



Stechard del.

Barnum sculp.

Your Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
The sheets shall never be warmed by me,
Since my true Love's forsaken me.

T B C

SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,

INTERSPERSED WITH THOSE OF

Ireland and Wales,

UNITED TO THE SONGS OF

ROBT BURNS, SIR WALTER SCOTT BART
and other distinguished Poets;

WITH
Symphonies & Accompaniments

For the
PIANO FORTE

BY
Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c.

The whole Composed for & Collected by

GEORGE THOMSON, F.A.S.E.

IN FIVE VOLUMES

Ent^d at Sta. Hall

Price 7/ 8

For the the & merry well be a . . . And dance till we be like to fa



Stoward Del.

W. H. Lazenby Sculp^r et Sculp^r

London

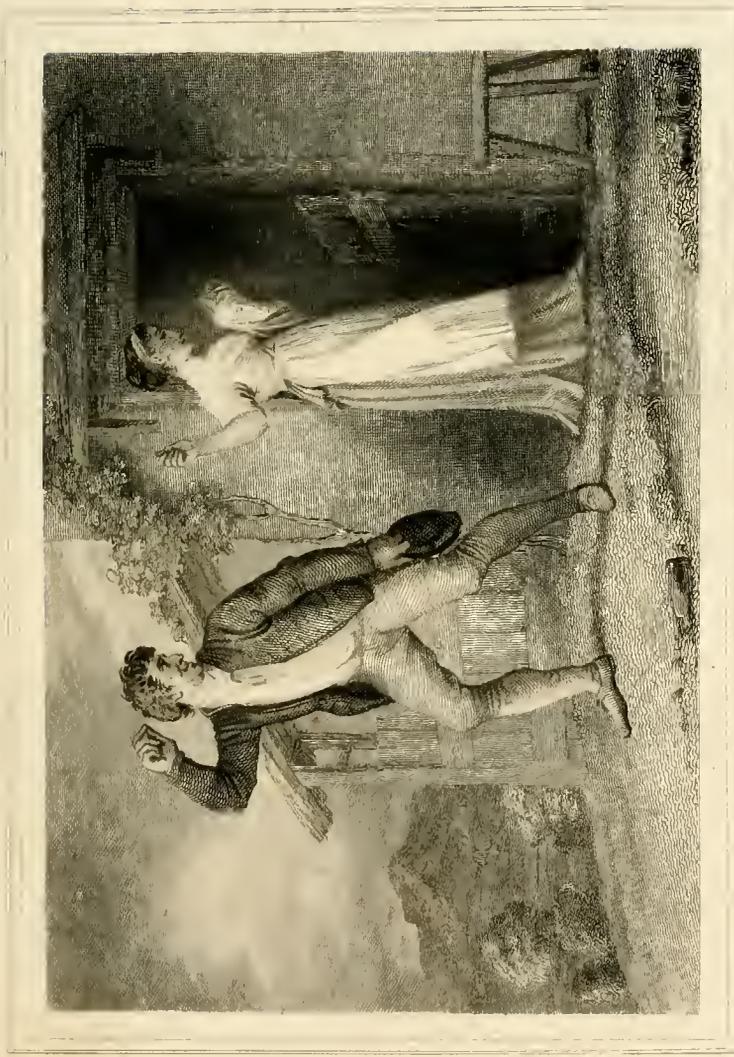
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G. Thomson

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Designed by T. Stothard, R.S.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Shall I live a fool quoth he
She may see to France for me
For a haughty hizzit die
He hit the wooling o'!

1796 & 94, 1825, by G. Thomson Edinburgh



ALLEGRETTO
PIUOSTO
VIVACE.

thou art the Lad of my heart Willy, There's love and there's life and glee; There's a

cheer in thy voice and thy bounding step and there's bliss in thy blythesome *é.e.* But

oh how my heart was tried Wil-ly, For little I thought to see; That the

Lad who won the Lass-es all, Would ever be won by me.

2^d

Adown this path we came, Willy,
 'Twas just at this hour of eve;
 And will he, or will he not, I thought
 My fluttering heart relieve:
 So oft he paused, as we saunter'd on,
 'Twas fear—and hope—and fear;
 But here at the wood, as we parting stood,
 'Twas rapture his vows to hear.

3^d

Ah vows so soft—thy vows, Willy!
 Who would not, like me, be proud!—
 Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,
 Come down from thy rosy cloud.
 Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,
 But tell thy mate alone,
 Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love,
 Is merry and light as thine own.

DUETTO
GRAZIOSO.

Ped: †

The first system of the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats. The bass staff includes a 'Ped:' marking and a fermata symbol.

The second system of the piano introduction, continuing the treble and bass staves.

1st

The first vocal line, starting with the lyrics: Be - hold my Love how green the groves, The primrose banks how fair; The

2nd

The second vocal line, starting with the lyrics: Be - hold my Love how green the groves, The primrose banks how fair; The

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, showing the treble and bass staves.

bal - my gales a - - wake the flow'rs, And wave thy flax - - en hair.

bal - my gales a - - wake the flow'rs, And wave thy flax - - en hair.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry, showing the treble and bass staves.

The lavrock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For
 The lavrock shuns the pa-lace gay, And o'er the cot-tage sings; For
 Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To shepherds as to kings.
 Na-ture smiles as sweet I ween, To shepherds as to kings.

2^d3^d

Let Minstrels sweep the skilful string,
 In Lordly lighted ha³;
 The Shepherd stops his simple reed
 Blythe in the birken shaw.
 The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi⁹ scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk white thorn.

The Shepherd in the flowery glen
 In Shepherd's phrase will woo;
 The Courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true.
 These wild wood flow'rs I've pu²d to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine:
 The Courtier's gems may witness love
 But 'tisna love like mine.

ANDANTE
CON MOFO.

pp

Cres. *p* Why

Julia say that pen - sive mien, I heard thy ho - som sigh - - ing; How

quickly on thy cheek is seen the blush as quickly fly - ing, Why mark I in thy soften'd eye, Once

with light spirit beaming; A silent tear I know not why, In trem'ulous lustre gleaming.

8^{va}

pp

Loco.

Vol: 5.

* If the Voice cannot easily reach the G, then E may be substituted.

SYMPATHY.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

WHY, Julia, say, that pensive mien ?
 I hear thy bosom sighing ;
 How quickly on thy cheek is seen
 The blush, as quickly flying !
 Why mark I, in thy soften'd eye,
 Once with light spirit beaming,
 A silent tear—I know not why,
 In tremulous lustre gleaming ?

Come, tell me all thy bosom's pain—
 Perhaps some faithless lover,—
 Nay, droop not thus, the rose with rain
 May sink, yet still recover.—
 Oh, Julia ! I my words recal,
 My thoughts too rudely guide me ;
 I see afresh thy sorrows fall,
 They seem to plead and chide me.

I, too, the secret wound have known,
 That makes existence languish,
 Links to the soul one thought alone,
 And that, a thought of anguish ;
 Forgive, forgive, an aching heart,
 That vainly hoped to cheer thee—
 These tears may tell thee, while they start,
 How all thy griefs endear thee !

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

THERES nought hut care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes :
 What signifies the life o' man
 If t'were na for the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent among the lasses.

The warldly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them ;
 And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent among the lasses.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie ;
 And warldly cares and warldly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteeie.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent among the lasses.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye'ere nought hut senseless asses ;
 The wisest man the warld saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent among the lasses.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes ;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent among the lasses.

ALLEGRO
PIUOSTO
VIVACE.

There's nought but care on ev²-ry hand, In ev²-ry hour that pass-es; What

sig-ni-fies the life of man, If 'twere na for the Lass-es.

Green grow the rash-es, Green grow the rash-es; The

sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent a-mang the Lass-es.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, Green grow the rashes; The sweet-est hours that

Green grow the rashes, Green grow the rashes; The sweet-est hours that

e'er I spent, Were spent among the Lasses.

e'er I spent, Were spent among the Lasses.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou fair--est crea--ture, Ro--sy morn now
 lifts his eye; Num--bering ev'-ry bud which Na--ture,
 Wa--ters with the tears of joy; Now to the streaming fountain, or
 up the heathy mountain, The hart hind and roe freely wild-ly wan-ton
 stray: In--twining hazel bow'rs, his lay the linnet pours; The
 lav-rock to the sky as--cends wi' sangs of joy, While the sun and thou a--
 --rise to bless the day. *p*

DE'IL TAK' THE WARS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of this most exquisite Song, was Miss LORIMER of Craigeburn,
near Moffat.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering every bud which nature
 Waters wi' the tears of joy.
 Now, to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain,
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely wildly-wanton stray:
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnet pours;
 The lavrock to the sky
 Aseends wi' sangs o' joy;
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day!

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When frae my Jeanie parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'er cast my sky:
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of beauty's light;
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart;
 'Tis then--'tis then, I wake to life and joy!

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY MISS JEAN GLOVER.

