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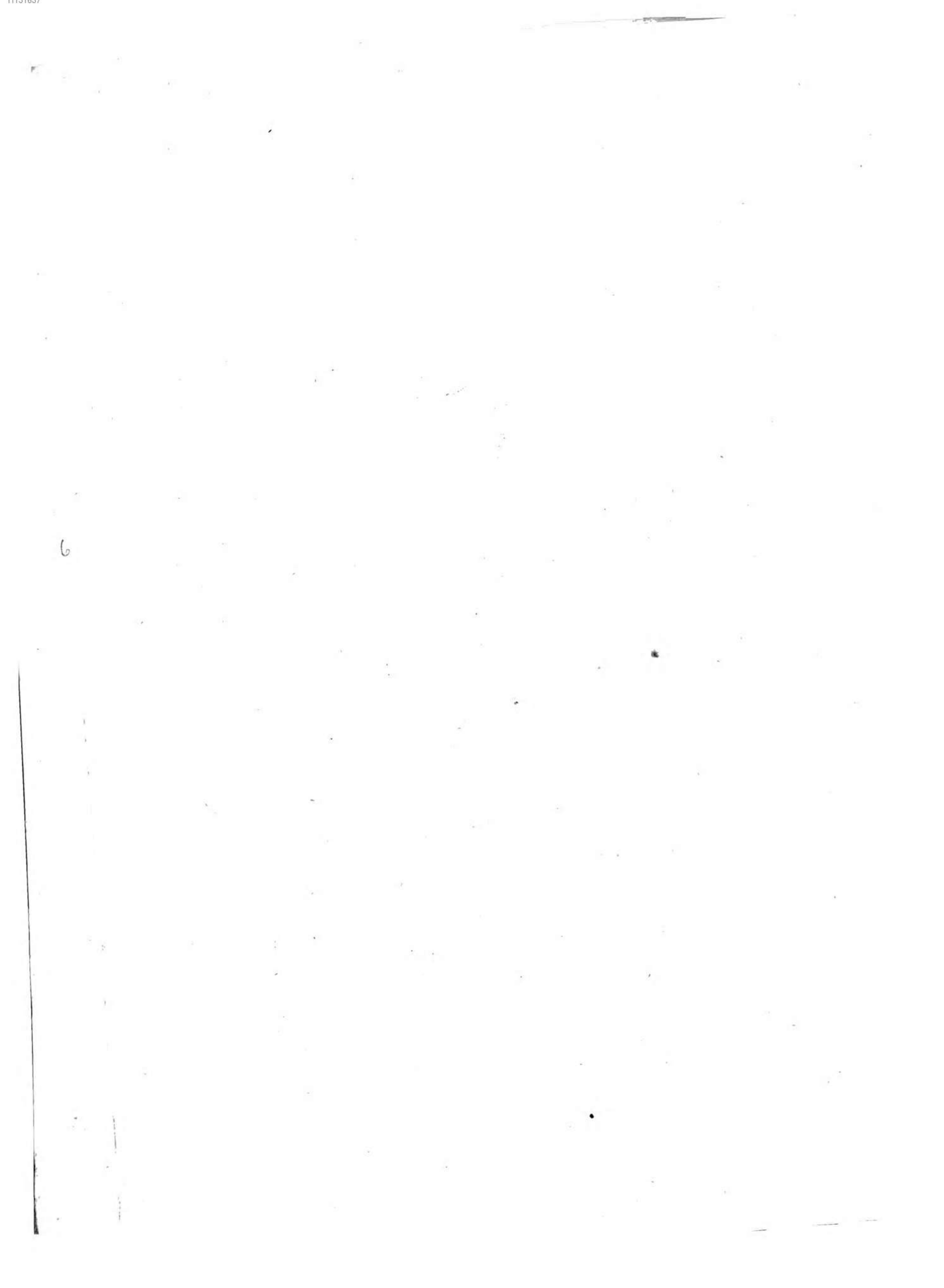
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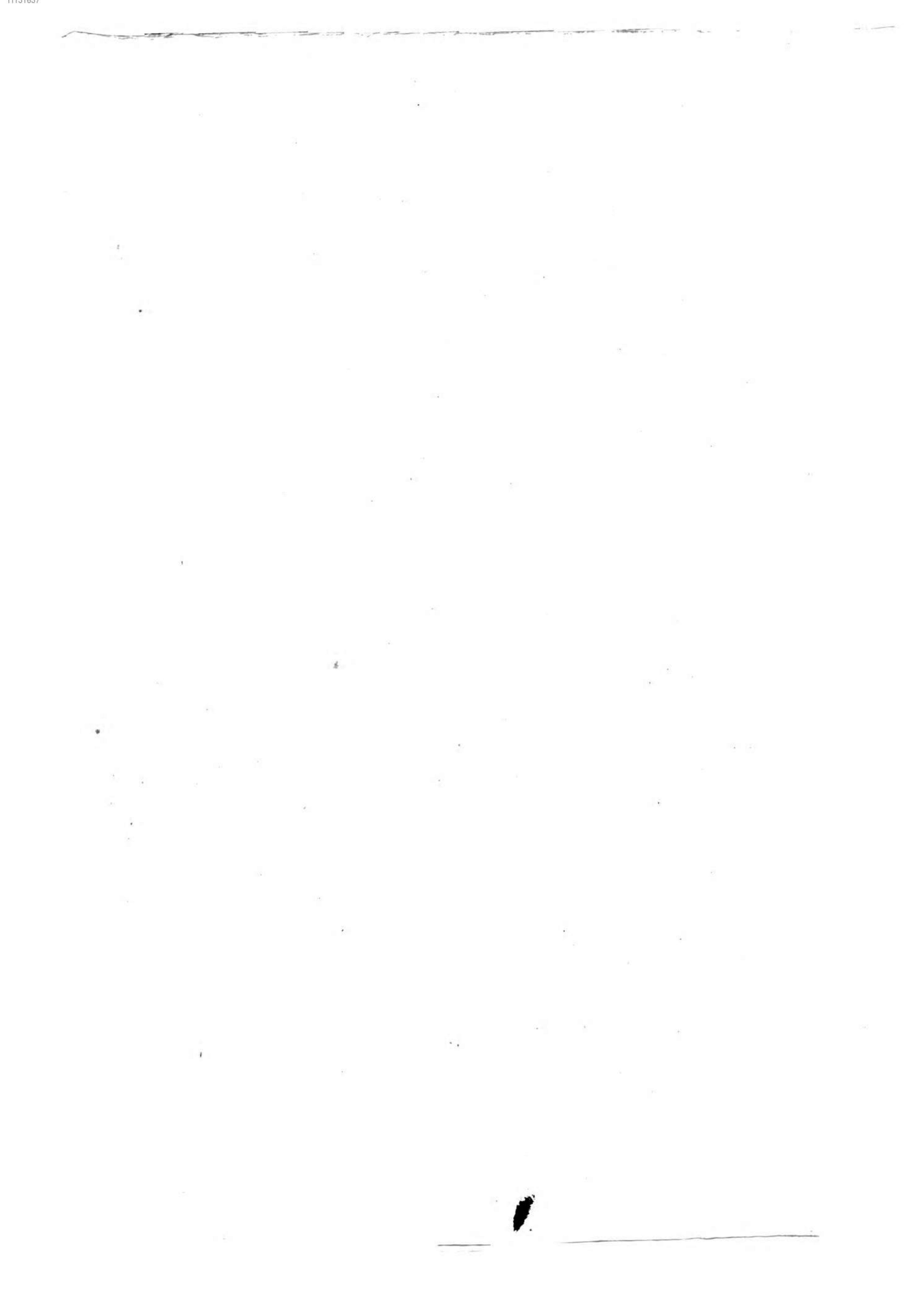
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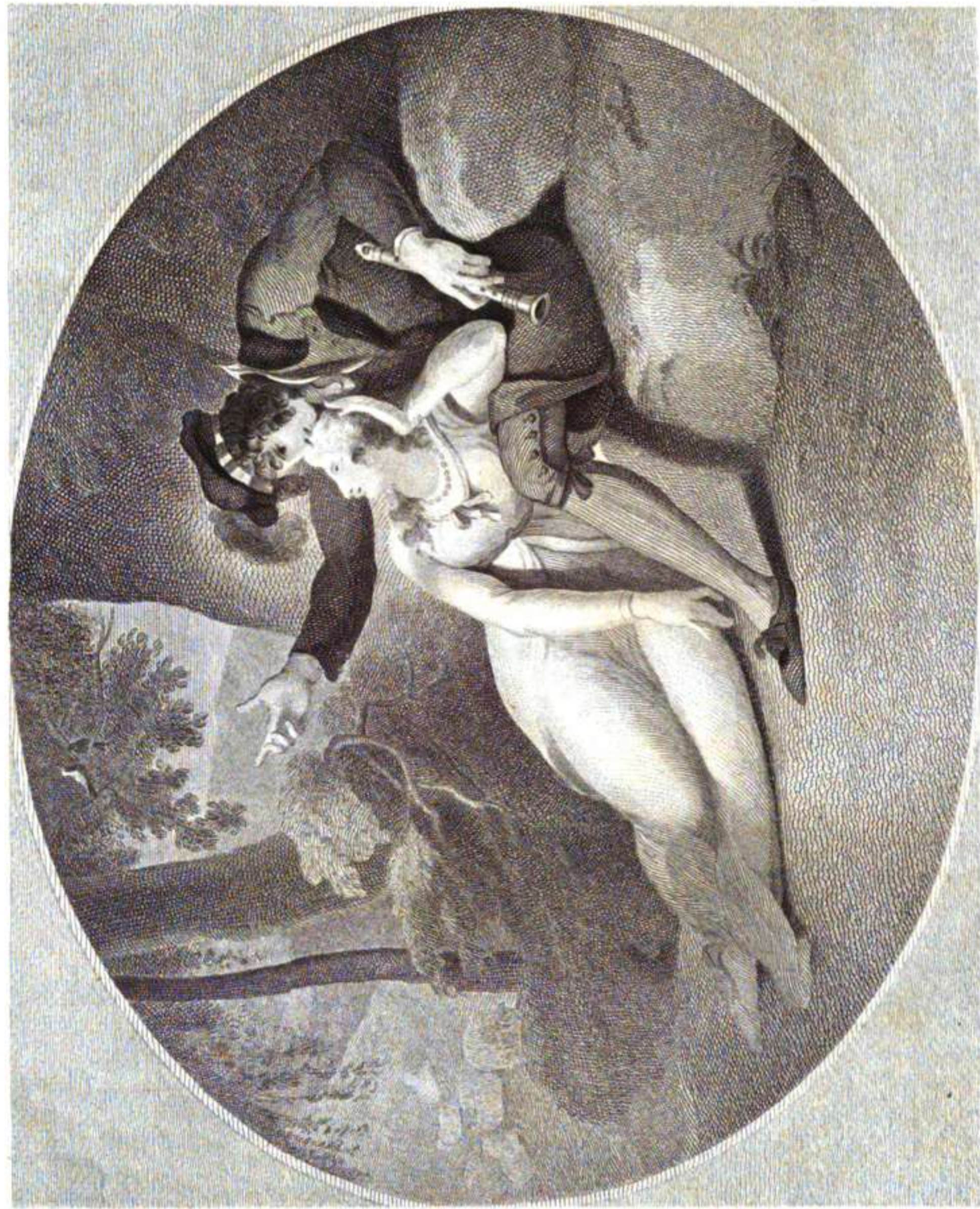
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Engraved by John Thomson

Designed by W. Hamilton, R.S.A.

**THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.**

*Let us, Amanda, timely woe  
 In soft rapture waste the day  
 Like them improve the hour that flies  
 Among the birks of Invermay.*

Published at the Art directors, March 1829, by T. Briston, Strand, London, & by the Proprietors G. Thornton, Edinburgh.

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*Price of each Volume the Voice & Piano Forte. One Guinea*  
*The Violin & Viol<sup>o</sup>. parts separate 6s.*



*You see where videlicet Genius incarnate*  
*And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns.*

Volume *I* Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stationers Hall.

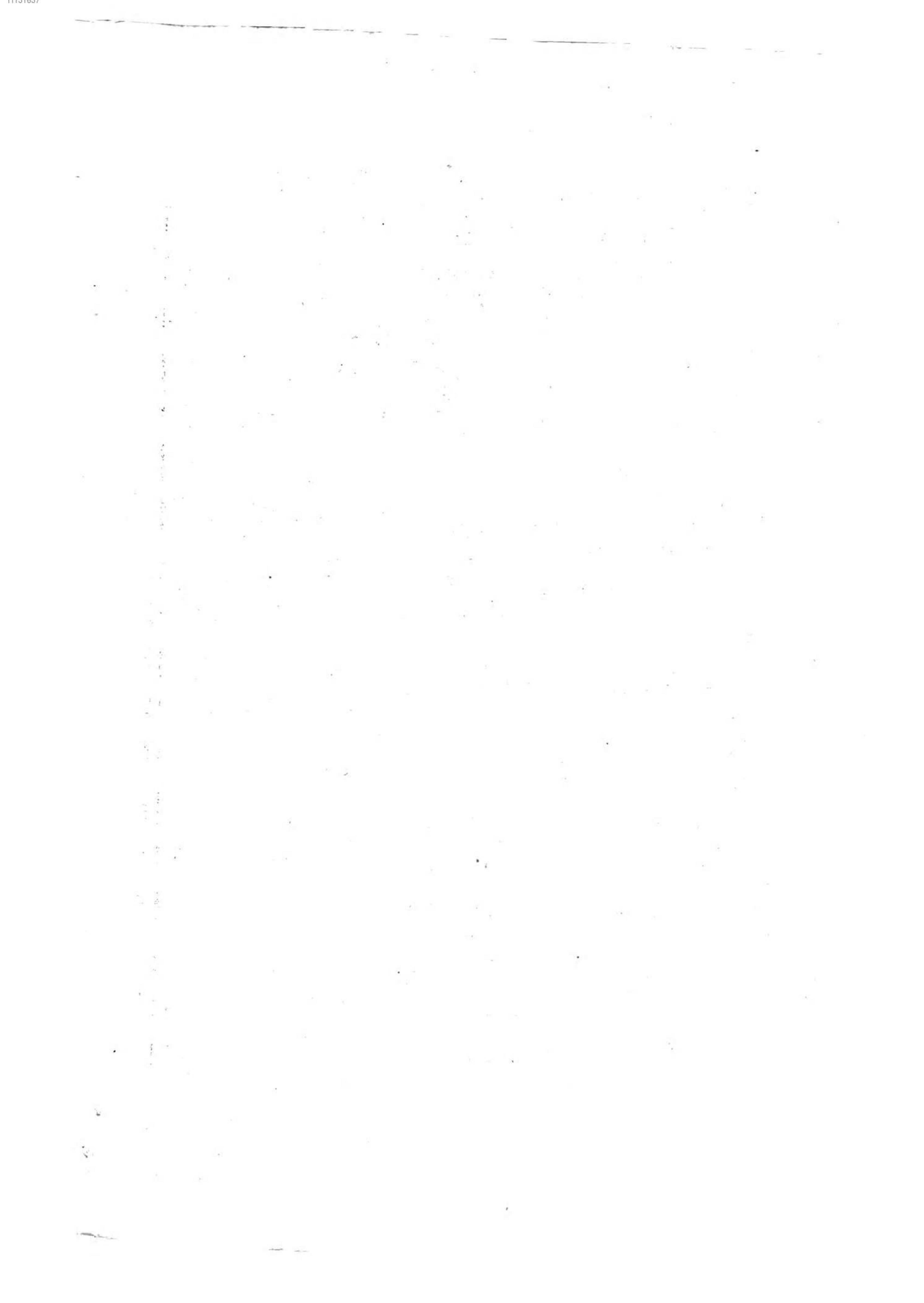
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*Sold also by G. Thomson, the Editor & Proprietor, Edinburgh.*

*G. Thomson*

63

1911





# The smiling Morn.

Violino

*Andante.*

The smiling morn the breathing spring In

vite the tuneful birds to sing And while they war - ble from each spray Love

melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay: Let us A - man - da time - ly wise Like

them im - prove the hour that flies And in soft rap - tures waste the day A

Violino

mong the birks of In - ver - may.

\* The above Sym<sup>s</sup> & Accomp<sup>t</sup> composed by Haydn & first pub<sup>d</sup> in 1803.

6

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THE SMILING MORN.

WRITTEN

By *MALLET*.

---

AIR—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

**T**HE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And while they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay:  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear:  
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade.  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters please no more:  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay!

---

HOW OFT, LOUISA, HAST THOU SAID.

WRITTEN

By *R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.*

---

THE SAME AIR.

**H**ow oft, Louisa, hast thou said,  
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,)  
 Thou wou'dst not lose Antonio's love,  
 To reign the partner of a throne!  
 And by those lips that spoke so kind,  
 And by that hand I've pressed to mine,  
 To be the lord of wealth and power,  
 By Heav'n's, I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,  
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy?  
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
 And, serving thee,—a monarch I.  
 Thus uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss,  
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

---

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

---

AIR—HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

**H**ERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,  
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;  
 Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,  
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.  
 Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;  
 Welcome now Summer, and welcome my Willie;  
 The Summer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.  
 But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main:  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

---

WHERE IS THE SMILE

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* DR WOLCOT.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HERE is the smile that was heaven to our eye?  
 Where is the voice that enchanted our ear?  
 Nought now around us is heard but the sigh,  
 Nought in the valley is seen but the tear!  
 Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn,  
 There will the moments be wing'd with delight;  
 Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn,  
 Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

Marian, thy form was a sun to our shade,  
 Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain:  
 Leave not, O leave not the verdures to fade!  
 Let not chill darkness surround us again!  
 Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove?  
 What is our crime that our valley should pine?  
 Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love;  
 The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.

