DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE QUEEN.

Book Second.

WILSON'S

Edition of

The Songs of Scotland

as Sung by him

IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Music

AT THE

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and

THE MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET,

LONDON.

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ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

MODERATELY SLOW AND WITH EXPRESSION.

PIANO FORTE.

p

cres.

I've seen the smi_ling of Fortune be_guil_ing, I've tas_ted her pleasures and

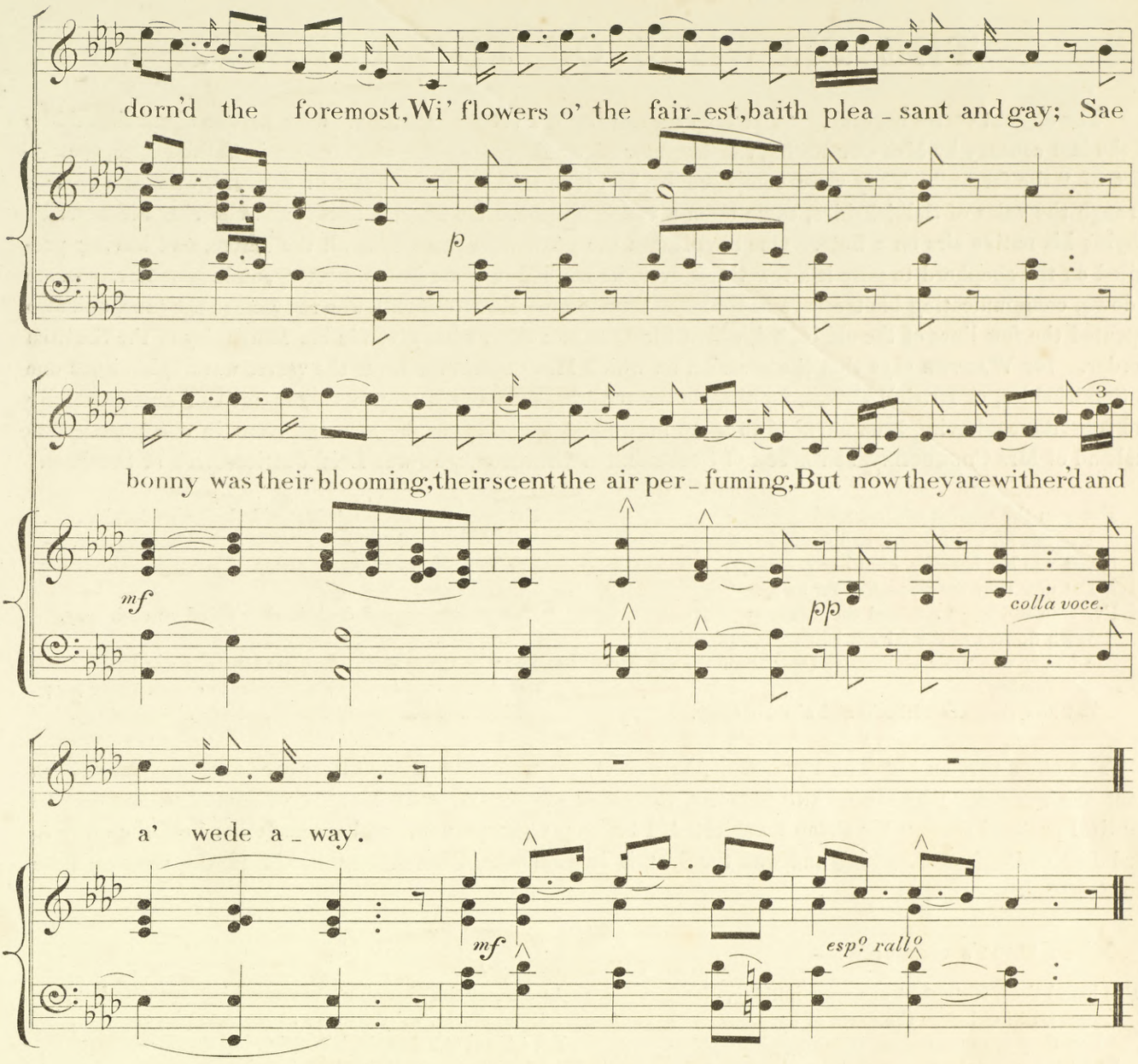
p *cres.* *p*

felt her de_cay, Sweet was her bless _ ing, kind her ca _ ress_ing, But

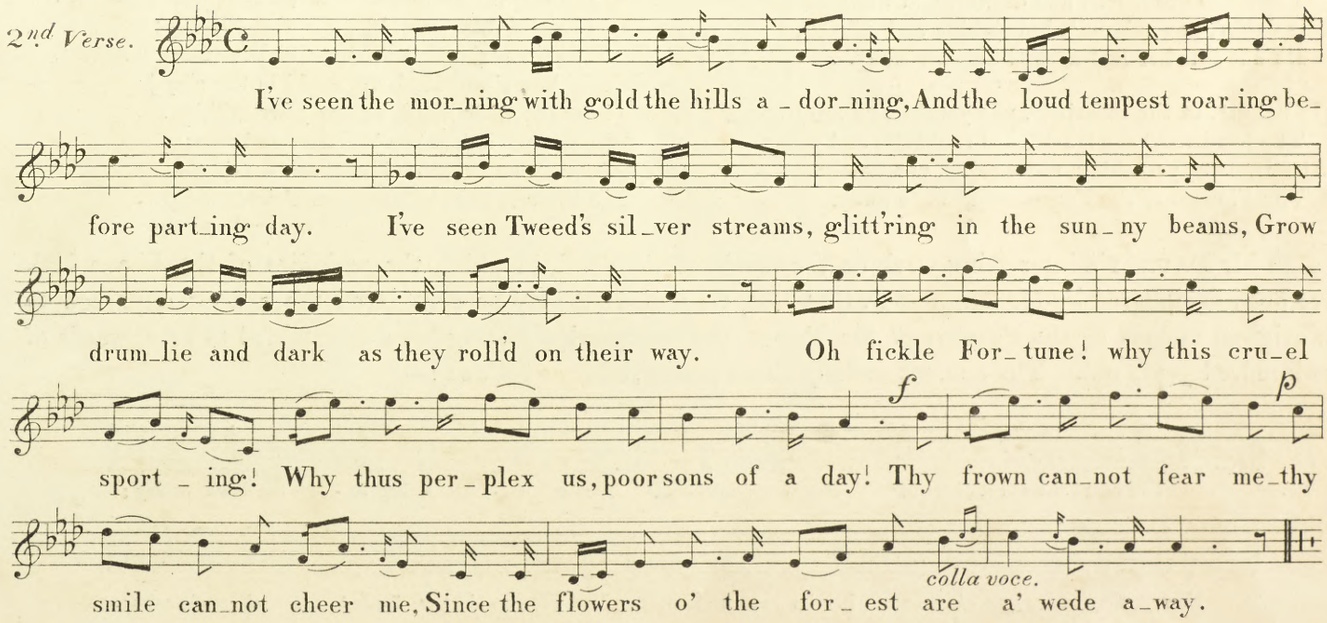
pp

now they are fled_____ fled far a_way. I've seen the for_est a_

pp *cres.*


dorn'd the foremost, Wi' flowers o' the fair_est, baith plea_sant and gay; Sae
p
bonny was their blooming, their scent the air per_fuming, But now they are wither'd and
mf
pp
colla voce.
a' wede a_way.
mf
espº rallº

2nd Verse.


I've seen the mor_ning with gold the hills a_dor_ning, And the loud tempest roar_ing be_
fore part_ing day. I've seen Tweed's sil_ver streams, glitt'ring in the sun_ny beams, Grow
drum_lie and dark as they roll'd on their way. Oh fickle For_tune! why this cru_el
f
p
sport_ing! Why thus per_plex us, poor sons of a day! Thy frown can_not fear me_thy
colla voce.
smile can_not cheer me, Since the flowers o' the for_est are a' wede a_way.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

The elegant verses beginning "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," were written about the middle of the last century by Mrs COCKBURN, the daughter of Mr RUTHERFORD, of Fairnilie, in Selkirkshire, the district of "the forest." They were composed by her, it is said, at the request of a friend, who, in a ramble through the vales of Selkirkshire, came upon a young shepherd tending his flocks, and cheering his heart by playing his native airs on a flute. One air pleased the gentleman more than all the others, and having prevailed on the shepherd to play it a few times over, he carried it home in his memory, and immediately wrote it down, communicating his treasure at the same time to Miss RUTHERFORD, who recognised the tune, and also repeated the few lines of the old ballad, which Sir WALTER SCOTT has given in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Sir WALTER says that the occasion on which Mrs COCKBURN wrote the verses was a calamitous one in Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest, for that no fewer than seven lairds or proprietors, men of ancient family and inheritance, having been engaged in some imprudent speculations, became insolvent in one year. The husband of Mrs COCKBURN was the son of COCKBURN of Ormiston, who was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all her favours, and found her decay;
Sweet was her blessing, kind her caressing;
But now they are fled—fled far away.
I've seen the forest adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, baith pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming! their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the loud tempest roaring before parting day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O, fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting?
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer me;
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The other version of "The Flowers of the Forest," in which the ancient lines are embodied, was written about the same time by Miss JANE ELLIOT, the sister of Sir GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto, who wrote the beautiful pastoral song, "My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook," and whose father held the office of Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, and was the first, it is said, who, about 1725, introduced the German flute into Scotland.

Miss ELLIOT'S verses are:—

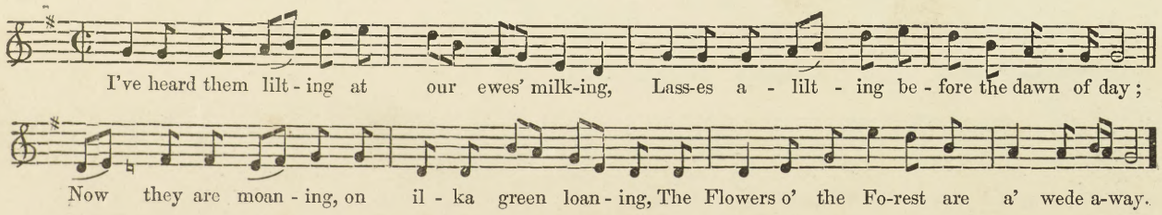
I've heard them lilting[1] at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning[2]—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.[3]
At buchts[4], in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning[5],
The lasses are lonely, and dowie[6], and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin'[7], but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen[8] and hies her away.

[In hairst[9], at the shearing[10], nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters[11] are lyart[12], and runkled[13], and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching[14]—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming[15], nae swankies[16] are roaming,
'Bout stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.]
We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

In Mr DAUNEY'S interesting work on the music of Scotland, in which the melodies of the Skene MS. have been deciphered by Mr GEORGE F. GRAHAM, we find what may be considered the nearest approach to the original melody of the Flowers of the Forest, the manuscript having been ascertained to be upwards of two hundred years old. The ancient melody there preserved is as follows:—



[1] Singing cheerfully. [2] A broad lane. [3] Weeded out. [4] Sheep pens. [5] Rallying. [6] Dreary.
[7] Joking and chatting. [8] Milk-pail. [9] Harvest. [10] Reaping. [11] Sheaf-binders. [12] Inclined to grey.
[13] Wrinkled. [14] Coaxing. [15] Twilight. [16] Active young fellows.

No. XIV.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

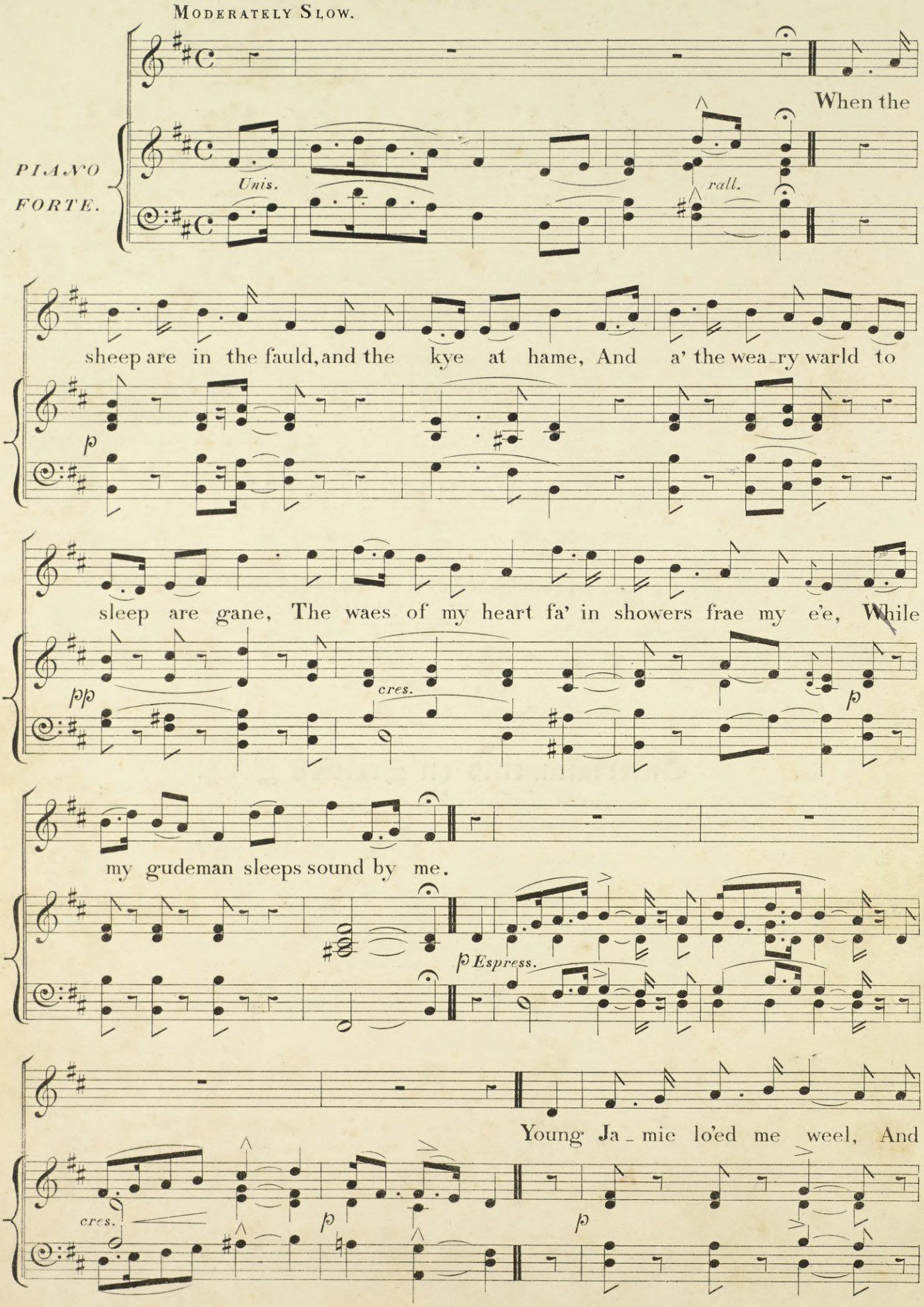
ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

