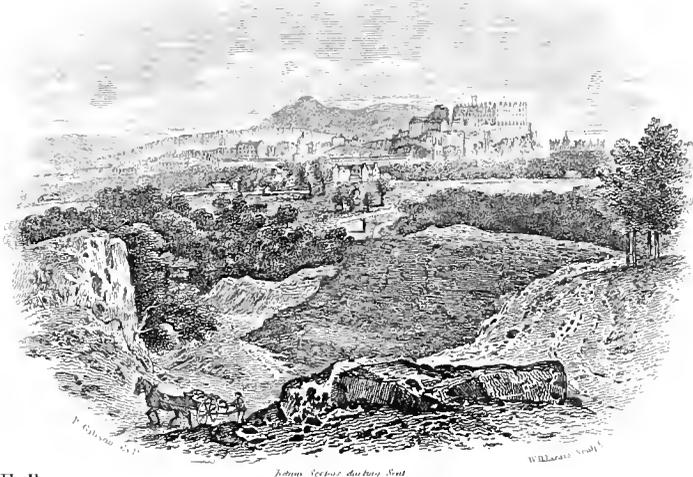


THE
SCOTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
— BY —
R. A. SMITH.
VOL. 5



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EDINBURGH

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ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME FIFTH.

IN undertaking the present work, the Editors did not anticipate that it would occupy more than Three Volumes; but, as they proceeded, the materials increased upon their hands, and, from their copiousness and value, they were induced so far to depart from their original design as to publish a Supplementary Volume. To a similar cause, joined with the flattering manner in which the previous Volumes have been received by the public, the Fifth Volume of the *Scottish Minstrel* now owes its appearance. They regret however to say, that even this addition, notwithstanding the pains they have taken in selection, does not embrace all they could wish to preserve of their collected materials. To fulfil their own wishes in this respect, and at the same time to give the public the most ample and best collection of *Scottish Song Melodies* yet extant, another Volume would still be necessary. Probably, at some future period, they may resume their labours, with the view of accomplishing this desirable object; and they have the most sanguine hopes of success, from the powerful co-operation and assistance they have been promised by Mr Smith and others of their best friends.

In this and the preceding Volumes will be found many little airs and fragments of song which have been collected with incredible industry in various parts of Scotland, and which are now, for the first time, given to the public in a shape less perishable than that of oral tradition.

With regard to their own opinion of the intrinsic merit of these genuine relics of ages long passed away, the Editors have nothing to add to what they have already expressed in the Preface to the First Volume. They flatter themselves, however, that many who cannot estimate the pains taken in recovering these pure effusions of nature, may yet relish the beautiful, simple, and unaffected pathos which pervades them. It would be unjust, were they in this place to omit mentioning how much they have been indebted to Mr Smith for his indefatigable exertions in collecting many of the airs and ballads in question; and they take the liberty of extracting a few sentences from one of his letters on the subject, which, more than any thing they themselves can say, will evince the share he has had in enriching the work, and the part he has uniformly taken in promoting its best interests.

“ With reference to many of the Jacobite songs I have occasionally sent you, I
“ formerly mentioned that the greater number was faithfully noted from the
“ singing and recitation of Alister M^cAlpine, a very old man who lived in the
“ neighbourhood of Kilbarchan. I am truly sorry to inform you, that death has
“ now deprived me of that almost exhaustless fund of song. Poor Alister died in
“ winter last. The retentiveness of his memory, for one of such advanced years,
“ was truly astonishing; and the enthusiasm and sincerity of feeling with which

“ he sung these old snatches in favour of the ‘ Rightful King,’ as he was wont to
 “ call the unfortunate Chevalier, seldom failed of awakening a sympathetic chord
 “ in the bosom of the hearer.—Several of the Highland melodies, which I believe
 “ have never been printed, were obtained from various sources;—some are the
 “ fruits of my own peregrinations through different parts of the Western High-
 “ lands;—and others have been sent to me by musical friends with whom I have
 “ been in habits of correspondence for some time past. Among those to whom I
 “ am indebted for some of the finest airs in the collection, I cannot help mention-
 “ ing Mr Alan Ker, jun. of Greenock, and Mr John Malcolm of Dunfermline.
 “ Both of these gentlemen have, by their industrious research and enthusiastic
 “ ardour, happily succeeded in rescuing many a perishable memorial of forgotten
 “ song.

“ Of the songs and melodies which will appear in the Fifth Volume, several
 “ were taken down literally from the singing, or crooning, of Janet Gillespie, an
 “ old woman yet living in the parish of Kilmalcolm. One of these I may parti-
 “ cularize, namely, ‘ The Covenanter’s Lament,’ as being, in my opinion, an ex-
 “ cellent song of its kind. The words to which the melody is allied do not seem
 “ of any antiquity, but they are as I received them:—the last stanza certainly
 “ contains a pretty sprinkling of real poetry:

‘ The martyrs’ hill’s forsaken,
 ‘ In simmer’s dusk sae calm,
 ‘ There’s nae gathering now, lassie,
 ‘ To sing the e’ening psalm;
 ‘ But the martyr’s grave will rise, lassie,
 ‘ Aboon the warrior’s cairn,
 ‘ An’ the martyr soun’ will sleep, lassie,
 ‘ Aneath the waving fern.’

“ I have many other pieces yet in my possession, which, if ever the work should
 “ embrace a Sixth Volume, I have no hesitation in saying, you will find as inter-
 “ esting as any yet given.”

Thus far have we ventured to account for the number of little airs interspersed
 through this collection, which have been gleaned from many various sources with
 the greatest fidelity, and which are now published, for the first time, in the fond
 hope of thereby contributing no inconsiderable addition to the melody of Cale-
 donia.

As to the standard airs in this collection, the Editors have invariably preferred
 the sets that appeared to them to be the most original and unmixed, and that in
 no instance have they ventured (*partly*) to compose them, as has been lately done
 by some, who have had the presumption to give their own garbled sets of well-
 known Scottish melodies, and thereby to rob the music of those strong traits of
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MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

Air, Low down in the broom.

My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear, My

min-ny she's a scold-ing wife Hauds a' the house a-steer; But

let them do, or let them say, It's a' ane to me, For he's

low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me. Waiting on me my love, He's

waiting on me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, That's waiting on me.

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

My cousin Kate was sair beguild
 Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
 And aye sinsyne, she cries "Beware
 Of false deluding men."
 But let them, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw Pate;
 And aye sinsyne the neighbours round,
 They jeer me ear' and late.
 But let them, &c.

THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

Hey the bon - ny, hey the bon - ny, O the bon - ny

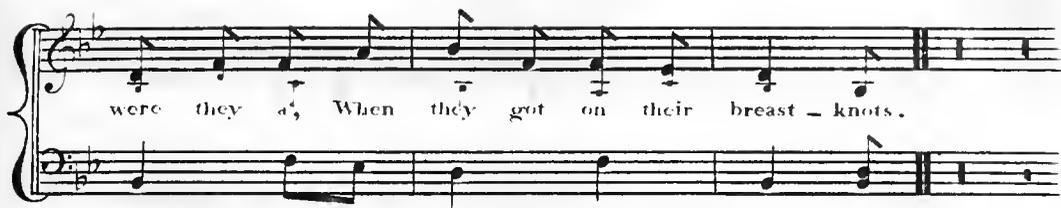
breast - knots; Tight and bon - ny were they a', When they got on their

breast - knots. There was a bri - dal in this town, And till't the

las - ses a' were bound; With man - kie fac - ings on their

gown, And some o' them had breast - knots. Hey the bon - ny,

how the bon - ny, O the bon - ny breast - knots; Tight and bon - ny



At nine o'clock the lads conveyen,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancing buckles in their sheen,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wish'd the lassie happy days,
 And muckle thought they o' her claise,
 And specially the breast-knots.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

Next, down their breakfast it was set,
 Some barley-lippies of milk-meat,
 It leiped them, it was sae het,
 As soon as they did taste o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,
 The piper lad he looked blate;
 Altho' they said, that he should eat,
 I trow, he lost the best o't.
 Hey the bonny; &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
 O'er creels, and deals and a' did coup,
 Cry'd for a spring to raise their houp,
 The bride she sought the breast-knot.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,
 At the bridegroom's they neist did land,
 Forth cam auld Madge wi' her split mawn,
 And bread and cheese a hist o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

She took a quarter and a third,
 And on the bride's head gae a gird,
 Till larks flew athort the yird,
 And parted round the rest o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

The bride then by the hand they took,
 Twice, thrice they led her round the crook;
 Some said, goodwife, we'd mat ye brook,
 And some great count they cast not.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
 Some sat on deals, and some on planks,
 The piper lad stood on his shanks,
 And dirled up the breast-knot.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

'Twas summer tide, the Cushat sang His am'rous roun-de-lay, An'

dews, like clus-ter'd dia-monds, hung On flow'r and leaf-y spray. The

cov-er-let of gloam-in' grey On ev'ry thing was seen, When

lads and las-ses took their way To Pol-wart on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
 And harmless revelry
 Of young hearts all in unison
 Wi' love's soft witcherie;
 Their ha' the open daisied lea, —
 While, frae the welkin sheen,
 The moon shone brightly in the glee
 At Polwart on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
 And cheeks o' rosy hue,
 And finer forms without compare
 Than pencil ever drew;
 But aye wi' een o' bonnie blue,
 A' hearts confest the queen
 And pride o' grace and beauty too,
 At Polwart on the green.

The miser hoards his gouden store,
 And kings dominion gain;
 While others in the battle's roar
 For honour's gewgaws strain.
 Avaunt, such pleasures! false and vain —
 Far dearer mine has been,
 Among the lowly rural train
 At Polwart on the green.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Air, Ó gin ye were dead Gudeman.

There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, or what-na

style, I doubt its hard-ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro-bin. For

Ro-bin was a ro-vin boy, A ran-tin ro-vin, ran-tin ro-vin;

Ro-bin was a ro-vin boy; O ran-tin ro-vin Ro-bin.

Our monarch's hindmaist year, but ane
Was five and twenty days begun;
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
For Robin, &c.

The gossip keekit in his lool;
Quo'scho, wha lieves will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin, &c.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a';
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."
For Robin, &c.

RED IS THE ROSE AND BONNIE, O.

Air, Broom blooms bonnie.

How sweet the rose blaws, it fades and it fās; Red is the rose and

bon-nie O; It brings to my mind what my dear John-nie

was; So bloom'd, so cut off was my John-nie, O.

Now peace is return'd, but nae joy brings to me;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O;

For cold is his cheek, and clos'd is his e'e,

And nae mair beats the heart o' my Jahnnie, O.

Al! why did he love me, and leave these sweet plains;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

Where smil'ing contentment and peace ever reigns,

But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Not to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

For sunk is my spirits, and broken my heart;

Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.

Ye sun-ny braes, that skirt the Clyde Wi' summer flow'rs sae braw, There's

ae sweet flow'r on Lev_ern side, That's fair_er than' them a'. Yet

aye it droops its head in wae, Re-gard-less o' the sun_ny ray, And

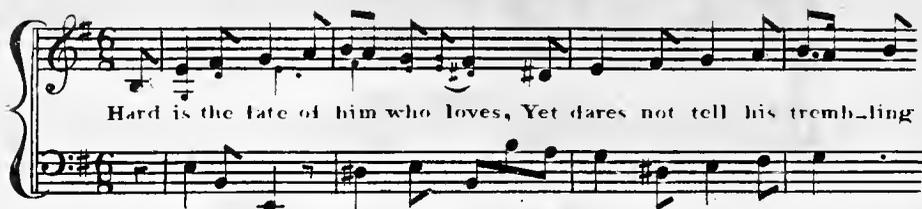
wastes its sweets, frae day to day, Be-side the lane_ly shaw; Wi'

leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew, Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue, Wha

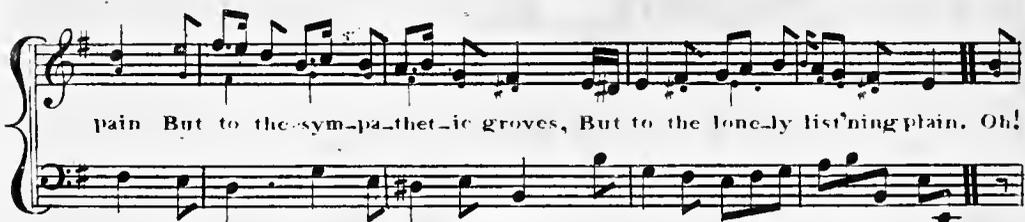
alt the sweet-est flow'r will pu', Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonnie flow'r on Lavern side,
 O gin thou'lt be but mine!
 I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
 Wi' love that ne'er shall tine.
 I'll take thee to my sheltering bow'r,
 And shield thee frae the beating show'r;
 Unharm'd by ought, thou'lt bloom secure
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
 Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
 That streaks the glowing western sky;
 But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
 And lane will be thy fa'.