# Here awa, there awa.

Violino

*Larghetto*

The violin introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with slurs and dynamic markings of *pia* and *f*. The lower staff, part of a grand staff, begins with a bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and dynamic markings of *pia* and *f*.

Here a - wa, there a - wa, wand - er - ing WIL - LIE, Here a - wa,

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, showing the melody for the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

there a - wa, haud a - wa hame, Come to my ho - som, my ain on - ly

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Dea - - - rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my WIL - LIE the same.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Violino

The violin conclusion consists of two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef and shows a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff, part of a grand staff, has a bass clef and shows a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs.

# What beauties does Flora disclose.

*Duet*  
*Larghetto*

What beauties does Flora dis-close. How sweet are her smiles up on Tweed, Yet MARY'S still  
 What beauties does Flora dis-close. How sweet are her smiles up on Tweed, Yet MARY'S still

sweeter than those; But na-ture and fancy ex-ceed. No dai-sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor  
 sweeter than those; But na-ture and fancy ex-ceed. No dai-sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing gent-ly thro' those, Such beau-ty and  
 all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing gent-ly thro' those, Such beau-ty and

pleasure does yield.  
 pleasure does yield.

## WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD,

OF THE AUCHNAMES FAMILY.

AIR—TWEEDSIDE.

BURNS mentions, that the Heroine of this song was MARY STEWART of the Castlemilk family, afterwards Mrs John Ritchie; while Sir WALTER SCOTT, in his Notes to Canto II. of Marmion, says, that the song was written in honour of MARY LILLIAS SCOTT of the Harden family, the Second Flower of Yarrow. Sir WALTER adds, that "he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name."

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,  
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.  
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

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

How does my Love pass the long day?  
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,  
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her can compare;  
 Love's graces around her do dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed!

---

 BEHIND YON HILLS.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

AIR—MY NANIE, O.

*The Heroine of this beautiful Song was MISS FLEMING, a Farmer's Daughter, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire.*

<p><b>B</b>EHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,          'Mang muirs and mosses many, O,          The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,          And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.</p> <p>Tho' westlin' winds blaw loud and shill,          And its baith mirk and rainy, O,          I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,          And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.</p> <p>My Nanie's charming, sweet, and young,          Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;          May ill befa' the flattering tongue          That wad beguile my Nanie, O.</p> <p>Her face is fair, her heart is true,          As spotless as she's bonie, O;          The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,          Nae purer is than Nanie, O.</p>	<p>A country lad is my degree,          And few there be that ken me, O;          But what care I how few they be,          I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.</p> <p>My riches a' 's my penny fee,          And I maun guide it canie, O;          But world's gear ne'er troubles me,          My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.</p> <p>Our auld guidman delights to view          His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O;          But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,          And has nae care but Nanie, O.</p> <p>Come weal, come woe, I carena by,          I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O:          Nae ither care in life have I,          But live, and love my Nanie, O!</p>
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---

 O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

WRITTEN

By *DR PERCY*.

THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>O</b> NANCY, wilt thou go with me,          Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?          Can silent glens have charms for thee,          The lowly cot and russet gown?</p> <p>No longer drest in silken sheen,          No longer deck'd with jewels rare;          Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,          Where thou wert fairest of the fair?</p> <p>O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,          Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?          Say, canst thou face the parching ray,          Nor shrink before the wintry wind?</p> <p>O can that soft and gentle mien          Extremes of hardship learn to bear?          Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,          Where thou wert fairest of the fair?</p>	<p>O Nancy, canst thou love so true,          Through perils keen with me to go?          Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,          To share with him the pangs of woe?</p> <p>Say, shou'd disease or pain befall,          Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?          Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,          Where thou wert fairest of the fair?</p> <p>And when at last thy Love shall die,          Wilt thou receive his parting breath?          Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,          And cheer with smiles the bed of death?</p> <p>And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay          Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?          Nor <i>then</i> regret those scenes so gay,          Where thou wert fairest of the fair!</p>
---	--



Behind you hills.

*Andante espressivo*

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - tar flows, Mairg  
 muirs and mos - ses ma - - ny, O, The wint - - ry sun the day has clos'd, And  
 I'll a - - wa to Nan - nie, O. Tho' west - lin winds blaw loud and shill; And its baith mirk and  
 rai - - ny, O, I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hill to Nan - - nie, O.

The same Air set for two voices.

With Symp<sup>h</sup> & Accomp<sup>o</sup> by Haydn. First pub<sup>d</sup> in 1822.

*Andante espressivo*

Tenor voice.  
 My Nan - - nie's charm - - ing sweet and young Nae art - - fu' wiles to win ye O May  
 My Nan - - nie's charm - - ing sweet and young Nae art - - fu' wiles to win ye O May

Soprano.  
 My Nan - - nie's charm - - ing sweet and young Nae art - - fu' wiles to win ye O May  
 My Nan - - nie's charm - - ing sweet and young Nae art - - fu' wiles to win ye O May

ill be - - fa' the flatt - - ring tongue that wou'd be - - guile my Nan - - nie O.  
 ill be - - fa' the flatt - - ring tongue that wou'd be - - guile my Nan - - nie O.

Her face is fair her heart is true As spot - less as she's bon - nie O The op - - ning gow - an  
 Her face is fair her heart is true As spot - less as she's bon - nie O The op - - ning gow - an

wet wi' dew nae pur - - er is than Nan - - nie O.  
 wet wi' dew nae pur - - er is than Nan - - nie O.

# Hear me ye Nymphs.

*Andante*  
*Espressivo.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with notes marked *f* and *mf*, and dynamic markings *f* and *mf*. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with notes marked *f* and *mf*.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a fermata and then enters with the lyrics "Hear me, ye Nymphs, and". The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "ev'ry Swain, I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me Tho' thus I languish and complain, A".

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "las! she ne'er believes me. My vows, and sighs, like si - lent air, Un heed - ed ne - ver".

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "move - - her, The bon - ny bush a - boon \* Traquair, 'Twas there I first did love her."

The fifth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment, showing the final notes of the piece. The vocal line ends with a fermata.

\* Take either the upper or under notes.

## HEAR ME, YE NYMPHS.

WRITTEN

*By MR CRAWFORD.*

## AIR—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

**H**EAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded, never move her;  
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,\*  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented:  
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember:  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in December.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder:  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I tried to soothe my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender:  
 In nought that pass'd was I to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander!

\* When BURNS visited this far-famed Bush in 1787, it consisted of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near it, which he calls "The New Bush."

## O, HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMILED ON ME.

WRITTEN

*By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.*

## THE SAME AIR.

**O**HAD my Love ne'er smil'd on me,  
 I ne'er had known such anguish;  
 But think how false, how cruel she,  
 To bid me cease to languish!  
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,  
 Breathe on a flame half perish'd;  
 And then with cold and fix'd disdain,  
 To kill the hope she cherish'd!

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck  
 That drove as winds did blow it,  
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,  
 To find a grave below it:  
 Then land was cried! no more resign'd,  
 He glow'd with joy to hear it:—  
 Not worse his fate, his woe, to find  
 The wreck must sink ere near it!

---

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD,

---

AIR—I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

*There is an incongruity in coupling a Greek with a Scottish name; and the Editor has sometimes heard Montgom'ry substituted for Adonis in this Song. The critical reader, it is hoped, will excuse the omission of a stanza of the Song.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,  
 Why wilt thou grieve me?  
 Alas! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou shou'dst leave me;  
 I'll live and die for thy sake,  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love that's griev'd thee?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou may'st believe me;  
 Such true love can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee!  
 O! that thought makes me sad,  
 I'll never leave thee.  
 Where would my Adonis fly?  
 Why does he grieve me!  
 Alas! my poor heart will die,  
 If he should leave me!

---

# One day I heard Mary say.

6

*Adagio*

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Adagio'. The piano part consists of two staves with dynamics 'for', 'rf', and 'pia'. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'One day I heard MA - ry say'. The lyrics continue: 'How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A - do - nis, stay Why wilt thou grieve me. A - las! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst leave me I'll live and die for thy sake; Yet ne - ver leave thee.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish and a double bar line.

*for* *rf* *pia*

*S.* One day I heard MA - ry say

How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A - do - nis, stay Why wilt thou

grieve me. A - las! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst

leave me I'll live and die for thy sake; Yet ne - ver leave thee.

*S.*

# My Patic is a lover gay.

*Duet*  
*Allegretto*

1 2 3 4 5

My PA-TIE is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver mud-dy, His breath is sweet-er

My PATIE'S a lo-ver gay, His mind's ne'er mud-dy, His breath's sweeter

*hia*

6 7 8 9 10 11

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is hand-some middle size, He's stately in his

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shapes handsome, middle size, He's stately

12 13 14 15 16

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

---

 MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*


---

 AIR—CORN RIGGS.

**M**Y Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy :  
 His shape is handsome, middle size,  
 He's stately in his walking :  
 The shining of his e'en surprise :  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last-night I met him on a 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 wou'd be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony,  
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
 O corn riggs are bonny !

---

 COME, DEAR AMANDA QUIT THE TOWN.

---

 THE SAME AIR.

**C**OME, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
 And to the rural hamlets fly ;\*  
 Behold, the wintry storms are gone,  
 A gentle radiance glads the sky :  
 The birds awake, the flow'rs appear ;  
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;  
 'Tis joy and music all we hear !  
 'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,  
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,  
 'Till Philomel begins to sing,  
 And perfect May to spread the rose.  
 Let us secure the short delight,  
 And wisely crop the blooming day ;  
 For soon, too soon, it will be night !  
 Arise, my love, and come away !

\* Although the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th lines of this Song are each a syllable longer than the corresponding lines of the Scottish verses, they are more exactly suited to the Air, which requires lines of eight syllables each.

---

 WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.
 

---

AIR—THE EWE-BUGHTS.\*

**W**ILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me? A cow and a brawney quey;  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion, I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion  
 But nae half sae sweet as thee. Upon her bridal-day.  
 The sun, &c. I'll gi'e, &c.

O Marion's a bonny lassie, And ye's get a green say apron,  
 The blythe blink's in her e'e: And waistcoat o' London brown;  
 And fain wad I marry Marion, And wow but ye will be vap'ring  
 Gin Marion wad marry me. Whene'er ye gang to the town.  
 And fain, &c. And wow, &c.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
 Nane dances like me on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.  
 And gin, &c.

\* *Though this beautiful old Air is commonly reckoned a production of the south of Scotland, BURNS doubts whether it may not be a Northern composition, because there is a Song, apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which is sung to the same Air, and is evidently of the north; it begins thus:*

" The Lord o' Gordon had three daughters,  
 " Mary, Margret, and Jean,  
 " They wad na stay at bonnie Castle-Gordon,  
 " But awa' to Aberdeen."

*The following Song was a juvenile production of the Poet, who, when he transmitted it to the Editor, wrote thus of it:*  
 " In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear  
 " girl; it is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of the Ewe-Bughts. You must know that all my earlier  
 " love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given  
 " them a polish, yet that polish to me would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on  
 " them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race."

---

 WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES MY MARY.
 

---

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

**W**ILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary, I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
 And leave auld Scotia's shore? I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;  
 Will ye go the Indies, my Mary, And sae may the Heavens forget me,  
 Across th' Atlantic's roar! When I forget my vow!

O sweet grows the lime and the orange, O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 And the apple on the pine; And plight me your lily white hand;  
 But a' the charms o' the Indies, O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 Can never equal thine. Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
 In mutual affection to join;  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
 The hour, and the moment o' time!



Will ye go to the Ewe bughts Marion?

8

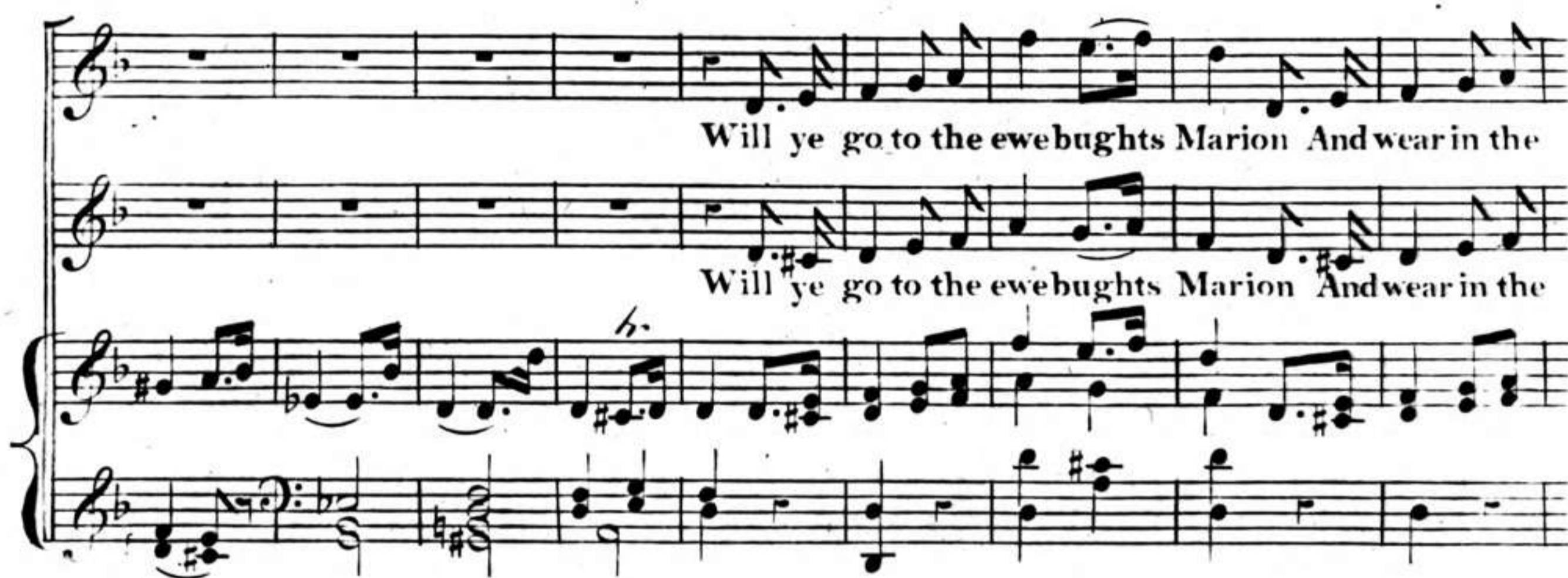
*Duet.*

*Andante.*



Will ye go to the ewebughts Marion And wear in the

Will ye go to the ewebughts Marion And wear in the



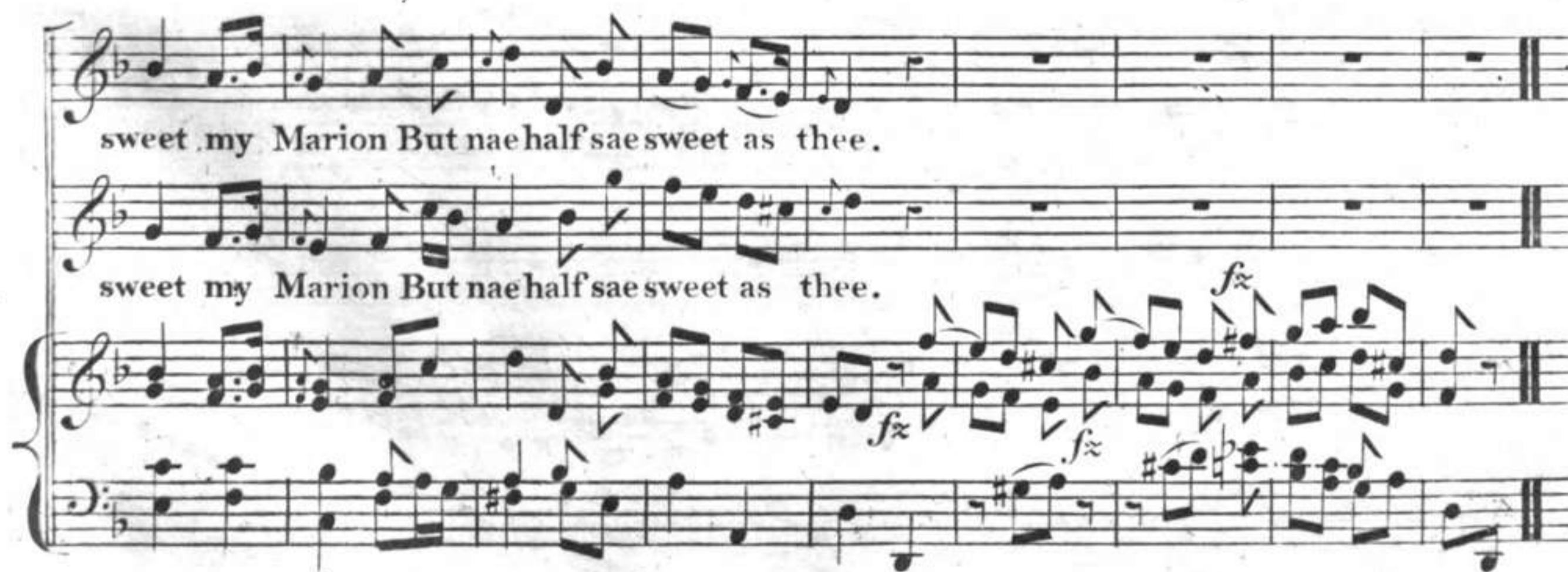
sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines



sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.