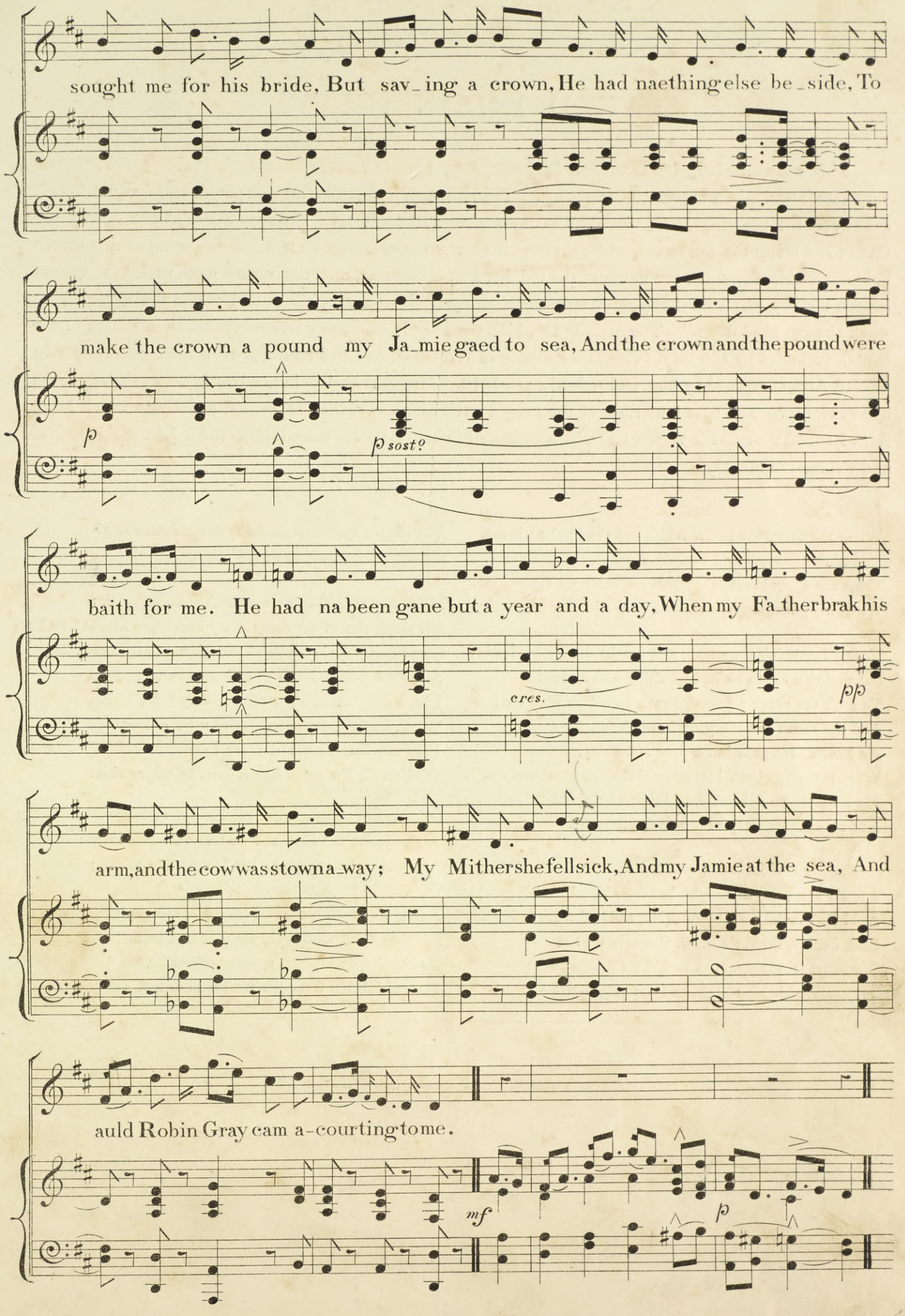
AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

MODERATELY SLOW.




sought me for his bride, But sav_ing a crown, He had naething else be_side, To
make the crown a pound my Ja_mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were
p
p sost.o
baith for me. He had na been gane but a year and a day, When my Fa_ther brak his
cres.
pp
arm, and the cow was stown a_way; My Mither she fell sick, And my Jamie at the sea, And
auld Robin Gray cam a-courting to me.
mf
p

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

This exquisite ballad was written by Lady ANN LINDSAY of Balcarras about the year 1761, and very soon acquired an extensive popularity. The authorship of it was long disputed, and was not finally set at rest till the year 1823, when Lady ANN communicated, in a letter to Sir WALTER SCOTT, the fact of her being the authoress, and an account of the circumstances attending the composition of the ballad. Robin Gray was the name of the old herd at Balcarras, and the verses were written to an old Scotch melody of which Lady ANN was passionately fond, and which is called "The bridegroom grat when the sun gaed doun." The melody to which the song is now sung was composed in imitation of the Scotch melodies by the Rev. WILLIAM LEEVES of Wrington, and was annexed to a work containing six Sacred Airs, composed by him, and published in 1812. Mr LEEVES died in the year 1828, at the advanced age of eighty. The first four lines of the song I have adapted to the old Scotch melody to which Lady ANN LINDSAY wrote the verses, and which makes a kind of recitative introduction to Mr LEEVES' beautiful and expressive melody.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye[1] at hame,
And a' the weary warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman sleeps sound by me.]

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To mak the croun a pound, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pound were baith for me.
He hadna been gane but a year and a day,
When my father brak' his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam a-courtin' to me.

[My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd baith day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O marry me!
My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:
The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jennie dee?
O why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!]

My father argued sair; my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied[2] him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith[3], for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae[4] kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish that I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, Wae's me![5]
I gang like a ghaist, and I downa care to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
So I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

---

[1] Cows. [2] Gave. [3] A spirit, apparition. [4] One.

[5] This line is sometimes given:—

"My heart it winna break—it's sae young—Wae's me!"

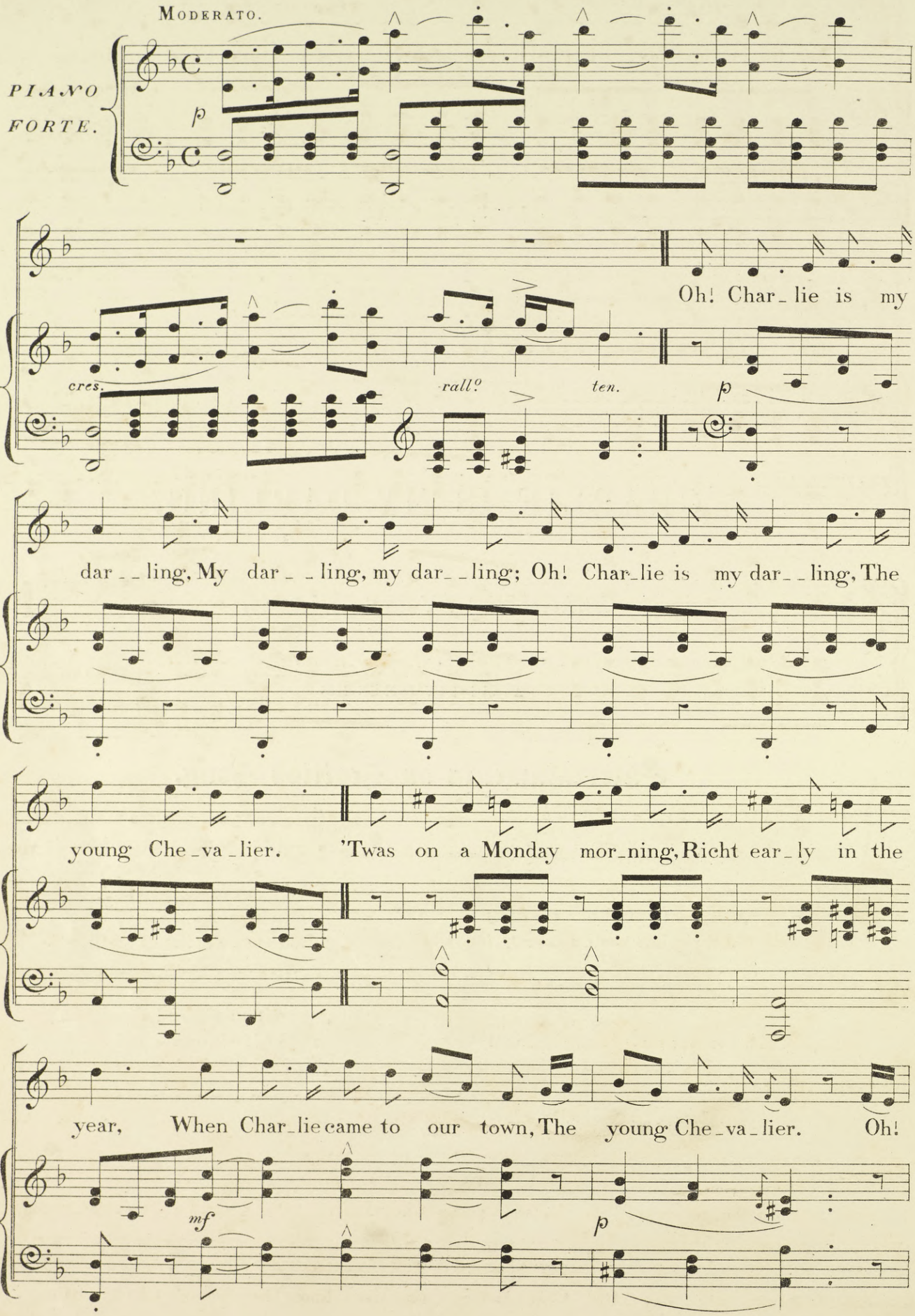
No. XV.

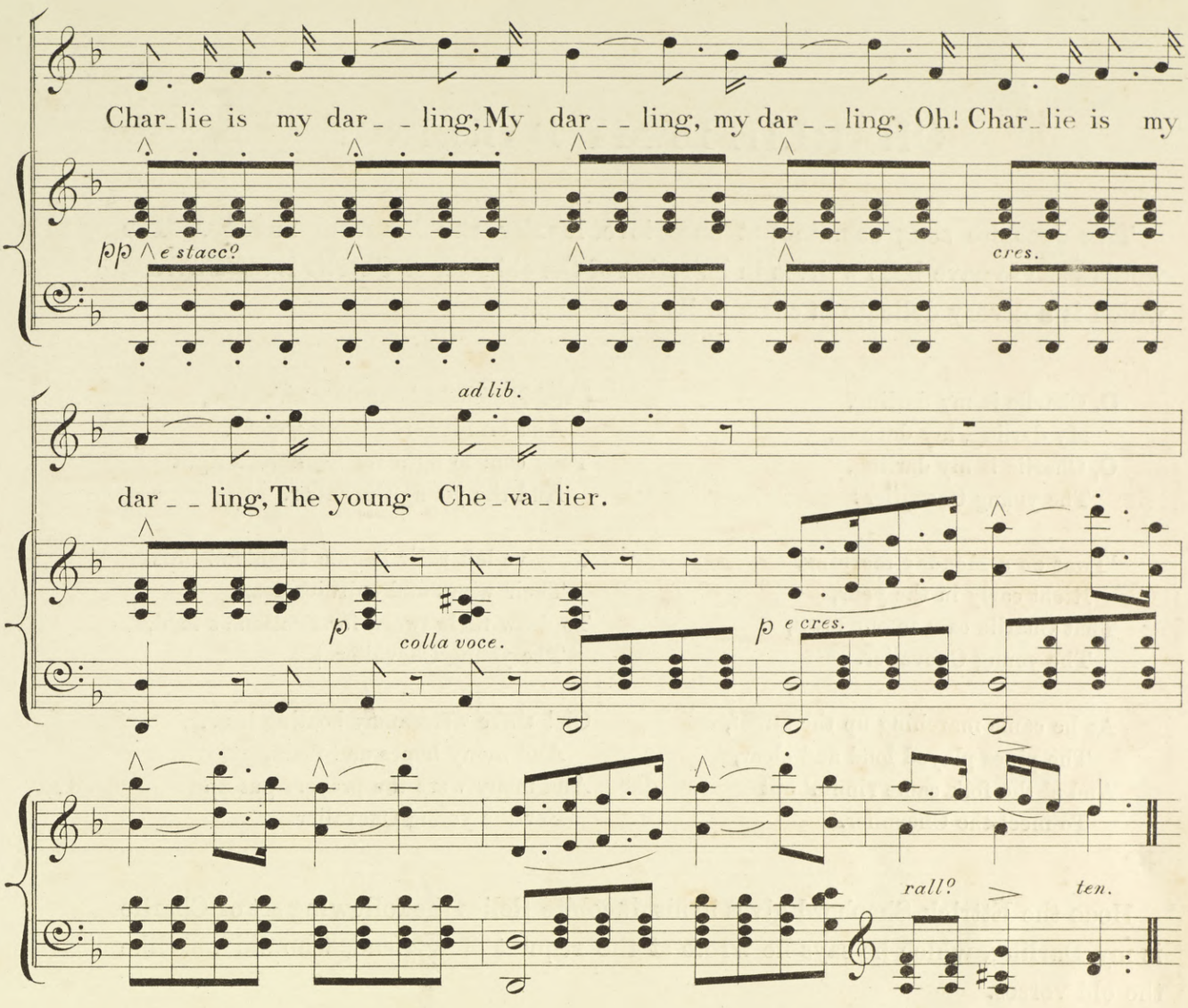
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.