COMING thro' the craigs of Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keeping a' her ewes thegether.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her ewes thegether.

Said I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether ?

She said, I tēnt the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We sat us down upon a hank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the honny blooming heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the honnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was—o'er the muir amang the heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather,
And ay the hurden o' the sang
Was o'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne

I cou'd na think on ony ither :

By sea and sky ! she shall be mine !

The bonnie lass amang the heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather.

O'er the muir amang the heather,

By sea and sky ! she shall be mine !

The bonnie lass amang the heather !

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

BE mine a cot in some lone glen,
Around it many a hrier hush growing ;
May dewy rosehuds fragrance lend,
Among the grass sweet vi'lets blowing.
There with thee contented living,
There with thee contented living,
I'll envy not the richest gifts
In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

To shield us from the winter's storm,
An oak its lofty branches spreading,
Around the door, (the songster's haunt,)
The holly's verdure never fading.

There with thee, &c.

Our garden water'd by a stream,
Along a pehhled hed clear shining,
Round every tree that decks its hank
The woodbine and the ivy twining.

There with thee, &c.

Let others through the world toil
For honours, empty rank, and treasure,
I'm bappier in my humble cot,
My Jeanie's love my dearest pleasure.
There with thee contented living,
There with thee contented living,
I'll envy not the richest gifts
In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

ANDANTINO
PIU TOStO
ALLEGRETTO.

Coming thro' the craigs of Kyle, A-mang the bonny blooming heather; There I met a

bonny Las-sie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither. O'er the muir a-mang the heather,

O'er the muir among the heather; There I met a bonny Lassie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither.

CHORUS.

O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir among the heather, There I met a

O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir among the heather, There I met a

bon-ny Lassie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither.

bon-ny Lassie, Keeping a' her ewes the gither. *f*

ALLEGRETTO.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music is a lively, rhythmic piece with a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music continues with a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go, Will ye go will ye go;

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music continues with a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

Bon - ny Las - sie will ye go to the birks of A - - ber - - fel - - die.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music continues with a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; Come

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music continues with a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

let us spend the lightsome days, In the birks of A - ber - - fel - - - die.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music continues with a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

The seventh system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The music concludes with a final chord in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,

And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays ;

Come, let us spend the lightsome days

In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

The little birdies blythely sing,

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,

Or lightly flit on wanton wing

In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go, †

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,

The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,

O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,

The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,

White o'er the lin the burnie pours,

And rising, weets wi' misty showers

The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,

Will ye go, will ye go, †

Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee.

They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,

Supremely blest wi' love and thee

In the birks of Aberfeldy. *

* This is written in the same measure with the old Song, "The Birks of Aberfeldie," from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.

THE MAID OF ISLA,

(IMITATED FROM THE GAELIC.)

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

O MAID of Isla, from yon cliff,
 That looks on troubled wave and sky,
 Dost thou not see yon little skiff,
 Contend with ocean gallantly?
 Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
 And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
 Why does she war unequal urge?
 O Isla's Maid, she seeks her home.

O Isla's Maid, yon sea-bird mark,
 Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,
 Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
 As to the rock she wheels her way.
 Where clouds are dark and billows rave,
 Why to the shelter should she come
 Of cliff exposed to wind and wave?—
 O Maid of Isla, 'tis her home.

As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,
 Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,
 And cold as is yon wintery cliff,
 Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
 Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
 Still, Isla's Maid, to thee I come;
 For in thy love, or in his grave,
 Must Allan Vourich find his home.

ALLEGRETTO
MA CON
ESPRESSIONE.

O maid of Is - - la from yon cliff, That looks on troubled wave and sky; Dost

thou not see yon lit - tle skiff, Con - tend with o - cean gal - lant - ly; Now

beat - ing 'gainst the breeze and surge, And steep'd her lee - - ward

deck in foam; Why does she war un - - e - - qual urge, O Is - la's maid she

seeks her home.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

Las_sie art thou sleep - ing yet, Or art thou waking I would wit; For

Love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be in Jo.

O let me in this a - - e night, this a - - - e night this

a - - - e night; For pi - - ty's sake this a - - - e night, O

rise and let me in Jo.

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou waking, I would wot,
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
 Take pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pine, jo.

O let me in this ae night, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me of wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
 Gae back the gate ye came again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wanderer pours,
 Is nought to what poor she endures
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deek'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed,
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

This beautiful Song was written on Mrs BURNS.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best ;
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air.
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Added by Mr RICHARDSON for this Work.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
 Sweet blushing to the morn,
 Her breath is fresher than the bean,
 The fragrance of the thorn.
 The dew-drop in the morning sun,
 It canna match her e'en ;
 Oh ! life would hae nae joys for me,
 If 'twere na for my Jean.

Dear is the spot I saw her first,
 The grove where aft we met,
 But where I bade her last fareweel,
 That place I'll ne'er forget ;
 For there within my arms she vow'd,
 (The tear was iu her e'e,)
 That heav'n and earth, and a' wou'd change,
 Ere she prov'd fause to me !

ANDANTINO
ESPRESSIVO.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the

west; For there the bonny Lassie lives, the Las-sie I loe best; There

wild-woods grow and rivers row, And many a hill be-tween; But day and night my

fancy's flight, Is e-ver wi' my Jean. I see her in the dewy flow'rs, I

see her fresh and fair; I hear her in the tuneful birds, I hear her charm the

air; There's not a bonny flow'r that springs, By fountain shaw or green; There's

not a bon-ny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean. *p*

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

The words from the French by SIR WALTER SCOTT Bar^t.The Music composed by G. F. GRAHAM Esq^t in 1822.MODERATO
ASSAI.

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO ASSAI'. The introduction features a melodic line in the treble staff and a supporting bass line in the bass staff, with various rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "It was Du-nois the young and brave, Was bound for Pa--les--".

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "--tine, But first he made his o-ri-sons Be-fore Saint Ma-ry's".

The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "shrine. "And grant immor--tal queen of".

The fifth system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "Heav'n was still the Soldier's prayer, That I may prove the bravest".

2^d II.

knight, And love the fair—est fair; That I may prove the
bravest knight, And love the fair—est fair.

p *Cres?* *f*

2

His oath of honour on the shrine he grav'd it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy land the banner of his Lord;
Where faithful to his noble vow, his war—cry fill'd the air,
“Be honour'd ay the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair?”

3

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege—lord said,
“The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be repaid;—
“My daughter ISABEL and thou shall be a wedded pair,
“For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair?”

4

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint MARY'S shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;
And every Lord and Lady bright, that were in Chapel there,
Cried, “Honour'd be the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest fair.

The Song presented to the Editor by Joanna Baillie.

ANDANTE
 POCO
 ALLEGRETTO.

Dolce. *p* Dolce.

O swift-ly glides the
 bonny boat, Just parted from the shore; And to the Fisher's chorus note, Soft
 moves the dipping oar. His toils are borne with happy cheer, And ever may they speed, That
 feeble Age and Helpmate dear, And tender bairnies feed; We cast our lines in Largo bay, Our
 nets are floating wide. Our bonny boat with yielding sway, Rocks lightly on the
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway, Rocks lightly on the

f *p* Dolce.

CHORUS.

tide, And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And
 tide, And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And
 And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And
 And happy prove our dai-ly lot, Up--on the summer sea; And
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.
 blest on land our kindly Cot, Where all our treasures be.

Second Stanza .

The Mermaid on her rock may sing,	It safely bears its scaly store
The Witch may weave her charm,	Thro' many a stormy gale,
Nor Water-Sprite nor eldrich thing,	While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
The bonny boat can harm.	Its homeward prow to hail.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

ANDANTINO
 UN POCO
 ALLEGRETTO.

The sweetest Lad was Ja--mie, The sweet--est the
 dear--est; And weil did Jamie love me, And not a fault has he. Yet
 one he had, it spoke his praise, He knew not Wo-man's wish to teize; He
 knew not all our sil-ly ways, A---las the woe to me.

Cres. *p* Cres. *p* Cres. *p*

O WILT THOU BE MY AIN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

THE sweetest lad was Jamie,
 The sweetest, the dearest,
 And well did Jamie love me,
 And not a fault has he.—
 Yet one he had,—it spoke his praise,
 He knew not woman's wish to tease,
 He knew not all our silly ways,
 Alas! the woe to me!

For though I loved my Jamie
 Sincerely and dearly,
 Yet often when he wooed me,
 I held my head on high;
 And huff'd and toss'd with saucy air,
 And dane'd with Donald at the fair,
 And placed his ribbon in my hair—
 And Jamie!—pass'd him by.

So when the war-pipes sounded,
 Dear Jamie—he left me,
 And now some other maiden
 Will Jamie turn to woo.
 My heart will break,—and well it may,
 For who would word of pity say
 To her who threw a heart away,
 So faithful and so true.

Oh! knew he how I loved him,
 Sincerely and dearly;
 How I would fly to meet him!—
 Oh! happy were the day!
 Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,
 And tell him of my alter'd mien!
 That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
 Since Jamie went away.

