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PIANO FORTE &c.
Specially Dedicated
To the Society

OF
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

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with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume Pr. 7/8

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Journal of the ...

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The

SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

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Humbly Dedicated to The

Catch Club

Instituted at Edin^g. June 1771.

BY

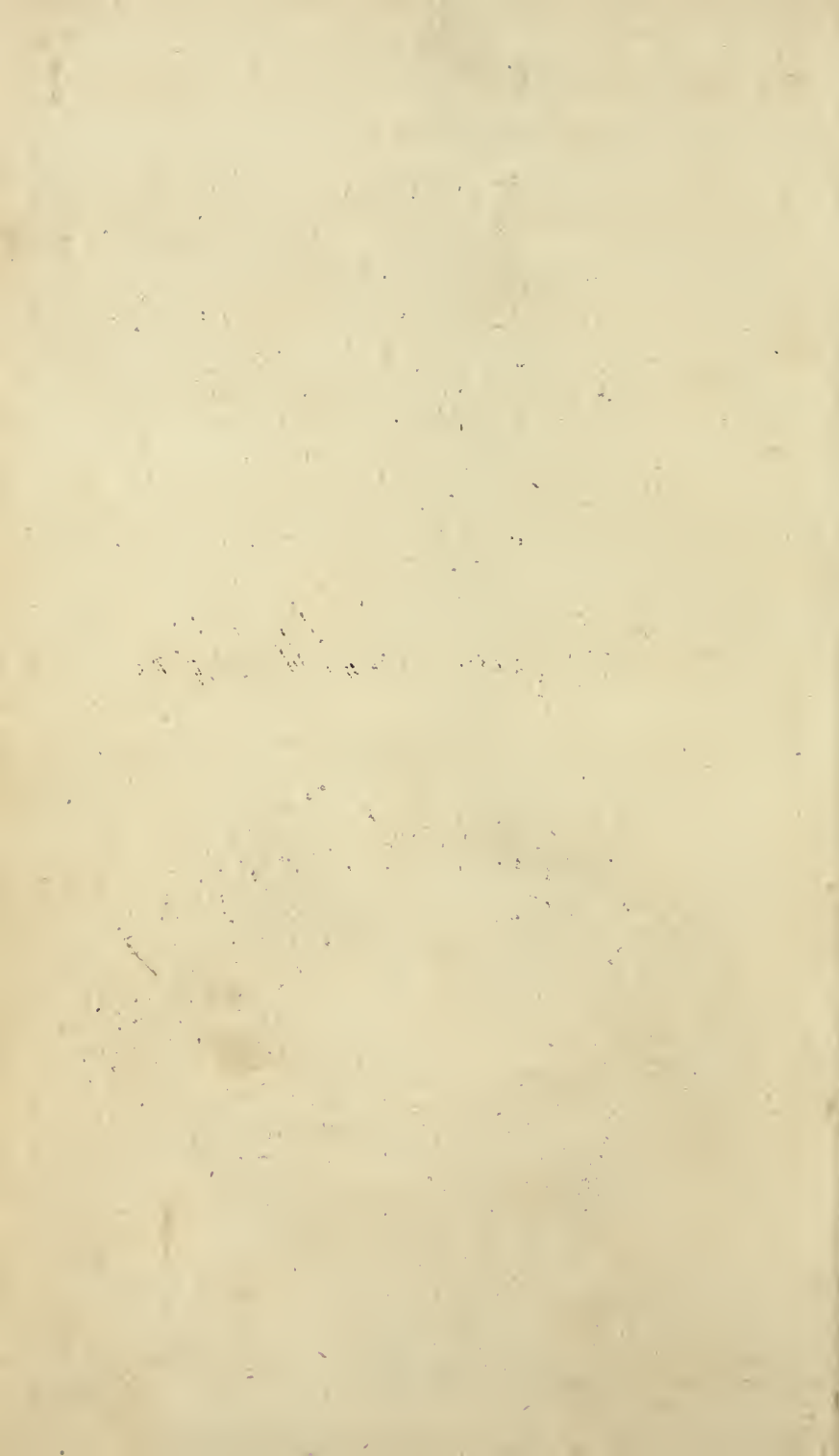
James Johnson

Vol. I

Price 6/



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TO THE TRUE LOVERS OF CALEDONIAN MUSIC AND SONG.

IT has long been a just and general Complaint, that among all the Music Books of SCOTS SONGS that have been hitherto offered to the Public, not one, nor even all of them put together, can be said to have merited the name of what may be called A COMPLETE COLLECTION; having been published only in detached pieces and parcels; amounting however upon the whole, to more than twice the price of this Publication; attended moreover with this further disadvantage, that they have been printed in such large unportable Sizes, that they could by no means answer the purpose of being pocket-companions; which is no small incurbrance, especially to the admirers of social Music.

To remedy these, and all other complaints and inconveniencies of the kind, this work, now before the public eye, has been undertaken, and carried on, Under the Patronage, direction, and Review of a number of Gentlemen of undisputed taste, who have been pleased to encourage, enrich, and adorn the whole literary part of the Performance. The Publisher begs leave only to say, that he has strenuously endeavoured, and will persevere to exert his utmost skill and assiduity in executing the mechanical part of the work. And he flatters himself, that his laudable unremitted emulation to gain the public esteem, will meet with the favourable regard of his obliging friends and generous Subscribers. The Subscription will be kept open, at least, to the publication of the Second Volume: which was all originally intended; and which will be published as soon as the work can be executed, which is already in great forwardness. Each Volume contains ONE HUNDRED Songs, with the original Music, embellished with Thorough Basses by one of the ablest Masters. And besides these hundred Songs, under the Music and Song inserted in the respective titles at the top of the page, the performer will frequently find two or three additional Sets of apposite words to the same tune; adapted to the VOICE, HARPSICORD, and PIANO-FORTE, &c.

It was intended, and mentioned in the Proposals, to have adopted a Considerable Variety of the most Musical and Sentimental of the English and Irish Songs; But this Scheme, not happening to meet with general approbation, after several plates had been engraved for the purpose, it was determined, in compliance with what seemed to be the almost universal inclination of the Subscribers, to postpone it for the present, with a full intention to resume it afterwards, if it shall yet appear to be desired and encouraged, in a third, or a fourth Volume.

In the meantime, it is humbly requested, if any Lady or Gentleman have any meritorious Song with the Music (never hitherto Published) of the true Ancient Caledonian strain, that they would be pleased to transmit the same to the Publisher, that it may be submitted to the proper Judges, and so be preserved in this Repository of our National Music and Song, by their most

Obliged and Humble Servant,

JAMES JOHNSON.

Edin: Bell's Wynd, May 22. 1787.

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Entered in Stationer's Hall.

The Highland Queen.

N^o. 1

Andante

No more my Song shall be, ye Swains, of purling streams, or flow-ry
 plains; More pleasing beauties now inspire, And Phoebus tunes the warbling
 Lyre: Di_vinely aided thus I mean, To ce - le - brate, To
 ce - le - brate my Highland Queen.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me:
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole:
 A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
 All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate,
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate!
 Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more.
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

The Highland King.

YE Muses nine, O lend your aid,
 Inspire a tender bashfull maid!
 That's lately yielded up her heart,
 A conquest to Love's pow'ful dart:
 And now would fain attempt to sing,
 The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
 Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
 When first I saw him, 'twas the day
 That ushers in the sprightly May;
 When first I felt Love's pow'full sting,
 And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
 No other shepherd can compare;
 Good nature, honesty, and truth,
 Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;
 And graces, more than I can sing,
 Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
 'Tis you I love; Come, Come away,
 Unto the kirk, my Love, let's hy;
 Oh me! in rapture, I'd comply!
 And I should then have cause to sing
 The praises of my Highland King.

An thou were my ain thing.

2

Slow

An thou were my ain thing, O I wou'd love thee, I wou'd

love thee. An. thou were my ain thing, how dearly wou'd I love thee!

Then I wou'd clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd secure thee from all

harms, For above mortals thou hast charms, How dearly do I love thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, then pity me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An. thou were &c.

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

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

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

Peggy, I must love thee.

3

As from a rock, past all relief, The shipwack'd Co - lin

Slow 6 6 6 5 4 3

spying His native soil, overcome with grief, Half sunk in waves, & dying,

6 5 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

With the next morning sun he spies A ship which gives un-hop'd sur -

6 6 6 3 - 6

-prise; New life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, & waits her motion.

6 6 6 4 5 3

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted;
Low with despair, my spirits mov'd,
To be forever parted:

Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

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

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

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

Befs the Gawkie.

4 Blyth young Befs to Jean did fay, will ye gang to yon fun-ny

Andante Affect^o

brae, where flocks do feed, and Herds do ftray, and sport a while wi'

Ja_mie! Ah na, lafs, I'll no gang there, nor about Ja_me tak' nae

care, nor about Jamie tak' nae care, for he's tane up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lafs,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
And Maggy took them ne'er amifs;
'Tween ilka smack--pleas'd her with this,
That Befs was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kifs I seek,
She turns her head, and throws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
Who'd not call her a gawkie?
But fure my Maggy has mair sense,
She'll gie a score, without offence,
Now gie me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again;
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, lafs, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whicht! -- nae mair of this we'll speak
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kifs'd fae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Befs, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's fae new,
I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang a nither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
That ever Maggy's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Befs a Gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they sang;
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.

Oh open the door, Lord Gregory.

5 Oh o-pen the door, Lord Gre-go-ry, oh o-pen and

Adagio 6 # 6 6

let me in; the rain rains on my fcar-let robes, the

6 # 6 # 6 6

dew drops o'er my chin. If you are the lafs that

6 6 4 5 # 6

I lov'd once, as I true you are not she, Come give me

6 6 # 6

some of the to-kens that pafst between you and me.

6 6 6 6 4 5

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!
 An ill death may you die!
 You will not be the death of one,
 But you'll be the death of three.
 Oh dont you mind, Lord Gregory?
 'Twas down at yon burn side
 We chang'd the ring of our fingers
 And I put mine on thine.

The Banks of the Tweed.

Recitative

6

As on the Banks of Tweed I lay reclind beneath a verdant

6

shade, I heard a sound more sweet than pipe or flute, sure more en

6

- chanting was not Orpheus' lute; while list'ning & amaz'd I turn'd my eyes, the more I

6 6 6

heard, the greater my surprize; I rose & follow'd guided by my Ear, & in a thickset

6 6

grove I saw my Dear. Unseen, unheard, she thought, thus sung the Maid.

6 4 5

Air.

To the soft murm'ring stream I will sing of my Love, How de-

Andante

6 6 6 4 5 6

- ligh_ted am I when a_broad I can rove, To in_dulge a fond

6 6 6 4 5 6 5

passion for Jockey my dear! When he's ab - sent I
 sigh, but how blith when hes near.'Tis this rural a - musement de -
 lights my sad Heart: Come a - way to my arms, love! and ne - ver de -
 part. To his Pipe I could sing, for he's bon - ny and gay; Did he
 know how I lov'd him, no lon - ger he'd stay.

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

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;
 But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd,
 And have vow'd endless love, if you would be my bride!
 To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair;
 Where knot of affection shall tie the fond pair;
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
 And will bless the dear grove, by the banks of the Tweed.

The beds of sweet Rofes.

7

As I was a wal - king one morning in may, The

Andante

little birds were fing - ing de - light - ful and gay, the

6 6

little birds were fing - ing de - light - ful and gay, where

6 6

I and my true love did often sport and play, down a -

6

- mong the beds of sweet rof - es, where I and my true love did

6 6 6 6 5 4 3

often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet rof - es.

6 6 5 4 3

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: 'As I was a wal - king one morning in may, The little birds were fing - ing de - light - ful and gay, the little birds were fing - ing de - light - ful and gay, where I and my true love did often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet rof - es, where I and my true love did often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet rof - es.' There are fingerings indicated by numbers 6, 5, 4, 3 in the piano part. There are also some ornaments (trills) marked with 'tr' above notes in the vocal line.

My daddy and my mammy I oft have heard them say,
 That I was a naughty boy, and did often sport and play;
 But I never liked in all my life a maiden that was shy
 Down among the beds of sweet rofes. —

Roslin Castle.

8

Slow

'Twas in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet ap-
 -pear, that Colin with the morning ray, a rose and sung his rural lay. Of
 Nanny's charms the Shepherd sung, the hills and dales with Nanny's rung; while
 Roslin Castle heard the Swain, And echoed back the chearfull strain.

Same Tune.

FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls
 Resound my shepherd's ardent calls;
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield - nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful-pleasing flame I feel;
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain;
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? from what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bow'r,
 Where mutual love may bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills, that catch the song,
 Repeating as it flies along,
 To Colin's ears my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

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

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

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

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she.

9

Andante

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie cummin, O

saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she; Saw ye Johnnie cummin, Wi' his blue bonnet

on his head, And his doggie runnin, quo' she; and his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;

Fee him, father, fee him:

For he is a' gallant lad,

And a weel doin;

And a' the wark about the house

Gaes wi' me when I fee him, quo' she;

Wi' me when I fee him.

What will I do wi' him, huffy?

What will I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a fark upon his back,

And I hae nare to gi'e him.

I ha'e twa farks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,

And for a mark of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;

Dinna stand wi' him.

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;

Well do I lo'e him:

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;

Fee him, father, fee him;

He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,

And he wi' me at e'en, quo' she;

Crack Lie wi' me at e'en.

Wo'd and Married and a'.

10

Lively.

The bride came out of the byre, And O as she dighted her cheeks! Sirs,

I'm to be married the night, And has neither blankets, nor sheets, Has

nei-ther blan-kets, nor sheets, Nor scarce a cover-let too. The

bride that has a' thing to borrow, Has e'en right mei-kle a-do.

Chorus.

Woo'd and mar-ried and a', Woo'd and married and a', An

was nae she very weel aff, That was woo'd and married and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough,
O had ye're tongue, my daughter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' basind' yade
Will carry ye hame your corn;
What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d_l needs a' this pride!
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolfsy,
And ne'er a fark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter? quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claihts,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll snore a' the fleas;

Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
And she'll spin claihts anew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie,
Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
Had he kent ye as well as I;
For you're baith proud and faucy,
And nae for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sifter,
As she came in frae the byre,
O gin I were but married!
It's a' that I desire:
But we poor fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want;
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

11 Saw ye nae my Peggy, faw ye nae my Peggy, faw ye nae my Peggy, coming

Lively

o'er the Lee? Sure, a finer creature, ne'er was form'd by nature, to compleat each featu'r

fo divine is she! O, how Peggy charms me, ev'ry look still warms me, ev'ry thought alur

me, lest she love not me. Peggy doth discover nought but charms all over; nature

bids me love her; that's a Law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a-rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be!
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.
When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her;
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll ly down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
Till she pity me!

The Toast. Same Tune.

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loves nae dwinning,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull—Here t'ye, Sir;
Ye'er mistrefs, Robie, gie's her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee?

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a las's can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never with ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kilted to the knee.

Peggy a dainty las's is,
Come lets join our glasses,
And refresh our haules
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statemen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie.

The Bonny Scot-man.

13

12

Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, and please the can-ny

Andante 6 6/5 6 6

Boat-man, bear me frae hence, or bring to me my brave, my bonny

6 6

Scot-man! In ha-ly Bands we joynd our hands, yet may not this dif-

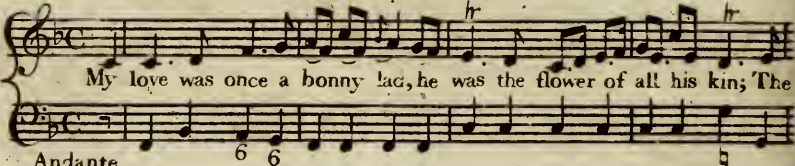
-co-ver, while Parents rate a large Estate, before a faith-fu' Lo-ver.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views,
 Love's art to use,
 While frangers to its passion!

Frae foreign-fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy baumy mouth,
 And in her bosom haufe thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot-man!

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

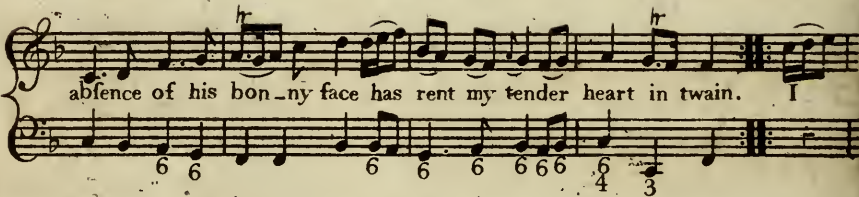
13



My love was once a bonny lag, he was the flower of all his kin; The

Andante

6 6



absence of his bonny face has rent my tender heart in twain. I

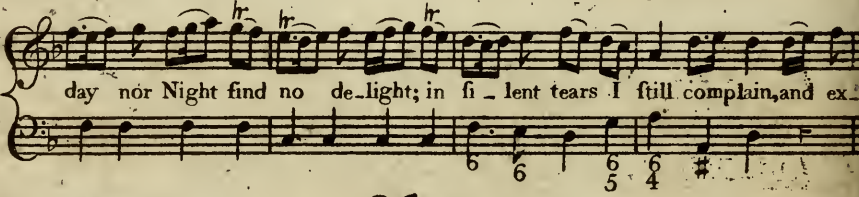
6 6

6 6

6 6 6 6

6 6 6 6

4 3

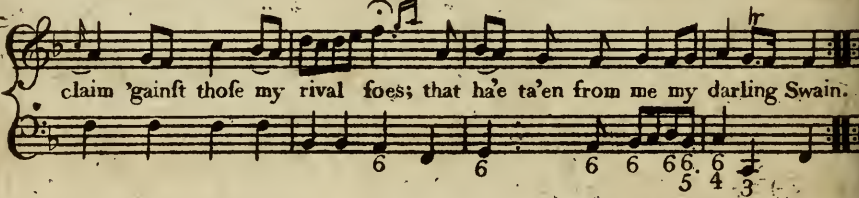


day nor Night find no de-light; in si-lent tears I still complain, and ex-

6 6

5 4

#



claim gainst those my rival foes; that hæe ta'en from me my darling Swain.

6 6

6 6 6 6

5 4 3

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 T'hear tidings from my darling swain,

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me on your tail.
 Heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change, All joy and mirth at our return
 Since parents shew such cruelty; Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 They caus'd my love from me to range, The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing
 And know not to what destiny. To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms
 May cease to sport upon the plain; My heart once more I will regain:
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent, Then I'll range no more to a distant shore
 For the absence of my darling swain. But in love will enjoy my darling swain

14

As Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way a-long the banks of Tweed,

Andante

a bonny lass, as ever was, came trip-ping o'er the mead. The

hear-ty Swain, untaught to feign, the buxom Nymph fur-vey'd, and

full of glee, as lad could be, he-spoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thy fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, the cry'd, are straying wide;
 Can't tell me, Laddie, where?
 To town I hy, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.
 She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went.

The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around:
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.
 And now the sun had rose to noon,
 In zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she fought,
 And he to gang to town.

My Dear Jockey.

15 My laddie is gane far a way o'er the plain, while in forrow behind I an

Andante

forc'd to remain; tho' blue bells & violets the hedges adorn, tho' trees are in blossom

sweet blows the thorn, no pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay; there's nothing ca

please me now Jockey's away: forlorn I sit, singing, and this is my strain, haste, haste, my de

Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back a-gain!

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

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

16

And gin ye meet a bon-ny lalsie, gie'er a kifs, and let her

Andante

gae, But if ye meet a dirty hufsy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

Be fure ye dinna quit the grip Of il-ka joy, when ye are young, Be -

-fore auld age your vi-tals nip, And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay,
 Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kiffes, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herfell in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happinefs ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen naysays are haf a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs:
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.
 These bennifons, I'm very fure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant;
 Then, furly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Same Tune. Sung by PATIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindnefs wi' a flight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight,
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse; — then, be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een.
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer a' your love with hate,
 Seek elfewhere to be better blefs'd;
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

The Lads of Livingston.

