

Thirty SCOTS SONGS

for a

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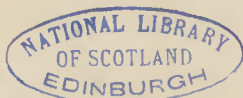
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2

Katharine Oggie. *for 2 Voices.*

As walking forth to view the plain, up on a morning ear-ly, while May's sweet scent did

As wal-king forth the plain, upon a morning ear-ly, while May did

chear my Brain, from Flowers which grow so rarely: I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty maid, she

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shind' tho' it was foggie; I ask'd her name: sweet sir, she said, my name is Kath'-rine Oggie.

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Blathrie o'it.

When I think on this World's Pelf, & the lit-tle wi share I have o'it to my-self, &

how the Lads that wants it is by the lads forgot, may the shame fa' the Gear, & the Blathrie o'it.

Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth *to view** the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's *sweet scent* did chear my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely :
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood *a while*, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk *an air* there did appear
 In this dear maid so neatly :
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like lillies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this fame Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of *females*, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd *in robes* but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Excels a clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I *but* some *shep-herd* swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At *boughting-time* to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' *imperial* throne,
 And statesmens dang'rous stations :
 I'd be no king, *I'd wear* no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations ;
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear *the gods* have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare *makes her* exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie :
 Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
 I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* characters, are to be left out by the second Voice.

Blathrie o't.

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

Jockie was the ladie that held the pleugh,
 But now he's got gowd and gear enough ;
 He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat ;
 May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 And *Jockie* says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot ;
 May the shame, &c.

But all this shall ne'er danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free :
 For the lad that's fae inconstant, he is not worth a groat ;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

A

The Birks of Invermay.

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 wife,
 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 living bloom will fade,
 As *that* will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more:
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of *Invermay*.

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

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theek'd it o'er with rushes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
 But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

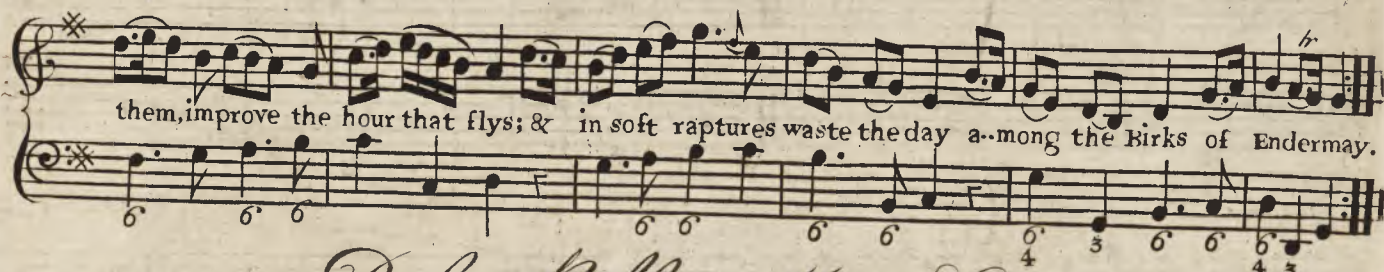
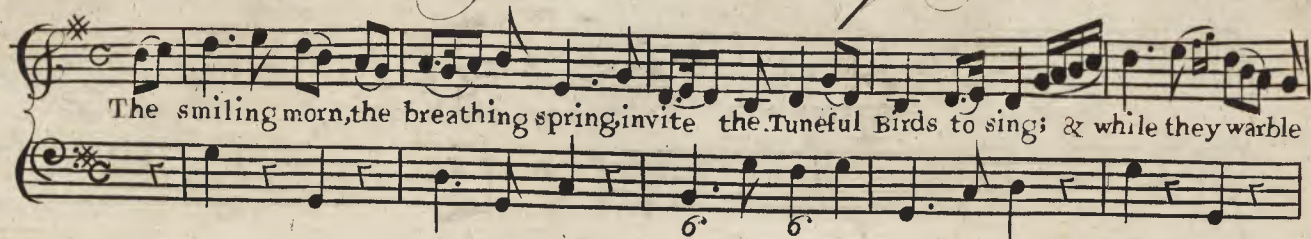
Now *Bessy*'s hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a *May* morning,
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis*' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command:
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

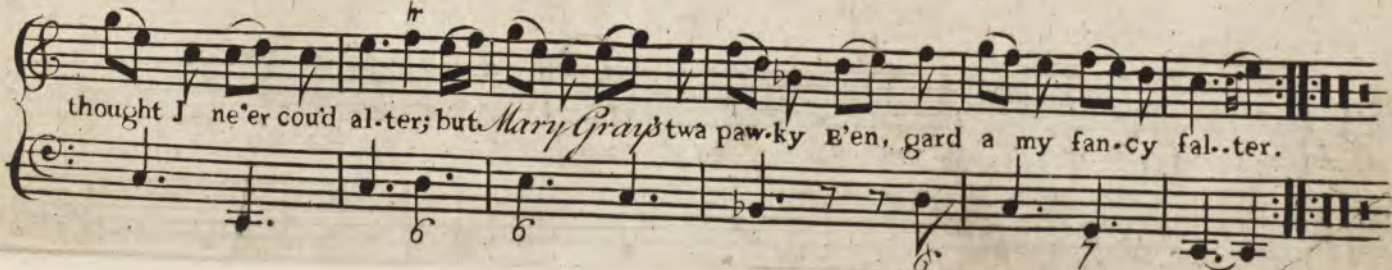
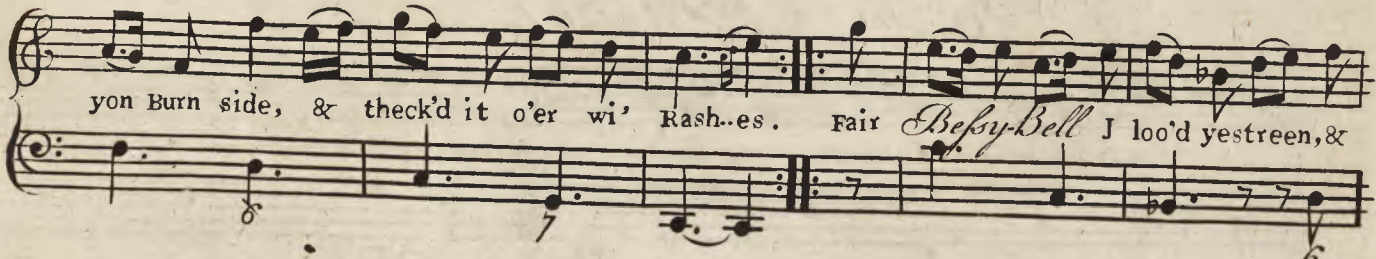
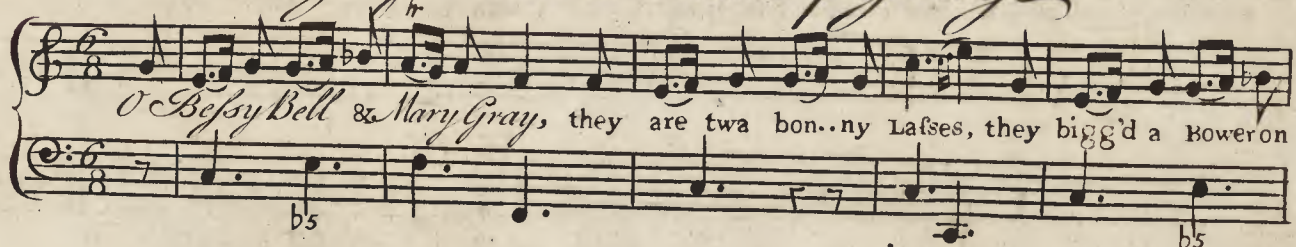
Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies:
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

Birks of Endermay.

5



Betsy Bell & Mary Gray



Peatie's Mill *for 2 Voices*

The *Lass* of Peaties Mill, so Bon-ny, Blyth & gay, in spite of all my

The first system of music for 'Peatie's Mill' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs. The melody is written in the top staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staves. The lyrics 'The Lass of Peaties Mill, so Bon-ny, Blyth & gay, in spite of all my' are written below the top staff.

skill she stole my heart a-way. when Tedding of the Hay, bare-head-ed on the

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'skill she stole my heart a-way. when Tedding of the Hay, bare-head-ed on the' are written below the top staff.

Green, Love 'midst her looks did play, & wan-ton'd in her Een.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Green, Love 'midst her looks did play, & wan-ton'd in her Een.' are written below the top staff.

See him Father.

Saw ye Johnie cuning, quo'she; saw ye Johnie cuning, O saw ye Johnie cuning, quo'she; saw ye Johnie

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Saw ye Johnie cuning, quo'she; saw ye Johnie cuning, O saw ye Johnie cuning, quo'she; saw ye Johnie' are written below the top staff.

cuning, w'his blew Bonnet on his head, & his Doggie running, quo'she; and his Doggie run-ning.

The fifth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics 'cuning, w'his blew Bonnet on his head, & his Doggie running, quo'she; and his Doggie run-ning.' are written below the top staff.

Peaty's Mill.

THE lafs of *Peaty's* mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away,
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lafs of *Peaty's* mill,
 Shou'd share the fame with me.

Fee him, Father, fee him.

:S:
 SAW ye *Jobnie* cummin, quo' she;
 Saw ye *Jobnie* cummin, :S:
 O saw ye *Jobnie* cummin, quo' she;
 Saw ye *Jobnie* cummin,
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
 And his doggie runnin.

:S:
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him: :S:
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a well doin;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
 Wi' me, when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, huffy;
 What will I do wi' him:

He's ne'er a fark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.
 I ha'e twa farkes into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
 Dinna stand wi' him.

:S:
 For well do I lo'e him, quo' she;
 Well do I lo'e him. :S:
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.

Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
 My minny she's a scalding wife,
 Hads a' the house afeer;
*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom
 That's waiting on me,
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom
 That's waiting on me.*

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

My cousin Kate was fair beguil'd
 Wi' Jobnie in the glen;
 And aye since-syne, she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.
But let her say, &c.

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

The last Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me,
 Ye pow'rs! 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.