\* The above Sym.<sup>s</sup> and Accomp.<sup>s</sup> composed by Haydn & first pub<sup>d</sup> in 1803.

# My sheep I neglected.

*Larghetto*

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in G major and 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

My sheep I neglected I lost my sheep-hook And all the gay haunts of my youth I for-

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'My sheep I neglected I lost my sheep-hook And all the gay haunts of my youth I for-'.

-sook No more for A-min-ta fresh garlands I wove For ambition I said would soon cure me of

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '-sook No more for A-min-ta fresh garlands I wove For ambition I said would soon cure me of'.

love O what had my youth with am-bi-tion to do Why left I A-min-ta why

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'love O what had my youth with am-bi-tion to do Why left I A-min-ta why'.

broke I my vow O give me my sheep and my sheep-hook re-store And I'll wander from

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'broke I my vow O give me my sheep and my sheep-hook re-store And I'll wander from'.

love and A-min-ta no more.

The fifth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'love and A-min-ta no more.'

\* The above Sym.<sup>s</sup> & Accomp.<sup>t</sup> composed by Haydn and first pub.<sup>d</sup> in 1803.

---

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, I LOST MY SHEEP-HOOK.

WRITTEN

By *SIR GILBERT ELLIOT,*

OF MINTO.

---

AIR—MY APRON DEARY.

<b>M</b> y sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,	Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,	And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
No more for Aminta fresh garlands I wove;	O fool! to imagine that aught can subdue
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.	A love so well founded, a passion so true.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do!	O! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?	Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,	O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.	I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine:—  
 Poor shepherd, Aminta no more can be thine:  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again!  
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do!  
 Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?  
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

---

 FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

---

 AIR—LOCHABER.

**F**AREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been ;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And not for the dangers attending on weir ;  
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;  
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my Love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd ;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

---

 YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

WRITTEN

By *WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.*

OF BANGOUR.

---

 THE SAME AIR.

**Y**E shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,  
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain ;  
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,  
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.  
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine !  
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine :  
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,  
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies ;  
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs :  
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,  
 Inspire me with hope, and yet bid me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ;  
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;  
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,  
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :  
 The fair sleeps in peace ; may she ever do so !  
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.  
 Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,  
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire :  
 Hush all my complaining ; and, dying her slave,  
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave !

# Farewell to Lochaber.

*Affettuoso.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked *Affettuoso* and the dynamics include *sfz* and *∨*.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean Where heartsome with thee I have

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean Where heartsome with thee I have". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

mony days been For Lochaber no more Lochaber no more, We'll may be re- turn to Loch-

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "mony days been For Lochaber no more Lochaber no more, We'll may be re- turn to Loch-".

- aber no more These tears that I shed they are a for my dear And no for the dangers attending on

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- aber no more These tears that I shed they are a for my dear And no for the dangers attending on".

weir, Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore May be to re- turn to Lochaber no more.

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "weir, Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore May be to re- turn to Lochaber no more."

The piano coda consists of two staves. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand, concluding the piece with a final cadence.

\* The above Sym: & Accomp: composed by Haydn and first pub: in 1803.

# Braw lads on Yarrow braes.

Violino

*dol: p*

*Andante con moto.*

*rf* *S.* Braw braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye

*rf* *S. pia* *pia*

*rf* *S.* wan-der thro' the bloo-ming heather; But Yar-row braes, nor

*rf* *S.* Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads of Gal-la wa-ter

Violino

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a Violino part and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto'. The score includes lyrics in Scottish Gaelic dialect. The piano part features dynamic markings of *rf* (ritardando forte) and *pia* (piano). The Violino part has a *dol: p* marking. The score is divided into measures 1 through 8, with some measures containing fermatas. The lyrics are: 'Braw braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der thro' the bloo-ming heather; But Yar-row braes, nor Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads of Gal-la wa-ter'.

---

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

---

AIR—GALLA WATER.

**B**RAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;  
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher,  
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I loo him better;  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

---

MARY'S CHARMS SUBDUED MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By the* HON. ANDREW ERSKINE,

OF KELLIE.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**M**ARY'S charms subdued my breast,  
Her glowing youth, her manner winning,  
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,  
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,  
And still I've found her more endearing;  
Each wayward passion she controul'd,  
Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Fancy warmly on my mind,  
Yet paints that evening's dear declining;  
When raptur'd first I found her kind,  
Her melting soul to love resigning.

Children now in ruddy bloom,  
With artless look attention courting;  
Their infant smiles dispel each gloom,  
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE, MY BONNY BONNY BRIDE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

AIR—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride;  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae well be seen,  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride;  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;  
And lang maun I nae mair well be seen  
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow;  
For she has tint her luvver luvver dear,  
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholeous weeds  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?  
What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?  
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.  
Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;  
And weep around in waeful wise  
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow:  
Did I not warn thee not to lue,  
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,  
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm  
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet-smell the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow fowan.  
Flows Yarrow sweet! as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,  
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair fair indeed thy luvve,  
In flow'ry bands thou him did'st fetter;  
Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again,  
Than me he never lued thee better.  
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my luvve on the braes of Yarrow?  
O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,  
No dew thy tender blossoms cover;  
For there was basely slain my luvve,  
My luvve, as he had not been a luvver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!  
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend  
He was in these to meet his ruin.  
The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the toolof of the night,  
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night the spear was fown  
That slew my luvve and left me mourning.  
What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,  
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,  
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes  
My luvver nailed in his coffin.  
My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to move me:  
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,  
How can'st thou ever bid me luvve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvve?  
With bridal sheets my body cover;  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband luvver.  
But who the expected husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;  
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
O! lay his cold head on my pillow;  
Tak' aff, tak' aff, these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with willow.  
Pale tho' thou art art, yet best, yet, best beluv'd,  
O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lie all night between my breasts,  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,  
Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter!  
And lie all night between my breasts;  
No youth shall ever lie there after.  
A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,  
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;  
Thy luvver heeds nought of thy sighs,  
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY, O YARROW STREAM!

WRITTEN

By the Rev. Mr LOGAN.

THE SAME AIR.

THY braes were bonny, O Yarrow stream!  
When first on them I met my lover;  
Thy braes how dreary, O Yarrow stream!  
When now thy waves his body cover:  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy banks shall I  
Behold my love the flower of Yarrow.

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promis'd me a little page,  
To squire me to his father's towers;  
He promis'd me a wedding ring,—  
The wedding day was fix'd to-morrow:—  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him:  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him.  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost:  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The green-wood path to meet her brother;  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough  
For wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shalt never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.  
The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

\* The critical Reader will observe, that in the first and third lines of the first verse, the interjection O is added to suit the measure of the Air; but, in general, that liberties of this kind are taken only when found absolutely necessary.

It is here to be observed also, with respect to this as well as other Songs, that where the Air requires the first word of the line to be emphatic, and the Poet sometimes inadvertently throws his emphasis upon the second word or syllable—the Singer has only in such a case to supply a Quaver for the emphatic first word.



# Busk ye, busk ye.

*Allegretto.*

*pia*

*pia*

*S.*

*S.*

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some marrow,

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the braes of Yar - row.\*

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride? Where got ye that win - some mar - row?

I gother where I dare nawell be seen, Pu - ing the birks on the braes of Yar row.

*pia*

*pia*

*S.*

*S.*

# In April when Primroses.

*Duet.* *Andante.*

*for*

S. 1 2 3 4 5 6

In April when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -

In April when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -

7a 1st time 8a 2d 7b 8b 9 10 11

-joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low - hair'd lad - die would oft - - entimes

-joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low - hair'd lad - die would oft - - entimes

12 13 14 1st time 15a 16a 2d time 17b 18b

go; To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

go; To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

S.

## IN APRIL WHEN PRIMROSES.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

## AIR—THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

**I**N April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn ;  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung :—Tho' young Madie be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;

But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,  
 Her breath 's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon is inconstant, and never spoke truth ;  
 But Susie is faithful, good humour'd and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;  
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

## BE STILL, O YE WINDS, AND ATTENTIVE YE SWAINS.

WRITTEN

By *EDWARD MOORE*.

## THE SAME AIR.

**COL.** **B**E still, O ye winds, and attentive, ye swains,  
 'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains ;  
 The sun never rose on, search all the world through,  
 A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

**PH.** Glide softlye streams, ye nymphs round me throng,  
 'Tis Colin commands, and enlivens my song :  
 Search all the world over, you never can find  
 A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

**COL.** When Phebe is with me, the seasons are gay,  
 And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May ;  
 The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,  
 And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

**PH.** When Colin is absent, 'tis winter all round ;  
 How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground !  
 Instead of the linnet or nightingale's song,  
 I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

**COL.** O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I  
 Together shall wander, and love will be by ;  
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the day long,  
 Which Phebe at night will repay with a song.

**PH.** By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,  
 His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain ;  
 The dark-haunted grove I can trace without fear,  
 Or sleep in a church-yard, if Colin is near.

**COL.** Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,  
 How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain !  
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,  
 And learn to be happy from Phebe and me.

**PH.** Ye nymphs, who the pleasure of love never tried,  
 Attend to my strains, and let me be your guide :  
 Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,  
 And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

Both. 'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,  
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ;  
 Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,  
 Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

## 'T WAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN

By *RICHARD HEWIT*.\*

AIR—ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,  
When all things gay and sweet appear,  
That Colin, with the morning ray,  
Arose and sung his rural lay :  
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,  
While Roslin castle heard the swain,  
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse, the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
And hail the morning with a song :  
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
O bid her haste and come away ;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my Love! on every spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song !  
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms !

O come, my Love! thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away !  
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine ;  
O hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine !

\* *The Author of this beautiful Song, when a boy, during the residence of Dr BLACKLOCK in Cumberland, who was blind, was employed in leading him, and for some years acted as his Amanuensis.*

## WHEN DELIA ON THE PLAIN APPEARS.

WRITTEN

By *LORD LYTTLETON*.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but hers can hear ;  
No other wit but hers approve ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, or shady grove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

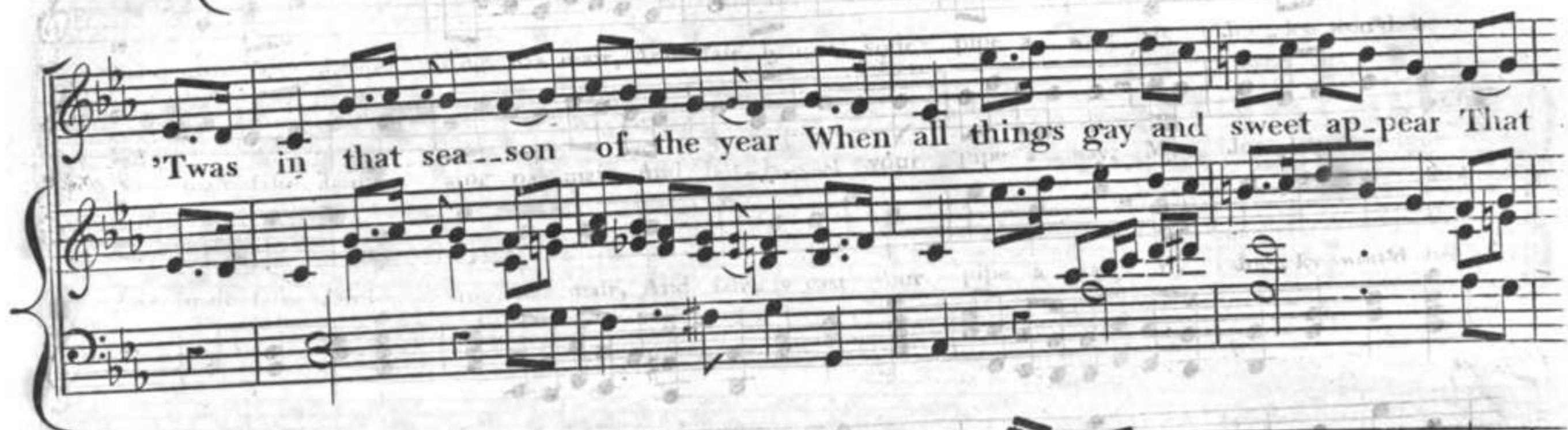
When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for every swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love !

*'Twas in that season of the year.* 14

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*



'Twas in that sea-son of the year When all things gay and sweet ap-pear That



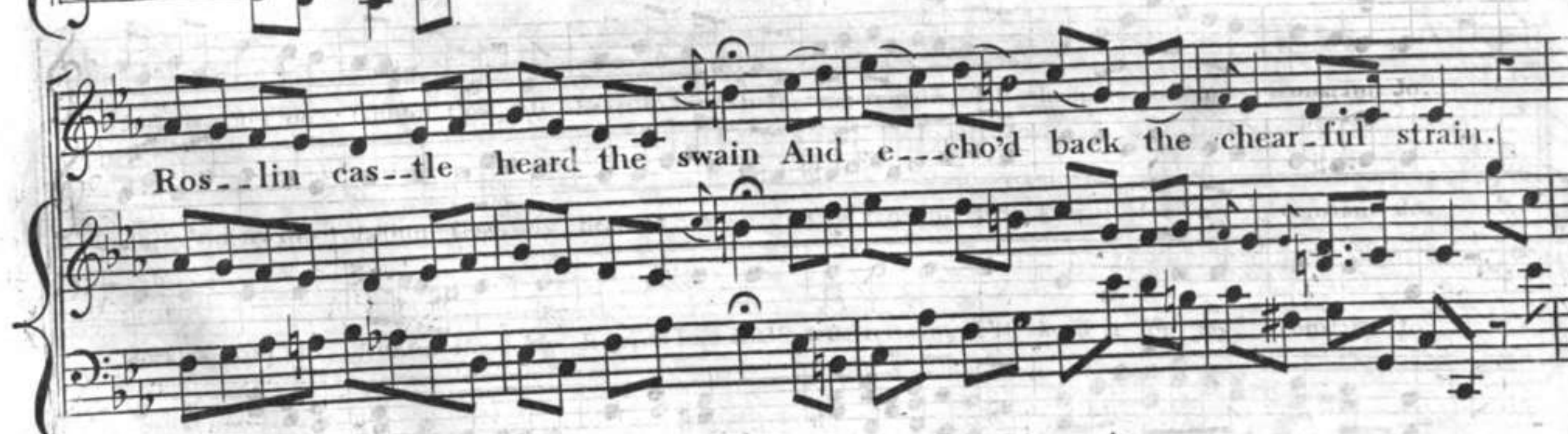
Co-lin with the morn-ing ray A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay; Of



Nan-ny's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung While



Ros-lin cas-tle heard the swain And e-cho'd back the cheer-ful strain.



The above Sym<sup>l</sup> & Accom<sup>t</sup> composed by Haydn and first pub<sup>d</sup> in 1805.

*From thee Eliza, I must go.*

*Larghetto*

The musical score is written in a minor key with a common time signature. It begins with a piano introduction marked *Larghetto*. The piano part features intricate textures, including sixteenth-note runs and chords, with dynamic markings such as *rf* (ritardando forte), *fp* (forzando piano), and *f* (forte). The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "From thee E - LI - ZA I must go, And from my native shore: The cru - el fates be tween us throw A boundless o - cean's roar: But boundless o - cean's, roaring wide, Be tween my Love and me, They ne - ver - never can di - vide, My heart and soul from thee." The score concludes with a final piano flourish marked *fp* and *f*.

From thee E - LI - ZA I must go, And from my native shore: The cru - el fates be  
 tween us throw A boundless o - cean's roar: But boundless o - cean's, roaring wide, Be  
 tween my Love and me, They ne - ver - never can di - vide, My heart and soul from thee.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

---

AIR—DONALD.

*The Heroine of this admirable song was Miss MILLER, afterwards Mrs Templeton, Mauchline.*

**F**ROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore :  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless ocean's roar :  
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee !

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore !  
 A boding voice is in mine ear,  
 We part to meet no more !  
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
 While Death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh !

---

TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN

By *MRS BARBAULD.*

---

THE SAME AIR.

**C**OME, gentle God of soft repose,  
 Come, soothe this tortur'd breast ;  
 Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,  
 And lull my cares to rest.  
 Come, gentle God, without thy aid  
 I sink in dark despair ;  
 O wrap me in thy silent shade,  
 For peace is only there.

Let Hope, in some propitious dream,  
 Her bright illusions spread ;  
 Once more let rays of comfort beam  
 Around my drooping head.  
 O quickly send thy kind relief,  
 These heart-felt pangs remove ;  
 Let me forget myself,—my grief,  
 And every care—but love !

