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ELLOUIS  
SELECTION  
100 SCOTTISH SONGS,

FOR

Harp and Piano-Forte.

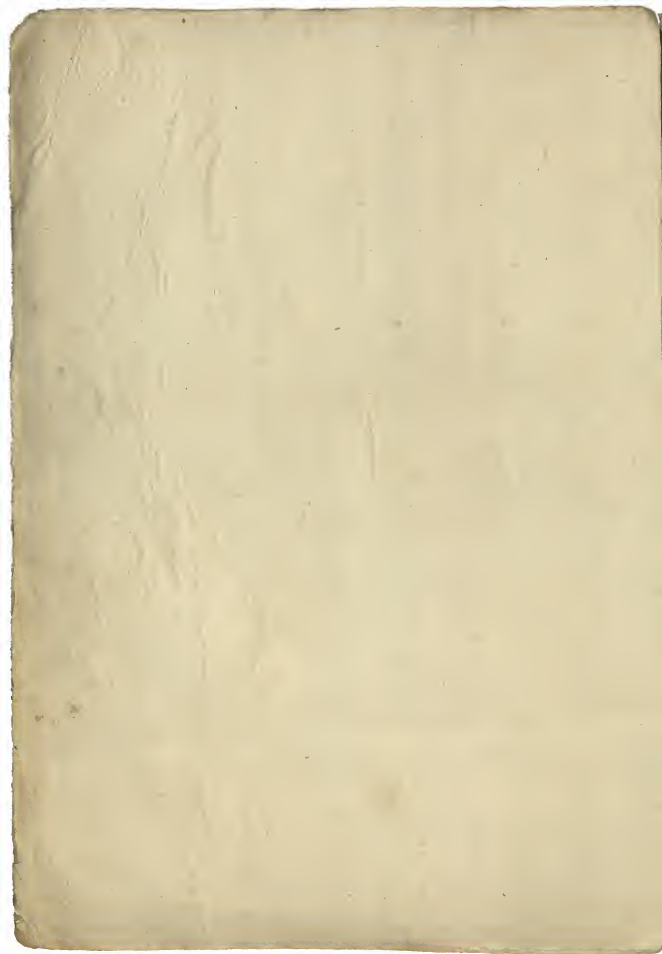
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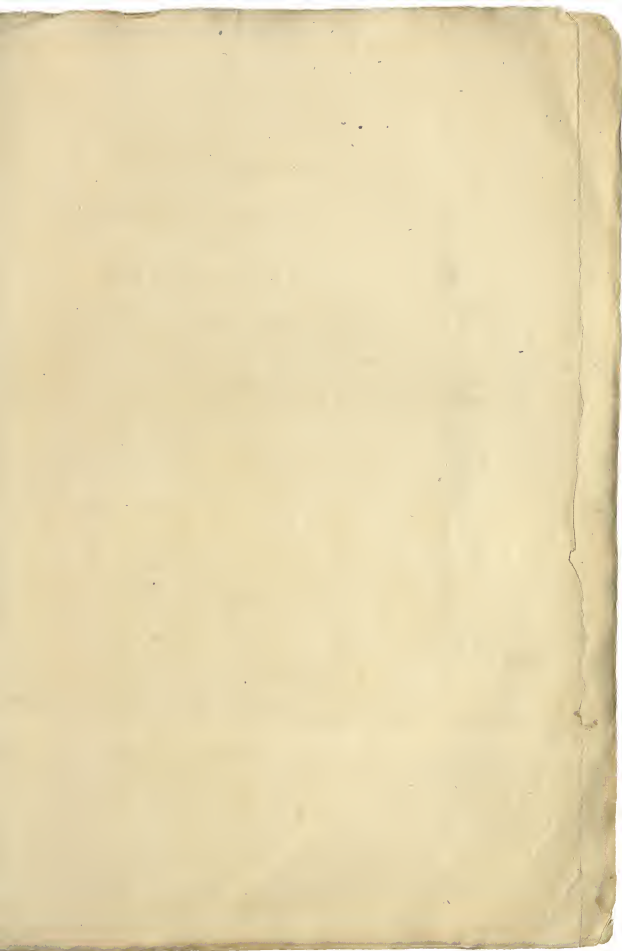
EDICATED

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY MONTGOMERIE.

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*SELECTION OF SCOTTISH SONGS,*  
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FOR THE  
**Harp and Piano-Forte,**

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HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GORDON,  
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And a considerable number of the FIRST FAMILIES amongst the

*NOBILITY and GENTRY,*

*Whose Names may be seen at Messrs GOW & SHEPHERD'S, and Messrs MUIR, WOOD, & Co. Music Sellers, EDINBURGH; and at R. BIRCHALL'S, Music Seller, New Bond Street, LONDON. But as many Friends and obliging Patrons of the Author, have not yet returned their private Lists, because the Subscription is to remain open until the publication of the Second Volume, (which will be deferred as little as possible), he must postpone, till that time, printing the GENERAL and ALPHABETICAL LIST which will be added to the Second Volume.*

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(Subscriptions received at the above places.)

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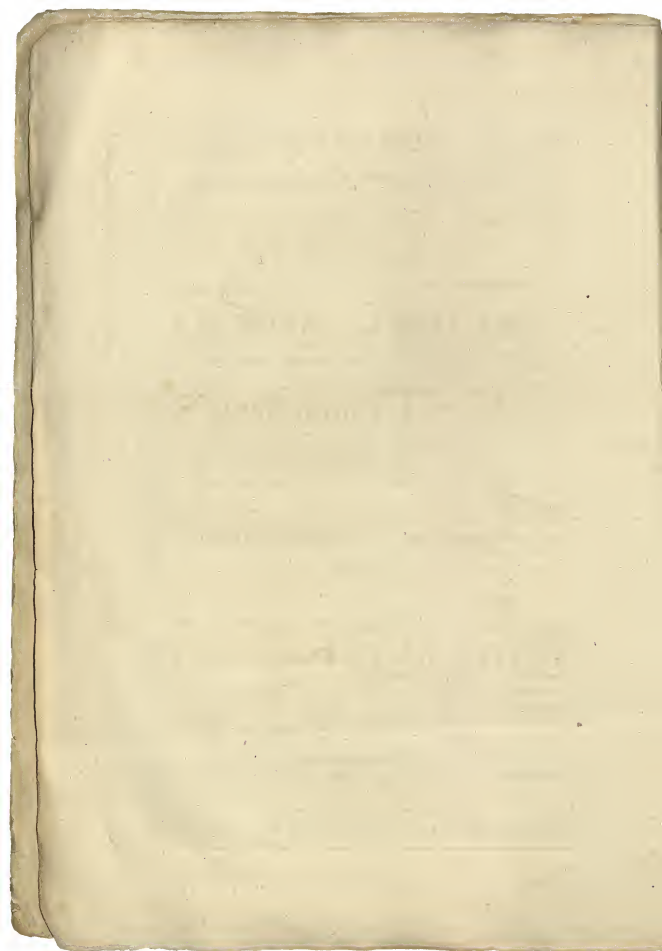
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## Variations

*To the following AIRS, at the End of this Volume :*

The DEIL's awa' wi' th' Exciseman,  
JOHN ANDERSON my jo,  
Up in the Morning Early.



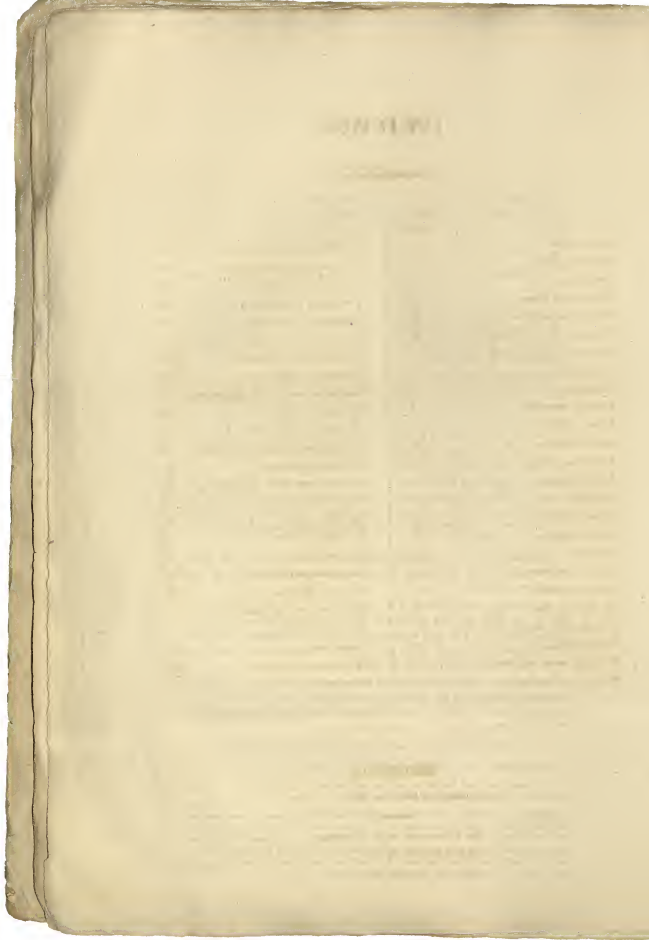
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**SELECTION**  
of Favorite  
**SCOTS SONGS**  
with Accompaniments for the  
Harp or Piano Forte  
which may be Performed on these Instruments either  
with the Voice or without it as Familiar Lessons  
to which are added  
Several Airs with Variations  
composed and  
Respectfully Dedicated, by Permission, to  
**THE RIGHT HONORABLE**  
**LADY MONTGOMERIE,**  
By  
J. Elouis.

Ent<sup>d</sup> at Sta. Hall.

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## PREFACE.

It is generally allowed, that modern Embellishments, or introductory and concluding Symphonies, added to SCOTTISH AIRS, create a want of unity, which destroys their characteristic originality; and Lovers of Scottish Music observe, with regret, that most of the best Melodies, literally, sink under the burden of foreign Graces and intricate Accompaniments.

THE multiplicity of different words, lately attached to the SCOTTISH AIRS, tends likewise, so evidently, to pervert their real expression, that it is unnecessary to expatiate on the injury they must sustain from the practise.—To consult the analogy between Poetry and Music, is an arduous task even for Composers of the greatest abilities; therefore, how the same notes can be reconciled to words of the most opposite meaning, is an enigma which might puzzle a GLUCK, a PERGOLESE, or a MOZART\*.

THE following Accompaniments will betray no desire of shining at the expence of the subject; they contain no *arpeggios* nor *showy passages*, (for the AUTHOR considers such as incompatible with the simplicity of SCOTTISH SONG), and they are the only ones ever published for the HARP †, or which can be performed on that Instrument and the PIANO, *with* or *without* the Voice.

THE AUTHOR forbears entering into the merits or demerits of this Work: but, conscious of having completely deviated from any beaten track, he invites Professors and Judges of Harmony, to do him the honor to compare his modulations, to those of his Predecessors in the same career; by which, they will soon perceive, that the most partial Critic cannot, with truth, accuse him of having borrowed a single thought; or, in the most distant manner, imitated any Composer, whatever.

SCHOLARS, in general, being deficient in their style of playing small notes, (particularly in slow movements), those have been engraved exactly as they should be performed.

THE Poetry, in every edition of SCOTTISH SONGS, is so extremely incorrect, that it was found absolutely necessary to revise the whole of the verses contained in this Selection‡. The most ancient words, when not exceptionable, have been carefully preserved, as the Public seem much attached to them, and Songs *cœval* with the Airs, certainly deserve the preference.

FINALLY, the Work has been printed and engraved in EDINBURGH, under the immediate directions of the AUTHOR, who has spared neither trouble nor expence, to render it worthy of the ILLUSTRIOUS and EXALTED patronage with which it is honored.

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\* In some Editions, Comic and Pathetic Songs have been attached to the same AIRS.

† It is most probable that Scottish AIRS were originally composed for the HARP. See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. *James I. Bard, Harp, Minstrel, and Music*.

