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ROBERT BURNS.

Published by G. Thomson, Edinburgh 1792.

X
VOL. I.

THOMSON'S COLLECTION

OF

THE SONGS OF BURNS,

SIR WALTER SCOTT BART

AND OTHER EMINENT LYRIC POETS ANCIENT & MODERN

UNITED TO THE

SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,

AND OF

IRELAND & WALES

With Symphonies & Accompaniments

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN &c

THE WHOLE COMPOSED FOR & COLLECTED BY

GEORGE THOMSON F.A.S. EDINBURGH

IN SIX VOLUMES

8/
Price ~~10s~~ each—Or with ~~12~~ Engravings by Allan & Stothard



Stothard & Co. del.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean.

R. T. Stothard Sculp.

LONDON.

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AND G. THOMSON EDINBURGH.

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G. Thomson



PREFACE.

THE approbation bestowed by the Public on the National Melodies and Songs collected and published by Mr Thomson, and the wish expressed by many of his Musical Friends to see them in a smaller and cheaper form, calculated to promote their wider circulation, have induced him to bring forward the present Work.

In the original selection of the *Melodies* for his folio works, the Editor was at the utmost pains to obtain them in the purest and best form; having carefully examined every Collection extant; availed himself of the communications of such intelligent friends as had been much conversant with their native music; and visited distant parts of the country, to collect on the spot what he could not obtain by means of Correspondents; invariably preferring that set or copy of every Melody which seemed the most simple and beautiful, whether he found it in print, or in manuscript, or got it from a voice, or an instrument.

The *Symphonies and Accompaniments* next engaged his solicitude. For the composition of these, he had the peculiar good fortune to enlist the talents of Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn, and Beethoven; and thus to give an additional interest to the Melodies, very far exceeding what they before possessed. About one half of those Symphonies and Accompaniments were composed by Haydn alone, who, to the inexpressible satisfaction of the Editor, proceeded all along with the work *con amore*. It occupied the leisure of that inimitable Composer for upwards of three years, and, on finishing it, he thus wrote to the Editor: "*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death.*"

The Symphonies form an Introduction and Conclusion to each Melody, so characteristic and delightful, and comprise in themselves such a rich collection of new and original composi-

tions, as to form an invaluable appendage to the Melodies: while the Accompaniments will be found to support the voice, and to beautify the Melodies, without any tendency to injure their simple character.

Second-voice parts were also composed by these great Masters, for such of the Melodies as seemed best fitted to be sung as *DUETTS*; as well as for the Chorus parts, formerly sung by one voice only, or by different voices in unison.

The *Poetical* part of the Work was, to the Editor, a subject of most anxious consideration, and attended with far greater difficulty than he had ever anticipated: for although a considerable portion of the *Airs* had long been united to unexceptionable Songs, yet a far greater number stood matched with Songs of such a silly, vulgar, or indelicate character, as could no longer be sung in decent society, or among persons of good taste: and it became necessary, in order to preserve and perpetuate those beautiful Melodies, to rid them of their coarse metrical associates, and to get them matched with others more congenial to their nature and worthy of their beauty. It is observed by Dr Currie, in his interesting *Life of Burns*, that "there is no species of Poetry, the productions of the drama not excepted, so much calculated to influence the morals, as well as the happiness of a people, as those popular verses which are associated with national airs, and which being learnt in the years of infancy, make a deep impression on the heart, before the evolution of the powers of the understanding."

It was under a similar impression with respect to the Poetry, that the Editor undertook its revisal and purification. Most fortunately for the lovers of music and song, he applied to our great National Poet, ROBERT BURNS; who, in the most liberal and cordial manner, undertook to write a large proportion of the Songs

wanting. He performed what he promised, in a manner that transcended the most sanguine expectations of the Editor, having enriched the Work with the most exquisite Songs, both Scottish and English, that exist in any language: they exhibit all the charms of the Poet's genius in the utmost variety, both of serious and humorous composition; and every intelligent reader will contemplate his luxuriant fancy, his ardent feeling, and manly sentiment, and the impressive energy and simplicity of his style, with equal wonder and delight. All his tender and impassioned Songs breathe the genuine, glowing, unaffected language of the heart; while the scenes, the manners, the innocence, and the pleasures of rural life, are pourtrayed with a pencil so true to nature, as to engage our warmest sympathies and admiration.

On the lamented death of BURNS, the Editor, after a considerable pause, sought, and fortunately obtained the assistance of Mrs JOANNA BAILLIE, Mrs GRANT, Mrs JOHN HUNTER, Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Sir WALTER SCOTT, THOMAS CAMPBELL, and WILLIAM SMYTH, Esqrs., whose valuable contributions to his Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Collections, exceed 130 Songs; which, with those of BURNS, form upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY NEW SONGS—in addition to the best anonymous Songs of the olden time—and the select ones of RAMSAY, CRAWFORD, HAMILTON, THOMSON, SMOLLETT, SKINNER, MACNEIL, HOGG, &c.

Dr. Burney says, "It should be a principal object of mankind to attach the fair sex by every means to music, as it is the only amusement that may be enjoyed to excess,

"and the heart still remain virtuous and uncorrupted." The great object of the Editor has been to heighten and refine that amusement: and accordingly, amidst all the variety of Songs contained in his Volumes, whether plaintive, amatory, gay, or humorous, not one will be found inimical to the most virtuous and delicate feeling; not one which he hesitates to put into the hands of his own daughters, or, one, "which dying, he could wish to blot."

The present Work will be found to contain nearly the whole of the Scottish Melodies, together with a selection of the most popular Irish and Welch Melodies, in the Editor's folio edition of those three Works.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments of the folio volumes have been adopted in the present Work, *and arranged so as to be complete for the Piano-Forte*, without the addition of the Violin and Violoncello. The Poetry attached to the Melodies in the great Works, is also retained in the present Publication, and includes a number of additional *new* Songs.

The characteristic Engravings, from Scottish song, which embellish this Work, from Designs of ALLAN and STOTHARD, will, it is hoped, be duly appreciated by every person of taste.

To what period, and to what description of persons, the Public are indebted for the original production of the Scottish Melodies, have long been questions for the investigation of the Antiquary. Whether, in the annexed Dissertation, a near approach has been made to the solution of these questions, the Editor will not presume to decide.

Edinburgh, Royal Exchange, March 1822.

* * * With respect to the *mode of singing* the Scottish Melodies, there is one great error which the Editor has frequently observed with peculiar regret; that is, the very slow time, and languid manner, which many of his fair countrywomen have been taught to adopt. This not only imparts a lifeless character to the Music, but occasions such a very indistinct and imperfect pronunciation of the words, that the hearers, far from receiving any mental pleasure, can scarcely find out the subject of the song. The Scottish Songs, when performed in this very slow drawing way, lose their proper character; and, instead of delighting the fancy or touching the heart, as they must do, if sung and spoken with feeling and animation, they rather tend to lull the passive hearers asleep.

DISSERTATION

CONCERNING THE

NATIONAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND.

THE National Music of Scotland comprehends a very great number of Melodies, adapted to the expression of emotion and passion in their various gradations, from the most plaintive to the most joyous. The Melodies of the Lowlands are essentially different from those of the Highlands; the Vocal Melodies are, of course, very different from the tunes composed for instruments; and the old Vocal Melodies, or what may be considered as the original stock of our national music, differ from the Melodies of more modern date, which have been added to that stock at various periods. An inquiry into the nature and causes of these diversities, would lead to a very long discussion; but an attempt to ascertain the origin and antiquity of the Vocal Melodies of the Lowland Scots, and a few remarks on their style and character, compared with the national music of other countries, may form an appropriate introduction to a Collection of the best of those Melodies.

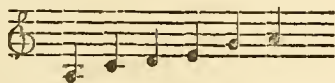
There is hardly any people, however rude, that has not its music. The warrior, the hunter, and the shepherd, sing their triumphs, their exploits, and their loves, in strains dictated by nature, and inspired by feeling. Even among the most barbarous tribes, if there are any traces of the softer and better emotions, it is in their Songs that these traces are to be found; and music is thus, not merely the most innocent and refined pleasure which a rude

people can enjoy, but a powerful instrument in quickening the progress of improvement, by cherishing the best feelings of our nature.

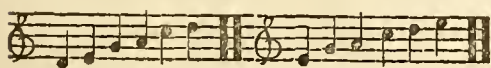
It is to be expected that the original music of different nations, though differing in its character according to the varieties of their situations and manners, will yet, as being prompted by nature, agree in containing the most simple and elementary sounds of the musical scale. Our musical scale of the present day, though it appears simple and natural to us, is, in reality, the gradual result of theoretical deduction and practical improvement; and it is certain, that a great part of what is called *national music*, is constructed according to a scale, which, though different from the regular scale of the moderns, is found to be the same in the most remote and unconnected parts of the world. When the nature and properties of this scale, which, for the sake of distinction, shall be called the *national scale*, are precisely defined, it becomes a criterion for separating our old national music from that which is modern, and for ascertaining what must have been the primary form of the original airs.

In Scotland, as well as every other country in Europe which possesses a body of national music, this music has been much changed and modified by the cultivation of the art during a long period, in the course of which a knowledge of it has been gradually diffused among

ideas are confined to the diatonic scale, could never introduce chromatic intervals into his melodies; and even those who are familiar with the chromatic scale, cannot introduce enharmonic intervals, though those intervals seem to have been in common use among the Greeks, in consequence of their musicians having discovered and introduced into practice the enharmonic scale. From this manner of wandering up and down the scale, and stopping on any part of it at pleasure, our old airs are found not always to close on what we call the key-note, but frequently on other parts of the scale; and a greater or lesser degree of wildness is given to the melody, in consequence of its close being more or less different from what we are used to in modern music. A considerable variety of character will be given to the airs, as they happen to rest chiefly, or close upon certain parts of the scale, which will thus become principal, or key-notes, and will give the airs the appearance of being composed in different keys, and in different modes, though they contain invariably no sounds but those in the simple series which has already been given. A strain beginning and ending, for instance, with C, and running through the series of sounds already given, as filling up the distance between C and its octave, will appear to be in the modern key of C major. An air beginning and closing on A, and running through the sounds in the same series between that note and its octave, will have an effect similar to a modern composition in A minor; and similar varieties will be produced by taking D, or E, as the predominating note in the melody. Thus, a scale producing an impression like that of A minor, is formed by merely placing the note A at the beginning of the scale already given;



and, by commencing with D, or E, the following scales are produced:



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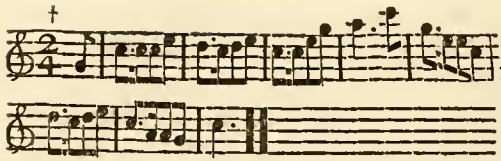
By singing or playing these scales, it will be found that they have a character different from the scale commencing with C, as well as from each other. The scales beginning with A and E have an effect resembling very nearly the modern minor scale. They agree in having the minor third, the great characteristic of the minor mode, and the flat seventh; but the one has the fifth without the sixth, and the other has the sixth without the fifth. A scale, however, without so essential a note as the fifth of the key, seems not adapted for practical use; and, therefore, it will be found, on examining the old melodies in the minor mode, that they generally contain the notes in the series commencing with A. Various airs are to be found consisting of the notes in the series beginning with D; and although this series wants the third, yet these airs give the impression of being in the minor mode, and require minor harmony.

It will be observed, however, that, as all these different kinds of airs are, in reality, constructed upon one series or scale of sounds, and as their composers had no idea of the distinction of major and minor modes, but were prompted merely by their taste or feeling to rest or close upon particular notes of the scale, we cannot expect that exact distinction of modes which is to be found in modern music. The melody is frequently equivocal in this respect, and may be considered as belonging either to one mode or the other; modern composers, in harmonizing these airs, find it necessary to make frequent transitions from the harmony of the major mode to that of the minor, and *vice versa*: and it is in the skill with which these transitions have been managed, so as to gratify the ear with beautiful harmony, without impairing the original character of the air, that the celebrated composers, whose labours have contributed so much to the value of this work, have so greatly distinguished themselves.

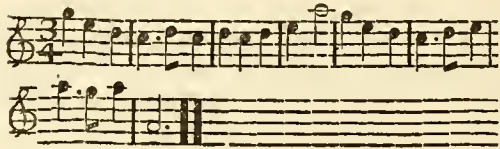
All this will be clearly illustrated by a few passages from different melodies.

In the series of C—the air “Auld lang syne,”

B



In the series of A—the air “Wandering Willie,”



The air, of which this is the first part, is considered as in the minor mode, because both the first and second parts terminate in that mode; but it is evident, that a considerable portion of the above passage must be treated as being in the key of C major.

The following (in the same series) is a remarkable instance of the same sort of equivocal modulation.

The Mucking of Geordie's Byre.



The close in A minor here determines the key, and renders it necessary, in harmonizing the air, to preserve the impression of this key as much as possible; but if the final note were changed from A to C, and a slight change made on the preceding bar, the whole air might be considered and harmonized as in the key of C major.

The following passage (the first part of “Bonny Dundee”) is constructed upon the series of D; and, though the third is always passed over, yet it is felt to be in the key of D minor.



The second part of the same air is a curious

instance of that mixture of modes already mentioned:

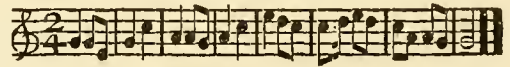


This strain begins in C major, and passes into A minor, on which there is a decided close; it then returns to C major, and finally closes in D minor, the original key. It would be difficult to find, in the works of the most skilful composer, any passage so short as this, so full of variety in its modulation, and yet so unaffectedly sweet and simple in its expression.

Other varieties in the character of Scottish airs are produced by their closing on the second, third, fifth, or sixth of the scale. One or two instances of these will be sufficient.

The close on the fifth is of very frequent occurrence.

Hey Tutti Taiti.

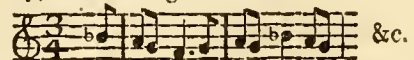


The close on the sixth has a very wild effect.

Woo'd and Married and a'.



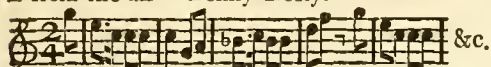
All the varieties which have been hitherto noticed, are produced without the slightest deviation from the original scale. There are, however, some few instances of old airs in which this series is not precisely adhered to. This happens, in the first place, where the flat seventh is introduced, as a note of great emphasis and expression, without any other change in the series. It is done, with the most exquisite effect, in the second part of the air “Waly waly,” which begins thus:



+ It is perhaps scarce necessary to mention that, in the above examples, the Airs are given in their primitive form, divested of all modern embellishment.

The same effect is produced by the same means, in "The Flowers of the Forest," "Lochaber," &c. Of this last air, however, it may be observed, that the introduction of the flat seventh, in the second part, which adds so much pathos to the melody, seems of modern date,—for the air, as printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, wants it. There is something, however, so natural and pleasing in sliding from the sixth to the flat seventh, while it has such a melancholy and *sighing* expression, that a minstrel of more than ordinary refinement and feeling may easily have hit upon it, in a moment of inspiration, even at a very early period of the art.

The only other variety, arising from a deviation from the original scale, happens where the flat seventh is introduced, not merely as a note of expression, but as the primary note of a new series of sounds, or, in modern language, as the fundamental of a new key. There are very few instances of this; and the airs in which it occurs are not good, the effect being harsh and unpleasing. The following example is from the air "Bonny Lesly."



This is a modulation from one major key to another, on the note immediately below; a modulation utterly inadmissible in regular music.

It thus appears, that, unless in those few instances in which a variety is produced by the introduction of the flat seventh, the Scottish Melodies are constructed upon a scale which differs from the modern diatonic scale, *in wanting the fourth and seventh*; from which it may be inferred, that it is *natural* to leave out these notes, and that their introduction into the modern scale is an artificial process. This inference is confirmed, in the first place, from observing the difficulty which untaught singers have in sounding one of its most predominating notes, the sharp seventh, particularly in the minor mode. To a cultivated taste, it appears quite barbarous to rise from the *flat* seventh to

the octave, and yet we hear this invariably done in minor airs, by rustic musicians, who do not exhibit either want of ear or musical feeling. It has often been remarked, too, that the *fourth* is not easily sung in tune by uneducated singers: And it thus appears, that the notes of the modern scale the most difficult to be sung, are those which involve the interval of a *semitone*; and that the national scale, by passing over these notes, avoids the difficulty of sounding this minute interval. The same conclusion is still more remarkably confirmed by observing, not only that our national scale has been ascertained to be the same with that of various other countries, but that it appears to be precisely the same with the most ancient scale of the Greeks.

The Vocal Music of the Highlands of Scotland, though differing greatly from the Lowland airs in its expression, is of precisely the same structure in regard to its scale, a circumstance of which ample proof is to be obtained from the Rev. Mr McDonald's valuable collection of Highland airs. The vocal airs of the Highlanders are of a character totally different from their instrumental music, a great part of which (their pibroch, for example,) is elaborate and complicated in its structure, and contains all the notes of the diatonic scale, extended to a very considerable compass. There is reason to believe, from the researches of Mr Gunn,* that instrumental music was much cultivated in the Highlands at a very remote period, and that the harp was used at an era prior to the introduction of the bagpipe. In like manner, most of the *old* Irish vocal airs (for many of the finest of their airs have been composed by Carolan, and other modern harpers) are constructed according to the same scale with our own; while their dances, and other tunes composed for their instruments, are more regular and extensive in their scale. The music of Wales is almost entirely instrumental.† The harp has been generally used in

* Historical Enquiry into the Performance on the Harp.

† The Editor was informed, by a lady of rank in Wales, that the common people in that country are not

much in the habit of singing, and that their musical recreation consists chiefly in listening to the performances of their harpers, of whom there is one in almost every village.

that country from a very remote period, and still continues to be so; and the natural consequence of the use of an instrument of such powers, is, that the Welch airs are almost as regular in their structure as modern compositions. The popular airs of Italy, and particularly of Venice, (which are the most remarkable,) though simple, are exquisitely polished and elegant; but no rudeness could be expected in the music of a people among whom the *gondolieri*, and other common classes, have made it their amusement to recite the poetry of Tasso. The French national airs of the present day may plainly be traced from the airs of the Troubadours in Provence and the other southern provinces;* the oldest even of which possess very few of the peculiarities of national melody. The same is the case with the Melodies of Spain, which, though often wild and singular in their *measure*, are, in general, perfectly smooth and regular, in so far as regards the succession of notes,—a circumstance easily explained from the prevalence of the guitar for so many centuries in that country. It is

not equally easy to account for the peculiar character of the national music of the Danes, Norwegians, and other Scandinavian tribes, which, though exceedingly simple, gives free admission to notes which are not to be found in our national scale. The airs of those countries are almost always in the minor mode; and, not only is the sharp seventh of common occurrence in them, but they contain intervals which are rarely met with, even in modern music.† It is difficult, certainly, to understand how this music should contain passages of such nice and difficult intonation; though there seems reason to believe, that music was cultivated, and the use of the harp known, among the Scandinavian nations, at a very early period.‡ But, notwithstanding this exception, and perhaps some others, the general fact of the extensive prevalence of the national scale is sufficiently established. It has been ascertained, that the Chinese music is exactly conformable to this scale, and has, consequently, a great deal of the Scottish character. Dr Burney gives

* The most ancient Melodies, known to be such by positive evidence, (not to speak of the fragments of Greek melody which have been preserved) are those set to the verses of the Provençal poets, or Troubadours, who were also the composers and performers of their music. A number of these songs and melodies are to be found in the "*Essai sur la Musique Ancienne et Moderne*," by Mr Laborde, a very splendid work published at Paris in 1780, (Vol. II.)—and Dr Burney gives a few of those of which the authenticity is best established. The Provençal poetry and music seem to have flourished chiefly during the 13th and 14th centuries; and the airs of those days, composed by the Troubadours, appear, from the specimens preserved, to have been almost as polished and regular as the French airs of the present day. This is particularly the case with regard to two of the airs composed by Thibaut, King of Navarre, who died in 1254, which are given by Burney, Vol. II. pages 297 and 300,—and also an air given by the same author, (p. 290,) from a manuscript of the 14th century in the Bodleian Library; and this is to be ascribed to the attention which was then paid to the cultivation of music, and the variety of instruments in general use. But it is a remarkable circumstance, that the beautiful and celebrated songs of the *Chatelain de Coucy*, (whose romantic and melancholy story is so well known to the readers of old poetry

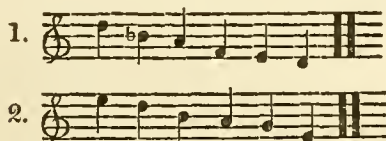
and romance,) are, though belonging to the same period, set to airs of a very different character, resembling the rudest of our own melodies in their structure and conformity to the national scale. The history of the *Chatelain de Coucy*, and a number of his songs, some of them accompanied with their music, are given in the "*Essai sur la Musique*," (Vol. II. p. 251. et seq.) and two of the most pleasing of them are selected by Dr Burney, who has given them in modern notes, and with a bass, (Vol. II. p. 285, 286.) These songs are exactly copied from manuscripts near 500 years old; and it is perfectly evident, from their whole character and structure, that, in their original state, they must have been precisely according to the national scale: though, when they were united to the poetry of the *Chatelain de Coucy*, and reduced to writing, (which must have been the work of a regular musician,) they were smoothed and embellished by the introduction of notes of taste,—in the same manner as has happened to our own melodies. It may, therefore, be inferred that these airs, so unlike the other melodies of that time of which specimens have been preserved, are the remains of the popular music of a still older period, prior to the cultivation of music as an art, and the general use of musical instruments.

† A number of these airs are given in the *Essai sur la Musique Ancienne et Moderne*.

‡ Vide *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. *Minstrel*.

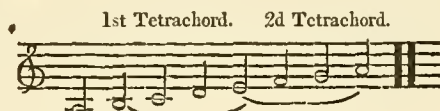
an account of a Chinese musical instrument, which could produce only the intervals of this scale.* Rousseau,† gives a Chinese air precisely according to it; and other Chinese airs of the same kind have been collected by different travellers.‡ Many wild and beautiful airs, strongly resembling our own, have been found in Persia, and the mountainous parts of India; and melodies of the same cast have been remarked among the Moors in Barbary, and the natives of North America.

The musical scale of the Greeks, it is well known, assumed a very artificial and complex form in the *later* ages of that people. But it appears to be the result of Dr Burney's laborious enquiries into this subject, that, at an early period, there was a scale, called by him the *old Enharmonic scale*, which he conceives to have been formed, not from the deductions of science, but from a natural feeling of its beauty; and which, he observes, has a very remarkable resemblance to the Scottish scale. Dr Burney concludes, that the old Enharmonic scale existed in two varieties, which, in modern notes, are as follow:



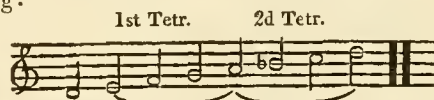
The first of these scales, however, differs from the Scottish scale in the very essential circumstance, that it contains the interval of a semitone between the B flat and A. The second possesses the Scottish character in a very striking degree; for (to use Dr Burney's words) "if we suppose the key note to be G " instead of E, a major key instead of a minor, " this omission gives precisely the Scots scale." But Dr Burney seems to have made a mistake in expressing this last variety of the scale in modern notes, by correcting which, the identity of the old Enharmonic with the Scottish scale becomes still more apparent.

Dr Burney quotes § the passage in Plutarch, in which an account is given of the origin of the old Enharmonic scale. From this account, it appears, that this scale was formed in the Dorian mode, by skipping or passing over the note called *Lichanos*, in each tetrachord of which that mode consisted; and Plutarch further says,|| that it was likewise usual for the old Grecian minstrels to pass over the note called *Trite*. To make this understood, it is necessary to attend to the structure of the Greek diatonic scale, as it subsisted till after the days of Pindar. It did not consist, like ours, of two *separate tetrachords*, or series of four notes each, forming the octave; but it consisted of two *conjoint tetrachords*; the highest note of the first tetrachord being the lowest note of the second. The Greek diatonic scale thus consisted, strictly speaking, of only seven notes; and a note was added to the bottom of it to complete the *diapason* or octave. Thus,



Added note.

Now, the third sound from the bottom of a tetrachord was called *Lichanos*, and the third sound from the *top* was called *Trite*. And, therefore, the first variety of the old Enharmonic scale was formed by leaving out the third sound from the *bottom* of each tetrachord, while the second variety was produced by leaving out the third sound from the *top* of each. Plutarch says, that it was in the *Dorian mode* that this was done. The Dorian mode was just a transposition of the foregoing series into a similar series, commencing with D; and its scale, accordingly, was the following:



Added note.

* Vol. I. p. 38.

† Dict. de Musique.

§ Burney, Vol. I. p. 34.

‡ See the *Essai sur la Musique Ancienne et Moderne*.

|| Ibid. p. 59.

The third sounds from the *bottom* of each tetrachord in this scale, are G and C; and by leaving them out, we have exactly the first series of the old Enharmonic scale, as given by Dr Burney. The third sounds from the *top* of each tetrachord are F and B *b*; and by leaving them out, we have, not the scale given by Dr Burney as the second variety of the old Enharmonic, but the following:



which is *precisely* the series of the Scottish scale, commencing with D: and thus the remarkable circumstance is clearly established, that the most ancient scale of the Greeks consisted of the *very same* series of notes with that which is found in the Scottish scale. *

It will now be pretty evident, that, by the application of this *national scale* (which has thus been ascertained to be of so ancient a date, and of such general prevalence) to our Scottish melodies, a good deal may be done towards discriminating between such of them as are really ancient, and such as are modern. In doing this, however, it is necessary to keep in view some general conclusions, which may be deduced from what has already been said.

The prevalence of the national scale appears

plainly to belong to a very rude and primitive state of society, when music is nothing more than the art of giving utterance to the few elementary tones which are immediately prompted by nature. As soon as music is more cultivated, and instruments of some power and compass are introduced, the airs must begin to assume a different character, and to shew marks of being constructed according to a scale formerly unknown. From Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, we are informed what were the airs which were considered old in the year 1724, when that work was published. On examining these airs, it appears, that, by far the greater proportion of them are precisely agreeable to the national scale, while a small number are of a more artificial structure. The former, it may be concluded, were formed at a period when music, as an art, was unknown in Scotland;† and the latter at periods comparatively modern, when, from the cultivation of the art, the people came to have the idea of sounds not to be found in the primitive scale. Of this latter class, those airs may be considered the oldest which deviate from the scale merely by the introduction of the flat seventh in the manner already pointed out; while those airs which contain all the intervals of the diatonic scale may be considered as the most recent. A short time before the

* The scale given by Dr Burney, as formed by passing over the note called *Trite*, may certainly be obtained, by leaving out the *Trite* of the three last of the five tetrachords, of which the Greek diatonic scale consisted, in its *latest* and most improved state. But these three tetrachords were not added till after the time of Pindar; and Olympus, (who flourished before the Trojan war,) and the other *old* musicians of whom Plutarch speaks, could have had no scale but that already described, which consisted only of two tetrachords, corresponding, in the Dorian mode, to our key of *D* minor. In making the above remarks, we by no means wish to convey any reflection unfavourable to that learned and excellent writer, Dr Burney. His discussion on the nature of the old Enharmonic scale of the Greeks is highly ingenious and original, and throws much light on one of the most curious questions in musical antiquities; while his error, as to the precise notes of one of the forms of that scale, is trivial, when considered in relation to the object he had in view, which was not an investigation into the

ancient history of Scottish music. Succeeding writers who have noticed Dr Burney's discovery of the resemblance of the Scottish to the old Enharmonic scale, have attended only to the *first* variety of that scale, which differs essentially from the Scottish scale, in containing the interval of a semitone. This has been done by Mr Graham, in his Essay subjoined to his elegant account of the Edinburgh Musical Festival in 1815. Mr Graham, however, like Dr Burney, was not engaged in any inquiry respecting Scottish music, and merely mentioned the subject incidentally. Dr Burney's authority upon this subject has also been followed in a paper upon Scottish music in the 12th number of the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, a work conducted with very considerable talent.

† The Editor, of course, does not speak of the Highlands of Scotland, where, if we may believe some writers, music was scientifically cultivated at a period more remote than either in Wales or Ireland. (See Mr Gunn's ingenious work on this subject.)

publication of the Tea-Table Miscellany, it had become very much the fashion in London to write and compose songs and tunes in the Scottish style, for the theatres and public gardens. Some of these were adopted by Ramsay; and, by this means, have obtained a place among our popular airs, though they possess very little of the Scottish character. The composers of those airs, from Dr Green down to Dr Arne, seem to have adopted a kind of conventional style, which they chose to call Scottish; and a good many of their airs having found their way into Scotland, have become naturalized among us.

With regard to the first class of the airs mentioned by Ramsay, or those which are of the most antique structure, it may safely be concluded, that these airs could not have been composed by persons conversant in music. They must, at all events, have been of considerable antiquity in Ramsay's time; and several of them are supposed to have been the work of some of our Scottish kings,—particularly of James I. and James IV. But it may be almost demonstrated, that this could not have been the case. It is well known to those who are at all acquainted with musical history, that, from the revival of learning after the dark ages, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, music, as scientifically studied, was infinitely more remote from *popular* or *national* music than it is at the present day. Music, as then studied and practised, was totally destitute of melody and rhythm, of which national music is entirely made up, and consisted of elaborate harmonical combinations, and of all the puzzles and intricacies of fugue and canon. This was the only kind of music which was cultivated by the great masters of those

days, or by the *dilettanti* who followed their footsteps; and it was not till a comparatively recent period, that the Italian composers began to discover, that many beauties might be borrowed from the national airs of their country. If James the First, or James the Fourth, therefore, or any other *dilettante* of high rank in our country, studied music in those days, it must have been the music fashionable throughout Europe at that period;—and it is impossible to suppose, that such a student, wholly occupied with madrigals in six and seven parts, consisting of nothing but harmony and contrivance, could ever have composed any thing like one of our national airs. This evidently shews the absurdity of the often-repeated story, that James I. introduced a sweet and plaintive music, in which he was imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa. The works of the Prince of Venosa are still extant, consisting of laboured madrigals, in a great number of parts, but totally destitute of melody, or rhythm, or indeed of any thing at all resembling *an air* of any kind.* This illustrious amateur employed himself like every other musician of his day; and if James I. ever attempted musical composition, it would doubtless be in a similar style. The words of Tassoni, therefore, as Dr Burney justly remarks, can only be understood to imply that these princely dilettanti were *equally* cultivators and inventors of music.† The same conclusion may be drawn from an examination of the noted collection of songs, with music, published at Aberdeen in 1666. The music of these songs is evidently composed by a scientific musician, and resembles, in style, the English music of that period. It is in parts, and of regular structure; but it has that air of psalmody which pervaded all mu-

* Specimens of the compositions of Gesualdo are given both by Dr Burney and Sir John Hawkins. These authors differ widely in their estimate of the merit of these productions; but the specimens speak for themselves.