## GIN LIVING WORTH COULD WIN MY HEART.

## AIR—THE WAEFU' HEART.

**G**IN living worth could win my heart,  
 You wou'd na speak in vain ;  
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
 Ne'er, ne'er to rise again.  
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,  
 Whose heart was only mine ;  
 And oh ! what a heart was that to lose !  
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin heav'n in mercy soon  
 Would grant the boon I crave,  
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,  
 Since Jamie's in his grave.  
 And see his gentle spirit comes  
 To shew me on my way,  
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,  
 Sair wond'ring at my stay!

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,  
 And oh ! wi' what gude will !  
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead,  
 Ye canna lead to ill !  
 She said, and soon a deadly pale  
 Her faded cheek possest ;  
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,  
 Her sorrows sunk to rest !

## O CEASE TO MOURN, UNHAPPY YOUTH.

## THE SAME AIR.

**O** CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth  
 Nor think this bosom hard :  
 My tears, alas ! must own your truth,  
 And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating woe,  
 This tortur'd breast endures,  
 Too well, alas ! must make me know  
 The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,  
 I seek the darkest grove,  
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain  
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,  
 No sound of comfort hears ;  
 And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes  
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,  
 In fancy I complain,  
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,  
 Or see some perjured swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease  
 Or blame the fates alone ;  
 For how can I restore your peace,  
 Who quite have lost my own ?



# Gin living worth.

16

*Andante*  
*Affettuoso*

Gin li - ving worth could

win my heart, You wou'd na speak in vain - - - ; But in the dark - some

grave its laid, Ne'er ne'er to rise a - gain. My wae - - fu' heart lies

low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine - - - And oh! what a heart was

that to \*lose; But I maun no re - pine.

\* Take either G or F.

# There's auld Rob Morris.

*Duet*

*Andante*

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude  
 There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude

fel.lows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has  
 fel.lows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has

kine, And ae bon\_ny las\_sie, his dar\_ling and mine.  
 kine, And ae bon\_ny las\_sie, his dar\_ling and mine.

The above Sym<sup>s</sup> & Accomp<sup>ts</sup> composed by Haydn and first published in 1803.

## THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—AULD ROB MORRIS.

**T**HERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,  
 He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;  
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,  
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

But Oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;  
 The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;  
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!  
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express!

## THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME.

THE SAME AIR.

**T**HE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,  
 No less than a wonder by Nature designed;  
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,  
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit ever pleasingly flows,  
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose:  
 Love and destiny both attend on her will;  
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,  
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;  
 In Sylvia they meet; so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

## ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM

*By a NEGRO.*

## AIR—GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,  
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ;  
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she ;  
 I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ;  
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;  
 And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea ;  
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O ! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my Love from me ;  
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me ;  
 And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !  
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my Love to rest !  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;  
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O ! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,  
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my Love to fly ;  
 To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be ;  
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy ;  
 But ah, unhappy maiden ! that Love you ne'er shall see !  
 Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

## HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D.

WRITTEN

*By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.*

## THE SAME AIR.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me true ;  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part :  
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

*One morning very early*

*Adagio*  
*ma*  
*non tanto*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

One morning very ear..ly one morning in the spring I

The first system of the vocal piece shows the vocal line on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "One morning very ear..ly one morning in the spring I".

heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing Her chains she rattled on her hands while

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing Her chains she rattled on her hands while".

sweetly thus sung she I love my love because I know - - - my Love loves me .

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sweetly thus sung she I love my love because I know - - - my Love loves me .".

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The above Sym<sup>o</sup> & Accomp<sup>ts</sup> composed by Haydn and first published in 1803 .

*O waly waly*

Pleyel.

*Affettuoso* *Dol.*

O Wa-ly Wa--ly, up the bank, And wa-ly, wa--ly, down the brae, And wa-ly by yon burn-side, Where I and my love went to gae. I leant my back, un-- --to an aik, I thought it was a trusty tree, But first it bow'd and syne it brake, And sae did my true love to me.

\*Take either the F & G, or the notes under them.

*The same Air set as a Duet.*

Haydn.

First Publish'd in 1822.

*Affettuoso*

2<sup>d</sup>  
O wa-ly wa--ly love is bon-ny, A lit-tle time when it is new But  
1<sup>st</sup>  
O wa-ly wa--ly love is bon-ny, A lit-tle time when it is new But

when its auld it wax-eth cauld And fades a-- way like morn-- ing dew.  
when its auld it wax-eth cauld And fades a-- way like morn-- ing dew.

O where-fore should I busk my head O where-fore should I kame my hair For  
O where-fore should I busk my head O where-fore should I kame my hair For

my true Love has me for-- sook And says he'll ne-- ver loe me mair.  
my true Love has me for-- sook And says he'll ne-- ver loe me mair.

*fz*

---

 O WALY WALY UP THE BANK.
 

---

## AIR—WALY WALY.

O WALY waly up the bank,  
 And waly waly down the brae,  
 And waly waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my Love went to gae.  
 I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trustie tree ;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,  
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly waly love is bonny,  
 A little time while it is new ;  
 But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk my head ?  
 O wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true Love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be warm'd by me ;  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true Love's forsaken me.  
 O Mart'mas wind ! when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?  
 O gentle death ! when wilt thou come,  
 And tak' a life that wearies me ?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow toun,  
 We were a comely sight to see ;  
 My Love was i' the black velvet,  
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
 Oh, Oh ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I mysell were dead and gone,  
 For a maid again I'll never be !

---

 HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.
 

---

WRITTEN

By THOMSON.

---

 THE SAME AIR.
 

---

HARD is the fate of him who loves,  
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
 But to the sympathetic groves,  
 But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,  
 O ! when her footsteps next are seen,  
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,  
 In fresher mazes o'er the green :

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
 To whom the tears of love are dear,  
 From dying lilies waft a gale,  
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O ! tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind ;  
 O ! tell her that my virtuous flame  
 Is as her spotless soul refined.

Not her own guardian angel, eyes  
 With chaster tenderness his care !  
 Nor purer her own wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear  
 Should start at love's suspected name,  
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
 True love and friendship are the same.

---

 AH! CHLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT.
 

---

## AIR—GILDEROY.

**A**H! Chloris, could I now but sit,  
 As unconcern'd as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget  
 Nor happiness nor pain.  
 When I this dawning did admire,  
 And praised the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire  
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
 As metals in a mine;  
 Age from no face takes more away,  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 To their perfection prest;  
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 While Cupid, at my heart,  
 Still as his mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart.  
 Each gloried in their wanton part;  
 To make a beauty, she  
 Employ'd the utmost of her art;  
 To make a lover, he.

---

 THE OLD SONG OF GILDEROY.
 

---

[The Hero of this elegant Lamentation was a celebrated Highland Freebooter, who was executed at Edinburgh.]

## THE SAME AIR.

**G**ILDEROY was a bonny boy,  
 Had roses till his shoon;  
 His stockings were of silken soy,  
 Wi' garters hanging down.  
 It was, I ween, a comelie sight  
 To see sae trim a boy:  
 He was my joy and heart's delight,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming e'en he had!  
 Breath sweet as ony rose:  
 He never wore a Highland plaid,  
 But costly silken clothes.  
 He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,  
 Nane e'er to him was coy:  
 Ah, wae is me! I mourn the day  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
 Baith in ae toun thegither;  
 We scant were seven years befor  
 We 'gan to luvè ilk ither.  
 Our daddies and our mammies they  
 Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,  
 To think upon the bridal day  
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,  
 Gude faith I freely bought  
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,  
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought:  
 And he gied me a wedding-ring  
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy:  
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing  
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,  
 Till we were baith sixteen,  
 And aft we past the langsum time  
 Among the leaves sae green:  
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,  
 And sweetly kiss and toy;  
 While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content,  
 Wi' me to lead his life!  
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent  
 To stir in feats of strife.  
 And he in many a vent'rous deed  
 His courage bald wad try;  
 And this now gars my heart to bleed  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
 The tears they wat my e'e;  
 I gied him sic a parting look!  
 ' My benison gang wi' thee!  
 ' God speed thee weil mine ain dear heart,  
 ' For gane is all my joy;  
 ' My heart is rent sith we maun part,  
 ' My handsome Gilderoy!'

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
 Was fear'd in every toun;  
 And bauldly bare awa' the geir  
 Of mony a lawland loun.  
 For man to man durst meet him nane,  
 He was sae brave a boy;  
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws  
 To hang a man for gear;  
 To reave of life for sic a cause  
 As stealing horse or mare!  
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,  
 I ne'er had lost my joy;  
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,  
 He might hae banisht been;—  
 Ah, what sair cruelty is this,  
 To hang sic handsome men!  
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
 Sae sweet and fair a boy!  
 Nae lady had sae white a hand  
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy, sae fear'd they were,  
 Wi' irons his limbs they strung;  
 To Edinborow led him there,  
 And on a gallows hung.  
 They hung him high aboon the rest,  
 He was sae bauld a boy;  
 There died the youth whom I lued best,  
 My handsome Gilderoy!

Soon as he yielded up his breath  
 I bare his corse away,  
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death  
 I wash'd his comelie clay;  
 And sicker in a grave right deep  
 I laid the dear lued boy;  
 And now for ever I maun weep  
 My winsome Gilderoy!



Ah! Chloris could I now but sit. 20

*Duet*  
*Andante*

*for* *pia* *for*

Ah! CHLORIS could I now but sit, As un-concern'd as when Your  
Ah! CHLORIS could I now but sit, As un-concern'd as when  
in-fant beau-ty could be-get No hap-piness nor pain. When I this dawning  
Your infant beauty could be-get No hap-piness nor pain. When I this dawning  
did admire, And prais'd the com-ing day, I lit-tle thought that ri-sing fire Would  
did admire, And prais'd the com-ing day, I little thought that ri-sing fire Would  
take my rest a-way. *Vio:* *S.*  
take my rest a-way. *S.*

*Oh! open the door.*

*Affettuoso*

*p* *f* *for*

Oh!, o - - pen the door, some pi - - ty to shew Oh!

*ma* *ria*

o - - pen the door to me. Oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll

e - - ver prove true; Oh! o - - pen the door to me, — Oh!

*rf* *rf* *p*

*s.*

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and includes a *f* (forte) marking. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'Oh!, o - - pen the door, some pi - - ty to shew Oh!'. The piano accompaniment has a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various dynamics such as *ma*, *ria*, *rf* (ritardando forte), and *p*. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line and a *s.* (crescendo) marking.

## OH, OPEN THE DOOR SOME PITY TO SHEW.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,  
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!  
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,  
 Oh! open the door to me, Oh!

Oh! cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But colder thy love for me, Oh!  
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,  
 Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, Oh!  
 False friends, false Love, farewell! for more  
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!  
 "My true love!" she cried,—and sunk down by his side,  
 Never to rise again, Oh!

---

 WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE MILL MILL, O!

*The following incident, relative to this Song, was recently communicated to the Editor by a friend, a Clergyman in Dumfries-shire: "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill, with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn Soldier pass'd the window: of a sudden it struck the Poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures: after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'Garland and Singing Robes about him,' and the result was the admirable Song which he sent you for 'The Mill Mill, O!'"*

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle Peace returning,  
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
 And mony a widow mourning:  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor and honest soldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks of Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy,  
 I thought upon the witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,  
 Where early life I sported;  
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy aft I courted:  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling!  
 And turn'd me round to hid the flood  
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be  
 That's dearest to thy bosom:  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain wad be thy lodger;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
 Take pity on a soldier!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier was than ever:  
 Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I never:  
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake it,  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,—  
 Syne pale like ony lily,  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willy?  
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,  
 By whom true love's regarded,  
 I am the man—and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted;  
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair,—we'se ne'er be parted!  
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin plenish'd fairly:  
 And come, my faithful soldier lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor,  
 But glory is the soldier's prize,  
 The soldier's wealth is honour;  
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger;  
 Remember, he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour of danger.

---

 AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

AT setting day and rising morn,  
 With soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,  
 With all that can improve thee.  
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,  
 Where first thou kindly told me  
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

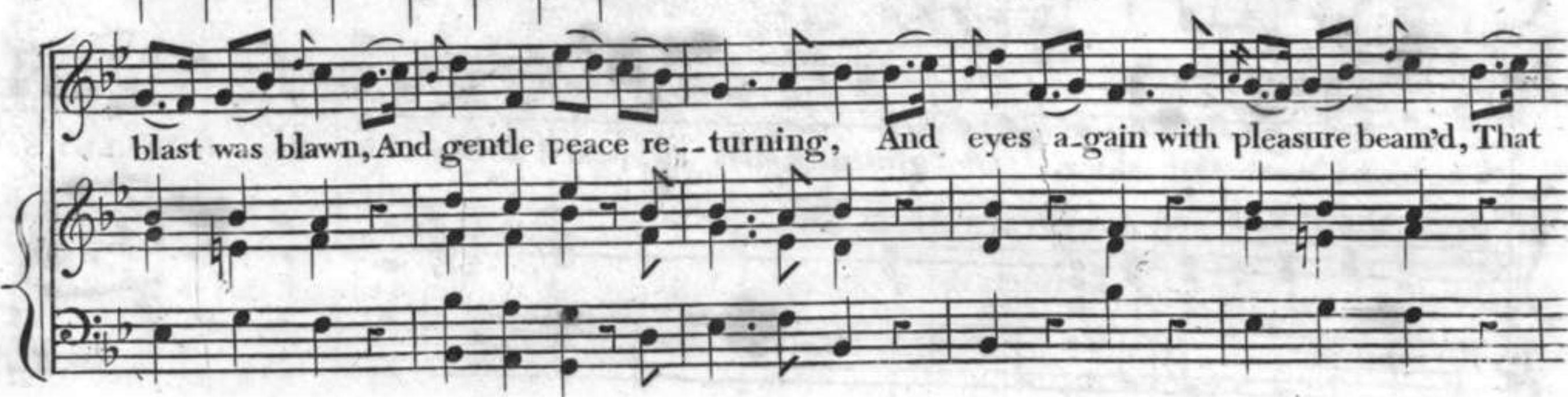
To all our haunts I will repair,  
 By greenwood-shaw or fountain;  
 Or where the summer day I'd share  
 With thee, upon yon mountain.  
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine,—by love is your's  
 A heart that cannot wander.

*When wild war's deadly blast.*

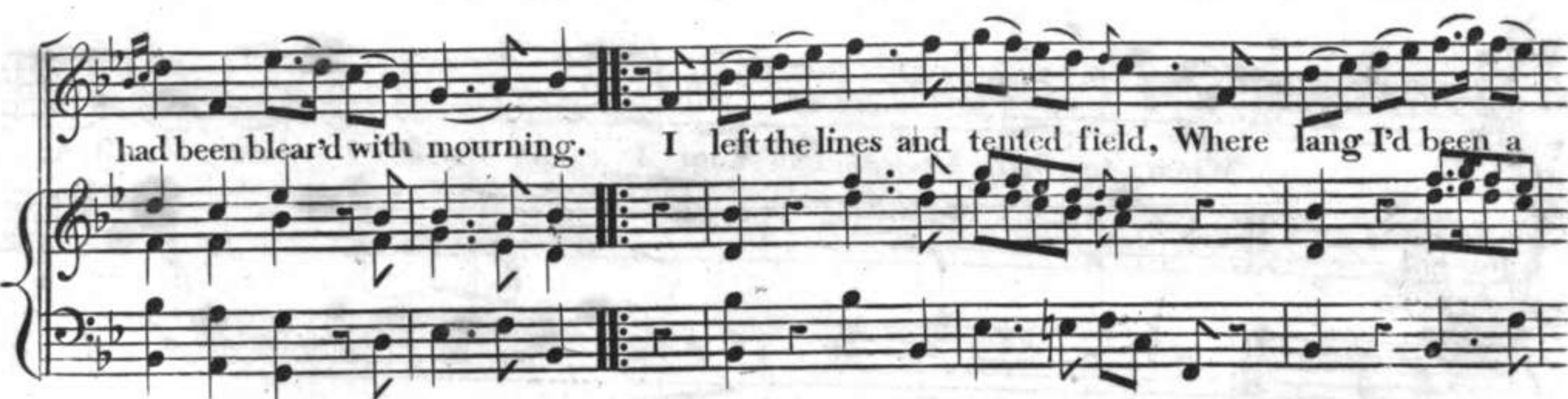
*Andante*



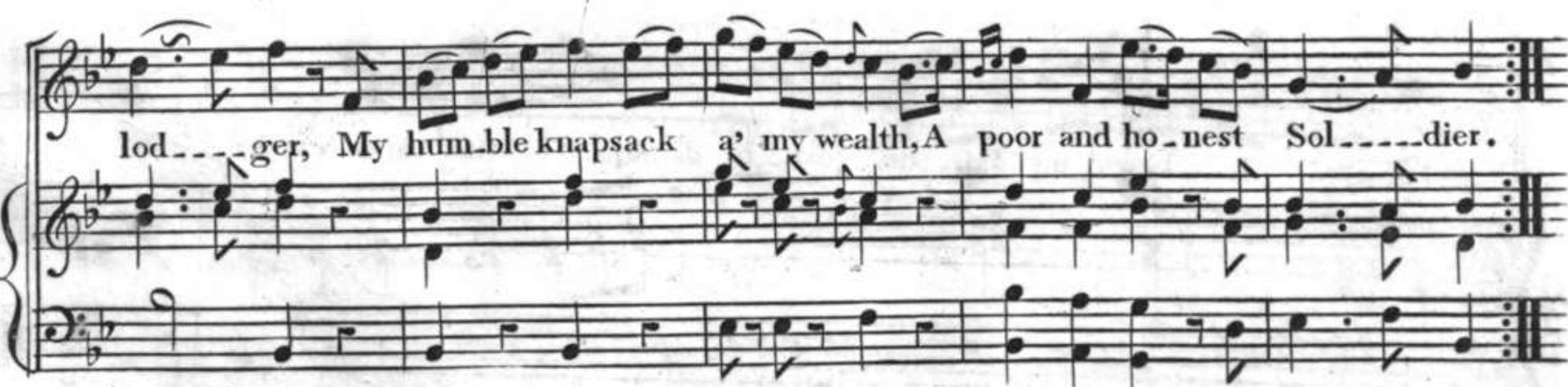
When wild wars dead...ly



blast was blawn, And gentle peace re...turning, And eyes a-gain with pleasure beam'd, That



had been blear'd with mourning. I left the lines and tented field, Where lang I'd been a



lod...ger, My hum-ble knapsack a' my wealth, A poor and ho-nest Sol...dier.



