



W. BROWN



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Glen 201

The

SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Humbly Dedicated to The

Catch Club

Instituted at Edin^g. June 1771.

BY

James Johnson

Vol. III

Price 6s



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P R E F A C E.

WHEN the Editor Published the third Volume of this work, he had reason to conclude that one volume more would finish the Publication. — Still however, he has a considerable number of Scots Airs and Songs more than his plan allowed him to include in this fourth volume. — These, though in all probability they will not amount to what he has hitherto published as one volume, he shall yet give to the world; that the Scots Musical Museum may be a Collection of every Scots Song extant. — To those who object that his Publication contains pieces of inferior, or little value, the Editor answers, by referring to his plan — All our Songs cannot have equal merit. — Besides, as the world have not yet agreed on any unerring balance, any undisputed standard, in matters of Taste, what to one person yields no manner of pleasure, may to another be a high enjoyment.

Edin^r. August 13. 1792.

Entered in Stationer's Hall.

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As the authentic Prose history of the Whistle is curious, we shall here subjoin it. - In the train of Anne, Princess of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with her husband, James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic Stature and great prowess, and a matchless devotee of Bacchus. He had a curious ebony Ca^o, or Whistle, which, at the beginning of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow the Whistle, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. - The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts of Germany; and challenged the Scottish Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. - After many overthrows on the part of the Scots the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present Sir Robert, who after three days & nights Claret-shed, left the Scandinavian dead-drunk, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill." - Sir Walter Lowrie, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married the sister of Sir Walter. - On Friday, the Sixteenth of October 1790, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton; Rob^t. Riddel Esq^r. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel who won the Whistle, and in whose Family it had continued; and Alex^r. Ferguson Esq^r. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the Field.

Craigie-burn Wood.

N^o.

301

* Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood, And blythely

Slow with much expression.

awakens the morrow; But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-

-wood, Can yield me nothing but sorrow. Beyond thee death is be-

-yond thee, dearie, And O! to be lying beyond thee, O sweetly, soundly

weel may he sleep, That's laid in the bed be-yond 'thee.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonny,
 But Oh, what will my heart be to be,

If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
 Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be feen,
 My heart wad brust wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou loes nane before me;
 And a' my days o' life to come
 I'll gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, &c.

Frae the friends and Land I love.

302 * Frae the friends and Land I love, Driv'n by Fortunes

Tune, Carron Side

Very Slow & Plaintive.

fel-ly spite, Frae my best Belov'd I rove never mair to taste delight

Never mair maun hope to find Ease frae toil, re-lief frae care

When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but un-vail Despair

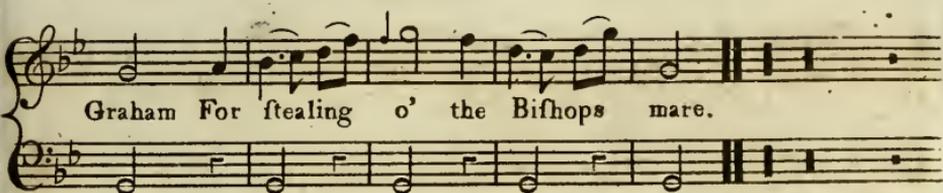
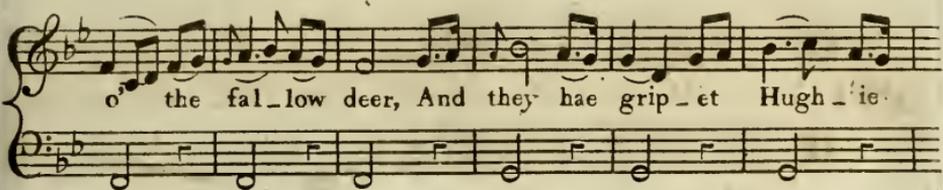
Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Defart ilka blooming shore;
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, Love and Peace restore.
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
 Bring our Banished hame again;
 And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

303 * Our lords are to the mountains gane, A hunt-ing

Hughie Graham.

Slow

Continued.



And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee;
Five hundred white pence I'll gee you,
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be,
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Its for my honor he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,

Yet never colourleft his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy;
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's fairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John,
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o' clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James,
My sword that's bent in the middle brow,
And bid him come at four o' clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy my wife,
The niest time ye gang o'er the moor;
Tell her, she staw the bishop's mare,
Tell her, she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the bishop's clock,
To mak it shorter by the hood.

My Goddess's Woman.

Tune, The Butcher boy.

304

* O' mighty Nature's handywarks, The common, or un-

Slowish

- com-mon, There's nocht thro' a her lim- its wide Can

be com- pard' to Woman. The Farmer toils the Merchant

trokes, Frae daw- in to the gloamin; The Farmer's pains, the

Merchant's cares, Are baith to please a Woman.

The Sailor spreads the daring sail,	A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,
Thro' angry seas a foaming;	Wi' other men in common,
The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,	He flings aside his crown, and kneels
He gies to please a Woman.	A Subject to a Woman.
The Sodger fights o'er crimson-fields,	Tho' I had a e'er man possess'd,
In distant climates roaming;	Barbarian, Greek, or Roman;
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,	It wad nae a' be worth a frae,
Before all-conquering Woman.	Without my goddess, Woman.

John come Kifs me now.

305

* O John, come kifs me now, now, now; O

Lively

John, my luv, come kifs me now, O John, come kifs me by &

by, For weel ye ken the way to woo. O some will court and

compliment, And ither some will kifs and daut; But I will mak o'

my gudeman, My ain gude man, it is nae faute.

O some will court and compliment,
 And ither some will prie their mou,
 And some will haufe in ither's arms,
 And that's the way I like to do.
 O John &c.

I've been Courting at a lafs.

306

* I've been courting at a lafs, These twenty days & mair; Her

Slow

father winna gie me her, She's sick a gleib o' gear. But

gin I had her where I wou'd Amang, the he-ther here, I'd

strive to win her kind-ness, For a' her father's care.

For she's a bonny sonfy lafs,
An armfu' I swear;
I wou'd marry her without a coat,
Or e'er a plack o' gear.
For, trust me, when I saw her first,
She gae me sick a wound,
That a' the doctors i' the earth
Can never mak me found.

For when she's absent frae my fight,
I think upon her still;
And when I sleep, or when I wake,
She does my senses fill.
May Heavens guard the bonny lafs
That sweetens a' my life;
And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek
Anither for my wife.

Peas Strae.

307

* The country swain that haunts the plain, And drives the

Lively

light-some plow; At night though tir'd, with love all fir'd, He

Continued.

views the lassie's brow. When morning comes, instead of drums, The

flails flap merrilie; To raise the maids out o' their beds, To shake the pease-

-srae. When morning comes, instead of drums, The flails flap merrilie; To

raise the maids out o' their beds To shake the pease_srae.

Fair Jenny raise, pat on her claise,
 Syne tuned her voice to sing;
 She sang sae sweet, wi' notes compleat,
 Gard a' the echoes ring;
 And a' the males lay by their flails,
 And dance most merrily;
 And blest the hour that she had power
 To shake the pease_srae.

The musing swain disturb'd in brain,
 Fast to her arms he flew,
 And strave a while, then wi' a smile,
 Sweet Jenny red in hue,
 She said right aft, I think ye're dast,
 That tempts a lassie sae;
 Ye'll do me wrang, pray let me gang,
 'And shake the pease_srae.

My heart, said he, fair wounded be,
 For thee, my Jenny fair;
 Without a jest, I get nae rest,
 My bed it proves a snare.

Thy image fine, presents me syne,
 And takes a' rest me frae;
 And while I dream, in your esteem
 You reckon me your sae.

Which is a sign ye will be mine,
 Dear Jenny say nae na;
 But soon comply, or else I die,
 Sae tell me but a flaw,
 If you can love, for none above
 Thee I can fancy sae,
 I would be blest if I but wist,
 That you would shake my srae.

Then Jenny smild, said, you're beguild,
 I canna fancy thee;
 My minny, bauld, she would me scold,
 Sae dinna die for me.
 But yet I own I am near grown,
 A woman; since its sae,
 I'll marry thee, syne you'll get me
 To shake your pease_srae.

A Southland Jenny.

308 * A South-land Jenny that was right bo-nie, She

Slow

had for a fuit-or a Nor-land John-ie, But

he was fick-en a bash-full woo-er That

he could scarce-ly speak un-to her.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system begins with the word 'Slow' written below the staff. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

But blinks o' her beauty and hopes o' her filler,
 Forced him at laft to tell his mind till her:
 My Dear, quo he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can lo'e me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

Come awa then, my Norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neat, some are mair gaudy;
 Albiet I hae neither land nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

Ye lafses o' the South, ye're a' for drefsin;
 Lafses o' the North mind milkin and threfhin:
 My minnie wad be angry, and fae wad my daddie,
 Should I marry ane as dink as a lady.

I maun hae a wife that will rife i' the mornin,
 Crudle a' the milk, and keep the houe a scauldin,
 Tulzie wi' her neebors, and learn at my minnie,
 A Norland Jockie maun hae a Norland Jenny.

My father's only dochter, wi' farms and filler ready,
 Wad be ill bestowed upon sic a clownish body;
 A' that I said was to try what was in thee,
 Gae hame, ye Norland Jockie, and court your Norland Jenny!

Cock up your Beaver.

309

When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, He

Slowish

had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown, But now he has gotten a

hat and a feather, Hey, brave John-ie lad, cock up your beaver-

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' spruhs; -- We'll

o - ver the bor - der and gie them a brush; There's

some - bo - dy there we'll teach better be - haviour,

Hey, brave John-ie lad, cock up your beaver.

O Laddie I maun lo'e thee.

310

* O laddie I maun lo'e thee, O ladsie lo'e na me;

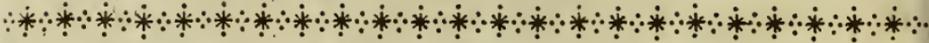
6 6 6 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 7

O laddie I maun lo'e thee, O ladsie lo'e na me, for the

4 2 6 6 5 6 7 4 3 6 6 6 6 5 6 4 3

ladsie wi' the yellow cottie has ta'en away my heart frae me.

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 5 6 6 6 8 7



Let me in this ae night.

Chorus

311

* O let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night; O

Slowifh

let me in this ae night, and I'll no come back a-gain, jo. O

ladsie are ye sleepin yet, Or are ye waukin, I wad wit, For

Continued.

loove has bound me hand and fitt, And I wad fain be in jo.

Chorus

O Let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night, O let me

in this ae night, and I'll no come back a - gain jo.

The morn it is the term-day,
I maun awa, I canna stay,
O pity me before I gae,
And rife and let me in, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

The night it is baith cauld and weet,
The morn it will be snaw and fleet,
My shoon are frozen to my feet
In standing here my lane, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

I am the laird o' Windy-wa's,
I cam na here without a cause,
And I hae gotten mony fa's
In comin thro' the plain, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

"My father's walking in the street,
"My mither the chamber keys does keep,
"My chamber-door does chimp and cheep,

"I daur na let you in, jo.
Cho.^s "O gae your ways this ae night;
"This ae, ae, ae night;
"O gae your ways this ae night,
"For I daur na let you in, jo."