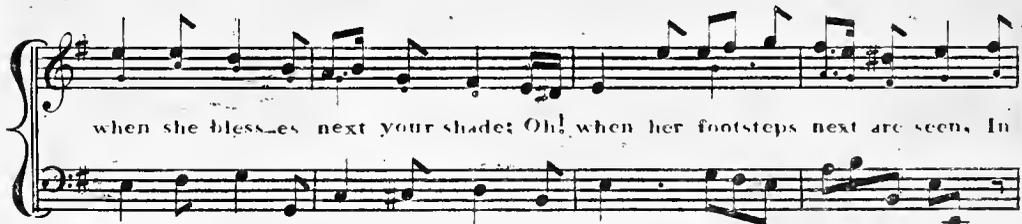
HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.



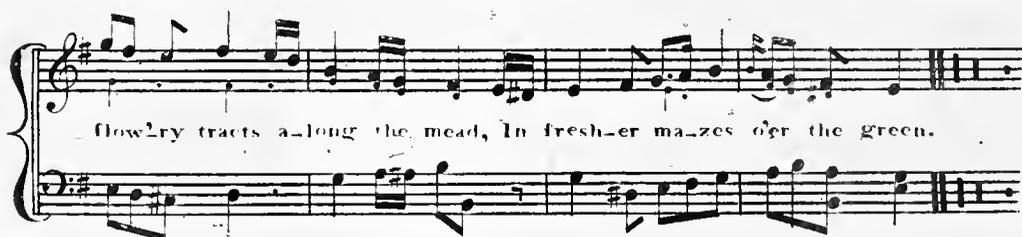
Hard is the fate of him who loves, Yet dares not tell his trem-bling



pain But to the-sym-pa-thet-ic groves, But to the lone-ly list'ning plain, Oh!



when she bless-es next your shade; Oh! when her footsteps next are seen, In



flow'ry tracts a-long the mead, In fresh-er ma-zes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies wait a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
 Oh! tell her, what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
 Oh! tell her, that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care;
 Not purer her own wishes rise;
 Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
 But if, at first, her virgin ear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear;
 True love and friendship are the same.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

Air, Bodhan an Kassain.

Farewell to Glen-shalloch, A farewell for ev-er! Farewell to my
 wee cot, That stands by the riv-er. The fall is loud sounding In voi-ces that
 va-ry, And the ec-hoes sur-round-ing La-ment with my Ma-ry.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee
 And a babe at her bosom:
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sung
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 There is nought to alarm thee;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee,
 I'll sing thee to rest
 In the balloch untrodden,
 With a coronach sad
 For the slain of Culloden.

"The brave were betrayed,
 And the tyrant is daring
 To trample and waste us,
 Unpitiful, unsparing.
 Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance."

"I'll tell thee, my son,
 How our laurels are withering;
 I'll gird on thy sword
 When the Clansmen are gathering;
 I'll hid them go forth
 In the cause of true honor,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tow'r of devotion
 Is the home of the reaver;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever;
 The pine of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken.

"Rise spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger,
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary!
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye."

BLUE BONNETS.

Air, Blue Bonnets over the border.

With Spirit.

March, March, Et-trick and Te-vi-or-dale! Why, my lads,
 din-na ye march for-ward in or-der? March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
 all the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread
 Hut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry.
 Mount and make ready then, Sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen & the
 2^d Verse.
 old Scot-ish bor-der. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system is marked 'With Spirit.' and includes the lyrics 'March, March, Et-trick and Te-vi-or-dale! Why, my lads,'. The second system includes 'din-na ye march for-ward in or-der? March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale!'. The third system includes 'all the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread'. The fourth system includes 'Hut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry.'. The fifth system includes 'Mount and make ready then, Sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen & the'. The sixth system is marked '2^d Verse.' and includes 'old Scot-ish bor-der. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing;'. The seventh system includes 'Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the'. The eighth system is the final line of music on the page.

bea-con is blaz-ing; Come with the buck-ler, the lance, and the bow,

Trumpets are sounding, War steeds are bounding, Stand to your arms, and

march in good or-der; Eng-land shall ma-n-y a day Tell of the

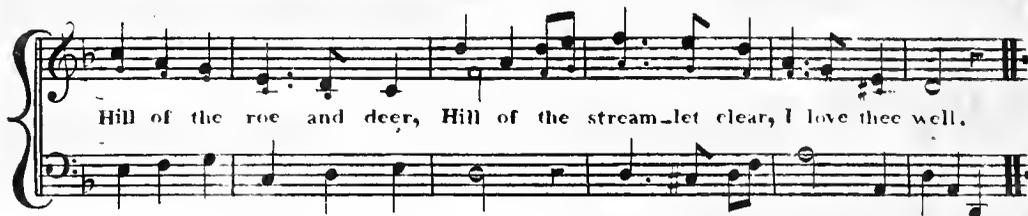
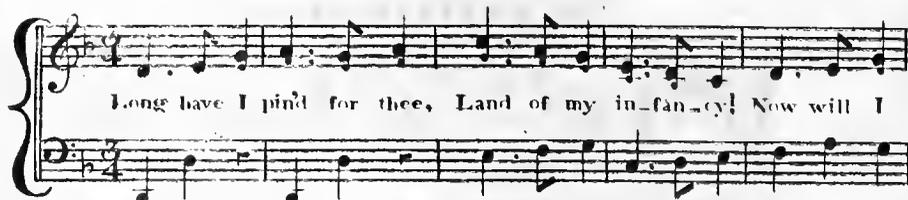
blood-y fray, When the blue bon-nets came o-ver the bor-der.

SAFTLY THE GENTLE BREEZE. Same Air.

Saftly the gentle breeze, steals thro' the leafy trees,
 Down rins the burnie winding sae clearly;
 The linnet sings on the tree, the lark soaring up sae lie,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,
 Broadly the setting sun his daily race has run,
 Gilding the lofty hills, blooming sae cheerie;
 Ilka field yellow seen, meadows sae lovely green,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,

At the appointed hour I haste to the birken bow'r,
 Nature all gleaming, nature all cheerie;
 The eastern star appears, whilst spread the rosy briers,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,
 Can there be aught sae sweet, as when true lovers meet,
 Meet at the trysting spot happy and cheerie;
 Love dances in her ec, truth and sincerity,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.



When in my youthful prime,
Correi and crag to climb,
Or towering cliff sublime,
Was my delight.
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Kythed the red-deer's horn,
How my heart beat!
Then, when with stuned leap
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came;
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be.
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
'Till we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broad sword's gleam
Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
No more to shine;
Then was the morning's brow
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First eye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her Prince's wrong,
Forc'd to give way.
Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope;
Faithful and true men drop
Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
Hill of Lochiel.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTIA.

Air, The Thistle.

With Energy.

Let the lily of France in lux_ u_ ri_ ance wave, Let the

sham_ rock of E_ rin its beau_ ty main_ tain, Let the rose of fair

Eng_ land still wait its per_ fume, But the this_ tle of Sco_ tia will

dear_ est re_ main. To Sco_ tia her this_ tle, Her broad wav_ ing

this_ tle, The ev_ er green this_ tle, will dear_ est re_ main,

'Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore,
 When they followed their sovereigns to vanquish the Dane,
 The emblem our Wallace in battle eye bore —
 Then the thistle of Scotland must dearest remain,
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,
 It blooms in the winter, in snow and in rain;
 The type of her sons when rude seasons assail,
 To Scotia her thistle will dearest remain,
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

A PAIR MITHERLESS WEAN.

Slow.

If ye ever re-joic'd in the sweets o' a hame; If ye
 still hae a mith-er to luv-er an' to bless, O pi-ty; kind
 stran-ger, a pair beg-gar wean, That has nae hame to seek, and is
 mither-less! O pi-ty, kind stran-ger, for ance, like
 thee, I was ane o' a hap-py fam-i-lic!

espres:

I' the mornin' we raise wi' the loud-hiltin' lark,

When he dried his dewy wings in the young sun-beam;

An', wi' hearts fu' o' love, sent our praise up to heaven,

An' our prayers for what to Him best might seem;

An' she that's awa— wi' ane uplified ee—

Sought the blessin' o' the Lord on our industrie.

A' day-lang we toiled, but we never repined,—
 Our dear mither lo'ed us, our father aye was kind,
 An' our hearts, then a' pure, were as licht as the down
 O' the thistle, whan it frolics wi' the wayward wind:
 Whate'er Heaven sent, we were gladsome to see,—
 An' we ne'er thoct our day's daurk a drudgerie.

An' when gloamin' cam on, nicht's dark harbinger,
 O! then cam the hours o' our innocent mirth,
 When we gather'd wi' joy 'neath our cot's lowly roof —
 An' wi' faces a' smilin' encircled the hearth —
 An' beguild the e'en wi' tales o' the deeds that went to be,
 Or wi' sangs o' our kintra's auld minstrelsie.

An' O! it was sweet, when the nicht was gane,
 To raise high the holy Psalmodie,
 An' to read, in the beuk, o' the luvè o' our God,
 An' to kneel to him reverentlie;
 An' to bless his name, wha has sworn to be
 The puir man's God continuallie.

But, wae's my sad heart! thae bricht days are a' gane,
 An' a lang nicht o' sorrow an' sadness is nigh;
 For the finger o' death touch'd the face o' my mither,
 An' her well-spring o' life dribbled dry;
 An' she slippet awa, like the mists that ye see
 Stealin' upward to heaven sae bonnilie.

An' ere spring had spread its green owre her grave,
 An unco woman sat in her auld arm chair;
 His new wife, father ca'd her — an' he said she wad hae
 A mither's luvè for us — an' a kind mither's carè: —
 O how could she e'er be a mither to me,
 That spak' o' the dead sae scornlullie!

Fu' sune on our stools her ain bairns were a' planted
 Round the ingles, that erst burnt sae cheerilie;
 An' frae hame we were driven — and the door barr'd aganst us
 To drift through a wild warld, wearilie;
 An' O sad are the days that the wretched maun drie,
 Wha wander thro' the warld a' friendlesslie!

If ye ever rejoiced in the sweets o' a hame;
 If ye still hae a mither to luvè an' to bless;
 O pity, kind stranger, a puir beggar wean,
 That has nae hame to seek — and is mitherless!
 O pity, kind stranger, and frae heaven high,
 The God o' the puir will bless thy charitie!

THE BRAES OF MAR.

The standard, on the braes o' Mar, Is up and stream - ing
 rare - ly; The gath' - ring pipe, on Loch - na - gar, Is
 sound - ing lang and sair - ly. The High - land - men Frae
 hill and glen, In mar - tial hue, Wi' bon - net blue, Wi'
 bel - ted plaids, And bur - nish'd blades, Are com - ing late and ear - ly.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
 The Drummond and Glengary,
 Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
 Panmure, and gallant Harry.
 Macdonald's men,
 Clan-Ronald's men,
 Mackenzie's men,
 Macgillivray's men,
 Strathallan's men,
 The lowlan' men
 Of Callander and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa,
 We canna langer parley,
 When Jamie's back is at the wa',
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly,
 We'll go — we'll go
 An' meet the foe,
 An' fling the plaid,
 An' swing the blade,
 An' forward dash,
 An' hack an' slash —
 An' Heg the German carlie.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

The deil cam fidd - lin thro' the town, And danc'd a -

wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man, And il - ka - wile cries, 'Auld Ma - houn, I

wish you luck o' the prize, man? The deil's a - wa, The

deil's a - wa, The deil's a - wa. wi' th' Ex - cise - man; He's danc'd a -

wa, he's danc'd a - wa, He's danc'd a - wa wi' th' Ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our mant and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the mickle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman,
 The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys man,
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 Was the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
 The deil's awa, &c.