† Pinkerton, in his History of Scotland, Vol. I. p. 180, on the authority of Bower, says, that "James I. sung well, and played on the tabor, bagpipe, psalter, organ, the flute, the harp, the trumpet, the shepherd's reed; on the harp, in particular, his performances were ad-

"mirable, and were highly applauded both by Irish and English masters." That this prince must have encouraged music greatly, is evident from a passage in Bellen-den's Chronicle, B. xvii. c. 5., which, after mentioning his patronage of learning, proceeds thus: "Thairfore all maner of virtew spred fast during his time: and above al other commoditeis, the service of God incressit with gret reverence and honour, *in maist crafty musick*, as yet occures to our dayes."

sic in those days, from the total want of rhythm and accent; and is as remote as possible from the character of our national airs. It is impossible, then, to suppose, that the musical composers of those times, whose thoughts were wholly bent on the weighty matters of learned harmony and deep contrivance, and who do not seem to have even had an idea of melody or rhythmical movement, could ever have composed any of those fine airs which derive from these qualities almost all their beauty.

We are, therefore, warranted in concluding, that the era of the melodies mentioned as old by Ramsay, which conform to the national scale, must have been a very remote one, anterior to the common use, among the people, of those instruments which are capable of producing the diatonic scale. Now, it appears, that different musical instruments have been in use in Scotland from a very distant period; and, without going into much detail on this subject, it may be observed, that the Scottish Lowland bagpipe, (a distinct instrument from the great Highland bagpipe) was a favourite and popular instrument for many centuries. It is mentioned as a popular instrument in James the First's celebrated poem of *Pebblis to the Play*; and this prince was murdered in 1457. It is also mentioned as a popular instrument in a poem of Sir David Lindsay, written about 1550. From the following curious passage in *Brantome*, who accompanied Queen Mary to Scotland, and describes the reception she met with from the populace of Edinburgh, it appears that violins, or rather viols and *rebecs*, were in common use among them:—"Estant logée en bas en l'Abbaye de l'Islebourg, vindrent sous la fenestre cinq ou six cents marauts de la ville, lui donner aubade de *meschants violons* et *petits rebecs* dont il n'y en a faute en ce pays la; et se mirent à chanter pseumes, tant mal chantez, et si mal accordez, que rien plus. He! (adds Brantome,) quelle musique, et quel repos pour sa nuit!" The scale of the Lowland bagpipe, as well as of the viol and rebec, was the regular diatonic scale; and the inter-

vals of that scale, though unknown when a large body of Scottish airs were composed, must have been pretty familiar to the ears of the people, so far back as the age of James I. or the beginning of the 15th century. It is probable, indeed, that this was the case at a much earlier date; for an instrument which was popular at that time, may be presumed to have been known for a long time before.

What has already been said, applies to those airs which appear to have been of some standing in the time of Allan Ramsay, or of which historical notices are to be found of a still earlier date. There are, besides these, however, a great many airs, of which nothing whatever is historically known, and whose antiquity must be judged of entirely by internal evidence. A number of these airs speak for themselves, being evidently so modern in their style and structure, that it is impossible to doubt that they are mere imitations, composed during the eighteenth century. Others, again, are marked with all the peculiarities of the national scale and character; and, though this renders it more than probable that they are old airs, yet it does not positively prove them to be so, because it is very possible for a modern composer, who is acquainted with the peculiar character of our melodies, to imitate them very exactly. Thus, the "Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon" was composed by a gentleman of Edinburgh, who had been jocularly told that a Scottish air could be produced by merely running the fingers over the black keys of a piano-forte, which give precisely the progression of the national scale. It is certain, however, that the imitators of Scottish airs have never been sufficiently aware of the properties of this scale; and therefore, their productions, though often pretty, and sometimes tolerably Scottish in their style, can, in general, be easily detected, from their containing notes, essential to the melody, which do not belong to the national scale. Among all the numerous airs which are *known* to be imitations, it may safely be affirmed, that, with the single exception just mentioned, there is not one which could be mistaken for an ancient

air; and therefore it is, at least, more than probable, that those airs which possess strictly the character of the old airs, are really old,—and, if so, coeval with the airs of the oldest class which has been described.

In pursuing this investigation, there is another consideration very necessary to be attended to, that almost all the old airs, in the form in which they are now found in our collections, differ more or less from their primitive shape. In some few cases, the air is essentially altered, so that it can no longer be reconciled to the scale on which it was originally constructed; while, in all the other instances, the air is merely rendered smoother and more graceful, without any essential change in its structure.

Of the first kind of alterations, the following appear to be some of the most remarkable instances. The "*Ewe Bughts*" is known to be an old air; yet, in its present shape, it is irreconcilable to the national scale. But in its more ancient form, as given in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, it is quite antique in its structure. In that form, the melody is rude and ungraceful; and the air owes almost all its beauty to the refinement which it has borrowed from modern taste. It has already been observed, that the exquisite flat seventh in the air of "*Lochaber*" is a modern innovation. The "*Mill, Mill, O*," as given in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, is very rugged, and contains little of the beauty of the air as it now stands. Similar changes have been made on the "*Auld Gudeman*," "*Lass of Patie's Mill*," and some other melodies.

Though such material changes as these seem few in number, yet almost every one of the old airs has, in the progress of taste and refinement, undergone those slighter changes which consist merely in softening or rounding the *contour* of the melody (if the expression may be allowed) so as to make it more agreeable to modern taste,—not in mutilating its body, or altering any of its essential lineaments, but only in bestowing on the same form and features a greater degree of grace and elegance. These changes do not

in the least conceal the original form of the air, or render it at all difficult to reduce it to its primary elements;—so that it is perfectly easy, by observing, from the general tenor of an air, upon what variety of the scale it has been constructed, to divest it of all modern embellishment, and to discover with unerring certainty what must have been its primitive form. This is of great use in a speculative point of view; but surely nothing but pedantry or gross affectation can dictate those complaints, which are sometimes heard, of the modern graces of our airs, and the deviations which have been made from their native simplicity. One might just as reasonably complain of the gradual refinement or civilization of a rude people.

HAVING thus explained the principles upon which, it is conceived, the comparative antiquity of our different airs may be ascertained, we shall next endeavour to give a view of the opinions of the principal writers on this subject, and the amount of the positive information which we have been able to collect regarding it.

It has been asserted, without the shadow of proof or probability, that some of our finest melodies were composed by DAVID RIZZIO; and the Editor of the *Orpheus Caledonius* takes it upon him to mark *The Lass of Patie's Mill*, *Bessy Bell*, *The bush aboon Traquair*, *The Bonny boatman*, *An thou wert my ain thing*, *Auld Rob Morris*, and *Down the burn, Davie*, as the composition of that Italian! But the assertion, as Ritson justly observes in his historical *Essay on Scottish Song*, is a proof at once of his ignorance and absurdity.

Dr Campbell, in his philosophical survey of the south of Ireland, 1777, contends, that "the honour of inventing the Scots music" must be given to Ireland, the ancient Scotia; "from whence, he says, the present Scotia derived her name, her extraction, her language, her poetry." Ritson thinks this conjecture by no means improbable; though, in the same sentence, he admits, that "there exists a sensible difference between the native

“strains of Hibernia, and the peculiar melodies of the Lowland Scots, as well in the mournful as in the festive strain.” Some airs, indeed, are claimed by both countries; but, by means of the harpers or pipers, who used to wander through the two, particular airs might become so common to both, as to make it questionable which of the countries gave them birth.

Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in the 12th century, and had visited France and Italy, after praising the instrumental music of the Irish, as superior to that of any nation he had ever seen, says, that Scotland endeavoured with the greatest emulation to rival Ireland in musical excellence, and that, in the opinion of many, she even surpassed her mistress.

Whether it was the music of the Lowland or Highland Scots to which the compliment of Giraldus refers, is left to conjecture. Martin, in his description of the Western Islands, characterises the people of the isle of Skye as having a great genius for music. He says, “there are several of ’em who invent tunes very taking in the south of Scotland and elsewhere;” adding, that “some musicians have endeavoured to pass for first inventors of them by changing their name; but this has been impracticable: for whatever language gives the modern name, the tune still continues to speak its true original; and of this (says he) I have been shew’d several instances.”—“It is to be wished,” says Ritson, “that he had condescended to particularise, as the late publication of Highland airs affords no support, it is believed, to that hypothesis.” It certainly does not; we have examined that publication, (Macdonald’s,) but not a single air is to be found in it which is popular or even known in the south of Scotland; so that Martin’s account is altogether vague and unworthy of credit.

Dr Beattie, in his Essay on Poetry and Music, observes, that the native melody of the Highlands and Western Isles is as different from that of the southern parts of the kingdom, as the Irish or Erse language is different from the English or Scotch. Of the Highland music, he adds: “The wildest irregularity ap-

pears in its composition; the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible;” while several of the old Scotch Songs “are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of a pastoral life.” And hence the Doctor gives it as his opinion, that the music took its rise among real shepherds, probably those who inhabited the pastoral country adjoining the Tweed and the other streams from which many of the Songs took their names.

Of all who have inquired into this subject, no one certainly has hitherto bestowed nearly the same pains on the investigation as Mr Ritson; whose acuteness and extensive reading as an antiquary, enabled him easily to detect, and successfully to expose, the inconsiderate assumptions and reasonings of less diligent inquirers. The result of all his reading and researches has led him to form an opinion similar to that of Dr Beattie; for, after stating most of the theories and conjectures of former writers, he adds: “After all, admitting the Irish origin of the Scottish music, it cannot be reasonably doubted, that many, if not most, or even all of the most celebrated and popular Scottish melodies now extant, as distinguished from the Highland airs, have actually been composed by natives of the Lowlands, speaking and thinking in the English language; by shepherds tending their flocks, or by maids milking their ewes; by persons, in short, altogether uncultivated, or, if one may be allowed the expression, uncorrupted by art, and influenced only by the dictates of pure and simple nature.”

Dr Franklin, in his Letter to Lord Kaimes in the Encyclopædia Britannica, is of opinion, that the Scottish tunes were composed by the Minstrels to be played on the harp, accompanied by the voice. He says, “the harp was strung with wire, which gives a sound of long continuance; and had no contrivance like that of the modern harpsichord, by which the sound of the preceding note can be stopped the moment a succeeding note begins. To avoid actual discord, it was therefore ne-

“cessary that the succeeding emphatic note should be a chord with the preceding, as their sounds must exist at the same time. Hence arose the beauty in those tunes that has so long pleased and will please for ever, though men scarce know why. That they were originally composed for the harp, and of the most simple kind, I mean a harp without any half notes but those in the natural scale, and with no more than two octaves of strings from C to C, I conjectured from another circumstance, which is, that not one of these tunes, really ancient, has a single half note in it; and that in tunes where it is most convenient for the voice to use the middle notes of the harp, and place the key in F, then the B, which, if used, should be a B flat, is always omitted, by passing over it with a third.”

It is evident, on considering this passage, that Dr Franklin's supposition, that the old airs were composed by performers on the harp, is not borne out by his reasoning in support of it. It has already been shewn, that the omission of certain notes in the scale of these airs is not peculiar to *them*, but extends to national music in general; a circumstance of which Dr Franklin does not seem to have been at all aware. But, at any rate, his theory is insufficient to account for the fact. He admits, “that not one of those tunes, really ancient, has a single half note in it,” which is stating in effect, that both the *fourth* and *seventh* of the scale are *always* omitted; while his theory accounts for the omission of the fourth only; and that only in some particular cases, namely, those in which the air was *not* pitched upon the natural key of the instrument. What he says as to the necessity of passing over certain notes, in order to produce consonant sounds, has been shewn by other writers to be destitute of foundation.

That Minstrels, who were generally harpers, and sometimes sung with the instrument, were formerly common in the Lowlands of Scotland, admits of no doubt: and that many of our more regular melodies may have been composed by them, is not improbable; but that

our oldest simple melodies were the productions of an age anterior to the existence of performers on the harp in the Lowlands, appears beyond a doubt.

The Minstrels of the Lowlands were by no means such a dignified class as the *Bards* of the Highlands of Scotland, and of other countries. And here, perhaps, a brief digression relative to an order of men who exercised so much influence, and were treated with so much distinction in the early ages, on account of their poetical genius and musical talents, may not be thought out of place, or unconnected with our present inquiry.

The bards were the poets, the musicians, the historians, and the heralds of ancient times. They perpetuated, in their heroic odes, the celebrity of their warriors and princes; composed those animating strains that led them to emulate, in the day of battle, the valorous deeds of their fathers; and recorded in song their triumphs or their fall. Their compositions handed down to a succeeding age some account of the signal achievements and events they had witnessed, though perhaps tinged by prejudice, or coloured by fancy; and, being given in verse, were the more easily treasured up in the memory of all who heard their recital: and thus tradition preserved some knowledge of remarkable occurrences, great actions, and national manners. The poems of Homer were recited or sung in Greece for ages before any prose history appeared. Diodorus Siculus is the first author among the ancients who mentions the bards as the composers of verses, which they sung to the sound of an instrument not unlike a lyre, (l. 5. § 51.) And Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, that the bards celebrated the brave actions of illustrious men in heroic poems, which they sung to the sweet sounds of the lyre, (l. 12. c. 9.) The account given by these Greek and Latin writers is corroborated by many parts of the poems of Ossian: “Such were the words of the bards
“in the days of song; when the king heard
“the music of harps, the tales of other times!
“The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and
“heard the lovely sound. They praised the

“ voice of Cona! the first among a thousand
“ bards !”

The earliest productions of the **WELCH** bards which have reached us, are those of Aneurin, Lewarch-hen, and Taliesin, who lived in the sixth century; and if we may judge of their merit by the translation of the *Death of Hoel*, by Gray, it were to be wished that those reliques could find translators of equal talents.

The songs of the **IRISH** bards, says Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, (Diss. I. Vol. I.) are by some conceived to be strongly marked with the traces of Scaldic imagination; and these traces are believed still to survive among a species of poetical historians, whom they call *Tale-tellers*, supposed to be the descendants of the original Irish bards. The Irish historians tell us that St Patrick, when he converted Ireland to the Christian faith, destroyed 500 volumes of the songs of the Irish bards. Such was their dignity in that country, that they were permitted to wear a robe of the same colour with that of the royal family.

In the **HIGHLANDS** of Scotland, many compositions of their old bards are still preserved. But the most valuable remains of these, and among the noblest specimens of uncultivated genius, are the poems of Ossian, a prince, a poet, and a hero, who is supposed to have flourished so early as the third or beginning of the fourth century; and who, (to use the words of an elegant female writer) “ sung the loves, the wars, the woes of his contemporary heroes, “ and arrayed them in such truth of character “ and beauty of diction, as cannot fail to attract and delight through every age.” That strong doubts have been entertained, and much ingenious reasoning has been brought forward to prove the non-existence of any such ancient manuscripts, as those from which the poems are said to have been translated, and that Dr Johnson pronounced the whole a forgery, is well known. There are few who believe that the poems of Fingal and Temora originally existed as long connected narratives:—but, that the subjects of them existed in the shape of heroic ballads, fragments, and unconnected

pieces, which the poetical genius of Macpherson prompted him to enlarge, and to unite by connecting links, seems to be the general and well grounded conviction. Many persons in different parts of the Highlands, (as we are assured by all Highlanders,) used to recite parts of those poems in the original Gaelic long before Macpherson’s translation was thought of. The very respectable Lady above alluded to, who passed the best part of her life in the center of the Highlands, acquired the language of the country, and personally knew and often conversed with the man that accompanied Macpherson in his journey to the Western Highlands and Islands in quest of the original poems, has repeatedly assured the Editor, that no person who lived in the country ever doubted the existence of the poems, generally speaking; and that every stream, mountain, song, and tale, retained some traces of the generous hero, or the mournful bard. But while she gave the Translator the credit of always rendering the sense of his original in a pleasing, and frequently in a faithful manner, she allowed, that on many occasions he had forfeited all claim to the praise of literary integrity.

These poems, says Warton, notwithstanding the difference between the Gothic and Celtic rituals, contain many visible vestiges of Scandinavian superstition. The allusion, in the songs of Ossian, to Spirits who preside over the different parts and direct the various operations of nature, who send storms over the deep, and rejoice in the shrieks of the shipwrecked mariner,—who call down lightning to blast the forest or cleave the rock, and diffuse irresistible pestilence among the people,—beautifully conducted and heightened under the skilful hand of a master bard, entirely correspond with the Runic system, and breathe the spirit of its poetry.

But to return to the Minstrels, whom Dr Franklin supposes to have been the composers of the Lowland Scottish melodies. These Minstrels were in general not poets, but musicians, though it must have occasionally happened, as among the bards, that the two characters were

united. Mr Pinkerton tells us, that James III. favoured the minstrels or musicians so highly, as to permit them to equal knights and heralds in their apparel. And it appears, that a part of the choristers at the chapel royal at Stirling always attended that monarch, "to make him merry."* The most skilful of the minstrels were probably retained in the halls of the great, to enliven their festive hours; and the rest sought a livelihood by travelling over the country; but, in process of time, became so numerous, degenerate, and intolerable, as to be classed with rogues and vagabonds, and interdicted, by statutes and proclamations, from molesting the public. Dr Burney observes, that "the first Greek musicians were gods; the second heroes; the third hards; the fourth beggars!" And although the Scottish minstrels never could even dream of celestial honours, yet the fraternity in both countries unhappily came at last to be on an equal footing.†

The musical compositions of the Celtic tribes, (we do not refer to the age of Ossian,) were chiefly marches, pibrochs, laments, &c. complicated in their structure, and of a warlike character; while the Lowland music, on the contrary, consisted of little simple melodies of the most artless cast, adapted entirely to express the feelings of individuals,—their hopes, their loves, their joys, or their griefs. It has already been shewn, that, from their conformity to that scale which is natural to the human voice in an uncultivated state, the greater part of them must have originated at a period an-

terior to the introduction of any tolerable instrumental music; and, consequently, before the existence of that class of men with whom Dr Franklin supposes them to have originated.

While we, therefore, are very much inclined to believe, with Mr Ritson and Dr Beattie, that the Lowland melodies originated among the pastoral inhabitants of the country; yet, we are also disposed to think, that many of the more artificial and less ancient melodies may have been produced by the minstrels or harpers,—and thus far only can we agree with Dr Franklin. It may be too much, perhaps, to assign the honour to the shepherds and milkmaids in the district of the Tweed, to the exclusion of other classes and other districts; yet it must be confessed, that the names of a number of the melodies and songs, such as Tweedside, Braes of Yarrow, Ettrick hanks, Broom of Cowdenknows, Gala water, &c. give a fair colour for the local preference. What a highly favoured district, then, is that of the Tweed, and its tributary streams, if it produced our best ancient airs and ballads; while, in our own day, it has given birth to that mighty master of the lyre, whose transcendent genius commands universal homage wherever our language is known, from the Tweed to the Orcaes, and from the Mississippi to the Ganges!

Before concluding, we shall advert to a few particular Melodies which have been mentioned in publications of the 16th and 17th centuries.

* Lindsay says, (Dalyell's edition, Vol. I. p. 210.) "Also he maid in the said chappel royal all kynd of office men, to wit, the Bischope of Galloway, the Dean, and the Archdean, Thesaurer, Sub-deane, Chanter, and Subchanter, with all kynd of other officieris, pertaining ane colledge; and also doubled them for that effect, that the one-half should ever be ready to sing and play with him, and hold him merris."

† It appears, from Bellenden's highly curious translation of Boece's Chronicles of Scotland, (reprinted in a very elegant manner, for W. & C. Tait, Edinburgh, 1821, Buke 10. chap. 12.) that so early as the reign of Kenneth II. "who drew all the confusit laws of Scotland in ane compendius volumen," it was ordered, that "all vagabondis, fulis, bardis, scudlaris, and all siclik idill

"pepill, sal be brint on the cheik, and scourgit with wandis, bot (unless) they find sum craft to win thair levying."

In the reign of Macbeth, too, the minstrels must have been deemed very troublesome subjects; for we find from the same Chronicle, (Buke 12. chap. 4.) in an enumeration of a set of singularly curious "lawis maid by him for the common weil," the following enactment: "Fulis, menstralis, bardis, and alothir sic idill pepil, bot gif thay be specially licent be the king, sal be compellit to seik sum craft to win thair levying;—gif thay refuse, they sal be drawin, like hors, in the pluch and harrowis." The Chronicler adds, "Thir and siclik lawis war usit be King Makbeth: throw quhilk he governit the realme x yeris in gud justice!"

In the Preface to a small volume of Spiritual Songs, called "The Saints' Recreation," published at Edinburgh in 1685, compiled by Mr William Geddes, minister of the gospel, we are told, that "grave and zealous Divines in the kingdom have composed godly Songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, —*The bonny broom*,—*I'll never leave thee*,—*We'll all go pull the hadder*; and such like." Mr Geddes proceeds to speak of the tunes as *angelical*, and, after reprobating the *diabolical amorous sonnets* to which they were sung, suggests the *probability* of their having formerly been connected with spiritual hymns and songs. There is a singular little Work, which first appeared before the end of the 16th century, a *new* edition of which was published by Andrew Hart, Edinburgh, in 1621, and re-published by A. Constable, Edinburgh, in 1801, entitled, "Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophaine Sanges, for avoyding of Sin and Harlotrie," &c. In this, we find a number of puritanical rhapsodies, several of which, from the first lines, and from the measure in which they are written, *seem* applicable to particular Scottish tunes. One of these Godly Songs *begins* in the very words of a well known old Scottish one, viz.

Johne cum kis me now, The Lord thy God I am,
 Johne cum kis me now, That Johne dois the call.
 Johne cum kis me now, Johne represents man
 And make no more adow. By grace celestial.*

Another of the Godly Songs begins thus :

Hey now the day dallis, Now wealth on our wallis,
 Now Christ on us callis, Apperis anone, &c.

This exactly suits the tune, *Hey tutti taiti*, which used to be sung to words beginning, "Landlady count the lawin, *the day is near the dawin*." And there is every probability of

its being the same with *The jolly day now dawis*, mentioned by Gawin Douglas in the last prologue to his translation of Virgil, written in 1515; and also by the poet Dunbar who, addressing the merchants of Edinburgh, says,—

Your common Menstrals hes no tone
 But Now the day dawis—and Into Joun.

Thus, whatever may be thought of the tradition, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, it appears to be one of the oldest Scottish tunes concerning which we have any written evidence. There is a third Godly Song in the same publication, beginning—

Till our Gudeman, till our Gudeman,
 Keep faith and love till our Gudeman,
 For our Gudeman in hevin does reigne,
 In glore and bliss without ending," &c.

This is perfectly adapted to the well known tune, called *Our gudeman*, or, *The auld gudeman*; it is probable, therefore, that the latter was another of the popular Scottish tunes when the Compendious Book was published.

There is a tradition, that *John Anderson, my jo—Maggie Lauder—Kind Robin loes me*—and some other favourite Scottish airs, were originally attached to hymns in the *Latin* service. But Mr Ritson shews the absurdity of this idea: "No vestige, (says he) of any Scottish melody ever was, or ever will be found in the old Scottish Church-service, which did not, (for one of their service-books is preserved,) and could not possibly, differ from that of other Catholic countries, and must therefore have consisted entirely of chant and counterpoint. We may, therefore, safely conclude, that the Scottish Song owes nothing to the Church-Music of the Cathedrals and Abbeys before the Reformation," &c.

The *Orpheus Caledonius* seems to have been the earliest Collection in which the favourite

* The very same Air with "John come kiss me now," is found among the Welch Melodies, under the name of "Pen Rhaw," as well as in an old M. S. collection of Music called Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, with variations

by the celebrated Bird. It is very improbable, therefore, that it is of Scottish origin, more particularly as it does not conform to the Scottish scale.

Scottish Airs appeared in conjunction with the Songs. It was published about the year 1725, by W. Thomson, London, who republished it, and added a second volume, in 1755.

The *Tea-table Miscellany*, published by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, in 1724, was the first general Collection in which the admired Scottish Songs appeared without the Airs, though the poet had brought forward a *smaller* publication of the Songs some years before. In a separate Work, consisting of six very small books, he also published about 70 of the Airs, with a bass to each. To Ramsay's book, the publisher of the Orpheus Caledonius, as well as every succeeding publisher, has been particularly obliged,—most of the Songs which have so long been favourites, being found in the *Miscellany*. These were chiefly written by Ramsay and his friends for such Scottish Airs as they thought ill-suited with words,—Airs of which he says in his preface,—“What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their *antiquity*, and their being universally known.”

Some of the best Songs in the *Miscellany*, such as, *The Gaberlunzie Man*; *Muirland Willie*; *Nancy's to the Greenwood gane*; *My Jo, Janet*; *Tak' your auld cloak about ye*; *Waly Waly*, &c. were collected by Ramsay; and, but for him, it is probable, that these admirable specimens of ancient song would have been irretrievable. When, or by whom, these were written, is unknown: tradition indeed gives the *Gaberlunzie Man* to James V., and says it was written upon an adventure of his own, he being noted for his gallantries while strolling about his dominions in disguise; and his celebrated poem of *Christ's Kirk on the Green* no doubt gives probability to the tradition respecting

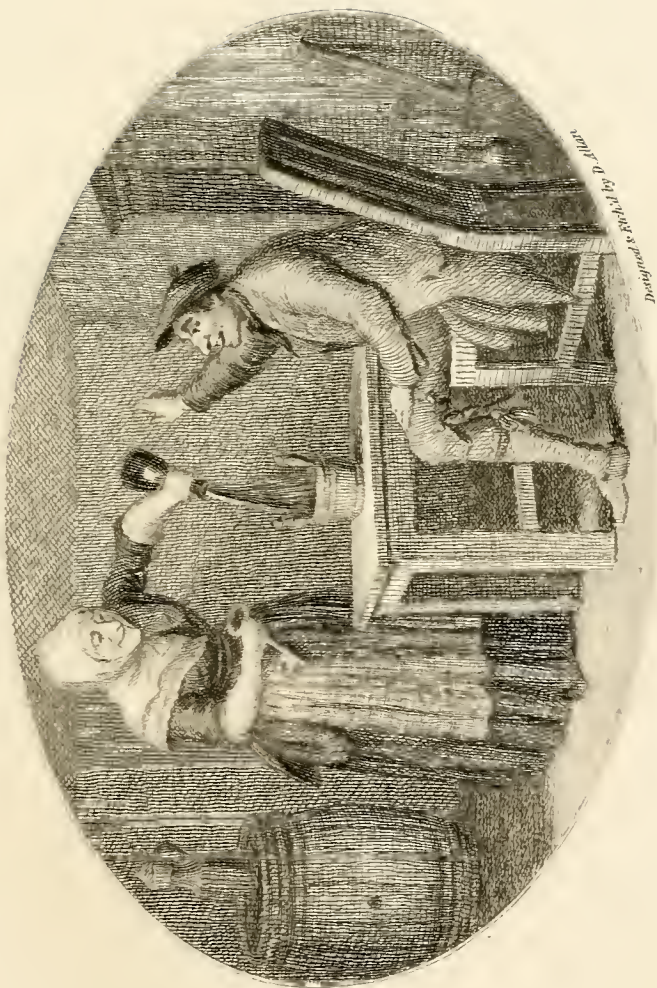
the song. An English version of the song “Tak' your auld cloak about ye,” was recovered by Dr Percy, and published in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*: and as a stanza of it, beginning “King Stephen was a worthy peer,” is introduced by Shakespeare in the drinking scene in *Othello*, and as the air is not marked with the Scottish stamp, it seems somewhat doubtful whether we have an exclusive claim either to the air or the words. The much admired song, set to the *Flowers of the Forest*, beginning, “*I've heard o' lilting*,” written on the battle of Flodden, though it has been *supposed* a production of that remote period, is said to have been written about the year 1755, by a sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto.

It only remains to be mentioned, that the results of the investigation which has now been attempted, as applied to the whole Airs, will be found in the index; where a mark will be affixed to each Air, indicating, according to the principles already stated, that it is either of the most ancient class,—or of a more recent era, when music was cultivated as an art,—or a modern production,—or an English imitation.