THE RUN-AWAY BRIDE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

By William late offended,
 I blamed him, I allow,—
 And then my anger ended,
 And he is angry now.
 And I in turn am chided
 For what I ne'er design'd ;
 And tho' by Love misguided,
 Am called myself unkind.

So now when I am nigh him,
 My looks must coldness wear ;
 They tell me, I must fly him,
 At market and at fair ;
 Nor near the thorn tree meet him,
 At evening, I suppose,
 Nor in the morning greet him,
 As by the door he goes :

Nor at the kirk perceive him,
 But ponder on my book ;
 With downcast eyes deceive him,
 Tho' stealing oft a look.—
 Alas ! how long must Nature
 This cruel war maintain ?
 Content in every feature,
 While writhes my heart with pain ?

O William, dost thou love me ?—
 Oh ! sure I need not fear ;
 How, dearest, would it move thee
 To see this falling tear !
 Too heedless, thoughtless Lover,—
 From what thyself must feel
 Why canst thou not discover
 What Jeanie must conceal.

ANDANTINO

QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

By William late of - fend - - ed, I blam'd him I al - - low; And

then my an - - ger end - - ed, And he is an - - gry now. And

I in turn am chi - - ded, For what I ne'er de - - sign'd; And

tho' by Love mis - - guid - - ed, Am call'd my - self un - - kind.

Written for this work by J. HOGG on the Highlanders' return from Waterloo.

**SPRITOSO
E MARZIALE**

Old Scotia wake thy mountain strain, In all its wild-est splendors; And
wel-come back the lads a-gain, Your honour's dear de-fend-ers. Be
ev'ry harp and vi-ol strung, 'Till all the woodlands qua-ver; Of
many a hand your Bards have sung, But ne-ver hail'd a bra-ver.

CHORUS.
Then raise the pibroch Donald Bane, We're all in key to cheer it; And

Tenore
Basso.

Then raise the pibroch Donald Bane, We're all in key to cheer it; And

f *Cres.* *p*

Dol:

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords and a treble line with chords and some melodic fragments. The vocal line is in a tenor range. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *Cres.*, *p*, and *Dol:*. The tempo and mood are indicated as *SPRITOSO E MARZIALE*. The piece concludes with a chorus section for tenor and bass voices, with piano accompaniment.

let it be a martial strain, That Warriors hold may hear it.

let it be a martial strain, That Warriors hold may hear it.

let it be a martial strain, That Warriors hold may hear it.

f *f* *fp* *Cres.* *p*

mezzo piano. *dim Sempre.*

sem pia

pp *ancora piu piano.* *ppp*

2. 3.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes,
 As virgin voice can sound them,
 Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
 For glory kindles round them.
 Small is the remnant you will see,
 Lamented be the others!
 But such a stem of such a tree,
 Take to your arms like brothers.

CHORUS.—Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
 Strike all our glen with wonder;
 Let the chaunter yell, and the drone note swell;
 Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock,
 What wave your headlands shiver!
 Long have they stood the tempest's shock,
 Thou know'st they will for ever.
 Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view,
 Split by the wind and weather,
 Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue,
 Behind the nodding feather.

CHORUS.—O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
 Our caps to the sky we'll send them;
 Scotland, thy honour who can stain,
 Thy laurels who can rend them.

ANDANTE
RISOLUTO.

Thick - est night sur - round my dwell - ing, Howling tem - pests o'er me

rave; Turbid tor - rents wintry swel - ling, Roaring by my lone - ly Cave.

Chrysal streamlets gently flow - ing, Bu - sy haunts of base man - kind; Western

breez - es soft - ly blow - ing, Suit not my dis - tract - ed mind.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Poet here supposes Lord Strathallan giving vent to his sorrows, while he lay concealed in some cave of the Highlands after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chevalier de St GEORGE. In the Poet's Memoranda respecting Scottish songs, we find the following notice of Strathallan's Lament: "This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best hearted men living, Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, to tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*."

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave.
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heavens denied success.
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend;
 The wide world is all before us,
 But a world without a friend!

LAMENT FOR DRUMOSSIE DAY

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

AIR,—FINGAL'S LAMENT.

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
 And ay the salt tear blinds her e'e :
 Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,*
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bloody clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see :
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bloody man I trow thou be ;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

* Drumossie Muir, or Culloden Field, which proved so fatal to the Highland Clans, fighting under Prince CHARLES EDWARD STUART, against the English army commanded by the Duke of CUMBERLAND.

AFFETTUOSO
ASSAI.

The lovely lass of Inver-ness, No joy nor pleasure can she see; For

e'en and morn she cries a-las, And ay the sa't tear blinds her e'e.

Drum-ossie moor Drum-ossie day, A waefu' day it

was to me; For there I lost my father dear, My father dear and brothers three.

8

f Ped: *p* Dim:Sem: *pp*

Ped.

ALLEGRETTO.

Now bank and brae are cloth'd in green, And
 scat-ter'd cowslips sweetly spring; By Gir-van's fai-ry haunted stream, The
 bir-dies flit on wanton wing. To Cassil's banks when ev'ning fa's, There
 with my MA-RY let me flee; There catch her il-ka glance of love, The
 bon-ny blink o' MA-RY'S e'e.

I CANNA COME ILKA DAY TO WOO.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
 And scattered cowslips sweetly spring;
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's,
 There with my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e.

The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' my ain,
 Ah, Fortune eanna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The following Song was written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the Poet had been engaged with some friends.

On Ettrick forest's mountains dun,
 'Tis blythe to bear the sportman's gun,
 And seek the heath-frequenting brood
 Far through the noon-day solitude;
 By many a cairn and trenched mound,
 Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
 And springs, where grey-hair'd shepherds tell,
 That still the Fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
 'Tis blythe the minnie fly to lead,
 When to the hook the salmon springs,
 And the line whistles through he rings;
 The boiling eddy see him try,
 Then dashing from the current high,
 'Till watchful eye and cautious hand
 Have led his wasted strength to land.

'Tis blythe along the *midnight* tide,
 With stalwart arm the boat to guide;
 On high the dazz'ling blaze to rear,
 And heedful plunge the barbed spear;
 Rock, wood, and seaur, emerging bright,
 Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
 And from the bank our band appears
 Like Genii, armed with fiery spears.

'Tis blythe at eve to tell the tale
 How we succeed, and how we fail,
 Whether at ALWYN'S * lordly meal,
 Or lowlier board of Ashsteel; †
 While the gay tapers cheerly shine,
 Bickers the fire, and flows the wine,—
 Days free from thought and nights from care,
 My blessing on the forest fair.

* *Alwyn*, the seat of Lord Sommerville.

† *Ashsteel*, the Poet's residence at the time.

MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw ;
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

My father put me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disown'd me a' ;
But I ha'e anc will take my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will clead the birken shaw ;
And a' my tears be tears of joy,
When he comes hame that's far awa.

ENGLISH VERSES FOR THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND, ESQ.

THE hour is come, the cherish'd hour,
When from the busy world set free,
I seek at length my lonely bower,
And muse in silent thought on thee.

And, oh, how sweet to know, that still,
Tho' fate has torn us widely far,
The self same thought our minds can fill,
Our eyes yet seek the self same star.

The constant Dove, where'er by day
Through fields of air his pinions rove,
Still seeks, when day-light dies away,
The shelter of his native grove.

So at the sweet and soothing hour,
Whatever scenes I turn to see,
My heart, its joyless wanderings o'er,
Returns unalter'd still to thee.

Some rude hand from its wonted course
The magnet may a while detain ;
No sooner rescued from the force,
It trembles to its point again.

Thus, tho' the tedious world may hold
My fetter'd thoughts a while from thee ;
To thee they spring, when uncontroll'd,
In all the warmth of Liberty.

ANDANTINO
POCO
ALLEGRETTO.

Ped: Dolce.

O how can I be blythe and glad, Or how can I gang

brisk and braw; When the bonie lad that I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and

Sym:

far a - - wa'.

Ped:

Its no the fros - - ty

win - ter wind, Its no the dri - ving drift and snaw; But ay the tear comes

in my e'e, To think on him that's far a - - wa'.

Ped:

20. THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN. Beethoven.

ALLEGRO CON SPIRITO.

Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And
 let's be merry and mellow, And let us have one bottle more; When warm the heart is flowing, &
 bright the Fancy glowing; Oh shame on the Dolt would be going, Nor tarry for one bottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And
 Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And
 Come fill fill my good fellow, Fill high high my good fellow; And

let's be merry and mellow, And let us have "one bottle more.
 let's be merry and mellow, And let us have one bottle more.
 let's be merry and mellow, And let us have one bottle more.

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THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS
AYONT YON GLEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

COME fill, fill, my good fellow,
Fill high, high, my good fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,
 And let us have one bottle more.
When warm the heart is flowing,
And bright the fancy glowing,
Oh shame on the dolt would he going,
 Nor tarry for one hottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,
Fill high, high, my good fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,
 And let us have one bottle more.

