


Inglis. 84.





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### III

## P R E F A C E .

NOW that the Editor gives this third Volume of The Scots Musical Museum to the Publick; he hopes it will not be found unworthy of the Volumes already Published. — As this is not one of those many Publications which are hourly ushered into the World merely to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, the Editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers. — Consciousness of the well-known merit of our Scottish Music, and the national fondness of a Scotch-man for the productions of his own country, are at once the Editor's motive and apology for this Undertaking; and where any of the Pieces in the Collection may perhaps be found wanting at the Critical Bar of the First, he appeals to the honest prejudices of the Last.

Materials for the 4<sup>th</sup> and in all probability the last Volume are in great forwardness.

Edin<sup>r</sup> February 2<sup>d</sup> 1790

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Entered in Stationer's Hall.  
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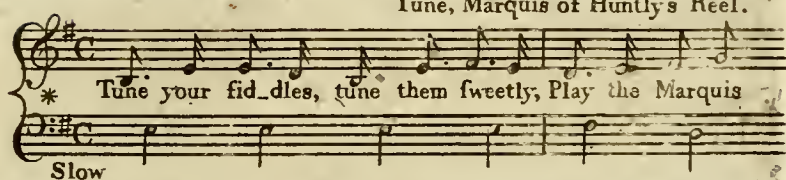


## Tune your Fiddles, &amp;c.

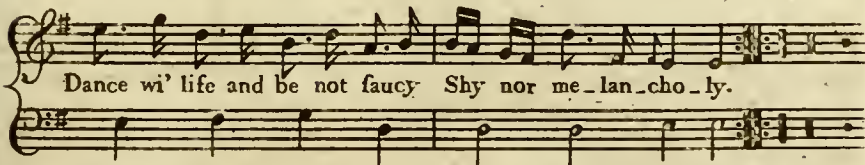
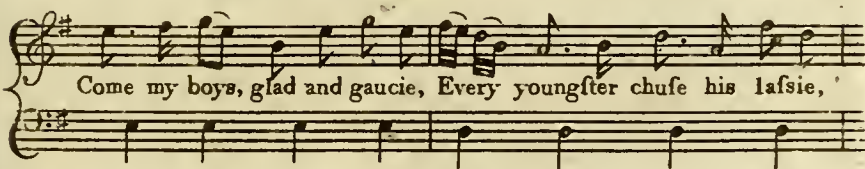
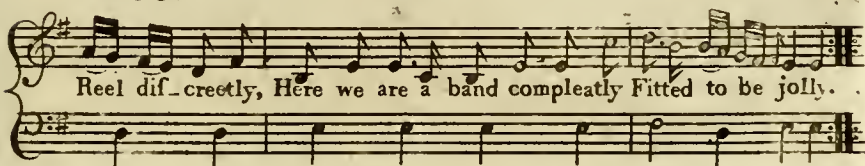
Tune, Marquis of Huntly's Reel.

N<sup>o</sup>

201



Slow



Lay aside your sower grimaces,  
 Clouded brows and drumly faces,  
 Look about and see their Graces,  
 How they smile delighted!  
 Now's the season to be merry,  
 Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,  
 Time enough to turn camstary  
 When we're old and doited.  
 Now's the season &c.

Butler put about the claret  
 Thro' us all divide and share it,  
 Gordon-Castle well can spare it  
 It has claret plenty.  
 Wine's the true inspiring liquor  
 Draffy drink may please the Vicar,  
 When he grasps the foaming bicker  
 Vicars are not dainty.  
 Wine's the true &c.

We'll extol our noble master  
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor  
 Lord preserve him from disaster,  
 So we pray in duty.  
 Prosper too our pretty Dutchess  
 Safe from all distressful touches,  
 Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,  
 Long in health and beauty.  
 Prosper too our &c.

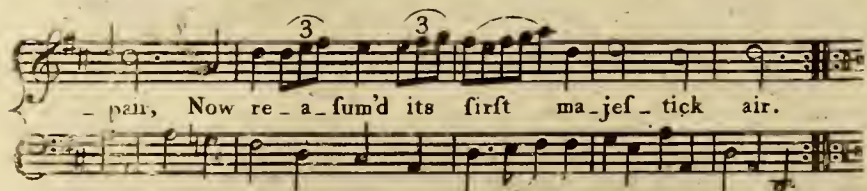
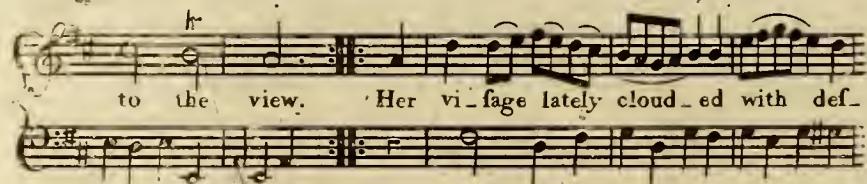
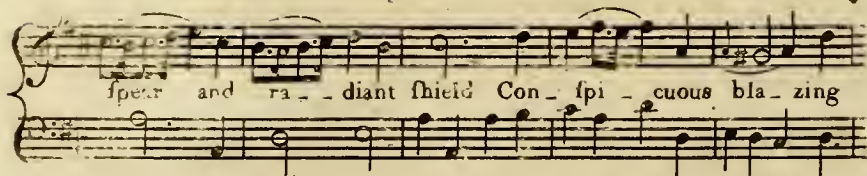
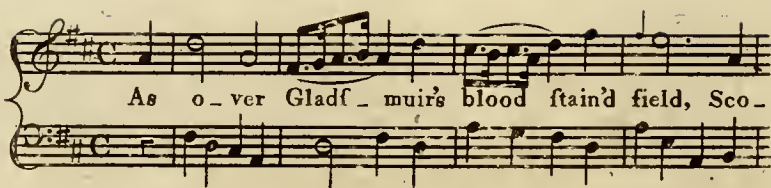
Angels guard their gallant boy,  
 Make him long his fathers joy,  
 Sturdy like the Heir of Troy,  
 Stout and brisk and healthy:  
 Pallas grant him every blessing  
 Wit and size and strength encreasing,  
 Plutus, what's in thy possessing,  
 Make him rich and wealthy.  
 Pallas grant &c.

Youth solace him with thy pleasure  
 In refin'd and worthy measure,  
 Merit gain him choicest treasure  
 From the Royal Donor.  
 Famous may he be in story,  
 Full of days and full of glory,  
 To the grave when old and hoary  
 May he go with honour.  
 Famous may &c.

Gordons join our hearty praises  
 Honest tho' in homely phrases  
 Love our chearful spirits raises  
 Lofty as the lark is;  
 Echoes waft our wishes daily  
 Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,  
 Sound o'er every hill and valley  
 Blessings on our Marquis.  
 Echoes waft &c.

## Gladsmuir.

202



Such seen as oft in battle warm  
 She glow'd through many a martial age;  
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm  
 In pious plans and counsel sage:  
 For, o'er the mingling glories of her face  
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.  
 Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,  
 Her voice the Pow'r celestial rais'd;  
 While her victorious sons around  
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:  
 The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,  
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

## Continued.

'Tis done! my sons! 'tis nobly done!  
 Victorious over tyrant pow'r;  
 How quick the race of fame was run!  
 The work of ages in one hour:  
 Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,  
 One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.  
 But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,  
 A prey to each insulting foe;  
 I fought the grove and gloomy vale,  
 To vent in solitude my woe:  
 Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;  
 Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.  
 What arm has this deliverance wrought?  
 'Tis he! the gallant youth appears;  
 O warm in fields, and cool in thought!  
 Beyond the flow advance of years!  
 Haste, let me, rescu'd now from future harms,  
 Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.  
 Early I nurs'd this royal youth,  
 Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;  
 I fill'd his mind with love of truth,  
 With fortitude and wisdom's stores:  
 For when a noble action is decreed,  
 Heav'n forms the Hero for the destin'd deed.  
 Nor could the soft seducing charms  
 Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil,  
 E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,  
 Of generous deeds and honest toil:  
 Fir'd with the warmth a country's love imparts,  
 He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.  
 With him I plough'd the stormy main;  
 My breath inspir'd the suspicious gale;  
 Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,  
 Through dangers wing'd his daring sail:  
 Where, firm'd with inborn worth he durst oppose  
 His single valour to an host of foes.  
 He came! he spoke! and all around,  
 As swift as heav'n's quick darted flame,  
 Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,  
 And every bosom beat for fame:  
 They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,  
 And at his side the willing heroes rise.  
 Rouse England! rouse, fame's noblest son,  
 In all thy ancient splendor shine;  
 If I the glorious work begun,  
 O let the crowning palm be thine:  
 I bring a Prince, for such is heav'n's decree,  
 Who overcomes but to forgive and free.  
 So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,  
 While plenty crowns the smiling plain;  
 And industry, fair child of peace,  
 Shall in each crowded city reign:  
 So shall these happy realms for ever prove  
 The sweets of Union, Liberty, and Love.



## Gill Morice.

203

Gill Morice was an earle's son, His name it wax - ed  
 wide, It was na for his great riches, Nor yet his mickle pride;  
 But it was for a la - dy gay, That liv'd on Carron side.

Where will I get a bonny boy,  
 That will win hose and shoon,  
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
 And bid his lady cum.  
 Ye maun rin this errant, Willie,  
 And ye may rin wi' pride;  
 When other boys gae on their feet,  
 On horseback ye fall ride.

Oh no! hh no! my master dear!  
 I dare na for my life;  
 I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's  
 For to tryft furth his wife.  
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie,  
 My dear Willie, he faid,  
 How can ye strive against the stream,  
 For I fall be obey'd.

But, oh my master dear, he cry'd,  
 In green wood ye're your lain;  
 Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,  
 For fear ye shou'd be ta'en.  
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
 Bid her come here wi' speed;  
 If ye refuse my high command,  
 I'll gar thy body bleed.

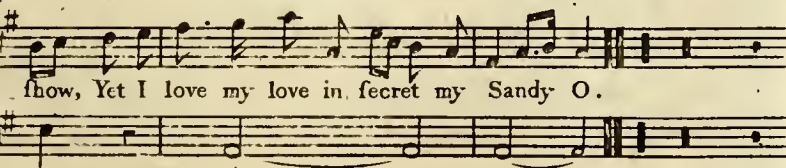
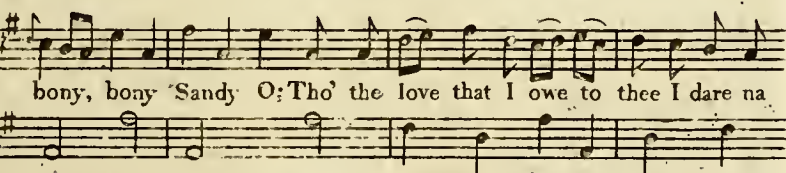
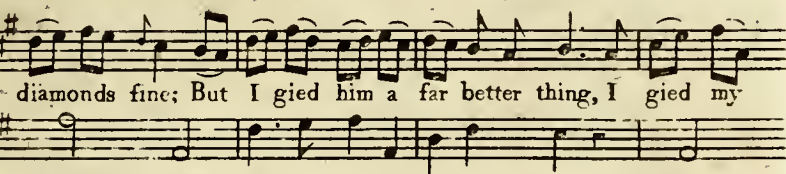
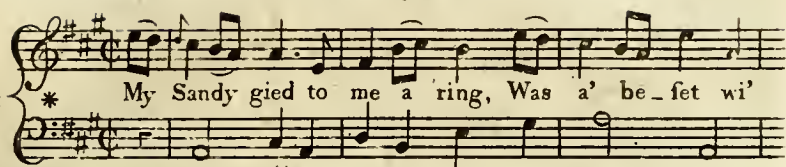
Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,  
 'Tis a goud but the hem;  
 Bid her cum to the good green wood,  
 And bring nane but her lain:  
 And there it is, a filken-fark;  
 Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
 And bid her cum to Gill Morice;  
 Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

I will gae your black errand,  
 Tho' it be to thy cost;  
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,  
 In it ye fall find frost.  
 The baron he's a man of might,  
 He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,  
 As ye will see before it's night,  
 How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,  
 Sae fair against my will,  
 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
 It sal be done for ill.  
 And when he came to broken brigg,  
 He bent his bow and swam;  
 And when he came to grass growing,  
 Set down his feet and ran. &c. &c. &c.

I love my Love in secret.

204



My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,  
While down his cheeks the faut tears row'd;  
He took a hauf and gied it to me,  
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.  
My Sandy O &c.

But ah Miranda without thee,  
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,  
All lonely in the secret shade,  
I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

Same Tune.

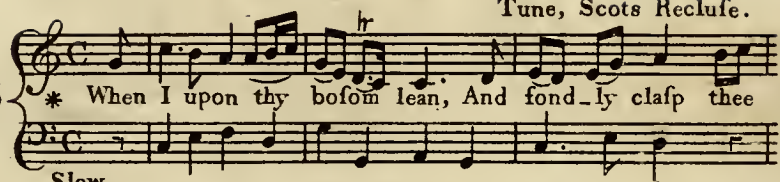
THE smiling plains profusely gay,  
Are dress'd in all the pride of May,  
The birds on ev'ry spray above,  
To rapture wake the vocal grove.

O soft as love! as honour fair,  
Serenely sweet as vernal air,  
Come to my arms for you alone,  
Can all my absence past atone.  
O come! and to my bleeding heart,  
The sov'reign balm of love impart;  
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
And give the year eternal spring.

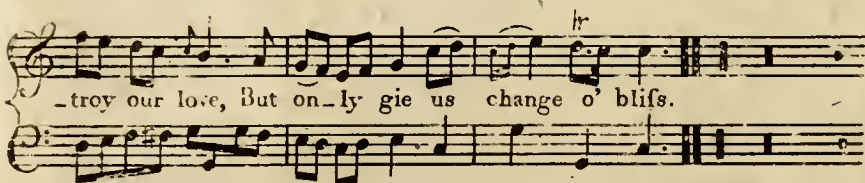
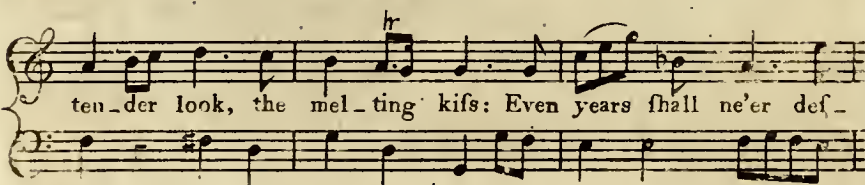
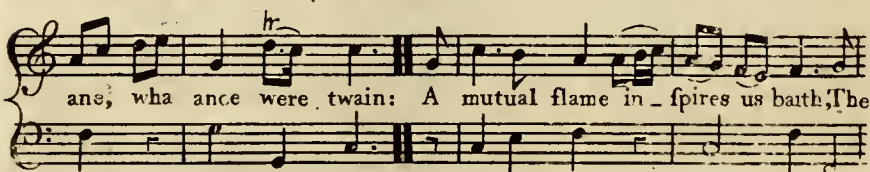
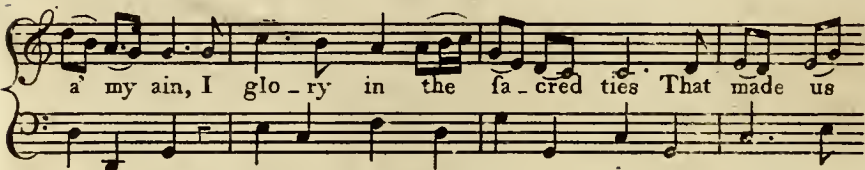
When I upon thy bosom lean.

Tune, Scots Recluse.

205



Slow

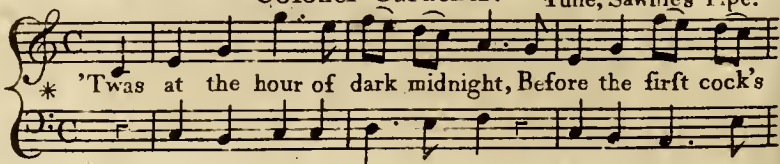


Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;  
I ken thy wish is me to please;  
Our moments pass fae smooth away  
That numbers on us look and gaze,  
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,  
Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame;  
And ay when weary cares arise,  
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

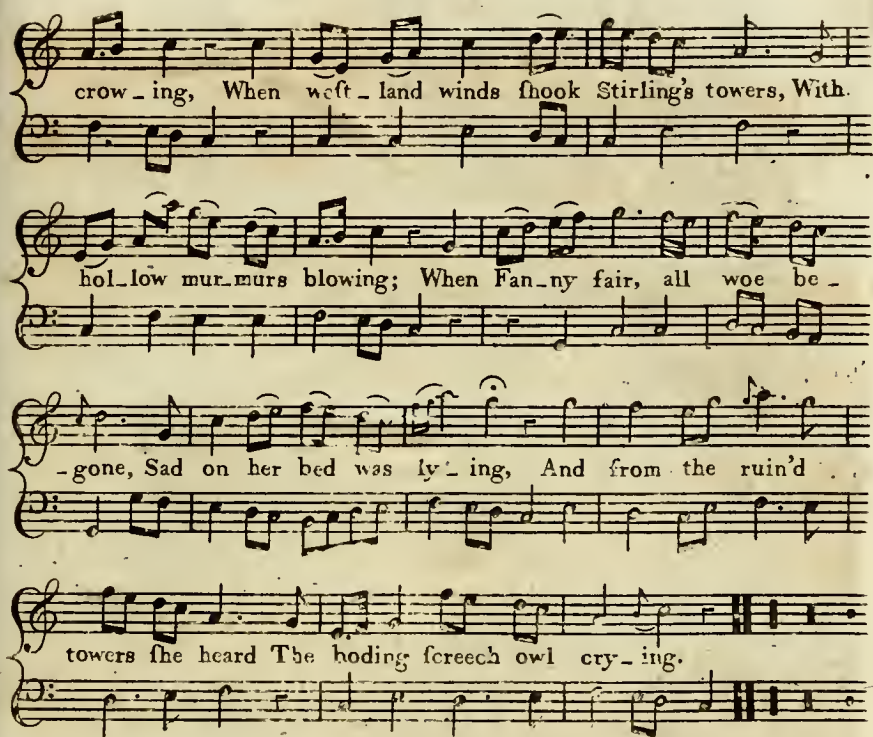
I'll lay me there, and take my rest,  
And if that aught disturb my dear,  
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
And beg her not to drap a tear:  
Hae I a joy, it's a' her ain;  
United still her heart and mine;  
They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

Colonel Gardener. Tune, Sawnie's Pipe.

206







crow-ing, When west-land winds shook Stirling's towers, With.  
 hol-low mur-murs blowing; When Fan-ny fair, all woe be-  
 -gone, Sad on her bed was ly-ing, And from the ruin'd  
 towers she heard The hoding screech owl cry-ing.

O dismal night! she said, and wept,  
 O night prefaging sorrow,  
 O dismal night! she said, and wept,  
 But more I dread to-morrow.  
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
 Each host to Preston bending;  
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,  
 With deadly hate contending.

Even in the visions of the night,  
 I saw fell death wide sweeping;  
 And all the matrons of the land,  
 And all the virgins, weeping.  
 And now she heard the massy gates  
 Harsh on their hinges turning;  
 And now through all the castle heard  
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,  
 The fatal tidings dreading;  
 O speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!  
 I see, I see him bleeding!

A pale corps on the fullen shore,  
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;  
 Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,  
 The foe of life bereft him.

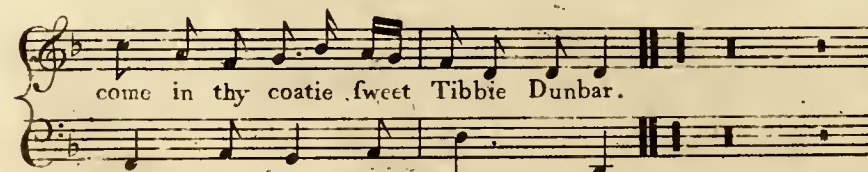
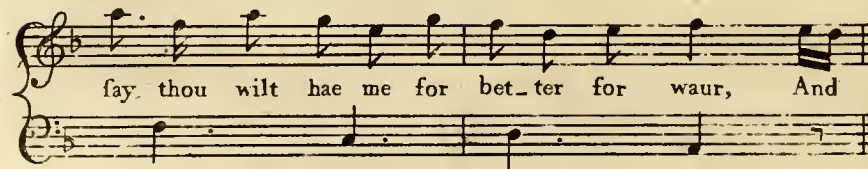
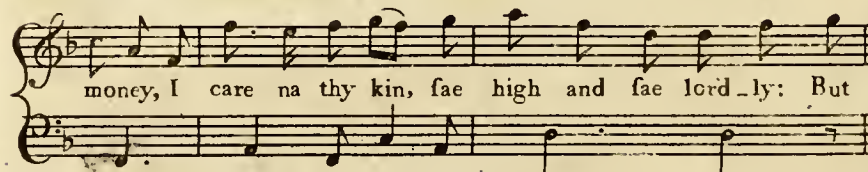
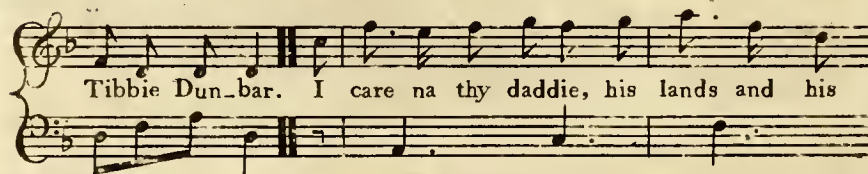
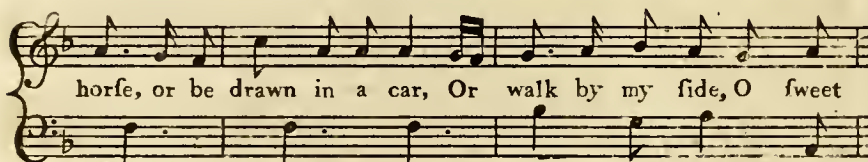
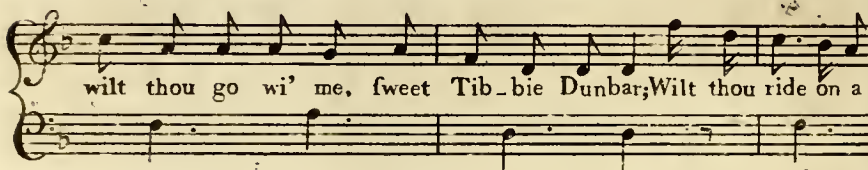
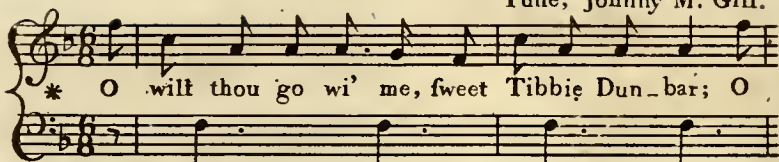
Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,  
 With many a wound deformed:  
 A braver Knight, nor better man,  
 This fair isle ne'er adorned. (maid  
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck  
 A deadly swoon invaded;  
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,  
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,  
 And sad was our complaining;  
 But oh! for thee, my native land,  
 What woes are still remaining!  
 But why complain, the hero's soul  
 Is high in heaven shining:  
 May providence defend our isle  
 From all our foes designing.

## Tibbie Dunbar.

Tune, Johnny Mc Gill.

207



Jenny, was fair and unkind.

Tune, Scots Jenny.

208

\* When west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze, And

Slow

sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees, I went forth one morning to

hail the new spring, And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing.

I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain, But na - ture to

me was delightful in vain, For love had in - vaded the peace of my

mind, And Jenny, dear Jenny, was fair and un - kind.

Ye Powers, who reside in the regions above,

Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love!

Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,

That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.

Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;

Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;

Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;

Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care.



## My Harry was a Gallant gay.

Tune, Highlander's Lament.

209

\* My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strade he on the plain; But

Slow

Chorus

now he's banish'd far awa, I'll never see him back a-gain. O for him

back again, O for him back a-gain, I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land For

Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen;  
I fet me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

O for him &amp;c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyfu' fight,  
My Highlan Harry back again.

O for him &amp;c.

