

Second Set
of
SCOTS SONGS

for a

VOICE & HARPSICHORD

Price $\begin{smallmatrix} \text{th.} & \text{d.} \\ \hline 2 & 6 \end{smallmatrix}$.

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

Where may be had.

	th.	d.
Scots Songs, Book first.	2	6
A Collection of Scots Tunes with Variations Adapted for the Harp ^d or Spinnet.	4	—
Pasquali's Art of Fingering the Harpsichord.	3	—
Thorough Bass made easy.	7	6
The Rudiments of Music. price bound.	3	—
A Choice Collection of Marches & Airs, for Violins or Flutes. price bound.	6	6
Several Numbers Scots Reels & Minnets. price each.	—	6
Instructions for the Guitar.	1	6
Also Guitars, Music, & Musical Instruments, at the LONDON price.		

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 lassies 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

Solger a-lane can-de-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'nd fight, 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 seen.

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 kifs'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.

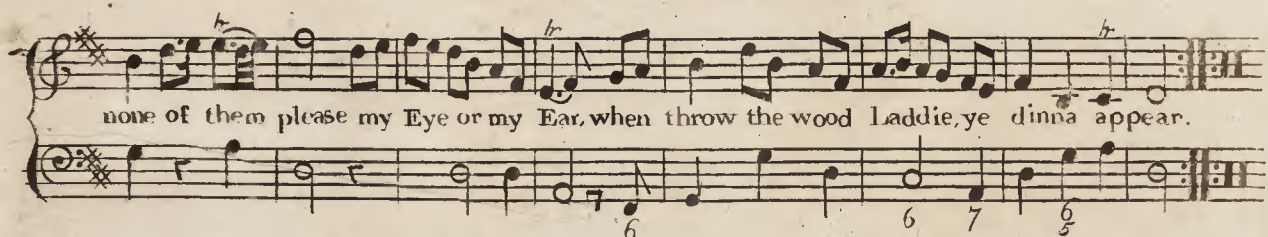
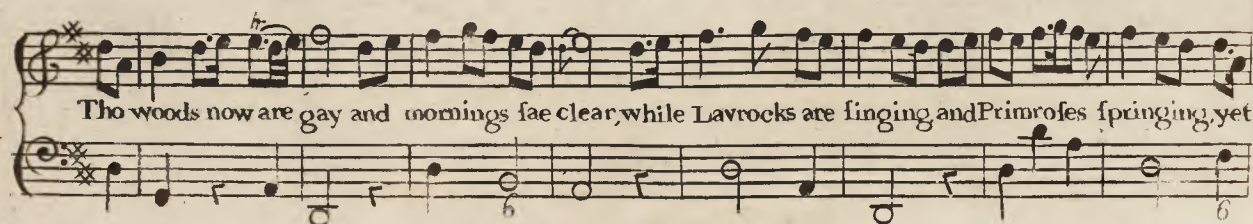
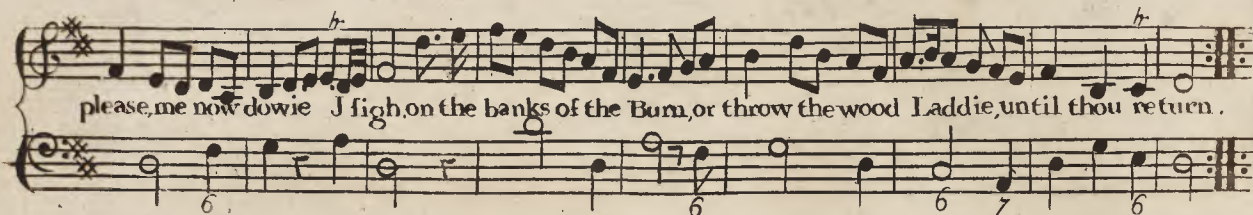
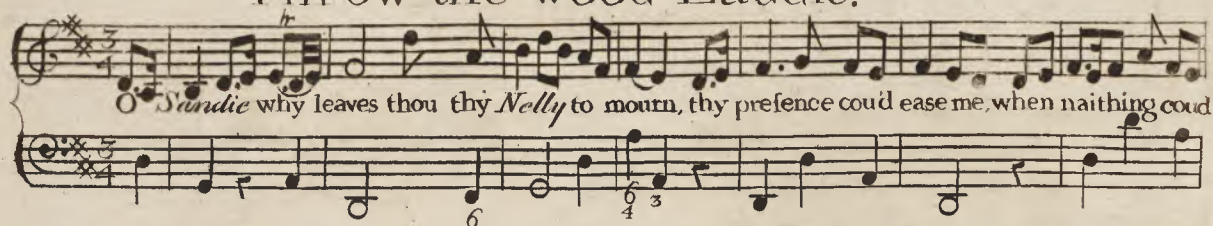
15

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.