My Heart, let me hut lighten,
And Life, let me hut brighten,
And Care, let me hut frighten—
 He'll fly us with one hottle more.
By day, tho' he confound me,—
When friends at night have found me
There's Paradise around me,
 But let me have one hottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,
Fill high, high, my good fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,
 And let us have one hottle more.

So now, here's to the Lasses,
See—see, while the toast passes,
How it lights up our beaming glasses,
 Encore—to the Lasses—encore.
We'll toast the welcome greeting
Of hearts in union heating,—
And oh! for our next merry meeting,
 Huzza then for one hottle more.

CHORUS.

Come fill, fill, my good fellow,
Fill high, high, my good fellow,
And let's be merry and mellow,
 And let us have one bottle more.

WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBBIT.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

OH! was I to blame to love him!
 Oh! was I to blame to love him!
 So gallant, so kind,—
 I could not be blind,—
 I was not to blame to love him.

My heart it may break with sorrow,
 My heart it may break with sorrow,
 'Tis lost for his sake,
 No complaint will I make,
 My heart it may break with sorrow.

Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
 Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
 Like me to your sight
 It fades with the blight,
 Yet blame not the love or the blossom.

O pride of my heart! I love thee,
 O pride of my heart! I love thee;
 The zephyr,—the sky,
 May alter—not I,—
 I was not to blame to love thee.

ALLEGRETTO
GRAZIOSO.

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The music features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *sf* (sforzando) in both hands.

Oh was I to blame to love him, Oh was I to blame to

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

love him; So gallant so kind I could not be blind, I was not to blame to

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

love him. My heart it may break with sorrow, My heart it may break with

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

sorrow; 'Tis lost for his sake, No complaint will I make, My heart it may break with sorrow.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The piano part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

Piano conclusion in G major, 6/8 time. The music features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *sf* (sforzando) in both hands.

The Words written for this work by W. Smyth Esq.

**ALLELEGRO
PIUOSTO
VIVACE.**

First Voice,
O let me Mu - sic hear, Night and day!

Let the voice and let the Lyre, Dis - solve my heart my spir - its fire;

Mu - sic and I ask no more, Night and day.

SECOND VOICE.

Hence with this colder world,
Hence adieu!
Give me, give me but the while,
The brighter Heav'n of Ellen's smile;
Love—and then I ask no more,
Oh would you?

THIRD VOICE.

Hence with this world of Care,
I say too!
Give me but the blissful dream,
That mingles in the goblet's gleam;
Wine—and then I ask no more,
What say you?

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FIRST VOICE . 4th Verse.

Music may gladden Wine,
What say you!
Tendrils of the laughing Vine,
Around the Myrtle well may twine;
Both may grace the Lyre divine,
What say you?

SECOND VOICE .

What if we all agree,
What say you!
I will list the Lyre with thee,
And he shall dream of love like me;
Brighter than the Wine will be,
What say you?

CHORUS FOR THE THREE VOICES.

Love Music Wine agree, True true true! Round then round the glass the glee, And

Love Music Wine agree, True true true! Round then round the glass the glee, And

Love Music Wine agree, True true true! Round then round the glass the glee, And

Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true.

Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true.

Ellen in our toast shall be; Music Wine and Love agree, True true true.

Cres. Cres. Dim.

ALLEGRETTO.

Come fetch to me a pint of wine, And fill it in a sil-ver tassie; That

I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice to my bon-ny las-sie.

The boat rocks at the pier of Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows

frae the fer-ry; The ship rides by the Ber-wick law, And

I must leave my bon-ny Ma-ry.

THE OLD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

COME, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonny lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody:
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wou'd make me longer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

JACOBITE SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

Presented to the Editor in Manuscript, by a Friend who wrote it, and now first published—1825.

SWEET carols wake the blythe at Yule,*
 To pleasing past and happy morrow;
 To me they only tell of dule,
 My absent Love,—and ceaseless sorrow:
 For he is far beyond the sea,
 That gain'd my heart at life's young dawin;
 When muster'd at the brig o' Dee,
 He was the pride of a' the shawin.

For Charlie's cause, the rose of white
 Wav'd graceful in his highland bonnet;
 Had Scotland's crown been Valour's right,
 Allan for Charlie would have won it.
 At Prestonpans he foremost stood,
 He fell not at the Carlisle mellay,
 And ay his heart and hand held good,
 Till drear Culloden left nae rally.

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The ship was rocking in the river,
 When to his bursting bosom prest,
 We tore ourselves apart for ever!
 Sweet carols wake the blythe at Yule,
 To pleasing past and happy morrow,
 To me they only tell of dule,
 My absent Love, and ceaseless sorrow.

* In Edinburgh, a set of humble Minstrels occasionally perambulate the streets during part of the night, and perform Scottish airs upon wind instruments; they are commonly called *Waits*, and at Christmas they generally receive a small douceur from the principal inhabitants.

BONNY LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A JACOBITE BALLAD.

WHERE ha'e ye been a' day,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie ;
 Saw ye him that's far away,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie ?
 On his head a honnet blue,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Tartan plaid and highland trews,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

When he drew his gude braid sword,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Then he gave his royal word,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 But wi' his friends wou'd live or die,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Weary fa' the lawland loon,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Wha took frae him the British crown,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie ;
 But blessings on the kilted clans,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 That fought for him at Prestonpans,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Deil cock him gin he bide there,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Weel ye ken it is his own,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I ha'e to tcll,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Cumberland's awa to ——
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 When he came to the Stygian shore,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 The deil himsel wi' fright did roar,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They put him then upon a speet,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 And roasted him baith head and feet,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Charon grim came out to him,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 He tow'd him o'er wi' curse and han,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Whiles he sank, and whiles he swam,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

On him they put a philabeg,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 And in his lug they ram'd a peg,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 How he did skip and he did roar,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 The deils ne'er saw sic fun before,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They took him neist to Satan's ha',
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 There to lilt wi' his grand papa,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 Says Cumberland I'll no gang ben,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 For fear I meet wi' Charlie's men,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

O nought of that ye ha'e to fear,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 For fient a ane o' them comes here,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 Riving sticks to roast the duke,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They clapp'd him in an iron chair,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie,
 And fast in chains they bound him there,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.
 And ay they kept it hot below,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie
 Wi' peats and divots frae Glencoe,
 Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

NOTE.—No one, who has not lived in Scotland, can form an idea of the detestation in which the name of the Duke of Cumberland was held in this country, after the battle of Culloden; not only by all who were connected with the gallant followers of Prince Charles, but by the liberal and humane of the other party, whose feelings led them to sympathize with the many unhappy individuals who, long after the battle had ceased, were sacrificed to the bloodthirsty rage of the victor.

ALLEGRETTO
QUASI
VIVACE.

Introduction for piano, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Where ha'e ye been a' day, Bon-nie lad-die, highland laddie; Saw ye him that's

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *p*.

far a-way, Bonnie laddie, highland laddie, On his head a bonnet blue, Bonnie laddie,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. Dynamics include *fp* and *f p*.

highland laddie, Tartan plaid and highland trews, Bonnie laddie, highland laddie.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. Dynamics include *f*, *p Cres.*, and *f*.

Conclusion for piano, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *pp*, and *f*.

The Song, the Sym^y and the Accom^y new, and here first publish'd 1822.

ANDANTE
GRAZIOSO.

O mount and go, Mount and make you
O mount and go, Mount and make you
rea_dy; O mount and go, And be a Sol_dier's La_dy.
rea_dy; O mount and go, And be a Sol_dier's La_dy.
By the trumpet's sound, And the cannons rat_tle, Monarchs
By the trumpet's sound, And the cannons rat_tle, Monarchs
hold their crowns, And brave men rule the bat_tle. O
Espress. O

The musical score is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The lyrics are: 'mount and go, Mount and make you ready, O' and 'mount and go, And be a Soldier's Lady.' The piano part features a prominent melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

2^d
 O bid at hame,
 Bide at hame my dearie,
 Sore sore I've sigh'd
 And sobb'd 'till I am weary.
 I hear trumpets sound,
 In ny chamber sleeping,
 I hear orphans' cries,
 And many Widows weeping.

O bid at hame, &c.

3^d

O mount and go,
 Where the flags are streaming;
 O mount' and go,
 And see the helmets gleaming.
 Hear the Captains shout,
 See heroic Honour,
 Thron'd mid cannon smoke,
 With Kings to wait upon her.
 O mount and go, &c.

Vol: 5.

4th
 O bid at hame,
 Bide at hame my dearie,
 I've dream'd a dream
 That makes me sad and eerie.
 High I saw thy plume
 O'er the war-smoke sailing,
 Low I saw it fall
 And heard thy Captains wailing.

O bid at hame, &c.

