



Coleman. 195



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killed in action in France in 1914.

*28th January 1927.*









# Reduced fac-simile of Burns' Holograph.


BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM LAW, ESQ. LITTLEBOROUGH.

- Gift of songs for 3<sup>d</sup> volume of the Musical Museum.
1. O'er the gowes to the knowes - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words
  2. I be nae a laddie but ane - Printed in some song-book
  3. Yuden to you himmet - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words
  4. Teatlin hame - - - - In a song-book
  5. I'll mak you be quair to follow me - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words
  6. White cockade - - - - - D<sup>o</sup>
  7. John come kifs me now - - - - D<sup>o</sup>
  8. Landy & Jockey - - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns sent words to this beginning, "Owa bonie lads were Landy & Jockey" - let these be set to the music & let D<sup>r</sup>. Blacklock's words, beginning "The rigour of winter shall quickly be o'er" - let these words follow the other as another song to the same tune -
  9. Saddle he near me - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words
  10. Star-bright hand begun - - - D<sup>o</sup>
  11. The Captives Lady - - - - -
  12. My love she's but a lassie yet - - - D<sup>o</sup>
  13. Little Dumbar, o' Johnnie M'gill - - - D<sup>o</sup>
  14. The Campbells are coming - - - D<sup>o</sup>
  15. The black eagle - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns wrote off a copy of D<sup>r</sup>. Fordyce's words
  16. Hove my love in secret - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words - D<sup>r</sup>. B. has given a charming song, by P. Arden, which the D<sup>r</sup>. has set to this tune, let it follow -
  17. Tune you'd follow - - - M<sup>r</sup>. B. wrote off M<sup>r</sup>. Skinner's words
  18. My heart was a gallant guy - M<sup>r</sup>. B. is old words which M<sup>r</sup>.
  19. Barbara Allen - <sup>In Burns's collection of English ballads</sup> ~~which M<sup>r</sup>. Burns may borrow out of any bookeller's shop, the words a copy of the old words song is in its best edition, Burns's~~
  20. My waikin - - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words
  21. Banks of Doon
  22. The lovely lass of Inverness - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words - D<sup>r</sup>
  23. B. is song called, Selia's regret, may follow -



23. The bridle ot - - - M. Burns gave a copy of the words  
 24. The Taylor fell thro' the bed - M. Burns' old words  
 25. Cold frosty morning - - - D.  
 26. Turn, the 7<sup>th</sup> of November - - M. B.'s words  
 27. The captive ribband - - - D. B. - gave the words  
 28. My wife's a wanton was thing - M. Burns's old words -  
 29. Awa whigs awa - - - D.  
 30. Hare gail - - - M. Johnson has the words  
 31. John Anderson my jo - - M. Burns's old words  
 32. The tithed moir as I dworn - - - Finlay  
 33. Huts Robin Gray - - - D.  
 34. Fannie come try me - - - M. Burns's old words  
 35. My heart's in the highlands - - D.  
 36. Can ye leave me so laddie - - D.  
 37. There's a youth in this city - - D.  
 38. Then I upon thy bosom lean - M. B. - sent the words  
 39. My wife she sang me - - M. B. - old words  
 40. Then west winds did blow - M. B. - gave the words  
 41. Aweel I on Parnassus hill - M. B.'s words  
 42. The gardner wi' his spade - M. B. - 's old words  
 43. The gallant wearst - - D.  
 44. For a that's a that - - D.  
 45. The rantin dog the daddie ot - D.  
 46. Mervy has I been leithin' - - D.  
 47. The leal beldorian hunt - - D.  
 48. On the destitution of the forquith - M. Johnson has the words  
 49. Jockey was the blithest lad - M. Burns's old words - at  
 D. B.'s song called "The devoted maid", which he has set to the  
 air, follows to the same tune  
 50. Ofa! the airts the wind can blaw - time - Miss Admiral Gordon's strain  
 spey - - - M. Burns sent the words

1796



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51. The blue-bell'd lark - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's words  
 52. The early mist - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 53. Lindisayton house - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 54. Tam Glen - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 55. The bonie banks of Ayr - - - D<sup>o</sup>. Printed  
 56. The banks of With-lune & Beldonna goach - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's words  
 57. Whistle o'er the lave o't - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words -  
 58. Now we'll win winds - time Post-London - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's words, printed - but he gave in writing some alterations which please observe  
 59. The Mill mill O - - - Printed  
 60. I am ye here the fight to shun - - M<sup>r</sup>. B. gave the words -  
 61. Antichorum - - - Printed  
 62. John o' Badengon - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 63. Wee wi' the crooked horn - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 64. On a bank of flowers - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's words -  
 65. Oha Johnie lad - - - D<sup>r</sup>. B. gave the words -  
 66. The Fowler in the glen - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns gave the ballad & corrected it with his own hand -  
 67. Gallows Tam - - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words - let D<sup>r</sup>. B. is song "Consolation to pedlars," follow -  
 68. A John Copey took the north be. - - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns's old words -  
 69. Take ye good and cheer about ye - - - Printed  
 70. Dill take the wars - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 71. Heron & Owl - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 72. Drap o' cupie O - - - The best edition of this song is in the collection of Scottish songs printed by Witherspoon -  
 73. O gin ye were dead quideman - M<sup>r</sup>. B. gave the old words -  
 74. "O had minnie whil' shall do - - M<sup>r</sup>. B. gave the old words, a good set of the tune is in the new guinea edition of a Le Gentle Shepherd  
 75. It fell about the martinmas time - - Printed - but it must be so thus, which is the way it is sung  
 It fell about the martinmas time  
 And a gay time it was then, - - - The letter, C<sup>o</sup>



- must always be added to the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> lines in every stanza -  
 M<sup>r</sup>. Burns gave a manuscript copy of the tune & there is  
 a copy of it in Liddle's collection, under the title of, 'The barrow  
 of the door' - M<sup>r</sup>. Allan Masterton sings the song -  
 76. Una wowie twice wowie - M<sup>r</sup>. B. gave the old words  
 77. Robin shute in haist - D<sup>o</sup> - M<sup>r</sup>. Johnson has the words  
 78. The shepherd's complaint - M<sup>r</sup>. Johnson has the words  
 at to the tune by D<sup>r</sup>. Black  
 79. Look, ease, my dear friend to explore - D<sup>r</sup>. Blacklock gave the  
 words & the air  
 80. Little wat ye wha's comin - The words are printed in the  
 collection of Scottish songs printed by Witherspoon, the air  
 is in the Parcel where this is sent  
 81. The lover's address to a rose-bud - D<sup>r</sup>. Blacklock gave the words  
 and music -  
 82. Thaila na masq - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns sent words, but D<sup>r</sup>. B. is  
 words -  
 83. Aileen houk - - - Printed  
 84. Young Highland wood me lang - - - Printed  
 85. The gaberlunzie man - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 86. Muirland Willie - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 87. Thou art gane awa - - - D<sup>o</sup>  
 88. Maggie's tocher - - - Printed  
 89. Bannocks o' barley meal - Printed in the 2<sup>d</sup> Volume  
 of the collection of Scottish songs by Witherspoon's house,  
 M<sup>r</sup>. Gill, Bookseller in Edin<sup>g</sup> will give the tune -  
 90. Hardyknute - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns sends the tune, M<sup>r</sup>. John-  
 son may just engrave three or four stanzas of the song  
 as it is prodigious long, & put an, &c., where he likes  
 off  
 91. Epitomis - Printed  
 92. The garb o' old old gaul - Printed  
 93. The humble beggar - M<sup>r</sup>. Johnson has the air, the words are  
 printed -  
 94. My Peggy's face my Peggy's form - M<sup>r</sup>. Burns gave the  
 words - the tune is, Una Chaillich air mo dheille, M<sup>r</sup>.  
 Johnson took a copy of the music -



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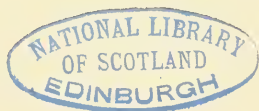
THE SONGS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS

NOW FIRST PRINTED WITH THE MELODIES  
FOR WHICH THEY WERE WRITTEN

*A STUDY IN TONE-POETRY*

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHY, HISTORICAL NOTES, AND  
GLOSSARY

BY  
JAMES C. DICK



HENRY FROWDE  
LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND NEW YORK

1903

OXFORD : HORACE HART  
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY



To mark an appreciation of a long, though  
intermittent, friendship, I Dedicate this  
edition of the Songs of Robert Burns  
and Collection of Folk-Music to

JOSEPH JOACHIM

MUS. DOC.

who, during his life, has nobly sustained  
the dignity of Music



## PREFACE

IN bringing together for the first time the songs of Robert Burns with the melodies for which they were written I do not propose to criticize either. So far as the verses are concerned they have remained famous for more than a century, and are likely to continue famous independent of any literary criticism. So far as the airs are concerned—airs which go to make up the folk-music of Scotland, that particular form of unconscious art of which the vehemence, pathos, and often eccentric progressions have been known outside the limits of the country for the last 250 years—want of space forbids any criticism. A merely verbal description of music cannot convey any real impression to the general reader, and an imperfect technical account of Scottish music would be unsatisfactory to the expert. Both will doubtless prefer to read the music for themselves and form their own opinions. For this reason the Preface will be confined to an explanation of (1) Burns's own theory as a song-writer, (2) how he carried it into practice, and (3) what his qualifications were for writing and adapting his verses to pre-existing music.

To begin with, then, the term song as it is now used admits of more than one meaning. Originally it meant—and was invariably—a combination of poetry and music, something to be sung. It did not mean, as it often means nowadays, verse with or without tune; nor was it, like the songs of most modern poets, purely literary verse to which music might accidentally be attached. For Burns's songs, peculiarly, this latter meaning is insufficient, and I designate Burns a tone-poet because he wrote for music, and his songs with their airs are a study in tone-poetry.

His *Commonplace Book* (recording his experience about the age of twenty-three, and before he was known to the world) makes this evident, and shows beyond all doubt that he always associated music with his songs. Speaking, for example, of a forgotten old song of which he remembered that the verse and the tune were 'in fine unison with one another,' he says that when one would

compose to these Scottish airs 'to sough [hum] the tune over and over is the readiest way to catch the inspiration and raise the Bard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scotch poetry<sup>1</sup>.' Again, late in life, when he declined to write for an unfamiliar air, he explains that until he was master of a tune in his own singing he never could compose for it, adding that his invariable way was to consider the expression of the music and choose his theme, 'humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed<sup>2</sup>.' So invariable with him was this way of writing that his first song was made for the favourite reel of the girl he loved, and his last for the 'difficult measure' of a 'beautiful strathspey'; and (though it may be that he was elevating the music he wrote for at the expense of his own reputation as a poet) when he said that some of his songs were often mere rhymes to express airs, he spoke a literal truth.

Nevertheless, though he knew more of the popular music of his country than any man of his time, and he is unique<sup>3</sup> among distinguished poets in writing for pre-existing music, this side of him has been rarely noticed, if at all. His achievement in the reconstruction of old poetry seems to have blinded his critics' eyes to his knowledge of its sister art, Scottish music, of which he was the apostle. Perhaps his very uniqueness in this respect has caused it to escape notice. Old melodies as a vehicle for song have been despised or ignored by literary poets themselves, from Corneille, who execrated the commands of his royal master to write for them, saying that a hundred verses cost him less than two words of a song<sup>4</sup> (*que deux mots de chanson*), to Lord Byron, who, after trial, flatly refused to be harnessed in music<sup>5</sup>. And though the exquisite songs of the Elizabethan poets were made to be sung, and many of them are to be found only in contemporary music books, there is this difference between their work and Burns, that the music was composed to fit their words, but his words were

<sup>1</sup> *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 52.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Note 101.

<sup>3</sup> Unless we accept Marot, whose psalms for secular airs are still in the *Genevan Psalter*, and Luther, who led the Reformation by adopting popular melodies for the hymns sung in the Reformed churches.

<sup>4</sup> See Tiersot's *Chanson Populaire*, Paris, 1889, 441.

<sup>5</sup> See an important letter of Byron in Hadden's *George Thomson*, 1898, 191.

written for music<sup>1</sup>. Burns adopted what other poets rejected—popular airs—and he adopted them consciously. Just as when he was taunted with ‘the ignominy of the Excise,’ he replied that he would rather be thought to do credit to his profession than borrow credit from it; so when Thomson implied a censure on his musical taste, he said that although many cultured persons found no merit in his favourite tunes, that was no reason why being cheaply pleased ‘I should deny myself that pleasure<sup>2</sup>.’ He did not deny himself that pleasure, and as the result his songs are an epitome of Scottish music still known and still admired.

Considering this it is the more remarkable that Burns’s biographers should with one accord have ignored or omitted a description of his musical perception and his treatment of music. One would have thought that, apart from his peculiar method of writing always to airs—a method which probably goes a long way towards explaining why his songs have outlived and made of no account the songs of so many other poets—his mere musical-editorial talent must have attracted notice. If he communicated to Johnson’s *Museum* only one-half of the forty-five traditional airs which Stenhouse assigns to him, the record is remarkable enough for an amateur musician. But his biographers have not allowed him any musical standing whatever. Currie obviously accepted without comment Murdoch’s opinion, who said of him that he was a remarkably dull boy and his voice untunable, and that it was long before he learned to distinguish one tune from another<sup>3</sup>. A verdict of tune-deafness seems to have been

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Thomas Campion, a musician as well as a poet, composed for his verses, but the music, like all conscious art of the polyphonic period, is now forgotten and known only to the student. All artistic music fades before the continuous progress of the art; whereas the unconscious and untutored music of nature, the simple anonymous airs of the people, which are the basis of the art, remain unimpaired by age.

<sup>2</sup> *Works of Robert Burns* (Edin. 1877–9, 8vo, 6 vols.), vi. 304.

<sup>3</sup> As John Murdoch, the only schoolmaster of Burns, at the same time said that he was the most unlikely boy to be a poet, his observations—from what was but an immature and dormant intellect—may be disregarded in the light of what came after. Here follows what Murdoch said of Burns and his brother Gilbert :—‘I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert’s ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get



considered proven against Burns, and little or nothing said to counteract the belief. So that we find Tom Moore in 1841 expressing surprise that 'the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes' should have been exercised by Burns, 'who was wholly unskilled in music'<sup>1</sup>, and Robert Chambers, in his garrulous *Life of Burns*, ineptly remarking on the subject that Burns thought himself a kind of musician. Thus widely may biographers miss the point.

From the writings of Burns, and particularly from the Thomson letters and MSS. in the British Museum, it is possible to describe with some accuracy his musical knowledge and acquirements. It may be granted at once that about the higher forms of the musical art he knew little and cared less. He never heard a symphony or a string quartette<sup>2</sup>, and though at the houses of some of his friends he listened to sonatas on the harpsichord, they raised in him neither emotion nor interest. His knowledge of music was in fact elemental; his taste lay entirely in melody, without ever reaching an appreciation of contrapuntal or harmonious music. Nor, though in his youth he had learned the grammar of music and become acquainted with clefs, keys, and notes at the rehearsals of church music, which were in his day a practical part of the education of the Scottish peasantry<sup>3</sup>, did he ever arrive at

them to distinguish one tune from another . . . and certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked, which of them was the most likely to court the muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind' (Currie's *Works of Robert Burns*, Liverpool, 1800, i. 92).

<sup>1</sup> Moore, in the Preface to his *Works*, 1841, vol. v., says, 'Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.' Farquhar Graham, in his Notes on the *Songs of Scotland*, stated briefly the result of an inquiry into the musical training and acquirements of Burns, but it received no attention and has been forgotten.

<sup>2</sup> At a performance of *The Messiah* of Händel he remarked on the infinite pathos of the air 'He was despised.'

<sup>3</sup> Currie, i. 11

composition, except in the case of one melody which he composed for a song of his own at the age of about twenty-three, and this melody displeased him so much that he destroyed it and never attempted another<sup>1</sup>. In the same way, although he practised the violin, he did not attain to excellence in execution, his playing being confined to strathspeys and other slow airs of the pathetic kind<sup>2</sup>. On the other hand, his perception and his love of music are undeniable. For example, he possessed copies of the principal collections of Scottish vocal and instrumental music of the eighteenth century, and repeatedly refers to them in the *Museum* MS. and in his letters. His copy of the *Caledonian Pocket Companion* (the largest collection of Scottish music), which copy still exists with pencil notes in his handwriting, proves that he was familiar with the whole contents. At intervals in his writings he names at least a dozen different collections to which he refers and from which he quotes with a personal knowledge. Also he knew several hundred different airs; not vaguely and in a misty way, but accurately as regards tune, time, and rhythm, so that he could distinguish one from another, and describe minute variations in the several copies of any tune which passed through his hands. The Thomson letters (and particularly one about September, 1793, only published in part by Currie) contain a description or criticism of over one hundred melodies. Many of the airs he studied and selected for his verses were either pure instrumental tunes, never before set to words, or the airs (from dance books) of lost songs, with the first lines as titles. That he sometimes esteemed the air of a song more than the words is clear from his saying, 'Better to have mediocre verses to a favourite air than none at all<sup>3</sup>.' It is hard to believe that a poet with such prefer-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Note 312.

<sup>2</sup> On a private copy of his *Epistle to Davie* he describes himself as a brother fiddler, and in his humorous anonymous letter to Sharpe of Hoddam he styles himself a fiddler and a poet (*Works*, v. 366).

<sup>3</sup> Note 91. Compare his statement made in requesting permission to insert a song of the Duke of Gordon's in the *Museum*—that he was assisting in collecting old poetry and for a fine air making a stanza when it had no words (*Works*, iv. 293). Also his apology for many trifling songs, which, as he explains, are due to the fact that many beautiful airs wanted words, and he was obliged to pass in a hurry what he had written (Note 19).

ences should have been considered tone-deaf. Of his practical acquaintance with music, his letters to his publishers, wherein he details how he wrote for airs, where the best sets of them are to be found, and how he wished them printed with his verses, show the truth. Concerning Song No. 126, for example, he gives instructions that 'the chorus is the first or lower part of the tune, and each verse must be repeated to go through the high or second part.' For another song (No. 152) he refers the printer to the book where the music is to be found. With all the knowledge of an antiquarian he tells Thomson how the notation of the humorous tune *When she cam ben she bobbit* should be printed<sup>1</sup>, and for another<sup>2</sup> he technically describes the music as it appears in the collection where he found it, with the alterations that are necessary to make it fit his verses.

Such instances go to show the critical interest Burns took in music. But besides this it was his practice to spend considerable time in listening to the playing of tunes, that he might become familiar with the correct swing and cadence of the melodies and form an impression of their meaning. Professor Walker relates how he was calling on Burns in Edinburgh for some particular purpose, and found him so engrossed in correcting his songs, while the tunes were being played on the harpsichord, that he would listen to nothing else. Burns himself tells Clarinda, 'I have just been composing to different tunes<sup>3</sup>,' and tells Cunningham that *The Suter's Tochter* 'is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it<sup>4</sup>.' And it was this practice of listening to airs and studying their meaning that made of him not merely an enthusiastic collector of traditional airs, but also the means of getting them printed. At home, during the Highland tours, and in his excursions through the South of Scotland, he collected unknown and rare melodies as if it were his business. As he writes to Thomson, 'I have still several MS. Scots airs which I picked up mostly from the singing of country girls<sup>5</sup>.' The book in which he copied these traditional airs, if it still exists, is not known (though, as I have said, Sten-

<sup>1</sup> Note 151.<sup>2</sup> Note 48.<sup>3</sup> Note 84.<sup>4</sup> Note 87.<sup>5</sup> *Works*, vi. 247, where he sends a beautiful little air which he 'had taken down from viva voce.'

house assigns to him about forty-five of those in the *Museum*<sup>1</sup> ; and it has been doubted whether Burns was capable of writing the notation of viva voce airs. It is true that Clarke, the musical editor of the *Museum*, often did this for him ; but it is equally true that Clarke could not always be present when wanted, and it is more than probable that Burns in many cases did it alone with the aid of his violin. For, gifted as he was with a retentive memory, and—as has been shown—with an acute ear for musical sound, combined with a passionate love of Scottish melody, his genius would enable him to do readily what would be laborious for an ordinary amateur, nor can I see any reason why his remark, ‘I took down the tune from the voice of a girl,’ or some other unconditional statement, should not be accepted literally. In fact he obtained many of the fugitive airs from his wife, who was a good natural singer, and from Kirsty Flint, among others, a masculine woman who took pleasure in showing off her vocal powers to him<sup>2</sup>. Two of the best airs discovered by Burns were obtained in the same manner ; one, *Ca’ the Yowes*<sup>3</sup>, from the voice of a friendly minister of the Kirk, and *Craigieburn Wood*<sup>4</sup> (for which he wrote two sets of verses) from the singing of a girl. He first heard the Gaelic air of Song No. 25, *The Banks of the Devon*, from a lady in Inverness, and ‘got the notes taken down’ for the *Museum*, and obtained for Johnson a better set of the tune of No. 197 than that supplied by Dr. Blacklock<sup>5</sup>.

So much for Burns’s musical experience, about which there is little more to say, except that he was himself a mediocre vocalist with a rough but not an untunable voice. He was constrained in company sometimes to sing, but he was conscious of his defect, and avoided any exhibition of the kind as much as possible<sup>6</sup>. But though his musical training and practice may have been no

<sup>1</sup> The MSS. of most of his historical and traditionary airs have disappeared, except two or three pieces from his hand, of which one, *The German lairdie*, is now printed for the first time on p. 336.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Gillespie, from personal observation, related how Burns was in the habit of tying his horse outside her cottage door and sitting by her fireside while she sang ‘with a pipe of the most overpowering pitch.’

<sup>3</sup> No. 114.

<sup>4</sup> No. 90.

<sup>5</sup> Extensive references to Burns and music will be found on p. 535 *infra*.

<sup>6</sup> To a friend, no more gifted than himself, he exclaimed, ‘Heaven knows we are no singers!’ (*Works*, v. 364).

more than that of any ordinary amateur, his attachment to melody and wide knowledge of Scottish music, together with his genius, fully equipped him for writing verse to illustrate the anonymous airs of his country.

It was in the year 1787 that Burns's opportunity came, and he was able to get his verses published with music. From that time forwards he wrote scarcely anything else but songs. For the mere love of the thing, and without fee or reward, ungrudgingly he worked day and night for the last nine years of his life to illustrate the airs of Scotland, and he died with the pen in his hand. His farming brought him no riches, his business of gauger only weariness, his songs nothing at all—then. But it is by his songs that he is best known and will be longest remembered. This he forecast himself: yet, curiously enough, only sixteen songs are in the last authorized edition of his *Works*<sup>1</sup>, though by this time he had probably contributed upwards of two hundred to both Johnson's *Museum* and Thomson's *Scottish Airs*. These he never publicly claimed, only disclosing himself as the author of some of them in private letters to intimate friends<sup>2</sup>. So that besides working voluntarily and simultaneously for these two collectors—neither of whom would have succeeded without his constant help—he even denied himself the name of author<sup>3</sup>.

A few words about the general musical rage of this time, and about these two music books in particular, may be useful at this place. It must be borne in mind that when Burns began to write

<sup>1</sup> Edition of 1794.

<sup>2</sup> It is important to remember, as a consequence of this, that all his songs in modern editions of his *Works* (except a fraction) have been accumulated by degrees, and are the insertions of a succession of editors. When Burns resolved in 1796 to publish a musical selection of his songs, death prevented him from carrying the resolution into effect (*Works*, vi. 255).

<sup>3</sup> With the exception of a few songs bearing his name in the Index, all his writings in Johnson's *Museum* were published anonymously during his life. His name is attached to a large number of songs in many copies of the *Museum*, but not in those of the first issue; the insertion of it in later reprints being posthumous. Many erroneous inferences have been drawn from the assumption that Burns acknowledged the insertion of his name. Compare the copy of the *Museum* in the British Museum, where Burns's songs in vols. ii.-v. are all anonymous, except a few with B. and R. marked by the publisher. A description of the original edition of the *Museum* is in the Bibliography following. I possess three copies of some of the early volumes, all with different title-pages.



for the *Museum* he had comparatively only a small number of vocal airs to choose from. In all the various collections published up to 1787 there were not two hundred different Scottish airs printed with verses, and of these Johnson had utilized a good proportion in the first volume of the *Museum*—that is, before Burns became connected with it. The greater number, therefore, of the airs for which Burns wrote were only to be found in instrumental or dance books, and consisted of pure reels and strathspeys, which had never before had words, or of the tunes of lost and forgotten songs <sup>1</sup>.

In these numerous instrumental collections of the eighteenth century, and particularly those of the latter half, when Burns flourished, is stored the most characteristic Scottish music in peculiar scales and with eccentric intervals. Never before had there been such a plentiful crop of Scottish dance and other music, and never has there been since. Dancing in Scotland <sup>2</sup> had reached its climax. In Edinburgh every coterie had ‘Assemblies,’ and each of the resident dancing-masters followed suit. Captain Topham <sup>3</sup>, on a visit to Edinburgh, was amazed at the vigorous dancing practised in the Northern Capital. Every class indulged in it—duchess and housemaid and grave professor alike—and danced for dancing’s sake. And it was to find appropriate words for some of these dance tunes that Burns set himself. Before he could do this he was obliged to study their accent and rhythm. This was no difficult task for him as long as he was free to choose or reject; but when the egregious Thomson not only selected airs for him, but tried even to dictate the orthography of his text, it became hard enough. ‘These English verses gravel me to death,’ he groans; or, when criticized, declines to alter his words, and says with regard to a disliked air, ‘the stuff won’t bear mending.’ And, as a result of his compliance in other cases, the Thomson series contain—among a number of brilliant

<sup>1</sup> In some cases Burns utilized the whole tune, in others he selected particular movements or measures of the air for the verses he proposed to write.

<sup>2</sup> At the close of the century reels and strathspeys became fashionable in London, and the *habitués* of Almack’s engaged Niel Gow, the famous fiddler in the North, to lead the music in their ball-room.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters from Edinburgh*, 1776, 262.



songs—many no better than the average artificial product of the eighteenth-century song books, and quite beneath the standard of the genius of Burns<sup>1</sup>.

Nevertheless it was from his intimate connexion with this publication and with the *Scots Musical Museum* that Burns became an extensive writer of songs. To *Scotish Airs* he contributed verses, partly at his own discretion, partly at the request of the proprietor—though in neither case had he power to decide what should be published<sup>2</sup>. Of the *Museum* he was the real though concealed editor from a little after the time when, being engaged then in correcting the proofs of the Edinburgh edition of his *Works*, he made Johnson's acquaintance. James Johnson was a practical engraver in Edinburgh. In February, 1787, with the assistance of two gentlemen interested in the anthology of Scotland, he had projected and advertised a 'Collection of Scots, English, and Irish Songs in two neat 8vo volumes. . . .' The first volume was nearly ready when Johnson met Burns, and it is surmised that Burns suggested the title of *Scots Musical Museum*, under which title the volume—despite the more accurate description given of it in the advertisement—appeared in May. Burns eagerly grasped the opportunity of associating himself with a work which eventually he remodelled and extended into six volumes. His position of author, editor, and contributor of verse became more and more established as the original advisers of the publication fell into the rear. His sole assistant was a professional musician, Stephen Clarke, who corrected technical errors in the music and fitted the tunes for presentation to the public in the prescribed form. Johnson was unfitted to conduct any work of the kind. He was of a simple confiding nature, entirely illiterate, and as poor as Burns himself. However, like Burns also, he was an enthusiast for the Songs of Scotland. He undertook the cost of printing

<sup>1</sup> The peculiar rhythm of the *Caledonian Hunt's Delight* only fetched one poor stanza of English verses, although it is the popular and favourite air of the vernacular *Banks o' Doon* (No. 123). The beautiful strathspey *Rothiemurche* for his last song (No. 12) is practically obscured because he was constrained to write verses of the ordinary sort to please Thomson.

<sup>2</sup> There were fundamental differences between Burns and Thomson, for which reason *Scotish Airs* contains a large number of Burns's songs with editorial insertions (both in verse and air) for which Burns is in no way responsible.

and publishing the work. Burns neither expected nor received reward, and the tacit understanding between the two continued, and the connexion remained unbroken, up to the death of Burns in 1796. Burns always knew Johnson as an 'honest worthy fellow,' and in his first extant letter said that he had 'met with few whose sentiments were so congenial with his own.' Johnson seems to have belonged to the social Crochallan Club, and must have had some qualifications to be admitted as one of its members, considering that among them were 'rantin roarin Willy' Dunbar, the President; the grisly philosopher—printer Smellie; the irascible Latinist Nicol, the writer Cunningham, 'auld Tennant' of Glenconner, Masterton the composer of *Willy brew'd a peck o' maut*, and probably Henry Erskine, the most brilliant member of the Scottish bar. This was the society in which Burns recreated himself after dining with more formal company in the then New Town.

It was after the inspiring Highland tours, in which Burns had laid in a good stock of new poetic ideas, that he set to work in Edinburgh to reorganize the *Museum*. The venerable author of *Tullochgorum*, and other friends, were put under contribution, so much so that about this time Burns informed a correspondent that he had 'collected, begged, borrowed, and stolen all the songs' he could find<sup>1</sup>. An accident which confined him to the house for a considerable time enabled him within ten months from the publication of the first volume to issue the second volume of a hundred songs, of which forty were his own, all bright and merry and flashing with wit and humour. In the buoyant and aggressive preface he remarks that 'ignorance and prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these pieces, but their having been for ages the favourites of Nature's judges—the common people—was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit.' Here we have partly exposed the reason why Burns concealed himself, and the meaning of the phrase put against many of his songs, 'Mr. Burns's old words.'

The third volume, containing a 'flaming preface,' took nearly two years to complete and publish. During the interval he was

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, iv. 298.

partly in Mauchline and partly at Ellisland—a period which included many sorrows, ending in a prudent marriage and a solitary residence on the banks of the Nith preparing a home for his wife. Such was his life while he wrote the *Honeymoon* and other songs<sup>1</sup> for the *Museum*.

More than fifty songs in this third volume are his own, and during the process of preparation for the press he was constantly informed of the progress of the volume and exhibited the greatest interest in it. He asks Johnson ‘to send any tunes or anything to correct,’ and afterwards tells him that when he comes to Edinburgh he will overhaul the whole collection.

Immediately after the publication of the fourth volume, in August, 1792, the attention of Burns was diverted from the *Museum* by the intervention of George Thomson, and four years elapsed between the appearance of the fourth and the posthumous fifth volume, which, however, was all sketched and nearly ready for publication at the poet’s death. Thus, about the end of 1793, Burns informed Johnson that he was laying out materials for the fifth volume; a few months later he sent ‘forty-one songs,’ and still later he requests that ‘those tunes and verses that Clarke and you cannot make out’ should be sent to him. In June, 1794, Johnson intimated that the fifth volume was actually begun. In March, 1795, Burns returned a packet of songs, and a year afterwards had proofs sent him to correct. In this way Burns knew the contents of the posthumous volume, which was indeed far advanced in the press when he died. The surplus songs left over from this and the previous volumes constitute nearly one-third of the last and sixth volume, yet it took Johnson seven years to complete and publish it.

The *Scots Musical Museum* remains the standard collection of Scottish Song, and as a work of reference cannot be superseded. Considerably more than one-half of the pieces in the following pages were originally published there, and next to the authorized

<sup>1</sup> A facsimile, which follows the Bibliography, of the holograph list of songs proposed for the third volume and heretofore unnoticed is an important document. It discloses Burns as the author of a considerable number of songs hitherto unsuspected and anonymous, among which may be named *Sir John Cope* (No. 291), *The Campbells are comin* (No. 336), *Johnie Blunt* (No. 335), and many others.

editions it is the most important authority on the works of Burns. It contains, moreover, his most happy and spontaneous effusions, published with their melodies, as he wrote them, free from outside interference. Johnson without remark acted upon instructions, accepted what was sent to him, and printed the verses with the tunes selected. And Burns, by portraying in that collection the morals and manners of his country with a rare fidelity and sympathetic humour, became famous.

But in the meanwhile Burns had become associated with another publication. Immediately after the appearance of the fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, George Thomson, a government clerk and amateur musician (who, by the way, always despised the *Museum*), applied to Burns to assist him with verses for a collection of twenty-five Scottish airs which he would select. He said he wanted the poetry improved for 'some charming melodies,' and he would 'spare neither pains nor expense in the publication.' He declared himself in favour of 'English' verses, which English 'becomes more and more the language of Scotland'; and he said elsewhere, but not to Burns, that the vernacular was to be avoided as much as possible, 'because young people are taught to consider it vulgar,' and, with an eye to business, 'we must accommodate our tastes to our readers.' How the partnership with this opportunist in art was maintained is set out in the long series of letters now in Brechin Castle. It is amusing to remember that Thomson, who engaged Burns to destroy the Scottish vernacular, should have been the unconscious instrument of its preservation. Burns, although fully occupied with Johnson, promptly accepted the invitation conveyed to him, but with conditions. He would accept no wages, fee, or hire, he would alter no songs unless he could amend them, and his own would be 'either above or below price,' and, if not approved, they could be rejected without offence. 'I have long ago,' he says, 'made up my mind as to my reputation of authorship, and have nothing to be pleased or offended at your adoption or rejection of my verses.'

The conventional clerk, who was very early impressed with the genius, enthusiasm, and industry of his correspondent, rapidly extended his aim, and resolved to include in his collection 'every Scotch air and song worth singing.' All through the long corre-

spondence he tenaciously held his original opinion of 'English' verses and his choice of airs. So far he had the best of the arrangement, for Burns wrote many pieces which he disapproved, and for airs which he disliked. Only five songs written for *Scottish Airs* were published in Burns's lifetime, and these are more or less incorrectly printed. For the rest, Thomson was under no control, and without compunction altered the text when it suited him, added stanzas, and adapted them for unauthorized airs. There was, as I have said, little sympathy between the two men. Thomson cared nothing for a human lyric, and preferred the insipid compositions then current. Burns told him 'exotic rural imagery is always comparatively flat,' and, in another place, 'You are apt to sacrifice simplicity in a ballad for pathos, sentiment, and point.' Again, he tries to console Thomson by saying that the English singer will find no difficulty in the sprinkling of the Scottish language in his songs<sup>1</sup>; or refuses pointblank to change the orthography of a piece with the remark, 'I'll rather write a new song altogether than make this English<sup>2</sup>.' But Thomson meddled and muddled on without regarding him. Airs and verses alike had to submit to his editorial jurisdiction. Burns had to complain that the accent of his *The-lea rig* had been altered, and advised him to 'let our natural airs preserve their native features.' But Thomson preferred his own way; and when Burns refused to rewrite some disputed lines, he altered them for him. The story of *Scots wha hae* (which I have told in Note 255) illustrates particularly the fashion in which Burns was constrained to change metre in order to have his ode fitted to a melody which he had not contemplated. And though most of the songs written for Thomson were spontaneous, and sent to him for approval, he would never return those he considered unsuitable, but retained them in the manner described. Nevertheless, shortly before Burns died, he assigned to Thomson without consideration the absolute copyright of the songs he had sent to him.

Thus *Scottish Airs*, in five sumptuous folio volumes completed in 1818, came to contain much of the text of Burns in an untrustworthy form. Its airs, too, with their many editorial improvements, are to be disregarded as too artificial. When it is known that

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, vi. 247.

<sup>2</sup> Note 51.



Thomson had the audacity to suggest alterations in the compositions of the great Beethoven<sup>1</sup>, who told him that his music was not written for schoolgirls, no one need wonder that the songs of the amiable Burns were altered and excised. The most that can be said for the collection is that it is interesting in so far as it contains accompaniments by some eminent composers, who failed in what they attempted ; and for Thomson the most that can be said is that in selecting the famous air for the verses of *Auld Lang Syne*, he achieved a success which covers a multitude of sins.

Since I am resolved, for want of space, not to enter in this Preface upon any criticism, nor yet to insist (further than is necessary for an explanation of the purposes of this book) on the musical aspect of Burns's songs so uniquely made to melodies, nothing really remains to be said except a few words about the TEXT. This, which is unexpurgated, has been drawn from original MSS. and the authorized editions, and from the *Scots Musical Museum*, and it is collated with the two modern standard editions of the *Works* of Burns. I have left unnoticed, with a few exceptions, readings in the various writings of the poet other than those here selected. Every song and ballad which could be published is entire, and the collection is so complete that it includes many pieces now printed for the first time as Burns's work. The greater number of these pieces appeared originally in the *Scots Musical Museum* from Burns's MSS., most of which are still available for reference. More or less all have been reprinted as anonymous in miscellaneous publications. The chief authority for inserting many of them is *Law's MS. List*. This list confirms many statements of Stenhouse, who had the *Museum* MSS. through his hands early in the nineteenth century. As regards those pieces which Burns himself has designated 'Mr. Burns's old words,' the evidence is for the most part negative, and further investigation may reveal that the original publication was earlier than Burns. The presumption is that some of the narrative or historical ballads previously existed in some form ; but how little or how much Burns altered or amended is unknown to me except

<sup>1</sup> A German editor asserts that in the Scottish collection Thomson has 'not only incorrectly printed, but wilfully altered and abridged' the music of Beethoven (Hadden's *George Thomson*, 345).



in so far as is recorded in the Notes, which are the result of an examination of several hundred song books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Until positive evidence is produced they, with many others, may remain at least as editorial originals of Burns. Among the original authorities which I have consulted it is necessary to name the interleaved *Scots Musical Museum*, in which Burns wrote a large number of 'Strictures' or Notes on Scottish Song. By a singular fatality these four important volumes have not been publicly examined until now for nearly a century. They contain an unsuspected holograph copy of *Auld Lang Syne*, which is printed on page 208. In the Notes the numerous wilful and negligent errors in Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns* (1808) are now pointed out for the first time and corrected, and an abstract of Cromek's misdeeds will be found in the Bibliography following.

For the 303 AIRS the AUTHORITIES are the poet's writings and — occasionally — Johnson's *Museum*. The tunes in that collection, in a few cases, are not those selected by Burns, for the reason that the latter had previously appeared in the first volume of the collection with other verses. Certain of Burns's songs have not until now been printed with any air. Such, for example, are the best set of verses of *The Banks o' Doon* ('Ye flowery banks o' Bonie Doon'), and the powerful invective, *The Kirk's Alarm* ('Orthodox, orthodox! wha believe in John Knox'), which few realize is a song at all; and 'Amang the trees where humming bees' to the curious air *The King o' France he rade a race*. On the other hand, many songs are nearly always published with wrong airs. Among others *Rantin rovin Robin* and 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' which belongs to the beautiful air *Roslin Castle*.

The TUNES have been drawn from early MSS. and from the numerous vocal and instrumental collections of the eighteenth century, including the *Museum*. Two are from the MSS. of Burns and therefore interesting, and a few are rare examples. If there has been any system in selecting any particular set of the tune, it has been to form a representative collection of examples from the earliest sources to the close of the eighteenth century, sometimes even at the expense of the verses. Some of the airs are at least three hundred years old, and obviously none are less than a hundred. Excluding the exceptional English and Irish airs,

they form an epitome of Scottish music which probably would have been more attractive to the general reader with pianoforte accompaniments. But this is not a music book in the modern sense, only a quarry for the constructive composer and for the student of folk-songs. Most of the airs are anonymous. They floated in the air for an indefinite time until caught and chained by the printing-press. Of a few alone are the composers known, those by the friends of the poet, too amiably adopted, being among the worst in the collection, with the brilliant exception of *Willie brèw'd a peck o' maut*.

I have only to add that, although great care has been taken in revising and correcting the NOTES, it would be vain to expect that all the references are complete. To discover the historical origin of the airs, much time has been spent in the examination of a large number of musical collections, and those who have experience of research among undated books will most readily forgive editorial imperfections and errors which have escaped notice in revision.

My thanks are due for much valuable assistance in the compilation of this volume. Among others I am indebted to the late Thomas Law, of Littleborough, for permission to insert a facsimile of the original MS. of Burns, which is referred to under the title *Law's MS. List*, and also for the loan of the copy of the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, which belonged to Burns; to the Scottish Text Society for permission to reprint the verses of *Welcum Fortoun*, on p. xxix, from *The Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, 1897; to Mr. George Gray, of the County Buildings, Glasgow, for the use of the detached sheets which are referred to in the Notes as *Gray's MS. Lists*, and for the use of some rare song books; to Mr. John Glen, of Edinburgh, for the dates of publication of some scarce musical collections, and for the loan of old music books and assistance in tracing airs; to Miss Oakshott, of Arundel Square, Barnsbury, London, who permitted me to copy for insertion the Notes of Burns in the *Interleaved Museum*; and, though last not least, to Professor Joseph Wright, of Oxford, the editor of the colossal *Dialect Dictionary*, for valuable suggestions in compiling the Glossary.



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# BIBLIOGRAPHY

## I. WORKS OF BURNS.

[Burns was born January 25, 1759; he wrote his first song in the autumn of 1773 or 1774; published the first edition of his Works in 1786, and the last in 1794. His connexion with Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* began in the spring or summer of 1787, and with Thomson's *Scotish Airs* in September, 1792, and he continued to contribute to both collections until his death on July 21, 1796. The Bibliography of Burns in the 'Memorial Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition, 1896. Glasgow: Hodge, 1898,' describes 696 editions of the Works of Burns published in the United Kingdom.]

**Hastie MSS.**, in the British Museum (No. 22,307), include 162 songs, mostly in the handwriting of Burns, which he contributed to the *Scots Musical Museum*.

**Dalhousie MS.**, in Brechin Castle, consists of Letters to George Thomson, and songs intended for publication in *Scotish Airs*.

**Gray's MS. Lists**, belonging to George Gray, Esq., of the County Buildings, Glasgow, are a number of detached sheets containing the titles of songs proposed for insertion in the second and subsequent volumes of the *Scots Musical Museum*. The lists are partly in the handwriting of Burns and partly in that of James Johnson.

**Law's MS. List**, lately in the possession of William Law, Littleborough, is a holograph of Burns, entitled 'List of Songs for 3rd Volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*,' which he sent to Johnson in a letter dated April 24, 1789. This MS., now referred to for the first time, definitely settles the authorship of many songs, some of which in the following pages are printed for the first time as the work of Burns. See facsimile following.

**Glenriddell MSS.**, in the Athenæum Library, Liverpool, consist of Poems and Letters of Burns, presented to Robert Riddell of Glenriddell.

**Interleaved Museum** is a copy of the first four volumes of the *Scots Musical Museum* which belonged to Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, and in which Burns wrote numerous Notes (or Strictures as he called them) on Songs, many of them his own. R. H. Cromek was permitted to examine the volumes by the owner, Eliza Bayley, and pages 187 to 306 of his *Reliques of Robert Burns*, 1808, contain a transcript of the Notes, which are the most interesting part of the work. Every editor of Burns has relied implicitly on the accuracy of Cromek. Upon the recent discovery of the *Interleaved Museum* after a sequestration of nearly a century, I have been permitted to collate it with the *Reliques* with the following result: Out of 173 Notes printed by Cromek only 127 are verbatim copies; eighteen are garbled or imperfect, of which four differ entirely from the MS., and another four are written partly by Burns and partly by Riddell; fourteen are written entirely by Riddell or other than Burns; lastly, fourteen are not in the MS. at all, and the leaves of four of these have been cut out and are now missing. On the other hand seven short

Notes by Burns are not printed, and in place of that on *Auld Lang Syne* in *Reliques*, 282, which is a pure invention, there is a complete and hitherto unsuspected holograph copy of the verses of *Auld Lang Syne*, for which see page 208 *infra*.

Numerous references and quotations in the following pages from the *Reliques* were set up in type before discovery. These have been since corrected from the MS., and so far as they go can be compared with Cromek's work. The four volumes of the *Interleaved Museum*, with the autograph of Robert Riddell, were left by Mrs. Riddell to her niece Eliza Bayley, of Manchester. A London bookseller acquired them for 'an old song,' and, with other Burns's rarities, sold them in 1870 out of his catalogue to A. F. Nichols, who bought them on the express condition that neither his name nor address should be disclosed. After his death in Feb., 1902, the volumes passed into the possession of Miss Oakshott, who permitted me to examine them.

'**Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.** By Robert Burns. Kilmarnock : Printed by John Wilson, MDCCCLXXXVI.' 8vo. The *Kilmarnock* edition consisted of 600 copies at a subscription price of three shillings each.

'**Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.** By Robert Burns. Edinburgh : Printed for the Author, and sold by William Creech, M,DCC,LXXXVII.' 8vo. Two separate issues, the *skinking* and the *stinking*, so called from a printer's error on p. 263. The text of the latter generally agrees with that of the first Kilmarnock edition, so far as it goes.

'**Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.** By Robert Burns. In two volumes. The second edition, considerably enlarged. Edinburgh : Printed for T. Cadell, London, and William Creech, Edinburgh, M,DCC,XCIII.' Sm. 8vo. Contains twenty additional pieces.

'**Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.** By Robert Burns. In two volumes. A new edition considerably enlarged. Edinburgh : Printed for T. Cadell, London, and William Creech, Edinburgh. MDCCXCIV.' 8vo. This is a reprint of the 1793 edition with a few alterations. It is the last edition of the author.

'**The Works of Robert Burns**; with an account of his life, and a criticism on his writings. To which are prefixed, some observations on the character and condition of the Scottish peasantry. In four volumes. [By Dr. Currie.] Liverpool, printed by J. McCreery, Houghton Street; for T. Cadell, Jun., and W. Davies, Strand, London; and W. Creech, Edinburgh . . . 1800.' 8vo. 4 vols.

'**Poems ascribed to Robert Burns**, the Ayrshire Bard, not contained in any edition of his works hitherto published. Glasgow, printed by Chapman & Lang, for Thomas Stewart . . . 1801.' 8vo. pp. vi and 94.

'**Reliques of Robert Burns**; consisting chiefly of original letters, poems, and critical observations on Scottish Songs. Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. London : Printed by J. McCreery, for T. Cadell, and W. Davies, Strand. 1808.' 8vo.

This is the volume referred to in the preceding note on the *Interleaved Museum*.

'**Life of Robert Burns.** By J. G. Lockhart, LL.B. Edinburgh : Constable & Co. 1828.' 8vo. The second edition in 1829.

'**The Works of Robert Burns.** Edited by the Ettrick Shepherd and William Motherwell. Glasgow : A. Fullarton & Co.' 1834-6. 12mo. 5 vols.



'Kilmarnock Edition. In two volumes, revised and extended. **The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns**, arranged in the order of their earliest publication. Volume First. Pieces published by the author, with new annotations, biographical notices, &c. Edited by William Scott-Douglas. Kilmarnock: M<sup>c</sup>Kie & Drennan. MDCCCLXXVI.' Cr. 8vo. Volume Second. 'Pieces published posthumously.'

'**Robert Burns' Commonplace Book.** Printed from the original manuscript in the possession of John Adam, Esq., Greenock. Edinburgh: privately printed. 1872.' 8vo.

'**The Works of Robert Burns.** [By W. Scott-Douglas.] Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1877-9.' Imp. 8vo. 6 vols.

'**Centenary Edition.**' '**The Poetry of Robert Burns.** Edited by William Ernest Henley and Thomas F. Henderson.' Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack, Causewayside. 1896-7. 8vo. 4 vols.

Together, the *Scott-Douglas* and the *Centenary* are the modern standard editions of the complete Works of Burns.

'**Robert Burns.** [Vol. i.] *La Vie.* [Vol. ii.] *Les Œuvres.* Auguste Angellier. Paris: Hachette & C<sup>ie</sup>. 1893.' Large 8vo. pp. 1038. Remarkable as containing the most comprehensive life of Burns yet published, and a lengthy description and criticism of Scottish poetry prior to Burns. Angellier does not claim Burns as a Frenchman, but he thinks that he is more French than English.

'**Poésies Complètes de Robert Burns.** Traduites de l'écoissais par M. Léon de Wailly, avec une Introduction du même. Paris: Adolphe Delahays, Libraire. 1843.' 12mo.

'**Gedichte von Robert Burns.** Übersetzt von Philipp Kaufmann. Stuttgart und Tübingen: Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. 1839.' 8vo.

'**De schoonste Liederen van Robert Burns.** Uit het Schotsch vertaald door Frans de Cort. Brussel: L. Truys. 1862.' Cr. 8vo.

'**Poesie di Roberto Burns.** Prima versione italiana di Ulisse Ortensi. Parte prima. Modena: E. Sarasino. 1893.'

'**Vijftig uitgesogte Afrikaanse Gedigte,** versameld door F. W. Reitz, Hoofregter in d'Oranje Vrijstaat. 1888.' Contains translations into the *Taal* of *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, *Tam o' Shanter*, and *Duncan Gray*, which are curious as being the work of the Secretary of State of the Transvaal, who wrote the Ultimatum which precipitated the war in South Africa.

Other published translations of Burns exist in Welsh, Gaelic, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Flemish, French, Frisian, German, Swiss-German, Hungarian, Italian, Norwegian, Russian, Swedish, and Latin.

**The Merry Muses of Caledonia.** A collection of favourite Scotch Songs ancient and modern, selected for the use of the Crochallan Fencibles. c. 1800.

A small surreptitious 18mo volume of 127 pages without imprint or date, containing about ninety songs assumed to be copied from a private manuscript volume which Burns intended to destroy, and which it is believed does not now exist. The references in our Notes are from a genuine copy which belonged to the late W. Scott-Douglas.

## II. SONGS AND SONG LITERATURE WITHOUT MUSIC.

**Cowkelbie Sow.** A poem of the fifteenth century in the *Bannatyne MS.* and printed in Laing's 'Select Remains of the *Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland.*' Edinburgh, 1822. A large number of airs, songs, and dances are named in the poem, all of which are otherwise unknown.

**Asloan MS.,** of about the beginning of the sixteenth century, is a collection of early poetry. The MS. is imperfect; and of sixty pieces named in the contents thirty-four are missing. It has never been properly examined, and the present owner declines access to it.

'**The Complaynt of Scotland,** written in 1548, with a preliminary Dissertation and Glossary. Edinburgh: Archibald Constable, 1801.' [By John Leyden.] 8vo. Of the airs, dances, songs, and tales named in the work the greater number are unknown.

**Maitland MS.,** in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge, was compiled by Sir Richard Maitland, of Lethington (1496-1586). It was bought at the Lauderdale sale in 1692 by the diarist, Pepys, who bequeathed it to Magdalen College in 1703. It consists of two volumes of poetry written from about 1420 to 1585. Vol. i., folio, pp. 366, contains 176 pieces. Vol. ii., quarto, 138 leaves, contains 96 pieces. See Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems*, London, 1786; and *Poems*, Maitland Club, Glasgow, 1830.

'**Ane compendious buik of godlie Psalmes and spirituall Sangis collectit furthe of sindrie partis of the Scripture, with diueris Vtheris Ballatis changeit out of prophane Sangis in godlie Sangis for auoyding of sin and harlatric.** With augmentation of sindrie gude and godlie Ballatis not contenit in the first editionn. Imprintit at Edinburgh be Johne Ros for Henrie Charteris. MDLxxviii. Cum priuilegio Regali.' 16mo, pp. 16 and 207. [A literal reprint was issued by David Laing, Edinburgh, 1868; and the Scottish Text Society has since reprinted an earlier edition of 1567. The contents are metrical versions of some of the Psalms, a selection of hymns, chiefly translations, from the German, and (for our purpose) a number of imitations or religious parodies of popular secular songs then current. This kind of poetry was written for the use of the Reformers in England, Holland, Germany, France, and Italy prior to the Scottish collection. The two last-named countries suppressed it. Coverdale wrote a 'godlie' song which would be impossible to print in a hymnary of the present day. The 'psalmes' of a noble lord of Holland, Nievelte by name, were published in 1540, and sung in the families and private assemblies of the Protestants, 'ut homines ab amatoriis, haud raro obscenis, aliisque vanis canticis, quibus omnia in urbibus et vicis personabant, avocaret,' &c. The *spiritual* songs of Colletet published in France as late as 1660 are scandalously bad. The subject is sketched in M<sup>c</sup>Crie's *Life of John Knox*, Edinburgh, 1840, 399. See also Douen's *Le Psautier Huguenot*, Paris, 1878, 2 vols. 8vo. In connexion with this subject a *sang* which had been sought in vain for many years has just come to light. In 1568 the General Assembly of the Kirk unanimously ordered Thomas Bassandine to call in all the copies of a psalm *buik* which he had published without licence, and to keep 'the rest unsauld' until he deleted 'a baudie song out of the end of the psalm booke.' Now that a copy of *Welcum Fortoun* has been discovered it is difficult to understand why it should have been singled out for opprobrium and the printer so severely punished. The decorum of the verses as compared with some lively *sangis* in the *Godlie ballads* is presumptive evidence that the Assembly wanted an excuse to punish the unlicensed printer. By permission of the Scottish Text

Society I reprint the verses as follows from the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, Edinburgh, 1897, 222.

‘Welcum Fortoun, welcum againe,  
The day and hour I may weill blis  
Thow hes exilit all my paine,  
Quhilk to my hart greit plesour is.  
For I may say that few men may,  
Seing of paine I am drest,  
I haif obtenit all my pay  
The love of hir that I lufe best.  
I know nae sic as scho is one,  
Sa trew, sa kynde, sa luiffandlie,

Quhat suld I do, an scho war gone?  
Allace! zit I had leuer die.  
To me scho is baith trew and kynde,  
Worthie it war scho had the praise:  
For na disdaine in hir I find,  
I pray to God I may hir pleis.  
Quhen that I heir hir name exprest,  
My hart for Ioy dois loup thairfoir,  
Abufe all vther I lufe hir best,  
Until I die, quhat wald scho moir?’

**Bannatyne MS.** 1568. In the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh. Compiled in 1568 by George Bannatyne (1545-c. 1606) in a folio containing about 340 pieces and other additional poems by later hands. A complete catalogue is in *Memorials of George Bannatyne*, Edinburgh, 1829. The whole has been reprinted for the *Hunterian Club*. Selections are in *Ancient Scottish Poems*, Edinburgh, 1770; and Sibbald’s *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, Edinburgh, 1802.

‘A handefull of pleasant delites, containing Sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers Kindes of meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in use, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune With new additions of Certain Songs, to very lately deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore, By Clement Robinson and diuers others. At London: Richard Jhones. 1584.’ 12mo, pp. 63. Only a unique copy imperfect is known. Reprinted in Arber’s *English Scholar’s Library*, 1878. Of the first edition of 1566 not any portion has been verified. It is the first miscellaneous collection of songs, marked for popular tunes, issued in England.

‘**Merry Drollery**, or a collection of Jovial Poems, Merry Songs, Witty Drolleries. Intermixed with Merry Catches. The first part. Collected by W. N.; C. B.; R. S.; I. G.; London, Printed by I. W. for P. H., &c. [1661]. The Second Part with additions in 1671. 12mo.

‘**Westminster Drollery**. Or a choice Collection of the Newest Songs and Poems both at Court and Theaters. By a Person of Quality. With additions. London: Printed for H. Brome at the Gun in St. Paul’s Church Yard, &c. 1671.’ 12mo.

‘**Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Display’d**; or, The folly of their teaching discover’d from their Books, Sermons, Prayers, &c. With additions. London, 1694.’ Second edition, 4to.

‘**A choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems** both ancient and modern. By several hands. Part i. Edinburgh: printed by James Watson. Sold by John Vallange. 1706.’ Cr. 8vo. Part ii. in 1709, and Part iii. in 1711.

This is the first miscellaneous collection of Scottish Secular Poetry published in Scotland. It contains only a few vernacular songs.

‘**A Collection of Old Ballads** corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant. With Introductions historical, critical, or humorous. Illustrated with copper plates. London: printed for J. Roberts, &c., 1723-5. 16mo. 3 vols.

**The Tea-Table Miscellany**: a collection of the most Choice Songs, Scots and English. By Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh. 18mo.

Original copies of the several volumes of this work are exceedingly rare. The following are the dates of publication: Vol. i. in 1724; vol. ii. in 1724 or 1725; vol. iii. in 1727; and vol. iv. in 1740. The third volume contains no

Scottish songs, the others are a mixed collection. The eighteenth edition appeared in 1792. A presumably unauthorized edition, two volumes in one, has the following title: 'The Tea-Table Miscellany; or Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs. London: Printed by J. Watson over against Hungerford Market in the Strand, 1730.' 18mo. pp. 230. In the preface it is styled the 'fifth edition.'

**The Hive, a Collection of the most Celebrated Songs.** London: Printed for J. Walthoe, Jun., 1724. 16mo. 4 vols. The last in 1732. Contains a criticism on Song Writing by 'Namby-pamby' Philips.

'**The Vocal Miscellany**, a collection of above four hundred celebrated songs; many of which were never before printed. With the names of the tunes prefixed to each song. The third edition corrected with additions. Dublin: Printed by W. Rhames in Capel Street . . . 1738.' 16mo. pp. xx and 340. The first edition, London, 1733.

'**The Lark**: containing a collection of above Four hundred and seventy celebrated English and Scotch Songs none of which are contained in the other collections of the same size called *The Syren* and *The Nightingale*. With a curious and copious alphabetical glossary for explaining the Scotch words. London: printed for John Osborn . . . 1740.' 18mo. pp. 416.

'**The Charmer**, a choice collection of Songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh: Printed for J. Yair . . . 1749. 12mo.' The second volume in 1751. The second edition in 1752; the third in 1765 is subscribed 'Edinburgh: Printed for M. Yair, bookseller.'

'**Orpheus**: a collection of One thousand nine hundred and seventy-four of the most celebrated English and Scotch songs. With a glossary explaining the Scotch words. In three volumes. London: Printed for C. Hitch and J. Osborn . . . 1749. 16mo.' This is a collection of three volumes under the titles—*The Linnet*, *The Thrush*, and *The Robin*, published the same year.

**Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c.** London, 1750. Privately printed.

**Herd's MS.**, now in the British Museum, contains songs, ballads, and remnants; it is the foundation of Herd's Collections of Songs published in 1769 and 1776. Many unpublished pieces are referred to in the Notes. Sir Walter Scott and other ballad editors since his time have examined it and drawn from it.

'**A Collection of Songs.** Edinburgh: Printed by A. Donaldson and J. Reid. 1762.' 12mo.

**A choice Collection of Scotch and English Songs**, taken from the Amyrillis, Phoenix, &c. . . . Glasgow, 1764. 12mo.

**The Blackbird**: a choice collection of the most celebrated songs . . . , by William Hunter, Philo-Architectonicae. Edinburgh, 1764. 16mo.

**The Lark**: being a select collection of the most celebrated and newest songs, Scots and English. Edinburgh: W. Gordon, 1765. Vol. i. 12mo. Only one volume published.

'**The Masque**: a new and select collection of the best English, Scotch, and Irish Songs . . . with a great number of valuable originals. . . . A new edition with great additions. London: printed for Richardson & Urquhart under the Royal Exchange,' n. d. 12mo. The first edition in 1761, another in 1768. That described above is a few years later.

'**Reliques of Ancient English Poetry**: consisting of old Heroic Ballads,



Songs, and other pieces of our earlier Poets (chiefly of the lyric kind). Together with some few of later date. By Thomas Percy. London, 1765.' 3 vols. Second English edition in 1767, third in 1775, fourth edition improved 1794, fifth in 1812.

'The ancient and modern Scots Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c. Now first collected into one body, from the various miscellanies wherein they formerly lay dispersed. Containing likewise, a great number of original songs from manuscripts, never before published. Edinburgh: printed by, and for, Martin & Wotherspoon. MDCCCLXIX.' 12mo. This is Herd's original edition in one volume, which is very rare.

**The Glasgow Miscellany**: a select collection of Scots and English Songs. Glasgow, n. d. 8vo.

'The Caledoniad. A collection of Poems, written chiefly by Scottish authors. London: Printed by W. Hay . . . 1775.' 16mo. 3 vols. A curious and rare collection of Poems and Songs, including satirical pieces by Sir Robert Keith Murray (1732-95), Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Court of Vienna.

'Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c. Collected from memory, tradition, and ancient authors. The second edition. In two volumes. Edinburgh: Printed by John Wotherspoon for James Dickson and Charles Elliot,' MDCCCLXXVI. 12mo. This is the second edition of Herd's Collection. Another and different edition in 1791 by Laurie and Symington.

'The Nightingale: a collection of ancient and modern Songs, Scots and English, none of which are in Ramsay. . . . Edinburgh: Printed for J. Murray, 1776.' 12mo.

**Essay on Poetry and Music** . . . [Dr. Beattie.] Edinburgh, 1776. 8vo.

'Letters from Edinburgh. [Captain Edward Topham.] Written in the years 1774 and 1775: containing some Observations on the Diversions, Customs, Manners, and Laws of the Scotch nation, during a six months' residence in Edinburgh. London: J. Dodsley, 1776.' 8vo.

'The Scots Nightingale; or Edinburgh Vocal Miscellany. A new and select collection of the best Scots and English Songs, and a great number of valuable originals by Drs. Beattie, Goldsmith, Blacklock, Scrymgeour, Webster, Innes, Sir Harry Erskine, Messrs. Tait, Boswell, Ferguson. . . . The second edition: with the addition of one hundred modern Songs. Edinburgh: Printed by James Murray, Parliament Square, 1779.' 18mo.

**Dissertation on the Scottish Music** by W. Tytler, of Woodhouselee. First printed at the end of Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, 1779.

'The True Loyalist; or Chevalier's Favourite. Being a collection of elegant songs, never before printed. Also several other loyal compositions, wrote by eminent hands. Printed in the year 1779.' 18mo.

'The Sky-Lark; or the Lady's and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion. Edinburgh,' n. d. 12mo.

'St. Cecilia; or the Lady's and Gentleman's Harmonious Companion: being a select collection of Scots and English Songs; many of which are originals. . . . Edinburgh: Printed by W. Darling for C. Wilson . . . 1779.' 16mo.

'Scottish Tragic Ballads. [John Pinkerton.] London: J. Nichols, 1781.' Cr. 8vo.

'**The Goldfinch; or New Modern Songster.** Being a select collection of the most admired and favourite Scots and English Songs, Cantatas, &c. Edinburgh : Printed for A. Brown, n.d. [1782]. 12mo. The first edition was published in 1777.

'**The Charmer:** a collection of songs, chiefly such as are eminent for Poetical merit; among which are many originals and others that were never before printed in a Song Book. In two volumes. Vol. i. Fourth edition with improvements. Edinburgh: Printed for J. Sibbald, &c., 1782.' 12mo. Vol. ii. 'an entire new collection.' The first volume is a reprint of that of 1765 with the exception of thirteen songs substituted for twelve others omitted.

'**Select Scottish Ballads.** [John Pinkerton.] London: J. Nichols, 1783.' Cr. 8vo.

'**The Cheerful Companion,** containing a select collection of favourite Scots and English Songs, Catches, &c., many of which are originals. Second edition. Perth. . . J. Gillies, Bookseller, 1783.' 16mo.

'**The Poetical Museum.** Containing Songs and Poems on almost every subject. Mostly from periodical publications. Hawick: printed for G. Carr, 1784.' 16mo.

**The New British Songster.** A collection of Songs, Scots and English, with toasts and sentiments for the Bottle. Falkirk, 1785. 12mo.

'**The Humming Bird; or a compleat collection of the most esteemed Songs.** Containing about Fourteen hundred of the most celebrated English, Scotch, and Irish Songs. . . Canterbury: printed and sold by Simmons and Kirby . . . 1785.' Square 12mo.

**The British Songster,** being a select collection of favourite Scots and English Songs, Catches, &c. Glasgow: A. Tillock . . . 1786. 16mo.

'**Ancient Scottish Poems,** never before in print, but now published from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington. . . With large notes and a Glossary. . . London: Printed for Charles Dilly . . . 1786.' 2 vols. cr. 8vo. This is the collection of Pinkerton, who anticipated Ritson in the history of Scottish Song.

'**The Busy Bee or Vocal Repository;** being a selection of the most favourite songs . . . and a variety of Scotch and Irish Ballads, &c. London: J. S. Barr, n.d. [1790]. 12mo. 3 vols.

**The Edinburgh Syren or Musical Bouquet;** being a new selection of Modern Songs. . . Edinburgh: Thomas Brown, 1792. 24mo.

**Essay on Scottish Songs** by John Ramsay of Ochtertyre. Printed in *The Bee*, Edinburgh, 1794, and signed *J. Runcole*.

**Poetry; Original and Selected.** Glasgow: Printed for and sold by Brash & Reed, n.d. [1796-7]. 4 vols. 16mo.

**The Nightingale,** a collection of Songs, Scots, English, and Irish. Printed for and sold by the Booksellers, 1798. 24mo.

'**Sangs of the Lowlands of Scotland,** carefully compared with the original editions, and embellished with characteristic designs composed and engraved by the late David Allan, Esq., historical painter. Edinburgh: printed and sold by David Foulis . . . 1799.' 4to. pp. 222.

**The Polyhymnia:** being a collection of Poetry, original and selected, by a Society of Gentlemen. Glasgow: John Murdoch, n. d. [1799]. 16mo. Twenty Nos. of eight pages each.

**Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:** consisting of historical and romantic ballads, collected in the southern counties of Scotland, with a few of modern date founded upon local tradition. Kelso, 1802, for vols. i. and ii; Edinburgh, 1803, vol. iii. The final authorized edition of this collection by Sir Walter Scott was edited by J. G. Lockhart, and published in 1833.

The Principal Collections of Scottish Ballads are: Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, Edinburgh, 1806; Finlay's *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, Edinburgh, 1808; *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, Edinburgh, 1814; Gilchrist's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads*, Edinburgh, 1815; Struther's *British Minstrel*, Glasgow, 1821; Laing's *Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1824; Laing's *The Thistle of Scotland*, Aberdeen, 1823; Sharpe's *A Ballad Book*, Edinburgh, 1823; Maidment's *A North Country Garland*, Edinburgh, 1824; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, Glasgow, 1827; Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, London, 1827; Kinloch's *The Ballad Book*, Edinburgh, 1827; and Maidment's *A New Book of Old Ballads*, Edinburgh, 1844.

'**Select Scotch Songs, Ancient and Modern.** With critical observations and biographical notices, by Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek. London: Printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand, by J. McCreery. 1810.' 2 vols. Cr. 8vo. The Notes quoted from Burns in these volumes must be received with caution.

'**Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland.** By the late William Stenhouse. Originally compiled to accompany the *Scots Musical Museum*, and now published separately, with additional Notes and Illustrations. William Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1853.' 8vo. About 900 pages. Contains a facsimile Letter of Robert Burns. This important work on Scottish verse and air was begun prior to the year 1817, was printed at the close of 1820, was delayed and ultimately laid aside until 1839, when it was first published with additional Illustrations and a copious Bibliography of Scottish Music to accompany a new issue of the *Scots Musical Museum*. Stenhouse had the use of the MSS. of Burns's songs which were printed in the *Museum*, and he is more to be depended upon as a commentator of Burns than as an historical annotator on music. Although his work is defaced by numberless erroneous dates and quotations which have to be verified, it must be admitted that he was the first investigator of Scottish music; and all who undertake the subject are obliged to refer to his work as a starting-point. His volume contains numerous melodies dispersed in the text.

'**The Poems of the Sempills of Beltrees.** Now first collected, with Notes and Biographical Notices of their lives. By James Paterson. . . . Edinburgh: Stevenson, 1849.' 12mo.

**Musical Memoirs of Scotland.** With Historical Annotations and numerous illustrative plates. By Sir John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh, 1849. 4to.

'**Scotish Ballads and Songs.** [James Maidment.] Edinburgh: Stevenson, 1859.' 16mo.

'**The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland:** its pronunciation, grammar, and historical relations. With an appendix on the present limits of



the Gaelic and Lowland Scotch, and the dialectical divisions of the Lowland tongue, and a linguistic map of Scotland. By James A. H. Murray . . . London: Asher & Co., 1873.' 8vo. pp. 248.

**The English and Scottish Ballads.** Edited by Francis James Child. 4to. In ten parts, or five volumes. 1882-98. The most comprehensive work of its kind.

### III. SONGS AND SONG LITERATURE WITH MUSIC

This list includes all the known original collections of Scottish Song with Music, published in Scotland during the eighteenth century. The first printed music book was 'The whole Psalmes of David in English meter' at Edinburgh, by Robert Lekprevik, 1564, included in *Knox's Liturgy*.

**'Cantus, Songs and Fancies.** To thre, foure, or five Partes, both apt for voices and viols. With a briefe Introduction to Musick, as is taught in the Musick-schole of Aberdene by T. D., M<sup>r</sup> of Musick. Aberdene: Printed by John Forbes, and are to be sold at his shop, MDCLXII.' Sm. ob.

The second and third editions, varied and enlarged, appeared in 1666 and 1682 respectively. The collection is chiefly English scholastic part-music.

**'A choice Collection of 180 Loyal Songs,** all of them written since the two late Plots, viz. the horrid Salamanca Plot in 1678 and the Fanatical Conspiracy in 1683. Intermixt with some new Love Songs. With a table to find every song. To which is added the musical notes to each song. The third edition with many additions. London: Printed by N. T. . . . Old Spring-Garden . . . 1685.' 16mo. pp. 372.

**'Wit and Mirth ; or, Pills to purge melancholy.** Being a collection of the best merry ballads and songs, old and new. Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper tune for either voice, or instrument : Most of the songs being new set. London : . . . Printed by W. Pearson for I. Tonson, &c., 1719-1720.' 12mo. 6 vols.

This is known as *Durfee's Pills*. The first edition was published in 1699, and the third in 1707. That described above is the fourth edition, the most complete, and contains some genuine Scottish airs, with numerous parodies of Scottish songs and Anglo-Scottish airs.

**'Orpheus Caledonius : or, a collection of the best Scotch songs set to musick by W. Thomson.'** London : engraved and printed for the author . . . n. d.' [1725]. Folio. Contains fifty songs. This is the earliest collection proper of Scottish songs.

**'The Musical Miscellany : being a collection of choice songs, . . . &c.** London : John Watts, 1729-31.' Sm. 8vo. 6 vols. The title-pages of vols. iii. to vi. are slightly different from above. Contains reprints of some songs in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, and other Scottish Songs.

**A Collection of Original Scotch Songs,** with a thorough Bass to each song, for the Harpsichord. London: Printed for and sold by J. Walsh, &c., n. d. [1731]. Folio. Another collection in 1734 also undated.

**'Orpheus Caledonius ; or, a collection of Scots songs.** Set to musick by W. Thomson. London: Printed for the author . . . 1733.' 8vo. 2 vols. The first volume is a near reprint of that of 1725, the second volume contains an additional fifty songs.

'**Bickham's Musical Entertainer.** Printed for C. Corbett at Addison's Head, Fleet Street,' n. d. [1737]. Folio. 2 vols. Contains verses, music, pictorial head-pieces and ornamental borders, finely engraved throughout by Gravelot and Bickham, of 200 songs, printed on one side of the leaf.

'**Calliope**; or, English Harmony. A collection of the most celebrated English and Scots Songs. Neatly Engrav'd and embellish'd with designs adapted to the subject of each song. . . . London: Engrav'd and sold by Henry Roberts . . . in High Holborn, 1739.' 8vo. 2 vols.

'**Universal Harmony**; or, the Gentleman and Ladies Social Companion. Consisting of a great variety of the best and most favourite English and Scots Songs . . . all neatly engraved on quarto copper plates and set to music for the voice. . . . London: Printed for J. Newbury . . . 1745.' 4to. pp. 129.

'**The Muses Delight.** An accurate collection of English and Italian songs . . . set to music . . . and several hundred English, Irish, and Scots Songs, without the music. Liverpool: John Sadler, 1754. 8vo. pp. 328.

'**Thirty Scots Songs** for a voice and harpsichord. The music taken from the most genuine sets extant; the words from Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by R. Bremner at the Harp and Hoboy,' n. d. [1757]. Folio. pp. 33.

'**A Second Set of Scots Songs** for a voice and harpsichord. Edinburgh: [as above] R. Bremner, n. d. [1757]. Folio. pp. 33.

**Twelve Scots Songs** for a voice or guitar, with a thorough Bass adapted for that instrument. By Robert Bremner. Edinburgh, n. d. [1760]. Ob. 4to. pp. 18.

**A Collection of the best old Scotch and English Songs** set for the voice, with accompaniments, and thorough Bass for the harpsichord. . . . London: Printed for J. Oswald, n. d. Folio. pp. 36.

**Anthologie Française, ou Chansons Choies** [by Meusnier de Querlon], depuis le 13<sup>e</sup> siècle jusqu'à présent. 1765. 8vo. 3 vols.

**Twelve Songs** for the voice and harpsichord. Composed by Cornforth Gilson. Edinburgh, 1769. Folio. pp. 14.

'**Vocal Music**; or, the Songster's Companion. Containing a new and choice collection of the greatest variety of Songs, Cantatas, &c. London: Printed for Robert Horsfield, n. d. [1770-5]. 12mo. 3 vols.

**Thirty Scots Songs** adapted for a voice and harpsichord. The words by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh. . . . N. Stewart & Co., n. d. [c. 1772]. First Book. Folio. 3 books. 92 pp. in all.

**A Collection of Scots Songs** adapted for a voice or harpsichord. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by Neil Stewart. . . . n. d. [1772]. Folio. pp. 28.

**A new and complete Collection of the most favourite Scots Songs**, including a few English and Irish, with proper graces. . . . By Signor Corri. Edinburgh . . . Corri & Sutherland, n. d. [1783]. Folio. 2 vols. pp. 35 each.

**Rosina.** A Comic Opera as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (a new edition). Composed and selected by W. Shield. London: Printed by Goulding, &c., n. d. Folio. *Rosina* was performed for the first time in 1783.

**The Musical Miscellany.** A select collection of the most approved Scots, English, and Irish Songs, set to music. Perth: Printed by J. Brown,

MDCCLXXXVI. 12mo. pp. 347. Inscribed to the Provost, Baillies, and Town Council of Perth. The first handbook of songs with music printed in Scotland. All preceding collections were 4to or folio size.

'The Scots Musical Museum, humbly dedicated to the Catch Club, instituted at Edin<sup>r</sup>., June, 1771. By James Johnson. Vol. i. Price 6s. [vignette without border]. Edinburgh: Sold and subscriptions taken in by and for the publisher, N. Stewart, R. Bremner, Corri and Sutherland, R. Ross, Edin<sup>r</sup>. and all the music sellers in London.' Preface dated May 22, 1787. In the text Burns is named once.

Vol. ii. has the same title-page as that of vol. i. so far as the address at foot, which is altered to 'Edinburgh: Printed and sold by James Johnson, Engraver, Beils Wynd. Sold also by N. Stewart, R. Bremner, Corri and Sutherland, R. Ross, C. Elliot, W. Creech, J. Sibbald, Edin<sup>r</sup>.; A. McGowan and W. Gould, Glasgow; Boyd, Dumfries; More, Dundee; Sherriffs, Aberdeen; Fisher and Atkinson, Newcastle; Massey, Manchester; C. Elliot, T. Kay & Co., No. 332 Strand; Longman and Broadrip, No. 26 Cheapside, London.' Preface dated March 1, 1788. Burns is named once, and that in the Index.

Vol. iii. Same title-page as vol. ii, except that the vignette has an ornamental border surmounted by a thistle, and the address at foot is enlarged, ending with 'J. Preston, No. 97 Strand, London.' Preface dated February 2, 1790, ends with 'materials for the 4th and in all probability the last volume are in great forwardness.' In the Index Burns is marked as the author of six songs.

Vol. iiiii. has the same title-page as vol. iii, with the ornamental vignette as above described, but with a changed address, which is 'Edin<sup>r</sup>. Printed and sold by Johnson & Co., Music Sellers, head of Lady Stair's Close, Lawnmarket, where may be had variety of music and musical instruments lent out, Tun'd and Repaired.' Preface is dated August 13, 1792. In the Index Burns is named as the author of six songs.

Vol. v. The title-page is throughout identical with that of vol. iiiii. as follows: 'The Scots Musical Museum humbly dedicated to the Catch Club instituted at Edinburgh, June 1771. By James Johnson. Vol. v. Price 6s. [Vignette with an ornamented border surmounted by a thistle.] Edin<sup>r</sup>. Printed and sold by Johnson & Co., Music Sellers, head of Lady Stair's Close, Lawnmarket, where may be had variety of music and musical instruments lent out, Tun'd and Repaired.' Undated [Dec. 1796]. Preface undated. In the Index only Burns is named as the author of fifteen songs, one of which, however, is not his.

Vol. vi. and last is titled as follows: 'The Scots Musical Museum in six volumes consisting of six hundred Scots Songs with proper Bases for the pianoforte, &c. Humbly dedicated to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. By James Johnson. In this publication the original simplicity of our ancient national airs is retained unincumbered with useless accompaniments and graces depriving the hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies. Vol. vi. 7s. Printed and sold by Johnson, music seller, Edinburgh, to be had at T. Preston, 97 Strand, London; MacFadyen, Glasgow, and at all the principal music sellers.' Preface is dated June 4, 1803, and in the Index and Text Burns is marked as the author of twenty-six songs. Each volume contains one hundred songs. On the completion of the work in 1803 the title-pages of the preceding volumes were altered and made uniform with that of the sixth; the Prefaces were revised and corrected; and under the titles in the Text of many of the songs of vols. ii. to v. were added: 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' During his lifetime all the songs of Burns in Johnson's *Museum* were published anonymously, except those marked in the Indexes referred to above. A complete set of the original issues is very rare, and hitherto difficult to recognize. During the long course of publication the title-pages of some of the early volumes were altered more than once.

**Calliope**; or the Musical Miscellany. A select collection of the most approved English, Scots, and Irish Songs, set to music. London: Printed for C. Elliot and T. Kay. . . and C. Elliot, Edinburgh, 1788. 8vo. pp. 472.

**A Selection of the most favourite Scots Songs**, chiefly pastoral, adapted for the harpsichord, with an accompaniment for a violin. By eminent masters. . . London. . . William Napier, n. d. [1790]. Folio. pp. 77.

**A Selection of Original Scots Songs** in three parts, the harmony by Haydn. . . London. . . William Napier, n. d. [1792]. Folio. pp. 101. This is the second volume of the above. Vol. iii. published in 1794.

**The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany**. A collection of the most approved Scotch, English, and Irish Songs; set to music. Selected by D. Sime, Edinburgh: printed for W. Gordon . . . 1792. 12mo. Vol. ii. printed by John Elder, 1793.

**'A Selection of Scots Songs**, harmonised and improved, with simple and adapted Graces. . . By Peter Urbani, professor of Music. Printed for the author and sold at his shop, foot of Carruber's Close. . . Edinburgh,' n. d. [1793]. Folio. pp. 51. Book ii. in 1794, pp. 50; Books iii. and iv. in 1799, pp. 54 each.

**'A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs**, with select and characteristic Scotch and English verses, the most part of which written by the celebrated R. Burns; arranged for the voice, with introductory and concluding symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte. . . by P. Urbani. Edinburgh: Printed and sold by Urbani & Liston, 10 Princes Street,' n. d. Folio. pp. 59. This is Books v. and vi. of Urbani's Collection.

**Scotch Songs**. In two volumes [Joseph Ritson]. London: printed by J. Johnson . . . 1794. 12mo. This contains the valuable *Historical Essay on Scotch Song*.

**Dale's Collection of Sixty Favourite Scotch Songs**, taken from the original manuscripts of the most celebrated authors and composers. . . London . . . J. Dale, n. d. [1794]. Folio. Books ii. and iii. same year, containing sixty songs each.

**'A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs** for the voice. To each of which are added introductory and concluding symphonies and accompaniments for the violin and pianoforte by Pleyel, with select and characteristic verses by the most admired Scottish Poets, adapted to each air; many of them entirely new. Also suitable English verses in addition to each of the songs as written in the Scottish dialect, price 10s. 6d. First set. London: printed and sold by Preston & Son . . . Strand, for the proprietor, (signed) G. Thomson,' n. d. Folio. Contains twenty-five airs, pp. 1-25. Preface dated May 1, 1793.

Second set, with varied title: 'accompaniments' by Kozeluch and the 'greater number' of the songs 'written for this work by Burns,' n. d. [1798]. Twenty-five airs, pp. 26-50.

Third set same title as second set [1799], pp. 51-75.

Fourth set: ends vol. ii., accompts. 'chiefly by Kozeluch and partly by Pleyel,' otherwise same as third set [1799], pp. 76-100. Vol. iii. pub. in 1801; vol. iv. 'Printed by J. Moir, 1805,' containing fifty airs each, harmonized by Haydn; and vol. v., preface dated June, 1818, containing thirty airs harmonized by Beethoven, and a mutilated version of *The Jolly Beggars* by Burns, set to music by Henry R. Bishop. The editor expresses 'the satisfaction he felt when he saw the practicability of excluding those passages without depriving the Poem of its unity, its raciness of humour, or its interest'!

The above describes the original edition of George Thomson's collection, to which Burns contributed so largely. The title is rarely quoted correctly and



the original volumes are difficult to recognize, as Thomson made numerous alterations in all the volumes during the many years of issue.

**The Vocal Magazine**, containing a selection of the most esteemed English, Scots, and Irish songs, ancient and modern: adapted for the harpsichord or violin. Edinburgh . . . C. Stewart & Co., 1797. 8vo. Vol. ii. in 1798; vol. iii. in 1799.

**The Musical Repository**, a collection of Scotch, English, and Irish songs set to music. Glasgow: Printed by Alex. Adams, 1799. 16mo. pp. 278.

**The Jacobite Relics of Scotland**: being the songs, airs, and legends of the adherents to the house of Stuart. Collected and illustrated by James Hogg. Edinburgh, 1819 and 1821. 2 vols. 8vo.

**The Select Melodies of Scotland**, interspersed with those of Ireland and Wales, united to the songs of Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished poets: with symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte by Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn, and Beethoven. The whole composed for and arranged by George Thomson in five vols. London: Preston, n.d. 8vo. [1822-3] with a sixth volume in 1825.

**The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time**, a history of the ancient songs, ballads, and of the dance tunes of England with numerous anecdotes and entire ballads . . . by W. Chappell, F. S. A. The whole of the airs harmonized by G. A. Macfarren. London: Chappell & Co., n.d. [1859]. 2 vols. 8vo. Continuous pages 823. Under a somewhat different title the work was issued to subscribers in 1855, and to the public in 1859. Although the author found it very inconvenient and troublesome to ascertain the date of publication of many of the airs, he nevertheless perpetuated the trade custom. His own work bears no date of publication either on the title or introduction.

**Traditional Ballad Airs**, arranged and harmonized for the pianoforte and harmonium from copies procured in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. By W. A. Christie & Co. Edinburgh, 1876. 4to. 2 vols.

**Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France**, par Julien Tiersot. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1889. pp. viii and 441.

**Early Scottish Melodies**: including samples from MSS. and early printed works, along with a number of comparative Tunes, Notes on former annotators, . . . Written and arranged by John Glen. Edinburgh: J. & R. Glen, 1900.

#### IV. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

**'Orchesographie, metode et teorie en forme de discours et tablature pour apprendre à dancier, battre le tambour en toute sorte et diversité de batteries, jouer du fife et arigot, tirer des armes et escrimer, avec autres honnestes exercices fort convenables à la jeunesse, affin d'estre bien venue et toute joyeuse compagnie et y montrer sa dexterité et agileté de corps.** Par Thoinet Arbeau, demeurant à Lengres. A Lengres, par Jehan des Preyz, imprimeur et libraire tenant sa boutique en la rue des Merciers dicte les Pilliers. MDLXXXIX. Avec privilège du Roi.' This is the full title of a rare volume in the Bibliothèque Nationale written by a priest, Jean Tabouret, Canon of Lengres, whose anagram is Thoinet Arbeau. On pages 80 and 81 are the music and description of a Scottish dance entitled *Branle d'Escosse*, as opposite.

Brantome records that he accompanied in Scotland the young Duc d'Angoulême, the son of Henri II by Lady Fleming the governess of Mary, Queen of Scots, and mother of Mary Fleming, one of the Queen's Maries. The Duc is described

*Premier Branle d'Esosse.*

Step to left.  
 Right foot approach.  
 Step to left.  
 Right foot across.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot approach.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot across.  
 Step to left.  
 Right foot across.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot across.

[Repeat the above  
 twelve movements.]

*Second Branle d'Esosse.*

Step to left.  
 Right foot approach.  
 Step to left.  
 Right foot across.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot across.  
 Step to left.  
 Right foot across.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot approach.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot across.  
 Step to left.  
 Right foot approach.  
 Step to left.  
 Right foot across.  
 Step to right.  
 Left foot across.  
 Right foot in the air.  
 Left foot in the air.  
 Right foot in the air.  
 Hop and *capriole*.



as one of the best dancers of his time and as having introduced many Scottish dances to the Court of France. Tabouret, in his introduction to the *Branles d'Escosse*, says that they were in vogue in 1568, and refers his learners to the instrumentalists for a knowledge of the movements of the different Branles which were then popular. Contemporary evidence of dancing in Scotland in the middle of the sixteenth century is in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, where Branles and Brangles are named as among the other 'licht dances' then indulged in; but there is no example of music in Scotland so early as the preceding Scottish Brangle from the *Orchesographie* (reprint, Paris, 1888).

**Rowallan MS.** c. 1620. A tablature lute book of fifty pages in the Edinburgh University Library which formerly belonged to Sir William Muir of Rowallan (1594-1657). It contains a few Scottish melodies.

**Straloch MS.** 1627-9. 'An playing book for the lyte. Wherein ar contained many currents and other musical things. *Musica mentis medicina maestae*. At Abirdeen. Notted and collected by Robert Gordon. In the yeere of our Lord 1627, in Februarie' . . . Colophon. '*Finis huic libro impositus*. Anno D. 1629. Ad finem Decem 6. In Stra—Loth.' A small oblong 8vo volume containing the original of a number of Scottish melodies, a few of which are known. The MS. was sold by auction in March, 1842, to an unknown buyer, still undiscovered. Extracts from the MS. were made by G. F. Graham, who presented them in 1847 to the Advocates' Library.

**Skene MS.** c. 1615-30. A small volume in the Advocates' Library containing 114 tunes, some of which are repetitions. A translation in modern notation of a portion of the MS. is in Dauney's *Ancient Scotch Melodies*, 1838.

**Airs and Sonnets**, in Trinity College Library, Dublin, marked F. 5. 13, is part of the imperfect fifth volume of *Woods MSS.* of Psalms and Canticles with music, written in 1569, pp. 112. From p. 34 and onwards some one of later date has written verses and airs of a number of Secular Songs, 'which are all notted heir with the Tennor or common pairt they ar sung with.'

**Dalhousie MS.**, of about the beginning of the seventeenth century, is in the Panmure Library. Contains about 160 airs.

**Fitzwilliam Virginal Book** [c. 1650], edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland and W. Barclay Squire. London, 1894. Folio. A MS. of English music in the Fitzwilliam collection, Cambridge.

**Guthrie MS.** c. 1670. In the University Library, Edinburgh. Contains about forty tunes in tablature which have not yet been deciphered. The manuscript was discovered by David Laing in a bound volume of sermons by James Guthrie, a Covenanted minister, who was executed in 1661 for writing a pamphlet and disowning the king's authority. Most of the titles of the tunes are Scottish.

**Blaikie MS.** 1692. In tablature for the Viol da Gamba, containing upwards of one hundred and ten tunes. This and another MS. of 1683 with nearly the same music have disappeared, but a copy of a portion of the 1683 MS. is in the Dundee Public Library.

**Leyden MS.** c. 1692. Contains about eighty tunes in tablature for the Lyra Viol and a few in modern musical notation. The present owner of the MS. is not known, but a copy is in the Advocates' Library.

**Atkinson MS.**, 1694-5, is a small volume in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It bears the name 'Henry Atkinson his book 1693,' with a note by W. A. Chappell to the effect that Atkinson was a native of Northumberland and lived in the neighbourhood of Hartburn. It contains English and numerous Scottish tunes.

**Hume MS.** 1704. In the Advocates' Library.

**Laing MS.** 1706.

**Crockatt MS.** 1709. Belonged to William Stenhouse (who annotated the *Scots Musical Museum*), and after his death became the property of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddam. It has since disappeared, and there is no known copy of it. Stenhouse often quotes it in his *Illustrations*.

**Sinkler's MS.** 1710. Bears the docket 'Margaret Sinkler aught this music book written by Andrew Adam at Glasgow October the 31 day 1710.' It is the property of Mr. John Glen, of Edinburgh, and contains over one hundred tunes partly noted on a six-line stave.

**Waterston MS.** c. 1715.

**McFarlan MSS.** 1740. Three volumes with the title 'A Collection of Scotch airs with the latest variations written for the use of Walter McFarlan of that Ilk by David Young W. M. in Edinburgh. 1740.' The second and third volumes belong to the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. The first has been lost.

Before the printing of music in Scotland the originals of many Scottish airs are found in English publications, such as Playford's *English Dancing Master*, 1651 (in the reprint of 1652 the title was altered to the *Dancing Master*, &c., and so remained to the last edition, c. 1628); in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1663, in many editions; the fifth in 1687; *Musick's Delight*, 1666; and *Musick's Recreation*, 1652.

'A Collection of Original Scotch Tunes (full of the Highland Humours) for the violin: being the first of this kind yet printed: most of them being in the Compass of the flute: London: printed by William Pearson . . . for Henry Playford. . . Fleet Street, 1700.' Sm. ob. 4to. pp. 16. Tunes 39. A second edition in 1701.

**Musick for Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs.** Set by Alexander Stuart and engraved by R. Cooper. Vol. i. Edinburgh: printed and sold by Allan Ramsay, n. d. [c. 1726]. Sm. ob. pp. 156. Contains the music of seventy-one songs selected from the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. Only one vol. published.

'A Collection of the Choicest Scots Tunes, adapted for the harpsichord or spinnet, and within the compass of the voice, violin, or German flute. By Adam Craig. Edinburgh, 1730.' Ob. folio. pp. 45.

**A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes for a violin, bass viol, or German flute, with a thorough bass for the harpsichord. . .** By James Oswald, musician in Edinburgh, n. d. [1740]. Ob. folio. pp. 42.

**A Collection of Curious Scots Tunes for a violin, German flute, or harpsichord.** By Mr. James Oswald. London: printed by John Simpson . . . n. d. [1742]. Folio. pp. 46. A 'Second Collection,' pp. 47, same year.

**A Collection of Scots Tunes, some with variations for a violin, by William McGibbon [Book i.].** Edinburgh: printed by Richard Cooper, n. d. [1742]. Ob. folio. Book ii. in 1746; Book iii. in 1755, both undated. pp. 36 each.

**The Caledonian Pocket Companion**, containing fifty of the most favourite Scotch Tunes, several of them with variations, all set for the German flute by Mr. Oswald. London: printed for J. Simpson in Sweetings Alley, n. d. [1743]. Roy. 8vo. pp. 36. The complete work with variations in the title-pages consists of twelve books or 'volumes,' all undated, averaging about thirty pages each. The *approximate* dates of issue are as follows: Vol. ii. 1745;

vol. iii. 1751; vol. iv. 1752; vol. v. 1753; vol. vi. 1754; vol. vii. 1755; vol. viii. 1756; vol. ix. 1758; vols. x., xi., and xii. 1759. Burns's complete copy, with his pencil notes against many of the tunes, and which he presented to Nathaniel Gow, was lately in the possession of W. Law, of Littleborough. The work contains nearly 560 tunes.

**Caledonian Country Dances**, being a collection of all the Scotch country dances now in vogue. . . . London: printed for and sold by J. Walsh, n. d. [1744]. Sm. ob. In eight books, various dates.

**A Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances**, with a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord. . . . Edinburgh: Printed and sold by Robert Bremner . . . Ob. 4to. Published in fourteen numbers of eight pages each, between the years 1757 and 1761, all undated. The earliest published collection of 'Reels.'

**Twelve Scotch and Twelve Irish Airs**, with variations set for the German flute, violin or harpsichord, by Mr. Burk Thumoth. London . . . John Simpson, n. d. [c. 1760]. Roy. 8vo. pp. 49.

**'A Collection of the newest and best Reels or Country Dances.** . . . Edinburgh: printed for and sold by Neil Stewart, n. d. Ob. 4to. In nine numbers, undated, of eight pages each issued from 1761 to c. 1764.

**'Fifty Favourite Scotch Airs**, for a violin, German flute, and violoncello, with a thorough bass for the harpsichord.' . . . By Francis Peacock. London: printed for the publisher in Aberdeen . . . n. d. [1762]. Folio. pp. 35.

**A Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances, and Minuets.** . . . Composed by John Riddell in Ayr. . . . Edinburgh: . . . Robert Bremner, n. d. [1766]. Ob. 4to. pp. 45. A second edition 'greatly improved,' Glasgow, c. 1782.

**A Collection of Scots Tunes** . . . and a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord. By William McGibbon. With some additions by Robert Bremner. London: . . . Robert Bremner, n. d. [1768]. Ob. 4to. pp. 120.

**'A Collection of Favourite Scots Tunes**, with variations for the violin and a bass for the violoncello and harpsichord, by the late Mr. Charles McLean and other eminent masters. Edinburgh. Printed for and sold by N. Stewart' . . . n. d. [c. 1772]. Ob. folio. pp. 37.

**Thirty-seven New Reels and Strathspeys**, for the violin, harpsichord, pianoforte, or German flute. Composed by Daniel Dow. Edinburgh: printed and sold by Neil Stewart . . . n. d. [c. 1776]. Ob. 4to. pp. 26.

**A Collection of Ancient Scots Music** for the violin, harpsichord, or German flute, never before printed. Consisting of Ports, Salutations, Marches, or Pibrochs, by Daniel Dow. Edinburgh, n. d. [c. 1776]. Folio. pp. 46.

**A Collection of the Newest and best Reels and Minuets** with improvements, adapted for the violin or German flute. . . . By Joshua Campbell, Glasgow. . . . J. Aird . . . n. d. [1778]. Ob. 4to. pp. 80.

**A Collection of Strathspeys or Old Highland Reels.** By Angus Cumming, at Grantown in Strathspey. Edinburgh, 1780. Ob. folio. pp. 20. The first collection of 'Strathspeys.'

**A Collection of Strathspey Reels.** . . . By Alexander McGlashan. Edinburgh: printed . . . and sold by Neil Stewart, n. d. [1780]. Ob. folio. pp. 34.

**A Choice Collection of Scots Reels or Country Dances and Strathspeys**, with a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord. Edinburgh: printed and sold by Robert Ross . . . n. d. [1780]. Sm. ob. pp. 40.

**Ancient Scottish Melodies**, from a manuscript of the reign of James VI, with an introductory inquiry illustrative of the music of Scotland. By William Dauney. Edinburgh, 1838. 4to.

**A Collection of Scots Measures, Hornpipes, Jigs** . . . with a bass for violoncello or harpsichord, by Alex. Mc'Glashan. Edinburgh: N. Stewart & Co., n. d. [1781]. Ob. folio. pp. 36.

**A Collection of Strathspey Reels**. . . Composed by William Marshall. Edinburgh: printed for Neil Stewart, n. d. [1781]. Ob. folio. pp. 12.

**A Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs**. . . Glasgow: Printed and sold by James Aird, n. d. [1782]. Sm. ob. The complete work consists of six volumes of 200 tunes each, except the last with 181. Vol. ii. in 1782; vol. iii. in 1788; the last three vols. at about 1794 to 1799, all undated.

**A Collection of Highland Vocal Airs** never hitherto published. To which are added a few of the most lively Country Dances or Reels of the North Highlands and Western Isles; and some specimens of Bagpipe Music. By Patrick Mc'Donald, Minister of Kilmore, in Argyleshire. . . Edinburgh: Corri & Sutherland, n. d. [1784]. Folio. pp. 22 and 43.

**A Collection of Strathspey Reels** with a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord, &c. . . By Niel Gow at Dunkeld. Edinburgh: Corri & Sutherland, n. d. [1784]. Folio. pp. 36. The Second Collection issued in 1788; third in 1792; fourth in 1800; fifth in 1809; and sixth in 1822. Various printers, and all undated.

**A Collection of Reels**, consisting chiefly of Strathspeys, Athole Reels . . . by Alexander Mc'Glashan. Edinburgh: printed for the publisher . . . by Neil Stewart, n. d. [1786]. Ob. folio. pp. 46.

**A Collection of Strathspey Reels**, with a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord . . . by Malcolm Mc'Donald. Edinburgh: printed for the author, n. d. [1788]. Ob. 4to. pp. 24. 'A Second Collection' in 1789, folio, pp. 13, and a 'Third Collection' c. 1792, pp. 12, all undated.

**A Collection of Strathspey Reels and Country Dances**. . . By John Bowie. Edinburgh: Neil Stewart, n. d. [1789]. pp. 35.

**Sixty-eight new Reels, Strathspeys, and Quick steps**. . . Composed by Robert Macintosh. Printed for the author, Edinburgh, n. d. [1793]. Folio. pp. 39.

**A Collection of Scotch, Galwegian, and Border Tunes** for the violin and pianoforte. . . Selected by Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, Esq. Edinburgh: Johnson & Co., n. d. [1794]. Folio. pp. 37. The editor was the friend of Burns.

**New Strathspey Reels** for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Composed by a gentleman and given with permission to be published by Nathaniel Gow. Edinburgh . . . N. Stewart & Co., n. d. [1796]. Folio. pp. 27. Said to have been composed by the Earl of Eglinton.

## CORRECTIONS

Page 11, No. 12, for tune see No. 103.

- 13, " 14, " No. 112.
- 15, " 16, " No. 284.
- 66, " 65, " No. 112.
- 67, " 66, line 13 from foot for *wan'dring* read *wana'ring*.
- 69, " 68, for tune see No. 252 or 309.
- 78, " 81, " No. 302.
- 95, " 102, for No. 228 read No. 225.
- 97, " 104, " No. 228 " No. 225.
- 99, " 107, for tune see No. 308.
- 123, " 135, " No. 308.
- 138, " 154, title, Thou *hast*, &c.
- 146, " 164, for tune see No. 239.
- 191, " 214, " No. 249.
- 198, " 222, title and first line, for *woo* read *woo'*.
- 211, " 236, for tune see No. 329.
- 239, " 261, " No. 283.
- 244, " 266, crotchet D on fourth syllable should be dotted
- 296, " 315, end of first line of music should be barred.
- 324, " 341, crotchet E in second line should be dotted.
- 346, " 358, stanza 3, for *lunzie-bane* read *lunzie-banes*.
- 352, " 5, for *Gud* read *Gude*.
- 362, " 33, for *W.S.* read *Writer*.
- 367, " 46, last line, for *Scottish* read *Scotish*.
- 376, " 69, last line, for *Scottish* read *Scotish*.
- 418, " 198, second last line, *I* should be *It*.
- 460, " 275, line 5, for *supra* read *supra*.
- 461, " 279, second last line, 1797 should be 1796.
- 483, " 325, add *in Kilmarnock ed. 1786*.
- 501, " 356, second last line, for *Gedde's* read *Geddes'*

# TONE-POETRY OF ROBERT BURNS

## I. LOVE—PERSONAL

### No. 1. *O, once I lov'd a bonie lass.*

Tune : *I am a man unmarried.* (Unknown.)

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,  
Ay, and I love her still,  
And whilst that virtue warms my  
breast  
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonie lasses I hae seen,  
And monie full as braw;  
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,  
The like I never saw.

A bonie lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e'e;  
But without some better qualities  
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and  
sweet;  
And, what is best of a',  
Her reputation is compleat,  
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,  
Both decent and genteel;  
And then there's something in her  
gate,  
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
May slightly touch the heart;  
But it's innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me;  
'Tis this enchants my soul,  
For absolutely in my breast  
She reigns without controul.

### No. 2. *In Tarbolton, ye ken.*

(Tune unknown.)

IN Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,  
And proper young lasses and a', man;  
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals?  
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,  
Braid money to tocher them a', man;  
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand  
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.



There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen  
 As bonie a lass or as braw, man;  
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,  
 And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine  
 The mair admiration they draw, man;  
 While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,  
 They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',  
 A hint o' a rival or twa, man;  
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,  
 If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed  
 For mair than a towmond or twa, man;  
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,  
 If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,  
 The boast of our bachelors a', man;  
 Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,  
 She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale  
 O' lasses that live here awa, man,  
 The faut wad be mine, if they didna shine  
 The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,  
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,  
 For making o' rhymes, and working at times,  
 Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,  
 Nor hae't in her power to say na, man;  
 For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,  
 My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,  
 And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,  
 I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,  
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best;  
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,  
 And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,  
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,  
 Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man;  
 A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;  
 There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

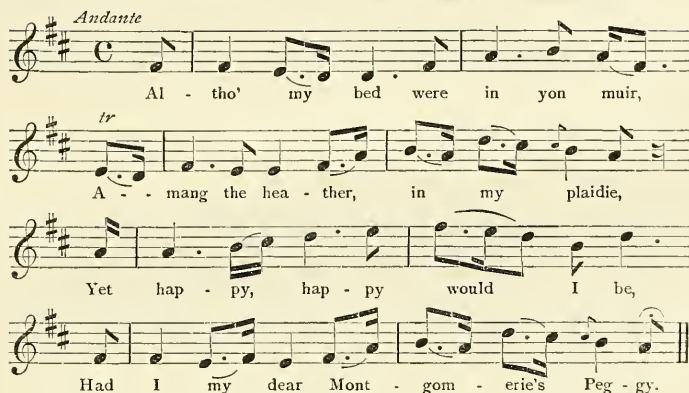
I never had friens weel stockit in means,  
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man;  
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their drants,  
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,  
 Or claughtin't together at a', man,  
 I've little to spend and naething to lend,  
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

No. 3. *Altho' my bed were in yon muir.*

Tune : *Galla Water.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 125.

*Andante*



Al - tho' my bed were in yon muir,  
 A - - mang the hea - ther, in my plaidie,  
 Yet hap - py, hap - py would I be,  
 Had I my dear Mont - gom - erie's Peg - gy.

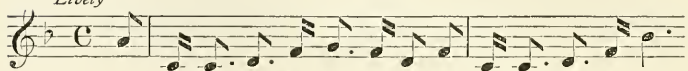
ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,  
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,  
 Yet happy, happy would I be,  
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,  
 And winter nights were dark and rainy,  
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms  
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,  
 And horse and servants waiting ready,  
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me—  
 The shairin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

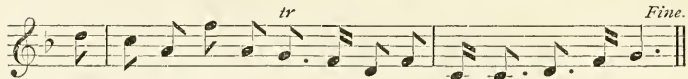
No. 4. *Yestreen I met you on the moor.*Tune: *Invercauld's Reel.* Stewart's Reels, 1762, p. 31.

*Lively*




CHORUS. O Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye wad-na been sae shy;

*tr* *Fine.*




For laik o' gear ye light-ly me, But, trowth, I care na by.

*tr*



Yestr-een I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed by likestoure:

*tr* *D.C.*



Ye geck at me be-cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I.

CHORUS. O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,  
Ye wadna been sae shy;  
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,  
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,  
Ye spak na but gaed by like stoure:  
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
But fient a hair care I.

When comin hame on Sunday last,  
Upon the road as I cam past,  
Ye snufft an' gae your head a cast—  
But, trowth, I care't na by.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony saucy quean,  
That looks sae proud and high!

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear  
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;  
The deil a ane wad speir your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass beside yon park,  
I'd rather hae her in her sark  
Than you, wi' a' your thousand mark  
That gars you look sae high.

No. 5. *If ye gae up to yon hill-tap.*

(Tune unknown.)

<p>If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,          Ye'll there see bonie Peggy;          She kens her father is a laird,          And she forsooth's a leddy.</p> <p>There's Sophy tight, a lassie bright,          Besides a handsome fortune;          Wha canna win her in a night          Has little art in courtin.</p> <p>Gae down by Faile, and taste the          ale,          And tak a look o' Mysie;          She's dour and din, a deil within,          But aiblins she may please ye.</p>	<p>If she be shy, her sister try,          Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny;          If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—          She kens hersel she's bonie.</p> <p>As ye gae up by yon hillside,          Speir in for bonie Bessy;          She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye          light,          And handsomely address ye.</p> <p>There's few sae bonie, nane sae guid          In a' King George' dominion;          If ye should doubt the truth of this—          It's Bessy's ain opinion!</p>
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No. 6. *Her flowing locks, the raven's wing.*

(Tune unknown.)

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,  
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;  
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,  
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew;  
 O, what a feast, her bonie mou'!  
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,  
 A crimson still diviner!

No. 7. *Had I a cave.*Tune: *Robin Adair* or *Aileen a roon* (see No. 45).

<p>HAD I a cave on some wild distant          shore,          Where the winds howl to the wave's          dashing roar,          There would I weep my woes,          There seek my lost repose,          Till grief my eyes should close,          Ne'er to wake more!</p>	<p>Falsest of womankind, canst thou          declare          All thy fond, plighted vows fleeting          as air?          To thy new lover lie,          Laugh o'er thy perjury,          Then in thy bosom try          What peace is there!</p>
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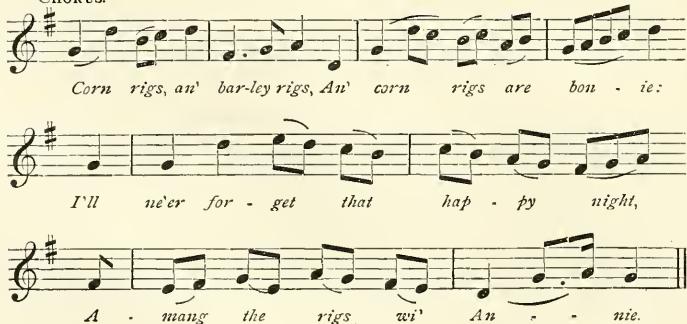
No. 8. *It was upon a Lammas night.*Tune : *Corn rigs.* Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, p. 42.

*Lively*



It was up - on a Lammas night, When corn rigs are  
 bon - ie, Be - neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I  
 held a - wa to An - nie: The time flew by, wi'  
 tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and ear - - ly,  
 Wi' sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed  
 To see me thro' the bar - - ley.

## CHORUS.



Corn rigs, an' bar-ley rigs, An' corn rigs are bon - ie:  
 I'll ne'er for - get that hap - py night,  
 A - mang the rigs, wi' An - - nie.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonie,  
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 thro' the barley.

CHORUS. *Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
An' corn rigs are bonie:  
I'll nê'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,  
Amang the rigs o' barley:  
I kent her heart was a' my ain;  
I lov'd her most sincerely;  
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;  
Her heart was beating rarely:  
My blessings on that happy place,  
Amang the rigs o' barley!  
But by the moon and stars so bright,  
That shone that hour so clearly!  
She ay shall bless that happy night  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
I hae been merry drinking;  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;  
I hae been happy thinking:  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubled fairly,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

\* In editions 1786 and 1787, 'head'; editions 1793 and 1794, 'heed.'



No. 9. *O, leave novéls, ye Mauchline belles.*Tune: *Ye Mauchline belles.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 573.*Lively*

O, leave no - véls, ye Mauch-line belles, Ye're sa - fer at your  
 spin - ning wheel! Such witch - ing books are bait - ed hooks For  
 rak - ish rooks like Rob Moss-giel. Your fine *Tom Jones* and  
*Gran - di - sons* They make your youth - ful fan - cies reel; They  
 heat your brains, and fire your veins, And then you're prey for Rob Moss-giel.

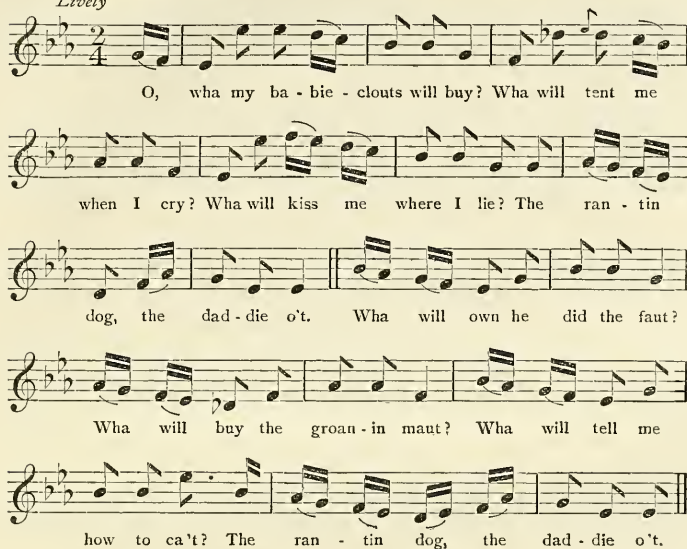
O, LEAVE novéls, ye Mauchline belles,  
 Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel!  
 Such witching books are baited hooks  
 For rakish rooks like Rob Moss-giel.

Your fine *Tom Jones* and *Grandisons*  
 They make your youthful fancies reel;  
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,  
 And then you're prey for Rob Moss-giel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,  
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;  
 That feeling heart but acts a part—  
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Moss-giel.

The frank address, the soft caress,  
 Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;  
 The frank address, and politesse,  
 Are all finesse in Rob Moss-giel.

\* An 8ve lower in original.

No. 10. *O, wha my babie-clouts will buy?*Tune : *Whare wad bonie Annie lie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 324.*Lively*


O, wha my ba - bie - clouts will buy? Wha will tent me  
 when I cry? Wha will kiss me where I lie? The ran - tin  
 dog, the dad - die o't. Wha will own he did the faut?  
 Wha will buy the groan - in maut? Wha will tell me  
 how to ca't? The ran - tin dog, the dad - die o't.

O, WHA my babie-clouts will buy?  
 Wha will tent me when I cry?  
 Wha will kiss me where I lie?—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?  
 Wha will buy the groanin maut?  
 Wha will tell me how to ca't?—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,  
 Wha will sit beside me there?  
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?  
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain?  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?—  
 The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

No. 11. *Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns.*Tune: *Port Gordon.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. p. 25.*Slow*

Now west-lin winds and slaught'ring guns Bring Autumn's plea-sant  
wea-ther; And the moor-cock springs, on whirr-ing wings, A -  
mang the bloom-ing hea-ther: Now wav-ing grain, wide o'er the plain,  
De-lights the wea-ry far-mer; And the moon shines bright,  
when I rove at night, To muse up-on my charm-er.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;  
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather:  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;  
The plover loves the mountains;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,  
The soaring hern the fountains;  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,  
The path of man to shun it;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender;  
 Some social join, and leagues combine;  
 Some solitary wander:  
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion;  
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
 The fluttering, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow:  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms of Nature;  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,  
 Swear how I love thee dearly:  
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be, as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer!



No. 12. *Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear.*

Tune : *Rothiemurchie's rant.*

CHORUS. *Fairest maid on Devon banks,  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?*

FULL well thou know'st I love thee, dear,  
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?  
 O, did not love exclaim :—'Forbear,  
 Nor use a faithful lover so!'

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,  
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share;  
 And by thy beauteous self I swear  
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

No. 13. *Behind yon hills where Lugar flows.*Tune : *My Nanie, O.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 38.*Slowly*

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows

'Mang moors an' moss - es ma - ny, O,

The win - try sun the day has clos'd,

And I'll a - wa to Nan - ie, O.

The west - lin wind blows loud an' shill;

The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O;

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

An' owre the hill to Nan - ie, O.

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 Nanie, O.  
 The westlin wind blows loud an' shill;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,  
 An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true ;  
 As spotless as she's bonie, O ;  
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nanie, 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 ay to Nanie, 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 Nanie, O.  
 Our auld guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.  
 Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O !

No. 14. *True-hearted was he, the sad swain  
 o' the Yarrow.*

Tune : *Bonie Dundee.*

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,  
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr ;  
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river  
 Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair :  
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotia all over :  
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.  
 Fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;  
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law ;  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a' !



No. 15. *Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass.*Tune: *Loch Eroch Side.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 78.

*Andante*

Young Peg - gy blooms our bon - iest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morn - ing,  
 The ro - sy dawn, the spring - ing grass,  
 With ear - ly gems a - dorn - ing;  
 Her eyes out - shine the ra - diant beams  
 That gild the pass - ing show - er,  
 And glit - ter o'er the chrys - tal streams,  
 And chear each fresh' - ning flow - er.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morning,  
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,  
 With early gems adorning;  
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
 That gild the passing shower,  
 And glitter o'er the chrystal streams,  
 And chear each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright—  
 A richer dye has graced them—  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them ;  
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,  
 When feather'd pairs are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.  
 Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her :  
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage Winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain  
 Her winning powers to lessen,  
 And fretful envy grins in vain  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.  
 Ye Powers of Honor, Love, and Truth,  
 From ev'ry ill defend her !  
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth  
 The destinies intend her !  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame  
 Responsive in each bosom ;  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.

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No. 16. *Altho' thou maun never be mine.*

Tune: *Here's a health to them that's awa.*

CHORUS. *Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied ;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
 Than ought in the world beside—Jessy.  
 I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,  
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lockt in thine arms—Jessy.  
 I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;  
 But why urge the tender confession,  
 'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy.

No. 17. *The Catrine woods were yellow seen.*Tune: *The braes o' Ballochmyle.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 276.*Slow*

The musical score is written on eight staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and a trill in the second staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The Ca - trine woods were yel - low seen,  
 The flowers de - cay'd on Ca - trine lea;  
 Nae lav' - rock sang on hil - lock green,  
 But Na - ture sick - en'd on the e'e;  
 Thro' fa - ded groves Ma - ri - a sang,  
 Her - sel' in beau - ty's bloom the while;  
 And ay the wild - wood e - - choes rang;—  
 'Fare - weel the braes o' Bal - loch - myle!'

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea;  
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,  
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e;  
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,  
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while;  
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang;—  
 'Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!'

‘Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,  
 Again ye’ll flourish fresh and fair;  
 Ye birdies, dumb in with’ring bowers,  
 Again ye’ll charm the vocal air;  
 But here, alas! for me nae mair  
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;  
 Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,  
 Fareweel! fareweel sweet Ballochmyle!’

No. 18. *Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?*

Tune : *An gille dubh ciar dubh.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 129.

*Slow*

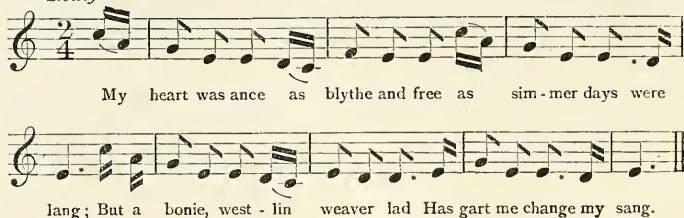
Stay, my charm - er, can you leave me? Cru - el,  
 cru - el to de - ceive me! Well you  
 know how much you grieve me: Cru - el  
 charm - er, can you go? Cru - el charm - er, can you go?

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?  
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!  
 Well you know how much you grieve me:  
 Cruel charmer, can you go?  
 Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited,  
 By the faith you fondly plighted,  
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,  
 Do not, do not leave me so!  
 Do not, do not leave me so!

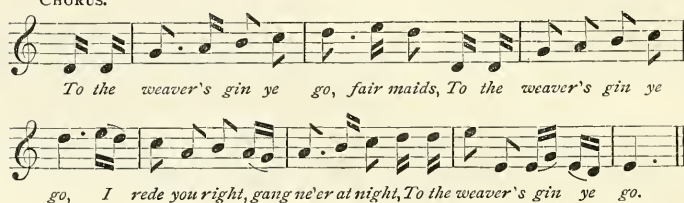
No. 19. *My heart was ance as blythe and free.*Tune : *To the weaver's gin ye go.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 103.

*Slowly*



My heart was ance as blythe and free as simmer days were  
lang; But a bonie, westlin weaver lad Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS.



To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, To the weaver's gin ye  
go, I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, To the weaver's gin ye go.

My heart was ance as blythe and free  
As simmer days were lang;  
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS. *To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
To the weaver's gin ye go,  
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,  
To the weaver's gin ye go.*

My mither sent me to the town,  
To warp a plaiden wab;  
But the weary, weary warpin o't  
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom;  
He took my heart, as wi' a net,  
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
And ay I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and every knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west  
 Wi' visage pale and wan,  
 As my bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,  
 Shame fa' me gin I tell;  
 But O! I fear the kintra soon  
 Will ken as weel's mysel!

No. 20. *How long and dreary is the night.*

Tune: *A Gaelic air.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 175.

*Slow*

How long and dreary is the night, When I am frae my  
 dear - ie! I sleep - less lye frae e'en to morn, Tho'  
 I were ne'er sae wear - y. I sleep - less lye frae  
 e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae wear - y!

How long and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie!  
 I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn, } *bis*  
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. }

When I think on the happy days  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie:  
 And now what lands between us lye, } *bis*  
 How can I be but eerie! }

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary!  
 It wasna sae ye glinted by, } *bis*  
 When I was wi' my dearie. }



No. 21. *Yon wild mossy mountains.*Tune : *Phoebe*. Cal. Pocket Companion, 1752, iv. p. 19.

*Slow*

Yon wild mos - sy mount-ains sae lof - ty and wide,  
 That nurse in their ho - som the youth o' the Clyde,  
 Where the grouse lead their cov-eyes thro' the heath - er to feed,  
 And the shep - herd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.  
 Where the grouse lead their cov - eyes thro' the heath-er to feed,  
 And the shep-herd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,  
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,  
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed, } *bis*  
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley nor Forth's sunny shores,  
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;  
 For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream, } *bis*  
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,  
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;  
 For there wi' my lassie the day-lang I rove, } *bis*  
 While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;  
 O' nice education but sma' is her share;  
 Her parentage humble as humble can be; } *bis*  
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,  
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?  
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts, } *bis*  
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e  
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me,  
 And the heart-beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, } *bis*  
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

No. 22. *Anna, thy charms my bosom fire.*

Tune: *Bonny Mary.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1743, i. p. 24.

*Slow*

Ann - a, thy charms my bo - som fire, And  
 waste my soul with care; But ah! how  
 boot - less to ad - mire When fa - ted to des - pair!  
 Yet in thy pre - sence, love - ly Fair, To  
 hope may be for - given; For sure 'twere im - pious  
 to des - pair so much in sight of Hea - ven.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,  
 And waste my soul with care;  
 But ah! how bootless to admire  
 When fated to despair!  
 Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,  
 To hope may be forgiven;  
 For sure 'twere impious to despair  
 So much in sight of Heaven.

No. 23. *'Twas even—the dewy fields were green.*Tune: *Ettrick Banks.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 45.*Moderate*

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of six lines of music. The lyrics are written below the staff, with syllables aligned under the corresponding notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderate'.

'Twas even—the dew · y fields were green, On ev - ery blade the  
 pearls hang, The Ze - phyr wan - ton'd round the bean, And  
 bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang; In ev' - ry  
 glen the ma - vis sang, All Na - ture list' - ning  
 seem'd the while, Ex - cept where green - wood e - choes  
 rang A - mang the braes . o' Bal - loch - myle.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls hang,  
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along;  
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,  
 All Nature list'ning seem'd the while,  
 Except where greenwood echoes rang  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,  
 When, musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy;  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile;  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by:—  
 'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!'

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
 When roving thro' the garden gay,  
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:  
 But woman, Nature's darling child—  
 There all her charms she does compile;  
 Even there her other works are foil'd  
 By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose on Scotia's plain!  
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine:  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
 And ev'ry day have joys divine  
 With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.



No. 24. *As I gaed up by yon gate-end.*

(Tune unknown.)

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,  
 When day was waxin weary,  
 Wha did I meet come down the street  
 But pretty Peg, my dearie?

Her air sae sweet, her shape complete,  
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
 The Queen of Love did never move  
 Wi' motion mair enchanting!

Wi' link'd hands we took the sands  
 Adoun yon winding river;  
 O, that sweet hour and shady bower  
 Forget it shall I never.

No. 25. *How pleasant the banks.*Tune: *Bhannerach dhon na chrie.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 157.

*Slow*

How pleas-ant the banks of the clear wind-ing De - von,  
 With green spread-ing bush - es and flow'rs bloom-ing fair!  
 But the bo - ni - est flow'r on the banks of the De - von  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blush-ing flow - er,  
 In the gay ro - sy morn, as it bathes in the dew!  
 And gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal show - er,  
 That steals on the even - ing each leaf to re - new!

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
 With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!  
 But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England triumphant display her proud rose!  
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

No. 26. *The flower it blows, it fades, it fa's.*

Tune: *Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 471.

*Lively*

CHORUS. O love-ly Pol-ly Stew-art, O charm-ing Pol-ly

Stew-art, There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's  
*Fine.*

half so fair as thou art! The flower it blows, it

fades, it fa's, And art can ne'er re-new it; But *D.C.*

worth and truth e-ter-nal youth Will gie to Pol-ly Stew-art!

CHORUS. O lovely Polly Stewart,  
 O charming Polly Stewart,  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,  
 That's half so fair as thou art!

THE flower it blows, it fades, it fa's,  
 And art can ne'er renew it;  
 But worth and truth eternal youth  
 Will gie to Polly Stewart!  
 May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms  
 Possess a leal and true heart!  
 To him be given to ken the heaven  
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!



No. 27. *From thee Eliza, I must go.*Tune: *Gilderoy*. *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 47.*Slow*

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The melody is a simple, flowing tune.

From thee E - li - za, I must go, And  
 from my na - tive shore: The cru - el fates be -  
 tween us throw A bound - less o - cean's roar;  
 But bound - less o - ceans, roar - ing wide Be -  
 tween my love and me, They nev - er, nev - er  
 can di - vide My heart and soul from thee.

FROM thee Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore:  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless ocean's roar;  
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never, never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore!  
 A boding voice is in mine ear,  
 We part to meet no more!  
 But the latest throb that leaves my heart,  
 While Death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh!

No. 28. *Where, braving angry winter's storms.*Tune : *Lament for Abercainey.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 195.*Moderate time*

Where, brav - ing an - gry win - ter's storms, The lof - ty O -

chils rise, Far in their shade my Peg - gy's charms First

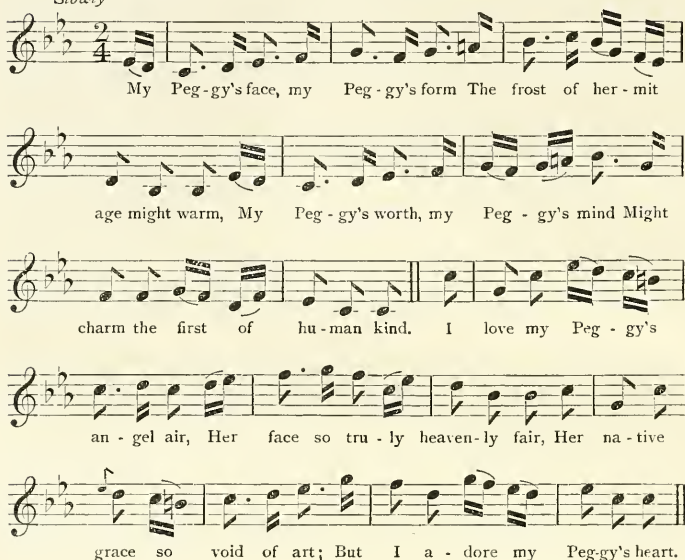
blest my wonder - ing eyes ; As one who by some

sav - age stream A lone - ly gem sur - veys, A - ston - ish'd

doub - ly, marks it beam With art's most pol - ish'd blaze.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochils rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wondering eyes ;  
 As one who by some savage stream  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

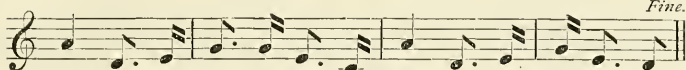
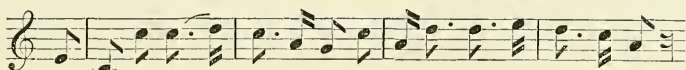
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their pow'r !  
 The tyrant Death with grim control  
 May seize my fleeting breath ;  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

No. 29. *My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form.*Tune: *My Peggy's face.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 501.*Slowly*


My Peg-gy's face, my Peg-gy's form The frost of her-mit  
age might warm, My Peg-gy's worth, my Peg-gy's mind Might  
charm the first of hu-man kind. I love my Peg-gy's  
an-gel air, Her face so tru-ly heaven-ly fair, Her na-tive  
grace so void of art; But I a-dore my Peg-gy's heart.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form  
The frost of hermit age might warm;  
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind  
Might charm the first of human kind.  
I love my Peggy's angel air,  
Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
Her native grace so void of art;  
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
The kindling lustre of an eye—  
Who but owns their magic sway?  
Who but knows they all decay?  
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
The generous purpose nobly dear,  
The gentle look that rage disarms—  
These are all immortal charms.

No. 30. *By Oughtertyre grows the aik.*Tune: *Andro and his cutty gun.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 180.*Cheerily*CHORUS. *Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben;**Fine.**Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tu-rit glen!*

By Ough-ter - tyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks the bir-ken shaw;

*D.C.*

But Phe-mie was a bon-ier lass Than braes o' Yar-row ev-er saw.