But I'll come stealing fastly in,
And cannily mak little din;
My fittstep-tread there's nane can ken
For the fughin wind and rain, jo.
Cho.^s O let me in &c.

"Cast up the door unto the weet,
"Cast aff your shoon frae aff your feet.
"Syne to my chamber ye may creep,
"But ye maunna do't again, jo.
Cho.^s O Leeze me on this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night!
The joys we've had this ae night,
Your chamber was within, jo.

My Tochers the Jewel.

312

Slow

O meikle thinks my Luvè o' my beauty, And
meikle thinks my Luvè o' my kin; But little thinks my Love,
I ken brawlie, My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a for the apple he'll nourish the tree; It's a for the hiney he'll
cherish the bee, My laddies sae meikle in love wi' the filler, He
can na hae luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

Then Guidwife count the lawin.

313

* Gane is the day and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er

Lively

stray for faute o' light, For ale and bran-dy's stars and moon, And

Chorus

blude red wine's the ryfin Sun. Then guid-wife count the

law-in, the law-in, the law-in, Then guidwife count the

law-in, and bring a cog-gie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
 Cho.^s Then goodwife count &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out
 Cho.^s Then goodwife count &c.

B

The Whistle.

314

* I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I

Slowish

ing of a Whistle the pride of the North, Was brought to the court

of our good Scotch king & long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring

Fal de dal lal lal lay & long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

- * Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal,
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
 "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
 "And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more, Fal de dal &c.

Old Poets have sung, and old Chronicles tell,
 What champions ventur'd, what champions fell:
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
 And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill, Fal de dal &c.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
 Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he, Fal de dal &c.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
 Which now in his house has for ages remain'd,
 Till three noble Chieftans, and all of his blood,
 The jovial contest again have renew'd, Fal de dal &c.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw,
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth and law;
 And trusty Glenriddel, so vers'd in old coins;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines. Fal de dal &c.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil,

* See, Ofsian's Caruc-thura

Continued.

Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more in claret try which was the man, Fal de dal &c.

By the gods of the Ancients! Glenriddel replies,
Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, *
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er! Fal de dal &c.

Sir Robert, a Soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe — or his friend,
Said, tofs down the Whistle prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. Fal de dal &c.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit and taste of a sweet lovely Dame. Fal de dal &c.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day:
A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been. Fal de dal &c.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy,
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet. Fal de dal &c.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,
Bright Phebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn. Fal de dal &c.

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their Ancestor did. Fal de dal &c.

Then worthy Glenriddel so cautious and sage
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine. Fal de dal &c.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,
But who can with Fate and quart-bumpers contend;
Tho' Fate said, a hero should perish in light,
So arose bright Phebus — and down fell the Knight. Fal de dal &c.

Next arose our Bard, like a prophet in drink,
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when Creation shall sink!
"But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!!! Fal de dal &c.

"Thy Line that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
"Shall Heroes and Patriots ever produce;
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay,
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day! Fal de dal &c.
* See Johnson's tour through Scotland.

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

315 * By yon castle wa' at the clofe of the day, I heard a man

Slowly

sing tho' his head it was grey; And as he was singing the tears down

came, There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame. The

Church is in ruins, the state is in jars, De_lusions, oppreffions, and

murderous wars, We dare na weel fay't, but we ken wha's to

blame, There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw fons for Jamie drew fword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld Dame,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the fame,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

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

316

* What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie, What
Lively but not too fast

can a young lassie do wi' an auld man. Bad luck on the pennie that

tempted my min_nie To sell her poor Jen_ny for

filler an lan'. Bad luck on the pen_nie that tempted my

Minnie to sell her poor Jen_ny for fil_ler and lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hoffs and he hirpls the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his-blude it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

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

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him untill I heart break him,
And then his auld brafs will buy me a new pan.

The bonie lad that's far awa.

317

* O how can I be blythe and glad, Or how can I gang

Slowish.

brisk and brow, When the bonie lad that I loe best, Is

o'er the hills and far a-wa When the bo-nie lad that

I loe best, Is o'er the hills and far a-wa.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae difown'd me a;
 But there is ane will tak my part,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.
 But there &c.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
 And filken snoods he gae me twa,
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.
 And I will &c.

O weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken shaw;
 And my young babie will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.
 And my &c.

X

The Auld Goodman.

318

* Late in an evening forth I went, A little be-fore the

Lively

Continued.

fun gaed down, And then I chanc'd by accident, To light on a battle

new begun. A man an his wife was fa'n in a strife, I

canna weel tell ye how it be-gan; But ay she wail'd her

wretched life, And cry'd e-ver a-lack my auld goodman.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
For he did spend and mak an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winsome John,
His blinken ee, and gait fae free, (drone.
Was naething like thee, thou dozend-
His rosy face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thoult never be like my auld goodman.

Why dost thou plean? I thee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now when our gear gins to grow scant,

Of household stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pat nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair o' thy auld goodman.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,
To think on these blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay,
In arms into a weel made bed:
But now I sigh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
And thoult n'er be like my auld good
(-man.

Then coming was the night fae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer stay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day she wan.
And ay the o'erword o' the fray
Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

O as I was kist yestreen.

319

O, as I was kist ye-streen, O, as I was

Lively

kist yestreen! I'll never forget till the day that I die. Sae

mony braw kiffes his Grace gae me. My Father was fleeping, my

mither was out, And I was my lane, and in came the Duke; I'll

never forget till the day that I die, Sae mony braw kiffes his Grace gae me.

Kist the streen, kist the streen.

Up the Gallowgate, down the Green:

I'll never forget till the day that I die,

Sae mony braw kiffes his Grace gae me.

I do confels thou art fae fair.

321

* I do confels thou art fae fair, I wad been o'er the

Slowly

lugs in lūve; Had I na found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy

heart could muve. I do confels thee sweet, but find, Thou art fae thriftless

o' thy sweets, Thy favors are the silly wind That kisses ilka thing it meets

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briars fae coy,
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate e'er lang shall thee betide;
 Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while,
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like ony common weed and vile.

Z



If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.

322

* When I was a young lad, My for - tune was

Lively

Continued.

bad if e'er I do well 'tis a won - - der. I

spent all my means On whores, bawds, and queans; Then I got a com-

- miffion to plun - - der I spent all my means on whores, bawds, &

queans; Then I got a commiffi - on to plun - - der.

The hat I have on,
So greasy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its shining;
'Tis stitch'd all about,
Without button or lopp,
And never a bit of a lining.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the armpits and elbows,
That I look as absurd
As a sailor on board,
That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilboes. Confounded be the upper-leather.

My shirt it is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis so thin and so fine,
That it is my design
To present it to the muses for tinder.

My blue fustian breeches
Is wore to the stitches,
My legs you may see what's between them;
My pockets all four,
I'm the son of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.

I have stockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a shoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather,
Be damnd the boot soal,
Curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.

Had ye then but seen
The sad plight I was in,
Yeld not seen such a poet amongst twenty
I have nothing that's full,
But my shirt and my skull;
For my pockets and belly are empty.

The Soger Laddie.

323 * My foger laddie is over the fea, And he'll bring gold &

Lively

money to me; And when he comes hame, he'll make me a Lady, My

blefsings gang wi' my foger laddie. My dough-ty laddie is

handfome and brave, & can as a foger & lover behave; He's true to his

country, to love he is steddy, There's few to compare wi' my foger laddie.

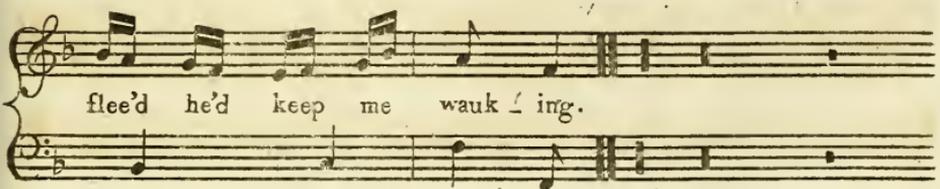
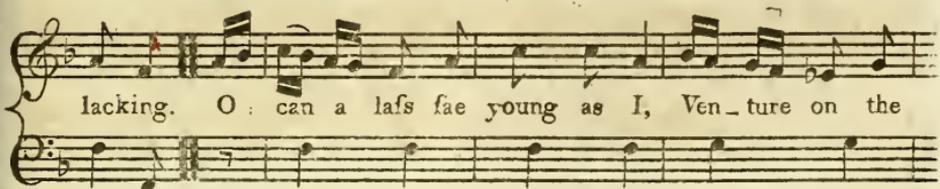
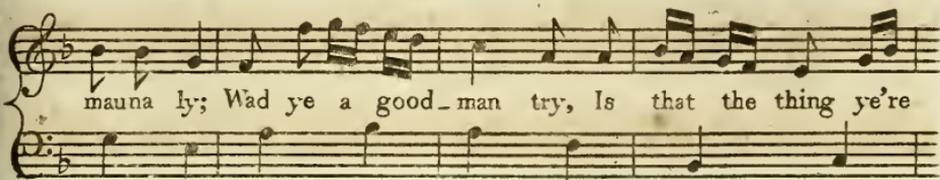
O Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms.
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my foger ye gie me.
 O foon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he get his due:
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my foger-laddie.

Where wad bonie Annie ly.

324



Lively



Never judge until ye try,
 Mak me your goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to ly,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
 When thou wakrife art, or dry,
 Healthy cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
 When the hoboy's are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I'm faint and iry.

To your will I then comply,
 Join us, priest, and let me try,
 How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
 Wha can a cordial gie me.



Galloway Tam.

325

* O Galloway Tam came here to woo, I'd rather we'd gin him the

Lively.

brawnit cow; For our lafs Befs may curse & ban, The wanton wit o'

Galloway Tam. O Gal_loway Tam came here to shear, I'd

rather we'd gin him the gude gray mare, He kist the gudewife and

strack the gudeman, And thats the tricks o' Galloway Tam.

As I cam down by yon castle wa',

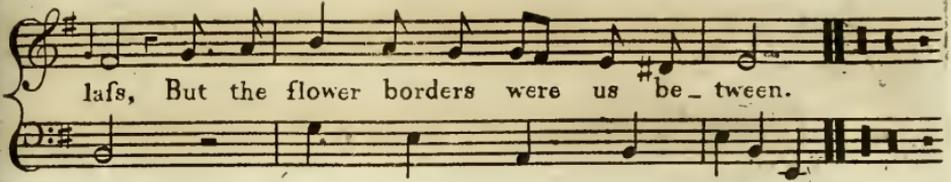
326

* As I cam down by yon castle wa', And

Very Slow

in by yon gar_den green, O there I spied a bony bony

Continued.



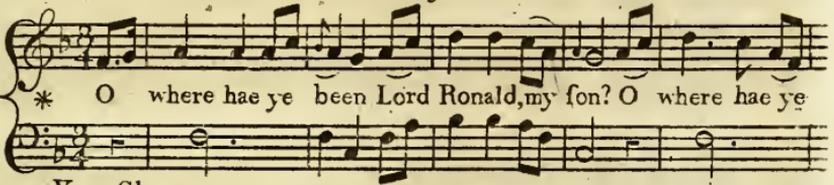
lafs, But the flower borders were us be tween.

