

Thirty SCOTS SONGS

for a

VOICE & HARPSICHORD.

The MUSIC taken from the most genuine Sets extant;

The WORDS from Allan Ramfay.

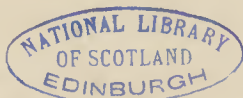
Price . . . ^{sh.} 2 - ^{d.} 6.

Edinburgh, Printed for, & Sold by R. Bremner, at the Harp & Hoboy.

Where may be had,

	L.	sh.	d.
The Rudiments of Music, to which is added, a Collection of the best Church Tunes, Canons, & Anthems price stitch'd.	—	2	6
The Church Tunes, in two or four parts.	—	—	7
A Collection of Marches & Airs for two Violins or German Flutes, in 12 Numbers, price each.	—	—	6
A Collection of Songs, for 2 & 3 Voices.	—	1	—
_____ Catches.	—	—	6

Also all sorts of Music, & Musical Instruments, at the LONDON price.



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

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

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

shind' tho' it was foggie; I ask'd her name: sweetsir, she said, my name is kath'rine Oggie.

Blathrie oit.

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 lasses,
 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.

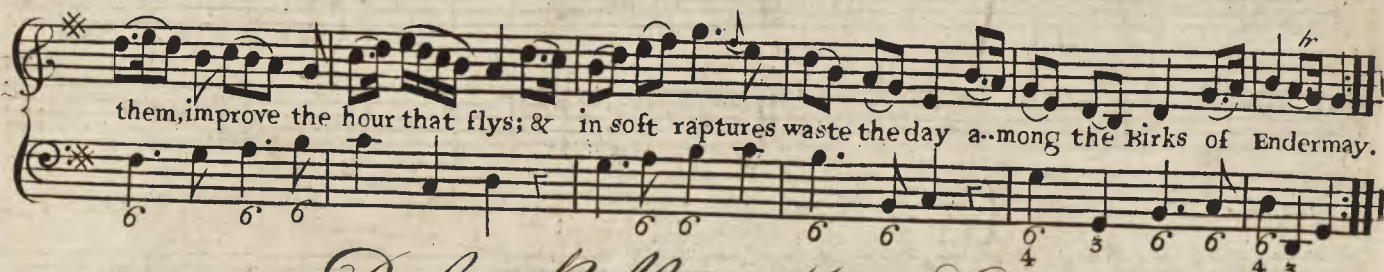
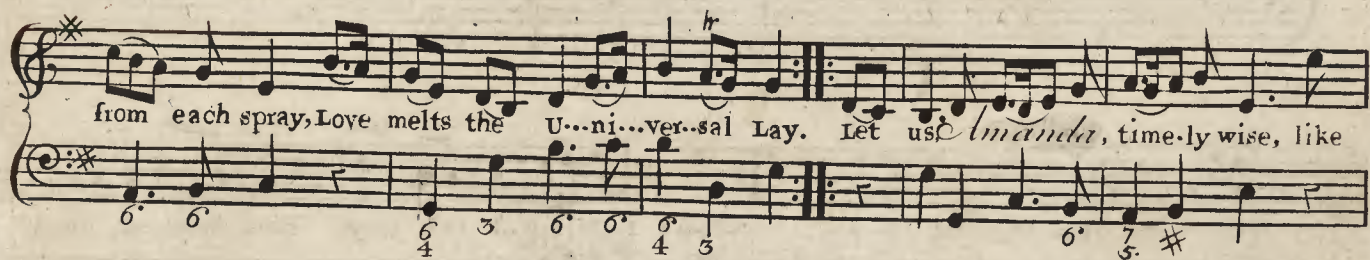
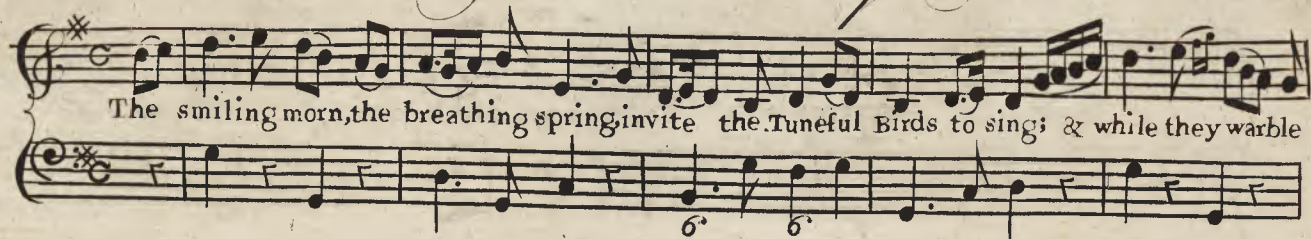
Now *Bessy*'s hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a *May* morning,
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis*' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command:
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

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*.