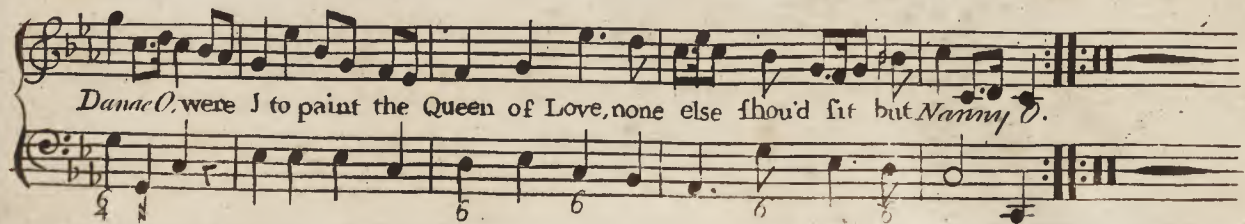
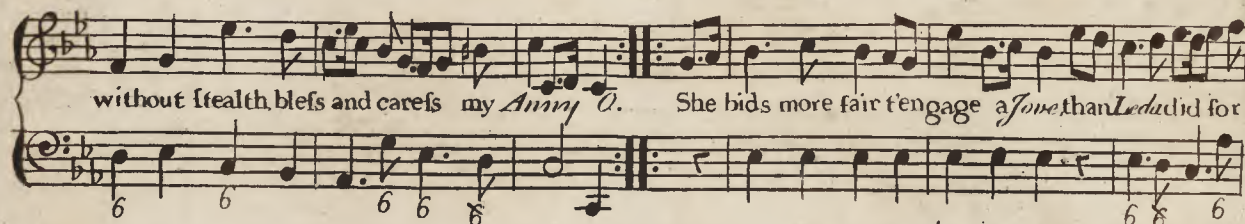
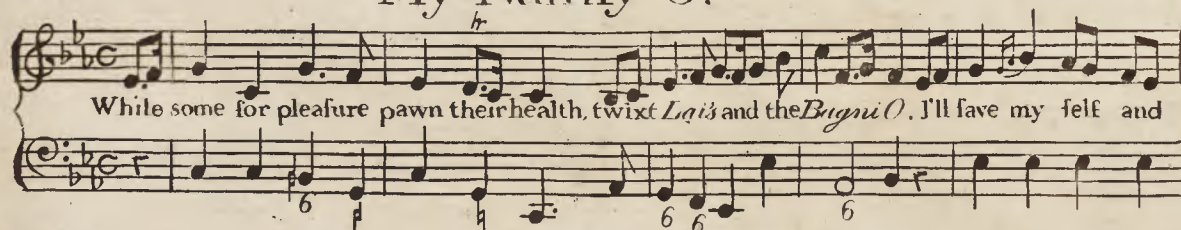
Lochaber.

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,
 Bless and caress 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*?