CHORUS. *Blythe, Blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben;  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen!*

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;  
 But Phemie was a bonier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn:  
 She trippèd by the banks o' Earn  
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonie face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lea:  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 As o'er the Lawlands I hae been,  
 But Phemie was the blithest lass  
 That ever trode the dewy green.

No. 31. *A rosebud, by my early walk.*Tune: *A rosebud.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 189.

*Slow*

A rose-bud, by my ear - ly walk A - down a corn - in -  
 clos - èd bawk, Sae gent - ly bent its thor - ny stalk, All  
 on a dew - y morn - ing. Ere twice the shades o'  
 dawn are fled, In a' its crim - son glo - ry spread, And  
 droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It scents the ear - ly morn - ing.

A ROSEBUD, by my early walk  
 Adown a corn-inclosèd bawk,  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
 All on a dewy morning.  
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
 In a' its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
 A little linnet fondly prest,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,  
 Sae early in the morning.  
 She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
 On trembling string or vocal air  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
     That tents thy early morning!  
 So thou, sweet Rosebud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
     That watch'd thy early morning.

No. 32. *Musing on the roaring ocean.*

Tune : *Druimionn dubh.* McDonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, No. 89.

*Slow*

Mus - ing on the roar - ing o - cean,  
 Which di - - vides my love and me,  
 Weary - ing Heav'n in warm de - vo -  
 tion For his weal wher - e'er he be.

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
 Which divides my love and me,  
 Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion  
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow  
 Yielding late to Nature's law,  
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow,  
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
 Ye who never shed a tear,  
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
 Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;  
 Downy Sleep, the curtain draw:  
 Spirits kind, again attend me,  
 Talk of him that's far awa!



No. 33. *She's fair and fause that causes my smart.*Tune: *The lads of Leith.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1752, iv. p. 31.

*Slowly*

She's fair and fause that caus-es my smart; I lo'ed her  
 mei-kle and lang; She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, And  
 I may e'en gae hang. A coof cam in wi'  
 routh o' gear, And I hae tint my dear-est dear; But  
*rall.* . . . . . *tempo*  
 wo-man is but world's gear, Sae let the bon-ie lass gang!

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart;  
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
 But Woman is but world's gear,  
 Sae let the bonie lass gang!

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind;  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A Woman has't by kind.  
 O Woman lovely, Woman fair,  
 An angel form's faun to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair!—  
 I mean an angel mind.

No. 34. *Now Spring has clad the grove in green.*

(Tune unknown.)

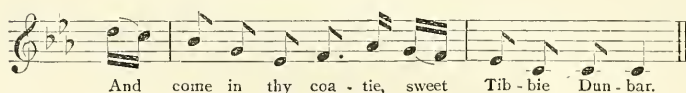
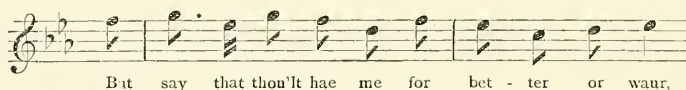
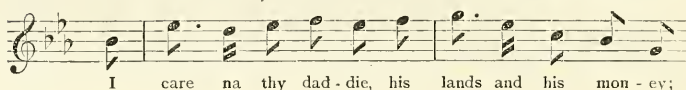
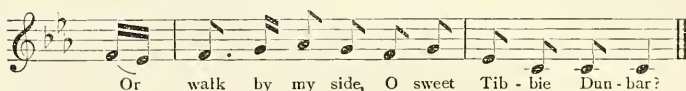
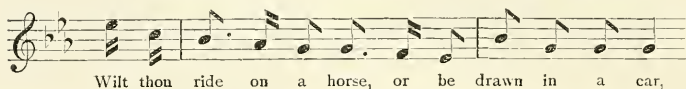
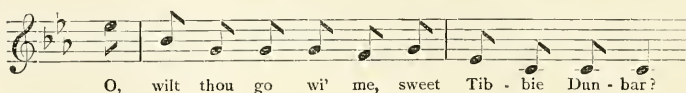
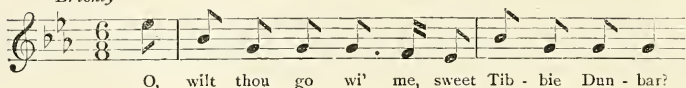
Now Spring has clad the grove in green,  
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers ;  
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen  
Rejoice in fostering showers ;  
While ilka thing in Nature join  
Their sorrows to forego,  
O, why thus all alone are mine  
The weary steps o' woe !

The trout within yon wimpling burn  
That glides, a silver dart,  
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,  
Defies the angler's art—  
My life was ance that careless stream,  
That wanton trout was I,  
But love wi' unrelenting beam  
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,  
In yonder cliff that grows,  
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
Nae ruder visit knows,  
Was mine, till love has o'er me past,  
And blighted a' my bloom ;  
And now beneath the withering blast  
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd laverock warbling springs,  
And climbs the early sky,  
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings  
In morning's rosy eye ;  
As little reck't I sorrow's power  
Until the flowery snare  
O' witching love in luckless hour  
Made me the thrall o' care !

O, had my fate been Greenland snows  
Or Afric's burning zone,  
Wi' man and Nature leagu'd my foes,  
So Peggy ne'er I'd known !  
The wretch whase doom is, 'Hope nae mair,'  
What tongue his woes can tell,  
Within whase bosom, save despair,  
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

No. 35. *O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.*Tune: *Johnny M<sup>e</sup> Gill.* *Scots Musical Muscum*, 1790, No. 207.*Briskly*

O, WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
 O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?  
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,  
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money;  
 I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:  
 But say that thou'lt hae me for better or waur,  
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

No. 36. *Fate gave the word—the arrow sped.*Tune : *Finlayston house*. Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 271.

*Slow*

Fate gave the word — the ar - row  
 sped, And pierc'd my dar - ling's heart; And with him  
 all the joys are fled Life can to  
 me im - part. By cru - el hands the  
 sap - ling drops, In dust dis - hon - our'd  
 laid: So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's . . . fu - ture shade.

FATE gave the word—the arrow sped,  
 And pierc'd my darling's heart;  
 And with him all the joys are fled  
 Life can to me impart.  
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
 In dust dishonour'd laid:  
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake  
 Bewails her ravish'd young;  
 So I for my lost darling's sake  
 Lament the live-day long.  
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,  
 Now fond I bare my breast!  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low  
 With him I love at rest!

No. 37. *The day returns, my bosom burns.*Tune: *Seventh of November.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 224.*Not fast*

The day re - turns, my bo - som burns, The bliss - ful  
day we twa did meet; Tho' win - ter wild in tem - pest  
toil'd, Ne'er sum - mer sun was half sae sweet, Than  
a' the pride that loads the tide, And cross - es  
o'er the sul - try line, Than king - ly robes, than crowns and  
globes, Heav'n gave me more — it made thee mine!

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
The blissful day we twa did meet;  
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
And crosses o'er the sultry line,  
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,  
Or Nature aught of pleasure give;  
While joys above my mind can move,  
For thee, and thee alone, I live!  
When that grim foe of life below  
Comes in between to make us part,  
The iron hand that breaks our band,  
It breaks my bliss, it breaks my heart!

No. 38. *Ye gallants bright, I rede you right.*Tune: *Bonie Ann*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 215.*Slowly*

Ye gal - lants bright, I rede you right, Be -  
 ware o' bon - ie Ann; Her come - ly  
 face sae fu' o' grace, Your heart she will tre - pan:  
 Her een sae bright like stars by night, Her skin is  
 like the swan; Sae jim - ply lac'd her  
 gen - ty waist, That sweet - ly ye might span.

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,  
 Beware o' bonie Ann;  
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,  
 Your heart she will trepan:  
 Her een sae bright like stars by night,  
 Her skin is like the swan;  
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,  
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant move,  
 And Pleasure leads the van:  
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,  
 They wait on bonie Ann.  
 The captive bands may chain the hands,  
 But love enslaves the man:  
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',  
 Beware o' bonie Ann!



No. 39. *I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.*Tune: *The blue ey'd lassie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 294.*Moderate time*

I gaed a wae-fa' gate yes-treen, A  
 gate I fear I'll dear-ly rue; I  
 gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa love-ly  
 een o' bon-ie blue! 'Twas not her gold-en  
 ring-lets bright, Her lips like ros-es  
 wat wi' dew, Her heav-ing bo-som li-ly-  
 white — It was her een sae bon-ie blue.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonie blue!  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom lily-white—  
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.  
 But 'spare to speak, and spare to speed'—  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

No. 40. *Blythe hae I been on yon hill.*

Tune : *The Quaker's Wife*. Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, p. 53.

*Slow*

Blythe hae I been on yon hill As the lambs be -  
 fore me, Care - less il - ka thought, and free As the  
 breeze flew o'er me : Now nae lan - ger sport and  
 play, Mirth or sang can please me; Les - ley  
 is sae fair and coy, Care and an - guish seize me.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill  
 As the lambs before me,  
 Careless ilka thought, and free  
 As the breeze flew o'er me;  
 Now nae langer sport and play,  
 Mirth or sang can please me;  
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,  
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring;  
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,  
 Sighing, dumb despairing!  
 If she winna ease the thraws  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass-green sod  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

No. 41. *Yestreen I had a pint o' wine.*Tune: *Banks of Banna.* *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, p. 75.

*Merrily*

Yes - treen I had a pint o' wine, A  
place where bo - dy saw na; Yes - treen lay on this  
breast o' mine The gow - den locks of  
An - na. The hun - gry Jew in wil - der - ness Re -  
joicing o'er his man - na naething to my hi - ney  
bliss Up - on the lips of An - na.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
A place where body saw na;  
Yestreen lay on this breast o'  
mine

The gowden locks of Anna.  
The hungry Jew in wilderness  
Rejoicing o'er his manna  
Was naething to my hiney bliss  
Upon the lips of Anna.

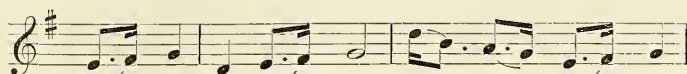
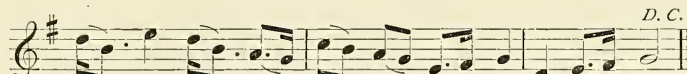
Ye monarchs take the east and  
west

Frae Indus to Savannah;  
Gie me within my straining grasp  
The melting form of Anna:  
There I'll despise imperial charms,  
An Empress or Sultana,  
While dying raptures in her arms  
I give and take wi' Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting god of day!  
Awa, thou pale Diana!  
Ilk star, gae hide thy twinkling ray.  
When I'm to meet my Anna!  
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!  
(Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn  
a'),  
And bring an angel-pen to write  
My transports with my Anna!

## POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk an' state may join, an' tell  
To do sic things I maunna:  
The kirk an' state may gae to hell,  
And I'll gae to my Anna.  
She is the sunshine o' my e'e  
To live but her I canna:  
Had I on earth but wishes three,  
The first should be my Anna.

No. 42. *Wishfully I look and languish.*Tune : *Bonie wee thing*. Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 341.*Slowly*CHORUS. *Bon - ie wee thing, Can - nie wee thing, Love - ly**wee thing, wert thou mine, I wad wear thee**in my bos - om Lest my jew - el it should tine.**Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish**In that bon - ie face o' thine, and my heart it**sounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.*

CHORUS. *Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom  
 Lest my jewel it should tine.*

WISHFULLY I look and languish  
 In that bonie face o' thine,  
 And my heart it sounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and Grace and Love and Beauty  
 In ae constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

No. 43. *O, how shall I, unskilfu', try.*Tune: *Miss Muir.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 349.*  
*Cheerfully*

O, how shall I, un - skil - fu', try The  
po - et's oc - cu - pa - tion? The tune - fu'  
powers, in hap - py hours That whis - per in - spi -  
ra - tion; Even they maun dare an ef - fort mair Than  
ought they ev - er gave us, Ere they re - hearse in  
e - qual verse The charms o' love - ly Da - vies.  
Each eye, it cheers, when she ap - pears, Like Phoe - bus  
in the morn - ing, When past the shower, and eve - ry  
flower The gar - den is a - dorn - ing! As the



O, how shall I, unskilfu' try  
The poet's occupation?  
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours  
That whisper inspiration;  
Even they maun dare an effort mair  
Than aught they ever gave us,  
Ere they rehearse in equal verse  
The charms o' lovely Davies.  
Each eye, it cheers, when she appears,  
Like Phœbus in the morning,  
When past the shower, and every flower  
The garden is adorning!  
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,  
When winter-bound the wave is,  
Sae droops our heart when we maun part  
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,  
That maks us mair than princes;  
A sceptred hand, a king's command,  
Is in her darting glances:  
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,  
Even he her willing slave is:  
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign  
Of conquering lovely Davies.  
My Muse to dream of such a theme  
Her feeble powers surrenders;  
The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
The sun's meridian splendours:  
I wad in vain essay the strain:  
The deed too daring brave is!  
I'll drap the lyre, and, mute, admire  
The charms o' lovely Davies.



No. 44. *O, saw ye bonie Lesley?*Tune! *The Collier's bon'e lassie.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, No. 33.

*Merrily*

O, saw ye bon-ic Les-ley, As she gaed o'er the  
 Bor-der? She's gane like A-lex-an-der, To  
 spread her con-quests far-ther! To see her is to  
 love her, and love but her for ev-er; For Na-ture  
 made her what she is, And nev-er made a-ni-ther!

O, SAW ye bonie Lesley,  
 As she gaed o'er the Border?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther!  
 To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever;  
 For Nature made her what she is,  
 And never made anither!

That art a queen, fair Lesley—  
 Thy subjects, we before thee:  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley—  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.  
 The deil he couldna skaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonie face,  
 And say:—'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee :  
 Thou'rt like themsel', sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
 Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie !  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonie.

No. 45. *While larks with little wing.*

Tune : *Aileen a roon.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 21.

*Slow*

While larks with lit - tle wing Fann'd the pure air,  
 View - ing the breath - ing spring, Forth I did fare :  
 Gay, the sun's gol - den eye Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;  
 'Such thy bloom' did I cry — 'Phil - lis the fair.'

WHILE larks with little wing  
 Fann'd the pure air,  
 Viewing the breathing spring,  
 Forth I did fare :  
 Gay, the sun's golden eye  
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;  
 'Such thy bloom,' did I cry—  
 'Phillis the fair.'

In each bird's careless song,  
 Glad, I did share ;  
 While yon wild-flowers among,  
 Chance led me there :

Sweet to the op'ning day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;  
 'Such thy bloom,' did I say—  
 'Phillis the fair.'

Down in a shady walk  
 Doves cooing were ;  
 I mark'd the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare :  
 So kind may Fortune be,  
 Such make his destiny,  
 He who would injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair.

No. 46. *Farewell, thou stream that winding flows.*Tune: *Alace yat I came ower the moor.* Skene MS., c. 1630.

*Slow*

Fare - well, thou stream that wind - ing flows A -  
 round E - li - za's dwell - ing! O mem - 'ry,  
 spare the cru - el throes With - in my  
 bo - som swell - ing: Con - demn'd to drag a  
 hope - less chain And yet in se - cret lan - guish, To  
 feel a fire in ev - ery vein, Nor dare dis - close my an - guish!

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows  
 Around Eliza's dwelling!  
 O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes  
 Within my bosom swelling:  
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain  
 And yet in secret languish,  
 To feel a fire in every vein,  
 Nor dare disclose my anguish!

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my griefs would cover:  
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan  
 Betray the hapless lover.  
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
 But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—  
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had saved me :  
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
 In overwhelming ruin.

No. 47. *A slave to love's unbounded sway.*

Tune : *The Cordwainer's march.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 574.

*Slow*

CHORUS. *O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in*  
*mine, lass, And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt*  
*Fine.*  
*be my ain.* A slave to love's un - bound - ed sway, He  
 aft has wrought me mei - kle wae ; But now he  
*D. C.*  
 is my dead - ly fae, Un - less thou be my ain.

CHORUS. *O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be my ain.*

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;  
 But now he is my deadly fae,  
 Unless thou be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;  
 But thou art queen within my breast,  
 For ever to remain.

No. 48. *Turn again, thou fair Eliza!*Tune: *A Gaelic air.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 368.*

*Slow*

Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za! Ae kind  
 blink be - fore we part; Rue on thy des - pair - ing  
 lov - er - Canst thou break his faith - fu' heart?  
 Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za! If to  
 love thy heart de - nies For pi - ty hide the  
 cru - el sen - tence Un - der friend - ship's kind dis - guise.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza!

Ae kind blink before we part;

Rue on thy despairing lover—

Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?

Turn again, thou fair Eliza!

If to love thy heart denies,

For pity hide the cruel sentence

Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?

The offence is loving thee:

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die?

While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow!

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride o' sinny noon;  
 Not the little sporting fairy  
 All beneath the simmer moon,  
 Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.



No. 49. *There was a lass, and she was fair.*

*To its ain tune.* (Unknown.)

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,  
 At kirk and market to be seen  
 When a' our fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

And ay she wrought her country wark,  
 And ay she sang sae merrilie;  
 The blythest bird upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she!

But hawks will rob the tender joys,  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest,  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen,  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,  
 And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!

As in the bosom of the stream  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
 So, trembling pure, was tender love  
 Within the breast of bonie Jean.



And now she works her country's wark,  
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain,  
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad make her weel again.

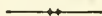
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love  
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly laid,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:—

'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear—  
 O, canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee,  
 But stray among the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na:  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was ay between them twa.



### No. 50. *O Philly, happy be that day.*

Tune: *The Sow's tail to Geordie*. McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, p. 39.

*Blythly*

O Phil - ly, hap-py be that day When, rov-ing thro' the gath-er'd hay, My  
 youth - fu' heart was stown a way, And by thy charms, my Phil - ly.

CHORUS. *For a' the joys that gowd can gie,*

*Both. I dinna care a single flie!*

*The { lad } I love's the { lad } for me,  
          { lass }                    { lass }*

*And that's my ain dear { Willy.  
  { Philly.*

*He. O PHILLY, happy be that day  
When, roving thro' the gather'd hay,  
My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
And by thy charms, my Philly.*

*She. O, Willy, ay I bless the grove  
Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above  
To be my ain dear Willy.*

*He. As songsters of the early year  
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
So ilka day to me mair dear  
And charming is my Philly.*

*She. As on the brier the budding rose  
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,  
So in my tender bosom grows  
The love I bear my Willy.*

*He. The milder sun and bluer sky,  
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,  
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye  
As is a sight o' Philly.*

*She. The little swallow's wanton wing,  
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,  
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,  
As meeting o' my Willy.*

*He. The bee, that thro' the sunny hour  
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,  
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor  
Upon the lips o' Philly.*

*She. The woodbine in the dewy weat,  
When ev'ning shades in silence meet,  
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet  
As is a kiss o' Willy.*

*He. Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,  
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,  
And that's my ain dear Philly.*

*She. What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?  
I dinna care a single flie!  
The lad I love's the lad for me,  
And that's my ain dear Willy.*

No. 51. *Adown winding Nith I did wander.*Tune: *The muckin' o' Geordy's byre.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 33.

*Slow*



A - down wind - ing Nith I did wan - der To  
mark the sweet flowers as they spring; A - down winding Nith I did  
wan - der Of Phil - lis to muse and to sing. A -  
wa wi' your belles and your beau - ties, They nev - er wi'  
her can com - pare! Wha - ev - er hae met wi' my  
Phil - lis, Has met wi' the queen o' the Fair.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander  
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;  
Adown winding Nith I did wander  
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS. *Awa wi' your belles and your beauties—  
They never wi' her can compare!  
Whae'er hae met wi' my Phillis,  
Has met wi' the queen o' the Fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,  
So artless, so simple, so wild;  
'Thou emblem,' said I, 'o' my Phillis'—  
For she is Simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,  
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:  
 How fair and how pure is the lily!  
 But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:  
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,  
 Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,  
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,  
 When Phebus peeps over the mountains  
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting!  
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!  
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis,  
 Will flourish without a decay.



No. 52. *Here is the glen, and here the bower.*

Tune : *Banks of Cree.* (Unknown.)

HERE is the glen, and here the bower  
 All underneath the birchen shade,  
 The village bell has told the hour—  
 O, what can stay my lovely maid?  
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call—  
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall  
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear;—  
 So calls the woodlark in the grove  
 His little faithful mate to cheer:  
 At once 'tis music and 'tis love!  
 And art thou come? and art thou true?  
 O, welcome, dear, to love and me,  
 And let us all our vows renew  
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

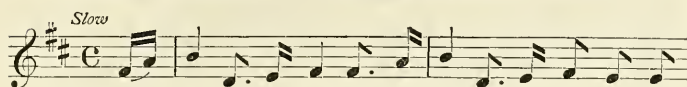
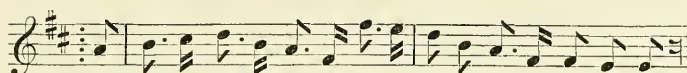
No. 53. *O, wert thou in the cauld blast.*Tune: *Lenox love to Blantyre.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 483.

*Slow*

O, wert thou in the cauld blast On yon - der lea, on  
 yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd  
 shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee; Or did Mis - for - tune's  
 bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy  
 bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
 Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
 Or were I monarch of the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

No. 54. *Ilk care and fear, when thou art near.*Tune : *Braes o' Balquhiddier.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 193.CHORUS. *And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, And I'll kiss thee o'er a - gain ;**And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, My bon - ie Peg - gy A - li - son.**Ilk care and fear, when thou art near, I ev - er mair de - fy them, O ;**Young kings upon their hansel throne Are no sae blest as I am, O !*

CHORUS. *And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
And I'll kiss thee o'er again ;  
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,  
My bonie Peggy Alison.*

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,  
I ever mair defy them, O ;  
Young kings upon their hansel throne  
Are no sae blest as I am, O !

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
I clasp my countless treasure, O ;  
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share  
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !

And by thy een, sae bonie blue,  
I swear I'm thine for ever, O !  
And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
And break it shall I never, O !



No. 55. *On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells.*Tune: *The butcher boy.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 304.

*Slowly*

On Cessnock banks a las - sie dwells; Could I describe her  
 shape and mien; Our las - sies a' she far ex - cels; An' she has twa  
 sparkling, rogueish een; <sup>tr</sup>She's sweet - er than the morning dawn, When  
 ris - ing Phoe - bus first is seen; When dew - drops twin - kle  
 o'er the lawn; An' she has twa sparkling rogue - ish een.

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;  
 Could I describe her shape and mien;  
 Our lasses a' she far excels;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,  
 When rising Phœbus first is seen;  
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,  
 That grows the cowslip braes between,  
 And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,  
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,  
 When purest in the dewy morn;  
 An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,  
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene ;  
While birds rejoice on every spray ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,  
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,  
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,  
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,  
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,  
The pride of all the flowery scene,  
Just opening on its thorny stem ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,  
When pale the morning rises keen ;  
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,  
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen ;  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen ;  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
With fleeces newly washen clean :  
That slowly mount the rising steep,  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean ;  
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;  
An' she has twa sparkling, rogueish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen ;  
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace,  
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

No. 56. *O Mary, at thy window be.*Tune : *Duncan Davison.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 149.

*Andante*

O, Ma - ry at thy window be, It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !

Those smiles and glances let me see, That make the miser's treasure poor.

How blithely wad I bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to sun,

Could I the rich re - ward secure—The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - i - son.

O MARY, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !  
 Those smiles and glances let me see,  
 That make the miser's treasure poor.  
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure—  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was brav,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd and said among them a' ;—  
 'Ye are na Mary Morison !'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his  
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown ;  
 A thought ungentle canna be.  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

No. 57. *Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?*Tune : *Ewe-bughts Marion.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 15.  
*Very slow*

Will ye go to the Indies, my Ma-ry, And leave auld Sco-tia's  
shore? Will ye go to the Indies, my Ma-ry, A-cross th' At-  
lan-tic roar? O, sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the ap-ple on the pine; But a' the charms  
o' the In-dies Can nev-er e-qual thine.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across th' Atlantic roar?

O, sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the apple on the pine;  
But a' the charms o' the Indies  
Can never equal thine.

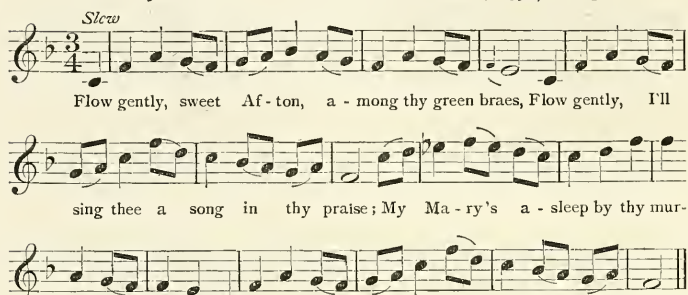
I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true,  
And sae may the Heavens forget me,  
When I forget my vow!

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
And plight me your lily-white hand;  
O, plight me your faith, my Mary,  
Before I leave Scotia's strand!

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
In mutual affection to join;  
And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
The hour and the moment o' time!

No. 58. *Flow gently, sweet Afton.*Tune: *Afton Water.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 386.*

*Slow*



Flow gently, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll  
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur -  
mur - ing stream, Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, dis - turb not her dream!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

The crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

No. 59. *Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair.*Tune : McLauchlin's Scots-measure. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 117.*Slowly*

Nae gen - tle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair, Shall ev - er be my Mu -

se's care: Their ti - tles a' are emp - ty show—Gie me my

CHORUS.

High - land las - sie, O. With - in the glen sae bush - y, O! A -

boon the plain sae ra - shy, O! I set me down wi'

right gude will, To sing my High - land las - sie, O!

NAE gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my Muse's care :  
 Their titles a' are empty show—  
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

## CHORUS.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O!  
 Aboon the plain sae rashy, O!  
 I set me down wi' right gude will  
 To sing my Highland lassie, O!*

O, were yon hills and vallies mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine,  
 The world then the love should know

I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
 But while my crimson currents flow  
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change ;  
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By secret troth and honor's band !  
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

## CHORUS.

*Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!  
 Fareweel the plain sae rashy, O!  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland lassie, O!*



No. 60. *Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray.*Tune: *Captain Cook's death.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 279.*

*Slow*

Thou ling' - ring star with less' - ning ray, That lov'st to greet  
the ear - ly morn, A - gain thou ush - er'st in the day  
My Ma - ry from my soul was torn. O Ma -  
ry, dear de - part - ed shade! Where is thy place of  
bliss - ful rest? See'st thou thy lov - er low - ly  
laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary, dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity can not efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
Thy image at our last embrace:  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

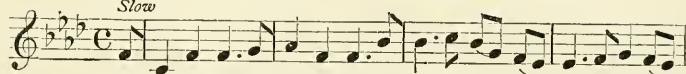
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray;  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care.  
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 O Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

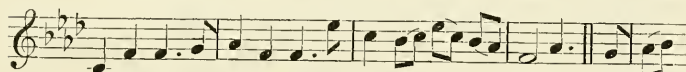
No. 61. *Ye banks and braes and streams around.*

Tune: *Lady Catherine Ogle. Apollo's Banquet, 1686.*

*Slow*



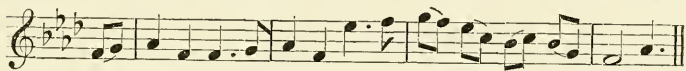
Ye banks and braes and streams around The castle o' Mont - go - mery, Green



be your woods and fair your flowers, Your wa - ters ne - ver drum - lie : There Sim -



mer first un - fold her robes, And there the lang - est tar - ry;



For there I took the last fareweel O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry.

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 unfold her robes,  
 And there the longest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' 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 sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder.  
 But O, fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae 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 ay the sparkling glance  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



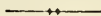
No. 62. *Tho' cruel fate should bid us part.*

Tune: *She rose and let me in.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 14.

*Slowly* *tr*

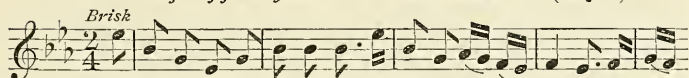
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part Far as the pole and line; Her  
 dear i-dea round my heart Should ten-der-ly en - twine. Tho' moun-tains  
 rise, and des-erts howl, And o - ceans roar be-tween; Yet,  
 dear - er than my death - less soul, I still would love my Jean.

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part  
 Far as the pole and line,  
 Her dear idea round my heart  
 Should tenderly entwine.  
 Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,  
 And oceans roar between;  
 Yet dearer than my deathless soul  
 I still would love my Jean.

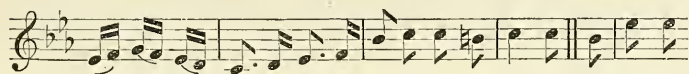


No. 63. *Altho' my back be at the wa'.*

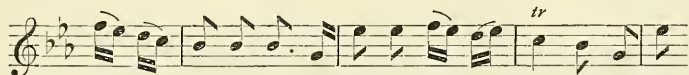
Tune : *The job of journey work.* From Burns's MS. (Key G).



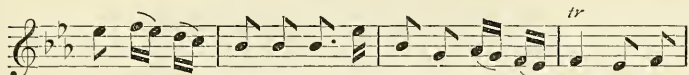
Al-tho' my back be at the wa', And tho' he be the fau-tor, Al - tho'



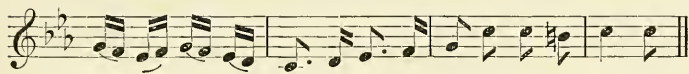
my back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa-ter! O, wae gae



by his wan-ton sides, Sae braw-lie's he could flat-ter; Till for



his sake I'm slighted sair, And dree the kin - tra clat - ter! But,



tho' my back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa - ter!

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',  
 And tho' he be the fautor,  
 Altho' my back be at the wa',  
 Yet here's his health in water!  
 O, wae gae by his wanton sides,  
 Sae brawlie's he could flatter;  
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair  
 And dree the kintra clatter!  
 But, tho' my back be at the wa',  
 Yet here's his health in water!

No. 64. *When first I came to Stewart Kyle.*Tune: *I had a horse, and I had nae mair.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1788, No. 185.

*Moderate time*

When first I came to Stew-art Kyle My mind it was na steady; Wher-  
e'er I gaed, wher - e'er I rade, A - mistress still I had ay: But when  
I came roun' by Mauchline toun, Not dreadin an - y bo - dy, My  
heart was caught, be - fore I thought, And by a Mauch-line la - dy.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle  
My mind it was na steady;  
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,  
A mistress still I had ay;  
But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,  
Not dreadin any body,  
My heart was caught, before I thought,  
And by a Mauchline lady.

No. 65. *In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles.*Tune: *Bonnie Dundee.*

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,  
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a',  
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,  
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.  
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,  
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;  
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,  
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

No. 66. *O thou pale Orb that silent shines.*Tune : *Scots Queen.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 190.

*Slow*

O thou pale Orb that si - lent shines While care - un - trou - bled  
 mor - tals sleep! Thou see'st a wretch who in - ly pines, And wan -  
 ders here to wail and weep! With woe I night-ly vi -  
 gils keep Be - neath thy wan, un - warm - ing beam; And mourn, in  
 la - men - ta - tion deep, How life and love are all a dream!

O THOU pale Orb that silent shines  
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!  
 Thou seest a wretch who inly pines,  
 And wanders here to wail and weep!  
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,  
 Beneath thy wan, unwarining beam;  
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,  
 How life and love are all a dream!  
 O, thou bright Queen, who o'er th'expanse  
 Now highest reign'st with boundless sway!  
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance  
 Observ'd us, fondly-wan'dring, stray!  
 The time, unheeded, sped away,  
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,  
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,  
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.  
 O scenes in strong remembrance set!  
 Scenes, never, never to return!  
 Scenes if in stupor I forget,  
 Again I feel, again I burn!  
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,  
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro',  
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn  
 A faithless woman's broken vow,



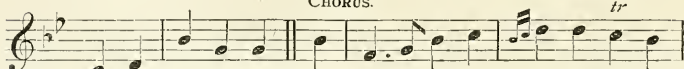
No. 67. *Again rejoicing Nature sees.*Tune : *Jockey's gray breeks.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. p. 32.*Brisk*

A - gain re - joic - ing Nature sees Her robe as - sume its ver - nal

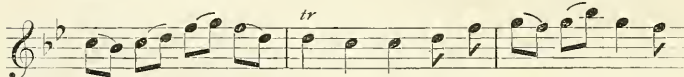


hues; Her lea - fy locks wave in the breeze, All fresh - ly

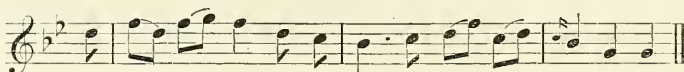
CHORUS.



steep'd in morn-ing dews. And maun I still on Me-nie doat, And



bear the scorn that's in her e'e? For it's jet, jet black, and



it's like a hawk, And it win - na let a bo - dy be!

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues;

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,

All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS. *And maun I still on Menie doat,**And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?**For it's jet, jet-black, and it's like a hawk,**And it winna let a body be!*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,

In vain to me the vi'lets spring;

In vain to me in glen or shaw,

The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,

Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,

But life to me's a weary dream,

A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,

Among the reeds the ducklings cry,

And stately swan majestic swims,

And ev'rything is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,  
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,  
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on flittering wings,  
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging, bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When Nature all is sad like me !



No. 68. *Tho' women's minds like winter winds.*

Tune : *For a' that.*

Tho' women's minds like winter winds  
 May shift, and turn, an' a' that,  
 The noblest breast adores them maist—  
 A consequence, I draw that.

CHORUS. *For a' that, an' a' that,  
 And twice as mickle's a' that,  
 The bonie lass that I loe best,  
 She'll be my ain for a' that !*

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

But there is ane aboon the lave  
 Has wit, and sense, an' a' that ;  
 A bonie lass, I like her best,  
 And wha a crime dare ca' that ?

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that,  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,  
 They've taen me in an' a' that,  
 But clear your decks, and here's—'The sex' !  
 I like the jads for a' that !

No. 69. *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*Tune: *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.* *Scots Mus. Museum*, 1790, No. 235.  
*Slow*


Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dear-ly like the west, For there the  
bonie las - sie lives, The las - sie I lo'e best: There's wild-woods grow, and  
riv - ers row, And mony a hill be - tween, But day and night  
my fan-cy's flight, Is ev - er wi' my Jean. I see her in  
the dew - y flowers, I see her sweet and fair: I hear her  
in the tune - fu' birds, I hear her charm the air: There's not  
a bon - ie flower that springs By foun - tain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bon-ie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.


Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best.  
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between,  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair:  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air:  
 There's not a bonie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

No. 70. *O, how can I be blythe and glad?*

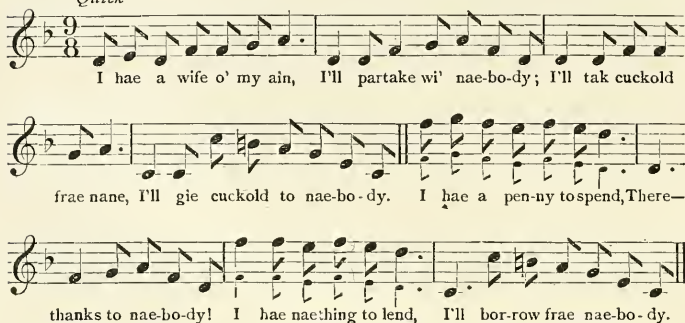
Tune: *The bonie lad that's far awa.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 317.

*Slow*



O, how can I be blythe and glad, Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bon - ie lad that I lo'e best Is o'er the hills and far a-wa? When the *tr*  
 bo - nie lad that I lo'e best Is o'er the hills and far a - wa!

O, how can I be blythe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best } *bis*  
 Is o'er the hills and far awa.  
 It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;  
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e } *bis*  
 To think on him that's far awa.  
 My father pat me frae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a';  
 But I hae ane will tak my part— } *bis*  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.  
 A pair o' glooves he bought to me,  
 And silken snoods he gae me twa,  
 And I will wear them for his sake, } *bis*  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.  
 O, weary winter soon will pass,  
 And spring will cleed the birken-shaw,  
 And my sweet baby will be born, } *bis*  
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

No. 71. *I hae a wife o' my ain.*Tune : *I hae a wife o' my ain.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 352.*Quick*


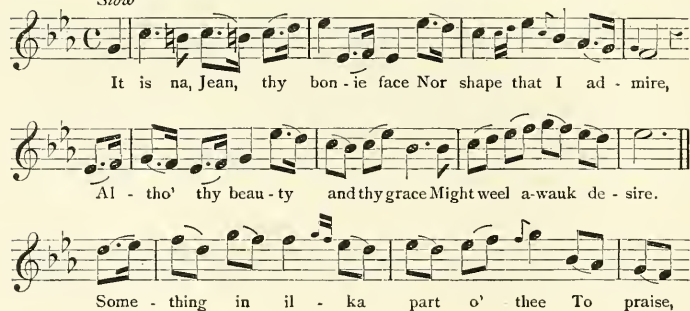
I hae a wife o' my ain, I'll partake wi' nae-bo-dy; I'll tak cuckold  
frae nane, I'll gie cuckold to nae-bo-dy. I hae a pen-ny to spend, There—  
thanks to nae-bo-dy! I hae naething to lend, I'll bor-row frae nae-bo-dy.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
I'll partake wi' naebody;  
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,  
There—thanks to naebody!  
I hae naething to lend,  
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,  
I'll be slave to naebody:  
I hae a gude braid-sword,  
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,  
I'll be sad for naebody,  
Naebody cares for me,  
I care for naebody.

No. 72. *It is na, Jean, thy bonie face.*Tune : *The maid's complaint.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 333.*Slow*


It is na, Jean, thy bon - ie face Nor shape that I ad - mire,  
Al - tho' thy beau - ty and thy grace Might weel a-wauk de - sire.  
Some - thing in il - ka part o' - thee To praise,

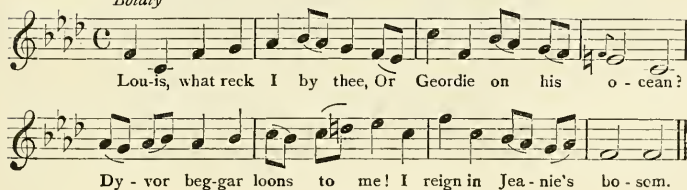


It is na, Jean, thy bonie face  
 Nor shape that I admire,  
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace  
 Might weel awauk desire.  
 Something in ilka part o' thee  
 To praise, to love, I find;  
 But, dear as is thy form to me,  
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,  
 Nor stronger in my breast,  
 Than, if I canna mak thee sae,  
 At least to see thee blest.  
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give  
 But happiness to thee,  
 And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
 For thee I'd bear to die.

### No. 73. *Louis, what reck I by thee?*

Tune : *Louis, what reck.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 414.  
*Boldly*



Louis, what reck I by thee,  
 Or Geordie on his ocean?  
 Dyvor beggar loons to me!  
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me:  
 Kings and nations—swith awa!  
 Reif randies, I disown ye!



No. 74. *O, were I on Parnassus' hill.*Tune: *My love is lost to me.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 25.*Mod. quick*

O, were I on Par - nas - sus' hill! Or had o' He - li -  
 con my fill, That I might catch po - e - tic skill To  
 sing how dear I love thee! But Nith maun be my Mu -  
 se's well, My Muse maun be thy bo - nie sel', On,  
 Cor - sin - con I'll glow'r and spell, And write how dear I love thee.

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill,  
 Or had o' Helicon my fill,  
 That I might catch poetic skill  
 To sing how dear I love thee!  
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
 My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',  
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,  
 And write how dear I love thee.  
 Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day  
 I couldna sing, I couldna say  
 How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy rogueish een—  
 By heaven and earth I love thee!  
 By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame,  
 And ay I muse and sing thy name—  
 I only live to love thee.  
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run;  
 Till then—and then—I'd love thee!

No. 75. *Out over the Forth, I look to the north.*Tune: *Charles Graham's welcome hame. Scots Mus. Museum, 1796, No. 421.*

*Slow*

Out o - ver the Forth, I look to the north—But what is the north and  
its High-lands to me? The south nor the east gie ease to my breast, The  
far foreign land, or the wide roll-ing sea! But I look to the west, When I  
gae to rest, That hap-py my dreams and my slumbers may be; For far in  
the west lives he I lo'e best, The man that is dear to my ba-bie and me.

Out over the Forth, I look to the north—

But what is the north, and its Highlands to me?

The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,

The far foreign land or the wide rolling sea!

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,

That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;

For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,

That man that is dear to my babie and me.

No. 76. *For thee is laughing Nature gay.*Tune: *Scots Queen* (see No. 66).

For thee is laughing Nature gay,

For thee she pours the vernal day:

For me in vain is Nature drest,

While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

No. 77. *Your friendship much can make me blest.*Tune: *Banks of Spey*. Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 186.*Very slow*

Your friend-ship much can make me blest—O, why that bliss de-  
 stroy? Why urge the only, one re - - - quest You know  
 I will de - ny? Your thought, if Love must har - bour  
 there, Con - ceal it in that thought, Nor cause me  
 from my bo - som tear The ve - ry friend I sought.

YOUR friendship much can make me blest—

O, why that bliss destroy?

Why urge the only, one request

You know I will deny?

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,

Conceal it in that thought,

Nor cause me from my bosom tear

The very friend I sought.

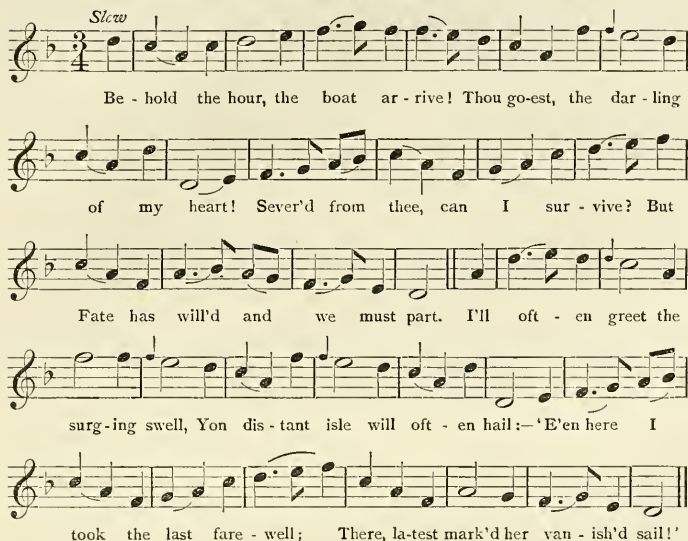
No. 78. *Thine am I, my faithful fair.*Tune: *The Quaker's Wife* (see No. 40).

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
 Thine my lovely Nancy!  
 Every pulse along my veins,  
 Ev'ry roving fancy!  
 To thy bosom lay my heart  
 There to throb and languish:  
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,  
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips  
 Rich with balmy treasure!  
 Turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure!  
 What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning:  
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.

No. 79. *Behold the hour, the boat arrive!*Tune : *Oran gaoil*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 273.

*Slow*



Be - hold the hour, the boat ar - rive! Thou go - est, the dar - ling  
 of my heart! Sever'd from thee, can I sur - vive? But  
 Fate has will'd and we must part. I'll oft - en greet the  
 surg - ing swell, Yon dis - tant isle will oft - en hail :— 'E'en here I  
 took the last fare - well; There, la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail!

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!  
 Thou goest, the darling of my heart!  
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive?  
 But Fate has will'd and we must part.  
 I'll often greet the surging swell,  
 Yon distant isle will often hail :—  
 'E'en here I took the last farewell;  
 There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail!'

Along the solitary shore,  
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,  
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :—  
 'Happy, thou Indian grove,' I'll say,  
 'Where now my Nancy's path may be!  
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,  
 O, tell me, does she muse on me?'

No. 80. *Clarinda, mistress of my soul.*Tune : *Clarinda*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 198.*Slow*

Musical notation for the song 'Clarinda, mistress of my soul'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Cla - rin - da, mis - tress of my soul, The mea - sur'd  
time is run! The wretch be - neath the  
drear - y pole So marks his la - test sun.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,  
The measur'd time is run!  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole  
So marks his latest sun.  
To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander hie,  
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy?  
We part—but, by these precious drops  
That fill thy lovely eyes,  
No other light shall guide my steps,  
Till thy bright beams arise!  
She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has blest my glorious day;  
And shall a glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray?

No. 81. *Now in her green mantle blythe  
Nature arrays.*

Tune : *There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa.*

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,  
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,  
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.  
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
They mind me o' Nanie,—and Nanie's awa!

Thou lav'rock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',  
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive in yellow and grey,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay!  
The dark, dreary winter and wild driving snaw  
Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

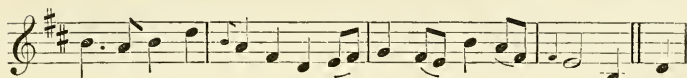
No. 82. *O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet.*

Tune : *The rashes.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 26.

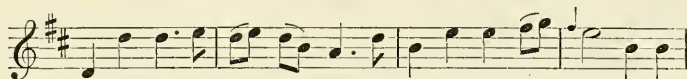
*Moderate time*



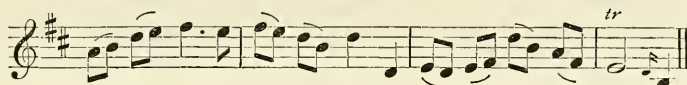
O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet As the mirk night o' De - cem - ber! For



spark - ling was the ro - sy wine, And pri - vate was the cham - ber: And



dear was she I dare na name, But I will ay re - mem - ber: And



dear was she I dare na name; But I will ay re - mem - ber.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet

As the mirk night o' December!

For sparkling was the rosy wine,

And private was the chamber:

And dear was she I dare na name, } *bis*

But I will ay remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,

Can push about the jorum;

And here's to them that wish us weel—

May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em;

And here's to them we dare na tell, } *bis*

The dearest o' the quorum!



No. 83. *Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December.*Tune : *Thro' the lang moor.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 499.

*Slow*

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloom-y De - cem - ber! Ance mair I

hail thee wi' sor-row and care! Sad was the part-ing thou makes

me re - mem - ber: Part-ing wi' Nan - cy, O, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lov - ers' part - ing is sweet, pain-ful pleas - ure, Hope beam-

ing mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O, fare-

well for ev - er! An-guish un-min-gled and a - go - ny pure!

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care!

Sad was the parting thou makes me remember;

Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,

Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;

But the dire feeling, O, farewell for ever!

Anguish unmingled and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,

Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown—

Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,

Till my last hope and last comfort is gone!

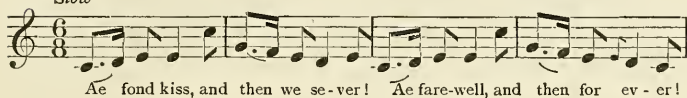
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;  
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember ;  
 Parting wi' Nancy, O, ne'er to meet mair !



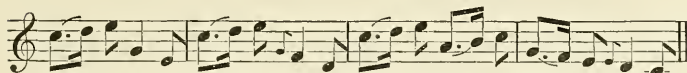
No. 84. *Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !*

Tune : *Rory Dall's Port.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 347.

*Slow*



Ae fond kiss, and then we se-ver ! Ae fare-well, and then for ev - er !



Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
 Ae farewell, and then for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy—  
 Naething could resist my Nancy !  
 But to see her was to love her,  
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted—  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !  
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

No. 85. *Sensibility how charming.*Tune: *Cornwallis's lament.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 329.*Plaintive*

Sen - si - bil - i - ty how charm-ing, Dear-est Nan-cy, thou canst  
 tell; But dis - tress with hor-rors arm-ing, Thou a-las! hast known too well!  
 Fair-est flow-er, be-hold the li - ly Bloom-ing in 'the sun - ny ray :  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the val-ley, See it pros-trate in the clay.

SENSIBILITY how charming,  
 Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell;  
 But distress with horrors arming,  
 Thou alas! hast known too well!  
 Fairest flower, behold the lily  
 Blooming in the sunny ray :  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, } *bis*  
 See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,  
 Telling o'er his little joys;  
 But alas! a prey the surest  
 To each pirate of the skies.  
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
 Finer feelings can bestow :  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure } *bis*  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

No. 86. *From the white-blossom'd sloe.*

(Tune unknown.)

FROM the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested  
 A sprig, her fair breast to adorn :  
 'No, by Heaven !'—I exclaim'd—'let me perish for ever,  
 Ere I plant in that bosom a thorn !'

No. 87. *Wilt thou be my dearie?*Tune : *The sutor's dochter.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 470.

*Slow*

Wilt thou be my dear-ie? When sor-row wrings thy gen-tle heart, O,  
 wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the treasure of my soul—That's the love I bear  
 thee— I swear and vow that on - ly thou Shall ev - er be my dear-ie!  
 On - ly thou, I swear and vow Shall ev - er be my dear - ie.

WILT thou be my dearie?  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 O, wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
 By the treasure of my soul—  
 That's the love I bear thee—  
 I swear and vow that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie!  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,  
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me!  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me,  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!

No. 88. *Why, why tell thy lover.*Tune : *Caledonian Hunt's delight* (see No. 123).

WHY, why tell thy lover  
 Bliss he never must enjoy?  
 Why, why undeceive him,  
 And give all his hopes the  
 lie?

O, why, while Fancy, raptur'd,  
 slumbers,  
 'Chloris, Chloris,' all the theme;  
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,  
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

No. 89. *Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou?*Tune: *De'il tak the Wars.* Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, i. p. 294.*Cheerfully*

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fair - est crea-ture? Ro - sy morn now  
 lifts his eye, Num - ber-ing il - ka bud, which Na-ture Wa - ters  
 wi' the tears o' joy. Now to the stream-ing foun-tain Or  
 up the heathy mountain The hart, hind, and roe, free-ly wild - ly wan - ton  
 stray; In twining ha-zel bow'rs His lay the lin-net pours; The lave-rock to  
 the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy, While the sun and thou a-rise to bless the day.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?  
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
 Numbering ilka bud, which Nature  
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy.  
 Now to the streaming fountain  
 Or up the heathy mountain  
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;  
 In twining hazel bow'rs  
 His lay the linnet pours;  
 The laverock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of morning,  
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning;  
 Such to me my lovely maid!  
 When frae my Chloris parted  
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,

The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky ;  
 But when she charms my sight  
 In pride of beauty's light,  
 When thro' my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart—  
 'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy.

No. 90. *Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn.*

Tune : *Craigie-burn Wood.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 301.

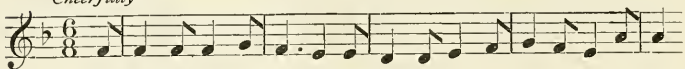
*With expression*

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, And blythe a -  
 wakes the mor-row, But a' the pride o' Spring's re-turn Can  
 yield me nocht but sor-row. I see the flow-ers and  
 spread-ing trees, I hear the wild birds sing-ing; But what a  
 wea-ry wight can please, And Care his bo-som wring-ing?

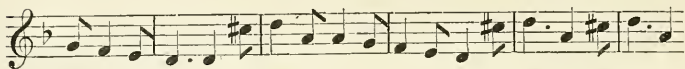
SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow,  
 But a' the pride o' Spring's return  
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.  
 I see the flowers and spreading  
 trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing ;  
 But what a weary wight can please,  
 And Care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet dare na for your anger ;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal 't langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love another,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae  
 the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.

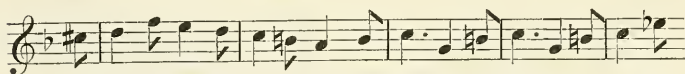


No. 91. *Sae flaxen were her ringlets.*Tune : *Oonagh's Waterfall.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 447.*Cheerfully*

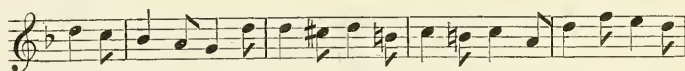
Sae flax - en were her ring-lets, Her eye-brows of a dark-er hue, Be-witch -



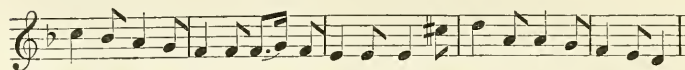
ing - ly o'er-arch-ing Twa laugh-ing een o' bon - ie blue, Her smil-ing, sae wyl-ing,



Wad make a wretch for-get his woe! What pleasure, what treasure, Un - to those



ro - sy lips to grow! Such was my Chloris' bon - ie face, When first that bon-ie



face I saw, And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—She says she lo'es me best of a'.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'erarching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.  
 Her smiling, sae wyling,  
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe!  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto those rosy lips to grow!  
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,  
 When first that bonie face I saw,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,  
 Her pretty ankle is a spy  
 Betraying fair proportion  
 Wad mak a saint forget the sky!  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;  
 Ilk feature—auld Nature  
 Declared that she could do nae mair!

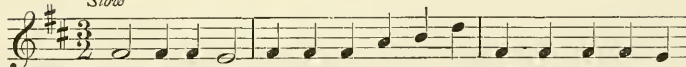
Hers are the willing chains o' love  
 By conquering Beauty's sovereign law,  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;  
 Gie me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon,  
 Fair beaming, and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang !  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

No. 92. *Can I cease to care ?*

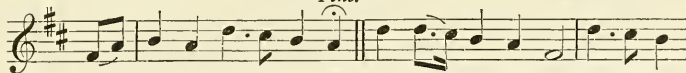
Tune : *Ay, waukin, O.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 213.

*Slow*



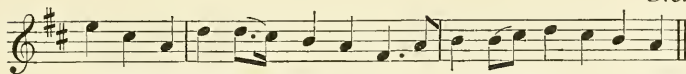
CHORUS. *Long, long the night, Heavy comes the mor-row, While my soul's de-light*

*Fine.*



*Is on her bed of sor-row. Can I cease to care? Can I cease*

*D.C.*



*to lan-guish, While my dar-ling fair Is on the couch of an-guish!*

CHORUS. *Long, long the night,  
 Heavy comes the morrow,  
 While my soul's delight  
 Is on her bed of sorrow.*

Ev'ry hope is fled,  
 Ev'ry fear is terror ;  
 Slumber ev'n I dread,  
 Ev'ry dream is horror.

CAN I cease to care ?  
 Can I cease to languish,  
 While my darling fair  
 Is on the couch of anguish !

Hear me, Powers divine !  
 O, in pity, hear me !  
 Take aught else of mine,  
 But my Chloris spare me !

No. 93. *Their groves o' sweet myrtle.*Tune: *Humours of Glen.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, p. 95.*Moderate time*

Their groves o' sweet myr-tle let foreign lands reckon, Where bright-beam -  
 ing sum-mers ex-alt the per-fume; Far dear-er to me yon lone glen o'  
 green breckan, Wi' the burn steal-ing un-der the lang, yel-low broom;  
 Far dearer to me are yon hum-ble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and  
 gowan lurk low-ly, un-seen; For there, light-ly trip-ping A-mang the  
 wild flow-ers, A-list'-ning the lin-net, aft wan-ders my Jean.

THEIR GROVES o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom;  
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;  
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
 A-list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,  
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
 What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!  
 The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

No. 94. *Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion.*Tune : *Deil tak the Wars* (see No. 89).

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion

Round the wealthy, titled bride ;

But, when compar'd with real passion,

Poor is all that princely pride.

What are the showy treasures ?

What are the noisy pleasures ?

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art !

The polish'd jewel's blaze

May draw the wond'ring gaze,

And courtly grandeur bright

The fancy may delight,

But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris

In simplicity's array,

Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,

Shrinking from the gaze of day !

O then, the heart alarming

And all resistless charming,

In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !

Ambition would disown

The world's imperial crown !

Ev'n Avarice would deny

His worshipp'd deity,

And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll !

No. 95. *Ah, Chloris, since it may not be.*Tune : *Major Graham* (see No. 152).

AH, Chloris, since it may not be

That thou of love wilt hear,

If from the lover thou maun flee,

Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair

Than ever tongue could tell,

My passion I will ne'er declare

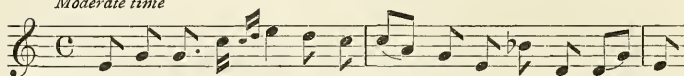
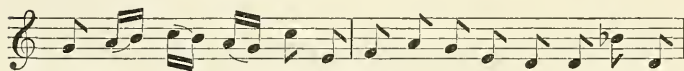
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,

And a' my nightly dream,

I'll hide the struggle in my heart,

And say it is esteem.

No. 96. *I see a form, I see a face.*Tune : *This is no mine ain house.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 32.*Moderate time*CHORUS. *This is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the las-sie be; Weel**ken I my ain las-sie—Kind love is in her e'e. I see a**form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair-est place: It**wants to me the witch-ing grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.*

CHORUS. *This is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be;  
 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 place:  
 It wants to me the witching grace,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.*

*She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
 And ay it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.*

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

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

No. 97. *O, bonie was yon rosy brier.*Tune : *I wish my love were in a mire.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 5.*Moderate time*

O, bon - ie was yon ro - sy brier That blooms sae  
far frae haunt o' man, And bon - ie she—and ah,  
how dear! It shad - ed frae the e'en - in sun. Yon  
rose - buds in the morn - ing dew, How pure a - mang  
the leaves sae green—But pur - er was the  
lo - ver's vow They wit-ness'd in their shade yestr - een.

O, BONIE was yon rosy brier

That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man,  
And bonie she—and ah, how dear!

It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,

How pure among the leaves sae green—

But purer was the lover's vow

They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,

That crimson rose how sweet and fair;

But love is far a sweeter flower

Amid life's thorny path o' care.

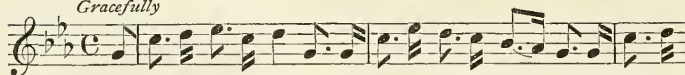
The pathless wild and wimpling burn,

Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine,

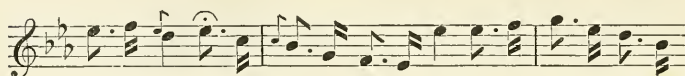
And I the world nor wish nor scorn—

Its joys and griefs alike resign!



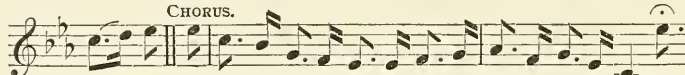
No. 98. *O, wat ye wha that lo'es me.*Tune : *Morag.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 143.*Gracefully*

O, wat ye wha that lo'es me, And has my heart a keep-ing? O, sweet is

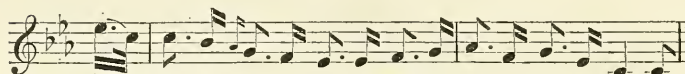


she that lo'es me As dew's o' sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-buds

CHORUS.



steep-ing! O, that's the las-sie o' my heart, My las-sie ev-er dear-er;



O, that's the queen o' wo-man-kind And ne'er a ane to peer her!

O, WAT ye wha that lo'es me,  
 And has my heart a keeping?  
 O, sweet is she that lo'es me  
 As dew's o' summer weeping,  
 In tears the rosebuds steeping!

CHORUS. *O, that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer;  
 O, that's the queen o' womankind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her!*

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
 In grace and beauty charming,  
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:—

If thou hadst heard her talking  
 (And thy attention's plighted),  
 That ilka body talking  
 But her, by thee is slighted,  
 And thou art all delighted:—

If thou hast met this fair one,  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one  
 But her thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken-hearted ;

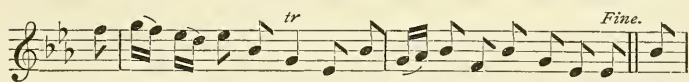
*O, that's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie ever dearer ;  
 O, that's the queen o' womankind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her !*

No. 99. *There's nane shall ken, there's nane  
 can guess.*

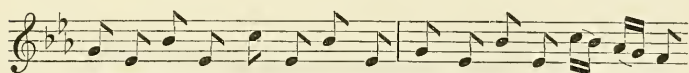
Tune: *I'll gae nae mair to your town.* Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1757, p. 6.



CHORUS. *I'll ay ca' in by yon town And by yon gar-den green a - gain !*



*I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And see my bon-ie Jean a-gain. There's*



*nane shall ken, there's nane can guess What brings me back the gate a . gain,*



*But she, my fair - est faith - fu' lass, And stown-lins we shall meet a - gain.*

CHORUS. *I'll ay ca' in by yon town  
 And by yon garden-green again !  
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonie Jean again.*

*There's nane shall ken, there's nane can guess*

*What brings me back the gate again,*

*But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,*

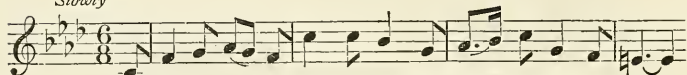
*And stownlins we shall meet again.*

*She'll wander by the aiken tree,*

*When trystin time draws near again ;*

*And when her lovely form I see,*

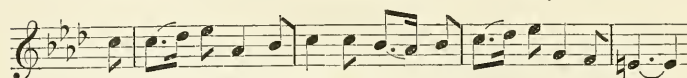
*O, haith ! she's doubly dear again.*

No. 100. *Behold, my love, how green the groves.*Tune : *On the cold ground.* Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1665.*Slowly*

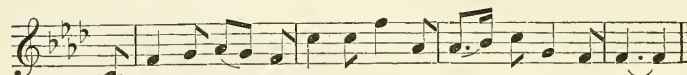
Be-hold, my love, how green the groves, The prim-rose banks how fair!



The bal-my gales a-wake the flowers, and wave thy flax-en hair.



The lav'-rock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings:



For Na-ture smiles as sweet, I ween, To shep-herds as to kings.

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,

The primrose banks how fair!

The balmy gales awake the flowers,

And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,

And o'er the cottage sings:

For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,

To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string

In lordly, lighted ha' ;

The shepherd stops his simple reed,

Blythe in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey

Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;

But are their hearts as light as ours,

Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd in the flowery glen,

In shepherd's phrase will woo :

The courtier tells a finer tale—

But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck

That spotless breast o' thine :

The courtiers' gems may witness love—

But, 'tis na love like mine !

No. 101. *'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin.*Tune : *Laddie lie near me* (see No. 142).

'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin,  
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoin':  
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;  
 But tho' fell Fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest,  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—  
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter!

No. 102. *O, poortith cauld and restless love.*Tune : *Could kail* (see No. 228).

O, POORTITH cauld and restless love,  
 Ye wrack my peace between ye;  
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,  
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

CHORUS. *O, why should Fate sic pleasure have  
 Life's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love  
 Depend on Fortune's shining?*

The warld's wealth when I think on  
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;  
 My curse on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't!

Her een sae bonie blue betray  
 How she repays my passion;  
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,  
 She talks o' rank and fashion.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sic a lassie by him?  
 O, wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sae 'in love, as I am?

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate!  
 He woos his artless dearie;  
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never make him cerie.

No. 103. *Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea.*Tune : *Rothiemurche's rant*, Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, p. 42.

*Slow tr*

CHORUS. *Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bo - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie,*

*tr* *Fine.*

*Will thou wi' me tent the flocks—Will thou be my dear - ie, O? Now*

*tr*

*Na - ture cleeds the flow - ery lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee, O,*

*tr* *D. C.*

*wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear - ie, O?*

CHORUS. *Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,  
Will thou wi' me tent the flocks—  
Will thou be my dearie, O?*

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee,  
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,  
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,  
The wanton lambs at early morn  
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.

And when the welcome simmer shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine-bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

No. 104. *Come, let me take thee to my breast.*Tune : *Cauld Kail* (see No. 228).

COME, let me take thee to my breast,  
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder,  
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
 The world's wealth and grandeur ;  
 And do I hear my Jeanie own  
 That equal transports move her ?  
 I ask for dearest life alone,  
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' her charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure,  
 I'll seek nae mair o' heav'n to share  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :  
 And by thy een sae bonie blue  
 I swear I'm thine for ever,  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never !

No. 105. *Forlorn my love, no comfort near.*Tune : *Let me in this ae night* (see No. 159).

FORLORN my love, no comfort near,  
 Far, far from thee I wander here ;  
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe,  
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS. *O, wert thou, love, but near me,  
 But near, near, near me,  
 How kindly thou would'st cheer me,  
 And mingle sighs with mine, love !*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
 Blasting each bud of hope and joy,  
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I  
 Save in these arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friends, with cruel art,  
 Poisoning fell misfortune's dart—  
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
 And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,  
 O, let me think we yet shall meet ;  
 That only ray of solace sweet  
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.



No. 106. *Now haply down yon gay green shaw.*Tune: *I'll gae nae mair to yon town* (see No. 99).

CHORUS. *O, wat ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon?  
 The dearest maid's in yon town  
 That e'enin sun is shining on!*

Now haply down yon gay green shaw  
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;  
 How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,  
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year!  
 And doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Jeanie dear!

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,  
 Among the broomy braes sae green;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Without my Love, not a' the charms  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air,  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town  
 The sinkin sun's gane down upon!  
 A fairer than's in yon town  
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,  
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;  
 I'd careless quit aught else below,  
 But spare, O, spare me Jeanie dear!

For, while life's dearest blood is warm,  
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
 And she, as fairest is her form,  
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

No. 107. *It was the charming month of May.*Tune : *Dainty Davie* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.*

It was the charming month of May,  
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
One morning, by the break of day,  
The youthful, charming Chloe,  
From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes—  
The youthful, charming Chloe—

The feather'd people you might see  
Perch'd all around on every tree !  
In notes of sweetest melody  
They hail the charming Chloe  
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise,  
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

No. 108. *Let not woman e'er complain.*Tune : *Duncan Gray* (see No. 173).

LET not woman e'er complain  
Of inconstancy in love ;  
Let not woman e'er complain,  
Fickle man is apt to rove :  
Look abroad through Nature's range,  
Nature's mighty law is change ;  
Ladies, would it not be strange  
Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,  
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow.  
Sun and moon but set to rise ;  
Round and round the seasons go.  
Why, then, ask of silly man  
To oppose great Nature's plan ?  
We'll be constant while we can—  
You can be no more, you know.

No. 109. *Where are the joys I hae met in  
the morning.*

Tune : *Saw ye my father?* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 76.

*Slow and pointed*

Where are the joys I hae met in the morning, That danc'd  
to the lark's ear-ly sang? Where is the peace that a - wait -  
ed my wand'ring At e'en - ing the wild woods a - mang?

WHERE are the joys I hae met in the morning,  
That danc'd to the lark's early sang?  
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring  
At e'ening the wild woods amang?

Nae mair a-winding the course o' yon river  
And marking sweet flow'rets sae fair,  
Nae mair I trace the light footsteps o' pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our vallies,  
And grim, surly Winter is near?  
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses  
Proclaim it the pride o' the year!

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
Yet lang, lang, too well hae I known:  
A' that has caused the wreck in my bosom,  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
Not Hope dare a comfort bestow:  
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.



## II. LOVE—GENERAL

No. 110. *My Sandy gied to me a ring.*Tune : *I love my love in secret.* McGibbon's Scots Tunes, 1742, p. 4.

*Smoothly* *tr*

My San - dy gied to me a ring Was a' be - set wi' diamonds

*tr*

fine; But I gied him a far bet - ter thing, I gied my

*tr* CHORUS. *tr*

heart in pledge o' his ring. My San - dy O, my San - dy O,

*tr*

My bon - ie, bon - ie San - dy O; Tho' the love that I owe to

*tr* *tr*

thee I dare na show, Yet I love my love in se - cret, my San - dy O!

My Sandy gied to me a ring  
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;  
But I gied him a far better thing,  
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

CHORUS. *My Sandy O, my Sandy O,  
My bonie, bonie Sandy O;  
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I dare na show,  
Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O!*

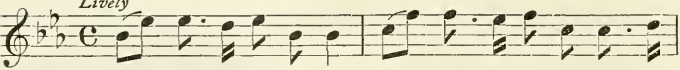
My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,  
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd,  
He took a hauf, and gied it to me,  
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.



No. III. *There's nought but care on ev'ry han'.*


Tune: *Green grow the rashes, O.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 77.

*Lively*

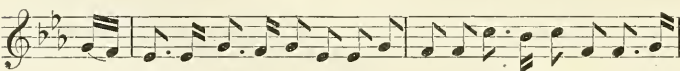


CHORUS. *Green grow the rash-es, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! The*

*Fine.*

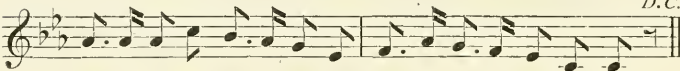


*sweet-est hours that ere I spend, Are spent a-mang the las-sies, O!*



There's nought but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that passes, O; What

*D.C.*



sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An 'twere na for the las-sies, O?

CHORUS. *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 care on ev'ry han',  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'y race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the warl' saw,  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O:  
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 112. *O, whar gat ye that hauver-meal  
bannock?*

Tune : *Adew Dundee.* Skene MS. c. 1630.

*Moderate time*

'O, whar gat ye that hau-ver - meal ban-nock?' 'O sil - ly blind  
bo - dy, O din - na ye see? I gat it frae a young,  
brisk sod-ger lad - die, Between Saint Johnston and bo - nie Dun-dee.  
O, gin I saw the lad - die that gae me't! Aft has he  
doudl'd me up on his knee; May heav'n pro-tect my bon - ie Scots  
lad - die, And send him safe hame to his ba - bie and me!

'O, WHAR gat ye that hauver-meal bannock?'

'O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?

I gat it frae a young, brisk sodger laddie,

Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

O, gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!

Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee;

May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,

And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

'My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie!

My blessins upon thy bonie e'e-brie!

Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,

Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,

Whar Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;

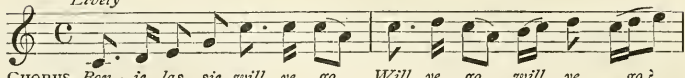
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,

And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.'



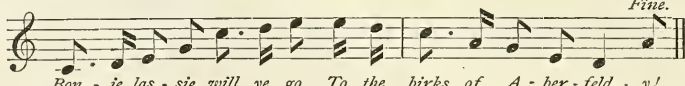
No. 113. *Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes.*Tune : *The Birks of Abergeldie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 113.

*Lively*

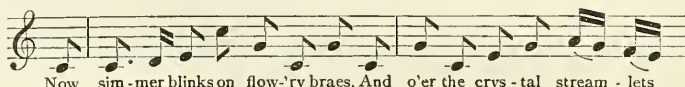


CHORUS. *Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go ?*

*Fine.*

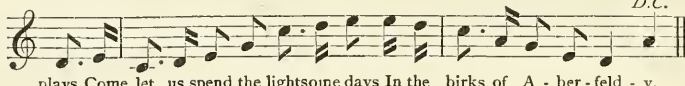


*Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - feld - y !*



Now sim - mer blinks on flow - ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - lets

*D.C.*



plays, Come, let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - feld - y.

CHORUS. *Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go ?  
Bonie lassie, will ye go  
To the birks of Abergeldy?*

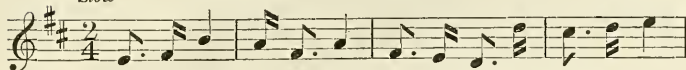
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays,  
Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
In the birks of Abergeldy.

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

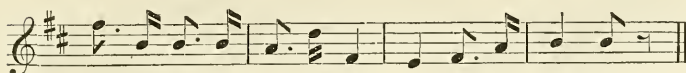
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The birks of Abergeldy.

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 Abergeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the birks of Abergeldy.

No. 114. *As I gaed down the water-side.*Tune: *Ca' the yowes.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 264.*Slow*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the heath-er grows,



Ca' them whare the bur-nie rowes, My bon-ie dear-ie.

CHORUS. *Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,  
 My bonie dearie.*

As I gaed down the water-side,  
 There I met my shepherd lad:  
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
 An he ca'd me his dearie.

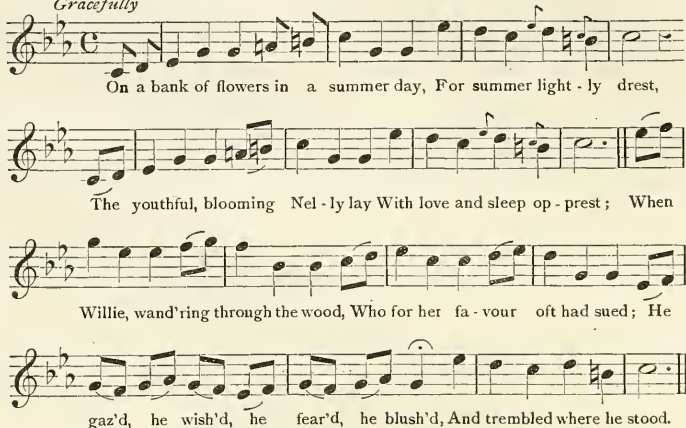
'Will ye gang down the water-side,  
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide?  
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

'I was bred up in nae sic school,  
 My shepherd lad to play the fool,  
 And a' the day to sit in dool,  
 And nae body to see me.'

'Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
 And in my arms thou'lt lie and sleep,  
 An' ay sall be my dearie.'

'If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
 I'se gang wi' you my shepherd lad,  
 And ye may row me in your plaid,  
 And I sall be your dearie.'

'While waters wimple to the sea,  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie,  
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,  
 Ye sall be my dearie.'

No. 115. *On a bank of flowers in a summer day.*Tune: *The bashful lover.* Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, i. p. 30.*Gracefully*


On a bank of flowers in a summer day, For summer light - ly drest,

The youthful, blooming Nel - ly lay With love and sleep op - prest ; When

Willie, wand'ring through the wood, Who for her fa - vour oft had sued ; He

gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,  
 For summer lightly drest,  
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay  
 With love and sleep opprest ;  
 When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,  
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,  
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;  
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
 It richer dyed the rose ;  
 The springing lilies, sweetly prest,  
 Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace ;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace.  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake  
 On fear-inspired wings,  
 So Nelly starting, half-awake,  
 Away affrighted springs ;  
 But Willie follow'd—as he should ;  
 He overtook her in the wood ;  
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all, and good.

No. 116. *When rosy May comes in wi' flowers.*

Tune : *The gardener's march.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 220.

*Slow and pointed*

When ro-sy May comes in wi' flowers To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,  
 Then bu-sy, bu-sy are his hours—, The gard'ner wi' his pai-dle. The  
 crystal wa-ters gently fa', The merry birds are lo-vers a', The  
 scented breezes round him blow— The gard'ner wi' his pai-dle.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,  
 Then busy, busy are his hours—  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.  
 The crystal waters gently fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round him blow—  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare  
 To steal upon her early fare ;  
 Then through the dew he maun repair—  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.  
 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,  
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best—  
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

No. 117. *If thou should ask my love.*Tune : *Jamie, come try me.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, c. 1745, ii. p. 34.

*Slowly* *tr*

CHORUS. *Ja-mie, come try me, Ja-mie, come try me ; If thou would*

*tr Fine.*

*win my love, Ja - mie, come try me. If thou should*

*tr* *tr*

*ask my love, Could I de - ny thee? If*

*tr D.C.*

*thou would win my love, Ja - mie, come try me.*

CHORUS. *Jamie, come try me,  
 Jamie, come try me ;  
 If thou would win my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.*

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

If thou should kiss me, love,  
 Wha could espy thee ?  
 If thou wad be my love,  
 Jamie, come try me.

No. 118. *Hark the mavis' e'ening sang.*Tune : *Ca' the yowes* (see No. 114).

CHORUS. *Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes,  
 My bonie dearie.*

HARK, the mavis' e'ening sang  
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang,  
 Then a-faulding let us gang,  
 My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
 Thro' the hazels, spreading wide  
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
 To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers  
Where, at moonshine's midnight  
hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheery.


Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae  
dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart ;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonie dearie.

### No. 119. *When the drums do beat.*

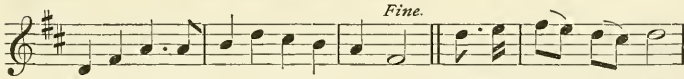
Tune : *The Captain's lady.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 233.

*Briskly*

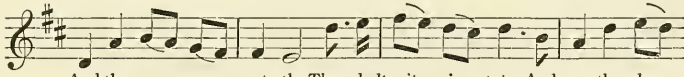


CHORUS. *O, mount and go, Mount and make ye rea - dy; O,*

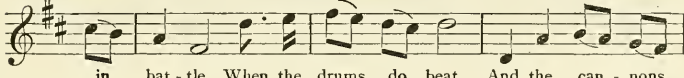
*Fine.*



*mount and go, And be the Captain's la - dy! When the drums do beat,*

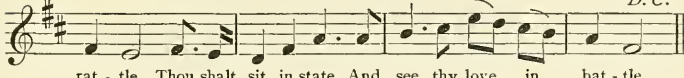


*And the can - nons rat - tle, Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love*



*in bat - tle. When the drums do beat, And the can - nons*

*D. C.*



*rat - tle, Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in bat - tle.*

CHORUS. *O, mount and go,  
Mount and make ye ready;  
O, mount and go,  
And be the Captain's lady!*

WHEN the drums do beat,  
And the cannons rattle,  
Thou shalt sit in state,  
And see thy love in battle. } *bis*

When the vanquish'd foe  
Sues for peace and quiet, } *bis*  
To the shades we'll go,  
And in love enjoy it.



No. 120. *Young Jockie was the blythest lad.*Tune : *Jockie was the blythest lad.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 287.*Slowly**tr*

Young Jock - ie was the blyth - est lad, In a'

*tr*  
our town or here a - wa; Fu' blythe he whist - led

at the gaud, Fu' light - ly danc'd he in the ha'. He

roos'd my een sae bon - ie blue, He roos'd my waist

sae gen - ty sma', An' ay my heart cam to

*tr*  
my mou, When ne'er . . a bo - dy heard or saw.

YOUNG Jockie was the blythest lad,  
 In a' our town or here awa;  
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.  
 He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,  
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma',  
 An' ay my heart cam to my mou,  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

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

No. 121. *Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon.*

(FIRST VERSION.)

Tune : *Cambdelmore*. Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, p. 92.

*Slow*

Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon, The spreading flowers are fair, And  
*tr* every-thing is blythe and glad, But I am fu' o' care. Thou'll break my heart,  
 thou bonie bird, That sings up-on the bough ! Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause Luv was true : Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird That sings  
*tr* be-side thy mate, For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate.

SWEET are the banks—the banks o' Doon,

The spreading flowers are fair,

And everything is blythe and glad,

But I am fu' o' care.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird

That sings upon the bough !

Thou minds me o' the happy days

When my fause Luv was true :

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird

That sings beside thy mate,

For sae I sat, and sae I sang,

And wist na o' my fate !

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon

To see the woodbine twine,

And ilka bird sang o' its Luv,

And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose

Upon its thorny tree,

But my fause luv staw my rose,

And left the thorn wi' me :

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose

Upon a morn in June,

And sae I flourished on the morn,

And sae was pu'd or noon.

No. 122. *Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon.*

(SECOND VERSION.)

See Tune : *Ballendalloch's Reel*, or *Cambdelmore* (see No. 121).

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
 How can ye blume sae fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
 That sings upon the bough :  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause Luve was true!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
 That sings beside thy mate ;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon  
 To see the woodbine twine,  
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
 Frae aff its thorny tree ;  
 And my fause luv'r staw my rose,  
 But left the thorn wi' me.

No. 123. *Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon.*

(THIRD VERSION.)

Tune : *Caledonian Hunt's delight*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 374.*Slow*

Ye banks and braes o' bon - ie Doon, How can ye  
 bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - le birds, And  
 I sae wea - ry fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart, thou warb-ling



YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care!  
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return !

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

### No. 124. *O, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay.*

Tune : *Where shall our gudeman lie* (see No. 10).

O, STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray!  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing, fond complaining.  
Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art!  
For surely that wad touch her heart  
Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
O, nocht but love and sorrow join'd  
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!  
Thou tells o' never-ending care,  
O' speechless grief and dark despair—  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,  
Or my poor heart is broken!

No. 125. *O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab?*Tune: *Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 336.*Slow*


O, saw ye my dear-ie, my Ep-pie M<sup>c</sup>-Nab? O,  
 saw ye my dear-ie, my Ep-pie M<sup>c</sup>-Nab; 'She's down  
 in the yard, she's kiss-in the laird, She win-na come hame  
 to her ain Jock Rab!' O, come thy ways to me, my  
 Ep-pie M<sup>c</sup>-Nab! O come thy ways to me, my Ep-  
 -pie M<sup>c</sup>-Nab! What-e'er thou has done, be it late, be it  
 soon, Thou's wel-come a-gain to thy ain Jock Rab!

O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab?O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab?

'She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird,  
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.'

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab!O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab!

Whate'er thou has done, be it late, be it soon,  
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab?  
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab?  
 'She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.'

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab!  
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab!  
 As light as the air and as fause as thou's fair,  
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

No. 126. *By love and by beauty.*

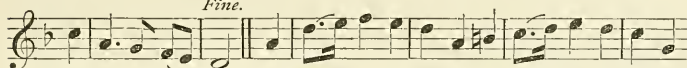
Tune : *Eppie Adair*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 281.

*Slow*

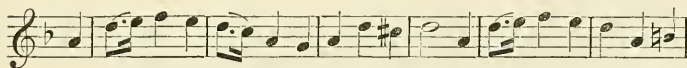


CHORUS. *An' O my Ep-pie, My jew-el, my Ep-pie: Wha wadna be happy*

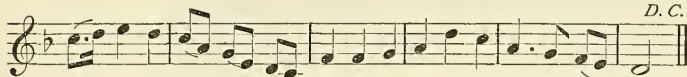
*Fine.*



*Wi' Ep-pie A - dair?* By love and by beau-ty, By law and by du-ty,



I swear to be true to My Ep-pie A - dair! By love and by beauty, By



law and by du-ty, I swear to be true to My Ep-pie A - dair!

CHORUS. *An' O my Eppie,  
 My jewel, my Eppie;  
 Wha wadna be happy  
 Wi' Eppie Adair?*

By love and by beauty,  
 By law and by duty,  
 I swear to be true to  
 My Eppie Adair! } *bis*

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



No. 127. *O, luve will venture in.*Tune: *The posie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 373.*Moderate time*

O, luve will ven-ture in where it daur na weel be seen; O, luve will  
 ven-ture in, where wisdom ance hath been; But I will doun yon river rove a -  
 mang the wood sae green, And a' to pu' a po-sie to my ain dear May!

O, LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel be seen;  
 O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance hath been;  
 But I will doun yon river rove among the wood sae green,  
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May!

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May!

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou'.  
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'en'ing star is near,  
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear!  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

No. 128. *Let loove sparkle in her e'e.*Tune : *Jockey fou and Jenny fain.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 381.*Lively*

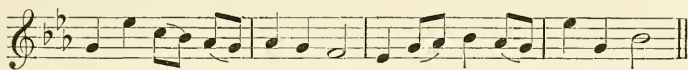
Ith-ers seek they ken-na what, Fea-tures, car-riage, and a' that ;



Gie me loove in her I court, Loove to loove maks a' the sport.



Let loove spar-kle in her e'e, Let her lo'e nae man but me ;



That's the toch-er gude I prize, There the luv-er's treasure lies.

[I T H E R S seek they kenna what,  
 Features, carriage and a' that ;  
 Gie me loove in her I court—  
 Loove to loove maks a' the sport.]  
 Let loove sparkle in her e'e,  
 Let her lo'e nae man but me ;  
 That's the tocher gude I prize,  
 There the luv'er's treasure lies.

No. 129. *How cruel are the parents.*Tune : *John Anderson my jo* (see No. 212).

How cruel are the parents  
 Who riches only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby  
 Poor woman sacrifice !  
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter  
 Has but a choice of strife ;  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate  
 Become a wretched wife !

The ravening hawk pursuing,  
 The trembling dove thus flies,  
 To shun impelling ruin  
 Awhile her pinion tries,  
 Till, of escape despairing,  
 No shelter or retreat,  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
 And drops beneath his feet !

No. 130. *The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing.*Tune : *Bonie Bell.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 387.*Lively*

The smil-ing Spring comes in re-joic-ing, And sur-ly Win-ter  
grim-ly flies; Now crys-tal clear are the fall-ing wa-ters, And bon-ie  
blue are the sun-ny skies. Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morn-  
-ing, The ev'n-ing gilds the o-cean's swell; All crea-tures joy in  
the sun's re-turn-ing, And I re-joice in my bon-ie Bell.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,  
And surly Winter grimly flies;  
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.  
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,  
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;  
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
The yellow Autumn presses near;  
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
Till smiling Spring again appear.  
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;  
But never ranging, still unchanging,  
I adore my bonie Bell.

No. 131. *Where Cart rins rowin to the sea.*Tune : *The gallant weaver.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 389.*Briskly*

Where Cart rins row - in to the sea By mon-ie a flower and  
spreading tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me— He is  
a gal - lant weav - er. O, I had woo - ers aught or  
nine, They gied me rings and rib-bons fine, And I was  
fear'd my heart wad tine, And I gied it to the weav - er.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea  
By monie a flower and spreading tree,  
There lives a lad, the lad for me—  
He is a gallant weaver!  
O, I had wooers aught or nine,  
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,  
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,  
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band  
To gie the lad that has the land;  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
And give it to the weaver.  
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
While bees delight in opening flowers,  
While corn grows green in summer showers,  
I love my gallant weaver.

No. 132. *I do confess thou art sae fair.*Tune: *The cuckoo.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 321.**Moderately quick*

I do con - fess thou art sae fair, I wad been o'er  
the lugs in luv, Had I na found the slight - est prayer That  
lips could speak thy heart could muve. I do con - fess thee sweet, but  
find Thou art so thrift - less o' thy sweets, Thy fa - vours are  
the sil - ly wind That kiss - es il - ka thing it meets.

I do confess thou art sae fair,  
I wad been o'er the lugs in luv,  
Had I na found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.  
I do confess thee sweet, but find  
Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets,  
Thy favours are the silly wind  
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud rich in dew,  
Amang its native briers sae coy,  
How sune it tines its scent and hue,  
When pu'd and worn a common toy!  
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,  
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,  
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,  
Like onie common weed, an' vile.

No. 133. *Whare live ye, my bonie lass?*Tune : *My collier laddie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 361.

*Gracefully*

'Whare live ye, my bon - ie lass, And tell me what  
they ca' ye?' 'My name,' she says, 'is Mis - tress  
Jean, And I fol - low the Col - - lier Lad - die.'

'WHARE live ye, my bonie lass,  
And tell me what they ca' ye?'  
'My name,' she says, 'is Mistress Jean, } *bis*  
And I follow the Collier Laddie.'

'See you not yon hills and dales  
The sun shines on sae brawlie?  
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine, } *bis*  
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.'

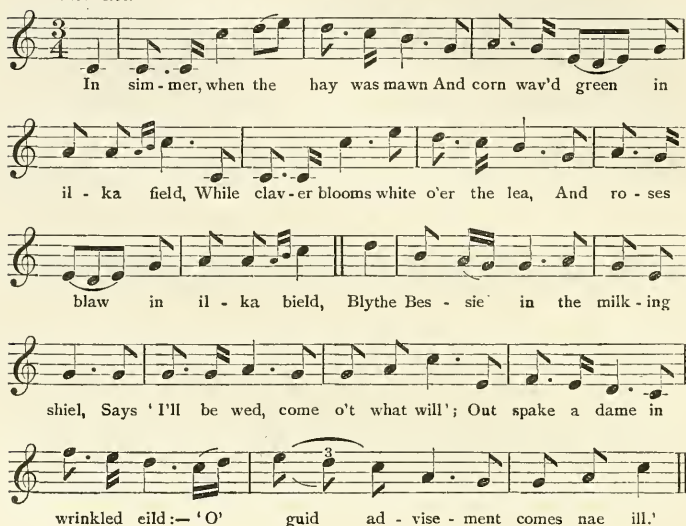
'An' ye shall gang in gay attire,  
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,  
And ane to wait on every hand, } *bis*  
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.'

'Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,  
And the earth conceals sae lowly,  
I wad turn my back on you and it a', } *bis*  
And embrace my Collier Laddie.'

'I can win my five pennies in a day,  
An' spend it at night fu' brawlie,  
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk } *bis*  
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.'

'Luve for luve is the bargain for me,  
'Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,  
And the world before me to win my bread— } *bis*  
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie!'



No. 134. *In simmer, when the hay was mawn.*Tune: *The country lass.* *Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 38.**Rather slow*


In sim-mer, when the hay was mawn And corn wav'd green in  
il - ka field, While clav-er blooms white o'er the lea, And ro - ses  
blaw in il - ka bield, Blythe Bes - sie in the milk - ing  
shiel, Says 'I'll be wed, come o't what will'; Out spake a dame in  
wrinkled eild:— 'O' guid ad - vise - ment comes nae ill.'

In simmer, when the hay was mawn  
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw in ilka bield,  
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,  
Says—'I'll be wed, come o't what will';  
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild:—  
'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae woers mony ane,  
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;  
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:  
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-Glen,  
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre:  
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen:—  
It's plenty beets the luvèr's fire.'

'For Johnie o' the Buskie-Glen  
I dinna care a single flie:  
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
He has nae luvè to spare for me:

But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie-Glen and a' his gear.'

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught !  
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;  
 But ay fu'-han t is fechtin best ;  
 A hungry care's an unco care.  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 And wilfu' folk maun hae their will.  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'

'O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye !  
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv  
 The gowd and siller canna buy :  
 We may be poor, Robie and I ;  
 Light is the burden luv lays on ;  
 Content and luv brings peace and joy—  
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?'



### No. 135. *Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers.*

Tune : *Dainty Davie* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
 Dainty Davie, Dainty Davie ;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear Dainty Davie.*

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers  
 To deck her gay, green-spreading  
 bowers ;  
 And now comes in the happy hours  
 To wander wi' my Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us blaw,  
 A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the  
 hare  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then thro' the dews I will repair  
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,  
 I flee to his arms I lo'e the best :  
 And that's my ain dear Davie !

No. 136. *When o'er the hill the e'ening star.*Tune : *My ain kind dearie, O.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 49.

*Slowly*

When o'er the hill the e'en-ing star Tells bught-in time is

near, my jo, And ows-en frae the fur-row'd field Re - turn

sae dowf and wea-ry, O, Down by the burn, where scent -

- ed birks Wi' dew are hang - in clear, my jo, I'll

meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain kind dea - rie, O.

WHEN o'er the hill the e'ening star  
 Tells bughtin time is near, my jo,  
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
 Return sae dowf and weary, O,  
 Down by the burn, where scented birks  
 Wi' dew are hangin clear, my jo,  
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

At midnight hour in mirkest glen  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
 At noon the fisher takes the glen  
 Adown the burn to steer, my jo;  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!



No. 137. *Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes.*

Tune : *The brave lads of Galla Water.* Cal. Pocket Comp., c. 1756, viii. p. 28.



Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, They rove a-mang the bloom-ing heather;



But Yar-row braes, nor Et-trick shaws Can match the lads o' Gal-la Water.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 They rove among the blooming heather;  
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws  
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 And tho' I hae nae 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, and pleasure:  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O, that's the chiefest world's treasure.

No. 138. *O, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour.*Tune: *Lord Gregory.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 5.

*Slow*

O, mirk, mirk, is this midnight hour, And loud the  
 tem - pest's roar; A wae - fu' wander - er seeks thy tower—Lord  
 Gre - go - ry, ope thy door! An ex - ile frae her  
 fa - ther's ha', And a' for sake o' thee, At least some  
 pi - ty on me shaw, If love it may na be.

O, MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,  
 And loud the tempest's roar;  
 A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tower—  
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door!  
 An exile frae her father's ha',  
 And a' for sake o' thee,  
 At least some pity on me shaw,  
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the grove  
 By bonie Irwine side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin love  
 I lang, lang had denied?  
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow,  
 Thou wad for ay be mine!  
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast:  
 Thou bolt of heaven that flashest by,  
 O, wilt thou bring me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,  
 Your willing victim see,  
 But spare and pardon my fause love  
 His wrangs to Heaven and me!

No. 139. *There's auld Rob Morris that wons  
 in yon glen.*

Tune : *Auld Rob Morris.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 30.

There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude  
 fel-lows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his coffers, he has ows -  
 - en and kine, And ae bo - nie las-sie, his dau-tie and mine.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,  
 He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld men;  
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,  
 And ae bonie lassie, his dautie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May,  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay,  
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But O, she's an heiress—auld Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,  
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:  
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!  
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express!



No. 140. *Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie.*Tune : *Here awa, there awa.* Scots Musical Museum, 1787, No. 57.*Slow*

Here a - wa, there a-wa, wan-der-ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa,  
there a-wa, haud a - wa hame; Come to my bo-som, my ae  
on - ly dear-ie, And tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;  
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,  
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud tho' the winter blew cauld at our parting,  
'Twas na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:  
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

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

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

No. 141. *O, open the door some pity to shew.*Tune : *Open the door softly.* Bunting's Irish Melodies, 1796.*With pathos*

O, open the door some pi - ty to shew, If love it may na be, O! Tho  
thou hast been false, I'll ev - er prove true—O, op - en the door to me, O!

O, OPEN the door some pity to shew,  
 If love it may na be, O!  
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true—  
 O, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But caulder thy love for me, O:  
 The frost, that freezes the life at my heart,  
 Is naught to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon sets behind the white wave,  
 And Time is setting with me, O:  
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees the pale corse on the plain, O!  
 'My true love,' she cried, and sank down by his side—  
 Never to rise again, O!

### No. 142. *Lang hae we parted been.*

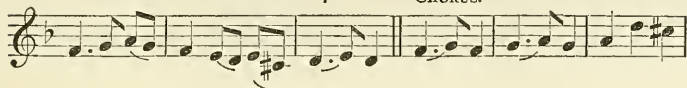
Tune : *Laddie lie near me.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 218.

*Rather slow*

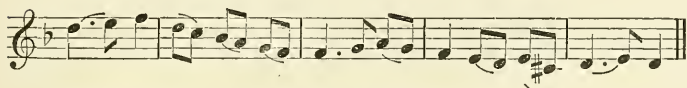


Lang hae we part-ed been, Las-sie, my dear-ie; Now we are

CHORUS.



met a-gain, Las-sie, lie near me! Near me, near me, Las-sie, lie



near me, Lang hast thou lien thy lane, Las-sie, lie near me.

LANG hae we parted been,  
 Lassie, my dearie;  
 Now we are met again,  
 Lassie, lie near me!

CHORUS. Near me, near me,  
 Lassie, lie near me!  
 Lang hast thou lien thy lane,  
 Lassie, lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,  
 Lassie, my dearie,  
 Here in thy arms is cur'd!  
 Lassie, lie near me.

No. 143. *By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove.*Tune: *Allan Water.* *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 28.*Slowly*

By Al-lan stream I chanc'd to rove, While Phæbus sank be-yond Ben-  
le-di; The winds were whis-p'ring thro' the grove, The  
yel-low corn was wav-ing rea-dy: I lis-ten'd  
to a lov-er's sang, An' thought on youth-fu'  
plea-sures mo-nie, And ay the wild wood e-  
-choes rang:—O, my love An-nie's ve-ry bon-ie.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,  
While Phæbus sank beyond Benledi;  
The winds were whisp'ring thro' the grove,  
The yellow corn was waving ready:  
I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
An' thought on youthfu' pleasures monie,  
And ay the wild wood echoes rang:—  
'O, my love Annie's very bonie!  
'O, happy be the woodbine bower,  
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie!  
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
The place and time I met my dearie!  
Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
She, sinking, said:—"I'm thine for ever!"  
While monie a kiss the seal impress—  
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever.'

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,  
 The Summer joys the flocks to follow.  
 How cheery thro' her short'ning day,  
 Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow;  
 But can they melt the glowing heart,  
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?  
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,  
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

No. 144. *I fee'd a man at Martinmas.*

Tune : *O can ye labour lea.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 394.

CHORUS. *O can ye la-bor lea, young man, O, can ye la-bor lea? It fee nor bountith shall us twine Gin ye can labor lea.* *Fine.*

*I fee'd a man at Mar-tin-mas Wi' airle pen-nies D. C.*

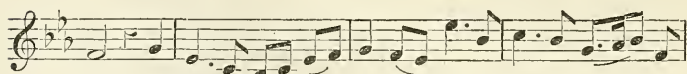
three: But a' the faut I had to him, He could na la-bor lea.

CHORUS. *O, can ye labor lea, young man,  
 O, can ye labor lea?  
 It fee nor bountith shall us twine  
 Gin ye can labor lea.*

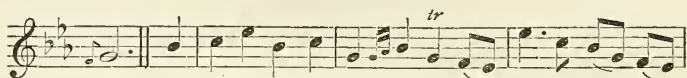
*I FEE'D a man at Martinmas  
 Wi' airle pennies three;  
 But a' the faut I had to him  
 He could na labor lea.  
 O, clappin's gude in Febarwar,  
 An' kissin's sweet in May;  
 But my delight's the ploughman lad  
 That weel can labor lea.  
 O, kissin is the key o' lue,  
 An' clappin is the lock;  
 An' makin o's the best thing yet  
 That e'er a young thing got!*

No. 145. *As down the burn they took their way.*Tune : *Down the burn, Davie.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 50.*Moderate time*

As down the burn they took their way, And thro' the flower - y



dale; His cheek to hers he aft did lay, And love was ay the



tale, With:—'Mary, when shall we re-turn, Sic pleasure to re -

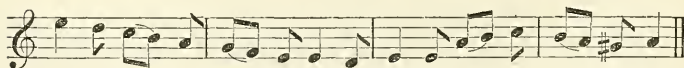


new?' Quoth Mary:—'Love, I like the burn, And ay shall fol - low you.'

As down the burn they took their way,  
 And thro' the flowery dale;  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And love was ay the tale,  
 With:—'Mary, when shall we return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew?'  
 Quoth Mary:—'Love, I like the burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.'

No. 146. *O, were my love yon lilac fair.*Tune : *Gin my love were yon red rose.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 562.*Smoothly*

O were my love yon li - lac fair Wi' pur-ple blossoms to the spring, And



I a bird to shel - ter there, When wearied on my lit - tle wing.

O, WERE my love yon lilac fair  
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,  
 And I a bird to shelter there,  
 When wearied on my little wing,  
 How I wad mourn when it was torn  
 By autumn wild and winter rude !  
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

[O, gin my love were yon red rose,  
 That grows upon the castle wa',  
 And I mysel a drap o' dew  
 Into her bonie breast to fa',

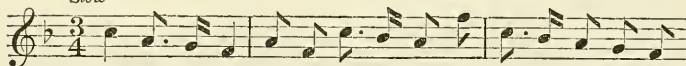
O, there, beyond expression blest,  
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night,  
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.]



### No. 147. *Simmer's a pleasant time.*

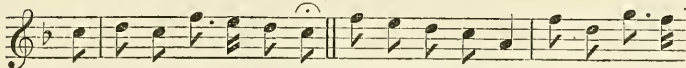
Tune : *Ay, waukin, O.* Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1790, i. p. 61.

*Slow*



CHORUS. *Ay, wau-kin, O, Wau-kin still and wear-ie! Sleep I can get nane*

*Fine.*



*For think-ing on my dearie. Simmer's a pleasant time: Flowers of ev'ry*



*colour; The water rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my true lov - er.*

*D. C.*

CHORUS. *Ay, waukin, O.*

*Waukin still and wearie!  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.*

When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wauk I'm eerie,  
 Sleep I can get nane  
 For thinking on my dearie.

SIMMER's a pleasant time;  
 Flowers of ev'ry colour;  
 The water rins o'er the heugh,  
 And I long for my true lover.

Lanely night comes on,  
 A' the lave are sleepin,  
 I think on my bonie lad,  
 And I blear my een wi' greetin.



No. 148. *Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine.*Tune : *The secret kiss.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 231.*Gracefully*

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil -

ver tas-sie, That I may drink be - fore I go A ser-vice to

my bo - nie las-sie! The boat rocks . at the pier o'

Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the fer-ry, The ship rides by

the Ber - wick - Law, And I maun leave . my bo - nie Ma-ry.

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 And fill it in a silver tassie,  
 That I may drink before I go  
 A service to my bonie lassie!  
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

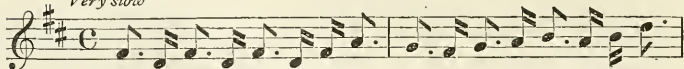
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready,  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes deep and bloody,  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—  
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

No. 149. *Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain.*Tune : *The carlin o' the glen.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 420.*With gravity*

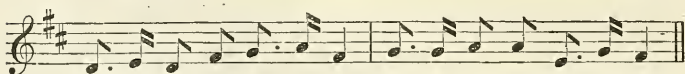
Young Ja - mie, pride of a' the plain, Sae gal - lant  
and sae gay a swain, Thro' a' our las - sies he  
did rove, And reign'd re - sist - less king of love.  
But now, wi' sighs and start - ing tears, He strays  
a - mang the woods and breers; Or in the glens and  
rock - y caves, His sad com - plain - ing dow - ie raves :

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,  
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,  
Thro' a' our lassies he did rove,  
And reign'd resistless king of love.  
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,  
He strays among the woods and breers;  
Or in the glens and rocky caves,  
His sad complaining dowie raves :—

'I, wha sae late did range and rove,  
And chang'd with every moon my love;  
I little thought the time was near  
Repentance I should buy sae dear:  
The slighted maids my torments see,  
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;  
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,  
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!'

No. 150. *Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald.*Tune: *The highland balou.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 472.*Very slow*

Hee ba - lou, my sweet wee Donald, Pic - ture o' the great Clanronald!

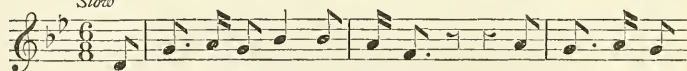


Braw - lie kens our wan - ton chief Wha gat my young Highland thief.

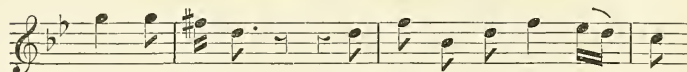
HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,  
 Picture o' the great Clanronald!  
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief  
 Wha gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie!  
 An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie.  
 Travel the country thro' and thro',  
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

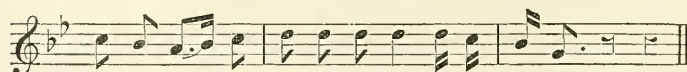
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,  
 Weel, my babie, may thou further,  
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,  
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

No. 151. *O, saw ye my dear, my Philly.*Tune: *When she cam ben she bobbit.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 353.*Slow*

O, saw ye my dear, my Phil - ly? O, saw ye my



dear, my Phil - ly? She's down i' the grove, she's wi'



a new love, She win - na come hame to her Wil - ly.

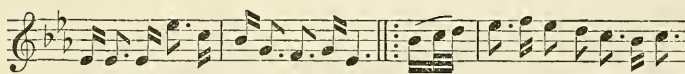
O, saw ye my dear, my Philly?  
 O, saw ye my dear, my Philly?  
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,  
 She winna come hame to her Willy.  
 What says she my dear, my Philly?  
 What says she my dear, my Philly?  
 She lets thee to wit she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.  
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!  
 O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!  
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,  
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

No. 152. *My luve is like a red, red rose.*

Tune : *Major Graham.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 402.*  
*Moderate time*



My luve is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June: My luve is like

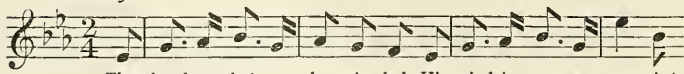


the me-lo-die that's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonie lass,



So deep in luve am I, And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

My luve is like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June:  
 My luve is like the melodie,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
 So deep in luve am I,  
 And I will luve thee still, my dear, } *bis*  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.  
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun!  
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare-thee-weel, my only luve, }  
 And fare-thee-weel a while! } *bis*  
 And I will come again, my luve,  
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

No. 153. *The ploughman, he's a bonie lad.*Tune : *The Ploughman.* Perth Musical Miscellany, 1786, p. 248.*Briskly*

The ploughman he's a bo - nie lad, His mind is ev - er true, jo!



His gar-ters knit be - low his knee, His bon-net it is blue, jo.

THE ploughman, he's a bonie lad,

His mind is ever true, jo!

His garters knit below his knee,

His bonnet it is blue, jo.

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

I hae been east, I hae been west,

I hae been at Saint Johnston;

The boniest sight that e'er I saw

Was the ploughman laddie dancin.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,

And siller buckles glancin,

A gude blue bonnet on his head,

And O, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard

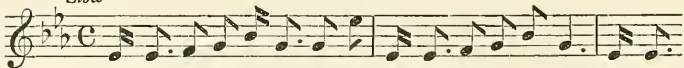
And the corn-mou, man!

I never gat my coggie fou

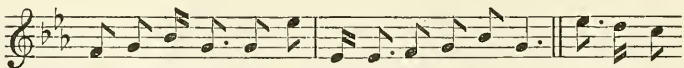
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

No. 154. *Thou has left me ever, Jamie.*Tune : *Fee him father, fee him.*

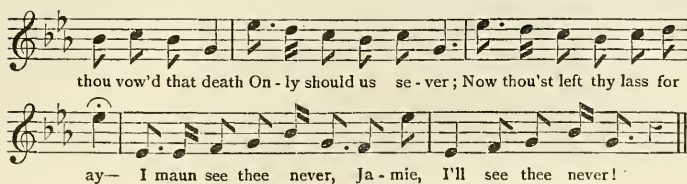
Bremner's Scots Songs, 1757, p. 6.

*Slow*

Thou hast left me ev - er, Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev - er! Thou hast



left me ev - er, Ja - mic, Thou hast left me ev - er! Aft - en hast

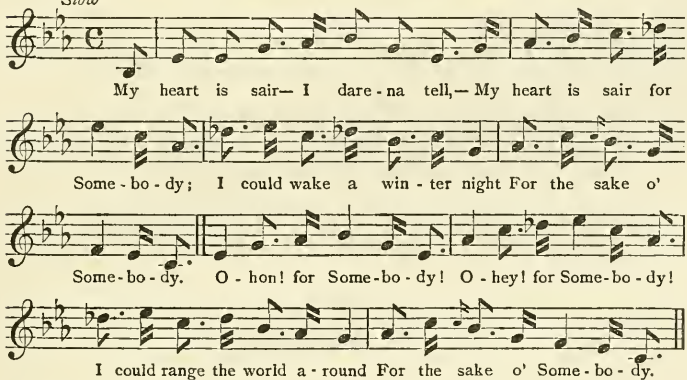


Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever !  
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
Thou hast left me ever !  
Aften hast thou vow'd that death  
Only should us sever ;  
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—  
I maun see thee never, Jamie,  
I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken !  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
Thou hast me forsaken !  
Thou canst love another jo,  
While my heart is breaking ;  
Soon my weary een I'll close,  
Never mair to waken, Jamie,  
Never mair to waken !

### No. 155. *My heart is sair—I darena tell.*

Tune : *For the sake o' Somebody.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 436.  
*Slow*



My heart is sair — I darena  
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 Powers 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 !



No. 156. *The winter it is past.*Tune: *The winter it is past.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 200.*Slowly*

The win - ter it is past, and the sim - mer comes at last, And the  
small birds sing on ev' - ry tree: The hearts of these are glad,  
but mine is ve - ry sad, For my lo - ver has part - ed from me.

THE winter it is past, and the simmer comes at last,

And the small birds sing on ev'ry tree:

The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,

For my lover has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear

May have charms for the linnet or the bee:

Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,

But my lover is parted from me.

[My love is like the sun in the firmament does run—

For ever constant and true;

But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down

And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,

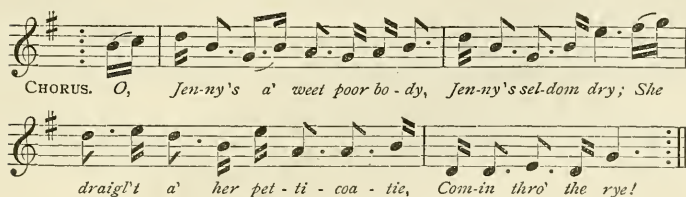
I pity the pains you endure,

For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,

A woe that no mortal can cure.]

No. 157. *Comin thro' the rye, poor body.*Tune: *Miller's wedding.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 417.*Slow*

Com - in thro' the rye, poor bo - dy, Com - in thro' the rye, She  
draigl't a' her pet - ti - coa - tie, Com - in thro' the rye!



COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,  
Comin thro' the rye,  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
Comin thro' the rye!

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the rye;  
Gin a body kiss a body  
Need a body cry?

CHORUS. O, *Jenny's a' weet, poor body,  
Jenny's seldom dry;  
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,  
Comin thro' the rye!*

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the glen;  
Gin a body kiss a body  
Need the waird ken?

### No. 158. *Wae is my heart.*

Tune: *Wae is my heart.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 476.




WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;  
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:  
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,  
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures—and deep hae I luv'd!  
Love, thou hast sorrows—and sair hae I pruv'd!  
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
I can feel by its throbings, will soon be at rest.

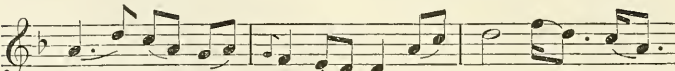
O, if I were where happy I hae been,  
Down by yon stream and yon bonie castle-green!  
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,  
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.

No. 159. *O lassie, are ye sleepin yet?*Tune : *Will ye lend me your loom, lass?* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1752, iv. p. 21.

*Slowly*

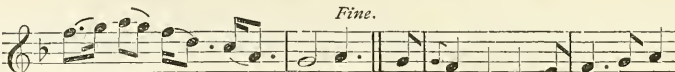


CHORUS. *O, let me in this ae night, This ae, ae,*




*ae night, O, let me in this ae night, I'll*

*Fine.*




*no come back a - gain, jo. O las - sie, are ye sleep - in yet,*



Or are ye waukin, I wad wit? For love has bound me

*D. C.*



hand an' fit, And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS. *O, let me in this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
O, let me in this ae night,  
I'll no come back again, jo!*

O LASSIE, are ye sleepin yet,  
Or are ye waukin, I wad wit?  
For love has bound me hand an' fit,  
And I would fain be in, jo.

O, hear'st thou not the wind an' weet?  
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;  
Tak pity on my weary feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:  
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
Of a' my grief and pine, jo.

## HER ANSWER.

CHORUS. *I tell you now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night,  
And ance' for a' this ae night,  
I winna let ye in, jo.*

O, tell na me o' wind an' rain,  
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,  
Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
Is nocht to what poor she endures  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed—  
Let simple maid the lesson read  
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
And now the cruel fowler's prey;  
Let that to witless woman say  
'The gratefu' heart of man,' jo.

No. 160. *Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?*

Tune : *Leezie Lindsay*. Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 434.

*Moderately*

Will ye go to the High-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye  
go to the High-lands wi' me? Will ye go to the High-  
lands, Lee-zie Lind-say, My pride and my dar-ling to be?

Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?  
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?  
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,  
My pride and my darling to be.

## No. 161. 'Twas past one o'clock.

Tune : *Cold frosty morning.*McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1766, p. 119.

*Smoothly* *tr*



'Twas past one o'clock in a cauld fros - ty morning When

*tr*



can - kert No - vem - ber blows o - ver the plain, I heard the kirk -

*tr* *tr*



bell re - peat the loud warn - ing, As rest - less I sought

*tr* *tr*



for sweet slum - ber in vain: Then up I a - rose, the sil - ver

*tr* *tr*



moon shining bright; Moun - tains and val - lies ap - pear - ing all

*tr*



hoary white; Forth I would go . . a - mid the pale,

*tr*



si - lent night, To vis - it the fair one, the cause of my pain.

'Twas past one o'clock in a cauld frosty morning  
 When cankert November blows over the plain,  
 I heard the kirk-bell repeat the loud warning  
 As restless I sought for sweet slumber in vain:  
 Then up I arose, the silver moon shining bright,  
 Mountains and vallies appearing all hoary white;  
 Forth I would go amid the pale, silent night,  
 To visit the fair one, the cause of my pain.

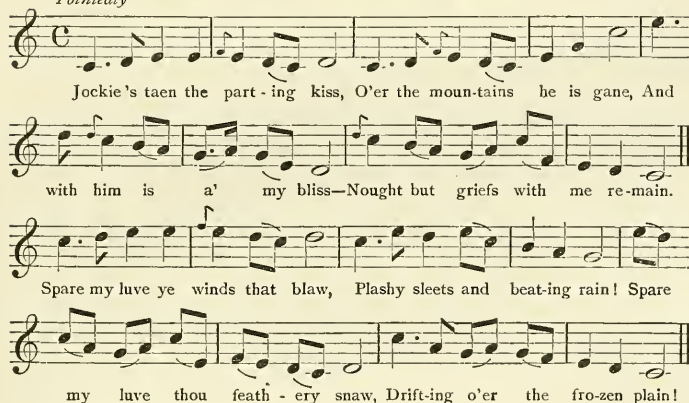
Sae gently I staw to my lovely maid's chamber,  
 And rapp'd at her window, low down on my knee,  
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber,  
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me:  
 For, that a stranger to a' pleasure, peace and rest,  
 Love into madness had firèd my tortur'd breast,  
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest,  
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie!

My true love arose and whisperèd to me—  
 (The moon lookèd in and envy'd my love's charms;—)  
 'An innocent maiden, ah, would you undo me!'  
 I made no reply, but leapt into her arms:  
 Bright Phœbus peep'd over the hills and found me there;  
 As he has done, now, seven lang years and mair,  
 A faithfuller, constanter, kinder, more loving pair,  
 His sweet chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms.

### No. 162. *Jockie's taen the parting kiss.*

Tune: *Bonnie lass tak a man.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 570.

*Pointedly*

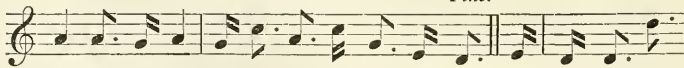
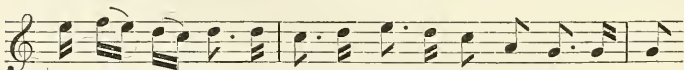


Jockie's taen the part-ing kiss, O'er the moun-tains he is gane, And  
 with him is a' my bliss—Nought but griefs with me re-main.  
 Spare my luvè ye winds that blaw, Plashy sleets and beat-ing rain! Spare  
 my luvè thou feath-ery snaw, Drift-ing o'er the fro-zen plain!

JOCKIE'S taen the parting kiss,  
 O'er the mountains he is gane,  
 And with him is a' my bliss—  
 Nought but griefs with me remain.  
 Spare my luvè ye winds that blaw,  
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!  
 Spare my luvè thou feathery snaw,  
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be!  
 He will think on her he loves—  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name,  
 For where'er he distant roves,  
 Jockie's heart is still at hame.



No. 163. *As I was walking up the street.*Tune : *Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 597.*Gracefully*CHORUS *Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's mo - dest and dis - creet, Mally's*  
*Fine.**rare, Mally's fair, Mally's ev'ry way com - plete. As I was walk -**ing up the street, A bare - fit maid I chanc'd to meet ; But O,*  
*D. C.**the road was ve - ry hard For that fair mai - den's ten - der feet !*

CHORUS. *Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,*  
*Mally's modest and discreet,*  
*Mally's rare, Mally's fair,*  
*Mally's ev'ry way complete.*

As I was walking up the street,  
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet ;  
But O, the road was very hard  
For that fair maiden's tender feet !

It were mair meet that those fine feet  
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon !  
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit  
Within yon chariot gilt aboon !

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,  
Comes trinklin down her swan-white neck,  
And her two eyes like stars in skies,  
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

No. 164. *Is this thy plighted, fond regard ?*Tune : *Ruffian's rant* (see infra).

CHORUS. *Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie !*  
*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie !*  
*Well thou know'st my aching heart,*  
*And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,  
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?  
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—  
 An aching broken heart, my Katie?  
 Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear  
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!  
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,  
 But not a love like mine, my Katie!

No. 165. *There was a bonie lass.*

Tune : *A bonie lass.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 586.

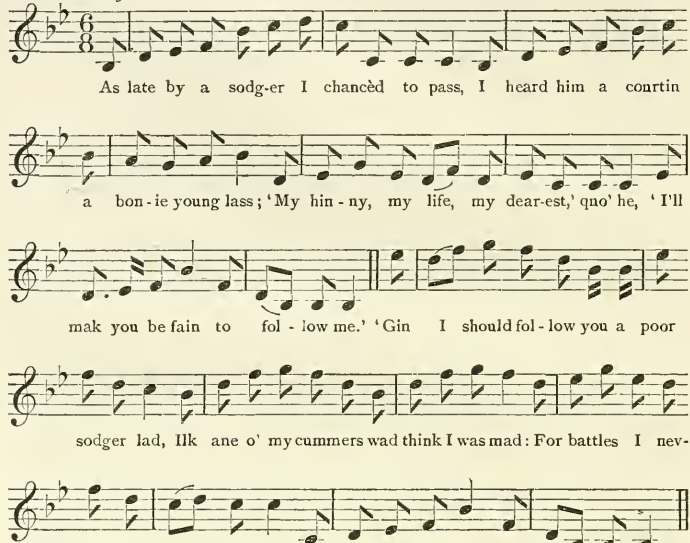
*Briskly*

There was a bon - ie lass, and a bon - ie, bon - ie lass, And  
 she lo'ed her bon - ie lad - die dear; Till war's loud  
 a - larms tore her lad - die frae her arms Wi' mon - ie a  
 sigh and a tear. O - ver sea, o - ver shore, where the cannons loudly  
 roar, He still was a stranger to fear, And nocht could him quail, or his  
 bo - som as - sail, But the bon - ie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,  
 And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear,  
 Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms  
 Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.  
 Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,  
 He still was a stranger to fear,  
 And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,  
 But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

No. 166. *As late by a sodger I chanced to pass.*Tune: *I'll mak you be fain to follow me.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1790, No. 268.

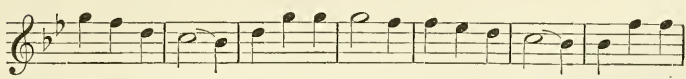
*Cheerily*



As late by a sodger I chanced to pass, I heard him a courtin  
a bon-ie young lass; 'My hin - ny, my life, my dear-est,' quo' he, 'I'll  
mak you be fain to fol - low me.' 'Gin I should fol - low you a poor  
sodger lad, Ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad: For battles I nev-  
er shall lang to see, I'll nev-er be fain to fol - low thee.'

As late by a sodger I chanced to pass,  
I heard him a courtin a bonie young lass,  
'My hinny, my life, my dearest,' quo' he,  
'I'll mak you be fain to follow me.'  
'Gin I should follow you a poor sodger lad  
Ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad.  
For battles I never shall lang to see,  
I'll never be fain to follow thee.'

'To follow me, I think ye may be glad,  
A part o' my supper, a part o' my bed,  
A part o' my bed, wherever it be,  
I'll mak ye be fain to follow me.  
Come try my knapsack on your back,  
Along the king's highgate we'll pack,  
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee,  
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.'

No. 167. *O dear minny, what shall I do?*Tune : *O dear minny.* Ancient MS. (Stenhouse's Ill.).*Moderate time*CHORUS. *O dear min - ny, what shall I do? O dear min - ny,**what shall I do? O dear min - ny, what shall I do?**Fine.**'Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.'* If I be black, I

can - na be lo'ed; If I be fair I can - na be gude; If I be

*D. C.*lord-ly, the lads will look by me: *O dear min - ny, what shall I do?*

CHORUS. *O dear minny, what shall I do?*  
*O dear minny, what shall I do?*  
*O dear minny, what shall I do?*  
*'Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.'*

If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;  
 If I be fair I canna be gude;  
 If I be lordly, the lads will look by me:  
 O dear minny, what shall I do?



## III. LOVE—HUMOROUS.

No. 168. *Here's to thy health, my bonie lass!*Tune: *Laggan burn.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 495.**Briskly*

Here's to thy health, my bon-ie lass; Gude night and joy be wi' thee;

I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O, din - na think, my pret - ty pink, But I can live with - out

thee: I vow and swear I din - na care How lang ye look a - bout ye!

HERE's to thy health, my bonie lass!

Gude night and joy be wi' thee;

I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door

To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O, dinna think, my pretty pink,

But I can live without thee:

I vow and swear I dinna care

How lang ye look about ye!

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me

Thou hast nae mind to marry,

I'll be as free informing thee

Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy freens try ilka means

Frae wedlock to delay thee—

Depending on some higher chance,—

But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,

But that does never grieve me,

For I'm as free as any he,—

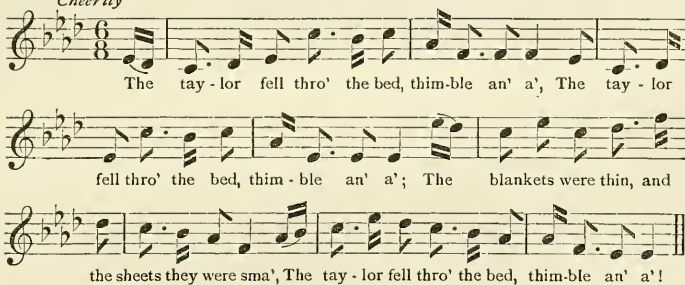
Sma' siller will relieve me!

I'll count my health my greatest wealth  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it :  
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want  
 As lang's I get employment.  
 But far off fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And ay until ye try them,  
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care—  
 They may prove as bad as I am !  
 But at twel at night, when the moon shines bright,  
 My dear, I'll come and see thee,  
 For the man that loves his mistress weel,  
 Nae travel makes him weary.

No. 169. *The taylor fell thro' the bed.*

Tune : *I rede ye beware o' the ripells young man.* Scots M. M., 1790, No. 212.

*Cheerily*



THE taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',  
 The taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',  
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',—  
 The taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'!

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,  
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;  
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still;  
 She thought that a taylor could do her nae ill!

Gie me the groat again, cannie young man!  
 Gie me the groat again, cannie young man!  
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang—  
 The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain  
 To see the bit taylor come skippin again.



No. 170. *O, merry hae I been teethin a heckle.*Tune : *Lord Breadalbine's March.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 270.**Briske*

O, mer - ry hae I been teeth-in a heckle, An' mer - ry  
 hae I been shap-in a spoon; O, mer - ry hae I been clout-in  
 a ket-tle, An' kiss - in my Ka-tie when a' was done.  
 O, a' the lang day I ca' at my ham-mer, An' a' the lang  
 day I whis-tle and sing; O, a' the lang night I cud-dle  
 my kim-mer, An' a' the lang night as hap-py's a king!

O, MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,  
 An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon;  
 O, merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,  
 An' kissin my Katie when a' was done.  
 O, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,  
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;  
 O, a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,  
 An' a' the lang night as happy's a king!

Bitter in dool, I lickit my winnins  
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:  
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,  
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!  
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,  
 An' come to my arms, and kiss me again!  
 Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie,  
 An' blest be the day I did it again!

No. 171. *My lord a-hunting he is gane.*

Tune : *My lady's gown.*      *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 554.

*Brisk*

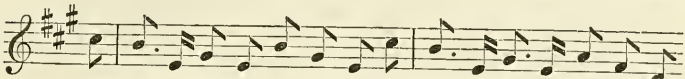


CHORUS. *My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't, And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;*

*Fine.*

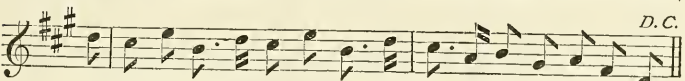


*But Jenny's jimps and jir-kin-et, My lord thinks meikle mair up-on't.*



My lord a-hunt-ing he is gane, But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;

D. C.



By Colin's cot-tage lies his game, If Colin's Jen-ny be at hame.

CHORUS. *My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't.  
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;  
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,  
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.*

My lord a-hunting he is gane,  
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;  
By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,  
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;  
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude  
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

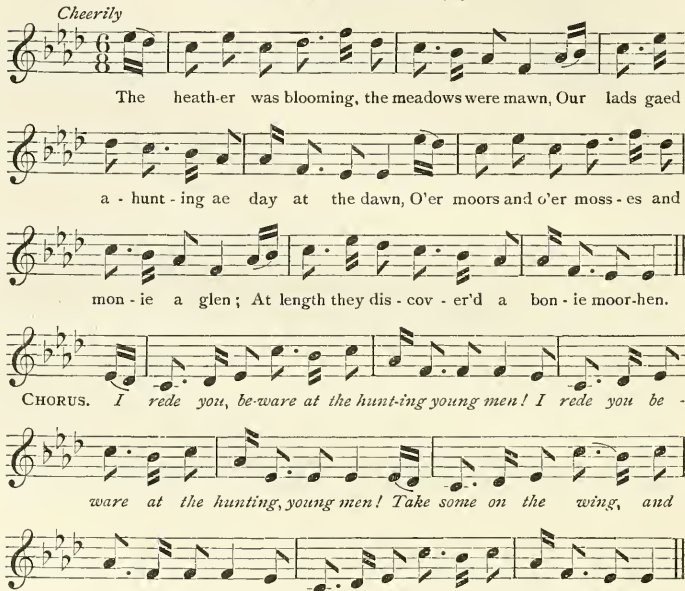
Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,  
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,  
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,  
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns:  
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,  
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,  
The flower and fancy o' the west;  
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,  
O, that's the lass to mak him blest!