## The Highland Character.

210

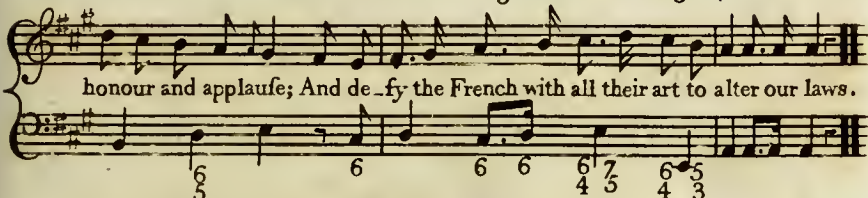
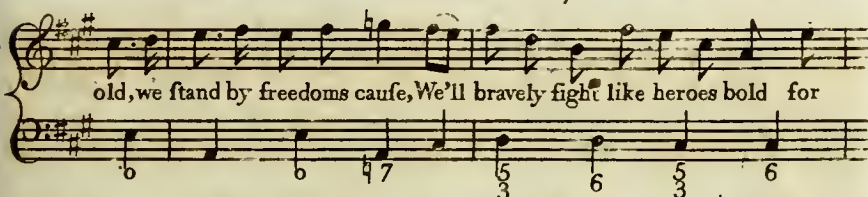
In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the

$\frac{5}{3}$  NB. o means no Thoro' bafs

heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we come, Where the Romans endeavour'd our

country to gain, But our Ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

## Chorus



No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
 Our loud founding pipe bears the true martial strain,  
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
 Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,  
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,  
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;  
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;  
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
 Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.

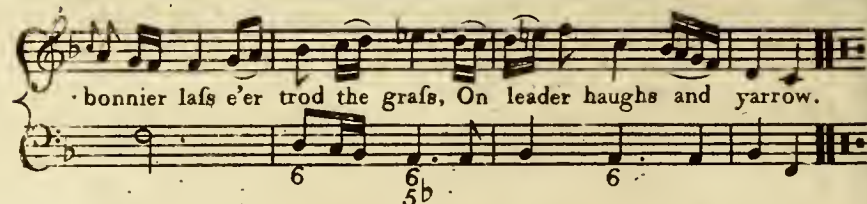
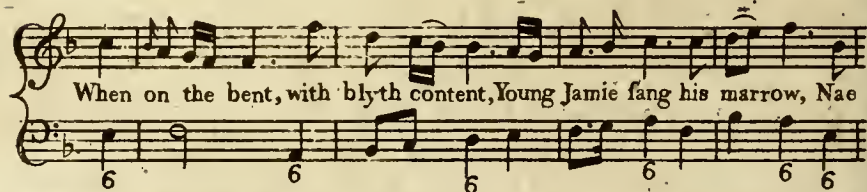
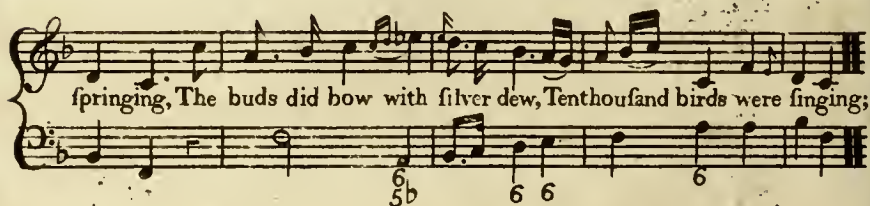
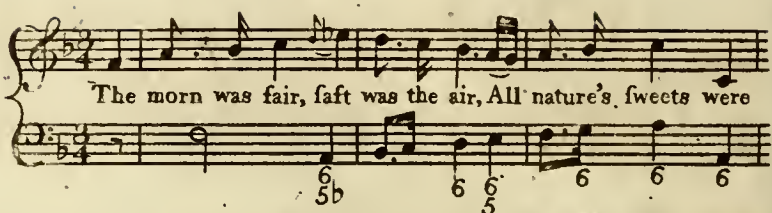
Such our love &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;  
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
 That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,  
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedoms cause,  
 That they like our Ancestors bold, for honour and applause,  
 May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

## Leader haughs and Yarrow.

211



How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace  
In heavenly beauty's planted;  
Her smiling een, and comely mein,  
That nae perfection wanted;  
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
But blest my bonny marrow;  
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

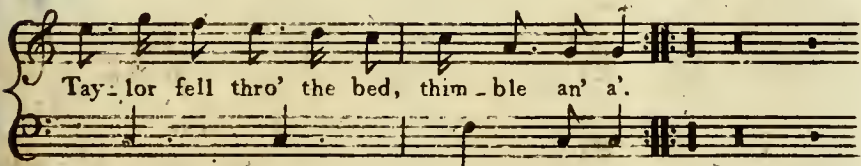
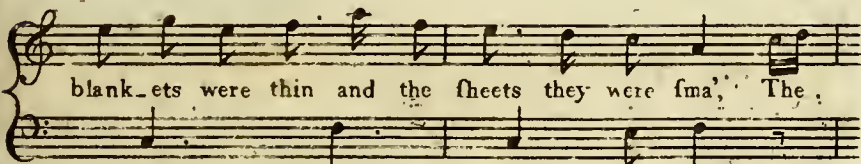
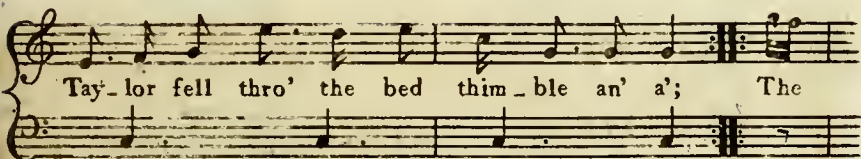
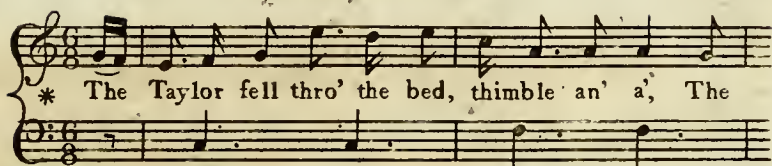
My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
And day and night affright ye;  
But if ye're kind, wi' joyful mind  
I'll study to delight ye;  
Our years around with love thus crown'd,  
From all things joy shall borrow:  
Thus none shall be more blest than we,  
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share  
Of ev'ry charm enchanting,  
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
Poor me, if love be wanting.  
O bonny lass! have but the grace  
To think ere ye gae further,  
Your joys maun flit, if you commit  
The crying sin of murder.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you  
Can make life worth my wishes,  
If equal love your mind can move  
To grant this best of blisses.  
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown  
Would blast me in the blossom;  
But if thou shine, and make me thine,  
I'll flourish in thy bosom.



212



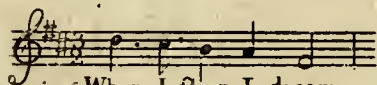
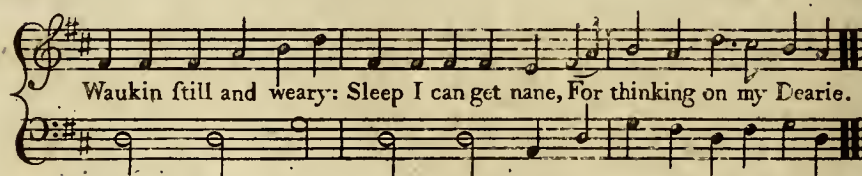
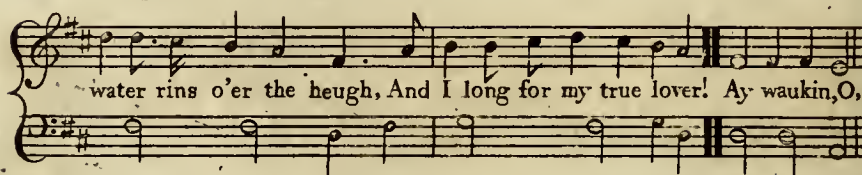
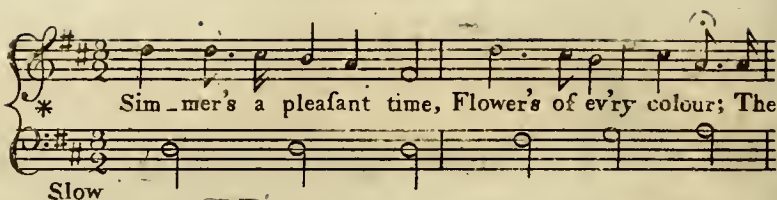
The sleepy bit lalsie she dreaded nae ill,  
The sleepy bit lalsie she dreaded nae ill;  
The weather was cauld and the lalsie lay still,  
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, cany young man,  
Gie me the groat again, cany young man:  
The day it is short and the night it is lang,  
The dearest filler that ever I wan.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,  
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain  
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.

## Ay waukin, O.

213

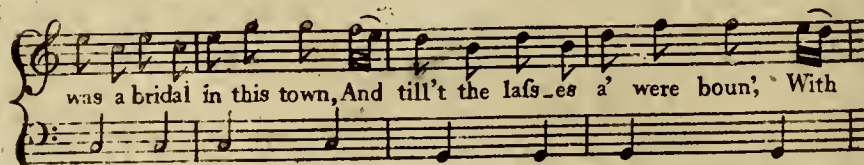
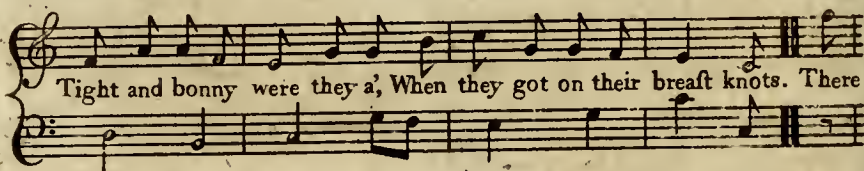
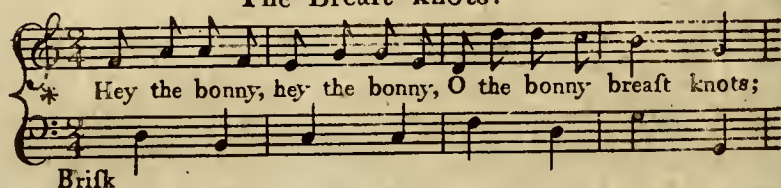


When I sleep I dream,  
When I wauk I'm irie;  
Sleep I can get nane  
For thinking on my Dearie.  
Ay waukin &c.

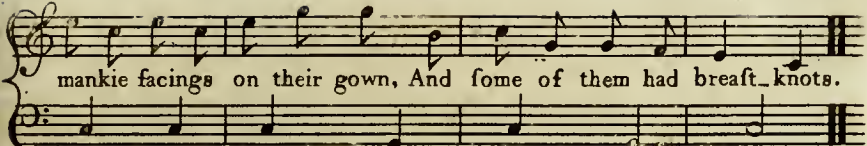
Lanely night comes on,  
A' the lave are sleepin:  
I think on my bony lad  
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.  
Ay waukin &c.

## The Breast knots.

214

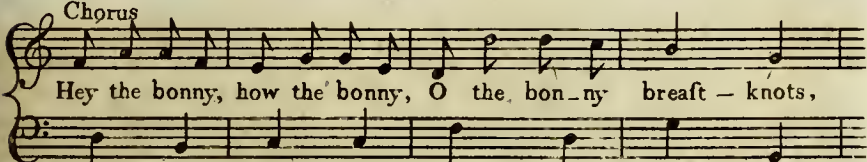


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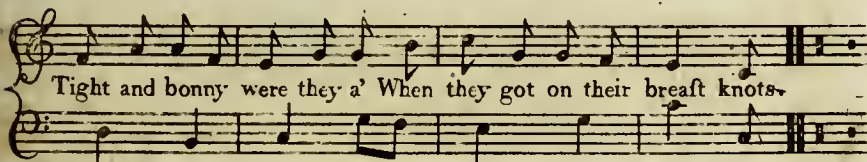


mankie facings on their gown, And some of them had breast-knots.

## Chorus



Hey the bonny, how the bonny, O the bon-ny breast-knots,



Tight and bonny were they a' When they got on their breast-knots.

And there was mony a lusty lad,  
As ever handled grape and gaud,  
I wat their manhood well they shaw'd,  
At ruffling of the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

At nine o' clock they did conveen,  
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,  
Wi' glancing buckles in their sheen,  
And flowers upon their waist-coat.

Hey the bonny &c.

The bride by this time was right fain,  
When that she saw sae light a train,  
She pray'd the day might keep frae rain,  
For spoiling of their breast-knots.

Hey the bonny &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,  
And wish'd the lassie happy days,  
And muckle thought they of her claihs,  
And specially the breast-knots.

Hey the bonny &c.

Forth spake the mither, fan she saw,  
The bride and maidens, a' sae bra',  
Wi' cackling cloute, black be their fa',  
They have made a bonny cast o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Next down their breakfast it was set,  
Some barley lippies of milk meat,  
It leiped them it was sae het,  
As soon as they did taste o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Till some frae them the spoons they threw,  
And swore that they had burnt their mou  
And some into their cutty blew,  
I wat their will they mist not.

Hey the bonny &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,  
The piper lad he looked blate  
Altho' they said that he should eat,  
I trow he lost the best o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,  
O'er creels and deals and a' did coup,  
The piper said, wi' them d - l scoup,  
He'd make a hungry feast o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Syne off they got a' wi' a fling,  
Each lass unto her lad did cling,  
And a' cry'd for a different spring,  
The bride she fought the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,  
At the bridegrooms they neist did land,  
Forth came auld Madge wi' her split ma  
And bread and cheese a hift o't. (wn

Hey the bonny &c.

She took a quarter and a third,  
On the bride's head she gae a gird,  
Till farls flew athort the yird,  
And parted round the rest o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

The bride then by the hand they took  
Twice, thrice they led her round y' crook,  
Some said goodwife well mat ye brook,  
And some great count they cast not.

Hey the bonny &c.

All ran to kilns and barns in ranks,  
Some sat on deals, & some on planks,  
The piper lad stood on his shanks,  
And dirled up the breast knot.

Hey the bonny &c.



## Beware o' bonie Ann.

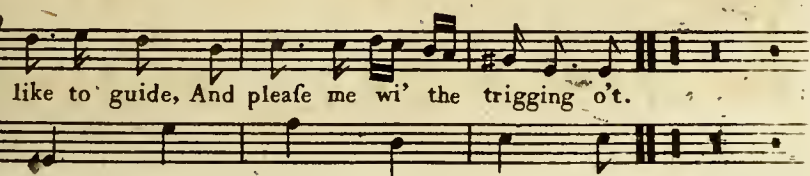
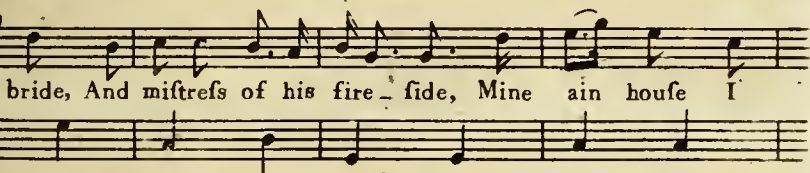
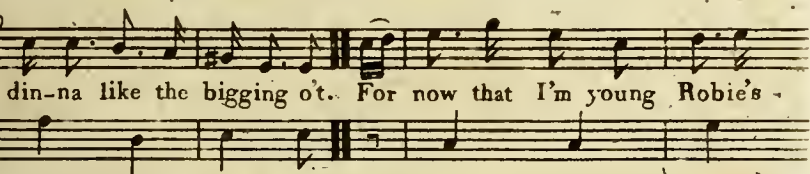
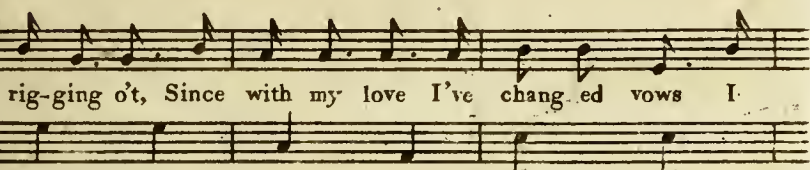
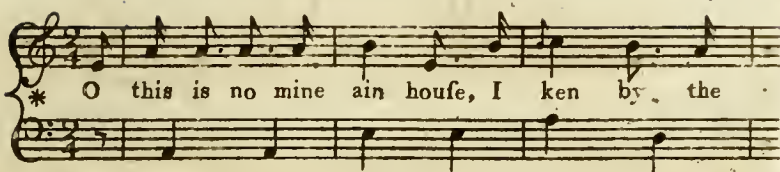
215

\* Ye gallants bright I red you right, Be-ware o',  
 Slow  
 bonie Ann; Her come-ly face sae fu' o' grace, - Your  
 heart she will tre-pan. Her een sae bright, like stars by  
 night, Her skin is like the fwan; Sae jimp-ly lac'd her  
 gen-ty waist, That sweet-ly ye might span.

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

This is no mine ain house.

216



Then farewell to my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me;  
 The strictest duty this allows,  
 When love with honour meets me.  
 When Hymen moulds me into ane,  
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command ay;  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life.  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

## My Wife's a wanton, wee thing.

217 \* My wife's a wanton, wee thing, My wife's a wanton

Lively

wee thing, My wife's a wanton wee thing, She win-na be

guid-ed by me. She play'd the loon or she was married, She

play'd the loon or she was married, She play'd the loon or she was

married, She'll do it again or she die.

She fell'd her coat and she drank it,  
She fell'd her coat and she drank it,  
She row'd herself in a blanket,  
She winna be guided for me.  
She mind't na when I forbade her,  
She mind't na when I forbade her,  
I took a rung and I claw'd her,  
And a braw gude bairn was she.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Laddie lie near me.

218 \* Hark the loud tempest shakes Earth to its center, How

mad were the task on a journey to venture, How dismal's my



## Continued.

prospect! of life, I am weary, O list-ten my love I be-  
 -sue thee to hear me. Hear me, hear me, in ten-der-ness  
 hear me, All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

Nights tho' protracted, tho' piercing the weather,  
 Yet summer was endless, when we were together;  
 Now since thy, absence I feel most severely  
 Joy is extinguish'd and being is dreary.

Dreary, dreary painful and dreary  
 All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

Seize the sweet moments while yet they invite thee,  
 Pleasures here slighted, hereafter may flight thee,  
 Distance and time may no longer endear thee,  
 Come, my dear youth while thy presence can cheer me.  
 Cheer me, cheer me heaven knows it would cheer me  
 All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

What is my fault my soul's darling acquaint me,  
 Let jealous fury no longer torment thee,  
 Judge for thy self how, I love and revere thee,  
 Heaven and thy heart from suspicion will clear me.

Clear me, clear me justice must clear me.  
 All the long winter night Laddie lie near me. D.

## Old Words..

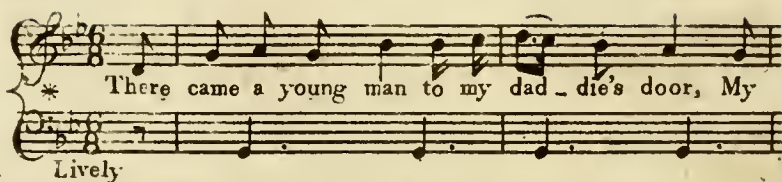
LANG hae we parted been,  
 Lalsie my dearie;  
 Now we are met again,  
 Lalsie lie near me.

Cho<sup>s</sup> Near me, near me,  
 Lalsie lie near me  
 Lang hast thou lien thy lane,  
 Lalsie lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,  
 Lalsie, my dearie,  
 Here in thy arms is cur'd,  
 Lalsie lie near me.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> Near me, &c.

## The brisk young Lad.

219



daddie's door, my daddie's door, There came a young man to my

daddie's door, Came seeking me to woo. And wow, but he was a

braw young lad, A brisk young lad and a braw young lad, And

wow but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

But I was bakin when he came,  
When he came, when he came;  
I took him in and gae him a scone,  
To thow his frozen mou'.  
And wow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the blink,  
I gae him bread, and ale to drink,  
And ne'er a bly-th styme wad he blink,  
Until his wame was fou.  
And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldribe wooer,  
Ye sour-looking, cauldribe wooer,  
I straightway show'd him th the door,  
Saying, come nae mair to woo.  
And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
Before the door, before the door,  
There lay a duck-dub before the door,  
And there fell he I trow.  
And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,  
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,  
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd -  
And there lay he I trow. (about it,  
And wow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,  
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,  
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' beshyld  
We'll hae nae mair of you.  
And wow but, &c.

The Gardener wi' his Paidle.

220

## Slowish

gay, green spreading bowers; Then busy, busy are his hours, The

Gardner wi' his paidle. The chryf-tal wa-ters gent-ly

Gardner wi' his paidle. The chryf-tal wa-ters gent-ly

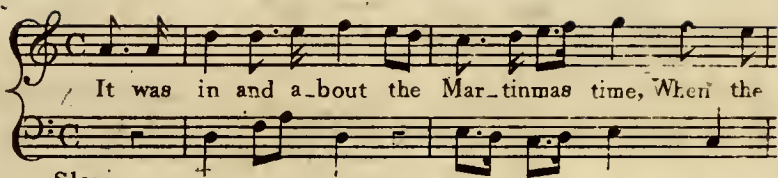
'fz: The merry birds are lov\_ers a'; The scen\_ted breezes

round him blaw, The Gardner wi' his paidle.

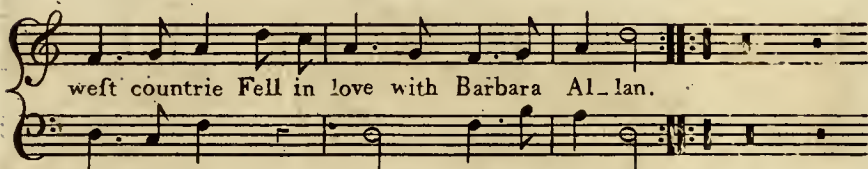
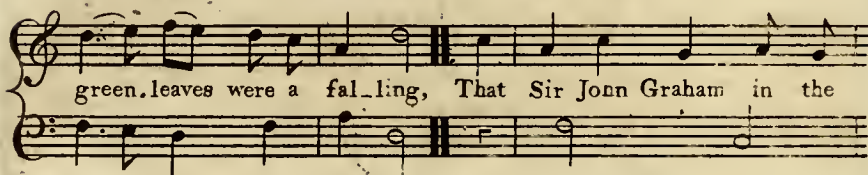
When purple morning starts the hare  
To steal upon her early fare;  
Then thro' the dews he maun repair,  
The Gardener wi' his paidle.  
When day, expiring in the west,  
The curtain draws of Nature's rest;  
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,  
The Gardener wi' his paidle.

## Bonny Barbara Allan.

221



Slow



He sent his man down thro' the town,  
To the place where she was dwelling;  
O haste and come to my master dear,  
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtin by,  
Young man, I think youre dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,  
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,  
When ye the cups was fillin

That ye made the healths gae round and  
And flighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealing,  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

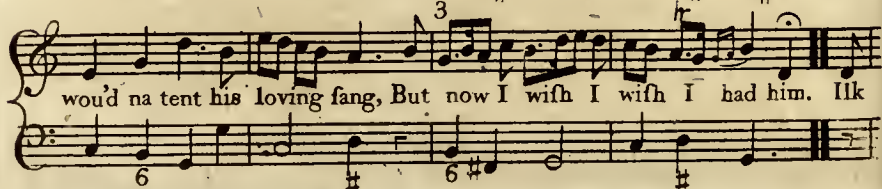
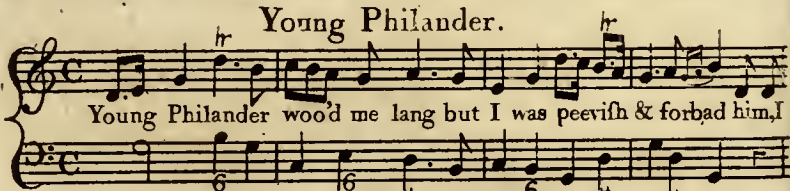
And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him;  
And sighing, said, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the deid-bell knelling,  
And ev'ry fow that the deid-bell geid,  
It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allan.