‡ There is not one Edition of *Scottish Songs* in which lines with two, three, and sometimes four syllables *too much* or *too little*, are not frequently to be met with. The troublesome and ungrateful task of restoring the verses to their proper measure, by retrenching or adding words to the defective lines, (without encroaching upon the sense), was undertaken by MRS ELOUIS, the Author's Wife. It can now be safely asserted, that there is no other Selection of *Scottish Songs* but this, in which the verses, from being uniformly correct, *always* suit their respective AIRS.

1908

1912

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ELLOUIS'  
SELECTION  
OF  
SCOTTISH SONGS,  
FOR THE  
Harp and Piano-Forte.

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## FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.

FAREWEL to LOCHABER, farewel to my JEAN,  
Where heartsome with thee, I have mony days been;  
For LOCHABER no more, LOCHABER no more,  
We'll may-be, return to LOCHABER no more.  
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
Tho' bore on rough seas, to a far bloody shore,  
May-be to return to LOCHABER no more.

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

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

# Farewel to Lochaber.

1

*Affettuoso*

Farewel to Loch\_a\_ber, farewel to my Jean, Where heartsome with thee I have

mony days been; For Loch\_a\_ber no more, Loch\_a\_ber no more, We'll may be re-

-turn to Loch\_a\_ber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And

no for the dangers at\_tending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody

shore, May be to re\_\_turn to Loch\_a\_ber no more.

*The Collier's Bonny Lassic.*

Allegretto

The Col-lier has a daugh-ter And O she's wond'rous

bonny A laird he was that scught her, Rich baith in lands and money:

The tu-tors watch'd the mo-tion of this young honest lover, But

love is like the o'-cean; Wha can its depth dis cover!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

## THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE Collier has a daughter,  
 And O she's wondrous bonny!  
 A laird he was that sought her,  
 Rich baith in lands and money:  
 The tutors watch'd the motion  
 Of this young honest lover;  
 But love is like the ocean,  
 Wha can its depths discover!

He had the art to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected;  
 His airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The Collier's bonny lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lily,  
 Ay sweet and never saucy,  
 Secur'd the heart of WILLY.

He lov'd beyond expression  
 The charms that were about her,  
 And panted for possession,  
 His life was dull without her.  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held her,  
 In safest flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus tell'd her:

"My bonny Collier's daughter,  
 "Let naething discompose ye:  
 "'Tis nae your scanty tocher  
 "Shall ever gar me lose ye;  
 "For I have gear in plenty,  
 "And love says 'tis my duty  
 "To ware what heav'n has lent me,  
 "Upon your youth and beauty."

## AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But rov'd mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' days o' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paddlet i' the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,  
 Sin' days o' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 We'll tak' a right gude-willie waught  
 For days o' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 We'll tak' a' cup o' kindness yet,  
 For days o' lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.



# Auld Lang Syne.

3

Andantino

Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And ne - ver brought to

The first system of the musical score for 'Auld Lang Syne'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo marking 'Andantino' is written to the left of the piano part. The lyrics 'Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And ne - ver brought to' are written below the vocal line.

mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days' o' lang syne?

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics 'mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days' o' lang syne?' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics 'For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in this system.

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

The fourth and final system of the musical score on this page. The lyrics 'tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.' are written below the vocal line. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

# My Nannie O.

Adagio

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, mang moors an' mosses

mo - ny, O; The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And

I'll a - - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin wind blows

loud and shill, The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O I'll

get my plaid, and out I'll steal an' owre the hills to Nan - nie O.

## MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills, where LUGAR flows,  
 'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O;  
 The win'try sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa' to NANNIE, O.  
 Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill,  
 And it's baith mirk and rainy, O,  
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hill to NANNIE, O.

My NANNIE's charming, sweet, and young;  
 Nae artfu' wyles to win ye, O.  
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
 That wad beguile my NANNIE, O!  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than NANNIE, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome ay to NANNIE, O.  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;  
 But wark's gear never troubles me;  
 My thoughts are a' my NANNIE, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as bythe, that hauds his plough,  
 And has nae care but NANNIE, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
 I'll tak' what heaven will send me, O;  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live, and love my NANNIE, O.

## DONALD AND FLORA.

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

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

" Where now is Donald dear?  
 (Maids cry with taunting sneer.)  
 " Say, is he still sincere  
     " To his lov'd FLORA?"—  
 " Parents upbraid my moan;  
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone:—  
 " Ah FLORA! thou'rt now alone,  
     " And friendless in MORA!"

" Come then, O come away!  
 " DONALD! no longer stay!  
 " Where can my rover stray  
     " From his lov'd FLORA?  
 " Ah! sure he ne'er could be  
 " False to his vows and me!  
 " Heavens! is't not yonder he  
     " Comes bounding o'er MORA!"

" Never, O wretched fair!  
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger.)  
 " Never shall DONALD mair  
     " Meet his lov'd FLORA!  
 " Cold as yon mountain's snow,  
 " DONALD, thy love, lies low!  
 " He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
     And seek thee in MORA."

" Well fought our valiant men  
 " On SARATOGA's plain;  
 " Thrice fled the hostile train  
     " From British glory.  
 " But, though our foes did flee,  
 " Sad was each victory!  
 " For youth, love, and loyalty,  
     " Tell far, far from MORA!"

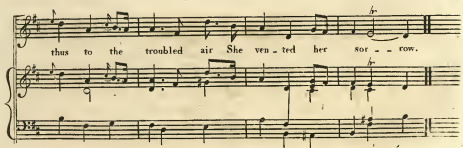
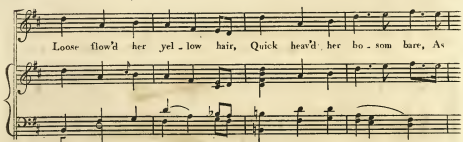
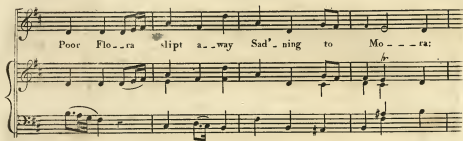
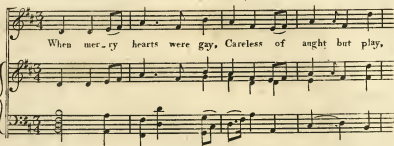
" Here, take this love-wrought plaid;  
 " DONALD, expiring, said;  
 " Give it to yon dear maid,  
     " Drooping in MORA.  
 " Tell her, O ALLAN, tell!  
 " DONALD thus bravely fell,  
 " And that in his last farewell  
     " He thought on his FLORA!"

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
 Speechless with wild despair!  
 Striking her bosom bare,  
     She sigh'd, " Poor FLORA!  
 " Oh DONALD!—well-a-day!"—  
 FLORA no more could say;  
 At length the sound died away  
     For ever in MORA!

# Donald and Flora.

5

Adagio



*Galla Water.*

Larghetto

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking 'Larghetto' is placed to the left of the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

O braw lads of Gal - la wa - - ter

O braw lads of Gal - la wa - - ter, I'll

gae my lane be - - yond the hill, And

look for him my heart sighs af - - ter.

## GALLA WATER.



O BRAW lads of GALLA water;  
 O braw lads of GALLA water;  
 I'll gae my lane beyond the hill,  
 And look for him my heart sighs after.

But when returning, crown'd with laurels,  
 Frae the fields of death and slaughter,  
 Ye shall meet with me, my love,  
 And bring me hame o'er GALLA water.



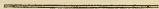
## O BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.



O BRAW lads of GALLA water;  
 O braw lads of GALLA water;  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 The mair I kiss, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er the moss among the heather;  
 I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love through the water.





## SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.



THE night her silent sable wore,  
 And gloomy were the skies,  
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
 Than those in NELLY's eyes.  
 When to her father's gate I came,  
 Where I had often been,  
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
 To rise and let me in.

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

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

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





# The Rose and the Tree. No. IV. <sup>7</sup>

Adagio

The night her si-lent sa-ble wore, and gloo-my were the  
skies, Of glit-tring stars ap-peard no more Than  
those in Nel-ly's eyes. When to her fa-ther's  
door I came, Where I had of-ten been I  
begg'd my fair, my love-ly dame, To rise and let me in.

*The last time I came o'er the Muir.*

Larghetto

The last time I came o'er the muir, I left my love be-

-hind me; Ye pow'rs, what pain do I en-dure When

soft i-de-as mind me! Soon as the rud-dy

morn dis-play'd The beam-ing day en-su-ing, I

met, be-times, my love-ly maid In fit re-treats for woo-ing.

## THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

The last time I came o'er the muir,  
 I left my love behind me;  
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me!  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay  
 Gazing and chasteily sporting;  
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
 Till night spread her black curtain.  
 I pitied all below the skies,  
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me;  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me;  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cars at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter;  
 Since she excels in every grace,  
 In her my love shall center.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On GREENLAND ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
 She shall a lover find me,  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Though I left her behind me.  
 Then HYMEN's sacred bands shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom;  
 There, while my being doth remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

## I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

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

Say, lovely ADONIS, say,  
 Have I deceiv'd thee?  
 Did e'er my heart betray  
 New love that's griev'd thee?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou may'st believe me;  
 I'll love thee lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee?  
 Can my heart thy anguish soothe?  
 It shall receive thee.  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee;  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

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

# *I'll Never Leave Thee.*

9

Adagio

One day I heard Ma-ry say, How shall I leave thee!

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking 'Adagio' is written to the left of the piano part. The lyrics 'One day I heard Ma-ry say, How shall I leave thee!' are written below the vocal line.

stay, dear-est A - do - nis, stay Why wilt thou grieve me? A -

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics 'stay, dear-est A - do - nis, stay Why wilt thou grieve me? A -' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic pattern.

- - las! my fond heart will break, If thou shoud'st leave me;

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics '- - las! my fond heart will break, If thou shoud'st leave me;' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a more active, flowing melody.

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

The fourth and final system of musical notation on the page. The lyrics 'I'll live and die for thy sake, . Yet ne - ver leave thee.' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

# The Birks of Invermay.

Andante

The eni ling morn, the breathing spring, In vite the tuneful

birds to sing, And while they war ble from each spray, Love

melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us A - man - da,

time - ly wise. Like them im - prove the hour that flies, And

in soft rap - tures waste the day A - mong the birks of In - ver - may.

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

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

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



## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sung truce; for the night-cloud had low'r'd,  
 The centinel stars set their watch in the sky,  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.  
 Reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fire that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night, a vision I saw;  
 And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,  
 Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way,  
 To the house of my friends, who welcom'd me back.  
 I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends ne'er to part;  
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
 My wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.  
 "Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"  
 (And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)  
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
 The voice in my dreaming ear melted away!



# The Soldier's Dream

11

Air Capt. O'Kain.

Andantino

Our bugles sung truce; for the night cloud had low'r'd, The centinel

(C. Pedal Fixed)

stars set their watch in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground o-ver-pow'r'd, The

weary to sleep, and the wounded to die. Re-posing that night on my pallet of straw, By the

wolf-scaring fire that guarded the slain, At the dead of the night a

vision I saw, And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

# My ain kind Deary O!

Will ye gang o'er the lea rigg My ain kind deary O! And

*Andantino*  
*Grazioso*

cad - die there sae kind - ly Wi' me my ain kind deary, O! At

thorn - ie dyke, and birken tree, We'll daff and ne'er be weary, O! They'll

seug ill een frae you and me, 'My ain kind dea - ry, O!

## MY AIN KIND DEARY, O!

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rig,

My ain kind deary, O!

And cuddle there sae kindly

Wi' me my ain kind deary, O!

At thornie dyke, and birken tree,

We'll daff and ne'er be weary, O!

They'll scug ill een frae you and me,

My ain kind deary, O.

Herds, wi' kent or colly there,

Shall never fear ye, O!

But sweet lav'rocks in the air

Shall woo like me their deary, O!

While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,

And ever toil for gear, my jo,

Upon the lee my pleasure grows,

With my kind deary, O!

## THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.



BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain  
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to disclose his pain.  
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,  
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:  
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,  
 Yet CHLOE, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

"How happy," he cry'd, "my moments once flew,  
 Ere CHLOE's bright charms first flash'd on my view!  
 "These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,  
 "Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;  
 "Now, nothing but scenes of distress please my sight—  
 "I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

"Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue;  
 "All, all but conspire my grief to renew.  
 "From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,  
 "To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;  
 "But love's ardent fever burns always the same;  
 "No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

"But see, the pale moon all clouded retires;  
 "The breezes grow cool, not STREPHON's desires;  
 "I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 "Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind:  
 "Ah wretch! how can life, now, be worthy thy care!  
 "Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair."

