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Inglis. 83

Miss L. Smyth



X

The SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Humbly Dedicated to The
Catch Club

Instituted at Edin^g. June 1771.

BY

James Johnson

Vol. I

Price 6s



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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 incumbrance, 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^g-Bell's Wynd, May 22. 1787.

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Entered in Stationer's Hall.

The Highland Queen.

1

N^o. 1

No more my Song shall be, ye Swains, of purling streams, or flow-ry
Andante
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.

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 wondrous 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 bashful maid!
That's lately yielded up her heart.
A conquest to Love's powerful 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 powerful 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 Powrs one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 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

The musical score is written for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in G major and common time. It consists of four systems of staves. The lyrics are written below the staves. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 6, 5, 4, 3). The lyrics are: 'As from a rock, past all relief, The shipwreck'd Co - lin spying His native foil, o'ercome with grief, Half sunk in waves, & dying, With the next morning sun he spies A ship which gives un-hop'd sur - prise; New life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, & waits her motion.'

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

spying His native foil, o'ercome with grief, Half sunk in waves, & dying,

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

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

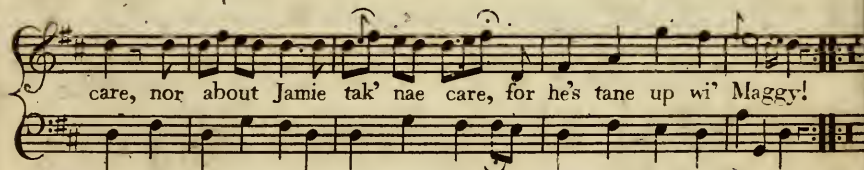
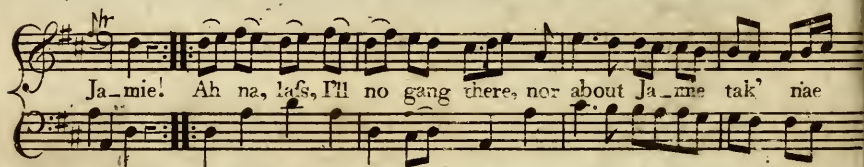
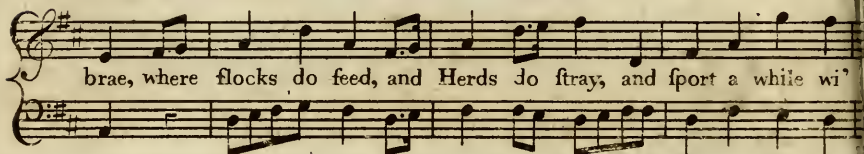
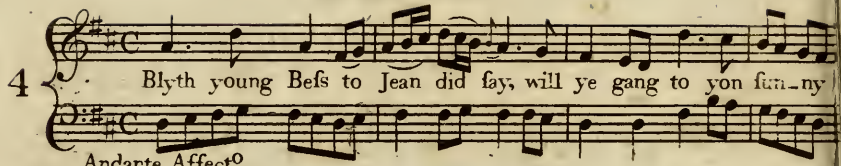
So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted;
Low with despair, my spirits mov'd,
To be forever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

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

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why should 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 sigh, 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 outshone them.

Bess the Gawkie.



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 amiss;
 'Tween ilka smack---pleas'd her with this,
 That Bess 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 sure, my Maggy has mair sense,
 She'll gie a score without offence;
 Now gie me ane unto the menise,
 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, whisht!--nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg he kifs'd sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown's sae 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 sair to rue,
 That ever Maggy's face he knew,
 Or yet ca'd Bess 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

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 fear-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 past between you and me.
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 don't 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

4

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.

Air.

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

Andante

6

6

Ε

•

52

6

—lighted am I when a—broad I can rove, To in—dulse a fond

6

6

4

52

6

61

5

passion for Jockey my dear! When he's ab - sent I
 sigh, but how blith when he's 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 Linnet 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 plac'd 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 Roses.

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

Andante

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

6 6

little birds were singing 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 ros - es, where I and my true love did

6 6 6 6 5 4

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

6 6 5 4 3

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 roses. —

Roslin Castle.

8 '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 rung; while
 Roslin Castle heard the Swain, And echo'd back the chearfull strain.

Slow

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

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

Andante

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 nane to gi'e him.

I hae twa farkes 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 lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.

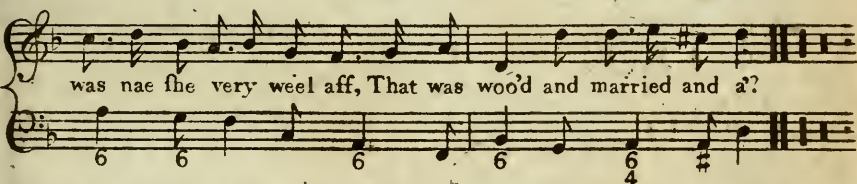
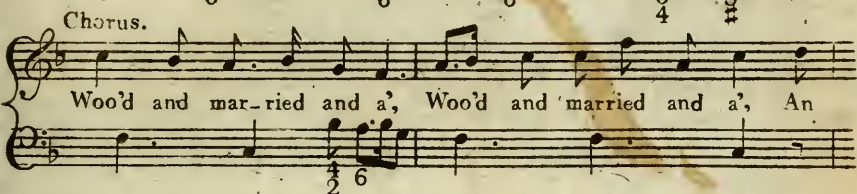
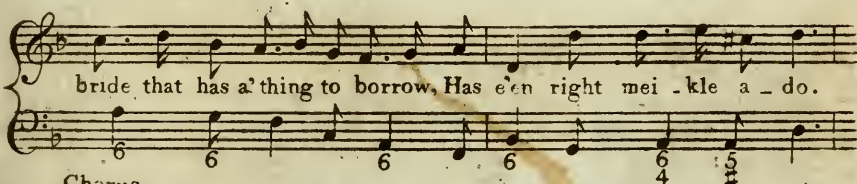
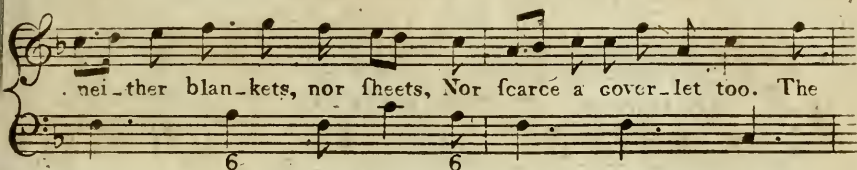
Wood and Married and a'.

10

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

Lively.

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



Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough,
 O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
 And ye's get gear enough;
 The stirk that stands i'th' tether,
 And our bra' basin'd 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-woolsey,
 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' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll smore 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 claiths 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 saucy,
 And nae for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'll 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 folk maun live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I could get but a man.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

11

Saw ye nae my Peggy, saw ye nae my Peggy, saw ye nae my Peggy, coming
Lively
o'er the Lee? Sure, a finer creature, ne'er was form'd by nature, to compleat each feature,
so divine is she! O, how Peggy charms me! ev'ry look still warms me, ev'ry thought alarms
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'r mistress, 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 lafs 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
Kitted to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lafs is,
Come lets join our glasses,
And refresh our hauses
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.

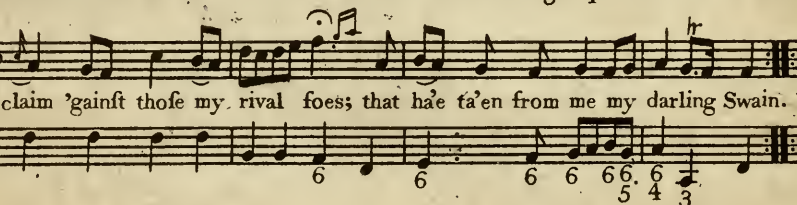
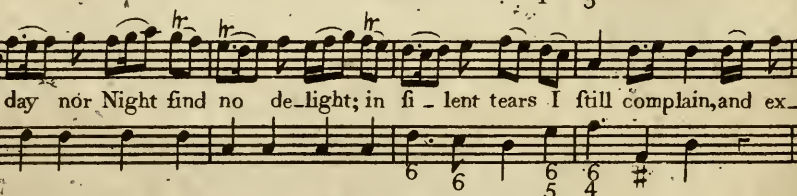
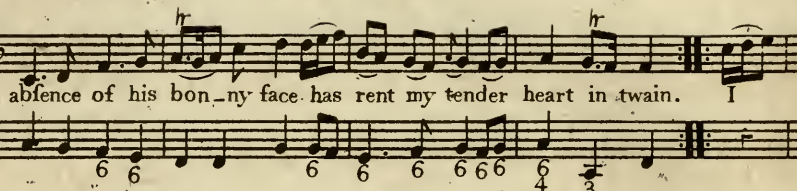
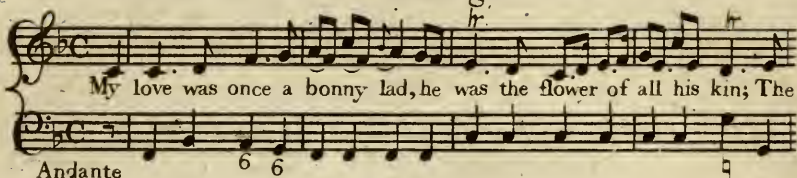
Wae worth the man
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion,
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion!

