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*New and Improved Edition.*

A  
SELECT COLLECTION  
OF  
ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS:

FOR THE VOICE:

WITH

*SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS*

TO EACH AIR,

FOR THE PIANO-ORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO;

COMPOSED BY

PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, HAYDN,

AND

BEETHOVEN,

UNITED TO THE MOST ADMIR'D 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. F. CURRAN, ESQ. N. G. LEWIS, ESQ. S. ROGERS, ESQ.  
W. C. SPENCER, ESQ. SIR WALTER SCOTT, W. SMYTH, ESQ. JOANNA BAILLIE, &c.

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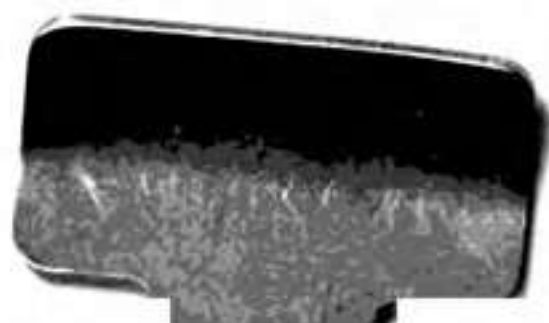
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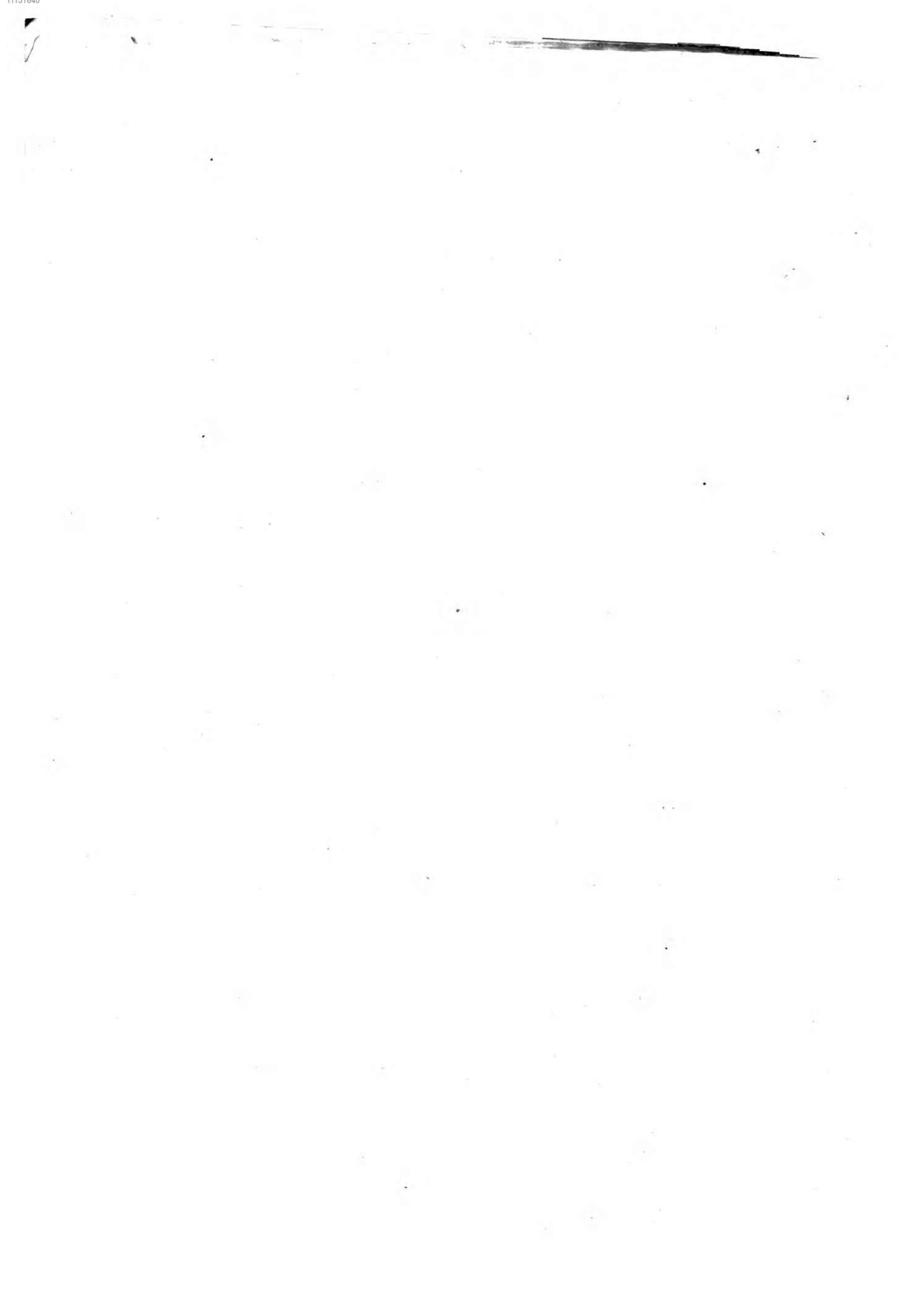
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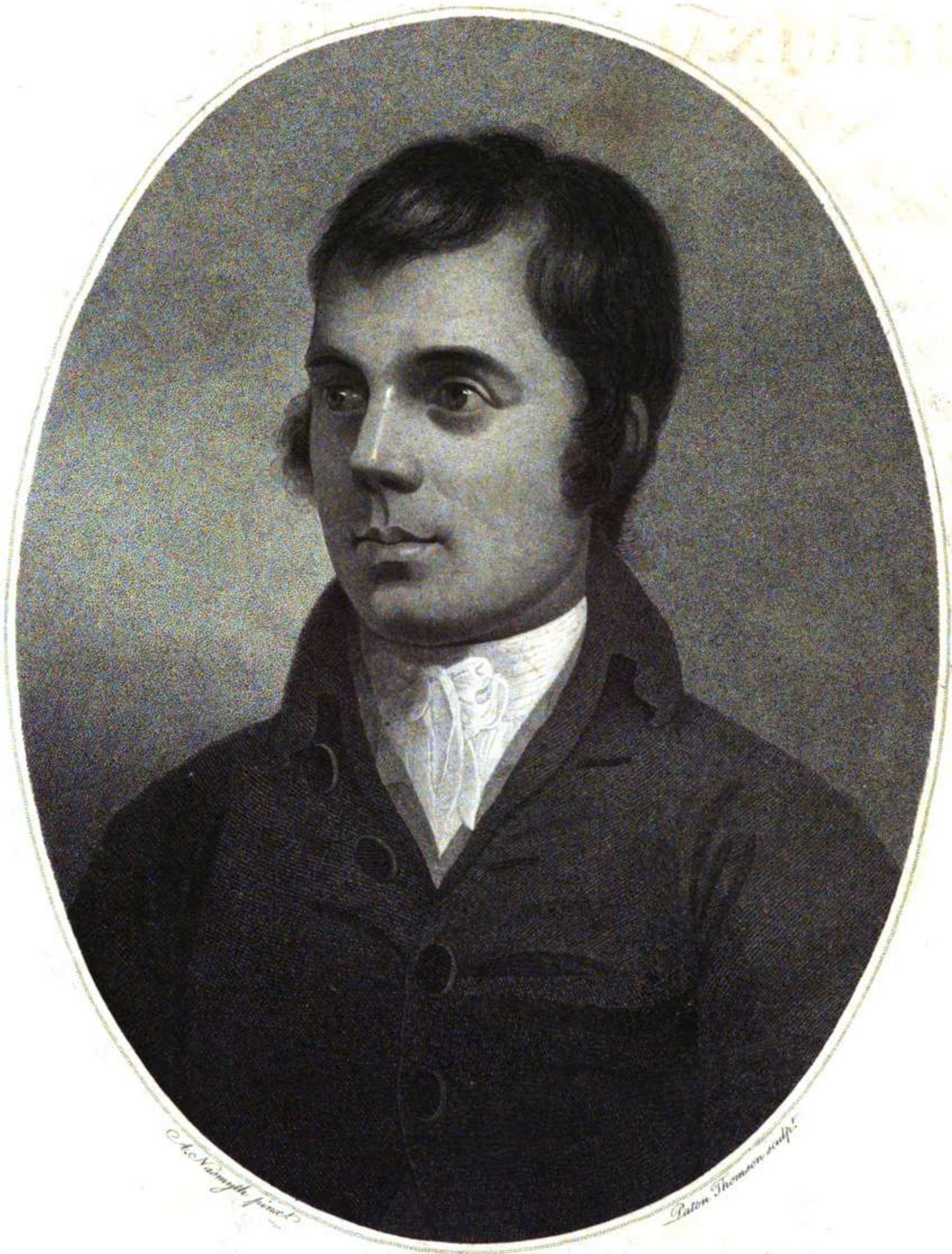
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**ROBERT BURNS.**

*Published as the Act directs June 1803. by T. Preston, Strand, London. & G. Thomson, Edinburgh.  
And re-engraved for the New Edition 1817.*

*Select Collection of*  
**ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS,**  
*For the Voice*  
*With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies*  
*& Accompaniments for the*  
**PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,**  
*By*  
**Handel,**  
*With*

*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 **4** 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*

PUBLISHED  
BY  
MCKENZIE



## 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 even of the two earliest Volumes of these 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 the First and Second Volumes were first published, or rather first printed, for it accidentally happened that their publication was delayed till April 1804.*

*Just published by GEORGE THOMSON, No. 3, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, and by T. PRESTON, 97, Strand, London,*

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF  
SELECT SCOTTISH MELODIES:

With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed by

HAYDN & BEETHOVEN.

And with Songs written for the Melodies, by

ROBERT BURNS,            JAMES HOGG,  
SIR W. SCOTT, BART.    WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.  
JOANNA BAILLIE, &c.

Also a Cantata by BURNS, called THE JOLLY BEGGARS, containing Songs of exquisite humour by a Soldier, a Widow, a Fiddler, a Tinker, and a Bard; with Chorusses; the whole set for Voices, and for the Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Those desirous of having this Volume, in order to complete their copies of the Scottish Work, and of securing early impressions of a very fine Engraving prefixed to it, will please to send their names to Mr Thomson, as above.

The Editor having lately published a new Edition of the Scottish Volumes I, II, III, and IV, took that opportunity of introducing what he conceives will be found useful to a number of singers. Having had frequent occasion to observe with what difficulty many young Ladies sing some of the Melodies that rise to the Note 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 most of the high Melodies are placed quite within the reach of all voices of ordinary compass. Some Melodies also, which were found of an inconvenient pitch for voices in general, have been put into other keys:—and some have been expunged, to make room for others of greater

merit. The Frontispieces, too, and most of the Music-Plates, have been re-engraved; and neither pains nor expence spared to render the new Edition as perfect as possible, in every respect.

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 HAYDN; who, zealously devoting his extraordinary talents to the composition, and feeling a conscious pride in the originality and beauty of his Symphonies and Accompaniments, and in his peculiarly happy adaptation of these to the character of each Melody, 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.”

The POETRY will be found to contain the most select and complete Collection of Songs, ancient and modern, English as well as Scottish, hitherto 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.”

*The Poet (as appears from his Correspondence with Mr THOMSON) in writing his amatory Songs, had generally in his eye some bewitching fair one that warmed his imagination at the time. Mr THOMSON, desirous of ascertaining, as far as he could, who were the Poet's fair inspirers, lately applied to Gilbert Burns, and to such friends as lived in daily intimacy with the Poet, for that information; and by their obliging communications, together with the notices by the Poet himself, he has been enabled, in the new edition, to prefix to a number of the Songs, the names of the Heroines.*

WELSH SONGS.  
HAYDN & 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. W. Smyth, Esq. Sir Walter Scott, &c. &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, chiefly by the same distinguished Poets. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed wholly by BEETHOVEN; who has also arranged many of the Airs for two Voices.

The above Works put the Public in possession of all that appeared to the Editor the most valuable and worthy of preservation in the National Music of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales: united with Poetry the most interesting that could possibly be obtained for it, including more than one hundred Songs of BURNS.

The SYMPHONIES, in all the Volumes, form Introductions and Conclusions to each Melody, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most fanciful and beautiful manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

The ACCOMPANIMENTS are equally appropriate and delightful. In Chamber-singing, the Piano Forte alone will be found highly satisfactory; and when the additional Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello are joined with it, either in public or private Concerts, the effect will

be felt in the highest degree excellent; for the parts united, exhibit combinations of harmony so rich, varied, and ingenious, as to give a new and powerful charm to the Melodies, such as will perpetuate their celebrity.

The Scottish Volumes contain each about FIFTY Melodies; and they are embellished with Engravings from the Birks of Invermay, John Anderson my Jo, the Soldier's Return, James V. disguised as a tinker, making love to a country-girl, and a capital Portrait of BURNS.—Price One Guinea each Volume: and the separate parts for the Violin and Violoncello 6 shillings per Volume.

The Welsh Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with Engravings of Llangollen Vale, The Gipsy Fortune-teller, and Conway Castle.—Price One Guinea each Volume, including the separate parts for the Violin and Violoncello.

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 Cuneo, after the painting of David Allan. Price one Guinea per Volume, including the separate Violin and Violoncello parts.

The Works are to be had complete, or each Work separately, or in single Volumes, of G. THOMSON, Trustees Office, Exchange, Edinburgh: at Preston's, 97, Strand; at Birchall's, 133, New Bond Street; J. Murray's, Albemarle Street, London: and at J. Cumming's, Dublin.

The Publisher has an exclusive right to all the Songs written 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, and not till after a correspondence of twenty years, with Poets and Composers of Music, 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, December 1820.*



# The braes of Ballochmyle.

*Andante*  
*espressivo*

The Catrine woods were yellow seen The

flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea Nae lav'rock sang on hil-lock green But Na-ture sick-en'd

on the e'e. Thro' fad-ed groves Ma-ri-a sang Her-sel in beauty's bloom the while And

ay the wild wood e-choes rang Fare-weel the braes of Bal-lochmyle.

## THE CATRINE WOODS WERE YELLOW SEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*,*On the amiable family of the WHITEFORDS leaving Ballochmyle.*

AIR—THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE,—COMPOSED BY ALLAN MASTERTON.

**T**HE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,\*  
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,  
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.  
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,  
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,  
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,  
 Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle! †

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers,  
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;  
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,  
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.  
 But here, alas! for me nae mair  
 Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile:  
 Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,  
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

\* CATRINE in *Ayrshire*, the Seat of DUGALD STEWART, Esq.—† BALLOCHMYLE, now the Seat of BOYD ALEXANDER, Esq.

## WHERE ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HERE Esk\* its silver current leads  
 'Mang greenwoods gay wi' mony a flower,  
 I hied me aft to dewy meads,  
 In happy days, and built my bower.  
 I call'd upon the birds to sing,  
 And nestle in ilk fragrant flower,  
 While in the liv'ry of the spring  
 I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower.

'Twas there I found, ah! happy time,  
 A modest, sweet, and lovely flower!  
 I cropt it in its virgin prime,  
 To grace and cheer my bonny bower.  
 But soon the blast howl'd in the air  
 That robb'd me of this matchless flower;  
 And sorrow since, and mony a care,  
 Have stript and wither'd a' my bower!

\* The Esk here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of ROSLIN, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful.

## THERE WAS A LASS AND SHE WAS FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

## AIR—WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

*The Heroine of the following Song was MISS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig,—She is now MRS CRAWFORD. "I have not (said the Poet) painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."*

**T**HERE was a lass and she was fair,  
At kirk and market to be seen;  
When a' our fairest maids were met,  
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.  
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,  
And ay she sang sae merrilie;  
The blythest bird upon the bush,  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.  
Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!  
As in the bosom of the stream  
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;  
So trembling, pure, was tender love  
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,  
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad make her weel again.  
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
As Robie tell'd a tale o' love  
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to her's he fondly laid,  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.  
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
"O can'st thou think to fancy me!  
"Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
"And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
"Or naething else to trouble thee,  
"But stray among the heather bells,  
"And tent the waving corn wi' me."  
Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had na will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was ay between them twa.

## THE OLD SONG

## WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

*It is mentioned in the Memoranda of BURNS, that this Song was written upon WALKINSHAW of Walkinshaw, near Paisley. 'Tis said, however, by others, that the Hero was HAMILTON of Gilbertfield.*

**W**ILLIE was a wanton wag,  
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
At bridals still he bore the brag,  
And carried ay the gree awa':  
His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
And wow! but Willie he was braw,  
And at his shoulder hung a tag,  
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
His heart was frank without a flaw;  
And ay whatever Willie said,  
It was still hadden as a law.  
His boots they were made of the jag,  
When he went to the Weaponshaw,  
Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
The fient a' ane among them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?  
He wan the love of great and sma';  
For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.  
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
When by the hand he led them a',  
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willie a great lown,  
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?  
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,  
The bridegroom spier'd where he had  
been.  
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,  
Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;  
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,  
And for a wee fill up the ring;  
But, shame light on his souple snout!  
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.  
Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
Says, weil's me on your bonnie face;  
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,  
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the  
dance,  
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
Unless, like Willie, ye advance,  
O! Willie has a wanton leg;  
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,  
And foremost ay bears up the ring,  
We will find nae sic dancing here,  
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

*There was a lass. Air. Willy was a wauten wag.*

*Violino*

*Andantino  
piu tosto  
Allegretto*

There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and market to be seen When a' our fairest

maids were met The fairest maid was bonny Jean. And ay she wrought her Mammie's wark And

ay she sang sae mer-ri-ly The blythest bird up-on the bush Had ne'er a lighter

*Violino*

heart than she.