No. 172. *The heather was blooming.*Tune: *The Tailor's March.*

*Cheerily*



The heath-er was blooming, the meadows were mawn, Our lads gaed  
a - hunt - ing ae day at the dawn, O'er moors and o'er moss - es and  
mon - ie a glen; At length they dis - cov - er'd a bon - ie moor-hen.

CHORUS. *I rede you, beware at the hunt-ing young men! I rede you be -  
ware at the hunting, young men! Take some on the wing, and  
some as they spring, But can - ni - ly steal on a bon - ie moor-hen.*

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,  
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,  
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen;  
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

CHORUS. *I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men!*  
*I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men!*  
*Take some on the wing, and some as they spring,*  
*But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.*

Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,  
Her colours betrayed her on yon mossy fells;  
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,  
And O! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing,

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peeped o'er the hill,  
In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill;  
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—  
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,  
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;  
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
 Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

### No. 173. *Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray.*

(OLD WORDS.)

Tune : *Duncan Gray.*

*Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. p. 8.

*Moderately* *tr*

Wea - ry fa' you, Dun - can Gray! Ha, ha, the gird - in o't! Wae  
 gae by you, Dun-can Gray! Ha, ha, the gird - in o't! When a' the  
 lave gae to their play, Then I maun sit the lee - lang day, And  
 jeeg the cra - dle wi' my tae, and a' for the gird - in o't!

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray!

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray!

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,

And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,

And a' for the girdin o't!

Bonie was the Lammas moon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Glowrin a' the hills aboon,—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

The girdin brak, the beast cam down,

I tint my curch and baith my shoon,

And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun—

Wae on the bad girdin o't!

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mess John will mend the skaith

And clout the bad girdin o't.

No. 174. *Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride.*

(Tune unknown.)

Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride,  
 And eke a braw new brechan,  
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,  
 And up Parnassus pechin ;  
 Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush  
 The doited beastie stammers ;  
 Then up he gets, and off he sets  
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name  
 May cost a pair o' blushes ;  
 I am nae stranger to your fame,  
 Nor his warm-urgèd wishes :  
 Your bonie face, sae mild and sweet,  
 His honest heart enamours ;  
 And faith ! ye'll no be lost a whit,  
 Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,  
 And Honor safely back her ;  
 And Modesty assume your air,  
 And ne'er a ane mistak her :  
 And sic twa love-inspiring een  
 Might fire even holy palmers ;  
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been  
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore  
 Some mim-mou'd, pouter'd priestie,  
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,  
 And band upon his breastie :  
 But O, what signifies to you  
 His lexicons and grammars ?  
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,  
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin, glowrin countra laird  
 May warsle for your favour ;  
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,  
 And hoast up some palaver.  
 My bonie maid, before ye wed  
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,  
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp  
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard  
 For ane that shares my bosom  
 Inspires my Muse to gie'm his dues,  
 For deil a hair I roose him.

May powers aboon unite you soon,  
And fructify your ámours,  
And every year come in mair dear  
To you and Willie Chalmers!

No. 175. *I am my mammy's ae bairn.*

Tune : *I'm o'er young to marry yet.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 107.*

*Gaily*



I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' un-co folk I wea-ry, sir,



And ly-ing in a man's bed, I'm fley'd it mak me eer-ie, sir.



CHORUS. *I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet!*



*I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my mammy yet.*

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,  
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir,  
And lying in a man's bed,  
I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.

CHORUS. *I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
I'm o'er young to marry yet!  
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
To tak me frae my mammy yet.*

Hallowmas is come and gane,  
The nights are lang in winter, sir;  
And you an' I in ae bed—  
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind  
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir,  
But if ye come this gate again,  
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.



No. 176. *There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg.*Tune : *Ye'll ay be welcome back again.* "Bremner's Scots Reels, 1759, p. 56.*Merrily*

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, And she held o'er the moors to spin ;

There was a lad that fol-low'd her, They ca'd him Dun-can Da-vi-son.

The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh, Her fa-vour Dun-can could-na

win ; For wi' the rock she wad him knock, And ay she shook the tem-per-pin.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.  
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,  
 Her favour Duncan couldna win ;  
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

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

We will big a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen,  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en !  
 A man may drink, and no be drunk ;  
 A man may fight, and no be slain ;  
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,  
 And ay be welcome back again !

No. 177. *The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw.*Tune : *To dauntton me.* Cal. *Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. p. 16.*Slow*

Musical notation for the song, consisting of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff has a 'tr' (trill) marking above the note 'me'. The third staff ends with a double bar line. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS. *To daun - ton me, to daun - ton me, An auld man*  
*shall never daun-ton me. The blude-red rose at Yule may*  
*blaw, The sim - mer lil - lies bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the*  
*deep - est sea ; But an auld man shall nev - er daun - ton me.*

CHORUS. *To dauntton me, to dauntton me,*  
*An auld man shall never dauntton me.* } *bis*

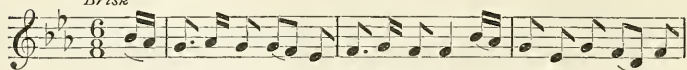
THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,  
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,  
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea,  
 But an auld man shall never dauntton me.

To dauntton me, and me sae young,  
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue :  
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see,  
 For an auld man shall never dauntton me.

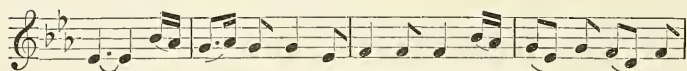
For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
 For a' his gold and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never dauntton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,  
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;  
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
 For an auld man shall never dauntton me.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,  
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,  
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e—  
 That auld man shall never dauntton me.

No. 178. *Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad.*Tune : *Jumpin John*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 138.*Brisk*

Her dad-die for - bad, her min-nie for-bad; For-bid-den she wad - na



be: She wad-na trow't the browst she brew'd Wad taste sae bit - ter -

CHORUS.

lie! *The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John Beguil'd the bo-nie las - sie!**The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John Beguil'd the bo-nie las - sie!*

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;

Forbidden she wadna be:

She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd

Wad taste sae bitterlie!

CHORUS. *The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John**Beguil'd the bonie lassie!**The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John**Beguil'd the bonie lassie!*

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,

And thretty gude shillins and three;

A vera gude tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,

The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.

No. 179. *Duncan Gray cam here to woo.*Tune : *Duncan Gray* (see No. 173).

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

On blythe yule-night when we were fou

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh—

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan  
 pray'd—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Slighted love is sair to bide  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 'Shall I, like a fool,' quoth he,  
 'For a haughty hizzie die?  
 She may gae to—France for me!—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes, let doctors tell,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Meg grew sick, as he grew hale  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings,  
 And O! her een they spak sic  
 things!—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
 Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and cantybaith—  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

No. 180. *Hey the dusty miller.*

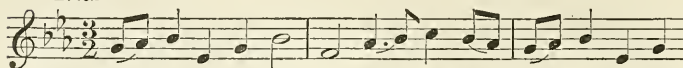
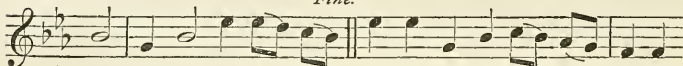
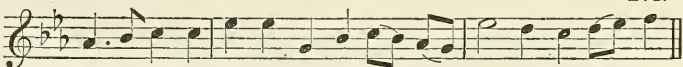
Tune : *Dusty miller.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 144.

*Quickly*

Hey the dus-ty mil-ler And his dus-ty coat; He will win a  
 shil-ling Or he spend a groat: Dus-ty was the coat, Dus-ty  
 was the colour, Dus-ty was the kiss That I gat frae the mil-ler.

HEY the dusty miller  
 And his dusty coat;  
 He will win a shilling  
 Or he spend a groat:  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour,  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 That I gat frae the miller.

Hey the dusty miller  
 And his dusty sack;  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck.  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller;  
 I wad gie my coatie  
 For the dusty miller.

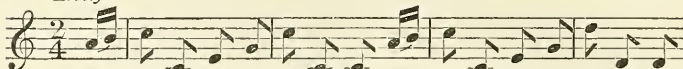
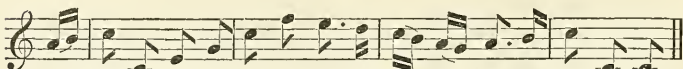
No. 181. *I gaed up to Dunse.*Tune : *Rob shear'd in hairst.* Cal. Pocket Companion, 1753, v. p. 11.*Brisk*CHORUS. *Rob - in shure in hairst, I shure wi' him; Fient a heuk had**Fine.**I, Yet I stack by him. I gaed up to Dunse To warp a**D.C.**wab o' plaid-en; At his dad-dy's yett Wha' met me but Ro-bin!*

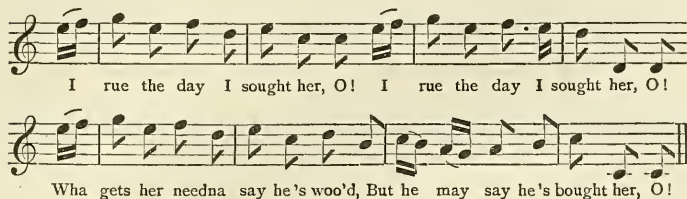
CHORUS. *Robin shure in hairst,  
I shure wi' him;  
Fient a heuk had I,  
Yet I stack by him.*

*I gaed up to Dunse  
To warp a wab o' plaiden;  
At his daddy's yett  
Wha met me but Robin!*

*Was na Robin bauld,  
Tho' I was a cottar?  
Play'd me sic a trick,  
An' me the Eller's dochter!*

*Robin promis'd me -  
A' my winter vittle;  
Fient haet he had but three  
Guse feathers and a whittle!*

No. 182. *My love, she's but a lassie yet.*Tune : *My love, she's but a lassie yet.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 225.*Lively**My love, she's but a las-sie yet, My love, she's but a las-sie yet;**We'll let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be hauf sae sau-cy yet;*



My love, she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be hauf sac saucy yet;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O!  
 I rue the day I sought her, O!  
 Wha gets her needna say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he has 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 whar ye will,  
 But here I never miss'd it yet.  
 [We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,  
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't;  
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife—  
 He couldna preach for thinkin o't.]

No. 183. *I murder hate by field or flood.*

(Tune unknown.)

I MURDER hate by field or flood,  
 Tho' glory's name may screen us;  
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood—  
 Life-giving wars of Venus.  
 The deities that I adore  
 Are social Peace and Plenty;  
 I'm better pleas'd to make one more,  
 Than be the death of twenty.  
 I would not die like Socrates,  
 For all the fuss of Plato;  
 Nor would I with Leonidas,  
 Nor yet would I with Cato:  
 The zealots of the Church and State  
 Shall ne'er my mortal foes be;  
 But let me have bold Zimri's fate  
 Within the arms of Cozbi.



No. 184. *Wha is that at my bower-door?*Tune: *Lass, an I come near thee.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 337.

*Lively*

'Wha is that at my bower-door?' 'O, wha is it but Findlay.'

'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:' 'In-deed, maun I,' quo' Findlay.

'What mak ye sae like a thief?' 'O, come and see,' quo' Findlay; 'Be -

- fore the morn ye'll work mis-chief?' 'In-deed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'WHA is that at my bower-door?'  
 'O, wha is it but Findlay?'  
 'Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here:'  
 'Indeed, maun I,' quo' Findlay.  
 'What mak ye sae like a thief?'  
 'O, come and see,' quo' Findlay;  
 'Before the morn ye'll work mischief?'  
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Gif I rise and let you in'—  
 'Let me in,' quo' Findlay—  
 'Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din?'  
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.  
 'In my bower if ye should stay'—  
 'Let me stay,' quo' Findlay;  
 'I fear ye'll bide till break o' day?'—  
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

'Here this night if ye remain'—  
 'I'll remain,' quo' Findlay—  
 'I dread ye'll learn the gate again?'—  
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.  
 'What may pass within this bower'—  
 'Let it pass,' quo' Findlay;  
 'Ye maun conceal till your last hour'—  
 'Indeed will I,' quo' Findlay.

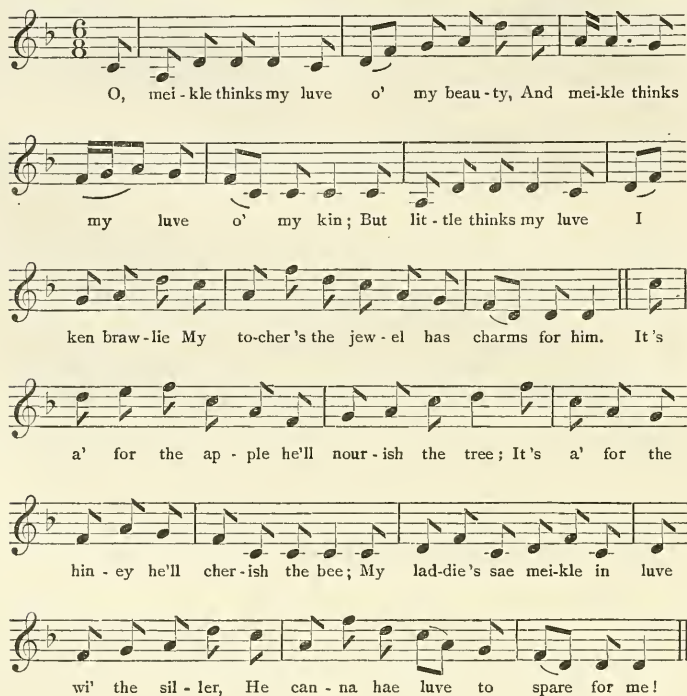
No. 185. *There's a youth in this city.*Tune : *Niel Gow's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 258.*Moderately*

There's a youth in this ci - ty, it were a great pi - ty That he from  
our las - sies should wan - der a - wa ; For he's bon - ie and braw, weel -  
fa - vor'd, with - a'. An' his hair has a na - tu - ral buckle and a'.  
His coat is the hue o' his bon - net sae blue, His feck - et is  
white as the new - driv - en snaw, His hose they are blae, and his  
shoon like the slae, And his clear sil - ler buck - les, they daz - zle us a'.

[THERE's a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
That he from our lasses should wander awa ;  
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha',  
An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.]

His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,  
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw,  
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,  
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin ;  
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, an' braw ;  
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,  
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a' ;  
There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a haen him,  
And Susie, whase daddy was laird o' the ha' ;  
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy ;  
But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

No. 186. *O, meikle thinks my luvè o' my beauty.*Tune: *The highway to Edinburgh.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 312.


O, mei - kle thinks my luvè o' my beau - ty, And mei - kle thinks  
my luvè o' my kin; But lit - tle thinks my luvè I  
ken braw - lie My to - cher's the jew - el has charms for him. It's  
a' for the ap - ple he'll nour - ish the tree; It's a' for the  
hin - ey he'll cher - ish the bee; My lad - die's sae mei - kle in luvè  
wi' the sil - ler, He can - na hae luvè to spare for me!

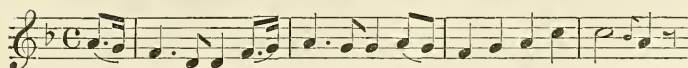
O, MEIKLE thinks my luvè o' my beauty,  
And meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin;  
But little thinks my luvè I ken brawlie  
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
[It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee!]  
My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller,  
He canna hae luvè to spare for me!

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny!  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,  
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.

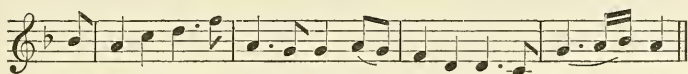
[Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me !]

No. 187. *Whare are you gaun, my bonie lass.*

Tune : *A waukrife minnie.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 288.*



'Whare are you gaun, my bon - ie lass, Whare are you gaun, my hin - ey ?'



She answer'd me right sau - ci - lie, - 'An er-rand for my min - nie.'

'WHARE are you gaun, my bonie lass,  
 Whare are you gaun, my hiey ?'  
 She answer'd me right saucilie, -  
 'An errand for my minnie.'

'O, whare live ye, my bonie lass,  
 O, whare live ye, my hiey ?'  
 'By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,  
 In a wee house wi' my minnie.'

But I foor up the glen at e'en  
 To see my bonie lassie ;  
 And lang before the grey morn cam  
 She was na hauf sae saucie.

O, wearie fa' the waukrife cock,  
 And the fougart lay his crawin !  
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep  
 A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,  
 And o'er the bed she brocht her ;  
 And wi' a meikle hazel rung  
 She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

'O, fare-thee-weel, my bonie lass !  
 O, fare-thee-weel, my hiey !  
 Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,  
 But thou hast a waukrife minnie !'

No. 188. *My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie.*Tune : *Tam Glen.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 296.*

*Brisk*

My heart is a - break-ing, dear Tit - tie, Some coun-sel un - to me come

len': To an-ger them a' is a pi - ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len':  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow  
 In poortith I might mak a fen':  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dummeller;  
 'Guid day to you';—brute! he comes ben:  
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

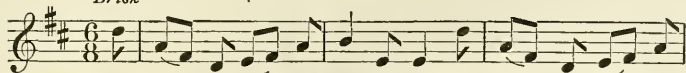
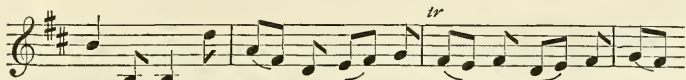
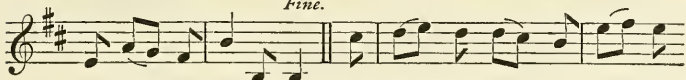
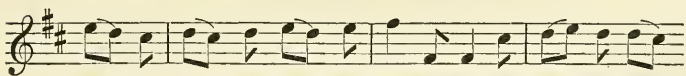
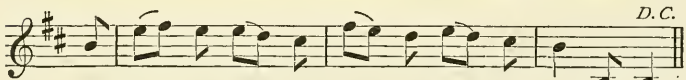
My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men:  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me:  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten:  
 But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten,  
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
 And thrice it was written—'Tam Glen'!

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin  
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
 His likeness came up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry!  
 I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

No. 189. *They snool me sair, and haud me down.*Tune: *The moudiewart.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1752, iv. p. 8.*Brisk*CHORUS. *An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam! And hey, sweet ane-and-**twen-ty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a ratt-lin sang An I**Fine.**saw ane-and-twenty, Tam. They snool me sair, and haud me**down, And gar me look like blun-tie, Tam; But three short years**will soon wheel roun'— And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!*CHORUS. *An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!**And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!**I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang**An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like blun-tie, Tam;

But three short years will soon wheel roun'—

And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear

Was left me by my auntie, Tam:

At kith or kin I needna spier,

An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

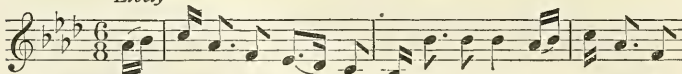
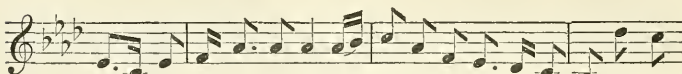
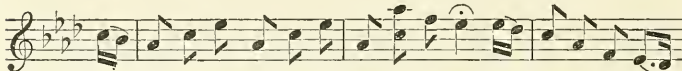
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,

Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;

But hear'st thou, laddie! there's my loof;

I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!



No. 190. *But warily tent when ye come to court me.*Tune: *Whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1788, No. 106.*Lively*CHORUS. *O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad! O, whistle an'**I'll come to ye, my lad! Tho' fa-ther an' mo-ther an' a' should gae**mad, O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad! But war-i-ly tent**when ye come to court me, And come nae un-less the back-yett be a-jee;**Syne up the back-style, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were**na com-in to me. And come as ye were na com-in to me.*

CHORUS. *O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!*  
*O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!*  
*Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,*  
*O, whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!*

*BUT warily tent when ye come to court me,*  
*And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;*  
*Syne up the back-style, and let naeboddy see,*  
*And come as ye were na comin to me. bis*

*At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,*  
*Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;*  
*But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,*  
*Yet look as ye were na looking to me. bis*

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty awec;  
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me. *bis*



No. 191. *O, when she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law!*

Tune : *When she cam ben she bobbit.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 353.

*Moderate*

O, when she cam ben, she bob - bed fu' law! O, when she  
 cam ben, she bob - bed fu' law! And when she cam ben, she  
 kiss'd Cock - pen, And syne she de - ny'd she did it at a'.

[O, WHEN she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law!  
 O, when she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law!  
 And when she cam ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,  
 And syne she deny'd she did it at a'.]

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?  
 And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?]  
 In leaving the dochter o' a lord,  
 And kissin a collier lassie an' a'?

O, never look down, my lassie, at a'!  
 O, never look down, my lassie, at a'!  
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,  
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',  
 Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',  
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,  
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

No. 192. *O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill  
has gotten?*

(FIRST VERSION.)

Tune: *O ken ye what Meg.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 566.  
*Moderately*

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has got-ten? An' ken ye what  
Meg o' the Mill has got-ten? A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a  
rot-tan, And that's what Meg o' the Mill has got-ten! O, ken ye  
what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dear-ly? An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill  
lo'es dear-ly? A dram o' gude strunt in a morn-ing  
ear-ly, And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dear-ly!

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,  
And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten!

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?  
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?  
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,  
And that's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly!

O, ken you how Meg o' the Mill was married?  
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?  
The priest he was oxt'er'd, the clark he was carried,  
And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married!

O, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?  
 An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?  
 The groom gat sae fu', he fell awald beside it,  
 And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded!

No. 193. *O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill  
 has gotten?*

(SECOND VERSION.)

Tune: *O bonie lass, will ye lie in a barrack?* Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1792, ii. p. 90.

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten? An' ken ye what Meg  
 o' the Mill has got-ten? She's gotten a coof wi' a claut  
 o' sil-ler, And bro-ken the heart o' the bar-ley mil-ler!

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 She's gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,  
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller!

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy,  
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady.  
 The laird was a widdifu', bleerit knurl—  
 She's left the gude fellow, and taen the churl!

The miller, he hecht her a heart leal and loving,  
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;  
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear, chainèd bridle,  
 A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O, wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin,  
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parl,  
 But gie me my love and a gif for the warl!

No. 194. *Cauld is the e'enin blast.*Tune: *Peggy Ramsay.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 583.

*Slowly*

Cauld is the e'en - in blast O' Bo - reas o'er the pool, An' daw - in  
it is drea - ry When birks are bare at Yule. O, cauld blaws the e'en -  
- in blast, When bit - ter bites the frost, And in the mirk and drea - ry drift,  
The hills and glens are lost! Ne'er sae mur - ky blew the night That drift - ed  
o'er the hill, But bon - ie Peg - a - Ram - say Gat grist to her mill.

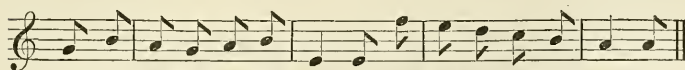
CAULD is the e'enin blast  
O' Boreas o'er the pool,  
An' dawin it is dreary  
When birks are bare at Yule.  
O, cauld blaws the e'enin blast,  
When bitter bites the frost,

And in the mirk and dreary drift,  
The hills and glens are lost!  
Ne'er sae murky blew the night  
That drifted o'er the hill,  
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay  
Gat grist to her mill.

No. 195. *The taylor he cam here to sew.*Tune: *The Drummer.* *Aird's Airs*, 1782, i. No. 129.

*Lively*

The tay - lor he cam here to sew, And weel he kend the way  
to woo, For ay he pree'd the las-sie's mou', As he gaed but and  
ben, O. For weel he kend the way, O, The way, O, the way, . .



O! For weel he kend the way, O, The las-sie's heart to win, O!

THE taylor he cam here to sew,  
And weel he kend the way to  
woo,

For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou',  
As he gaed but and ben, O.

For weel he kend the way, O,  
The way, O, the way, O!

For weel he kend the way, O,  
The lassie's heart to win, O!

The taylor rase and shook his duds,  
The flaes they flew awa in cluds!  
And them that stay'd gat fearfu'  
thuds,—

The taylor prov'd a man, O!

For now it was the gloamin,

The gloamin, the gloamin,

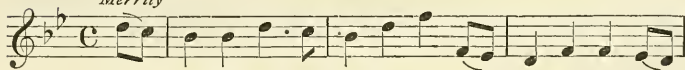
For now it was the gloamin,

When a' to rest are gaun, O!

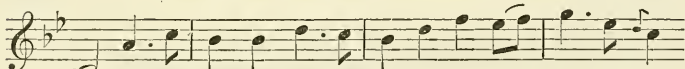
### No. 196. *O, steer her up.*

Tune : *Steer her up.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 504.

*Merrily*



O, steer her up, an' haud her gaun—Her mither's at the



mill, jo, An' gin she win-na tak a man, E'en let her tak



her will, jo: First shore her wi' a gen-tle kiss, And ca' a-nith-er



gill, jo, An' gin she tak the thing a-miss, E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, STEER her up, an' haud her  
gaun—

Her mither's at the mill, jo,

An' gin she winna tak a man,

E'en let her tak her will, jo:

First shore her wi' a gentle kiss,

And ca' anither gill, jo,

An' gin she tak the thing amiss,

E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, steer her up, an' be na blate,

An' gin she tak it ill, jo,

Then leave the lassie till her fate,

And time na langer spill, jo!

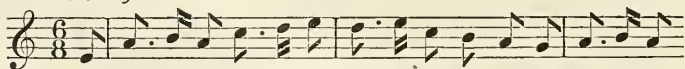
Ne'er break your heart for ae re-  
bute,

But think upon it still, jo,

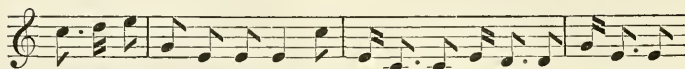
That gin the lassie winna do't,

Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

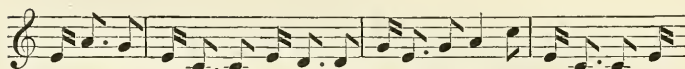


No. 197. *What can a young lassie?*Tune: *What shall I do with an auld man?* Scots Mus. Mus., 1792, No. 316.*Merrily*

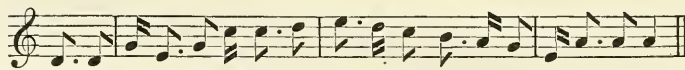
What can a young las - sie, what shall a young las - sie, What can a young



las - sie do wi' an auld man? Bad luck on the pen - ny that tempt - ed my



min - nie To sell her puir Jen - ny for sil - ler an' lan'! Bad luck on the pen -



- ny that tempted my min - nie To sell her puir Jen - ny for sil - ler an' lan'

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie } *bis*

To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin;

He hoasts and he hirkles the weary day lang:

He's doylt and he's dozin; his blude it is frozen, } *bis*

O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I can:

He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows: } *bis*

O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,

I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan:

I'll cross him and wrack him, until I heartbreak him, } *bis*

And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

No. 198. *Awa wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms.*

Tune : *Balin a mone.* Thumoth's *English and Irish Airs*, c. 1760, p. 26.

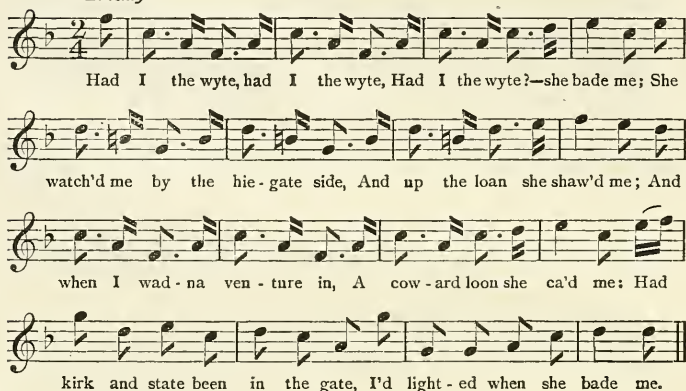
A - wa' wi' your witch-craft o' Beau - ty's a - larms, The slen - der bit  
beau - ty you grasp in your arms, O, gie me the lass that has acres o'  
CHORUS.  
charms! O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stock-it farms! *Then hey for*  
*a lass wi' a toch - er, Then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er, Then hey for*  
*a lass wi' a) toch - er, The nice yel - low guin - eas for me!*

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms,  
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms,  
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms!  
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!

CHORUS. *Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,*  
*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,*  
*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,*  
*The nice yellow guineas for me!*

Your Beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,  
And withers the faster the faster it grows;  
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,  
Ilk Spring they're new deokit wi' bonie white yowes!

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,  
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess'd;  
But the sweet, yellow darlings wi' Geordie impress'd,  
The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest!

No. 199. *Had I the wyte.*Tune : *Come kiss with me.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 39.*Briskly*


Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, Had I the wyte?—she bade me; She  
 watch'd me by the hie-gate side, And up the loan she shaw'd me; And  
 when I wad-na ven-ture in, A cow-ard loon she ca'd me; Had  
 kirk and state been in the gate, I'd light-ed when she bade me.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,  
 Had I the wyte?—she bade me;  
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,  
 And up the loan she shaw'd me;  
 And when I wadna venture in,  
 A coward loon she ca'd me:  
 Had kirk and state been in the gate,  
 I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben  
 And bade me mak nae clatter:—  
 'For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman  
 Is o'er ayont the water:'  
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,  
 When I did kiss and dawte her,  
 Let him be planted in my place,  
 Sync say I was the fautor!

Could I for shame, could I for shame,  
 Could I for shame refus'd her?  
 And wadna manhood been to blame  
 Had I unkindly used her?  
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,  
 And blae and bluidy bruised her—  
 When sic a husband was frae hame,  
 What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted ay her een sae blue,  
 An' bann'd the cruel randy;  
 And, weel I wat, her willin mou'  
 Was sweet as sugar-candy.  
 At gloamin-shot it was, I wot,  
 I lighted on the Monday,  
 But I cam thro' the Tyesday's dew  
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

No. 200. *Gat ye me, O, gat ye me.*

Tune : *Jack Latin.*

*Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 430.

*Jovially*

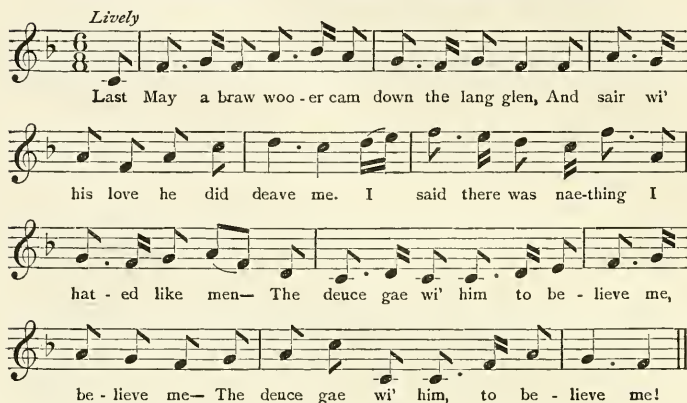
'Gat ye me, O, gat ye me, O, gat ye me wi' naething?  
 Rock an' reel, an' spin-ning wheel, A mic-kle quar-ter ba-son:  
 Bye at-tour, my gutch-er has a heich house and a laigh ane,  
 A' for-bye my bon-ie sel, The toss o' Ec-cle-fe-chan.'

'GAT ye me, O, gat ye me,  
 O, gat ye me wi' naething?  
 Rock an' reel, an' spinning wheel,  
 A mickle quarter bason:  
 Bye attour, my gutch-er has  
 A heich house and a laigh ane,  
 A' forbye my bonie sel,  
 The toss o' Ecclefechan.'

'O, haud your tongue now, Lucky Lang,  
 O, haud your tongue and jauner!  
 I held the gate till you I met,  
 Syne I began to wander:  
 I tint my whistle and my sang,  
 I tint my peace and pleasure;  
 But your green graff, now Lucky Lang,  
 Wad airt me to my treasure.'

No. 201. *Last May a braw wooer.*Tune: *The Lothian lassie.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, p. 52.

*Lively*



Last May a braw woo - er cam down the lang glen, And sair wi'  
his love he did deave me. I said there was nae-thing I  
hat - ed like men— The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me,  
be - lieve me— The deuce gae wi' him, to be - lieve me!

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me.  
I said there was naething I hated like men—  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me—  
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was dein.  
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean—  
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein—  
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel-stockèt mailen, himsel for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand were his proffers;  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,  
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers—  
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less—  
The deil tak his taste to gae near her—  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin, Bess,  
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her—  
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I petted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,  
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,

Lest neibors might say I was saucy;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie—

And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,

Gin she had recover'd her hearin'?

And how her new shoon fit her auld, shachl'd feet?

But heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin—

But heavens! how he fell a swearin!

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,

Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;

So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,

I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow—

I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

No. 202. *Wantonness for evermair.*

Tune: *Wantonness.*

*Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 422.*

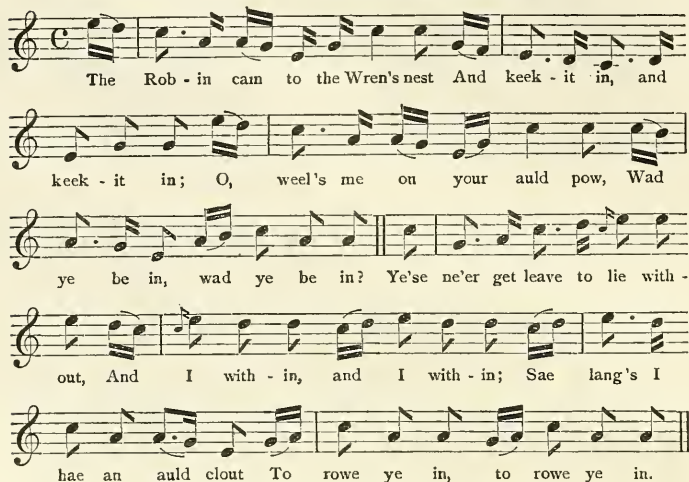
*Slow* *tr*

Wan - ton - ness for ev - er - mair, Wan - ton - ness has been  
my ru - in. Yet for a' my dool and care It's  
wan - ton - ness for ev - er - mair. I hae lo'ed the Black,  
the Brown: I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gow - den: A' the  
co - lours in the town I hae won their wan - ton fa - vour.

WANTONNESS for evermair,  
Wantonness has been my ruin.  
Yet for a' my dool and care  
It's wantonness for evermair.

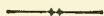
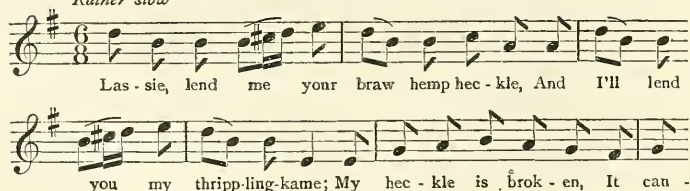
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown:  
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden;  
A' the colours in the town—  
I hae won their wanton favour.



No. 203. *The Robin cam to the Wren's nest.*Tune: *The wren's nest.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 406.


The Rob - in cam to the Wren's nest And keek - it in, and  
keek - it in; O, weel's me on your auld pow, Wad  
ye be in, wad ye be in? Ye'se ne'er get leave to lie with -  
out, And I with - in, and I with - in; Sae lang's I  
hae an auld clout To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

THE Robin cam to the Wren's nest  
And keekit in, and keekit in;  
O, weel's me on your auld pow,  
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?  
Ye'se ne'er get leave to lie without,  
And I within, and I within;  
Sae lang's I hae an auld clout  
To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

No. 204. *Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle.*Tune: *The Bob o' Dumblane.* *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 45.*Rather slow*


Las - sie, lend me your braw hemp hec - kle, And I'll lend  
you my thripp-ling-kame; My hec - kle is brok - en, It can -



- na be got - ten, And we'll gae dance the Bob o' Dum-blane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
And I'll lend you my thripping-kame;  
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,  
And we'll gae dance the Bob o' Dumblane.

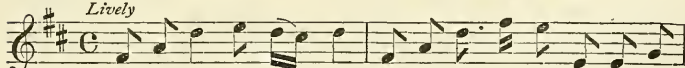
Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,  
Twa gaed to the wood—three cam hame;  
An it be na weel bobbie, weel bobbie, weel bobbie,  
An it be na weel bobbie, we'll bob it again.



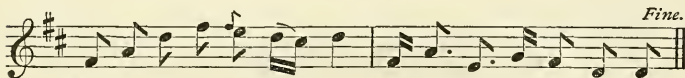
### No. 205. *My daddie was a fiddler fine.*

Tune: *The reel o' Stumpie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 457.

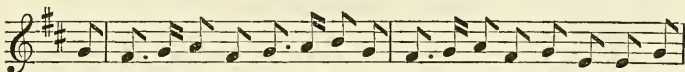
*Lively*



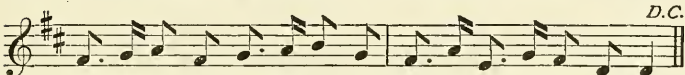
CHORUS. *Wap and rowe, wap and rowe, Wap and rowe the feetie o't; I*



*thought I was a maiden fair, Till I heard the greetie o't.*



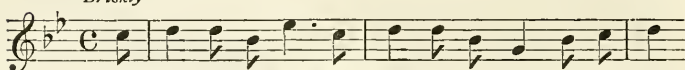
My dad-die was a fid-dler fine, My min-nie she made mantie, O; And



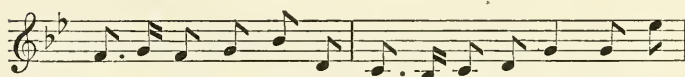
I my-sel a thumpin quine, And danc'd the reel o' Stumpie, O.

CHORUS. *Wap and rowe, wap and rowe,  
Wap and rowe the feetie o't;  
I thought I was a maiden fair,  
Till I heard the greetie o't.*

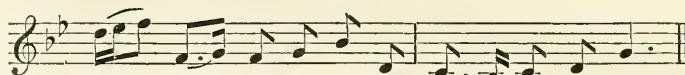
My daddie was a fiddler fine,  
My minnie she made mantie, O;  
And I mysel a thumpin quine,  
And danc'd the reel o' Stumpie, O.

No. 206. *There's news, lasses, news.*Tune: *There's news, lasses.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 589.*Briskly*

There's news, lass - es, news, Gude news I've to tell! There's a boat -

fu' o' lads Come to our town to sell! *CHORUS.* The wean

wants a cra - dle, And the cra - dle wants a cod, An' I'll



no gang to my bed Un - til I get a nod.

THERE's news, lasses, news,

Gude news I've to tell!

There's a boatfu' o' lads

Come to our town to sell!

CHORUS. *The wean wants a cradle,  
And the cradle wants a cod,  
An' I'll no gang to my bed  
Until I get a nod.*

'Father,' quo' she, 'Mither,' quo' she,

'Do what you can:

I'll no gang to my bed

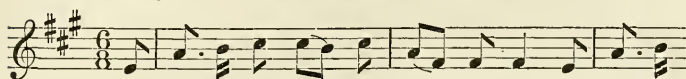
Till I get a man!'

I hae as gude a craft rig

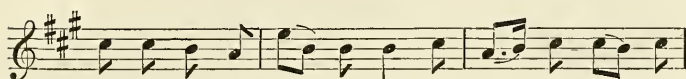
As made o' yird and stane;

And waly fa' the ley-crap,

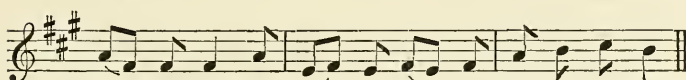
For I maun till'd again.

No. 207. *O, Galloway Tam cam here to woo.*Tune : *Galloway Tam.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. p. 25.

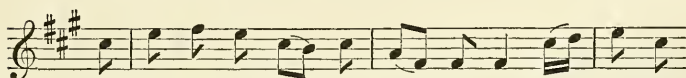
O, Gal - lo - way Tam cam here to woo; I'd ra - ther



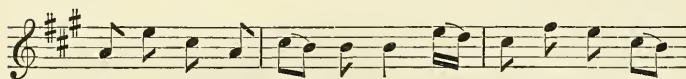
we'd gien him the braw - nit cow; For our lass Bess may



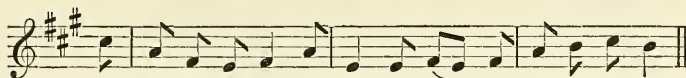
curse and ban The wan - ton wit o' Gal - lo - way Tam.



O, Gal - lo - way Tam cam here to shear; I'd ra - ther



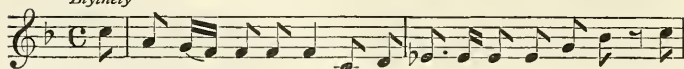
we'd gien him the gude gray mare; He kist the gude - wife



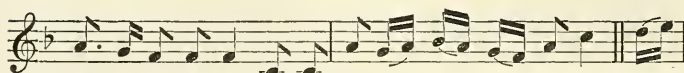
and strack the gudeman; And that's the tricks o' Gal - lo - way Tam.

O, GALLOWAY Tam cam here to woo;  
 I'd rather we'd gien him the brawnit cow;  
 For our lass Bess may curse and ban  
 The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.

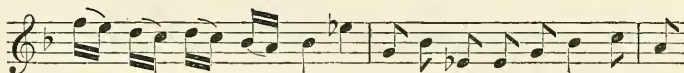
O, Galloway Tam cam here to shear;  
 I'd rather we'd gien him the gude gray mare;  
 He kist the gudewife and strack the gudeman;  
 And that's the tricks o' Galloway Tam.

No. 208. *The Collier has a dochter.*Tune : *The Collier's bonie lassie.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 44.*Blythely*

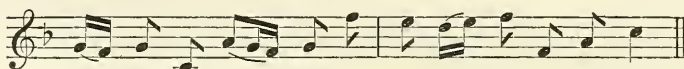
The Col - lier has a doch - ter, And O, she's won - der bon - ie! A



laird he was that sought her, Rich baith in lands and mon - ey: She



wad - na hae a laird, Nor wad she be a la - dy, But she



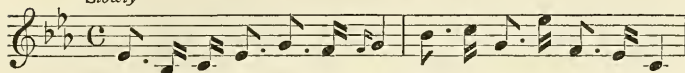
wad hae a col - lier The co - lor o' her dad - die.

THE Collier has a dochter,  
 And O, she's wonder bonie!  
 A laird he was that sought her,  
 Rich baith in lands and money:  
 She wadna hae a laird,  
 Nor wad she be a lady,  
 But she wad hae a collier  
 The color o' her daddie.

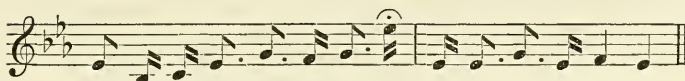
\* \* \* \* \*



## IV. CONNUBIAL

No. 209. *First when Maggie was my care.*Tune : *Whistle o'er the lave o't.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 249.**Slowly*

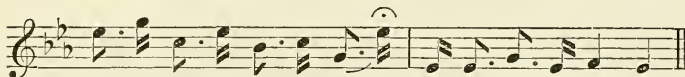
First when Mag-gie was my care, Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;



Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't!



Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harm-less as a child—

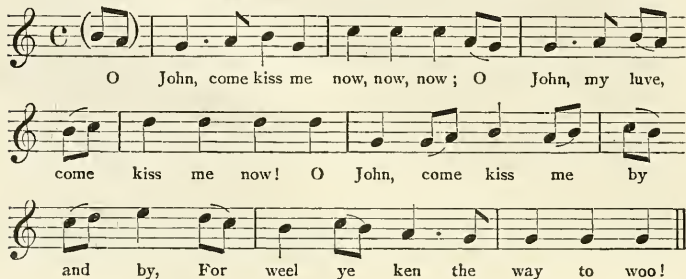


Wis-er men than me's be-guiled— Whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

FIRST when Maggie was my care,  
 Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;  
 Now we're married, spier nae mair,  
     But whistle o'er the lave o't!  
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Sweet and harmless as a child—  
 Wiser men than me's beguiled—  
     Whistle o'er the lave o't.

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



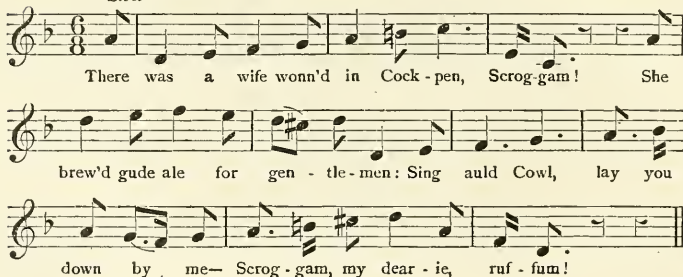
No. 210. *O, some will court and compliment.*Tune: *John, come kiss me now.* Playford's *Skill of Music*, 1674, p. 120.


O John, come kiss me now, now, now; O John, my luve,  
come kiss me now! O John, come kiss me by  
and by, For weel ye ken the way to woo!

CHORUS. *O John, come kiss me now, now, now;  
O John, my luve, come kiss me now!  
O John, come kiss me by and by,  
For weel ye ken the way to woo!*

O SOME will court and compliment,  
And ither some will kiss and daut;  
But I will mak o' my gudeman,  
My ain gudeman,—it is nae faute.

O, some will court and compliment,  
And ither some will prie their mou',  
And some will hause in ither's arms,  
And that's the way I like to do!

No. 211. *There was a wife woun'd in Cockpen.*Tune: *Scroggam.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 539.*Slow*


There was a wife woun'd in Cock-pen, Scrog-gam! She  
brew'd gude ale for gen-tle-men: Sing auld Cowl, lay you  
down by me— Scrog-gam, my dear-ie, ruf-fum!

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,  
 Scroggam!  
 She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen:  
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me—  
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!  
 The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,  
 Scroggam!  
 The priest o' the parish fell in anither:  
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me—  
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!  
 They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,  
 Scroggam!  
 That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither:  
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me—  
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!



### NO. 212. *John Anderson my jo, John.*

Tune: *John Anderson my jo, John.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 260.

*Slow*

John An - der - son my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent,  
 Your locks were like the rav - en, Your bon - ie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw,  
 But blessings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son my jo!

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw,  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my jo!

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

No. 213. *Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.*Tune: *Sic a wife as Willie had.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 376.**Moderate time*

Wil - lie Was - tle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it  
 Lin-kum-dod-die; Wil - lie was a wabs-ter gude Could stoun a  
 clue wi' o - ny bod - ie: He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O, Tink - ler Maid - gie was her mit - her; Sic a wife as  
 Wil - lie had, I wad - na gie a but - ton for her.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;  
 Willie was a wabster gude  
 Could stoun a clue wi' ony bodie:  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,—  
 The cat has twa the very colour,  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou',  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither:  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,  
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther:  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;  
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water:  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.



No. 214. *There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman.*

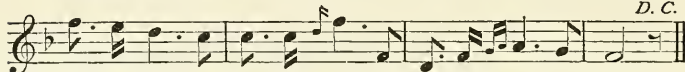
Tune: *O, an ye were dead guidman* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *O, an ye were dead, gudeman!*  
*A green turf on your head, gudeman!*  
*I wad bestow my widowhood*  
*Upon a rantin Highlandman!*

THERE's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,  
 There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman;  
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,  
 And three to our John Highlandman!

A sheep's head in the pot, gudeman,  
 A sheep's head in the pot, gudeman,  
 The flesh to him, the broo to me,  
 An' the horns become your brow, gudeman!

Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,  
 An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran:—  
 'Your horns shall tie you to the staw,  
 An' I shall bang your hide, gudeman!'

No. 215. *I bought my wife a stane o' lint.*Tune: *The weary pund o' tow.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 350.*Slow*CHORUS. *The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o' tow!**Fine.**I think my wife will end her life Be-fore she spin her tow.**I bought my wife a stane o' lint As gude as e'er did grow, And**D. C.**a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow.*

CHORUS. *The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow!  
I think my wife will end her life  
Before she spin her tow.*

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint  
As gude as e'er did grow,  
And a' that she has made o' that  
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole  
Beyond the ingle low;  
And ay she took the tither souk  
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I: 'For shame, ye dirty dame,  
Gae spin your tap o' tow!'  
She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't!—  
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,  
And or I wad anither jad,  
I'll wallop in a tow.

No. 216. *The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout.*Tune: *The deuks dang o'er my daddie.* *Scots Mus. Museum*, 1792, No. 396.*Merrily.*

The bairns gat out wi' an un - co shout:— 'The deuks dang o'er my  
 dad - die, O!' 'The fien - ma - care,' quo' the fei - rie auld wife, 'He was but  
 a paid lin bo - dy, O! 'He paid - les out, and he paid - les in,  
 An' he paid - les late and ear - ly, O! This se - ven lang years I hae  
 lien by his side, An' he is but a fus - ion - less car - lie, O!'

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout:—

'The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!'

'The fien - ma - care,' quo' the feirie auld wife,

'He was but a paidlin body, O!

He paidles out, and he paidles in,

An' he paidles late and early, O!

This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,

An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!'

'O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,

'O, haud your tongue, now Nansie, O!

I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,

Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!

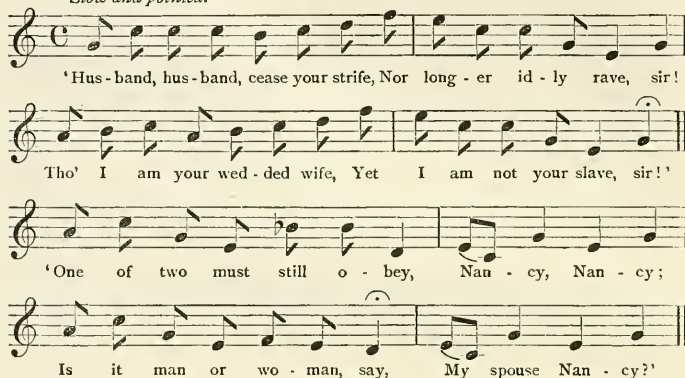
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,

And cuddl'd me late and early, O;

But downa-do's come o'er me now,

And, och, I find it sairly, O!'



No. 217. *Husband, husband, cease your strife.*Tune: *My jo, Janet.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 36.*Slow and pointed.*


'Hus - band, hus - band, cease your strife, Nor long - er id - ly rave, sir!  
 Tho' I am your wed - ded wife, Yet I am not your slave, sir!  
 'One of two must still o - bey, Nan - cy, Nan - cy;  
 Is it man or wo - man, say, My spouse Nan - cy?'

'HUSBAND, husband, cease your  
 strife,

Nor longer idly rave, sir!  
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I am not your slave, sir!'

'One of two must still obey,  
 Nancy, Nancy;

Is it man or woman, say,  
 My spouse Nancy?'

'If 'tis still the lordly word,  
 Service and obedience,  
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
 And so good-bye, allegiance!'

'Sad will I be so bereft,  
 Nancy, Nancy;  
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
 My spouse Nancy.'

'My poor heart, then break it  
 must,

My last hour I am near it:  
 When you lay me in the dust,  
 Think, how you will bear it.'

'I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
 Nancy, Nancy;  
 Strength to bear it will be given,  
 My spouse Nancy.'

'Well, sir; from the silent dead,  
 Still I'll try to daunt you:  
 Ever round your midnight bed  
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you!'

'I'll wed another like my dear  
 Nancy, Nancy;  
 Then all hell will fly for fear,  
 My spouse Nancy.'

No. 218. *I never saw a fairer.*Tune: *My wife's a wanton wee thing* (see No. 220).

CHORUS. *She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a lo'esome wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife c' mine!*

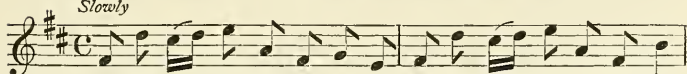
I NEVER saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a dearer,  
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
 For fear my jewel tine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't,  
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
 And think my lot divine.

No. 219. *O, that I had ne'er been married.*

Tune: *Crowdie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 593.

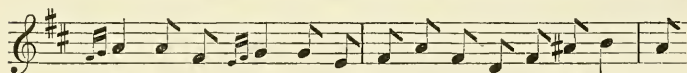
*Slowly*



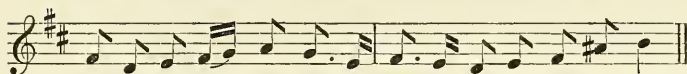
O, that I had ne'er been mar-ried, I wad ne - ver had nae care!



Now I've got - ten wife an' weans, An' they cry 'crow - die' ev - er - mair.



CHORUS.—*Ance crow-die, twice crow-die, Three times crow-die in a day; Gin*



*ye 'crow-die' on - ie mair, Ye'll crow-die a' my meal a - way.*

[O, THAT I had ne'er been married,  
 I wad never had nae care;  
 Now I've gotten wife an' weans,  
 An' they cry 'crowdie' evermair.

CHORUS. *Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
 Three times crowdie in a day;  
 Gin ye 'crowdie' onie mair,  
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.]*

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,  
 Glow'rin by the hallan en':  
 Sair I fecht them at the door,  
 But ay I'm eerie they come ben.

No. 220. *She play'd the loon or she was married.*Tune: *My wife's a wanton wee thing.* Stewart's Reels, 1762, p. 30.

CHORUS. *My wife's a wan - ton wee thing, My wife's a wan -*  
*- ton wee thing, My wife's a wan - ton wee thing, She win -*  
*- na be guid-ed by me. She play'd the loon or she was mar -*  
*- ried, She play'd the loon or she was mar - ried, She play'd the loon*  
*or she was mar - ried, She'll do it a - gain or she die.*

CHORUS. [*My wife's a wanton wee thing,*  
*My wife's a wanton wee thing,*  
*My wife's a wanton wee thing,*  
*She winna be guided by me.*

*She play'd the loon or she was married,*  
*She play'd the loon or she was married,*  
*She play'd the loon or she was married,*  
*She'll do it again or she die.]*

*She sell'd her coat and she drank it,*  
*She sell'd her coat and she drank it,*  
*She row'd hersell in a blanket,—*  
*She winna be guided by me.*

*She mind't na when I forbade her,*  
*She mind't na when I forbade her,*  
*I took a rung and I claw'd her,*  
*And a braw gude bairn was she.*

No. 221. *On peace an' rest my mind was bent.*Tune : *My wife she dang me.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 532.

CHORUS. *O, ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang'd me! If ye gie a wo - man a' her will, Gude faith! she'll soon o'er - gang ye.* *Fine.*

*On peace an' rest my mind was bent, And, fool I was! I mar - ri - ed; But nev - er hon - est man's in - tent Sae curs - ed - ly mis - car - ried.* *D. C.*

CHORUS. *O, ay my wife she dang me,  
An' aft my wife she bang'd me!  
If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
Gude faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.*

*On peace an' rest my mind was bent,  
And, fool I was! I married;  
But never honest man's intent  
Sae cursedly miscarried.*

*Some sairie comfort at the last,  
When a' thir days are done, man;  
My 'pains o' hell' on earth is past,  
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.*

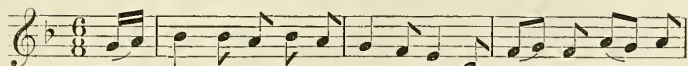
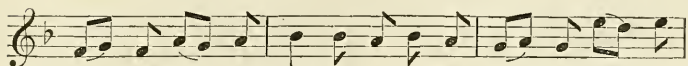
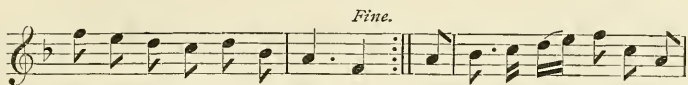
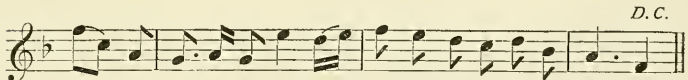
No. 222. *I coft a stane o' haslock woo.*Tune: *The cardin o't.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 437.

I coft a stane o' has - lock woo, To mak a wab  
to John - ie o't; For John - ie is my on -  
CHORUS.  
ly jo— I lo'e him best of on - ie yet! The  
card - in o't, the spin - nin o't, The warp - in  
o't, the win - nin o't; When il - ka ell cost  
me a groat, The tai - lor staw the lyn - in o't.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,  
To mak a wab to Johnie o't;  
For Johnie is my only jo—  
I lo'e him best of onie yet!

CHORUS. *The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,  
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;  
When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
The tailor staw the lynin o't.*

For tho' his locks be lyart gray,  
And tho' his brow be beld aboon,  
Yet I hae seen him on a day  
The pride of a' the parishen.

No. 223. *The cooper o' Cuddie came here awa.*Tune: *Bab at the bowster.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 431.*CHORUS. *We'll hide the coop - er be - hind the door, Ea - hind the door, be -**- hind the door, We'll hide the coop - er be - hind the door, And**cov - er him un - der a mawn, O! The coop - er o' Cud - die came**here a - wa, He ca'd the girrs out owre us a', An' our gude -**- wife has got - ten a ca', That's an - ger'd the sil - ly gude - man, O.*

CHORUS. *We'll hide the cooper behind the door,  
 Behind the door, behind the door,  
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,  
 And cover him under a mawn, O.*

THE cooper o' Cuddie came here awa,  
 He ca'd the girrs out owre us a',  
 An' our gudewife has gotten a ca',  
 That's anger'd the silly gude-man, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,  
 Wi', 'Deil hae her!' and, 'Deil hae him!'  
 But the body he was sae doited and blin',  
 He wistna where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,  
 Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;  
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,  
 And swears that there they sall stan', O!



No. 224. *Guid'e'en to you, kimmer.*Tune: *We're a' noddin.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 523.*

'Guid - e'en to you, kim-mer, And how do you do?' 'Hic-cup,'

CHORUS.

quo' kim-mer, 'The bet - ter that I'm fou.' *We're a' nod - din,*

*nid, nid, nod - din, We're a' nod - din at our house at hame!*

'GUIDE'EN to you, kimmer,  
And how do you do?'  
'Hiccup,' quo' kimmer,  
'The better that I'm fou.'

CHORUS. *We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,*  
*We're a' noddin at our house at hame!*

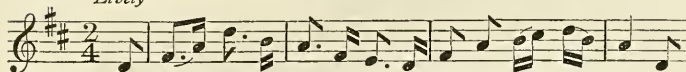
[Kate sits i' the neuk,  
Suppin hen broo;  
Deil tak Kate,  
An she be na noddin too!]

'How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
And how do ye fare?'  
'A pint o' the best o't,  
And twa pints mair.'

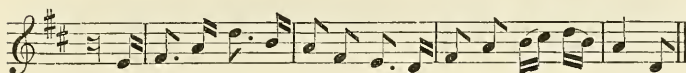
'How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
And how do ye thrive?  
How many bairns hae ye?'  
Quo' kimmer, 'I hae five.'

'Are they a' Johnie's?'  
'Eh! atweel, na:  
Twa o' them were gotten  
When Johnny was awa!'

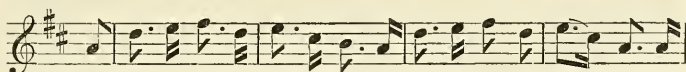
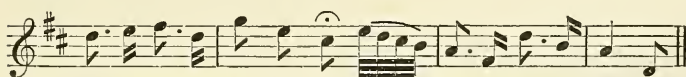
[Cats like milk,  
And dogs like broo;  
Lads like lasses weel,  
And lasses lads too.]

No. 225. *There's cauld kail in Aberdeen.*Tune : *Cauld kail.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 162.*Lively*

There's cauld kail in A-ber-deen, And cas-tocks in Strath-bo-gie,



When il - ka lad maun hae his lass, Then fye, gie me my Cog-gie.

CHORUS. *My Cog-gie, Sirs, My Cog-gie, Sirs, I can-not want my Cog - gie : I**wad - na gie my three-girr'd cap For e'er a quean on Bog - ie.*

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Strathbogie,  
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
Then fye, gie me my coggie.

CHORUS. *My coggie, Sirs, my coggie, Sirs,  
I cannot want my coggie :  
I wadna gie my three-girr'd cap,  
For e'er a quean on Bogie.*

There's Johnie Smith has got a wife  
That scrimps him o' his coggie,  
If she were mine, upon my life  
I wad douk her in a bogie.



## V. BACCHANALIAN AND SOCIAL

No. 226. *The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town.*Tune: *The Hemp-dresser.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 399.*Merrily*

The deil cam fidd - lin thro' the town, And danc'd a - wa  
 wi' the Excise-man, And il - ka wife cries: 'Auld Ma - houn, I  
 CHORUS.  
 wish you luck o' the prize, man! *The deil's a - wa, the deil's*  
*a - wa, The deil's a - wa wi' the Exciseman! He's danc'd a -*  
*wa, he's danc'd a - wa, He's danc'd a - wa wi' the Excise-man!*

THE deil cam fiddlin thro' the town,  
 And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman,  
 And ilka wife cries:—'Auld Mahoun,  
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!'

CHORUS. *The deil's awa, the deil's awa,*  
*The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman!*  
*He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,*  
*He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman!*

'We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,  
 And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil,  
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

'There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,  
 Was *The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman!*'

No. 227. *Landlady, count the lawin.*Tune: *Hey tutti, taiti.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 170.

*Lively*

Land-la-dy, count the law-in, The day is near the daw-in; Ye're a'

CHORUS.

blind drunk, boys, And I'm but jol-ly fou. *Hey tut-ti, tai-ti,*

*tr*

*How tut-ti, tai-ti, Hey tut-ti, tai-ti, Wha's fou now?*

LANDLADY, count the lawin,  
The day is near the dawin;  
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,  
And I'm but jolly fou.

CHORUS. *Hey tutti, taiti,*  
*How tutti, taiti,*  
*Hey tutti, taiti,*  
*Wha's fou now?*

Cog, and ye were ay fou,  
Cog, and ye were ay fou,  
I wad sit and sing to you,  
If ye were ay fou!

Weel may we a' be!  
Ill may we never see!  
God bless the king  
And the companie!

No. 228. *A' the lads o' Thornie-bank.*Tune: *Ruffian's rant* (see No. 239).

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,  
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,  
They'll step in an' tak a pint  
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

CHORUS. *Lady Onlie, honest lucky,*  
*Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;*  
*I wish her sale for her guid ale,*  
*The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.*

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean—  
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,  
And cheery blinks the ingle-gleede  
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky!

No. 229. *I sing of a whistle.*Tune: *The Whistle.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 314.

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth, I sing of a whistle,  
the pride of the North, Was brought to the court of our good Scot-ish  
king, And long with this whistle all Scot-land shall ring. *Fal de*  
*ral lal lal lay, And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.*

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,  
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,  
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

CHORUS. *Fal de ral lal lal lay*  
*And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.*

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,  
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—  
'This whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,  
And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more!'

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,  
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;  
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,  
And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,  
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,  
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea:  
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd ;  
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;  
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,  
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw ;  
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;  
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

'By the gods of the ancients!' Glenriddel replies,  
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,  
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,  
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend ;  
Said, 'Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,'  
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;  
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,  
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,  
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;  
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,  
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;  
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;  
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,  
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,  
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.



Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
 No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;  
 A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine!  
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;  
 But who can with Fate and quart-bumpers contend?  
 Though Fate said, 'A hero should perish in light :'  
 So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink :—  
 'Craigdarroch, thou'll soar when creation shall sink;  
 But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,  
 Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

'Thy line, that have struggled for Freedom with Bruce,  
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:  
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;  
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!'



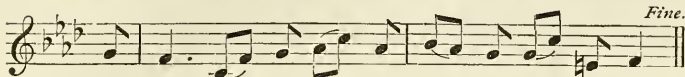
### No. 230. *Ye sons of old Killie.*

Tune : *Over the water to Charlie* (see *infra*).

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie  
 To follow the noble vocation,  
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another  
 To sit in that honorèd station.

I've little to say, but only to pray,—  
 As praying's the *ton* of your fashion—  
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse—  
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion :—

'Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,  
 Who markèd each element's border,  
 Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,  
 Whose sovereign statute is order :—  
 Within this dear mansion may wayward Contention  
 Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter;  
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound  
 And brotherly Love be the centre!'

No. 231. *It's now the day is dawin.*Tune: *Three gude fellows ayont the glen.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1796, No. 442.*Lively*CHORUS. *There's three true gude fellows, There's three true gude fel-lows,**There's three true gude fel - lows, Down a - yont yon glen!**It's now the day is daw - in, But or night do fa' in,**Whase cock's best at craw - in, Wil - lie, thou sall ken!*

CHORUS. *There's three true gude fellows,  
There's three true gude fellows,  
There's three true gude fellows,  
Down ayont yon glen!*

It's now the day is dawin,  
But or night do fa' in,  
Whase cock's best at crawin,  
Willie, thou sall ken!

No. 232. *Deluded swain, the pleasure.*Tune: *The Collier's bonie lassie* (see No. 44).

DELUDED SWAIN, the pleasure  
The fickle fair can give thee  
Is but a fairy treasure—  
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee:

The billows on the ocean,  
The breezes idly roaming,  
The clouds' uncertain motion—  
They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamèd  
To doat upon a feature?  
If man thou wouldst be namèd,  
Despise the silly creature!

Go, find an honest fellow;  
Good claret set before thee.  
Hold on till thou art mellow,  
And then to bed in glory!

No. 233. *Should auld acquaintance be forgot?*

(Now first printed from a holograph of Burns in the *Interleaved Museum*, who states:—‘The original and by much the best set of the words of this song is as follows.’)

*(Auld Lang Syne.)*

Tune: *Auld lang syne.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 413.

*Moderate time.*

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, and nev-er brought to  
mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne?  
CHORUS.  
And for auld lang syne, my jo, For auld lang syne, We'll  
tak a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS. *And for auld lang syne, my jo,*  
*For auld lang syne,*  
*We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,*  
*For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

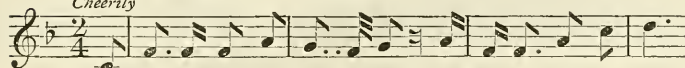
We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,  
Frac mornin sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin auld lang syne.

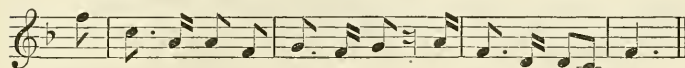
And there's a hand my trusty fiere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,  
For auld lang syne.

No. 234. *Should auld acquaintance be forgot.*

(THOMSON'S COPY.)

Tune: *Auld lang syne.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, No. 68.*Cheerily*

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?

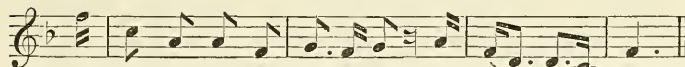


Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,



We'll tak a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS. *For auld lang syne, my dear,**For auld lang syne,**We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,**For auld lang syne.*

We twa ha'e run about the braes,

And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,

Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,

Frae morning sun 'till dine:

But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd

Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,

And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,

For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,

And surely I'll be mine;

And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.

No. 235. *O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.*Tune: *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 291.

*Blythely*

O, Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and  
 Al - lan cam to see; Three bly - ther hearts that  
 lee - lang night Ye wad - na found in Chris -  
 CHORUS.  
 - - ten - die. We are na fou, we're nae that  
 fou, But just a drap - pie in our  
 e'e; The cock may crawl, the day may  
 daw, And ay we'll taste the bar - ley bree.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;  
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night  
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.

CHORUS. *We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And monie a night we've merry been,  
 And monie 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 wyle us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

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



No. 236. *No churchman am I for to rail  
 and to write.*

Tune : *Come let us prepare* (see *infra*).

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,  
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,  
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,  
 For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;  
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;  
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,  
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse,  
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse,  
 But see you *The Crown*, how it waves in the air ?  
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;  
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;  
 I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,  
 That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;  
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;  
 But the pury old landlord just waddlèd upstairs  
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down  
 By the bard, what d'ye call him ? that wore the black gown ;  
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;  
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,  
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;  
 May every true brother of the compass and square  
 Have a big-belly'd bottle, when harass'd with care !



No. 237. *O, rattlin, roarin Willie.*Tune: *Rattlin, roarin Willie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 194.

*Lively*

O, ratt - lin, roar - in Wil - lie, O, he held to the fair,  
 An' for to sell his fid - dle And buy some oth - er ware; But  
 part - ing wi' his fid - dle, The saut tear blin't his e'e— And,  
 ratt - lin, roar - in Wil - lie, Ye're wel - come hame to me!

[O, RATTLIN, roarin Willie,  
 O, he held to the fair,  
 An' for to sell his fiddle  
 And buy some other ware;  
 But parting wi' his fiddle,  
 The saut tear blin't his e'e—  
 And, rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!]

'O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O, sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie come sell your fiddle  
 And buy a pint o' wine!'

'If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad;  
 For mony a rantin day  
 My fiddle and I hae had.']

As I cam by Crochallan,  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was sitting at yon boord-en';  
 Sitting at yon boord-en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

No. 238. *Here's a bottle and an honest friend.*

(Tune unknown.)

*There's nane that's blest of human kind  
 But the cheerful and the gay, man.*

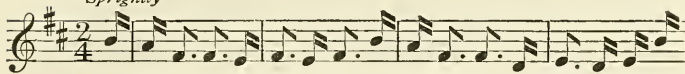
HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!  
 What wad you wish for mair, man!  
 Wha kens, before his life may end,  
 What his share may be o' care, man!

Then catch the moments as they fly,  
 And use them as ye ought, man!  
 Believe me, happiness is shy,  
 And comes not aye when sought, man!

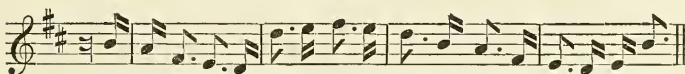
No. 239. *In comin by the brig o' Dye.*

Tune : *Ruffian's rant.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 156.

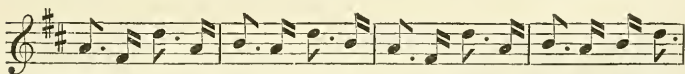
*Sprightly*



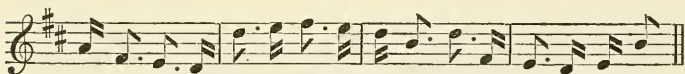
In com-in by the brig o' Dye, At Dar-let we a blink did tar-ry;



As day was dawin in the sky, We drank a health to bon-ie Ma-ry.



CHORUS. *Theniel Menzies' bon - ie Ma-ry, Theniel Menzies' bon - ie Ma-ry,*



*Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie, Kissin Theniel's bon - ie Ma - ry.*

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,  
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;  
 As day was dawin in the sky,  
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.

CHORUS. *Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,  
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,  
 Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie,  
 Kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.*

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,  
 Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry;  
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,  
 Till piper lads were wae and weary;  
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,  
 For kissin Theniel's bonie Mary.

No. 240. *Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu.*Tune: *Good night and joy be wi' you a'.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1803, No. 600.

*Lively*

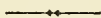
A - dieu! a heart-warm, fond a - dieu; Dear bro - thers  
 of the mys - tic tye, Ye fa - vour - ed en - ligh - ten'd  
 few, Com - pa - nions of my so - cial joy! Tho' I  
 to for - eign lands must hie; Pur - su - ing For -  
 tune's slid - d'ry ba'; With melt - ing heart and brim -  
 ful eye, I'll mind you still, tho' far a - wa.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu;  
 Dear brothers of the *mystic tye*,  
 Ye favourèd, *enlighten'd* few,  
 Companions of my social joy!  
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing Fortune's *slidd'ry* ba';  
 With melting heart and brimful eye,  
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,  
 And spent the chearful, festive night;  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the *sons of light*:  
 And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,  
 Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!  
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes, when far awa!

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,  
 Unite you in the *grand design*,  
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above—  
 The glorious ARCHITECT Divine—  
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,  
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,  
 Till *Order* bright, completely shine,  
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

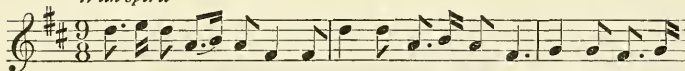
And *you*, farewell! whose merits claim  
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear :  
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,  
 To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear!  
 A last request permit me here,—  
 When yearly ye assemble a',  
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,  
 To him, *the Bard that's far awa*.



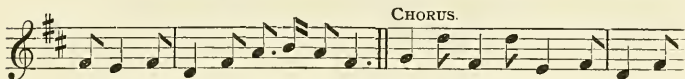
### No. 241. *Up wi' the carls o' Dysart.*

Tune: *Hey ca' thro'*. Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 392.

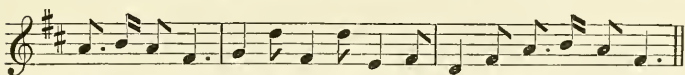
*With spirit*



Up wi' the carls o' Dy-sart And the lads o' Buckhaven, And the kimmers



o' Lar-go And the las-ses o' Leven. *Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For we hae*



*mei-kle a-do; Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For we hae mei-kle a-do!*

Up wi' the carls o' Dysart  
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,  
 And the kimmers o' Largo  
 And the lasses o' Leven.

CHORUS. *Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',  
 For we hae meikle ado;  
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',  
 For we hae meikle ado!*

We hae tales to tell,  
 And we hae sangs to sing;  
 We hae pennies to spend,  
 And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,  
 And them that comes behin',  
 Let them do the like,  
 And spend the gear they win.

No. 242. *Gane is the day.*Tune : *Gudewife, count the lawin.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 313.*Brightly*

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er stray for faut o'  
light, For ale and bran-dy's stars and moon, And blude-red wine's the  
CHORUS.  
ry - sin sun. Then, gudewife, count the law - in, The law - in, the law -  
in; Then, gudewife, count the law - in, And bring a cog-gie mair.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,  
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
And blude-red wine's the rysin sun.

CHORUS. *Then, gudewife, count the lawin,  
The lawin, the lawin;  
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,  
And bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';  
But here we're a' in ae accord,  
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,  
That heals the wounds o' care and dool,  
And pleasure is a wanton trout:  
And ye drink it a', ye'll find him out!

No. 243. *Come, bumpers high! express your joy!*Tune : *Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart* (see No. 26).CHORUS. *You're welcome, Willie Stewart!**You're welcome, Willie Stewart!*

*There's ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May,  
That's half sae welcome's thou art!*

COME, bumpers high! express your joy!  
 The bowl we maun renew it—  
 The tappet-hen, gae bring her ben,  
 To welcome Willie Stewart!  
 May foes be strang, and friends be slack!  
 Ilk action may he rue it;  
 May woman on him turn her back,  
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

No. 244. *Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair.*

Tune: *Lumps of Pudding.*

Durfeys Pills, 1720, vi. p. 300.

*Cheerily*

Con - tent - ed wi' lit - tle and can - tie wi' mair,  
 When - e'er I for - gath - er wi' sor - row and care, I  
 gie them a skelp as they're creep - in a - lang, Wi' a  
 cog o' guid swats and an auld Scot - tish sang.

CONTENTED wi' little and cantie wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
 I gie them a skelp as they're creepin alang,  
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;  
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught;  
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,  
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':  
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,  
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,  
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae!  
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,  
 My warst word is:—'Welcome, and welcome again!'



No. 245. *I had sax owsen in a pleugh.*Tune: *The bottom of the punch bowl.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 542.

CHORUS. *O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me*  
*sell my hose, Sell my hose and pawn my shoon—Gude ale keeps*  
*Fine.*  
*my heart a - boon! I had sax ow - sen in a*  
*pleugh, And they drew a' weel e - neugh: I sell'd them a'*  
*D.C.*  
*just ane by ane— Gude ale keeps the heart a - boon.*

CHORUS. *O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,*  
*Gude ale gars me sell my hose,*  
*Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—*  
*Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!*

I HAD SAX OWSEN in a pleugh,  
 And they drew a' weel enough:  
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—  
 Gude ale keeps the heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,  
 Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—  
 Gude ale keeps the heart aboon.



## VI. THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

—♦—

*A Cantata.*

—♦—

[No. 246.]

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,  
 Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird,  
     Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;  
 When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,  
 And infant frosts begin to bite,  
     In hoary cranreuch drest;  
 Ae night at e'en a merry core  
     O' randie, gangrel bodies  
 In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,  
     To drink their orra duddies:  
     Wi' quaffing and laughing  
     They ranted an' they sang,  
     Wi' jumping an' thumping,  
     The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags  
 Ane sat; weel braced wi' mealy bags  
     And knapsack a' in order;  
 His doxy lay within his arm,  
 Wi' usquebae and blankets warm  
     She blinket on her sodger:  
 An' ay he gies the tozie drab  
     The tither skelpin kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab  
     Just like an aumous dish:  
     Ilk smack still, did crack still,  
     Just like a cadger's whip,  
 Then staggering an' swaggering  
     He roar'd this ditty up:—

## AIR.

Tune : *Soldier's joy*. [McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, p. 32.]*Boldly*

I am a son of Mars, who have been in ma - ny wars,  
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; This here  
was for a wench, and that oth - er in a trench When wel -  
com-ing the French at the sound of the drum. *Lal de dau -*  
*dle, &c.*

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,  
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;  
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench  
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

CHORUS. *Lal de daudle, &c.*

My prenticeship I past, where my leader breath'd his last,  
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram:  
And I servèd out my trade, when the gallant game was play'd,  
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,  
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;  
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,  
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,  
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,  
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,  
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,  
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home!  
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,  
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.

[No. 247.]

RECITATIVO.

HE ended; and the kebars sheuk  
 Aboon the chorus roar;  
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,  
 An' seek the benmost bore:  
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,  
 He skirl'd out, 'Encore!'  
 But up arose the martial chuck,  
 An' laid the loud uproar:—

AIR.

Tune: *Sodger laddie.* [Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 27.]*Moderate*

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It begins with a recitativo section, indicated by the text 'RECITATIVO.' above the first line of lyrics. The melody is simple and rhythmic, following the text: 'I once was a maid tho' I can - not tell when, And still my de - light is in pro - per young men; Some one of a troop of dra - goons was my dad - ie; No won - der I'm fond of a sodg - er lad - die. Sing, lal de lal, &c.' The chorus, marked 'CHORUS.', begins with 'I'm fond of a sodg - er lad - die.' and continues with 'Sing, lal de lal, &c.' The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'ir' and '&c.'.

I once was a maid tho' I can - not tell when, And  
 still my de - light is in pro - per young men; Some one of  
 a troop of dra - goons was my dad - ie; No won - der  
 I'm fond of a sodg - er lad - die. *CHORUS.* Sing, lal de  
 lal, &c.

I ONCE was a maid tho' I cannot tell when,  
 And still my delight is in proper young men;  
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my dadie;  
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

CHORUS. *Sing, Lal de lal, &c.*

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade;  
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;  
 His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,  
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch;  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;  
 He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body;  
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot;  
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;  
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready;  
 I ask'd no more but a sodger laddie.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,  
 Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;  
 His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy;  
 My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

And now I have lived—I know not how long!  
 And still I can join in a cup and a song;  
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,  
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

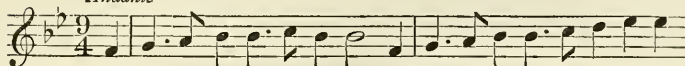
[No. 248.]

RECITATIVO.

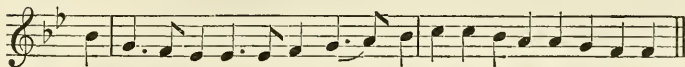
POOR Merry Andrew, in the neuk  
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie;  
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,  
 Between themsels they were sae busy:  
 At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,  
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face;  
 Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie,  
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace:—

K

## AIR.

Tune : *Auld Sir Symon.* [Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719, iii. p. 143.]*Andante*

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou ; Sir Knave is a fool in a ses-sion,



He's there but a prentice I trow, But I am a fool by pro-fes-sion.

SIR Wisdom's a fool when he's fou ;  
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session,  
 He's there but a prentice I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

I ance was tied up like a stirk  
 For civilly swearing and quaffing ;  
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk  
 For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 An' I held awa to the school ;  
 I fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer :  
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court  
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

For drink I would venture my neck ;  
 A hizzie's the half of my craft ;  
 But what could ye other expect  
 Of ane that's avowedly daft ?

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad  
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad,—  
 It's rivalryship just i' the job !

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
 For faith ! I'm confoundedly dry ;  
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel,  
 Gude Lord ! he's far dafter than I.

[No. 249.]

## RECITATIVO.

THEN niest outspak a raucle carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin ;  
 For mony a pursie she had hookèd,  
 An' had in mony a well been doukèd.  
 Her love had been a Highland laddie,  
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !  
 Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman :—



## AIR.

Tune : *O, an ye were dead, Guidman.* [*Cal. Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. p. 24.]

*Cheerily* *tr*

A high-land lad my love was born, The lal-land laws he held in  
scorn, But he still was faith-fu' to his clan, My gal-lant, braw

CHORUS.

John High-land-man. *Sing hey my braw John High-land-man!*  
*Sing ho my braw John Highlandman! There's not a lad*  
*in a' the lan' Was match for my John High-land-man!* *tr*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
The lalland laws he held in scorn,  
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS. *Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!*  
*Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!*  
*There's not a lad in a' the lan'*  
*Was match for my John Highlandman!*

With his philabeg an' tartan plaid,  
An' guid claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,  
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;  
For a lalland face he fearèd none,—  
My gallant, braw John Highland-  
man.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,

Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
My curse upon them every one—  
They've hang'd my braw John High-  
landman!

And now a widow I must mourn  
The pleasures that will ne'er return;  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.

[No. 250.]

RECITATIVO.

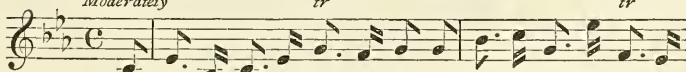
A PIGMY scraper wi' his fiddle,  
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,  
Her strappan limb an' gausy middle  
(He reach'd nae higher)  
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
An' blawn't on fire,

Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,  
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,  
Then in an *arioso* key  
The wee Apollo,  
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee  
His *giga* solo :—

AIR.

Tune : *Whistle owre the lave o't.* [Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, p. 56.]

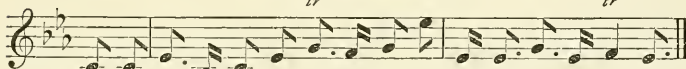
*Moderately*

| tr |  |
| tr |  |


Let me ryke up to dight that tear, An' go wi' me an' be my

| tr |  |

tr



dear, An' then your ev - ry care an' fear May whis-tle owre the lave o't.

42

22



CHORUS. *I am a fid-dler to my trade, An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd.*

*The sweet-est still to wife or maid Was—Whistle owre the lave o't.*

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,  
An' go wi' me an' be my dear,  
An' then your every care an' fear  
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

*I am a fiddler to my trade,  
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
The sweetest still to wife or maid  
Was—Whistle owre the lave o't.*

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,  
An' O, sae nicely's we will fare!

We'll bowse about till Dadie Care  
Sing, *Whistle owre the lave o't.*

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,  
An' sun oursels about the dyke ;  
An' at our leisure, when ye like  
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o'  
 charms,  
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,  
 Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

[No. 251.]

## RECITATIVO.

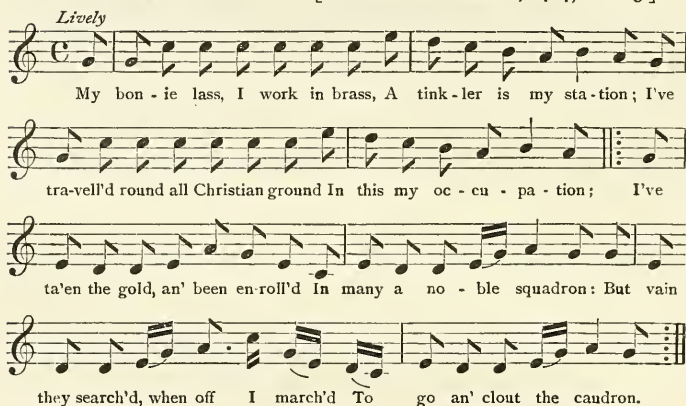
HER charms had struck a sturdy caird  
 As weel as poor gut-scraper;  
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,  
 An' draws a roosty rapier—  
 He 'swoor by a' was swearing worth  
 To speet him like a pliver,  
 Unless he would from that time forth  
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle dee  
 Upon his hunkers bended,  
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,  
 An' so the quarrel ended.  
 But tho' his little heart did grieve  
 When round the tinkler prest her,  
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve  
 When thus the caird address'd her:—

## AIR.

Tune : *Clout the caudron.*[*Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 23.]

*Lively*



My bon - ie lass, I work in brass, A tink - ler is my sta - tion; I've  
 tra - vell'd round all Christian ground In this my oc - cu - pa - tion; I've  
 ta'en the gold, an' been en-roll'd In many a no - ble squadron: But vain  
 they search'd, when off I march'd To go an' clout the caudron.

My bonie lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinkler is my station;  
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
 In this my occupation;  
 I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron:  
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
 To go an' clout the caudron.  
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 With a' his noise an' cap'rin,  
 An' take a share with those that bear  
 The budget and the apron :  
 And *by* that stowp, my faith and houe,  
 And *by* that dear Kilbaigie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie !  
 And by that stowp, &c.

[No. 252.]

RECITATIVO.

THE caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,  
 An' partly she was drunk.  
 Sir Violino, with an air  
 That show'd a man o' spunk,  
 Wish'd unison between the pair,  
 An' made the bottle clunk  
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft  
 That play'd a dame a shavie;  
 The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,  
 Behint the chicken cavie.  
 Her lord, a wight of Homer's\* craft,  
 Tho' limpan wi' the spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,  
 And shor'd them *Dainty Davie*  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed !  
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart, she ever miss'd it.  
 He had no wish but—to be glad,  
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad ;  
 An' thus the Muse suggested  
 His sang that night :—

\* Homer is allowed to be the eldest ballad singer on record.—BURNS.

## AIR.

Tune:—*For a' that, an' a' that.* [Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, p. 52.]

*Andante*

I am a bard, of no re-gard Wi' gen-tle folks an' a' that ;  
 But Homer-like, the glow-ran byke, Frae town to town I draw that.  
 CHORUS. *For a' that, an' a' that, An' twice as muckle's a' that ;*  
*I've lost but ane, I've twa be-hin', I've wife e-neugh for a' that.*

I AM a bard, of no regard  
 Wi' gentle folks an' a' that ;  
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

## CHORUS.

*For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa be-hin',  
 I've wife enough for a' that.*

I never drank the Muses' stank,  
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that ;  
 But there it streams, an' richly reams,  
 My Helicon I ca' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,  
 Their humble slave an' a' that ;

But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that :  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,  
 They've taen me in, an' a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, an' here's 'the  
 Sex !'

I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till't for a' that.*

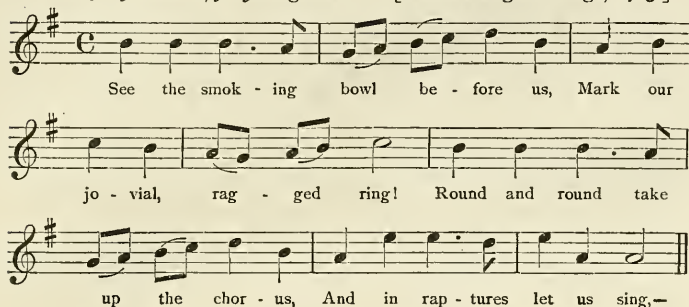
## [No. 253.]

## RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's  
 wa's  
 Shook with a thunder of applause  
 Re-echoed from each mouth !  
 They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd  
 their duds,  
 They scarcely left to coor their fuds  
 To quench their lowan drouth :

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,  
 The poet did request  
 To lowse his pack and wale a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best ;  
 He rising, rejoicing,  
 Between his twa Debòrahs,  
 Looks round him, an' found them  
 Impatient for the chorus :—

## AIR.

Tune: *Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses.* [Ritson's *English Songs*, 1783.]

SEE the smoking bowl before us,  
 Mark our jovial, ragged ring!  
 Round and round take up the chorus,  
 And in raptures let us sing,—

CHORUS. *A fig for those by law protected!*  
*Liberty's a glorious feast!*  
*Courts for cowards were erected,*  
*Churches built to please the priest!*

What is title, what is treasure,  
 What is reputation's care?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter how or where!

With the ready trick and fable  
 Round we wander all the day;  
 And at night, in barn or stable  
 Hug our doxies on the hay.

Does the train-attended carriage  
 Thro' the country lighter rove?  
 Does the sober bed of marriage  
 Witness brighter scenes of love?

Life is all a variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes;  
 Let them cant about decorum,  
 Who have character to lose.

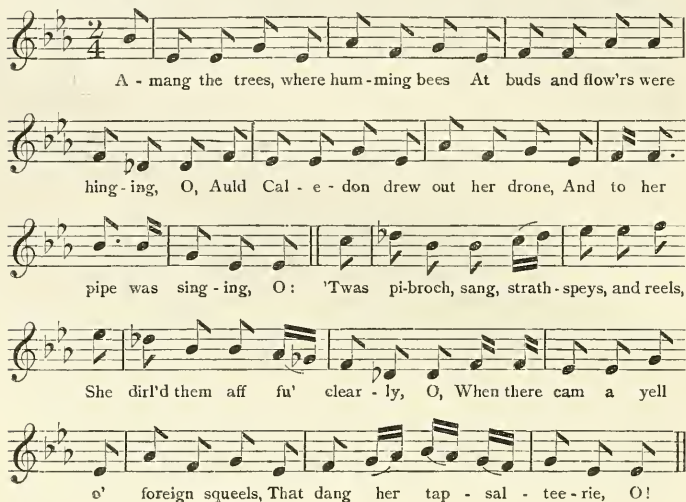
Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!  
 Here's to all the wandering train!  
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!  
 One and all, cry out,—'Amen'!

*A fig for those by law protected!*  
*Liberty's a glorious feast!*  
*Courts for cowards were erected,*  
*Churches built to please the priest!*





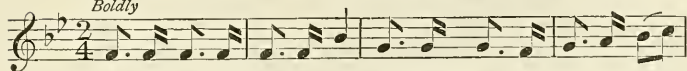
## VII. PATRIOTIC AND POLITICAL

No. 254. *Amang the trees, where humming bees.*Tune: *The king of France he rade a race.* Cal. Pock. Comp., c. 1756, viii. p. 26.


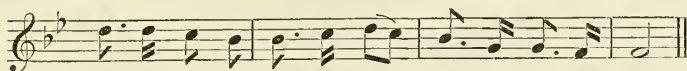
A - mang the trees, where hum - ming bees At buds and flow'rs were  
 hing - ing, O, Auld Cal - e - don drew out her drone, And to her  
 pipe was sing - ing, O: 'Twas pi-broch, sang, strath - speys, and reels,  
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clear - ly, O, When there cam a yell  
 o' foreign squeels, That dang her tap - sal - tee - rie, O!

AMANG the trees, where humming bees  
 At buds and flow'rs were hinging, O,  
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,  
 And to her pipe was singing, O:  
 'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspeys, and reels—  
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,  
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,  
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O!

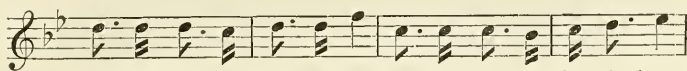
Their capon craws and queer 'ha, ha's,'  
 They made our lugs grow eerie, O;  
 The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,  
 Till we were wae and weary, O.  
 But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased  
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,  
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north,  
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O!

No. 255. *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*Tune: *Hey, tutti taitie.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801.*Boldly*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led,



Wel - come to your gor - y bed Or to vic - tor - ie!



Now's the day, and now's the hour: See the front o' bat - tle lour,



See approach proud Ed - ward's power— Chains and sla - ver - ie!

Scots, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,  
 Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,  
 Welcome to your gory bed  
 Or to victorie!

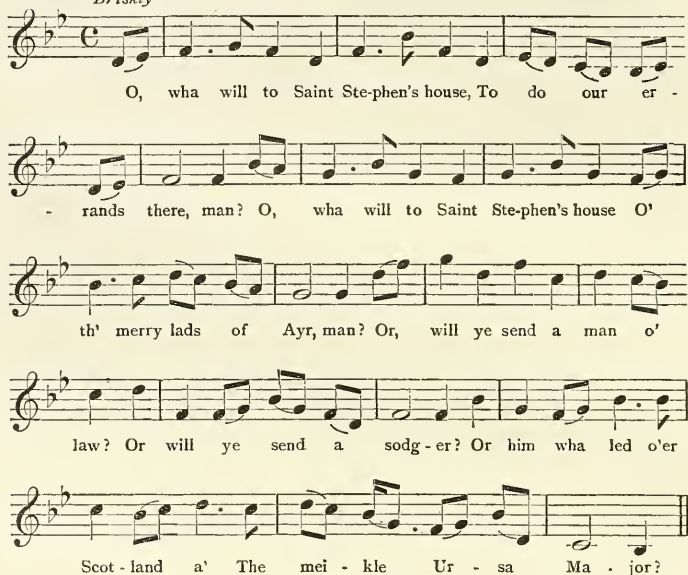
Now's the day, and now's the hour:  
 See the front o' battle lour,  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?—  
 Let him turn, and flee!

Wha for SCOTLAND's king and law  
 FREEDOM's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
 Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains,  
 By your 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!

No. 256. *O, wha will to Saint Stephen's house.*Tune : *Killiecrankie*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 102.*Briskly*


O, wha will to Saint Ste-phen's house, To do our er -

- rands there, man? O, wha will to Saint Ste-phen's house O'

th' merry lads of Ayr, man? Or, will ye send a man o'

law? Or will ye send a sodg-er? Or him wha led o'er

Scot-land a' The mei-kle Ur-sa Ma-jor?

O, WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,  
 To do our errands there, man?  
 O, wha will to Saint Stephen's house  
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?  
 Or will ye send a man o' law?  
 Or will ye send a sodger?  
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'  
 The meikle Ursa Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,  
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?  
 For worth and honour pawn their word,  
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man?  
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
 Anither gies them clatter;  
 Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,  
 He gies a Fête Champêtre.

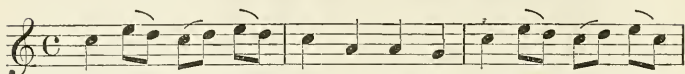
When Love and Beauty heard the news  
The gay greenwoods amang, man ;  
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,  
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;  
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,  
Sir Politics to fetter ;  
As theirs alone, the patent bliss  
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,  
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;  
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,  
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :  
She summon'd every social sprite,  
That sports by wood or water,  
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet  
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

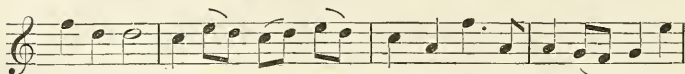
Cauld Borcas wi' his boisterous crew  
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;  
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',  
Clamb up the starry sky, man :  
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,  
Or down the current shatter ;  
The western breeze steals thro' the trees  
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,  
What sparkling jewels glance, man,  
To Harmony's enchanting notes,  
As moves the mazy dance, man !  
The echoing wood, the winding flood  
Like paradise did glitter,  
When angels met at Adam's yett  
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

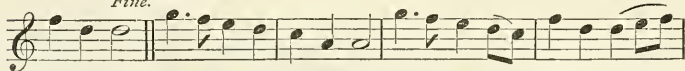
When Politics came there to mix  
And make his ether-stane, man !  
He circled round the magic ground,  
But entrance found he nane, man :  
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,  
Forswore it every letter,  
Wi' humble prayer to join and share  
This festive Fête Champêtre.

No. 257. *How can my poor heart be glad?*Tune: *O'er the hills and far away.* Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, v. p. 316.

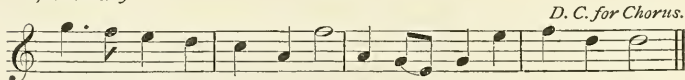
How can my poor heart be glad When ab - sent from my  
CHORUS. *On the seas and far a - way, On storm - y seas and*



sai - lor lad? How can I the thought forego— He's on the seas to  
*far a - way; Night - ly dreams and thoughts by day Are ay with him that's*  
*Fine.*



meet the foe? Let me wander, Let me rove, Still my heart is with my love:  
*far a - way.*



*D. C. for Chorus.*  
Night - ly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far a - way.

How can my poor heart be glad  
When absent from my sailor lad?  
How can I the thought forego—  
He's on the seas to meet the foe?  
Let me wander, let me rove,  
Still my heart is with my love:  
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
Are with him that's far away.  
On the seas and far away,  
On stormy seas and far away;  
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
Are ay with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,  
As weary flocks around me pant,  
Haply in this scorching sun  
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun.  
Bullets, spare my only joy!  
Bullets, spare my darling boy!  
Fate, do with me what you may,  
Spare but him that's far away!  
On the seas and far away,  
On stormy seas and far away—  
Fate, do with me what you may,  
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless, midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless power,  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,  
 Listening to the doubling roar  
 Surging on the rocky shore,  
 All I can—I weep and pray  
 For his weal that's far away.  
     On the seas and far away,  
     On stormy seas and far away,  
 All I can—I weep and pray  
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend  
 And bid wild War his ravage end;  
 Man with brother Man to meet,  
 And as brother kindly greet!  
 Then may Heaven with prosperous gales  
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,  
 To my arms their charge convey  
 My dear lad that's far away.  
     On the seas and far away,  
     On stormy seas and far away,  
 To my arms their charge convey  
 My dear lad that's far away!



No. 258. *There was on a time.*

Tune: *Caledonian hunt's delight* (see No. 123).

THERE was on a time, but old Time was then young,  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)  
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:  
 Her heav'nly relations there fixèd her reign,  
 And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.  
 A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew;  
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore:—  
 'Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!  
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,  
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;  
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,  
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

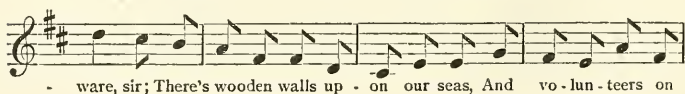
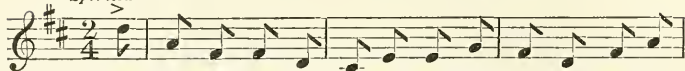


Long quiet she reign'd, till thitherward steers  
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :  
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land.  
 Their pounces were murder, and horror their cry ;  
 They'd conquer'd and ravag'd a world beside.  
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly —  
 The daring invaders, they fled or they died.  
  
 The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;  
 The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth  
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :  
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Longcartie tell.  
  
 The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;  
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life.  
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
 Oft, prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood,  
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
 He learn'd to fear in his own native wood.  
  
 Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run,  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be,  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :—  
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse ;  
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base,  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;  
 Then, *ergo*, she'll match them, and match them always !

No. 259. *Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?*

Tune : *Push about the jorum.* Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 685.

*Spirited*





Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?  
 Then let the louns beware, sir;  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And volunteers on shore, sir!  
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,  
 The Criffel sink in Solway,  
 Ere we permit a foreign foe  
 On British ground to rally!  
 We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe  
 On British ground to rally!

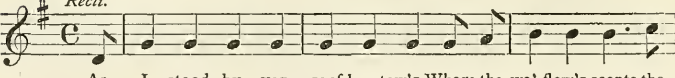
O, let us not, like snarling tykes,  
 In wrangling be divided,  
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,  
 And wi' a rung decide it!  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Amang oursels united!  
 For never but by British hands } *bis*  
 Maun British wrangs be righted! }

The kettle o' the kirk and state,  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;  
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't!  
 Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,  
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;  
 By heavens! the sacrilegious dog } *bis*  
 Shall fuel be to boil it! }


The wretch that would a tyrant own,  
 And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,  
 Who would set the mob above the throne,  
 May they be damn'd together!  
 Who will not sing *God save the King*  
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;  
 But while we sing *God save the King*, } *bis*  
 We'll ne'er forget the People! }

No. 260. *As I stood by yon roofless tower.*Tune: *Cumnock Psalms.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 405.

*Recit.*

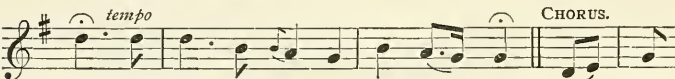


As I stood by yon roof-less tow'r, Where the wa'-flow'r scents the




dew - y air, Where the hou - let mourns in her i - vy

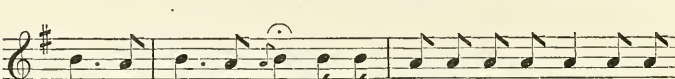
*tempo* CHORUS.



bower, And tells the mid-night moon her care; *A* las -

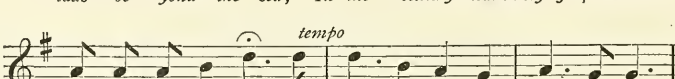


- sie all a - lone was mak - ing her moan, La - ment - ing our



lads be - yond the sea;— 'In the bluid-y wars they fa', And our

*tempo*



hon - or's gane an' a', And brok - en heart - ed we maun die.'

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa'-flow'r scents the dewy air,  
 Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,  
 And tells the midnight moon her care:

CHORUS. *A lassie all alone was making her moan,  
 Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;—  
 'In the bluidy wars they fa',  
 And our honor's gane an' a',  
 And broken hearted we maun die.'*

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky,  
 The tod was howling on the hill,  
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,  
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissin, eerie din:  
 Athort the lift they start and shift,  
 Like Fortune's favors, tint as win!

Now, looking over firth and fauld,  
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,  
 When lo! in form of minstrel auld  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear,  
 But O, it was a tale of woe  
 As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,  
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times:  
 But what he said—it was nae play!—  
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.



### No. 261. *The laddies by the banks o' Nith.*

Tune: *Up an' waur them a' Willie* (see *infra*).

CHORUS. *Up and waur them a', Jamie,  
 Up and waur them a'!  
 The Johnstones hae the guidin o't:  
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'!*

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith  
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie;  
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king—  
 Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie!

The day he stude his country's friend,  
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,  
 Or frae puir man a blessin wan,—  
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?  
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie!  
 There's no a callant tents the kye,  
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk!  
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie!—  
 And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,  
 And we'll be Johnstone's a', Jamie.

No. 262. *As I cam down the banks o' Nith.*

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

Tune : *The black watch* (see No. 269).

As I cam down the banks o' Nith  
 And by Glenriddell's ha, man,  
 There I heard a piper play  
*Turncoat Whigs awa, man.*

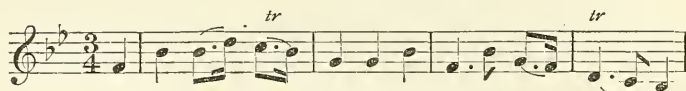
Drumlanrig's towers hae tint the powers  
 That kept the lands in awe, man :  
 The eagle's dead, and in his stead  
 We're gotten a hoodie-craw, man.

The turncoat Duke his King forsook,  
 When his back was at the wa, man :  
 The rattan ran wi' a' his clan  
 For fear the house should fa', man.

The lads about the banks o' Nith  
 They trust his Grace for a', man :  
 But he'll sair them as he sair't his king,  
 Turn tail and rin awa', man.

No. 263. *Farewell to the Highlands.*

Tune : *The musket salute.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 259.



CHORUS. *My heart's in the high-lands, My heart is not here, My*



*heart's in the High-lands a - chas-ing the deer; A - chas*

- ing the wild deer and fol - low - ing the roe— My heart's in

*Fine.*

the High - lands, wher - ev - er I go. Fare - well to

the High-lands, fare - well to the North, The birth - place

of val - our, the coun - try of worth; Wher - ev -

- er I wan - der, wher - ev - er I rove, The

*D. C.*

hills of the High - lands for ev - er I love.

CHORUS. *My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,  
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.*

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,  
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below,  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

No. 264. *Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame.*Tune: *A parcel of rogues in a nation.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 378.

*Andante*

Fare - weel to a' our Scot - tish fame, Fare - weel our an - cient  
 glo - ry; Fare - weel ev - en to the Scot - tish name, Sae fam'd in  
 mar - tial sto - ry! Now Sark rins ov - er Sol - way  
 sands, An' Tweed rins to the o - cean, To mark where Eng -  
 - land's pro - vince stands—Such a par - cel of rogues in a na - tion!

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,  
 Fareweel our ancient glory;  
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,  
 Sae fam'd in martial story!  
 Now Sark rins over Solway sands,  
 An' Tweed rins to the ocean,  
 To mark where England's province stands—  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue  
 Thro' many warlike ages,  
 Is wrought now by a coward few  
 For hireling traitors' wages.  
 The English steel we could disdain,  
 Secure in valour's station:  
 But English gold has been our bane—  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!



O, would, or I had seen the day  
 That treason thus could sell us,  
 My auld grey head had lien in clay  
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!  
 But pith and power, till my last hour  
 I'll mak this declaration :—  
 'We're bought and sold for English gold'—  
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

No. 265. *The Thames flows proudly to the sea.*

Tune : *Robie donna gorach.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 257.

*Slow*



The Thames flows proud - ly to the sea, Where roy -  
 - al ci - ties state - ly stand; But sweet - er flows the  
 Nith to me, Where Cum - mins ance had high com - mand.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
 Where royal cities stately stand;  
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,  
 Where Cummins ance had high command.

When shall I see that honour'd land,  
 That winding stream I love so dear!  
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand  
 For ever—ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
 Where bounding hawthorns gaily bloom,  
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,  
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!

Tho' wandering now must be my doom  
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,  
 May there my latest hours consume  
 Among the friends of early days!

No. 266. *When wild war's deadly blast was blawn.*Tune: *The mill, mill O.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 242.

When wild war's dead-ly blast was blawn, And gen-tle peace  
 re - turn - ing, Wi' monie a sweet babe fa - ther - less And  
 monie a wi - dow mourn-ing, I left the lines and tent -  
 - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger, My hum - ble  
 knap - sack a' my wealth, A poor and hon - est sod - ger.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless  
 And monie a widow mourning,  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander:  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy,  
 And ay I mind't the witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,  
 Where early life I sported;  
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling,  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling!

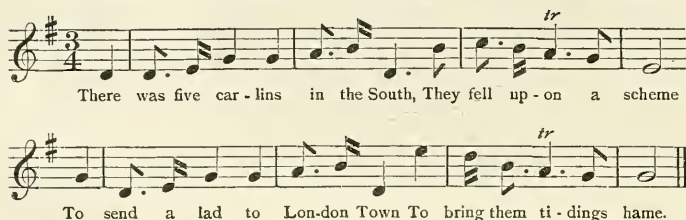
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I:—'Sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O, happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger;  
I've served my king and country lang—  
Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,  
And lovelier was than ever:  
Quo' she:—'A sodger ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never:  
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it;  
That gallant badge—the dear cockade—  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.'

She gaz'd, she redden'd like a rose,  
Syne, pale like onie lily,  
She sank within my arms, and cried:—  
'Art thou my ain dear Willie?'  
'By Him who made yon sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man! and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded!

'The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame  
And find thee still true-hearted;  
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.'  
Quo' she:—'My grandsire left me gowd,  
A mailen plenish'd fairly;  
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honor:  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In day and hour of danger.

No. 267. *There was five carlins in the South.*Tune : *Chevy chase.* M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. p. 108 (adapted).

THERE was five carlins in the South,  
They fell upon a scheme  
To send a lad to London Town  
To bring them tidings hame :

Not only bring them tidings hame,  
But do their errands there ;  
And aiblins gowd and honor baith  
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,  
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;  
And Marjory o' the monie Lochs,  
A carlin auld and teugh :

And Blinkin Bess of Annandale,  
That dwelt near Solway-side ;  
And Whisky Jean, that took her gill  
In Galloway sae wide ;

And Black Joàn frae Crichton Peel,  
O' gipsy kith an' kin—  
Five wighter carlins were na found  
The South countrie within.

To send a lad to London Town  
They met upon a day ;  
And monie a knight and monie a laird  
This errand fain wad gae.

O, monie a knight and monie a laird  
This errand fain wad gae ;  
But nae ane could their fancy  
please,  
O, ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,  
Bred of a Border band ;  
And he wad gae to London Town,  
Might nae man him withstand ;

And he wad do their errands weel,  
And meikle he wad say ;  
And ilka ane at London court  
Wad bid to him gude-day.

Then neist cam in, a soger boy,  
And spak wi' modest grace ;  
And he wad gae to London Town,  
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,  
Nor meikle speech pretend ;  
But he wad hecht an honest heart  
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to chuse and wham  
refuse  
At strife thir carlins fell ;  
For some had gentlefolks to please,  
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Mego' Nith,  
And she spak up wi' pride,  
And she wad send the Soger lad,  
Whatever might betide.

For the auld gudeman o' London  
court  
She didna care a pin ;  
But she wad send the Soger lad  
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,  
And a deadly aith she 's ta'en,  
That she wad vote the Border knight,  
Tho' she should vote her lane.

'For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,  
And fools o' change are fain;  
But I hae tried the Border knight,  
And I'll try him yet again.

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her  
drink :

'Ye weel ken, kimmers a',  
The auld gudeman o' London court,  
His back 's been at the wa' :

'And monie a friend that kiss'd his  
caup  
Is now a fremit wight;  
But it's ne'er be sae wi' Whisky  
Jean—  
I'll send the Border knight.'

Says Black Joàn frae Crichton Peel,  
A carlin stoor and grim :—

'The auld gudeman, or the young  
gudeman,  
For me may sink or swim ;

'For fools will prate o' right or wrang,  
While knaves laugh them to scorn;  
But the Soger's friends hae blawn  
the best,  
So he shall bear the horn.'

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,  
And wrinkled was her brow,  
Her ancient weed was russet grey,  
Her auld Scots bluid was true ;—

'There 's some great folk set light  
by me,  
I set as light by them ;—  
But I will send to London Town  
Wham I like best at hame.'

Sae how this sturt and strife may end,  
Nae mortal wight can tell:  
God grant the king, and ilka man,  
May look weel to himsel!

### No. 268. *You're welcome to despots, Dumourier?*

Tune : *Robin Adair* (see No. 45).

You'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier ;

You're welcome to despots, Dumourier ;

How does Dampiere do ?

Ay, and Bournonville too ?

Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you, Dumourier ;

I will fight France with you,

I will take my chance with you,

By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier !

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;

Then let us fight about,

Till Freedom's spark be out,

Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

No. 269. *When Guilford good our pilot stood.*Tune : *The black watch.* McGlashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, p. 6.

When Guilford good our pi - lot stood, An' did our hel-lim thraw, man, Ae  
 night, at tea, be - gan a plea, With - in A - mer - i - ca, man : Then  
 up they gat the mask-in-pat, And in the sea did jaw, man ; An'  
 did nae less, in full Con - gress, Than quite re - fuse our law, man.

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,  
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,  
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
 Within America, man :  
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,  
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;  
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,  
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

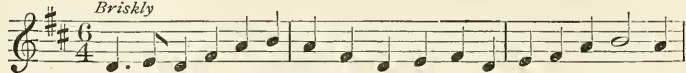
Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,  
 I wat he wasna slaw, man ;  
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,  
 And Carleton did ca', man :  
 But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec,  
 Montgomery-like did fa', man :  
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
 Amang his en'mies, a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage  
 Was kept at Boston-ha', man ;  
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe  
 For Philadelphia, man :  
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;  
 But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,  
 Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,  
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;  
Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
In Saratoga shaw, man.  
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,  
An' did the buckskins claw, man;  
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,  
He hung it to the wa', man.  
Then Montague, and Guilford too,  
Began to fear a fa', man;  
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,  
The German chief to thraw, man:  
For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk,  
Nae mercy had at a', man;  
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,  
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.  
Then Rockingham took up the game,  
Till death did on him ca', man;  
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,  
Conform to gospel law, man;  
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
They did his measures thraw, man;  
For North an' Fox united stocks,  
An' bore him to the wa', man.  
Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes;  
He swept the stakes awa', man,  
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,  
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;  
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;  
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew:  
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'  
Behind the throne then Granville's gone,  
A secret word or twa, man;  
While slee Dundas arous'd the class  
Be-north the Roman wa', man:  
And Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith  
(Inspired bardies saw, man),  
Wi' kindling eyes cried, 'Willie, rise!  
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?'  
But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.  
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,  
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claes  
Behind him in a raw, man;  
An' Caledon threw by the drone,  
An' did her whittle draw, man;  
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and bluid,  
To make it guid in law, man.

\* \* \* \* \*



No. 270. *Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright.*Tune: *Fy, let us a' to the bridal.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1725, No. 36.*Briskly*

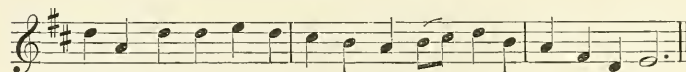
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, For there will be bick-er-in there; For



Murray's light horse are to muster, An' O, how the be-ros will swear! And



there will be Mur-ray, com-man-der, An' Gordon the bat-tle to win; Like



brothers they'll stan' by each o-ther, Sae knit in al-li-ance and kin.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,  
 For there will be bickerin there;  
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,  
 An' O, how the heroes will swear!  
 And there will be Murray, commander,  
 An' Gordon the battle to win;  
 Like brothers they'll stan' by each other,  
 Sae knit in alliance and kin.

And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,  
 The tongue o' the trump to them a':  
 An' he get na Hell for his haddin,  
 The deil gets nae justice awa!  
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie,  
 A boy no sae black at the bane;  
 But as to his fine nabob fortune,—  
 We'll e'en let the subject alane!

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff;  
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;  
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,  
 But Lord! what's become o' the head?  
 And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,  
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;  
 A wight that will weather damnation,  
 For the devil the prey would despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,  
New christening towns far and near;  
Abjuring their democrat doings  
By kissing the doup of a Peer:  
And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's,  
A house o' great merit and note;  
The deil ane but honors them highly—  
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

And there will be Kenmure sac gen'rous  
Whose honor is proof to the storm,  
To save them from stark reprobation,  
He lent them his name in the firm:  
And there will be lads o' the gospel:  
Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;  
And there will be Buittle's apostle,  
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue!

And there will be Logan's McDowall,—  
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,  
An' also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,  
Sogering, gunpowder Blair!  
But we winna mention Redcastle,  
The body—e'en let him escape!  
He'd venture the gallows for siller,  
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape!

But where is the Doggerbank hero,  
That made 'Hogan-Mogan' to Skulk?  
Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel,  
The auld rotten wreck of a hulk.  
And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,  
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?  
The birkie is gettin' his Questions  
To say in St. Stephen's the morn!

But mark ye there's trusty Kerroughtree,  
Whose honor was ever his law;  
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,  
His worth might be sample for a';  
And strang an' respectfu' his backing,  
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;  
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons  
Whase property's paper—not land.

And there frae the Niddisdale borders,  
The Maxwells will gather in droves,  
Tough Jockie, staunch Geordie an' Wattie,  
That girns for the fishes and loaves;

And there will be Heron, the Major  
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the *Greys*;  
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other:  
 Him only its justice to praise!

And there will be maiden *Kilkerran*,  
 An' also Barskimming's gude Knight;  
 And there will be roarin Birtwhistle,  
 Yet luckily roars in the right!  
 And there'll be Stamp Office Johnnie  
 (Tak tent how ye purchase a dram).  
 And there will be gay Cassencarry  
 And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam.

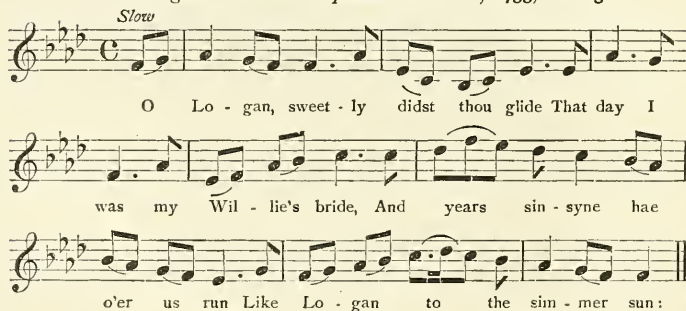
And there'll be wealthy young Richard,  
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck:  
 For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—  
 His merit had won him respect.  
 And there will be rich brother Nabobs,  
 (Tho' nabobs, yet men not the first),  
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers,  
 An' Quinton—o' lads no the worst!

Then hey! the chaste interest o' Broughton,  
 And hey! for the blessings 'twill bring;  
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons—  
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;  
 An' hey! for the sanctified Murray,  
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;  
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,  
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord!

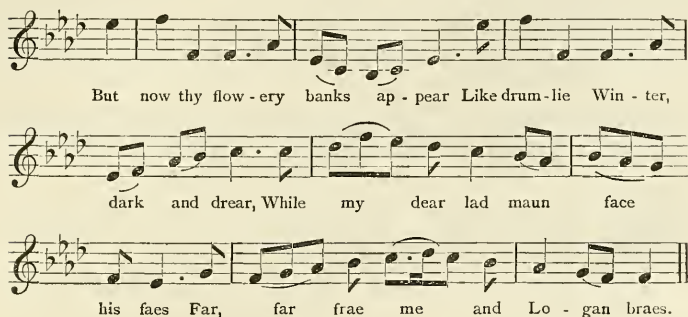
No. 271. *O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide.*

Tune: *Logan Water.* Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, No. 23.

*Slow*



O Lo - gan, sweet - ly didst thou glide That day I  
 was my Wil - lie's bride, And years sin - syne hae  
 o'er us run Like Lo - gan to the sim - mer sun:



O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide  
 That day I was my Willie's bride,  
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run  
 Like Logan to the simmer sun:  
 But now thy flowery banks appear  
 Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
 Has made our hills and vallies gay;  
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers;  
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
 And evening's tears are tears o' joy:  
 My soul delightless a' surveys,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;  
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:  
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, Men o' State,  
 That brethren rouse in deadly hate!  
 As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,  
 Sae may it on your heads return!  
 Ye mindna 'mid your cruel joys  
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries,  
 But soon may peace bring happy days,  
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

No. 272. *Farewell, thou fair day.*Tune: *Oran an aoig.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 385.*Very slow*

Fare-well, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with  
the broad set - ting sun; Fare - well, loves and friend-ships, ye  
dear ten - der ties—Our race of ex - ist - ence is run!  
Thou grim King of Ter - rors! thou life's gloomy foe, Go, fright - en  
the co - ward and slave! Go, teach them to trem - ble, fell  
ty - rant! but know, No ter - rors hast thou to the brave!

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun;

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—

Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors! thou life's gloomy foe,

Go, frighten the coward and slave!

Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,

No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name!

Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;

He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,

Our king and our country to save,

While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,

O, who would not die with the brave!

No. 273. *Wha will buy my troggin?*

(The Trogger.)

Tune: *Buy broom besoms.* Northumbrian Minstrelsy, p. 118.

Wha will buy my troggin, fine e - lec - tion ware, Brok - en trade

CHORUS.

o' Broughton, a' in high re - pair? *Buy braw trog - gin frae the*

*banks o' Dee; Wha wants trog - gin let him come to me.*

Wha will buy my troggin, fine election ware,  
Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?

CHORUS. *Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;*  
*Wha wants troggin let him come to me.*

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,  
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown—  
Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's e'e.  
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.

Here's its stuff and lining, Cardoness's head—  
Fine for a soger, a' the wale o' lead.

Here's a little wadset,—Buittles scrap o' truth,  
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn,  
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—so was never worn!

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr:  
The crest, a sour crab-apple rotten at the core.

Here is Satan's picture, like a blizzard gled  
Pouncing poor Redcastle, sprawlin like a taed.

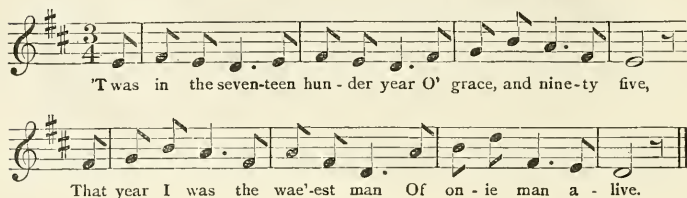
Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names,  
Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;  
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands,  
Gifted by black Jock to get them aff his hands.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? if to buy ye're slack,  
Hornie's turnin chapman—he'll buy a' the pack!



No. 274. *'Twas in the seventeen hunder year.*Tune : *The children in the wood.* Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 201.

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year  
O' grace, and ninety-five,  
That year I was the wae'est man  
Of onie man alive.

In March the three-an'-twentieth  
morn,  
The sun rase clear an' bright ;  
But O ! I was a wae'fu' man,  
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this  
land  
Wi' equal right and fame,  
And thereto was his kinsman join'd  
The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,  
And chief o' Broughton's host ;  
So twa blind beggars, on a string,  
The faithfu' tyke will trust.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's  
broke,  
And Broughton's wi' the slain,  
And I my ancient craft may try,  
Sin' honesty is gane.

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,  
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,  
The Stewart and the Murray there  
Did muster a' their powers.

Then Murray on the auld grey yaud,  
Wi' *wingèd spurs* did ride :  
That auld grey yaud a' Nidsdale  
rade,  
He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had na been the Yerl  
himsel,  
O, there had been nae play ;  
But Garlies was to London gane,  
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween—  
In front rank he wad shine ;  
But Balmaghie had better been  
Drinkin Madeira wine.

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid  
A chief o' doughty deed :  
In case that worth should wanted be,  
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muir-  
head,  
And Buittle was na slack,  
Whase haly priesthood nane could  
stain,  
For wha could dye the black ?

And there was grave Squire Car-  
doness,  
Look'd on till a' was done ;  
Sae in the tower o' Cardoness  
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan :  
My gamesome billie, Will,  
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,  
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,  
We set nought to their score ;  
The Douglas and the Heron's name,  
Had felt our weight before.



But Douglasses o' weight had we:	Save on a wand'rer lame and blind
The pair o' lusty lairds,	To drive him frae his door.
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,	And last cam creepin Collieston,
And christenin kail-yards.	Was mair in fear than wrath;
And then Redcastle drew his sword	Ae knave was constant in his mind—
That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore	To keep that knave frae scaith.

No. 275. *Wham will we send to London town.*

Tune : *For a' that* (see No. 252).

WHAM will we send to London town,  
 To Parliament and a' that?  
 Or wha in a' the country round  
 The best deserves to fa' that?  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     Thro' Galloway and a' that,  
 Where is the Laird or belted Knight  
 That best deserves to fa' that?

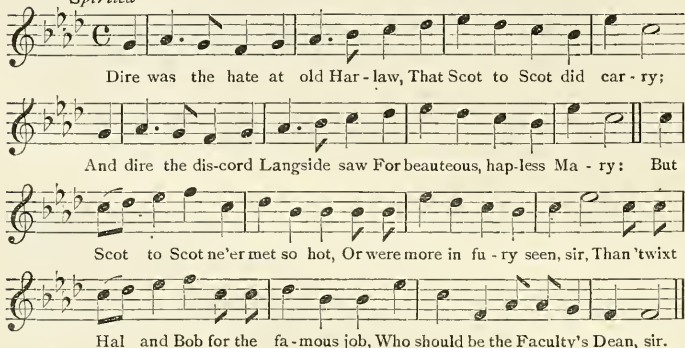
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,  
 (And wha is't never saw that?)  
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,  
 And has a doubt of a' that?  
     For a' that, and a' that!  
     Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 The independent patriot,  
 The honest man, and a' that!

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,  
 Saint Mary's Isle can shaw that,  
 Wi' Dukes and Lords let Selkirk  
     mix,  
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 The independent commoner  
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to Nobles jouk,  
 And is't against the law, that?  
 For why, a Lord may be a gowk,  
 Wi' ribban, star, and a' that.  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 A Lord may be a lousy loun  
 Wi' ribban, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills  
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;  
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,  
 A man we ken, and a' that.  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 For we're na to be bought and sold,  
 Like naigs, and nowte, and a'  
     that.

Then let us drink:—'the Stewartry,  
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,  
 Our representative to be';  
 For weel he's worthy a' that!  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
     Here's Heron yet for a' that!  
 A House of Commons such as he,  
 They wad be blest that saw that.

No. 276. *Dire was the hate at old Harlaw.*Tune: *The Dragon of Wantley.*Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, iii. p. 10.*Spirited*

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,  
 That Scot to Scot did carry;  
 And dire the discord Langside saw  
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:  
 But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,  
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,  
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the  
 famous job,  
 Who should be the Faculty's Dean,  
 sir.

This Hal, for genius, wit, and lore,  
 Among the first was number'd;  
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store  
 Commandment the tenth remem-  
 ber'd:

Yet simple Bob the victory got,  
 And won his heart's desire,  
 Which shows that Heaven can boil  
 the pot,  
 Tho' the deil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case  
 Pretensions rather brassy;  
 For talents, to deserve a place,  
 Are qualifications saucy.

So their worships of the Faculty,  
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,  
 Chose one who should owe it all,  
 d'ye see,  
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the  
 sight

Of a son of Circumcision,  
 So, may be, on this Pisgah height  
 Bob's purblind mental vision;—  
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,  
 Till for eloquence you hail him,  
 And swear that he has the Angel met  
 That met the ass of Balaam.

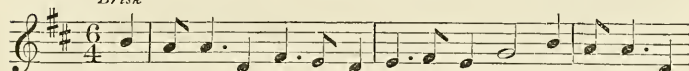
In your heretic sins may ye live and  
 die,

Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!  
 But accept, ye sublime majority,  
 My congratulations hearty!  
 With your honors, as with a certain  
 King,

In your servants this is striking,  
 The more incapacity they bring,  
 The more they're to your liking.