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Who pants to press thy barmy mouth,
And in her bosom hause 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

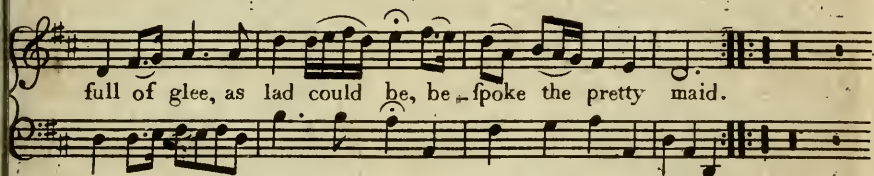
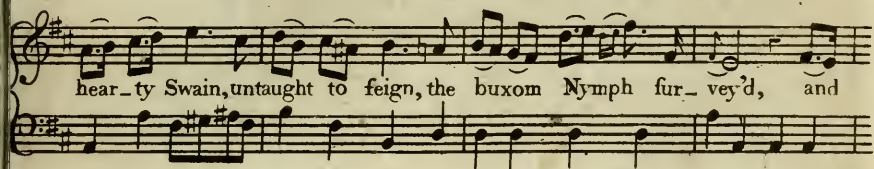
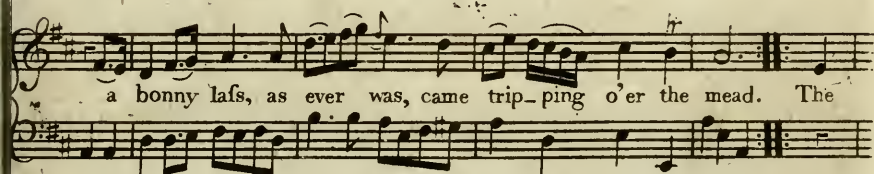
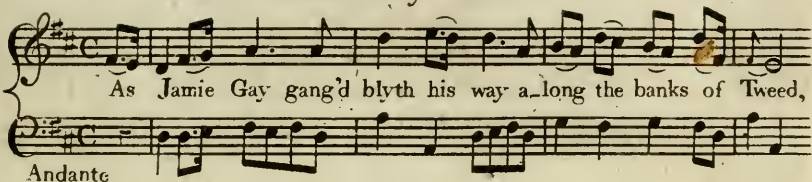


Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 T'hear tidings from my darling swain,

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 blest'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



Dear lassie tell, why by thy fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
 Canst 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 am
 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 can
 please me now Jockey's away: forlorn I sit, ling'ring, and this is my strain, haste, haste, my dear
 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.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

17

16

And gin ye meet a bön-ny lalsie, gie'er a kifs, and let her
Andante # 6 6 6 # 6 #

gae, But if ye meet a dirty hufsy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.
6 6 6 # 4

Be fure ye dinna quit the grip Of il-ka joy, when ye are young, Be -
6 6 6

fore auld age your vi-tals nip, And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.
6 6 4 #

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartfome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, 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 herself in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen nay-fays 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 waining cant.

Same Tune. Sung by PATIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness wi' a slight,
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 elsewhere to be better blest'd;
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

The Lads of Livingston.

17. Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear - Bell

Slowish

dropt a tear; The gods descended from a - bove, 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 surprise - with sweet surprise.
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.

19

18

Slow

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

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

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

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

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 wedlock's soft
bondage made Jeffy my own! So joyfull my heart is, so ea-sy my
chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Sy.
hr

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 Jeffy and me.

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

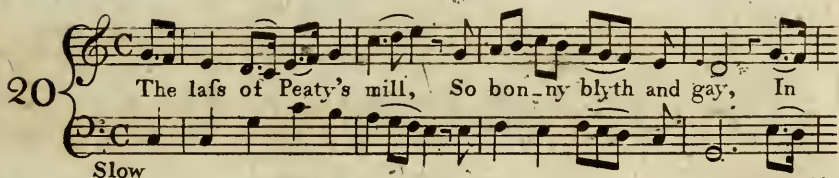
What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

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 Lads of Peaty's Mill.

21

20

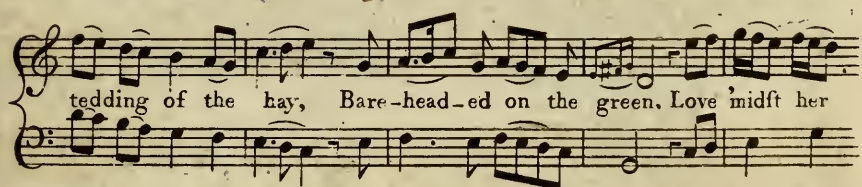


The lads of Peaty's mill, So bon-ny blyth and gay, In

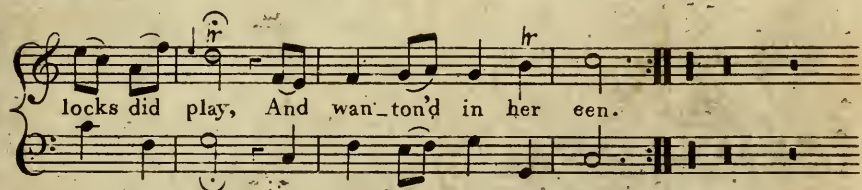
Slow



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



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



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

Her arms, white round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand;
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke, or smil'd.

Her looks, they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Infur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lads of Peaty's mill,
Shou'd share the same 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 6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6

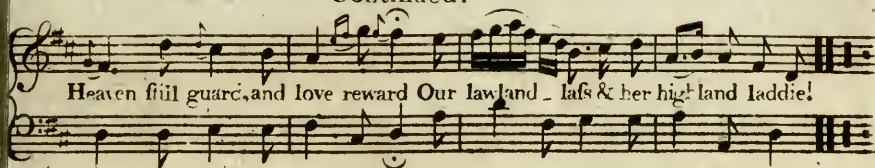
Highland Laddie, New Sett.

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

Slow

gawdy! how much unlike that gracefu' mien & manly looks of my Highland

Laddie! O my bonny Highland Laddie, my handsome charming highland laddie, may



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 brawest 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 sun,
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 pass,
I call him my dear highland laddie,
And he calls me his lawland lass,
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 sour 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 blebs my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd take my Katy but a gown,
Bare-faced 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 flighter 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 lass 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 blebs 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 blebs 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 fhentleman, Be auld as Poth - wel

Lively

prig, man; And mony alterations feen 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.

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 dwall 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 soger.

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 gi'e me a paper.

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

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

25

My Jockey is the blithest Lad, that e - ver Maiden Woo'd; When

Andante

he appears my Heart is glad, for he is kind & good. He talks of Love when

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.

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 refuse, ye maidens say,
To be young Jockey's wife?

Same Tune

To every youth I'll not be gay;
Nor try on all my power,
Nor future pleasures throw away
In toys 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 see!
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 brigher 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.

Leander on the Bay.

27

26

Leander on the bay Of Hellespont 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 sets 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,

Could 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 the 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.

Tune Johnny's gray Breeks.

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 Lambkins hear his strain,
With eager steps they turn in speed.

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.

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.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
And few or nae in a' the place
Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet;
Tho' war's alarms, and Johnnie's charms,
Had gart her aft lookeerie, yet
She sung wi' glee; I hope to be
"My Johnnie'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 breast will burn
 "Wi' love that will confound me yet,
 "For I hope to see, before I die,
 "His Bairns a' dance around me yet.

Same Tune

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

28

The fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds were

Andantino Amoroso

singing on each spray, When Colin met me in the grove, And

told me tender 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

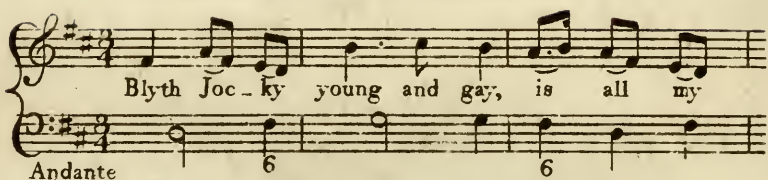
friends cou'd say, Young Col - in stole my heart a - way.