17 Pains'd with her flighting, Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear - Bell

Slowish

dropt a tear; The gods descended from above, well pleas'd to hear, well

pleas'd to hear. They heard the praises of the youth from her own tongue, from her own

tongue, Who now converted was to truth, and thus she sung, & thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenious sex,
 More frank and kind - more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
 But spoke their mind - but spoke their mind,
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Would he return - would he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care,
 Or cause him mourn - or cause him mourn,

Ye Fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire - own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire - fans up the fire;
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design - or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain - but answer plain.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame - yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame - to own my flame!
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy - and seem too coy.
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My slighted joy - my slighted joy!

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes - with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprize - with sweet surprize.
 Some god had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd - his mind unchang'd.
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd - I am reveng'd!

The last time I came o'er the Moor:

18

The last time I came o'er the moor, I left my love behind

Slow

6 5 6

me, Ye pow'rs, what pain do I endure, When soft I de- as mind me!

6 6 6

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd, The beaming day en suing, I

6 6 4 5 6 6

met betimes my lovely maid, In fit re-treats for wooing.

6 6 6 5 6 5 4 3

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

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

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

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

The Happy Marriage.

19

Sy.

Slow

How blest has my time been! what joys have I known, Since wedlocks soft

bondage made Je-ssy my own! So joy-ful my heart is, so ea-sy my

chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Sy.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous Fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

The Lafs of Peaty's Mill.

20

The lafs of Peaty's mill, So bon-ny blyth and gay, In

Slow

spite of all my skill, Hath stole my heart a - way. When

tedding of the hay, Bare-head-ed on the green, Love midft her

locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her een.

Her arms, white round and smooth,
Breasts rifing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To prefs them with his hand;
Through all my fpirits ran
An ecftacy of blifs,
When I fuch sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she fpoke, or fmil'd.

Her looks, they were fo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguild;
I wifh'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Injur'd long life and health,
And pleafure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but honny fhe,
The lafs of Peaty's mill,
Shou'd fhare the fame with me.

The Highland Laddie.

21

The Lawland Lads think they are fine; But O they're vain and wondrous
 Slowish 6 6 6 6 6

gawdy! how much unlike that gracefu' mien, And manly looks of my Highland
 6 6 6 5 6, 6 6 6

Laddie! O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my handsome Highland Laddie!
 6 7 2/4 6 6 6 6

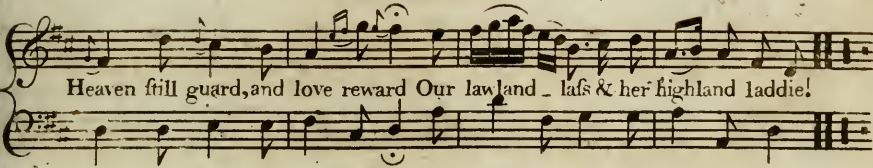
when I was sick and like to die, he row'd me in his Highland Plaidie.
 6 6 6 6

Highland Laddie, New Sett.

22

The Lawland lads think they are fine; But O, they're vain and idly
 Slow p

gawdy! how much unlike that gracefu' mien & manly looks of my Highland
 Laddie! O my bonny Highland Laddie, my handsome charming highland laddie! may



Heaven still guard, and love reward Our lawland lads & her highland laddie!

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pair,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lads,
Synne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Same Tune

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco fawcy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than any lass in burrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie.
I'd take nae Katy but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stee,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lads on dishes dainty.
O my bonny &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word,
Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth & pride confound their pleasure
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My lovely smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

From the Duenna. Same Tune.

Ah sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry graceful feature!
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
For surely she was made for thee,
And thou to bless this charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the task of duty,
The Boys with all their Father's sense,
The Girls with all their mother's beauty,
O how charming to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit,
Thus while you live may fortune give,
Each blessing equal to your merit!

The Turnimspike. Tune Clout the Caldron.

23 Herfell be Highland shentleman, Be auld as Poth - wel
Lively

prig, man; And mony alterations seen amang te Lawland Whig, man. Fal

lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal

fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal fal lal lal lal lal lal.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked '23' and 'Lively'. The lyrics are: 'Herfell be Highland shentleman, Be auld as Poth - wel'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'prig, man; And mony alterations seen amang te Lawland Whig, man. Fal'. The third system contains the vocalization 'lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal'. The fourth system contains 'fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal fal lal lal lal lal lal.' The music is in common time (C) and features a lively, rhythmic melody.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainfell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about him's n —,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shoulder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for wheras these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her n — be lockit,
O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration;
The sodger dwell at our toor-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on te cadger:
Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,
But oh! she fears te foger.

Anither law came after that,
Me never saw te like, man;
They mak a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn-rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

Nae doubts, Nainfell maun tra her purse,
And pay them what hims like, man:
I'll see a shugement on his toor;
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man!

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

24

My Jockey is the blitheſt Lad, that e- ver Maiden Wood; When
 he appears my Heart is glad, for he is kind & good. He talks of Love wher
 e'er we meet, His Words in raptures flow! Then tunes his Pipe, & ſings ſo ſweet, I
 have no Pow'r to go, Then tunes his pipe, & ſings ſo ſweet, I have no Pow'r to Go.

Andante

Fingerings: 7, 6, 43, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, #3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 43, 6, 6, 5, 77, 6

All other laſſes he forſakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At every fair, and all our walks
 To me he makes his moan:
 He buys me toys, and ſweetmeats too,
 And ribbons for my hair,
 No ſwain was ever half ſo good,
 Nor half ſo kind and fair.

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

Same Tune

TO fly, like bird, from grove to groves,
 To wander like the bee,
 To ſip of ſweets, and taſte of love,
 Is not enough for me:
 No fluttering paſſions wake my breaſt,
 I wiſh the place to find
 Where fate may give me peace and reſt,
 One ſhepherd to my mind.

To every youth I'll not be gay;
 Nor try on all my power,
 Nor future pleaſures throw away
 In toyings for an hour:
 I would not reign the general toaſt,
 Be praiſ'd by all the town;
 A thouſand tongues on me are loſt;
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flattering train,
 Who ſwarm at beauty's ſhrine,
 When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
 Will court their ſure decline.
 Then fops, and wits, and beaux, forbear,
 Your arts will never do;
 For ſome fond youth ſhall be my care,
 Life's chequer'd ſeaſon thro'.

My little heart ſhall have a home,
 A warm and ſhelter'd neſt;
 No giddy flights ſhall make me roam
 From where I am moſt bleſt;
 With love and only that dear ſwain,
 What tranquil joys I feel!
 Farewell, ye falſe, inconstant train;
 For one is all to me.

Auld lang syne.

25

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Tho' they return with
Andante 6

scars? These are the noble hero's lot, Obtain'd in glorious wars:
6 6 6

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast, Thy arms a-bout me twine, And
6 6 6

make me once a-gain as blest, As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst through the groves I walk with
Each object makes me gay: (you,
Since your return, the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they
As they did lang syne. (run,

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may pursue the chase,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And, in a vacant rainy day,
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slavery great,
While bounded like a ball:
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
The signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above;
Next day, with glad consent and haste,
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
Where the good priest the couple blest
And put them out of pine.

26 Leander on the bay Of Hellepont all naked stood, Impatient of de-

Slow 6 6 6

- lay, He leap'd into the fatal flood: The raging seas, Whom none can

6

please, 'Gainst him their malice shew, The heavens lour'd, The rain down pour'd,

And loud the winds did blow.

(2)

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks, and skies!
Ye stormy winds, and angry main,
What 'tis to miss
The lovers bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which fets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, No;
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sink the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,

Now does his stay upbraid;
Now dreads he should the passage prove:
O fate! said she,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our love's were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her weary'd arms to swim;
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side,
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

The Gentle Swain. Tune Johnny's gray Breeks.

27 Now smiling Spring a gain appears, with all the beauties of her train, Love
foon of her arrival hears, & flies to wound the Gentle Swain. How gay does nature
now appear, the Iambkins frisking o'er the plain, sweet feather'd songsters now we hear, whi
Jenny seeks her Gentle Swain! How gay does nature now appear, the Iambkins frisking
o'er the plain, sweet feather'd Songsters now we hear, while Jenny seeks her, Gentle Swain

The musical score is written in a single system with a treble and bass clef. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano part includes various rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. There are some markings like 'hr' and '6' above the piano part. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Ye Nymphs, Oh! lead me thro' the Grove,
Thro' which your streams in silence mourn;
There with my Johnny let me rove,
'Till once his fleecy flocks return;
Young Johnny is my Gentle Swain,
That sweetly pipes along the mead,
So soon's the Iambkins hear his strain,
With eager steps they turn in speed.

The Flocks now all in sportive play,
Come frisking round the piping swain,
Then fearful of too long delay,
Run bleating to their Dams again,
Within the fresh green Myrtle Grove,
The feather'd choir in rapture sing,
And sweetly warble forth their love,
To welcome the returning Spring.

Same Tune

JENNY'S heart was frank and free,
And wooers she had mony yet,
Her sang was aye, Of a' I see,
Commend me to my Johnie yet.

For air and late, he has sic gate
To mak a body cheary, that
I wish to be, before I die,
His ain kind deary yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
And few or none in a' the place
Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet;
Tho' war's alarms, and Johnie's charms,
Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
She sung wi' glee, "I hope to be
"My Johnie's ain kind Deary yet:

"What tho' he's now gaen far awa,
"Where guns and cannons rattle, yet,
"Unless my Johnie chance to fa'
"In some uncanny battle, yet
"Till he return, his breaff will burn
"Wi' love that will confound me yet,
"For I hope to see, before I die,
"His Bairns a' dance around me yet.

28

Andantino, Amoroso

The fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds were
 finging on each spray, When Colin met me in the grove, And
 told me ten-der tales of love. Was e - ver swain so blyth as he, So
 kind so faithful and so free! In spite of all my friends cou'd
 say, Young Colin stole my heart a - way, In spite of all my
 friends cou'd say, Young Col - in stole my heart a - way.

When ere he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly Joins the woodlark's song;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blithe as Colin seen:
 If he's but by I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care;
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

My Mother chides when ere I roam,
 And seems surpris'd I quit my home,
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love.
 Full well I know the gen'rous swain,
 Will never give my bosom pain;
 Then spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

Blyth Jocky young and Gay.

29

Andante

Blyth Jocky young and gay, is all my
 hearts delight, He's all my talk by day, and all my
 dreams by night. If from the lad, I be,
 'Tis winter then with me; But when he tarries here,
 'tis summer all the year.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes fingerings (6, 7, 6, 6, 4, 5) and a double bar line with repeat dots at the end of the fifth system.

When I and Jocky met first on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.
 You are the lafs, said he, that staw my heart frae me,
 O ease me of my pain, and never show disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth his love and courtesie;
 He made my heart fu' blyth when he first spake to me.
 His suit I ill deny'd; he kifs'd, and I comply'd:
 Sae Jocky promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes, sad when he gangs away;
 'Tis night when Jocky glooms, but when he smiles 'tis day.
 When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and faint;
 What lafs that wad be kind can better tell her mind.

30

Bef-sy's beauties shine fae bright, Were her mony
 virtues fewer, She wad e-ver gie de-light, And in transport
 make me view her. Bonny Bef-sy, thee a-lane
 Love I, naething elfe a-bout thee; With thy come-li-
 -ness I'm taen, And langer can-not live without thee

Betsy's bosom's soft and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Betsy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love from growing caulder.

Betsy's-tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 Those enchanting sweets in plenty
 Maun entice a thousand lovers.
 'Tis not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon;
 Petted things can nought but tease ye.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

31

Slow

O! I hae loft my filken fnood, That tied my hair fae
 yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd; he
 was a gallant fel-low. And twine it weel, my
 bon-ny dow, And twine it weel, the plaiden; the
 lassie loft her filken fnood, In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een fae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my skin o',
 And fyne he prie'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae sin o',
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie loft her filken fnood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me fair to greet the fnood,
 I loft amang the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The lassie loft her filken fnood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

Fairest of the Fair.

32 O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me, nor sigh to leave the flaunting

Andante

town; Can silent glens have charms for thee, the lowly cot, and ruffet

gown? Nae langer drest in filken sheen, Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare Say,

canst thou quit each courtly scene, Where thou was fairest of the fair, Where

(2)

thou was fairest of the fair?

(3)

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy fwaiv mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the warping wind?
O can that fast and gentlest mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

(4)

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

The Blathrie o't.

33

When I think on this world's pelf, And the little wee share I have
o't to my self, And how the lads that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!

Lively

6/4 5/3

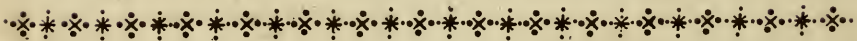
6 6

6

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gow'd and gear enough;
He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat;
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't!

Jenny was the ladsie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her filken attire,
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot;
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't!

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



Lucky Nancy.

Tune Dainty Davie.

34

While fops in fast Italian verse, Ilk fair ane's een & breast rehearse, While

Lively

6/4 4/2 6 6 6

fangs abound and sense is scarce, these lines I have indited; But neither darts nor

arrows here, Venus nor Cupid shall appear, & yet with these fine sounds, I swear, The

Chorus

maidens are delighted. I was ay telling you, Lucky Nancy, Lucky

Nancy, Auld springs wad ding the new; But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
 I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
 My hight of ecstasy to prove,
 Nor fighting - thus - present my love
 With roses eke and lilies.
 I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, - I had amaist forgot
 My mistress, and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' faut, I wot;
 But, Nanfy, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
 And slide away like water.
 I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my rev'rend sonfy fair,
 Thy runkled cheeks, and lyrat hair,
 Thy half shut een, and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me;
 Then smile, and be nae cruel.
 Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy!
 Dryest wood will eitheft tow,
 And, Nancy, fae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er another bard wad do;
 Hear then my charitable vow,
 Dear venerable Nancy!
 But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say ye only live in sang,
 Ken, I despise a stand'ring tongue,
 And sing to please my fancy.
 Leez me on thy &c.

May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

35

The silver moon's enamour'd beams, Steal softly through the

Andante

night, To wanton in the winding streams, And kiss reflected

light. To courts, begone! heart soothing sleep, where you've so freedom

been, Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep, With Kate of Aberdeen, With

Kate of Aberdeen, With Kate of Aberdeen.

The Nymphs and Swains, expectant, wait
 In primrose-chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.

At her approach, the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green:
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
 'Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a Virgin Queen;
 The Nymphs and Swains, exulting, cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen!

36

What beauties does Flora disclose! How sweet are her

Andante

smiles up-on Tweed! Yet Mary's still sweeter than those, Both

nature and fancy exceed. No daisy, nor sweet blushing

rose, Nor all the gay flowers of the field, Nor Tweed gliding

gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

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

Mary's Dream.

37 *Slow*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill, which rises o'er the source of

Slow

Dee, And from the eastern summit shed her silver light on tow'r and tree:

When Mary laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea; When

soft and low a voice was heard, Say, Mary weep no more for me.

New set of Mary's Dream.

38 *Andante*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the source of

Andante

Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her silver light on tow'r and tree:

When Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts on Sandy far at sea; When

soft and low a voice was heard, Say, Mary weep no more for me.

Adag.

2
 She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 'T lies beneath a stormy sea;
 'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

3
 Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tofs'd upon the raging main:
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.

Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 'The storm is past, and I at rest:
 'So, Mary, weep no more for me.

4
 O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 'Where love is free from doubt and care,
 'And thou and I shall part no more!
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

Water Parted from the Sea.

39

Water parted from the Sea - May increase the river's tide; to the

Andante

bubbling fount may flee - or thro' fertile valleys glide. Tho' in

search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it

murmurs as it flows, Panting for its native home. Tho' in

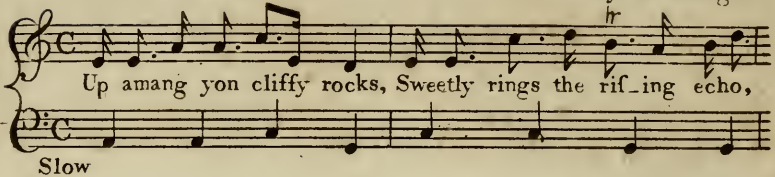
search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, still it

murmurs as it flows, pan - ting for its native home.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

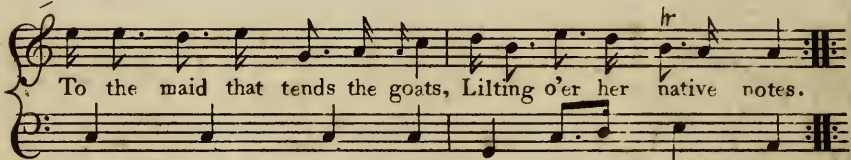
The Maid that tends the Goats. by M^r Dudgeon.

40

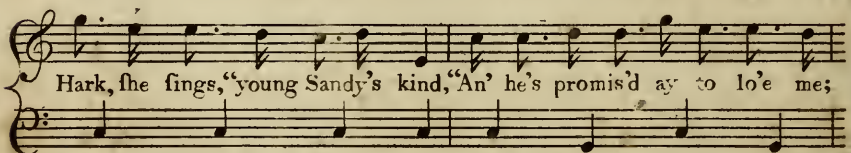


Up amang yon clifffy rocks, Sweetly rings the rif-ing echo,

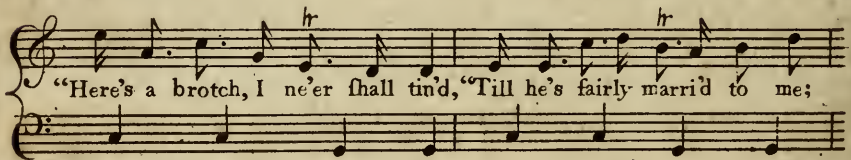
Slow



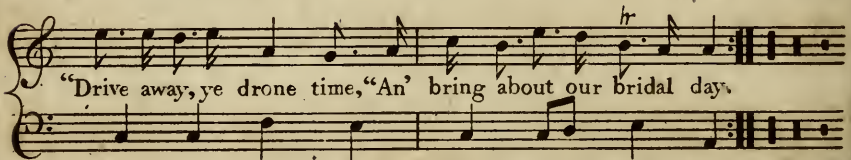
To the maid that tends the goats, Liltin'g o'er her native notes.



Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind, "An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me;



"Here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tind, "Till he's fairly marri'd to me;



"Drive away, ye drone time, "An' bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 "Lam'mies listning dare nae bleat;
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a pla'id, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be fung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 "Come short, tho' they were e'er fae lang.

I With my Love were in a Mine.

41

Blest as th' immortal gods is he, The Youth who fondly

Slow

fits by thee, And hears and sees thee, all the while, So softly

peak, and sweetly smile. 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest, And

rais'd such tumults in my breast; For, while I gaz'd, in transport

tos'd, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung;
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play:
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

Same Tune.

O Lovely maid, how dear's thy pow'r.
At once I love, at once adore:
With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
While softest love inspires my breast.
This tender look, these eyes of mine,
Confess their am'rous master thine;
These eyes with Straphon's passion play;
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, Charming Victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.

In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy:
And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in my arms,
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like some discontented shade,
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

* * * * *

Logan Water.

42

For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove, An unrelenting foe to
love, & when we meet a mutual heart, Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day, And with & with the soul a way, Till
youth and genial years are flown, And all the life of love is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Allan Water.

43

What numbers shall the muse repeat! What verse be found to

Andante

praise my Annie! O her ten thousand graces wait, Each swain ad-

mires, and owns she's bonny. Since first she trode the hap-py

plain, She set each youthful heart on fire; Each nymph does to her

swain com-plain, That Annie, kindles new de-fire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths conven,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the croud Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bewailing:
 Some brighter beauty you may find:
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

There's nae luck about the Houfe.

44

And are ye fure the News is true? And are ye fure He's well? Is

Lively

this a time to tawk of wark? Mak hafte! set by your wheel! Is this a time to

tawk of wark, when Collin's at the door! Gie me my cloak! I'll to y^e Quey, &

fee him come ashore. For there's nae luck about the Houfe, there's nae luck a-

-va; There's little pleasure in the Houfe, when our Goodman's a -wa.

Rife up and, mak a clean fire fide,
Put on the mukle Pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their Shoon as black as Slaes,
Their hofe as white as snaw,
It's a' to please my ain Goodman;
For he's been lang awa. Cho^s.

There is twa Hens upon the Bauk,
S' been fed this month and mair;
Mak hafte, and thra their necks about,
That Colin well may fare;
And spread the Table neat and clean;
Gar ilka thing look bra;
It's a' for love of my Goodman;
For he's been lang awa. Cho^s.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My Bishop-fattin gown;
For I maun tell the Baillie's wife,
That Colin's come to Town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hofe o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain Goodman;
For he's baith leal and true. Cho^s.