# The Braes of Ballenden.

13

Andante

Beneath a green shade a love-ly young swain One ev'ning re-  
clin'd, to dis-close his pain. So sad, yet so sweet-ly he  
warbled his woe, The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to  
flow; Rude winds with com- passion could hear him com- plain, Yet  
Chloe, less gen- tie, was deaf to his strain.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line.

# Take your auld Cloak about Ye.

In win-ter when the rain rained could, And frost and snaw on

Andante  
ma non  
troppo lento

il - ka hill And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our

ky to kill: Then Bell my wife wha loes na strife, She

said to me right has - ti - ly, Get up good - man save

Cromie's life, And tak' your auld cloak 'a - bout ye.

## TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And BOREAS wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:  
 Then BELL, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,  
 She said to me right hastilie,  
 'Get up, gudeman, save CROMIE's life,  
 'And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

'My CROMIE is an useful cow,  
 'And she is come of a good kyne;  
 'Aft has she wet the bairnies mou',  
 'And I am laith that she should tyne;  
 'Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 'The sun shines i' the lift sae hie;  
 'Sloth never made a gracious end;  
 'Go tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

"My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,  
 "When it was fitting for my wear;  
 "But now it's scantily worth a groat,  
 "For I ha'e won't this thirty year;  
 "Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,  
 "We little ken the day we'll die:  
 "Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn  
 "To ha'e a new cloak about me."

'In days when our King ROBERT rang,  
 'His trews they cost but ha'f a crown;  
 'He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 'And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 'He was the king that wore the crown,  
 'And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,  
 "'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 'Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

"Every bird has its ain sang,  
 "Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;  
 "I think the world is a' ran wrang,  
 "When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 "Do ye not see ROY, JOCK, and HAS,  
 "As they are girded gallantlie,  
 "While I sit hurklen in the ase?  
 "I'll ha'e a new cloak about me."

'Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years,  
 'Since we did ane anither ken;  
 'And we ha'e had, between us twa,  
 'Of lads and bonny lasses ten:  
 'Now, they are women grown, and men,  
 'I wish and pray, weel may they be;  
 'And if you'd prove a good husband,  
 'E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

Tho' BELL, my wife, she lo'es na strife;  
 Yet she wad guide me if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;  
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak' my auld cloak about me."



## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly;  
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.  
 Up in the morning's nae for me,  
 Up in the morning early,  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chitt'ring in the thorn,  
 A' day they fare but sparely;  
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.  
 Up in the morning's nae for me,  
 Up in the morning early,  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

## AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

AND O for ane and twenty, TAM!  
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty,  
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.  
 They snool me sair, and haud me down,  
 And gar me look like bluntie,  
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
 And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, TAM!  
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty,  
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.  
 A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie,  
 At kith or kin I need na speir,  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, TAM!  
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty,  
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.  
 They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty!



*Up in the Morning Early.* 15

Allegretto

Could blows the wind frae east to west, The drift is dri - ving

sair - - - ly; Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast, I'm

sure it's win - ter fair - ly. Up in the morning's sae for me,

Up in the morn - ing ear - - ly, When a' the hills are

cover'd wi' snaw I'm sure it's win - ter fair - ly

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*Lewie Gordon.*

*Moderato*

O send Lewie Gor-don home, And the lad I win-na name!

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a-wa'.

Chorus

O hoo, my High-land man! O my-bon-ny High-land man!

Weel wou'd I my true love ken, Amang ten thousand High-land men.

## LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND LEWIE GORDON hame,  
 And the lad I winna name!  
 Tho' his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that's far awa'.  
 O hon, my Highlandman!  
 O my bonny Highlandman!  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philabeg aboon his knee;  
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
 O hon, my Highlandman!  
 O my bonny Highlandman!  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This sweet youth, of whom I sing,  
 Is fit for to be a king;  
 On his breast he wears a star,  
 And looks like the God of war.  
 O hon, my Highlandman!  
 O my bonny Highlandman!  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one,  
 Seated on a royal throne!  
 Sorrows a' wou'd disappear;  
 Then begins the jub'lee year.  
 O hon, my Highlandman!  
 O my bonny Highlandman!  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

## GILDEROY.

AH! CHLOEIS, could I now but sit  
 As unconcern'd, as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget  
 No happiness, nor pain.  
 When I this dawning did admire,  
 And prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire  
 Would take my rest away.

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

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

# Gilderoy.

17

Andantino

A musical score for a song titled 'Gilderoy'. The score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music features various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piano part includes chords and arpeggiated figures.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit as un-con-cern'd as  
when Your in-fant beau-ty could be-get No  
hap-pi-ness nor pain. When I this dawn-ing  
did ad-mire, And prais'd the com-ing day, I  
lit-tle thought that ri-sing fire Would take my rest a-way.

*The Shepherd's Son.*

*Allegretto*

There was a Shep-herd's son Kept sheep u-pon a hill; He

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern. The tempo marking 'Allegretto' is written to the left of the piano staff.

laid his pipe and crook a-side, And there he slept his fill.

This system continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

Chorus.

Sing fal de - ral de - ral, Sing fal de - ral de - ral, Sing

The chorus begins with a new melodic line and piano accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Allegretto'.

fal de - ral de - ral, Sing fal de - ral, de - ral.

This system concludes the chorus with a final double bar line.

## THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THERE was a Shepherd's son  
Kept sheep upon a hill ;  
He laid his pipe and crook aside,  
And there he slept his fill.  
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

He looked east, and west,  
Then gave an under look,  
And there he spied a lady fair  
Swimming in a cool brook.  
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

He rose frae his green bed,  
And then approach'd the maid :  
" Put on your claise, my dear," he says,  
" And be ye not afraid."  
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

" 'Tis fitter lady fair,  
" To sew a silken seam,  
" Than get up in a May morning  
" And strive against the stream."  
Sing, fal de ral, &c.



## TWEED SIDE.

WHAT beauties does FLORA disclose?

How sweet are her smiles upon TWEED?

Yet MARY's still sweeter than those;

Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,

Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Nor TWEED gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,

With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let's see how the primroses spring;

We'll lodge in some village on TWEED,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?

Does MARY not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep?

TWEED's murmurs should lull her to rest,

Kind nature indulging my bliss;

To relieve the pains of my breast,

I would steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,

No beauty with her can compare,

Love's graces around her do dwell,

She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?

Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:

Shall I seek on sweet-winding TAY?

Or the pleasanter banks of TWEED?



# *Tweed Side.*

19

*Larghetto*

What beau-ties does Flora dis- close, How sweet are her

smiles up-on Tweed! Yet Ma-ry, still sweeter than those, Both

na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed, No dai-sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gent-ly thro''

those, Such beau-ty and pleasure can yield.

# Katharine Ogie.

Andante

As walking forth to view the plain, Up on a morning

ear - ly, While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From

flow'rs which grew so rare - ly; I chanc'd to meet a

pret - ty maid, she shinn'd tho' it was fog - - gie; I

ask'd her name, Sweet Sir she said, My name is Kath'rine O - - gie.

## KATHARINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,  
 Upon a morning early,  
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain  
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely,  
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid;  
 She shin'd though it was foggy;  
 I ask'd her name; sweet Sir, she said,  
 My name is KATH'RINE OGIE.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an air there did appear  
 In this maiden so neatly;  
 Natural sweetness she display'd,  
 Like lilies in a bogie;  
 DIANA's self was ne'er array'd  
 As this same KATH'RINE OGIE.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:  
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
 Excel a clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, for lord, or duke,  
 My charming KATH'RINE OGIE.

O! were I but some shepherd-swain,  
 To feed my flock beside thee;  
 At bughting-time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee.  
 I'd think myself more happy then,  
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 My lovely KATH'RINE OGIE.

I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations;  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown;  
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations;  
 Might I caress, and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
 For these are toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with KATH'RINE OGIE.

I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature;  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggy.  
 Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above,  
 I die for KATH'RINE OGIE!

## THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

The deil cam' fiddlin' thro' the town,  
 An' danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman,  
 An' ilka wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,  
 "I wish you joy o' the prize, man."  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman,  
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',  
 He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

We'll mak' our maat, an' brew our drink,  
 We'll laugh an' sing, an' rejoice, man;  
 An' braw thanks to the meikle deil,  
 That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman,  
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',  
 He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 An' there's hornpipes an' strathspeys, man;  
 But the ae best dance in the lan'  
 Is the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman,  
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',  
 He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

# The De'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

21

Allegretto

The De'il cam' fiddlin' thro' the town, And danc'd awa' wi' th' Ex -

- cise - man, And il - ka wife cries auld Ma - houn, I

wish you luck o' the prize man. The De'il's a - wa, the De'il's a - wa, The

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

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

# Alloa House

The spring time re - turns And clothes the green plains, And Alloa shines more

*Lento con Espressione*

*(C. Pedal fixed.)*

cheerful and gay; The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains Sing mer - ri - ly

round the wher - e - ver 't stray: But Sandy no more re - turns to my view; No

spring time ne cheers no mu - sic can charm: He's gone and, I fear me, for

e - - ver a dieu, a - - dieu ev'ry pleasure this Bosom can warm.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo and expression markings are 'Lento con Espressione'. A specific instruction for the piano part is '(C. Pedal fixed.)'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'The spring time re - turns And clothes the green plains, And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay; The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains Sing mer - ri - ly round the wher - e - ver 't stray: But Sandy no more re - turns to my view; No spring time ne cheers no mu - sic can charm: He's gone and, I fear me, for e - - ver a dieu, a - - dieu ev'ry pleasure this Bosom can warm.'



## ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring time returns and clothes the green plains;  
 And ALLOA shines more cheerful and gay;  
 The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains  
 Sing merrily round me, wherever I stray:  
 But SANDY no more returns to my view;  
 No spring-time me cheers, no music can charm;  
 He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever, adieu!  
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

O ALLOA HOUSE! how much art thou chang'd!  
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!  
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,  
 Alas! where to please me, my SANDY once strove!  
 Here, SANDY, I heard the tales that you told;  
 Here listen'd too fond, whenever you sung;  
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?  
 Or foolish believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,  
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;  
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,  
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his NELLY address:  
 My NELLY! my fair! I come; O, my love,  
 No pow'r shall tear thee again from my arms,  
 And, NELLY! no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,  
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,  
 And will you, my love, be true? she reply'd,  
 And live I to meet my fond Shepherd the same?  
 Or dream I that SANDY will make me his bride?  
 O NELLY! I live to find thee still kind;  
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:  
 Then adieu! to all sorrow; what soul's so blind,  
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

## JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps you birks amang,  
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;  
I spier'd at neighbour BAULDY STRANG,

What are they I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,  
Thought himsel' cunning as the deil,  
And here they cam' awa' to steal

Our JENNY's bawbee.

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

And papp'd on his knee:

Quo' he, 'My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
"Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"

But deil a beauty he had seen

But JENNY's bawbee.

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

And a' for a fee.

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

Wi' JENNY's bawbee.

A Norland Laird niest trotted up,  
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,  
Cry'd, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,

"Or tie't till a tree,

"What's gowd to me? I've walth 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 Fop came niest, (but life has rubs),  
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
Jaupit a' was he.

He dane'd up, squintin' through a glass,  
And grim'd, "I faith a bonny lass!"

He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,

The lassie's bawbee.

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

The Fop cry'd, "Tehee!

"I kent that I cou'd never fail!"

She prin'd a dish-clout to his tail,  
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,

And kept her bawbee!



# *Tenny's Bawbee.*

23

*Allegretto*  
*Scherzando*

I met four chaps yon bicks amang, Wi' hinging logs and  
fa - ces lang; I speic'd at Neigh - bour Baul - dy Strang, What  
are they I see? Quo' he ilk cream - fac'd pawky chiel, Thought  
him - self eun - ning as the de'il; And here they cam' a -  
wa' to steal our Jen - ny's baw - bee.