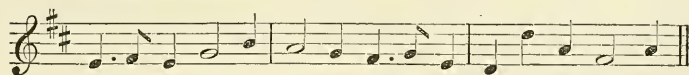
## VIII. JACOBITE

No. 277. *When first my brave Johnie lad.*Tune : *Cock up your beaver.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 309.*Brisk*

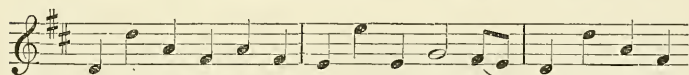
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, He had a blue



bon-net that want-ed the crown, But now he has got-ten a



hat and a feather—Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your bea-ver!



Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu'sprush, We'll o-ver the Bor-



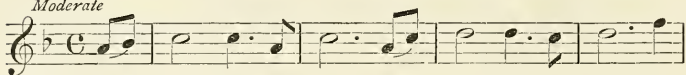
- der and gie them a brush; There's some-bo-dy there we'll teach bet-



- ter be-ha-viour—Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your bea-ver!

[WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,  
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown,  
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—  
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!]

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,  
We'll over the Border and gie them a brush;  
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—  
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver!

No. 278. *Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair.*Tune : *Awa, Whigs, awa !* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 263.*Moderate*CHORUS. *A - wa, Whigs, a - wa ! A - wa, Whigs, a - wa ! Ye're**Fine.**but a pack o' trai-tor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'.**Our thris-sles flour-ish'd fresh and fair, And**bon-ie bloom'd our ros-es; But Whigs cam like a**D. C.**frost in June, An' with-er'd a' our pos-ies.*CHORUS. [*Awa, Whigs, awa !**Awa, Whigs, awa !**Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,**Ye'll do nae gude at a'.*OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and  
fair,

And bonie bloom'd our roses ;

But Whigs cam like a frost in June,  
An' wither'd a' our posies.]Our ancient crown's fa'en in the  
dust—Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,  
And write their names in his black  
beuk,

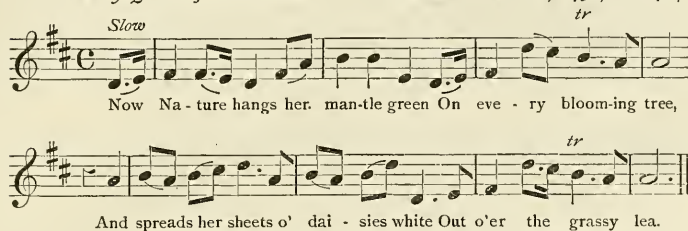
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't !

[Our sad decay in Church and  
State

Surpasses my describing :

The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,  
An' we hae done wi' thriving.]Grim Vengeance lang has taen a  
nap,But we may see him waukin ;  
Gude help the day when royal  
heads

Are hunted like a maukin !

No. 279. *Now Nature hangs her mantle green.*Tune : *Mary Queen of Scots lament.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 404.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies  
white

Out o'er the grassy lea :  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal  
streams,  
And glads the azure skies ;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing ;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring ;  
The mavis wild wi' monie a note  
Sings drowsy day to rest :  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae ;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae :  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang ;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,  
Where happy I hae been ;  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en :  
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
And monie a traitor there ;

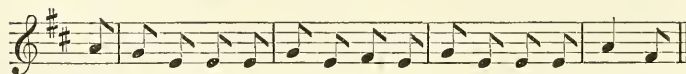
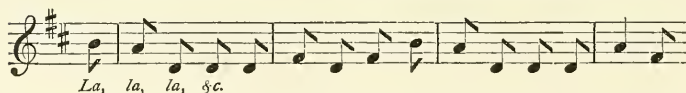
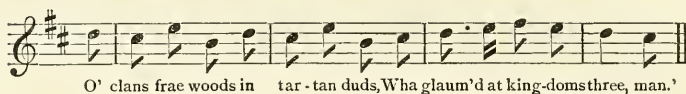
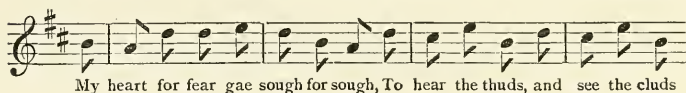
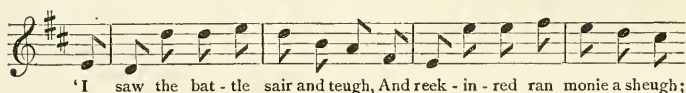
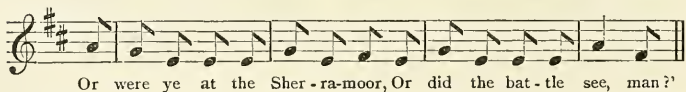
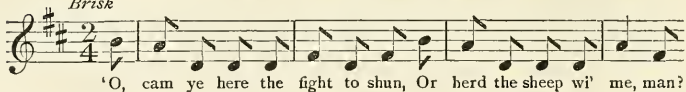
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a  
sword

That thro' thy soul shall gae !  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee ;  
Nor the balm that draps on wounds  
of woe  
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine ;  
And may those pleasures gild thy  
reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine !  
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee :  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's  
friend,  
Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may Summer's  
suns  
Nae mair light up the morn !  
Nae mair to me the Autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn !  
And, in the narrow house of death,  
Let Winter round me rave ;  
And the next flow'rs that deck the  
Spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

No. 280. *O, cam ye here the fight to shun?*Tune: *Cameronian rant.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 282.*Brisk*

Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,  
Or did the battle see, man?'

'I saw the battle sair and tough,  
And reekin-red ran monie a sheugh;

My heart for fear gae sough for sough,  
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds

O' clans frae woods in tartan duds,  
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

'The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds  
To meet them were na slaw, man;

They rush'd and push'd and bluid outgush'd,  
And monie a bouk did fa', man;



The great Argyle led on his files,  
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;  
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,  
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,  
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
'Till fey men died awa', man.

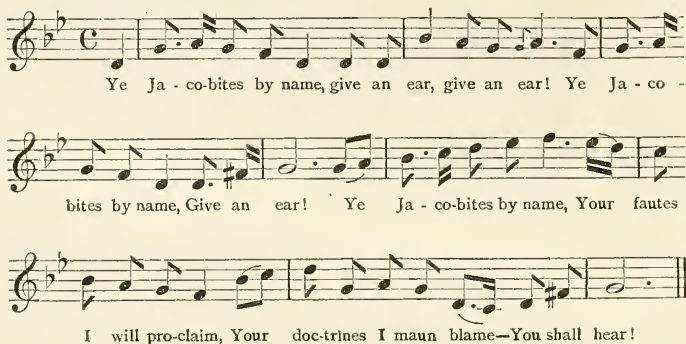
'But had ye seen the philabegs  
And skyrin tartan trews, man,  
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs  
And covenant True-blues, man !  
In lines extended lang and large,  
When baignets overpower'd the targe,  
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,  
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath  
They fled like frightened dows, man.'

'Oh, how deil, Tam, can that be true ?  
The chase gaed frae the North, man ;  
I saw mysel, they did pursue  
The horseman back to Forth, man ;  
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;  
But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut ;  
And monie a huntit poor red-coat  
For fear amaisht did swarf, man !'

'My sister Kate cam up the gate  
Wi' crowdie unto me, man :  
She swoor she saw some rebels run  
To Perth and to Dundee, man !  
Their left-hand general had nae skill ;  
The Angus lads had nae good-will  
That day their neibor's blude to spill ;  
For fear by foes that they should lose  
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,  
And hameward fast did flee, man.

'They've lost some gallant gentlemen,  
Amang the Highland clans, man ;  
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
Or in his en'mies' hands, man :  
Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,  
But monie bade the world gude-night ;  
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,  
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell  
Flew off in frightened bands, man !'



No. 281. *Ye Jacobites by name.*Tune : *Ye Jacobites by name.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 371.


Ye Ja - co-bites by name, give an ear, give an ear! Ye Ja - co -  
 bites by name, Give an ear! Ye Ja - co-bites by name, Your fautes  
 I will pro-claim, Your doc-trines I maun blame—You shall hear!

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear!  
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;  
     Ye Jacobites by name,  
     Your fautes I will proclaim,  
 Your doctrines I maun blame—You shall hear!

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?  
 What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?  
     What is right, and what is wrang?  
     A short sword and a lang,  
 A weak arm and a strang for to draw!

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?  
 What makes heroic strife famed afar?  
     What makes heroic strife?  
     To whet th' assassin's knife,  
 Or hunt a parent's life wi' bluidy war!

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state!  
 Then let your schemes alone, in the state;  
     Then let your schemes alone,  
     Adore the rising sun,  
 And leave a man undone to his fate!

No. 282. *O, Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*Tune : *Kenmure's on and awa.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 359.*

*Sprightly*

O, Kenmure's on and a - wa, Wil-lie, O, Kenmure's on and a - wa ;

An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord That ev - er Gal-lo-way saw.

Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, Wil-lie, Suc-cess to Kenmure's band !

There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.

O, KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,  
 O, Kenmure's on and awa ;  
 An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
 Success to Kenmure's band !  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine !  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

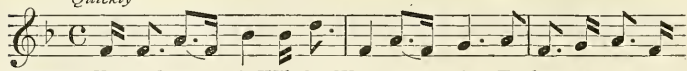
O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O, Kenmure's lads are men !  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame !  
 But soon wi' sounding victorie  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa !  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best--  
 The rose that's like the snaw !


No. 283. *When we gaed to the braes o' Mar.*Tune: *Up, and warn a', Willie.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 188.*

*Quickly*

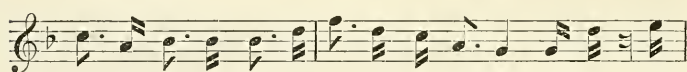


CHORUS. *Up, and warn a', Wil-lie, Warn, warn a'; To hear my can - ty*

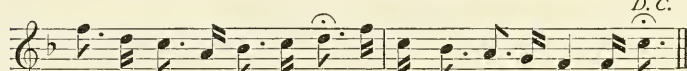
*Fine.*



*high-land sang Re-late the thing I saw, Wil-lie. When we gaed*



*to the braes o' Mar, And to the wea-pon-shaw, Wil-lie; Wi''*



*true de-sign to serve the king And ban-ish Whigs a-wa, Wil-lie.*

CHORUS. *Up, and warn a', Willie,*  
*Warn, warn a';*  
*To hear my canty Highland sang*  
*Relate the thing I saw, Willie.*

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,  
 And to the weapon-shaw, Willie;  
 Wi' true design to serve the king  
 And banish Whigs awa, Willie.  
 Up, and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,  
 And wow! but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,  
 The royal nit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie.  
 Up, and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then second-sighted Sandie said  
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king and a', Willie.

Up, and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
The pipers play'd frae right to left  
*O whirry Whigs awa, Willie.*

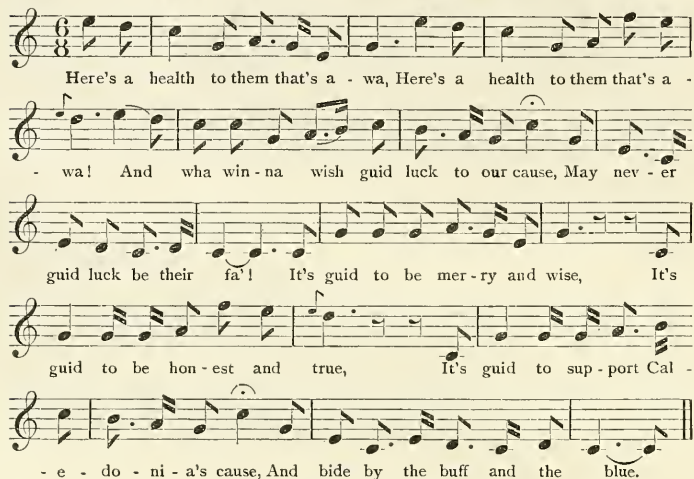
But when we march'd to Sherramuir  
And there the rebels saw, Willie;  
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,  
Our flank, and front and a', Willie;  
Up, and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Traitor Huntly soon gave way,  
Seaforth, St. Clair and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right  
The rebels' left did claw, Willie;  
He there the greatest slaughter made  
That ever Donald saw, Willie;  
Up, and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a',  
And Whittam fyled his breeks for fear,  
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,  
And soon he'd slay us a', Willie;  
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig—  
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.  
Up, and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
At length we rallied on a hill,  
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line  
And them in order saw, Willie,  
He straight gaed to Dumblane again,  
And back his left did draw, Willie.  
Up, and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Then we to Auchterairder march'd  
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,  
We baith did fight, and baith did beat,  
And baith did rin awa, Willie.  
Up, and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
For second-sighted Sandie said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

No. 284. *Here's a health to them that's awa.*Tune: *Here's a health to them that's awa.* *Scots Mus. Mus.*, 1796, No. 412.


Here's a health to them that's a - wa, Here's a health to them that's a -  
 - wa! And wha win - na wish guid luck to our cause, May nev - er  
 guid luck be their fa'! It's guid to be mer - ry and wise, It's  
 guid to be hon - est and true, It's guid to sup - port Cal -  
 - e - do - ni - a's cause, And bide by the buff and the blue.

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 buff and the 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,  
 Altho' that his band be but sma'.  
 May Liberty meet wi' success!  
 May Prudence protect her frae evil!  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine i' the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa!  
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norlan' laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!  
 Here's freedom to them that wad 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.

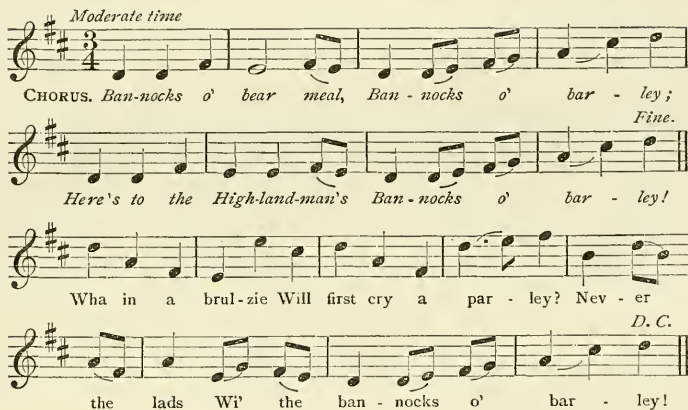
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 An' here's to them that's awa!  
 Here's to Maitland and Wycombe; let wha does na like 'em  
 Be built in a hole in the wa!  
 Here's timmer that's red at the heart,  
 Here's fruit that is sound at the core,  
 And may he that wad turn the buff and blue coat  
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door!  
 Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa!  
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!  
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Firth,  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,  
 And wha wad betray old Albion's right,  
 May they never eat of her bread!

No. 285. *Wha in a brulzie.*

Tune: *The Killogie.*

*Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 475.

*Moderate time*



CHORUS. Ban-nocks o' bear meal, Ban-nocks o' bar-ley;  
*Fine.*  
 Here's to the High-land-man's Ban-nocks o' bar-ley!  
 Wha in a brul-zie Will first cry a par-ley? Nev-er  
*D. C.*  
 the lads Wi' the ban-nocks o' bar-ley!

CHORUS. *Bannocks o' bear meal,  
 Bannocks o' barley;  
 Here's to the Highlandman's  
 Bannocks o' barley!*

Wha in a brulzie  
 Will first cry a parley?  
 Never the lads  
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Wha, in his wae-days,  
 Were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads  
 Wi' the bannocks o' barley.

No. 286. *The small birds rejoice.*Tune : *Captain O'Kane.* M<sup>c</sup>Glashan's *Reels*, 1786, p. 36.

*Slow*



The small birds re-joyce in the green leaves re-turn-ing, The  
mur-mur-ing stream-let winds clear thro' the vale, The prim-ro-  
ses blow in the dews of the morn-ing, And wild scatter'd  
cow-slips be-deck the green dale; But what can give plea-  
sure, or what can seem fair, When the lin-ger-ing mo-ments are number'd  
by care? No birds sweet-ly sing-ing, nor flow'rs gai-ly  
spring-ing, Can soothe the sad bo-som of joy-less des-pair.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,  
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,  
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:  
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
When the lingering moments are number'd by care?  
No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,  
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,  
A king and a father to place on his throne?  
His right are these hills, and his right are those valleys,  
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!



But 'tis not my suff'rings thus wretched, forlorn—  
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn!  
 Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot-bloody trial,  
 Alas! can I make it no better return?

No. 287. *My love was born in Aberdeen.*

Tune: *The White Cockade.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 272.

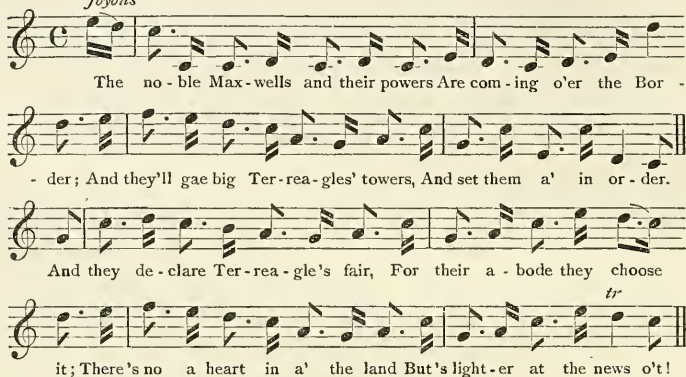
*Merrily*

My love was born in Ab - er - deen, The bon - iest lad  
 that e'er was seen; But now he makes our hearts fu'  
 sad,— He takes the field wi' his White Cock - ade.  
 CHORUS. O, he's a rant - ing, rov - ing lad! He is a brisk  
 an' a bon - ie lad! Be - tide what may, I will  
 be wed, And fol - low the boy wi' the White Cock - ade.

My love was born in Aberdeen,  
 The boniest lad that e'er was seen;  
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,—  
 He takes the field wi' his White Cockade.

CHORUS. *O, he's a ranting, roving lad!*  
*He is a brisk an' a bonie lad!*  
*Betide what may, I will be wed,*  
*And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.*

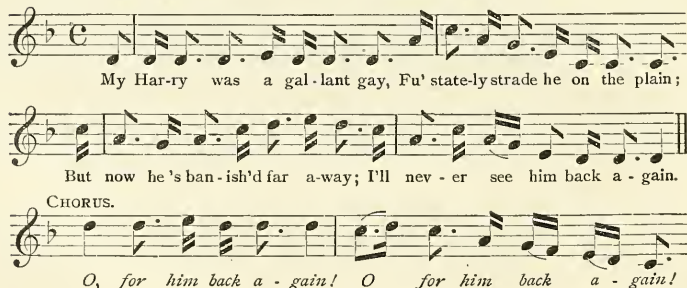
I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
 My gude gray mare and hawkit cow,  
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
 To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

No. 288. *The noble Maxwells and their powers.*Tune : *Nithsdale's welcome hame.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 364.*Joyous*


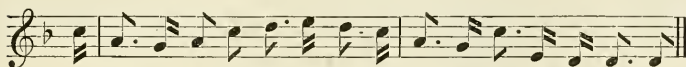
The no - ble Max - wells and their powers Are com - ing o'er the Bor -  
 - der ; And they'll gae big Ter - rea - gles' towers, And set them a' in or - der.  
 And they de - clare Ter - rea - gle's fair, For their a - bode they choose  
 it ; There's no a heart in a' the land But's light - er at the news o't!

THE noble Maxwells and their powers  
 Are coming o'er the Border ;  
 And they'll gae big Terreagles'  
 towers,  
 And set them a' in order.  
 And they declare Terreagle's fair,  
 For their abode they choose it ;  
 There's no a heart in a' the land  
 But's lighter at the news o't!

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,  
 And angry tempests gather,  
 The happy hour may soon be near  
 That brings us pleasant weather ;  
 The weary night o' care and grief  
 May hae a joyfu' morrow ;  
 So dawning day has brought re -  
 lief—  
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

No. 289. *My Harry was a gallant gay.*Tune : *Highlander's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 209.


My Har - ry was a gal - lant gay, Fu' state - ly trade he on the plain ;  
 But now he's ban - ish'd far a - way ; I'll nev - er see him back a - gain.  
 CHORUS.  
 O, for him back a - gain ! O for him back a - gain !



*I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Har-ry back a - gain.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away;  
I'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

*O, for him back again!*

*O, for him back again!*

*I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again.*

When a' the lave gae to their  
bed,

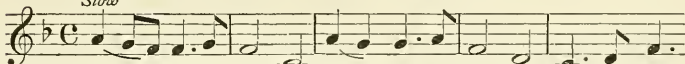
I wander dowie up the glen,  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

O, were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain,  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Harry back again!

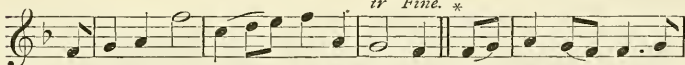
### No. 290. *An somebody were come again.*

Tune: *Carl, an the king come.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 239.

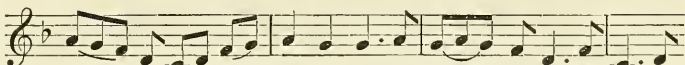
*Slow*



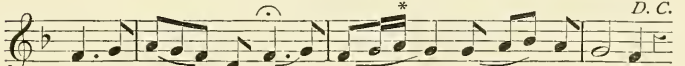
CHORUS. *Carl, an the king come, Carl, an the king come, Thou shalt dance,*



*and I will sing, Carl, an the king come! An some - bo - dy were*



*come a - gain, Then some-bo - dy maun cross the main, And eve - ry*



*man shall hae his ain, Carl, an the king come.*

CHORUS.

*Carl, an the king come,  
Carl, an the king come,  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carl, an the king come!*

An somebody were come again,  
Then somebody maun cross the main,  
And every man shall hae his ain,  
Carl, an the king come.

I trow we swappèd for the worse:  
We gae the boot and better horse,  
And that we'll tell them at the  
cross,

Carl, an the king come.

[Coggie, an the king come,  
Coggie, an the king come,  
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,  
Coggie, an the king come.]

The music between the asterisks is an 8ve higher in the original.

No. 291. *Sir John Cope trode the north right far.*Tune: *Johnie Cope.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 234.*In moderate time*

Sir John Cope trode the north right far, Yet ne'er a  
 re - bel he cam naur, Un - til he land - ed  
 at Dun - bar Right ear - ly in a morn - ing. Hey!  
*Johnie Cope*, are ye wauk - ing yet? Or are ye  
 sleep - ing I would wit; O, haste ye get up, for the  
 drums do beat; O, fye! Cope, rise in the morn - ing.

SIR John Cope trode the north right far,  
 Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,  
 Until he landed at Dunbar  
 Right early in a morning.

CHORUS. Hey! *Johnie Cope*, are ye wauking yet?  
 Or are ye sleeping I would wit;  
 O, haste ye get up, for the drums do beat;  
 O fye! Cope, rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
 'Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur,  
 If it be not by the chance of war  
 I'll give you a merry morning.'

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from—  
 'So Heaven restore to me my own,  
 I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'

Cope swore, with many a bloody word,  
That he would fight them gun and sword,  
But he fled frae his nest like an ill-scar'd bird,  
And Johnie took wing in the morning.

It was upon an afternoon,  
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town,  
He says, 'My lads come lean you down,  
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.'

But when he saw the Highland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,  
Wi' swords, and guns, and rungs, and gauds—  
O Johnie, he took wing in the morning.

On the morrow when he did rise,  
He looked between him and the skies ;  
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,  
Which fear'd him in the morning.

O, then he flew into Dunbar,  
Crying for a man of war ;  
He thought to have passed for a rustic tar,  
And gotten awa in the morning.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,  
Just as the devil had been his guide ;  
Gien him the warld he would na stay'd  
To foughten the boys in the morning.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John :—  
'O what's become of all your men ?'  
'In faith,' says he, 'I dinna ken—  
I left them a' this morning.'

Says Lord Mark Car—'Ye are na blate  
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate !  
Get out o' my sight this morning.'

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No. 292. *Loud blow the frosty breezes.*

Tune : *Morag* (see No. 98).

<p>Loud blow the frosty breezes, The snaws the mountains cover ; Like winter on me seizes, Since my young Highland Rover Far wanders nations over. Where'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden ; Return him safe to fair Strathspey And bonie Castle-Gordon !</p>	<p>The trees, now naked groaning, Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, The birdies, dowie moaning, Shall a' be blythely singing, And every flower be springing. Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, When (by his mighty warden) My youth's returned to fair Strathspey And bonie Castle-Gordon.</p>
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No. 293. *My heart is wae, and unco wae.*Tune: *Mary's dream.* Perth Musical Miscellany, 1786, p. 96.

*Slow*

My heart is wae, and un-co wae, To think  
up-on the rag-ing sea, That roars be-tween her  
gar-dens green An'the bon-ie Lass of Al-ban-ie.  
This love-ly maid's of roy-al blood, That rul-ed Al-  
-biou's king-doms three; But O' a-las! for her  
bonie face! They've wrang'd the Lass of Al-ban-ie.

My heart is wae, and unco wae,  
To think upon the raging sea,  
That roars between her gardens  
green  
An' the bonie Lass of Albanie.

This lovely maid's of royal blood,  
That rulèd Albion's kingdoms  
three;  
But O, alas! for her bonie face!  
They've wrang'd the Lass of  
Albanie.

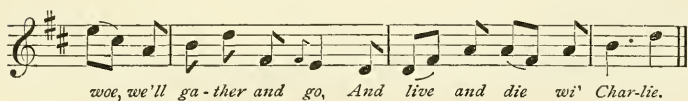
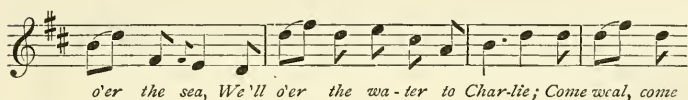
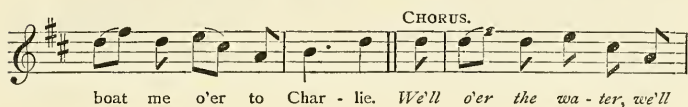
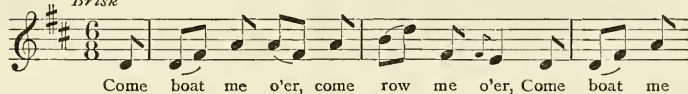
In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,  
There sits an isle of high degree,  
And a town of fame, whose princely  
name  
Should grace the Lass of Albanie.

But there is a youth, a witless youth,  
That fills the place where she  
should be;  
We'll send him o'er to his native  
shore,  
And bring our ain sweet Albanie.

Alas the day, and woe the day!  
A false usurper wan the gree,  
Who now commands the towers and  
lands—  
The royal right of Albanie.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray.  
On bended knees most fervently,  
The time may come, with pipe and  
drum  
We'll welcome home fair Albanie.



No. 294. *Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er.*Tune : *Over the water to Charlie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 187.*Brisk*

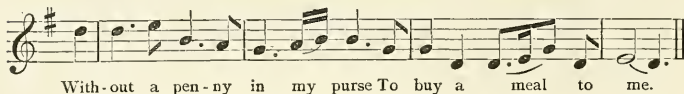
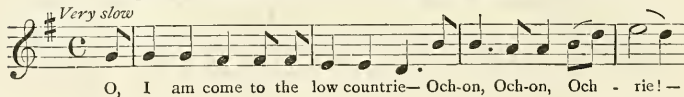
COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,  
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;  
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee  
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

CHORUS. *We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,  
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;  
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
 And live and die wi' Charlie.*

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Tho' some there be abhor him;  
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars  
 And sun that shines so early,  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.



No. 295. *O, I am come to the low countrie.*Tune: *The Highland widow's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 498.

O, I am come to the low countrie—  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—  
 Without a penny in my purse  
 To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills—  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—  
 Nae woman in the country wide  
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye—  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—  
 Feeding on yon hill sae high  
 And giving milk to me.

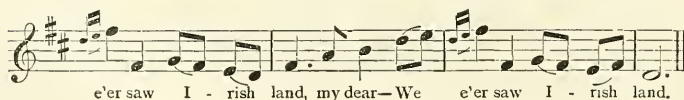
And there I had threescore o' yowes—  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—  
 Skipping on yon bonie knowes  
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan—  
 Sair, sair may I repine!—  
 For Donald was the brawest man,  
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last—  
 Sae far to set us free;  
 My Donald's arm was wanted then  
 For Scotland and for me.

Their wae'fu' fate what need I tell?  
 Right to the wrang did yield;  
 My Donald and his country fell  
 Upon Culloden field.

Ochon! O Donald, O!  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!—  
 Nae woman in the world wide  
 Sae wretched now as me.

No. 296. *It was a' for our rightfu' king.*Tune: *Mally Stuart.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 497.

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
We left fair Scotland's strand;  
It was a' for our rightfu' king,  
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear—  
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain,  
My Love and native land fareweel,  
For I maun cross the main, my  
dear—  
For I maun cross the main.

[He turn'd him right and round  
about  
Upon the Irish shore,

And gae his bridle reins a shake,  
With Adieu for evermore, my dear,  
And adieu for evermore!]

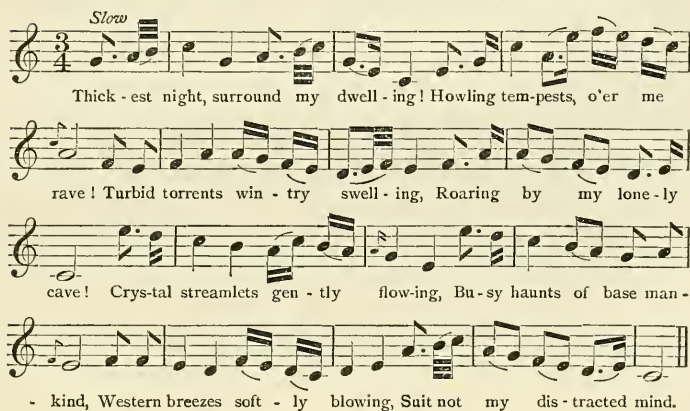
The soger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main,  
But I hae parted frae my love  
Never to meet again, my dear—  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa  
The lee-lang night and weep, my  
dear—  
The lee-lang night and weep.

No. 297. *Thickest night, surround my dwelling.*

Tune: *Strathallan's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 132.

*Slow*



Thick - est night, surround my dwell - ing! Howling tem - pests, o'er me  
rave! Turbid torrents win - try swell - ing, Roaring by my lone - ly  
cave! Crys - tal streamlets gen - tly flow - ing, Bu - sy haunts of base man -  
- kind, Western breezes soft - ly blowing, Suit not my dis - tracted mind.

THICKEST night, surround my dwell -  
ing!

Howling tempests, o'er me rave!  
Turbid torrents wintry swelling,  
Roaring by my lonely cave!  
Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
Busy haunts of base mankind,  
Western breezes softly blowing,  
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,  
Wrongs injurious to redress,  
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,  
But the heavens deny'd suc -  
cess.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us;  
Not a hope that dare attend,  
The wide world is all before us,  
But a world without a friend!

No. 298. *There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard.*

Tune : *The bonie brier-bush.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 492.

*Briskly*

There grows a bon - ie bri - er - bush in our kail - yard, There  
grows a bon - ie bri - er - bush in our kail - yard; And be -  
low the bon - ie bri - er - bush there's a las - sie and a lad, And  
they're bu - sy, bu - sy court - ing in our kail - yard.

THERE grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard,  
There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard;  
And below the bonie brier-bush there's a lassie and a lad,  
And they're busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

We'll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard,  
We'll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard;  
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,  
Where the trees and the branches will be our safe-guard.

'Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha' ?  
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha' ?  
Where Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a' ?'  
'I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha.'

What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa ?  
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa ?  
I will awa to Edinburgh, and win a penny fee,  
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,  
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;  
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,  
He's a bonie, bonie laddie, and yon be he !

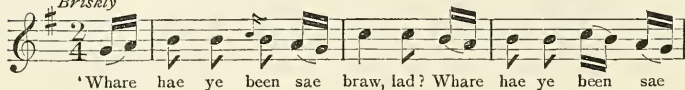
No. 299. *The lovely lass of Inverness.*Tune: *The lovely lass of Inverness.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 401.

*Slow*

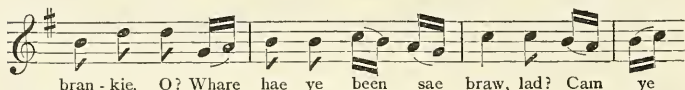
The love - ly lass of In - ver - ness, Nae joy nor pleasure can  
 she see; For e'en to morn she cries 'a - las!' And ay the  
 saut tear blin's her e'e:—'Dru - moss - ie Moor, Dru - moss - ie  
 day—A wae - fu' day it was to me! For there I lost my  
 fa - ther dear, My fa - ther dear and breth - ren three.'

THE lovely lass of Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
 For e'en to morn she cries, 'alas!'  
 And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:—  
 'Drumossie Moor, Drumossie day—  
 A waefu' day it was to me!  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 My father dear and brethren three.

'Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
 Their graves are growin green to see,  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.  
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be,  
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.'

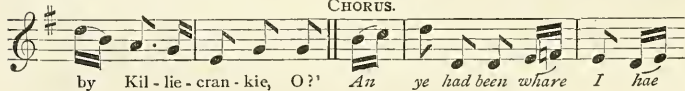
No. 300. *Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?*Tune: *An ye had been where I hae been.* Scots M. M. 1790, No. 292.*Briskly*

'Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Whare hae ye been sae



bran - kie, O? Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad? Cam ye

CHORUS.



by Kil - lie - cran - kie, O?' An ye had been whare I hae



been, Ye wad-na been sae can - tie, O; An ye had seen what



I hae seen, I' the braes o' Kil - lie - cran - kie, O.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?

Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?

Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?'

CHORUS.

*An ye had been whare I hae been,**Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;**An ye had seen what I hae seen,**I' the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.*

'I faught at land, I faught at sea,

At hame I faught my auntie, O;

But I met the devil and Dundee,

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.'

'The bauld Piteur fell in a furr,

An' Clavers gat a clankie, O,

Or I had fed an Athol gled,

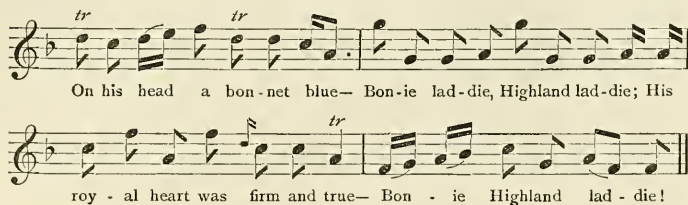
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.'

No. 301. *The bonniest lad that e'er I saw.*Tune: *The Highland laddie.* Caledonian Pocket Companion, 1743, i. No. 36.*Brisk**tr*

The bon-niest lad that e'er I saw—Bon-ie lad-die, Highland lad-die;



Wore a plaid and was fu' braw—Bon - ie High-land lad - die!



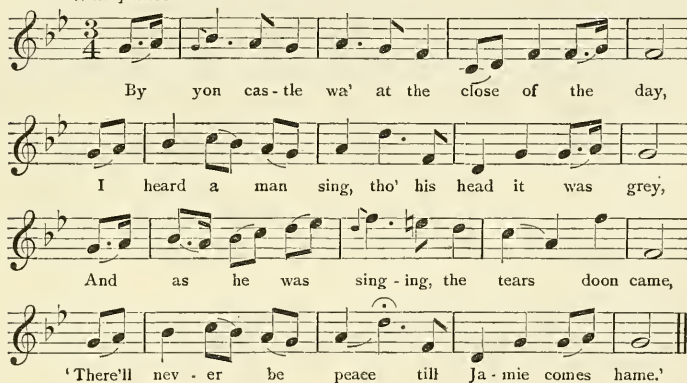
THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw—  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie;  
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw—  
Bonie Highland laddie!  
On his head a bonnet blue—  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie;  
His royal heart was firm and true—  
Bonie Highland laddie!  
'Trumpets sound and cannons roar,  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie—  
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
Bonie Lawland lassie!

Glory, honor, now invite—  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie;  
For freedom and my King to fight,  
Bonie Lawland lassie!  
'Thesun a backward course shall take,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie;  
Ere ought thy manly courage shake;  
Bonie Highland laddie!  
Go, for yoursel' procure renown,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
And for your lawful king his crown,  
Bonie Highland laddie!

No. 302. *By yon Castle wa' at the close of the day.*

Tune: *There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa.* Scots M.M. 1792, No. 315.

*With pathos*



By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,  
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey,  
And as he was singing, the tears doon came,  
'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'



The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars;  
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,  
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;  
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'

Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
 Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
 But till my last moments my words are the same—  
 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.'



No. 303. *I hae been at Crookieden.*

Tune: *The old highland laddie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 332.

*Lively*

I hae been at Croo - kie - den— My bon - ie lad -  
 - die, High - land lad - die, View - ing Wil - lie and  
 his men— My bon - ie lad - die, High - land lad - die!  
 There our foes that burnt and slew— My bon - ie lad - die,  
 High - land lad - die, There at last they gat their  
 due— My bon - ie lad - die, High - land lad - die.

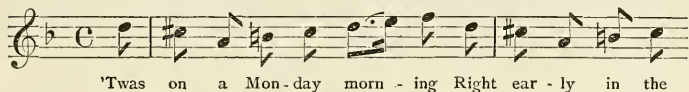


I HAE been at Crookieden—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Viewing Willie and his men—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie!  
 There our foes that burnt and slew—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 There at last they gat their due—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.  
 The bloody monster gae a yell—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 And loud the laughgae rounda'hell—  
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

### No. 304. 'Twas on a Monday morning.

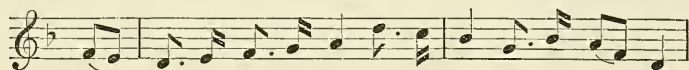
Tune: *Charlie, he's my darling.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 428.



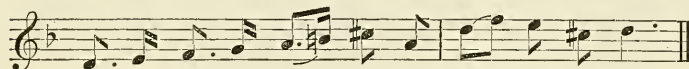
'Twas on a Mon-day morn-ing Right ear-ly in the



year, That Char-lie came to our town—The young Che-va-lier!



CHORUS. *An' Char-lie, he's my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling,*



*Char-lie, he's my dar-ling—the young Che-va-lier!*

'Twas on a Monday morning  
 Right early in the year,  
 That Charlie came to our town—  
 The young Chevalier!

CHORUS.

*An' Charlie, he's my darling,  
 My darling, my darling,  
 Charlie, he's my darling—  
 The young Chevalier!*

As he was walking up the street  
 The city for to view,  
 O, there he spied a bonie lass  
 The window looking thro',

Sae light's he jumpèd up the stair,  
 And tirl'd at the pin;  
 And wha sae ready as hersel'  
 To let the laddie in!

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
 All in his highland dress;  
 For brawly weel he ken'd the  
 way,  
 To please a bonie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain  
 An' down yon scroggy glen,  
 We daurna gang a milking,  
 For Charlie and his men!

No. 305. *Frae the friends and land I love.*Tune: *Carron side.* *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. p. 10.

*Plaintive*

Frae the friends and land I love Driv'n by For-tune's  
fel - ly spite, Frae my best be - lov'd I rove, Nev -  
- er mair to taste de - light: Nev - er mair maun  
hope to find Ease frae toil, re - lief  
frae care; When re - mem - brance wracks the  
mind, Plea - sures but un - veil des - pair.

FRAE the friends and land I love  
Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,  
Frae my best belov'd I rove,  
Never mair to taste delight;  
Never mair maun hope to find  
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:  
When remembrance wracks the mind,  
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,  
Desert ilka blooming shore,  
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,  
Friendship, Love, and Peace restore;  
Till Revenge wi' laurel'd head  
Bring our banish'd hame again,  
And ilk loyal, bonie lad  
Cross the seas, and win his ain.

No. 306. *As I came o'er the Cairney mount.*Tune : *The Highland lassie.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 467.

*Brisk*

As I came o'er the Cair - ney mount, And down a -  
 - mang the bloom - ing hea-ther, Kind-ly stood the milk-ing-shiel To  
 CHORUS.  
 shel-ter frae the storm-y wea-ther. O, my bon - ie High -  
 - land lad, My win-some, weel-far'd High-land lad - die! Wha wad  
 mind the wind and rain Sae weel row'd in his tar-lan plaid - ie!

As I came o'er the Cairney mount,  
 And down among the blooming heather,  
 Kindly stood the milking-shiel  
 To shelter frae the stormy weather.

CHORUS. O, my bonie Highland lad,  
 My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie!  
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain  
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie!

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent,  
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;  
 But he wan my heart's consent  
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.



## IX. MISCELLANEOUS

No. 307. *The sun he is sunk in the west.*Tune : *Go from my window, love, do.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1803, No. 581.

The sun he is sunk in the west, All crea-tures re -  
 ti - rēd to rest, While here I sit, all sore be - set With  
 sor - row, grief, and woe; And its O fic - kle For - tune, O!

THE sun he is sunk in the west,  
 All creatures retirēd to rest,  
 While here I sit, all sore beset  
 With sorrow, grief, and woe;  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,  
 Nor hears how the whirlwinds  
 sweep;  
 But misery and I must watch  
 The surly tempest blow:  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear [partner] of my  
 breast;  
 Her cares for a moment at rest;  
 Must I see thee, my youthful pride,  
 Thus brought so very low?—  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

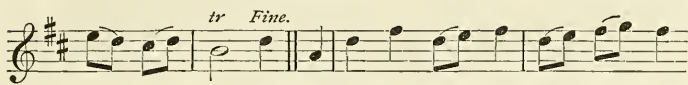
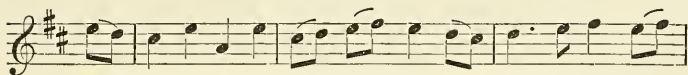
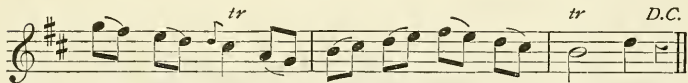
There lie my sweet [babies] in her  
 arms; [alarms;  
 No anxious fear their [little] hearts  
 But for their sake, my heart does ache,  
 With many a bitter throe;  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest:  
 I once could relieve the distrest;  
 Now life's poor [pittance] hardly  
 earn'd,

My fate will scarce bestow;  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!  
 How welcome to me were the grave!  
 But then my wife and children dear—  
 O, whither would they go?  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O [whither] shall I turn  
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn?  
 For in this world Rest or Peace  
 I never more shall know!  
 And it's O fickle Fortune, O!

No. 308. *There was a lad was born in Kyle.*Tune: *Dainty Davie*. McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, p. 32.*Brisk*CHORUS. *Ro - bin was a ro - vin boy, Ran - tin, ro - vin,**ran - tin, ro - vin, Ro - bin was a ro - vin boy, Ran - tin,**ro - vin* *tr* *Fine.* *Ro - bin! There was a lad was born in Kyle,**But what - na day o' what - na style, I doubt it's hard - ly**worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro - bin.*

CHORUS. *Robin was a rovin boy,  
Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,  
Robin was a rovin boy,  
Rantin, rovin Robin!*

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.

Our monarch's hindmost year but  
ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'  
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo'scho 'wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof;  
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

'He'll hae misfortunes great an'sma',  
But ay a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a';  
W'll a' be proud o' Robin.

'But sure as three times three mak  
nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin',  
So leeze me on thee, Robin.'

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, sir,  
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar,  
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,—  
So blessins on thee, Robin!

No. 309. *Is there for honest poverty?*Tune: *For a' that.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 290.

*Boldly*

Is there for hon-est pov-er-ty That hings his head, an' a' that?

*tr*

The cow-ard slave, we pass him by— We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, an' a' that, Our toils ob-scure, an' a' that, The

rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

Is there for honest poverty  
 That hings his head, an' a' that?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by—  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden grey, an' a' that?  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—  
 A man's a man for a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that,  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, an' a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.



A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that,  
 But an honest man's aboon his might—  
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth  
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—  
 As come it will, for a' that—  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth  
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's comin yet for a' that,  
 That man to man the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

No. 310. *I dream'd I lay where flowers were  
 springing.*

Tune : *I dream'd I lay.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 146.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were spring-ing Gai-ly in the  
 sun - ny beam; List'ning to the wild birds sing-ing, By a  
 fall - ing crys - tal stream: Straight the sky grew black and  
 dar - ing; Thro' the woods the whirl - winds rave; Trees with  
 ag - èd arms were war - ring O'er the swell - ing, drum - lie wave.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing  
 Gaily in the sunny beam;  
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,  
 By a falling crystal stream:



Straight the sky grew black and daring;  
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;  
 Trees with agèd arms were warring  
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoyed;  
 But lang or noon loud tempests, storming,  
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.  
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me—  
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;  
 Of mory a joy and hope bereav'd me—  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

No. 311. *Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong.*

Tune: *McPherson's rant.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 114.

*Boldly*

Fare - well, ye dun - geons dark and strong, The wretch's des -

- tin - ie! Mc - Pher - son's time will not be long On

CHORUS.

yon - der gal - lows tree. Sae rant - ing - ly, sae

wan - ton - ly, Sae daunt - ing - ly gaed he, He play'd a spring,

and danc'd it round Be - low the gal - lows tree.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
 The wretch's destinie!  
 McPherson's time will not be long  
 On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS. *Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round  
Below the gallows tree.*

O, what is death but parting breath !  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dared his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword,  
And there's no a man in all Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;  
I die by treacherie :  
It burns my heart I must depart,  
And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky !  
May coward shame disdain his name,  
The wretch that dare not die !



No. 312. *O, raging Fortune's withering blast.*

(Tune unknown.)

O, RAGING Fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low,  
O, raging Fortune's withering blast  
Has laid my leaf full low.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,  
My blossom sweet did blow ;  
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,  
And made my branches grow.

But luckless Fortune's northern storms  
Laid a' my blossoms low !—  
But luckless Fortune's northern storms  
Laid a' my blossoms low !

No. 313. *The gloomy night is gath'ring fast.*Tune: *Roslin Castle*. Bremner's *Scots Songs* (2nd set), 1757, p. 27.

*Slow* *tr*

The gloo - my night is gath - 'ring fast, Loud  
 roars the wild, in - con - stant blast; Yon mur -  
 - ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it  
 driv - ing o'er the plain; The hun - ter now has  
 left the moor, The scat - ter'd co - veys meet  
 se - - cure; While here I wan - der, prest with  
 care, A - long the lone - ly banks of Ayr.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant  
 blast;  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain;  
 The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure;  
 While here I wander, prest with  
 care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning  
 corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it  
 rave;  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :  
But round my heart the ties are  
bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a  
wound ;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I  
tear,  
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathymoores and winding vales ;  
The scenes where wretched fancy  
roves,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves !  
Farewell my friends ! farewell my  
foes !  
My peace with these, my love with  
those :—  
The bursting tears my heart declare  
Farewell the bonie banks of Ayr !

No. 314. *Raving winds around her blowing.*

Tune : *McGrigor of Rora's lament.* Macdonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, p. 13.

*Very slow* *tr*

Rav - ing winds a - round her blow - ing, Yel - low leaves  
the wood - lands strow - ing, By a riv - er  
hoarse - ly roar - ing, Is - a - bel - la stray'd de - plor - ing.

RAVING winds around her blowing,  
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,  
By a river hoarsely roaring,  
Isabella stray'd deploring :—

'Farewell, hours that late did measure  
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure !  
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—  
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

'O'er the past too fondly wandering,  
On the hopeless future pondering,  
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,  
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.

'Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
Load to Misery most distressing,  
Gladly how would I resign thee,  
And to dark oblivion join thee !'

No. 315. *What will I do gin my hoggie die?*Tune: *What will I do, &c.* McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, p. 11.

What will I do gin my hog-gie die? My joy, my pride, my  
 hog-gie! My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but  
<sup>tr</sup>  
 I was vo-gie! The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,  
 Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We heard nocht  
 but the roar-ing linn A-mang the braes sae scrog-gie.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?

My joy, my pride, my hoggie!

My only beast, I had nae mae,

And vow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,

Me and my faithfu' doggie;

We heard nocht but the roaring linn

Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',

The blitter frae the boggie,

The tod reply'd upon the hill;

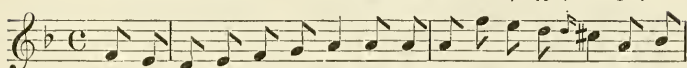
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crawl,

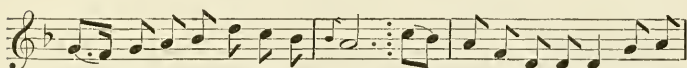
The morning it was foggie,

An unco tyke lap o'er the dike,

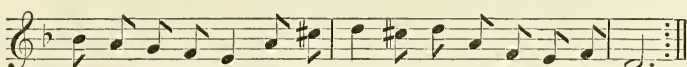
And maist has kill'd my hoggie!

No. 316. *It was in sweet Senegal.*Tune: *The slave's lament.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 384.

It was in sweet Sen - e - gal that my foes did me en - thrall For the



lands of Vir - gin - ia, - gin - ia, O : Torn from that lovely shore, And must



nev - er see it more, And a - las! I am wea - ry, wea - ry, O.

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall

For the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O :

Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more, } *bis*  
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,

Like the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O :

There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow, } *bis*  
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,

In the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O ;

And I think on friends most dear with the bitter, bitter tear, } *bis*  
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.No. 317. *One night as I did wander.*Tune : *John Anderson my jo* (see No. 212).

ONE night as I did wander,  
 When corn begins to shoot,  
 I sat me down to ponder  
 Upon an auld tree root:  
 Auld Ayr ran by before me,  
 And bicker'd to the seas;  
 A cushat crooded o'er me,  
 That echo'd through the trees.

\* \* \* \* \*



No. 318. *The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.*

Tune: *The lazy mist.* Scots Musical Museum, 1790, No. 232.

*Slow*

The la - zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con -  
 - ceal - ing the course of the dark wind - ing rill; How lan - guid  
 the scenes, late so spright - ly, ap - pear, As Au - tumn to Win -  
 - ter re - signs the pale year! The for - ests are leaf - less, the  
 mea - dows are brown, And all the gay fop - pery of Sum -  
 - mer is flown. A - part let me wan - der, a - part let me  
 muse, How quick Time is fly - ing, how keen Fate pur - sues!

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;  
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,  
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year!  
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown.  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

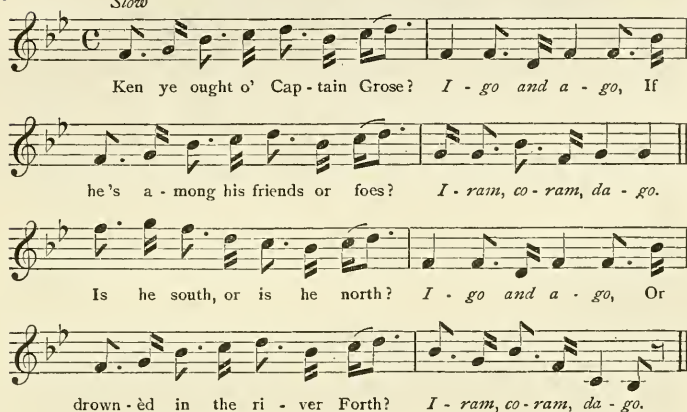
How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain!  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain,  
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!  
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!  
 Life is not worth having with all it can give—  
 For something beyond it poor man, sure, must live.

No. 319. *Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?*

Tune: *Sir John Malcolm.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 455.

*Slow*



Ken ye ought o' Cap - tain Grose? *I - go and a - go,* If  
 he's a - mong his friends or foes? *I - ram, co - ram, da - go.*  
 Is he south, or is he north? *I - go and a - go,* Or  
 drown - ed in the ri - ver Forth? *I - ram, co - ram, da - go.*

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose? *Igo and ago,*  
 If he's among his friends or foes? *Iram, coram, dago.*  
 Is he south, or is he north? *Igo and ago,*  
 Or drownèd in the river Forth? *Iram, coram, dago.*

Is he slain by Hielan' bodies? *Igo and ago,*  
 And eaten like a wether haggis? *Iram, coram, dago.*  
 Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? *Igo and ago,*  
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame? *Iram, coram, dago.*

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him! *Igo and ago,*  
 As for the deil, he daurna steer him! *Iram, coram, dago.*  
 But please transmit th' enclosèd letter, *Igo and ago,*  
 Which will oblige your humble debtor, *Iram, coram, dago.*

So may ye hae auld stanes in store, *Igo and ago,*  
 The very stanes that Adam bore, *Iram, coram, dago.*  
 So may ye get in glad possession, *Igo and ago,*  
 The coins o' Satan's coronation! *Iram, coram, dago.*

No. 320. *O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.*Tune: *Sweet's the lass that loves me.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 360.

O, leeze me on my spin - nin - wheel, And leeze me  
on my rock and reel, Frae tap to tae that cleeds me  
bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! I'll  
set me down, and sing and spin, While laigh de -  
scends the sim - mer sun, Blest wi' con - tent, and milk  
and meal— O, leeze me on my spin - nin - wheel!

O, LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel,  
And leeze me on my rock and reel,  
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!  
I'll set me down, and sing and spin,  
While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—  
O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
And meet below my theekit cot.  
The scented birk and hawthorn white  
Across the pool their arms unite,  
Alike to screen the birdies' nest  
And little fishes' caller rest:  
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',  
Where blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale.  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays;  
 The craik amang the claver hay,  
 The pairrick whirrin o'er the ley,  
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,  
 Amuse me at my spiinnin-wheel.  
 Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,  
 Aboon distress, below envÿ,  
 O, wha wad leave this humble state  
 For a' the pride of a' the great?  
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessie at her spinnin-wheel?

No. 321. *Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west.*

Tune: *Up in the morning early.* Scots Musical Museum, 1788, No. 140.

*Slowly*

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, The drift  
 is driv - ing sair - ly, Sae loud and shill's I hear the  
 CHORUS.  
 blast—I'm sure it's win - ter fair - ly. *Up in the*  
*morning's no for me, Up in the morn - ing ear - ly! When a'*  
*the hills are cov - er'd wi' snaw, I'm sure it's win - ter fair - ly!*

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly,  
 Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast—  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CHORUS. *Up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early!  
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
I'm sure it's winter fairly!*

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

No. 322. *No cold approach, no alter'd mien.*

Air: *Ianthy the lovely.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 340.

*Slow*

No cold ap - proach, no al - ter'd mien, Just what  
would make sus - pi - cion start, No pause the dire  
ex - tremes be - tween: He made me blest—and broke  
my heart. From hope, the wretch's an - chor, torn, Ne-  
- glect - ed and ne - glect - ing all; Friend - less, for -  
- sak - en and for - lorn, The tears I shed  
must ev - er fall, must ev - er fall.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,  
Just what would make suspicion start,  
No pause the dire extremes between:  
He made me blest—and broke my heart.  
[From hope, the wretch's anchor, torn,  
Neglected and neglecting all;  
Friendless, forsaken and forlorn,  
The tears I shed must ever fall.]

No. 323. *My father was a farmer.*Tune: *The Weaver and his shuttle* (see No. 67).

My father was a farmer  
 Upon the Carrick border, O,  
 And carefully he bred me  
 In decency and order, O;  
 He bade me act a manly part,  
 Tho' I had ne'er a farthing, O,  
 For without an honest, manly heart,  
 No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world  
 My course I did determine, O;  
 Tho' to be rich was not my wish,  
 Yet to be great was charming, O:  
 My talents they were not the worst,  
 Nor yet my education, O;  
 Resolved was I at least to try  
 To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay  
 I courted Fortune's favour, O;  
 Some cause unseen still slept be-  
 tween  
 To frustrate each endeavour, O:  
 Sometimes by foes I was o'er-  
 power'd,  
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O,  
 And when my hope was at the top,  
 I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last  
 With Fortune's vain delusion, O,  
 I dropt my schemes like idle dreams,  
 And came to this conclusion, O:—  
 The past was bad, and the future  
 hid;  
 It's good or ill untrièd, O;  
 But the present hour was in my  
 power,  
 And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,  
 Nor person to befriend me, O;  
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,  
 And labour to sustain me, O:

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,  
 My father bred me early, O;  
 For one, he said, to labour bred,  
 Was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

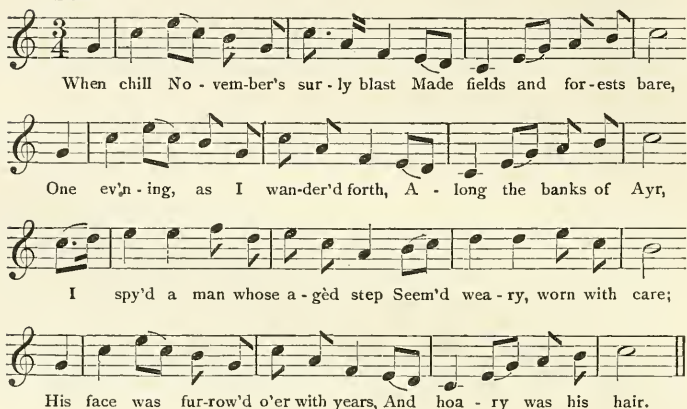
Thus all obscure, unknown, and  
 poor,  
 Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,  
 Till down my weary bones I lay  
 In everlasting slumber, O;  
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er  
 Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;  
 I live to-day as well's I may,  
 Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But, cheerful still, I ain as well  
 As a monarch in a palace, O,  
 Tho' Fortune's frown still hunts me  
 down,  
 With all her wonted malice, O:  
 I make indeed my daily bread,  
 But ne'er can make it farther, O;  
 But, as daily bread is all I need,  
 I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour  
 I earn a little money, O,  
 Some unforeseen misfortune  
 Comes gen'rally upon me, O:  
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,  
 Or my good-natur'd folly, O;  
 But, come what will, I've sworn it  
 still,  
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power  
 With unremitting ardour, O,  
 The more in this you look for  
 bliss,  
 You leave your view the farther, O.  
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,  
 Or nations to adore you, O,  
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown  
 I will prefer before you, O!



No. 324. *When chill November's surly blast.*Tune : *Peggy Bawn.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 509.*Slow*


When chill No - vem-ber's sur - ly blast Made fields and for - ests bare,  
 One ev'n - ing, as I wan-der'd forth, A - long the banks of Ayr,  
 I spy'd a man whose a - gèd step Seem'd wea - ry, worn with care;  
 His face was fur-row'd o'er with years, And ho - ry was his hair.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth,  
 Along the banks of Ayr,  
 I spy'd a man whose aged step  
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;  
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,  
 And hoary was his hair.

'Young stranger, whither wand'rest  
 thou?'

Began the reverend Sage;  
 'Does thirst of wealth thy step con-  
 strain,  
 Or youthful pleasures rage?  
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,  
 Too soon thou hast began  
 To wander forth, with me to mourn  
 The miseries of man.

'The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
 Outspreading far and wide,  
 Where hundreds labour to sup-  
 port  
 A haughty lordling's pride :—

I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
 Twice forty times return;  
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,  
 That man was made to mourn.

'O man! while in thy early years,  
 How prodigal of time!  
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours,  
 Thy glorious, youthful prime!  
 Alternate follies take the sway;  
 Licentious passions burn;  
 Which tenfold force gives nature's  
 law,  
 That man was made to mourn.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,  
 Or manhood's active might;  
 Man then is useful to his kind,  
 Supported is his right:  
 But see him on the edge of life,  
 With cares and sorrows worn;  
 Then age and want—O ill-matched  
 pair!—  
 Show man was made to mourn.



'A few seem favourites of fate,  
In pleasure's lap carest ;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest ;  
But oh ! what crowds in every  
land

All wretched and forlorn,  
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
That man was made to mourn.

'Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame !  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse, and shame !  
And man, whose heav'n-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,—  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn !

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil ;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn,  
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.

'If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—  
By Nature's law design'd—  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind ?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty, or scorn ?  
Or why has man the will and pow'r  
To make his fellow mourn ?

'Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
Disturb thy youthful breast ;  
This partial view of humankind  
Is surely not the *last* !  
The poor, oppress'd, honest man  
Had never, sure, been born,  
Had there not been some recompense  
To comfort those that mourn.

'O death ! the poor man's dearest  
friend,  
The kindest and the best !  
Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest !  
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,  
From pomp and pleasure torn ;  
But oh ! a blest relief to those  
That weary-laden mourn !'

No. 325. *The wintry west extends his blast.*

Tune: *M<sup>c</sup>Pherson's rant* (see No. 311).

THE wintry west extends his blast,  
And hail and rain does blaw ;  
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth  
The blinding sleet and snaw :  
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,  
And roars frae bank to brae ;  
And bird and beast in covert rest,  
And pass the weary day.

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'erblast,  
The joyless winter day  
Let others fear, to me more dear  
Than all the pride of May :  
The tempest's howl it soothes my soul,  
My griefs it seems to join ;  
The leafless trees my fancy please,  
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Power Supreme whose mighty scheme  
 These woes of mine fulfil,  
 Here firm I rest, they must be best,  
 Because they are *Thy* will !  
 Then all I want—O do Thou grant  
 This one request of mine !—  
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,  
 Assist me to *resign*.

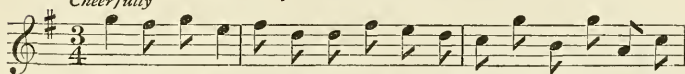
No. 326. *But lately seen in gladsome green.*

Tune : *East Indian air.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 486.

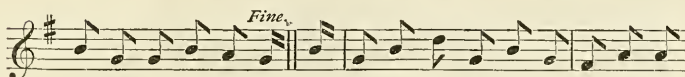
*Slow*

But late - ly seen in gladsome green, The woods re - joic'd the  
 day; Thro' gen-tle show'rs the laughing flow'rs In dou - ble pride were  
 gay: But now our joys are fled On win - ter blasts a - wa, Yet  
 mai - den May in rich ar-ray A - gain shall bring them a'.

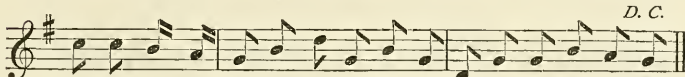
But lately seen in gladsome green,  
 The woods rejoic'd the day;  
 Thro' gentle show'rs the laughing flow'rs  
 In double pride were gay:  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa,  
 Yet maiden May in rich array  
 Again shall bring them a'.  
 But my white pow, nae kindly thowe  
 Shall melt the snaws of age;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss and bield,  
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.  
 O, age has weary days  
 And nights o' sleepless pain!  
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,  
 Why comes thou not again?

No. 327. *Wee Willie Gray.*Tune: *Wee Totum Fogg.* Scots Musical Museum, 1803, No. 514.*Cheerfully*

Wee Wil- lie Gray and his lea-ther wal- let, Peel a wil- low wand to



be him boots and jack-et: The rose up - on the brier will be him trouse



and dou-blet, The rose up - on the brier will be him trouse and dou-blet!

WEE Willie Gray and his leather wallet,  
 Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket:  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet!

Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet,  
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;  
 Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet—  
 Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet!

No. 328. *He clenched his pamphlets in his fist.*Tune: *Killiecrankie* (see No. 256).

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,  
 He quoted and he hinted,  
 Till in a declamation-mist  
 His argument, he tint it;  
 He gapèd for't, he gapèd for't,  
 He fand it was awa, man;  
 But what his commonsense came short,  
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

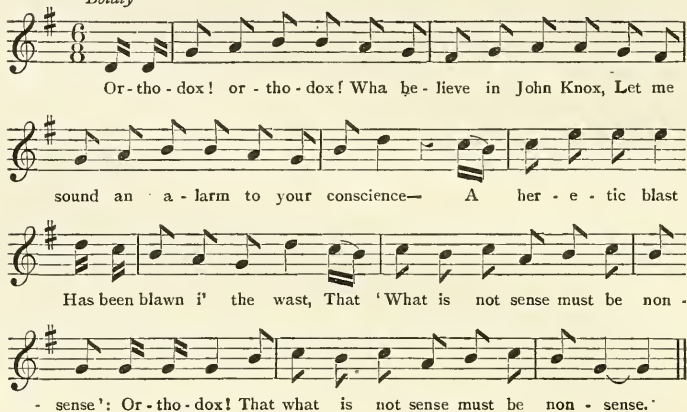
MR. ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood awee,  
 Then open'd out his arm, man;  
 His lordship sat, wi' ruefu' e'e,  
 And ey'd the gath'ring storm, man:  
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,  
 Or torrents owre a linn, man;  
 The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,  
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

No. 329. *Orthodox! orthodox! wha believe in  
John Knox.*

Tune : *Come, let us prepare.* Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iii. p. 72.

*Boldly*



ORTHODOX! orthodox!  
Wha believe in John Knox,  
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—  
A heretic blast  
Has been blawn i' the wast,  
That 'What is not sense must be nonsense':  
Orthodox! That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac! Doctor Mac!  
You should streek on a rack,  
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;  
To join Faith and Sense,  
Upon ony pretence,  
Was heretic, damnable error,  
Doctor Mac—was heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,  
It was mad, I declare,  
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;  
Provost John is still deaf  
To the Church's relief,  
And Orator Bob is its ruin—  
Town of Ayr! And Orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,  
Tho' your heart's like a child,  
And your life like the new-driven snaw;  
Yet that winna save ye,  
Auld Satan must have ye  
For preaching that three's ane and twa—  
D'rymple mild! For preaching that three's ane and twa.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,  
Scour your spiritual guns,  
Ammunition you never can need;  
Your hearts are the stuff  
Will be powther enough,  
And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead—  
Calvin's sons! And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

Rumble John! Rumble John!  
Mount the steps with a groan,  
Cry:—'The book is wi' heresy cramm'd';  
Then out wi' your ladle,  
Deal brimstone like adle,  
And roar ev'ry note o' the damn'd—  
Rumble John! And roar ev'ry note o' the damn'd.

Simper James! Simper James,  
Leave the fair Killie dames,  
There's a holier chase in your view;  
I'll lay on your head  
That the pack ye'll soon lead,  
For puppies like you there's but few—  
Simper James! For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie! Singet Sawnie,  
Are ye huirding the penny,  
Unconscious what evils await?  
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,  
Alarm ev'ry soul,  
For the foul thief is just at your gates,  
Singet Sawnie! For the foul thief is just at your gates.

Poet Willie! Poet Willie,  
Gie the Doctor a volley,  
Wi' your 'Liberty's chain' and your wit;  
O'er Pegasus' side  
Ye ne'er laid a stride,  
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —  
Poet Willie! Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —

Barr Steenie! Barr Steenie,  
 What mean ye, what mean ye?  
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,  
 Ye may hae some pretence,  
 To havins and sense,  
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better—  
 Barr Steenie! Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Jamie Goose! Jamie Goose,  
 Ye hae made but toom roose,  
 In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;  
 But the Doctor's your mark,  
 For the Lord's haly ark  
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't,—  
 Jamie Goose! He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Davie Bluster! Davie Bluster,  
 For a saint if ye muster,  
 The corps is no nice o' recruits;  
 Yet to worth let's be just,  
 Royal blood ye might boast,  
 If the Ass were the king o' the brutes,—  
 Davie Bluster! If the Ass were the king o' the brutes.

Cessnock side! Cessnock side,  
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,  
 Of manhood but sma' is your share;  
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true,  
 Even your faes will allow,  
 And your friends daurna say ye hae mair—  
 Cessnock side! And your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

Muirland Jock! Muirland Jock,  
 Whom the Lord gave a stock  
 Wad set up a tinkler in brass,  
 If ill manners were wit,  
 There's no mortal so fit  
 To prove the poor Doctor an ass—  
 Muirland Jock! To prove the poor Doctor an ass.

Andro Gouk! Andro Gouk,  
 Ye may slander the Book,  
 And the Book not the waur, let me tell ye;  
 Tho' ye're rich, and look big,  
 Yet, lay by hat and wig,  
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value—  
 Andro Gouk! And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Daddy Auld! Daddy Auld,  
 There's a tod in the fauld,  
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk;  
 Though ye do little skaith,  
 Ye'll be in at the death,  
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark,  
 Daddy Auld! And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Holy Will, Holy Will,  
 There was wit in your skull  
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;  
 The timmer is scant,  
 When ye're taen for a saunt,  
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour—  
 Holy Will! Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Poet Burns! Poet Burns,  
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,  
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?  
 Your Muse is a gipsy—  
 E'en tho' she were tipsy,  
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are,—  
 Poet Burns! Ye could ca' us nae waur than we are.

## PRESENTATION VERSES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Factor John! Factor John,  
 Whom the Lord made alone,  
 And ne'er made anither, thy peer,  
 Thy poor servant, the Bard,  
 In respectful regard,  
 He presents thee this token sincere,  
 Factor John! He presents thee this token sincere.

Afton's Laird! Afton's Laird,  
 When your pen can be spar'd,  
 A copy of this I bequeath,  
 On the same sicker score  
 As I mention'd before,  
 To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith,  
 Afton's Laird! To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

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No. 330. *Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare.*

Tune: *Chevy Chase* (see No. 267 or 274).

PEG Nicholson was a good bay mare

As ever trod on ain;

But now she's floating down the Nith,

And past the mouth o' Cairn.



Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 An' rode thro' thick an' thin;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 And wanting even the skin.

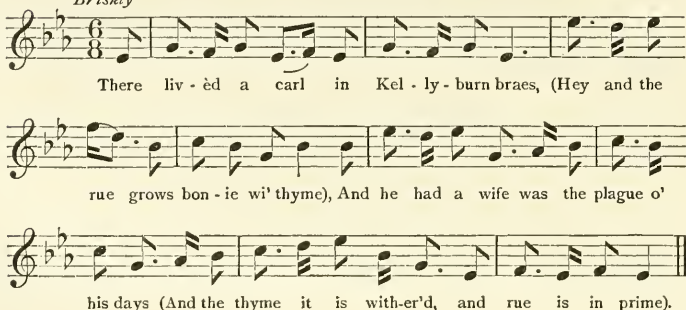
Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 And ance she bore a priest;  
 But now she's floating down the Nith,  
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 An' the priest he rode her sair;  
 And much oppress'd, and bruis'd she was,  
 As priest-rid cattle are!

No. 331. *There livèd a carl in Kellyburn braes.*

Tune: *Kellyburn braes.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 379.

*Briskly*



There liv - èd a carl in Kel - ly - burn braes, (Hey and the  
 rue grows bon - ie wi' thyme), And he had a wife was the plague o'  
 his days (And the thyme it is with-er'd, and rue is in prime).

THERE livèd a carl in Kellyburn braes,  
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days  
 (And the thyme it is with-er'd, and rue is in prime).

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,  
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
 He met wi' the devil, says:—'How do you fen?'  
 (And the thyme it is with-er'd, and rue is in prime).

'I've got a bad wife, sir: that's a' my complaint  
 (Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint'  
 (And the thyme it is with-er'd, and rue is in prime).

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have'  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'Oh! welcome, most kindly,' the blythe carl said  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
'But if ye can match her,—ye're waur than ye're ca'd'  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The devil has got the auld wife on his back  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
Syne bade her gae in for a bitch and a whore  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme):  
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa'  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme):  
'O, help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'!'  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme).  
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
And to her auld husband he's carried her back  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

'I hae been a devil the feck o' my life  
(Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),  
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife  
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

No. 332. *There was three kings into the east.*Tune : *Lull me beyond thee.* Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1670, p. 148.

*Smoothly*

There was three kings in - to the east, Three kings both great  
and high; And they hae sworn a so - lemn oath John  
Bar - ley - corn should die. They took a plough and plough'd  
him down, Put clods up - on his head; And they hae  
sworn a so - lemn oath John Bar - ley - corn was dead.

THERE was three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him  
down,  
Put clods upon his head;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly  
And show'rs began to fall; [on,  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong;  
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed  
spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,  
When he grew wan and pale;  
His bending joints and drooping  
head  
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
He faded into age;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon long and  
sharp,  
And cut him by the knee;  
Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim ;  
They heaved in John Barleycorn,—  
There, let him sink or swim !

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him farther woe ;  
And still, as signs of life appear'd  
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
The marrow of his bones ;  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crush'd him 'tween two  
stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's  
blood,  
And drank it round and round,

And still the more and more they  
drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,  
Of noble enterprise ;  
For if you do but taste his blood,  
'Twill make your courage rise.  
'Twill make a man forget his woe ;  
'Twill heighten all his joy :  
'Twill make the widow's heart to  
sing,  
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn  
Each man a glass in hand ;  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

No. 333. *When Januar' wind was blawin cauld.*

Tune: *The lass that made the bed to me.* Scots Musical Mus. 1796, No. 448.



When Jan - uar' wind was blaw - in cauld, As to the  
north I took my way, The mirk - some night did  
me en - fauld, I knew na where to lodge till day.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin cauld,  
As to the north I took my way,  
The mirksome night did me enfauld,  
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my gude luck a maid I met  
Just in the middle o' my care ;  
And kindly she did me invite  
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
An' bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,  
Wi' twa white hands she spread it doun,  
She put the cup to her rosy lips,  
And drank :—'Young man, now sleep ye soun'.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,  
And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;  
But I call'd her quickly back again,  
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,  
And servèd me with due respect,  
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,  
I put my arms about her neck.

'Haud aff your hands, young man,' she said,  
'And dinna sae uncivil be ;  
Gif ye hae onie luvè for me,  
O, wrang na my virginity !'

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
Her teeth were like the ivory,  
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
The lass that made the bed to me !

Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;  
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
The lass that made the bed to me !

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,  
And ay she wist na what to say ;  
I laid her 'tween me an' the wa'—  
The lassie thocht na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we raise,  
I thank'd her for her courtesie,  
But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,  
And said :—'Alas, ye've ruin'd me !'

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,  
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e ;  
I said :—'My lassie, dinna cry,  
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.'

She took her mither's Holland sheets,  
An' made them a' in sarks to me ;  
Blythe and merry may she be,  
The lass that made the bed to me !

The bonie lass made the bed to me,  
The braw lass made the bed to me ;  
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,  
The lass that made the bed to me !

No. 334. *O, Lady Mary Ann.*Tune : *Lady Mary Ann.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 377.

*Moderately*

O, La - dy Ma - ry Ann looks o'er the cas - tle  
 wa', She saw three bon - ie boys play - ing at the  
 ba', The young - est he was the flower a - mang them a'  
 My bon - ie lad - die's young, but he's grow - in yet.

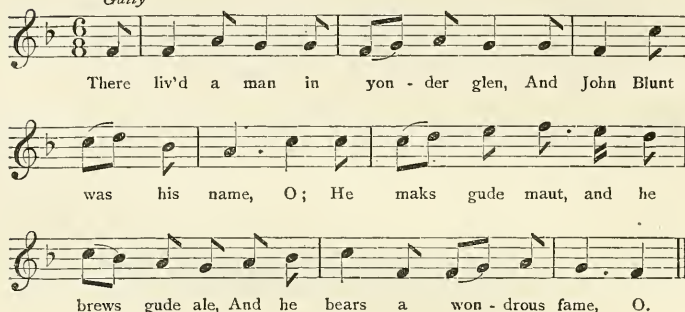
[O, LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',  
 She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba',  
 The youngest he was the flower among them a'—  
 My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.]

'O father, O father, an ye think it fit,  
 We'll send him a year to the college yet;  
 We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,  
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.']

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,  
 Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,  
 And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew,  
 For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik;  
 Bonie and bloomin and straught was its make,  
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,  
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,  
 And the days are awa that we hae seen;  
 But far better days I trust will come again,  
 For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

No. 335. *There liv'd a man in yonder glen.'*Tune: *Johnie Blunt.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 365.*Gaily*


There liv'd a man in yon - der glen, And John Blunt  
was his name, O; He maks gude maut, and he  
brews gude ale, And he bears a won - drous fame, O.

THERE liv'd a man in yonder glen,  
And John Blunt was his name, O;  
He maks gude maut, and he brews gude ale,  
And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

The wind blew in the hallan ae night,  
Fu' snell out o'er the moor, O;  
'Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,' he says,  
'Rise up and bar the door, O;'

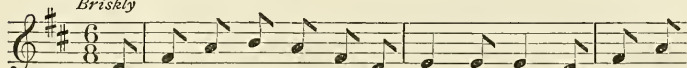
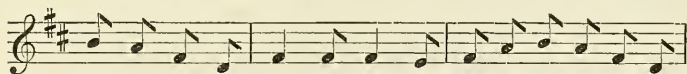
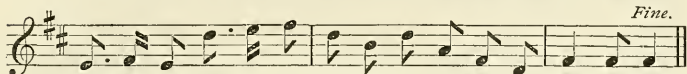
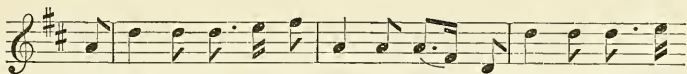
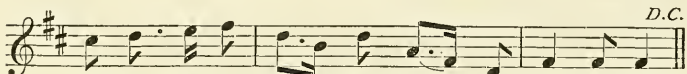
They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure, O,  
Whae'er sud speak the foremost word,  
Should rise and bar the door, O.

Three travellers that had tint their gate,  
As thro' the hills they foor, O;  
They airted by the line o' light  
Fu' straught to Johnie Blunt's door, O.

They haurld auld Luckie out o' her bed,  
And laid her on the floor, O;  
But never a word auld Luckie wad say,  
For barrin o' the door, O.

'Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae drucken my ale,  
And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore, O;—  
'Aha! Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first word,—  
Get up and bar the door, O.'



No. 336. *Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay.*Tune: *The Campbells are comin.* Scots Mus. Museum, 1790, No. 299.*Briskly*CHORUS. *The Campbells are com - in, O - ho! O - ho! The Campbells**are com - in, O - ho! O - ho! The Campbells are com - in to**bon - ie Loch - lev - en, The Campbells are com - in, O - ho! O - ho!**Fine.**Up - on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lo-monds**I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to bon - ie**Loch - ie - ven And saw three bon - ie perch - es play.**D.C.*

CHORUS. *The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!*  
*The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!*  
*The Campbells are comin to bonie Lochleven,*  
*The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!*

UPON the Lomonds I lay, I lay,  
 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,  
 I lookèd down to bonie Lochleven  
 And saw three bonie perches play.

Great Argyle he goes before;  
 He maks his cannons and guns to roar,  
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum;  
 The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
 Their loyal faith and truth to show,  
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,  
 The Campbells are comin, Oho! Oho!

No. 337. *Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockie.*Tune: *Jenny's lamentation.* Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, 1737, i. p. 59.

*Moderately*

Twa bon - ie lads were San - dy and Jock - ie, Jock - ie was  
lo'ed but San - dy un - luck - y, Jock - ie was laird baith of  
hills and of val - lies, But San - dy was nought but the king o'  
gude fel - lows. Jock - ie lo'ed Madg - ie, for Madg - ie had mo -  
- ney, And San - dy lo'ed Ma - ry for Ma - ry was bon - ie, Ane  
wed - ded for love, Ane wed - ded for trea - sure,  
So Jock - ie had sil - ler and San - dy had plea - sure.

Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockie,  
Jockie was lo'ed but Sandy unlucky,  
Jockie was laird baith of hills and of vallies,  
But Sandy was nought but the king o' gude fellows.  
Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for Madgie had money,  
And Sandy lo'ed Mary for Mary was bonie,  
Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for treasure,  
So Jockie had siller and Sandy had pleasure.

No. 338. *Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk.*Tune : *The Souters o' Selkirk.* Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, p. 28.*Briskly*

Its up wi' the Sou - ters o' Sel-kirk, And down wi' the  
 Earl of Hume, And here is to a' the braw lad - dies  
 That wear the sin - gle - sol'd shoon. Its up wi' the Sou - ters o'  
 Sel - kirk, For they are baith trus - ty and leal, And up wi' the  
 lads o' the for - est, And down wi' the Merse to the deil !

Irs up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,  
 And down wi' the Earl of Hume,  
 And here is to a' the braw laddies  
 That wear the single-sol'd shoon.  
 Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal,  
 And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,  
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil !

No. 339. *Our lords are to the mountains gane.*Tune : *Druimíonn dubh* (see No. 32).

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,  
 A hunting o' the fallow deer ;  
 And they hae gripit Hughie Graham,  
 For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,  
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;  
 The lads and lassies met him there,  
 Cried 'Hughie Graham thou art a loun.'

'O lowse my right hand free,' he says,  
 'And put my braid sword in the same,  
 He's no in Stirling town this day,  
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
 As he sat by the bishop's knee;  
 'Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,  
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.'

'O haud your tongue,' the bishop says,  
 'And wi' your pleading let me be;  
 For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.'

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
 As she sat by the bishop's knee,  
 'Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,  
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.'

'O haud your tongue now lady fair,  
 And wi' your pleading let it be;  
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 It's for my honor he maun die.'

They've taen him to the gallows knowe,  
 He lookèd to the gallows tree,  
 Yet never color left his cheek,  
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he lookèd round about,  
 To see whatever he could spy,  
 And there he saw his auld fathèr,  
 And he was weeping bitterly.

'O haud your tongue, my father dear  
 And wi' your weeping let it be;  
 \*For tho' they rob me o' my life,  
 They cannot o' the Heaven hie.

And ye may gie my brother John  
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,  
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

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\* Variation in *Museum*: 'Thy weeping's sairer on my heart  
 Than a' that they can do to me.'

'And ye may gie my brother James  
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,  
And bid him come at four o'clock,  
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

'Remember me to Maggy, my wife,  
The niest time ye gang o'er the moor,  
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,  
Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

'And ye may tell my kith and kin  
I never did disgrace their blood ;  
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,  
To make it shorter by the hood.'



No. 340. *As I cam down by yon Castle wa'.*

Tune : *As I cam down, &c.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 326.

*Slow*

As I cam down by yon cas - tle wa', And  
in by yon gar - den green, O, there I spied a bon - ie,  
bon - ie lass, But the flower - bor - ders were us be - tween.

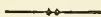
As I cam down by yon castle wa',  
And in by yon garden green,  
O, there I spied a bonie, bonie lass,  
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonie, bonie lassie she was,  
As ever mine eyes did see :  
'O, five hundred pounds would I give,  
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.'

'To have such a pretty bride as me,  
Young man ye are sairly mistaen ;  
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,  
I wad disdain to be your queen.'

'Talk not so very high, bonie lass,  
O talk not so very, very high :  
The man at the fair that wad sell,  
He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

'I trust to climb a far higher tree,  
And herry a far richer nest :  
Tak this advice o' me bonie lass,  
Humility wad set thee best.'



No. 341. *O, where hae ye been Lord Ronald,  
my son?*

Tune : *Lord Ronald, my son.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 327.

*Very slow*

'O, where hae ye been, Lord Ron - ald, my son?

O, where hae ye been, Lord Ron - ald, my

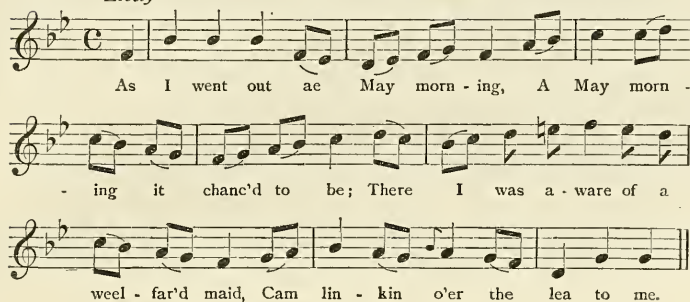
son?' 'I hae been wi' my sweet-heart, mo-ther, make my bed

soon, For I'm wea - ry wi' the hunt-ing, and fain wad lie down.'

'O, WHERE hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?  
O, where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?'  
'I hae been wi' my sweetheart, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary wi' the hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

'What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?'  
'I hae got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon,  
For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.'

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 342. *As I went out ae May morning.*Tune : *As I went out, &c.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 397.*Lively*

As I went out ae May morning,

A May morning it chanc'd to be;

There I was aware of a weel-far'd maid,

Cam linkin o'er the lea to me.

O, but she was a weel-far'd maid,

The boniest lass that's under the sun;

I spier'd gin she could fancy me,

But her answer was, 'I am too young.

'To be your bride I am too young,

To be your loun wad shame my kin,

So therefore pray young man begone,

For you never, never shall my favour win.'

But amang yon birks and hawthorns green,

Where roses blaw and woodbines hing,

O, there I learn'd my bonie lass,

That she was not a single hour too young.

The lassie blush'd, the lassie sigh'd,

And the tear stood twinklin in her e'e;

'O kind Sir, since ye hae done me this wrang,

It's pray when will ye marry me.'

'It's of that day tak ye nae heed,

For that's a day ye ne'er shall see;

For ought that pass'd between us twa,

Ye had your share as weel as me.'

She wrang her hands, she tore her hair,

She crièd out most bitterlie,

'O, what will I say to my mammie

When I gae hame wi' a *fause storie*.'



'O, as ye maut, so maun ye brew,  
 And as ye brew, so maun ye tun :  
 But come to my arms, my ae bonie lass,  
 For ye never shall rue what ye now hae done.'



No. 343. *There was a battle in the north.*

Tune : *A country lass.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 346.

There was a bat - tle in the north, And nobles there was many, And  
 they hae kill'd Sir Char-lie Hay, And they laid the wyte on Geor-die.

THERE was a battle in the north,  
 And nobles there was many,  
 And they hae kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,  
 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter—  
 He sent it to his lady :—  
 'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town  
 To see what words o' Geordie.'

When first she look'd the letter on,  
 She was baith red and rosy ;  
 But she had na read a word but twa,  
 Till she wallow't like a lily.

'Gar get to me my gude grey steed,  
 My menzie a' gae wi' me ;  
 For I shall neither eat nor drink  
 Till Enbrugh town shall see me.'

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,  
 Her menzie a' gaed wi' her ;  
 And she did neither eat nor drink  
 Till Enbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,  
And syne the aix to head him,  
And Geordie comin down the stair  
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang  
O' airn and steel sae heavy,  
There was na ane in a' the court  
Sae bra' a man as Geordie.

O, she's down on her bended knee,  
I wat she's pale and weary;  
'O pardon, pardon, noble king  
And gie me back my Dearie!

'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear  
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie:  
O, pardon, pardon, noble king,  
Pity a waefu' lady!

'Gar bid the headin-man mak haste!  
Our king reply'd fu' lordly:  
'O noble king, tak a' that's mine  
But gie me back my Geordie.'

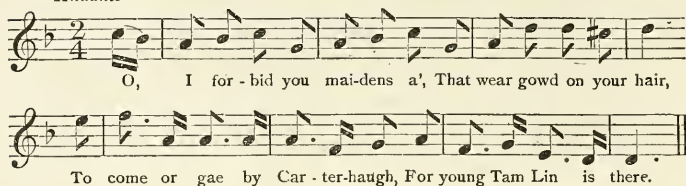
The Gordons cam and the Gordons ran  
And they were stark and steady;  
And ay the word amang them a',  
Was, 'Gordons keep you ready.'

An aged lord at the king's right hand  
Says: 'Noble king, but hear me:—  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
And gie her back her Dearie.'

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many;  
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,  
And she's gotten again her Dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
Says: 'Dear I've bought thee, Geordie,  
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green  
Or I had tint my laddie.'

He claspit her by the middle sma',  
And he kist her lips sae rosy,  
'The fairest flower o' woman-kind  
Is my sweet bonie Lady.'

No. 344. *O, I forbid you maidens a'.*Tune: *Tam Lin.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 411.*Andante*

O, I FORBID you maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nae that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But they leave him a wad;  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has belted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee;  
And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree;  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie!

But when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed stand-  
ing,  
But away was himsel.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twae,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin  
Says, 'Lady thou's pu' nae mae.

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the wand!  
Or, why comes thou to Carter-  
haugh  
Withoutten my command?'

'Carterhaugh it is my ain;  
My daddie gave it me,  
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave at thee.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is to her father's ha'  
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba',  
And out then cam the fair Janet  
Ance the flower amang them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess,  
And out then cam the fair Janet  
As green as ony glass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight  
Lay o'er the castle wa';  
And says: 'Alas! fair Janet for thee  
But we'll be blamèd a'.'

'Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd  
knight,  
Some ill death may ye die,  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.'

Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meek and mild,  
'And ever alas! Sweet Janet,' he  
says—

'I think thou gaes wi' child.'

'If that I gae wi' child, father,  
Mysel maun bear the blame,  
There's ne'er a laird about your ha',  
Shall get the bairn's name.'

'If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he's an elfin gray,  
I wadna gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.

'The steed that my true-love rides on  
Is lighter than the wind;  
Wi' siller he is shod before,  
Wi' burning gowd behind.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee;  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree;  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lin 'was at the well;  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twae;  
Till up then started young Tam Lin  
Says, 'Lady thou's pu' nae mae.

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
Amang the groves sae green,  
And a' to kill the bonie babe  
That we gat us between?'

'O, tell me tell me, Tam Lin,' she  
says,  
'For's sake that died on tree,  
If e'er ye was in holy chapel,  
Or Christendom did see.'

'Roxburgh he was my grandfather  
Took me with him to bide,  
And ance it fell upon a day,  
That wae did me betide.

'And ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come  
That frae my horse I fell.

'The Queen o' Fairies she caught me  
In yon green hill to dwell,  
And pleasant is the fairy-land:—  
But, an eerie tale to tell!

'Ay, at the end o' seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell!  
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh  
I'm fear'd it be mysel.

'But the night is Hallowe'en, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday;  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.

'Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride;  
And they that wad their true-love win  
At Milecross they maun bide.'

'But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
Or how my true-love know,  
Amang sae mony unco knights  
The like I never saw.'

'O first let pass the black, lady,  
And syne let pass the brown;  
But quickly run to the milk-white  
steed,  
Pu' ye his rider down.

'For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town,  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

'My right hand will be glov'd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
Cockt up shall my bonnet be  
And kaim'd down shall my hair;  
And thae's the tokens I gie thee—  
Nae doubt I will be there:

'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder,  
But hold me fast and fear me not—  
I am your bairn's father.

'They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold;  
But hold me fast and fear me not,  
As ye shall love your child.

'Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gaud of airn;  
But hold me fast and fear me not,  
I'll do to you nae harm.

'And last they'll turn me in your arms  
Into the burning lead :  
Then throw me into well water ;  
O ! throw me in wi' speed.

'And then I'll be your ain true love,  
I'll turn a naked knight ;  
Then cover me wi' your green  
mantle,  
And cover me out o' sight.'

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie was the way,  
As fair Jenny in her green mantle,  
To Milecross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night,  
She heard the bridles ring ;  
This lady was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,  
And syne she let the brown ;  
But quickly she ran to the milk-white  
steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.

Sae weel she minded what he did  
say

And young Tam Lin did win ;  
Syne cover'd him wi' her green  
mantle,  
As blythe's a bird in Spring.

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,  
'Out of a bush o' broom ;  
'Them that has gotten young Tam  
Lin  
Has gotten a stately groom.'

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,  
And an angry queen was she :  
'Shame betide her ill-far'd face,  
And an ill death may she die,  
For she's taen awa the boniest knight  
In a' my companie.

'But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says  
'What now this night I see,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey  
een,  
And put in twa een o' tree.'

No. 345. *Aften hae I play'd at the cards and  
the dice.*

Tune : *The rantin laddie.*

*Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 462.

*Slow*

Af - ten hae I play'd at the cards and the dice,  
For the love of a bon - ie ran - tin lad - die ;  
But now I maun sit in my fa - ther's kitch-en  
neuk, And ba - lou a bas - tard ba - bie.

AFTEN hae I play'd at the cards and the dice,  
For the love of a bonie rantin laddie;  
But now I maun sit in my father's kitchen neuk,  
And balou a bastard babie.

For my father he will not me own,  
And my mother she neglects me,  
And a' my friends hae lightlied me,  
And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command—  
As aft times I've had many,  
That wad rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenswood—  
Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

'Oh, is he either a laird or a lord,  
Or is he but a cadie,  
That ye do him ca' sae aften by name,  
Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie.'

'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,  
And he never was a cadie,  
For he is the Earl o' bonie Aboyne,  
And he is my rantin laddie.'

'O ye'se get a servant at your command,  
As aft times ye've had many,  
That sall rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenswood—  
A letter to your rantin laddie.'

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,  
O, but he blinket bonie;  
But or he had read three lines of it,  
I think his heart was sorry.

'O, wha is he daur be sae bauld,  
Sae cruelly to use my lassie?'

[But I'll tak her to bonie Aboyne  
Where oft she did caress me.]

'For her father he will not her know,  
And her mother she does slight her;  
And a' her friends hae lightlied her,  
And their servants they neglect her.'

'Go raise to me my five hundred men,  
Make haste and make them ready;  
With a milkwhite steed under every ane  
For to bring hame my lady.'

As they came in through Buchan-shire,  
They were a company bonie,  
With a gude claymore in every hand  
And O, but they shin'd bonie.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 346. *Our young lady's a huntin gane.*Tune: *The rowin't in her apron.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 424.

*Slow*

Our young la - dy's a hunt - in gane, Sheets nor blan - kets

has she taen, But she's born her auld son or she

cam hame, And she's row'd him in her a - pron.

OUR young lady's a huntin gane,  
 Sheets nor blankets has she taen,  
 But she's born her auld son or she cam hame,  
 And she's row'd him in her apron.

Her apron was o' the hollan fine,  
 Laid about wi' laces nine;  
 She thought it a pity her babie should tyne,  
 And she's row'd him in her apron.

Her apron was o' the hollan sma',  
 Laid about wi' laces a',  
 She thought it a pity her babe to let fa';  
 And she row'd him in her apron.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her father says within the ha',  
 Among the knights and nobles a':—  
 'I think I hear a babie ca'  
 In the chamber among our young ladies.'

'O father dear! it is a bairn,  
 I hope it will do you nae harm,  
 For the laddie I lo'ed, and he'll lo'e me again,  
 For the rowin't in my apron.'

O, is he a gentleman, or is a clown,  
 That has brought thy fair body down?  
 I would not for a' this town  
 The rowin't in thy apron.'



'Young Terreagles is nae clown,  
He is the toss of Edinborrow town,  
And he'll buy me a braw new gown  
For the rowin't in my apron.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'It's I hae castles, I hae towers,  
I hae barns, and I hae bowers;  
A' ~~that~~ is mine it shall be thine  
For the rowin't in thy apron.'



No. 347. 'O, for my ain king,' quo' gude Wallace.

Tune: *Gude Wallace*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 484.

*Slowish*



'O, for my ain king,' quo' gude Wal-lace, 'The right -  
- fu' king of fair Scot-land, Be-tween me and my  
sove-reign blude, I think I see some ill seed sawn.'

'O, FOR my ain king,' quo' gude Wallace,  
'The rightfu' king of fair Scotland,  
Between me and my sovereign blude,  
I think I see some ill seed sawn.'

Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
As she was at the well washing.

'What tydins, what tydins, fair lady,' he says,  
'What tydins hast thou to tell unto me—  
What tydins, what tydins, fair lady,' he says,  
'What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?'

'Low down in yon wee Ostler-house  
There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
And they are seekin for gude Wallace;  
'It's him to take, and him to hang.'

‘There’s nocht in my purse,’ quo’ gude Wallace,  
‘There’s nocht, not even a bare pennie;  
But I will down to yon wee Ostler-house  
Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.’

And when he cam to yon wee Ostler-house  
He bad *benedicite* be there;  
[The Englishmen at the table sat  
The wine-fac’d captain at him did stare.]

‘Where was ye born, auld crookit carl,  
Where was ye born—in what countrie?’  
‘I am a true Scot born and bred,  
And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.’

‘I wad gie fyfteen shillings to onie crookit carl—  
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,  
If ye will get me gude Wallace,  
For he is the man I wad very fain see.’

He hit the proud captain alang the chaft blade,  
That never a bit o’ meal he ate mair;  
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,  
And he left them a’ lyin sprawlin there.

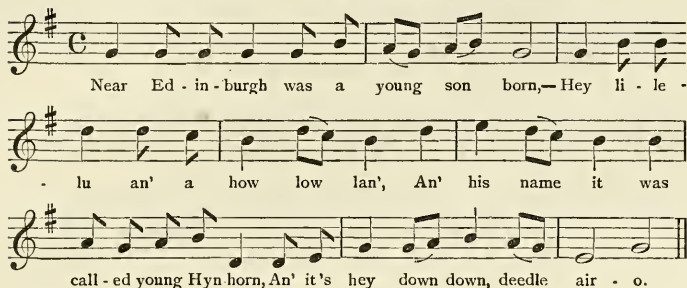
‘Get up, get up, gudewife,’ he says,  
‘And get to me some dinner in haste;  
For it will soon be three lang days  
Sin I a bit o’ meat did taste.’

The dinner was na weel readie,  
Nor was it on the table set,  
Till other fyfteen Englishmen  
Were a’ lighted about the yett.

‘Come out, come out, now gude Wallace  
This is the day that thou maun die;’  
‘I lippen nae sae little to God,’ he says,  
‘Altho’ I be but ill wordie.’

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,  
By gude Wallace he stiffly stood;  
Till ten o’ the fyfteen Englishmen  
Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,  
And he hang’d these five upon a grain;  
And on the morn wi’ his merry men a’  
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

No. 348. *Near Edinburgh was a young son born.*Tune: *Hynde Horn.* Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, No. 13.

NEAR Edinburgh was a young son born,—

Hey lilelu an' a how low lan',

An' his name it was callèd young Hynhorn,

An' it's hey down down, deedle airo.

Seven long years he served the king,—

Hey lilelu, &amp;c.

And it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean,—

An' it's hey down, &amp;c.

The king an angry man was he,—

He sent young Hynhorn to the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

An' on his finger she put a ring,

[Wi' three shining diamonds set therein.]

When your ring turns pale and wan,

Then I'm in love wi' another man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon a day he look'd at his ring,

It was as pale as any thing.

He's left the sea, and he's come to the lan',

And there he met an auld beggar man.

'What news, what news, my auld beggar man,

What news, what news by sea or by lan'?'

'Nae news, nae news,' the auld beggar said,

'But the king's daughter Jean is going to be wed.'

'Cast off, cast off, thy auld beggar weed,

An' I'll gie thee my gude grey steed.'

\* \* \* \* \*

When he cam to our gude king's yett,  
 He sought a glass o' wine for young Hynhorn's sake.  
 He drank out the wine and he put in the ring,  
 And he bade them carry't to the king's dochter Jean.

\* \* \* \* \*

'O gat ye't by sea, or gat ye't by lan',  
 O gat ye't aff a dead man's han'?

'I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan',  
 But I gat it out of your own fair han'.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Go, take away my bridal gown,  
 And I'll follow him frae town to town.'  
 'Ye need na leave your bridal gown,  
 For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.'



No. 349. *What merriment has taen the Whigs.*

Tune: *The German lairdie.* Corrected from Burns's MS.

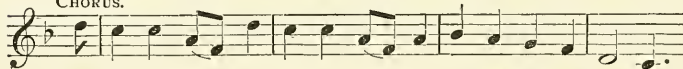


What mer - ri - ment has taen the Whigs, I think they be gaen mad, Sir,

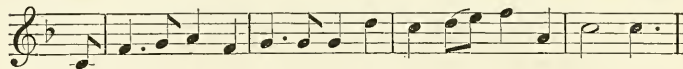


Wi' play - ing up their Whig - gish jigs, Their dan - cin may be sad, Sir.

CHORUS.



*Sing, hee - dle lil - tie, tee - dle lil - tie, An-dum, tan-dum, tan - die,*



*Sing, fal de dal, de dal lal lal, Sing how - dle lil - tie dan - die.*

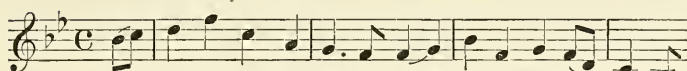
WHAT merriment has taen the Whigs  
 I think they be gaen mad, Sir,  
 Wi' playing up their Whiggish jigs,  
 Their dancin may be sad, Sir.

CHORUS. *Sing heedle liltie, teedle liltie,  
 Andum, tandum, tandie,  
 Sing fal de dal, de dal lal lal,  
 Sing howdle liltie dandie.*

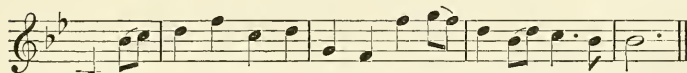
The Revolution principles  
 Has put their heads in bees, Sir;  
 They're a' fa'en out among themselves—  
 Deil tak the first that grees, Sir.

No. 350. *O, that I were where Helen lies.*

Tune: *Where Helen lies.* *Blaikie's MS., 1692.*



O, that I were where He-len lies! Night and day on me she



cries; O, that I were where He-len lies In fair Kirk-con-nel lee.

O, THAT I were where Helen lies!  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 O, that I were where Helen lies  
 In fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen fair! beyond compare,  
 A ringlet of thy flowing hair,  
 I'll wear it still for evermair  
 Until the day I die.

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot,  
 And curs'd the gun that gave the  
 crack,  
 Into my arms bird Helen lap,  
 And died for sake o' me.

O think na ye but my heart was sair,  
 My love fell down and spake nae  
 mair,  
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

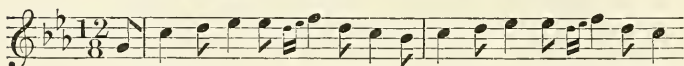
I lighted down, my sword did  
 draw,  
 I cutt'd him in pieces sma';  
 I cutt'd him in pieces sma'  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Helen chaste, thou wert modest\*  
 If I were with thee I were blest,  
 Where thou lies low, and takes thy  
 rest  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

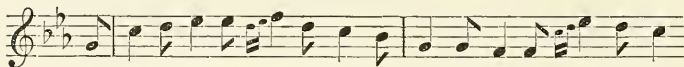
I wish my grave was growing green,  
 A winding sheet put o'er my een,  
 And I in Helen's arms lying  
 In fair Kirkconnel lee!

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 O, that I were where Helen lies  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee.

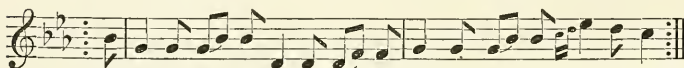
\* 'O Helen chaste, thou'rt now at rest'—Johnson's *Museum*.

No. 351. *O heard ye of a silly harper?*Tune: *The Lochmaben harper.* Glenriddell's MS., 1791.

O, heard ye of a sil - ly har-per, Liv'd long in Loch-ma-bentown?



How he did gang to fair England To steal King Hen-ry's wan-ton brown,



How he did gang to fair Eng-land To steal King Hen-ry's wan-ton brown.

O, HEARD ye of a silly harper

Liv'd long in Lochmaben town?

How he did gang to fair England

To steal King Henry's wanton brown. } *bis*

But first he gaed to his gudewife

Wi' a' the speed that he could thole:—

'This wark,' quo' he, 'will never work' } *bis*

'Without a mare that has a foal.'

Quo' she, 'thou has a gude grey mare

That'll rin o'er hills baith low and hie;

Gae tak the grey mare in thy hand, } *bis*

And leave the foal at hame wi' me.'

'And tak a halter in thy hose,

And o' thy purpose dinna fail,

But wap it o'er the wanton's nose, } *bis*

And tie her to the grey mare's tail.

'Synne ca' her out at yon back yeate,

O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,

For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite, } *bis*

Till she come hame to her ain foal.'

So he is up to England gane,

Even as fast as he can hie,

Till he came to King Henry's yeate— } *bis*

And wha was there but King Henry?

'Come in,' quo' he, 'thou silly blind harper,

And of thy harping let me hear':

'O! by my sooth,' quo' the silly blind harper, } *bis*

'I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.'

The king looks o'er his left shoulder,  
 And says unto his stable groom ;—  
 'Gae tak the silly poor harper's mare, } *bis*  
 And tie her 'side my wanton brown.'

And ay he harpèd, and ay he carpit,  
 Till a' the lords gaed through the floor ;  
 They thought the music was sae sweet } *bis*  
 That they forgat the stable door.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
 Till a' the nobles were sound asleep ;  
 Then quietly he took aff his shoon } *bis*  
 And safly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hies  
 Wi' tread as light as light could be,  
 And when he open'd and gaed in, } *bis*  
 There he fand thirty good steeds and three.

He took the halter frae his hose,  
 And of his purpose did na fail ;  
 He slipt it o'er the wanton's nose, } *bis*  
 And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He ca'd her out at yon back yeate  
 O'er moss and muir & ilka dale ;  
 And she loot ne'er the wanton bite, } *bis*  
 But held her still gaun at her tail.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,  
 And did na fail to find the way,  
 For she was at Lochmaben yeate } *bis*  
 Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.

When she came to the harper's door,  
 There she gae many a nicher and snear ;  
 'Rise,' quo' the wife, 'thou lazy lass, } *bis*  
 Let in thy master and his mare.'

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,  
 And lookit out through the lock-hole :  
 'O ! by my sooth, then,' quo' the lass, } *bis*  
 'Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.'

'Come haud thy peace thou foolish lass,  
 The moon's but glancing in thy e'e ;  
 I'd wad my haill fee 'gainst a groat } *bis*  
 It's bigger than e'er our foal will be.'



The neighbours too that heard the noise  
 Cried to the wife to put her in;  
 'By my sooth, then,' quoth the wife } *bis*  
 'She's better than ever he rade on.'

But on the morn at fair daylight,  
 When they had ended a' their cheer:  
 King Henry's wanton brown was stawn, } *bis*  
 And eke the poor auld harper's mare.

'Alace! alace!' says the silly blind harper;  
 'Alace! alace! that I came here,  
 In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal, } *bis*  
 In England they've stawn my gude grey mare.'

'Come haud thy tongue, thou silly blind harper,  
 And of thy *alacing* let me be,  
 For thou shall get a better mare,  
 And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.  
 For thou shall get a better mare,  
 And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.'



No. 352. *Nae birdies sang the mirky hour.*

Tune: *Sweet Willy.* *Blaikie's MS., 1692.*

*Slow*

Nae bir - dies sang the mir - ky hour A - mang the  
 braes o' Yar - row, But slum - ber'd on the dew -  
 . y boughs to wait the wauk - 'ning mor - row.

NAE birdies sang the mirky hour  
 Among the braes o' Yarrow,  
 But slumber'd on the dewy boughs,  
 To wait the wauk'ning morrow.

'Where shall I gang, my ain true love,  
Where shall I gang to hide me;  
For weel ye ken, i' ye're father's bow'r,  
It wad be death to find me.'

'O, go you to yon tavern house,  
An' there count o'er your lawin,  
An' if I be a woman true,  
I'll meet you in the dawin.'

O, he's gone to yon tavern house,  
An' ay he counted his lawin,  
An' ay he drank to her gude health—  
Was to meet him in the dawin.

O, he's gone to yon tavern house,  
An' counted owre his lawin,  
When in there cam three armèd men  
To meet him in the dawin.

'O, woe be unto woman's wit,  
It has beguilèd many!  
She promised to come hersel,  
But she sent three men to slay me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Get up, get up, now Sister Ann,  
I fear we've wrought you sorrow;  
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain  
Among the banks of Yarrow.

She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow,  
Till in the clintin of a craig,  
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair  
That hung down long and yellow;  
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,  
An' drawn him out of Yarrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

I made my love a suit of clothes,  
I clad him all in tartan;  
But ere the morning sun arose  
He was a' bluid to the gartan.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 353. *Rob Roy from the Highlands cam.*Tune: *Mill, Mill O!* (see No. 266).

ROB Roy from the Highlands cam  
 Unto the Lawlan' border,  
 To steal awa a gay ladie,  
 To haud his house in order :  
 He cam owre the loch o' Lynn,  
 Twenty men his arms did carry ;  
 Himsel gaed in an' fand her out,  
 Protesting he would marry.

'O, will ye gae wi' me,' he says,  
 'Or will ye be my honey ;  
 Or will ye be my wedded wife,  
 For I love you best of ony' ;  
 'I winna gae wi' you,' she says,  
 'Nor will I be your honey ;  
 Nor will I be your wedded wife,  
 You love me for my money.'

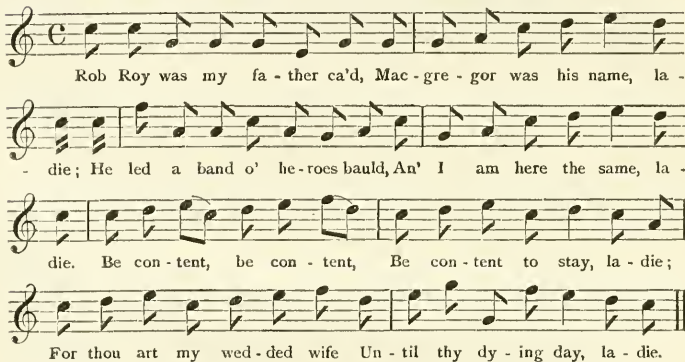
\* \* \* \* \*

But he set her on a coal black steed,  
 Himsel lap on behind her,  
 An' he's awa to the Hieland hills,  
 Whare her frien's they canna find her.

## No. 354.

[The song went on to narrate the forcing her to bed ; when the *tune*  
 changes to something like

*Jenny dang the weaver.*] *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 37.



Rob Roy was my fa - ther ca'd, Mac - gre - gor was his name, la -  
 - die ; He led a band o' he - roes bauld, An' I am here the same, la -  
 die. Be con - tent, be con - tent, Be con - tent to stay, la - die ;  
 For thou art my wed - ded wife Un - til thy dy - ing day, la - die.

ROB Roy was my father ca'd,  
 Macgregor was his name, ladie ;  
 He led a band o' heroes bauld,  
 An' I am here the same, ladie.  
 Be content, be content,  
 Be content to stay, ladie ;  
 For thou art my wedded wife  
 Until thy dying day, ladie.

He was a hedge unto his friens,  
 A heckle to his foes, ladie ;  
 Every one that durst him wrang,  
 He took him by the nose, ladie ;  
 I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
 I'm as bold, and more, ladie ;  
 He that daurs dispute my word  
 Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.



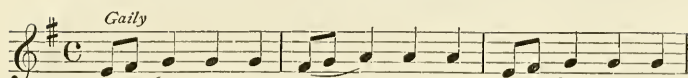
# APPENDIX

## UNCERTAIN


No. 355. *O, Donald Couper and his man.*

Tune : *Donald Couper.* *Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 334.*

*Gaily*

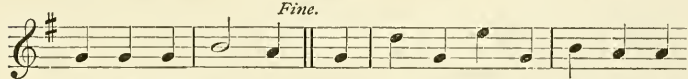


CHORUS. *Hey Donald, how Donald, Hey Donald*




*Cou - per; He's gane awa to seek a wife, and he's*

*Fine.*




*come hame with - out her. O, Do - nald Cou - per an' his man*



*Held to a High - land fair, man, And a' to seek a*

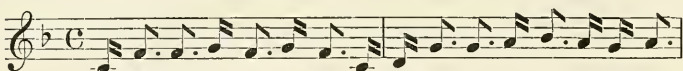
*D. C.*



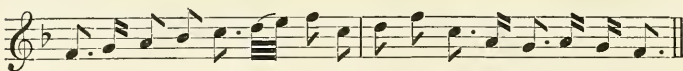
*bon - ie lass, But fient a ane was there, man.*

CHORUS. *Hey Donald, how Donald,  
Hey Donald Couper;  
He's gane awa to seek a wife,  
And he's come hame without her.*

O, DONALD Couper and his man  
Held to a Highland fair, man,  
And a' to seek a bonie lass,  
But fient a ane was there, man.  
At length he got a carlin gray,  
And she's come hirplin hame, man:  
And she's fa'n o'er the buffet stool  
And brak her rumple-bane, inan.

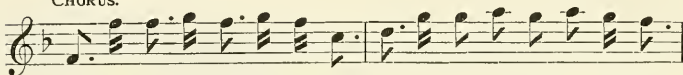
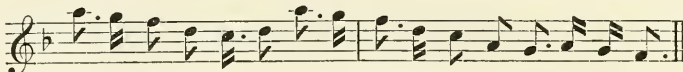
No. 356. *O'er the moor amang the heather.*Tune : *O'er the moor amang the heather.* *Scots Mus. Museum*, 1792, No. 328.

Com - in thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bon-ie bloom-ing heather,



There I met a bon - ie las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

CHORUS.

*O'er the moor a-mang the heather, O'er the moor a-mang the heather;**There I met a bon - ie las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.*

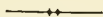
COMIN thro' the craigs o' Kyle,  
 Amang the bonie blooming heather,  
 There I met a bonie lassie,  
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.  
     O'er the moor amang the heather;  
     O'er the moor amang the heather;  
     There I met a bonie lassie  
     Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I, 'My dear whare is thy hame,  
 In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether?'  
 She says, 'I tent thae fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.'  
     O'er the moor amang the heather,  
     O'er the moor amang the heather;  
 She says, 'I tent thae fleecy flocks,  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.'

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

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,  
 Till echo ran a mile and farther;  
 And ay the burden o' the sang  
 Was, *O'er the moor amang the heather.*  
     O'er the moor amang the heather,  
     O'er the moor amang the heather;  
 And ay the burden o' the sang  
 Was, *O'er the moor amang the heather.*

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne,  
 I could na think on ony ither:  
 By sea and sky she shall be mine!  
 The bonie lass amang the heather.  
     O'er the moor amang the heather,  
     O'er the moor amang the heather;  
 By sea and sky she shall be mine!  
 The bonie lass amang the heather.



No. 357. *As I lay on my bed on a night.*

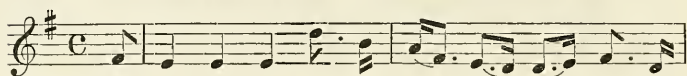
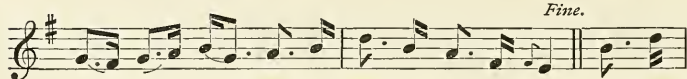
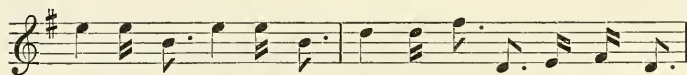
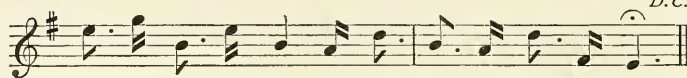
Tune: *Go from my window, love, do* (see No. 307).

As I lay on my bed on a night,  
 I thought upon her beauty bright,  
     But the moon by night  
     Did give no light  
 Which did perplex me sore—  
 Yet away to my love I did go.

Then under her window I came,  
 I gently call'd her by her name;  
     Then up she rose,  
     Put on her clothes,  
 And whisper'd to me slow,  
 Saying:—'*Go from my window, love, do.*'

'My father and my mother are asleep,  
 And if they chance to hear you speak,  
     There will be nocht  
     But great abuse  
 Wi' many a bitter blow:—  
 And it's *Go from my window, love, do.*'

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 358. *The auld man's mare's dead.*Tune: *The auld man's mare's dead.* Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 485.CHORUS. *The auld man's mare's dead, The poor man's mare's dead, The**Fine.**auld man's mare's dead, A mile a-boon Dun-dee. She was**cut-lug-git, painch-lip-pit, Steel waim-it, stan-cher-fit-ted,**D.C.**Chan-ler-chaf-tit, lang-neck-it, Yet the brute did die.*

CHORUS. *The auld man's mare's dead,  
The poor man's mare's dead,  
The auld man's mare's dead,  
A mile aboon Dundee.*

SHE was cut-luggit, painch-lippit,  
Steel-waimit, stancher-fitted,  
Chanler-chaf-tit, lang-neckit,  
Yet the brute did die.

Her lunzie-bane were knaggs and neuks;  
She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,  
The jawpish and the wanton yeuks,  
And the howks aboon her e'e.

My master ca't me to the town,  
He ty'd me to a staincher round,  
He took a chappin to himsel,  
But fient a drap gae me.

CHORUS. *The auld man's mare's dead,  
The poor man's mare's dead,  
The peats and tours and a' to lead  
And yet the jad did die.*



No. 359. *She sat down below a thorn.*Tune : *Fine flowers in the valley.* Scots Musical Museum, 1792, No. 320.*Very slow*

SHE sat down below a thorn  
 (Fine flowers in the valley),  
 And there she has her sweet babe born,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe  
 (Fine flowers in the valley),  
 And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

She's taen out her little penknife,  
 (Fine flowers in the valley),  
 And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,  
 (Fine flowers in the valley);  
 And there she's buried her sweet babe in,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

As she was going to the church,  
 (Fine flowers in the valley);  
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

O sweet babe and thou wert mine,  
 (Fine flowers in the valley);  
 I wad cleed thee in silk so fine,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

O mother dear when I was thine,  
 (Fine flowers in the valley);  
 You did na prove to me sae kind,  
 (And the green leaves they grow rarely).

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 360. *It's whisper'd in parlour.*Tune : *The broom blooms bonie*, Scots Musical Museum, 1796, No. 461.

*Slow*

It's whis-per'd in par-lour, it's whis-per'd in ha',  
 The broom blooms bon-ie, The broom blooms fair;  
 La-dy Mar-get's wi' child a-mang our la-dies a',  
 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair.

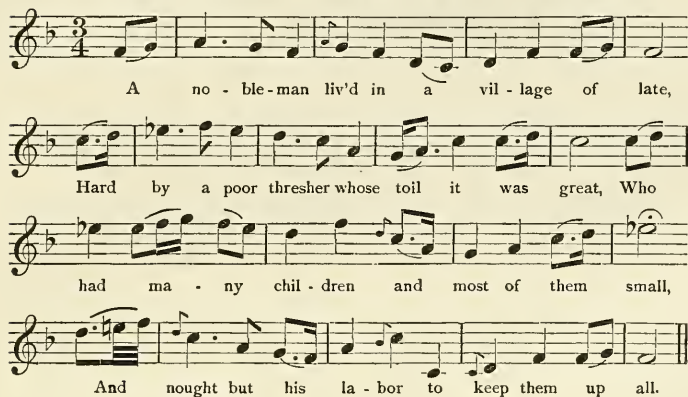
It's whisper'd in parlour, it's whisper'd in ha',  
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;  
 Lady Marget's wi' child among our ladies a',  
 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair.

One lady whisper'd unto another,  
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;  
 Lady Marget's wi' child to Sir Richard her brother,  
 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair.

\* \* \* \* \*

O, when that you hear my loud, loud cry,  
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;  
 Then bend your bow and let your arrows fly,  
 For I dare na gae down to the broom nae mair.

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 361. *A nobleman liv'd in a village of late.*Tune : *The poor thresher.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 372.


A no - ble-man liv'd in a vil - lage of late,  
 Hard by a poor thresher whose toil it was great, Who  
 had ma - ny chil - dren and most of them small,  
 And nought but his la - bor to keep them up all.

A NOBLEMAN liv'd in a village of late,  
 Hard by a poor thresher whose toil it was great,  
 Who had many children and most of them small,  
 And nought but his labor to keep them up all.

The poor man was seen to go early to work ;  
 He never was known to idle or lurk ;  
 With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,  
 As happy as those that have thousands a year.

&c., &c.

## UNKNOWN.

*Cockabendy.*

*Wha's fou now, my jo.*

*Fair Emma.*

*Can ye leave me so, laddie.*





# HISTORICAL NOTES

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NOTE.—The greater number of the Music Books, referred to in the following Notes, are undated. To avoid defacement by innumerable brackets the *ascertained* year of publication follows the title and precedes the volume or page of the book quoted. The works with and without dates of publication are shown in the Bibliography.

The Notes marked with an asterisk \* refer to the Songs now printed for the first time as the works of Burns.

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## I. LOVE-SONGS: PERSONAL.

### a. Various.

**No. 1. O, once I lov'd a bonie lass.** Burns remarks in his *Commonplace Book*, prior to copying this song, 'I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love,' and records it as 'the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted, and uncorrupted, with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere' (*Commonplace Book*, Edin. 1872, 3). The song was written in 1774 (the above note is dated April, 1783), in honour of Nelly Kilpatrick, 'who sang sweetly,' a farm servant, and daughter of a village blacksmith who in former days had lent the boy Burns romantic chap-books to read. Burns did not publish the song, and it was first printed posthumously in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 551, without the *Fal de la* chorus in the original copy.

I cannot trace the tune *I am a man unmarried*—the favourite reel of the girl—for which Burns wrote the verses; and the music to which the verses were set in the *Museum*, and there printed for the first time, has not the 'ancient' character assigned to it by Stenhouse, and there is no evidence that Burns knew the tune as printed.

**No. 2. In Tarbolton, ye ken.** Chambers's *Burns*, 1851; without title of tune. The farm of the Bennals named in the verses is situated near Afton Lodge, a few miles from Lochlea, where Burns probably lived at the time he celebrated the two daughters of Ronald, who was reputed to be a person of means and gave himself airs. Gilbert Burns, it is said, had wooed Jean, but was rejected on account of his poverty: Robert affected the other, Anna. In 1789 Ronald became a bankrupt, and Burns in conveying the news to his younger brother William did not conceal his feelings when he says, 'You will easily guess, that from his insolent vanity in his sunshine of life, he will now feel a little retaliation from those who thought themselves eclipsed by him; for, poor fellow, I do not think he ever intentionally injured any one.' The tune of the song is unknown.

**No. 3. Altho' my bed were in yon muir.** This gallant little song has been much neglected, and, so far as I know, has never been printed with its proper melody. The verses are in the *Commonplace Book* entitled, 'Fragment.

Tune, *Galla Water*, with a note: 'Done something in imitation of the manner of a noble old Scottish piece called *M<sup>c</sup>Millan's Peggy*, and sings to the tune of *Galla Water*. My Montgomerie's Peggy was my deity for six or eight months. She had been bred, tho', as the world says, without any just pretence for it, in a style of life rather elegant . . . I began the affair merely in *gaîté de cœur* . . . but it cost me some heart-aches to get rid of the affair. I have even tried to imitate, in this extempore thing, that irregularity in the rhyme which, when judiciously done, has such a fine effect on the ear' (*Commonplace Book*, 1872, 51). So far as ascertained, Peggy was the housekeeper of Montgomery of Coilsfield. She and Burns attended the same church, and there began the flirtation which ended abruptly as described. The verses were originally printed in Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns*, 1808, 350. Neither Johnson nor George Thomson seem to have known this metrically defective but verbally melodic song. The esteemed German composer of songs, Robert Franz, has set it to an original air. For the origin of tune *Galla Water*, see No. 137.

The poetic model of Burns's *M<sup>c</sup>Millan's Peggy* is unknown to me.

**No. 4. Yestreen I met you on the moor.** *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 25. 'Tune, *Invercauld's Reel, Strathspey*.' Printed without the second and last stanzas, and signed 'X' in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 196. The manuscript is in the British Museum. The song was written at the age of seventeen for Tibbie or Isabella Stein, the daughter of a farmer at Tarbolton, whose land marched with that of Lochlea, the home of Burns. *Invercauld's Reel* has been a popular air in Scotland since it was printed in Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 31. It is an excellent specimen of the dance-music of Scotland, illustrating the use of the 'Scots snap' and having an irregular close. The *Museum* copy differs from that in the text, which is from Stewart's *Collection*, in that every alternate quaver is dotted. The music is also in Bremner's *Reels*, 1768, 107; and M<sup>c</sup>Glashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 26.

**No. 5. If ye gae up to yon hill-tap.** In Chambers's *Burns*, 1851. No tune named. These sarcastic lines on the Tarbolton lasses are an early production. As Burns strolled through the village the old wives came to the door-step to look and wag their wise heads at the passenger. 'Faile' in the third stanza, famous for ale, was notable for an ancient monastery, the friars of which in the sixteenth century were styled 'lymmars' or villains in the *Gud and Godlie Ballads*.

**No. 6. Her flowing locks, the raven's wing.** First printed in Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns*, 1808, 445, styled 'Fragment,' and with no indication of a melody. No trustworthy account is attached to the verses, but Cunningham connects them with 'a Mauchline lady,' whom Scott-Douglas conjectures to be Miss Whitefoord, the daughter of a landed proprietor there, and a friend of Burns. The verses can be sung to, and fit, *Loch Eroch Side* (No. 15).

**No. 7. Had I a cave on some wild distant shore.** *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 92. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Robin Adair*.' MS. at Brechin Castle. This despairing lyric was written for the tune which the poet could not get out of his head, and on the same subject as No. 33. Nowhere has Burns been more successful in English than in the present song. For the tune *Aileen a roon* or *Robin Adair*, see No. 45.

**No. 8. It was upon a Lammas night.** Written about the year 1782, and published in the *Kilmarnock Edition*, 1786, 222. Tune, *Corn rigs are bonie*. Who this 'Annie' was has never been satisfactorily settled, for several of the name with whom Burns was more or less acquainted claimed to be the original. According to Scott-Douglas, the daughter of a farmer called Rankine, who lived within two miles of Lochlea, boasted that she was the heroine. The fifth line of the song in the *Kilmarnock* and first *Edinburgh* editions runs



'tentless head,' instead of 'tentless heed' in the editions 1783 and 1784. Both the words have a like sound, and rhyme with 'feed.'

Few of Burns's songs are better known than this one. Late in life he said of the last stanza that it was the best he had ever written, and that it came nearest to his beau idéal of poetical perfection. The origin of the tune is disputed. In Playford's *Choyce Ayres*, 1681, it is entitled *A Northern Song*. In 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, 195, it is given as *Sawney will never be my love again*. It was sung in Durfey's *The virtuous wife*, 1680, beginning, 'Sawney was tall and of noble race.' The music alone is in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1687, titled *Sawney*. Words and music are in Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1698, i. 133, and again in Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, i. 316.