5th

Proud, proud he bowed,
 Bowed, and went in sorrow;
 Long, long she look'd
 Noon and Night and Morrow.
 Streams shall cease to flow,
 Suns shall cease to warm her,
 Ere her Love returns
 To cheer her and to charm her.
 Proud, proud he bowed, &c.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM:

ANDANTE
CON MOTO ED
ESPRESSIVO.

A highland lad my Love was born, The law-land laws he held in scorn; But he

still was faith-ful to his clan, My gal-lant braw John Highlandman. With his

phi-la-beg, and tar-tan plaid, And gude claymore down by his side; The

la-dies hearts he did tre-pan, My gal-lant braw John High-land-man.

Soprano 2^{do} or alto an 8^{ve} higher. Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman, There's

Tenore. Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman,

Basso. Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman, There's

Sing hey for braw John Highlandman, Sing ho for braw John Highlandman, There's

not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

There's not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for our John Highlandman.

p *legati.* *Dol.*

2.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like Lords and Ladies gay,
For a lowland face he feared nane
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran
Embracing my John Highlandman.

CHORUS Sing hey &c.

Vol: 5.

3.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast,
My curse upon them ev'ry one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
And now a Widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

CHORUS Sing hey &c.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DUET.

1st
2d

Be—hold the hour the boat ar—rive, Thou goest thou darling of my heart; Ah! sever'd from
Be—hold the hour the boat ar—rive, Thou goest thou darling of my heart; Ah! sever'd from

thee can I sur—vive, But fate has will'd and we must part. I'll of—ten greet this
thee can I sur—vive, But fate has will'd and we must part. I'll of—ten greet this

surging swell, You distant Isle will of—ten hail; E'en here I took the last fare—
surging swell, You distant Isle will of—ten hail; E'en here I took the last fare—

—well, There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.
—well, There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

ORAN GAOIL.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart :
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part !
 I'll often greet this surging swell ;
 Yon distant isle will often hail ;
 " E'en *here*, I took the last farewell ;
 " *There*, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While fitting sea-fowls round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me !

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

THE WORDS

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The AIR by Mr A. BALLANTYNE.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments by Mr G. F. GRAHAM.

First Published in 1822.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnished holly's all too bright ;
 The May-flower and the eglantine,
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine,
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,
 To patriot and to sage be due ;
 The myrtle hough bids lovers live,
 But that MATILDA will not give :
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
 Let Albin bind her honnet blue,
 With heath and hair-bell dipped in dew ;
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green,—
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
 And, while his crown of laurel leaves
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
 But when you hear the passing bell,
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
 And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;
 But O, MATILDA, twine not now.
 Stay till a few brief months are past
 And I have looked and lived my last !
 When villagers my shroud bestrew
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
 And weave it of the cypress tree.

The Sym: & Accomp^t by M^r G. F. Graham.First pub^d in 1822.

ADAGIO.

First system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking *p* and a fermata over a note.

Second system of musical notation, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "La-dy twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cy-press tree; Too"

Third system of musical notation, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "live-ly glows the li-ly's light, The var-nish'd hol-ly's all too bright."

Fourth system of musical notation, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The May-flow'r and the e-glantine, May shade a brow less sad than mine; But"

Fifth system of musical notation, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "La-dy weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the cy-press tree."

ANDANTINO
GRAZIOSO
CON
ESPRESSIONE.

En_chantress farewell who so oft has decoy'd me, At the close of the
 ev'ning through woodlands to roam; Where the Fo_ rest_er la_ted with
 wonder espied me, Seek out the wild scene he was
 quit_ting for home. Fare_well and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking, The
 lan_guage alternate of rapture and woe; Oh none but some Lo_ver whose
 heart strings are breaking, The pang that I feel at our part_ing can know.

K I N L O C H.

The following FAREWELL TO THE MUSE was written for this work
during illness,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The AIR composed by GEORGE KINLOCH, Esq. of Kinloch.

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening, through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Seek out the wild scenes he was quitting, for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe ;
Oh! none hut some lover whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou could'st double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,
What voice was like thine that could sing of to-morrow,
'Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day !
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waneing,
The grief, Queen of numbers, thou can'st not assuage ;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold gohlet in vain.
As vain those enchantments, O Queen of wild numbers,
To a hard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell then, Enchantress!—I meet thee no more.

GANG TO THE KYE WI' ME MY LOVE.

THE VERSES PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR IN MANUSCRIPT.

BY THE AUTHOR,

THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

And first published in 1822.

For this beautiful Melody the Editor is indebted to the politeness of Mr SHIELD, the celebrated English composer, in whose Appendix to the Introduction to Harmony it first appeared—Mr S. appreciates it so highly, as to think it sufficient to enhance the value of the most voluminous collection.—It differs much from a Scottish air which the Editor has met with bearing a similar name, and is vastly superior to it.

THE soothing shades of gloaming
 With gladsome heart I see,
 When by the streamlet roaming,
 To meet, my Love, with thee.
 Oh, then, each flow'ret closing
 Seems fairer than by day ;
 It tells, by its reposing,
 Thou wilt not long delay.

Each bird its vesper singing,
 Delights my listening ear ;
 It tells the hour is bringing
 My lovely Mary here.
 Methinks more brightly beaming,
 The stars look from above ;
 Each like a fond eye gleaming
 With joy to see my Love.

O come then, Love, nor linger,
 For day has gone to rest ;
 And night, with dewy finger,
 The woods in grey has drest :
 The moon has sought the fountain,
 Thy shadowy form to see,
 And the cloudlet on the mountain,
 A curtain spreads for thee.

31. GANG TO THE KYE WIP ME MY LOVE.

The Sym^d Accom^t and Words new 1822.

SEMPLICE
PASTORALE.

p *f*

The soothing shades of gloam_ing, With glad_some heart I see; When

by the stream_let roam_ing, To meet, my love, with thee. Oh!

then each flow'ret clos_ing, Seems fair_er than by day; It

tells by its re_pos_ing, Thou wilt not long de_lay.

Cres:

fz

The Verses by G. Thomson.

ANDANTE
CON
ESPRESSONE.

Poor flutt'ring heart ah! wilt thou ne'er, Thy master's burden learn to bear! Ah,

cru-el Mem'ry why re-trace The an-gel fea-tures of that face.

Those eyes that could a wound impart More fa-tal than a foeman's dart, Which

ends at once the painful strife That he who loves en-dures through life.

* Take A if G is found too high.

2^d

My MARY was the sweetest rose,
That in Love's beauteous garden grows;
Her form, her mien, her soul so pure
Enchanted me beyond all cure:
So graceful, artless, modest, mild,
She ev'ry eye and heart beguil'd;
Yet blush'd to meet th' admiring gaze
Of all who sought to speak her praise.

3^d

Through sleepless nights in vain I strove
To quench the flame of ardent love:
In vain I tried to shun her sight,—
To seek my lost repose in flight!
My falt'ring tongue full soon reveal'd
The truth my eyes had ill conceal'd;
And in the bower, at eve's decline,
I trembling ask'd her to be mine.

4th

What rapture fill'd my throbbing breast,
When she a mutual flame confest!
I envied not the honours won
By Britain's far-fam'd WELLINGTON.—
Ah, wretched me,—our bridal day
Beheld her changed to lifeless clay!
And joy has ever, ever fled
From ev'ry spot on which I tread.

The Sym^l and Accom^t new and first pub^d in 1822.

ANDANTINO
CON MOTO.

But late-ly seen in gladsome green, The woods rejoic^d the day; Through

gen-tle showers the laughing flowers, In double pride were gay. Through

gen-tle showers the laughing flowers, In double pride were gay.

GIL MORRICE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Editor thinking the Melody of GIL MORRICE more suitable to these beautiful verses of BURNS, than that before attached to them, has here united the one to the other; along with new Symphonies and an Accompaniment by KOZELUCH, now first published, 1822.

BUT lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay.—*Through gentle, &c.*

Tho' now all Nature's sweets are fled*
On winter blasts awa';
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.—*Yet maiden, &c.*

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.—*My trunk, &c.*

Oh! age has weary, weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again!—*Thou golden, &c.*

SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY MR MOORE.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah, how swift they flew!
The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the spirit there.

* In the Author's copy the 5th line of this stanza is, "But now our joys are fled," which, being too short for the Air, the Editor has taken the liberty of altering as above.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan ;
 Alas ! it increases my pain,
 When I think on the days that are gone.
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air ;
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair !

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes ;
 Though Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those !
 False woman ! in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be ;
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me !

Ye roofs ! where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell !
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 " O Mary prepare thee to die !"
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

AFFETTUOSO.

I sigh and la_ment me in vain, These walls can but e_cho my

moan; A__las! it in_creases my pain, When I think of the

days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my prison I see, The

birds as they wan__ton in air; My heart how it pants to be

free, My looks they are wild with des__pair.

With new Verses written in 1822.

VIVACE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/8 time. The right hand features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

A round this fes-tive ta-ble, That smiles with La-dies gay, Who's

he that is not a-ble To steal from Care a-way. 'Tis

not a fault in you Sir, And ne'er was fault of mine, To

fail in ho-nour due Sir To Mirth and Love and Wine.

