

Mus. Pr.

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-3

*New and Improved Edition.*

A  
SELECT COLLECTION  
OF  
ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS:  
WITH  
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS  
TO EACH AIR,  
FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO;  
COMPOSED BY  
PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, HAYDN,  
AND  
BEETHOVEN,  
UNITED TO THE MOST ADMIRABLE SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,  
ABOVE ONE HUNDRED OF THE LATTER BY  
BURNS.

THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED IN FIVE VOLUMES, BY

G. THOMSON, F. A. S.

Edinburgh :

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,  
A SELECT COLLECTION OF WELSH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN THREE VOLS.

ALSO,

A SELECT COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN TWO VOLS.  
With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to the AIRS in each Work, composed by

Haydn & Beethoven.

THE POETRY BY BURNS, LORD BYRON, J. P. CURRAN, ESQ. M. G. JEWELL, ESQ. A. ROGERS, ESQ.  
W. C. SPENCER, ESQ. SIR WALTER SCOTT, W. SMITH, ESQ. J. A. HALLIDAY, & C.



Mus. pract.

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Thomson, G.

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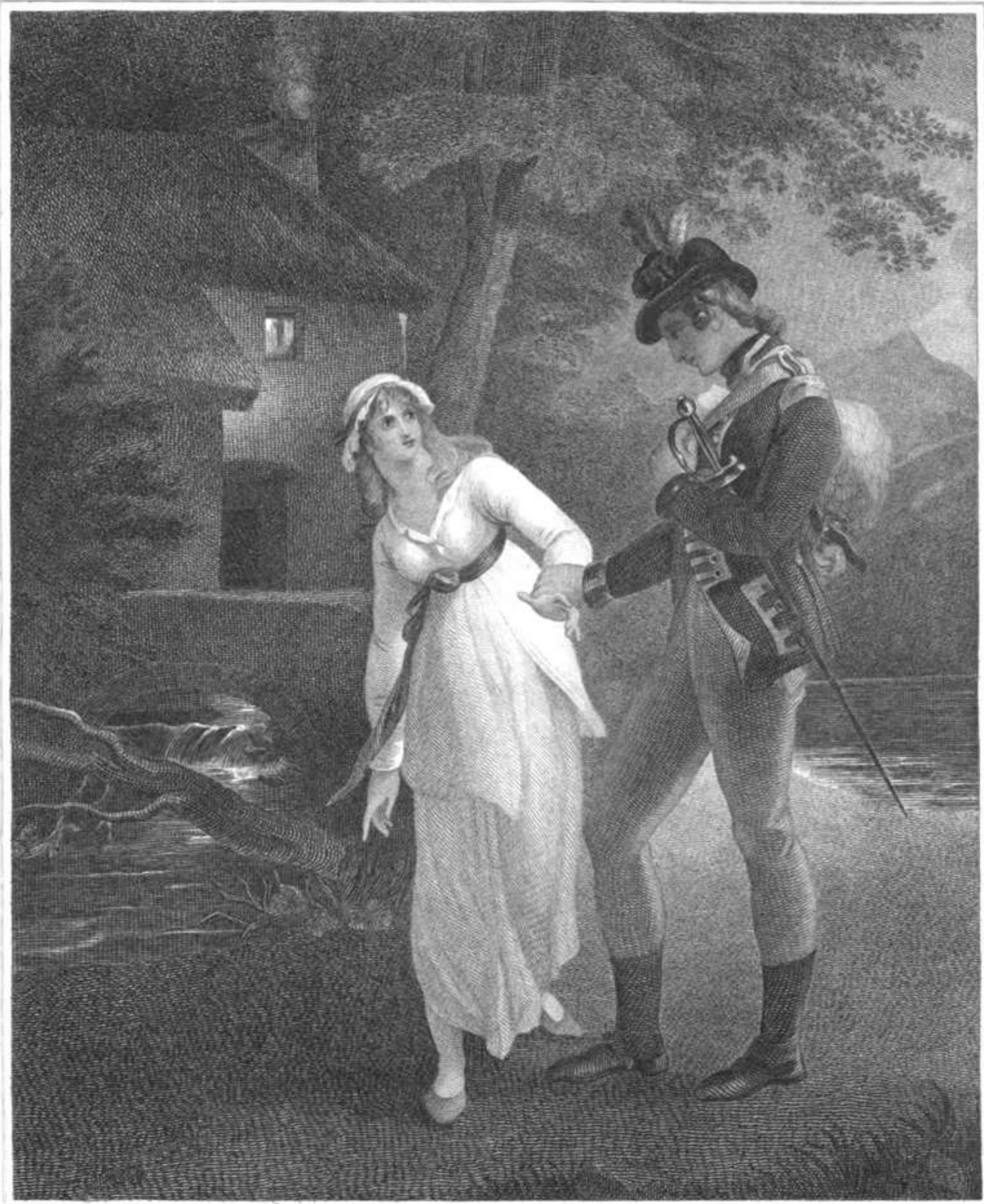
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Bayer. Staatsbibliothek









Printed by W. Hamilton & Co.

Engraved by J. Wilson Thomson.

### ( THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. )

*She wistfully she gaz'd on me, —*      *Our humble cot, — humbly fare,*  
*And lovelier was than ever —*      *Up freely shall partake it, —*  
*Quoth she, a soldier once I stood,*      *That gallant badge the dear cockade,*  
*Forget him shall I never —*      *He's welcome for the sake o't, —*  
*She gaz'd — she redd'ned like a rose —*      *— See page 101.*

*Published at the Act direct Publisher, T. Poxon Street, London & G. Thomson Edit.*  
*and re-engraved for new Edition 1817.*



1131639

*Select Collection of*  
**ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS,**  
*For the Voice*  
*With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies*  
*& Accompaniments for the*  
**PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,**  
*By*  
**Haydn,**  
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*Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English*  
*adapted to the Airs, including upwards of*  
*One Hundred New Songs by*  
**BURNS.**

*Price of each Volume, the Voice & Piano Forte, One Guinea.*  
*The Violin & Viol. parts separate 6. sh.*



*Now see where Caledonia's Genius mourns*  
*And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns*

Volume **3** Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stationers Hall.

*London, Printed & Sold, by T. Preston, 97. Strand.*

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

*G. Thomson*

( )  
201A  
( )



## TO THE PUBLIC.

*By the late Act of Parliament, 54th Geo. III. granting the EXTENSION of Copy-right to Works already published, if not published before 1800, it is to be observed, that the Copy-right both of the First and Second Volumes of Scottish Songs is thus secured to the Publisher, G. Thomson, FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER 1803; in which year, a great many new and most valuable Compositions in those Two Volumes were first published; or rather first printed; for it accidentally happened that their publication was delayed till April 1804.*

### SCOTTISH SONGS.

HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, &c.

THE sale of several editions of the first four Volumes of this Work, is an unequivocal proof of the public opinion respecting it. The Editor, gratified to find its value justly appreciated, and anxious to render it every way as complete as possible, has lately revised the Music of those four Volumes with the utmost attention, and introduced an improvement of great consequence to Singers who have low-pitched voices. Having had very frequent occasion to observe with what difficulty many young Ladies sing such of the Melodies as rise to G or A, he carefully examined every Melody of that description; and where it could be done *with propriety*, he has introduced an *optional* lower note, which may be sung instead of the high one, by those who find the latter above their compass, while the original is still retained without alteration for such voices as can reach it; and thus the Melodies are placed quite within the reach of all voices of ordinary compass. Two of the Melodies, and two only, have been *wholly* lowered; for the Editor did not find that more of them would admit of being so, without rendering the lowest notes too low for female voices. Two other Melodies have been expunged, *Allan-Water*, and *Sir Patrick Spence*; the former because of its too extensive compass, and the latter as being a meagre and uninteresting air: And, instead of these, (the only ones in the whole Collection which he regrets having admitted,) he has given two very fine Melodies, with Haydn's Symphonies and Accompaniments. The Frontispieces, too, of all the four Volumes, and most of the Music-Plates, have been re-engraved; and no expence has been spared to render this Edition as perfect as may be, in every respect; forming a Repository of all that is interesting in Scottish Music and Song, enriched by such Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-forte,

Violin, and Violoncello, as no other National Music can boast of.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volumes I. and II. are the composition of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN.

Those to Volumes III. and IV. are composed wholly by the latter, who wrote thus emphatically to the Editor, when he sent the Music: "*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death.*"

"HAYDN."

### VOLUME V.

The concluding Volume, now in the press, is harmonised by HAYDN and by BEETHOVEN, in a style of excellence truly worthy of their great names. In this volume, too, will be found the Poem of BURNS, called the JOLLY BEGGARS, set to music, with great felicity, by HENRY R. BISHOP, Composer and Director of the Music to Covent Garden Theatre,—a poem yet but little known, although, for rich humour, and happy discrimination of character, it is perhaps unrivalled, and is certainly not inferior to any production of our immortal Bard.

The POETRY will be found to contain the most select and complete Collection of Songs, both Scottish and English, ever offered to the Public; and the following Certificate will shew that this is the only musical Work in which ALL the delightful Songs of BURNS can be published.

"I do hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published by Mr GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c.

"ROBERT BURNS."



## WELSH SONGS. HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN.

*Mr THOMSON has also published,*

SELECT WELSH MELODIES, in Three Volumes; collected by him, in a Tour through North Wales, and now first adapted for THE VOICE; with Characteristic ENGLISH VERSES, written by Mrs Grant, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Opie, Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, Alexander Boswell, Esq. M. G. Lewis, Esq. S. Rogers, Esq. Walter Scott, Esq. W. Smyth, Esq. &c. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed chiefly by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, who have also set many of the *Airs* for two Voices.

## IRISH SONGS.—BEETHOVEN.

*Mr THOMSON has likewise just published,*

SELECT IRISH MELODIES, in Two Volumes; with Characteristic English Verses, written by Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, Alexander Boswell, J. P. Curran, Walter Scott, and William Smyth, Esqrs. &c. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most ingenious and delightful manner, wholly by BEETHOVEN; who has also set many of the *Airs* for two Voices.

These Works have been in preparation for many years, and would have been produced sooner, but for the anxiety of the Editor to render them as complete and perfect as possible, both in the Music and Poetry. And he trusts that the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Melodies, united to interesting Songs, and enriched by Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, and for the Violin and Violoncello, of the most masterly, beautiful, and expressive character, will prove equally acceptable to Singers, to instrumental performers, and to every person of taste.

The Scottish Volumes contain each FIFTY Melodies; and they are embellished with beautiful Engravings from the Birks of Invermay, John Anderson my Jo, The Soldiers Return, The Gaberlunzie Man, and a capital Portrait of BURNS.

The Welsh Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with Engravings of Llangollen Vale, The Gipsy Fortune-teller, and Conway Castle.

The Irish Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with Engravings of St Cecilia, from the much admired picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Origin of Painting by Cunego, after the painting of David Allan.

The PRICE of each Volume of those Melodies and Songs, with the Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, is One Guinea; and any Volume of the three Works may be had singly.

The Violin and Violoncello Accompaniments, which, when played along with the Voice and Piano Forte, produce the most delightful effect, are sold at Five Shillings per Volume, or the Violin by itself, at Two Shillings and Sixpence.

The Publisher has an exclusive right to all the Songs written purposely for his three National Collections above-mentioned, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments. And as he did not obtain these without expending a large sum of money, without laborious researches, and unwearied exertions; and not till after a correspondence of twenty years with Poets, Musicians, and Antiquaries, both at home and abroad,—he feels it due to himself distinctly to announce, that if any person shall publish any of those Songs, or any of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted for damages, &c. in terms of the Act of Parliament.

Each genuine Volume of those works bears, at the foot of the Title-page, the written Signature of  
G. THOMSON.

*Edinburgh, Royal Exchange, October 1817.*



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## THIRD VOLUME.

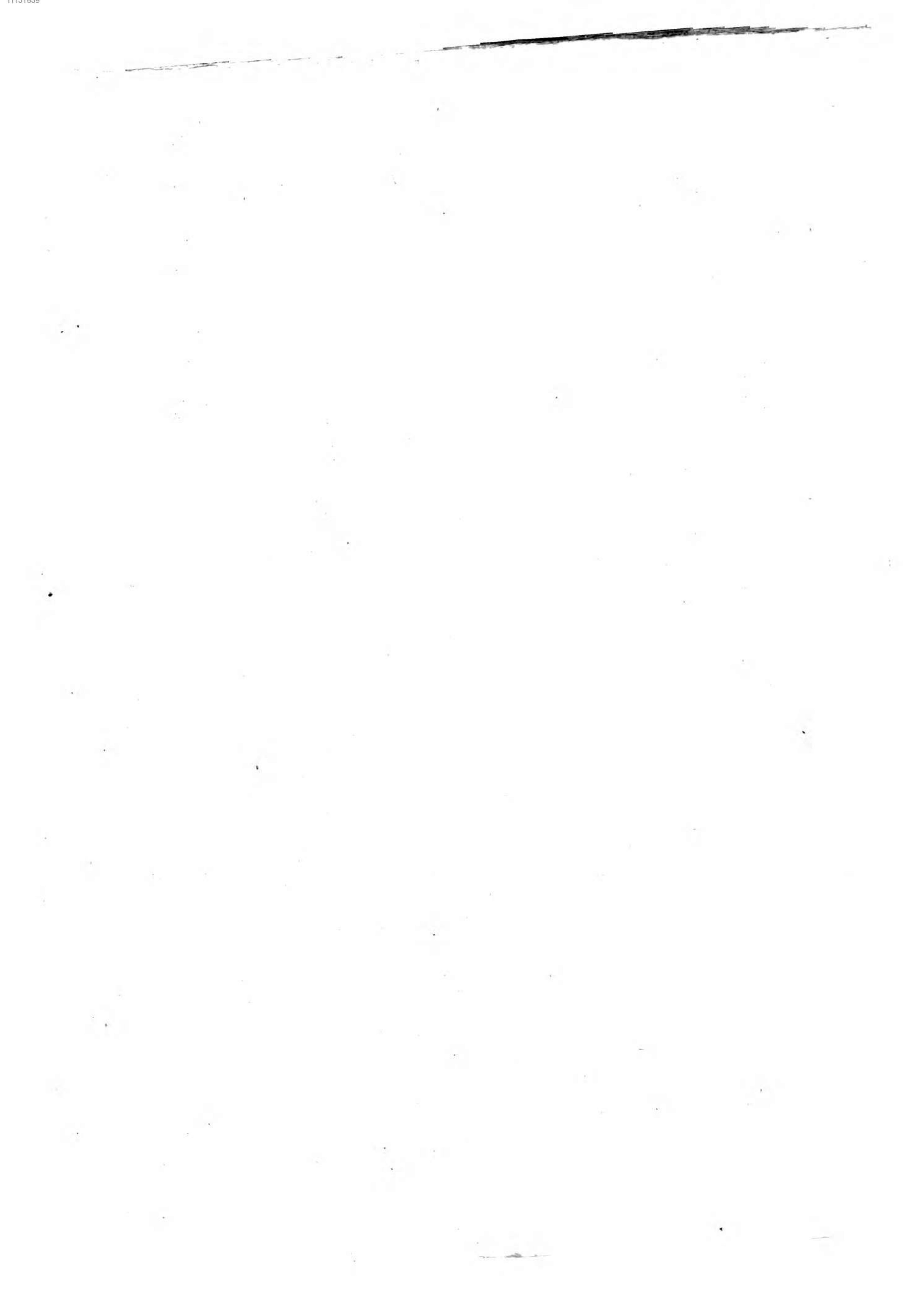
*The Airs distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724.  
Those marked thus || are modern productions.*

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED WHOLLY BY

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*On Ettrick banks &c*ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal entry occurs at the second measure of the first system, marked with a 's.' (singing). The lyrics are: 'On Ettrick banks in a summer night At gloaming when the sheep came hame, I met my lassie braw and tight, come wading through the mist her lane My heart grew light, I ran I flang my arms a-bout her li-ly neck And kissd and clapt her there fu' lang My words they were na mair ny feck'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

*On Ettrick banks in a summer night At gloaming*

*when the sheep came hame, I met my lassie braw and tight, come wading through the*

*mist her lane My heart grew light, I ran I flang my arms a-bout her*

*li-ly neck And kissd and clapt her there fu' lang My words they were na mair ny feck*



## ON ETTRICK BANKS, IN A SIMMER'S NIGHT.

AIR—ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night,  
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,  
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,  
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :  
 My heart grew light,—I ran, I flang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,  
 My words they were na mony feck.

Said I, my lassie, will ye gae,  
 To the highland hills and be my bride ?  
 I'll bigg thy bower aneath the brae,  
 By sweet Loch Gary's silver tide.  
 And aft as o'er the moorlands wide,  
 Kind gloaming comes our faulds to steek,  
 I'll hasten down the green hill's side,  
 Where curls our cozy cottage reek. \*

All day when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter frosts and snaws begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when ye sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,  
 And thus the weary night we'll end,  
 Till the tender kid, and lamb-time bring  
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,  
 And lead her to my simmer shield.  
 There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short !

\* The Editor has great pleasure in substituting the above beautiful stanza by a friend, instead of the one printed in the former editions of the Song, which is so much inferior to the other stanzas, as to seem the production of a different hand. But as the curious reader may wish to see it, the Editor has subjoined it.

I said, my lassie, will ye go,  
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn ?  
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe  
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.  
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law ;  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw !

## O NANCY, WILT THOU LEAVE THE TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou leave the town,  
 And go with me where Nature dwells ?  
 I'll lead thee to a fairer scene  
 Than painter feigns, or poet tells.

In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair  
 Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast ;  
 With lovely roses round thy head,  
 At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn, when the rustling leaf  
 Shall warn us of the parting year,  
 I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,  
 The redbreast's evening song to hear.

And when the winter's dreary night  
 Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,  
 Then, in the treasure of thy mind,  
 Shall Nature's charms be all forgot !

WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

---

AIR—SAW YE MY FATHER.

<p><b>W</b>HERE are the joys I have met in the morning,          That danc'd to the lark's early song?          Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,          At evening the wild woods among?</p>	<p>Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,          And grim surly winter is near?          No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,          Proclaim it the pride of the year.</p>
---	--

<p>No more a-winding the course of yon river,          And marking sweet flowerets so fair;          No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,          But sorrow and sad sighing care!</p>	<p>Fain would I hide what I fear to discover;          Yet long, long too well have I known,          All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,          Is Jenny,—fair Jenny alone!</p>
---	--


Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow;  
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

---



Where are the joys, &c. - *See, saw ye my father.* 102

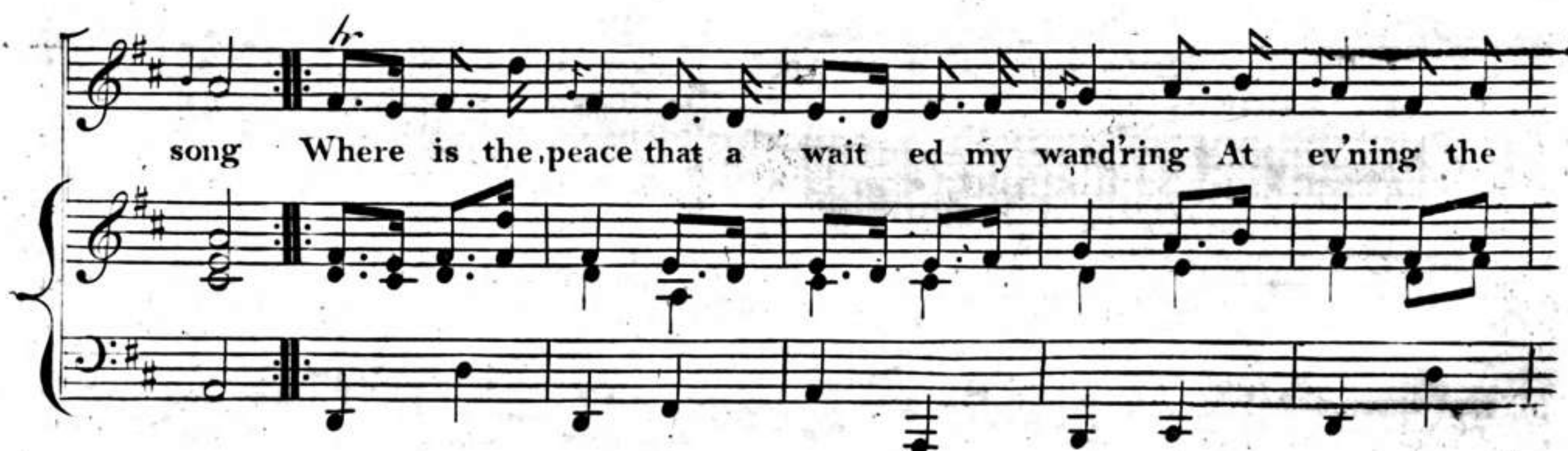
Andantino



Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danced to the Lark's early



song Where is the peace that awaited my wandering At evening the



wild woods among.



*p/p* *f*





103 *When trees did bud &c. Air Down the burn Davie.*

*Duet*  
*Andante*  
*grazioso.*

*f* *p* *f* *p*

When trees did bud and fields were green, And  
 When trees did bud and fields were green, And  
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fif-teen, And love laugh'd in her eye  
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fif-teen, And love laugh'd in her eye  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn  
 Davie Love, And I shall follow thee.  
 Da-vie Love, And I shall follow thee.

*p* *f* *p* *f*



WHEN TREES DID BUD, AND FIELDS WERE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

---

AIR—DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laughed in her e'e ;  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free,  
 " Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
 " And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
 That dwelt on this burn side,  
 And Mary was the boniest lass—  
 Just meet to be a bride ;

Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,  
 Her e'en were bonie blue ;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 And through the flow'ry dale,  
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,  
 And love was ay the tale :  
 With, ' Mary, when shall we return,  
 ' Sic pleasure to renew ?'  
 Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,  
 ' And ay shall follow you."

•• The delicate alteration, in the last stanza of this beautiful song, is by BURNS.

---



## THE WEARY PUND, &amp;c.

AIR—THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow ;  
I thought my wife would end her life  
Before she span her tow.  
I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
As good as e'er did grow,  
And a' that she could make o' that  
Was ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow ;  
I thought my wife would end her life  
Before she span her tow.  
There sat a bottle in a bole,  
Ayont the ingle low,  
And ay she took the tither sook,  
To drook the stoury tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow ;  
I thought my wife would end her life  
Before she span her tow.  
" For shame ! " said I, " you dirty dame,  
" Gae spin your tap o' tow "—  
She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
She brake it o'er my pow !

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow ;  
I thought my wife would end her life  
Before she span her tow.  
At length her feet,—I sang to see't,  
Gaed foremost o'er the know ;  
And ere I wed anither jade,  
I'll wallop in a tow.

## WHEN CHLOE TRIED HER VIRGIN FIRES.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Chloe tried her virgin fires,  
And first her shafts let fly ;  
She fill'd my breast with vague desires,—  
I thought it was her *eye*.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,  
Which gods might wish to sip,  
When all was harmony and truth—  
I thought it was her *lip*.