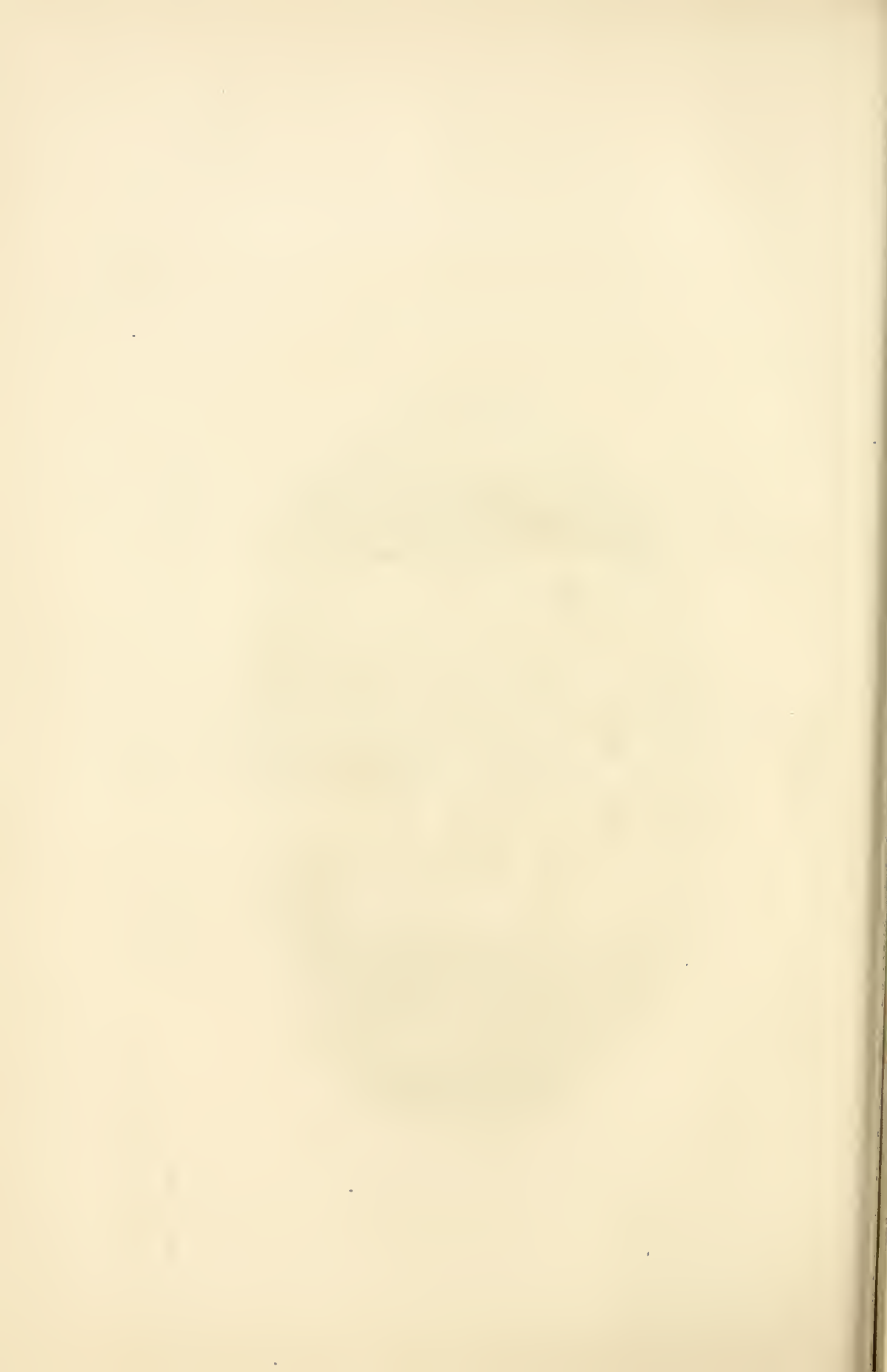
In conclusion, we beg it may be understood that we are far from thinking that the attempt now made may not be very imperfect, notwithstanding the great pains bestowed on it, and our anxiety to render this Dissertation as intelligible and complete as our narrow limits would permit. The subject is interesting and of some importance, in so far as importance can be said to belong to subjects of this nature: and we shall be glad if what we have done, should incite some more able and learned enquirer to prosecute the investigation.



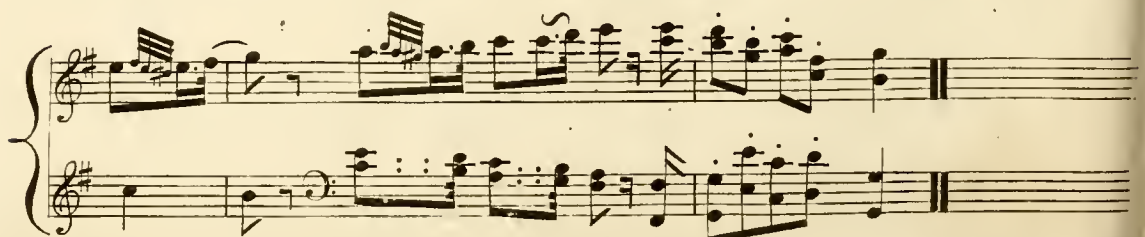
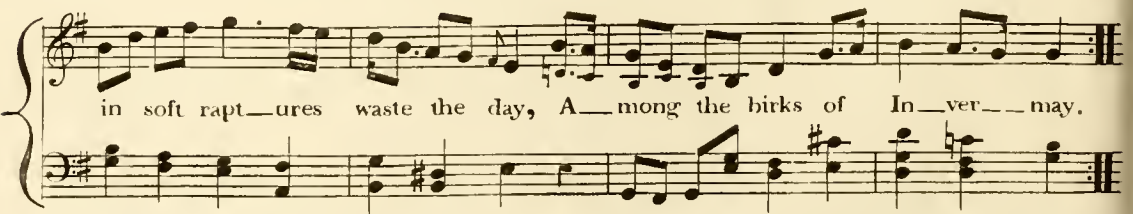
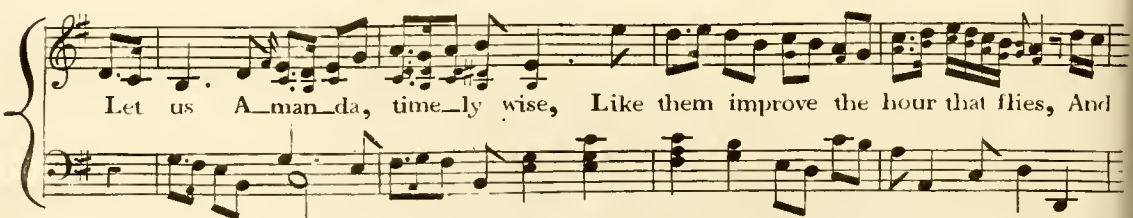
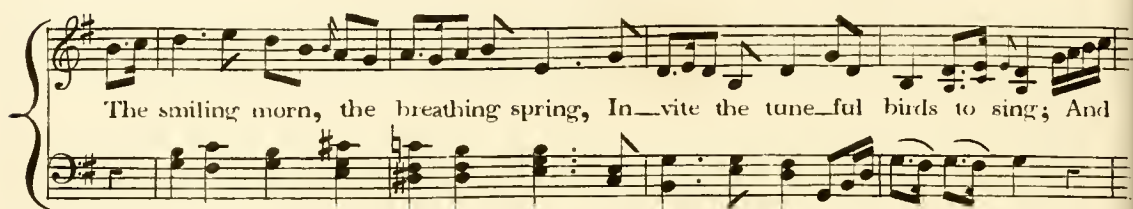
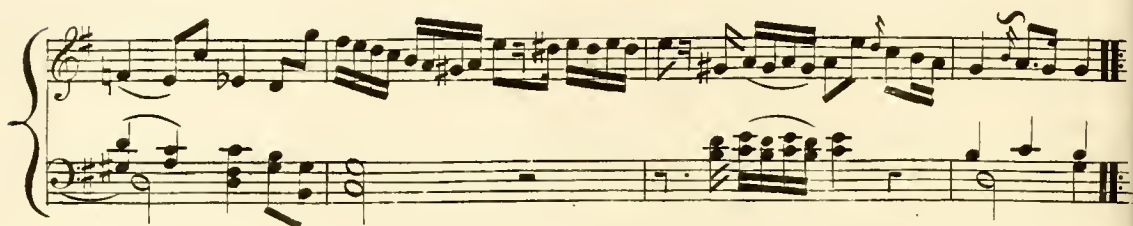
Published as the Act directs, by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1842



Contented wi' 'tude, & canp wi' 'mair,
I gi'e them a sheep as they're cropping along,
Whene'er I freighther wi' sorrow & care,
We 'a' coig of good ale & an auld Scottish sang.



ANDANTE.



THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE SONG BY MALLET.

.....

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay :
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

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

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

.....

How oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,)
 Thou wou'dst not lose Antonio's love,
 To reign the partner of a throne !
 And by those lips that spoke so kind,
 And by that hand I've pressed to mine,
 To be the lord of wealth and power,
 By heav'ns, I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee,—a monarch I.
 Thus, uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine !

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame ;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie ;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

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

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

LARGHETTO.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *LARGHETTO*. The music features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Vocal entry in 2/4 time. The melody begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The lyrics are: "Here a—wa', there a—wa', wan—der—ing". The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass line.

Vocal entry in 2/4 time. The melody begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The lyrics are: "WIL—LIE, Here a—wa', there a—wa', haud a—wa' hame;". The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass line.

Vocal entry in 2/4 time. The melody begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The lyrics are: "Come to my bo—som, my ain on—ly Dear—ie, Tell me thou". The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass line.

Vocal entry in 2/4 time. The melody begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a half note. The lyrics are: "bring'st me my WIL—LIE the same.". The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass line.

Piano accompaniment in 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line is a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass line.

LARGHETTO.

DUET.

2^d

1st

What beauties does FLORA dis—close, How sweet are her smiles up—on Tweed; Yet

What beauties does FLORA dis—close, How sweet are her smiles up—on Tweed; Yet

MARY's, still sweet—er than those, Both na—ture and fan—cy ex—ceed.

MARY's, still sweet—er than those, Both na—ture and fan—cy ex—ceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose, Not all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose, Not all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beau—ty and pleasure can yield.

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beau—ty and pleasure can yield.

Vol: 1.

TWEEDSIDE.

THE SONG BY ROBT. CRAWFORD, ESQ.

OF THE AUCHNAMES FAMILY.

BURNS mentions that the heroine of this song was MARY STEWART of the Castlemilk family, afterwards Mrs JOHN RITCHIE;— while Sir WALTER SCOTT, in his Notes to Canto II. of *Marmion*, says, that the song was written in honour of MARY LILIAS SCOTT of the Harden family, the second flower of Yarrow. Sir WALTER adds, that “ he well remembers the talent and spirit “ of the latter flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured “ the charms which procured her the name.”

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?

Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,

Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,

Not all the gay flowers of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,

With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring ;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?

Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,

Kind Nature indulging my bliss ;

To relieve the soft pains of my breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,

No beauty with her can compare ;

Love's graces around her do dwell,

She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?

Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :

Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay ?

Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

MY NANIE, O'.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

.....

The heroine of this beautiful song was Miss FLEMING, whose father was a farmer in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O,
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd;
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill,
 And its baith mirk and rainy, O;
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come well, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nanie, O.

ANDANTE.
ESPRESSIVO.

The first system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a piano (p) dynamic. The tempo/mood is marked 'ANDANTE. ESPRESSIVO.'.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piano accompaniment with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

The third system of musical notation, featuring the first line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: "Be—hind yon hills where Lu—gar flows, Mang muirs and mosses ma—ny, O, The". The piano accompaniment is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.

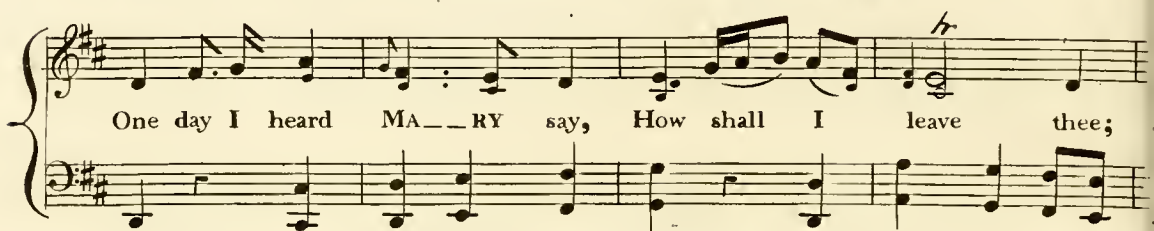
The fourth system of musical notation, featuring the second line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: "wint'ry sun the day has clos'd; And I'll a—wa to NAN—NIE, O.".

The fifth system of musical notation, featuring the third line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: "Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill; And its baith mirk and rai—ny, O, I'll". There is an asterisk (*) above the word "mirk".

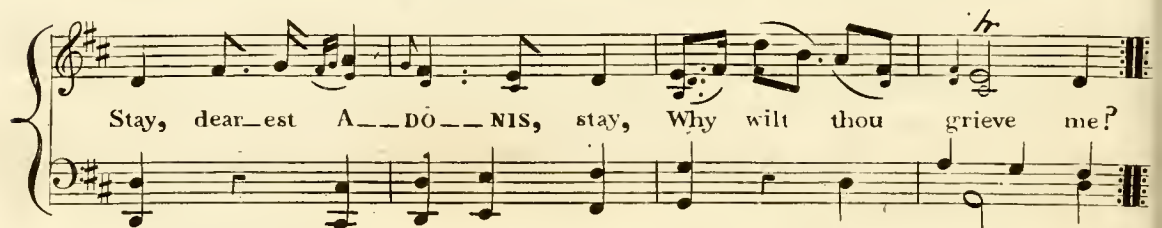
The sixth system of musical notation, featuring the fourth line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: "get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hill to NAN—NIE, O.".

The seventh system of musical notation, featuring the fifth line of the vocal melody. The lyrics are: "Or thus* and rai—ny, O,". There is an asterisk (*) above the word "thus".

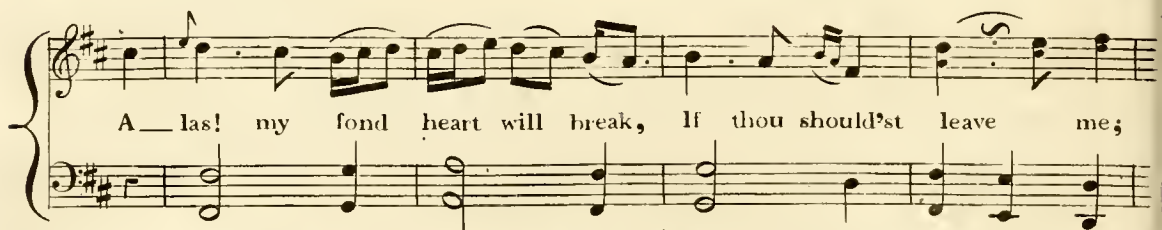
ADAGIO.



One day I heard MA—RY say, How shall I leave thee;



Stay, dear—est A—DÓ—NIS, stay, Why wilt thou grieve me?



A—las! my fond heart will break, If thou should'st leave me;



I'll live and die for thy sake, Yet ne—ver leave thee.



I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THE SONG BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

.....

There is an incongruity in coupling a Greek with a Scottish name ;
and the Editor has sometimes heard *Montgom'ry* substituted
for *Adonis* in this song. The critical reader, it is hoped, will
excuse the omission of a stanza of the song.

ONE day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee ?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me ?
Alas ! my fond heart will break,
If thou should'st leave me ;
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee ?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that's griev'd thee ?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may'st believe me ;
Such true love can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee !
O ! that thought makes me sad,
I'll never leave thee.

Where would my Adonis fly ?
Why does he grieve me !
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If he should leave me !

CORN RIGGS.

THE SONG

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

.....

MY PATIE is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking :
 The shining of his een surprise :
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.
 Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wou'd be mine,
 And lo'ed me best of ony :
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 " O corn riggs are bonny."

=====

COME, DEAR AMANDA, QUIT THE TOWN.

.....

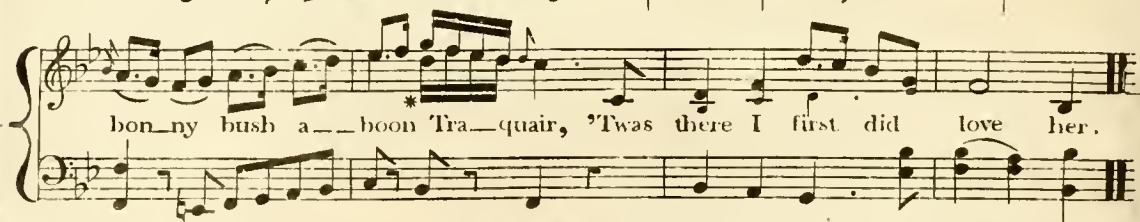
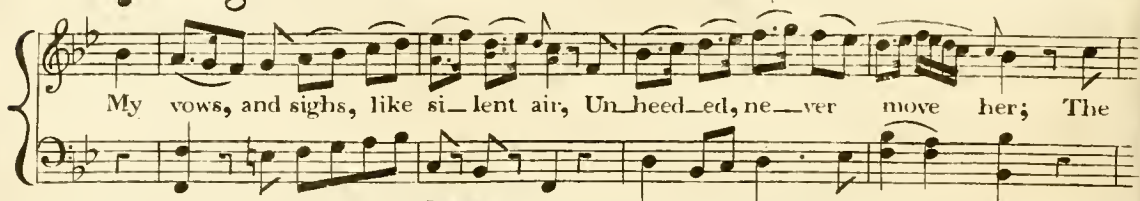
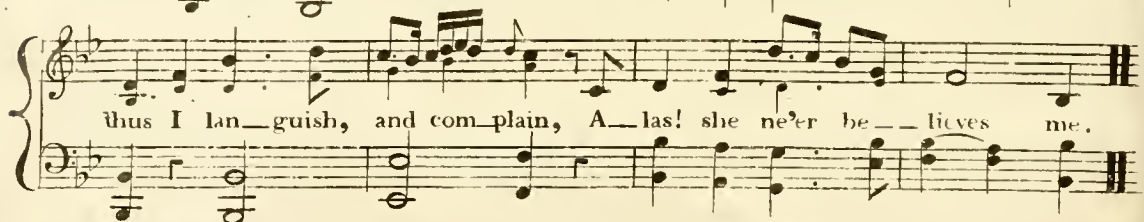
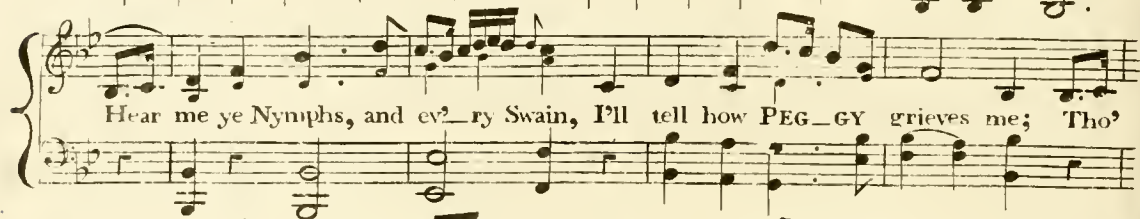
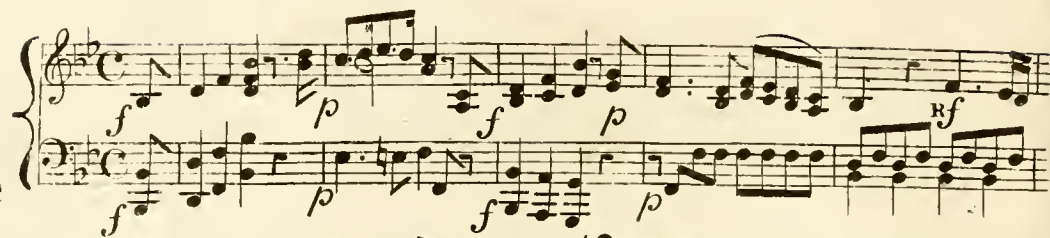
FOR THE SAME AIR.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets fly ;*
 Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky :
 The birds awake, the flow'rs appear ;
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear !
 'Tis love and beauty all we see !
 Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
 'Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day :
 For soon, too soon, it will be night !
 Arise, my love, and come away !

.....

* Although the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th lines of this Song are each a syllable longer than the corresponding lines of the Scottish verses, they are more exactly suited to the Air, which requires lines of eight syllables each.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THE SONG

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

.....

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I tried to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender :
 In nought that pass'd was I to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented :
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
 It's sweets I'll ay remember :
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

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

.....

When BURNS visited this far-famed bush in 1787, it consisted of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of TRAQUAIR has planted a clump of trees near it, which he calls "The New Bush."

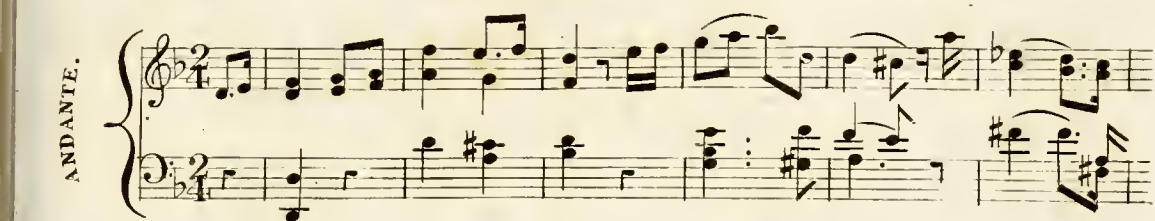
A cow and a brawney quey ;

I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean. *And gin, &c.*

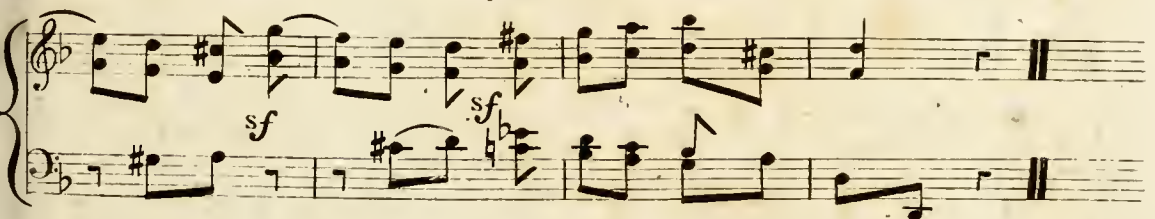
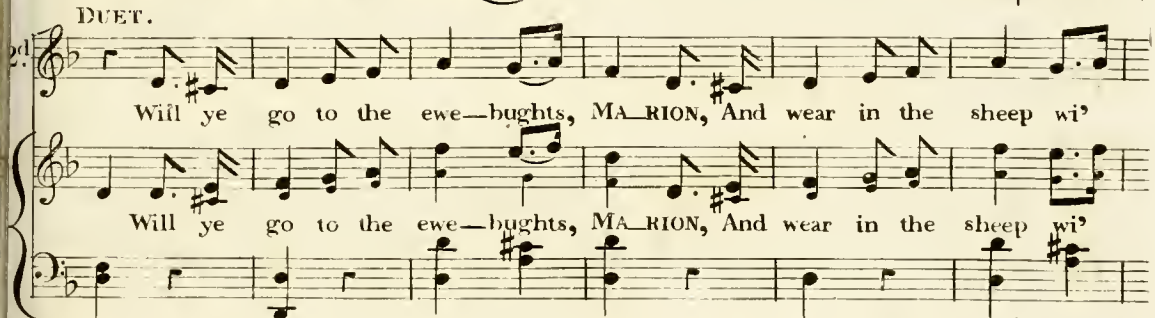
"But awa' to Aberdeen."

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

ANDANTE.



DUET.



AFFETUOSO.

Fare-well to Loch-a-ber, fare-well to my JEAN, Where heartsome with
 thee I have mo-ni days been; For Loch-a-ber no more, Loch-
 -a-ber no more, We'll may-be re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And not for the
 dan-gers at-tend-ing on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a
 far bloody shore, May-be to re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more.

Ordinary way but arrang'd as above for voices that can't reach the high G.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER,

THE SONG

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

.....

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been ;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And not for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my Love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

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

MY APRON DEARIE.

THE SONG

BY SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

.....

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
 No more for Aminta fresh garlands I wove;
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

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

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

LARGHETTO.

My sheep I ne—glect—ed, I lost my sheep—hook, And all the gay
 haunts of my youth I for—sook, No more for A—MIN—TA fresh
 gar—lands I wove; For am—bi—tion I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O! what had my youth with am—bi—tion to, do? Why left, I A—
 MIN—TA, why broke I my vow? O! give me my sheep, and my
 sheep—hook re—store, And I'll wander from love and A—MIN—TA no more.

ANDANTE.

Dol.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE' and 'Dol.'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'Braw braw lads on Yar—row braes, Ye wan—der thro' the bloom—ing heath—er; But Yar—row braes, nor Et—trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Gal—la wa—ter.' The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

Braw braw lads on Yar—row braes, Ye wan—der thro' the
bloom—ing heath—er; But Yar—row braes, nor Et—trick
shaws, Can match the lads o' Gal—la wa—ter.

GALLA WATER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

BRAW braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander through the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ. OF BANGOUR.

.....

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?

A. I gat her where I darc nae weil be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride ;

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,

Nor let thy heart lament to leave

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow :

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?

Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow ;

And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ;

For she has tint hir luvver luvver dear,

Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow ;

And I hae slain the comeliest swain

That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red ?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?

And why yon melancholous weeds,

Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream ?

What yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow !

'Tis he, the comely swain I slew

Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow !

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow ;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,

And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ;

And weep around in waeiful wise

His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,

And warn from fight ? But to my sorrow,

O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm

Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan,

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,

The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy Luvve, fair fair indeed thy Luvve,

In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter :

Tho' he was fair and well belov'd again,

Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then husk, my bonny bonny bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,

And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ?

How can I busk a winsome marrow ?

How lue him on the banks of Tweed,

That slew my Luvve on the braes of Yarrow ?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,

No dew thy tender blossoms cover ;

For there was basely slain my luvve,

My Luvve, as he had not been a luvver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,

His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing !

Ah ! wretched me ! I little little kend

He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :

But ere the toofal of the night,

He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeiful, waeiful day,

I sang, my voice the woods returning :

But lang ere night the spear was flown

That slew my Luvve and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,

But with his cruel rage pursue me ?

My lover's blood is on thy spear,

How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud ;

With cruel and ungentle scoffing,

May bid me seek on Yarrow braes

My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,

And strive with threat'ning words to move me.

My lover's blood is on thy spear,

How canst thou ever bid me luvve thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvve !

With bridal sheets my body cover ;

Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,

Let in the expected husband luvver.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :

Ah me ! what gastly spectre's yon

Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,

O ! lay his cold head on my pillow :

Tak' aff, tak' aff these bridal weeds,

And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,

O could my warmth to life restore thee !

Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,

No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter !

And lie all night between my breasts,

No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,

Return, and dry thy useless sorrow ;

Thy luvver beeds nought of thy sighs,

He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

APETUOSO.

p

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

win—some mar—row, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, And

think nae mair on the braes of Yar—row. Where gat ye that

bonny bonny bride? Where gat ye that win—some mar—row? I gat her

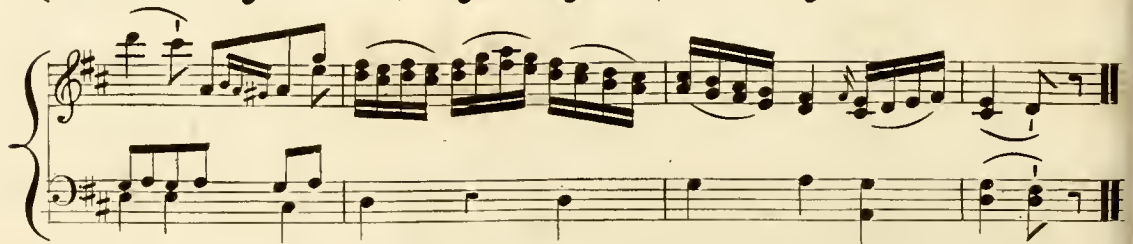
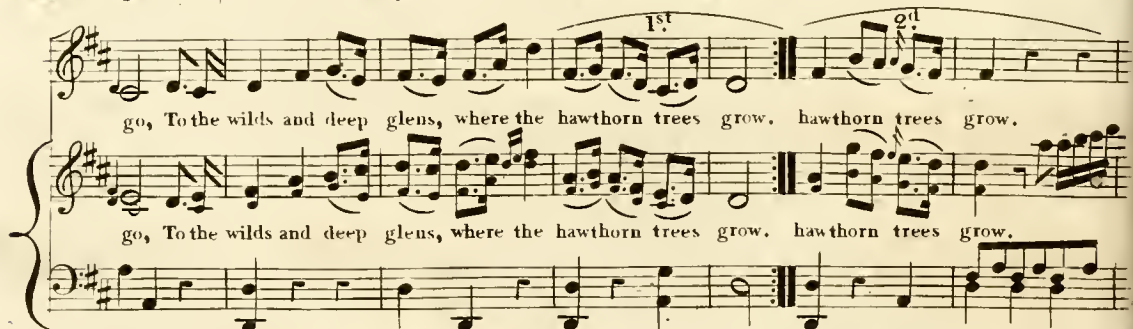
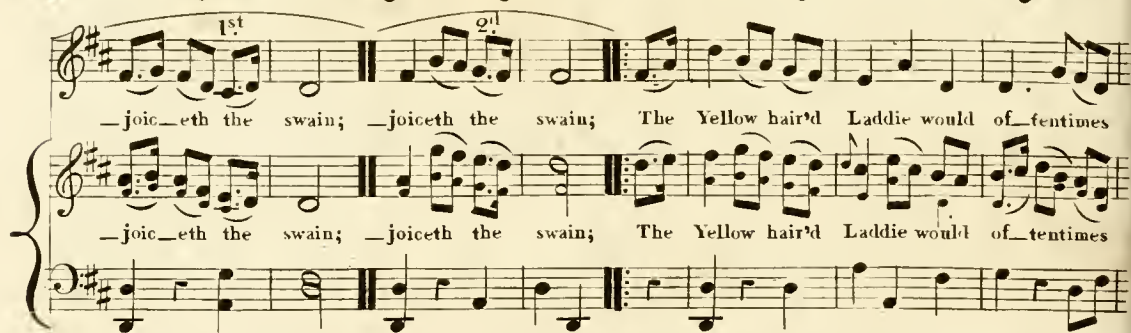
where I dare na weel be seen, Pu—ing the birks on the braes of Yar—row.

p

ANDANTE.



DUET.



THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE SONG

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

.....

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
 The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung :—Though young Madie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
 But Susie is handsome and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring :

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon is inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
 But Susie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THE SONG BY RICHARD HEWIT.

.....

The Author of this beautiful Song, when a boy, during the residence of Dr BLACKLOCK in Cumberland, was employed in leading him, and for some years acted as his amanuensis.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay:
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

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

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

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

ANDANTE
CON
ESPRESSONE.



'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When all things gay and
sweet ap-pear, That Co-LIN, with the morn-ing ray, A-
-rose and sung his ru-ral lay: Of NAN-NY'S charms the
shep-herd sung, The hills and dales with NAN-NY rung, While
Ros-lin cas-tle heard the swain, And e-cho'd back the cheerful strain.

LARGHETTO.

From thee, E-LI-ZA, I must go, And from my na_tive shore: The

cru-el fates be_tween us throw A boundless o_cean's roar: But

boundless o_cceans, roar_ing wide, Be_tween my Love and me, They

ne-ver ne-ver can di_vide My heart and soul from thee.

Vol: 1.

DONALD.

THE SONG

BY BURNS.

.....

The heroine of this Song was Miss MILLER, afterwards Mrs
TEMPLETON, Mauchline.