MODERATO.
PIANO FORTE.
p
Oh! Char_lie is my
cres.
rall?
ten.
p
dar__ling, My dar__ling, my dar__ling; Oh! Char_lie is my dar__ling, The
young Che_va_lier. 'Twas on a Monday mor_ning, Richt ear_ly in the
year, When Char_lie came to our town, The young Che_va_lier. Oh!
mf
p



2nd Verse.

As he came marching up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And a' the folk came rin_nin' out To meet the Che_va_lier. Oh Char_lie is my dar_ling, My dar_ling, my dar_ling, Oh! Char_lie is my dar_ling, The young Che_va_lier.

3d Verse.

Oh there were mo_ny beat_ing hearts, And mo_ny hopes and fears, And mo_ny were the pray'rs put up For the young Che_va_lier. Oh. Char_lie is my dar_ling, My dar_ling, my dar_ling, Oh! Char_lie is my dar_ling, The young Che_va_lier.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

This Jacobite song combines at once love, loyalty, and beautiful melody. The words seem to have been written in imitation of the old song of Charlie is my Darling, which is not very delicate in some of its expressions.

O, Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O, Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam to our town,
The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.

[Wi' Highland bonnets cock'd ajee,
And braidswords shining clear,
They cam to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonnie Highland hills
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw their sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.]

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony hopes and fears,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd gives in his Jacobite Relics the following set of Charlie is my Darling, which he says he wrote at the request of a friend, who did not like the old verses.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day;
I grat to see the lad come back,
That had been lang away.

And ilka bonnie lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our King shall hae his ain again,
And Charlie is the man.

Out over yon moory mountain,
And down yon craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie and his men.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
And glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
And Charlie he's our ain.

No. XVI.

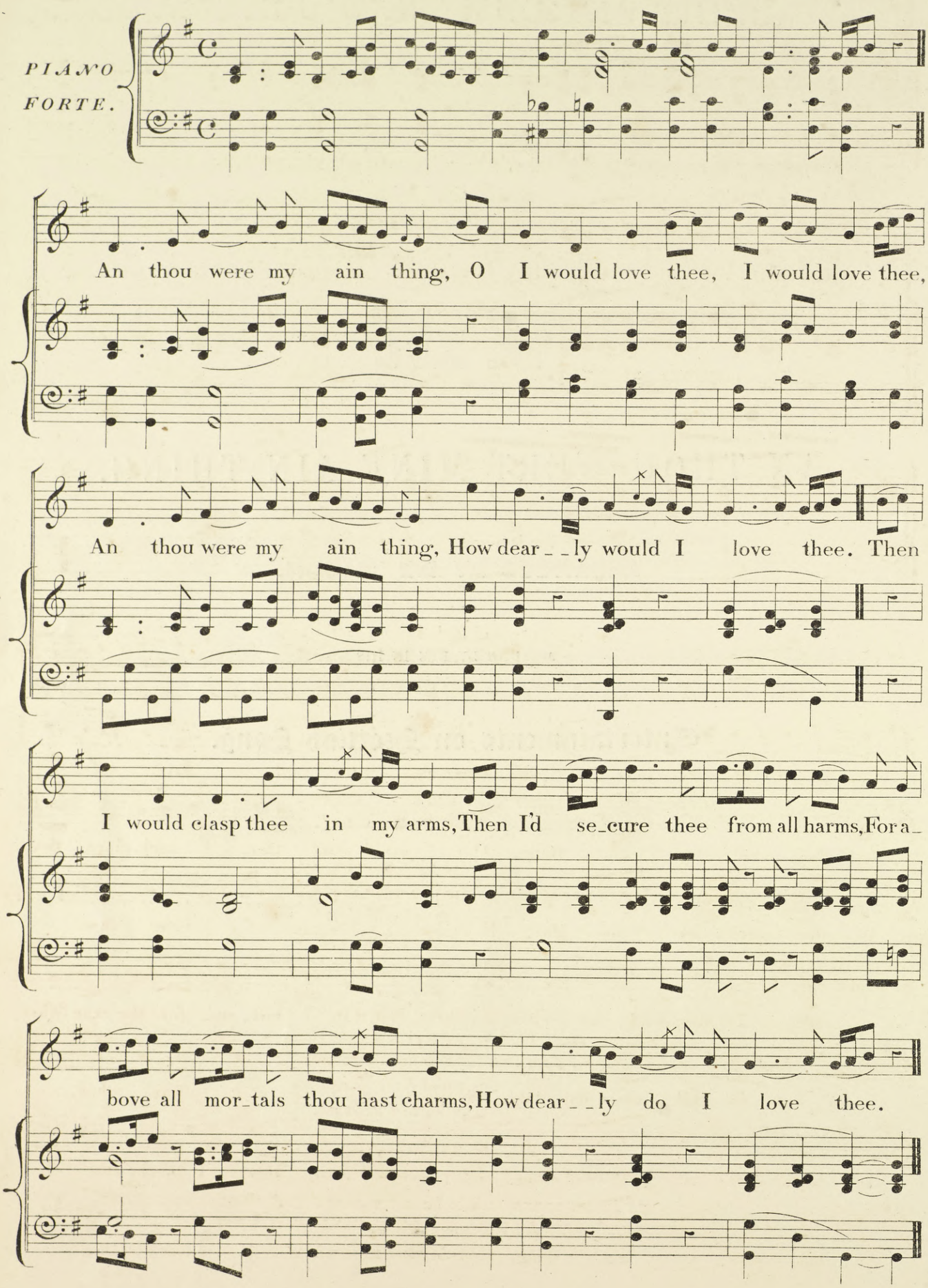
AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

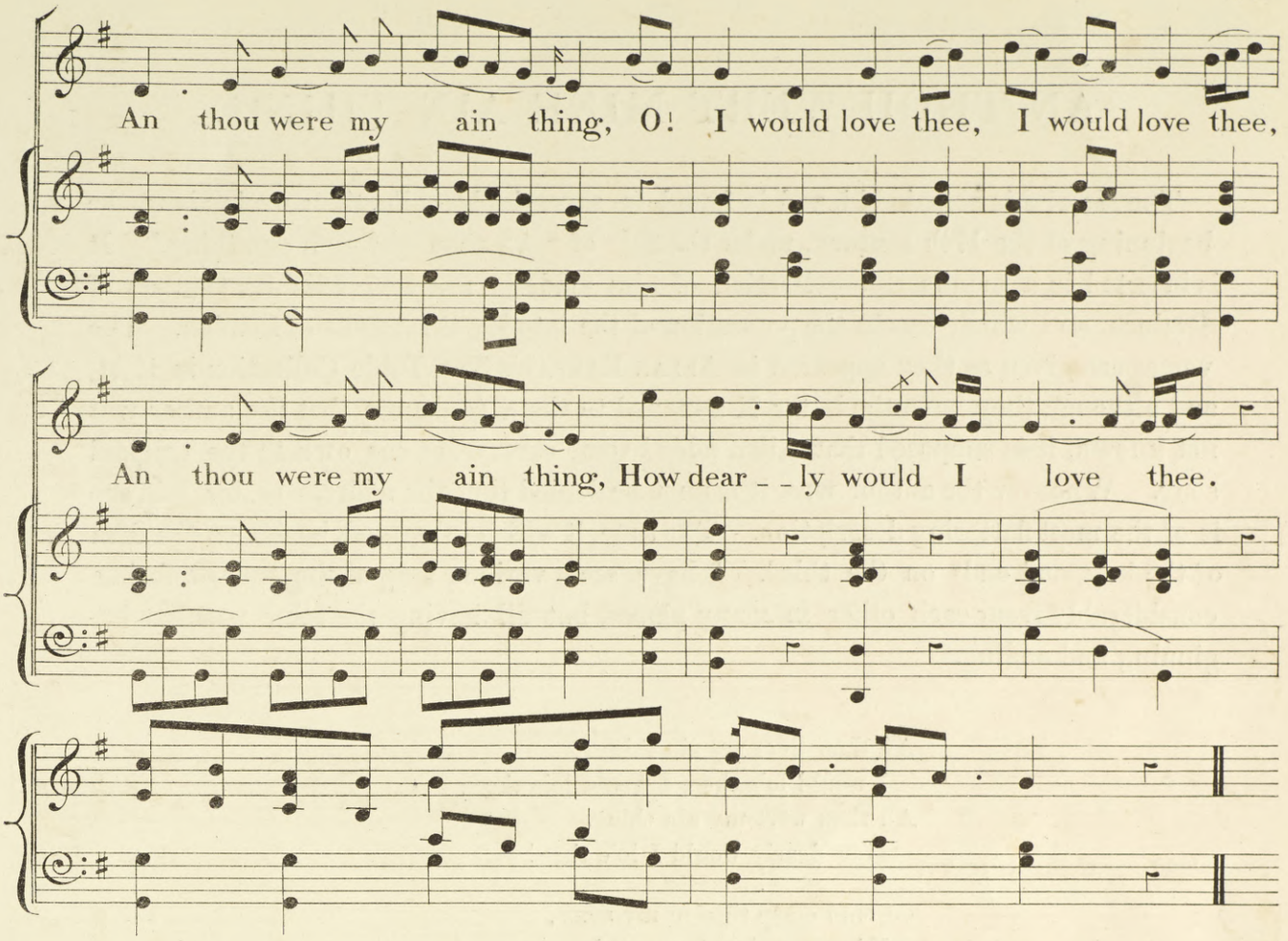
ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.





2nd Verse.

Of race di_vine thou needs must be, Since no_thing earth_ly e_quals thee, With an_ _gel pi_ _ty look on me, Wha on_ _ly lives to love thee.

An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee, I would love thee,
An thou were my ain thing, How dear_ _ly would I love thee.

3d Verse.

To mer_it I no claim can make, But that I love, and, for thy sake What man can do I'll un_ _der_take, So dear_ _ly do I love thee.

An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee, I would love thee,
An thou were my ain thing, How dear_ _ly would I love thee.

AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

The air of this song is old, and is found in several old collections made about the beginning of the 17th century, under the title of "An thou wer myn oun thing." It is inserted in a manuscript collection of airs made in the year 1627 by GORDON of Straloch, and which was in the possession of the late Mr CHALMERS of London. The verses are given as they appeared in ALLAN RAMSAY'S Tea-Table Collection in 1724, and although they have the letter X annexed to them, to denote that the author was not known, it is supposed that Allan added some stanzas of his own to the original song. Whoever the author was, it cannot be denied that the address to his fair one is of the most flattering description. The tune, it will be observed, begins on the fifth of the key, and ends on the third. I have seen various sets of the tune, differing considerably from each other in many places, but all having the same peculiar beginning and ending.

An thou wert my ain thing,
I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I lo'e thee!

I would clasp thee in my arms,
I'd secure thee from all harms;
For above mortal thou hast charms:
How dearly do I lo'e thee!
An thou wert, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee,
So I must still presumptuous be,
To shew how much I lo'e thee.
An thou wert, &c.

[The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
Oh, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee!
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
What man can more, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lo'e thee.
An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which, breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
An thou wert, &c.]

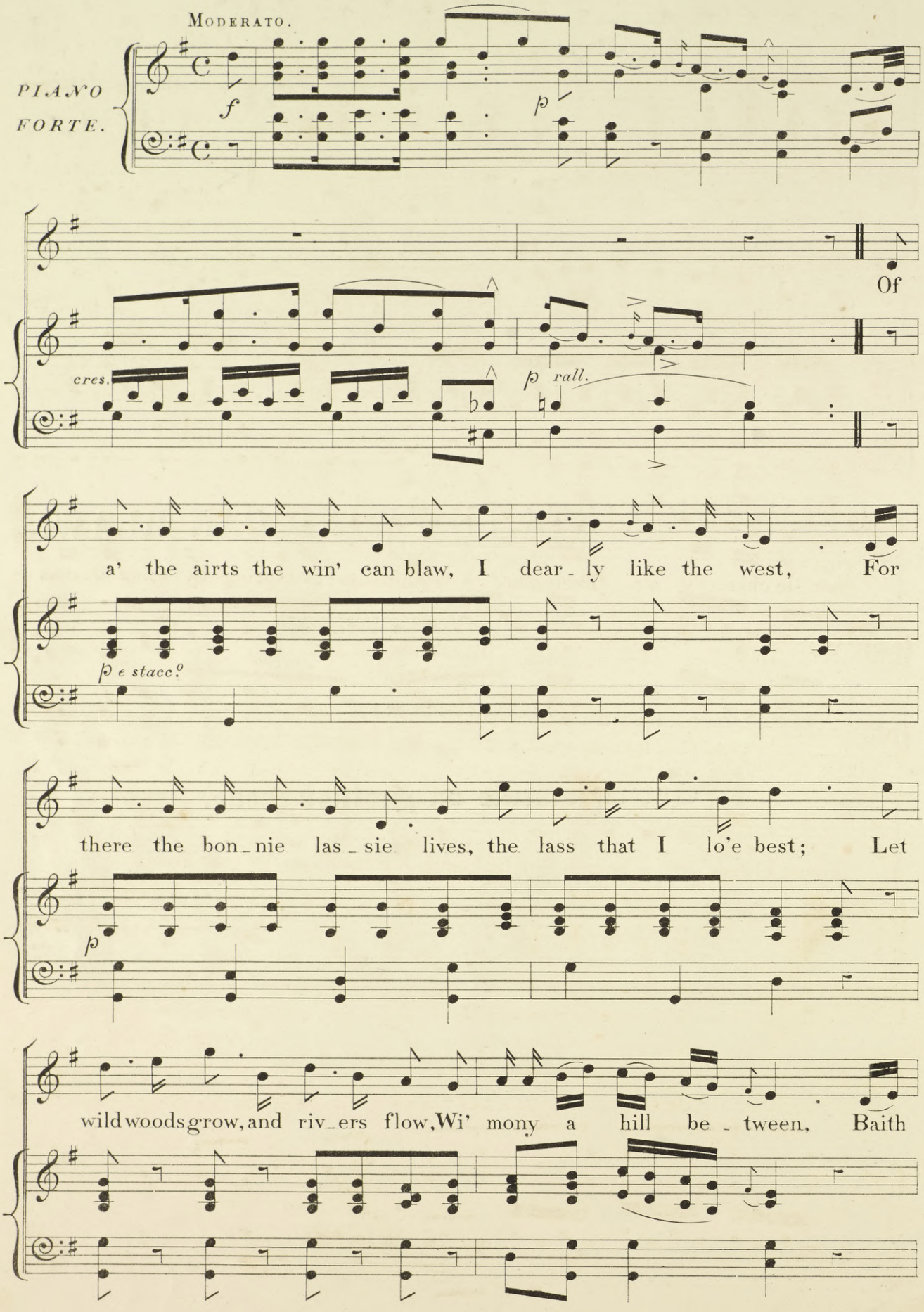
No. XVII.