But when she danc'd ! such air, such grace,  
What mortal could escape ?  
I look'd no longer on her face,—  
I swore it was her *shape*.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke  
The purity within ;  
Her snowy arm, her iv'ry neck—  
'Twas then her lovely *skin*.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,  
My bosom did enthrall ;—  
'Twas *sense* I found, the happy grace  
That gave a charm to all.



# The weary pund o' tow.

104

ANDANTE  
PIU TOSTO  
ALLEGRETTO

*f* *p* *ff* *w*

*s.*  
The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow thought my wife would end her

*s.*  
life, Before she span her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, as good as e'er did grow And

CHORUS  
a' that she has made o' that, is ae poor pund o' tow The wea\_ry pund, the weary pund, The

The wea\_ry pund, the weary pund, The

weary pund o' tow, I thought my wife would end her life be\_ fore she span her tow.

weary pund o' tow, I thought my wife would end her life be\_ fore she span her tow.

*f* *p* *s.* *s.*



*'Twas at the fearful midnight hour: Her: Margret's ghost.*

*Larghetto  
espressivo*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *Larghetto* and *espressivo*. The introduction features a violin part (labeled 'Vio') and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: *'Twas at the fearful midnight hour, When all were fast asleep In guiled Margret's grimly ghost And stood at William's feet. Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud And clay cold was her li-ly hand, That held her sa-ble shroud.* The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (*p*, *f*, *pp*), articulation (*acc.*), and phrasing slurs. The piano part consists of two staves, and the voice part is on a single staff. The score ends with a double bar line.



## 'T WAS AT THE SOLEMN, SILENT HOUR.

WRITTEN

By MALLETT.

THE AIR COMPOSED BY THE LATE STEPHEN CLARKE, ORGANIST, EDINBURGH.

'T WAS at the solemn, silent hour,  
When all were fast asleep,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear  
When youth and years are flown—  
Such is the robe that king's must wear  
When death hath reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—  
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,  
"Come from her midnight grave;  
"Now let thy pity hear the maid  
"Thy love refus'd to save!

"This is the dark and dreary hour  
"When injur'd ghosts complain,  
"When yawning graves give up their dead,  
"To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
"Thy pledge, and broken oath;  
"And give me back my maiden vow,  
"And give me back my troth!

"How could you say my face was fair,  
"And yet that face forsake?  
"How could you win my virgin heart,  
"Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you promise love to me,  
"And not that promise keep?  
"Why said you that my eyes were bright,  
"Yet left these eyes to weep?

"How could you swear my lip was sweet,  
"And made the scarlet pale?  
"And why did I, young, witless maid!  
"Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;  
"Those lips no longer red;  
"Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
"And ev'ry charm is fled!

"The hungry worm my sister is;  
"This winding-sheet I wear;  
"And cold and weary lasts our night,  
"Till that last morn appear!

"But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—  
"A long and last adieu!  
"Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
"That died for love of you!"

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd  
With beams of rosy red;  
Pale William quak'd in every limb,  
Then raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place  
Where Margaret's body lay,  
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore:  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more!



## O WERE I ABLE TO REHEARSE.

WRITTEN

*By the Rev. Mr SKINNER.*

AIR—THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse  
My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce  
As ever piper's drone could blaw :  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
A' that kent her could ha'e sworn,  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
Here about nor far awa'.

I needed neither tar nor keel  
To mark her upo' hip or heel,  
Her crookit hornie did as weel  
To ken her by among them a'.  
Could nor hunger never dang her,  
Wind nor weat could never wrang her,—  
Ane she lay a week and langer  
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,  
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,  
My ewie never play'd the like,  
But tyc'd about the barn wa' :  
A better or a thriftier beast  
Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist ;  
For, silly thing ! she never mist  
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked ay at even for her,  
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,  
Or the fumart might devour her,  
Gin the beastie stay'd awa'.  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn  
Weel deserv'd baith girss and corn ;  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born  
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keeping,—  
I canna speak o't without greeting—  
A villain came when I was sleeping,  
Staw my ewie, horn, and a' !  
I sought her sair upo' the morn,—  
And, down aneath a buss o' thorn,  
I got my ewie's crookit horn ;  
But my ewie was awa'.

O gin I had the loon that did it,  
I ha'e sworn, as well as said it,  
Tho' the parson should forbid it,  
I wad gi'e his neck a thraw.  
I never met wi' sic a turn  
As this since ever I was born ;  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Silly ewie ! stown awa' !

O had she died o' crook or cauld,  
As ewies die when they grow auld,  
It wad na been, by mony fauld,  
Sae sair a heart to ane o' 's a' ;  
For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,  
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,  
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,  
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing ! to lose her life  
Aneath a greedy villain's knife !  
I'm really fleyt that our guidwife  
Will never win aboon't ava' !  
O ! a' ye bards be-north Kinghorn,  
Call up your muses, let them mourn  
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Stown frae us, and fell'd and a' !

## MY MARY'S FACE, MY MARY'S FORM.

WRITTEN

*By BURNS.*

THE SAME AIR.

MY Mary's face, my Mary's form,  
The frost of hermit age might warm ;  
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind,  
Might charm the first of human-kind.  
I love my Mary's angel air,  
Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
Her native grace so void of art ;  
But I adore my Mary's heart.

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



Handwritten musical score for a song. The score is written on ten staves, with lyrics interspersed. The music is in a key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, matching the style of the manuscript.

Lyrics:

The moon had climb'd the high-est hill, which rises o'er the  
 source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her sil-  
 ver light on tower and tree When  
 Ma-ry laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on San-dy far at  
 sea When soft and low a  
 voice was heard Say Ma-ry weep no more for me.

*The moon had climb'd the high-est hill, which rises o'er the*



A that ken'd her could hae sworn Sic a Ewie ne'er was born Here about nor far a-wa.  
 A that ken'd her could hae sworn Sic a Ewie ne'er was born Here about nor far a-wa.  
 Loud and fierce As e-ver Piper's drone could blaw, My Ewie wi' the crooked horn  
 My Ewie wi' the crooked horn  
 CHORUS  
 O were I a-ble to rehearse My Ewie's praise in proper verse Id sound it out as

*Chorus. Tutti Ecce. The Crooked Horn.*



THE MOON HAD CLIMB'D THE HIGHEST HILL.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER LOWE.

---

AIR—MARY'S DREAM.

**T**HE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree.  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Say, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might be—  
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow eye ;  
" O Mary dear ! cold is my clay,  
" It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
" Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death ;  
" So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days  
" We toss'd upon the raging main ;  
" And long we strove our bark to save,—  
" But all our striving was in vain.  
" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee :  
" The storm is past, and I at rest,  
" So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,—  
" We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
" Where love is free from doubt and care,  
" And thou and I shall part no more !"  
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see ;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

---



'Twas even,—the dewy fields were green ;

OR,

*THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.*

WRITTEN

*By BURNS.*

AIR—JOHNY'S GREY BREEKS.

'Twas even,—the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hung ;  
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets along !  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,  
Except where green-wood echoes rang  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,  
When, musing in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;  
Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her air like nature's vernal smile ;  
The lily's hue and rose's dye  
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. \*

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,  
And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
When roving through the garden gay,  
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :

But Woman, nature's darling child !  
There all her charms she does compile ;  
Even there her other works are foil'd  
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on Scotland's plain !  
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,  
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,  
And nightly to my bosom strain  
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle !

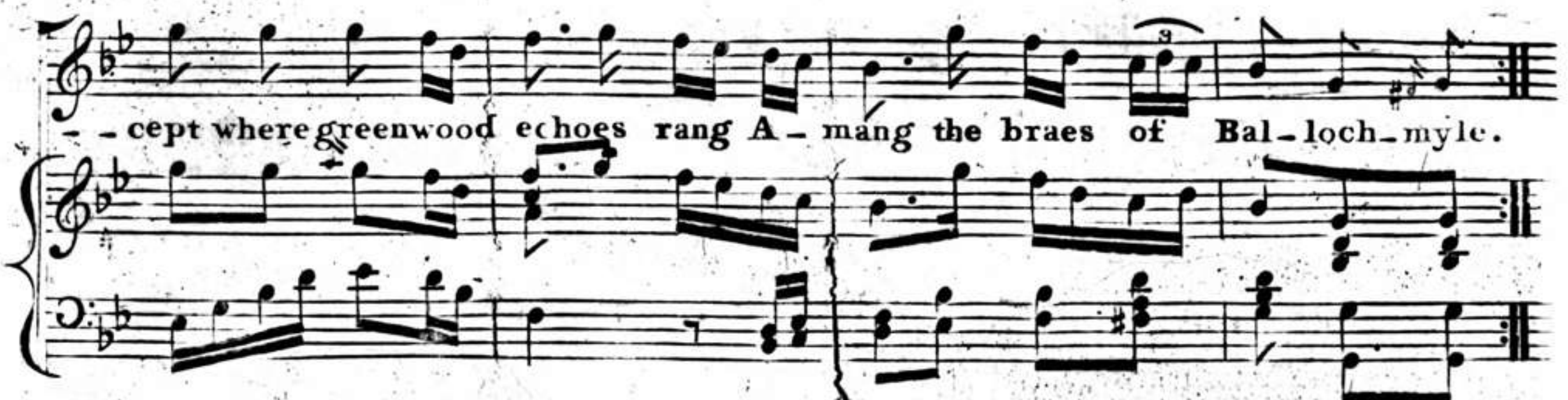
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;  
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
Or downward seek the Indian mine :  
Give me the cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
And ev'ry day has joys divine  
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

\* *Variation.*

Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
" Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !"



*'Twas ev'n &c. Sir John's grey breeks* 108





With broken voice, 'Tis, 'Tis my heart that we should sunder.

109

*Duet.*  
*Andante*  
*espressivo.*

Violino

*f* *p* *sf/p* *sf/p* *p*

With bro - ken words and down cast eyes Poor Co - lln spoke his pas - sion tender And part - ing

With bro - ken words and down cast eyes Poor Colin spoke his passion tender And part - ing

with his Lu - cy cries Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

with his Lu - cy cries Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

snow, But kin - dle with thine eyes like tind - er From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

snow, But kin - dle with thine eyes like tind - er From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

Violino

heart that we should sunder.

heart that we should sunder.



## WITH BROKEN WORDS, AND DOWNCAST EYES.

WRITTEN

*By ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,  
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;  
 And, parting with his Lucy,\* cries,  
 " Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder !  
 " To others I am cold as snow,  
 " But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;  
 " From thee with pain I'm forced to go,—  
 " It breaks my heart that we should sunder.  
 " Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 " No beauty new my love shall hinder ;  
 " Nor time nor place shall ever change  
 " My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.

" The image of thy graceful air,  
 " And beauties which invite our wonder ;  
 " Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 " Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.  
 " Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,—  
 " You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder :  
 " Then seal a promise with a kiss,—  
 " Always to love me tho' we sunder.  
 " Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,  
 " That as I leave her I may find her ;  
 " When that blest time shall come to pass,  
 " We'll meet again, and never sunder !"

## SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS, AND STILL MY GRIEF.

WRITTEN

*By ALLAN RAMSAY.*

THE SAME AIR.

SPEAK on—speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 Those fears that soon will want relief,  
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
 A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
 Alack, poor me! will now conspire  
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell ;  
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet scented rucks, round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder !

Again, ah ! shall I never creep  
 Around the knowe with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty !  
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other !

\* In the Author's edition of the Song, the name is GRISY, which the Editor has taken the liberty of changing into one that sounds more agreeably.



# SAW YE JOHNY COMING, QUO' SHE.

AIR—FEE HIM, FATHER.

'Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,  
 'Saw ye Johnny coming,  
 'Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,  
 'Saw ye Johnny coming :  
 'Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 'And his dogie running ;  
 'Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 'And his dogie running,' quo' she,  
 'And his dogie running ?'

'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,  
 'Fee him, father, fee him ;  
 'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,  
 'Fee him, father, fee him ;  
 'For he is a gallant lad,  
 'And a well-doing,  
 'And a' the wark about the town  
 'Gaes wi' me when I see him,' quo' she,  
 'Gaes wi' me when I see him.'

"O what will I do wi' him," quoth he,  
 "What will I do wi' him ?  
 "He has ne'er a coat upon his back,  
 "And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."  
 'I ha'e twa coats into my kist,  
 'And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;  
 'And for a merk of mair fee,  
 'Dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she,  
 'Dinna stand wi' him.'

'For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,  
 'Weel do I lo'e him ;  
 'For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,  
 'Weel do I lo'e him :  
 'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,  
 'Fee him, father, fee him ;  
 'He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 'And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,  
 'And crack wi' me at e'en.'

# THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR, A LITTLE SLOWER.

**T**HOU hast left me ever, Jamie,  
 Thou hast left me ever ;  
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
 Thou hast left me ever.  
 Often hast thou vow'd that death  
 Only should us sever ;  
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—  
 I must see thee never, Jamie,  
 I will see thee never !

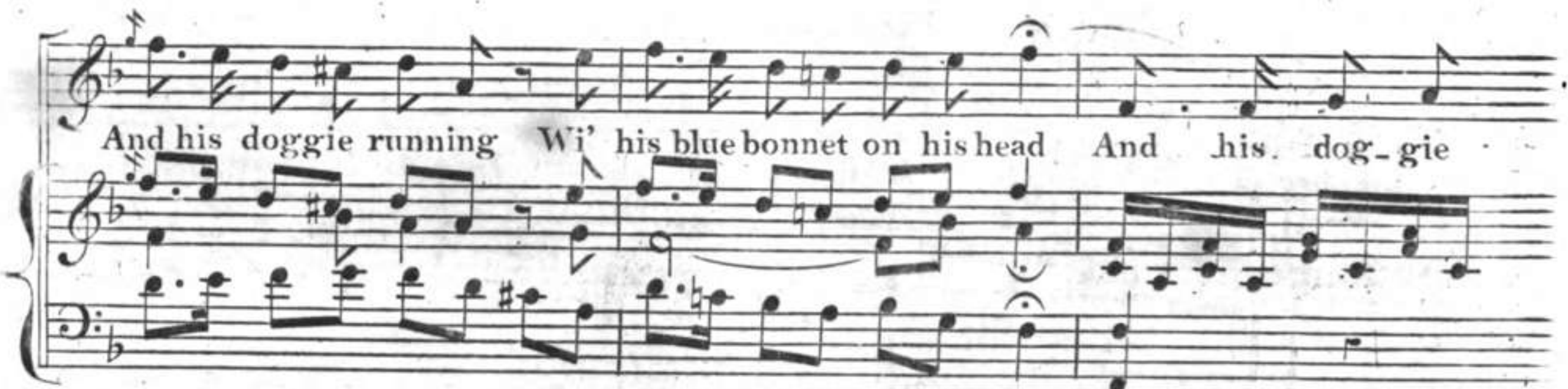
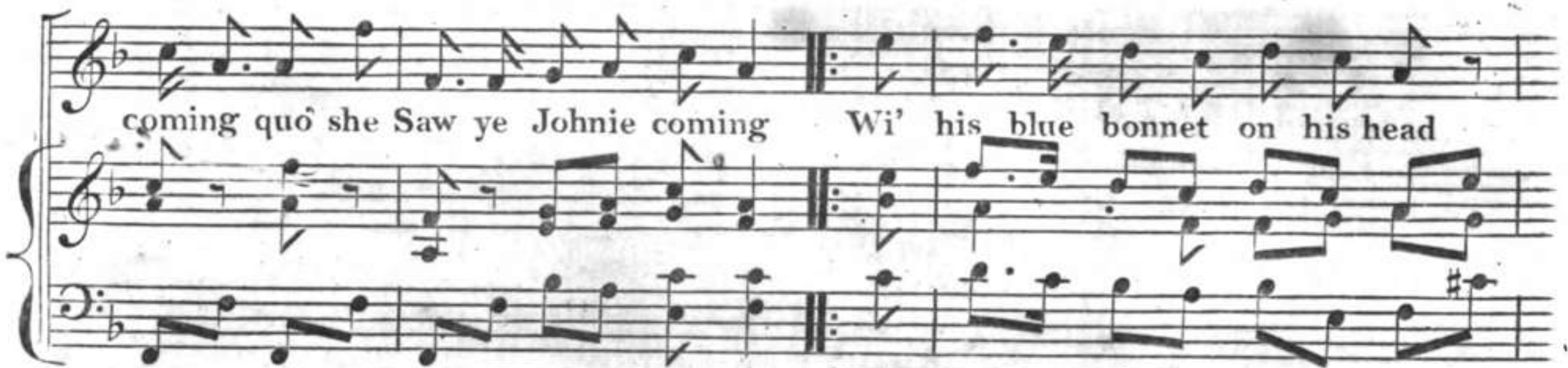
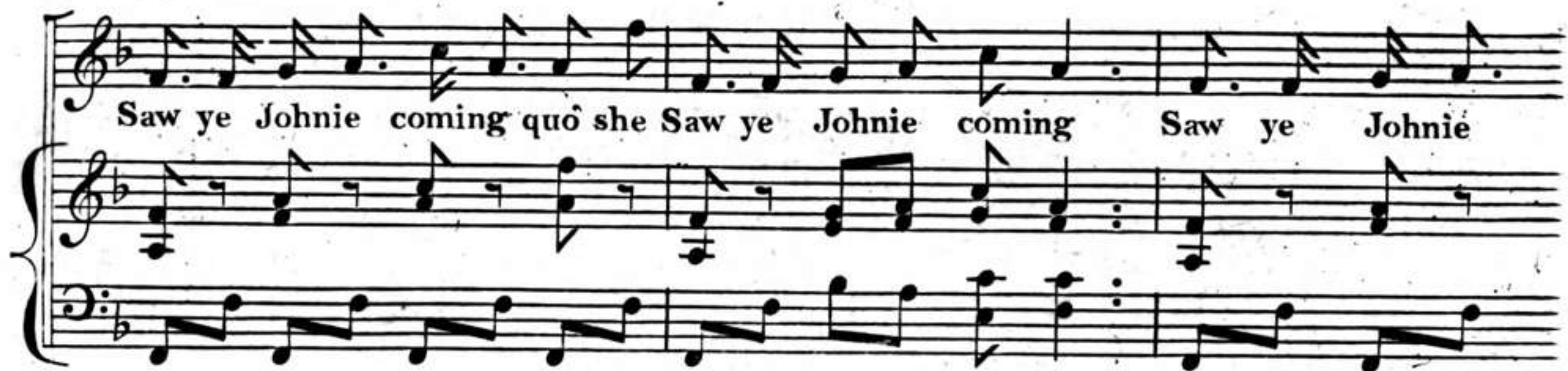
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken ;  
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken.  
 Thou canst love another maid,  
 While my heart is breaking ;  
 Soon my weary eyes I'll close,  
 Never more to waken, Jamie,  
 Never more to waken !

*These Verses, with a very slight variation, are given to another Air in this Work.*



*Saw ye Johnie coming &c. Air. See him father.* 110

*Allegretto  
scherzando.*





# Ay waking!

Violino Vio. Vio. S. S.

*DELT*  
*MODERATE*  
*ESPRESSIVO*

1 2 3 4 5 6

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get for  
Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get for

7 8 9 10 11 12

thinking of my dearie O this Lovethis Love! Life to me how dreary  
thinking of my dearie O this Lovethis Love! Life to me how dreary

13 14 15 16 17 18

ADAGIO

When I sleep I dream O when I wake Im eerie. O this Lovethis Love!  
When I sleep I dream O when I wake Im eerie. O this Lovethis Love!



AY WAKING, O!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

By BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.

Ay waking, O!  
Waking ay and wearie,  
Rest I canna get  
For thinking on my dearie.  
*O this love, this love!*  
Life to me how dreary!  
When I sleep I dream;  
O! when I wake I'm eerie.  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow,  
Can I cease to care,  
Can I cease to languish,  
While my darling fair  
Is on the couch of anguish?  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow.  
Ev'ry hope is fled,  
Ev'ry fear is terror;  
Slumber ev'n I dread,  
Ev'ry dream is horror.  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow;  
Hear me, Powers divine!  
Oh, in pity hear me!  
Take aught else of mine,  
But my Chloris spare me!  
*Spare, O spare my Love! \**

\* The line in the first Stanza, "Life to me how dreary!" and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for the sake of the Music.



## A ROSE-BUD, BY MY EARLY WALK.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn inclosed baw,  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
     All on a dewy morning.  
 Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,  
 In all its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
     It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
 A little linnet fondly prest,—  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,  
     Sae early in the morning.  
 She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure of the wood,  
 Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
     Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
     That tents thy early morning.  
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
     That watch'd thy early morning.\*

\* This Song was written in 1787. Miss JEANY C\*\*\*\*\*K, Daughter of a Friend of the Bard, is the Heroine.