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

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

THE WAEFU' HEART.

.....

GIN living worth could win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain ;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Ne'er ne'er to rise again.
 My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine ;
 And oh ! what a heart was that to lose !
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin heav'n in mercy soon,
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit comes
 To shew me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay !

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And oh ! wi' what gude will !
 I follow, wheresoe'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 !

ADAGIO
MA NON TROPPO.

mf

p

Gin li-ving worth could win my heart, You wou'd na speak in vain;--- But

in the dark—some grave it's laid, Ne'er ne'er to rise a—gain.

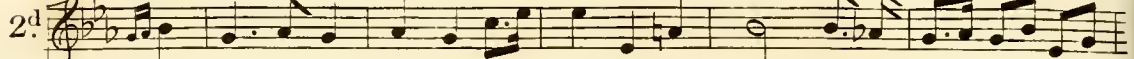
My wae-fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose heart was on-ly mine;--- And

oh! what a heart was that to lose! But I maun no re—pine. *Dol:*

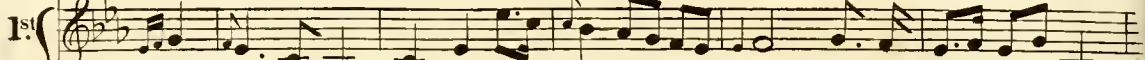
ANDANTE.



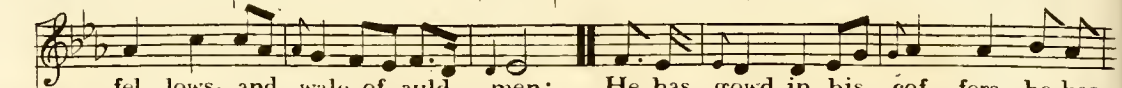
DUET.



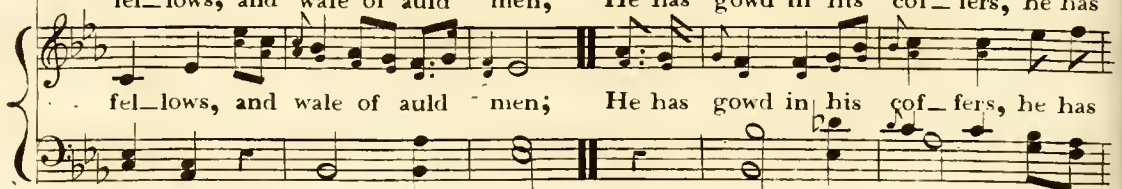
There's auld ROB MORRIS, that wons in yon glen, He's the king of gude



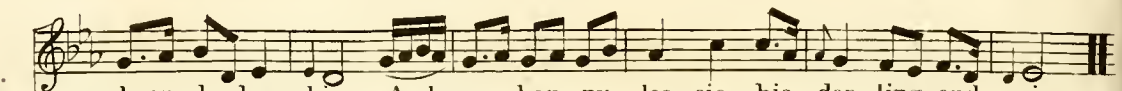
There's auld ROB MORRIS, that wons in yon glen, He's the king of gude



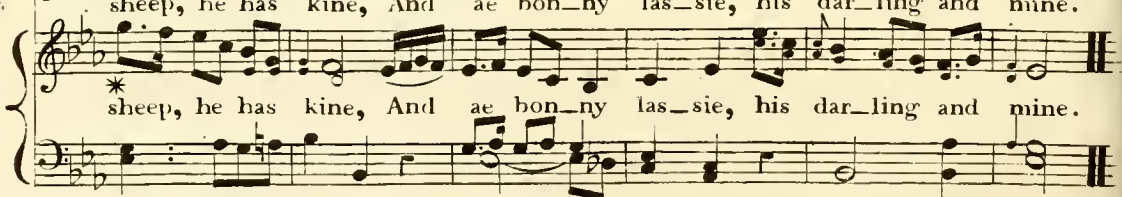
fel-lows, and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has



fel-lows, and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has



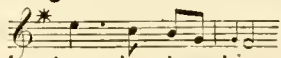
sheep, he has kine, And ae bon-ny las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.



* sheep, he has kine, And ae bon-ny las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.



Vol: 1.

Or thus  if the singer can't reach G.
sheep, he has kine,

AULD ROB MORRIS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

THERE'S auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
 The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane:
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wou'd burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she wou'd smiled upon me!
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

GILDEROY.

Ah! CULORIS, could I now but sit,
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 Nor happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire,
 Would take my rest away.
 Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 As metals in a mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.
 My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid, at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a beauty, she
 Employ'd the utmost of her art;
 To make a lover, he.

THE OLD SONG OF GILDEROY.

[The Hero of this elegant Lamentation was a celebrated Highland Freebooter, who was executed at Edinburgh.]

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses till his shoon;
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging down.
 It was, I ween, a comely sight
 To see sae trim a boy;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming een he had!
 Breath sweet as ony rose;
 He never wore a highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes.
 He gain'd the love of ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy:
 Ah, wae is me! - I mourn the day
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae toun thegither;
 We scant were seven years beforen
 We gan to love ilk ither:
 Our daddies and our mammies they
 Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that Lave of mine,
 Gude faith I freely bought
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought:
 And he gied me a wedding ring,
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy:
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsome time
 Among the leaves sae green:
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
 And sweetly kiss and toy;
 While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life!
 But ah! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in feats of strife.
 And he in many a vent'rous deed
 His courage bauld wad try;
 And this now gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy!

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat my e'e;
 I gied him sic a parting luik!
 ' My benison gang wi' thee!
 ' God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
 ' For gane is all my joy;
 ' My heart is rent sith we maun part,
 ' My handsome Gilderoy!'

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in ev'ry toun;
 And baldly bare awa' the geir
 Of mony a lawland loun.
 For man to man durst meet him nane,
 He was sae brave a boy;
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
 To hang a man for gear;
 To reave of life for sic a canse
 As stealing horse or mare!
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,
 I ne'er had lost my joy;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wet my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy!

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He might hae banisht been;—
 Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men!
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy:—
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
 Wi' iron his limbs they strung;
 To Edinborow led him there,
 And on a gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae bauld a boy;
 There died the youth whom I loed best,
 My handsome Gilderoy!

Sune as he yielded up his breath
 I bare his corse away,
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death
 I wash'd his comlie clay;
 And sicker in a grave right deep
 I laid the dear hued boy:
 And now for ever I maun weep
 My winsome Gilderoy.

ANDANTE.

f *p* *f*

DUET.

p Ah! CHLORIS, cou'd I now but sit, As un-concern'd as when

Ah! CHLORIS, cou'd I now but sit, As un-concern'd as when Your

Your in-fant beau-ty could be-get Nor hap-pi-ness nor pain.

in-fant beau- - - ty could be-get Nor hap-pi-ness nor pain.

When I this dawning did ad-mire, And prais'd the coming day,

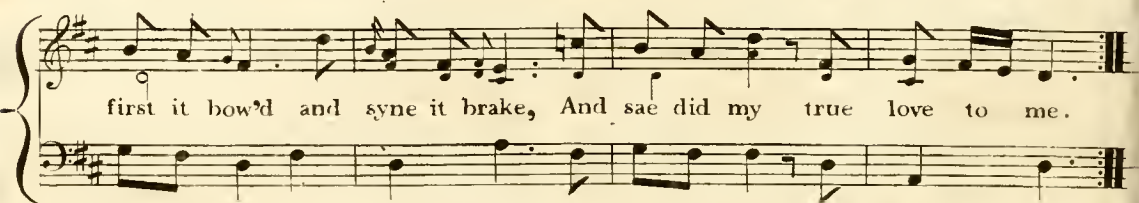
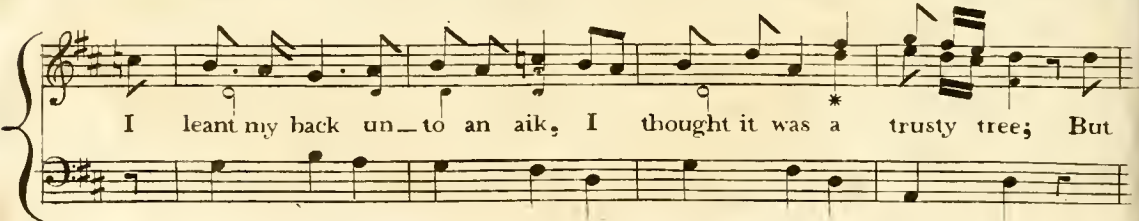
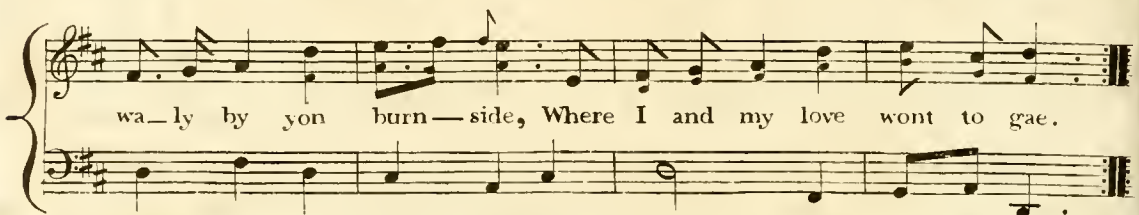
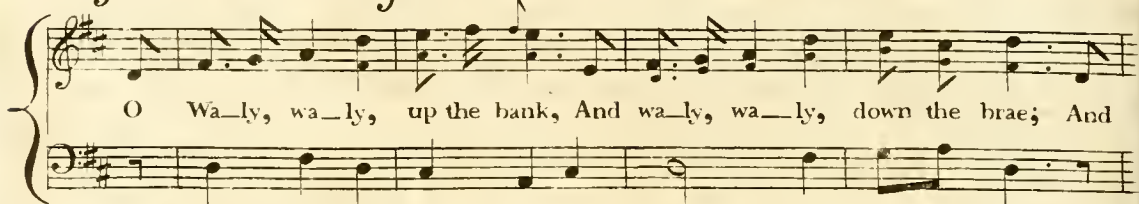
When I this dawning did ad-mire, And prais'd the coming day, I

I little thought that ri-sing fire, Would take my rest a - - way.

lit-tle thought that ri-sing fire, Would take my rest a way.

rf

AFFETTUOSO.

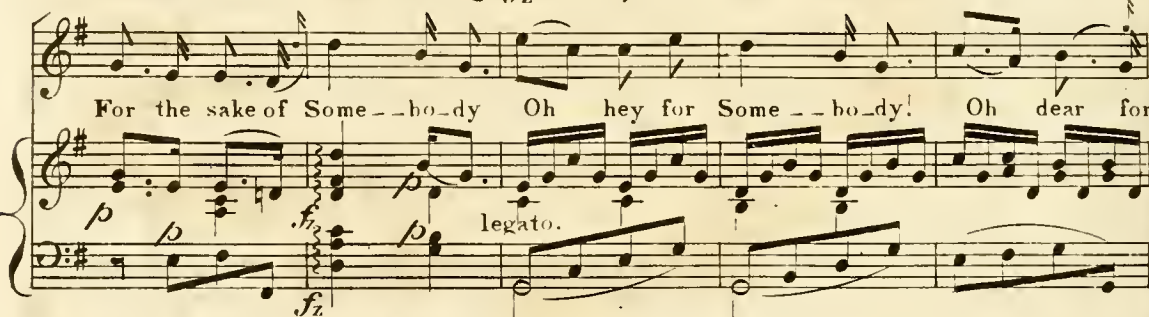
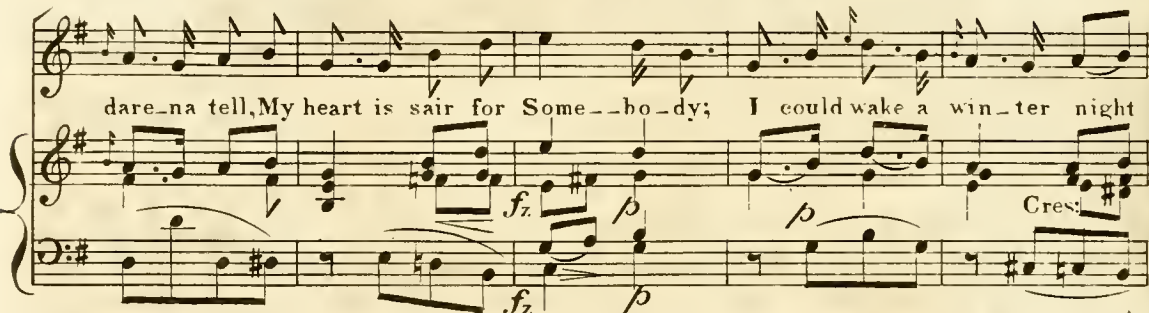
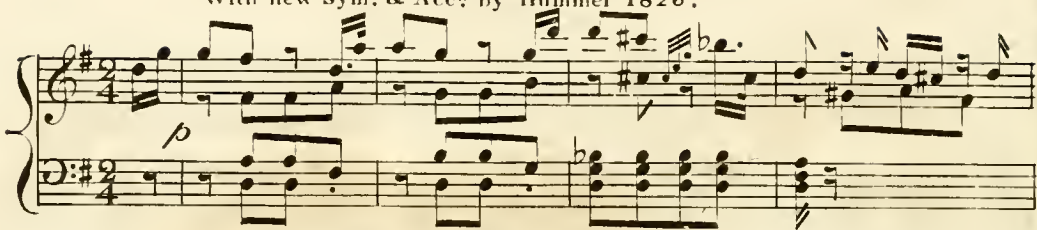


FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY

21

With new Sym^s & Acc^s by Hummel 1826.

ANDANTINO
AMOROSO
CON MOTO.



2d Stanza.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on Somebody;
From ev'ry danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Oh! hey for Somebody,
Oh! dear for Somebody,
I would do—what would I not
For the sake of Somebody.

First Published in 1822.

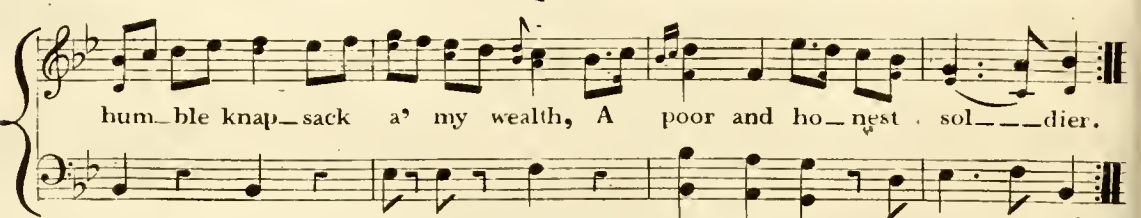
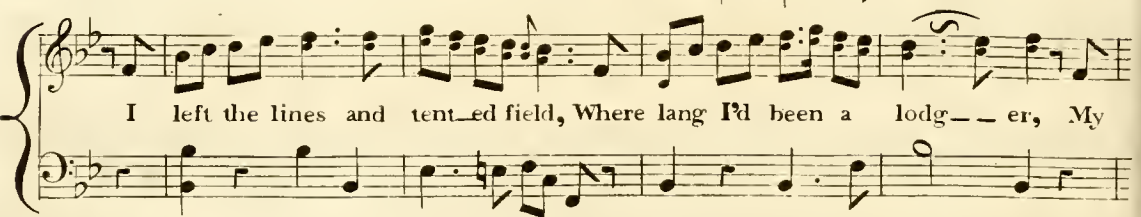
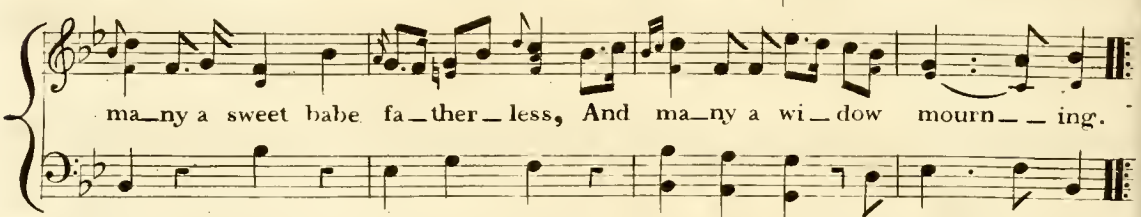
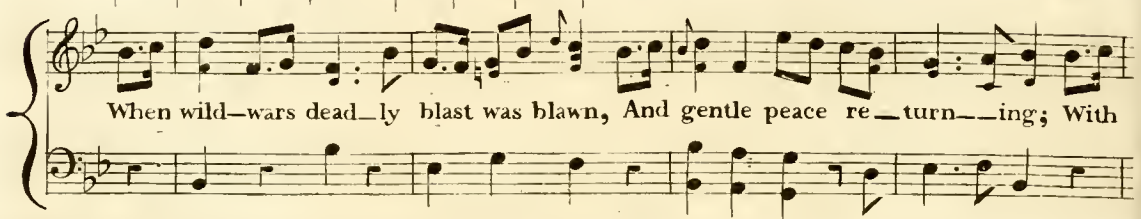
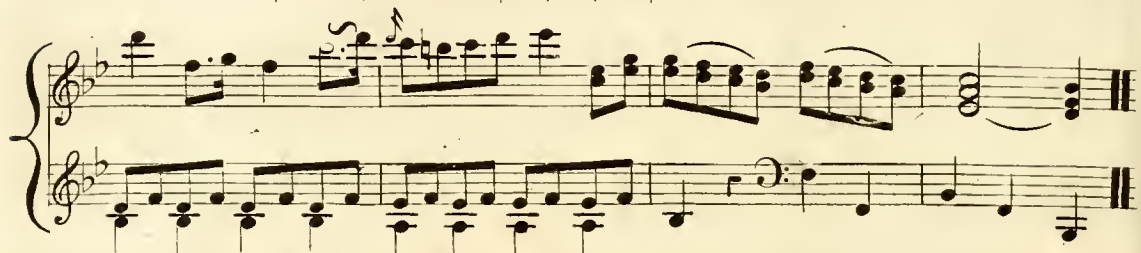
ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

Bon-ny wee thing can-ny wee thing, Love-ly wee thing wert thou mine; I would
wear thee in my bo-som. Lest my jew-el I should tine. Wish-ful ly I
look and lan-guish, In that bon-ny face of thine And my heart it stounds with
an-guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

2d Stanza.

Bonny wee thing, canny wee thing,
 - Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine;
 I would wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In one constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess of this soul of mine.

ANDANTE.



THE MILL MILL, O.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

The following incident, relative to this song, was recently communicated to the Editor by a friend, a Clergyman in Dumfries-shire: "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill, with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn Soldier pass'd the window: of a sudden it struck the Poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures: after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'Garland and Singing Robes' about him, and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill Mill, O!'

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning:
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealtb,
A poor and honest soldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, bame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Naney,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Naney aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a soldier!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' shé, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him sball I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?—
By him who made yon sun and sky!
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted:
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair,—we'se ne'er be parted!
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the mercbant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honour:
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

.....

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

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

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part !
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.
 My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 'Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

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

ADAGIO.
NON TROPPO.

f *sf* *p*

p *p/p^{mo}*

The night her si—lent sa—ble wore, And gloomy were the skies; Of

glitt—ring stars ap—pear'd no more, Than those in NELL—Y'S eyes.

When to her fa—ther's door I came, Where I had oft—en been; I

beg'd my fair, my love—ly dame, To rise and let me in.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

f *p* *rf* *rf* *p* *rf* *ad lib.* *f* *p* *rf* *rf* *p* *rf*

Sweet ANNIE frae the sea-beach came, Where JOCKY speel'd the vessel's side; Ah!

wha can keep their heart at hame, When JOCK-Y's tost a-boon the tide;

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

when ilk lass a-bout him thrangs, He'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET ANNIE frae the sea-beach came,
 Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side ;
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When Jocky's tost aboon the tide.
 Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been ;
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on Anne, his faithful ain.

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

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

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still ;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill :
 What though my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will braw in siller sbine ;
 I'll keep my heart anitber day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

LOCHERROCH SIDE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

BY BURNS.

.....

O *stay*, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that would touch her heart
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes of woe could wauken!
 Thou tell'st of never-ending care,
 Of speechless grief, and dark despair:—
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
 Or my poor heart is broken!

GRAZIOSO.

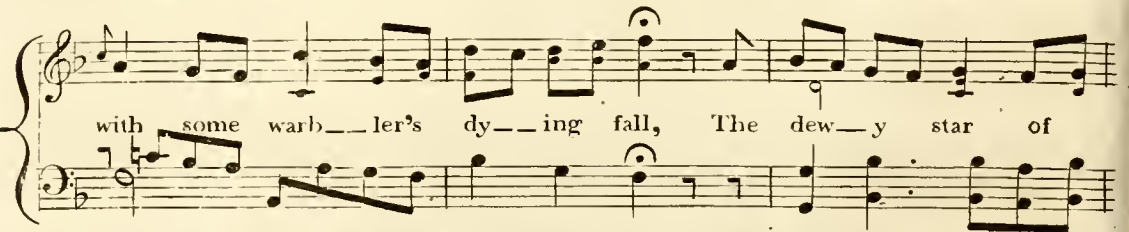
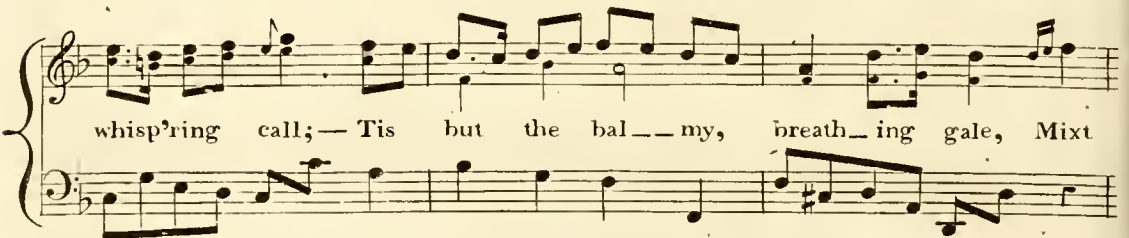
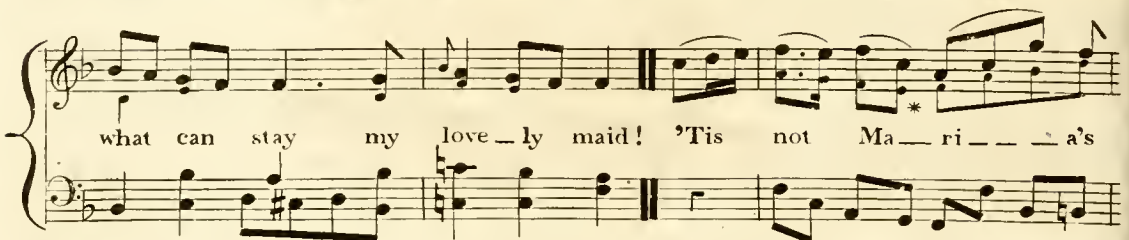
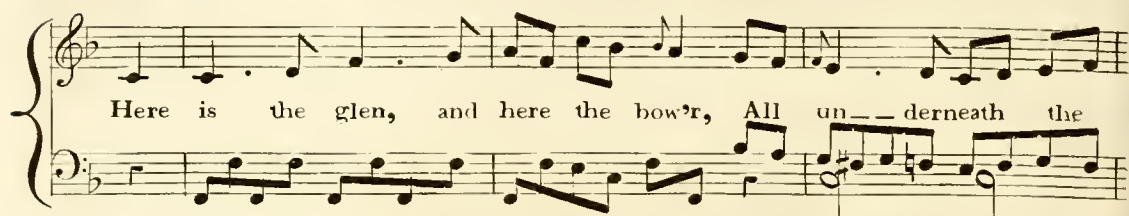
O stay, sweet warbling Wood-lark, stay, Nor quit for me the trembling spray, A

hap-less lov-er courts thy lay, Thy soothing fond com-plain-ing.

A-gain, a-gain that tender part, That I may catch thy melting art; For

sure-ly that wou'd touch her heart, Wha kills me wi' dis-dain-ing.

ANDANTE.



THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

THE SONG

BY BURNS.

.....

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

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

THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE SONG

BY BURNS.

.....

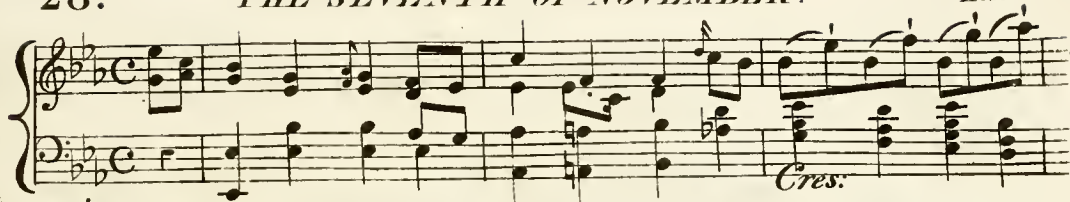
" I composed this song (says the Poet) out of compliment to one
 " of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world,
 " ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their
 " fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all
 " the houses of fashionable people in this country put together ;
 " and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many
 " of the happiest hours of my life."

In *JOHNSTON'S* Museum, the *Air* is marked as the composition of the aforesaid gentleman. If it be so, BURNS's silence as to that circumstance is unaccountable, considering how eagerly he inquired after the origin of our *Airs*.

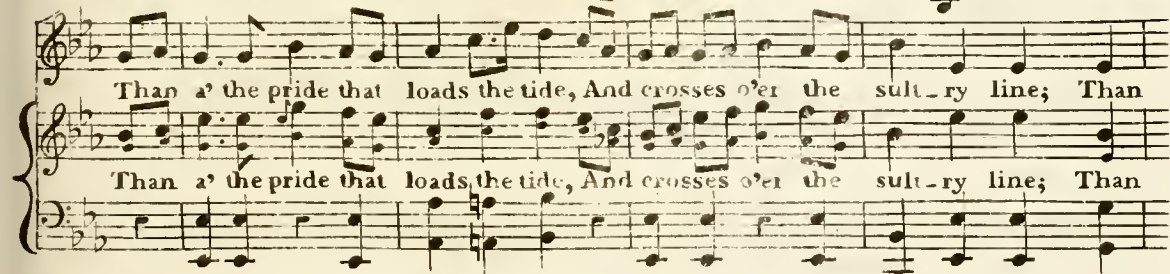
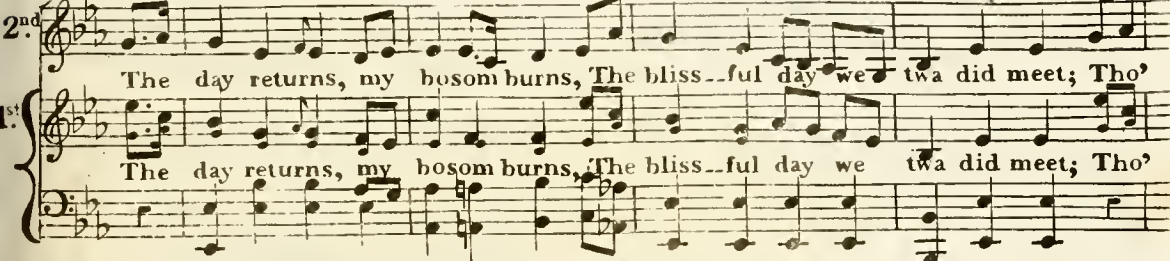
THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet ;
 Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half so sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine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

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

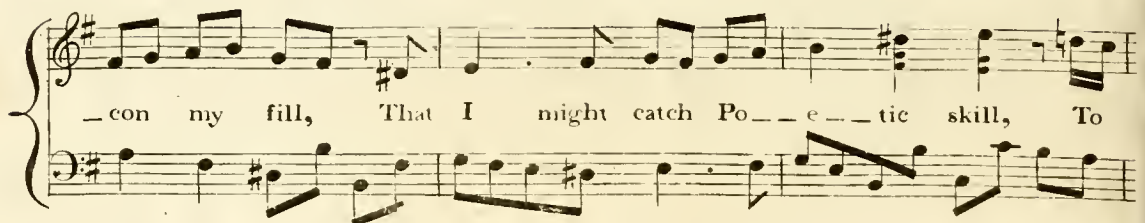
ANDANTINO.



DUET.



ANDANTE
CON MOTO.



O JEAN, I LOVE THEE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

.....

Mrs BURNS is the heroine of this beautiful Song.

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill,
 Or had of Helicon my fill,
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sell ;
 On Corsicon* I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang summer day,
 I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een,—
 By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame :
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,—
 I only live to love thee.
 Though I were doom'd to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 'Till my last weary sand was run,
 'Till then—and then I love thee !

.....

* A high bill near the source of the river Nith.

DONALD AND FLORA.

THE SONG BY H. MACNEILL,

AS ALTERED AND CORRECTED BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sad'ning to Mora;
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
 As thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the stormy west,
 " Cold, cold, is winter's blast;
 " Haste, then, O Donald, haste,
 " Haste to thy Flora!
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 " Since on 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,
 " Friendless, in Mora!

" Come then, O come away!
 " Donald, no longer stay!
 " Where can my rover stray
 " From his lov'd Flora?
 " Ah, sure he ne'er can be
 " False to his vows and me:
 " Oh heaven!—is not yonder he,
 " Bounding o'er Mora!"

' Never, ah wretched fair!
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger)
 ' Never shall Donald mair
 ' Meet his lov'd Flora!
 ' Cold as yon mountain snow,
 ' Donald, thy Love, lies low,
 ' He sent me to soothe thy woe,
 ' Weeping in Mora.

' Well fought our gallant slain
 ' On Saratoga's plain:
 ' Thrice fled the hostile train
 ' From British glory.
 ' But, ah! though our foes did flee,
 ' Sad was each victory:
 ' Youth, Love, and Loyalty,
 ' Fell far from Mora!

' Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
 ' (Donald, expiring, said)
 ' Give it to you dear Maid,
 ' Drooping 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!
 " Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!"
 Was all the fond heart could say:
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.

ANDANTE.

When mer—ry

hearts were gay, Care—less of aught but play, Poor FLO—RA

slept a—way, Sad—ning to Mo—ra; Loose flow'd her

yel—low hair, Quick heav'd her ho—som bare, As thus to the

trou—bled air, She vent—ed her sor—row. *fz*

ANDANTINO.