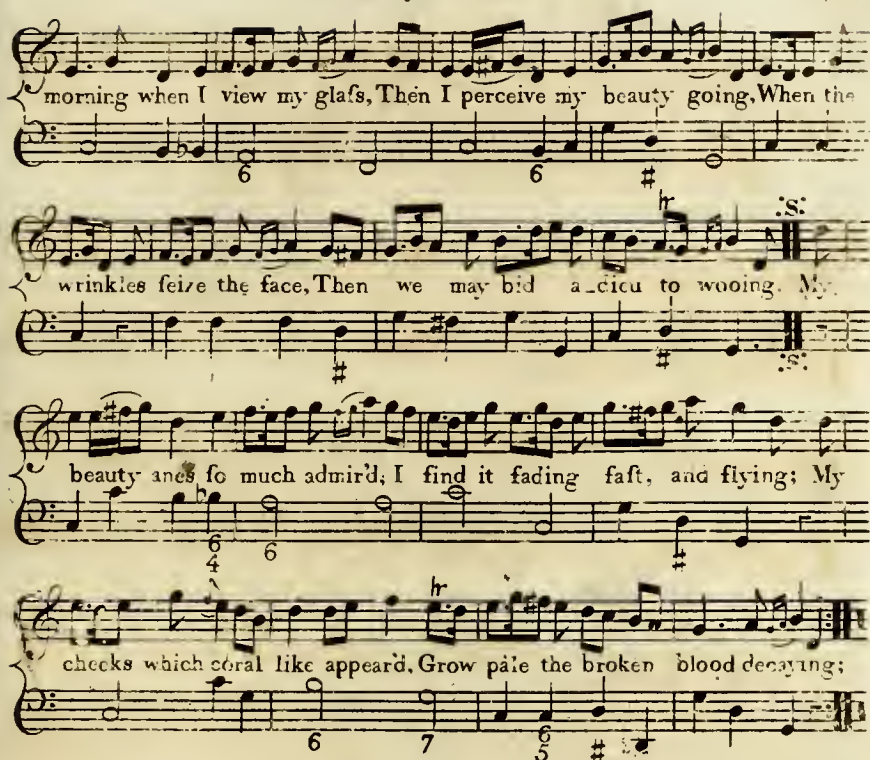
O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
C make it fast and narrow;  
Since my love died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.

## Young Philander.

222







morning when I view my glafs, Then I perceive my beauty going. When the

wrinkles feize the face, Then we may bid adieu to wooing. My

beauty and fo much admir'd, I find it fading faft, and flying; My

checks which coral like appear'd, Grow pale the broken blood decaying;

Ah! we may fee ourfelves to be

Like fummer fruit that is unshaken;

When ripe, they foon fall down and die, I, by his fond expreffions, thought (ing;

And by corruption quickly taken.

Life then your time, ye virgins fair,

Employ your day before 'tis evil;

Fifteen is a feafon rare,

But five an twenty is the devil.

Just when ripe, confent unto 't,

Hug nas mair your lanely pillow;

Women are like other fruit,

They lofe their relifh when too mellow. Then maidens auld you ram'd will be,

If opportunity be loft,

You'll find it hard to be regained;

Which now I may tell to my coft,

Tho' but myfel nane can be blamed.

If then your fortune you refpect,

Take the occafion when it offers;

Nor a true lover's fuit neglect,

Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expreffions, thought (ing;

That in his love he'd neer prove chang-

But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,

And, paff my hope, he's gane a ranging.

Dear maidens, then, take my advice,

And let ra coyness prove your ruin;

For if ye be o'er foolifh nice,

Your fuiters will give over wooing.

Then maidens auld you ram'd will be,

And in that fretful rank be number'd,

As lang as life; and when ye die,

With leading apes be ever cumber'd.

A punishment, and hated band,

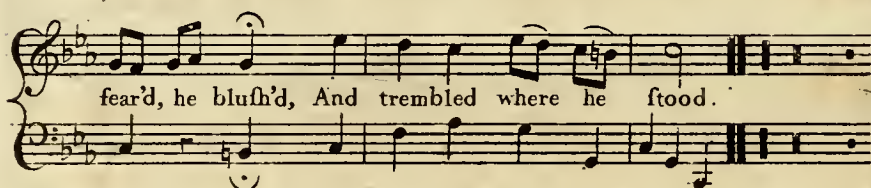
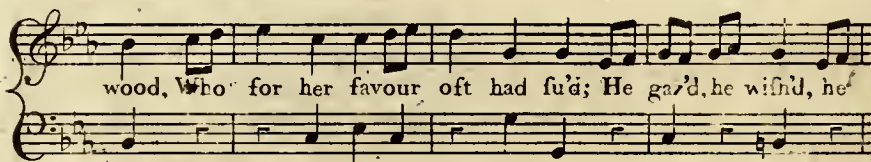
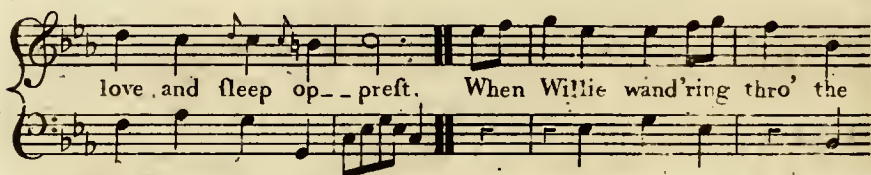
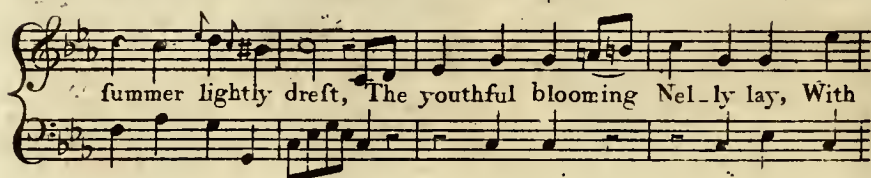
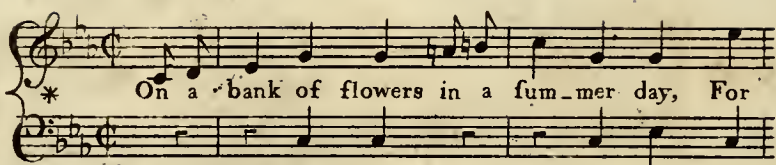
With which we cannot be contented

Then be not wife behind the hand

That the miftake may be prevented

## On a bank of Flowers.

223



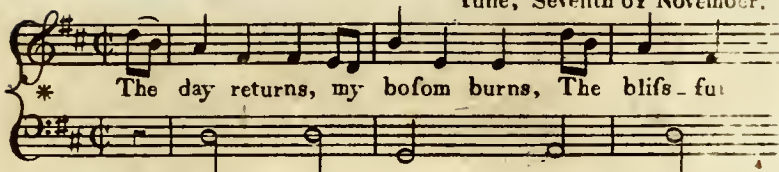
Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd	Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
Were seal'd in soft repose;	A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
Her lips, still as the fragrant breath'd,	He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.	And sigh'd his very soul.
The springing lilies sweetly preft,	
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;	As flies the partridge from the brake
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,	On fear-inspired wings,
His bosom ill at rest.	So Nelly starting, half-awake,
	Away affrighted springs:
Her robes light waving in the breeze,	But Willy follow'd, —as he should,
Her tender limbs embrace;	He overtook her in the wood;
Her lovely form, her native ease,	He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
All harmony and grace:	Forgiving all and good.



The day returns, my bosom burns,

Tune, Seventh of November.

224



day we twa did meet, Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er

summer - sun was half sae sweet. Then a' the pride that loads the

tide, And crosses o'er the ful - try line; Than kingly robes, than

crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,

Or nature aught of pleasure give;

While joys above, my mind can move,

For thee and thee alone I live!

When that grim foe of life below

Comes in between to make us part;

The iron hand that breaks our band,

It breaks my blifs - it breaks my heart!

My love she's but a Lafsie yet.

225

My love she's but a lafsie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet, We'll

let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half fae faucy yet. I

rue the day I fought her O, I rue the day I fought her O, Wha

gets her needs na say he's wood, But he may say he's bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,  
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet: We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:  
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, The minister kist the fidler's wife,  
 But here I never mist it yet. He could na preach for thinkin o't.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 The Gaberlunzie-man.

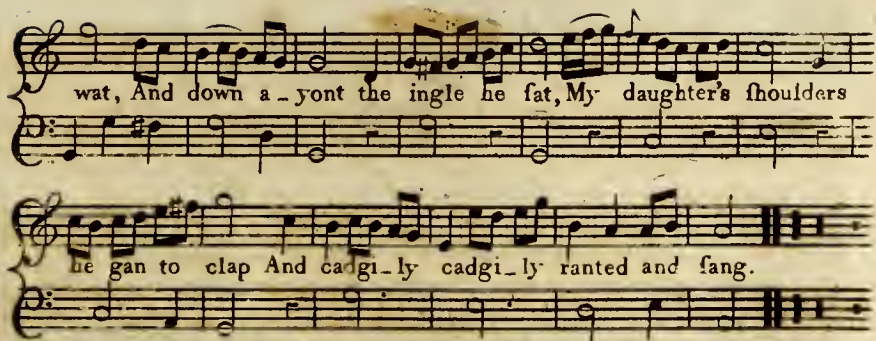
226

The pawky auld carl came o'er the lee, Wi' many good e'ens and

days to me, Saying goodwife for your cour - te - fie Will

ye lodge a fil - ly filly poor man. The night was cauld, the carl was

## Continued.



O vow! quo' he, were I as free,  
As first when I saw this country,  
How blyth and merry wad I be!  
And I wad never think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir flee twa together were say'ng,  
When wooing they were fae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black  
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa wi' me thou shoud gang.  
And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,  
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,  
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wilyly they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leifure pat on her claife;  
Syne to the servants bed she gaes,  
To speer for the silly poor man.

(lay,  
She gaed to the bed where the beggar  
The strae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Walladay!  
For some of our gear will be gane.  
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,  
But nought was stown that could be mist,  
She danc'd her lanè, cry'd praise be blest!  
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,  
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the houle, lafs, and wauken my  
And bid her come quickly ben. (bairn,

The servant gade where the daughter lay,  
The sheets was cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her goodwife did say,  
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste ye find these traytors again;  
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.  
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,  
The wife was wood and out o' her wit;  
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
But ay she curs'd and ay she bannd.

Mean, time far hind out o'er the lee  
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa with kindly sport and glee,  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:  
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith  
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were 'wi' you,  
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou,  
Sick a poor man she'd never trow,  
After the gaberlunzie-man.  
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,  
To follow me frae town to town,  
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
And spindles & whorles for them wha need,  
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,  
To carry the gaberlunzie on.  
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,  
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
While we shall be merry and sing.



## Cauld frosty morning.

227 \* 'Twas past ane o' clock in a cauld frosty morning, When cankert No-

- vember blows over the plain, I heard the kirk bell re-peat the loud warning, As,

restless, I sought for sweet slumber in vain: Then up I a-rose, the silver moon

shining bright; Mountains & vallies appearing all hoary white, Forth I would

go a-mid the pale, silent night, To seek the fair one, the cause of my pain.

Sae gently I staw to my lovely Maid's chamber,  
 And rapp'd at her window, low down on my knee;  
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber,  
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me.  
 For, that a stranger to a' pleasure, peace and rest,  
 Love into madness had fired my tortur'd breast,  
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest,  
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie!

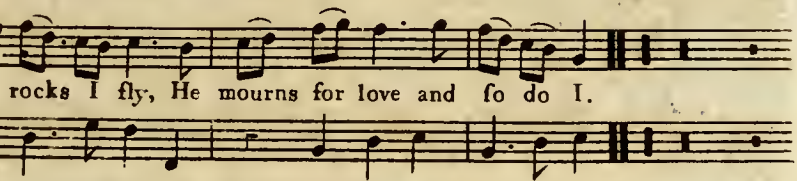
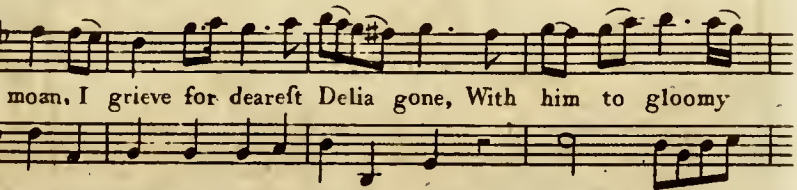
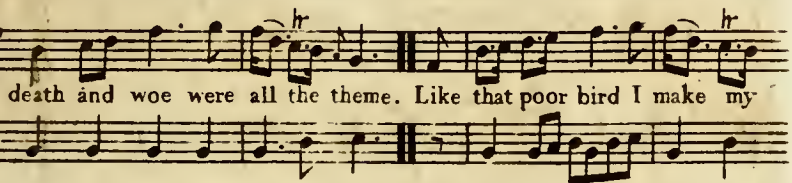
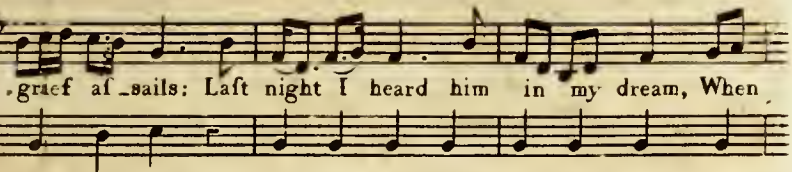
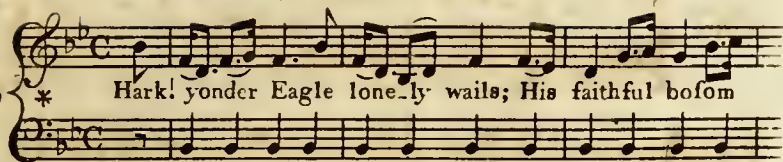
My true-love arose and whispered to me,  
 (The moon looked in, and envy'd my love's charms;)  
 "An innocent maiden, ah, would you undo me!"  
 I made no reply, but leapt into her arms:  
 Bright Phebus peep'd over the hills and found me there;  
 As he has done, now, seven lang years and mair:  
 A faithfuller, constanter, kinder, more loving Pair,  
 His sweet-cheering beam nor enlightens nor warms.



# The black Eagle.

237

228



'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast, Dark as his feathers was the fate  
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest. That robb'd him of his darling Mate,  
He droops his wings, he hangs his head, Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,  
Since she he fondly lov'd was dead. That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.  
With Delia's breath my joy expir'd, To him is now for ever lost  
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd; The heartfelt bliss he once could boast,  
Like that poor Bird, I pine, and prove Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display  
Nought can supply the place of love. An image of my soul's dismay.

## Jamie come try me.

229

\* Jamie come try me, Jamie come try me, If thou would

Very Slow

win my love Jamie come try me. If thou should ask my love,

Could I de\_ny thee? If thou would win my love Jamie come try me.

If thou should kifs me, love,  
Wha could espy thee?  
If thou wad be my love,  
Jamie come try me.  
Jamie come &c.

## Magie's Tocher.

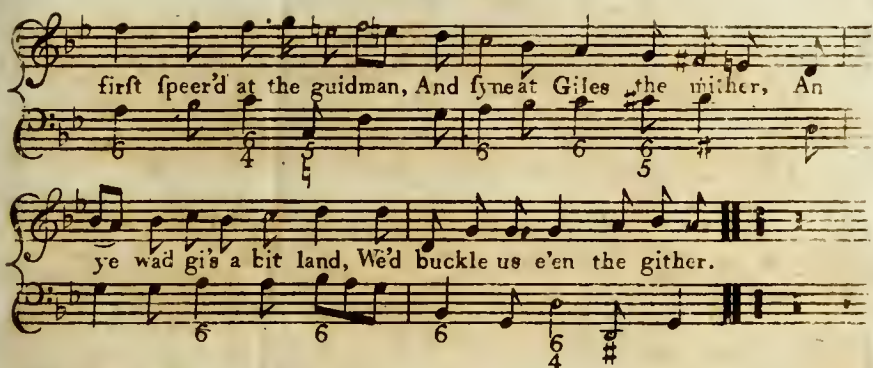
230

The meal was dear short fyne, The maut & a' the gither, And

Maggie was just in her prime, When Willie made courtship till her.

Twa pistols charg'd be\_guets, To gie' the cour\_ting shot, And

fyne came ben the lafs, Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt, He



My doughter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gi' you her by the hand:  
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fay,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your tocher it fall be good,  
 There's nane fall hae its maik,  
 The lafe bound in her snood,  
 And Crummie wha kens her stake:  
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,  
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither..

Ye speak right well, guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty;  
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gawn the gither;  
 A house is but and ben,  
 And Crummie will want her fother.  
 The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither;  
 We have nouter pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough  
 For that you need nae fear,  
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,  
 And ye your fell maun steer:  
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks  
 That anes were o' the tweel,  
 The t'ane to had the grots,  
 The ither to had the meal;  
 With an auld kift made of wands,

And that fall be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,  
 We hae but borrowed gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is Sandy Wilton's mare:  
 The saddle's nane of my ain,  
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
 And when that I gae hame,  
 I maun tak to my koots:  
 The cloak is Geord Watt's,  
 That gars me look fae crouse;  
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,  
 We'll make nae mair toom rust.

I like you weel, young lad,  
 For telling me fae plain,  
 I married when little I had  
 O' gear that was my ain:  
 But sin that things are fae,  
 The bride she maun come furth,  
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,  
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,  
 Fy cry on Giles the mither:  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'ngar the hissie come hither.  
 The bride she gade till her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her;  
 The fidler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gith.



## My bony Mary.

231 \* Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a  
 fil - ver taf - fie; That I may drink be - fore I go A  
 fer - vice to my bo - nie lafsie. The boat rocks at the Pier o'  
 Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, The ship rides by the  
 Ber - wick-law, And I maun leave my bo - ny Mary.

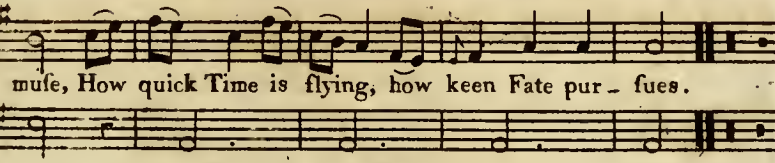
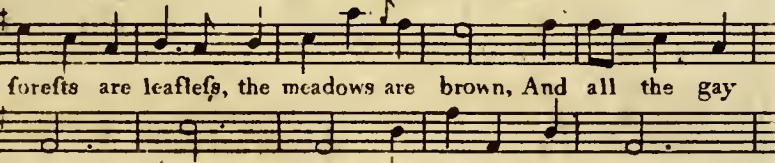
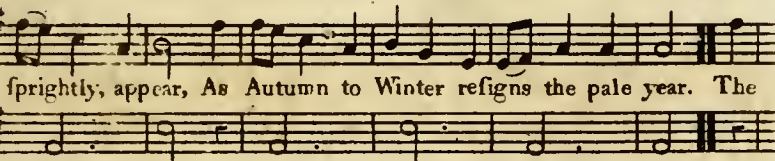
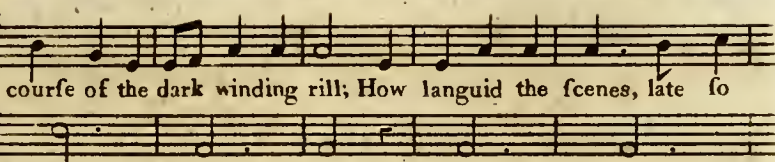
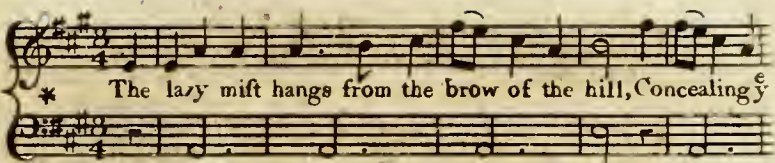
The trumpets found, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready,  
 The shouts o' war are heard a far,  
 The battle closes deep and bloody:  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bony Mary!



# The lazy mist.

241

232

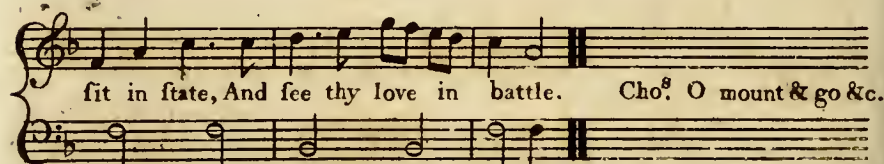
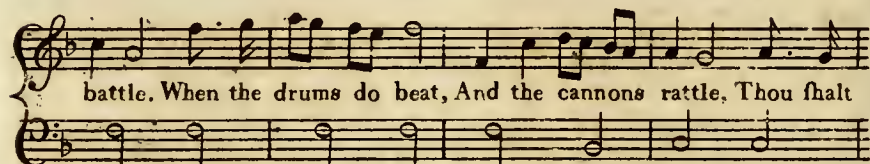
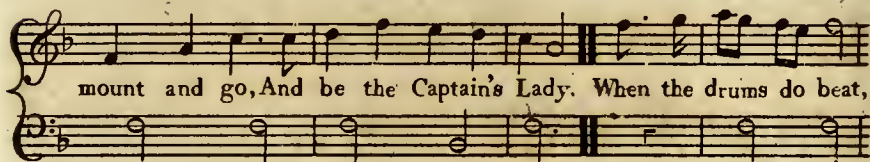
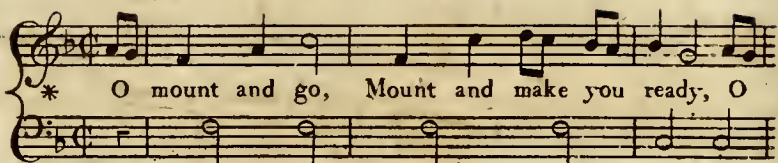


How long I have liv'd - but how much liv'd in vain;  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain:  
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;  
 What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.  
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!  
 And downward, how weaken'd how darken'd, how pain'd!  
 Life is not worth having with all it can give,  
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

B.

## The Captain's Lady

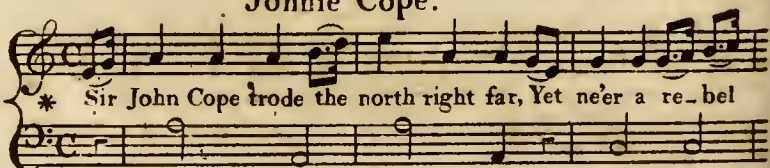
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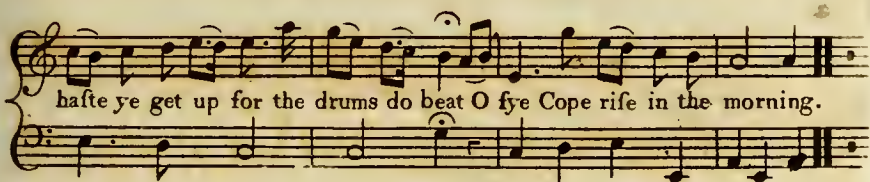
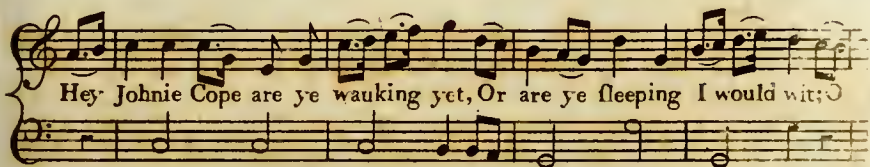
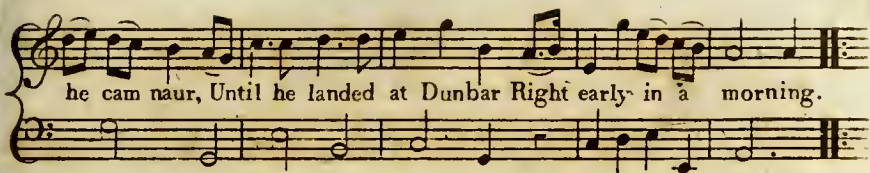


When the vanquish'd foe  
Sues for peace and quiet,  
To the shades we'll go  
And in love enjoy it.  
Cho.<sup>g</sup> O Mount &c.