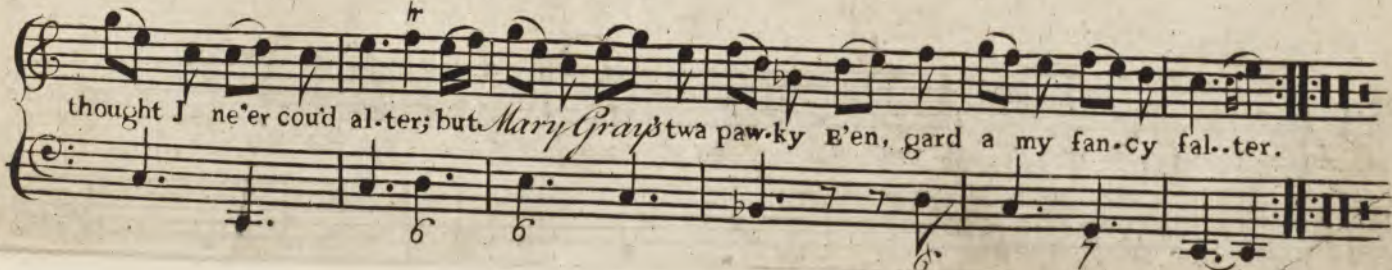
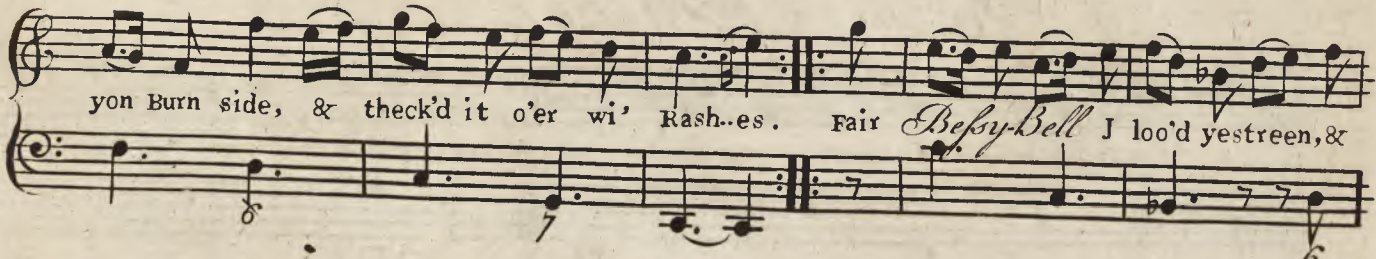
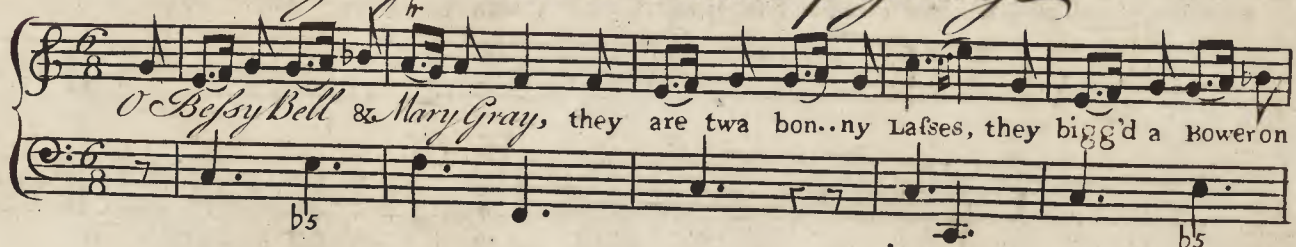
Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