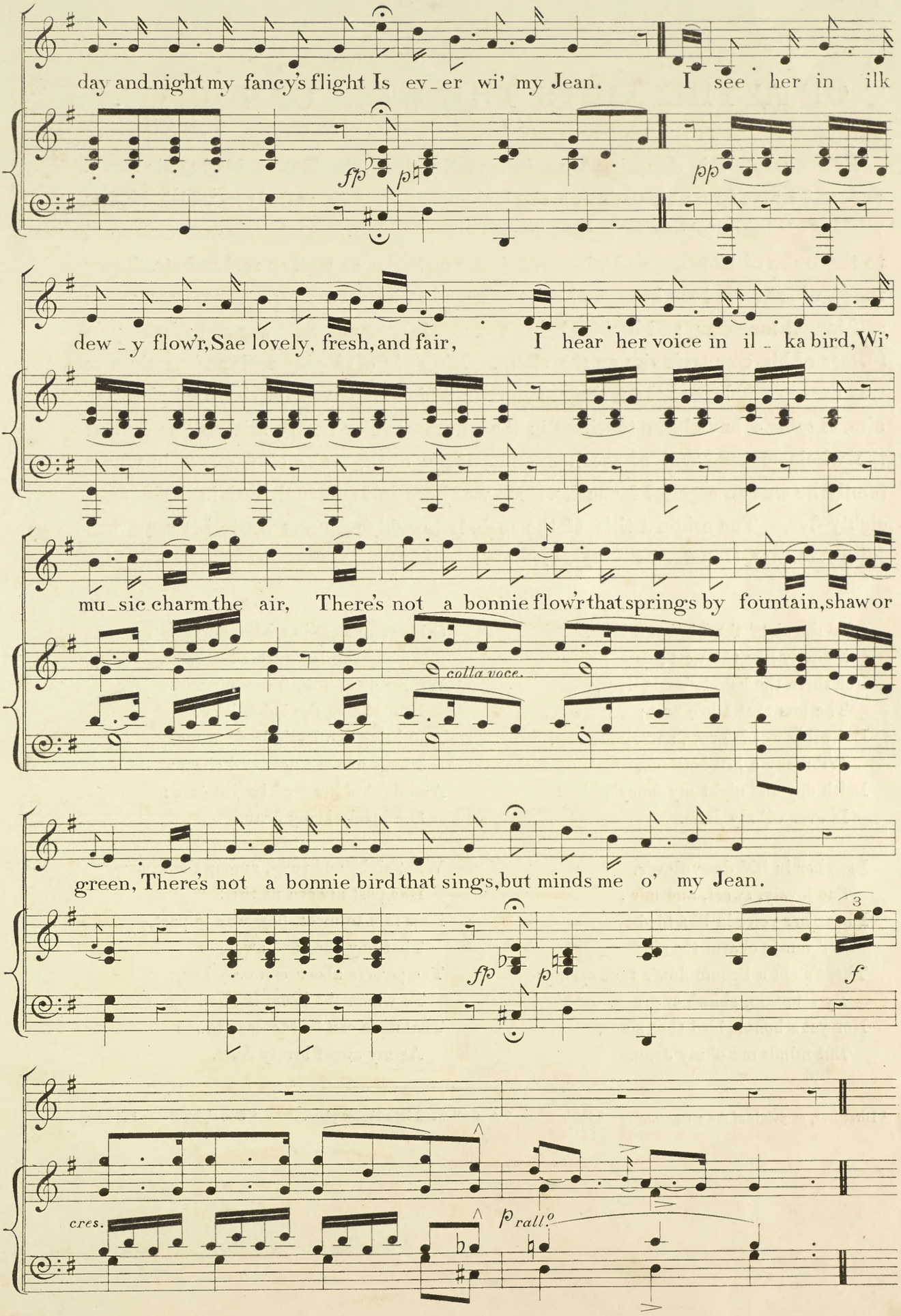
OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.


Moderato.
PIANO FORTE.
f
p
Of
cres.
p rall.
a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear_ly like the west, For
p e stacc.°
there the bon_nie las_sie lives, the lass that I lo'e best; Let
p
wild woods grow, and riv_ers flow, Wi' mony a hill be_tween, Baith


day and night my fancy's flight Is ev_er wi' my Jean. I see her in ilk
dew_y flow'r, Sae lovely, fresh, and fair, I hear her voice in il_ka bird, Wi'
mu_sic charm the air, There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs by fountain, shaw or
colla voce.
green, There's not a bonnie bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean.
cres.
rall.°

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

BURNS wrote this charming song in compliment to Mrs BURNS, his bonnie JEAN, and, as he says in a note, "during the honeymoon." The melody to which he has wedded his beautiful verses, is the composition of MARSHALL, who was house-steward to the Duke of GORDON, and who wrote many melodies, as well as reel and strathspey tunes, which have long been, and must continue to be, favourites. MARSHALL was a self-taught musician, and besides being a successful composer, he was an eminent performer of his country's airs on the violin. His style of playing reels and strathspeys was unsurpassable, and the feeling manner in which he played the slow and plaintive airs, is said to have been touching in the extreme. For nearly thirty years he had the whole management of the household affairs of the Duke of GORDON, in whose family he was an especial favourite. He was born in 1748, and died in 1833, aged eighty-five. The original title of the melody to which BURNS wrote his song, was Miss ADMIRAL GORDON'S strathspey.

Of a' the airts[1] the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best;
Let wilds woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in ilk[2] 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[3], 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 and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees!
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean:
Ae blink[4] o' her wad banish care;
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes[5]
Hae past atween 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 nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

---

[1] Directions, or points of the compass. [2] Each. [3] A small wood in a hollow place. [4] One sight. [5] Knolls.

No. XVIII.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

LIVELY AND MARKED.

PIANO FORTE.

f

The

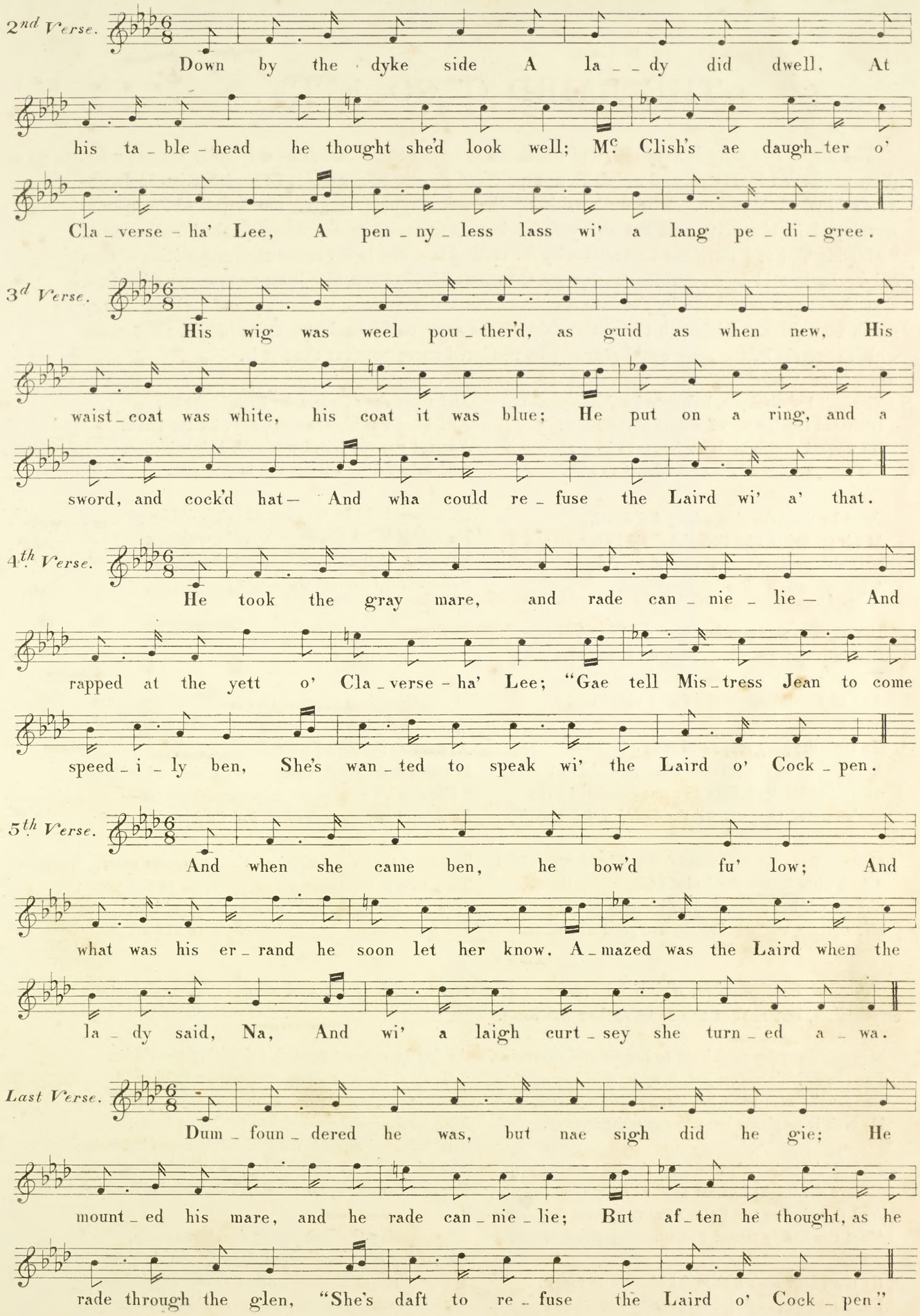
Laird o' Cock_pen, he's proud an he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' af_

Sempre Stacc?

fairs o' the state: He wan_ted a wife his brawhouse to keep, But fa_vour wi'

woo_in' was fa_shious to seek.

f


2nd Verse.
Down by the dyke side A la _ _ dy did dwell. At
his ta _ ble - head he thought she'd look well; Mc. Clish's ae daugh_ter o'
Cla _ verse - ha' Lee, A pen _ ny _ less lass wi' a lang pe _ di _ gree.
3d Verse.
His wig was weel pou _ ther'd, as guid as when new, His
waist _ coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, and a
sword, and cock'd hat— And wha could re _ fuse the Laird wi' a' that.
4th Verse.
He took the gray mare, and rade can _ nie _ lie— And
rapped at the yett o' Cla _ verse - ha' Lee; "Gae tell Mis _ tress Jean to come
speed _ i _ ly ben, She's wan _ ted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cock _ pen.
5th Verse.
And when she came ben, he bow'd fu' low; And
what was his er _ rand he soon let her know. A _ mazed was the Laird when the
la _ dy said, Na, And wi' a laigh curt _ sey she turn _ ed a _ wa.
Last Verse.
Dum _ foun _ dered he was, but nae sigh did he gie; He
mount _ ed his mare, and he rade can _ nie _ lie; But af _ ten he thought, as he
rade through the glen, "She's daft to re _ fuse the Laird o' Cock _ pen."

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The air of this song is very old, and consists but of one strain. It was originally set to an old ditty preserved by HERD, and which BURNS polished a little to render it fit for insertion in JOHNSON'S Musical Museum. The authorship of the now popular song of the Laird o' Cockpen is enveloped in obscurity. It has many times been attributed to the accomplished authoress of "Marriage," but I have the best authority for stating that the Laird is not the composition of that lady. I was told by an eminent antiquary, CHARLES K. SHARPE, Esq. that he always understood that the song was written by the late Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL, whose style of writing it very much resembles. Although the authorship of the song could be drawn from behind the mantle which shrouds it, the song could scarcely be rendered more popular than it is.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great;
His mind is ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious[1] to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare and rade cannilie—
And rapped at the yett[2] o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben[3];
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch[4] wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh[5] curtsey she turned awa.

Dumbfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare and he rode cannilie;
But aften he thought as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

As soon as the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
"For ane I'd get better, for waur I'd get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

The neist time the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the Kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappet hen,
But nae chickens, as yet, hae appeared at Cockpen.

Another continuation, which I have been favoured with, is good, and comes to a satisfactory conclusion, but makes the song rather too long.

Mistress Jean she gaed back to her elder-flower wine,
But the Laird's cocket hat, it aye ran in her mind;
She fought with the wine, but aye it grew sour,
To mak it to please her was out of her power.

She sigh'd to hersel, while she thought on the glen,
Where she might hae sat as the Leddy Cockpen;
And the wind in the Laird's lug the secret did blaw,
That the Leddy meant *Yes*, although she said *Na*.