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

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may furround me;

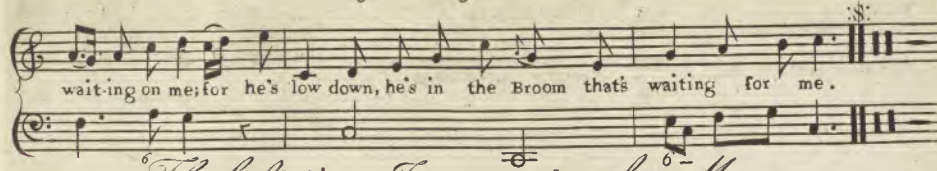
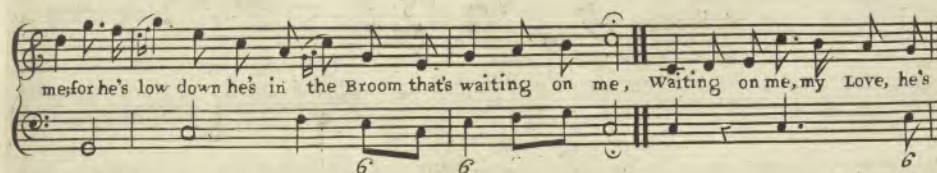
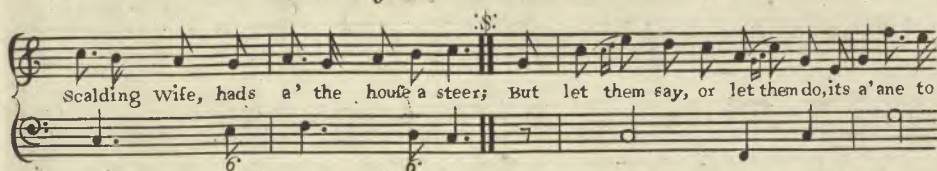
Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

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

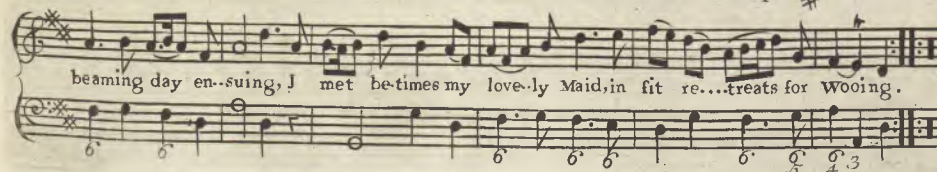
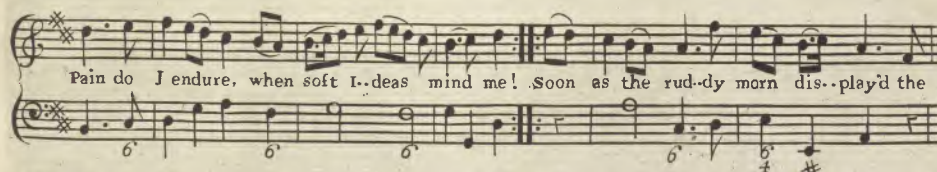
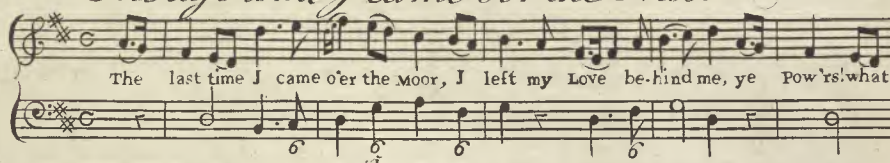
The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

Low down in the Broom

9



The last time I came o'er the Moor



Gilderoy

for 2 Voices

Ah! Clo-ris, cou'd J now but sit as uncon-cern'd as when your in-fant Beau-ty

Ah! Clo-ris cou'd J now but sit as uncon-cern'd as when your infant beau-ty

cou'd beget no hap-pi-ness nor pain. when J this dawning did ad-mire, &

cou'd beget no hap-pi-ness nor pain. when J this dawning did ad-mire, &

prais'd the co-ming day, J lit-tle thought y^t riseing fire wou'd take my rest a-way.

prais'd the co-ming day, J little thought y^t riseing fire wou'd take my rest a-way.

Hooly & Fairly

Oh what had I a-do for to Mar-ry; my Wife she drinks nai-thing but sack & Ca-na-ry:

I to her Friends com-plain'd right air-ly: O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo-ly & fair-ly,

hooly & fairly, hoo-ly & fairly; O gin my Wife wou'd drink hoo-ly & fair-ly.

Ah! Chloris.

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy*.

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but fit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Wou'd 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 lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ; —
To make a beauty, she.

Hooly and fairly.

OH! what had I ado for to marry ;
My wife she drinks naithing but sack and canary :
I to her friends complained right airly :
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank *Crummie*, and syne she drank *Garie* ;
Now she has drunken my bonny grey mairie,
That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie :
O gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,
She drinks my claiths I canna well spare ;
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely :
O gin my wife, &c.

If there's ony filler, she maun keep the purse ;
If I seek but a baubee she'll scauld and she'll curse :
She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely :
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife ;
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life :
E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley :
O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' the cummers I wad her allow ;
But when she sits down she fills herself fow ;
And when she is fow she's unco camsterie :
O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads ;
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jades ;
And I my ain fell an auld cuckold carlie :
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She rose and looted 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 wou'd cruelly deceive;
 Or from such beauty part;
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.
 My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly's* love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove,
 So blest 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.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

A *NN* thou were my ain thing,
 I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;
Ann thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly wou'd I love thee!

O I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
 And I'd secure thee from all harms;
 For above mortal thou hast charms:
 How dearly do I love thee!
Ann thou were, &c.

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

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

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

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

The rose & let me in

13

The night her si-lent sa-ble wore, & gloo-my were the skies; of glitt'ring stars ap:

:pear'd no more than those in *Nel-ly's* Eyes; when to her *Father's* door I came, where

I had often been, I begg'd my Fair, my Love-ly dame, To rise & let me in.

Ann thou were my ain Thing

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

thing, how dearly do I love thee! Then I wou'd clasp thee in my arms, then I'd secure thee

from all harms; for a-bove mor-tal thou hast charms: how dear-ly do I love thee!

Tak your Auld Cloak about you.

In Winter when the Rain Rain'd could, & Frost & Snaw on ilka hill, & *Bonnie* with his
 blasts sae bauld, was threatning a' our ky to kill; Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves na strife, she
 said to me right hastily, get up Goodman, save *Cremie's* life, & tak your auld clock a--bout ye.

Boatman.

Ye gales that gent-ly wave the sea, & please the can...ny Boatman, bear me frae
 hence, or bring to me my brave, my Bon-ny *Sal-*man: In ha-ly bands we Joind our hands, yet
 may not this dis-cover, while Parents rate a large Estate before a faithfull Lover.

Tak your auld Cloak about ye.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And *Boreas*, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save *Cromie's* life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

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

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

In days when our King *Robert* rang,
His trews they cost but haff a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.

He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the countr'y down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

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

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

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

The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man:
In haly bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate a large estate
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in *Higbland* glens
To herd the kid and goat—man,
Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
Refuse my bonny *Scot*—man.

Wae worth the man wha first began
The base ungen'rous fashion,
Frae greedy views love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Wha pants to prefs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee.
Love gies the word, then haste on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man;
Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—man.

Nanfy's to the green Wood gane.

NANSY's to the *Green Wood* gane,
 To hear the *Gowdspink* chatt'ring,
 And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

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

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

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny *Nanfy*?
 Wad ye compare ye'rself to me,
 A docken till a tanfie?

I have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

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

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

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

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*?
 Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

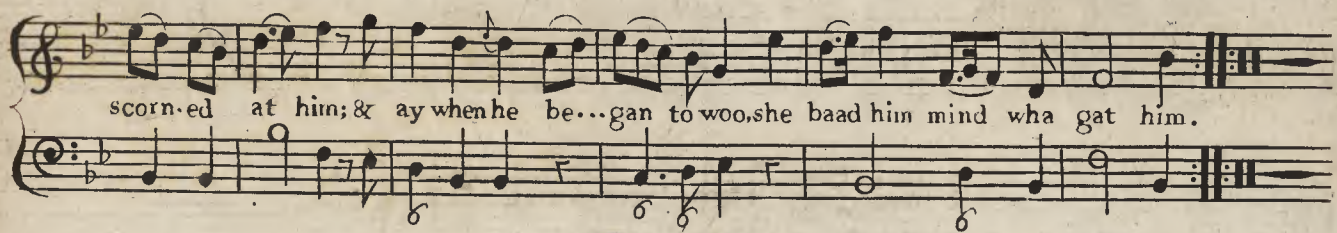
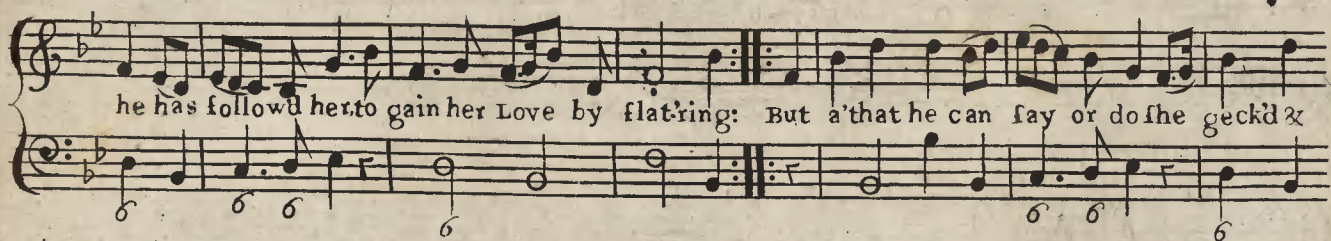
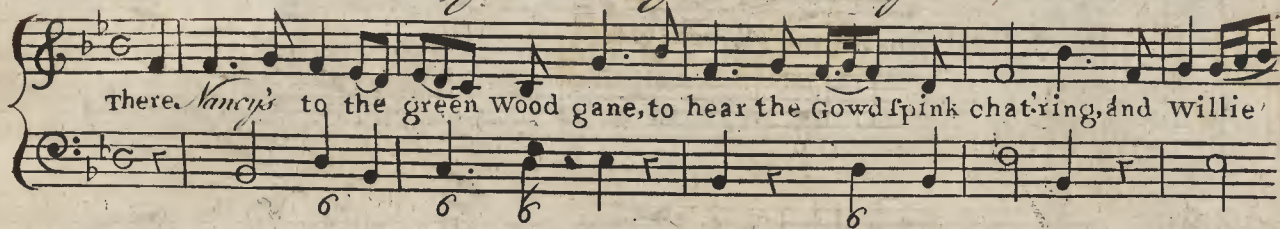
The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