*O wise & valiant Willy. Air. Rattling roaring Willy.*

*ivace.*

O wise and va...liant Wil...ly Wou'd ye but grip the helm My

bles...ings on the day Ye rose to guide the realm The

winds blew hard on Wil...ly And loud...ly roard the sea When

a' the rest look'd silly Like Ail...sa rock was he.

*Pia:* *For:*



## O WISE AND VALIANT WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

*By MRS GRANT, Laggan,**In Summer 1803, when it was understood that a negotiation, for bringing Mr Pitt again into office, had failed.*

## AIR—RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

O WISE and valiant Willy,  
 Would ye but grip the helm!  
 My blessings on the day  
 Ye rose to guide the realm.  
 The winds blew hard on Willy,  
 And loudly roar'd the sea,  
 When a' the rest look'd silly,  
 Like Ailsa rock was he.

O doure hard-working Willy,  
 How sair he won his fee!  
 He spent it ay as he got it,  
 And now he has naething to gi'e.  
 O douce lang-headed Willy,  
 When he began to crack,  
 He held to his point ay steady,  
 And never a foot gaed back.

O doure and stalwart Willy,  
 He's gane to ca' his plough,  
 But ere the play be play'd,  
 He'll get some mair ado.  
 There's nought in Will's kail-yard,  
 But ae bit laurel tree;  
 Yet doure and stalwart Willie  
 Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,  
 'Twas a' that he could gi'e,  
 It's kent his daddy's coat  
 There's nane could fill but he.  
 O bold and reckless Willy,  
 Nane bides a blast like thee,  
 In rough and blustering weather,  
 Ye're welcome ay to me.

## BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

## HIGHLAND AIR—ORAN GAOIL.

<p><b>B</b>EHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!          Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:          Sever'd from thee, can I survive?          But fate has will'd and we must part!          I'll often greet this surging swell;          Yon distant isle will often hail;          "E'en <i>here</i>, I took the last farewell;          "<i>There</i>, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."</p>	<p>Along the solitary shore,          While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,          Across the rolling, dashing roar,          I'll westward turn my wistful eye:          Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,          Where now my Nancy's path may be!          While through thy sweets she loves to stray,          O tell me, does she muse on me!</p>
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## O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

*The First and Second Stanzas written for this Work by BURNS and J. RICHARDSON.—The last Stanza is old.*

## THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>O</b> WERE my love yon lilac fair,          With purple blossoms to the spring!          And I a bird to shelter there,          When wearied on my little wing.          How I would mourn when it was torn          By autumn wild, and winter rude!          But I would sing on wanton wing,          When merry May its bloom renew'd.</p>	<p>O were my love yon violet sweet,          That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;          And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,          Among its bonnie leaves to play.          I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,          Beneath the noontide's scorching ray;          And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews          At morning dawn and parting day.</p>
---	---

O gin my love were yon red rose,  
 That grows upon the castle wa'!  
 And I mysel' a drap of dew,  
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!  
 Oh, there, beyond expression blest,  
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
 Seal'd on her silk-saft folds to rest,  
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

Behold the hour. Air, Cran yacil.

DUET

Be- hold the hour the

Be- hold the hour the

ANDANTE

EXPRESSIVO



boat arrive Thou goest thou darling of my heart Ah! sever'd from thee can I survive But

boat arrive Thou goest thou darling of my heart Ah! sever'd from thee can I survive But



fate has will'd and we must part I'll of- ten greet this surging swell, Yon distant Isle will of- ten

fate has will'd and we must part I'll of- ten greet this surging swell, Yon distant Isle will of- ten



hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.



*There's naught &c. Air. Green grow the rashes.*

*Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace*

First system of musical notation, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

There's naught but care on ev'ry hand, In ev'ry hour that passes What signifies the life of man If

Second system of musical notation with lyrics.

'twere na for the lasses Green grow the rashes green grow the rashes The sweetest hours that

Third system of musical notation with lyrics.

**CHORUS**

e'er I spent, Were spent among the lasses. Green grow the rashes Green grow the rashes The  
Green grow the rashes Green grow the rashes The

Chorus section of musical notation with lyrics.

sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Were spent among the lasses.

Final system of musical notation with lyrics.

## THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE ON EV'RY HAND.

WRITTEN

*By BURNS.*

## AIR—GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

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

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

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

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

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

## O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,  
 Or art thou waking, I would wot,  
 For Love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.  
 O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night ;  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet ;  
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;  
 Take pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
 O let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;  
 The cauldness of thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pine, jo.  
 O let me in this ae night, &c.

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

*Her Answer.*

O tell na me of wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,  
 Gae back the gate ye came again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night ;  
 And ance for a' this ae night  
 I winna let you in, jo.

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

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed,  
 Let simple maid the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

*O let me in this ae night.*

*Andante*  
*espressivo*

Las-sie art thou sleep-ing yet Or art thou waking I would wit For

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

let me in this a--e night this a--e night this a--e night For pity's sake this

*Violino*  
a--e night O rise and let me in Jo.

*Sleep'st thou so. Air. God taketh the year.*

*lante  
essivo.*

Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou fair-est crea-ture Ro-sy morn now lifts his eye Num-bering

ev-ry bud which Na-ture, Wa-ters with the tears of joy Now to the streaming fountain,

or up the heathy mountain, The hart hind and roe freely wildly wanton stray: In twin-ing

hazel bow'rs, his lay the linnet pours; The lavrock to the sky as-cends wi' songs of joy While the

sun and thou a-rise to bless the day.

*Pia:*



## SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU, FAIREST CREATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

AIR—DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

*The Heroine of this most exquisite Song, as well as of the one that follows it, was MISS LORIMER of Craigieburn, near Moffat.*

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ;	Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,	Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Numbering every bud which nature	Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Waters wi' the tears of joy.	Such to me my lovely maid.
Now, to the streaming fountain,	When frae my Jeanie parted,
Or up the heathy mountain,	Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, (my sky ;
The hart, hind, and roe, freely wildly-wanton stray :	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast
In twining hazel bowers	But when she charms my sight,
His lay the linnet pours ;	In pride of beauty's light ;
The lavrock to the sky	When through my very heart
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy ;	Her beaming glories dart ;
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day !	'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy !

## MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,	But did you see my dearest Phillis,
Round the wealthy titled bride :	In simplicity's array ;
But when compar'd with real passion,	Lovely as yon sweet opening flower is,
Poor is all that princely pride.	Shrinking from the gaze of day.
What are their showy treasures,	O then the heart alarming,
What are their noisy pleasures,	And all resistless charming,
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :	In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul !
The polish'd jewel's blaze	Ambition would disown
May draw the wond'ring gaze,	The world's imperial crown,
And courtly grandeur bright	Ev'n av'rice would deny
The fancy may delight,	His worshipp'd deity,
But never, never can come near the heart.	And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

## COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS OF KYLE.

WRITTEN

*By MISS JEAN GLOVER.*

AIR—O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

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

Said I, my dear, where is thy hame,  
 In moor or dale, pray tell me whither?  
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

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

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

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

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne  
 I cou'd na think on ony ither:  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather!

## BE MINE A COT IN SOME LONE GLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.*

THE SAME AIR.

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

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

Our garden water'd by a stream,  
 Along a pebbled bed clear shining,  
 Round every tree that decks its bank  
 The woodbine and the ivy twining,  
 There with thee, &c.

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

*O'er the muir among the heather.*

Andantino  
piu toso  
Allegretto.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf*.

Musical notation for the second system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *p*.

Coming thro' the craigs of Kyle, Among the bonny

Musical notation for the third system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *p*.

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

Musical notation for the fourth system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

O'er the muir a-mang the heather There I met a bonny Lassie Keeping a' her ewes the gith-er.

Musical notation for the chorus section, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.

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

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

Musical notation for the final system, including the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf*.

*The Poet's air, Jean*

Andantino  
Espressivo.

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

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west For there the bonny Lassie lives the Lassie I loe

best There wild woods grow and rivers row And many a hill between But day and night my fancy's

flight is e-ver wi' my Jean. I see her in the dewy flow'rs I see her fresh and fair I hear her in the

tuneful birds I hear her charm the air. There's not a bonny flow'r that springs, by fountain shaw or

green There's not a bonny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

AIR—I LOVE MY JEAN.

*This beautiful Song was written on MRS BURNS.**Added by MR RICHARDSON for this Work.*

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

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

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

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

## KATE OF ABERDEEN.

WRITTEN

By *CUNNINGHAM.*

THE SAME AIR.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly thro' the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light.  
 To beds of state, go, balmy Sleep !  
 ('Tis where you've seldom been,)  
 May's vigils while the shepherds keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
 In rosy chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
 And give the promis'd May.  
 Methinks I hear the maids declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,  
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;  
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love :  
 And see !—the matin lark mistakes,  
 He quits the tufted green :  
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
 Where midnight fairies rove,  
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,  
 Or tune the reed to love :  
 For see the rosy May draws nigh ;  
 She claims a virgin queen :  
 And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

## O PHELY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

*The Heroine was MISS PHILLIS MACMURDO.—WILLY, the Editor believes, was an imaginary personage.*

## A JACOBITE AIR.

*He.*

‘ O PHELY, happy be that day,  
 ‘ When roving through the gather’d hay,  
 ‘ My youthful heart was stown away,  
 ‘ And by thy charms, my Phely.’

*She.*

“ O Willy, ay I bless the grove  
 “ Where first I own’d my maiden love,  
 “ Whilst thou did’st pledge the Powers above,  
 “ To be my ain dear Willy.”

*He.*

‘ As songsters of the early year  
 ‘ Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
 ‘ So ilka day to me mair dear  
 ‘ And charming is my Phely.’

*She.*

“ As on the brier the budding rose  
 “ Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,  
 “ So in my tender bosom grows  
 “ The love I bear my Willy.”

*He.*

‘ The milder sun and bluer sky  
 ‘ That crown my harvest cares wi’ joy,  
 ‘ Were ne’er sae welcome to my eye,  
 ‘ As is a sight o’ Phely.’

*She.*

“ The little swallow’s wanton wing,  
 “ Tho’ wafting o’er the flowery spring,  
 “ Did ne’er to me sic tidings bring,  
 “ As meeting o’ my Willy.”

*He.*

‘ The bee that thro’ the sunny hour  
 ‘ Sips nectar in the op’ning flower,  
 ‘ Compar’d wi’ my delight is poor  
 ‘ Upon the lips o’ Phely.’

*She.*

“ The woodbine in the dewy weat,  
 “ When ev’ning shades in silence meet,  
 “ Is nought sae fragrant or sae sweet  
 “ As is a kiss o’ Willy.”

*He.*

‘ Let fortune’s wheel at random rin,  
 ‘ And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
 ‘ My thoughts are a’ bound up in ane,  
 ‘ And that’s my ain dear Phely.’

*She.*

“ What’s a’ the joys that gowd can gi’e?  
 “ I care na wealth a single flie:  
 “ The lad I love’s the lad for me,  
 “ And that’s my ain dear Willy.”

# Phely & Willy

Duet  
Andantino  
piuttosto  
Allegretto

WILLY

O Phely happy be that day, When roving through the gather'd hay My youthful heart was stown away And

PHELY

by thy charms my Phely O Willy ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love Whilst

thou did pledge the Powers above To be my ain dear Wil-ly What's a' the joys that gowd can gie I

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie I

carena wealth a single flie The lad I loves the lad for me And that's my ain dear Wil-ly.

carena wealth a single flie The lass I loves the lass for me And that's my ain dear Phe-ly.

*Chorus &c. Ad. On the hills and far awa.*

Allegretto

O how can my poor heart be glad When absent from my Sailor lad Or how can

I the thought forego He's on the seas to meet the foe Where e'er I wander stay or rove Still still my heart is

with my Love My nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away On the seas and far a...  
Tenor voice  
 On the seas and far a...

CHORUS.

...way On stormy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.

...way On stormy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.



## HOW CAN MY POOR HEART BE GLAD,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

## AIR—O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA'.

**H**ow can my poor heart be glad,  
 When absent from my sailor lad ;  
 How can I the thought forego,  
 He's on the seas to meet the foe :  
 Let me wander, let me rove,  
 Still my heart is with my Love ;  
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day  
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away,  
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
 Are with him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When Winter rules with boundless power,  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,  
 Listening to the doubling roar,  
 Surging on the rocky shore,  
 All I can—I weep and pray  
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away,  
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
 Are with him that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
 And bid wild War his ravage end,  
 Man with brother man to meet,  
 And as a brother kindly greet :  
 Then may heav'n with prosperous gales  
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,  
 To my arms their charge convey,  
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away,  
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
 Are with him that's far away.

## LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW:

FROM

MR SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

## AIR—THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

*This affecting Fragment, obtained by Mr SCOTT from recitation, is said to relate to the execution of COCKBURN of Henderland, a Border Freebooter, hanged over the Gate of his own Tower by JAMES V. in the course of that memorable Expedition in 1529, which was fatal to JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, ADAM SCOTT of Tushielaw, and many other Marauders.*

<p><b>M</b>Y love built me a bonnie bower, And clad it a' wi' lily flower ; A brawer bower ye ne'er did see, Than my true love he built for me.</p> <p>There came a man by middle day, He spied his sport and went away ; And brought the king at dead of night, Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.</p>	<p>He slew my knight, to me sae dear, He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear ; My servants all for life did flee, And left me in extremitie !</p> <p>I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ; I watch'd the corpse, myself alane ; I watch'd his body, night and day ; No living creature came that way !</p> <p>Nae living man I'll love again, Since that my lovely knight is slain ; Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair I'll chain my heart for evermair !</p>	<p>I took his body on my back, And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ; I digg'd a grave, and laid him in, And happ'd him with the sod sae green !</p> <p>But think na ye my heart was sair, When I laid the mould on his yellow hair ! O think na ye my heart was wae, When I turn'd about awa to gae ?</p>
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## THE CRUEL CHIEF:

FOUNDED ON AN OLD HIGHLAND TRADITION,

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

## THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>W</b>ITH trembling feet near the close of day, Through yon green wood I made my way, I met the chief of Auchnacloy, And never from that hour knew joy.</p> <p>He ask'd what I did there alone, And where the grey-hair'd carle was gone, Who bore the banner with such pride, And the comely youth that fought beside.</p> <p>My faltering tongue, unus'd to lie, The tear that glisten'd in my eye, My cheek by sudden fear made cold, Too well the fatal secret told !</p> <p>With cords he bound me to an oak, And cruel words of terror spoke, To make me show the secret way Where my father dear and my true love lay.</p> <p>" O spare my father's hoary hair, " My true love's spring of beauty spare."— " I'll give a chief's unbroken word, " And pledge my honour on my sword."</p> <p>" O if this vow you break to me, " The gates of bliss may you never see!"— " If I should break my plighted word, " Then break the arm that wields the sword."</p> <p>My eyes grew dim while I led the way To the yellow broom where my father lay ; Methought the birds, as I went along, Bemoan'd me in their evening song !</p>	<p>The sun was sinking in the sea, No more to cheer, or lighten me ; The raven croak'd as I drew near, Methought the echoes cry'd, Forbear !</p> <p>But when I saw my true love start, I thought his look would split my heart, And when I heard my father sigh, I shrunk, and durst not meet his eye !</p> <p>O then the gloomy Auchnacloy Beheld my grief with savage joy. " With one of these you now must part, " Then say who firmest holds your heart."</p> <p>" Though not to slay them I gave my oath, " I promised not to save them both ; " Shall the sword then strike the hoary head? " Or the youthful lover's blood be shed ?"</p> <p>No words had I, no tear could flow, My father saw my silent woe ; " My daughter, why that mournful pause, " I wish not life, I have no cause !</p> <p>" The snow of time is on my head, " I soon must mingle with the dead ; " My sons fell in this fatal strife, " And bitter are the dregs of life !</p> <p>" Forlorn and sad, without a home, " A wretched outcast I must roam ! " No care have I on earth but thee, " Then set the youthful warrior free.</p>	<p>" His valiant arm and well bent bow " Shall shelter thee when I am low ; " His sons may yet revenge this shame, " And bear our arms, and raise our name."</p> <p>My love, with downcast eyes, stood near, And lean'd in silence on his spear ; O had the chief been there alone, 'Twould soon have reach'd his heart of stone.</p> <p>Why, father, didst thou urge again ! Why, nature, didst thou plead in vain ! Why did I speak the guilty word, Nor trust in heaven's avenging Lord !</p> <p>With broken voice I gave consent, I hop'd the chief would still relent ; But he told me with a scornful smile, He had but mock'd me all the while !</p> <p>He drew an arrow to the head, And thro' my true love's heart it sped :— " Another lover you may gain, " But a father you would seek in vain."</p> <p>My father sunk where my lover died, I kneel'd in fierce despair beside : " O never, monster, may'st thou see " A gallant son to honour thee !</p> <p>" O never may a daughter fair " Arise to bless thy hoary hair ! " As my father's race now ends in me, " So may thy bloody house in thee !"</p>
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*The border widow's lament*

Affettuoso  
assai.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) is placed above the final chord of the introduction.