So the Laird took a thought his suit to renew,
For Cupid had wounded his heart through and through.

Ae day he comes mounted, an' blithly speer'd he,
"Hoo's a' the folk living at Claverse-ha' Lee?"

Mistress Jean she quitted her work in a haste,
The Laird wi' a laugh flang his arms round her waist;
She *cried out* "Oh dinna!" but *whispered* "Come ben,
For there's naebody sae welcome's the Laird o' Cockpen."

The next day the Laird gaily decket was seen,
Convoying Mistress Jean to the Kirk on the green;
Now she sits at his table, like a crouse tappit hen,
And thus ended the courtship o' the Laird o' Cockpen.

---

[1] Troublesome. [2] Gate. [3] But and ben, apartments in the front and back of the house. [4] Cap. [5] Low.

No. XIX.

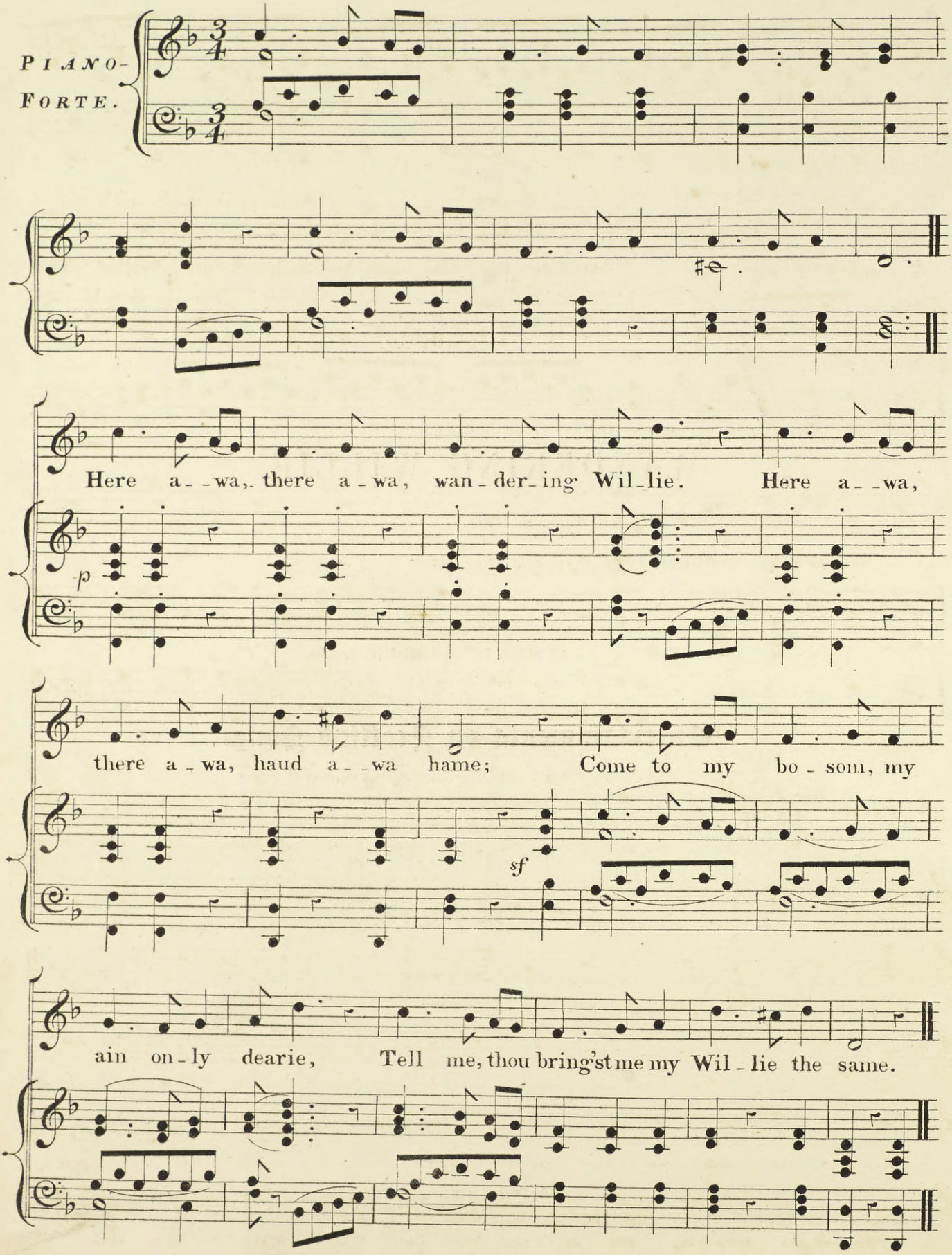
WANDERING WILLIE.

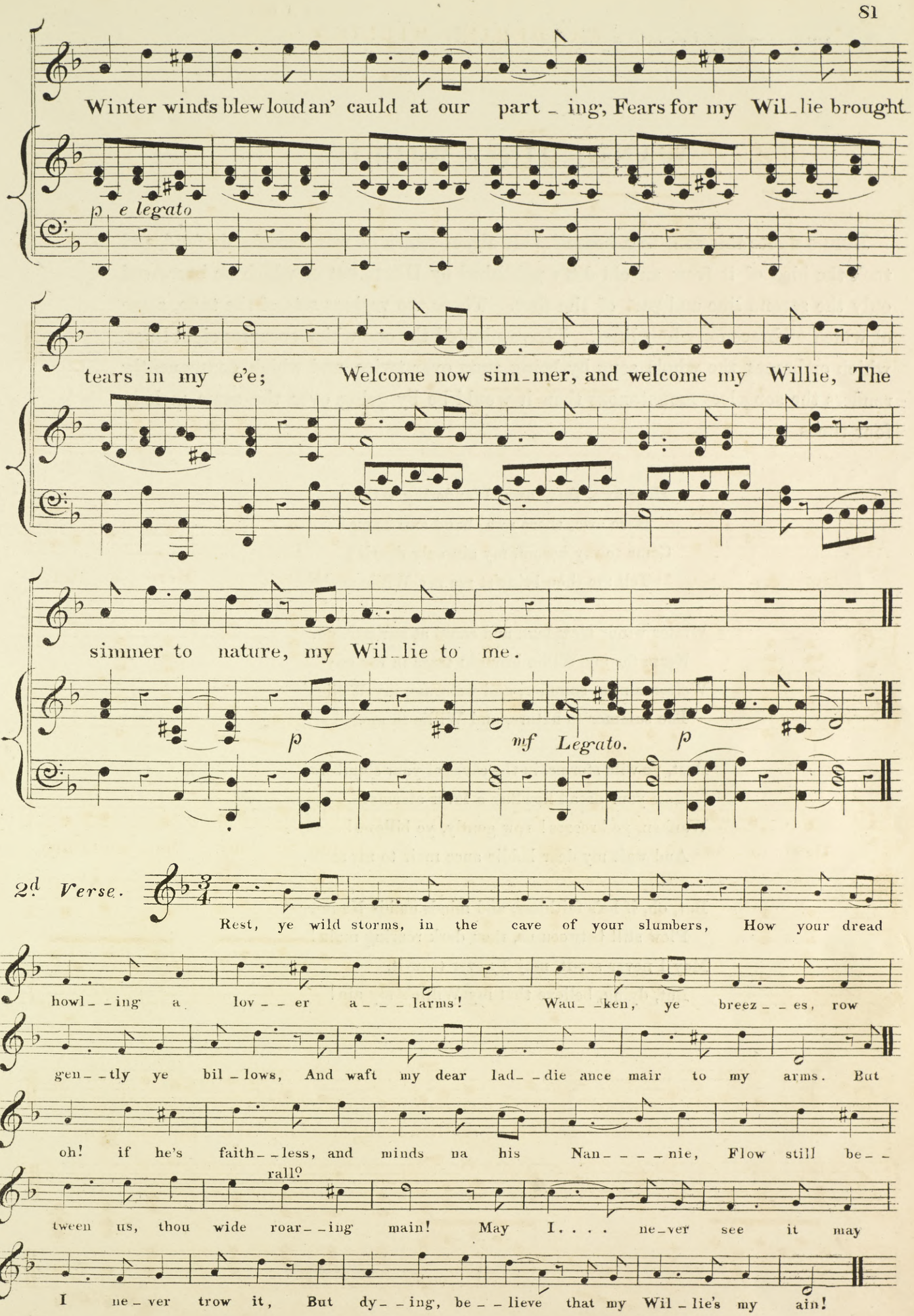
ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

WANDERING WILLIE.




Winter winds blew loud an' cauld at our part_ing, Fears for my Wil_lie brought
p e legato
tears in my e'e; Welcome now sim_mer, and welcome my Willie, The
simmer to nature, my Wil_lie to me.
p
mf Legato.
p
2d Verse.
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, How your dread
howl_ing a lov_er a_larms! Wau_ken, ye breez_es, row
gen_tly ye bil_lows, And waft my dear lad_die ance mair to my arms. But
oh! if he's faith_less, and minds na his Nan_nie, Flow still be_
rall?
tween us, thou wide roar_ing main! May I. . . ne_ver see it may
I ne_ver trow it, But dy_ing, be_lieve that my Wil_lie's my ain!

WANDERING WILLIE.

BURNS wrote this song to a beautiful old air, of which he was remarkably fond, and took the idea of it from an old ditty published by HERD, but of which he borrowed only the second line and part of the first. There are various sets of the tune, some of which embrace only four lines. I have adopted the one which occupies eight lines, which embraces the whole song by being sung over twice, and which consequently renders the song less monotonous than it would be by going over the same melody four times.

Here awa, there awa, Wandering Willie!
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame!
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie;
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie again.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;
The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dark roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

No. XX.

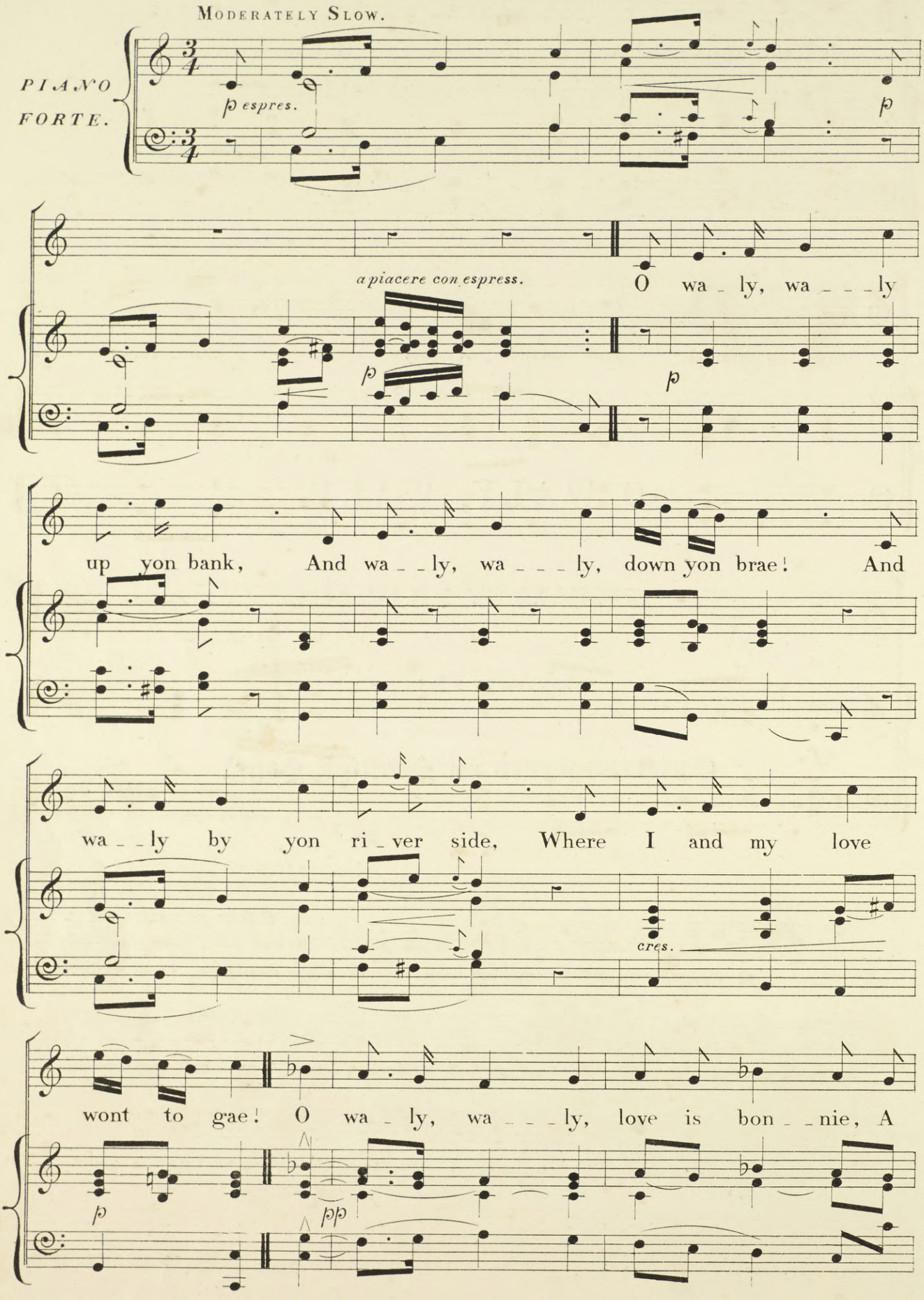
O WALY, WALY.

