



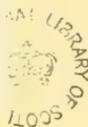
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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

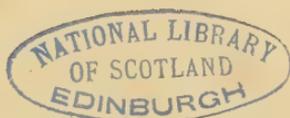
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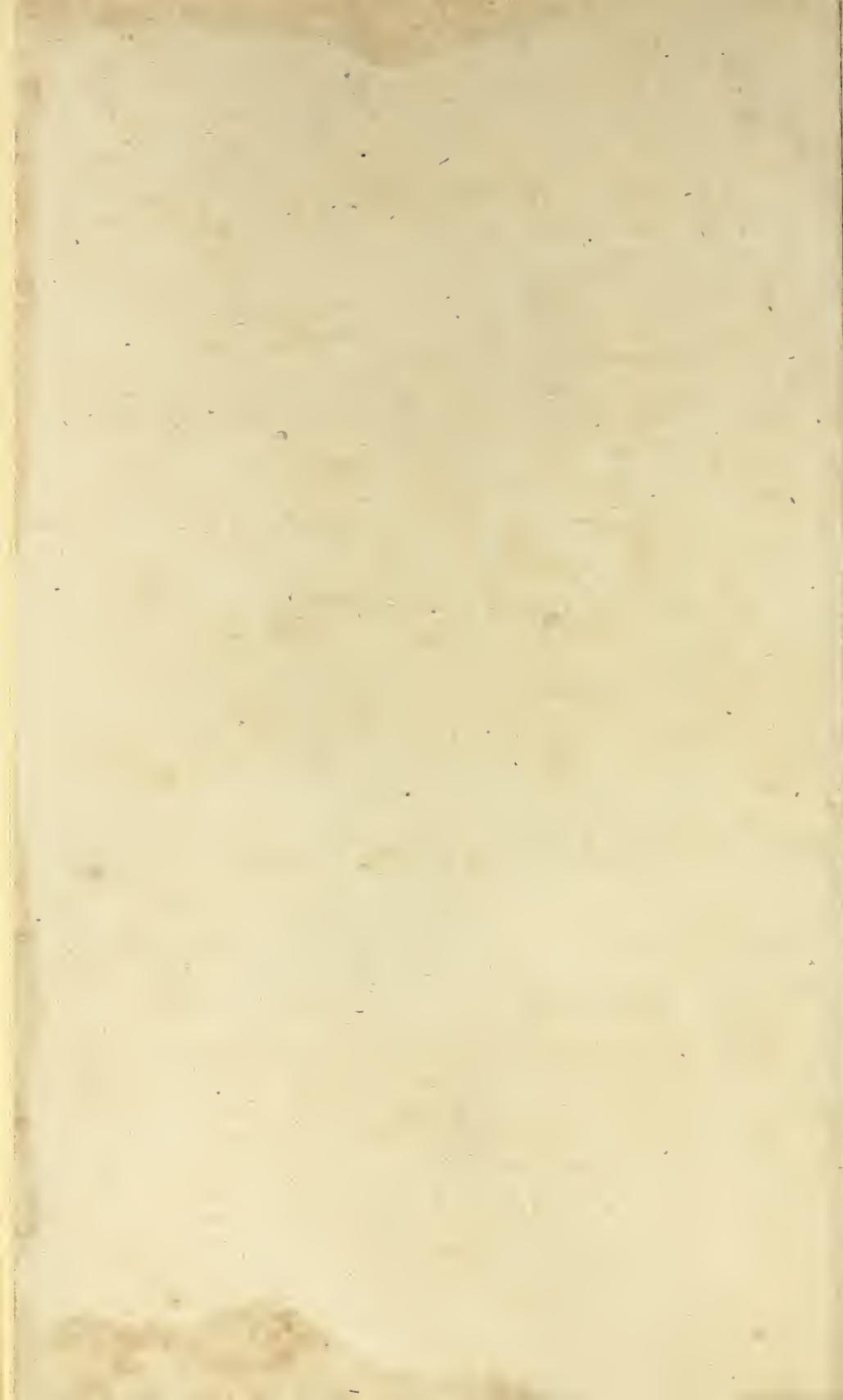
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VI.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.





THE SCOTS
Musical Museum
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Bases for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Specially Dedicated
To the Society

OF
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

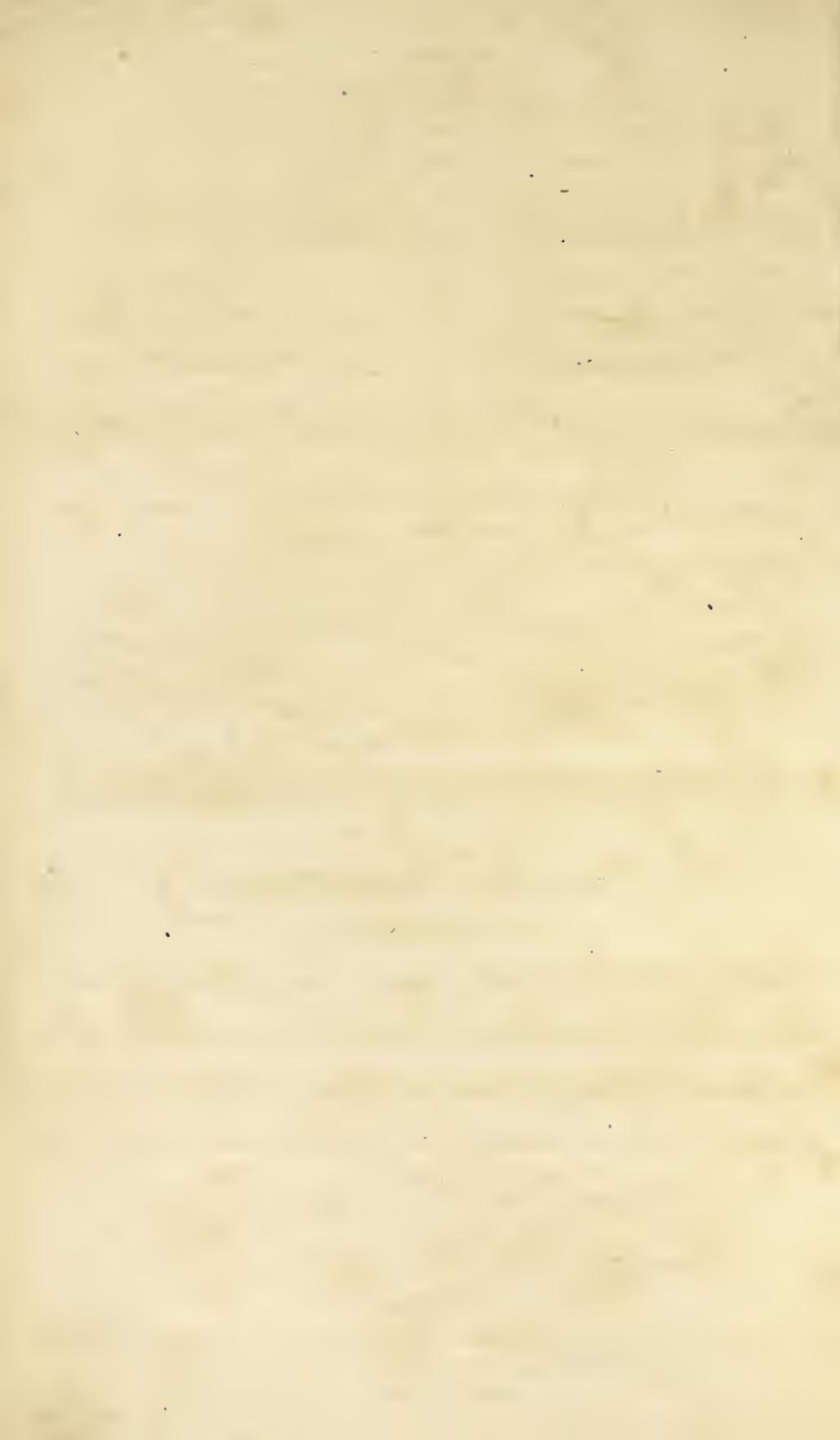
In this publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered,
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume VI. Pr. 7/6

Settled

Script.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at
T. PRESTON N^o. 97 Strand LONDON, M^c. FADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal
Music Sellers.



P R E F A C E.

THE Editor now presents to the Public the Sixth Volume of the Scots Musical Museum; which in all probability will be the last.

These Volumes contain every Scottish Air and Song, which the exertions of the Editor, and those of his friends and numerous correspondents, have been able to procure during a period of sixteen years. He is therefore inclined to think that the Scots Musical Museum now contains almost every Scottish Song extant. However, as he wishes to make it as complete as possible, he will spare no pains in endeavouring to procure any which may hitherto have escaped his research; and if successful, they will be published at some future period.

Without wishing to over rate this publication, the Editor may be permitted to observe, that it unquestionably contains the greatest Collection of Scottish Vocal Music ever published, including many excellent Songs written for it by BURNS; He therefore flatters himself with the hope that the prediction of our celebrated BARD respecting it will be verified; and that "To future ages the Scots Musical Museum will be the Text Book and Standard of Scottish Song and Music."*

* See extract from BURNS'S Letter in the Preface to Volume 5th.

Edin^r June 4th 1803.

Entered in Stationers Hall.

IV I N D E X.

Nota, The Songs in the 5 preceding Volumes marked R. and B. the Editor is now at liberty to say are the production of Mr. BURNS — The Originals of Mr. BURNS'S writing are in his possession — They were written for this work, but being often sent the Editor on the spur of the moment, Mr. BURNS requested these marks only, and not his name should be added to them.

First line of each Song.	Authors	Page
As I went o'er the highland hills		525
As walking forth to view the plain		526
Ac day a brow wooer	Burns	533
Ah Mary sweetest maid farewell		546
Anna thy charms my bosom fire	Burns	547
A cogie of ale and a pickle ate meal	Sherrifs Music by M ^c Intosh	564
As I was walking by yon river side		566
Argyll is my name	By J. Duke of Argyll	573
An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-side		580
As I lay on my bed on a night		601
A Soldier for gallant atchievements renoun'd		608
Adieu! a heart warm, fond adieu	Burns	620
B		
Behind yon hills where rivlets row,	Burns	600
Bright the moon aboon yon mountain	Hamilton	612
C		
Come under my plaidy	Macneil, Esq ^r	550
Come follow, follow		552
Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle	Music by S. Clarke	568
Cauld is the e'enin blast	Burns	603
D		
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	Burns, Music by S. Clarke.	565
F		
Frae Dunibier as I cam through		528
Farewell ye fields an' meadows green	Hamilton	597
G		
Go to Berwick Johnny	Hamilton	534
Gudeen to you kimmer	Burns	540
Gently blaw ye eastern breezes	Anderson	581
Go plaintive sound	W. Hamilton Esq ^r	595
H		
Have ye any pots or pans		536
Hey! my kitten my kitten		577
How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning	Gall	586
How sweet this lone vale	A. Erskine, Esq ^r	588
Hard is the fate of him who loves	Thomson	610

V I N D E X.

	Page
I	
In Brechin did a wabster dwell - - - - -	541
I am a young bachelor winsome - - - - -	556
In yon garden fine an' gay - - - - -	582
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss - - - - - Burns	589
I care na for your een sae blue - - - - - Hamilton	619
L	
Lord Thomas and fair Annet - - - - -	553
Little wat ye wha's coming - - - - -	591
Liv'd ance two lovers in yon dale - - - - -	616
M	
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, - - - - - Burns	517
My Daddy left me gear enough - - - - -	542
My Lady's gown ther'e's gairs upon't - - - - - Burns	573
My Jeany and I have toil'd - - - - -	590
N	
Now bank and brae are claith'd in green - - - - -	537
No Churchman am I for to rail and to write - Burns	606
O	
O steer her up and had her gaun - - - - -	520
O Cherub Content - - - - - Campbell	526
O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair - Music by J. Ferguson	529
O ay ny wife she dang me - - - - - Burns	549
O tell me my bonny young lassie - - - - - Macniel, Esq ^r	553
O Mary turn awa that bonny face - - - - - Gall	560
O gude ale comes - - - - - Burns	561
O where and O where does your highland laddie dwell	566
O once I lov'd a bonnie lass - - - - - Burns	570
O dinna think bonnie lassie - - - - -	574
O gin I were fairly shot o' her - - - - - Anderson	576
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten - Burns	585
O leave novels, ye Mauchlin belles - - - - - Burns	592
O by thy loof in mine lass - - - - - Burns	593
O heard ye of a silly Harper - - - - -	598
O turn away those cruel eyes - - - - -	604
O Mary ye's be clad in silk - Music by Miss G. C.	605
O that I had ne'er been married - - - - - Burns	613
O gin my love were yon red rose - - - - -	614
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet - - - - - Burns	617
R	
Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap - - - - - D ^r Couper	519
Row saftly thou stream - - - - - Gall	524
Robin shure in hairst - - - - - Burns	562
Return hameward my heart again - - - - -	572

VI I N D E X

S

	Authors	Page
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure	Burns	533
	the Music by A. Masterton)
Stern winter has left us		544
Sweetest May let love inspire thee	Burns	578
Sure my Jean is beauty's blossom	Gall	537
Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride	Mackenzie, Esq ^r	594
"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	Burns	596

T

'Tho' for seven years and mair	Ramsay	522
'Twas summer and softly the breezes		532
'Twas at the shining midday hour	Ramsay	534
'The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife		539
'Thy cheek is o' the roses hue	Gall	543
'Twas at the silent solemn hour	Mallet	554
	Music by S. Clarke)
The sun in the west	Gall	557
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen	Burns	558
'Tis me very lang sinsyne		569
'The nymphs and shepherds are met on the green		574
There was a noble lady		582
The rain rins down thro' Merry-land toun		602
There was a bonie lass	Burns	606
There news lasses news	Burns	609
Tell me Jessy tell me	Hamilton	613
The night is my departing night		620

W

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy	Macniel, Esq ^r	518
When I gaed to the mill my lane		521
Whar' Esk its silver current leads	Carey	522
Wee Willie Gray	Burns	530
When the days they are lang		530
Willy's rare and Willy's fair		542
Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder		562
When I think on my lad		570

Y

You ask me charming fair	W. Hamilton Esq ^r	534
Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid		611
You sing of our goodman frae hame		614

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VI.