A bony bony lafsie she was,	Talk not so very high bony lafs,
As ever mine eyes did see:	O talk not so very, very high:
O five hundred pounds would I give,	The man at the fair that wad sell,
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.	He maun learn at the man that wad-
	(- buy.
To have such a pretty bride as me,	I trust to climb a far higher tree,
Young man ye are fairly mista'en;	And herry a far richer nest:
Tho' ye werè king o' fair Scotland,	Tak this advice o' me bony lafs,
I wad difdain to be your queen	Humility wad set thee best.



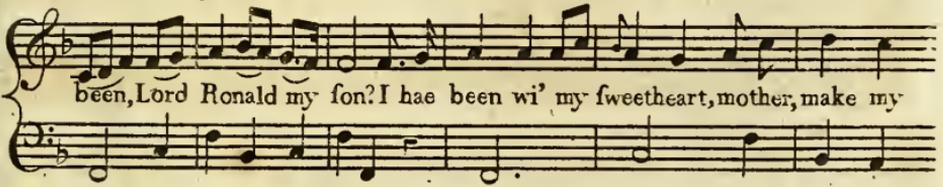
Lord Ronald my son.

327

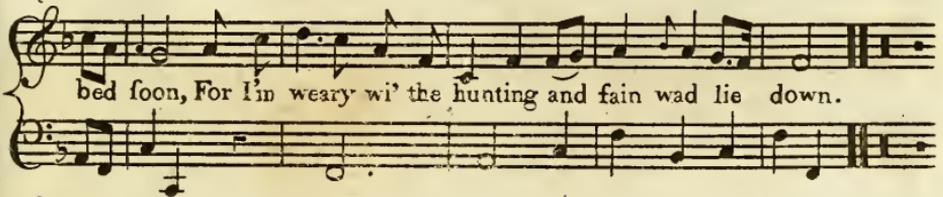


* O where hae ye been Lord Ronald, my son? O where hae ye

Very Slow



been, Lord Ronald my son? I hae been wi' my sweetheart, mother, make my



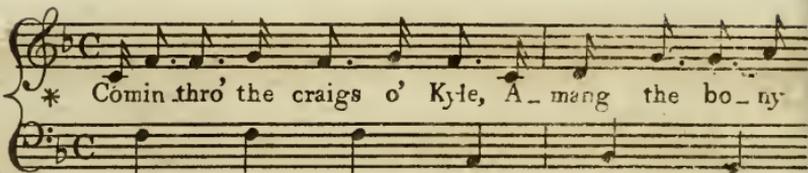
bed soon, For I'm weary wi' the hunting and fain wad lie down.

What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my son.
 What got ye frae your sweetheart Lord Ronald, my son.
 I hae got deadly poifon, mother, make my bed soon;
 For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.

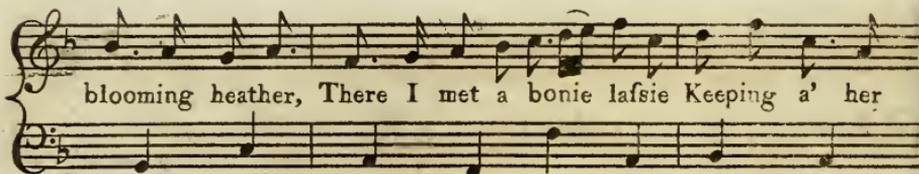


O'er the moor among the heather.

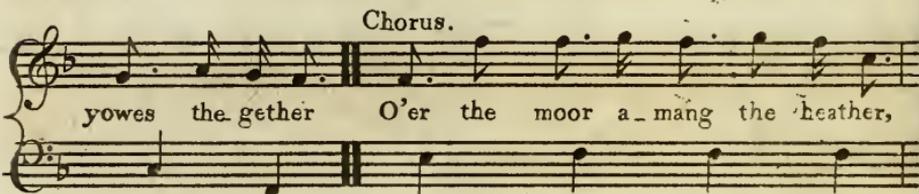
328



Lively, but Slow.

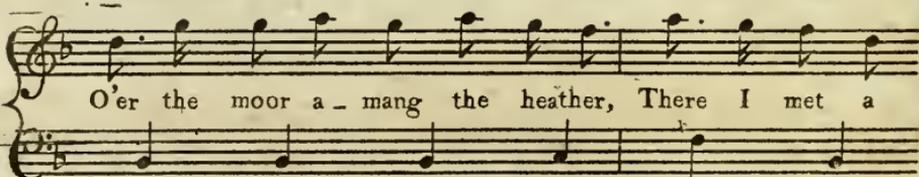


blooming heather, There I met a bonie lassie Keeping a' her

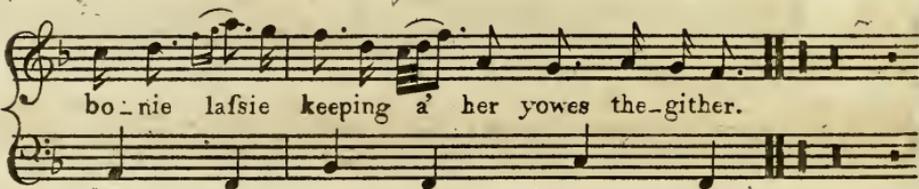


Chorus.

yowes the gether O'er the moor a-mang the heather,



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



bo-nie lassie keeping a' her yowes the-gether.

Says I my dear where is thy hame,
In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether,
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.

Cho.^s O'er the moor &c.

O'er the moor &c.

She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and funny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Among the bonie blooming heather.

Cho.^s O'er the moor &c.

O'er the moor &c.

She left her flocks at large to rove,
Among the bonie blooming heather.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, o'er the moor among the heather.

Cho.^s O'er the moor &c.

O'er the moor &c.

And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, o'er the moor among the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay finfyne.
I could na think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonie lass among the heather.

Cho.^s O'er the moor &c.

O'er the moor &c.

By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonie lass among the heather.

Sensibility how charming.

329 * Sen-fi-bi-li-ty how charming, Dearest Nancy, thou canst

Plaintive

tell, But distress with horrors arming, Thou hast also known too

well. Fairest flower, behold the li-ly, Blooming in the sunny

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

clay. Fairest flower, behold the lily, Blooming in the sunny ray;

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

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,

Telling o'er his little joys:

Hapless bird! a prey the surest

To each pirate of the skies.

:S: Dearly bought the hidden treasure,

Finer Feelings can bestow:

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,

Thrill the deepest notes of woe. :S:

To the Rose bud.

330

* All Hail to thee thou baw-my bud, Thou charming

Slow

child O simmer Hail; Ilk fra-grant Thorn and lof-ty

wood Does nod thy wel-come to the Vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form
Glad Phæbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

If ruthlefs Liza pafs this way,
She'll pou thee frae thy thorny stem;
A while thou'lt grace her Virgin breast
But soon thou'lt fade my bonny gem.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower
Wi' fangs of joy thy presence hail,
Then haste thou bawmy fragrant flower
And gie thy bosom to the gale.

Ah short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate alas thou must.
Bright emblem of the Virgin train,
Thou blooms alas, to mix wi' dust.

And see the fair industrious Bee,
With airy wheel and soothing hum,
Flies ceaselefs round thy parent tree,
While gentle breezes trembling come.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That Beauty like the simmer's rose
In time shall wither and decay.



Yon wild mofsy mountains.

331

* Yon wild, mof-sy mountains sae lof-ty and wide, That

Slow

nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, Where the

Continued.

grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather, to feed, And the

shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed: Where the

grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed, And the

shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed:

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequestred stream,
Resides a sweet Lafsie, my thought and my dream.

Among thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath,
For there, wi' my Lafsie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I loe the dear Lafsie because she loes me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I'm clas'd in her arms,
O, these are my Lafsie's all-conquering charms.

Bonie laddie Highland laddie.

332

* I hae been at Croo_kie_den, My bon_ie lad_die

Lively

Highland laddie, Viewing Willie and his men my bonie laddie

High_land lad_die. There our faes that burnt and flew, My

bo_nie lad_die High_land lad_die There, at laft, they

gat there due, My bonie lad_die Highland laddie.

Satan fits in his black neuk,
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 The bloody ironster gae a yell,
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell!
 My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,

333 * It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, Nor shapè that

Slow

I ad_mire Al_tho' thy beau_ty and thy grace might

weel a_wauk de_fire. Some_thing in il_ka

part o' thee To praise, to love, I find, But dear as

is thy form to me, Still dear_er is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than, if I canna mak thee fae.
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee:
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

Donald Couper.

334

* Hey Donald how Donald, Hey Donald Couper; He's
 Canty
 gane a_wa to seek a wife and he's come hame with_out her.
 O Donald Couper and his man, Held to a Highland fair, man, And
 a^to seek a bo_nie lass, But fient a' ane was there, man.

At length he got a Carlin gray,
 And she's come hirplin hame, man;
 And she's fa'n o'er the buffet stool,
 And brak her rumple-bane, man.
 Hey Donald &c.

335

The Vain Pursuit.

For_bear gentle youth to pursue me in vain Thy anguish I
 Very Plaintive.
 pity but cannot re_move, the ills I in_flict I am doom'd to suf-

Continued.

_tain Nor shalt thou a_lone be the victim of love My Sandy was

beau_tiful happy and wise in ev_ry accomplishment destined to

shine He had wit for all tastes he had charms for all eyes a_

_las the dear youth was too charming for mine.

He saw me he lov'd me, his passion confess'd,
 The soft declaration still sounds in my ear;
 My image, he said, on his soul was impress'd,
 And faithful his flame, as his heart was sincere.
 His wishes tho' fond, I as fondly repaid,
 For oh! a warm heart it is easy to gain,
 Which kind professions already persuade,
 Our pleasure was mutual and mutual our pain.

Still fortune relentless our union denied,
 In quest of more treasure to India he went,
 But there, hapless youth, to my sorrow he died,
 And left me for ever his fate to lament.
 Gay hopes and delightful presages adieu,
 Adieu ye soft whispers of tender desire;
 From thee my dear swain these emotions first grew,
 In deep disappointment with thee they expire.

Eppie M^c Nab.

336

* O faw ye my dearie my Eppie M^c Nab. O faw ye my
 Slow
 dearie my Eppie M^c Nab. She's down in the yard, she's
 kifs in the Laird, She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 O come thy ways to me my Eppie M^c Nab; O come thy ways
 to me my Eppie M^c Nab; What e'er thou has done, be it
 late be it foon, Thou's welcome a gain to thy ain Jock Rab.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line. There are some numerical markings (6, 4+2, 6, 4+2) at the bottom of the piano lines, likely indicating fingerings or specific rhythmic patterns.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M^c Nab.
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M^c Nab.
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever difowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M^c Nab!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M^c Nab!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

Wha is that at my bower door

337

* Wha is that at my bower-door? O wha is it but

Lively

Find-lay: Then gae your gate ye'fe nae be here! In-

-deed maun I, quo' Findlay. What mak ye, sae like a thief? O

come and see, quo' Findlay; Be-fore the morn, ye'll

work mischief; In-deed will I quo Findlay.

