

The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, and

sweet as may, Fair as the day, and al-ways gay; my Peggy is a young thing, and

I'm not ve-ry auld; Yet well I like to meet her, at the wawking of the fauld My

Peggy speaks fae sweetly, when-e'er we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair, to lay my care, I

with nae mair of a' that's rare, my Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; But-

she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawk-ing of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown;  
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld;  
 And naething gie's me sic delight,  
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae saftly,  
 When on my pipe I play,  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:  
 My Peggy sings fae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are tauld,  
 With innocence, the wale of sense,  
 At wawking of the fauld.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Slowly

Dear Roger, if your Jen-ny geck, And answer kindness wi' a flight, Seem

un-con-cern'd at her ne-glect for wo-man in a man de-light But

them def-pise who're soon defeat, And wi' a simple face give way To

a repulse - then be not blate, Push baldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,  
 Say aften what they never mean,  
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
 But tent the language of their een:  
 If these agree, and the perfist  
 To answer a' your love with hate,  
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Polwart on the green.

Slowly

The dor-ty will repent, If lovers heart grow cauld, And nae her smiles will

tent, Soon as her face looks auld. The daut-ed bairn thus taks the pet. Nor

eats, tho' hunger crave; Whimpers and tarrows at its meat, And's laught at by the

lave: They jest it till the dinners past; Thus, by it - self a - bus'd, The

fool thing is o - bli'g'd to fast, Or eat what they've re - fus'd.

O dear mother, what shall I do.

Slowish

O dear Peggy, love's be - guil - ing, We ought not to trust his smiling;

Better far to do as I do, Left a harder luck be - tide you. Laf - ses,

when their fancy's carried, Think of nought but to be mar - ried, Run - ning

to a life def - troys Hartsome, free, and youth - fu' joys.

How can I be sad on my wedding-day.

Lively

How shall I be sad when a hus - band I hae That

has bet - ter sense than o - ny of thae Sour weak fil - ly fal - lows, that

stu - dy, like fools, To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools. The

man who is pru - dent ne'er light - lies his wife, Or wi' dull re - proaches en -

- cou - ra - ges strife; He prais - es her virtues, and ne'er will a - buse Her

for a small failing, but find an ex - cuse.

Nansy's to the green-wood gane.

Slowly

I yield, dear lassie, you have won; And there is nae de - ny - ing That

sure as light flows frae the sun, Frae love proceeds com-ply-ing. For  
 a' that we can do or say 'Gain't love, nae think-er heeds us: They  
 ken our bosoms lodge the fae That by the heart-strings leads us.

### Cauld hail in Aberdeen.

Lively  
but not Quick

Could be the re-bels cast, Op-pressors base and bloody I  
 hope we'll see them at the laft strang a' up in a woody. Blest be he of  
 worth and sense, And e-ver high in station, That brave-ly stands in  
 the de-fence of con-science, king, and na-tion.

## Mucking of Geordy's byre.

The laird wha in riches and honour Wad thrive, should be kind-ly and

free, Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour To rise aboon po-ver-ty; Else

like the pack-horse that's un-fother'd, And burden'd, will tum-ble down faint: Thus

virtue by hardship is smother'd, And rackers aft' time their rent.

## Carle, an' the king come.

Peggy, now the king's come, Peggy, now the king's come Thou may dance, and I shall

sing Peggy, since the king's come. Nae wair the hawkies shalt thou milk, But change thy plaiding-

-coat for silk, And be a lady of that ilk, Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

The yellow-hair'd ladie.

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Slow

When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill, And I at ew-  
 milk-ing first sey'd my young skill, To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to  
 me, When I at the bught-ing for-gather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bellis  
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,  
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,  
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:  
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;  
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-knows  
 And Rosey hits sweetly the Milking the ews;  
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing;  
 At throw-the-wood-ladie, Bels gars our lugs ring:  
 But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,  
 The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,  
 It's many times sweeter and pleasant to me;  
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can jakes trow what they desire.  
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:  
 Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,  
 To make myself better, and sweeter for thee.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth.

Patie Sings.

Slow

By the de-licious warm-ness of thy mouth, And row-ing

eyes that smil-ing tell the truth, I guess, my las-fie, that, as

well as I, You're made for love; and why should you de-ny But

Peggy Sings

ken ye, lad, gin we con-fels o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, and fyne the

woing's done: The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power, Like un-ripe

fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

N. B. The 2<sup>d</sup> Measure must be repeated for Paties last verse.

PATIE Sings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
 Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.  
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,  
 And I ha'e thold and wou'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGY singing, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu me; gently thus I fa'  
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.  
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,  
 And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

PATIE (with his left hand about her waift.)