	PAGE
SONGS DI. TO DC.,	517
ILLUSTRATIONS,	439
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS,	*518
INDEXES OF AIRS,	i
INDEXES OF SONGS,	xxii
GENERAL INDEX,	xxvii

My Peggy's face.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N.^o
501

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

Slowish

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

Dear M^r. Publisher,

I hope against I return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. CLARKE if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other Air; as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the 2^d Volume. — Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian Music. Farewel.

R. BURNS.

My boy Tammy.

502

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy whar hae ye been a' day

A little Lively

my boy Tammy. I've been by burn and flow'ry brae meadow green and

mountain grey courting o' this young thing just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing my boy Tammy?
 I gat her down in yonder how,
 Smiling on a broomy know,
 Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mummy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn my boy Tammy?
 I prais'd her een fae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
 I prae'd it aft as ye may true She said, she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating heart "my young my smiling Lammy!
 "I hae a house — it coft me dear,
 "I've walth o' plenishan and geer;
 "Ye'fe get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face "I manna leave my Mammy.
 "She's ge'en me meat; she's ge'en me claife;
 "She's been my comfort a' my days —
 "My Father's death brought mony wae s — I canna leave my Mammy.

"We'll tak her hame and ma' her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy!
 "We'll gee her meat; we'll gee her claife,
 "We'll be her comfort a' her days;" —
 The wee thing gies her hand and says "There! gang and ask my Mammy"

Has she been to Kirk wi' thee my boy Tammy?
 She has been to Kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee, —
 But Oh! she's but a young thing just come frae her Mammy!

503

* Red gleams the fun on yon hill tap the dew fits

Lively

on the gowan; Deep murmurs thro' her gleams the Spéy, A -

round Kin - ra - ra rowan. Where art thou fairest, kindest

lafs. A - las wert thou but near me, Thy gen - tle

foul, thy mel - ting eye would ever ever cheer me.

The Lavrock sings among the clouds,

The Lambs they sport so cheery,

And I sit weeping by the birk;

O where art thou my dearie!

Aft may I meet the morning dew;

Lang greet till I be weary /

Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!

Thou canna be my deary.

O steer her up and had her gaun

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

504

* O steer her up and had her gaun, her mither's

Brisk

at the mill, jo; An' gin she win na tak a man E'en

let her tak her will, jo. First shore her wi' a

kind by kifs and ca' anither gill, jo; An' gin she tak the

thing a mis E'en let her fflyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up and be na blate,

An' gin she tak it ill, jo,

Then lea'e the lasie till her fate,

And time nae langer spill, jo:

Ne'er break your heart for ay rebute,

But think upon it still, jo,

That gin the lasie winna do't,

Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

When I gaed to the mill.

505. * When I gaed to the mill my lane, A^s for to grind my

Lively

maut The mill-er lad-die kist me I thought it

was nae faut. What tho' the lad-die kist

me When I was at the mill, A kifs is but a

touch and a touch can do nae ill.

O I loo the miller laddie,
 And my laddie loes me;
 'He has fie a blyth look,
 And a bonnie blinking ee,
 What though the laddie kist me,
 When I was at the mill,
 A kifs is but a touch
 And a touch can do nae ill.

Whar' Esk its silver stream

506 * Whar' Esk its silver current leads mang greenwoods gay wi'

Slow

mony a flower I hied me aft to dewy meads in hap-py days and

built my bower. I call'd upon the birds to sing An' nestle in ilk

fragrant flower, While in the liv'ry of the spring I deck'd my sweet en

chant'd bow'r.

'Twas there I found ah! happy time,
The sweetest flower, and sic a flower
I crop't it in its virgin prime
To deck my sweet, my shady bower
But soon the blast hould in the air
That robb'd me of this matchless flower
An' sorrow since and mony a care
Ha'e stript and withered a' my bower.

Tho' for seven years.

507 x Tho' for seven years and mair honour shoud' reave me,

Moderately Slow

To fields where cannons rair thou need na grieve thee; For deep in my



spirits thy sweets are indented, And love shall preserve ay what love has

Chorus



imprinted, Leave thee leave thee I'll never leave thee gang the world



as it will dear - est be - lieve me.

NELLY.

O Johnny! I'm jealous when'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart sairer
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye:
 Your blooming soft beauties first beeted Love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher,
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin you prove false, to ye'sell be it said then;
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heav'n's! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gads on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
 Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

Row fastly, thou stream,

508 * Row fastly, thou stream, thro' the wild spangld valley, O green be thy

Slow

banks e-ver bonny an' fair! Sing sweetly ye birds as ye wanton fu' gaily yet

strangers to sorrow an' strangers to care. The weary day lang I list to your

sang, An' waste ilka moment sad cheerless alane; Each sweet little treasure o'

heart-cheering pleasure, Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kaine.

Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,
 An' twisted a ringlet beneath the haw thorn!
 Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin'
 Sweet days o' delight which can never return!

Now ever, wae's me!

The tear fills mine e'e!

An' fair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain!

Nae prospect returning

To gladden life's morning.

For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine!

As I went o'er &c.

509 * As I went o'er the highland hills to a farmer's house I can e The

A little Slow

night being dark and something wet, I ventur'd into the same. Where

I was kind-ly treated and a pret-ty maid I spy'd, Who

ask'd me if I had a wife but marriage I de-ny'd.

I courted her the lea long night,
Till near the dawning day
When frankly she to me did say,
Along with you I'll gae;
For Ireland is a fine country,
An' the Scots to you are kin,
So I will gae along with you,
My fortune to begin.

Your offer Sir! is very good,
An' I thank you: too: said I,
But I cannot be your son in law;
I'll tell you the reason why;
My business calleth me in haste
I'm the King's servant bound,
An' I must gae away this day,
Straight on, to Edinburgh town.

Day being come, an' breakfast o'er,
To parlour I was ta'en,
The goodman kindly ask'd me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jean;
Five hundred marks I'll give to thee,
Besides a piece of land,
But scarcely had he spoke the word,
Till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

O! Peggy Bawn thou art my own,
My heart lys in thy breast,
An' tho' we at a distance are,
Yet still I love thee best;
Altho' we at a distance be,
An' seas between us roar;
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
To thee, for ever more.

O Cherub Content.

510

O Cherub content at thy moss cover'd shrine I would all the

Slow

gay hopes of my bo - som re - sign. I would part with am - bition thy

vot'ry to be And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,
Like the gold colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky;
No luitre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O Cherub content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own whom enraptur'd I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

As walking forth.

511

* As walking forth to view the spring, Which Flora had a - dorn -

Slow

- ed In raiment fair; now ev'ry thing the rage of winter scor - ned.

Continued.

I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy A youth who made great cla- mor; And
drawing nigh I heard him cry, Ah! omnia vin- cit a mor.

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murmur'ing river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
With ſighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
Her locks that ſhine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning-ſun outſhining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining.
Durſt I complain, nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare make me with care
Cry, omnia vincit amor.

Ye cryſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wild,
Condemn her for her ſcorning:
Let every tree a witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.

Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail
He could not ſpeak, but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full fore, and ſaid no more,
But omnia vincit amor.

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I run in haſt to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her ſake this vow I'll make,
My tongue ſhall ay defame her,
While on his hearſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found tho' Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his Hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love
For omnia vincit amor

Hence we may ſee th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break aſunder:
Nor wiſe nor fool, need go to ſchool,
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look,
For omnia vincit amor.

The Battle of Harlaw.*

512 * Frae Dunidier as I cam through, Doun by the hill o' Banochie, A

Slow

...langst the lands of Garioch: Grit pitie 'twas to hear and see. The

noys and dulcesum harmonie, That e'er that dreiry day did daw, Cry-

...and the Cory_noch on hie, A_las! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvelt quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy;
 I wist nocht qua was fae or friend;
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene,
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Iuverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requeisting him to make me quaint.
 Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
 Then he entried me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to mechaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the Governour * he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he nicht;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht:
 And thairfore answert with disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He voved to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif.
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
 That bargin sould be deary bocht. &c.
 &c. &c.

* Fought upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against Donald of the Isles.

* Robert Duke of Albany, uncle to King James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

O Bothwell bank.

513

O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair, But ah thou

Slow

mak'st my heart fu' fair, For a' beneath thy woods fae green,

My love and I wad fit at een While daisies and primroses

mixt wi' blue bells in my locks he fixt, O Bothwell

bank thou bloomest fair But ah thou mak'st my heart fu' fair.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
 Without ae sigh his death to moan,
 Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.
 O whither is my lover gone,
 Alas I fear he'll ne'er return.
 O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair,
 But ah thou mak'st my heart fu' fair.

Wee Willie Gray.
Written for this Work by R. Burns.

514

* Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; Peel a willie wand, to
A little Lively

be him boots and jacket. The rose upon the breer will be him troufe an'

doublet the rose upon the breer will be him troufe an' doublet.

Wee Willy Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily-flower will be him fark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.



When the days they are lang.

515

* When the days they are lang, an' the fields they grow green,
Lively

Fal lal lal lal la fa la ra at Lammington ev'ry year may be

seen, Fal lal lal lal la fa la ra a fouth o' lairds an' la dies w

too Wi' lads an' lasses nae that few, An' O! the sport is
rare to view, Fál lal lal lal la fa la ra.

There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fál lal, &c.
 Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fál lal, &c.
 Our ancient Wager for to win,
 The Prize nae less than forty pun;
 To see them is the best o' fun, Fál lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fál lal, &c.
 An' Baillies wi' halberts weel scourd, in their hand, Fál lal, &c.
 To clear the course, the cause was gude,
 An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,
 For ilka ane on tip-tae stood, Fál lal, &c.

Now Kirkfield frae braw Lefmahago came, Fál lal, &c.
 Our filler, nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame Fál lal &c.
 But tho' he cam wi' noise an' din,
 The beast was unco laith to rin;
 In short the lad was ahin, Fál lal &c.

An' Glentowin's horse, he was fairly out-worn. Fál lal &c.
 That morning he gat a hailf firlot o' corn, Fál lal &c.
 His groom kept him but carelessly;
 Tho', had he fed him soberly
 'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fál lal &c.

But Kingledore's mare, she brak aff at the first, Fál lal &c.
 Sax paces an' mair afore a' the rest, Fál lal &c.
 She was sae supple an' sae stout,
 She led the lave a' round about,
 An' cam in first — as she gade out, Fál lal &c.

Now Glentowin's horse, he could do nae mair, Fál lal &c.
 An' Kirkfield's, o'er heavy to hac ony share, Fál lal &c.
 Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare,
 Set aff wi' a' our dainty gear,
 An' caper'd croufly thro' the fair Fál lal &c.

The banks of the Dee.

516

"Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing & sweetly
 the nightingale sung from the tree at the foot of a rock where the river was
 flowing I set myself down on the banks of the Dee. Flow on lovely Dee flow on thou
 sweet river thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever for there I first
 gain'd the affection and favour of Jamie the glory & pride of the Dee.

Slow

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,
 And ah there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
 And left me to stray mong'st these once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

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

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

533

Writer: by R. Burns.

R. Burns

517

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that

Very Slow

for me! thoughts re-new; scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

now a sad and last adieu. Bon-ny Doon, sac, sweet at

gloaming, Fare thee weel be-fore I gang Bon-ny Doon where

ear-ly roam-ing, First I weav'd the rus-tic sang.

Bowers adieu! where love deceyving,
 First enthrall'd this heart o' mine,
 There the softest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.
 Friends so near my bosom ever,
 Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
 But alas! when forc'd to sever,
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier wou'd I be.
 Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thought renew;
 Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure
 Now a sad and last adieu.

Go to Berwick Johnny.

518

* Go to Berwick Johnny bring her frae the border yon sweet

Lively

bonnie lassie, let her gae nae farder. English louns will twine ye o' the

lovely treasure but we'll let them ken a sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick Johnny,
 An' regain your honour
 Drive them o'er the Tweed,
 An' shaw our Scottish banner.
 I am Rab the King,
 An' ye are Jock my brither,
 Bur before we lose her,
 We'll a' there the gither.