TULLOCHGORUM.

With
Spirit.

“Come gie’s a sang,” Montgomery cried, “And lay your disputes all aside; What

non-sence ’tis for folk to chide, For what was done be-fore them. Let

whig and to-ry all a-gree, Whig and to-ry, whig and to-ry,

Whig and to-ry all a-gree, To drop their whig-meg-mo-rum. Let

whig and to-ry all a-gree To spend the night wi’ mirth and glee, And

cheer-ful sing, and dance wi’ me, The reel o’ Tul-loch-go-rum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite
 In conscience I abhorre him,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 And make a cheerfu' quorum,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needsna be sae great a phraize
 Wi' droning dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' em;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their yariorum;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear of want and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress,
 Wi' keeping up decorum,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,
 And canna rise, to shake a fit,
 At the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And ealm and quiet be his end;
 Be a' that's gude before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties, a great store o' em;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him.
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhorre him;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Who'er he be, that winna dance
 The reel o' Tullochgorum!

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The bon-niest lad that e'er I saw, Bon-nie lad-die,

high-land lad-die, Wore a plaid and was fu' brow, Bon-nie highland lad-die.

On his head' a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die, high-land lad-die; His

loy-al heart was firm and true, Bon-nie high-land lad-die.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echos roar,
 Bonnie lawland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
 Ere ought thy manly courage shake;
 Bonnie highland laddie.
 Go, for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonnie highland laddie.

Ae morn last owk, as I gaed out To flit a feather'd ewe and lamb, I

met, as skiffin owre the green, A jol-ly ran-tin High-land-man. His

shape was neat, wi' fea-ture, sweet, An' il-ka smile nry fa-vour want I

n'er had seen sae brow a lad, As this young ran-tin High-land-man.

He said, "my dear, ye're soon a steer,
 Can ye to hear the lav'rock's sang?
 O wad ye gae along wi' me,
 An' wed a rantin Highlandman?
 In simmer days on flow'ry braes,
 When frisky is the ewe an' lamb,
 I'll row ye in my tartan plaid,
 Syne be yere rantin Highlandman.

"With heather bells that finely smells,
 I'll deck yere hair sae fair an' lang,
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent
 Wi' me, a rantin Highlandman.
 We'll big a cot an' buy a stock,
 Syne do the best that'er we can;
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
 To trust a rantin Highlandman."

His words, so smart, gade to my heart,
 And fain I wad a gien my han',
 Yet durstna, least my mither shou'd
 Dislike a rantin Highlandman;
 But I expect he will come back,
 Then, tho' my kin wad scauld an' ban',
 I'll o'er the hill, or where he will,
 Wi' my young rantin Highlandman.

cheer-fu' tu-pón the green tea, But ah, on the pil-low o'

sorrow ay leanin', Nae mornin', nae e'en-in', brings pleas-ure to me! O

wae-fu' the part-in', when, smilin' at dan-ger, Young Al-lan left

Scot-tia to meet wi' the foe! Cauld, cauld, now he lies in a

land a-mang stran-gers, Frae friends and frae Helen for ev-er a-way!

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairin,
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage sae darin,
 And laid him pale; lifeless, upon the drear plain!
 Cauld winter the flower divests o' its cleden,
 In summer again it blooms bonnie to see;
 But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleedin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me!

THE VETERANS.

Air, The Days of Langsyne.

Slow.

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men, And frae Chelsea to
 arms they were summon'd a-gain, Twa veterans, grown grey, wi' their muskets sair
 Guild, Wi' a sigh were re-lat-ting how hard they had toil'd. The drum it was
 beating, to fight they incline, But ay they look'd back to the days of langsyne.

Ed! Davie, man, weill thou remembers the time,
 When twa brisk young callands, and just in our prime,
 The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
 And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day,
 Still again I would venture this auld trunk of mine,
 Cou'd our General but lead, and we fight as langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Tho' our arms are worn weak yet our hearts are still true;
 We ca'd na for dangers by land, or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me;
 And tho' at our fate we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength of langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
 How thy Jane carress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
 They shaw'd of our danger, tho' ever so hard,
 And we ca'd na for plunder when sic our reward;
 Even now they're resolv'd bath their hames to resign,
 And will share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

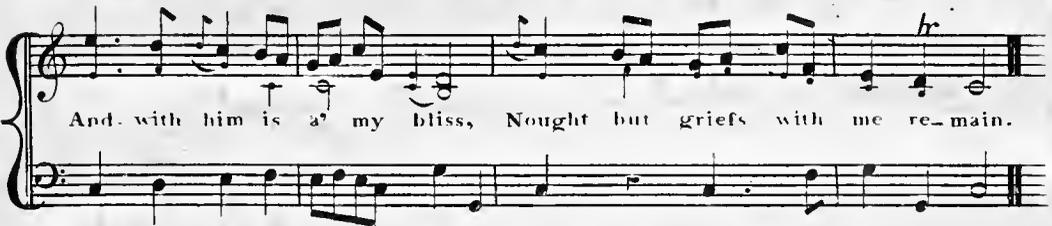
JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

25

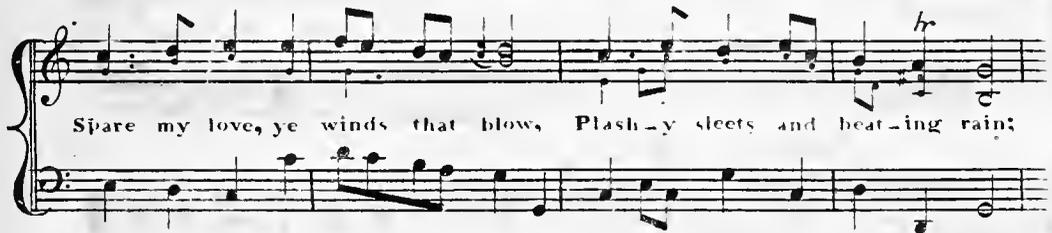
Air, Jockey's Farewell.



Jock-ey's ta'en the par-ting kiss, O'er the mountains he is gane;



And with him is a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re-main.



Spare my love, ye winds that blow, Plash-y sleets and beat-ing rain;



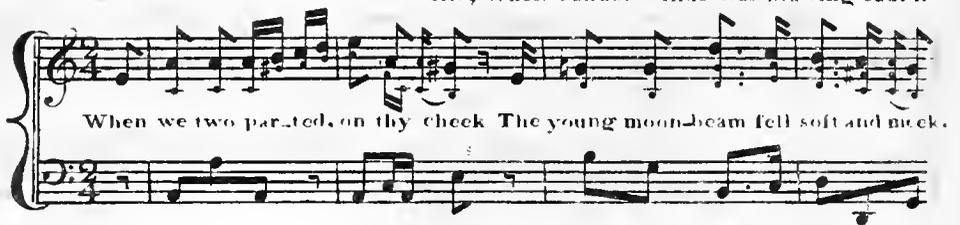
Spare my love, thou leath'-ry snaw, Drift-ing o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

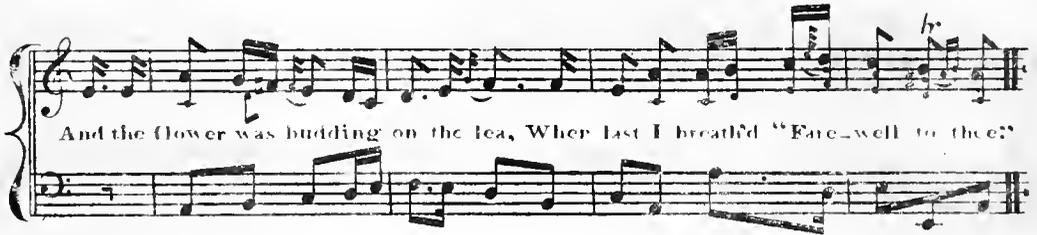
WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

Air, When Januar winds was blowing cold.

Slow.



When we two parted, on thy cheek The young moon-beam fell soft and muck.



And the flower was budding on the sea, When last I breath'd "Fare-well to thee:"

But thou wert number'd with the dead,
 Before that moon had wax'd and fled;
 And ere the flower had lost its bloom,
 The midnight devils were on thy tomb.

I saw thee not in that last hour
 Which gave thee to the victor's power,
 Nor heard the last recorded sigh
 That scap'd thee in thine agony.

When thou wert borne upon thy bier,
 I was not with the mourners near! —
 Where tears and dust wert strow'd o'er thee,
 Alas! that was no place for me!

The warmest heart that ever beat
 Lies cold beneath the winding-sheet!
 The fairest form earth ever knew,
 Is vanish'd like the morning dew!

*A MOMENT PAUSE, YE BRITISH FAIR.*²

Air, Tell me Jessy.



A moment pause, ye British fair, While pleasure's phantom ye pursue: And

² Written by a Lady, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, on seeing in a list of new music, "The Waterloo Waltz."

say, it spright-ly dance on air, Scit with the name of Wa-ter-loo?

Aw-ful was the vic-to-ry! Chas-ten'd should the tri-umph be;

Midst the lau-rels she has won, Brit-ain mourns for no-ny a son.

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose;
 Nature seem'd to mourn the day,
 Which consign'd before its close,
 Thousands to their kindred clay.
 How unfit for courtly ball,
 Or the giddy festival,
 Was the grim and ghastly view,
 Ere evening clos'd on Waterloo!

Chasing o'er the cuirassier,
 See the foaming charger flying!
 Trampling, in his wild career,
 All alike, the dead and dying!
 See the bullets through his side,
 Answer'd by the spouting tide!
 Helmet, horse, and rider too,
 Roll on bloody Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing,
 Firm in danger, on the foe,
 Till the life-blood warmly gushing,
 Lays the plaided hero low!
 His native pipe's accustom'd sound,
 'Mid war's infernal concert drown'd,
 Cannot soothe his last adieu,
 Or wake his sleep on Waterloo!

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,
 Or wake the enlivning notes of mirth?
 O! shiver'd be the recreant lyre,
 That gave the base idea birth!
 Other sounds, I ween were there,
 Other music rent the air,
 Other waltz the warriors knew,
 When they clos'd at Waterloo.

Forbear—till time with lenient hand
 Has sooth'd the pang of recent sorrow;
 And let the picture distant stand,
 The softening hue of years to borrow.
 When our race has past away,
 Hands unborn may wake the lay,
 And give to joy alone the views,
 Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.

MAY MORNING.

Air, Dumfries House. -

In
Moderate
Time.

Thus let the varied seasons pass, Each day its pleasure bringing, From

win-ter's si-lent leaf-less shade Till sum-mer bows are ringing. Thus

let me woo each love-ly scene Of na-ture's own a-dorn-ing; But

still, of all that she can give, Be mine a sweet May morn-ing.

Sweetest of months, that now unlocks
The summer's balmy treasures,
And gives a never-ending charm
To life and all its pleasures.
I greet thee with delighted heart,
All other pleasures scorning,
And still, of all that earth can give,
Be mine a sweet May morning.

Now sweetly sings upon the ear
The murmurs of the fountain,
The lambskins sport upon the lea,
The fawns upon the mountain;
Nature throws, from the beechen tree,
Her robe of latest mournings,
and all is mirth, and merry glee,
Upon a sweet May morning.

SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF PLEASURE. 29

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that for-mer thoughts re-

new; Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Now a sad and last adieu.

Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin, Fare thee weel be-fore I gang;

Bonnie Doon, whare, ear-ly roam-ing, First I weav'd the rus-tic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where love, decoying,
 First enthrall'd this heart o' mine,
 There the saltest sweets enjoying;
 Sweets that mem'ry n'er shall tinc.
 Friends so near my bosom ever,
 Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
 But alas! when forc'd to sever,
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

THEY LIGHTED A TAPER.

Air, Dirge of Sir William Wallace.

Slow.

They lighted a ta-per at the dead hour of night, And chaunted their

ho-li-est hymn. But her brow and her bo-som were damp'd with af-

fright. Her eye was all cheer-less and dim. The La-dy of Ellerslie

wept for her Lord, And the death-watch beat in her lonely room! For the

cur-tains had shook of their own ac-cord, And the ra-ven

flapp'd at her win-dow board, To tell of her war-rior's doom.