## Johnie Cope.

234





He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;  
If it be not by the chance of war  
I'll give you a merry morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,  
He look'd between him and the skies;  
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,  
Which fear'd him in the morning  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon  
He drew his sword the scabbard from—  
"So Heaven restore to me my own,  
"I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,  
Crying for a man of war; (tar,  
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic  
And gotten awa in the morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word  
That he would fight them gun and sword,  
But he fled frae his nest like an ill fear'd  
And Johnie he took wing in y<sup>e</sup> morning (bird,  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,  
Just as the devil had been his guide,  
Gien him the warld he would na stay'd  
To foughten the boys in the morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

It was upon an afternoon,  
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town  
He says, my lads come lean you down,  
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,  
O what's become of all your men.  
In faith says he, I dinna ken,  
I left them a' this morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,  
Wi' swords & guns & rungs & gauds,  
O Johnie, he took wing in the morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

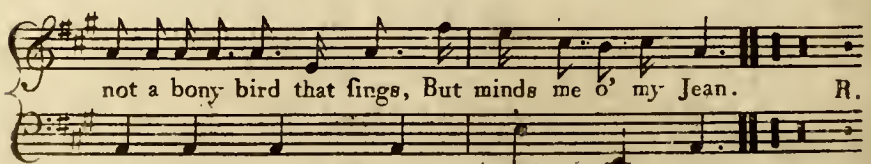
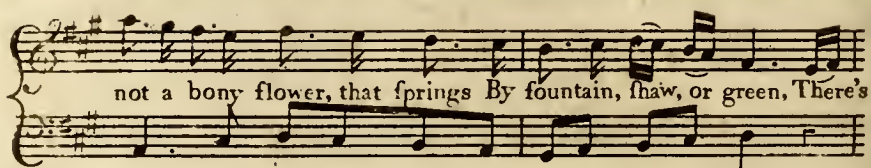
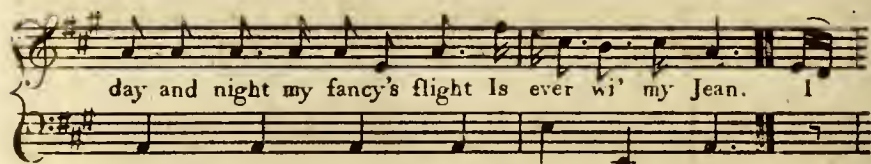
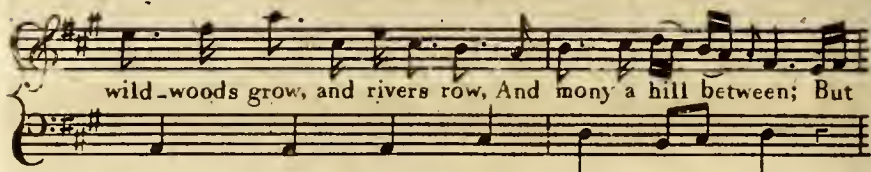
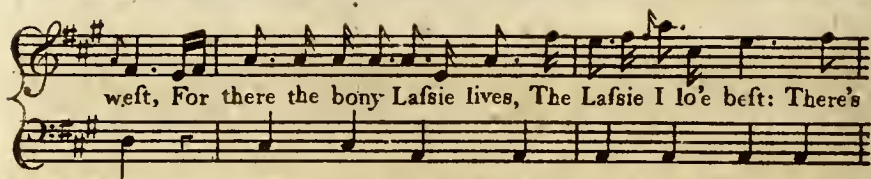
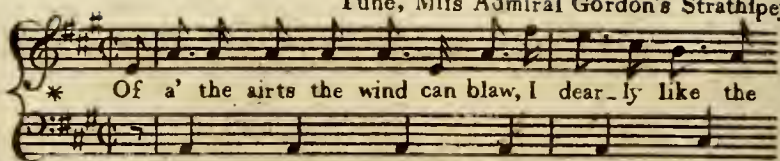
Says Lord Mark Car ye are na blate,  
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat.  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate;  
Get out o' my fight this morning.  
Hey Johnie Cope &c.



## I Love my Jean.

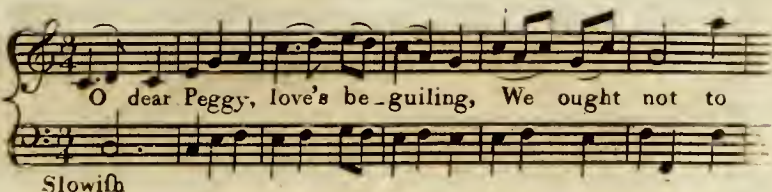
Tune, Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.

235

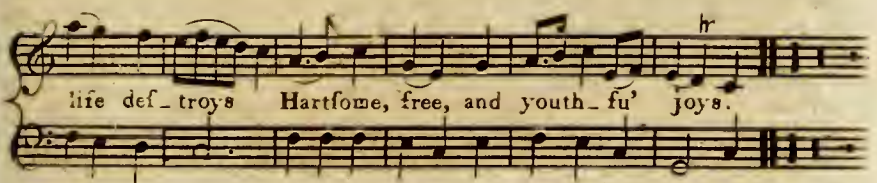
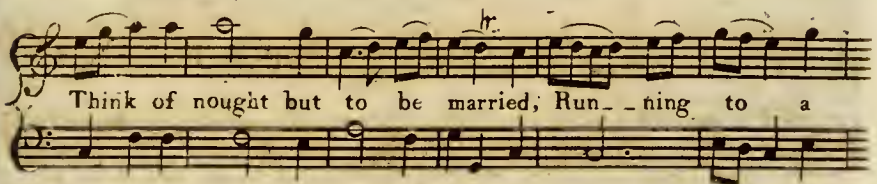
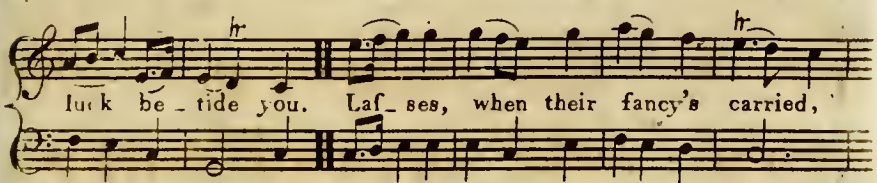
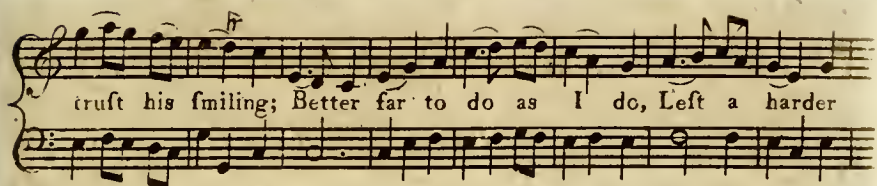




236



Slowish



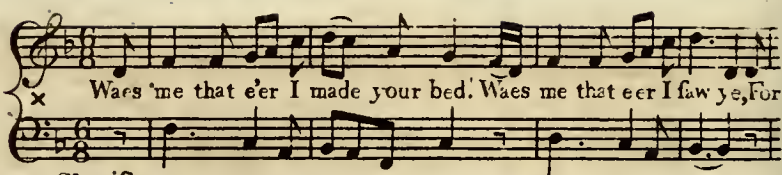
## Old Words.

O dear minny, what shall I do?  
 O dear minny, what shall I do?  
 O dear minny, what shall I do?  
 Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.

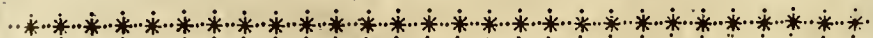
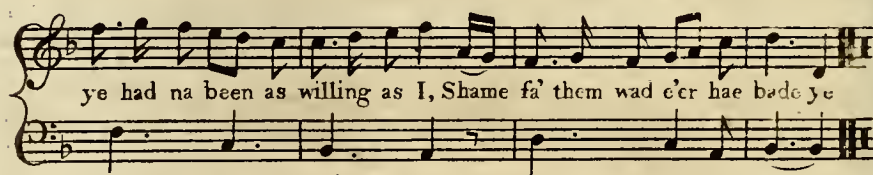
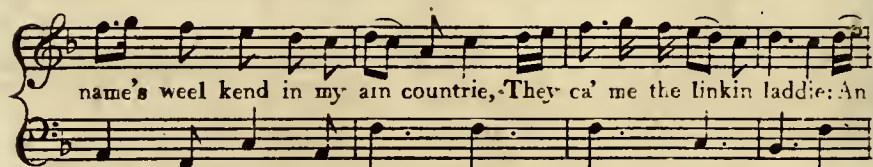
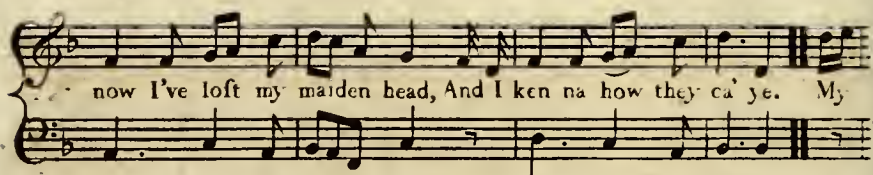
If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;  
 If I be fair, I canna be gude;  
 If I be lordly, the lads will look by me;  
 O dear minny, what shall I do?  
 Cho<sup>b</sup>. O dear minny &c.

## The linkin laddie.

237

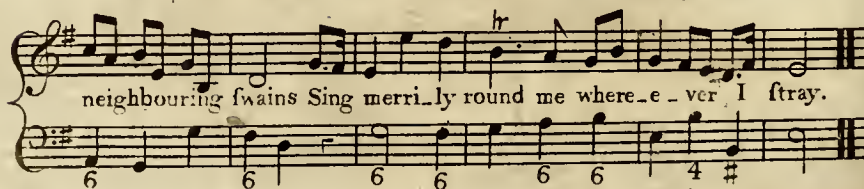
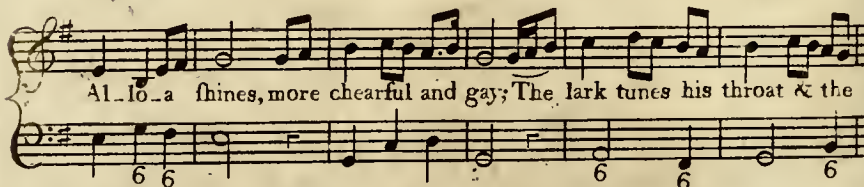
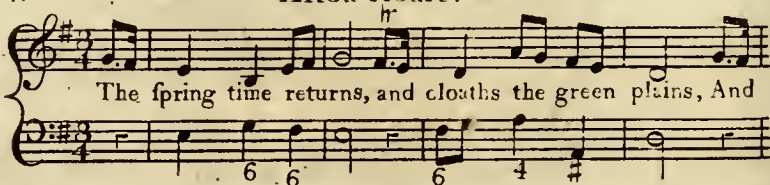


Slowish



## Alloa Houfe.

238



## Continued.

But Sandy no more re- turns to my view; No spring time me  
 cheers no mu- sic can charm; He's gone! and I fear me, for e- ver a  
 - dieu, A- dieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa Houfe! how much art thou chang'd!  
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!  
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,  
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!  
 Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;  
 Here listened too fond, whenever you sing;  
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold,  
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue.

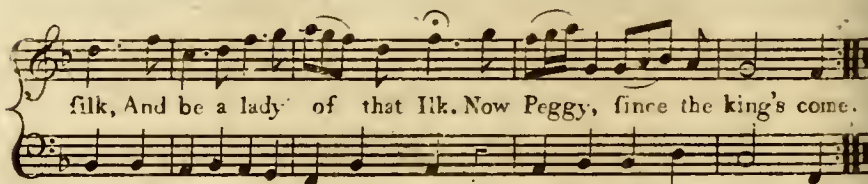
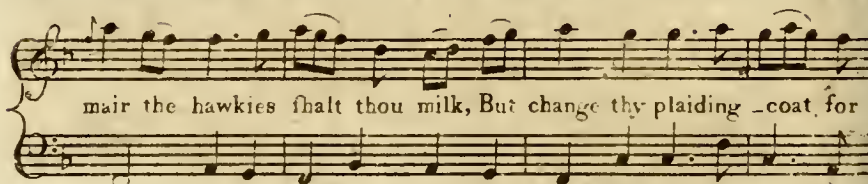
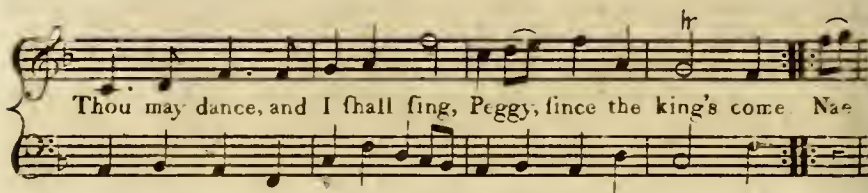
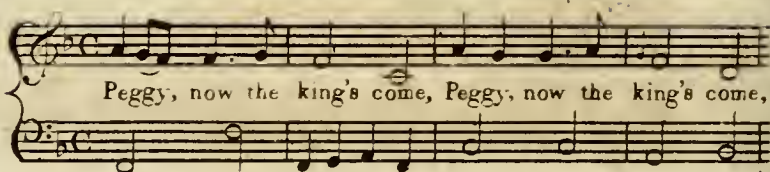
So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,  
 And shame, her last falt'ring accents suppress;  
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,  
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address.  
 My Nelly, my fair, I come, O my love,  
 No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,  
 And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,  
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;  
 And will you, my love! be true, she reply'd!  
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same!  
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride!  
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;  
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:  
 Then adieu! to all sorrow; what soul is so blind,  
 As not to live happy for ever with you.



## Tune, Carle, an' the king come.

239



## Old Words.

## Chorus

CARL an the king come,  
 Carl an the king come;  
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing,  
 Carl an the king come.

An somebodie were come again,  
 Then somebodie maun cross the main,  
 And every man shall hae his ain,  
 Carl an the king come.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Carl an &c.

I trow we swapp'd for the warse,  
 We gae the boot and better horse;  
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,  
 Carl an the king come.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Carl an &c.

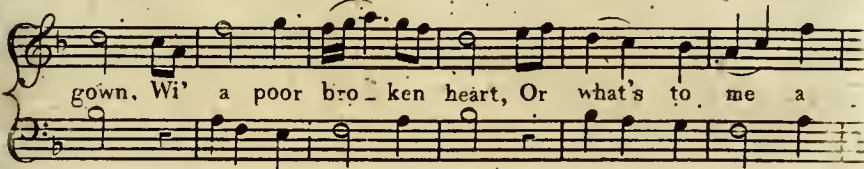
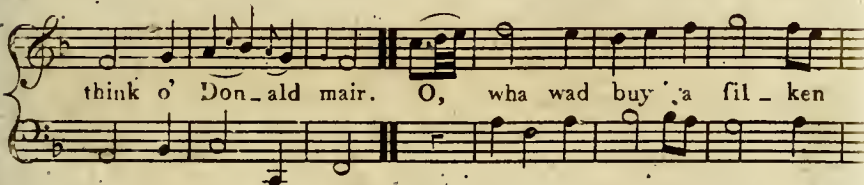
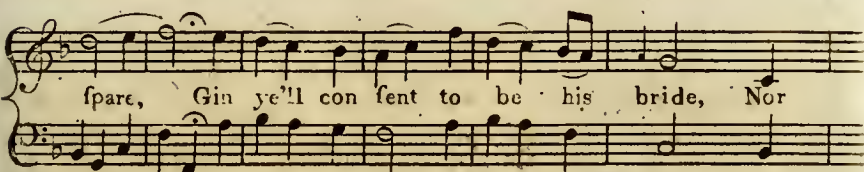
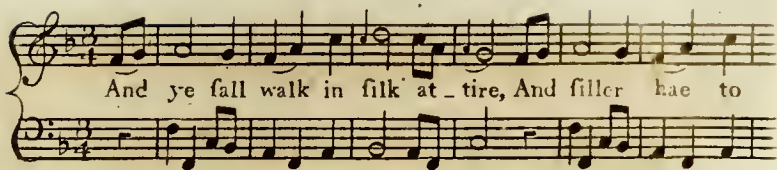
Coggie an the king come,  
 Coggie an the king come,  
 I'll be fou and thou'll be toom,  
 Coggie an the king come.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Coggie an &c.



## The Siller Crown.

240



The mind whase every wish is pure	His gentle manners wan my heart,
Far dearer is to me,	He, gratefu' took the gift;
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,	Cou'd-I but think, to seek it back
I'll lay me down and die;	It wou'd be war than theft.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth	For langest life, can ne'er repay
Brave Donalds fate to share,	The love he bears to me.
And he has gi'en to me his heart	And e'er I'm forced to break my troth
Wi' a' its virtues rare.	I'll lay me down and die.

## St Kilda Song.

241

By the stream so cool and clear, And thro' the caves where

Slow with Expression

breezes lan-guish, Sooth-ing still my ten-der an-guish,

Hoping still to find my lover, I have wander'd far and

near, O where shall I the youth discover.

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,  
 Ye rocks with moss and ivy waving,  
 On some bank where wild waves laving,  
 Murmur through the twisted willow;  
 On that bank, O were I laid,  
 How soft should be my lover's pillow!

## The Mill Mill O.

242

Be-neath a green shade I fand a fair maid, Was

Slow

sleeping found and still! O; A' lowan wi' love my fan-cy did

## Continued.

rove A\_ round her wi' good will O: Her bosom I prest; but  
 sunk in her rest, She stir'dna my joy to spill O: While kindly she  
 slept, close to her I crept, And kiss'd & kiss'd her my fill O.

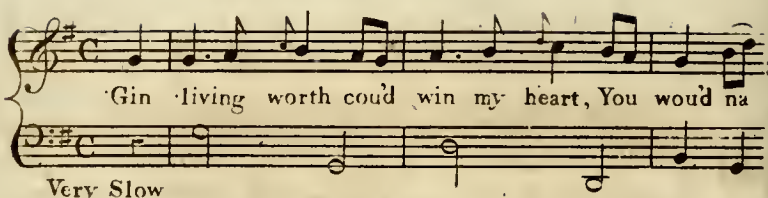
Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,  
 T'employ my courage and skill..O,  
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,  
 For the wind blew fair on the billow,  
 Two years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame  
 Tald me with a voice right shrill..O,  
 My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,  
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill..O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,  
 I ferlyng speir'd how she fell..O,  
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,  
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell..O.  
 But love gave command, I took her by the hand,  
 And bade a' her fears expel..O,  
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man  
 Wha had done her the deed mysel..O.

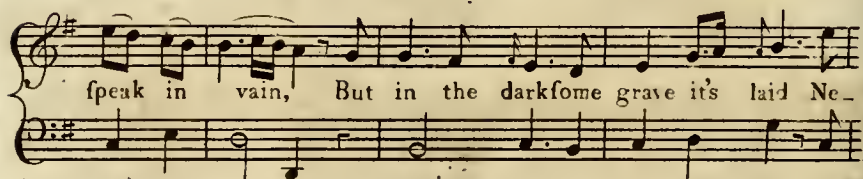
My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grafs,  
 Beneath the Shilling-hill..O,  
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends  
 Before I leave Peggy's mill..O.  
 O the mill, mill..O, and the kill, kill..O,  
 And the coggin of the wheel..O;  
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,  
 And round with a sodger reel..O.

## The Waefu Heart.

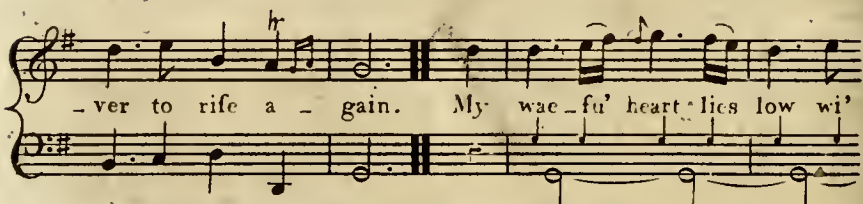
243



Gin living worth could win my heart, You wou'd na



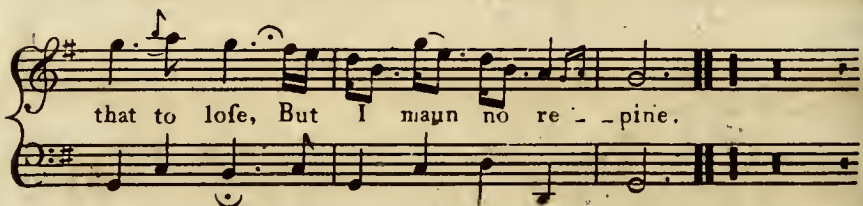
speak in vain, But in the darksome grave it's laid Ne-



-ver to rise a - gain. My wae-fu' heart lies low wi'



his Whose heart was on - ly mine And oh! what a heart was



that to lose, But I maun no re - pine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon

Wou'd grant the boon I crave,

And tak' this life now naething worth

Sin Jamie's in his grave.

And see his gentle spirit come

To show me on my way,

Surpris'd nae doubt, I still am here,

Sair wondring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear

And oh! wi' what gude will

I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead,

Ye canna lead to ill.

She said, and soon a deadlie pale

Her faded cheek possest,

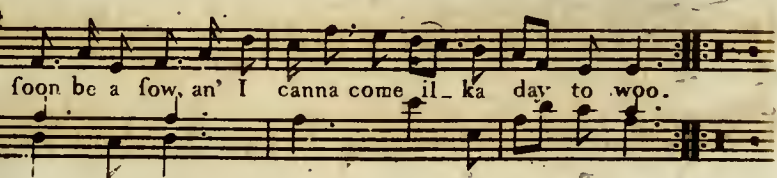
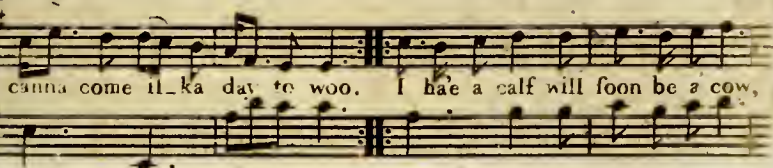
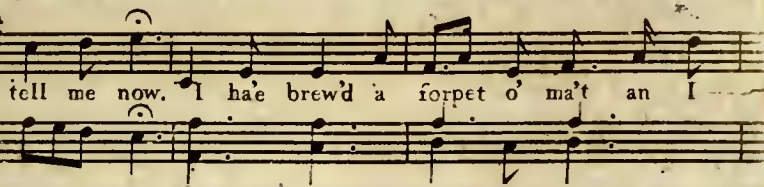
Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat

Her sorrows sunk to rest.



Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now.

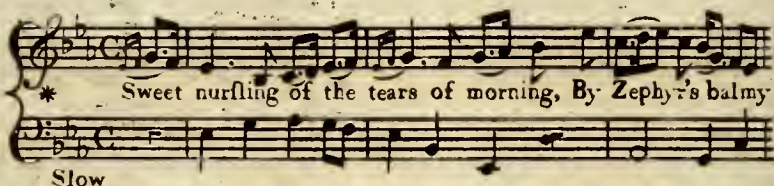
244



I've a house on yonder muir,	I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now,	Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
Three sparrows may dance on the floor,	Which ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo;	And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a benn,	I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now;	Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,	I downa eat it a' my self,
And I canna come ony mair to woo.	And I winna come ony mair to woo.

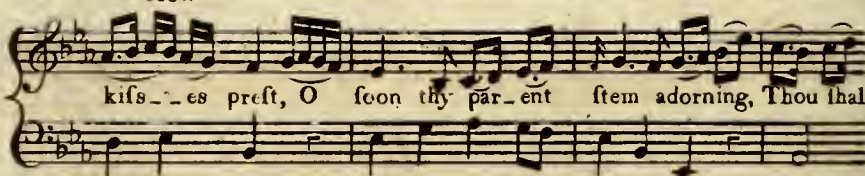
## The Lovers' address to Rose bud. By a Lady.

