



SCOTTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

— BY —

R. A. SMITH.

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MARY SCOTT.

Hap-py's the love that meets re-turn; But mine meets on-ly

slight and scorn; O that I ne'er had seen you tow-er, That shiel-ters

Yar-row's fair-est flow-er! 'Mang cir-dling hills that guard her

hame, The hon-ny loch's clear wa-ters gleam, And there lives she, whom

nane can mar-row, Ma-ry Scott, the flow'r o' Yar-row.

When tender pity fills her ee,
The dewy bloom's less fair to see;
But when she smiles, the beaming light
Is morning breaking thro' the night.
There is a charm, there is a spell,
And nane e'er had it but her sel';
It's east owre me, in dool and sorrow,
For Mary Scott, the flower o' Yarrow.

She's heard my vows; but a's in vain;
Her love I never can obtain;
She kens my truth, she sees my tears,
But nae hope my anguish cheers.
Tho' sad's my fate, I'll ne'er complain;
Wha luv's her ne'er can love again:
Oh! where's the maid that e'er could marrow
Mary Scott, the flower o' Yarrow.

HE'S DEAR DEAR TO ME.

Slow.

As I was a-walking by your ri-ver side, My heart it was sair, and

O but I was wea-ry; I thought up-on the days that are past and

gone, 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, But I'll write a letter, an' send it to him,
 An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather; An' tell him he's dearer to me than ony,
 I ken a bonny laddie that lo'es me weel, An' that I've ay been sorry, sin' he gaed awa',
 But he's far far awa', that I lo'e far better. Tho' he's far far awa', yet he's dear dear to me.

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

THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

Lively.

The wi-dow can bake, The wi-dow can brew, The wi-dow can

shape, and the wi-dow can sew, And mo-ny braw things the

wi_dow can do; Then wap at the wi_dow, my lad_die. With

con_rage at_tack her baith ear_ly and late, To speak and to

speer her ye man_na be hlate; Speak well and do bet_ter; for

that's the best gate To win a young wi_dow, my lad_die.

The widow she's youthfu', and nane can compare.
 Wi' her that I ken; she has a good skair.
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What could you wish better your fortune to crown,
 Than a widow, the honniest toast in the town,
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a'ye can plead,
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 Wi' a' bonny gay widow, my laddie.
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk, is the mid - night hour, And loud the

tem - pests roar, A wae - fu' wan - d'r'er seeks thy tow'r, Lord

Gre - gory ope thy door. An ex - ile frae her

fa - ther's ha', An' a' for lov - ing thee; At least some

pi - ty on me shaw, If love it may - na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonnie Irvine - side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin - love
 I lang, lang had denied.
 How often did'st thou pledge and vow,
 Thou would'st for ay be mine,
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It n'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast;
 Thou dart of Heav'n, that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest!
 Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare, and pardon' my false love,
 His wrongs to Heav'n and me.

BESSY'S BEAUTIES SHINE SAE BRIGHT.

Bes-sy's beau-ties shine sae bright, Were her mo-ny

vir-tues few-er, She wad ev-er gie de-light, And in-

trans- port make me view her. Bon-ny Bes-sy, thee a-lane

Love I, nae-thing else a-bout thee; With thy com-li-

ness I'm taen, And lan-ger can-na live with-out thee.

Bessy's heart is warm and true,
 Busy working ay I find her;
 At making haggis, saps, or broo,
 There's no ane, that I ken, dings her.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 The guid sense thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love from growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 Those enchanting sweets in plenty
 Maun entice a thousand lovers.
 'Tis not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon;
 Petted things can nought but tease ye.

NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET AGAIN, MY LOVE.

Slow

Nae mair we'll meet a-gain, my Love, by yon burn-side; Nae
 mair we'll wander thro' the grove, by yon burn-side: Nae a-gain the mavis' lay Will we
 hail at close o' day, For we nae a-gain will stray, down by yon burn-side.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and lyrics. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood, on yon burn-side,
 O'er haunts which we sae aft hae trod, by yon burn-side;
 Still the walk wi' me thoult share,
 Tho' thy foot can never mair
 Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn-side.

Now far remov'd frae ev'ry care, 'boon yon burn-side,
 Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'boon yon burn-side;
 And, if angels pity know,
 Sure the tear for me will flow,
 Who must linger here below, down by yon burn-side.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS BEAT BONNIE O.

Slowly

Dum-bar-ton's drums beat bon-ny, O, When they mind me

The musical score consists of one system of music with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. It is marked 'Slowly'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

o' my dear John-ny, O! How hap-py am I, When my Sol-dier is

by, And he ca's me his dear and his An-nie, O. My

Sod-ger a-lone can de-light me, O, Nae ith-er need ev-er in-

vite me, O; By sea or land, I trow, Wi' him I'll fol-low

thro', Nei-ther dan-ger nor ill will af-tright me, O'.

A Soldier has honor and bravery, O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O;
 He minds no other thing,
 But his true love and his king,
 And all other care wad be slavery, O.
 Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O,
 Farewell a' my friends and my Daddie, O;
 I must stay nae mair at home,
 But follow wi' the drum,
 And whenever it beats I'll be ready, O.

CAN AUGHT BE CONSTANT AS THE SUN.

Air—Twine weel the Plaidin'.

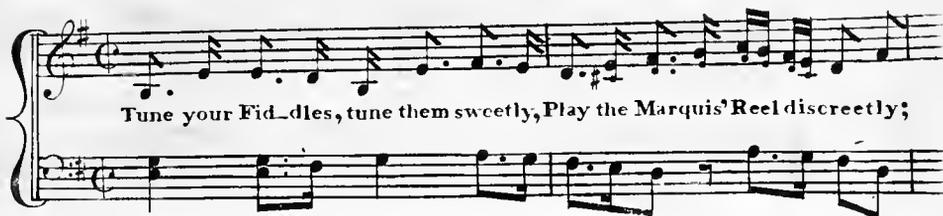
Slow

Can aught be constant as the Sun, That
makes the world sae cheery? Yes, a' the powers can
wit-ness be, The love I bear my dear-ie. But what can mak the
hours seem lang, An' rin sae wond'rous dreary?—What, but the space that
lies be-tween me and my on-ly dear-ie.

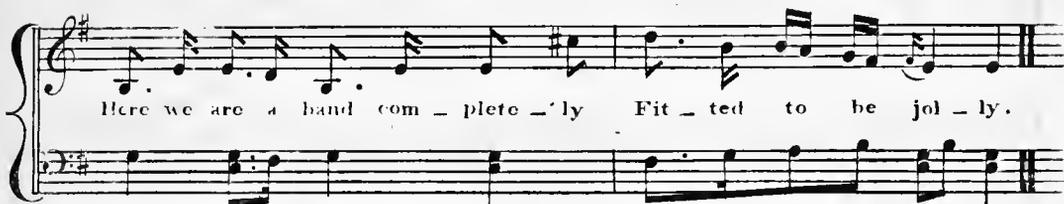
Than fare ye weel, wha saw me aft,
Sae blythe, baith late an' early!
An' fareweel scenes o' former joys
That cherish life sae rarely!
I'll hail Lochaber's valleys green,
Where mony a rill meanders;
I'll hail wi' joy its birken bowers,
For there my Mary wanders.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

Air Marquis of Huntly's Reel.



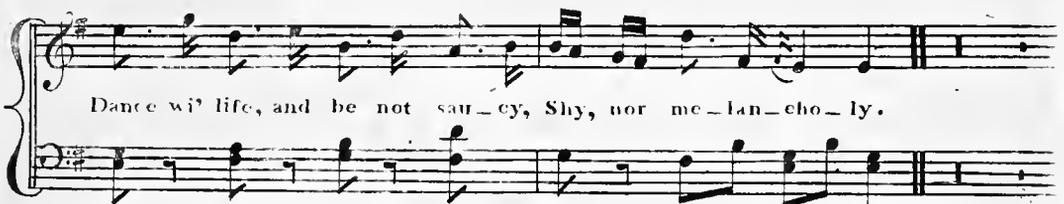
Tune your Fid-dles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly;



Here we are a hand com - plete - ly Fit - ted to be jol - ly.



Come, my boys, glad and gau - die, Ev - ry young - ster choose his las - sie;



Dance wi' life, and be not sar - cy, Shy, nor me - lan - cho - ly.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
 Clouded brows and drumly faces;
 Look about, and see their Graces,
 How they smile delighted!
 We'll extol our noble master,
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor;
 Heaven preserve him from disaster!
 So we pray in duty.
 We'll extol, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
 In refin'd and worthy measure;
 Merit, gain him choicest treasure
 From the Royal Donor.
 Famous may he be in story,
 Full of days and full of glory;
 To the grave, when old and hoary,
 May he go with honour.
 Famous may, &c.

Gordons join our hearty praises,
 Honest, tho' in homely phrases;
 Love our chearful spirits raises,
 Lofty as the lark is;
 Echoes waft our wishes daily
 Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
 Sound o'er every hill and valley,
 Blessings on our Marquis.
 Echoes waft, &c.

HERE AWAY, THERE AWAY.

Here a_wa, there a_wa, Here a_wa, Wil_lie; Here a_wa,

there a_wa, here a_wa, hame: Long ha'e I sought thee,

dear ha'e I bought thee; Now I ha'e got_ten my Wil_lie a_gain

The lang muir I ha'e follow'd my Willie;
Thro' the lang muir I ha'e follow'd him hame
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Come, Love, believe me, naithing can gricve me;
Ifka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

THERE'S NA'E LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is

this a time to tawk o' wark? Mak' haste, set by your wheel. Is this a time to

tawk o' wark, When Co_lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the Quay; And

see him come a shore. For there's nae luck a_bout the house, There's nae luck a-

va; There's lit_tle plea_sure in the house When our Gudeman's a_wa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle hat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain Gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.

There actwa hens upo' the bank,
'S been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
It's a' for love of my Gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-satin gown,
For I maun tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain Gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought -
In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn bye, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I hut live to mak him blest,
I'm blest ahoon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought -
In troth I'm like to greet.

AY WAKIN', OH!

