nigh.  
He vows to wed next Whitsunday,  
And make me blest for life;  
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,  
To be young Jockey's wife?



Scotch Song

ANNA.

74

Thore bass  
Accomp. piano  
Affettuoso

Shepherd's I have lost my love have you seen my An-na  
pride of ev-ry sha-dy grove up-on the Banks of Fan-na. I for her my  
Home for-look, Near yon mil-ty Moun-tain left my flock my pipe my Crook green-wood  
shade and Foun-tain.

(2)

Never shall I see them more,  
Untill her returning,  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning,  
Whither is my charmer flown,  
Shepherd's tell me whither,  
Ah woe for me perhaps she's gone,  
Forever, and forever.



Thoro' bass  
Accompany

Larghetto

haft thou said nor wilt thou the fond boast dis-own, Then wouldst not lose An-  
breath-ing Spring in-vite the tune-ful Birds to sing, and while they war-ble  
-tho- nie's Love to reign the part-ner of a Throne! And by those lips which  
from each spray Love melts the U-ni-ver-sal Lav. Let us A-MAN-DA  
speak so kind, and by this hand I pres'd to give To be the Lord of  
time-ly wife, like them im-prove the hour that flies, and in soft rap-tures  
wealth and pow'r, I swear I would not part with thine.  
waste the day, a-mong the Birks of En-der-may

(2) Verses from the Duenna

Then how my soul can we be poor  
Who own what Kingdoms could not buy!  
Of this true heart thou shalt be Queen,  
And serving thee — a Monarch I.  
Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss  
And rich in Love's exhaustless Mine  
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
And I'll take Kingdoms back from thine!

(2)

For soon the winter of the year,  
And Age, life's winter will appear,  
At this thy living bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade;  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters are no more;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

(3)

Behold the hills and vales around,  
With lowing herds and flocks abound;  
The wanton kids and frisking lambs,  
Gambole and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,  
And all the reptile kind rejoice:  
Let us, like them, then sing and play  
About the birks of Endermay.

(4)

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly my love to gladness call;  
The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
And fishes play throughout the streams,  
The circling Sun does now advance,  
And all the planets round him dance;  
Let us as jovial be as they  
Among the birks of Endermay.



Scotch Air.

TWEED SIDE.

92

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

*Affettuoso*

S. My heart is a-broke, link in a chain,  
S. What beauties does Flo-ra dis-  
-pair, my heart it is go-ing to break, For life is na wor- thy a care if  
close, How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed, yet Ma-ry's still swe-ter then those, both  
jen-ny her She-pherd for-fake; Yet pa-tient I'll wait the long year, nor e'er at my  
na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed; No Dai-ly nor sweet blu-thing Rose, nor all the gay  
for-tune re-pines, if hope my fond bo-ten could cheer, that jen-ny at  
Flowers of the Field, nor Tweed gli-ding gen-tiv thro' those, such beau-ty and

last should be mine.  
plea-sure does yield.

(3)

(2)  
The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
With music enchant every bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let's see how the primroses spring,  
We'll lodge on some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

(3)  
How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep?  
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

(4)  
'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces around her do dwell,  
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed!  
Is it on the sweet winding Tay,  
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

(Second.)

*Affettuoso*

What beauties does Flo-ra dis-close, how sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed, yet Ma-ry's still swe-ter then those.  
na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed. No dai-ly nor sweet blu-thing Rose, nor all the gay Flowers of the Field, nor Tweed gli-ding  
tho' those, such beau-ty and plea-sure does yield.



Ah Cho - ris cou'd I now but fit as un - con - cern'd as  
 Ah Clo - ris cou'd I now but fit as un - con - cern'd as

Lento

when your In - fant beau - ty cou'd be - get no hap - pi - nels nor pain.  
 when your In - fant beau - ty cou'd be - get no hap - pi - nels nor pain.

When I this dain - ing did ad - mire and prais'd the com - ing day  
 When I this dain - ing did ad - mire and prais'd the com - ing day I.

I lit - tle thought that rife - ing fire wou'd take my rest a - way.  
 lit - tle thought that rife - ing fire wou'd take my rest a - way.

(2)

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

(3)

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



# JOCKEY.

80

Thoro' bass  
Accomp'to

Andante

My lad die is gane far a way o'er the plains while in Sor-row be hind I am forc'd to re-

main, tho' blue bells and vio-lets the Hed-ges a-dorn tho' trees are in Blof-som and sweet blows the thorn, no

Plea-sure they give me in vain they look gay, there's no-thing can please me now Joc-key's a-way for-

lori I sit ling-ing and this is my strain Halte halte my dear Jockey haste haste, my dear Jockey haste

haste, my dear Jockey to me Back a gain.

(2)  
When lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
They dance and they sing and they laugh and they chat  
Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,  
I can't without envy their merriment see,  
Those pleasures offend me my Shepherd's not there,  
No pleasures I relish that Jockey dont share,  
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
I with my dear Jockey return'd back again.

(3)  
But hope shall sustain me nor will I despair,  
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here,  
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,  
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste,  
Then farewell each care and adieu each vain sigh,  
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I,  
I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain,  
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.



Thro' bafs  
con pate

Larghetto

Tho' for - - - tune cloud hopes friendly ray that seems our guar - - - dian  
S. My Lod - ging is on the cold ground and ve - - ry hard is my  
S.  
light, Our con - - stan - - cy shall cheer the day, Our Love the long - - est  
Fare But that<sup>x</sup> which grieves me more Love is the cold - - nels of my  
night. By thee be - - lov'd while blest with the<sup>x</sup> stern fate may  
Dear. Yet still he cried turn Love I pray the love  
frown in vain; Con - - tent and sweet sim - pli - ci - ty will take us  
turn to me, for thou art the on - ly Girl Love - - that is a - -  
Love that  
in their train.  
do - red by me. F. S.  
S.  
S.

(2)

With a Garland of straw I will crown thee Love  
I'll Mury you with a Rush ring  
Thy frozen heart shall melt with Love  
So merrily I shall sing  
Yet still &c.

(3)

But if you will harden your heart Love  
And be deaf to my pitifull moan  
Oh; I must endure the smart Love  
And tumble in Straw all alone  
Yet still &c.



Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Andante  
Moderately

When I think

on this Wa-rl'd's pelf, and the lit-tle we share I have o'it to my-self, and

how the Lads that wants it is by the Lads for-got may the shame fa' the

Gear, and the Bla-thrie o'it.

(2)

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

(3)

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,  
But now she is clad in her silken attire,  
And Jockie says he loes her and swears he's me forgot:  
May the shame, &c.

(4)

But all this shall never danton me,  
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:  
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a groat;  
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o'it.



Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Lively  
Allegro

Oh! what had I a do for to Mar-ry; My wife she drinks naething but Sack and ca-na-ry I to her

friends com-plain'd right air-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo-ly and fair-ly hoo-ly and fair-ly

hoo-ly and fair-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo-ly and fair-ly.

(2)

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

(3)

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,  
She drinks my claithis I canna well spare;  
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely:  
O gin my wife, &c.

(4)

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

(5)

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

(6)

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

(7)

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



Choro' bafs  
Accompato

Larghetto

Re - neath a green Shade a love - ly young Swain, one Ev - ning re - clind' to dif -

- co - ver his pain. St - id yet so sweet - ly he war - bled his woe, the wind ceas'd to

breath and the foun - tains to flow rude winds with com - pal - sion could bear him com -

- plain, yet Chlo - le's gen - tle was deaf to his Strain.

Scotl. Air.

Ch was nae I a wea - rie wight oh oh O - no - chie oh They

Lento

brack my Bower and flew my Knight oh - O - no - chie O - no - chie O - no - chie oh.



Thoro' bass  
Accomp'to  
And'te

As from a Rock part  
all re\_lief the Ship\_wrack'd Co\_lin spy\_ing, his Na\_tive foil o'er come with  
grief, half sunk in waves, and Dy\_ing. With the next morn\_ing Sun he  
spies, a Ship which gave un\_hop'd sur\_prise, new life springs up he lifts his  
eyes, with joy and waits her mo\_tion.

(2)

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

(3)

Then now, since happily I've hit,  
I'll have no more delaying;  
Let beauty yield to manly wit,  
We lose ourselves in staying:

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,  
Since marriage can my fears oppose:  
Why should we happy minutes lose,  
Since, Peggy I must love thee.

(4)

Men may be foolish, if they please,  
And deem't a lover's duty  
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,  
Doating on a proud beauty:  
Such was my case for many a year,  
Still hope succeeding to my fear;  
Fallè Betty's charms now disappear,  
Since Peggy's far outshine them.



Scotch Air. The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Composed by Miss Wheeler.

79  
24

B. Pipe  
Thornbass  
Accompany

*P*

*Affettuoso*

With bro - ken words and down cast eyes poor Co - lin spoke his pas - sion to - der and  
Speak on, speak on, and still my grief hold up a heart that's fin - king un - der these  
part - ing with his Gri - fy crys Ah woes my heart that we should fun - der. To  
fears, that soon will want re - lief when Pat - ie must from his Peg - gy fun - der. A  
gent - ler face and falk at - tire a La - dy rich in beau - ty's blos - som a - lack poor me. will  
fear'd to go. it breaks my heart that we should fun - der.  
now con - spire, to steal thee from thy Peg - gy's bo - som.

(2)  
Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;  
No beauty new my love shall hinder;  
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.  
The image of thy graceful air,  
And beauties which invite our wonder;  
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

(3)  
Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;  
Then seal a promise with a kiss,  
Always to love me, tho' we sunder.  
Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,  
That as I leave her I may find her:  
When that blest'd time shall come to pass,  
We'll meet again, and never sunder.

Scotch Reel.

Sung by  
Cant. da da M<sup>r</sup> Smett.

Thornbass  
Accompany

Could be the re - bels cast, op -



## The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

prof-sors bale and bloody, I hope we'll see them at the last strung a up in a woo-dy Oh blest be

he of worth and sense, and e-ver high his sta-tion, that brave-ly stands in the de-fence of con-science. King and

Na-tion.

(2)  
High shall he stand in fame  
Who's faithfu' to his duty,  
Thro' a' the Land we'll spread his nam  
And crown his night wi' Beauty.  
Oh! blest be he of worth and sense,  
And ever high his station,  
That bravely stands in the defence  
Of conscience, King, and Nation.