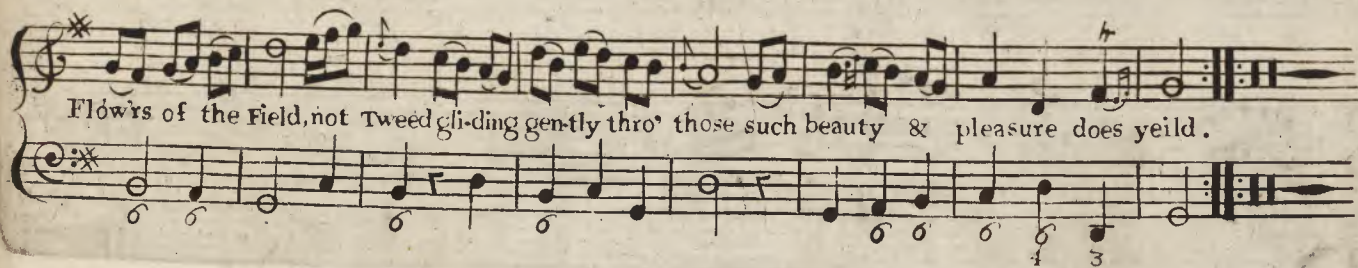
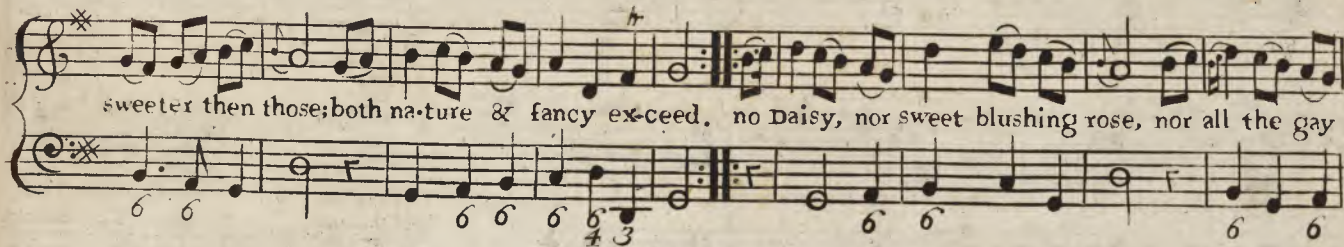
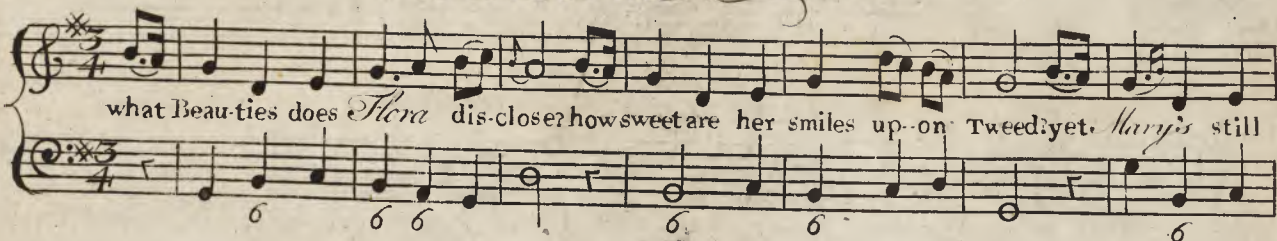
'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Is it on the sweet winding *Tay*,
 Or pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?

Nancy's to the Greenwood game.

17



Tweedside



For Lake of Gold.

For lake of Gold she left me, & of all that's dear be-rost me; she me forsook for
A great Duke, & to endless care has left me, Oh! A star & Garter has more
Art than Youth, a true & faithfull heart; for empty Ti-tles we must
Part; & for glittering show she left me, Oh!

Bush Aboon Traquair.

Hear me, ye Nymphs, & ev-ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me, tho' thus I languish,
and complain, a-las! she never believes me. My Vows & sighs, like silent Air, un-heeded ne-ver
move her; the bon-ny Bush a-boon Traquair, was where I first did Love her.

For laik of Gold she left me.

FOR the laik of gold she left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me;
 She me forfook for a great duke,
 And to endlefs care has left me, oh!
 A star and garter has more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part;
 And for glitt'ring show she left me, oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since *Jeanie* she has left me, oh!
 Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
 Commit my lovely, charming fair;
 Your choicest blessings on her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me, oh!

The Bush aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me.
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 The bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
 Was where I first did love her.

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

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

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

Corn Riggs.

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* wawking:
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.

* The Letters and Syllables in this Song, in *Italic* Characters, are to be left out by the second Voice.

He *kiss'd*, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me *best* of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 "O corn riggs are bonny."

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

The Broom of the Cowdenknows.

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

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks round me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me all the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

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

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be?
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom;
Where last was my repose:
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

Corn Riggs &c for 2 Voices

21

My *Putie* is a Lo-ver gay, his mind is ne---ver mud-dy, his breath is sweet---er than new

My *Putie* is a Lo-ver gay, his mind ne'er muddy, his breath sweeter than new

Hay, his face is fair & rud-dy. His shape is hand---some, mid-dle size; he's stately in his

Hay, his face is fair & rud-dy. His shape handsome, middle size; he's stately

waking: the shin---ing of his Een surprise; tis Heav'n to hear him taw-king.

Waking: the shining of his Een surprise; tis Heav'n to hear him taw-king.

Broom of the Cowden Know's

How blyth was I each morn to see my Swain come o'er the Hill, he leap'd the Brook, &

flew to me; I met him with good will. O, the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom; the

Broom of the Cowden Knows; I wish I were with my dear Swain, with his Pipe and my Ewes.



My Apron Dearie

My Sheep I've for-sa-ken, & left my sheep hook, & all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-sook; no

more for *Aminta* fresh gar-lands I wove, for am-bition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of Love. O

what had my youth with am-bi-tion to do, why left I *Aminta* why broke I my Vow. O

give me my sheep, & my sheep hook re-store, & I'll wander from Love & *Aminta* no more.

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

Betty ear-ly gone a Maying met her sweetheart *Willie* straying; drift or chance, no

matter whither, this we know he reason'd with her: Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing, fond-ly

Billing, kind-ly Wooing; see how ev'ry bush discovers happy pairs of feather'd Lo-vers.

Amynta.

To the Tune of *My Apron dearie*.

MY sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for *Amynta* fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of love.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my sheep, and my sheep-book restore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

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

O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd! *Amynta* no more can be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
O give me my sheep, and my sheep-book restore,
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

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

BETTY early gone a-maying,
Met her lover *Willie* straying;
Drift or chance, no matter whether,
Thus we know he reason'd with her:
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry bush discovers
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning blushing roses
All their secret charms discloses;
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure;
O their fleeting hasty pleasure:

Quickly we must snatch the favour
Of their soft and fragrant flavour;
They bloom to-day, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

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

The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The *yellow-hair'd laddie* would often times 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 sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,

But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Maddie*, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddesses 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.

Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
On ae feast-day when we were fou;
And *Jenny* pat on her best array,
When she heard that *Jocky* was come that way.

Jenny she gaid up the stair,
Sae privily to change her smock:
And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
Hey, *Jenny*, come down to *Jock*.

Jenny she came down the stair,
And she came bakein' and bingein ben.
Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
And a braw well-made mante gown.

Jocky's ta'en her by the hand,
Says, bonny lass, will ye fancy me?
My father is dead, and has left me some land,
Wi' braw houses, twa or three;

And I will gi'e them a' to you.
A heath, quoth *Jenny*, I fear ye mock;
Then foul fa' me gin it be na true,
If ye'll be my *Jenny*, I'll be your *Jock*.

Jenny she's gane up th' gate,
And a' her coats as white as her smock;
And ay sae loud as her mither did cry,
Wow, firs, has na *Jenny* got *Jock*.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie? for 2 Voices. 25

In April, when Prim roses paint the sweet plain, & summer approaching re

joiceth the Swain joiceth the Swain; The yellow hair'd Laddie would often times go to

wilds & deep glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow. Hawthorn Trees grow.

Hey Jenny come down to Jock

Jocky he came here to Woo, on ae Feast day when we were Fu; And

Jen-ny pat on her best ar-ray, when she heard that Jocky was come that way.

Down the Burn Davie

When Trees did bud, & fields were green, & broom bloom'd fair to see; when *Mary*
 was com-pleat fifteen, & love laugh'd in her Eye; Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move, to
 speak her mind this free, gang down the Burn, *Davie*, love, & I shall fol----low thee.

I'll never leave thee

One day I heard *Mary* say, how shall I leave thee? stay dearest. *Adonis* stay,
 why wilt thou grieve me? A--las! my fond heart will break, if thou shou'd
 leave me, I'll live & die for thy sake, yet ne--ver leave thee.

Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee,

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

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

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

I'll never leave thee.

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 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 has griev'd thee ?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me ;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can *Mary* thy anguish soothe ?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

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

Peggy I must love thee.

AS from a rock, past all relief,
The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

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

Then now, since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

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

Woe's my Heart that we should funder.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender;
And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries!
Ah! woe's my heart that we should funder.
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we shou'd funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invites our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we funder.
Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never funder.

Peggie I must love thee

29

As from a Rock, past all relief, the shipwracks *Colin* spying his native soil, o'er

come with grief, half sunk in waves, & Dying: with the next morning sun he spies a

ship, which gave un-hop'd surprise; new life springs up, he lifts his eyes with Joy, & waits her motion.

Woe's my Heart that we shou'd Sunder

With broken words, & down cast Eyes, poor *Colin* spoke his passion ten-der; &

parting with his Grisy, crys! Ah! Woe's my heart that we shou'd sunder. to o--thers

I am cold as snow, but kin-dle with thine Eyes like Tinder: from thee with pain I'm

forc'd to go; it breaks my heart that we shou'd sunder.