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear,
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is near!
 For the night-mare rides in my strangl'd sleep—
 The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die!
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For William of Ellerslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell had rung,
 That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
 Had the dirge of her champion sung!
 When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed!
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
 And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to the knight forlorn,
 When hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like deer
 At the blast of the hunter's horn,
 When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought field,
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land,
 His spear was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,
 Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his much lov'd country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Ellerslie!
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His heart unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd!
 From the blood streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Though the raven has fed on his mould'ring heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd.

BONNY PEGGY O.

Air, The Souter.

Slow.

O we aft hae met at e'en, bon - ny Peg - gy, O, On the

banks of Cart sae green, bon - ny Peg - gy, O; Where the

wa - ters smooth - ly - rin, Far a - neath the roar - in' linn, Far frae

bus - y stric and din, bon - ny Peg - gy, O.

When the lately crimson west, bonny Peggy, O,
 In her darker robe was drest, bonny Peggy, O,
 And a sky of azure blue,
 Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
 Rose majestic to the view, bonny Peggy, O.

When the sound of flute or horn, bonny Peggy, O,
 On the gale of evening borne, bonny Peggy, O;
 We have heard in echoes die,
 While the wave, that ripl'd by,
 Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonny Peggy, O.

Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonny Peggy, O;
 Now, alas! we meet no more, bonny Peggy, O;
 No loch! ne'er again, I ween,
 Will we meet at summer e'en,
 On the banks of Cart sae green, bonny Peggy, O.

THE BONNIE LASS OF WOODHOUSELEE. 33

Air, Hey the rantin' Murrays' ha'.

The sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw, But sweeter far on Woodhouselee, And

dear I like his set-ting beam, For sake o' ane sae dear to me. It

was na sim-mer's fai-ry scenes, In a' their charm-ing lux-u-ry, But

beau-ty's sel' that won my heart, The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

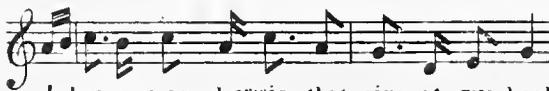
Sae winning was her witching smile,
 Sae piercing was her coal black e'e,
 She sairly wounded has my heart,
 That had na wist sic ills to dree:
 In vain I strave wi' beauty's charms,
 I could na keep my fancy free
 She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
 The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes sae yellow a',
 Where a't is heard the hum of bee,
 The meadow green and breezy hills,
 Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
 May charm the weary wand'ring swain,
 When e'enin' sun dips in the sea,
 But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
 Is wi' the lass of Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimpling burn,
 And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
 The water-lily on the lake,
 Are but sweet emblems a' of thee:
 And while in simmer smiles they bloom,
 Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
 I'll woo their sweets e'en for thy sake,
 The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

O BONNIE LASSIE COME OVER THE BURN.

O bon-nie las-sie come o-ver the burn, And gin your sheep
wan-der I'll gi'e them a turn; And we'll be sae hap-py in
yon-der green shade, Gin ye will come, daw-tie, and sit on my plaid.



I hae a wee doggie that rins at my heel,
And that little doggie I lo'e unco weel;
But I'll gie't, to my lassie, and mair gin I had,
Il she'll be my dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

Twa ewes and a lammie are a' my wee flock,
Yet I'd sell a lammie out o' my sma' stock,
And buy thee a head-lace, sae bonny and braid,
Gin ye wou'd come, dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

O DINNA THINK BONNIE LASSIE.

Brisk.

O din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think,
bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,

I'm gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in to my hand, and

Slow.

come a-gain an' see you. Far's the gate ye hae to gang,

dark's the night an' ee-rie; Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'

ee-rie; Owre the muir, an' thro' the glen, Ghaists may-hap will fear ye, O

stay at hame, it's late at night, an' din-na gang an' leave me.

Brisk. It's but a night an' hál a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' hál a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' hál a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee.

Slow. Waves are rising o'er sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.
 O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the world gae as it will I'll come again and see you.

LASSIE, WI' THE LINT WHITE LOCKS.

Air, Rothiemurchus Rant.

Las-sie, wi' the lintwhite locks, Bon-nie las-sie, art-less las-sie;

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear-ie, O? Now

na-ture leads the flow'ry lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee; O

wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O?

Lassie wi', &c.

An' when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

May ne'er the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,
But joy reign in thy faithfu' breast,
To comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Gallo Air.

Slow.

Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me,

Wearied Heav'n, in warm devotion, For his weal where'er he be,

Hope and fear's alternate billow Yielding late to nature's laws,

Whispering spirits, round my pillow, Talk of him that's far a-way.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear,
 Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
 Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;
 Spirits, kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far a-way.

CAMERONIAN FRAGMENT.

Very Old.

Slow.

When the sun gaes o'er the hill at e'en, An' a' to rest are

gane, It's then that I see wae-fu' sit Be-side the Mar-tyr's stane,

It's then the tear comes in my ee,
As I sing the sweet psalm tune;
But there's nae to join the melodie,
But blythe angels aboon.

O! wae to thee, felt Claverhouse,
To thine, an' a' the lave!
Thou hast made me, a widow, sit
Beside a bluidy grave.

Thou's made my hame sae desolate,
An' 'twere na my bairnies three,
This sod wad sune be my resting place,
* * * * *

My three sweet bairns, my bonnie bairns,
Ye yet may live to see
Far better days in Scotland
Then is ordain'd for me.

I'll nurse thee for thy father's sake,
Wi' the saut tear in my ee,
An' sit beside his bluidy grave
* * * * *

CULLODEN

Jacobite.

The heath-cock craw'd o'er muir and dale, Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy While

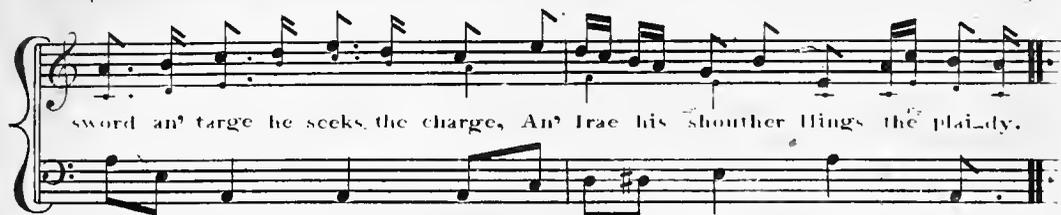


must ring far wi' distant yell, The north-ern bands march'd stern and steady.

Chorus.



O! Dun-can, Don-ald's rea-dy! O! Dun-can, Don-ald's rea-dy! Wi'



sword an' targe he seeks the charge, An' Irae his shouther flings the plai-dy.

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
 O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin';
 But rush like tempests on the foe,
 Thro' mingled groans the war-note cryin'.
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stuart, frien'less Charlie;
 What Highlan' han' its blade wad hain'
 What Highlan' heart behint wou'd tarry?
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,
 The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
 The south'ren trump falls on my ear,
 Their banner'd lions proudly streamin'.
 Now, Donald; Duncan's ready!
 Now, Donald; Duncan's ready!
 Within his hand he grasps his brand;
 Fierce is the fray, the field is bloody!

But lang shall Scotland rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flyin';
 Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
 Her laurels torn, her warriors dyin'.
 Duncan now nae mair is ready,
 Duncan now nae mair is ready!
 The brand is fa'en frae out his han',
 His bonnet blue lies stain'd an' bluidy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
 Lang may she wait for his returnin';
 The midnight dew's la' on her cheek;
 What han' shall dry her tears o' mourin'?
 Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.

ALACE! I VYTE ZOUR TWA FAIR EYNE.

Air, The Twa faire Eyne.

Slow.

A-lace! I vyte your twa fair eyne For al the dule q^lk^s fald on
 mee; A-lace! I vyte your beau-tie sheen For all the wanhope I maun dree.

Anc I wes blythe as bird on reis.*

Nae lichter hert on erth did syng;

Now I am wed till miserys,

And thow the cause fra q^lk^s thay spring.

O! had ye neir lukit kynd on mee,

Wi' your twa faire hot treacherous eyne,

I neir had thoct of luvyn thee,

My passioun had hot wondir bene.

Thow wuld haif bin lyk ane of thay

Bright sternis q^lk^s shimmer in the skie,

That eyne may luik upon for aye

In gladness qh^l it glintit by.

But, old alace! your twa fair eyne

Thay glintit nocht lyk sternis on mee;

In suth thay wer as bright and sheen,

But sik could glance thay culd not gie.

O! waly now bi grene wud schay!

O! waly now bi banck and brae!

And waly bi the Abbay wa,

Whare I and my fause luvie did gae!

* means a bough or branch of a tree in old scotish.

YOUNG MAXWELL.

Air, Auld Maggy Sharp.

"O whare gang ye, thou silly auld carle? And what do ye carry there? In

gauld to the hill side, thou sod-ger-man, To shift my sheep their lair?

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
 And a gude lang stride took he:
 "I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
 Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle
 Adown by the greenwood side;
 "Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
 For here ye canna ride?"

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,
 And lightly down he sprang;
 O! the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,
 Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
 And his bonnet frae 'boon his bree,
 And wha' was it but the young Maxwell!
 And his gude brown sword drew he.

"Thou kill'd my father, thou vile Southron,
 And thou kill'd my brethren three,
 Whilk brak the heart o' my ae sister,
 I lovd' as the light o' my e'e.

"Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron,
 Red wat wi' blude o' my kin;
 That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
 Ere lifted its head to the sun.

"There's ae sad stroke for my dear father,
 There's twa for my brethren three;
 And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
 Wham I lovd' as the light o' my e'e."

This ballad is founded on fact. A young Gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The Air, which is very ancient, has generally been sung to a foolish ballad beginning "Auld Maggy Sharp liv'd on the brae tap."

TO A LILY-VET.

Air, MacGilchrist's Lament.

Chant no more thy roun-de-lay, Lovely minstrel of the grove;

Charm no more the hours a-way With thy art-less tale of love.

Chant no more thy roun-de-lay, Sad it steals up-on mine ear;

Leave, O leave thy leaf-y spray, Till the smil-ing morn ap-pear.

Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song
 As the welkin's shadows lour,
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,
 Humming to the twilight hour.
 Not like thee, I quit the scene
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;
 Nor like thee, I wake again,
 Smiling with the morning beam.

GLEN--NA--H'ALBYN.

Air, Cadil gu lo.

Slow On the air-y Ben-ne-vis The wind is a-wake; The

boat's on the shal-low, The ship on the lake. Ah! now in a

mo-ment my coun-try I leave; The next I am far a-way,

Far on the wave. Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Al-

byn, Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Al-byn.

I was proud of the power
 And the fame of my chief,
 And to raise them was ever
 The aim of my life;
 And now in his greatness
 He turns me away,
 When my strength is decayed,
 And my locks are worn grey.
 Oh! fare thee well, &c.

Farewell the grey stones
 Of my ancestors' graves,
 I go to have mine
 Of the foam of the waves;
 Or to die unlamented
 On Canada's shore,
 Where none of my fathers
 Were gather'd before,
 Oh! fare thee well, &c.

Glen-na-h' Albyn, or Glen-more-na-h' Albyn, the great glen of Caledonia, is a name applied to the valley which runs in a direction from north-east to south-west, the whole breadth of the kingdom, from the Moray Firth at Inverness to the sound of Mull below Fort-William; and which is almost filled with lakes.

MAC-DONALD'S GATHERING.

Gaelic Air.

Come along, my brave clans, There's nae friends sae staunch and true;

Come a long, my brave clans, There's nae lads sae lead as you.

Come a long, Clan-Do-nuil, Frae 'mang' your birks and heather braes;

Come with bold Mac-Al-is-ter, Wilder than his moun-tain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
 From Loch Morer to Argyle;
 Come from Castle Tuirim,
 Come from Moidart and the Isles.
 Macallan is the hero
 That will lead you to the field;
 Gather bold Siolallain,
 Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
 Gather from Lochaber glens;
 Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you;
 Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Many sons of might you know;
 Lenochan's your brother,
 Auchterchitan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
 'Tis your Prince that needs your arm;
 Though Mac Connel leaves you,
 Dread no danger or alarm.
 Come from field and foray,
 Come from sickle and from plough;
 Come from cairn and correi,
 From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;
 Come with haversack and cord;
 Come not late with meal and cake,
 But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
 Down into the lowlands,
 Plenty bides by dale and burn;
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Riches wait on your return.

