

THE
SCOTTISH MINSTREL;

CONTAINING

A Selection of

THE MOST POPULAR

Songs of Scotland,

AS SUNG BY

WILSON, TEMPLETON, &c.

FIRST SERIES.

GLASGOW:

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SCOTTISH SONGS.

AULD LANGSYNE

Old Song, with alterations and additions by ROBERT BURNS.
Air—"Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey." Key-note G.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' langsyne ?
For auld langsyne, my dear,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak a eup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a wearie fit
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Whan simmer days were prime ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a haud o' thine.
And we'll toom the eup to friendship's growth.
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a right guid walie-waught,
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Words by BURNS. Air—"Hey tattie tailie." Key-note B flat.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' fice!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw--
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

 SOMEBODY.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Key-note G

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody,
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody.

O hon, for somebody!

O hey, for somebody!

I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,

O sweetly smile on somebody

Frae ilka danger keep him free

And send me safe my somebody.

O hon, for somebody!

O hey, for somebody!

I wad do, what wad I not?

For the sake o' somebody.

JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Words by TANNAHILL. Music by R. A. SMITH. Key-note A.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin.
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom!
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane,
 She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling.
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening.
 Thon'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Key-note F.

WILL ye gang to the highlands, Leezie Lindsay?
 Will ye gang to the highlands wi' me?
 Will ye gang to the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be?
 O ye are the fairest young maiden,
 The flower o' the lowland countrie;
 Will ye gang to tho highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be?
 I'll gie ye my hand, Leezie Lindsay,
 And a true heart that loves only thee;
 Gin ye'll gang to the highlands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be.
 She has put on a gown o' green satin,
 And a bonnie blythe bride is she.
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 His pride and his darling to be.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Words by BURNS. Air—"O gin ye were dead guidman." Key-note D

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day o' whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.
 For Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but aye
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew hanel in on Robin.
 For Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
 This walie boy will be nae coof—
 I think we'll ea' him Robin.
 For Robin was, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a'—
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
 For Robin was, &c.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Key-note F.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet,
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet:
 I am my mammy's ain bairn,
 Nor o' my hame am weary yet;
 And I would hao you learn, lads,
 That ye for me maun tarry yet.
 For I'm owre young, &c.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet.
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet:
 For I hae had my ain way,
 Nane daur to contradict me yet,
 So soon to say, I maun obey—
 In truth I daurna venture yet.
 For I'm owre young, &c.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

Key-note B flat.
 Gin a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
 Every lassie has her laddie;
 Nane, they say, hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.
 Among the train there is a swain,
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But what his name, or whar his hame,
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body, need a body frown?
 Every lassie has her laddie;
 Nane, they say, hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.
 Among the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But what his name, or whar his hame,
 I dinna care to tell.

 THE HEATHER BELL.

Words and Air by DR. R. SPITTAL. Key-note B flat.

O! DECK thy hair wi' the heather bell,
 The heather bell alone;
 Leave roses to the lowland maid,
 The lowland maid alone.
 I've seen thee wi' the gay, gay rose,
 And wi' the heather bell,—
 I love thee much with both, fair maid;
 But wear the heather bell:
 For the heather bell, the heather bell,
 Which breathes the mountain air,
 Is far more fit than roses gay,
 To deck thy flowing hair.

Away, away, ye roses gay!
 The heather bell for me;
 Fair maiden, let me hear thee say,
 The heather bell for me.
 Then twine a wreath o' the heather bell,
 The heather bell alone;
 Nor rose nor lily twine ye there—
 The heather bell alone.
 For the heather bell, &c.

100 ANNIE LAURIE.

Words by MR. DOUGLAS OF FINGLAND. *Key-note C.*

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gied me her promise true ;
 Gied me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her neek is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on ;
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet ;
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and dee.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Words by BURNS. *Key-note G minor.*

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first aequent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We elamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Words by CHARLES D. SILLERY. Music by G. BARKER. Key-note E.

LET the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
His pastures of perfume and rose-covered dells ;
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.
Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the
mountain,

For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,
And dreadful your wrath as the foam-flashing fountain
That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.
Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming,
And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells,
And bright are your broadswords like morning dew gleam—
On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells. [ing,
Awake! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
Ye mermaids arise from your coralline cells,
Come forth with your chorus all chanting together—
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells,
And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Words by R. GILFILLAN. Music by P. M'LEOD. Key-note A.

Oh, why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings ;
But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail of slaverie ;
But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.

WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA?

Words by ALEX. CARLYLE. Music by R. A. SMITH.

WHA's at the window, wha, wha?

O wha's at the window, wha, wha?