The piano conclusion features a final flourish in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

RATTLING ROARING WILLY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, IN 1822,

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

AROUND this festive table
 That smiles with Ladies gay,
 Who's he that is not able
 To steal from care away.
 'Tis not a fault in you, Sir,
 And ne'er was fault of mine,
 To fail in honour due, Sir,
 To Mirth, and Love, and Wine.

How often have I found thee,
 Thou kind and social bowl,
 When clouds have darken'd round me,
 A sunshine to my soul.
 And Love ! that still hast ruled me
 From Youth's first dawning day,
 Though often thou hast fooled me,
 How blest has been thy sway.

What charm to Love is second,—
 'Tis generous Friendship thine ;
 The sweetest mixture reckon'd,
 To make the cup divine.
 Then Ladies, thus invited,
 Come pledge me Ladies gay,
 Drink Friendship, Love, united,
 Or singly, as you may.

We are not always meeting,
 We are not always gay,
 Life's pleasures are but fleeting,
 Enjoy them while we may.
 For sure 'tis no great treason,
 With Beauty, Mirth, and Wine,
 To steal an hour from reason
 And make one night divine.

AIKENDRUM.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

IN 1822.

A wooer came to our town,
 To our town, to our town,
 His beard was black, bis boots brown,
 And gaily did be come.
 His garb was good grey hodden,
 His bonnet was a broad one,
 And ay bis bead gaed noddin,—
 His name was Aikendrum.

He bowed fu' laigh at our door,
 At our door, at our door,
 Came ben, and stood on our floor,
 All motionless and dumb.
 He gaped and glower'd on Nannie,
 Till up got Madge, our grannie,
 "Lord, carle, are ye cannie?"
 'Mang maids, quo' Aikendrum.

He sighed and praised my sma' waist,
 My round waist, my jimp waist,
 My lips he would right fain taste,
 But doughtna closer come.
 Frae words he came to daffin,
 But sic a fit o' coughin!
 I couldna keep frae laughin,
 At ancient Aikendrum.

"O gin ye'll come to our town,
 "To our town, to our town,
 "Ye'll ay be queen of our town,
 "Then busk, my bride, and come.
 "Wi' steed, and siller bridle,
 "And gowd on your side-saddle,—
 "Through gifts and grace a cradle,"
 Sigbed gallant Aikendrum.

'There came a lad to my bower,
 'To my bower, to my bower;
 'A bonnie lad, a quiet bour
 'Work like a spell wi' some.
 'But, commend me to the cattle,
 'Who clink down current metal,—
 "There be charms in sign and settle,"
 Quo' sicker Aikendrum.

There's wit aneath his grey bair,
 His grey bair, his grey hair,
 To gather gowd, and make mair,—
 He still said Nannie come.
 His bead all bald and hoary,
 He wav'd in all its glory,
 Laid lands and bonds afore me,
 —I've wedded Aikendrum.

LIGHT AND PLAYFUL.

p *Cres:*

f *A*

woo_er came to our town, To our town to our town; His
 heard was black his boots brown, And gai_ly did he come.
 His garb was good grey hod_den, His bon_net was a broad one; And
 ten.
 ay his head gaed nod_din, His name was Aik_en_drum.

p *f*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of ten systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *Cres:* (crescendo). There are also performance instructions like 'LIGHT AND PLAYFUL.' and 'A' (Allegretto). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ANDANTINO
AMOROSO
MA CON
FORZA.

Come busk you gal-lant-

-- lie, Busk and make you ready; Maid-en busk and

come, And he a Sai-lor's La-dy.

The foamy ocean's ours, From Hebride to Ha--

-- vannah; And thoushalt be my Queen, And reign upon it Anna.