Sung by  
Cantata (du) M<sup>r</sup> Du Bellamy.

Scotch Reel.

*Come back me with the little girl*

Were I as-surd you'd

Allegretto

con-stant prove, ye shoud nae mair con-plain, the ea-sy maid be-set wi' love, few words will quick-ly

gain. For I must ain now syn yere free, this too fond heart o' mine, wi' con-slave-ry still

true to thee, with'd to be pair'd wi' thine

I'm happy now, wi' pleasure blest,  
Since Jenny's aind her mind,  
Now ilka fear is hush'd to rest,  
To hear yere words sae kind.

(2)

And shall I press thee to my heart,  
And round my Arms entwine;  
Delightful thought's we'll never part,  
Come press thy Lips to mine.



71. Composed by Sig. Giordani. QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

Troro  
bass  
P. af:  
S. I Sigh and lo

Accompano  
Largo  
Paf:  
S.

ment me in vain, These walls can but ec-cho my moan, A- last it in-crea-ses my pain when I

think of the days that are gone. Thro' the Grate of my

Pri-son I see the Birds as they wan-ton in Air, My Heart how it pants to be

free, My looks they are wild with des-pair.

(2)

Above tho' oppress'd by my Fate,  
I-burn with contempt for my foes,  
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state  
She ne'er can subdue me to those;  
False woman in Ages to come,  
Thy Malice detested shall be  
And when we are cold in the Tomb  
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

(3)

Ye Roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day,  
How sad tolls the Evening Bell;  
The Owls from the Battlements cry,  
Hollow Winds seems to murmur around  
O Mary, prepare thee to die,  
My Blood it runs cold at the sound.



Voice II

Voice I

Thoro' bass

Accompano

Larghetto

I Sigh and la - ment me in vain, These Walls can but ec - cho my  
 I Sigh and la - ment me in vain, These Walls can but ec - cho my

moan, A - las! it in - crea - ses my pain when I think of the days that are  
 moan, A - las! it in - crea - ses my pain when I think of the days that are

gone. Thro' the Grate of my Pri - son I see, the Birds as they wan - ton in Air, My  
 gone. Thro' the Grate of my Pri - son I see, the Birds as they wan - ton in Air, My

Heart how it pants to be free. My looks they are wild with dif - pair.  
 Heart how it pants to be free. My looks they are wild with dif - pair.

(2)

Above tho' oppress'd by my Fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes,  
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state  
 She ne'er can subdue me to these;  
 False woman in Ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be  
 And when we are cold in the Tomb  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

(3)

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay;  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the Evening Bell;  
 The Owls from the Battlements cry,  
 Hollow Winds seems to murmur around  
 O Mary, prepare thee to die,  
 My Blood it runs cold at the sound.



Thorn, *And.te* *Accomp.to*

A Lafs that was lead en'd with

care fat hea-vi-ly un-der yon Thorn, I lift end a while for to hear, when this the be-

gan for to mourn When e'er my dear she-pherd was there, the birds did me-lo-dious-ly Sing, and

cold nip-ping win-ter did wear a face that re-semb-led the Spring. Sae mer-ry as

we twa ha'e been, fae mer-ry as we twa hae been, my heart it is like for to break, when I

think on the days we hae feen.

(2)

Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
 He gently preßing my hand,  
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,  
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command.  
 My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,  
 What makes you hard hearted to me;  
 Oh! why do you thus turn away,  
 From him who is dying for thee.  
 Sae mérry, &c.

(3)

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



Thoro' bass  
Accomp't.

*Affettuoso*

Had I a Heart for  
S. As down on Ban-nas  
Falls hood fram'd I ne'er could in-jure you For tho' your Tongue no Pro-nise claim'd your  
banks I stray'd, one Ev-ning in May, the lit-tle Birds in bly-theft Notes made  
charms would make me true. To you no Soul shall bear de- ceit, No stran-ger of-fer  
vo-cal ev-ry Spray, they sung their lit-tle tales of love they Sung them o'er and  
wrong But Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet Le- vers in the Young.  
o'er Ah! Gram-machree ma Chol-leen-cue Ma-lly all-tore.

(2) Verses from the Duenna.

But when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your Heart.  
They'll bid aching Palsion rest.  
And act a Brother's Part.  
Then Lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong:  
For Friends in all the Ag'd you'll meet,  
And Brothers in the Young.

(2)

The Daily py'd, and all the sweets, the Dawn of Nature yields,  
The Primrose pale, the Vilet blue, lay scatter'd o'er the Fields;  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.

Al! Gramachree, &c.



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

(4)  
You said you lov'd me Molly dear Ah! why did I believe  
Yet who could think such tender Words were meant but to deceive:  
That love was all I ask'd on Earth, nay Heav'n could give no more.  
Ah Gramachree. &c.

(5)  
Oh! had I all the Flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,  
Or low'd for me the num'rous Herds that yon green Pasture fill;  
With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store.  
Ah Gramachree. &c.

(6)  
Two turtle loves above my Head, sat courting on a bough,  
I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;  
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now alas 'tis o'er.  
Ah! Gramachree. &c.

(7)  
Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er shall mourn,  
While Life remains in Strephon's Heart, 'twill beat for thee alone;  
Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour.  
Ah! Gramachree. &c.

## Scotch Air.

## DONALD.

When first you courted me I own I fondly favord you; Ap-pa-rent worth and high re-  
nown made me be-live you true. Do-nald. Each vir-tue then seemd to a-dorn the Man of-  
teend by me, but now the mask's thrown off I scorn to waste one thought on thee Do-nald.

Larghetto

O then forever haste away  
Away from love and me  
Go seek a heart that's like your own  
And come no more to me Donald.

For I'll reserve myself alone  
For one that's more like me  
If such a one I cannot find  
I fly from love and thee Donald.



## Scotch Air.

SHE rose and let ME in

pp.

Larghetto

fi - lent fa - ble wore, and a - lone my were the skies, of glitt'ring stars ap -

pear'd no more, than those in NEL - LYS Eyes. When to her Fa - ther's

door I came, where I had of - ten been I begg'd my fair my

love - ly Dame, to rise and let me in.

(2)

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

(3)

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part!  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd she should be mine,  
 Till HYMEN to my arms convey'd  
 My treasure so divine.

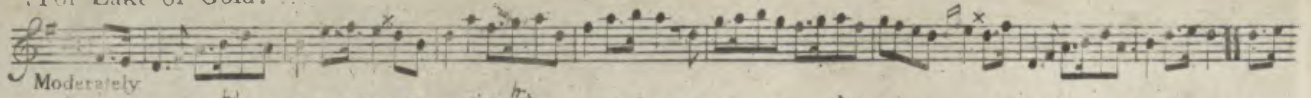
(4)

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

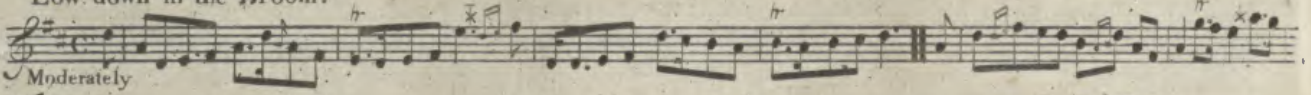


Scots Songs N<sup>o</sup> 1 Adapted for the FLUTE.

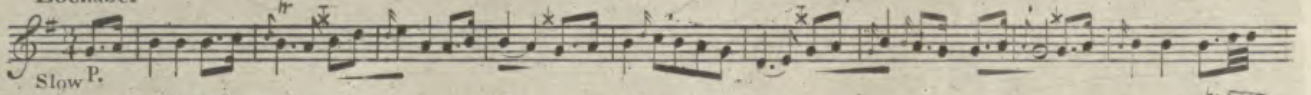
For Lake of Gold.



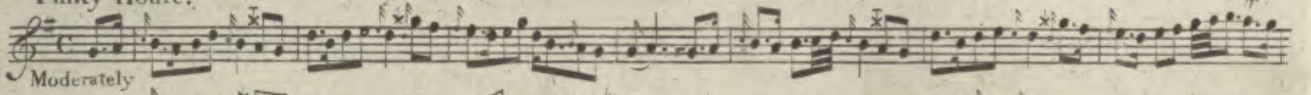
Low down in the Broom.



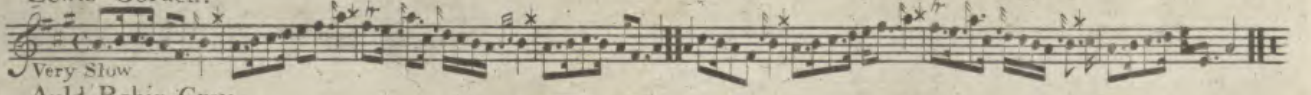
Lochaber



Pinky House.



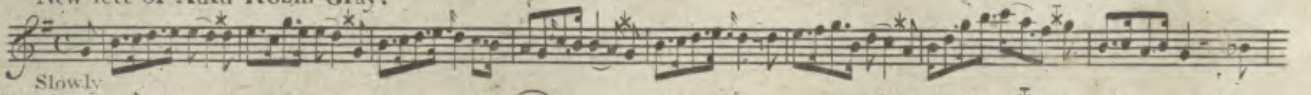
Lewis Gorden.



Auld Robin Gray.



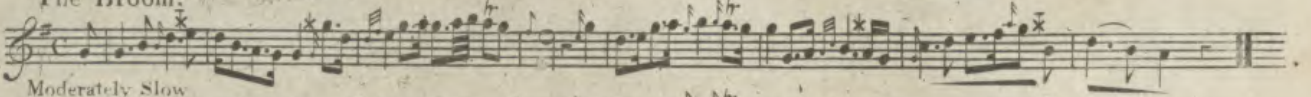
New sett of Auld Robin Gray.



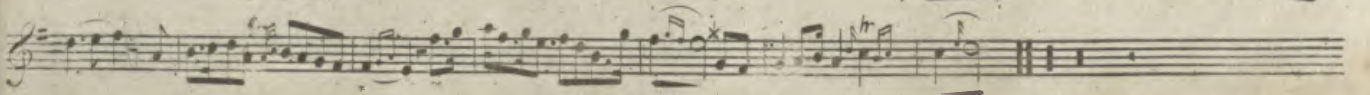
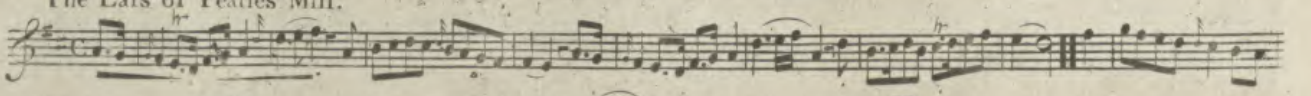
Go to the Ew. bughts Marion.