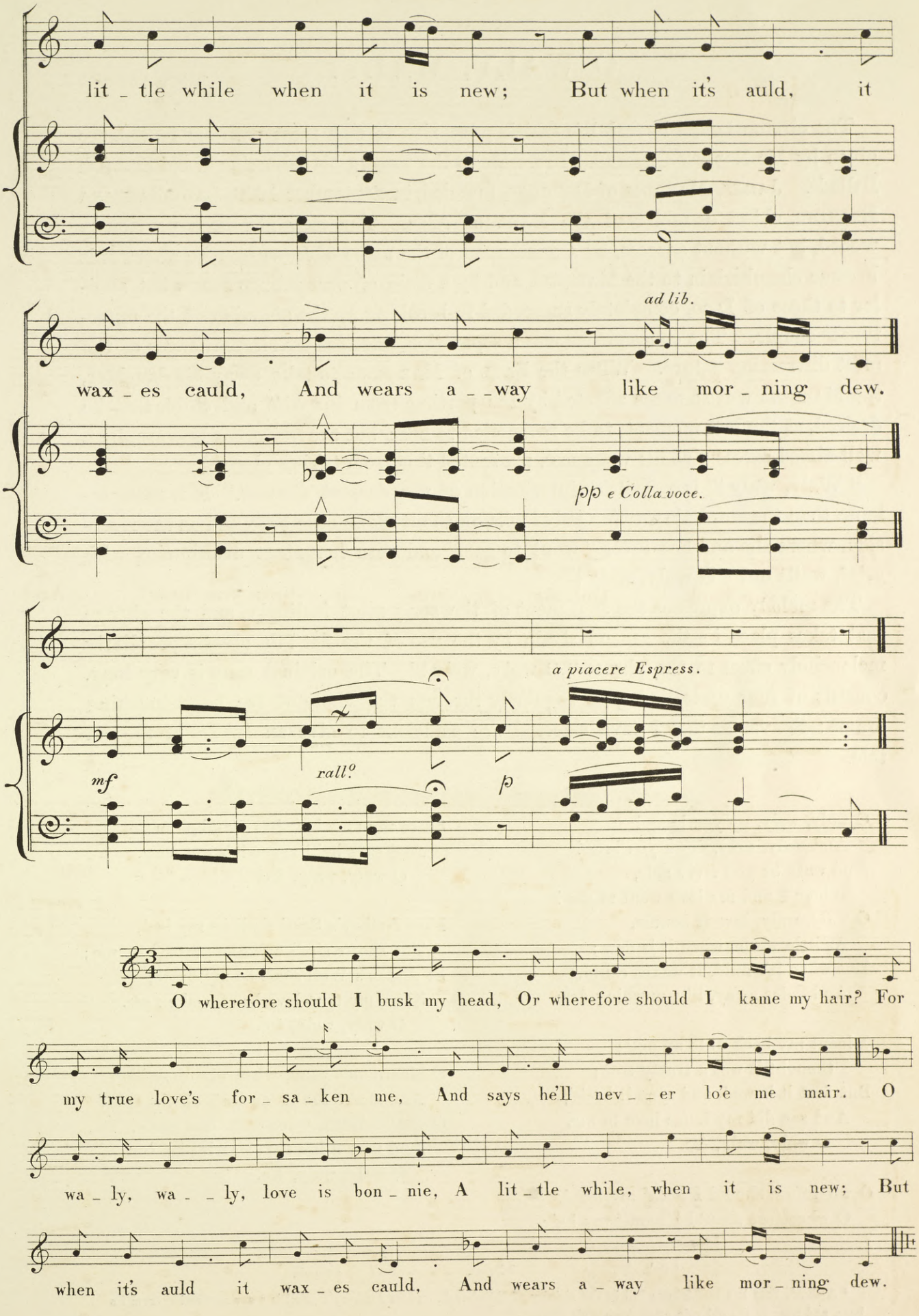
ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

WALY, WALY.


MODERATELY SLOW.
PIANO FORTE.
p espres.
p
a piacere con espress.
O wa _ ly, wa _ _ _ ly
p
p
up yon bank, And wa _ _ ly, wa _ _ _ ly, down yon brae! And
wa _ _ ly by yon ri _ ver side, Where I and my love
cres.
wont to gae! O wa _ ly, wa _ _ _ ly, love is bon _ _ nie, A
p
pp


lit _ tle while when it is new; But when it's auld, it
ad lib.
wax _ es cauld, And wears a _ _way like mor _ ning dew.
pp e Colla voce.
a piacere Espress.
mf
rall.o
p
O wherefore should I busk my head, Or wherefore should I kame my hair? For
my true love's for _ sa _ ken me, And says he'll nev _ _ er lo'e me mair. O
wa _ ly, wa _ _ ly, love is bon _ nie, A lit _ tle while, when it is new; But
when it's auld it wax _ es cauld, And wears a _ way like mor _ ning dew.

O WALY, WALY.

The circumstances in real life which gave rise to this most pathetic ballad, are given by Mr ROBERT CHAMBERS in a note to the song in his collection of old Scottish Ballads. JAMES, MARQUIS of DOUGLAS, married, in September 1670, LADY BARBARA ERSKINE, eldest daughter of the EARL of MAR. The lady had been previously wooed, but without success, by a gentleman of the name of LOWRIE, who afterwards became chamberlain to the MARQUIS, and by a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of IAGO, completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. The consequence was a separation, attended by circumstances of the most distressing nature. When the EARL of MAR came to take away his daughter, the MARQUIS was so much affected by the parting from his wife and child, that he desired, at the last moment, to be reconciled to her; but the traitorous LOWRIE, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness, prevented this from taking place.

"Waly, waly!" is a Scottish interjection of the deepest distress. It is more intense than the word alas. The lady looks on the bank and the brae, and on the river-side, where she and her lover "wont to gae," and with her heart overflowing with grief, wails out "O waly, waly!"

The melody expresses the sentiment of the song most feelingly, and the change that takes place in the second strain by the use of the flat 7th, gives a peculiarly melancholy effect to the phrase "O waly, waly!" The original song is very long, consists of four parts, and goes regularly through the whole of the heart-touching drama: the verses that I have selected are sufficient to give an *inkling* of the sad tale.

O waly, waly, up yon bank!
And waly, waly, down yon brae!
And waly by yon river side,
Where I and my love wont to gae!
O waly, waly, love is bonnie,
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And fades away, like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik[1];
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak',
And sae did my fause love to me.
O waly, waly, &c.

O wherefore should I busk[2] my head,
O wherefore should I kame[3] my hair,
Since my true love has forsaken me,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.
O waly, waly, &c.

Now Arthur's Seat[4] shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love has forsaken me.
O waly, waly, &c.

O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leafs aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?
O waly, waly, &c.

[1] Oak. [2] Dress. [3] Comb.

[4] Arthur's Seat is a well-known hill in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and St Anthony's Well is a spring flowing from its base, and near to the old ruin of St Anthony's Chapel.

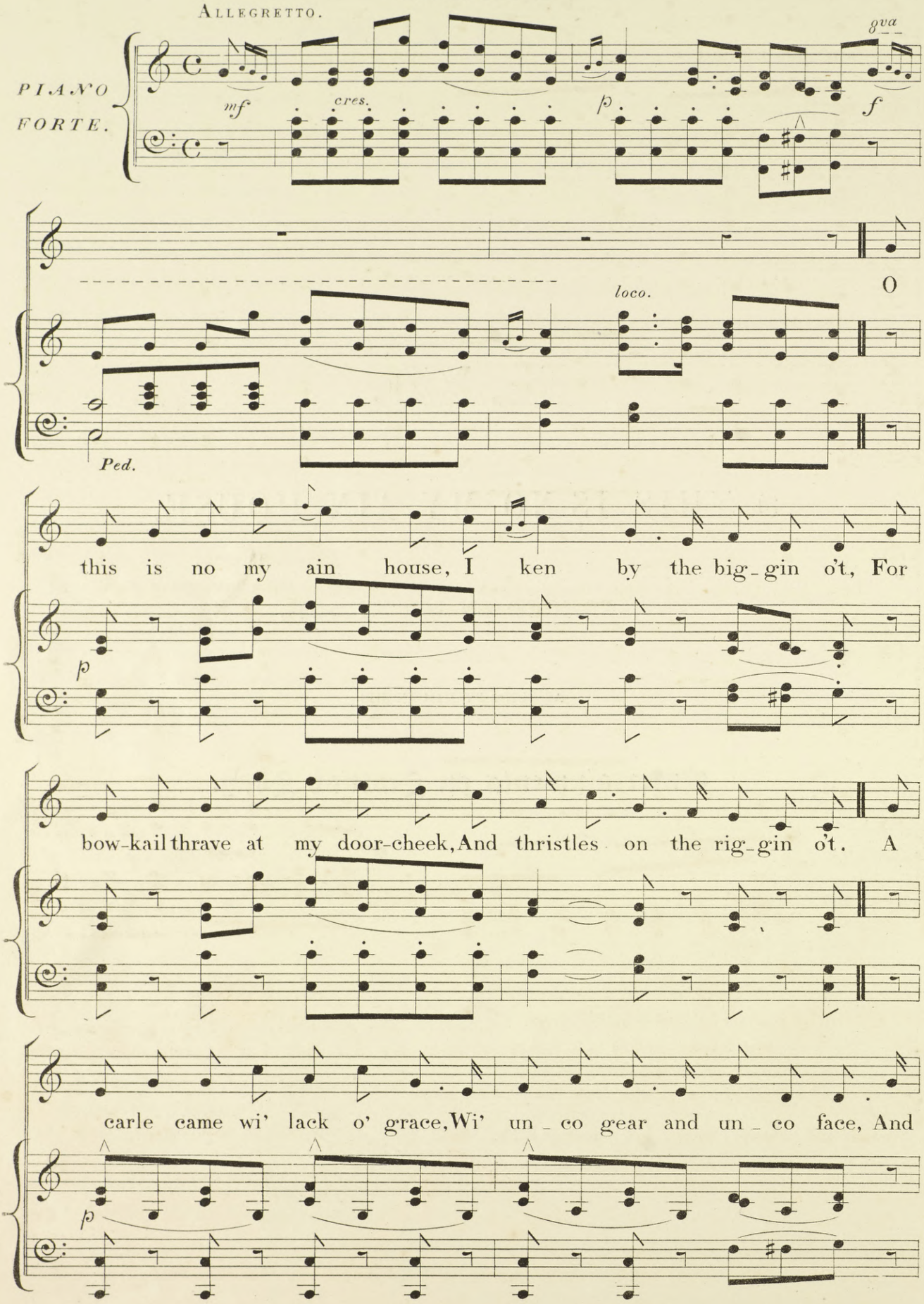
No. XXI.

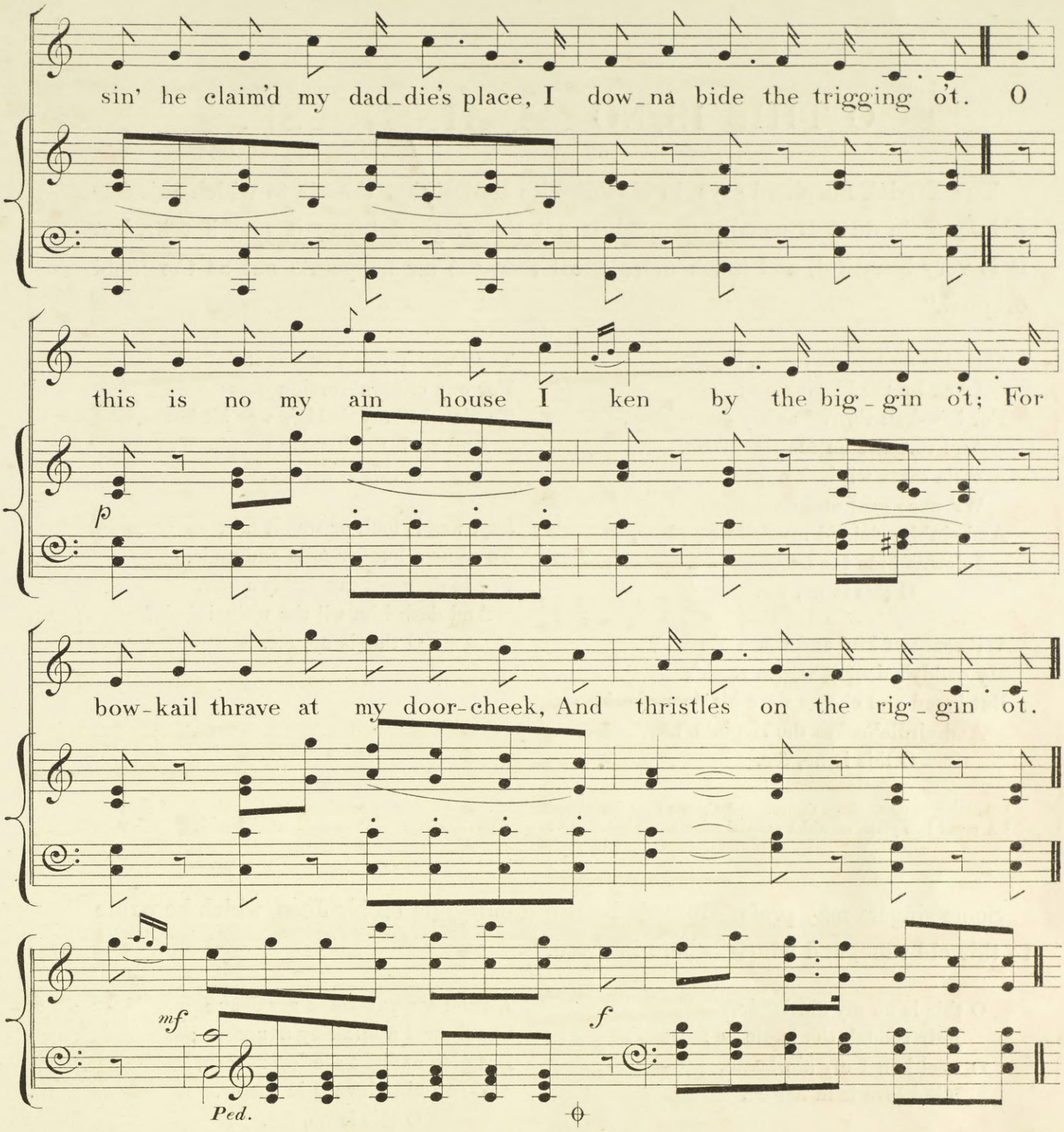
O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.