*Shepherds. I have lost my Love.*

*Larghetto*

Shep - herds, I have lost my love; Have you seen my

An - na, Pride of ev' - ry sha - dy grove, Up -

- on the banke of Ban - na? I for her my home for -

- took Near you mis - sy monn - tain. Left my flock my

pipe, my crook, Green - wood shade and foun - tain

## SHEPHERDS I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love;

Have you seen my ANNA,

Pride of ev'ry shady grove,

Upon the banks of BANNA?

I for her my home forsook,

Near yon misty mountain;

Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,

Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more

Until her returning;

All the joys of life are o'er,

From gladness chang'd to mourning

Whither is my charmer flown?

Shepherds, tell me whither?

Woe for me! perhaps she's gone,

For ever, and for ever!

## THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up amang you chuffy rocks,  
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
 To the maid that tends the goats,  
 Liltin'g o'er her native notes.  
 Hark, she sings, "Young SANDIE's kind,  
 "And he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,  
 "Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tyne,  
 "Till he's fairly married to me;  
 "Drive away, ye drone time,  
 "An' bring about our bridal day.

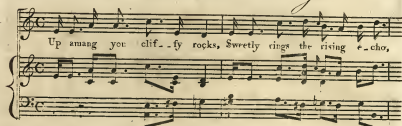
"SANDIE herds a flock o' sheep,  
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 "In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
 "Lammies list'nin', dare na bleat:  
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 "Hardy as the Highland heather,  
 "Wading through the winter snow,  
 "Keeping ay his flock together;  
 "But a plaid, wi' bare boughs,  
 "He braves the bleakest nor'lan' blast.

"Brawly he can 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 longest winded sangster.  
 "Sangs that sing o' SANDIE,  
 "Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

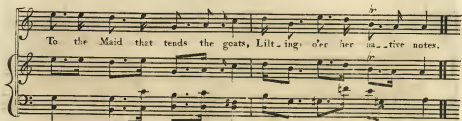
# *The Maid that tends the Goats.* <sup>25</sup>

Up amang you clif-fy rocks, Sweetly sings the rising e-cho,

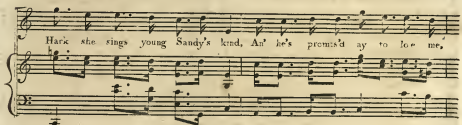
Andante



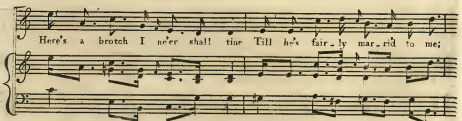
To the Maid that tends the goats, Lilt-ing o'er her na-tive notes.



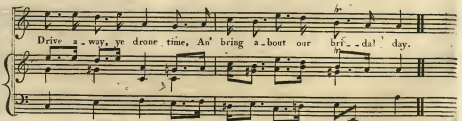
Hark she sings young Sandy's kind, An' he's promis'd ay to loe me,



Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine Till he's fair-ly mar-rid to me;



Drive a-way, ye drone time, An' bring a-bout our bri-dal' day.



# Waly Waly.

Largo  
Espressivo

O wa-ly wa-ly, up the bank, And wa-ly, wa-ly,  
down the brae, And waly, wa-ly yon burn-side Where I and my love  
wolt to gae I leand my back un-to an aill, I  
thought it was a trus-ty tree; But first it bow'd, And  
syne it brak! Sae my true love did light-ly air.

## WALY, WALY.

O WALY, waly, up the bank,  
 And waly, waly, down the brae,  
 And waly, waly, you burn side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae.  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree,  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

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

Now ARTHUR'S Seat\* shall be my bed,  
 The bridal bed I ne'er shall see;  
 SAINT ANTON'S Well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love's forsaken me.  
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the sear leaves off the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come,  
 And tak' a life that wearies me?

\* A hill near EDINBURGH.



## SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

A lass that was laden with care,  
 Sat heavily under yon thorn,  
 I listen'd a while for to hear,  
 When thus she began for to mourn:  
 "Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,  
 "The birds did melodiously sing;  
 "And cold nipping winter did wear  
 "A face that resembled the spring.  
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
 "My heart, my poor heart's like to break,  
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

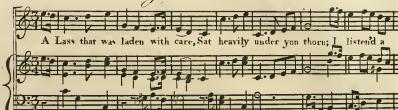
"Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
 "He gently pressing my hand,  
 "I view'd the wide world in its pride,  
 "And laugh'd at the pomp of command!"  
 'My dear,' "he wou'd aft to me say,"  
 'What makes you hard-hearted to me?  
 'Oh! why do you thus turn away  
 'From him who is dying for thee?'  
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
 "My heart, my poor heart's like to break,  
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

"But now he is far from my sight,  
 "Perhaps a deceiver may prove;  
 "Which makes me lament day and night,  
 "That ever I granted my love.  
 "At eve when the rest of the folk  
 "Are merrily seated to spin,  
 "I set myself under an oak,  
 "And heavily I sigh for him.  
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;  
 "My heart, my poor heart's like to break,  
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen."

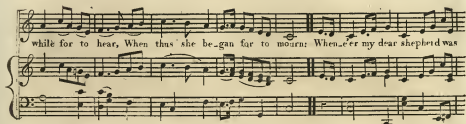


*Sae Merry as we hae been.* 25

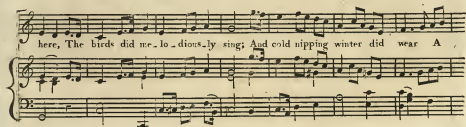
Andante



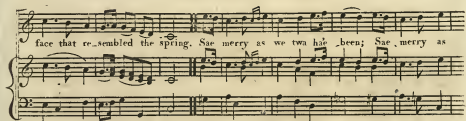
A Lass that was laden with care, Sat heavily under yon thorn; I listend a



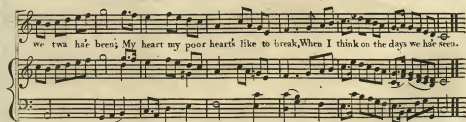
while for to hear, When thus she be-gan far to mourn: When-ee'r my dear shepheard was



here, The birds did me-lo-dious-ly sing; And cold nipping winter did wear A



face that re-sembled the spring. Sae merry as we twa hae been; Sae merry as



we twa hae been; My heart my poor heart's like to break, When I think on the days we hae seen.

*The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.*

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into four systems, each with a first and second ending. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

In A - pril, when prin - roses paint the sweet plain, And  
Sum - mer ap - proach - ing ce - joi - ceth the swain;  
- joi - ceth the swain. The yel - low hair'd lad - die would  
of - ten times go To wilds and deep glens where the  
haw - thorn trees grow. haw - thorn trees grow.

## THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.



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

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

The Shepherd thus sung: "tho' young MADDIE be fair,  
" Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;  
" But SUSIE is handsome, and sweetly doth sing,  
" Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

" That MADDIE, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
" Like the moon, is inconstant, and ne'er spoke truth:  
" But SUSIE is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
" And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

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



## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach an exile of ERIN;  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
 For his country he sigh'd, at twilight repairing,  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
 The day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
 For it rose o'er his native isle of the ocean,  
 Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of ERIN-go-bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger,  
 "The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee;  
 "But I have no refuge from famine and danger;  
 "A home and a country remain not to me.  
 "Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers,  
 "Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours;  
 "Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
 "And strike to the numbers of ERIN-go-bragh!

"ERIN, my country! tho' sad and forsaken,  
 "In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 "But, ah! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 "And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!  
 "Alas! cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
 "In a mansion of peace, where no perils chase me!  
 "But never again shall my brothers embrace me!  
 "They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
 "Lor'd sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 "Where, where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 "And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all.  
 "My heart, my sad heart long abandon'd by pleasure!  
 "Ah! why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure!  
 "My tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure;  
 "But rapture, and beauty, can never recall.

"Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
 "One last dying wish my lone bosom can draw:  
 "ERIN! a poor exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 "Dear land of my forefathers, ERIN-go-bragh!  
 "When buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 "Fertile be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 "And thy harp-striking bards, aloud with devotion  
 "Still sing, ERIN, mavournan, ERIN-go-bragh!"

# The exile of Erin.

29

Air Erin-go-bragh.

Larghetto

There came to the beach an ex-ile of E-ri-ning; The dew on his  
thin robe was heavy and chill; For his country he sigh'd, at twilight repairing, To  
wan-der a-lone by the wind beat-en hill. The day star at-tract-ed his  
eye's sad devotion; For it <sup>rose</sup> o'er his native isle of the o-cean, Where  
once, in the fire of his youthful e-motion, He sung the bold Anthem of E-ri-ning-go-bragh.

# Logie of Buchan.

Moderato

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird, They've ta'en awa' Jamie that

delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma! They've ta'en awa'

Chorus

Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang a-wa', He said

think na lang lassie, tho' I gang a-wa'; For Simmer is coming, cauld

Winter's a-wa', And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

## LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O LOGIE of BUCHAN; O LOGIE the Laird,  
 They've ta'en awa' JAMIE that delv'd in the yard!  
 Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';  
 They've ta'en awa' JAMIE, the flow'r of them a'!  
     He said: think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';  
     He said: think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';  
     For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
     And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' SANDIE has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
 A house, and a haddin, and siller forbye;  
 I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.  
     He said: think nae lang, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
 They frown upon JAMIE, because he is poor;  
 Tho' I like them weel, as a daughter should do,  
 They're nae ha'f sae dear to me, JAMIE, as you.  
     He said: think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;  
 He had but ae saxeppence, he brak' it in twa,  
 And g'ed me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.  
     Then, haste ye back, my JAMIE, and bide nae awa',  
     Then, haste ye back, my JAMIE, and bide nae awa';  
     For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
     And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.



## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;  
 Think nae mair on the BRAES of YARROW.  
 Where, where gat ye that bonny bride?  
 Where, where gat ye that winsome marrow?  
 'Twas where I dare nae weel be seen,  
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bride,  
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave,  
 The birks upon the BRAES of YARROW.  
 Why does she weep, thy bonny bride?  
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
 And why dare ye nae weel be seen,  
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW?

Lang mair she weep, lang mair she weep,  
 Lang mair she weep with dule and sorrow,  
 And lang mair I nae mair be seen,  
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW;  
 For she has tint her luvver dear,  
 Her luvver dear the cause of sorrow,  
 And I've slain the comeliest youth  
 By the birks on the BRAES of YARROW.

Why runs thy stream, O YARROW, red?  
 Why on thy Braes the voice of sorrow?  
 And why yon melancholic weeds,  
 Hung on the bonny birks of YARROW?  
 What's yonder on the rueful stream?  
 What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
 'Tis he, the comely swain I slew,  
 Upon the duleful BRAES of YARROW.

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

Curse ye, curse ye his useless shield,  
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
 His breast upon the BRAES of YARROW!  
 Did I not warn thee not to lu'e,  
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,  
 O'er rashly hold a stronger arm  
 Thou met'st, upon the BRAES of YARROW.

Sweet smells the hirk, green grows the grass,  
 Yellow on YARROW's banks the gowan,  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 And sweet the wave of YARROW flows.  
 Flows YARROW sweet! as sweet flows TWEED,  
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,  
 As sweet smells on its braes the hirk,  
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvver, fair fair thy luvver,  
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;  
 Though he was weel belov'd again,  
 Than me he never lov'd thee better.  
 Busk ye, then busk my bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye my winsome marrow,  
 And lu'e me on the banks of Tweed,  
 Think nae mair on the BRAES of YARROW.

How can I busk a bonny bride?  
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
 How lu'e thee on the banks of TWEED,  
 That slew him on the BRAES of YARROW?  
 O YARROW fields, may never rain,  
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;  
 For there was basely slain my luvver,  
 My luvver, as he'd not been a luvver.

The hoy put on his robes of green,  
 His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing;  
 Ah! wretched me! I little kend  
 He was in these to meet his ruin.  
 The boy took out his milk-white steed,  
 Unheeding of my dule and sorrow,  
 But ere the woful of the night,  
 Lay slain upon the BRAES of YARROW!