My Love built me a bon... ny bow'r, And

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "My Love built me a bon... ny bow'r, And". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

clad it a' wi' li... ly flow'r A braw... er bow'r ye

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "clad it a' wi' li... ly flow'r A braw... er bow'r ye". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

ne'er did see. Than my true Love he built for me.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "ne'er did see. Than my true Love he built for me.". A dynamic marking of *sf* is placed below the piano accompaniment.

The final system of the piano accompaniment, featuring a more complex and rhythmic passage in both hands, ending with a double bar line. A dynamic marking of *sf* is placed above the piano part.

*Wheres he &c. Air. Up & war them a' Willy.*

*Allegretto  
pintosto  
Vivace*

Where's he for honest po-ver-ty that hangs his head and a' that The coward slave we pass him by we

dare be poor for a' that. For a' that and a' that our toils obscure and a' that, The

rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that. For a' that and a' that, our

CHORUS.

For a' that and a' that, our

toils obscure and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

toils obscure and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

## THE HONEST MAN THE BEST OF MEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

*The Editor has taken the liberty to alter the two first words of this Song for the sake of the Music, and because there is an ellipsis in the line as it stands in the Author's copy, "Is there for honest poverty," which, in singing, at least, has a bad effect.*

## AIR—UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE.

<p><b>W</b>HERE's he for honest poverty That hangs his head and a' that? The coward slave we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that! For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, and a' that, Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that: For a' that and a' that, Their tinsel shew, and a' that, The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord, Wha struts and stares, and a' that; Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that:</p>	<p>For a' that, and a' that, His ribband, star, and a' that, The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that, But an honest man's aboon his might, Gude faith he maunna fa' that! For a' that, and a' that, Their dignities and a' that; The pith of sense and pride of worth, Are higher rank than a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>Then let us pray, that come it may, As come it will for a' that, That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that! For a' that, and a' that, It's coming yet for a' that, That man to man, the world o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p>
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## BUT ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE.

*The following simple and beautiful ballad first came into public view about the year 1771, and was probably composed not much anterior to that period.*

## THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>B</b>UT are you sure the news is true! And are you sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark? Fy, lass, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' thrift, When Colin's at the door? Rax me my cloak, Ill down the quay, And see him come ashore. There's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's nae luck about the house, When our goodman's awa'.</p> <p>Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muckle pot; Gie little Kate her cotton gown, And Jock his Sunday's coat: Mak' their shoon as black as slaes, Their stockings white as snaw; It's a' to pleasure our goodman, He likes to see them braw. <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i></p>	<p>There are twa hens into the crib, Ha'e fed this month and mair; Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about, That Colin weel may fare. Bring down to me my bigonet, My bishop satin gown; And then gae tell the bailie's wife, That Colin's come to town. <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>My turkey slippers I'll put on, My stockings pearl blue; And a' to pleasure our goodman, For he's baith leal and true. Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue, His breath's like cauler air; His very tread has music in't, As he comes up the stair. <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>And will I see his face again! And will I hear him speak! I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet! <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i></p>
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## O SAY, MY SWEET NAN, CAN YOU LIE IN A HAMMOCK?

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

## AIR—O BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK.

O SAY, my sweet Nan, can you lie in a hammock,  
 ' While the mountain seas rage, can you swing in a hammock,  
 ' As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o'er us,  
 ' Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus?—  
 " O yes! my dear Jack? I can lie in a hammock  
 " While the mountain seas rage, can sleep sound in a hammock,  
 " Rude billows will rock me when love smiles to cheer me;—  
 " If *thy* slumbers sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!"

' But say! my sweet lass, when the tempest's all smashing,  
 ' The topsails all split, and the topmasts down crashing,  
 ' When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer her,  
 ' Will my Nancy not shrink, when such dangers are near her?—  
 " Ah no! my lov'd Jack, while the tempest's loud bawling,  
 " The topsails all split, and the topmasts down falling,  
 " In watching *your* dangers, my own will pass over,  
 " In prayers for your safety, no fears I'll discover!"

' But say! if at night the sad cry comes for wearing,  
 ' The *breakers* a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing;  
 ' While the mainyard dips deep, and white billows break o'er us,  
 ' Will my Nancy not shrink, then, amid the dread chorus?—  
 " O no! my dear lad, when these dangers are near me,  
 " My Jack's kindly whispers will soothe me, will cheer me;  
 " A kiss snatch'd in secret amid the dread horror  
 " Will hush the rude chorus, and still every terror."

' But oh! my lov'd Nan, when the ship is done clearing,  
 ' The matches all lighted,—the French foe fast nearing,  
 ' Can you stand to your gun, while pale death drops around you?  
 ' 'Tis *then*, my sweet Nancy! new fears will confound you!—  
 " No, no! my dear Jack, to these fears love's a stranger,  
 " When you fight by my side, I'll defy every danger?  
 " On your *fate* my fond eye will be fixt while you're near me,  
 " If you fall! Nancy dies!—if you live, love will cheer me!"

TO BE SUNG BY BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

' Come! come, then, dear Nan! let us swing in a hammock!  
 ' While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!  
 ' With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather!  
 ' While we live we shall love—when we fall—fall together!  
 " Come! come, then, dear Jack, let us swing in a hammock!  
 " While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!  
 " With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather?  
 " While we live, we shall love!—when we fall—fall together!"

## THE OLD SONG,

## O SAY, BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK?

THE SAME AIR.

O! SAY, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack,  
 ' And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;  
 ' O! say, would you leave baith your mither and daddy,  
 ' And follow the camp with your soldier laddy?—  
 " O! yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,  
 " And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;  
 " I'd neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,  
 " But follow my dear *est*, my soldier laddy."

' O! say, bonny lass, wou'd you go a-campaigning,  
 ' And bear all the hardships of battle and famine;  
 ' When wounded and bleeding, then wou'd'st thou draw near me,  
 ' And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?—  
 " O! yes, bonny lad, I'll think naething of it,  
 " But follow my Henry, and carry his wallet;  
 " Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me,  
 " My soldier is near me, and naething can harm me!"

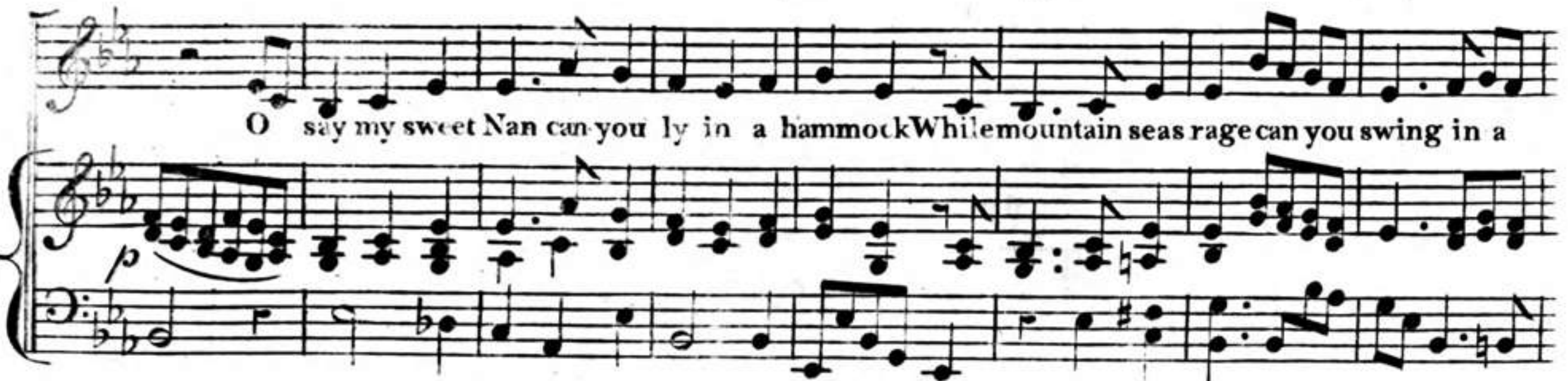
' But say, bonny lass, when I go into battle,  
 ' Where dying men groan, and loud cannons rattle!—  
 " O then, bonny lad, I will share all thy harms,  
 " And should'st thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms!"  
 ' But say, bonny lass', &c. (repeating the lines.)

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O say Sir. Obenny Laps can you ly in a barrack. 16+

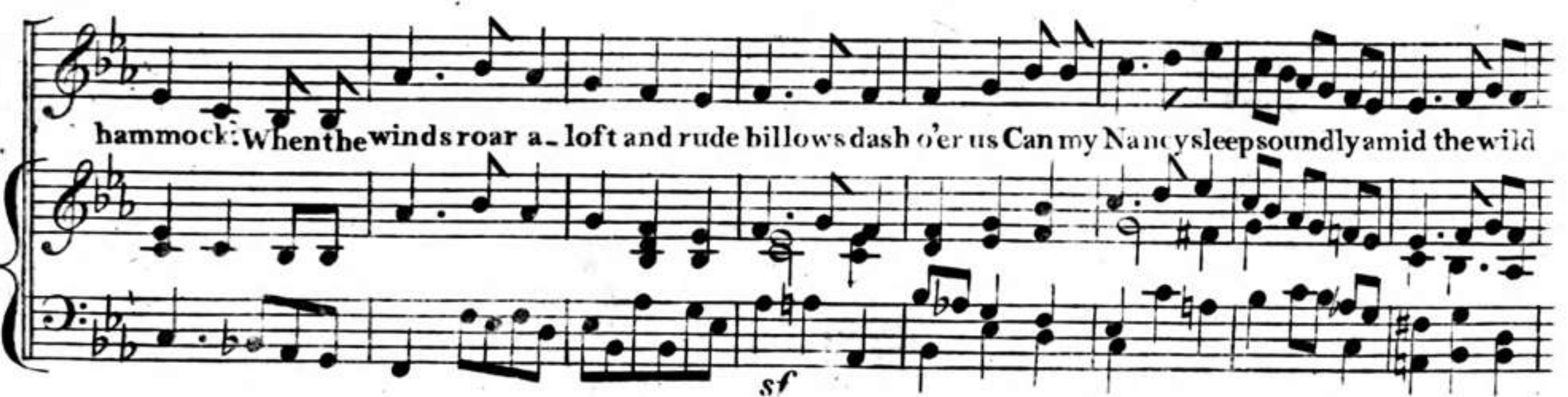
*Andantino*  
*espressivo*



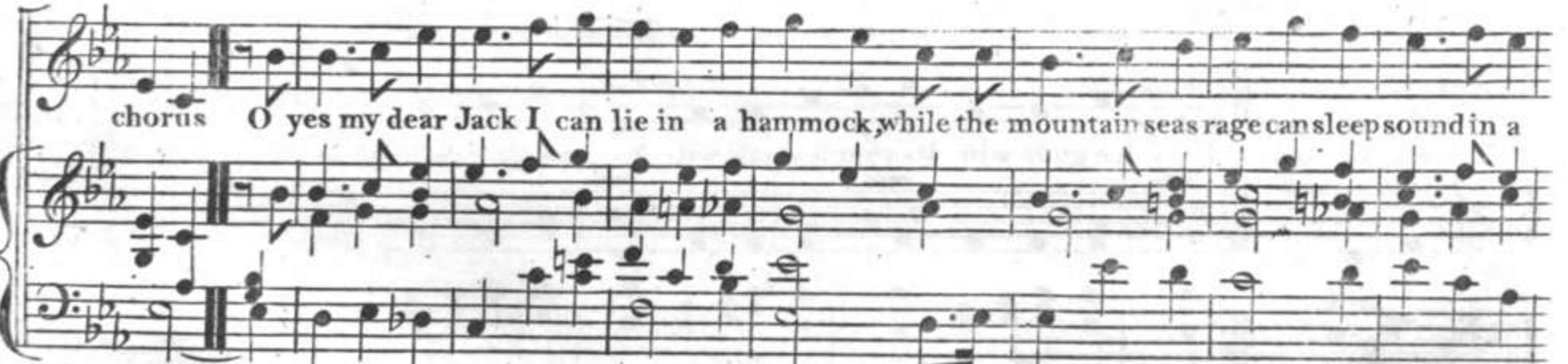
O say my sweet Nan can you ly in a hammock While mountain seas rage can you swing in a



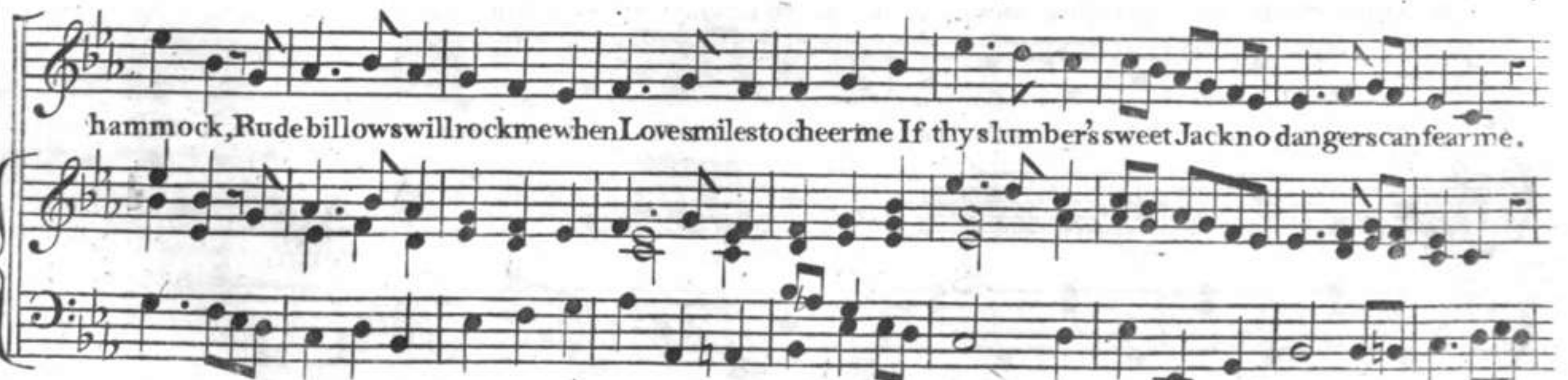
hammock: When the winds roar a-loft and rude billows dash o'er us Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild



chorus O yes my dear Jack I can lie in a hammock while the mountain seas rage can sleep sound in a



hammock, Rude billows will rock me when Loves milesto cheer me If thys lumber's sweet Jack no dangers can fear me.



# Auld gudeman Air: The east nook of Tife!

Each half of this air must be twice sung, the first time with the upper line of words, & then of course with the under line.

*Allegretto*  
*scherzando*

1<sup>st</sup> Verse Auld gude man, ye're a drunkencarle drunken carle A the day lang ye

2<sup>d</sup> Verse Auld gude wife ye're a flytin body flytin body Will ye hae now but

wink and drink and gape and gaunt Of sotish loons ye're the pink & pearl pink and pearl I'll fa'rd doited

gude be thank'd the wit ye want The puttin cow should be ay a doddy ay a doddy Mak na sic an

3<sup>d</sup> Verse ne'er do weel. Ye're a sow auld man Ye get fu' auld man Fye shame auld man to your wame auld man Sair

awsome reel. 4<sup>th</sup> Ver. It's a lee gude wife It's your teagude wife Na na gude wife ye spend a' gude wife Ye

pinch'd I win wi' spinning tow, A plack to cleed your back and pow.

need na fa' on me pell mell Ye like a drap fu' weil your sel.



## AULD GUEDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR—THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

*She.* **A**ULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,  
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;  
Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,  
Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel!

*He.* Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin body, flytin body;  
*Will* ye hae, but, gude be prais'd, the *wit* ye want;  
The puttin cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,  
Mak na sic an awsome reel.

*She.* Ye're a sow, auld man,  
Ye get fou, auld man,  
Fye shame! auld man,  
To your wame, auld man,  
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,  
A plack to clead your back and pow!

*He.* It's a lie, gudewife,  
It's your tea, gudewife:  
Na, na, gudewife,  
Ye spend a', gudewife,  
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
Ye like a drap fu'-weel yoursel!

*She.* Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,  
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?  
An 'twere na just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
Deil a drap wad weet my mou.

*He.* Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,  
Soon soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy;  
But twa score o' years we hae fought thegither, fought thegither,  
Time it is to gree, I trow.

*She.* I'm wrang, auld John,  
Owr lang, auld John,  
For nought, gude John,  
We ha'e fought, gude John;  
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
We're far owr feckless now to fecht.

*He.* Ye're right, gudewife,  
The night, gudewife,  
Our cup, good Kate,  
We'll sup, good Kate;  
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
And toom the stoup atween us twa!

## HARK! THE MAVIS EVENING SANG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

## AIR—THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

**H**ARK! the mavis' evening sang,  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonnie, bonnie, dearie.  
Ca' them where the burn rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden-side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide  
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where at moon-shine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
Fairies dance sae cheery. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nought of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart,  
I can die,—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie! *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

## UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

By *Mr DUDGEON*.

## THE SAME AIR.

**U**P amang yon cliffy rocks,  
Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
To the maid that tends the goats,  
Lilting o'er her native notes.  
Hark! she sings, young Sandy's kind,  
And he's promised ay to lo'e me;  
Here's a broach, I ne'er shall tine't,  
Till he's fairly married to me.  
Drive away, ye drone time,  
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
Lammies list'ning darena bleat:  
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,

Hardy as the Highland heather,  
Wading through the winter snow,  
Keeping ay his flock thegither;  
But a plaid wi' bare hoghs,  
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,  
Canty glee or Highland cronach;  
Nane can ever match his fling  
At a reel or round a ring.  
Wightly can he wield a rung,  
In a brawl he's ay the bangster;  
A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
By the langest winded sangster.  
Sangs that do o' Sandy sing  
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.