DUET.

2nd

How lang and dreary is the night, When I am frae my Dear---ie; I

1st

How lang and dreary is the night, When I am frae my Dear---ie; I

rest-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae wea---ry.

rest-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae wea---ry.

For oh! her lanely nights are lang; And oh! her dreams are eer---ie; And

For oh! her lanely nights are lang; And oh! her dreams are eer---ie; And

oh! her widow'd heart is sair; That's ab-sent frae her Dear---ie.

oh! her widow'd heart is sair; That's ab-sent frae her Dear---ie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie ;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er so weary.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie !

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how dreary :
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie !

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

The heroine of this Song was a Miss LORIMER, to whom, under the name of CHLORIS, the Poet has addressed several of his most enchanting songs, and who lived at Craigieburn, near Moffat. The Air is probably a production of that country, which the Poet considers as the confine of the district where the greatest part of our Lowland Music has been composed, as far as we may venture to localize it from *the title, the words, &c.* From Craigieburn, he says, till one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely any slow air of antiquity.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride of Spring's return
 Can yield me nought but sorrow.
 I see the flow'rs and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart;
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love another,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Sweet

fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, And blythe a-wakes the mor--row; But

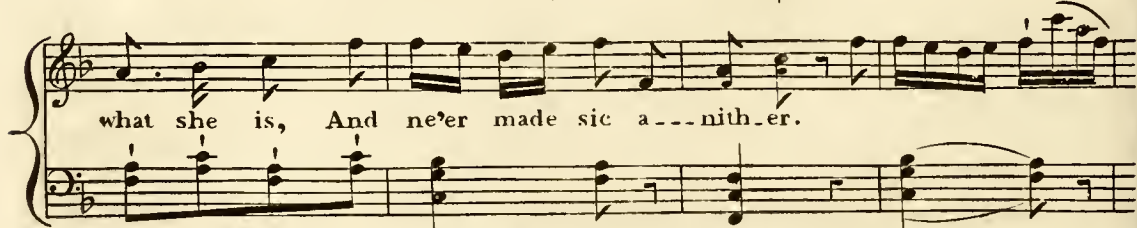
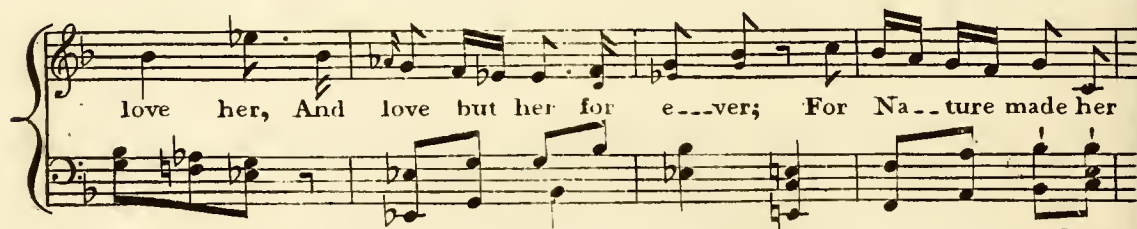
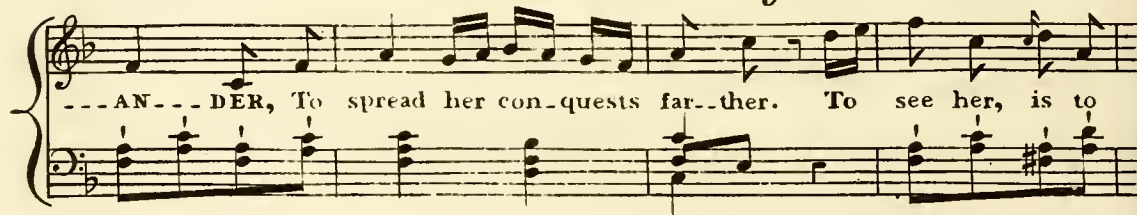
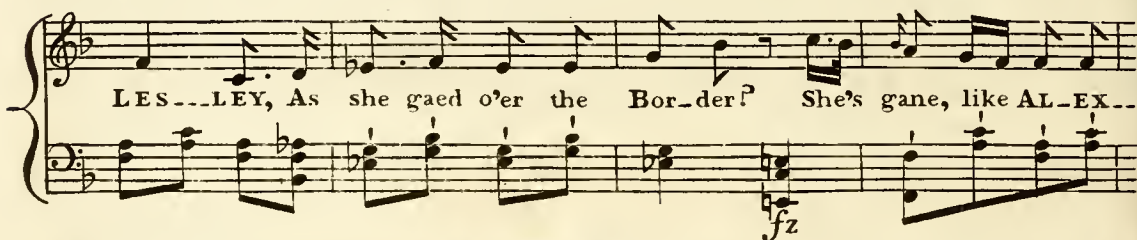
a' the pride of Spring's re--turn, Can yield me nought but sor--row.

I see the flow'rs and spreading trees, I hear the wild birds sing--ing; But

what a wea--ry wight can please, And care his ho--som wring--ing!

Vol: 1.

ALLEGRETTO.



THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

On Miss LESLEY BAILLIE of Ayrshire, now Mrs CUMING
of Logic ;

BY BURNS.

.....

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border ?*
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.
To see her, is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee ;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts of men adore thee.
The De'il he cou'dna skaith thee,
Or aught that would belang thee ;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !

That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonnie.

.....

* That part of Scotland bordering on England.

THE BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT TRANSMITTED TO THE EDITOR,
(Now first Published, 1822.)

.....

ON a summer day, when our Chief was away,
And the flow'rs bloom'd fresh and fairly,
A sound from afar, like the dread voice of war,
Was heard in the bonnie house of Airly,
A sound, &c.

Argyle led on his well arm'd men,
That glance in the sun so rarely;
And wand'ring many a lonely glen,
They reach'd the bonnie house of Airly.
And wand'ring, &c.

The Lady look'd frae her high castle wa',
And oh ! but she sigh'd sairly,
To see Argyle like a reaver come
To plunder the bonnie house of Airly,
To see Argyle, &c.

Come down, come down, thou fair Lady,
Your castle is mann'd but sparely,
Come down and safety find with me,
And leave the falling house of Airly.
Come down, &c.

O spare thy flattery, fause Argyle,
With thee I will not parley;
My troth thou never shall beguile
From my lov'd lord of Airly.
My troth, &c.

O were they here, my brave gallant sons,
That now are wi' good Lord Airly,
They'd soon gar you rue the day that you drew
A traitor's sword 'gainst Charlie.
They'd soon, &c.

Tho' your prou'd banners fly, and the reek rise high
Around the towers of Airly,
The dearest blood in your kinsmen's veins
Shall pay their price but barely.
The dearest, &c.

'Twas mutter'd here, by a grey hair'd Seer,
Wha spied fu mony a ferlie,
He saw a headless chief appear
To light a low in Airly !
He saw, &c.

And when a traitor's doom you meet,
You'll rue this day right early;
You'll think that you bought your treason dear
'Gainst our King and his faithful Airly.
You'll think, &c.

JAMES Earl of AIRLY having left Scotland in 1640, to avoid being compelled to sign the Covenant, the Estates of Parliament ordered the Marquis of ARGYLE to proceed against Airly castle; which he did with such an irresistible force, that Lord OGILVIE found it prudent to withdraw, with all his retainers, and leave the castle to its fate. It was destroyed, and the country belonging to the family laid waste,

The Sym^y and Accomp^s and the Words new, 1822.ANDANTINO
GRAZIOSO.

f *p*

On a summer day, When our Chief was a-way, And the flow'rs bloom'd fresh and

fair---ly, A sound from a--far, like the dread voice of war, Was

Cres.

Basso.

A sound from a--far, like the

Tenore.

p A sound from a--far, like the

Soprano

heard in the bonnie house of Air---ly. A sound from a--far, like the

Cres.

p

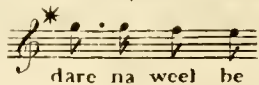
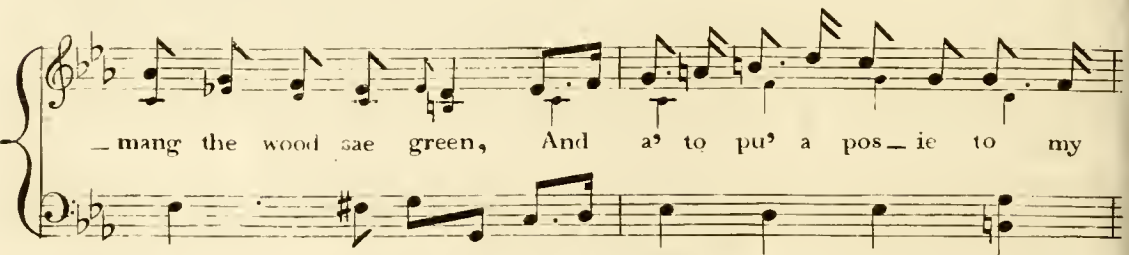
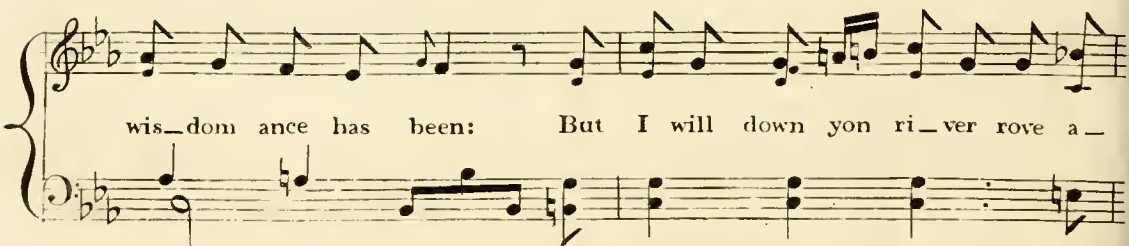
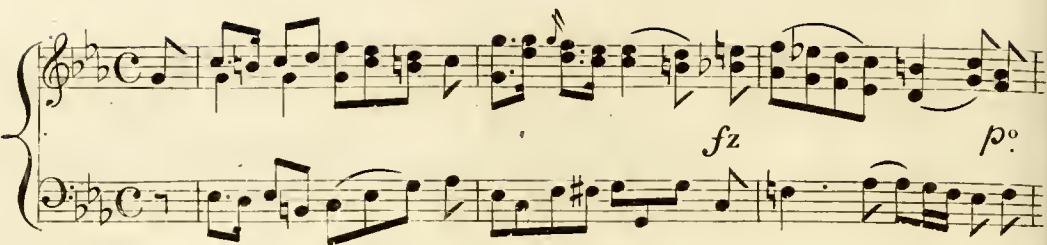
dread voice of war, Was heard in the bonnie house of Air---ly.

dread voice of war, Was heard in the bonnie house of Air---ly.

dread voice of war, Was heard in the bonnie house of Air---ly. *pp*

f *fz* *fz*

ALLEGRETTO.



THE POSIE.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

.....

O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen :
 O Love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been :
 But I will down yon river rove among the wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear :
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer ;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou' :
 The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there :
 The daisy for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day ;
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear :
 The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

NORA'S VOW.

WRITTEN BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS—1822.

.....

Nora's Vow is set to a Gaelic air, "*Cha teid mis a chaoidh*, I "will never go with him," in Albyn's Anthology. The Editor finding, however, that the Song is finely suited to the Lowland air, *THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY*, has here united them.

"In the original Gaelic, (says the Poet) the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind,—except the vehemence of her protestations."

HEAR what Highland Nora said :

"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
 "Should all the race of Nature die,
 "And none be left but he and I.
 "For all the gold, for all the gear,
 "And all the lands both far and near,
 "That ever valour lost or won,
 "I would not wed the Earlie's son."

'A maiden's vows,' old Callum spoke,
 'Are lightly made and lightly broke ;
 'The heather on the mountain's height
 'Begins to bloom in purple light :
 'The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
 'That lustre deep from glen and brae ;
 'Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 'May blythely wed the Earlie's son.

"The swan," she said, the lake's clear breast
 "May barter for the eagle's nest ;
 "The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
 "Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilehurn.
 "Our kilted elans, when blood is high,
 "Before their foes may turn and fly ;
 "But I, were all these marvels done,
 "Would never wed the Earlie's son.

Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
 Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river ;
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel :
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,
 —She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

VIVACE.

Now hear what high-land No--ra said The Earl--ie's son I will not wed Should

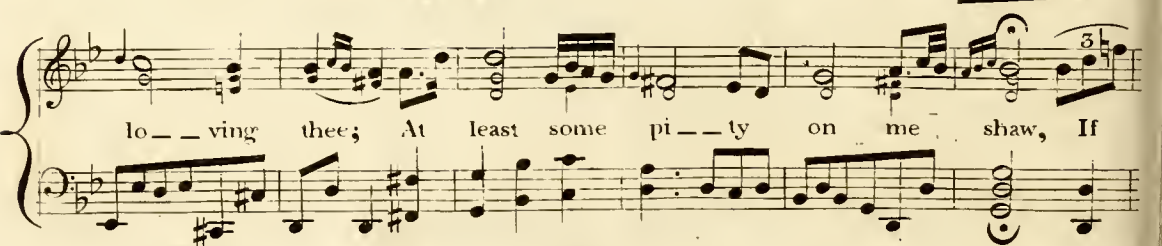
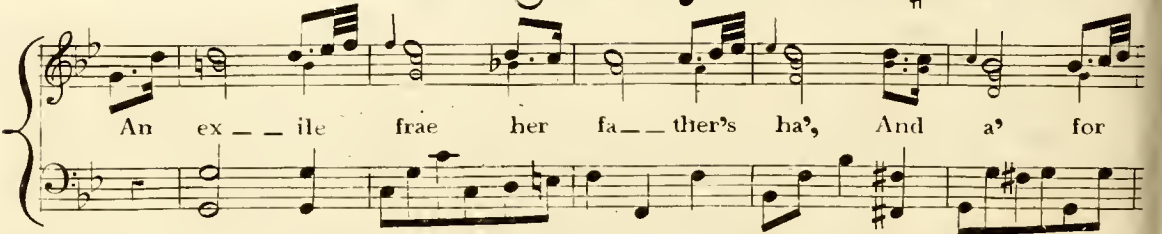
all the race of Na--ture die And none be left but he and I For

all the gold for all the gear And all the lands both far and near That

e--ver va--lour lost or won I would not wed the Earl--ie's son.

Vol:1.

ANDANTE
CON MOLTO
ESPRESSONE.



LORD GREGORY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY BURNS.

O Mirk, mirk, is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door!
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be!

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irvine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied.
How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou would'st for ay be mine;
And my fond heart itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my false Love,
His wrongs to Heav'n and me!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,
WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY DR WOLCOT.*

Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs!
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies!
Who comes with woe in this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.

Alas! thou hear'st a pilgrim mourn,
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.
But shouldst thou not poor Marian know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.

* It is but doing justice to the Author of the latter Song to mention, that it is the original. Burns saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

.....

The following Jacobite ballad, from a M.S. communicated to the Editor, appears to him preferable to any of the printed editions of the ballad which he has seen.

Our gallant Scottish Prince was clad
Wi' honnet blue and tartan plaid,
And O he was a handsome lad,
Nanc could compare wi' Charlie.
The wale o' chiefs, the great Lochiel,
At Boradale his Prince did hail,
And meikle friendship did prevail
Between the Chief and Charlie.

CHORUS.

*O but ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,
O but ye've been lang o' coming,
Welcome royal Charlie.*

Arouse, ilk valiant kilted clan,
Let highland hearts lead on the van,
And charge the foe, claymore in hand,
For sake o' royal Charlie.
O welcome Charlie o'er the main,
Our highland hills are a' your ain,
Thrice welcome to our isle again,
Our gallant royal Charlie.
Chor.—*O but ye've been lang o' coming, &c.*

Auld Seotia's sons 'mang heather hills,
Can fearless face the warst of ills,
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight of royal Charlie.
Her ancient thistle wags its pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,
To hear our pledge and sacred vow,
To live or die wi' Charlie.
Chor.—*O but ye've been lang o' coming, &c.*

We darena brew a peek o' ma't,
But Geordie ay is finding fau't,
We canna make a pickle sa't,
For want o' royal Charlie.
Then up and quaff alang wi' me
A bumper crown'd wi' ten times three,
To him that's come to set us free,
Huzzà for royal Charlie.
Chor.—*O but ye've been lang o' coming, &c.*

From a' the wilds o' Caledon,
We'll gather every hardy son,
'Till thousands to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie.
Come let the flowing queech go round,
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
'Till ev'ry glen and rock resound
The name o' royal Charlie.
Chor.—*O but ye've been lang o' coming, &c.*

The Words and Music here first united, 1822.

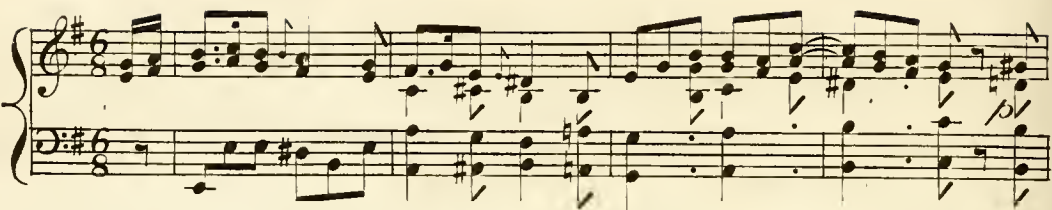
VIVACE.

Our gal-lant Scottish Prince was clad Wi' bonnet blue and
 tartan plaid, And O he was a bonnie lad, Nane could compare wi' CHAR—LIE.
 The wale o' Chiefs, the great LOCHIEL, At Bo—ra—dale his Prince did hail, And
 meikle friend—ship did pre—vail Be—tween the Chief and CHAR—LIE.

CHORUS. Tenor Voice.

And O but ye've been lang o' com—ing, lang o' com—ing, lang o' com—ing,
 And O but ye've been lang o' com—ing, lang o' com—ing, lang o' com—ing,
 O but ye've been lang o' com—ing, Wel—come roy—al CHAR—LIE.
 O but ye've been lang o' com—ing, Wel—come roy—al CHAR—LIE.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO



She's fair and fause that causes my smart I

lo'ed her meikle and lang She's broken her vow she's broken my heart And

I may e'en gae hang A coof came in wi' routh o' gear And

I hae tint my dear-est dear But wo-man is but world's gear Sae

let the bonnie lass gang.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

.....

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I loe'd her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

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

THE SILKEN SNOOD.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY BURNS.

.....

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling ;
Ah ! cruel mem'ry, spare the throes
Within my bosom swelling !
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And still in secret languish ;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

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

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

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

OH I hae lost my silken snood,
That tied my hair sae yellow :
I've gien my heart to the lad I loo'd,
He was a gallant fellow.
And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,
And twine it weel, the plaiden ;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
In pu'ing of the braeken.

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
Sae lily-white my skin, O ;
And syne he pried my bonny mou',
And swore it was nae sin, O !
But he has left the lass he loo'd,
His ain true love forsaken,
Which gars me sair to greet the snood,
I lost amang the braeken.

Here first united with Burns's Verses.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Farewell thou stream that winding flows Around ELIZA'S dwelling; Ah!

cru-el Mem'ry, spare the throes Within my bo--som swell--ing! Con--

--demn'd to drag a hope--less chain, And still in se--cret lan--guish; To

feela fire in ev'ry vein, Yet dare not speak my anguish.

SELECT

IRISH & WELSH

MELODIES.

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

Pleyel.

Irish.

AFFETUOSO.

p Oh! o - pen the door, Some pi - ty to shew; Oh!

o - pen the door to me Oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll

e - ver prove true, Oh! o - pen the door to me, --- Oh!

2^d VERSE.

Oh! cold is the blast up — — on my pale cheek, But

cold-er thy love for me, Oh! The frost that freez-es the

life at my breast, Is nought to my pains from thee, — Oh!

p *rf* *rf* *p*

3^d

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,

And time is setting with me, Oh!

False friends, false love, farewell, for more,

I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

4th

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,

She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!

"My true Love she cried"—and sunk down by his side,

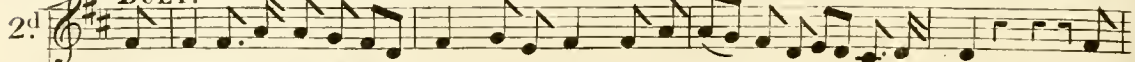
Never to rise again, Oh!

Irish.

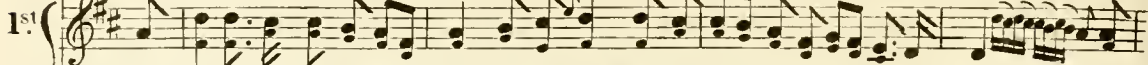
ANDANTE
CON MOLTO
ESPRESSONE.



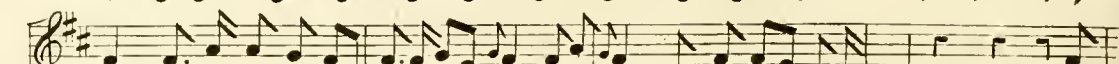
DUET.



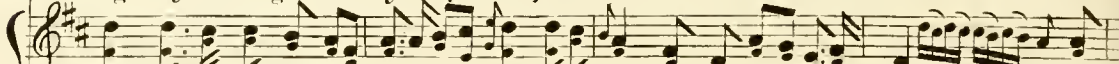
The Hero may perish his Country to save, And he lives in the records of fame; The



The Hero may perish his Country to save, And he lives in the records of fame; The



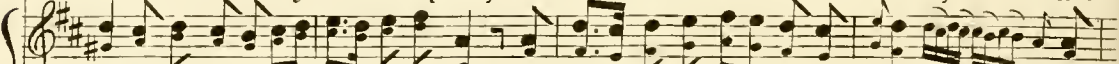
Sage may the dungeons of Tyranny brave, Ever honour'd and blest be his name! But



Sage may the dungeons of Tyranny brave, Ever honour'd and blest be his name! But



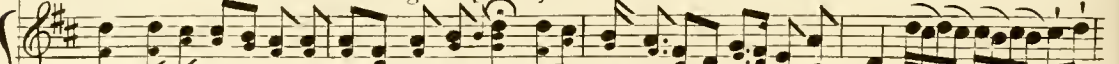
virtue that silently toils or expires, No wreath for the brow to entwine; That



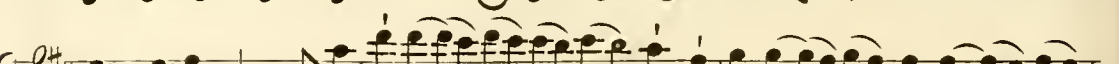
virtue that silently toils or expires, No wreath for the brow to entwine; That



asks but a smile but a fond sigh requires, O Woman that virtue is thine.



asks but a smile but a fond sigh requires, O Woman that virtue is thine.



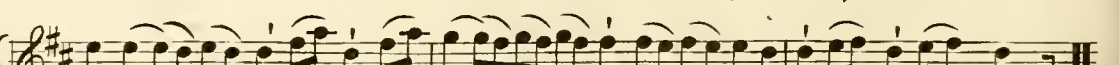
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THE FOX'S SLEEP.

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

.....

THE Hero may perish his country to save,
 And he lives in the records of fame ;
 The Sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name !
 But Virtue that silently toils or expires,
 No wreath for the brow to entwine ;
 That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires—
 O Woman ! that virtue is thine.

THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

INTENDED FOR THE SAME AIR, WITHOUT THE SECOND-VOICE PART.

.....

TO me, my sweet Kathleen, the Bensbee has cried,
 And I die—ere to morrow I die.—*

This rose thou hast gather'd, and laid by my side,
 Will live, my child, longer than I.
 My days they are gone, like a tale that is told—
 Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu ;
 For never to father, when feeble and old,
 Was daughter so kind and so true.

Tbou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast spread,
 For my chair the warm corner hast found ;
 And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
 When I saw that the laughter went round.
 Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning exprest
 When memory was lost on its way—
 Thou hast pillow'd my head ere I laid it to rest—
 Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my Love ! thou couldst choose the good part,
 And more than thy duty hast done :—
 Go now to thy Dermot, be clasp'd to his heart,
 He merits the love he has won.
 Be dutious and tender to him, as to me ;
 Look up to the mercy-seat then :
 And passing this shadow of death, which I see,
 Come, come to my arms back again.

* In the Irish superstition, the Benshee is the warning spirit that announces death.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

.....

Scene.—A Field of Battle—Evening.—The wounded and dying
of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following
song.

FAREWELL thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun !
Farewell ! loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !
Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave !
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor leaves e'en the wreck of a name :
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave !

43. MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

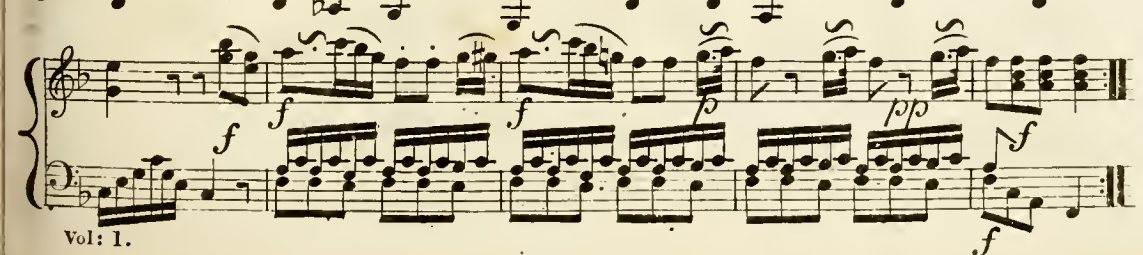
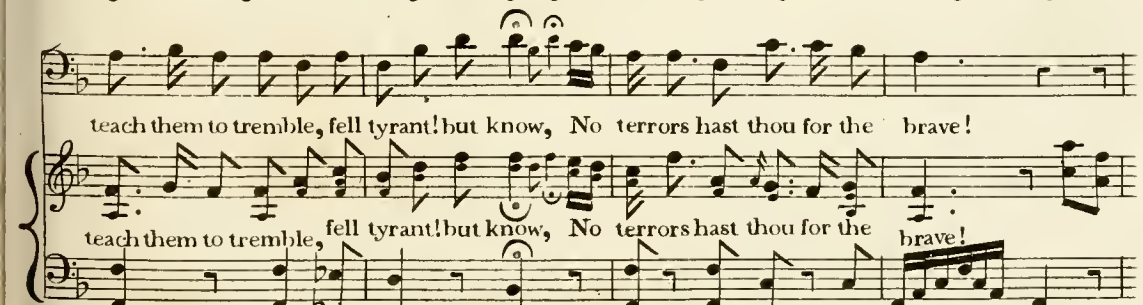
Irish.

Pleyel.

LARGHETTO.



DUET.



Irish.

ADAGIO MA
NON TANTO.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you; For

tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me true; To

you no soul shall bear de—ceit, nor strang—er of—fer wrong: But

friends in all the aged you'll meet, And lovers in the young.

GRAMACHREE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

.....

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

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

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM

BY A NEGRO.

.....

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she ;
 I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O ! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my Love from me ;
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me ;
 And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

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

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ;
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
 And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea ;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my Love to rest !
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy ;
 But ah, unhappy maiden ! that Love you ne'er shall see !
 Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

ROBIN ADAIR.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

.....

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 'Till grief my eyes should close
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury—
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

AN OLD SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid, are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel Fair.

Have I not grav'n our loves on every tree,
 In yonder spreading groves, tho' false thou be:
 Was not a solemn oath,
 Plighted between us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find, some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat, I'll drink the spring;
 Cold earth shall be my seat; for covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire, nor tears for me;
 No grave do I desire, nor obsequie.
 The courteous red-breast, he,
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful dame, whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

Irish.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DUET.

Oh! had I a cave on some wild dis__tant shore,

Oh! had I a cave on some wild dis__tant shore,

Where the winds howl to the waves dash__ing roar;

Where the winds howl to the waves dash__ing roar;

There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re__pose,

There would I weep my woes, There seek my lost re__pose,

'Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

'Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

Welsh.

MAESTOSO
CON MOLTO
SPIRITO.

Dauntless sons of Celtic sires, Whose souls the love of
 freedom fires; Hark, every harp to war inspires, On Cadair Idris side.
 See the brave ad-vanc-ing, See the brave ad-vanc-ing! Each
 well-tried spear which Saxons fear, in war-like splendour glancing! Proud
 Harlech from her frowning towers, Pours forth her never-failing powers: Rouse,
 heroes, glory shall be ours; March on your Country's pride.

THE MEN OF HARLECH'S MARCH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEX. BOSWELL, BART.

.....

In singing the second stanza, a quaver must be supplied for the first word of the fifth and sixth lines.

DAUNTLESS sons of Celtic sires,
Whose souls the love of freedom fires :
Hark, every harp to war inspires
On Cader Idris side.
See the brave advancing,
See the brave advancing !
Each well-tried spear, which Saxons fear,
In warlike splendour glancing !
Proud *Harlech* from her frowning towers*
Pours forth her never-failing powers :
Rouse, heroes, glory shall be ours ;
March on, your country's pride !

Shall heart-rending sounds of woe
Be heard where Conway's waters flow ?
Or shall a rude and ruthless foe
Find here one willing slave ?
From mountain and from valley,
From mountain and from valley ;
From Snowdon, from Plinlimmon's brow,
Around your Prince ye rally.
Let cowards kiss th' oppressor's scourge,
Home to his heart your weapons urge,
Or overwhelm him in th' avenging surge ;
To victory, ye brave !

* HARLECH CASTLE stands on a lofty rock, upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire : The original tower, called *Tŵr Brownen*, is said to have been built in the sixth century ; it afterwards received the name of *Cader Colwyn*, and eventually its more descriptive name, *Harlech*, or *Arddlech*, the high cliff. The present castle, still nearly entire, was the work of EDWARD I. and a place of great strength. In 1468, being possessed by DAFYDD, AP JEVAN, AP EINION, a steady friend of the House of Lancaster, it was invested by WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE, after a most difficult march through the heart of the Welsh Alps ; and surrendered on honourable terms to his gallant brother, Sir RICHARD HERBERT, who engaged to save the life of the brave Welsh commander, by interceding with his cruel master EDWARD IV. The king at first refused his request, when HERNERT told him plainly, that his Highness might take his life instead of that of the Welsh captain, for that he would assuredly replace DAFYDD in the castle, and the King might send whom he pleased to take him out again. This prevailed, but Sir RICHARD received no other reward for his service.—PENNANT.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

.....