Slow

Ay wakin', oh! Wakin' ay and wearie, Sleep I can get nane For

thinking o' my dearie: *ad lib:* Ay wakin', oh! When first she came to town, They

call her Jess Mc Earlin; But now she's come an' gone, They call her the wand-

rin' dar-*lin'*. Ay wak-*in'*, oh! wak-*in'* ay and wea-*rie*, Sleep I can get

nane. For think-*ing* o' my dea-*rie*: Ay wak-*in'*, oh!

The musical score is written in a grand staff with two systems of staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score includes lyrics and musical notation for both the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. There are several 'ad lib' markings and repeat signs with first and second endings. The lyrics are: 'Ay wakin', oh! Wakin' ay and wearie, Sleep I can get nane For thinking o' my dearie: Ay wakin', oh! When first she came to town, They call her Jess Mc Earlin; But now she's come an' gone, They call her the wand-rin' dar-*lin'*. Ay wak-*in'*, oh! wak-*in'* ay and wea-*rie*, Sleep I can get nane. For think-*ing* o' my dea-*rie*: Ay wak-*in'*, oh!'

Her Daddie loes her weel,
 Her Minnie loes her better;
 I loe the lass myself,
 But, wae's me, I canna get her,
 Ay wakin', oh! &c.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleeping;
 I think upo' her scorn,
 'And hleeer my ten wi' greeting,
 Ay wakin', oh! &c.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm cerie,
 Rest I canna get
 For thinking o' my Dearie,
 Ay wakin', oh! &c.

THE DAY RETURNS.

17

Air, The 7th of Nov!

The day re- turns, my ho- som burns, The bliss- fu'

day we twa did meet, Tho' win- ter wild in- tem- pest toil'd, Ne'er

sim- mer sun was hauf sae' sweet. Than a' the pride that

loads the tide, And cross- es o'er the sul- try line, Than king- ly

robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more- it made thee mine.

White day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give; -
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The Iron hand that breaks our bands,
It wrecks my bless- it breaks my heart.

THE DREAM.

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gai-ly in the

sun-ny beam, List'ning to the wild birds sing-ing, by a falling crystal stream.

Straight the sky grew black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;

Trees with a-ged arms were war-ing, O'er the swell-ing, drum-like wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning;
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
 But long or noon, loud tempests, storming,
 A, my flowery bliss destroy'd,
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
 Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I hear a heart shall support me still.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

The winter it is past, And the sum-mer's come at last, And the

small birds sing on ev'-ry tree: The hearts of these are glad, but

mine is ve-ry sad, For my true love has par-ted frae me.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST. Old Set.

The win-ter it is past, and the sum-mer's come at last, And the

small birds sing on ev'-ry tree: The hearts of these are glad, but

mine is ve-ry sad, For my true love has par-ted frae me.

The rose upon the brier, by the water runnin' clear,
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
 But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,
 Forever so constant and true;
 But his is like the moon that wanders up and down
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove;
 I pity the pains you endure;
 For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;

Hereded sheep, or gath-erd slaes, Wi' my dear lad, on Lo-gan braes. But,

waes my heart! thae days are gane, And I, wi' grief, may herd a-lane, While

my dear Lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me, an' Lo-gan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preaching meet wi' me;
 Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing thae days are gane—
 Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I darnaer out, or sit alane,
 Sit alane, beneath the tree
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
 O! could I see thae days again,
 My lover skaithbless, an' my ain!
 Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

AND WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

Old Ballad.

There was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men, She biggit her

bonny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool, and a

well - a - day, Come down the green gate, and come here a-way.

When bonny young Johnnycam o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra' things:
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill e'e:
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sic a pother twixt him and his mother,
That were-na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee,
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain e'en, an ye trow na me.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow:
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new,
But now he let'st wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel dowie upo' the corn-bing.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like o' me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was-na for Johnny:
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And, wow, gin I were but young for thee!

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

Jacobite.

Slowly,
with
Expression.

It was a' for our rightfu' King We left fair Scotland's strand; It was a'
for our rightfu' King We e'er saw I_rish land, my dear, We e'er saw I_rish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main,
My Dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
All on the Irish shore,
And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore,
My Dear,
Adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hæe parted frae my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My Dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' are bound to sleep,
I think on them whare far awa,
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My Dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLOW.

Of a' the airts the win' can blow, I dear-ly loe the west, For
there the bon-nie Las-sie lives, The Las-sie I loe best: Tho'
wild-woods grow, and rivers row, Wi' monie a hill be-tween, Baith

day and night my fan-cy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean.

see her in the dew-y flow'r, Sae love-ly, sweet, and fair;

hear her voice in il-ka bird, Wi' mus-ic charm the air; There's

no a bon-nie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw, or green, Nor

yet a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin' win's, blaw soft
 Among the lealy trees;
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 An' bring the lassie back to me,
 That's ay sae neat an' clean:
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes,
 Hae past atween us twa!
 How fain to meet, who wae to part,
 That day she gade awa!
 The pow'r's aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That name can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

MY JO JANET.

Lively

"O, sweet Sir, for your cour-te-sie, When ye come by the

Bass, then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek-ing-

glass, then." 'Keek in-to the draw well, Jan-et, Jan-et, And

there ye'll see your bon-nie sell, My jo Jan-et'.

"Keeking in the draw well clear,
 What if I should fa'in? then,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd mysell for sin, then?"
 'Haud the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Haud the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet'.

"Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,
 For the love you bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then?"
 'Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 A pair may gain ye half a year,
 My jo Janet'.

"But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a maukin,
 If they should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be tawking?"
 'Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet'.

"Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse, then?"
 'Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My jo Janet'.

Old Ballad.

Since all thy vows, false maid, are blown to

air, And my poor heart be-tray'd to sad des-pair;

In to some wil-der-ness My grief I will ex-press,

And thy hard-heart-ed-ness, O cru-el fair,

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat;
 I'll drink the spring;
 Cold earth shall be my seat:
 For covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
 Nor tears for me;
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequie.
 The courteous red-breast, he
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee,
 O thou deceitful dame,
 Whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

HEY! CA' THRO?

With
Spirit.

Up wi' the earls o' Dy-sart, And the lads o' Buck-ha-ven,

And the Kim-mers o' Lar-go, And the Las-ses o' Le-ven.

Hey! ca' thro', ca' thro'; For we hae mic-kle a-do:

Hey! ca' thro', ca' thro'; For we hae mic-kle a-do.

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

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

THE MOON'S O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

Gaelic Air.

The moon's o'er the moun-tain, The watch-fires are burn-ing,

Bright-ly beam-ing on tow'r and tree; The white foam is heav-ing, the

tide is re_turn_ing, Drea_ri_ly howls the storm o'er the lea. The

song of the mer_maid is heard from the rock, Where Con_ner is

toss'd, where the foam it is broke; Mo_na lis_tens the wail, As she

sighs to the gale, "O Con_ner, lov'd Con_ner, re_turn to me!"

But ne'er shall young Conner return on the billow,
 Lovely maiden, he's in the sea,
 He ne'er shall awake from his green sea-weed pillow,
 Fairest Mora, to come to thee.
 From the dark hill of Ullin she views from afar,
 His fleeting form vanish with morning's bright star,
 And, in sad'ning despair,
 Gives her sighs to the air,
 "O Conner, lov'd Conner, return to me!"

The hall of thy Conner is dark now, and dreary,
 Sad it echoes to minstrelsy:
 The tempest is hush'd, and the morning is cheery,
 Lovely Mora, it smiles to thee,
 But ne'er to the eye of the maid comes delight;
 She hails not the morning, but flies from its light;
 O'er the wide wat'ry waste
 Still a ling'ring look casts,
 And sighs, "O my Conner, return to me!"

* M. ACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Slowish

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des-tin-
 ie! * M^c Pher-son's time will not be long, On yon-der gal-lows-tree. Sae
 rant-ing-ly, sae wan-ton-ly, Sae daunt-ing-ly gaed he; He
 play'd a-spring, and dan-c'd it round, Be-low the gal-lows-tree.

Chor^o

O what is death but parting breath?

On many a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again!

* Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these hands from off my hands,

And bring to me my sword;

And there's no a man in all Scotland,

But I'll brave him at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;

I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart I must depart,

And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Now, farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,

And all beneath the sky!

May coward shame distain his name,

The wretch that dare not die!

Sae rantingly, &c.

* A noted freebooter & celebrated player on the fiddle, which they say he broke in a rage just before he was hanged, because none of his Clan came to his rescue.

E-di-na! a!t thy wa's hae rung The hamely sangs thy min-strals

sung, An' now the Po-et warms, to pay To thee his tri-bu-ta-ry lay; Fu'

hap-py, could he ance but rear Ae verse that's wor-thy o' thy care, Fu'

hap-py, could he ance but rear Ae verse that's wor-thy o' thy care.

O leeze me on thy bonny Dames,
 A spotless list o' dearest names,
 Whase peerless charms, ance on a day,
 First gart me tune the rustic lay;
 Lang kent for wit an' beauty rare,
 Arc famed Edin's daughters fair.

Nor are thy Sons less dear to Fame,
 Or far afield, or here at hame;
 Alike their glory's kent afar,
 Or in the senate, or in war,
 O may they never bare the steel,
 Save for their King an' Country's weal!

Sweet maids! whan simmer decks the green,
 Leave ye the dinsome busy scene,
 An' to the sylvan meadows stray,
 As e'enin' skirts the lee-lang day;
 Or trace the vale romantic, sweet,
 Whare healthan' her S! Bernard meet.

Edin! may'st thou never tine
 The name o' worth, which now is' thine,
 Lang may thy Sons the wreath retain,
 The wreath which merit maks their ain,
 O, lang may modest worth adorn
 Thy Daughters, fair as simmer morn.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Jacobite.

Lively

Come, boat me o'er, come, row me o'er, Come, boat me o'er to

Charlie; I'll gie John Ross an_oth_er baw_bee, To boat me o'er to Char_lie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea, We'll o'er the wat_er to Char_lie; Come

weel, come woe, we'll gath_er and go, And live or die wi' Char_lie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him;
 But O, to see auld nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him.
 We'll o'er, &c.