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



hearts de-light, He's all my talk cy day, and all my

dreams by night. If from the lad, I be,

'Tis win-ter then with me; But, when he tar-ries here,

'tis sum-mer all the year.

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.

Bonny Betsy.

31

Tune Betsy's Haggie's.

30

Bef-sy's beauties shine fae bright, Were her mony

Andante

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 else a-bout thee; With thy come-li-

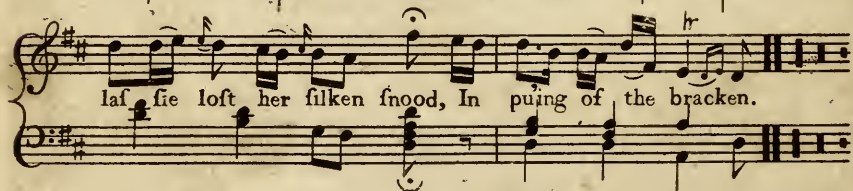
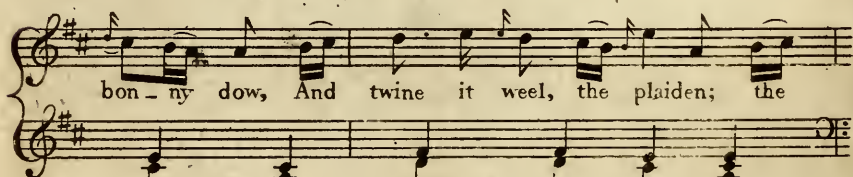
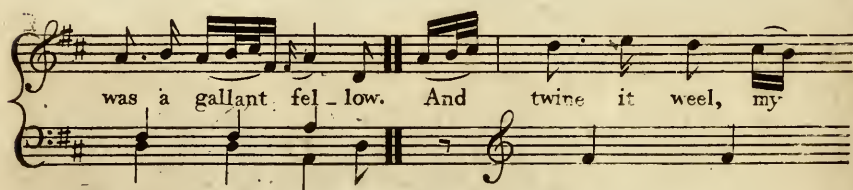
-ness I'm taen, And langer can-not live without thee

Betsy's bosom's fast and warm,
Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
He who tak's 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 teaze ye.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

31



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 fin o',
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie loft her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

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

32

Andante

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

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

thou was fairest of the fair?

(2)

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)

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

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 3

6 6

6

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gow'd and gear eneugh;
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 lasie 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 sae 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 2 6 6 6

fangs abound and sense is scarce, these lines I have indited; But neither darts nor
 6 6 6 6 6

arrows here, Venus nor Cupid shall appear, & yet with these fine sounds, I swear, The
 6

Chorus
 maidens are delighted. I was ay telling you, Lucky Nancy, Lucky
 6 6 6 6 6

Nancy, Auld springs wad ding the new; But ye wad never trow me.
 6 6 6 6 6

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 sighing - 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 na cruel.
 Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy!
 Dryest wood will eitheft low,
 And, Nancy, fae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
 Hear then my charitable vow,
 Dear venerable Nancy!
 But if the warld 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 6. 6.

night, To wanton in the winding streams, And kiss re-reflect-ed

light. To courts, begone: heart soothing sleep, where you've so fel-dom

been, Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep, With Kate of Aber-deen; With

Kate of A-ber-deen, With Kate of A-ber-deen.

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!

Tweed Side.

37

36

Andante

What beauties does Flora dis - close! How sweet are her

smiles up - on Tweed! Yet Mary's still sweet - er then those, Both

nature and fancy ex - ceed. No daisy, nor sweet blush - ing

rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid - ing

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-cocing 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 blifs,
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 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 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.^o

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 tos'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 crowd'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

Andante

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

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

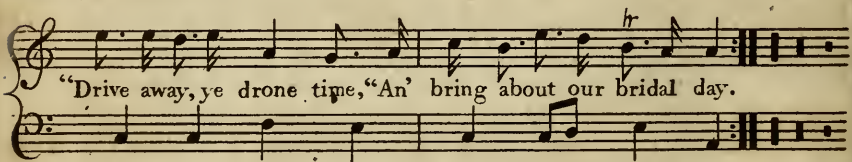
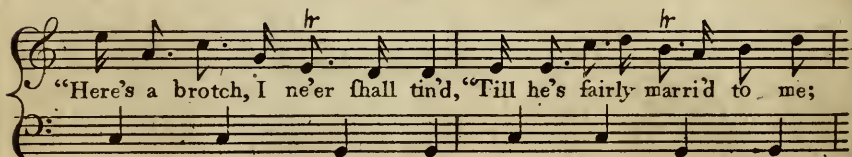
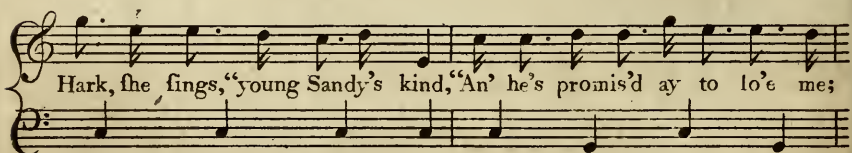
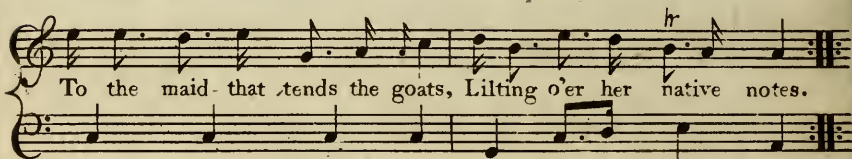
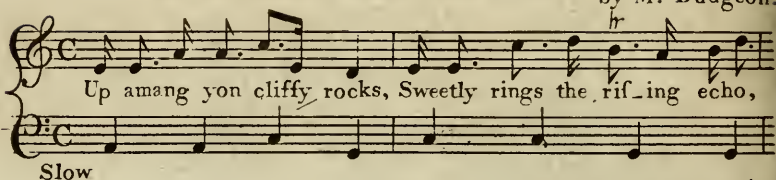
search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, still it

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments (marked 'hr'). Fingering numbers (1-5) are provided for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines.

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

40



"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain sae saftly 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 plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and fling
 "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 sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that fling o' Sandy
 "Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

I Wish my Love were in a Mire.

41

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

Slow

6 6 6 6 5

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

6 4 # 6 6

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

6 # 6 6

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

6 5 6 6

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

6 6 6 4 #

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. In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
 At once I love, at once adore: Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy:
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd, And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While softest love inspires my breast. While bliss or misery can move.

This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine;
 These eyes with Strephon'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.

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

Slow

love, & when we meet a mutual heart, Come in between, and bid us part;

Bid us sigh on from day to day, And wish & wish the foul 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,
 From 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.

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 happy

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

swain com-plain, That Annie, kin-dles new de-sire.

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 conveen,
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 House.

44

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

Lively

this a time to tawk of wark? Mak haste, 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, &

see him come ashore. For there's nae luck about the House, there's nae luck a

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

Rise up and, mak a clean fire side,
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 hose 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 haste, 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 hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain Goodman;
For he's baith deel and true. Cho^s.

Sae true's his words, Sae smooth's his
His breath like caller Air, (speech,
His very foot has musick in't,
When he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wee the thought
In troth, I'm like to greet. Cho^s.

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

Since Colin's well, I'm well, content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright-dizzy wee the thought;
In troth, 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 hafpens 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 ha'f so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd'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 colly true,
Well defend the 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.

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 sings sae well,
Sings sae 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 an 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.

O 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 blytheft 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 afore.

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 low'd for me the num'rous 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 true;
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

6 5

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

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

6 5

love is like the ocean; Wha can its deeps discover?

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 ware 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-fy time of the

Andante S.

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

wood'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

cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,

Tho' long he had follow'd the lafs,

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

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

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

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

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!