Wha but blithe Jamie Glen,

He's come sax miles and ten,

To tak bonnie Jeanie awa, awa,

To tak bonnie Jeanie awa.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,

O bridal maidens are braw, braw;

But the bride's modest e'e,

And warm cheek are to me,

'Boon pearlens and brooches, an' a', an' a',

'Boon pearlens and brooches, an' a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',

There's laughing, there's quaffing,

There's jesting, there's daffing,

But the bride's father's blithest of a', of a',

But the bride's father's blithest of a',

It's no that she's Jamie's awa, awa,

It's no that she's Jamie's awa, awa,

That my heart is sac weary,

When a' the lave's cheerie,

But it's just that she'll aye be awa, awa,

But it's just that she'll aye be awa.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Words by MRS. COCKBURN. Air—very old.

Music arranged for the Piano-Forte by R. A. SMITH. Key-note A

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,

I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;

Sweet was its blessing, and kind its caressing,

But now it's fled, it is fled far away:

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost

With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;

So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfum-

But now they are wither'd and weeded away. [ing,

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,

And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams glittering in the sunny

Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way. [beams,

O! fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting—

O! why still perplex us poor sons of a day?

No more your smiles can cheer me; no more your

frowns can fear me,

For the flowers of the forest are wither'd away.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

First two verses by BURNS; the others by WM. REID, Bookseller,
Glasgow. Air—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspeg." Key-note G

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
By day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and elean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past between us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That name can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean.

 MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Words by MRS. E. HAMILTON. Music arranged by ALEXANDER
ROBERTSON. Key-note B flat.

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' eover'd wi' braws;
But a sight sae delightfu', I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, heaven be praised ! round my ain heart-
 some ingle,
 Wi' the frien's o' my youth I cordially mingle ;
 Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer ;
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

—❖—

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Words by GEORGE HALKET. Key-note B flat.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie that deiv'd in the yard,
 Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol sae sma',
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
 He said, think nae lang lassie, though I gang awa,
 For I'll come and see ye in spite o' them a'.

O Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a haddin', and siller forbye ;
 But I'd tak my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi' his houses and land.
 He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor,
 But daddie and minnie although that they be,
 They're no half sae dear as my Jamie to me.
 He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

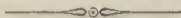
I sit on my crepie and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
 And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa.
 He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa,
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide nae awa,
 The summer is comin', cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.
 Ye said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Words by Tannahill. Music by R. A. Smith. Key-note A minor.

GLOOMY winter's now awa,
 Saft the westlin' breezes blaw :
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' eheerie, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Deeks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie, O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day
 'Midst joys that never wearie, O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavcrocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks ;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they eanna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.



DUMBARTON'S BONNIE DELL.

Words by C. M. Westmacott. Music by J. Sinclair. Key-note G.

THERE'S ne'er a nook in a' the land,
 Victoria rules sae well,
 There's naething half sae eanty, grand,
 As blythe Dumbarton's dell ;
 And would you speer the reason why,
 The truth I'll fairly tell,
 A winsome lassock lives hard by
 Dumbarton's bonnie dell.
 Up by yon glen Loch Lomond laves,
 Where bold M'Gregors dwell ;
 And bogles dance o'er heroes' graves,
 There lives Dumbarton's belle ;
 She's blest with every charm in life,
 And this I know full well—
 I'll ne'er be happy till my wife
 Is blythe Dumbarton's belle.

O. THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

WORDS BY BURNS. *Words by BURNS. Key-note B flat.*

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest plaec;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it eharms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen:
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

—○—

THE BANKS O' DOON.

WORDS BY BURNS. *Words by BURNS. Music by JAMES MILLER. Key-note G.*

YE banks and braes-o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Words by MRS. GRANT, OF CARRON. Key-note D.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch ?

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony ;
 But oh ! the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

O, she was a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch ;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou, sae sweet and bonnie ;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

But Roy's aulder thriee than I,
 Perhaps his days will no be mony ;
 Syne, when the earle's dead an' gane,
 She then may turn her thoughts on Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER ?

Key-note A.

WHAT'S A' the steer, kimmer ?

What's a' the steer ?

Charlie he is landed,

And haith he'll soon be here.

The win' was at his back, carle,

The win' was at his back,

I carena since he's come, carle,

We werena worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,

I'm right glad to hear't ;

I hae a' gude braid claymore,

And for his sake I'll wear't.

Sin' Charlie he is landed,

We hae nac mair to fear ;

Sin' Charlie he is landed,

We'll hae a jub'lee year.

THE FLOWER OF ELLERSLIE.

Words by E. FITZ BALL. Music by G. H. RODWELL. Key-note E.

Sue's sportive as the zephyr that sips of every sweet;
She's fairer than the fairest lily in nature's soft retreat;
Her eyes are like the crystal brook, as bright and clear
to see;

Her lips outshine the scarlet flower of bonnie Ellerslie.