I GAZE upon yon mountains that mingle with the sky,
 And if my wishes were but wings, beyond them I would fly ;
 For far beyond the mountains that look so distant here,
 To fight his country's battles, last May-day went my dear.
 Ah ! well do I remember with bitter sighs the day ;
 Why Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay !

I count the passing moments the weary live-long day,
 For every day's a week long since Owen went away.
 Ah ! cruel was my father, who did my flight restrain,
 And I was cruel-hearted that did at home remain :
 With thee, my Love, contented, I'd journey far away ;
 Why Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay !

In short and broken slumbers I dream of thee alone,
 And when my mother calls me, I start and find thee gone ;
 When thinking of my Owen, my eyes with tears they fill,
 And then my mother chides me, because my wheel stands still :
 How can I think of spinning whilst Owen's far away ;
 Why Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay !

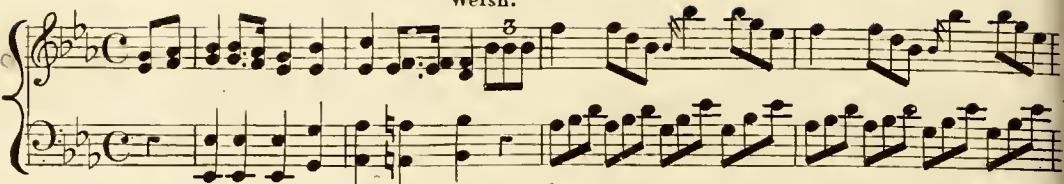
And oft in waking visions I see some danger near,
 To fright my troubled fancy, that hovers round my dear !
 O ! may it please kind heaven, to shield my Love from harm ;
 To clasp him to my bosom would ev'ry care disarm :
 But, ah ! I fear it's distant far that happy, happy day ;
 Why, Owen, didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay !

Welsh.

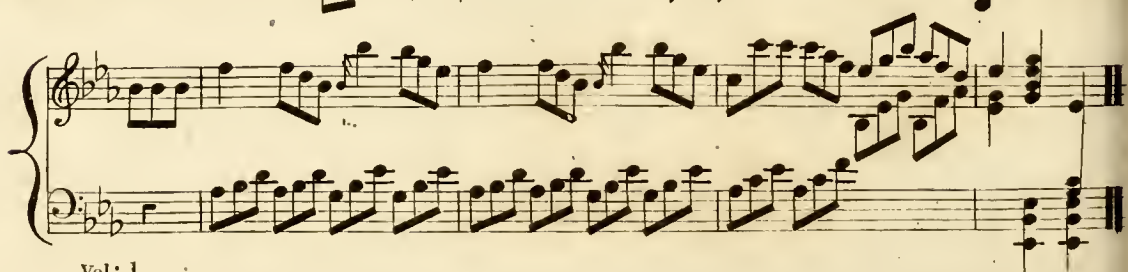
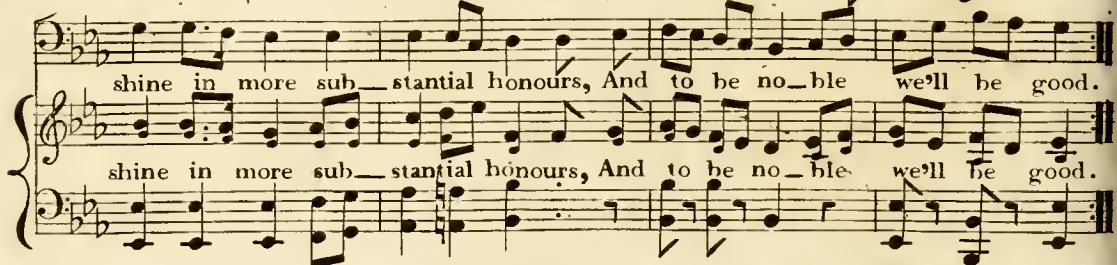
ANDANTINO
CON MOTO.

I gaze up-on yon mountains that mingle with the
sky, And if my wish-es were but wings, be-yond them I wou'd fly;
For far beyond the mountains that look so dist-ant here, To
fight his coun-try's bat-les, last May-day went my dear. Ah!
well do I re-mem-ber, with bit-ter sighs the day; Why
O-wen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay!

Welsh.

ANDANTINO
GRAZIOSO.

DUET.



THE OLD SIBYL.

.....

The Song has generally been considered a translation from the Welsh by GILBERT COOPER ; but, in the Edinburgh Review, Vol. XI. p. 37, the honour of the production is given to STEEVENS, the Commentator on SHAKESPEARE.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda move your fear ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.
What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.
Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke :
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.
Through youth, and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung ;
To see them look their mother's features ;
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.
And when with envy, time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

THE DYING BARD TO HIS HARP.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

.....

DINAS EMLINN lament, for the moment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die,
 No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade,
 Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
 That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
 But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
 And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And, oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair;
 What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
 When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi? I quit thy lov'd scene,
 To join the dim choir of the bards who have been;
 With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the old,
 And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
 Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
 And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
 Farewell, my lov'd harp! my last treasure farewell!

49. THE DYING BARD.—DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK. Haydn.

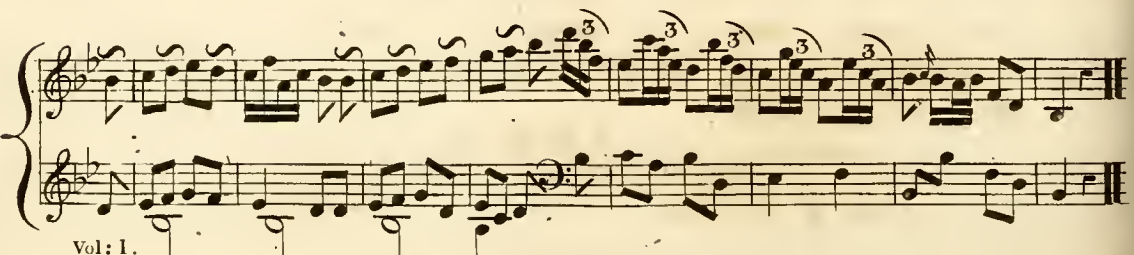
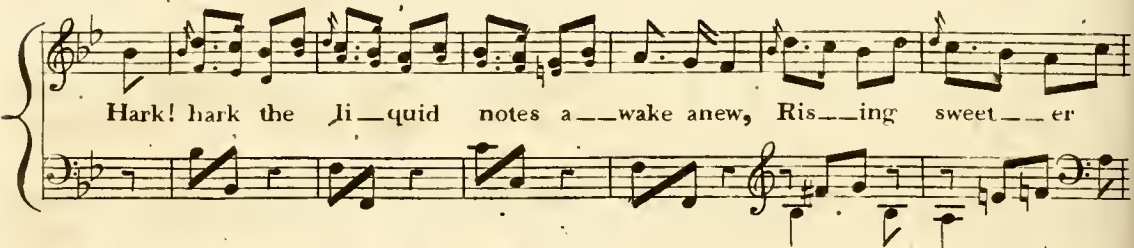
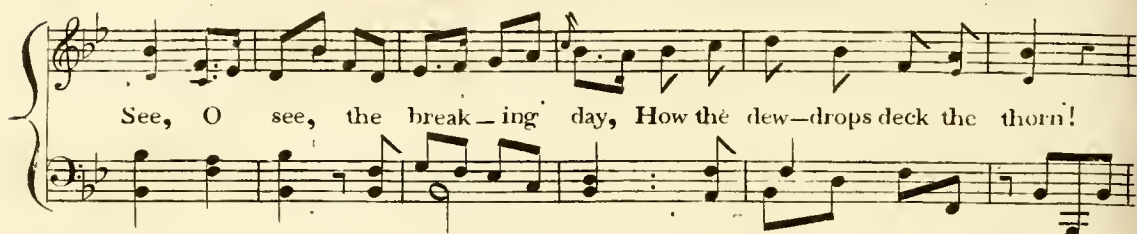
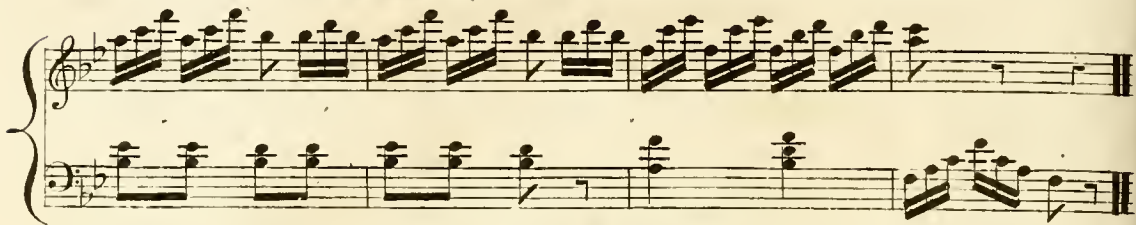
Welsh.

AFETTUOSO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time, marked 'AFETTUOSO'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'Dinas Em—linn la—ment, for the moment is nigh, When mute in the woodlands thine e—chos shall die; No more by sweet Tei—vi Cad—wal—lon shall rave, And mix his wild notes with the wild dash—ing wave.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish.

Dinas Em—linn la—ment, for the
moment is nigh, When mute in the woodlands thine e—chos shall die;
No more by sweet Tei—vi Cad—wal—lon shall rave, And mix his wild
notes with the wild dash—ing wave.

Welsh.

ALLEGRETTO
GRAZIOSO.

THE RISING OF THE LARK,

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY MRS GRANT.

.....

SEE, O see, the breaking day ;
 How the dew-drop decks the thorn !
 Hov'ring low, the sky-lark's lay
 Long preluding meets the morn.
 Hark ! the liquid notes awake anew,
 Rising sweeter with the rising dew.
 Rising with the rising dew.

Come, my Love, and drink the sound
 Ere the dazzling sun appears ;
 While each drooping flow'ret round
 Bends with nature's early tears.
 Poising, as she mounts with humid wings,
 Still above her lowly nest she sings,
 O'er her lowly nest she sings.

Now the dappled clouds among,
 Sweet and clear ascends the lay ;
 Come, before the plummy throng
 Wake to hail the king of day !
 Warbling louder still she mounts alone,
 Near and nearer to his amber throne,
 Nearer to his amher throne !

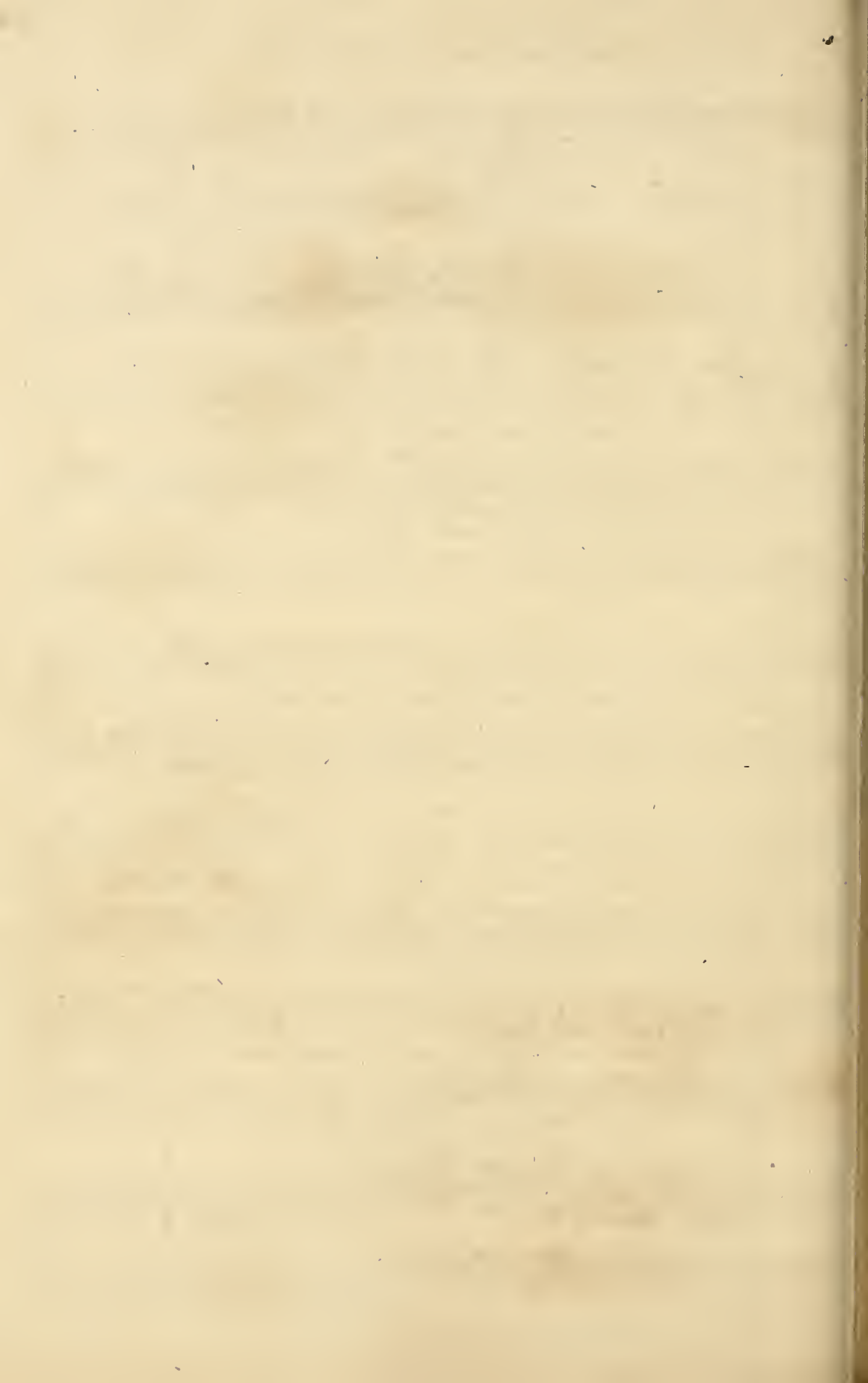
See the blazing gates unfold !
 See his radiant head appear !
 Through yon op'ning clouds of gold
 Still the less'ning note we hear.
 Sinking softly with the sinking strain,
 See her seek her lowly nest again,
 See her seek her nest again.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

Edinburgh :

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR,
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 PRINCES' STREET, EDINBURGH.

 1828.



THE MELODIES,

VOLUME FIRST.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION,
MAY BE CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER; THOSE MARKED

- A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.
- B, as the productions of more recent periods.
- C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.
- D, as English imitations of Scottish melodies.

Names of the Melodies.	Marks above referred to.	Page.	Names of the Melodies.	Marks above referred to.	Page.
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Bonny wee thing	B	22	She's fair and fause	B	39
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Gilderoy	A	18	The dying bard	<i>Welsh</i>	49
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AIR. MY JO JÁNET



Designed & Engraved by D. Wilson

Published as the Act directs by G. Thompson Edinburgh 1822

Pace upo' your Spinning wheel
Janet Janet
Pace upo' your Spinning wheel
My Jo Janet

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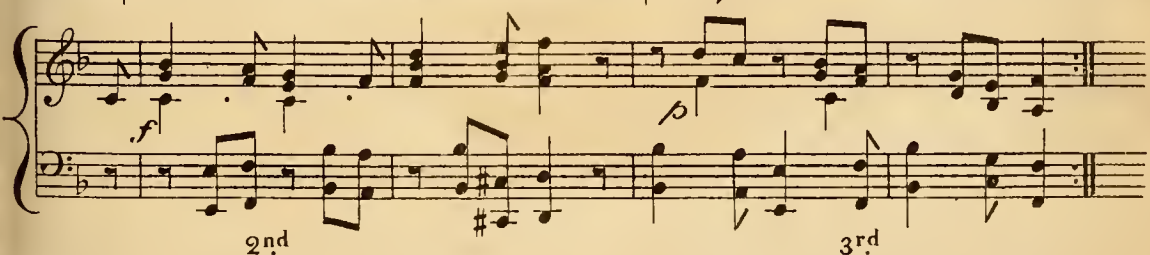
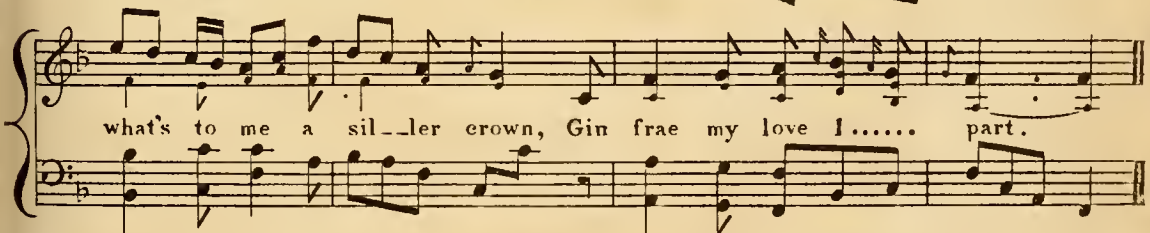
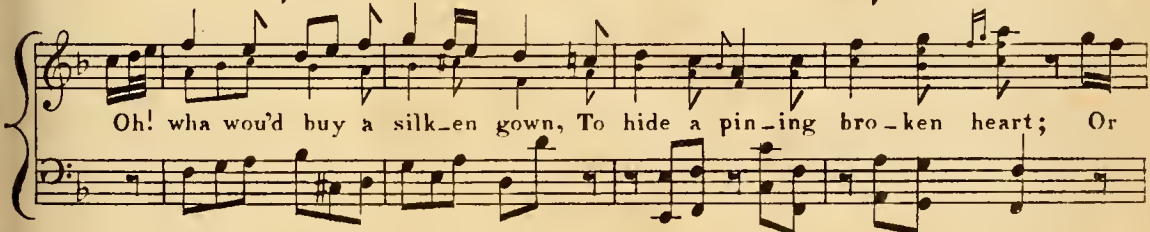
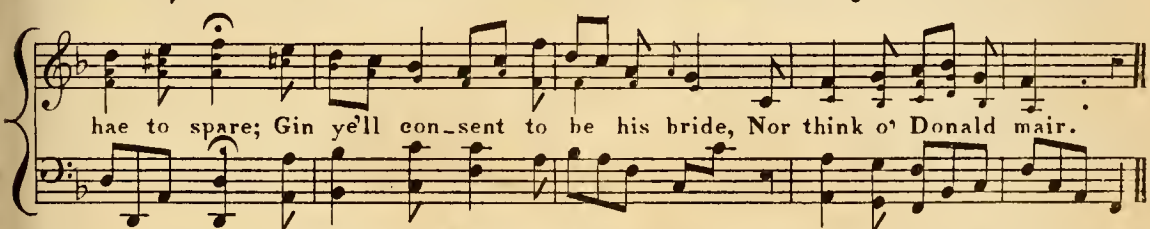
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London.

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Edinburgh.

462593



The mind whose every wish is pure,
Is dearer far than gold to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
My ain brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has g'ien to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
He, grateful, took the willing gift;
I wou'd na seek my pledge again,
For a' beneath the lift.
For langest life can nêr repay,
The well tried love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

p Dolce.

MA---RY at thy win---dow be, It is the wish'd the trysted hour; Those

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

How blythe-ly wou'd I hide the stoure, A

wea---ry slave from sun to sun; Could I the rich re---ward se---cure, The
love---ly MA---RY MO---RI-SON.

8va

Ped:

2nd

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat,—but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town;
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
“Ye are na MARY MORISON.

3rd

O MARY, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wou'd gladly die!
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fau't is loving thee:
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shewn;
A thought ungentle canna be,
The thought o' MARY MORISON.

ALLEGRO.

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon Where bright beaming summers ex-

alt the perfume; Far dear-er to me yon lone glen o' green bracken, Wi' the burn stealing

un-der the lang yellow broom. Far dear-er to me are yon hum-ble broom

bowers, Where the blue bell and gow-an lurk low-ly un-seen For there light-ly

tripping a-mang the wild flow'rs, A list'n'ing the lin-net oft wan-ders my Jean.

f

THEIR GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

AIR—BY NATHANIEL GOW.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom ;
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen ;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave !
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
 The lavrock's in the sky,
 And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
 And time is passing by.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 I hear nae welcome sound ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush
 It wears so slowly round !

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
 My lambs are bleating near,
 But still the sound that I lo'e best,
 Alack ! I canna hear.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 The shadow lingers still,
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand
 And croon upon the hill.

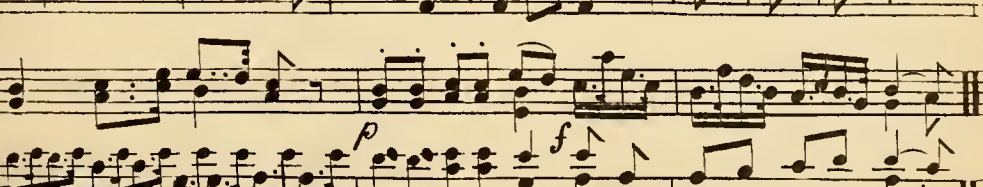
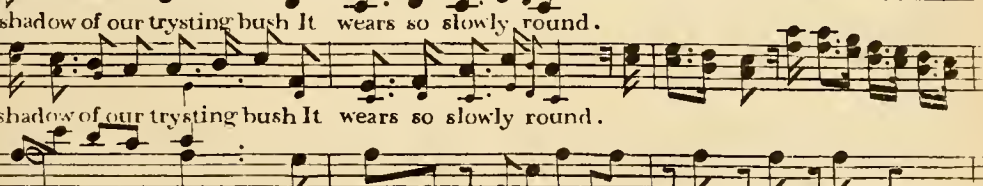
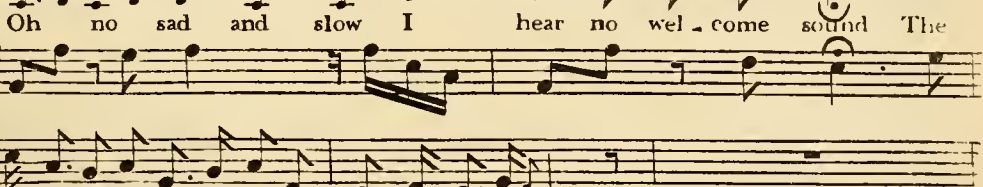
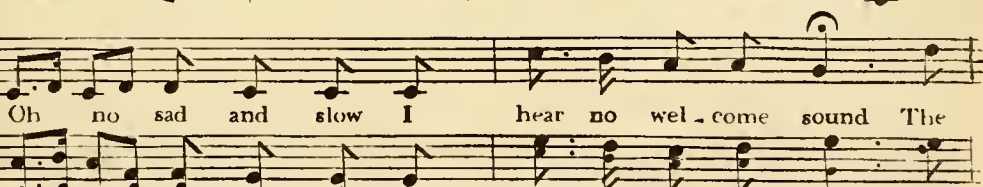
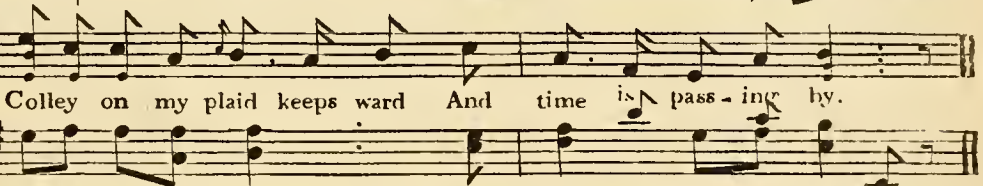
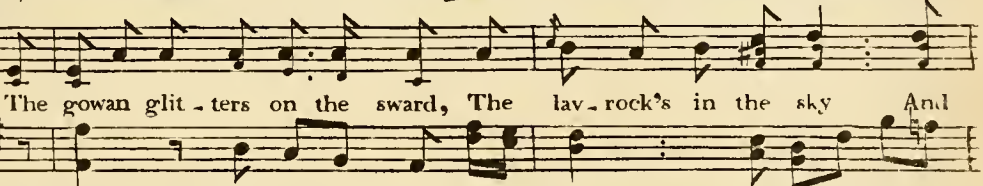
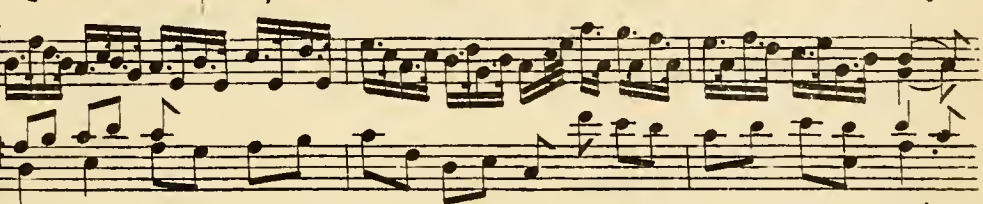
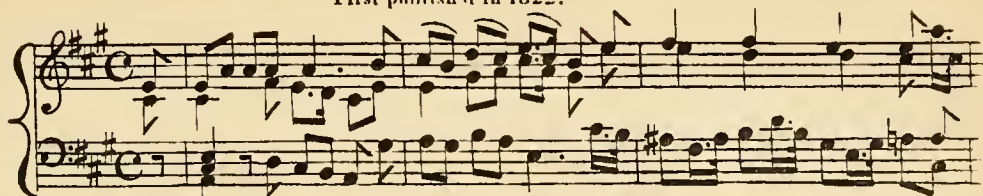
I hear below the water roar,
 The mill wi' clacking din,
 And Lucky scolding frae her door
 To bring the bairnies in.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 These are nae sounds for me ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush,
 It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen from Chapman Tam
 A snood of bonnie blue,
 And promised, when our trysting cam',
 To tie it round her brow.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 The time it winna pass :
 The shadow of that weary thorn
 Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,
 She's past the Witches' Knowe :
 She's climbing up the Brownney's Brae,
 My heart is in a lowe.
 Oh, no ! 'tis na so !
 'Tis glamrie I hae seen :
 The shadow of that hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
 Though conn'd wi' little skill ;
 When Colley barks, I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 The time will ne'er be gane :
 The shadow of the trysting bush
 Is fix'd like ony stane.

First publish'd in 1822.

ALLEGRO
CON MOTO.

ANDANTINO
ESPRESSIVO
CON MOTO.

O poortith cauld and restless love Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye: Yet

poortith a' I could forgive, An' twere na for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest hands un-

-twining! Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love, De-

-pend on For-tune's shining. *mf*

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twerna for my Jeanie.
 O, why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 O why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 It's pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't!
 O why, &c.

Her een sae bonny blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him;
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate,
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE SONG,

Although it passed for some time as Dr Blacklock's, is at length
ascertained to have been written

BY BURNS.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill:
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have lived—but how much lived 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.

ANDANTE.

p *f* *p*

The la--zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-

The la--zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-

-ceal--ing the course of the dark wind--ing rill;

-ceal--ing the course of the dark wind--ing rill;

How lan--guid the scenes, late so spright-ly ap--pear, As

How lan--guid the scenes, late so spright-ly ap--pear, As

au--tumn to win--ter re--signs the pale year.

au--tumn to win--ter re--signs the pale year. *f*

Vol: 2.

The Sym: and Accom^t now first publish'd.MAESTOSO
CON SPIRITO.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat Then let the Loons beware Sir

There's wooden walls up on our seas And Volunteers on shore Sir

The Nith shall run to Cor-sin-con And Criffel sink in Sol-way

E'er we per-mit a fo-reign foe On British ground to tal-ly.

RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

THE SONG WRITTEN IN 1795,

BY BURNS.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments new, and first united to the Song in 1822.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And Volunteers on shore, sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 'Till slap come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among ourselves united;
 For never but by British hands
 Must British wrongs be righted.

The kettle of the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,
 And who would dare to spoil it?
 By Heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together.
 Who will not sing, "God save the King!"
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King!"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

* A high hill at the source of the river Nith.

† A mountain at the mouth of the same river, on the Solway Frith.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

In the following Song the interjection O is commonly put at the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.

THERE dwelt a man in Crawford muir,
 And John Blunt was his name,
 He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
 And had a wondrous fame.

It was about the Martimas time;
 And a gude time it was then,
 When our gudewife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
 And it blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
 Gudeman, as ye may see;
 Should it nae be barr'd this hunder year,
 It's nae be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first of them that spake a word,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could see nor house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is't a poor?"—
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

Then first they ate the white puddings,
 And syne they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersell,
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
 "Here, man, tak ye my knife;
 Do you tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do then?"
 "What ails you at the pudding-bree,
 That boils into the pan?"

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

O up then started our gudewife,
 Gied three skips on the floor;
 "Gudeman, you've spoke the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door!"

BONNY DUNDEE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Miss JESSIE STAIG of Dumfries, afterwards Mrs Major MILLER, Dalswinton, was the Heroine of this Song.

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

WRITTEN BY H. MACNIEL, FOR THE SAME AIR.

"SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
 Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?
 Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee!
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree.
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

"It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
 Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
 She never loed ony till ance she loed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree!
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee;
 "Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!"

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling:
 Aff went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling ee!
 "Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?"
 'Oh Jamie! forgie me, your heart's constant to me:
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

LARGHETTO.

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr, But

by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. To

e-qual young Jessie seek Scotland all o-ver. To e-qual young Jessie you seek it in vain, Grace

beau-ty and el-e-gance fet-ter her Lover, And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.

10.

TAM GLEN.

The orig^l Air with Burns's Verses.

ALLEGRETTO.

My heart is a breaking dear TITTY, Some counsel un^d to me come len? To anger them a'tis a
pity, But what will I do wi' TAM GLEN.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE. Haydn.

Here first united with Burns's Verses.

ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

A down winding Nith I did wander, To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring; A
down winding Nith I did wander, Of PHIL-LIS to muse and to sing.
A wa' wi' your belles and your beauties, They neaver wi' her can com-pare: Wha
e-aver has met wi' my PHIL-LIS, Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

TAM GLEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

MY heart is a breaking, dear titty,
 Some counsel unto me come len':
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fellow,
 In poortith I might mak' a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I manna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Good day to you," (coof,) he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 Gin ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of these admirable verses was MISS PHILLIS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig, who married NORMAN LOCKHART, Esq.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
 For she is simplicity's child.
 The rose-bud 's the blush of my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flow'rs in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
 Its dewdrop of diamond her eye.
 Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes through the green-spreading grove;
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth, in the mind of my Phillis,
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

MY JO JANET.