Much I rejoice'd that woful day;  
 I sang, my voice the woods returning,  
 But lang ere night, the spear was flown,  
 That slew my luvver, and left me mourning!  
 What can my barb'rous father do,  
 But with unfeeling rage pursue me?  
 My luvver's blood is on thy spear,  
 How canst thou, cruel man, then woo me?

My happy sisters, in their pride  
 With bitter and ungentle scoffs,  
 May bid me seek, on YARROW BRAES,  
 My luvver nail'd in his coffin.  
 My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,  
 And try with threat'ning words to move me;  
 My luvver's blood is on thy spear,  
 How canst thou ever bid me luvve thee?

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

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

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



# The 2 Braes of Yarrow.

31

Affettuoso

Bask ye, bask ye, my bon - ny bride, Bask ye, bask ye my

win - some mar - row, Bask ye, bask ye, my bon - ny bride, Think

nae nae on the braes of Yar - row. Where where gat ye that

bon - ny bride? Where where gat ye that win - some mar - row

'Twas where I dare nae weel be seen, By the birk on the braes of Yarrow.

# The Bonny Wee thing!

Andantino

Bon - ny wee thing, can - rie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing,

was thou mine; I wad wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el

I should - tine. Wish - ful - ly I look and languish

In that bon - ny face of thine, And my heart it

stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

## THE BONNIE WEE THING.



BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,

Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my jewel I should tync.

Wistfully I look and languish

In that bonnie face of thine,

And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,

Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,

Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my jewel I should tync.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,

In ae constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty,

Goddess of this soul o' mine!



## THOU ART GANE AWA'.

Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa',  
 Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, MARY;  
 Nor friends, nor I could make thee stay,  
 Thou'rt cheated them and me, MARY.  
 Until this hour I never thought  
 That aught could alter thee, MARY;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 Think what you will of me, MARY.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,  
 Wha stole that heart of thine, MARY,  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, MARY.  
 I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
 Had no unworthy thoughts, MARY;  
 Ambition, wealth, and naething such—  
 No, I lov'd only thee, MARY.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live,  
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, MARY;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, MARY;  
 So then farewell! of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, MARY;  
 For all the world I'd not endure,  
 Half what I've done for thee, MARY.

*Thou art gane Anna.*

33

Affettuoso

Thou art gane a wa; thou art gane a - wa; Thou art

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Thou art gane Anna.' It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Affettuoso'.

gane a - wa, frae me Ma - ry; Nor friends nor I could make thee stay Thou hast

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

cheated them and me, Ma - ry. Un - til this hour I ne - ver thought That

The third system of musical notation.

ought could al - ter thee Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mistress

The fourth system of musical notation.

of my heart, Think what you will of me Ma - ry.

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page, concluding with a double bar line.

*Corn Riggs.*

*Allegretto*

My Pa-tie is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver  
mud-dy; His breath is sweet-er than new hay, His  
face is fair and red-dy. His shape is hand-some  
mid-dle size, He's stately in his wawk-ing; The  
shining of his een sur-prise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawk-ing.

## CORN RIGGS.



My PATIE is a lover gay,  
His mind is never muddy,  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair and ruddy,  
His shape is handsome, middle size,  
He's stately in his wawking:  
The shining of his een surprise;  
'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a baw,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There mony kindly words he spak',  
That set my heart a glowing.  
He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And lo'ed me best of ony:  
That gars me like to sing sinsync,  
Corn riggs are wondrous bonny!



## MY APRON DEARIE.

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,  
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,  
 No more for AMINTA fresh garlands I wove;  
 For ambition, I said, would cure me of love.  
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I AMINTA? why broke I my vow?  
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 I'll wander from love and AMINTA no more.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
 O fool! to imagine that aught can subdue,  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.  
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I AMINTA? why broke I my vow?  
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 I'll wander from love, and AMINTA no more.

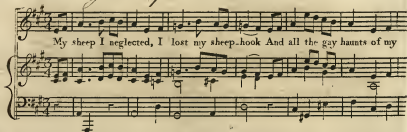
Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
 Poor Shepherd, AMINTA no more can be thine:  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again!  
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I AMINTA? why broke I my vow?  
 O! give me my sheep, and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

# My Apron Dearie.

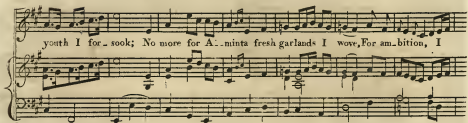
35

Largo

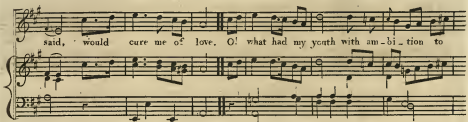
My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook And all the gay haunts of my



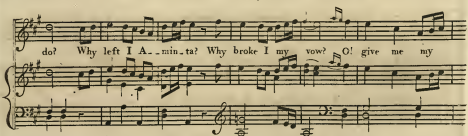
youth I for-sook; No more for A-min-ta fresh garlands I wove, For am-bi-tion, I



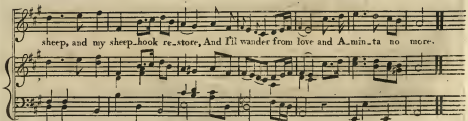
said, would cure me of love. O! what had my youth with am-bi-tion to



do? Why left I A-min-ta? Why broke I my vow? O! give me my



sheep, and my sheep-hook re-store, And I'll wander from love and A-min-ta no more.



# Lord Gregory.

Largo

Handwritten musical score for the song "Lord Gregory". The score is written on five systems of three staves each (treble, piano, and bass). The tempo is marked "Largo". The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are as follows:

O o - pen the door Lord Gre - go - ry! O o - pen and  
 let me in! The wind blows through my yel - low hair, The  
 dew drops o'er my chin. Gin thou be An - nie that I lov'd  
 once, ( As I trow thou bin - na she ) Now tell me some of the  
 love to - kens that past be - tween thee and me.

## LORD GREGORY.

O! OPEN the door, Lord GREGORY!

O! open and let me in;

The wind blows through my yellow hair,

The dew drops o'er my chin.—

Gin thou be ANNIE that I lov'd once,

(As I trow thou binna she,)

Now tell me some of the love tokens,

That past between thee and me.—

O! dinna ye mind, Lord GREGORY,

It was down at yon burn-side,

We chang'd the rings frae our fingers,

Ye vow'd I'd be your bride!

Ah! fause were your words, Lord GREGORY,

When ye swore ay to be mine!

But in death ere morn I shall find rest,

And my heart nae mair repine.

## THE WAEFU' HEART.

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

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

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

# The Wae-fu' Heart.

37

Adagio  
Espressivo

Gin living worth could win my heart, You wou'd na speak in  
vain; But in the dark - some grave it's laid, Ne'er  
ne'er to rise a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies  
low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine And  
what a heart was that to lose! But I manna no re - pine.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Adagio' and the expression is 'Espressivo'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The score is divided into five systems, each with a voice staff and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various chords, arpeggios, and sustained notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody. The overall mood is somber and reflective, consistent with the lyrics about loss and heartache.

*The Maid in Bedlam.*

*Lento  
con  
Espressionc*

One morn-ing ve-ry ear-ly, one morn-ing in the spring, I

heard a maid in Bedlam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing Her

chains rattled on her hands, While sweet-ly thus sang she, O! I.

love my love be-cause I know my love loves me.



## THE MAID IN BEDLAM.



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

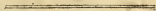
O! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,  
And cruel was the ship that bore him away from me:  
But still I love his parents, altho' they've ruin'd me;  
And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

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

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

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

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



## THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,  
The snaws the mountains cover,  
Like winter on me seizs,  
Since my young Highland Rover  
Far wanders nations over.  
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
May heaven be his warden;  
Return him back to fair STRATHSPEY,  
And bonny CASTLE GORDON.

The trees now naked groaning,  
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
The birdies dowie moaning,  
Shall a' be blythely singing,  
And ev'ry flow'r be springing.  
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
When by his mighty warden,  
My youth's return'd to fair STRATHSPEY,  
And bonny CASTLE GORDON.

# *The Young Highland Rover* 39

(Gaelic)

Andante

Loud blaw the fros - ty breezes, The snaws the mountains

co - ver, Like win - ter on me seiz - es, Since

my young Highland Rover Far wanders nations o - ver. Where

- er he go, where'er he stray, May heaven be his war - den. Re -

- turn him safe to fair Strathspey, And bon - ny Castle Gordon.

*This is no Mine ain House.*

Vivace

O, this is no mine ain house, I ken by the rigging o't; Since  
with my love I've chang'd vows, I like - nar the bigging o't; For  
now that I'm young Robie's bride, And mistress of his fire - side, mine  
ain house I like to guide And please me wi' the trig - ging o't.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking 'Vivace' is placed to the left of the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the fourth system.

## THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O, THIS is no mine ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't;  
 Since with my love I've chang'd vows,  
 I like nae the bigging o't:  
 For now that I'm young ROBIE's bride,  
 And mistress of his fire-side,  
 Mine ain house I like to guide,  
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Farewel then my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me;  
 Strictest duty this allows,  
 Sin' love with honor meets me.  
 When HYMEN moulds us into one,  
 ROBIE's nearer than my kin,  
 To refuse him were a sin,  
 Sae lang as he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command ay:  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 Common pest of married life,  
 That wearies aye of his wife,  
 And aye breaks the kindly band ay.

## THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me;  
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded, never move her.  
 The bonny bush aboon TRAQUAIR!  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

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

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

*The Bushy-bon Traquair.* 41

Adagio

Hear me ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy  
grieves me; Tho' thus I languish, thus com-plain A-  
-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My vows and sighs like  
si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver move a-er; The  
bon-ny bush a-bon Tra-quair! 'Twas there I first did love her.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests.



*John Anderson - My Jo.*

John Anderson my Jo, John, When we were first a - quent, Your

Andantino

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was brent; But

now your brow is bald; John, your locks are like the Snow, But

blessings on your fros - ty pow, John Ander - son, my Jo.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo JOHN, when we were first aequent,  
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, JOHN, your locks are like the snow,  
But blessings on your frosty pow, JOHN ANDERSON, my jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, we clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony canty days we've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, JOHN, but hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot, JOHN ANDERSON, my jo!

## FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

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

Farewel, farewel, ELIZA dear !  
The maid that I adore !—  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more !  
But the last throb that heaves my heart,  
While death stands victor by,  
That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh.

*From thee Eliza, I must go.* 45  
Air Duofold.

Larghetto

From thee E-li-za, I must go, And from my na-tive

shore; The cru-el fates be-tween us throw A boundless o-c-ean's

roar: But bound-less o-c-eans, roar-ing wide, Be-

- tween my love and me, They ne-ver, ne-ver

can di-vide My heart and soul from thee.

# For the Lack of Gold.

Andante  
con  
Espressione

For lack of gold she's left me, O; And of all that's dear be -

left me, O; She me for - sook for a great Duke, And to endless woe she's

left me, O. A Star and gar - ter have more art, Than

youth, a true and faith - ful heart, For emp - ty ti - tles

we must part; For glit - tering show she's left me, O.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The tempo and expression markings 'Andante con Espressione' are placed to the left of the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots in the final system.

## FOR THE LACK OF GOLD.

For lack of gold she's left me, O,  
 And of all that's dear bereft me, O,  
 She me forsook for a great duke,  
 And to endless woe she's left me, O.  
 A star and garter have more art  
 Than youth a true and faithful heart,  
 For empty titles we must part,  
 For glitt'ring show she's left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injured heart again to love;  
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
 Since my JEANY she has left me, O.  
 Ye pow'rs above, I to your care  
 Resign my faithless, lovely fair;  
 Your choicest blessings be her share,  
 Tho' she's for ever left me, O.

## O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Coming along the craigs o' KYLE,  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keeping her lambs and yowes thegither.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keeping her lambs and yowes thegither.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,  
 In muir, or dale, pray tell me whether?  
 She says, I tent the fleecy flocks,  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 She says, I tent the fleecy flocks,  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

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

She charin'd my heart, and ay sinsyne  
 I could na think on ony ither;  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine,  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather!  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine,  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather!