*The night her silent sable wore.*

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*

*For:* *rf* *Pia:*

The night her si--lent sa--ble wore, And

*Pia:* *Pia:*

gloomy were the skies, Of glitt'ring stars ap-pear'd no more, Than those in NELLY'S

*pp* *fz*

eyes. When to her fa--ther's door I came, Where I had of--ten

been, I beg'd my fair, my love--ly dame, To rise and let me in.

*ff*

---

 THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.
 

---

AIR—SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

**T**HE night her silent sable wore,  
 And gloomy were the skies,  
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.  
 When to her father's door I came,  
 Where I had often been,  
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,  
 Did my fond suit reprove ;  
 And while she chid my rash design,  
 She but inflam'd my love.  
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
 While her bright eyes did roll ;  
 But virtue only had the power  
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part !  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart.  
 My eager fondness I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd she should be mine,  
 'Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
 Transporting is my joy :  
 No greater blessing can I prove,  
 So blest a man am I.  
 For beauty may a while retain  
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
 But virtue only is the chain  
 Holds never to depart.

---

 THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.
 

---

WRITTEN

By *LORD LYTTLETON.*

THE SAME AIR.

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past,  
 That part my love and me ;  
 My longing eyes may hope at last  
 Their only wish to see.  
 But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long ?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you, in every look, declare  
 Your heart is still the same ?  
 And heal each idle anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame !

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,  
 Shall false and groundless prove ;  
 If I am doom'd, at length, to find  
 You have forgot to love ;  
 All I of Venus ask, is this,  
 No more to let us join ;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
 To die, and *think* you mine !

## SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

AIR—SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,  
 Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;  
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,  
 When Jocky's tost aboon the tide;  
 Far aff to distant realms he gangs,  
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;  
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,  
 He'll think on Anne, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,  
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,  
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,  
 And made a brag of what he'd gie:  
 What though my Jocky's far away,  
 Tost up and down the awsome main,  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,  
 And fairly cast your pipe away;  
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,  
 To see his friend his love betray;  
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,  
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,  
 My heart to him shall true remain,  
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw soft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
 And gar your waves be calm and still;  
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill:  
 What though my Jocky's far away,  
 Yet he will braw in siller shine;  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

## TO FAIR FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

WRITTEN

By COLLINS.

THE SAME AIR.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring  
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,  
 And ruffle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
 But female fays shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours,  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid.  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain  
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;  
 Or, midst the chace upon the plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed;  
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.



Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came

*Affettuoso*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in the piano part, marked *Affettuoso*. The tempo is indicated as *Affettuoso*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Sweet AN-NIE frae the sea-beach came, Where JOCKY speel'd the ves-sel's side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, When JOC-KY'S tost a-boon the tide: Far aff to dis-tant realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has been; And when ilk lass a-bout him thrangs, He'll think on ANNE, his faithful ain." The piano part features various dynamics including *f*, *p*, *mf*, and *ff*. There are also performance markings such as *ad lib* and *rit*. The score concludes with a final piano flourish.

Sweet AN-NIE frae the sea-beach came, Where JOCKY speel'd the ves-sel's side; Ah!

wha can keep their heart at hame, When JOC-KY'S tost a-boon the tide:

Far aff to dis-tant realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has been; And

when ilk lass a-bout him thrangs, He'll think on ANNE, his faithful ain.

*mf* \* If G is found too high, E may be substituted.

2<sup>d</sup> 24 *Sweet Annie, for three Voices.*

The Vocal harmony & the Sym<sup>o</sup> & Accomp<sup>t</sup> by Beethoven.

First pub<sup>d</sup> in 1829.

*Andante*  
*espress<sup>o</sup>*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked 'Andante' and 'espress<sup>o</sup>'. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a steady bass line and a more active upper line.

Verse 2<sup>d</sup>

I met our wealthy Laird yestreen, Wi<sup>h</sup> gowd in hand he tempted me; He prais'd my brow my

This block shows the first line of the vocal part for Verse 2. It includes three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I met our wealthy Laird yestreen, Wi<sup>h</sup> gowd in hand he tempted me; He prais'd my brow my". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time signature as the introduction.

roll-ing een, And made a brag of what he'd gie. What tho<sup>o</sup> my Jock-ky's far a-way, Tost

This block shows the second line of the vocal part. The lyrics are: "roll-ing een, And made a brag of what he'd gie. What tho<sup>o</sup> my Jock-ky's far a-way, Tost". The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure.

up and down the awsome main; I'll keep my heart a--nother day, Since Jocky may re--turn a-gain.

This block shows the third line of the vocal part. The lyrics are: "up and down the awsome main; I'll keep my heart a--nother day, Since Jocky may re--turn a-gain." The piano accompaniment concludes the verse with a final chord.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. It features a more active and melodic line in the upper staff, with the bass staff providing a steady accompaniment. The music ends with a final cadence.

Verse 3<sup>d</sup>

Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair, And fair-ly cast your pipe a-way; My Joe-ky wou'd be  
Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair, And fair-ly cast your pipe a-way; My Joe-ky wou'd be  
Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair, And fair-ly cast your pipe a-way; My Joe-ky wou'd be

troubled sair, To see his friend his love be-tray: For a' your songs and verse are vain, While  
troubled sair, To see his friend his love be-tray: For a' your songs and verse are vain, While  
troubled sair, To see his friend his love be-tray: For a' your songs and verse are vain, While

Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.  
Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.  
Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

# Shepherds I have lost my Love.

*Duet.*  
*Andante.*

1 2 3 4 5 6

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - NA? Pride of ev'ry shady grove up -

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - NA? Pride of ev'ry shady grove up -

7 8 9 10 11

- on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home forsook, Near you mis - ty

- on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home forsook, Near you mis - ty

12 13 14 15 16

moun - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, and foun - tain.

moun - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, and foun - tain.

*f*

*f*

\* Take either the G or C

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

---

## AIR—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

**S**HEPHERDS, I have lost my love;  
Have you seen my Anna?  
Pride of every shady grove,  
Upon the banks of Banna!

I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain;  
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
Greenwood shade and fountain,

Never shall I see them more  
Until her returning:  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning!

Whither is my charmer flown?  
Shepherds, tell me whither?  
Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone  
For ever and for ever!

O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK, STAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

---

AIR—LOCHERROCH SIDE.

**O** STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing fond complaining.  
Again, again, that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art ;  
For surely that would touch her heart,  
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind ?  
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd  
Sic notes of woe could wauken !  
Thou tell'st of never-ending care,  
Of speechless grief, and dark despair :—  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,  
Or my poor heart is broken !

---

*O stay sweet warbling Wood-lark.* 26


*Grazioso*



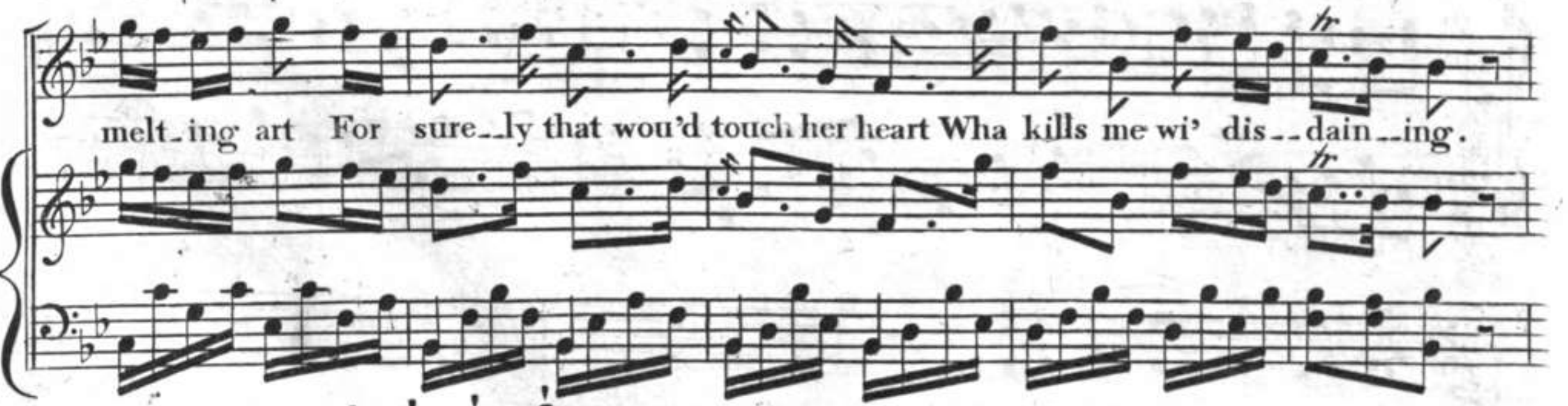
O stay, sweet warbling



Woodlark stay, Nor quit for me the trembling spray, A hap-less lo-ver courts thy lay, Thy



soothing fond com-plain-ing. A-gain a-gain that tender part, That I may catch thy



melt-ing art For sure-ly that wou'd touch her heart Wha kills me wi' dis-dain-ing.



*Here is the glen &c.*

*Andante*

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked *Andante*. The music features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Here is the glen and here the bow'r All un-derneath the birchen shade, The

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody that follows the text.

vil-lage bell has told the hour, O what can stay my lovely maid! 'Tis not Ma-ri-a's

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody that follows the text.

whispring call, 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale Mixt with some warbler's dy-ing fall The

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody that follows the text.

dew-y star of eve to hail

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, with a melody that follows the text. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *f* and *p*.



---

HERE IS THE GLEN AND HERE THE BOWER.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

---

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

<p><b>H</b>ERE is the glen, and here the bower,          All underneath the birchen shade;          The village bell has told the hour,          O what can stay my lovely maid!          'Tis not Maria's whispering call;—          'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,          Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,          The dewy star of eve to hail.</p>	<p>It is Maria's voice I hear!          So calls the woodlark in the grove,          His little faithful mate to cheer,          At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love!          And art thou come, and art thou true!          O welcome dear to love and me!          And let us all our vows renew,          Along the flowery banks of Cree.</p>
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---

THE SUN IN VIRGIN LUSTRE SHONE.

---

THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>T</b>HE sun in virgin lustre shone,          May-morning put its beauties on;          The warblers sung in livelier strains,          And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains:          When Love, a soft intruding guest,          That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,          Now whisper'd, "To the nymph, away!          "For this is Nature's holiday!"</p> <p>The tender impulse wing'd his haste,          The painted mead he instant pass'd;          And soon the happy cot he gain'd,          Where beauty slépt, and silence reign'd:          Awake, my fair! (the shepherd cries,          To newborn pleasures ope thine eyes;          Arise, my Sylvia! hail the May,          For this is Nature's holiday!</p>	<p>Forth came the maid in beauty bright,          As Phœbus in meridian light;          Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,          The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast:          Then gazing, with a speaking eye,          He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,          A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,          Consider youth's our holiday.</p> <p>Ah soft, (she said) for pity's sake!          What! kiss one ere I'm well awake?          For this so early came you here?          And hail you thus the rising year?          Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,          We'll haste to joy, (the swain replied);          In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,          And this shall be Love's holiday.</p>
---	---

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,  
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak;  
 Consent own'd Nature's soft command,  
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:  
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,  
 To church he led the blushing maid;  
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May;  
 And now their life's all holiday!

---

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

---

AIR—THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

*“ I composed this song (says the Poet) out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life.”*

*In JOHNSTON'S Museum the Air is marked as the composition of the aforesaid gentleman. If it be so, BURNS'S silence as to that circumstance is unaccountable, considering how eagerly he enquired after the origin of our Airs.*

**T**HE day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet;  
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
 Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live.  
 When that grim foe of life below,  
 Comes in between to bid us part;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart!

---

The day returns, &c.

Duet  
Andantino

Cres

The day returns my bo-som burns The blissful day we twa did meet Tho'

The day returns my bo-som burns The blissful day we twa did meet Tho'

winter wild in tempest toild, Neer summer sun was half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that

winter wild in tempest toild, Neer summer sun was half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that

loads the tide And crosses o'er the sul-try line; Than kingly robes than crowns and globes, Heav'n

loads the tide And crosses o'er the sul-try line; Than kingly robes than crowns and globes, Heav'n

gave me more, it made thee mine.

gave me more, it made thee mine.

Cres

# Owere, Ton Parnassus hills.

*Andante*  
*espressivo.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef, and the left hand plays a bass line in bass clef. The music is in G major and common time, marked 'Andante espressivo'.

O were I on Par-nas - sus hill Or had ó He - li - con my fill, That

The first system of the vocal piece shows the vocal line in treble clef and the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "O were I on Par-nas - sus hill Or had ó He - li - con my fill, That".

I might catch Po - e - tic skill, To sing how dear I love thee But Nith maun be my

The second system of the vocal piece shows the vocal line in treble clef and the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "I might catch Po - e - tic skill, To sing how dear I love thee But Nith maun be my".

Muse's well, My Muse maun be thy bo - nie sell, On Corsin con I'll glowr and spell And

The third system of the vocal piece shows the vocal line in treble clef and the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "Muse's well, My Muse maun be thy bo - nie sell, On Corsin con I'll glowr and spell And".

write how dear I love thee.

The final system of the vocal piece shows the vocal line in treble clef and the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "write how dear I love thee.".

---

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

---

AIR—O JEAN I LOVE THEE.—COMPOSED BY OSWALD.

*Mrs BURNS is the heroine of this beautiful Song.*

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill,  
Or had of Helicon my fill,  
That I might catch poetic skill,  
    To sing how dear I love thee.  
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
My Muse maun be thy bonny sell;  
On Corsincon\* I'll glowr and spell,  
    And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!  
For a' the lee lang simmer's day,  
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,  
    How much, how dear I love thee.  
I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en,—  
    By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;  
And ay I muse and sing thy name,—  
    I only live to love thee.  
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
'Till my last weary sand was run,  
    'Till then—and then I love thee!

\* *A high hill, near the source of the river Nith.*

---

IF WINE AND MUSIC HAVE THE POWER.

WRITTEN

By *PRIOR*.

---

THE SAME AIR.

IF wine and music have the pow'r  
To ease the sickness of the soul,  
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,  
    And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.  
Let them their friendly aid employ  
To make my Chloe's absence light;  
And seek for pleasure to destroy  
    The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:  
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;  
Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,  
    And meet thy favourite nymph in state.  
Kind goddess! to no other pow'rs  
Let us to-morrow's blessings own:  
The darling loves shall guide the hours,  
    And all the day be thine alone.

## WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.

By H. MACNEILL, Esq.

AS ALTERED AND CORRECTED BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

## HIGHLAND AIR—DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,  
 Careless of aught but play,  
 Poor Flora slipt away,  
 Sad'ning to Mora;  
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,  
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,  
 As thus to the troubled air,  
 She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the stormy west,  
 " Cold, cold, is winter's blast :  
 " Haste then, O Donald, haste,  
 " Haste to thy Flora !  
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
 " Since on a foreign shore  
 " You promis'd to fight no more,  
 " But meet me in Mora.

' Where now is Donald dear ?  
 ' Maids cry with taunting sneer ;  
 ' Say, is he still sincere  
 ' To his lov'd Flora ?  
 " Parents upbraid my moan ;  
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone,—  
 " Ah ! Flora, thou'rt now alone  
 " Friendless in Mora !

" Come then, O come away !  
 " Donald, no longer stay !  
 " Where can my rover stray  
 " From his lov'd Flora ?  
 " Ah, sure he ne'er can be  
 " False to his vows and me :  
 " Oh heav'n !—is not yonder he  
 " Bounding o'er Mora !"

' Never, ah wretched fair !  
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger)  
 ' Never shall Donald mair  
 ' Meet his lov'd Flora !  
 ' Cold as yon mountain snow,  
 ' Donald, thy Love, lies low,  
 ' He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
 ' Weeping in Mora.

' Well fought our gallant slain  
 ' On *Saratoga's* plain :  
 ' Thrice fled the hostile train,  
 ' From British glory.  
 ' But ah ! though our foes did flee,  
 ' Sad was each victory :  
 ' Youth, Love, and Loyalty,  
 ' Fell far from Mora !

