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THE CREAM
OF
SCOTTISH SONG.



GLASGOW:
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Banks of Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
and I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thoul't break my heart thou warbling bird,
that wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
departed never to return.

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

Green grow the Rashes, O.

Green grow the rashes O!
green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but caro on every han',
in ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
and 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
and riches still may fly them, O ;
But tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cunny hour at e'en,
my arms about my dearie, O ;
And war'ly cares and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalterie, O ;

Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
ye'er nought but senseless asses, O !

The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
he dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
her noblest work she classes, O :

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
and then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

My Name, O.

Behind yon hill where Lugar flows,
'mang moors an' mosses many O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
and I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shrill ;
the night's baith mirk and rainy, O :
But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal,
an' o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet and young;
nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;

May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
that wad beguile my Nannie, O

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
as spotless as she's bonnie, O;

The op'ning gowan, wet 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 there be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O

My riches a's my penny-fee,
an I maun guide it cannie, O;

But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
my thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
his sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;

But I'm as blithe that hands his plough,
an' hae nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care nae by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me O;

Nae ither care in life have I
but live, an' love my Nannie, O

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maunt

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maunt,
and Rob and Allen cam to pree;

Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night
we wad na find in Christendie

*We are na fou, we're na that fou,
but just a drappie in our e'e,
The cock may crow, the day may daw,
and ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here aie we met, three merry boys,
three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
and mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
that's blinkin in the lift sae hie!
She shines: sae bright to while us bame
but by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang away,
a cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

Amang the Rigs o' Barley.

It was upon a Lammas night,
when corn-rigs are bonny,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
to see me through the barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs
an' corn rigs are bonny
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 the moon was shining clearly,
 I set her down, wi' right good-will
 Among the rigs o' barley;
 I kent her heart was a' my ain;
 I lo'ed her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 among the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 her heart was beating rarely;
 My blessings on that happy place
 among the rigs o' barley.
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,
 that shone that hour sae clearly;
 She aye shall bliss that happy night,
 among the rigs o' barley.

Scots wha hae, &c.

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

w's the day, and now's the hour!
 the front of battle lour!
 approach proud Edward's pow'r,
 Chains and slavery!

Wha wad be a traitor knave?
 Wha wad fill a coward's grave—
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor, turn and flee!

Who for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freemen stand, or Freemen fa',
Caledonia, on wi' me!

By Oppressions woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will draw our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow;
Forward, let us do or die!

Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
the Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
and there they langest tarry;
And there I took the last farewell
of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
how rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom?
The golden hours, on angel wings,
flew o'er me and my dearie---
For dear to me as light and life,
was my dear Highland Mary

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Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
we tore ourselves asunder.
But oh ; fell death's untimely frost,
that nipt my flower so early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
that wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd, for aye, the sparkling glance
that dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
the heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still, within my bosom's core,
shall live my Highland Mary,

John Anderson my, jo

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bauld, John,
your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
we've clamb the hill thegither .
And mony a canty day, John,
we've had wi' ane anither .

Now we maun totter down, John,
 but hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot
 John Anderson, my jo.

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 and o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy

Bonnie lassie will ye go,
 will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie will ye go,
 to the birks of Aberfeldy,

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 the little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 the foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 white o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising weets wi' misty showers
 the birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 they ne'er shall draw a wish from me
 mely blest wi' love and thee,
 Aberfeldy.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Gloomy winter's now awa
 Saft the western breezes blaw;
 Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
 the mavis sings fu' chærie, O.
 Sweet the crow-flower's early bell,
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sell,
 my young, my artless dearie, O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunnie brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day
 midst joys that never weary O.

Towering o'er woods
 Lavrocks fan te clouds,
 Siller sanghs wi' downy buds
 adorn the banks sae briery
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brackens 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 canna bring,
 unless wi' thee my dearie O.

NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
 and are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?
 mak haste, set by your wheel.

Is this a time to talk o' wark,
 when Colin's at the door?
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 and see him safe ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 there's nae luck ava;
 There's little pleasure in the house
 when our goodman's awa.

Rise up and make a clean fire-side,
 put on the muckle pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 and Jock his Sunday's hat;
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 their hose as white as snaw,
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,
 for he's been lang awa',
 for there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk
 have fed this month and mair,
 Mak haste, and thraw their necks about
 that Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 gar ilka thing look bra';
 It's a' for love of my goodman,
 for he's been lang awa',
 for there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,
 my bishop-satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
 that Colin's come to town,

My Sunday's shoön they maun gae on,
 my hose o' pearl blue,
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,
 for he's baith leel and true.
 for there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
 his breath's like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't.
 when he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 and will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 for there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
 that thrilled thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 till death we'll never part;
 But what puts parting in my head,
 It may be far away;
 The present moment is our ain,
 the neist we never saw.
 for there's nae luck, &c.