The first record of the music as a Scottish air is in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 42, entitled *Corn rigs is bonny*. It afterwards was printed with Ramsay's words, beginning, 'My Patie was a lover gay,' which had the exclusive use of the printed tune, until Burns's gay lyric superseded it. Whether a lost original of Scottish extraction may have existed prior to 1681, as 'a Northern song,' cannot be ascertained. The melody by its intrinsic merit has maintained its popularity to the present day, and it is found in every important collection of Scottish song and dance music of the eighteenth century, such as the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 18; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 20; Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 21, and many others. The tune with Ramsay's verses is in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 93. An old rustic song which gave Burns the idea of his *Rigs of Barley* runs as follows:—

'O, corn rigs and rye rigs,  
O, corn rigs are bonie;  
And where'er you meet a bonie lass  
Preen up her cockernonie.' (*Reliques*, 1808, 231.)

No. 9. O, leave novêls, ye Mauchline belles. Early verses published in Currie's *Burns*, 1800, i. 363; and with music in Johnson's *Museum*, 1803, No. 573. The advice here tendered to the Mauchline belles was neglected by one, at least, of them. The music of the text, originally published in the *Museum*, is evidently a pipe-tune of good Scottish type. The title of the tune for the verses is marked *Donald Blue*, which I cannot trace, unless it be that given here under another name. The original imprint of the song has a *tal la lay*, indicating a refrain.

No. 10. O, wha my babie-clouts will buy? Glenriddell MS. 'Tune, *Whar'll bonie Annie lie*.' *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 277, signed 'Z,' with the tune *East Nook of Fife*. A note in the MS. runs: 'I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud' (*Reliques*, 278). In the *Law's MS.* Burns has written 'Mr. B.'s old words.'

Burns's tune for the song was well known last century in Scotland and the North of England. It obtained the name that Burns quotes, from the first line of Ramsay's song, *Where wad bonny Annie ly*, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. It was known under several titles. In a *Northumberland MS.*, dated 1694, it is *Rood house rant*; in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1695, it is *Red house*. The proper name, so far as Scotland is concerned, is *Where will (or shall) our goodman ly*. The music with that title is in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1731, v. 106; Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 22; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 95. In the *Reliques*, 1808, 295, Burns quotes the following stanza of a silly old song, the original:—

'O whar'll our gudeman lie, gudeman lie, gudeman lie,  
O whar'll our gudeman lie, till he shute o'er the simmer?  
Up amang the hen-bawks, the hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,  
Up amang the hen-bawks, amang the rotten timmer.'



The well-known Westmoreland hunting ditty, 'D'ye ken John Peel,' is sung to this old melody *Red house* or *Bonny Annie* of the seventeenth century.

**No. 11. Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns.** In the *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 47, entitled *Har'ste*:—a fragment, are eight lines substantially the same as begins the song which the sister of Burns said was written for Jean Armour. The complete song is in the *Kilmarnock edition*, 1786, 224, entitled *Song, composed in August*. Tune, *I had a horse, I had nae mair*, and the MS. is in the British Museum. Burns changed the heroine to Peggy Thomson, who lived next door to the Kirkoswald School, where Burns studied trigonometry, and she 'upset all my sines and co-sines, and it was in vain to think of doing any more good at school.' She subsequently married a Mr. Neilson, and Burns was on friendly terms with both.

When the song was revised, Burns altered the melody to *Port Gordon*, as may be seen in the Gray and Law *MS. Lists*, but Johnson of the *Museum* neglected the instruction, and attached the melody *When the King comes o'er the water*, titling it erroneously *Come, kiss with me*. Thomson, in *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 93, mutilated the verses, and adapted them to the Irish air *Ally Croker*. The tune *Port Gordon*, for which Burns wrote the song, is in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 25. There is a family resemblance, but the air is not the same as *When the King comes o'er the water*.

**No. 12. Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear.** Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 265. 'Tune, *Rothiemurche*.' Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801, 121. This is the last work from the pen of Burns. Written at Brow on the Solway Firth, where he had gone for sea bathing. He casts his memory back and reverts to the time when he met Charlotte Hamilton and Peggy Chalmers. The poet was conscious that this song was not one of his best, and he explains the reason in his letter [of July 12, 1796] to Thomson: 'I tried my hand on *Rothiemurche* this morning. The measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines.' In this letter he asks for a loan of five pounds in these words: 'Curs't necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. . . . Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. . . . I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen.' Shortly before, Burns, by request, assigned to Thomson, without any consideration, the absolute copyright of all the songs which he had sent him during the previous three years.

For the tune *Rothiemurche*, see No. 103.

**No. 13. Behind yon hills where Lugar flows.** *Edinburgh edition*, 1787, 322. 'Tune, *My Nanie, O*.' In the *Commonplace Book* it is marked for the tune *As I came in by London, O*, which I cannot trace. In both copies the first line of the song is 'Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows,' but the more euphonious 'Lugar' was afterwards adopted. The original of the song is supposed to be Annie Fleming, the daughter of a Tarbolton farmer, whose society Burns sought because she was a good singer. The song has enjoyed undiminished popularity since its original appearance. Burns sent it to George Thomson in 1793 for his projected musical collection. The editor wished to mend the diction, but Burns abruptly said, 'Now don't let it enter your head that you are under any necessity of taking my verses,' but Thomson accepted the song, and altered the metre of the second stanza. Prior to Allan Ramsay's *Nanny, O* in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, there was a London broadside entitled *The Scotch Wooing of Willy and Nanny to a pleasant New Tune, or Nanny, O*, beginning 'As I went forth one morning fair.' But a popular song of the eighteenth century was the model of Burns, a fragment of which is in the *Herd MS.* as follows, and now printed for the first time:—

'As I came in by Edinburgh toun,  
 And in by the banks o' the city, O,  
 And there I heard a young man cry,  
 And was na that great pity, O?  
 And still he cried his Nanie, O,  
 His weel far'd, comely Nanie, O,  
 And a' the world shall never ken  
 The love that I bear Nanie, O.'

Burns wrote his song about 1782, and the copy in his *Commonplace Book* is dated April, 1784. It is quite improbable that he could have seen the *Herd MS.* so early as either year named, if he ever saw it at all. For some reason or another the editors of the *Centenary Burns* do not quote the above lines.

The nationality of the music of *My Nanie, O* is disputed. The late J. Muir Wood stated that the air is in a *Graham MS.* of 1694. The earliest printed copy is in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 38, with Ramsay's verses; then in Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; Watts's *Miscellany*, 1730, iii. 126; *British Musical Miscellany*, 1734, ii. 14; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 27; Oswald's *Caledonian Companion*, c. 1753, v. 3; Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 17 (2nd series); and elsewhere. The tune is now permanently associated with Burns's song. Thomson wished to set it to a different melody; but Burns disapproved, and replied that his subscribers would prefer *My Nanie, O* set to its own tune, and accordingly it appeared in *Scotish Airs*, 1793, 4. The popularity of the verses compelled their insertion in Johnson's *Museum*, 1803, vi. No. 580; but as the tune had been previously appropriated to Ramsay's verses in the first volume, Johnson set it to an English air by Thomas Ebdon, a Durham musician, which, however, failed to catch the public ear.

**No. 14. True-hearted was he, the sad swain c' the Yarrow.** Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 46. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Tune, *Bonny Dundee*.' Written for Miss Jessie Staig, daughter of a Provost of Dumfries, and the lady who afterwards married Major William Miller, a son of the landlord of Ellisland. Mrs. Miller died at the early age of twenty-six. The song was sent to Thomson in April, 1793, to suit *Bonnie Dundee*. Thomson objected to a stiff line in the song; Burns agreed with him, but declined to make any alteration, as 'it would spoil the likeness, so the picture must stand.'

For the tune, see Song No. 112.

**No. 15. Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 78, with its tune *Loch Eroch Side*. Written for Miss Margaret Kennedy, the daughter of a small landed proprietor, and a relative of Mrs. Gavin Hamilton. She was about seventeen years of age when Burns made her acquaintance. He sent her a copy of the verses, with a letter, in which he says: 'Flattery I leave to your lovers, whose exaggerating fancies may make them imagine you are still nearer perfection than you really are.' His good wishes that she should be preserved from all misfortune were very far from being realized, for she fell a victim to a military adventurer of a good family like herself.

Margaret Kennedy was accomplished by birth and education, and one of the first of Burns's acquaintances out of his sphere of life. The song resembles the artificially polished verses of the eighteenth century, and has not been much thought of. Burns execrated his literary advisers, who compelled him to omit this song in the first *Edinburgh edition*, and it accounts for its early publication in Johnson's *Museum*. The tune is in Agnes Hume's MS., 1704, entitled *Lady Strathden's*.

The words and music are in Sime's *Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1793, 360. *Loch Eroch Side*, or Strathspey, is now better known as the melody of Baroness

Nairne's song *The lass of Gowrie*. As *Loch Eireachd Side* it is in McGlashan's *Reels*, 1786, 46. It is also in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 543. It is probably the original of the air which is now usually set to the song 'I'm o'er young to marry yet.'

No. 16. Altho' thou maun never be mine. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 75. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Here's a health to them that's awa*.' Burns's letter enclosing this song to Thomson was written in May, 1796. Rheumatism, cold, and fever were a terrible combination, and Jessie Lewars, an orphan eighteen years of age, voluntarily became his nurse. She acted as an eldest daughter to Mrs. Burns, and as a mother to the poet's children. Her attention to Burns was unflagging and incessant; her devotion much affected him, and he repaid her with a love-song, the only coin he had, and a copy of the four printed volumes of the *Scots Musical Museum*, now in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery. In his letter to Thomson, he writes: 'I once mentioned to you an air, which I have long admired, *Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney*, but I forgot if you took any notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more.' The following couplet in *Here's a health* is exquisite:—

'Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear, Jessy.'

A corrected copy of the song was found among Burns's papers, containing the last stanza not in the copy sent to Thomson. Burns had previously written a political song for the air (see Song No. 284).

No. 17. The Catrine woods were yellow seen. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 276, with the music of the *Braes o' Ballochmyle*. This autumn song was written for one of the daughters of Sir John Whitefoord, *Reliques*, 277. Ballochmyle had been long in the family, but the disastrous failure of the Ayr Bank in 1772, of which Whitefoord was a partner, obliged him to sell the estate. It is situated on the right bank of the river Ayr, with the Catrine woods on the opposite side. Burns had to pass Ballochmyle and the Catrine woods in his solitary circular walks from Mossiel.

The melody is the composition of Allan Masterton, and is unconsciously modelled on the psalm-tune style. It is in the modern scale throughout, quite distinct from the quaint progressions of the anonymous folk-tunes. Masterton was, however, more successful in setting Burns's verse to music than the other musical friends of the poet.

No. 18. Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 129, signed 'B.' Tune, *An Gille dubh ciar dubh*. Nothing is known of the origin of this song, which is among the Burns's MSS. in the British Museum. It is most likely a souvenir of the Highland tour written for a pretty simple Gaelic air, *Anglice*, *The black-haired lad*, in McDonald's *Highland Vocal Airs*, 1784, No. 142.

No. 19. My heart was ance as blythe and free. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 103, signed 'X,' entitled, *To the weaver's gin ye go*. The following note is in the *Interleaved Museum*: 'The chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine. Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent' (*Reliques*, 1808, 233). This explains the difficulty in precisely ascertaining how much original matter Burns put into songs which previously existed. In the present case he adopted an old chorus; in some songs disjunct portions were old, in others everything but the title was original. A story connecting Jean Armour with this song is not authenticated.

The tune *To the weaver's gin ye go* is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 16. It is a good melody, with considerable variety; the chorus starts in a merry strain, but gets back to the half-querulous mood of the verse, and ends in the minor. It is named in a broadside of the middle of the eighteenth century.

No. 20. *How long and dreary is the night.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 175. Tune, 'A Galick air.' This is the first of two versions. The second was a recast for George Thomson, who importuned Burns to write for *Cauld Kail*, a tune he disliked. Burns tried three songs for the air, and his middle one, *How long and dreary*, is the best. In a letter on the subject he said, 'I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to suit your favourite air of *Cauld Kail*, have arranged it anew.' In the *Herd MS.* there are nine stanzas in a different measure, with some similar ideas to Burns, beginning:—

'The day begins to peep,  
And the birds sing sweet and cheery,  
But I maun rise and greet  
And think upon my deary.'

The beautiful Gaelic air originally published in the *Museum* is very little known. To the student of folk-music all the Celtic airs selected by Burns are well worth particular attention. They are chiefly sad, and redolent of a race living 'on the shores of a melancholy ocean.'

No. 21. *Yon wild mossy mountains.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 331. Signed 'X,' to the tune *Phoebe*. In the *Interleaved Museum* Burns refers to the song as belonging to a part of his private history, which was of no consequence to the public. Nothing certain is known of the origin of the verses; but Chambers and Scott-Douglas both agree in thinking that the incident which prompted them occurred during his first journey to Edinburgh in 1786. Burns passed close to Tinto or 'Tintock,' the highest isolated peak of the district. 'Yon wild mossy mountains' are the natural ramparts which flank the upper Clyde.

Burns recommended George Thomson to republish his song, and set it to the Jacobite air, *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame* (not the original melody of the song), of which he writes, 'It is a little irregular in the flow of the lines, but where two short syllables, that is to say, one syllable more than the regular feet—if these two syllables fall to the space of one (crotchet time), composed of two different quavers under a slur, it has, I think, no bad effect to divide them' (*Letter*, July, 1793). The explanation, although a little clumsily expressed, is very interesting, as it shows that Burns carefully studied his verses from a musical basis, and that he was sensitive to minute differences in musical sound. Johnson had published the song with the proper melody, and Thomson doubtless suggested another tune.

The tune *Phoebe*, here reprinted, is the composition of James Oswald, musician and publisher of much Scottish music in the middle of the eighteenth century. I find the air in *Universal Harmony*, 1745, 119, and in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 19.

No. 22. *Anna, thy charms my bosom fire.* *Edinburgh edition*, 1793, ii. 226; and with music in *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 530, and a footnote, 'written for this work by Robert Burns.' According to the *Centenary Burns*, the lines were first printed in the *Star* newspaper, April 18, 1789. Scott-Douglas identified 'Anna' as Miss Ann Stewart, who was engaged to be married to the poet's friend, Alexander Cunningham. Burns knew the lady, but not intimately, and the verses were written on account of his friend.

The tune *Bonny Mary* is the composition of James Oswald, and is in his *Curious Collection Scots Tunes*, 1740, 15; also in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 24. It is a good melody of the professional style of the



eighteenth century, but I am unable to find any authority under the hand of Burns that he wrote his verses for the air.

No. 23. 'Twas even—the dewy fields were green. The *Polyhymnia*, No. 18 [1799]; Currie, *Works*, 1800, i. 125 (no tune named); Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801, 108, set to an unauthorized tune, *Johnny's gray breeks*. The 'Lass o' Ballochmyle'—Miss Wilhelmina Alexander—was the sister of the proprietor of the estate of Ballochmyle. The poet saw her for the first time as he was taking a solitary stroll in the evening. He sent her a copy of the verses, with a request that she would permit him to publish them, but she took no notice of the request. Many years after, when the poet had become famous, and she was a maiden past her prime, she had the song and the letter framed, and hung them up in the hall. The letter, dated Nov. 18, 1786, describes the circumstances under which the song had been written. Burns wished this song and *Young Peggie blooms* (No. 15) inserted in the Edinburgh edition of his works, but the literary tasters dissuaded him from it, and neither was printed.

*Ettrick Banks*, for which the song was written, is named in a letter to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, which enclosed a copy of the verses. The tune is named in the original publication *Polyhymnia*. The music is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 45, to pastoral verses beginning:—

'On Ettrick banks in a summer's night,  
At gloaming when the sheep drove hame,  
I met my lassy bra' and tight,  
Cam wading barefoot, a' her lane:  
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang  
My arms about her lily neck,  
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,  
My words they were na' mony feck.'

This song was afterwards printed in the fourth volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1740. The tune is in Oswald's *Curious Collection Scots Tunes*, 1740, 28; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 23; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 16; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 81, and every important collection of vocal music of the latter half of the eighteenth century.

No. 24. As I gaed up by yon gate-end. *Aldine edition*, 1839. First published anonymously in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1818. It appears that the Aldine editor printed the verses from a MS. which contained only the twelve lines as reprinted here. No tune is named.

No. 25. How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 157, signed 'B.' Tune, *Bhannerach dhon na chri*. The MS. is in the British Museum. 'These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James McKittrick Adair, Physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines [Oct., 1787], residing at Harvieston, Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work' (i.e. the *Scots Musical Museum*). (*Reliques*, 1808, 243.)

The tune, *Anglice, The brown dairy maid*, communicated by Burns, was originally published in the *Museum* with his song. Another, but different rudimentary melody of the same title is in McDonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, No. 105.

No. 26. The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 471, entitled *Lovely Polly Stewart*. The MS. is in the British Museum. Polly was the young daughter of William Stewart of Burns's song 'You're welcome, Willie Stewart.' According to Scott-Douglas, without

quoting authority, she married her cousin, by whom she had three sons; he fell into some scrape which compelled him to abscond. Polly afterwards contracted a quasi-matrimonial alliance with a farmer named George Welsh, but, as they could not agree, they separated. In 1806 she lived with her father at Maxwellton, who was no longer factor of Closeburn. There Polly picked up an acquaintance with a Swiss soldier named Fleitz, with whom she went abroad, and after many wanderings died at Florence in 1847.

Burns's song was formed on one of the Jacobite ballads made after the rebellion of 1745. The tune is entitled *Queensberry House* in Bremner's *Reels*, 1758, 40, and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 101. It is said to be in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, c. 1736, under the title *The Confederacy*. In 1749, on the anniversary of the Battle of Culloden, some English officers in the dress circle of the Canongate Theatre, Edinburgh, called on the orchestra to play *Culloden*, which incensed the audience, who retaliated by demanding *Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart*. A riot ensued, and the officers got the worst of it. The lively air *Culloden* is very little known; the following is a copy from Johnson's *Two Hundred New Country Dances*, 1748:—



No. 27. From thee, Eliza, I must go. *Kilmarnock edition*, 1786, 227. 'Tune, *Gilderoy*.' Burns recommended Thomson to insert the song in his collection; but in *Scotish Airs*, 1793, i. 15, he set it to a wrong tune. 'Eliza' was very likely one of the Mauchline belles.

*Gilderoy* is the tune of a celebrated seventeenth century ballad of the same name. It is a corruption of *Gillieroy*, the red-haired lad, applied to Patrick Macgregor, a native of the Lomonds, of the same clan, or sept, as the notorious Rob Roy. He pursued the business of a cattle-lifter, and by his courage and audacity raised himself to be the leader of a band of Caterans, who scoured the country from Strathspey to Strathdee. According to the *Privy Council Records*, Gillieroy and his band *sornd* through the whole bounds of Strathspey, Braemar, Cromar, and the districts thereabouts, oppressing the common people, violently taking from them their meat, drink, and provisions, and their 'haill goods.' In those days the Argyll family acted as the hereditary police, and Lord Lorn tried to stamp out the system of robbery carried on by the lawless Celts. He captured Gillieroy about July, 1636, and nine other notorious ruffians, who were charged with plundering the house of William Stewart on the romantic isle of Inchcailloch in Loch Lomond, and making a clean sweep of the island and the premises, including the title-deeds of the property. The whole band were convicted and hanged in Edinburgh, Gillieroy and his

henchman, John Forbes, having the honour of suffering on a gallows 'ane degree higher' than the others, and of having their heads stuck on a pole and exhibited at the city gate as a warning to other evil-doers. A few years after the execution a black-letter ballad was printed in London, entitled *The Scotch Lover's Lamentation; or Gilderoy's Last Farewell*. The verses, in ten double stanzas, are assumed to be written by his paramour, who laments the untimely fate of her 'bonny boy.' In course of time he was canonized and admitted into the Newgate Calendar. His biography is in *A compleat History of the Lives and Robberies of the most notorious Highwaymen, Foot-pads, &c.*, &c., printed in London, 1719. He is there depicted as having set his mother's house on fire, ill-used his sister, fled to France, picked Cardinal Richelieu's pocket in the King's presence, returned to England, hanged a judge, then been taken prisoner, and executed in Scotland.

The popularity of *Gilderoy* may be judged from the fact that there are at least four different versions of the ballad. The broadside was copied into *Collection of Ballads*, London, 1723, 271, but a short version of five stanzas was previously published in *Westminster Drollery*, 1671, 112, entitled *A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy*. The third and best-known version is that of thirteen stanzas attributed to the pen of Lady Wardlaw, the reputed authoress of *Hardy Knute*. Here the indelicacies of the older versions are pruned, and this is the one copied into Percy's *Reliques*, wanting a stanza, and in all modern collections of ballads. The fourth version in seven stanzas, preceding the last-named in order of time, is the best of the series, and is written in vigorous and graphic language. It is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 47, with the tune here set to the verses of Burns.

The ballad had two tunes in England. In Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, v. 39, the original verses are set 'to a new tune,' from which it may be inferred that there was an earlier one. The Scottish tune has no striking family resemblance to that in the *Pills*, except in the cadence. The Scottish tune is in Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 20; Mc'Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 26; and in Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 10, with the verses beginning, 'Ah! Chloris.'

No. 28. Where, braving angry winter's storms. *Scot's Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 195, signed 'R.' Tune, *N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercrombie*. The MS. is in the British Museum. Miss Margaret Chalmers was the subject of this and the next song. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and an active correspondence began, lasting from October 26, 1787, to September 16, 1788. Peggy Chalmers is described as having large and bright hazel eyes, white, regular teeth, and possessing a charm in her face not always the result or accompaniment of fine features. Her figure was short, but faultless; she spoke easily and well, but preferred listening to others. Some of the letters to her are among the finest Burns wrote. They are remarkable for an easy flowing style, apparently spontaneous, and penned without effort. He took her into his confidence, and discussed his affairs in a frank and confidential manner. She exercised considerable influence over him, and he invariably spoke of her in the highest terms. Dr. Blacklock said that Burns always paid her the most respectful deference. None of her letters have been preserved, but his letters to her are uniformly excellent, and the correspondence ceased only a short time before her marriage with Mr. Lewis Hay, a partner in the distinguished banking house of Sir William Forbes & Co., the founders of Coutts & Co. Mrs. Hay was left a widow in the year 1800, and died in Switzerland in 1843.

This song and the next were sent to the lady with an intimation that he intended to print them. She objected, and he contested the point. Both were sent to the editor of the *Museum*, the present song being inserted, but the other, *My Peggy's Face*, was suspended for more than fifteen years.



The tune, *Lamentation for Abercainey*, is the composition of Niel Gow, and printed in his *Collection of Reels*, 1784, and Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 542.

No. 29. *My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form*. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 398. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1801, 106, 'Peggy' being altered to 'Mary,' and set to an unauthorized air. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 501, 'written for this work by Robert Burns,' which is strictly accurate. Johnson having been forestalled, printed in the *Museum* with the song a letter from Burns, in which he states that he has a very strong private reason for wishing the song in the second volume. It is very probable that Peggy Chalmers directly or indirectly was the cause of the delay, as she objected to be publicly criticized. Burns records in his *MS. Lists* that Johnson took a copy of the Celtic tune, *Ha a' chaillich*, for which the verses were written, but was in doubt whether the music suited, and referred the matter to the professional musical editor, who evidently decided against the tune. Whether the poet then selected the good melody in the text, *My Peggy's face*, is not known, but it was originally printed in the *Museum* with Burns's song, and remains its proper tune. For a copy of *Ha a' chaillich*, see Dow's *Scots Music*. A copy is in Glen's *Early Scottish Melodies*, 1900, 215.

No. 30. *By Oughtertyre grows the aik*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 180, signed 'B,' entitled *Blythe was she*, with the music of *Andro and his cutty gun*. In Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 61. Burns's second visit to the Highlands was the fulfilment of a promise to Sir William Murray of Ochertyre, in the lovely valley of the Earn, Perthshire. The poet was entertained for about ten days, and there he met Euphemia Murray, a cousin of his host, aged eighteen years, who was known as the Flower of Strathmore. She was the subject of the present song, and did not appreciate the honour of being put into verse. She married Mr. Smythe of Methven Castle, who became one of the judges of the Court of Session (*Reliques*, 1808, 254).

The tune *Andro and his cutty gun* belongs to a brilliant vernacular song of the same name, first printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1740. This song was exceedingly popular in the eighteenth century at all peasants' feasts. It describes an alehouse and the joyous condition of the guests, in the peculiar humour of the social songs of Scotland. Many imitations have been written, but none equals the original, still often printed. The two following stanzas are excellent :—

'When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
And the niest chappin new begun,  
In started, to heeze up our hope;  
Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
With girdle cakes weel toasted brown  
Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.'

The paraphrase of the last four lines is, Well did the old landlady know that cheese and toasted cakes made the ale more palatable, and disappear the quicker.

The tune is in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. 4; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 37; in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 133; *Calliope*, 1788, 410; and Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, i. 268. In the *Merry Muses* there is a version of *Andro and his cutty gun*, beginning :—

'When a' the lave gaed to their bed,  
And I sat up to clean the shoon,  
O wha think ye cam jumpin ben  
But Andro and his cutty gun?'

**No. 31. A rosebud, by my early walk.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 189, signed 'B.' The MS. is in the British Museum. The 'Rosebud' was a little girl of twelve years, the only child of William Cruikshank, Classical Master in the High School of Edinburgh, with whom Burns resided after his return from the Highland tour. The poet stayed with Cruikshank from September, 1787, to February, 1788, with the exception of a few days' visit to Sir William Murray at Ochertyre. During this period he was principally occupied in writing songs for the second volume of the *Museum*. The 'Rosebud' for her years was an accomplished player on the harpsichord, and Burns was intensely interested in her singing and playing the songs he was preparing for publication. In this way he tested his verses with the melodies. He was so absorbed in this occupation that it was difficult to draw his attention from it. Burns displays his tenderness and love of children in the song, and as a mark of gratitude to the child he freely distributed copies among his friends. 'The air is by a David Sillar, quondam merchant, and now Schoolmaster in Irvine. He is the *Davie* to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of the Cherry and the Slae' (*Reliques*, 1808, 258). I suppose that this is the first reprint of the tune since it was published in the *Museum* as transmitted by Burns, and it would not be reproduced now if Burns had not made his song for it. It is an attempt in Strathspey style, containing unvocal intervals which unfit it for performance.

**No. 32. Musing on the roaring ocean.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 179, signed 'R.' Tune, *Druimionn dubh*. The MS. of the verses is in the British Museum. Written on account of a Mrs. McLachlan, whose husband was an officer in the East India Company's service, on duty abroad (*Reliques*, 1808, 254). It may be remarked that, although Burns lived in the view of the sea for many years, its immensity or grandeur does not appear to have impressed him. This is his only sea-song. Mountains and natural scenery he passed over in the same way. His genius lay in studying and dissecting human life. For inorganic matter with the modern *pan gloss* he cared little or nothing. His diary of the Highland tour contains few or no remarks on the beautiful scenery he passed through. In a fragment in the *Herd MS.*, now first printed below, the same idea occurs as in the third line of Burns. Thus:—

'But he's awa, and very far frae hame,  
And sair, sair I fear I'll ne'er see him again;  
But I will weary Heav'n to keep him in its care,  
For O! he's good—and good men are rare.'

The tune *Druimionn dubh*, *Anglice*, *The black cow*, is in Corri's *Scots Songs*, 1783, ii. 29, and McDonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, No. 89. Sir Samuel Ferguson translated the fragment of an Irish Jacobite lyric on James the Second with the title of the tune. The last stanza is—

'Welcome home, welcome home, druimion dubh, O!  
Good was your sweet milk for drinking, I trow;  
With your face like a rose, and your dewlap of snow,  
I'll part from you never, ah, druimion dubh, O!'

Another but different air of the same title is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 12.

**No. 33. She's fair and fause that causes my smart.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 398, signed 'R.'; and Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 40. The MS. is in the British Museum. This sprang from the heated imagination of the poet about the middle of January, 1789, on reading an account of the marriage of Miss Ann Stewart, the subject of Song No. 22. She had been engaged to his intimate friend, Alexander Cunningham, W.S., and jilted him. As soon as Burns heard the news, he wrote an indignant letter of condolence to

his friend, who however survived the disappointment, and married four years later.

The tune *The lads of Leith* is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 31. It is a graceful combination of the major and the minor modes. Mr. Glen states that the music is in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances* some years earlier than the above date.

**No. 34.** Now Spring has clad the grove in green. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 91. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' The MS. is in the Thomson Collection. This address of condolence with Alexander Cunningham is on the same subject as the preceding song. Burns intended Stephen Clarke to compose for the verses, but nothing came of it, and the song has no original melody. Thomson obtained a copy of the verses in the beginning of August, 1795, and published them with the *old* tune of *Auld lang syne*, disguised under a new title, *The hopeless lover*, which he lifted bodily from the *Scots Musical Museum*. There is no doubt about the source, because Johnson's setting of the tune is considerably different from all previous copies. Thomson did precisely the same thing with the popular tune, *O, can ye labour lea* for Burns's *Auld lang syne*.

**No. 35.** O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 207, entitled '*Tibbie Dunbar*. Tune, *Johnny McGill*.' The MS. is in the British Museum. In Law's *Museum MS. List*, Burns has written 'Mr. Burns's old words.' Nothing is known of the subject of the verses, which were written to illustrate the melody. Riddell's Note (not Burns's) in the *Interleaved Museum* is 'This tune is said to be the composition of John McGill, fiddler, in Girvan.' An old song in the *Merry Muses* is marked for the tune, the first stanza of which is :—

'Duncan Macleerie and Janet his wife,  
They gaed to Kilmarnock to buy a new knife;  
But instead of a knife they coft but a bleerie :  
"We're very weel sair'd," quo' Duncan Macleerie.'

The nationality of the tune is disputed; on some slender evidence it is claimed as Irish. In Scotland it is now best known with MacNeil's song, *Come under my plaidie*. The music is in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 31, and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 119.

**No. 36.** Fate gave the word—the arrow sped. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 271, signed 'B,' entitled '*A mother's lament for the death of her son*. Tune, *Finlayston house*.' Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 45. 'Mr. Burns's words' (Law's *MS. List*). These lines were written for Mrs. Ferguson of Craigdarroch, who had lost a promising son, eighteen years of age, in November, 1787. 'I have just arrived [Mauchline] from Nithsdale, and will be here a fortnight. I was on horseback this morning (for between my wife and my farm there is just forty-six miles) by three o'clock. As I jogged on in the dark, I was taken with a poetic fit' (Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, September 27, 1788).

The eulogistic Note in the *Interleaved Museum* on the tune and its composer is by Robert Riddell, and not written by Burns, as Cromek makes it appear in *Reliques*, 1808, 303. Posterity has not endorsed Riddell's opinion of the melody. John Riddell had no doubt the gift of melody; in his collection of *Scots Reels*, 1782 (the tune is on page 55), there are some good specimens of folk-music. He died at Ayr on April 5, 1795, aged seventy-six years.

**No. 37.** The day returns, my bosom burns. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 224, signed 'R.' Tune, *Seventh of November*. 'Mr. B.'s words' (Law's *MS. List*). The MS. is in the British Museum. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 28, with the music. 'I composed this song out of compliment

to one of the happiest and worthiest of married couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life' (*Reliques*, 1808, 269). The leaf of the *Interleaved Museum* where this has been written is now wanting. Living alone in an old weather-worn house, on the banks of the Nith, the poet was particularly grateful for the Riddell hospitality. This country gentleman was the brother-in-law of Maria Riddell, whom we shall come across by-and-by. He was an antiquarian and amateur musician. It was in his house that the appalling Bacchanalian contest took place commemorated in *The Whistle*. A letter of September 16, 1788, to Peggy Chalmers, fixed the date when *The day returns* was written. 'Johnson's collection of songs is going on in the third volume; and, of consequence, finds me a consumpt for a great deal of idle metre. One of the most tolerable things I have done in that way is two stanzas that I made to an air a musical gentleman of my acquaintance composed for the anniversary of his wedding-day, which happens on the seventh of November.'

The tune of Riddell's is in his *New Music*, 1787. Burns was generally and generously wrong when he adopted the melodies of his personal friends. There are some exceptions, but his amiability obscured his judgement in most cases.

**No. 38. Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 225, signed 'X,' entitled *Beware o' bonie Ann*. Written in 1788, according to Stenhouse; but Scott-Douglas, with better authority, places it a year later—February, 1789—when the poet was in Edinburgh. 'I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton, the author of the air of *Strathallan's Lament*, and two or three others in this work' (*Reliques*, 1808, 266). The lady of the song subsequently married a medical doctor of Bath, and died in 1834.

The tune *Bonie Ann* is the composition of Allan Masterton. Internal evidence proves it to be a modern melody.

**No. 39. I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 294, entitled *The blue-eyed lassie*. 'Mr. Burns's words' (Law's *MS. List*). This charming song was written on the daughter of Andrew Jeffrey, the parish minister of Lochmaben. He admired Burns, who stayed in his house on several occasions whilst on his Excise excursions. The poet presented the song to Jean Jeffrey—then about fifteen years of age—with a copy of *O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*, shortly after dining in William Nicol's cottage at Moffat, which the irascible schoolmaster had rented as a summer residence, on account of his daughter's health. Miss Jeffrey was a minor poet; her memoirs and a collected edition of her writings were published in 1850. She became a Mrs. Renwick of New York, and died there about 1850.

Few of Burns's lyrics surpass this one, and it is a pity the poet did not choose a more suitable melody out of the Scottish garner, instead of adopting the composition of Robert Riddell contained in his *New Music*, 1787. It is by no means the worst of that musical amateur's melodies, but it is spoiled by the prodigious compass of more than two octaves, which renders it unsingable. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop of October 29, 1788, Burns states that the song was written for Riddell's composition.

**No. 40. Blythe hae I been on yon hill.** Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 58, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *The Quaker's Wife*.' The second song for Miss Lesley Baillie. Burns thought this one of his finest songs, and enthusiastically affirms that the lady was positively the most beautiful young woman in the world. He transmitted the verses to Thomson about June, 1793. And of the tune *The Quaker's Wife*, he says: 'Mr. Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I got such an



enthusiast in it that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin, and enclose Fraser's set of the tune. If they hit your fancy, they are at your service; if not, return me the tune, and I will put it in Johnson's *Museum*.' The music in the text is from Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 53, entitled *Merrily dance the Quaker*. In a letter of October, 1793, Burns stated that 'an old gentleman, a deep antiquarian,' knew *The Quaker's Wife* as a Gaelic air by the name of *Leiger 'm choss*, and that the words of the West Country fragment of the song were as follows:—

'Leiger 'm choss, my bonie wee lass,  
Leiger 'm choss, my dearie;  
A' the lee-lang winter night,  
Leiger 'm choss, my dearie.'

A song of Burns for the tune is in *Merry Muses*, beginning:—

'Come rede me dame, come tell me dame,  
My dame come tell me truly,' &c.

No. 41. **Yestreen I had a pint o' wine.** Stewart's Edition, 1802; Cromek's *Scottish Songs*, 1810, i. 61. Tune, *Banks of Banna*. The Globe Tavern, Dumfries, was the head quarters of Burns when he was there on Excise business, while the niece of the landlady, Anna Park—'the lass with the gowden locks'—was drawer and general waitress. A copy of the verses, with some verbal alterations, is in the *Merry Muses*.

Burns considered this his best love-song, although he never intended to publish it; and several years after it was written he tried to persuade George Thomson to insert a different version in his collection with the tune *The Banks of Banna*. Thomson did not print the new version, which is now unknown.

The tune—an Irish melody in Corri's *Scots Songs*, 1783, 14; in *Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786, 75; and *Calliope*, 1788, 1—is best known by the song 'Shepherds, I have lost my love,' in *The Charmer*, Edinburgh, 1782, ii. 176, written by the Right Honourable George Ogle, who represented Dublin in 1799, and voted against the Union. The scene of his more celebrated song *Molly Asthore*, written in his youth, is also that of *The Banks of Banna*.

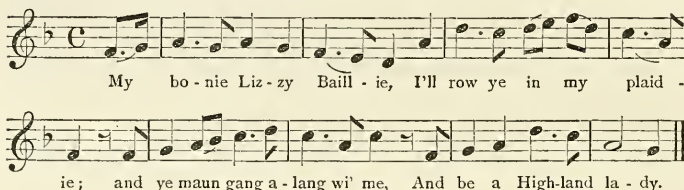
No. 42. **Wishfully I look and languish.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 341, signed 'R,' entitled *The bonny wee thing*; Thomson's *Select Melodies*, 1825, vi. 22. The MS. is in the British Museum. 'Composed on my little idol, the charming lovely Davies' (*Reliques*, 1808, 303). Burns met Deborah Davies at the house of her relative Robert Riddell of Glenriddell; a young lady of short stature and much beauty. Two letters to her are in the Burns correspondence.

The tune is a fine type of the pathetic music of Scotland. In a rudimentary form it is in *Straloch's MS.*, dated 1627, entitled *Wo betyd thy wearie bodie*. It is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1758, ix. 1. A different melody is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1758, 40, entitled *The Bonnie wi' thing*.

No. 43. **O, how shall I, unskilfu', try.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 349, entitled *Lovely Davies*. Tune, *Miss Muir*. The MS. is in the British Museum. The song was sent to Miss Davies in the autumn of 1791. She was engaged to be married to a Captain Delaney, who went abroad on foreign duty, and after a short-lived correspondence his letters to her ceased. The rift in the lute seriously affected her health, and Burns delicately refers to the subject in his letter in these words: 'So strongly am I interested in Miss Davies's fate and welfare in the serious business of life, amid its chances and changes, that to make her the subject in a silly ballad is downright mockery of these ardent feelings; 'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend.' The following sentence is quite Burnsian: 'When I meet with a person after my own heart . . . I positively can no more resist from rhyming on the impulse than an Aolian harp can refuse its tones to the streaming air.'

The tune of the song, a great favourite of Burns, is in Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 11, entitled *Port Athol*, or, as in the *Museum*, *Miss Muir*. In the poet's copy of Oswald's collection he has styled the tune 'exquisite.'

No. 44. O, saw ye bonie Lesley? Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 33, 'written for this work by Robert Burns.' Air, *The Collier's bonie lassie*. Written in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie. A copy was sent in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, August 22, 1792. 'Mr. B[aillie] with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H—— of G——, passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time), and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine when I left them; and riding home, I composed the following ballad. . . . You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with *My bonie Lizzy Baillie, I'll rowe thee in my plaidie*, &c., so I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy.' The old ballad referred to is in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 3, and in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 456 (the first stanza omitted), with the following pretty melody, which Burns communicated to the editor:—



On November 8, 1792, Burns sent a copy of his song to George Thomson, who without authority altered the last line of the second stanza.

The tune, *The collier's dochter* or *The collier's bonie dochter*, is very well known on both sides of the Border. It is in *Leyden's MS.*, c. 1690; in Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; *Stewart's Reels*, 1762, 43; and entitled the *Nine pint Cogie* in *McFarlane's MS.*, 1741, and with the words by Ramsay in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 44. See Notes on Nos. 208 and 232.

No. 45. While larks with little wing. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 88, entitled '*Phillis the fair*. Tune, *Robin Adair*.' Phillis was the sister of Bonie Jean, of Song No. 49. The verses were written in August, 1793, and sent to Thomson with this note: 'I likewise tried my hand on *Robin Adair*, and you will probably think with little success; but it is such a damned cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it.' . . . Burns, although dissatisfied with *Phillis the fair*, did not carry out his intention of writing a Scots song for *Robin Adair*.

The tune *Robin Adair* or *Eire a ruin* is a captivating melody entitled *Aileen a roon* in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 21, and *McLean's Scots Tunes*, 1772, 28. Professional vocalists usually load it with tawdry decorations, and throw rhythm overboard.

Burns has a note on the nationality of the air in his letter to Thomson of August, 1793. 'I have met with a musical Highlander in Breadalbane's Fencibles, which are quartered here, who assures me that he well remembers his mother singing Gaelic songs to both *Robin Adair* and *Gramachree*. They certainly have more of the Scots than the Irish taste in them. This man came from the vicinity of Inverness, so it could not be any intercourse with Ireland that could bring them; except what I shrewdly suspect to be the case—the

wandering minstrels, harpers, or pipers, used to go frequently errant through the wilds both of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both.' The air is Irish, so far as ascertained.

**No. 46. Farewell, thou stream that winding flows.** Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 80, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Air, *The last time I came o'er the moor*. This is the English version of a song written for Thomson in honour of Mrs. Maria Riddell, and after the quarrel with her he cancelled her name and replaced it by 'Eliza' as in the text. Of the first version which he sent to Thomson in April, 1793, he says: 'I had scarcely put my last letter into the post-office when I took up the subject of "The last time I came o'er the moor," and e'er I slept, drew the foregoing.' Eighteen months later he rewrote it as in the text, but was not enthusiastic on the result, and asked why Thomson could not take Ramsay's song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* for the English specimen.

The tune in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630, is entitled *Alas! yat I came ower the moor and left my love behind me*. Although Burns knew not the *Skene MS.*, he makes the following note on his song: 'Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air' (*Reliques*, 204). The music is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 6; Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, i. 142; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 34; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1745, ii. 24; Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 9; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, 18; Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i. 114. In all cases the tune published differs considerably from that in the *Skene MS.*, which is here reprinted from the transcription in Dauneys's *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, 1838, 217.

**No. 47. A slave to love's unbounded sway.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 574, signed 'B.' 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and confirmed by Stenhouse. How this song was written has not been ascertained. Scott-Douglas surmised that Jessie Lewars, who nursed Burns in his last illness, was the subject of it.

The tune, *The Cordwainer's or Shoemaker's March*, is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 176. It is a good melody in the minor mode, framed on the modern scale with sharp sixths and sevenths. The following Russian air, resembling the tune in the leading passages, is taken from Graham's *Songs of Scotland*, 1848:—



**No. 48. Turn again, thou fair Eliza!** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 368, signed 'B,' entitled *Fair Eliza*, 'a Gaelic air.' Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 42, with a wrong tune. In one of the few existing letters to James Johnson, the publisher of the *Scots Musical Museum*, the following extract is from that of November 15, 1788: 'Have you never a fair goddess that leads you a wild-geese chase of amorous devotion? Let me know a few of her qualities, such as whether she be rather black or fair, plump or thin, short or tall, &c., and choose your air, and I shall task my muse to celebrate her.' Some years later he made a similar application to George Thomson, but that gentleman replied that his name was Geordie, and his wife Katherine, both too unmusical to be put into verse. The song *Fair Eliza* was written for Johnson, as the original line in the MS. in the British Museum is *Turn again, thou fair Rabina*, a name previously suggested by Johnson.



The tune in the *Museum* is an adaptation of a Perthshire melody which Burns heard in his Highland tour. In evidence of Burns's attention to musical details for his songs, his instructions to Johnson for the tune of this song may be cited from the MS. in the British Museum: 'The song will not sing to your tune; but there is a Perthshire tune in McDonald's collection of *Highland Airs* which is much admired in this country; I intended the verses to sing to that air. It is on page 17, and No. 112. There is another air in the same collection, an Argyleshire air, which with a trifling alteration will do charmingly. It is on page 20, and No. 133. The alterations are: in the fourth bar of the first and third strains, which are to be the tune, instead of the crotchet C, and the quavers G and E, at the beginning of the bar make an entire minim in E, I mean E, the lowest line,' &c. &c. Johnson printed the song with both the melodies here cited by Burns, and that in our text is the last-named in McDonald's *Airs*, 1784, No. 133, slightly varied in Johnson's *Museum*.

No. 49. There was a lass, and she was fair. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 79; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 152. The MS. is in Brechin Castle. Written for Jean, daughter of John McMurdo of Dumfries. Stephen Clarke, the professional musical editor of the *Museum*, was engaged as singing-master to the family, and Burns and he often met about this time. A portion of the song was sent to Thomson in April, 1793, with the copy of an unprinted air. The complete song was transmitted on July 2, when Burns states that 'Mr. Clarke, who wrote down the air from Mrs. Burns's wood-note wild, is very fond of it, and has given it celebrity by teaching it to some young ladies of the first fashion here. If you do not like the air enough to give it a place in your collection, please return me the air; the song you may keep, as I remember it.' Later, he urged Thomson to make a point of publishing the song to its own tune, in his next number, informing him that the old name of the air was *There was a lass, and she was fair*.

Thomson rejected the 'beautiful little air' which Burns sent, and printed the song to *Willie was a wanton wag*. The traditional air of the song is now irrecoverably lost. A well-known tune, *Bonny Jean* (of Aberdeen), which fits these verses of Burns, is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 18, and many other publications of the eighteenth century, but it is not the melody which Burns meant.

No. 50. O Philly, happy be that day. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 201. 'Tune, *The sow's tail*.' *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 160. Thomson suggested verses for the Jacobite air, *The sow's tail to Geordie*. Burns replied that he was delighted with the tune, and proposed to write verses for it, which he completed on November 19, 1794.

The original Jacobite song is a bitter vulgar satire on the 'wee wee German lairdie' and 'Madame Kilmansegge,' whom George I brought with him from Hanover. The Countess of Darlington, née Kilmansegge, was a very large-sized noblewoman, known in England as 'The Elephant.' The Scots, even less polite, compared her to a more undignified animal in the song, which now occupies the book-shelves of the student of manners. One stanza out of eight in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1819, i. 91, may be quoted:—

'It's Geordie, he came up the town,  
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown;  
"Aha!" quo she, "I'll pull them down,  
And turn my tail to Geordie."

*Chorus*:—The sow's tail is till him yet,' &c. &c.

The tune—very popular in Scotland in the eighteenth century—is a remarkably easy-flowing melody. It has dropped out of use, and ought to be better known. The music is in McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, 39, and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 182.

No. 51. Adown winding Nith I did wander. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 99. The second song on Phillis Macmurdo, written to gratify the poet's friend and musical adviser, Stephen Clarke. In August, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson: 'Another favourite air of mine is *The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre*. When sung slow with expression, I have wished that it had better poetry: that I have endeavoured to supply.' Thomson riding his favourite hobby, suggested that the verses should be entirely English, but Burns declined, and replied: 'I'll rather write a new song altogether than make this English. The sprinkling of Scotch in it, while it is but a sprinkling, gives it an air of rustic *naïvete*, which time will rather increase than diminish.' Thomson did not print the song. The following stanza in the original copy was suppressed by Burns, as he thought it weak:—

'The primrose is o'er for the season,  
But mark where the violet is blown;  
How modest it peeps from the covert,  
So modesty sure is her own.'

The melody has been popular for nearly two hundred years. The tune is stated to be in *Crockatt's MS.* 1709; it is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 33, to a song beginning:—

'My daddie's a delver of dykes,  
My minnie can card and spin,  
And I'm a bonnie young lass  
And the siller comes linkin in,' &c.

The tune is also in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. 35, and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 96. A fragment is in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 311:—

'The mucking of Geordie's byre,  
And shoollin the grupe sae clean,  
Has gar'd me weit my cheeks  
And greit with baith my een.

CHORUS. '*It was ne'er my father's will,  
Nor yet my mother's desire,  
That e'er I should file my fingers  
Wi' mucking of Geordie's byre.*

'The mouse is a merry beast,  
And the moudiewart wants the een:  
But the warld shall ne'er get wit  
Sae merry as we hae been.'

No. 52. Here is the glen and here the bower. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 27, set to the air *The Flowers of Edinburgh*. The MS. is in the Thomson Collection. Sent in a letter to Thomson in June, 1794: 'I know you value a composition, because it is made by one of the great ones, as little as I do. However, I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, which she calls the *Banks of Cree*. Cree is a beautiful romantic stream, and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it. The air, I fear, is not worth your while; else I would send it to you.' The air, if it ever saw the light, cannot now be identified. The song is supposed to have been written for Mrs. Maria Riddell.

No. 53. O, wert thou in the cauld blast. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 381, entitled *Address to a lady*. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1818, 219. The story of this song is on the authority of Chambers. One day Burns, weak and pained, called on Jessie Lewars. He offered, if she would play to him her favourite tune, to write verses for it. She played *Lenox love to Blantyre* on

the harpsichord until he was familiar with it by ear. The song, *O wert thou in the cauld blast*, a carefully polished work of art, was the result. Instead of adhering to the text and melody, Thomson changed the metre and printed the song to a different tune. The hand which penned it was soon to lose its cunning. On the tomb of Franz Schubert, the most prolific German composer, who died at an earlier age than Burns, is inscribed 'Music has here entombed a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes.' As a song-writer the same might probably be said of Burns, whose life and career resemble in many points those of the composer. A generous countryman said of Schubert that, if he had lived, he would have put the whole German language into music. Of Burns it may be said that, if he had lived, he would have put the whole of Scottish music into verse.

The first theme of *Lenox love to Blantyre* ends in the minor and the second on the major mode, like many other Scottish tunes. It has an extended compass—a serious drawback to popularity. The peculiar title was obtained from an estate acquired by Lord Blantyre. Frances Theresa Stewart, daughter of Walter Stewart, son of the second Lord Blantyre, born about 1647, was the original of the emblem of Britannia on the coinage. She married Charles Stuart, fourth Duke of Richmond and Lenox, and died in 1702, leaving considerable property to her nephew Alexander, fifth Lord Blantyre, requesting that an estate should be purchased in East Lothian, to be named *Lenox love to Blantyre*. The tune with this title is in *Sinkler's MS.* 1710. It is also in *Bremner's Reels*, 1757, 17; *Stewart's Reels*, 1761, 9; *Campbell's Reels*, 1778, 13; and in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 483, to the old song *The wren shoe lyes in care's bed*.

#### b. Ellison Begbie.

**No. 54. Ilk care and fear, when thou art near.** The last two stanzas and the chorus with the tune *Braes o' Balquhiddy* are in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 193. The complete song is in *Cromek's Reliques*, 1808, 441. The MS., wanting the first stanza, is in the British Museum with a note by Burns directing that the chorus is to the first or lowest part of the tune. Burns has stated that *Bonnie Peggie Alison* or Ellison Begbie, was a juvenile production; but he never directly revealed the episode which occasioned this and the two following songs of his early years. The *Braes o' Balquhiddy*, one of his favourite reels, is said to be in *Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances* for 1742. It is in *Bremner's Reels*, 1758, 37; *Aird's Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 181, and elsewhere. It is a model specimen of the dance-music of Scotland of the early part of the eighteenth century. The modern air *I'm over young to marry yet* (not the same as the old tune of that name) is a variation of the *Braes o' Balquhiddy*.

**No. 55. On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells.** Twelve stanzas marked Tune, *If he be a butcher neat and trim*, first imperfectly printed in *Cromek's Reliques*, 1808, 442, and complete from the MS., in the *Aldine edition*, 1839. The verses are founded on a love passage in the poet's youth. The first four letters to an unknown correspondent, E., dated 1780 and 1781, and printed in *Currie, Works*, 1800, ii, 1, with a fifth printed by Scott-Douglas in 1878, were addressed to Ellison or Alison Begbie, the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Galston. At the time Burns knew her, she lived near Cessnock Water, about two miles from Lochlea. She was in the same rank of life as the poet, who began the correspondence partly as practice in the art of letter-writing. Burns's sister described Ellison Begbie as much above the small ordinary farmer's daughter, naturally gifted both in mind and person, accomplished in manners, and with a fair stock of personal attractions. *Cromek* took down his verses from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, whom he said Burns affectionately admired. Probably she was the object of them.

The Tune, *The butcher boy*, is taken from the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 304. I have not seen it in any earlier publication.

**No. 56.** O Mary, at thy window be. This exquisite lyric, which Burns of many moods rather disparaged in his later years, written in honour of Ellison Begbie, was originally published by Currie (*Works*, 1800, iv. 41), marked for the Tune, *Bide ye yet*; but in the copy sent to Thomson, March 20, 1793, the song is directed for the music of *Duncan Davison*. In the letter is the following statement: 'The song is one of my juvenile works. I leave it among your hands. I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits. It is impossible to be always original, entertaining and witty.' It was published with the tune *The Glasgow lasses*, in *Scottish Airs* 1818, v. 219, and it is invariably printed in modern collections with *The Miller*, another unauthorized air. For the tune *Duncan Davison* or *Ye'll ay be welcome back again*, see Note 176.

c. Highland Mary (Mary Campbell).

**No. 57.** Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary? Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 12. This is the first song of the Highland Mary series, written when Burns proposed to emigrate. It lay unseen for nearly four and a half years, after which time he sent it to George Thomson. His letter of October, 1792, enclosing the song, contains one of his few references to Mary Campbell. 'In my very early years,' he writes, 'when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell (i.e. the song) of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merits of *Ewe-bughts*; but it will fill up this page. You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of the heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race.' Thomson had a poor opinion of the song, and missed the opportunity of the original publication by sending it to Currie. He printed it more than a quarter of a century later in his *Select Melodies*, 1822, i. 8.

The fine old verses for air *Ewe-bughts Marion* were published in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, and copied into Percy's *Reliques*, 1765. Percy misled the public by making it believe that all the pieces of poetry in his collection were in the MS. he described. *Ewe-bughts Marion* is not there, nor found anywhere else in the peculiar orthography of his *Reliques*. It is one of the remarkable pastorals for which Scotland is famous. The tune has been very much altered since its original publication in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 15. It is in the modern style in Stewart's *Scots Songs*, 1781, 31; in the *Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786, 33; in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 476; and in the *Museum*, 1787, No. 85. In the *Interleaved Museum*, Burns says, 'I am not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or the North of Scotland. There is a song, apparently as ancient as *Ewe-bughts Marion*, which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North.' It begins thus:—

'The Lord of Gordon had three dochters,

Mary, Margaret, and Jean;

They wad na stay at bonie Castle-Gordon

But awa to Aberdeen.' (*Reliques*, 1808, 229.)

The complete ballad, which Ritson obtained from a stall copy, was originally published in his *Scotch Songs*, 1794, ii. 169, and partly reprinted in Johnson's *Museum*, 1796, No. 419. If the fourth Earl of Huntley is referred to, then Burns's denomination, the 'Lord of Gordon,' is correct, and that in Ritson's and subsequent copies, the 'Duke of Gordon,' is wrong, for the Dukedom of Gordon was not created until 1684. George Gordon succeeded his grandfather



Alexander, the third Earl of Huntley, in 1523, and had three daughters as in the ballad. Jean married the Earl of Bothwell, who divorced her in 1568 to marry Mary, Queen of Scots. Her second husband was the Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594, and surviving him (she must have had a tough constitution) she married Captain Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, who died in 1606. As Jean is described in the ballad as 'bonny Jeanie Gordon,' evidently young, and having three children in three years by Captain Ogilvie, history and the ballad do not fit one another very well.

No. 58. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 386, signed 'B,' entitled *Afton Water*. A MS. is in the British Museum, entitled *Sweet Afton*. The origin of this well-known, beautiful lyric is disputed. Currie relates that it was written on Afton Water, and in compliment to Mrs. Stewart; Gilbert Burns states that Mary Campbell was the heroine; Scott-Douglas agrees with this, but in the *Centenary Burns* it is asserted that it has no connexion with Highland Mary, but was written as a compliment to the river Afton which flows into the Nith near New Cumnock; and that the verses were sent to Mrs. Dunlop on February 5, 1789. This is doubtless correct; but it may be, and very likely is, a reminiscence of Mary Campbell. In 1791 Burns sent a copy to Mrs. Stewart of Stair. Stenhouse states that Burns communicated the melody to the *Museum*.

No. 59. Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 117, signed 'X,' entitled *The Highland Lassie O'*. *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 37, with a wrong tune. The MS. is in the British Museum. 'This was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the Banks of Ayr, where we spent the day taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness' (*Reliques*, 1808, 237). This note has an important bearing on the *Highland Mary* episode, and it is necessary to warn the reader that the leaf from which Cromeek is supposed to have copied it is now wanting in the *Interleaved Museum*. The questions arise, Was the note ever there? and, if so, why was it cut out, who abstracted it, and where is it now? For the Marion controversy see the *Edinburgh edition*, 1877, iv. 120-130.

The tune, *McLauchlin's Scots Measure*, is in *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700, and is unsuitable for Burns's gay song from its extended compass, which no ordinary voice can reach, and its skipping intervals. Another copy of the music is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. 28, entitled *The Inverness Scots Measure*, and in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 95.

No. 60. Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 279, entitled *My Mary, dear departed shade*. Tune, *Captain Cook's death*, &c. This lyric is believed to have been written in October, 1789, the third anniversary of the death of Mary Campbell. There is no comment on the song by the poet in his notes. Many curious conjectures have been made as to the circumstances of the Highland Mary attachment, and Cromeek was the first to connect this song with her. He relates how that on a night in October, Burns lay in the barn-yard on the lee-side of a corn-stack to protect himself from the keen frosty wind, and remained there until the dawn wiped out the stars, &c., &c. Lockhart, *Life*, chap. vii, on the authority of Mrs. Burns, gives a more circumstantial account of the origin of the song, quite as sensational as the other. That Burns was the victim of great emotion and hypochondria

at this period may be learned from his correspondence. In a letter of December 13, 1789, full of melancholy, he laments the death of a dear young friend, and speaking of heaven, he says, 'There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again recognize my ever dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honor, constancy, and love.'

The tune is the sentimental composition of Miss Lucy Johnson, who became Mrs. Oswald of Auchencruive. That old beau, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, describes her as 'giving double charm to a minuet and dignifying a country dance.' No attempt will be made here to disturb the opinion that the tune is very beautiful, *mais chacun à son goût*.

No. 61. *Ye banks and braes and streams around.* *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 83, 'Written for this Work by Robert Burns.' 'Tune, *Katherine Ogle*.' This song on Mary Campbell is described to Thomson, November 14, 1792: 'It pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition.' He requested Thomson to print the song in his first volume, but his wish was not gratified.

The tune *Katherine Ogle* was a favourite of Burns. Thomson suggested that the old song should be dressed, but Burns declined any connexion with such poor stuff. The song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, is an amended version of 'As I went forth to view the plain,' taken from *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge melancholy*. The nationality of both words and music are disputed. The tune is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1688, with the title, *Lady Catherine Ogle, a new dance*. In *Apollo's Banquet*, 1686, it is printed twice; the first time with the same title as in the *Dancing Master*, and in the second part of the collection as *A Scotch Tune*. Tom Durfey wrote verses for it entitled *A New Scotch Song*, beginning *Walking down the Highland town*, and printed in his *Pills*, 1719, ii. 200, and elsewhere as *Bonny Katherine Loggy: a Scotch song*. The verses are a poor imitation of the Scots' vernacular. The music is also in *Bruce's MS.*, 1706, and *Graham's MS.*, 1694, both quoted by the late J. Muir Wood; Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 20; *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 22; Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, ii. 266; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 20; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 2, and elsewhere. The title of the air, as in the *Dancing Master*, was obviously in honour of Lady Catherine Ogle, youngest daughter, and one of the co-heirs of the Duke of Newcastle and Baron Ogle. She died in 1691.

#### d. Jean Armour (Mrs. Burns).

No. 62. *Tho' cruel fate should bid us part.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 118, signed 'R.' The MS. is in the British Museum, with no direction for the tune. There is, however, another MS. of the verses marked for the air *She rose and loot me in*, which Johnson could not adopt, as it had already been appropriated in the first volume of the *Museum*. So he set the verses of Burns to *The Northern Lass*.

Both the words and air of the original song *She rose and let me in* are disputed. According to Chappell, the complete song is in a *New Collection of Songs*, London, 1683, the words by Thomas Durfey and 'set by Mr. Thomas Farmer.' It is also in Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, i. 324. The earliest copy of the music in a Scottish collection is in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, and the words in Ramsay's *Miscellany*, 1725. Both are in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 14, and the music is much improved. It is repeated in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 21. There is no copy of either the words or the music

known in Scotland before the early part of the eighteenth century, and the claim for the verses being the work of Sir Francis Beltrées, a Renfrewshire knight, falls to the ground. The tune is a good melody of the scholastic kind, without any traits of the untutored music of Scotland. It is here taken from the *Orpheus Caledonius*.

No. 63. Altho' my back be at the wa'. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 480, signed 'Z,' entitled *Here's his health in water*, with the music of *The job of journey work*. In writing about the Jacobite song of *Lewie Gordon*, Burns refers to the pathos of the line, 'Tho' his back be at the wa'.' See Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, 176. It would be difficult to prove that Burns's verses refer to Jean Armour, but they must remain here as the best place for them.

The music in the text is from *Burns's MS.* in the British Museum, from which Johnson got his tune which was first printed in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 401. The second movement of an Irish melody *The little red fox*, which may be seen in Stanford's *Irish Melodies*, 1894, 36, has a remarkable likeness to the swing of *The job of journey work*, and further light is wanted on the origin of the melody for which Burns wrote his song.

No. 64. When first I came to Stewart Kyle. *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 47, entitled 'A fragment. Tune, *I had a horse and I had nae mair*.' Printed in Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, 346. Burns's mother stated that he first met Jean Armour at a peasants' ball, or some similar entertainment. The poet was attended by his collie dog, which followed him about the room, and got in the way of the dancers; whereupon he remarked to his partner that he wished he could find a lass who would like him as well as his dog. A few weeks afterwards the acquaintance was renewed, which ripened into marriage.

I cannot trace the music of *I had a horse* further back than the copy in Johnson's *Museum*, 1788, No. 185, printed with the old song, which Burns said was founded on an incident in the life of a John Hunter, whose great-grandchild related the story to Burns. The verses, published in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 323, begin:—

'I had a horse, and I had nae mair,  
I gat him frae my daddy;  
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
But my wit it was fu' ready.  
And sae I thocht upon a wile,  
Outwittens of my daddy,  
To fee mysell to a lowland laird,  
Who had a bonny lady,' &c.

No. 65. In Mauchline there dwells. *Glenriddell MS.* Published in Currie, *Works*, 1800, iii. 380, entitled *The Mauchline belles*. Tune, *Bonnie Dundee*. The first of these 'belles' was Helen Miller, who married a Dr. Mackenzie. The second, Miss Markland, married Burns's friend and future colleague in the Excise, James Findlay. Jean Smith married James Candlish, another friend of Burns, and was the mother of Dr. Candlish who succeeded Dr. Chalmers as leader of the Free Kirk of Scotland. Betty Miller, sister of Helen above referred to, became a Mrs. Templeton. Miss Morton married a merchant in Mauchline; while the last was Jean Armour, who became the poet's wife. For the tune, see No. 112.

No. 66. O thou pale Orb that silent shines. *Kilmarnock edition*, 1786, 150. The verses in the text are three stanzas of *The Lament*, which Burns, in *Gray's MS. Lists*, directed as follows: 'For the tune in the *Scotch Queen*, Oswald, take the first and the last two stanzas of the poem entitled *The Lament* in Burns's poems.' These directions Burns sent to Johnson of the *Museum*, but they were not followed, and the verses are now printed for the first time with the proper melody. For the tune in the *Scots Musical*



*Museum* a song of Mrs. McLehose was inserted, for which Burns wrote a stanza to complete the verses. See Song No. 76.

The tune *Scots Queen* is in *Oswald's Companion*, c. 1759, xii. 1, and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 190.

The primary cause of Burns's arrangements for emigrating in 1786 arose out of the amour with Jean Armour, to which the beautiful poem *The Lament* refers. The state of mind of the poet, at this time bordering on madness, is described in his *Autobiography*.

**No. 67. Again rejoicing Nature sees.** *Edinburgh edition*, 1787, 327. Tune, *Jockey's gray brecks*, with a footnote on the chorus: 'This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.' According to Scott-Douglas, the chorus was written by the poet himself, and to conceal the reference to Jean Armour he changed the name to 'Menie.' At this time, the beginning of 1787, he was in Edinburgh correcting the proofs of the first *Edinburgh edition*.

The tune, a variation of *The weaver and his shuttle*, a title not in any Scottish collection, is taken from the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. 32. The music is also in *Oswald's Curious Scots Tunes*, 1742, ii. 6, *Aird's Airs*, 1782, i. No. 59, and in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 256. The old song for the tune has never been printed, and it is doubtful whether more exists than the following fragment in *Herd's MS.* :—

'I'll hae Johnny's gray brecks  
For a' the ill he's done me yet  
And I'll hae Johnny's gray brecks  
For a' the ill he's done me yet.  
He's done me ill and against my will,  
And a' the country kens o' that!  
Yet I'll hae Johnny's gray brecks  
For a' the ill he's done me yet.'

**No. 68. Tho' women's minds like winter winds.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 290, signed 'X,' and with the tune *For a' that*. 'This song is mine, all except the chorus' (*Reliques*, 282). In a footnote Cromek states that it is part of the bard's song in *The Jolly Beggars*. Doubtless; but it would be more proper to say that the song was rewritten for publication in the *Museum*, and for one of the favourite melodies of Burns. In the *Law MS.* it is marked 'Mr. B.'s old words.' The third stanza was originally printed in the Pickering edition of Burns. For the tune, see Nos. 275 and 309.

**No. 69. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 235, signed 'R,' entitled *I love my Jean*. Tune, *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*. 'Mr. Burns sent the words' (*Law's MS. List*). The *MS.* is in the British Museum. This and the following five songs are the honeymoon series, written in the last seven or eight months of 1788, and referring to his wife or his matrimonial life. *Of a' the airts* is justly one of the best-known and most popular songs of Scotland. 'The air is by Marshall; the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N.B. It was during the honeymoon' (*Reliques*, 1808, 273). It was written at Ellisland in June; his wife was then staying at Mossiel with his mother and sisters. The song is very rarely printed correctly, and in many copies are added two spurious double stanzas, the work of John Hamilton, a music publisher. Allan Cunningham was responsible for leading the public astray, by asserting that they were in Burns's *MS.* In Thomson's *Select Melodies*, 1823, v. No. 20, a new set of sixteen lines are marked, 'Added by Mr. Richardson for this work.'

The tune is the composition of William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon. Stenhouse assumed that Marshall borrowed part of the air from *The lowlands of Holland*, but Mr. John Glen of Edinburgh has proved the

opposite. The latter tune was not printed before 1790, while *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey* was published in Marshall's *Collection of Reels*, 1781. It is in McGlashan's *Reels*, 1786, 4. The rudiments of this fine melody can be seen in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630, under the title *Alace! I lie my alon I'm lik to die auld.* (Dauney's *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 227.)

No. 70. O, how can I be blythe and glad? In *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 317, signed 'X,' entitled *The bonie lad that's far awa'*, without the second stanza. Complete in Crome's *Reliques*, 1808, 432. This song is supposed to be sung by Jean Armour, lamenting the absence of her husband. Burns has left no memorandum of the song, but the MS. is in the British Museum, minus the second stanza. Burns got the idea from verses in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 1, which in its turn was an abridgement of a black-letter ballad of fifteen stanzas, c. 1690, entitled *The inconstant shepherd, or the Forsaken Lass's Lamentation.* London: Printed for C. Bates at the Sun and Bible, Pye Corner. To an excellent new Tune. Herd, with slight variation, copied the first, fourth and eighth stanzas into his collection. The ballad is exceptionally good for a street publication, the following being the first stanza :—

'O, how can I be merry or glad,  
Or in my mind contented be;  
When the bonny, bonny lad whom I love best  
Is banish'd out of my company?  
Tho' he is banish'd for my sake,  
And his true love I still remain,  
He has caused me many a night for to wake  
And adieu to my true love once again!'

I cannot identify the 'excellent new tune' of this ballad, but it may have been *O'er the hills and far away* (see Song No. 257). Songs with this refrain were common in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The tune in the text from the *Museum* was originally published there, and was probably communicated by Burns.

No. 71. I hae a wife o' my ain. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 352, signed 'B.' The MS. is in the British Museum. The style and humour of this irresistible song is delightful, and the nationality unmistakable. The energetic verses were framed on an old model :—

'I hae a wife o' my awn,  
I'll be haddin to naebody;  
I hae a pat and a pan,  
I'll borrow frae naebody.'

Burns owed nothing to this or any other previous verses.

The tune confirms the evidence of the existence of songs now lost. The title *I hae a wife o' my ain*, clearly the first line of a song, is in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*; in Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 45; in Stewart's *Reels*, 1761, 12; and in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 73. Schumann composed an original lilt on Scottish lines, entitled *Niemand*, for a translation of Burns's song.

No. 72. It is na, Jean, thy bonie face. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 333. The MS. is in the British Museum, without direction for music. This eulogy on his wife was written near the close of the year 1788. 'These were originally English verses: I gave them their Scots' dress' (*Interleaved Museum*). There is more philosophy than passion in them. Burns may have got the idea from a popular song of last century, by George Etheridge, beginning *It is not Celia, in our power*, otherwise nothing of another similar song has been discovered.

The tune, *The maid's complaint*, is by James Oswald, printed in *Curious Collection Scots Tunes*, 1740, 14, and in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 30.

**No. 73.** *Louis, what reck I by thee?* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 414, signed 'R,' entitled *Louis, what reck I by thee?* The MS. is not known. Scott-Douglas assumes that the verses were written in December, 1788, after the poet's wife and family joined him at Ellisland. The hand of Burns is apparent in the vigorous language of the verses. The signature in the *Museum* confirms the authorship.

Stenhouse, without quoting authority, states that Burns communicated the tune to the editor of the *Museum*. I have not discovered it in any earlier Scottish collection of music. The first two lines in the relative major key are the opening bars of *The British Grenadiers*.

**No. 74.** *O, were I on Parnassus' hill.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 255, signed 'R.' Tune, *My love is lost to me*. 'Mr. B.'s words' (Law's MS. List). Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, No. 29. Nearly all Burns's letters of the latter part of the year 1788 contain some reference to his married life. To Peggy Chalmers, dated September 16, he relates that his wife never spent five minutes on any book, except the Old and New Testaments, the Psalms of David, and his own poems, which she has perused very devoutly, and all the ballads in the county, 'as she has the finest woodnote wild I ever heard.' A surfeit of probable models of the song are in the *Centenary Burns*. 'This air is Oswald's: the song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns' (*Interleaved Museum*). The tune *My love is lost to me*, or *O Jean, I love thee*, is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 25, and in *Calliope*, 1788, 176. The extended compass of the air has interfered with its popularity.

**No. 75.** *Out over the Forth, I look to the north.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 421. The MS. is in the British Museum, with the title *I look to the north*. In a letter to Cunningham, Burns quotes four lines of the song, and asks his correspondent how he liked them as a sample he had 'on the tapis.' He wrote on the copy for the *Museum*, 'The enclosed tune is a part of Gow's *Charles Graham's welcome home*, but I do not think the close of the second part of the tune happy. Mr. Clarke, on looking over Gow's air, will conceive a better;' which Clarke did. The tune is in Gow's *Second Collection*, 1788, 20.

e. 'Clarinda' (Mrs. McLehose).

**No. 76.** *For thee is laughing Nature gay.* *Museum*, 1788, No. 190, entitled '*To a blackbird*. By a lady,' and signed 'M.' Tune, *Scots Queen*. The MS. is in the British Museum. Burns wrote only the four lines beginning, 'For thee is laughing Nature gay'; the rest are by Mrs. McLehose. For the tune, see No. 66.

**No. 77.** *Your friendship much can make me blest.* Second stanza of a song in *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 186, entitled '*Talk not of love, it gives me pain*. By a lady.' Tune, *Banks of Spey*. Signed 'M.' The MS. is in the British Museum. About the beginning of December, 1787, Burns met Mrs. McLehose for the first time. She was parted from her husband, a Glasgow solicitor, who had gone to the West Indies. Handsome and good-looking, sentimental and religious, and about the same age as Burns, she wished to become better acquainted with the poet, and invited him to take tea at her house. He was prevented from keeping the engagement by an accident which confined him to his lodgings for two months. A formal correspondence began in the orthodox fashion, but it progressed so rapidly that in a fortnight she signed herself *Clarinda* and he followed suit with *Sylvander*. Sometimes two or three letters a day were interchanged, and the whole episode lasted three and a half months. The writing for the most part is stilted sentiment, and although there is the appearance of much enthusiasm and passion, there is an absence of reality about the whole affair. But Burns showed that he

could compete with Abelard or Sterne in that style of epistolography. On the lady's part it was a more serious affair, and during all her long life she cherished the memory of Burns.

Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Lehose wrote verses, and Burns assisted her with his criticism. The eight lines in the text were added to twelve written by her, four of which were omitted in the *Museum*.

The tune, rather commonplace, was taken from M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 23; it is also in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, xi. 10. A different *Banks of Spey* is in M<sup>c</sup>Glashan's *Reels*, 1786, 3.

No. 78. *Thine am I, my faithful fair.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 59. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' The MS. is in Brechin Castle. There is no record of this song before 1793, but it probably is one of the *Clarinda* series. On sending it to Thomson the only remark Burns makes is: 'The verses I hope will please you as an English song to the air' (i.e. *The Quaker's wife*). In 1795, two lines were altered to fit Jean Lorimer. He was at that time under the 'Chloris' enchantment, and he threatened to anathematize Thomson if he did not make the proposed alterations. The song was published as desired, but to the melody *Up in the morning early*, without authority.

For the tune, *The Quaker's wife*, or *Merrily dance the Quaker*, see Song No. 40.

No. 79. *Behold the hour, the boat arrive!* Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 111. 'Tune, *Oran gaoil*'; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 154. A song altered in December, 1791, to connect it with Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Lehose, who was about to leave for the West Indies. The original begins:—

'Behold, the fatal hour arrive,  
Nice, my Nice, ah, farewell.'

The tune *Oran Gaoil* is referred to in a letter to George Thomson of August, 1793. 'They have lately in Ireland, with great pomp, published an Irish air as they say, called *Caun du delish*. The fact is, in a publication of Corri's a great while ago, you find the same air called a Highland one, with a Gaelic song set to it. Its name there, I think, is *Oran Gaoil*, and a fine air it is.' More than a year afterwards he returns to the subject. 'The other one in your collection *Oran gaoil*, which you think is Irish, they claim as theirs by the name of *Caun du delish*, but look into your publications of Scottish Songs, and you will find it as a Gaelic Song, with the words in that language, a wretched translation of which original words is set to the tune in the *Museum*. Your worthy Gaelic priest gave me that translation, and at his table I heard both the original and the translation sung by a large party of Highland gentlemen, all of whom had no other idea of the tune than that it was a native of their own country.' The authorities referred to by Burns are Corri's *Scots Songs*, 1783, ii. 29, and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 273. *The old Jew*, in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1753, v. 19, has only a remote resemblance to this admirable Celtic melody.

No. 80. *Clarinda, mistress of my soul.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 198, entitled *Clarinda*. Signed 'B.' Written early in 1788, during the *Clarinda* craze. Thomson inserted them in his *Select Melodies*, 1822, iii. 13, altering some of the lines without authority. He set them to an original melody of little merit by Stephen Clarke, the friend of Burns.

The tune in the *Museum* is the composition of Schetki, according to Burns in the *Interleaved Museum*, where he acknowledges the verses. The music, in the style of a psalm-tune, does not resemble the secular music of the country.

No. 81. *Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays.* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 99. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' On December 9, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson that he had just framed this song. A short time before he had styled *Clarinda* a *ci-devant* goddess of his. His last letter



to Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Lehose is dated June 25, 1794. Scott-Douglas makes a curious suggestion that this song is her composition, which Burns abstracted.

The tune for this celebrated lyric, *Ther'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame*, is a Jacobite melody. Thomson disregarded Burns's direction, and set the song to the Irish tune *Coolin*. In vocal collections the song is printed with a modern tune. It is now for the first time associated with the music for which it was written, otherwise known as *There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa'*. See tune No. 302.

No. 82. O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 464, signed 'B.' The MS. is in the British Museum. The verses are supposed to commemorate the last interview with 'Clarinda.' Burns entitled the tune *The Rashes*, which is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1753, v. 26. The editor of the *Museum* considerably altered the tune. The music in the text is taken from the copy Burns directed. It is now best known as *The wee wee German Lairdie*, from a song which originally appeared in Cromeck's *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, written probably by Allan Cunningham, although vouched as old by the Ettrick Shepherd. Tibbie Shiel, of St. Mary's Loch, the celebrated hostess of Sir Walter Scott, sung it to *The dowie dens of Yarrow*. It is set to that well-known ballad in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, 21; it also did modern service in Yorkshire to a Roxburgh ballad, *A lamentable new ditty . . . to a delicate Scottish tune*. In the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, xi. 23, the tune is repeated under the title *When the King comes o'er the water*.

No. 83. Ance mair I hail thee. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 499, signed 'R.' The MS. is in the British Museum. An unfinished copy of the verses was sent to 'Clarinda' about the end of December, 1791. Stenhouse has asserted that Burns wrote the song for the tune *Wandering Willie*, but that is incorrect. On the MS. of the song, Burns wrote as follows: 'Tune, *Thro' the lang muir I followed him hame*. See this tune, Oswald's Book [vii.] 30.' It is also in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 34.

No. 84. Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 347, signed 'X,' entitled *Rory Dall's port*. This impassioned lyric also belongs to the second cycle of the 'Clarinda' series. The lady had arranged to rejoin her husband in the West Indies, and the verses refer to her departure in December, 1791. Burns sent her copies of a few songs at the same time, saying 'I have just been composing to different tunes, for the Collection of Songs [Johnson's *Museum*], of which you have three volumes, and of which you shall have the fourth.'

The air *Rory Dall's port* is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 24. In *Straloch's MS.* 1629, there is a different melody of the same name. Rory Dall was the cognomen of a succession of harpers attached to the family of Macleod of Skye. *Port* is the generic name for the national Celtic airs of the Highlands of Scotland. A large number of *ports* are believed to be still floating in the Western Highlands, unrecorded.

No. 85. Sensibility how charming. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 329. *Select Melodies*, 1822, iii. 36. The MS. is in the British Museum. After Burns relinquished Ellisland and before removing to Dumfries, he made an excursion to Edinburgh, on which occasion he paid a visit to Clarinda. The correspondence between them, which abruptly terminated in 1788 in consequence of his marriage, was resumed in 1791, and this watery song was written in return for some verses she sent to him. Copies were forwarded to Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Stewart of Afton. In the *Museum MS.* the song is directed to be sung to *Cornwallis lament for Colonel Moorhouse*, a poor composition of the professional type, written by a Malcolm Stewart. No ordinary human voice can reach all the notes in the tune. To account for the great compass of many of the Scottish melodies, it is necessary to know that the *falsetto* voice was much used among the peasantry.

## f. 'Chloris' (Jean Lorimer).

No. 86. From the white-blossom'd sloe. This fugitive fragment is said to have been published in a newspaper in the year 1800. It is in *Stewart's edition*, 1802; *Edinburgh edition*, 1877, iii. 205. The authorship has been disputed, but the holograph of Burns is in the possession of Mr. Walter Steven, Montrose. Early last century a second stanza was added, and William Shield composed an original air for the verses and published it as a sheet-song. The lines have been attributed to Charles Dibdin, but Hogarth very properly has not included them in Dibdin's Works. In a modern popular collection of songs, the stanza of Burns is stated to be by John O'Keefe.

No. 87. Wilt thou be my dearie? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 470, signed 'B.' Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 77. The MS. is in the British Museum. Written for Miss Janet Miller of Dalswinton, and referred to as follows in a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated March 3, 1794: 'Apropos, do you know the much-admired Highland air called *The sulor's dochtor*? It is a firstrate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you, set as I think it should be, and as it was sung with great applause in many fashionable groups by Major Robertson, of Lude, who was here with his corps.' Cunningham showed the song to Thomson, who admired it. Burns inquired if he intended it for publication, but the reply was apparently indefinite, and Burns sent a copy to Johnson for the *Museum*. A note in the MS. states that the song is to be set to the first part of the tune, entitled *The shoemaker's daughter*, in *Stewart's Reels*, 1763, 72; as *The suttor's daughter* in McEglashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 6; and in Cumming's *Strathspeys*, 1780, No. 10, as the *Dutchess of Buccleugh's Reell*.

No. 88. Why, why tell thy lover. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 251, entitled 'Fragment. Tune, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*.' This was sent to Thomson with the explanation: 'Such is the peculiarity of the rhythm of this air, that I find it impossible to make another stanza to suit it'; and so the song remained unfinished. Thomson replied that the lines would suit, but preferred bacchanalian verses which he thought fitted the pace and gait of the music. On the margin of the MS. Thomson wrote that he would take the song for some other air (which he never found), and inserted instead the verses of *Ye Banks and Braes* with the melody.

For the tune, see Song No. 125.

No. 89. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature? Currie, *Works*, iv. 181, entitled '*The lover's morning salute to his mistress*. Tune, *Deil tak the wars*'; Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1805, 157. The MS. is in Brechin Castle. Jean Lorimer is now an imposing figure in the canvass of Burns. The first draft of *Sleep'st thou* differs materially from that printed, showing that it was revised and polished. Burns hoped that Thomson would insert the song in his next volume. Thomson suggested English verses, but Burns replied: 'I could easily throw this into an English mould; but to my taste, in the simple and tender of the pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scottish has an inimitable effect.' He declined to alter what he had written, and Thomson was told that he could reject the song or place it as a secondary one, or set it to the air and put the old song second. The editor wished to insert in *Scotish Airs* the verses of *Deil tak the wars* from Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1698, but Burns fell foul of him for proposing that such rubbish (well-known in Scotland) should be selected for a Scottish collection.

The tune, variously named, is said to be in *Leyden's MS.*, 1690; it is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694; *Durfey's Pills*, 1719, i. 294, entitled *A Scotch Song*; *Oswald's Curious Scots Tunes*, 1740, 26; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743,

i. 7; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 117; Perth *Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 340; and *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 262.

No. 90. Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 32. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' This is the second set of the song *Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn Wood*, which had previously been published in Johnson's *Museum*, 1792, No. 301, and now fitted for his friend John Gillespie, who had fallen in love with Jean Lorimer, or the 'Chloris' of his songs. Burns explained to Thomson how it was penned, and was anxious that it should be published. He says: 'The lady on whom it was made is one of the finest women in Scotland, and in fact, is in a manner to me, what Sterne's Eliza was to him. . . . I assure you that to my lovely friend you are indebted for many of your best songs of mine. . . . The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon.'

Burns obtained the melody from 'the singing of a girl,' and communicated it to the *Museum* when he sent the first version. In the *Interleaved Museum* he made a note on the tune, which is an excellent specimen of the folk-melody of Scotland.

No. 91. Sae flaxen were her ringlets. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 447, signed 'B,' entitled '*She says she lo'es me best of a'*. An Irish air.' Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1805, 190. The MS. is in the British Museum. The song was sent to Thomson, September, 1794, in a letter: 'Do you know a blackguard Irish song, *Oonagh's waterfall*? The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse to expect that every effort of hers must have merit; still, I think it is better to have mediocre verses to a favourite air, than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the *Scots Musical Museum*, and . . . I intend the following song to the air I mentioned, for that work. If it does not suit you as an editor, you may be pleased to have verses to it, that you may sing it before ladies.'

The tune *Oonagh's waterfall* deserves the praise Burns gave it. It is still well known and popular in Ireland. The music is in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 447. I do not know where an earlier imprint can be found. Tom Moore copied the melody, and it is still reprinted as in the *Museum*. Mr. Glen states that it was introduced into Shield's ballad opera *Marian*, 1788.

No. 92. Can I cease to care? Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 227, entitled '*On Chloris being ill*. Tune, *Ay, waukin, O'*;' Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1801, 111, where it is mutilated by garbled verses and a modern set of the air which destroys its character. For the Notes, see No. 147.

No. 93. Their groves o' sweet myrtle. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 95. 'By Robert Burns. Air, *The humours of Glen*.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. Written in April, 1795. Currie was enthusiastic over the song, and predicted that it would be sung by emigrant Scots with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges, or the Mississippi, than on the Tay or the Tweed. His forecast is true, but not in the way intended; for it is equally neglected at home and abroad. Burns wrote to Thomson: 'The Irish air, *Humours of Glen*, is a great favourite of mine, and except the silly verses in the *Poor soldier*, there are not any decent verses for it.' *The poor soldier* is one of O'Keefe's successful operas written about the middle of the eighteenth century. The tune is in McLean's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1772, 31, and in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 567. A tradition in Ireland assigns the composition to one of the family of Power, about the middle of the eighteenth century, who owned an estate near Clonmel. *Glyn* or *Glen* is a small country village midway between Carrick and Clonmel.



No. 94. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 233. 'Tune, *Deil tak the wars*.' *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 157. The MS. is in the Thomson collection. Another of the English songs concerning which Burns wrote to Thomson that he took credit to himself for answering orders with the punctuality of a tailor making a suit of clothes. For the tune, see No. 89.

No. 95. Ah, Chloris, since it may not be. *Aldine edition*, 1839. 'Tune, *Major Graham*.' It may be assumed that this was written in 1794. It was originally printed from the poet's MS. For the tune, see No. 152.

No. 96. I see a form, I see a face. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 56. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *This is no my ain house*.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. The first sketch made in July, and finished in August, 1795. Burns remarked that the rhythm of the music puzzled him a good deal, and he thought that changing the first or chorus part would have a good effect.

The tune *This is no my ain house*, or *Abbeyhills rant*, is said to be in *Blaikie's MS.*, 1692; *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 32 with words; *Aird's Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 176, and *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, xi. 8. Verses are marked to be sung to the tune in Ramsay's *Miscellany*, 1725; and Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 190. Thomson is responsible for making considerable variations in the melody.

No. 97. O, bonie was yon rosy brier. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 242, entitled 'Scottish Song'; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801, 115. The MS. is in the Thomson collection. Written for Stephen Clarke, who proposed to set it to an original melody for publication in sheet form. The arrangement was not carried through, and Burns instructed Thomson to print his song with the tune *I wish my love were in a mire*. Thomson published it with quite a different melody. Of *I wish my love were in a mire*, *That I may pu' her out again*, Burns says in the *Interleaved Museum*: 'I never heard more of the old words of this old song than the title.' The music is said to be in *Crockett's MS.*, 1709; it is in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 5; to verses by 'namby-pamby' Phillips beginning 'Blest as the immortal Gods'; Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 31; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 15; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. 9; Bremner's *Scots Songs* (second series), 1757, 7; and *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 41.

No. 98. O, wat ye wha that lo'es me. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 67. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Morag*.' The precise date when it was written has not been ascertained, but probably in the autumn of 1795, for in January, 1796, in forwarding a copy to Robert Cleghorn, Burns apologizes for not sending it sooner, and excuses himself for the omission. He had lost a young and darling daughter, and immediately after, was attacked by rheumatic fever which kept him many weeks in bed. Cleghorn had previously met Jean Lorimer at Burns's house, and was interested in the poet's model.

The song is marked for the tune *Morag*, as Burns did not consider that his *Young Highland rover* fitted that melody. See Song No. 292.

No. 99. There's nane shall ken. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 458. The MS. in the British Museum contains the following holograph note: 'This tune is evidently the old air, *We'll gang nae mair to yon town*, and I suspect it is not the best set of the air, but in Bowie's and other collections the old tune is to be found, and you can correct this by these copies.' Burns was always at his best in the songs for the *Museum*. He worked in his natural element unfettered, and was never gruelled in the compulsory use of English to satisfy an editor who wished to suppress the Scottish vernacular. The airy freedom of this little lyric may be compared with the laboured verses

of No. 106 for the same tune, written for Thomson. The old song, as quoted by Stenhouse, began:—

‘I’ll gang nae mair to yon town,  
O, never a’ my life again;  
I’ll ne’er gae back to yon town  
To seek anither wife again.’

The tune *I’ll gae nae mair to your [yon] town* is in Bremner’s *Scots Reels*, 1757, i. 6; in Campbell’s *Reels*, 1778, 17; and Aird’s *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 35; and in Bowie’s *Reels*, 1789, to which Burns referred the printer of the *Museum*.

No. 100. Behold, my love, how green the groves. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 188. Thomson’s *Scottish Airs*, 1818, 201. The MS. is in the Thomson collection. The original version began ‘My Chloris, mark how green the groves,’ but was altered to that in our text. The first copy was transmitted to Thomson in November, 1794, in a letter stating that Chloris suggested the verses. Burns had previously disapproved of a song chosen by Thomson for the tune *My lodging is on the cold ground*, and *Behold my love* was written for it. The popular melody of the name—of either English or Irish origin—was first printed in *Vocal Music*, London, 1775, 18, and very soon afterwards became popular in Scotland. It ejected an earlier tune which had held its ground for more than a century. The original (that copied in our text) composed by Matthew Lock, is the finer melody of the two. Nell Gwyn, in the play of *All Mistaken*, 1672, sang it to a parody satirizing Moll Davis her rival, who was short and fat, thus:—

‘My lodging is on the cold boards  
And wonderful hard is my fare;  
But that which troubles me most is  
The fatness of my dear,’ &c.

The tune known by the titles *On the cold ground*, or *I prithee love, turn to me*, is in the *Dancing Master*, 1665; *Musick’s Delight*, 1666; and *Apollo’s Banquet*, 1669.

No. 101. ‘Twas na her bonie blue e’e was my ruin. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 229. ‘Tune, *Laddie lie near me*.’ The MS. is in the Thomson collection. In a letter to Thomson, dated September, 1793, Burns explains his manner of writing songs and choice of melodies. ‘*Laddie lie near me*, must lie by me for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is), I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for subjects in nature around me that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and then commit my effusion to paper; swinging at intervals on the hindlegs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously, this at home is almost invariably my way.’ In April, 1795, ‘*Twas na her bonie blue e’e was*’ was completed, but in the following May he suppressed it as unworthy of his pen. A black-letter English ballad of the seventeenth century to a ‘northern tune’ is entitled *The longing shepherdess*, or *Lady lie near me*. Ritson discovered a Northumberland ballad which begins:—

‘Down in yon valley, soft shaded by mountains  
Heard I a lad an’ lass making acquaintance;  
Making acquaintance and singing so clearly,  
Lang hae I lain my lane, laddie lie near me.’

The English melody in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, copied into Chappell's *Popular Music*, 185, is not the same as that in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 218. The Scottish tune is also in MacGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 116; and *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1760, xii. 5. See Tune and Notes, No. 142.

No. 102. O, poortith cauld and restless love. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 49. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' and in honour of Jean Lorimer, who eloped with a young Cumberland farmer, named Whelpdale, and made a hasty marriage, which she had leisure to repent. After an experience of three weeks, she returned to her father's house. Her husband retired before his creditors, and left the country. The song was sent to Thomson in January, 1793, with a request to set it to the tune *Cauld kail*, but the editor neglected the instruction. In April, Burns revised the song as in the text, and agreed to change the tune, but he had a very poor opinion of the verses, and told Thomson that 'The stuff won't bear mending, yet for private reasons I should like to see them in print.' *Cauld kail* had always been associated with rollicking humorous songs, but Burns treated the air as a slow measure.

Among the *Cauld kail* songs, that not the best perhaps, but the most respectable, written by the Duke of Gordon, the friend of Burns, is on dancing—the engrossing recreation of the Scots. A stanza may be quoted:—

'In cotillions the French excel;  
John Bull, in contra-dances,  
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well,  
Mynheer in All'mande prances;  
In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
The threesome maist dance wondrous light;  
But twasome ding a' out o' sight  
Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.'

*Gie the lass her fairin, lad*, is a song for the tune in the *Merry Muses*. One of the earliest of the kind is that in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 314, written on the first Earl of Aberdeen, an octogenarian widower, who died in 1720. It begins:—

'Cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Strathbogie;  
But yet I fear they'll cook o'er soon,  
And never warm the cogie.  
The lassies about Bogie gicht,  
Their limbs they are sae clean and tight,  
That if they were but guided right  
They'll dance the reel o' Bogie.'

I do not know where an earlier copy of the tune is to be seen than in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 162. It is in Dale's *Scotch Songs*, 1794, ii. 61. A song is in a collection of fugitive poetry in the *Advocate's Library*, which belonged to James Anderson, the eminent antiquary, who died in 1728. It begins:—

'The cald kail of Aberdeen,  
Is warming at Strathbogie;  
I fear 'twill tine the heat o'er sune,  
And ne'er fill up the cogie.'

(Maidment, *Songs*, 1859, 20.)

This is precisely the rhythm of the tune, for which see No. 225, incorrectly marked 228 in text.

No. 103. Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 192. Tune, *Rothemurche's rant*. *Scotish Airs*, 1801, 121. A MS. is in the Thomson collection. One of the pastoral lyrics which has helped to make Burns famous. It was written for an instrumental air of much beauty, although

in this, as in many other cases, Burns failed to win for it the approval of his *dilettante* editor. A fragment was sent to Thomson in a letter about September, 1794. The poet had gauged Thomson's taste in verses and airs, and it was necessary to anticipate an unfavourable reception for *Lassie wi' the lint-white locks*, so he says: 'I am sensible that my taste in music must be inelegant and vulgar, because people of undisputed and cultivated taste can find no merit in many of my favourite tunes. Still, because I am cheaply pleased, is that any reason why I should deny myself that pleasure? Many of our strathspeys, ancient and modern, give me exquisite enjoyment, where you and other judges would probably be showing signs of disgust. For instance, I am just now making verses to *Rothiemurche's Rant*, an air which puts me into raptures; and in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune, I never can make verses to it. . . . *Rothiemurche*, Clarke says, is an air both original and beautiful; and on his recommendation, I have taken the first part of the tune for a chorus, and the fourth or last part for the song.' In November he completed the song, and describes it to Thomson: 'This piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral; the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded. If you like it, well; if not, I will insert it in the *Museum*.' He returns to the subject of the tune before closing the letter, as he would not trust the editor to arrange it, and says: 'On second thoughts, I send you Clarke's singing set of *Rothiemurche*, which please return me in your first letter: I know it will not suit you.' Thomson did print it, but copied the tune badly. The tune in the text comprises the first and fourth sections of *Rothiemurche's Rant* from Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, 42, according to the direction of Burns. It is all that Burns describes it. The music is also in McGlashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 17.

**No. 104.** Come, let me take thee to my breast. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 93. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns' Another song on 'Chloris,' sent in a letter to Thomson in August, 1793, with the following remark: 'That tune, *Could Kail*, is such a favourite of yours that I once more roved out yester evening for a gloaming shot at the muses; when the muse that presides o'er the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspiring dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following,' &c. The last stanza is modelled on his early song *Peggy Alison*. (See No. 54.) Burns said he would have a song to celebrate the lady of the rejected *Poortith cauld and restless love*. This second attempt to fit *Could Kail* did not satisfy Thomson any more than the first, and he printed it to the Irish air *Ally Croker*, much run on at public concerts about the end of the eighteenth century. The song is here for the first time directed to its proper tune, for which see Nos. 102 and 225.

**No. 105.** Forlorn my love, no comfort near. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 246, entitled *English Song*. Tune, *Let me in this ae night*. The MS. is in the Thomson collection, and was introduced to Thomson as follows: 'I have written it within this hour; so much for the speed of my Pegasus; but what say you to his bottom?' The third stanza was unfavourably criticized; Burns admitted the objection, and rewrote it as in the text. For the tune, see No. 159, under the title *Will ye lend me your loom, lass?*

**No. 106.** Now haply down yon gay green shaw. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 458 (second song) signed 'B,' for the tune, *I'll gae nae mair to yon town*. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 53. MS. in the Thomson collection. A specimen verse of this song, which the poet styled 'doggrell' and suppressed later on, was sent to Thomson in order to try the tune. The following is an extract from a letter dated Ecclefechan, February 7, 1795: 'I came yesternight to this unfortunate, wicked little village. I have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress; I have tried to "gae back the gate I cam again," but the same obstacle has shut me up within



insuperable bars. To add to my misfortune, since dinner, a scraper has been torturing cat-gut . . . and thinks himself, on that very account, exceeding good company. In fact, I have been in a dilemma, either to get drunk, to forget these miseries, or to hang myself, to get rid of them; like a prudent man (a character congenial to my every thought, word, and deed), I, of two evils, have chosen the least, and am very drunk at your service! . . . Do you know an air *We'll gang nae mair to yon town?* I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair Dame in my eye to whom I would consecrate it.' After writing the stanza of 'doggrell' he went to bed, and Thomson affirms that the handwriting of the poet shows that he had chosen the lesser of the two evils. In April the song was finished, and a month afterward a copy was sent to Syme, with 'Jeanie' changed to 'Lucy' to fit Mrs. Oswald, of Auchencruive, whom he wished to conciliate for a stinging epigram he had previously written on her.

For the tune, see Song No. 99, entitled in Bremner's *Reels*, *I'll gae nae mair to your town*.

No. 107. It was the charming month of May. *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 69. Written as an English song for Thomson. Burns writes, November, 1794: 'Despairing of my own powers to give you variety enough in English songs, I have been turning over old collections, to pick out songs of which the measure is somewhat similar to what I want; and with a little alteration, so as to suit the rhythm of the air exactly, to give them for your work. Where the songs have hitherto been but little noticed, nor have ever been set to music, I think the shift a fair one. A song which, under the same first verse of the first stanza, you will find in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* and elsewhere, I have cut down for an English dress to your *Dainty Davie*. You may think meanly of this, but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it.' Burns does not underrate the quality of the original song of six stanzas in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725, marked to be sung to *The happy clown*, but he has not improved it much.

For the tune *Dainty Davie*, see Song No. 308.

No. 108. Let not woman e'er complain. *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 48. Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Duncan Gray*. The MS. is in Brechin Castle. Written to meet Thomson's demand for English verses. It is one of the number which Thomson approved—he inserted it in his next volume—but it is devoid of the warm colour of the poet's Scottish songs. Burns pathetically wrote: 'These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish. I have been at *Duncan Gray* to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid.'—Letter, October, 1794. The opinion of Burns on this song need not be disturbed.

For *Duncan Gray*, see Nos. 173 and 179.

No. 109. Where are the joys I hae met in the morning. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 121. Tune, *Saw ye my father?* Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801, 102. MS. in the Brechin collection. Sent to Thomson in September, 1793, with this note: '*Saw ye my father?* is one of my greatest favourites. The evening before last I wandered out, and began a tender song in what I think is its native style. I must premise, that the old way, and the way to give most effect, is to have no starting note, as the fiddlers call it, but to burst at once into the pathos. Every country girl sings *Saw ye my father?*' Thomson disputed Burns's reading of the air, and thought it should open on an unaccented note. The poet deferred to the editor's opinion, but he was right.

The early song which Burns said delighted him with its descriptive simple pathos is four stanzas in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 324, as follows:—

- 'O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,  
Or saw ye my true love, John?  
I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
But I saw your true love, John.
- 'Up Johnnie rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tirl'd the pin;  
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,  
And she open'd and let him in.
- 'Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,  
And craw whan it is day;  
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,  
And your wings of the silver grey.
- 'The cock prov'd false, and untrne he was,  
For he crew an hour o'er soon;  
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon.'

The origin of this beautiful song has been disputed by Chappell (*Popular Music*, p. 731), who claimed that the original publication of five stanzas is in *Vocal Music, or the Songster's Companion*, London, 1772, ii. 36. He stated that a Scottified version was reprinted by Herd in 1776, but I have shown that the song was printed in Herd's first edition of 1769. The third stanza in *Vocal Music*, as follows, can be compared with the above second stanza :—

- 'Then John he up arose, and to the door he goes,  
And he twirled, he twirled at the pin;  
The lassie took the hint, and to the door she went,  
And she let her true love in.'

The English copyist discloses his ignorance of the Scots language in the second line, where the lover *tirls* the wooden latch or *pin* of the door to arrest his sweetheart's attention. *Twirling* is not *tirling* at all, which in this case is a tremulous vibration of sound like the clicks of an electric instrument transmitting a message. The song in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 208, is extended to seven stanzas and not improved. Pinkerton printed this version in *Select Ballads*, 1783, 154. Lastly a spurious, so-called traditional, version in Cromeek's *Nithsdale Song*, 1810, 74, is probably the work of Allan Cunningham.

The music of the song as in our text is in Stewart's *Scots Songs*, 1772, 14, with the original verses of 1769. In the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 76, with the seven stanzas of 1776; and in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 25.



## II. LOVE : GENERAL.

No. 110. My Sandy gied to me a ring. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 204, entitled *I love my love in secret*. This song is a near copy with alterations of one in Herd's MS. In Law's MS. *List for the Museum*, Burns wrote: 'Mr. Burns's old words.' In Scotland it was customary for lovers who were to be temporarily separated, to break a silver coin at time of parting, each keeping a piece as a pledge to be faithful during absence. The custom is described in *Logie o' Buchan*:—

- 'He had but a saxpence, he brak it in twa  
And gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.'



The oldest form of the well-known tune *Logie o' Buchan* is derived from *I love my love in secret*, which is in *Guthrie's MS.*, according to Daune; in Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; in *Sinkler's MS.*, Glasgow, 1710; in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 4; in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. 26; and other collections.

No. 111. *There's nought but care on ev'ry han'*. Of this song all but the last stanza is in the *Commonplace Book*, under the date Aug., 1784. In its complete form it was published in the *Edinburgh edition*, 1787, 325, and with the tune in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 77, as the earliest song of Burns printed with music. In a passage in the *Commonplace Book*, p. 20, Burns divides young men into two classes—the grave and the merry; and in a later reference to the subject, instead of stating to which class he himself belongs, he quotes the fragment of *Green grow the rushes*, so that the reader may determine the matter himself. The song is so free and spontaneous in its rhythm and cadence, as to require no music to interpret it. It is as popular now as when first given to the public; not even a century has diminished its lustre. The earlier rustic song which Burns knew, and had in his mind when he wrote his own poem, cannot be printed entire. It is a humorous satire on manners, one stanza running thus:—

‘We’re a’ dry wi’ drinkin o’t,  
We’re a’ dry wi’ drinkin o’t,  
The minister kissed the fiddler’s wife,  
And could na preach for thinkin o’t.’

Two highly-flavoured songs for the tune are in the *Merry Muses*. In 1794 Thomson proposed to set the verses to the tune *Cauld Kail*, but Burns objected, saying that as the old song was current in Scotland under the old title, and to the merry old tune of that name, the introduction of his verses with a new tune would mar its celebrity. *Cou thou me the raschyes green* is named in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, c. 1549. A tune with this title, which is in a MS. in the British Museum, is quite a different melody from that in the text; but the germ of the present air is in *Straloch's MS.*, 1627, entitled *A dance: Green grow the rushes*. It was known later as *I kist her while she blusht*, evidently from the first line or refrain of forgotten verses. In *Bremner's Reels*, 1759, 64, it is named *The Grant's Rant*. Its earliest appearance in print is in *Oswald's Curious Collection Scots Tunes*, 1740, p. 42. It is in *Oswald's Companion*, 1743, i. 18; *Stewart's Reels*, 1761, 13, and many other tune-books of the end of the eighteenth century.

No. 112. *O, whar gat ye that hauer-meal bannock?* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 99, entitled *Bonie Dundee*, with the tune of the same name. Cromeek's *Scotish Songs*, 1810, ii. 202; Lawrie's *Scottish Songs*, 1791, ii. 91. Early in 1787, the Earl of Buchan sent a complimentary letter to Burns, who carried it in his pocket for some time, and ultimately used the dingy blank leaf at one of the meetings of the Crochallan Club to pencil the opening lines of *Bonie Dundee*, which his friend Robert Cleghorn had just sung. A short time afterwards he sent to the latter the verses in the text. Stenhouse says that the first four lines are old; while, according to Scott-Douglas, the first eight lines are in the original song. Neither statement is correct; for only the first two lines of the song are in the original broadside (in the Pepys and other collections), reprinted in *Wit and Mirth*, London, 1703, as follows:—

‘Where gott'st thou the Haver-meal bonack?  
Blind Booby, can'st thou not see;  
I'se got it out of the Scotch-man's wallet,  
As he lig lousing him under a tree.

'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle my horse, and call up my man;  
Come open the gates, and let me go free,  
And I'se gang no more to bonny Dundee.'

The title is *Bonny Dundee*; or, *Jockey's Deliverance*, &c., in *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, 275. It describes, in ten stanzas, the intrigue of a licentious trooper with a parson's daughter. This song was very popular in England, and was often reprinted. It is named in *A second tale of a tub*, published in 1715, as one which the Blue bonnets sang in London. A fragmentary stanza in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1769, 311, is evidently a purified remnant of the song. Sir Walter Scott adopted the chorus in *Up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee*.

The tune is in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630, entitled *Adeu Dundee*, here reprinted. It is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, published in 1688, and afterwards, with the words, in Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, v. 17. The music, as a dance tune, is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 4, and in many other instrumental collections.

The simplicity of the melody is considerably obscured in all the printed copies. Durfey corrupted it with unmeaning flourishes; it was partly restored in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, but still a good deal removed from the plain smoothness of the original. Copies are also in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 22, and in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 36.

There are two songs in the *Merry Muses* for the tune; and Cromek, *Scottish Songs* 1810, ii. 207, gives the following as the stanza of an old song :—

'Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
Ye slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.'

No. 113. Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 113, signed 'B,' entitled *Birks of Aberfeldy*. This is the earliest of the series of songs due to the first tour in the Highlands in company with William Nicol, of the High School of Edinburgh. On August 30, 1787, Burns arrived at Aberfeldy, and wrote in his copy of the *Museum*, that this song was composed 'standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at or near Moness.' It is justly esteemed one of the most popular songs in Scotland. The original was known as *The Birks of Abergeldie*, two stanzas of which are inserted in the *Museum*, immediately following Burns's verses. The old fragment was copied from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 221, and begins thus :—

'Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonny lassie, will ye go to the Birks o' Abergeldie?  
Ye shall get a gown of silk, a gown of silk, a gown of silk,  
Ye shall get a gown of silk, and coat of calimancoe.'

In his *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1859, 59, Maidment reprinted verses from an original broadside of the beginning of the eighteenth century, but he considered Herd's fragment older. The Maidment ballad is written throughout in English.

The sustained popularity of the song is due in a great measure to its melody. In the 1690 edition of Playford's *Dancing Master* the tune is entitled *A Scotch Ayre*; as *Abergeldie* it is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694; in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, as *Birks of Ebergeldie*. It is also in *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; in *Bremner's Reels*, 1758, 35; *Stewart's Reels*, 1761, 3; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 16, and others. Abergeldy, near Balmoral, is now a royal demesne.

No. 114. As I gaed down the water-side. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 264. The MS. is in the British Museum, with the opening bars of the tune, and a note that Clarke has it (R. B.). 'This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that ever either air or words were in print

before' (*Interleaved Museum*). 'Mr. Burns's old words' (Law's *MS. List*). Neither Cromek nor Scott-Douglas correctly stated how much of the song Burns wrote and amended. The last two stanzas are Burns's, and the first two are made out of the original first stanza. 'I am flattered at your adopting *Ca' the yowes*, as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunyie, who sang it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you' (*Letter to Thomson*, September, 1794). See Song No. 118. Tibby Pagan, an eccentric woman, who sold whisky without a licence, and dispensed a fund of bold humour to her customers, is said to have been the author, but there is no authority for the statement. A collection of her songs and poems was printed in Glasgow about 1805, but *Ca' the yowes* is not in the volume. Burns deserves to be remembered with gratitude, if for nothing else, as being the discoverer of the melodic gem of this pastoral. There is no second part, and the verse and chorus are sung to the same music.

No. 115. On a bank of flowers in a summer day. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 223. 'Mr. Burns's words.' (Law's *MS. List*; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 88). The original verses are English, copied into the last volume of *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, c. 1740. The author, Mr. Theobald, was a large contributor to the song-books of his day. For the sake of the melody popular in Scotland, Burns recast the original licentious verses, making a new song of them.

The tune *The bashful lover* is English, the composition of John Galliard, by birth a German, who came to London in early life and remained there. He was the composer of numerous good airs. The music is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1728, entitled *The bashful swain*; with Theobald's verses in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, i. 30; in the Perth *Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 83; and in *Calliope*, 1788, 254.

No. 116. When rosy May comes in wi' flowers. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 220, signed 'Z,' entitled *The Gardener wi' his paille*; Law's *MS. List*: 'Mr. B.'s old words'; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 69. The MS. is in the British Museum. 'This air is the *Gardener's March*. The title of the song only is old; the rest is mine' (*Interleaved Museum*). The old song referred to is not known. To accommodate George Thomson, who wished a copy for his collection, Burns altered the fourth line in each stanza, and added a chorus to fit the verses for the tune *Dainty Davie* (see Song No. 135).

The tune *The Gardener's March*, appropriated by the guild of gardeners, is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 177, as stated by Burns on his MS. I doubt whether it is an authentic Scottish melody, and whether it is much older than its appearance in Aird's volume.

No. 117. If thou should ask my love. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 229, entitled *Famie, come try me*. In Law's *MS. List*: 'Mr. Burns's old words.' Written from a single line or title of an old song to resuscitate James Oswald's melody, printed in *Curious Scots Tunes*, 1742, ii. 26; and the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. 34. The tune is interesting, but its compass is too great for ordinary voices.

No. 118. Hark the Mavis' e'ening sang. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 160. *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 166. The MS. is at Brechin Castle. This second version of *Ca' the ewes* was sent to Thomson in September, 1794, with a note: 'In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve.' Burns was aware of its inferiority to the original.

Thomson divorced it from its proper melody, and set it to *The maid that*

tends the goats. For the tune, see No. 114. The Clouden is a small tributary of the Nith near Dumfries.

No. 119. When the drums do beat. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 233, entitled *The Captain's lady*. I have definitely identified Burns with this song in the musical MS. made up for the engraver of the *Museum*. The poet entitled the tune *Mount my baggage*, then drew his pen through the words and wrote above them *The Captain's lady*, as printed in the *Museum* (Gray's *Museum Lists*). In Law's *MS. List*, Burns wrote: 'Mr. Burns's old words.' The following stanza is from an English song of the seventeenth century:—

'I will away, and I will not tarry,  
I will away and be a Captain's lady.  
A Captain's lady is a dame of honour—  
She has her maid ay to wait upon her,  
To wait upon her, and get all things ready,  
I will away and be a Captain's lady.'

Burns's first title is that of a ballad in the *Dalmeny Collection*, quoted in the *Centenary Burns* as *The Liggat lady, or the laddie's love to a soldier*, to the tune of *Mount the baggage*. This most prosaic production is apparently the original of Burns's verses.

The tune with the title *Mount my baggage* is in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1755, vii. 26, and in *Bremner's Reels*, 1768, 109; as the *Cadie laddie*, it is in *Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances*; and as *Mount your baggage* in *Aird's Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 74. A song *Ramillies*, attributed to one of the Sempills of Belbrees, does not fit the tune. The first stanza and chorus reads thus:—

'My daddie marrie't me too young  
To an auld man baith deaf and dumb;  
He laid beside me like a rung,  
He wadna turn unto his lassie.  
Och! laddie munt and go,  
Dear sailor, hoise and go;  
Och! laddie, munt and go,  
Go, and I'se go with thee, laddie.'

(Sempill's *Poems*, 1849, xcv.)

No. 120. Young Jockey was the blythest lad. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 287, signed 'Z'; Cromeek's *Reliques*, 1808, 438. Hitherto this song has been accepted on the sole authority of Stenhouse, who stated that the whole of it, with the exception of three or four lines, was written by Burns. I have before me now the MS. music of the tune, and the words which Johnson proposed to insert in the *Museum*, entitled *The devoted maid*, by Dr. Blacklock, beginning 'My virgin heart when Jockey woo'd.' Tune, *Jockey was the blythest lad in a' our town*. The MS. was sent to Burns for his approval. He returned it with a note in the margin, in his own handwriting, 'Take Mr. Burns's old words,' so accordingly the song was changed, and his verses with the title were printed. In Law's *MS. List* he wrote: 'Mr. Burns's old words.' The Jockies and Jennys of the English parodies of Scots Songs are as common as blackberries in autumn. In *The Goldfinch*, 1771, is a song beginning 'Young Jockey was the blithest lad,' but it has little resemblance to Burns's song.

The tune is entitled *Jockie the blithest* in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 36. It has the gait of an English melody. A different tune with the title *Jockey was the blithest lad* is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694. In the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1755, vii. 8, there is a corrupted form of the melody.

No. 121. Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon. This is the first of three versions of the *Banks o' Doon*. Originally published in the *Edinburgh edition*, 1877, ii. 331. There is not much verbal difference between this and the



next version sent to John Ballantine. The following is an extract from a letter, dated March 11, 1791, to Alexander Cunningham, enclosing a copy of the song: 'I have this evening sketched out a song which I had a great mind to send you, though I foresee that it will cost you another groat of postage. . . . My song is intended to sing to a strathspey, or reel, of which I am very fond, called in Cumming's Collection of Strathspeys *Ballendalloch's Reel*, and in other collections that I have met with, it is known by the name of *Cambdelmore*. It takes three stanzas of four lines each to go through the whole tune. I shall give the song to Johnson for the fourth volume of his publication of Scots Songs which he has just now in hand.' This quotation disposes of the theory of Robert Chambers that *The banks o' Doon* was written in 1787 for Peggy Kennedy, the unfortunate lady referred to in the note on Song No. 15.

The recovery of the letter to Cunningham reveals the fact that the song was written for a particular tune practically unknown. Neither the words nor the music is in Johnson's *Museum*, and both are here printed together for the first time. It is entitled *Cambdelmore* in Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, 92; and in Stewart's *Reels*, 1763, 55, as *Ballendalloch*; as *Ballendalloch's Reel* in Cumming's *Strathspeys*, 1780, 7; and *Gordon Castle* in M<sup>c</sup>Glashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 26.

No. 122. *Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon*. Cromeck's *Reliques*, 1808, 17. The second version of the song, which was enclosed in an undated letter addressed to John Ballantine, Ayr. The following is an extract: 'While here I sit, sad and solitary, by the side of a fire in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes, in pops a poor fellow of a sodger, and tells me he is going to Ayr. By Heavens! say I to myself, with a tide of good spirits which the magic of that sound, *Auld toon o' Ayr*, conjured up, I will send my last song to Mr. Ballantine.' The poet at this time was most likely on one of his excise expeditions. *Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon* is a distinct improvement on the first version, and Cromeck's opinion of it in comparison with the third or popular set has been endorsed by all subsequent commentators. The redundant feet in the second and fourth lines of the popular stanza can easily be spared, and as a poem this short metre version is superb compared with it, although it is now hopeless to expect that the popular version will be displaced.

No. 123. *Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon*. In *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 374, signed 'B,' entitled *The banks o' Doon*. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 43. 'The MS. is in the British Museum. 'Mr. B.'s old words' (Law's *MS. List*). Two bathetic stanzas, written by a music publisher, were added to the song, and printed in the *Pocket Encyclopedia*, Glasgow, 1816, i. 29. Why this, the popular version, was written in a different measure from the other two, has never been accurately ascertained. It is probably true that Burns altered the song against his will, but nowhere does he say so. It is quite certain that he approved the air now so popular (although it may be remarked in passing that the pen is drawn through the title *Caledonian Hunt's Delight* in the MS. in the British Museum), for in a letter to George Thomson in November, 1794, he recommended it for insertion in *Scottish Airs* at the cost of excluding another song to make room for it. He relates the story of the tune being composed 'a good many years ago' by an amateur playing on the black keys of the harpsichord. A copy was given to Gow, who entitled it *The Caledonian Hunt's delight*, and printed it for the first time in his second collection of *Strathspey Reels*, 1788, that is six years before Burns related its history to Thomson, and four years before it was printed with the verses in the *Scots Musical Museum*. In 1789, Burns wrote *There was on a Time* (Song No. 258) for the same tune.

The origin of the air has been called in question, and its nationality disputed. The late William Chappell asserted that the amateur effected nothing more than the alteration of a note here and there of a melody which previously

existed. On the difficulty of ascertaining the birth of tunes, Burns has a note in the same letter to Thomson as previously quoted : ' Now to shew you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air ; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman, who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women ; while on the other hand, a lady of fashion, no less than a countess, informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth, respecting our poesy and music ! I myself have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them.'

The editor of Graham's *Songs of Scotland* states that he saw a street song, entitled *List, list, to my story*, with the water-mark of the year 1801 on the paper, on which the tune, the same as *The banks o' Doon*, was stated to be an Irish air. The *Popular Music of the Olden Time* of William Chappell is a monument of industry and research. He had as keen an eye for a date, as a cross-examining barrister, and although he often complains about their absence on musical works, it is a curious fact, that his *Popular Music* bears no date of publication either on the title-page or elsewhere. He contested the Scottish origin of the *Banks o' Doon*, because it was in Dale's *Collection of English Songs*. In this case his claim breaks down, because this collection was issued in 1794, and subsequent to the same publisher's *Scotch Songs* of that year. Without any evidence he accuses Stephen Clarke of inventing the story related by Burns, and of making the tune himself from Dale's English tune, *Lost, lost is my quiet*, without the intervention of any amateur to fit it for the *Scots Musical Museum*. As previously stated, the air was first printed in 1788, six years before it was copied into the *Museum*, and this date fits the story Burns related to Thomson, in 1794, of the air having been made 'a good many years ago.' Whether it be a Scots, an English, or an Irish air need not be further discussed ; it has been preserved for more than a century entirely through Burns's song, first printed with the music in *Museum*, 1792. In Aird's *Airs*, 1794, iv. No. 132, *Irish* is affixed to the tune, entitled *Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, so that it appears there was a popular belief that the melody was Irish.

No. 124. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay. This, known as *Address to the woodlark*, is in Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 26. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. This and twelve other songs were sent to Thomson between April and August, 1795. They are evidence of the poet's remarkable mental activity although in bad health, and engaged in daily hard physical work. The first sketch of the song was copied by Scott-Douglas from a pencil MS. in the poet's handwriting. It is entitled *Song.—Composed on hearing a bird sing while musing on Chloris* :—

'Sing on, sweet songster o' the brier,  
Nae stealthy traitor-foot is near,  
O sooth a hapless lover's ear,  
And dear as life I'll prize thee.

'Again, again that tender part,  
That I may learn thy melting art,  
For surely that would touch the heart,  
O' her that still denies me.

'O, was thy mistress, too, unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
For nocht but Love and Sorrow join'd  
Sic notes of woe could wauken.'



Burns agreed with Thomson that the rhythm of *Loch Eroch side* suited the song, and on this general agreement it was printed with that tune in *Scotish Airs*. But the proper melody is *Whare shall our gudeman lie?* or *Where'll bonie Annie lie?* as marked on the copy of the verses sent to Thomson. For tune, see No. 10.

No. 125. O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 336, signed 'X,' entitled *Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab*. The MS. is in the British Museum. An old song rewritten and purified for insertion in the *Museum*. 'The old song with this title has more wit than decency' (*Interleaved Museum*). The fragment in the *Herd MS.* is as follows:—

'O, saw ye Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab the day?  
O, saw ye Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab the day?  
She's down in the yaird  
She's kissing the laird  
She winna cum hame the day, the day.  
'O, see to Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab as she goes,  
See to Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab as she goes,  
With her corked heel shoon  
And her cockets aboon;  
O, see to Eppie M<sup>c</sup>Nab as she goes.'

In the *Merry Muses* is a 'revised' song for the tune, in which occurs:—

'Her kittle black een they wad thirl ye thro';  
Her rosebud lips cry, Kiss me just now,' &c.

The tune is in *Curious Scots Tunes*, 1742, 46; the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. 18; Bremner's *Reels*, 1768, 111; and a bad copy in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 163. From its construction it is much older than the earliest date named.

No. 126. By love and by beauty. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 281, entitled *Eppie Adair*. The MS. is in the British Museum among the Burns papers, and he there directs that the chorus should be sung to the first part of the tune, and the verse must be repeated to take up the second part.

The air is a very fine specimen of Scottish music in the minor mode; but has probably been evolved into a double tune. The music in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, xi. 19, is entitled *My Appie*.

No. 127. O, love will venture in. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 373, signed 'B,' entitled *The posie*. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 36, 'By Robert Burns.' MS. is in the British Museum. This song is not only chaste and beautiful, but is set to one of the best-constructed and most artistic melodies in the Scottish collections of the eighteenth century, yet it is entirely neglected, and is scarcely known. The lines were suggested to Burns on hearing his wife sing a street ballad *There was a pretty May*, which Cromek has printed in *Reliques*, 1808, 215, but neither the Note nor the verses are in the *Interleaved Museum*. The substance of the Note is in an undated letter to Thomson about October, 1794. From this commonplace thing Burns wrote *The posie*, which mechanical critics say offends the unity of time, because the flowers named in the song do not bloom in the same season. The subject is a very old one in English poesy. Burns's song may be compared with *A nosegaie alwaies sweet*, of fifteen stanzas, in the unique volume, *A Handefull of pleasant Delites*. At London, 1584.' The last two stanzas are:—

'*Cowsloppes* is for Counsell, for secrets vs between,  
That none but you and I alone should know the thing we meane;  
And if you wil thus wisely do as I think to be best,  
Then have you surely won the field, and set my heart at rest.

'I pray you keep this Nosegay wel, and set by it some store :  
And thus farewel, the Gods thee guide, both now and evermore.  
Not as the common sort do vse, to set it in your brest :  
That when the smel is gone away, on ground he takes his rest.'

The tune is an adaptation of *Roslin Castle* (see Song No. 313). Whether *The Posie* or *Roslin Castle* be the original cannot now be ascertained: the former is the simpler of the two.

No. 128. Let loove sparkle in her e'e. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 381, entitled *Jocky fou and Jenny fain*. The MS. is in the British Museum. Burns added four lines to complete a stanza to *Jocky fou and Jenny fain*, taken from Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725, and also made verbal alterations in the rest. He wrote on the MS. for the *Museum*: 'These are the old words, and most excellent words they are. Set the music to them' (R. B.). The first four lines, not written by Burns, are within brackets. The tune is in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 25.

No. 129. How cruel are the parents. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 51. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Thomson wanted English verses for *John Anderson my jo*, and he got them on May 9, 1795, such as they are. At the head of the MS. is written, 'Song altered from an old English one,' which is said to be in *The Hive*, 1733, but it is not in the earlier edition, 1725-7. The verses are in *Muse's Delight*, 1754, 293, and Burns has adhered to the sentiment of them. In Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, 1737, ii. 68, the daughters take the business into their own hands, as follows:—

'When parents obstinate and cruel prove,  
And force us to a man we cannot love;  
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid elves  
And wisely get us husbands for ourselves.'

This they sing to the music of Henry Carey. For the air of Burns's verses, see No. 212.

No. 130. The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 387, signed 'B,' entitled *Bonnie Bell*. A MS. of this joyous song, by an amanuensis, is in the British Museum among the Burns papers. Burns does not refer to it in any way, and the only confirmatory evidence, which is quite good, is the initial at the end of the song in Johnson's *Museum*. Stenhouse says: 'This is another production of Burns, who also communicated the tune to which the words are set in the *Museum*.' (*Illustrations*, p. 355.) I have not found any earlier copy of the tune.

No. 131. Where Cart rins rowin to the sea. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 389, signed 'R,' entitled *The gallant weaver*. 'Mr. B.'s old words' (Law's *MS. List*). Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 39. The MS. is in the British Museum. The Cart, a stream of moderate pretensions, is known chiefly as furnishing a river to the ancient burgh of Paisley in Renfrewshire. The city of weavers is reported to have given birth to more poets than any town in Scotland. 'The chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine. Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work [*Scots Musical Museum*]. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent' (*Interleaved Museum*).

The tune is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 174, entitled *Weaver's March*, or *Twenty-first of August*. It has not the character of a Scottish melody. *The New Swedish Dance*, in the *Musical Pocket-Book*, c. 1715, resembles the tune. Thomson printed Burns's song in his musical collection, and without authority changed the 'weaver' into a 'sailor,' and set it to *The auld wife ayont the fire*. Mr. John Glen has found the tune in the *Dancing Master*, 1728, entitled *Frisky Jenny, or the Tenth of June*.

No. 132. I do confess thou art sae fair. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 321, signed 'Z.' 'This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress' (*Interleaved Museum*). The MS. is in the British Museum. Burns's opinion is not shared by posterity, which thinks that the original verses have not been improved. The original in four stanzas of six lines, with music by Henry Lawes, is in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659. The words alone are in Watson's *Scots Poems*, 1711, 91.

The tune with the title *Come ashore, jolly tar* is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 190, and I conjecture that the music in the *Museum* was copied from that work. In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1819, i. 111 is a song *The Cuckoo*, applied to the Old Pretender. The last stanza is as follows:—

'The Cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame;  
I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame;  
And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to see,  
For my bonny cuckoo, he is dear to me.'

The tune in Rutherford's *Dances*, c. 1770, is entitled *The Cuckoo's Nest*. No one has yet given a rational or satisfactory reason why James VIII was called the Cuckoo. Charles Mackay supposed that the Pretender was expected in spring to chase away the winter of the discontent of his followers. To which I may be permitted to add that when he did come he was not much appreciated, and, like the cuckoo, made a very short stay.

Bunting has claimed the music for Ireland, and states it is in a music-book of the early eighteenth century. The tune is not in the Scottish style.