Gif I rife and let you in,
 Let me in, quo' Findlay;
 Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 In my bower if ye should stay,
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 What may pass within this bower,
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour!
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Thou art gane awa.

338

Thou art gane a_wa thou art gane a_wa, Thou art

gane a_wa frae me Ma_ry, nor friends nor I could

make thee stay, Thou hast chea_ted them and me Ma_ry.

Un_til this hour I ne_ver thought That ought could

al_ter thee, Ma_ry, Thou'rt still the Mistrefs of my

heart, Think what you will of me, Ma_ry. S. S. S. S.

Thou art gane awa, New Sett.

339

Thou art gane a_wa thou art gane a_wa, Thou art

Continued.

gane a way frae me, Ma-ry, nor friends nor I could

make thee stay, Thou hast chea ted them and me, Ma-ry. Un-

- till this hour I ne-ver thought, That ought could

al-ter thee, Ma-ry, Thou'rt still the Mistrefs of my

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

What e'er he said or might pretend,
 That staw that heart o' thine, Mary;
 True love I'm fure was ne'er his end,
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spake sincere nor flatter'd much,
 Nae selfish thoughts in me, Mary,
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;
 No I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false yet while I live,
 I'll lo'e nae ma'id but thee, Mary,
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,
 Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.
 So then fareweel! of this be fure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;
 For a' the world I'd not endure,
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

The tears I shed &c.

340 * The tears I shed must ev-er fall, I mourn not for an

Slow with exprofsion

ab-sent fwain, For thought may past delights recall, And par-ted

lovers meet a-gain I weep not for the fi-lent dead, their

toils are past, their sorrows o'er, And those they lov'd their steps shall

tread, And death shall join - and death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between, Even conscious-virtue cannot cure
 If certain that his heart is near, The pangs to every feeling due:
 A conscious transport glads each scene, Ungenerous youth, thy boast how poor,
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear. To steal a heart, and break it too!
 Even when by Death's cold hand remov'd, In vain does memory renew,
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb; The hours once ting'd in transports dye
 To think that even in death he lov'd, The sad reverse soon starts to view,
 Can gild the horrors of the gloom. And turns the thought to agony.

But bitter, bitter are the tears, No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Of her who slighted love bewails; Just what would make suspicion start;
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers, No pause the dire extremes between,
 No pleasing melancholy hails. He made me blest - and broke my heart!
 Here's are the pangs of wounded pride, From hope, the wretched's anchor torn,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy: Neglected, and neglecting all,
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side, Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The flame she fed, burns to destroy, The tears I shed must ever fall.

The bonny wee thing.

341

* Bon- ie wee thing, can- ie wee thing, Lovely wee thing

Slowish

was thou mine; I wad wear thee in my bo- som, Leaft, my

Jew- el I should tine. With- ful- ly I look and languish

In that bon- ie face of thine; And my heart it stounds wi'

anguish Left my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,

In ae constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty,

Goddefs o' this foul o' mine!

Bonie wee &c.

Roy's Wife of Alldivaloch.

342

Roy's wife of All-di-va-loch Roy's wife of Alldi_valoch

Pathetic

Wat ye how she cheated me as I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

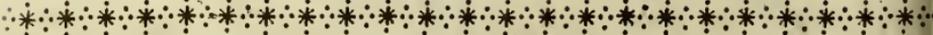
She vow'd she swore she wad be mine She said that she lo'ed me best of

ony but oh the fickle faithless quean She's taen the Carl & left her Johnie.

Da Capo

O She was a can ty quean,
 And we'll cou'd she dance the highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine
 Or I'd been Roy of Alldivaloch
 Roy's wife &c.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae cle
 Her wee bit mou', so sweet and bon
 To me she ever will be dear
 Tho' she's forever left her Johnie
 Roy's wife &c.



Lady Randolph's Complaint.

Tune, Earl Douglas's Lament

343

* My hero! my hero, my beauteus my brave, How proud was my

Plaintive

foul of thy virtues and thee Doom'd here prema_turely to find a cold

Continued.

grave, Nor couldst thou e - lude what thou couldst not fore see Of
 gen'rous endeavours, was this thy re - ward. The Lord of this mansion
 from foes to de - fend; Henceforth hos - pi - ta - li - ty who shall re -
 - gard; What man on the friendship of man shall de - pend.

With transport this day, my fond heart overflow'd,
 When keenly indulging the pleasing preface,
 How warm with maternal affection, it glow'd,
 Midst an offspring of thine whilst I hop'd for old age!
 Whose prattle endearing, and innocent play
 To me might the loss of thy childhood atone;
 Those actions, the fame of your house might display,
 Adorn'd with a husband's dear name, and thy own.

Thy gallant deportment, thy exquisite bloom,
 Which merciless foes might, with rapture, admire,
 With them my dear hopes are all quench'd in the tomb,
 With thee they were born, and with thee they expire.
 In conjugal union how short my delight!
 In a mother's high rank how much shorter my boast!
 With planets malignant, no more let me fight,
 No longer in life's cruel tempest be tost!

Forgive, gracious powers, in compassion my state,
 Whilst by sorrow compell'd, with reluctance I seize
 The only sweet moment reserved me by fate,
 The moment which renders me just what I please.
 My Douglas, my darling, my glory, my pride!
 How happy was I but to name thee my son!
 For thee would to heaven a fond mother had died,
 Since living without thee, is living undone.

Come here's to the nymph that I love.

Tune, Auld Sir Symon the King

344

* Come here's to the nymph that I love! A-way ye vain forrows,

Lively

away; Far, far from me sorrows, begone; All here shall be pleasant & gay

Far hence be the sad and the penfive, Come fill up the glasses around We'll

drink till our faces be ruddy, And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
 With every gay blooming desire,
 My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
 Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.
 My soul now to love is dissolving,
 Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
 With his troops of vain cares in array.
 A vaunt, idle penfive intruder,
 He triumphs, he will not away,
 I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
 Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion—
 Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
 Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come jolly god Bacchus, here's to thee;
 Huzza, boys, huzza boys, huzza;
 Sing I o, sing I o to Bacchus —
 Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial.
 Come tune up our voices and sing;
 What soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When wine sets our fancies on wing.

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount or adieu I arise,
 In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd;
 The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
 I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this.
 Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
 And now, — O my head it is knock'd
 Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a star;
 Where am I! behold the Empyreum,
 With flaming light streaming from far.

The tither morn.

345 * The tither morn, When I forlorn Aneath an aik fat

Lively with exprefion

moaning, I did na trow, I'd fee my jo Be_fide me. gain the

glowming. But he fae trig lap o'er the rig And

daw_ting_ly did chear me When I, what, reck, did

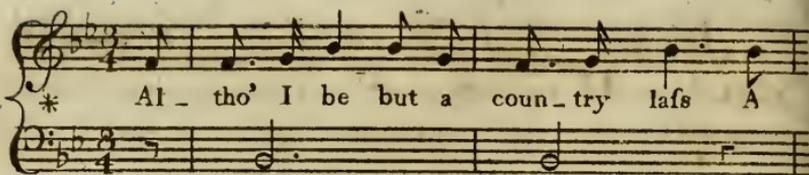
least expect, To fee my lad fae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainnessgrat,
While in his grips he press'd me
De'il tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As shortfyne broken hearted.

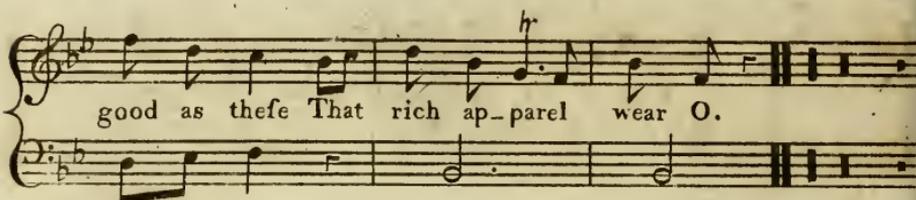
Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'dna by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my deary
But praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,
At kirk and fair,
I'll e ay be there;
And be as canty's ony.

A Country Lafs.

346



Very Slow



Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey, Altho' my parents cannot raise
 My skin it is as soft _O, Great bags of shining gold _O,
 As them that fatten weeds do wear, Like them whose daughters now a days
 And carry their heads aloft _O. Like swine are bought and sold _O;

What tho' I keep my father's sheep. Yet my fair body it shall keep
 The thing that must be done _O, An honest heart within _O,
 With garlands of the finest flowers And for twice fifty thousand crowns
 To shade me frae the sun _O. I value not a pin _O:

When they are feeding pleasantly, I use nae gums upon my hair,
 Where grass and flowers do spring _O, Nor chains about my neck _O,
 Then on a flow'ry bank at noon, Nor shining rings upon my hands,
 I set me down and sing _O My fingers straight to deck _O

My Paisley piggy cork'd with sage, But for that lad to me shall fa',
 Contains my drink but thin _O. And I have grace to wed _O,
 No wines do e'er my brain enrage, I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
 Or tempt my mind to sin _O. I mean my maidenhead _O.

My country curds and wooden spoon If canny Fortune give to me
 I think them unco fine _O, The man I dearly love _O,
 And on a flowery bank at noon Tho' we want gear I dinna care,
 I set me down and dine _O. My hands I can improve _O.

Expecting for a blessing still
 Descending from above _O,
 Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating tales of love _O.

There was a battle in the north,
 And nobles there was many.
 And they hae kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,
 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O he has written a lang letter,
 He sent it to his lady;
 Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town
 To see what words o' Geordie.

When first she look'd the letter on,
 She was baith red and rosy;
 But she had na read a word but twa,
 Till she wallow't like a lily.

Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
 My menzie a' gae wi' me;
 For I shall neither eat nor drink,
 Till Enbrugh town shall see me.

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
 Her menzie a' gaed wi' her;
 And she did neither eat nor drink
 Till Enbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
 And syne the aix to head him;
 And Geordie cumin down the stair,
 And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,
 O' airn and steel fae heavy,
 There was na ane in a' the court,
 Sae bra' a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee,
 I wat she's pale and weary,
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,
 And gie me back my Dearie!

(dear,
 I hae born seven fons to my Geordie
 The seventh ne'er saw his daddie:
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,
 Pity a waefu' lady!

Gar bid the headin-man mak haste!
 Our king-reply'd fu' lordly:
 O noble king, tak a' that's mine,
 But gie me back my Geordie.

(ran,
 The Gordons cam and the Gordons—
 And they were stark and steady;
 And ay the word among them a'
 Was, Gordons keep you ready.

Some gae her marks some gae her cro-
 Some gae her dollars many; (und,
 And she's tell'd down five thousand po
 And she's gotten again her Dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
 Says, dear I've bought thee, Geordie:
 But there sud been bluidy bouks on the
 Or I had tint my laddie. (green,

He claspit her by the middle sma',
 And he kiss her lips fae rosy:
 The fairest flower o' woman-kind
 Is my sweet, bonie Lady!

Rory Dall's Port.

347

* Ae fond kifs, and then we fever; Ae farewell and

Slow & tender

then for ev-er! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring

fights and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that fortune grieves him

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae chear-fu'

twinkle lights me; Dark despair a-round benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy:
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, Enjoyment; Love and Pleasure!
 Ae fond kifs, and then we fever;
 Ae fareweel, Alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring fights and groans I'll wage thee.