 'Twas at the shining mid-day hour.

519

* 'Twas at the shining mid-day hour, When all be-

A little lively

-gan to gaunt That hunger, rugg'd at Wat ty's breast, And

the poor lad grew faint. His face was like a bacon

ham, That lang in reek had hung and horn hard was his

tawny hand That held the hazel rung.

So wad the softest face appear
 Of the maist dressy spark
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,
 Were they kept close at wark,
 His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blue,
 On his braid cheeks frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.
 But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
 Gude rumbling thro' his kye,
 And nothing now but solid gear
 Could give his heart delyte.
 He to the kitchen ran with speed,
 To his lov'd Madge he ran,
 Sunk down into the chimney nook
 With visage sour and wan.
 Get up, he cries, my crishy love,
 Support my sinking faul
 With something that is fit to chew,
 Be't either het or caul.
 This is the how and hungry hour,
 When the best cures for grief
 Are cogue-fous of thy lathy kail,
 And a good junt of beef.
 Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
 I but o'er justly trow'd
 Your love was thowless and that ye
 For cakes and pudding wou'd.
 Bethink thee, Watty on that night,
 When all were fast asleep,

How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek
 Now leave these cheeks to dreep,
 How could ye ca' my hurdies fat,
 And comfort of your fight?
 How could ye roose my dimpled hand,
 Now all my dimples flight?
 Why did you promise me a snood,
 To bind my locks sae brown?
 Why did you me fine garters height,
 Yet let my hose fa' down!
 O faithless Watty think how aft
 I mend your farkes and hose!
 For you how many bannocks stown,
 How many cogues of brose!
 But hark! the kail bell rings and I
 Maun gae link aff the pct;
 Come see, ye nash, how fair I sweat,
 To stegh your guts, ye sot,
 The grace was said, the Master serv'd,
 Fat Madge return'd again,
 Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himself,
 And sidg'd he was sae fain.
 He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
 Where a warm haggies stood,
 And gart his gooly thro' the bag
 Let out its fat heart's blood.
 And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge:
 Of this delicious fare;
 Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
 Till he could eat nae mair.

Have you any Pots or Pans,

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1.st Page 24

520

Have you any pots or pans, Or any broken chandlers? I

Lively

am a tinker to my trade And new-ly come frae Flanders. As

scant of siller as of grace, Dis-banded, we've a bad run; Gaug

tell the lady of the place, I'm come to clout her caldron.

Madam, if you have wark for me.

I'll do't to your contentment,

And dinna care a single flie

For any man's resentment;

For lady fair, though I appear

To ev'ry one a tinker,

Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,

I am a gentle jinker.

Love Jupiter into a swan

Turn'd for his lovely Leda;

He like a bull o'er meadows ran,

To carry aff Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he,

To cheat your Argus blinker,

And win your love like mighty Jove,

Thus hide me in a tinkler.

Sir, ye appear a cunningman,

But this fine plot you'll fail in,

For there is neither pot nor pan

Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

Then bind your budget on your back,

And nails up in your apron,

For I've a tinkler under tack

That's us'd to clout my caldron.

521

Now bank an' brae are claihd in green an scatter'd

Slow

cow-lips, sweet-ly spring by Gir-van's fai ry haun 'ted

stream the birdies flit on wanton wing To Caffillis banks when

evening fas there wi' my Ma-ry let me flee there catch her

il-ka glance o' love the bonnie blink o' Ma-ry's ee.

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' mine ain,
 Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Caffillis banks,
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonny blink o' Marys' ee.

Ae day a braw wooer, &c.

By Burns.

522

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen, And sair wi' his

Lively

love he did deave me; But I said there was naething I hated like

men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me believe me, The

deuce: gae wi' him to be-lieve me.

A weel stocket mailen himsel o' the laird,
 An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
 I never loot on, that I kend' or I car'd,
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
 An' o for my love he was diein';
 I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
 The gude forgiè me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
 (The dièl's in his taste to gae near her)
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
 Think how the jade I cou'd endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I freted wi' care,
 I gade to the tryst o' Dulgarlock;
 An' wha but my bra' fickle wooer was there,
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Continued.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
 Lest neighbour shou'd think I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
 An' if she'd recover'd her hearin';
 An' how my auld ☆ shoon fitted her shacheld feet
 Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sortow;
 An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
 I think I will wed him to morrow.

☆ An old lover.

To the Foregoing Tune.

THE Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife,
 Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo, -

To see gin a wooer wad tak her for life,
 Sing hey, fal lal de ral, lal de ral, lal de ral,
 Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.

She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, Fal &c.

Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochneil, Sing hey, fal &c.

He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', - Fal &c.

Whare naebody heard, and whare nae body saw, - Sing hey, fal &c.

Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice - Fal &c.

I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd she'll be nice, - Sing hey fal

Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, - Fal &c.

I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, - Sing hey fal &c.

But troth, Madam, I canna woo, - Fal &c.

For aft I hae tried it, and ay I fa' thro', - Sing hey fal &c.

But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin - Fal &c.

For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, - Sing hey fal &c.

Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, - Fal &c.

Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, - Sing hey fal &c.

Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, - Fal &c.

For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, - Sing hey fal &c.

Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, - Fal &c.

For offers like him are na ay to be had, - Sing hey fal &c.

Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, - Fal &c.

I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, - Sing hey fal &c.

Then she cries but the house, Jockie come here, - Fal &c.

Ye've neathing to do but the question to spier, - Sing hey fal &c.

The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, - Fal &c.

The neebors cam in, and wish'd them gude luck, - Sing hey fal &c.

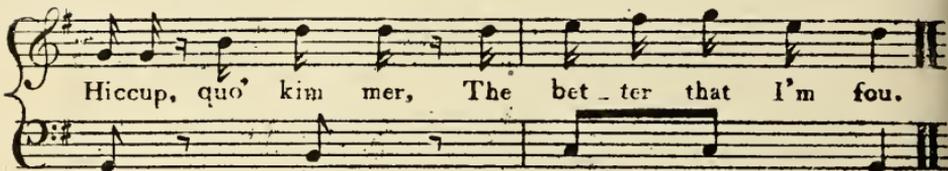
Gudeen to you kimmer.

Corrected by Burns.

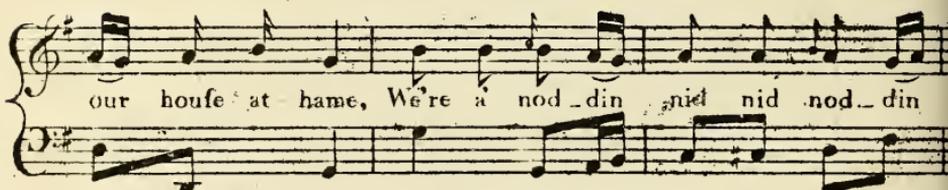
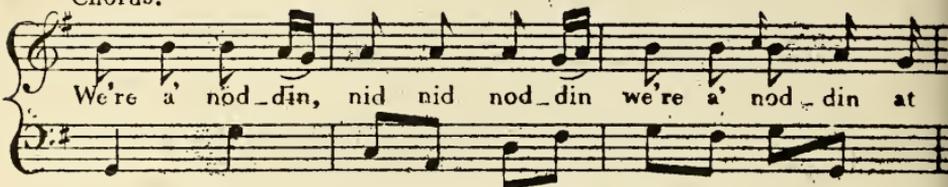
523



Canty



Chorus.



Kate fits i' the neuk,
Suppin hen broo;
Deil tak Kate
An' she be na noddin too!
We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive;
How mony bairns hae ye?

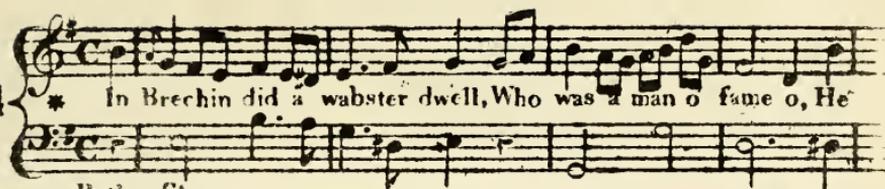
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.
We're a' noddin &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel no:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa.
We're a' noddin &c.

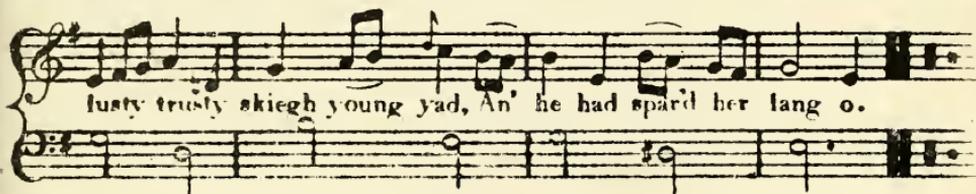
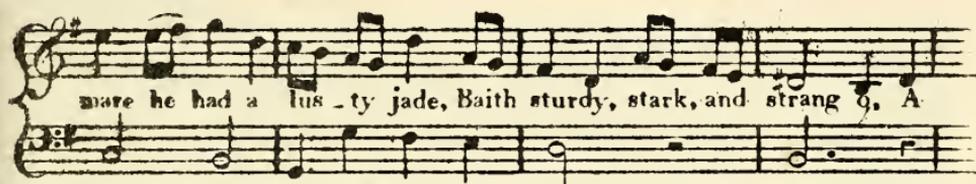
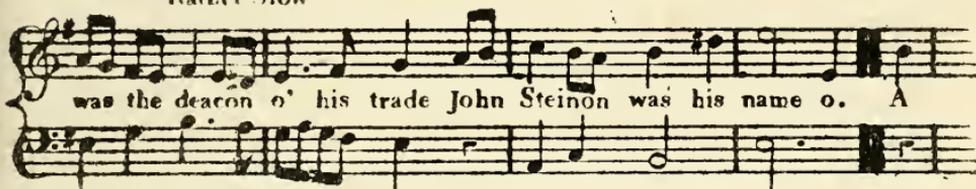
Cats like milk
And dogs like broo;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin &c.

In Brechin did a wabster dwell.

524



Rather Slow



The wabster bade his mare go work,

Quoth she, I am not able,

For neither get I corn nor hay,

Nor stand I in a stable;

But hunts me, and dunts me,

And dings me from the tosen,

And fells me, and tells me,

I am not worth my room.

The wabster swore a bloody oath,

And out he drew a knife,

If one word come out of thy head,

I vow I'll take thy life.

The mare ay, for fear ay,

Fell fainting to the ground,

And groaning and moaning,

Fell in a deadly swoon.

They clipped her, and nipped her,

They took from her the skin;

The haunches, and the paunches,

They quickly brought them in:

Make haste, dame, said he,

And wash this grease, and dry't,

For I will hazard on my life,

The doctor's wife will buy't.

They rumbl'd her, they tumbld her,

They shot her o'er the brae:

With rumbling; and tumbling,

She to the ground did gae.

But the night being cauld,

And the mare wanting her skin,

And darkness came out o'er the land,

And fain wou'd she been in. &c.

&c. &c.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair.

525

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, And Willy's wond'rous

Stowish

bonnie; and Willy hegt to marry me gin e'er he marry'd

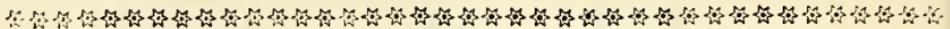
ony oh gin e'er he mar ry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
The night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter's night,
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water side,
Pu'd you the rose or lily;

Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west
She sought him brad and narrow:
Sine in the clifing of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.



My Daddy left me &c.

526

* My daddy left me gear enough a cou'ter and an

Lively

auld beam plough a nebbed staff a nutting tyne a fishing

Continued.

wand wi' hook and line Wi' twa auld stools and a dirt

house a jer-kin-et scarce worth a louse an auld pat that

wants the lug a spur-tle and a sow-en mug.

A hempen heckle, and a ymell,
 A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
 A muck-fork, and an auld peet creel,
 The spakes of our auld spinning wheel.
 A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle,
 With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
 A whang-bit, and a sniffle-bit;
 Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-staff and a timmer spit,
 An auld kirn and a hole in it,
 Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
 A fetter-lock, a trump of steel,
 A whistle, and a tup horn spoon,
 With an auld pair of clouted shoon,
 A timmer spade, and a gleg shear,
 A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
 The pillions of an auld car-saddle,
 A gullie-knife and a horse-wand,
 A mitten for the left hand,

With an auld broken pan of brass,
 With an auld sark that wants the arse,
 An auld-band, and a hoodling how,
 I hope, my bairns, ye're a weit now.
 Aft have I borne ye on my back,
 With a' this riff-raff in my pack;
 And it was a' for want of gear,
 That gart me steal Mess John's grey mare
 But now, my bairns, what ails ye now
 For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
 And hose and shoon fit for your feet,
 Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with nysel I did advise,
 My daddy's gear for to comprize;
 Some neighbours I ca'd in to see
 What gear my daddy left to me.
 They sat three quarters of a year,
 Comprizing of my daddy's gear;
 And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds scot-

Stern winter has left us

527

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked 'Slowish' and begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics for the first system are: 'Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, & cowslips &'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'v'lets the meadows perfume; While kids are disporting, & birds fill the'. The third system concludes the lyrics: 'spray, I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.' The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Slowish

Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, & cowslips &
v'lets the meadows perfume; While kids are disporting, & birds fill the
spray, I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.