245

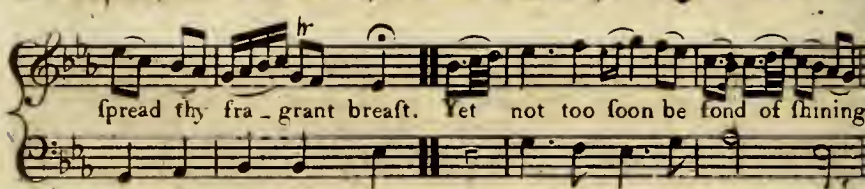


Slow

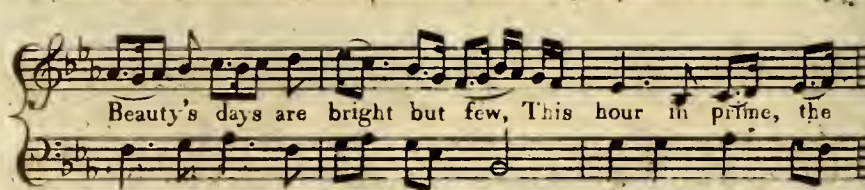
\* Sweet nursling of the tears of morning, By Zephyr's balmy



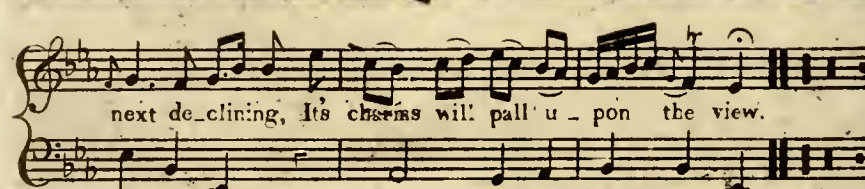
kiss - es prest, O soon thy par - ent stem adorning, Thou shalt



spread thy fra - grant breast. Yet not too soon be fond of shining,



Beauty's days are bright but few, This hour in prime, the



next de - clining, Its charms will pall u - pon the view.

Emma fair flow'r all hearts now warming, Love will teach thee when resigning.

She must yeild to fates decree, On that breast thy blushing pride,

Soon like her, thou shalt be charming, How thy modest head declining,

Soon she'll fade and pass like thee. May deck her beauties, yet not hide.

As thou art the fairest blossom, If some hand too boldly daring

Thy blest lot shall envy move; There disturbs thy blest repose,

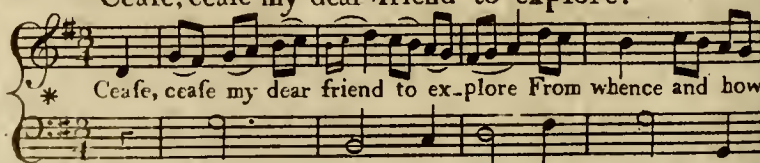
Go breath thy sweets on Emma's bosom, Be not of thy vengeance sparing,

Seat of innocence and love. Sheath thy prickles in my foes.

\*\*\*\*\*

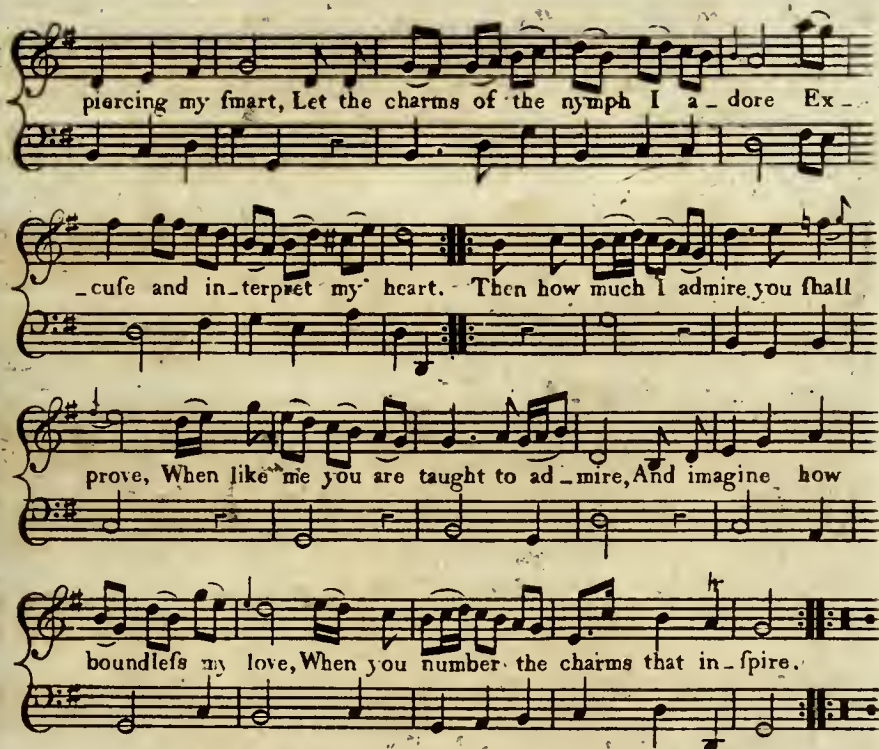
Cease, cease my dear friend to explore.

246



Slow

\* Cease, cease my dear friend to ex - plore From whence and how



Than sunshine more dear to my sight,  
 To my life more essential than air,  
 To my soul she is perfect delight,  
 To my sense all that's pleasing and fair,  
 The swains who her beauty behold  
 With transport applaud ev'ry charm,  
 And swear that the breast must be cold  
 Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

Ah! say will she slightly forego,  
 A conquest, tho' humble, yet sure;  
 Will she leave a poor shepherd to woe,  
 Who for her ev'ry bliss would procure.  
 Alas! too presaging my fears,  
 Too jealous my soul of it's bliss,  
 Methinks she already appears,  
 To forsee, and elude my address.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid,  
 Is my fondness loquacious, and free,  
 Are my visits too frequently paid,  
 Or my converse unworthy of thee.

(breast,  
 Yet when grief was too big for my -  
 And labour'd in sighs to complain,  
 It's struggles I oft have suppress'd,  
 And silence impos'd on my pain.

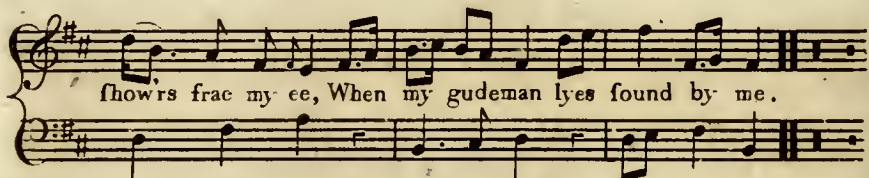
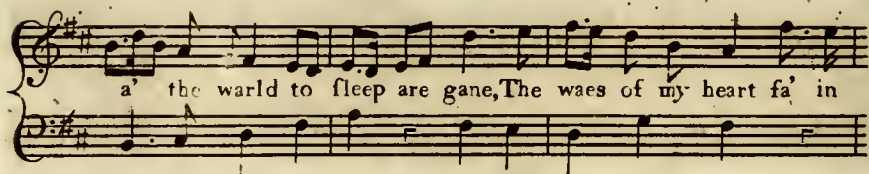
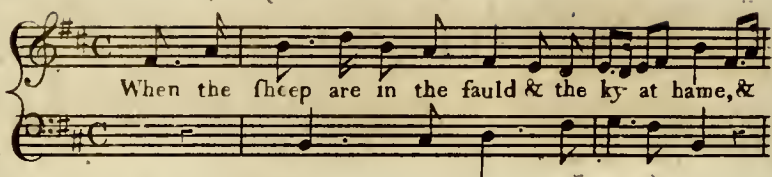
And oft while, by tenderness caught  
 To my charmer's retirement I flew (ht,  
 I reproach'd the fond absence of thought,  
 And in blushing confusion, withdrew.  
 My speech, tho' too little refin'd,  
 Tho' simple and awkward my mien,  
 Yet still shouldst thou deign to be kind,  
 What a wonderful change might be seen!

Ah! Strephon how vain thy desire,  
 Thy numbers and music how vain,  
 While merit and fortune conspire,  
 The smiles of the nymph to obtain.  
 Yet cease to upbraid the soft choice,  
 Tho' it ne'er should determine for thee,  
 If thy heart in her joy may rejoice,  
 Unhappy thou never canst be -



## Auld Robin Gray.

247



Young Jamie lood me well and he sought me for his bride,  
 But faving a crown he had naething beside.  
 To make that crown a pound my Jamie gade to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.  
 He had nae been awa a week but only twa,  
 When my mother she fell sick and the cow was stown awa,  
 My father brake his arm and my Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.  
 My father coudna work and my mother coudna spin,  
 I toil'd day and night but their bread I coudna win,  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith and wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said Jenny for their sakes O marry me.  
 My heart it said nay I look'd for Jamie back,  
 But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack,  
 The ship it was a wrack why didna Jenny die,  
 And why do I live to fay waes me.  
 Auld Robin argued fair tho' my mother didna speak,  
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,  
 So they gied him my hand tho' my heart was in the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.  
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wreath for I coudna think it he,  
 Till he said I'm come back fo' to marry thee.  
 O fair did we greet and mickle did we fay,  
 We took but ae kifs and we tore ourselves away.  
 I wish I were dead but I'm no like to die,  
 And why do I live to fay waes me.  
 I gang like a ghaist and I carenae to spin,  
 I darena think on Jamie for that wad be a sin,  
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.



## Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

248

Were I a - fsurd you'd con - stant prove, You

Slowish

should nae mair complain; The ea - sy maid be - set wi' love, Few

words will quickly gain: For I must own, now since you're free, This

too fond heart of mine Has lang, a black - fole

true to thee, Wist'd to be pair'd with thine.

## ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head

Upon thy breast recline;

The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;

Is Jenny then fae kind.

O let me briz thee to my heart,

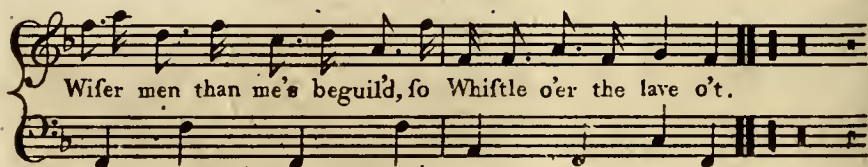
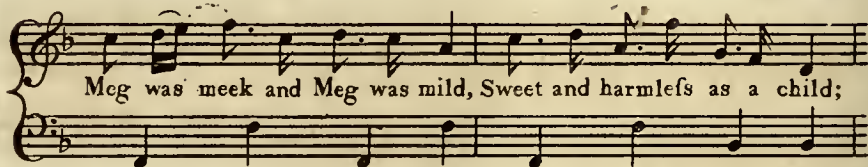
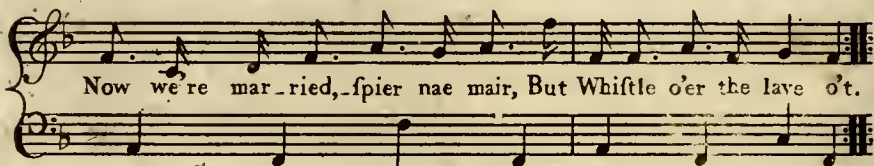
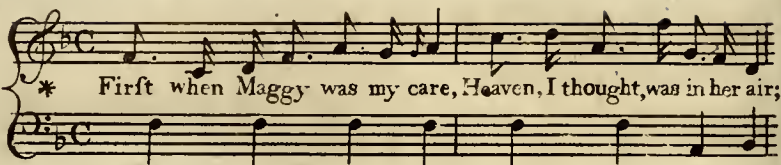
And round my arms entwine:

Delightfu' thought! we'll never part,

Comie, press thy mouth to mine.

## Whistle o'er the lave o't.

249



How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love and how we gree;  
I carena by how few may see,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

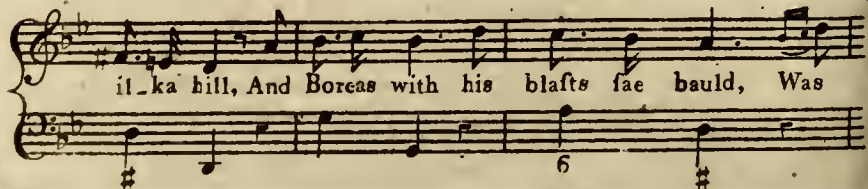
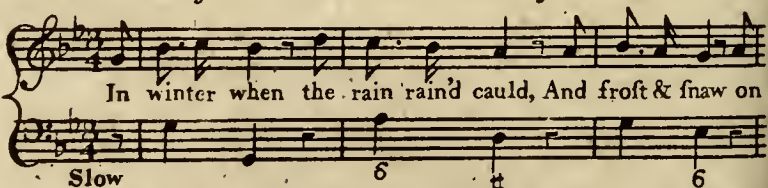
Wha I wish were maggots meat,  
Disht up in her winding-sheet;  
I could write - but Meg maun see't,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

X

\*\*\*\*\*

Tak your auld cloak about ye.

250



## Continued.

threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,

She said to me right hastily, Get up good - man save

Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,  
 And she is come of a good kyne;  
 Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,  
 And I am laith that she should tyne;  
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,  
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurkleen in the afe.  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now its scanty worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thirty year;  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die;  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To have a new cloak about me.

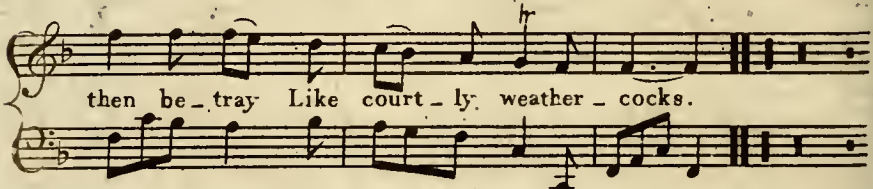
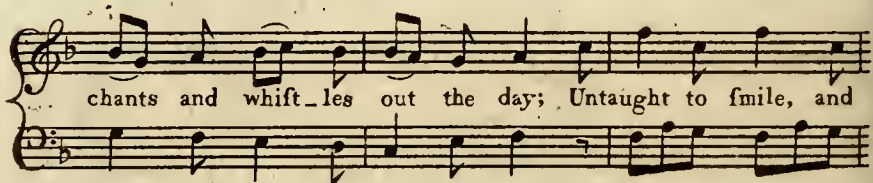
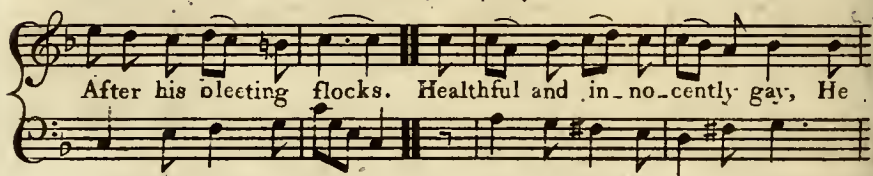
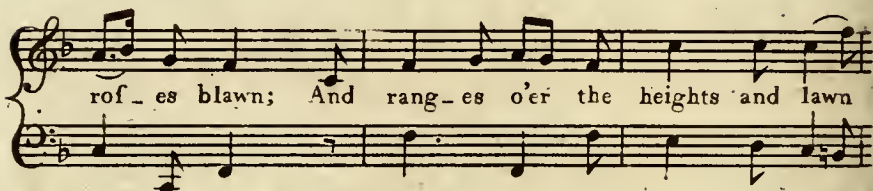
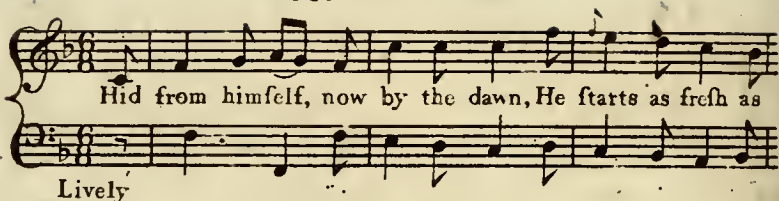
Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we have had between us twa  
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten;  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

In days when our King Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half a crown;  
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou the man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife,  
 But she wad guide me, if she can;  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman;  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
 Then I'll leave off where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

## Happy Clown.

251

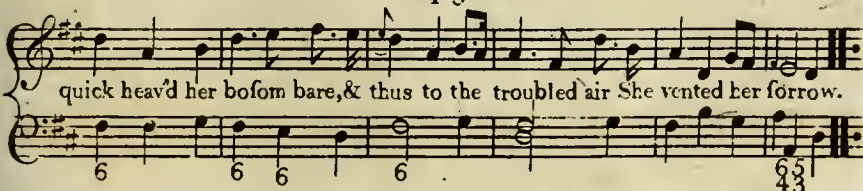
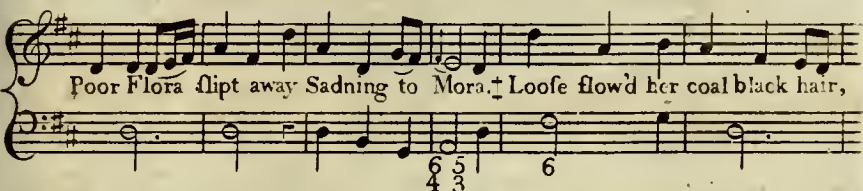
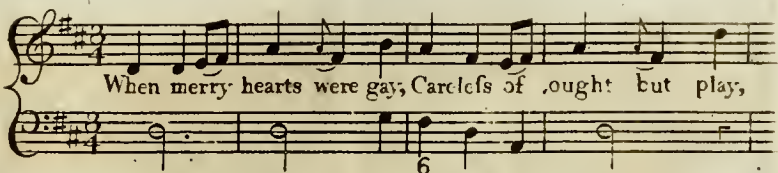


Life happy, from ambition free,  
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,  
 Where truth and love with joy agree,  
 Unfullied with a crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,  
 In proping of their pride and state:  
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,  
 Contented spends his time.



252



'Loud howls the northern blast,  
'Bleak is the dreary waste;  
'Haste thee O Donald haste  
'Haste to thy Flora.

'Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
'Since in a foreign shore,  
'You promis'd to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear,  
(Maids cry with taunting sneer  
"Say is he still sincere  
"To his lov'd Flora. —

'Parents upbraid my moan;  
'Each heart is turn'd to stone —  
'Ah Flora, thou'rt now alone  
'Friends in Mora!

'Come then, oh come away,  
'Donald no longer stay —  
'Where can my rover stray  
'From his dear Flora. —  
'Ah sure he ne'er could be  
'False to his vows and me  
'O Heaven! — is not yonder he  
'Bounding in Mora!

'Never O wretched fair!  
(Sigh'd the sad messenger.)  
'Never shall Donald marr  
'Meet his lov'd Flora!

† A small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

'Cold, cold beyond the main,  
'Donald thy love lies slain; —  
'He sent me to soothe thy pain  
'Weeping in Mora.

'Well fought our gallant men.  
'Headed by brave Burgoyne,  
'Our heroes were thrice led on  
"To British glory. —  
'But ah! tho' our foes did flee,  
'Sad was the loss to thee,  
'While ev'ry fresh victory  
'Drown'd us in sorrow.

'Here take this trusty blade,  
(Donald expiring said,) —  
'Give it to yon dear maid  
"Weeping in Mora. —  
'Tell her oh Allan tell,  
'Donald thus bravely fell,  
'And that in his last farewell  
"He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair;  
Speechless with wild despair,  
Then striking her bosom bare  
Sigh'd out poor Flora! —  
Oh Donald! oh welladay!  
Was all the fond heart could say —  
At length the sound died away  
Feebly in Mora.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth.

Patie Sings

253

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth, And rowing

Slow

eyes that smiling tell the truth I guess my lassie, that, as

well as I, You're made for love; and Whe should you deny.

Peggy Sings

But ken ye, ad, gin we confels o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, & syne the

wooing's done: The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power, Like

un-ripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

NB. The 2<sup>d</sup> Measure must be repeated for Paties last verse.

Patie Sings

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye:  
Red cheeked you completly ripe appear,  
And I ha'e thold and woo'd a lang haff-year.

Peggy singing, falls into Patie's arms.

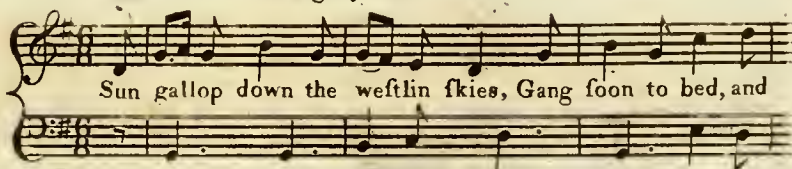
Then dinna pu me, gently thus I fa'  
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':  
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,  
 And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

Patie (with his left hand about her waift.)

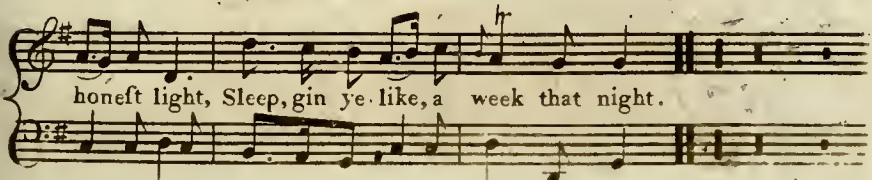
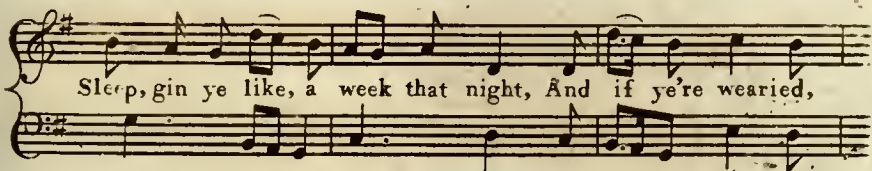
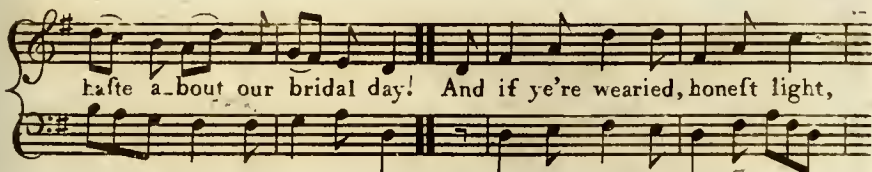
O charming armfu' hence ye cares away,  
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;  
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

254



Briskly

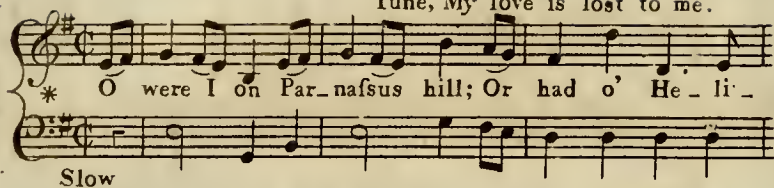




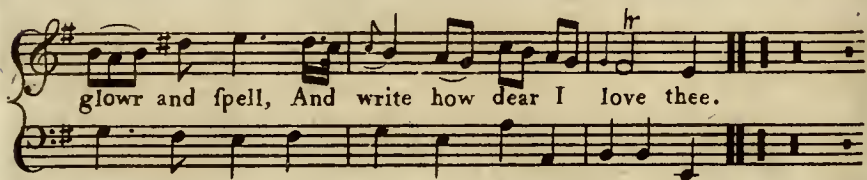
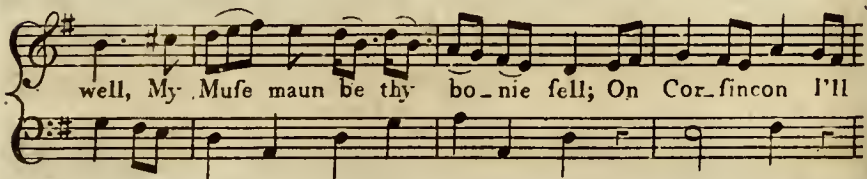
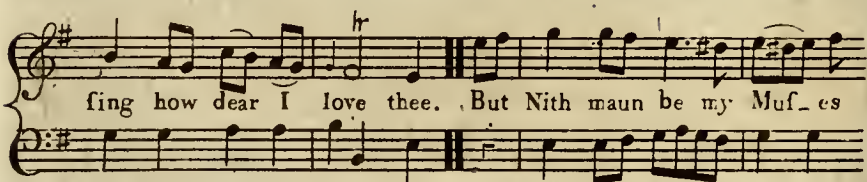
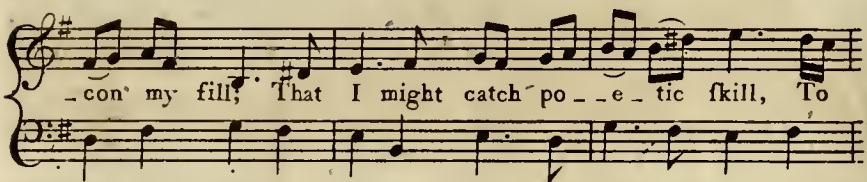
O, were I on Parnassus Hill,

Tune, My love is lost to me.