As I was a wand'ring.

359

Tune, Rinn m' eudial no nhealladh. A Gaelic Air.

348

* As I was a wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin The pipers &
Plaintive

youngsters were makin their game, A - mang them I spyed my

faithless fause lover, Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour a -

-gain. Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him; I

may be distress'd but I winna complain: I'll flatter my fan - cy. I

may get anither my heart it shall ne - ver be broken for aye.

I could na get sleepin till davin, for greetin;
The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin, my heart wad a broken,
For oh, love forsaken's a tormenting pain!
Weel since he has &c.

Although he has left me for greed o' the filler,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win:
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
Weel since he has &c.

Lovely Davies.

Tune, Miss Muir.

349

* O how shall I, un-skilfu', try The Poets oc-cu-

Slow

- pa-tion, The tunefu' powers, in happy hours, That whif-pers

in-spi-ration, Even they maun dare an effort mair Than

aught they e-ver gave us, Or they re-hearfe in

e-equal verfe, The charms o' love-ly Davies. Each

eye it chears when she appears, Like Phebus in the

Continued.

morning, When past the show'r, and every flower The

gar-den is a dorning: As the wretch looks o'er Si-

-beria's shore, When winter bound the wave is; Sae droops our

heart when we maun part Frae charming, love-ly Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae boon the list,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances:
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering lovely Davies.
 My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendor:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire.
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

The weary Pund O' Tow.

350 * The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o'

Very Slow

tow; I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow

I bought my wife a stane o' lint as gude as eer did grow; And

á that she has made o' that Is ae poor pund o' tow.

Chorus

The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow; I

think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow.

There, sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyond the ingle low;
 And ay she took the tither fouk,
 To drouk the stourie tow.
 The weary &c.

She brak it o'er my pow.
 The weary &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,

At last her feet, I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary &c.

Now westlin winds.

Tune, Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me.

351

* Now westlin winds, and slaughterin guns Brings Autumn's

Slow with expresion

pleasent weather; The gor-cock springs, on whirring wings A-

- mang the blooming heather: Now waving grain, wide o'er the

plain Delights the wea-ry Farmer, The moon shines bright, as I

rove by night, To muse u-pon my charmer.

The Pairrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells;
 The Plover lo'es the mountains;
 The Woodcock haunts the lanely dells;
 The soaring Hern the fountains:
 Thro' lofty groves the Cusnat roves,
 The path o' Man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some, social join, and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander:
 Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic Man's dominion;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

But Peggy dear the evenings clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue the fields in view
 All fading-green and yellow:
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms o' Nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly;
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
 Swear, how I lo'e thee dearly!
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair my lovely Charmer.

I hae a wife o' my ain.

352 * I hae a wife o' my ain, I'll partake wi' nae-body

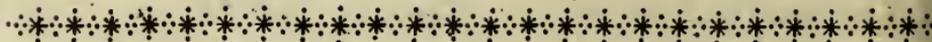
I'll tak Cuck-old frae nane, I'll gie Cuckold to nae-body

I hae a pen-ny to spend, There, thanks to nae-bo-dy

I hae nae-thing to lend, I'll borrow frae nae-bo-dy.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a gude braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody. B



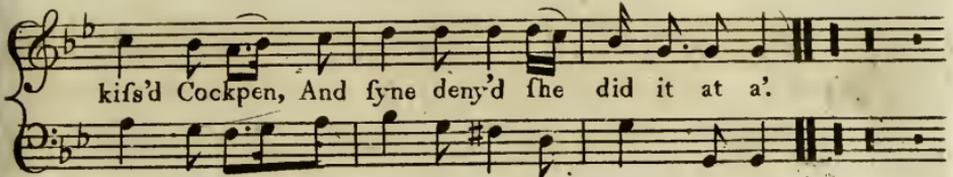
When she cam ben she bobbed.

353 * O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, O

Lively but not too fast

when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, And when she cam ben she

Continued.



kifs'd Cockpen, And fyne deny'd she did it at a'.

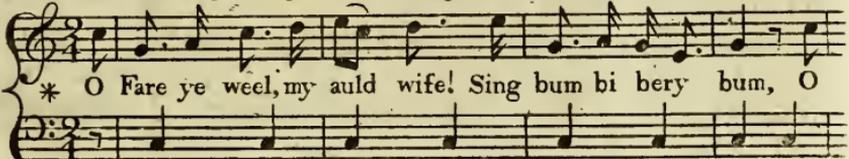
And was na Cockpen right faucy witha,
 And was na Cockpen right faucy witha,
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,
 And kifsia a Collier lasie an a'.

O never look down, my lasie at a,
 O never look down, my lasie at a,
 Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae filk and holland fae fina,
 Tho' thou has nae filk and holland fae fina,
 Thy coat and thy fark are thy ain handywark
 And Lady Jean was never fae brow.

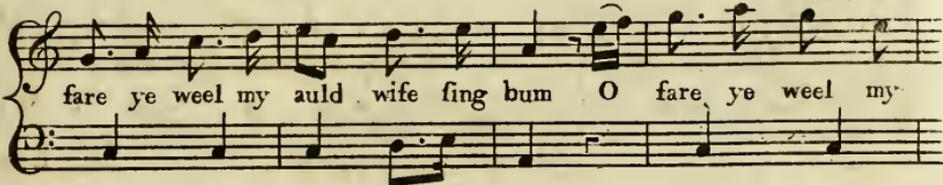
 O Fare ye weel my auld wife.

354

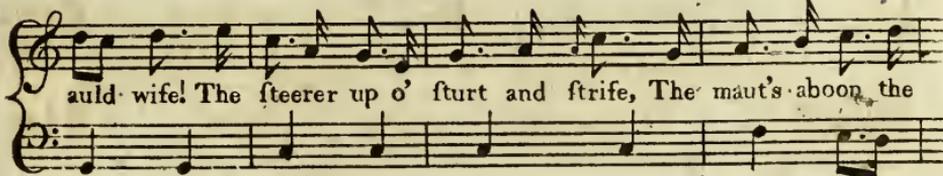


* O Fare ye weel, my auld wife! Sing bum bi bery bum, O

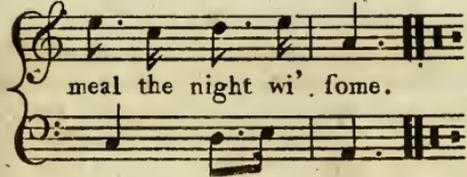
Slowish



fare ye weel my auld wife sing bum O fare ye weel my



auld wife! The steerer up o' sturt and strife, The maüt's aboon the



meal the night wi' some.

An fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Sing bum bibery bum.

An fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Sing bum.

An fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,
 Nae mair wi' you my wife I'll baff,
 The maüt's aboon the meal the night.
 Wi' some.

O, for ane and twenty Tam!

Tune, The Moudiewort.

355

* An O, for ane and twenty Tam! An hey, sweet ane & twenty,
Canty.

Tam! I'll learn my kin a rattlin fang, An I saw ane and twenty Tam.

They snool me fair, & haud me down, And gar me look like bluntie, Tam; But

three short years will soon wheel roun, And then comes ane & twenty Tam

Chorus

An O, for ane and twenty Tam! And hey, sweet ane & twenty, Tam! I'll

learn my kin a rattlin fang, An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my Auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O, for &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hearst thou, laddie, there's my loof
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
An O, for &c.

Johnie Armstrang.

356

* Some speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds And sic like

Very Slow

men of hie degree; Of a gentle-man I sing a sang sum -

tyme call'd Laird of Gilnockie. The king he writes a kind

letter Wi' his ain hand fae ten-der-lye, And he has sent it to

Johnie Armstrang, To cum and speik with him speedi-lye.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene; May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
 They were a gallant companie: Grace for my loyal men and me,
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful king, For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
 And bring him safe Gilnockie. And subject, of yours, my Liege, said he.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then, Away, away, thou traytor strang,
 And venison in great plentie; Out of my sight thou mayst fume be,
 We'll welcum hame our royal king, I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie. And now I'll not begin with thee.

They ran their horse on the Langumholm Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And brake their speirs with meikle main; And a bonny gift I will gi' to thee,
 The Ladies lukit frae their lofty windows Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt feids,
 God bring our men weil back again. Were a' foald in a zeir to me.
 Quhen Johnie came before the King, I'll gie thee all these milk whyt feids,
 With all his men fae brave to see, That pranc and nicher at a speir,
 The King he movit his bonnet to him, With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 He weind he was king as well as he. As four of their braid backs dow beir
 Away, away, thou traytor, &c &c &c.

Hey how Johnie Lad,

357 * Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been

Lively

Gin your voice I had na kent, I cou'd na eithly trow my een. Sae

weel's ye might hae touzled me, and sweetly pri'd my mou bedeem;

Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

My Father he was at the pleugh, my Mither she was at the mill,
 My Billie he was at the mofs, and no ane near our sport to spill,
 The feint a Body was therein there was nae fear of being seen,
 Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

Wad ony lad wha lo'ed her weel, hae left his bonny lafs her lane,
 To sigh and greet ilk langsome hour, and think her sweetest minutes gan
 O, had ye been a wooer leal, we shu'd hae met wi' hearts mair keen,
 Hey how my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

But I maun hae anither joe, whafe love gangs never out o' mind,
 And winna let the moment pafs, when to a lafs he can be kind,
 Then gang your wa's to blinken Befs, nae mair for Johnie shall shee greet
 Hey, how, my Johnie lad, ye're no fae kind's ye fud hae been.

Logie o' Buchan.

358 * O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, They've

Slowish & tender

Continued.

taen a_wa Jamie that wrought in the yard, Wha
 play'd on the pipe an the Vi-ol fae fma' They've
 taen a_wa Jamie the flower o' them a'.

O think na lang, lafsie, tho' I be awa,
 An' think na lang, lafsie, tho' I be awa;
 The simmer is come and the winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O Sandy has owfen, and filler, and kye,
 A houfe and a haddin, and a' things forbye,
 But I wad hae Jamie wi' s bonnet in's hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houfes and land.

(The 2^d verfe fung here,) O think na lang, &c.

My daddie was fultie, my minnie was four,
 They gloom'd on my Jamie becaufe he was poor;
 But daddie and minnie altho' that they be,
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

(The 2^d verfe fung here,) O think na lang, &c.

I'll fit on my fultie and spin at my wheel,
 And sing o' my Jamie wha loes me fae weel;
 He took a white fapence and brak it in twa,
 And gae me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.

Sayin, think upon't lafsie when I am awa.
 An' think upon't lafsie when I am awa:
 The simmer is comè, and the winter's awa.
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,

359

* O Kenmure's on and a_wa, Willie, O Kenmure's on and a

Slowish but with spirit

- wa; An Ken_mure's Lord's the bravest Lord That

e_ver Galloway faw, - . Succes to Kenmure's band, Willie! Suc-

- ces to Ken_mure's band, - There's no a heart that

fears a Whig That rides by Ken_mure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine,
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's Line

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O-Kenmure's lads are men,
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live, or die wi' fame,
 But soon wi' founding vitorie
 May Kenmure's Lord come hame

Here's Him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's Him that's far awa,
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw

Bess and her Spinning Wheel.