No. 133. Whare live ye, my bonie lass? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 361, entitled *My collier laddie*. The MS. is in the British Museum, but the song is not otherwise referred to by Burns in his works. According to Stenhouse, the words and the tune were transmitted by Burns to the editor of the *Museum*, where both were printed for the first time. There is no earlier record of the music. A song in the *Merry Muses* is marked for the tune of *The collier laddie*.

No. 134. In simmer, when the hay was mawn. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 366, signed 'B,' entitled *Country Lassie*. The MS. is in the British Museum. In a letter to George Thomson, October 19, 1794, Burns admits having written the song. Thomson printed it without authority in *Select Melodies*, 1822, ii. 24, to the tune of *John, come kiss me now*.

The Scottish tune, *The country lass* of the text, is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 38, with English verses written by Martin Parker, which Allan Ramsay copied, with variations, into the *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The English tune of the same title is that to which *Sally in our Alley* is now sung, entitled *Cold and raw* in Dufrey's *Pills*, 1719, iv. 152. A third tune for the verses was *The mother beguiled the daughter*. Burns's song does not in the least resemble the English version, nor does the tune in the *Orpheus*, or in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 96, resemble any of the three English tunes named, except in the closing bars of *Sally in our Alley*.

No. 135. Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers. *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 69. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Dainty Davie*.' Sent to Thomson in August, 1793, with this note: 'I have been looking over another and a better song of mine in the *Museum* (see Song No 116), which I have altered as follows, and which I am persuaded will please you. The words *Dainty Davie* glide so sweetly in the air that, to a Scots ear, any song to it, without Davie being the hero, would have a lame effect. So much for *Davie*. The chorus you know is to the low part of the tune.' Thomson objected to the arrangement of the tune, but Burns adhered to his opinion. For tune see No. 308.

**No. 136. When o'er the hill the e'ening star.** Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 8. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1805, 195. The MS. is in the Thomson collection at Brechin Castle. This is the first song Burns sent to George Thomson; with 'eastern star' in the first line. In reply, Burns wrote to Thomson: 'Let me tell you that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own that your criticisms are just; the songs you specify in your list have, all but one, the faults you remark in them—but who shall mend the matter?—who shall rise up and say, "Go to, I will make a better?"' For instance, on reading over *The lea-rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which Heaven knows is poor enough' (*Letter*, October 26, 1792). At Thomson's request Burns rewrote the third stanza and made some verbal changes in the rest. An earlier song, *My ain kind dearie, O*, in the *Museum* suggested the verses. In the *Interleaved Museum* Burns quotes a still older version:—

'I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O;  
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,  
And I were ne'er sae weary, O;  
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.'

A song for the tune is in the *Merry Muses*, and two different fragments are in the *Herd MS.* The tune *The lea-rig* or *My ain kind dearie, O*, probably belongs to the seventeenth century. It is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 20; in Bremner's *Reels*, 1760, 76; Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 18; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 44; and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 49. The original has neither a fourth nor a seventh of the scale. Burns remonstrated about corrupting the airs in a letter April, 1793, to Thomson, who often disregarded the injunction. The modern form of the melody is given in the text, and was discovered too late to make an alteration.

**No. 137. Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes.** Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1793, i. 11. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Galla Water*.' Framed on an older pastoral song of the Borderland and the romantic country of Tweeddale. Burns wrote his *Galla Water* in January, 1793, and sent it in a letter to Thomson, with the following remarks illustrating his interest in music: 'I should also like to know what other songs you print to each tune besides the verses to which it is set. In short, I would wish to give you my opinion on all the poetry you publish.' A fragment of an earlier anonymous song is in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 312:—

'Braw, braw lads of Galla-water,  
O braw lads of Galla-water,  
I'll kilt my coats below my knee,  
And follow my love thro' the water.  
'Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.  
'O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,  
O'er yon moss amang the hether,  
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
And follow my love thro' the water.'

The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 28; Stewart's *Scots Songs*, 1772, 1, adapted to a song of different metre; *Scots Musical*



*Museum*, 1788, No. 125, with Herd's verses; in Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, i. 84; and Dale's *Scotch Songs*, iii. 163. It is a model of simplicity and dignity. In many modern copies it is corrupted by closing on the key-note, with the introduction of the leading note.

**No. 138. O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour.** Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1798, 38. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Lord Gregory*.' Among the *Dalhousie MS.* in Brechin Castle. The tragic ballad of *Lord Gregory*, containing about sixty stanzas, better known as *Fair Annie of Lochryan*, is the foundation of Burns's verses. The earliest printed fragment is in Herd's *Scotish Songs*, 1776, i. 149, entitled *The bonny lass o' Lochryan*. Two double stanzas, with the tune, were engraved in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 5. This was one of the few historical ballads which made an impression on Burns. Thomson had informed him that Dr. Wolcot had written a song on the subject, and he replied on January 26, 1793, by enclosing a copy of the verses in the text. A few weeks before his death, Burns touched up the song, and sent a copy to his friend Alex. Cunningham.

The tune is not in print before the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 5. According to Stenhouse, it is an old Gallwegian melody. The music is also in Urbani's *Scots Songs*, 1792, 1; and Dale's *Scotch Songs*, 1794, iii. 119.

**No. 139. There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen.** In Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1793, 17. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' The original vigorous song of the seventeenth century describes an old man in a dialogue between a girl and her mother, who recommends Rob as a husband. Two stanzas of the rough-cast ditty may be quoted:—

*Daughter.* 'Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fou weel,  
His back sticks out like ony peet creel;  
He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd, too;  
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

*Mother.* 'Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,  
Yet his auld brass will buy a new pan;  
Then, dochter, ye should na be sae ill to shoo,  
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.'

Burns's song is on the same subject, but treated differently. He informed Thomson, on November 14, 1792: 'I have partly taken your idea of *Auld Rob Morris*, and am going on with the song on a new plan, which promises pretty well.' On December 4 the song was completed. The old words are in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, and Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 10.

The tune is in *Blackie's MS.*, 1692, under the title *Jock the laird's brither*. The old song and tune are in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 30; in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iii. 174; Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, i. 176, and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 192. The music alone is in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 45; the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. 9; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 10, and elsewhere. The compass of the tune is rather extended for the present generation.

**No. 140. Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie.** *Scotish Airs*, 1793, 2. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Among the *Thomson MS.* in Brechin Castle. The original song of the name was printed in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 291; and with the tune in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 57. The first stanza in Herd is:—

'Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;  
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,  
Now I have gotten my Willie again.'

In Gray's *MS. Lists*, Burns quotes the following stanza, which he states must be added, and says it is 'the best in the song.' The stanza has never been printed until now.

'Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,  
And gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame;  
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,  
And shew her the way to had awa hame.'

Burns's song, which he sent to Thomson in March, 1783, is entirely different, except the title. A committee of taste suggested some alterations, which Burns partly adopted. The verses in the text are the final result in April.

The tune in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 1, is entitled *Here awa', Willie*; and as *Here awa, there awa* in M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 108; Bremner's *Second Series Scots Songs*, 1757, 11; *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 17; *Calliope*, 1788, 136; and Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i. 86.

No. 141. O, open the door some pity to shew. *Scottish Airs*, 1793, i. 21. 'As altered by Robert Burns.' Sent to Thomson in March, 1793, with the remark, 'I do not know whether this song be really mended.' The original song has hitherto eluded research, and has given rise to some curiosity. The verses and air of the original are in Corri's *Scots Songs*, 1783, ii. 30; in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 101; and in *Calliope*, 1788, 23. The following are the pathetic verses from Corri, marked for an *Irish Air* :—

'It's open the door some pity to shew,  
It's open the door to me, oh!  
Tho' you have been false, I'll always prove true,  
So open the door to me, oh!  
'Cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
But colder your love unto me, oh!  
Tho' you have, &c.  
'She's open'd the door, she's open'd it wide,  
She sees his pale corpse on the ground, oh!  
Tho' you have, &c.  
'My true love, she cry'd, then fell down by his side,  
Never, never to shut again, oh!  
Tho' you have, &c.'

It is reminiscent of the old ballad of *Lord Gregory*, only that it is he who dies claiming admission, and not she. Burns has compressed the last two stanzas into one, using the refrain only in his first stanza, and making verbal alterations, sometimes not for the better. His third stanza is original, and with unerring instinct Carlyle detected Burns's hand in :—

'The wan moon sets behind the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, O,' &c.

Thomson made material alterations in the air. In Ireland it is known as *Open the door softly*. It is in Bunting's *Irish Melodies*, 1796; and Edward Nagle, who lived about 1760, wrote verses for it, beginning, 'As I wandered abroad in the purple of dawn.' Also, Tom Moore's fine song, 'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,' was written for Sarah Curran, the lover of Robert Emmet, the young Irish rebel who was executed. A corrupted setting of the air is No. 584 of the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803.

No. 142. Lang hae we parted been. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 218. 'Mr. Burns's old words' (*Laird's MS. List*). Doubtless there was an old song, but it is uncertain how much of the two stanzas were written by Burns. He stated to Thomson that he did not know the tune *Laddie lie near me* well enough to write for it. The note by Burns in the *Interleaved*



*Museum*, that *Laddie lie near me* is by Dr. Blacklock, refers to the first song for the tune in the *Museum*, beginning, 'Hark, the loud trumpet.' *Lady lie near me*, in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1650, is in the same measure, but there is no resemblance to Oswald's tune except in the rhythm. This English tune served many songs, and was popular about the period of the Restoration. The original seems to be a black-letter ballad, entitled, '*The longing Shepherdess, or Lady lie near me, printed by W. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck Lane.*' Still less resemblance is there to an English tune, *Jenny, come tye my cravat*, in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1687. Wherever the original verses are to be discovered, upon which Burns founded his song, they are not in either of the English songs. See No. 101.

**No. 143.** By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove. *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 79. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Allan Water*.' One of the *Thomson MS.* How this pastoral was written in (? August, 1793) is described as follows: 'I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when turning up *Allan Water*, "What numbers shall the muse repeat," it appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that it is in your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it is not in my worst style. You must know that in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, where the modern song first appeared, the ancient name of the tune, Allan says, is *Allan Water, or, My love Annie's very bonie*. This last has certainly been a line of the original song; so I took up the idea, and, as you see, have introduced the line in its place, which I presume it formerly occupied; though I give you a choosing line if it should not hit the cut of your fancy.'

The music of *Allan Water* is in *Blaikie's MS.*, 1692; *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694; *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 25; *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1742, 34; and with verses in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 28; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 43, and *Dale's Scotch Songs*, 1794, ii. 72. 'This Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honoured with the name of the air, I have been told, is Allan Water, in Strathallan' (*Interleaved Museum*).

**No. 144.** I fee'd a man at Martinmas. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 394, entitled *O can ye labour lea*. The MS. is in the British Museum. An amended version of an equivocal rustic song in the *Merry Muses*, which differs slightly from that here printed. Cromeke, in *Select Scottish Songs*, 1810, ii. 40, remarks: 'This song has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite.'

This is the tune which George Thomson copied from the *Scots Musical Museum*, and printed for the first time in 1799 as the melody of Burns's *Auld lang sync*. See Song No. 234.

**No. 145.** As down the burn they took their way. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 115. Written at the request of Thomson, to replace a stanza in a song by William Crawford, beginning, 'When trees did bud,' originally printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. Burns at first declined to touch the song, but Thomson prevailed, with the unsuccessful result in the text. In *Select Melodies*, 1822, iii. 17, Thomson replaced Burns's stanza by some vapid lines of his own; as he said Burns 'did not bring the song to the desirable conclusion.'

The tune, with Crawford's verses, is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 50; in Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 27; the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 1, and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 74. The tune alone is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 18, and *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1742, 33. According to a tradition related by Riddell in the *Interleaved Museum*, David Maigh, a keeper of the hounds of the Laird of Riddell in Tweeddale, was the composer. Tradition here is probably wrong.

No. 146. O, were my love yon lilac fair. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 76. *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 154. The MS. is at Brechin Castle. Only the first eight lines are the work of Burns. Enclosing the poem in a letter of June 25, 1793, Burns writes thus: 'The thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, except you give it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing for five minutes on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following. [That is, the first eight lines in the text.] The verses are far inferior to the foregoing [The fragment—the last eight lines], I frankly confess; but, if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet, who knows anything of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke.' This little lyric was dreadfully mutilated by the editor. Thomson suggested *Hughie Graham* as the tune, and while Burns agreed that the measure would suit, he was doubtful whether it would properly express the verses. The poet was evidently not familiar with the proper tune, and modelled his stanza from the fragment which he got from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 4.

Thomson's imprint was a curious piece of patchwork; at least five authors were represented in the poetry and music. In his *Select Melodies*, 1825, vi. 32, the poetry is in three stanzas: the first by Burns as in the text, the second by a Mr. Richardson, and the third is the anonymous original. As to the melody—an imitation of that in the text—the first part is the composition of a lady correspondent, the second part is the work of the editor.

Another old song of three stanzas on the threadbare theme is in the *Herd MS.*, and the middle one runs as follows:—

'O, if my love was a bonny red rose,  
And growing upon some barren wa',  
And I myself a drap of dew,  
Down in that red rose I would fa'.

The song has rarely been printed with its proper melody. In the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 594, it is set to *Lord Balgonie's favourite*, now better known as *Gloomy winter's noo awa*, probably because the proper tune had been appropriated to another song in the volume, beginning, 'Gently blow, ye western breezes.'

A bad setting of the proper tune, *Gin my love were yon red rose*, is in *Macfarlan MS.*, 1740, entitled *Under her apron*; and in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 562.

No. 147. Simmer's a pleasant time. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 213. In *Law's MS.*, 'Mr. Burns's old words.' A fragment from which Burns completed this song is in the *Herd MS.*:—

'O wat, wat and weary,  
Sleep I can get nane  
For thinking on my deary.  
A' the night I wak,  
A' the night I weary,  
Sleep I can get nane  
For thinking on my deary.'

The origin of this peculiar lyric has exercised the pens of numerous critics. In the same year as it was published in the *Museum*, a version appeared in Napier's *Scots Songs*, i. 61, with the best form of the music as in our text, which was communicated from the MS. of Robert Riddell, the friend of Burns. A reprint of Napier's music was published in the *Museum* of 1792, No. 382. A sheet-song, entitled *Jess Macfarlan*, with music, was issued in 1793, which Kirkpatrick Sharpe said applied to a nondescript beauty in Edinburgh about 1740.

The melody is remarkable for its brevity and simplicity. Tytler, Ritson, and other antiquarians considered it much earlier than its recorded first appearance.

Ritson stated that the fragment of eight lines printed in his *Scotish Songs*, 1794, i. 47 (with music as in our text), was dictated to him many years ago by a young gentleman, who had it from his grandfather. Thomson spoiled the character of the music with a modern dress in *Select Melodies*, 1822, iii. 19. To the Song, No. 92, sup. 'Can I cease to care,' he added a line at the end of each verse in order to fit the rhythm of the music, which he altered to close the air on the tonic. Those editorial 'improvements' were doubtless made to elaborate the music. The setting of the chorus of the air in the text from Napier's Songs differs considerably from that of our No. 92, which I consider is nearer the original air.

No. 148. Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 231, entitled *My Bonnie Mary*; Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1805, 189, with a wrong tune. The MS. of these brilliant verses is in the British Museum. Sent to Mrs. Dunlop in a letter, dated December 17, 1788: 'Now I am on my hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily;' then follows a copy of *My bonie Mary*. Subsequently he writes: 'This air is Oswald's; the first stanza of the song is old, *the rest mine*' (*Interleaved Museum*). His object in concealing himself as the author is not very obvious, but probably it was to record his opinion of the verses. The following fragment is printed on the frontispiece of the second volume of Morison's *Scotish Ballads*, 1790, evidently a part of some undiscovered song:—

'The loudest of thunder o'er louder waves roar  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.'

An engraving represents the parting of two lovers, and a boat on the beach close by.

Peter Buchan, the editor of *Ancient Ballads*, 1828, and other collections, professed to have recovered the first four lines of this song written, as he said in 1636, by Alexander Lesley, grandfather of the celebrated Archbishop Sharp. The Rev. Alexander Dyce, the Shakespearian editor, believed Buchan to be absolutely untrustworthy. His opinion would be spoiled by any paraphrase, so here are his words: 'This Buchan, whom I once endeavoured to assist in his poverty, by procuring purchasers of his books, was a most daring forger; scarcely anything that he has published can be trusted to as genuine.' Dean Christie, in his *Traditional Ballad Airs*, 1876, gets Buchan into a tight place over a statement that Hugh Allan, the author of *The pipers o' Buchan*, could not write a simple letter. Christie says that Allan, on the contrary, was a good mathematician and theologian, that he taught his father mathematics, which first induced him to study the science. (*Traditional Ballad Airs*, 1876, i. 38.)

The tune, by James Oswald, is in *Universal Harmony*, 1745, 108, entitled *The stolen Kiss*; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 23, *The secret Kiss*. Burns was not quite satisfied with his choice of a melody, for in September, 1793, he suggested to George Thomson that as it precisely suited the measure of the air, *Waes my heart that we should sunder*, he might set it to this. Thomson did not act on the advice, but printed it to *The old highland laddie*, which subsequent compilers have adopted. Burns's alternative melody, *Waes my heart that we should sunder*, is a characteristic tune printed in *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; also in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 9.

No. 149. Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 420. The MS. is in the British Museum, marked for the tune *The carlin of the glen*, and Stenhouse was the first who claimed the song for Burns. Nothing is known of its history. The tune is said to be in Clark's *Flores Musicae*, 1773, with the title; but the music is evidently derived from the

Scottish form of *Barbara Allan*, which is in Oswald's *Curious Collection*, 1740, 3, and *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1745, ii. 27.

No. 150. Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 472, entitled *The Highland balou*. Stenhouse says: 'This curious song is a versification, by Burns, of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady. The bard's original MS. is in the Editor's possession.' (*Illustrations*, p. 416.) The MS., entitled 'Fragment,' is in the British Museum.

The morality of the Highland cateran was that of the chosen people, who thought it no wrong to spoil the 'Egyptians.' The relation of the Celt to the Sassenach, and to the rights of property, are the subject of a conversation between Evan Dhu and Waverley on Donald Bean Lean and his daughter Alice:—

'Oich, for that,' said Evan, 'there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy.'

'But to be the daughter of a cattle stealer—a common thief!'

'Common thief!—no such thing; Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life.'

'Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?'

'No, he that steals a cow from a poor widow or a stirk from a cottar is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon.' (*Waverley*, chap. xviii.)

The original tune is in Johnson's *Museum*. Robert Schumann, the German composer, adopted the theme, and treated it classically in his *Liederkreis*, opus 25.

No. 151. O, saw ye my dear, my Philly. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 174, entitled *Saw ye my Philly*. Tune, *When she cam ben she bobbit*. The MS. is in Brechin Castle. A prosaic version of *Eppie McNab* (Song No. 125), furnished to Thomson in October, 1794. Burns advised the editor how the tune should be printed: 'Let me offer at a new improvement, or rather a restoring of old simplicity, in one of your newly-adopted songs:—

'When she cam ben she bobbit (*a crotchet stop*)  
When she cam ben she bobbit; (*a crotchet stop*)  
And when she cam ben, she kissed Cockpen,  
And syne denied that she did it' (*a crotchet stop*).

This is the old rhythm, and by far the most original and beautiful. Let the harmony of the bass at the stops be full, and thin and dropping through the rest of the air, and you will give the tune a noble and striking effect.' Thomson acted on this excellent advice, and adopted the pauses as indicated. Haydn, the celebrated composer who harmonized the tune for *Scottish Airs*, filled the vocal blanks with a single instrumental chord.

For the tune, see Song No. 191, where Burns did not treat the 'old words' in the way he advised Thomson.

No. 152. My luv is like a red, red rose. Urbani's *Scots Songs*, 1794, with an original melody. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 402, signed 'R,' entitled *A Red, red rose*. *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 89, 'from an old MS. in the editor's possession.' The make-up of a song which Burns learnt in his youth. Several variants of it are printed in the Hogg and Motherwell's *Burns*, 1834, ii. 274, and in the *Centenary edition*. The first four lines Burns altered, the second he left untouched, the third he materially altered, and the last four lines are almost, if not the identical words of the old song. The rest he discarded; and like nearly everything he touched, he transformed dead or commonplace



verses into living, emotional song. The MS. is in the British Museum, and contains this note: 'The tune of this song is in Niel Gow's first collection, and is there called *Major Graham*.' The first three stanzas are in the *Museum* as No. 402, to the tune *Major Graham*. One of the chap-books, containing a version of the ballad, belonged to Burns in his youth. Some of the variants are in the metre of *Mally Stewart* of Song No. 296, as the following opening verses of *The Turtle Dove; or True love's farewell*, will show:—

'O fare you well, my own true love,  
O farewell for a while,  
But I'll be sure to return back again  
If I go ten thousand miles, my dear,  
If I go ten thousand miles.'

Thomson printed *My luvie is like a red, red rose*, and with his usual propensity to improve, he chose a tune of double measure, and altered the song to fit it. For example: 'And fare thee weel awhile' becomes 'And fare thee weel a little while,' truly a water-logged addition.

The tune *Major Graham* is in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 551, and Gow's *Strathspeys*, 1784, 6. It is unconsciously framed on the lines of *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey*, No. 69 supra.

No. 153. *The ploughman, he's a bonie lad.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 165. A new or amended version of a rustic song taken from Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 317, to furnish words for the tune. The second and third stanzas in the *Museum*, as follows, are taken from Herd, and improved:—

'My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
He's aften wat and weary:  
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,  
And gae to bed, my dearie.  
  
'I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
And I will dress his o'erlay;  
I will mak my ploughman's bed,  
And cheer him late and early.'

The rest, considerably altered by Burns, is in the text.

Another song of the same kind is sequestered in the *Merry Muses*. The tune *The Ploughman* is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 6; in Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, 89; in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 248, entitled *Merry Plowman*; and in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 41. A tune *Sleepy body* in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 50, although in different measure, is substantially the same melody. The music for the chorus of *The Ploughman* is the same for the verse.

No. 154. *Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.* *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 90. 'Written for this work by R. Burns.' After hearing Fraser play the tune *Fee him, father, fee him*, Burns wrote to George Thomson, in September, 1793: 'I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have.' Thomson kept the song for six years, altered *Jamie* into *Tam*, and what is more deplorable, set it to the tune *My boy Tammie*.

Thomas Fraser was a native of Edinburgh, and the principal oboe player in the orchestral concerts of the city at the end of the eighteenth century. G. F. Graham, who knew Fraser personally, confirmed Burns's opinion of him as a musician. He died in 1825.

Burns, in the *Interleaved Museum*, says: 'This song for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.' The verses of *Fee him, father, fee him* are in *The Charmer*, Edinburgh, 1752; the last stanza is:—

'O, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, fee him, fee him,  
He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
And crack wi' me at e'en.'

The song is also in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 78, and with music in Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 6. With different words in *Clio and Euterpe*, 1762, ii. 171, entitled *A new Scotch song*; and *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 9. The tune alone is in M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 98. The earliest publication of verses and music in a corrupted form is in Walsh's *Original Scotch Songs*, c. 1740.

No. 155. My heart is sair—I darena tell. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 436, signed 'B,' entitled '*For the sake o' Somebody*.' The MS. is in the British Museum. In Ramsay's *Miscellany*, 1725, there is a song of no conspicuous merit with the same title. Burns took the chorus, and made new verses. Here is a stanza of the commonplace verses of Ramsay to show the alteration Burns effected:—

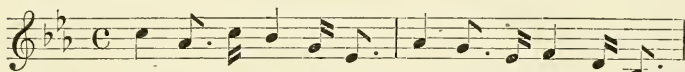
'I am gaun to seek a wife,  
I am gaun to buy a plaidie,  
I have three stane of woo',  
Carling, is thy daughter ready?'

The Jacobites used the indefinite 'somebody' as a synonym for the Pretender, and patchwork verses referring to the royal line are in the Jacobite collections. A stanza runs:—

'If Somebody were come again,  
Then Somebody maun cross the main;  
And ilka ane will get his ain,  
And I will see my Somebody.'

Burns's tenderly pathetic love-song treats the passion in a lofty and dignified manner. An unwieldy melody by Allan Masterton, based on the original tune, was communicated to the editor of the *Museum*, and rejected. Burns wrote underneath the music that 'it was difficult to set.' Underneath the copy of another cramped tune by Masterton, Burns remarked that 'the notation of the music seemed incorrect, but I send it as I got it' (Gray's *MS. Lists*).

For a copy of the tune *For the sake o' Somebody*, Burns directed the editor of the *Museum* to the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 30. The music consists of only four bars repeated in the chorus. Since Burns's time a graceful second strain has been grafted on, probably composed by Urbani, who published a selection of *Scots Songs* between 1793 and 1799. The modern addition is as follows:—



O - hon! for Some - bo - dy!      O - hey! for Some - bo - dy!



I could range the world a - round      For the sake o' Some - bo - dy!



The tune of a forgotten and now unknown song, entitled *I have waked the winter's nights*, corresponding to a line in Burns's song, is in a Dutch music book, *Friesche Lust-Hof*, 1634. The song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany* may probably have been sung to that tune, or another, *Carlin, is your daughter ready?* in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 24.

No. 156. *The Winter it is past.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 200, entitled *The winter it is past*. Cromek printed the first two stanzas in the *Reliques*, 1808, 446, and other versions vary. Burns wrote only the second stanza, and corrected the first; the rest was printed before his time as a stall-ballad. The song of seven stanzas is in the *Herd MS.* Dr. Petrie has copied it into the *Ancient Music of Ireland*. From the beauty of the melody it had a wide range of popularity; Dean Christie took it down from the singing of a native of Banffshire, and inserted the words and music (much different from our text) in *Traditional Ballad Airs*, 1876, i. 114. The original song (imperfectly authenticated) belongs to the middle of the eighteenth century, and was written on a highwayman called Johnson, who was hung in 1750 for robberies committed in the *Curragh of Kildare*. The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1759, x. 9. Both poetry and music, so far as dates are concerned, make it a Scottish song.

No. 157. *Comin thro' the rye, poor body.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 417, signed 'B.' 'This song was written by Burns' (Stenhouse, *Illustrations*, p. 377). Burns wrote against the title: 'Tune, *Miller's Wedding*—a Strathspey' (Gray's *MS. Lists*). Evidence exists that the bob of this jingle was very popular in Scotland in the eighteenth century. A private version of the song is in the *Merry Muses*. A later edition of the *Museum* states that *Comin thro' the rye* was 'written for this work by Robert Burns.' Chappell, with patriotic fervour, tried to show that a pantomime song, with the title, &c., entered in Stationers' Hall, June 6, 1796 (Burns died on July 21) was the original of the class. But (1) Burns was then very ill, (2) his *Merry Muses* copy was much earlier than the date named, and (3) he was acquainted with a considerable portion of the posthumous fifth volume of the *Museum*, printed December, 1796. Chappell's object was to annex the tune to England, it being a variant of *Auld lang syne*. *Comin thro' the rye* has been popular in England since the close of the eighteenth century, and it renewed the imitations of the 'Scots' snap.'

For the tune and its variants, see Nos. 144 and 234. In Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 41, it is entitled *The Miller's Wedding*.

No. 158. *Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 476. The holograph MS. is in the British Museum. No reference to this song is in the poet's writings. Stenhouse states that Burns communicated the melody, which is very beautiful, to the editor of the *Museum*, where it was originally published. I have not found it earlier.

No. 159. *O lassie, are ye sleepin yet?* Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 220. Tune, *Let me in this ae night.* *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 156. MS. is in the Brechin Castle collection. A version of a song in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 167, was altered by Burns to fit it for presentation in the *Museum*, where it appeared in 1792, No. 311. The MS. of this is in the British Museum. Burns rewrote it in August, 1793, but he did not think it worthy of preservation, and cast it aside. In September, 1794, he tried again, and wrote three stanzas, but with the same result. Finally, the song in the text was transmitted to Thomson in February, 1795, styled by Burns, 'Another trial at your favourite air.' The first stanza and the chorus are from the old song; the rest is original. The following fourth stanza of the second part was suppressed by Burns:—

'My kith and kin look down on me,  
A simple lad of high degree;  
Sae I maun try frae love to flee  
Across the raging main, jo.'

Burns disapproved of the arrangement of the tune printed with the old song in the *Museum*, and recommended Thomson to adopt the copy in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, and to put the chorus of the song to the high part of the tune. With his usual perversity, the editor set the chorus to the low part.

The tune, entitled *The gowne new made*, is said to be in *Leyden's MS.*, 1685; as *I would have my gowne made* in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; entitled *Will ye lend me your loom, lass* in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 21; the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 311, with the old words amended by Burns; and in *Dale's Scotch Songs*, 1794, ii. 97.

**No. 160.** *Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 434, entitled *Leezie Lindsay*. Burns appears to have recovered the ballad of *Leezie Lindsay*, and intended to make a complete song out of it. Johnson of the *Museum* marked on the musical MS. which Burns sent, 'Mr. Burns is to send words,' but the four lines in the text are the whole contribution. Jamieson, in *Popular Ballads*, 1806, ii. 149, first published the complete ballad, which refers to Donald MacDonald, heir of Kingcausie, who proposes to go to Edinburgh for a wife. His mother consents on the condition that he shall represent himself as a poor man. To the 'bonny young ladies' of Edinburgh he promises curds and whey, a bed of bracken, &c. The tune was communicated to Johnson of the *Museum*, where it was first printed. It is a remarkably simple melody.

\***No. 161.** *'Twas past one o'clock.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 227, signed 'Z.' The MS. verses are in the British Museum. In the *Law MS.*, 'Mr. Burns's old words'; and further on in the same sheet is the note: 'There is an excellent set of this tune in M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon which exactly suits with the words,' which were first sketched in August, 1788, at Mauchline. The air in a rudimentary form is in the opera *Flora*, 1729, with Cibber's verses, beginning:—

'Twas past twelve o'clock on a fine summer morning  
When all the village slept pleasantly,' &c.

The tune with a Celtic title, *Chì mì ma chattle*, is in Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726, and a song is so marked in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. The music, widely known, is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 16; M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 119; and Thumoth's *Scotch and Irish Airs*.

In my copy of M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon some previous owner has marked the title *Madhyn Bugeeven*, as if it were a Dutch melody.

**No. 162.** *Jockie's taen the parting kiss.* Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 397; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 570, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns'; *Edinburgh edition*, 1877, and *Centenary Burns*, 1897. Stenhouse remarks that 'this charming song was written by Burns for the *Museum*' (*Illustrations*, p. 490).

The tune is probably English, and the copy is a bad setting of *Bonnie lass take a man* in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1759, xi. 18, which, according to Mr. Glen, was one of the airs sung in Mitchell's opera, *Highland Fair*, 1731.

**No. 163.** *As I was walking up the street.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 597, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns'; *Edinburgh edition*, 1877; and in the *Centenary Burns*, 1897, iii. 207, where the last and best stanza is omitted. Stenhouse affirms that the song was written by Burns for the *Museum* (*Illustrations*, p. 510). When and why it was written has not been discovered. It is the second last song by Burns in the *Museum*. The tune is said by Stenhouse to have been communicated by Burns. Mr. Glen states that the air is entitled *Devil fly over the water wi' her* in Aird's *Reels*, c. 1788, a collection which I have not seen.

**No. 164.** *Is this thy plighted, fond regard?* *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 70, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Roy's wife*.' The MS. is in the

Thomson collection. Sent to Thomson on November 20, 1794. 'Since yesterday's penmanship, I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song to *Roy's wife*. You will allow me that in this instance my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish.' This was originally written to celebrate Mrs. Riddell, but her name was cancelled, and an imaginary one inserted.

The tune *Roy's wife* or *Ruffian's rant* is noted in Song No. 239.

**No. 165.** There was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 586, 'By R. Burns.' No historical evidence has been forthcoming for this fragment in the *Museum*, except that it is marked as stated.

The tune, *A bonie lass*, so far as concerns the first section, is a variation of *Pinky house* in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 21, and the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 11; the second part appears to be original.

\***No. 166.** As late by a sodger I chanced to pass. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 268. Neither Stenhouse nor Cromek connect Burns with this song, nor is it in his published works. In Law's *MS. List* for the third volume of the *Museum* Burns wrote against the title, 'Mr. Burns's old words.' The first twelve lines are substantially those in the *Herd MS.*, and the remaining four lines are original to complete the second stanza for the tune, which is marked as to be sung for one of Allan Ramsay's songs in his *Miscellany*, 1725. Ramsay's verses, beginning 'Adieu for a while,' are reprinted in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 106.

The music without title is in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; as a variation entitled *Gig* it is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 17; and with the title *I'll mak ye be fain to follow me* in *Bremner's Reels*, 1757, 24; *Stewart's Reels*, 1761, 10; *Campbell's Reels*, 1778, 12; and elsewhere.

\***No. 167.** O dear minny, what shall I do? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 236. The *MS.* is in the British Museum, and in Law's *MS.*, 'Mr. B. gave the old words,' in the poet's handwriting. Part of the verses are in the *Herd MS.* The alteration made by Burns was to recast six lines into eight, the second line being original.

The tune is in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, entitled *O Minnie*; in Oswald's *Curious Collection of Scots Tunes*, 1740, 28; in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 10; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 33. A similar melody is in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1695, entitled *Long cold nights*.

### III. LOVE: HUMOROUS.

**No. 168.** Here 's to thy health, my bonie lass! *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 495, signed 'B,' with the tune *Laggan Burn*. I adopt the opinion of Scott-Douglas, that this is an early production of Burns, but the chronology is uncertain. The *MS.* is in the British Museum. In a later issue of the *Museum* it is marked 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' According to Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, the song was known previous to her time, but there is no trace of any such song.

According to Stenhouse, Burns communicated to Johnson of the *Museum* two melodies for this song, *Laggan Burn*, and another. The 'other' was not suitable, and *Laggan Burn* was chosen. Stephen Clarke, the musical editor, is reputed to have adapted it to the verse according to Burns's direction. It is not easy to account for the neglect of this insinuating melody. It may be

compared with *Greenend Park*, in Malcolm M'Donald's *Reels*, second coll., 1789, 10.

**No. 169. The taylor fell thro' the bed.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 212, entitled *The taylor fell thro' the bed*, &c. 'The air is the *March of the Corporation of Tailors*. 'The second and fourth stanzas are mine' (*Interleaved Museum*); 'Mr. Burns's old words,' in Law's *MS. List*. The tune is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694, entitled *Beware of the Ripells*; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, xi. 28; and as *The Taylor's March* in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 173. A song with substantially the above title is in the *Merry Muses*; it is named *I rede you beware o' the ripples*, to the tune *The taylor's faun thro' the bed*, the second stanza being:—

'I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,  
I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,  
Tho' music be pleasure, tak music in measure  
Or ye may want win' i' your whistle, young man.'

See the tune No. 172, which is the same as this, differently arranged. The more modern *Logie o' Buchan* is nothing but this seventeenth century melody, which is also allied to *I love my love in secret*, No. 110.

**No. 170. O, merry hae I been teethin a heckle.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 270. Tune, *Lord Breadalbine's March*. 'Mr. B.'s old words' (Law's *MS. List*) in Burns's handwriting. Stenhouse had the MS. of the song through his hands. There is no authority for assuming that it is a variant of the tinker's song in *The Jolly Beggars*, although it looks it.

The Celtic tune of Burns's choice has no sort of affinity with *The bob o' Dumblane*. Mr. Henley has followed Scott-Douglas in assuming that it is the same air. *The bob o' Dumblane* is the tune of Song No. 204, and can be compared with *Lord Breadalbine's March*, or *Boddich na'mbrigs*, which is in Dow's *Ancient Scots Music*, c. 1776, 32. It is an excellent specimen of Scots dance music of the eighteenth century. It lacks the intervals of a fourth and a seventh, and closes on the second of the scale.

**No. 171. My lord a-hunting he is gane.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 554, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' This is a side view of one of the fashionable amusements of the eighteenth century. 'The kith and kin of Cassilis' blude' recalls the ancient renown of the Kennedy family, which has been in the Scottish peerage since 1510. Cassilis House, near Ayr, was the scene of the not unwilling abduction of the Countess, and her subsequent incarceration for life in the tower with the heads of Faa and his gypsy gang emblazoned in stone on the turrets. The ballad of *Johnny Faa* or *The Gypsy Laddie* is supposed to have its origin from this traditional story.

According to Stenhouse, the tune is the composition of James Greig, a teacher of dancing in Ayrshire, who had a taste for painting, mechanics, and natural history. *My lady's gown* was originally published in the *Museum*. It is a remarkably good specimen of the untutored music of Scotland without regard to any of the scholastic rules of the art. Another specimen of Greig's tunes is in Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 44, and in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 11, entitled *Greig's pipes*.

**No. 172. The heather was blooming.** Crome's *Reliques*, 1808, 450; entitled *Hunting Song*, for the tune *I rede ye beware o' the ripells, young man*. It is one of the Crochallan Club Songs in the *Merry Muses*, or rather an amended version of a song then current, but now not available. Mrs. McLehose begged the author not to print it, and he acted on the advice, but Crome, though very fastidious about *The Jolly Beggars*, inserted it in the *Reliques of Burns*. For the tune, see Note 169.



**No. 173.** Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 160, signed 'Z.' The MS. is in the British Museum. 'Dr. Blacklock informed me that he had often heard the tradition that this air was composed by a carman in Glasgow' (*Interleaved Museum*). Founded on an old song, and written for the *Museum*. Burns borrowed the rhythm, and the refrain, 'Ha, ha, the girdin o't.' A version of four stanzas in the *Merry Muses* begins:—

'Can ye play me Duncan Gray?  
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!  
O'er the hills and far away,  
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!  
'Duncan cam our Meg to woo,  
Meg was nice and wadna do,  
But like an ether puffed and blew  
At offer o' the girdin o't,' &c.

Substantially the same verses of five stanzas are in the *Herd MS.* in the British Museum. They are not redolent of a pious education. For the tune, see Note 179.

**No. 174.** Wi' braw new branks in meikle pride. Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, 1829. Burns has described the interest he felt in parish secrets as a statesman in the knowledge of European diplomacy at his finger ends. His friends employed him as a confidential clerk to write their letters, and he acted the part of an unpaid French *notaire* in conducting their correspondence. In this case it was a poetical epistle on behalf of William Chalmers, a solicitor of Ayr, the same who drew the deed assigning Burns's interest in the farm of Mossiel to his brother Gilbert when the poet decided to emigrate. Burns sent the epistle to the sweetheart of his friend; in 1787 he gave a copy to Lady Don, who handed it to Sir Walter Scott.

I cannot discover that the verses were written for any particular melody. An old tune, *Omnia vincit Amor*, in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630, will suit the words. It is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Book, viii. considerably altered.

**No. 175.** I am my mammy's ae bairn. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 107, signed 'Z,' to the tune *I'm o'er young to marry yet*. 'The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine' (*Interleaved Museum*). With considerable emendations, it still occupies a place in all modern collections of Scottish song, and is very popular to a modern tune, different from that in the text for which it was written.

In Cromeke's *Scottish Songs*, i. 107, is an additional stanza, not by Burns, which that editor thinks ought to be restored, but our text may be quite sufficient. Two stanzas of another of the same kind are in the *Herd MS.*, beginning:—

'I am gaun to court a wife,  
And I'll love her as my life;  
But she is a young thing,  
And new come frae her minnie.'

The subject is common to the folk-song of other countries. There is, for example, a French popular song of the fifteenth century with the same text, beginning, 'Je suis trop jeunette, Pour faire ung amy,' &c. The excellent old melody of these French verses may be seen in Tiersot's *Chanson Populaire*, Paris, 1889, 66.

The tune, *I'm o'er young*, slightly varied from that in our text, is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1758, 28; Stewart's *Reels*, 1761, 7; and McEglashan's *Reels*, 1786, 46. An offshoot is probably *Loch Eroch Side*, No. 15.

**No. 176.** There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg. *Scots Musical Museum*,

1788, No. 149, entitled *Duncan Davison*. Signed 'Z.' This merry rustic song is not named by Burns in any of his writings, neither is it among the *Burns MS.* in the British Museum. Stenhouse states : 'I have recovered his original MS. of the song, which is the same as that inserted in the *Museum*' (*Illustrations*, p. 139). The model is a song of two double stanzas, which Burns wrote in the *Merry Muses*, and a fragment of another of the same sort, *You'll aye be welcome back*, is in *Herd's MS.*

The tune, as in our text, is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 56, entitled *Ye'll ay be welcome back again*; in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 31, entitled *Duncan Davie*. In McEglashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 14, it bears the name *Duncan Davidson*, by which it has since been known. It is in Dale's *Scotch Songs*, 1794, i. 58, with Burns's verses. For another setting of the tune, see No. 56.

No. 177. *The blude-red rose at Yule may blow.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 182, entitled *To daunton me*. Two MSS. containing the complete song in his handwriting are in the British Museum; and into the *Interleaved Museum* he copied two stanzas (apparently from memory) of the following good Jacobite song, which is in *Loyal Songs*, 1750, and refers to the Revolution of 1688:—

'To daunton me, to daunton me,  
Do you ken the thing that would daunton me?  
Eighty-eight, and eighty-nine,  
And a' the dreary years sinsyne,  
With cess and press and presbytrie,  
Good faith! this had liken till a daunton me.

'But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
Do you ken the thing that would wanton me?  
To see gude corn upon the rigs,  
And banishment to all the Whigs,  
And right restor'd where right should be;  
O, these are the things that wad wanton me.

'But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
And ken ye what maist would wanton me?  
To see King James at Edinb'rough Cross,  
With fifty thousand foot and horse,  
And the usurper forc'd to flee;  
O, this is what maist would wanton me.'

Several versions of this song exist, satirizing the Whigs and in praise of the Stuarts. The domestic song of Burns harps on the old tale of the attempted purchase of a young wife by an old man. The subject is one of Poggio's *Jocose Tales* of the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The tune of Burns's song in the *Museum* is printed incorrectly. It embraces eight lines, but the original stanza, as above, is six lines. The memorandum written by Burns in his copy of the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 16, runs: 'The chorus is set to the first part of the tune, which just suits it when played or sung once over.' The music is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694, 15; Oswald's *Curious Collection*, 1740, 38; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 27; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 60, and elsewhere.

No. 178. *Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 138, with the tune *Jumpin John*. Stenhouse states that this is the fragment of an earlier song, which Burns mended to illustrate a melody requiring words. But nothing is known of any song of the kind except one with the title *My daddie forbad, my minnie forbad* in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, not at all resembling Burns's verses. It is in *Herd's Scots Songs*, 1769, 133. The title *Jumpin John* is in Burns's handwriting in Gray's *Museum Lists*. The tune, although well known in Scotland



under this title, is not a Scottish air. As *Joan's placket is torn*, it has been in use for nearly two hundred and fifty years. Pepys, in his diary of June 22, 1667, describing the capture of the man-of-war *Royal Charlie* by the Dutch, speaks of a trumpeter sounding *Joan's placket is torn*.

The music is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1686. A political song with the music is in *180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 143. The second part of the tune is the chorus of *Lilliburlero*, the celebrated political song of 1688, which Wharton claimed to have written, and which he boasted had sung a king out of three kingdoms. Lastly, it is the parent stock of a spurious Celtic air *The Cock of the North*, played on the great Highland bagpipe, much in vogue a year or two ago. In Scottish collections, the tune as *Jumpin' Joan* is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1758, ix. 10; and as *When I followed a lass in Aird's Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 96.

No. 179. *Duncan Gray* cam here to woo. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 48, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Duncan Gray*.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. Sent to Thomson with his song *Auld Rob Morris*: 'The foregoing I submit to your better judgment; acquit or condemn them as seemeth good in your sight. *Duncan Gray* is that kind of light-horse gallop of an old air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is the leading feature.' It is an original treatment of the old song, and one of the best-known of Burns's humorous productions. The ancestry is treated in Note No. 173.

The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1751, iii. 8; *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1755, 1; *Aird's Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 111; and with part of the old song in *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 160. For the music, see No. 173.

No. 180. *Hey the dusty miller*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 144, entitled *Dusty miller*, with music. A holograph title is in the *Gray MS.*, and a MS. of the verses is in the British Museum. This is another of the unconsidered trifles floating among the peasantry, which Burns dressed for the *Museum*. The original is in the *Herd MS.* All the second stanza is Burns's, and he corrected the rest to preserve the melody. The miller was an important person in Scotland. The *multure*, or *monter*, was the portion of the grain retained by him as the charge for grinding. He had the reputation of being able to take care of himself, and Acts of Parliament were passed to protect the public against his extortion. He is embalmed in satirical songs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The tune as *Binny's jig* is in *Blackie's MS.*, 1692; as *Dusty miller* in *Bremner's Reels*, 1758, 27; *Welsh's Compleat Dancing Master*, c. 1718; and *Dale's Scotch Songs*, 1794, iii. 163.

No. 181. *I gaed up to Dunse*. In *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 543, entitled *Robin shure in haste*. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' 'Mr. B. gave the old words' (*Law's MS. List*). The poet himself was not the hero of the verses, for on August 23, 1787, he wrote to Robert Ainslie, heading the letter with a first stanza, and ending 'Call your boy what you think proper, only interject BURNS. What say you to a Scripture name? for instance, Zimmi Burns Ainslie, or Achitophell, &c. &c., look your Bible for these two heroes.' In another letter to the same correspondent, dated January 6, 1789, he says, 'I am still catering for Johnson's publication, and among others, I have brushed up the following old favourite song a little, with a view to your worship, I have only altered a word here and there; but if you like the humour of it, we shall think of a stanza or two to add to it.' The first Border tour ended in the middle of June, 1787, when Burns accompanied Ainslie and stayed for a short time in the house of Ainslie's father, at Dunse; so that the Robin of the song who gaed to Dunse, and played a trick with the Elder's daughter, was his young friend, who afterwards became a writer to the *Signet*, settled down as a grave and serious person, and as Lockhart remarks, 'is best known

as the writer of *Manuals of Devotion*.' He died in 1838, and, as Burns predicted elsewhere, left a good deal more than the professional 'three goose feathers and a whittle.'

The tune is familiar on both sides of the Border, and only a portion is used for the song. The whole may be seen in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 11, as a very good example of the peculiar measure and rhythm of the Scottish pipe melodies. It is also in Bremner's *Reels*, 1768, 103. That in the *Museum*, printed with Burns's verses, is the old English and different air *Bob and Joan*.

**No. 182. My love, she's but a lassie yet.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 225, and Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 35. In the *Law MS.* Burns describes this as his 'old words,' and a holograph of the verses is in the British Museum. The last four lines is the middle stanza of a song in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 225 (not in the 1769 edition), entitled *Green grow the rashies, O*. The second stanza of the song in the text seems to have little connexion with the first, and so far as known Burns wrote the whole except the last four lines.

The earliest date when the tune bears the title *My love she's but a lassie yet* is Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 1; so it would appear that either Herd did not know the air of the song, or that between 1776 and 1782 it was changed. The original publication of the tune is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1757, 19, entitled *Miss Farquharson's Reel*. Stenhouse saw a manuscript copy of the music, entitled *Lady Badinscot's Reel*, in a musical publication of a few years earlier date, which only proves that the air was very popular in the eighteenth century. It is necessary to correct a mistake of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who asserts in Stenhouse's *Illustrations*, p. \*303, that *Put up thy dagger Jamie* is the same as the tune in the text. That tune in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, c. 1650, is quite a different melody.

**No. 183. I murder hate by field or flood.** Stewart's Edition, 1802, and Edinburgh Edition, 1877, ii. 295. In the *Glenriddell MS.*, entitled *A Song*. Burns wrote the first eight lines on a window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, where he and Stephen Clarke, the musician, had many a merry meeting. The tune is unknown if ever there was one, which is doubtful.

**No. 184. Wha is that at my bower-door?** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 337. The MS. is in the British Museum, and a copy of the verses is in the *Merry Muses*. There can be no doubt that Burns wrote the song, although Cromek's quotation, 'The words are mine,' are not in the *Interleaved Museum* as printed in *Reliques*, 1808, 301. In the *Centenary Burns*, 1897, it is shown that the original is *Who but I, quoth Finlay*, 'a new song much in request, sung with its proper tune'; a prosaic production of seven stanzas, of which a broadside copy is in Lord Rosebery's collection, beginning:—

'There dwells a man into this town,  
Some say they call him Finlay;  
He is a brisk and an able man—  
O, if I knew but Finlay!'

Nearly all the incidents were taken from this song, but it is as brass to the gold of Burns's humorous verses. The find disposes of the myth that they were written on James Findlay of Tarbolton, the exciseman, and a colleague of Burns.

The tune bears the title of the chorus of an old song, as follows:—

'Lass, an I come near thee,  
Lass, an I come near thee,  
I'll gar a' your ribbons reel  
Lass, an I come near thee.'

A fragment of a different kind, in two stanzas for the same tune, is in the *Herd MS.* A wife replies to her husband :—

‘ Say’t o’er again, say’t o’er again—  
Ye thief, that I may hear ye;  
I’se gar ye dance upon a peat  
Gin I sall come but near ye.’

In *Findlay’s MS.*, c. 1715, there is a tune entitled *Findlay cam to my bed stock*, which I have not seen. In Aird’s *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 183, is *Lass, if I come near thee*. Schumann, the German composer, composed an original melody for Burns’s song.

No. 185. *There’s a youth in this city.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 258, signed Z, ‘a Gaelic air.’ ‘Mr. Burns’s old words’ (Law’s *MS. List*). The MS. in the British Museum contains directions for the air. ‘This air is claimed by Niel Gow, who calls it his *Lament for his brother*. The first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine’ (*Interleaved Museum*). Elsewhere he instructed the editor of the *Museum* to leave out the name of the tune, and call it a Gaelic air. Nothing more is known of the history of the song.

The tune *Niel Gow’s Lament*, in his second collection of *Reels*, 1788, is a good example of the Highland style, and worth reprinting.

No. 186. *O meikle thinks my luvie o’ my beauty.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 312, signed ‘B,’ entitled *My tocher’s the jewel*. Thomson’s *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 73. According to Cromeck the fifth and sixth lines are much older than Burns; and the last four lines were sent to Tytler in 1787 by Burns, and marked as ‘Stanza of an old song’ in Cromeck’s *Scotish Songs*, 1810, ii. 207. The original MS. is unknown, but Stenhouse saw it, and is precise in the statement that the following remark on the tune was written by the poet : ‘This song is to be sung to the air called *Lord Elcho’s favourite* (another name for the tune), but do not put that name above it, let it just pass for the tune of the song, and a beautiful tune it is.’ Burns has a note in the *Interleaved Museum* stating that Nathaniel Gow claimed the air, but it is before his time; and the music in the text is a jig variation, without title, of *The highway to Edinburgh* in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 28, and reprinted in Aird’s *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 409. This beautiful melody was copied into a collection of Gow’s, who named it *Lord Elcho’s favourite*, hence the instruction of Burns that the tune should be given the title of his song. This treatment of the melody is evidence of Burns’s acute perception of musical sound. The tune *The highway to Edinburgh* (not the *variation* in the text), is almost identical in the second movement with *The black eagle* in Oswald’s *Companion*.

No. 187. *Whare are you gaun, my bonie lass.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 288, entitled *A waukrife minnie*. In the *Interleaved Museum*, Burns says, ‘I pickt up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale. I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.’ It is thought that he amended some verses, and wrote others. I can find no trace of any original prior to Burns.

The simple air communicated by Burns has all the marks of pure unsophisticated music.

No. 188. *My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 296, entitled *Tam Glen*; Thomson’s *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 66. ‘Mr. Burns’s words’ (Law’s *MS. List*). Stenhouse says that there was an old song of the title, but gives no reference; I can find no such song in any of the collections. The verses of *Tam Glen* are uniformly good, it is one of the best of Burns’s humorous songs, and maintains undiminished popularity. The original

publication, obviously surreptitious, is in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1789, x. 357, signed T. S., following which is the original anonymous publication of Burns's poem, *The humble petition of Bruar Water*. It may be remarked that Robert Riddell has a note in the *Interleaved Museum* (unnoticed by Cromek) saying that *Tam Glen* 'is the composition of my much esteemed friend, Mr. Burns, to the tune of *Mall Roe*.' I do not know any melody of this title, but *Mad Moll* is in the same time and rhythm, but not the same music as that of *Tam Glen*, which is also of English origin, and known as *Hewson the Cobbler*. It was sung to the words, 'I once was a poet,' &c., in the opera of *The Jovial Crew*, 1731, and the music can be seen in Walsh's edition, p. 6. It belongs to a scurrilous and indecent Commonwealth song, entitled *Old Hewson the Cobbler*, the verses of which are in the *Vocal Miscellany*, Dublin, 1738, 338. Hewson was a remarkable man of considerable talent. He was originally a shoemaker, had only one eye, was a soldier in the Parliamentary army, became a colonel, was knighted by Cromwell, and afterwards was one of his lords. The Restoration song-books teem with punning verses on his person and character. *Tam Glen* was very early divorced from its proper tune, and is now universally set to *The nuckin' o' Geordy's byre*, for which see Song and Note, No. 51.

No. 189. They snool me sair, and haud me down. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 355, signed 'B,' entitled *O, for ane-and-twenty Tam*. Tune, *The moudiewart*. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 59. This is an original song with the exception of the first line, the title of the tune. Burns acknowledged having written it in a letter dated October 19, 1794, and directed it to be set to the tune in the text, for which there is a song in the *Merry Muses* :—

'This moudiewart tho' it be blin',  
If ance its nose you lat it in;  
Then to the hilts, within a crack,  
Its out o' sight, the moudiewart.'

The setting of the tune in the *Museum* did not please Burns. He recommended Thomson to publish the song, and said, 'but if you will get any of our ancients Scots fiddlers to play you in Strathspey time *The moudiewart*—that is the name of the air—I think it will delight you.' The suggestion was ignored, and Thomson printed the song to *Cold and raw*. The music in the text is taken from the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 8, there entitled *Scotch Gig*. It differs in some essentials from the copy in the *Museum*, but the title which Burns gave it is in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*. The moudiewart, or moldwarp, as in Shakespeare, or mole, was respected by the Jacobites in consequence of the death of William of Orange, caused by his horse stumbling on a mole-hill.

No. 190. But warily tent when ye come to court me. *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 94. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' A variation of the first two stanzas was supplied to Johnson, and printed in his *Museum*, No. 106, of which a MS. is in the British Museum. In August, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson: 'Is *Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad* one of your airs? I admire it much, and yesterday I set the following verses to it. Urbani, whom I have met with here, begged them of me, as he admires the air much; but as I understand that he looks with rather an evil eye on your work I did not choose to comply. However, if the song does not suit your taste, I may possibly send it to him. He is, *entre nous*, a narrow, conceited creature; but he sings so delightfully, that whatever he introduces at your concert must have immediate celebrity.' Two years later, while under the influence of Jean Lorimer, Burns asked Thomson to alter the last line of every stanza to read, 'Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye my lad.' Pietro Urbani, a native of Milan, was a vocalist of some eminence. At the time Burns refers to him, he was collecting materials for



a *Selection of Scots Songs*, which he published c. 1794. He ruined himself by orchestral concerts in Edinburgh, and died in 1816 in poverty.

The chorus of the song is in the *Herd MS.*; the unprinted stanza of Burns's *MS.* in the British Museum is the third stanza of Song No. 169 supra. The tune, an excellent specimen of natural music, fits exactly the verses of Burns. O'Keefe used it for one of the songs in his opera, *The Poor Soldier*, 1783. Burns has not stated that he knew the composer of the air, as represented by Stenhouse and others.

**No. 191.** O, when she cam ben, she bobbed fu' law. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 353. The *MS.* is in the British Museum. An old song in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 315, dressed up to make it presentable. Burns wrote all but the first stanza, and the first two lines of the second stanza. Tradition reports the Laird of Cockpen as a boon companion of Charles II.

The melody has been continuously popular for at least two centuries. It is in *Leyden's MS.* of the end of the seventeenth century; in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710. A song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, beginning *Come fill me a bumper*, is directed to be sung to the tune which is printed in Ramsay's *Musick*, 1726; in Oswald's *Curious Collection*, 1740, 40; his *Companion*, 1743, i. 14; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 80; and elsewhere with the title of our text. See the note on Song No. 151 supra.

**No. 192.** O, ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 566. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' This is the original version which Burns wrote for the *Museum*, and intended for publication in the fourth volume. When he was on the point of sending his verses to Johnson, he wrote to George Thomson (April, 1793), saying, 'Do you know a fine air called *Jackie Hume's lament*? I have a song of considerable merit to that air, beginning, "O, ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten." I enclose you both the song and the tune, as I had them ready to send to Johnson's *Museum*.' It was not at all the kind of song which Thomson affected, and he managed to induce Burns to write a second version, although the poet at first declined, and said that the song as it was pleased him so much that he could not write another for the same air. Of the tune *Jackie Hume's lament*, Thomson has stated that it is the same air as *O, bonie lass will ye lie in a barrack*. I have not found *Jackie Hume's lament* in any collection, therefore cannot identify it with the tune in the text from the *Museum*.

**No. 193.** O, ken ye what Meg o' the mill, &c. Currie, *Works*, iv. 54. This is the second version of the preceding song, and marked for the air *O, bonie lass will ye lie in a barrack*. It contained too much vernacular for Thomson, who did not print it in his *Scottish Airs*.

The tune, *O, bonie lass*, &c., is in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 80; and the complete song in Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1792, ii. 90, with the following as the first stanza:—

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

**No. 194.** Cauld is the e'enin blast. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 583. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' The *rechauffée* of a coarse ditty, beginning:—

'Bonnie Peggie Ramsay as ony man may see,  
Has a bonnie sweet face and a gleg glintin e'e.'

In Durfey's *T'ills*, 1707, is also a coarse but different song of the same name. Whoever Peg was, she had a wide and long reputation on both sides of the Border, and was not burdened with morals. She is referred to in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Sc. 3, and is named by Tom Nashe in *The Shepheard's*

*Holiday* as the title of a ballad or dance tune. In England, two different melodies served for numerous ballads of the Peg-a-Ramsay class, but neither is identical with that of Burns's verses. The earliest specimen of the English melody is in Ballet's *Lute Book*, a MS. of uncertain date, the other is in a MS. by Dr. John Bull, entitled *Little Pegge of Ramsie*, known later as *Watton Town's End*, or *O, London is a fine town*, in the *Dancing Master*, 1665, and with the song in *Pills*, 1719, v. 139. The music is reprinted in Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 218. The Scottish tune in the *Museum*, 1803, with Burns's song is entirely different from the English Air. I have not found it in any earlier music book.

No. 195. *The taylor he cam here to sew.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 490. The MS. is in the British Museum. A song in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 318, entitled *The tailor* gave only a bare suggestion to Burns, neither the subject nor the rhythm being identical with that in the text. In the MS. he informs the editor that the tune *The Drummer* is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 129, and goes on to instruct him as follows: 'Only remember that the second part of the tune, as Aird has set it, goes here to the first part of the song; and of course Aird's first part goes to the chorus' (R. B.). The instruction was carried out with a little variation from the melody in Aird, which is as in our text. The music is also in Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 28, and Ross's *Reels*, 1780, 32. It is said to be also in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, c. 1741.

No. 196. *O, steer her up, and haud her gaun.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 504. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' 'Mr. Burns's old words' (Law's MS. List). In Ramsay's *Miscellany*, 1725, is a garbled and disconnected song of the title, which Herd copied into *Scots Songs*, 1769, 181. Stenhouse says 'Ramsay very properly suppressed the old song, enough of which is still well known' (*Illustrations*, p. 441). Burns wrote all but the first four lines, and put it wholly in Scottish orthography.

The tune *Steer her up*, a seventeenth century production, is said to be in Guthrie's MS. It is in Playford's *Original Scots Tunes*, 1700; Sinkler's MS., 1710; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 7; Oswald's *Companion*, 1745, ii. 25; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 118. The first half of *Steer her up* is in the tune *Scerdustis* in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630.

No. 197. *What can a young lassie?* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 316, signed 'R,' entitled *What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?* The MS. is in the British Museum. In Gray's MS. List—'Mr. B.—words.'

A variation of the subject of the song is four lines in the *Herd MS.*, as follows, now printed for the first time:—

'Kiss ye Jean, kiss ye Jean;—  
Never let an auld man kiss ye Jean,  
An auld man's nae man till a young quean;—  
Never let an auld man kiss ye Jean.'

Holbein made a wood-cut of this very old episode in human life for Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*. There is an English ballad on the subject about two hundred and fifty years old. The earliest copy is a black letter broadside of the seventeenth century, entitled 'The young woman's complaint, or a caveat to all maids to have a care how they be married to old men.' The tune is *What should a young woman do with an old man, &c.*, or *The Tyrant*. London, printed for W. Gilbertson in Giltspur Street Without Newgate.' It is referred to in a medley in Durfey's *Pills*, 1719. This street ballad is better than the average of the rhyming literature of the flying stationers. I cannot identify the English melody or its alternative *The Tyrant*, but it is not at all likely to be the tune in the text, which is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 5, and for which Burns wrote his song.



Dr. Blacklock had written a long ballad for the tune, about which Burns made the following remark on the MS. of his own song to the editor of the *Museum*: 'Set the tune to these words. Dr. B.'s set of the tune is bad; I here enclose a better. You may put Dr. B.'s song after these verses, or you may leave it out as you please.' The editor rejected Blacklock's ballad.

**No. 198. Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms.** Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 100. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Balinamona Ora*.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. From August, 1795 to January, 1796 is a blank in Burns's correspondence. At the request of Thomson he resumes his work. Verses were wanted for Irish airs, and in sending the present song Burns, in February, repeats what he has done in this way. 'I strung up a kind of rhapsody to another Hibernian melody which I admire much . . . If this will do, you have now four of my Irish engagements—*Humours of Glen, Captain O'Kean, Oonaghs Waterfall, and Balinamona*.' In a line he disposes of his former ideal, Jean Lorimer: 'In my by-past songs, I dislike one thing, the name *Chloris*.' There is a reminiscence of Allan Ramsay's 'Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land' in the present song.

The tune *Balinamona* is in Thumoth's *English and Irish Airs*, c. 1760, 26; in the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 105; and *Calliope*, London, 1788, 256. I was a popular air at public concerts in London during the last half of the eighteenth century.

**No. 199. Had I the wyte.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 415, signed 'Z.' The MS. is in the British Museum. The version in the *Merry Muses* is slightly different. The chorus and a stanza which Burns did not use are in Herd's MS. The tune can be traced to near the beginning of the eighteenth century, and it is plain that it was sung to some other song besides the present class. Apparently an earlier original in Ramsay's *Miscellany*, 1724, *My Jocky blyth for what thou hast done* is marked for *Come kiss with me, come clap with me*. The tune is in Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726, and with Ramsay's verses in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 39. In Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 20 there is an additional strain, and the title for the first time is *Had I the wate she bade me*. In Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 20, it bears the name *Highland Hills*, the same as that named in the *Merry Muses*. In Ross's *Reels*, 1780, 9, it is called *Mason laddie*; lastly, Gow in his third collection of *Reels* names it the *Bob of Fettercairn*. The popularity of this gay attractive melody is by no means exhausted. In *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, 1882, 156, a collection of Northumbrian tunes published by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, there is a bad setting of it entitled *Newburn lads*, and it is still played on the small pipes in Northumberland. I heard it the other day ground out of a barrel organ in the streets of Newcastle, preceded and followed by airs from the newest operas. The foreign artist who turned the handle knew it as a *Scotch tune*.

**No. 200. Gat ye me, O, gat ye me.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 430, entitled *The lass of Ecclefechan*. 'The MS. incomplete is in the British Museum, entitled *Lucky Laing*' (R. B.). A copy, with the exception of alterations in the second four lines, is in the *Merry Muses* marked for the tune *Jacky Latin*; the following is the first stanza and chorus of a song of uncertain age:—

'Bonie Jockie, braw Jockie,  
Bonie Jocky Latin,  
Because the wudna gie'm a kiss,  
His heart was at the breaking.

Bonie Jockie, braw Jockie,  
Bonie Jockie Latin,  
His skin was like the silk sae fine,  
And mine was like the satin.'

This capital pipe tune, as *Jack Latin*, is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1759, xii. 6; in M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, 110; and M<sup>c</sup>Lean's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1772, 27. It is still a favourite in Northumberland, where it is known

as *Jacky Leyton*. The English tune *Jack a Lent*, in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1670, has no resemblance to the present air, but it is also a pipe melody. The earliest known ballad of *Jack of Lent* was written in 1625 to welcome Queen Henrietta Maria. A copy is in *Choyce Drollery*, 1656, 20. In early times *Jack a Lent* was a stuffed puppet. The origin of the effigy is obscure, but most likely it was set up in ridicule of the monks. The game survives in the present day as *Aunt Sally*.

No. 201. *Last May a braw wooer*. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 52. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.'—Air, *The Lothian Lassie* (*Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 522). A MS. is in the Thomson collection. Burns has hit off in a ludicrous and veracious manner a particular trait of the Scottish character. The apparent coldness of the people is effected by a simulated repression of the affections. No one has yet undertaken a psychological criticism of the Scot on historical principles. The sober *dour* Scot has strong human sympathies, but the spring is deep, and an earthquake is sometimes required to make them flow. The style of the present song is original; there were verses on the same subject, not devoid of merit, but much inferior to those of Burns. The first stanza of *The Lothian Lassie* begins as follows:—

'The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruizin to Fife,  
Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo,  
To see gin a wooer wad tak her for life,  
Sing hey fal de ral,' &c.

A wooer does turn up, but he is bashful, and cannot muster sufficient courage to speak to Jenny. He solicits an aunt of the fair one to be the go-between, and she, with a natural faculty for matchmaking, soon arranges the business. When Jenny appears the swain loses courage, runs away, but is brought forcibly back still blushing. Jenny being a person of considerable perspicuity, thinks the best way is to accept the offer promptly, lest the lover after consideration should change his mind.

'The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck  
The neighbours cam in, and wished them good luck.'

Before forwarding *Last May a braw wooer* Burns sent to Thomson in May or June, 1795, *The Lothian Lassie*, with a letter, saying: 'The song is well known, but was never in notes before. The first part is the old tune. It is a great favourite of mine. I think it would make a fine *Andante* ballad.' Here Burns refers to the music. The immediate success of the song published by Thomson caused Johnson to insert it in the *Museum*, 1803, No. 522, with some alterations for the worse which Stenhouse pretended were authorized by Burns. Whether or not he sent to Johnson a copy of the words of *Last May a braw wooer*, it is certain from a MS. which I have seen, that he furnished Johnson through Clarke with a copy of the tune, which was first printed with his words in 1799. Some parts of the air have a strong resemblance to *Kellyburn braes*, No. 331 *infra*.

No. 202. *Wantonness for evermair*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 422; *Centenary edition*, 1897, iii. 154. 'This bagatelle was written and communicated by Burns to the *Museum*' (Stenhouse, *Illustrations*, p. 379).

This excellent melody, with the precise title of the first line of the verses, is in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 443, and the title indicates that a song existed before Burns wrote his stanza, if it is not a corrected verse of the song itself. *Wantonness* was a favourite character with the Scottish poets, Dunbar, Lindsay, and Gavin Douglas, in their dramas and interludes of the early part of the sixteenth century.

No. 203. *The robin cam to the wren's nest*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 406, entitled *The wren's nest* (*Scott-Douglas edition*, 1877, iii. 296).

The original of this stanza is a nursery rhyme long known in the west of Scotland. On the *Museum* MS. Clarke, the musical editor, wrote, 'The tune is only a bad set of *Johnny's grey breeks*. I took it down from Mrs. Burns's singing. There are more words I believe. You must apply to Burns'; to which Johnson, the publisher, replied, 'there are no more words' (Stenhouse, *Illustrations*, p. 365). The following verses are the last stanzas of a song in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 167:—

<p>'Now in there came my Lady WREN, With mony a sigh and a groan; O what care I for a' the lads, If my wee lad be gone?</p>	<p>'Then ROBIN turned him round about, E'en like a little king: Go, pack ye out at my chamber door, Ye little cutty quean.'</p>
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The wren, for some unknown reason, has been long known in Scottish poetry. In the fifteenth century a popular poem was entitled *How the wren cam out of Ailsa*. Gavin Douglas in the *Palace of Honour*, written in 1501, enumerates some tales and ballads then current. Thus:—

'I saw *Rauf Colyear* with his thrawin brow,  
*Craibit John the Reif*, and auld *Cowkelbie's sow*;  
And how the wren came out of *Ailssay*  
And *Piers Plewman* that made his workmen fow;  
*Greit Gowmakmorne* and *Fyn Makowl*, and how  
They suld be goddis in Ireland as they say;  
Then saw I *Maitland upon auld Beird Gray*;  
*Robene Hude*, and *Gilbert with the white hand*,  
How *Hay of Naughtan* flew in Madin land.'

(Douglas's *Works*, 1874, i. 65.)

The tune has no history, and can be compared with No. 67 supra.

\*No. 204. *Lassie, lend me your braw hemp-heckle*. 'The *Bob o' Dumblane* remains to be added in your fifth volume. Take it from the *Orpheus Caledonius*: if you have not this book I will send you a reading of it. At the end of this set (Ramsay's) let the old words follow' (*Burns to Johnson*, 1795). In Gray's MS. Lists Burns wrote against the title of the song 'Mr. Burns's old words.' The following note is not in the *Interleaved Museum* as quoted in *Cromek's Reliques*, 1808, 305, and it is given with reservation: 'Ramsay, as usual, has modernised this song. The original, which I learned on the spot from my old hostess in the principal inn there (Dumblane), is,' as in the text. Neither the tune nor the 'old' words of Burns were inserted in the *Museum*, and this is the first time both have been brought together. Ramsay's words, referred to by Burns, are in his *Miscellany*, 1724, reprinted in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 42: and with the tune, in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 45, which is not the same as *Lord Bredalbane's March* often confused with it, for which see Song No. 170. With the exception of the first two lines, Burns's verses are different from the song in the *Orpheus*.

No. 205. *My daddie was a fiddler fine*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 457; *Centenary Burns*, 1897, iii. 166. This is the chorus, and first of three stanzas in the *Merry Muses*, of a clever and witty song revised by Burns which cannot be further quoted.

The tune entitled *Stumpie* is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 44. The same subject, as near as possible, is *Lady Betty Wemyss' Reel*, in Bremner's *Reels*, 1757, 21. Stenhouse says it was formerly called *Jocky has gotten a wife*, but I cannot find the music under this name. Mr. Glen states that it is titled *Butter'd pease* in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, c. 1734.

No. 206. *There's news, lasses, news*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 589, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' *Scott-Douglas edition*, iii. 298. An old song remodelled, and only remarkable in the last stanza

for a vernacular description of the duties of a ploughman in the south of Scotland. The original is a fragment of eight lines in Herd's *MS.*, beginning:—

‘Newes, lasses, newes,  
Gude newes I hae to tell;  
There’s a boat fu’ o’ young men  
Come to our town to sell.’

The title of the tune in Burns's hand is in the *Gray MS.* The first half is the first subject of *Captain Mackenzie's Reel* in Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 36. The air was sung to a metrical satire on the ladies of Edinburgh, entitled *The vain guidwife*, printed in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, 1824.

\*No. 207. *O, Galloway Tam cam here to woo.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 325 and marked in Law's *MS.* ‘Mr. Burns's old words,’ who intended the fragment to precede one of Dr. Blacklock's songs for the *Museum* for the same tune. In 1810 Cromeck printed the lines with an additional stanza of palpable modern construction, which, however, he alleged to be old and part of the song.

The following Note by Robert Riddell is in the *Interleaved Museum*, and it is not in Burns's handwriting as pretended by Cromeck: ‘I have seen an interlude (acted at a wedding) to this tune called *The wooing of the maiden*. These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz.: *Silly pure auld Glenae*, and this one, *The wooing of the maiden*:’ (*Reliques*, 1808, 295). The tune is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694, and Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 25. In a common measure *O'er the hills and far away* resembles it.

\*No. 208. *The Collier has a dochter.* This fragment of eight lines is in the *Interleaved Museum*, and may be entitled in his own way ‘Mr. Burns's old words.’ The note of Burns is correctly quoted by Cromeck in *Reliques*, 219:—‘The first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay’ whose song is in his *Miscellany*, 1724; and with the tune in Johnson's *Museum*, 1787, No. 47.

Burns wrote two original songs for *The Collier's bonie lassie*, for which see Nos. 44 and 232.

#### IV. CONNUBIAL.

No. 209. *First when Maggie was my care.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 249, signed X., entitled *Whistle o'er the lave o't*. ‘Mr. Burns's old words’ (Law's *MS. List*). Burns got the title of this from a song of the seventeenth century. The lords of creation in Scotland were no better than their sex elsewhere. They were never so good as to be able to dispense with the discipline of married life. It has not been ascertained to whom Burns referred in this song. In Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 316, are the two following stanzas for the tune:—

‘My mither sent me to the well,  
She had better gane hersell,  
I got the thing I dare nae tell,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

‘My mither sent me to the sea,  
For to gather mussels three;  
A sailor lad fell in wi' me,—  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.’

This is styled one of the malignant songs in *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence* of the seventeenth century.

The tune *Whistle over the lave o't* is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 56. It varies a little from the copy in the *Museum*. It is also in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1759, xii. 15. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe incorrectly stated that *Dance Katie*



*Bairdie* of the seventeenth century is the same tune. He retails a traditional story of a pedestrian who, crossing Glasgow churchyard one moonshine night, saw the Devil and a male acquaintance who had recently died dancing round the tombstone of the dead man, his majesty playing on the fiddle *Whistle o'er the lave o't*. Another proof, if any were wanted, that the devil knows and appreciates good music. The tune is said to be in *Blaikie's MS.*, 1692, which is not improbable. According to Burns, John Bruce, a Highland fiddler who lived in Dumfries, composed the air about the beginning of the eighteenth century. (See Letter to Thomson, Oct. 1794.)

No. 210. O, some will court and compliment. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 305, entitled *John, come kiss me now*. 'Mr. Burns's old words,' (Law's *MS. List*). The MS. is in the British Museum. A fragment of eight lines in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 315 was the model of Burns's verses. The tenacity of life in a popular song is illustrated here, for the tune and verses have been in continuous use for the last 350 years. A parody of twenty-six stanzas is in the *Gude and Godlie Ballads*, 1567, and it is an example of a Reformation song referred to in the note on No. 212. The first four lines of Herd begin this early song, and two other stanzas of the religious imitation may serve as a specimen:—

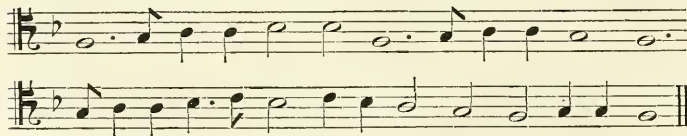
'The Lord thy God I am  
That Johne dois the call;  
Johne representit man,  
Be grace celestiall,

'My prophetis call, my preichouris cry,  
Johne, cum kis me now,  
Johne, cum kis me by and by,  
And mak no moir adow.'

It is remarkable that no verses of *John, come kiss me now* have been found in England, although the tune has been preserved there. Numerous references are made to the latter in English literature, but always as a dance. In *A woman killed with kindness*, 1600, Sisly says 'I love no dance so well as *John, come kiss me now*.' In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) 1893, iii. 180, is 'Yea, many times this *love* will make old men and women that have more toes than teeth, dance *John, come kiss me now*.' In '*Tis merry when gossips meet*, 1609, is said 'Such store of ticking galliards I do vow; not an old dance, but *John, come kiss me now*.' In a song in *Westminster Drollery*, 1671, 49, beginning 'My name is honest Harry' is the following verse:—

'The fiddlers shall attend us,  
And first play, *John, come kiss me*;  
And when that we have danced a round,  
They shall play, *Hit or misse me*.'

In Philips' *Don Quixote*, 1687, is said 'all naturally singing *Walsingham*, and whistling, *John, come kiss me now*.' A copy of the music is in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* c. 1650, with a number of variations composed by Will. Byrd. But in an earlier book of MS. *Airs and Sonnets* at Trinity College, Dublin (F. 5. 13, pp. 55 and 56) is the tune with variations of a song of thirteen stanzas in the Scottish phraseology of the sixteenth century. I copy the tune and the verses, now both printed for the first time:—



'Jon, come kisse me now, now, Jon, come kisse me now;  
Jon, come kisse me by and by and mak no mor adoe.

His answer to yt sam toone

Peace, I'm angrie now, now; Peace, I'm angrie now,  
 Peace I'm angrie at the hert, and knows not what to doe,  
 Wyfes can faine and wyfes can flatter: have I not hitt them now,  
 When once they beginn they still do clatter: & soe doeth my wyf too.  
 Wyfes are good and wyfes are bad: have I not, etc.  
 Wyfes can mak their husbands mad: & so doe, etc.  
 Wyfes can sport and wyfes can play: have I not, etc.  
 And with little work passe over the day: & so, etc.  
 Wyfes hes many fine words & looks: have I not, etc.  
 And draw sillie men on folies hooks: and soe, etc.  
 Wyfes will not their meeting misse: have I not, etc.  
 A cup of sack they can well kisse: and so, etc.  
 Wyfes can dance and wyfes can lowp: have I not, etc.  
 Wyfes can toome the full wyne stowp: and soe, etc.  
 Wyfes can ban and wyfes can curse: have I not, etc.  
 Wyfes can toome their husbands purse: and so, etc.  
 Wyfes can flyte and wyfes can scold: have I not, etc.  
 Wyfes of ther tounge they have no hold: and none has myne, etc.  
 Wyfes they'r good than at no tym: neither is my wyf now;  
 Except it be in drinking wyn: and so is my wyf too.  
 Some they are right needfull evils: so is my wyfe now;  
 Wyfes are nothing elss but divles: and so my wyf too.  
 Now of my song I make ane end: etc.  
 All such wyfs to the divell I send: amongst them my wyf too.  
 Peace I'm angrie now, now: Peace I'm angrie now,  
 Peace I'm angrie at the hert, and cannot tell qt to dow.'

A somewhat licentious parody on the above is in *Merry Drollerie*, 1670, 302, which is reprinted in *Durfeys Pills*, 1719, iv. 181. Neither the verses nor the tune have any reference to *John come kiss me now*.

The Dublin MS. lettered *Airs and Sonnets* is curiously enough a part of Wood's Scottish MSS. of *Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, 1566—1578, and it contains the earliest specimen of secular music written in Scotland. According to David Laing the secular songs and music are, however, not earlier than 1620. The sacred music, or Wood's portion in the Dublin volume, bears the title: "This is the fyft Buke addit to the four psalme Bukkis for songs of four or fyve pairtis . . . 1569," and ends on page 33. Then follows a considerable number of *Airs and Sonnets*—'Which are all notted heir with the Tennor or common pairt they are sung with.'

As bearing on the nationality of the air, we have the curious fact that there was a song popular in Scotland about 1560, probably that above quoted, and a fragment traditionally handed down and printed in 1769, while in England, the tune never had words attached to it. William Chappell in *Popular Music*, p. 147, could not find words, and printed with the air a stanza from the *Godlie Ballads*. The old form of the music consisted of one measure; the second part was added about the end of the seventeenth century. The tune in our text is from the seventh edition, 1674, of Playford's *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, London, first printed in 1654. The music is also in *Blaikie's MS.* 1692; *Sinkler's MS.* 1710; Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 2; M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 94; and printed for the first time with words in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 305. Burns directed the publisher for the music to M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Collection*.

No. 211. There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 539, signed 'B,' entitled *Scroggam*. 'Written for this work by



Robert Burns,' to preserve the melody of an old song. Stenhouse records 'There is another, and a very old song, to the same air, but it is quite inadmissible.' I can find no record of the very old song with the rhythm. The ale-wife of Cockpen is a good match for the laird of Song No. 191. He may have been a customer, and indulged himself in singing at her board his favourite song of *Brose and butter*.

I have not found the tune *Scroggam* before its appearance in the *Museum*. It is not composed on the lines of the old Scottish scales, the major sixths and sevenths of the modern minor scale being rarely, if at all, used in antique, Scottish melodies.

No. 212. *John Anderson my jo, John*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 260, signed 'B.' In *MS. List*—'Mr. Burns's old words,' and in the *Interleaved Museum*, 'This Song is mine.' Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 51, with additional spurious stanzas, first printed in Brash and Reid's *Chap-book*, 1796. Dr. Currie, in *Works*, 1800, iv. 302, published the correct words and warned the public against the spurious stanzas, but in many editions of Burns they are still inserted as part of the original song.

In Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, are printed two curious stanzas, entitled *John Anderson my jo*.—*A Scottish song*. The verses are in the form of a dialogue between a man and a woman, and the matter is more provocative of family discord than connubial bliss. The woman begins:—

'John Anderson my jo, cum in as ye gae bye,  
and ye sall get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye;  
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;  
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.'

She informs the man on inquiry that she has five bairns, but three of them are not the guidman's. In subsequent editions of Percy's *Reliques*, the five bairns are turned into seven—two legitimate, and five illegitimate—most likely to round off the pretty invention that the verses are an allegory on the Romish sacraments. The authority for the verses was not given. In the Bishop's preface to his fourth edition it is said 'where any variation occurs from the former impression it will be understood to have been given on the authority of that MS.' This statement caused an infinity of trouble until it was discovered that very many pieces in the *Reliques*, including *John Anderson my jo*, are not in the MS. at all. The invention of the sacramental allegory gave an historical reputation to a tradition which has continued to circulate ever since. Percy probably knew Haile's specimens of the *Gude and Godlie Ballads*, 1765; but no song like *John Anderson my jo* is there, nor in the complete collection since published. Percy is responsible for saying that the song is as old as the Reformation, and that his verses are a satire on the Church of Rome. It may be so, but there is no historical evidence. I may here remark that the description 'old words' which Burns gave to many of his songs was very elastic. In the case of *John Anderson my jo* he adopted only the title or first line of the song, the rest is entirely original; and the subject has nothing in common with the verses 'sung by the choice spirits' of the eighteenth century. In that curious surreptitious small volume known as the *Merry Muses* is the 'old' song beginning:—

'John Anderson my jo, John,  
I wonder what you mean,  
To lie sae lang i' the mornin'  
And sit sae late at e'en?

Ye'll blear a' your een, John,  
And why do ye so?  
Come sooner to your bed at e'en  
John Anderson, my jo.'

The complete song in Richardson's *Masque*, c. 1770, 292, cannot be repeated here. I know of no other Scottish song than this one answering to the title. For further light on the subject, see Note 224. Other three songs marked

for the tune are in the *Merry Muses*, one in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, and another beginning *When I was a wee thing*, in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 213; but none of them have any reference to *John Anderson my jo*. That a much earlier song did exist is proved from the music books.

The tune entitled *John Anderson my jo* is in the *Skene MS.* c. 1630; also with Ramsay's words in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1731, vi. 202; Oswald's *Companion*, 1752, iv. 22; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 167.

The melody of two English songs—*Paul's Steeple* and *I am the Duke of Norfolk*—belonging to the latter half of the sixteenth century is claimed to be the original of *John Anderson my jo*, but the music in English collections is not found earlier than the *Dancing Master*, 1651. The following is taken from a translation of the *Skene MS.*



For further information on the English melody see Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 117.

It is necessary to enter a warning against the following remark on *John Anderson my jo* by Bishop Percy in his *Reliques*. 'It is a received tradition in Scotland that at the time of the Reformation ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin Service. *Green Sleeves* and *pudding pies* is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns; *Maggy Lauder* was another; *John Anderson my jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine.' This is a most confused and misleading statement. There is not an example of a hymn tune or a tune 'of the most favourite hymns in the Latin Service' to be found in Scotland in connexion with a secular song. The three titles named are secular airs, and none are known to have been used for the purpose named. It is ridiculous to speak of the very fine original music of these 'sonnets' in the past tense. All were very popular and well known in Percy's time, and they are well known now as secular folk tunes with secular words. What was done in Scotland was to imitate every European country, including England. Religious parodies of secular songs were written for popular secular airs, and these 'sangs,' mixed up with hymns and psalms, are preserved in the collection known as *The Gude and Godlie Ballads*. In the whole song and dance music of Scotland only one melody called *Cumnock Psalms* (see No. 260, and that was collected by Burns from tradition) can by any stretch of the imagination have any connexion with the church tunes. The offensive epithet applied by Percy to the songs is not warranted. 'The paipe that pagane full of pryde,' which casts spirited ridicule on the morals of the priests, is the most plain spoken, but scarcely deserves the epithet.

No. 213. *Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 376, signed 'B,' entitled *Sic a wife as Willie had*. The MS. is in the British Museum. The verses are unrivalled as a vernacular pen and ink portrait of one who had not a single point of physical beauty to recommend her. A recent writer in the public press identifies Linkumoddie as five and a half miles from Broughton on the road to Tweedsmuir and Moffat. On the

opposite bank of the Tweed, where a hill stream called Logan Water runs into the Tweed, stood a thatched cottage called Linkumdoddie, which disappeared forty years ago. At the end of the eighteenth century a weaver called Gideon Thomson lived there, but nothing is known of his wife. This story has not been verified, but it may be remarked that Burns knew the locality, and more than once stayed at the Crook Inn, a few miles distant from where Linkumdoddie is said to have stood.

The fragment of a popular rhyme of the seventeenth century is quoted in *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Display'd*, 1694. A preacher at Linton is represented as saying 'Our bishops thought they were very secure this long time, like

Willie Willie Wastle, I am in my castle;  
A' the dogs in the town, dare not ding me down.'

Willie Wastle's Castle is the ancient castle of Home, situated in the North-East corner of Roxburghshire. Cromwell besieged and destroyed it. The owner challenged the Protector to do his worst, and he did it effectually.

The tune was first printed in the *Museum* with Burns's song. A song and tune *Sike a wife as Willy had* is in *180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 320; the music is also in *Atkinson's MS.* 1694 and elsewhere, but it has no resemblance to that here printed. The tune of Burns's song is a specimen of a numerous class of Scottish folk music which puzzles the composer to harmonize.

**No. 214. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 409. This MS. is in the British Museum. A version in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 316, has four stanzas and a chorus. The first and second stanzas of Burns are near copies from Herd, the chorus is somewhat altered, and the 'sheephead' stanza is much altered. 'Mr. B. gave the old words': (*Law's MS. List*).

For information on the tune, see Song No. 249. Burns made a note on his manuscript that the chorus was to be sung to the first part of the tune, as in the text.

**No. 215. I bought my wife a stane o' lint.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 350, entitled *The weary pund o' tow*. The MS. is in the British Museum. It is the model of a song known by the name of its tune. Marriage as a release from work is described by George Colman the younger in one of his comedies. The mistress of a servant who is careless, asks her how she expects to get a character when she is so lazy, and receives the snappish reply 'Character! I don't want a character; I am going to be married.' A black letter ballad entitled *The Cruell Shrow or the patient man's woe*, printed by *M.P. for Henry Gosson* about 1665, describes the life of a suffering husband. The last stanza contains a generous wish and offer:—

'O that some harmless honest man,  
Whom death did so befriend,  
To take his wife from off his hand,  
His sorrows for to end,  
Would change with me to rid my care,  
And take my wife alive,  
For his dead wife, unto his share!  
Then I would hope to thrive.'

A song *The pound of tow*—incomplete—in *The Charmer*, 1782, i. 339, is also in a Chap-book by J. Jennings, Fleet Street. The following is the middle stanza in *The Charmer*:—

'But if your wife and my wife were in a boat thegither,  
And yon honest man's wife were in to steer the rither;  
And if the boat were bottomless, and seven mile to row,  
I think my wife would ne'er come back to spin her pound of tow.'

The tune is in Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 4. In the *Museum*, with Burns's song, it is directed to be sung very slow.

**No. 216. The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 396, signed 'B,' entitled *The deuks dang o'er my daddie*. The MS. is in the British Museum with directions by Burns where the tune is to be found. One of the humorous connubial songs for which Scotland is distinguished. The dialogue sparkles with fun. The hale and active wife has a profound disrespect for her rheumatic 'fashionless' old husband, whose children even deride him. A fragment from a MS. once in the possession of the late C. K. Sharpe is subjoined :—

'The nine pint bicker's fa'n aff the bink,  
And broken the ten-pint cannie, O,  
The wife and her kimmers sat down  
to drink,  
But ne'er a drap gae the guidman-  
nie, O;

The bairns they a' set up a shout,  
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O;  
"There's no muckle matter" quo' the  
guidwife  
"He's ay been a daidlin bodie, O."

The tune first printed in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1670, is English; the title *Buff Coat* indicates a political origin in the Restoration period or earlier, for Fletcher, in *The Knight of Malta*, refers to a song as *The soldier has no fellow*, which was sung to the tune. Early in the seventeenth century the defensive armour of the soldier was a buff leather jerkin thick enough to protect the body from sword cuts. This continued to be the uniform during the reigns of Charles I and II, and the Commonwealth. No version exists of *The soldier has no fellow* (or *The buff coat has no fellow*); but various ballads on other subjects are marked to be sung to *Buff coat*, and during the eighteenth century the tune was introduced into several operas. The Scots tune *The deuks dang o'er my daddie* differs in detail from *Buff coat*, but both are practically the same. The music entitled *The buff coat has no fellow* is in *Atkinson's MS.* 1694, and as *The Deukes dang over my daddie* in Oswald's *Curious Collection Scots Tunes*, 1740, 4; in his *Companion*, 1743, i. 1; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 7; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 68.

**No. 217. Husband, husband, cease your strife.** Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 62, 'Written for this Work by Robert Burns.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. An imperfect copy is in the British Museum. *My spouse Nancy* sent in December, 1793, is an English version of *My jo Janet*, which is a delightful humorous dialogue, conducted in the most courteous manner between a parsimonious husband and a vain young wife who dresses to attract the attention of the public. *Janet* of the old song and the *Nancy* of Burns are different characters. The latter is a termagant requiring physical force argument. *My jo Janet* is in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, and Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 132. The first stanza is :—

'Sweet Sir, for your courtesie,  
When you come by the Bass then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Bny me a keeking-glass then.  
"Keek into the draw-well,  
Janet, Janet, and there ye'll see your bonny sel  
My jo Janet."

The rest can be seen in any good collection of Scottish Songs. Wanting the last stanza it is in Johnson's *Museum*, 1788, No. 111. In the *Interleaved Museum* Burns says 'Johnson the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous ballad.' A broadside of the seventeenth century in the British Museum, entitled *Jenny, Jenny; or the false-hearted knight*, obviously an English copy of the Scots original, relates the same



incidents as those of *My jo Janet*. There are at least two other black letter ballads to the tune *Jenny, Jenny*. One, *The kind-hearted Maiden's Resolution*; and the other *The Faithful Young Man's answer to the kind-hearted Maiden's Resolution*; both printed for I. Clarke at the Harp and Bible, in West Smithfield, between the years 1666 and 1684.

The primitive melody is in the *Straloch MS.*, 1627-29, entitled *The old man*; and, wanting the second part, as *Long er onie old man*, in the *Skene MS. c.* 1630. The *Leyden MS. c.* 1692, contains another form called *Robin and Janet*. The tune is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1751, iii. 16; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 11; and with the verses of *My jo Janet* in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733; No. 36; the *Perth Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 159; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 111, and Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, i. 173.

No. 218. *I never saw a fairer*. Currie, *Works*, iv. 14, entitled *My Wife's a winsome wee thing*, which was written for George Thomson and described to him in a letter Nov. 8, 1792, as 'a few lines smooth and pretty,' and he goes on 'If you mean, my dear Sir, that all the songs in your collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find difficulty in the undertaking more than you are aware of.' Thomson did not publish the song in *Scotish Airs*, 1818, but he inserted it in his *Select Melodies*, 1825, vi. 44, in twenty-four lines, four being by Burns, and twenty by himself! For the tune, see No. 220.

No. 219. *O, that I had ne'er been married*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 593. 'Corrected by R. Burns.' 'Mr. B. gave the old words' (Law's *MS. List*). The chief portion of a distracting letter to Mrs. Dunlop dated 15th December, 1793, states the reason of Burns's attention to the present song. The following is an extract: 'These four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest child, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence. There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the state of husband and father, for God knows they have many peculiar cares. I see a train of helpless little folk; me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate; even in all the vigour of manhood as I am, such things happen every day—Gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his deathbed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woes enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independence and friends; while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject! To leave off talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing with the old ballad *O that I had ne'er been married*.' He then quotes the first stanza of the present song. The only part written by Burns is the last stanza beginning 'Waefu want and hunger fly me.' The first stanza and chorus are in the *Herd MS.*

The tune entitled *Three Crowds in a day* is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694: the editor of the *Museum*, ignoring the sentiment of Burns's song, cruelly marks the music to be sung 'a little lively,' presumably on the principle of driving away dull care.

\*No. 220. *She play'd the loon or she was married*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 217. Burns's holograph in the *Law MS.* is 'Mr. Burns's old words.' The first eight lines are a fragment in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 230, the last eight are the work of Burns. The whole song as here printed is in the *Merry Muses*. For the dainty verses which Burns wrote for Thomson to the tune, see No. 218. The music in our text is an early and good set from Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 30. The tune was first printed in *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700, entitled *Bride Next*, and with the present title in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1754, vi. 12; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 41.

No. 221. *On peace an' rest my mind was bent*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 532. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' 'Mr. B's old

words' (Law's *MS. List*). The MS. is in Chicago. Stenhouse refers to an old song *My wife she dang me*, but gives no particulars. Burns had no experience of such a wife as is suggested in these verses: his humorous connubial songs are uniformly excellent. The class is very largely represented in the vernacular songs of Scotland, and indicates that the women could hold their own against the lords of creation. Hector Boece, the Scottish historian of the fifteenth century, says that in ancient times they were nearly as strong as the men, and maidens and wives 'yeid als weile to battle as the men' (went as well to battle as the men). In Motherwell's *Burns*, 1834, iii. 29, an obviously modern song is quoted, which need not be regarded. The tune *My wife she dang me* is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 4; and M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 28. It is a characteristic melody probably of the seventeenth century.

No. 222. *I coft a stane o' haslock woo'.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 437, signed 'Z,' entitled *The cardin o't, &c.* The MS. of this fragment is in the British Museum. The 'haslock woo' named in the first line is the wool on the throat or *hals* of the sheep, from which the finest and softest yarn is made. The second stanza is a reminiscence of *John Anderson my jo*.

The tune *The cardin o't*, or *Salt fish and dumplings*, is a smooth flowing melody, well worth preservation. It is in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, entitled *Queensbury's Scots measure*; and in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 487.

No. 223. *The cooper o' Cuddie came here awa.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 431, entitled, *The couper o' Cuddy*. The MS. is in the British Museum. A version substantially the same is in the *Merry Muses*. At the bottom of the *musical MS.* for the printer Burns has written 'This tune is to be met with everywhere.' *Bab at the bowster* is an old favourite dance, and never omitted at penny weddings and other rustic balls. As practised in the West of Scotland it was rather a lengthy function. A row of men and a row of women faced each other, with one in the middle carrying a bolster. The company sang the refrain:—

'Wha learnt you to dance, you to dance, you to dance,  
Wha learnt you to dance, Bab at the bowster, brawly.'

At the close of the stanza, the holder of the bolster, laid it at the feet of one of the opposite sex, and then both knelt and kissed. The process was repeated, until all had participated, or until the company tired of the game. Burns, in a letter dated June 30, 1787, describes a ball he was at in the Highlands, where among others *Bab at the bowster* was danced with enthusiasm. This form of salutation was common in England to the end of the sixteenth century and later, when the gentlemen kissed the ladies on entering a room. Erasmus does not give it a place in his satire *The Praise of Folly*, but he was much impressed with the custom, which he could not sufficiently praise, and on which Captain Topham, a competent critic, has remarked that it says much for the superior beauty of English women who could fire the lifeless soul of a Dutchman. The custom went out earlier in England than in Scotland, where it only began to decline in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. It still survives as 'kiss in the ring' in 'unfashionable society.'

In the time of Burns the passion for dancing was at its height in Scotland. Captain Topham, in his *Letters from Edinburgh*, 1775, describes an upper and a middle class ball, where the company danced nothing but reels and strathspeys. They sat unmoved at most of the English country dances, but the moment a reel was played, they jumped up as if they had been bitten by a tarantula. The gravest men in Edinburgh, with the exception of the ministers, were as fond of dancing as the Scottish rustics of the day, and danced not for recreation, but for the sake of dancing.

The Tune is in the *Skene MS.* c. 1630, entitled *Who learned you to dance and a towdle*; as *Country Bumpkin*, in Stewart's *Reels*, c. 1768, 71; and as



*Bab at the bowster*, in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 119. It was sung in at least five English operas of the eighteenth century, and known in England as *A country bumpkin* from one of the opera songs beginning:—

'A country bumpkin who trees did grub,  
A vicar that used the pulpit to drub,  
And two or three more, o'er a stoup of strong bub,  
Late met on a jolly occasion.'

*The Cushion dance*, precisely that described above, was fashionable and popular in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: every class from the Court downwards favoured it. John Selden (1584-1664), in *Table Talk*, gives a ludicrous account of the English dancing propensities. 'The Court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the Corrantos and the Galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony, at length, to *Trenchmore* and the *Cushion-Dance*, and then all the company dance, Lord and groom, Lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our Court in Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up. In king James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *Trenchmore* and the *Cushion Dance*, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toite.' Taylor, the water poet, called the cushion dance a provocative dance, for he before whom the cushion was placed was to kneel and salute the lady. A full description can be seen in Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 154.

The music of the English *Cushion Dance* is different from the Scottish tune. The earliest printed copy is entitled *Galliarde Anglaise* in a Dutch music book, Amsterdam, 1615. The following is from *Nederlandsche Gederick-Clanck*, 1626, entitled:—

*Galliarde Suit Margriet.*



No. 224. Guide'en to you, kimmer. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 523, signed 'B' and marked 'corrected by Burns.' *Centenary edit.* 1897, iii. 189. In Gray's *MS. Lists* 'The music with Mr. Clarke.' In Law's *MS.* 'Mr. Burns's old words.' A part of the verses is a repetition, and probably the original, of the fragment quoted by Percy (see Notes to No. 212). Is it not likely that the fourth and fifth stanzas of *We're a' noddin* are the original of Percy's lines, and that the general *Johny* became the particular *John Anderson*? Stenhouse circulated Percy's statement in his *Illustrations*. The second and last stanzas in the text are in the *Herd MS.* 70; the rest were added by Burns or obtained from tradition. In Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, 1823, there is an incoherent set of verses of the close of the eighteenth century beginning 'Bide a wee, woman, and gie'st a' out', for the tune which probably originated in the street and circulated *viva voce* until put in the *Museum*.

\*No. 225. *There's cauld kail in Aberdeen.* The two stanzas and chorus in the text are in the *Interleaved Museum* where Burns states they are 'the old verses.' They are not found elsewhere, and he doubtless mended them. For an account of the tune *Cauld Kail*, see notes to Nos. 102 and 104.

## V. BACCHANALIAN AND SOCIAL.

No. 226. *The deil cam fiddlin thro' the town.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 399, entitled, *The deil's awa wi' the exciseman*. Enclosed in an undated letter addressed to J. Leven, General Supervisor of the Excise, and introduced as follows: 'Mr. Mitchell mentioned to you a ballad, which I composed and sung at one of his excise dinners: here it is—*The Deil's awa wi' the exciseman*, Tune *Madame Cossy*. If you honor my ballad by making it one of your charming *bon vivant* effusions, it will secure it undoubted celebrity.' Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, 1828, relates the origin of the song, which he received from an Excise officer, to the effect that Burns was left on the Solway shore to watch the movements of the crew of a stranded smuggler, while his companion went for assistance to board the vessel. Burns got tired tramping the wet sands, and exercised himself in writing *The deil's awa wi' the exciseman*.

The tune *Madam Cossy* I conjecture to be *The Quaker's Wife*, see No. 40; or it may be another name for that here reprinted from the *Museum*, where the song was first published under Burns's direction. It is a good English melody entitled *The hemp-dresser* in Aird's *Airs*, ii. No. 105, and without a title in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 21. It is in every edition of Playford's *Dancing Master* from the first issue in 1651. In Dufrey's *Pills*, 1719, i. 320, it is set to a song *The sun had loos'd his weary team*.

No. 227. *Landlady, count the lawin.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 170, entitled, *Hey tutti, taiti*. The MS. is in the British Museum. An early Jacobite song of the beginning of the eighteenth century is on the same page of Johnson's *Museum*. This political song is written with considerable vigour, one of the stanzas being as follows:—

<p>' When you hear the trumpet-sounds Tuttie taitie to the drum; Up your swords, and down your guns, And to the louns again.</p>	<p><i>Chos.</i> Fill up your bumpers high, We'll drink a' your barrels dry, Out upon them, fy! fy! That winna do't again.'</p>
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The tune, slightly varied, is that for which Burns wrote *Scots wha hae*—see Song No. 255.

No. 228. *A' the lads o' Thornie-bank.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 156 b, signed 'Z.' Tune *Ruffian's rant*. The MS. is in the British Museum. Buckie is an important fishing village between Castle Gordon and Cullen. Burns must have passed through Buckie on September 7, 1787, for he slept at Cullen the same night, and we know that he dined on that day with the Duke of Gordon. The song is probably a reminiscence of a call for refreshment at the Inn kept by 'Lady Onlie, honest lucky, who brew'd good ale at the shore o' Bucky.'

For the tune, see No. 239.

No. 229. *I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 314, entitled *The Whistle*. Burns has described the origin of the contest for the whistle, and whether true or not there can be no doubt that our Scandinavian ancestors were deep drinkers. Poetry and song were the magic of Odin; beer was the ambrosial liquor. Regner Lodbrog, in his *Dying Ode*,

expresses his opinion of the juice of the malt, and in the last stanza says : 'Odin hath sent his goddesses to conduct me to his palace. I am going to be placed in the highest seat, there to quaff goblets of beer with the gods.'

The whistle, according to Burns's 'authentic' history, was brought to Scotland by a gigantic Dane who followed Anne, Princess of Denmark, whom James VI married. The Dane challenged any one to drink with him, the condition being that the man who sat longest at the table should become the owner of the *Ca'* or whistle. The ancestor of Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton won the trophy after a three days and nights' contest, and blew the whistle over the prostrate Scandinavian. A descendant of Sir Robert Lowrie lost the trophy, which passed into the possession of Walter Riddell of Glenriddell, and remained in the family. The contest celebrated by Burns took place on Friday October 16, 1789, between Robert Riddell brother of the holder, Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, and Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch, the latter-named gentleman carrying off the prize, and in a very peculiar way proving the survival of the fittest. It is very unlikely that Burns was present at the contest, although the penultimate stanza of the ballad makes it appear that he was. On the same day he had forwarded two letters to be franked by Sir Robert Lowrie, and said he would send a servant for them in the evening.

The ballad was printed in several newspapers before it appeared in the *Museum*. Stenhouse says that the tune is the composition of Robert Riddell, one of the competitors, and if so, it is his best tune. It is in the style of an Irish melody, but it is not in any collection prior to the *Museum*.

No. 230. Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie. Cunningham's edition, 1834. Tune, *Over the water to Charlie*. Burns was admitted as an honorary member to the Kilmarnock Lodge of Kilwinning Freemasons, on October 26, 1786, when he recited the foregoing verses, and afterwards handed a copy of them to the chairman, Major William Parker.

The tune *Over the water to Charlie* was composed shortly after the rebellion of 1745, unless it had a previous unrecorded existence. Burns knew it as Irish under the name of Shawnboy; the earliest form is in Johnson's *Country Dances*, 1748, entitled *Pot-stick*. It is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1752, iv. 7, as *Over the water to Charlie*, and with the same title in Bremner's *Reels*, 1757, 16; and the *Museum*, 1788, No. 187. In Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 98, it is entitled *Marquis of Granby-Shambuy*. It was also known by an Irish name *Legrum Cush*, and it may be the *Madam Cossy* referred to in No. 226. For tune, see No. 294.

No. 231. It's now the day is dawin. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 442. Stenhouse in *Illust.*, 393, says: 'The four lines in the *Museum* were hastily penned by Burns at the request of the publisher, who was anxious to have the tune in that work, and the old words could not be discovered.' Burns admired the air and refers to it in a letter to Alex. Cunningham, May 4, 1789, when he thought of writing a song for the three Crochallan members Cruikshank, Dunbar and Cunningham; 'I have a good mind to write verses on you all to the tune *Three gude fellows ayont the glen*.' No verses are known except those in the text. This spirited and well constructed melody is neglected and almost unknown. It is in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 18; and Oswald's *Companion*, 1753, v. 1.

No. 232. Deluded swain, the pleasure. *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 33. Tune: *The Collier's bonie lassie*. Currie's *Works*, 1800, iv. 135. The only information about this sentimental production is a line in the letter to Thomson enclosing the song: 'Then for *The Collier's dochter* take the following old bacchanal.' No one has discovered any previous song of the kind: the presumption is that Burns had no wish to father it. The tune is noted in songs Nos. 44 and 208.

No. 233. Should auld acquaintance be forgot? (Johnson's set.) From a holograph copy in the *Interleaved Museum. Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 413, signed 'Z.' *Auld lang syne* is the best known and most widely spread social song in the Anglo-Saxon language. Without official aid such as has been given by religion to the *Old Hundredth*, or to *God save the King* by the State, *Auld lang syne* has steadily worked its way to the heart of all classes of the nation, and it stands pre-eminent as the most familiar secular song of the English-speaking people throughout the world. In Scotland it slowly supplanted and eventually obliterated *Good night, and joy be wi' you a'* which for a century and a half had been the dismissory song at festive meetings. It would be difficult to apportion the relative merit of the verse and the air which has contributed to the extraordinary popularity of *Auld lang syne*. Both are simple and directly emotional. Nine-tenths of the words are monosyllabic; the melody is a Scottish country dance tune, which in the course of half a century of continuous use was gradually divested of superfluous ornament, and was developed into the simplest musical phraseology of the original. A century of increasing fame has put *Auld lang syne* beyond criticism, and we might as well try to analyse the colour or aroma of a wild flower in order to direct the taste as to make an impression by dissecting the song. The description of Burns has been justified, and it illustrates the power of song so effectively expressed by Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun (1653-1716) nearly two hundred years ago in the following words more often than otherwise quoted incorrectly: 'I said I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Chr—'s sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.' (*Account of a Conversation*; Edin. 1704.)

A brief and bare statement of the origin of the verse and air may be permitted here, as the history of both are obscure and disputed. As regards the verse Burns is responsible for leading the public astray, and his musical editor George Thomson obscured the source of the air. The words were originally published from the manuscript of Burns in Johnson's *Museum* at the close of the year 1796, or about six months after the poet died. It is not certain, but it is very probable, that Burns saw the engraved *Museum* copy of *Auld lang syne*.

In a letter to Johnson about October, 1793, he says 'as to our *Musical Museum*, I have better than a dozen songs by me for the fifth volume.' In the same month he asks Johnson why the tunes and verses which could not be made out were not sent to him, and he requests that they be forwarded without delay, for he and Clarke are laying out materials for the fifth volume. About February, 1794, he sent forty-one songs for the volume, and informed Johnson that he had a good parcel of scraps and fragments in his hands. In the middle of June, 1794, Johnson wrote to Burns stating that the fifth volume was actually begun; and in March, 1795, a packet of songs was returned to Johnson, obviously received by Burns for correction. Finally, a few months before his death a friend who was in Edinburgh was commissioned to bring any proofs that were ready. These references are given to show that Burns knew the contents of the posthumous fifth volume of the *Museum* of which *Auld lang syne* is the thirteenth number. The poet wrote at least four holograph copies of *Auld lang syne*. The first was part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop on December 17, 1788, from which the following is an extract: 'Your meeting which you so well describe with your old schoolfellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world! they spoil these "social offsprings of the heart." Two veterans of the "men of the world" would have met with little more heart-workings than two old hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase *Auld lang syne* exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet . . . Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen



of modern English Bacchanalians.' This Dunlop Manuscript, incomplete, is in the possession of Mrs. Prun of Albany, New York. The copy differs from the published versions, and it is obvious that Burns revised the song before sending it for publication. The first and fifth stanzas and chorus are as follows:—

First Stanza.	Chorus.
'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,	For auld lang syne, my jo,
And never thought upon?	For auld lang syne;
Lets hae a waught o' Malaga,	Lets hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang syne.	For auld lang syne.

Fifth Stanza.

'And there's a han' my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a han' o' thine;  
And we'll tak a right gudewilly waught,  
For auld lang syne.'

The rest is substantially the same as that in Johnson's *Museum*. The manuscript of the Johnson copy has disappeared. The song having been written for the *Museum*, it may be assumed that Burns, soon after the Dunlop letter, sent his verses to Johnson, who however put them aside because the air for which they were written had already appeared with the verses of Allan Ramsay in the first volume of the *Museum* published in 1787. Johnson afterwards discovered the merit of the song which caused him eventually to publish it, and thus to take the unusual step of reprinting a tune which had already appeared in his collection. To Johnson therefore must be given the credit of the original publication of *Auld lang syne*.

Some years later—in September, 1793—Burns forwarded a third copy to George Thomson with the following note: 'One song more, and I have done, *Auld lang syne*. The air is but mediocre; but the following song—the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing—is enough to recommend any air.' In November 1794, or after a lapse of more than a year, Burns writes again to Thomson, apparently in answer to a reference the latter had previously made to the music. (Thomson had probably discovered from Clarke, the musical reviser of the *Museum*, that Johnson was in possession of a copy of *Auld lang syne*.) He says: 'The two songs you saw in Clarke's are neither of them worth your attention. The words of *Auld lang syne* are good, but the music is an old air, the rudiments of the modern tune of that name. *The other tune you may hear as a common Scots country dance.*' I have marked the last sentence in *italics* as I will refer to it in the Notes on Thomson's set following. The fourth copy of the verses unsuspected and unknown I have discovered in the *Interleaved Museum* which I have been permitted to examine. These four precious volumes have been hidden from the public for nearly one hundred years, and Cromeek, who, in his *Reliques of Robert Burns*, 1808, pretended to have printed a verbatim copy of the Notes written by Burns, has misled the public in several ways as to the contents. In connexion with *Auld lang syne* he quotes what is not in the *Interleaved Museum*, and he omits what is there, which is: 'The original and by much the best set of the words of this song is as follows' as in our text. The Dunlop and *Interleaved Museum* copies definitely settle the disputed gude-willy controversy which need not have caused any controversy, as the term is Old English and occurs for example in the line 'A! faire lady! Welwilly found at al,' in John Lydgate's (c. 1375-1462) *Complaint of the black knight*. A 'gude-willy waught' means a deep drink of good fellowship.

It is necessary to explain what Burns meant by 'an old song.' Most of his numerous contributions to the *Museum* were original, but many were earlier fragments with his additions and corrections, and these he has described in the

*Law MS.* as 'Mr. Burns's old words.' To his correspondents in general he pretended that several were not his work at all, but merely verses that he had heard or been told, and Johnson had no particular information about them. A number of the songs in the *Museum* bear the signature *X* or *Z*. On one of these, *To the weaver's gin ye go*, Burns made the following note in the *Inter-leaved Museum*. 'The chorus of this is old; the rest of it is mine'; and then he goes on to make a general statement: 'Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass.' He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent.' A few examples from his Notes may serve to illustrate the subject. 'Go fetch to me a pint of wine' he described as old to Mrs. Dunlop, though he subsequently stated that he was the author of all but the first four lines. *Strathallan's lament* in the *Museum* is wholly original; in 'I'm o'er young to marry yet,' signed '*Z*,' the chorus alone is old; while in *M<sup>c</sup>Pherson's Farewell* the legend alone is all that he borrowed, and there is scarcely anything in his verses to compare with the old ballad. Of 'John Anderson my jo,' only the first line or title is borrowed, the rest is the very antipodes of the early and now unprintable verses. Again, the whole of the *Gardener wi' his paildle* (signed *Z* in the *Museum*) except the title is original, and the same is the case with *Whistle o'er the lave o't*. How far Burns revised or amended the so-called 'old' version of *Auld lang syne* may be gathered from what follows; but it may be premised that no verses containing sentiments akin to those in Burns's song have ever been found, the only discovery being a ballad with the refrain 'On old lang syne, my jo' (quoted below) which from the context is the echo of another set of verses—or the reverse—at any rate, not at all in the spirit of Burns's world-wide 'Bacchanalian.'

The earliest mention of the precise vernacular phrase *Auld lang syne* is in that scurrilous work *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Display'd*, London, 1694, 64, where the author quotes the following from a sermon preached: 'Did you ever hear tell of a good God, and a cappel (pettish) prophet, Sirs? The good God said, Jonah, now billy Jonah, wilt thou go to Nineveh, for *Auld lang syne* (old kindness).'

The italicized words in the original are probably the reminiscence of a popular song, in which case it takes us back to the late part of the seventeenth century; or it may be only a phrase. Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, describes *syne* as follows: 'To a native of this country it is very expressive, and conveys a soothing idea to the mind, as recalling the memory of joys that are past.' This is precisely what the whole of the song of Burns does, and it is the central source of its immense popularity. The word is Old English; Robert de Brunne c. 1300, in a curious description of manners of the time, uses it thus:—

'The king said, as the knight gan ken  
 Drinkhaille! smiland on Rowën  
 Rowen drank as her list,  
 And gave the king: *sine* him kist.'

It occurs in the works of Barbour, Dunbar, Douglas, and many of the older Scottish poets in the sense of *then* or *since*.

The germ of the song lies in an anonymous ballad of eight double stanzas in the *Baunatyne MS.* 1568 (folio 80 b), entitled *Auld Kyndnes foryett*, which begins 'This warld is all bot fenyett fair,' and is the soliloquy of one in straitened circumstances, who, having seen better days, laments the ingratitude of those who formerly professed themselves friends. The fifth stanza may be quoted as a specimen of the poetry of the early part of the sixteenth century, and as an example of the masculine strength of the Scots language:—



‘Thay wald me hals with hnde and hatt,  
 Quhyle I wes riche and had anewch,  
 About me friendis anew I gatt,  
 Rycht blythlie on me they lewch;  
 Bot now thay mak it wondir tewch,  
 And lattis me stand befor the yett;  
 Thairfoir this world is verry frewch,  
 And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.’

A later ballad is the well-known two sets of verses attributed on slender authority by some to Sir Robert Aytoun (1570-1638), and on more imperfect evidence by others, to Francis Sempill of Belltrees (died *c.* 1683). It was first printed in a miscellaneous collection in Watson’s *Scots Poems*, 1711, and begins as follows:—

‘Should old acquaintance be forgot, And never thought upon, The flames of love extinguished, And freely past and gone?’		Is thy kind heart now grown so cold In that loving breast of thine, That thou canst never once reflect On old-long-syne?’
--	--	--

In the Laing collection, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery, is a street song (referred to in the Centenary Burns) headed ‘*An excellent and proper new ballad, entitled “Old long syne”*. *Newly corrected and amended with a large and new edition of several excellent love lines.*’ The date of the issue of this broadside is about the end of the seventeenth century, and the chorus or refrain runs as follows:—

‘On old long syne,  
 On old long syne, my jo,  
 On old long syne:  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long syne.’

It will be observed from the title that this ballad is the reprint of an earlier publication, and it is important to notice that the refrain contains (1) the same sentiment ‘That thou canst never once reflect,’ as that expressed in the song attributed to Aytoun, and (2) that the words ‘my jo’ are part of the title of the earliest copy of the tune, and also of Burns’s chorus as printed in the *Muscum*. Whether this popular song is anterior to that previously mentioned and ascribed to Aytoun is uncertain.

In *Scots Songs*, 1720, 77, Allan Ramsay published a song of five stanzas which has often been reprinted. The first lines are:—

‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Tho’ they return with scars? These are the noble hero’s lot, Obtain’d in glorious wars:		Welcome, my Varo, to my breast, Thy arms about me twine. And make me once again as blest, As I was lang syne.’
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And the poem goes on to describe, in the usual conventional style of the eighteenth century, the conjunction of Mars and Venus, and concludes happily with the words:—

‘Where the good priest the couple blest,  
 And put them out of pine.’

There are, further, several political or patriotic ballads, one of which modelled on the Watson set is against the union of the countries, and contains the following lines:—

‘Is Scotsmen’s blood now grown so cold,  
 The valour of their mind  
 That they can never once reflect  
 On old long sine?’

Another entitled *O Caledon, O Caledon*, is in the Laing collection, and published in the Lockhart papers, 1817. Lastly a Jacobite ballad of six double stanzas in the *True Loyalist*, 1779, entitled *Langsyne*, is supposed to be written by a skulker in the year 1746, beginning:—

‘Should old gay mirth and cheerfulness  
Be dashed for evermore,  
Since late success in wickedness  
Made Whigs insult and roar.’

which is the nearest approach to the social sentiment of Burns’s song, but, with the exception of the title, there is nothing in it or in any of the poems quoted which could either have inspired Burns, or served as a model for his verses.

We have thus to fall back upon his statement of the street ballad which had never been in print nor in writing. We know the transformation which Burns effected in all songs of this class, so it is not to be wondered that his contemporaries who could discover no song of the kind should be sceptical as to his account of their origin. Cromeek, in *Scotish Songs*, 1810, ii. 128, says: ‘This ballad of *Auld lang syne* was also introduced in an ambiguous manner, though there exist proofs that the two best stanzas of it are indisputably his. He delighted to imitate and muse on the customs and opinions of his ancestors . . . all tended to confer on him that powerful gift of imitating the ancient ballads of his country with the ease and simplicity of his models.’ Cromeek was a warm admirer of Burns’s genius, and scoured Ayrshire and the Southern counties of Scotland in collecting memorials of the poet which he afterwards published; but he does not state what authority he had for saying that Burns wrote only two stanzas of the song. George Thomson was also sceptical about the old original; to enhance his collection, however, he printed at the head of *Auld Lang Syne* in *Scotish Airs*, the observation that it was ‘from an old MS. in the Editor’s possession,’ without mentioning Burns at all. This statement was misleading, for the MS. was less than five years old and in the poet’s handwriting. In the later editions the word ‘old’ was deleted, and the head note reads, ‘from a MS. in the Editor’s possession’ with this remark—‘The following exquisitely beautiful song was sent by Burns with information that it is an old song &c. . . . It is more than probable, however, that he said this in a playful humour, for the editor cannot help thinking that the song affords full evidence of Burns himself being the author.’ By this time *Auld lang syne* had acquired considerable fame, and Thomson was obliged to correct his misleading note. We shall see, however, from the story of the modern melody that this is not the only instance of his having led the public astray.

The last writer who may be named on the subject is William Stenhouse, who affirms that Burns admitted to Johnson that three stanzas only were old, the other two being written by himself. This is a mere repetition of Cromeek with the additional information that Burns told Johnson. The three supposed old stanzas are those relating to the *cup*, the *pint stoup* and the *gude-willy waught*. No trace of the ‘old’ song, if it ever existed in the particular of Burns, has been discovered; and if according to his statement, that it never was in print, or even in manuscript, it never can be discovered: and further it is difficult to admit the assertion, unless he wrote the verses himself. After his warm eulogy on the song with the first copy to Mrs. Dunlop, he was bound to adhere to the anonymous origin, and as he continued to extol it he was not the man to open himself to ridicule by claiming it.

The air or tune of our text is that for which Burns wrote his song. It should be remembered that this tune was associated with every song or ballad of *Auld lang syne*, including that of Burns up to the year 1799, when it was displaced by the present well known air to be described in the next Number. The music has an historical record of exactly a hundred years. Doubtless it belongs to a considerable part of the seventeenth century, although the music

has not been found earlier than in Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700, the first printed collection of Scottish music of any kind. The title of the tune there is *For old long Gine* (sic) *my jo*, which corresponds with the first line of the refrain of the seventeenth-century ballad cited above, *On old long syne, my jo*. In all later collections of music of the eighteenth century, except one, the title is invariably *Auld lang syne*. The tune is in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 31; Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iv. 46; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 21; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 25, with Ramsay's words, and later in the same work with Burns's verses. The copies in these and other collections vary more or less from one another, but all of them except that in the *Museum* of 1796 close upon the fifth of the scale. This latter is the simplest form of the melody divested of superfluous notes. The exception to the invariable title is the copy in Thomson's *Scotch Airs*, 1799, 91, where it bears the name of *The hopeless lover* set to the song of Burns 'Now Spring has clad the grove in green.' The music is an exact reprint of that in the *Museum*, 1796, and Thomson probably changed the name to conceal his indebtedness to the work which he styled a vulgar publication.

Variations in Johnson's *Museum*: verse 1, line 4, 'and auld lang syne'; chorus line 1, 'For auld lang syne,' &c.; v. 3, l. 3, 'fitt'; v. 4, l. 1, 'in'; l. 2, 'morning.'

No. 234. Should auld acquaintance be forgot (Thomson's set). *Scotch Airs*, 1799, 68; 'From an old MS. in the editor's possession.' *Select Melodies*, 1822, ii. 19; 'From a MS. in the editor's possession.' The difference in the description of the manuscripts in the two publications of Thomson has already been noticed. With one or two slight variations this is the version in Currie's *Burns*, 1800, iv. 123. The principal variations from the *Museum* copy is the substitution of 'my dear' for 'my jo' in the chorus; and the second stanza in the *Museum* is the last in *Scotch Airs*. This latter is more often printed in modern collections although the *Museum* copy is more radiant and attractive, and the better of the two.

The present popular melody was first attached to the song in *Scotch Airs*, and, although Thomson is generally believed to be solely responsible for selecting it, there is reason for saying that Burns was consulted. That he was familiar with the air will be evident from what follows. Thomson obtained the music from the *Scots Musical Museum*, and of this there can be no doubt. On comparing the music in our text with that of song No. 144, two passing notes in the first part of the tune are the only variations from *O can ye labor lea*,—the music of the chorus of *Auld lang syne* being a close copy of the other. It is important to point this out, which has not been done before, because Thomson made an ambiguous statement as to the source of his melody, which has led up to the unwarranted claim that William Shield composed the air. Neither Thomson, Stenhouse, Graham, Chappell, nor any other expert has said so, and Shield himself, who died in 1829, never claimed it. Stenhouse, simply repeating Thomson, says: 'Mr. Thomson got the words arranged to an air introduced by Shield in his overture to the opera of *Rosina*, 1783.' The word in italics or its equivalent has always been used by writers on the subject, but the meaning was overlooked and deflected by the public, and gradually the supposititious pretension of Shield was alleged as a fact; and Burns's editors, not knowing the merits of the case, have given it currency. Chappell, who wished it to be an English air, did not trouble himself to correct the uncritical, and chiefly relying on the ambiguous statement of Thomson he maintained what was not denied, that the air is in *Rosina*. He did not challenge the accuracy of the following paragraph by Stenhouse that 'Mr. Shield, however, borrowed this air, almost note for note, from the third and fourth strains of the *Scotch Strathspey* in Cumming's collection, under the title of *The Miller's Wedding*,' but he disputed the statement that Cumming's

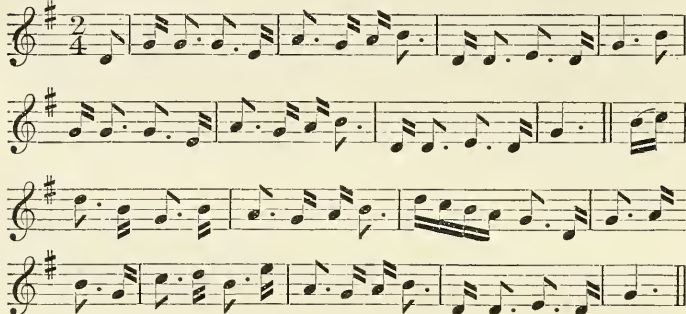
publication was issued as early as 1780. An edition, and perhaps not the earliest, of Cumming's *Strathspeys* containing the tune is dated Edinburgh 1780, which settles the priority so far as Shield is concerned. Why Thomson misled the public and did not acknowledge his obligation to the editor of the *Museum* has been already told. He regarded Johnson's collection as mean and inferior, and always spoke contemptuously of it. In the published correspondence of Burns he never once names it, although Burns repeatedly refers Thomson to the work in his letters. This appears to me to be the reason why Thomson made a far-off and unnecessary allusion to the *Rosina* music, which, compared with that in the *Museum*, varies considerably from his copy both as regards notes and accents. He apparently consulted Burns as to the tune. In the poet's letter to him speaking of the old tune as mediocre he accurately describes the air which was selected as 'the other tune you may hear as a common Scots country dance.' It is quite certain that Burns knew it well, for he contributed the verses 'I fee'd a man at Martinmas' for the tune, and for a variant of it 'Comin thro' the rye,' which in the *Gray MS.* he instructs to be set to 'Tune—*Miller's Wedding*, a *Strathspey*.' Thus the melodies of *Auld lang syne*, *O can ye labor lea*, *Comin thro' the rye* and others in Scottish song books are all variants of the same air and derived from a *Strathspey*, originally published in Bremner's *Reels*, 1759. No tune was better known or more popular in Scotland during the last half of the eighteenth century, and it was published in numerous collections under many titles. It is not difficult to explain why a Scots country dance should be in Shield's opera. The English opera belongs to a class, the songs of which are not set to music expressly composed for them, but are written for existing tunes, principally those of old ballads and songs. The overtures are generally *pot-pourris* of popular melodies such as are performed by the orchestra of a modern pantomime. *The Beggars' Opera* is the first and best of the class, and was the most successful of its kind. It had no original music, all the songs are written for particular airs, many of which are Scottish. The overture was subsequently composed by Dr. Pepusch. The title page of *Rosina* announces that it is composed and selected by W. Shield. The overture is a mixture of portions of *The British grenadiers*, *Singleton's Slip*, some bars of *See the conquering hero comes*, an English country dance and other old airs strung together with a few bars of original music, the last movement being a variation and an adaptation of the Scots country dance, with orchestral accompaniment to imitate the music of the bagpipe. At least one-third of the airs in *Rosina* are selected from English, French, and Scottish songs. The opening song *See the rosy morn appearing* is the composition of John Garth, an organist of Durham and the English editor of 'Marcello's psalms.' Such is a sketch of *Rosina*, an English opera, after a cursory examination of the work. For his time William Shield was a good composer with a gift of melody. He was a native of Swalwell, a village in Durham on the borders of Northumberland, and was familiar with Scottish melodies from his youth. He harmonized the music of Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1792, and I believe that he selected and edited the tunes for Ritson's *Scots Songs* in 1794. He was intimate with Robert Bremner, the leading publisher of Scottish music in London, and frequently visited his shop.