Jocky Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
When seated with Molly last night on a suite,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky Young Willy is handsome in shepherds' green dress,
He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
Was that done like Jenny, the Queen of the May?

Jenny This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jocky, false hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jocky Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Jenny Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true;
Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Jocky Come all ye young lovers, I pray you draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, what're may appear;
Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

Stern winter has left us. Second Sett.

Jenny.

528

* Stern win-ter has left us, the trees are in

Slowish

bloom, And cowslips, and vi'lets the meadows per-fume; While

kids are dis-porting, and birds fill the spray I wait for my

Jocky.

Jocky to hail the new May. A-mong the young lit-ies my

Jen-ny I've stray'd, Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my

maid; Here's thyme sweet-ly smelling, and la-ven-der gay A

po-sy to form for my Queen of the May.

Ah Mary sweetest maid.

He

529 * Ah Mary sweetest maid farewell, My hopes are flown for

Slow

as to wreck! Heaven guard you love and heal your heart, tho' mine a

She

las maun break, Dearest lad what ills betide? Is Willie to his love untrue?

Pledgd the morn to be your bride! Ah hae ye, hae ye ta'en the rue.

He

Ye canna wear a ragged gown, O beggar wed wi' nought a - va My

kye are drown'd my house is down my last sheep lies a neath the snaw.

She

Tell na me o storm or flood or sheep a' smoord ayont the hill, For

Willie's sake I Willie lo'd tho' poor, ye are my Willie still.

He	He
Ye canna thole the wind and rain,	Pardon love! 'twas a' a snare
Nor wander friendless far frae hame:	The flocks are safe - we needna part:
Cheer cheer your heart some richer swain,	I'd forfeit them and ten times mair,
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.	To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

She	She
I'll tak my bundle in my hand	Could ye wi' my feelings sport,
And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee;	Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?
I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,	I should wish mischief on ye for't,
I'll venture wi' ye o'er the fea.	But canna wish ought ill to you.

Anna, thy Charms my bosom fire.

530 * Anna thy charms my bosom fire, And press my soul with

Slow

care But ah, how bootless to admire, When fat ed to des-pair.

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be for-giv'n: For

sure 'twere impious to despair, So much in sight of Heaven.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Thy cheek is o' the roses hue,

531

Thy cheek is o' the roses hue, My on-ly joe and

Slow

dearie O, Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew up-on the

bank sae brier-ie O; Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry, O

sweets the twink-le o' thine ee, Nae joy nae pleasure

blinks on me, My on-ly joe and dear-ie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 It's sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O!
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it cerie O!
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only joe and dearie, O!

When we war bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bony O!
 Aft we wad daff the feelang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie O!

Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thornie tree,
 Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
 My only joe and dearie O!

I hae a wish I canna tinc
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O.
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me O.
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only joe and dearie O!

Come under my plaidy.

533

Come under my plaidy, the night's ga'en to fa; Come

Lively

in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw; Come

under my plaidy, and lye down beside me; There's room in't

dear lasie, believe me for twa Come under my plaidy, and

lye down beside me I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will

blaw. O come under my plaidy, and lye down beside me there's

room in't dear lasie be-lieve me for twa.

Continued.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae' wa!
 'I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw.
 'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lye beside ye,
 'Ye may be my gutchard, auld Donald gae'wa.
 'I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 'He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou brow!
 'O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae gracefu', fae tightly,
 'His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

"Dear Marion let that flee stick fast to the wa,
 "Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava,
 "The hail o' his pack he has now on his back,
 "He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa.
 "Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk you aye finely;
 "At kirk or at market they'll few gang fae brow;
 "A bein house to bide in, a chairse for to ride in,
 "And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

'My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 'Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay brow,
 'It's true I-loo Johnny he's gude and he's bonny,
 'But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
 'I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
 'I'm now mair than twenty, my-time is but sma'
 'Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 'I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa'.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa'
 Whar Johnny was list'ning and heard her tell a',
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw,
 The Howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
 "Wa'd marry auld nick if he'd keep them ay bra'.

"O the deef's in the lasses! they gang now fae bra',
 "They'll ly-down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa,
 "The hail o' their marriage, is gowd and a' carriage,
 "Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
 "But lo'e them I canna nor marry I winna
 "Wi' ony daft lassie, tho' fair as a Queen,
 "Till love hae a share o't, the never a' hair o't
 "Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

Come follow, follow me.

534

Come follow, follow me, Ye fairy elves that be, Come

Lively

follow me your Queen And trip it o'er the green; Hand in

hand we'll dance around because this place is fairy ground hand in

hand we'll dance around, Because this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheed, and unespied,
Through key holes we do glide,
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread,
A grain of rye or wheat,

The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

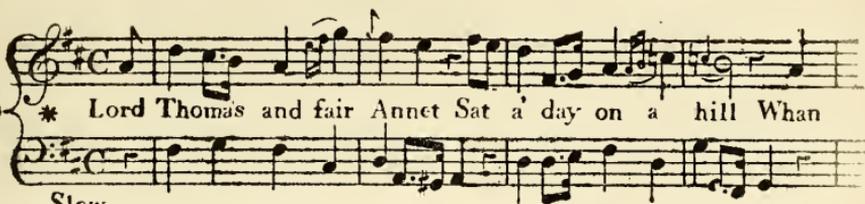
The brain of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And brains of worms & marrow of mice
Do make a feast that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy,
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed

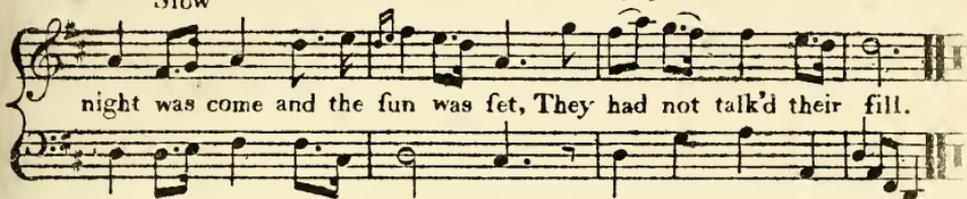
O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk;
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen,
Where we the Night before have been.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet.

535



Slow



Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill;
A. I will never wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane,
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alas
What is this we brought hame?

Gif ye will never wed a wife,
A wife will ne'er wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
'An' kneld upon his knee:

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
And marrie me out o' hand,
And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
Fair Annet may leave the land.

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to me.
O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it wereday,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay

The nut-browne bride has gowd & gear,
Fair Annet she's gat nane,
And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
O it will soon be gane.

Rife up, rife up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene,
Let us gae to St Marie's kirk,
And see that rich wedden.

And he has to his brither gane,
Now, brither, rede ye me,
A. fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
And drefs to me my hair,
Whair-ere ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye,
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet by.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And drefs to me my finock,
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre,
And I fall hae naething to mysell
But a fat fadge by the fyre.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

And he has till his sifter gane:
Now, sifter, rede ye me,
O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Four-and-twenty filler bells
Were a tied till his mane,
Wi' yae tist o' the norland wind,
They tinkied ane by ane.

Over

Continued.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
 Rade by fair Annet's side,
 And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Marië's kirke,
 She sat on Marië's seane,
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
 She skimmer'd like the sun,
 The belt that was aboute her waift
 Was a wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer fae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clear forgat the bride,
 When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 He gae it kises three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut browne brîde,
 She spak wi' meikle spite,
 And whair gat ye that rose-water
 That does mak yee fae white?

O I did get the rose-water
 Whair ye wull neir get nane.

For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mither's wame.

The bridè she drew a long bodkin
 Frae out her gay head gear,
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
 And marvelit what mote bee,
 But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
 A' wood wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was fae sharp,
 That was fae sharp and meet,
 And drave it in to the nut browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
 Now stay, my dear, he cryd;
 Then strake the dagger until his heart,
 And fell deid by hir side.

Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa
 Fair Annet within the quiere;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare,
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They wer twa lovers deare.



William and Margaret.

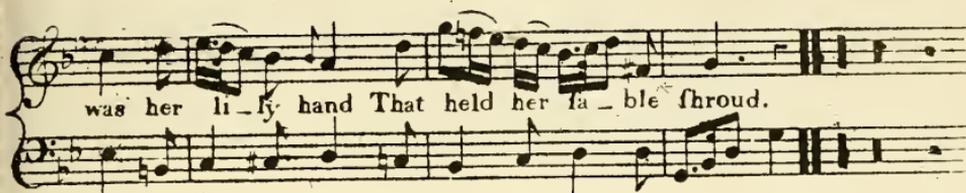
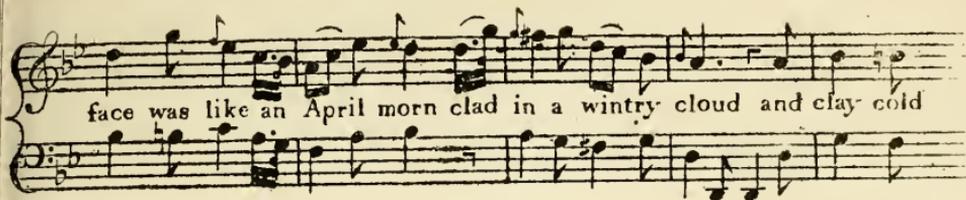
536

Twas at the silent solemn hour when night and morn - ing

Slow

meet; In glided Marg'rets grimly ghost and stood at Williams feet Her

Continued.



So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown,
 Such is the robe that Kings must wear
 When Death has reft their crown.
 Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like a canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime.
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She dy'd before her time.
 "Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
 "Come from her midnight grave;
 "Now let thy pity hear the maid
 "Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour
 "When injur'd ghosts complain,
 "When yawning graves give up their dead
 "To haunt the faithless swain.
 "Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
 "Thy pledge and broken oath,
 "And give me back my maiden vow,
 "And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
 "And not that promise keep?
 "Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 "Yet leave those eyes to weep?
 "How could you say my face was fair,
 "And yet that face forsake?
 "How could you win my virgin heart,
 "Yet leave that heart to break.

"Why did you say my lips was sweet,
 "And made the scarlet pale?
 "And why did I, young witlefs maid!
 "Believe the flattering tale?
 "That face, alas! no more is fair,
 "Those lips no longer red;
 "Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 "And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sifter is;
 "This winding sheet I wear;
 "And cold and weary lasts our night,
 "Till that last morn appear. (hence;
 "But, hark! the cock has warn'd me
 "A long and late adieu!
 "Come see, false man! how low she lies
 "Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
 With beams of rosy red;
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.
 He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay, (turf
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave:
 And word spoke never more.
 Such be the fate of vows unpaid,
 And pledge of sacred love!
 Tho' they may tempt the yielding maid,
 They're register'd above!

What ails the lasses at me.

537 * I am a young bachelour winsome a farmer by rank & degree and

Lively

few I see gang out mair handsome to kirk or to mar- ket than me. I've

outright and inight and credit, And frae ony eelist I'm free I'm

weel enough boarded and bedded, What ails a' the lasses at me.

My buchts of good store are no scanty,	O, if I kend how but to gain them,
My byres are well stocked wi' kye,	How fond of the knack wad I be.
Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,	Or what an address could obtain them,
An' twa' or three easments forby,	It should be twice welcome to me.
An' horse to ride out when they're weary,	If kissing an' clapping wad please them,
An' cock with the best they can see,	That trade I should drive till I die;
An' then be ca'd dawty and deary,	But, however I study to ease them,
I feirly what ails them at me.	They've still an exception at me.

Behind backs, afore fouk I've wou'd them,	There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshake,
An' a' the gates o't that I ken,	An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
An' when they leugh o' me I trow'd them,	No sooner they speak to the wenches,
An' thought I had won, but what then;	But they are ta'en far enough ben;
When I speak of matters they grumble,	But when I speak to them, that's stately
Nor are condescending and free,	I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
But at my proposals ay stumble,	An' get the denial right flatly;
I wonder what ails them at me.	What, think ye, can ail them at me.

I've try'd them baith highland & lowland,	I have yet but ae offer to mak' them,
Where I a good bargain could see,	If they wad but hearken to me,
But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,	And that is, I'm willing to tak them,
Or say they wad buckle wi' me.	If they their consent wad but gee;
With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them,	Let her that's content write a billet,
Been with them baith modest and free,	An' get it transmitted to me,
But whatever way I carefd them,	I hereby engage to fulfil it,
There's something still ails them at me.	Tho' cripple, tho' blind she fud be.

The sun in the west.