The Broom.



The La's of Peaties Mill.





Deel tak the War.

And<sup>te</sup>

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Deel tak the War'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'And<sup>te</sup>'. There are dynamic markings 'F.P.', 'F.P.', 'F.', and 'P.' below the staves.

My Jockey

And<sup>te</sup>

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'My Jockey'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'And<sup>te</sup>'. There are dynamic markings 'F.P.', 'F.P.', 'F.', and 'P.' below the staves.

Anna.

Affetto

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Anna.'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Affetto'. There are dynamic markings 'PP.' and 'F.' below the staves.

Birks of Endermay.

Larghetto

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Birks of Endermay.'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'.

Tweed Side.

And<sup>te</sup>

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Tweed Side.'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'And<sup>te</sup>'. There are dynamic markings 'P.' and 'Sy' below the staves.

Gilderoy

Larghetto

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Gilderoy'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'.

Jockey

Andante

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Jockey'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

My Lodging

Larghetto

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'My Lodging'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. There are dynamic markings 'S.', 'Sy', and 'F.' below the staves.

Blathrie o'it

And<sup>te</sup>

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Blathrie o'it'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'And<sup>te</sup>'. There are dynamic markings 'Sy' and 'F.' below the staves.

Hooly and Fairly

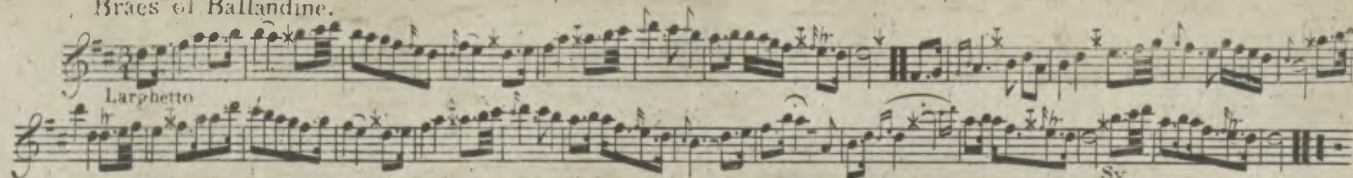
All<sup>o</sup>

Two staves of musical notation for the song 'Hooly and Fairly'. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'All<sup>o</sup>'.

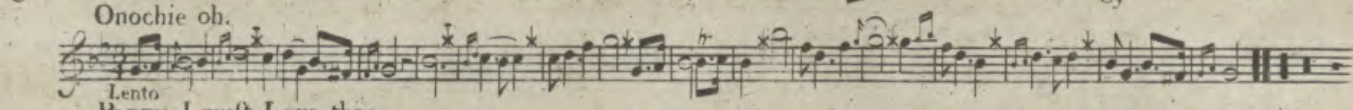


Scots Songs, N<sup>o</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> Adapted for the FLUTE.

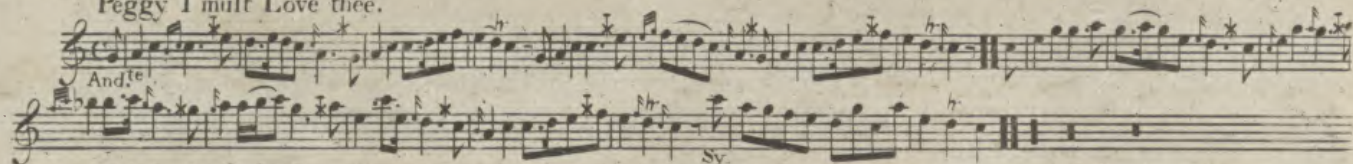
Braes of Ballantine.



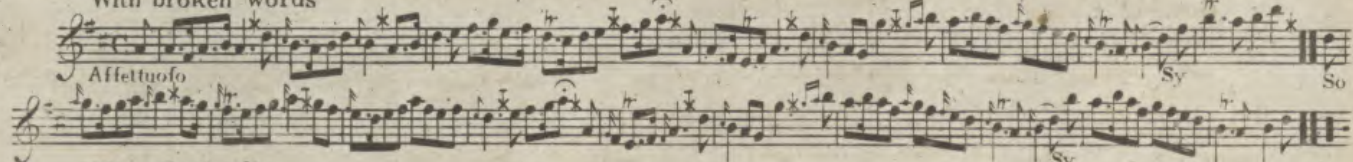
Onochie oh.



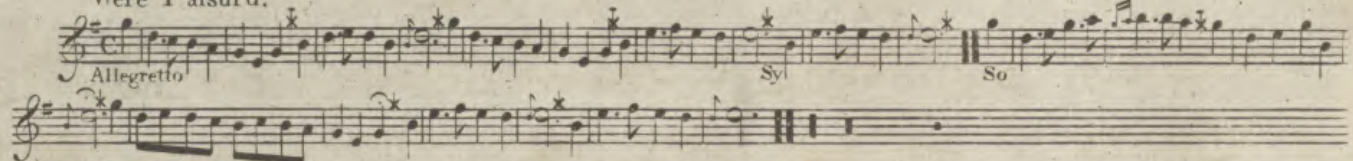
Peggy I must Love thee.



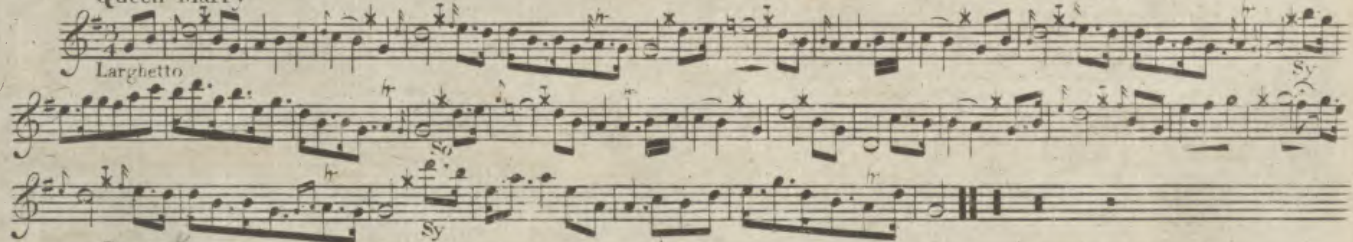
With broken words



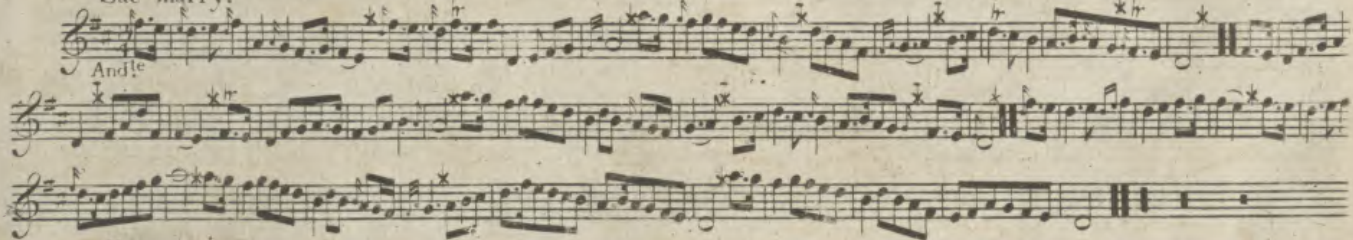
Were I absurd.



Queen Marry



Sae marry.



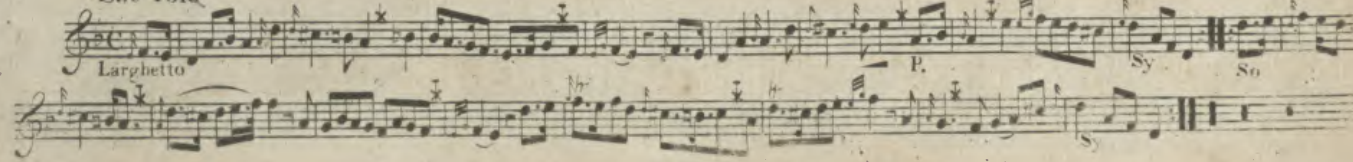
Gramachree.



Donald.



She rofs





# *Sinder* to Book 1<sup>st</sup> of the Scots Songs.

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Scotch Song

BUSK YE BUSK YE.

2

Turno Solo P. Busk ye Busk ye my  
 Accompanito Lento P.  
 bon - ny Bride, busk ye busk ye my win - some mar - row, busk ye busk ye my bon - ny  
 Bride, and let us to the braes of Yar - row; There will we sport and ga - ther dew,  
 dan - cing while Lav' - rocks ling in the mor - ning; There learn frae Tur - tles to prove  
 true, O Bell ne'er vex me with thy scor - ning.

(2)

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

(3)

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



## Scotch Air

## Down the Burn DAVIE.

Thoro' bass  
And<sup>te</sup>

When Trees did bud and fields were green and broom bloom'd fair to see, when

Ma-ry was com-pleat Fif-teen, and love laugh'd in her Eye, Blyth

Da-vie's blinks her heart did move, to speak her mind this free, Gang down the

Burn Da-vie love, and I shall fol-low thee.

## English Air New Sett of

## Down the Burn DAVIE.

Sung by  
Cantata da Mrs Hudson.

Thoro' bass  
Allegretto

When Trees did bud and

Fields were green and Broom bloom'd fair to see, when Ma-ry was com



Down the Burn DAVIE.

pleat fif-teen and Love laugh'd in her Eyes. Blithe

Da-vie's blinks her heart did move to speak her mind thus free, Gang down the Burn

Da-vie love, down the burn Da-vie love, down the burn Da-vie love, and I will fol-low thee.

down the burn Da-vie love, down the burn Da-vie love, down the burn Da-vie love, gang

down the burn Da-vie love, and I will fol-low thee.

(2)  
 did each lad surpals,  
 dwelt on yon burn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride;  
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 Her een were bonny blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

(3)  
 As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said!  
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at length impatient grown  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

(4)  
 What pass'd, I guess, was harmles play,  
 And naithing sure unmeet:  
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a walk sae sweet:  
 And that they aften shoud' return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.