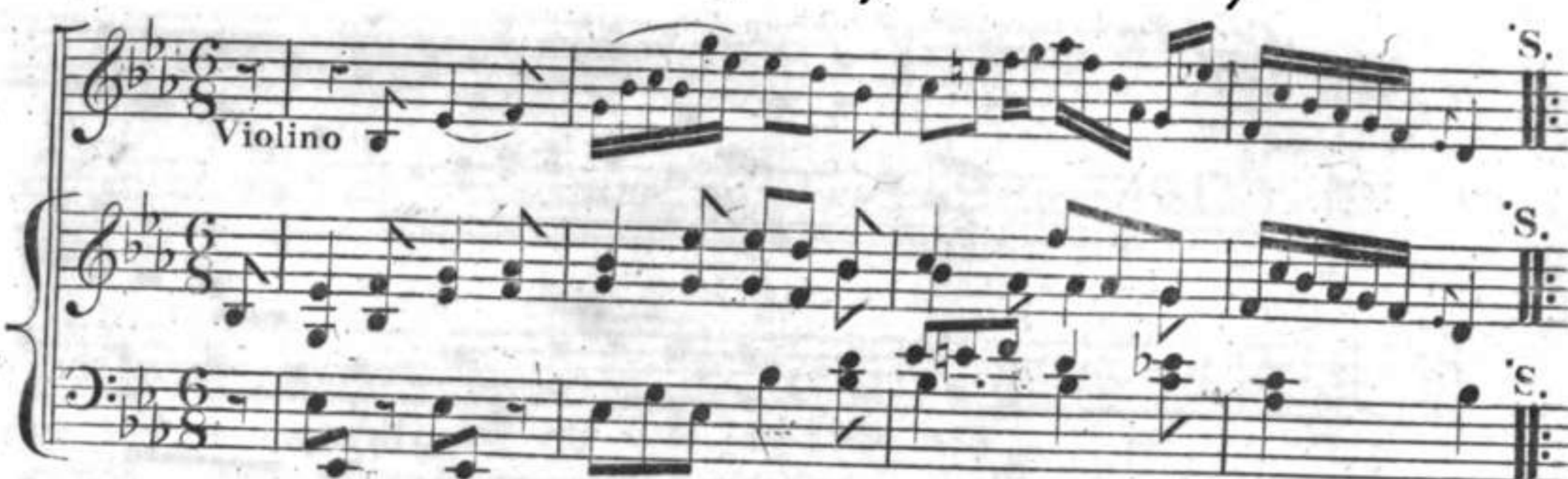


*A rosebud &c. Air. The Shepherd's Wife.*

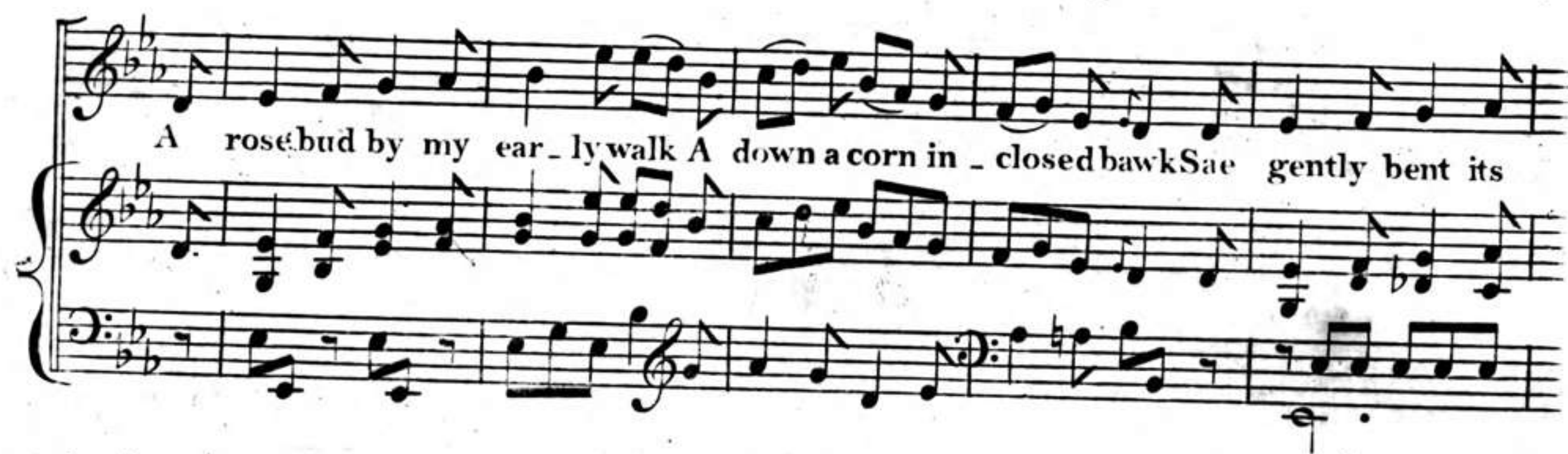
112

*Allegretto.*

Violino



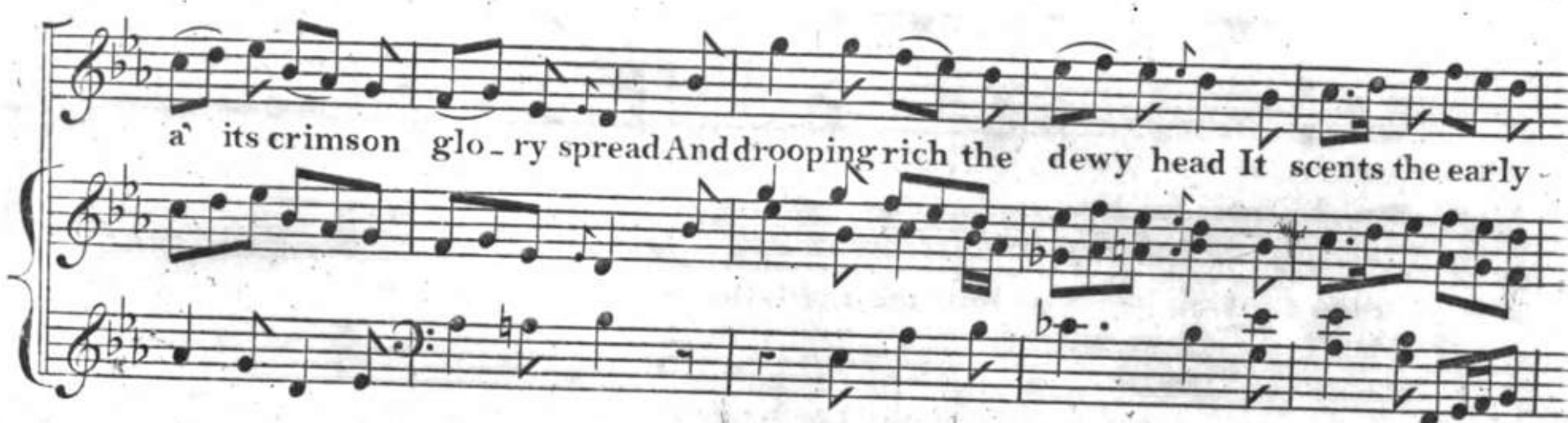
A rosebud by my ear - ly walk A down a corn in - closed bawksae gently bent its



thorny stalk All on a dewy morning Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In



a' its crimson glo - ry spread And drooping rich the dewy head It scents the early



Violino

morning.





113 *For you ye Fair, & Air, The looking glass.*

*Un poco*

*Vivace.*

*Un poco*  
*Vivace.*

*S.*  
For you ye Fair the o - live spreads For you the myrtles

blossom The low re - tiring vio - let sheds its fragrance in your bo - som

**CHORUS**

While in your native sphere you move And seek no high - er sta - tion 'Tis

While in your native sphere you move And seek no high - er sta - tion 'Tis

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule cre - a - tion.

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule cre - a - tion.

*S.*  
*S.*



FOR YOU, YE FAIR, THE OLIVE SPREADS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By Mrs GRANT.*

---

AIR—THE LOOKING GLASS.

**F**OR you, ye fair, the olive spreads,  
 For you the myrtles blossom ;  
 The low retiring violet sheds  
 Its fragrance in your bosom.  
 While in your native sphere you move,  
 And seek no higher station,  
 'Tis yours to lead, in bands of love,  
 The lords that rule creation.

But when let loose from modern schools,  
 In this blest age of reason,  
 The fair one laughs at antique rules,  
 And thinks them out of season.  
 She boldly hopes with lordly man  
 To share supreme dominion ;  
 Forgetful, while she forms her plan,  
 It lives but in opinion.

At first, with graces, airs, and smiles,  
 Each artless heart enchanting :  
 She soon forgets these common wiles,  
 For greater conquests panting :  
 On sportive wit and native charms  
 No longer has reliance,  
 But wrests from man his boasted arms,—  
 Philosophy and science !

While, dumb with wonder and affright,  
 She vainly thinks him dying,—  
 The lover, like a recreant knight,  
 His safety seeks by flying !  
 Tho' lofty flights a-while may please,  
 When novel and uncommon ;  
 'Tis modest worth, and graceful ease,  
 That charm in lovely woman.



---

THOU LING'RING STAR, WITH LESS'NING RAY.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

---

THE AIR BY MISS LUCY JOHNSTON, AFTERWARDS MRS OSWALD OF AUCHENCROVE.

**T**hou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear, departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity cannot efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
The image of our last embrace;—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:  
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
'Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

---

AH! WHERE IS NOW MY SOUL'S DELIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**A**H! where is now my soul's delight?  
In yonder grave my Lucy lies!  
The lip of fragrance smiles no more!  
She hears no more her lover's sighs!  
When winter spreads his freezing cold,  
And storms the world with horror sweep,  
I'll warm the sacred turf with tears,  
Where Lucy's clay-cold beauties sleep!

How oft the scene where Lucy rests,  
Has mark'd of health her cheek's pure glow!  
The scene where oft her melting heart  
Has mourn'd the silent dead below.  
Adieu! for ever, ah, adieu!  
Whose form these eyes no more shall see!  
The drop thy lids no longer hold,  
Receive, O sweetest shade! from me.



114  
*Thou ling'ring star &c. Air Highland Mary.*

*Andante  
espressivo.*

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo and expression markings are 'Andante' and 'espressivo.' The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal entry. The third system continues the vocal line. The fourth system continues the vocal line. The fifth system continues the vocal line. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final chord and a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray that lov'st to greet the ear - ly morn A - gain thou usher'st in the day My Ma - ry from my soul was torn O' Ma - ry dear de - parted shade Where is thy place of bliss ful rest Seest thou thy Lo - ver low - ly laid Hear'st thou the groans that - rend his breast.' The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata.

Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray that lov'st to greet the ear - ly morn A -  
gain thou usher'st in the day My Ma - ry from my soul was torn O'  
Ma - ry dear de - parted shade Where is thy place of bliss ful rest Seest  
thou thy Lo - ver low - ly laid Hear'st thou the groans that - rend his breast.



115 *O bonny was yon rosy brier - Sir. The wee wee. Man.*

ALLEGRETTO

O bonny was yon rosy brier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man And bonny she and

ah how dear! It shaded frae the evening sun, Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, How

pure amang the leaves sae green But purer was the lover's vow, They witness'd in the

shade yestreen.



O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE WEE, WEE MAN.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,  
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;  
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!  
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.  
Yon rose buds in the morning dew,  
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;  
But purer was the lover's vow  
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;  
But love is far a sweeter flow'r  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.  
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;  
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn,—  
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

WAPT ME, SOME SOFT AND COOLING BREEZE.

WRITTEN

By LORD LANSDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

WAPT me, some soft and cooling breeze,  
To Windsor's shady kind retreat,  
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,  
Repel the raging dog-star's heat.  
Where tufted grass and mossy beds  
Afford a rural calm repose;  
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,  
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Where wealthy Thames, that flows fast by,  
Along the smiling valley plays;  
His glassy surface cheers the eye,  
And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays.  
His fertile banks with herbage green,  
His vales with smiling plenty swell;  
Where'er his purer stream is seen  
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,  
With naked arm once more divide:  
In thee my glowing bosom lave,  
And stem thy gently rolling tide.  
Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,  
Beneath some osier's dusky shade,  
Where water-lilies paint the ground,  
And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda, too, be there,  
With azure mantle lightly drest;  
Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair!  
Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast!  
O haste away, fair maid, and bring  
The Muse, the kindly friend to love,  
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
And warble thro' the vocal grove.



## O LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU GLIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

## AIR—LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN! sweetly didst thou glide,  
The day I was my Willie's bride;  
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,  
Like Logan to the simmer sun.  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May  
Has made our hills and vallies gay;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,  
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs;  
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
And ev'ning tears are tears o' joy:  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:—  
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!  
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return!  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

## LOGAN WATER.

By JOHN MAYNE,

AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF GLASGOW.

*The following is the ballad of Logan Water, which Mr BURNS supposed to be old, and of which he says, in a Letter to Mr THOMSON, dated 7th April 1793, that he recollects only these two lines:*

*"While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
"Far, far frae me and Logan braes,"—*

*Which two lines he adopted as the burthen of the preceding Song. But the Editor has since been assured, that the two first stanzas of the Ballad were written in Glasgow in 1783, by the Gentleman whose name is now prefixed to it. Those two stanzas were printed in the STAN Newspaper of Saturday, May 23. 1789, signed with the initial letter of the Author's name, and were given anonymously in the former edition of this volume. The third stanza was lately presented by the Author to the Editor, and appears here for the first time (1810). To assign this beautiful ballad to its proper owner is but an act of justice.*

BY Logan's streams that rin sae deep,  
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,  
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,  
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.  
But, wae's my heart! these days are gane,  
And I wi' grief now herd alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,  
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.

I weel may sing,—these days are gane!  
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amais is gane,  
I dander dowie and forlane,  
Or sit beneath yon hawthorn tree,  
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.  
O cou'd I see these days again!  
My lover skaithless and my ain!  
Belov'd by friends, at peace wi' faes,  
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

## THOMSON'S VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love;  
And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
Come in between and bid us part;  
Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish and wish the soul away,  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of love is gone!

But busy, busy still art thou,  
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
And join the gentle to the rude.  
For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,  
And I absolve thy future care,—  
All other wishes I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine!



*Logan sweetly &c. Air Logan water* 116

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE' and 'ESPRESSIVO'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal entry occurs at the start of the first system, with the lyrics 'O Lo-gan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Wil-lie's bride, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system of the vocal part continues with 'years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Lo-gan to the Summer sun But'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The third system begins with 'now thy flow'ry banks ap-pear Like drun-die win-ter dark and drear While'. The fourth system continues with 'my dear lad maun face his faes Far, far frae me and Lo-gan braes.'. The score concludes with a final instrumental flourish in the piano, marked with a 'Vio' (Violino) and a 'S.' (Solo) indication. The key signature is one flat (F major/D minor) and the time signature is 4/4.

O Lo-gan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Wil-lie's bride, And

years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Lo-gan to the Summer sun But

now thy flow'ry banks ap-pear Like drun-die win-ter dark and drear While

my dear lad maun face his faes Far, far frae me and Lo-gan braes.

Vio Vio S.



# The lass of Patie's mill.

*Andante  
grazioso*

The lass of Patie's mill So bonny blythe and gay In spite of all my  
skill Has stole my heart a way. When tedding of the hay Bare  
headed on the green Love midst her locks did play And wantond in her e'en.



## THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

**T**HE lass of Patie's mill,  
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bare-headed on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth  
 That Hopeton's mountains fill\*,  
 Insured long life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will:  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Patie's mill,  
 Should share the same wi' me.

\* Alluding to the Lead Hills, belonging to the Earl of Hopeton, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh.

## WHEN COLIN TOLD HIS TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN Colin told his tale,  
 What damsel could deny?  
 For maids of every vale  
 Had wish'd to win his eye.

But when to *me* he came,  
 Could Marian tell him nay?  
 Ah, no! I met his flame;  
 'Twas Love's wild holiday.

But bliss soon feels alloy!  
 The shepherd falsely vow'd;  
 Too soon my morn of joy  
 Was dimm'd by Sorrow's cloud.

Lo! Colin now is gone  
 To maids of other groves,  
 Whose heart I thought my own,—  
 But who *suspects* that loves?



## I SIGH AND LAMENT ME IN VAIN.

AIR—QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan ;  
 Alas ! it encreases my pain,  
 When I think of the days that are gone.  
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see  
 The birds as they wanton in air ;  
 My heart how it pants to be free,  
 My looks they are wild with despair !  
 Above, tho' opprest by my fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes ;  
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,  
 She ne'er can subdue me to those !

False woman ! in ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be ;  
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me !  
 Ye roofs ! where cold damps and dismay,  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the evening bell !  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 " O Mary prepare thee to die !"  
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

## HARK ! HARK ! 'TIS A VOICE FROM THE TOMB !

WRITTEN

By Mr RICHARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !  
 ' Come, Lucy,' it cries, ' come away ;  
 ' The grave of thy Colin has room  
 ' To rest thee beside his cold clay.'  
 " I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;  
 " Ye friends and companions, adieu !  
 " I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
 " To lie in his bosom so true !"  
 All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
 When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,  
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose :  
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground ;  
 While stormy winds over her blew,  
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.  
 " How long, my lov'd Colin," she cried,  
 " How long must thy Lucy complain ?  
 " How long shall the grave my Love hide ?  
 " How long ere it join us again ?

" For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,—  
 " With thee o'er the world would she fly ;  
 " For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd ;  
 " For thee would she lie down and die !  
 " Alas ! what avails it how dear  
 " Thy Lucy was once to her swain !  
 " Her face like the lily so fair,  
 " And eyes that gave light to the plain !  
 " The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,—  
 " That face and those eyes charm no more ;  
 " And Lucy, forgot and alone,  
 " To death shall her Colin deplore."  
 While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
 And mourn'd to the echo around,  
 Inflamed at once grew the air,  
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground !  
 " I hear the kind call, and obey !  
 " Ah, Colin ! receive me," she cried,  
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,  
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died !

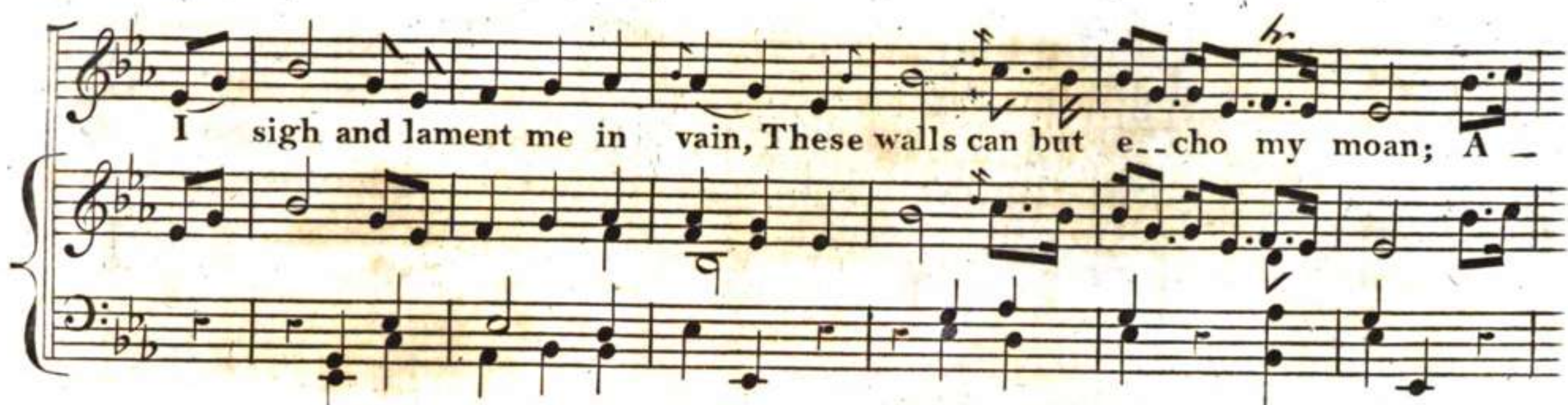


Sigh & lament &c. Air, Queen Mary's lamentation 118

*Affettuoso.*




The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a more rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a fermata on the final note of each staff.



The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a fermata on the first note. The lyrics are: "I sigh and lament me in vain, These walls can but e...cho my moan; A -"



The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- las! it in...creases my pain, When I think of the days that are gone. Thrô the"



The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "grate of my prison I see the birds as they wanton in air My heart how it"



The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "pants to be free My looks they are wild with des...pair."



The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a more rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a fermata on the final note of each staff.



*I gaed a wae fu' &c. Air, The Blathrie o't.*

Violino.

*Andante*

The introduction is for the Violino, marked Andante. It consists of two staves in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to A4, then B4, and finally C5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I gaed a wae fu' gate yes treen A gate I

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "I gaed a wae fu' gate yes treen A gate I".

fear I'll dear ly rue I got my death frae

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "fear I'll dear ly rue I got my death frae".

twae sweet een Twae love ly een of bon nie blue.

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "twae sweet een Twae love ly een of bon nie blue.".

Violino.

*p* *f* *ff* *pp* *f* *ff*

The conclusion for the Violino, marked *Violino.*. It features dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), *pp* (pianissimo), *f* (forte), and *ff* (fortissimo). The music is in D major and 4/4 time, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs.



## I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE BLATHRIE O'T.

I GAED a wae fu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een of bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;  
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily white,—  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,—  
 She'll, aiblins, listen to my vow:  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.\*

\* The Heroine of this song was Miss J. of Lochmaben, now Mrs R. in New-York, North America.

## I TOLD MY NYMPH, I TOLD HER TRUE.

WRITTEN

By SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,  
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
 While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,  
 That Julia \* might not prove sincere.

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind!  
 The friends I lov'd became unkind—  
 She heard, and shed a generous tear;  
 And is not Julia then sincere?

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold;  
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
 And is not Julia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
 My Julia must not hope for dress;  
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
 And Julia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
 Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
 I know my Julia's love sincere.

\* FLAVIA in the Author's copy.



---

 AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.
 

---

AIR—THE SAME.

**A**N thou wert mine ain thing,  
 O I would love thee, I wou'd love thee;  
 An thou wert mine ain thing,  
 How dearly wou'd I love thee.  
 Of race divine thou needs must be,  
 Since naething earthly equals thee;  
 For Heaven's sake, O favour me,  
 Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.  
 Sae lang's I had the use of light,  
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
 Syne in saft whispers through the night  
 I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.

Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead,  
 My soul should hover round thy head;  
 I may be turned a silent shade,  
 But never cease to love thee!

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.  
 Thy nightly dreams, thy lonely hours,  
 Thy thoughtful seats in these sweet bow'rs,  
 Thy ev'ning walks 'mang dewy flow'rs,  
 I'd watch, and ever love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.  
 And when at last, thou lovely maid!—  
 A drooping flow'r,—thyself shalt fade,  
 I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,  
 And then for ever love thee!

---

 THY FATAL SHAFTS UNERRING MOVE.
 

---

WRITTEN

By SMOLLET.

THE SAME AIR.

**T**HY fatal shafts unerring move;  
 I bow before thine altar, Love!  
 I feel thy soft resistless flame  
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!  
 For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,  
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing murmurs to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic ties,  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!  
 Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear,  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

\* In singing the English Song to the Scottish Air, a quaver must be supplied for the beginning of the first and third lines of each stanza.