AND SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down, my cronies, and gie me your crack,
 Let the win' take the care o' this life on its back
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we
 yet.
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself;
 Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,
 As we journey through life, let us live by the way.
 Let us live by the way.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,
 For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale!
 We'll aye be provided for the langer we sit,
 For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae
 will we yet.
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through:
 Our seed time and harvast we ever will get,
 For we've lippen'd aye to Providence and sae will
 we yet,
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
 And success to his forces by land and by sea;
 His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,
 Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will **they**
 yet.
 And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merilie roun',
 For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down,
 'Till the house be rinnin' round about 'tis time
 enough to flit,
When we fell, we aye got up again, and sae **will**
 we yet,
 And sae will we yet, &c.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go,
 Where the hills are clad wi' snow;
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep;
 All nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd with my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
 Will gar a' our plantings ring!
 Soon our bonny heather braes,
 Will put on their simmer claes,
 On the mountain's sunny side,
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,
 Busk's the glen in leafy bow'rs,
 Then we'll seek the caller shade,
 Lean us on the primrose bed;
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid,
 While the burning hours preside.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
 I will launch the bonny boat,
 Skim the loch wi' canty glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee!
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;
 Lowland lads hae mair of art,
 A' my beast's an honest heart,

Whilk shall ever be my pride ;
O row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart would break at our farewell ;
Lang your love has made me fain,
Take me, take me for your ain ,
'Cross the Firth, away then glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

Oh ! Nanny Wil't Thou gang Wi' Me ?

Oh ! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
the lowly cot, and russet gown ?
No longer drest in silk and sheen,
no longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
where thou art fairest of the fair ;

Oh ! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
nor shrink before a wintry wind ?
Oh ! can that soft, that gentle mien,
extremes of hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
where thou art fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Nanny, canst thou love so true,
through perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
to share with him the pang of woe ?

Say, should disease or pain befall,
 wilt thou assume the nurses care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
 where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nanny, when thy love shall die
 wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 and cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O were I able to rehearse,
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd blaw it out as loud and fierse,
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.
 The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Weel deserved baith grass and corn,
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
 Here about, nor far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor keel,
 To mark upo' her hip or heel;
 Her crooked horn it did as well,
 'To ken her by amo' them a'.
 The ewie, &c.

A better, nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man cou'd weel hae wist,

For, silly thing, she never mist
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa,
 The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind of stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock,
 O' mair than thirty head to ca',
 The ewie &c.

The neist I gae to Jean, and noo
 The bairn's sae bra', has fauld sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw,
 The ewie, &c.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
 I canna' speak it without greeting,
 A villian came, when I was sleeping,
 An' staw my ewie, horn an a',
 The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upon the morn,
 And down beneath a buss o' thorn
 I got my ewe's crooked horn;
 But, ah! my ewie was awa'
 The ewie, &c.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I've sworn and ban'd as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the world shou'd forbid it,
 I wud gie his neck a thrav,
 The ewie, &c.

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies die when they are auld,
 It wad na been, by many fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a,
 The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and hers, sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
 Had fair strae death taen her awa,
 The ewie, &c.

But this poor thing to lose her life,
 Aneath a greedy villian's knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our gudewife
 Sall never win aboon't ava.
 The ewie, &c.

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonny lassie, O,
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O,
 Where the rose in all its pride
 Decks the hollow dingle's side,
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O
 We will wander by the mill, bonny lassie, O,
 To the cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O,
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the lofty waterfall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonny lassie, O.
 Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonny lassie, O,

With the songster in the grove,
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands, wove, bonny lassie O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O,
 To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonny lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r bonny lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O
 Ere the golden orb of day,
 Wake the warblers from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O,
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O,
 Will you Helen, when you hear,
 Of your lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonny lassie, O.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
 hame,

And a' the world to sleep are gane;
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and he sought me for
 his bride;

But saving a crown he had naething beside!
 To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

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adna been gane a week but only twa,
n my father brake his arm, and our cow was
stoun awa',

mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea
auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

father couldna work, and my mother doughtna
spin;

'd day and night, but their bread I couldna
win;

Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e,

' Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!

heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back;

he wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack,

ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny dee?

why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!

father urged sair; my mither didna speak,

look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break,

ey gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the
sea,

auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

na been a wife a week but only four,

n sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,

my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,

he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee,

or did we greet, and muckle did we say;

look'but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.

oned I were dead; but I'm no like to dee,

why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me,
 ' Nae langer she wept---her tears were a spent
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale
 And she dropp'd like a lily brokedown by the hail

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet.
 We'll let her stand an year or twa
 She'll no be half sae sancy yet,

I rue the day I sought her O
 I rue the day I sought her O;
 Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her O

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet:
 Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,
 But here I never mist it yet.

We're a' dry wi' the drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' the drinking o't,
 The minister kiss'd the fidler's wife,
 And couldna preach for thinking o't.

O'ER THE MOOR AMONG THE HEATHER.

Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonny blooming heather,

There I met a bonny lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 There I met a bonny lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, my dear where is thy hame,
 In moor or dale pray tell me whither?
 She says, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed among the blooming heather
 O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Amang the bonny blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,
 And aye the burden o' the sang
 Was o'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,
 I could na think on any ither:
 By sea and sky she shall be mine
 'The bonny lass amang the heather.
 O'er the moor &c.

AULD LANGSYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 an' never brought to mind;

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear,
For auld langsyne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
an' pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
sin' auld langsyne.
for auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidel't in the burn,
when summer days were prime ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
sin' auld langsyne,
for auld langsyne, &c.

An' there's a hand, my trusty friend,
and gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll toom the cup to friendship's growth,
for auld langsyne,
for auld langsyne, &c,

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
as sure as I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak' a right gude willie waugh?
for auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, my dear,
for auld langsyne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
for auld langsyne,