ALLEGRETTO.
PIANO FORTE.
mf
cres.
p
8va
f
loco.
O
Ped.
this is no my ain house, I ken by the big-gin o't, For
p
bow-kail thrave at my door-cheek, And thristles on the rig-gin o't. A
carle came wi' lack o' grace, Wi' un-co gear and un-co face, And
p



2nd Verse.

Wi' routh o' kin and routh o' reek, My dad_die's door it wad_na steek; But
bread and cheese were his door_cheek, And gir_dle cakes the rig_gin o't. O
this is no my ain house, I ken by the big_gin o't. For
bow-kail thrave at my door-cheek, And thristles on the rig_gin o't.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

The Ettrick Shepherd says, in his Jacobite Relics, that the air to which this fine old Jacobite ditty is usually chanted, is not the original tune; it may not be, but it is very beautiful, and much more vocal than the air he points out as the "old original."

O this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin'[1] o't;
For bow-kail thrave[2] at my door-cheek,
And thristles on the riggin' o't.
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face,
And sin' he claim'd my daddie's place,
I downa bide the trigging'[3] o't.
O this is no, &c.

Wi' routh of kin[4] and routh o' reek[5],
My daddy's door it wadna steek[6];
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle[7]-cakes the riggin' o't.
O this is no, &c.

Then was it dink[8], or was it douce[9],
For ony cringin' foreign goose
To claucht[10] my daddy's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin' o't?
O this is no, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin' o't?
O this is no, &c.

[1] Building. [2] Cabbage throve. [3] Cannot bear the trimming of it. [4] Plenty of relations. [5] Smoke. [6] Shut.
[7] A round iron plate, on which oatmeal cakes are baked. [8] Proper. [9] Gentle. [10] Snatch. [11] Knock.

Some singers may prefer BURNS's beautiful eulogium on his Jean, which he wrote to this old tune, and which is here inserted.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my vera saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean;
She'll steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

No. XXII.

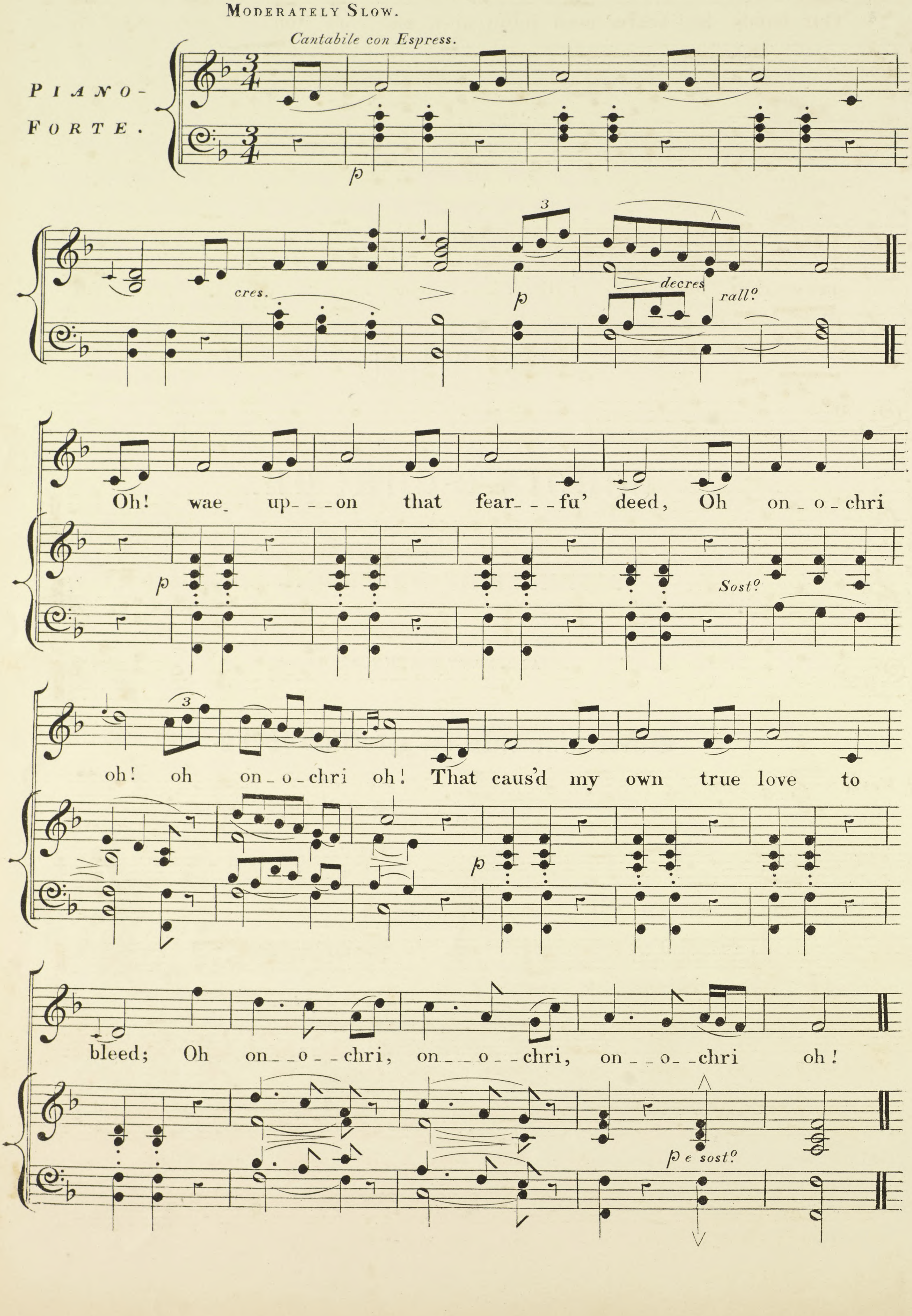
OCHOIN O-CHRI OH.

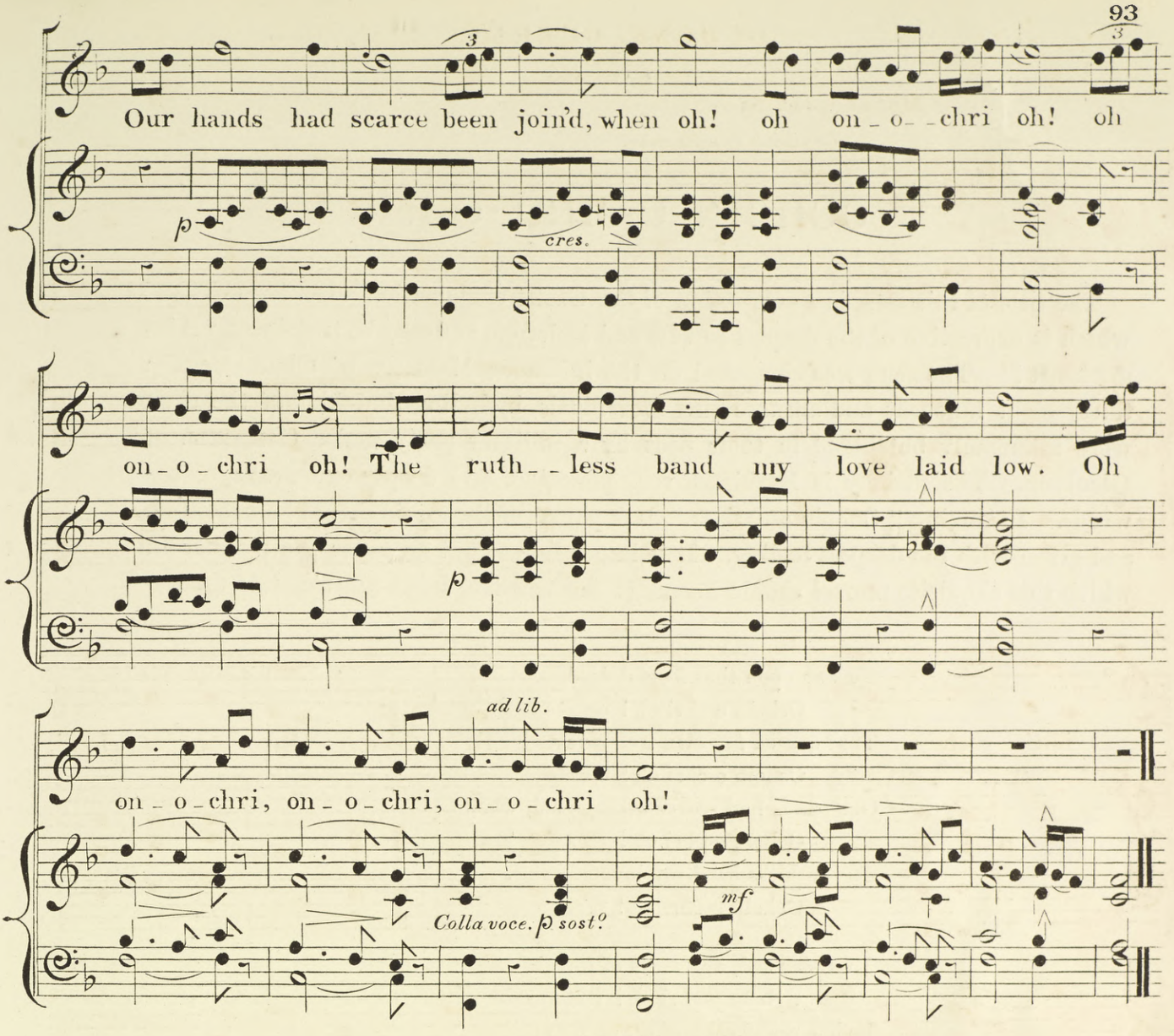
ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

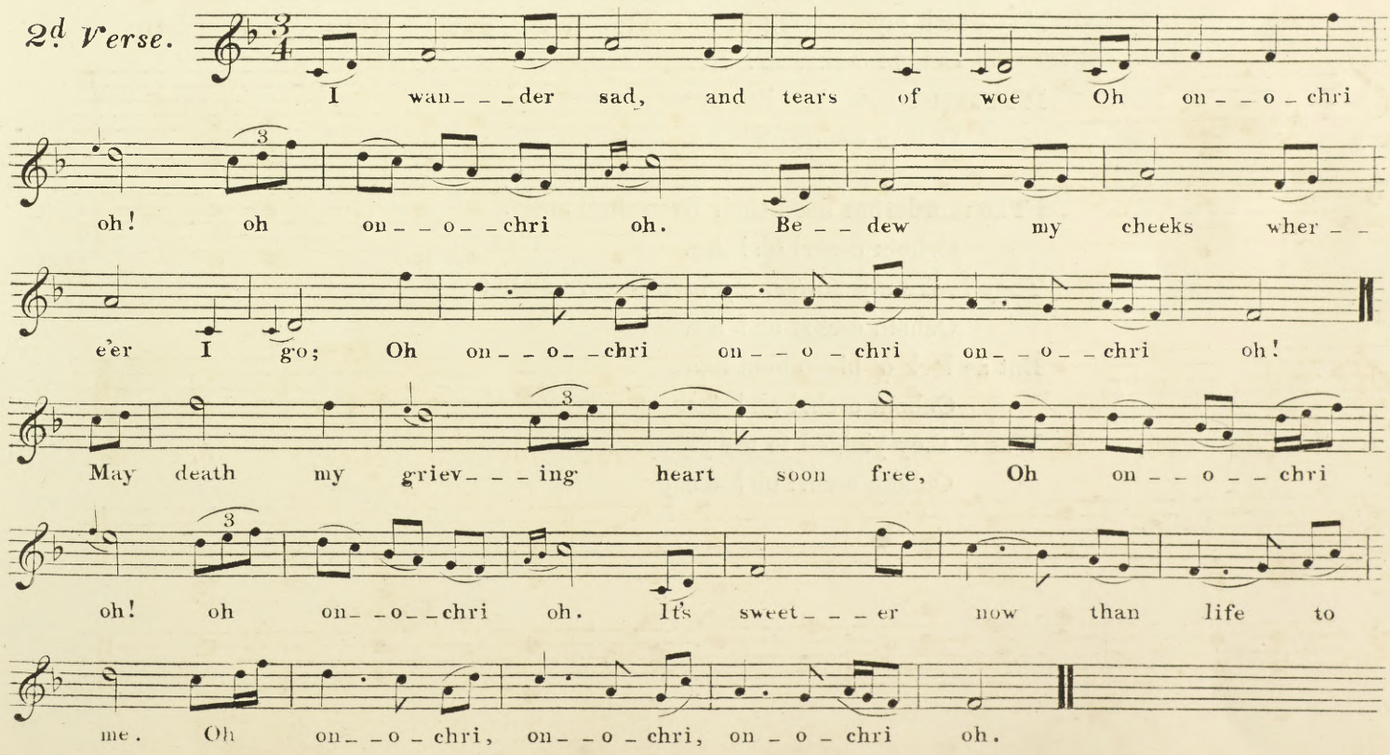
Entertainments on Scottish Song.

OCHONE, OCHRIO!




Our hands had scarce been join'd, when oh! oh on_o_chri oh! oh
p
cres.
on_o_chri oh! The ruth_less band my love laid low. Oh
p
ad lib.
on_o_chri, on_o_chri, on_o_chri oh!
Colla voce. p sost?
mf

2d Verse.


I wan_der sad, and tears of woe Oh on_o_chri
oh! oh on_o_chri oh. Be_dew my cheeks wher_
e'er I go; Oh on_o_chri on_o_chri on_o_chri oh!
May death my griev_ing heart soon free, Oh on_o_chri
oh! oh on_o_chri oh. Its sweet_er now than life to
me. Oh on_o_chri, on_o_chri, on_o_chri oh.

OCHOIN O-CHRI OH.