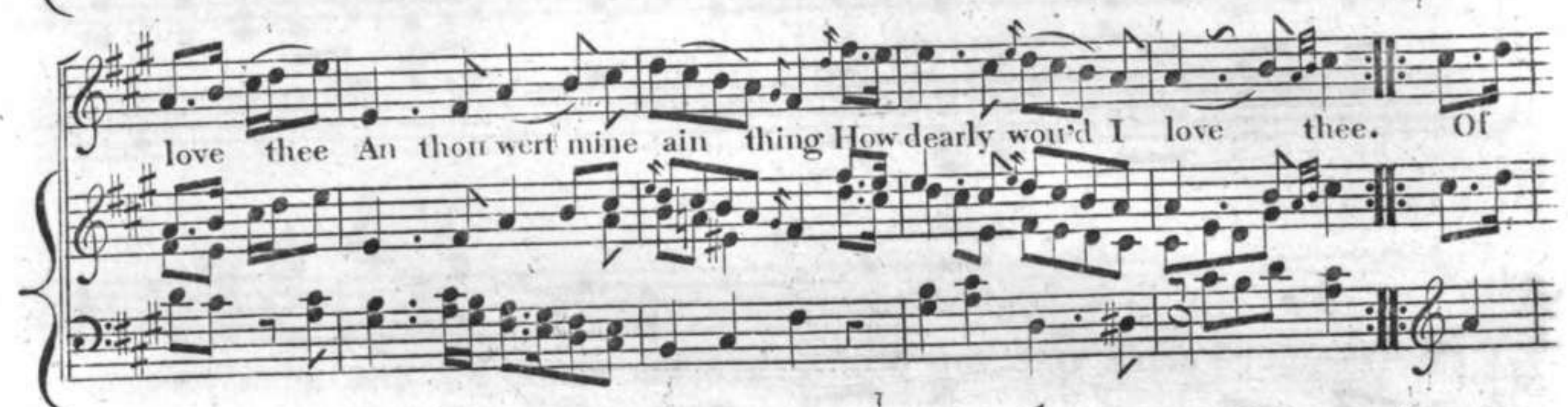
*An thou wert mine ain thing*

120

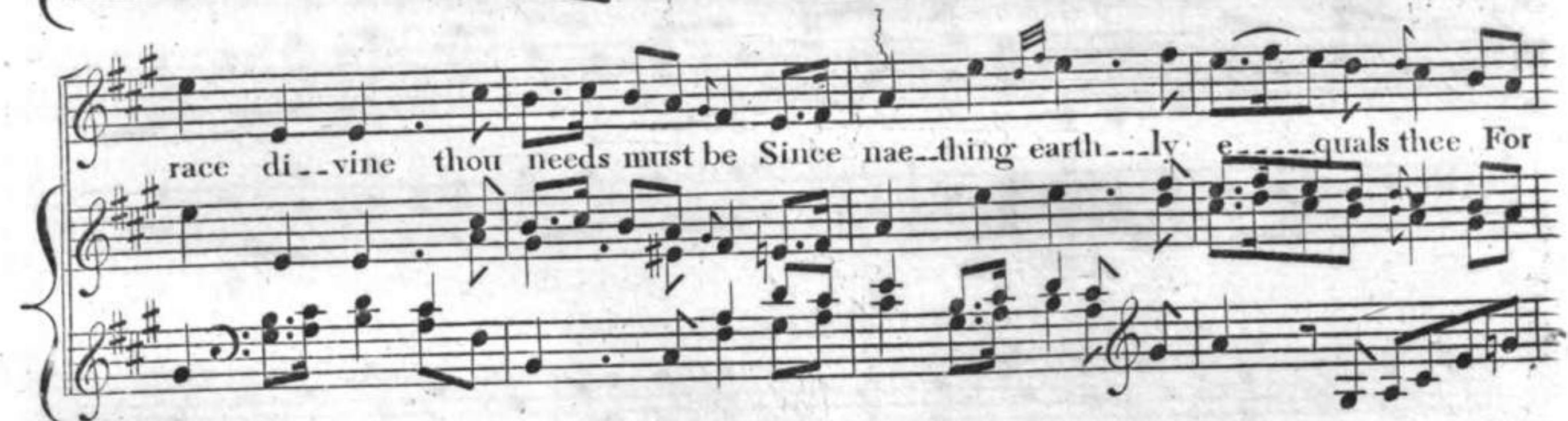
*Larghetto*



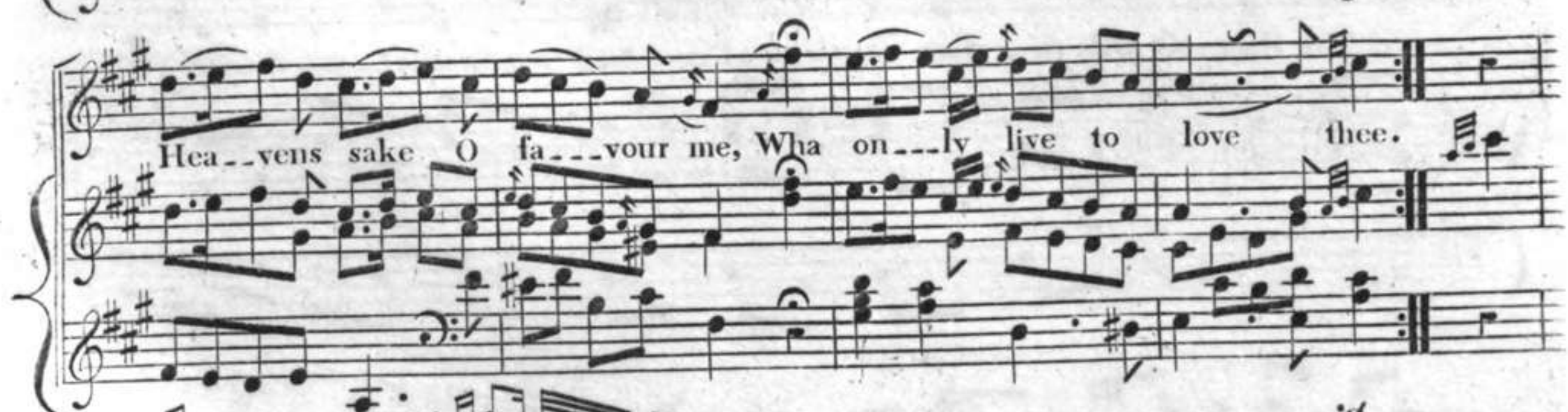
§. An thou wert mine ain thing, O I would love thee I would



love thee An thou wert mine ain thing How dearly would I love thee. Of



race di-vine thou needs must be Since nae-thing earth-ly e-quals thee For



Hea-vens sake O fa-vour me, Wha on-ly live to love thee.

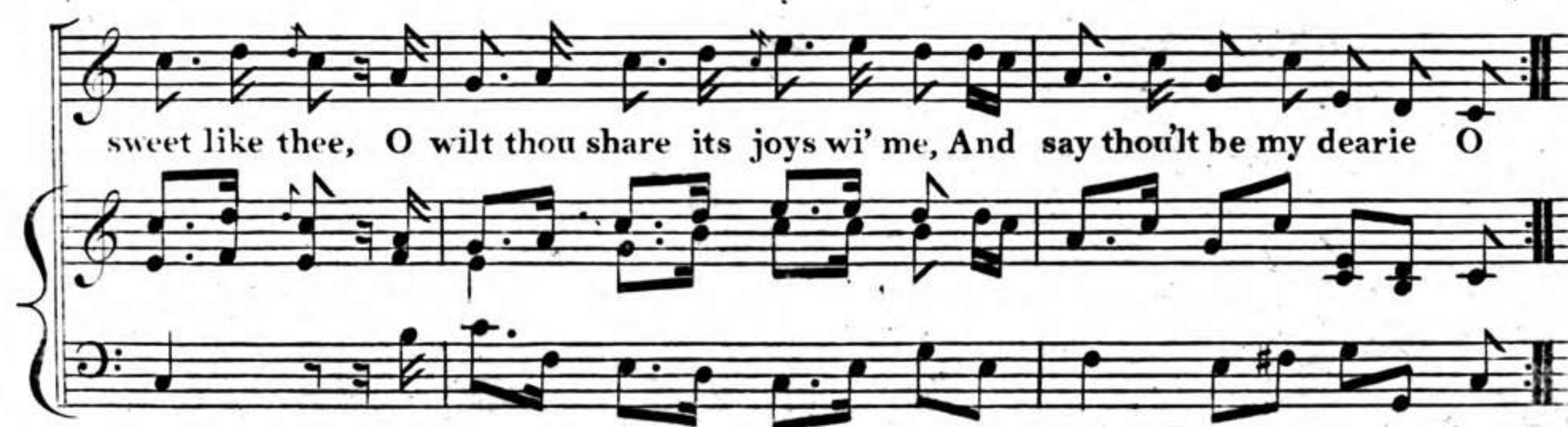


vi. §.



*Lassie wi' the lint white locks. (in Rothiemurcus ram).*

*Allegretto.*



\* When the Voice cannot reach the upper notes the under ones may be substituted.



## LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

AIR—ROTHIEMURCHUS RANT.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;  
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O !

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 And when the welcome summer show'r  
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,  
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,  
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O !  
 When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
 The weary shearer's hameward way,  
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
 And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 And when the howling, wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

## FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?  
 Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;  
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !  
 O did not Love exclaim, " Forbear !  
 " Nor use a faithful lover so ?"

Fairest maid on Devon banks !  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do !  
 Then come, thou fairest of the fair !  
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share !  
 And, by thy beauteous self I swear,  
 No love-but thine my heart shall know.

Note.—" *Fairest maid on Devon banks,*" it is believed, was the very last production of our much lamented Bard :—  
*He transmitted it to the Editor about a week only before his death.*



LOVE NEVER MORE SHALL GIVE ME PAIN.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—MY DEARIE AN THOU DIE.

**L**ove never more shall give me pain,  
My fancy's fixed on thee;  
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
My Peggy, if thou die.  
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,  
Thy love's so true to me;  
Without thee I shall never live,  
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
How shall I lonely stray?  
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
In sighs the silent day.  
I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
Nor such perfection see;  
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,  
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart  
With Cupid's raving rage;  
But thine which can such sweets impart,  
Must all the world engage.  
'Twas this that, like the morning sun,  
Gave joy and life to me;  
And when its destin'd day is done,  
With Peggy let me die!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,  
And in such pleasure share;  
You, who its faithful flames approve,  
With pity view the fair;  
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,  
Those charms so dear to me;  
Oh! never rob me from those arms,—  
I'm lost, if Peggy die!



Love never more &c. Air. My dearie if thou die. 122

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*



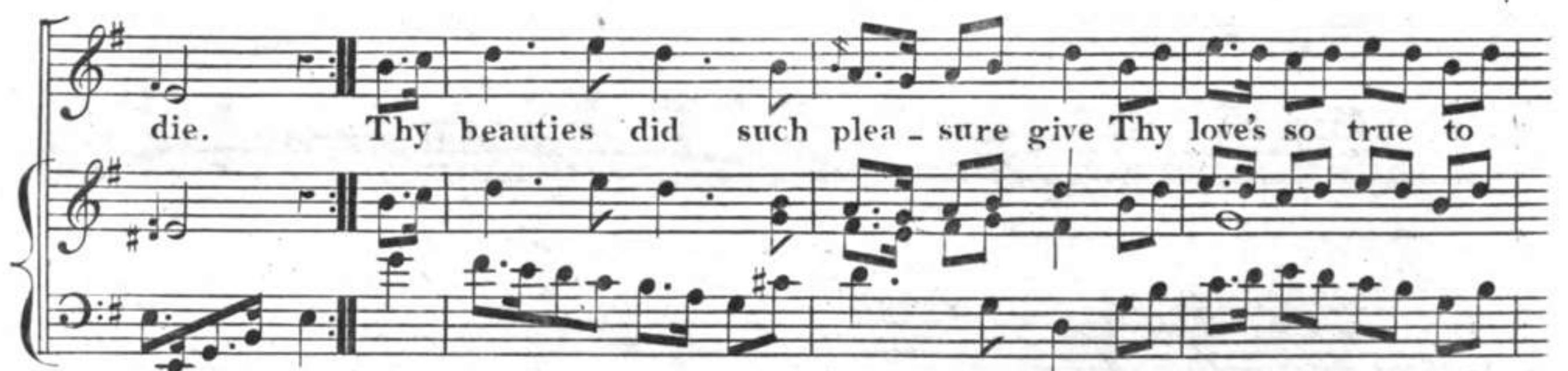
S.  
Love ne-ver more shall give me pain; My fan-cy's fix'd on



thee, Nor e-ver maid my heart shall gain, My Peg-gy if thou



die. Thy beauties did such plea-sure give Thy love's so true to



me With-out thee I shall ne-ver live, My dea-ry if thou



die.





*Tibbie I have seen the day. Air. If a body meet a body.*

*Andantino*  
*pintosto*  
*Allegretto.*

O Tibbie I have seen the day Ye wou'd na been sae shy For lack o' gear ye lightly me But

troth I care na by. Yestreen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed

by likestoure Ye geck at me because I'm poor But feint a hair care I.

s.



## O TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

WRITTEN

*By BURNS.*

AIR—IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spake na, but gaed by like stour;  
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
 But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would nae been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me at a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy,  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,  
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,  
 If he but want the miser's dirt,  
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by,  
 But if he ha'e the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or leaer,  
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:  
 Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice;  
 The diel a ane would spier your price,  
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day,  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 There lives a lass in yonder park,  
 I would na gi'e her under sark  
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk;  
 Ye need na look sae high.



## BENEATH A BEECH'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,  
 Young Colin lay complaining ;  
 He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,  
 Without hopes of obtaining ;  
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,—  
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,  
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,  
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
 That thus you cruelly use him ?  
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,  
 For which you should excuse him !  
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,  
 This fire by which I languish ;  
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,  
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,  
 Where every maid invites me ;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,—  
 For thee that only slights me :  
 This love that fires my faithful heart,  
 By all but thee's commended :  
 Oh ! wouldst thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

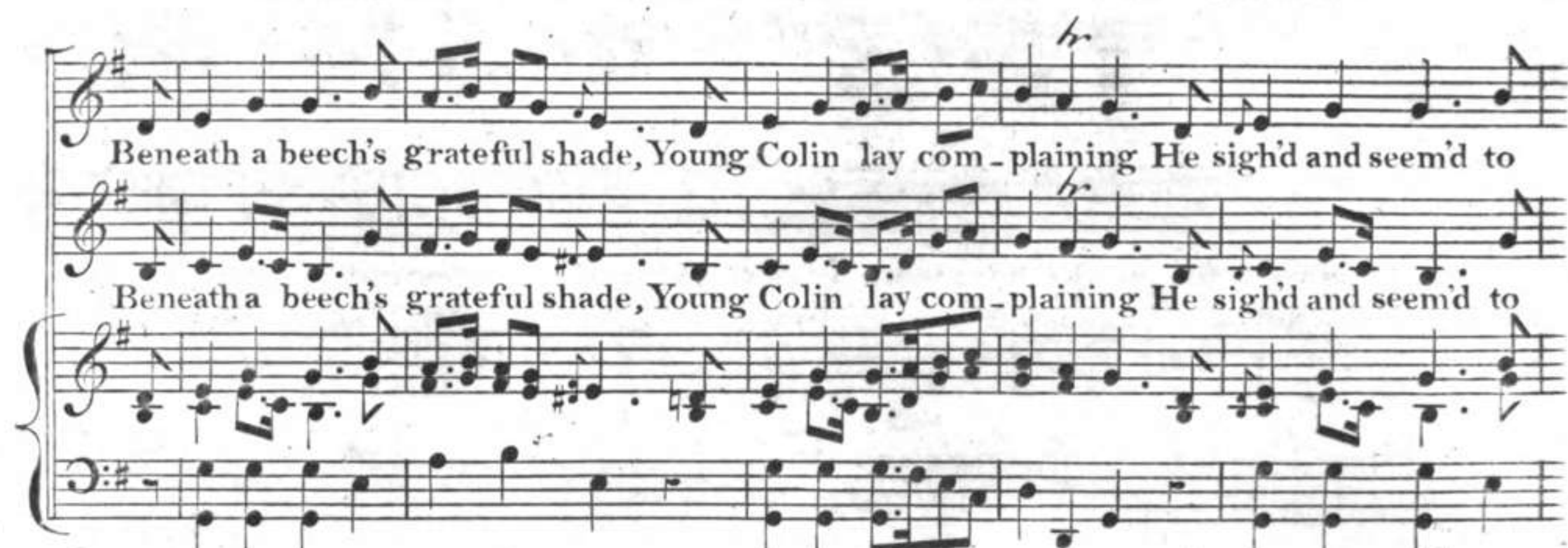
That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas ! tho' should it ne'er relent,  
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee.



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*Beneath a beech &c. Air, Peggy I must love thee.*

*Duet*  
*Andante.*



Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to

Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to



love a maid, With-out hopes of ob-tain-ing For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho'

love a maid, With-out hopes of ob-tain-ing For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho'



pi-ty cannot move thee Tho'thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.

pi-ty cannot move thee Tho'thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.





*Wha wad na be in love; Air. Maggie Lauder.*

*Allegretto  
spiritoso*





## WHA WADNA BE IN LOVE.

AIR—MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love  
 Wi' bonie Maggie Lauder?  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?  
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,—  
 ' Begone you hallanshaker!  
 ' Jogg on your gate, you bladderskate,  
 ' My name is Maggie Lauder.'

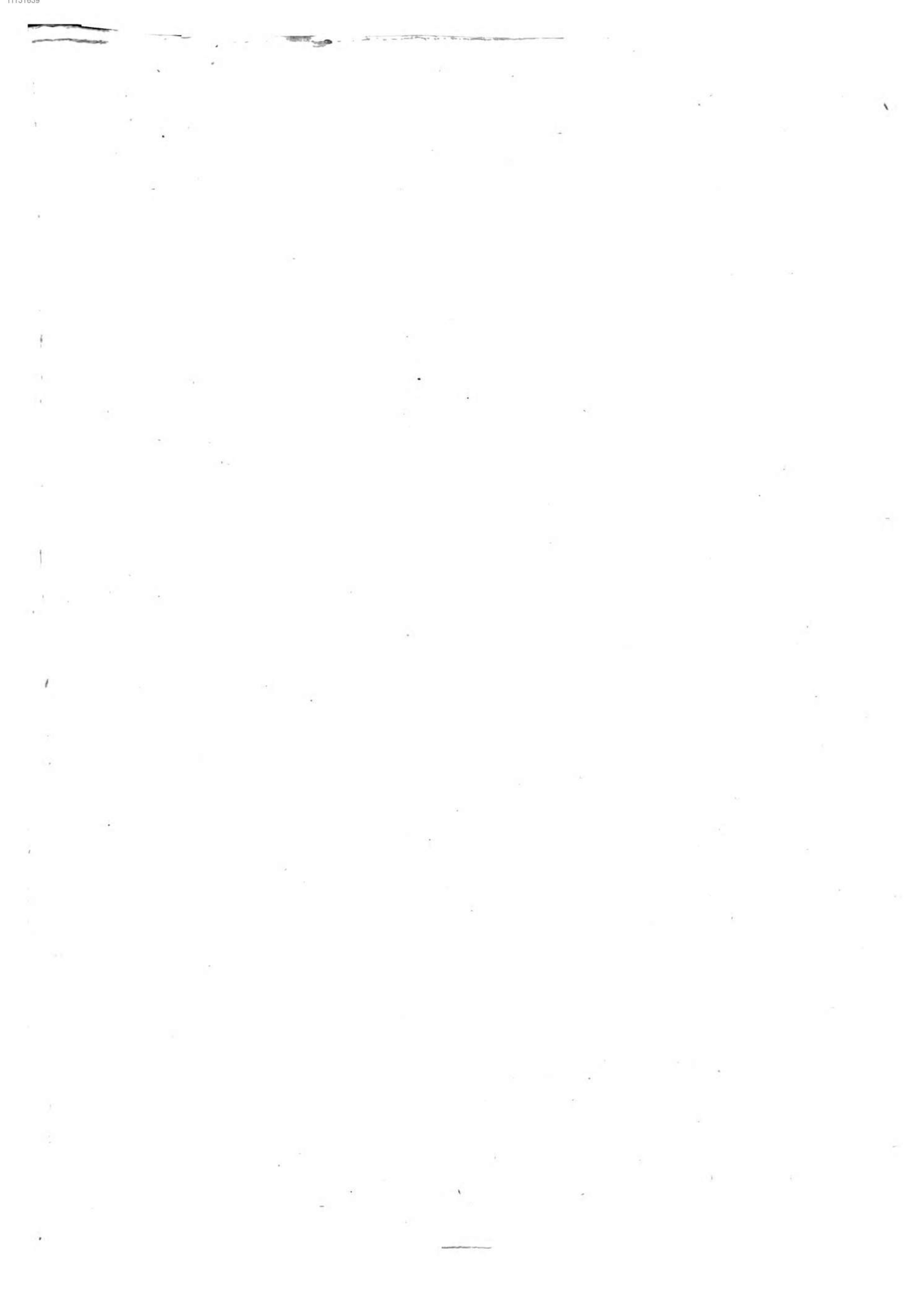
" Maggie," quo he, " and by my bags,  
 " I'm fidging fain to see thee!  
 " Sit down by me, my bonie bird,  
 " In troth I winna steer thee:  
 " For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 " My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 " The lasses loup as they were daft  
 " When I blaw up my chanter."

' Piper,' quo' Meg, ' ha'e ye your bags,  
 ' Or is your drone in order?  
 ' If you be Rob, I've heard of you,—  
 ' Live you upo' the border?  
 ' The lasses a' baith far and near,  
 ' Have heard of Rob the Ranter;  
 ' I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,  
 ' Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.'

Then to his bags he flew with speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it,  
 " Weel done," quo' he—" Play up," quo' she;  
 " Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter:  
 " It's worth my while to play indeed,  
 " When I ha'e sic a dancer."

' Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,  
 ' Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 ' There's nane in Scotland plays so weel,  
 ' Since we lost Habby Simson.  
 ' I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 ' These ten years and a quarter;  
 ' Gin you should come to Anster fair,  
 ' Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.'











*When the sheep are in the fauld. Air: Tuld Robin Gray*

Old Air

*Andante  
espressivo*

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame And  
at the weary world to rest are gane. The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee While  
my gude man lies found by me.

Modern S. Air

Affettuoso

Young S.

Jamie loed me weel and fought me for his bride; But faving a crown he had  
nae-thing be-side To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea And the



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4

O sair did we greet and muckle did we say  
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:  
I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:  
How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me.  
I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;  
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;  
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.



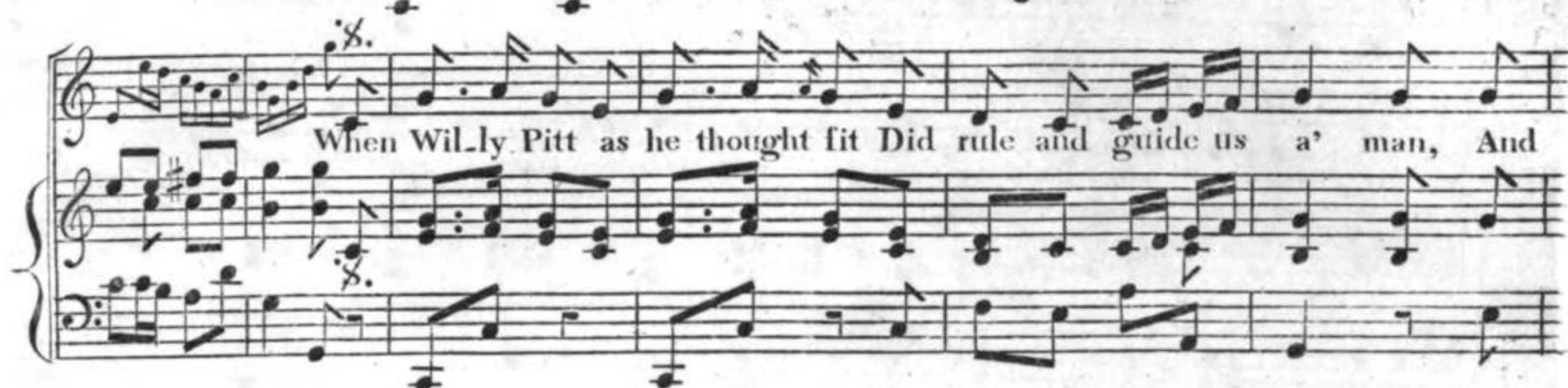
*When Willy Pitt &c. Air. Kilcrankie.*

*Violino.*

*Maestoso  
non troppo  
Lento.*



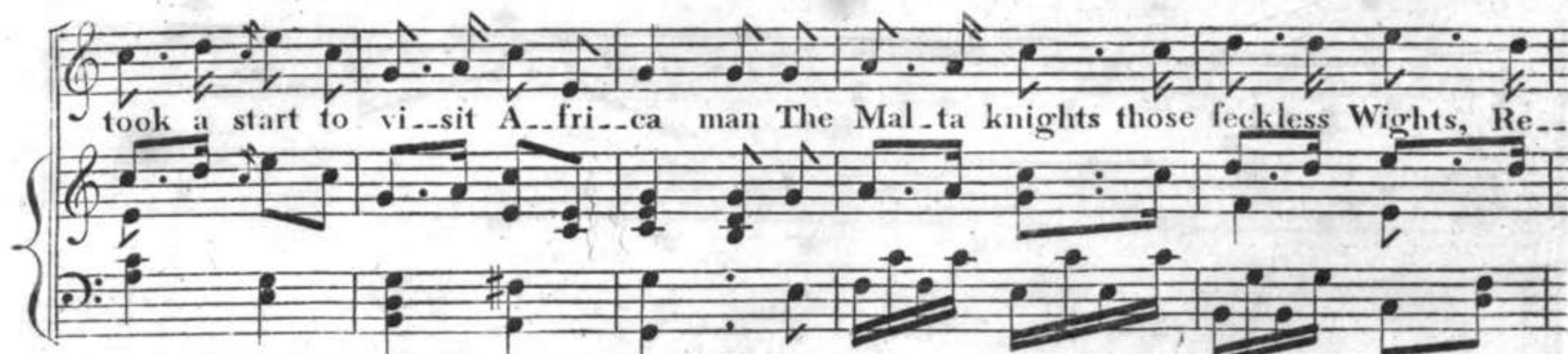
When Wil-ly Pitt as he thought fit Did rule and guide us a' man, And



furious war his i-ron car Drove o'er the Nations a' man Then Buo-naparte e'en




took a start to vi-sit A-fri-ca man The Mal-ta knights those feckless Wights, Re-



*Violino.*

sis-tance made but sma' man.