I swear and vow, by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early!
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.
 We'll o'er, &c.

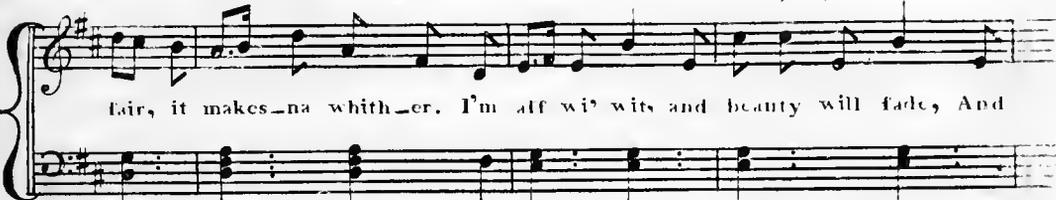
GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

Lively

Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land, And we for life shall



gang the-gith-er; Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne-ver demand; Or black, or



fair, it makes-na whith-er. I'm aif wi' wits and beauty will fade, And



blood a-lane is no worth a shill-ing; But she that's rich, her



mar-ket's made, For it-ka charm a-bout her is kil-ling.

Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se nê'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in hands and bags,
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue, in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows;
 And naething can match our modern sparks,
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

DONALD AND FLORA.

When mer-ry hearts were gay, Careless of aught but play, Poor Flora.

slept a-way, Sad-ning to Mo-ra. Loose flow'd her yellow hair, Quick heav'd her

bosom, fair, And thus to the tron-bled air She ven-ted her sor-row.

“Loud howls the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary waste;
Haste thee, O Donald haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since, in a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

“Where now is Donald dear?
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
Say, is he still sincere,
To his lov'd Flora?—
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turn'd to stone—
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless, in Mora!

“Come, then, oh come away!
Donald, no longer stay—
Where can my rover stray
From his dear Flora.—
Ah! sure he ne'er could be
False to his vows and me—
O heaven! is not yonder he,
Bounding in Mora!”

“Never, O wretched fair!
Sigh'd the sad messenger;
“Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow,
Donald, thy love, lies low!
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

“Well fought our valiant slain,
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British glory.
But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory!
Youth, love, and loyalty,
Fell, far from Mora.

“Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
Donald expiring said,
Give it to yon dear maid,
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell,
Donald thus bravely fell,
And, in his last farewell,
He thought on his Flora?”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sighed out, “Poor Flora!”
Ah Donald! ah well a day!
Was all the fond heart could say,
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

THE LASS OF PEATY'S MILL.

The lass of Peaty's mill, So bonny, blythe, and gay, In

spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a-way. When

ted-ding of the hay Bare-head-ed on the green, Love

midst her locks did play, And sparkled in her een.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart
 When'er she spoke or smild.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will.
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Old Set.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame, And

a' the wea-ry world to rest are gane, The waes of my heart la' in

show-ers frae my ee, While my gude-man lies sound by me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Modern Set.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But saying a

crown, he had nae-thing he-side; To make the crown a pound my

Ja-mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He

had na been gane a week but on-ly twa, When my Fa-ther brake his

arm, and our Cow was stown a-wa; My Moth-er she fell sick, and my

Ja-mie at the sea, And auld Ro-bin Gray came a court-ing me.

My Father couldna work, and my Mother couldna spin;
 I toild day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!
 My heart it said, na; I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
 The ship it was a wreck! why didna Jenny die?
 Oh! why was I spared to cry, waes me!

My Father urged me sair; my Mother didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
 So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me,
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
 I saw my Jamie's wrath for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said I'm come home for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;
 And why do I live to say, waes me!
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

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

me; Ye pow'rs, what pain do I en--dure, When soft i--de--as mind me! Soon

as the rud--dy morn dis--play'd, The beam--ing day en--su--ing, I

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

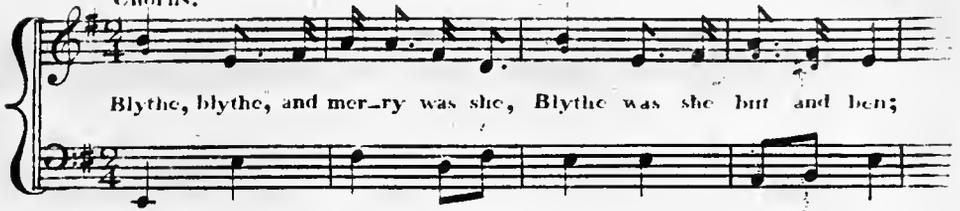
In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center:
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

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

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

Air— Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

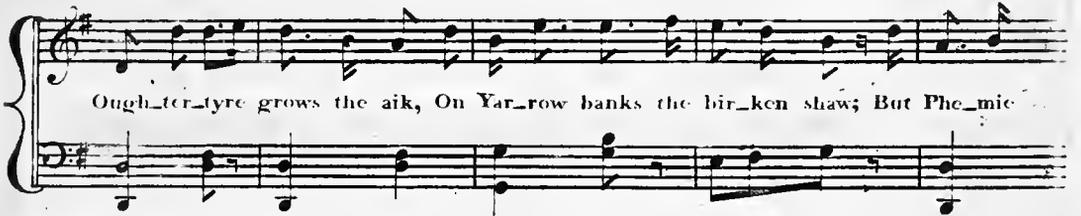
Chorus.



Blythe, blythe, and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben;



Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen-tur-it Glen. By



Ough-ter-tyre grows the aik, On Yar-row banks the bir-ken shaw; But Phe-mie



was a bon-nier lass Than braes of Yar-row ev-er saw. Repeat the Chorus.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smiles were like a Simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meck
 As ony lamb upon a lea;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phe-mie's ee.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Wieland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
 But Phe-mie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

RATTLIN, ROARIN' WILLIE.

Lively

O Rattlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair, An' for to sell his

fiddle, An' buy some oth_er ware; But parting wi' his fiddle, The saut tear

blin't his ee, And Rattlin, roarin Willie Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine:
 "If I should sell my fiddle,
 The world would think I was mad,
 For mony a rantin day
 My fiddle and I hae had?"

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit hen;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Was sittin at yon boord-en;
 Sittin at yon boord-en,
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Gaelic Air.

Slow

How plea - sant the shanks of the clear wind - ing

De - von, With green - spread - ing bush - es and flow'rs bloom - ing

fair! But the bon_ni-est flow'r on the banks of the Devon Was once a sweet

bud on the braes of the Ayr. Mild be the Sun on this

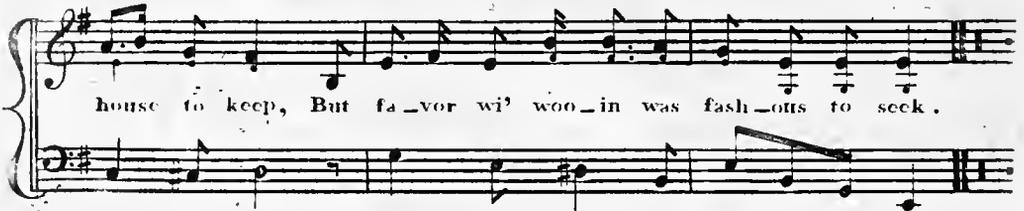
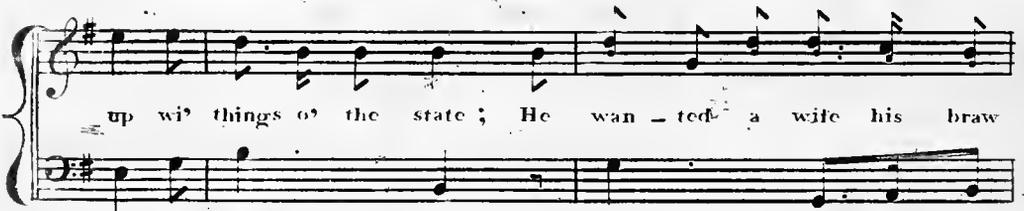
sweet - blush - ing flow - er, In the gay ro - sy morn as it

bathes in the dew; And' gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal

show - er, That steals on the eve - ning each leaf to re - new.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes!
 With chill, hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizest
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.



Down by the dyke-side a Lady did dwell, Mistress Jean was makin the elder-flower wine,
At his table head he thought she'd look well, "An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
M' Clisk's ae daughter o' Clavers-ha Lee, She pat aff her aprin, and on her silk gown,
A penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree. Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

His wig was weel-pouther'd, and as guid as new; An' when she cam ben, he boued fu' low,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; An' what was his errand, he soon let her know;
He put on a ring, a sword and cockt hat, Amazed was the Laird, when the Ladye said, na,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that. An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turned awa.

He took the grey mear, an' rade cannily, Dumfunder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie;
An' rapt at the yett o' Clavers-ha Lee; He mounted his mear; he rode cannily,
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedil' ben, And atten he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen?" She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

Same Air.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lily's light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;

The May-flower and the eglantine,
May shade a brow less sad than mine!
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage he due;

The myrtle hough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her boasted roses bought so dear;
Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue,
With heath and hare-bell dipt in dew.

On favor'd Erin's crest be seen,
The flower she loves of emerald green;
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Ma-rion, And wear in the

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma-rion, But

nae half sae sweet as thee. The sun shines sweet my

Ma-rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink's in her ee;
And fain wad I marry my Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gif them a' to my Marion
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown;
And vow! but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town,

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green,
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES.

Same Air.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

O plight me your faith, my Mary!
And plight me your lily white hand
O plight me your faith, my Mary!
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

THE MAID OF SELMA.

Slow

In the hall I lay, I lay in night, mine eyes half-clos'd, half-

clos'd with sleep—Soft mu-sic came to mine ear, Soft mu-sic came to mine

ear; It was the maid of Sel-ma! Her breast was white as the

bo-som of a Swan, Trem-bling on swift rol-ling waves; She

rais'd the night-ly song, For she knew that my soul was a stream, a

stream that flow- - - d at pleas-ant sounds. Mix'd with the

Harp a - rose her voice, Mix'd with the harp a - rose her

voice; She came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam on the

dark heav - ing o - cean, When it bursts from a cloud and

bright - ens the foam - y side of a wave! 'Twas like the

mem' - ry of joys that are past, plea - sant and mourn - ful to the

Soul; plea - sant and mourn - ful to the Soul.

pp *c* *c* *c*

ROMANTIC ESK.