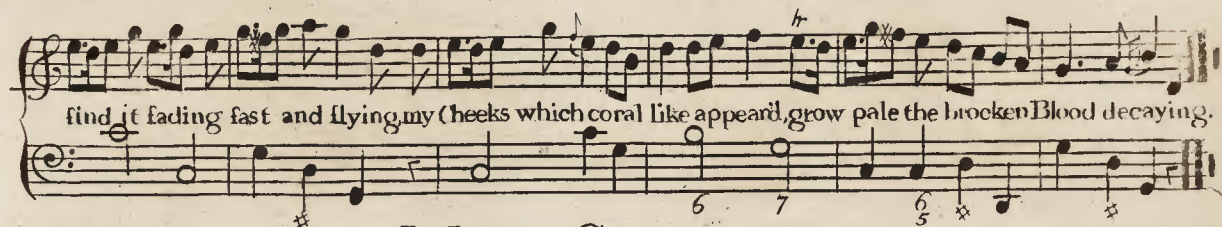
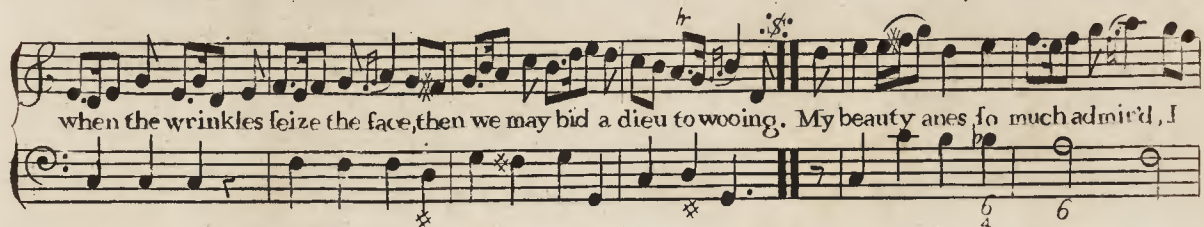
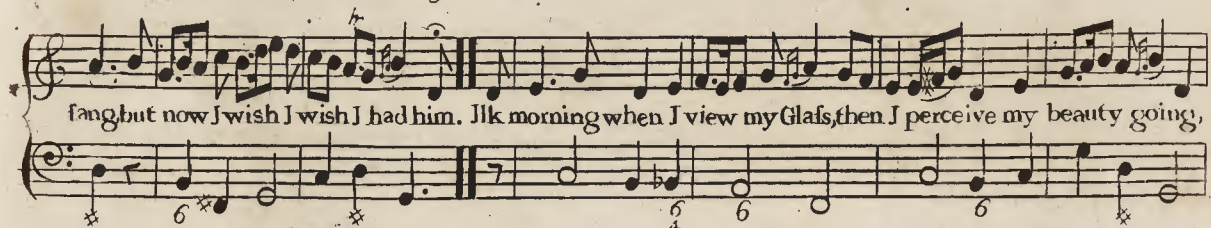
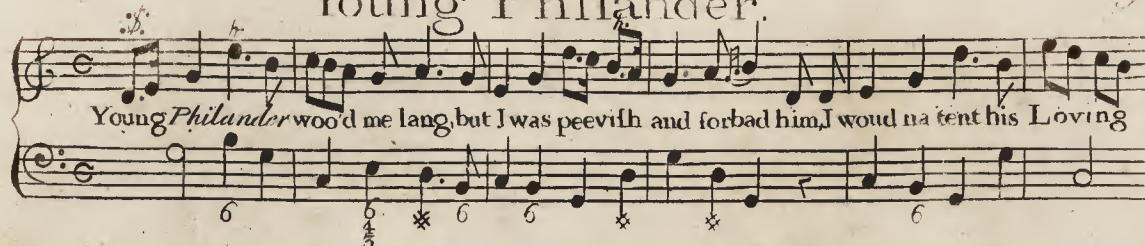
Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.

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*.

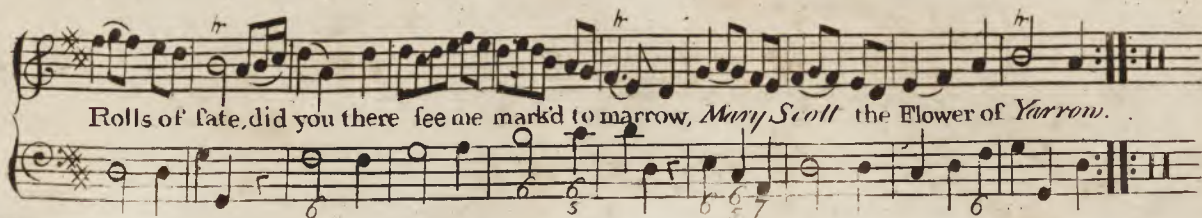
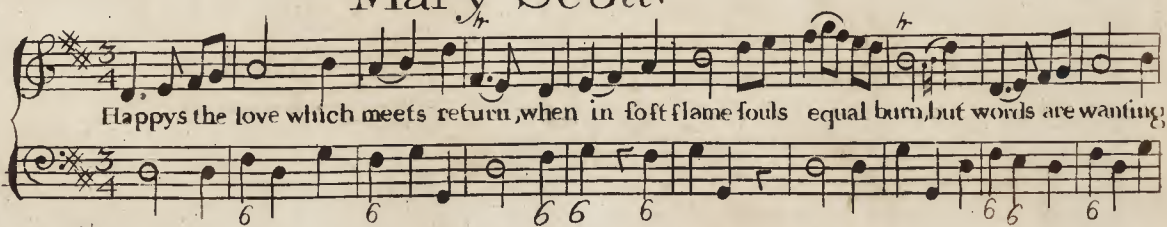
Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise of *Yarrow*.