Sae true's his words, Sae smooth's his
His breath like caller Air, (speech,
His very foot has musick int,
When he comes up the stair;
And will I fee his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought;
In truth, I'm like to greet. Cho^s.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a blaun by, I hae him safe,
Till Death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our Ain;
The neist we never saw. Cho^s.

Since Colin's well, I'm well, content,
I hae one mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I fee his face again
And will I hear him speak,
I'm downright-dizzy wee the thought;
In truth, I'm like to greet. Cho^s.

Tarry Woo.

45

45 } Tarry woo, O tarry woo, Tarry woo is ill to spin;

Andante

Card it well, oh Card it well, Card it well ere ye be_gin.

When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun, Then the work is hafless done;

But when woven, drest, and clean, It may be cleadng for a Queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be half so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo:
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepher'd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and coliy true,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays,
Who'd be a king, can ony tell?
When a shepherd flings fae well;
Sings fae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

The Maid in Bedlam.

46

One morning very ear-ly, one morning in the spring, I

Slow

heard a maid in Bedlam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing; Her

chains she rat-tl'd on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she, I

love my love, because I know, my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel, cruel, was the ship that bore my love from me,
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me;
 For I love my love, &c.

O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly,
 For to guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
 For I love my love, &c.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine:
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea.
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast;
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I my love might spy:
 But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see;
 Yet I love my love, &c.

Whilst thus she sung, lamenting, her love was come on shore,
 He heard she was in Bedlam: then did he ask no more;
 But straight he flew to find her, while thus replied he:
 I love my love, &c.

Q Sir, do not affright me: are you my love, or not?
 Yes, yes, my dearest Molly; I fear'd I was forgot.
 But now I'm come to make amends for all your injury,
 And I love my love, &c.

.....

To the foregoing Tune.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in May,
 The little birds, in blythest notes, made vocal ev'ry spray:
 They sung their little notes of love; they sung them o'er and o'er,
 Ah! gramachree, mo challeenouge, mo Molly astore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets the dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue, lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

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

You said, you lov'd me, Molly dear; ah! why did I believe?
 Yes, who could think such tender words were meant but to deceive.
 That love was all I ask'd on earth; nay Heav'n could give no more.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
 Or lov'd for me the numerous herds, that yon green pastures fill,
 With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

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

Then, fare thee well, my Molly dear. thy loss I still shall moan;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for thee alone.
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee it's choicest blessings pour!
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

.....

To the foregoing Tune.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you; (true;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms wou'd make me
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers, in the young.

But when they learn, that you have bless'd another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part;
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers, in the young.

The Collier's bonny Laffie.

47 The collier has a daughter, And O she's wonder bonny! A

Lively

laird he was that fought her, Rich baith in lands and money.

The tutors watch'd the motion of this young honest lover. But

love is like the ocean; Wha can its deeps dif- cover?

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected,
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected;
 The collier's bonny laffie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her,

After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her—

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye;
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye;
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'Tis my duty,
 To waré what heav'n has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

48 *S.*
 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, In the ro-sy time of the

Andante S.

hr
 year, Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grafs was down, & each shepherd

wou'd his dear: Bonny Jockey, blith & gay, Kifs'd sweet Jenny

making hay, The lassie blufh'd, & frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do, I

Sy cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too. *hr* *S.*

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blufh'd, and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd, he wou'd make her his Bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd, she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At Church she no more frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

My ain kind Deary-o.

49

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, my ain kind deary-o! And

Andante

6 6 6 6 6 6

cud-dle there fae kind-ly wi' me, my kind deary-o! At

6 6 6

thor-nie dike, and bir-ken-tree, we'll daff, and ne'er be wea-ry-

6 6 6 6

-o; They'll fcug ill een frae you and me, mine ain kind deary o!

6

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their deary-o!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary-o!

 Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

50

There Nancy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-spink

Andante

6 6 6 6

chattering, And Willie he has follow'd her, To gain her love by flatter'ing;

But a' that he could say, or do, She geck'd and scorn'd at him, And

ay when he be-gan to woo, She bid him mind wha gat him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Bettie.

51

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty, Leave kindred &

Andante

6 6

Friends for me! Af-furd thy servant is sted-dy To

6 4
5 3

Love, to Honour, and Thee. The gifts of nature and

6 6 6

6 4
5 3

fortune, May fly by chance as they came, They're grounds the

6.6

6 4
5 3

destinies sport on; But virtue is e-ver the fame.

6 6
6

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear!
 And shoud' life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan afunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once so bieffed,
 To grasp my love in my arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!
 And live on thy heaven of charms!
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shoud' fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' death shoud' tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

Jenny Nettles.

53

52

O Saw ye - Jen - ny Nettles; Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles?

Lively

Saw ye Jen - ny Net - tles, Coming frae the market; Wi'

Bag and baggage on her back, Her fee and bountith in her lap, wi'

Bag and baggage on her back, And a babie in her oxter?

6

I met ayont the kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattles bastard;
 To flee the dool up' the fool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about feeks Robin out,
 To ftap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Ufe Jenny Nettles kindly;
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Tak hame your wean, make Jenny fain
 The leel and leefome gate o't.

When absent from the Nymph.

Tune O Jean, I love thee.

53

When absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake off the

Slow

chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-move, More

fettters I'm oblig'd to bear. My captiv'd fan-cy, day and

night, Fair-er and fair-er re-pre-sents, Be-linda form'd for

dear delight, But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves;
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry wearied wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.

A while my mind delighted flies
 O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill; my cheeks look wa
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a man.

Bonny Jean.

54

Love's goddess in a myrtle grove, Said, Cupid, bend thy
 bow with speed, Nor let the shaft at random rove; For Jeany's
 haughty heart must bleed. The smiling boy, with divine art, From
 Pa-phos shot an ar-row keen; Which flew un-er-ing
 to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bon-ny Jean.

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano part features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some measures containing figured bass notation (e.g., 6, 4, 6, 6).

No more the Nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willy's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst every day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

Riches he looks on with disdain;
 The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain;
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind;

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer, short'ned seems;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd the looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen;
 With breaking day, he lifts his fight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

55

And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy; her wit and

Lively

sweetness call me: then to my fair I'll show my mind, What-

e - ver may be - fal me. If she love mirth, I'll

learn to sing; Or like the Nine to fol - low, I'll lay my

lugs in Pindus' spring, And in - vo - cate A - pol - lo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her:
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases;
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

Pinky-Houfe.

56

By Pinkie-Houfe oft let me walk, While circled in my

Andante

arms, I hear my Nelly sweet-ly talk, And gaze o'er

all her charms. O let me, ever fond, be

- hold Those graces void of art, Those chearful smiles that

sweet-ly hold In will-ing chains my heart.

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

Ye Light Coquets! ye Airy Things!
How vain is all your art!
How seldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart.

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

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

Here awa', there awa'.

57

Hera a_wa', there a_wa here a_wa', Willie; Here a_wa',

Slow

6

there a_wa', here a_wa', hame. Lang have I fought thee,

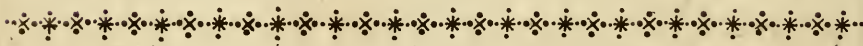
4 6 6

dear have I bought thee, Now I ha'e gotten my Willie a_gain.

7 6 6 4 #

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my forrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;
 Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.
 Come, Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.



The Blithsome Bridal.

58

Brisk.

Come, Fy! let us a' to the wedding, For ther'e'll be liting there, For

6 6 6 6

Jock'll be married to Maggie, The lafs wi' the gowden hair.

6 6 #

And there will be langkail and caftocks, And bannocks of barley-meal, And

there will be good fawt-herring, To relifh a cog of good-ale.

And there will be Saundy the futor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou,
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow'd legged Robie,
 With thumblefs Katie's goodman,
 And there will be blew cheeked Dobbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.

And there will be Girn-again Gibby,
 With his glakit wife Jeany Bell,
 And mifled-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himfel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings,
 Will feaft in the heart of the ha',
 On fybows and rifarts and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.

And there will be fow-libber Patie,
 And plucky fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alafter Sibby,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With fivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The lafs that stands aft on the stool.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powfowdie, and drammock and crowdie,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plâte;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whitens and fpeidings enew,
 With fingit fheep-heads and a haggies,
 And fcaclips to fup till you fpew.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him gray breeks to his a —,
 Wha after was hangit for ftealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe;
 And there will be glead Geordy Janners,
 And Kirfh with the lilly, white-leg,
 Wha gade to the fouth for manners,
 And plaid the fool in Mons-meg.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbucks.
 And fowens, and farles, and baps, —
 With fwats and well fcraped paunches,
 And brandy in ftoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
 With fking to fup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flewks that were taken alive.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flea-lugged fharny fac'd Lawrie,
 And fhangy-mou'd halucket Meg;
 And there will be happer a — Nancie,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girfy;
 The lafs wi' the gowden wame.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulce and tangle,
 And a mill of good fufhing to prie,
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rife up and dance till we die;
 Then fye let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin there,
 For Jock'll be married to Maggie,
 The lafs with the gowden hair.

Sae Merry as we twa hae been.

59 *hr*
 A Lafs that was ladend with care, Sat heavily under yon
Slow 6 6 6 3 6 4

thorn; I listend a while for to hear, When thus she began for to mourn.
 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

When e'er my dear shepherd was there, The birds did me-lodiously sing, And
 6 6 3 6

cold nipping winter did wear, A face that resembled the spring. Sae
 6 6 6 6 6 4 5

merry as we twa ha'e been, Sae merry as we twa ha'e been, My
 6 6 4 3 4 6 6 6

heart it is like for to break, When I think on the days we ha'e seen.
 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

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

Sae merry, &c.

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

Sae merry, &c.

Bonny Christy.

60

How sweetly smells the summer green! sweet taste the peach & cherry, Paint

Andante

Fingerings: 6, 4, 3, b5, 6, 5

ing and order please our een, and claret makes us merry: But finest

Fingerings: 6, 6, 6

colours, fruits and flowers, and wine, tho' I be thirsty, Love a'-their

Fingerings: 6, 6, 6, 6

charms, and weaker powers, Compar'd with those of Christy.

Fingerings: 6, 6, 6, 7

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightfome is't to hear the lark;
 And birds in concert chanting!
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
 And drap the hail creation.

When'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'erhear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her;
 He wifely this white minute took,
 And slang his arms about her.

My Christy! — witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this mayna be a dream;
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tawk;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But ward' it a' on kisses.

Jocky said to Jeany.

61

Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't? Ne'er a fit, quo'

Lively 6

Jeany, for my tocher-good, For my tocher good I winna marry thee.

E'ens ye like, quo' Jocky, -ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, and I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
 A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my fell.
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

O'er the hills, and far away.

62

Jocky met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning of the day; But

Andante

Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jen-ny staw his heart away.

Al - tho' she promis'd to be true, She proven has, al - ake! unkind; which

Chorus

gars poor Jocky often rue, that e'er he lov'd a fickle mind. And it's

over the hills, and far away, over the hills, and far away, over the

hills, and far away, The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor man! he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung - When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.

But oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which caufes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does fae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid;
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore.
But, to my grief, alake, I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll fighting sing, Adieu to love;
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play
O'er hills, and dales, and far away, &c.

The Flowers of the Forest.

63

Adieu, ye Streams that smoothly glide, through mazy windings o'er the

Slow

plain! I'll in some lonely cave reside, and ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower of the forest was my Love, Soft as the sighing Summer's gale;

Gentle and constant as the dove, Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my Love did stray, for me he search'd the banks around, but,

ah! the sad and fatal day, my Love the pride of swains was drown'd.

Now droops the willow o'er the stream, pale stalks his Ghost in yonder grove,

dire Fancy paints him in my dream, Awake I mourn my hopeless Love.

Busk ye, Busk ye.

64

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my

Slow 6 6 6 6 6

winsome marrow, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, And let us

6 6 6 6

to the braes of yarrow. There will we sport, and gather dew,

6 6 6 6 6 6

Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning: There learn frae

6 6 6

turtles to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

6 6 6 6

To westlin breezes Flora yields,	Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
And when the beams are kindly warming,	Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,	Wi' free consent my fears repel; (thee;
And Nature looks more fresh & charming,	I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,	Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,	Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting:
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,	O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.	Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

65

Bet - ty, ear - ly gone a maying, Met her lover

Lively

Willie stray - ing, Drift, or chance, no matter whither, This we

know, he reas'nd with her; Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,

Fond - ly bil - ling, kind - ly wooing! See, how ev' - ry

bush dis - covers Hap - py pairs of feather'd lovers!

See, the op'ning blush of roses
 All their secret charms disclose;
 Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure;
 O their fleeting hasty pleasure!
 Quickly we must snatch the favour
 Of their soft and fragrant flavour;
 They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,
 Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces
 Of those beauties, of those graces;
 Youth and love forbid our staying;
 Love and youth abhor delaying;
 Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me;
 Let your pride no more deny me;
 Never doubt your faithful Willie:
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Gilderoy.

67

66

Musical score for 'Gilderoy' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are: 'Ah! Chloris, cou'd I now but fit As unconcern'd as when Your in - fant beau - ty cou'd be - get No hap - pi - nefs, nor pain! When I thy daw - ning did admire, And prais'd the com - ing day, I lit - tle thought that rise - ing fire Wou'd take my rest a - way.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with occasional chords in the left hand.

Ah! Chloris, cou'd I now but fit As unconcern'd as
 when Your in - fant beau - ty cou'd be - get No
 hap - pi - nefs, nor pain! When I thy daw - ning
 did admire, And prais'd the com - ing day, I lit - tle
 thought that rise - ing fire Wou'd take my rest a - way.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay, My passion with your beauty grew,
 As metals in the mine; While Cupid at my heart,
 Age from no face takes more away, Still, as his mother favour'd you,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine: Threw a new flaming dart.
 But as your charms insensibly Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To their perfection press'd; To make a lover, he
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly, Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 And center'd in my breast. To make a beauty, she.

John Hay's Bonny Lassie.

67

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining; aft cry'd he, oh
 hey! maun I still live pining Myself thus a - way, & darna' discover To
 my bonny Lafs, that I am her Lover! Nae mair it will hide, the flame
 waxes stronger, If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer; Then I'll tak a
 heart, & try at a venture: May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

Andante

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
 The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead, whentwinn'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing;
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye;
 For a' my desire is John Hay's bonny lassie.

The Bonny Brucket Laisie.

68 * The Bonny Brucket Laisie, She's blue beneath the een; She

Slow

was the fairest Laisie That danc'd on the green. A

lad he loo'd her dear-ly, She did his love re- turn; But

he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

“My shape, she says, was handsome,
 “My face was fair and clean,
 “But now I'm bonny brucket,
 “And blue beneath the een,
 “My eyes were bright and sparkling,
 “Before that they turn'd blue;
 “But now they're dull with weeping,
 “And a', My Love, for you.

“My person it was comely,
 “My shape they said was neat;
 “But now I am quite changed,
 “My Stays they winna' meet.
 “A' night I slept soundly,
 “My mind was never sad;
 “But now my rest is broken,
 “Wi' thinking o' my lad.

“O could I live in darkness,
 “Or hide me in the sea,
 “Since my love is unfaithful,
 “And has forsaken me!
 “No other love I suffer'd
 “Within my breast to dwell;
 “In nought I have offended
 “But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lafs.
 “My dear, he said, cease grieving;
 “Since that your love's so true,
 “My bonny, brucket lafsie,
 “I'll faithful prove to you.”

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

69

How blyth was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the
 hill! He leap'd the burn, and flew to me, I met him wi' good will.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom, The broom of the Cowdenknows!
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

Slow

6 5 6

6 4 3

6 4 3 6

6 4 3 6 6

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.

O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.

O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born!

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee sroup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly usefess by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,

Farewel a' pleasures there;

Ye gods, restore me to my swain,

Is a' I crave, or care.

O the broom, &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on
Sing their successful loves, (Tweed
Around the ewes and lambskins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknaws;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Cou'd play with half such art.

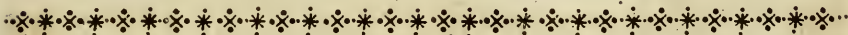
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide,
Oh! how I blest'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknaws;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom;
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknaws,
My peaceful happy home!
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At ev'n among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknaws.



Oscar's Ghost.

70

O see that form that faintly gleams! 'Tis Oscar come to cheer my

dreams; On wings of wind he flies away; O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.

Wake Ofsian, last of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

Her Absence will not alter me.

71

* Though distant far from Jetsy's charms, I stretch in vain my longing

Andante 6 6 6 6 6

arms, Though parted by the deeps of sea, Her absence shall not alter me.

6

Though beautiful nymphs I see around, A Chloris, Flora, might be found, Or

6

Phyllis with her roving eye; Her absence shall not alter me.

6 6

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
Inconstant lovers may beguile,
But to my lass I'll constant be,
Nor shall her absence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coast,
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
My mind from Love no Pow'r could free,
Nor could her absence alter me.

Ask, who has seen the turtle dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
Or who the bleating ewe has seen
Desert her lambkin on the green?
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
To us, display their love and care?
Shall they in Union sweet agree,
And shall her absence alter me?

See how the flow'r that courts the sun,
Pursues him till his race is run!
See how the needle seeks the Pole,
Nor distance can its pow'r controul.
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the Pole prove true;
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me?

For Conq'ring Love is strong as Death,
Like vehement flames his powerful breath,
Thro' floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the Sea's devouring deeps.
His vehement flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
My faithful Jetsy then shall see,
Her absence has not alter'd me.

The Birks of Invermay.

72

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the
 tuneful birds to sing, And while they warble from each spray, Love
 melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - manda, time - ly
 wife, Like them improve the hour that flies, And in soft raptures
 waste the day, A - mong the birks of In - ver - may.

The musical score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'r' (ritardando). The piano accompaniment features numerical figures (6, 5, 4, 3) indicating fingerings or chords. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

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

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

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

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

Mary Scot.

73

Happy's the love which meets re-turn, When in soft

Andante

6 6 6 6 6

flame souls e - qual burn; But words are wanting to discover, The

6 6 6

torments of a hopeless lover. Ye regist'ers of heaven, re -

6 5 6 6

- late, If looking o'er the rolls of fate, Did you there see me

6

mark'd to marrow Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow?

6 5 6 6 7 6

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Down the burn, Davie.

74

Andante

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was compleat fifteen, And
 love laugh'd in her eye, Blyth Da - vie's blinks her
 heart did move, To speak her mind thus free, Gang down the
 burn, Da - vie, love, And I shall fol - low thee.

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

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

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

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

The Banks of Forth.

75

Ye sylvan powers that rule the plain, Where sweet-ly

Andante

wind-ing Forth a glides, Conduct me to these banks a-gain, Since

there my charming Ma-ry bides. These banks that breathe their

ver-nal sweets, Where ev-ry smiling beau-ty meets; Where Mary's

charms a-dorn the plain, And cheer the heart of ev-ry swain.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a song titled 'The Banks of Forth.' It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 6, 5, #, 4, 3).

Oft in the thick embowring groves,
Where birds their music chirp aloud,
Alternately we fung our loves,
And Forth's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Mary lull'd asleep;

My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kifs;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,
Why, Damon! are you not ashamed?

Ye sylvan powers, ye rural gods,
To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to these blest abodes,
And ease, oh! ease my love-sick heart:
These happy days again restore,
When Mary and I shall part no more.
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms.

O Saw ye my Father?

76

O Saw ye my Father, or faw ye my Mother, Or faw ye my
 true love John? I faw not your Father, I faw not your
 Mother, But I faw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
 And the bells they ring, ding dong;
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
 But he will be here ere long.

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johny's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johny 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.

And are you come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
 And is my Johny true!
 I have nae time to tell, but fae lang's I like myfell,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
 And craw when 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 untrue 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.

Green grows the Rashes.

The words by M^r R. Burns.

77 * There's nought but care on ev'ry han; In ev'ry hour that pas-fes,

Andante

O: What signifies the life o' man, An' twere not for the lassies, O?

Chorus

Green grow the Rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O; The

sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent a-mang the lassies, O.

The warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
Ye'er nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lassies, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapfaltcerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O.
Green grow, &c.

Loch Eroch Side.

78 * As I came by Loch Eroch side, The lofty hills surveying, The

Andante

water clear, The heather blooms Their fragrance sweet conveying, I met, un-

-fought, my love-ly maid, I found her like may-morning; With Graces sweet, &

Charms so rare, Her Person all a-dorning, Person all a-dorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,	But faithful, loving, true and kind,
While in my arms I press'd her!	Forever you shall find me;
And she her wishes scarce conceald,	And of our meeting here so sweet,
As fondly I carefs'd her.	Loch Eroch Side will mind me.
She said, If that your heart be true,	Enraptur'd then, "My Lovely Lads!
If constantly you'll love me,	I cry'd, no more we'll tarry
I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns;	We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch Side;
Nor ought but death shall move me.	For Lovers soon should marry:"

To the foregoing Tune.

Y OUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lads,	Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Her blush is like the morning,	Such sweetness would relent her,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,	As blooming spring unbends the brow
With early gems adorning:	Of furly, savage winter.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams	Detraction's eye no aim can gain
That gild the passing shower,	Her winning pow'rs to lessen;
And glitter o'er the chrystal streams,	And fretful envy grins in vain,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.	The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,	Ye Pow'rs of Honor, Love and Truth,
A richer die has grac'd them,	From ev'ry ill defend her;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight	Inspire the highly favor'd Youth
And sweetly tempt to taste them:	The distinctions intend her;
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,	Still fan the sweet connubial flame
When feather'd pairs are courting,	Responsive in each bosom;
And little lambkins wanton wild,	And bless the dear parental name
In playful bands disparting.	With many a filial blossom.

The Bonny grey-ey'd morn. Sung by Sir William.

79

Andante.

The bon-ny grey-ey'd morning be-gins to peep, And
 darknefs flies before the ri-fing ray, The hear-ty hynd starts
 from his lazy fleep, To fol-low healthful la-bours of the day;
 With-out a guilty fting to wrinkle his brow, The lark and the
 lin-net tend his le-vee, And he joins their concert driving his
 plow, from toil of grimace and pa-gean-try free.

The musical score is written in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system starts with a large brace on the left side. The second system has a '6' below the piano line. The third system has a '6' below the piano line. The fourth system has a '6' below the piano line. The fifth system has a '6' below the piano line. The sixth system has two '6's below the piano line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

81

80

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and common time (C). It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The first system includes a fermata over the first measure of the treble staff. The second system has a '6' under the first measure of the bass staff. The third system has a '6' under the first measure of the bass staff. The fourth system has a '6' under the first measure of the bass staff. The fifth system has a '4/2' and '6' under the last two measures of the bass staff. The sixth system has a '6' under the first measure of the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me; Tho' thus I lan - guish, and com - - plain, A - - las! she ne'er believes me. My vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heed - ed ne - ver move her. The bon - ny bush a - - boon Traquair, was where I first did love her.'

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

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

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

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

Etrick Banks.

81

On Etrick banks, ae sum-mer's night, At gloaming
 when the sheep came hame, I met my lassie bra' and tight, While
 wandering through the mist her lane. My heart grew light, I,
 ran, and flang my arms about her bonny neck; I kifs'd and
 clap'd her there fu' lang, My words they were na' mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills the earse to learn?
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brig of earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law;
 Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,

I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lambkin bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

My Deary, if thou Die.

82

Love never more shall give me pain, My fan - cy's

Andante 6 6 6 6

fix'd on thee, Nor e - ver maid my heart shall gain, my

6 6

Peg - gy, if thou die. Thy beauty doth such pleasure

6 6 6 6 6 6

give, Thy love's so true to me, With - - out thee

6 6 6 5

I can ne - ver live, my deary, if thou die.

6 6 6 7

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray!
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that like the morning-sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on-virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 You who it's faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair:
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me!
 Oh! never rob them from these arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

She rose, and let me in.

83

The night her si - lent fa - ble wore, And gloomy

Slow

were the skies, Of glitt - ring stars ap - pear'd no more, Than

those in Nel - ly's eyes. When to her Fa - ther's

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

fair my love - ly dame, To rise, and let me in.

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

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

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

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

Sweet Anny frae the sea-Beach came.

85

84

Sweet Anny frae the sea-beach came, where Jocky speeld the Vessel's

Affettuoso

side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, when Jocky's toft a-boon the ty'de?

Far aff to distant realms he gangs; yet I'll prove true, as he has been, And

when ilk las a-bout him thrangs, he'll think on Anny, his faithfu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Toft up and down the dinstome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his Love betray:
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

Go to the Ew-bughts, Marion.

85

Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Ma-ri-
on, and wear in the
Slow 4/2 6 6.

sheep wi' me? the fun shines sweet, my Ma-ri-
on, but
6/4 5/4 # 6/5 hr 6.

nae half fae sweet as thee, the fun shines sweet, my
6/5

Ma-ri-
on, but nae half fae sweet as thee.

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

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion
Just on her bridal day;

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
At ev'n when I come hame!

And ye's get a green sey Apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vapping,
Whene'er ye gang to the town!

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when thy see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

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

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

86

Slow

Oh! fend Lewis Gordon hame, & the Lad I

win-na name; tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa';

Chor:

2d Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man. Weel wou'd I my

1st Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man. Weel wou'd I my

true love ken amang ten thousand Highland-men,

true love ken amang ten thousand Highland-men,

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee:
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi'
Oh hon! &c.

The Princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a King:
On his breast he wears a star:
You'd tak him for the god of war.
Oh hon! &c.

Oh, to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' wou'd disappair;
Then begins the Jub'lee Year.
Oh hon! &c.

The Wawking of the Fauld.

87 My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, &

Andante

6

sweet as may, Fair as the day, and always gay; my Peggy is a young thing, &

6

6

6

6

I'm not very auld; yet well I like to meet her, at the wawking of the fauld.

6

6

6

6

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, when'er we meet alane, I wish nae mair, to

6

lay my care, I wish nae mair of a' that's rare; my Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to

6

6

a' the lave I'm cauld; But she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 When'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naithing gies me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of fenie,
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Nanny-O.

88

While some for pleasure pawn their health, Twixt Lais and the

Slowish

Bagnio, I'll save my self, and without stealth, Bless and carefs my

Nanny-O She bids more fair t'engage a Jove, Than Leda did, or Danae.

.O. Were I to paint the Queen of love, None else shou'd fit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny-O!
 My lovely charming Nanny-O!
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny-O.

Oh ono chrio.

89

Oh was not I a weary wight! oh o - o chri
 oh! oh o - no - chri O! Maid, Wife, and Wi - dow,
 in one night! oh o - no - chri o - no - chri o - no - chri O!
 When in my soft and yiel - ding arms, oh o - no - chri
 oh o - no - chri O! when most I thought him free from
 harms, oh o - no - chri o - no - chri o - no - chri oh!

Slow

6 6

3

6

6 6 6

6 6 6 6 5 4 3

hr

6 6

6 6

Even at the dead time of the night, &c.

They broke my Bower, and flew my Knight, &c.

With ae lock of his jet black hair, &c.

I'll tye my heart for ever mair; &c.

Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattering swain, &c.

Shall e'er untye this knott again; &c.

Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be, &c.

Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee, &c.

Low down in the Broom.

90

My Daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll ne twin wi' his gear, My

Andante 6 6

Middy she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house a steer; But let them say, or

6 8.

let them do, Its a' ane to me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, that's

6

waiting on me; Waiting on me, my love, he's waiting on me, For he's

6 6

low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me.

6 6 7 5 8. 8.

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

My cousin Kate was fair beguild
Wi' Johnnie in the glen;
And aye since-syne, she cries, Beware
Of false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

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

I'll never leave thee.

91

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee!

Slow

6 6 6 5 3

Stay, dearest A-donis, stay; Why wilt thou grieve me! grieve me!

1. 2.

6 5 4 3

A-las! my fond heart will break, If thou should leave me. I'll

live and die for thy sake, Yet never leave thee, leave thee.

1. 2.

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

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

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

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

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

Braes of Ballenden.

92

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes various chords and ornaments, with some notes marked with 'hr' for mordent. The lyrics are: 'Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain one evening re-clind, to discover his pain; So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, & the fountains to flow: Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain, Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.'

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain one evening re-clind, to discover his pain; So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, & the fountains to flow: Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain, Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair Morning more cheerful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my fight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires,
 The breezes grow cool; not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind!
 Ah wretch! How can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

Corn-Riggs.

93

My Patie is a lo - ver gay, His mind is never muddy, His

Lively

breath is sweeter than new hay, His face is fair and rud - dy.

His shape is handsome middle five, He's stately in his waking. The

shining of his een surprife; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw - king.

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

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

My Apron, Dearie.

94

My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep hook, And

Slow

all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-fook, No more for A -

6 15 6 6

mynta fresh garlands I wove, For ambition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 4 5

love. O what had my youth, with ambition to do! Why left I A -

6 4 2 6 6 4 2

mynta! why broke I my vow! O give me my sheep, And my

6 6 6 6 6 4 2 6

sheep hook restore, And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

5 6 4 5 6 6 6 6 6 4 5

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

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

Lochaber.

95 } Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean, where heartsome with
 thee I have many days been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 we'll may be return to Lochaber no more. These tears that I shed, they are
 all for my Dear, & no for the dangers attending on Weir; tho' bore on rough
 seas to a far bloody Shore, may be to return to Lochaber no more.

Slow

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

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

The Mucking of Geordie's Byar.

96

* As I went over yon meadow, And carelessly passed a -

Andante

- long, I listend with pleasure to Jenny, While mourn - ful - ly

singing this Song: The mucking of Geordie's Byar, And the

shooling the Gruiop so clean, Has aft gart me spend the night

sleepless, And brought the salt tears in my een.

It was not my fathers pleasure,
Nor was it my mothers desire,
That ever I puddld my fingers,
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's Byar.
The mucking &c.

My brither abuses me daily:
For being wi' Geordie so free,
My sifter she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.
The mucking &c.

Though the roads were ever so filthy,
Or the day, so scoury and foul,
I would ay be ganging wi' Geordie;
I lik'd it far better than School.
The mucking &c.

But well do I like my young Geordie,
Altho' he was cunning and ssee;
He ca's me his Dear and his Honey,
And I'm sure that my Geordie loes me
The mucking &c.

Bide ye Yet.

97

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire, A bonny wee

Andante

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 8/8. The lyrics are 'Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire, A bonny wee'.

Wifie to praise and admire, A bonny wee Yardy a - side a wee burn; fare-

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Wifie to praise and admire, A bonny wee Yardy a - side a wee burn; fare-'. The bass staff includes some figured bass notation (6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 3, 6).

weel to the bodies that yammer and mourn! Sae bide ye yet, and

Chorus

The third system of music begins the chorus. The lyrics are 'weel to the bodies that yammer and mourn! Sae bide ye yet, and'. The word 'Chorus' is written above the staff. The bass staff includes figured bass notation (6).

bide ye yet, ye lit - tle ken what may be - tide ye yet. Some

The fourth system of music continues the chorus. The lyrics are 'bide ye yet, ye lit - tle ken what may be - tide ye yet. Some'. The bass staff includes figured bass notation (6, 6, 6, 6).

bon - ny wee bo - dy may be my lot, and I'll ay be can - ty wi

The fifth system of music continues the chorus. The lyrics are 'bon - ny wee bo - dy may be my lot, and I'll ay be can - ty wi'. The bass staff includes figured bass notation (6, 5, 6).

thinking o't.

Sym.

The sixth system of music concludes the chorus. The lyrics are 'thinking o't.'. The word 'Sym.' is written above the staff. The bass staff includes figured bass notation (7, 6).

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry, Papa, or Daddy, to me.

Cho. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie & me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiis her & clapher until she be pleas'd:

Cho. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

The Joyful Widower. Tune Maggy Lauder

98

I Married with a scolding wife, The fourteenth of November, She

Lively

6 6 7

made me weary of my life, By one un-ru-ly mem-ber. Long

did I bear the heavy yoke, And ma-ny griefs attend-ed; But

6 6

Sing which of these you please

to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is ended.

7

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
 A man and wife together;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither:
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The de'il would ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating, thunder.
 For why; methinks I hear her voice,
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

Bonie Dundee.

99 * "O whar did ye get that hauer-meal bannock? O filly blind

Slow

body, O dinna ye fee; I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, Be-

- tween Saint Johnstn and bonie Dundee. O gin I saw the

laddie that gae mēt! Aft has he doud'ld me upon his knee; May Heaven pro-

- tect ny bonie Scots laddie, And fend him safe hame to his babie & me.

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (F major), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, along with rests and bar lines. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
 My blefsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!
 Thy smiles are fae like ny blyth Sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
 And I'll cled thee in the tartan fae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

Johnny and Mary.

100

S.

Down the burn, and thro' the mead, His golden locks wav'd o'er his

Affettuoso

brow, Johnny lilt'ing tunc'd his reed, and Mary wip'd her bonny' Mou'. Dear the

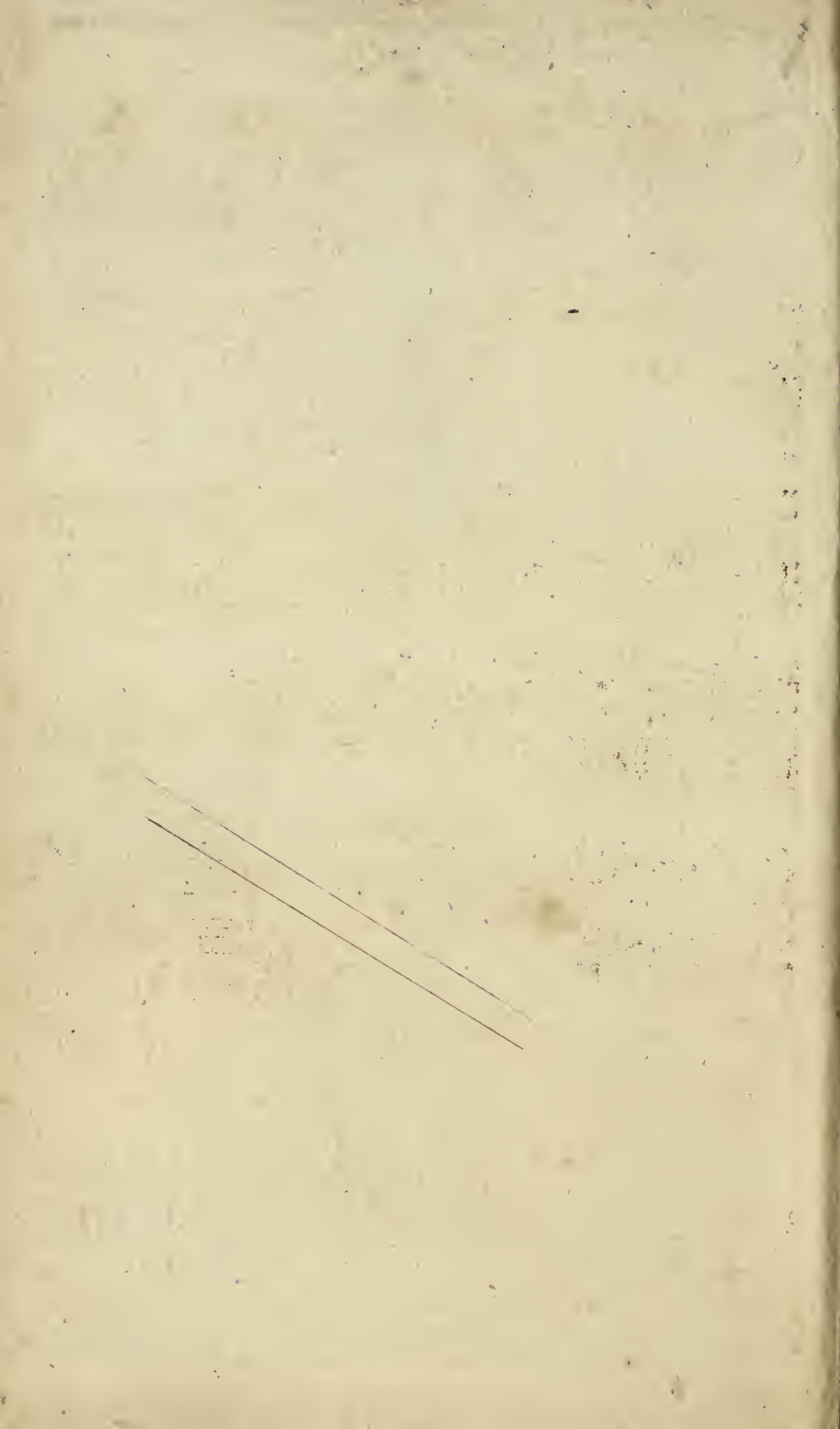
lo'd the well known Song, while her Johnny, blithe & bonny, fung her praise the

whole day long. Down the burn & thro' the mead, his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,

Johnny lilt'ing tunc'd his reed, and Ma-ry wip'd her bon-ny mou'.

Costly claiiths she had but few;
 Of rings and jewels nae great store;
 Her face was fair, her love was true.
 And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize;
 O'er the moun'tain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
 Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart:
 Sweet the joys the lovers find,
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
 Down the burn &c.



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Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, written in a cursive script.

Handwritten text in the upper left quadrant, possibly a name or address.

Handwritten text in the upper right quadrant, possibly a name or address.

Handwritten text spanning across the middle of the page, possibly a main body of text or a signature.

Handwritten text in the lower middle section, possibly a signature or a specific note.

Handwritten text in the lower section, possibly a signature or a specific note.

Extensive handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a long signature or a detailed note.

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P R E F A C E .

IN the first Volume of this work, two or three *Airs* not of Scots composition have been inadvertently inserted; which, whatever excellence they may have, was improper, as the Collection is meant to be solely the music of our own Country — The Songs contained in this Volume, both music and poetry, are all of them the work of Scotsmen — Wherever the old words could be recovered, they have been preferred; both as generally suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier Sons of the Scottish Muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them — "Buried 'mong the wreck of things which were." Of our more modern Songs, the Editor has inserted the Authors' names as far as he could ascertain them; and as that was neglected in the first Volume, it is annexed here. — If he have made any mistakes in this affair, which he possibly may, he shall be very grateful at being set right.

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 favorites of Nature's Judges — the Common People, was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit.

Materials for the third Volume are in great forwardness; and as far as can be guessed, that will conclude the Collection.

Edin^l March 1. 1788.

 Entered in Stationer's Hall.

IV

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VI I N D E X

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T

Talk not of love, it gives me pain	194
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The yellow hair'd laddie fat on yon burn brae	128
The widow can bake and the widow can brew	130
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The shepherd Adonis	167
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Well, I agree, ye're sure o' me - Ramfay	176
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Y

Ye gods was Strephon's picture blest - Hamilton	182
Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands	185
Ye rivers so limpid and clear	191

Tune, M, freicedan.

N^o 101 * When Guilford good our Pilot stood, An' did our hellim

Lively

thraw, man, Ae night, at tea, began a plea, Within A-me-ri-ca,

man: Then up they gat the maskin-pat, And in the sea did jaw, man; An'

did nae lefs, in full Congress, Than quite refuse our law, man.

2

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought.
 I wat he was na slaw, man; An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
 And C-rl-t-n did ca', man; He hung it to the wa', man.

5

Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man; (ftoure,
 And S-ckv-ll-e doure, wha stood the
 The German Chief to thraw, man:
 For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man;
 An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

3

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage
 Was kept at Boston-ha', man;
 Till Willie H-e took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man:
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
 But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

4

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Frafer brave did fa', man;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.

6

Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game
 Till Death did on him ca', man;
 When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek.
 Conform to Gospel law, man:
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For N-rth an' F-x united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Continued.

7

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's car-An' Chatham's wraiths in heav'nly graith,
 He swept the stakes awa', man, (tes. (Inspired Bardies saw, man)
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!
 Led him a fair faux pas, man: 'Would I hae fear'd them a', 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!