*Hark the Mavis. See The Maid that tends the goats.*

Violino.

Andantino.

Hark the Mavis' ev'ning sang

Sounding Cloude's woods a-mang Then a fauld'ing let us gang My bon--ny dear--ie

Ca' the ewes to the knows Ca'them where the heather grows Ca'them where the burnie rows

My bon--ny bon--ny dear--ie Ca'them where the burni rows My bon--ny dear--ie

Violino.

*p*

*'Twas summer &c. Air, Langoolee*

*Andantino*

'Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing And sweetly the wood pigeon coo'd from the tree At the

foot of a rock where the wild rose was growing I sat myself down by the banks of the Dee. Flow

on lovely Dee flow on thou sweet river Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever For

there I first gain'd the affection and favour Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

*p* *f*

## 'T WAS SUMMER, &amp;c.—THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

WRITTEN

*By JOHN TAIT, Esq.*

AND RETOUCHEE BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

AIR—LANGOLEE.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,  
 And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree ;  
 At the foot of a rock, where the wild-rose was growing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on, lovely Dee ! flow on, thou sweet river !  
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever ;  
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour  
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,  
 To quell the proud rebels,—for valiant is he :  
 And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 He's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the rude-roaring billows,  
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;  
 And left me to wander 'mongst those once-lov'd willows  
 The loneliest maid on thè banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him ;  
 Blest peace may restore my dear Jamie to me ;  
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,  
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.  
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;  
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;  
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

---

 I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES.
 

---

AIR—FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.\*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,  
Where night and day on me she cries ;  
I wish I were where Helen lies  
On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Oh Helen fair ! oh Helen chaste !  
Were I with thee I would be blest,  
Where thou liest low, and at thy rest  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die !

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet put o'er my een ;  
I wish my grave were growing green  
On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Curs'd be the heart that hatch'd the thought,  
And curs'd the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
My love dropt down and spake nae mair !  
O think na ye my heart was sair  
On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies,  
I wish I were where Helen lies !  
Soon may I be where Helen Helen lies,  
Who died for love of me !

\* *The Story of this Ballad is thus given by Mr PENNANT in his Tour in Scotland :—“ In the Burying-Ground of Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair ELLEN IRVINE and that of her Lover : She was daughter of the house of Kirkconnell, and was beloved by two Gentlemen at the same time ; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful Rival to his resentment, and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle that washes these grounds. ELLEN perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the Infidels. On his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate Mistress, stretched himself on it, and, expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with ‘ Hic jacet ADAM FLEMING : the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman, except an ancient Ballad, of no great merit, which records the tragical event.’” Mr PENNANT probably alludes to that edition of the ballad which is given in the Statistical Account of the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming ; it is much longer than the above, and contains some meagre and incongruous verses.*

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 O WERE I LAID WHERE COLIN LIES.
 

---

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

O WERE I laid where Colin lies,  
Could I but close these weary eyes,  
And wake no more, with fruitless sighs,  
The joyless day to see.

Or if I still must languish here,  
Would but his passing shade appear !  
And whisper soft in fancy's ear,  
“ Come, love, I wait for thee !”

When these sad eyes have ceas'd to weep,  
And weary woe is lost in sleep,  
Though drowsy dews my senses steep,  
My soul still wakes with thee.

'Tis then I rest from pain awhile,  
And hear thy voice, and see thy smile,  
And all my secret griefs beguile,  
Those griefs so dear to me !

My life, my soul, my all is gone,  
Forlorn I wander here alone,  
O were but this my parting groan,  
For death is life to me !

For though I knew some magic art,  
To blot thy image from my heart,  
With that lov'd form I ne'er would part  
Till death should set me free !

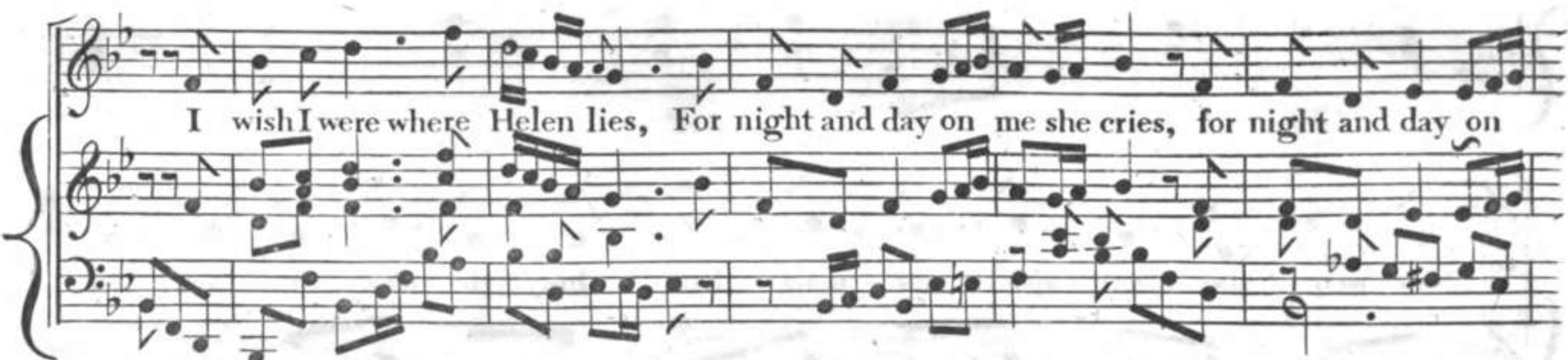
Then where our mingled ashes sleep,  
Shall faithful lovers meet to weep,  
And tenderest vows in sorrows steep,  
To love as true as we !

*I wish &c. Air. Fair Helen of Kirkconnell.* 168

*Affettuoso*



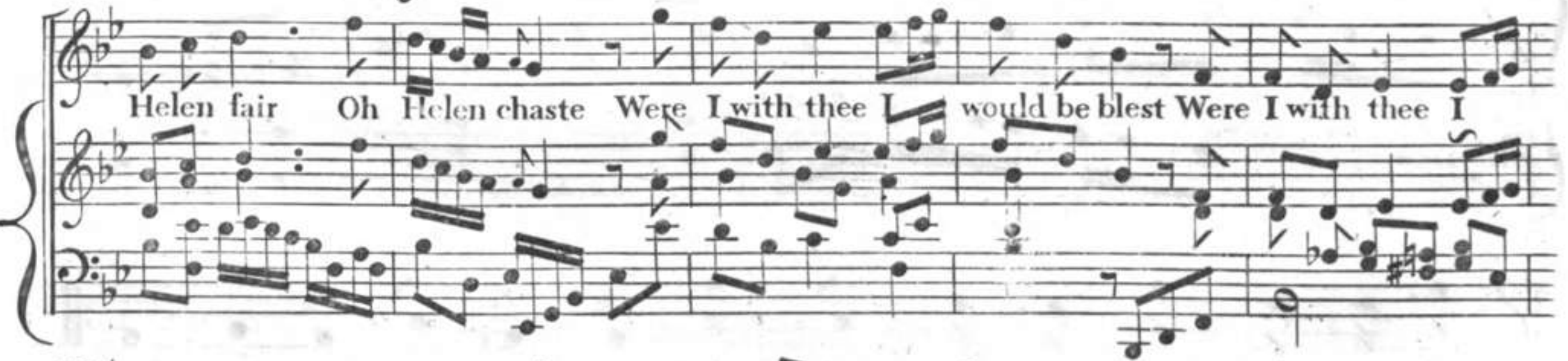
I wish I were where Helen lies, For night and day on me she cries, for night and day on



me she cries O that I were where Helen lies On fair Kir-kon-nell lea Oh



Helen fair Oh Helen chaste Were I with thee I would be blest Were I with thee I



would be blest, Where thou liest low and at thy rest On fair Kirkon-nell lea.



# Whistle o'er the lave o't

*Allegretto*  
*Scherzando*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It features a lively, rhythmic melody with various dynamics including piano (p) and forte (f).

First when Mag---gy was my care Heav'n I thought was in her air

The first system of the song features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "First when Mag---gy was my care Heav'n I thought was in her air". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

Now we're mar--ried spier nae mair But whis...tle o'er the lave o't.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Now we're mar--ried spier nae mair But whis...tle o'er the lave o't.". The piano accompaniment includes some chordal textures.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild Sweet and harm...less as a child

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Meg was meek and Meg was mild Sweet and harm...less as a child". The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic pattern.

Wi...ser men than me's be---guil'd So whis...tle o'er the lave o't.

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Wi...ser men than me's be---guil'd So whis...tle o'er the lave o't.". The piano accompaniment includes some chordal textures.

The final system shows the piano accompaniment for the end of the piece. It includes dynamic markings for piano (p) and forte (fz). The music concludes with a final chord.



## FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

---

## AIR—WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

*This Air is said to have been composed by a JOHN BRUCE, who was an esteemed Violin-player in Dumfries, about the beginning of the 18th century. "This I know, (said BURNS,) BRUCE, who was an honest man, though a red-wud Highlandman; constantly claimed it, and by all the old Musical people here is believed to be the author of it."*

FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;  
Now we're married, speir nae mair,  
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
Sweet and harmless as a child;  
Wiser men than me.'s beguil'd,  
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love, and how agree,  
I care na by how few may see,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;  
I could write,—but Meg maun see't,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

---

## O WHAT HAD I ADO, &amp;c.—THE DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

## AIR—HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

**O**H! what had I ado for to marry!  
 My wife she drinks naething but sack and canary,  
 I to her friends complain'd right early,  
 O! gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly;  
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands  
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;  
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,  
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life:  
 For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,  
 Now she has drunken my bonny grey marie,  
 That carried me thro' the dubs and the larie;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;  
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

Wou'd she drink her ain things, I wou'd na care;  
 But she drinks my claiths I canna' weel spare;  
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

My Sunday's coat, she has laid it a wad,  
 The best blue bonnet was e'er on my head;  
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse,  
 If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scold and she'll curse,  
 She live's like a queen, I scrimped and sparely;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wou'd her allow:  
 But when she sits down, she gets hersel' fu';  
 And when she is fu' she is unco camstarie;  
 O gin my wife, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,  
 Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house  
 wants;  
 Rants some foolish sang, like, 'Up your heart, Charlie,'  
 O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,  
 The lasses she ca's baith limmers and jades,  
 And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie;  
 O gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly;  
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.

# The drunken wife of Galloway.

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*Alliegretto*

Violino  
Pizzicato arco

Oh! what had I a - do for to marry, My wife she drinks naething but  
sack and ca - na - - ry I to her friends com - - plain'd right ear - - ly  
O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair - - ly hoo - ly and fair - - ly  
hoo - ly and fair - - ly O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo - ly and fair - - ly.

Violino  
Pizz? arco

*p*

## Come under &amp;c. — Air, Johnny Macgill.

Allegretto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "Come under my plaidy the night's gaen to fa' Come in frae the cauld blast the drift and the snaw Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear Lassie believe me for twa. Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw O come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear Lassie believe me for twa." The score concludes with a final instrumental flourish marked *fz*.

Come under my plaidy the night's gaen to fa' Come in frae the cauld blast the  
drift and the snaw Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear Lassie be...  
...lieve me for twa. Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can  
blaw O come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear Lassie believe me for twa.

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDY, &amp;c.—MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

WRITTEN

By HECTOR MACNIELL, Esq.

## AIR—JOHNNY MACGILL.

‘**C**OME under my plaidy, the night’s ga’en to fa’,  
 ‘ Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;  
 ‘ Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
 ‘ There’s room in’t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.  
 ‘ Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
 ‘ I’ll hap you frae ev’ry cauld blast that will blaw;  
 ‘ O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
 ‘ There’s room in’t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.’

“ My father ay tell’d me, my mither and a’  
 “ Ye’d make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;  
 “ It’s true I lo’e Johnny, he’s gude and he’s bonny,  
 “ But, waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!  
 “ I ha’e little tocher; you’ve made a gude offer;  
 “ I’m now mair than twenty; my time is but sma’!  
 “ Sae gi’e me your plaidy; I’ll e’en sit beside ye,  
 “ I thought ye’d been aulder than threescore and twa.”

“ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy! auld Donald, gae ’wa!  
 “ I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:  
 “ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy, I’ll no sit beside ye,  
 “ Ye may be my gutchard!—auld Donald, gae ’wa!  
 “ I’m ga’en to meet Johnny, he’s young and he’s  
     bonny;  
 “ He’s been at Meg’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw!  
 “ O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu’! sae tightly!  
 “ His cheek’s likethenew rose, his brow’s likethesnaw.”

She sat down ayont him, aside the stane wa’  
 Whar Johnny was list’ning, and heard her tell a’.  
 The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack ’gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander’d hame weary, the night it was dreary!  
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep ’mang the snaw;  
 The howlet was screamin, while Johnny cried, “ Wo-  
     “ men  
 “ Wou’d marry auld Nick, if he’d keep them ay braw!”

‘ Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa;  
 ‘ Your Jock’s but a gowk and has naething ava;  
 ‘ The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back:  
 ‘ He’s therty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 ‘ Be frank now and kindly,—I’ll busk you ay finely;  
 ‘ To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw;  
 ‘ A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 ‘ And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca’.

O the de’il’s in the lasses: they gang now sae braw,  
 They’ll e’en match wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa;  
 The hale o’ this marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!  
 O the de’il’s in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
 They’ll e’en match wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa;  
 The hale o’ this marriage, is gowd and a carriage;  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

## COME REST YE HERE, JOHNIE, WHAT NEWS, &amp;c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

## AIR—THE SOLDIER LADDIE.

- ‘ **C**OME rest ye here, Johnie, what news frae the south?  
 ‘ Here’s whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth,  
 ‘ Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing,  
 ‘ I’m fear’d, John, to ask ye, is Jamie in being?’  
 “ Aye, troth, lass, they’re landed, and hameward they’re coming,  
 “ In braw order marching, wi’ fifing and drumming:  
 “ I sell’t my grey plaid, my cauld winter’s warm happin,  
 “ To cheer their leal hearts wi’ a gill and a chappin.
- “ Your father’s gudebrither, the serjeant, wi’ glée,  
 “ Pu’d a crown frae his pouch, and, loud laughing, quo’ he,  
 “ Ye’re owre auld to list, or ye’d rug this fast frae me—  
 “ Mair drink here!”—‘ But, John, O nae word o’ poor Jamie?’  
 “ The deil ’s i’ the lassie, there ’s nought in her noddle  
 “ But Jamie, ay Jamie, she cares na ae boddle  
 “ For grey-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,  
 “ The lad’s safe and weel, and what mair wad ye hae now?”
- ‘ He’s weel! Gude be prais’d, my dear laddie is weel!  
 ‘ Sic news! hech man, John, ye’re a sonsy auld chiel!  
 ‘ I’m doited—I’m dais’d—its fu’ time I were rinnin,  
 ‘ The wark might be done ere I think o’ beginnin.  
 ‘ I’ll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,  
 ‘ And link o’er the hills where the caller wind blaws,  
 ‘ And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,  
 ‘ And dorty nae mair—O I’ll part wi’ him never!’

*Come rest ye here. A. The soldier's lullie.*

Allegretto.