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 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. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the system. The lyrics 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. It features a repeat sign at the end of the system. The lyrics 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 is for the section 'See him Father.' It consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 7/8. The bottom staff is a bass clef. The melody is written in the top staff, and the accompaniment is in the bottom staff. The lyrics 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 continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a repeat sign at the end of the system. The lyrics 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;

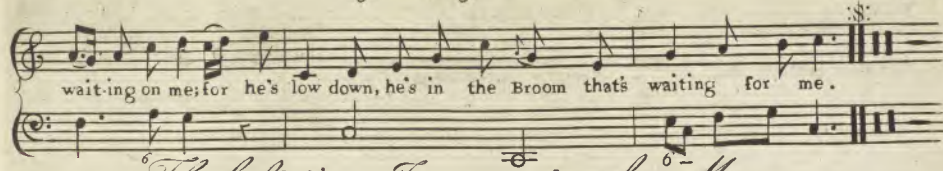
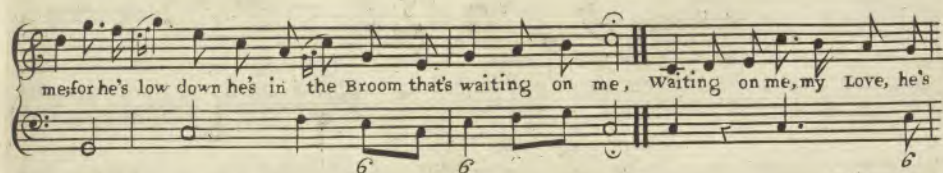
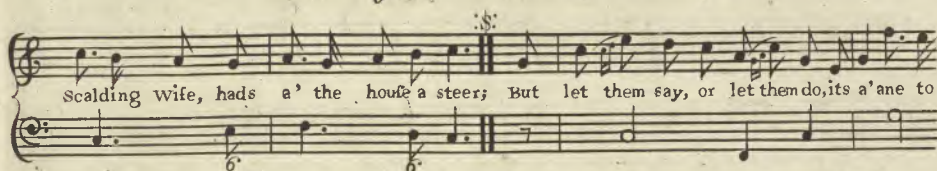
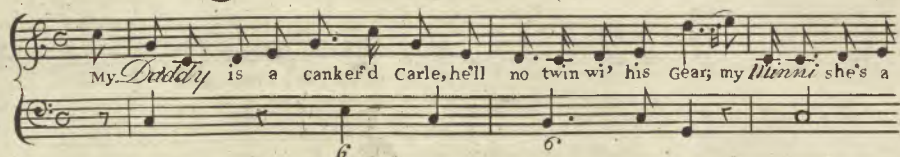
Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

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.

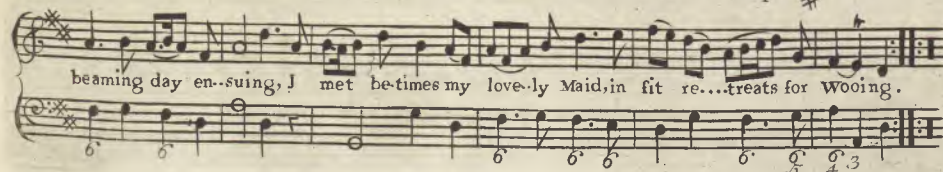
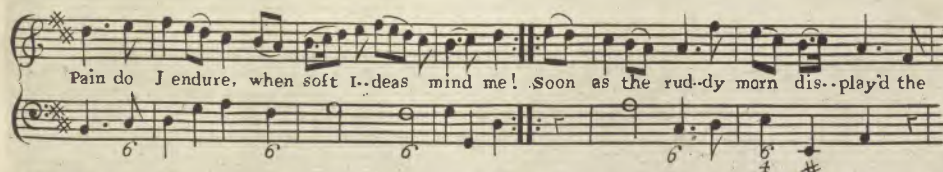
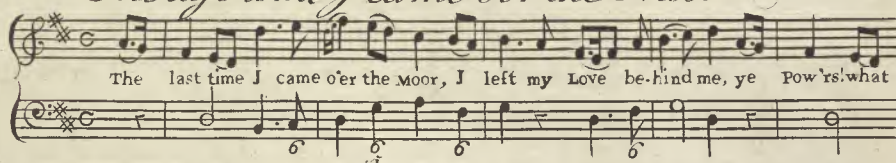
The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

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 dawn-ing 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 loot 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.