Thoro' bass  
comp to

Largo

me I ne'er had known for An - guish, but think how false how cru - el she to bid me  
Swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me, tho' thus I lan - guish\* and com - plain A - las\* the  
cease - to - lan - guish. To bid - me hope her hand to gain, breathe on a flame - half  
ne'er be - lieves me. My vows and sighs like si - lent Air, un - heed - ed ne - ver\*  
pe - rif'd and then with cold and fix'd dis - dain, to kill the hope - the  
move her, the bon - ny Fugh' a - boon Tra - quair, was where I first - did  
che - 1<sup>st</sup> rif'd. 2<sup>d</sup> rif'd.  
Love her. her. F

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> F

(2) Verses from the Queen's

Not worse his fate who on a wreck  
That drove as winds did blow it  
Silent had left the shatter'd deck  
To find a grave below it:  
Then land was cried no more resign'd  
He glow'd with joy to hear it  
Not worse his fate his woe to find  
The wreck must sink e'er near it.

(2)

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

(3)

Yet now she scornful flees the plain;  
The fields we then frequented;  
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,  
The looks we ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its sweets I'll ay remember;  
But now her frowns make it decay;  
It fades as in December.

(4)

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



Scotch Air

# The YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Carvill & M<sup>rs</sup> W. W. 6

Cantata da In the Gentle Shepherd.

When first my dear Laddie

Thoro' Bass Accompano

Amoroso P.

to the green hill, and I at ewe milk - ing first go - try'd my young Skill. To  
 paint the sweet plain, and Sum - mer ap - proa - ching re - joi - ceth the Swain. joi - ceth the Swain. The  
 hear the milk bo - wie nae pain was to me, when I to the fold the herd ga - ther'd with thee.  
 Yel - low hair'd Lad - die wou'd of - ten times go, to wilds and deep glens, where the How - thorn Trees grow.  
 Haw - thorn Trees grow.

Patie (2)  
 When corn riggs wad' yellow, and blew better bel'  
 Bloom'd bonny on moreland and sweet rising fells,  
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,  
 If I found that the berries were ripend for thee.

(3)  
 There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:  
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

(4)  
 That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;  
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

(5)  
 That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;  
 Then sighing he wished, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

(Second and Therd.)

Voice Soprano Voice

Amoroso

In A - pril when Prim - ro - ses paint the sweet plain, and Sum - mer ap - proa - ching re - joi - ceth the Swain. joi - ceth the

Voice Bass Voice

April &c.

Swain. The Yel - low hair'd Lad - die wou'd of - ten times go, to wilds and deep glens, where the Haw - thorn Trees grow. Hawthorn Trees grow.



Thoroughbass  
Accompaniment

Andante

My  
Sheep I've for-sa-ken and left my Sheep hook, and all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-  
look, no more for A-myn-ta fresh gar-lands I wove, for Am-bi-tion I said would soon  
cure me of Love. O what had my youth with Am-bi-tion to do, why left I A-  
myn-ta? why broke I my Vow? O give me my Sheep, and my Sheep hook res-tore, and I'll  
wan-der from Love, and A-myn-ta no more.

(2) (3)

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

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



## A English Song.

## MY DADDY.

Thoro' bass Accompanio

My Dad-dy is gone to his Grave, my Mo-ther lies un-der a Stone, and ne-ver a pen-ny we

Larghetto

have, A-las I am quite un-done. my Lod-ging is in the cold air, and hun-ger is

sharp and bit-ter, a lit-tle Fire good Sir spare, to keep us warm at Night.

## A Irish Song.

## DERMOT.

Thoro' bass Accompanio

Der-mot Loved She-lah well and strove her heart to gain, No tongue or pen can tell Der-mot's great

And<sup>te</sup> Pas:

pain; for he cry'd She-la she-lah she-la-gra for he cry'd she-lah joy will thou be mine.

(2)

I have five sheep a gra, Ten Goats and twenty Swine  
All these I'll give to thee, If you'll be mine;  
Still he cry'd Shelah &c. &c.

(3)

I have Pottatoes and good Bally Clabber too  
Ruskens and Cream where in you may Slabber you;  
Still he cry'd Shelah &c. &c.



## Hey JENNY come down to JOCK.

Scotch Air

Accompato

Thoro bass

Allegretto

Jo - cky he came here to woo, on ae Feast day when we were Fou.

And Jen - ny pat on her best ar - ray, when she heard that Jo - cky was

come that way.

2

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

3

Jenny she came down the stair,  
 And she came baein and bingiein ben.  
 Her stays they were lac'd, and waift it was jimp,  
 And a braw well-made manti gown.

4

Jocky's ta'en her by the hand,  
 Sae s Bonnie lads, will ye fancy me

My father is dead, and left me some land,  
 Wi' braw houfes, twa or three;

5

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

6

Jenny she's gane up th' gate,  
 And a' her coats as white as her smock;  
 And ae so loud as her mither did cry,  
 Wow, sirs, has na Jenny got Jock!



Accompato  
Thorbals  
Andante

My Pa - tie is a  
Lo - ver gay, his mind is ne - ver mud - dy, his breath is sweet - er than new  
Hay, his face is fair and rud - dy, His shape is hand - some mid - dle size, He's  
state - ly in his Wak - ing the shin - ing of his Een sur - prise, 'tis heav'n to  
hear him taw - king.

2

Lait night I met him on the bawk,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There mony a kindly word he spake,  
That set my heart a glowing.  
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And loo'd me best of ony;  
That gars me like to sing finiyne,  
"O corn riggs are bonny?"

3

Let maldens of a silly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding are design'd,  
We chastely should be granting;  
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,  
And fyne my cokernony,  
He's free to touzle air or late,  
Where corn riggs are bonny.



## WALY WALY.

Thoro bass  
Accompanio

Amoroso

Wa-ly Wa-ly up yon bank and wa-ly wa-ly down yon brae and wa-ly by yon ri-ver side where

I and my love wont to gae. O wa-ly wa-ly love is bo-ny a lit-tle while when it is new but

when its auld it wax-es could and wears a-way like mor-ning dew.

2

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

3

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

4

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;  
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My Love was cled in velvet black  
And I mysel in cramasie.

5

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

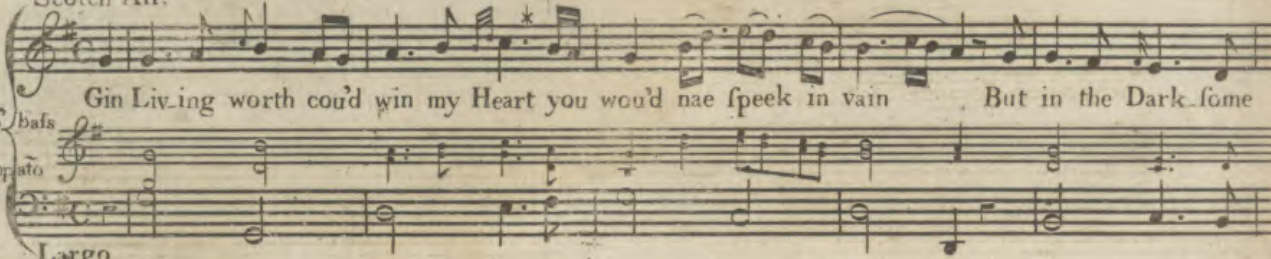


# The WAEFU' HEART.

12

Scotch Air.

Thoro' bass  
Accompano

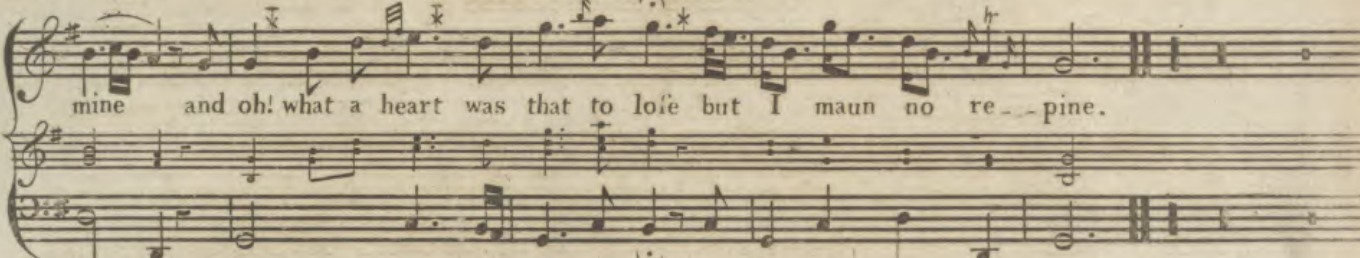


Gin Liv'ing worth cou'd win my Heart you wou'd nae speek in vain But in the Dark some

Largo  
Slow



Grave its laid ne-ver to rise a - gain My wae-fu' Heart lies low wi' his whose heart was on - ly



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

(2)

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon  
Wou'd grant the boon I crave  
And tak this life now neathing worth  
Sin Jamie's in his grave.  
And see his Gentle Spirit comes  
To show me on my way,  
Surprised nae doubt, I still am here  
Saer wondring at my stay.

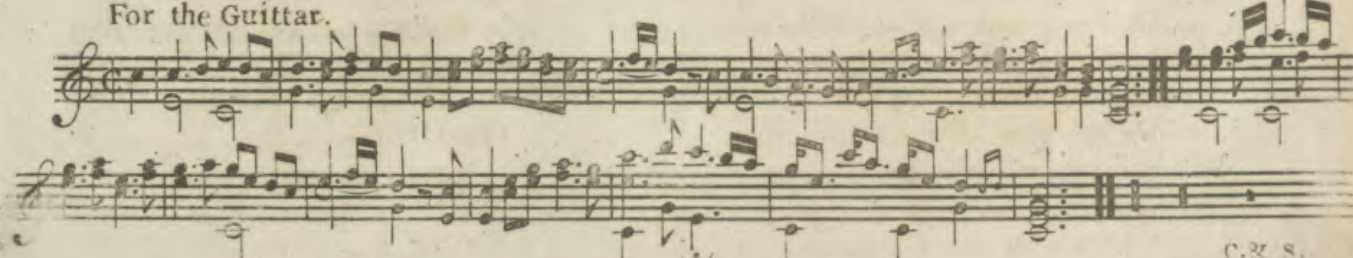
(3)

I come, I come, my Jamie Dear  
And oh! wi' what gude will  
I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead,  
Ye canna lead to I'll  
She said, and soon a deadlie pale  
Her faded Cheek possest,  
Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat  
Her Sorrows sunk to rest.