The Mill Mill O for 2 Voices

To *Fanny* fair could I impart the cause of all my Woe! O. that beauty which has won my

To *Fanny* fair could I impart the cause of all my Woe! O. that beauty which has won my

heart, she scarcely seems to know O: Un skill'd in art of Wo-mankind, with---out de--sign she

heart, she scarcely seems to know O: Unskill'd in art of Wo-mankind, without de--sign she

Charms O how can those sparkling Eyes be blind, which every bosom Warms O?

Charms O; how can those sparkling Eyes be blind, which every bosom Warms O?

*Very Slow**Gill Morice*

Gill Morice was an Erles son, his name it waxed wide, it was nae for his great Riches, nor

yet his mickle pride; But it was for a Lady gay that liv'd on *Carron* side.

Fanny Fair.

31

To the Tune of *Mill, Mill—O*.

TO *Fanny* fair could I impart,
The cause of all my woe!—O
That beauty which has won my heart,
She scarcely seems to know—O:
Unskill'd in art of womankind,
Without design she charms—O;
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
Which every bosom warms—O?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conscious blushes shows—O,
Those blushes to the eye more sweet
Than th' op'ning budding rose—O:

Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
That charms the sense so much—O,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch—O.

At first when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was blest'd—O;
But as I wou'd approach more near,
At once I lost my rest—O;
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
Prepare me for my doom—O;
One cruel look from those bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb—O.

Gill Morice.

Gill *Morice* was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride;
:S: But it was for a lady gay
That liv'd on *Carron* side. :S:

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

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

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

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;

Bid her cum to the good green wood,
And bring nane but her lain:
And there it is; a silken fark,
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
And bid her cum to *Gill Morice*,
Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

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

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae fair against my will,
I's mak a vow, and kcep it true,
It fall be done for ill.
And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he came to grafs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to *Barnard's* ha',
Wau'd neither chap nor ca';
Bot set his bent bow to his breift,
And lightly lap the wa'.
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,
Tho' two stood at the gate;
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,
Whair grit folks fat at meat.

Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna' wait;

Dame,

Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
Before that it be late;
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd but the hem:
You maun gae to the good green wood
Ev'n by your sell alane.

And there it is, a silken fark,
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
Ye maun come speak to *Gill Morice*;
Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
The lady stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eye;
Bot a' that she cou'd say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman;
It ne'er cou'd be to me.
I brought it to lady *Barnard*,
I trow that ye be she.
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knee),
If it be come frae *Gill Morice*,
It's dear welcome to me.

Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
I brought it to lady *Barnard*;
I trow ye be na she.
Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he;
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
In flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,
That hinges upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the good green wood,
And speak with your leman.
O bide at hame now lord *Barnard*,
I warn ye bide at hame;
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane.

Gill Morice sits in good green wood,
He whistl'd and he sang;
O what means a' these folks coming?
My mother tarries lang.
When lord *Barnard* to green wood came,
Wi' meikle dule and care;
There first he saw brave *Gill Morice*
Keming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, sure, Oh, *Gill Morice*,
My lady loo'd thee well,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'ertheless, now *Gill Morice*,
For a' thy great beauty,
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;
That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae;
And thro' *Gill Morice* fair body
He's gar'd cauld iron gae.
And he has ta'en *Gill Morice* head,
And set it on a speir;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en *Gill Morice* up,
Laid him acrofs his fleid,

And brought him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castle wa'
Beheld both dale and down,
And there she saw *Gill Morice* head
Come trailing to the town.

Far mare I loo that bloody head,
Bot' and that yellow hair,
Than lord *Barnard*, and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.
And she has ta'en her *Gill Morice*,
And kifs'd both mouth and chin.
I once was fow of *Gill Morice*,
As hip was o' the flane.

I got ye in my father's house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
I brought thee up in good green wood,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I'll go about thy grave,
The sa't tears for to weep.

And syne she kifs'd his bloody cheek,
And syne his bloody chin.
Better I loo my *Gill Morice*,
Thap a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ye ill woman!
An ill deed mait ye die;
Gin I had kend he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me.

Upbraid me not, my lord *Barnard*,
Upbraid me not, for shame!
Wi' that same speir, Oh, pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since naithing but *Gill Morice* head
Thy jealous rage cou'd quell;
Let that same hand now take her life
That ne'er to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights
Will e'er be fast or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enough of blood by me's been spilt;
Seek not your death frae me;
I rather it had been myfell
Than either him or thee.

With wae so wae I hear your plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deed,
That e'er this cursed hand of mine
Did gar his body bleed.
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
You see his head upon my speir,
His heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thought the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed
The comely youth to kill.
I'll ay lament for *Gill Morice*,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day
On which the youth was slain.

For the FLUTE

Birks of Endermay.

Peatie's Mill.

Low down in the Broom.

Boatman.

Nancys to the greenwood gane.

For Lake of Gold.

Bush aboon Traquair.

My Apron Dearie

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

Woe's my heart &c

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Gallow Sheils.

Ah the poor Shepherd's mournful fate, when doom'd to love and doom'd to languish, to
 bear the scornful fair one's hate, nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet eager looks and dying sighs, my
 secret soul dis-covers, while rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes, reveals how much I love her, the
 tender glance the redning cheek, o'er spread with rising blushes, a thousand vari-ous
 ways they speak, a thousand vari-ous wishes.

Polwart on the Green

At Polwart on the green, if you'll meet me the morn, where Lasses do con-
 -veen, to dance about the Thorn. A kindly welcome you shall meet, frae her wha likes to
 view, a Lover and a Lad com-pleat, the Lad and lover you.

Tune, Gallowshiels.

AH! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 'Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of Heaven.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conven
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A Lover and a Lad compleat,
 The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames say na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze;

But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day,
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shall be welcome, my dear Lad,
 To take a part of mine.

The Banks of Forth.

YE Sylvan powers that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly winding *Fortha* glides ;
 Conduct me to her banks again,
 Since there my charming *Mary* bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where every smiling beauty meets ;
 Where *Mary's* charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the heart of every swain.

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

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
 Where *Forth* ran by in murmurs deep,
 It was my happy chance to find
 The charming *Mary* lull'd asleep ;
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
 I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss ;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, and gently blam'd,
 Why, *Damon* ! are you not ashamed ?

Ye Sylvan Powers, ye Rural Gods,
 To whom we Swains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these blest abodes,
 And ease, oh ! ease my love-sick heart :
 These happy days again restore,
 When *Mall* and I shall part no more,
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.

Tune, I wish my Love were in a Mire.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
 The youth that fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost !

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dimb eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away !

The Banks of Forth.

7

Ye Sylvian Powers that rule the plain, where sweetly winding *Fortha* glides, con-

duct me to her Banks again, since there my charming *Mary* bides. These Banks that breathe their

vernal sweets, where ev-ry smiling, beau-ty meets, where *Mary's* charms a-

dorn the plain, and cheer the heart of ev-ry Swain.

I wish my Love were in a Mire

Blest as th'Immortal Gods is he, the Youth who fondly sits by thee, and hears & sees thee

all the while, so softly speak and sweetly smile. 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest, and rais'd such

tumults in my breast, for while I gaz'd in transport lost, my breath was gone my voice was lost.

Dumbarton's Drums.

Dumbarton's Drums beats bonny O, when they mind me of my dear Johnny O, how
happy am I, when my Soldier is by, while he kisses and blesses his Anny O. 'Tis a
Soldier a-lane candle-light me O, for his gracefu' looks do invite me O, while guarded in his
Arms, I'll fear no wars alarms, neither danger nor death, shall e'er fright me O.

Etrick Banks

On Etrick Banks ae Summer's night, at gloming when the Sheep came hame, I met my Laisie
bra' and tight, while wandering thro' the mist her lane. My heart grew light I ran and flang, my
Arms a-bout her bonny neck, I kiss'd & clapt her there fu' lang, my words they were na' mony feck.

Dumbarton's Drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear *Jonny*—O,
How happy am I

When my Soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his *Annie*—O?
'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O:

While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no wars alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My Love is a handsome Laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O:
Tho' commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a Cadie—O.

A Soldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
He minds no other thing,
But the Ladies or the King!
For every other care is but slavery—O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady—O,
Farewell all my friends and my Daddy—O:
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums found bonny—O,
They are sprightly, like my dear *Jonny*—O:
How happy shall I be,
When on my Soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his *Annie*—O?

Etrick Banks.

ON *Etrick* banks ae Summer's night,
At gloaming when the Sheep came hame,
I met my lassy bra' and tight,
While wandring throw the mist her lane.
My heart grew light, I ran, and flang
My arms about her bonny neck;
I kifs'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na' mony feck.

I said, my Lassy, will you go
To *Highland* hills, the Ersh to learn?
And there ye shall have cow and yew,
When you come to the brigg of *Earn*.

At *Leith*, auld meal comes in, (ne'er fash)
And herring at the Broomy law;
Chear up your heart my bonny Lafs,
There's gear to win we never faw.

All day, when we ha' toil'd enough,
When winter's frost and snaw begin,
And when the sun goes west the *Lock*,
At night when you fa' fast to spin,
I'll screw my drons, and play a spring:
And thus the dreary night we'll end,
Till tender kids, and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft heard her say,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,

And that love is the cause of my mourning.
False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
Deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never
warms;

Yet bring me this *Strephon*, I'll die in his arms,
Oh *Strephon*! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
Down to the shades below,
Ere ye let *Strephon* know

That I have lov'd him so:
Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love is the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce clos'd when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh,
But finding her breathless, oh Heaven's! did he cry,

Ah *Chloris*! the cause of my mourning.
Restore me, my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use your art.
They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor *Chloris* with mourning.

Ah then, is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he said,
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

Here awa there awa.

HERE awa, there awa, here awa *Willie*;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my *Willie* again.

Through the lang muir I have followed my *Willie*,
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame,

Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

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

Love is the cause of my Mourning.

11

By a murmuring fiream a fair Shepherdess lay, be so kind O ye Nymphs I oft heard her

say, tell *Strephon* I die if he passes this way, and Love is the cause of my mourning. False Shepherds that

tell me of beauty and charms, deceive me for *Strephon*'s cold heart never warms, yet bring me this

Strephon I'll die in his arms, O *Strephon* the cause of my mourning. But first said he let me go

down to the shades below, e'er ye let *Strephon* know that I have lov'd him so, then on my pale cheeks no

blushes will shew, that love is the cause of my mourning.