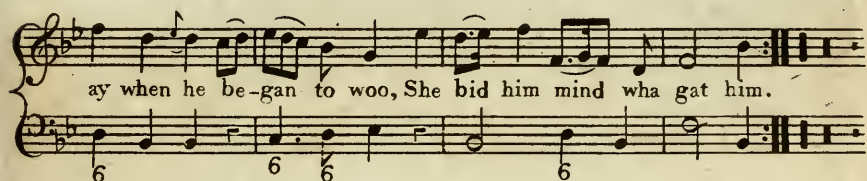
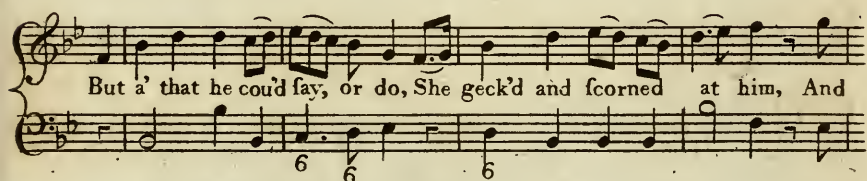
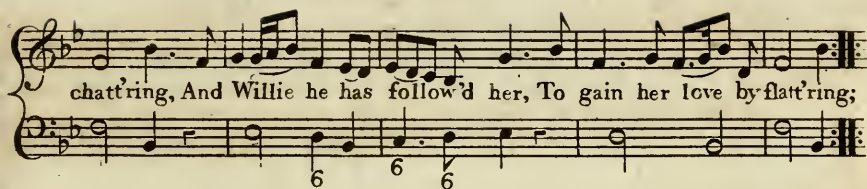
While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary-o!

Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

50

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

Andante



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 thanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout!
Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
Wad ye compare ye'rsell to me?
A docken till a tansie!
I have a wooer of my ain;
They ca' him fouples 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 sure 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 fauncy;
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 blessed,
 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 upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Use 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 leesome 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

fetters 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 w

Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,

I scarcely look or move a man.

Bonny Jean.

55

54

Love's goddess in a myrtle grove, Said, Cupid, bend thy

Andante

6
4

6
6

6
6

6
6

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.

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.

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;

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

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 she 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

6

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.

6

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-House.

56

By Pinkie-House oft let me walk, While circled in my arms, I hear my Nelly sweetly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O let me, ever fond, behold Those graces void of art, Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold In willing chains my heart.

Andante

hr

hr

hr

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 same.

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

Slow

Hera a - wa', there a - wa' here a - wa', Willie; Here a - wa',

6

there a - wa', here a - wa', hame. Lang have I fought thee,

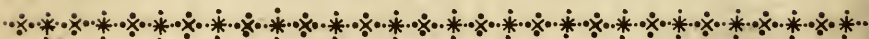
6 4 6 6

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.

Brisk.

58

Come, fy! let us a' to the wedding, For there'll be liting there, For

6 6 6 6

Jock'll be married to Maggie, The lafs wi' the gow - den hair.

6 6

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

there will be good sawt-herring, To relish 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 thumbless 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 misl'd-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On fybows and rifarts and earlings,
 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 Alaster Sibby,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The lass 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 plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whitens and speldings enew,
 With singit sheep-heads and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till you spew.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him gray breeks to his a —,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe;
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lilly, white-leg,
 Wha gade to the south 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 scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flewks that weré taken alive.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flea-lugged sharny fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg;
 And there will be happier a — Nancie,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madié, and fat-hippit Girsy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie,
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die;
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be litling there,
 For Jock'll be married to Maggie,
 The lass with the gowden hair.

Sae Merry as we twa hae been.

59 *hr*
 A Lafs that was laden'd 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 4 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 hae been, Sae merry as we twa hae been, My
 6 6 4 3 4 6 6 6
 heart it is like for to break, When I think on the days we hae seen.
 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently preffing 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

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

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

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

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome 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 haill creation.

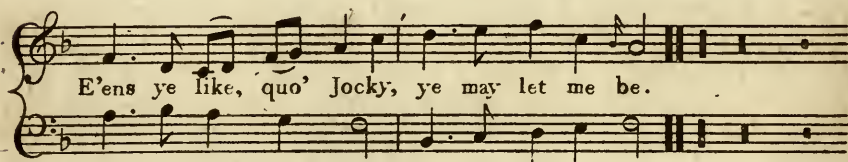
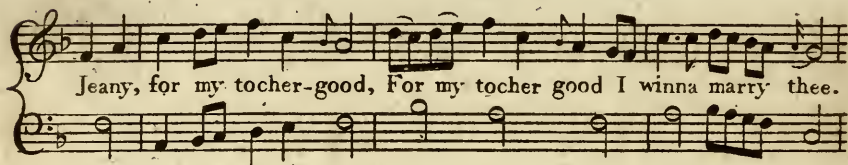
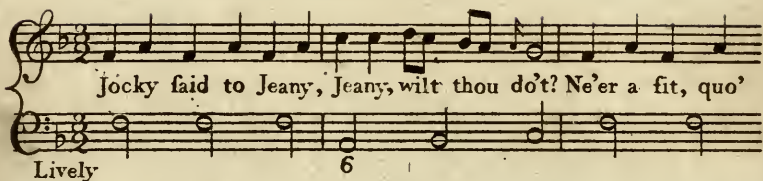
When'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And often mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

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 wisely this white minute took,
 And flang 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 taulk;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But wad' it a' on kisses.

Jocky said to Jeany.

61



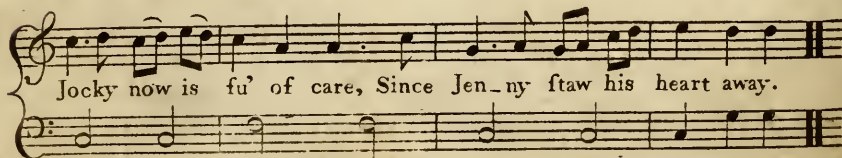
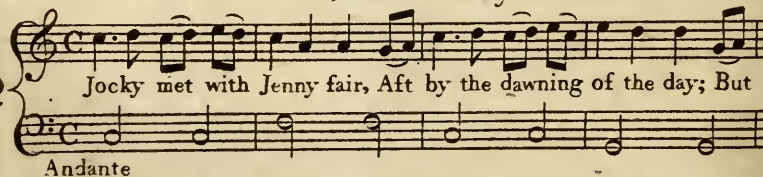
I hae gowd and gear, and I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

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.