## WHEN WILLY PITT, AS HE THOUGHT FIT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

## AIR—KILLICRANKIE.

WHEN Willy Pitt, as he thought fit,  
Did rule and guide us a', man,  
And furious War his iron car  
Drove o'er the nations a', man;  
Then Buonaparte e'en took a start  
To visit Africa, man :—  
The Malta Knights, those feckless wights,  
Resistance made but sma', man.

While on their rocks, the Gallie cocks  
Did stoutly strut and crawl, man;  
The reaver band despoil'd the land,  
Took a' their gear awa', man;  
Wi' saints of gowd, in siller row'd,  
O wow but they were braw, man!  
The isles of Greece they next did fleece;  
Sic rugging ye ne'er saw, man.

But L'Orient's hulk had room and bulk,  
To haud and stow it a', man;  
To Egypt come, they beat their drum,  
Hoist up their flag and a', man;  
The Crocodile forsook the Nile,  
And fled wi' fear awa', man;  
The river horse beheld their force,  
And sair did snort and paw, man.

The Mussulmen forsook their den,  
And to the mosque did draw, man;  
Their prophet great they did entreat,  
And said a prayer or twa, man.  
But to be brief, the wily chief,  
Wha came from Corsica, man,  
Had gart them trow, I kenna how,  
He had nae creed at a', man;  
And gin they please, their minds to ease,  
He'd tak their prophet's law, man.

The mighty Turk dislik'd the work,  
Wi' rage his lip did gnaw, man,  
And tell'd our King, sae fause a thing  
He cou'd na bide at a', man:  
A renegade, that made a trade  
Of spulzieing friends and a', man,  
To set his foot, or raise his snout  
In Pharaoh's ancient ha', man.

Gie him a bield in that same field  
Where Israel gather'd straw, man,  
'Twas one to ten but he came ben  
As far as Mecca's wa', man.  
Our Monarch's nod, like Neptune's rod,  
That sways the ocean a', man,  
Sent out a fleet their ships to meet,  
Near Alexandria, man.

At Aboukir, withouten fear,  
As Nelson's line did draw, man,  
His hearts of oak their hawsers broke,  
They did na wait to jaw, man;  
Tri-colour'd flags came down like rags,  
Where Nelson's guns did ca', man,  
'Till glory's light sae drown'd his sight,  
'Twas utter darkness a', man!

They left the sea like Antony,  
And to the Nile did draw, man:—  
As rockets fly that mount the sky,  
When conquests glad us a', man,  
So L'Orient fair-gaed through the air,  
Like shooting stars that fa' man;  
With dying cries they pierced the skies,  
And griev'd our heroes a', man.

The Mamelukes came frae their nooks,  
To see the low sae braw, man;  
On wings of flame, high mounted Fame,  
And loud her trump did blaw, man;  
'Till Gallic faith, and a' their skaith,  
Was kent in Asia, man;  
And Nelson's fame, and Britain's name  
Rejoic'd, and fear'd them a', man!

## WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD, &amp;c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

## THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,  
And did our hellim thrav, man,  
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
Within America, man:  
Then up they gat the maskin pat,  
And in the sea did jaw, man,  
And did nae less, in full congress,  
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,  
I wat he was na slaw, man;  
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,  
And Carleton did ca', man:  
But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec,  
Montgomery-like, did fa', man:  
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
Among his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage  
Was kept at Boston ha', man;  
'Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe  
For Philadelphia, man;  
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin  
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;  
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,  
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gade up, like spur and whip,  
'Till Fraser brave did fa', man;  
Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
In Saratoga shaw, man.  
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,  
And did the buckskins claw, man;  
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save  
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guilford too,  
Began to fear a fa', man;  
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,  
The German chief to thrav, man:  
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,  
Nae mercy had at a', man;  
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,  
And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,  
'Till death did on him ca', man;  
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek  
Conform to gospel law, man:  
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
They did his measures thrav, man  
For North and Fox united stocks,  
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's carts,  
He swept the stakes awa', man,  
'Till the Diamond's ace, of Indian race,  
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man:  
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;  
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,  
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man."

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,  
A secret word or twa, man;  
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class  
Benorth the Roman wa', man;  
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,  
(Inspired bardies saw, man),  
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise!  
"Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man."

But word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.  
Gouff'd Willie like a ba', man,  
'Till Southren raise, and coost their claise  
Behind him in a raw, man;  
And Caledon threw by the drone,  
And did her whittle draw, man:  
And swore fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,  
To make it gude in law, man.



---

HOW BLYTHE ILK MORN WAS I TO SEE.

---

AIR—THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

**H**ow blythe ilk morn was I to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill!  
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me,  
 I met with him with good will.  
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.  
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb  
 While his flock near me lay:  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.  
*O the broom, &c.*  
 He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by;  
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.  
*O the broom, &c.*  
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play,  
 I envied not the fairest dame,  
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born!  
*O the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?  
 He staw my heart, could I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
*O the broom, &c.*

My dogie, and my little kit,  
 That held my wee sowp whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 May now lie useless by.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!  
 Farewel a' pleasures there!  
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care!  
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.

---

WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

---

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves;  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknows;  
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader-haugh, and Leader-side,—  
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknows;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,  
 May with this broom compare;  
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,  
 At ev'n among the broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the woods and plains  
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows!



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*How Blythe &c. for The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

*LARGHETTO*

*f* Dol.

*S.*  
How blythe ilk morn was I to see My swain come

o'er the hill He skipt the burn and flew to me I met him with good will

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

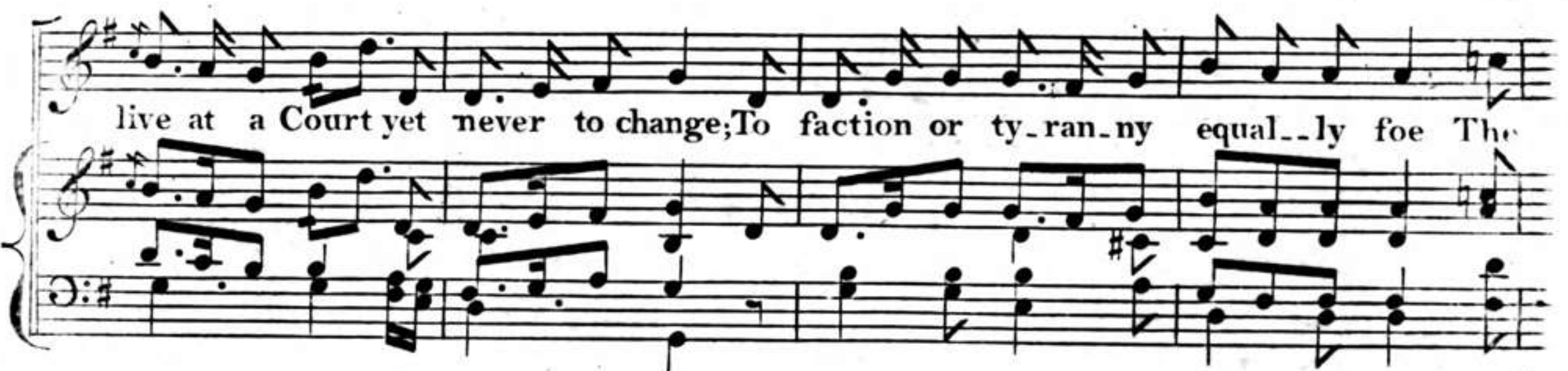
my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

*Fol.* *S.*



*Argyle is my name. Sir, Bannocks o' barley meal.*





ARGYLE IS MY NAME;—OR, BANNOCKS O' BARLEY-MEAL.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

OF *AUCHINLECK.*

<p><b>A</b>RGYLE is my name,—and you may think it strange          To live at a Court, and yet never to change :          To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,—          The good of the land's the sole motive I know.          The foes of my Country and King I have faced,          In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced ;          I've done what I could for my Country's weal ;          Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.</p>	<p>Ye riots and revels of London, adieu !          And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you !          For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife ;          For myself, I seek peace, and an innocent life :          I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene          With Maggy, my Love, in her rockley o' green ;          On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,          While she shares my bannock o' barleymeal !</p>
--	---

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,  
 He shall fight for his King, as his father has done ;  
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—  
 O ! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.  
 I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place ;  
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face ;  
 I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,  
 And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.



## 'T WAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTON, IN 1745.

*By Sir GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto.*

AIR—BARBARA ALLAN.

*These pathetic Verses appear to the Editor better adapted to this fine Air than those with which it has hitherto been united. The old verses, however, are also subjoined, for the choice of the Singer.*

'T WAS at the hour of dark midnight,  
 Before the first cock's crowing,  
 When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,  
 With hollow murmurs blowing;  
 When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,  
 Sad on her bed was lying,  
 And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard  
 The boding screech-owl crying.

' O dismal night !' she said, and wept,  
 ' O night presaging sorrow ;  
 ' O dismal night !'—she said, and wept,  
 ' But more I dread to-morrow,  
 ' For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
 ' Each host to Preston bending ;  
 ' At morn, shall sons their fathers slay,  
 ' With deadly hate contending.

' Even in the visions of the night  
 ' I saw fell death wide sweeping ;  
 ' And all the matrons of the land,  
 ' And all the virgins weeping.'  
 And now she heard the massy gates  
 Harsh on their hinges turning ;  
 And now through all the castle heard  
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,  
 The fatal tidings dreading :  
 ' O speak,' she cried, ' my father's slain !  
 ' I see, I see him bleeding !  
 " A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
 " At morn, fair maid, I left him ;  
 " Even at the threshold of his gate  
 " The foe of life bereft him.

" Bold in the battle's front he fell,  
 " With many a wound deformed :  
 " A braver knight, nor better man,  
 " 'This fair isle ne'er adorned.'  
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid  
 A deadly swoon invaded ;  
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,  
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,  
 And sad was our complaining ;  
 But oh ! for thee, my native land,  
 What woes are still remaining !  
 But why complain ? the hero's soul,  
 Is high in Heaven shining :  
 May Providence defend our isle,  
 From all our foes designing.

## THE OLD SONG OF BARBARA ALLAN.

THE SAME AIR.

I T was in and about the Mart'mas time,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir John Græme, in the west countrie,  
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.  
 He sent his man down thro' the town,  
 To the place where she was dwelling—  
 ' O haste, and come to my master dear,  
 ' Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

O hooley, hooley gaed she up,  
 To the place where he was lying ;  
 And when she drew the curtain by,—  
 ' Young man, I think you're dying !'  
 " O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,  
 " And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan !"  
 ' O the better for me ye's never be,  
 ' Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling !

O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 " O make it soft and narrow ;  
 " Since my Love died for me to-day,  
 " I'll die for him to-morrow !"

' O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
 ' When ye in the tavern was drinking,  
 ' That ye made the healths gae round and round  
 ' And slighted Barbara Allan !'  
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
 And death was with him dealing :—  
 " Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
 " And be kind to Barbara Allan !"

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
 And slowly, slowly left him :  
 And sighing said, " she could not stay,  
 " Since death of life had reft him.'  
 She had not gane a mile but twa,  
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,  
 It cried " Woe to Barbara Allan !"



# *'Twas at the hour &c. Air. Barbara Allan.* 150

*Allegretto.*

Vio. *p* *cres* *f*

S.

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cock's crowing: When west land

winds shook Stirlings tow'rs With hallow murmurs blowing When Fanny fair all

woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard the

boding screech owl crying.

Vio.

S.



151 *Love's Goddess in a myrtle grove* - Air, *Bonny Jean*.

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*



Love's god--dess in a myrtle grove, Said Cu--pid bend thy bow with speed, Nor



let thy shafts at ran--dom rove For Jean--ie's haughty heart must bleed. The



smi--ling boy with di--vine art, From Paphos shot an ar--row keen Which



flew un--er--ring to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bon--ny Jean.





LOVE'S GODDESS IN A MYRTLE GROVE.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—BONNY JEAN.

**L**ove's goddess, in a myrtle grove,  
Said, "Cupid bend thy bow with speed,  
"Nor let the shaft at random rove,  
"For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed."  
The smiling boy with divine art,  
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,  
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,  
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,  
Refuses Willy's kind address;  
Her yielding blushes shew no care,  
But too much fondness to suppress.  
No more the youth is sullen now,  
But looks the gayest on the green,  
Whilst every day he spies some new  
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,  
He moves as light as fleeting wind;  
His former sorrows seem a jest,  
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.  
Riches he looks on with disdain,  
The glorious fields of war look mean,  
The chearful hound and horn give pain,  
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,  
Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;  
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,  
He wonders at her in his dreams.  
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,  
With breaking day he lifts his sight,  
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

WHEN SAPPHO TUNED THE RAPTUR'D STRAIN.

WRITTEN

By *SMOLLETT.*

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN Sappho tuned the raptur'd strain,  
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;  
With art divine the lyre she strung,  
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire,  
The eager breast was all on fire;  
And when she join'd the vocal lay,  
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had she added still to these,  
Thy softer, chaster power to please,  
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,  
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;  
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd  
To dash on rocks the tender breast.



## SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

WRITTEN

*By* BURNS.

AIR—SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,  
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;  
 But distress, with horrors arming,  
 Thou hast also known too well!  
 Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,  
 Blooming in the sunny ray;  
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,  
 See it prostrate on the clay!  
 Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,  
 Telling o'er his little joys:  
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest  
 To each pirate of the skies.  
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
 Finer feelings can bestow!  
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.  
 Chords that vibrate, &c.

## 'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

WRITTEN

*By* GAY.

THE SAME AIR.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclin'd:  
 Wide o'er the foaming billows  
 She cast a wishful look,  
 Her head was crown'd with willows  
 Which trembled o'er the brook.  
 Her head was crown'd, &c.

" Twelve months are gone and over,  
 " And nine, long, tedious days;  
 " Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 " Why didst thou trust the seas?  
 " Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,  
 " And let a lover rest;  
 " Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
 " To that within my breast?  
 " Ah! what's thy, &c.

" The merchant, robb'd of treasure,  
 " Views tempests in despair;  
 " But what's the loss of treasure  
 " To the losing of my dear?  
 " Should you some coast be laid on  
 " Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 " You'll find a richer maiden,  
 " But none that loves you so.  
 " You'll find, &c.

" How can they say that Nature  
 " Has nothing made in vain;  
 " Why then beneath the water  
 " Do hideous rocks remain?  
 " No eyes those rocks discover  
 " That lurk beneath the deep,  
 " To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 " And leave the maid to weep.  
 " To wreck," &c.

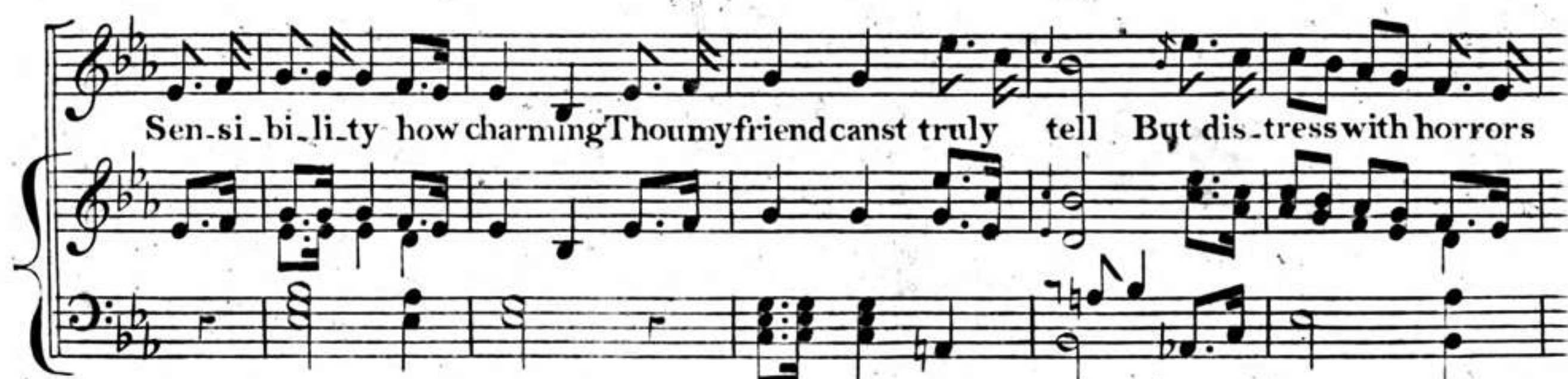
All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear;  
 When o'er the white waves stooping,  
 His floating corpse she 'spied;  
 Then like a lily drooping,  
 She bow'd her head and died!  
 Then like, &c.



*Sensibility how charming— Air, Sensibility.*

152

*Andante  
affettuoso.*



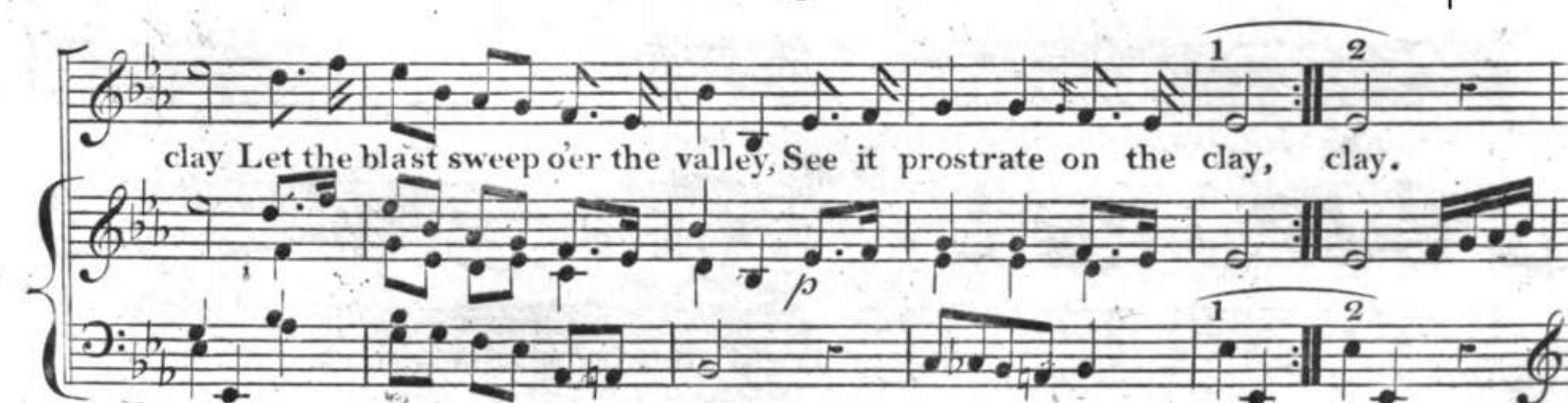
Sen-si-bi-li-ty how charming Thou my friend canst truly tell But dis-tress with horrors



arming, Thou hast al-so known too well, Fairest flow'r behold the li-ly blooming



in the sunny ray, Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the



clay Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay, clay.





*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled. Air, Hey tutti tutti.*

*Maestoso  
e ben  
Marcato.*

*S.*  
Scots wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled

Scots wham Bruce has af - - ten led Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic - to -

rie Now's the day and now's the hour See the front of bat - - tle hour

See approach proud Edwards pow'r, Chains and slave - - rie.

*ff*

In the former editions this Air was in the key of G, but is here raised to B, as better suited to Voices in general.



## THE ROYAL SCOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

## AIR—HEY TUTTI TAITI.

\* \* *The Poet originally intended this noble strain for the Air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the Editor of this Work, who then thought "Lewie Gordon" a fitter tune for the words, they were united together, and published in the preceding volume (p. 74.) The Editor, however, having since examined the Air "Hey tutti taiti" with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the Poetry than the Air of "Lewie Gordon." He therefore sent it to HAYDN, who has entered into the spirit of it with a felicity peculiar to himself; his inimitable Symphonies and Accompaniments render it completely martial, and highly characteristic of the heroic verses. It is worthy of remark, that this appears to be the oldest Scottish Air concerning which any thing like evidence is to be found. See Preface, p. 4.*

*By changing wha into who, hae into have, wham into whom, aften into often, and sae into so, the following song will be English.*

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!  
Now's the day and now's the hour,  
See the front of battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!  
Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurper low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do, or die!

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

## THE SAME AIR.

*To be sung in a soft and plaintive manner. The Accompaniment should be touched very lightly, and the demi-semiquavers omitted. A quaver must be supplied for the first word of each verse. These simple and affecting verses came under the Editor's notice but very lately; he wished to give the name of the ingenious author, but his endeavours to find it out have not been successful.*

I'M wearing awa', John,  
Like snaw wreathes in thaw, John,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither could nor care, John,  
The day's ay fair  
I' the land o' the leal.

O dry your glist'ning e'e, John,  
My soul lang's to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal:  
Ye have been leal and true, John,  
Your task's near ended now, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John,  
And we grudg'd her sair  
To the land o' the leal:  
But sorrow's sell wears past, John,  
And joy's comin fast, John,  
The joy that's ay-to-last  
I' the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, John,  
We've lang been left alane, John,  
We'll a' meet again  
I' the land o' the leal.