538

* The sun in the west fæs to rest in the e'en in' ilk

Slow

morning blinks cheerfu' u-pon the green lee, But ah on the pillow o'

forrow ay leanin' Nae morning, nae e'enin brings pleasure to me O

wæfu' the parting when smiling at danger young Allan left Scotia to

meet wi' the fae cauld cauld now he lies in a land a-mang

strangers frae friends and frae Helen for e-ver a-way.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rain,
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage fae darin,
 And laid him pale, lifeless upon the drear plain.
 Cauld winter the flower divests o' its cleidin',
 In simmer again it blooms bonny to see;
 But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleidin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

Scroggam

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

539 *There was a wife wonnd in Cockpen, Scroggam She brew'd gude ale for
Slowish

gentlemen sing auld Cowl lay you down by me Scroggam my dearie, Ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam; Scroggam, (-tither
The priest o' the parish fell in anither, That the heat o' the tane might cool the
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. B.

O Tell me my bonny &c.

540 O tell me my bonny young lasie, O tell me how for to woo; O
Slowish

tell me my bonny sweet lasie, O tell me the way for to woo. O

fay maun I roose your red cheeks like the morning; lips like the

rose when it's moistend wi' dew; And fay maun I roose your een's pauky



O far hae I wander'd dear lalsie,
 To see thee fail'd the falt sea,
 I've travell'd o'er muirlan' an' mountain,
 An' houfelefs lain cauld on the lea;
 I never hae try'd yet, to mak' love to ony,
 Never loe'd ony, till ance I loe'd you,
 An' now we're alane in the greenwood fae bonny,
 Now, tell me dear lalsie the way for to woo.

What care I, for your wandering, laddie,
 Or yet for your failing the sea,
 It was na for nought ye left Peggy,
 My tocher it brought ye to me;
 An' say, hae ye goud for to busk me ay gaudy,
 Ribbons an' pearlin's an' breastknots enow,
 A house that is canty, wi' plenishin' plenty,
 Without them, ye never need come for to woo.

I hae nae goud to busk ye ay gaudy,
 Nor yet, buy ribbons enow,
 I brag not o' house or o' plenty,
 But, I hae a heart that is true;
 I came na for tocher, I ne'er heard of ony,
 Never loe'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow;
 I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fause as bonny;
 I little thought this was the way for to woo.

Hae na ye roof'd my cheeks like the morning,
 An' roof'd my cherry red mow,
 Ye've come o'er the Sea, Muir, and Mountain,
 What mair Johnny need ye to woo;
 An' far hae ye wander'd I ken, my dear laddie,
 Now ye hae found me, ye've nae cause to rue,
 Wi' health we'll hae plenty, I'll never gang gaudy,
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in his bosom,
 The tear fill'd ilk lovers ee,
 An' sabb'd by the side o' the burnie,
 While the mavis sang sweet on the tree;
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her an' cad her his honey,
 Look'd in her face wi' a heart leel an' true,
 As aften she sigh'd an' said, my dear Johnny,
 Nae body need tell ye the way for to woo.

O Mary turn awa

541 * O Mary turn a_wa that bonny face o' thine O

Slowly

dinna dinna shaw that breast that never can be mine. Can

ought o' warld's gear e'er cool my bosom's care Na

na for ilka look o' thine it only feeds despair.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a tempo marking 'Slowly'.

Then Mary, turn awa'
 That bonny face o' thine;
 O dinna, dinna shaw that breast
 That never can be mine!
 Wi' love's severest pangs
 My heart is laden fair, (grow
 An' o'er my breast the grafs maun
 E're I am free frae care!

Same Tune

WHAT ails this heart of mine?
 What ails this watry ee?
 What gars me ay turn cald as death,
 Whan I tak' leave o' thee?
 When thou art far awa'
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me,
 But change o' fouk an' change o' place,
 May gar thy fancy jee.

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

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

O gude ale comes &c.

Corrected by R. Burns.

542

* O gude ale comes and gude ale goes gude ale

Lively

gars me sell my hose sell my hose and pawn my shoon

gude ale keeps my heart aboon. I had sax owsen in a

pleugh They drew a' weel enough I sell'd them a' just

ane by ane gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
 O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Robin shure in hairst.

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

543

Ro - bin shurè in hairst, I shure wi' him

Brisk

Fint a heuk had I, Yet I stack by him.

Song

I gaed up to Dunse, To warp a wab o' plai - den

at his dad - dies yet, Wha met me but Ro - bin.

Was na Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a trick
 And me the Eller's dochter?
 Robin shure &c.

Robin promis'd me
 A' ny winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goos feathers and whittle.
 Robin shure &c.

☆☆

Wha wadna be in love &c.

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1st Page 99

544

Wha wad - na be in love Wi' bon - ny Mag - gy

Lively

Law - der a pip - er met her gaun to Fife, And

spier'd what was't they ca'd her, right scorn fully she

answer'd him, be_gone, you hallanshaker; Jog on your gate, you

blad_der_skate, My name is Mag_gy Law_der.

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

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted,
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he; Play up, quoth she
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

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

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lawder.

A Cogie of ale, and a pickle ait meal.

545

A cogie of ale and a pickle ait meal, And a dainty wee
Lively.

drappy of whisky was our fore fathers dose to swiel down their brose &

mak' them blythe cheery an' frisky. Then hey for the co-gie and

hey for the ale and hey for the whisky & hey for the meal; when mixd a' the

gether they do unco weel, To mak' a chield cheery and brisk ay.

As I view our Scots lads, in their kilts and cockades,
A' blooming and fresh as a rose, man;
I think wi' mysel', O! the meal and the ale,
And the fruits of our Scottish kail brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

When our brave highland blades, wi' their claymores and plaids,
in the field, drive, like sheep, a' our foes, man;
Their courage and pow'r, spring frae this, to be sure,
They're the noble effects of the brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

But your spindie shank'd sparks, wha but ill set their sarks,
And your pale visag'd milksops, and beaus, man,
I think when I see them, 'twere kindness to gie them,
A cogie of ale and of brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

The Dumfries Volunteers.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

546

Does haughty Gaul in-vasion threat, Then let the louns be
with Spirit.

ware, Sir, There's wooden walls u-pon our seas, And Volunteers on shore, Sir.

The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, The Criffel sink in Solway, Ere

we permit a foreign foe, On British ground to ral-ly, We'll ne'er per

mit a foreign foe, On British ground to ral-ly.

O let us not, like snatling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, flap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it:
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourfels united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
For never but &c.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't:
Our fathers blude the kettle bought.

And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together.
Who will not sing, God save the king;
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing &c.

He's dear dear to me &c.

547

As I was walking by yon river side my heart it was

Very-Slow

fair and O but I was weary I thought upon the days that are past and

gane for he's dear dear to me tho' he's far far frae me.

I've been in the lowlands where they shear the sheep,
 An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather,
 I ken a bonny ladie that lo'es me weel,
 But he's far far awa' that I lo'e far better.

But I'll write a letter; an' send it to him,
 An' tell him he's dearer to me than ony,
 An' that I've ay been forry, sen' he gaed awa',
 Tho' he's far far away, yet he's dear dear to me.

If winter war' past, an' the simmer come in,
 When daisies an' roses spring fae fresh an' bonny,
 Then I will change my filks for a plaidin coat,
 An' awa' to the lad that is dear dear to me.



The blue bells of Scotland.

548

O where and O where does your highland laddie dwell; O

A little Lively

where and O where does your highland laddie dwell; He dwells in merry

Scotland where the blue bells sweetly smell, and all in my heart I

love my laddie well He dwells in merry Scotland where the blue bells

sweetly smell and all in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what lassie what does your highland laddie wear,
 O what lassie what does your highland laddie wear,
 A scarlet coat and bonnet blue with bonny yellow hair,
 And none in the world can with my love compare.

O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
 O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
 He's gone to fight for George our King, and left me all alone,
 For noble and brave's my loyal highlandman.

O what lassie what if your highland lad be slain,
 O what lassie what if your highland lad be slain
 O no true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
 For I never could live without my highlandman.

O when and O when will your highland lad come home,
 O when and O when will your highland lad come home,
 When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame,


 And I'll plait a wreath of flow'rs for my lovely highlandman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him,
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him,
 I'll claim a Priest to marry us, a Clerk to say Amen,
 And ne'er part again from my bonny highlandman.

Colin Clout

549 Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle bids the house_wite
A little Lively.

rife in haste; Co_lin Clout be gins to hir_sle flaw_ly
frac his sleep_les nest. Love that raises sic a cla_mour,
driv_in_lads an' las_ses mad; Ah waes my heart had
cooft his glammir o'er poor Colin luck_les lad.

The musical score is written in a two-staff system (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is lively and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

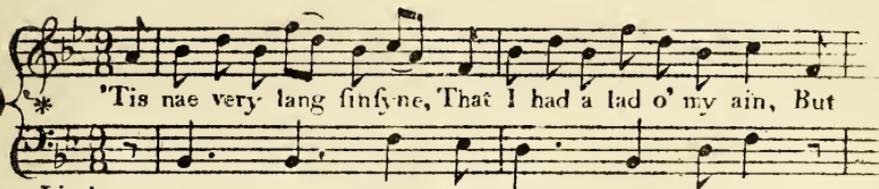
Cruel Jenny, lack a daisie!
Lang had gart him greet an grane,
Colin's pate was hafflins crazy,
Jenny laugh'd at Colin's pain,
Slawly up his duds he gathers,
Slawly, slawly trudges out,
An' frac the fauld he drives his wedders
Happier far than Colin Clout.

Now the fun, rais'd frac his nappie,
Set the Orient in a low,
Drinkin, ilka glancin' drappie,
I' the field, an' a' the knowe.
Many a birdie, sweetly singin,
Flafferd' briskly round about;
An' mony a dainty flow'rie springin,
A' were blythe but Colin Clout.

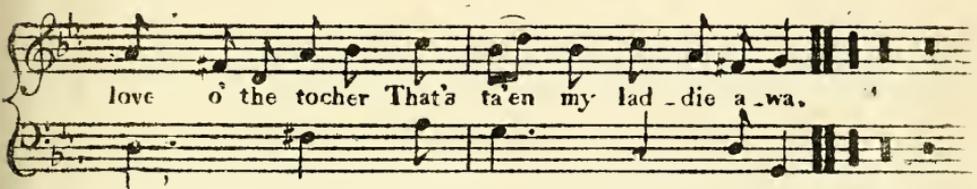
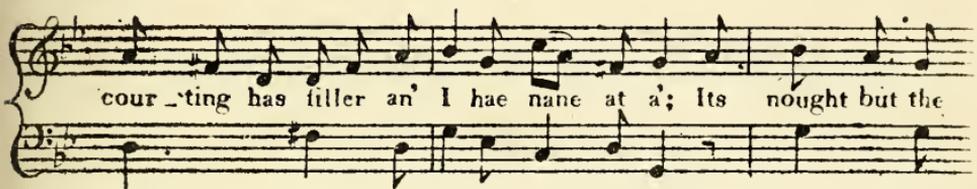
What is this? cries Colin glow'rin',
Glaiked-like, a'round about,
Jenny, this is past endurin';
Death main ease poor Colin Clout.
A' the night I tofs an' tumble,
Never can I close an' e'e
An' a' the day I grane an' grummie,
Jenny, this is a' for thee.

Ye'll hae nane but farmer Patie,
Cause the fallow's rich I trow,
Ablins, tho' he shoud' na cheat ye,
Jenny, ye'll hae cause to rue.
Auld, an' gley'd, an' crooked-backed,
Siller bought at sic a price,
Ah! Jenny, gin ye lout to-tak' it,
Fok will say ye're no o'er nice. &c. &c.

550



Lively



But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sence to wale a good wife.

For though I fay't myfell,
That shoud' nae fay't, tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue:

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've feldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin myfell.

And when I am clad in my couthsey,
I think myfell as brow
As Susie, wi' a' her pearling
That's tane my laddie awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does flight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.

But, O! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's fae keen o' the filler
Will never agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll mak' use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is feldom fae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To mak' me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sence to be happy,
He'll sa' on his feet for a wife.

O once I lov'd

551

* O once I lov'd a bon-nie lass, An' aye I

Slowly

love her still an' whilst that vir-tue warms my

breast I'll love my hand-some Nell.

An bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And wony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mein
The like I never saw.

She dresses ay fae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A bonny lass I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But its innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
And what is best of a', 'Tis this enchants my soul;
Her reputation is compleat, For absolutely in my breast
And fair without a flaw; She reigns without controul.

When I think on my lad. *my heart is full of love*

552

* When I think on my lad I sigh and am sad for now he is

Lively

Continued.

far frae me, my daddy was harsh, My minny was warse that gart him gae

yont the sea. Without an estate, That made him look blate: And

yet a brave lad is he gin safe he come hame, In spite of my

dame, He'll e-ver be wel-come to me.

Love speers na advice
Of parents o'er wife,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon cash,
As naething but trash,
That shackles what should be free.
And tho' my dear lad
No ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
A'beit I'm an Heirefs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth fight of thee.

Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won,
Nae else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gie my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart,
That can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friend to our love,
When our firm resolves they see:
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders ae thee.

Return hameward.

553 * Return hameward my heart again an' bide where thou was wont to

Slowish

be thou art a fool to suffer pain for love o' ane that loves not thee.