# *O'er the Muir among the Heather.* <sup>45</sup>

Allegretto

Com - ing a - lang the craigs o' Kyle, A - mang the bon - nie

bloom - ing hea - ther, There I met a bonnie lassie, Keep -

## Chorus.

- ing her lambs and yowes the - gether O'er the muir a -

- mang the heather, O'er the muir a - mang the heather, There I met a

bonnie las - sie Keep - ing her lambs and yowes the - ge - ther.

# *The Silken Snood.*

Andante  
Espressivo

O I ha'e lost my silk-en snood, That tied my hair sae  
yel-low: I've gi'en my heart to him I loo'd, He  
was a gal-lant fel-low. And twine it weel, my bon-ny dow, And  
twine it weel, the plai-den, The lassie lost her  
silk-en snood In pu-ing of the brack-en.

## THE SILKEN SNOOD.



Oh! I ha'e lost my silken snood,  
 That tied my hair sae yellow;  
 I've g'ien my heart to him I lo'ed,  
 He was a gallant fellow.  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel, the plaiden:  
 The lassie lost her silken snood  
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,  
 Sae lily-white my skin, O!  
 And syne he pried my bonny mou',  
 And swore it was nae sin, O!  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel, the plaiden:  
 The lassie lost her silken snood  
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the lass he lo'ed,  
 His ain true love forsaken,  
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood  
 I lost amang the bracken.  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel, the plaiden:  
 The lassie lost her silken snood  
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

ROS LIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,  
When all things gay and sweet appear,  
That COLIN, with the morning ray,  
Arose, and sung his rural lay:  
Of NANNY's charms the shepherd sung,  
The hills and dales with NANNY rung,  
While ROSLIN CASTLE heard the swain,  
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

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

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

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

# Roslin Castle.

47

Andante

'Twas in that sea-son of the year, when all things gay and  
 sweet ap-pear, That Co-lin, with the morn-ing ray, A-rose and  
 sung his ru-ral lay. Of Nan-ny's charms the shepherd sung the  
 hills and dales with Nan-ny rung, While Ros-lin cas-tle  
 heard the swain And e-cho'd back the cheer-ful strain.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

And fy let us a' to the bridal, For there will be liting there; For

*Allegretto*

*Fine*

Joe's to be married to Jenny, The lass wi' the gow-den hair. And

there will be lang kail and cas-tocks, And bannocks of barley-meal, And

there will be gude sawt herrings, To re-lish cogs of gude-ale. And fy &c.

*Da Capo*

## FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

And fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there;  
 For Jock's to be married to JENNY,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there will be lang kail and castocks,  
 And bannocks of barley-meal;  
 And there will be gude sawt-herrings,  
 To relish cogs of gude ale.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be SAUNDIE the sutor,  
 And WILL wi' the meikle mou';  
 And there will be ANDREW the blutor,  
 Wi' TAM the 'unkler, I trow.  
 And there will be bow-legged ROBIE,  
 Wi' thumbless KATIE's gude-man;  
 There will be blue-checked DOBIE,  
 And LAWRIE, laird of the lap'.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be gird-again GIBBIE,  
 Wi' him his wife JENNY BELL,  
 And misle-shinn'd MUNGO MACKAPIE,  
 That was ance skipper himsel'.  
 There the lads and lasses in pearlings,  
 Will brawly feast in the ha',  
 On sybows, rifarts, and earlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be lapper'd milk-kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farls, and baps;  
 Wi' gude swats, and weel scraped paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups and caps.  
 And there will be buckies and partans,  
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flowks that were ta'en alive.  
 And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulce, and tangles,  
 And mills of snishin' to prie;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise and dance till we die.  
 Then fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liting there,  
 Jock's to be married to JENNY,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.



## LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,  
 He'll nae twine wi' his gear;  
 My minny she's a scolding wife,  
 Hands a' the house astoer:  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

My aunty KATE sits at her wheel,  
 And sair she lightlies me,  
 But weel I ken it's a' envy,  
 For ne'er a jo has she:  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

My cousin KATE was sair beguill'd  
 Wi' JOHNNY i' the glen,  
 And ay sinsyne she cries, beware  
 Of false deluding men:  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane-to me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

Glee'd SANDIE he came west ae night,  
 And spier'd when I saw PATE,  
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round,  
 They jeer me air and late:  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

# Low down in the Broom.

49

Andantino

My daddy is a can-ker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear; My

min-ny she's a scold-ing wife, Hads a' the house a steeri But let them say, or

let them do, Its a' ane to me, For he's low down, he's in the broom, That's

## Chorus

waiting on me. Waiting on me my love, He's waiting on me; For he's

low down, he's in the broom, that's wait-ing on me.

# The Flowers of the Forest.

Larghetto  
con  
Espressione

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, I've tast-ed her favours, &  
felt her de-cay sweet is her blessing and kind her ca-ress-ing but soon it is  
fled it is fled far a-way. I've seen the fo-rest a-dorned of the foremost, With  
flowers of the fair, est both pleasant and gay: Full sweet was their blooming, their  
scent the air per-fu-ming, But now they are wi-ther'd, and a' wede a-wae.

I've seen the mornings with gold the hills adorn-ing, And the red storm-roaring before  
the parting day; I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams, Turn  
drumly and dack as they roll'd on their way O fickle For-tune! why thus cruel  
sport-ing? Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day? Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy  
smiles cannot cheer me, Since the flowers of the forest are a' wade a-way.

*The Devil's ara' wi' th' Exercise-man.*

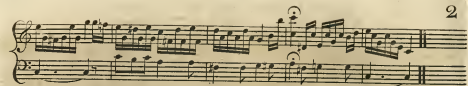
Allegretto

Var. I.

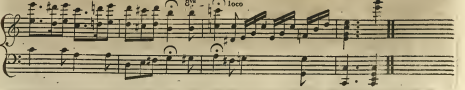
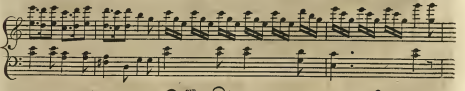
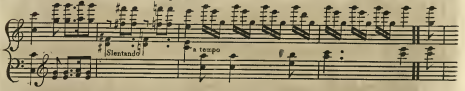
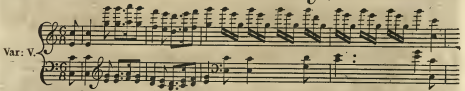
Var. II.

Var. III.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of three variations, each with a treble and bass staff. Variation I is marked 'Allegretto'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.



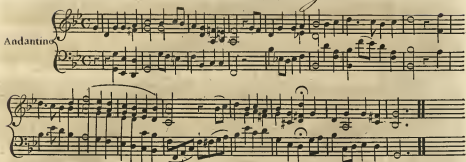
Var. IV.



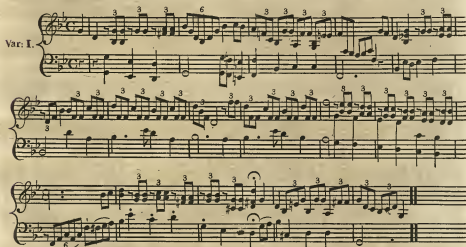


*John Anderson, my Jo.*

Andantino

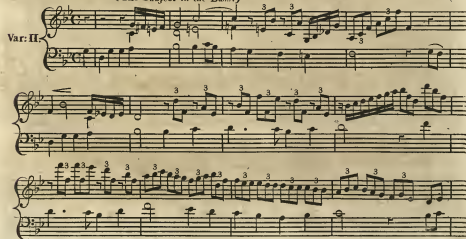


Var. I.



(The Subject in the Bass.)

Var. II.





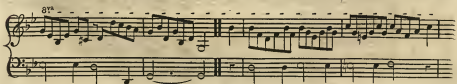
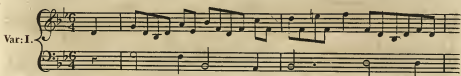
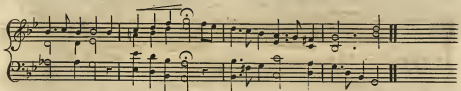
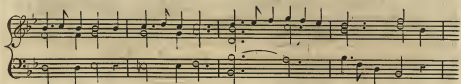
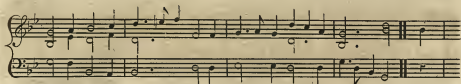
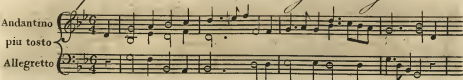
The image displays a handwritten musical score on aged paper, consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system is labeled "Var. III." and the second system is labeled "Var. IV. Più Vivace". The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. The first system (Var. III) features a melody in the treble staff with triplets and a bass line in the bass staff. The second system (Var. IV) is more complex, with a treble staff featuring sixteenth-note patterns and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The handwriting is in dark ink, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

*Up in the Morning early.*

Andantino

piu tosto

Allegretto



8va

(The Subject in the Bass.)

Var. II.

Con Spirito.

Var. III

This musical score is for Variation III, marked 'Con Spirito'. It is written for a piano in 2/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece consists of eight measures. The first six measures are marked with a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots). The seventh measure is marked with a repeat sign and a fermata. The eighth measure is marked with a repeat sign and a fermata. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

# GLOSSARY.

The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The *oo* and *ui* have the sound of the French *u*. The Scottish diphthong *ae* sounds like the French accented *é*.

MANY English and Scottish words are originally the same, having only letters taken away or changed for others. Such as *A'* for all, *Ca'* for call, *Auld* for old, *Fause* for false, &c. &c.

**A**  
*A'*, all  
*Aboue*, above, up  
*Ac*, one  
*Aff*, off  
*Aft*, on foot  
*Afore*, before  
*Aft*, oft  
*Aften*, often  
*Aidhies*, portbaps  
*Aik*, oak  
*Ain*, own  
*Air*, early  
*Airle*, or *Arlie*, earnest-money  
*Airis*, points of the compass  
*Aith*, an oath  
*Ajue*, aside  
*Alone*, alone  
*Among*, among  
*As'*, and, if  
*Awc*, once  
*Awe*, one  
*Awath*, beneath  
*Awther*, another  
*Artfu'*, artful  
*Aie*, raises  
*Aiver*, abroad, stirring  
*Aibwt*, althwart  
*Awoun*, between  
*Auld*, old  
*Auldforren*, sagacious, cunning  
*Aunt*, aunt  
*Awe*, at all  
*Awe'*, away  
*Awn*, owing  
*Awane*, frightful, terrible  
*Ay*, always, for ever  
*Ayont*, beyond

**B**  
*Ba'*, ball  
*Bade*, staid  
*Baife*, a magistrate  
*Baib*, both  
*Baira*, a child  
*Band*, bond  
*Bangster*, blasteret, sometimes the conqueror  
*Bane'd*, swore  
*Bannock*, bread thicker than cakes, soft and round  
*Bawters*, those who bind corn in harvest  
*Baps*, soft long rolls  
*Baw'net*, having a white stripe down the face

*Bauld*, bold  
*Bawder*, a halfpenny  
*Bawdrans*, the cat  
*Bawuk*, a grassy spot or stripe in a corn field  
*Bawmy*, balmy  
*Becty*, curstaid  
*Best*, to add fuel to the fire  
*Be'sa'*, beseal  
*Bes*, the innerroom of a house  
*Besid*, drink  
*Bent*, the open field, or open country  
*Bield*, or *Bield*, a shelter  
*Bien*, wealthy, plentiful  
*Big*, to build  
*Bigg'd*, built  
*Bigonet*, cap or coif  
*Bilhi*, brother  
*Bingie*, to do obedience  
*Birdie*, a little bird  
*Birk*, birch-tree  
*Birken-bow*, a small wood  
*Birk*, to drink, to club for liquor  
*Blaw*, pale, looking sickly  
*Blaw*, to blow, to boast  
*Blaw'd*, *Blaw-net*, dim, red about the eyes  
*Blaze*, blaze  
*Blawer*, to talk idly  
*Blawer-skate*, a foolish, babbling fellow  
*Blaw'*, blind; also cease—*never blin'*, never stop  
*Blick*, to look kindly, to twinkle  
*Blude*, blood  
*Blawie*, a bashful person  
*Blythe*, cheerful  
*Blawer*, a blunderer  
*Bobbie*, hobbling and dancing  
*Bobbie and Becty*, hobbled and curstaid  
*Bodde*, one sixth of a penny English  
*Bog*, *Bogie*, a marsh  
*Bogit*, hobgoblin  
*Bowey*, or *Bowie*, handsome, beautiful  
*Brar*, a declivity, bank of a river  
*Bruid*, broad  
*Bruid*, broke  
*Brander*, a gridiron