Air, *Fy, gar rubher o'er wi' strac.*

Ro-mantic Esk! what sweets combine To deck ilk bank and bow'r o'

thine! For now the sun, wi' cheer-fu' rays, Glows saft o'er a thy wood-y braes.

Where mo-ny a na-tive wild flower's seen, 'Mang birks, and briers, and i-vy

green, An' a' the woodland chorists sing Or gleesome flit on wan-ton wing.

Save where the lintie, mournfully,
Sabs sair aneath the rowan tree,
To see her nest, an' young anes a',
By thoughtless reaver borne awa,
Return, return the mourner's care,
An' ease the bosom o' despair,
Nor clead your little heart in steel,
For nature bad' the lintie feel.

How fresh and fair, o' varied hue,
Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Buccleugh!
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;
An' Mavisbank, sae rural gay,
Looks bonny down the woodland brae!
But doubly fair ilk darling scene
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.

Now tent the Pentlands, westlins seen,
O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green;
Where, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes
Rin bleating round the sunny knowes.
An' mony a little siller rill
Steals gurgling down its mossy hill;
An' vernal green is ilka tree,
On bonny braes o' Woodhouselee!

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

Jacobite.

O, this is no my ain house, I ken by the big-gin o't; For

bow-kail thrive at my door cheek, And thistles on the rig-gin o't. A

Carle came wi' lack o' grace, Wi' un-co gear and un-co lace; And

sin' he claim'd my dad-dy's place; I dow-na bide the trig-gin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
 My daddy's door it wadna steek;
 But bread and cheese wer' his door-check,
 And girdle-cakes the riggin o't.
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose,
 To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't?
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bigg'd his housie weel,
 By dint o' head, and dint o' heel,
 By dint o' arm, and dint o' steel,
 And muckle weary priggin o't.
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
 To come a hunder mile and mair,
 For to ding out my daddy's heir,
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
 O, this is no my ain house, &c.

LADY KENNEMURE.

Jacobite.

Slow with Expression

O wash that drap frae aff your cheek, Sae like the her-ric

red; An' wash that drap frae aff your brow, 'Mang ra-ven locks maist hid.

"I wadna wash that drap awa,
That is aneath my ee,
I wadna wash that frae my brow,
For a that earth cou'd gie.

"When mercy fled, and guilty hands
Profan'd the haly rude,
Twas a' that pity had to spare,
Twa draps o' Kennemure's blude."

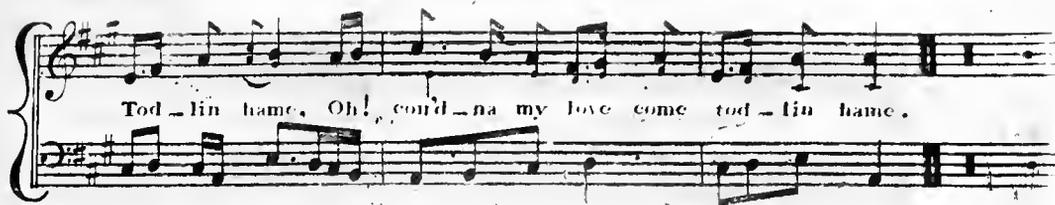
TODLIN HAME.

When I hae a sax-pence un-der my thumb, Then I'll get

cre-dit in il-ka town. But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gae

Chorus.

by; O po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny. Tod-lin hame,



But I mind the time when things were nae sae,
 Welcome I was, and ay bidden to stay —
 Ah! now I am wed to a sad drunken man,
 And he'll no mend, do a' that I can.

Todlin hame, &c.

Be warn'd, ye maids, and tak my advice,
 Before that ye wed, be canny and nice;
 Ye may hae your plagues (for wha has nae care?)
 But an ill-married wife has surely far mair!

Todlin hame, &c.

Be sure your lad's guid, and keeps the kirk weel,
 Frae Markets and Fairs was ne'er seen to feet;
 If active, and honest, and never seen fou,
 Repentance, like mine, will no fa' to you.

Todlin hame, &c.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

(Same Air.)

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
 Mang Lords, and mang Ladies, a' covered wi' braws;
 At feasts made for Princes, wi' Princes I've been,
 Whar the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een.

But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,

As the bonny blythe blink o' my ain fireside.

Anc' mair, Heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friens o' my youth, I cordially mingle;
 Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad;
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,

O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae faldschood to dread, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
 There's nae hall sure as ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,

O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Ye gal - lants bright, I redd you right, Be - ware o'
 bon - nie Ann; Her come - ly face sae fu' o' grace, Your
 heart she will tre - pan. Her een sae bright, like stars by
 night, Her skin is like the swan; Sae jimp - ty taed her
 gen - ty waist, That scarce wad met a span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van;
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann,
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man;
 Ye gallants braw, I redd you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.

Air—My Apron Dearie.

My Sheep I've for-sa-ken, and left my Sheep hook, And all the gay

haunts of my youth I've for-sobk; No more for A-myn-ta fresh gar-lands I

wove, For am-bi-tion I said, would soon cure me of love. O

what had my youth with am-bi-tion to do! Why left I A-myn-ta! Why

broke I my vow! O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook re--

store, And I'll wan-der from love and A-myn-ta no more!

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

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

BONNIE WINSOME MARY.

For-tune, frown-ing most severe, Forc'd me from my native dwelling;
 Part-ing with my friends so dear Cost me ma-ny a bit-ter tear: But,
 like the clouds of ear-ly day, Soon my sor-rows fled a-way, When
 bloom-ing sweet, and smil-ing gay, I met my win-some Ma-ry.

Wha can sit wi' gloomy brow,
 Blest wi' sic a charming lassie?
 Native scenes, I think on you,
 Yet the change I canna rue;
 Wand'ring many a weary mile,
 Fortune seem'd to low'r the while;
 But now she's gien me, for the toil,
 My bonnie winsome Mary.

Tho' our riches are but few,
 Faithful love is aye a treasure;
 Ever cheary, kind and true,
 Nane but her I'er can loe.
 Hear me, a' ye Powers above!
 Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!
 While I live I'll constant prove
 To my dear winsome Mary.

THE SOLDIER MAY TOIL.

Air—Alloa House.

The soldier may toil on the Sun-beat-en plain, And the ma-ri-ner

far o'er the ocean may roam; But the whisper of Hope can at -

temper his pain, And the dream of his fancy conduct him to

home. Ah! there once was a time I delighted to weave Bright prospects of

hope, ev'ry care to relieve; But the spirit of rapture my

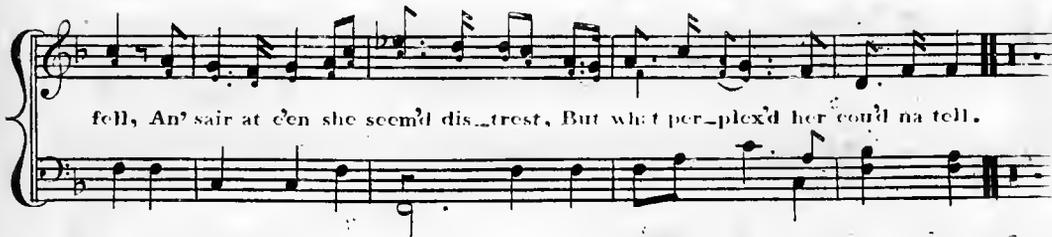
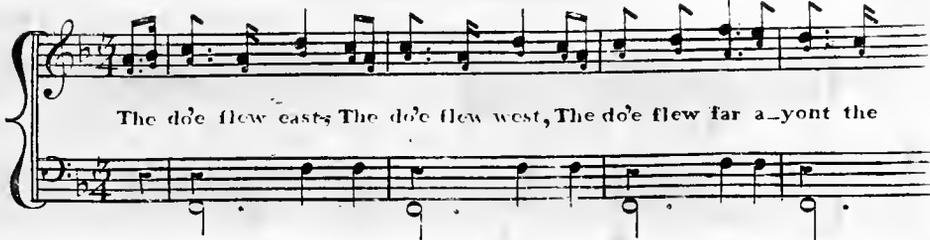
bosom beguile, And Fancy, untrue as my Emily, smiled.

When Nature is hush'd to her deepest repose,
 When the moon-beams appear on each mountain to sleep;
 Then the slave is forgetful to number his woes,
 The guilty to tremble, the wretched to weep.
 Why then cannot silence my quiet restore?
 Why fly my short slumbers, nor visit me more?
 Ah! slumber could once ev'ry tumult beguile,
 And in every soft dream was my Emily's smile.

Return, ye loved visions, all powerful to please!
 Let me wake to the woes of remembrance no more;
 Not the magic of sound can my bosom appease,
 Oh, then the best solace of sorrow restore!
 Let me dream of the joys I delighted to weave,
 When Hope could each frown of my fortune relieve,
 When the spirit of rapture my bosom beguiled,
 And Fancy, untrue as my Emily, smiled.

SIR DAVID GRÆME.

Old Ballad.



And aye she cried, 'curdoo, curdoo;
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair,
An' lookit sad, an' wad na bow
To taste the sweetest finest ware,

The Lady pined, an' sair did blame,
She didna blame the bonnie dōe,
But sair she blamed Sir David Græme,
Wha now to her had broke his vow.

He swore by moon an' stars sae bright,
An' by their bed o' grass sae green,
To meet her there on Jammas night,
Whatever dangers lay between.

To risk his fortune and his life,
To hear her frae her Father's ha';
To gie her a' the lands o' Drife,
An' wed wi' her for gude an' a'.

The day arrived, the evening came,
The Lady looked wi' wistful c'e,
But, O, alack! her noble Græme,
Frae c'en to morn, she could na see.

An' ilka day she sat an' grat,
An' ilka night she sat an' wrought,
Ay wighen this, and blaming that,
But o' the cause she never thought.