' Here, take this love-wrought plaid,  
 (Donald, expiring, said)  
 ' Give it to yon dear maid  
 ' Drooping in Mora.  
 ' Tell her, Oh Allan, tell,  
 ' Donald thus bravely fell,  
 ' And that in his last farewell  
 ' He thought on his Flora.'

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
 Speechless with wild despair ;  
 Then, striking her bosom bare,  
 Sigh'd out—" Poor Flora !  
 " Ah, Donald ! ah, well-a-day !"  
 Was all the fond heart could say :  
 At length the sound died away  
 Feebly in Mora.

*When merry hearts were gay.*

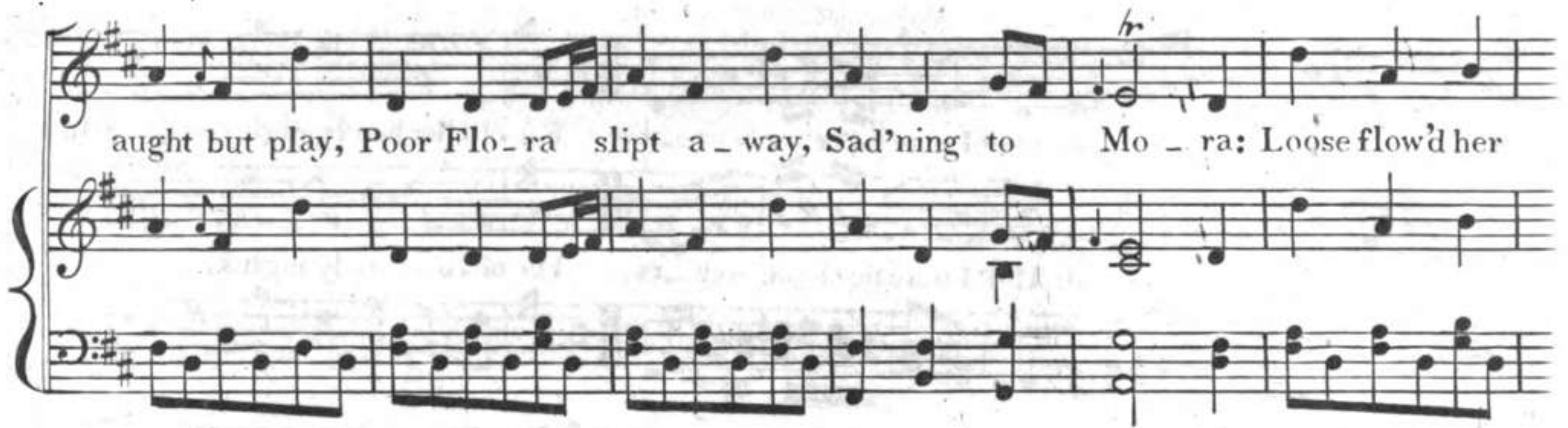
LARGHETTO



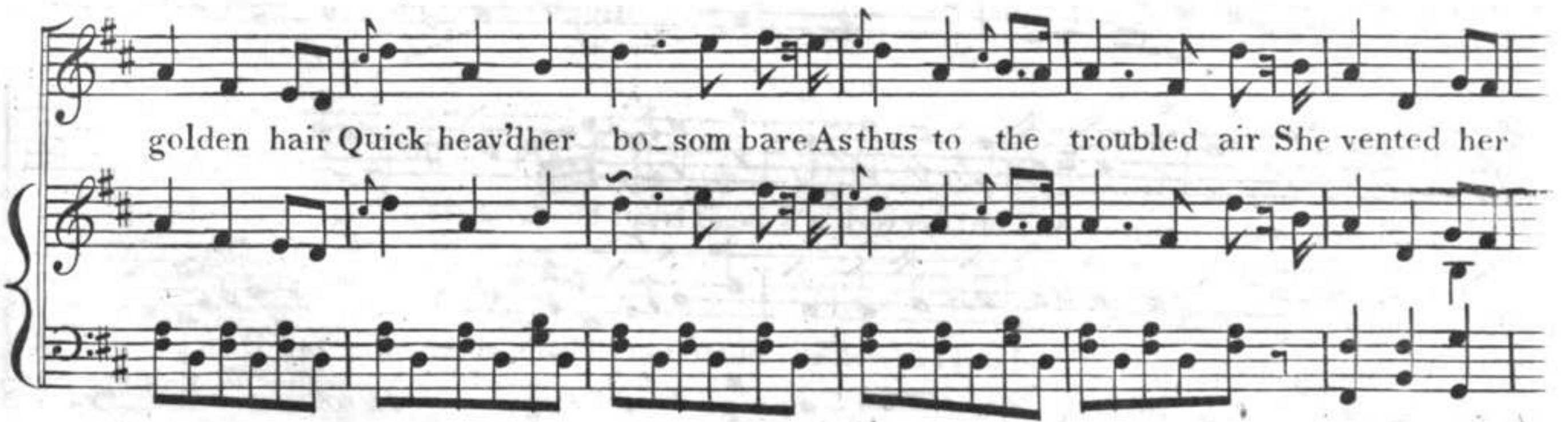
When mer - ry hearts were gay, Careless of



aught but play, Poor Flo - ra slipt a - way, Sad'ning to Mo - ra: Loose flow'd her



golden hair Quick heav'd her bo - som bare Asthus to the troubled air She vented her



sor - row.



*How lang & dreary is the night.*

DUETT  
*Andantino*

How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dearie I  
How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dearie I

restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae wea...ry, For oh! her lanely nights are lang And  
restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae wea...ry, For oh! her lanely nights are lang And

oh! her dreams are eerie And oh! her widow'd heart is sair That's ab\_sent frae her Dea...rie,  
oh! her dreams are eerie And oh! her widow'd heart is sair That's ab\_sent frae her Dea...rie,

\*The above Sym<sup>s</sup> and Accomp<sup>s</sup> composed by Haydn & first pub<sup>d</sup> in 1805.



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HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

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AIR—CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

**H**ow lang and drearie is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie ;  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.  
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;  
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;  
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,  
 That's absent frae her dearie !

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;  
 And now what seas between us roar,  
 How can I be but eerie. *For oh, &c.*  
 How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 The joyless day how dreary ?  
 It was na sae ye glinted by  
 When I was wi' my dearie. *For oh, &c.*

---

YE DEAR DELIGHTS OF LOVE, ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *DR WOLCOT*.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**Y**e dear delights of Love, adieu ;  
 From me, ah, fled for ever !  
 Ah ! how could fate our bliss pursue,  
 And souls so constant sever ?  
 While Love his precious gifts did pour,  
 We ask'd not Fortune's treasure !  
 The flight of every parting hour  
 Was wing'd by Hope and Pleasure.

Now lost in solitude I sigh,  
 And swell with tears the fountain ;  
 Now seek the scenes of former joy,  
 The grove, the vale, the mountain.  
 Since Sandy's gone, no wish is mine  
 To see another morrow ;  
 For what is *life* if doom'd to pine ?  
 One lengthen'd sigh of sorrow !

---

## SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIEBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

AIR—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

*This Song was addressed to a Miss LORIMER, who lived at Craigieburn Wood, near Moffat; the same Lady who, (under the name of CHLORIS), is celebrated in several other Songs by BURNS.*

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow,  
 But a' the pride of spring's return  
 Can yield me nought but sorrow.  
 I see the flow'rs and spreading trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing;  
 But what a weary wight can please,  
 And care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet darena for your anger;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love another,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.

## COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

WRITTEN

By *DR BEATTIE.*

THE SAME AIR.

COULD aught of song declare my pain,  
 Could artless numbers move thee;  
 The Muse should tell in mournful strain,  
 O, Delia, how I love thee.  
 They who but feign a wounded heart,  
 May teach the lyre to languish;  
 But what avails the pride of art,  
 When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh,  
 The heartfelt pang discover;  
 And in the keen, but tender eye,  
 O read th' imploring lover.  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdain's art's gay disguising;—  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,  
 The voice of Nature prizing.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn 32

*Andante*

*espressivo*

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn And  
blythe a\_wakes the mor\_ \_row But a' the pride of Springs return Can yield me nought but  
sor\_ \_row. I see the flow'r's and spreading trees I hear the wild birds sing\_ \_ing But  
what a\_wea\_ry wight can please And care his bosom wring\_ \_ing.

The above Sym<sup>y</sup> and Accomp<sup>s</sup> composed by Haydn & first published in 1803.

# O saw ye bonie Lestey

*Allegretto*

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often with chords. The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*fz*

O saw ye bonie

Les - - ley, As she gaed o'er the border; She's gane like A - lex - an - der, To

*fz*

spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for

e - ver, For Na - ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic a - nother.

*fz*

## O SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

## AIR—THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

*This song was written on Miss LESLEY BAILIE of Ayrshire, now Mrs CUMMING of Logie.*

<p><b>O</b> SAW ye bonny Lesley, As she gaed o'er the border? * She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her forever; For nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither!</p>	<p>Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thy subjects we before thee: Thou art divine, fair Lesley, The hearts of men adore thee. The De'il he cou'dna skaith thee, Or aught that would belang thee; He'd look into thy bonie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee."</p>
--	---

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;  
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonie!  
That we may brag we hae a lass,  
There's nane again sae bonie.

\* *That part of SCOTLAND bordering on ENGLAND.*

## DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>D</b>ELUDED swain, the pleasure The fickle fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, Thy hopes will soon deceive thee. The billows on the ocean, The breezes idly roaming, The clouds' uncertain motion, They are but types of woman!</p>	<p>Heav'ns! art thou not ashamed To doat upon a feature? If man thou would'st be nam'd, Despise the silly creature. Go find an honest fellow, Good claret set before thee, Hold on till thou art mellow, And then to bed in glory!</p>
--	--

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

THE SONG WRITTEN

*By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

---

AIR—HE'S DEAR TO ME, THO' FAR FRAE ME.

**O** HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;  
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose :  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

---

# Lullaby of an Infant Chief


34

The Words and Music here first united, 1822.

*Andante*  
*Espressivo.*

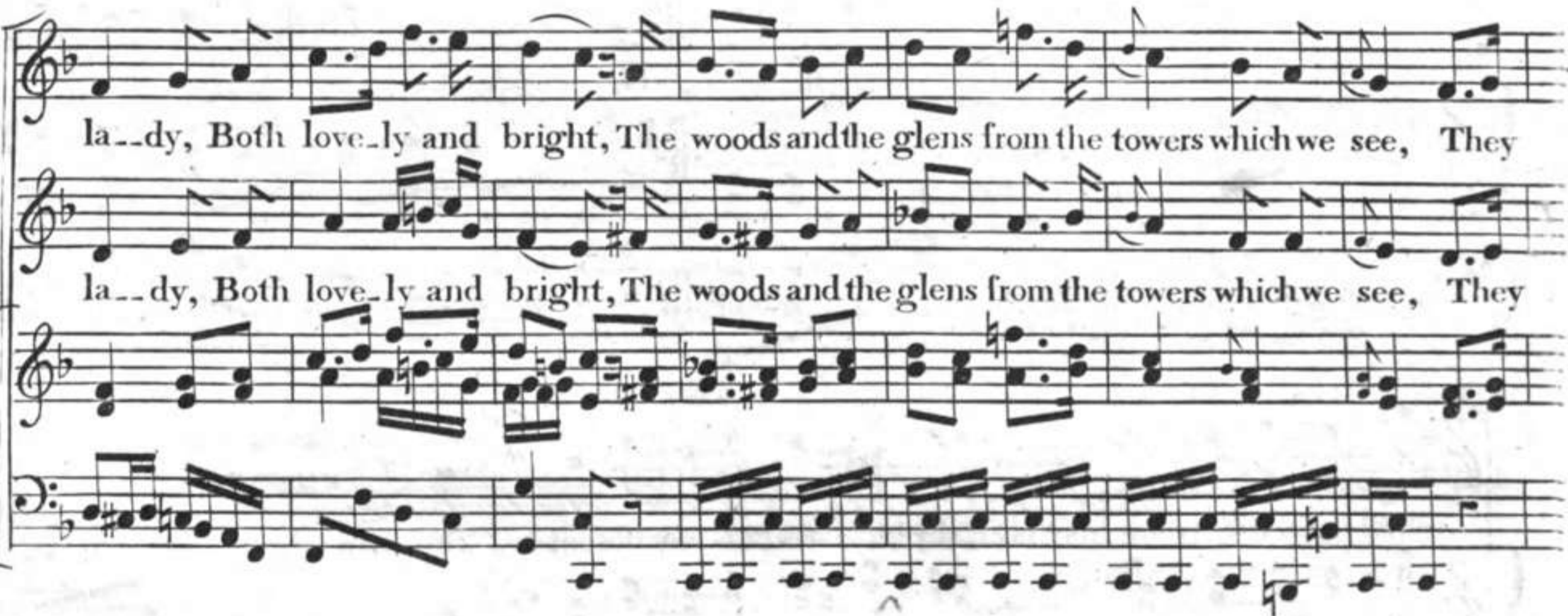


## DUET.



O hush thee my ba--bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy mo-ther a

O hush thee my ba--bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy mo-ther a



la--dy, Both love-ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the towers which we see, They

la--dy, Both love-ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the towers which we see, They



all are be--long-ing dear ba-bie to thee.

all are be--long-ing dear ba-bie to thee.

*O wert thou in the cauldest blast.*

Haydn.

The Music & Words first united in 1822.

Violino.

*Vivace*

O wert thou in the cauldest blast, On yonder lea, on yonder lea, My plaidie to the

angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee. Or did Misfortune's bitter storms, A--

-round thee blaw, Aroun'd thee blaw, Thy bield shou'd be my bosom ay, To share it a' to share it a'.

Violino.



*The same. Air with other Sym. & Accom.*

2<sup>d</sup> 35

Koz:

First united to these words in 1822.

*Vivace*



2<sup>d</sup> Stanza.




O were I on the wild-est waste, Sae



bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, The de-sart were a pa-ra-dise, If



thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I monarch of the globe, With thee to reign, with



thee to reign, The brightest jewel of my crown, Wou'd be my queen, wou'd be my queen.



*O love will venture in &c.*

*Allegretto.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G minor, 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a forte (*fx*) dynamic marking.

O love will venture in where it

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics 'O love will venture in where it' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a piano (*po*) dynamic marking.

dare na weel be seen O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been But

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'dare na weel be seen O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been But' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes.

I will down yon river rove among the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'I will down yon river rove among the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes.

ain dear May.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'ain dear May.' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a forte (*fx*) dynamic marking and a piano (*po*) dynamic marking.

\* The Sym. & Accomp. simplified as above by M<sup>r</sup> K 1501.

## O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

WRITTEN

*By BURNS.*

AIR—THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen,  
 O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;  
 But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,  
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear:  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou':  
 The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there:  
 The daisy for simplicity and unaffected air,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,  
 Where like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,  
 And a' to be posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,  
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:  
 The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

## NORA'S VOW.

WRITTEN

*By* SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS—1822.

## AIR—THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

*Nora's Vow is set to a Gaelic air, "Cha teid mis a chaoidh, I will never go with him," in Albyn's Anthology. The Editor finding, however, that the Song is finely suited to the above Lowland air, has here united them.**"In the original Gaelic, (says the Poet) the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind,—except the vehemence of her protestation."*

**H**EAR what Highland Nora said :  
 " The Earlie's son I will not wed,  
 " Should all the race of Nature die,  
 " And none be left but he and I.  
 " For all the gold, for all the gear,  
 " And all the lands both far and near,  
 " That ever valour lost or won,  
 " I would not wed the Earlie's son."

" The swan," she said, " the lake's clear breast  
 " May barter for the eagle's nest ;  
 " The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,  
 " Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn.  
 " Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
 " Before their foes may turn and fly ;  
 " But I, were all these marvels done,  
 " Would never wed the Earlie's son."

' A maiden's vows,' old Callum spoke,  
 ' Are lightly made and lightly broke ;  
 ' The heather on the mountain's height  
 ' Begins to bloom in purple light ;  
 ' The frost-wind soon shall sweep away  
 ' That lustre deep from glen and brae ;  
 ' Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
 ' May blythely wed the Earlie's son.'

Still in the water-lily's shade  
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made,  
 Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,  
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river ;  
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,  
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel :  
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
 —She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

*By* BURNS.*This is an early production, and seems to have been written on the Poet's Highland Mary.*

**N**AE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care :  
 Their titles a' are empty show ;  
 Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.  
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,  
 Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,  
 I set me down wi' right good will,  
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine,  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland Lassie, O.  
 But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
 But while my crimson currents flow,  
 I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow ;  
 My faithful Highland Lassie, O.  
 For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By sacred truth and honour's band !  
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.  
 Farewel, the glen sae bushy, O,  
 Farewel, the plain sae rashy, O !  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

# Verri's Song

The Air and Verses here first printed, 1822.