Then fare ye weel, my ain John,  
This world's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet and ay be fain  
I' the land o' the leal.

## THE JACOBITE WORDS OF THE SAME AIR.

WHEEL may we a' be,  
Ill may we never see;  
God bless the king  
And the good company.  
Fill, fill a bumper high;  
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;  
Out upon him, fie! fie!  
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!  
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;  
And to every honest man,  
That will do't again. *Fill, fill, &c.*  
Here's to the chieftains  
Of the gallant Scottish clans;  
They ha'e done it mair than ance;  
And they'll do't again! *Fill, fill, &c.*

When the pipes begin to play  
*Tutti taiti* to the drum,  
Out claymore, and down the gun,  
And to the knaves again!  
Fill, fill a bumper high;  
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;  
Out upon him, fie! fie!  
That winna do't again!



## HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE OF KELLIE.*

## HIGHLAND AIR.

**H**ow sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling  
 Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt !  
 Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,—  
 A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.  
 The moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping ;  
 Ah ! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb !  
 Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping ;  
 And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with gloom.

## HOW PLEASANT THE BANKS, &amp;c.

Written in 1787, on a young Lady, residing on the banks of the river Devon, in Clackmananshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire.

*By BURNS.*THE SAME AIR,  
*In a more lively style.*

**H**ow pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
 With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair ;  
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn :  
 And far be thou distant thou reptile that seizest  
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

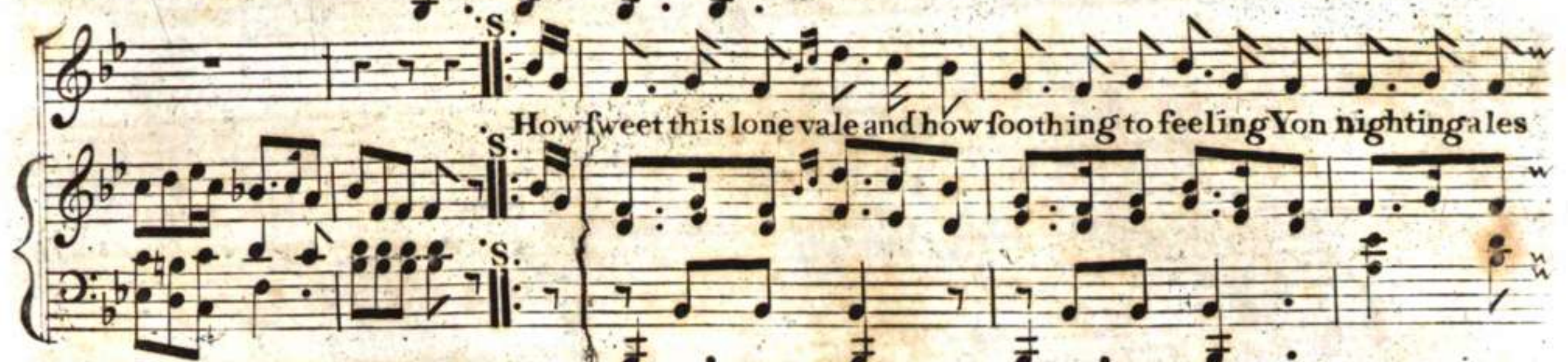
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose ;—  
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.



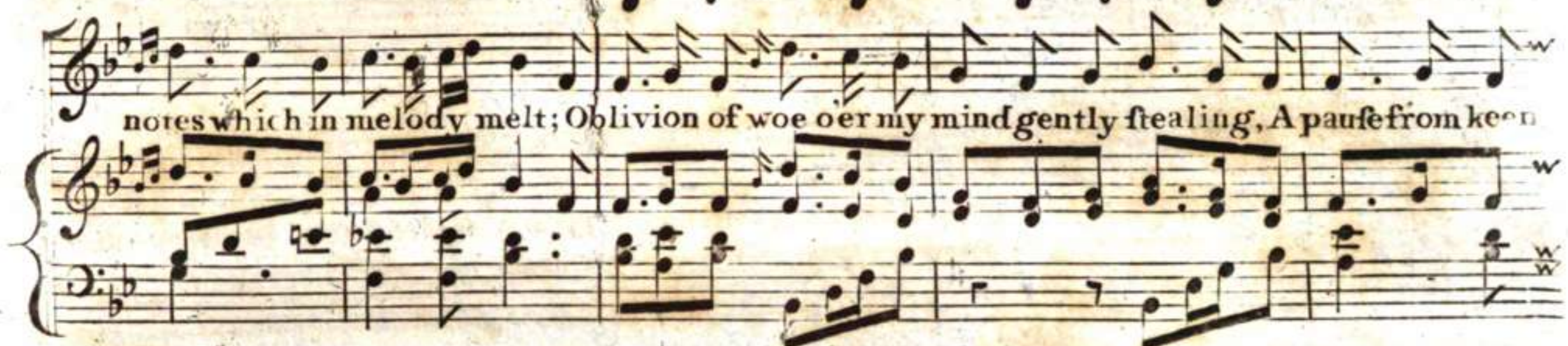
How sweet &c. Air The lone vale.

134

*Andante  
affettuoso*



How sweet this lone vale and how soothing to feeling Yon nightingales



notes which in melody melt; Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing, A pause from keen



anguish a moment is felt The Moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping And



near yon sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb. A gain the heart swells, The eye flows with



weeping And the sweets of the vale are all coverd with gloom.





*Where tell me, Sir: The Blue bell of Scotland.*

*Andante  
Cresc.ioso*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante Cresc.ioso'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O'. The score continues with several lines of music, each with corresponding lyrics. The lyrics are: 'where tell me where is your highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where', 'noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home He's', 'gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till', and 'he come safely home.' The score concludes with a final instrumental flourish in the piano part. The lyrics are written in a mix of uppercase and lowercase letters, with some words in italics.

O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O

where tell me where is your highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where

noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home He's

gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till

he come safely home.



## O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON THE

MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT WITH HIS REGIMENT, IN 1799,

*By Mrs GRANT.*

AIR—THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

‘ O H where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?

‘ O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?’

“ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,

“ And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.

“ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,

“ And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.”

‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?

‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?’

“ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,

“ And many a blessing follow’d him the day he went away ;

“ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,

“ And many a blessing follow’d him the day he went away.”

‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?

‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?’

“ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,

“ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star ;

“ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,

“ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.”

‘ Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound

‘ Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound !’

“ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,

“ The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye !

“ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,

“ And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die !

“ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,

“ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,

“ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,

“ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds,

“ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,

“ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.”



## BONIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

## AIR—THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
 And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;  
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 The little birdies blythely sing,  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

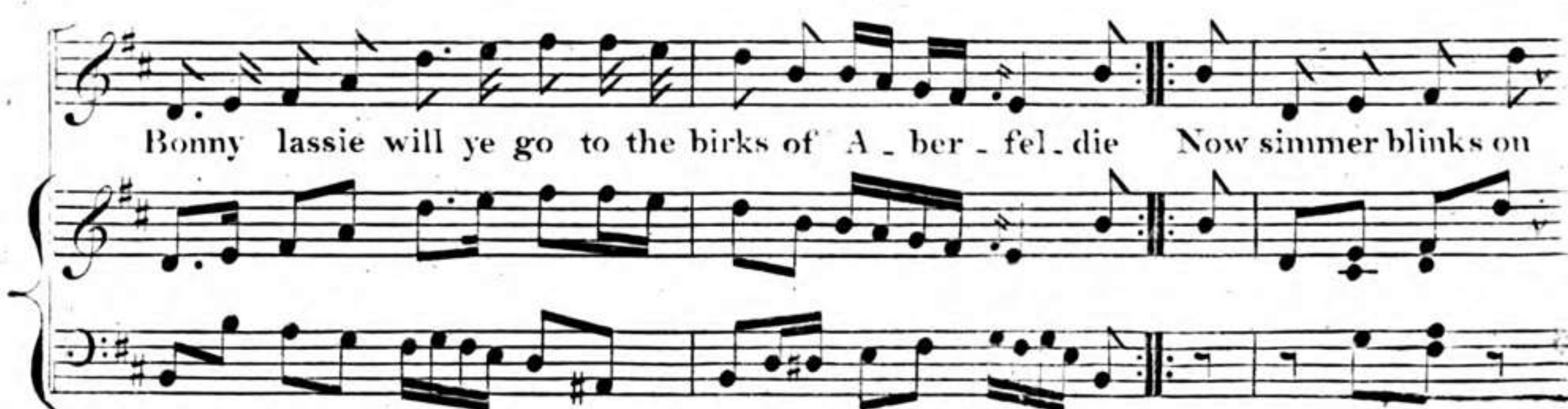
Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.\*

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



*Bonny lassie &c. Air. The birks of Abergeldie.*





157 *Again rejoicing &c. Air. Wish my love were in a mire.*

ANDANT  
AFFETTUOSO

A gain re - joicing Na - ture sees her robe as - sume its ver - nal hues, Her  
lea - fy locks wave in the breeze, All fresh - ly steep'd in morning dews. In  
vain to me the cowslips blaw, In vain to me the vi - lets spring In vain to  
me in glen or shaw, The ma - vis and the lint-white sing.

\* If the upper notes are too high, take the under ones.



## AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MYRE.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees  
Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze  
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.  
In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
In vain to me the vi'lets spring,  
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;  
But life to me's a weary dream,  
A dream of aye that never wauks.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,  
And o'er the moorlands whistles shill;  
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
Blythe waukens by the daisie's side,  
And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,  
A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.  
Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,  
And raging bend the naked tree;  
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
When Nature all is sad like me.

*Note.—It may be proper to mention, that, for the sake of even stanzas to suit the air, four lines of the song, as originally written, are omitted in the above. The lines are,*

*“ The wanton coot the water skims,  
“ Among the reeds the ducklings cry;  
“ The stately swan majestic swims,  
“ And every thing is blest but I.”*

*In the Poet's works, a chorus verse, written by a friend, beginning, “ And maun I still on MENIE doat,” is also printed with this Song. But it has been remarked, by a very able critic, that the insertion of that chorus-verse serves only to interrupt the train of sentiment which the song excites, and it is therefore here omitted.*

## BLESS'D AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE.

A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO,

By AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq.

THE SAME AIR:

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.  
'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;  
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd,—the subtile flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.  
With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play—  
I fainted, sunk, and died away!



## O BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,  
They are twa bonie lasses,  
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.  
Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
And thought I ne'er could alter:  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een  
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,  
She smiles like a May morning,  
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
The hills with rays adorning:  
White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;  
With ilky grace she can command,—  
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty!

And Mary's locks are like the crow,  
Her een like diamonds glances;  
She's ay sae clean, red up, and braw,—  
She kills whene'er she dances:  
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,  
She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,—  
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco sair oppress us;  
Our fancies jee between you twae,  
Ye are sic bonie lasses:  
Waes me! for baith I canna get,  
To ane by law we're stinted;  
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,  
And be with ane contented.

\* \* \* The first four lines of the above are supposed to have been part of an old song, now probably irrecoverable. If it existed in RAMSAY's days, it is to be regretted that he did not rescue it from oblivion. In the statistical account of the parish of Methven, Perthshire, the following tradition is mentioned: viz. BESSY BELL was the daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, and MARY GRAY daughter of the Laird of Lednock. Being near neighbours, a great intimacy subsisted between the young ladies. When they were together at Lednock, in the year 1645, the plague broke out; to avoid which, they retired to a romantic spot called BURN BRAES, on the estate of Lednock, where they lived for some time; but afterwards caught the infection from a young gentleman, an admirer of both, who came to visit them in their solitude: Here they died, and were buried at some distance from their bower, near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Major BERRY, the late proprietor of Lednock, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends.

## FAIR PLENTY CAME TO OUR BLEST ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT,

At the close of harvest 1801; soon after the Preliminaries of Peace were signed.

THE SAME AIR.

FAIR Plenty came to our blest isle,  
With wealthy burdens bending;  
And Peace, with soft angelic smile,  
From orient clouds descending.  
Now Plenty's locks are crown'd with corn,  
In yellow bright abundance;  
And mellow fruit her copious horn  
Pours out in rich redundance.

Her swelling bosom teems profuse  
With flowers, the summer's glory;  
Her joyous smile can charms diffuse,  
To brighten winter hoary.  
But Peace, with downcast eyes so meek,  
Displays her modest graces;  
The soft blush mantling on her cheek,  
My soul delighted traces.

Her flowing robe, of snowy hue,  
Is bound about her bosom,  
With zone of pure celestial blue,  
Where lurks the olive blossom.  
O Peace and Plenty! ye are stars  
That shine so bright together;  
Even Famine gaunt, or furious Mars,  
Might fall in love with either.

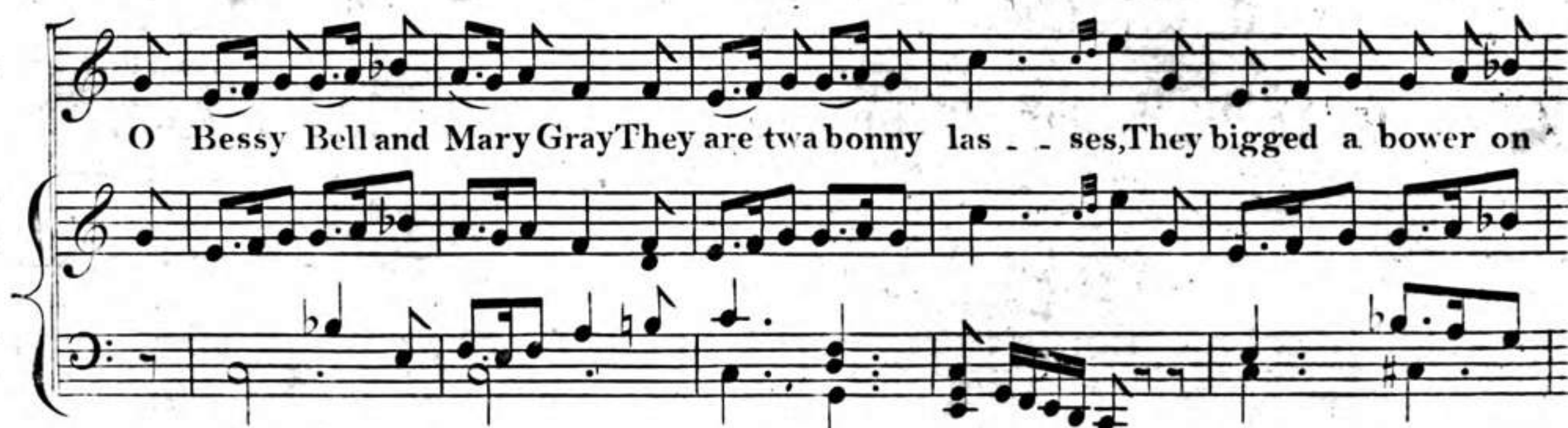
Then in my heart exalt your throne,  
And rule with powers united;  
A heart that's so much pleas'd with one,  
With both must be delighted.—  
'Twas thus of old, in Windsor's grove,  
The merry knight decided,  
When rival charms with equal love  
His ample heart divided.



*O' Bessy Bell & Mary Gray.*

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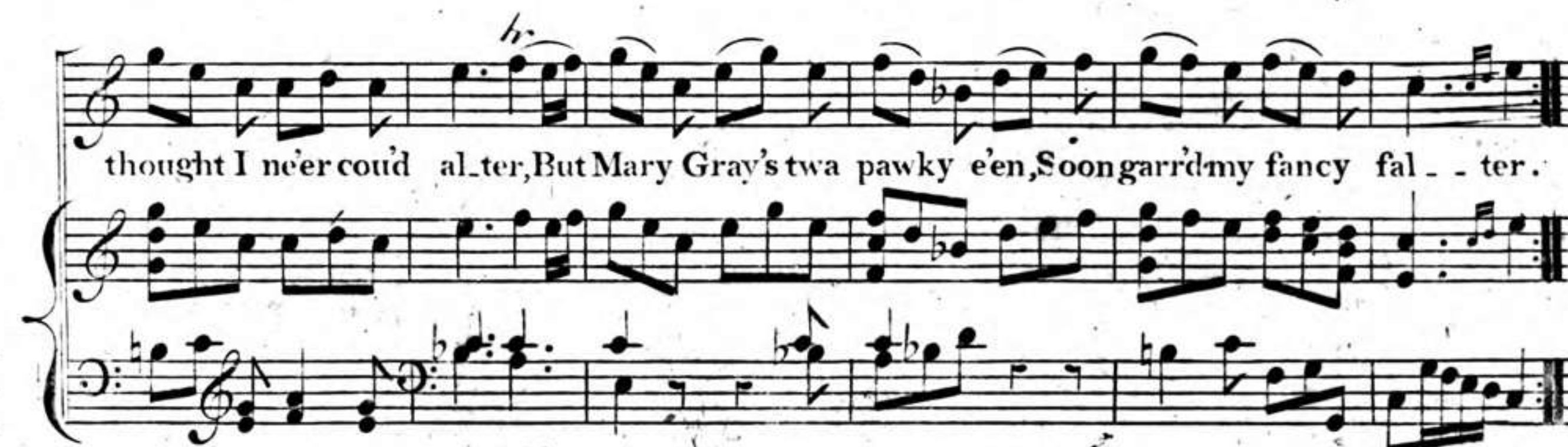
ALLEGRETTO  
PIU TOSTO  
VIVACE



O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray They are twa bonny las - ses, They bigged a bower on



yon burnbrae, And theek'd it o'er wi' ra - shes. Fair Bessy Bell I lo'd yestreen, And



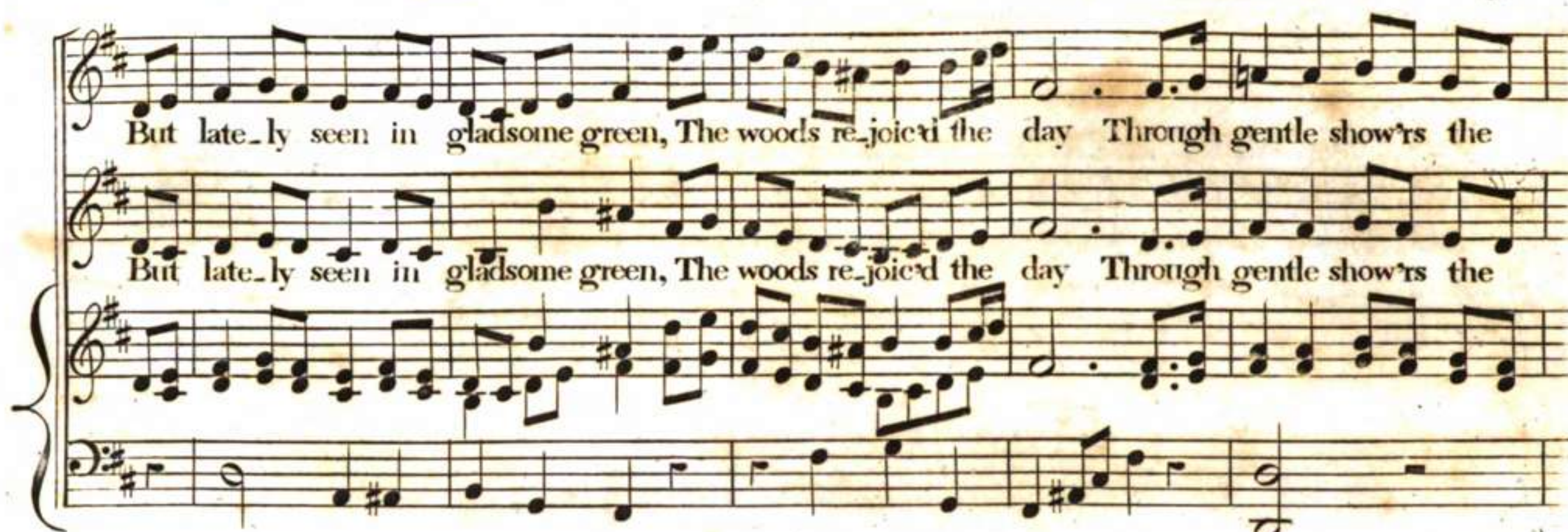
thought I ne'er cou'd al - ter, But Mary Gray's twa pawky een, Soongarr'd my fancy fal - - ter.





*But lately seen &c. Air. The death of the Linnet*

**DUET**  
**Andantino**



But late-ly seen in gladsome green, The woods re-joic'd the day Through gentle show'rs the

But late-ly seen in gladsome green, The woods re-joic'd the day Through gentle show'rs the



laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay. But now ah now our joys are fled, On

laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay. But now ah now our joys are fled, On



winter blasts a--wa Yet maiden May in rich ar-ray A--gain shall bring them a.

winter blasts a--wa Yet maiden May in rich ar-ray A--gain shall bring them a.





## BUT LATELY SEEN, IN GLADSOME GREEN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

BUT lately seen, in gladsome green,  
 The woods rejoic'd the day,  
 Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay.  
 Tho' now all Nature's sweets are fled \*  
 On winter blasts awa';  
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white powe, nae kindly thowe  
 Shall melt the snaws of age;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.  
 Oh! age has weary, weary days,  
 And nights o' sleepless pain!  
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,  
 Why com'st thou not again!

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

## WHEN DAMON LANGUISH'D AT MY FEET.

WRITTEN

By MR MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

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

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



WELL, I AGREE, YE'RE SURE OF ME.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

---

AIR—O'ER BOGIE.

**W**ELL, I agree, ye're sure of me,  
 Next to my father gae;  
 Make him content to give consent,  
 He'll hardly sae you nay;  
 For ye have what he wou'd be at,  
 And will commend ye weel;  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,  
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

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

---

NO MORE MY HEART, &c.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**N**o more my heart shall loosely rove  
 In search of novel charms:  
 My fancy's fix'd, resistless love  
 My glowing bosom warms.  
 A blushing cheek, a lip, an eye,  
 A shape, an air, a voice,  
 Oft rais'd a wish, or forc'd a sigh,  
 But ne'er could fix my choice.

For soon I shook off beauty's chains,  
 Impatient of controul,—  
 The object chang'd, no trace remains  
 Imprinted on the soul.  
 The charms that gild a lovely mind,  
 Can conquer that alone;  
 My fancy's fix'd, convinc'd I find  
 Variety in one.