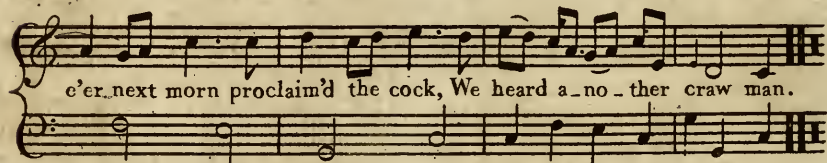
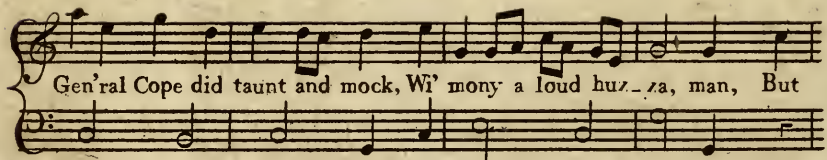
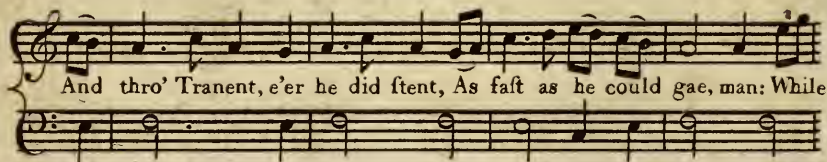
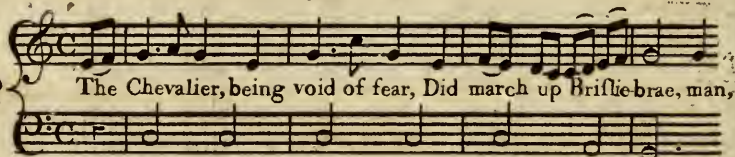
9
 But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co.
 Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,

Till Suthrons raise, an' cooft their claife
 Behind him in a raw, man:

8
 Behind the throne then Gr-nv-ll's gone, An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 A secret word or twa, man; An' did her whittle draw, man;
 While flee D-nd-s arousd' the clafs An' fwoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
 Be-north the Roman wa', man: To mak it guid in law, man.

Tranent Muir.

102



The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man:
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;
 Down guns they threw, & swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man;
 On Seaton Crafs they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and bons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man.
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
 Some wet their cheeks some fyld their breek
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow gin they were crouse, man;
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'ft,
 They were not worth a lousa, man;
 Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
 They'd better staid awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when herfell f - t,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man,
 Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fou fast did scour, man;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man,
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And Simpson keen to clear the een
 Of rebels far in wrang, man;
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,
 But gallopp'd with the thrang, man:
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack
 Was cleanly out of sight, man;
 And thought it best, it was nae jest
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
 But twa, and ane was tane, man;
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And fair he paid the kain, man;
 Fell skelps he got was war then shot
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man;
 For King and laws, and country's cause,
 In Honour's bed he lay, man;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man:
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sick haste, fae spur'd his beast
 'Twas little there he saw, man;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man;
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man;
 The Teague is naught; he never faught,
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, among the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man;
 On gelding grey he rode that way,
 With pistols set before, man; (blood,
 The cause was good, he'd spend his
 Before that he would yield, man;
 But the night before he left the cor,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a foger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man:
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man.
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man.)
 On's back lying flat, he wad his hat,
 And cry'd, God save the King, man.

(dogs.)
 Some Highland rogues, like hungry-
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man;
 And they as gain, for a' their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
 Fow bald can tell how her nainfell
 Was ne'er fae pra before, man.

At the thorn trees, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain;
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man,
 Lost hands & heads cost them their deads
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man;
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man:
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
 But I wist ne'er to drie sick fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

Prælium Gillicrankianum. †

To the foregoing Tune.

Grahamius notabilis coegerat Montanos, MacLeanius, circumdatus tribo martiali,
 Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos; Semper, devinctissimus familiae regali,
 Fugerant Valliçolæ, atque Puritani, Fortiter pugnaverat morè Atavorum,
 Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani. Deinde dissipaverat Turmas Batavorum,
 Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides, Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,
 Cujus, Regi fuerat intemerata fides, Hostes Ense peremit, et abrio pugione,
 Agiles monticolas, Marte inspiravit, Ictos et intrepidos Orco dedicavit,
 Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit. Impedimenta hostium, Blaro reportavit.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunensis,
 Cujus in Rebelles stringebatur Ensis;
 Nobilis et Sanguine, Nobilior virtute,
 Regi devotissimus intus et in Cute;
 Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
 Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus,
 Capita rebellium, is Excerebravit,
 Hostes unitissimos Ille dimicavit.

(-anus,
 MacNeillius de Bara, Glencous Kepoch-
 Balléehinus cum fratre, Stuartus Apianus,
 Pro Jacobo septimo, fortiter gessere,
 Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.
 Canonicus clarissimus, Gallovidianus,
 Acer et indomitus, consilioque Sanus,
 Ibi Dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
 Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit
 (Bellona;

Glengarius magnanimus atque Bellicosus, Ducalidoni dominum Spreverat Gradivus,
 Functus ut Eneas, pro rege animosus, Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus,
 Fortis atque Strenuus, hostes Expugnavit, Nam cum nativum, principem, exulem, audiret
 Sanguine Rebellium Campos coloravit; Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inserviret;
 Surrexerat, fideliter Donaldus Infulanus, Illic et adfuerat, Tutor Ranaldorum,
 Pugnaverat viriliter, cum Copiis Skyanis, Qui Strenue pugnaverat, cum Copiis viror-
 Pater atque Filij, non disimularunt, Et ipse Capetaneus, ætate puerili, (-um,
 Sed pro Rege proprio, unanimes pugnarunt. Intentus est ad prælium, spiritu virili.

Glenmoristonus Junior, Optimus Bellator,
 Subito jam factus, hactenus venator;
 Perduelles Whiggeos, ut pecora prostravit,
 Ense et fulmineo MacKaium fugavit.
 Regibus et Legibus Scotici constantes,
 Vos Clypeis et gladiis Pro principe pugnantes;
 Vestra est victoria, vestra est et Gloria:
 In Cantis et Historia perpes est Memoria.

† Autore Herberto Kennedy, quondam in Academia Edinburgenfi Professore,
 Ex antiqua familia quandoque de Haleaths, in valle Annandixæ orto.

To the Weaver's gin ye go.

103 * My heart was ance as blythe and free As simmer days were

Lively

lang, But a bonie, westlin weaver lad Has gart me change my sang.

Cho^s To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, To the weaver's gin ye go, I

rede you right, gang neer at night, To the weaver's gin ye go.

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

I fat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.
To the weaver's &c.

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

The moon was sinkin' in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.
To the weaver's &c.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But Oh! I fear the kintra foon
Will ken as weel's mysel!
To the weaver's &c.

Strephon and Lydia.

Tune, The Gordons has the guiding o't.

104

* All lovely on the fultry beach, Expiring Strephon lay, No

Slow 6 6 6-5 6

hand the cordial draught to reach, Nor cheer the gloomy way. Ill

6

fated youth! no parent nigh, To catch thy fleeting breath, No

bride, to fix thy swimming eye, Or smooth the face of Death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
 Thy parents sit at ease,
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
 And all the spring, to please,
 Ill fated youth! by fault of Friend,
 Not force of foe, depress'd,
 Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
 Thy country, unredress'd!

On a rock by seas surrounded.

Tune, Janthy the lovely.

* On a rock by seas fur-round-ed,

6 6 5

Dif - tant far from sight of shore, When the ship-wreck'd

Figured bass: # 6 6

wretch con - found - ed, Hears the bel - low - ing tem - pest

Crescendo il For.

Figured bass: 6 6 # For. 7 - F. 5 # 6 8 6 4

roar, Hopes of life do then for - - sake him,

Figured bass: 6 4 6

In this last de - plor'd ex - - treme; When

Figured bass: # 6 6 6 6 7 4 5 #

lo, his own loud shrieks a - - - wake him,

Figured bass: F. 6 4 6 b 6 5

And he finds it all a dream.

Figured bass: P. 5 6 6 6 5 #

Whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.

106

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; O
 whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad: Though fath-er and
 mither should baith gae mad, O whistle, an' I'll come
 to you, my lad. Come down the back stairs when ye
 come to court me; Come down the back stairs when ye come to court
 me; Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see: And come as ye
 were na' coming to me, And come as ye were na' coming to me.

The musical score is written in 8/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are placed between the staves. The score begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of 8/8. A double bar line with repeat dots is used at the end of the first system. The piece concludes with a final double bar line and repeat dots.

I'm o'er young to Marry Yet.

107

I am my mam-my's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I

Lively

weary, Sir, And ly-ing in a man's bed, I'm fley'd it

make me irie, Sir. 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 fin To

tak me frae my mam-my 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.
 I'm o'er young &c.

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 fimmer, Sir:
 I'm o'er young &c.

Hamilla.

Tune, The bonniest lass in a' the world.

108

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles, Hamilla, heav'nly char-

Slowish

-mer! see how with all their arts and wiles, The loves and graces arm her!

A blush dwells glowing on her cheek, Fair feat of youthful pleasure!

There love in smiling language speaks, There spreads the rosy treasure.

O fairest maid, I own thy power;
I gaze, I sigh, and languish;
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.

But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

Love is the cause of my Mourning.

109

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherde's lay, Be so

Slow

kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her say, Tell Strephon I die, if he

passes this way, And love is the cause of my mourning. False shepherds, that

Continued.

tell me of beauty and charms, Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
 warms; Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die in his arms; O Strephon! the
 cause of my mourn-ing. But first, said she, let me go down to the
 shades below, e'er ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so: Then on my
 pale cheek no blushes will shew, That love is the cause of my mourn-ing.

Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon came by;
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,

Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art:
 They, fighting, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then, is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me! he said;

I'll follow thee, chaste maid,

Down to the silent shade:

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

Bonnie May.

110

It was on an ev'ning fae fast and fae clear, A

Slow

bonnie lasfs was milking the kye, And by came a trouf of

gentlemen, And rode the bonnie las - sie by.

Then one of them said unto her,
Bonnie lasfsie, shew me the way,
O if I do fae it may breed me wae,
For langer I dare na ftay.

It fell upon another fair evening,
The bonnie lasfs was milking her ky,
And by came the troop of gentlemen,
And rode the bonnie lasfsie by.

But dark and misty was the night
Before the bonnie lasfs came hame;
Now where hae you been, my ae daughter?
I am sure you was na your lane.

Then one of them stopt, and said to her,
Wha's aught that baby ye are wi'?
The lasfsie began for to blufh, and think
To a father as gude as ye.

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,
A gentleman of high degree,
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,
And bonnie, bonnie blinkit his ee.

O had your tongue, my bonnie May,
Sae loud's I hear you lie;
O dinnae you mind the misty night
I was in the bught with thee.

But when twenty weeks were past & gane,
O twenty weeks and three,
The lasfsie began to grow pale and wan,
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,
And he has taen her hame:
Now let your father bring hame the kye,
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

O wae be to my father's herd,
An ill death may he die;
He bigged the bughts fae far frae hame,
And wadna bide wi' me.

He was the laird of Auchentrone,
With fifty ploughs and three,
And he has gotten the bonniest lasfs
In a' the south countrie.

My Jo Janet.

111

O sweet sir, for your courtesie, When ye come by the

Lively

Bafs then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek - ing -

- glafs then. Keek in - to the draw well, Jan - et, Jan - et; And

there ye'll see your bonny fell, My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shoud' fa' in. then;
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd myfell for sin, then.
 Had the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Had the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
 For the love you bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 A pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
 My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawkin,
 If they should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be taunking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet.
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the crofs then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
 Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
 Janet, Janet,
 Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
 My jo Janet.

He who presum'd to guide the Sun.

Tune, The Maids complaint

112

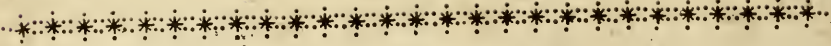
He who presum'd to guide the sun, Was crown'd with bad suc-

Slow

-cess; Tho' for his rash attempt undone, Hed glory'd ne'er the less.

Him you resemble, and aspire To lead our brightest fair; Like

him too, tho' consum'd by fire, You boast because you dare:



The Birks of, Aberfeldy.

Tune, Birks of Abergeldie.

113

Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

Lively

bonny lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aber-fel-dy? Now

Simmer blinks on flowery braes, And o'er the chryf-tal stream-lets,

plays; Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A-ber-

-fel-dy. Bonny lasfie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

Bonny lasfie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy? *S.*

The little birdies bly-thely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lasfie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow-^{-ers,}
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lasfie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's.
O'er-hung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lasfie, &c.

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 Aberfeldy.
Bonny lasfie, &c. *B*

Birks of Abergeldie.

BONNY lasfie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lasfie, will ye go
To the birks o' Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown of filk,
A gown of filk, a gown of filk,
Ye shall get a gown of filk.
And coat of calimancoe.

Na; kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
My minnie she'll be angry:
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wat she flyte,
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
And fair wad she ban me.

M^c Pherfon's Farewell.

114 * Farewell, ye dungeon's dark and strong, The wretch's destin-

Slowish

+ - ie! M^c Pherfon's time will not be long, On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus

Sae rantingly, fae wantonly, Sae daunting-ly gae'd he. He

play'd a spring, and danç'd it round, Be-low the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?	I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
— On many a bloody plain	I die by treacherie:
I've dar'd his face, and in this place	It burns my heart I must depart
I scorn him yet again!	And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.	Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,	Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
— And bring to me my sword;	And all beneath the sky!
And there's no a man in all Scotland,	May coward shame distain his name,
But I'll brave him at a word.	The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.	Sae rantingly, &c.

The Lowlands of Holland.

115

The love that I have chosen I'll there with be con-

Slowly

-tent, The fait-sea shall be frozen Before that I repent; Re-

-pent it shall I ne-ver Un-til the day I die, But the

lowlands of Holland Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love lies in the fait sea,
 And I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart
 Wha lately was a bride:
 Wha lately was a bonie bride
 And pleasure in her e'e;
 But the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

New Holland is a barren place,
 In it there grows no grain;
 Nor any habitation
 Wherein for to remain:
 But the fugar canes are plenty,
 And the wine draps frae the tree;
 And the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonie ship
 And set her to the sea,
 Wi' seven score brave mariners
 To bear her companie:

Threescore gaed to the bottom,
 And threescore di'd at sea;
 And the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love has built another ship
 And set her to the main,
 He had but twenty mariners
 And all to bring her hame:
 The stormy winds did roar again,
 The raging waves did rout,
 And my love and his bonie ship
 Turn'd widdershins about.

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
 Nor kame gae in my hair,
 Neither shall coal nor candle light
 Shine in my bower mair;
 Nor shall I chuse anither love
 Until the day I die,
 Since the lowlands of Holland
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

The Maid of Selma.

116

In the hall I lay in night.. mine eyes half-clos'd with

Very Slow

sleep, - Soft music came to mine ear, Soft music came

to mine ear, It was the Maid of Selma. Her breasts were

white as the bosom of a Swan, Trembling on swift_rol_ling

waves, She rais'd the nightly song, For she knew that my

soul was a stre - am that flow - - d at pleas - ant

sounds; mix'd with the Harp a - rose her voice,

mix'd with the Harp a - rose her Voice, She

came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam

on the dark heaving oce - an when it bursts from a

cloud and bright - ens the foamy side of a

wave; 'twas like the memory of joys that are

past, plea - sant and mourn - full to the soul,

pleasant and mourn - full to the soul.

The Highland Laisie O.

117 * Nae gen-tle dames, tho' ne'er fae fair, Shall e-ver

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

Slowly

be-my muse's care; Their ti-tles a' are empty show; Gie

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The bass staff continues with quarter notes B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, F1, E1, D1, C1.

me my Highland Laisie, O. With-in the glen fae bushy,

The third system of music begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

O, A-boon the plain fae rashy O, I fet me down wi'

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The bass staff continues with quarter notes B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, F1, E1, D1, C1.

right gude will, To sing my Highland Laisie, O.

The fifth system of music concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass staff ends with quarter notes B2, A2, G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, F1, E1, D1, C1.

O were yon hills and vallies mine, For her I'll dare the billow's roar;
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine! For her I'll trace a distant shore;
 The world then the love should know That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 I bear my Highland Laisie, O. Around my Highland Laisie, O.
 Within the glen &c. Within the glen &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me, She has my heart, she has my hand.
 And I maun cross the raging sea; By secret truth and honor's band!
 But while my crimson currents flow, Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I love my Highland Laisie, O. I'm thine, my Highland Laisie, O.
 Within the glen &c. Farewel, the glen fae bushy, O!
 Farewel, the plain fae rashy, O!

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, To other lands I now must go
 I know her heart will never change, To sing my Highland Laisie, O!
 For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
 My faithful Highland Laisie, O.
 Within the glen &c.

118

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, Far

Slow 6

as the pole and line; Her dear i - de - a

round my heart Should tender - ly en - twine. Tho'

mountains rise, and deserts howl, And oceans roar be -

- tween; - Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I

till would love my Jean.

Song of Selma.

119

It is night. I am a-lone, for-lorn on the hill of

Plaintive

Storms. The Wind is heard in the Mountain, the Tor-ent

Shrieks down the Rocks, no Hut receives me from the Rain; for-

-lorn on the Hill of Winds. Rise, Moon; from be hind thy

Clouds: Stars of the Night, ap-pear! Lend me Light to the

Continued.

Place where my Love Rests from the Toil of the chace; His

7 6 4 3

Bow near him un-strung, His Dogs Panting a-round him. But

6 6 6 6 6 6

here I must sit a-lone, by the Rock of the mos-sy

6

Stream; the stream and the wind Roar, nor can I Hear the

6 4 5 6 6 5 5 6 6

voice of my Love, the voice of my Love.

6 4 5 6 6 4 5 6

Fife and a' the lands about it.

120 x Allan by his grief ex-cit-ed, Long the vic-tim
 Slowly
 of despair; Thus de-plor'd his pafsion flighted, Thus ad-
 -drefs'd the scornful fair. Fife and all the lands -a -
 -bout it, Undefir-ing I can fee; Joy may crown my
 days without it, Not, my charmer, with-out thee.

Must I then forever languish,
 Still complaining still endure;
 Can her form create an anguish,
 Which her soul disdains to cure!
 Why by hopeless passion fated,
 Must I still those eyes admire;
 Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
 In her presence I expire!

Would thy charms improve their power,
 Timely think, relentless maid;
 Beauty is a short liv'd flower,
 Destined but to bloom and fade!

Let that heaven, whose kind impression
 All thy lovely features shew,
 Melt thy soul to soft compassion
 For a suffering lover's woe.

See my colour quickly fading
 To a sad portentous pale:
 See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,
 O'er my vital frame prevail.

Vain alas! expostulation,
 'Tis not thine her love to gain;
 But with silent resignation
 Bid adieu to life and pain!

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

121

There was ance a May, and she loe'd na men; She

Slowly

biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool & a

well-a-day! Come down the green gate, and come here a-way.

When bonny young Johny cam' o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sick a pothor 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was fet, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for aye of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me!
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill ee:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
But now he let's't wear ony gate it will hing,
And cafts himself dowie upo' the corn bing.

And now he gazes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow so is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye:
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shoud' hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

122

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And
 Slowly
 sum-mer ap-preach-ing re-joic-eth the swain,
 - joic-eth the swain. The yel-low-hair'd laddie wou'd
 of-ten-times go, To wilds and deep glens, where the
 haw-thorn trees grow, haw-thorn trees grow.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The score includes first and second endings for the final phrase.

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

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

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

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was aukwardly airy, and frequently four;
 Then fighting he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

To the foregoing Tune.

Peggy **W**HEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brechens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden broom knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At thro' the wood, laddie, Befs gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedside, or the las of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy How eafy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praifes sae kindly increafes Love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make my-self better and sweeter for thee.

The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie fat on yon burn brae,
Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;
And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ews are new clipped they winna bught in,
They winna bught in, tho' I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;
The cheefe is to mak, and the butter to kirn:
Tho' butter, and cheefe, and a' shou'd four,
I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae ha'f hour;
It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

The Miller.

123

O Merry may the maid be That marries with the mil-

Slowly

-ler, For foul day and fair day He's ay bringing till her. Has

ay a penny in his purse, For dinner and for sup- per; And

gin the please, a good fat cheefe, And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty,
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standin in the byre;
 Whilft lazy poufs with mealy moufe
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane
 Before a rousing fire;
 With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy
 Who'd be a king - a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy.

Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

124

The widow can bake, the widow can brew, The widow can shape,

Lively

and the widow can sew, And mony braw things the widow can do, Then

wap at the widow, my laddie. With courage attack her baith early and

late, To kifs her and clapher ye manna be blate; Speak well and do

better; for that's the best gate, To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

Braw, braw lads of Galla-water.

125

Braw, braw lads of Galla wa-ter; O! braw lads of
Gal-la wa-ter: I'll kilt my coats a-boon my knee, And
fol-low my love thro' the wa-ter.

Very Slow

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kifs, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon mofs among the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie.
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

Same Tune.

NO repose can I discover
Nor find joy without my lover;
Can I stay when she's not near me;
Cruel fates! once deign to hear me.

The charms of grandeur don't decoy me,
Fair Eliza must enjoy me;
My crown and sceptre I resign,
The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

The Young Man's Dream.

126

One night I dream'd I lay most easy, By a murm'ring
rivers side, Where lovely banks were spread with daisies, And the stream

Slow

did smoothly glide, While all around me and quite o-ver, Spreading

branches were display'd, All in-ter-wov-en in due or-der

Soon became a pleasant shade.

2

I saw my lasfs come in most charming
 With a look and air so sweet;
 Ee'ry grace was most alarming
 Every beauty quite complete.
 Cupid with his bow attended;
 Lovely Venus too was there;
 As his bow young Cupid bended,
 Far away flew carking care.

3

On a bank of roses seated,
 Charmingly my true love fung;
 While glad echo still repeated
 And the hills and vallies rung:
 At the last, by sleep oppress'd,
 On the bank my love did ly;
 By young Cupid still carefs'd,
 While the graces round did fly.

The roses red, the lily's blofsom
 With her charms might not compare.
 To view her cheeks and heaving bosom,
 Down they droop'd as in despair.
 On her flumber I encroaching,
 Panting came to steal a kifs;
 Cupid smil'd at me approaching
 Seem'd to say, "There's nought amifs."

With eager wishes I drew nigher,
 This fair maiden to embrace;
 My breath grew quick, my pulfe beat
 Gazing on her lovely face. (higher,

The nymph awaking quickly check'd me
 Starting up, with angry tone,
 "Thus, says she do you respect me
 "Leave me quick, and hence begone.
 Cupid for me interposing,
 To my love did bow full low,
 She from him her hands unloofing,
 In contempt struck down his bow.

Angry Cupid, from her flying,
 Cry'd out as he fought the skies,
 "Haughty nymphs their love denying,
 "Cupid ever shall despise!"
 As he spoke, old Care came wand'ring,
 With him stalk'd destructive Time:
 Winter froze the streams meand'ring,
 Nipt the Roses in their prime.

Spectres then my love furrounded,
 At their back march'd chilling Death,
 Whilst she, frighted and confounded,
 Felt their blasting, pois'nous breath:
 As her charms were swift decaying,
 And the furrows seiz'd her cheek;
 Forbear ye fiends! I vainly crying,
 Wak'd in the attempt to speak.

T

Same Tune.

O Molly Molly, my dear honey,
 Come and fit thee down by me,
 And tell to me what is the reason
 That I so flihed am by thee.
 For if I speak, you say I flatter,
 And if I speak not, how shall I speed?
 And if I chance to write a letter,
 Your answer is, I cannot read.

O Mither dear.

Tune, Jenny dang the weaver.

127

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear, Tho' I'm baith good and

Lively

bonny, I winna keep, for in my sleep, I start, and dream of

John-ny. When John-ny then comes down the glen To

woo me, din-na hin-der, But wi' con-tent gi' your con-

-tent, For we twa ne'er can fin-der.

Better to marry, then miscarry;

For shame and skaith's the clink o't;

To thole the dool, to moun't the stool,

I downa bide to think o't;

Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,

That gar's poor Epps gae whingeing,

With haunches fow, and een sae blew,

To all the bedrals bingeing.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,

The kirk had ne'er a kend it;

But when the word's gane thro' the town,

Alake, how can she mend it!

Now Tam maun face the minifter,

And she maun moun't the pillar:

And that's the way that they maun gae,

For poor folk hae nae filler.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter young,

Replied the kindly mither,

Get Johnny's hand in haly band,

Syne wap your wealth together.

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,

Ye'll do your part discreetly;

And prove a wife will gar his life

And thine go on right sweetly.

Befsy Bell, and Mary Gray.

128

O Befsy Bell, and Mary Gray, They are twa bon-ny

Lively b_5

lafs - es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And

b_5 6

theek'd it o'er with rash - es. Fair Bef - sy Bell I

7

loo'd yestreen, And thought I ne'er - cou'd al - ter; But

6 6

Mary Gray's twa pawky een, Gard a' my fan - cy fal - ter.

6 6 7

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

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

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

Dear Befsy Bell, and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair opprefs us,
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lafses,
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented,
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

Stay, my Charmer, can you leave me?

Tune, An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.

129

* Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? Cruel, cruel to de-

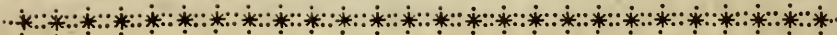
Slow

-ceive 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 flighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

B



Lady Bothwell's Lament.

130

Balow, my boy, ly still and fleep; It grieves me

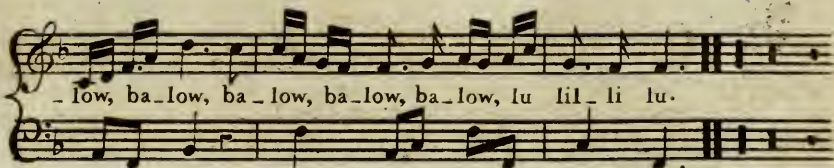
Very Slow

fore to hear thee weep: If thou't be filent, I'll be glad; Thy

mourning makes my heart full fad. Ba-low, my boy, thy

mother's joy, Thy father bred me great annoy. Balow ba-low, ba-

Continued.



Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
 But smile not as thy father did,
 To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;
 For in thine eye his look I see,
 The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, balow, &c.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugar'd words to move,
 His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
 In time to me did not appear;

But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, balow, &c.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
 That ever kifs'd a woman's mouth;
 Let never any after me
 Submit unto thy courtesy:
 For if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, balow, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst;
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
 But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,
 Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought.

Balow, balow, &c.

O gin I were a maid again,
 From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain,
 For now unto my grief I find
 They all are perjur'd and unkind;
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms:
 Witness my babe lyes in my arms.

Balow, balow, &c.

I tak my fate from bad to worfe,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap:
 From me, sweet orphan, tak the pap:
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all blifs exil'd.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me.
 Whose greatest grief's for wrangling thee
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son hath play'd;
 Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
 Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, balow, &c.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
 Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
 Whether the Judge of heaven & hell,
 By some proud foe, has struck the blow
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, balow, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds
 Where he lyes smother'd in his wounds:
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair;
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, balow, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
 Ah me! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum;
 God grant thee patience when they-
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame, (come:
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Balow, balow, &c.

Woes my heart that we shou'd funder.

131

With broken words and down cast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his

passion tender, And parting with his Grisy cries, Ah woes my heart that

we shou'd funder; To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine

eyes like tinder, From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my

heart that we shou'd funder.

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

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

SPEAK on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief;
 When Fate must from his Peggy funder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossoms,
 Alake poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
 No more the shepherd, who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder.
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never funder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're funder.
 Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

132

Thick_ est night, fur_ round my dwelling! Howling

Plaintive

tempests, o'er me rave! Turbid tor_ rents, wintry swel_ ling,

Roaring by my lone_ ly cave. Chrystal stream_ lets gen_ tly

flowing, Bu_ fy haunts of base mankind, Western breezes softly

blow_ ing, Suit not my dif_ tracted mind.

In the cause of Right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honor's war we strongly waged;
 But the heavens deny'd success:
 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!

What will I do gin my Hoggie die.

133

* What will I do gin my Hoggie die, My joy, my

Lively

pride, my Hog-gie, My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And

vow but I was vogle! The lee-lang night we watch'd the

fauld, Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We heard nought but the

roaring linn, A-mang the braes fae scroggie. But the hou-let

cry'd frae the Castle wa', The blit-ter frae the boggie, The

tod reply'd upon the hill, I trembled for my Hoggie. When day did

daw, and cocks did crow, The morn_ing it was fog_gie; An

un_co tyke lap o'er the Dyke, And maift has kill'd my Hoggie.

To the Foregoing Tune.

What words, dear Nancy, will prevail,
 What tender accents move thee.
 How shall I speak the soft detail,
 And shew how much I love thee!
 The pains my soul is doom'd to bear,
 Are far beyond expression:
 No rising sigh, nor falling tear
 Can half reveal my passion.

Yet when the bosom rack'd with pain
 It's latent woe discloses,
 'Tis nature's tribute to complain,
 And sorrow's self reposes
 Delusive rest! for grief and shame,
 Unpitying should'st thou hear me,
 Shall reinforce the cruel flame,
 The incessant pangs that tear me.

In apathy to spend my days,
 I oft have wish'd with ardor,
 Tho' hard thy image to erase,
 To bear it still seem'd harder;
 But vain my wishes, vain my toils,
 Lost freedom to recover;
 From the harsh task my soul recoils,
 A self devoted lover.

You see by what degrees I pine,
 Whilst every look implores you,
 While calmly you to fate resign
 The youth whose soul adores you;
 Yet come it will the destin'd hour
 When Death my soul shall sever,
 And love and beauty lose their power
 To torture me for ever.

The Carle he came o'er the Craft.

134

The carie he came o'er the craft, And his beard

Lively

new shaven, Glow'd at me as he'd been daft, The

carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt a_wa, I

win-na hae him, No forfooth, I'll no hae him, New hose and

new shoon And his beard new shav-en.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,	Howt awa, I winna hae him,
To fasten on my curchie nooked,	Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!
I wot awae upon my breast;	(ed.) What signifies his dirty riggs,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crook	And cash, without a man wi' them.
And sae may his; I winna hae him,	But shou'd my canker'd dady gar
Na, forfooth, I winna hae him,	Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
Ane twice a bairn's a lafs's jest;	I warn the fumbler to beware,
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.	That antlers dinna claim their station.
The carl has nae fault but ane;	Howt awa, I winna hae him!
For he has lands and dollars plenty;	Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!
But wae's me for him! skin and bane	I'm fleed to crack the haly band,
Is no for a plump lafs of twenty.	Sae lawty says, I shou'd nae hae him.

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny.

135 * O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the ky wi' me; O

Lively

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be merry wi' thee. And

Was she na wordy of kiffes, And was she na wordy of three, And

Chorus
was she na wordy of kiffes, That gaed to the ky wi' me? O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the ky wi' me; O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be merry wi' thee.

I hae a house a biggin,
Anither that's like to fa,
I have a lassie wi' bairn,
Which grieves me warft of a,
Gae to the ky, &c.

But if she be wi' bairn,
As I trow weel she be,
I have an auld mither at hame
Will doudle it on her knee.
Gae to the ky, &c.

Why hangs that cloud?

Tune, Hallow ev'n.

136

Why hangs that cloud u - pon thy brow, That beauteous
 heav'n e're while serene! Whence do these storms and tempests flow, Or
 what this gust of passion mean? And must then man-kind
 lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to shine, And ly ob-
 scurd in endless night, For each poor lil-ly speech of mine?

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The tempo is marked 'Slowish'. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a basso line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The basso line includes figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) and a double bar line at the end of the piece.

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,

Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,

That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,

Thy beauty can make large amends?

Or if I durst profanely try,

Thy beauty's powerful charms t'upbraid,

Thy virtue well might give the lie,

Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t'ensnare,

With all her charms has deck'd thy face,

And Pallas with unusual care,

Bids wisdom heighten every grace.

Who can the double pain endure;

Or who must not resign the field

To thee, celestial maid, secure

With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,

Let not a wretch in torment live:

But smile, and learn to copy heaven,

Since we must sin ere it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does

Forgive th' offender and th' offence,

But even itself appeas'd bestows,

As the reward of penitence.

Willy was a wanton wag.

137

Willy was a wanton wag, The blythefst lad that e'er I saw, At

Lively 6

bridals still he bore the brag, And carried ay the gree a-wa. His

6

doublet was of Zetland shag, And vow! but Willy he was brow, And at his

6

shoulder hung a tag, That pleas'd the lassies best of a'. He was a &c.

Vers 2^d

He was a man without a clag,

His heart was frank without a flaw;

And ay whatever Willy said,

It was still hadden as a law.

His boots they were made of the jag,

When he went to the weapon-shaw;

Upon the green nane durst him brag,

The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?

He wan the love of great and sma';

For after he the bride had kiss'd,

He kiss'd the lassies hale-fale a'.

Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,

When by the hand he led them a',

And smack on smack on them bestow'd,

By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,

As shyre a lick as e'er was seen,

When he danc'd with the lassies round,

The bridegroom speer'd where he had
been.)

Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,

With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair:

Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,

For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,

And for a wee fill up the ring;

But shame light on his souple snout,

He wanted Willy's wanton fling.

Then straight he to the bride did fare,

Says, Well's me on your bonny face:

With bobbing, Willy's shanks are fair;

And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,

And at the ring you'll ay be lag,

Unless like Willy ye advance;

(O! Willy has a wanton leg:)

For wit he learns us a' to steer,

And forsaft ay bears up the ring:

We will find nae sic dancing here,

If we want Willy's wanton fling.

Jumpin John.

138

* Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, For-bidden she

Lively

wad-na be: She wad-na trow't, the browft she brew'd Wad

Chorus

taste fae bit-ter- -lie. The lang lad they ca'

jumpin John Be-guil'd the bonie las- -ie, The lang lad they ca'

jumping John Be-guil'd the bonie las- -ie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillins and three;
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
 The las wi' the bonie black e'e.
 The lang lad &c.

Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

139

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart, I pass the day in

Slowish

pain, When night returns, I feel the smart, And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold whilst thou art warm, Have pi-ty and in-cline, And

grant me for a hap' that Charming pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.
 But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure, Heaven has fitted for delight
 That beautiful form of thine,
 And thou't too good its law to flight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine;
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

Up in the Morning Early.

140

* Caud blaws the wind frae east to west, The drift is driving

Lively

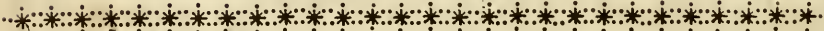
fairly; Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast, I'm sure its win-ter

fairly. 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 is winter fair-ly.

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.
 Up in the morning's, &c.

Z



141

The Tears of Scotland.

Plaintive
 and
 Slow.

Mourn, hapless Ca-le-do-ni-a, mourn, Thy banish'd peace, thy

laurels torn! Thy sons, for valour long renown'd, Lie slaughter'd

Continued.

on their native ground; Thy hospitable roofs no more Invite the
 stranger to the door; In smoaky ruins sunk they lie, The monu-
 -ments of cruel-ty. The monu-ments of cruel-ty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze;
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night;
 No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons against their fathers stood;
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend,
 And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Repentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:
 "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn,"

Where winding Forth adorns the vale.

Tune, Cumbernauld-house.

142

Where winding Forth a - dorns the vale, Fond Strephon,
 Slow 6 6 6

once a shepherd gay, Did to the rocks his lot be - wail, And
 6 6/4 6 6

thus addrest his plaintive lay. O Julia, more than lil - ly
 6 6 5 4 3 6 6

fair, More blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breast
 6 6 6 6 4 5 # 6

re - lentless wear. A heart more cold than winter's fnows!
 6 6 6 5 4 3

Yet nipping Winter's keenest reign
 But for a short-liv'd space prevails;
 Spring-time returns, and cheers each swain,
 Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.
 Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
 Thou, mistress of angelic charms,
 Come smiling like the morn of May,
 And center in thy Strephon's arms.

Else, haunted by the fiend despair,
 He'll court some solitary grove,
 Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
 But swains oppress'd with hapless love
 From the once pleasing rural throng
 Remov'd, he'll bend his lonely way,
 Where Philomela's mournful song
 Shall join his melancholy lay.

The young Highland Rover.

Tune, Morag.

143

* Loud blaw the frosty breezes, The snaws the mountains

Slow

cover, Like winter on me feizes, Since my young Highland

Chorus

Ro-ver Far wan-ders na-tions o-ver. Where

e'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden: Re-

-turn him safe to fair Strathspey, And bonie Castle Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging.
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythely-finging,
 And every flower be springing.
 Cho.⁹ Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty Warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

Dusty Miller.

144

Hey, the Duf-ty Mil-ler, And his dusty coat,

Lively

He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.

Duf-ty was the coat, Duf-ty was the col-our,

Dusty was the kifs That I got 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 filler;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty Miller.

The Wedding-day.

145

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed, With a

Lively

heart full of love, and a vapourish head, To wing the dull hours, & his

Continued.

Sorrows allay, Thus sweetly he sung of his wedding day. What would I

give for a wedding day! Who would not wish for a wedding day! Wealth & am-

-bition, I'd toss ye away, With all you can boast, for a wedding-day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom implore
 One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,
 For Jessy, dear Jessy alone would I pray,
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day.
 Bless'd be th' approach of my wedding-day!
 Hail my dear nymph and my wedding-day!
 Earth, smile more verdant, and heaven shine more gay!
 For happiness dawns with my wedding-day.

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides
 O'er the hearts of the Ladies, and flow of the tides,
 Unhappily changing, soon chang'd his wife's mind:
 O Fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!
 Why, was I born to a wedding-day!
 Curs'd, ever curs'd be my wedding-day!
 Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding-day.

Ye Bachelors, warn'd by the Shepherds distress,
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
 And blast all your joys on a wedding-day.
 Horns are the gift of a wedding-day,
 Want and a Scold crown a wedding-day,
 Happy the gallant, who wife when he may,
 Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day.

I dream'd I lay, &c.

146

* I dream'd I lay where flowers were spring-ing,

Very Slow

Gaily in the sunny beam; Lift'ning to the wild birds singing,

By a fal-ling, chryf-tal stream: Straight the sky grew

black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; Trees with aged

arms were war-ring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 A' my flowery blifs destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

I, who am fore oppress'd with Love.

Tune, Lovely lads of Monargon.

147 * I, who am fore oppress'd with love, Must like the

Slowish

lonely turtle dove, To hills and shady groves repair, To vent my

grief and sorrow there; Must now, a-las! resolve to

part At once with you and with my heart; For do you think my

heart can stay Be hind, when you are gone a-way?

No, no, my dear, when'er we part,
 Take with you my poor bleeding heart;
 But use it kindly, for you know
 How much it lov'd you long ago:
 You know to what a great degree,
 Sighing for you, it wasted me,
 When one sweet kiss could well repay
 My pains and troubles all the day.

A Cock Laird, fu' cadgie.

148

A Cock laird, fu' cadgie, With Jen - ny did

Lively

meet, He haws'd her, he kifs'd her, And ca'd her his

sweet, Gin thou'lt gae a - lang Wi' me, Jenny, quo' he; Thou'se

be my ain lem - man, Jo Jenny, Jenny.

If I gang along wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels
And good hackit-kail.
The deil's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinner
With pearling set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown,
Awa' with sick vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants
Will sell you on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Albeit they sould break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are set free,
When we mak them lairds -
In the Abbey, quoth she.

Duncan Davison.

149

* There was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg, And she held o'er the

Lively

moors to spin; There was a lad that fol - low'd her, They

ca'd him Duncan Davison. The moor was driegh, and Meg was

skiegh, her favour Duncan could na win; For wi' the rock she

wad him knock, And ay she shook the tem - per - 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 fet the wheel between:
 But Duncan fwoor 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 fet 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 kifs a bony lafs,
 And ay be welcome backagain.

Love will find out the way.

150

Quite over the mountains, And over the waves, Quite
 Slow 6 6 6
 over the fountains, And under the graves; O'er floods that are
 6 6 6 5 4 3
 deepest, Which Neptune o - bey, O'er rocks that are steepest, Love will
 find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest, Which Neptune O -
 - bey, O'er rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie;
 Where there is no space
 For the receipt of a fly;
 Where the midge dare not venture,
 Left herself fast she lay;
 But if love comè, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child in his force;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse:
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing to be blind;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist;
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the east;
 The Lionsess, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey,
 But you'll never stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful fate.

Tune, Gallashiels.