Here awa there awa.

Here awa there awa here awa *Willie*, here awa there awa here awa hame.

laug have I, fought thee, dear have I bought thee now I ha'e gotten my *Willie* again.

Sae Merry as we ha'e been.

Alas that was leaden'd with care, fat heavily under you Thorn, I listend a while for to
hear, when this she began for to mourn. When e'er my dear shepherd was there, the birds did not loudly
sing and cold nipping winter did wear, a face that resembled the Spring. Sae merry as we twa ha'e been
merry as we twa ha'e been, my heart it is like for to break, when I think on the days we ha'e teen.

Waly Waly.

O Waly Waly up yon bank, and Waly Waly down yon brae, and Waly by you river side where
I and my love went to gae. O Waly Waly love is bonny, a little while when it is new, but
when its auld it waxes cauld, and wears awa like morning dew.

Sae Merry as we ha'e been.

A Lafs that was leaden'd with caté
 Sat heavily under yon Thorn,
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn :
 When e'er my dear Shepherd was there,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping Winter did wear
 A face that resembled the Spring.
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command !

My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ;
 Oh ! why do you thus turn away,
 From him who is dying for thee ?
Sae merry, &c.

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

Waly, Waly.

O waly, waly up yon bank,
 And waly, waly down yon brae,
 And waly, by yon River's side,
 Where I and my Love went to gae.
 O Waly, waly, love is bonny,
 A little while when it is new ;
 But when 'tis auld, it waxes cauld,
 And wears away, like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree ;
 But first it bow'd, and fine it brake,
 And sae did my fause Love to me.
 When cockle-shells turn filler bells,
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree ;
 When Frost and Snaw shall warm us a',
 Then shall my Love prove true to me.

Now *Arthur's* seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me ;
 St. *Anton's* well shall be my drink,
 Since my true Love's forsaken me.

O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree ?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a life that wearies me ?

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's inclemency ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by *Glasgow* town,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My Love was clad in velvet black,
 And I my fell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That love had been fae ill to win ;
 I'd lock'd my heart in case of Gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's knee,
 And I my fell were dead and gane,
 For Maid again I'll never be.

My Deary, if thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever Maid my heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
 Thy love so true to me :
 Without thee I can never live,
 My Deary, if thou die.

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

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With *Cupid's* raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

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

Lochaber.

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
 Where heartsome with thee I've many days
 been ;

For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody Shore,
 May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my Love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd :
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

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

My Deary an't thou Die.

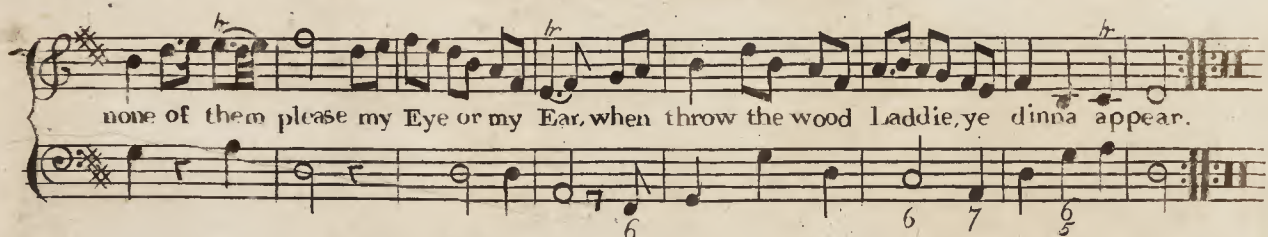
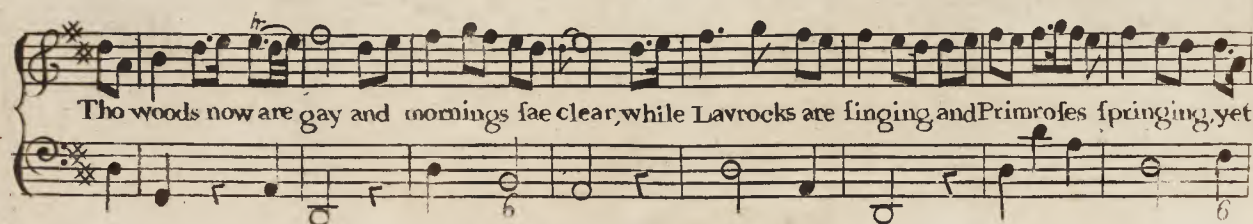
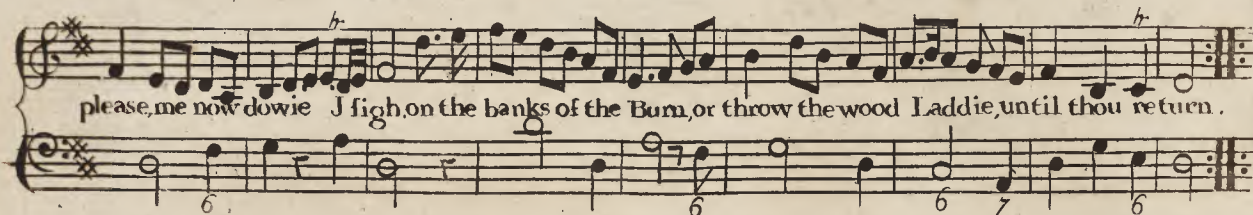
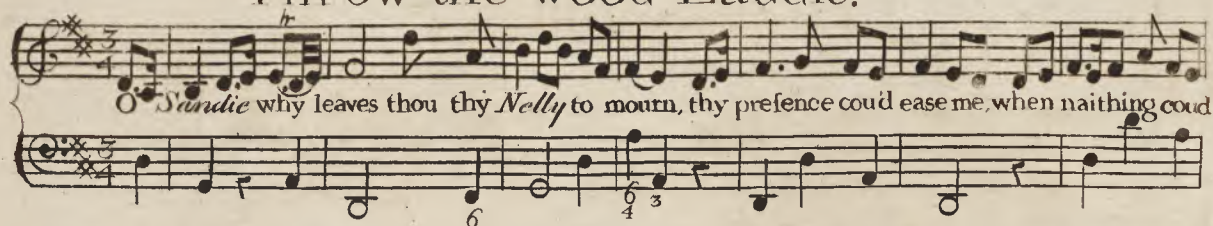
15

Love never more shall give me pain, my Fancey's fixt on thee, nor e- ver maid my heart shall gain, my Peggy if thou Die. Thy Beauty doth such pleasure give, thy love so true to me, with- out thee I can never live, my Deary if thou die.

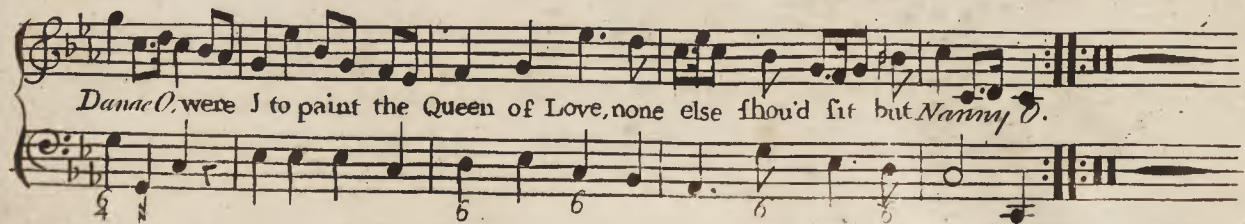
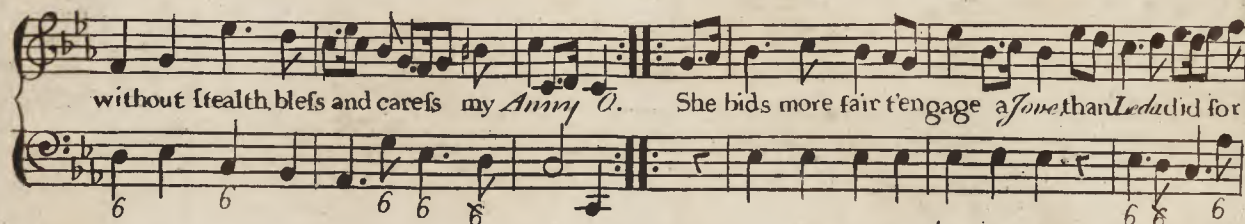
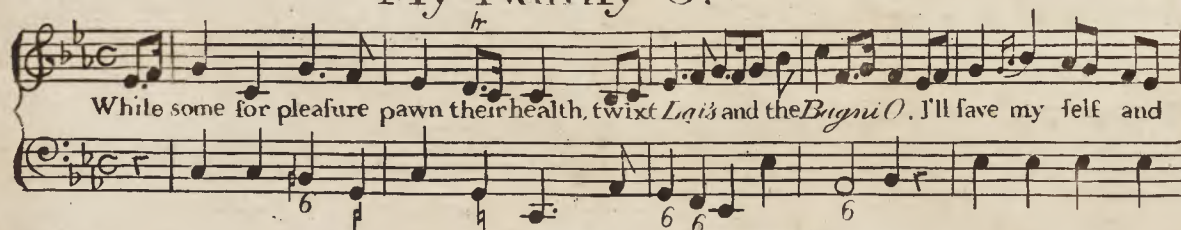
Lochaber.

Farewell to Lochaber and farewell my Jean, where heartsome with thee I have many days been for Lochaber no more. Lochaber no more, we'll may be return to Lochaber no more. These fears that I shade they are all for my Dear and no for the dangers at- tending on Weir, tho bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore may be to return to Lochaber no more.

Throw the wood Laddie.



My Nanny O.



Thro' the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me:
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings fae clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing;
 Yet none of them please my eye or my ear,
 When thro' the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell:
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, Laddie, I wander my sell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy* nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

My Nanny-O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health
 'Twixt *Laïs* and the *Bagno*,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Bles and carels my *Nanny-O*.
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
 Than *Leda* did for *Danae-O*:
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should fit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O,

I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

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

Young Philander.

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish, and forbad him,
 I wou'd na tent his loving sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him:
 Ilk morning when I view my glafs,
 Then I perceive my beauty going;
 And when the wrinkles seize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying;
 My checks, which coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
 Ah! we may see ourselves to be
 Like summer fruit that is unshaken.
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.
 Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained;
 Which now I may tell to my cost,
 Tho' but my fell name can be blamed:
 If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Left you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions, thought
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear Maidens, then, take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your suiters will give over wooing.