O let us leave the town, my love, And lay us down by Yarrow's stream. Where

A-pril, gales a-down the vales, Give soft-ness to the shep-herd's dream; We'll

quit the noise of pub-lic life, The ci-ty's cry, the ci-ty's care, Where

sim-ple love doth sel-dom rove, But walks with spring on Yar-row fair.

The grove, thro' which we stray at morn,
 Will with its music make us glad;
 The yellow gleam of setting beam,
 Will still a softer influence shed:
 And ev'ning, too, will bring its charms,
 Such charms as soothe the lover's soul,
 The moon's mild ray will sweetly play
 On Yarrow's waters, as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
 And wrap us in a golden dream,
 Tears of delight will dim the sight,
 And Yarrow will an Eden seem.
 Then let us leave the town my love,
 And lay ourselves by Yarrow's stream,
 Where April gales adown the vales
 Give softness to the lover's dream.

IT'S A' WAE WI' SCOTLAND.

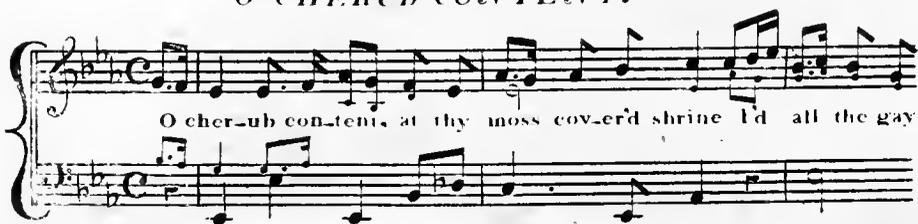
Jacobite.



It's a' wae wi' Scot-land, An' life it is nae boon; It's
a' wae wi' Scot-land When they tread the this-tle down. The
sun sets sweet at e'en-ing On mo-ny a war-rior's grave, But the
reav-ers' hoofs hae trodden Where the this-tle tap should wave.

The sun sets sweet at e'ening;
But they are far awa,
Wha wad hae say'd the thistle's tap,
That now maun withering fa';
Yet the leal hearts o' Scotland,
Altho it may seem lang,
Will pray and hope that Heaven
May yet redress the wrang.

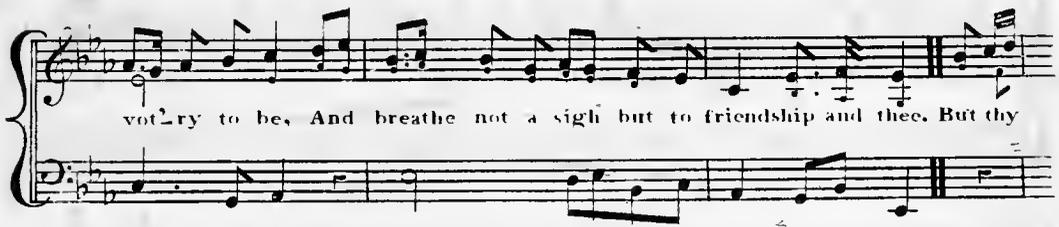
O CHERUB CONTENT.



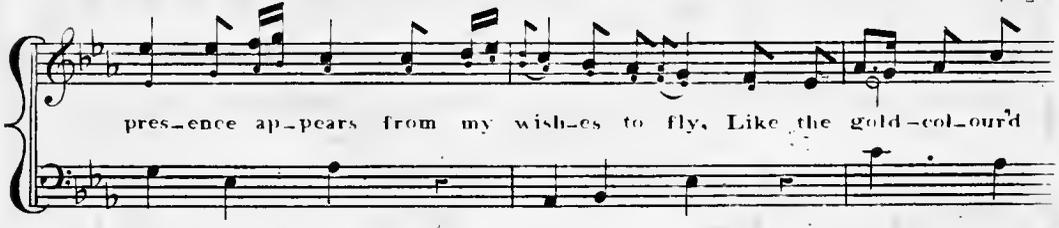
O cher-ub con-tent, at thy moss cov-er'd shrine I'd all the gay



hopes of my ho-som re-sign! I'd part with am-bi-tion thy



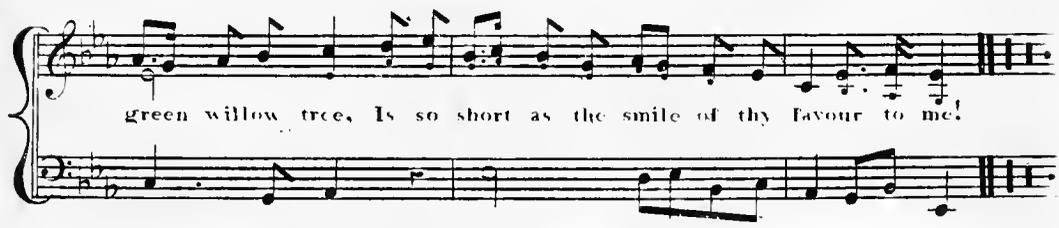
vo-t'ry to be, And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee. But thy



pres-ence ap-pears from my wish-es to fly, Like the gold-col-our'd



cloud on the verge of the sky; No lus-tre that hangs on the



green willow tree, Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me!

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care,
 That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
 The noon of my youth, slow-departing I see,
 But its years, as they pass, bring no tidings of thee!
 O cherub content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
 I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
 Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see,
 I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

O LEEZE ME ON THE BONNIE LASS.

Air, Hodgart's Delight.

O leeze me on the bonnie lass, That I lo'e best of a'; O
leeze me on my Ma-ri-on, The pride o' Loch-er-shaw; O
weel I like my Ma-ri-on, For love blinks in her e'e, An'
she has vow'd a sol-enn vow, She lo'es na ane but me.

The flowers grow bonnie on the bank,
Where down the waters fa';
The birds sing bonnie in the bower,
Where red red roses blaw:
An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,
Whan day has clos'd his e'e,
I wander wi' my Marion,
Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sie luve as mine an' Marion's,
O may it never fa'!
But blume aye like the fairest flower,
That grows in Locher-shaw:
My Marion I will ne'er forget,
Until the day I die,
For she has vow'd a solemn vow,
She lo'es na ane but me.

O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sæ far a_wa; Un-

knowing what my way may thwart, My na-tive land sæ far a_wa. Thou,

that of a things Ma-ker art, That form'd this fair sæ far a_wa. Gin

bo-dy strength, then I'll ne'er start At this my way sæ far a_wa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sæ far awa;
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, Oh, she is sæ far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel, but her's sæ far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the fair sæ far awa.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Very Old.

Slow

Hie up-on Hie-lands, and laigh up-on Tay, Bon-nie George

Camp-bell rode out on a day; He sad-dled, he brid-led, and

gal-lant rode he, And hame cam his guid horse, but nev-er cam he.

Out cam his mother dear, greeting lu' sair,
 And out cam his bonnie bryde riving her hair,
 "My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is to build, and my baby's unborn?"

* * * * *
 * * * * *



THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

Air, Kellyburn Braes.

For mo-ny lang years I hae heard frae my Gran-nie, OI

brown-ies and bog-les by yon cas-tle wa', Of auld with-er'd hags, that were

nev-er thought can-nie, An' fair-ies that danc'd 'till they heard the cock crow, I

leugh at their tales; an' last owk i' the gloam-in', I dan-der'd a-

lane down the Haz-le-wood green; A-las! I was reck-less, an' rue sair my

room-in', For I met a young witch wi' twa bon-nie black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancin',
 Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless an' blue;
 I looked again, an' my heart felt a dancing;
 Whan I wad hae spoken, she glamour'd my mou',
 O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish'd I wander;
 At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
 For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
 The Hazlewood witch wi' the bonny black een.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Air, The Weaver's March.

Where Cart rins row-in to the sea, By mo-ny a flow'r and

spreading tree, There's lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a gal-lant Weav-er. O!

I had woo-ers aught or nine, They gied me rings and rib-bons fine, And

I was fear'd my heart would tync, And I gied it to the Weav-er.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
 To gie the lad that has the lands,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And give it to the Weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I love my gallant Weaver.

Slow.

From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and wea-ry, The

HIGHLANDER sped to his youthful a-bode; Fair vis-ions of home cheer'd the

des-ert so dreary, Tho' fierce was the noon beam, and steep was the road.

Till spent with the march, that still lengthen'd before him,
 He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
 The light shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,
 And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,
 One dream of his childhood his fancy past o'er;
 But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
 The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him
 Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;
 Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,
 Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
 The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
 And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
 And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch-tree on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and the incident forms the subject of the above verses.

THE SIMMER GLOAMIN'

Air, The Shepherd's Son.



The mid-*ges* dance a-boon the burn, The dews begin to fa; The
 pair-tricks down the rush-y howm Set up their e'en-ing ca'; Now
 loud and clear the black-bird's sang Rings thro' the briery shaw, While,
 fleet-ing gay, the swal-lows play A-round the cas-tle wa'

Beneath the gowden gloamin sky
 The mavis mends his lay,
 The redbreast pours its sweetest strains
 To charm the ling'ring day;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinkin thro' the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell,
 The honey-suckle and the birk
 Spread fragrance thro' the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

From the Gaelic.



Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie; Come o'er the stream

Charlie, and dine with Mac-lean; And though you lie weary, we'll make your heart

cheer-y, And wel-come our Char-lie and his loy-al train. We'll

bring down the track deer, We'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the

breck-an, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our

Charlie, The cream from the both-y, and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
 That stream in the star-light, when kings do not ken;
 And deep be your need of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 It aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandman
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

MAGGY LAUDER.

Lively

Wha wad-na be in love, Wi' bon-nie Mag-gy Lau-der? A

pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And spier'd what wa'st they c'd her, Right

scorn-ful-ly she an-swer'd him, "Be-gone ye hal-lan-sha-ker! Jogg

on your gate, ye blad-der-skate, My name is Mag-gy Lau-der."

"Maggy," quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie birds,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done," quoth he; "play up," quoth she:
"Weel bob'd," quoth Rob the Ranter;
"Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer."

"Piper," quoth Meg; "hae ye your bags;
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you;
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Git ye'll blaw up your chanter!"

"Weel hae you play'd your part," quoth Meg;
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nae in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson;
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anst'er fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder."

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

57



O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's mo-dest and discreet,



Mally's rare, Mally's fair, Mally's ev-ry way com-plete. As



I was walk-ing up the street, A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet; But



O the road was ve-ry hard, For that lair maiden's tender feet.

Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And 'twere mair fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Old Set.

O where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? O

where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? He

dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my

heart I love my laddie well. He dwells in merry Scotland, where the

blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my heart I love my laddie well.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND. Modern Set.

O where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? O

where, and O where does your Hie-land lad-die dwell? He

dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my

heart I love my lad-die well. He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land, where the

blue-bells sweet-ly smell, And all in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
 O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
 A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair,
 And nane in the world can with my love compare.

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
 O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
 He's gone to fight for George our king, and left me all alone,
 For noble and brave's my loyal Hielandman.

O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
 O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
 When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame,
 With the heather in his bannet, my gallant Hielandman.

HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE CROMLA MIST.

Air, Morna.

Her hair was like the Cromla mist, When evening sun beams

from the west, Bright was the eye of Mor-na. When

beau-ty wept the war-rior's fall, Then lone and dark was

Fin-gal's hall, Sad was the love-ly Mor-na.

O lovely were the blue-ey'd maids,	Sad was the hoary minstrel's song,
That sung peace to the warrior's shade,	That died the rustling heath among,
But none so fair as Morna.	Where sat the lovely Morna.
Her hallow'd tears bedew'd the brake,	It slumber'd on the placid wave,
That wav'd beside dark Orma's lake,	It echo'd thro' the warrior's cave,
Where wander'd lovely Morna.	And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid;
 In Fingal's hall each blue-ey'd maid
 Sung peace and rest to Morna.
 The harp's wild strain was past and gone,
 No more it whisper'd to the moan
 Of lovely dying Morna.

Slowly

Oh! wha will dry the dreeping tear, She sheds her lane, she
 sheds her lane? Or wha the bon-nie lass will cheer; Of
 Liv-ing-stone, of Liv-ing-stone? The crown was half on,
 Char-lie's head, Ae glad-some day, ae glad-some day; The lads that
 should gie joy to him, Are in the clay, are in the clay.