The Sun had drunk frae Reider fells,
His beverage o' the morning dew;
The wild fowl slumbered in the dells,
The heather hung its bells o' blue.

The lambs were skipping on the brae,
In airy notes the shepherd sung;
The laverock hail'd the joond day:
Till ilka thicket sweetly rung.

The Lady to her window hied,
That opened, o'er the banks o' Tyne,
An' O, alack! she said, an' sighed,
"Sure every heart is blythe but mine.

"Whare hae ye been my bonnie dōe,
That I hae fed wi' bread and wine;
As roving a' this country through,
Oh! saw ye this lause love o' mine?"

The dōe sat on the window tree,
An' held a lock o' yellow hair;
She perched upon the Lady's knee,
An' carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean? it is the same,
Or ense my senses me beguile;
This lock belonged to David Græme,
—The flower o' a' the British Isle.

"It isna cut wi' sheers or knife,
But frae his haffits torn awa!
I ken he lo'd me as his life,
But this I canna read ava?"

The dōe flew east, the dōe flew west,
The dōe flew far ayont the fell,
An' back she cam wi' panting breast
At ringing o' the castle bell.

She lighted on the hally tap,
An' cried, 'curdoo' an' hung her wing;
Then flew into the Lady's lap,
An' there she dropped a diamond ring.

"What can this mean? it is the same,
Or ense my senses me beguile!
This ring I gave to David Græme,
The bravest Knight in Britain's Isle?"

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

Bold

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the

heath-cov-er'd moun-tains of Sco-tia we come; Where the Ro-mans en-

dea-vor'd our coun-try to gain, But our An-ces-tors fought, and they

fought not in vain. Such our love of li-ber-ty, our Coun-try, and our

laws, That, like our An-ces-tors of old, we stand by free-dom's cause; We'll

brave-ly fight, like he-roes bright, for ho-nour and ap-plause, And de-



No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;
 Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our land may the fury of faction long cease;
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.
 Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
 That they, like our Ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
 May defy the French, with all their arts to alter our laws.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Moderately
Slow

Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bonnie bloomin heather,

There I met a bonnie Lassie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

Chorus

O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther, O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther;

There I met a bonnie Lassie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

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

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

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

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

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, on the APPROACH of SPRING.

Slow

Now na_ture hangs her man_tle green On il_ka blooming
tree, And spreads her sheets o' dais_ies white Out owre the gras_sy lea.

Now Phoebus clears the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sov'reign o' Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword,
That thro' thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps, on wounds of woe,
Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Air-Drumion Dubh.

Slow

Mu - sing on the roar - ing o - cean, Which di -

vides my love and me; Wea - ry - ing Heav'n in

warm de - vo - tion, For his weal where - e'er he be.

Hope and fears alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whispering spirits, round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'.

I'M WEARIN' AWA, JOHN.

With tender
Feeling

I'm wear - in a - wa, John, Like snaw - wreathes in

thaw, John, I'm wear - in a - wa To the land o' the leal. There's

nae sor-row there, John, There's nei-ther cauld nor care, John; The

day's ay fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith guid and fair, John;
 And oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrows sel wears past, John,
 And Joy's a comin fast, John,
 The Joy that's ay to last,
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that Joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh! dry your glist'ning ee, John,
 My saul lang's to be free, John,
 And Angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
 Your day its wearin thro', John,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John,
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

Same Air.

Here's to the king, Sir,
 Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,
 And to every honest man
 That will do't again.

Chorus.

Fill, fill your bumpers high!
 Drain, drain your glasses dry!
 Out upon them, fy! fy!
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the Chieftains
 Of the gallant Hieland clans;
 They hae done mair than ance,
 And will do't again. — Fill, &c.

When you hear the trumpet sounds,
 Tutti, taiti, to the drums;
 Up your swords, and down your guns,
 And to the louns again. — Fill, &c.

Here is to the king o' Swede,
 Fresh laurels crown his head,
 Shame fa' every sneaking blade
 That winna do't again. Fill, &c.

Rut to mak a' things right, now,
 He that drinks maun fight, too,
 To shew his heart's upright too,
 And that he'll do't again. Fill, &c.

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARD.

The bonniest lass in a' the ward, I've of-ten heard them

tell-ing, She's up the hill, she's down the glen, She's in yon lone-ly

dwell-ing. But nane could bring her to my mind, Wha lives but in the

fan-cy, Is't Kate, or Shu-sie, Jean, or Meg? Is't Ef-fie, Bess or Nan-cy?

Now lassies a' keep a gude heart,
 Nor e'er envie a comrade,
 For be ye're e'en black, blue, or grey,
 Ye're bonniest aye to some lad.
 The tender heart, the cheering smile,
 The truth that n'er will falter,
 Are charms that never can beguile,
 And time can never alter.

—*—
 THERE'S NOUGHT THAT EVER MET THE EYE. Same Air.

There's nought that ever met the eyes,
 In land or on the ocean,
 Or soared unto the Heav'n high,
 That fill'd wi' sic emotion;
 As she, sae rare, sae sweet and fair,
 Without a peer to equal;
 Wi' her nane dare ere to compare,
 She's bonniest in the warl.

As op'ning day, in summer morn,
 Resplended in its beaming;
 As Borealis illumes the night,
 In all its beauties streaming.
 As the fairy queen in airy dreams,
 In fancy draws nae parallel;
 So bonnie Bell in beauty seems
 The Peer o' a' the warl.

SONG OF SELMA.

Second Voice.

Ullin, Carril, and Ry-no, Voi-ces of the days of old, let me

Plaintive

Ullin, Carril, &c.

hear you while yet it is dark, to please and a-wake my soul. I hear you

not, ye sons of song, in what hall of the clouds is your rest? do you

touch the Shadowy harp, Rob'd with morning mist, where the ris-ing Sun comes

forth from his green-head-ed waves? from his green head-ed waves?

BONNIE WEE THING.

Slowly

Bon-nie wee thing, can-ny wee thing, Love-ly wee thing, wert thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bo-som, Lest my Jew-el I should tine,

Wish-ful-ly I look, and lan-guish, In that bon-nie face o' thine;

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

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
 Bonnie wee thing, &c.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

Old Ballad.

Slow

"O whare hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son? O whare hae ye

been Lord Ro-nald, my son?" "I hae been to the wild wood, O make my bed

soon, For I'm wea-ry wi' the hun-tin', and fain wad lie down,

"Whare gat ye ye're dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
 Whare gat ye ye're dinner, my bonny young man?"
 "I dined wi' my true luv; Mither mak my bed soon,
 For I'm sick, and I'm weary, and fain wad lay down!"

"What got ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
 What got ye to dinner, my bonny young man?"
 "I got eels boiled in broo; Mither mak my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lay down!"

"And whar's a' ye're blood-hounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
 O! whar's a' ye're blood-hounds, my darling young man?"
 "O they swell'd, and they died, and so will I soon,
 For life is a burden, that I maun lay down!"

"I've rocket your cradle, Lord Ronald, my son,
 I've rocket your cradle, Lord Ronald, my son;
 My heart it was light, and the tears they ran down,
 But oh! they were sweet, and they dried again soon.

"I've made ye're bed saftly, Lord Ronald, my son,
 I've made ye're bed saftly, Lord Ronald, my son;
 Gin it be deadly poison, that makes ye lie down,
 They're happin' ye now, that will follow ye soon!"

THOU ART GANE AWA FRAE ME, MARY.

Thou art gane a-wa, Thou art-gane a-wa, Thou art gane a-

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

cheat-ed them and me, Ma-ry! Un-til this hour I ne-ver

thought, That ought could al-ter thee, Ma-ry; Thou'rt still the mis-tress

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

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

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live,
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
 Till friends forget, and I forgive,
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then, farewell, of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;
 For all the world, I'd not endure
 Hall what I've done for thee, Mary.

There's cauld Kail in A_ber_deen, There's castocks in Stra'bogie, And

morn and een, they're blythe and bein, That haud them frae the co_gie. Now

haud ye frae the Co_gie lads, O bid ye frae the co_gie, I'll

tell ye true, ye'll ne-ver rue, O' pas-sin by the co_gie.

Young Will was braw and weel put on,
 Sae blythe was he and vogie,
 And he got bonny Mary Don,
 The flower o' a Strathbogie;
 Wha wad hae thought, at wooin time,
 He'd e'er forsaken Mary!
 An' taen him to the tipplin trade,
 Wi' boozin Rob and Harry.

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,
 She scarce could lift the ladle,
 Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,
 She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.
 Her weddin' plenishin was gane,
 She never thought to borrow;
 Her bonny face was waxin wan,
 And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ae winter night,
 Some later nor the gloamin';
 He's tean the rig, he's miss'd the brig,
 And bogie's oure him foamin'.
 Wi' broken banes, out our the stanes,
 He creepit up Stra'bogie,
 And a the night he pray'd wi' might
 To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again,
 She's neither sick nor silly;
 For auld or young nae sinfu' tongue
 Could e'er entice her Willie.
 And aye the sang thro Bogie rang,
 O had ye frae the cogie,
 The weary gill's the sairest ill
 On braes o' fair Stra'bogie.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.*

Fought 1679.

Oh, Bil - ly, Bil - ly, bon - ny Bil - ly, Will ye gang
to the wood wi' me? We'll ca' our horse hame mas - ter - less, And
gar them trow slain men are we. Oh no! oh no! says Ear - lis -
toun, For that's the thing that can - na be, For I am sworn to
Both - well - hill, And I maun ei - ther gae or die.

So Earlstoun rose in the morn,
An' mounted by the break o' day,
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.
"Now fareweel Faither, fareweel Mither,
An' fare ye weel my Sisters three;
An' fare ye weel, sweet Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

* This Battle was fought on the 22^d June 1679. — after a brave resistance; the

So they're awa to Bothwell-hill,
 An' waly they rode bonnily!
 When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin,
 He rade to view their companie.
 "Ye're welcome, Lads," then Monmouth said,
 "Ye're welcome, brave Scots Lads, to me;
 And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,
 The foremost o' your companie!"

"But yield your weapons ane an' a,
 O yield your weapons, Lads, to me;
 For gin ye yield your weapons up,
 Ye'se a gae hame to your countrie!"
 Out up then spak a Lennox lad,
 And waly he spak bonnily!
 "I winna yield my weapons up
 To you or ony man I see!"