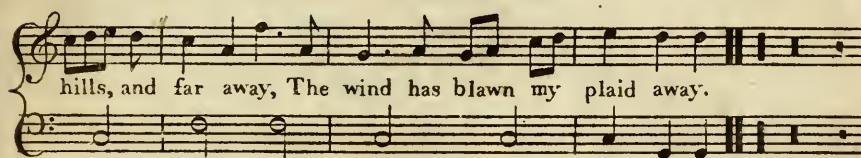
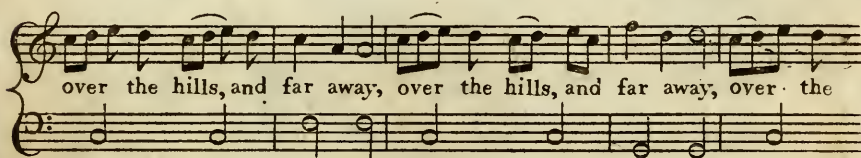
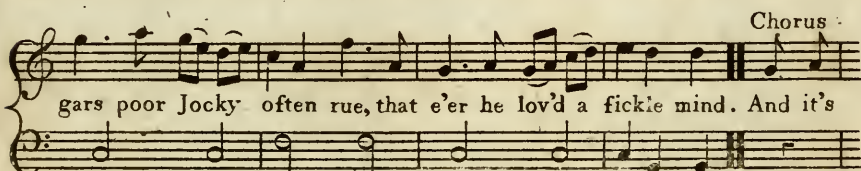
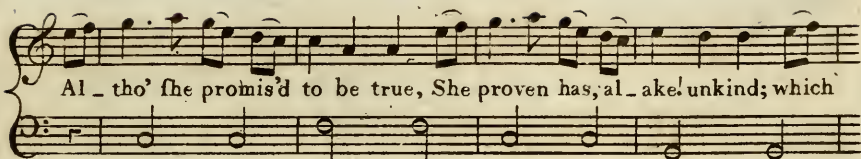
Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass myfell.
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

~~~~~  
O'er the hills, and far away.

62







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 fung - 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

Slow

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

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 6  
 winsome marrow, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, And let us  
 6 6 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 6 6 6  
 turtles to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.  
 6 6 6 6 6 6

To westlin breezes Flora yields,

And when the beams are kindly warming,  
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,

And Nature looks more fresh & charming,

Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,

Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,

Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,

And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,

Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard

Wi' free consent my fears repel; (thee;

I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.

Thus sang I fastly to my fair,

Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.

O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,

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 reason'd 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

Slow

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

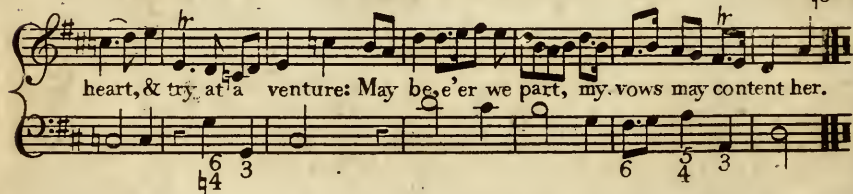
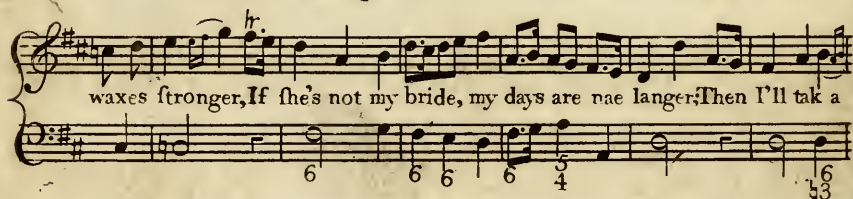
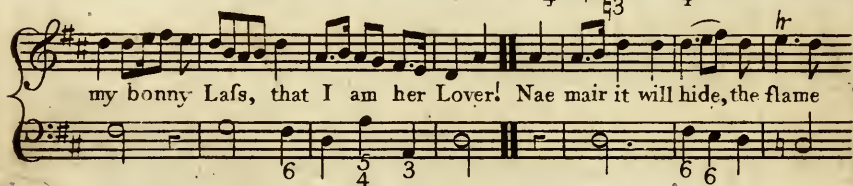
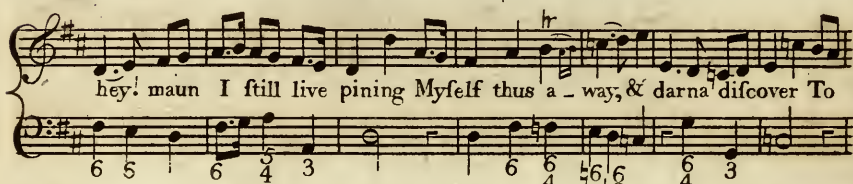
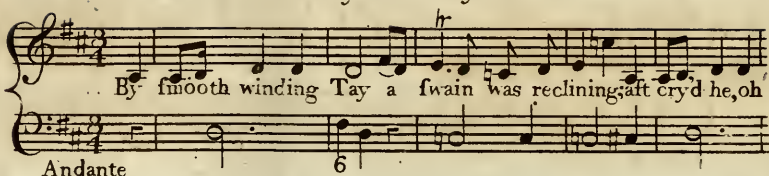
did admire, And prais'd the com - ing day, I lit - tle

thought that rife - ing fire Wou'd take my rest a - way.

|                                        |                                    |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Your charms in harmlefs childhood lay, | My paffion 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 infenfibly          | Each gloried in their wanton part; |
| To their perfection prefs'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 breaft.             | To make a beauty, ſhe.             |

## John Hay's Bonny Laffie.

67



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 laffie.



## The Bonny Brucket Lalsie.

68

Slow

The Bonny Brucket Lalsie, She's blue beneath the e'en; She

was the fairest Lalsie 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 bepeath the e'en,  
 "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.

"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.

"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.

Her lover heard her mourning,  
 As by he chanc'd to pass;  
 And press'd unto his bosom  
 The lovely brucket lals.  
 "My dear, he said, "cease grieving;  
 "Since that your love's so true,  
 "My bonny, brucket lalsie,  
 "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.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is marked 'Slow' and includes the lyrics 'How blyth was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the'. The second system continues the lyrics 'hill! He leap'd the burn, and flew to me, I met him wi' good will.' The third system has the lyrics 'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom, The broom of the Cowdenknows!'. The fourth system has the lyrics 'I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi' his pipe and my ewes.' Fingerings are indicated by numbers 3, 4, 5, and 6 below the notes. Trills are marked with 'tr' above certain notes.

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 fae 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 soup whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 May now ly ufeless 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 lambkins feed,  
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom  
So fair on Cowdenknows;  
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  
Could play with half such art.

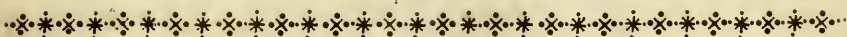
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
The hills and dales all round,  
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide,  
Oh! how I blest'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom  
So fair on Cowdenknows;  
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.

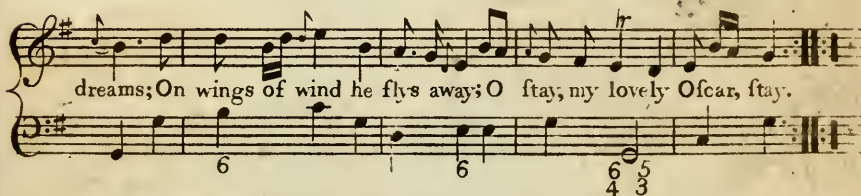
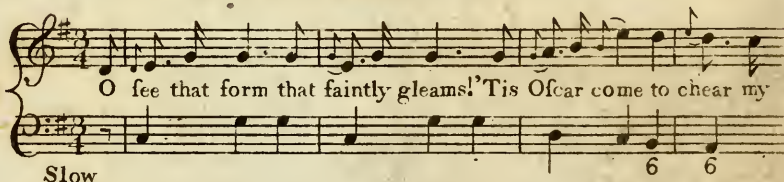
More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,  
My peaceful happy home!  
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,  
At ev'n among the broom.

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