‘ SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glass then.’—
 “ Keek into the draw-well,
 Janet, Janet ;
 And there ye’ll see your bonny sell,
 My jo Janet !”

‘ Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I should fa’ in, sir ?
 Syne a’ my kin will say an’ swear,
 I drown’d mysell for sin, sir.’—
 “ Haud the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Haud the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.”

‘ Good sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then.’—
 “ Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Ae pair may gain you half a year,
 My jo Janet.”

‘ But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawkin,
 If they should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be tawkin.’—
 “ Dance aye laigh, and late at e’en,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Syne a’ their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.”

‘ Kind sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse, then.’—
 “ Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,
 My jo Janet.”

‘ My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o’t winna stand, sir ;
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, sir.’—
 “ Mak’ the best o’t that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Mak’ the best o’t that ye can,
 My jo Janet.”

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

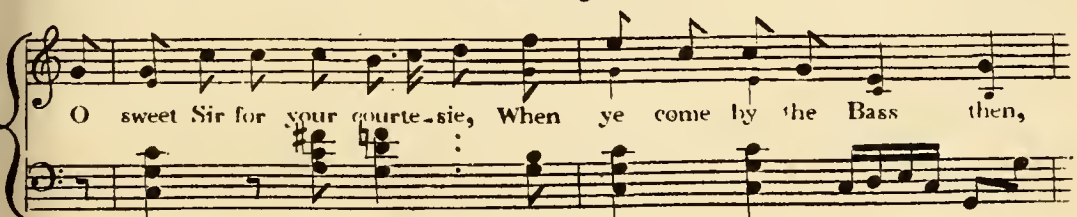
‘ HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.’—
 “ One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse Nancy ?”

‘ If ’tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience,
 I’ll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good-by, allegiance I’—
 “ Sad will I be so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Yet I’ll try to make a shift,
 My spouse Nancy.”

‘ My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour, I am near it ;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it !’—
 “ I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse Nancy.”

‘ Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I will try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.’—
 “ I’ll wed another like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse Nancy !”

ALLEGRO
SCHERZANDO.

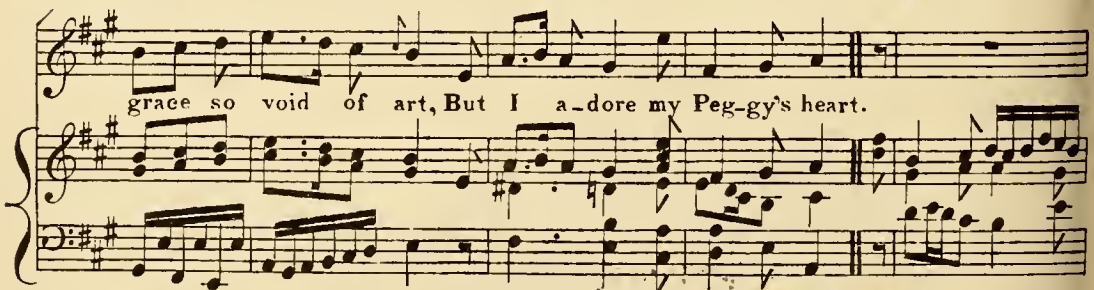
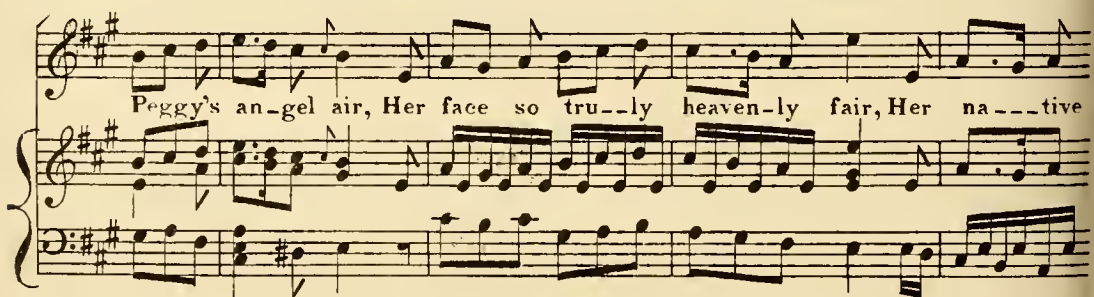
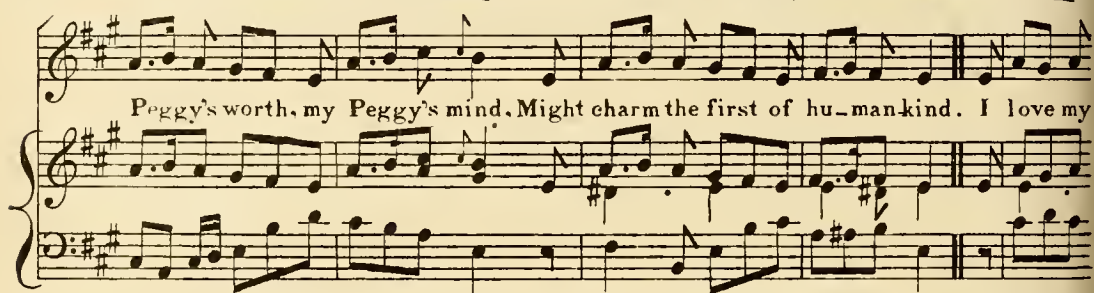
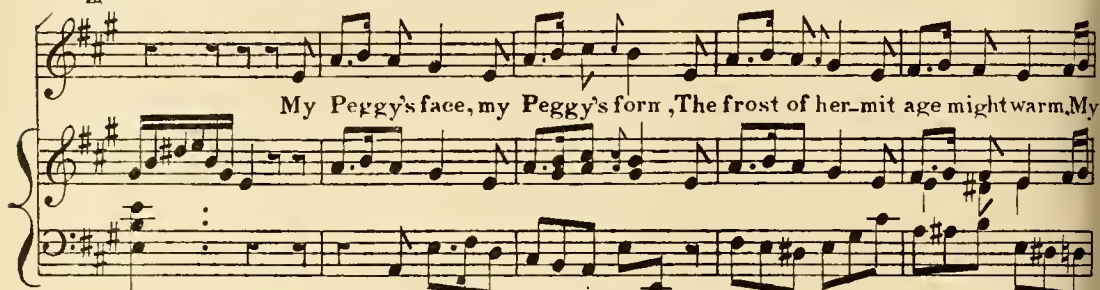
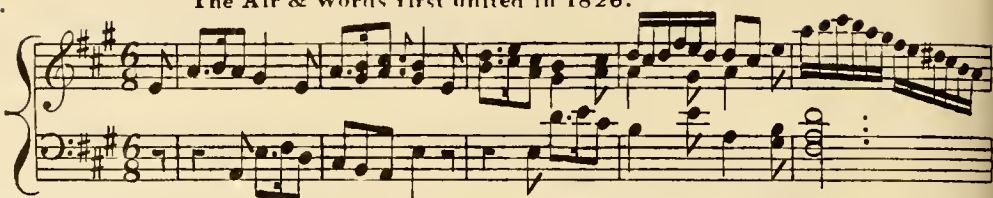


12 MY PEGGY'S FACE MY PEGGY'S FORM.

Haydn.

The Air & Words first united in 1826.

ALLEGRETTO.



MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

 AIR—THE AULD GUDEMAN.

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

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

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

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

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring ;
 Trembling, I do nought but glowr,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the throes
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling !

ALLEGRETTO.

Blythe have I been on yon hill . . As the Lambs be--fore me;

Careless il--ka thought and free . . As the breeze flew o'er me.

Now nae langer sport and play, Or mirth or sang can please me;

LESLEY is sae fair and coy, Care and anguish seize me.

Vol: 2.

THE BRAES O' BALWHIDDER.

The Sym^s & Accom^t new_ & first pub^d in 1829.

ANDANTE
PIU TOSTO
ALLEGRETTO.

Will ye go Lassie, go To the braes o' Bal-

whid-der, Where the blae berries grow 'Mang the bon-nie highland heather.

Where the deer and the rae Lightly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the

lang summer's day Mang the braes o Bal-whidder.

THE BRAES OF BALWHIDDER.

WRITTEN

BY TANNAHILL.

WILL ye go, lassie, go
 To the braes o' Balwhidder,
 Where the blae-berries grow,
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather?
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang simmer day
 On the braes o' Balwhidder?

I will twine thee a bower
 By the clear siller fountain;
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain.
 I will range through the wilds
 And deep glens sae drearie,
 And return wi' the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the lin
 On the night-breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear shieling ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain-thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming.
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balwhidder.

O WELCOME HOURS OF SOCIAL NIGHT!

THE MELODY BY G. THOMSON—THE VERSES BY PROFESSOR SMYTH, 1830.

O WELCOME hours of social night !
 The feast, the dance, the song ;
 And love, with dreams of rosy light,
 And pleasure's merry throng ;
 Yes, welcome to my longing eyes,
 The forms, the visions gay,
 That save me from the cares that rise,
 When comes the colder day.

Who counts the hour ? what's time to me ?
 When friends I love are near ;
 Whose lyre, whose song, whose mirth and glee,
 Whose very look can cheer.
 Oh ! may not hours be sometimes found,
 Oh ! sometimes sure they may,
 Worth days and years that circle round
 In dull life's tick-tick way.

Then leave me not ! O fly not yet !
 Ye Syrens, graces, dear ;
 The sweetest hours in all the set
 Are those now coming here :—
 The little hours—a smiling train—
 That move on noiseless feet,
 And clear the world from care and pain,
 When night and morning meet.

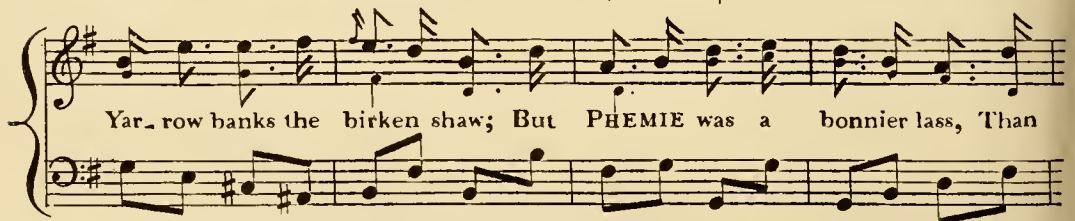
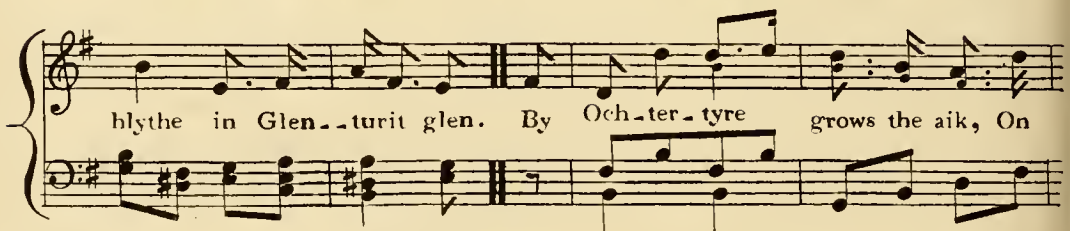
15 O WELCOME HOURS OF SOCIAL NIGHT.

The Melody by G. Thomson.—The Song by W^m Smyth Esq.—First pub^d in 1829.

ALLEGRO
CON ANIMA.

Oh! welcome hours of soc-ial night, The feast, the dance, the song; And Love with
dreams of *ro-sy light, And pleasure's mer-ry throng. Yes! welcome to my
longing eyes, The Forms, the vi-sions gay That save me from the cares that
rise, When comes the cold-er day.

ALLEGRETTO.



ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY-GUN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The heroine of this song was Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon the lea !
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben :
And weel she lik'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawin-free ;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loed the liquor weel enough ;
But, waes my heart ! the cash was done
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith was I to pawn my shoon !
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown :
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun ;
And aye the clearest drinker out,
Was Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And while upon his knee I sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
And mony a kindly kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun ;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

DAINTY DAVIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green spreading bowers ;
 And now come in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.
 The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

- CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithful Davie.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 I'll flee to's arms I loe the best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

SONG ALTERED TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

BY BURNS.

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 The youthful charming Chloe,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
 Perch'd all around on every tree ;
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe :
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise ;
 Out-rivalled by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

VIVACE.

Now ro--sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To
deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And now come in my hap-py hours, To
wan-der wi' my DA--VIE: The chrystal waters round us fa', The merry birds are
lo--vers a', The scented breezes round us blaw, A wand'ring wi' my DA--VIE.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dain-ty DA-VIE, Dain-ty DA-VIE;
Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dain-ty DA-VIE, Dain-ty DA-VIE;
There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear Dain-ty DA--VIE.
There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear Dain-ty DA--VIE.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

The Song, the Sym^y & Accomp^s all new in 1828.

And the Song here publish'd by express permission, 1829.

RISOLUTO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'RISOLUTO.' The score consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests. The final system ends with a double bar line and a 'ff' (fortissimo) marking.

To the Lords of Convention'twas Clavers who spoke, Ere the King's crown go
down, there are crowns to be broke, So each Cavalier who loves honour and me, Let him
follow the banner of bonny Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
saddle my horses and call up my men; Come o - pen the West-port and let me gae free, And its
room for the bon-nets of bon-ny Dun-dee.

ff

SONG
ON THE HERO OF KILLIECRANKIE.

WRITTEN
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

HERE PUBLISHED BY THE SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR, 1831.

AIR—THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

WITH NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS, COMPOSED IN 1829.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke ;
So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men—
Come open the West-Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street—
The bells are rung backward—the drums they are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, “ Just e'en let him be,
The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee.”
As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But the young plants of grace, they look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee !

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was pang'd,
As if half the west had set tryste to be hang'd ; *
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each ee,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang hafted gullies, to kill cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close heads, and the causeway was free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
“ Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.”
The Gordon demands of him whither he goes.
“ Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose ;
Your Grace, in short space, shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth ;
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in the north ;
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry hoigh ! for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox :
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston-craigs, and on Clermiston lea,
Died away the wild-war notes of bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men—
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

* Till of late years the Grassmarket was the common place of execution in Edinburgh.

POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, IN 1821,

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR—TODLIN HAME.

It affords peculiar satisfaction to the Editor, to have obtained these uncommonly beautiful Verses for one of the most pleasing of the Scottish Melodies ;—a Melody to which he must ever be partial, from a recollection of the matchless way in which it was sung by the most exhilarating of all Scottish songsters, the late Mr JAMES BAIFOUR.

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam on the lin,*
And siller was chinking my pouches within ;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
As I gaed to my love in new cleeding so gay :
Kind was she, and my friends were free,
But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight,
When piper play'd cheerly, and cruisy burnt bright !
And link'd in my hand was the maiden so dear,
As she footed the floor in her holyday gear.
Woe is me! and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic company !

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk ;
We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk ;
And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her een,
The cheering and life o' my bosom hae been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridle and infare I've braced me wi' pride,†
The bruse I hae won, and a kiss of the bride ;‡
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
When I utter'd my banter or chorus'd my song.
Dowie and dree are jesting and glee,
When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet,
While kebbuck and beaker were set on the board,
But now they pass by me, and never a word
So let it be,—for the warldly and slie
Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart ;
The spaewife has tell'd me to keep up my heart ;
For wi' my last saxpence her loof I ha'e cross'd,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
Cruelly tho' we ilka day see
How poverty parts dear company.

* *O'erlay*, a neckcloth.

† *Infare*, the entertainment made for the reception of a bride in the house of the bridegroom.

‡ *Bruse*, a race at country weddings, the winner of which has the privilege of saluting the bride.

THE OLD SONG, TODLIN HAME.

WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
O then I'll get credit in ilka town ;
But aye when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O ! poverty parts good company !
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
Coudna my love come todlin hame ?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale ;
She gies us white hannocks to drink her ale ;
Syne if her twopenny chance to be sma,'
We'll tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
As round as a neep we gang todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep
And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet ;
And aye, when we waken'd, we drank them dry ;
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,
You're aye sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou' ;
When soher sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That it's a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlin hame, todlin hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.

First Publish'd in 1822.

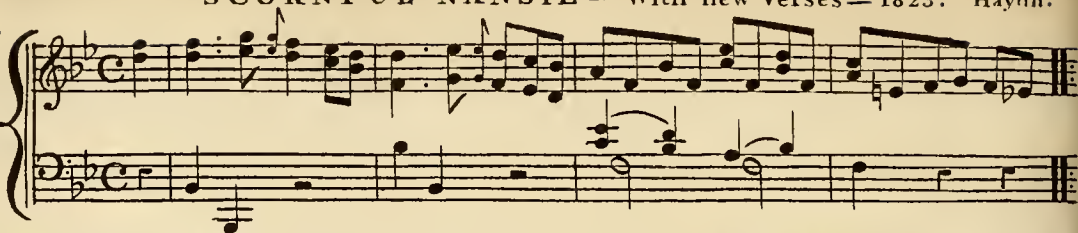
ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

When white was my o'er-lay as
foam on the lin, And siller was chinking my pouches within; When my lamb-kins were
bleat-ing on mead-ow and brae, As I gaed to my Love in new clead-ing so gay:

CHORUS.

Kind was she, and my friends were free, But po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny.

Kind was she, and my friends were free, But po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny.

ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

I ne-ver said thy face was fair, Thy cheek with beauty glow---ing; Nor

whis-per'd that thy wood-land air, With grace was o-ver---flow-----ing.

I ne-ver said thy teeth so white, In hue were snow ex---cell---ing; Nor

call'd thine eye so blue so bright, Young Love's ce-les-tial dwell-----ing.

SCORNFUL NANSIE.

WITH NEW VERSES,

HERE FIRST UNITED TO THE MUSIC, 1825.

I NEVER said thy face was fair,
 Thy cheek with beauty glowing;
 Nor whisper'd that thy woodland air
 With grace was overflowing.
 I never said thy teeth so white,
 In hue were snow excelling;
 Nor call'd thine eye so blue, so bright,
 Young Love's celestial dwelling.

I never said thy voice was soft,
 Soft heart but ill concealing;
 Nor praised thy sparkling glance, so oft,
 So well thy thoughts revealing.
 I never said thy taper form
 Was, Nansie, more than handsome:
 Nor said thy heart, so young, so warm,
 Was worth a monarch's ransom.

I never said, that gentle breast
 Contain'd a gen'rous spirit,
 Or that the youth were doubly blest,
 Who those soft smiles could merit.
 I never said, to young or old,
 I felt no joy without thee:
 No, Nansie, no—I never told—
 A single lie about thee.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

This is one of the very pleasant songs of the olden time, which has come down to us by means of Allan Ramsay, in whose Tea-Table Miscellany it first appeared. Willy's account of his own descent, contrasted with that of Souple Sandy, his rival, who had passed his infancy on his mother's back as a mendicant, is highly comic and natural. The humour of the whole song, indeed, is lively, characteristic, and amusing; but lest it be thought by some rather homely for the modern drawingroom, the Editor has given the above little song for the choice of the Singer.

NANSIE's to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,
 And Willy he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring;
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And aye when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.
 'What ails you at my dad,' quoth he,
 'My minnie, or my aunty?
 With crowdy-moudy they fed me,
 Lang kail and ranty-tanty;
 With bannocks of good barleymeal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped castocks butter'd weel,
 And was not that right dainty?
 'Altho' my father was nae laird,—
 'Tis daffin' to be vaunty,—
 He kept aye a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry;
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his craigy;
 And aye, until the day he died,
 He rade on gude shanks' nagy.'
 "Now, wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nansie?
 Wad ye compare yersel' to me?—
 A docken till a tansy?"

I hae a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him Souple Sandy,
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy."
 'Wow, Nansie, what needs a' this din?
 Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy;
 His minnie, Meg, upon her back
 Bare baith him and his billy:
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willy?
 'My gutcher left a guid braidsword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.'
 Then Nansie turn'd her round about,
 And said, "Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nansie."

A SOLDIER AM I, &c.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION, IN 1822, WITH
THE AIR—"LUMPS O' PUDDING."

A SOLDIER am I, all the world o'er I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange ;
How welcome a soldier wherever he roves,
Attended, like Venus, by Mars and the Loves ;
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast, or a frolic, if we are not there ;
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the drum.

"The soldiers are coming," the villagers cry,
All trades are suspended to see us pass by ;
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up stairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her broom and her cares ;
Outstretch'd is her neck, till the soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light on the breeze,
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,
And redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

The veteran, half-dozing, awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews ;
Near his knee his young grandson with ecstasy hears,
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers ;
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew ;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the drum.

Who loves not a soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save ;
In peace the gay friend, with the manners that charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm ?
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
'Tis a temple which honour can enter alone ;
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY BURNS.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught ;
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship southers it a' ;
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae ;
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is "Welcome, and welcome again !"

The Air and Verses here first united.

SPIRITOSO.

The first system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is marked 'SPIRITOSO.' and ends with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'A Soldier am I all the world o'er I range And wou'd not my lot with a' are written below the staff.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Monarch ex-change How welcome a Soldier where-ever he roves At-' are written below the staff.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics '-tended like Ve-nus by Mars and the Loves. How dull is the ball and how' are written below the staff.

The fifth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'cheerless the fair What's a feast or a fro-lie if we are not there Kind,' are written below the staff.

The sixth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'hearty, and gallant and joyous we come, And the world looks a-live at the' are written below the staff.

The seventh system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The lyrics 'sound of the drum.' are written below the staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

DUET.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
TREGALLEGRO.

2^d

ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch, ROY'S wife of
ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch, ROY'S wife of
Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch
Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch
She vow'd she swore she wou'd be mine She said that she lov'd me best of ony But oh the fickle
She vow'd she swore she wou'd be mine She said that she lov'd me best of ony But oh the fickle
faithless quean She's taen the carle and left her Johnie ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch,
faithless quean She's taen the carle and left her Johnie ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch,
ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the
ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the
braes of Balloch.
braes of Balloch.

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ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

BY MRS GRANT, OF CARRON.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
 She vow'd, she swore she would be mine—
 She said that she loed me best of ony;
 But, oh! the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
 O! she was a canty quean,
 And weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
 Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy,
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?
 Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy,
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?
 Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy!

MORAG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

BY BURNS.

O WAT ye wha that loes me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that loes me,
 As dews o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rosebuds steeping:
 O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie, ever dearer;
 O that 's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming;
 That e'en *thy* chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention 's plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted:
 O that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,—
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art brokenhearted:
 O that 's the lassie, &c.

FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging!
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When, by his mighty warden,
 My youth 's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

ANDANTE

CON

ESPRESSIONE.

O wat ye wha that lo'es me, And

has my heart a keep - ing O sweet is she that lo'es me, As

dew's of Summer weep - ing In tears the Rose buds steeping, O

that's the Lassie o' my heart My Lassie e - ver dear - - er; O

that's the queen of woman-kind And ne'er a ane to peer her.

Vol: 2.

* Instead of F & G, voices of limited compass may sing B & E.

ANDANTE.

For the sake of gold she's left me O. And of all that's dear be-reft me

O: She me for-sook for A-thol's Duke And to endless woe she's left me O.

A star and gar-ter have more art Than youth a true and faithful heart; For

emp-ty ti-tles we must part For glitt'ring show she's left me O.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

These Verses are said to have been written by the late Dr AUSTIN, physician in Edinburgh, upon losing the lady to whom he had paid his addresses,—Miss DRUMMOND of Megginch; who was first married to the Duke of ATHOL, and afterwards to Lord ADAM GORDON. An old lady of the Editor's acquaintance recollects a line of a song upon this celebrated beauty, "Bonnie Jeanie Drummond, she tow'rs aboon them a'."

FOR the sake of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me;
 She me forsook for Athol's duke,
 And to endless woe she's left me.
 A star and a garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part;
 For glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me.
 Ye Powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless lovely fair;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Though she has ever left me.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THOMSON.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower,
 Press not the rich and stately bed ;
 The new-mown hay and breathing flower
 A softer couch beneath them spread.
 If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art ;
 They take what Nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul
 And crown them with the village-toast.
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet Love adorns the merry round.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, " I'll be wed, come o't what will !"
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 ' Of gude advisement comes na ill.

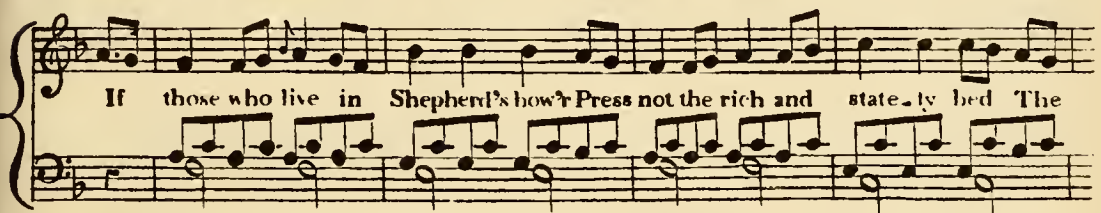
' It's ye hae woovers mony ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'—

" For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flie ;
 He loes sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me :
 But blithe 's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 And weel I wat he loes me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

' Oh ! thoughtless lassie, life's a feght,
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But aye fu' han't is feghtin best,
 A hungry care 's an unco care.
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale !'

" O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor, my Rob and I,
 Light is the burden love lays on :
 Content and love bring peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?"

ALLEGRETTO.



ANDANTINO.

fz

JOHN AN-DE-RSON my Jo JOHN, When

we were first ac---quaint; Your locks were like the ra---ven, Your

bonnie brow was brent. But now your brow is bald JOHN, Your locks are like the

snaw; But bless-ings on your fros---ty pow, JOHN AN-DE-RSON my

Jo. *fz*

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo JOHN,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day JOHN,
 We've had wi' ane anither:

Vol: 2.

Now we maun totter down, JOHN,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo.

BURNS.

ALLEGRETTO.

My
 daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear; My minny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house asteer.
 But let them doo' let them say, It's a' ane to me; For he's low down he's in the broom, That's wait-ing on me.
 Waiting on me my love, He's waiting on me; For he's low down he's in the broom, That's waiting on me.

2nd

My Auntie KATE sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a Jo has she:
 But let them, &c.

3rd

My Cousin KATE was sair beguil'd,
 Wi' JOHNNY i' the glen;
 And ay sinsyne she cries, "Beware
 "Of false deluding men?"
 But let them, &c.

4th

Gleed SANDY he came west yestreen,
 And speir'd when I saw PATE;
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round,
 They jeer me ear' and late.

But let them, &c.

GRAZIOSO.

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a--wa

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a--wa

JAMIE that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the

JAMIE that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the

vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a--wa JAMIE the flow'r o' them a².

vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a--wa JAMIE the flow'r o' them a².

He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a--wa For I'll come and

He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a--wa For I'll come and

see thee in spite of them a².

see thee in spite of them a², mf

Vol: 2.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

THIS song has been attributed to Lady Anne Lindsay, the accomplished writer of Auld Robin Gray : but it certainly appeared before her time ; although it is probable that the following version, the best which the Editor has met with, owes its happiest touches to her pen.

'TIS HERE FIRST PUBLISHED, 1831.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, it's Logie the laird,
Has ta'en awa Jamie that delled in the yard !
Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma',
He has ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a' :
Wha said, think na lang lassie when I'm far awa,
For I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'.

Though Sandy has horses, and houses, and land,
And Jamie has nought but his heart and his hand ;
Yet his look is my life, and his wish is my law :
They have ta'en awa Jamie, the flower of them a'.
He said, think na lang lassie when I'm far awa,
For I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'.

My daddie looks sadly, my mother looks sour,
They mock me wi' Jamie because he is poor ;
Though I like them as weel as a daughter can do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
I'll keep up my heart although Jamie's awa,
For he'll come and see me in spite of them a'.

I sit in the sunshine and spin on my wheel,
And think of the laddie that likes me sae weel,
And I think 'till my heart's fit to start into twa,—
They have ta'en awa Jamie, the flower of them a'.
But summer will come when cauld winter's awa,
'And he'll come and see me in spite of them a'.

THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean :
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
 A marriage aff hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kent it, or cared,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what would ye think ? in a fortnight, or less,
 The deil tak' his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin, Bess,
 Guess ye, how (the jade !) I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye, how (the jade !) I could bear her.

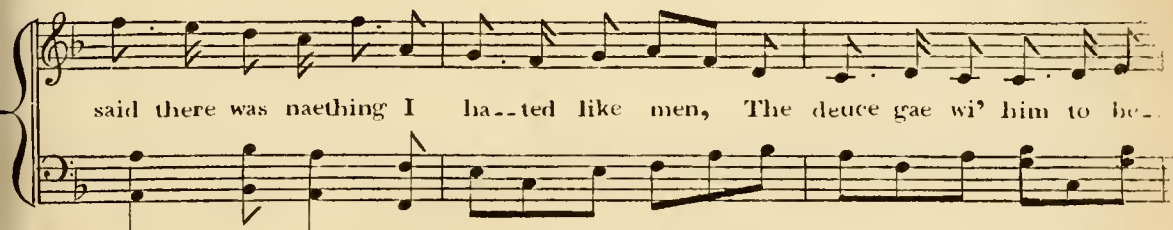
But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there ;
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But ower my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearing ;
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet ;
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begg'd for gude-sake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow :
 So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

VIVACE.



DUET.

ANDANTINO
GRAZIOSO.

O NANCY wilt thou
O NANCY wilt thou

2nd
1st
leave the town, And go with me where Na-ture dwells; I'll lead thee to a
leave the town, And go with me where Na-ture dwells; I'll lead thee to a

fair-er scene, Than paint-er feigns or po-et tells: In spring I'll place the
fair-er scene, Than paint-er feigns or po-et tells: In spring I'll place the

snow drop fair, Up--- on thy fair-er sweet-er breast; With love-ly ro-ses
snow drop fair, Up--- on thy fair-er sweet-er breast; With love-ly ro-ses

round thy head, At summer eve shalt thou be drest.
round thy head, At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn when the rustling leaf,
Shall warn us of the parting year;
I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
The redbreast's ev'ning song to hear:

And when the winter's dreary night,
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot;
Then in the treasure of thy mind,
Shall Nature's charms be all forgot.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DUET.