The leading phrase of the first part of *Auld lang syne* is the first movement of *The Duke of Buccleugh's Tune* in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1690. The tune itself was originally published under the title *The Miller's Wedding*, in Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, 41; and also in Cumming's *Strathspeys*, 1780, 17; with the title of *The Miller's Daughter* in McEglashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 5; as *The lasses of the ferry* in Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 33; in the *Overture to Rosina*, 1783; as *Sir Alex. Don* in Gow's *Strathspey Reels*, 1784; as *Roger's farewell* in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 528; as *O can ye labor lea* in Johnson's *Museum*, 1792, No. 394; as *Comin thro' the rye* in the same collection of the year 1796, No. 418; and finally as *Auld lang syne* in *Scottish Airs*, as in the text. None

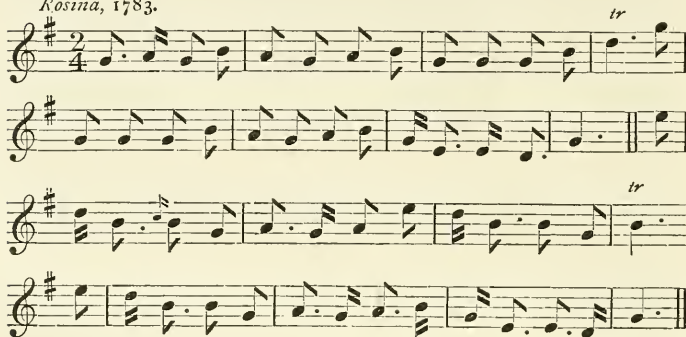


of the copies are exact reproductions. Every succeeding editor made alterations here and there, and Shield simply took his place in the development of the air. To show how he got it and how he left it I subjoin the air from Cumming's *Strathspeys*, 1780, and that from *Rosina*, 1783.

*Cumming, 1780.*



*Rosina, 1783.*



To complete the examination: these transcripts can be compared with the music of *O can ye labor lea* (No. 144) and *Auld lang syne*. Shield certainly changed the character of the air by leaving out the dotted notes in the first portion of the air, and the conspicuous improvement he effected by some altered intervals was more than lost in weakening the accents by the use of equal notes. The editor of the 1792 copy in the *Museum* restored the original character, and improved Shield by raising the climax in the fourth bar by a full tone. Thomson, in *Auld lang syne*, completed the tune by more melodic steps in the third bar leading up to the climax; and also by a more gradual and easy descent in the fifth bar. The result of my investigation is that the air was *selected* by Shield as announced in the title-page of his opera, and that he was not the composer of *Auld lang syne* any more than the *restorer* of an edifice can be called the architect.

No. 235. O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 291, entitled, *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*; *Select Melodies*, 1825, vi. 37. This convivial song is known almost as well as *Auld Lang Syne*. It

was written to commemorate a festive meeting which took place in the autumn of 1789. 'This air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr. William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, and Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business' (*Interleaved Museum*). The verses and music were forthwith sent to the *Museum*. Nicol died on April 21, 1797, and Masterton in 1799. Currie, in *Works*, 1800, lamented that the three honest fellows who took part in the festival, all men of uncommon talents, were now under the turf. Burns probably found the model of his song in *The fumbler's rant*, in the fourth volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1740, the fifth stanza of which is as follows:—

'Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,  
To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam;  
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,  
It is o'er soon for us to gang.  
Foul fa' the cock, he's spilt the play,  
And I do trow he's but a fool,  
We'll sit awhile, 'tis lang to day,  
For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.'

The Baroness Nairn, the authoress of *The land o' the leal*, projected a bowdlerized edition of Burns's songs, but fortunately abandoned the idea. She was the anonymous editor of *The Scottish Minstrel*, where many of her finest songs were first printed. The publisher on his own responsibility inserted *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*, but Lady Nairn strongly disapproved of the selection, and it was suppressed in the next edition.

The Tune is a copy from the original in the *Scots Musical Museum*; words and music are also in Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, i. 259, and Dale's *Scotch Songs*, 1794, iii. 152. Use and selection have divested the melody of the original superfluous passing notes which the singers of last century considered graceful and artistic. It is improved in modern collections; written in the modern scale it is easily harmonized, and many composers with more or less success have made it into a three or four part song. Both verses and music are inspirations.

**No. 236. No churchman am I for to rail and to write.** *First Edinburgh edition*, 1787, 336. Tune—*Prepare my dear brethren*, &c.; also *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 587: 'By R. Burns,' with music. This song is neither better nor worse than the average bacchanalian tol-de-rol ditty of the eighteenth century on which it is framed.

On October 1, 1781, Burns was made a Master in the Tarbolton Lodge of Freemasons, and the last stanza was specially written for the craft. The wrong tune *The lazy mist* is printed in the *Museum*. That in the text has long been popular with the Freemasons. It is entitled the *Freemasons' health* in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iii. 72, and begins, *Come, let us prepare we brothers that are*: while it is called *The freemasons' march* in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 175. It was well known in the West of Scotland, the children in the streets singing it to the rhyme:—

'Hey the merry Masons, and ho the merry Masons  
Hey the merry Masons goes marching along,' &c., &c.

A humorous song, with the music, is printed in Dufey's *Pills*, 1719, ii. 230, entitled, *On the Queen's progress to the Bath*. It is named *The enter'd apprentice's song* in a Masons' Song Book, 1790. For tune, see No. 329.

**No. 237. O, rattlin, roarin Willie.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 194, signed 'Z,' with the music of *Rattlin, roarin Willie*. This is an old unprinted song with corrections and additions. 'The last stanza of this song is



mine, and out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan Corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments' (*Interleaved Museum*). The song has little merit, but there is a touch of human nature in the old lines where the *drouthy* gut-scraper resists the temptation to sell his fiddle for the liquor for which he thirsts. This hero is said to have been a border reiver.

In the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, the tune is marked with a sentimental song beginning 'O Mary, thy graces and glances'—an irrelevant combination. The music, as *Bonny, roaring Willie*, is in *Blackie's MS.*, 1692; entitled *Ranting, roving Willie* in Atkinson's *Northumberland MS.*, 1694; and printed in Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 9. It is a bag-pipe melody of the class common to the South of Scotland, and North of England.

**No. 238.** Here's a bottle and an honest friend. Cromeek. *Reliques*, 1808, 440, entitled 'Song,' without name of tune. The following motto was attached to the title in Pickering's *Burns*, 1834:—

'There's nane that's blest of human kind  
But the cheerful and the gay, man;  
Fa, la, la, la, &c.'

The song books of the eighteenth century were loaded with bacchanalian ditties good and bad—chiefly the latter. This stanza of Burns is classical compared with the coarse materialistic rhymes of the collections.

**No. 239.** In comin by the brig o' Dye. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 156, signed 'Z,' and with the tune, *Ruffian's rant*. The MS. is in the British Museum. The poet was at Stonehaven on September 10, 1787, just after a meeting at Aberdeen with Bishop Skinner, son of the author of *Tullochgorum*. Ten days before, he had spent a day with Niel Gow at Dunkeld. Close to Stonehaven is the river Dye, a tortuous stream which zigzags from the eastern spur of the Grampians, and falls into the Dee at Upper Banchory.

Who the Thaniel Menzies, or Bonie Mary, or Charlie Grigor of the song were, is not known. The verses are doubtless a reminiscence of a night spent at the Inn of the Brig of Dye. The Tune *Ruffian's rant* is widely known as *Roy's wife*, from Mrs. Grant's sprightly song of the same name. It was originally a slow strathspey air, but the eclecticism of music in adapting itself to different moods by a change of time is exemplified here, as in *Scots, wha' hae*. A slow movement of *Ruffian's rant* is the tune of the following pathetic verses:—

'Though thou 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.'

The Tune is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 43; Cumming's *Strathspeys*, 1780, page 3; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 114; also in *M<sup>r</sup> Farlane's MS.*, c. 1740, entitled *Cog na scanan*. Burns wrote a conventional Anglo-Scottish song for the tune in reply to a whip of George Thomson—see Song No. 164.

Three old songs for the melody are in the *Merry Muses*.

**No. 240.** Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu. *Kilmarnock edition*, 1786, 228, entitled 'The farewell, To the brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton. Tune *Good night and joy be wi' you a'*'; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 600. This, the last song in both publications, is supposed to have been sung at the meeting of the Freemasons' Lodge, Tarbolton, held in June, 1786. Until superseded by Burns's *Auld Lang Syne*, *Good night and joy be wi' you* was the parting song at all social meetings in Scotland. A number of the chief collections of Scottish Melodies close with the tune. The distinguished song-writers

of Scotland, Joanna Baillie, Susanna Blamire, and Sir Alexander Boswell, have each written verses for the tune. Burns had a high appreciation of the melody, and in a letter to George Thomson of April 7, 1793, in a burst of enthusiasm thus writes: 'Ballad-making is now as completely my hobby-horse as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race, and then cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say, or sing *Sae merry as we a' hae been*, and raising my last looks to the whole human race, the last words of the voice of Coila shall be *Good night and joy be wi' you a'.*'

The authority to insert the song in Johnson's *Museum* was conveyed in these words: 'Let this be your last song of all in the collection and set it to the old words; and after them insert my *Gude night and joy be wi' you a'* which you will find in my *Poems*. The old words are:—

<p>'The night is my departing night, The morn's the day I maun awa; There's no a friend or fae o' mine But wishes that I were awa.</p>	<p>What I hae done, for lake o' wit, I never, never can reca'; I trust ye're a' my friends as yet, <i>Gude night and joy be wi' you a'.</i></p>
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Johnson followed strictly the instructions of Burns.

The tune is in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630, entitled, *Good night, and God be with you*; in Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; in a *MS.* dated Glasgow, 1710; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 32; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 200. The tune has been considerably altered since its first appearance in the *Skene MS.*

No. 241. *Up wi' the carls o' Dysart.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 392, to the tune *Hey ca' thro'*; *Edinburgh edition*, 1877, ii. 68. On September 15, 1787, Burns slept at Kinross, and next day came through a cold barren country by Queensferry to Edinburgh. The four fishing villages named in the song are close to one another on the south coast of Fife. No version of the song was known until it appeared in the *Museum*. It has been accepted as the work of Burns on the authority of Stenhouse, but it is not among the Burns manuscripts in the British Museum.

The melody of a 'Boat song,' *Hey ca' thro'*, is a characteristic small pipe tune, in compound triple time, common to the Border. The music, which Burns is said to have communicated when he sent the verses, is not in any collection prior to the copy in the *Museum*.

No. 242. *Gane is the day, and mirk's the night.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 317, signed 'B,' entitled, *Then Gudewife, count the lawin.* The *MS.* is in the British Museum. In the *Interleaved Museum* is: 'The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:—

"Every day my wife tells me,  
That ale and brandy will ruin me;  
But if gude liquor be my dead,  
This shall be written on my head,  
O Gudewife, count the lawin," &c.'

Burns's song is worthy of Walter de Mapes, the sprightly monk of the twelfth century who wrote *Mihi est propositum in taberna mori*. According to Stenhouse, Burns obtained the tune from tradition and had it printed in the *Museum*. It is a bright and joyous melody, which ought to be better known.

The well-known obscure proverb, 'As drunk as a lord,' is evidently a corruption of the last line of the second stanza in this song, 'For ilka man that's drunk 's a lord,' which is quite a different phrase from the common saying.

No. 243. *Come, bumpers high! express your joy!* Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, 1829. Written for William Stewart, resident factor or bailiff of the estate of Closeburn in Dumfries, with whom Burns became acquainted in his business excursions. The sister of Stewart was landlady of Brownhill Inn, in

the neighbourhood of Thornhill on the Nith, where the poet sometimes stayed, and where he wrote the verses on a glass tumbler which is now in the library at Abbotsford.

The tune *Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart* is referred to in Song No. 26.

**No. 244. Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair.** Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 65, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns. Air, *Lumps o' pudding*.' The MS. is in the Thomson collection. Burns accepted Thomson's proposal to write a song for the tune about the middle of November, 1794. In May, 1795, Thomson had presented to Burns a painting of *The Cottar's Saturday night*, by David Allan, in which the poet figured. Burns, in thanking the donor, suggested that if a vignette were made the motto should be, *Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair*, 'in order that the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of Time together.'

The tune known as *Lumps of Pudding* or *Sweet Pudding* is in the *Dancing Master*, 1701; *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; and the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 4. Verses and the music are in *Durley's Pills*, 1720, 300. In *Herd's Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 221, a vernacular humorous song is marked for the tune, showing that this English melody was domesticated in Scotland. The subject is not an uncommon satire in Scottish song. The last stanza of the Herd fragment is:—

'As I gaed by the minister's yard,  
I spied the minister kissing his maid.  
Gin ye winna believe, cum here and see  
Sic a braw new coat the minister gied me.'

**No. 245. I had sax owsen in a pleugh.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 542, 'Corrected by R. Burns.' 'This humorous drinking-song, with the exception of the chorus which is old, was written by Burns' (*Stenhouse, Illustrations*, p. 473). Ale was the common beverage and even an article of food of the people of Scotland. Home-brewed small beer and oatmeal porridge were the diet of the peasantry within living memory.

The tune *The bottom of the punch-bowl* is in *Oswald's Companion*, 1743, i. 29; *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1742, 13; and *Aird's Airs*, 1782, i. No. 93.



## VI. THE JOLLY BEGGARS.—A CANTATA.

(Nos. 246–253.) *Poems ascribed to Robert Burns*, 1801, 1; *Cromek's Scottish Songs*, 1810, ii. 233. This remarkable composition was written about the end of 1785. Nowhere is the genius of Burns more displayed than in this description of the lowest stratum of human life, and the portraiture of the individuals composing the society of the most depraved Bohemians. One true function of art is to provoke sympathy with all animated nature, and Burns was the first poet of his century who cast aside the artificial *Damons* and *Celias* of song and the affectations of the rhymer; he stepped out into the field of nature, saw it with a clear open eye, gauged it with a sound mind, and depicted it with the feeling that he was a part of the great scheme. No poet before him—except Cowper—sang of the weeds, the flowers, and the lower animals as subjects of affectionate regard. Burns's *Deil* was a human spirit who spoke 'broad Scots,' with whom he could converse in familiar terms, and from whom he parted on the best of terms, hoping he 'will tak a thocht and mend.'

*The Jolly Beggars* is a sordid scene of the dregs of humanity. The ragged crew are spending their precarious earnings in the most reckless manner. The microscopic analysis of the company, and the humorous portraits of the individuals of the group, are so exquisitely real, that a sneaking kindness is felt for the social outcasts. How the poem originated may be briefly told. On a winter

night of 1785, Burns and two companions left the house of an innkeeper and brother rhymers—Johnie Dow—and made their way through Mauchline. They were passing the door of a small dingy public house, in a narrow street, kept by a Mrs. Gibson, better known as *Poosie Nansy*, noted for entertaining and lodging vagrants; her assistant in the business was a putative daughter known as *Racer Jess*, from her fleetness of foot and love of running. Sounds of merriment proceeded from the house as Burns and his companions passed; they ventured in and joined the company. They did not remain long, but quite long enough for Burns, who in a few days read to John Richmond—one of the three in the adventure—some verses on the subject, and shortly afterwards presented him with a portion of the manuscript. When finished the poem was given away, and so little did Burns think of it, that in a few years he had forgotten its existence. Only one reference to it is in his correspondence, and that in reply to an inquiry made in September, 1793, when George Thomson asked for a reading of the poem; he had heard of it casually, perhaps through Richmond, who was then resident in Edinburgh. Burns replied, ‘I have forgot the Cantata you allude to, as I kept no copy, and indeed did not know that it was in existence; however, I remember that none of the songs pleased myself, except the last, something about :—

‘Courts for cowards were erected,  
Churches built to please the priest.’

Nothing more was heard of *The Jolly Beggars* during the poet’s life, nor until it appeared in a Glasgow *Chap-Book*, issued in 1799. The demand was so great, that the publisher reprinted it in 1801, in a thin octavo volume with other unpublished pieces, as ‘*Poems ascribed to Robert Burns the Ayrshire Poet*,’ &c. In this volume, with *The Jolly Beggars*, appeared for the first time *The Kirk’s Alarm*, *The two Herds*, *Holy Willie’s Prayer*, and some minor pieces. The extraordinary power displayed in these poems attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who had the volume reprinted, and a few years later, in the *Quarterly Review*, castigated both Dr. Currie and Cromek for refusing to publish *The Jolly Beggars*. The latter defended himself on moral grounds—to protect the fame of Robert Burns, as he said—and to prove his sincerity in the cause of morality, he printed *The Jolly Beggars* in the appendix to his *Scotish Songs*! Our text is taken from the facsimile of Burns’s MS., published in 1823.

Burns appears to have got the idea of *The Jolly Beggars* from a song of seven stanzas in the fourth volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled *The merry Beggars*—of which there are six—a poet, a lawyer, a soldier, a courtier, a fiddler, and a preacher. Each of the characters sings a stanza. The fiddler as follows :—

‘I still am a merry gut-scraper,  
My heart never yet felt a qualm;  
Tho’ poor, I can frolic and vapour,  
And sing any tune but a psalm.’

The verses are not devoid of merit. A copious assortment of canting and begging metrical literature are in the notes on the *Jolly Beggars*, in the ‘Centenary edition’ of Burns. From what has been said it is obvious that Burns never intended to publish *The Jolly Beggars*. He, however, copied most of the songs into his *Merry Muses*.

**No. 246. I am a son of Mars.** The tune *Soldier’s Joy* is in Joshua Campbell’s *Reels*, 1778, 56; McGlashan’s *Scots Measures*, 1781, 32; and in Aird’s *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 109. It is still reprinted in modern collections of popular music, and is a favourite with country fiddlers. I first heard the air played by a pitman in the parlour of a Northumbrian inn before I discovered it in print. One of the editors of Burns mistook the melody and brought



a charge of carelessness against the poet in writing for particular tunes. The charge does not hold good; for the verses, 'I am a son of Mars,' have not until now been printed with the proper melody, and it fits the verses exactly.

**No. 247. I once was a maid.** Tune, *Sodger Laddie*. The verses are in the *Merry Muses or Crochallan Song Book*. The music is in *Atkinson's MS.*, 1694, and *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, entitled *Northland ladie*. A song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, partly by Ramsay, beginning, 'My soger laddie is over the sea,' was reprinted with music in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1731, vi. 110, and copied into the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 27. The music is also in Bremner's *Reels*, 1757, 22. During the eighteenth century the tune was very popular in Scotland, and often reprinted. In Stewart's *Reels*, 1761, 15, it is entitled *Sailor laddie*. Burns made a song with this title for *The Jolly Beggars*; probably he may have got the idea from the title of the tune in Stewart. In the version printed by Cromek, the third line of the second stanza of the *Recitativo* to the bard's song, a 'sailor' instead of a fiddler is named.

**No. 248. Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou.** Tune, *Auld Sir Symon*. This English melody, assigned to the man of the cap and bells, is above three hundred years old, and is well known on both sides of the Border. Its title appears first in a Scottish collection with the song, *Come, here's to the nymph that I love*, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, and later in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 13, to *Some say that kissing's a sin*. It is the tune of the Elizabethan ballad *Ragged and torn*, and must necessarily be older than these verses. Ritson considered it one of the 'Ancient ballads' referred to by Laneham as being in the bundle of Captain Cox, the Coventry mason. In the seventeenth century, a large number of ballads were sung in London to *Old Symon the King*, and Chappell, in *Popular Music*, p. 262, quotes five different names by which it was known. It served moral, political, social, and bacchanalian songs, but chiefly the latter. 'Symon the King' is supposed to have been a noted tavern-keeper who kept good liquor, and sampled it often himself.

'Says Old Symon the King,  
Says Old Symon the King,  
With his ale-dropt hose, and his malmsey nose,  
Sing hey ding, ding a ding ding.'

A political song with this chorus is in *Loyal Songs*, 1685, 149. The earliest copy of the music is in *Musick's Recreation*, 1652. The tune is also in Dufey's *Pills*, 1707, and in the 1719 edition, iii. 143, set to a ballad rather less coarse than usual for that remarkable collection. The music was published in a Scottish collection in Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 6, and in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 102. Two songs in the *Merry Muses* are directed to be sung to *Auld Sir Symon the King*.

**No. 249. A Highland lad my love was born.** Tune, *O, an ye were dead, guidman*. See note on Song No. 214. Stenhouse says he copied this tune from an old manuscript, which he does not, however, further specify. A song of the kind was popular in Scotland at the Reformation, for it is parodied in the *Gude and Godlie Ballads*, 1567, of which the following stanza is a specimen:—

'For our Gude-man in heaven dois ring,  
In gloir and blis without ending,  
Quhair Angellis singis ever Osan,  
In laude and praise of our Gude-man.'

The first part of the tune resembles the second phrase of the *Duke of Buccleuch's Tune*, in the sixth edition of *Apollo's Banquet*, 1690, and complete in the *Dancing Master*, 1709. It is also in Macfarlane's *MS.*, 1741; in Oswald's *Companion*, 1752, iv. 24, and McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, 7, entitled *Watson's Scots Measure*.

**No. 250. Let me ryke up to dight that tear.** Tune, *Whistle owre the lave o't*. A copy of the minstrel's song is in the *Merry Muses*. See note on Song No. 209.

**No. 251. My bonie lass, I work in brass.** Tune, *Clout the Cauldron*. The earliest imprint of the title and subject in a Scottish collection, is that in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, beginning:—

'Have you any pots or pans, Or any broken chandlers? I am a tinkler to my trade, And newly come frae Flanders,	As scant of siller as of grace, Disbanded, we've a bad run, Gae tell the lady of the place, I'm come to clout her caldron.'
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But the original is much older. As *The Tinker* it was printed in the very rare collection, *Merry Drollery*, London, 1661, 134, in seventeen stanzas, beginning—'There was a lady in this land.' The third stanza will show the connexion with Ramsay's version:—

'I am a Tinker, then quoth he, That worketh for my fee, If you have vessels for to mend, Then bring them unto me:	For I have brass within my bag, And target in my apron, And with my skill I can well clout, And mend a broken cauldron.'
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The following note is in the *Interleaved Museum*, but it is not written by Burns: 'I have met with another tradition that the old song to this tune, "Hae ye ony pots or pans or onie broken chanlers," was composed on one of the Kenmore family in the cavalier times. . . . The air is also known by the name of *The Blacksmith and his apron*.' The note is probably by Robert Riddell. The song in *Merry Drollery*, just quoted, is indisputably an English song. The Scottish version was printed for the first time with music in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 25. The copy in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 23, is that in the text.

**No. 252. I am a bard, of no regard.** Tune, *For a' that, an' a' that*. The verses in the Cantata are far superior to the so-called variant-song, No. 68. The tune is noted in Song No. 309.

**No. 253. See the smoking bowl before us.** Tune, *Jolly mortals, fill your glasses*. There are two tunes of this name—both English—set to a drinking-song in three stanzas. One is the composition of John Ernest Galliard (1687–1749), a distinguished oboe player, and chamber musician to Prince George of Denmark. He had the gift of melody, and composed a number of good airs. The music is in *Calliope*, 1739, and Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1731, vi. 182. The other and older air in the text is from Ritson's *English Songs*, London, 1783, vol. iii. Galliard's tune as arranged in Watts does not fit Burns's song very well, and the other is probably that which Burns intended.

## VII. PATRIOTIC AND POLITICAL.

**No. 254. Among the trees, where humming bees.** Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, 453. Tune, *The King of France, he rade a race*. Niel Gow is the 'fiddler in the North' referred to in the song. The sarcasm on foreign music was intended to cool the rage for Italian compositions and vocalists that invaded the country before the middle of the eighteenth century. The *capon craws* of Farinelli, who was the lion of the operatic stage, stigmatized as one of the *castrati*, is sarcastic enough. The 'royal ghaist' refers to James I of Scotland, who was detained a prisoner in England for nineteen years. The royal author of *The King's Quair* was a distinguished poet and an accomplished musician. Hogg quotes an unintelligible Jacobite song beginning 'The King of



France he rade a race,' which may have been the model of Burns. The second stanza is :—

'But there cam a fiddler out o' Fife,  
A blink beyond Balwearie, O,  
And he has coft a gully knife  
To gie the Whigs a bleary, O.

This fiddler cam wi' sword and lance,  
And a' his links o' leary, O.  
To learn the Whigs a morice dance  
That they lov'd wondrous deary, O.'

The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 26, and Campbell's *Reels*. 1778, 73, but it was printed previously in Bremner's *Reels*, 1757, 1, under the title *Lady Doll Sinclair's Reel*. The melody is very little known, and Burns's song is here for the first time printed with its tune.

No. 255. Scots, wha hæ wi' Wallace bled. *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 74, 'Written for this work by Robert Burns.' Two different accounts exist of the origin of *Scots, wha hæ*. Syme, the distributor of Government stamps in Dumfries, an intimate friend and neighbour of Burns, communicated to Dr. Currie a graphic account of a short excursion Burns and he made through Galloway in the end of July, 1793. In traversing Kenmure, the savage scenery and desolate appearance was intensified by bad weather. 'Next day,' Syme says, 'he produced me the Address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalziel.' According to this statement related in Currie, *Works*, 1800, i. 209, 213, *Scots, wha hæ* was written and completed between July 28 and 30, 1793. Burns's own account is contained in a letter to Thomson, assigned to September 1, 1793, enclosing a copy of the ode. I quote the entire letter, as it formulates Burns's impressions of music. 'My dear Sir,—You know that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of you connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies, which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air *Hey, tutti, tailie* may rank among this number; but well I know that with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots Ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as He did that day. Amen! R. B. P.S.—I shewed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it and begged me make soft verses for it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for Freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, *not quite so ancient*, roused my rhyming mania. Clarke's set of the tune, with his bass, you will find in the *Museum*, though I am afraid that the air is not what will entitle it to a place in your elegant selection.' From this letter several inferences may be drawn: first, that Burns suspected Thomson would not care for the tune *Hey, tutti, tailie*; second, that professional musicians considered it a pathetic air; and third, that the French revolution was a cause of the origin of *Scots, wha hæ*.

Dr. Currie made no attempt to decide when the song was written, and the subject is not of vital importance here. When Burns sent it to Thomson he may have finally drawn it up and corrected it fit for the press. As we know, he took an active interest in the stirring drama of the French Revolution, and it is interesting to remember that the struggles of the same nature, 'not quite so ancient,' produced a much more famous song in France. The *Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin*, better known as *The Marseillaise Hymn*, was written and composed at Strasburg, by Rouget de Lisle, a Captain of Engineers in the

French Army, between the night of the 25th and the morning of the 26th April, 1792, or about seventeen months before Burns wrote *Scots wha hae* to commemorate an event more than five hundred years old.

It must be told how Burns's song was criticized, revised, altered, and finally printed in a different rhythm and to a wrong tune. Thomson having shown it to some friends, they agreed as to the merit of the verses, but 'reprobated the idea of giving it a tune so utterly devoid of interest or grandeur as *Hey, tutti, taitie*'; saying further, 'I never heard any one speak of it as worthy of notice.' Thomson and the committee of taste decided that the poet must have created some fanciful partiality for the air through connexion with the tradition concerning it, which was nearly correct, but not in the sense they meant; and then they proceeded to suggest what they thought as a more appropriate melody—*Lewie Gordon*; but as its measure differed, they recommended that a foot should be added to every fourth line of the song, thus:—Stanza 1, Or to glorious victory; 2, Chains, chains and slavery; 3, Let him, let him turn and flee; 4, Let him bravely follow me; 5, But they shall, they shall be free; 6, Let us, let us do or die. What was Burns to do? he had not a single supporter; every one disapproved of his tune—that melody for which the song was specially written, and over which he had wept when Fraser played it. Professional musicians, editor, and committee had declared *Hey, tutti, taitie* unsuitable, so he succumbed and agreed to alter the verses as suggested—in his own way. Thomson, having affected a material and emasculated alteration, proceeded to suggest further amendments but Burns now lost patience, straightened himself, and sent an ultimatum in the following terms: 'My Ode pleases me so much, that I cannot alter it. Your proposed alterations would, in my opinion, make it tame. I am exceedingly obliged to you for putting me on reconstructing it, as I think I have much improved it, . . . I have scrutinised it over and over; and to the world some way or other, it shall go as it is.' This closed the correspondence on the subject. *Scots wha hae*, as reconstructed, completely reversed Burns's invariable method of writing with the sound of some favourite melody ringing in his ears. The verses originally appeared in the *London Morning Chronicle*, May, 1794. Thomson printed them with the tune *Lewie Gordon*, in *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 74; or three years after Burns's death.

The public learnt from Currie, in *Works*, 1800, the struggle for existence of the Ode of Burns, and how the song had been altered; and demanded that the original words should be printed with its own tune. Thomson admitted his error and reprinted the song in his next volume, in 1801, 133, with a note that he thought that '*Hey, tutti, taitie* gave more energy to the words than *Lewie Gordon*.' The original draft in Burns's handwriting—that which he wrote on August 31, 1793—belonged to the late Frederick Lockyer, the author of *London Lyrics*.

*Hey, tutti, taitie* or *Hey now the day dawes*, the tune of *Scots wha hae*, requires an exposition in order to get rid of some misconception regarding its origin. There is no evidence supporting the tradition that it was played at Bannockburn, although one of the earliest fragments of Scottish song existing is in the peculiar rhythm of the tune. In the *Book of St. Alban's*—a chronicle relating to the time of Robert the Bruce—the stanza of a contemporary satirical song is quoted on the flamboyant dress of the officers of the English army who kept the country in check at that period. I quote in modern English: 'At that time the Englishmen were clothed all in coats and hoods painted with letters, and with flowers full seemly, with long beards: and therefore the Scots made a rhyme that was fastened upon the Church doors of St. Peter towards Stangate (York). And thus said the scripture in despite of Englishmen:—

"Longe berdes hertles,  
Payntyd hodes wyteles,  
Gay cotes graceles,  
Makyth Englund thrifteles."'

G g

In Fabyan's *Chronicle* the same verses are repeated, but they are assigned to the time of David Bruce when he married the English Princess. 'To their more derision, they—the Scots—made divers truffles, rounds and songs, against the English.'

In Dunbar's poem *To the Merchants of Edinburgh*, written about the year 1500, a couplet runs:—

'Your common menstrallis hes no tone  
But *Now the day dawis*, and *Into Jone*.'

The common minstrels in Scotland were the Corporation pipers, maintained at the public expense. They were lodged by the householders in succession, and about the end of the fifteenth century Edinburgh appears to have supported three. Any one who found it inconvenient to billet them in their turn was liable to pay nincence, 'That is to ilk pyper iiii at the leist.' A tune was popular in the time of Gavin Douglas. In the prologue of the 13th book of his translation of Virgil, printed in 1513, these lines occur:—

'Tharto thir byrdis singis in the shawis  
As menstralis playing, *The joly day now dawes*.'

In the *Fayrfax MSS.* (Addl. MS. 5465), a collection of English songs by different composers of the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries—is a song written in honour of Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VII, entitled, *This day dawes, this gentill day*, with music for three voices.

One of Alexander Montgomery's poems, *Hey now the day dawis*, supposed to have been written before 1580, resembles a popular song:—

'Hey now the day dawis,	The thrissel cock cryis,
The jolly cock crawis,	Or lovers quha lyis
Now shrouds the shawis,	Now skaillis the skyis,
Through nature anone:	The nicht is neir gone.'

Montgomery's song was probably modelled from an earlier type parodied in the *Gude and Godlie Ballads*, beginning, 'Hay now the day dawes,' every stanza closing with 'the nicht is neir gone'—the identical line used by Montgomery. The following stanza ridicules the saving efficacy of the bone of St. Giles' arm, once the palladium of the Parish Church of Edinburgh:—

'Ye beguiled us with your hoods,  
Shawing your relics and your roods,  
To pluck fra us poor men our goods,  
Ye shaw us the heid of St. John  
With the arme of St. Geill;  
To rottan banes ye gart us kneill,  
And savit us frae neck to heill,  
The nicht is neir gane.'

*Hey now the day dawnes* is designated a celebrated old song in *The Muses Threnodie*, written in the reign of James VI, on the local affairs of Perth.

In *The Piper of Kilbarchan*, a humorous poem in Scots metre, the tune is named as one which Habbie Simson played. Robert Semple, the author, lived between 1595 and 1665, and the poem belongs to the first quarter of the seventeenth century. A stanza is:—

'Now who shall play the *Day it Dawes*?  
Or *Hunts up* when the cock he craws?  
Or who can for our Kirktown cause,  
Stand us in stead?  
On bagpipes now no body blaws  
Sen Habbie's dead.'

Kirkpatrick Sharpe contributed to Stenhouse's *Illustrations* the copy of a local Annandale hunting song. In the first stanza the well known refrain is introduced :—

'The cock's at the crawling,  
The day's at the dawing,  
The cock's at the crawling,  
We're o'er lang here.'

Lastly, the concluding stanza of the bacchanalian *Landlady, count the lawin*, Song No. 227, contains the lines so often quoted :—

'Landlady count the lawin  
The day is near the dawin,' &c.

Stenhouse erroneously assumed that the music of the song in the *Fayrfax MS.* was that of *Hey, tutti, taitie*. Neither is *The day dawis* in *Straloch's MS.*, 1627, the tune of *Hey, tutti, taitie*, which from its construction may well be accounted an ancient melody, although the music is not in any collection prior to the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 13. It is also in *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1755, 33; and with the Ode in Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801. For another set of the air, see Song No. 227. The Rebellion doubtless brought it into more prominent notice, which would account for its publication, but that it was played at Bannockburn is most likely a pleasing fiction. According to Froissart, who obtained the particulars from three eye-witnesses, the Scottish foot-soldiers at the Battle of Otterburn, 1388, carried a large horn slung round the neck after the manner of hunters. To frighten the enemy these horns were sounded in chorus and, being of different sizes, the noise was so great that it could be heard miles off. The bagpipe is first named in Scottish records about the close of the fifteenth century. The figure of a piper is sculptured in Melrose Abbey of an earlier date than any written record of the instrument in Scotland, and in Rosslyn Chapel is a chiselled figure with bare legs and feet and wearing a kilt, playing the pipes.

No. 256. O, wha will to St. Stephen's house. *Gilbert Burns Edition*, London, 1820, from a manuscript entitled '*The fête champêtre*. Tune *Killi-crankie*.' The summer of 1788 is fixed as the date of the entertainment recorded in this programme ballad. According to Gilbert Burns, its origin was due to a garden-party given by William Cunninghame of Annbank, Ayrshire, on coming of age and entering into the possession of his grandfather's estates. The entertainment was then believed to have a political meaning. Burns knew the host, who some years later married a daughter of his dear friend and correspondent, Mrs. Stewart of Afton. Boswell and Dr. Johnson are referred to in the close of the first stanza.

For Notes on the tune, see song No. 328.

No. 257. How can my poor heart be glad? Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 156, entitled '*On the seas and far away*. Tune, *O'er the hills, &c.*' Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1805, 161. The MS. is in Brechin Castle. Sent to Thomson August 30, 1794. Later Burns withdrew the song saying that making a song 'is like begetting a son : you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool, until you produce him to the world and try him.' Thomson omitted the second stanza, and for a chorus repeated the first without variation. Burns was not much attached to this melody of doubtful origin, which belongs to a song referring to the wars in Queen Anne's reign, entitled, *Jockey's Lamentation*, printed with the tune in Dufrey's *Pills*, edition 1709 and 1719, v. 316. Ramsay published an altered version in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725, beginning 'Jockey met with Jenny fair.' In the Pepysian library is a black letter ballad in Scottish orthography printed about 1660 entitled *The wind hath blown my plaid away : or, a discourse betwixt a young man and the Elphin Knight to be sung to its own new pleasant tune*. The last line of every



stanza repeats the title *The wind hath blown my plaid away* which was probably an early name for *O'er the fields and far away*, very popular in England and did service in several operas of the eighteenth century.

The tune is in *Atkinson's MS.* 1694; *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, entitled *My plaid away*; Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iii. 192; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 23; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 97; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 29; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 62; and other musical collections.

**No. 258. There was on a time.** Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 354, entitled *Caledonia*. 'Tune: *Caledonian Hunt's delight*.' The MS. is in the Watson collection. The following letter, dated Jan. 23, 1789, was addressed to James Johnson of the *Scots Musical Museum*, enclosing a copy of the song 'I shall be in Edinburgh, my dear sir, in about a month, when we shall overhaul the whole collection and report progress. The foregoing I hope will suit the excellent air it is designed for.' The song was not printed in the *Museum*, because, I conjecture, Burns afterwards furnished a much better song—*The banks o' Doon* for the tune. See No. 123.

**No. 259. Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?** Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 385, entitled *The Dumfries Volunteers*. Tune, *Push about the jorum*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 546. Burns was suspected of holding treasonable opinions, and he suffered for railing at the constitution. But he was decidedly of the opinion that British wrongs should be righted by British hands. The French Convention menaced the country in the early part of 1795, and two companies of volunteers were raised in Dumfries as a defence against invasion. Burns became a member, and shouldered the musket and pike. The irony of fate hemmed him in over this business. As a suspected rebel he was officially censured and reduced. But it is curious to note that his death was accelerated through patriotism. The most pathetic letter in his correspondence is that of June 12, 1796, nine days before his death, to his uncle James Burness, Writer, Montrose, begging a loan of ten pounds by return of post to save him from an attachment by the unpaid tailor who supplied his volunteer uniform. The ballad *The Dumfries Volunteers*, with music composed by Stephen Clarke, was printed on a sheet in March, 1795, for circulation among the volunteers. Thomson, in *Select Melodies*, set it to *Get up and bar the door*. But as stated by Currie it was written for *Push about the jorum*, a popular English melody, composed about 1770 for a song in the opera of *The Golden Pippin*. It is a good marching air with a free swing. This is the first time the *Dumfries Volunteers* has been printed with its proper tune, entitled *The jorum* in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 33; and *Push about the jorum* in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 111. The tune was a particular favourite of Burns. In the *Merry Muses* three different songs are marked for it. This patriotic song with its tune has the true Burnsian ring; and although the events which produced it are now only historical the vehemence of the poet can still be felt.

**No. 260. As I stood by yon roofless tower.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 405, signed 'B.' Tune, *Cumnock Psalms*, named on the MS., is in the British Museum. The verses are known as *The minstrel of Lincluden*. Burns was wont to walk and muse among the ruins of the Abbey, situated on the angle of land at the junction of the Cluden with the Nith, about a mile and a half north of Dumfries. Pennant gives a description of this collegiate Church in his *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, which is accompanied with a fine engraving of the ruin. Parts of the chancel and nave were all that remained in Burns's time. Margaret, daughter of Robert III, the wife of Archibald Earl of Douglas, son of Bell-the-cat, is buried in the chancel.

The stanza and curious tune which Burns appropriated for the *Minstrel of Lincluden*, was known as *The grey goose and the gled* from an old erotic song of that name. Stephen Clarke transcribed the music for Burns, and in a letter

to Thomson about September, 1794, the poet writes: 'Mr. Clarke says that the tune is positively an old chant of the Romish Church, which corroborates the old tradition that at the Reformation, the Reformers burlesqued much of the old church music. As a further proof, the common name for this song is *Cummock Psalms*.' As shown in Note 212, Bishop Percy first accentuated this myth. A song for the tune is in the *Merry Muses* and it is very unlikely that Thomson knew it. The origin of the tune *Cummock Psalms* is obscure. It is framed upon no existing type of Scottish music, and it stands alone. It is chiefly recitative, with only the rudiments of a modern melody and a compass not extending beyond a musical fifth.

No. 261. The laddies by the banks o' Nith. In *The Spirit of British Song*, 1826, ii. 53, and Cunningham's *Burns*, 1834, entitled 'Election Ballad for Westerha.' In this second election ballad of 1789, the poet openly sympathizes with the Tory candidate. The Duke of Queensberry is held up to derision. Burns had a very poor opinion of the character of the Whig candidate, the son of his landlord. He is not named in the ballad but he is described in a letter to Graham of Fintry as 'a youth by no means above mediocrity in his abilities, and is said to have a huckster lust for shillings, pennies and farthings.' For a Note on the tune *Up and waur them a' Willie*; or, *Up and waur a'*, see No. 283.

No. 262. As I cam down the banks o' Nith. *Centenary Edition*, 1896, ii. 398. The MS. is in the possession of Lord Rosebery. This is another version of the preceding ballad for the tune of *The black watch*, for which see Song No. 269.

The two series of Election ballads which Burns wrote to assist his friends are not printed here in chronological order for reasons which it is unnecessary to explain. This and the preceding are the second and third of the election of 1789; and No. 267 'There was five Carlins in the South' is the first. After the close of the election in 1790 the exasperated Burns addressed to Graham of Fintry a vigorous invective chiefly directed against the Duke of Queensberry who supported the Whigs. It begins 'Fintry my stay in worldly strife,' and is in the metre of Suckling's celebrated ballad 'I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,' and can be sung to that melody, but as Burns did not name any tune for his ballad, and evidently had no mind that it should be sung, it is not in this collection. The various versions can be seen either in the Edinburgh, 1877 edition or the Centenary edition of his *Works*. The ballads of the 1795-6 contest are in order of time as follows—our Nos. 275, 270, 274 and 273. The result of this election was not known at the time Burns died.

No. 263. Farewell to the Highlands. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 259, signed 'Z.' Tune *Faillte na miosg*. The MS. is in the British Museum. 'The first half stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine': (*Interleaved Museum*). 'Mr. Burns's old words,' (Law's *MS. L ist.*) C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe refers to the original as a broadside of seven stanzas and a chorus entitled *The strong walls of Derry*. The ballad is a mixture of Scottish and Irish affairs of the eighteenth century, and the fifth stanza is the chorus of *My heart's in the Highlands*. The ballad was a favourite of Sir Walter Scott, who sometimes sung it to his friends at convivial meetings. Nature had not endowed the great novelist with the gift of true intonation—he was what the Scots call 'timmer-tun'd'—so he very properly confined himself to vocal performances with his intimates only, and at the stage of the proceedings suggested in the following chorus of the ballad.

'There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,  
And he that speaks fairest, lives longest at rest;  
I speak by experience—my mind serves me so,  
But my heart's in the highlands wherever I go.



*Chorus.* Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame,  
If we stay any longer we'll get a bad name.  
We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fou,  
And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.'

The tune *Failte na miosg* or *The musket salute* is Celtic. The second part is inferior to the opening four lines, and is probably an excrescence. The tune is in Oswald's *Curious Collection Scots Tunes*, 1740, 39, and the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 22. English and foreign composers have set to original music these melodious verses of Burns.

No. 264. Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 378, entitled *Such a parcel of rogues in a nation*. The original MS. is in the British Museum. 'Mr. B— words,' (Gray's *MS. Lists*). An invective in twenty-seven stanzas entitled *Upon the rogues in Parliament, 1704* is in Maidment's *Scottish Pasquils*, 1868, 379. The union of the two countries was execrated in Scotland, except among the Whig nobles. The Commissioners who carried through the treaty were styled the thirty-one rogues, and were made targets for the most bitter satire, and held up individually to public ridicule. The rhyming ware of that period is not very well known. I quote the penultimate stanza of *The Rogues Pasquil*.

'In such an array of rogues Argyle may come in,  
Whose blood bears the stain of original sin,  
And if he's like to go on, as they did begin,  
Then he'll follow the fate of his grandsire.'

*The Curse*, written and circulated immediately after the Union was completed, is still more violent, and swears at large. It is as follows:—

'Scotland and England now must be United in one nation; So we again must perjured be, And talk the abjuration.	Curst be the wretch who seized his throne And marred our Constitution; Curst be all those who helped on Our cursed Revolution!
The Stuarts antient true born race, We must now all give over; We must receive into their place, The mungrells of Hanöver.	Curst be those treacherous traitors who, By their perfidious knaverie, Have brought the nation now unto Ane everlasting slaverie!
Curst be the papists who first drew Our King to their persuasion; Curst be the covenanting crew, Who gave the first occasion To strangers to ascend the throne, By a Stuart's abdication!	Curst be the Parliament that day They gave the Confirmation; And curst for ever be all they Shall swear the abjuration.'

Lockhart of Carnwath states the amounts paid by England to each of the Scottish Union Commissioners—the thirty-one rogues. The blood money ranged from £1104 15s. 7d. paid to the Earl of Marchmont down to Lord Banff, the most easily squared traitor, who agreed to dispose of himself for £11 2s. sterling besides throwing in his religion, in order that he might qualify himself to act. The key note of the stanzas of Burns is that what could not be effected by reason or force, was at last obtained by gold and guile.

The model of Burns's verse has been lost, and no existing song fits the rhythm of the tune. *A parcel of rogues in a nation* is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1752, iv. 26, and in M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 19.

On the *Museum* manuscript of the song Burns wrote, 'I enclose what I think the best set of the tune,' but this like nearly all Burns's musical MS. has disappeared.

No. 265. The Thames flows proudly to the sea. *Scots Musical*

*Museum*, 1790, No. 295, signed 'B,' entitled *The Banks of Nith*. 'Tune, *Robie donna gorach*' (Daft Robin). Burns intended this air for his verses, but although it is so marked in the *Museum*, the music of the *Banks of Nith*, the composition of Robert Riddell was engraved instead. In the *Law MS.* the direction is '*The Banks of Nith—Tune, Robie donna gorach*. Mr. Burns's words.' The verses are now for the first time set in the text with the proper tune. It may be stated here that *The Captive Ribband* beginning 'Dear Myra the Captive ribband's mine,' which for sixty years has been printed as a song of Burns, is the work of Dr. Blacklock. As may be seen in the *Law MS.* the holograph note of Burns is 'Dr. B— gave the words,' which definitely settles the question. This song, No. 257 in the *Museum*, is set to *Robie donna gorach*, hence the substitution of another tune for that in our text.

The Celtic air is in *McFarlane's MS.* c. 1740; in Dow's *Scottish Music*, c. 1776, 25; and McDonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, 25.

No. 266. When wild war's deadly blast was blawn. In Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1793, i. 22. 'Written for this Work by Robert Burns.' Air, *The mill, mill O*. In September, 1792, Thomson asked Burns to touch up and amend the verses of a song in Ramsay's *Miscellany*, but Burns declined to have anything to do with such insipid stuff. He declared he would alter no song unless he could amend it. Thomson had been pegging at the poet to write in English and got the following reply in April, 1793: 'These verses suit the tune exactly as it is in the *Museum*. There is a syllable wanting at the beginning of the first line of the second stanza; but I suppose it will make little odds. There is so little of the Scots language in the composition that the mere English singer will find no difficulty in the song.' Thomson maintained that the third and fourth lines must be altered in order to suit the music. Burns declined to make any change. 'I cannot alter the disputed lines in *The mill, mill O*. What you think a defect I esteem as a positive beauty.' Thomson substituted two lines of his own for the third and fourth of Burns. Currie, in *Works*, 1800, iv. 50, restored Burns's words. The original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is in the *Merry Muses*, beginning:—

'Chorus. The Mill, Mill O, and the kill, kill, O,  
And the coggin o' Peggie's wheel O,  
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,  
And danc'd the Millers reel, O.  
As I cam down yon waterside,  
And by yon shellin-hill, O,  
There I spied a bonie, bonie lass,  
And a lass that I lov'd right weel, O.'

Cromek interpolated in *Reliques* these verses with a note, neither of which is in the *Interleaved Museum*. A version is in Herd's *MS.*, and there is a second song of the kind in the *Merry Muses*, which obviously Cromek had consulted.

The tune was very popular in the eighteenth century. It is in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 20; Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1731, vi. 76; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 14; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 2; Bremner's *Scots Songs*, 1757, 30; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 242, and many other collections. It is said to be in a *MS.* of 1709.

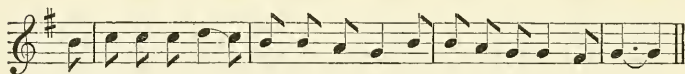
No. 267. There was five carlins in the South. Stewart's *Burns*, 1802. Lockhart, *Life*, 1829, entitled, *The five carlins*. Tune. *Chevy chase*. A *MS.* is in the British Museum. Written on the contested election of a member of Parliament for the five boroughs in the shires of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright. Dumfries is 'Maggie by the banks o' Nith'; Lochmaben, 'Marjory o' the monie lochs'; Annan, 'Blinkin Bess'; Kirkcudbright, 'Whisky Jean'; and

Sanquhar, 'Black Joan.' The candidates were the sitting Tory member, Sir James Johnston, of Wester-hall—the 'belted knight,' and Captain Patrick Miller—the 'Soger Youth'—son of Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord. As will be seen elsewhere Burns actively supported the Tory side, chiefly because 'Old Q,' the notorious Duke of Queensberry, assisted the Whigs. On December 9, 1789, a copy of the ballad was sent with a letter to Graham of Fintry. 'The election Ballad, as you will see, alludes to the present canvass in our string of burghs. I do not believe there will be a harder run match in the whole general election. The *great man* here, like all renegadoes, is a flaming zealot kicked out before the astonished indignation of his deserted master, and despised, I suppose, by the party who took him in, to be a mustering faggot at the mysterious orgies of their midnight iniquities, and a useful drudge in the dirty work of the country elections. . . . Dumfries and Sanquhar are decidedly the Duke's to 'sell or let'; so Lochmaben, a city containing upwards of fourscore living souls, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left—for drunkenness—has at present the balance of power in her hands. The honourable council of that ancient burgh, are fifteen in number; but alas! their fifteen names endorsing a bill of fifteen pounds, would not discount the said bill in any banking office.'

The tune in the text—the Scottish *Chevy Chase*—is in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1830. It is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 32; in M<sup>c</sup>Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv, 108; and in Dale's *Scotch Songs*, 1794, i. 54. How long it was known before the earliest date named is quite uncertain, and it is useless to speculate. At least three different English tunes of the name are known. The earliest is entitled *Flying Fame*, because it is directed to be sung to the oldest copy of the *Chevy Chase* ballads. The next, with the distinctive title of *The Children in the wood*, belongs to the well-known ballad of that name. It is the traditional melody of the gravedigger in Hamlet, the music of which can be seen in song No. 274 below. The third is *In pescod time*; or, *The hunt's up*. The unravelling of the history of these three melodies can be seen in Chappell's *Popular music*, and because the last is connected with Scotland as the melody of one of the *Gude and Godlie Ballads*, I subjoin the music of *The hunt's up*, with a stanza of the curious parody:—



The hunt-er is Christ that huntis in haste, The hounds are Pe-ter and Paul;



The paip is the foxe, Rome is the rox, That rub-bis us on the gall.

No. 268. You're welcome to despots, Dumourier. Cromeek's *Reliques* 1808, 421. Entitled 'Address to General Dumourier:—a parody on *Robin Adair*.' General Dumourier, like General Monk and the Marquis of Montrose, began his military career as a rebel, but changed sides in the course of the game. Dumourier was one of the best generals of the French Revolution, but, events proving distasteful to him, he abjured Republican principles. As soon as he heard that the Directory proposed to arrest him, he took refuge in Austrian quarters and nearly succeeded in bringing his army with him. He is briefly and picturesquely described by Carlyle 'A most shifty wiry man; one of Heaven's Swiss: that wanted only work. Fifty years of unnoticed toil and valour; one year of toil and valour not unnoticed, but seen of all countries and centuries, the thirty other years again unnoticed, of memoir writing, English Pension, scheming and projecting to no purpose.'

The model of Burns's 'Impromptu' is a bacchanalian closing thus :—

'Come let us drink about, Robin Adair,  
Come let us drink about, Robin Adair,  
Come let us drink about, and drink a hogshead out,  
Then we'll be drunk, no doubt, Robin Adair.'

For the tune *Robin Adair* or *Aileen a roon*, see Song No. 45.

No. 269. When Guilford good our pilot stood. *Edinburgh Edition*, 1787, 311, entitled, 'a fragment.—Tune: Gilliccrankie.' In *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, ii. No. 101, it is set to the tune in the text according to the instructions of Burns contained in Gray's *MS. Lists*. It is the first song in the *Museum* over which he had control, and he changed the melody because *Killiccrankie* had already been printed in the collection. The ballad refers to events between 1775 and the close of 1783 in Canada and North America. Pitt became Premier in December, 1783, after the fall of the Coalition ministry of North and Fox. There are Hogarthian touches in most of the political ballads of Burns, and Pitt's rival is well drawn in the two lines :—

'An' Charlie Fox threw by the box  
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.'

Fox is said to have often come straight from the gaming room knee-deep in cards to the House of Commons.

The Gaelic tune, *M. freicedan* or *The black watch* is entitled *The highland watch* in Dow's *Ancient Scots Music*, c. 1776, 42, and *The Earl of Glencairn's* in McGlashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 6. The 42nd Regiment or *The black watch* was embodied to keep down rebellion in the Highlands.

No. 270. *Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright*. *Broadside* 1795; Cunningham's *Burns*, 1834. Tune *Fy, let us a' to the bridal*. The first seven stanzas satirize and ridicule the opposite political party; and the rest, except the closing lines, eulogize the Whig candidate. The butchering invective is not nearly so amusing as *The holy fair* or *Orthodox wha believe in John Knox*. Lockhart declined to print some of these political ballads in his *Life of Burns*, 1828, on the ground that 'perhaps some of the persons lashed and ridiculed are still alive—their children certainly are so'. These reasons cannot now be advanced, and Time has solved the propriety of printing them. The ballad which gave its name to the tune is in Watson's *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Poems*, Edin. 1706, the first miscellaneous collection of poetry published in Scotland. The first stanza is :—

'Fy, let us a' to the briddel,  
For there will be lilting there,  
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie  
The lass with the gauden-hair;  
And there will be lang-kail and pottage  
And bannocks of Barley-meal,  
And there will be good salt herring  
To relish a cog of good ale.'

This song and the tune *The blythsome Wedding* or *Fy, let us a' to the bridal*, are in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 36, the music is in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 41, entitled *An the Kirk wad let me be*; the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 58; Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i. 208; Dale's *Scotch Songs*, 1794, iii. 141; also in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 32, and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 123. The modern copies of the music differ considerably from the older, as indeed they do between themselves. Durfey printed a paraphrase of *The blythsome Wedding* in *Pills*, 1720, vi. 350. The editor's ignorance of the Scottish vernacular produced a cacophonous parody of meaningless words. The tune in the *Pills*, although from the same source as that in the



*Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, differs particularly in the chorus. The oldest verses to *The blythsome bridal*, or *Kirk wad let me be* are in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 114, and several songs in Ramsay's *Miscellany* are marked for the tune. The title *Silly old man* in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances* coincides with a song referred to in Cromek's *Reliques*, 253, as part of an interlude performed in Nithsdale.

No. 271. O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 74. 'Tune, *Logan Water*.' Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1801, 116. Two stanzas, of which the following is the first, is in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 230, and in the *Merry Muses*. It is not a plaintive song:—

'The Logan burn, the Logan braes,  
I help'd a bonie lass on wi' her claes,  
First wi' her stockings, and syne wi' her shoon,  
But she gied me the glaiks when a' was dune.'

A different song in Ramsay's *Miscellany* is marked for the tune. Several ballads to the tune *Logan Water* were popular in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. About 1675, a white letter ballad was printed for C. Bates and Jonah Deacon, entitled *The Frolicsome wager*, the first line of which is 'Behold what noise is this I hear, to the tune *Logan Water*.' Also printed about the same time is a black letter broadside, containing two ballads, *The Devonshire Damsels frolick* and *The Devonshire Boys Courage*. The latter is 'To an excellent new tune call'd the *Devonshire Boys Delight* or the *Liggan Waters*, &c.' The popularity of the tune is confirmed in another broadside of the seventeenth century entitled '*The bonny Scottish lad and the yielding Lass to an excellent new Tune much in request called Liggan Waters*.' One of the stanzas in dialogue form is here given as a specimen:—

'Bonny lass, I love thee well,'  
'Bonny lad, I love thee better.'  
'Wilt thou pull off thy hose and shoon  
And wend with me to Liggan Water?'

This evidently is connected with the verse previously quoted. The author of *The Seasons* wrote a song for the tune which is in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733; lastly, about the year 1781, John Mayne, the author of *The Siller Gun*, wrote *By Logan's Streams that rin sae deep*, &c., often sung publicly in London about the end of eighteenth century. Burns incorrectly thought that this latter was old, and incorporated two lines of it in his own song which he forwarded in a letter dated June 25, 1793, to Thomson, who thanked him for it, but, being a government official and not likely to interfere in politics, handed it to Currie.

The tune *Logan Water* is in Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 23; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 35; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 18; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 42; Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i. 37; and in many other collections. A very emasculated set of the tune entitled *The Logan water is so deep* in the opera *Flora*, 1729, contains only four lines of music.

No. 272. Farewell, thou fair day. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 385, entitled *Oran an Aoig* or *The Song of Death*; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 76, with a wrong tune. 'The circumstance that gave rise to the verses was—looking over with a musical friend McDonald's *Collection of Highland Airs* (1784), I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran an Aoig*, or *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my verses.'—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop*, undated (May, 1791). The short prefatory note usually printed with the song is an interpolation for which there is no authority.

Dr. Currie states that Burns intended to print the song with music in sheet form, but owing to the inflammable state of the country was dissuaded from doing so.

This beautiful melody is in McDonald's *Airs*, 1784, No. 162; Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, ii. 259.

**No. 273.** *Wha will buy my troggin?* Cunningham's *Edition*, 1834, entitled 'The trogger, tune, *Buy broom besoms*.' The Parliament elected in 1795 was dissolved in May, 1796, and Heron of Heron was again cast on another turbulent political sea. This time he was opposed by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway. Burns, although confined to the house by severe illness, assisted his friend with *The trogger*. Before the election took place Burns was dead. Heron won, but was unseated on a petition and died shortly afterwards.

To appreciate the satire it is necessary to remember that a 'trogger' or 'troker,' is the Autolycus of Scotland. The word is an example of French influence on the Scottish language. *Troquer* means to exchange, to barter, to do business on a small scale. The two following examples from Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* illustrate the term :—

'How could you *troke* the mavis note  
For penny pies all piping hot.'—*Ferguson*.

'Nae harm, tho I hae brought her ane or twa  
Sic bonny *trocks* to help to mak her braw.'—*Shirrefs*.

The tune *Buy broom besoms* is ascribed without authority to William Purvis or Blind Willie, an eccentric blind fiddler, born in Newcastle, 1752. *Buy broom besoms* was Willy's *chef d'œuvre* in the streets and public houses that he frequented. He died in the Newcastle poor house in 1832 upwards of 80 years of age. The music of the text is from *Northumberland Minstrelsy*, 1882, 118. The fact of Burns having written his ballad for the tune is evidence that it was popular in the south of Scotland at the end of the eighteenth century. It is not in any Scottish collection.

The characters in this, the last election ballad written by Burns, are as follows :—Stanza 2 : The Earl of Galloway, a sour Puritan whom Burns did not love. His son was the Tory candidate. St. 3 :—Murray of Broughton, who eloped with a lady and left his wife; Thomas Gordon of Balmaghie, his nephew. St. 4 : A Galloway laird, David Maxwell of Cardoness, whom Burns described as 'a stupid, money-loving dunderpate.' St. 6 and 11 : John Bushby of Tinwald, a lawyer and a banker. St. 7 : Rev. James Muirhead of Urr, who satirized Burns in an epigram. He invented a crest and armorial bearings. St. 8 : Walter Sloan Lawrie, of Redcastle. St. 9 : Douglas of Carlinwark, which latterly was changed to Castle Douglas. St. 10 : Copeland of Collieston. St. 12 : The Devil.

**No. 274.** 'Twas in the seventeen hunder year. Hogg and Motherwell's *Edition*, 1834 (with the exception of three stanzas), entitled *John Busby's lamentation*. Tune : *Babes in the wood*. Written to celebrate the election of the Whig candidate Heron of Kerroughtrees. *Black-nebbit* John Bushby was a solicitor and bank agent, a man of capacity whose taste lay in money-making. Burns was an unsympathetic acquaintance, and, when in an opposite camp, he attacked his quondam friend without reluctance. (For reference to tune see No. 267.)

**No. 275.** *Wham will we send to London town?* *Broadside*, 1795; Cunningham's *Edition*, 1834. This is another ballad belonging to the local politics of the early part of 1795. With characteristic fervour Burns threw himself into the midst of the election warfare. The Stewarty of Kirkcudbright was in want of a parliamentary representative, and a friend of the poet, Heron of that Ilk and Kerroughtrees, became the Whig candidate.



He was opposed by a Tory, Thomas Gordon of Balmaghie, who had the support of most of the landed proprietors of the district. Burns knew most of the principal supporters on the other side, and his personal aversion to some of them whetted his pen. In his only known letter to Heron early in 1795 he sent a copy of this and No. 270 *supra*, which had been previously printed in broadsides for circulation among the electors. He informs Heron: 'In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all over the country . . . You have already as your auxiliary the sober detestation of mankind on the head of your opponents; and I swear by the lyre of Thalia to muster on your side all the votaries of honest laughter and fair, candid ridicule!' Whether it is fair or not, there can be no question of the candidness of the ridicule. In these ballads we get a glimpse of the manners and high jinks at parliamentary elections a hundred years ago.

For the tune *For a' that*, see Songs Nos. 252 and 309.

**No. 276.** *Dire was the hate at old Harlaw.* Cromeck's *Reliques*, 1808, 416, entitled '*The Dean of Faculty*. A new ballad. Tune, *The dragon of Wantley*.' The last stanza is wanting in Cromeck. The MS. is in the British Museum. Towards the close of 1795 the ferment of politics was very brisk in Scotland. Henry Erskine, the eloquent Dean of Faculty and the most brilliant member of the Scottish bar, presided at a public meeting in Edinburgh to discuss political reform. His action displeased the members of the Edinburgh Bar, and at the next election of a Dean, Robert Dundas, the mediocre son of a distinguished father, was nominated and was elected by a large majority. Burns had an old score to settle with the new Dean, who slighted him in 1787. At the instigation of the physician of the late Lord President Dundas, who had then just died, Burns wrote a eulogy and sent it to the son in a letter. Neither the poem nor the letter was acknowledged, and in writing the pungent satire *Dire was the hate*, Burns was paying tribute to his old friend and adviser, the witty Henry Erskine, and scoring off Robert Dundas. The first line of the ballad refers to the battle of Harlaw, which took place in 1411 at Garioch in Aberdeenshire, between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders. It is celebrated in minstrelsy, and is memorable as being the last contest for political supremacy in Scotland between the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon races. Next to Bannockburn it was the most decisive battle in Scottish history. The ballad of *Harlaw* is named in the *Complaynt of Scotland* c. 1549, and an old pibroch bears the title, the tune of which in a modern form set to verses printed by Allan Ramsay in 1724 is in the *Scots Musical Museum*, No. 512.

The latter part of the first couplet of Burns's verses refers to the Battle of Langside, which determined the career in Scotland of Mary Queen of Scots. After this short introduction the poet proceeds to impale the new Dean and his heretic supporters.

The tune and ballad of *The Dragon of Wantley* are in Duffey's *Pills*, 1719, iii, 10. The words alone in *A Collection of old ballads*, 1723, 37, entitled *An excellent Ballad of a most dreadful combat fought between Moore of Moore-hall and the Dragon of Wantley*. The verses are coarse, but the wit and humour are undeniable and superior to the ordinary class of narrative ballads. A specimen is the following stanza:—

'This dragon had two furious wings,  
Each one upon each shoulder;  
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,  
Which made him bolder and bolder.  
He had long claws, and in his jaws  
Four and forty teeth of iron;  
With a hide as tough, as any buff,  
Which did him round environ.'

The ballad certainly belongs to the seventeenth century. A black letter copy is in the Pepys collection, which is reproduced in *Child's Ballads*, 1861, viii. 128, where the editor says that he thinks it a parody of some early heroic tale. This is the first time Burns's ballad has been printed with its tune, which, it is needless to say, is English.

### VIII. JACOBITE.

No. 277. When first my brave Johnie lad. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 309, entitled *Cock up your beaver*. The MS., not in Burns's hand, is in the British Museum. A fragment of the old song is in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 314. Burns made a few alterations in the first stanza, the second being entirely his.

The tune was popular in England as a *Scotch dance* in the seventeenth century. It is printed in the seventh edition of Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1686, also edition 1695, entitled *Johnny cock thy beaver*. It is also in Atkinson's *MS.*, 1694; in Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, i. 332, set to a semi-political song beginning 'To horse brave boys of Newmarket, to horse'; in *Sinkler's MS.*, Glasgow, 1710; in Oswald's *Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 2; and in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 20.

No. 278. Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 263, entitled *Awa, whigs, awa*. The MS. is not among the Burns papers in the British Museum. In Law's *MS. List*, 'Mr. Burns's old words.' In the fourth stanza Burns is indignant against the enemies of the Jacobites, for with all his democratic feeling he could not escape from his Jacobite proclivities. The Union in his day was not accepted as favourable to his country—the pride of the nation rebelled against occupying an inferior position. The feeling was expressed on the slightest provocation whether over the taxation of beer barrels, or a suggestion to abolish Bank notes. Sir Walter Scott astonished the Parliament of St. Stephen's by his furious attack on the proposal to amend the paper currency established for more than 150 years when the country was independent. In spite of Burns's feeble apologies for writing up the Jacobite cause, he embodied his sentiments in all the Jacobite songs, although this one like some of the others was not acknowledged.

The original of Burns's song is eight lines in the *Herd MS.* as follows :—

'And when they cam by Gorgie Mills  
They lick'd a' the mouter,  
The bannocks lay about there  
Like bandoliers and powder;  
Awa, whigs, awa!  
Awa, whigs, awa!  
Ye're but a pack o' lazy louns,  
Ye'll do nae guid awa!'

*Awa, whigs, awa*, is still a very popular melody which was originally published in Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 19 without a second part and without the sharp minor seventh near the close of the fourth line. The tune is also in Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 411. Another and different air is in *Songs Prior to Burns*, page 72 which R. Chambers said was sung to the song in the house of a Perthshire Jacobite family.

No. 279. Now Nature hangs her mantle green. *Edinburgh Edition*, 1793, ii. 177; entitled '*Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the approach of Spring*'; *Scots Musical Museum*, 1797, No. 404, signed 'B.' The first copy was enclosed to Dr. John Moore in a letter dated February, 27, 1791, while

Burns was reading Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Copies were sent to several other friends. Burns was particularly pleased with the ballad—a class of poetry he was not much attached to,—and he told Lady Constable ‘When I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary. I enclose a poetic compliment I lately paid to the memory of our greatly injured, lovely Scottish Queen.’ He writes in the same strain to Mrs. Graham, and to Clarinda when sending them copies.

The ballad was printed in the *Museum* with the melody, which Burns communicated to the editor.

A song *Queen Mary's lamentation* ‘I sigh and lament me in vain,’ with a melody by Giordani, is well known: but neither words nor music have any relation to the ballad of Burns. The absorbing interest in Queen Mary is the excuse for noticing here the fabricated verses so long attributed to her on bidding adieu to her beloved France. The song was written by Meusnier de Querlon and first printed in his *Anthologie Française*, 1765, i. 19, with music. He pretended that he obtained it from a manuscript of the Duke of Buckingham, which has never been discovered. His countryman, Fournier exposed this and other of Querlon's tricks, and Charles dubs the song ‘rimes barbares.’ As a curiosity—the following are the original verses in the rare *Anthologie*:—

‘Adieu, plaisant pays de France,  
O ma patrie,  
La plus chérie,  
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!  
Adieu, France, adieu mes beaux jours.  
La Nef qui déjoit nos amours  
N'a cy de moi que la moitié:  
Une part te reste, elle est tienne;  
Je la fie à ton amitié,  
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienné.’

No. 280. O, cam ye here the fight to shun? *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 282, entitled *The battle of Sherra-moor*: ‘Mr. B. gave the words.’ Tune, *Cameronian Rant*. Law's *MS. List*. The battle of Sherifmuir was fought on Sunday, November 13, 1715, between the Government forces commanded by the Duke of Argyle, and the rebels under the Earl of Mar. The battle was drawn, both sides claiming the victory, and the peculiar humour of the country which delighted to treat matters of serious political import in a ridiculous manner, chose this event as the subject of ballads to satirize both sides in an impartial manner. The two armies approached each other on the broad muir between the Ochils and the Gramplians. It is an undulating platform of gentle hummocky hills, and neither army saw very clearly the position and movements of the other. When the forces came into collision, it was discovered that the right wing of each was the strongest. The rebels outnumbered the Government army, but lost the advantage by rushing the attack before the arrangements were completed.

Sir Walter Scott described how the Highlanders behaved in a campaign. While on the field they would desert in three cases: if much time was lost in bringing them into action, they would get tired and go home; if they fought and were victorious, they would plunder and go home; if they fought and were beaten, they would run away and go home. These tactics were obviously perplexing and inconvenient to the leaders, but they were practised in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and explain how the rebel armies in both cases rapidly melted away. The ballad recites, as the only thing certain, that a battle was fought, and both sides ran away, but who won or who lost, the satirical rhymist knows not.

The Clan Campbell in general was much in evidence in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and was famed for making an intelligent forecast of events

with a view to promoting personal advancement. The enormous extent of territory in the possession of the family, stretching right across Scotland from sea to sea, is proof of inherited worldly wisdom. In 1715 the Duke of Argyle led the Government army; his kinsman, Breadalbane, the second great branch of the family, hedged and made himself safe whatever might happen. He secretly arranged with the rebels to bring twelve hundred active men on the field, but only three hundred arrived, and they merely surveyed the battle from a distance. When the war was over Breadalbane claimed a reward from the Government for having prevented his men taking part in the rebellion. It was an ingenious device to claim compensation for benevolent neutrality. Breadalbane is described thus by a contemporary—‘of fair complexion and has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel.’ The celebrated Rob Roy—one of the clan—was a chip of the same block. He also was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir with his caterans. He sympathized with the Pretender, but was restrained from assisting the rebels, it is said, for fear of giving offence to his protector the Duke of Argyle. Rob stood on an eminence watching the progress of the battle as described in a stanza of one of the ballads. He was pressed to assist, but he coolly replied, ‘if they cannot do without me, they cannot do with me,’ and remained inactive. When the battle was over he and his followers impartially spoiled the wounded and dead on both sides, and went home laden with plunder.

The battle of Sheriffmuir practically closed the rebellion of 1715; when James arrived in the country and landed at Peterhead a few months later, his adherents were perplexed what to do with him, as they had no further plans for continuing the war, and the Pretender did not inspire the Highlanders with enthusiasm. As Burton observes, their principles of Royal Succession or Divine right of reigning were never very strong unless the personal character or appearance of the monarch coincided with these decrees of Providence. In this case they saw a small wizened man, listless, feeble, inanimate, with a body shaken by dissipation. This representative of the old race of the fair-haired Stuarts, was a little dark-complexioned man. They took unkindly to him from the first time they saw him, and in less than three months from landing on the shores of Scotland, he had embarked and returned to France. The following scurrilous description of his defects and suspected spurious origin extracted from a contemporary pamphlet, is worth reproduction, and shows that the Whigs were not altogether devoid of humour as has so often been alleged. ‘Whereas one James Stewart, *alias* Oglethorpe, *alias* Chevalier, *alias* Pretender, *alias* King, *alias* No King; neither Caesar nor Nullus; neither a man nor a mouse, a man’s man nor a woman’s man, nor a statesman, nor a little man, nor a great man, neither Englishman nor Frenchman, but a mongrelion between both; neither wise nor otherwise; neither soldier nor sailor, nor cardinal: without father or mother, without friend or foe, without foresight or aftersight, without brains or bravery, without house or home, made in the figure of a man, but just alive and that’s all; hath clandestinely lately eloped from his friends through a back door and has not been seen or heard of since . . . and whereas the said *alias* pretended to come here, to watch and fight, to bring men and money with him to train an army and march at the head of them, to fight battles and besiege towns, but in reality did none of these, but skulked and whined, and speeched and cried, stole to his head quarters by night, went away before morning, and having smelled gunpowder and dreamed of an enemy, burnt the country and ran away by the light of it,’ &c. &c.

It is a common remark that all the wit and humour of the Jacobite period was confined to the supporters of the Stuarts. This is scarcely correct, for any one can see some good Whiggish songs in *Political Merriment*, London, 1714.

Several well-known ballads exist on the battle of Sheriffmuir. The oldest, consisting of twenty-one stanzas and a chorus, in Herd’s *Scots Songs*, 1769, 267, was written immediately after the battle, and the names of some of those



satirized are indicated by initials. Burns ascribed it to the Rev. Murdoch McLennan, minister of Crathie. The ballad is in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, ii. 1, with three additional stanzas by himself.

A later version beginning *Pray came you here the fight to shun*, was written by another minister, the Rev. John Barclay, of Muthill in Perthshire. Barclay's ballad is entitled in the stall copies *A dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tom Cleancogue*, to the tune of the 'Cameron's March.' This was the ballad which Burns imitated and amended. He told the publisher of the *Museum* that the old words did not quite please him. A third ballad is entitled *From Bogie Side, or The Marquis's Raide*.

The London fugitive press was quite as active on Sheriffmuir, but it is dull compared with the specimens quoted. A dialogue between his Grace the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar begins 'Argyle and Mar are gone to war.' One of the two woodcuts on the sheet represents a kilted Scot riding woman-fashion, and playing the Scotch fiddle, i.e. scratching himself. A second is an excellent new ballad entitled *Mar's lament for his rebellion*; and a third *The Clan's lamentation for their own folly*. All three are dated 1715.

*Cameronian Rant* is a strathspey tune of considerable merit, and admirably adapted for expressing the humorous verses. It is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, 82; in Stewart's *Reels*, 1761, 6; it is entitled *The Cameronian's Reel* in McGlashan's *Strathspey Reels*, 1780, 16; in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 16; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 107. In Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 49, is another spirited reel tune entitled *Will ye go to, Sheriffmuir*. A third, different from either, is in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, ii. 250, but *Cameronian Rant* is the best of the three.

**No. 281. Ye Jacobites by name.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 371. The MS. is in the British Museum. A pithy ironical satire couched in equivocal terms which may be read by either Whig or Tory.

The tune is a good English specimen inserted in Dufey's *Pills*, 1719, vi. 251, with a song beginning *A young man and a maid*. Stenhouse quotes the title of a song, 'You've all heard of Paul Jones have you not, have you not,' sung to the melody in the eighteenth century in Edinburgh. The fame of Paul Jones was extended by means of songs and broadsides from Seven Dials and elsewhere, after the buccaneer's visit to the East coast of Scotland in 1779. In one of his manuscripts Burns quotes an alternative title of the tune *Up black-nebs a'*, evidently as belonging to a song now unknown.

**No. 282. O, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 359. This song is in the *Edinburgh Edition*, 1877 and *Centenary Edition*, 1897, and although there is no reasonable doubt that Burns contributed these verses to the *Museum*, the authority for that rests solely on Stenhouse, who, in his *Illustrations*, says: 'Burns transmitted the ballad to Johnson in his own handwriting, with the melody to which it is adapted.' There is no mark in any edition of the *Museum* connecting Burns with the song, nor do I know where the manuscript is. Cromek was not aware that Burns wrote the verses, and inserted them in *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, with three stanzas which he pretended were old. With these additions it is reprinted in modern collections of Jacobite song as belonging to the Rebellion of 1715. The confirmation of Stenhouse's assertion is desirable. Neither the words nor the melody can be traced before publication in the *Museum*. The verses and music in the Appendix of Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, are an exact copy from the *Museum*. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter April 3, 1820, represented Lady Huntley playing *Kenmure's on and awa', Willie*, in a way enough to raise the whole country side.

Viscount Kenmure, the hero of the song, led the chevalier's army of the South-west of Scotland. He surrendered at Preston, and was marched through the streets of London to the Tower, accompanied by a howling mob with tin

kettles and other musical instruments of a like sort. He was condemned and beheaded on February 24, 1716.

\*No. 283. When we gae'd to the braes o' Mar. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 188. The MS. is in the British Museum. In the *Interleaved Museum* Burns describes how he obtained the verses, as follows: 'This edition of the song I got from Tom Niel, of facetious fame in Edinburgh. The expression "Up and warn a' Willie" alludes to the *Crantara*, or warning of a Highland clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders of the west and south say, "Up and waur them a'," &c. It is now impossible to discover what alterations or amendments Burns made, but the verses in the text contain many variations from the original song of seven stanzas in *The Charmer*, 1752, i. 61, signed 'B. G.'; of which the following is the first stanza:—

'When we went to the field of war,  
And to the weaponshaw, Willy,  
With true design to stand our ground,  
And chase our faes awa, Willy;  
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,  
And vow gin they were pra', Willy,  
Up and war 'em a', Willy;  
War 'em a', war 'em a', Willy.'

The song belongs to the Rebellion of 1715, and is one of the Sheriffmuir satires, in which both sides are treated in an impartial manner.

The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 1; Bremner's *Reels*, 1759, 60; McLean's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1772, 29; and in Johnson's *Museum*, 1788, as in the text. It contains the 'Scotch snap' in its best form so inordinately imitated by foreign composers.

No. 284. Here's a health to them that's awa. Partly in Crome's *Reliques*, 1808, 429, entitled *Song: patriotic-unfinished*. MS. in the British Museum. Written when Burns had the Revolutionary fever about the end of 1792, and sent to Captain William Johnston, the editor of the new *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, who had started the periodical on 'progressive' principles. Johnston was subsequently charged with a treasonable conspiracy, and imprisoned. At this time Burns was suspected of holding opinions hostile to the Constitution, and it was alleged that he had proposed the following toast at a public meeting—'Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings.'

*Here's a health to them that's awa* is founded on a Jacobite ballad of which Hogg has a copy in *Jacobite Reliques*, 1819, i. 50. The tune does not appear to have been printed before being set to a stanza of the ballad contributed by Burns to the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 412. The music resembles that of song No. 282.

No. 285. Wha in a brulzie. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 475. The MS. is in the British Museum. Framed on a seventeenth century ballad which may be seen in *Jacobite Relics*, 1819, i. 20. Hogg got it probably from Myln's manuscript. It is a trenchant satire on the Whigs and Covenanters, reputedly written by Lord Newbottle in 1688. He was a professional politician, who believed that it was necessary for him to live, and acted on the principle that—

'A merciful Providence fashioned us holler  
A purpose that we might our principles swaller.'

He changed from Whig to Tory, was made a Chief Justice, and Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk he had reviled. He died the first Marquis of Lothian. He sketches and satirizes in his ballad about forty of the principal



Whigs of his time. I quote two stanzas as a specimen of the verse from Maidment's *Scottish Pasquils*, 1868, 328.

'Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,  
For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous;  
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lordie—  
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of Crowdly.  
My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,  
The reproach of mankind, and disgrace of our nation;  
Deil hash them, deil smash them, and make them a soudy,  
Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like crowdly.'

A satirical song on an Argyle of the eighteenth century with the title *Bannocks o' barley meal* is in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 280; and in *Herd MS.* is a rhyme of the seventeenth century:—

'Mass David Williamson,  
Chosen of twenty,  
Gaed up to the pulpit  
And sang *Killiecrankie*.

Saw ye e'er, heard ye e'er  
Siccan a soudie?  
Bannocks o' bear meal,  
Cakes o' crowdie!'

The tune *The killogie* was kept in use by a rustic song beginning '*A lad and a lassie lay on a killogie*.' The verses are neither edifying nor instructive. The tune rejoiced in a variety of names. It is *Bonox of bear meal* in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710; as *Johnny and Nelly* in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, No. 21; as *I'll never leave thee* in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, iv. 74; McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 8, to which Burns directed Johnson for the tune; and in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 507. Two settings are in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 6. One entitled *Banoks of Bear meal*, and the other in vol. vi. 1754, 26, as *There was a lad and a lass in a killogie*.

No. 286. The small birds rejoice. Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1790, 97. 'From a MS. by Robert Burns. Irish Air, *Captain O'Kane*.' Currie's *Works*, 1800, ii. 145. Several MSS. exist. On March 31, 1788, Burns wrote from Mauchline, to his friend James Cleghorn, farmer, as follows: 'Yesterday, as I was riding thro' a track of melancholy, joyless muirs, between Galloway and Ayrshire; it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; and your favourite air *Captain O'Kane* coming at length in my head, I tried these words to it. You will see that the first part of the tune must be repeated. I am tolerably pleased with these verses, but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music.' Burns adopted Cleghorn's suggestion to complete the song with a Jacobite stanza, which is assumed to be sung by Prince Charles Stuart, after the Battle of Culloden. Some time early in 1793 he sent a complete copy of the song to Thomson.

The Irish tune *Captain O'Kane* is in McGlashan's *Reels*, 1786, 36; Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 493; and Johnson's *Museum*, 1803, No. 508.

No. 287. My love was born in Aberdeen. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 272, entitled *The white cockade*. In Law's *MS. List*, 'Mr. Burns's old words.' The flying stationers of last century printed the original, which Herd copied into his *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 179. Burns by a few touches turned it into a decided Jacobite song. Here is the first stanza from Herd:—

'My love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;  
O, he is forced from me to gae  
Over the hills and far away.'

The words and music in our text are from the *Museum*. The tune is also in Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 7; and in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 1, entitled *The ranting highlandman*.

**No. 288. The noble Maxwells and their powers.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 364, signed 'R,' entitled *Nithsdale's welcome home*. MS. in the British Museum. Lady Winnifred Maxwell Constable was the granddaughter of the rebel Earl of Nithsdale who escaped from the Tower by his wife's ingenuity and bravery. Lady Winnifred rebuilt in 1788 Terreagles House, the ancient seat of the family, where Burns dined more than once, and was impressed by the number of wax candles used in lighting the house. Sir Walter Scott sent a letter to Lockhart dated July 14, 1828, on Burns's connexion with Jacobitism in which he says: 'I see, by the by, that your life of Burns is going to press again, and therefore send you a few letters, which may be of use to you. In one of them (to that singular old curmudgeon, Lady Winnifred Constable) you will see he plays high Jacobite, and on that account it is curious; though I imagine his Jacobitism, like my own, belonged to the fancy rather than the reason,' &c.

The tune *Nithsdale's welcome home* is the composition of Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, one of his best melodies. It is in neither of his printed collections of tunes, but the following unpublished Note in the *Interleaved Museum* is in his handwriting, 'I composed the tune and, imparting to my friend Mr. Burns the name I meant to give it, he composed for the tune the words here inserted.'

**No. 289. My Harry was a gallant gay.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 209. Tune, *Highlander's lament*. The MS. copy in the British Museum is not in Burns's handwriting, and it contains two stanzas not in the *Scots Musical Museum*. The additional stanzas refer to *The auld Stewarts back again*, a different tune to that in the text. In Law's MS. List, 'Mr. B—'s old words.' This and Nos. 292 and 297 are reminiscences of the Highland tour. 'The oldest title I ever heard to this air was *The Highland Watch's farewell to Ireland*. The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane; the rest of the song is mine' (*Interleaved Museum*). The 42nd regiment, or Black Watch, was quartered in different parts of Ireland for seven years between 1749 and 1756, and the latter year may be taken as the date of the tune which is entitled *Highland Watch's farewell to Ireland* in Stewart's *Reels*, 1762, 27, and as *Highlander's farewell* in Ross's *Reels*, 1780, 10.

**No. 290. An somebody were come again.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 239. Tune, *Carl, an the King come*. Stenhouse is the sole authority for the statement that Burns wrote only the second stanza, but nothing is known of any early song of the kind. For the tune, Allan Ramsay wrote verses entitled *The promised Joy*, in the first volume of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. A song in the '*Gentle Shepherd*'—*Peggy, now the King's come*—is on the same page of the *Museum* as *Carl, an the King come*. Ritson could throw no light on the words, and on Burns's song in *Scottish Songs*, 1794, ii. 47, he quotes a fragment thus:—

'When yellow corn grows on the rigs,  
And a gibbet's made to hang the Whigs,  
O, then we will dance Scottish jigs,  
Carle, an the king come.'

The tune was exceedingly popular in the eighteenth century. It is in most of the best collections of Scottish music, including Ramsay's *Musick*, c. 1726; Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 15; and McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 16. A considerable variation had taken place in the melody since the middle of the eighteenth century. The old form ends on the minor in the last two collections named. In the text the second part of the tune is an octave lower than that of the copy in the *Museum*.

**\*No. 291. Sir John Cope trode the north right far.** This is the first time that *Johnie Cope* has been inserted in the works of Burns. His name was

incidentally connected with it by Stenhouse, and it is necessary to produce the evidence for its insertion here. It is the original of three different ballads, and its anonymous publication in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 234, preceded the other two by four years. As may be seen in the facsimile of Law's *MS.*, Burns marked it 'Sir John Cope trode the North &c.—Mr. Burns's old words.' The *MS.* of the song is at present unknown, but it is certain that he contributed it to Johnson's *Museum*. I was puzzled to reconcile this fact with his note in Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, 272, until I discovered from an examination of the *Interleaved Museum* that the first portion of the note in Cromek was not written by Burns but by Robert Riddell thus: 'This satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.' So far Riddell obviously did not know that Burns had anything to do with the verses; and the poet did not inform him in the studiously vague addition to the note which follows in his own handwriting: 'The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was *Will you go to the coals in the morning?*' This forgotten song, consisting of eight stanzas and a chorus very different from that in our text, was published as a foot-note in Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, 1794, ii. 84, beginning 'Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,' the chorus ending with the title quoted by Burns. Ritson on the same page has printed a different song of nine stanzas without chorus, opening with the same line as the other, and he remarks that the version in the *Museum* 'is a copy differing very much from both.' Stenhouse confused matters by asserting that Adam Skirving, the author of the song *Tranent Muir*, wrote also *Johnie Cope of the Museum*; but Ritson, who published his collection nearly thirty years before Stenhouse's *Illustrations* were issued, and took infinite pains over his works, was ignorant of the author of *Johnie Cope*, and expressed a wish to know who wrote any of the three songs. On Stenhouse's unverified statement Skirving's name is repeated as the author to this day. Much of *Johnie Cope* is carelessly written in faulty rhyme, but the sarcastic verses and the rollicking melody have perpetuated the song; and the common-place knight Sir John Cope would long ere this have passed into oblivion but for the song. His circular march through the North of Scotland in 1745 and return voyage to Dunbar; his defeat at Gladsmuir, Preston Pans, or Tranent Muir are better known than the career of more distinguished men. Burns did not admire the air *Johnie Cope*, and his verses are in evidence as a reason why he did not acknowledge them except in the *MS. List for the Museum*. The tune is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1759, ix. 11; McLean's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1772, 23; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 52; and in Johnson's *Museum* as in the text.

No. 292. Loud blow the frosty breezes. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 143, entitled the *Young highland rover*, signed 'R.' Tune, *Morag*. The *MS.* is in the British Museum and the song is in Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1799, 67. On September 7, 1787, Burns and his companion, being in the neighbourhood of Castle Gordon, the poet called on the Duke and Duchess, who received him with the greatest kindness and hospitality. He dined with the company at the Castle, and was pressed to remain, but he was obliged to refuse as he had left Nicol at Fochaber's Inn. The Duke sent a special messenger to invite Nicol to the Castle, but the irascible Schoolmaster had already exhausted his small stock of patience, and bluntly declined the invitation. Burns found him pacing in front of the Inn with a carriage and horses ready to start. The poet subsequently described himself 'as travelling with a blunderbuss at full cock,' and this time it went off. Writing afterwards to the Duke's librarian, he said: 'I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse to that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be curst to Scotch-mile periods, and damned to seven-leagued paragraphs; while Declension and Conjugation, Gender, Number,

and Tense, under the ragged banners of Dissonance and Disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array.' According to Stenhouse the song was written to commemorate the visit of Prince Charles Stuart to Castle Gordon, before his defeat at Culloden.

The tune *Morag* is a Celtic air justly admired by Burns. In 1794 he wrote to George Thomson, that this song was not worthy of the air. It is very little known and ought to be popular, if only on account of the melody. When sending a copy of the *Museum* containing the song to Rose of Kilravock and to the Duke's librarian, Burns spoke of the melody in enthusiastic terms. The tune is in Dow's *Scots Music*, c. 1776, 46. A bad copy is in Fraser's *Highland Airs*, No. 119. See No. 98.

No. 293. **My heart is wae, and unco wae.** Chambers's *Edition*, 1852. Tune, *Mary's Dream*. A facsimile is in the *Centenary Edition*, 1897, iv. 90. It is supposed to have been written immediately after the receipt of the news of the supposed marriage of Miss Walkinshaw with Prince Charles Stuart, who declared the legitimization of his daughter by a formal deed, registered in France in December, 1787. On his death the year following the putative Duchess of Albany was assumed to be his sole heir. The verses are more than a sentimental effusion of Jacobitism. The tune *Mary's Dream* is the composition of John Lowe, a minor poet, and the author of the song *Mary, weep no more for me*. Lowe, the son of a gardener to the Earl of Kenmore, was born in Galloway in the year 1750. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a weaver; he educated himself, and entered the University of Edinburgh as a student of Divinity. He is said to have written a tragedy, was a skilful musician, and a player on the violin. He died in America in 1798. Kirkpatrick Sharpe severely censured Allan Cunningham for mutilating Lowe's song. All the mischief done by 'Honest Allan' as a literary forger will never be discovered.

The tune *Mary's Dream* is from the Perth *Musical Miscellany*, 1786, 96, where it is printed with Lowe's verses. The music is also in the *Museum*, 1787, No. 37; *Calliope*, 1788, 16; and Aird's *Airs*, 1788, iii. No. 480.

No. 294. **Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, ii. No. 187. The MS. is in the British Museum. This is a version which, according to Stenhouse, was revised and corrected by Burns. The refrain slightly varied belongs to the Jacobite events of 1745. The loyalist collections of the period contain several songs of the kind, but no model of this one is known. For note on the tune, see No. 230.

No. 295. **O, I am come to the low countrie.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 498, entitled *The Highland widow's lament*. The MS. is in the British Museum. This, or the germ of it is supposed to have been obtained from the Highlands. The sentiment of the verses is noble, the loss of flocks and herds is not considered of any consequence compared with the defence of the rightful heir to the throne. On a different song, *Oh ono chrio*, i.e. *Lament for the chief* in the *Museum*, 1787, No. 89, Burns wrote the following note: 'Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe' (*Interleaved Museum*). Burns contributed the melody of his song to the *Museum* where it was first printed. Schumann was impressed with the simple phrases and took them as the theme of an original composition for the verses of Burns. It is in his *Liederkreis*, Op. 25.

No. 296. **It was a' for our rightfu' king.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 497. These stirring and romantic verses were from the hand of Burns, and Stenhouse first connected his name with them. Cunningham and afterwards Hogg and Motherwell inserted them in the *Works of Burns*, and finally Scott-Douglas, in the *Edinburgh Edition*, 1877, iii. 192, produced a facsimile of the Burns MS. A ballad which Motherwell printed in 1834 is the foundation of Burns's verses. But the original is a street ballad, *Mally Stuart*,



supposed to belong to the Rebellion of 1745 (see *Centenary Burns*, vol. iii.) which was reproduced in Chap books with considerable variations, and was popular in the streets of Edinburgh at the close of the eighteenth century. The only stanza which Burns borrowed is the last one in the ballad from a contemporary Chap book in my possession, as follows:—

‘The trooper turned himself round about  
All on the Irish shore;  
He has gi’en the bridle reins a shake,  
Saying, “Adieu for evermore, my dear”;  
Saying, “Adieu for evermore.”’

The rest of Burns’s song owes nothing to the original, except the rhythm. The street ballad of *Bonny Mally Stuart* of ‘bonny Stirling town’ in eleven stanzas, remarkable for its disregard of metre, describes the parting of the trooper with his sweetheart who, however, disguises herself in men’s clothes and follows him.

The tune *Mally Stuart* is a variation of *The bailiff’s daughter of Islington*, an English melody of the seventeenth century. In the black letter copies this ballad is directed to be sung to a *North country tune*, or *I have a good old mother at home*.

**No. 297. Thickest night, surround my dwelling.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 132, signed ‘B’: to the Tune, *Strathallan’s lament*. The MS. is in the British Museum. Burns passed through Strathallan on August 28, 1787; shortly afterwards he wrote the song. William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, was killed at Culloden. His son James, Viscount Strathallan, on whom the song was written, was attainted, and after the disastrous rout of the Chevalier’s army fled to the hills, where he hid until he found an opportunity of escaping to France. He joined the Court of Prince Charles, remained abroad, and died an exile. From the Rebellion to the end of the eighteenth century almost every poet wrote Jacobite songs more or less sympathetic. Burns made the following memorandum on *Strathallan’s lament*: ‘This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living—Allan Masterton, School Master in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. To tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*’ (*Interleaved Museum*). The accidental causes were frequent, and he never wrote anything on the Hanover family to show he had any affection for it.

Another MS. of the song differs from that in the text. The first line is ‘Thickest darkness o’erhang my dwelling,’ and the first half of the second stanza is as follows:—

‘Farewell fleeting, fickle treasure,  
Between mishap and folly shar’d;  
Farewell peace and farewell pleasure,  
Farewell flattering man’s regard.’

The melody cannot be mistaken for an old air.

**No. 298. There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 492, marked ‘Z.’ *Centenary Burns*, 1897, iii. 180. The MS. in Burns’s handwriting is in the British Museum. This is supposed to be an old song with alterations, but nothing of it is known prior to Burns’s manuscript. Stenhouse, as the earliest commentator, need only be referred to: ‘This song, with the exception of a few lines which are old, was written by Burns for the *Museum*. . . . Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted’ (*Illust.* p. 432). I can find no song of the kind in any of the many collections examined. From the verses of Burns a pungent critic branded the modern school of Scottish sentimental fiction ‘Kail-yard literature.’ Baroness Nairne wrote an imitation of *The bonie brier-bush*,

and in the *Scottish Minstrel*, 1821, i. 22, is a combination of Burns and Nairne, which is stated in the Index to be by Burns. The original publication of the tune is in the *Museum* with the verses, but it contains phrases of an older tune.

No. 299. *The lovely lass of Inverness*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 401, signed 'B.' *Select Melodies*, 1823, v. 17. 'Mr. Burns's old words' (*Museum M.S. Lists*). The M.S. is in the British Museum. All but the opening four lines are by Burns, and form one of his best songs on a subject which deeply interested him. The Battle of Culloden, or Drumossie Moor, fought on April 16, 1746, finished the career of Charles Edward Stuart in Scotland. William, Duke of Cumberland, the Commander of the government army, was the most detested name in Scotland for half a century, and the subject of the strongest invective in prose and verse. Cromek, in *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810, published *Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell*, reprinted in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, ii. 199. It is unsurpassed for brutal sarcasm, and I suspect was written either by Hogg or Cunningham. Burns visited the field of Culloden in 1787, and in his diary of the Highland tour he has recorded his reflections on the final disaster of the Stuarts.

It may be remarked here that it was owing to the Rebellion that *God save the king* was first publicly performed and recognized as a national air. In September, 1745, it was sung in chorus from the stage of the London theatres, and the Duke of Cumberland was honoured with a complete stanza:—

‘O, grant that Cumberland  
May, by his mighty hand,  
  Victory bring;  
May he sedition hush,  
And like a torrent rush,  
Rebellious hearts to crush,  
  God save the king.’

The news of the defeat at Culloden arrived at Covent Garden theatre during a performance, which was interrupted while the actors sung the anthem.

The tune *The lovely lass of Inverness*, originally published in 1740, is the composition of James Oswald, and is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 9. Johnson, of the *Scots Musical Museum*, originally intended it for a song beginning ‘Upon the flowery banks of Tweed,’ but Burns directed his own song for it, and so it was printed.

No. 300. *Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 292, signed ‘Z,’ entitled *Killiecrankie*. There is nothing directly connecting Burns with this song. The note in the *Interleaved Museum*, written by Robert Riddell, is only historical. Stenhouse says, ‘The chorus is old. The rest of it, beginning *Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad*, was written in 1789 by Burns on purpose for the *Museum*’ (*Illustrations*, p. 287). No one has disputed this statement. In the Highland tour, Burns passed through Killiecrankie on August 31, 1787.

*Killiecrankie* is represented as a malignant song in *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Display'd*, a contemporary publication. The battle took place on July 27, 1689, in the celebrated pass which Burton, the historian, describes as the most picturesque of Scottish battlefields. Here John Claverhouse, the darling of the Cavaliers and the accursed of the Covenanters, was killed. The Highlanders won, but the loss of Claverhouse (‘Clavers got a clankie, O’) and Haliburton, of Pitcur, outweighed the gain, and the cause of James VII declined from that time.

The tune *An’ ye had been where I hae been* is a different melody from *Killiecrankie*, No. 256 supra, to which Burns drew the attention of Johnson. The music is in McGibbon’s *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 34; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1758, ix. 18; Aird’s *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 57. The title is clearly part of the words



of the old song which Burns rewrote or amended. In *Leyden's MS.*, 1692, the tune is styled *Killie Crankie*; and a phrase of *My mistress blush is bonie* in the *Skene MS.*, c. 1630, is a part of the air.

**No. 301. The bonniest lad that e'er I saw.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 468. *Centenary Burns*, 1877, iii. 172, is in the British Museum. This sprig of militant Jacobitism is a revised version of a small portion of a long song of the 1745 period with the additional first stanza by Burns. The tune is entitled *If thou'll play me fair play* from the first line of a song in *Loyal Songs*, 1750. The music is earlier than the Rebellion of 1745. It is in Oswald's *Curious Scots Tunes*, 1742; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 36, without a title; in Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, 47; Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 70; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, i. No. 32. It is corrupted in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 468.

**No. 302. By yon Castle wa' at the close of the day.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 315. The MS. is in the British Museum. A copy was sent to Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, on March 12, 1791, in a letter, in which Burns says: 'You must know a beautiful Jacobite air *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame*. When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets. If you like the air, and if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear friend, how much you would oblige me if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you would give my honest effusion to "the memory of joys that are past" to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure.'

The following note is in the *Interleaved Museum* by Burns. 'This tune is sometimes called "There's few good fellows when Jamie's awa,"—but I never have been able to meet with anything else of the song than the title.' The song referred to is unknown; it was on the Stuarts, and was probably suppressed.

The tune is in Oswald's *Curious Scots Tunes*, 1740, 22, and the same publisher's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 20, with the title as in the text; and in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 30, entitled *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame*. See No. 21 supra.

**No. 303. I hae been at Crookieden.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 332, entitled *Bonie laddie, highland laddie*. The MS. is in the British Museum. This, with Nos. 301 and 306, is representative of a large class common to the eighteenth century which exercised considerable influence on the politics of the country. The present song appeared in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, ii. 202, considerably enlarged probably by Hogg, who let himself go in very violent language. A very inoffensive model of Burns is in a MS. of the period to which the song refers. 'Willie' and 'the Duke' of the text are the Duke of Cumberland, who is represented in Satan's hall waiting to be roasted and basted.

The tune, according to Mr. Glen, is in Rutherford's *Country Dances*, 1749, as *The new highland laddie*; it is in Oswald's *Companion*, 1754, vi. 1, entitled *The old highland laddie* as marked by Burns on the MS. of his verses.

**No. 304. 'Twas on a Monday morning.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 428, entitled *Charlie he's my darling*. No signature, initial, or note. 'Written for this work by Robert Burns,' so often attached to songs in the later issues of Johnson's *Museum*, indicates the source, but there can be no doubt that the holograph of Burns in the British Museum is the original manuscript of the verses. No trace of any such song, not even a title, is in the musical and other Collections of Scottish song, and presumably *Charlie he's my darling* is a pure original. Stenhouse, in *Illustrations*, 1839, first connected Burns in these words: 'Twas on a Monday morning' was communicated by Burns to the editor of the *Museum*. The air was modernized by Clarke. The reader will find a genuine copy of the old air in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1821, ii. 92.' On this I may remark that Stenhouse is not known to

have had a personal acquaintance with Clarke, the musical editor of the *Museum*, and that Stenhouse himself communicated to Hogg the 'genuine copy of the air' which consists principally in leaving out the accidental sharps. The modern set of the air differs from that of the original as in our text.

**No. 305. Frae the friends and land I love.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 302. Tune, *Carron side*. The MS. is in the British Museum. The first of a series of Jacobite songs printed in the fourth volume of the *Museum*. In the *Interleaved Museum* Burns says of the present verses: 'I added the four last lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.' No other song of the kind has been discovered, and I have failed to find it. The present verses were printed in the *Museum* with a bad copy of the tune *Carron side*. The music in the text is taken from the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1756, viii. 10, there designated 'a plaintive air,' which was originally published in 1740.

**No. 306. As I came o'er the Cairney mount.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 467, signed 'Z.' *Centenary Burns*, 1897, iii. 171. The MS. is in the British Museum. The fragment is a much revised version of an old song of four stanzas in the *Merry Muses*. The tune was first printed as *The highland lassie* in Oswald's *Curious Collection of Scots Tunes*, 1740, 37; it is in *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 12; in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, 13 it is entitled *The highland laddie*, one of the numerous tunes of the name. The editor of the *Museum* copied the music from Aird's *Airs*, iii. No. 164 as Burns directed on his manuscript. In the *Interleaved Museum* the note of Burns is: 'The first and indeed the most beautiful set of this tune was formerly, and in some places is still, known by the name of *As I cam o'er the Cairney mount*, which is the first line of an excellent but somewhat licentious song still sung to the tune.' This is the whole of the note written by Burns which Cromek has expanded and garbled in *Reliques*, 1808, pp. 207 and 208.



## IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

**No. 307. The sun he is sunk in the west.** Chambers, *Works*, 1852, entitled 'Song:—*In the character of a ruined farmer*. Tune, *Go from my window, love, do*.' The MS. of this doleful ditty in the handwriting of Burns, refers to the early farming distress, and represents his father as a 'brave man struggling with adversity.' The metre is peculiar and uncommon for Scottish verse, but it was constructed for a tune which Burns however, at a later time, is said to have communicated to the editor of the *Scots Musical Museum*, accompanied by some traditional verses. See Appendix, 'As I lay on my bed on a night.'

**No. 308. There was a lad was born in Kyle.** Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, 341, entitled '*Fragment*. Tune, *Dainty Davie*.' This is one of the best known and most popular of Burns's songs, and his note on the MS. of the second stanza states 'the date of my Bardship's vital existence.' He sent a parody of it to Mrs. Dunlop, of which the following is the first stanza in the *Second Commonplace Book*:—

'There was a birkie born in Kyle,  
But what na day, o' what na style,  
I doubt its hardly worth the while  
To be sae nice wi' Davie.  
Leeze me on thy curly pow,  
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;  
Leeze me on thy curly pow,  
Thou'se ay my Dainty Davie.'

Burns obtained the rhythm and style from an old song which he copied into the *Merry Muses*. The chorus there is almost the same as the last four lines above. *Rantin rovin Robin* was not printed in the poet's lifetime, nor in either of the musical collections with which he was identified. John Templeton, a tenor of the Italian Opera, and Scottish vocalist, brought the song into public notice; but instead of singing it to the tune for which Burns wrote it, he selected *O, an ye were dead, gudeman* (see No. 249), to which it is almost always printed and sung. Burns, in discussing the tune elsewhere, particularly states that the chorus of *Dainty Davie* is to be sung to the low part of the melody, which is in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1680, 293, and without title in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710. In the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, Allan Ramsay's song *Lucky Nansy* is marked for the tune.

The Rev. David Williamson, who died in 1706, is always stated to be the original *Dainty Davie*, but that is very doubtful, and perhaps it would be more correct to say that he obtained the *soubriquet* from the tune. In Dr. Pitcairn's comedy *The Assembly* he is represented as *Solomon Cherry-Trees*, and in the bitter and indecent pasquils he is styled *Stout David*, *Sweet David*, *Mr. David*, and sometimes bare *Davie*, but never *Dainty Davie* except in the ballad *The Cardinal's Coach Coup'd*, 1710. In the last stanza of this ballad in Maidment's *New Book of Old Ballads* he is called *Dainty Davie*, but curiously enough that stanza is not in the copy in a contemporary manuscript by the Rev. W. Traill. In this *MS.* there is a second part of *The Cardinal's Coach Coup'd* which has not yet been reprinted. The connexion with the tune seems to have arisen from a crazy man dancing and singing *Dainty Davie* on the road while Dr. Williamson one Sunday was proceeding to the Church in Aberdeen. The incident is related by Wodrow. The song in the *Merry Muses* quoted above is founded on the unauthenticated adventure related by Captain Creighton and published by Dean Swift—the well-known chestnut of Mass David Williamson who, flying from his persecutors and being pursued by dragoons, took refuge in the bed of the daughter of the Laird of Cherrytrees, whom he afterwards married. He was a Boanerges of the Kirk: he married and buried six wives, and married a seventh who buried him. For a fragment in the *Herd MS.* see Note, No. 285. The nationality of the music is disputed. Chappell claimed it as English, but curiously enough did not insert it in his collection, although it is conspicuously a good melody. It has been set only once to English verses that I know of, and the nationality is there settled in *A New Song made to a pretty Scotch Tune* in *Dursey's Pills*, 1719, i. 42; *Dainty Davie* is also in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 32; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 22; and in other collections, including the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 34. I understand that it is in the sixth edition of the *Dancing Master*, and again in the edition of 1701 and also in *Sinkler's MS.*, 1710, without title.

No. 309. Is there for honest poverty? A *Chap book*, Stewart and Meikle, Glasgow, 1799. Currie, *Works*, 1800, iv. 216, entitled *For a' that an' a' that*. Thomson's *Scotish Airs*, 1805, 163. This has probably won more fame for Burns beyond the seas than any other of his writings, and it has been translated into at least nine different European languages. At the time it was written the Continent was in commotion; the democratic opinions pervading France had extended to other countries, and the mute masses had found a voice. The vulgar opinion of the politics of Burns is far from the truth; he was no believer in universal suffrage nor in any of the cant of the party politician. He despised all mobs, washed or unwashed. He held the same opinion as the great composer Beethoven, who, when challenged as to his title to use the prefix of nobility in his name, declined to discuss the point, but pointed to his head and his heart, saying 'these are my titles of nobility.' The song was sent to Thomson in a letter, January 1, 1795, with this note:

'A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. This is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme.' He resumes the subject in a later part of the same letter: 'I do not give you the foregoing song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*; for the piece is not really poetry.'

The tune *For a' that an' a' that* has been continuously popular since the middle of the eighteenth century. In *Loyal Songs*, 1750, there is a Jacobite effusion for the tune, beginning 'Though Geordie reign in Jamie's stead,' which is reprinted in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, ii. 102. The chorus is:—

'For a' that, and a' that,  
And thrice as muckle's a' that;  
He's far beyond the seas the night,  
Yet he'll be here for a' that.'

In the *Merry Muses* is a broad vernacular beginning:—

'Put butter in my Donald's brose,  
For weel does Donald fa' that;  
I loe my Donald's tartans weel,' &c.

The tune is a close adaptation of *Lady Macintosh's Reel*, first printed in 1754, and afterwards in Bremner's *Scots Reels*, 1759, 52, for which see Song No. 252. The music is also in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 290, and Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, 1794, ii. 102. In Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, 1888, ii. 36, is a set to a traditional Jacobite song *He wears a bonnet for a hat*, a variation of that in *Loyal Songs* with the same chorus. Christie states that his father got his air from the last representative of three generations of pipers called Jaffray.

**No. 310. I dream'd I lay.** 'These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen and are among the oldest of my printed pieces' (*Interleaved Museum*). The MS. is in the British Museum. The song was originally published, and signed 'X' in Johnson's *Museum*, 1788, No. 146, with the original melody as in the text. In one of the *Gray MSS.* it appears that the tune was sent to Burns entitled *One night I dream'd I lay most easy*, and intended to be set to the words of another song. A marginal note by Johnson, the proprietor of the *Museum* (who like Chaucer could not spell!), is 'do not loss this, as I have not a nother copy. It is a pritty tune. J. J.' Burns drew his pen through the title, and inserted the first line of his own song. Accordingly, the air was set to his verses *I dream'd I lay*. The discarded song described by Burns as the second set of the *Young man's dream*, and written by an eccentric genius known as Balloon Tytler, was printed in the same volume of the *Museum* with a remodelled set of the tune. Burns's verses with the tune were reprinted in Napier's *Scots Songs*, 1792, ii. 88. Tom Moore adapted the music for his song 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters.'

**No. 311. Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 114, signed 'Z,' tune *M<sup>c</sup>Pherson's farewell*. The MS. is in the British Museum. No country in Europe has more increased in wealth during the last hundred and fifty years than Scotland. Four years prior to the time at which the original of M<sup>c</sup>Pherson's farewell is supposed to have been written—that is 1705—Scotland was so poor that the Government could not pay a Parliamentary grant of £400 Scots to James Anderson for writing an 'Historical Essay showing that the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland is Imperial and Independent,' Edinburgh 1705, in answer to Dr. Drake's offensive *Historia Anglo-Scotica* which the Parliament ordered to be burnt by the public hangman. Except between two or three of the principal towns in the Lowlands, there were no roads; that to Inverness for example being simply a footpath scarcely much better than those winding through Central Africa at the present day.



The story of James McPherson indicates the lawlessness and disorder at the time in the Highlands. He was the leader of one of the gangs of cattle-lifters which roamed over the Province of Moray, helping themselves to all the moveables they wanted. They were armed with matchlocks slung behind, and broad swords, or dirks by their sides, and visited fairs to discover who received money or goods, in order to waylay and despoil them. McPherson was a tall, handsome, powerful man, the son of a gentleman by a gipsy mother. His lineage and ability raised him to authority over his associates. He wore an enormous sword which at the time was almost out of date, and which in his hands was a formidable weapon of offence and defence. One of the Highland Chiefs—Duff of Braco—was conspicuously active in trying to root out the depredators, and put an end to brigandage; while on the other hand, the Laird of Grant protected the marauders, and undertook their defence. At the Keith fair, Duff and his assistants tried to seize the raiders, but they made a desperate resistance and Duff had a narrow escape with his life. McPherson and Peter Brown—the two leaders—were caught and locked up with a sentry over them. The Laird of Grant came to the rescue, and released the men, but shortly afterwards they were retaken, and on November 7, 1700, James McPherson, two Browns, and a Gordon were brought before the Sheriff of Banffshire charged with being ‘Egyptian rogues and vagabonds, of keeping the markets in their ordinary manner of thieving and purse-cutting, also, being guilty of masterful bangstrie and oppression.’ Grant, with much legal acumen, applied to have the Browns tried in the Court of his own regality, as they lived within his bounds, and offering *Culreach* or pledge for their appearance, but the application was refused. The evidence against the prisoners was complete; they had stolen sheep, oxen and horses; they had robbed many men of their purses, tyrannously oppressed poor people, and they spoke a peculiar gipsy language. They also spent their nights in dancing, and singing, and debauchery—McPherson himself being the minstrel at these feasts. Gordon and he were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung at the Market Cross next market-day. McPherson spent his last hours writing verses and composing a tune for them, and as he walked from prison to the place of execution, he played his tune on the violin. At the gallows he offered his instrument to any one who would accept it, but upon every one declining it, he broke it over his knee and threw the pieces among the crowd. His two-handed sword and target were taken from him by Duff at the time of arrest, and are now in the possession of the latter’s family. McPherson was buried at the place of execution, and a considerable time afterwards his bones, proving him to have been a tall powerful man, were found at the gallows hill. The sword is six feet long, including a handle of eighteen inches, and the blade is two and a half inches broad. Such are some of the particulars—partly fact and mostly fiction—of the notorious freebooter, whom Burns has immortalized in ‘a wild stormful song, that dwells in our ear with a strange tenacity.’ The process against McPherson is given in Spalding’s *Miscellany*, iii. 175.

The original ballad from which Burns modelled his song was printed shortly after the events to which they refer, in a broadside entitled *McPherson’s Rant; or the last words of James McPherson, murderer. To its own proper tune*. The verses are a good deal above the general level of the ordinary street ballad, and consist of eleven eight-line stanzas in vigorous language of somewhat inferior rhyme. The first stanza is as follows:—

‘I spent my time in rioting, Debauch’d my health and strength; I pillag’d, plunder’d, murdered, But now, alas! at length	I’m brought to punishment condign; Pale death draws near to me, The end I never did project To die upon a tree.’
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An incomplete copy is in Herd’s *Scots Songs*, 1769, 264: a complete version is in Maidment’s *Scottish Songs and Ballads*, 1859, 29, with the title above quoted.

On comparing the song in the text with the original ballad, it will be seen where Burns excels. He depicts the audacity of McPherson in vigorous nervous language, he puts no apologies into his mouth, but paints him as an enemy to society, hardened and revengeful to the end, disdaining to be a coward, and dying like a man. Of these verses Carlyle says: 'but who except Burns, could have given words to such a soul, words that we never listen to without a strange barbarous, half poetic feeling.' The song made a very strong impression on Carlyle, for many years after he wrote to Edward Fitzgerald: 'One day we had Alfred Tennyson here; an unforgettable day. He stayed with us till late, we dismissed him with *McPherson's farewell*. Alfred's face grew darker and darker and I saw his lips slightly quivering.'

The tune is in *Sinkler's MS.* 1710, as *McFarsence's Testament*; in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1755, vii. 14; and in *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1768, 92, it is entitled *McPherson's farewell*, as in later publications.

**No. 312. O, raging fortune's withering blast.** *Commonplace Book*; and published in Cromeek's *Reliques*, 1808, 353. This apparently refers to the family misfortunes at the farm of Lochlea. Burns at this time tried to compose a melody for these verses—the only attempt of the kind he made—and remarks: 'Twas at this time I set about composing an air in the old Scotch style. I am not musical scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, and perhaps 'tis no great matter. The tune consisted of three parts so that the verses just went through the whole air' (*Commonplace Book*). The tune here referred to has never been seen and was probably destroyed.

**No. 313. The gloomy night is gath'ring fast.** *Edinburgh Edition*, 1787, 330. Tune *Roslin Castle*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 284; Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, 1799, 85. 'I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia 'The gloomy night is gathering fast.' (Letter to Dr. Moore.) A somewhat similar note is in Cromeek's *Reliques*, but the leaf in the *Interleaved Museum* from which Cromeek is supposed to have taken the note is now missing. Further details are given by Dr. Walker, who had them from Burns himself. The poet had left Dr. Lawrie's house at Newmilns after a visit which he expected to be the last; to reach his home he had to traverse a stretch of solitary moor some miles long, across the parish of Galston. The night was lowering and dark, cold showers came and went, the wind whistled through the rushes and long grass. The elements were in keeping with the poet's frame of mind, and in discomfort of body and cheerlessness of spirit this splendid effusion was projected. The visit to Dr. Lawrie's took place about the close of September, 1786. At this or some other time Burns presented the following fragment to one of the daughters. The castle referred to is Newmilns, and the river is the Irvine.

<p>'The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the Castle wa'; The mavis sang, while dewdrops hang Around her in the Castle wa';</p>	<p>Sae merrily they danc'd the ring Frae e'enin till the cock did crow, And ay the o'erword o' the spring Was:—"Irvine's bairns are bonie a"!'</p>
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In neither of the musical collections above named was the proper tune printed with *The Gloomy night is gath'ring fast*, and in the *Museum* it is set to a worthless melody composed by Allan Masterton. In *Scottish Airs* the tune is *Druimionn dubh* (see Song No. 32) which Thomson names *Farewell to Ayre*. So far as I know the proper tune, *Roslin Castle*, has never been printed with this song. It is one of the best double tunes in Scottish collections, and admirably suited to express the poetry of Burns. It was first printed in *McGibbon's Scots Tunes*, 1746, 31, with the title *House of Glams*, and as *Roslin Castle* in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 3. The first time it is set to words is in Bremner's *Scots Songs* (2nd series) 1757, 27, with Hewitt's song beginning



'Twas in that season of the year' and another 'From Roslin castle's echoing walls,' and the change of title of the tune is probably due to one or other of these songs. The reason why Burns's verses were set to another than the proper tune in Johnson's *Museum* was because Hewitt's *Roslin Castle* had been printed with other words in an earlier volume.

**No. 314. Raving winds around her blowing.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 173, signed 'B.' Tune, *McGrigor of Rora's lament*. 'I composed these verses on Miss Isabella McLeod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself, out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his finances' (*Interleaved Museum*). Miss Isabella McLeod was one of the first friends Burns made in Edinburgh, and he was on terms of intimacy with her while he remained there. She was a sweet and gentle woman, one of the refined persons who smoothed the rebellious nature of the poet. Dr. Johnson in his tour in the Hebrides, stayed with the family at Raasay and unexpectedly was charmed with the society. The family consisted of three sons and ten daughters, the eldest Flora, described as Queen of the ball, was elegant and remarkable for her beauty. The McLeods were singularly unfortunate. Flora became the beautiful Countess of Loudon, and died in 1780, her husband the Earl shot himself in 1786, the father died the same year and his brother John in 1787. The chief of Raasay, the brother of Burns's friend, died in 1801, in financial trouble; his son and grandson struggled unsuccessfully to redeem the estates, which had been in the family for four hundred years. Burns commemorated John's death in the lines beginning 'Sad thy tale, thou rueful page.' A song by Gay printed in *The Hive*, 1726, 174, and elsewhere, begins thus:—

'Twas when the seas were roaring,  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring  
All on a rock reclind.'

There is no other suggestion for Burns in the song. The tune is an exquisite Celtic air which he heard during his Highland tour. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop he describes how the *Coronach of McGrigor of Rora* was much admired in Patrick Miller's house while he was there.

*McGrigor's lament* is in Corri's *Scots Songs*, 1783, ii. 29; as a Perthshire air in McDonald's *Highland Airs*, 1784, No. 88; and in the *Museum* as now printed. There is a bad setting in Dow's *Scots Music*, c. 1776, 16.

**No. 315. What will I do gin my hoggie die?** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 133. The MS. is in the British Museum with an instruction that 'the music to be set to those words.' A 'hog' or 'hoggie' is a young sheep which has not yet passed beneath the knife of the shearer. After the first fleece is taken off, the 'hoggie' becomes a *gimmer* or *tup* until the next fleece. The original of Burns's verses is said to be a song entitled *Coxton's hoggie* in four stanzas which Buchan, a most untrustworthy authority, furnished to Motherwell and published first in 1834. There is nothing of the antique in the verses, and they may be discredited. Burns did not take the trouble to acknowledge his verses in his *Interleaved Museum* which however contains a note by Robert Riddell garbled in Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808, 241, to make it appear that Burns wrote it. If Cromek had printed a verbatim copy beginning in the first person the public would have discovered that there was something wrong in Burns being acquainted with Dr. Walker so early as the year 1772.

The tune, with the title of Burns *What will I do gin my hoggie die*, is in McGlashan's *Scots Measures*, 1781, 11, and in Reinagle's *Scots Airs*, c. 1782, entitled *Moss Platt*, the name of the hamlet referred to in Riddell's note. The *Museum* copy with Burns's verses is a bad setting of the air, which Mr. Glen discovered in Young's *Original Scotch Tunes*, c. 1727, under the unintelligible title of *Cocks louns walie hoyne*.

**No. 316. It was in sweet Senegal.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 384, entitled *The slave's lament*. The MS. is in the British Museum. According to Stenhouse, Burns communicated the tune with the verses, which Sharpe believed to be a make-up from a street ballad entitled *The betrayed maid*, popular in the West of Scotland in the eighteenth century, through its overflowing sentiment. The original is a black letter broadside entitled *The trepan'd maiden, or the distressed damsel*, beginning:—

‘Give ear unto a maid  
That lately was betrayed  
And sent into Virginny O’: &c.

Stenhouse circulated the story that the tune is of African origin. The Seven Dials is more likely to have been its birthplace. It is sentimental but by no means a bad tune, and is as well worth reprinting as the verses it illustrates.

**No. 317. One night as I did wander.** This ‘fragment’ is in the *Glenriddell MS.* which Burns sent to one of his friends as a copy of his *Commonplace Book*. But the stanza is not in the latter collection, and nothing is known as to the origin or object of the verses. Published in Crome’s *Reliques*, 1808, 341, tune, *John Anderson my jo*. See No. 212.

**No. 318. The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.** *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 232, signed ‘B’; entitled *The lazy mist*. In Thomson’s *Scottish Airs*, 1798, 50, with an unauthorized air. In the *Interleaved Museum* Burns states ‘This song is mine,’ and in Law’s *MS. List*—‘Mr Burns’s words.’ The verses are another example of the depressing effect of Autumn on the poet’s mind. He sent a copy, on November 15, 1788, to Dr. Blacklock, to whom he describes it as a ‘melancholy’ thing, and is afraid lest it should too well suit the tone of the doctor’s feelings.

The Irish tune, *The lazy mist*, was printed in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1759, xii. 20. The subject of the melody is attractive, but it becomes monotonous from continued repetition of one of the phrases.

**No. 319. Ken ye ought o’ Captain Grose?** In Currie’s *Works*, 1800, iv. 399. ‘Tune, *Sir John Malcolm*.’ Also in the *Glenriddell MS.* In the autumn of 1790, Captain Grose the Antiquarian visited the South of Scotland to inspect the ancient ruins there for the purpose of describing them. Burns found him a witty and sympathetic companion, and refers to him in the poem beginning:—

‘Hear, Land o’ Cakes, and brither Scots,  
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnie Groat’s;  
If there’s a hole in a’ your coats,  
I rede ye tent it:  
A chield’s amang you takin notes,  
And faith he’ll print it:’

Burns wrote to Grose—then in Edinburgh—informing him that Professor Dugald Stewart wished to be introduced to him, and requesting him to call at Sorn Castle—where Stewart lived—when he returned to the South. As Burns did not know the address, the rhyme was sent to Cardonnell, another Antiquarian, requesting him to forward the letter. The song is a parody on *Sir John Malcolm* to be found in *The Charmer*, 1764, ii. 271, and in Herd’s *Scots Songs*, 1769, 182. This undistinguished Knight and his friend Sandie Don, were two dull prosy blockheads, who bored their friends in company with pointless incoherent stories of their travels. The old song begins:—

‘Keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm, *Igo and Ago*,  
If he’s a wise man, I mistak him, *Iram, Coram, dago*,  
Keep ye weel frae Sandy Don, *Igo and ago*,  
He’s ten times dafter than Sir John, *Iram, Coram, dago*.’

The tune in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, c. 1741, is entitled *Allister*; it is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, 96; and Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 195. This is the first time that this song of Burns has been printed with its melody.

No. 320. O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 360, entitled *Bess and her spinning wheel*. The MS. of this ideal rustic song is in the British Museum. The description of the little islet is charming with the scented birk and white hawthorn uniting the two branches of the stream across the pool. Ramsay's copy of the English song *As I sat by my spinning wheel* in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725, has not even a distant resemblance to the song of Burns.

The characteristic melody *Sweet's the lass that loves me* is in Playford's *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700, entitled *Cosen Cole's delight*, and in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 10, but its extended compass has marred its popularity. Martin Parker, the London ballad writer, wrote *Love's Solace to a new Court Tune*, or, as in some later copies, '*Sweet is the lass that loves me*;' to the tune *Omnia vincit Amor* which does not resemble the present tune.

No. 321. Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 140, signed 'Z.' With tune *Up in the morning early*; otherwise, *Cold and raw*. 'The chorus of this is old, the two stanzas are mine' (*Interleaved Museum*). None of the Scottish collections contain any such song. Burns's model is in the *Herd MS.*, but the subject there is entirely different. The following notes will enable the reader to form his own opinion as to the origin of both the poetry and the music. The anecdote related by Sir John Hawkins in his *History of Music*, 1776, has been often repeated. In the year 1691 the Queen asked Mrs. Hunt to sing 'the old Scots ballad' *Cold and Raw*, which she did, accompanying herself on the lute. 'For the Queen's next birthday song Purcell composed, in 1692, an air to the words, *May her bright example* in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, 1702, ii. 151, the base whereof is the tune *Cold and Raw*.' The statement of the historian so far as it goes is quite explicit. Hawkins repeats the anecdote in the light of a tradition, and cites no authority, but he quite confidently asserts the Scots nationality of the air.