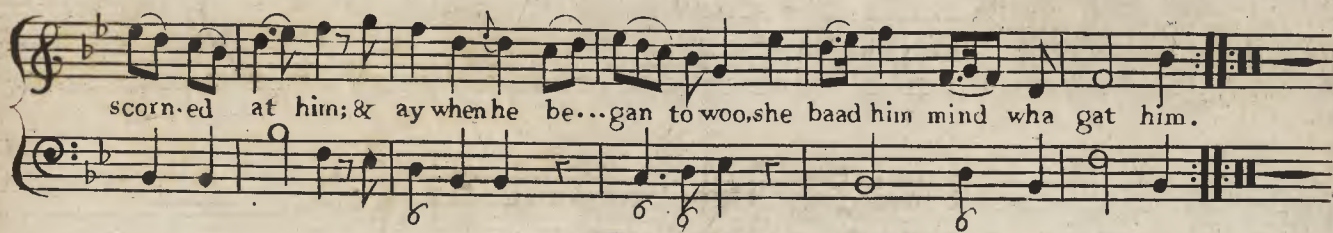
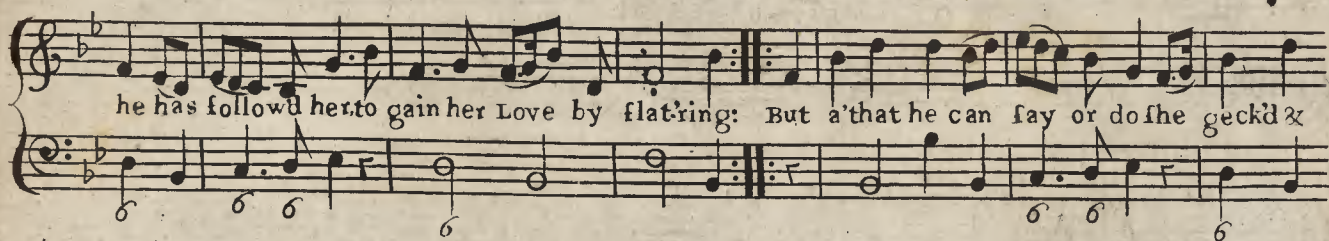
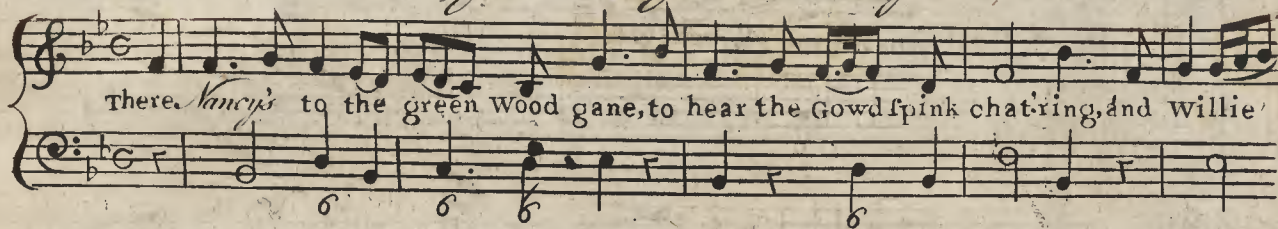
The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

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.