360

* O Leeze me on my spinning-wheel, And leeze me on my

Slow

rock and reel; Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, And haps me

fiel and warm at e'en! I'll fet me down and sing and spin, While

laigh descends the fimmer sun, Blest wi' con_tent, and

milk and meal, O leeze me on my spinnin_wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Acrofs the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel;
 Where, blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ithers lays:

The craik amang the claver hay,
 The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' snar' to fell, and lefs to buy,
 Aboon distrefs, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flairing, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dissonne joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel!

My Collier Laddie.

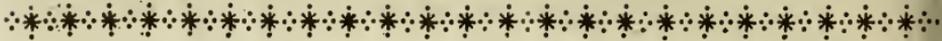
361

Whare live ye my bonie lafs, And tell me what they ca' ye?

Slowish

My name, the fays is Mistrefs Jean, And I follow the Collier laddie.

See you not yon hills and dales	And embrace my Collier laddie.
The sun shines on fae brawlie!	I wad turn &c.
They a' are mine and they shall be thine,	I can win my five pennies in a day,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.	And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
They a' are &c.	And make my bed in the Collier's neuk
Ye shall gang in gay attire,	And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
Weel bufkit up fae gaudy;	And make my bed &c.
And ane to wait on every hand,	Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.	Tho' the wee Cot-house should haud i
And ane to wait &c.	And the warld before me to win my bre
Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,	And fair fa' my Collier laddie.
And the earth conceals fae lowly;	And the warld before me to win my bre
I wad turn my back on you and it a,	And fair fa' my Collier laddie.



The Shepherd's Wife.

362

The Shepherds wife cries o'er the knowe, Will ye come

Canty

hame, will ye come hame; The Shepherds wife cries o'er the knowe, Will

Continued.

ye come hame a gain e'en jo. O what will ye gie me

to my supper, gin I come hame, gin I come hame, O what will ye

gie me to my supper, gin I come hame a gain e'en jo.

(-sheets,

Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin parridge,
And butter in them, and butter in them,

A weel made bed and a pair o' clean...
Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame

Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin parridge,
Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo!

A weel made bed & a pair o' clean sheets,
Gin ye'll come hame again een jo.

Ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,

I winna come hame, I canna come hame; Ha, ha, how! &c.

Ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,

(the 4th verse here)

I winna come hame gin een jo.

The shepherd's wife &c.

The Shepherds' wife &c.

(the 1st & 2^d verses here)

(the 1st & 2^d verses sung here)

A reekin fat hen, weel fryth'd i' the pan,

A loving wife in lily white linens,

Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame,

Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame

A reekin fat hen weel fryth'd i' the pan,

A loving wife in lily white linens.

Gin ye'll come hame again een jo.

Gin ye'll come hame again een, jo.

Ha, ha, how! &c.

(the 4th verse here)

Ha ha how! that's something that dow.

I will come hame, I will come hame;

Ha ha how! that's something that dow

I will come hame again een jo.

The Shepherd's wife &c.

(the first & 2^d verses here)

William's Ghost.

363

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. There are several triplet markings (3) over groups of notes. The bass line starts with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

* There came a ghost to Marg'ret's door with many a grievous
groan And ay he tirl'd at the pin, But answer made she none.

Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John,
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kifs my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kifs thy rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
We twa will never twin,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;

And it is but my sprit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie;
God send your faul good rest!

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep.

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true-love, stay,
The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her ee
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Nithsdall's welcome home.

364

* The noble Maxwels & their powers, Are coming o'er the

Slowish.

border, And they'll gae big Terreagles towers & set them a' in order.

And they declare, Terreagles fair, For their abode they chuse it, There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't. And

they declare, Terreagles fair, For their abode they chuse it, There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleafant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow,
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

Johnie Blunt.

365 * There liv'd a man in yonder Glen, And John Blunt

Recitativo

was his name O; He maks gude maat, and he brews gude

ale, And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

The wind blew in the hallan ae night, Three travellers that had tint their gat
 Fu' snell out o'er the moor, O; As thro' the hills they foor, O,
 "Rife up, rife up, auld Luckie," he says, They airted by the line o' light
 "Rife up and bar the door, O;" Fu' ftraught to Johnie Blunt's door,

They made a paction 'tween them twa, They haul'd auld Luckie out o' her b
 They made it firm and sure, O, And laid her on the floor, O;
 Whae'er sud speak the foremost word, But never a word auld Luckie wad say,
 Should rife and bar the door, O. For barrin o' the door, O.

"Ye've eaten my bread, ye hae druken my ale,
 "And ye'll mak my auld wife a whore, O,
 A ha, Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the first word,
 Get up and bar the door, O.



Country Lalsie.

366 * In simmer when the hay was mawn, And corn wad green in

Slowish

il - ka field, While claver blooms white o'er the lea, And

roses blaw in ilka bield; Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, Says

I'll be wed come o't what will; Out spak a dame in

wrinkled eild, O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye hae woovers mony ane,
 And lassie ye're but young ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and canie wale,
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie glen,
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He loes fae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae loove to spare for me:
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he loes me dear;
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
 For Buskie glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
 The canniest gate, the strife is fair;
 But ay fu' hant is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care:
 But some will spend, and some will spare
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the
 Cyill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' loesome loove,
 The gowd and filler canna buy:
 We may be poor, Robie and I,
 Light is the burden Loove lays on;
 Content and Loove brings peace & joy,
 What mair hae Queens upon a throne.

Fair Eliza.

A Gaelic Air.

367

* Turn a - gain thou fair E - li - za, Ae kind

Very Slow

blink be - fore we part, Rew on thy dif - pair - ing Lover

Canst thou break his faithfu' heart! Turn a - gain, thou fair E -

- li - za If to love thy heart de - nies, For pity hide the cruel

sen - tence Under friend - ship's kind dif - guise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended.

The offence is loving thee:

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die!

While the life beats in my bosom,

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:

Turn again, thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blosom,

In the pride o' finny noon;

Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the simmer moon;

Not the Poet in the moment

Fancy lightens in his e'e,

Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,

That thy presence gies to me.

Fair Eliza

379

Same Song to another Gaelic Air.

368

* Turn a - gain thou fair E - li - za Ae kind blink be -

Slow

- fore we part; Rew on thy def - pair - ing lu - ver! Canst thou

break his faith - fu' heart. Turn a - gain thou fair E -

- li - za. If to love thy heart de - nies For pity hide the cruel

sen - tence un - der friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear Maid, hae I offended.

The offence is loving thee:

Can thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine wad gladly die!

O, while the life beats in my bosom,

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe!

Turn again, thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blofsom,

In the pride o' finny noon;

Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the simmer noon:

Not the Poet, in the moment

Fancy lightens in his e'e;

Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,

That thy presence gies to me.

Muirland Willie.

369

Har-ken and I will tell you how, Young Muirland Willie

Slow

came to woo, Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do, The truth I

tell to you. But ay he cries what e'er be-tide,

Maggy I'fe ha'e to be my bride, with a fall da dall la lall

la la lall la lall la ra lall la ra lall lall.

2

On his gray yad as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her Dad's door.
With a fal, dal, &c.

3

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your daughter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gi' ye me?

Now, wooer, quoth he, will ye come in,
I'll gie ye my daughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Continued.

Now, wooer, fin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town.
I think my doughter winna gloom,
On sic a lad as ye.

The wooer he step'd up the houfe.
And wow' but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The bridal-day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythfome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sick mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mefs John ty'd up the marriage-bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

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

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and sick din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
And ay their wames togeth'er met.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The wee wee Man.

370 * As I was a walking all alone, Be- tween a water

Slowish

and a wa', And there I spy'd a wee wee man, And

he was the least that e'er I saw. His legs were scarce a

#: Shathmont's length, And thick and thimber was his thighs, Between his

brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle ftane,

And he flang't as far as I could see,

Though I had been a Wallace wight,

I coudna listen't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,

O tell me where thy dwelling be.

My dwellings down at yon' bonny bower,

O will you go with me and see.

On we lap and awa we rade,

Till we came to yon bonny green;

We lighted down for to bait our horse,

And out there came a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back,

And they were a' clad out in green,

Though the King of Scotland had been there

The warst o' them might ha' been his queen

On we lap and awa we rade,

Till we came to yon bonny ha',

Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,

And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the stair foot,

Ladies were dancing jimp and fma',

But in the twinkling of an eye,

My wee wee man was clean awa'.

#: Shathmont, in old Scottish, means the fist clos'd with the thumb extended.

Ye Jacobites by Name.

371

* Ye Ja-co-bites by name give an ear, give an

Slowly

ear; Ye Ja-co-bites by name, give an ear; Ye

Ja-co-bites by name Your fautes I will pro-claim Your

doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, by the law?

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?

What is Right, and what is Wrang?

A short sword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd a far, fam'd a far?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd a far?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' afsassin's knife,

Or hunt a Parent's life

Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,

Then let your schemes alone, in the state,

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

The poor Thresher.

372

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are:

* A nobleman liv'd in a vil- lage of late, Hard

by a poor Thresh- er whose toil it was great, Who

had ma- ny children and most of them small, And

nought but his labor to keep them up all.

This poor man was seen to go early to work;
 He never was known for to idle or lurk;
 With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,
 As happy as those that have thousands a year.

In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;
 Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weat;
 So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing
 As canty as ever a bird in the Spring

One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,
 Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
 And many a question he ask'd him at large,
 And still his discourse was concerning his charge.

You have many children I very well know,
 Your labor is hard and your wages are low,
 And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
 That you do maintain them so well as you do.

I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
 And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
 No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow,
 And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.

Continued.

My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
 We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
 Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,
 And do our endeavour to keep us from want.

I moil and I toil and I labor all day,
 At night I do bring my full wages away:
 What tho' it be possible we do live poor,
 We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.

And when I come home from my labor at night
 To my wife and children in whom I delight,
 To see them come round me with prattling noise,
 O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys!

Tho' I am as weary as weary can be,
 The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee;
 I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
 And I never repine at my lot in the least.

The Nobleman hearing him what he did say,
 Invited him home to dine with him next day;
 His wife and his children he charg'd him to bring,
 And in token of favor he gave him a ring.

He thanked his Lordship and taking his leave
 Went home to his wife who scarce could believe,
 Thinking the story himself he did raise,
 But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.

Early next morning the goodwife arose,
 And dressed them all in the best of their clothes
 There was he, and his wife, and his seven children finall,
 They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall.

The dinner being ended, he then let them know,
 What he intended on them to bestow;
 A farm of full forty good acres of land
 He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.

Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife,
 I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life;
 I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs,
 So hold thy industry with diligent cares.

No tongue then was able their joy to express,
 Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
 And many a low humble bow to the ground:
 But such Noblemen there's but few to be found.

The Posie.

373 * O luvè will venture in where it daur na weel be

Slow

feen, O luvè will venture in where wifdom ance has been but

I will down yon ri-ver rove, among the wood fae green, And

a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: 'O luvè will venture in where it daur na weel be'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'feen, O luvè will venture in where wifdom ance has been but'. The third system continues: 'I will down yon ri-ver rove, among the wood fae green, And'. The fourth system concludes with: 'a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.' The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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

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

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

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

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een fae clear;
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

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

The Banks o' Doon.