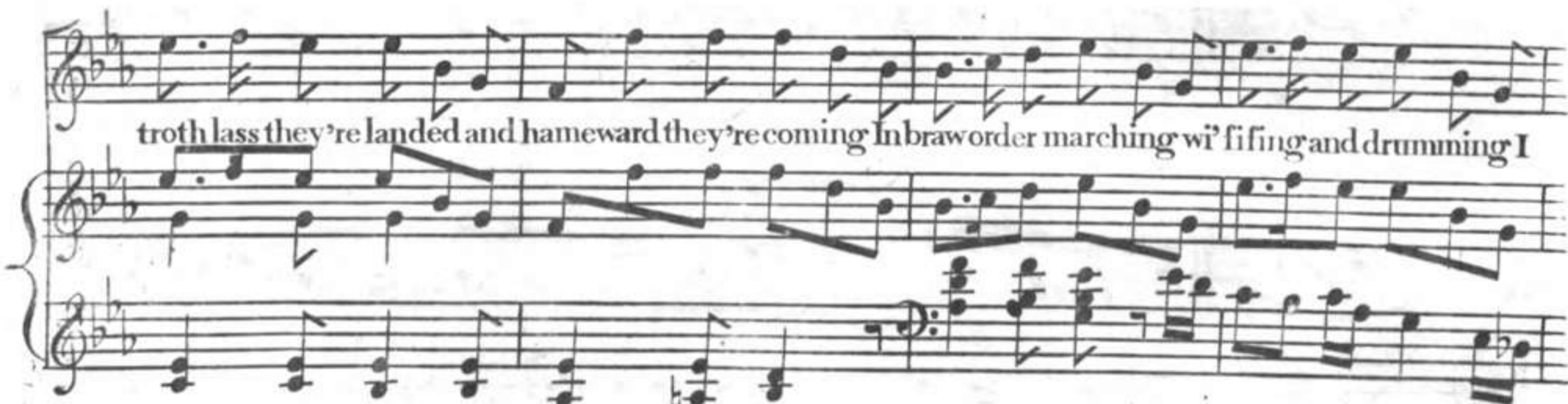
Come rest ye here Johnie what news frae the South Here's whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth Our



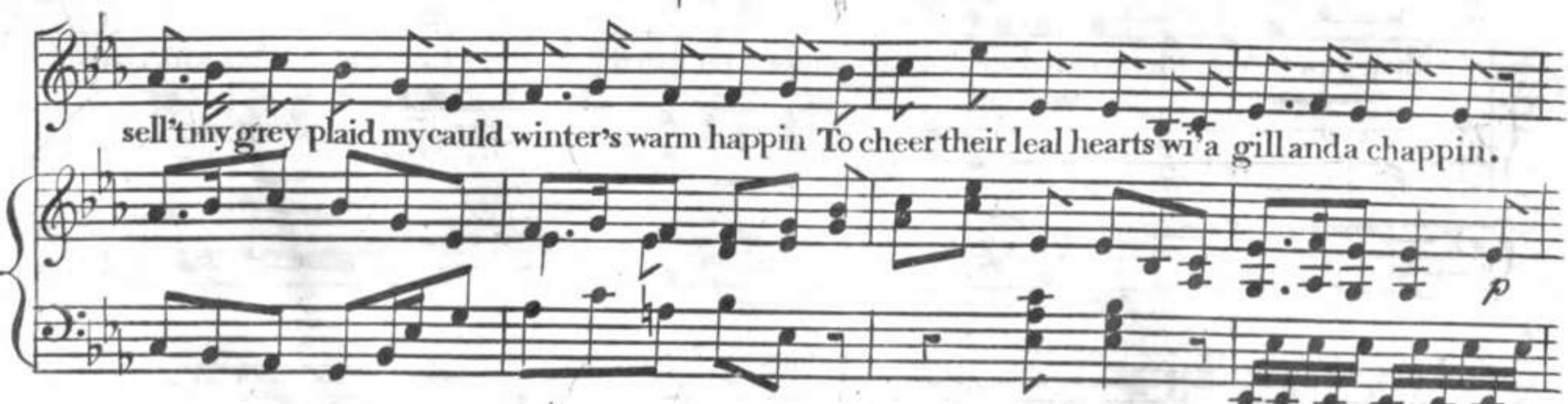
Soldiers are landed my hopes are maist deeing I'm fear'd John to ask ye is Ja-mie in be-ing? Aye



troth lass they're landed and hameward they're coming In braw order marching wi' fife and drumming I



sell't my grey plaid my cauld winter's warm happin To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.



Shelah O' Neal

Allegretto

Oft oft I went to her, To sigh and to woo her, Of mighty fine things did I

say a great deal Above all the rest what still pleas'd her the best, Was "Och! will you mar...ry me

Shelah O' Neal?" My point I soon carried For fast we got married, The weight of my bar...gain I

then gan to feel, She scolded and fisted, O then I en-listed Left Ireland and whis...ky and

Shelah O' Neal.



OFT I WENT TO HER, &c.—OR, SHELAH O'NEAL.

THE AIR AND THE VERSES

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

---

OFT, oft, I went to her, to sigh and to woo her ;  
Of mighty fine things did I say a great deal ;  
Above all the rest, what still pleas'd her the best,  
Was, " Och ! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neal ?"  
My point I soon carried, for fast we got married ;  
The weight o' my bargain I then 'gan to feel ;  
She scolded and fisted, O then I enlisted,  
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neal.

But tir'd and dull-hearted, my corps I deserted,  
And fled off to regions far distant from home,  
To Frederick's army, where nought was to harm me,  
Not the devil himself in the shape of a bomb.  
I fought ev'ry battle, where cannon did rattle,  
Felt sharp shot, alas ! and their sharp-pointed steel ;  
But in all the wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found  
Aught so sharp as thy tongue, O curs'd Shelah O'Neal.

---

## AT WILLIE'S WEDDING ON THE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

## AIR JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

AT Willy's wedding on the green,  
 The lasses, bonny witches,  
 Were buskit out in aprons clean,  
 And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.  
 Auld Mysie bade the lads tak' tent,  
 But Jock wad nae believe her;  
 And soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For—Jenny dang the weaver.  
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

In ilka countra-dance and reel,  
 Wi' her he wad be babbin;  
 When she sat down, then he sat down,  
 And till her wad be gabbin:  
 Whare'er she gaed, or but or ben,  
 The coof wad never leave her,  
 Ay cacklin like a clockin hen,  
 But—Jenny dang the weaver.  
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

Quoth he, " My lass, to speak my mind,  
 " Good haith! I need na swither:  
 " You've bonny een, and, gif you're kind,  
 " I needna court anither."  
 He humm'd and ha'd—the lass cried feugh!  
 And bade the fool no deave her;  
 Then snapt her thumb, and lap and leugh,  
 And—dang the silly weaver!  
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

# Jenny dang the weaver.

*Vivace*  
*Scherzando*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth notes and includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a more rhythmic accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) at the end.

At Willie's wedding on the green, The lasses, bonny witches, Were busked out in a - prons clean, And

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are: "At Willie's wedding on the green, The lasses, bonny witches, Were busked out in a - prons clean, And".

snaw white Sunday's mutches. Auld Maysie bade the lads take tent, But Jock wou'd na believe her, But

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "snaw white Sunday's mutches. Auld Maysie bade the lads take tent, But Jock wou'd na believe her, But".

CHORUS.  
soon the fool his folly kent, For Jenny dang the weaver. Sing fa la la fa la la la fa

The chorus begins with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "CHORUS. soon the fool his folly kent, For Jenny dang the weaver. Sing fa la la fa la la la fa".

la la la la la la la fa la la la la la la la Sing Jenny dang the wea...ver.

The first part of the chorus continuation features a vocal melody with the lyrics: "la la la la la la la fa la la la la la la la Sing Jenny dang the wea...ver.".

la la la la la la la fa la la la la la la la Sing Jenny dang the wea...ver.

The second part of the chorus continuation features a vocal melody with the lyrics: "la la la la la la la fa la la la la la la la Sing Jenny dang the wea...ver.".

# Pat & Kate

*Duet*  
*Vivace*

1 PAT. 2 3 4 5 KATE.

Och pretty Kate my darling Kate Here take my hand and I'am your Mate, I'd

6 PAT. 7 KATE. 8 9

rath...er die, Fy Kate fy fy Did e'er fool talk at such a rate.

KATE. 10 PAT. 11 12 13

O Pat you are a teasing lad The basest plague that e'er I had, The

O Kate I am a pleasing lad The neatest swain that e'er you had, I

14 15 16 17

live long day, You prate a...way I really be...lieve you'll put me mad.

sigh all day, I pine a...way I really be...lieve you'll put me mad.

## OCH! PRETTY KATE, MY DARLING KATE:

*A Love-Dialogue,*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

## IRISH AIR.

“**O**CH! pretty Kate, my darling Kate,  
 “ Here, take my hand, and I'm your mate.”  
 ‘ I'd sooner die!’ “ Fye Kate, fye, fye!”  
 ‘ Did ever fool talk at such a rate?  
 ‘ O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,  
 ‘ The basest plague that e'er I had:  
 ‘ The live-long day you prate away,  
 ‘ I really believe you'll put me mad.’  
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,  
 “ The neatest swain that e'er you had:  
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,  
 “ I really believe you'll put me mad.”

“ Ah! little Norah would be mine,  
 “ I know by many a leering sign.”  
 ‘ Then take your drab, you boasting blab,  
 ‘ For Katrine never will be thine.  
 ‘ O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,  
 ‘ The basest plague that e'er I had:  
 ‘ The live-long day you prate away,  
 ‘ I really believe you'll put me mad.’  
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,  
 “ The neatest swain that e'er you had:  
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,  
 “ I really believe you'll put me mad.”

“ No, Kate, sweet Kate alone can please,  
 “ She keeps the key of all my ease:  
 “ Then, if you frown, poor Patrick's down,  
 “ You'll kill me, Kate, it's plain as pease.”  
 ‘ O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,  
 ‘ The basest plague that e'er I had;  
 ‘ The live-long day you prate away,  
 ‘ I really believe you'll put me mad.’  
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,  
 “ The neatest swain that e'er you had:  
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,  
 “ I really believe you'll put me mad.”

## MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW, INCESSANT RETURNING.

TRANSLATED, FOR THIS WORK, FROM THE GAELIC,

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—MACGREGOR OF RUARA'S LAMENT.

*The following Translation of the very popular and ancient Gaelic Song of MACGREGOR NA RUARA, the Editor has no doubt will be peculiarly acceptable to those who know the Original, and can judge of the fidelity of the English version. It would appear that Macgregor had, by some intestine commotion, been banished from his inheritance of Glenlyon; and while wandering as an outlaw through the mountains of Inverness-shire, that he, along with several Foster Brothers, his guides and protectors, had been surprised and killed by his enemies. One of the Foster-Brothers, who survived, gives vent to his feelings in the lamentation which follows, viz.*

**M**y sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning,  
When I think of Macgregor, true heir of Glenlyon,  
Where still to sad fancy his banners seem flying.  
Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,  
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a-bounding,  
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey from yon pine by the fountain,  
Distinguish'd the hero when climbing the mountain,  
The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,  
And destruction fled wide from the bow bent so narrow;  
His darts, so well polish'd and bright, were a treasure  
That the son of a king might have boasted with pleasure.  
When the brave son of Murdoch so gracefully held them,  
Well pois'd and sure aim'd, never weapon excell'd them.

Now, dead to the honour and pride I inherit,  
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit!  
Tho' insult or injury now should oppress me,  
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress me.  
Deaf to my loud sorrows and blind to my weeping,  
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping,  
In that cold narrow bed he shall slumber for ever,  
Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He that shar'd the kind breast which my infancy nourish'd,  
Now hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he flourish'd.  
No obsequies fitting his pale corse adorning,  
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,  
No virgins high born, with their tears to bedew thee,  
To deck out thy grave, or with flowrets to strew thee.  
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

## FROM THE CHACE ON THE MOUNTAINS, &amp;c.

THE SAME AIR.

**F**rom the chace on the mountains as I was returning,  
By the side of a fountain Malvina sat mourning;  
To the winds that loud whistled, she told her sad story,  
And the vallies re-echo'd Macgregor a Ruara!  
Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara,  
More fleet than the roe-buck on lofty Ben-lara;  
"Oh! where is Macgregor? say, where does he hover?  
"Say, son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?"

The voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded,  
'Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded,  
'Spent with watching and toil, to the rocks I convey'd him,  
'Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.'  
As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fair blossom,  
So died the soft bud of fond hope in her bosom;  
"O Macgregor, (she cried,) is betray'd and surrounded!  
"By falsehood betray'd, and by treachery wounded!"

Near the brook in the vale now the green turf does hide her,  
And Macgregor in silence reposes beside her:  
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;  
Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft wander.

*My sorrow &c. Air, Macgregor of Ruairi's Lament.* 176

Andante  
Espressivo.

*fz*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the expression is 'Espressivo'. A dynamic marking of *fz* (forzando) is present in the right hand.

*tr* My sor-row deep sor-row in-

*sf*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a trill (*tr*) on the word 'My'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent sixteenth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line. A dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) is used in the piano part.

ces-sant re- turn-ing, Time still as it flies adds in-crease to my

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'ces-sant re- turn-ing, Time still as it flies adds in-crease to my'. The piano accompaniment maintains the sixteenth-note texture in the right hand.

mourn-ing When I think of Mac-gre-gor true heir of Glen-ly-on, Where

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'mourn-ing When I think of Mac-gre-gor true heir of Glen-ly-on, Where'. The piano accompaniment continues with the sixteenth-note accompaniment.

still to sad fan-cy his ban-ners seem fly-ing. *Cres:*

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'still to sad fan-cy his ban-ners seem fly-ing.' The piano accompaniment features a crescendo (*Cres:*) in the right hand.

*f sf Pia: For: Pia: ral.*

The fifth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *f*, *sf*, *Pia:*, *For:*, and *Pia: ral.* (rallentando). The vocal line concludes the piece.

# Muirland Willie

Vivace

1 2 3 4 5

Now harken and I will tell you how young muir land Wil lie came here to woo Tho'

6 7 8 9 10

he could neither say nor do, The truth I tell to you. And ay he cried what

11 12 13 CHORUS. 14 15

e'er be-tide, Maggie I'll hae to be my bride, With a fal da ra fal la da ra la fal

With a fal da ra fal la da ra la fal

16 17

lal da ra lal da ra la-----

lal da ra lal da ra la-----



## HARKEN AND I WILL TELL YOU HOW.

## AIR—MUIRLAND WILLIE.

**H**ARKEN, and I will tell you how  
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,  
Tho' he could neither say nor do,  
The truth I tell to you;  
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,  
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey mare as he did ride,  
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
Till he came to her daddy's door,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
I'm come your daughter's love to win,  
I carena for making meikle din;  
What answer gi'e ye me?  
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,  
I'll gi'e ye my daughter's love to win,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye won, or in what town?  
I think my daughter winna gloom  
On sic a lad as ye.  
The wooer he step'd into the house,  
And vow but he was wondrous crouse,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,  
Twa gude ga'en yades and gear enough,  
The place they ca' it Caldeneugh;  
I scorn to tell a lie:  
Besides, I hae frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat and a lang kail-yard,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town;  
I wat on him she didna gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.  
The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waist;  
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;  
And for mysell you needna fear,  
Troth tak me whan you like.  
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,  
He dighted his gab, and prie'd her mou',  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na,  
But to her daddy she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,  
Synne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your daughter wad na say me na,  
But to yoursell she's left it a',  
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;  
Say, what 'll ye gie me wi' her?  
Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na meikle,  
But sic 's I hae, ye's get a pickle,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,  
Three souns of sheep, twa good milk kye,  
Ye's hae the wedding dinner free;  
Troth I dow do nae mair.  
Content, quoth he, a bargain be 't,  
I'm far frae hame, mak' haste, let 's do 't,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;  
But sicken a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.  
This winsome couple straked hands,  
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,  
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.  
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
They glanced in our lads's een,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

*(Last Stanza,)*

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
Sic daffin, laughin, and sic fun,  
The minstrels they did never blin',  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,  
And ay they cross'd and merrily met,\*  
With a fal, dal, &c.

\* The critical observer will find, that the Editor has taken the liberty of altering two lines of the last stanza, viz. the second and the sixth. He thought it a pity that there should be any thing in such a truly excellent song to render it objectionable in good company. But lest he should fall under the heavy displeasure of the antiquary, he shall subjoin the original lines. Would it were in his power to add the Name of the Author of the above most masterly composition. BURNS, with his characteristic enthusiasm, said, it had given him many a heart-ache to think, that the men of genius who had composed our fine Scottish lyrics should be unknown.

*Original lines.*

2. Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him.
6. And ay their wames together met.

## THICKEST NIGHT O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

## AIR—STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

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

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

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

*Strathballan's Lament.*

178

Andante  
risoluto.

Thick-est night sur-round my dwell-ing How-ling tem-pests o'er me-rave Tur-bid  
tor-rents win-try swel-ling Roar-ing by my lone-ly Cave Chrystal  
stream-lets gently flow-ing Bu-sy haunts of base man-kind Western  
breez-es soft-ly blow-ing Suit not my dis-tract-ed mind.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante risoluto.' The lyrics are: 'Thick-est night sur-round my dwell-ing How-ling tem-pests o'er me-rave Tur-bid tor-rents win-try swel-ling Roar-ing by my lone-ly Cave Chrystal stream-lets gently flow-ing Bu-sy haunts of base man-kind Western breez-es soft-ly blow-ing Suit not my dis-tract-ed mind.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

# The happy Toppers.

*Allegretto*



O Wil-lybrew'd a peck o' mat And Rob and Allan came to see Three blyther hearts that lee lang night Ye

CHORUS

woudna found in Christendee. We are not fu' we're no that fu' But just a drap-py in our e'e The

cock may craw the day may daw And ay we'll taste the barley bree We are na fu' we're no that fu' But

We are na fu' we're no that fu' But

just a drap-py in our e'e The cock may craw the day may daw And ay we'll taste the bar-ley bree.

just a drap-py in our e'e The cock may craw the day may daw And ay we'll taste the bar-ley bree.

## O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

## AIR—THE HAPPY TOPERS.

*The Poet says, "This Air is Allan Masterton's; the Song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr William Nicol, of the High-School, Edinburgh, during the Autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, then on a visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate it."*

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan came to see,  
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,  
Ye wad na found in Christendie.  
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',  
But just a drappy in our e'e;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
We are na fu', &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be.  
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',  
But just a drappy in our e'e;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
We are na fu', &c.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,  
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',  
But just a drappy in our e'e;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
We are na fu', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold coward loun is he!  
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three.  
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',  
But just a drappy in our e'e;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
We are na fu', &c.

## WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE.

WRITTEN

*By MISS BLAMIRE.*

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE WORDS BY WILLIAM CLARKE, ORGANIST, EDINBURGH.

*And never before published.*

**W**HAT ails this heart of mine,  
 What means this wat'ry e'e?  
 What gars me ay turn cauld as death,  
 When I tak' leave o' thee?  
 When thou art far awa',  
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;  
 But change o' place, and change o' folk  
 May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Beneath yon spreading tree,  
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,  
 I'll ca't a word frae thee!  
 Syne I'll gang to the bower  
 Which thou wi' roses tied,  
 'Twas there, by mony a blushing bud,  
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot  
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee:  
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale  
 By ev'ry burn and tree.  
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Though lovers absent be;  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I think I'm still with thee.