## Oscar's Ghost.

70



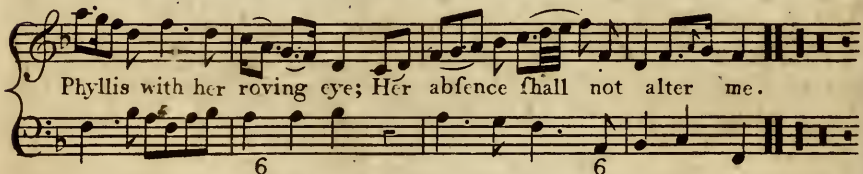
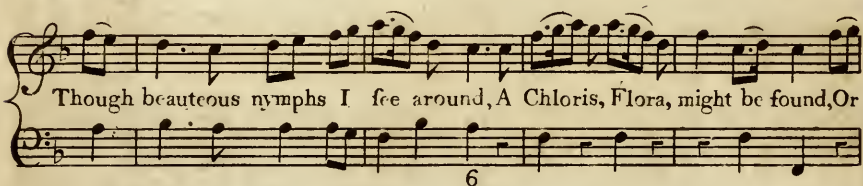
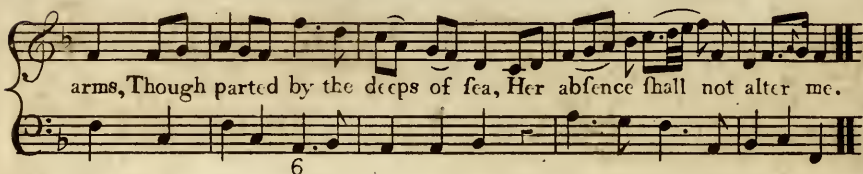
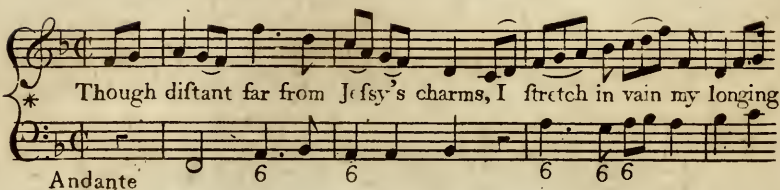
Wake Ofsian, last of Fingal's line,  
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;  
Awake the harp to doleful lays,  
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

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



A fairer face, a sweeter smile,  
Inconstant lovers may beguile,  
But to my last I'll constant be,  
Nor shall her absence alter me.  
Though laid on India's burning coast,  
Or on the wide Atlantic toft,  
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 Jessy then shall see,  
Her absence has not alter'd me.

# The Birks of Invermay.

73

72

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the  
Andante 6

tuneful birds to sing, And while they warble from each spray, Love  
6 6 6

melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - manda, time - ly  
6 5 6 6 6 5 6 7 #

wife, Like them improve the hour that flys, And in soft raptures  
6 6 6 6 6

waste the day, A - mong the birks of In - ver - may.  
6 6 6 5 6 6 5 3

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.

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

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 sun does now advance,  
And all the planets round him dance:  
Let us as jovial be as they,  
Among the birks of Invermay.

## 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 6 6

torments of a hopeless lover. Ye regis-ters of heaven, re -

6 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.



## 75.

-74

Andante

love laugh'd in her eye, Blyth Dā - 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.

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;

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 shoud' return,  
Sic pleasure to renew,  
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
And ay shall follow you.

## The Banks of Forth.

75

Ye sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain, Where sweet-ly

Andante

wind - ing Forth 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.

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,  
Where birds their music chirp aloud,  
Alternately we sung 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 blifs,  
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;  
She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,  
Why, Damon! are you not asham'd?

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 blifs with all her charms.

## O Saw ye my Father?

76

Slow

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 figh'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 sae lang's I like mysell,  
Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,  
And crawl 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<sup>r</sup> R. Burns.

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

Andante

O: What signifies the life o' man, An' twere not for the lasses, 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 lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
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 lasses, 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 tapsaltee-rie, 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 lasses, 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 conceal'd,    | And of our meeting here so sweet,     |
| As fondly I caress'd her.               | Loch Eroch Side will mind me.         |
| She said, If that your heart be true,   | Enraptur'd then, "My Lovely Lass!     |
| 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.

|                                              |                                     |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>Y</b> OUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass, | 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 powers 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 destinies 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 blest the dear parental name    |
| In playful bands disporting.            | With many a filial blossom.         |

## The Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

Sung by Sir William.

79

Andante.

6

The bon-ny grey-ey'd morning be-gins to peep, And

6

darkness flies before the ri-sing ray, The hear-ty hynd starts

from his lazy sleep, To fol-low healthful la-bours of the day;

With-out a guilty sting 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.

6

6

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

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry fwain, 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

Andante

when the sheep came hame, I met my las-ty bra and tight, While

wandring through the mist her lane. My heart grew light, I,