Her wadden gown was wyl'd and made,
 It ne'er was on, it ne'er was on;
 Culloden field, his lowly bed,
 She thought upon, she thought upon.
 The bloom has faded frae her cheek
 In youthfu' prime, in youthfu' prime;
 And sorrows' with'ring hand has done
 The deed o' time, the deed o' time.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

Air, Niel Gow.



Red gleams the sun on you hill tap, The dew sits on the gow-an; Deep
murmurs thro' her glens the Spey, A-round Kin-ra-ra row-an. Where
art thou, fair-est, kind-est lass? A-las! wert thou but near me, Thy
gen-tle soul, thy melt-ing eye, Would ev-er 'ev-er cheer me.

The lavrock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheery,
And I sit weeping by the birk,
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary,
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

MINNA'S FAREWELL TO CLEVELAND.

Zetland Melody.



Go Cleveland, from thy

Min-na go, Where deeds of glo-ry lead to lame! The hand of death ne'er

par-ted two With faint-er hope to meet a-gain. 'Tis thine from Zet-land's

coast to roam, To bid each moun-tain scene a-dieu, And soon, I feel, the

time will come, When I, a-las! shall leave them too.

'Tis not mid revelry and joy,
 That Minna claims a thought from thee;
 'Tis not mid wine-cups sparkling high,
 That I would bid thee pledge to me!
 But oh! mid war or tempest's roar,
 When o'er the surge thy bark is borne,
 Think on the maid on Zetland's shore,
 Whose prayers are mingling with the storm.

And oh! if earthly joy can cheer
 A heart fast wending to the grave,
 'Twill be thy much-lov'd name to hear
 Enroll'd among the good and brave:
 To hear a nation swell the praise
 Of him, whose deeds of valour drew
 The cheer that daring outlaws raised,
 And plaudits from the shouting crew.

BONNIE RAN THE BURNIE DOWN.

Chorus.

Air, Cawdor Fair.

Bon-nie ran the burn-ie down, Wan-drin and win-din;

Sweet-ly sang the birds a-boun, Care nev-er min-din! The

gen-tle sim-mer wind Was their nur-sie salt and kind, And it

rock-et them, and rock-et them, All in their bow'rs sae hie. End with the Choꝝ

The mossy rock was there,
And the water lily fair,

And the little trout wad sport about,
All in the sunny beam.
Bonnie ran, &c.

Tho' summer days be lang .
And sweet the birdies, sang,
The wintry night and chilling blight
Keep aye their cerie roun-
Bonnie ran, &c.

And then the burn's like a sea
Roarin and reamin;
Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,
But wild birds screamin.
Bonnie ran, &c.

And my sweet sunny morn
Was like the ripplin burn.
Or simmer breeze among the trees,
And linties liltin blythe.
Oh! that the past I might forget,
Wandrin and weepin;
Oh! that aneath the hillock green
Sound I were sleepin!

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

65

Air, The brier bush. 2^d Set.

We'll meet be-side the dus-ky glen, on yon burn side, Where the

bush-es form a coz-ie den, on yon burn side; Tho' the

broom-y knowes be green, Yet there we may be seen: But we'll

meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birkin bow'r, on yon burn side,
 Sac sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side;
 There the roses bloom sac fair,
 There securely sports the hare,
 There we'll pledge our love sincere, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side;
 Those fairy-scenes are no for you, by yon burn side;
 There fancy smooths her theme,
 By the sweetly murmur'ing streams,
 And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn side,
 And gloamin draws her foggy shroud, o'er yon burn side;
 Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields a-lang;
 There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean, down by yon burn side.

SONG OF SELMA.

Second Voice.

Plaintive

It is night, I am a-lone, for-lorn on the hill of storms! The

It is night, I am a-lone, for-lorn on the hill of storms! The

wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent shrieks down the rocks! No

wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent shrieks down the rocks! No

hut re-ceive me from the rain, for-lorn on the hill of winds! Rise,

hut re-ceive me from the rain, for-lorn on the hill of winds! Rise,

moon, from be-hind thy clouds! Stars of the night ap-pear! Lend me

moon, from be-hind thy clouds! Stars of the night ap-pear! Lend me

light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase; His

light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase; His

bow near him un-strung, His dogs panting a-round him, But here I must sit a-

bow near him un-strung, His dogs panting a-round him, But here I must sit a-

lone by the rock of the mos-sy stream; The stream and the wind roar, nor

lone by the rock of the mos-sy stream; The stream and the wind roar, nor

can I hear the voice of my love, the voice of my love.

can I hear the voice of my love, the voice of my love.

THE CARDIN O'T.

I coft a stane o' has-lock woo, To mak a web to

John-nie o't; For John-nie is my on-ly jo, I

lo'e him best o' on-y yet, The car-din o't, the spin-nin

o't, The war-pin o't, the win-nin o't; When il-ka ell cost

me a groat, The tay-lor staw the lyn-in o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be held aboon,
 Yet I hae seen him, on a day,
 The pride o' a' the parishen.
 The cardin o't, &c.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Slowly.

My Peg-gy's face, my Peg-gy's form, The frost of her-mit

age might warm; My Peg-gy's worth, my Peg-gy's mind, Might

charm the first of hu-man kind. I love my Peg-gy's an-gel air, Her

face so tru-ly heav'n-ly fair, Her na-tive grace so

void of art, But I a-dore my Peg-gy's heart.

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

PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

Very Old.

Put the gown u-pon the bish-op, That's his mil-ler-

-due o' knave-ship; Jen-ny Ged-des was the gos-sip, Put the

gown u-pon the bish-op, Put the gown u-pon the bish-op.

WHEN THE DAYS THEY ARE LANG.

When the days they are lang, an' the fields they grow green, Fal

lal lal lal, la fa la ra; At Lam-ling-ton ev'-ry

year may be seen, Fal lal lal lal, la fa la ra; A

fouth o' lairds an' la-dies too, Wi' lads an' lass-ies nae that few; An'

oh! the sport is rare to view, Fal lal lal lal, la fa la ra.

There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fal lal, &c.
 Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fal lal, &c.
 Our ancient wager for to win,
 The prize nae less than forty pun';
 To see them is the best o' fun, Fal lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fal lal, &c.
 And baillies wi' halberts weel scour'd in their hands, Fal lal, &c.
 To clear the course, the cause was gude,
 An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,
 For ilka ane on tip-tae stood, Fal lal, &c.

Now Kirkfield frae braw Lesmahago came, Fal lal, &c.
 Our siller nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame, Fal lal, &c.
 But tho' he cam wi' noise an' din,
 The beast was unco laith to rin;
 In short the lad was ahin, Fal lal, &c.

An' Glentowin's horse he was sairly out-worn, Fal lal, &c.
 That mornin' he gat a haill firlet o' corn, Fal lal, &c.
 His gröom kept him but carelessly,
 Tho' had he led him soberly
 'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fal lal, &c.

But Kingledore's mare she brak all at the first, Fal lal, &c.
 Sax paces an' mair afore a' the rest, Fal lal, &c.
 She was sae supple an' sae stout,
 She led the lave a' round about,
 An' cam in first — as she gade out, Fal lal, &c.

Now Glentowin's horse he could do nae mair, Fal lal, &c.
 An' Kirkfield's o'er heavy to hae ony share, Fal lal, &c.
 Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare
 Set all wi' a' our dainty gear,
 An' caper'd crousy thro' the fair, Fal lal, &c.

THE FLOWER OF AMOCHRIE.

Air, Days of Yore.

“O cam ye friend a₋cross the hill? Or cam ye friend out
 o'er the lea? Or, saw ye, in the wood - y vale, The
 love - ly flower o' A₋moch₋rie?” “I came not 'cross the heathy hill, Nor
 came I o'er the flow' - ry lea; How could I know, in
 yon green vale, The love - ly flower o' A - moch - rie?”

“Saw ye Aurora at the dawn,
 Or cloudless moon o'er waveless sea?
 Oh! then you'd know, upon the lawn,
 The lovely flower o' Amochrie,
 Her cheeks the ruddy morning vie,
 Her neck, the snaw sae fair to see,
 Her e'en, the blue o' winter sky,
 The lovely flower o' Amochrie.”

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

My love built me a bonnie bow'r, And clad it a wi' lily flow'r; A'

brower bow'r ye n'er did see, Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
 He spied his sport and went away,
 And brought the king at dead of night,
 Who brake my bow'r, and slew my knight!

He slew my knight, to me sae dear!
 He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear!
 My servants all for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie!

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
 I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
 I watch'd his body night and day;
 No living creature came that way!

I took his body on my back,
 And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
 And hap'd him with the sod sae green!

But think na ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
 O think na ye my heart was wae,
 When I turn'd about awa to gae!

Nae living man I'll love again,
 Since that my lovely knight is slain!
 Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
 I'll chain my heart for evermair!

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Can-o'-gate, The Can-o'-gate, the
 Can-o'-gate; As I came down the Can-o'-gate, I heard a las-sie sing, "O
 mer-ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
 Mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin.

O merry may the keel row, &c.

ROB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-son's bon-net, Ye'll
 a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-son's bon-net; 'Twas no for it-sel, 'twas the

head that was in it, Gard a' bo-dies talk o' Rob Rory-son's hon-net.

This hon-net, that thee-k it his won-der-fu' head, Was his shel-ter in

wi-ter, in sum-mer his shade, And at kirk, or, at mar-ket, or

bri-dals, I ween, A braw gaw-tier hon-net there ne-ver was-seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle black-boyd,
 It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side;
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trow.
 But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I law,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;
 Tho' the hail parish talk'd o' Rob Roryson's honnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane kend but himsel, sae there's nane that will miss't.
 But there's some still in life, wha eternally blame,
 Wha on buts and on ifs rear their fabric o' fame;
 To all such I inscribe this most beautiful sonnet,
 To crown them the heirs o' Rob Roryson's bonnet.

AMID LOCH CATRINE'S SCENERY WILD.

Air, The Boatman.

A-mid Loch Ca-trine's scene-ry wild Is seen my lass-ie's dwell-ing, Where

cav-ern'd rocks, on mountains pil'd, Howl to the sea-breeze swell-ing. She's

pu-rer than the snaw that fa's On moun-tain's sum-mit ai-ry; The

sweet-est moun-tain-flow'r that blows Is not so fair as Ma-ry.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
 Where purling streams meander;
 But sweeter when my Mary sings,
 As thro' the glens we wander.
 The wild deer on the mountain side,
 The fabl'd Elf or Fairy,
 Or skiff that skims the crystal tide,
 Moves not more light than Mary.

From lowland plains I've wander'd far,
 In endless search of pleasure,
 Till, guided by some friendly star,
 I found this lovely treasure.
 Altho' my native home has charms,
 Among these hills I'll tarry;
 And while life's blood my bosom warms,
 I'll love my dearest Mary.

YE BONNIE HAUGHS.

Air, - The Scottish Exile's Lament.

Slow and
with Feeling

Ye bonnie haughs and heather braes, Whare I hae past youth's

blythest days, An' id-le dream o' bliss ye be, That gars me sigh for my ain countrie,

O hauld we rade thro' Stirling toun, Wi' pis_tol sword and mus_que_toon, And

banner braid display'd had we, Like brave men hald_ing com_pa_nie.

We left our luvcs, we left our hames,
We left our bairns and winsome dames,
And we drew our swords richt manfully
To back the king o' our ain countrie.
But Carlile yetts are wat wi blude,
Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude;
And gentle blude o' ilk degree
Has stained the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwyning in this fremit land,
Does feckless mak baith heart and hand,
And gars thir tears drap frae my ee,
That nêr sal la' in my ain countrie.
O Carron brig is auld and worn,
Whare I and my forbears were born;
But bonnie is that brig to see
By ane flemit frae his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening ear
Is borne the waters cruning clear,
Making a moan and melodic
That weds the heart to its ain countrie.
O, gin I were a wee wee bird,
To light adown at Randiefuird,
And in Kirk o' Mure to close my ee,
And fald my wings in my ain countrie!

FAREWELL, O SWEET HOPE.

Gaelic Air.