My heart let be sic fantalie, Love only where thou hast good cause; Since

scorn and liking ne'er agree, The fient a crum o' thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free will,
My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill,
At hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,
And let the silly fling her fill,

For fient a crum of thee she faws,

Tho' she be fair I will not fenzie,

She's o' a kind with mony mae;

For why they are a fellon menzie

That seemeth good and are not fae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae

For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,

But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that Medea

Wild for a sight of Jason yied,

Remember how that young Cressida

Last Troilus for Diomed'

Remember Helen as we read,

Brought Troy from blifs unto bare wa's:

Then let her gae where she may speed

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,

But, was beguild; gae where she will.

Beshrew the heart that first takes care.

But be thou merry late and air,

This is the final end and clause,

And let her feed and foully fair

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,

Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,

Nor gie a sob altho' she sneest,

She's fairest paid that get's her will

She's geck as gif I mean'd her ill,

When she glaicks paughty in her brows:

Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't.

Chorus

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

554

* My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't - And gowden flowers sae

Lively

rare u_pont; But Jen_ny's jimps and jir_kinet My Lord thinks

meikle mair upon't. My Lord a hunting he_is_gane, But

hounds or hawks wi_him are nane By Colin's cot'tage

lies his game, If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My Lady's white, my Lady's red
And kith and kin o' Cassillis blude,
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed,
My Lady's gown &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' Lovers hymns;
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My Lady's gown &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My Lady's gown &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest.
My Lady's gown &c.

May Morning.

555 * The Nymphs and shepherds are met on the green With garlands to

Slow

deck the fair brows of their Queen. The rosy Aurora awakes from her

bed To illumine the dew drops that Ves-per had shed.

Dinna think bonie Laysie I'm gaun to leave you.

556 O dinna think bonie Laysie I'm gaun to leave you, Dinna think

Brisk

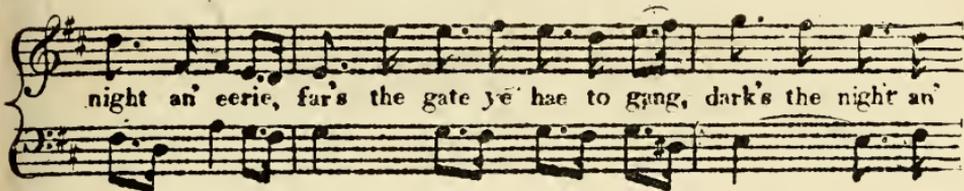
bonie Laysie I'm gaun to leave you, Dinna think bonie Laysie I'm

gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in to my hand an' come a-

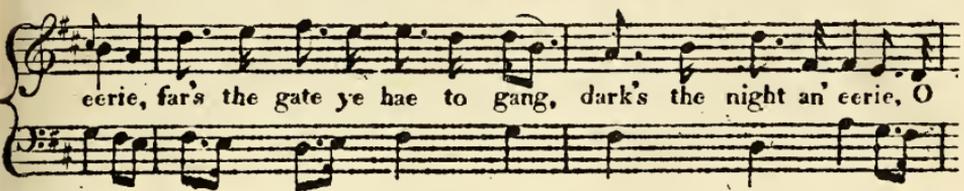
Slow

gain an' see you. Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the

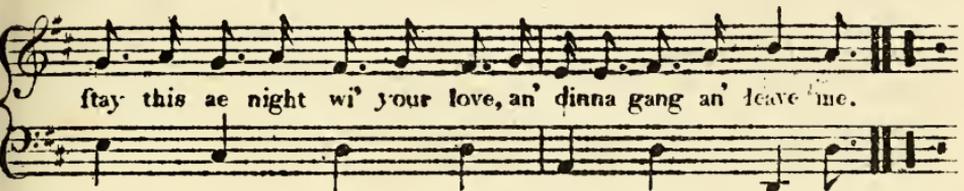
Continued.



night an' eerie, far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'



erie, far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' eerie, O



stay this ae night wi' your love, an' dinna gang an' leave me.

Brisk. It's but a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,

But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,

But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,

When e'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee;

Slow. Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,

Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,

When the lave are found asleep I am dull an' eerie,

An' a' the lee lang night I'm fad, wi' thinkin' on my dearie.

Brisk. O Dinna think bonie lasie I'm gaun to leave you,

Dinna think bonie lasie I'm gaun to leave you,

Dinna think bonie lasie I'm gaun to leave you,

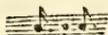
When e'er the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come again an' see you,

Slow. Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds bla loud an' fear me,

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds bla loud an' fear me,

While the waves an' winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,

An' gin ye loe me as ye fay, ye winna gae an' leave me.



Brisk. O Never mair bonie lasie will I gang an' leave thee,

Never mair bonie lasie will I gang an' leave thee,

Never mair bonie lasie will I gang an' leave thee,

E'en let the world gae as it will, I'll stay at hame an' cheer thee;

Slow. Frae his hand he coost the stick, I winna gang an' leave thee,

Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee,

Drew his boots an' flang them by, cry'd my las be cheerie,

I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, an' never leave my dearie.

O gin I were fairly shot o' her.

557

Chorus

* O gin I were fairly shot o' her fairly fairly fairly shot o' her.

Lively

O gin I were fair-ly shot o' her if she were dead I wad
 dance on the tap o' her. Till we were married I could na see light till her
 for a month after a' thing ay gaed right wi' her but these ten years I hae
 pray'd for a wright to her O gin I were fair-ly shot o' her.

Nane o' her relations or frien's cou'd stay wi' her
 The neighbours and bairns are fain to fly frae her,
 An' I my ain sell is forc't to gie way till her
 O gin I were fairly &c.

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae mickle pride in her
 There's no a goodwife in the hail country side like her
 Wi' dress an' wi' drink the d- I wadna bide wi' her
 O gin I were fairly &c.

If the time wou'd but come that to the kirk gate wi' her
 An' into the yerd I'd mak my sell quit o' her
 I'd then be as blyth as first when I met wi' her
 O gin I were fairly &c.

Hey my kitten my kitten.

558 * Hey! my kitten my kitten, An' hey my kitten a dearie sic a sweet

Lively

pet as this is nei-ther far nor nearie. Now we gae up up

up An' here we gang down down downy, Here we gae

backwards and forward And here round round a roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
See, see, sic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin towny.
This pig went to the market;
Squeek mouse, mouse, moufy;
Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol doufy.

Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a fugar and spicy;
Hush a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy,
Did a papa torment it?
Did e vex his own baby? did e?
Hush a baba in a bosie;
Take ous own fucky: did e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
Slavers a thread o' crystal,
Now the sweet posset comes up;
Who said my child was pifs all?
Come water my chickens, come clock
Leave off or hell crawl you, hell crawl you;
Come, gie me your hand, ane I'll beat him;
Wha was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw;
Where was a gigling honey?
Goody, good child shall be fed
But naughtly child shall get nony
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody bones
Here is a child that wont fear ye.
Come pifsy, pifsy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

Sweetest May.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

559

* Sweetest May let love inspire thee; Take a heart which he designs thee;

Slowish

As thy constant slave regard it; for its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to Birth or Money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonie;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In Love's silken band can bind it.

Argyll is my name.

560

Argyll is my name, and you may think it strange, To live at a

Lively

court, and never to change all falsehood and flattery I do dis_dain In

my secret thoughts nae guile does remain. My King and my countrys foes I

have fac'd in city or battle I neer was disgrac'd I do ev'ry thing for my



Adieu to the courtie of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldyance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
 O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
 They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my Maggie I think for to gae.
 Wi' my claymōre hanging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for Maggie to wear;
 And some pretty things else, I do declare,
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And whan we are married we'll keep a cow.
 My Maggie sall milk her, and I will plow:
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

If my Maggie shou'd chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King, as his daddy has done;
 I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,
 And wha'll be fae great as my Maggie and me;
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal. &c. &c. &c.

An' I'll awa to 'bonny Tweed-side.

561 * An' I'll a_wa to bonny Tweed-side And fee my dearie, come

Lively

through, And he shall be mine, Gif fae he in-cline for I

hate to lead apes be-low. While young an' fair I'll

make it my care to se-cure mysell in a jo; I'm no sic a

fool to let my blood cool an' syne to lead apes be-low.

Few words bonny lad
 Will eithly persuade,
 Tho' blushing I daftly say no
 Gae on with your strain
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead apes below.
 Unty'd to a man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow,
 Then I will do well,
 Do better what will,
 And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
 And gods are gracious
 That beauties upon us bestow
 'Tis not to be thought
 We got them for nought
 Or to be set up for a show.
 'Tis carried by votes,
 Come kilt up your coats
 And let us to Edinburgh go,
 Where she that's bonny
 May catch a Johny,
 And never lead apes below.

562

* Gently blow ye cast-ern breezes, Hide your piercing

Slow

breath like store An' could Decem-ber frost that freezes

Chorus

Frae the fair maid I adore, O she's bonny bon-ny bonny

O she's bon-ny and sweet to see Fair the bud 'an'

bonny blossom Aye the blythe blinks in her ee.

Frae winter's scour, the simmer torrent	Red's her cheek, and sweets her feature
Honrymists that point the air	Glancin' cen like diamonds bright
Frae grief o' mind that aft does foment	Handsomeshape, the choicè o' nature
Making life a dreary care	Wonder o' the day and night
O she's bonny &c.	O she's bonny &c.

For she's as the new blawn rose	if, but this bud and bonny blossom
That's nourish'd with the simmers' sun	I could say 'twere only mine
Her smiles is like the sweet repose	I'd plant it deep within my bosom
Man seeks when his last sand is run	An' round my heart I'd it entwine
O she's bonny &c.	O she's bonny &c.

In yon garden &c.

563 * In yon garden fine an' gay, Picking lilies a' the day

Slow

gath'ring flow'rs of il-ka hue, I wist na then what love cou'd do.

Where love is planted there it grows,
 It buds and blows like any rose
 It has a sweet and pleasant smell,
 No flow'r on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,
 And thought the sweetest rose to find,
 But prick'd my finger to the bone,
 And left the sweetest rose behind.

The poor Pedlar.

564 There was a noble lady so fair looking out of her window so

Lively

high And there she spy'd a poor Pedlar coming sing'g out o'er the

lee lee lee coming sing-ing out o'er the lee.

Continued.

She call'd upon her servant man,

Her servant that on her did wait,

"Gae open the yetts, both braid and wide,

"And let the poor pedlar in in in,

"And let the poor pedlar in.

He set the yetts, both braid and wide,

And let the poor pedlar in;

And then she took him by the coat neuks,

And she led him from room to room room room,

And she led him &c.

Till he came to my lady's room,

My lady's room where she lay;

"I wad gie a' my pack he said,

"For the night of a gay lady, lady;

"For the night &c.

"Wilt thou gie me my pack again,

"My pack, and my pack pinn,

"An' thou gie me my pack he said,

"I'll gie thee both broach and ring, ring ring,

"I'll gie thee both &c.

"I'll no gie thee thy pack again,

"Thy pack nor thy pack pinn;

"I'll no gie thee thy pack she said.

"Tho' thou wad greet till thine eyes gae blin' gae blin'.

"Tho' thou wad &c.

Out then spak the noble lord,

Out of his bow'r within,

"O who is this into my house

"That makes such a noise and dinn dinn dinn.

"That makes &c.

"As I came through your garden Sir,

"I pull'd some of your flowers;

"A box of spice was in my pack,

"And I borrowed a mortar of yours of yours.

"And I borrowed &c.

"Gie the poor pedlar his pack again,

"His pack and his pack pinn,

"Keep nathing frae a poor pedlar,

"Who has a' his living to win to win.

"Who has &c.

She took the pack by the twa neuks,

And she flang it out o'er the wa',

"Upo' my footh, quo the poor pedlar,

"My pack it has gotten a fa' fa' fa'.

"My pack &c.

He took the pack upon his back,

Went singing out o'er the lee,

"O I ha'e gotten my pack again,

"And the kifs of a gay lady lady,

"And the kifs &c.

You ask me charming fair.

565 * You ask me charming fair Why thus I pensive go, From

Slow

whence proceeds, my care What nourishes my woe. Why

seekst the cause to find of ills that I en-dure Ah!

why so vainly kind un-less re-solv'd to cure.

It needs no magic art,
To know whence my alarms,
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.
Whene'er the youthful quoir,
Along the vase advance,
To raise, at your desire,
The lay, or form the dance.

Benevolent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.
Whilst on my love you put
No value; On the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves,
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.
My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide,
How soon the hearts betray'd
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have born,
Foundcomfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn.
But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driv'n to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

566

* O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has got-ten, An

A little Lively

ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten; A brow new naig wi' the

tail o' a rottan, And that's what Meg o' the mill has got-ten.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dear-ly, An ken ye what

Meg o' the mill loes dearly, A dram o' gude frunt in a morning

early and that's what Meg o' the mill loes dear-ly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
 And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married;
 The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was married
 O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
 An ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded;
 The groom gat fae fu' he fell awald beside it,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

How sweet is the scene.

567 * How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning, How

Slowish

fair il-ka object that lives in the view dame nature the valley an

hillock adorning, the primrose an' blue bells yet wet wi' the dew.