For the Flute.



For the Guittar.





Thoro' bass  
Accomp. piano

Cantabile.

One day I heard Mar-ry say, how shall I leave thee, stay Dear-est A-do-nis stay,  
why wilt thou grieve me. grieve me. A-las my fond Heart will break  
if thou shoud leave me, I'll live and die for thy sake yet ne-ver leave thee.  
leave thee.

(2)

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

(3)

Adonis, my charming youth,  
What can relieve thee?  
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?  
Thas breast shall receive thee:

My passion can ne'er decay,  
Never deceive thee:  
Delight shall drive pain away,  
Pleasure revive thee.

(4)

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



Thou art gone a-way thou art gone a-way thou art gone a-way from me Ma-ry, nor friends nor I could

And.te Sof.to P.

make thee stay thou hast chea-ted them and me Ma-ry. Un-till this hour I ne-ver thought that ought could

al-ter thee Ma-ry, thou'rt still the Mis-tress of my heart, think what you will of me Ma-ry. 8.

A Modern Sett of Thou art gone away.

Thou art gone a-way thou art gone a-way thou art gone a-way from me Ma-ry, nor friends nor I could

And.te Sof.to P.

make thee stay thou hast chea-ted them and me Ma-ry. Un-till this hour I ne-ver thought, that ought could

al-ter thee Ma-ry, Thou'rt still the Mis-tress of my heart think what you will of Ma-ry. 8.

(2)  
 What e'er he said or might pretend,  
 That stole that heart of thine Mary;  
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,  
 Or nay such Love as mine Mary.  
 I spoke sincere nor flatter'd much,  
 Had no unworthy thoughts Mary;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor nathing such;  
 No I lov'd only thee Mary.

(3)  
 Tho you've been false yet while I live,  
 No other maid I'll woo Mary;  
 Till friends forget and I forgive  
 Thy wrongs to them and me Mary.  
 So then farewell, of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me Mary;  
 For all the world I'd not endure,  
 Half what I've done for thee Mary.



*P.* *Larghetto*

There's Auld Rob

Mo-ris that wins in yon Glen, He's the king of good fel-lows and wale of Auld Men.

Has four-score of black Sheep, and four-score too, And Auld Rob Mo-ris is the

Man ye maun loo.

Doughter.

2

Pray had your Tongue Mither, and let that abee,  
 For his Eild and my Eild will never agree:  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen,  
 For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fifteen.

Mither.

3

Then had your Tongue Doughter and lay by your Pride  
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride,  
 He shall lye by your side, and kifs you too,  
 Auld Rob Moris is the Man you maun loo

Doughter.

4

That auld Rob Moris I ken him fou weel,  
 His A — it sticks out like ony Peet-Creel,  
 He's out thind, in-kneed, and ringle eyd too,  
 Auld Rob Moris is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

Mither.

5

Tho' auld Rob Moris be an elderly Man,  
 Yet his auld Brass it will buy a new Pan;  
 Then Doughter, ye shoudna befae ill to shoo,  
 For auld Rob Moris is the Man you maun loo.

Doughter

6

But auld Rob Moris I never will hae,  
 His Back is so stiff and his Beard is grown Gray;  
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year,  
 Sae mair of Rob Moris I never will hear.



## Scotch Air MAY-EVE or KATE of ABERDEEN.

Photo-bals  
Accompato

Larghetto

The Sil-ver Moon's en-a-mour'd beam, Steals soft-ly thro' the Night, To wan-ton in the

win-ding stream, and Kifs re-flec-ted light To Courts be-gone heart soo-thing Sleep, Where

you've so fel-dom been, Whilst I my wake-full Vi-gil keep with Kate of A-ber-deen With

Kate of A-ber-deen With Kate of A-ber-deen

(2)

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

(3)

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

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

(4)

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



Thoro' bass  
Accompato

Allegretto

Bef - sy Bell and Ma - ry Gray, they are twa bon - ny Lass - es they bigg'd a bower on  
yon burn side and theek'd it o'er with rash - es. Fair Bef - sy Bell I  
loo'd yef - teen, and thought I ne'er could al - ter, but Ma - ry Gray's twa paw - ky  
Een, gard a my fan - cy fal - ter.

(2)

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

(3)

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
Her een like diamonds glances;  
She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,  
She kills whene'er she dances;

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,  
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

(4)

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco sair oppress us;  
Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
Ye are sic bonny lasses:  
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,  
To ane by law we're stinted;  
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
And be with ane contented.



Thoro' Bass  
Accomp to  
And<sup>te</sup>

The last time  
I came o'er the Moor I left my Love be- hind me, ye Pow'rs what pain do  
I en- dure when I oft I de- as mind me, Soon as the rud- dy Morn dis- play'd the  
bea- ming day en- su- ing I met be- times my Love- ly Maid, in  
fit re- treats for Woo- ing.

(2) (4)

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

(3)

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

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

(5)

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



## Scotch Air.

## THE MAID OF SELMA.

Composed by  
Composita da Mr. Olwald.

*Alto*  
In the hall I lay in night mine eyes half closed with sleep - soft Mu sic come to mine ear, soft

*Thoro' bass*  
*compato*

*Larghetto*

Mu sic came to mine ear. It was the Maid of Selma her breast were white as the bo som of a Swan

trem'bling on swift rol ling Waves. She rais'd the Night ly Song for she knew that my soul was a fire - am that

flow'd - - at plea sant sound, mix'd with the Harp ar rose her voice mix'd with the Harp ar rose her

voice, She came on my trou bled soul like a beam to the dark heav ing O ce an, when it bursts from a

cloud and bright ens the sea my side of a Wave t'was like the me mory of Joys that are past

plea sant and mourn full to the Soul. plea sant and mourn full to the soul.



# THE BONNY SCOT-MAN.

Thoro' bass  
Andante

Ye Gales that gen - tly wave the Sea and please the  
can - ny Boat - man Bear me frae hence, or bring to me my brave my bon - ny Scot - man.  
In ha - ly Bands we joynd our hands yet may not this dif - co - ver while Pa - rents rate a  
large Ef - fate be - fore a faith - fu' Lo - ver.

2

But I loor chuse in Highland Glens;  
To herd the Kid and Goat-man,  
E'er I could for sic little Ends,  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
Wae worth the Man,  
Wha first began,  
The base ungenerous Fashion,  
Frae greedy views,  
Love's Art to use,  
While Strangers to its Pulsion.

3

Frae foreign Fields my lovely Youth,  
Haste to thy longing Lalsie,  
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
And in her Bosom hawse thee.  
Love gies the word,  
Then haste on Board,  
Fair winds and tenty Boat man  
Waft o'er waft o'er,  
Frae yonder Shore,  
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man



Thoro' bass  
Amoroso

Ann thou were my ain, thing, O I would love thee I would love thee, An- thou  
were my ain thing how dear-ly do I love thee. Then I would clasp thee in my  
Arms, then I'd se-cure thee from all harms for a-bove mor-tal  
thou hast charms, how dear-ly do I love thee.

(2) S. Of race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
For Heaven's sake then pity me,  
Who only lives to love thee—  
An- thou were, &c.

(3) S.

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

(4)  
To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your sake

What man can name I'll undertake;  
So dearly do I love thee.  
An- thou were, &c.

(5)  
My passion, constant as the sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
Till Fate my thread of life have spun,  
Which breathing out I'll love thee.  
An- thou were, &c.

## Scotch Air

## OSCAR'S GHOST.

Thoro' bass  
Largo

O see that form that faintly glides 'tis Of- car come to cheer my dreams on wings of wind 'tis  
flies a-way oh stay my love-ly Of- car stay.

(2) S.

Wake Of- car in left of Eternals bow  
And mix thy Tears and sighs with mine  
Awake the Harp to doleful tones  
And foeth my soul with Of- car's tones  
The Shell is Crasht in Ooties tones  
Since Gloomy Kerbar wrought so  
The Poe on Mervin faintly tones  
Nor hears the Cry of Of- car's tones



Thoro bass Pafs.  
Accomp. Uni.  
Lento Pafs.

Twas in that Sea-son  
of the year, when all things gay and sweet ap-pear, that CO-LIN with the mor-ning ray, A-  
-rose and sung his ru-ral lay: Of NAN-NY'S charms the She-pherd sung, the hills and  
dales with NAN-NY rung, while Ros-line Cal-tle heard the Swain, and ec-co'd  
back the cheer-ful strain.

(2)

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

(3)

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;  
And love inspires the melting song:

Then let my raptur'd notes arise;  
For beauty darts from NANNY'S eyes;  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms:

(4)

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



Seven Song The WILF VILL O.

Thornbats  
Accompanio

Andte

S. To Fan - ny

fair could I im-part, the cause of all my Woe O That beau - ty which has

won my heart, the scarce - ly seems to know O Un - skilld in Art of wo - man

kind, with - out de - sign the charms O, how can those spark - ling Eyes be blind which

eve - ry bo - lom warms - O.

Uni

(2)

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

(3)

At first when I beheld the fair,  
With raptures I was blest'd-O;  
But as I wou'd approach more near,  
At once I lost my rest-O  
Th'enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,  
Prepare me for my doom-O;  
One cruel look from those bright eyes  
Will lay me in my Tomb-O.



Two bass  
Accompanio

Andante

There Nan-fy's to the green wood gane, To  
hear the gowd-spink chat-ring, and Wil-lie he has fol-low'd her, to gain her love by flatt-ring  
But a' that he could say or do, she geck'd and scorn'd at him, and ay when he be-gan to  
woo, she bid him mind wha gat him sy

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

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

Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy.  
Wad ye compare ye'rself to me,  
A docken till a tanlie.  
I have a wooer of my ain,  
They ca' him souple Sandy;  
And well I wat his bonny mou'  
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

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

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

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



Flute & Bass  
Allegretto

Harken and I will tell you how young Muirland Willie came to woo Tho' he could neither  
lay nor do, The Truth I tell to you. But ay he cries what e'er be tide Mag-gy I'll hae to  
be my Bride, with a fall da dall la lall la la lall la lall la ra lall la ra lall lall

2  
On his gray Yad as he did ride,  
With Dirk and Pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' mikle Pride,  
Wi' mikle mirth and glee.  
Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,  
Till he came to her Dady's Door.  
With a fal &c.