# What ails this heart of mine.

Duett  
Andantino  
con molto  
espressione

What ails this heart of mine What means this warty  
What ails this heart of mine What means this warty

ee What makes me by turn could as death when I take leave o' thee When thou art far a way I thoult  
ee What makes me by turn could as death when I take leave o' thee When thou art far a way I thoult

dearer be to me But change o' folk and change o' place may gar thy fan-cy jee.  
dearer be to me But change o' folk and change o' place may gar thy fan-cy jee.

The verses may also be sung to the following tune.

Andante  
espressivo

*Could I find a bonny glen. Air The wish.*

*Allegretto*

Could I find a bonny glen warm and

calm warm and calm Could I find a bonny glen warm and calm. Free frae

din and far frae men There my wanton kids I'd pen Where woodbines shade some den breathing

balm breathing balm Where woodbines shade some den breathing balm.



COULD I FIND A BONNY GLEN, WARM AND CALM, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By Mrs GRANT.*

AIR—THE WISH.

COULD I find a bonny glen,  
 Warm and calm, warm and calm,  
 Could I find a bonny glen,  
     Warm and calm ;  
 Free frae din, and far frae men,  
 There my wanton kids I'd pen,  
 Where woodbines shade some den,  
 Breathing balm, breathing balm,  
 Where woodbines shade some den,  
     Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill  
 Shields the deer, shields the deer,  
 Where the steep and woody hill  
     Shields the deer ;  
 Where the wood-lark singing shrill,  
 Guards his nest beside the rill,  
 And the thrush with tawny bill  
 Warbles clear, warbles clear,  
 And the thrush with tawny bill  
     Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall  
 Echoes round, echoes round,  
 Where the dashing waterfall  
     Echoes round ;  
 And the rustling aspin tall,  
 And the owl at ev'ning's call,  
 Plaining from the ivy'd wall,  
 Joins the sound, joins the sound,  
 Plaining from the ivy'd wall,  
     Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,  
 All unseen, all unseen,  
 There my only love I'd own,  
     All unseen ;  
 There I'd live for her alone,  
 To the restless world unknown,  
 And my heart should be the throne  
 For my queen, for my queen ;  
 And my heart should be the throne  
     For my queen.

THERE LIV'D ANCE A CARLE IN KELLYBURN BRAES.

AIR—KELLYBURN BRAES.

*This Song, which is said to be old, was communicated by BURNS, and probably received some touches from him.*

**T**HERE liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,  
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,  
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, "How do you fen?"  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
"But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd,  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,  
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony mad bear,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
Whae'er she gat hands on cam' near her nae mair,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,  
"O help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a',"  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I ha'e been a de'il now the feck o' my life,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

So Cloutie was glad to return wi' his pack,  
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;  
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

HECH! WHAT A CHANGE—OR, OLD AND NEW TIMES IN EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

THE SAME AIR.

*In singing the following words to the air, the crotchet which ends the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th lines, must be made two quavers; and a quaver must sometimes be added at the beginning of the lines.*

**H**ECH! what a change ha'e we now in this town!  
The lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin',  
Folk maun be dizzie gaun ay in the roun',  
For de'il a haet's done now but feasting and dancin'.

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock,  
When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit staigie;  
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock  
But trotted about upon honest shanks-nagie.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,  
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;  
The thrifty house-wife to the flesh-market pac'd,  
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as gude then, and friends were as leal,  
Tho' coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin';  
Right air we were tell't by the house-maid or chiel,  
"Sir, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern."

The town may be clouted and pieced, till it meets  
A' neebours benorth and besouth, without haltin';  
Brigs may be biggit ovr lums and ovr streets,  
The Nor' loch itsel' heaped heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see  
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?  
Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,  
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

*There lived a carle in Kellyburn braes.* 182

*Vivace.*

*Two Voices.*

There lived a car-le in Kel-ly-burn braes, Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme; And

*Two Voices.*

he had a wife was the plague of his days, And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime, Ae

*Two Voices.*

day as the Car-le gaed up the langr glen, Hey and the rue grows bon-ny wi' thyme, He

*Two Voices.*

met wi' the deil wha said, how do ye fen, And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

*For:* *Pia:* *pp*

*Ye gales &c. — Air: The boatman*

Andantino.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Ye gales that gent-ly wave the sea And please the can-ny

The first line of the vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern as in the introduction.

boat-man Bear me frae hence or bring to me. My brave my bon-ny

The second line of the vocal melody continues the narrative. The piano accompaniment remains consistent, supporting the vocal line.

Scot-man In ha-ly bands we join'd our hands Yet may not this dis-

The third line of the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment features a repeat sign at the beginning of the line.

co-ver While parents rate a large es-tate Be-fore a faith-ful lo-ver.

The fourth line of the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment pattern.

Violino.

*Pia:* *For:*

The violin part is written on a single staff. It begins with a dynamic marking of *Pia:* (piano) and later has a marking of *For:* (forte). The piano accompaniment also continues.

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 YE GALES THAT GENTLY WAVE THE SEA.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—THE BOATMAN.

**Y**E gales that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boatman,  
 Bear me from hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny Scot-man:  
 In haly bands we join'd our hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
 While parents rate a large estate,  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
 To herd the kid and goat, man,  
 Ere I could for sic little ends  
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
 Wae worth the man wha first began  
 The base ungenerous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views love's arts to use,  
 While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Haste to thy longing lassie,  
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom hause thee.  
 Love gi'es the word, then haste on board,  
 Fair winds and tenty boatmen,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,  
 My blythe, my bonny Scot-man.

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 HOW MILD THAT EVE THE SUN WENT DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.*

THE SAME AIR.

**H**ow mild that eve the sun went down,  
 The west with roses strewing;  
 How gently sigh'd the evening gale,  
 The closing flowers bedewing;  
 When first you promis'd to be mine,  
 And in my arms reclining,  
 Vow'd by the evening's lovely star,  
 That hour so brightly shining.

The crimson light that hardly pierc'd  
 The thorn's luxuriant blossom,  
 With deeper blushes gently ting'd  
 Thy glowing cheek and bosom.  
 Oft yet I feel the balmy gale  
 That breath'd, our soul's delighting,  
 Oft yet I hear each warbler's song  
 To love and joy inviting.

I hear the murmur of the rill  
 Beneath the birches flowing;  
 Still see the wild flowers varied hues  
 That on its banks were growing.  
 For ever dear shall mem'ry hold  
 That evening's sacred pleasure!  
 And dear the partner of its joys  
 Beyond all earthly treasure!

## WHEN FIRST I CAME TO BE A MAN.

WRITTEN BY

*The Rev. JOHN SKINNER.*

AIR—JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man,  
Of twenty years or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth,  
And fain the world would know ;  
In best attire I stept abroad,  
With spirits brisk and gay,  
And here and there, and ev'ry where,  
Was like a morn in May.  
No care I had, nor fear of want,  
But rambled up and down ;  
And for a beau I might have pass'd  
In country or in town :  
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went,  
And when I was alone,  
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself  
With John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,  
A *Mistress* I must find ;  
For love, they say, gives one an air,  
And ev'n improves the mind :  
On *Phillis* fair, above the rest,  
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes ;  
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
And she became my choice :  
To *Cupid*, then, with hearty pray'r,  
I offer'd many a vow,  
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,  
As other lovers do :  
But when at last I breath'd my flame,  
I found her cold as stone ;  
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd  
With foolish hopes and vain,  
To *Friendship's* port I steer'd my course,  
And laugh'd at lovers' pain :  
A friend I got by lucky chance,  
'Twas something like divine ;  
An honest friend 's a precious gift,  
And such a gift was mine.  
And now, whatever might betide,  
A happy man was I ;  
In any strait I knew to whom  
I freely might apply :  
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd  
He heard, and spurn'd my moan ;  
I hied me home, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,  
And would a *Patriot* turn ;  
Began to dot on *Johny Wilkes*,  
And cry up *Parson Horne*.  
Their noble spirit I admir'd,  
And prais'd their manly zeal,  
Who had with flaming tongue and pen  
Maintain'd the public weal.  
But ere a month or two was past,  
I found myself betray'd ;  
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,  
For all the stir they made.  
At last I saw these factious knaves  
Insult the very throne,  
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,  
Still hoping to succeed :  
I pitch'd on *Books* for company,  
And gravely tried to read ;  
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,  
And study'd night and day ;  
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote  
That happen'd in my way.  
*Philosophy* I now esteem'd  
The ornament of youth,  
And carefully, thro' many a page,  
I hunted after truth :  
A thousand various schemes I try'd,  
And yet was pleas'd with none ;  
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,  
Who want to make a show,  
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope  
For happiness below ;  
What you may fancy pleasure here,  
Is but an empty name ;  
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,  
You'll find them all the same.  
Then be advis'd, and warning take,  
From such a man as me ;  
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,  
Nor one of high degree ;  
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where,  
Then do as I have done ;  
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself  
With John of Badenyon.

Schm of Badenyon.

Andantino. *Pia.* *For:*

When first I came to be a man of twenty years or so, I thought myself a handsome youth, And

fain the world would know, In best at-tire I stept a broad, With spi-rits brisk and gay, And

here and there and ev'ry where, Was like a morn in May. No care I had nor fear of want, But

rambled up and down, And for a beau I might have pass'd, In country or in town I still was pleas'd where—

e'er I went, And when I was a lone, I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself, With John of Badenyon.

*Allegro. Air. Happy Dick Dawson.*

*Andantino*  
*grazioso*

I loe neer a laddie but ane He loes neer a lassie but

me He promis'd to make me his ain And his ain I surely will

be He coft me a rokely o' blue, And a pair o' mittens sae

green The price was a kiss o' my mou' And I paid him his debt yes-treen



## I LO'E NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

WRITTEN

By *HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.*

AIR—HAPPY DICK DAWSON.

*This Air is so like "My Lodging is on the cold ground," that the one must have been taken from the other.*

I LO'E ne'er a laddie but ane,  
 He loe's ne'er a lassie but me,  
 He promis'd to mak me his ain,  
 And his ain I surely will be.  
 He coft me a rokely o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens sae green ;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 And I paid him his debt yestreen.

My mither's ay making a fraise,  
 And says I'm o'er young for a wife ;  
 But lang e'er she counted my days,  
 My father had ta'en her for life ;  
 Sae, mither, just settle your tongue,  
 And dinna be flyting sae bauld ;  
 For if we're not married when young,  
 We'll never be married when auld.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land and their lordly degree ;  
 I carena for aught but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me :  
 His words are sae sugar'd and sweet !  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa !  
 I listen—poor fool ! and I greet ;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

" Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,  
 " Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say,  
 " Tho' we've little to brag of, ne'er fear,  
 " What's gowd to a heart that is wae ?  
 " Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 " Yet see how he's dwining wi' care ;  
 " Now we, tho' we've naething but health,  
 " Are canty and leal evermair.

" O Marion ! the heart that is true  
 " Has something mair costly than gear ;  
 " Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 " Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 " Ye wardlings ! gae hoard up your store,  
 " And tremble for fear aught ye tyne :  
 " Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 " While thus in my arms I lock mine."

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,  
 Waes me ! can I tak' it amiss,  
 When a lad sae unpractis'd in guile,  
 Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss !  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your lovers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—for I've gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I'll tak' Jamie for life.

## KEEN BLAWS THE WIND, &amp;c.—A FRAGMENT.

By Mr PICKERING.

AIR—THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er Donocht head,  
 The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,  
 The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale—  
 "Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
 "And dinna let your minstrel fa'!  
 "And dinna let his winding-sheet  
 "Be naething but a wreath o' snaw!

"Full ninety winters have I seen,  
 "And piped where gorcocks whirring flew,  
 "And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,  
 "To liltis which from my drone I blew!"  
 My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,  
 "Get up, gudeman, and let him in,

"For weel ye ken the winter night  
 "Was short when he began his din."  
 My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet!  
 E'en tho' she bans and scolds a wee,  
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,  
 O haith! its doubly dear to me.  
 "Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,  
 "I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
 "Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,  
 "You should na stray sae far frae hame."

"Nae hame have I," the minstrel said,  
 "Sad party strife o'erturned my ha',  
 "And, weeping, at the eve of life,  
 "I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw!"

## AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER.—A VISION.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,  
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,  
 And tells the midnight moon her care.  
 The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky;  
 The fox was howling o'er the hill,  
 And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path  
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.  
 The cauld blue north was streaming forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;  
 Athort the lift they start and shift,  
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

\* By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
 And, by the moon-beam, shook to see  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be:  
 Had I a statue been o' stane,  
 His daring look had daunted me;  
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,  
 The sacred posy—LIBERTIE.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear,  
 But, oh, it was a tale of woe,  
 As ever met a Briton's ear!  
 He sang wi' joy his former day,  
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
 But what he said it was nae play,  
 I winna venture't in my rhymes †

\* Variation.—Now looking over firth and fauld,  
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,  
 When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

† The following note is from the pen of Dr CURRIE: "This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in JOHNSON'S Museum, is here given from the Poet's MS., with his last corrections. The scenery, so finely described, is taken from nature. The Poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden, and by the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, of whose present situation the reader may find some account in PENNANT'S Tour in Scotland, or GROSE'S Antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our Poet's prudence suppressed the song of Libertie, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."

The Minstrel.

*Andante*  
*espressivo*



Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale The



Ga--ber--lun--zie tirls my sneck And shiv'ring tells his wae--fu tale. Cauld



is the night O let me in, And din--na let your minstrel fa' And



din--na let his wind--ing sheet Be nae--thing but a wreath of snaw.



*'Tis nae very lang Air. The blythesome bridal.*

*Alligretto*

'Tis nae ve-ry lang sin syne, That I had a lad o' my ain But

now he's a-wa to a ni-ther, And left me a' my lane The

lassie he's courting has sil-ler And I have nane at a' It's

nought but the love o' the -to-cher That's taen my lad a - - wa.

## 'TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.

AIR—FY LET'S A' TO THE BRIDAL.

**T**is nae very lang sinsyne  
That I had a lad of my ain;  
But now he's awa' to anither,  
And left me a' my lane.  
The lass he's courting has siller,  
And I hae nane at a';  
'Tis nought but the love o' the tocher  
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain,  
And I'll keep it a' my life,  
Until that I meet wi' a lad  
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.  
For though I say't mysel,  
That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,  
The lad that gets me for a wife,  
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fu' clean and fu' tosh,  
As a' the neighbours can tell;  
Though I've seldom a gown on my back  
But sic as I spin mysel.  
And when I am clad in my curt'sey,  
I think mysel as braw  
As Susie, wi' a her pearling,  
That's taen my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,  
And may they live happy for life;  
Tho' Willie does slight me, and 's left me,  
The chield he deserves a good wife.  
But, O! I'm blythe that I've miss'd him,  
As blythe as I weel can be;  
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,  
I hate to be scrimpit and scant;  
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak use o't,  
And nae ane about me shall want.  
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,  
I ken when to haud and to gi'e;  
But whinging and cringing for siller,  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,  
And he wha has that has enough;  
The master is seldom sae happy  
As Robin that drives the plough.  
But if a young lad would cast up,  
To mak' me his partner for life,  
If the chield has the sense to be happy,  
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

## THE DOGS,—A POLITICAL SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

**Y**ou ask me why great dogs should snarle,  
When we little dogs can agree?  
I answer—the cause of all quarrel  
Is nought but—the *love of a fee*.  
Look round for a clear illustration;  
Look round, and as clearly you'll see,  
That every great dog in his station  
Is snarling for love of a fee.

The first on the list of the great, Sir,  
Is mighty great Bonaparté:  
He quarrels with kingdom and state, Sir,  
Unbounded dominion's his fee.  
The great dog of all the great Prussias  
Snarl'd fierce till he met Dumour'i'r,  
Then run—broke his word, and ne'er blushes,  
But laughs at John Bull for his fee.

From kings, Sir, look down to our commons,  
Ev'n there, too, great dogs disagree;  
All bark about freedom, like Romans,  
But all for the love of a fee.  
Our *demo-dogs* all turn debate dogs  
And yelp under LIBERTY'S lee;  
Make *every* thing bad in our state-dogs,  
And howl for the—*want* of a fee.

Our *loyal* dogs bark what they're able,  
Make every thing happy and free;  
Look round to the treasury table,  
And modestly bawl for a fee:  
Each party the other despises,  
(The Outs and Inns ne'er can agree)  
Self interest's the blister that rises,  
The plaster that heals is a fee.

Make Brinsley the clerk of the Navy,  
Give Charlie the Exchequer key,  
I warrant they soon cry *peccavi*,  
And snarle no more for a fee.  
See Billy, the boast of our nation,  
None once was more snarling than he;  
But, mark, now!—how calm in his station,  
For long has he finger'd the fee.

You ask, then, if truth is a vapour?  
And honour vain phantoms that flee?  
I answer, if truth lights the taper,  
The extinguisher's always a fee.  
Then ask not why great dogs will quarrel,  
But wonder how such e'er agree,  
Dogs must shew their teeth when they snarle  
For the bone of contention—a fee.

---

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

---

AIR—THE WHITE COCKADE.

**A** HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
The lawland laws he held in scorn ;  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,  
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in a' the land,  
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman !  
Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;  
For a lawland face he feared nane,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman !  
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman !  
Sing hey, &c.

But oh ! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman !  
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn  
Departed joys that ne'er return ;  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman !  
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,  
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in a' the land,  
Was match for my John Highlandman.