O were my love a blossom, when summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom, and wear her near my heart;
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips, so beautiful to see,
Which far outshine the scarlet flower of bonnie Ellerslie,
Which far outshine the scarlet flower of bonnie Ellerslie.

O were I king of Scotland's throne, and a' the world
beside, [bride;

Right glad I'd gie them a' to hae that lovely maid my
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips, so beautiful to see,
Which far outshine the scarlet flower of bonnie Ellerslie.
Which far outshine the scarlet flower of bonnie Ellerslie.

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

Words by BURNS. Music by ALEXANDER LEE. Key-note G.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,

Here's a health to them that's awa,

And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,

May never guid luck be their fa'.

It's guid to be merry and wise,

It's guid to be honest and true,

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue;

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,

Here's a health to them that's awa;

Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,

Although that his band be sae sma'.

Here's freedom to them that would read,

Here's freedom to them that would write;

There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,

But they whom the truth would indite.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue;

It's guid to be wise, to be honest, and true.

And bide by the bonnets of blue.

OH! GIN I WERE A BARON'S HEIR.

Music by J. W. HOLDER. Key-note G.

OH, gin I were a baron's heir,
 And could I braid wi' gems yer hair,
 And mak ye braw as ye are fair,
 Lassie, would ye luv me?

And could I tak ye to the town,
 And shaw ye braw sights mony a anc,
 And busk ye fine in silken gown,
 Lassie, would ye luv me?

Or should ye be content to pruve,
 In lowly life unfading luv,
 A heart that nought on earth could muv,
 Lassie, would ye luv me?

And ere the lav'rock wing the skie,
 Say, wad ye to the forest hie,
 And work wi' me sac merrilie,
 Lassie, could ye luv me?

And when the braw moon glistens o'er
 Our wee bit bield and heathery muir,
 Will ye na greet for ye're sac puir,
 Lassie, tho' I luv ye?

For I hae nought to offer ye,
 Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,
 Nor am I come o' hic degrec,
 Lassie, but I luv ye.

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

Words by BURNS. Key-note D.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander thro' the blooming heather:
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is anc, a secret anc,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
 An' I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 An' tho' I hae na meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.
 It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O! that's the world's chiefest treasure.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Composed by WILLIAM REID, *Glasgow, but considerably altered by an unknown Author. Air—"Loch Errochside." Key-note B flat.*

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gae'd down,
My lassie wi' a braw new gown,
Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morning shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower,
But Katie was the fairest flower,
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, "my lassie will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak you to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And mak' you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
She whispered modestly and said,
"I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's lady Gowrie.

BONNIE JEANIE GRAY.

Words by W. PAUL. Music by R. WEBSTER. Key-note G.

Oh! whar was ye sae late yestreen?
My bonnie Jeanie Gray;
Your mither miss'd you late at e'en,
And eke at break o' day.
Your mither look'd sae sour and sad,
Your father dull and wae,
Oh! whar was ye sae late yestreen?
My bonnie Jeanie Gray.
Dear sister, sit ye down by me,
And let naebody ken,
For I hae promis'd late yestreen,
To wed young Jamie Glen.
The melting tear stood in his e'e,
What heart could say him nay?
As aft he vow'd, thro' life I'm thine,
My bonnie Jeanie Gray.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL

Written by W. CAMERON. Music by M. WILSON. Key-note G.

Oh! bright yon beaming queen of night
 Shines in yon flowery vale,
 And softly sheds her silver light
 O'er mountain-path and dale.
 Short is the way when light's the heart,
 That's bound in love's soft spell;
 Sae I'll awa to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell.
 To Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes,
 Beside my Jessie's cot;
 We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
 In that sweet rural spot.
 The wee short hours dane'd merrily,
 Like lambkins on the fell,
 As if they joined in joy wi' me,
 And Jessie o' the Dell,
 Sweet Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
 I'll love her till I dee,
 For she's sae sweet, and bonnie, aye,
 And kind as kind can be.
 This night, in mutual kind embrace,
 Oh, wha our joys can tell?
 Then I'll awa to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell,
 Sweet Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE

Words by JOHN IMLAH. Music by JOSEPH DE PINNA. Key-note G.

THERE lives a young lassie, far doon in yon glen,
 And I lo'e that lassie, as nao ane may ken!
 O! a saint's faith may vary, but faithfu' I'll be,
 For weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
 Red, red as the rowan, her smiling wee mou';
 And white as the gowan, her breast and her brow!
 Wi' the foot of a fairy, she links o'er the lea
 O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
 There lives a young lassie, &c.
 She sings sweet as ony wee bird o' the air,
 She's blythe as she's bonnie, she's gude as she's fair;
 Like a lammie, as airy and artless is she;
 O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
 There lives a young lassie, &c.

THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Words by RICHARD RYAN. Arranged by JOHN SINCLAIR
 Air—"The Campbells are comin'." Key-note D.