O charming armfu' hence ye cares away,  
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;  
 A' night I'll dream my kifses o'er again,  
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Briskly

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies, Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise, O  
 lash your steeds post time away, And haste a-bout our bridal day! And if ye're wearied,  
 honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night. And if ye're wearied,  
 honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

## Happy Clown.

Lively

Hid from him - self, now by the dawn, He starts as fresh as

ros - es blawn; And rang - es o'er the heights and lawn

After his bleet - ing flocks. Health - ful and in - nocent - ly gay, He

chants and whiff - les out the day; Un - taught to smile, and

then be - tray like court - ly weather - cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,  
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,  
 Where truth and love with joy agree,  
 Unfulfilled with a crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,  
 In proping of their pride and state:  
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,  
 Contented spends his time.

## Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

Slowish

Were I a - - sur'd you'd con - - stant prove, You

should nae mair com - plain; The ea - sy maid be - fet' wi' love, Few

words will quick - ly gain: For I must own, now since your free, This

too fond heart of mine Has lang', a black - - sole

true to thee, Wis'd to be pair'd with thine.

## ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head  
 Upon thy breast recline  
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;  
 Is Jenny then sae kind?  
 O let me briz thee to my heart,  
 And round my arms entwine:  
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part.  
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.

## O'er Bogie.

Slowly

Weel, I agree ye're sure o' me; Next to my father gae; Mak

him con - tent to gie con - sent, He'll hard - ly fay you nay; For

you have what he wad be at, And will com - mend you weel, Since

parents auld think love grows cauld, When bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he, deny, I carena by,  
 He'd contradict in vain;  
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn  
 But thee I will hae nae.  
 Then never range nor learn to change,  
 Like those in high degree:  
 And if he prove faithful in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

## Enter BAULDY Singing.

Lively

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye win - na tell, Ye shall be the lad I'll

be the lafs my-fell; Ye're a bon-ny lad, and I'm a laf-sie free; Ye're

we-co-mer to tak me than to let me be.

Kirk wad let me be.

Lively

Duty, and part of reason Plead strong on the pa-rent's side, Which

love so fu-rior calls trea-son The strong-est must be obey'd; For

now, tho' I'm ane of the gen-try, My constancy fallshood re-pells, For

change in my heart has no entry still there my dear Peggy excells.

## Woes my heart that we shou'd funder.

Slow

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief, Hold up a heart that's  
 sink - ing un - der These fears, that soon will want re - - lief, When  
 Pate must from his Peggy funder. A gentler face, and silk at - tire A  
 la - dy rich in beau - ty's blof - som, A - lake poor me! will  
 now conspire, To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:  
 Ah! I can die, but never funder.  
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander  
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep  
 Around the know wi' silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.  
 Hear, heav'n while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Tweed Side.

Slow

When hope was quite sunk in des-pair, My heart it was going to

break; My life ap-pear'd worth-less my care. But now I will

fave't for thy sake. Wher-e'er my love tra-vels by day, Wher-

e-ver he lodg-es by night, With me his dear image shall

stay, And my soul keep him e-ver in sight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,  
 And study the gentlest charms;  
 Hope time away, till thou appear  
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.  
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd  
 No higher degree in this life;  
 But now I'll endeavour to rise  
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only lkin deep,  
 Must fade, like the gowans in May;  
 But inwardly rooted will keep  
 For ever, without a decay.  
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,  
 Can quench the fair fire of love,  
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,  
 And the husband ha'e sence to approve.

## Blush aboon Traquair.

Very Slow

At setting day and rising morn, Wi' soul that still shall

love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe re - - turn, Wi'

a' that can improve thee I'll visit aft the Birk - en bush Where

first thou kind - - ly tald me Sweet tales of love, and

hid my blush Whilst round thou didst in - fald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,  
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain;  
 Or where the simmer-day I'd share  
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.  
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours  
 A heart which cannot wander.

The Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bon - ny grey - ey'd morn be - gins to peep, And darkness flies be-

- fore the ri - sing ray: The hear - ty hynd starts from his la - zy sleep, To

fol - low health - ful la - bours of the day; With - out a guilty sting to

wrinkle his brow, The lark and the lin - net tend his levee, And he joins their concert

driving his plow, From toil of grimace and pa - gean - try free.

While flutter'd with wine, or madden'd with loss  
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,  
 Wisning for calmness and slumber in vain;

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,  
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,  
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,  
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

## Corn-Riggs.

Andante

My Patie is a lo - ver gay, His mind is ne - ver  
 mud - dy, His breath is sweet - er than new hay, His face is  
 fair and rud - dy. His shape is hand - some mid - dle fize, He's  
 come - ly in his wauk - ing The shining of his een fur -  
 - prife; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw - king.

Last night I met him on the bawk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a glowing.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony;  
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,  
 "O corn-riggs are bonny."

Let lasses of a filly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chafely should be granting;  
 Then I'll comply, and marry Patie,  
 And syne my cokernony,  
 He's free to touzle, air or late,  
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Finis.