How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna her smile like the

sunbeam that glents o'er the lee To wan-der and leave her, dear

lafsie, I canna, frae love an' frae beauty I never can flee.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Slowish'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

O lang ha'e I lo'd, her an' loe, her fu' dearly,
 An' aft ha'e I preed o' her bonny sweet mow!
 An' aft ha'e I read in her e'e blinkin' clearly,
 A language that bade me be constant an' true!
 Then others may doat on their fond war'ly treasure,
 For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea;
 To love my sweet lafsie be mine the dear pleasure
 Wi' her let me live — and wi' her let me die!

Sure my Jean.

568

* Sure my Jean is beauty's blosom blaw-in, sweet in

Lively

il-ka airt love-ly ten-ant o' my bo-fom, frae that

bow'r she'll ne'er depart. Sweets the charms her looks dis-

-co-ver in her breast what beauties lie, frae a fond an''

constant lover breathing mony a heart felt sigh.

I ha'e seen the floweret springin'
 Gaily on the funny lea;
 I ha'e heard the mavis singin'
 Sweetly on the hawthorn tree:
 But my Jeanie, peerless dearie,
 She's the flower attracts mine ee;
 Whan she tunes her voice fae cheerie,
 She's the mavis dear to me!

How sweet this lone vale.

569

How sweet this lone vale and how footh-ing to

Very Slow

feeling yon Nightingales notes which in me-lo-dy melt ob-

-livion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing a pause from keen

anguish a moment is felt. The moons yel-low light o'er the

still lake is sleeping Ah near the sad spot Ma-ry sleeps in her

tomb a - gain the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping and the

sweets of the vale are all shad-ow'd with gloom.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Very Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are several triplets in the piano accompaniment, indicated by a '3' above the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kifs.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

570

* Jockey's ta'en the par ting kifs O'er the mountains

A little lively

he is gane; And with him is a' my blifs Nought but

griefs with me remain. Spare my love ye winds that blow,

Plashy fleets and beat ing rain Spare my love thou feath'ry

snaw Drif ting o'er the fro zen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, glad some e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For whare'er he distant roves
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

What's that to you.

571

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "My Jeany and I have toil'd the live-lang summer / A little Lively / day Till we were al-most spoil'd At mak-ing / of the hay. Her kurchy was of hol-land clear Ty'd / on her bon-ny brow; I whisper'd something in her / ear But what is that to you". The score ends with a double bar line.

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
 As tight as ony silk:
 O tuck a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk;
 Her hair was black as aye could wish,
 And sweet sweet was her mou;
 Oh, Jeany daintily can kifs,
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is no hennifon like mine,
 I have amaist nae care;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me fay, Alas!
 But hat's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I, with faithful heart, shall swear
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine;
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true;
 His joys were short of mine:
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due;
 All debts of love to her I'll pay,
 And what's that to you?

Little wat ye wha's coming.

Chorus.

572

* Lit - tle wat ye wha's com - ing little wat ye

Brisk

wha's coming little wat ye wha's coming Jock and Tam and

a's com - ing. Dun - can's com - ing Don - ald's com - ing

Co - lin's com - ing Ron - ald's coming Dougald's coming

Lauch - lan's com - ing A - lif - ter and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
 The Camerons and M^cLeans coming,
 The Gordons and M^cGregors coming
 A' the Dunnywastles' coming
 Little wat ye, &c.
 M^cGilvrey of Drumglafs is coming.

The Laird of M^cIntosh is coming,
 M^cCrabie and M^cDonald's coming,
 The M^cKenzie's and M^cPherfon's coming
 A' the wild M^cCraws' coming,
 Little wat ye, &c.
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming
 Withrington and Nairn's coming
 Little wat ye, &c.
 Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

They gloom, they glow, they look fae^{big,}
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
 They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuck
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.
 Little wat ye, &c.

O leave novels &c.

By Burns.

573. * O leave no - vels, ye Mauchline beiles, Ye're saf - er

Lively

at your spinning wheel; Such witching books, are baited hooks for rakish

books like Rob Mofsgiel. Your fine Tom Jones And

Grandifons they make your youthful fancies reel they heat your

brains, and fire your veins and then you're prey for Rob Mofsgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feelin heart but acks a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mofsgiel.
 The frank address, the soft carefs,
 Are worse than poisoned darts of steel,
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all fincse in Rob Mofsgiel.

O lay thy loof in mine lafs.

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

574

* O lay thy loof in mine lafs, In mine lafs, in mine lafs, And

A little lively.

swear on thy white hand lafs, That thou wilt be my ain.

Song

A flave to love's unbounded sway, He aft has wrought me mei- kle

wae; But now, he is my deadly fae, Un- less thou be my ain. O

Cho.^s

lay thy loof in mine lafs, In mine lafs, in mine lafs, And swear on

thy white hand lafs that thou wilt be my ain.

There's monie a lafs has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
 But thou art queen within my breast
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof &c.

Saw ye the Thane &c.

575 * Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride, Red anger in his

Slow

ee? I saw him not nor care he cry'd Red anger frights na me.

For I have stood whar honour bade, Tho' death trod on his heel; Mean

is the crest that stoops to fear, nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind, That through the ha' did sing;	Restore again that blooming rose, Your rude hand pluckt awa';
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound, The black woods round do ring.	Restore again his Mary fair, Or you shall rue his fa'.
'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd, Sic shouting on the wind.	Three strides the gallant Duncan tuk, He struck his forward spear:
Syne up he started frae his seat, A throng of spears behind.	Gae tell thy master, beardless youth, We are nae wont to fear.
Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said, Ane mair to follow me;	He comes na on a wassail rout, Of revel, sport, and play;
We'll meet you shouters by the burn, I guess wha they may be.	Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men, Lang ere this ruefu' day.
But wha is he that speids sae fast, Frae the slaw marching thrang?	The rose I pluckt o' right is mine, Our hearts together grew,
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam, The sky's blue face alang.	Like twa sweet roses on ae stak Frae hate to love she flew.
Some messenger it is, mayhap, Then not at peace I trow.	Swift as a winged shaft he sped; Bald Duncan said in jeer,
My master, Duncan bade me rin, And say these words to you.	Gae tell thy master, beardless youth, We are nae wont to fear. &c &c &c

Go plaintive sounds.

576

* Go plaintive sounds! and to the fair My secret

Slow

wounds im-part, Tell all I hope tell all I fear each

motion in my heart. But she methinks is list-ning

now to some en-chant-ing strain the smile that triumphs

o'er her brow seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
How'er my love repine,
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,
Her cheek undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours, I take no outward shew amiss,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
And be that softness, love.

Cease plaintive sounds, your task is done
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles return again,
Return each sprightly grace,
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,
Rove where they will, her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

Bruce's address to his Army.

By, Burns.

577

* "Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, "Scots, wham

With energy

Bruce has aften led, "Wel-come to your go-ry bed

"Or to vic-to-ry "Now's the day and now's the hour;

"See the front of bat-tle lours ap-proach proud

"Ed-ward's pow'r Chains and fla-ve-ry.

"Wha will be a traitor knave?

"Wha can fill a coward's grave?

"Wha sae bafe as be a slave?

"Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"By oppression's woes and pains!

"By your sons in servile chains!

"We will drain our dearest veins,

"But they shall be—shall be free!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law

"Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

"Free-man stand, or free-man fa',

"Caledonian! on wi' me!

"Lay the proud usurpers low!

"Tyrants fall in every foe;

"Liberty's in every blow!

"Forward! let us do, or die!"

578

Farewell ye fields, an' meadows green, the blest retreats of

Slowish

peace an' love Aft have I filent stol'n from hence With my young

fwain a while to rove. Sweet was our walk, mair sweet our

talk, among the beauties of the spring, an' aft we'd lean us

on a bank to hear the feath-er'd warblers sing.

The azure sky the hills around,
 Gave double beauty to the scene
 The lofty spires of Banff in view,
 On every side the waving grain:
 The tales of love my Janie told,
 In such a fast an' moving strain,
 Have so engag'd my tender heart,
 I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be fae kind,
 As favour my return once more,
 For to enjoy the peace o' mind,
 In those retreats I had before:
 Now, farewell! Banff! the nimble steeds.
 Do bear me hence, I must away,
 Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
 To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

O heard ye e'er of a silly blind Harper,

579

O heard ye of a silly Harper, Liv'd long in Loch_uwa_ben

A little Lively

town, How he did gang to fair England, To steal King Henry's wanton brown?

How he did gang to fair England To steal King Henry's wanton brown.

But first he gaed to his gude-wife
 Wi' a' the speed that he could thole:
 This wark, quo' he, will never work,
 Without a mare that has a foal.
 This wark, &c.

Quo' she, thou has a gude grey mare,
 That'll rin o'er hills baith low & hie;
 Gae tak' the grey mare in thy hand,
 And leave the foal at hame wi' me.
 Gae tak', &c.

And tak' a halter in thy hose,
 And o' thy purpose dinna fail;
 But wap it o'er the wanton's nose;
 And tie her to the grey mare's tail:
 But wap, &c.

Syne ca' her out at yon back yeate,
 O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
 For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,

Till she come hame to her ain foal.
 For she'll, &c.

So he is up to England gane,
 Even as fast as he can hie,
 Till he came to King Henry's yeate;
 And wha' was there but King Henry?
 Till he, &c.

Come in, quo' he, thou silly blind Harper;
 And of thy harping let me hear.
 O! by my sooth, quo' the silly blind Harp
 I'd rather hae stabbling for my mare.
 O! by my, &c.

The King looks o'er his left shoulder,
 And says unto his stable groom,
 Gae tak the silly poor Harper's mare,
 And tie her 'side my wanton brown.
 Gae tak, &c.

And ay he harped, and ay he carpit, Let in thy master and his mare.
Till a' the Lords gaed through the floor, Rise, quo' &c.

They thought the music was sae sweet,

That they forgat the stable door.

They thought, &c.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,
Till a' the nobles were sound asleep,

Than quietly he took aff his shoon,

And saftly down the stair did creep.

Than quietly &c.

Syne to the stable door he bies,

Wi' tread as light as light cou'd be,

And whan he opend and gaed in,

There he fand thirty good steeds & three.

And whan &c.

He took the halter frae his hose,

And of his purpose did na' fail;

He slipt it o'er the Wanton's nose,

And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He slipt &c.

He cad her out at yon back yeate,

O'er moss and muir & ilka dale,

And she loot ne'er the wanton bite,

But held her still gaun at her tail.

And she &c.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,

And did na fail to find the way,

For she was at Lochmaben yeate,

Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.

For she &c.

When she came to the Harper's door,

There she gae mony a nicher and snear,

Rise, quo' the wife, thou lazy lass,

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,

And lookit out through the lock hole;

O! by my sooth then quoth the lass,

Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.

O! by my &c.

Come haud thy peace, then foolish lass,

The moon's but glancing in thy ee.

I'll wad my hail fee 'gainst a groat.

It's bigger than e'er our foal will be

I'll wad &c.

The neighbours too that heard the noise,

Cried to the wife to put her in,

By my sooth, then quoth the wife,

She's better than ever he rad on.

By my &c.

But on the morn at fair day light,

When they had ended a' their cheer,

King Henry's wanton brown was stawn,

And eke the poor old Harper's mare.

King Henry's &c.

Alace! alace! says the silly blind Harper,

Alace! alace! that I came here,

In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal,

In England they've stawn my guid grey

In Scotland &c. (mare.

(per
Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind har

And of thy alacing let me be,

For thou shall get a better mare,

And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

For thou shall get a better mare,

And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

My Nannie O.

By Burns.

580

Behind yon hills where rivlets row, Are moors an' mofses
 many O; The win'try fun the day has clof'd, An' I'll away to Nannie
 O: The westlin winds blaws loud an' shrill, The night's baith mirk an'
 rainy O; I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, An' o'er the hill to Nannie O, To
 Nannie O to Nannie O; I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, An' o'er the hill to Nannie O

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young, My riches a's my penny fee,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O; And I maun guide it cannie O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue, But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 That wad beguile my Nannie O: My thoughts are a', my Nannie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie O;
 The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie O.

Our auld guidman delights to view,
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh
 An' has nae care but Nannie O;
 Come well, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will fend me O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie O:

The rain rins down &c.

582

The rain rins down thro' Mirry-land toune, Sae does it down the

Slow

Pa: Sae does the lads of Mirry-land town, When they play at the

ba. Sae does the lads of Mirry-land town When they play at the ba.

Then cut and cam the Jew's dochter,
Said, will ye com in and dine!
I winnae cum in, I winnae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

When bells wer rung, and mass was sung
And every lady went hame:
Than ilk lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She pow'd an apple reid and white.
To intice the young thing in:
She pow'd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweet bairn did win.

She row'd her mantil her about,
And sair sair gan she weep:
And she ran into the Jew's castle,
When they wer all asleep.

And she has taine out a little pen-knife, My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
And low down by her gair, I pray thee to me speak:
She has twin'd the young thing o' his life, "O lady rinn to the deep draw well
A word he ne'er spake mair. "Gin ye your son wad seek."

And out and cam the thick thick bluid, Lady Helen ran to the deep draw well,
And out and cam the thin; And knelt upon her knee,
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid; My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,
Thair was nae life left in. I pray thee speak to me.

She laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, gae now and play
With your sweet play-feres nine.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I downae spok.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep.
She cast him in a deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,
Its there we twa sall meet.

Cauld is the e'en in blast.

Written for this Work By Robert Burns.

583

Cauld is the e'en in blast O' Boras o'er the

A little Lively

pool, And daw in it is dreary, When birks are bare at Yule O

cauld blaws the e'en in blast When bitter bites the frost. And

in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost,

Ne'er sae murky blew the night That drifted o'er the hill, But

bonie Peg a Ramsey Gat grist to her mill.

O turn away those cruel eyes.

584

O turn a-way those cru-el eyes, The stars of my un-

A little Lively

-do-ing Or death, in such a bright dis-guise, May

tempt a se-cond woo-ing. Pun-ish their blind-ly

impious pride, Who dare contenin thy glo-ry; It was my

fall that de-i-fy'd Thy name and seal'd thy sto-ry.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee;
 Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will dethrone thee.
 Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel;
 And if thou burn'st one victim twice,
 Think thee both poor and cruel.

O Mary ye's be clad in silk.

585

O Ma-ry ye's be clad in silk, And dia-monds.

Slow

in your hair, Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride Nor

think on Ar-thur mair. Oh wha wad wear a silken gown, Wi'
tears blind-ing their ee, Be-fore I'll 'break my

true love's heart, I'll lay me down and die.

true love's heart, I'll lay me down and die.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a its virtues rare.
 The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forced to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and di-

So trust me when I swear to thee,
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could na buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay,
 The love he bears to me;
 And e'er I'm forcd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

There was a bonie lass.

By R. Burns.

586

There was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass, And she

Rather Stow

lo'ed her bonie lad-die dear; Till wars loud a-larms tore her

lad-die frae her arms, Wi' mo-nie a sigh and a tear

O-ver sea, o-ver shore, where the can-nons loud-ly roar; He

still was a strang-er to fear: And nocht could him quail, or his

bosom assail, But the bo-nie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

No Churchman am I,

By R. Burns

587

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, No statesman nor soldier to

Lively

plot or to fight, No sly man of business contriving a snare, For a big belly'd

bottle's the whole of my care. The Peer I don't envy I give him his bow I

scorn not the peasant tho' ever so low; But a club of good fellows like

those that are here And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the Squire on his brother's horse,
 There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
 But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.
 The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make,
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
 'Life's cares they are comforts' — a maxim laid down
 By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown,
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:
 Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours Masonic prepare for to throw;
 May every true brother of th' Compass and Square
 Have a big belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

The Highlander's lament

588

A Soldier for gallant achievements renown'd, Revolv'd in des-

Very Slow

pair the campaigns of his youth; Then beating his bosom & sighing pro-

found, That malice itself might have melted to ruth. Are these he exclaim'd the re-

sults of my toil, In want & obscurity thus to retire? For this did compassion re-

strain me from spoil, When earth was all carnage and heaven was on fire?

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air
 The vari'd horizon henceforth I abhor,
 Give me death the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
 Which fortune can offer or nature implore.
 To madness impell'd by his griefs as he spoke,
 And darting around him a look of disdain,
 Down headlong he leapt from a heaven t'wring rock,
 And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

Supposed to have been written in the year 1746

There's news lasses news.

609

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

589

There's news lasses news, Gud news I've to tell, There's a

A little lively.

Chorus

boat-fu' o' lads Come to our town to sell. The

wean wants a cradle, An' the cradle wants a cod, An' I'll

no gang to my bed Un-til I get a nod.

Wather, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,

Do what ye can,

I'll no gang to my bed

Till I get a man.

The wean &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig

As made o' yird and stane;

And waly fa' the ley-crap .

For I maun till'd again.

The wean &c.

Hard is the fate of him who loves.

590

Hard is the fate of him who loves, yet dares not tell his

Slow

trembling pain, But to the sympa-thetic groves, But to the lonely

ist'-ning plain. Oh, when she bless-es next your shade, Oh,

when her foot-steps next are seen, In flow'ry tracts a -

long the mead, In fresh-er maz-es o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh thy sorrows in her ear.
 O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
 Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
 But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear;
 True love and friendship are the same.

Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid. See P. 1st Vol. 1st

591

Ye Mus-es nine, O lend your aid, In-spire a ten-der

Rather Slow

bash-ful maid That's late-ly yield-ed up her heart, A conquest

to love's pow'rful dart. And now would fain at-tempt to sing, The

prais-es of my High-land King, And now would fain at

-tempt to sing, The praises of my Highland King.

Jamic, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day,
That ushers in the sprightly May;
When first I felt love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare;
Good nature, honesty, and truth,

Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
"Tis you I love; come come away,
Unto the kirk, my love, let's hy;
Oh me in rapture, I'd comply!
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Nelly's Dream.

592 * *Slow*

Bright the moon a-boon yon mountain, Upwards tow'ring
 shed her light, Nothing heard but fal-ling waters, Thro' the
 shades of si-lent night. Nel-ly on her couch re-clin-ing
 fet-ter'd in the arms of sleep, whilst in dreams the wand'ring
 Fan-cy fights for William on the deep.

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a common time signature (C). It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and a triplet. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

Loud she hears the tempest howling,
 High she sees the billows roll,
 Lightnings flash and thunders roaring,
 Spreading terror to each Pole.
 On the sea-beach this beholding,
 Trembling dreads her William, lost,
 Yes, she cries, he comes I see him,
 O how pale, 'tis William's Ghost.

Sighs and tears, and wild distraction,
 Rend the maiden's tender breast,
 William! why my William shun me,
 O my heart is sore oppress'd.
 Oft you swore you lov'd me dearly,
 How have I your favour lost
 Bear me to him, rolling billows
 Let me clasp my William's Ghost.

Nelly's mind thus wildly raving,
 Deeply drown'd in sleep the while,
 William in the harbour landing,
 Went to meet his Nelly's smile,
 At her window gently calling,
 Wake my love, 'tis day almost,
 Yes, she cry'd I'll come to thee,
 Yes, I'll follow William's Ghost.

Clear at length the sun was shining,
 Sleep forsook her death-like throne,
 Nelly started from her slumbering,
 Glad her dream and night was gone.
 Fair and spotless as the lily,
 Laden with the morning dew,
 Nelly ran to meet her William,
 With a heart both kind and true.

O that I had ne'er been Married.

613

Corrected by R. Burns.

593

O that I had ne'er been married, I wad ne-ver

A little Lively

had nae care, Now I've got ten wife and bairns An'

they cry crow-die ever mair. Ance crow-die twice crowdie

Three times crow-die in a day; Gin ye crow-die

o-ny mair Ye'll crow-die a' my 'meal a-way.

Added by BURNS.

Wae fu' Want and Hunger fley me,
 Glowrie by the hallan en;
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But ay I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie &c.

O gin my love were yon red rose.

594

O gin my love were yon red rose, That grows upon the castle

Slow, with much expression.

wa! And I mysell a drap of dew, In to her bonny breast to fa. Oh!

there beyond ex-pression blest I'd feast on beauty a the night; Seal'd

on her silk-saft falds to rest, Till flyed a_wa by Phœbus light.



Nae luck about the house when our goodwife's awa.

595

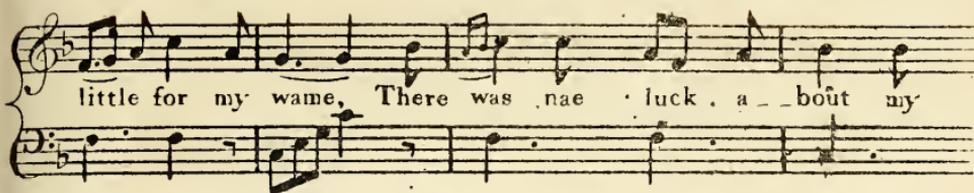
You sing of your good-man frae hame, But whiles they're

Lively

best a_wa, For tho' the good-wife stay at hame, John

does not toil for a. There was nae luck a_bout tny house An'

Continued.



For first the bairns raise frae their bed, The hens went to the neighbour's house,
 And for a piece did ca', And there they laid their eggs,
 Then how could I attend my work, When simple John reprövd them for't,
 Who had to answer a' They broke poor chuckie's legs.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Their hands and faces was to wash, He little thought of Maggy's toil,
 And coaties to put on, As she was by the fire,
 When every dud lay here and there, But when he got a trial o't,
 Which vexed honest John. He soon began to tire.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

He made the pottage wanting salt, First when he got the task in hand,
 The kail sing'd in the pot, He thought all would go right,
 The cutties lay under his feet, But O he little wages had,
 And cogs they seem'd to rot. On Saturday at night.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

The hen and birds went to the fields, He had no gain from wheel or reel,
 The glaid she whipt up twa, Nör varn had he to seel,
 The cow wanting her chaff and stra', He wish'd for Maggy hame again,
 Stood routing thro' the wa'. Being out of money and meal.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

The bairns fought upon the floor, The deil gade o'er Jock Wabster,
 And on the fire did fa', His loss he could not tell.
 Which vex'd the heart o' honest John, But when he wanted Maggy's help,
 When Maggy was awa'. He did nae good himsell.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

With bitten fingers and cutted thumbs, Another want I do not name,
 And scriechs which piercd the skies, A' night he got no ease,
 Which drove his patience to an end, But tumbld grumbld in his bed,
 Wish'd death to close their eyes. A fighting wi' the flaes.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Then went to please them with a scon, Wishing for Maggy's muckle hips,
 And so he burnt it black, Whereon the flaes might feast,
 Ran to the well with twa new cans, And for to be goodwife again,
 But none of them came back. He swore it was nae jest.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale.

596

Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale, And they lov'd o - ther

Slow

weel, Frae ev'ning late to morning aire, Of loving liv'd their fill Frae

ev'ning late to morning aire, Of loving liv'd their fill.

"Now, Willie, gif you love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,
Gar build it speedilie.

And we will sail the sea sae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll sail to some bonie isle
Stands fanely midst the sea."

But lang or ere the ship was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'd na lout.

"Now, Willie, gif ye love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kiss'd her cheek and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

"Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said,
Now leave me to my lane;

Was neverman in a lady's bower
When she was travelling?"

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane:
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

"Now come, now come, Willie, she said,
Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie."

He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kiss'd him cheek and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By the ae light of the moon.

And with bim came the bold Baron,
And he spake up wi' pride,

"Gar seek, gar seek the bower maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bride.

"My maidens, easy with my back,
And easy with my side.

O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bride."

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.

Chorus

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

597

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's modest and discreet

A little Lively

Mally's rare Mal-ly's fair, Mal-ly's ev'-ry way compleat. As

I was walking up the street, A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, But

O the road was ve-ry hard, For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
 And twere more fit that she should sit,
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan white neck,
 And her two eyes like stars in skies,
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Tell me Jessy tell me why

598 * Tell me Jessy tell me why My fond suit you

Slow

still de-ny Is your bo-som cold as snow did you

ne-ver feel for woe. Can you hear with-out a sigh

Him com-plain who for you could die, If you e-ver

shed a tear Hear me Jes-sy hear O hear.

Life to me is not more dear,
 Than the hour brings Jessy here,
 Death so much I do not fear
 As the parting moment near.
 Summer smiles is not so sweet,
 As the bloom upon your cheek,
 Nor the chrysal dew so clear,
 As your eyes to me appear.

These are part of Jessy's charms
 Which the bosom ever warms
 But the charms by which I'm stung,
 Comes, O Jessy, from thy tongue.
 Jessy be no longer coy,
 Let me taste a lovers joy,
 With your hand remove the dart
 And heal the wound that's in my heart.

I care na for your een sae blue.

599 * I care na for your een sae blue, Un-less your heart to

Slow

me is true, Nor yet that dim-pled cheek o' thine, Till

ev-ry smile ye hae be mine: D'ye think i'll roose your shape an'

Air, Or ca' you bo-nie sweet an' fair Un less ye can 'to

me impart, A look which say ye hae my heart.

I care na for your witching tongue,
 Which pleases a' an' pierces some,
 Until I hear that tongue declare
 Nane but mysel your heart shall share
 An' gin that saft an' melting ee,
 Doth beam on me an' only me
 My fate is seal'd, then I am thine
 An' let me die when I repine

Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

600

The night is my departing night, The morn's the day I maun a-

A little lively-

-wa, There's no a friend or fae o' mine, But wishes that I were awa. What

I hae done for lack o' wit I never never can re-ca' I trust ye're

a my friends as yet, Gude night and joy be wi' you a'.

By Burns.

A DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu! May Freedom, Harmony, and Love.
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie! Unite you in the grand Design,
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd Few, Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 Companions of my social joy! The glorious Architect Divine!
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie, That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', Still rising by the plummet's law,
 With melting heart, and brimful eye, Till Order bright completely shine,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa', Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

Of't have, I met your social Band, And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
 And spent the chearful, festive night; Justly that highest badge to wear!
 Of't, honour'd with supreme command, Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
 Presided o'er the Sons of light: To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 And by that Hieroglyphic bright, A last request permit me here,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw! When yearly ye assemble a',
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write One round, I ask it with a tear,
 Those happy scenes when far awa'! To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

F I N I S .