Fare_well, O sweet hope! I have wept thee in sad_ness, Thy
 bright star il_lum_in'd life's gloo_miest day; It rose on my soul like an
 an_gel of glad_ness, And smild the dark clouds of mis_fo_rtune a_way

In youth every prospect by pleasure was bounded,
 And joy was the portion that destiny gave;
 'Twas pure as the lake by the mountains surrounded,
 And warm as the sun-beam that danc'd on its wave.

Thy visions were transient as mists of the morning;
 They shone on my sight like the rainbow of eve;
 And the first tear of sorrow proclaim'd the sad warning,
 Those visions were sent to betray and deceive.

Peace, mild as the dew-drop descending at even,
 Protected my bosom from sorrow and care;
 But return'd to her throne in the mansion of heaven,
 When each object was stamp'd by the hand of despair.

O'er the flowers of happiness, wither'd and blighted,
 Fond memory lingers, and mourns their decay;
 For the blossoms thy warmth and thy splendour delighted,
 Expir'd in the hour that beheld thy last ray.

NOW, MARY, NOW THE STRUGGLES O'ER.

Gaelic Air.

Now, Ma_ry, now the strug_gle's o'er, The war of pride and

love, And Ma_ry, now we meet no more, Un_less we meet a_bove.

Too well thou know'st how much I lov'd!
 Thou knew'st my hopes — how fair!
 But all those hopes are blighted now,
 They point but to despair.

Thus doom'd to ceaseless, hopeless love,
 I haste to India's shore;
 For here how can I longer stay,
 And call thee mine no more!

Now, Mary, now the struggle's o'er,
 And tho' I still must love,
 Yet, Mary, here we meet no more,
 O, may we meet above!

THE HIGHLAND BALLOON.

Hee ba_low, my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Clanronald;

Thoult be chief o' a' the clan, If thou art spared to be a man,

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
 An' thou live thou'll lift a naigie,
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlyle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou funder;
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

THE CALEDONIAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Air, Farewell to Scoria.

With
Feelings!

I have said, fare—thee—well be—fore, As I look'd, with mine eyelid

wet, Up—on scenes where my heart had a store, And those

plants of the spi—rit were set, That we can—not up—root, or for—

get. And I've felt as the dark moun—tain's brow, Had it

written, in let—ters of jet, "E—ter—ni—ty se—vers us now!"

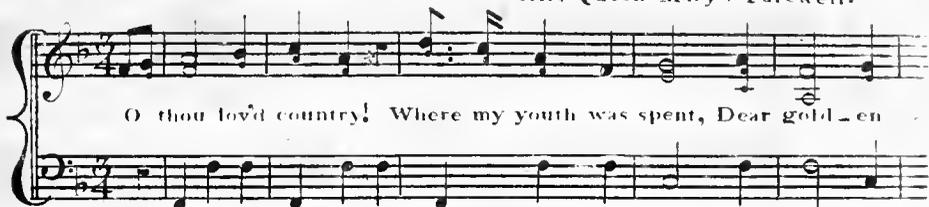
And I feel as a desolate one,
 Fair land while I gaze upon thee!—
 No more shall that "sweet setting sun"
 Plumine those vallies for me!
 Yet bright may your blossoming be,
 And soft be the gush of your streams!
 O! still in my slumbers will ye
 Be the land of my loveliest dreams.

The remembrance of thee will not wear,
 Like the mist on thy mountains, away:
 Or, as temples, that grandeur will rear,
 To glitter and glance for a day.
 But as towers are embedded for aye,
 It shall stand on the top of my heart,
 And o'er my fond fancy hold sway,
 While memory her joys shall impart.

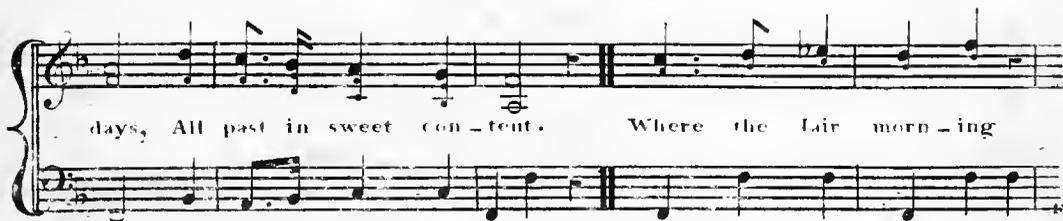
QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

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Air, Queen Mary's Farewell.



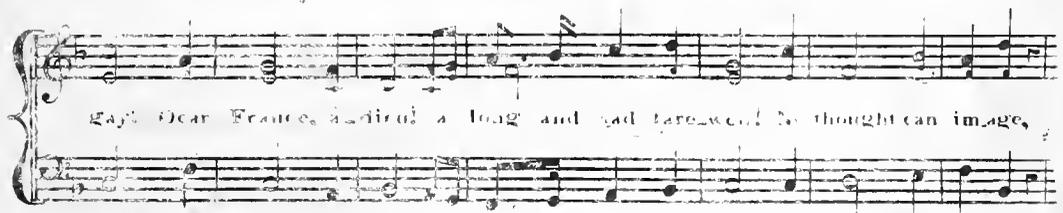
O thou lov'd country! Where my youth was spent, Dear gold-en



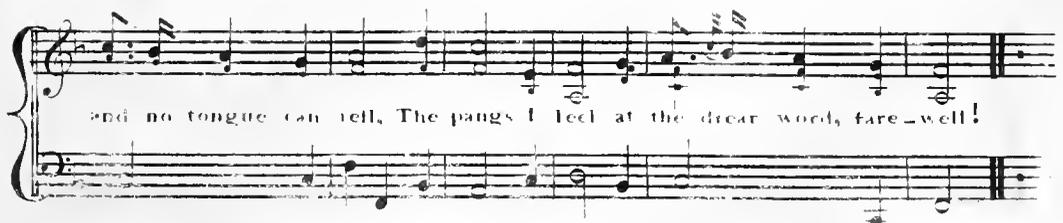
days, All past in sweet con-tent. Where the fair morn-ing



of my cloud-ed day Shone mild-ly bright, and tem-per-ate-ly



gay! Dear France, ad-dit'd a long and sad fare-well, no thought can image,



and no tongue can tell, The pangs I feel at the dear words, fare-well!

The ship that waits me from thy friendly shore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My soul is thine, that spark of heav'nly flame,
The better portion of my mingled frame,
Is wholly thine: that part I give to thee,
That, in the temple of thy memory,
The other ever may enshrined be.

HAE YE SEEN, AT DAWN OF MORNING.

Air, Crowdy. 1st Set.

Slowly.

Hae ye seen, at dawn o' morning, When the flow'rs were ballid wi' dew?

Hae ye seen the lav' rock springing Frae the gowans vir-gin hue?

Sweet's the rose, mild blush-ing flow-er, Sweet the il-ly's mo-dest form,

Sweet the woodbine-mantled bow-er, Sweet the frag-rant bloom-ing thorn

By the storm the rose is blasted,

Rain sweeps the lily frae the vale,

The fragrance of the brier lies wasted

On the wings of autumn's gate.

Seasons ever are a-changing,

Buds to flowers, then flowers decay,

Autumn, summer's glory mourning,

Winter sweeps their pride away.

O! THE YEARS!

Air, Crowdy. 2d Set.

Slow.

O! the years when young crea-tions Peo-pled ev'ry hour that flew,

When the spi-rit knew temp-ta-tions But by love's il-lu-sive hue,

These were days of peace and plea-sure, Which we ne'er shall prove a-gain;

All the fu-ture we can mea-sure On-ly by its sum of pain,

Fare thee well, thou hours of fae-ry; Fare thee well, cre-a-tions gay;

All your vi-sions, bright and air-y, Took them wings and flew a-way.

'STU MO RŪN.*

Plaintive

Red, red is the path to glo-ry! See yon banners floating high!

O, my Geor-dy, death's be-fore ye! Turn and hear my bounding sigh

Joy of my heart, Geor-dy, hear me! Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn:

*'Thou art my love.'

Turn and see thy tartan plaid,
Rising o'er my breaking head,
O my bonny highland laddie,
Wae was it, with thee to part,
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!
Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

†'My own!'

But thou bleeds— O bleeds thou, beauty?
Swims thy eye in woe and pain?
Child of honour! child of duty!
Shall we never meet again?
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!
Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow,
Soon thy head shall easy lie;
Soon, upon the bounding billow,
Shall thy war-worn standard fly,
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!
Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

Then, again thy tartan plaid,
Then, my bosom free from pain,
Shall receive my Highland laddie:
Never shall we part again.

E

Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

Lady G. Gordon, picked up this beautiful Air in the Highlands, the verses were written by Dr. Copper at her desire, on the Marquis of Huntly when in Holland.

MAID OF ALDERNEY.

Air, Kinloch of Kinloch.

O stop na, bonnie bird, that strain, Frae hopeless love itself it flows; Sweet

bird, O war-ble it a-gain, Thou'st touch'd the string of a' my woes! O

lull me with it to re-pose, I'll dream of her who's far a-way, And

fan-cy, as my eye-lids close, Will meet the maid of Al-der-ney.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thoud'st leave thy native grove,
And fly, to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity, and to love,
The bonny maid of Alderney.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep;
Thy song sad recollections bring;
O! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom bring
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Alderney.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear,
I'll mourn beneath this hoary thorn;
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn.
Then, high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chaunt a sang o' love and wae,
And soothe me, weeping at the scorn
O the sweet maid of Alderney.

And when around my wearied head,
Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
And close for aye my tearfu' eye.
Perch'd on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my spirit passing by
To meet the maid of Alderney.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Air, Drumossie Muir.

Second Voice, ad lib:

The love_ly lass of In-ver_ness, Nae joy nae plea_sure can she
The love_ly lass of In-ver_ness, Nae joy nae plea_sure can she

see; For e'en and morn she cries, a_las! And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.
see; For e'en and morn she cries, a_las! And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.

Drum_ossie muir, Drum_ossie day, A wae_lu' day it was to
Drum_ossie muir, Drum_ossie day, A wae_fu' day it was to

me For there I lost my Fa_ther dear, My Fa_ther dear and Brethren three.
me For there I lost my Fa_ther dear, My Fa_ther dear and Brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy 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 bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

87

It was a' for our right-fu' king We left fair Scot-land's

strand; It was a' for our right-fu' king We e'er saw I-rish

land, my dear, We e'er saw I-rish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain:
 My love and native land fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shores,
 And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With, adieu for evermore.

The sojer frae the war returns,
 The sailor frae the main,
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him, that's far awa
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

THE HIGHLANDERS' FAREWELL.

O where shall I gae seek my bread? Or where shall I gae wan-der? O

where shall I gae hide my head? For here I'll hide nae lan-ger. The

seas, may row, the winds may blow, And swathe me round in dan-ger; My

na-tive land, I must fore-go, And roam a lone-ly stran-ger.

The glen, that was my father's own,
 Must be by his forsaken;
 The house, that was my father's home,
 Is levell'd with the bracken.
 Ocho! ocho! our glory's o'er,
 Stole by a mean deceiver!
 Our hands are on the broad claymore,
 But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
 Thy people have disown'd thee,
 Have hunted, and have driv'n thee hence,
 With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
 Tho' hard beset, when I forget
 Thy fate, young helpless rover,
 This broken heart shall cease to beat,
 And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
 Land of the Gael no longer!
 A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
 In guile and treachery stronger.
 The brave and just fall in the dust,
 On ruins' brink they quiver,
 Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,
 Adieu! adieu for ever.

THE SMUGGLER.

Air, The lads o' Lendalhit.

"The boat rides south o' Ail-sa craig In the doup-in' o' the

light; There's thret-ty men at Len-dal-fit To mak her bur-den light.

There's thretty naigs in Hazel-holm,
 Wi' the halter on their head,
 Will cadg'd this night, ayont yon hight,
 If wind and water speed.

Ey, reek ye out the pat an' spit,
 For the roast, but an' the boil,
 For wave-worn wight it is nae meet,
 Spare feeding and sair toil.

O Mungo, ye've a cozie bield,
 Wi' a butt ay an' a ben;
 Can ye no live a lawfu' life,
 An' ligg wi' lawfu' men?