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 true *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, all cry'd be oh hey, maun J still live
 pining, my felf this a-way and darna' 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 *familia* smiles, *familia* 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 Peirce*
 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'd,
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 likewise 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 templed 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-goose 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.

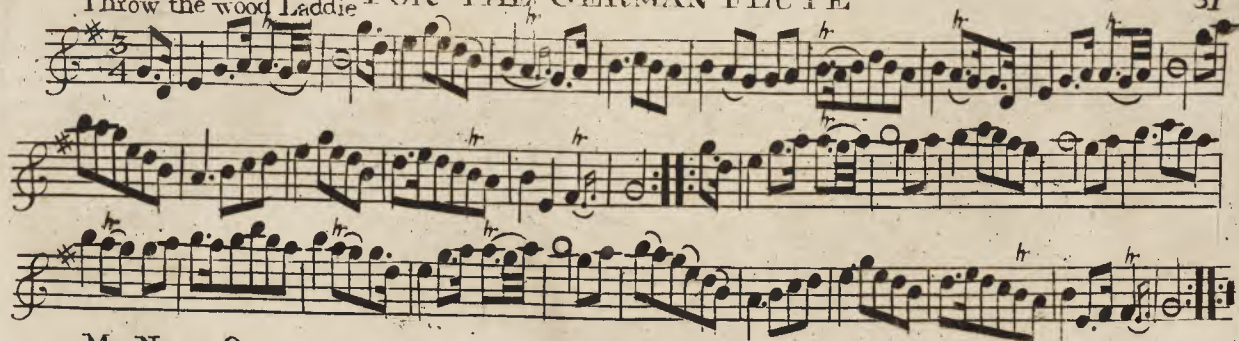
Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be:
I trust I have in my realm
Five hundred as good as he.
Like tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as short a space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was slain at *Cleary-chace*.

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*.

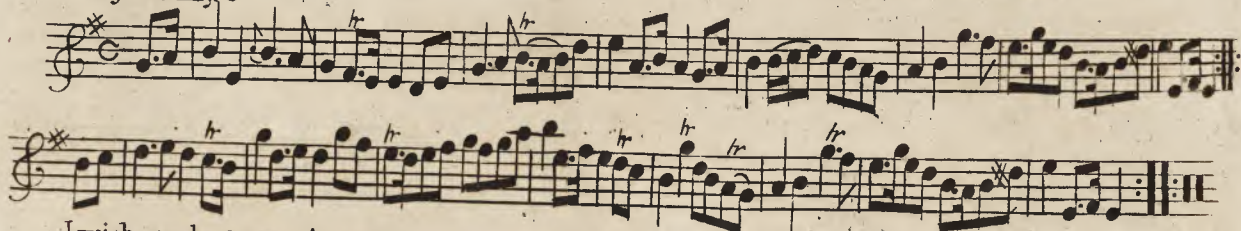
God save the King, and bless the land
With plenty, joy and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debates
Twixt noblemen may cease.