O hush thee my ba---bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy
 O hush thee my ba---bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy
 mo-ther a la---dy both love--ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the
 mo-ther a la---dy both love--ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the
 tow'rs which we see, They all are be--long--ing dear ba--bie to thee.
 tow'rs which we see, They all are be--long--ing dear ba--bie to thee.

2nd

O fear not the bugle, tho' loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

3rd

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

VIVACE.

O this is no my ain Lassie,

Fair tho' the Las-sie be; O weel ken I my ain Las-sie,

Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye

weel may wi' the fair-est place; It wants to me the witching grace, The

kind love that's in her e'e.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,—
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that 's in her ee.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that 's in her ee.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 A thief sae pawky is my Jean
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that 's in her ee.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head and a' that ?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that ;
 The pith of sense and pride of worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

ALLEGRETTO.

Is there for ho-nest po-ver-ty, That hangs his head and a' that; The
cow-ard slave we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that and a' that, Our toils obscure and a' that; The
For a' that and a' that, Our toils obscure and a' that; The
rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gow'd for a' that.
rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gow'd for a' that. *f*

ALLEGRETTO.

f

p O wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the ev'ning sun upon; The

fair--est maid's in yon town, That ev'n--ing sun is shin--ing on:

Now hap--ly down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree; How

blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances of her e'e! How

blest ye birds that round her sing, And wel--come in the blooming year; And

dou-bly we--come be the spring, The sea--son to my LU--CY dear.

p

WELL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?
 The fairest maid's in yon town
 That ev'ning sun is shining on.
 Now, haply down yon gay green shaw
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest, ye flowers, that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances of her ee!
 How blest, ye birds, that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year,
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
 Without my love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
 My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!
 And while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart!

The heroine of the above song, Mrs OSWALD of Auchincruive, formerly Miss LUCY JOHNSTONE, died in the prime of life at Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman, was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility, which will convey some impression of her attractions to after generations. The poet, in his first fervour, thought of sending his song to the heroine; but gave up the idea, "because," said he, in a letter to Mr SYME, "perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification of that servility which my soul abhors."

KILLIKRANKIE—THE SOLDIER.

WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
 By thinking of the morrow?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow;
 Give me the mind that mocks at care,
 The heart, its own defender;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
 We meet—'tis death or glory;
 'Tis Victory in all her charms,
 Or fame in Britain's story;
 Dear native land—thy fortunes frown,
 And ruffians would enslave thee;
 Thou land of honour and renown,
 Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you—'tis I—that meet the ball;
 And me it better pleases
 In battle with the brave to fall,
 Than die of cold diseases;
 Than drivel on in elbow-chair,
 With saws and tales unheeded;
 A tottering thing of aches and cares,
 Nor longer loved, nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
 Thine eye with fire is streaming;
 And o'er thy cheek—thy looks—thine air,
 Health sits in triumph beaming;
 Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
 Fill high the wine to beauty,
 Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
 Thy country and thy duty.

MAESTOSO
NON TROPPO
LENTO

What dream--ing drone was e--ver blest By
think--ing of the mor---row? To day be mine I leave the rest To
all the fools of sor---row. Give me the mind that mocks at care, The
heart its own de---fen---der, The spi--rits that are light as air, And
ne--ver beat sur---ren---der.

ALLEGRETTO.

Cauld blaws the wind from north to south, The
 drift is driv--ing sair--ly; The sheep are cour--ing
 in the heugh, O Sirs 'tis win--ter fair--ly:
 Now up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morn--ing
 ear--ly; I'd ra--ther gae sup--perless to my bed, Than
 rise in the morn--ing ear--ly. *fz*

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Part of the following first stanza was taken from an old song : The other stanzas were written

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south,
The drift is driving sairly,
The sheep are cowering in the heugh,
O, sirs ! 'tis winter fairly.
Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely,
On hill and house hear how it thuds—
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
To sit a' night would better agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hills
Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.

Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When snaw blaws in to the chimly cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early ?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things ! they suffer sairly,
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
A pennyless purse I would rather dree,
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and canty wife,
Aye keep a body cheerly,
And pantries stow'd wi' meal and maut,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning—na, na, na !
Up in the morning early—
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie,
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie,
At kith or kin I need na speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysell hae plenty ;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty !

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

MISS LEWARS, now Mrs THOMSON, of Dumfries, is the JESSY of this singularly beautiful song. She was a true friend, and a great favourite of the Poet; and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

HERE's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy.

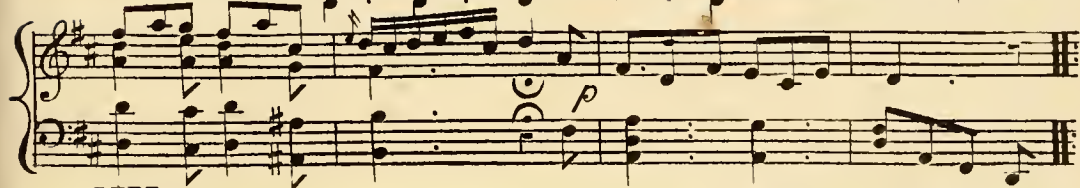
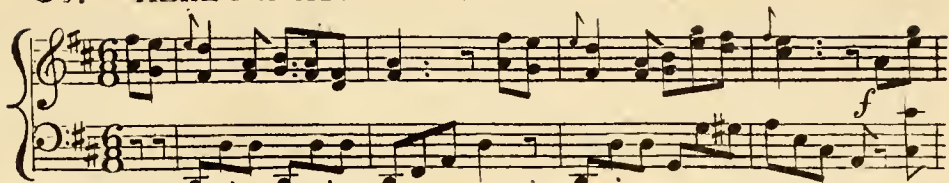
Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy.

Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee:—
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's stern, cruel decree?

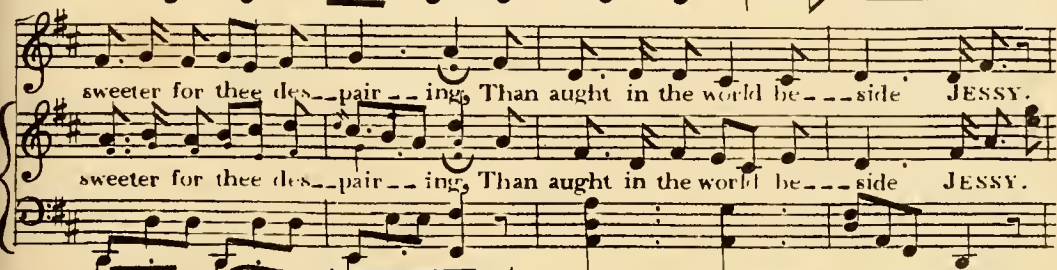
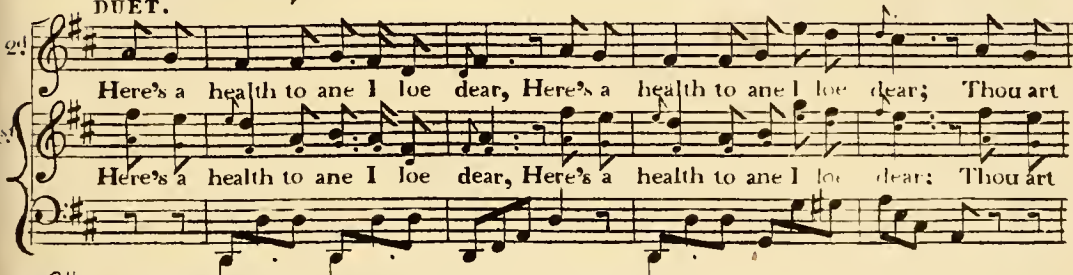
37. HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY.

1.02:

GRAZIOSO.



DUET.



ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

DUET. Tenor Voice.

2d Soprano.

Wilt thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart; O wilt thou let me

Wilt thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart; O wilt thou let me

cheer thee, By the treasure of my soul; That's the love I bear thee, I

cheer thee, By the treasure of my soul; That's the love I bear thee, I

swear and vow, that on-ly thou shall ever be my dearie, On-ly thou I

swear and vow, that on-ly thou shall ever be my dearie, On-ly thou I

swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie.

swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie.

THE SOUTER'S DOCHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie ;
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou loes me ;
 Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me.
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me ;
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me ;
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me !

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
How much unlike the graceful mien,
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

The bravest beau in burrow town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compared to him is but a clown ;
He's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

*O my bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
May Heaven still guard, and love reward,
Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

* * * * *

If I were free at will to choose,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

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

O my bonny, &c.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

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

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

ANDANTINO.

Dol:

DUET.

The law-land lads are fine, But

The lawland lads think they are fine, But

O they're vain and T-dly gaudy; unlike that graceful mien, And

O they're vain and T-dly gaudy; How much unlike that graceful mien, And

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My

handsome charming highland laddie, May heaven still guard and love reward, Our

handsome charming highland laddie, May heaven still guard and love reward, Our

law-land lass and her highland laddie.

law-land lass and her highland laddie.

ALLEGRETTO.

By

Al-lan stream I chanc'd to rove, While Phoebus sunk be-yond Ben-ledi; The

winds were whisp'ring through the grove, The yellow corn was wav-ing ready; I

lis-ten'd to a Lover's sang, And thought on youthful plea-sures many, And

ay the wild wood e-choes rang, O dear-ly do I love thee Annie.

Vol: 2.

JINGLING JOHNIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

THIS pleasing air, with the symphonies and accompaniments of HAYDN, was first published in the folio work of the Editor, in 1817, instead of the air called Allan Water; because the latter was found to exceed the compass of most voices, and of course was very rarely sung.

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,	Her head upon my throbbing breast,
While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi;*	She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
The winds were whispering through the grove,	While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The yellow corn was waving ready;	The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.
I listened to a lover's sang,	
And thought on youthful pleasures many;	The haunt o' spring 's the primrose brae,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,	The summer joy 's the flocks to follow;
"O dearly do I loe thee, Annie."	How cheery, through her shortening day,
	Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow:
O happy be the woodbine bower,	But can they melt the glowing heart,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;	Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,	Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
The place and time I met my dearie!	Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

* A mountain west of Strathallan, upwards of 3000 feet high.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

WHAT numbers shall the Muse repeat?	Among the crowd Amyntor came;
What verse be found to praise my Annie?	He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
On her ten thousand graces wait;	His rising sighs express his flame,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.	His words were few, his wishes many.
Since first she trode the happy plain,	With smiles the lovely maid replied,
She set each youthful heart on fire;	"Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Each nymph does to her swain complain,	Alas! your love must be denied,
That Annie kindles new desire.	This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye!
This lovely darling, dearest care,	"Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
This new delight, this charming Annie,	His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling;
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,	He stole away my virgin heart,—
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.	Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bemoaning!
All day the am'rous youths convene,	Some brighter beauty you may find,
Joyous they sport and play before her;	On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
All night, when she no more is seen,	Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.	And leave to Damon his own Annie."

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1830

BY DAVID VEDDER, ESQ.

CAM' ye by Athole, Donald Macgillavry,
 Ken ye *he's* landed at Moidart, auld Carlie?
 Saw ye our mountain-men, marching by thousands ten,
 Waving their broadswords, and shouting for Charlie?
 Follow thee—fly to thee—wha wadna fly to thee?—
 Speed to thy banner that's flaunting sae rarely;
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna die for thee,
 Lord of our bosom's love, bonnie Prince Charlie?

There's rushing of clans to the Chevalier's banner,
 Like floods from the mountains in torrents descending;
 Their pennons are streaming, their broadswords are gleaming,—
 Huzza! the white rose wi' the heather is blending.

Follow thee, &c.

Welcome as light, sweet Flower, to the wilderness,
 Long hast thou bloom'd in a far foreign garden;
 Bright eyes shall sun thee, and soft sighs shall fan thee,
 The evergreen thistle shall aye be thy warden.

Follow thee, &c.

We'll rally around thee, true scion of royalty,
 Reckless of home and our kindred's undoing;
 Prove with our good swords our faith and our loyalty,
 Soar in thy triumphs, or sink in thy ruin!

Follow thee, &c.

ALLEGRETTO
QUASI
VIVACE.

Came ye by A--thole, lad wi' the phi-la-beg, Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Ga--ry;

Saw ye our mountain men marching by thousands ten, Waving their broadswords and shouting for Charlie.

Follow thee follow thee, wha wadna follow thee, Speed to thy banner that's flaunting so rare. ly Charlie, Charlie

wha wadna die for thee, Lord of our ho-som's love, bonny Prince Char-lie!

ALLEGRO
E BEN
MARCATO.

The
sun is sunk the day is done, E'en stars are set-ting one by one; Nor
torch nor ta---per long--er may, Eke out the pleasures of the day:
And since in so-cial glee's 'despite, It needs must be good night good night; &
since in so-cial glee's despite, It needs must be good night good night.
sf sf sf

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WIP' YE.

WITH NEW VERSES WRITTEN

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

FIRST UNITED WITH THE AIR IN 1825.

THE sun is sunk, the day is done,
 E'en stars are setting one by one ;
 Nor torch nor taper longer may
 Eke out the pleasures of the day ;
 And since, in social glee's despite,
 It needs must be,—Good night, good night !
 And since, &c.

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
 The herdsman in his wattled shed,
 The clansmen in the heather'd hall,
 Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
 We part in hope of days as bright
 As this now gone,—Good night, good night !
 We part, &c.

The bride into her bower is sent,
 And ribald rhyme and jesting spent :
 The lover's whisper'd words and few
 Have bade the bashful maid adieu :
 The dancing-floor is silent quite,
 No foot bounds there,—Good night, good night !
 The dancing-floor, &c.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all ;
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
 Gay dreams to all,—Good night, good night !
 To warm, &c.

BURNS'S FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON,

AT THE TIME WHEN HE HAD RESOLVED ON GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

THE SAME AIR.

ADIEU ! a heart warm fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's shidd'ry ha',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect divine.
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 'Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

Of't have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful festive night ;
 Of't, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light ;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw ;
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart came yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
 For ships o' war hae just come in,
 And landed royal Charlie.
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

Ilk Highland clan wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
 Hae to a man resolved to stand,
 Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lawlands a', baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
 Declared for Scotland's king and law,
 And speir ye, wha but Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

There's no a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late and early,
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
 Wha will na feght for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's success to Charlie's arms,
 And be it complete and early,
 The very name our heart's blood warms,
 To arms, to arms for Charlie !
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

The news frae Moi-dart came yestreen, Will soon gar mo--ny fer--lie; For
ships o' war ha'e just come in, And land--ed roy--al CHAR--LIE.

CHO^s Soprano.
Come through the heather, A-round him gather; Ye're a' the welcom-er ear-ly, A--

Tenore.
Come through the heather, A-round him gather; Ye're a' the welcom-er ear-ly, A--

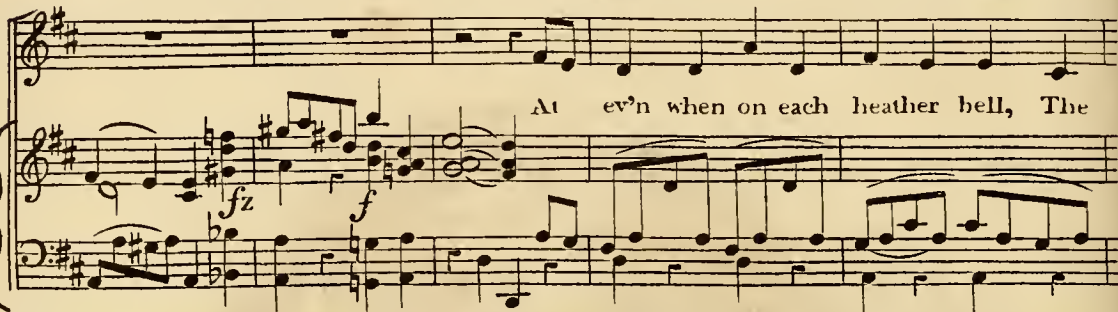
--round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but CHAR--LIE.

--round him eling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but CHAR--LIE.

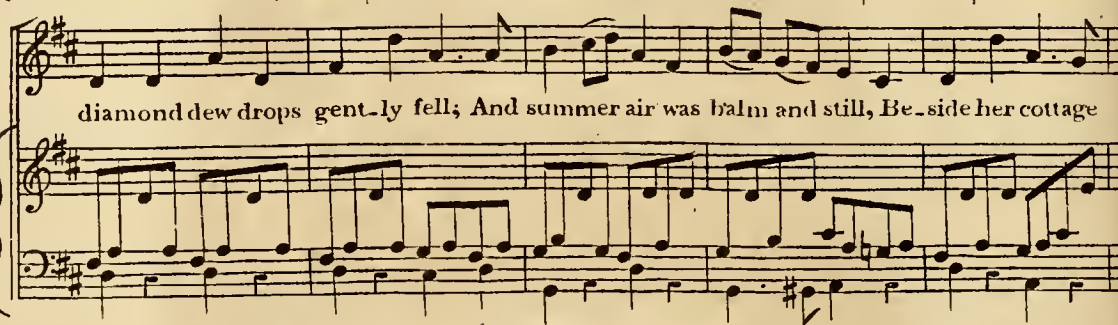
ANDANTE
CON MOTO.



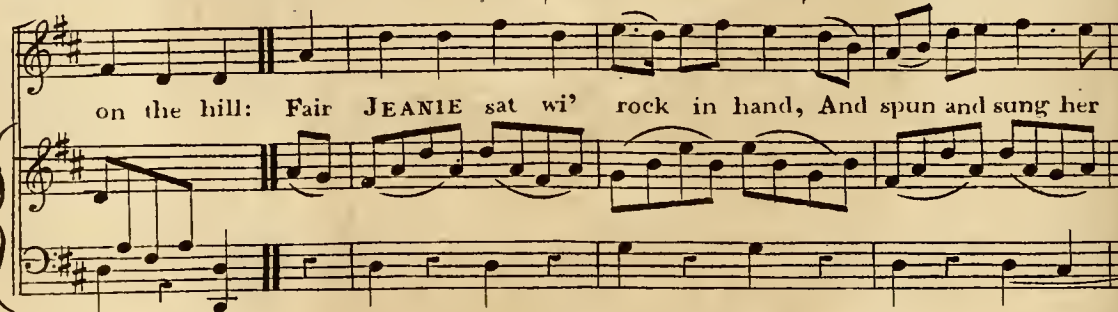
At ev'n when on each heather bell, The



diamond dew drops gent-ly fell; And summer air was balm and still, Be-side her cottage



on the hill: Fair JEANIE sat wi' rock in hand, And spun and sung her



mer-ry strain; The blythest lad in all the land, Loe's me and I lo'e him again.

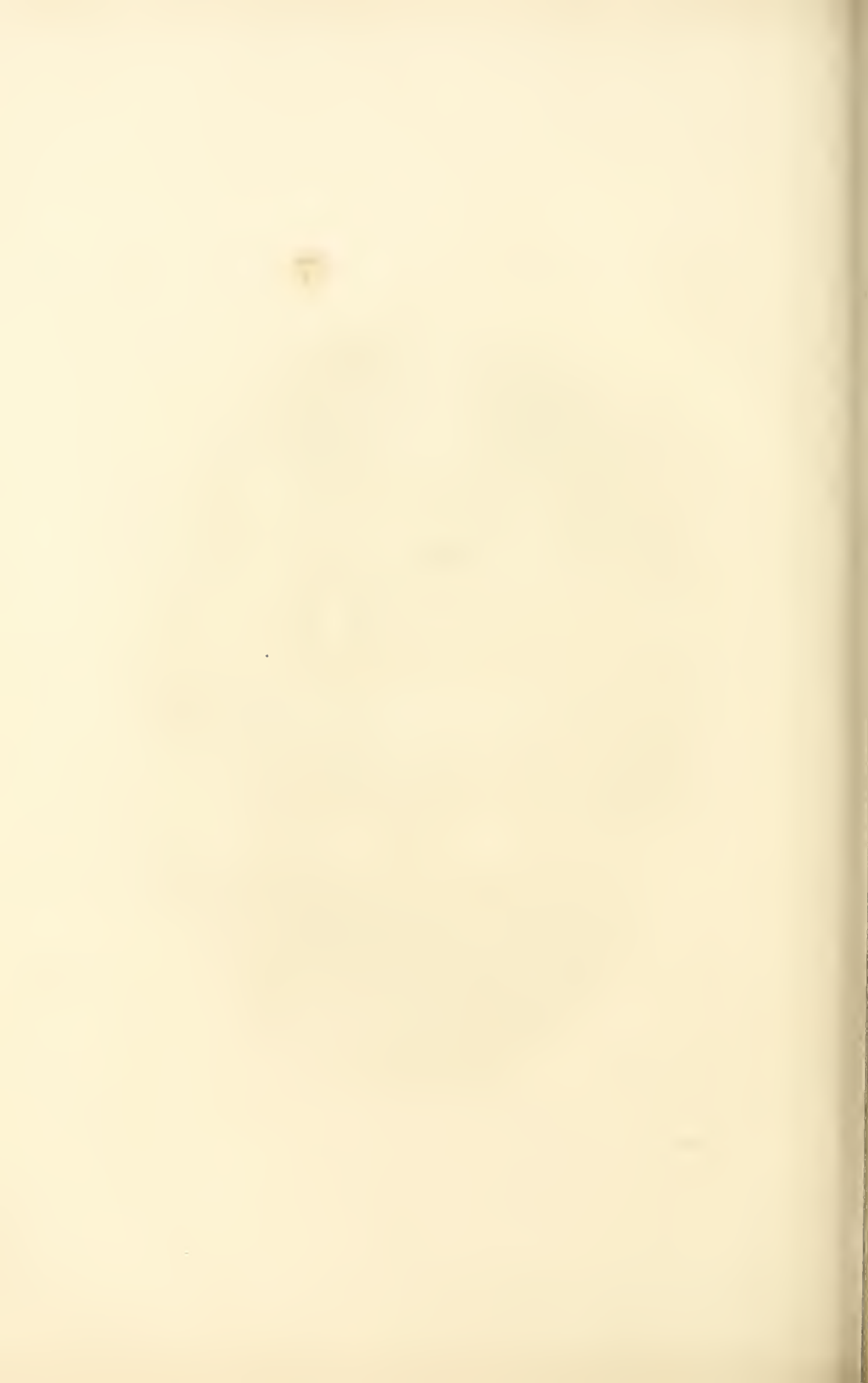


Con forza.



Published at the Act directed by G. Thomson Edinburgh





A LOVE ADVENTURE.

FROM A MS. WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY P. F. TYTLER, ESQ.

AIR—O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments composed by HUMMEL, in 1826.

AT ev'n when on each heather bell
The diamond dewdrops gently fell,
And summer air was balm and still,—
Beside her cottage on the hill
Fair Jeanie sat, with rock in hand,
And spun, and sung her merry strain,
“The blithest lad in all the land
Loes me, and I loe him again.”

Fresh from the town a coxcomb pert,
Attir'd by fashion's nicest art,
Pass'd where the pretty maiden sat,
And smirk'd and smiled, and doff'd his hat ;
Then bow'd, and as he spoke, he sigh'd,—
“Oh, be not you a ploughman's bride,
But fly with me,—my chariot's near,—
You'll shine in silk, and be my dear.”

To Jeanie's cheek the flush of shame,
And maiden pride and honour came ;
But checking all with pawky sleight,
She said, ‘We canna meet the night ;
But come the morn, and crack your fill,
When my auld daddy's at the hill ;
Tap gently, and wi' little din,
I'll lift the latch, and let you in.’

But Jeanie she took special care
That Jock, and Will, and twa three mair,
Her stout auld daddy, and his dogs,
Should ready be to pu' his lugs.
‘Whene'er,’ said she, ‘he's on his knees
Clavering o' love, I'll gie a sneeze,
Then bang the door, let in the pack,
And hunt him weel—nor spare his back.’

When larks had sung their morning lay,
And rising dew refresh'd the day,
Our city spark pursued his way,
Bedeck'd like any popinjay ;
With powder'd pate, and broider'd vest,
And buckled bright each glossy shoe,
He reach'd the cot, and whisper'd—“Hist,
Hist, hist,”—said Jeanie, ‘Is it you?’

‘Come in, come in, there's no a mouse
To frighten you in all the house.’—
“Thy daddy and the lads are ploughing,
Then we, my angel, must be wooing,”
Exclaim'd the coxcomb ; “what a crime
In lowly cot, and wintry clime,
So sweet and fair a flower to bury.”—
Said Jeanie, ‘I'm o'er young to marry.’—

“Marry, my love ! we canna wait,
We'll leave all that to time and fate ;
Haste, fly, and we shall all arrange ;”
‘But, sir, I fear,—“Oh, fear no change,
I swear”—and with expression sweet
Full lowly knelt he at her feet.
‘Weel, weel,’ quoth Jeanie, ‘now I'm pleased,
I'll trust you’—and the gipsy sneezed.

Bang went the door—and all the rout
The caitiff seized, and turn'd him out ;
Men, women, weans, like ringing deils,
And dogs that bark'd and bit his heels.
‘You hae my bairn, ye powder'd brock,’
Her daddy cried.—‘Tak that,’ said Jock ;
‘I'll dust your velvet coat, my billy :
‘You touch my bonnie Jeanie—will ye?’

As loud the gath'ring chorus rung,
Away before the pack he sprung,
And bounding headlong o'er the brae,
A muddy duck-pool met his way,
Wherein, so great his speed and fears,
He fairly plump'd up to the pears !
Thus may such base seducers ever
Conclude their love,—and cool their liver.

DUNCAN GRAY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

On new-year's night, when we were fu',

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spake o' loup'ing o'er a lin,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

She may gae to—France for me!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And oh! her een they spake such things!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:

Now they're crouse and canty baith!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* A great insulated Rock to the south of the Island of Arran.

ANDANTINO.

Duncan Gray came
here to woo, Ha ha the wooing o't On new year's night when we were fou,
Ha ha the wooing o't Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and
un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a biegh Ha ha the wooing o't

ALLEGRETTO.

p *cres.* *f*

When the stream is flow-ing, When comes in the sil-ler, When the wheel is go-ing,

Hap-py then the mil-ler. Las-sie canst thou love him, Canst thou love him dear-ly,

Hold no head a-bove him, Las-sie speak sin-cere-ly.

cres. *f*

2^d

I have gather'd posies
 On a lonely mountain,
 I have seen sweet roses
 Near a rustie fountain—
 Gay they were and blooming,
 Tho' no hand did raise them,
 All the air perfuming
 Tho' no tongue did praise them.

3^d

Canst thou thus retiring
 Live a life of duty,
 I alone admiring
 All thy worth and beauty.
 Humble is my dwelling,
 But I love thee dearly—
 All my heart is swelling—
 Lassie! speak sincerely.

ANDANTE.

O send Lewie Gor-don home And the lad I dare-na name, Tho' his back be

CHORUS.

at the wa' Here's to him that's far a-way. O hon my Highland man, O my bonny

O hon my Highland man, O my bonny

Highland man, Well wou'd I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highland men.

Highland man, Well wou'd I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highland men.

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

This gallant youth of whom I sing,
Nature form'd to be a king,
On his breast he wears a star,—
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon &c.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon &c.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

calando.

calando. Thou'rt far a-wa', far a-wa',

Far a-wa' from me Don-ald; Sair I rue the wae-fu' day That parted me from

thee Donald. Blythe we met by Lochnagair When baith were fancy free Donald;

Life wi' a' its coming care Seem'd bright as morning's e'e Donald

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and 'ESPRESSIVO'. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score ends with a double bar line.

THOU'RT FAR AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1829

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R.M.

AIR—THOU'RT FAR AWA.

THOU'RT far awa, far awa,
 Far awa frae me, Donald;
 Sair I rue the waefu' day
 That parted me from thee, Donald.
 Blythe we met by Lochna-gair,
 When baith were fancy free, Donald—
 Life, with a' its coming care,
 Seem'd bright as morning's ee, Donald.

Now sad to me's the gloaming hour,
 Sad the trysting tree, Donald;
 Love's sweet spell has lost its power,
 Since I lost sight of thee, Donald.
 Wae betide the pennon gay,
 The gowd that tempted thee, Donald;
 Dames mair dink may cross thy way,
 But nane can love like me, Donald.

How oft I dream'd of happy hame,
 When cheer'd by love and thee, Donald,
 Yet my lips ne'er breath'd the flame
 That sparkled in my ee, Donald.
 Thou hast dream'd of scenes mair bright,
 Far ayont the sea, Donald;
 Thou art gone—and I the sleight
 Of luckless love maun dree, Donald.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Editor having observed that the second stanza of this admired Song, in its original form, has always been passed over by young ladies, as exceptionable, he has therefore taken the liberty to substitute four lines of his own at the beginning of that stanza, in the room of Ramsay's. It is so desirable to prevent a standard old song from falling into neglect, that he hopes the critical reader will tolerate the alteration which decorum required.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wandering stream,
 And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;
 Until the sun's last setting beam,
 Was in the ocean glowing.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 Unalter'd, true, and tender,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 Where'er I'm doom'd to wander.

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

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

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
 PAUL'S WALK, CANONGATE,
 FOR THE PROPRIETOR, G. THOMSON.

1851.

LARGHETTO.

The last time I came o'er the muir, I left my Love be--hind-- me; Ye

Pow'rs what pain do I en-dure, When soft i--de--as mind-- me.

Soon as the rud-dy morn display'd the beaming day en--su--ing, I

met be-times my love-ly maid, In fit re-treats for woo--ing.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

The words altered from the old version by G. Thomson. The Accomt by G. Hogarth, 1836.

VIVACE.

Im o'er young Im o'er young Im
o'er young to marry yet, They tell me Sir 'twould be a sin To tak me frae my
mammy yet; I am my mammy's ae bairn, She never lets me weary, Sir, I've
been her dar-ling a' my days, To leave her I am eer-rie Sir.

1st 2nd 3rd

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
They tell me Sir 'twould be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.
Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,
And nights are lang in winter Sir,
And you're sae fain I were your ain,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture Sir.

I'm o'er young, my mammy says,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I've been but three years in my teens,—
Is n't rather soon to marry yet?
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer Sir,
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin Simmer Sir.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME SECOND.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

- A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.
B, as the productions of more recent periods.
C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

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