*Vivace*



1 2 3 4 5

Now hear what highland No.ra said the Ear..lies son I will not wed Should all the race of



6 7 8 9 10 11

Nature die And none be left but he and I For all the gold for all the gear And all the lands both



12 13 14 15 16

far and near That e..ver va....lour lost or won I would not wed the Ear..lie's son



*O mirk, mirk, is the midnight hour.*

*Larghetto.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, featuring a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

O mirk mirk is this mid\_night hour And loud the tem\_ \_pests roar: A-

The first system of the vocal score shows the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes and a fermata over the final note.

wae\_ fu' wand'rer seeks thy tower Lord Gregory ope thy door An ex\_ \_ile

The second system of the vocal score continues the melody with lyrics. It features a triplet of eighth notes and a fermata over the final note.

from her fa\_ \_ther's ha' And a' for lov\_ \_ing thee. At least some pi\_ \_ty

The third system of the vocal score continues the melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

on me shaw If love it may na be

The fourth system of the vocal score concludes the piece with lyrics. It includes a triplet of eighth notes and a fermata over the final note.

In the former edition this Air was in the key of A minor, but is here lower'd a note, as better suited to Voices in general.

## O MIRK, MIRK, IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

AIR—LORD GREGORY.

<b>O</b> MIRK, mirk, is this midnight hour,	Lord Gregory, mindst thou not the grove
And loud the tempests roar ;	By bonny Irvine-side,
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,	Where first I own'd that virgin-love
Lord Gregory ope thy door !	I lang, lang had denied.
An exile frae her father's ha',	How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
And a' for loving thee :	Thou would'st for ay be mine ;
At least some pity on me shaw,	And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
If <i>love</i> it mayna be !	It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast ;  
 Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest !  
 Ye mustering thunders from above,  
 Your willing victim see !  
 But spare and pardon my false Love,  
 His wrongs to Heav'n and me !

## AH OPE, LORD GREGORY, THY DOOR.\*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *DR WOLCOT*.

THE SAME AIR.

<b>A</b> H ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,	Alas, thou hear'st a pilgrim mourn,
A midnight wanderer sighs !	That once was priz'd by thee :
Harsh rush the rains, the tempests roar,	Think of the ring by yonder burn,
And lightnings cleave the skies !	Thou gav'st to love and me.
<i>Who</i> comes with woe in this drear night,	But should'st thou not poor Marian know,
A pilgrim of the gloom !	I'll turn my feet and part ;
If she whose love did once delight,	And think the storms that round me blow
My cot shall yield her room.	Far kinder than thy heart.

\* It is but doing justice to the Author of the latter Song to mention that it is the Original. *BURNS* saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.

---

 WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.
 

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*The following Jacobite ballad, from a M. S. communicated to the Editor, appears to him preferable to any of the printed editions of the ballad which he has seen.*

**O**UR gallant Scottish Prince was clad,  
 Wi' bonnet blue and tartan plaid,  
 And O he was a handsome lad,  
     Nane could compare wi' Charlie.  
 The wale o' chiefs, the great Lochiel,  
 At Boradale his Prince did hail,  
 And meikle friendship did prevail  
     Between the Chief and Charlie.

CHORUS.

O but ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,  
 O but ye've been lang o' coming,  
     Welcome royal Charlie.

Arouse, ilk valiant kilted clan,  
 Let Highland hearts lead on the van,  
 And charge the foe, claymore in hand,  
     For sake o' royal Charlie.  
 O welcome Charlie o'er the main,  
 Our Highland hills are a' your ain,  
 Thrice welcome to our isle again,  
     Our gallant royal Charlie.

*Chor.*—O but ye've been lang, &c.

Auld Scotia's sons 'mang heather hills,  
 Can fearless face the warst of ills,  
 For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,  
     At sight of royal Charlie.

Her ancient thistle wags its pow,  
 And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,  
 To hear our pledge and sacred vow  
     To live or die wi' Charlie.

*Chor.*—O but ye've been lang, &c.

We darena brew a peck o' ma't,  
 But Geordie ay is finding fau't;  
 We canna make a pickle sa't,  
     For want o' royal Charlie.  
 Then up and quaff along wi' me  
 A bumper crown'd wi' ten times three,  
 To him that's come to set us free,  
     Huzza for royal Charlie.

*Chor.*—O but ye've been lang, &c.

From a' the wilds o' Caledon,  
 We'll gather every hardy son,  
 'Till thousands to his standard run,  
     And rally round Prince Charlie.  
 Come let the flowing quech go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,  
 'Till ev'ry glen and rock resound  
     The name o' royal Charlie.

*Chor.*—O but ye've been lang o' coming,  
 Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,  
 O but ye've been lang o' coming,  
     Welcome royal Charlie.



# Welcome Royal Charlie.

The Music & Verses here first united in 1822.

Violino.

*Vivace*



Our gal-lant Scot-tish Prince was clad, Wi' bon-net blue and tar-tan plaid, And O he was a



bon-nie lad, Nane could com-pare wi' Char- -- lie. The wale o' Chiefs the great Lo- chiel, At



Bo- ra- dale his Prince did hail, And meikle friend-ship did pre- vail, Be- -- tween the Chief and Char- -- lie.



**CHORUS.**

Treble. And O but ye've been lang o' com - - ing, lang o' com - - ing, lang o' com - - ing,

Tenor. And O but ye've been lang o' com - - ing, lang o' com - - ing, lang o' com - - ing,



O but ye've been lang o' com - - ing, Wel - - come roy - - al Char - - - - lie.

O but ye've been lang o' com - - ing, Wel - - come roy - - al Char - - - - lie.



Violino.



# She's fair and fause &c.

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a series of chords in the right hand, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 6/8.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I lo'ed her meikle and

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I lo'ed her meikle and".

lang She's broken her vow she's broken my heart And I may e'en gae hang A

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lang She's broken her vow she's broken my heart And I may e'en gae hang A".

coof came in wi' routh o' gear And I hae tint my dearest dear, Eut wo-man is but

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "coof came in wi' routh o' gear And I hae tint my dearest dear, Eut wo-man is but".

ward's gear Sae let the bonie lass gang.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ward's gear Sae let the bonie lass gang." The piano part ends with a final chord and a fermata.

# The Same Air for three Voices.

2<sup>d</sup> 40

The Vocal harmony & the Accom<sup>t</sup> by Beethoven.

First pub<sup>d</sup> in 1822.

Verse 2<sup>d</sup>

Whae'er ye be that Wo-man love, To this be nev-er blind Nae ferlie it is tho'  
fickle she prove, A Wo-man is fickle by kind. O Wo-man love-ly  
Wo-man fair An an-gel form's fall'n to thy share 'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair I  
mean an an-gel mind.

*Dove*

*Spirituoso*

*50*

*Farewell thou stream that winding flows.*

The Music first united with Burns's Verses in 1822.

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*

Fare-well thou stream that winding flows Around Mari-a's dwelling! Ah cruel mem'ry spare the throes With-

- in my bo - som swelling; Con - demn'd to drag a hopeless chain And still in secret lang - uish To

feel a fire in ev'ry vein, Yet dare not speak my anguish.

*Violino.*

\* Such voices as cannot reach G, may sing E.

## FAREWELL THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—THE SILKEN SNOOD.

<b>F</b> AREWELL thou stream that winding flows	Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
Around Eliza's dwelling ;	I fain my griefs would cover ;
Ah ! cruel mem'ry, spare the throes	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Within my bosom swelling !	Betray the hapless lover :
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,	I know thou doom'st me to despair,
And still in secret languish ;	Nor wilt nor canst relieve me ;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,	But oh ! Eliza, hear one prayer,—
Yet dare not speak my anguish.	For pity's sake, forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had saved me.  
 Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
 In overwhelming ruin.

## THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

<b>O</b> H I hae lost my silken snood,	He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
That tied my hair sae yellow :	Sae lily-white my skin, O ;
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd ;	And syne he pried my bonny mou',
He was a gallant fellow.	And swore it was nae sin, O !
And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,	But he has left the lass he loo'd,
And twine it weel, the plaiden ;	His ain true Love forsaken,
The lassie lost her silken snood,	Which gars me sair to greet the snood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.	I lost amang the bracken.

## TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

WRITTEN

*By* BURNS.

AIR—THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,  
 Ae kind blink before we part;  
 Rue on thy despairing lover,  
 Canst thou break his faithful heart?  
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza;—  
 If to love thy heart denies,  
 For pity, hide the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended!  
 The offence is loving thee:  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
 Wha for thine would gladly die!  
 While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

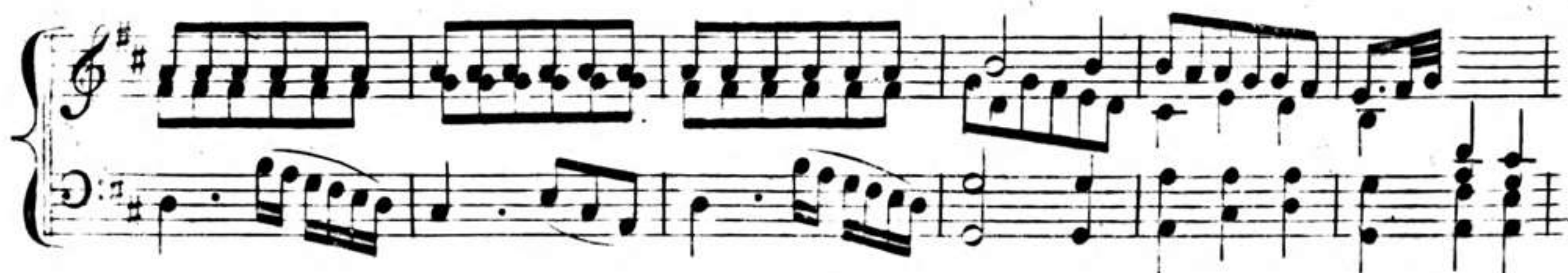
Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride of sunny noon;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the summer moon;  
 Not the Poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

# Turn again thou fair Eliza

42

*Andante*

*Espressivo*



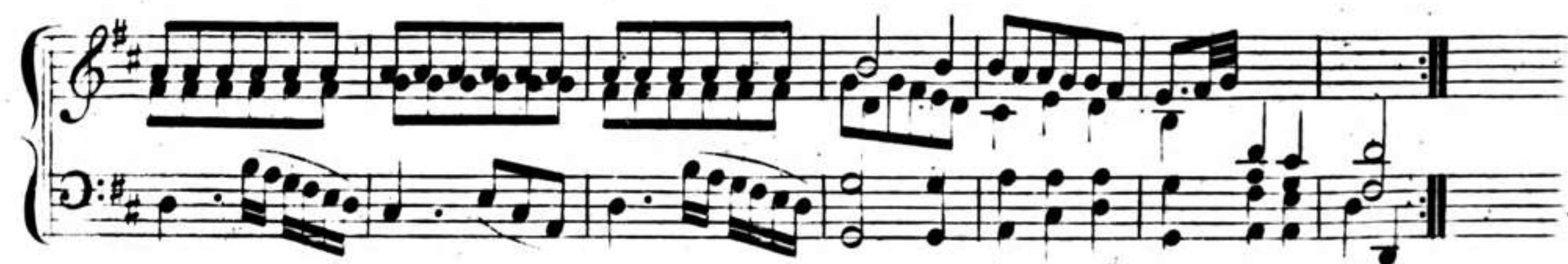
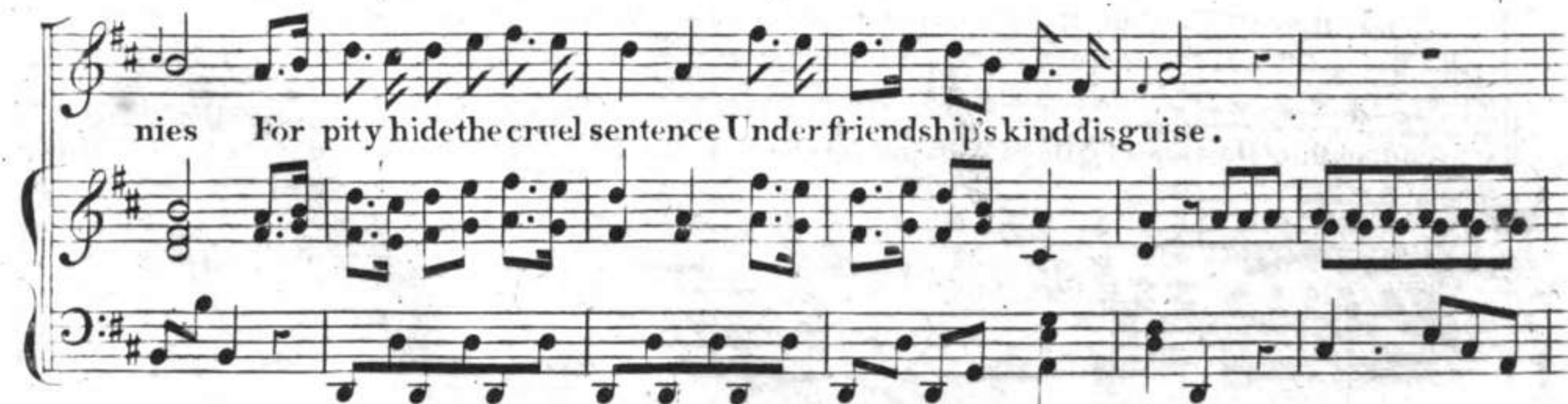
Turn a-gain thou fair E - li - za Ae kindblink before we part Rue on thy despairing



lover Canst thou break his faithfu' heart! Turn again thou fair E - li - za; If to love thy heart de-



nies For pity hideth the cruel sentence Under friendship's kind disguise.



# Ye banks & braes of bonie Doon.

DUETT  
ANDANTE

Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How  
Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How

can ye chant ye little birds And I sae wea-ry fu' of care, Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That  
can ye chant ye little birds And I sae wea-ry fu' of care. Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That

wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of depart-ed joys, de-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.  
wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of depart-ed joys, de-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.



YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNY DOON.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

---

AIR—THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT:

COMPOSED

By *Mr JAMES MILLER, Edinburgh.*

<p><b>Y</b>E banks and braes o' bonie Doon,          How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?          How can ye chant, ye little birds,          And I sae weary fu' of care!          Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,          That wantons through the flowery thorn;          Thou mind'st me of departed joys,          Departed, never to return!</p>	<p>Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon,          To see the rose and woodbine twine;          And ilka bird sang o' its love,          And fondly sae did I o' mine.          Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,          Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;          And my fause lover staw my rose,          But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!</p>
---	---

---

UNLESS WITH MY AMANDA BLEST.

WRITTEN

By *THOMSON.*

---

THE SAME AIR.

**U**NLESS with my Amanda blest,  
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower:  
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,  
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.  
 Awaken'd by the genial year,  
 In vain the birds around me sing;  
 In vain the fresh'ning fields appear;  
 Without my Love, there is no spring.

---

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

---

AIR—THE SILLER CROWN.

*Several of the lines of these Verses, in their original state, were too short to be properly sung with the Melody, and therefore have been slightly altered, 1822.*

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,  
 And siller ay shall hae to spare,  
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
 Nor think o' Donald mair.  
 Oh! wha wou'd buy a silken gown,  
 To hide a pining breaking heart?  
 Or what's to me a siller crown,  
 Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,  
 Is dearer far than gold to me,  
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,  
 I'll lay me down and die:  
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,  
 My ain brave Donald's fate to share;  
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,  
 He, gratefu', took the willing gift;  
 I wou'dna seek my pledge again  
 For a' below the lift.  
 For langest life can ne'er repay  
 The well tried love he bears to me;  
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,  
 I'll lay me down and die.

---

*And ye shall walk &c.*

*Gravioso*

And ye shall walk in silk at...tire And sil...ler hae to spare... Gin

ye'll con...sent to be his bride Nor think o' Do...nald mair.

Oh! wha wou'd buy a sil...ken gown Wi' a poor and broken heart... Or

what's to me a sil...ler crown Gin frae my love I... part...

\* The small notes may be omitted if the voice cannot reach them easily.

*True hearted was he &c.*

*ANDANTE*  
*ESPRESSIVO*

*fz*

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; But

by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair. To

equal young JESSIE seek Scotland all o-ver, To equal young JESSIE you seek it in vain; Grace

beauty and e-legance fetter her Lover, And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.

*fz*

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score for a song. It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part is written in G major and 6/8 time, with a tempo of Andante and an expressive character. The vocal line is in the same key and time, with lyrics written below the notes. The score is divided into several systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair. To equal young JESSIE seek Scotland all o-ver, To equal young JESSIE you seek it in vain; Grace beauty and e-legance fetter her Lover, And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.' The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'fz' (forzando) and 'f' (forte). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD SWAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

AIR—BONNY DUNDEE.

*Miss JESSIE STAIG of Dumfries, afterwards Mrs MAJOR MILLER, Dalswinton, was the Heroine of this charming Song.*

**T**RUE-HEARTED was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,  
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;  
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,  
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.  
 To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;  
 To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;  
 But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,  
 Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law:  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger;  
 Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

## MARY O' CASTLE-CARY.

WRITTEN

*By* H. MACNEILL, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

"SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?  
 "Saw ye my true-love down on yon lea?  
 "Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?  
 "Sought she the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree?  
 "Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;  
 "Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!  
 "Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!  
 "Where could my wee thing wander frae me!"

"It was na my wee thing? it was na mine ain thing?  
 "It was na my true love ye met by the tree;  
 "Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;  
 "She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.  
 "Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,  
 "Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!  
 "Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,  
 "Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
 'Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;  
 'But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,  
 'Down by the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree.  
 'Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,  
 'Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!  
 'Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!  
 'Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!'