Throw the wood Laddie FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

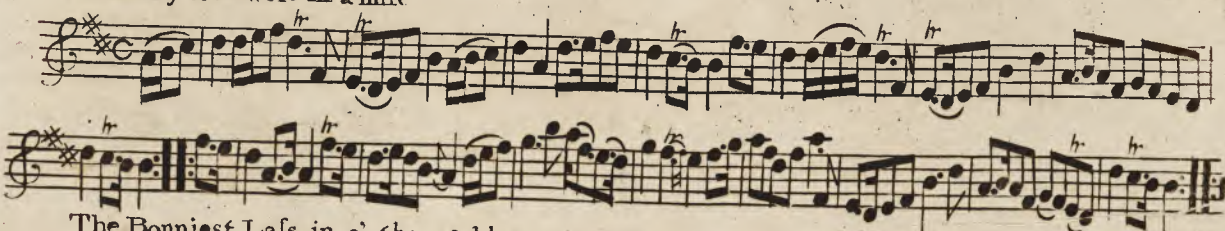
31



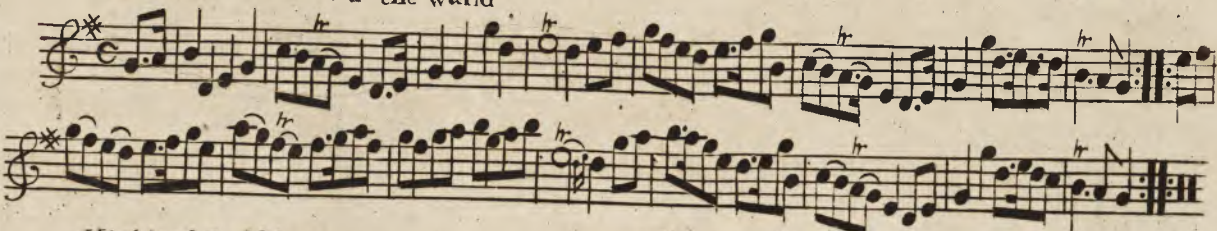
My Nanny, O



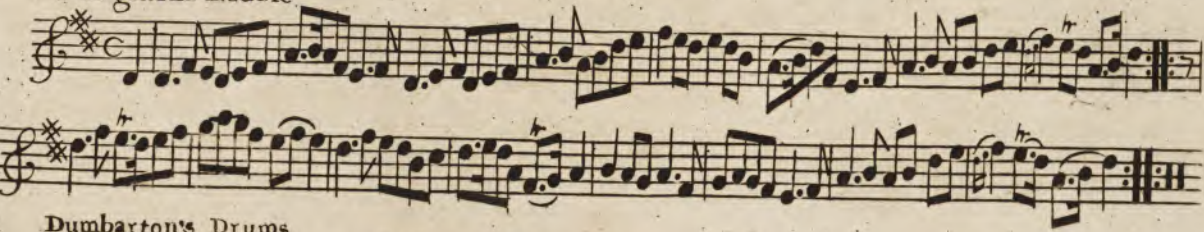
I wish my love were in a mire



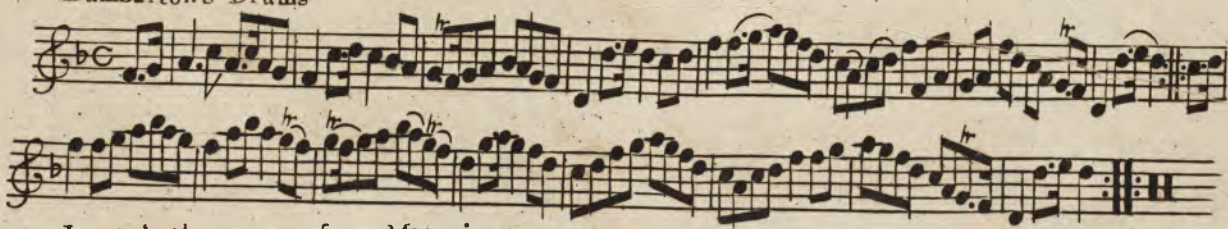