Gae blaw your win aneath your pat,
 It's blawn awa on me,
 For, bag an' bark, shall be my wark
 Untill the day I die.

Maun I haud by our hamecart goods
 An' foreign gear sae fine?
 Maun I drink at the water wans,
 An' France sae rife o' wine?

O weel I like to see thee, Kate,
 Wi' the bairnie on thy knee;
 But my heart is now wi' yon gallant crew,
 That push through the angry sea.

The jauping weet, the stented sheet,
 The south-west stiffler gowl,
 On a moonless night, if the timmer's tight,
 Are the joys o' a Smuggler's 'soul'?

O CHECK MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.

Air, Jock o' Hazledean.

O check, my love, the fall-ing tear Which dims thy bonnie ee; The

world may frown, and friends prove false, But I'll be true to thee.

check, my love, the ris-ing sigh, Which gent-ly swells thy heart; Hope

whis-pers soon we'll meet a-gain, And ne-ver, ne-ver part.

When far awa, that falling tear
 Shall aft' remember'd be,
 The rising sigh which swells thy heart
 Shall ne'er be lost on me.
 Then check, my love, the falling tear
 Which dims thy bonnie ee;
 The world may frown, and friends prove false,
 But I'll be true to thee.

FAR FROM THE GIDDY COURT OF MIRTH.

Air, M^{rs} Hamilton of Wishaw.

Far from the gid-dy court of mirth, Where sick'ning follies reign, By

Lev_ern's stream I wan_der forth To hail each sil_van scene. All

hail, ye dear ro_man_tic shades! Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades! Here

oft the mus_ing po_et treads: In na_ture's rich_es great, The

country contrasts with the town, Makes nature's beau_ties all his own, And,

borne on fan_cy's wings, looks down On emp_ty pride and state.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
 Or sober evening gray,
 I'll often quit the drowsy town
 By Lavern banks to stray;
 Or from the upland's mossy brow
 Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
 Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
 A sweetly varied scene!
 Give riches to the miser's care,
 Let folly shine in fashion's glare,
 Give me the wealth of peace and health,
 With all their happy train.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

As I came o'er the cair-ney mount, And down a-mang the
 bloom-ing heath-er, Kind-ly stood the milk-ing shiel, To shel-ter
 frae the stor-my wea-ther. O my bon-nie High-land lad, My
 win-some, weel-far'd High-land lad-die; Wha wad mind the
 wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tar-tan plaid-ie?

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;
 But he won my heart's consent
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd Highland laddie;
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Now bank an' brae are clath'd in green, An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly

spring, By Girvan's fairy haunted stream The bir-dies flit on wanton wing. To

Cassillis banks when e'en-ing fa's, There wi' my Ma-ry let me flee, There

catch her il-ka glance o' love, The bon-nie blink o' Ma-ry's e'e.

The child who boasts o' world's walth

Is aften laird o' meikle care;

But, Mary, she is a' mine ain,

And fortune canna gie me mair!

Then let me range by Cassillis banks,

Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,

And catch her ilka glance o' love,

The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e

THE PRIMROSE IS BONNIE IN SPRING.

Air, The Banks of Eswal.

Slowly.

The primrose is bonnie in spring, An' the rose it is sweet in June; It's

bon-nie, whare leaves are green, I' the sun-ny af-ter-noon. It's

bon-nie when the sun gaes down, An' glints on the broom-y knowe; It's

bon-nie to see the clouds. Sae red wi' the daz-ling lowe.

When the night is a' sae calm,
 An' comes the sweet twilight gloom,
 Oh! it cheers my heart to meet
 My lassie among the broom.
 When the birds, in bush an' brake,
 Do quit their blythe e'enin sang,
 Oh! what an hour to sit
 Thae gay gowden links amang.

THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

Air, Cruikston Castle.

Thro' Cruikston cas-tle's lone-ly wa's The win-try-wind howls

wild and drear-y; Tho' mirk the cheerless e'en-ing fa's, Yet I hae'

vow'd to meet my Ma-ry. Yes, Ma-ry, tho' the winds shoud' rave Wi'

jeal-ous spite to keep me frae thee. The dark-est storm-y

Espress:

night I'd brave, For ae sweet se-cret mo-ment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
 But I will ford the whirling deep
 That roars between me and my treasure.
 Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
 With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morn-ing breeze Like a bonfire frae, the
 sea; It's fair to see the burnie kiss The lip o' the flow'ry lea; An'
 fine it is on green hill side, When hums the hin-ny bee; But
 rar-er, fair-er, tin-er far, Is the in-gle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
 The birds may fill the tree,
 And haughs hae a' the scented ware
 That simmer's growth can gie;
 But the canty hearth, where cronies meet,
 An' the darling o' our e'e,
 That maks to us a warld complete;
 O the ingle side's for me.

THE FLOWER O' LOCHER.

Air, M^r. J. Burns' Fancy.

O, las-sie, ye maun lo'e me weel, Dearly ye maun lo'e me;

Wi' a heart that's true and leal, I ev-er-mair maun woo ye. O,

las-sie, 'tis your bon-nie sel, It's no for gear nor tock-er, I've

would you in the flow'ry dell, And on the banks o' Loch-er.

It's whare the lambkins sport and play
 Sae merry a' the simmer;
 It's whare the birds sing a' the day
 Upon the leaty timmer;
 Wi' you, my love, I like to gae,
 A leal, leal heart to offer,
 My fancy nêr frae you can stray,
 Nor bonnie banks o' Locher.

O, lassie, yêre sae fair to see,
 I aye maun lo'e ye dearly,
 Your cheek's the rose upon the tree,
 Among the dew sae pearly.
 A monarch's crown and a' I'd gî'e,
 And miser's gowden colter,
 For ae blink o' Elizab's c'e
 Upon the banks o' Locher.

WHAT DE YE THINK I SUD DO.

I am a young man, and I live wi' my min-nie, A

gude ho-nest luc-ky, I trow; But when-ev-er I

speak o' tak-in a wife, She ay flies up in a

lowe. And what do you think I sud do, gude folks? O!

wha do ye think I sud try? For if she dies, there's

nae-bo-dy lie-vin To mind the fowls and the kye.

There's red headed Jenny that lies at our side,
 At shearin she aye dings them o';
 But her vera sight mither canna abide,
 And her a wild hissie does ca'
 And what do ye think, &c.

There's M^c M^c Drunky a guid widow woman,
 For wine makin she has the gree;
 At kirnin her daughter is surely uncommon,
 And either wad answer for me.
 And what do ye think, &c.

My mither yestreen she pouther'd my head,
 Till it was as white as the snaw;
 She tuik her auld mutch and stuffed my gravet,
 And pat in my breast prin and a:
 An' what do ye think I'm to do, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think I'm to do?
 I'm gaun to the east to a braw weddin' least
 To meet the M^c Hullys, I trow.

Now gang awa Jamie, now gang to the bridal,
 Ye ken yere to be the best man,
 And Betty M^c Hully she's the best maid,
 Speak up to her now like a man.
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think o' me now?
 I ken vera weel, it's a' for the siller
 That mither wad hae me to woo.

I gaed to the bridal, and Betty was there,
 And wow! but she was buskit braw,
 Wi' ribbons, and lace, a' set round her face,
 And necklaces twa or three raw.
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think I sud try?
 For really I'm vext, and sairly perplext,
 When I think o' the fowls and the kye.

To please my mither, and speak up till her,
 Lang I thought afore I wad try;
 At length I spiered, if ever she heard
 That we had twa dizen o' kye?
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! keep me frae Betty sae I.
 Wi' a' toss o' her head, she answered indeed,
 Wha cares for you, or your kye.

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET-GLENGARY.

Air, Flowers are Fair.

The sun is set-ting on sweet Glen-ga-ry, The flow'rs are

fair, and the leaves are green; O bon-nie las-sie, ye maun be my

dea-rie, And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Down yon glen ye never will weary,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Bonnie lassie, on bank sae brierie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In-yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Ye canna be sad, ye canna be cerie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

On ye sell ever be my dearie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

THE WANDERER.

Air, Logan Burn.

Slowly.

The wand'ring ex-ile, doom'd to roam, Still cherishes the thought of
 home, Not all the toils that round him stand, Can wean him from his native land.
 In ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry care, Still mem'ry points and lin-gers there, And
 for-tune's las-ci-na-t'ing hand, En-dears him to his na-tive land.

Whilst whirlwinds blow and tempests rise,
 And thunders shake the troubled skies,
 His feet are on a foreign strand,
 His heart is in his native land.
 Whilst all is calm and peaceful seen,
 And nought disturbs the blue serene,
 He cannot yield to joys command,
 An exile from his native land.

But when, the storms of fortune past,
 The wish'd-for haven gain'd at last,
 With what delight his waving hand
 Enraptur'd hails his native land.
 Here tarry all his soul holds dear,
 And all his fancy loves is here,
 There are his friends his childhood play'd
 And this his lov'd, his native land.

CAULD BLAWS THE WIN'.

Air, The forsaken mither:

Slow

Could blaws the win', the sough-in' win-try win', And the

wan lea' is ta'-in' frae the tree; But cauld-cr any babe is thy

cruc' father's heart, Wha brak a' his plight-ed vows to me.

Sleep soun', my babe, my bonnie bonnie babe,
 An' blythe may thou lift thy waukenin' e'e;
 But never again can this waeft' bosom ken
 The peace that kind Heaven may gie to thee.

Oh! I maun thole the bitter, bitter scorn,
 O' them wha ance kindly smil'd on me;
 An' I maun lea' my hame and parents dear,
 To wander the world in misery.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

With
Spirit.

Does haughty Gaul in_vasion threat? Then let the loons be_ware, Sir; There's

wood-en walls u-pon our seas, And vol-un-teers on shore, Sir. The

Nith shall rin to Cor-sin-con, The Crif-fel sink in Sol-way, Ere

we per-mit a for-aign foe On Brit-ish ground to ral-ly. We'll

n'er per-mit a for-aign foe On Brit-ish ground to ral-ly.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it;
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted
 For never but, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't;
 Our father's blude the kettle bought!
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?
 By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-sworn brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be tied together,
 Who will not sing, 'God save the king!'
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, 'God save the king,'
 We'll n'er forget the people,
 But while we sing, &c.

THE COVENANTERS LAMENT.

Air, The Martyr's Grave.

There's nae cove-nant now, Lassie, There's nae covenant now; The-

sol-lemn league and cove-nant Are a' brok-en through. There's

nae Ren-wick now, Las-sie, There's nae good Car-gill, Nor

ho-ly sab-bath preach-ing Up-on the Mar-tyrs hill.

It's naething but a sword, Lassie,
 A bluidy bluidy ane,
 Waving owre puir Scotland
 For her rebellious sin.
 Scotland's a' wrang, Lassie,
 Scotland's a' wrang;
 It's neither to the hill nor glen,
 Lassie we dare gang.

The martyrs' hill's forsaken,
 In simmer's dusk sae calm,
 There's nae gathering now, Lassie,
 To sing the e'ning psalm,
 But the martyrs' grave will rise, Lassie,
 Aboon' the warrior's cairn,
 An' the martyr soun' will sleep, Lassie,
 Aneath the waving fern.

Slow.

O Ma-ry, ye's be clad in silk, -And dia-monds in your hair, Gin

ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think on Ar-thur mair. Oh!

wha wad wear a silk-en gown, Wi' tears blind-ing their ee? Be-

fore I'll break my true love's heart, I'll lay me down and die.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind, whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and die.

So, trust me, when I swear to thee
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could-na buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth
 I'll lay me down and die.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love, she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet; We'll

let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half sae saucy yet. I

rue the day I sought her, O, I rue the day I sought her, O, Wha

gets her need-na say he's woo'd But he may say he's bought her, O.

WAS EVER HEART SAE FAIRLY T'A'EN.

Same Air.

Was ever heart sae fairly t'a'en,
By woman's wiles unwary, O,
And sae enthal'd as mine, by ane
Sae fair and sae camstrie, O?

O dule the wae fu' drinkin' o't!
And the night I fell a thinkin' o't!
When first a glossy dark blue-ée
Thrill'd through me wi' the blinkin' o't.

I kenna if it's lack o' luve,
Or want o' wit i' the lassie yet;
Whate'er it be, the day we'll see
She'll no be just sae saucy yet.