255



Slow



Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!	By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,	The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
I coudna sing, I coudna say,	And ay I muse and sing thy name,
How much, how dear, I love thee.	I only live to love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,	Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Thy waist fae jimp, thy limbs fae clean,	Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—	Till my last, weary sand was run;
By Heaven and Earth I love thee.	Till then—and then I love thee.



256 Ullin, Carril and Ryno. Voices of the days of old, let me

Plaintive

hear you while yet it is dark, to please and a\_wake my soul. I hear you

not ye sons of song; in what hall of the Clouds is your Rest; do you

touch the shadowy Harp, Robed with morning mift, where the ris\_ing

Sun comes forth from his greenheaded waves from his greenheaded waves.

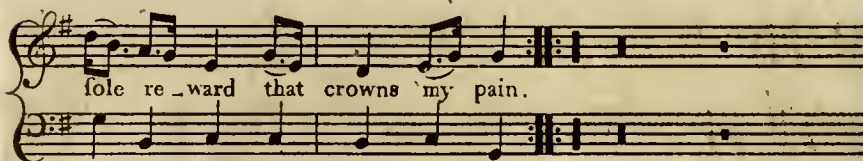
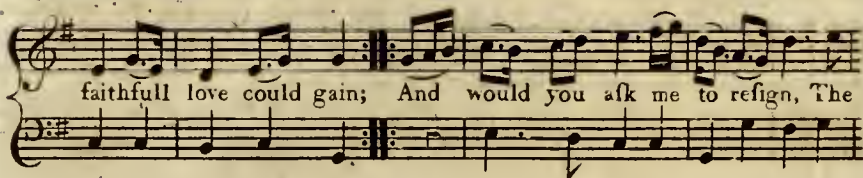
## The Captive Ribband.

A Galic Air.

257



Slow

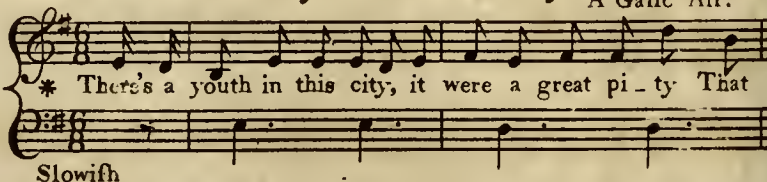


Go bid the hero who has run And share the fate I would impose  
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, On thee, wert thou my captive too.  
Go bid him lay his laurels down  
And all his well earn'd praise disclaim. It shall upon my bosom live,  
Or clasp me in a close embrace;  
The Ribband shall its freedom lose, And at its fortune if you grieve—  
Lose all the blifs it had with you, Retrieve its doom and take its place.

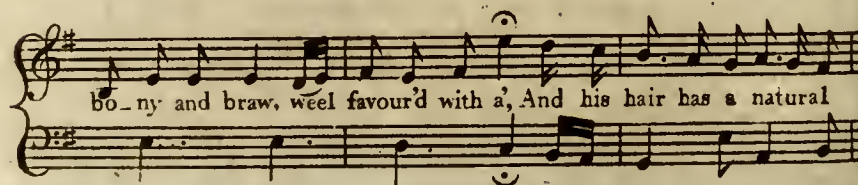
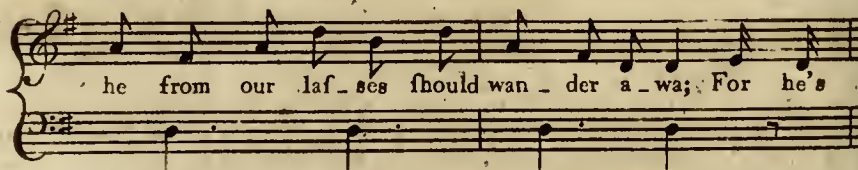
\*\*\*\*\*

There's a youth in this City. A Galic Air.

258



Slowish



## Continued.

buckle and a'. His coat is the hue of his bon-net fae blue; His

fecket is white as the new driven snaw; His hose they are blae, & his

shoon like the flae, And his clear fil-ler buc-kles they

dazzle us a'. His coat is the hue of his bon-net fae blue; His

fecket is white as the new driven snaw; His hose they are blae and his

shoon like the flae, And his clear filler buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;  
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;  
 But chiefly the filler, that gars him gang till her,  
 The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.  
 There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;  
 And Susie whae daddy was laird o' the Ha;  
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy—  
 But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.



## My heart's in the Highlands,

Tune, Failte na miosg.

259

\* My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My

Slow

heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer; A chasing the wild deer, and

following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. Fare-

-well to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birth place of

Valour, the country of Worth, Wherever I wander, wherever I

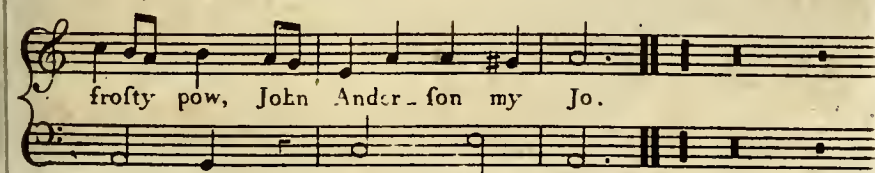
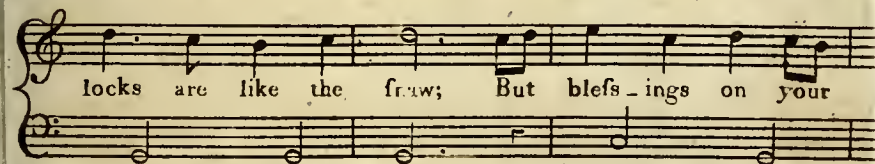
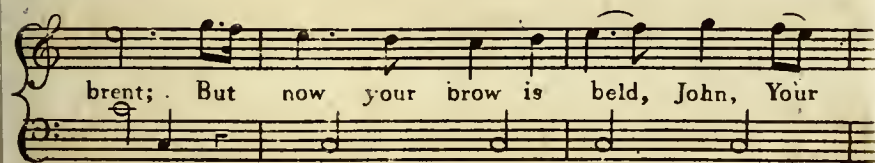
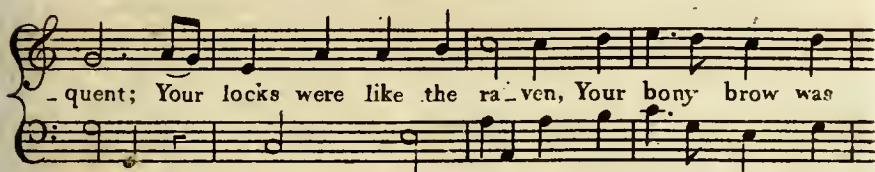
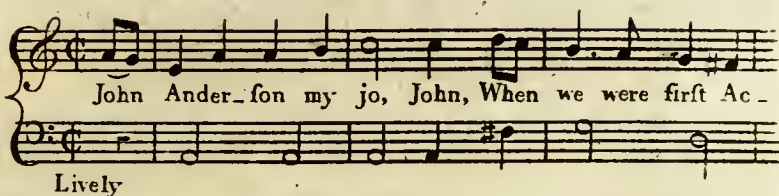
rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods..  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.



## John Anderson my Jo.

260



John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill the gither;  
 And mony a canty day John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go;  
 And sleep the gither at the foot,  
 John Anderson my Jo.

Ah, why thus Abandon'd &c.

261

\* Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe, Why thus, lonely

Philomel, why flows thy sad strain? For spring shall return & a lover be-flow,

And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain; Yet if pity inspire thee ah, cease not thy

lay, Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn, O soothe him whose

pleasures like thine pass a-way; Full swiftly they pass but they never re-turn.

Deil tak the Wars.

262

Deil tak the war that hurried Willy frae me, Wha to loo me

just had sworn; They made him captain fure to un-do me; Wae is

## Continued.

me, he'll ne'er re- turn! A thousand loons abroad wi' fight him, He frae  
 thousands ne'er will run; Day & night I did in- vite him, To stay safe from  
 sword or gun; I us'd alluring graces With muckle kind embraces, Now fighting now  
 crying, then tears dropping fall; And had he my soft arms prefer'd to war's a -  
 - larms, My love grown mad without the man of Gad I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,  
 Snares they said would catch the men;  
 And on my head a huge commode sat cocking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again:  
 For a new gown I paid muckle money,  
 Which with golden flowers did shine:  
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 Nae scots lais was e'er so fine.  
 My petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringetoo with thread I knotted,  
 Lac'd shoes and silken hose garter'd o'er the knee;  
 But oh! the fatal thought,  
 To Willy these are nought,  
 Wha rid to towns, and rifled wi' dragoons,  
 When he, silly loon, might hae plunder'd me.

## Awa whigs awa.

263

A - wa whigs a - wa, A - wa whigs a - wa, Ye're but a

pack o' traitor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'. Our thrifles

flourish'd fresh and fair, And bonie bloom'd our roses; But

whigs cam like a frost in June, And wither'd a' our posies.

Chorus

A - wa whigs a - wa, A - wa whigs a - wa, Ye're but a pack o'

trai - tor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust;  
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,  
And write their names in his black beuk  
Wha gae the whigs the power o't!  
Cho.<sup>s</sup> Awa whigs &c.

Our sad decay in church and state  
Surpases my descriving:  
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,

And we hae done wi' thriving.  
Cho.<sup>s</sup> Awa whigs &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
But we may see him wauken:  
Gude help the day when royal heads  
Are hunted like a maukin.  
Cho.<sup>s</sup> Awa whigs &c.



Ca' the ewes to the knowes,

264

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the

Slow

hea - ther grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,

My bon - nie dear - ie.

As I gaed down the water-side,  
There I met my shepherd-lad,  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
An he ca'd me his dearie.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Ca' the ewes &c.

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
And ye fall be my dearie.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Ca' the ewes &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide.  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Ca' the ewes &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad,  
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,  
And I fall be your dearie.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Ca' the ewes &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And nae body to see me.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Ca' the ewes &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
Till clay-cauld death fall blin' my e'e.  
Ye fall be my dearie.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Ca' the ewes &c.

## Highland Song.

265

Sc do mholla mholla mholla fe do mholla ní mí gu

Andante

brach Er mo riara is thu mo Luasa ameasg na' hifil agus nafil s'thú

fir mhac au Dun uafil smac an Tuanic núr ghás a bair. D.C.

## Translation.

Thy praise I'll ever celebrate.  
Truly thou art my Lover either among the  
lowly or high, thou art the true son of the  
Gentleman, and also the Farmer's son when the  
Harvest comes on.

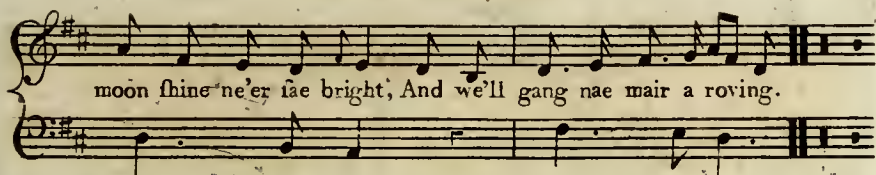
## The Jolly Beggar.

266

\* There was a Jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound, And

he took up his quarters in to a land'art town, And we'll gang nae mair a

roving Sae late into the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the



He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,  
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,  
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,  
O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spake,  
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town, Maiden, tell me true;  
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.  
O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor man.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',  
The d \_ l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;  
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,  
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice-fee.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

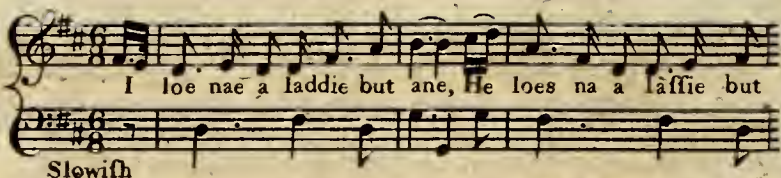
And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa'.  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was among them a'.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoullder height,  
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.  
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.



## I loe na a Laddie but ane.

267



Slowish

I loe nae a laddie but ane, He loes na a lassie but

me; He's willin' to make me his ain, An' his ain I am willin' to

be. He coft me a rokley o' blue, A pair o' mit-tens o'

green, An' his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I

paid him the debt yef-treen.

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,  
 "That I'm lucky young to be wed;"  
 But lang'ere the countit my days,  
 O' me she was brought to bed:  
 Sae mither, just settle your tongue,  
 An' dinna be flytin' fae bauld;  
 For we can do the thing when we're young,  
 That we canna do weel when we're auld.

## Same Tune.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:  
 His words mair than sugar are sweet!  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa!  
 I listen poor fool! and I greet  
 Yet oh! how sweet are the tears as they fa!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
 "Tho' we've little to brag o'—neer fear,  
 "What's gowd to a heart that is wae.  
 "Our laird has baith honours and wealth;  
 "Yet see! how he's dwining wi' care:  
 "Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,  
 "Are cantie and leil evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,  
 "Has something mair costlie than gear;  
 "Ilk e'en, it has naithing to rue,  
 "Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear:  
 "Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,  
 "And tremble for fear ough ye tyne:  
 "Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar & door  
 "While thus in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kifs and a smile—  
 Waes me! can I tak it amifs,  
 When a lad fae unpractis'd in guile  
 Smiles fastly, and ends wi' a kifs!  
 Ye lasses, wha loo to torment  
 Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks for I've gi'en my consent  
 And this night I'll tak Jamie for life.



I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

268

\* As late by a fodger I chanced to pass, I heard him a courtin a

Lively

bony young lads; My hin-ny, my life, my dearest, quo he, I'll

mak you be fain to follow me. Gin I should follow you a

poor fodger lad, Ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad; For

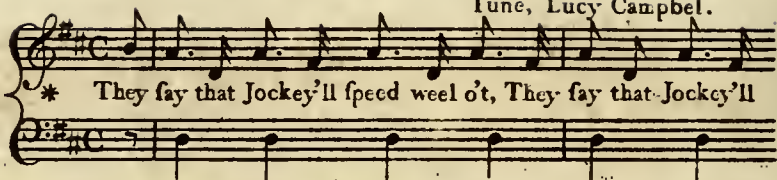
battles I never shall lang to see, I'll never be fain to follow thee.

To follow me, I think ye may be glad,  
 A part o' my supper, a part o' my bed,  
 A part o' my bed, wherever it be,  
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.  
 Come try my knapsack on your back,  
 Along the king's high-gate we'll pack;  
 Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee,  
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

## The Bridal o't.

Tune, Lucy Campbell.

269



\* They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Jockey'll

speed weel o't, For he grows brawer ilka day, I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

For yesternight nae farder gane, The backhouse at the side wa' o't, He

there wi' Meg was mirden feen, I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,

An we had but a bridal o't,

We'd leave the rest unto gude luck

Altho' there should betide ill o't:

For bridal days are merry times

And young folks like the coming o't,

And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes

and Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,

The lasses like a bridal o't,

Their braws maun be in rank and file

Altho' that they should guide ill o't:

The boddom o' the kist is then

Turn'd up unto the immost o't,

The end that held the keeks fae clean

Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,

The bangster at the threshing o't,

Afore it comes its fidgin fain

And ilka day's a clashing o't;

He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,

His linder for anither o't,

And e'er he want to clear his snout,

His sark'll pay the tither o't.

The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,

The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,

Can smell a bridal unco far

And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan thick and threefold they convene

Ilk ane envies the tither o't,

And wishes nane but him alane

May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,

For dancing they gae to the green,

And aiblins to the beating o't:

He dances best that dances fast,

And louns at ilka reefing o't,

And claps his hands frae hough to hough,

And furls about the feezings o't.

Merry hae I<sup>st</sup> been teethin a beckle.

Tune, Boddich na' mbrigs, or Lord Breadalbine's March.

270 \* O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, An merry hae I been

**Slow**

Shap\_in a spoon: O mer\_ry' hae I been clout\_in a ket\_tle; An'

kiss in my Katie when a' was done. O, A' the lang day I

ca' at my hammer, An a' the lang day I whistle and sing O, A' the lang

night I cuddle my kimmer, An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins

O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:

Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,

And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,

An' come to my arms and kiss me again!

Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!

And blest be the day I did it again.



## A Mother's lament for the death of her son.

Tune, Finlayston House

271 \* Fate gave the word, the ar-row sped, And pierc'd my

Slow

Darling's heart: And with him all the joys are fled Life

can to me im-part. By cru-el hands the sap-ling

drops, In dust dis-ho-nor'd laid: So fell the pride of

all my hopes, My a-ge's fu-ture shade.

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



# The White Cockade.

272

\* My love was born in Aberdeen, The boniest lad that

Lively

e'er was seen, But now he makes our hearts fu' fad, He

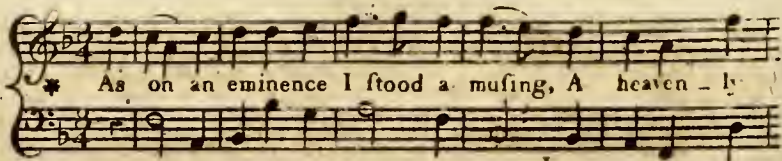
takes the field wi' his White Cockade. O he's a ranting, ro-

lad, He is a brisk an' a bonny lad, Be tide what may, I

will be wed, And follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow;  
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. O he's a ranting, roving lad.

273



form broke forth on my sight; She darted a look from her

two lovely diamonds, Than vanishing left me o'erwhelm'd with de -

- light. O! on my faithfull, faithful, faithful, on my faithful

bosom re - cline, Those sparkling, black eyes that make conquest of

thousands, In - sensible he, would not wish to be thine!

Aw'd by her mien and heavenly like motion,  
I follow'd the goddess who ravish'd my eye;  
I would - but Oh, Heavens! could I but describe her,  
Thousands like me would adore her and die.  
O! on my faithful &c.

Her complection is like to the delicate snow;  
Lilies and roses compar'd with her skin,  
Soon lose their hue and sink back in confusion,  
Unable to bear the bright rays of the sun.  
O! on my faithful &c.

274

I winna marry o-ny man but Sandy o'er the lee. I

Spiritofo

winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee. I winna hae the dominie for

gude he canna be, But I will hae my San-dy lad, my

Sandy o'er the lee, For he's aye a kifsing kifsing aye a kifsing

me, he's aye a kifsing, kifsing aye a kifsing me.

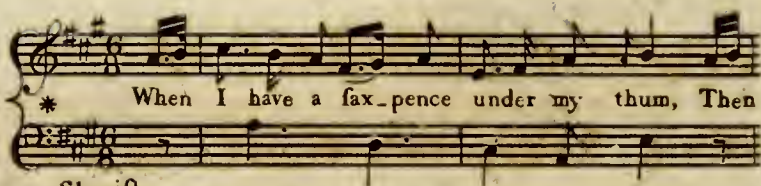
I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,  
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks:  
 I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,  
 But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny filler  
 For he's aye a kifsing kifsing &c.

I will not have the soldier lad for he gangs to the war,  
 I will not have the sailor lad because he smells of tar,  
 I will not have the lord nor laird for all their mickle gear,  
 But I will have my Sandy lad my Sandy o'er the moor.  
 For he's aye a kifsing kifsing &c.

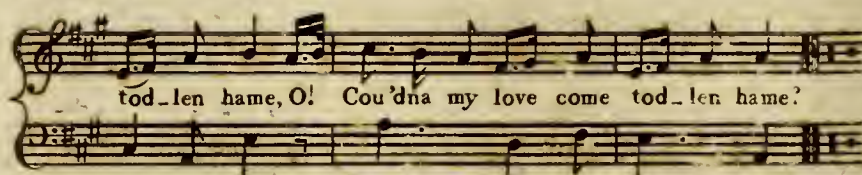
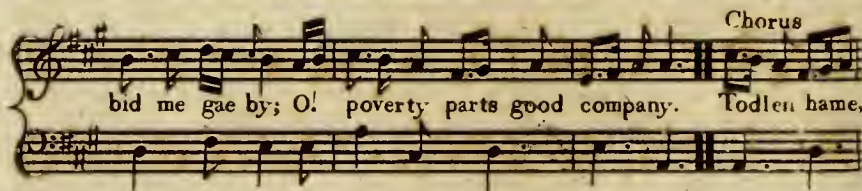
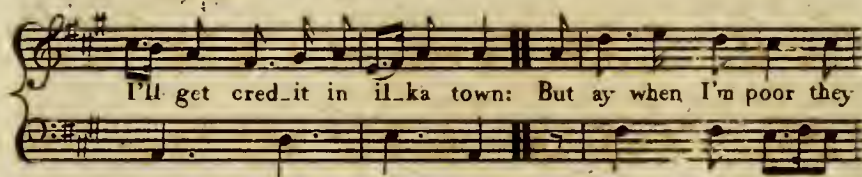


## Todlen Hame.

275



Slowish



Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,  
 She gie's us white bannocks to drink her ale,  
 Syné if her tippony chance to be sma',  
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
 And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet;  
 And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:  
 What think you of my wee kimmer and I.

Todlen butt and todlen ben,  
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;  
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,  
 That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

# The Braes o' Ballochmyle.

285

276

\* The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flower's decay'd on  
Catrine lee, Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, But nature  
sickend on the e'e. Thro' faded groves Ma - ri - a sang, Her -  
fel in beau - ty's bloom the while, And ay the wild wood  
echoes rang, Fare - weel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

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

## The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

Tune, East nook o' Fife.

277

O wha my babie-clouts will buy, O Wha will tent me when I  
 Lively  
 cry; Wha will kifs me where I lie. The rantin dog the daddie o't. O  
 Wha will own he did the faut, O wha will buy the groan-in maut, O  
 Wha will tell me how to ca't. The rantin dog the daddie o't.

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

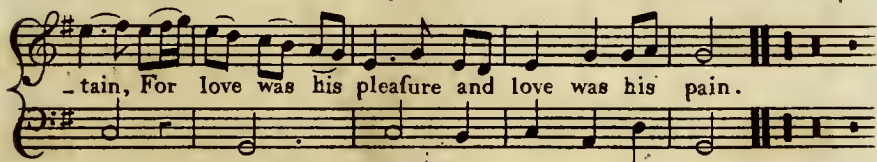
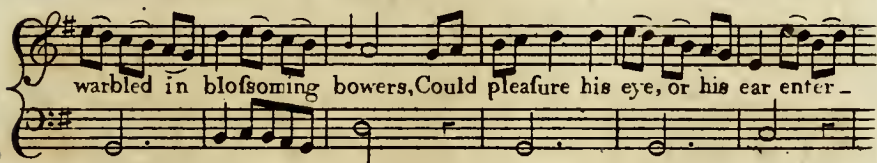
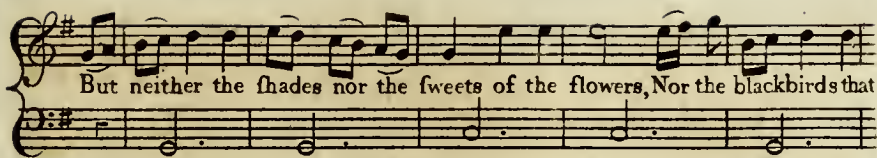
Wha will crack to me my lane;  
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain;  
 Wha will kifs me o'er again.  
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't. Z

## The Shepherd's Preference.

278

\* In may when the daises ap-pear on the green, And  
 flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen; Where lillies bloom'd bony &  
 hawthorns up-sprung, A-pentive young shepherd oft whistled & fung.





The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around,  
 Drew nearer and nearer and sigh'd to the sound;  
 Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,  
 With pity disarm'd, with music subdu'd.  
 Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,  
 And Mary sings sweet as the bird, in her bower:  
 But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they  
 With looks like the morning with smiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth in the bloom of eighteen,  
 Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen.  
 One hour in her presence, an age far excells,  
 Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells;  
 How fair to the shepherd the new springing flowers,  
 When may and when morning lead on the gay hours,  
 But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they;  
 She's fair as the morning and lovely as may.