---



Well I agree &c. - Air. Oir Boggie 140

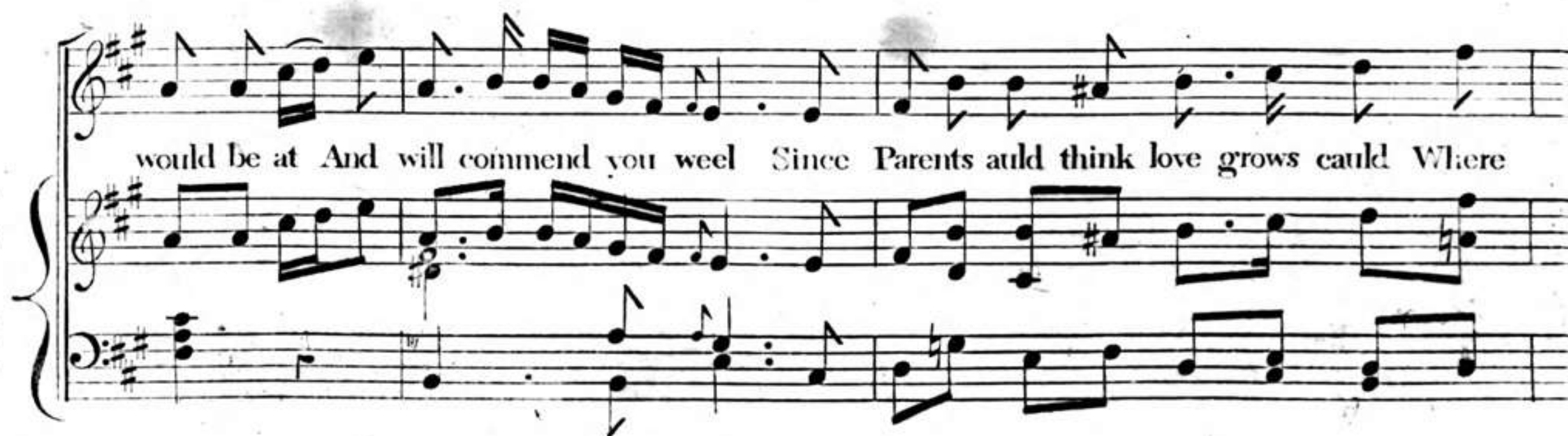
Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace



Well I a-gree you're sure of me Next to my fa-ther gae Make



him con-tent to gie con-sent He'll hard-ly say you nay. For you have what he



would be at And will commend you weel Since Parents auld think love grows cauld Where



bairns want milk and meal.



*Affettuoso*

S. Ah the poor  
shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish, To bear the scornful  
fair one's hate Nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet ea-ger looks and dy-ing sighs my se-cret  
soul dis-cover While rapture trembling through mine eyes, re-veals how much I love her: The  
tender glance, the red'ning cheek, o'erspread with rising blushes, A thousand various ways they  
Violino  
S.  
S.  
S.  
speak, A thousand various wishes.



AH THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

OF BANGOUR.

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AIR—GALLASHIELS.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
My secret soul discover ;  
While rapture, trembling thro' mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heav'nly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee,—  
Till death o'ertake me in the chace  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,—  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven !

---



## IN WINTER WHEN THE RAIN RAIN'D CAULD.

AIR—TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :  
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,—  
 ' Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,  
 ' And tak' your auld cloak about ye.  
 ' My Cromie is an useful cow  
 ' And she is come of a good kyne ;  
 ' Aft has she wet the bairns's mou,  
 ' And I am laith that she should tyne ;  
 ' Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,  
 ' The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;  
 ' Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 ' Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.'  
 " My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,  
 " When it was fitting for my wear ;  
 " But now it's scanty worth a groat,  
 " For I have worn't this thirty year ;  
 " Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 " We little ken the day we'll die ;  
 " Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn—  
 " To ha'e a new cloak about me."  
 ' In days when our King Robert rang,  
 ' His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;  
 ' He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 ' And call'd the tailor thief and loun.

' He was the King that wore a crown,  
 ' And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,—  
 ' 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 ' Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.'  
 " Every land has its ain laugh,  
 " Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;  
 " I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 " When ilka wife her man would rule.  
 " Do ye not see Rob. Jock, and Hab,  
 " As they are girded gallantly,  
 " While I sit hurklen in the ase ?—  
 " I'll ha'e a new cloak about me !"  
 ' Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years  
 ' Since we did ane anither ken ;  
 ' And we have had between us twa,  
 ' Of lads and bonny lasses ten :  
 ' Now, they are women grown, and men,  
 ' I wish and pray weel may they be ;  
 ' And if you prove a good husband,  
 ' E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'  
 " Bell, my wife, she loves na strife ;  
 " But she wad guide me, if she can ;  
 " And to maintain an easy life,  
 " I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :  
 " Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 " Unless you gi'e her a' the plea ;  
 " Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 " And tak' my auld cloak about me !"

## WHEN DAISIES PY'D, AND VIOLETS BLUE.

WRITTEN

By SHAKESPEARE.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;  
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !  
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks ;  
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks :  
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

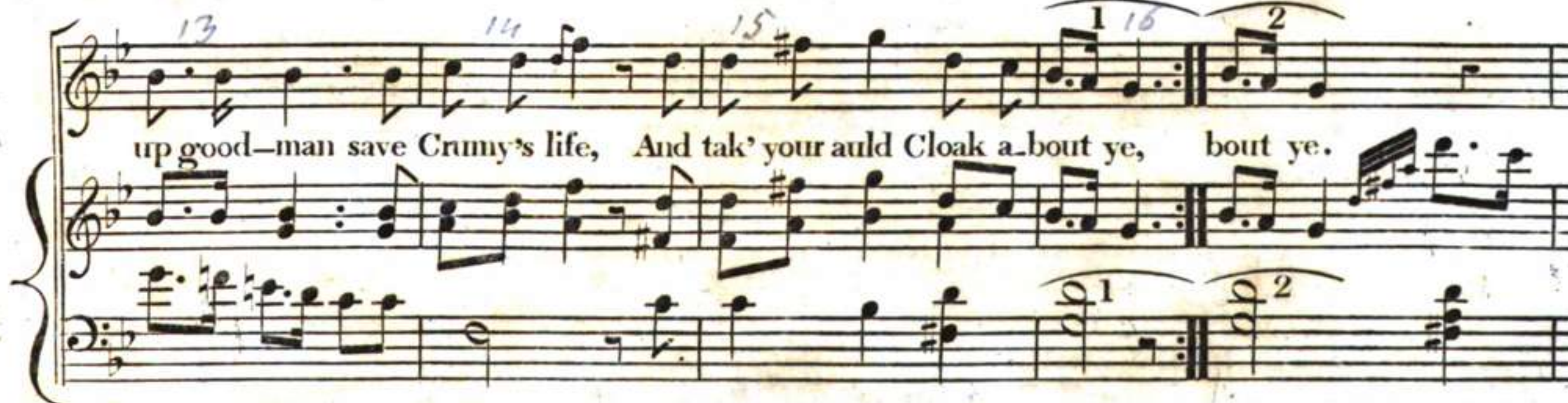
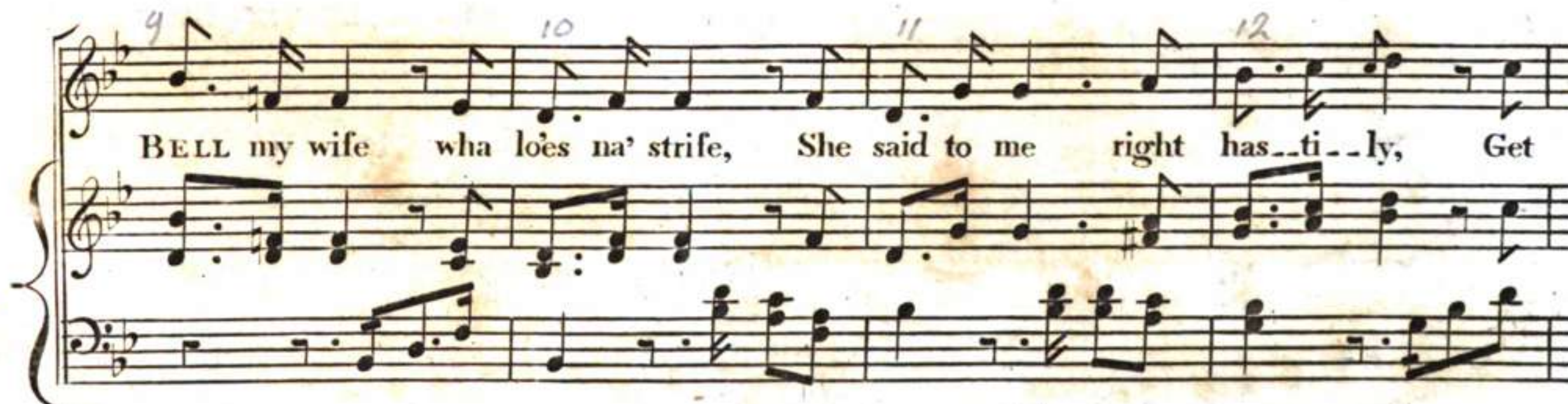
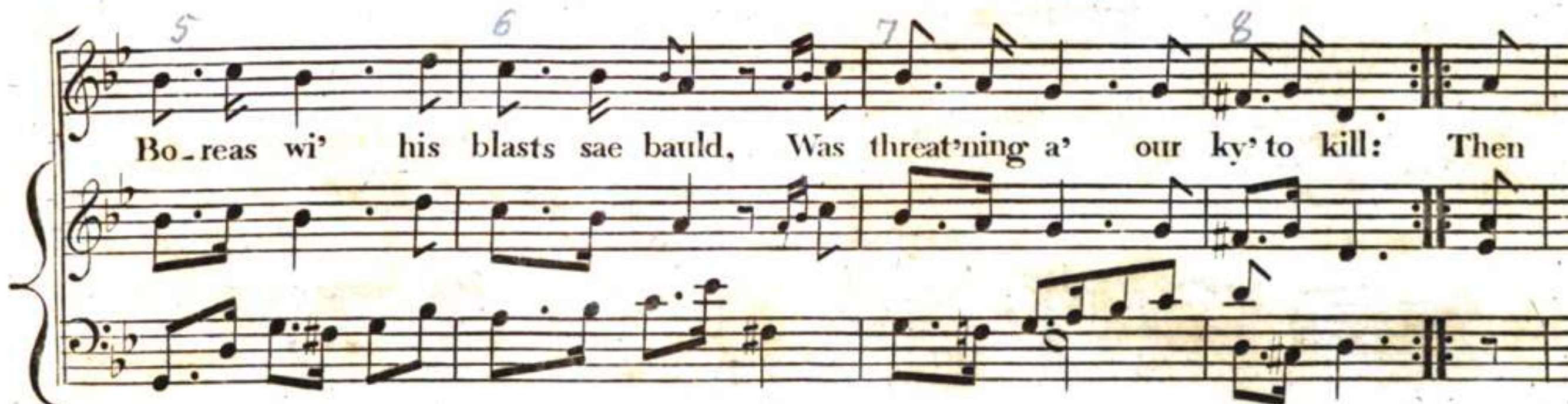
When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;  
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 And nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



*In winter &c. Air. Take your auld cloak about ye.*

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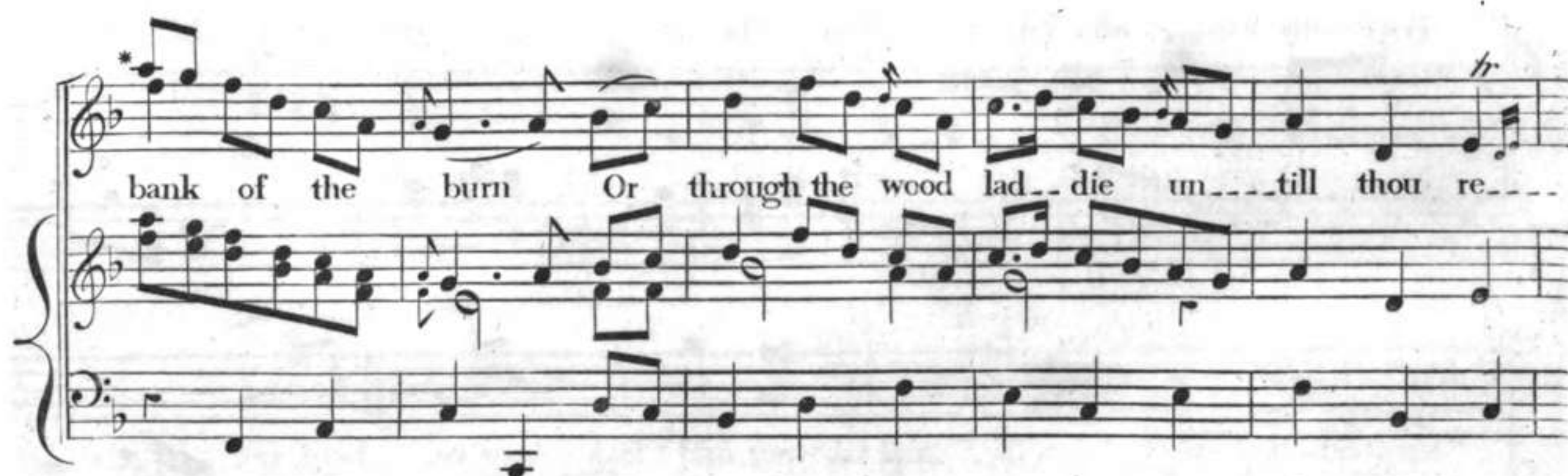
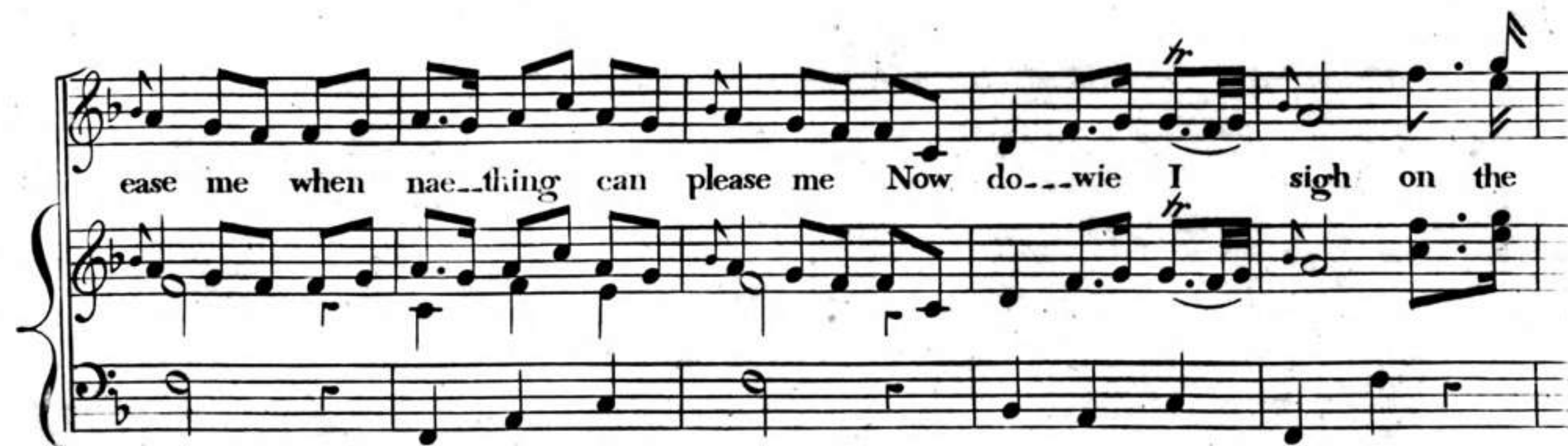
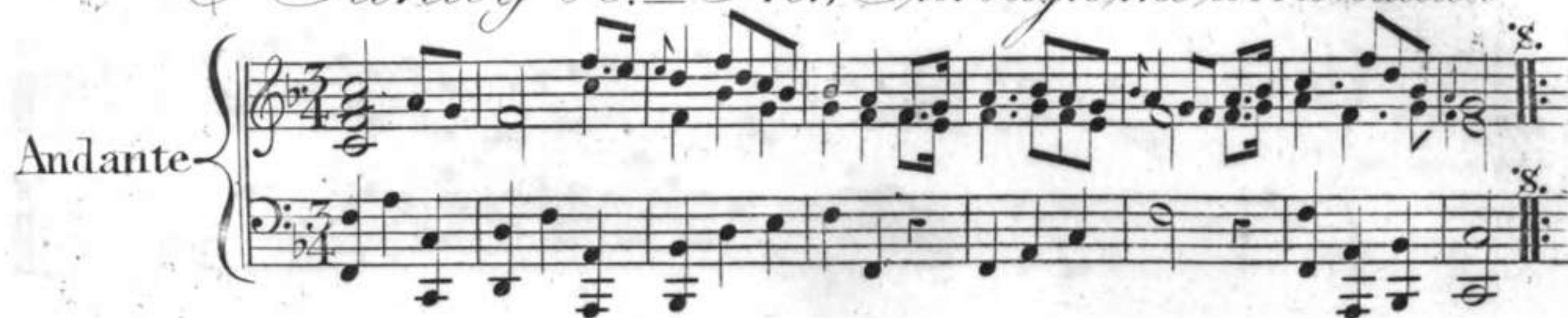
ANDANTINO  
UN POCO  
VIVACE.





# *O Sandy &c. Air. Through the wood laddie*

Andante



\*When the Voice cannot reach the higher notes the lower ones may be substituted.



## O SANDY, WHY LEAV'ST THOU THY NELLY TO MOURN.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

<p><b>O</b> SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,          Thy presence could ease me,          When naething can please me :          Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,          Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.</p> <p>Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,          While lav'rocks are singing,          And primroses springing,          Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,          When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.</p>	<p>That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;          I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,          Baith evening and morning ;          Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,          When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.</p> <p>Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,          But quick as an arrow          Haste here to thy marrow,          Wha's living in langnor till that happy day,          Whentho' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.</p>
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## ALAS! I PERCEIVE ALL MY WISHES ARE VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>A</b>LAS! I perceive all my wishes are vain,          That Fortune, too cruel, condemns me to pine ;          Yet of Julia I will not, I dare not complain,          But of Folly that whisper'd the nymph would be mine.</p> <p>For another (how happy!) the virgin is fair :          Too happy the swain who possesses her charms ;          Yet I'll praise e'en a <i>rival</i>, amid my despair,          Since his worth must be great that can merit <i>her</i> arms.</p> <p>Tho' slighted, her name will I carve on the tree,          And lonely I'll sit on the sod in the grove,          Where fondly I thought that she loiter'd for <i>me</i>,          And fancied each word and each smile to be love.</p>	<p>Ah! the heart is too ready <i>itself</i> to deceive ;          Too often it leads the poor shepherd astray !          What we ardently wish, we too fondly believe,          And Winter is often mistaken for May !</p> <p>Wild Hope dreams of nought but possession and joy,          And cheated, sees nothing but sunshine around :          She dreams not of tempests so prone to destroy,          And shake the gay blossoms of love to the ground.</p> <p>But Hope shall no longer my bosom beguile ;          With sorrow I'll think of the change thro' the year ;          Yes, I'll think on the day that has op'd with a smile,          And often deceitful has clos'd with a <i>tear</i>.</p>
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## FAREWEL, YE DUNGEONS DARK AND STRONG.

WRITTEN

By BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA AND THE CHORUS EXCEPTED.

## AIR—MACPHERSON'S FAREWEL.

*This noted Freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The following are the wild stanzas, grounded, however, upon some traditional remains\*, which BURNS has put into the mouth of this desperado.*

**F**AREWEL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie!  
M'Pherson's time will not be long,—  
On yonder gallows-tree.

*Chorus.*—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?—  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword;  
And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
But I'll brave him at a word.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,  
I die by treacherie;  
It burns my heart I must depart  
And not avenged be.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

\* We have heard some of those recited, particularly one, which begins,

Now farewell house, and farewell friends,  
And farewell wife and bairns;  
There's nae repentance in my heart,  
The fiddle's in my arms.



144

*Farewell ye dungeons. Air. Macpherson's farewell.*

*Andante*  
*risoluto.*

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des-ti-ny Mac-pherson's time will

CHORUS *con molto spirito*

not be long, On yonder gallows tree. Sae ranting-ly sae wan-ton-ly, Sae  
Sae ranting-ly sae wan-ton-ly, Sae

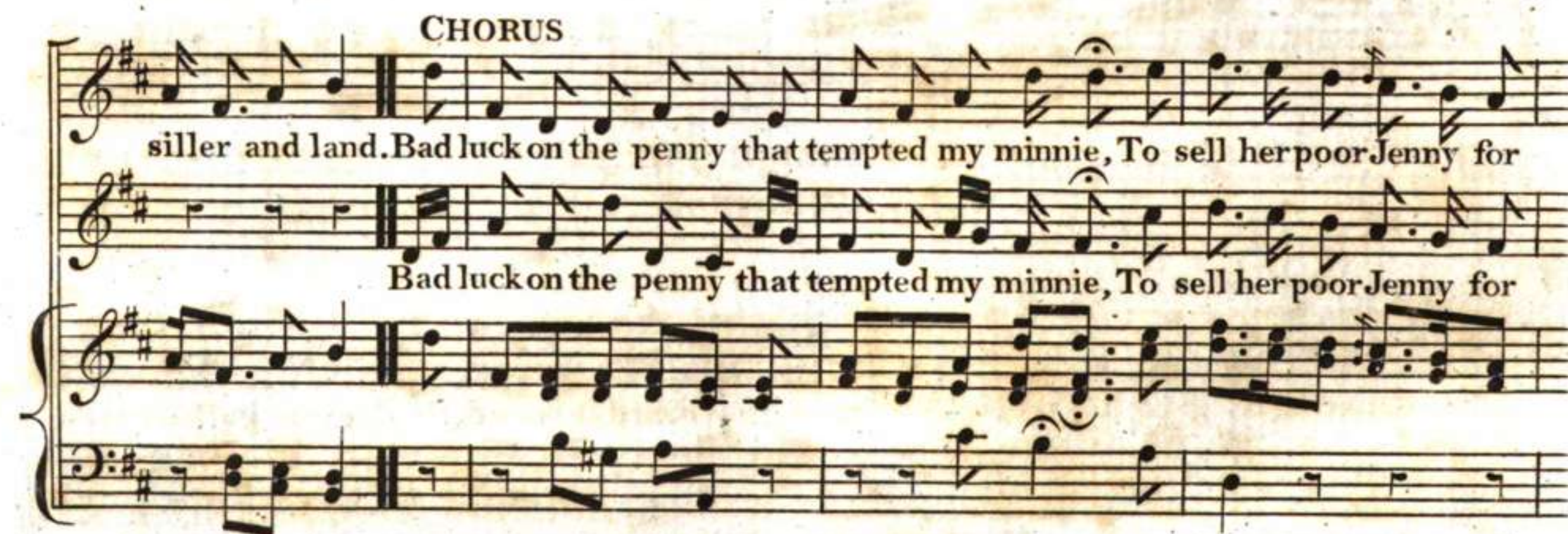
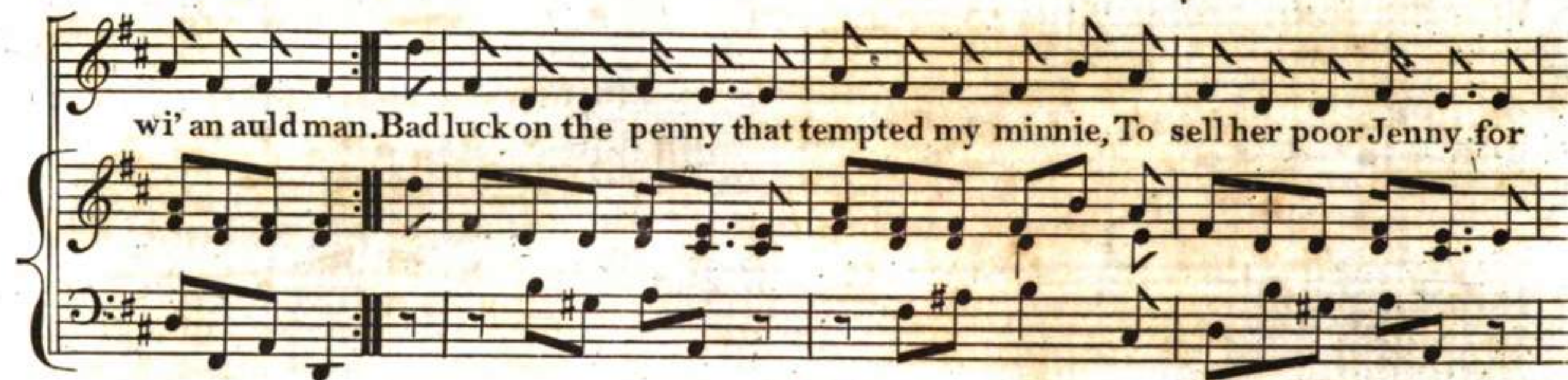
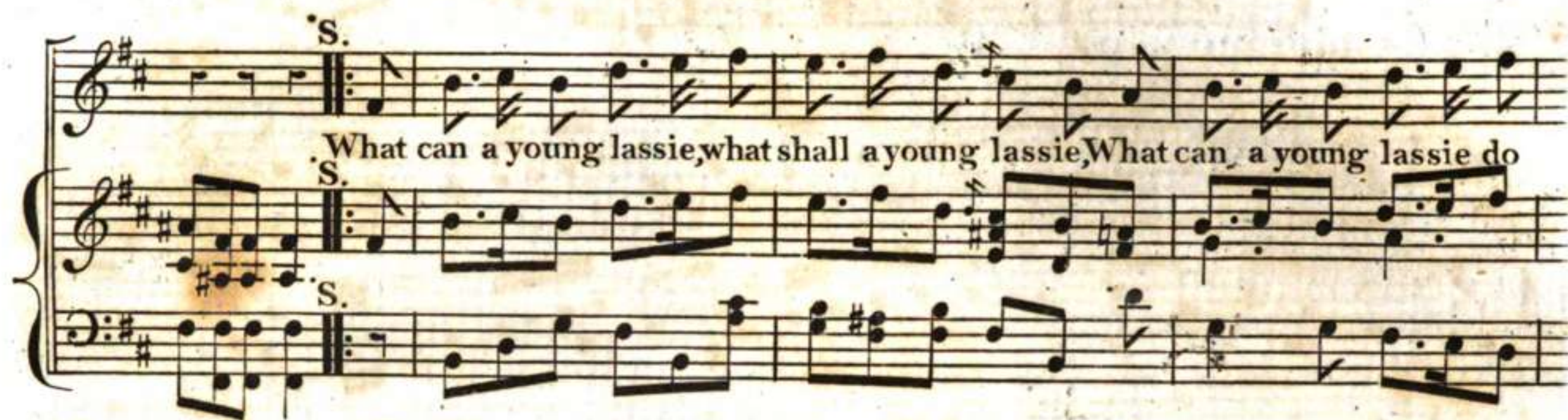
dauntingly gaed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Be-low the gallows tree.  
dauntingly gaed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Be-low the gallows tree.