3  
Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,  
I care no for making mikle Din,  
What Answer gi' ye me?  
Now wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
I'll gi'e ye my Doghters Love to win,  
With a fal &c.

4  
Now wooer sin ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye won, or in what Town,  
I think my Doghter winna gloom,  
On silken a Lad as ye.  
The wooer he step'd up the House,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
With a fal &c.

5  
I have three Owl'en in a Pleugh,  
Twa good gan Yads and Gear enough,  
The Place they ca' it Cadenugh,  
I scorn to tell a Lie.  
Besides I had frae the great Laird,  
Poot Pot and a Lang-kail Yard,  
With a fal &c.

6  
The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the Town,  
I wat on him she did na gloom,  
But blinkin bonnilie.  
The Lover he stended up in haste,  
And gripit her hard about the waist,  
With a fal &c.

7  
To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young and hae enough o' Gear,  
And for my sell ye need na' fear,  
Troth try me when ye like  
He took aff his Bonnet & spat in his chew  
He dightid his Gab and he pridd her Mou,  
With a fal &c.

8  
The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' la  
She had na will to say him na,  
But to her Dady she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiss,  
Syn'e ran to her Dady & tell'd him this  
With a fal &c.

9  
Your Doghter wad na say me na,  
But to your sel she has left it a',  
As we cou'd agree between us twa,  
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her,  
Now wooer quoth he, I hae no Mikle,  
But lik's I hae ye's get a Pikle,  
With a fal &c.

10  
A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky  
Ye's hae the Wadding Dinner free,  
Troth I dow do na mair.  
Content, quo' he a Bargain be't,  
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's dot.  
With a fal &c.

11  
The Bridal Day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lass,  
But sicken a Day there never was,  
Sic Mirth was never seen.  
This winsome Couple straked Hands,  
Mae John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,  
With a fal &c.

12  
And our Bride's Maidens were na few,  
Wi' Tap-knts, Lug-knts a' in blew,  
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,  
And blinked bonnilie.  
Their Toys and Mutches were fae clear,  
They glanced in our Laddies Een,  
With a fal &c.

13  
Sic Hirdum Dirdum, and sic Din,  
Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him,  
The Minstrels they did never blin,  
Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.  
And ay they bobit and ay they becket,  
And ay their wames together met,  
With a fal &c.



Thoro' bass

Accompato

And<sup>te</sup>

Down the burn and thro' the mead his gold-en locks wav'd o'er his brow John-ny lilt-ing

tund his reed and Ma-ry wip'd her bon-ny mou' Dear she loo'd the well known Song while her

John-ny blithe and bon-ny sung her praise the whole day long Down the burn and thro' the

mead his gold-en locks wav'd o'er her brow John-ny lilt-ing tund his reed and Ma-ry wip'd her

bon-ny mou.

(2)

Costly Claiths she had but few;  
Of Rings and Jewels nae great store;  
Her Face was fair her love was true,  
And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more:  
Love's the Pearl the shepherd's prize;  
O'er the Mountain, near the Fountain,  
Love delights the shepherd's Eyes.

Down the Burn, &c.

(3)

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

Down the Burn, &c.



## Recitative

## The BANKS of the TWEED.

As on the Banks of Tweed I lay re-clind be-neath a ver-dant shade I heard a sound more

Violoncello  
Accompagnato

Recitative

sweet than Pipe or Flute sure more en-chan-ting was not Or-phoe's Lute while list-nig and a-maz'd I turn'd my

Violoncello  
Accompagnato

eyes the more I heard the grea-ter my sur-prize I rose and fol-low'd gui-dered by my Ear and in a thick-set

Violoncello  
Accompagnato

In time Recita<sup>e</sup> Very Slow

Grove I saw my Dear. Un-seen un-heard she thought thus sing the Maid.

In time Recitat<sup>e</sup>

## AIR

To the soft murm'-ring stream I will sing to my Love how de-lish-ed am'

Violoncello  
Accompagnato

Andante

I when a-broad I can rove To in-dulge a fond pas-sion for Jo-ckey my

Violoncello  
Accompagnato



Dear when he's ab-sent I sigh but how blith when he's near. 'Tis these ru-ral a--

muse-ments de-light my lad heart come a-way to my arms love and ne-ver de-

part, to his Pipe I could sing for he's bon-ny and gay Did he know how I

lov'd him no lon-ger he'd stay.

(2)

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

(3)

For to visit my Ewes, and to see my Lambs play,  
 By the banks of the Tweed and the Groves I did stry,  
 But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd,  
 And have vow'd endless love if you would be my bride,  
 To the Alter of Hymen my fair one repair,  
 Where knot of affection shall tie the fond pair,  
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,  
 And will bless the dear Grove, by the BANKS OF THE TWEED.



Thoro bafs  
Accompato

And<sup>te</sup>

Ho ro' n drim man dubh ho ro ei le, Ho ro' n drim man dubh ho ro ei le, Ho ro' n drim man dubh

Galic Air. ORAN GAOIL.

Thoro bafs  
Accompato

Lento

Ho ro ei le, An drim man dubh laothach's i rogha na spreidhe

Che ne tin neas an sheacai fan

mad din a bhuail mi Ach Ach duin ro bhuan nach lei ghis gu brath ach sheal lodh our fai che do flat do mh nai uafail

Moch thra di luain's mi ag aum hare an La Chuir a chin di leas di leas di leas Chuir a chin di leas thar ram do

lamb do chul don Chan nach a mhiad ladh no mil tin's dui ne gun Chri nach tu ga dhuit gradh.

Galic Air. MAC GRIGOIR A RUA-RUTH.

Thoro bafs  
Accompato

Lento

Tha mu lad tha mu lad tha mu lad gam lion adh tha mu lad bochd truagh orm nach dual domh dheth di readh thee

mu lad bochd truagh orm nach dual domh dheth di readh my mhac Gri goir a Rua ruth ga m bu dual bhi'n gleam lio bhum.



## OPEN the DOOR to me OH.

Irish Air

Thoro' bass  
Accompato

PP

Largo PP

It's O - pen the Door some pi - ty to show It's o - pen the door to

me Oh Tho' you have been false I'll a - l - w - a - y - s prove true so O - pen the

F. P

door to me Oh

Sy

(2)

Cold is the blast upon my pale Cheek  
But colder your Love unto me oh  
Tho you have &c.

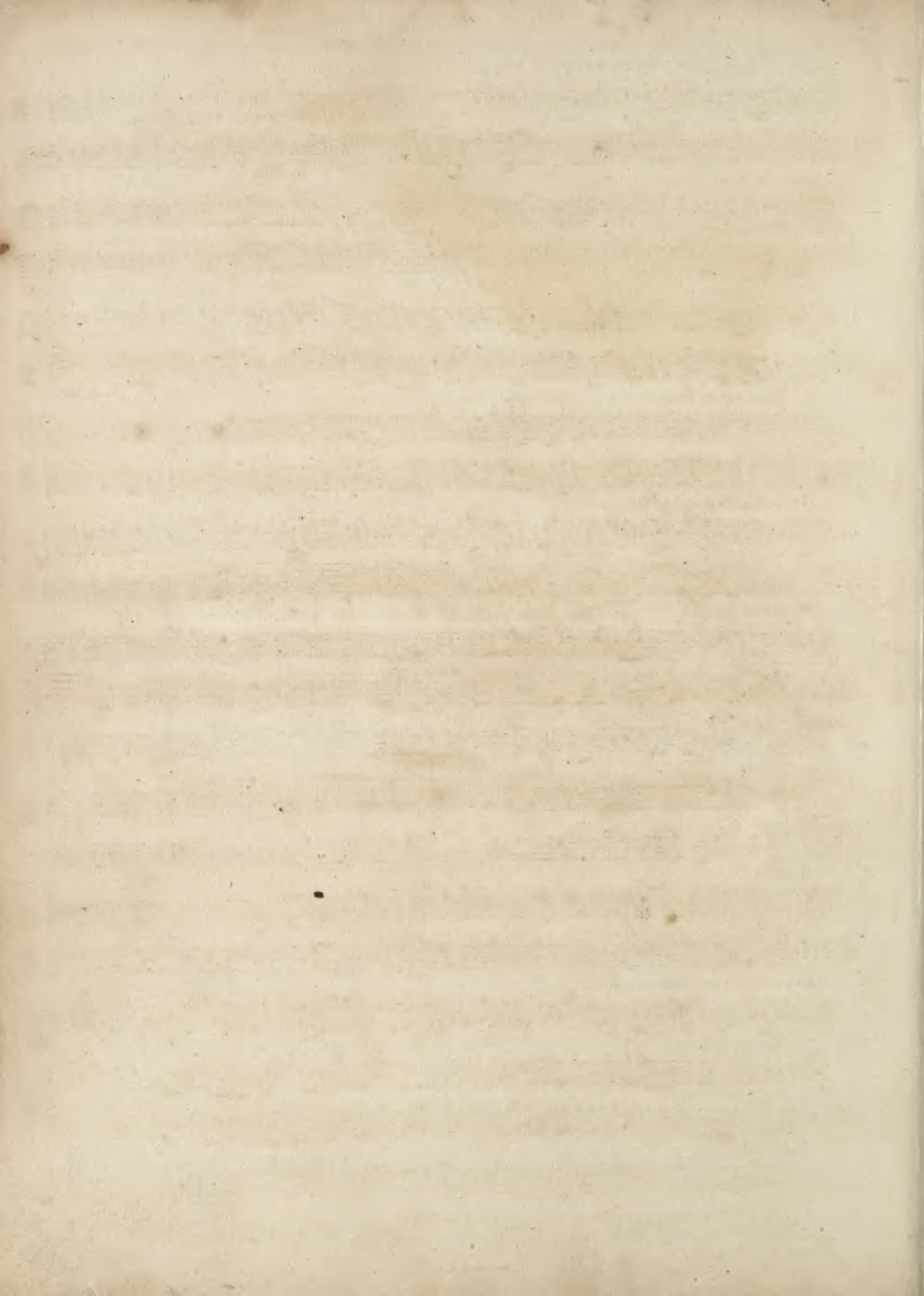
(3)

She's open'd the door she's open'd it wide  
She sees his pale corps on the Ground oh  
Tho you have &c.