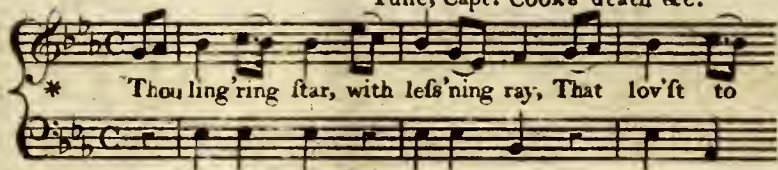
How sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,  
 When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around;  
 But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing  
 Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the spring.  
 When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,  
 You would call her a Venus, new sprung from the main,  
 When she sings and the woods with their echoes reply,  
 You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

How sprightly the swains, in her presence appear  
 All the charms she improves that embellish the ear,  
 She heightens each pleasure, she softens each woe,  
 She is all of celestial we fancy below.  
 Ye Pow'rs that preside over mortal estate,  
 Whose nod governs nature, whose pleasure is fate,  
 O grant me, O grant me the heaven of her charms,  
 May I live in her presence and die in her arms.

## My Mary dear, departed shade.

Tune, Capt.<sup>n</sup> Cook's death &c.

279



\* Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, That lov'st to

greet the ear-ly morn, A-gain thou usher'st in the day My

Mary from my soul was torn. O Mary! dear departed Shade. Where

is thy place of blisful rest? Seest thou thy Lov-er

lowly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove  
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met  
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity cannot efface (past;

Those records dear of transports—

Thy image at our last embrace,

Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore, My Mary, dear departed Shade!

O'erhung with wild-woods thickening Where is thy place of blisful rest?

The fragrant birch &amp; hawthorn hoar (green; Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?

Twind amorous round the raptur'd scene; Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
(breast!

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes

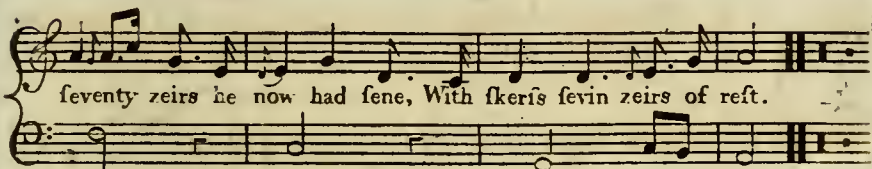
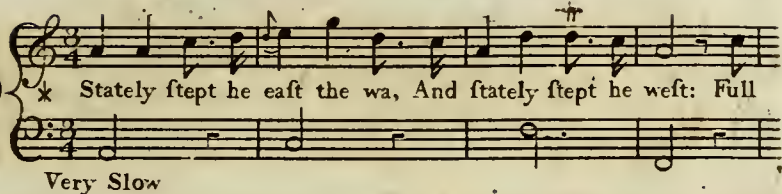
And fondly broods with miser-care;

Time but th' impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear:

## Hardyknute: Or, The Battle of Largs.

280



He livit quhen Britons breach of faith The King of Norfe in summer tyde,  
Wrought Scotland meikle wae; Puft up with powir and might,  
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith, Landed in fair Scotland the yle,  
He was their deidly fae. With mony a hardy knight.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,  
With halle and towirs a hicht,  
And guidly chambers fair to se,  
Quhair he lodgit mony a knight,

The tydings to our gude Scots king  
Came, as he sat at dyne,  
With noble chiefs in braif aray,  
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

His dame sae peirless anes and fair,  
For chafte and bewtie deimt,  
Nae marrow had in all the land,  
Saif Elenor the queen.

"To horse, to horse, my royal Liege,  
Zours faes stand on the strand,  
Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
The King of Norfe commands."

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,  
All men of valour stout;  
In bludy ficht with sword in hand  
Nyne lost their lives bet doubt;

"Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray;  
Our gude King raise and cry'd,  
"A trustier beast in all the land  
A Scots king nevir feyd."

Four zit remain, lang may they live  
To stand by liege and land:  
Hie was their fame, hie was their might,  
And hie was their command.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
That lives on hill sae hie,  
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,  
And hast and follow me."

Great luvie they bare to Fairly fair,  
Their sifter fast and deir;  
Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,  
And gowden glist her hair.

The little page flew swift as dart  
Flung by his masters arm:  
"Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardy -  
And rid zour King frae harm." (knute,

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred,  
Waefou to zung and auld,  
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,  
As story ever tauld!

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown che-  
Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,  
In dangers great, to do. &c.



## Eppie Adair.

281

\* An O, my Eppie My Jewel, my Eppie, Wha wad na be happy Wi'

Eppie A\_dair! By love, and by beauty, By law, &amp; by duty; I swear to be

true to my Eppie A\_dair! By love, &amp; by beauty, By law, and by du\_ty; I

fswear to be true to my Eppie A\_dair.

A' pleasure exile me,  
 Dishonour defile me,  
 If e'er I beguile thee,  
 My Eppie Adair!

## The Battle of Sherra-moor.

Tune, Cameronian Rant.

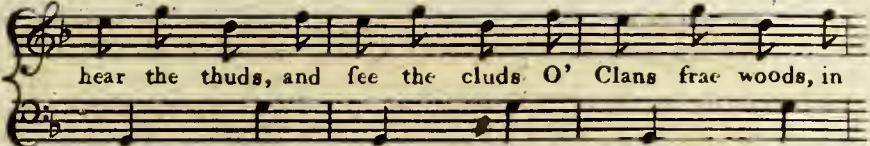
282

\* O cam ye here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man, or

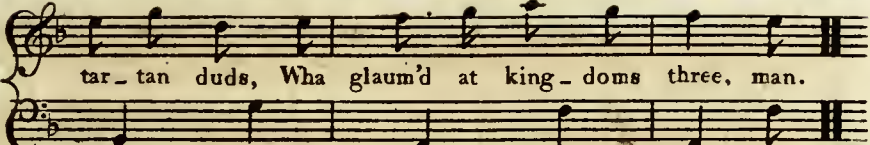
were ye at the Sherra-moor, Or did the bat\_tle fee, man. "I

saw the bat\_tle fair and tough, And ree\_kin\_red ran

mony a sheugh, My heart for fear gae fough for fough, To



hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods, in

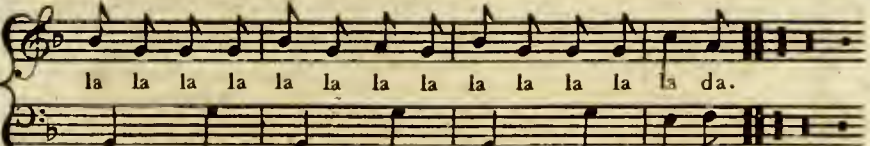


tar-tan duds, Wha glaum'd at king-doms three, man.

## Chorus



la la la la la la la la la la la la la da



la la la la la la la la la la la la la da.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds

To meet them were na slaw, man,

They rush'd, and push'd & blude outgush'd,

And mony a 'bouk did fa' man:

The great Argyle led on his files,

I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,

They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles

They hack'd & hash'd while braid swords cla-

And thro' they daf'd, & hew'd & smash'd, (sh'd,

Till fey men did awa, man.

Cho<sup>s</sup> la la la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs.

And skyrin tartan draws, man,

When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,

And covenant Trueblues, man;

In lines extended lang and large,

When baginets o'erpower'd the charge,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge;

Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath

Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath

They fled like frightened dows, man."

Cho<sup>s</sup> la la la, &c.

"O how deil Tam can that be true,

The chace gaed frae the north, man;

I saw mysel, they did pursue

The horse-men bach to Forth, man

And at Dunblane in my ain fight

They took the brig wi' a their might,

And straught to Stirling wing'd their fl-

But, curst lot! the gates were shut (ght,

And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat

For fear amais't did swarf, man.

Cho<sup>s</sup> la la la, &c.

My sifter Kate cam up the gate

Wi' crowdie unto me, man;

She swoor she saw some rebels run

To Perth and to Dundee, man:

Their left-hand General had nae skill;

The Angus lads had nae gude will,

That day their neebour's blude to spill;

For fear by foes that they should lose

Their cogs o' brose, they fear'd at blows

And hameward fast did flee, man

Cho<sup>s</sup> la la la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen

Amang the Highland clans, man;

I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,

Or in his en'mies hands, man:

Now wad ye sing this double flight,

Some fell for wrang & some for right;

And mony bade the warld gudenight;

Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell

How Tories fell and Whigs to hell

Flew off in frighted bands, man.

Cho<sup>s</sup> la la la, &c.

## Sandy and Jockie.

283 \* Twa bony lads were San\_dy and Jock\_ie;

Jockie was lo'ed but Sandy un\_luc\_ky, Jockie was

laird baith of hills and of val\_lies, But San\_dy was

nought but the king o' gude fellows. Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for

Madgie had money, And Sandie lo'ed Mary, for Mary was

bony: Ane wedded for Love, Ane wedded for treasure, So.

Jockie had filler, And Sandy had pleasure.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. There are some fingerings indicated by numbers like '6' and '6 6' under the bass staff notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



## The Bonie Banks of Ayr.

284

The gloomy night is gathering fast, Loud roars the wild, in-

Slow

- constant blast, Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it

driving o'er the plain; The hunter now has left the moor, The scattered

coveys meet secure, The hunter now has left the moor, the scattered coveys

meet secure, while here I wander prest with care, Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

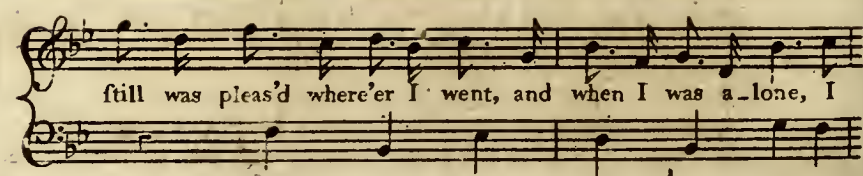
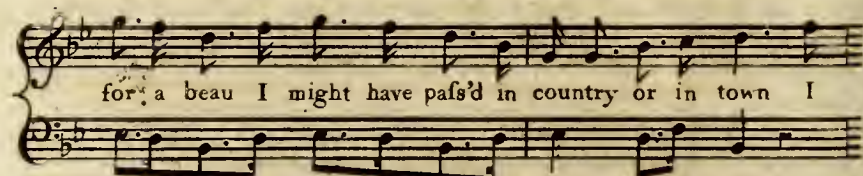
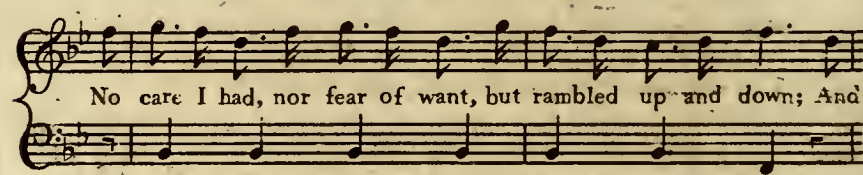
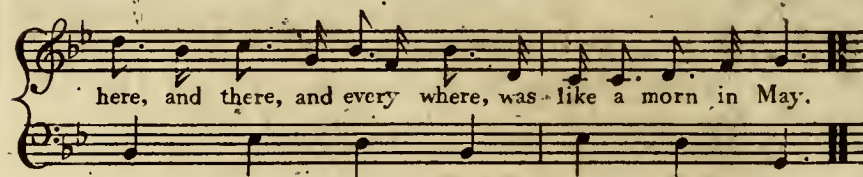
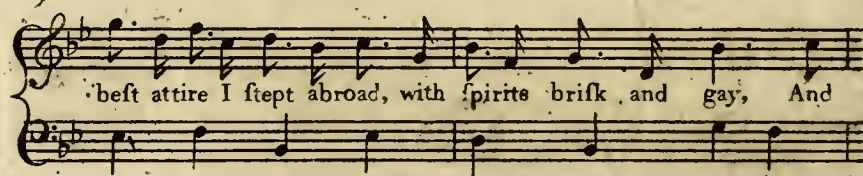
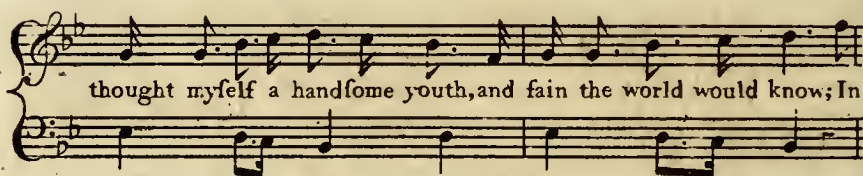
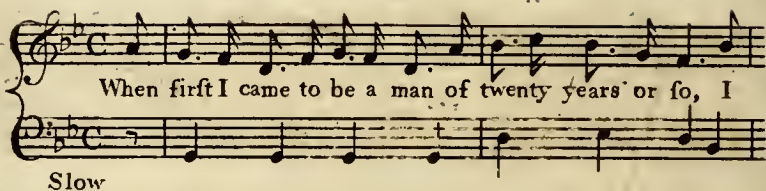
'Tis not the surging billows' roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
 Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound  
 That heart transpier'd with many a wo-  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I fear, And  
 To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

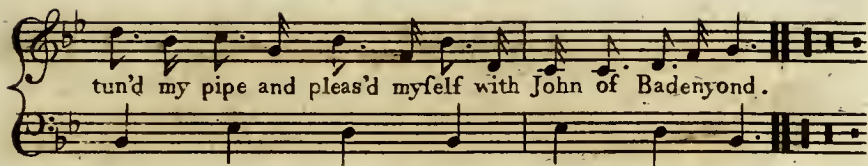
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!  
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!  
 My peace with these, my love with those  
 The bursting tears my heart declare.  
 Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

## John o' Badenyond.

285



## Continued.



Now in the days of youthful prime a mistress I must find,  
 For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind,  
 On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd my eyes;  
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice:  
 To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,  
 And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do:  
 But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone;  
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe, to John of Badenyond.

When love had thus my heart beguild, with foolish hopes and vain,  
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lover's pain;  
 A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like divine,  
 An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine:  
 And now whatever might betide a happy man was I,  
 In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply:  
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and spurn'd my moan  
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with John of Badenyond.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,  
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes, and cry up Parson Horne,  
 Their noble spirit I admir'd and prais'd their manly zeal,  
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd the public weal:  
 But e'er a month, or two was past, I found myself betray'd;  
 'Twas Self and Party after all, for all the stir they made;  
 At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne,  
 I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe, to John of Badenyond.

What next to do I mus'd a while, still hoping to succeed,  
 I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;  
 I bought and borrow'd every where, and studied night and day;  
 Nor mist what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happened in my way:  
 Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth;  
 And carefully thro' many a page, I hunted after truth;  
 A thousand various schemes I try'd and yet was pleas'd with none,  
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyond.

And now ye youngsters every where, who want to make a show,  
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;  
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name,  
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll find them all the same.  
 Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man as me,  
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:  
 You'll find displeasure every where; then do as I have done,  
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of Badenyond.



## Frennett Hall.

286

\* When Frennett castle's ivied wa's Thro' yellow leaves were

Slow

seen; When birds forsook the sapless boughs, And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengeful dame, Did wander frae the ha', To the

wild forest's dewie gloom, A-mong the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,  
 Had clumb a lofty tree,  
 Whae branches to the angry blast  
 Were foughing mournfullie:  
 He turn'd his een towards the path  
 That near the castle lay,  
 Where good lord John and Rothemay  
 Were rideing down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,  
 When prey beneath is seen;  
 As quickly he forgot his hold,  
 And perch'd upon the green:  
 O hie thee, hie thee! lacy gay,  
 Frae this dark wood awa;  
 Some visitors of gallant mein  
 Are hasting to the ha'.

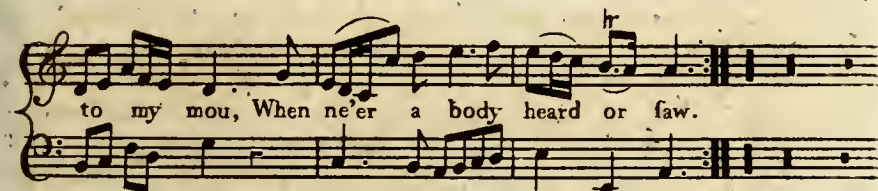
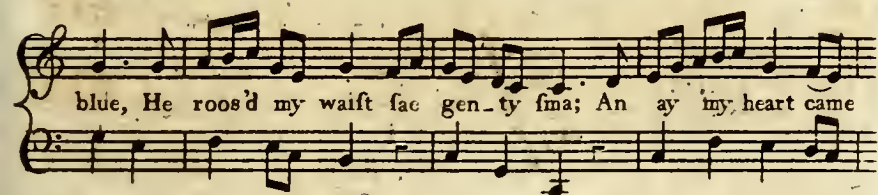
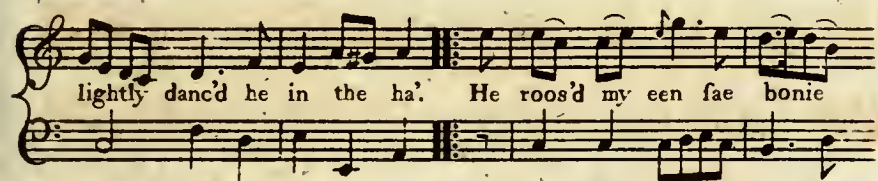
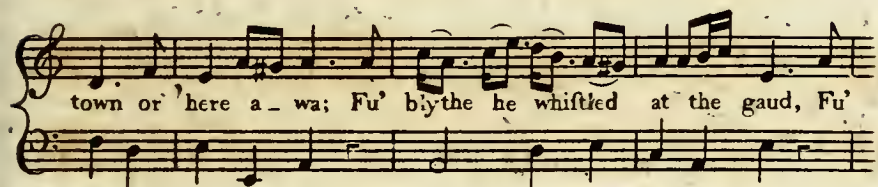
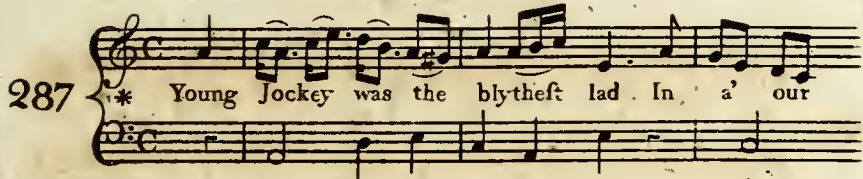
Then round she rowed her silken plaid,  
 Her feet she did na spare,  
 Until she left the forest skirts  
 A lang bow-shot and mair.  
 O where, O where, my good lord John,  
 O tell me where you ride?  
 Within my castle-wall this night  
 I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,  
 In yonder bower to stay;  
 Saft ease shall teach you to forget  
 The hardness of the way.  
 Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,  
 How can we here remain?  
 Full well you ken your husband dear  
 Was by our father slain.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge  
 Your angry bosom swell:  
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood  
 Should this black passion quell.  
 O fear not, fear not, good lord John,  
 That I will you betray,  
 Or sue requittal for a debt  
 Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,  
 Ye lights that 'gin to shine,  
 This night shall prove the sacred cord  
 That knits your faith and mine.  
 The lady flee with honeyed words  
 Entic'd thir youths to stay:  
 But morning sun nere shone upon  
 Lord John nor Rothemay.

## Young Jockey was the blytheft lad.



My Jockey toils upon the plain

Thro' wind and weat, thro' frost and snaw;

And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain

When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.

An ay the night comes round again

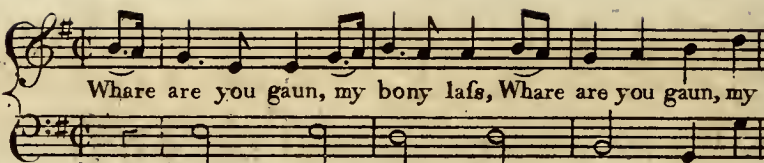
When in his arms he taks me a';

An ay he vows he'll be my ain

As lang's he has a breath to draw.

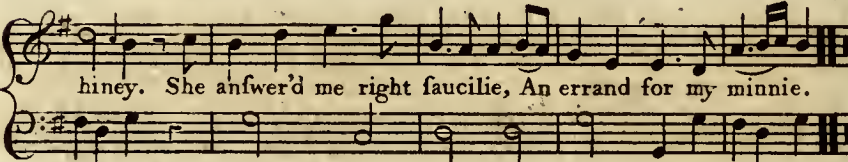
## A waukrife Minnie.

288



Whare are you gaun, my bony las, Whare are you gaun, my

Lively



hiney. She answerd me right faucilie, An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bony las,  
O whare live ye, my hiney.  
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,  
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,  
To see my bony lasie;  
And lang before the grey morn cam,  
She was na hauf fae faucey.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,  
And the foumart lay his crawin!

He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep  
A wee blink or the dawin.


An angry wife I wat she raife,  
And o'er the bed she brought her;  
And wi' a meikle hazel rung  
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bony las!  
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!  
Thou art a gay and a bony las,  
But thou has a waukrife minnie.

\*\*\*\*\*

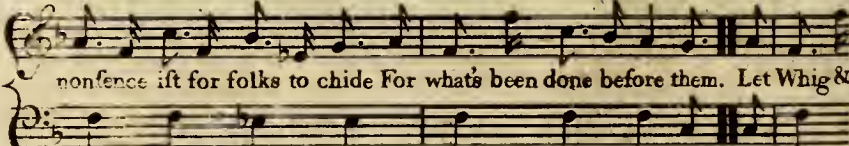
## Tullochgorum.

289




Come gie's a sang Montgomery cry'd, & lay your disputes all aside, What

Slowish



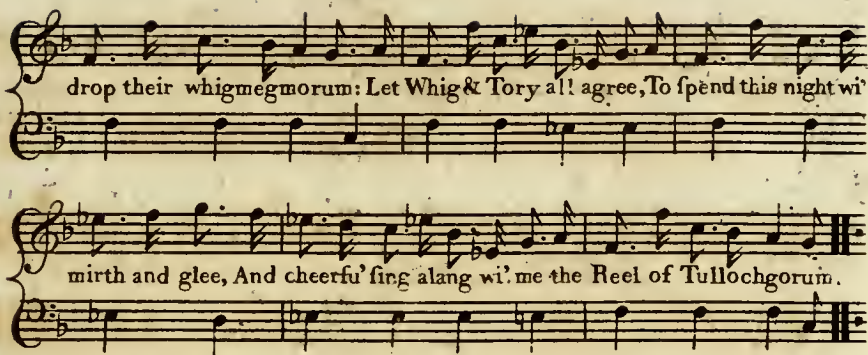
nonfence ist for folks to chide For what's been done before them. Let Whig &



Tory all agree, Whig & Tory, Whig & Tory, Whig & Tory all a-gree, To



## Continued.



Tullochgorum's my delight,  
It gars us a' in ane unite,  
And ony fumph that keeps up spite,  
In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',  
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,  
Blithe and merry we's be a',

To make a chearfu' quorum.  
Blithe and merry, we's be a',  
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,  
And dance, 'till we be like to fa',  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase  
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,  
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys.

For half a hundred score o'em:  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;  
They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum:  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Their Allegros, and a' the rest,  
They cannot please a Scottish taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress  
Wi' fear of want, and double cess;  
And silly souls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum:  
Shall we fae four and sulky fit,  
Sour and sulky, four and sulky;

Shall we fae four and sulky fit,  
Like auld Philosophorum?  
Shall we fae four and sulky fit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
And canna rise to shake a fit,  
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest-hearted open friend,  
And calm and quiet be his end,  
Be a' that's good before him!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties a' great store o'em!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
'And may he never want a groat  
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
And blackest fiends devour him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And honest souls abhor him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And a' the ills that come frae France,  
Whoe'er he be that winna dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

For a' that an' a' that.

290 \* Tho' womens minds like win - ter winds May

\*Slow

shift and turn and a' that, The noblest breast adores them maist. A

consequence I draw that. For a' that and a' that, And

twice as mickle as a' that, The bony lass that I lo'e best she'll

be my ain for a' that

Great love I bear to all the Fair,  
Their humble slave an' a' that;  
But lordly, Will, I hold it still,  
A mortal sin to throw that.  
For a' that &c.