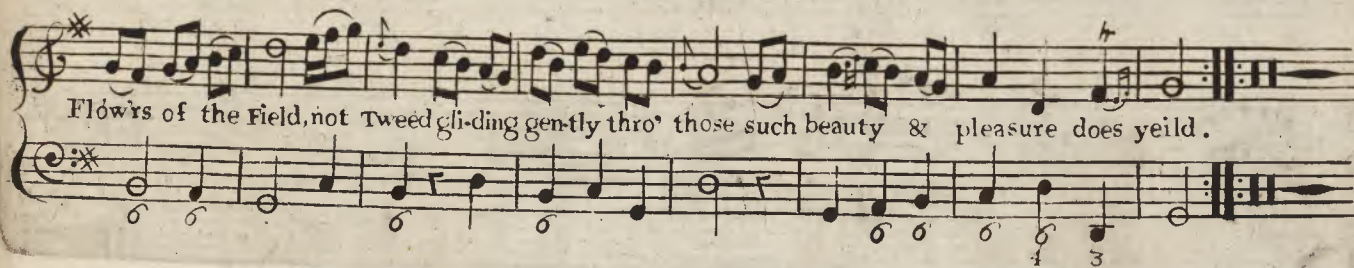
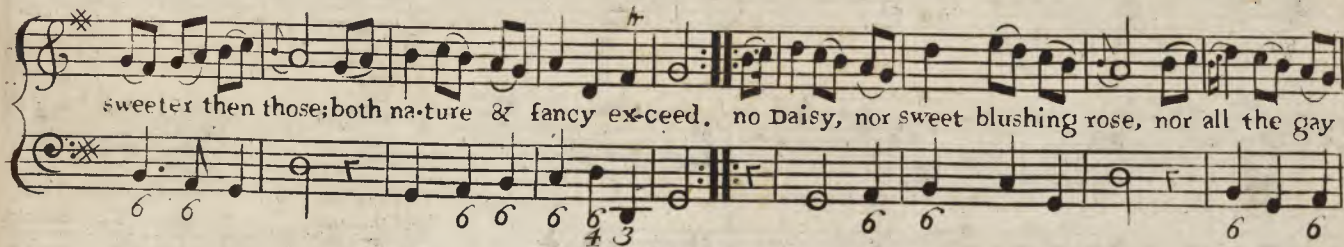
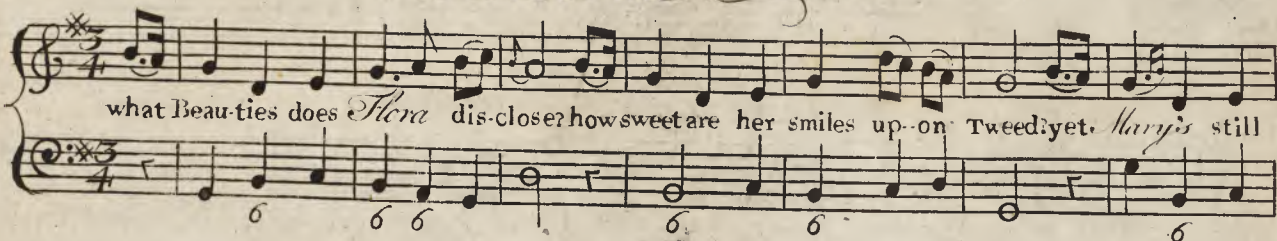
'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Is it on the sweet winding *Tay*,
Or pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?

Nancy's to the Greenwood game.

17



Tweedside



For Lake of Gold.

16 *For Love of Gold*

For sake of Gold she left me, & of all that's dear be-rost me; she me forsook for

6 5 6 5 6 - 6 -

This musical score is for the song 'For Love of Gold'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with whole and half notes. Below the bottom staff, there are fingerings indicated by numbers 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, and a measure with a 6 and a dash. The lyrics are written between the two staves.

A great *Duke*, & to endless care has left me, Oh! A star & Garter has more

Art thou a true & Faithfull heart; for empty Titles we must

Part; & for glittering show she left me, Oh!

6. 4 3

⁶ Bush Aboon ⁴/₃ Traquair.

Musical score for the song "Peggy Grieves Me". The score is written for two parts: a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Hear me, ye Nymphs, & ev-ry swain, I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me, tho' thus I languish,". The word "Peggy" is written in italics. The lute line includes figured bass notation: 6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 6.

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 surprize;
 '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.

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

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 Knows

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

This system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes first and second endings, indicated by '1st time' and '2nd time' markings above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes first and second endings, indicated by '1st' and '2nd' markings above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hey Jenny come down to Jock

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

This system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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 keep 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

This page contains 14 staves of musical notation for flute. The titles for each staff are: 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, and Woe's my heart &c. The notation is written in a single system, with each staff containing a single line of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century Scottish folk music.