151

A musical score for a song. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) and some accidentals. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love, &
doom'd to languish, To bear the scornful fair one's hate, Nor dare dis-
- close his anguish! Yet eager looks, & dying sighs, My secret foul dis-
cover; While rapture trembling through mine eyes, Reveals how much I
love her: The tender glance, the red ning cheek, O'erspread with rising
blushes, A thousand various ways they speak A thousand various-wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling!
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm when'er I view thee;

Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in fight of Heaven!

My love has forsaken me.

152

* My love has for - faken me, Know ye for

Slow

why! Be - cause he has flocks and herds, And none

Chorus

have I. Whether I get him, whether I get him,

Whether I get him or no, I care not three

far - dins Whether I get him or no.

But the rot may come amongst them, A thief will but rob me,
 And they may all die; Take all that I have;
 And then he'll be forsaken, But an inconstant lover
 Ay, as weel as I. Will bring me to my grave.
 Whether I get him, &c. Whether I get him, &c.

Meeting is a pleasure,
 And parting's a grief,
 And an inconstant lover
 Is worse than a thief.
 Whether I get him, &c.

The grave it will rot me,
 And bring me to dust;
 An inconstant lover
 No woman should trust.
 Whether I get him, &c.

My lov'd Celestia.

Tune, Benny Side.

153

* My lov'd Ce-lestia is so fair, So charming

Slow

in each part, That ev-ry feature is a snare To

catch my wounded heart. And, like the flutt'-ring

bird in vain That labours to be freed, The more I struggle

with my pain, A-las! the more I bleed.

Altho' the Heavens her heart have made
 Insensible of care,
 Yet will I gaze, nor hope for aid,
 But gazing I despair:
 Then tell me, ye who read the skies,
 The mystery disclose,
 Why, for the pleasure of my eyes
 I forfeit my repose.

Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

* 154

Slow

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn! Thy
 preference could ease me, When naething can please me, Now dowie I sigh
 on the banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings so clear, While lav'rocks are
 singing, and primroses springing; Yet none of them pleases my
 eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell:

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in langour till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

The Original words of Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

As Philermon and Phillis together did walk,
To the woods they did wander - To the woods they did wander.

As Philermon and Phillis together did walk,
To the woods they did wander, together did talk.

O could you, Philermon, this forest forfake,
And leave off to wander, - And leave off to wander,

O could you, Philermon, this forest forfake,
And leave off to wander, For Phillis's sake?

If I this fine forest and woods should give o'er,
And leave off to wander - And leave off to wander,

If I this fine forest and woods should give o'er,
And leave off to wander, 'Tis thee I adore.

Just as they were talking, a Boy they espy'd,
With a bow and a quiver - With a bow and a quiver,

Just as they were talking, a Boy they espy'd,
With a bow and a quiver - his arrows fast ty'd.

Young shepherd! said he, To thee I am sent,
From Venus my mother - From Venus my mother,

Young shepherd! said he, to thee I am sent,
From Venus my mother - Thy breast to torment:

With a bow ready bended, and a thundering dart,
Philermon was wounded - Philermon was wounded,

With a bow ready bended, and a thundering dart,
Philermon was wounded - quite thro' the heart.

The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,
And left poor Philermon - And left poor Philermon,

The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,
And left poor Philermon - a victim and prey:

But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,
A cure I will tender - A cure I will tender,

But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,
A cure I will tender - Let the Boy fly aloft.

She kiss'd and embrac'd him, and soothed his pain;
For Phillis was loving - For Phillis was loving.

She kiss'd and embrac'd him, and soothed his pain,
For Phillis was loving - And loved again:

Then, down in yon meadow, there chastly we'll stay,
Thou Queen of my fancy - Thou Queen of my fancy -

Then, down in yon meadow, there chastly we'll stay,
Thou Queen of my fancy, I'll embrace thee always.

The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,
No canopy like them - no canopy like them -

The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,
No canopy like them - While sitting by thee:

With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;
Gang thro' the wood, laddie - Gang thro' the wood, laddie,

With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;
Gang thro' the wood, laddie - I'll show my respect.

Where Helen Lies.

155

O that I were where Hel - en lies! Night

Plaintive

and day on me, she cri - es; O that I were where

Hel - en lies In fair Kirk - connel lee! O Helen, fair be -

- yond com - pare, A ringlet of thy flow - ing hair, I'll wear it

still for e - ver - mair Un - till the day I die.

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot, O Helen chaste, thou't now at rest,
 And curs'd the gun that gave the crack! If I were with thee I were blest,
 Into my arms bird Helén lap, Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest
 And died for sake o' me. On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O think na ye but my heart was fair;
 My love fell down, and spake nae mair; I wish my grave was growing green,
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care, A winding sheet put o'er my een,
 On fair Kirkconnel lee. And I in Helen's arms lying
 In fair Kirkconnel lee!

I lighted down, my sword did draw, I wish I were where Helen lies!
 I cutted him in pieces sma', Night and day on me she cries:
 I cutted him in pieces sma', O that I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkconnel lee. On fair Kirkconnel lee!

Theniel Menzies bonie Mary.

Tune, Ruffians Rant.

156

In coming by the brig o' Dye, At Darlet we a blink did

Lively but not too fast

tarry; As day was dawning in the sky, We drank a health to bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, Charlie

Grigor tint his plaidie, Kilsin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een fae bright, her brow fae white,
 Her haifet locks as brown's a berry;
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' &c.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,
 Till Piper lads were wae and weary;
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay
 For kilsin Theniel's bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies' &c.

Z



To the foregoing Tune.

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in and tak a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
 Cho^s. Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
 Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house fae bien, her curch fae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty Chuckie!
 And cheary blinks the ingle gleede
 O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
 Cho^s. Lady Onlie, &c.

Z

The Banks of the Devon.

Tune, Bhannerach dhon na chri.

157

How pleafant the banks of the clear-winding Devon, With
 Slow
 green-spreading bufhes and flow'rs blooming fair! But the bon-ni- eft
 flow'r on the banks of the Devon Was once a fweet bud on the braes of the
 Ay. Mild be the fun on this fweet-blufhing Flower, In the
 gay, rofy morn as it bathes in the dew; And gentle the fall of the
 foft vernal fhower, That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

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

Waly, Waly.

158

O Waly, waly, up yon bank, And waly, waly down yon brae, &

Very Slow

6 6 6 6 6

waly by yon river side, Where I and my love went to gae! O

waly, waly, love is bonny, A little while when it is new, But

when 'tis auld, it waxes cauld, And wears away like morning dew!

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

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

Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyld by me,
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love's forsaken me.
O Mart' mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the trees!
O gentle death, when wilt thou come
And tak a life that wearies me!

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

The Shepherd Adonis.

159

The Shepherd A - do - nis Being weary'd with

Slow

sport, He, for a re - tirement, To the woods did re - fort;

He threw by his club, And he laid him - self down; - He

envy'd no monarch, Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn,
 And he ate frae the tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free:
 He wish'd for no nymph,
 Tho' never sae fair,
 Had nae love nor ambition,
 And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus
 In an ev'ning fae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice
 Sounded fast in his ear;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring grove,
 Where bonny Amynta
 Sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way,
 And found wha was there;
 He was quite confounded
 To see her sae fair:

He stood like a statue,
 Not a foot could he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him;
 But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him
 With a kind modest grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her
 Appear in his face;
 With blushing a little,
 She to him did say,
 O shepherd, what want ye,
 How came you this way?

His spirits reviving,
 The swain to her said,
 I was ne'er sae surpris'd
 At the sight of a maid;
 Until I beheld thee,
 From love I was free;
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

160

* Wea-ry fa' you, Dun-can Gray, Ha, ha the

Lively:

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 fit the lee lang day, And

jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonie was the lammis 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'fe blefs 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 Mefs John will mend the

And clout the bad girdin o't. (Ikaith.

Dumbarton's Drums.

161

Dumbarton's drums beat bonny O, When they mind me

Slowish

of my dear Johnny O. How happy am I When my soldier is by, While he

kisses and blesses his Annie O. 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me

O, For his graceful look do invite me O: While guarded in his arms, I'll

fear no wars alarms, Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me O.

My love is a handsome laddie O:	Then I'll be the captain's lady O:
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:	Farewell all my friends and my daddy O:
Tho' commissions are dear,	I'll wait no more at home,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;	But I'll follow with the drum,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie O.	And whenever that beats I'll be ready O.
A soldier has honour and bravery O,	Dumbarton's drums sound bonny O,
Unacquainted with rogues & their knavery O:	They are sprightly like my dear Johnny O:
He minds no other thing	How happy shall I be,
But the ladies or the king:	When on my soldier's knee,
For every other care is but slavery O.	And he kisses and blesses his Annie O!

162

* There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, And castocks in stra' bo -

Lively

- gie; Gin I hae but a bony lafs, Ye're welcome to your Cogie. And

ye may sit up a' the night; And drink till it be braid day light; Gie

me a lafs baith clean and tight, To dance the Reel of Bogie.

In Cotillons the French excel;
 John Bull, in Countra-dances;
 The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,
 Mynheer an All' mande prances:
 In Foursome Reels the Scots delight,
 The Threesome maist dance wondrous -
 But Twafome ding a' out o' fight, (light;
 Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs,
 Save yon auld doited Fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,
 As they do in Stra'bogie.
 But a' the lasses look fae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain;
 For they maun hae their Come-again,
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Come, Lads, and view your Partners well,
 Wale each a blythsome Rogie;
 I'll tak this Lafsie to myfel,
 She seems fae keen and vogie:
 Now, Piper lad, bang up the Spring;
 The Countra fashon is the thing,
 To prie their mou's e're we begin
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
 Like true men of Stra'bogie;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tippie out a Cogie:
 Come now, my lads, & tak your glafs,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishing health to every lafs
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

For lake of Gold.

163

For lake of Gold she's left me Oh! And of all that's

Slowish

6 5 6 5 6

dear bereft me Oh! She me forfook, For a great Duke, & to endless

6 6 3

care has left me Oh! A star & garter has more art, Than youth, a

6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6

true and faithful heart; For emp-ty ti-tles we must part, And for

6 6 6 6 4 3

glittring show she left me Oh!

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

6

Katharine Ogie.

164

As walking forth to view the plain, Up-on a morning

Slow

Continued.

ear - ly, While May's sweet scent did chear my brain, From
 flow'rs which grew so rarely; I chanc'd to meet a
 pretty maid, She find' tho' it was foggy: I ask'd her
 name, Sweet Sir, she said, My name is Katharine . Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country-maid so neatly:
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this fame Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,
 Far excells any clownish rogie;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain,
 To feed my flock beside thee;
 At boughting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee!

I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten.
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations:
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair furround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy:
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

The Ploughman.

165

* The Ploughman he's a bony lad, His mind is e-ver true,
Lively

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.

My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary:
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie.
Up wi't a' &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,
The boniest fight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin'.
Up wi't a' &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hofe,
And I will drefs his o'erlay;
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.
Up wi't a' &c.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And filler buckles glancin';
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O-but he was handsome!
Up wi't a' &c.

Commend me to the Barn yard,
And the Corn-mou, man;
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.
Up wi't a' &c.

166

* To me what are riches en-cumbred with care? To

Slow

me what is pomp's in-fig-ni-fi-cant glare? No

minion of fortune, no pageant of fate, Shall e-ver

in-duce me to en-vy his fate.

Let rakes in a paramour's love acquiesce,
 Or jealousies stifle, in noisy excess,
 Such pleasures I court, as my soul can review,
 Nor tumults attend, nor compunctions pursue.

Their personal graces let fops idolize,
 Whole life is but death in a splendid disguise;
 But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,
 And all their false lusture be hid in the tomb.

Let the meteor discovery attract the fond sage,
 In fruitless researches for life to engage,
 Content with my portion the rest I forgo,
 Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.

Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,
 While misers their wishes concenter in pelf,
 Let the godlike delight of imparting be mine;
 Enjoyment reflected, is pleasure divine.

Extensive dominion and absolute power,
 May tickle ambition perhaps for an hour,
 But power in possession, soon loses its charms,
 While conscience remonstrates, and terror alarms.

With vigour, O teach me, kind heaven, to sustain,
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain;
 And, when 'tis allow'd me the goal to descry,
 For my species, I liv'd, for my self let me die.

Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

167

Musical score for 'Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Jocky he came here to woo, On ae feast-day when we were fu; And Jenny pat on her best array, When she heard that Jocky was come that way.' The tempo is marked 'Lively'. There are some fingerings indicated below the bass staff: 6, 5, 6, 4, 2.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
Sae privily to change her smock;
And ay fae loud as her mither did rair,
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she came bobbin and bekin ben; jimp)
Her stays they were lac'd, & her waift it was
And a bra' new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand,
O Jenny, can ye fancy me?
My father is dead, & has left me some land,
And bra' houses twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee,
A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock:
Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee;
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and fyne she leugh,
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:
A weel, goodwife, and what say ye?
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
O mither, fetch us some gude meat;
A piece of the butter was kirn'd the day,
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
It was nae for meat that I came here,
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Then Jocky and Jenny were led to their bed,
And Jocky he lay neist the stock;
And five or six times ere break of day,
He ask'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock?

Quo' Jenny, Dear Jock, you gie me content,
I blefs my mither for gieing consent:
And on the next morning before the first coo
Our Jenny did cry, I dearly love Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as fide as her smock;
And ay fae loud as her mither did rair,
Vow sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.



O'er Bogie.

168

Musical score for 'O'er Bogie.' The score is in C major (no sharps or flats) and common time (C). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: 'I will a_wa wi' my love, I will a_wa wi' her; Tho''. There are some fingerings indicated below the bass staff: 6, 6.

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will awa wi' her. I'll

O'er Bog-ie, o'er Bog-ie, o'er Bog-ie wi' her, Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
Shame fa' them that wad change.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part
For filler or for land.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

A kiss of Betty and a smile,
Albeit ye wad lay down,
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
And beaux admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Same Tune.

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my father gae;
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.
Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane:
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, treats, and air,
The faul that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms;
How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Lafs wi' a Lump of Land.

169

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are as follows:

Gi'e me a lafs wi' a lump o' land, And we
 for life shall gang the-gither, Tho' daft or wife, I'll
 never de-mand, Or black, or fair, it makefna whether; I'm
 aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And blood a-lane is
 no worth a shilling, But she that's rich her market's made, For
 il-ka charm a-bout her is kil-ling.

Gi'e me a lafs wi' a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 Theyse ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands & bag
 And filler & gowd's a sweet complection
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:
 Love tips his arrows with wood and park
 And castles, & riggs, & muirs & meadow
 And naething can catch our modern spark
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointurd-
 (-widows.

170

* Landlady, count the lawin, The day is near the dawin; Ye're
Lively

a' blind drunk, boys, And I'm but jolly fou. Hey tut-ti tai-ti,

How tut-ti tai-ti, Hey tut-ti tai-ti, wha's fou now?

Cog an ye were ay fou,
Cog an ye were ay fou,
I wad fit and sing to you,
If ye were ay fou.
Hey tutti &c

Here's to the Chieftans
Of the Scots Highland clans;
They hae done it mair than ance,
And will do't again.
Fill up &c.

Weel may we a' be!
Ill may we never fee!
God blefs the king
And the companie!
Hey tutti &c

When you hear the trumpet-sounds,
Tutti taiti to the drum;
Up your swords, and down your guns,
And to the louns again.
Fill up &c.

Same Tune.

HERE is to the king, Sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,
And to every honest man
That will do't again.

Here is to the king o' Swedes,
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Pox on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!
Fill up &c.

Chorus.
Fill up your bumpers high,
We'll drink a' your barrels dry;
Out upon them, fy! fy!
That winna do't again.

But to mak a' things right, now,
He that drinks maun fight too,
To strew his heart's upright too,
And that he'll do't again.
Fill up &c.

The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

171

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the

street, my jo; My mis-trefs in her tar-tan screen, Fu'

bonie, braw and sweet, my jo. My dear, quoth I, thanks

to the night That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of your

mither's fight, Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while,
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree;
 And a' the fimmer's gawn to smile:
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad yer mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk yer brow;

We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog:
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, fast, and flow'ry den, (bow'r;
 Where circling birks have form'd a
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm
 We'll to that cauler shade remove.
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love

172

My mither's ay glowran o'er me, Tho' she did the

fame before me, I canna get leave To look to my love, Or

else she'll be like to devour me. Right fain wad I tak ye'r

of - fer, Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher; Then, Sandy, ye'll

fret, And wyte ye'er poor Kate, When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear,
 And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion,
 Brag weel o' yer land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Raving winds around her blowing.

Tune, M^c Grigor of Roro's Lament.

173

* Raving winds a-round her blow-ing, Yel-low

Very Slow

leaves the woodlands strowing, By a river hoarsely roaring I-fa-

-bel-la stray'd de-pling. Farewell, hours that late did measure

Sun shine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of

forrow, Cheer-less 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!

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest,
Tune, 14th of October.

174

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest, With the fair

Slow

heav'n of Chloe's breast! Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart, Oh

gent-ly throbb, - too fierce thou art. Tell me, thou bright-est

of thy kind, For Strephon was the bliss design'd, For Strephon's sake dear

charming maid, Didst thou pre-fer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest'd shade, that sweetly art
Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Ingrossing all that beautiful heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeless are;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.

'Tis true, thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade:
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I ever lov'd and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say, Thou canst love, and make me blest.

How long and dreary is the Night.

A Galick Air.

175

* How long and dreary is the Night, When

Slow

I am frae my dearie! I sleeplefs lye frae e'en to

morn, Tho' I were ne'er fo weary. I sleeplefs lye frae

e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er fo weary.

When I think on the happy days.

I spent wi' you, my dearie;

And now what lands between us lie,

How can I be but eerie!

And now what lands, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,

As ye were wae and weary!

It was na fae ye glinted by,

When I was wi' my dearie.

It was na fae ye glinted, &c.

Since robb'd of all that charmd my views,

Tune, Miss Hamilton's delight

176

* Since robb'd of all that charmd my view, Of all my

foul e'er fancied fair, Ye smiling native scenes, a-dieu, With

Continued.

each de-light-ful object there! Oh, when my heart re-

-volves the joys Which in your sweet re-cesses I knew, The last dread

flock which life destroys, Is heaven, com-par'd with losing you!

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye,
 Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of may;
 Ye circling hills, whose summits high
 Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray;
 Where heedless oft, how far I stray'd,
 And pleas'd my ruin to pursue,
 I sung my dear, my cruel maid;
 Adieu, for ever, ah adieu!

Ye dear associates of my breast, (swell;
 Whose hearts with speechless sorrow
 And thou, with hoary age oppress'd,
 Dear author of my life, farewell.
 For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,
 Far, far remote from friends, and home,
 Shall blast thy venerable years,
 And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
 From dear relations torn away;
 Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,
 To hopeless love a destin'd prey.
 While she, as angry heav'n, and main,
 Deaf to the helpless sailor's prayer,
 Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,
 And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise,
 What horrors life's fair prospect stain;
 And brothers blast their friends with angry eyes,
 And brothers bleed by brothers slain.

From cursed gold I trace my woe;
 Could I this splendid mischief boast,
 Nor would my tears unpitied flow,
 Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
 Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,
 Had early fate surpriz'd me there,
 And wrapt me in eternal rest; (beat
 Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to
 And tremble with unpitied pain,
 Nor had a maid's relentless hate,
 Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love,
 With ev'ry winning art I try'd
 To catch the coyly fluttering dove,
 With killing eyes & plummy pride.
 But far on nimble pinnions borne -s,
 From love's warm gales & flow'ry plain
 She sought the northern climes of storm
 Where ever freezing winter reigns.

Ah me had heaven and she prov'd kind,
 Then full of age, & free from care,
 How blest had I my life resign'd
 Where first I breath'd this vital air;
 But since no flatt'ring hope remains,
 Let me my wretched lot pursue;
 Adieu, dear friends & native scenes.
 To all but grief and love, adieu.

The Bonny Earl of Murray.

177

Ye Highlands and-ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you

Very Slow

been? They have slain the Earl of Murray, And they

laid him on the green! They have slain the Earl of

Mur-ray, And they laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
 And wherefore did you fae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.
 I bade &c.

He was a bra' gallant,
 And he rid at the ring,
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he might have been a king.
 And the &c.

He was a bra' gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba,
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Was the flower among them a'.
 And the &c.