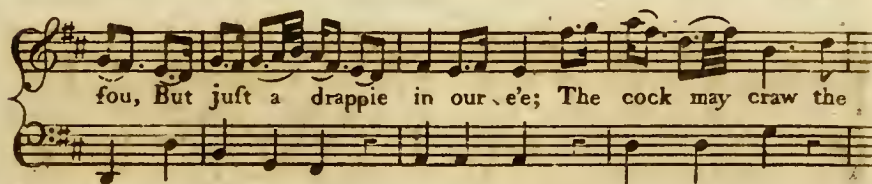
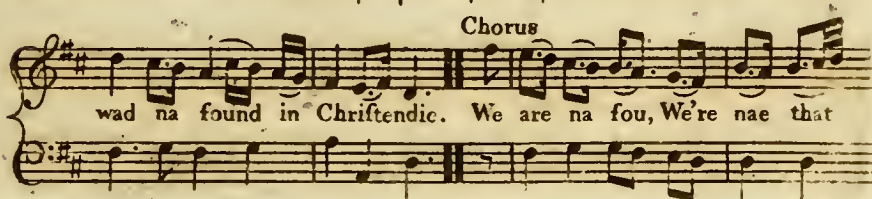
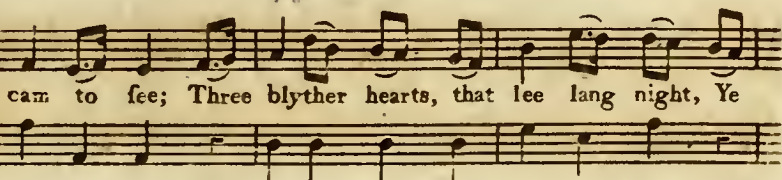
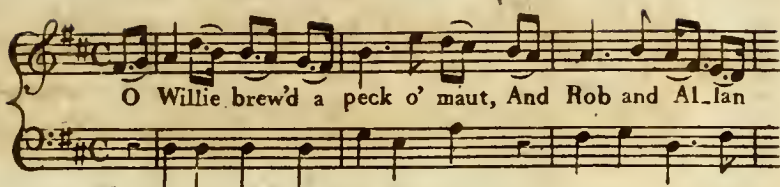
Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
They've taen me in an' a' that,  
But clear your decks and here's, The sex!  
I like the jads for a' that!

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

For a' that an' a' that,  
And twice as meikle's a' that;  
The bony lass that I lo'e best,  
She'll be my ain for a that.

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,

291



Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys I trow are we;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be!  
Cho<sup>s</sup> We are na fou, &c.

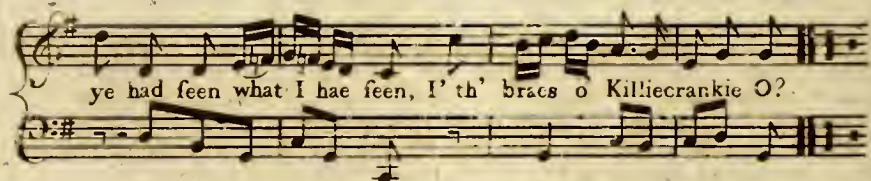
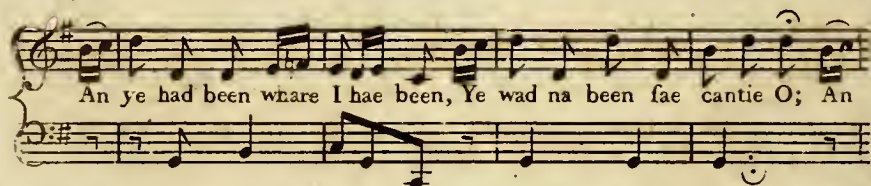
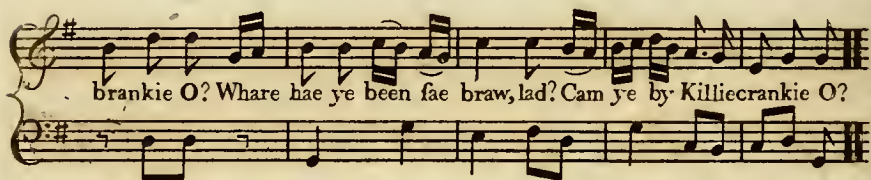
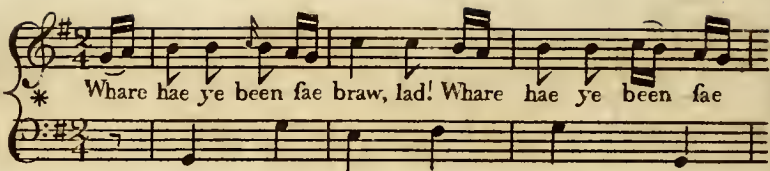
It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
Cho<sup>s</sup> We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold, coward loun is he!  
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three!  
Cho<sup>s</sup> We are na fou, &c.



## Killiecrankie.

292



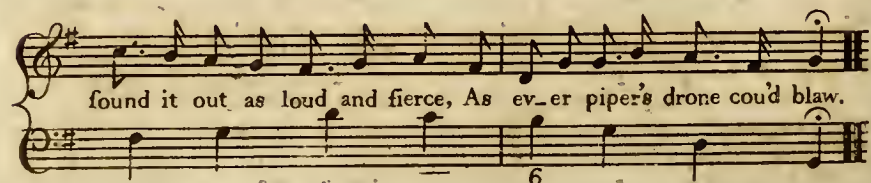
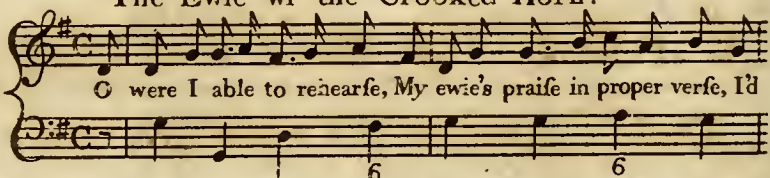
I faught at land, I faught at sea,  
At hame I faught my Auntie, C;  
But I met the Devil and Dundee  
On th' Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
An ye had been &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,  
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;  
Or I had fed an Athole Gled  
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
An ye had been &c.

Z

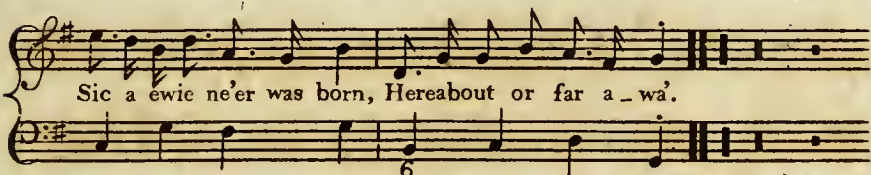
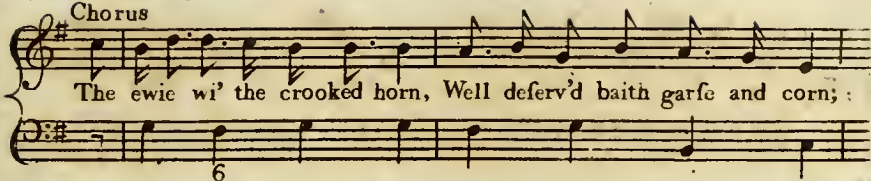
## The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn.

293



## Continued.

## Chorus



I neither needed tar nor keil,  
To mark her upo' hip or heel,  
Her crooked horn it did as well,

To ken her by amo' them a'

The ewie &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,  
But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,  
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
Was never sweeter to lead nor ca'.

The ewie &c.

Could or hunger never dang her,  
Wind or rain could never wrang her,  
Ance she lay a' wook an' langer  
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.

The ewie &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,  
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,  
My ewie never play'd the like  
But tees'd about the barn yard wa'.

The ewie &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast,  
Nae honest man could weel ha' wist,  
For filly thing he never mist,  
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The ewie &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,  
To be to him a kind of stock,  
And now the laddie has a flock,  
Of mair nor thirty head te ca'.

The ewie &c.

The neest I gae to Jean; and now,  
The bairn's fae bra' has fauld fae fu',  
That lae fae thick come her to woo,  
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

The ewie &c.

I lock'd ay at even for her,  
For fear the fumart might devour her,  
Or some meschanter had come o'er her,  
If the beastie bad' awa'.

The ewie &c.

Yet monday last for a' my keeping,  
I canna speak it without greeting.  
A villain came when I was sleeping,  
And staw my ewie, horn and a'.

The ewie &c.

I sought her fair upo' the morn  
And down beneath a bufs of thorn  
I got my ewie's crooked horn,  
But ah! my ewie was awa'.

The ewie &c.

But an' I had the lown that did it,  
I've sworn and band' as well as said it  
Tho' a' the world shoud forbid it,  
I shoud gie his neck a thraw.

The ewie &c.

I never met wi' sick a turn  
As this, since ever I was born,  
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
Peur filly ewie stown awa'.

The ewie &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,  
As ewies die when they are auld,  
It wad' na been by mony fauld,  
Sae fair a heart to nane o's a'.

The ewie &c.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,  
Frae her and hers fae aften shorn,  
The loss of her we could ha'e born,  
Had fair strae death tane her awa'.

The ewie &c.

But filly thing to lose her life,  
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,  
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife  
Sall never win aboon't awa'.

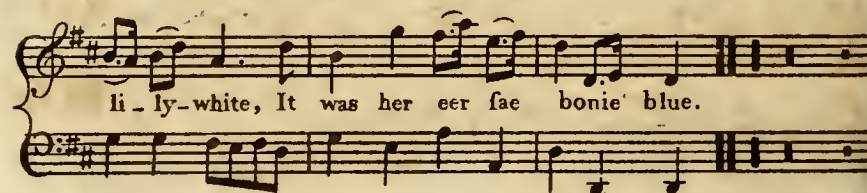
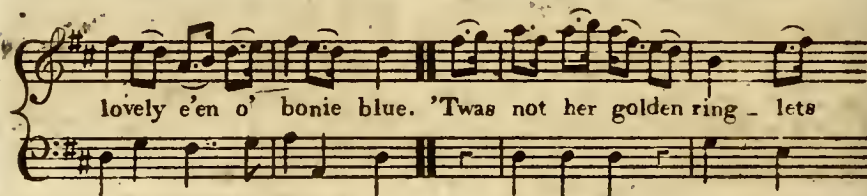
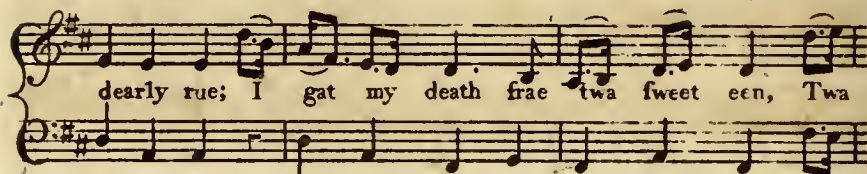
The ewie &c.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,  
Call up your muses let them mourn,  
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
Is stown frae us and fell'd and a'.

The ewie &c.

## The blue-eyed Lassie.

294



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



## The Banks of Nith.

Tune, Robie donna gorach.

295

\* The Thames flows proudly to the sea, Where royal

ci-ties state-ly stand; But sweeter flows the Nith, to me, Where

Cummins ance had high command: When shall I see that

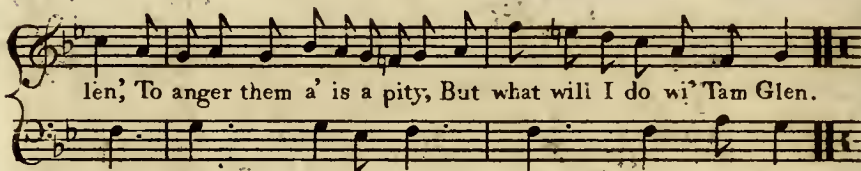
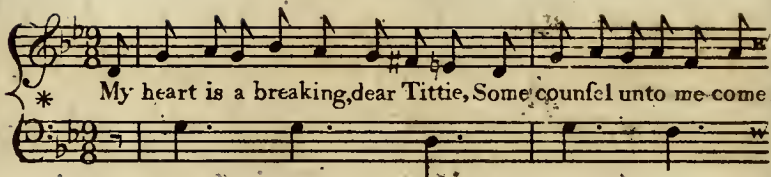
honor'd Land, That winding Stream I love so dear! Must wayward

Fortunes adverse hand For e-ver, e-ver keep me here.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
 Where bounding hawthorns gayly bloom;  
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales  
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom!  
 Tho wandering, now, must be my doom,  
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,  
 May there my latest hours consume,  
 Among the friends of early days!

## Tam Glen.

296



I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
In poortith I might mak a fen:  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

But, if its' o'rain'd I maun take him,  
O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
'Gude day to you brute' he comes ben: And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.  
He orags and he blaws o' his filler,

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,  
My heart to my mou gied a sten;

But when will he dance like Tam Glen. The last Halloween I was waukin  
My Minnie does constantly deave me, His likenefs cam up the house staukin,  
And bids me beware o' young men; And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,

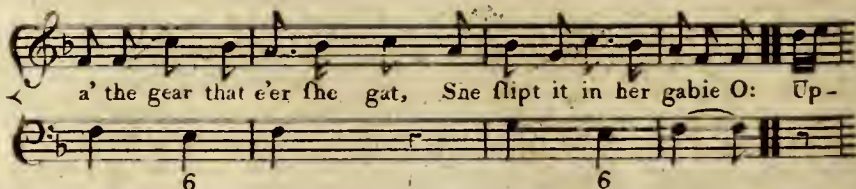
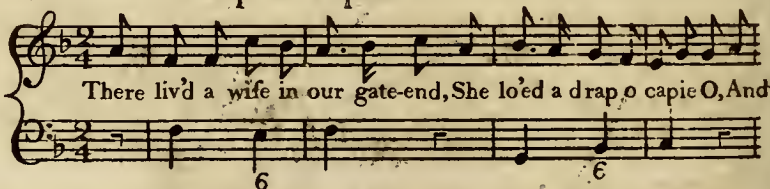
My droukit fark-fleeve, as ye ken;

But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen. Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;  
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,

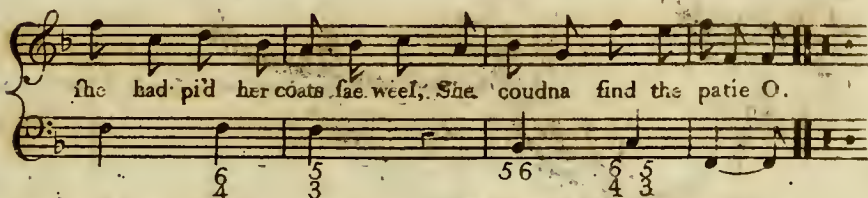
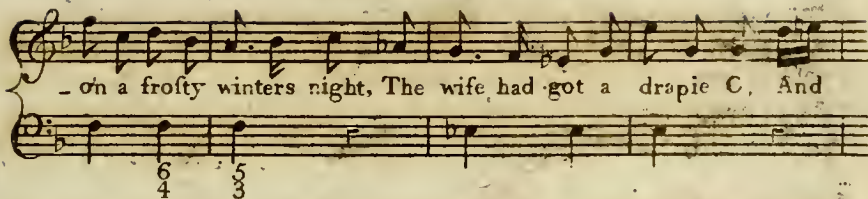
My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him, Gif ye will advise me to Marry  
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

## Drap o' capie o.

297



## Continued.



But she's awa' to her goodman,  
They ca'd him Tamie Lamie-O,  
Gae ben and fetch to me the can,  
That I may get a dramie-O.  
Tamie was an honest man,  
Himself he took a drapie-O,  
It was nae weel out o'er his craig,  
Till she was on his tapie-O.

Then Tamie took her aff the frame,  
And put her in the pockie-O,  
And when she did begin to pour,  
He lent her ay a knockie-O.  
Away he went to the mill-dam,  
And there ga'e her a duckie-O.  
And ilka chiel that had a stick,  
Play'd thump upon her backie-O.

Quoth she, the deil flee o'er your craig,  
Ye greedy drucken coofie O!  
My wee drap drink, I had nae mair,  
And I maun die o' drouthie O.  
She paid him weel, baith back and side,  
And fair she creish'd his backie-O,  
And made his skin baith blue and black,  
And gar'd his shoulders crackie-O.  
And when he took her hame again,  
He did hing up the pockie-O,  
At her bed-side, as I hear say,  
Upon a little knagie-O.  
And ilka day that she up-rose,  
In naithing but her smockie-O,  
Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,  
She might behold the pockie-O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,  
And he has ta'en a pockie-O,  
He put her in, baith head and tail,  
And cast her o'er his backie-O.  
The carling spurr'd wi' head and feet,  
The carle he was sae ackie-O,  
To ilka wa' that he came by,  
He gar'd her head play knackie-O.  
Now all ye men, baith far and near,  
That have a drunken tutie-O,  
Duck you your wives in time of year,  
And I'll lend you the pockie-O,  
The wife did live for nineteen years,  
And was fu' frank and cuthie-O,  
And ever since she got the duck,  
She never had the drouthie-O.

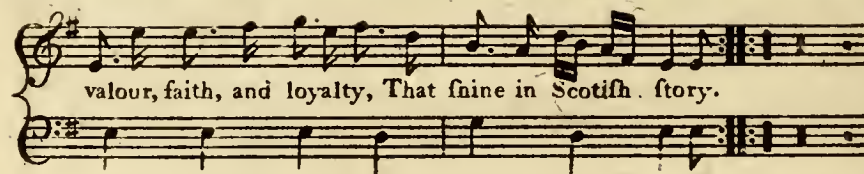
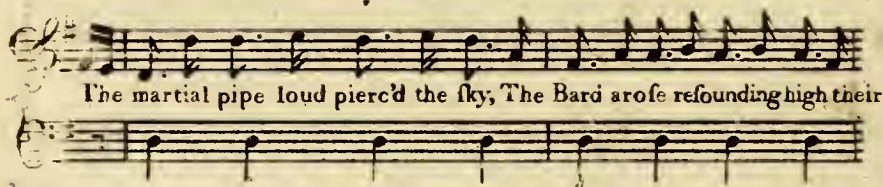
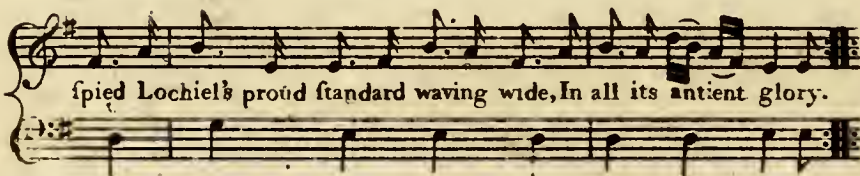
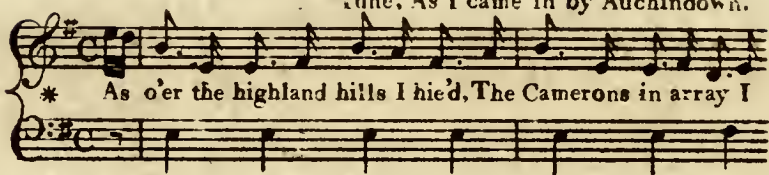
Goodman, I think you'll murder me,  
My brains you out will knockie-O,  
He gi'd her ay the other hitch,  
Lie still, you devil's buckie-O.  
Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,  
O let me out, dear Tamie-O;  
He sat her down upon a stane,  
And bade her pie a damie-O.  
At last the carling chanc'd to die,  
And Tamie did her bury-O,  
And for the publick benefit;  
He has gar'd print the curie-O.  
And this he did her motto make;  
Here lies an honest luckie-O,  
Who never left the drinking trade,  
Until she got a duckie-O.



## On the restoration of the forfeited Estates 1784.

Tune, As I came in by Auchindown.

298



No more the trumpet calls to arms,  
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,  
But every hero's bosom warms,  
With songs of exultation,  
While brave Lochiel at length regains,  
Thro' toils of war his native plains,  
And won by glorious wounds, attains,  
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,  
And echoe wide from hill to vale;  
Ye warlike Clans arise and hail,  
Your laurel'd Chiefs returning.  
O'er ev'ry mountain every isle,  
Let peace in all her luster smile,  
And discord ne'er her day defile,  
With fullen shades of mourning.

McLeod, Mc Donald join the strain,  
Mc Pherson, Frazer, and Mc Lean,  
Thro' all your bounds let gladness reign,  
Both Prince and patriot praising,

Whose generous bounty richly pours,  
The streams of plenty round your shore  
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,  
Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,  
Nor e'er let Gothic grandour dare,  
With scowling brow to overbear  
A Vassal's rights invading  
Let Freedom's conscious Sons disdain  
To croud his fawning timed train,  
Nor even own his haughty reign  
Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern Chiefs, whose rage unbroke,  
Has still repell'd the tyrants shock,  
Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke  
With servile base prostration,  
Let each now train his trusty band  
'Gainst foreign Foes alone to stand  
With undivided heart and hand  
For freedom King and Nation.

# The Campbells are coming.

369.

299

The Campbells are coming O ho O ho The Campbells are coming O

ho O ho The Campbells are coming to Bonnie Lochleven The Campbells are

coming O ho O ho. Upon the Lomonds I lay I lay Upon the Lomonds I lay I

lay I looked down to Bonnie Lochleven and saw three bonnie ferries play.

D.C. al \$ for Chorus.

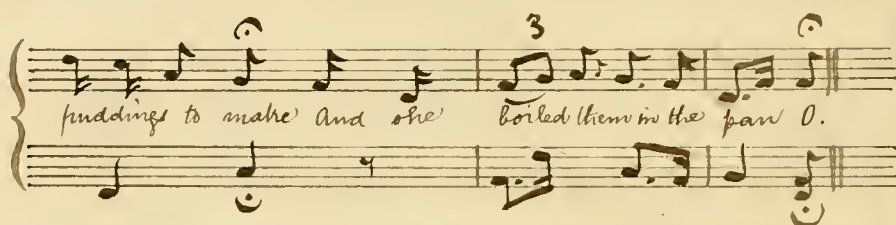
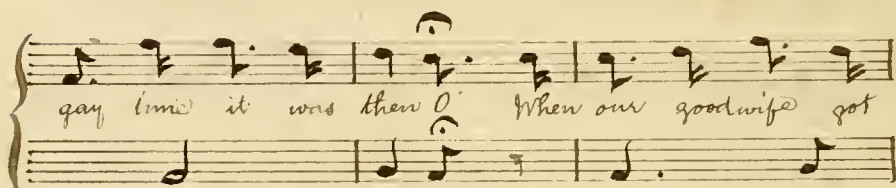
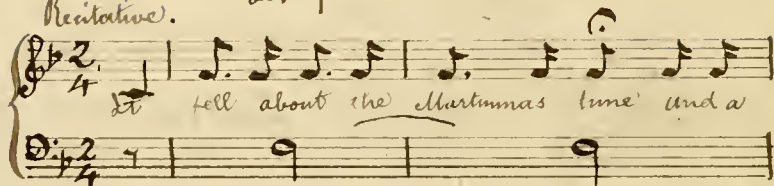
Great Argyll he goes before  
He makes his cannons and guns to roar  
Wi' sound o' trumpet pipe and drum  
The Campbells are coming Oho-oho! (Chorus)

The Campbells they are a' in arms  
Their loyal faith and truth to show  
Wi' banners rattling in the wind  
The Campbells are coming Oho-oho! (Chorus)

Get up and bar the door.

Recitative).

300



The wind sae could blew south and north  
And blew into the floor O

Tooth our goodman to our goodwife  
"Get up and bar the door O."

"My hand is in my hūswife's chep  
Goodman as ye may see O,  
An' it be na barred this hunder year  
It's no he barred by me O."

They made a pacton'tween them twa  
The made it firm and sure O  
That whae'er should speak the foremost word  
Should rise and bar the door O.

Then by there came twa gentlemen  
At twal's o'clock at night O  
And they could neither see house nor  
Nor coal nor candle light O.

"Now whether is this a rich man's  
Or whether is it a poor O?"  
But never a word would one of them speak  
For barring of the door O.

And first they ate the white puddings  
And then they ate the black O  
Though muckle thought the gudewife to  
Get neer a word she spak O.

Then said the one unto the other  
"What shall we do then O?"  
"What ails ye at the pudding broo  
That's boiling in the pan O?"

"But there's nae water in the house—  
Here man, tak ye my knife O,  
And cut ye aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the gudewife O."

O up then started our goodman  
An angry man was he O,  
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een  
And oand me wi' pudding bree O?"

Then up and started our gudewife  
Gae three ships on the floor O  
"Goodman ye've spoken the foremost word  
Get up and bar the door O!"

End of Volume Third.