Then he set up the flag o' red,
 A' set about wi' bonny blue.
 "Sin' ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
 See that ye stand by ither true!"
 They stell'd their cannons on the height,
 And shower'd their shot down in the bow,
 An' beat our Scots lads even down;
 Thick they lay slain on every knowe!

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
 Or yet the arrow frae the bow,
 Sae our brave lads fell even down,
 An' they lay slain on every knowe!
 "G, haud your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
 "Gie quarter to yon men for me!"
 But wicked Clavers swore an oath,
 His cornet's death reveng'd sud be.

"O, haud your hand," he cry'd again,
 "If ony thing you'll do for me;
 Haud up your hand, you cruel Graham
 Else a rebel to our king ye'll be!"
 Then wicked Clavers turn'd about,
 I wot an angry man was he;
 And he has lifted up his hat,
 And cry'd, "God bless his Majestic!"

Then he's awa to London Town,
 Ay, e'en as fast as he can dree;
 Fausse witnesses he's ta'en wi' him,
 And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his bodie.
 Alang the brae ayont the brig,
 Mony brave men lie cauld and still;
 But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
 The bludie battle o' Bothwell-hill.

ammunition of the Presbyterians failing, they were forced to retreat leaving
 700 dead upon the field.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

Wilt thou be my dear-ie? When sor-row wrings thy

gen-tle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the trea-sure

of my Soul, That's the love I bear thee, I swear and vow that

on-ly thou Shall ev-er be my dear-ie. On-ly thou, I

swear and vow, Shall ev-er be my dear-ie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thoult refuse me;
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

What beau-ties does Flo-ra dis-close! How sweet are her

smiles up-on Tweed! Yet Ma-ry's, still sweet-er than those, Both

na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed. No dai-sy, nor sweet blush-ing

rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing

gent-ly thro' those, Such beau-ty and pleas-ure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell;
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
 Is it on the sweet-winding Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

O FARE YE WEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

Slowly

O fare ye weel, my auld wife! Sing bum, bi_ber-y, bum, O

fare ye weel, my auld wife! Sing bum. O fare ye weel, my auld wife! The

steerer up o' sturt and strife; The maun's a-boon the meal the night wi' some.

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,

Sing bum, hiberny, bum;

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,

Sing bum.

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,

Nae mair wi' you, my wife, I'll haff;

The maun's aboon the meal the night

Wi' some.

SHALL MONARCHY BE QUITE FORGOT.

Shall mon-ar-chy be quite for-got As it has ne-ver

been? An-ti-qui-ty be root-ed out, As an in-glo-rious

thing? Are Scots_men's hearts now grown so cold, the veil so o'er their

mind, That they can nev_er once re_flect On auld lang_syne?

In days of yore ye were renown'd,
 Conspicuous was your fame;
 All nations they did honour you,
 Your loyalty proclaim.
 Ye did your ancient rights maintain,
 And liberty defend,
 And scorn'd to have it said, that you
 On England wou'd depend.

But now, alas! your case is chang'd,
 You're wretched and forlorn;
 The hardships now impos'd on you,
 By slaves are only borne.
 Oh, Caledon! oh, Caledon!
 It grieves me sair, to think
 That thy sad story written is
 With blood, instead of ink.

Scotland, what will become of thee,
 When England sits thy judge?
 Thy banish'd Prince, so long from home,—
 O! where is thy refuge?
 To ruin thee, 'tis plainly seen,
 Must be their black design;
 And will you not, alas, reflect
 On auld lang_syne?

How oft have our forefathers bled
 In Liberty's defence!
 And shall we have it stol'n away
 By German Influence?
 The price of so much Scottish blood
 Shall we consent to tine?
 And will we not, alas! reflect
 On auld lang_syne?

When great Sir William Wallace liv'd,
 And his accomplices,
 Scotland he undertook to free,
 When she was in distress.
 Likewise Sir James, the black Douglas,
 Who liv'd in Bruce's reign;
 These men spar'd not their blood to spill,
 For auld lang_syne.

Sir John the Gramic, of lasting fame,
 Shall never be forgot;
 He was an honour to his name,
 A brave and valiant Scot.
 The great Montrose, the brave Dundee,
 Were heroes in their time;
 They spar'd not ev'n their mother's sons
 For auld lang_syne.

Then, let the ever glorious name
 Of Wallace lead you on;
 Wallace, to save his Country, oft
 Engag'd near ten to one:
 Then, rouse, my valiant Scottish lads,
 Behave yourselves like men,
 And Scotland yet again shall see
 Her auld lang_syne.

DAINTY DAVIE.

'Twas wearing gay and late at e'en, Whanyouunkers leave the daffin' green, Puir

Da_vie, frae his dough_ty wark, Cam hame a' jar_pit i' the dark; A

lang auld timmer stool drew near; The new peat_in_gle glan_cin clear, Which

sent its reek, in co_lumns black, Out-through an opening in the thack. There Chorus.

dain_ty Da_vie sat at wark, Bo_nie Da_vie, dain_ty Da_vie, An'

there he wad con_ten_ted crack, Bo_nie dain_ty Da_vie.

He gat his wark-looms a' in tune,
 To ca' some tackets in his shoon,
 Tho' wi' a lang day's wark sair dung,
 He was as stiff's a reisted rung.
 His Meg set by her spinnin-wheel,
 (Whilk helps the heavy time to steal
 Awa,) an' sturdily did hook
 The parritch-kettle on the crook;
 While Dainty Davie, &c.

I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Iloe na a lad-die but ane, He loes na a las-sie but me; He's

wil-lin to mak' me his ain, An' his ain I am wil-lin to be. He

coft me a rok-ley o' blue, And a pair o' mit-tens sae green, He

vow'd that he'd ev-er be true, And I plighted my troth yes-treen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordlie degree,
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me.
 His words mair than sugar are sweet,
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa;
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they la!

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

"O Menie! the heart that is true,
 Has something mair costlie than gear;
 Ilk een, it has naething to rue;
 Ilk morn, it has naething to fear.
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store;
 And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 True love is the guardian o' mine."

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

Jacobite.

The auld Stuarts back a-gain, The auld Stuarts back again; Let

how—let whigs do what they can, The Stuarts will be back a-gain. But

wad they come, or dare they come, A-fore the bagpipe and the drum, We'll

ei-ther gar them a' sing dumb, Or "auld Stu-arts back a-gain?"

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
 A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
 And a' that look and think it lang
 For auld Stuarts' back again.
 Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
 Out-owre the hills and far away,
 And saw the lords were there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldebair,
 And mony mae, whatreek again.
 Then what are a' their westland crews?
 We'll gar the tailors tack again;
 Can they forstand the tartan trews,
 And auld Stuarts back again.

GLENARA.

Gaelic Air.

O, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale, Where a band cometh!

slowly with weep-ing and wail? 'Tis the chief of Glen_a-ra la-

ments for his dear; And her Sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud,
 Her Kinsmen, they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
 They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
 To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
 "Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn;
 Why speak ye no word?"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
 Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
 So spake the rude chieftain—no answer is made,
 But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud",
 Cried a voice from the Kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
 'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem,
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween,
 When the shroud was unclos'd and no lady was seen,
 When a voice from the Kinsman spoke louder, in scorn,
 'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
 I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem,
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream?"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
 And the desert reveal'd, where his lady was found;
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty was borne;
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

THOU LING'RING STAR.

Thou ling'ring star! with less'ning ray, That lov'st to greet the

early morn, A-gain thou ushers't in the day My Ma-ry from my soul was torn.

O Ma-ry, dear depar_ted shade! Where is thy place of bliss_ful rest? Seest

thou thy lo_vcr low_ly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

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

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

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

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

75

Haud a_wa, hide a_wa, Haud a_wa frae me, Don - ald;

What care I for a' your wealth, An' a' that ye can

gie, Don - ald? I wad - na lea' my law - land lad, For

a' your gowd and gear, Don - ald, Sae tak your plaid, an'

o'er the hill, An' stay nae lan - ger here, Don - ald. End with the Chorus.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald,
 And in bonnie Scotland's isle,
 Like him there is nane, Donald.
 Haud awa, hide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald,
 What care I for a' your wealth,
 An' a' that ye can gie, Donald.

He wears nae plaid, or tartan hose,
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald,
 But, oh, he wears a faithfu' heart,
 And love blinks in his ee, Donald.
 Sae, Haud awa, hide awa,
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
 To be a hieland Queen, Donald.

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose, that grows upon the Castle wa', An'

I mysel a drap o' dew, Down on that red rose I wad fa! O my love's

Chorus.

bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, O my love's bonnie and fair to see; Sae bonnie the

bud, an' sweet the blōs_som, Blythe is the blink comes frae her ee.

O were my love yon liliac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
 An' I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing.
 O my love's, &c.

How I wad mourn when it was torn
 By Autumn wild an' Winter rude;
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.
 O my love's, &c.

CAULD FROSTY MORNING.

'Twas past ane o' clock in a cauld fros-ty morning, When cankert No-

vember blows o-ver the p-fain, I heard the kirk-bell re-peat the loud warning, As

rest-less, I sought for sweet slum-ber in vain. Then up I a--

rose, the sil-ver moon shin-ing bright, Moun-tains and val-ies ap-

pear-ing all bo-a-ry white; Forth I would wan-der a--mid the pale

si-lent night, Sad-ly to muse on the cause of my pain.

Could shone the silver moon, heedless of sorrow,
 Stars, dimly twinkling, were lost in her beam,
 The fair sun, preparing to rise on the morrow,
 Ne'er shone more lovely on fountain or stream.
 Not sun, moon, and stars, bright shining by night or day,
 Nature all hoary, or blooming all fresh and gay,
 E'er from the sad heart its sorrow can charm away,
 While restless it seeks for sweet slumber in vain.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Music by R. A. Smith.