What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld man.

145

*Allegretto*





## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an lan'.  
*Bad luck, &c.*

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;  
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,  
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!  
*He's doyl't, &c.*

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,  
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!  
*He's peevish, &c.*

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,  
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!  
*I'll cross him, &c.*

## SINCE WEDLOCK'S IN VOGUE, &amp;c.

WRITTEN

By CUNINGHAME.

THE SAME AIR.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,  
 To all bachelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;  
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find  
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!  
*I'm a maid, &c.*

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and dress,  
 Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;  
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind;  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
*Nor the free, &c.*

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end;  
 Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend;  
 Nor the fool that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind;  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
*Nor the fool, &c.*

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit,  
 Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;  
 Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
*Nor the fine, &c.*

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire;  
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;  
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd  
 This—this, and no other's the man to my mind.  
*In whose heart, &c.*



## BY PINKY HOUSE OFT LET ME WALK.

WRITTEN

By J. MITCHELL.

AIR—PINKY HOUSE.

**B**y Pinky House oft let me walk,  
 While circled in my arms,  
 I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,  
 And gaze o'er all her charms.  
 O let me ever fond behold  
 Those graces void of art;  
 Those cheerful smiles, that sweetly hold  
 In willing chains my heart!

O come, my Love! and bring a-new  
 That gentle turn of mind;  
 That gracefulness of air, in you,  
 By Nature's hand design'd;  
 That beauty, like the blushing rose,  
 First lighted up this flame,  
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
 Within my breast the same!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!  
 How vain is all your art!  
 How seldom it a lover brings!  
 How rarely keeps a heart!  
 O gather from my Nelly's charms,  
 That sweet, that graceful ease;  
 That blushing modesty that warms,  
 That native art to please!

Come, then, my Love, O come along,  
 And feed me with thy charms!  
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,—  
 O fill my longing arms!  
 A flame like mine can never die,  
 While charms so bright as thine,  
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye  
 And fill the soul divine!



*By Pinkey house oft let me walk* 146

Andante



By Pin-key house oft let me walk, While cir-cled in my arms, I



hear my Nel-ly sweet-ly talk, And gaze over all her charms. O



let me e-ver fond be-hold Those gra-ces void of art! Those



cheer-ful smiles that sweet-ly hold In wil-ling chains my heart.





*I'll hae my coat &c - Air The auld gudeman.*

ALLEGRETTO

The musical score is written in 6/8 time, marked 'ALLEGRETTO'. It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

I'll hae my coat o' gude snuff brown My pouther'd wig to cou'r my crown, I'll  
 deck me Meg and busk me fine, I'm gae to court a tocher'd quean. Your hosens Laird are  
 baith to darn Your best sarks bleach in that's but harn Your coat's a' stour your  
 wig's to hame, Troth Laird ye better bide at hame



I'LL HA'E MY COAT O' GUDE SNUFF-BROWN.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MUIRLAND LAIRD, AND MEG HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

OF AUCHINLECK.

AIR—THE AULD GUEDEMAN.

LAIRD.

I'LL ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown,  
My pouter'd wig to cou'r my crown,  
I'll deck me, Meg, and busk me fine,  
I'm ga'en to court a tocher'd quean.

MEG.

Your hosens, Laird, are baith to darn,  
Your best sark's bleachin', (that's but harn,)  
Your coat's a' stour, your wig's to kame,  
Troth, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

LAIRD.

Auld Punch will carry Jock, the lad,  
I'll ride mysel' the lang tail'd yad,  
Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,  
Well mounted, as a Laird should be!

MEG.

There's peats to cast, the hay's to cuile,  
The yad's run ow'r the muir a mile,  
The saddle's stoun, auld Punch is lame,—  
'Deed, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

Think, Laird, a wee, and look about,  
Your gear's a thrivin' in and out,—  
I'm wae to see you courting dule—  
Wha kens but this same quean's a fool?

LAIRD.

Aye, aye, *your* drift's no ill to tell,—  
Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel';  
But, sure as Blutterbog's my name,  
I'll court the lass, and bring her hame



## FAR IN THE GLEN, WHENCE YONDER LIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck.

AIR—SCORNFU' NANSY,—OR, NANSY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

*There is something tender in this air, which has often suggested the propriety of finding verses for it of a different character from that of the humorous and excellent old song. The Editor thinks himself fortunate, therefore, in presenting, with the old song, the following new one, for the choice of the Singer.*

**F**AR in the glen, whence yonder light  
 Scarce pierces thro' the gloaming,  
 I've linger'd aft till fall of night,  
 Around the cot-house roaming :  
 Or listen'd while the frequent breeze  
 Wafted the song of Nancy ;  
 While on the pool, or thro' the trees,  
 The moon-beam sooth'd my fancy.  
 'Twas here, beneath this blooming thorn,  
 I vow'd I'd never leave her ;  
 A wretch ne'er saw the light of morn  
 So base that could deceive her.  
 O Love ! blest be thine artless power,  
 That did my thoughts discover ;  
 And ever blessed be the hour  
 She own'd me for her lover !

I wealth would ask, that she might share,—  
 Yet rich in her caresses,  
 How little seems the drudge of care,  
 And all that he possesses !  
 Whose lips in transport never glow'd,  
 A mutual passion sealing,  
 Whose frigid blood ne'er wildly flow'd  
 In veins alive to feeling.

Yes, round this thorn, the twining rose  
 In native bloom shall flourish ;  
 And, ever while it buds and blows,  
 'Twill sweet remembrance nourish.  
 Each blissful scene, when here we meet,  
 Be memory's fond treasure ;  
 And oft I'll seek this happy seat,  
 And ponder on past pleasure.

## THE OLD SONG OF—NANSY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

THE SAME AIR, IN A LIVELY STYLE.

**N**ANSY's to the green wood gane,  
 To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,  
 And Willy he has followed her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring ;  
 But a' that he could say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;  
 And ay when he began to woo,  
 She bade him mind wha gat him.  
 ' What ails you at my dad,' quoth he,  
 ' My minny, or my aunty ?  
 ' With crowdy-moudy they fed me,  
 ' Lang-kail and ranty-tanty ;  
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
 ' Of thae there was right plenty,  
 ' With chapped stocks butter'd fou' weel ;  
 ' And was not that right dainty ?  
 ' Altho' my father was nae laird,  
 ' 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
 ' He keepit ay a good kail-yard,  
 ' A ha' house and a pantry ;  
 ' A good blue bonnet on his head,  
 ' An owrlay 'bout his craigy ;  
 ' And ay, until the day he died,  
 ' He rade on gude shanks' nagy.'  
 ' Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 ' Wad ye ha'e bonny Nansy ?  
 ' Wad ye compare yoursel' to me ?—  
 ' A docken till a tansy ?

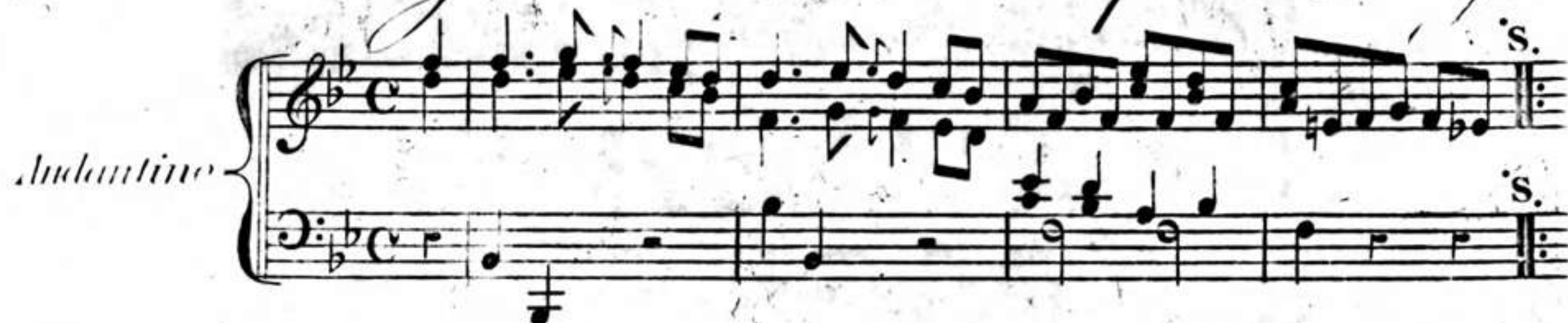
" I ha'e a wooer of my ain,  
 " They ca' him Souple Sandy,  
 " And weel I wat his bonny mou'  
 " Is sweet like sugar-candy."  
 ' Wow, Nansy, what needs a' this din ?  
 ' Do I not ken this Sandy ?  
 ' I'm sure the chief of a' his kin  
 ' Was Rab the beggar randy ;  
 ' His minny, Meg, upon her back,  
 ' Bare baith him and his billy :  
 ' Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 ' To me, your winsome Willy ?  
 ' My gutcher left a good braid sword,  
 ' Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
 ' Yet ye may tak' it on my word,  
 ' It is baith stout and trusty ;  
 ' And if I can but get it drawn,  
 ' Which will be right uneasy,  
 ' I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 ' That he shall get a heezy.'

Then Nansy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, " Did Sandy hear ye,  
 " Ye wadna miss to get a clout,  
 " I ken he disna fear ye :  
 " Sae had your tongue, and say nae mair,  
 " Set somewhere else your fancy ;  
 " For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 " Ye never shall get Nansy."



*Far in the glen, &c. Air. Scornful & Saucy.* 145

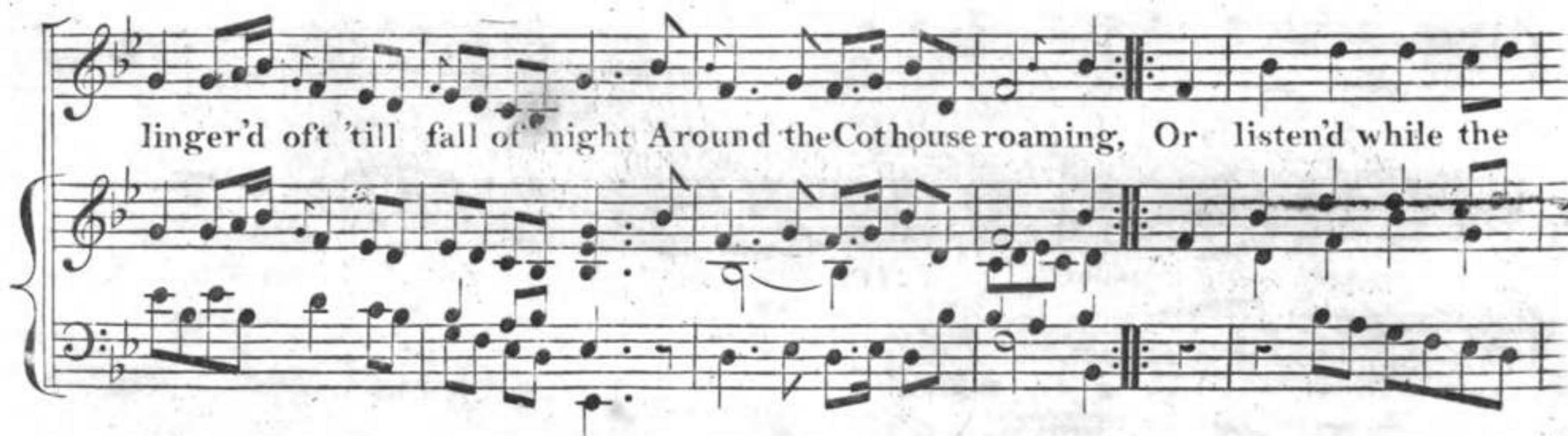
*Andantino*



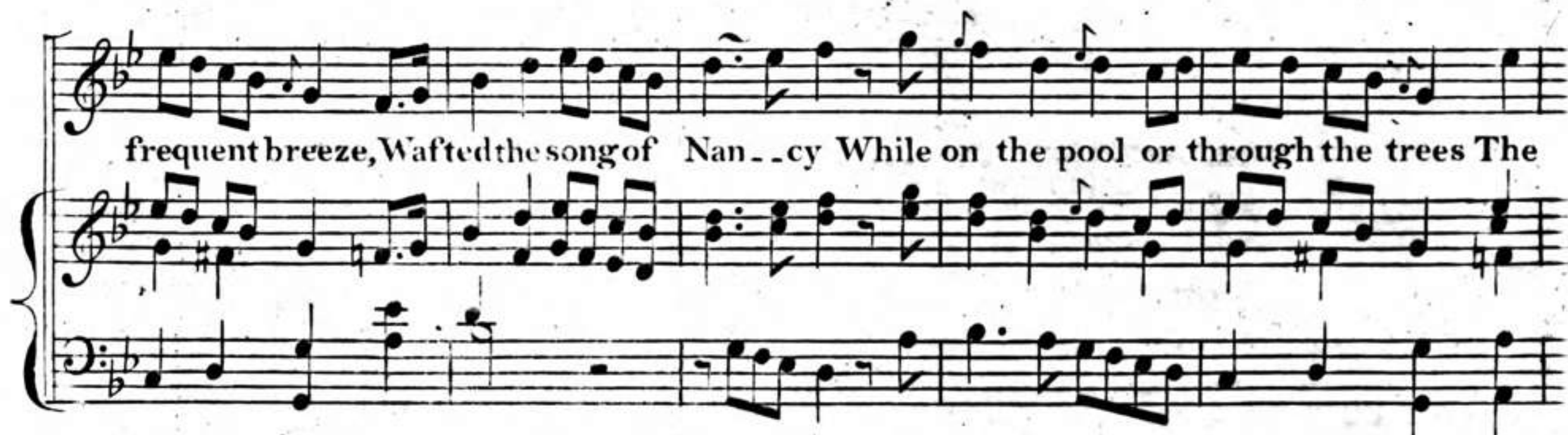
Far in the glen whence yonder light Scarce pierces through the gloaming I've



linger'd oft 'till fall of night Around the Cot-house roaming, Or listen'd while the



frequent breeze, Wafted the song of Nan-cy While on the pool or through the trees The



moonbeam sooth'd my fan-cy.





*A youth adorn'd with every art.*

*Larghetto*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 4/4 time, marked 'Larghetto'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art, To warm and win the coldest heart In se-cret mine possest: The morning bud that fair-est blows, The ver-nal Oak that straitest grows, His shape and face ex- - prest his shape and face ex- - prest.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings. There are also some performance instructions like 's.' and 'w.'.

A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art, To warm and win the cold-est heart In  
 se-cret mine possest: The morning bud that fair-est blows, The ver-nal  
 Oak that straitest grows, His shape and face ex - - prest his shape and face ex -  
 - - prest.

\* Either the F or D.



A YOUTH, ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART:

WRITTEN

By MALLETT.

---

AIR—TEARS THAT MUST EVER FALL.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with ev'ry art  
To warm and win the coldest heart,  
In secret mine possess :—  
The morning bud that fairest blows,  
The vernal oak that straitest grows,  
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
Soft as the sighings of the gale  
That wakes the flowery year.  
What wonder he could charm with ease,  
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,  
Whom Love had made sincere.

At morn he left me,—fought and fell,  
The fatal evening heard his knell,  
And saw the tears I shed !  
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;  
For, ah ! no sighs the past recall,  
No cries awake the dead !

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## NO HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE COULD STOW THEM.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

\* \* This Song was written on seeing a modern Scottish one, beginning, "The grass had na freedom for growing," which the Editor intended to give also; but not having room for both, he preferred the one that appeared to him the best.

NO house in the village could stow them, Last week, when I first went to see her,  
 We were crowded with gallants so gay, She was drest like a bough-pot in May,  
 So deck'd out, you scarcely could know them, And ask'd of her Harry to give her  
 All booted in costly array. A hat, with pink ribbons so gay;  
 The grass was trod down in our meadows, But Harry desir'd her to hurry,  
 It never grew up into hay, And spin her new garments of grey;  
 The lovers grew meagre as shadows With that she got up in a flurry,  
 Before the fair maid went away. Flung out of the door and away.  
 Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away,  
 The pride and the boast of the parish, The gayest drest maid in the parish The beauty and brag of the parish  
 Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away.

But if Harry had known her as I do, She ran home in tears to her mother,  
 How her youth has been trifled away, Who cried out, 'What brought you to-day?'  
 Without knitting, or baking, or brewing, "Pray was it to set me a spinning,  
 Or spinning, or making of hay; "Poor I was married away.  
 Her dress was her sole occupation, "To knit, and to mend up old linen,  
 And when that is taken away, "And drudge in the house the long day;  
 She will quickly wear out of the fashion, "And then to be rul'd by a master,  
 When drest in plain garments of grey. "Who says I was born to obey."  
 Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away,  
 The butom fine toast of the parish The maid that danc'd best in the parish, The Queen of the May in our parish  
 Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away.

Her mother then answer'd, 'Dear Dolly,  
 'I think he has something to say,  
 'For idleness sure would be folly,  
 'In folks that have so much to pay;  
 'The true way to make your yoke lighter  
 'Is while the sun shines to make hay;  
 'Then wedlock's dark brow will look brighter,  
 'When beauty and youth must decay.'

'Then hie away home to your husband,  
 'Like a fool his forgiveness to pray,  
 'And give us no more of your nonsense,  
 'Or you'll fright the poor fellow away.'

Home she went sobbing and sighing,  
 And threw off her gaudy array;  
 Then down to her wheel she sat crying,  
 And spun her new garments of grey.

## THE OLD VERSES TO WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE bride came out of the byre,  
 And O as she dight'd her cheeks,  
 'Sir's, I'm to be married the night,  
 'And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets;  
 'Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,  
 'Nor scarce a coverlet too;  
 'The bride that has a' thing to borrow,  
 'Has e'en right meikle ado.'

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he came in frae the plough,  
 "O haud your tongue, my dochter,  
 "And ye's get gear enough.  
 "The stirk that stands in the tether,  
 "And our braw basin'd yade,  
 "Will carry ye hame your corn,  
 "What would you be at, you jade?"

Out spake the bride's mither,  
 "What diel needs a' this pride!  
 "I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 "That night I was a bride;  
 "My gown was linsy-woolsy,  
 "And ne'er a sark ava;  
 "And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins  
 "Mae than ain or twa."

Woo'd and married and a',  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Was she na very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married and a',  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Was she na very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married and a',  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Was she na very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he came in wi' the kye:  
 "Poor Willie had ne'er ha'e ta'en ye,  
 "Had he kent ye as weel as I:  
 "For you're baith proud and saucy,  
 "And no for a poor man's wife;  
 "Gin I canna get a better,  
 "I'll never tak' ane in my life."

Woo'd and married and a',  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Was na she very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's sister,  
 As she came in frae the byre,  
 "O gin I were but married,  
 "It's a' that I desire!  
 "But we poor folk maun live single,  
 "And do the best we can,  
 "I dinna ken what I should want,  
 "If I cou'd get but a man."

Woo'd and married and a',  
 Woo'd and married and a',  
 Was na she very weel aff,  
 Was woo'd and married and a'!

EDINBURGH:

Printed by John Moir, Royal Bank Close,

FOR THE PROPRIETOR, GEORGE THOMSON,  
 TRUSTEES OFFICE, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1817.



No House in the Village, &c. Air; Wood's marriage &c. 150

*Un poco*  
*Vivace.*

No house in the village could stow them We were crowded with gallants so gay So deck'd out you

scarcely could know them All booted in costly array. The grass was trod down in our meadows It

never grew up into hay The Lovers grew meagre as shadows Before the fair maid went a-way.

**Chorus**

Wood and carried away wood and carried away The pride and the boast of the parish Is gone and married away.

Wood and carried away wood and carried away The pride and the boast of the parish Is gone and married away.