Then Maidens auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretful rank be number'd,
 As lang as life; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
 A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which we cannot be contented;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the mistake may be prevented.

Mary Scot.

HAPPY's the Love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn.
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless Lover.
 Ye registers of Heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow*?

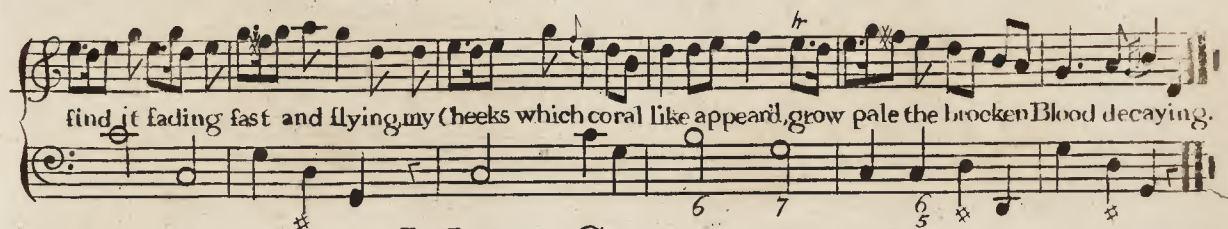
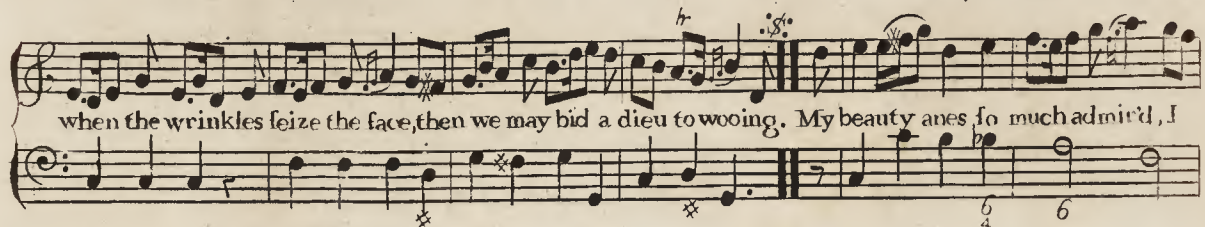
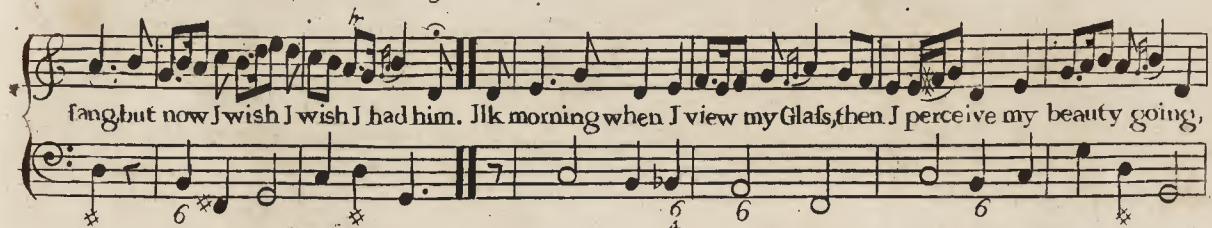
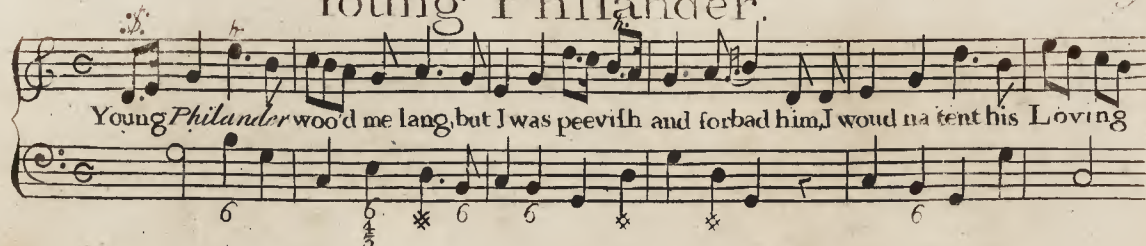
Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.

O lovely Maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.

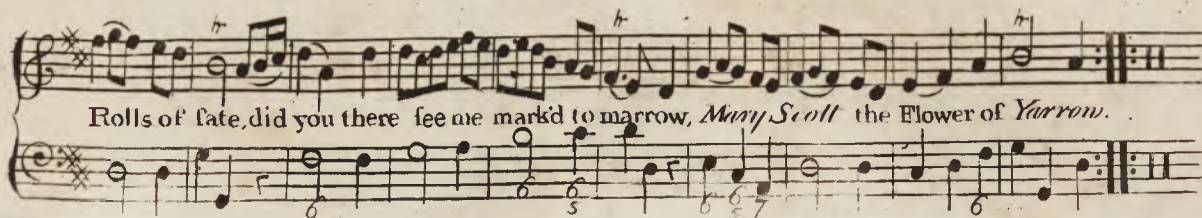
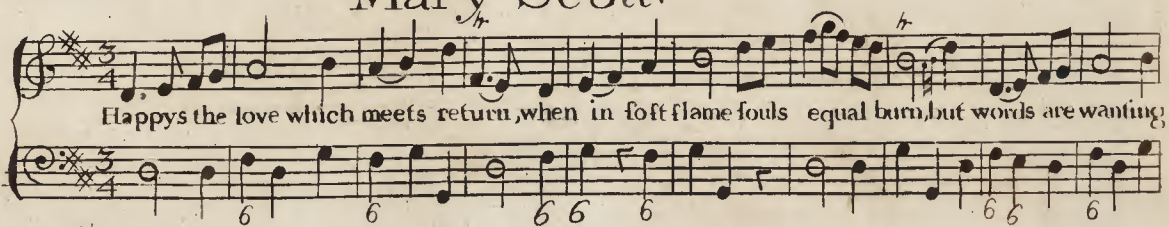
Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of *Yarrow*.

Young Philander.

19



Mary Scott.



The Highland Laddie.

The *Lawland Lads* think they are fine, but O they're vain and wondrous gawdy, how much unlike that gracefu' main, and manly looks of my *Highland Laddie*.

O my bonny bonny *Highland Laddie*, O my handsome *Highland Laddie*, when I was sick and like to die, he row'd me in his highland plaidie.

Busk ye Busk ye.

Busk ye busk ye my bonny Bride, busk ye busk ye my winsome marrow, busk ye busk ye my bonny Bride, and let us to the braes of *Yarrow*. There will we sport & gather dew, dancing while *Lav'rocks* sing in the morning, there learn frae *Turtles* to prove true, O *Bell* ne'er vex me with thy forning.

The Highland Laddie.

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and wondrous gawdy!
How much unlike that gracefu' mien,

And manly looks of my *Highland Laddie*?
O my bonny bonny *Highland Laddie*,
O my handsome *Highland Laddie*,
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his *Highland Plaidy*.

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

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

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* kin and dady.

Frae winter's cauld, and summer's f—,
He'll screen me with his *Highland plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a *Lawland Laird* and Lady;
But I can kifs, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's *Highland plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear *Highland Laddie*;
And he ca's me his *Lawland Lads*,
Syne rows me in beneath his *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.

Busk ye, busk ye.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride,
And let us to the braes of *Tarrow*;
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lav'rocks sing i'the morning:
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O *Bell*, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.

Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastylic they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny *Bell*,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles, I ask na mair,
Since now my bonny *Bell*'s consenting.

John Hay's bonny Laffie.

BY smooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, oh hey! maun I still live pining
My sell this away, and darna discover
To my bonny Lafs, that I am her Lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger;
If she's nae my Bride, my days are nae langer:
Than I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-
morrow:

The sward of the mead, ennamel'd with daifies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the
sweeter:

'Tis Heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

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

The bonniest Lafs in a' the Warld.

LOOK where my dear *Hamillia* smiles,
Hamillia! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles,
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheek,
Fair feat of youthful pleasure;
There Love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads the rofy treasure.

O fairest Maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O Charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

John Hay's Bonny Laisie.

23

By smooth winding Tay, a Swain was re-clining, ah cry'd he oh hey, maun J still live
 pining, my felf this a-way and darra' dit-cover, to my bonny Lais that J am her Lover.
 Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger, if she's not my Bride, my days are nae langer, than
 I'll tak a heart, and try at a venture, may be e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

The Bonniest Lais in a the World.

Look where my dear *Amillia* smiles, *Amillia* heav'nly charmer see how with all their
 arts and wiles, the loves and graces arm her. A bluth dwells glowing on her cheek, fair feat ot
 youthful pleasure, there love in smiling language speaks, there spreads the rosey treasures.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

Saw ye nae my *Peggy*, saw ye nae my *Peggy*, saw ye nae my *Peggy*, coming o'er the Lee.

sure a finer creature, ne'er was form'd by nature, so compleat each feature, so divine is she.

O how *Peggy* charms me, ev'ry look still warms me, ev'ry thought alarms me, lest she love not me.

Peggy doth discover, nought but charms all over nature bids me love her, that's a Law to me.

Bonny Jean.

Loves Goddeſs in a myrtle grove ſaid *Cupid* bend thy bow with ſpeed, nor let the ſhaft at

random rove, for *Jeany's* haughty heart muſt bleed. The ſmiling Boy with divine art, from

Pythas ſhot an arrow keen which flew unerring to the heart, and kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

SAW ye nae my *Peggy*,
 Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
 Saw ye nae my *Peggy*,
 Coming o'er the lee?
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So compleat each feature,
 So divine is she.
 O! how *Peggy* charms me;
 Ev'ry look still warms me,
 Ev'ry thought alarms me
 Lest she love nae me:
Peggy doth discover
 Nought but charms all over;
 Nature bids me love her
 That's a law to me.

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

Bonny Jean.

LOVE's goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For *Jeany's* haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

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

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

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

Rosline Castle.

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 *Rosline Castle* heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

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

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

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

Pinky House.

BY *Pinky House* oft let me walk,
 While circled in my arms,
 I hear my *Nelly* sweetly talk ;
 And gaze o'er all her charms :
 O let me ever fond behold
 Those graces void of art !
 Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart !

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

Ye light Coquets ! ye air'y things !
 How vain is all your art !
 How seldom it a Lover brings !
 How rarely keeps a heart !
 O ! gather from my *Nelly's* charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease ;
 That blushing modesty that warms ;
 That native art to please !

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

Rosline Castle.

27

Twas in that season of the Year, when all things gay and sweet appear, that
Colin with the morning ray, a rose and fung his ru-ral Lay. Of
Nanny's charms the Shepherd fung, the hills and dales with Nanny rung, while
Rosline Castle heard the Swain, and eccho'd back the chearfull strain.

Pinky House.

By Pinkie House oft let me walk, while circled in my Arms. I hear my Nelly
sweetly talk, and gaze o'er all her Charms. O let me ever fond behold, those
Graces void of Art, those chearful smiles that sweetly hold, in will-ing chains my heart.

Alloa House.

The spring time re- turns, and cloaths the green plains, and *Alloa* shines, more chearful and
 gay, the *Lark* tunes his throat, and the neighbouring Swains, sing mer-ri-ly round me where
 ever I stray. But *Sandy* no more returns to my view, no spring time me cheers no Music can
 charm He's gone & I fear me for e- ver a- dieu, a- dieu ev'ry pleasure this Bosom can warm.

Chevy Chase.

God prosper long our no- ble King our lives and fasties all, a Wofull hunting
 once there did in *Chevy Chase* be- fal, to drive the Dear with Hound and Horn *Earl Peiray*
 took his way, the Child may rue that was unborn, the Hunting of that Day.

Alloa House.

THE spring time returns and clothes the
green plains;
And *Alloa* shines more chearful and gay;
The Lark tunes his throat; and the neighbouring
Swains

Sing merrily round me, where ever I stray:
But *Sandy* no more returns to my view;
No spring time me hears, no music can charm;
He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever adieu!
Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

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

So spoke the fair Maid; when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last fault'ring accents supprest;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear
Swain,

Who heard, and, with rapture, his *Nelly* address,
My *Nelly*! my fair! I come; O my Love;
No Pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, *Nelly*! no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
charms.

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

Chevy Chace.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
A woful hunting once there did
In *Chevy-chace* befall.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way,
The child may rue that was unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;
The choicest harts of *Chevy-chace*
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
He would prevent the sport.
The English Earl not fearing him,
Did to the woods resort,
With twenty hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant gray-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain.
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hill,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all with special care,
That day were guarded sure.
The hounds ran swiftly thro' the wood,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Earl *Piercy* to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This day to meet me here:
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo yonder doth Lord *Douglas* come,
His men in armour bright;
Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our fight;
All pleasant men of *Teviotdale*,
Dwell by the river *Tweed*.
Then cease your sports, Earl *Piercy* said,
And take your bows with speed.

And now with me my countrymen,
Your courage to advance;
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horse-back come;
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man
With him to break a spear.

Lord *Douglas* on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shin'd like gold.
Shew me (said he) whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chace
And kill my fallow-deer.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble *Piercy* he,
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be;
Yet we will spend our dearest blood
The choicest harts to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die.
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, fo am I.

But trust me, *Piercy*, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of those our harmles men;
For they have done no ill:

Let thee and me the battle try,
And set our men aside.
Accur'd be he, said Earl *Piercy*,
By whom this is denied.
Then steps a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington by name;
Who said, He would not have it told
To *Henry*, his King, for shame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You he two Earls said *Witherington*,
And I a Squire alone.
I'll do the best that I may do,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Scottish archers bent their bows,
Their hairs were good and true;
At the first sight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore English flew.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent,
A captain mov'd with meikle pride;
The spears in shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.
O but it was a grief to see,
And likewife for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore.
Were scatter'd here and there!

At last, these two stout Earls did meet,
Like chieftains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,
And made a cruel fight.
They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temp'ed steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By *James*, our Scottish King.
Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Lord *Piercy* then,
Thy profer I do scorn.
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Lord *Douglas* to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord *Piercy* sees me fall.
Then, leaving life, Lord *Piercy* took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Lord *Douglas*, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

Oh but my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy fate:
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.
A knight among the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl *Douglas* die;
Who straight, in wrath, did vow revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy*.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight.
He pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then,
He thrust his hateful spear:

With such a vehement force and might,
It did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more.
So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could flee.
An English archer then perceiv'd
His noble Lord was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard's length,
Unto the head drew he;
Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery* then,
So right his shaft he fet,
The grey-goof wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.
With the Lord *Piercy* there were slain
Sir *John of Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff* and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold baron;

Sir *George*, and also good Sir *Hugh*,
Both knights of good account;
Good Sir *Ralph Roby* there was slain,
Whose prowess did firmount.

For *Witherington* I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought still on his stumps.
And with Earl *Douglas* there were slain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*;
Sir *Charles Murray*, that from the field,
One foot would never fly;

Sir *Charles Murray* of *Ratcliff* too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be;
And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise
Did with Earl *Douglas* die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
Went home but fifty three:

Of twenty hundred Englishmen
Scarce fifty five did flee:
The rest were slain at *Cleary-chace*,
Under the green-wood tree.
Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wad'd their wounds in brinish tea
But all could not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bare with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were cold as clay.
The news were brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

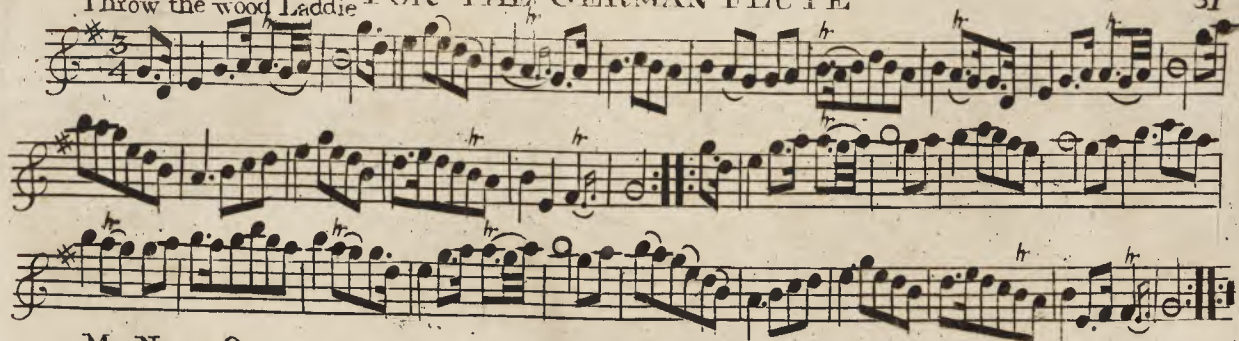
Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be:
I trust I have in my realm
Five hundred as good as he.
Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as short a space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was slain at *Cleary-chace*.

O heavy news, King *Henry* said,
England can witness be,
I have not any captain more,
Of such account as he.
Now of the rest of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of *Cleary-chace*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

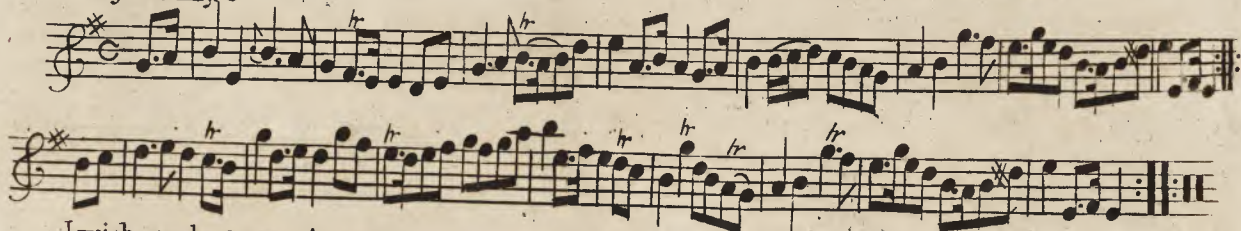
God save the King, and bless the land
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debates
Twixt noblemen may cease.