The Bonniest Lads in a' the world



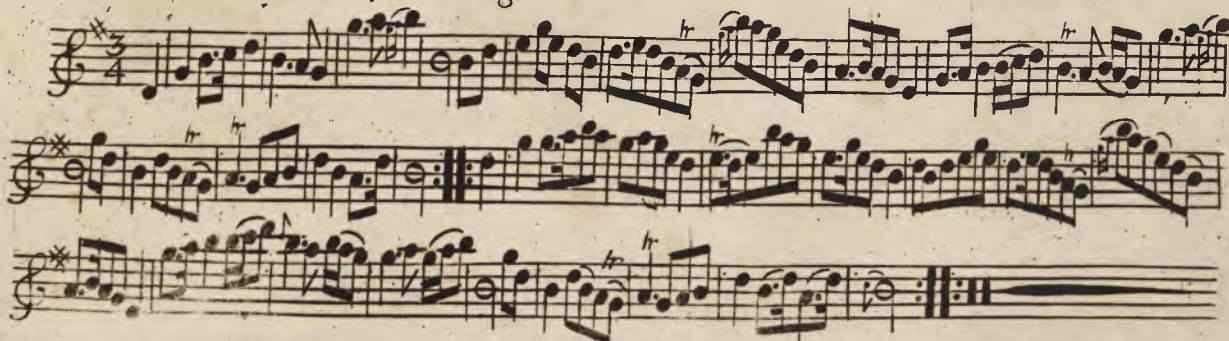
Highland Laddie



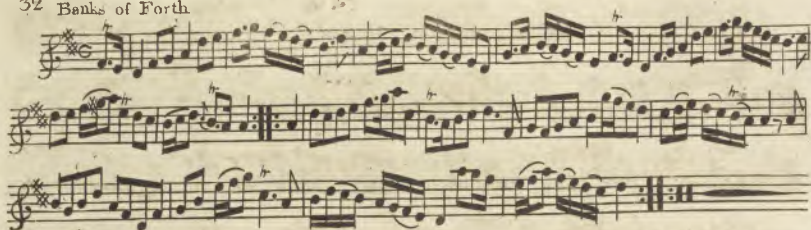
Dumbarton's Drums



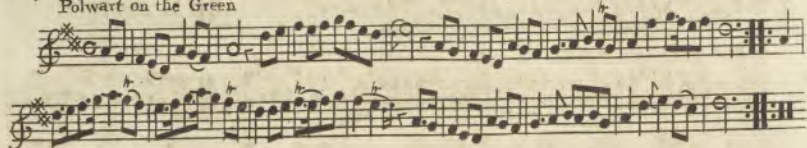
Love is the cause of my Mourning



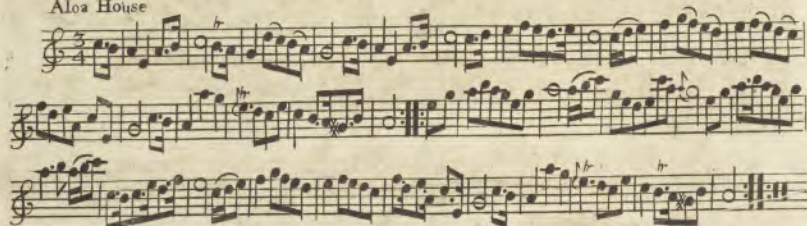
32 Banks of Forth.