Cres: sf sf

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

THE WORDS BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE MUSIC BY G. F. GRAHAM.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1822.

~~~~~

COME busk you gallantlic,  
 Busk and make you ready,  
 Maiden, busk and come,  
 And be a sailor's lady.  
 The foamy ocean's ours,  
 From Hebride to Havannah,  
 And thou shalt be my queen,  
 And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonny ship,  
 So stately and so steady;  
 Thou shalt be my queen,  
 And she maun be my lady:  
 The west wind in her wings,  
 The deep sea all in motion,  
 Away she glorious goes,  
 And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,  
 From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon,  
 The Bourbon flowers grow pale  
 When I hang out my pennon;  
 I'll win thee gold and gems,  
 With pike and cutlass clashing,  
 With all my broad sails set,  
 And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see  
 The golden islands glowing,  
 Come with me and hear  
 The flocks of India lowing;  
 Thy fire shall be of spice,  
 The dews of eve drop manna,  
 Thy chamber floor of gold,  
 And men adore thee, Anna.

## LOW GERMANIE.

THE WORDS BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE MUSIC BY G. F. GRAHAM.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1822.

As I sail'd past green Jura's isle,  
 Among the waters lone,  
 I head a voice—a sweet low voice,  
 Atween a sigh and moan :  
 With ae babe at her bosom, and  
 Another at her knec,  
 A woman wail'd the bloody wars  
 In Low Germanie.  
 Oh woe unto these cruel wars  
 That ever they began,  
 For they have swept my native isle  
 Of many a gallant man :  
 For first they took my brethren twain,  
 Then wiled my love frae me.  
 Woe, woe unto the cruel wars  
 In Low Germanie !  
 Oh, say, ye maidens, have ye scen,  
 When swells the battle cry,  
 A stately youth with bonnet blue,  
 And feather floating high,—  
 An eye that flashes fierce for all,  
 But ever mild to me ?—  
 Oh that's the lad who loves me best  
 In Low Germanie.  
 Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,  
 And cittern sweeter far,—  
 Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,  
 And horses rush to war ;  
 The blythest at the banquet board,  
 And first in war is he,  
 The bonny lad whom I love best  
 In Low Germanie.  
 I sit upon the high green land,  
 When mute the waters lie,  
 And think I see my true-love's sail  
 Atween the sea and sky.  
 With ae bairn at my bosom, and  
 Another at my knec,  
 I sorrow for my soldier lad  
 In Low Germanie.

LENTO  
ED  
ESPRESSIVO.

As I sailed past green Jura's isle, A\_mong the waters lone; I

heard a voice a sweet low voice, A\_tween a sigh and moan.

With ae .babe at her ho\_som, And an\_oth\_er at her

knee; A Wo\_man wailed the bloody wars, In low German\_ie; A

Wo\_man wailed the bloody wars, In low German\_ie.

With new Verses written for this work by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The Sym<sup>y</sup> and harmony also new, and first publ<sup>d</sup> in 1822.ALLEGRETTO  
SCHERZANDO.

And we're a' nod-din nid nid noddin, An' we're a' noddin at our house at hame; And we're

a' nod-din nid nid noddin, And we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Our gude--wife's a--wa, now's the hour to woo, For the lads like lasses, and the

lasses lads too: The moon's beaming bright, And the gow--an's in dew, And my

Love's by my side and we're a' hap -- py now.

Soprano. CHORUS.

And we're a' nod - din nid nid noddin, And we're a' noddin at

Tenor and Bass.

And we're a' nod - din nid nid noddin, And we're a' noddin at

*p*

1<sup>st</sup> time. 2<sup>d</sup> time.

our house at hame, And we're our house at hame.

our house at hame, And we're our house at hame.

*p*

*f*

2<sup>d</sup>

And we're a' noddin &c.  
 I have wale of Loves,  
 Nannie rich and fair,  
 Bessie brown and bonnie,  
 And Kate wi' curling hair;—  
 And Bell young and proud  
 Wi' gold aboon her brow,  
 But my Jean has twa e'en  
 That glow'r me thro' and thro'.  
 CHO: And we're a' noddin &c.

3<sup>d</sup>

And we're a' noddin &c.  
 Sair she slights the lads,  
 Three lie like to die,  
 Four in sorrow listed,  
 And five flew to the sea;  
 Nigh her chamber door,  
 A' night they watch in deol,  
 Ae kind word frae my love  
 Wou'd charm frae Yule to Yule.  
 CHO: And we're a' noddin &c.

4<sup>th</sup>

And we're a' noddin &c.  
 Our gudewife's come hame  
 Now mute maun I woo,  
 My true Love's bright glances  
 Shine a' the chamber thro'.  
 O sweet is her voice  
 When she sings at her wark,  
 Sweet the touch of her hand  
 And her vows in the dark.  
 CHO: And we're a' noddin &c.

## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

The Words written for this work by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.  
 The Sym<sup>s</sup> & Harmony by R. A. SMITH. — First published in 1822.

CON.  
SPIRITO.

Here's to the lake and the hill and the heath—er, The

kilt and the plaid and the bon—net and feath—er, The

dirk the clay—more and the mar—tial pipe charm—ing, The

clans to the dance, and the charge, and the storm—ing.

Soprano 1<sup>st</sup>  
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

Soprano 2<sup>d</sup>  
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

Tenore.  
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

Bass.  
Lads who cry on-ward but ne-ver cry par-ley, Bold high-land lads wi' their

bannocks of bar-ley.

bannocks of bar-ley.

bannocks of bar-ley.

bannocks of bar-ley.

2<sup>d</sup>

In Brussels of late, when the wine-cup was glowing,  
The trump sung at midnight, when music was flowing,  
Bold Murat's plume waved n'er his war horses foaming,  
And, Britain, he shouted, "thy day's at the gloaming"  
Who was't cried, Scotland! and rushed on them rarely.—  
Who, but the lads wi' their bannocks o' barley.

3<sup>d</sup>

And France, when thy best blood was flowing like water,  
Amid the fierce onset, the chase, and the slaughter,  
When matrons were wailing, and maidens were weeping,  
And Death the rich harvest of heroes was reaping;—  
Who spared thee at Laon, and saved thee at Marli?  
Who, but the lads wi' their bannocks o' barley.

4<sup>th</sup>

Merry are they as the bird of the forest,  
Steadfast are they when the trial is sorest,  
Their pipes playing loudly, their flags flying gaily,  
Success like the Sun comes and shines on them daily.  
On all whn gainsay them the raven feeds rarely,  
Here's to the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

5<sup>th</sup>

Think ye I dare not step prouder and prouder,  
Wake a martial strain more, and sing louder and louder,  
Of Cluny, Clanranald, Glengary and Airley,  
Lochiel, and the lads who drew Claymores for Charlie,  
They fought as none fnght, they rued it as sairly,  
So here's to the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

# Select Irish & Welsh MELODIES

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Beethoven.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO  
GRAZIOSO.

By the side of the Shan-non was



laid a young Lo-ver, I hate this dull ri-ver he fret-ful-ly cried; Yon



tempest is coming, this wil-low my co-ver, How sul-try the air, not a



Sym:

zephyr he sigh'd. Go Bee! get a long, why so  
 idly remaining, For here are no roses thou troublesome thing, Peace  
 Nightingale peace to that dit-ty-com-plain-ing, Oh can it be thus that those  
 Nightingales sing.

2<sup>d</sup>

But now a light form, with a smile archly playing,  
 All beaming in beauty, before him appear'd—  
 "O Ellen!" he cried, "why thus strangely delaying,  
 "My dearest, my Ellen,—what have I not fear'd?"  
 And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,  
 The bee flew unchided the blossoms among,  
 The sky was serene, and the zephyrs soft blowing,  
 And oh! how enchanting the nightingale's song.

Irish.

ALLEGRO  
SCHERZANDO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Morning a cruel turmoiler is, Banishing ease and re-pose; Noon day a roaster and broil-er is,

How we pant under his nose! Ev'ning for lover's soft measures, Sighing and begging a boon;

But the blythe season for pleasures, Laughing, lies under the moon. Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flanagan,

Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt, Murther, replenish our can again, Up with your heart-cheering lilt.

## MORNING A CRUEL TURMOILER IS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

The Editor knows not the name of this Air; but the Air itself is well known, having been sung for years in public, by the inimitable JOHNSTONE, to words beginning, "I was the boy for bewitching them."

MORNING a cruel turmoiler is,  
 Banishing ease and repose ;  
 Noon-day a roaster and broiler is,  
 How we pant under his nose !  
 Evening for lovers' soft measures,  
 Sighing and begging a boon ;  
 But the blythe season for pleasures,  
 Laughing, lies under the moon.  
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,  
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,  
 Murtoch, replenish our ean again,  
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

Myrtles and viues some may prate about,  
 Bawling in heathenish glee,  
 Stuff I wont bother my pate about,  
 Shamrock and whisky for me !  
 Faith, but I own I feel tender ;  
 Judy, you jilt, how I burn !  
 If she wont smile, devil mend her !  
 Both sides of chops have their turn.  
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,  
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,  
 Murtoch, replenish the ean again,  
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

Fill all your eups till they foam again,  
 Bubbles must float on the brim ;  
 He that steals first sneaking home again,  
 Day-light is too good for him.  
 While we have goblets to handle,  
 While we have liquor to fill,  
 Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,  
 Planets may wink as they will.  
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,  
 Kegs of the crature we'll tilt ;  
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,  
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

## THE MOREEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

**T**HEN, soldier ! come ! fill high the wine,  
 For we reck not of to-morrow ;  
 Be ours to-day, and we resign  
 All the rest to the fools of sorrow.  
 Gay be the hour 'till we beat to arms,  
 Then comrade, death or glory !  
 'Tis victory in all her charms,  
 Or 'tis fame in the world's bright story.

'Tis you—'tis I—that may meet the ball ;—  
 And *me* it better pleases  
 In battle, brave, with the brave to fall,  
 Than to die of dull diseases ;  
 Driveller to be in my fireside chair,  
 With saws and tales unheeded ;  
 A tottering thing of aches and care,  
 No longer lov'd nor needed.

But thou—oh dark is thy flowing hair,  
 And thine eye with fire is streaming,  
 And o'er thy cheek,—thy looks,—thine air,  
 Sits health in triumph beaming.  
 Soldier ! high, fill high the wine,  
 Fill high to love and beauty ;  
 Love,—friendship,—honour,—all are thine,  
 Thy country and thy duty.



Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.

*pp* *Semp: pp<sup>mo</sup>*

Fare \_ well mirth and hi\_la\_ri\_ty, Love has my heart in cru\_el sub\_jection;

*sf* *p*

Ah me! Norah in cha\_ri\_ty Spare a fond soul one thro\_b of af\_lect\_ion.

*sf*

Why as I pass'd did I gaze on her casement A\_las! with one look all my courage she shook!

But while I linger'd in moon-struck amazement, Not a smile all the while cheers recollec\_ tion.

2<sup>d</sup> 4/4.

## CHORUS.

Tenor.  
Bass.  
Soprano.

Love, love wins us by treachery, Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;

Love, love wins us by treachery, Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;

What spell can conquer this witchery, Woman, our bane's the only physician.

What spell can conquer this witchery, Woman, our bane's the only physician.

*pp sf*

2<sup>d</sup>

Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,  
Where other shores are kiss'd by the ocean,  
Blest powers! draw but one sigh from her,  
Let her not live thus dead to emotion.  
Yet I must steal a last glance ere I leave her,  
Perhaps at her heart she may grieve when we part;  
Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiver,  
Fair thy cup, but turn'd up, bitter the potion.

CHORUS.— Love, love wins us by treachery,  
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;  
What spell can conquer this witchery,  