ran, and flang my arms about her bon-ny 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 earle to learn?  
 I'll baith gie 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 las,  
 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 las 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 she chid 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 would 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 bless'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

Affectuoso

fide; 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 lass 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 dinfome maine.  
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

sheep wi' me? the fun shines sweet, my Ma-ri-on, but

nae half fae sweet as thee, the fun shines sweet, my

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

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking 'Slow' and fingerings 4, 2, 6, 6. The second system includes fingerings 6, 4, 5, 6, 5, 6. The third system includes a fingering 6, 5. The fourth system includes a fingering 6, 5. The score ends with a double bar line.

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

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!

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

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

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 kirtle of the cramasie;  
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,  
I shall come west and see ye.



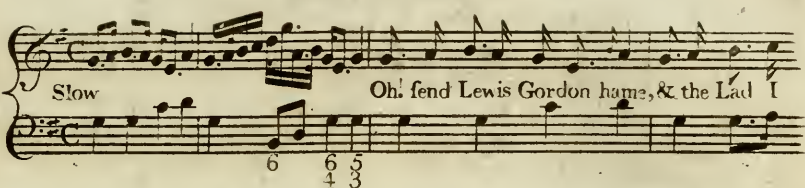
Lewis Gordon.

87

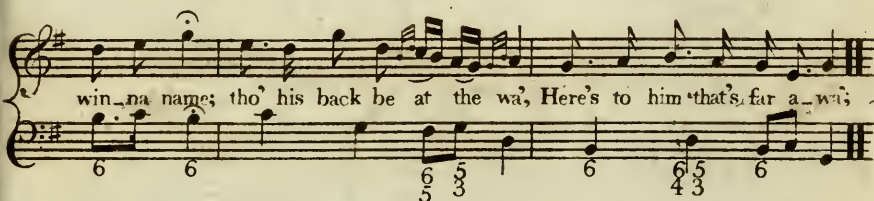
86

Slow

Oh! fend Lewis Gordon hame, & the Lad I



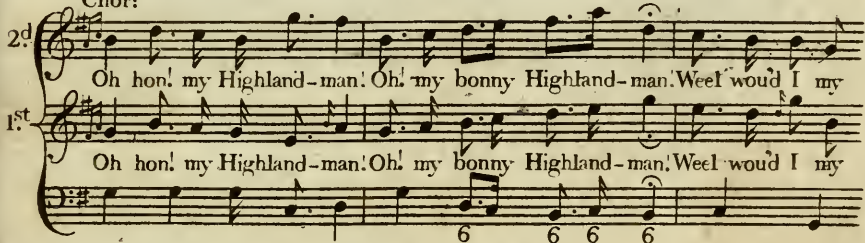
win-na name; tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa';



Chor:

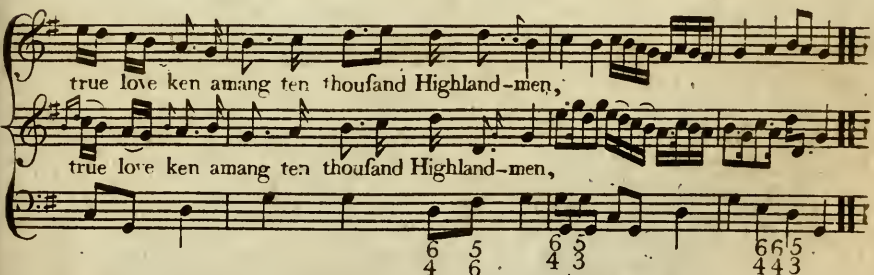
Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man! Weel' wou'd I my

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,



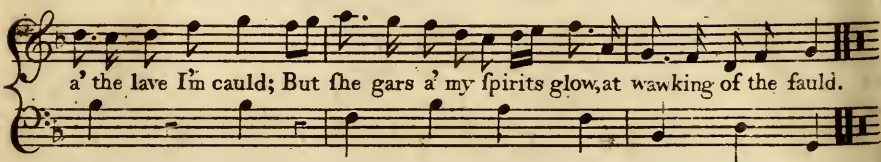
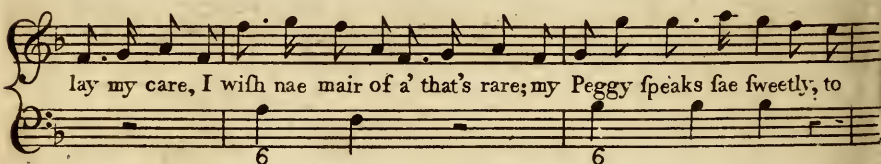
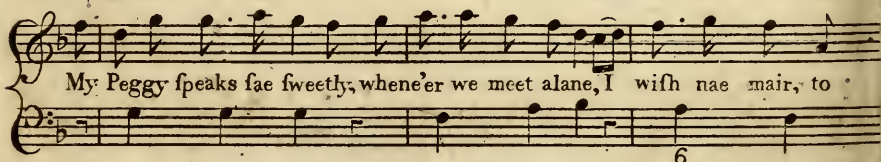
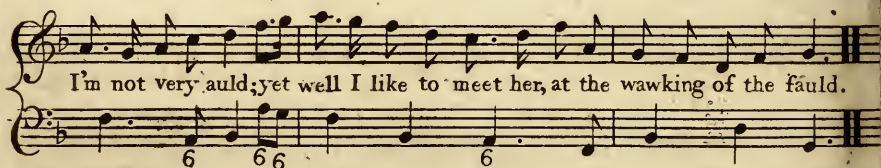
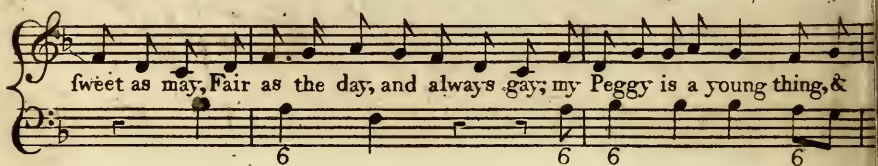
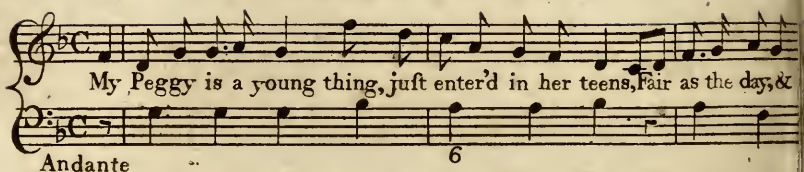
Oh! to see his tartan-trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeld shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee:  
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi'  
Oh hon! &c.

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 disappear;  
Then begins the Jub'lee Year.  
Oh hon! &c.

## The Wawking of the Fauld.

87



My Peggy smiles fae kindly,  
 Whene'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 gie's 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 songs are tauld,  
 With innocence, the wale of sense,  
 At wawking of the fauld.

# My Nanny-O.

89

88

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

Slowish

6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6 4

O. Were I to paint the Queen of love, None else should sit but Nanny-O.

6 6 6 6

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 on\_o chri

Slow

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!

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

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

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

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

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

Shalle'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.

91

90

Andante

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

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

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

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 beguill'd  
Wi' Johnnie in the glen;  
And aye since-syne, the 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 jcer 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

Stay, dearest Adonis, stay; Why wilt thou grieve me! grieve me!

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

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

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.



92 Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain one ev'ning re-clin'd, to dis-  
Amoroso. 6 6 4 3 6 6

-co-ver his pain; So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The  
6 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 4 2

wind ceas'd to breathe, & the fountains to flow; Rude winds with compassion could  
6 6 4 3 6 6 6 5 3 6 6

hear him complain, Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.  
6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

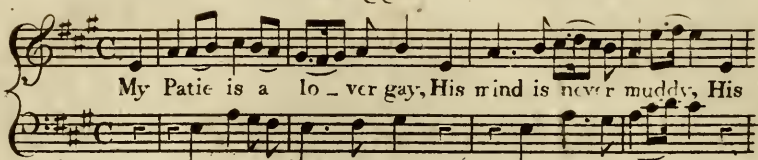
How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,  
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!  
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,  