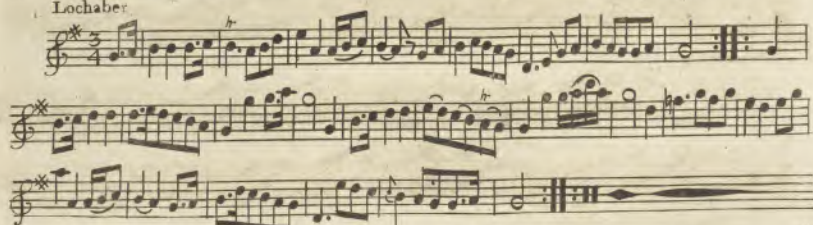
Polwart on the Green



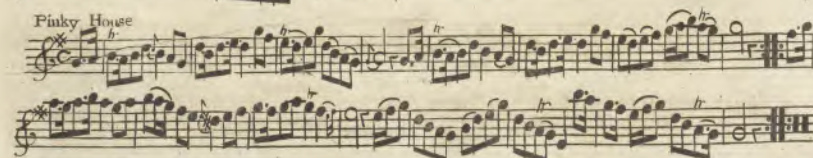
Aloa House



Lochaber



Pinky House

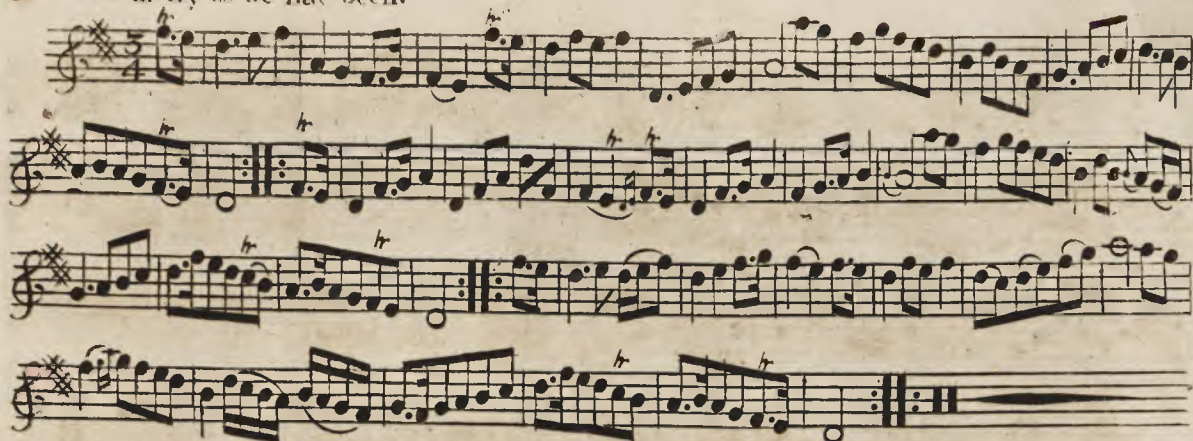


John Hay's Bonny Laisie

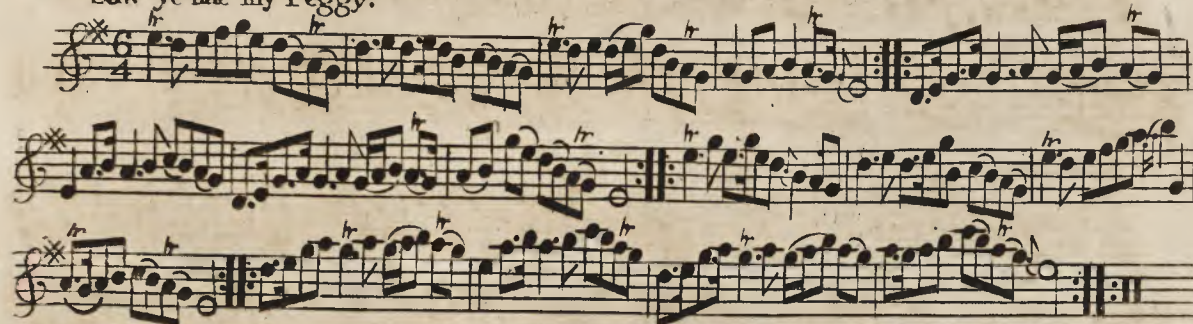


So merry as we hab been.

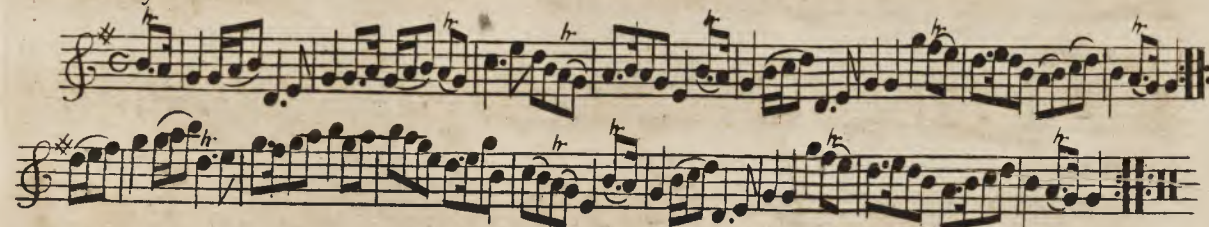
33



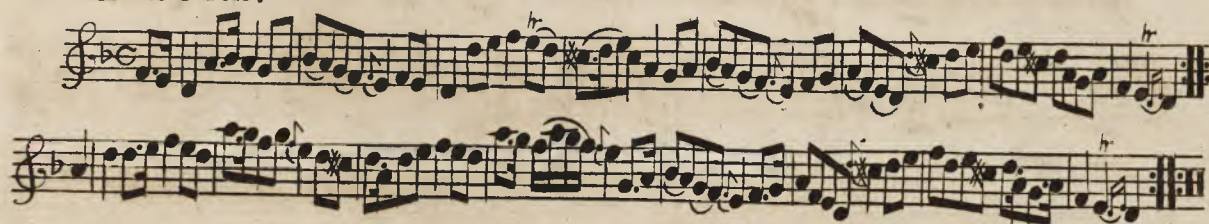
Saw ye nae my Peggy.



Bonny Jean.



Rosline Castle.



My Deary a'nt thou Die.