Solemnly

Not a drum was heard, nor a fu - ne - ral note, As his

course to the ram - part we bur - ied; Not a Sol - dier dis -

charg'd his fare - well shot O'er the grave where our he - ro was

Espress:

bur - ied. We bur - ied him dark - ly, at dead of night, The

sods with our bay - on - ets turn - ing; By the strugg - ling moonbeam's

2^d Verse.

mis - ty light, And the lan - tern dim - ly burn - ing. No

useless coT-fin en-clos'd his breast, Nor in sheets Nor in

sbrouds we bound him; But he lay like a war-ri-or

tak-ing his rest, With his mar-tial cloak a-round him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of

sor-ow; But we sted-fast-ly gaz'd on the face of the

dead, And we bit-ter-ly thought of the mor-row.

3^d Verse.

We thought, as we hal-low'd his nar-row bed, And smooth'd down his

low-ly pil-low, That the foe and the stranger would tread on his

head, And we far a-way on the bil-low, Light-ly they'll

talk of the spi-rit that's gone, And o'er his cold ash-es up-

braid him; But no-thing he'll reck, if they let him sleep

4th Verse.

on, In the grave where a Bri-ton has laid him, But

half our heavy task was done, When the clock told the hour for re-

tir-ing, And we heard by the distant and ran-dom

gun, That the foe was sud-den-ly fir-ing.

Slow-ly and sad-ly we laid him down, From the field of his

fame, fresh and go-ry; We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a

With animated Feeling.

stone, But we left him a-lone in his glo-ry.

MY DEAR HIELAND LADDIE O.

Slow and
Tender.

Blythe was the time when he see'd wi' my Fa - ther, O;

Hap - py were the days when we herd - ed the - gi - - ther, O;

Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaid - ie, O, An'

would to be mine, my dear Hie - land Lad - die, O.

But ah! was me! wi' their sodgering sac gaudy, O,
The Laird's wys'd awa my braw Hieland Laddie, O;
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sac cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sac blythe wi' my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

The bla-berry banks now are lonesome an' dreary, O;
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sac clearly, O;
Silent are the rocks that echoed sac gladly, O,
The wild-melting strains o' my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen;
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen;
He pu'd me the rowan, frae the wild steep sac giddy, O;
Sac lovin' an' kind was my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes! and fareweel my doggie, O!
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sac cheerless an' scroggie, O!
Fareweel, Glenfeoch! my Mammy an' my Daddie, O!
I maun lea' you a' for my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWAY.

51

Jacobite.

With
Spirit.

O Kenmure's on and a-way, Willie, O Kenmure's on and a-

wa; And Kenmure's Lord's the bravest Lord that e-ver Gal-l-i-wa

saw. Success to Kenmure's band, Willie, Success to Kenmure's

band; There's no a heart that fears a Wlug that riles by Kenmure's hunt.

Here's Kenmure's health in Wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in Wine,
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
 O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude
 Afore the battle drap.
 His Lady's cheek grew red, Willie,
 His Lady's cheek grew red,
 When she saw his steely jups put on,
 And saw his battle blade.

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa,
 And here's the flower that I like best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

WHEN BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

When brav-ing ang-ry win-ter's storms, The lof-ty Och-els
 rise, Far in their shade my Peg-gy's charms First-blest my wond'ring eyes.
 As one, who by some sa-vage stream A lone-ly gem sur-veys, As-
 ton-ish'd dou-bly marks its beam, With art's most po-lish'd blaze,

Blest be the wild-sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r.
 The tyrant death, with grim controul,
 May seize my fleeting breath,
 But tearing Peggy from my soul,
 Must be a stronger death.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the e'en-in sun up-on? The

dear-est maid's in yon town, That e'en in sun is shin-in on, Now

hap-ly down yon gay-green shaw, She wan-ders by yon spreading tree; How

blest, ye flow'rs, that round her blaw, Ye catch the glan-ces o' her ee! How

blest, ye birds, that round her sing, And wel-come in the blooming year! And

dou-bly wel-come be the spring, The sea-son to my Jean-ie dear!

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
 Among the broomy braes sae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
 Without my fair, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome' Lapland's dreary sky;
 My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
 The sinking sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beams ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
 I, careless, quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Jeanie dear:
 For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart:
 And she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

ETTRICK BANKS.



On Ettrick banks ae simmer night, At gloaming when the sheep came
hame, I met my las_sie, braw and tight, While wand'ring thro' the mist her lane.
My heart grew light, I wan_ted lang To tell my las_sie a' my mind, And
ne_ever, till this hap_p-y hour, A can_ny meet_ing could I find.

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

All day, when we hae wrought enough,
When winter frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
I'll clear my voice, and sing a sang;
I'll tak my buik, and read to thee,
And winter nights will no be lang.

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**WHEN FRAGRANT WINDS AT EVE BLEW SAFT.**

When fragrant winds at eve blew saft,  
And nature cheer'd each rural scene,  
My lowly Cot with joy I left,  
To meet my Mary on the green.  
The linnet sung, upon the bush,  
His farewell to the setting sun;  
Far down the glen, the speckled thrush  
Took up the Strain ere he had done.

Same Air.

The zephyrs shed their balmy breath,  
And kiss'd the flow'rets on their way,  
While Levern's limpid stream, beneath,  
Was glancing in the sunny ray.  
My heart rejoic'd, as 'neath the shade  
With Mary nature's charms I view'd.  
'Till night with silent footsteps sped,  
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r bedew'd.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE.

O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June! O, my

love is like a me-lo-die That sweet-ly play'd in tune! As fair art thou, my

bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, 'Till

a' the seas gang dry. 'Till a' the seas gang dry my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang

dry, And I will love thee still, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands of life shall run.  
 But, fare thee weel, my only love!  
 O fare thee weel awhile!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

## THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

Old Ballad.

“Rise up, rise up, Lord Dou-glas;” She cried, “And

put on your ar-mour so bright; Let it ne-ver be said that a

daugh-ter of mine Was mar-ried to a Lord un-der night.

“Rise up, rise up, my seven sons bold,  
 And put on your armour so bright;  
 And take better care of your youngest sister,  
 For your eldest’s awa the last night.”

He’s mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
 And himself on a dapple grey,  
 With a bugle horn hung down by his side,  
 And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o’er his left shoulder,  
 To see what he could see,  
 And there he spied her seven brethren bold,  
 Come riding over the lee.

“Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,” he said,  
 “And hold my steed in your hand,  
 Until that against your seven brethren bold  
 And your Father I make a stand.”

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
 And never shed a tear,  
 Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,  
 And her Father who lov’d her so dear.

"O hold your hand Lord William!" she said  
 "For your strokes they are wondrous sair,  
 True lovers I can get mony a ane,  
 But a Father I never can get mair?"

O she's taen out her handkerchief,  
 It was o' the Holland sae fine,  
 And ay she dighted her Father's bloody wounds,  
 That wère redder far than the Wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret," he said,  
 "O, whether will ye gang or bide?"  
 "I'll gang, I'll gang; Lord William?" she said;  
 "For ye ha'e left me nae other guide?"

He's lilted her on her milk-white steed,  
 And himself on his dapple grey,  
 With a Bugle horn hung down by his side,  
 And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on the rade,  
 And a' by the light o' the moon,  
 Until they cam to yon wan water,  
 And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink,  
 Of the spring that ran sae clear,  
 And down the stream ran his gude heart's blude,  
 And sair she gaun to fear.

O they rade on, and on the rade,  
 And fair and clear shone the moon,  
 And weary they cam to his mither's door,  
 And there they lighted them down.

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
 Lady Margaret lang ere day —  
 And all true lovers, that gang thegither,  
 May they hae mair luck than they.

Lord William was buried in S<sup>t</sup> Maric's kirk,  
 Lady Margaret in Maric's quire,  
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
 And out o' the knight's a brier —

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
 And vow but he was rough!  
 For he pued up the bonny brier,  
 And flang it in S<sup>t</sup> Maric's loch.

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Chorus

Slow

The wea - ry pund, the wea - ry pund, the wea - ry  
 pund o' tow; I think my wife will end her life, Be -  
 fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a' stane o'  
 lint, as guid as e'er did grow; And a' that she has  
 made o' that, Is ae pair pund o' tow. End with  
 the Chorus.

There sat a bottle in a bofe,  
 Beyond the ingle low;  
 And ay she took the tither sook,  
 To druck the stourie tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, "for shame, ye dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!"  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
 She brak it o'er my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

If my wife and thy wife  
 Were in a boat thegither,  
 Sixty mile from ony shore,  
 Wi' nane to steer the rudder,  
 The weary pund, &c.

And if the boat was bottomless,  
 And naebody to row,  
 We ne'er would wish them back again  
 To spin the pickle tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

Andante

See, Spring her gra\_ces wild dis\_close, Birds sweet\_ly

chant on ev'ry spray; 'Mang broom\_y knows the Shep\_herd goes, While

spor\_tive lamb\_kins round him play; En\_rap\_tur'd now I take my

way, While joy en\_liv\_ens all the scene; Down by you shad\_ed

stream I stray, To meet and hail my bon\_ny Jean.

Ye Kelburn groves! by Spring attir'd;  
 Where zephyrs sport among the flow'rs,  
 Your fairy scenes I've oft admir'd,  
 While jocund pass'd the sunny hours;  
 But doubly happy in your bow'rs,  
 When fragrance scents the dewy den;  
 I wander where your streamlet pours,  
 To meet and hail my bonny Jean.

Let Grandeur rear her lofty dome;  
 Let mad Ambition kingdoms spoil;  
 Through foreign lands let Av'rice roam,  
 And for his prize unceasing toil;  
 Give me fair Nature's vernal smile,  
 The shelter'd grove and daisied green,  
 I'll happy tread my native soil,  
 To meet and hail my bonny Jean.

## JOHNNY FAA, or the GYPSIE LADDIE.\*

The gyp-sies came to our Lord's yett, And O, but

they sang bon-nie; They sang sae sweet and sae compleat, That

down came our fair La-die. When she came trip-pin

down the stair, Wi' a' her maids a-fore her; As soon as they

saw her weel-far'd face, They coost the gla-mour o'er her.