Throw the wood Laddie FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

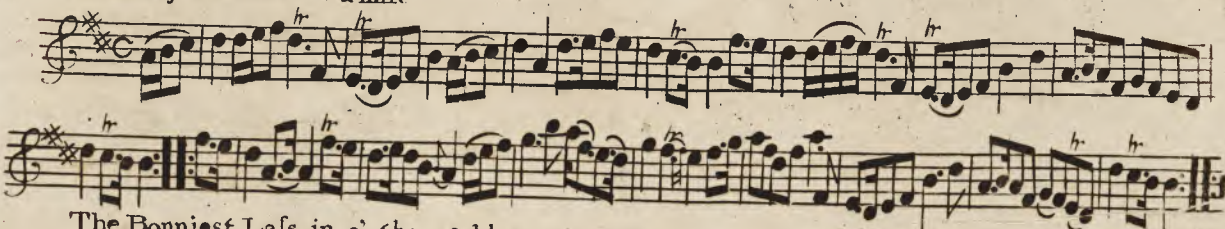
31



My Nanny, O



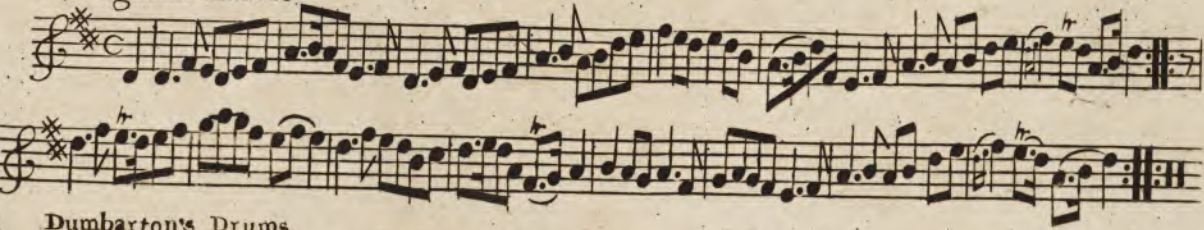
I wish my love were in a mire



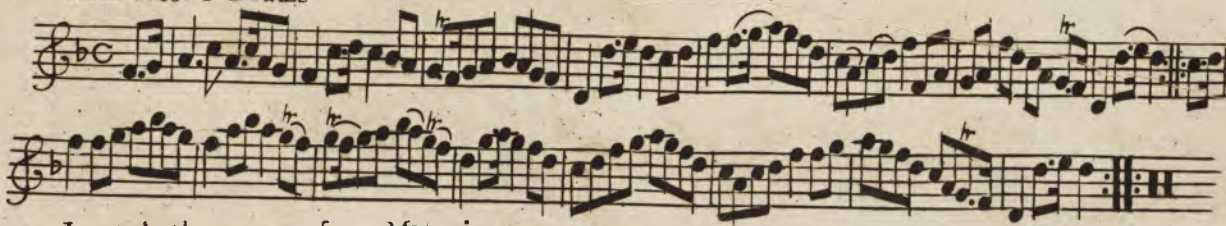
The Bonniest Lads in a' the world



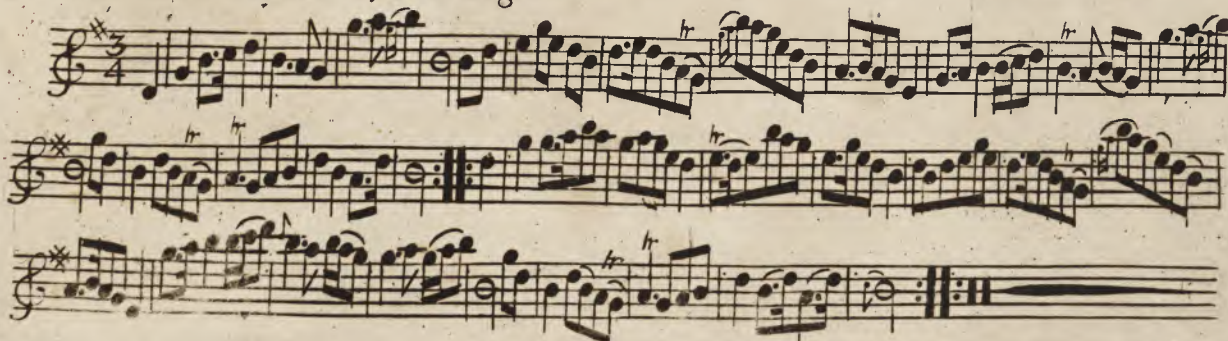
Highland Laddie



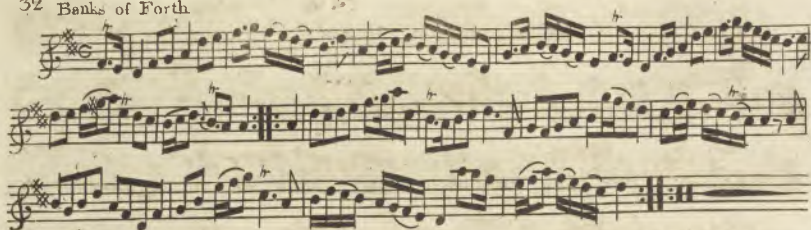
Dumbarton's Drums



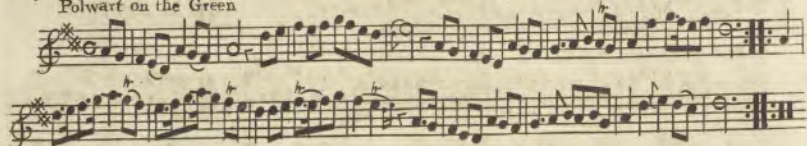
Love is the cause of my Mourning



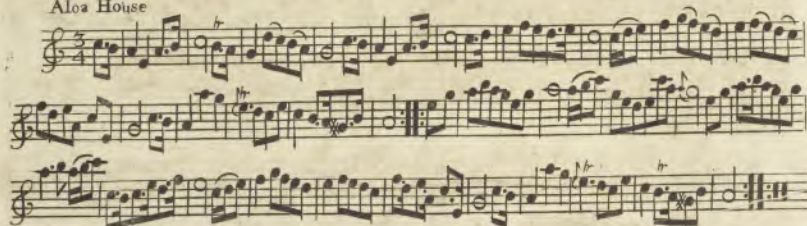
32 Banks of Forth.



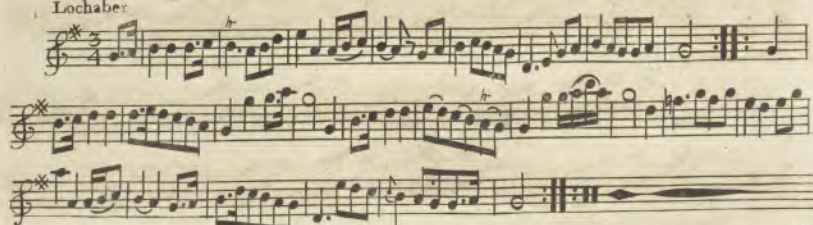
Polwart on the Green



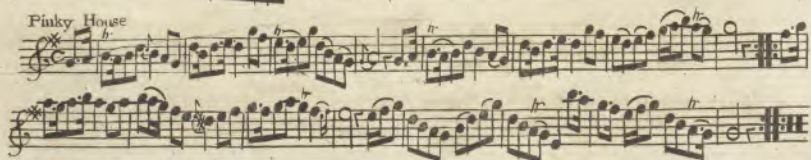
Aloa House



Lochaber



Pinky House

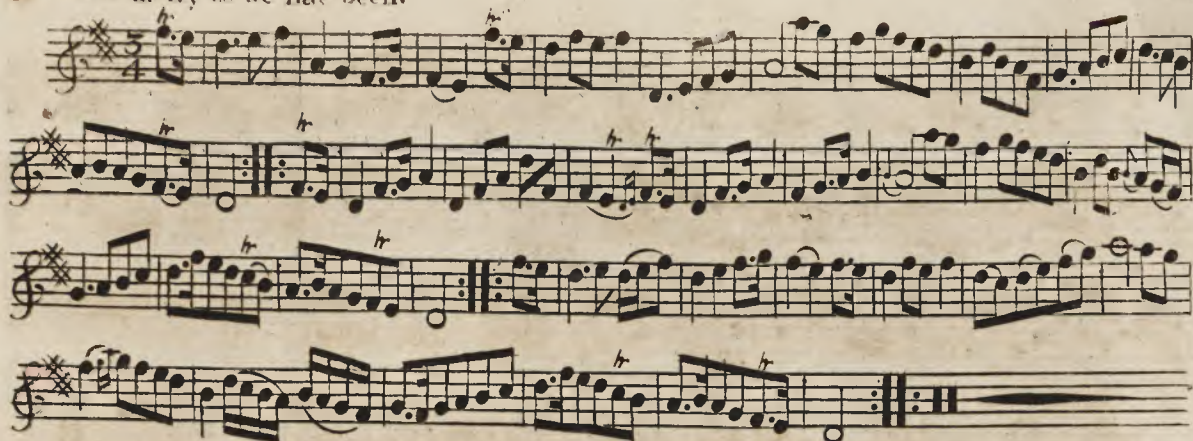


John Hay's Bonny Laisie

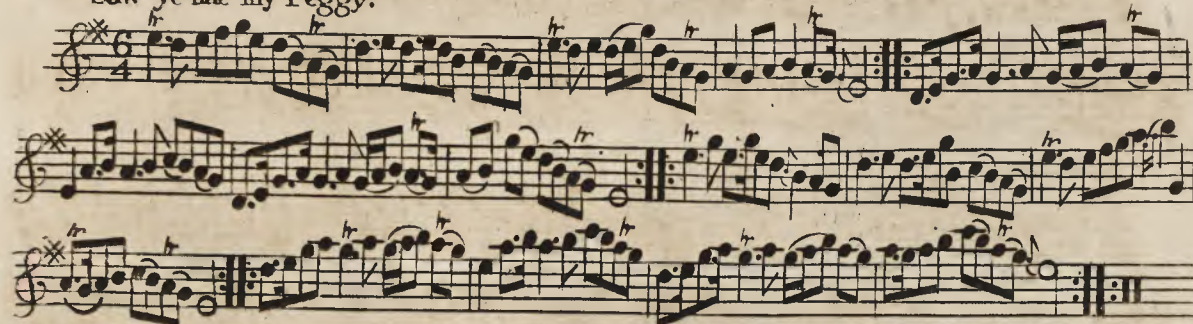


So merry as we had been.

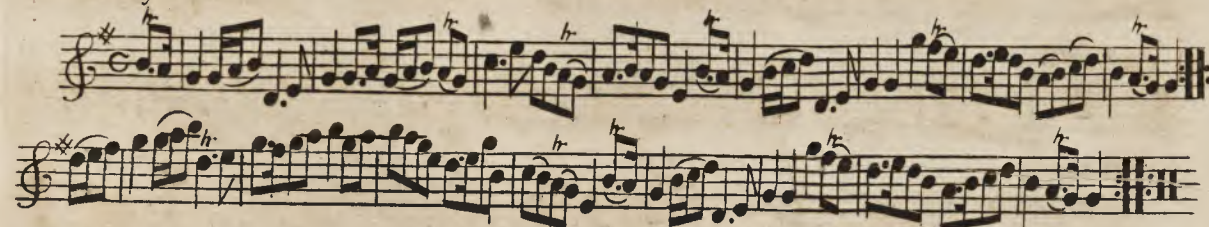
33



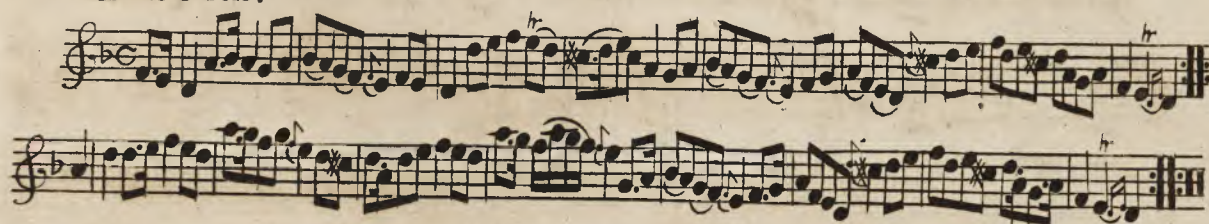
Saw ye nae my Peggy.



Bonny Jean.



Rosline Castle.



My Deary a'nt thou Die.