*Bracken*, fern  
*Brave*, fine, handsome  
*Bravely*, or *Brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily  
*Bree*, or *Brer*, broth  
*Brecks*, breeches  
*Breut brow*, smooth high forehead  
*Brieg*, a bridge  
*Briber*, brother  
*Buckled*, married  
*Bught*, a little fold where the ewes are milked  
*Bughting-time*, the time of milking the ewes  
*Bunker*, a long chest which serves for a seat  
*Burn*, water, rivulet  
*Burnie*, dimin. of burn  
*Burk*, to dress, *burkit*, dressed  
*Burkin*, dresses  
*Bur*, without  
*Bur m' ben*, the country kitchen and parlour  
*Burky*, the large sea-snail  
*Byre*, a cow-house

**C**  
*Ca'*, to call, to name, to drive  
*Cadgily*, cheerfully  
*Cadger*, carrier  
*Callor*, fresh, sound  
*Can'*, came  
*Canastarie*, obstinate, ill to manage  
*Canter'd*, angry, passionately snarling  
*Caena*, cannot  
*Cannie*, gentle, dexterous  
*Canty*, cheerful, merry  
*Cappy*, ale in a wooden dish  
*Cap*, a wooden bowl  
*Carvna*, care not; *I carvna by*, I am indifferent  
*Carl*, a name for an old man  
*Carlina*, a stout old woman  
*Carlingie*, boiled pease, afterwards broiled  
*Castocks*, the core and stalk of cabbage  
*Ca't*, or *Ca'd*, called, or driven  
*Cauid*, cold  
*Chanter*, part of a bagpipe  
*Chappit-stock*, mashed cabbage

*Chappin*, an English quart  
*Chield*, a young fellow, a slight and familiar term  
*Christendie*, Christendom  
*Clair*, clothes  
*Clover*, clover  
*Claverie*, nonsense  
*Clauze o' gear*, a small portion of money avariciously hoarded  
*Claymore*, broad sword  
*Clab*, canth  
*Claut*, stroke; to mend  
*Coft*, bought  
*Cogie*, a small wooden-dish used for drinking  
*Collie*, a country cur  
*Cogf*, a blockhead, a nimny  
*Crack*, conversation, to converse  
*Cragie*, the throat  
*Craig*, a rock  
*Cragg*, a crop; did creep  
*Craw*, a crew of a cook; a rook  
*Cripie*, a low seat  
*Cranach*, a Highland dirge or lamentation  
*Craus*, cheerful, courageous  
*Crawdy-sawdy*, a sort of gruel  
*Crawny*, a cow's name  
*Curry*, an old fashioned head-dress  
*Cuskat*, the dove, or wood-pigeon  
*Cutbie*, kind, loving  
*Cutte*, lots  
*Cutty*, short

**D**  
*Daddie*, a father  
*Dafie*, merry, jiddy, foolish  
*Daffin*, merriment, foolishness  
*Dainty*, pleasant, good-bumoured  
*Daid'd*, stupified  
*Dang*, beat, overcame  
*Dantaw*, daunt, affright  
*Damningly*, in a bold daring manner  
*Dawn*, dawn  
*Dawin*, dawning  
*Dawet*, to fondle, to caress  
*Dawty*, darling  
*Dead*, death  
*Deawie*, dimin. of deer

*Dance*, to dance  
*Dand*, dand  
*Darl*, the devil  
*Dish*, to wipe, to clean  
*Dish*, yellow  
*Dine*, dinner-time  
*Dime*, do not  
*Dime*, noisy  
*Dime*, does not  
*Duchter*, daughter  
*Ducker*, dock (the herb)  
*Duddy*, a cow without horns  
*Duggie*, a little dog  
*Dull*, confused, silly  
*Dun*, doing  
*Dusted*, crazy as in old age  
*Dual*, or *Dual*, sorrow  
*Dance*, or *Dance*, sober, prudent  
*Dawn*, sullen  
*Dun*, dove  
*Dun*, pithless, wanting force  
*Dunce*, worn with grief, fatigue  
*Dunne*, am not able, cannot  
*Drappie*, a dog  
*Drone*, part of a haggpipe  
*Drunket*, dronched  
*Drusth*, thirst, drought  
*Dramble*, muddy  
*Duke*, naïve  
*Dust*, strokes, blows  
*Dyke*, wall

## E

*Eat*, early  
*Eat*, the eye  
*Eat*, the eye  
*Eat*, or *Eatin*, evening  
*Eat*, frightened, dreading apparitions  
*Eld*, old age  
*Enough*, enough

## F

*Fa*, fall, befall  
*Fae*, a foe  
*Fain*, earnest desire, joyful  
*Fidgie*, *fain* restless from joy  
*Faithful*, faithful  
*Fark*, a cake of bread  
*Fark*, trouble, care  
*Fark*, to fold ; a sheep-fold  
*Fark*, false  
*Fark*, fight  
*Fark*, a considerable part, *as* *fact*, very few  
*Fark*, or *Fark*, to be above want, to make shift to live  
*Fark*, feeble, weak  
*Fark*, wonder  
*Fark*, bend, petty oath  
*Fark*, a brother or friend  
*Fark*, or *Fark*, a fly  
*Fark*, to supplicate  
*Fark*, flounders, place  
*Fark*, scolding, *Fark*, did scold  
*Fark*, full, drunk  
*Fark*, besides

*Fark*, to the *fark*, alive, preserved  
*Fark*, meet with, encounter  
*Fark*, fourth part of a peck  
*Fark*, a dance of four persons  
*Fark*, folks  
*Fark*, from  
*Fark*, or *Fark*, fuss, faint speeches, *Making a fark*, to pretend a great deal of kindness  
*Fark*, the Polecat

## G

*Gab*, the mouth ; to speak partly  
*Gab*, a wallet  
*Gab*, a tinker, a jack of all trades  
*Gab*, to go, *gab*, went, *gab*, gone, *gab*, going  
*Gab*, to go, to walk  
*Gab*, to make, to force  
*Gab*, grass  
*Gab*, got, hegot  
*Gab*, road  
*Gab*, to yawn  
*Gab*, an idle, staring, idiotical person  
*Gab*, riches, goods of any kind  
*Gab*, to mock, to toss the head in derision  
*Gab*, George  
*Gab*, small and handsome  
*Gab*, a ghost  
*Gab*, to give, *gab*, gave, *gab*, given  
*Gab*, if  
*Gab*, an ewe from one to two years old  
*Gab*, if, against  
*Gab*, an iron plate on which oat-cakes, &c. are baked  
*Gab*, to grin, snarl  
*Gab*, foolish  
*Gab*, charm, spell  
*Gab*, a sword  
*Gab*, sharp, ready  
*Gab*, a deep narrow valley  
*Gab*, to squint  
*Gab*, shine, glitter  
*Gab*, to peep  
*Gab*, the twilight  
*Gab*, to stare, look stern  
*Gab*, mountain-game  
*Gab*, a daisy  
*Gab*, gold  
*Gab*, goldfinch  
*Gab*, a cuckoo ; a term of contempt  
*Gab*, dress, accoutrements  
*Gab*, wept  
*Gab*, agree, to *hear the gab*, to be decidedly victor  
*Gab*, covetousness  
*Gab*, to shed tears, to weep  
*Gab*, to hold fast  
*Gab*, mouth

*Gab*, or *Gab*, the Supreme Being ; good  
*Gab*, brother-in-law  
*Gab*, the master and mistress of the house  
*Gab*, ready to give  
*Gab*, grandfather

## H

*Ha*, hall  
*Had*, hold  
*Had*, a house with a hall in it  
*Hadden*, holden  
*Hadden*, a small stock'd farm  
*Has*, to have  
*Hast*, the temple, the side of the head  
*Hast*, nearly half, partly  
*Hast*, harvest  
*Hast*, a petty oath  
*Hast*, ragmuffin  
*Hast*, whole  
*Hast*, holy  
*Hast*, home  
*Hast*, or *Hast*, hand  
*Hast*, to cover, to wrap ; an outer garment  
*Hast*, lame leg  
*Hast*, to hold  
*Hast*, on the sides of rivers  
*Hast*, embrace  
*Hast*, an English pint  
*Hast*, a corn, properly one with a white face  
*Hast*, white faced  
*Hast*, handsome, pleasant  
*Hast*, heath  
*Hast*, the heath-hosoms  
*Hast* ! Oh ! strange !  
*Hast*, promised  
*Hast*, to elevate, to raise  
*Hast*, a tossing, a scolding, a beating  
*Hast*, herself  
*Hast*, herring  
*Hast*, or *Hast*, high  
*Hast*, honey  
*Hast*, hanging  
*Hast*, frolic and fun  
*Hast*, to creep  
*Hast*, coarse cloth  
*Hast*, outer skin or case  
*Hast*, slowly, leisurely  
*Hast*, hollow, a dell  
*Hast*, an owl  
*Hast*, to crouch like a cat  
*Hast*, housewifery

## I

*I*, in  
*I*, *I*, each, every  
*I*, ill-favoured, ugly  
*I*, fire ; fire-place  
*I*, frightened, dreading apparitions  
*I*, I shall or will

*I*, other, one another  
*I*, itself

## J

*Jad*, *Jade* ; a familiar term among country people for a giddy young girl  
*Jag*, the best part of calf-leather uncurried  
*Jag*, to incline to one side  
*Jag*, slender in the waist  
*Jag*, dodging, turning quickly  
*Jag*, a sweetheart  
*Jag*, means both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell  
*Jag*, a jerk of water  
*Jag*, joyful

## K

*Kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth  
*Kail-yard*, a cottager's garden  
*Kail*, comb  
*Kail*, chalk  
*Kail*, a cheese  
*Kail*, a peep, to peep  
*Kail*, red ochre  
*Kail*, to know, *ke'd* or *keat*, knew  
*Kail*, know not  
*Kail*, a long staff which shepherds use for leaping over ditches  
*Kail*, catch  
*Kail*, a female gossip  
*Kail*, *Kail*, friends  
*Kail*, race or breed  
*Kail*, church  
*Kail*, a churn ; to churn  
*Kail*, an upper-petticoat  
*Kail*, a chest ; a shop-counter  
*Kail*, a small wooden-vessel hooped and staved  
*Kail*, a small round billock  
*Kail*, a church  
*Kail*, corn  
*Kail*, a district of Ayrshire

## L

*Ladie*, dimin. of lad  
*Laid*, low  
*Laid*, a mass of landed property  
*Laid*, wrading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.  
*Laid*, loth  
*Laid*, or *Laid*, dimin. of lamb  
*Laid*, alone ; *my laid*, myself alone  
*Laid*, long  
*Laid*, coleworts uncut  
*Laid*, land, estate  
*Laid*, long since, old times  
*Laid*, leapt  
*Laid*, curled  
*Laid*, dimin. of lass  
*Laid*, law, custom  
*Laid*, the rest, others



*Lovrock*, the lark  
*Lovine*, a tavern reckoning  
*Loveland*, lowland  
*Loaf*, loyal, true, faithful  
*Loe*, unimproved ground, an open grassy plain  
*Loe-rig*, grassy ridge  
*Legles*, a milking-pail with one handle  
*Loe-lang*, live-long  
*Leesome*, lovely, agreeable  
*Lesse me*, a phrase of congratulatory endearment  
*Loe's*, lend  
*Lough*, laughed  
*Lift*, the sky  
*Lightly*, to slight, to sneer at  
*Lightsome*, pleasant  
*Lith*, a ballad, a tune, to sing  
*Link*, to walk quickly or trippingly  
*Liue*, a waterfall  
*Liue*, flax  
*Liueable*, a linnet  
*Loan*, a little common near a village  
*Lack*, a lake  
*Loe*, or *Loe*, to love  
*Loof*, the palm of the hand  
*Loor*, rubber  
*Loat*, did let  
*Loatin*, stooping  
*Loat*, to bow down, to stoop  
*Lou*, a flame  
*Louen*, calm, still  
*Loun*, a fellow, a ragamuffin  
*Loup*, leap, jump  
*Locken*, gowans, cabbage-daisies  
*Lug*, the ear; a handle  
*Luggie*, a small wooden dish with a handle  
*Lute*, love  
*Lyeri*, hoary