Nor smil'd the fair Morning more chearful than they;  
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,  
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

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.

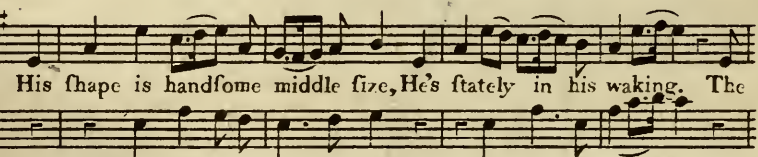
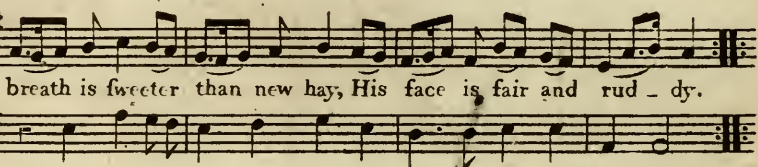
But see the pale moon all clouded retires,  
The breezes grow cool; not Strephon's desires:  
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind:  
Ah wretch! How can life be worthy thy care?  
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

## Corn-Riggs.

93



Lively



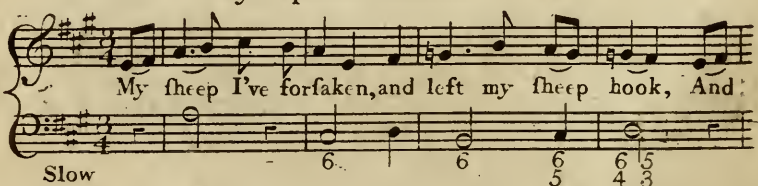
Last night I met him on the bawk,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There mony a kindly word he spake,  
That set my heart a glowing.  
He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And loo'd me best of ony;  
That gars me like to sing finfyne,  
"O corn-riggs are bonny."

Let maidens of a filly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting;  
Since we for yielding are design'd,  
We chafely 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



Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
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

Slow

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

feas to a far bloody Shore, may be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.  
Tho' loudest of thunder on 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.

97

96

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

Andante

6

6

- long, I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny, While mourn - ful - ly

5

6

6

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

6

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

5

6

sleepless, And brought the salt tears in my een.

6

6

6

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

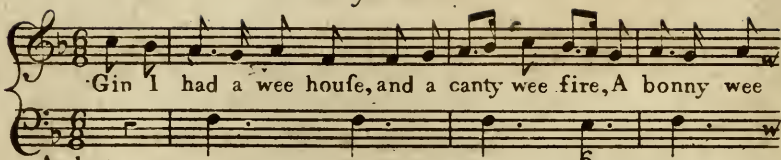
My brither abuses me daily  
For being wi' Geordie so free,  
My sifter she ca's me hoodwinked,  
Because he's below my degree.  
The mucking &c.

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 sleet;  
He ca's me his Dear and his Honey,  
And I'm fure that my Geordie loves me  
The mucking &c.

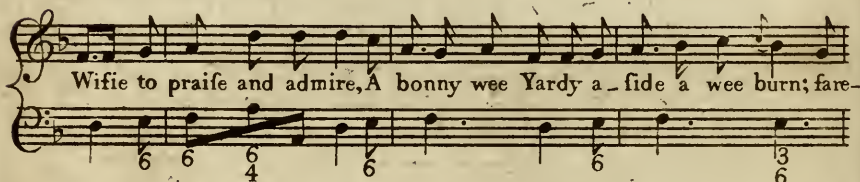
## Bide ye Yet.

97

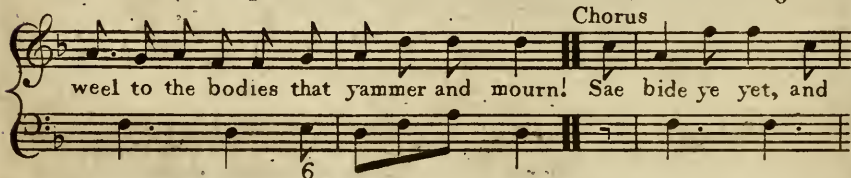


Andante

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

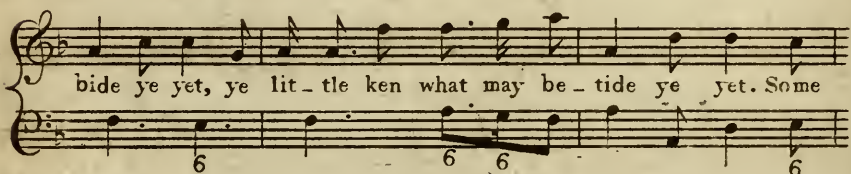


Wifie to praise and admire, A bonny wee Yardy a-side a wee burn; fare-

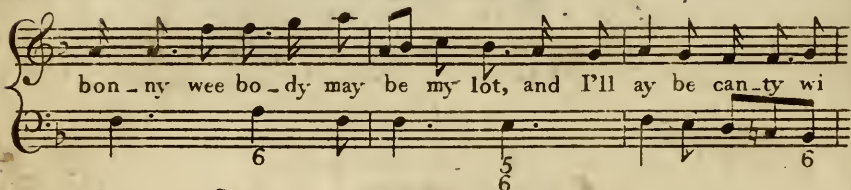


Chorus

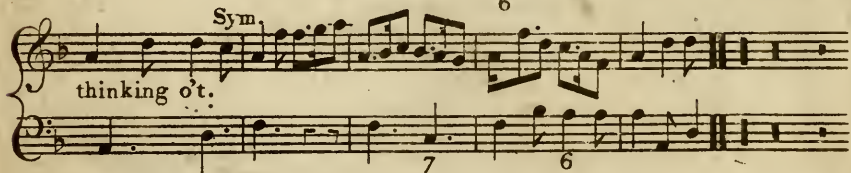
weel to the bodies that yammer and mourn! Sae bide ye yet, and



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



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



Sym.

thinking o't.

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.<sup>s</sup> Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be  
A difference between my wee wifie & me,  
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,  
I'll kiss her & clap her until she be pleas'd.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Sae bide ye yet, &c.



The Jovful 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,

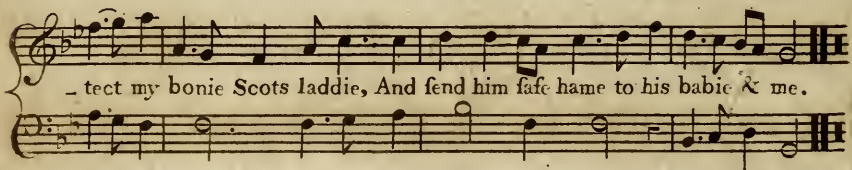
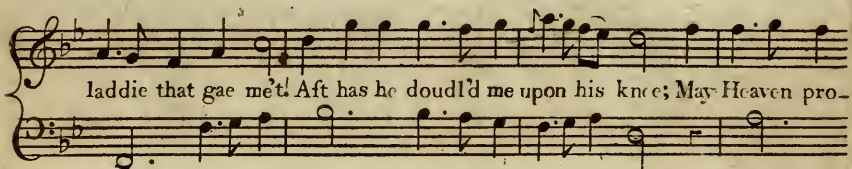
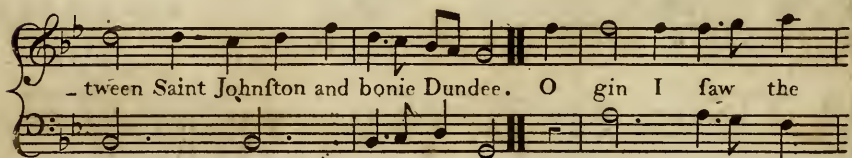
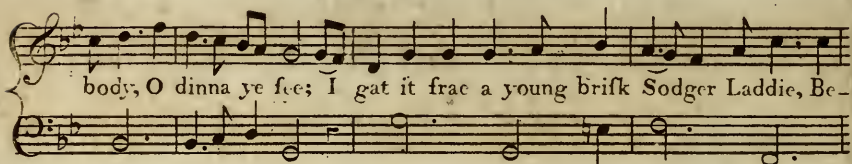
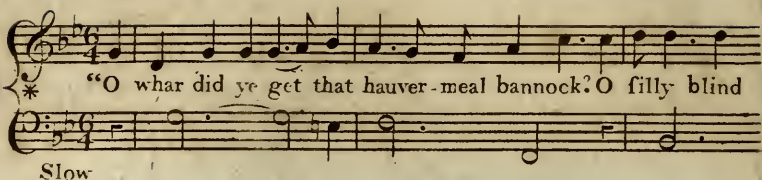
7

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



My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!

My blefsins upon thy bonie e'e brie!

Thy smiles are fae like my blyth Sodger laddie,

Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,

Whare Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;

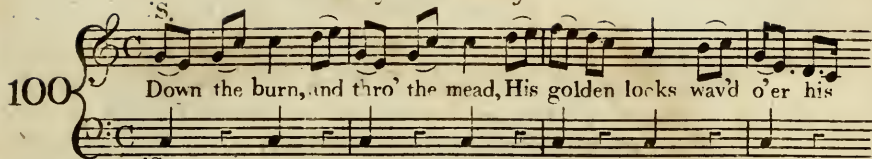
And I'll clee'd thee in the tartan fae fine,

And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

# Johnny and Mary.

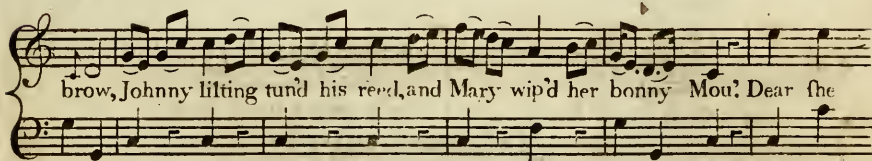
101

100

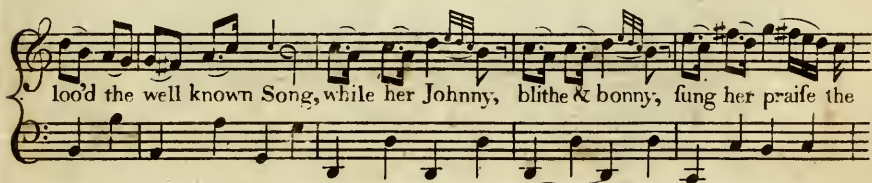


Down the burn, and thro' the mead, His golden locks wav'd o'er his

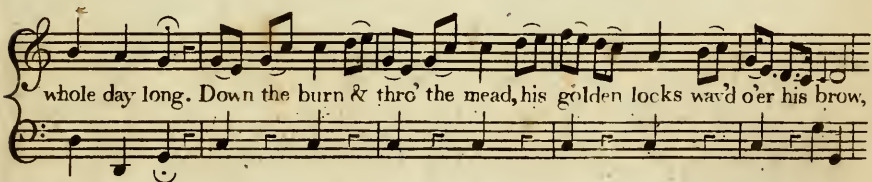
*Affettuoso*



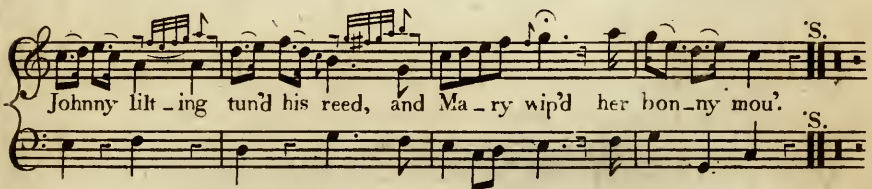
brow, Johnny lilt'ing tunc'd his reed, and Mary wip'd her bonny Mou'. Dear she



lood the well known Song, while her Johnny, blithe & bonny, sung 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'.

Cosily clai'ths she had but few;  
Of rings and jewels nae great store;  
Her face was fair, her love was true,  
And Johnny wisely wi'd'd no more;  
Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize;  
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,  
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

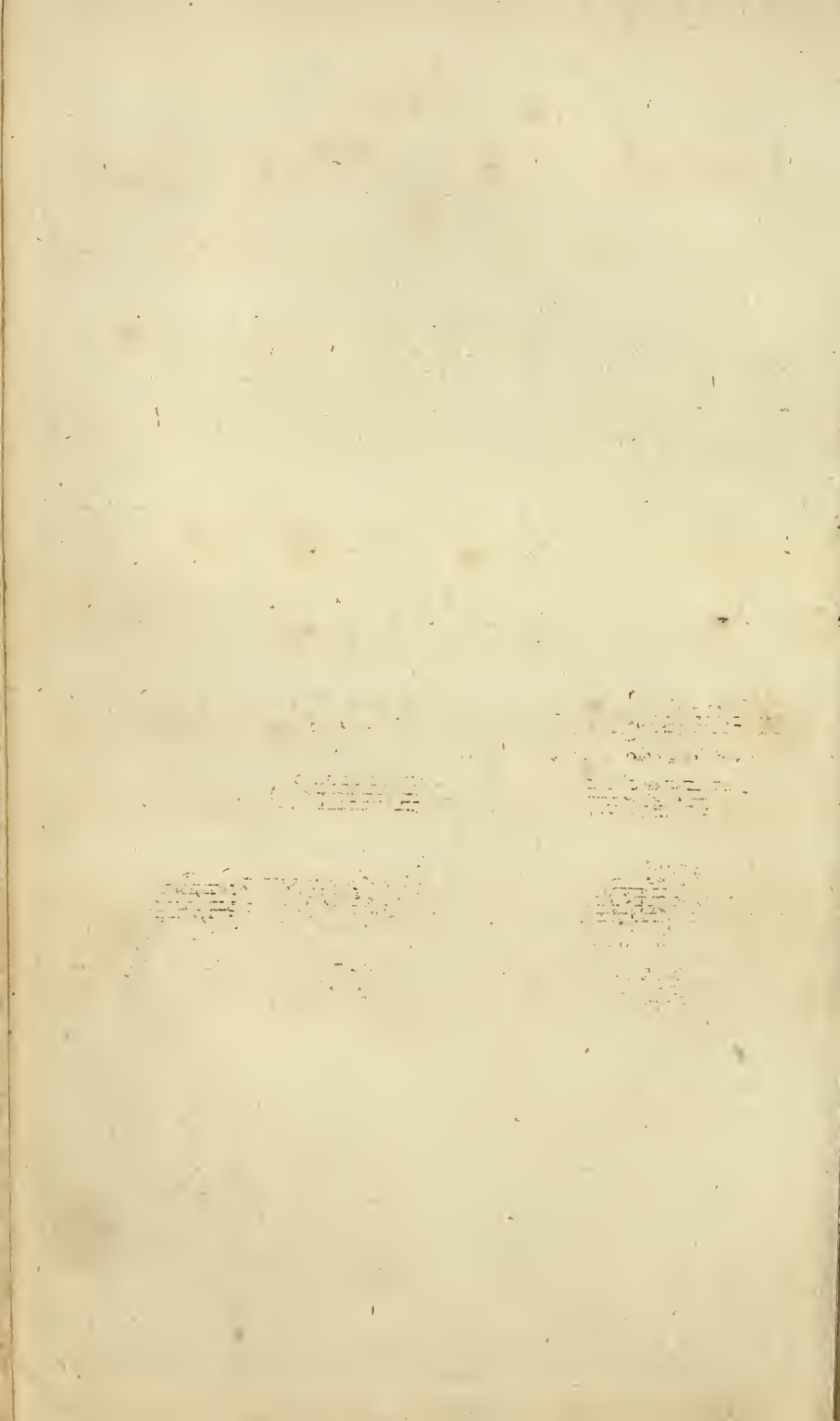
Down the burn, &c.

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.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.











Am. by B.