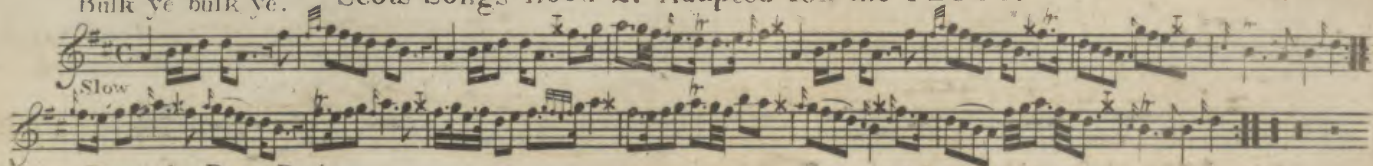
(4)

My true love love she cry'd then fell down by his side  
Never never to shutt again oh  
Tho you have &c.

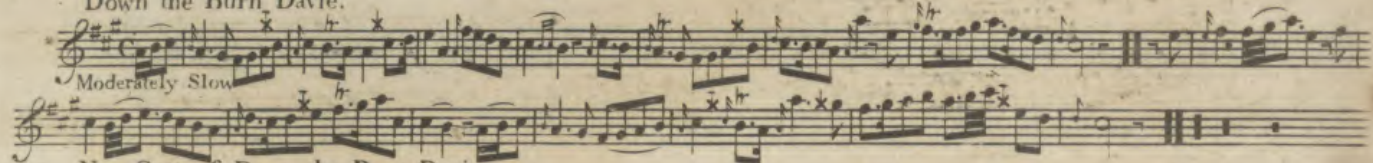




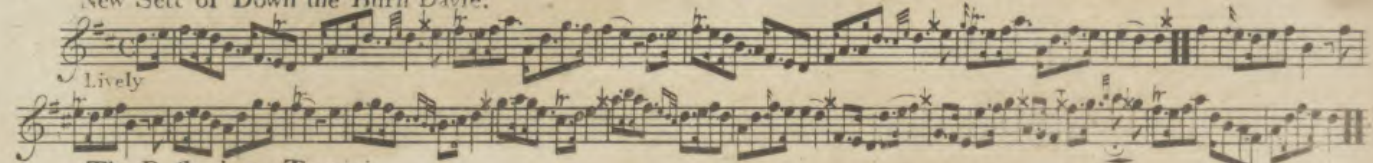




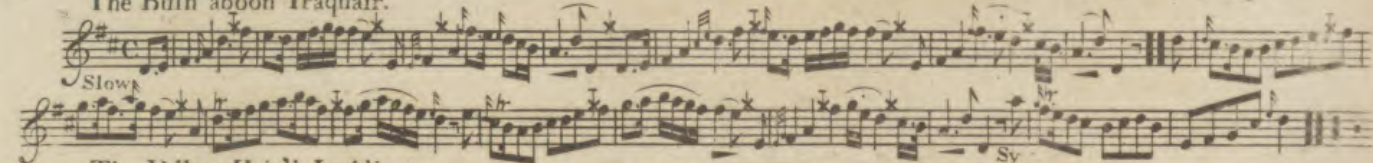
Down the Burn Davie.



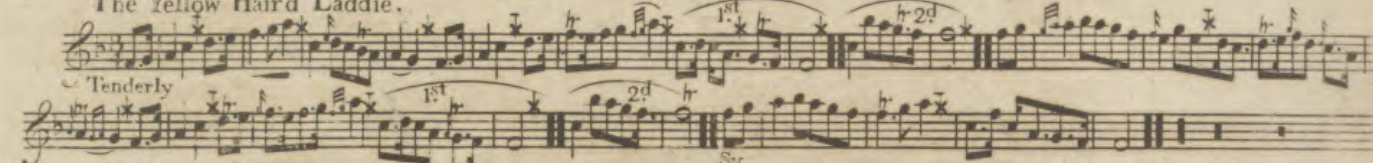
New Sett of Down the Burn Davie.



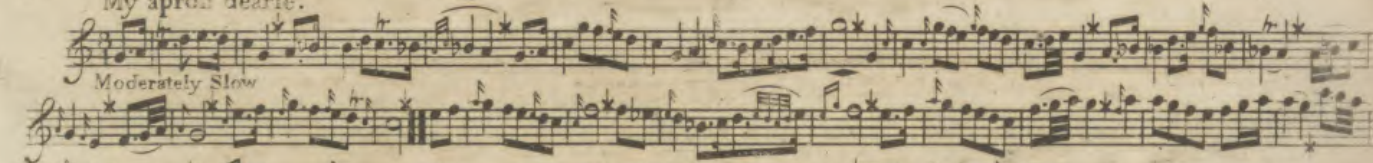
The Bush aboon Traquair.



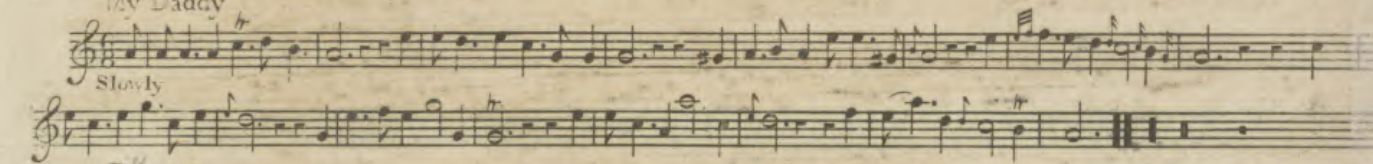
The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.



My apron dearie.



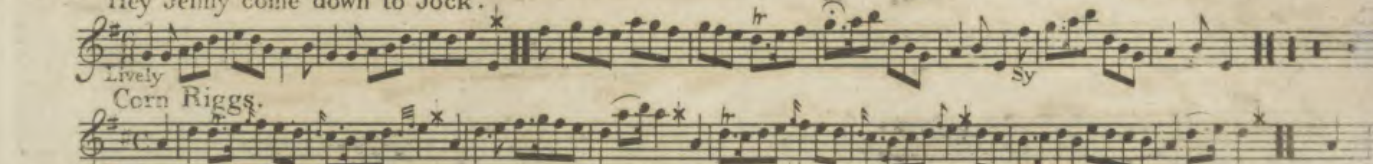
My Daddy



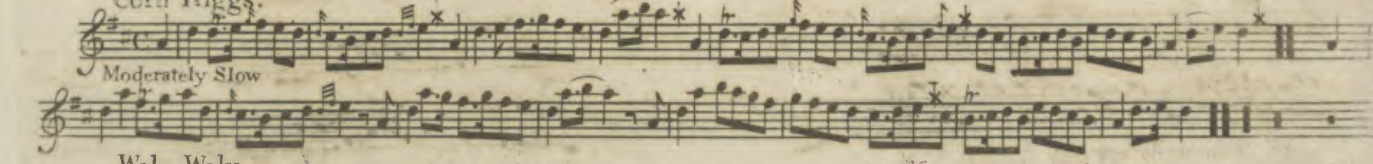
Dormot.



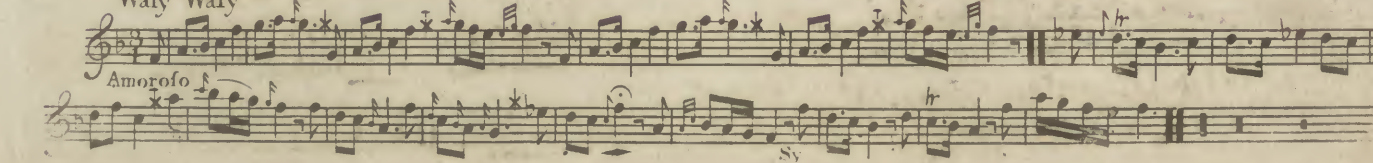
Hey Jenny come down to Jock.



Corn Riggs.

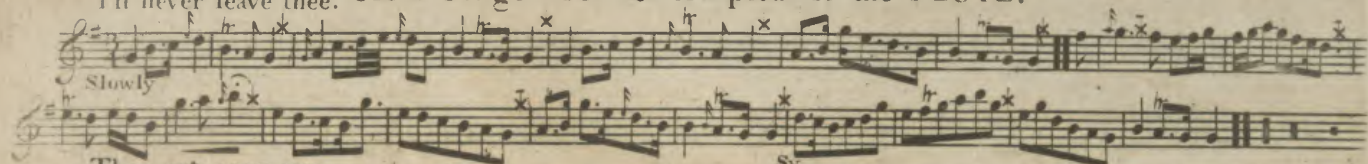


Waly Waly

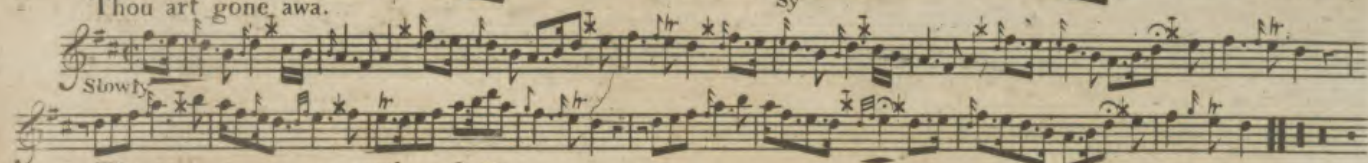




I'll never leave thee. Scots Songs Book 2<sup>d</sup>. Adapted for the FLUTE.



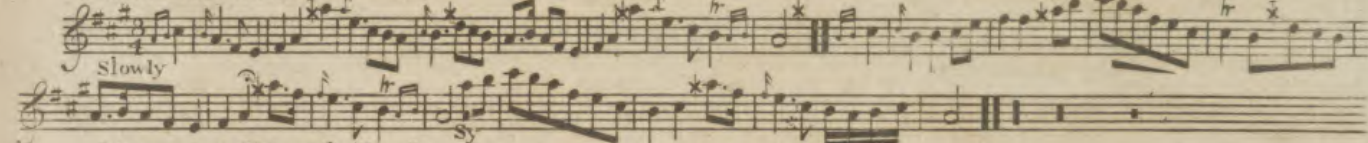
Thou art gone awa.



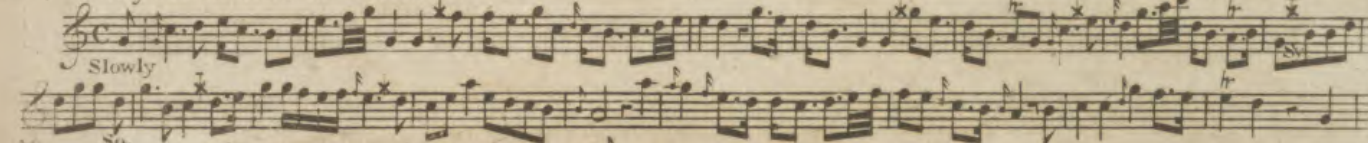
Thou art gone awa, a modern Sett.