---

THE OLD SONG.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**M**Y love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;  
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,  
He takes the field wi' his white cockade.  
O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk and bonny lad,  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow,  
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.  
O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk and bonny lad,  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

*A highland lad. Air, The white cockade.* 188

*Vivace  
Brillante  
ma non  
troppo presto*

A highland lad my Love was born, The lawland laws he held in scorn, But he still was faithful

to his clan, My gallant braw John Highlandman. Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing

ho my braw John Highlandman, There's not a lad in a' the land, Was match for my John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho my braw John Highlandman, There's not a lad in a' the land, Was match for my John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho my braw John Highlandman, There's not a lad in a' the land, Was match for my John Highlandman.

Violino.

*The old Highland laddie.*

*Allegretto*

The law-land maids gang trig and fine But aft they're sour and un-co sau-cy Sae

proud they ne-ver can be kind Like my good humour'd high-land Lassie.

O my bonny bonny high-land Lassie My hear-ty smiling high-land Lassie May

ne-ver care make thee less fair But bloom of youth still bless my Lassie.

*Violino.*



## THE LAWLAND MAIDS GANG TRIG AND FINE.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—THE OLD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

**T**HE lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy ;  
 Sae proud they never can be kind,  
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.  
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My hearty smiling highland lassie ;  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.  
 Than ony lass in burrows-town,  
 Wha mak' their cheeks with patchies motie,  
 I'd tak' my Katie but a gown,  
 Barefooted, in her little coatie.  
 O my bonny, &c.  
 Beneath the brier or brecken bush,  
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,  
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,  
 My fighterin' heart gangs pittie-pattie.  
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 While I can wield my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.  
 O my bonny, &c.  
 O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,  
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the deer out of their den,  
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.  
 O my bonny, &c.  
 The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me, let great fowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.  
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My hearty smiling highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

## COME, FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

THE SAME AIR.

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

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

## SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

IRISH AIR—OONAGH.

*The Heroine of these Verses was Miss Lorimer of Craigieburn near Moffat.*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.  
 Her smiling, sae wiling,  
 Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe ;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto these rosy lips to grow !  
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
 When first her bonnie face I saw ;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;  
 Her pretty ancle is a spy,  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wou'd make a saint forget the sky ;  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and graceful air ;  
 Ilk feature !—auld Nature  
 Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair !  
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sov'reign law ;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;  
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon ;  
 Fair beaming, and streaming  
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang ;  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

*Sae flaxen were her ringlets. Air, Conagh. 190*


*Allegretto*



The first system of the piece is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The music is in 6/8 time and features a simple, rhythmic melody with some chromaticism. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'.

1 2 3 4 5

Sae flaxen were her ring-lets, Her eye-brows of a darker hue Be-witching-ly over



The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'Sae flaxen were her ring-lets, Her eye-brows of a darker hue Be-witching-ly over'. The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

6 7 8 9 10 11


arch-ing twa laughing een of bonny blue Her smil-ing, sae wyl-ing Would make a wretch for-



The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'arch-ing twa laughing een of bonny blue Her smil-ing, sae wyl-ing Would make a wretch for-'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

12 13 14 15 16 17

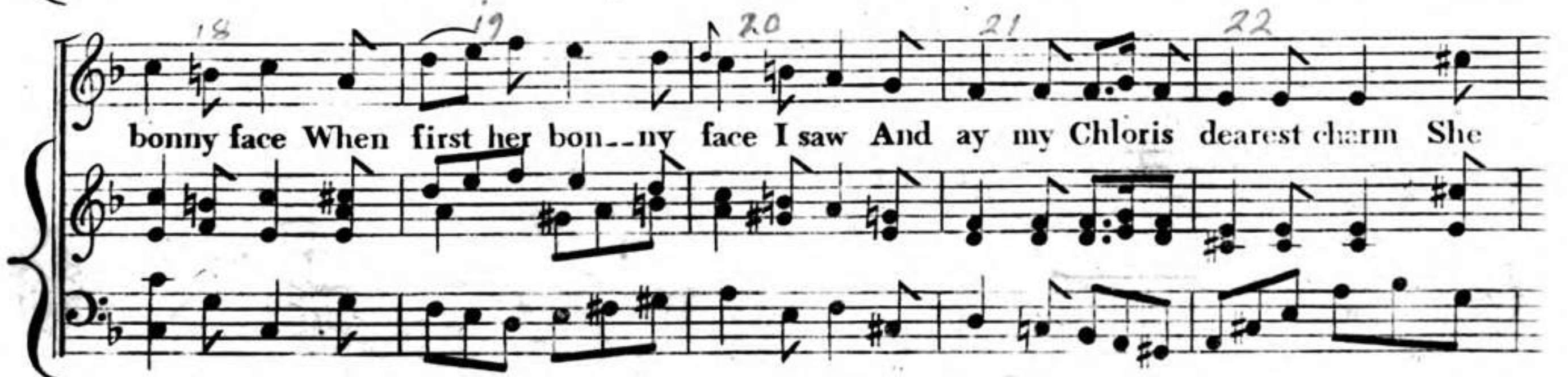
-get his woe, What pleasure what trea-sure un-to those ro-sy lips to grow, Such was my Chloris



The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '-get his woe, What pleasure what trea-sure un-to those ro-sy lips to grow, Such was my Chloris'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

18 19 20 21 22

bonny face When first her bon-ny face I saw And ay my Chloris dearest charm She



The fifth system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'bonny face When first her bon-ny face I saw And ay my Chloris dearest charm She'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

23 24 Violino.

says she loe's me best of a'.



The sixth system contains the fifth line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, plus a violin part. The lyrics are: 'says she loe's me best of a'. The violin part is marked 'Violino.' and features a more complex, melodic line. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style.

*The pawky auld carle. — Air. The brisk young lad*

**Allegretto  
piuosto  
Vivace.**

8 8 8 8 8 8 8

The pawky auld Carle came o'er the lea Wi mo-ny good-eeens and days to me Say'n

goodwife for your courte-sy Will ye lodge a sil-ly poor man. The night was cauld the

carle was wet And down a-yont the in-gle he sat My daughters shouth-ers 'gan to clap And

loudly rant'd and sang.

Tune, to which the above words were formerly united.

**Allegretto.**

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

By KING JAMES V.

ON AN ADVENTURE OF HIS OWN, WHILE ON A RAMBLE IN THE DISGUISE OF AN OLD BEGGAR OR TINKER.

## AIR—THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

*The Editor finds that the following ballad may be sung with much greater effect to this air, than to the tune with which the verses have commonly been joined; "the brisk young lad" being a lively air, within the compass of every ordinary voice, while the other air not only wants vivacity, but requires a range of voice which few possess, and of course is seldom or never sung. The Editor has therefore united this excellent humorous ballad to the livelier air; but, to satisfy those who wish to see the other tune, it is engraved at the foot of the plate. The critical reader will perceive, that, in some instances, the Editor has been obliged to shorten the word Gaberlunzie, and slightly to alter a few words for the sake of the Singer; but it is to be observed, that greater alterations would be necessary if the ballad were sung with the former tune, which does not by any means suit the measure, any more than the spirit of the lines; so that it seems more than questionable whether the one was ever intended for the other.*

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,  
Wi' mony gude-eens and days to me,  
Saying, "Gudewife, for your courtesie,  
"Will ye lodge a silly poor man?"  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo' he, "were I as free  
"As first when I saw this countrie,  
"How blythe and merry wad I be!  
"And I wad never think lang."  
He grew canty, she grew fain,  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slee twa together were saying,  
When wooing they were sae thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "were ye as black  
"As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,  
"On a' my kin I'd turn my back,\*  
"And awa wi' thee I wou'd gang."  
'And Oh!' quo' she, 'were I as white,  
'As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,  
'I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,  
'And awa' with thee I wou'd gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot—  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wylily they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent they're gane.  
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure put on her claise;  
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,  
To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away;  
She clap'd her hands, cry'd, 'Duleful day!  
'For some o' our gear will be gane.'  
Some ran to coffer and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that could be mist;  
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, 'Praise be blest!  
'I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

'Since naething's awa', as we can learn,  
'The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yearn,  
'Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
'And bid her come quickly ben.'  
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,  
The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
'Gudewife!' she cry'd, 'O welladay!'  
'She's aff wi' the silly poor man!'

'O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
'And haste, these traitors find again!  
'For she's be burnt, and he's be slait,  
'The wearifu' beggarly man!  
Some rode upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,  
She cou'dna gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out owre the lea,  
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
The twa in kindly sport and glee,  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
The prieving was gude, it pleas'd them baith;  
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith:  
Quo' she, 'to leave thee I will be laith,  
'My winsome Gab'lunzie man.

'O kend my minnie I were wi' you,  
'Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou;  
'Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
'After the Gab'lunzie man.'  
'My dear,' quo' he, "ye're yet owr young,  
'And hae nae learnt the beggar's tongue  
'To carry wi' me frae town to town  
'The Gaberlunzie on.

'Wi' caulk and keel I'll win your bread,  
'And spinnels and whorles for them wha need;  
'Whilk is a gentle trade to speed  
'The Gaberlunzie on.  
'I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
'And draw a black clout owr my e'e;  
'A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
'While we shall be merry and sing."

\* The Editor has also taken the liberty to alter the two lines marked with a star, as they appeared to him rather awkwardly worded; but, in order to satisfy the Antiquary, the original lines are here subjoined.

'Tis I wad lay thee by my back.  
And fast to her gudewife 'gan to say.

## TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

AIR—TIBBIE FOWLER.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the glen,  
 There's o'er mony wooing at her,  
 Seven but, and seven ben,  
 And mony mair are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her ;  
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,  
 Ten cam rowing o'er the water ;  
 Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,  
 There's twa and thirty wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her ;  
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,  
 Cockle-shells wad set her better ;  
 High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,  
 And a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her ;  
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 If she hae the name o' siller,  
 Set her up on Tintoc tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her.  
 Be a lassie e'er sae fair,  
 If she want the penny siller,  
 A flie may fell her i' the air  
 Before there come a man till her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

## WILLIE WASTLE'S WIFE.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

THE SAME AIR.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,  
 Willie was a wabster gude,  
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony body ;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour ;  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou',  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,  
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter ;  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther ;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrins by the ingle sits,  
 And wi' her loof her face a washin :  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;  
 Her walie nieves, like midden creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water ;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

# Tibbie Fowler.

192

*Scherzando  
ma non  
troppo presto*

Two staves of piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The music is lively and rhythmic, featuring a melody in the treble clef and a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando ma non troppo presto'. There are three 'fz' (forzando) markings in the treble staff.

First system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Tibbie Fowler o' the glen there's owre mony wooing at her, Seven but and seven ben And mony mair". There are 'fz' markings in both staves.

Second system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wooing at her. Wooing at her, puting at her, Courting at her canna get her filthy elf its for her pelf that".

CHORUS.  
First system of the chorus. The lyrics are: "a' the lads are wooing at her. Wooing at her puting at her Courting at her canna get her, Wooing at her puting at her Courting at her canna get her,".

Second system of the chorus. The lyrics are: "filthy elf its for her pelf that a' the lads are wooing at her. filthy elf its for her pelf that a' the lads are wooing at her."

# Let my Lass be young.

*Violino*

*Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace.*

Let my lass be young my wine be old, My cottage snug, friends

never cold, My life no tedious tale twice told, And happy shall I be

Tempt me not with pageant pow'r, Nor give to me the miser's hoard But may contentment

*Violino*

cheer my bow'r And plenty deck my board *for* *sf* *sf* *sf*

The above Air, the three Captains, with Haydn's Symph<sup>s</sup> & Accompan<sup>s</sup> first publish'd in 1817 instead of a meagre Air in the former editions call'd Sir Patrick Spence.



LET MY LASS BE YOUNG, MY WINE BE OLD.

WRITTEN AND HERE PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF

ALEXANDER BOSWELL, *Esq.*

---

IRISH AIR—THE THREE CAPTAINS.

*This lively and very pleasing Air is introduced in the present Edition instead of a meagre air, called SIR PATRICK SPENCE, which the Editor rather inadvertently admitted into the first Edition of his Work. The following Verses will be found quite appropriate to the new Air.*

**L**ET my lass be young, my wine be old,  
My cottage snug, friends never cold,  
My life no tedious tale twice told,  
    And happy shall I be.  
Tempt me not with pageant power,  
Nor give to me the Miser's hoard ;  
But may Contentment cheer my bower,  
    And Plenty deck my board.

The selfish wretch in pride may roll,  
And viands cull from pole to pole ;  
My purse shall serve each kindred soul,  
    And set the hapless free.  
These, when partial Fate has given,  
These with health to taste the store,  
Earth itself becomes a heaven,  
    And nought to wish for more.

---

## NOW WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

## AIR—EDINBURGH KATE.

**N**ow wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
 Coming down the street, my jo?  
 My mistress in her tartan screen,  
 Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.  
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,  
 That never wish'd a lover ill;  
 Since ye're out of your mother's sight,  
 Let's tak a walk up to the hill.

O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinsome town a while;  
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile;  
 The mavis, blackbird, and the lark,  
 The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,  
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,  
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day  
 Bends his morning draught of dew,  
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
 And gather flowers to busk your brow.  
 We'll pu' the daisies on the green,  
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;  
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
 And rest upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
 A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,  
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:  
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to that caller shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,  
 And breathe the tender tale of love.\*

\* *The critical reader will perceive that the Editor has made a slight alteration upon the last line of each of the two last stanzas of the above Song.*

*KATE'S ANSWER.*

ALSO WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

## AIR—MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN OWR ME.

**M**y mither's ay glowrin o'er me,  
 Though she did the same before me,  
 I canna get leave to look at my Love,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;  
 Then, Sandy, you'll fret, and wyte your poor Kate,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty  
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty,  
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear,  
 And sae we hae need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion;  
 Brag weel o' your land, and there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

*Now wat ye &c. Air Edinburgh Kate* 194

*Andantino  
grazioso*

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen Coming down the street my Jo! My mistress in her tartan feren Fir

bonny braw and sweet my Jo. My dear quoth I than's to the night, That never wish'd a lover ill Since

ye're out of your mother's sight Lets take a walk up to the hill.

*The Answer.*

*Allegretto*

My mother's ay glowrie o'er me Tho she did the same be fore me I canna get leave to

look at my Love Or else shall belike to devour me. Right fain wou'd I take your offer Sweet Sir but I'll tane my

to - cher Then Sandy you'll fret and wyte your poor Kate When e'er ye keep in your toom cof - fer.

to - cher Then Sandy you'll fret and wyte your poor Kate When e'er ye keep in your toom cof - fer.

195 *When o'er the Air The lea rig*

*Allegretto*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a complex, rhythmic melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and moving to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

When o'er the hill the eas-tern star tells bughtin time is near my Jo; And

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "When o'er the hill the eas-tern star tells bughtin time is near my Jo; And".

cat-tle frae the furrow'd field re-tur-nee dowf and weary O Down

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "cat-tle frae the furrow'd field re-tur-nee dowf and weary O Down".

by the burn where scot-ted birks wi' dew are hang-ing clear my Jo, I'll

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "by the burn where scot-ted birks wi' dew are hang-ing clear my Jo, I'll".

meet thee on the lea rig my ain linc-des-ri- O!

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "meet thee on the lea rig my ain linc-des-ri- O!".

The final line of the piano accompaniment features a complex, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand. It includes a *cres* (crescendo) marking and ends with a fermata.

## WHEN O'ER THE HILL THE EASTERN STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;  
And owsen frae the furrowed field  
Return sae dowf and weary O:  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,  
I'd rove and ne'er be irie O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:  
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
It makes my heart sae cheery O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

## YE BRAES OF TOUCH, HOW SWEET YE SMILE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By A LADY.*

THE SAME AIR.

YE braes of Touch,\* how sweet ye smile,  
When ev'ning lingers in the sky;  
Your lovely shades my cares beguile  
Ev'n seen thro' sorrow's wat'ry eye.  
Not fairer flowers Arcadia blest,  
Not sweeter Tempe's verdant vale,  
When in thy green retreats I rest,  
Where music floats on ev'ry gale.

Ye braes of Touch, how fresh ye bloom,  
When spring calls forth her earliest flow'rs,  
I feel my heart its peace resume  
When shelter'd in your vocal bow'rs.

Your dashing falls, your tranquil groves,  
Your wand'ring streams that murmur sweet,  
Where ease reclines, and freedom roves  
Around the Muse's fav'rite seat.

Your every wildly-varied charm,  
When bright with summer's ardent beams,  
Can wounded mem'ry's power disarm,  
And raise the soul to happier themes.  
Ye braes of Touch, how gay ye smile,  
When rising larks salute the day,  
Your rural charms my cares beguile,  
And wake the long forgotten lay.

\* TOUCH, near Stirling, the seat of ARCHIBALD SETON, Esq.—The word is pronounced with the guttural sound of the Scottish dialect; but as that sound would be difficult to the English singer, it may be pronounced as if it were spelled TOUK.

## THE GYPSIE'S CAME TO OUR GOOD LORD'S GATE.

AIR—JOHNY FAW—OR, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

*Some verses commonly printed as part of this ballad, are here omitted, as being unfit for this work. BURNS, in his Memoranda on Scottish Song, says, that Johny Faw is the only old Song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.*

**T**HE Gypsies came to our good lord's gate,  
And wow but they sang sweetly ;  
They sang sac sweet, and sae compleat,  
That down came our fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
Wi' a' her maids before her ;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
They coost the glamer o'er her.