374

* Ye Banks and braes o' bo-nie Doon, How

Slow & tender

can ye bloom fae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye little

birds, And I fae weary fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart thou

warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flowering thorn: Thou winds me

o' de-par-ted joys, De-par-ted ne-ver to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird fang o' its luvè,
 And fondly fae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightfome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvè staw my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Donocht-Head.

375 * Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head, The snaw drives
 Slow
 snelly thro' the dale, The Gaber-lunzie tirls my sneck, And shivering
 tells his wæfu' tale. Cauld is the night, O let me in, And
 dinna let your Minstrel fa', And dinna let his win-din
 sheet, Be nae-thing but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,	But when it's tun'd to sorrows tale,
And pip'd where gor-cocks whirring flew,	O haith, it's doubly dear to me.
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,	Come in, auld Carl! I'll steer my fire,
To lichts which frae my drone I blew.	I'll mak it' bleeze a bonie flame;
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,	Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Get up, Guidman, and let him in;	Ye should na stray fae far frae hame.
For weel ye ken the winter night	
Was short when he began his din.	Nae hame have I, the Minstrel said,
	Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!	And, weeping at the eve o' life,
E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a wee;	I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.

+++++

Sic a wife as Willie had.

376

* Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ea'd it

Slowish

Linkumdoddie; Willie was a wabster gude, Cou'd stown a clie wi

o_ny bodie; He had a wife was dour and din, O

Tink - ler Maid - gie was her mith - er, Sic a wife as

Willie had I wad na gie a button for her.

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

She's bow-hough'd, she's ken shind,
Ae limpin leg a hand breed shorter;
She's twisted right she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:

She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulder;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle fits,
An' wi' her loof her face-a washin
But Willie's wife is, nae, fae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushio
Her walle nieves like midden-creeles,
Her face wad fyle the Logan water
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Lady Mary Ann.

377 * O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', She

Slowish

law three bonie boys play - ing at the ba', The

young - est he was the flower among them a', My

bonie lad - dies young but he's grow - in yet.

O Father, O Father, an ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year to the College yet,
 We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
 Sweet was its smell and bonie was its hue,
 And the langer it blosom'd, the sweeter it grew,
 For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
 Bonie, and bloomin and fraught was its make,
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa that we hae seen,
 But far better days I trust will come again,
 For my bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation

378

Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame, Fare-weel our ancient

Slow

glory; Fareweel even to the Scotish name, Sae fam'd in martial

to-ry. Now Sark rins o'er the Sol-way fands, And

Tweed rins to the oc-can To mark where England's

province fands, Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue, O would, or I had seen the day
 Thro' many warlike ages, That treason thus could sell us,
 Is wrought now by a coward few, My auld grey head had lien in clay,
 For hireling traitors wages. Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 The English steel we could disdain, But pith & power, till my last hour,
 Secure in valours station; I'll mak this declaration;
 But English gold has been our bane, We're bought & sold for English gold
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

Kellyburnbraes.

379 * There lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes, Hey, & the rue grows

Lively

bonie wi' thyme, And he had a wife was the plague of his

days And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang-glen,
 Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
 He met wi' the d-v-l, fays, how do ye fen?
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
 Hey &c.
 For, faving your presence, to her ye're a faint,
 And &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
 Hey &c.
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
 And &c.

O, welcomemost kindly! the blythe carl said;
 Hey &c.
 But if ye can match her _ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
 And &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
 Hey &c.
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
 And-&c.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,

Hey &c.

Syne bade her gae in for a b_ _ and a w_ _

And &c.

Then straicht he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,

Hey &c.

Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,

And &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,

Hey &c.

Whae'er she gat hands on, cam near her nae mair,

And &c.

A reekit, wee deevil looks over the wa',

Hey &c.

O help, Maister, help! or she'll ruin us a'!

And &c.

The d_v_l he swore by the edge o' his knife,

Hey &c.

He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,

And &c.

The d_v_l he swore by the kirk and the bell,

Hey &c.

He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in h_ _,

And &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,

Hey &c.

And to her auld husband he's carried her back,

And &c.

I hae been a d_v_l the feck o' my life,

Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;

But ne'er was in h_ _ till I met wi' a wife,

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Evanthe.

380

When dear E_vanthe we were young, As genial nature

fresh and gay, To me these melting notes you sung, More

sweet than Phi_lo_mela's lay. But cruel time with en_vious

wing, Blasts every charm that decks our year, With pleasure you no

longer sing, No longer I with transport hear.

Tho' unexpressed by human hands

For art essays the task in vain,

Deep on my soul inscribed it stands,

And still I feel the potent strain

Should fancy lose the enchanting sound,

Your heavenly voice so sweet & clear,

Alone could chain the echoes round,

And give it to my list'ning ear

From nerve to nerve thro' all my frame,

With more than magic force, it darts,

And all the power of youthful flame,

To' frozen age at once imparts

But tho' lifes winter now severe,

To hurt us all it's plagues may bring

Once more with transport I shall hear

Whilst you once more with pleasure sing.

Jocky fou, and Jenny fain.

381

Joc-ky fou, and Jen-ny fain, Jen-ny was nae

Lively

ill to gain, She was cou-ty, he was kind, Thus the

wo-er tell'd his mind: Jen-ny I'll nae mair be nice

Gi'e me love at o-ny price, I'll ne'er prig for

red or white, Love alane can gi'e delight.

Ithers seek they kenna what,
Features, carriage, and a' that;
Gi'e me loove in her I court;
Loove to loove maks a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang finfyne,
Never can engage my loove;
Let my fancy first approve.

Let loove sparkle in her e'e;
Let her loe nae man but me;
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the Luver's treasure lies.

Nae the meat, but appetite
Maks our eating a delyt:
Beauty is at best deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Ay Waking oh!

See another set of this Tune Vol: 3^d Page 222.

382

* Ay waking oh! waking ay and wearie Sleep, I can na get For

Slow & Expressive

7 6 7 6 7 7 6 6 4

thinking on my dearie. When I sleep I dream; When I wake I'm irie,

6 6 5b 7 7 6 6 6 7 5 3

Rest I can na get, For thinking o' my dearie.

3 6 6 6 6 6 6b 7



Paties Wedding.

383

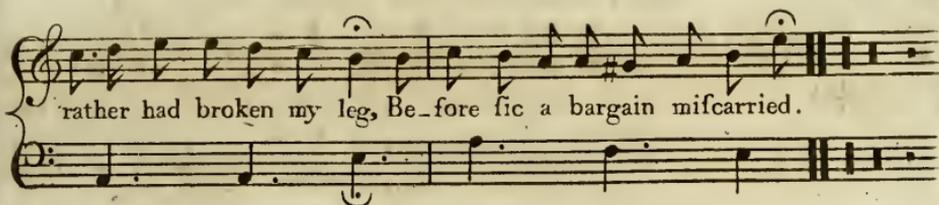
* As Patie cam up frae the glen, Driving his Wethers be -

With Spirit

-fore him, He met bonie Meg ganging hame, Her beauty was like for to

fnore him. O dñna ye ken bonie Meg, That you & Is gaen to be married. I

Continued.



Na Patie—O wha's tell'd you that
 I think that of news they've been scanty,
 That I should be married so soon,
 Or yet should hae been fae flantly:
 I winna be married the year,
 Suppose I were courted by twenty;
 Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair speer,
 For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Meggie, what maks ye fae sweer,
 Is't cause that I henna a maillin,
 The lad that has plenty o' gear
 Need ne'er want a half or a hail ane.
 My dad has a good gray mare,
 And yours has twa cows and a filly;
 And that will be plenty o' gear,
 Sae Maggie, be no fae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,
 But first ye maun speir at my daddy
 You're as well born as Ben,
 And I canna say but I'm ready.
 There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
 To make me a coat and a jimpy,
 And plaiden enough to be trews,
 Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
 I's let a wee smacky fa' on you;
 May my neck be as lang as my leg,
 If I be an ill husband unto you.
 Sae gang your way hame e'now,
 Make ready gin this day fifteen days,
 And tell your father the news,
 That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,
 Wha came to our bigging but Patie,
 Weel drest in a braw new coat,
 And wow but he thought himself pretty.
 His bannet was little frae new,
 In it was a loop and a slitty,
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
 To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,
 Said, peace be here to the bigging,
 You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
 Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging.
 Now draw in your seat and sit down,
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry;
 And haste ye, Meg, and be done,
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is nae thrang;
 Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;
 I've taen three riggs of bra' land,
 And hae bound mysel under a bonour.
 And now my errant to you
 Is for Meggy to help me to labour;
 I think you maun gie's the best cow,
 Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
 I'll be at the cost of the bridal;
 I've cut the craig of the ewe
 That had amaist deid of the side ill,
 And that'll be plenty of bree,
 Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,
 To all the good neighbours and we,
 And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'il do well,
 And I'll gie you your brose in the—
 O'kail that was made yestreen (morning,
 For I like them best in the forenoon,
 Sae Tam the piper did play,
 And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
 And a' the lave they ranked through,
 And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives fat and they chew'd,
 And when that the carles grew nappy,
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
 Wi' a crack o' their thumbs & a kappie.
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they caud him Jamie Mather,
 And he took the bride by the hand,
 And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder.

The Slaves Lament.

384

It was in sweet Se-ne-gal that my foes did me en-

Slow

-thral, For the lands of Vir-ginia ginia O: Torn from that lovely

shore and must never see it more; And a-las I am weary weary

O! Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it

more, And a-las I am weary weary O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 There streams forever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
 There streams &c.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 And I think on friends most dear with the bitter, bitter tear,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
 And I think &c.

Orananaoig or, The Song of death. A Gaelic Air.

385

* Farewell, thou fair day; thou green earth; and ye skies, Now

Very Slow

gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell, loves and friendships, ye

dear ten-der ties! Our race of ex-ist-ence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, Thou life's gloomy foe, Go frighten the

coward and slave! Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but

know, No terrors hast thou to the Brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.
 In the field of proud honor, our swords in our hands,
 Our King and our Country to save,
 While victory shines on life's last dying sands,
 O, who would not die with the Brave!

Afton Water.

386 * Flow gently sweet Afton a-mong thy green-braes,
 Slow & tender

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My
 Mary's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow
 gently, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Bonie Bell.

401

387

* The smiling spring comes in re-joicing, And furly winter

Slow

grimly flies; Now crystal clear are the falling waters, And bonny

blue are the funny skies. Fresh oer the mountains breaks forth the

morning, The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's swell; All Creatures joy in the

fun's returning, And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads funny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my Bonie Bell.

B.

Green Sleeves.

388

* Ye watchful guardians of the fair, Who skiff on wings of

Lively

ambient air, of my dear Delia take a care, And represent her

lover. With all the gai-e-ty of youth, With

hon-our just-ice; love and truth; Till I return, her

passions soothe, For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition;

Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure when come night
 Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.

Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tund' reeds to please her.

The Gallant Weaver.