M

*Ma*, more  
*Ma's*, to make  
*Mailin*, a farm  
*Mair*, more  
*Mame*, moan  
*Mammy*, mother; nurse  
*Mau*, mass, must  
*Maug*, among  
*Marrow*, mate, equal, comrade  
*Maukin-pat*, a tea-pot  
*Mavin*, the thrush  
*Maukie*, a hare  
*Manana*, must not  
*Mau*, to mow, cut down  
*Makle*, or *Mackle*, much, big  
*Merle*, the black-bird  
*Men John*, a parson  
*Mildin*, dunghill  
*Mineis*, or *Mibber*, mother  
*Mire*, dark  
*Mishatter*, mischance, misfortune  
*Mawp*, many  
*Maw*, the mouth  
*Muck'd*, cleansed  
*Muir*, moor

*Mutch*, a coat, a linen-cap  
*Myne*, myself

N

*Na*, no, not  
*Nar*, not, not any  
*Nabody*, nobody  
*Narthing*, nothing  
*Naisy*, a horse  
*Nant*, none  
*Nesder*, a neighbour  
*Nisip*, turnip  
*Nisut*, nook  
*Nisut*, next  
*Nieser*, lists  
*Norland*, or *Norlie*, of or belonging to the North

O

*O'*, of  
*Oay*, say  
*O'i*, of it  
*Ouen*, oxen  
*Ouch*, week  
*Oure*, over, too  
*Ourley*, cravat

P

*Paction*, contract, agreement  
*Paiddit*, play'd in shallow water  
*Pairick*, a partridge  
*Pat*, put; a pot  
*Partan*, crab-fish  
*Pavky*, cunning  
*Pearings*, thread-lace  
*Peat-pat*, a piece of moss-ground from whence fuel is dug  
*Peatr*, turf for firing  
*Pradles*, jewels, ear-rings  
*Philabig*, a short petticoat worn by Highlanders instead of breeches  
*Pickle*, a small quantity  
*Pith*, strength  
*Plack*, an old Scottish coin, value the third part of an English penny  
*Plaiken*, coarse woollen-cloth  
*Plaidy*, a small plaid, generally of chequerred and variegated stuff  
*Plaiding*, household furniture  
*Plough*, a plough  
*Powrith*, poverty  
*Pou*, or *Pe*, to pull  
*Pouch*, a pocket  
*Powter'd*, powdered  
*Pou*, the head, the skull  
*Pris*, to taste  
*Priving*, tassing  
*Prin*, a pin  
*Pe'd*, pulled

Q

*Qween*, a buxom lass  
*Qwey*, a cow from one to two years old  
*Qwe's*, *quath*, says.

R

*Randis*, a gipsy, a sturdy vagrant, a scold  
*Rang*, reign'd  
*Ranty-tanty*, used only in an alliterative way, as *birnans-dirdum*  
*Rair*, rose  
*Rais*, a rush  
*Ran*, to stretch, to reach  
*Raver*, robber or pirate  
*Red-up*, put in order  
*Rede*, counsel, to counsel  
*Reck*, smoke  
*Recky*, smoky  
*Reff*, razine, robbery  
*Reck*, to heed  
*Rifartis*, radishes  
*Rig*, a ridge  
*Rin*, to run, to melt  
*Rogie*, a little rogue  
*Rokely*, a cloak  
*Roun*, to praise, to commend  
*Rou*, to roll, to wrap  
*Rouir*, to low, to bellow  
*Routh*, plenty  
*Ruck*, ricks  
*Rueg*, a cudgel  
*Ruekled*, wrinkled

S

*Sab*, sob  
*Sabbings*, or *Sobbis*, sobbing  
*Sar*, so  
*Soft*, soft  
*Sair*, sore; to serve  
*Sengs*, a song  
*Sar*, a shirt or shift  
*Saut*, soul  
*Saut*, salt  
*Sae*, six  
*Suspence*, sixpence  
*Sewer*, to run fast; a hearty draught of liquor  
*Serimp*, *serimpit*, narrow, straitened  
*Self*, self; a body's self, one's self  
*Scoue*, a kind of bread  
*Sell't*, sold  
*Sey*, *greycy apren*, serge or woollen  
*Seylow*, a young onion  
*Shack't*, clumsy and misshapen  
*Shanks*, legs, *rads on good shanks* nagie, walked on his legs  
*Shomao*, shall not  
*Showu*, to show; a woody grove by the water side  
*Shoen*, or *shoon*, shoes  
*Shin*, or *Shield*, shed, bovel  
*Shill*, shrill  
*Shoutter*, the shoulder  
*Shyre*, clear, thin—*At shyre* a *rick*, as clever a wag  
*Sie*, sicken, such  
*Sicker*, secure, firm  
*Siller*, silver, money  
*Simmer*, summer  
*Sin*, or *Sib*, since  
*Sinys*, since that time  
*Skaid*, to damage, to injure

*Sliggh*, proud, nice, high meted  
*Slink*, a strong broth made of cows hams or knuckles to fill drink in a cup  
*Slop*, a gate; a breach in a fence  
*Sloe*, sloe  
*Slow*, slow  
*Slee*, sly  
*Sne*, small  
*Sneor*, to smother  
*Snapper*, stumblor  
*Snow*, snow  
*Soall*, bitter, biting  
*Sneekin*, snuff, *Sneekin-mill*, snuff-box  
*Snowd*, the band for tying up a woman's hair  
*Sneot*, to dispirit by chiding  
*Sorey*, jolly, having engaging looks  
*Sum of sheep*, ten sheep  
*Songle*, flexible, swift  
*Souter*, a shoemaker  
*Souner*, summery  
*Soup*, a small quantity of any thing liquid; a spoonful  
*Soutter*, solder, to cement  
*Spak*, spike  
*Spear*, climb  
*Spener*, the country parlour  
*Spir*, to ask, to enquire  
*Sprig*, a quick tune on a musical instrument  
*Stag*, a horse  
*Stalwart*, strong, valiant  
*Stane*, a stone  
*Stare*, did steal, to surfeit  
*Stee*, to molest, to stir  
*Sten*, or *Stend*, to move with a hasty long step  
*Stirk*, a bellcock  
*Strack*, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.  
*Stickit*, stocked  
*Stink*, totter  
*Stet*, an ox  
*Stoup*, a kind of jug with a handle  
*Stour*, dust in motion  
*Stouns*, stolen  
*Stras*, straw, a fair *stres* death, a natural death  
*Straitis bands*, strack hands  
*Strappan*, tall and handsome  
*Strathpey*, a highland dance  
*Sturt*, trouble, vexation  
*Sump*, blockhead  
*Sutrow*, southern, an old name for the English nation  
*Sward*, sword  
*Swardis*, a tight strapping young fellow  
*Sweats*, ale  
*Swith*, get away  
*Swithor*, to hesitate  
*Syne*, since, then

T

*Tae*, a toe  
*Taken*, taken



*Tad*, to take  
*Taw*, the one  
*Tangle*, a sea-weed  
*Tap*, the top  
*Tappit-bon*, the Scottish quart stoup  
*Tapsalterie*, topsy-turvy  
*Tartan*, cross striped stuff of various colours, worn by the Highlanders  
*Tasie*, a cup  
*Tawt*, to talk, *Tawlin*, talking  
*Tat*, small parcels  
*Tent*, care for, heed, caution  
*Tentie*, heedful, cautious  
*Tentless*, heedless  
*Thack*, thatch  
*Thae*, these  
*The night*, to-night  
*Thack*, to thatch  
*Thyither*, together  
*Thir*, these  
*Thoudie*, busy, spiritless  
*Thrang*, throng  
*Thraw*, to spin, to twist  
*Threemered*, a dance of three persons  
*Tiff*, in order  
*Till*, to; *Till'd*, to it  
*Tine*, to lose; *Tint*, lost  
*Tinkler*, tinkler  
*Tip*, or *Tippeny*, ale at twopence the Scots pint  
*Tippence*, twopence  
*Tirl*, to attempt to open the door  
*Tither*, the other  
*Titty*, sister  
*Tocher*, a marriage-portion  
*Toe*, a fox  
*Toelin*, tussling  
*To the fore*, alive; preserved  
*Toofull of the night*, before night fall

*Towse*, empty, *Towse'd*, emptied  
*Tush*, neat, tight  
*Trouwand*, a twelvemonth  
*Tup*, a very old fashion of female head-dress  
*Treant*, Highland pantaloons  
*Trig*, spruce, neat  
*Troun*, to believe  
*Tryste*, an appointment; a fair for cattle  
*Tukeis*, a quarrel, a fight  
*Twa*, two; *Twa three*, a few  
*'Twaad*, 'twould, it would  
*Twasfold*, double  
*Twaik*, twelve  
*Twaik*, part with  
*Tyde*, a dog

## U

*Uace*, strange, prodigious, very  
*Unfold*, unfold  
*Unskail'd*, unhurt  
*Upo*, upon

## V

*Vaunt*, or *Vagit*, boasting, proud

## W

*Wa'*, wall  
*Wab*, web  
*Wabter*, weaver  
*Wad*, would; a pledge  
*Wadea*, would not  
*Wae*, woe  
*Waeft'*, woeful  
*Wale*, choice; to choose  
*Wallock*, a highland dance  
*Wallip*, to move swiftly with great spirit

*Wabb*, wealth  
*Wafy*, ample, jolly, also an interjection of distress  
*Wane*, hilly  
*Wamfu'*, a hillyfull  
*Was*, won  
*Ware*, to wear out, to expend  
*Wark*, work  
*Wark*, or *Wark'd*, world  
*Warlock*, a wizard  
*Wart*, worst  
*Wart*, worst  
*Wast*, or *Wass* me, woe me  
*Wet*, wet; wet or know  
*Waught*, a large draught  
*Wauken*, awake, to keep awake, watching  
*Waur*, worst, to worst  
*Weaponbow*, a shew of arms or weapons, a kind of militia review  
*Wearfu'*, wearisome, vexatious  
*Wede*, rooted out  
*Wae*, little  
*Ween*, think, imagine  
*Well*, or *Well*, well  
*Wet*, or *Wat*, wet, rain  
*Wetia*, wetting  
*Wier*, war  
*Weird*, fortune, fate  
*Wiste*, we shall  
*Wistie*, western  
*Who*, who  
*Whae'er*, whoever  
*Whang*, large slice  
*Where*, where  
*Whae'er*, wherever  
*Whateer*, nevertheless  
*Whiles*, sometimes  
*Whinger*, a hanger, a Highland disk  
*Whinging*, whining

*Whisk*, to pull out hastily  
*Whit*, silence!  
*Whop*, whip off  
*Wi'*, with  
*Widdie'*, trifling and mischievous  
*Wife*, a diminutive endearing term for a wife  
*Wightly*, strongly  
*Wimble*, meander  
*Wimbin*, waving, meandering  
*Win*, or *Won*, to reside, to dwell  
*Winn*, will not  
*Winnome*, gay, desirable, agreeable  
*Wit*, known, thought  
*Woo*, wool  
*Wook*, week  
*Wow*, an interjection of surprise  
*Wrack*, to tense, to vex  
*Wraith*, a spirit, a ghost  
*Wrang*, wrong; to wrong  
*Wreath*, a drifted heap of snow  
*Wud*, mad  
*Wist*, or *Wat*, wet, rain  
*Wyle*, to hegule fly flattery  
*Wylie*, cunning  
*Wyll*, cunningly  
*Wyle*, hlane

## Y

*Yade*, a mare  
*Yamer*, to complain peevishly  
*Yarn*, curdle  
*Y'is*, ye shall  
*Yestreen*, yesternight  
*Yint*, gate  
*Yill*, ale  
*Yow*, an ewe  
*Yow*, dimin. of ewe  
*Yule*, Christmas.