Now for some facts: the tune was printed under the title of *Stingo*, or the *Oyl of Barley* in the first edition of Playford's *Dancing Master*, London, 1651, and in every subsequent edition up to the eighth published in 1690. The following is a copy from the fourth edition, 1670, 84.

*Stingo, or the Oyl of Barley.*



It was printed in Hilton's *Catch that catch can*, 1652, as the third part of a *Northern Catch* entitled *Ise go with ye, my sweet Peggy*, the last two lines of which are:—

'We'll sport all night for our delight,  
And go home in the morning early.'

In *Merry Drollery*, 1661, 132 the song is entitled *A cup of old stingo*, and closes with

'Let's drink the barrel to the dregs  
For the Mault-man comes a Munday.'

In the ninth edition of the *Dancing Master*, 1695, the title of the tune was altered from *Stingo* to *Cold and raw*, by which it has since been known. The date of the change approximates to that of the anecdote of Hawkins, and the song performed by Mrs. Hunt was probably *A new Scotch Song*, which first appeared in *Come Amoris, or the companion of Love*, 1688, and became so popular that the old title of the tune was abandoned for *Cold and raw*. According to Chappell (*Popular Music*, page 306), this new *Scotch* song was written by Tom Durfey. The following first stanza is taken from *Pills to purge melancholy*, 1719, ii. 167:—

<p>'Cold and raw the North did blow, Bleak in the morning early; All the trees were hid in snow, Dag'd by winter yearly:</p>	<p>When come riding over a knough, I met with a farmer's daughter; Rosie cheeks and bonny brow, Good faith made my mouth to water.'</p>
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It may be remarked that the next following song in Durfey is entitled 'A new Song to the Scotch tune of *Cold and Raw*.' In a *Collection of old Ballads*, 1723—the first of its kind in England—the song is reprinted with the title *The Northern Ditty; or the Scotchman outwitted*. In a note, the ballad is said to be traditionally assigned to the time of James I of England, which controverts the statement of Chappell.

The tune *Stingo* in the seventeenth century was also known as *The country lass*, and numerous ballads were written for the music and printed as broadsides.

The famous revolutionary song of 1688—*Lilliburlero*—was first printed to be sung to *Cold and raw*, but it had to give place very quickly to the tune now associated with it.

So much for the English source. The earliest record of the tune I can find in Scotland is in Mc'Gibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 17, with the title *Up in the morning early*, from which it may be inferred that it was then known and sung to verses in *Herd MS.*, the chorus of which is:—

'Up i' the morning, up i' the morning  
Up i' the morning early,  
Up i' the morning's no for me  
And I canna get up so early.'

The music is also in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, xii. 5, with the same title as in Mc'Gibbon. No such song is named in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, nor in any printed Scottish song-book of the eighteenth century. This melody is an example of the difficulty of ascertaining the origin of folk music. Chappell's test was a very simple one and suited his purpose exactly. Where the earliest record of the music was found there was the origin. He rejected all circumstantial evidence, and in this way practically excluded all Scottish tune prior to the year 1700—the date of the first printed collection of Scottish music. The many references to the peculiarity of Scottish music by Shakespeare, Dryden, Pepys, and other writers of the seventeenth century counted for nothing, and the inrush of Scottish tunes into England in the wake of James I was disregarded. As early as 1688 the tune *Cold and raw* was designated a *Northern* or *Scotch* tune, and by the Queen, in 1691, as an *old Scottish Ballad*, yet the music was not printed in Scotland before 1755 nor the words before Burns.

No. 322. No cold approach, no alter'd mien. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 340. MS. in which Burns directs how the music is to be set is in the British Museum. Further information is as follows: 'This song composed by a Miss Cranstoun. It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the



music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza.' (*Interleaved Museum*.)

Miss Cranstoun became the wife of Professor Dugald Stewart the friend of Burns. She was born in 1765, married in 1790, and died at Warriston House near Edinburgh on July 28, 1838. At the bottom of the MS. for the *Museum* Burns expressed a wish that the song should appear in the next volume.

The tune is the work of John Barrett, an English musician, the composer of many songs, and a pupil of Dr. Blow, the celebrated organist. *Ianthe the lovely* is in *Durfey's Pills*, 1719, v. 300. Gay used the tune in *The Beggar's Opera*. It is also in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1752, iv. 8, and a much corrupted setting is in the *Musical Miscellany*, Perth, 1786, 112.

No. 323. My father was a farmer. *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 13. Tune, *The weaver and his shuttle*, O, and described as 'a wild rhapsody miserably deficient in versification.' Published in *Cromek's Reliques*, 1808, 330. On February 13, 1784, the worthy father of the poet died. For three years he had been at law with his landlord over the terms of the lease of the farm of Lochlea and 'was saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away to where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest.' (*Letter to Dr. Moore*.)

In a note in *Cromek's Reliques*, 1805, 205, it is stated that the tune *The weaver and his shuttle*, O is the Irish title of *Jockie's gray breeks*; but there is no such note in Burns's *Interleaved Museum* as represented. For the same tune under a different title, see No. 67.

No. 324. When chill November's surly blast. *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 42, entitled *A Song*. Tune, *Peggy Bawn*. Printed in the *Kilmarnock edition*, 1786, 160, entitled *Man was made to mourn*. A dirge. Later, he refers to its source in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop dated August 16, 1788. He was then in the same depressed mental state as when he wrote the verses. 'If I thought you had never seen it, I would transcribe for you a stanza of an old Scottish ballad called *The life and age of man*, beginning

"'Twas in the sixteen hunder year  
Of God, and fifty three,  
Frae Christ was born, that bought us dear  
As writings testifie."

I had a grand-uncle, with whom my mother lived awhile in her girlish years: the good old man, for such he was, was long blind ere he died; during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of *The life and age of man*. Cromek inserted this old ballad—very poor stuff, which he obtained from the recital of Burns's mother—in the preface to *Scottish songs*, 1810. According to a stall-copy the full title is '*The life and age of Man: or a short description of his Nature, Rise, and Fall, according to the twelve months of the year*'. Tune, *Isle of Kell*. The year 1653—when the ballad was written—was a sorry time for Scotland, and at no period since Edward I had the independence of the country been more menaced. The General Assembly had met, and were discussing much controversial matter, when a general of Cromwell's army entered, and ordered the Assembly to dissolve and the members to follow him. 'Broad-based' Baillie the Covenanter describes this unheard of atrocity, and how the ministers and elders were conducted a mile out of the town, and forbidden to meet more than three in number, under pain of imprisonment. English Commissioners were appointed to administer public business, and the country for a short time was entirely under English control.

In his *Man was made to mourn*, Burns made use of the old ballad, a variant of which was known in England. A black letter imprint, issued from London about 1666, is entitled '*The age and life of man, perfectly showing his beginning*

of *Life and the progress of his Dayes from Seaven to Seaventy*. To the tune of *Jane Shore*, known to Shakespeare as *Live with me* for Marlowe's delightful song *Come live with me and be my love*.

*Peggy Bawn*, for which Burns marked his ballad, is an Irish melody. It is written throughout in the major mode, and not in the minor as might be expected from the character of the verses it interprets. It was very popular in Burns's time, but in many musical collections of the period, and subsequently, it is disfigured by tasteless adornments. The present copy is from the *Scots Musical Museum*, No. 509. *The Isle of Kell*, the tune of Burns's original ballad, is also known as *Hardy Knute*. In the Pepysian Library is a black letter ballad—a Scottish version of the *Hunting of Chevy Chase*—directed to be sung to *The Isle of Kyle*. The following is a copy of the music from the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1753, v. 31.



No. 325. *The wintry west extends his blast*. *Commonplace Book*, 1872, 12, entitled *Song*. Tune, *M<sup>c</sup>Pherson's farewell*, with the following note: 'I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment which are, in a manner, peculiar to myself, or some here and there such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast; but there is something even in the

"Mighty tempest and the hoary waste  
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth"

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity, favourable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I don't know if I should call it pleasure, but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy, winter day, and hear a stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving o'er the plain. . . . In one of these seasons just after a tract of misfortunes, I composed *The wintry wind extends his blast*. The tune *M<sup>c</sup>Pherson's farewell* or *rant* is noted in Song No. 311.

No. 326. But lately seen in gladsome green. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 486, signed 'B,' entitled *The winter of life*. *Scottish Airs*, 1801, 139. The MS. is in the British Museum. On October 19, 1794, a copy was sent to Thomson. The verses illustrate one of the poet's mental phases. His hair was showing a silver streak, and Time told him that the meridian of his days was past. He describes the melody to Thomson in these words: 'I enclose you a musical curiosity—an East Indian air which you would swear was a Scots one. I know the authenticity of it, as the gentleman who brought it over is a particular acquaintance of mine. Clarke has set a bass to it, and I intend putting it into the *Musical Museum*.' If the tune in our text, which is copied from the *Museum*, is the *East Indian Air* referred to, it is very remarkable, because it looks like a make-up of the Scottish *Chevy Chase* of Song No. 267.

No. 327. Wee Willie Gray and his leather wallet. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 514. 'Written for this work by R. Burns,' for an original



tune which, according to Stenhouse, obtained its name from the first line of the following old nursery rhyme:—

‘Wee Totum Fogg sits upon a creepie;  
Half an ell o’ gray wad be his coat and breekie.’

It is a gay pipe melody, one of the class common in the eighteenth century in Roxburgh and Northumberland. *Dusty Miller*, of Song No. 180, belongs to the class.

**No. 328. He clench’d his pamphlets in his fist.** Cromek’s *Reliques*, 1808, 418, entitled ‘*Extempore in the Court of Session. Tune, Killiecrankie.*’ A MS. is in the British Museum. Burns visited the Law Courts in Edinburgh to study man and manners; the above two stanzas were written on the spot while a trial was going on in the Court of Session. The simulated passion of the Counsel on both sides is pure Burns. Lord Advocate Ilay Campbell was for the prosecution, and Burns’s friend Henry Erskine the Dean of Faculty for the defence. There is a fine touch in the concluding lines of the song:—

‘The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes  
Half-wauken’d wi’ the din man.’

It suggests a not unusual condition of the Scottish Bench after a stiff encounter with Bacchus the previous night.

The tune is a seventeenth century melody composed not much later than the battle of Killiecrankie, where Claverhouse was killed on July 27, 1689. The Scottish song writers had a peculiar knack of making fun of the battles of their country, and their humour is unrestrained on Killiecrankie, Sheriffmuir, and Preston pans. In the satire *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*, 1694, 78, *Killiecrankie* is designated ‘a malignant song.’ The music is in *Atkinson’s MS.*, 1694; Playford’s *Original Scotch Tunes*, 1700; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 26; McGibbon’s *Scots Tunes*, 1755, 18; Aird’s *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 18; the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 102; and Ritson’s *Scotch Songs*, 1794, ii. 44. For tune, see No. 256.

**No. 329. Orthodox! orthodox! wha believe in John Knox.** *Poems ascribed to Robert Burns*, 1801, 20, entitled *The kirk’s alarm. A Satire. Scott-Douglas edition*, 1877, ii. 236. Tune, *Come rouse, brother sportsmen.* The origin of the ballad may be briefly told. In the year 1786, Dr. William McGill, colleague of Dr. Dalrymple the Parish Minister of Ayr, published a practical essay on the death of Jesus Christ, and the opinions of the writer gave offence to many worthy but narrow-minded people in the parish, and the Kirk Session scented heresy in the work. The doctrines taught were considered unscriptural, and destructive of the principles of Evangelism. At first the author was privately admonished, but a strong undercurrent of enthusiasm agitated the minds of the disaffected, which threatened at any time to break out. With all this highly inflammable material in the air ‘Dalrymple mild with his heart like a child’ unwittingly set the heather on fire. He referred to a book he had written on the same subject, in which the views of his colleague were supported. At this point the fury of the orthodox against the offending brother broke out with fierce denunciation of his opinions. In November, 1788, Dr. William Peebles preached a sermon, in which he denounced heresy in strong language, and stigmatized Dr. McGill as one who received the privileges of the Church with one hand, and stabbed her in the back with the other. McGill defended himself without convincing the enemy, and matters progressed until a complaint of heresy was lodged with the Synod of Ayr, and remitted to the General Assembly for trial. The case was opened in May, 1789, discussed and sent back to the Synod for a committee to be appointed to draw up specific charges. In July the committee began its work, and at this point Burns steps in on the scene with *The Kirk’s alarm.* The case dragged on slowly for two

years, and in the end Dr. McGill was found guilty of the major charge. Worried, and threatened with dismissal, he humbled himself and apologized, declared his adherence to the Confession of Faith, and was purged.

For the style of *The Kirk's alarm* we must go back to the religious and political pasquils of the seventeenth century, which trampled rough-shod over the reputations of antagonists. He who wrote *The Kirk's alarm* may not have been a man to be loved, but he clearly was one to be feared and respected. His own opinion of the poem is described in several letters to intimate friends, to whom he sent copies of the verses. He enjoined them to show the poem only to a privileged 'few of us.' Gavin Hamilton received the first unfinished draft with strict injunctions to read it only to intimate friends. On August 7 a complete copy was forwarded to John Logan, a farmer at Glenshinnoch, and the following is an extract from the letter enclosing it: 'I dare not write you a long letter, as I am going to intrude on your time with a long ballad. I have, as you will shortly see, finished *The Kirk's alarm*; but now that it is done, and that I have laughed once or twice at the conceits in some of the stanzas, I am determined not to let it get into the public; so I send you this copy, the first that I have sent to Ayrshire (except some few of the stanzas which I wrote off in embryo for Gavin Hamilton), under the express provision and request that you will only read it to a few of us, and do not on any account give or permit to be taken any copy of the ballad.' Some time later he sent copies to Graham of Fintry and others, and the nature of the ballad leaked out, for it was too good to be kept secret.

The existing MS. copies nearly all differ from one another, and the stanzas vary from nine to twenty in number. The verses in the text include the whole in all the MSS., and are based on that in the *Works of Burns*, Edinburgh, 1877. Burns kept the resolution not to print the ballad, but it was published surreptitiously in a broadside in 1789. The fact that *The Kirk's alarm* is a song, and was written to be sung, has been quite overlooked. It has not until now been printed with a tune. Every copy made by Burns named a tune, but not always the same. Indeed, Burns gave the choice of five different melodies, as if he was not very sure of any of them. In Mrs. Dunlop's copy (Lochryan MS.) the tune is marked *Push about the brisk bowl*; MS in Edinburgh University, *The hounds are all out*; MS. in Burns Monument, Edinburgh, *Come rouse brother sportsmen*; and in a broadside *The Ayrshire Garland*, 1789, *The vicar and Moses*. None of these melodies fit the rhythm, and all are English as well as the one here noted, *Prepare my dear brethren*, which I believe Burns had in his mind but of which he could not recall the name. The political song on Fox referred to in the *Centenary edition* ii. 329 indicates that the tune is that of the Freemasons' Song already discussed in Song No. 236.

The following notes are partly the poet's own. Stanza 2: 'Dr. McGill, Ayr (R. B.)' The hero of the song who was prosecuted for heresy. St. 3: 'John Ballantine, provost of Ayr, a friend of Burns. The magistrates of the town advertised their appreciation of Dr. McGill and Robert Aiken, writer, Ayr (R. B.)', who defended the accused and to whom Burns had dedicated *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. St. 4: 'Dr. Dalrymple, Ayr (R. B.)', who approved the opinions of his colleague, Dr. McGill. St. 6: 'John Russell, Kilmarnock (R. B.)'; or Black Jock of *The holy fair*, who poured out brimstone sermons with a ponderous voice. St. 7: 'James MacKinlay, Kilmarnock (R. B.)', on whom Burns wrote *The Ordination* beginning 'Kilmarnock wabsters, fidge and claw.' He had a persuasive style of Calvinistic oratory which pleased his flock. St. 8: 'Alexander Moodie of Riccarton (R. B.)'. Another terror to evil-doers. St. 9: 'William Peebles, in Newton-upon-Ayr, a poetaster, who, among many other things, published an ode on the Centenary of the Revolution, in which was the line "And bound in Liberty's endearing chain" (R. B.)'. St. 10: 'Stephen Young of Barr (R. B.)', formerly assistant at Ochiltree.

St. 11: 'James Young in New Cumnock, who had lately been foiled in an ecclesiastical prosecution against a lieutenant Mitchell (R. B.).' St. 12: 'David Grant, Ochiltree (R. B.),' a virulent opponent of Dr. M<sup>c</sup>Gill. St. 13: 'George Smith, Galston (R. B.),' or 'Geordie,' of the *Twa Herds*, who tried to hunt with the *Old Licht* and run with the *New*. St. 14: 'John Shepherd, Muirkirk (R. B.).' St. 15: 'Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton (R. B.).' A minister of some private means and little sense. St. 16: 'William Auld, Mauchline: for the 'Clerk,' see *Holy Willie's Prayer* (R. B.).' St. 17: William Fisher, Elder or *Holy Willie*, the subject of 'The Prayer.' St. 19: Most probably John M<sup>c</sup>Murdo, a particular friend of Burns, who became Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. St. 20: John Logan, 'laird of Afton,' to whom the first copy of *The Kirk's alarm* was sent.

No. 330. Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare. Cromeck's *Reliques*, 1808, 108, entitled *Elegy on Willie Nicol's mare*. The death of Peg Nicholson was announced by Burns on February 9, 1790 to the owner. Nicol had bought the animal—a bargain as he thought—from a horse couper, who did no discredit to the reputed character of his profession. Nicol sent her to the care of Burns for change of air and diet, and she was named by the farm servants of Ellisland *Peg Nicholson*, in honour of an insane woman, who attempted the assassination of George III. Peg's death was apparently premature, as the following characteristic extract shows: 'My dear sir, that d—d mare of yours is dead. I would freely have given her price to have saved her: she has vexed me beyond description. Indebted as I was to your goodness beyond what I can ever repay, I eagerly grasped at your offer to have the mare with me. That I might at least show my readiness in wishing to be grateful, I took every care of her in my power. She was never crossed for riding above half a score of times by me or in my keeping. I drew her in the plough, one of three, for one poor week. I refused fifty-five shillings for her, which was the highest bode I could squeeze for her. I fed her up and had her in fine order for Dumfries fair; when four or five days before the fair, she was seized with an unaccountable disorder in the sinews, or somewhere in the bones of the neck; with a weakness or total want of power in her fillets, and in short the whole vertebrae of her spine seemed to be diseased and unhinged, and in eight and forty hours, in spite of the two best farriers in the country, she died, and be d—d to her! The farriers said that she had been quite strained in the fillets beyond cure before you had bought her, and that the poor devil, though she might keep a little flesh, had been jaded and quite worn out with fatigue and oppression.' Further on in same letter Burns says: 'I have likewise strung four or five barbarous stanzas, to the tune of *Chevy Chase*, by way of elegy on your unfortunate mare.' See music, and Notes on No. 267 or 274, either of which tunes fits the words.

No. 331. There lived a carl in Kellyburn braes. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 379, entitled *Kellyburn braes*. MS. in the British Museum. Another but indifferent version by Burns is in *Aitken's edit.* 1893. The Kelly burn is an upland stream separating the northern part of Ayrshire from Renfrew. Who the carl was is not recorded. The representation of a termagant is a very old story in English literature. *The Schole-house of women*, 1541, and *The Curste Wyfe lapped in Morrelles Skin*, c. 1575, are two metrical *Gests* of this kind. The earliest recorded English ballad entitled *The devil and the scold, to the tune of The Seminary Priest*, in Collier's *Book of Roxburgh Ballads*, 1847, 35, is probably of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The kind husband of this shrew permitted the devil to carry her away. She treated Satan so unmercifully that he regretted the choice and returned her to the husband. This ballad was often reprinted in the seventeenth century; and the carl of *Kellyburn braes* is the same subject treated in a more gay and humorous manner. Cromeck printed a version in *Nithsdale and Galloway Songs*, 1810, 83, differing materially from

Burns and represented to be the Burns original, which I do not believe. A fragment on the subject is in the *Herd MS.* as follows :—

‘Now take a Cud in ilka hand  
And bace her up and down, man  
And she’ll be ane o’ the best o’ wives  
That ever took the town, man.’

The tune is a variant of the *Queen of the Lothians*, as it is probably also of *Last May a braw wooer*, Song No. 201.

No. 332. There was three kings into the east. *John Barleycorn—A song to its own tune.* ‘I once heard the old song that goes by this name sung, and being very fond of it, and remembering only two or three verses of it, viz., the first, second, and third, with some scraps which I have interwoven here and there’ (*Commonplace Book*, 1827, 28). It is printed in the *Edinburgh edition*, 1787, 306. Ballads celebrating the prowess of this redoubtable hero have been known in England and Scotland for more than three centuries. The earliest version is in the *Bannatyne MS.* 1568, entitled *Why should not Allane honorit be*, subscribed *Allane Matsonis Suddartis*, a pseudonym or parody on the title *Allane-a-maut*; it is in twelve stanzas of five lines, the first in modern orthography being as follows :—

‘When he was young and clad in green,  
Having his hair about his een,  
Baith men and women did him mene,  
When he grew on yon hillis hie;—  
Why should not Allane honoured be?’

Another Scottish version, somewhat later, begins :—

‘Gude Allan o’ maut was ance ca’d Bear,  
And he was cadged frae wa’ to wear,  
And dragglet wi’ muck, and syne wi’ rain,  
Till he die’t, and cam to life again.’

A third version from the recollection of Robert Jamieson, the editor of *Popular Ballads*, 1806, who learnt it in Morayshire when he was a boy, is a variation of that which the poet had heard sung in the south-west of Scotland. The first stanza runs :—

‘There came three merry men from the east,  
And three merry men they be;  
And they have sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.’

In England also there were at least three ballads of the same kind. One, entitled *Mr. Mault he is a gentleman*, was sung to the tune *Triumph and Joy*, another name for the Elizabethan melody *Green-sleeves*; a second called *The little barleycorne* to the tune *Stingo*—the early name for *Cold and raw*; while the third and best known English version is that in the Pepys collection of ballads, entitled; *A pleasant new ballad to sing evening and morn, of the bloody murder of Sir John Barleycorn*, to the tune *Lull me beyond thee*, which begins thus :—

‘As I went through the north countrie,  
I heard a merry meeting,  
A pleasant toy, and full of joy  
Two noblemen were greeting.’

The two noblemen were Sir Richard Beer, and Sir William Whitewine who, meeting John Barleycorn, fought with him, but failed to overpower him. All the ballads above referred to are in Jamieson’s *Ballads*, 1806, ii. 231–260. The tune of the English ballad *Lull me beyond thee* is a north-country tune first printed in the first edition of Playford’s *Dancing Master*, 1650. It is uncertain



whether Burns intended his ballad for that air, or for *Cold and raw* (see No. 321). The music of *Lull me beyond thee* in the text is from Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1670.

**No. 333.** *When Januar' wind was blawin cauld.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 448 entitled *The bonie lass made the bed to me*. The MS. is in the British Museum. A new version of an old ballad written for and printed in the *Museum*. Stenhouse, and Chambers after him, printed a bowdlerized and unauthorized short version which the former said was corrected by Burns. The Note and two stanzas in Cromek's *Reliques*, p. 256, connecting the original ballad with Charles II is not in the *Interleaved Museum*, and must in the future not be regarded as the statement of Burns. The ballad was printed as a broadside in London as early as 1670. A copy is in the *Douce collection* entitled *Cumberland Nelly or the North Country Lovers . . . Tune The lass that comes to bed to me*. The verses and music are in *Pills to purge melancholy*, 1719, iv. 133, as *The Cumberland Lass*. The poetry is very prosaic, and if any one is curious to see how Burns vivified dull verses, he may compare that in our text with the ballad in the *Pills*. The English tune *The Cumberland Lass* is not the same as that in the *Museum* which Stenhouse affirms was communicated by Burns to the editor of that collection. (*Illustrations*, p. 397.) The first two phrases resemble *Johnie Cope*, and the whole structure is unlike a Scottish melody. It may be remarked that, although the English ballad has a chorus, the tune of four lines does service for both verse and chorus. Daune states that there is a tune entitled *To bed to me* in Blaikie's MS. 1692.

**No. 334.** *O, Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa'.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 377, entitled *Lady Mary Ann*. The MS. is in the British Museum. A fragment of eight lines, where the names of Lady Mary Ann and Charlie Cochrane do not occur, is in the *Herd MS*. A more complete but *fashionless* version is in Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, 1824, and another is in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827, 86. The story of the ballad is related by Spalding, the following being an abstract:—John Urquhart of Craigston died November, 1634, leaving a young grandson as heir. His guardian, the Laird Innes, coveted the estates, and in order to keep the property in the family, married the boy to his uncomely eldest daughter Elizabeth Innes, who willingly accepted him. The marriage was of short duration, for the young husband died while he was still at school. The last stanza of Maidment's copy explains all that is necessary to be said here:—

'In his twelfth year he was a married man,  
In his thirteenth year then he got a son;  
In his fourteenth year his grave grew green,  
And that was the end of his growing.'

The verses in the text bear the mark of Burns's hand, and are all his own except the first two stanzas which he very much improved. He took very little interest in historical and romantic ballads. The incidents in them were too far removed from actual life. In sending to Mr. Tytler copies of those he recovered, he expresses the listless feeling which he had for them.

The tune was printed for the first time in the *Museum*. A tune entitled *Long a growing* is said to be in *Guthrie's MS.* of the seventeenth century.

**\* No. 335.** *There liv'd a man in yonder glen.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 365. The MS. in Burns's handwriting is in the British Museum. Another holograph version with variations, and not so good, was sold by Mr. Quaritch in August, 1900. This is the first time that the song is printed as the work of Burns. It has all the national Scottish colour, but the legend is widely extended, and is known in France, Italy, Turkey, and Arabia. Who the Scottish original was is obscure, but the name of Johnie Blunt is on record four hundred years ago, and he is referred to in William Dunbar's *Twa marieit women*,

published in 1508: 'For all the buddis of Johne Blunt when he abone clymis.' Laing's *Dunbar*, i. 66. The details of the tale differ in the various countries. That in Straparolo's *Eighth Day* describes a traveller seeking lodgings; and arriving at an open house he enters and finds a man lying on a bench, apparently alive but speechless. He next addresses the wife, who is in bed with a like result, and being tired he gets into bed. In the morning when the traveller has risen, the wife, no longer able to remain silent, furiously enquires of the husband what sort of a man he is to permit a stranger to occupy his bed. 'Fool, fool!' the man replies; 'get up and shut the door.' *Blunt* in the old Scots language meant stripped, bare, naked; and equivocally that meaning may be attached to the quotation of *Dunbar*.

The ballad of Burns correctly states that Johnie Blunt 'bears a wondrous fame, O,' and it can scarcely be doubted that the legend on which he wrote is very old. The more modern Scottish version of the tale entitled *The barrin o' the door*, and written for general use, was first published in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 330, and is still very popular. It begins as follows:—

'It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then;  
When our guidwife had puddings to make  
And she boiled them in the pan.'

One of the 'two gentlemen' in this case proposes to shave the man with the pudding soup, and the other is to kiss the wife. The man, like Johnie Blunt, first breaks into speech.

I see no reason to doubt the assertion of Stenhouse that Burns communicated the tune *Johnie Blunt*, which was with the verses originally published anonymously in the *Museum*, and have so remained until now.

\* No. 336. *Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay.* This very well-known song, with its gay melody, is reproduced in nearly every miscellaneous collection of Scottish Songs, but Burns is never connected with it, and this is the first time the verses are published as his work. They were originally published anonymously in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 299, from Burns's MS. now in the British Museum, and Burns styles them 'Mr. Burns's old words' in Law's *MS. List*. A note in the index of the *Museum* gravely states that the song 'is said to be composed on the imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Lochleven Castle.'

The music is at least as early as the first rebellion. In the year 1716, when Argyle's Highlanders entered Perth and Dundee, the three companies had distinct pipers who respectively played *The Campbells are coming Oho, Oho!*; *Wilt thou play me fair play, Highland ladie*; and *Stay and take the breiks with thee* (*Wodrow Correspondence*, vol. xi. No. 96). No verses for the tune are found earlier than those entitled *The Clans in Loyal Songs*, 1750, the first stanza of which is:—

'Here's a health to all brave English lads,  
Both lords and squires of high renown,  
That will put to their helping hand  
To pull the vile usurper down;  
For our brave Scots are all on foot,  
Proclaiming loud where'er they go  
With sound of trumpet, pipe and drum;  
The Clans are coming, Oho, Oho!'

This may have been the parody of an earlier popular song, but none is known, and Burns's verses in the text are the original on the Campbells. The instrumental tune *Campbells are coming Oho!* is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1761, 83; and the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1751, iii. 12. It is one of the irresistible melodies of Scotland which Mr. Glen says is in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, &c. 1745, entitled *Hob or Nob*.



\*No. 337. *Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockie.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1790, No. 283, anonymous. In Gray's *MS. List* marked by Burns, 'Mr. B— words,' and in Law's *MS. List*, 'Mr. Burns sent words to this beginning "Twa bonie lads were Sandy and Jockie." The original of *Unfortunate Jockey* is a song of ten stanzas by Durfey in *The Royalist*, and which, according to Chappell, was printed on a broadside with music in 1682. The verses alone are in *180 Loyal Songs*, 1685, 282. Of the words of Burns in one stanza in eight lines, as in our text, only the first two lines are borrowed from Durfey, the rest are original. The tune in the *Museum*, a variation of the English melody, can be seen in Bickham's *Musical Entertainer*, 1737, i. 59, as in our text; and in *Calliope*, 1739, i. 128; both with an embellished design representing the lovers fighting a duel. The rapier of Sawney has pierced Jockey's unfortunate body fore and aft.

\*No. 338. *Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 438. The MS. is in the British Museum with a note, also by Burns, 'This tune can be found anywhere.' Tytler is his *Dissertation* regarded the song of the *Souters o' Selkirk* as coeval with *The flowers of the forest*, and stated that it was founded on the story of the Town Clerk of Selkirk conducting a band of eighty *souters* to fight for the king at the battle of Flodden. Ritson cynically replied that all the shoemakers of Scotland could scarcely have produced such an army at a time when shoes were so little worn there. Sir Walter Scott, sheriff-depute of Selkirk and a member of the honourable fraternity of Souters, wrote a long note in his *Minstrelsy* (ed. 1873, iii. 317) to prove that the 'souters' were an old body, but that the connexion of the song with Flodden is altogether improbable. The fragment communicated by Burns was originally published in the *Museum*. He probably obtained the first four lines from Herd. The following addition is the middle stanza of the version in Scott's *Minstrelsy* :—

'Fye upon yellow and yellow,  
And fye upon yellow and green  
And up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
And up wi' the single-soled sheen.'

Stenhouse quotes (*Illust.* page 390) two double stanzas which he heard sung 'in his younger days,' containing a variation of the above verse of Scott.

Although the Burns fragment was the earliest publication in 1796, the tune with the title was printed in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 28. A variation of the music is in *Apollo's Banquet*, 1687, entitled a *Scotch hornpipe*, and also in the edition of 1690 as a dance tune in nine-four time. The tune is also in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1746, 31; *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 1743, i. 34; McLean's *Scots Tunes*, c. 1772, 19; Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. 197; and in the *Museum* with Burns's words. His name is never mentioned as the original contributor of the verses of the *Souters o' Selkirk*.

\*No. 339. *Our lords are to the mountains gane.* This, the earliest and the best Scottish version of the vigorous border ballad *Hughie Graham*, is from Burns's MS. in the British Museum. It was originally published in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 303, with a variation (noted in the text) of two lines in the tenth stanza. The following is in the *Interleaved Museum* :— 'There are several editions of this ballad.—This is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.—It originally had a simple, old tune, which I have forgotten.' According to Cromek the third and eighth stanzas are original by Burns, while the rest was corrected by him, but there is no evidence for the statement. The eleventh and twelfth stanzas are obscure. Since Burns, several versions have been printed and all more or less altered by collectors. Ritson, Scott, Chambers, and others all differ from one another, and two traditional versions of the Burns set are at Abbotsford. The best selections can be seen in Child's *Ballads*, 1890, iv. 8. The English

version, entitled *Life and death of Sir Hugh of the Grime*, is in the *Roxburgh Ballads*; and in *Durfeys Pills*, 1720, vi. 289, marked to be sung to *Chevy Chase*. The basis of the tale is the same, but verbally the difference is very considerable, and no comparison can be made. The scene of Burns's tale is Carlisle; some of the others place it in Stirling. It is alleged that the 'wanton bishop' was Robert Aldridge, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, to whom was issued bills of complaint in 1553 against four hundred borderers for burnings, murders, mutilations, &c. Hughie Graham may have been one of the number, but there is no historical evidence for connecting the legend with this bishop. The melody being unknown to Burns, the editor of the *Museum* set the verses to *Druimíonn Dubh*, see No. 32, a Celtic air.

\*No. 340. *As I cam down by yon Castle wa'*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 326. The MS. is in the British Museum, and his note in the *Interleaved Museum* is: 'This is a very popular Ayrshire song.' Stenhouse knew the source of the verses published in the *Museum*, and records that 'both the words and music were transmitted by Burns to Johnson.' (*Illust.* page 311.) The earliest symptom of the ballad is a short fragment in Herd's *MS.* and printed in *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 6. It begins:—

'O, my bonny bonny May, will ye not rue upon me  
A sound sound sleep I'll never get, until I lye ayont thee.'

but Burns's version gave the first intelligible account which ultimately expanded into the numerous stanzas of the *Laird of Drum* where a brisk dialogue takes place between the Laird and a saucy 'bonny May,' whom he found shearing barley. At first she would not wed him at any price, but ultimately consented, and he won 'Peggy Coutts' without money or education. As the Laird had for his first wife in 1643 the fourth daughter of the powerful Marquis of Huntley, he got into disgrace with his kin. The ballad with a note is in Kinloch's *Ballads*, 1827, 199. (See No. 342.) The tune as in the text was originally printed in the *Museum* with the verses. If it bears a somewhat distant resemblance to another Scottish melody, it is nevertheless an excellent variant.

\*No. 341. *O, where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son?* In the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 327, from Burns's MS. in the British Museum, entitled *Lord Ronald, my son*. 'The fragment of this ancient ballad, with the beautiful air to which it is sung, were both recovered by Burns and placed in the *Museum*': (Stenhouse, *Illust.* 311). Later versions appear in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1803, iii. 292; Kinloch's *Scottish Ballads*, 1827, 110, entitled *Lord Donald*, where the young man's sweetheart poisons him, with 'a dish of sma' fishes.' The legacy he leaves with his mother is described in the last two lines:—

'The tow and the halter for to hang on yon tree,  
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o' me.'

A selection of versions entitled *Lord Randal* is in Child's *Ballads*, 1882, i. 151. The legend is dispersed over the continent of Europe, and Child states that it is current in German, Dutch, Magyar, Slavonic, Italian and other languages.

Burns refers to the tune as follows: 'This air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of *Lochaber*.' (*Interleaved Museum*). The air *Lord Ronald* is derived from *Lochaber*, which in its turn comes from *King James March in Ireland*, appearing for the first time in *Leyden's MS.* 1692, and again in *Atkinson's MS.* 1694. The tune obtained the title *Lochaber* for the first time from Ramsay's well-known song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, and the music is in Craig's *Scots Tunes*, 1730, 26; the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 20; and later collections. The three melodies differ in detail from one another, and the assumption that the *King James March* is *de facto* the original is founded on its prior appearance; but the *Lord Ronald* air in the text which Burns communicated to Johnson's *Museum*, having only one

movement, and the others being double tunes, goes to confirm the theory of Burns that the simpler air, although last printed, may be the earliest of the three.

\*No. 342. *As I went out ae May morning*. Originally published in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 397, from Burns's MS. now in the British Museum. The verses in a large measure are his work. 'The words and music of this old ballad were communicated to Johnson by Burns in the poet's handwriting': (Stenhouse *Illust.* 359). A short fragment is in the *Herd MS.*; and three stanzas in *Herd's Scottish Songs*, 1776, 6, with only a trace of the Burns version, ends thus:—

'I hae nae houses, I hae nae land,  
I hae nae gowd or fee, Sir;  
I am o'er low to be your bryde  
Your lown I'll never be, Sir.'

The ballad is related to 'As I came down by yon castle wa', No. 340, which see. The tune is somewhat irregular in construction and chiefly in the major mode, closing on the relative minor, not an unfrequent disposition of Scottish melody.

\*No. 343. *There was a battle in the north*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 346, entitled 'Geordie, an old ballad.' On the MS. of *A Country lass* in the British Museum Burns wrote the following note concerning the ballad now under consideration: 'Put likewise after this song the inclosed old ballad, as it sings to the same tune. It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never that I know of was printed before.' A later version is in Kinloch's *Ballads*, 1827, 192, with the following chorus:—

'My Geordie O, my Geordie O,  
O, the love I bear to Geordie;  
The very stars in the firmament  
Bear tokens I lo'e Geordie.'

Several versions of the same kind are in Child's *Ballads*, 1890, iv. 123, but the Burns contribution is a complete tale. According to Kinloch, Geordie was George Gordon, fourth Earl of Huntley whom the Queen Regent sent on an expedition into the Highlands to arrest a robber. Having failed in his mission, he was suspected of complicity with the marauders, and put into prison, but released on a money payment. But the ballad fits George, fifth Earl of Huntley, still better. He was apprehended for treason on February 8, 1562-3, his estates forfeited, and he was sentenced for execution. The latter part of the sentence was delayed, and he remained a prisoner in Dunbar Castle until August, 1565, when he was restored to favour by Queen Mary who made him Chancellor in 1566. After several changes of fortune he died in 1576, when James was king.

Ritson, in the *Northumberland Garland*, 1793, 33, printed 'A lamentable Ditty' to a delicate Scottish Tune on George Stoolie, a horse stealer, who lived in Newcastle. The original broadside was printed by Henry Gosson, c. 1630, and the legend does not differ materially from *Geordie* and the other variants 'The laird of Gight,' 'George Lukely,' &c., in the ballad collections.

The tune was recovered by Burns. A close copy entitled *Oscar's ghost* is in Corri's *Scots Songs*, 1783, ii. 21.

\*No. 344. *O, I forbid you maidens a'*. From Burns's MS. in the British Museum, collated with the original publication entitled *Tam Lin* in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 411. Stenhouse first connected Burns with the publication as follows: 'The ballad in the *Museum*, as well as the original air, were communicated by Burns, in his handwriting, to the editor of that work': (*Illust.* p. 370). A fragment of forty lines, differing considerably from

*Tam Lin*, and not even naming him, was previously printed in Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, 300, under the title of *Kertonha'*; or *the fairy Court*. It begins:—

'She's prickt hersell and prin'd hersell  
By the ae light o' the moon,  
And she's awa to Kertonha'  
As fast as she can gang.  
'What gars ye pu' the rose, Jennet?  
What gars ye break the tree?  
What gars ye gang to Kertonha'  
Without the leave o' me?'

Few of our ballads have earlier or more historical references. *The tale of the young Tamline*, and a dance *Thom of Lyn* are named in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549. In 1558 a licence to print *A ballet of Thomalyn* was granted to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye, but no copy is known. Drayton, in *Nymphidia, or the Court of Fairy*, 1627, introduces Oberon king of the fairies and Tomalin, his relation, as fighting with Tom Thumb. The Queen having given to both combatants a cup of Lethe water; this occurs:—

'Tom Thumb had got a little sup,  
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,  
Yet had their brains so sure lock'd up  
That they remembered nothing.'

The popularity of *Tom Lin* caused it to be parodied, for in Wager's *Commedia*, c. 1575, we have:—

'Tom a lin and his wife, and wife's mother,  
They went over a bridge all three together,  
The bridge was broken, and they fell in,—  
"The devil go with all," quoth Tom-a-lin.'

a further development occurs in the modern song—'Tommy Lin is a Scotchman bom.' In Forbes's *Cantus*, 1666, is a reminiscence of the ballad, thus:—

'The pyper's drone was out of tune,  
Sing, Young Thomlin;  
Be merrie, be merrie, and twice so merrie,  
With the light of the moon.'

These verses were interpolated about 1620 into Wood's *Musical MS.* of the sixteenth century.

For the long period of nearly 250 years, between the first notice in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549, and 1796, when Burns's original version was published, nothing was known, except by oral tradition, of the story of *Tam Lin*. The few stanzas in Herd's collection do not even name the hero; and the corrupted *Kertonha'*, and the omission of Miles-cross tend to conceal any connexion. At what time *Tam Lin* of the text was composed must be left to the imagination, and from its character it is one of the oldest of its kind. It is specifically Scottish, no counterpart of it is known abroad and no legend outside of the island has been discovered. The earliest copy is in the *Glenriddell MS.* 1789, and again in 1791. Burns went to Ellisland in the summer of 1788, and immediately formed a close friendship with Robert Riddell of Glenriddell, a noted and enthusiastic antiquarian. I have not ascertained whether Burns communicated to Riddell the ballad of *Tam Lin*, or vice versa. The fact that the *Museum* copy was not in print before 1796 goes for nothing, because many of Burns's songs sent before 1789 to Johnson were not published until 1796 and 1803. Professor Child remarks that both Burns and Riddell may have obtained the ballad from the same source. The first twenty-two stanzas of Glenriddell's copy differ from the corresponding Burns (one to twenty-three, omitting stanza sixteen) by only a few words; after that there are considerable verbal differences,



including two stanzas in Burns entirely new. These are the eight lines beginning—

‘Gloomy, gloomy was the night,’

The ballad has been often reprinted: Mat Lewis, in *Tales of Wonder*, altered Burns; and Sir Walter Scott’s version is compounded of the *Museum*, Riddell, and Herd copies, with several recitals from tradition. Scott subsequently expunged some modern additions which he previously had made. The minute differences in the various versions can be seen in Child’s *Ballads*, 1884, No. 39. The scene of Tam Lin’s adventures, Carterhaugh, on the river Ettrick near its junction with the Yarrow, is the centre of Scottish ballad minstrelsy. The belief in Elves and Elf-land permeated the whole Teutonic race, and furnishes a large selection of interesting tales of the unsubstantial beings antagonistic to the human family. At the close of the eighteenth century three rings on Carterhaugh were shown where it is said the milk cans of the fairies stood and upon which grass never grew.

The tune named in the *Complaynt* has not been identified, if it now exists. That in the text was communicated by Burns, and is not found in any earlier collection. Leyden, in the *Preliminary* to the *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1801, 274, states that the tune of *Tamlene* is extremely similar to that of *The Jew’s daughter*. The present air does not resemble *The Jew’s daughter* in Rimbault’s *Musical Reliques*, 1850, 46, taken from Smith’s *Musica Antiqua* from tradition, and it will not fit the rhythm of any of the known versions of Tam Lin.

\* No. 345. *Aften hae I play’d at the cards and the dice.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 462. The original MS. of Burns is in the British Museum. Stenhouse states that Burns sent the air with the verses to the editor of the *Museum*, and Scott-Douglas conjectures that the ballad was picked up in the Highlands during his tour with Nicol. Since that time it has been known as *The bonie rantin laddie*, *Lord Aboyne*, &c. Another set of the verses is in *The Thistle*, 1823, 7; and the two lines in brackets in the eighth stanza of the text are taken from that work to complete the hiatus in Burns. See Child’s *Ballads*, 1892, iv. No. 240.

According to Buchan, who printed a poor version, the hero was Viscount Aboyne, ultimately created Earl in 1661. He appears to have married the daughter of the Laird of Drum (see above, No. 340), but whether the plebeian Maggy Coutts was the mother I have not ascertained.

The tune was afterwards printed in Gow’s *Repository*, 1802, under the title *Lord Aboyne*. The melody is captivating, and a distinct acquisition to the folk music of Scotland. There is a tune entitled *Rantin ladie* in *Guthrie’s MS.* c. 1670, but I have no account of it.

\* No. 346. *Our young lady’s a huntin gane.* From Burns’s MS. in the British Museum compared with the original publication in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 424. Stenhouse, in *Illustrations*, p. 379, states that ‘This ancient fragment, with its original air, were recovered by Burns.’ The ‘lords’ of the ballad were the noble Maxwells, whose castle of Terreagles stood on the banks of the Nith near its confluence with the Cluden. Burns knew Lady Winnifred, the representative of the house, to whom he sent copies of some of his Jacobite songs. No exact prototype of the present ballad is known. Stenhouse erred when he stated that the melody was recovered by Burns. As a *North Highland Air* it is in M<sup>c</sup>Donald’s *Airs*, 1784, No. 57, entitled *My love is fixed on Donald*.

\* No. 347. ‘O, for my ain king,’ quo’ gude Wallace. From a holograph in the British Museum, compared with the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 484. Stenhouse stated in *Illustrations*, p. 426, that he was in possession of the manuscript at the time he wrote. The incidents related in the ballad are derived from an Edinburgh Chap-book about 1745, entitled *On an honourable achievement of*

*Sir William Wallace, near Falkirk*, containing some constructive and many verbal alterations, and in a different metre from that of our text. The source of the tale is in Henry the Minstrel's *Wallace*, close of book five (edition, 1869, 99). Burns's version and that of the Chap-book curiously enough are almost the only existing specimens of numerous popular songs on Wallace once current in Scotland. Wynton, born about fifty years after Wallace was executed, records that the exploits of Wallace were celebrated in popular song which in his day were traditional. He says (modernized)

'Of his good deeds and manhood  
Great *gestes* I heard say are made;  
But so many I trow nought  
As he into his days wrought.'

Bower, the historian, about the middle of the fifteenth century, says that after the battle of Roslyn, Wallace went to France, and distinguished himself in suppressing piracy and the English on the continent, as ballads both in France and Scotland testify. The mythical and other astounding deeds of Wallace were orally evident in the time of Henry the Minstrel, *circa* 1470, and the inevitable fate of popularity is furnished in a parody of two fragments in *Constable's MS.* of the middle of the seventeenth century:—

'Now will ye hear a jollie gest,  
How Robin Hood was pope of Rome  
And Wallace king of France.

Wallace parted his men in three  
And sindrie gaits are gane.'

Bishop Nicolson, 1696, says that Wallace had his exploits recorded by several hands. (Burton's *Scotland*, chap. xx.) An English ballad, written in the autumn of 1306, contains some interesting particulars about Wallace and his friend Simon Fraser, and is curious, as repeating the nickname of Edward:—

'Tprot Scot, for thi strif  
Hang up thyn hatchet and thi knyff  
Whil him lasteth the lyf  
With the *longe shonkes*.' (Ritson's *Anc. Bal.* 1790.)

The active public career of Wallace in Scotland may be counted by months in the years 1297-8. He has been designated by the Scots an heroic patriot, and by his enemies as a pestilent ruffian. Edward decapitated Wallace on August 23, 1305, and fixed his head on London Bridge. To quench his wounded vanity or pride, Edward paid unpardonable honour to the memory of his implacable enemy by ferociously cutting his dead body in pieces for public exhibition in different parts of the two countries.

The verses in the text are virtually those of all the recent ballads preserved, e. g. Finlay's *Ballads*, 1807, i. 97; Maidment's *Scottish Ballads*, 1859, 83, and others; and the reader may be referred to Child's *Ballads*, 1889, No. 157, for further information. The incidents partake of the marvellous and mythical. Wallace, meeting a 'gay ladye' washing at the well, is told that there are fifteen men in 'yon wee ostler house' who are seeking Wallace, who, disguising himself as an 'auld crookit carl' leaning on a stick, presents himself to the officer disguised in liquor, who, after insulting Wallace, announces that he will give fifteen shillings to any 'crookit carl' who will tell him where Wallace is. The hero replies by breaking the officer's jaw and sticking the rest at the table where they sat. Another fifteen appeared at the gate, and with the help of the host he killed these also.

The tune is only interesting as an archaic example of a melody gathered from the ruins of time. Two melodies, *Wallace's March* and *Wallace's Lament*, are



in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, c. 1755, but neither has any resemblance to *Gude Wallace* in the text.

[The four numbers following were sent by Burns in a letter to his friend William Tytler of Woodhouslee, as 'a sample of old pieces' of which he said: 'I had once a great many of these fragments and some of them here entire; but as I had no idea that anybody cared for them, I have forgotten them.' Burns here, as elsewhere, indicated how little he was affected by the historical or narrative ballad, and he paid little attention to the metrical tales which Percy and Ritson edited—a subject so much developed a little later by Sir Walter Scott. The budget collected by Tytler was subsequently utilized by Scott, Jamieson, Motherwell, and others. The four fragments of Burns are here reprinted from the text of Cromek, the originals from Tytler being missing.]

\*No. 348. Near Edinburgh was a young son born. Cromek's *Scottish Songs*, 1810, ii. 204, entitled '*Young Hynhorn*, to its own tune.' This is the earliest version of a vernacular ballad founded on the most ancient metrical tale connected with the South of Scotland or the kingdom of Northumberland. Whether Burns added anything of his own when he sent the fragment to Tytler in 1787 is immaterial from a literary point of view, but at any rate he was the first to discover the popular version. The tale exists in three English and three French MSS. of the thirteenth century, all more or less differing in detail from one another. A seventh version in one of the *Auchinleck MSS.* is a Northumberland legend in Scottish orthography, of which the following is an outline:—Hutheolf, king of Northumbria, fought and defeated the invading Danes on 'Allerton more' in Cleveland, gave a feast at Pickering, afterwards went to York and proclaimed his son Horn his successor. Nine months later, three Irish kings with an army invaded his country, his forces were victorious, but Hutheolf was slain. Taking advantage of Horn's youth and inexperience, an 'erl of Northumbria' seized the kingdom, and compelled Horn to fly 'fer South in Ingland' to the court of king Houlac, who educated him for apparently the space of seven years. His beauty fascinated the king's daughter Rimineld, but the father was obdurate and offensive, and Horn fled under an assumed name; not however before receiving a gold ring from Rimineld, which she said would change its colour when she became unfaithful to his memory. Seven years afterwards when sailing the seas, or on Sarascenic land fighting the infidels, the ring of priceless virtue and value 'grew pale and wan,' and compelled him to come back: meeting a palmer he exchanged dresses, and in this disguise was hospitably received by King Houlac. Rimineld served the guests with wine, and when she came to the palmer he dropped into the cup the ring which she recognized. In due time she discovered her long lost lover, to whom she related her unwilling betrothal to a knight of her father's choice. Horn, having recovered his kingdom of Northumbria, was wedded to Rimineld with Houlac's consent, 'and they all lived happily ever after.'

Chaucer refers as follows to this tale in 'the second fit' of his satirical ballad 'Sir Thopas':—

'Men speke of romances of prys,  
Of Horn child and of Ypotys,  
Of Bevis and Sir Gy,  
Of Sir Libeux and Pleyn-damour,  
But Sir Thopas, he bereth the flour  
Of loyal chivalry.' (Skeat's *Chaucer*, iv. 196.)

The verses in the text, like those of Tam Lin, are remarkable examples of the vitality of popular poetry. Burns could not possibly have got the ballad in a modern Scottish dress except from tradition, for the metrical tale of *King Horn* had not then been printed, and was not known except to a very few literary antiquarians. Until 1827, when Motherwell published the 'complete' ballad made up from the Burns version and 'from recitation,' nothing but the Burns

was in print. In Kinloch's *Scottish Ballads*, 1827, 135, is the most complete version. One of the imaginative editors closes with the following:—

‘He stood up erect, let his beggar weed fall,  
And shone there the foremost and noblest of all;  
Then the bridegrooms were chang’d and the lady re-wed  
To Hynde Horn thus come back, like one from the dead.’

A complete analysis of *Young Hyn Horn* will be found in Child's *Ballads*, 1882, i. No. 17. The legend of King Horn is known in all European countries.

I have failed to discover in any English or Scottish collection of music the tune of *Hynd Horn*, and the music in the text is taken from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827, App. No. 13, which there is said to be the traditional air of the ballad.

\*No. 349. *What merriment has taen the Whigs?* From Burns's MS. in the British Museum, entitled *The German lairdie*, which is referred to in Gray's *MS. Lists*. The verses were sent to Johnson, but were not inserted in his *Museum*. In Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, 1819, i. 146, is a song of twelve stanzas, without a chorus, beginning:—

‘What murrain now has taen the Whigs?  
I think they're all gone mad, Sir,  
By dancing one-and-forty jigs,  
Our dancing may be bad, Sir.’

The second stanza is a variation of that of Burns, but neither is an improvement. The Ettrick Shepherd obtained his verses from the collection of Sir Walter Scott. The present well-known popular song *The wee, wee German lairdie*, partly if not entirely written by Allan Cunningham for Cromek's spurious *antique* Nithsdale and Galloway Songs, 1810, has no resemblance to Burns's words, which are probably the remnant of Jacobite verses. The tune from the MS. of Burns, now in the possession of John Adamson, Esq., of Brooklands, Dumfries, is not in any printed collection, is quite unknown, and is now printed for the first time. The music in the MS. is obviously imperfect, and wants two bars in each of the two sections to complete the rhythm. These I have added by repeating the fifth bar and doubling the measure of the sixth in each of the two sections.

\*No. 350. *O, that I were where Helen lies.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, ii. No. 155, from Burns's MS. now in the British Museum. Hitherto Burns's name has not been coupled with this well-known ballad, and his connexion with its appearance in literature may properly be described here. Writing to George Thomson in July, 1793, he says: ‘The old ballad, “I wish I were where Helen lies,” is silly to contemptibility. My alteration in Johnson is not much better. Mr. Pinkerton, in his what he calls *Ancient Ballads*, has the best set. It is full of his own interpolations.’

The earliest notice is the title of an air *Where Helen lies*, in lute tablature in *Blaikie's MS.*, 1692, without words. The music fits the verses in the text, and incidentally confirms the existence of the ballad in its present rhythm before the close of the seventeenth century.

The ballad, or at least the melody, was known to Allan Ramsay, who wrote for it a song entitled, ‘*To — in mourning*’ beginning, ‘Ah! why those tears in Nelly's eyes,’ printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. The verses were in honour of one of Ramsay's patrons, and have nothing in common with the legend of the tragic ballad, which was told by Pennant in *Tour of Scotland*, 1774, 88, often reprinted, and too well known to require repetition. The ‘ballad’ was not quoted by Pennant, but in ‘*Poetical Legends* [John Tait] London: printed and sold by John Donaldson, 1776,’ is the original publication in thirteen stanzas. Tait, the editor, takes care to state that he collected it

before Pennant's *Tour* was published. Pinkerton's version in six stanzas referred to by Burns is in *Tragic Ballads*, 1781, 79, and it is in the same incorrect metre as Ramsay's verses, the last stanza of which is:—

'Take, take me to thy lovely side,  
Of my lost youth, thou only bride!  
O take me to thy tomb!  
I hear, I hear the welcome sound,  
Yes, life can fly at sorrow's wound,  
I come, I come, I come.'

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1783, there are four stanzas—quoted by Ritson—written by 'Thomas Poynter, a pauper,' the first being:—

'T'other day as she worked at her wheel,  
She sang of fair Eleanor's fate,  
Who fell by stern jealousy's steel  
As on Kirtle's smooth margin she sate.'

The next publication in order of time is that of Burns in the text, to which I will refer farther on.

In Lawrie's *Scottish Songs*, 1791, i. 257, there are four stanzas, being the first, third, sixth, and seventh of Burns.

Ritson, who states that he obtained his version from Tytler the historian (the friend and correspondent of Burns), printed it in *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i. 146, as the first, sixth, and seventh verses in the text, with a fourth made up from the rest.

In Sinclair's *Stat. Account of Scotland*, 1794, xiii. 275 (footnote), is a version of fourteen stanzas, chiefly founded on that of the *Poetical Legend* version. It is only remarkable for an interpolated stanza which has never been reprinted. A note supplementary to that of Pennant states that the ballad 'is said to have been written by Adam Fleming when in Spain.'

Sir Walter Scott, in *Minstrelsy*, 1802, appropriated almost the whole of the *Statistical* version, dividing it into two parts: the first, consisting of six stanzas (now disregarded) beginning, 'O, sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,' and the second part of ten stanzas containing the whole of that in the text, with the following new verse which Scott got from the *Glenriddell MS.*:—

'As I went down the water-side  
None but my foe to be my guide;  
None but my foe to be my guide  
On fair Kirkconnel Lee.'

The second part of Scott's version is that which is now reprinted in all modern collections, including Child's *Ballads* and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. In the *Glenriddell MS.*, 1791, or three years subsequent to the publication in Johnson's *Museum*, is a version of sixteen stanzas, the most comprehensive discovered, and which Riddell states that he got from 'Mr. Henderson's MS.' At the time the ballad was collected Burns was on terms of close intimacy with Riddell, and the poet may have been instrumental in procuring the version. To the *Poetical Legends* of 1776 we must undoubtedly return for the original publication; and Burns's version agrees closest with it. The eight stanzas in our text are Nos. 13, 5, 8-12, and again the 13th of the *Legend* copy more or less varied. Of Burns, the third, fourth, and fifth are nearly identical; the first, sixth, seventh, and eighth contain verbal alterations and amendments; and the second is considerably varied and improved, as may be seen on comparing it with the original, as follows:—

'O Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll wear a garland of thy hair,  
Shall cover me for evermair,  
Until the day I die.'

The tune attached to the ballad in Johnson's *Museum* is a masterpiece of musical dullness, and it retarded the vocal popularity of the verses for more than half a century. The music in Barsanti's *Scots Tunes*, 1742, and in McGibbon's *Scots Tunes*, 1768, iv. 93, is evidently a remote and unsingable translation of the tablature tune of 1692. *Where Helen lies* now given in the text is from Mr. John Glen, who favoured me with a copy. Various traditional melodies of the ballad are in use, but the simplest is that in Graham's *Songs of Scotland*, 1849, iii. 104.

\*No. 351. O, heard ye of a silly harper? The title of this ballad *The Lochmaben harper* is in Burns's handwriting in Gray's MS. Lists before the year 1790, as an instruction for the insertion of the verses in the *Scots Musical Museum*, which however were not published until 1803. Several songs of Burns named on the same sheet were not published in the *Museum* before 1796 and 1803. It is necessary to make this statement because Professor Child does not appear to have known that Burns contributed the ballad to the *Museum*, where it was originally published with its melody, and because very nearly the same copy is in the *Glenriddell MS.* 1791. Burns's connexion with Riddell is described in the note on No. 344 supra, and the same remark is applicable to the *Lochmaben harper* as to *Tam Lin*. Stenhouse says: 'This fine old ballad with its original melody was recovered by Burns and transmitted to Johnson for his *Museum*.' (*Illust.*, p. 497). The manuscript has disappeared. None of the original Burns papers belonging to the sixth volume of the *Museum* are in the British Museum. They seem to have been dispersed in Edinburgh shortly after publication, and some have not yet been recovered. The *Lochmaben harper* was originally published in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1802, considerably varied and altered, but I have no doubt that the *Museum MS.* was in Burns's handwriting. The last unnecessary stanza in Scott is a modern interpolation, as follows:—

'Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,  
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear;  
He was paid for the foal he had never lost  
And three times ower for the gude gray mare.'

Both the versions of Burns and of Scott can be seen in Child's *Ballads*. The *Lochmaben harper* is an excellent humorous specimen of Scottish ballad literature, and is notable as containing one of the very few references to the harp in Scotland. Since the end of the fifteenth century the use of the instrument has ceased, and even then it was little used. The harp of Mary Queen of Scots is said to be preserved, but at no time for many centuries has the harp been a national instrument. Its introduction and cultivation were Celtic.

The tune in the text is from the *Glenriddell MS.* 1791, and, with the exception of a clerical error in the MS. here corrected, is the same as that printed in the *Museum*, No. 579, with the verses.

\*No. 352. Nae birdies sang the mirky hour. Cromek's *Scottish Songs*, 1810, ii. 196. This fragment sent to Tytler belongs probably to more than one song, and refers to events occurring at least as early as the seventeenth century. Sir Walter Scott supposed that one of the characters might be John Scott, the sixth son of the Laird of Harden, murdered in Ettrick Forest by his kinsmen the Scotts of Gilmanclough. There is also a tradition that the hero was murdered by the brother either of his wife or betrothed bride. The first printed 'Yarrow' verses are not the oldest. From some tradition similar to that in the text, both Ramsay and Hamilton of Bangour wrote ballads with almost the same opening line 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride'; both published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1725. Hamilton's song was reprinted in a small unauthorized edition of his *Poems* in 1748, remarkable for a preface attributed to Adam Smith, the celebrated author of the *Wealth of Nations*. The well-known 'Willy's rare and Willy's fair' was first printed in the *Orpheus*



*Caledonius*, 1733, No. 49. The subject of all these is the same as the verses in the text, but there is no verbal or metrical connexion. In the *Herd MS.* is a variation of the eighth stanza in a different metre, as follows, marked for the tune *Mary Scott*:—

‘O, when I look east, my heart is sair,  
But when I look west it’s mair and mair;  
For then I see the braes of Yarrow,  
And there I lost for aye my marrow.’

This fragment is all that was known of the traditional ballad until Burns sent his contribution to Tytler. What alteration or variation he made it is now impossible to say.

The tune *Willy’s rare* was first printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 49, and the copy there is that now printed in all collections of Scottish song. The music *Sweet Willy*, as in the text, is a translation from *Blaikie’s MS.* 1692, and, if anything, is a better set than that usually printed.

\*No. 353. *Rob Roy from the Highlands cam.* Cromeck’s *Scotish Songs*, 1810, ii. 199. It is stated in Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, 1827, p. xciii, that this ballad first appeared in *The Thistle*, 1823, which of course is incorrect. In Maidment’s *North Countrie Garland*, 1824, 44, there is a complete version from the MS. of R. Pitcairn, ‘who took it from the recitation of Widow Stevenson.’ This version, like that of Burns, is distributed between two melodies, but not the same as those in the text. Young Rob Roy, son of the celebrated cateran, was a chip of the old block. At twelve years of age he shot a man, and was outlawed, fled to the continent, enlisted in the British army, was wounded and taken prisoner, was exchanged and returned to Scotland, where he married a respectable woman who lived only a few weeks. Thus Professor Child, in *Ballads*, 1890, iv. No. 225, out of Maclaurin’s *Criminal Trials*. For the crime of abducting Jane Key, aged 19, heiress of Edinbelly, Stirlingshire, and compelling her to go through a sham marriage ceremony, Robert Oig was tried, convicted, and executed in 1753 at the age of thirty-one. Abductions of various kinds were not uncommon in Scotland, and illustrate marriage by capture as late as the middle of the eighteenth century. The tune is that of Song No. 266.

\*No. 354. *Rob Roy was my father ca’d.* The tune in the text was known in Scotland up to the year 1733 as *Jenny beguil’d the webster*, its title in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, No. 37, as in the text. It is so named for a song in Ramsay’s *Miscellany*, 1725. Afterwards it becomes *Jenny dang the weaver*, as in Bremner’s *Reels*, 1759, 54; Stewart’s *Reels*, 1761, 13; Campbell’s *Reels*, 1778, 23; and the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1788, No. 127.

## APPENDIX.

### UNCERTAIN.

\*No. 355. *O, Donald Couper and his man.* *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 334, entitled *Donald Couper*. On the authority of Stenhouse alone this is inserted as an amended fragment by Burns from Herd’s *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 229, and further evidence is desirable. The verses are a reminiscence of an English ballad printed without music entitled *A nosegay of pleasure growing in Venus’s garden*, in 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, 354, marked for ‘the tune *Daniel Cooper*,’ and beginning:—

‘A bony lad came to the Court,  
His name was Donald Cowper;  
And he petitioned to the king  
That he might be a Trowper.’

The tune is in the *Dancing Master*, 1697, and both words and music in Durfey's *Pills*, 1719, v. 88. The hero obviously was one of the many soldiers of fortune whom Scotland shed, and a trooper in the army of Montrose, who was executed in Edinburgh in 1650. The licentious and satirical ballad relates the adventures of Donald in London, where he went to seek his fortune. The music was sufficiently well known to attract the attention of the writer of the *Highland Host*, 1697, where it is named as a dance tune. The music in our text (not the same as the English tune) was printed originally in the *Museum*. In Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 12, is a much corrupted copy of that in Durfey's *Pills*.

\*No. 356. *O'er the moor among the heather*. The only excuse for inserting here this fine song is the fact that it was entirely unknown until it was printed in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 328, from Burns's MS. The explicit account of the authoress by Burns in the *Interleaved Museum* forbids its entrance among his works. How much or how little is his own cannot be ascertained; but as the discoverer, at least, he will always be associated with it. His extraordinary statement is as follows: 'This song is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a w— but also a thief; and in one or other character has visited most of the correction houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard.' Some previous verses with the title must have existed, because the tune *O'er the muir among the heather* is in Bremner's *Reels*, 1760, 77, published, according to C. K. Sharpe, when Glover was only two years old. The tune was well known, for it is repeated in Stewart's *Reels*, 1761, 9; Campbell's *Reels*, 1778, 15, and elsewhere. A tune *We'll all go pull the hadder* is named in Gedde's *Saints Recreation*, 1683.

\*No. 357. *As I lay on my bed on a night*. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1803, No. 581. Stenhouse remarks: 'This fragment of an ancient ballad, with its melody, was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for the *Museum*.' (*Illust.* p. 498.) There is no Burns MS. to confirm this statement. It is quite certain that Burns knew the melody *Go from my window, love, do*, for when he was comparatively young he wrote for it one of his earliest songs; see No. 307. More than three hundred and fifty years ago a popular song with a similar title was parodied in *The gude and godlie Ballads*, and the imitation begins:—

'Quho is at my windo? quho, quho?  
Go from my windo, go, go!  
Quho callis thair sa lyke a strangair?  
Go from my windo, go.'

(Reprint *Scottish Text Soc.*)

The 'profane' song was not confined to Scotland, for there were several versions and at least two different melodies of the song current in England for nearly a century. In 1588 a licence was granted to print a black-letter ballad *Goe from my window*. In Beaumont's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1611, Old Merrythought sings:—

'Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy;  
Begone, my love, my dear;  
The weather is warm,  
'Twill do thee no harm,  
Thou canst not be lodgèd here.'

Different songs of the same rhythm were sung in the dramas of the close of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries. The English tune 'Goe from my window' is in *A new book of Tablature*, 1596; and as follows without words in the *FitzeWilliam MS.* c. 1650 (1895, i. 153). The words are from Beaumont's burlesque:—





The wind and the rain will drive you back a-gain, You can-not be lodged here.

The melody is repeated on page 42 of the same collection with variations by Thomas Morley, proving its popularity. It will be observed that this English set is not the same as the tune in the text originally published in Johnson's *Museum*.

\*No. 358. The auld man's mare's dead. Johnson's *Museum*, 1796, No. 485. In a letter to Johnson about March, 1795, Burns refers to this song as follows: 'See the air in Aird's *Selection* and the words in the *Scots Nightingale*.' The song is such an excellent specimen of the Scots vernacular, with a very characteristic Scottish melody, that I give here Burns's recension of the verses, and the melody. He rewrote the second stanza, and verbally altered the rest. The author of the original is stated by Allan Ramsay to have been Pate Birney, an itinerant fiddler in Fife; but the verses in the *Scots Nightingale*, 1779, 336, are stated to be 'By Mr. Watt,' and the earliest record of the tune is in Aird's *Airs*, 1782, ii. No. 158. From these two facts it may be inferred that the song referred to by Ramsay is not that which Burns amended, but some earlier and now unknown song.

\*No. 359. She sat down below a thorn. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 320. No MS. of these verses is known, and Stenhouse is the authority: 'This ancient and beautiful air with the fragment of the old ballad were both transmitted by Burns to Johnson for the *Museum*.' (*Illust.* p. 308.) A smaller fragment of four disconnected stanzas on a similar subject, but more obscure, is in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii. 237. Since the time of Burns five or six different and expanded versions have been published. Under the head of *Lady Anne* it is in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1803, iii. 259; and more completely as *The Cruel Mother* in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827, 161. In Child's *Ballads*, 1882, No. 20, the whole tale is evolved. The fragment in our text contains descriptive touches, but there is no means of ascertaining what is original. In one of the recensions the child's nurse is described as the murderer. A Scottish Act of Parliament in 1690 prescribed that a mother in certain circumstances was guilty of murder if she concealed a birth, or did not call in assistance in child-bed. The chief point of the tale is dispersed over Europe.

The sweet simple tune is from the original in the *Museum*. Another and inferior melody is in the Appendix to Kinloch's *Ballads*, 1827.

\*No. 360. It's whisper'd in parlour. This is the fragment of a ballad here reprinted, simply because Burns was the medium by which the verses and the melody were originally published in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1796, No. 461. The original MS. has been lost, and Stenhouse is the authority, as follows: 'This fragment of an ancient song, together with the elegant original little air of one strain, to which the words are adapted, were recovered by Burns.' (*Illust.* p. 404.) The complete tale—mad and revolting—in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1727, 189, describes how 'Lady Marget' was killed by her brother, and how—

'He has howkit a grave that was lang and was deep,  
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,  
And he has buried his sister wi' her babie at her feet,  
And they'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.'

*Sheath and Knife*, as the ballad is now known in Child's *Ballads*, 1882, No. 16, is a specimen of several gruesome metrical tales which mark antiquity, and with no particular locality attached to them, as the legends are dispersed throughout Europe.

The tune is rather commonplace, with no particular Scottish flavour.

\*No. 361. A nobleman liv'd in a village of late. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 372, entitled *The poor thresher*, which Burns transmitted to the editor with the following note: 'It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never that I know of was printed before.' The MS. of this poor sentimental ballad in the handwriting of Burns is in the British Museum, and it appealed to him as a tiller of the soil out of which he could not extract a living. In sixteen stanzas it describes the work and life of an honest hardworking peasant who, when out walking, casually met a nobleman. The result was a gift of 'forty good acres of land,' and the penultimate stanza is:—

'Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife,  
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;  
I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs,  
So hold thy industry with diligent cares.'

The luck of this peasant was better than 'the three acres and a cow' of the modern politician. I have not thought it necessary to print the sixteen stanzas of the original, which is of English ancestry. A different version is *The nobleman and the thresherman* in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*. As *The thresher and the squire* another Oxford traditional set of verses has recently been published in *English County Songs*, 1893, 68, with a tune quite different from that in our text, which was originally published in the *Museum* with the verses of Burns.

#### SONGS UNKNOWN.

**Cockabendy.** This title is in the handwriting of Burns in Gray's *MS. Lists* with the note 'Mr. B— words.'

**Wha's fou now, my jo** is in the same list marked 'Mr. B— words.'

**Fair Emma.** The note here is 'Fair Emma follows Charlotte a song, the original name unknown'; with the remark from Burns's hand 'Mr. B. next, Dr. B[lacklock].'

**Can ye leave me so, laddie?** This is the title, with the note in Burns's handwriting 'Mr. Burns's old words,' contained in Law's *MS. List*. The following fragment in *Herd's MS.* is most probably the material on which Burns based his verses:—

'Can ye leave me so, laddie,  
Can ye leave me so;  
Can ye leave me comfortless  
For anither jo?'



## GLOSSARY

THE Scottish vernacular, commonly known as *Broad Scots*, is the direct descendant of Anglo-Saxon or Old English, with a mixture of Erse from the Highlands and a sprinkling of French due to the close political and social alliance which subsisted between Scotland and France for several centuries. Most old native Scottish words are to be found in English literature; *syne* or *sine*, for example, so well known with a more intense meaning in the present day, is used by Chaucer and other English writers before his time. All the evidence of comparative philology proves that the people of the North of England and of Central and Southern Scotland have best preserved the ancient tongue, and that the language of Wynton, Barbour, Henry the Minstrel, William Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Lyndsay is the same (dialectal variations apart) as that of Robert de Brunne, Hampole, Chaucer, and Lydgate. The Scottish dialect is rich in vowel sounds, and it has a smoothness and flexibility which adapts itself to poetry and musical expression. Without taking into account the finer shades, there are at least twelve different vowel sounds in the language of the Songs of Burns, and some of these have no English equivalent. For example, the open *a* is a much favoured substitute for the more close *o*, which, as compared with *a*, is neglected in Scottish orthography. It is remarkable how little the single *o* followed by a consonant is used in the vernacular of Burns. Except in the combinations such as *oo*, *ou*, or *ow* the absence of the *o* is striking, and the genius of the language seems to avoid it as much as possible. Decidedly *a* is the favourite vowel. Another peculiarity is the elision and non-pronunciation of some of the terminal consonants, particularly *d* and *g*. The Note prefixed to the Glossary in the first edition of the *Works of Burns*, 1786, refers only to the terminations in *ing* and *ed*. But Burns cancelled this Note, and the following orthoepic instructions appear in all the later editions of his works which he personally revised: 'The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs *ae* always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.' Burns wrote for the Ayrshire dialect, and his remarks apply to that district. The difficulty of symbolizing the speaking voice is obvious. In speech the quantity, quality, accent, and stress of the different letters, and particularly of the vowels, form a combination difficult to convey in writing, and therefore any illustration here of the actual sounds can only be approximate. Besides, the fact that no two persons hear exactly alike complicates matters still more. Much of the orthography of the so-called *Scotch* of the modern school of fiction is unauthorized, and the pronunciation is probably intended for the outlander.

The following short and imperfect sketch of the construction and pronunciation of the dialect of Burns is submitted with diffidence as an introduction to those who are not familiar with the subject.

*a*, *a'*, *au*, *aw*, like *a* in *wall*, are as *ba'*, *ca'*, *lan'*, *gaun*, *bauld*, *rauckle*, *daut*, *jawpish*; the long *a* in words with an *e* mute, as in *bathe*, is exemplified in *hame*, *bane*, *lane*, *lave*; and the diphthongs *ai*, *ay*, as in *train*, are exemplified in *maist*, *naig*, *craigie*, *staig*. The *ae*, and sometimes *ea*, like the *é* in French *café*, are as in *nae*, *brae*, *wean*, *teat*, *healsome*. The following with *a* are the

corresponding English words in *o*; they need no explanation, and are excluded from the glossary: *aff, aft, amang, ance, awe, banes, bannet, craft, crap, craw, drap, fae, gane, gat, haly, hame, lang, langer, law, nane, na, rade, raw, sab, saft, sang, saul, shaw, slae, slaw, snaw, strang, tae, tap, thraw, thrang, twa, wae, wan, warld, warldly, wat, wha, wham, whase, wrang.*

*ea* and *e*, with a short sound of *e* as in *etch*, are found in a large number of words for which it is difficult to give a rule; these for example—*brechan, hether* (heather), *hecht, wecht, heart*. Again there are others containing the diphthong and such further combinations, as *ee, e'e, eē*, the sound of which nearly corresponds to the English in *heed*, such as *bread, breast, swear, head, dread, beet, wee, e'e, ne'er, deip, deil*. The dialectic *ea* is the most uncertain of the vocal compounds, as it is in English. Hugh Miller, in giving evidence, spoke of 'the beer, the wulf, and the baiver' for 'the bear, the wolf, and the beaver.'

*I* and *y* in such words as *clinkin, bellys, fyfteen* are nearly as *i* in *bit*. *Ie*, longer than the long sound of *ea*, is exemplified in *skiegh, prief, rief*, pronounced nearly as the English *field*. The terminal *ie* is often a diminutive, and in this case is generally a term of endearment or of derision. The Scottish vernacular has cumulative diminutives: thus, a priest, a priestie, a wee priestie, a wee bit priestie, which latter the speaker would hold in very little esteem. *Iu*, as in French *reluire*, like *kinile*, has no English representative.

*O*, the common sound in folk, is in *fock, bodle, hog, thorn*; and *o* and *oa*, as in oak, are in *jo, rozet, gloamin*. *Oe* and *ow* like the *ou* in *our*, as *o'er, o'erlay, o'ercome, owsen, rowte, sowens, bowk, howk, stowp*. The discredited *o*, and sometimes *u*, is changed into *i*, as in *brither, nither, anither, simmer, hincy*.

The diphthongs *oo* and *eu* have no equivalent sound in English; but the *eu* in the French *peur* are represented in *toom, cootie, dewk, beuk, newk*. *U* and *ou* are as *oo* in *boot*, such as *through, clour, stoure, fou, fu', mou', pou, pu', sough, drouth*.

There are two sounds of *u*, the English as in *but*, found in *dunt, lunt, fud, cud, lug, rush, push*; and the French *u* interchangeable with *ui*, in *mul*, is found in *puir, pure, guid, gude, muir, yule*.

The long *y* with the terminal *e* mute sounds like the English *y* in *style*, as in *flyte, gyte, belyve*.

The *zie* or *yie* interchangeable is pronounced *yee*.

*B* is rarely sounded after *m*: thus *clamb, lamb, thimble, timber, chamber* are written and pronounced *clam, lam, thimle, timmer, chammer* or *chaumer*.

Initial *c* is like *k* except when followed by *h*, when it is as in the English *chin*, as *chiel, chirp, chap, chuckie*; otherwise *ch* and *gh* are gutturals like the German *ach*, and both pronounced alike, such are *night, nicht, bright, bricht, light, licht, sight, sicht*, &c. *Nch, rch, tch* are not gutturals. Of the double gutturals *leuch, teuch, spleuchan, cranreuch* the English reader must imagine them. Other examples of *c* are given below.

*D* is generally dropped after *n*, as in *thunner, thunder; spynnle, spindle; an', and; ban', bond; lan', land; grun, ground*; and before *g*, as in *brig, bridge; rig, ridge; pairrick, partridge*. *Th* is substituted for *d* in such words as *shoulder, shoulder; pouter, powder; rither, rudder; ether, adder*.

Initial *g* is nearly always the same as in English. It is usually omitted in writing and always in speaking the terminations *ing*, as *herrin, stockin, snorin, waukin, gangin*. Fashionable society at present imitates the Scottish peasant in dropping the final *g*.

*H* is never misused in Scotland, and where it is printed it is sounded. *Hus* (pronounced *huz*) for *us* is perhaps, says Dr. Murray, 'the only Scotch word which aspirates an originally simple vowel; and this is not a modern corruption but an ancient form.' *Hit* for *it* is still used sometimes. *H* with *c* and *g* combines to form the large collection of Scottish gutturals.

*K* in a great many cases represents the English *ch*, thus *birk, kirk, theik, kirn, kist, dyke, maikless, whilk* for *birch, church, thatch, churn, chest, ditch*,



matchless, which; and *k* is occasionally substituted for *h* as in *skelf*, *skriegh*, for shelf, shriek.

*L* is often absent, and is mute after *a* and *u*, as in *ba'*, *ca'*, *fa'*, *sma'*, *fu'*, *pu'*, *wilha'*, *amaist* (almost), &c. It changes to *a*, *w*, or *u* after *o* or *a*; and is frequently absent before another consonant: thus *baum*, *stown*, *hause*, *bouk*, *bow*, *cow*, *cauf*, *faut*, *fause*, *gowd*, *hauf*, *maut* for balm, stolen, hals (the neck), bulk, boll, coll, calf, fault, false, gold, half, malt; but after *e* and *i*, *l* is written and sounded, as for example—

‘That *ilka melder wi* the *miller*  
Thou drank as lang as thou had *siller*.’

In Scotland the nasals are severely left alone. In England *ng* in the middle of a word is more than sounded, as in *finger*, *linger*, *jingle*, *tingle*, *Ang-gus*. In the Scots vernacular these are pronounced *ing'r*, *ling'r*, *jing'le*, *ting'le*, *Ang-us*. Dr. Murray says that ‘the Northern tongue has a repugnance to the combinations of the nasals *m*, *n*, *ng* with their cognate mutes *b*, *d*, and *g*.’

*R* is neither glided nor rolled. It is hard in such words as *carle*, *airle*, *parle*, *tirl*, *barn*, *farm*, *bairn*, *girn*, *dirt*, *gart*, and changes places with the vowel in many words, such as *thretty*, thirty; *dirl*, thrill; *girn*, grin; *brod*, board; *brunt*, burnt; *warste*, wrestle, &c.

The *s* has the usual English sound, unless influenced by the Erse or French, when it takes *sh*, as in *shneezin*, *shnuff*, *pushion* (poison), *asheet* (assiette), *guishet* (guischet). Followed by *u* it takes the French sound of *eu* as *sugh*, *succar* (sugar), *sune*, *sud*.

*T* is generally mute between particular consonants, and such words as the following: whistle, thistle, fasten, soften, perfect, corrupted, neglected, act, fact are pronounced *whussle*, *thrissle*, *fassen*, *saffen*, *perfeck*, *corruppit*, *negleckit*, *ack*, *fack*.

Probably in the time of Burns *w* before *r* was sounded in some words, such as *wrang*, *wright*, *wrack*, but the custom has nearly disappeared.

*a*, sometimes used for *he*, *she*, or *it*.

*a'*, all; every one, with the sense of *each*.

*abeigh*, at a distance, aloof.

*aboon*, above, overhead, upstairs.

*adle*, cow lant, putrid water.

*advisement*, advice, counsel.

*ae*, one.

*afore*, before.

*aiblins*, perhaps, possibly.

*aik*, aiken, oak, oaken.

*ail*, to be ill, to complain.

*Ailsa Craig*, an island rock in the Firth of Clyde.

*ain*, own.

*air*, early.

*airle-penny*, airles, earnest-money.

*airn*, airns, iron, fetters.

*airt*, to direct; a direction, point of the compass.

*aith*, oath.

*ajee*, ajar; twisted; sulky, cross.

*alake*, alas.

*amaist*, almost.

*an*, if.

*an'*, and.

*Andro*, Andrew.

*ane*, one, an.

*aneugh*, *aneuch*, enough.

*anither*, another.

*a's*, all is.

*asklent*, awry, off the plumb.

*aspar*, spread out.

*athort*, *athwort*, *athwart*, across, over.

*attour*, moreover, beyond, beside.

*atweel*, truly, indeed, assuredly, of course.

*aught*, to own, to possess; possession; eight.

*aughteen*, eighteen.

*auld*, old.

*auld shoon*, old shoes; a discarded lover.

*aumous*, alms.

*aumous-dish*, a beggar's collecting dish, the poor-box.

*ava*, at all.

**awa**, away.  
**awald**, folded or doubled up. A sheep is *awald* when it is on its back and cannot rise. Applied to a drunken person having fallen.  
**awauk**, to awake.  
**a-wee**, a short time.  
**ay**, **aye**, always, (2) assent; '*ay, but*' = qualified assent.  
**ayont**, beyond, later than, farther.  
  
**ba'**, a ball.  
**babie-clouts**, baby clothes.  
**bade**, did bid; endured.  
**baig'nets**, bayonets.  
**bairn**, a child.  
**baith**, both.  
**baloo**, **balow**, hush! a lullaby.  
**ban**, to curse.  
**ban'**, a bond; an agreement.  
**bann'd**, cursed, sworn.  
**bannock**, **bonnock**, a thick cake baked on a flat pan of iron.  
**barefit**, barefoot.  
**barley-bree**, malt liquor, whisky or ale.  
**basin**, a dish for holding oatmeal.  
**bauckie-bird**, a bat.  
**baudrons**, a cat.  
**bauk**, a cross-beam.  
**bauld**, bold.  
**bawbee**, a halfpenny.  
**bawk**, a pathway through growing crops.  
**bawsent**, white-faced.  
**be**, **by**, as denoting the cause; let **be**, let alone.  
**beck**, a curtsy; to make obeisance.  
**beet**, to kindle, to mend (the fire).  
**befa'**, befall.  
**behint**, behind.  
**beld**, bald.  
**ben**, within; the inner room or parlour.  
**benmost bore**, the farthest crevice, chink, or hole.  
**bent**, moorland grass; the open field.  
**beuk**, a book.  
**beyont**, beyond.  
**bicker**, a beaker, an ale-pot; to flow, to dispute.  
**bicker'd**, flowed, rippled, disputed.  
**bickerin**, rippling; disputing, wrangling.  
**bide**, to wait, to stay, to remain.  
**bield**, a shelter, refuge.

**bien**, thriving, comfortable, cosy, snug.  
**big**, to build; large, swollen.  
**bing**, a heap.  
**birk**, a birch.  
**birken-shaw**, a birch-wood.  
**birkie**, a smart or conceited person.  
**birle**, to drink in company, to carouse.  
**Birle** the bawbee, to spend money in social drinking.  
**bit**, a morsel, a piece; a short time.  
**bizzard-gled**, the buzzard-hawk; a coward.  
**blae**, blue, the colour of the pollen on the sloe.  
**blate**, shy, bashful, timid.  
**blaw**, to boast, to exaggerate.  
**bleer**, to obscure the vision, to deceive.  
**bleerie**, red about the eyes.  
**bleer't**, **bleerit**, dimmed, obscured (with weeping).  
**blin'**, blind.  
**blink**, a glance, an amorous look; a short space of time.  
**blitter**, the common snipe.  
**blue-bell**, the harebell, *Campanula montanis*.  
**bluid**, **blude**, blood.  
**blume**, bloom; to bloom.  
**bluntie**, having a sheepish look; a stupid or simple person.  
**blyth**, cheerful, gay, merry.  
**bobbitt**, to curtsy; up and down motion.  
**bode**, a bid, a price offered; to bid.  
**bodie**, a person of little account.  
**bogle**, a hobgoblin, a spectre.  
**bole**, a hole or cupboard in the wall.  
**bonie**, beautiful, handsome, pretty, plump; pleasant to see.  
**'boon**. See **aboon**.  
**bouk**, **bowk**, bulk; the whole body.  
**bountith**, bounty, reward, bonus.  
**bow-houghed**, bow-legged.  
**bracken** (*Pteris aquilina*), the common fern.  
**brae**, a steep bank, the slope of a hill, the broken bank of a river.  
**brag**, to boast.  
**braid**, broad.  
**brak**, broke, broken.  
**brankie**, gaudy, lively, prancing, showy.  
**branks**, a (wooden) horse-bridle.  
**braw**, brave, well-dressed, handsome; very, extremely.



**brawlie**, in good health and cheerful.  
**brawnit**, of a mixed red and brown colour, applied to cattle.  
**breckan**, a horse-collar.  
**breeks**, breeches.  
**brent**, smooth, unwrinkled, high.  
**brie**, the brow.  
**brier**, the briar; to sprout.  
**brig**, a bridge.  
**broo**, broth, juice, liquor.  
**brose**, raw oatmeal mixed with water.  
**browst**, a brew; the consequence of one's own action.  
**brulzie**, a broil, a quarrel.  
**buffet-stool**, a low wooden stool set on a frame.  
**bught**, a sheepfold.  
**bughtin time**, the time when cattle are housed for the night.  
**bum**, the buttocks; to hum.  
**burn**, a small stream, a rivulet.  
**burnie**, dim. of burn.  
**buskit**, adorned, dressed.  
**buss**, a bush.  
**but**, except, unless, as well as.  
**but**, the kitchen.  
**but and ben**, the kitchen and parlour; backwards and forwards.  
**by**, relating to, towards, beside, past, aside.  
**bye attour**, besides, into the bargain.  
**byke**, a beehive, a swarm, a crowd.  
**byre**, a cow-house.  
  
**ca'**, to call, to knock, to drive.  
**ca'**, a call, a whistle, a summons.  
**caddie**, **cadie**, a servant lad, a varlet.  
**caird**, a tinker.  
**cairn**, a loose heap of stones.  
**caller**, fresh, bracing, healthy.  
**callet**, a drab, a dirty woman, trull.  
**cam**, came, did come.  
**can**, a tin vessel, a dish of liquor.  
**cankers**, to be querulous, to grumble.  
**cankert**, bad-tempered, soured.  
**cannie**, **canny**, pleasant, cautious, knowing, skilful.  
**cannily**, **cannilie**, softly, gently.  
**cantie**, **canty**, cheerful, merry.  
**cap**, **caup**, a small wooden dish with a handle; a quaich.  
**capon**, a castrated cock.  
**capon-craws**, crowing like a capon (the capon was taken for an emblem of stupidity).  
**cardin**, combing (wool, flax, &c.).

**care na by**, do not care.  
**car't na by**, cared not at all.  
**carl**, **carle**, a churl, a fellow, an old man, a peasant, a clown.  
**carlie**, dim. of carl.  
**carlin**, **carline**, an old wrinkled woman, a shrew.  
**castocks**, stem and pith of the cabbage or colewort.  
**caudron**, a caldron.  
**cauf**, a calf, a silly and ridiculous person.  
**cauld**, a cold, the cold shivers.  
**cavie**, a hen-coop.  
**cess**, to tax; the land tax.  
**chanler-chafed**, lantern-jawed.  
**chap**, a person, a lover; to rap.  
**chappin**, a quart pot; calling (the landlord).  
**cheap**, **cheep**, to chirp, to peep.  
**chiel**, **chield**, a young fellow.  
**chittering**, shivering.  
**chuck**, a hen, a chicken; a dear.  
**claes**, clothes.  
**claith**, **claithing**, cloth, clothing.  
**clamb**, climbed.  
**clankie**, a striking noise, a sounding blow.  
**clappin**, patting gently.  
**claught**, clutched.  
**claughtin**, clutching, grasping.  
**claut**, to clutch, to hold, to scrape.  
**claver**, clover; to talk nonsense.  
**clavers**, idle talk.  
**claw**, to scratch, to thrash.  
**claymore**, a two-handed sword.  
**cleed**, to clothe, to cover.  
**cleek**, to seize, to snatch.  
**cleekit**, hooked, seized.  
**cleeks**, cramp in the legs.  
**clink**, money; to jingle, to rhyme.  
**clinkin**, a bell-like sound; abrupt motion.  
**cloot**, a hoof; **auld clootie**, the devil.  
**clout**, a patch; to patch, to repair.  
**cloutin**, patching, repairing.  
**clouts**, ragged clothes.  
**cluds**, clouds.  
**clue**, a ball of worsted, cotton, &c.  
**clunk**, the hollow sound produced by emptying a bottle hastily.  
**cockets**, ornamental head-gear.  
**cod**, a pillow, a cushion.  
**coft**, to buy.  
**cog**, **coggie**, a small wooden dish without handles.

compleenin, complaining.  
 coof, cuif, a blockhead, a dolt.  
 cool'd in her linens, laid in her shroud.  
 ooor, to cover, to duck down.  
 coost, to cast, to throw.  
 coot, the water-hen. Coots, hoofs.  
 cootie, rough-legged; a small dish.  
 core, a chorus, a convivial company.  
 corn-mou', a stack of corn; where the corn is stacked.  
 corse, a corpse.  
 countra, country.  
 coup, to capsize; head over heels.  
 cour, to crouch, to duck down.  
 couthie, couthy, kind, pleasant, affectionate.  
 cowte, a colt.  
 crack, conversation; to converse.  
 craft-rig, a croft ridge; used equiv.  
 craibit, crabbit, crabbed, fretful.  
 craig, a crag, a rock; the neck.  
 craigie, the throat, the gullet; craggy.  
 craik, the landrail; to croak.  
 cranreuch, hoar-frost.  
 crap, a crop; the top.  
 craps, growing crops.  
 creel, an osier basket, a hamper; perplexity, confusion of mind.  
 creepie-chair, the stool of repentance in the kirk.  
 cronie, an intimate, a companion.  
 crooded, croodl'd, cooed, murmured.  
 crooks, curvature of the neck or spine.  
 crouse, elated; courageous, bold.  
 crowdie, oatmeal gruel made with water; breakfast-time.  
 cuddle, to caress, to embrace; to lie close.  
 cummer (Fr. *commere*), a gossip; a midwife, a godmother, a hag.  
 curch, a kerchief; a woman's head-cover.  
 curchie, a curtsy; a head-dress.  
 cushat, the wild pigeon.  
 cut-luggit, crop-eared.  
 cutty, short, bob-tailed.  
 cutty-stool, a low stool. See creepie-chair.  
 daddy, father, an old person.  
 daffin, folly, pastime, matrimonial intercourse.  
 daft, merry, giddy.  
 daidlin, waddling; inactive or tardy.

daintie, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.  
 dang, knocked over; pushed about, surpassed.  
 dauntin, to intimidate, to terrify, to depress.  
 daur, to dare.  
 daut, dawte, to caress, to pet, to fondle.  
 dautie, a pet; term of affection.  
 dautit, fondled, caressed, petted.  
 daw, dawn.  
 dawin, the dawning.  
 dead, death.  
 deave, to deafen, to stun with noise.  
 deil, the devil.  
 deil ma care, do not care a straw.  
 delve, to dig.  
 descriving, describing.  
 deuk, a duck.  
 diein, dying.  
 dight, dighted, to wipe, wiped; to clean corn from chaff.  
 din, noise; to make a noise.  
 ding, to overcome, to surpass.  
 dink, neatly, dainty; precise, proper.  
 dinmont, a two-year-old male sheep.  
 dinna, do not.  
 dirl'd, thrilled, vibrated.  
 dirt, a contemptuous term for money.  
 dochter, daughter.  
 doited, stupid, as in frail old age.  
 donsie, self-important, restive.  
 doo, a dove; term of endearment.  
 dool, sorrow; to lament, to mourn.  
 doolfu', doleful.  
 douce, douse, steady, grave, gentle, sedate.  
 doudl't, dandled.  
 dought, pret. of *dow*, to be able, to possess strength.  
 douk, doukit, to duck, ducked.  
 down, down.  
 doup, the bottom.  
 dour, obstinate, sullen, mentally strong.  
 dow, dowe, am able.  
 dowf, pithless, wanting force, sad, dismal.  
 dowie, dull, sorrowful.  
 down, low-lying land.  
 downa, cannot; not able.  
 downa-do's, listless, fatigued, unable.  
 doxy, a paramour.  
 doylt, stupid, crazed, hebetated.  
 dozen, shrivelled, dried up.  
 draigl't, soaked with mud or water.

- dram, a portion of whisky.  
 drants, tedious talk, long whining prayers.  
 drap, drappie, a drop; a small portion of liquor.  
 dree, to dread, to suffer, to endure.  
 dreigh, long and uninteresting, long-winded.  
 driddle, to move slowly; more action than motion.  
 drone, the monotonous pipe of the bagpipe; a prosy person.  
 drouk, to wet, to soak.  
 droukit, soaked, wet through.  
 drouth, drought.  
 drouthie, very thirsty; always thirsty.  
 drumlie, drumly, muddy, discoloured.  
 dry, thirsty.  
 duddie, ragged.  
 duds, duddies, ragged clothes.  
 dun, to stun with a great noise; a brown colour.  
 dune, done.  
 dung, knocked or pushed about.  
 dunts, blows; wounds caused by a blow.  
 dwalt, dwelt.  
 dyke, a wall of undressed stones without mortar.  
 dyvor, a bankrupt, a rascal, a ne'er-do-well.
- e'e, eye.  
 een, eyes.  
 e'en, even, even so, just so.  
 e'en, e'enin, evening, the eve of a feast.  
 eerie, sad, weird, ghostly; in fear of future misfortune, feeling superstitious fear.  
 eild, old age.  
 eke, also.  
 Eller, an elder of the kirk.  
 en', end.  
 enough, enough.  
 enfauld, infold, to encompass.  
 ether-stane, the adder-stone; an amulet.
- fa', a fall, autumn; to fall.  
 fa', portion, lot.  
 faen, faun, fell, has fallen.  
 fain, fond, desirous.  
 fair-fa', good luck, welcome.  
 fand, found.  
 faught, worry, fight, trouble.
- fauld, a fold; to fold.  
 faulding, folding; a sheepfold or farm enclosure.  
 fause, false.  
 faut, a fault.  
 faultless, faultless.  
 fautor, a defaulter, a transgressor.  
 fechtin, fighting.  
 feck, the most or greater part.  
 fecket, a sleeved waistcoat.  
 feckless, feeble, wanting resource.  
 fell, keen, biting, fierce, cruel, relentless.  
 fell, a tableland mountain.  
 fen, a shift; to get along.  
 ferlie, ferly, wonder, marvel, surprise.  
 fey, fated, doomed, predestined.  
 fidge, to be restless, to be uneasy.  
 fidgin-fain, to be restless with eagerness.  
 fiel, comfortable, cosy, clean, neat.  
 fient, fiend, a petty oath.  
 fient a hair, not in the least.  
 fient-ma-care, no matter.  
 fier, sound, healthy.  
 fiere, feire, friend, companion, comrade.  
 fierie, feirie, clever, active, nimble, vigorous, mettlesome.  
 fillabeg, the short kilt worn by the Highlanders.  
 fit, the foot.  
 flae, a flea.  
 flang, flung.  
 flee, to fly.  
 fleech'd, coaxed, cajoled, wheedled.  
 fley, fley'd, to frighten; frightened, scared.  
 fie, a fly; to fly.  
 flittering, fluttering.  
 flyte, to scold.  
 fock, folk.  
 foor, went, fared.  
 forby, besides.  
 forgather, to meet, to assemble accidentally.  
 forgie, to forgive.  
 fou, fow, full; not sober, drunk.  
 founart, the polecat.  
 foursome, a quartette.  
 fouth, abundance, plenty; numerous.  
 frae, from.  
 fremit, strange, foreign, unrelated.  
 frewch, brittle.  
 frien, a friend.  
 fu', full.  
 fu'-han't, full-handed.

fud, a short tail; the buttocks.  
 funder, further.  
 fur, furr, a furrow.  
 fushionless, tasteless, sapless, insipid.  
 fyke, to fidget, to be restless.  
 fyle, fyled, to dirty, to soil; soiled.

gab, the mouth, insolence.  
 gae (gang); gaen, gane; gaed;  
   gaun, to go; gone; went; going.  
 gairs, ornamental slashes in a lady's dress.  
 gait, way, manner, practice, deportment.  
 gangrel, a vagrant.  
 gapin, gaping, looking foolish or idiotic.  
 gar, to make, to cause, to compel.  
 gar't, compelled, caused, forced.  
 gash, wise, sagacious; pert or insolent speech.  
 gate, a way, path, road.  
 gaucie, gausie, plump, portly, well-conditioned.  
 gaud, a goad.  
 gawky, awkward, ungainly, foolish.  
 gear, goods, property, wealth, money, harness, tools, tackle, &c.  
 geck, to toss the head, to sport.  
 gentle, well-born.  
 genty, courteous, having good manners.  
 ghaist, a ghost.  
 gie, gae; gied; gien; to give; gave; given.  
 gif, if, whether.  
 gill, a half-pint glass; a quarter-pint glass of whisky. A *Hawick gill* = two gills.  
 gimmer, a young female sheep, a ewe that has not borne young.  
 gin, before, until, unless, if, whether.  
 girdle, a circular iron plate for baking cakes.  
 girn, girnain, to grin, grinning.  
 girr, a hoop.  
 glaiks, to get the, to be deceived, deluded, cheated; jilted.  
 glaive, a sword, a broadsword.  
 glaum'd, grasped, clutched, snatched.  
 gled, the common kite, a hawk.  
 gleede, a spark, ember, red-hot coal.  
 gleg, clear-sighted, sharp, eager.  
 gleib, a piece, a portion; the land belonging to the clergy benefice.  
 Glenturit, a small lateral valley to the Earn in Perthshire.

glibber, smoothly.  
 glinted, flashed.  
 glintin, sparkling.  
 gloamin, twilight, dusk, evening.  
 gloamin-shot, sunset; a twilight interview.  
 glooves, gloves.  
 glow'r, a frown; to stare, to scowl.  
 glowrin, threatening (weather); staring, stormy.  
 gor-cock, the moorcock.  
 gowan, a generic name for the daisy.  
 gowd, gold, money.  
 gowden, golden.  
 gowff'd, struck; hit as in the game of golf.  
 gowk, a blockhead, simpleton, an awkward fellow; the cuckoo.  
 graff, a grave.  
 grain, a branch; the fork of a tree or the junction of its branches.  
 graip, to grope.  
 graith, tools, harness, equipment of any kind.  
 grane, a groan; to groan.  
 grape, a dung-fork.  
 grat, wept.  
 gree, to agree; the first place, the highest honours.  
 greet; grat; greetin; to cry, to weep; wept; weeping.  
 grippit, arrested, clasped.  
 grist, the corn sent to the mill; used equiv.  
 groanin-maut, the lying-in drink for the midwife and friends.  
 grunzie, the snout, mouth, face, visage.  
 grupe, caught hold, seized.  
 gude, guid, God, good.  
 guide'en, good evening, a salutation.  
 guid-willy, hospitable, kindly, generous good-will.  
 gudeman, guidman, the master of the house, a husband, a tenant farmer.  
 gudesake, God sake!  
 guse, a goose.  
 gutcher, grandfather, grandsire.  
 gut-scraper, a fiddler.

ha', the hall.  
 hadden, haddin, holding, inheritance.  
 hae, haen, to have; had, been having.  
 haet, an atom, a very small quantity.  
 haffets, the temples, the side locks.

- haggis**, a dish generally consisting of the lungs, heart, and liver of a sheep minced with suet, onions, &c., and cooked in a sheep's maw.  
**haith**, 'in faith !' an exclamation.  
**haill**, whole, well, healthful.  
**hain**, **hain'd**, to spare, to save; saved.  
**hallan**, a porch, a dwelling, a house.  
**hallan-en'**, the end of the porch or partition-wall between the door and the fire.  
**hals**, the neck, the throat.  
**hammer**, a clumsy, noisy person.  
**han'**, the hand.  
**hand-breed**, a handbreadth.  
**hankers**, desires, covets.  
**hansel**, to use a thing for the first time; the first gift, the first buyer; earnest-money.  
**hanselling**, the first use or celebration.  
**hap**, to cover for warmth, to wrap, to tuck in; a covering, a wrap.  
**harry**, **herry**, to rob, to plunder, to ravage.  
**haslock**. See **hals**.  
**haslock-woo'**, the finest wool on the *hals* or throat of a sheep.  
**haud**, to hold.  
**hauf**, the half; to halve.  
**haur**, **haur'd**, to drag, dragged.  
**hause**, to embrace, to hug. See **hals**.  
**hauver-meal**, oatmeal.  
**havins**, sense, manners, behaviour.  
**hawkit**, a white face, applied to kine.  
**headin-man**, a headsman, an executioner.  
**hecht**, a promise, an offer; to promise, to engage.  
**heckle**, a flax-comb; to cross-examine.  
**hee**, a call.  
**heeze**, to hoist, to exalt, to raise.  
**heich**, **heigh**, high.  
**hellim**, a helm.  
**hem-shin'd**, bow-legged, like the shape of the half of a horse-collar.  
**hern**, the heron.  
**hettest**, hottest.  
**heugh**, a crag, a pit, a hollow.  
**heuk**, a hook, a reaping-hook.  
**hie-gate**, a thoroughfare through a town.  
**hiney**, **hinny**, honey; a term of endearment.  
**hing**, to hang.  
**hirple**, to hobble, to limp, to walk lamely.  
**hirplin**, hobbling.  
**hizzie**, a huzzy; a wench.  
**hoast**, a cough; to cough.  
**hodden**, homespun cloth made of natural-coloured wool.  
**hodden-grey**, grey homespun.  
**hog**, **hoggie**, a first-year-old sheep before shearing. See **dinmont** and **gimmer**.  
**Hollan**, Holland; linen imported from there.  
**hoodie**, the hooded and common crow.  
**houpe**, hope.  
**howket**, digged, dug, unearthed.  
**howks**, furrows, indentations.  
**howlet**, the owl.  
**hunkers**, bent knees, pleading, in a squatting position, with the haunches, knees, and ankles acutely bent.  
**hurchin**, an urchin.  
**hushion**, a footless stocking.  
**i'**, in.  
**ilk**, **ilka**, the same, each, every.  
**ingle**, the fireplace, a chimney-corner.  
**ingle-gleede**, a blazing fireside.  
**in-knee'd**, knock-kneed.  
**is**, often used for the plural **are**.  
**I'se**, I shall or will.  
**ither**, other.  
**itsel'**, itself.  
**jad**, an old worn-out horse; a scurvy woman.  
**jauner**, to talk at random, to jabber.  
**jaw**, impudent talk; to pour, to dash, to splash.  
**jawpish**, frolicsome, mischievous, tricky.  
**jee'd**, stirred, rocked, jogged.  
**jeeg**, to jog, to jerk.  
**jimp**, **jimpy** or **jimply**, neatly, elegantly.  
**jimps**, easy stays open in front.  
**jinkin**, dodging, moving quickly.  
**jinks**, tricks, dodges.  
**jirkinet**, a woman's outside jacket.  
**jo**, joy, an expression of good will, friendly address.  
**jorum**, a large drinking jug or bowl.  
**jouk**, to cower, to bend, to stoop.  
**kail**, colewort, cabbage; broth made from greens.  
**kail-yard**, a kitchen garden.  
**kame**, **kaim'd**, to comb, combed.  
**kebars**, beams, rafters.



kebbuck, a large cheese uncut.  
 keekin-glass, a looking-glass.  
 keekit, pryed, peered, gazed.  
 ken, kend, ken't, to know; known.  
 Kilbaigie, a favourite brand of whisky manufactured at Kilbaigie, Clackmannan, one of the earliest distilleries after the abolition of the *Ferintosh* monopoly.  
 killogie, a vacuity before the fire-place in a kiln.  
 kilt, a short dress; to tuck up the skirts.  
 kimmer. See cummer.  
 kin, blood relations.  
 kin', kind.  
 kintra, country, neighbours.  
 kirk, a church.  
 kirtle, a woman's short skirt or outer petticoat.  
 kist, kissed; a chest.  
 kith, acquaintance, those not related by blood.  
 kittle, difficult; to tickle. To kittle hair on thairms = to play the fiddle.  
 kiutlin, cuddling.  
 knaggs, knobs, protuberances.  
 knowe, a knoll, a hillock.  
 knurl, a dwarf, a hunchback; stunted.  
 kye, cattle.

labour lea, to plough grass land.  
 laigh, low.  
 laik, lack, want.  
 laird, a landowner; an abbey laird = one who took refuge from his creditors in Holyrood Abbey.  
 laith, loath.  
 lan', land.  
 lane, alone, lonely, solitary.  
 lang-neckit, long-necked.  
 lap, leaped.  
 lapwing, the plover.  
 lass, a girl, a young woman, a sweetheart, the complement of *lad*.  
 lave, flowing freely; the rest or remainder.  
 laverock, the lark.  
 law, low; a round-capped mountain which ascends by stages.  
 lawin, the expense, the cost, the bill.  
 lea, grass land, untilled land, pasture.  
 leal, loyal, true, trusty.  
 lear, lair, learning, knowledge, education.

lea-rig, a ridge in a field left unploughed between ridges bearing grain.  
 learn, to teach.  
 leddy, lady, the wife of a landlord.  
 lee, the slope of a hill; warm, sheltered; in *phrase*: an intensive meaning of loneliness.  
 lee-lang, livelong.  
 leesome, lawful, pleasant.  
 leeze me, an expression of pleasure = dear is to me.  
 len', to lend.  
 let be, to let alone, to cease from.  
 leuk, looked.  
 ley-crap, the first crop after the ploughing of grass or fallow land.  
 lickit my winnins = dissipated my means or money.  
 liein, lying, equivocating.  
 lien, lain.  
 lift, the sky, the heavens; to collect, to steal.  
 lilt, lilting, a song; merry singing.  
 limpin, limping, hobbling.  
 linens, underclothing; death-clothes.  
 lingles, shoemakers' thread.  
 linkin, tripping, dancing, hurrying.  
 lint, flax.  
 lintwhite, lintie, the linnet.  
 lint-white, flaxen-coloured.  
 lippen, to trust, to believe.  
 lippie, dim. of lip.  
 loan, loaning, a lane, a farm road.  
 lo'e, loo, lo'ed, to love; loved.  
 logie. See killogie.  
 loof, the palm of the hand, the open hand.  
 loon, loun, a rascal, a fellow, a servant, a varlet.  
 loot, did let.  
 loup, lowp, to leap.  
 lour, lowering, impending.  
 lowe, a flame; to flame.  
 lowpin, leaping, jumping.  
 Lowry, Lawrence; a crafty person.  
 lowse, to loose, to untie.  
 luckie, lucky, an elderly woman, an alewife, a familiar address.  
 lug, the ear, a handle.  
 luggie, a small wooden vessel with a handle.  
 lunzie-banes, the loin bones.  
 lyart, grey, of a mixed colour.  
 lye, to lie down.  
 lymmar or limmer, a knave, a jade.



mae, more.  
 mailen, mailin, a farm, holding, rent; the outfit for a bride.  
 mair, more.  
 maist, most.  
 mak, to make.  
 Malvosie, Malmsey wine.  
 mantie, a mantle, a lady's cloak.  
 maskin-pat, a tea-pot, a still.  
 maukin, a hare; a slattern, a term of abuse.  
 maun, must.  
 maunna, must not.  
 maut, malt, liquor.  
 mavis, the thrush.  
 mawin, mowing.  
 mawn, a basket or hamper; mown.  
 may, a maid.  
 meikle, muckle, much, great, large.  
 mell, to mix, to mingle, to have intercourse with.  
 men', to mend.  
 menzie, retainers, followers, men.  
 merle, a blackbird.  
 midden, a dunghill.  
 midden-creels, manure baskets carried on the back.  
 milkin-shiel, the milking-shed.  
 mim-mou'd, said of one who speaks affectedly.  
 min', mind, remembrance; to recollect.  
 mindna, to mind not, to forget.  
 minnie, minny, mother.  
 mirk, gloomy, dark; darkness.  
 mirkest, gloomiest, darkest.  
 mistak, mistake.  
 mitten'd, covered, gloved.  
 monie, mony, many.  
 moop, to mump, to nibble as a sheep.  
 morn, the next day, to-morrow.  
 mou', the mouth.  
 moudiewart, the mole.  
 muck, manure.  
 muckin, cleansing the stable or cow-house.  
 muckle. See meikle.  
 muir, moorland, a fell.  
 multure or mouter, the portion retained by the miller for grinding the corn.  
 Mysie, Mary.  
 na, nae, no, not, but, than.  
 naeboddy, nobody, no one.  
 naig, a nag.  
 naigie, a small riding-horse.

naur, near to, close to.  
 neb, the nose, a beak.  
 nebbit, shaped like a bird's bill.  
 neibor, a neighbour.  
 neist, niest, next, nearest.  
 neives, nieves, the fists, the closed hands.  
 neuk, a nook, a corner.  
 nicher, to neigh; the call of a mare to her foal.  
 night-fa', nightfall, twilight.  
 nipt, pinched, shrivelled.  
 nit, a nut.  
 no, not.  
 nocht, nothing, no more.  
 norland, northland.  
 nowt, cattle, noft.  
 o', of.  
 Ochils, the mountain range dividing Perthshire from Clackmannan.  
 o'erlay, a blouse, a smock.  
 o'erword, a refrain, a chorus.  
 onie, ony, any.  
 or, ere, before.  
 orra, extra, superfluous.  
 o's, of his, of us.  
 o't, of it.  
 oursels, ourselves.  
 outshin'd, shin-bones turned outwards.  
 outwittens, without the knowledge of.  
 owre, over.  
 owsen, oxen.  
 oxtter, the armpit.  
 paction, an agreement, an arrangement.  
 paidle, to paddle.  
 painch, the paunch.  
 painch-lippet, thick-lipped.  
 patrick, a partridge.  
 parishen, the parish.  
 parle, speech.  
 parley, a truce, a conference.  
 pat, a pot; did put, ejected.  
 paukie, pawkie, sly, artful, knowing.  
 peat-creel, a basket for carrying dried bog turf for fuel.  
 pechan, the stomach.  
 pechin, out of breath, panting.  
 pendles, earrings.  
 penny-fee, wages, income.  
 Phemie, Euphemia.  
 philibeg, the *kilt* or Highlander's short dress.

pickle, a few, a small quantity.  
 pin, a wooden bar or door-latch.  
 pine, pain, care.  
 pink, to glimmer, to contract the eye  
 in looking; a woman who glimmers.  
 pint-stoup, a pint-vessel containing  
 two English quarts.  
 pit, to put.  
 placads, shouts.  
 plaiden-wab, homespun tweeled  
 woollen.  
 plaidie or plaid, a broad unformed  
 piece of cloth for wrapping about  
 the shoulders and body.  
 plashy, applied to a body of water  
 driven violently.  
 pleugh, a plough; to plough.  
 pliver, the plover.  
 pocks, pockets, bags.  
 poortith, poverty.  
 pou, pu', to pull.  
 pouch, a pocket.  
 poutered, powdered; sanctified.  
 pow, the poll, the head.  
 pree'd, tasted.  
 preen, a pin; to pin.  
 prie, pree, to prove, to taste, to try.  
 priestie, a priest: used derisively.  
 puir, pure, poor.  
 pumps, light shoes.  
 pun', pund, a pound.  
 pursie, a small purse.  
 pyke, to pick.

quat, quit, did quit.  
 quean, quine, a young attractive  
 woman.  
 quey, a cow that has not calved.  
 quo', quoth.

ramgunshoch, surly, cross-grained.  
 randie, randy, a sturdy abusive or  
 threatening beggar.  
 rantin, boisterous, rollicking.  
 raucle, rauckle, stout, clever, rash,  
 fearless.  
 rebute, a rebuff; to rebuke.  
 reck, to take heed.  
 rede, counsel; to counsel, to advise.  
 reek, smoke.  
 reekit, smoked, dingy.  
 reel, a dance probably indigenous to  
 Britain (but known in Scandinavia),  
 performed by one or two couples.  
 The chief feature is a circular move-  
 ment, the dancers standing face to

face and describing rapidly a series  
 of figures of 8 with a gliding motion.  
 reif, to reave, to thief.  
 rew, to rue.  
 rig, a ridge.  
 rin, to run.  
 ringle-ey'd, with much white in the  
 eye.  
 ripples, ripells, shooting pains in  
 the back and reins.  
 ripplin-kame, a comb for separating  
 the bolls of flax from the stem:  
 used equiv.  
 rither, a rudder.  
 rock, a distaff.  
 rood, a crucifix, a cross.  
 roos'd, praised, flattered.  
 roose, to praise, to commend.  
 roosty, rusty, disused.  
 rottan, rottin, the rat.  
 roun', round.  
 routh, plenty, good store.  
 routhie, well-stocked, of comfortable  
 means.  
 row'd, rolled, wrapt.  
 rowe, to roll, to wrap; to flow.  
 rowin, rolling, wrapping.  
 rumple-bane, the rump-bone.  
 rung, a stout stick, a cudgel.  
 ryke, to reach up.

sae, so.  
 sair, sairly, sore, sorely, severely.  
 sair, sair'd, to serve, served.  
 sall, shall.  
 sark, a shirt, a smock.  
 Sassenach, the Gaelic for Saxon.  
 saut, salt.  
 Sawney, Sandie, Alexander.  
 sax, six.  
 scaith, skaith, damage, hurt, injury.  
 scant, devoid, little or few.  
 scauld, to scold, a scold.  
 scho, she.  
 scrimp, to save, to deal sparingly.  
 seroggy, applied to hill slopes covered  
 with brushwood.  
 scuds, brisk beer, foaming ale.  
 sculdudd'ry, fornication.  
 sel', self.  
 semple, simple, low-born.  
 sen', send.  
 shachl'd, twisted, bent, shapeless.  
 shanks, the legs.  
 shanna, shall not.  
 shavie, a prank.

shaw, a wood; to show.  
 shellin-hill, the hill or eminence  
 where grain was dried and husked  
 by the wind.  
 Sherra-moor, Sheriffmuir.  
 sheugh, a ditch, a trench; the seed-  
 furrow.  
 sheuk, shook, did shake.  
 shiel, a shelter; a hut.  
 shill, shrill.  
 shool, a shovel; to shovel.  
 shoolding, shovelling.  
 shoon, shoes.  
 shore, shor'd, to offer; to threaten;  
 offered.  
 short syne, a little time ago.  
 shouter, the shoulder.  
 shure, sheared, did shear.  
 shute, to shoot.  
 sic, such.  
 siccan, such kind of.  
 siller, silver, money, wealth.  
 silly, frail, in delicate health; harm-  
 less.  
 simmer, summer.  
 sin', since.  
 sinny, sunny.  
 sinsyne, since then.  
 skail, to spill, to pour.  
 skeigh, skittish, mettlesome.  
 skelp, skelpin, to slap, to smack, to  
 trounce; a smack, smacking.  
 skelpit, trounced; hastened, ran  
 quickly.  
 skirl, a piercing sound; to shriek.  
 sklent, a slanting devious course.  
 skyte, to squirt, to glide, to skate.  
 slade, slid.  
 slap, a field gate; a broken fence.  
 slee, sly.  
 slidd'ry, slippery.  
 sma', small.  
 smack, a sounding kiss; to slap.  
 smoor, smoor'd, to smother;  
 smothered.  
 snapper, to stumble; to fail in moral  
 conduct.  
 snawdrap, the snowdrop.  
 snell, keen, sharp, biting.  
 snirtle, to snigger.  
 snood, a ribbon or fillet round the  
 head, worn by maidens.  
 snooded, of hair in ribbons.  
 snool, to snub.  
 snuff't, snuffed, repressed, extin-  
 guished.  
 sojer, sodger, a soldier.

sonsy (from sons, plenty), pleasant,  
 comfortable, comely.  
 sorn, to take bed and board without  
 payment.  
 soudie, sowdy, a gross heavy person.  
 sough, south, a sigh; to hum or  
 whistle softly; the sighing noise of  
 wind or water.  
 souk, to suck; a draught (of liquor).  
 soun', sound.  
 souter or sowter, a shoemaker.  
 sowther, to solder, to cement.  
 spak, spoke, did speak.  
 spavie, the spavin.  
 speet, to spit, to impale.  
 spell, to narrate, to discourse.  
 spier, to ask, to inquire.  
 splore, to boast; a ramble; a revel,  
 partaking of horse-play.  
 spontoon, a half pike or halberd  
 discarded in the British army in  
 1787.  
 spring, a quick and cheerful tune,  
 a dance.  
 sprush, spruce, dressed up.  
 spulzie, plunder; to despoil or rob.  
 spunk, spirit, fire, energy; a splint  
 of wood tipped with sulphur.  
 spunkie, spirited.  
 stack, stuck, remained.  
 staig, a young horse under three  
 years.  
 staincher, an iron or other post.  
 stammer, to stutter.  
 stan', stand.  
 stanced, stationed.  
 stanchel-fitted, stiff in the feet or  
 ankles(?).  
 stang, stung; a sting. Riding the  
 stang: a man who beat his wife or  
 who was an impotent bridegroom  
 was set astride a long pole and  
 carried shoulder-high through the  
 town by his fellows as a mark of  
*infamy*.  
 stank, a pool of standing water.  
 staukin, stalking, marching.  
 staw, a stall; did steal; surfeited.  
 steek, a stitch, to stitch; to shut, to  
 close.  
 steel-waimit, a misshapen paunch.  
 steer, to stir, to rouse, to remove.  
 sten, a spring, a leap, to rear as  
 a horse.  
 stickit, stuck, stopped.  
 stirk, a heifer or bullock between  
 one and two years old.

stoiter'd, staggered, staggering in walk.

stoor, stoure, flying dust, used fig.

stot, a bull or ox three years old.

stoun, a sudden pang.

stoup, a vessel for holding liquid.

stourie, dusty.

stown, stolen.

stownlins, by stealth, clandestinely.

stoyt, to stagger.

straik, a stroke; to stroke.

strak, struck, did strike.

strappin, tall and handsome.

strathspey, a reel (which see) deriving its name from the valley of the Spey. The music with the title first appears in a Collection, *c.* 1780. It is danced slower than the reel, but the motion is more jerky. The music is a series of alternate dotted quavers and semiquavers, whilst a *reel* usually consists of equal notes.

straught, straight; stretched.

strunt, strong drink; to swagger.

stumpie, curtailed, mutilated.

stumps, legs and feet.

sturt, trouble, strife; to molest.

sud, should.

sune, soon.

swapped, exchanged.

swarf, to swoon.

swat, sweated.

swats, new light foaming ale.

swith, get away!

swoor, swore.

syne, since, then, ago, afterwards, late as opposed to soon. See p. 435.

tae, the toe.

tae'd, having toes or forks.

taed, the toad.

taen, taken.

tak, to take.

tane, the one.

tappit-hen, a large round bottle for holding whisky.

tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.

tassie, a glass, a goblet.

tauld, told.

teethin, teething.

temper-pin, the wooden pin for regulating the motion of a spinning-wheel.

tent, to take heed or care for.

tentie, careful, attentive.

tentless, careless, heedless.

teugh, tough.

teuk, took.

thae, those.

thairms, catgut fiddle-strings.

theekit, thatched, covered.

thegither, together.

thir, these.

thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated; enslaved.

thole, to endure.

thowe, a thaw; to thaw.

thraw, to oppose, to resist.

thrawin-brow, cross-grained, perverse.

thraws, death-pangs, last agonies.

threesome, a trio.

thretty, thirty.

thrippin - kame. See ripplin-kame.

thrums, the sound of a spinning-wheel in motion; ends of threads.

thuds, blows, sounding knocks.

Tibbie, Elizabeth.

till, until.

till't, unto it; tilled.

timmer, timber; a timmer-tun'd person is one devoid of musical perception, or who sings out of tune.

tine, tyne, to lose.

tinkler, a tinker.

tint, lost.

tirl, tirl'd, to knock, to rattle, rattled; tirl'd at the pin, rattled the door-latch.

tither, the other.

tocher, marriage portion; to endow.

tocher-band, the marriage contract.

tod, a fox.

to-fa', the fall of the year; a lean-to building against a house, a refuge.

toom, toom'd, empty, to empty; emptied.

toop, tup, a ram.

toss, a toast, a fashionable beauty.

toun, a farm enclosure.

tours, turf.

tousie, rough, shaggy.

tow, flax; a rope.

towmond, twelve months.

towsing, teasing, romping, ruffling.

tozie, flushed with liquor; crapulous.

trews, trousers, breeches.

trig, neat, spruce.

trinklin, tinkling, dropping.

troggin, small wares, a pedlar's stock-in-trade.

trowse, trousers.

trow't, believed.

- trowth, in truth.  
 tryste, an engagement to meet at a particular place, an appointment; a cattle-market.  
 trysted, trusted, engaged to meet.  
 twa, twae, two.  
 'twad, it would.  
 twa-fauld, twofold; bent in double.  
 twal-hundred, linen of 1200 divisions, not so fine as that of 1700.  
 Tyesday, Tuesday.  
 tyke, a mongrel dog; a rough uncultured person.  
  
 unco, strange, not allied, alien.  
 unfauld, to unfold.  
 usque or usgie, Celt. for water = whisky; usquebah = water of life or whisky.  
  
 vera, very.  
 vittle, victuals, food.  
 vogie, vain, proud.  
  
 wa', a wall; at the wa', in desperate circumstances.  
 wab, a web.  
 wabster, a weaver.  
 wad, would.  
 wadset, a pledge, a mortgage.  
 waefu', woeful!  
 wair'd, worn.  
 wale, the choice; to choose, to select.  
 walie, ample, large.  
 wallop, to dangle, to move quickly.  
 waly, an interjection of distress.  
 wan, won; pale, dark-coloured.  
 wap, to wrap, to envelop, to cover.  
 warlock, a wizard, one familiar with the devil.  
 warlock-knowe, a knoll reputed to be haunted.  
 warly, worldly.  
 warpin-wheel, a part of the spinning-wheel.  
 warsle, warstle, to wrestle.  
 wat, wet; to wot.  
 waught, a long drink.  
 wauk, to wake.  
 waukens, wakens.  
 waukrife, sleepless, in a light sleep.  
 waur, worse.  
 wean, a child.  
 weapon-shaw, an exhibition of arms; *lit.* showing the weapons.  
 wee, small, little; a short time.  
  
 weel, well.  
 weel-faured, well-favoured.  
 weel-stockit, well-stocked.  
 weet, wet.  
 westlin, westerly.  
 wha's, who is.  
 whan, when.  
 whar, where, whaur, where.  
 what reek, what matter.  
 whaup, a curlew.  
 whiles, sometimes.  
 whirrin, the sound produced by the wings of a flying bird.  
 whiskin, sweeping, lashing.  
 whittle, a knife; to cut.  
 wi', with.  
 widdifu', peevish, angry; worthy of the gallows.  
 wight, a sturdy person.  
 wighter, stronger.  
 wil'd, wyl'd, enticed, artfully captured.  
 wimple, a winding or folding.  
 wimpling, winding, meandering (of a course).  
 wi'm, with him.  
 winna, will not.  
 winnins, means, earnings.  
 wi't, with it.  
 witha', with all.  
 won, to win, to dwell; to dry by exposure to the air.  
 wonn'd, lived, dwelt; garnered.  
 wons, dwells, lives.  
 woo', wool.  
 woodie, dim. of wud.  
 wrack, to vex, to trouble, to contradict.  
 wud, a wood; mad, distracted, outrageous.  
 wylin, enticing, wheedling, beguiling.  
 wyte, the blame; to blame.  
  
 yaud, an old mare.  
 yerd, a yard, an enclosure.  
 yerl, an earl.  
 ye'se, ye shall.  
 yestreen, last evening or night.  
 yett, a gate.  
 yeuks, the itch; a kind of eczema.  
 yill, ale.  
 yird, earth, the soil.  
 yon, yonder, over there; used equiv.  
 'yout, beyond.  
 yowe, a ewe.

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