389 * Where Cart rins rowin. to the sea, By mony a flow'r and
 Slowish.

spreading tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a

gallant Weaver. Oh I had woo:ers aught or nine, They

gied me rings and ribbons fine; And I was fear'd my

heart would tine, And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And give it to the Weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I love my gallant Weaver.

Sleepy Body.

390 * Sleepy body, drowfy body, wiltuna waken and turn thee.

Slow

Musical notation for the first system of 'Sleepy Body', featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat.

To drivel and draunt while I figh and gaunt gie's me good reasion to

Musical notation for the second system of 'Sleepy Body'.

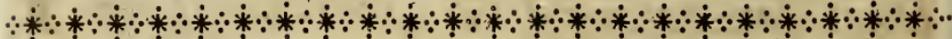
fcorn thee. To drivel and draunt while I figh and gaunt, Gi'es

Musical notation for the third system of 'Sleepy Body'.

me good reasion to fcorn thee.

Musical notation for the fourth system of 'Sleepy Body'.

When thou shouldst be kind,
Thou turns sleepy and blind,
And snoters and snores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowfy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.



I love my Jovial Sailor.

391 * I love my jovial sailer of him I'll make my

Slowish

Musical notation for the first system of 'I love my Jovial Sailor', featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat.

o - gal Be - fore the proudest Bar - on o' noblest degree.

Musical notation for the second system of 'I love my Jovial Sailor'.

And because that he was poor they could not him endure But I

Musical notation for the third system of 'I love my Jovial Sailor'.

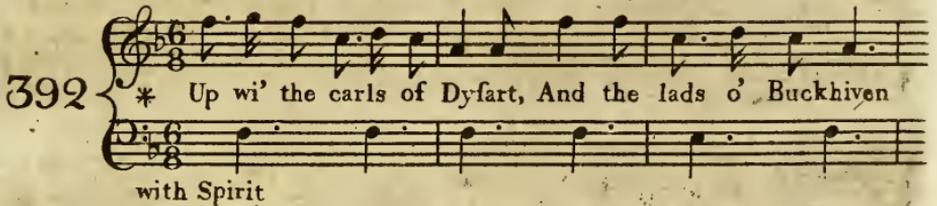


love him mair and mair hes a dear boy to me.

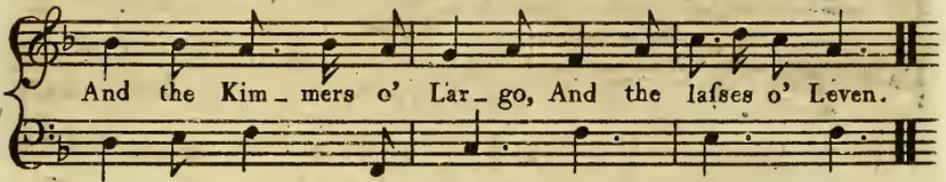
Tho' he maun face the cannon amid the line o' battle,
 Forby the mony dangers upon the roaring sea
 Yet I trust the Heavenly Power will shield him in that hour,
 And safe and sound return him, my dear boy, to me.

Hey Ca' thro'.

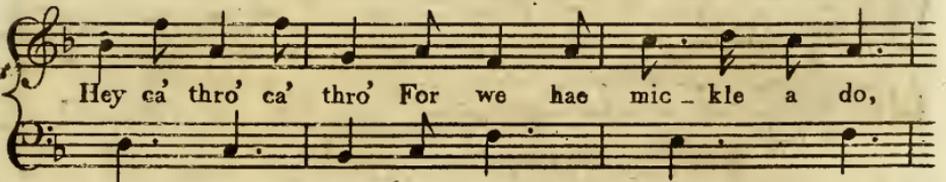
392



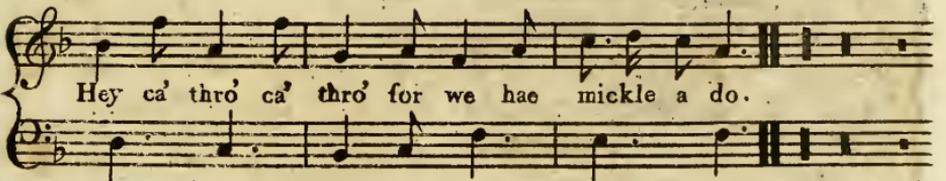
* Up wi' the carls of Dyfart, And the lads o' Buckhiven
 with Spirit



And the Kim_mers o' Lar_go, And the lassies o' Leven.



Hey ca' thro' ca' thro' For we hae mic_kle a do,



Hey ca' thro' ca' thro' for we hae mickle a do.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.
 Hey ca' thro' &c.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that comes behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.
 Hey ca' thro' &c.

While hopeless &c.

393 * While hopeless and al-most re-duc'd to despair, Yet

even in my anguish some comfort I find; Tho' remov'd from the

smiles of the maid I ad-mire, Her I-de-a alone can give

ease to my mind. Why then should I pine, and in-dulge thus

my grief, Tho' Fortune at present seems rather to frown, with

calm re-fig-nation I'll wait for re-lief, She

yet with success all my wishes may crown.

O can ye labor lea, young man.

394

O can ye labor lea, young man, O can ye labor lea; Gae

Slow

back the gate ye came a-gain, ye'se ne-ver f'corn me: I

feed a man at martin-mas, Wi' airle-pen-nies three; But

a' the faute I had to' him, He could na labor lea. O

Cho.^s

can ye labor lea, young man, O can ye labor lea; Gae

back the gate ye came a-gain ye'se never f'corn me.

O clappin's gude in Febarwar,
 An kifsin's sweet in May;
 But what signifies a young man's love,
 An't dinna last for ay.
 O can ye &c.

O kifsin is the key o' luv,
 An-clappin is the lock,
 An makin' of's the best thing,
 That e'er a young Thing got.
 O can ye &c.

On the Death of Delia's Linnet.

395 * O, all ye loves and groves lament, And you of hearts hu-

Slow

- mane, Our dar- ling lin- nets breath is spent, And all our

tears are vain. Its' sweet- ly var- ied voice no

more, Shall strike my Del- ia's ear, It' visits now the

Stygian shore, Whence no re- turns are here.

The musical score is written in a single system with two staves, treble and bass clef. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'h' for hairpins.

Sweet bird! whose quick instinctive sense,	For ever stopt thy busy wing
As well my Delia knew,	Thy tongue in silences,
As she her mother, far from hence	No kind return of grateful spring
You prematurely flew	Again shall bid thee rise.
No more shalt thou expecting stand,	Torpid and cold, thy beauteous frame,
From her a boon to wait;	Our sight no more shall charm:
No more pick sugar from her hand,	Thy loss the deepest woe shall claim,
Detain'd by cruel fate.	The brightest eyes disarm.
No more when danger threatens nigh,	Long shall my Delia mourn thy doom
Shall thou ascend the wind,	With undissembl'd woe,
To Delia's gentle bosom fly,	Before her clouded charms resume
There sweet asylum find.—	Their animating glow.

The Deuks dang o'er my daddie.

396

* The bairns gat out wi' an un-co shout, The deuks dang

Lively

o'er my daddie O! The fien_ma_care, quo' the feirrie auld wife, He

was but a paidlin body, O! He paidles out, and he paidles in, An he

paidles late and ear_ly, O! This seven lang years I hae

lien by his fide, An' he is but a fufionless car_lie, O.

O had your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,

O had your tongue, now Nansie, O:

I've feen the day, and fae hae ye,

Ye wad na been fae donsie, O.

I've feen the day ye butter'd my bröfe,

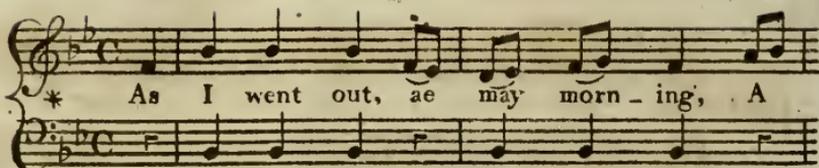
And cuddled me late and early, O;

But downa do's come o'er me now,

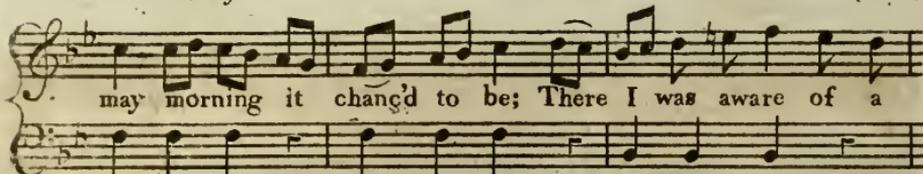
And, Oh, I find it fairly, O!

As I went out ae May morning.

397



Lively



O but she was a weelfard maid,
The boniest lasfs that's under the sun;
I spier'd gin she could fancy me,
But her answer was, I am too young.

To be your bride I am too young,
To be your loun wad shame my kin,
So therefore pray young man begone,
For you never, never shall my favour win.

But amang yon birks and hawthorns green,
Where roses blaw and woodbines hing,
O there I learn'd my bonie lasfs,
That she was not a fingle hour too young.

The lasfsie blush'd, the lasfsie figh'd,
And the tear stood twinklin in her e'e;
O kind Sir, since ye hae done me this wrang,
It's pray when will ye marry me.

It's of that day tak ye nae heed,
For that's a day ye ne'er shall see;
For ought that pafs'd between us twa,
Ye had your share as weel as me.

She wrang her hands, she tore her hair,
She cried out most bitterlie,
O what will I say to my mammie
When I gae hame wi' my big bellie!

O as ye maut, so maun ye brew,
And as ye brew, so maun ye tun;
But come to my arms, my ae bonie lasfs,
For ye never shall rue what ye now hae done!

She's fair and fause &c.

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* She's fair and fause that causes my finart, I loed her

Slowish

meikle and lang; She's broken her vow, She's broken my heart, And

I may e'en gae hang. A coof cam in wi' routh o'

gear, And I hae tint my dearest dear, But women is but

world's gear, Sae let the bo-nie lafs gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind:
 O woman lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's faun to thy share.
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

The Deil's awa wi' th' Excifeman.

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

With Spirit

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

Chorus

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

deil's awa The deil's awa wi' th' Excifeman, He's danc'd awa he's

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

We'll mak our maut and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' th' Excifeman.
 The deil's awa &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the Land
 Was, the deil's awa wi' th' Excifeman.
 -The deil's awa &c.

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* O love, thou delights in man's ruin, Thy conquests they

Slow

coft us full dear! Maun I forfeit my life for the viewing The

charms o' that lovely Miss Weir. Tho' sometimes thou bid me af-

-pire; A-gain thou dif-tracts me wi' fear, And En-vy o'

ane that is higher, Wha's even'd to the charming Miss Weir.

As down in yon valley a walking, O, Cupid, my head it is muddy,
 Whare nae chirstend creature was near, I wish it may ever be clear!
 The birds all around me were talking For ay when I sit down to study,
 O'naething but charming Miss Weir. My mind rins on charming Miss Weir.
 That sweet, little bird ca'd the linnet, I'm toft like a ship on the ocean,
 In accents delightfully-dear, That kens na what course for to steer,
 Declar'd to the world, that in it Yet at times I'm as vain in my notion
 Was nought like the lovely Miss Weir. As hope for the lovely Miss Weir.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