' O come with me,' says Johny Faw,  
' O come with me, my deary ;  
' For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
' Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

' Here, tak frae me this gay mantile,  
' And bring to me a plaidie ;  
' Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
' I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

" Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
" And my good lord beside me ;  
" This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
" Whatever shall betide me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,  
And speir'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
" She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie."

" Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
" Gae saddle and make him ready,  
" Before I either eat or sleep,  
" I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Of courage stout and steady,  
And we were a' put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton lady.

*A person of the name of JOHNE FAW is said to have been king of the Gypsies in the time of JAMES V., who, about the year 1542, issued a curious proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist Johny Faw, there stiled, " Lord and Erle of Lüttil Egypt," in seizing and securing certain fugitive gypsies, in order that they might be punished by Johny, their lord and master, conform to his laws ; for which purpose the magistrates were to lend him their prisons, stocks, jettors, &c. And the king charges his lieges not to molest the said Johny Faw, and his company, in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty ; and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners, were ordered to receive him and his company, upon their expenses, for furthering them to parts beyond sea. See M. Laurin's Remarkable Cases, p. 774.*

*It is not improbable that this Johny Faw is the Hero of the above ballad ; and the rank and title of the Heroine seems to be ascertained, from the following verse of a different copy :*

There was seven gypsies in a gang,  
And they were brisk and bonny, O,  
And they're to be hanged all in a row,  
For the Erle of Castle's\* lady, O.

Cassilis.

## CRAZ'D WALTER CAME TO OUR LADY'S GATE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

**C**RAZ'D WALTER came to our lady's gate,  
And he sung sad and sweetly ;  
" O soft is the smile of my lovely Kate,  
" It melts my soul completely."  
The lady view'd with a scornful frown  
The gentle maniac's sorrow,  
" O look not on me so proudly down,  
" I'll wed you, love, to-morrow.

" I'll twine a chaplet round your brow  
" Of rue, and the wilding's blossom ;  
" I'll plunge where spreading lilies grow,  
" In yon still water's bosom.  
" No roof defends me from the sky,  
" No blazing hearth does cheer me,  
" When wand'ring late where owls do cry,  
" The passing strangers fear me.

" When bright the frosty moon shines late,  
" Through dark blue skies so clearly,  
" Come, see my haunt, O lovely Kate,  
" Where I watch the day-spring early.

" Beneath yon broad-oak's solemn shade,  
" The wither'd leaves I gather ;  
" There is poor Walter's lowly bed,  
" In wild and wintery weather.

" There, in the dreary hour of night,  
" When stormy clouds are flying,  
" I watch your chamber's distant light,  
" To view your shadow trying.  
" When slumber wraps your careless mind  
" In downie ease reclining,  
" My love-notes mingle with the wind,  
" In restless anguish pining.

" Frown, ye dark storms of angry night,  
" Come with your terrors round me ;  
" Chace from my brain that smile so bright,  
" The look that first did wound me.  
" Or smile once more, my lovely Kate,  
" To soothe poor Walter's sorrow ;  
" Think of the wretched wanderer's fate,  
" Who sees no joyful morrow."

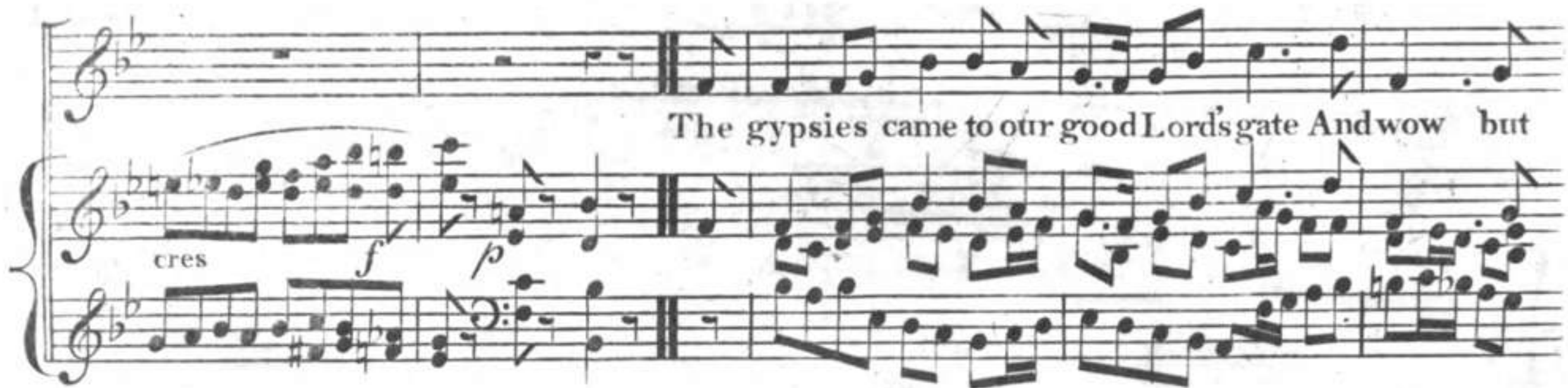
The gypsies came, Air, Johnny Fun. 196

*Andante*  
*espressivo*



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the expression is 'espressivo'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate And woe but



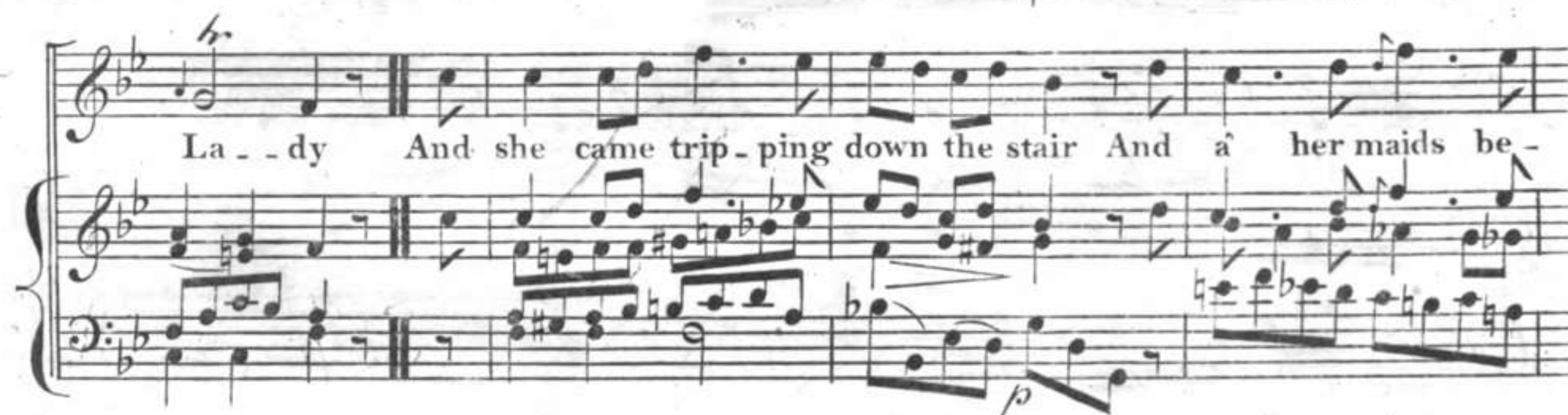
The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with sixteenth-note runs in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand. Dynamics include 'cres', 'f', and 'p'.

they sang sweet-ly They sang sae sweet and sae complete, That down came the fair



The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with eighth notes and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment maintains its intricate texture. Dynamics include 'p'.

La - - dy And she came trip-ping down the stair And a' her maids be-



The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long note for 'La - - dy' followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic texture. Dynamics include 'p'.

- fore her As soon as they saw her well fa'rd face They cast the glammer o'er her



The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a quarter note for 'fore her' followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic texture. Dynamics include 'cres' and 'f'.



The fifth system of the piano accompaniment, which concludes the piece with a final cadence. The right hand has a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

*Jenny's bawbee*

Violino.

Allegretto.  
Scherzando.

I met four chaps yon birks a-mang Wi' hing-ing lugs and faces lang I

sper'd at Neighbour Baul-dy Strang What are they these I see Quo'

he ilk cream fac'd pawky chiel Thinks himsel cunning as the deil And

here they came a-wa to steal Jen-ny's baw-...bee.

Violino.



## I MET FOUR CHAPS YON BIRKS AMANG.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

## AIR—JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang ;  
I speer'd at neebour Bauldy Strang

Wha's thae I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,  
Thought he was cunning as the de'il,  
And here they came, awa to steal

Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,

And pap'd on his knee :

Quo' he, " My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
" Your beauty's dazzled baith my een !"  
But de'il a beauty he had seen

But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blethrin gab,  
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,

And a' for a fee.

Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,  
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown,  
But now he thought to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup,  
Cried, " There's my beast, lad, had the grup,

" Or tie 't till a tree :

" What's gowd to me, I've wealth o' lan',  
" Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."

He thought to pay what he was *awn*

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,  
A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)  
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,

And jaupit a' was he.

He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,  
And grinn'd, " I' faith a bonnie lass !"  
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,

Jenny's bawbee.

She bad the Laird gae kaim his wig,  
The Soger no to strut sae big,  
The Lawyer no to be a prig,

The Fool cry'd, " Tehee !

" I kent that I could never fail !"

But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,  
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,

And kept her bawbee !

## CHRO CHALLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC FOR THIS WORK,

By MRS GRANT.

## HIGHLAND AIR—CHRO CHALLIN.

*The following Song, from the Gaelic, when sent to the Editor, was accompanied by some remarks of the Translator, which shall here be prefixed: "The verses of CRO CHALLIN have lived from the days when agriculture was in its infancy, and continue still to soothe every fold, and lull every cradle in these wild regions. A literal translation I don't pretend to give, but I will venture to appeal to every judge of Gaelic and of poetry, whether I have not rendered the spirit of this curious fragment of antiquity. The changes which time and culture have effected on manners are best traced in popular songs, more particularly the Gaelic fragments, in which the transitions from the life of a Hunter to that of a Herdsman, and from that to the more laborious and stationary pursuits of agriculture, are strongly marked. Anciently the Hunter was admired as a person of manly courage, who, in the pursuit of a livelihood, exerted the virtues of patience and fortitude, and followed Nature into her most sublime retirements. Herdsmen were then accounted the sons of little men; sordid, inferior beings, who preferred ease and safety to noble daring, and boundless variety; and were considered to be as much below the Hunter as the cattle they tended were inferior in grace and agility to the deer the others pursued. Interest, however, reversed such opinions: In process of time the maidens boasted of the numerous herds of their lovers, and viewed the Huntsman as a poor wandering adventurer. About this time the Song here translated seems to have been composed. The enamoured nymph, willing to think Colin as rich as others, talks in an obscure and figurative manner of the Cattle of Colin (Cro Challin,) and pursues the metaphor through many playful allusions to the deer, roes, fawns, &c. and their manner of sporting and feeding, in a style too minute for translation: In the end, however, it appears, that the boasted cattle of Colin were no other than those wild commoners of nature, and his sole profession that of hunting! I have endeavoured to preserve the tender simplicity of the original, and to render, almost literally, the fond repetition of endearing epithets. The love-songs of those days were the breathings of real passion: nobody thought of that most absurd of all things,—a fictitious love-song:*

— "It is silly sooth,  
" And dallies with the innocence of love,  
" Like the old age."

My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear!  
Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;  
O where are thy flocks that so swiftly rebound,  
And fly o'er the heath without touching the ground?  
  
So dappled, so varied, so beauteous their hue,  
So agile, so graceful, so charming to view;  
O'er all the wide forest there's nought can compeer  
With the light-bounding flocks of my Colin, my dear.  
  
My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love!  
O where are thy herds that so loftily move,  
With branches so stately their proud heads are crown'd,  
With their motion so rapid the woods all resound.  
  
Where the birch-trees hang weeping o'er fountains so clear,  
At noon-day they're sleeping round Colin, my dear.

O Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy!  
Must those flocks and those herds all thy moments employ!  
  
To yon waterfall's dashing I tune my sad strain,  
And gather these violets for Colin in vain;  
At sun-set he said he would meet with me here,  
Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear?  
  
O Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride!  
While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so wide,  
Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,  
Whose herds scatter'd round me adorn the green plains.  
  
Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see,  
But what are their wealth and their offers to me;  
While the light-bounding roes, and the wild mountain deer,  
Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my dear!

*My Colin, lov'd Colin. Air. Crochallin.* 198

*Andante  
con molto  
espressione*

My COLIN lov'd CO...LIN my

*sf*

*Pia e legato assai.*

CO...LIN my dear Who wont the wild moun-tains to trace with...out

fear. O where are thy flocks that so swift...ly re...-bound, and

fly o'er the heath with...out touch-ing the ground.

*sf* *p*

*p* *sf* Turn for the conclusion.

*Colin to Flora. Air, The rock: & a wee pickle ton.*

*Allegretto  
piuttosto  
Vivace*

O were I as fleet as the wings of the wind, in chace of the roes when springing Love; At the

sound of your voice I wou'd loiter be hind, So sweet is the charm of your singing Love. I

heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm wou'd slacken my speed and e\_nervate my arm; the

deer drawing near now no more in a\_larm through brakes in the woods are springing Love.

## COLIN TO FLORA.—O WERE I AS FLEET, &amp;c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *MRS GRANT.*

## AIR—THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

**O** WERE I as fleet as the wings of the wind,  
 In chace of the roes when springing, Love,  
 At the sound of your voice I would loiter behind,  
 So sweet is the charm of your singing, Love.  
 I heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm  
 Would slacken my speed, and enervate my arm;  
 See the deer, drawing near, now no more in alarm,  
 Secure through the woodlands are springing, Love.

While Echo, delighted, repeats the sweet sound,  
 And rocks with the music are ringing, Love;  
 The hinds with their fawns come enraptur'd around,  
 And lose all their fears in your singing, Love.\*

If Flora to Mora can gather the deer,  
 All heedless of danger, her accents to hear;  
 While gazing and praising that melody clear,  
 Can Colin his bow be stringing, Love?

Let my arrows be scatter'd, my bow be unstrung,  
 And the deer all in safety be springing, Love;  
 Let me gaze on your eyes, and attend to your tongue,  
 While the woodlands in concert are ringing, Love.  
 While pining and twining the chaplet for me,  
 Thy hunter still chases a vision of thee;  
 My youth and my truth from inconstancy free,  
 I vow'd to you at the beginning, Love.

\* When the maids, milking the cows in distant glens, sing *Chro Challin*, or any other melody, the deer frequently draw near to listen.

## THE OLD SONG OF

## THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

**T**HERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't;  
 But looting her down, her rock took a low,  
 And that was an ill beginning o't.  
 She spat on 't, she flet on 't, and tramp'd on its pate,  
 But a' she could do, it wad hae its ain gate;  
 At last she sat down, and she bitterly grat  
 That ever she try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore o' years,  
 And ay I kept free o' the spinning o't;  
 But how I was sarket, foul fa' them that spiers,  
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.  
 The women are now-a-days turn'd sae braw,  
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa;  
 The world was better when fient ane ava,  
 But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin,  
 That had been sae lang o' beginning o't,  
 I well might have ended as I had begun,  
 And never have try'd the spinning o't.

But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird,  
 I thought anes a-day it wad never be speird,  
 How loot ye the low tak the rock by the beard,  
 When ye gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,  
 To think on the ill beginning o't;  
 I thought ere I died to have made out a wab,  
 And this was the first beginning o't.  
 But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,  
 The safest and soundest advice I wou'd gie,  
 That they frae spinning wou'd keep their hands free,  
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they in spite of my counsel would run  
 The dreary sad risk o' the spinning o't,  
 Let them find a lown seat lighted up by the sun,  
 Syne venture upon the beginning o't:  
 But to do as I've done, alack and avow,  
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,  
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow,—  
 The meikle deil tak the spinning o't.

## GOOD NIGHT, &amp;c.—THE OLD CHIEFTAIN TO HIS SONS.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR—GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YE.

<p><b>G</b>ood night and joy be wi' ye a' ;          Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :          May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blow !          In sorrow may ye never part !          My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;          The mountain fires now blaze in vain :          Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,          And in your deeds I'll live again !</p>	<p>When on yon muir our gallant clan          Frae boasting foes their banners tore,          Wha show'd himsel a better man,          Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore ?          But when in peace,—then mark me there—          When thro' the glen the wanderer came,          I gave him of our hardy fare,          I gave him here a welcome hame.</p>
---	--

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,  
 Be canty, but be good and leal ;  
 Your ain ills ay ha'e heart to bear,  
 Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel.  
 So, e'er I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see you triumph e'er I fa' :  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine ;  
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a' !

---

**Edinburgh :**

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 ROYAL EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.

1820.

*Good night & joy be wi' ye*

**Allegretto  
e ben  
marcato.**

Good night and joy be wi' ye a' Your harm-less mirth has  
cheer'd my heart May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw In sor-row may ye  
ne-er part My spi-rit lives, but strength is gone, The moun-tain fires now  
blaze in vain Re-member sons the deeds I've done And in your deeds I'll live a-gain

*sf sf sf*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano accompaniment and a single treble clef for the vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Allegretto e ben marcato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano accompaniment consists of chords and melodic lines in both hands. The score is divided into several systems, with the lyrics appearing in the first four systems. The final system shows the piano accompaniment with three accents marked 'sf'.





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