He was a bra' gallant,
 And he play'd at the glove;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh! he was the Queen's love.
 And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Look o'er the castle Down,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Come founding through the town.
 Ere she, &c.

Young Damon.

Tune, Highland Lamentation.

178

A-midst a ro-fy bank of flowers, Young Damon
 Plaitive
 mournd his for-lorn fate, In sighs he spent his lang-uid
 hours, And breath'd his woes in lone-ly state. Gay
 joy no more shall ease his mind, No wan-ton
 sports can sooth his care, Since sweet A-man-da
 provd unkind, And left him full of bleak des-pair.

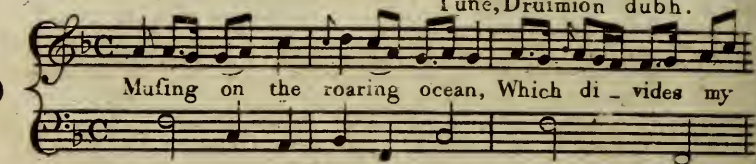
His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart;
 His pensive soul on sadness borne,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.
 Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your swain,
 Unshroud him from this vail of woe;
 Range every charm to soothe the pain,
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

Musing on the roaring Ocean,

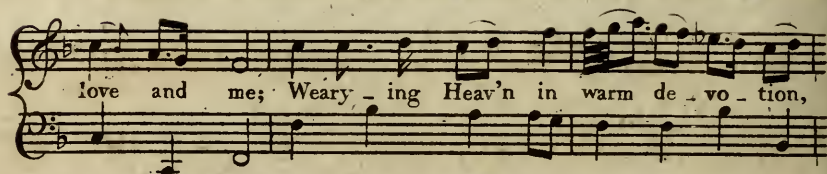
Tune, Druimion dubh.

179

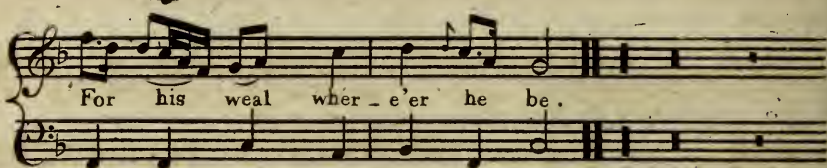
Musing on the roaring ocean, Which di - vides my



love and me; Weary - ing Heav'n in warm de - vo - tion,



For his weal wher - e'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.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear:

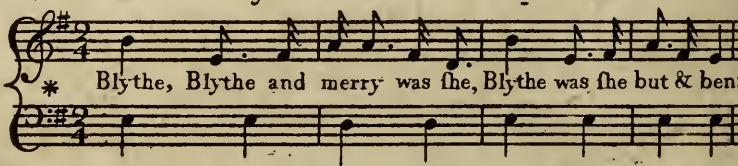
Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,

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

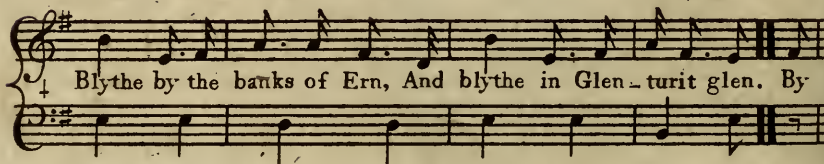
Blythe was she.

180

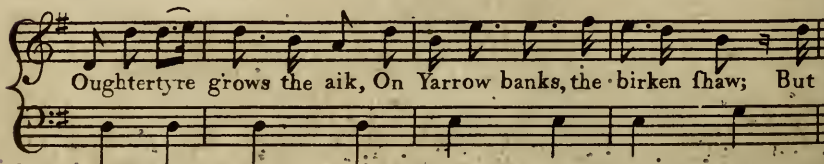
* Blythe, Blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but & ben:



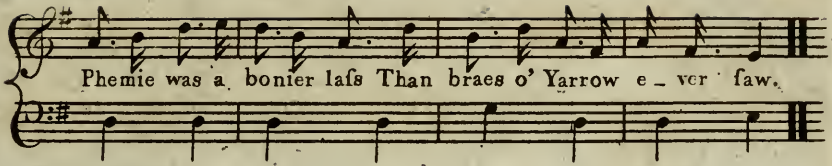
Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen - turit glen. By



Oughtertyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw; But

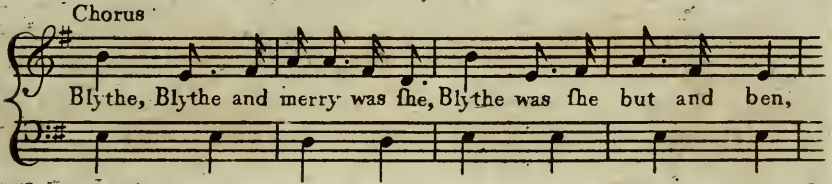


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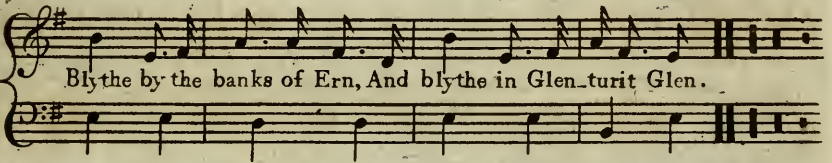


Phemie was a bonier las Than braes o' Yarrow e - ver faw.

Chorus



Blythe, Blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but and ben,



Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen-turit Glen.

Her looks were like a flow'r in may,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bony face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er fae sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest las
That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

B

To the Foregoing Tune.

SHE took me in, she set me down,
She hecht to keep me lawin-free;
But, wylie Carlin that she was!
She gart me birl my bawbie.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben;
Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

I lo'ed the liquor weel enough,
But, wae's my heart, my cash ran done,
Lang or I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith was I to pawn my shoon!
Blythe, blythe, &c.

When we had three times toom'd the stowp,
And the niest chappin new begun,
Wha started in to heeze our hope,
But Andrew wi' his cutty gun.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
And girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;

Weel did the canny kimmer ken
It gart the fwats gae gibber down.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till davin we ne'er jeed our bum;
And ay the cleanest drinker out
Was Andrew an' his cutty gun.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

He did like ony Mavis sing,
While she below his oxter fat;
He ca'd her ay his bonie thing,
And mony a sappy kifs she gat.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun,
But the cleverest lad that e'er I saw
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Johny Faa, or the Gypsie laddie.

181

The gypsies came to our Lord's yett, And vow but they sang

Slow

sweetly; They sang fae sweet, and fae compleat, That down came

the fair lady. When she came tripping down the stair, And

a' her maids be-fore her; As soon as they saw her

weel-fa'rd face, They cooft the gla-mer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie;
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.
 Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

Oh! come to your bed says Johny Faa,
 Oh! come to your, bed, my deary;
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.
 I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
 And I'll go to bed to my deary;
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,
 And I'll make a hap to my deary;
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
 And my lord shall nae mair come near
 And when our lord came hame at e'en,
 And speir'd for his fair lady,
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black, black steed
 Gae saddle and mak him ready;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.
 And we were fifteen well made men,
 Altho' we were nae bonny;
 And we are a' put down for aye,
 The earl of Caesilis' lady.

To Daunton me.

182

* The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The simmer-lillies

Slowish

bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deepest sea, But an

auld man shall ne-ver daunton me. To daunton me, And

me fae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, That is the

thing you neer shall see For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his faut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens & knowes,
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his teetheless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
 That auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

Polwart on the Green.

183

At Polwart on the green, If you'll meet me the

Slowish

6 4

morn, Where lasses do con-veen, To dance about the thorn:

6 6 b3 6 6 5

A kind-ly welcome you shall meet, Frae her wha likes to view,

6

A lover and a lad compleat, The lad and lover you.

6 6 6 6

Let darty dames say na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem cauldier than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Among the new mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartfome day,
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shall be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

Absence.

A Song in the manner of Shenstone.

184

* Ye Rivers so limp'd and clear, Who reflect, as in

Continued.

cadence you flow, all the beauties that va-ry the year, All the flowrs

on your margins that grow: How blest on your banks cou'd I dwell,

Were Me-lis-sa the pleafure to fhare, And teach your fweet

e-choes to tell, With what fondnefs I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend,
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees
Whose tops so majestic ascend;
Your landskip what joy to survey,
Were Melifsa with me to admire!
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove
The fragrance of flowers to en hale,
Or watch from the pasture and grove
Each music that floats in the gale,
Alas! the delusion how vain!
No odours nor harmony please,
A heart agonizing with pain,
Which tries every posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes
Or the languor of absence to cheer,
Her breath I would catch in the rose
Or her voice in the nightingale hear;

To cheat my despair of its prey
What object her charms can assume,
How harsh is the nightingales lay,
How insipid the roses perfume!

Ye Zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye Sun beams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care,
Does she number the hours of my stay;
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear, (-1st),
E'er one sigh should escape her by stea-
E'er my absence should cost her one tear.

(-more
When, when, shall her beauties once -
This desolate bosom surprize;
Ye fates, the blest moment restore
When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;
When with sweet emulation of heart
Our kindness we struggled to shew,
But the more that we strove to impart
We felt it more ardently glow.

I had a Horſe, and I had nae mair.

185

Very Slow

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 Madam, be not offended,
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 And care not tho' ye kend it:
 For I get little frae the laird,
 And far leſs frae my daddy,
 And I would blythly be the man
 Would ſtrive to pleaſe my lady.

She read my letter, and ſhe leugh,
 Ye needna been fae blate, man,
 You might hae come to me yourſell,
 And tald me o' your ſtate, man:
 You might hae come to me yourſell,
 Outwittens o' ony body,
 And made John Gouckſton of the laird,
 And kiſs'd his bonny lady.

Then ſhe pat filler in my purſe,
 We drank wine in a cogie;
 She ſee'd a man to rub my horſe,
 And wow but I was vogie!
 But I gat ne'er fae fair a fleg
 Since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came rap rap to the yett,
 Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then ſhe pat me below a chair,
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
 But I was like to ſwarf wi' fear,
 And wiſh'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he ſaw na me,
 I went whan I was ready:
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
 To ſee his bonny lady.

Talk not of love, it gives me pain. By a Lady.

Tune, Banks of Spey.

186

* Talk not of love, it gives me pain, For love has

Very Slow

been my foe; He bound me with an iron chain, And

plung'd me deep in woe. But friendship's pure and lasting

joys, My heart was form'd to prove; There, welcome win and

wear the prize, But ne - ver talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
 Oh, why that blifs 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 fought.

O'er 'the water to Charlie.

187

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to

Lively

Charlie; I'll gie John Rofs another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the fea, We'll o'er the water to Charlie; Come

weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or 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!
 We'll o'er &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And fun that shines so early!
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.
 We'll o'er &c.

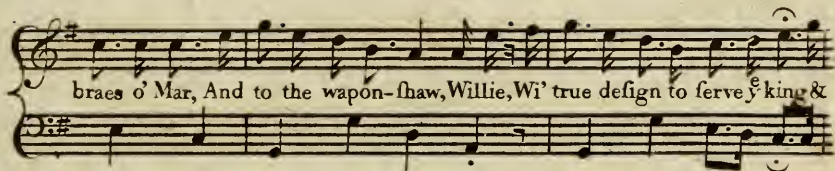
Up and warn a' Willie.

188

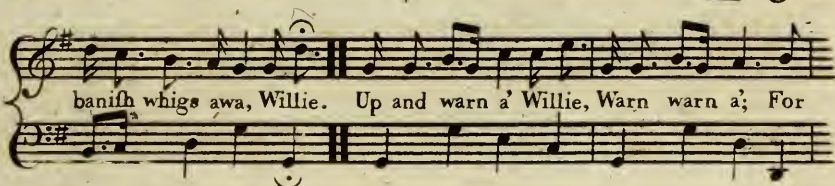
Up and warn a' Willie, Warn warn a'; To hear my can-ty

Slow

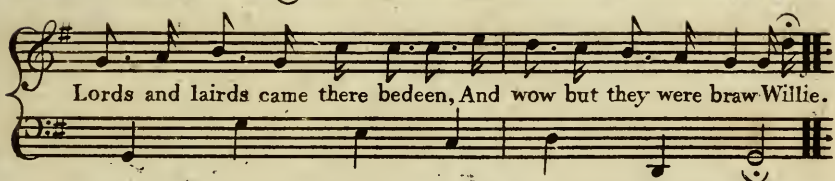
highland sang Relate the thing I saw, Willie. When we gaed to the



braes o' Mar, And to the wapon-shaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve y^e king &



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 fet 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 fought Sandy said
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth
The bravest e're ye saw, Willie,
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Reftore 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 Sherra-muir
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, S^t Clair and a' Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,
The rebel's 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 f^t 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 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 streight gaed to Dumblane again
And back his left did draw, Willie.

Up and warn a' Willie,
Warn warn a';
Then we to Auchterarder 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 fought Sandie said
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

A Rose bud by my early walk.

189

* A rose bud by my early walk, A down a corn - in -

Slow

clofed 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, &

drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the ear-ly morning: Ere

twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glory spread, And

drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the ear-ly morning.

Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnēt fondly preft,
The dew fat chilly on her breast

Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,

Awauk the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care

That tents thy early morning.

So thou sweet Rose bud - young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And blefs the Parent's evening ray

That watch'd thy early morning.

To a Blackbird.

By a Lady.

Tune, Scots Queen.

190

* Go on sweet bird, and soothe my care, Thy tune-ful

Slow

notes will hush despair; Thy plaintive warblings void of art, Thrill

sweet-ly thro' my aching heart. Now chuse thy mate, and

fond-ly love, And all the charming transport prove; While

I a lovelorn exile live, Nor transport or receive or

give, Nor transport or receive or give.

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!
 These sweet emotions all enjoy;
 Let love and song thy hours employ!
 Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care;
 Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.

Hooly and Fairly.

191

Oh! what had I a do for to marry; My wife she drinks
Lively 6 5

naithing but sack and ca_nary, I to her friends complain'd right early:

O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair_ly-hooly and fair_ly,

hooly and fairly O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair_ly.

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

She has druken her stockins, sae has she her shoon,
And she has druken her bonny new gown:
Her wee bit dud fark that co'erd her fu' rarely, O gin my wife, &c.

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

The vera gray mittens that gaed on my han's
To her neebour wife she has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed sae dearly, O gin my wife, &c.

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

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

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

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads;
She ca's the lassies baith limmers and jads;
And I, my ain fell, an auld cuckold carlie: O gin my wife, &c.

Auld Rob Morris.

192

There's Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, He's the
king of good fallows, and wale of auld men; Has
four score of black sheep, and four score too; And
auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

Mither. Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
His back sticks out like ony peet-creel
He's out shin'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eye'd too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

Mither. Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brafs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye shoudna be so ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray,
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

And I'll kifs thee yet, yet.

Tune, Braes o' Balquhiddier.

193

* An I'll kifs thee yet, yet, An I'll kifs thee o'er again; An

Slowish

I'll kifs thee yet, yet, My bony Peg-gy Ali-son. 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 moments pleasure 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 moments pleasure O!

An I'll kifs thee yet, yet,
 An I'll kifs thee o'er again;
 An I'll kifs thee yet, yet,
 My bony Peggy Alison.

And by thy een fae bony blue,
 I swear I'm thine forever O!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never O!
 And by thy een, &c.

Rattlin, roarin Willie.

194

O Rat-tlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair, An'

Lively

for to fell his fid-dle And buy some o-ther ware; But

par-ting wi' his fid-dle, The faut tear blin't his e'e; And

Rattlin, roarin Willie Ye're wel-come hame to me.

O Willie, come fell your fiddle,
 O fell your fiddle fae fine;
 O Willie, come fell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine;
 If I should fell 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 board-en,
 Sitting at yon board-en,
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

Where braving angry winter's storms.

Tune, N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.

195

Where braving angry winter's storms, The lofty Och'els

Slowish

rife, Far in their shade, my Peggy's charms First blest my wondering

Eyes. As one who by some savage stream, A lonely gem furveys, A-

-stonish'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 controul
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

R

Tibbie, I hae seen the day.

Tune, Invercalds Reel.

196

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, Ye would na been fae shy; For

Slowish

laik o' gear ye lightly me, But trowth, I care na by. Yes -

-treen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure: Ye

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

Chorus

O Tibbie, I hae feen the day, Ye would na been fae shy; For

laik o' gear ye lightly me, But trowth I care na by.

I doubt na, lafs, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 When'er ye like to try.
 Tibbie, I hae &c.

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

But sorrow tak him that's fae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks fae proud and high.
 Tibbie, I hae &c.

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.
 Tibbie, I hae &c.

But, Tibbie, lafs, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you fae nice;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.
 Tibbie, I hae &c.

Nancy's Ghost.

Tune, Bonie Kate of Edinburgh.

197

* Where waving pines salute the skies, And silver

Slow

streams meandering flow, Where verdant mountains gently rise, Thus

Sandy sung his tale of woe. Ah Ketty, cruel perjurd

maid, why hast thou stole my heart away; Why thus forsaken

am I laid, To spend in tears and sighs the day!

The cooing turtle hears my moan,
My briny tears increase the stream,
The mountains echo back my groan
Whilst thou, fair tyrant, art my theme,
O blooming maid, indulgent prove,
And wipe the tears from Sandy's eyes;
O grant him kind returns of love,
Or Sandy bleeds and falls and dies.

Thus Sandy sung, but turning round,
Beheld sweet Nancy's injurd shade,
He trembling saw he shook and groand,
Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:

"Ah, hapless man, thy perjurd vow
"Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave!
"The damps of death bedew'd my brow,
"While you the dying maid could save!"

Thus spake the vision, and withdrew.
From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;
Guilt and Despair their arrows threw,
And now behold! the traitor dead.

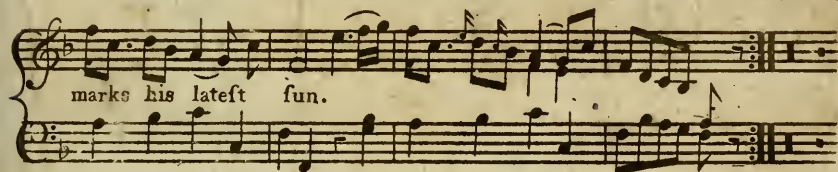
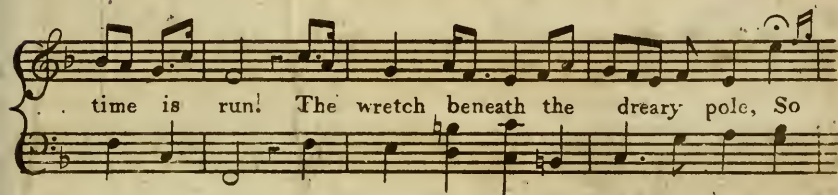
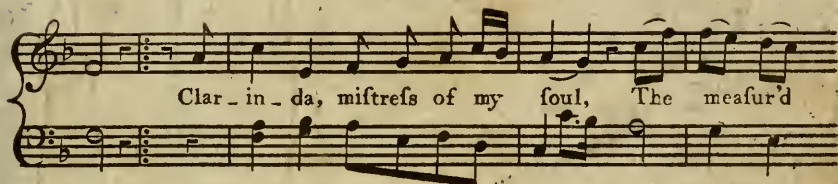
Remember swains my artless strain,
To plighted faith be ever true,
And let no injurd maid complain,
She finds false Sandy live in you.

Clarinda.

198



Slow and Expressive



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?

Cromlet's Lilt.

199

Since all thy vows, false maid, Are blown to

air, And my poor heart betray'd To sad de- pair,

In- to some wil- der- nefs, My grief I will ex- press,

And thy hard heart- ed- nefs, O cru- el fair.

Have I not graven our loves
 On every tree,
 In yonder spreading Groves,
 Tho' false thou be:
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my seat;
 For covering,

I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
 Nor tears for me;
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequie.
 The courteous red-breast he,
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy,
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee;
 O thou deceitful dame,
 Whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart,
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

200

* The winter it is past, and the sum-mer's come at

Very Slow

last, And the small birds sing on ev'-ry tree; The

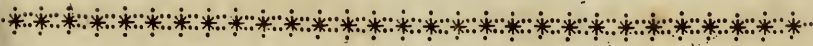
hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad, For my

Lover has part-ed 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 fun; 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.



10/10

2