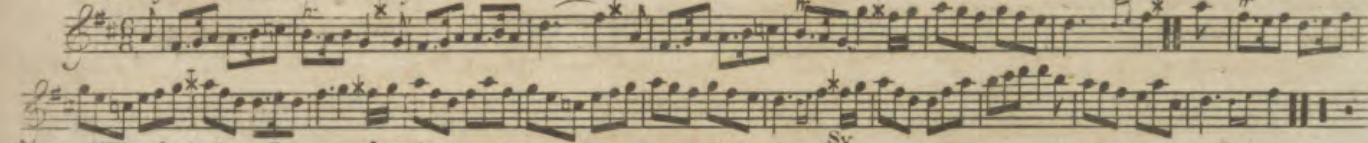
Auld Rob Moris



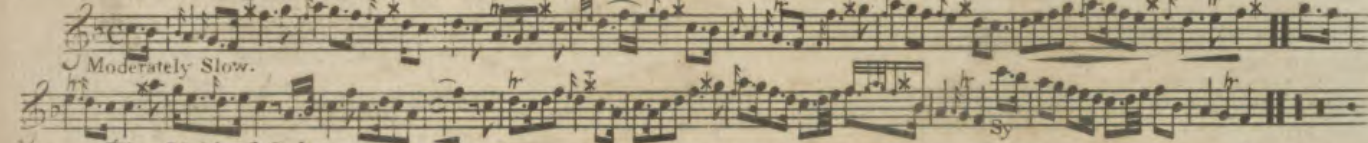
May eve or Kate of Aberdeen.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.



The last time I came o'er the moor.



The Maid of Selma.



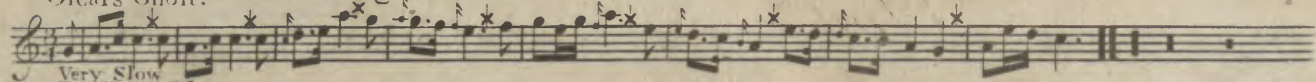
The Bonny Scotman.



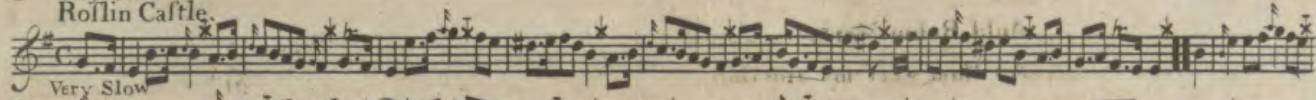
An thou were my ain thing.



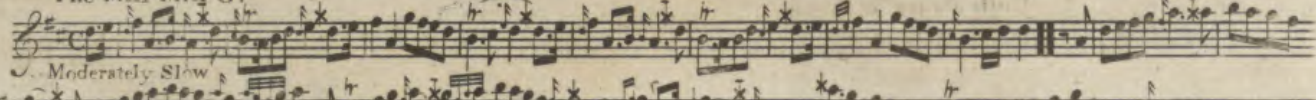




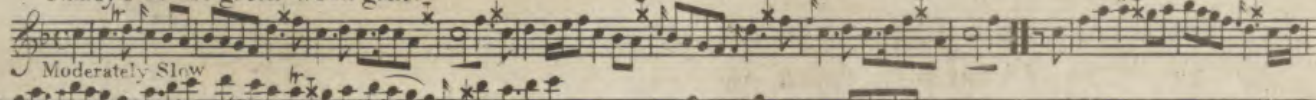
Very Slow  
Rollin Castle.



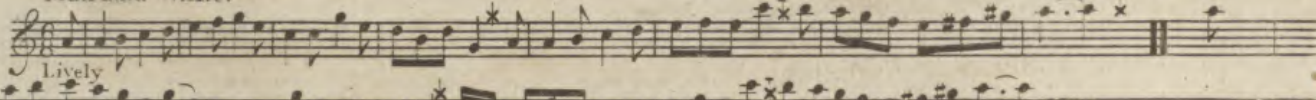
The Mill Mill O.



Nancy's to the green wood gane.



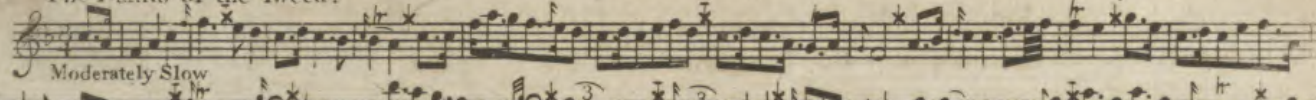
Muirland Willie.



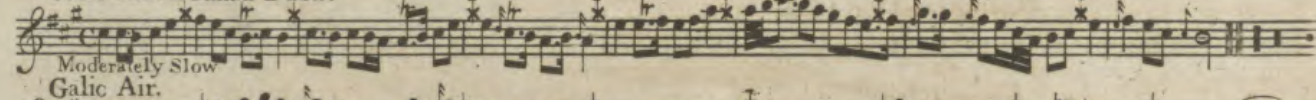
Johnny and Mary.



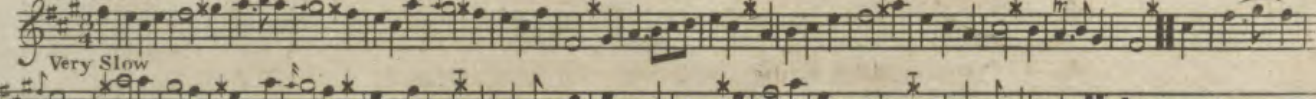
The Banks of the Tweed.



Galic Air. Driman Dubh.



Galic Air.



Mac Grigoir a rua ruth.



Open the door to me oh.





# *Index* to Book 2<sup>d</sup> Scots Songs.

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# DIRECTIONS.

\* When this mark is used, breath is to be taken, this pause to be about as long as that made by a Comma in reading.

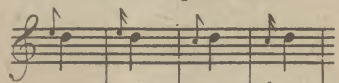
\* This has the same effect as the above, with this difference that the pause is to be made as short and imperceptible as possible, because it is done only when a period is too long, to be executed at one breathing.

— This denotes a Progressive swell of the Voice.

— This a Gradual fall. — This a Combination of both.

The Grace or Apogiatura.

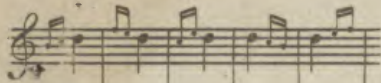
As they are mark'd



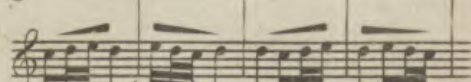
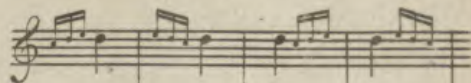
As they should be performed



The Slur.

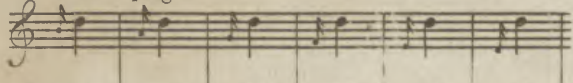


The Turn.

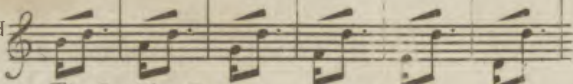


The Leaping Grace.

As they are mark'd



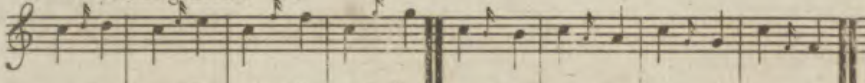
As they should be performed



This Grace is to be taken softly, and to be Leap'd into the note Rapidly, as it's only intended to give Certain Notes a particular Emphasis or Expression and not to form any part of the Air.

The Swelling Grace.

As they are mark'd



As they should be performed



This Grace must be swell'd by the note, and melted into the one following.

— This Dash above the Note, denotes that particular strength is to be given to it.

When there are a variety of Cadences, Variations &c. for the choice of the Performer, this mark serves to point them out

— This directs when to return to the former Line. P. Soft P.P. very soft. F. Loud F.F. very Loud.

Thoro bass } — — — Line for the Accompaniment.

Ri. Right Hand. Le. for the Left Hand. Uni directs the Right Hand, when to quite the Accompaniment Line, and ascend to the Line above.

— The time of the small points is ascertain'd by the time of the large Notes in the Bass.

The small notes whether plac'd in the Accompaniment or Bass line, express the Accompaniment; and are variously play'd by either of the hands, but generally the Right is to be Applied to the Accompaniment line, and the Left to the Bass; unless directed otherwise, by these marks Ri. Le. Uni which were Explain'd above.

NB all the Cadances Variations, Leaping and Swellin graces, are not to be play'd but only Sung.

EXPLANATION of the words used to express the time, arranged progressively from the slowest to the most rapid movement.

|                 |  |                              |   |  |                                  |
|-----------------|--|------------------------------|---|--|----------------------------------|
| Grave           | } Very slow and with a certain gravity of expression | Amoroso                      | } A degree quicker with a gentle easy manner of expression. | Allegretto                               | } A Small degree slower          |
| Largo Assai     |  | Siciliana                    |   | Poco Allegro                             |                                  |
| Largo Sostenuto |  | Andantino                    |   | Maeftose Majestically                    |                                  |
| Largo           | } Slow and with ease                                 | Andante                      | } Distinctly and moderately slow                            | Moderato Modestely                       | } 1 1 1                          |
| Lento           |  | And <sup>e</sup> Espressivo  |   | Allegro Lively                           |                                  |
| Adagio          |  | And <sup>e</sup> Affettuoso  |   | All <sup>o</sup> con Brio                |                                  |
| Lento Andante   | } Not so slow as the last                            | And <sup>e</sup> e Staccato  | } To play distinctly  | All <sup>o</sup> Vivace                  | } Sprightly and a degree quicker |
| Lento Adagio    |  | And <sup>e</sup> Grazioso    |   | All <sup>o</sup> Assai. Still more quick |                                  |
| Larghetto       |  | And <sup>e</sup> con moto    |   | Presto. Very fast                        |                                  |
| Cantabile       |  | And <sup>e</sup> con Spirito |   | Prestissimo. As quick as possible        |                                  |
| Affettuoso      |  | And <sup>e</sup> Spiritoso   |   |  |                                  |