Oh! saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher I ween,—
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
 The home of my love is below in the valley,
 Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee,
 But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen
 Is the maid that I love wi' the bonnie blue een.

Oh, saw ye the lass? &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
 She'll steal out to meet her lov'd Donald again;
 And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
 Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

Oh, saw ye the lass? &c.

 BIDE YE YET.

Music arranged by MR. DEWAR. Key-note D minor.

GIN I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,
 An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise an' admire,
 Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
 Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer an' mourn.
 Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
 Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
 An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
 Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That'll cry papa or daddie to me.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
 A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
 In hearty good humour, although she be easel,
 I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleas'd.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

MY NANNIE, O!

Words by BURNS. Air very old. Key-note G minor.

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,

'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,

The wintry sun the day has clos'd,

And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin' wind blaws loud and shrill,

The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;

But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,

An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;

May ill befa' the flattering tongue,

That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonnie, O;

The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,

Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,

An' few there be that ken me, O;

But what care I how few they be?

I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' s my penny see,

An' I maun guide it cannie, O:

But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,

My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view,

His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;

But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,

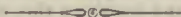
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I carena by,

I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;

Nae ither care in life nae I,

But live, an' love my Nannie, O.



THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN SORROW

Air—"Roy's wife." Key-note D.

THOUGH you leave me now in sorrow,

Smiles may light our love to-morrow,

Doom'd to part, my faithful heart

A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow.

Ah! ne'er forget, when friends are near

This heart alone is thine for ever;

Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,

But not a love like mine, O never!

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

Written by HARRY STOE VAN DYK. Composed by JOHN BARNETT
Key-note G.

I HAE wander'd mony a night in June
Along the banks of Clyde,
Beneath a bright and bonnie moon,
Wi' Mary at my side;
As summer was she to mine e'e,
And to my heart a joy,
And weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh, her presence could on every star
New brilliancy confer;
And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
When they were seen with her.
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
Her glance was full o' joy.
And oh, her heart was true to me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,
In mony a southron hall;
But there was one far, far away,
A world above them all.
And now, tho' weary years have fled,
I think wi' mournful joy,
Upon the time when Mary wed
Her Highland minstrel boy.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

Words by DUNLOP. Music by DONALDSON. Key-note F.

O HERE'S to the year that's awa!
We'll drink it in strong and in sma',
And here's to the bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa.
And here's to the, &c.

And here's to the soldier wha bled—
To the sailor wha bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive, tho' their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa.
Their fame is alive, &c.

And here's to the friend we can trust,
When the storms of adversity blaw;
May he join in our song, and lie nearest our heart—
Nor depart like the year that's awa.
May he join in, &c.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Words by JAMES HOGG, the *Etrick Shepherd*. Air—"The Blathrie o't."
Key-note *A minor*.

COME all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man ean name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come
hame.

'Tis not beneath the burget, nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down—
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines so bright, the hale soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile;
O, wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?—
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty!
Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man ean frame,—
My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame!

BONNIE MARY HAY.

Words by ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD. Music by R. A. SMITH. Key-note *A*

BONNIE Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,
For thine eye is the slae, and thy hair is the jet,
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek;
O bonnie Mary Hay! I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me;
When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree?
To the hawthorn tree in the bonny berry den?
And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's halliday to me,
When thou art coothie, kind, and free;
There's nae elouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay,
But come to the bow'r by the hawthorn brae,
But come to the bow'r, an' I'll tell you a' what's true,
How, Mary, I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

Words by ANDREW PARK. Music by SAMUEL BARR.
Key-note *F* flat.

HURRA for the Highlands, the stern Scottish Highlands,
The home of the elansman, tho brave, and the free;
Where the elouds love to rest on the mountain's rough
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea. [breast,

'Tis there where the eataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;

And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet tiny bark, through the perilous night.

Then Hurra for the Highlands, &c.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,
Where the hurriecane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy eliffs that are cleaving the sky.

Then Hurra for the Highlands, &c.

I have trode morry England and dwelt on its eharms,
I have wander'd through Erin, the gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone, the true Scottish heart warms,
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.

Then Hurra for the Highlands, &c.

THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

Music by JAMES JAAP. Key-note *G*.

THIS lone heart is thine, lassie, charming and fair,
This fond heart is thine, lassie dear;

Nae world's gear hae I, nae oxen nor kye.

I've naething, dear lassie, but a pure heart to gie.

Yet dinna say mo na,

But come, come awa',

And wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dunmore.

And wauder, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dunmore.

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming an' fair,
Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear;

I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e,

Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.

Yet dinna say me na, &c.

O come to mine arms, lassie, charming an' fair,

Awa wild alarms, lassie dear;

This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,

I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.

O dinna say me na, &c.