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,  
 'It was then your true love I met by the tree!  
 'Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
 'Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!  
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;  
 "Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,  
 "Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!"

'Awa' wi' beguiling,' cried the youth smiling:  
 Aff' went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—  
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e!  
 "Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?  
 "Is it my true love here that I see?"  
 'Oh Jamie! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me;  
 'I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

## DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

THE SONG WRITTEN IN 1795,

By BURNS.

AIR—RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

*The Symphonies and Accompaniments new, and first united to this Song in 1822.***D**OES haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the loons beware, sir,  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And Volunteers on shore, sir.  
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,\*  
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,  
 Ere we permit a foreign foe  
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,  
 In wrangling be divided,  
 'Till slap come in an unco loon,  
 And wi' a rung decide it.  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Among ourselves united;  
 For never but by British hands  
 Must British wrongs be righted.

\* *A high Hill at the source of the river Nith.*

The kettle of the Kirk and State,  
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;  
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loon  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our father's blood the kettle bought,  
 And who would dare to spoil it?  
 By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,  
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,  
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,  
 May they be damn'd 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 ne'er forget the people.

† *A Mountain at the mouth of the same river on the Solway Frith.*

## THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

*In the following Song the interjection O is commonly put at the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.*

**I**T was about the Martinmas time;  
 And a gude time it was then,  
 When our gudewife had puddings to make,  
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,  
 And it blew into the floor;  
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,  
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,\*  
 "Gudeman, as ye may see;  
 "Should it nae be barr'd this hunder year,  
 "It's nae be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure,  
 That the first of them that spake a word,  
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,  
 At twelve o'clock at night,  
 And they could see nor house nor ha',  
 Nor coal nor candle light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,  
 "Or whether is 't a poor?"—  
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,  
 For barring of the door.

Then first they ate the white puddings,  
 And syne they ate the black;  
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',  
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then one unto the other said,  
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife;  
 "Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,  
 "And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,  
 "And what shall we do then?"  
 "What ails you at the pudding-bree,  
 "That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,  
 An angry man was he:  
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
 "And scald me wi' pudding-bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor;  
 "Gudeman you've spoke the foremost word  
 "Get up and bar the door!"

\* *Hussyfskap,—Housewifery.*

# Does haughty Gaul invasion threat.

46

The Sym: and Accomp: new and first publish'd in 1822.

*Maestoso*  
*con spirito*

Does haugh - ty Gaul in - - va - - sion threat, Then let the Loons be - - ware Sir;

There's wooden walls up - on our Seas, And Vo - lunteers on shore Sir; The Nith shall run to Cor - sin - con,

And Crif - fel sink in Sol - way; E'er we per - mit a fo - reign foe, On British ground to ral - - ly.

O let us not like snar - ling curs, In wrang - ling be di - - vid - - ed;

'Till slap come in a foreign loon, And wi' his sword de - cide it; Be Britian still to Britian true,

A - - mong ourselves u - - ni - ted; For nev - er but by Brit - ish hands, Must British wrongs be right - ed.

# O poortith cauld.

*Andantino*

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music in 3/4 time, featuring a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

O poortith cauld and restless love Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye: Yet poortith a' I

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "O poortith cauld and restless love Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye: Yet poortith a' I".

could forgive, An'twere na for my Jeanie. O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "could forgive, An'twere na for my Jeanie. O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's".

dearest bands untwining! Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love, De-pend on For-tune's

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "dearest bands untwining! Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love, De-pend on For-tune's".

shining.

*rf*

The fourth system of the piano accompaniment, concluding the piece. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The dynamic marking *rf* (ritardando forte) is present.



## O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

*The Heroine of this Song was Miss JEAN BLACKSTOCK.*

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,  
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;  
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,  
 An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.  
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,  
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?  
 O why sae sweet a flower as love,  
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

This world's wealth when I think on,  
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't! *O why, &c.*

Her een sae bonny blue betray,  
 How she repays my passion ;  
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,  
 She talks of rank and fashion. *O why, &c.*

O wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sic a lassie by him ;  
 O wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sae in love as I am ? *O why, &c.*

How blest the humble cotter's fate,  
 He wooes his simple dearie ;  
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never make them eerie. *O why, &c.*

## THE LAZY MIST HANGS, &amp;c.

THIS SONG,

*Although it passed for some time as DR BLACKLOCK'S, is at length ascertained to have been written**By BURNS.*

---

AIR—HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

**T**HE lazy mist hangs on the brow of the hill,  
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill :  
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,  
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown ;  
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain ;  
How little of life's scanty span may remain ;  
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn ;  
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !  
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !  
Life is not worth having with all it can give,  
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

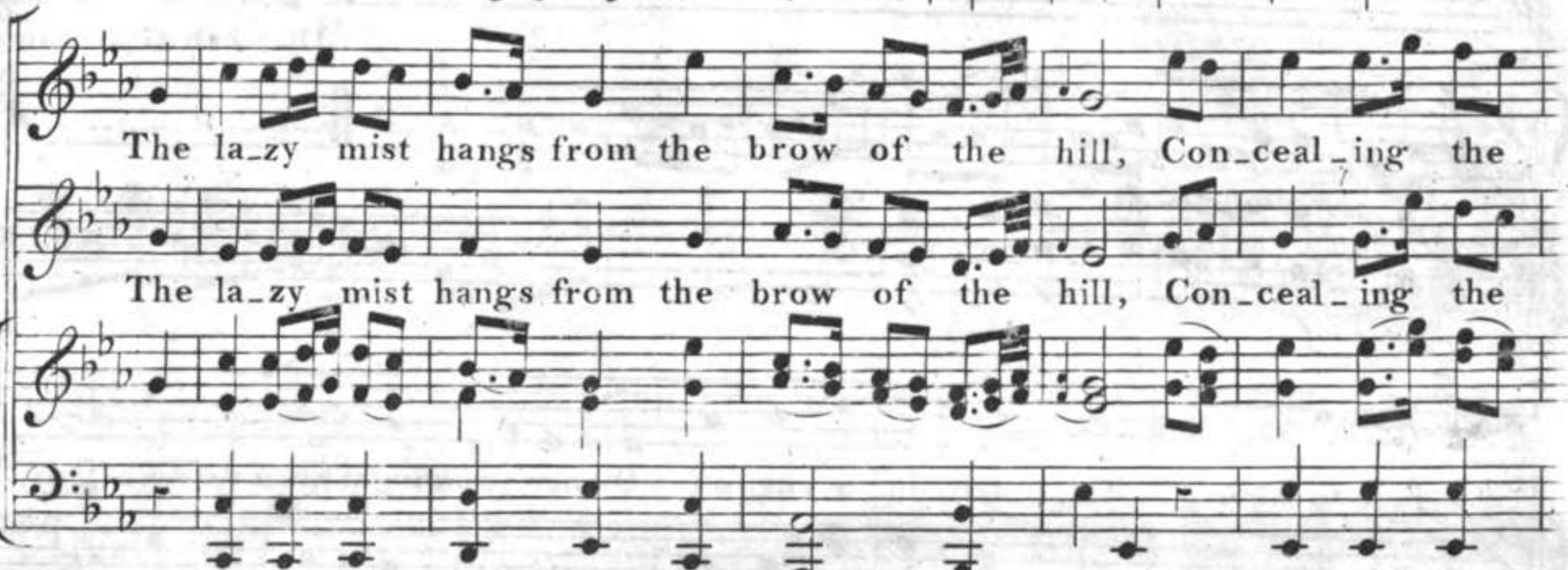
# The lazy mist hangs &c.

*Andante*



The la\_zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con\_ceil\_ing the

The la\_zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con\_ceil\_ing the



course of the dark winding rill; How lan\_guid the scenes, late so

course of the dark winding rill; How lan\_guid the scenes, late so



spright\_ly, ap\_pear, As au\_tumn to win\_ter re\_sigs the pale year.

spright\_ly, ap\_pear, As au\_tumn to win\_ter re\_sigs the pale year.



Duncan Gray came here to woo.

*Allegretto*

Dun-can Gray came

here to woo, Ha ha the wooing o't On new year's night when we were fou,

Ha ha the wooing o't Maggie coost her head fu'high, Look'd ask lent and

un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a-biegh Ha ha the wooing o't.

# Duncan-Gray for three Voices.

249

The Vocal harmony & the Sym<sup>y</sup> & Accomp<sup>y</sup> by Beethoven.  
First pub<sup>d</sup> in 1822.

*Allegretto* *Pia:*

17 Verse 2<sup>d</sup> *Pia:* 18 19 20 21

Soprano.  
Dun-can fleech'd and Dun-can pray'd, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;

Tenore.  
Dun-can fleech'd and Dun-can pray'd, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;

Basso.  
Dun-can fleech'd and Dun-can pray'd, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;

22 23 24 25 26

Meg was deaf as Ail-sa Craig, Ha ha the woo-ing o't.

27 28 29 30 31

Dun-can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith blee'rt and blin', Spak o' loup-ing

Dun-can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith blee'rt and blin', Spak o' loup-ing

Dun-can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith blee'rt and blin', Spak o' loup-ing

32 33 34

o'er a linn, Ha ha the woo-ing o't.

o'er a linn, Ha ha the woo-ing o't.

o'er a linn, Ha ha the woo-ing o't.

Volti

Verse 5<sup>d</sup>

35 36 37 38 39

Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;

Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;

Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;

40 41 42 43 44

Slight-ed love is sair to bide, Ha ha the wooing o't.

Slight-ed love is sair to bide, Ha ha the wooing o't.

Slight-ed love is sair to bide, Ha ha the wooing o't.

45 46 47 48 49

Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to

Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to

Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to

50 51 52

France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.

France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.

France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.

4.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And oh! her een they spake sic things,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

5.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan cou'dna be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

# Charlie is my darling.

50

The Vocal harmony & the Sym<sup>y</sup> & Accomp<sup>t</sup> by Beethoven.  
First publ<sup>d</sup> in 1822.

*Allegretto con anima*

*For:*

*Pia:*

O Char- lie is my dar- ling my dar- ling, my dar- ling O  
Char- lie is my dar- ling my dar- ling, my dar- ling O  
Char- lie is my dar- ling my dar- ling, my dar- ling O

Char- lie is my dar- ling, The young Che- va- lier. 'Twas on a Mon- day  
Char- lie is my dar- ling, The young Che- va- lier. 'Twas on a Mon- day  
Char- lie is my dar- ling, The young Che- va- lier. 'Twas on a Mon- day

morn- ing, When birds were sing- ing clear, That Char- lie to the high- lands came, The  
morn- ing, When birds were sing- ing clear, That Char- lie to the high- lands came, The  
morn- ing, When birds were sing- ing clear, That Char- lie to the high- lands came, The

gal- lant Che- va- lier. O Char- lie he's my dar- ling my dar- ling my  
gal- lant Che- va- lier. O Char- lie he's my dar- ling my dar- ling my  
gal- lant Che- va- lier. O Char- lie he's my dar- ling my dar- ling my

dar- ling, O Char- lie he's my dar- ling, The young Che- va- lier.  
dar- ling, O Char- lie he's my dar- ling, The young Che- va- lier.  
dar- ling, O Char- lie he's my dar- ling, The young Che- va- lier.

Air — to be repeated with each verse.

25 26 27 28

When Char- lie to Glen- - - fin- - - nan came, To chase the hart and hind, O

29 30 31 32

many a Chief his ban- - - ner braid, Was wav- - - ing in the wind.

*A in G*

Chorus. 33 34 35 36

O Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling O

O Char- <sup>#</sup>lie he's my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling O

O Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling O

37 38 39 40

Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, The young Che- va - - - lier. - - - lier.

Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, The young Che- va - - - lier. - - - lier.

Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, The young Che- va - - - lier. - - - lier.

With each verse. Last verse.

*Cres:* *Ped:*



## O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

A JACOBITE BALLAD,

*From a Manuscript communicated to the Editor, here first published, 1822.*

CHORUS.

O CHARLIE *is my darling,*  
*My darling, my darling,*  
 O Charlie *is my darling,*  
*The young Chevalier.*

When Charlie to Dunedin came,—  
 In haste to Holyrood  
 Came many a fair and stately dame,  
 Of noble name and blood.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
 When birds were singing clear,  
 That Charlie to the Highlands came,  
 The gallant Chevalier.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

They proudly wore the milk-white rose,  
 For him they lo'ed sae dear,  
 And gied their sons to Charlie,  
 The young Chevalier.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

When Charlie to Glenfinnin came,  
 To chase the hart and hind,  
 O many a chief his banner braid  
 Was waving in the wind.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

And many a gallant Scottish chief  
 Came round their Prince to cheer,  
 For Charlie was their darling,  
 The young Chevalier.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

They wou'dna bide to chase the roes,  
 Or start the mountain deer,  
 But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,  
 The gallant Chevalier.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

And when they feasted in the ha'  
 Each loyal heart was gay,  
 And ay where Charlie cast his een  
 They shed a kindly ray.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

Now up the wild Glenevis,  
 And down by Lochy side,  
 Young Malcolm leaves his shealing,  
 And Donald leaves his bride.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

Around our Scottish thistle's head,  
 There's many a pointed spear,  
 And many a sword shall wave around  
 Our young Chevalier.

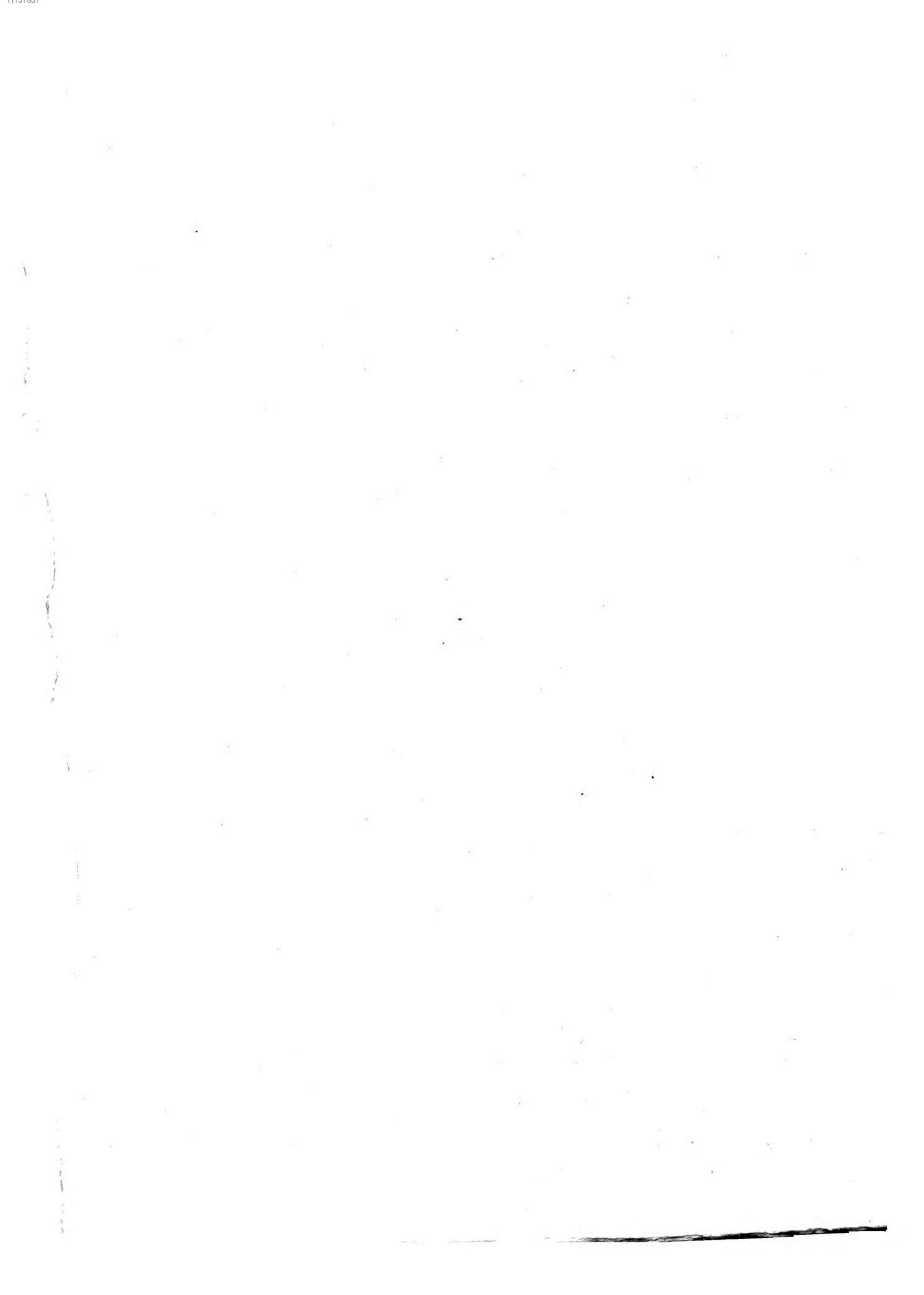
Out o'er the rocky mountain,  
 And down the primrose glen,  
 Of naething else our lassies sing  
 But Charlie and his men.  
*O Charlie, &c.*

*O Charlie is my darling,*  
*My darling, my darling,*  
*O Charlie is my darling,*  
*The young Chevalier.*

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1822.



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