The title of this song is a corruption of the Gaelic exclamation "Ochone och rie," which is expressive of the deepest sorrow and affliction, and may be translated "Alas my heart!" The song was composed on the infamous Massacre of Glencoe, when thirty-eight innocent and unsuspecting individuals, including the chief of the clan, were inhumanly butchered in their beds by a military party under CAMPBELL of Glenlyon. The melody is Highland, very plaintive, and deeply expressive of the words. In singing "Ochoin o-chri oh," each phrase of the music should be separated, and given with the deepest feeling. It is impossible to put on paper the manner in which this exquisite morsel should be sung: the sensitive heart must dictate that.

Oh wae upon that fearfu' deed,
Ochoìn o-chri oh! ochoìn o-chri oh!
That caused my own true love to bleed;
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
Our hands had scarce been joined, when oh!
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
The ruthless band my love laid low.
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.

I wander sad, and tears of woe,
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
Bedew my cheeks where'er I go;
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
May death my grieving heart soon free,
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
It's sweeter now than life to me.
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.

[The murderous deed their lives shall stain.
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
They broke my bower, my love they've slain;
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
But ae lock o' his golden hair,
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.
Was a' they yielded to my prayer.
Ochoìn o-chri oh! &c.]

No. XXIII.

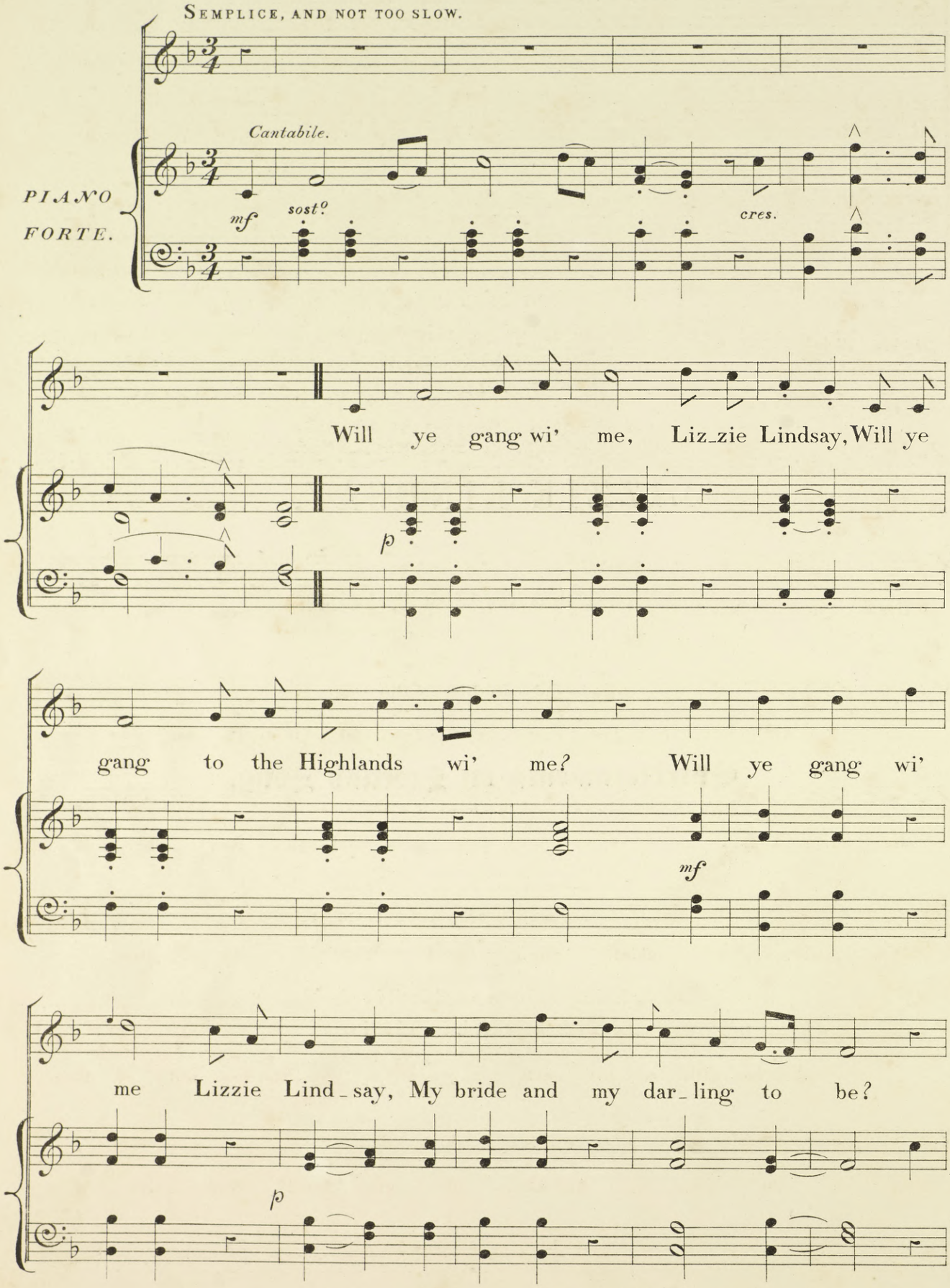
LIZZIE LINDSAY.

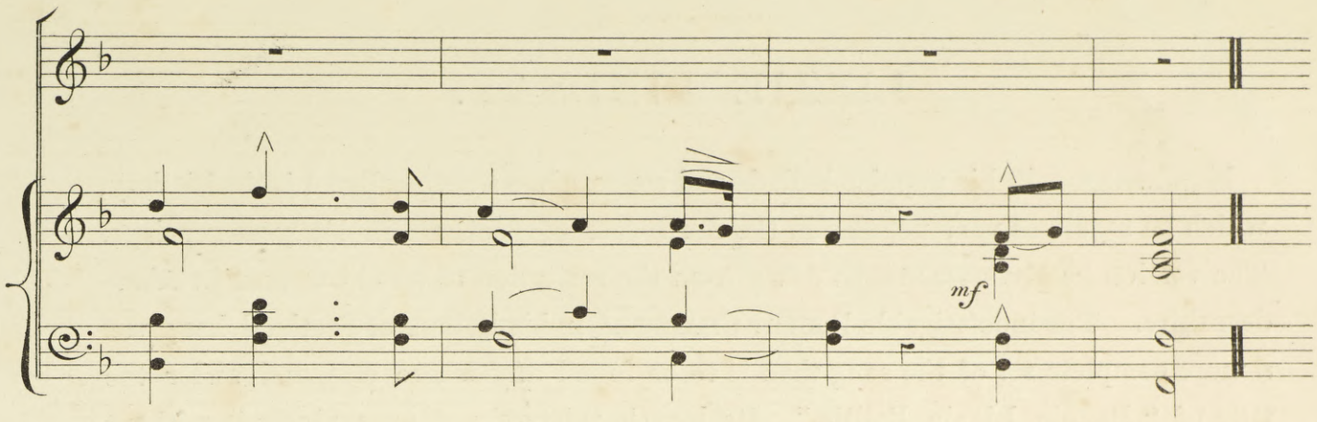
ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.

LIZZIE LINDSAY.





2nd Verse.

To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir, I din _ _ na ken
how that may be; For I ken na the land that ye
live in, Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

3d Verse.

Oh Liz _ zie lass, ye maun ken lit _ tle, If sae be ye
din _ na ken me,— My name is Lord Ron _ _ ald M' _ _
Don _ _ ald, A chief _ _ tain o' high de _ _ gree.

4th Verse.

She has kilt _ ed her coats o' green sa _ tin, She has kilt _ ed them
up to the knee, And she's aff wi' Lord Ron _ _ ald M' _
Don _ _ ald His bride and his dar _ _ ling to be.

LIZZIE LINDSAY.

Mr JAMIESON, in his popular ballads and songs, gives a song called Lizzie Lindsay, which he says was very popular in the north-east of Scotland in his younger days. The version he gives was taken down from the recitation of an old woman in Aberdeenshire. The indefatigable ROBERT CHAMBERS, in his Ballads of Scotland, has given a more complete set of the song than is to be found any where else, and under the title of "Bonnie Lizzie Baillie." Its length, thirty-six stanzas, places it without the pale of singing songs, but it is not uninteresting to read. The stanzas which I sing were carved out of the original song by an humble poet of the west, named ROBERT ALLAN, who died some years ago in America, and who transmitted his fragment of Lizzie Lindsay, along with several other songs, to Mr PURDIE of Edinburgh, who has given me permission to publish it. The tune to which I have long sung this popular ballad, is slightly altered from a melody in JOHNSON'S Musical Museum, which was transmitted to the Editor by BURNS, with the first stanza of the old ditty.

"Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?"

"To gang to the Highlands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken na the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

"Oh Lizzie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae be ye dinna ken me,—
My name is Lord Ronald M'Donald,
A chieftain of high degree."

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald M'Donald,
His bride and his darling to be.

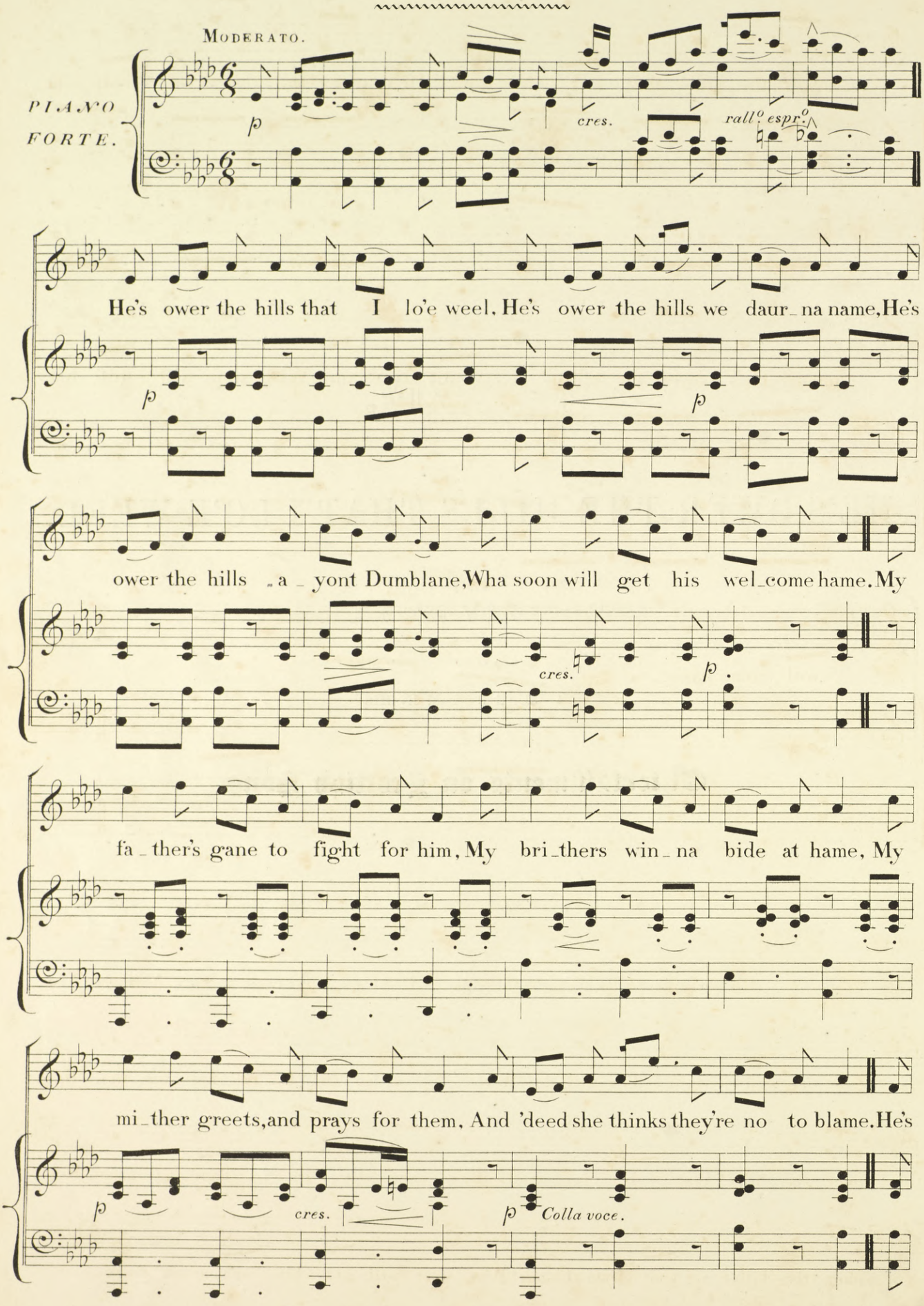
No. XXIV.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

ARRANGED BY MR WILSON,

AS SUNG BY HIM IN HIS

Entertainments on Scottish Song.


MODERATO.
PIANO FORTE.
p
cres.
rall.o espr.o
He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel, He's ower the hills we daur na name, He's
ower the hills a yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his wel come hame. My
fa ther's gane to fight for him, My bri thers win na bide at hame, My
mi ther greets, and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame. He's
Colla voce.

ower the hills that I lo'e weel, He's ower the hills we daur - na

p p

name, He's ower the hills a - - yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his

cres.

wel - come hame.

p cres. rall.o espr.o

2nd Verse.

His right these hills, his right these plains, O'er high-land hearts se-cure he reigns; What

lads e'er did our lad-dies will do; Were I a lad-die, I'd fol-low him too, He's

ower the hills that I lo'e weel, He's ower the hills we daur - na name, He's

ower the hills a - yont Dum-blane, Wha soon will get his wel - come hame.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

This song is one of those beautiful effusions which the attempts of the STUART Family to regain the throne of their ancestors called into existence. It shews that the feeling of devotion for that unfortunate race, was as strong in the bosoms of the gentler sex, as in those who fought and bled in the cause of their Prince. The air is worthy of the poetry, and has long been a great favourite in Scotland.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills we daurna name;
He's ower the hills ayont Dumblane,
Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
My brithers winna bide at hame,
My mither greets and prays for them,
And, 'deed, she thinks they're no to blame.
He's ower the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did, our laddies will do;
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
Oh did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done:
Hear him but ance, to his standard ye'll run.
He's ower the hills, &c.