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

3<sup>rd</sup>

Ah me! had we the agency  
Of a kind-hearted feat little fairy,  
Good bye then to thy regency,  
Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!  
Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all sighing,  
She scatters her spells, and thence every heart swells;  
Not a young clown but is pining and dying,  
Ah! the fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.

CHORUS.— Love, love wins us by treachery,  
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;  
What spell can conquer this witchery,  
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.

8<sup>va</sup>

Loco. He

promis'd me at part—ing to meet me at the Spring time here, Yet

see yon roses bloom—ing; The blossoms how they dis—ap—pear: Re—

—turn my dearest Der—mot, Or sure the Spring will soon be o'er; Fair

fair have blown the bree—zes, Oh when shall I see thee more.

*Cres:* *p*

## KILLEAVY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

HE promis'd me at parting,  
 To meet me at the spring time here ;  
 Yet see yon roses blooming,  
 The blossoms how they disappear.  
 Return, my dearest Dermot !  
 Or sure the spring will soon be o'er ;  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

He went to look for treasures,  
 They're found they say in London town ;  
 And 'tis for me he means them,  
 Both golden store and silken gown.  
 I want but *thee*, my Dermot !  
 Nor silken gown, nor golden store ;—  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

No longer have I pleasure,  
 Nor at the wake, nor merry fair,—  
 They mock me at the bridal,—  
 And why indeed is Norah there !  
 I sit as if I heard not  
 The planxty I so lov'd before,—  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

Why go to that great city,  
 Oh why so far from Norah roam,  
 Return to those that love thee,  
 There's little love so far from home.  
 Thou art not faithless, Dermot,  
 Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,—  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh ! when shall I see thee more.

## THE CORNISH MAY-SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK  
BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

The following verses refer to a custom of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Helston in Cornwall, who, on the 8th of May annually, hail the glad appearance of Summer, and devote the day, from dawn till midnight, to mirth and dancing, during which this traditional May Tunc is frequently played. The Editor hopes that the SONG here presented, with the tune, will add to the pleasure of the day.

YE maids of Helston, gather dew,  
While yet the morning breezes blow ;  
The fairy rings are fresh and new,  
Then cautious mark them as ye go.

## CHORUS.

Arise, arise, awake to joy !  
The sky-lark hails the dawn of day,  
Care, get thee hence, from Helston fly !  
For mirth rules here the morn of May !

Ye youths, who own love's ardent power,  
To yonder shelter'd bank repair,  
There seek the early op'ning flower,  
To deck the bosoms of the fair.

*Chorus.*—Arise, &c.

Or from the thicket in the glade,  
Go pluck with speed the hawthorn bough,  
And twine a wreath to deck the maid  
Who has thy troth and plighted vow.

*Chorus.*—Arise, &c.

If on your way some drudge you meet,  
Who lifts the spade, or drives the team,  
Aloft in air the culprit seat,  
And bear him quickly to the stream.

*Chorus.*—Arise, &c.

There let him o'er the current vault,  
From bank to bank with active bound,  
Or plunging wash away the fault,  
And trip with you the merry round.

*Chorus.*—Arise, &c.

With song and dance, in festive band,  
Each happy lad may lead his lass,  
With mirthful smiles, and hand in hand  
O'er ev'ry threshold freely pass.

*Chorus.*—Arise, &c.

Tho' ages elose and manners fade,  
And ancient revels pass away ;  
In Helston, let it not be said,  
Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.

*Chorus.*—Arise, &c.

Welch.

ALLEGRETTO

PIUOSTO  
VIVACE.

Ye maids of Helston ga-ther dew, While yet the morning breezes blow; The

fai-ry rings are fresh and new, Then cautious mark them as you go.

## CHORUS.

A-rise a-rise a--wake to joy, The sky-lark hails the dawn of day; Care

A-rise a-rise a--wake to joy, The sky-lark hails the dawn of day; Care

get thee hence from Hel-ston fly, For mirth rules here the morn of May.

get thee hence from Hel-ston fly, For mirth rules here the morn of May.

Welsh.

ALLEGRETTO.

What weep-ing Wi-ni-fred for shame, The vil-lage youth your fol-ly blame, Take

up your rake and haste a-way to yon-der field of new mown hay.

There turn the grass and toss it o'er, As mer-ri-ly you did be-fore Young

Mor-gan left our mountain side, And took the drummer for his guide.

## THE MELODY OF CYNWYD.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

BY MRS HUNTER.

' **W**HAT! weeping, Winifred!—for shame!  
 ' The village youth your folly blame:  
 ' Take up your rake, and haste away  
 ' To yonder field of new-mown hay,  
 ' There turn the grass, and toss it o'er,  
 ' As merrily you did before  
 ' Young Morgan left our mountain side,  
 ' And took the drummer for his guide.'

" Good dame, I cannot work to-day,  
 " And have no heart for making hay;  
 " I feel quite sad, and out of sorts,  
 " And neither fit for toil nor sports:  
 " The hardest task you've set me yet  
 " Is love, and Morgan, to forget!  
 " And yet I try, and try, and still  
 " I think of him, against my will!"

## PEGGY'S DAUGHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER.

IN the white cot where Peggy dwells,  
Her daughter fair the rose excels  
That round her casement sweetly blows,  
And on the gale its fragrance throws.  
O were she mine, the lovely maid!  
She soon should leave the lonely shade.

I'd bear her where the beams of morn  
Should with their brightest rays adorn  
Each budding charm and op'ning grace,  
That moulds her form and decks her face.  
O were she mine, the lovely maid!  
I'd bear her from the lonely shade.

But, should the sultry orb of day  
Too fiercely dart his fervid ray,  
The rose upon its stalk might die,  
And zephyr o'er its ruins sigh!  
No—I would keep my lovely maid  
Secure beneath the friendly shade.

Welch.

ALLEGRETTO.

In the white Cot where Peg—gy dwells, Her daugh—ter fair the

*p* *Cres.* *fz*

rose ex—cells; That round her case—ment sweet—ly blows, And

*p*

on the gale its frag—rance throws. O were she mine, the

*Cres.* *Dol.*

love—ly maid she soon should leave the lone—ly shade.

*fp*

*Cres.*

*p* *Cres.* *p*

Welch.

The Song written for the Air by W. SMYTH Esq!

ANDANTINO

QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

*p* *Cres.* *fp*

Oh let the Night my blushes hide, While thus my sighs re-veal; What

mo-dest Love and, mai-den pride for e-ver would con-veal. What

8<sup>va</sup> Loco

can he mean how can he bear, Thus fault'ring to de-lay; How

*fp*

*Cres.*

can his eyes his eyes so much de-clare, His

tongue so lit\_tle say, His tongue so lit\_tle say.

*pp*

*sf*

*Cres.*

2<sup>d</sup>

3<sup>d</sup>

Our parents old,— for so I guess,  
 His thoughtful mind alarm;  
 A thousand spectres of distress,—  
 The ruined crops and farm!  
 But must we wait till age and care,  
 Shall fix our wedding day;  
 How can his eyes 'so much declare,  
 His tongue so little say.

The times are hard,— an odious word,  
 I'm wearied with the sound;—  
 A cuckoo note, for ever heard  
 Since first the sun went round;  
 Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,  
 A heart for ever gay;  
 How can his eyes so much declare,  
 His tongue so little say.

4<sup>th</sup>

What reck's it that the times are hard,  
 Try fortune and be blest—  
 Let Hope still cheer and Honour guard,  
 And Love will do the rest.  
 Far better load the heart with care,  
 Than waste it with delay;  
 How can his eyes so much declare,  
 His tongue so little say.

Welsh.

The Song written for the Air by Joanna Baillie.

VIVACE.

Now bar the door, shut out the gale, And fill the  
horn with foam—ing ale. A cheer—ful cup, and  
rous—ing fire, And thrill—ing harp, my soul in—spire!

2<sup>d</sup> 3<sup>d</sup>

Dark rusted arms of ancient proof,  
Hang clanging from the breezy roof;  
And tell of many a Welchman bold,  
And long remember'd deeds of old.

Come, mountain-maid, in Sunday gown,  
With healthy cheek of rosy brown;  
Here sit thou gaily by the while,  
And nod thy head, and sweetly smile.

4<sup>th</sup>  
Draw closer, friends, the table round,  
And cheerly greet the rising sound;  
Love, arms, and ale, and rousing fire,  
And thrilling harp my soul inspire.

# THE MELODIES,

## VOLUME FIFTH.

### INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

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

A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.

B, as the productions of more recent periods.

C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

D, as English imitations of Scottish melodies.

| NAMES OF THE MELODIES.                            | Marks above referred to. | Page. | NAMES OF THE MELODIES.                                | Marks above referred to. | Page. |
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| Away to bonnie Tweedside, <i>Duct</i>             | B                        | 2     | O mount and go, <i>Duct</i> . . . . .                 | C                        | 25    |
| Bannocks o' barley, <i>and Chorus</i> . . . . .   | B                        | 40    | O wilt thou be my ain . . . . .                       | C                        | 13    |
| Bonny laddie, Highland laddie, <i>Highland</i>    |                          | 24    | Peggy's daughter . . . . .                            | <i>Welsh</i>             | 48    |
| Deil tak the wars . . . . .                       | D                        | 5     | Queen Mary's lamentation . . . . .                    | C                        | 34    |
| Gang to the kye wi' me, my Love . . . . .         | B                        | 51    | Rattling roaring Willy . . . . .                      | B                        | 35    |
| Gil Morrice . . . . .                             | A                        | 55    | Romance of Dunois ( <i>by G. F. Graham</i> )          | C                        | 11    |
| Gogerddan . . . . .                               | <i>Welsh</i>             | 49    | Strathallan's lament . . . . .                        | C                        | 16    |
| Green grow the rashes, <i>and Chorus</i>          | B                        | 4     | Sympathy . . . . .                                    | B                        | 3     |
| Halloween . . . . .                               | C                        | 32    | There's three good fellows, <i>and Chorus</i>         | B                        | 20    |
| I canna come ilka day to woo . . . . .            | B                        | 18    | The birks of Abergeldie . . . . .                     | B                        | 7     |
| I love my Jean . . . . .                          | C                        | 10    | The boatic rows, <i>and Chorus</i> . . . . .          | C                        | 12    |
| Kenmure's on and awa . . . . .                    | B                        | 1     | The Cornish May song . . . . .                        |                          | 46    |
| Killeavy . . . . .                                | <i>Irish</i>             | 45    | The cypress wreath, ( <i>by A. Ballantyne</i> )       | C                        | 29    |
| Kinloch . . . . .                                 | C                        | 30    | The Highland watch, <i>and Chorus</i> . . . . .       | C                        | 15    |
| Kitty of Coleraine . . . . .                      | <i>Irish</i>             | 41    | The humour of Balamagairy, <i>&amp; Chorus, Irish</i> |                          | 44    |
| Lament for Drumossie day . . . . .                | C                        | 17    | The inspired Bard . . . . .                           | <i>Welsh</i>             | 50    |
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| Low Germanie ( <i>by G. F. Graham</i> )           | C                        | 38    | The melody of Cynwyd . . . . .                        | <i>Welsh</i>             | 47    |
| Miss Forbes's farewell . . . . .                  | C                        | 19    | The Morcen . . . . .                                  | <i>Irish</i>             | 45    |
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# THE POETRY,

## VOLUME FIFTH.

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