“Will ye gae wi' me?” says Johnny Faa,  
 “Will ye gae wi' me, my dearie?  
 And I will swear, by the staff of my spear,  
 Your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.”  
 ‘Gae tak trac me my silk manteel,  
 And bring to me my plaidie;  
 For I will travel the warld owre,  
 Alang wi' the Gypsie Laddie.’

They wandered high, they wandered low,  
 They wandered late and early,  
 Until they came to that wan water,  
 And by this time she was weary:  
 ‘Aften hae I rode that wan water,  
 And my Lord Cassilis beside me,  
 And now I maun set in my white feet and wades  
 And carry the Gypsie Laddie.’

C \*Johnie Faa King of the Gypsies was hanged in 1624.



## MAY COLVIN.

Old Ballad.

O! false Sir John a wooing came To a maid of beau-ty

rare; May Colvin was this Lady's name, Her Fa-ther's on-ly heir.

He woo'd her butt, he woo'd her ben,  
 He woo'd her in the ha',  
 Untill he got this Lady's consent  
 To mount, and to ride awa.

He went down to her Father's bower,  
 Where a' the steeds did stand,  
 And he's tane ane o' the best steeds  
 That was in her Father's hand.

And he's got on, and she's got on,  
 And fast as they could flee,  
 Untill they came to a lonesome part,  
 A rock by the side of the sea.

"Loup aff the steed," says false Sir John;  
 "Your bridal here you see;  
 For I have drowned seven young Ladies,  
 The eight ane you shall be.

"Cast aff, cast aff, my May Colvin,  
 All, and your silken gown;  
 For 'tis o'er good, and o'er costly,  
 To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast aff, cast aff, my May Colvin,  
 All, and your embroidered shune;  
 For they are o'er good, and o'er costly,  
 To rot in the salt sea foam?"

'O, turn ye about, O false Sir John,  
 And luik to the leaf o' the tree;  
 For it never became a gentleman  
 A naked woman to see.'

He turn'd himself straight round about,  
 To luik to the leaf o' the tree;  
 So swift as May Colvin was  
 To throw him into the sea.

"O help! O help! my May Colvin;  
 O help! or else I'll drown;  
 I'll tak ye hame to your Father's bower,  
 And set you down safe and sound?"

'Nae help, nae help, you false Sir John;  
 Nae help, tho' I pity thee,  
 Tho' seven knights daughters you have drown'd,  
 But the eight shall not be me.'

So she went on her Father's steed,  
 As swift as she could flee;  
 And she came hame to her Father's bow'r  
 Afore the break o' day.

O-BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

93

With  
Expression

O bon\_nie was yon ro-sy brier, That blooms sae far frae

haunt o' man; And bon\_nie she, and ah, how dear! It sha\_ded frae the

e'en\_ing sun. Yon rose buds in the mor\_ning dew, How

pure a\_mang the leaves sae green; But pur\_er was the

lo\_vers' vow They wit\_ness'd in their shade yes\_treen.

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

*CHARLIE CAME TO OUR LORD'S CASTLE.*

Jacobite.

Char-lic cam to our Lord's cas - tle, An' loud - lie did he

ea'; An' Char-lic sat in our Lord's chair, Wi' hon-net on, an' a.

His plaid was bound wi' siller belt,  
 An' to his knee cam down,  
 He look'd like nane but Scotland's King,  
 Sae worthy o' the Crown.

And wi' him our brave Lord mann gae,  
 For him he's elench'd his brand,  
 An' he it weel, or he it wae,  
 The word is, fair Scotland.



*HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LOE WEEL.*

Jacobite.

He's owre the hills that I loe weel, He's owre the hills we

dar - na name; He's owre the hills a - yont Dum - blanc, Wha

soon will get his wel - come home. My Fa - ther's gane to

fight for him; My Bri - thers win - na hide at hame; My Mi - ther

greet, and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs may fear;  
 But ah! that love maun be sincere,  
 Which still keeps true what'er betide,  
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,  
 O'er hieland hearts secure he reigns;  
 What lads ere did our laddies will do;  
 Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.

He's owre, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair!  
 Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;  
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'd run.

He's owre, &c.

Then draw the claymore for Charlie then; fight  
 For your Country, Religion, and a' that is right;  
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,  
 I'd die as aft, for ane o' the three!

He's owre, &c.

## THE MINSTREL.

Keen blows the wind o'er Don-ocht-head, The snaw drives  
snel-ly, thro' the dale; The Ga-ber-lun-zie tirls my  
sneck. An' shiv'-ring, tells his wae-lu' tale;

“Cauld is the night, O, let me in!  
An’ dinna let your minstrel fa’;  
An’ dinna let his winding-sheet  
Be naething but a wreath o’ snaw.

“Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
An’ piped where goroocks whirring flew;  
An’ mony a day ye’ve danc’d, I ween,  
To hilts which frae my drone I blew?”

My Eppie wak’d, and soon she cry’d,  
“Get up gudeman, and let him in;  
For, weel ye ken, the winter night  
Was short when he began his din’.

My Eppie’s voice, O vow, its sweet!  
E’en tho’ she bans and scaulds a-wee;  
But when it’s tun’d to sorrow’s tale,  
O, haith! its doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld earle, I’ll steer my fire,  
I’ll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
Your bluid is thin, ye’ve tint the gate,  
You should nae stray sae far frae hame.

“Nae hame hae I,” the minstrel said,  
“Sud party strife o’erturn’d my ha’;  
And, weeping, at the eve of life,  
I wander thro’ a wreath o’ snaw.”

SIMMER COMES.

Cheerful

Sim-mer comes, and in her train Flo-ra dances o'er the plain,

Deck-ing all a-round a-gain, With her va-ried Sce-ne-ry.

Now the prim-rose, sweet-est flow'r! First to own the gen-ial pow'r Of

bright-er sun and warm-er show'r, Blooms in vir-gin mod-est-y.

Here the gowan lifts its head,  
 As if afraid some foot would tread,  
 Back into its native bed,  
     All its lowly finery.  
 There again the heath-bell blue,  
 Forms its cup of azure hue,  
 As if to sip the silver dew,  
     That falls at eve refreshingly.

And when evening comes so still,  
 How sweet to hear, from yonder hill,  
 The gurgling sound of rapid rill,  
     Fall on the ear harmoniously!  
 How sweet to hear from yonder grove,  
 The mavis tune his note to love,  
 While, bless'd with thee, I fondly rove  
     Along the glen sae cheerily!

## O, HOW COULD YE GANG SAE TO GRIEVE ME?

O, how can ye gang, Las-sie, how can ye gang; O, how can ye

gang sae to grieve me? Wi' your beau-ty and your art, ye hae

brok-en my heart; For I ne-ver, ne-ver thought ye wad leave me!

## MAID OF MY HEART, A LONG FAREWELL!

Maid of my heart, a long fare-well! The Bark is

launch'd, the bit-lows swell, And the ver-nal gales are blow-ing free, To

bear me far from love and thee. I hate Am-bi-tion's

haugh - ty name, And the heart - less pride of wealth and Lane; Yet

now I haste thro' o - cean's roar, To woo them on a

dis - tant shore; Can pain, or per - il, bring re - lief To

him who bears a dark - er grief? Can ab - sence calm this

fev - erish thrill? Ah, no! for thou wilt haunt me still.

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,  
 Thy form that breathed of love and youth;  
 Thy voice, by Nature framed to suit  
 The tone of love's enchanted lute;  
 Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,  
 Where tender thought and feeling lie;  
 Thine eye-lid like the evening cloud,  
 That comes the star of love to shroud;  
 Each witchery of soul and sense,  
 Enshrined in Angel innocence,  
 Combined to frame the fatal spell —  
 That blest — and broke my heart! — Farewell!

## AULD ROB, THE LAIRD.

Air, Jamie o' the Glen.

Auld Rob the laird o' muc-kle land, To woo me was nae  
 ve - ry blate; But, spite o' a' his gear, he fand He  
 came to woo a day o'er late. A lad sac frank, sac  
 lu' o' glee, My heart did ne - ver ne - ver ken, And  
 nane can gie. sic joy to me, As Ja - mie o' the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,  
 To gar me wi' her will comply;  
 But still I wadna hae the laird,  
 Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.  
 A lad sac frank, &c.

Ab! what are silks and satins braw?  
 What's a' his warldly gear to me?  
 They're daft that cast themsels awa,  
 Where nae content or love can be.  
 A lad sac frank, &c.

I could na bide the silly clash  
 Came hourly frae the gawky laird!  
 And sac, when minnie gied consent,  
 Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.  
 A lad sac frank, &c.

Now ilka simmer's day sac lang,  
 And winter's, clad wi' frost and snaw,  
 A tunclu' lilt, and bonnie sang,  
 Aye keep dull care and strife awa.  
 A lad sac frank, &c.

THE TEARS, I SHED.

Air—Miss Forbes Farewell.

The tears I shed must ever fall! I weep not for an absent swain; For

time can past delights recall, And parted lovers meet no gain.

weep not for the silent dead, Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er; And

those they lov'd, their steps shall tread, And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll between,  
 If certain, that his heart is near,  
 A conscious transport glads the scene,  
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.

Even, when by Death's cold hand remov'd,  
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb,  
 To think, that even in death he lov'd,  
 Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear  
 Of her, who slighted love bewails,  
 No hopes her gloomy prospects cheer,  
 No pleasing melancholy hails.

Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,  
 Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy;  
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,  
 The flame she feel burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew  
 These scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;  
 The sail reverse soon meets the view,  
 And turns the thoughts to agony.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure  
 The pang to every feeling due;  
 Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,  
 To win a heart and break it too.

Hope, from its only anchor-torn,  
 Neglected, and neglecting all,  
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,  
 The tears I shed must ever fall. —

## BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

Gaelic Air.

Brave Lew-ic Roy was the flow'r of our Highlandmen, Tall as the

oak on the lof-ty Ben-voir-luch, Fleet as the light-bounding ten-ants of

Fil-lan-glen, Dear-er than life to his love-ly Neen-voich.

Lone was his hiding, the cave of his hiding,  
 When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charley,  
 Tho' manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,  
 Away from the Lady he aye lov'd sae dearly.

## HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

How sweet this lone vale! and how sooth-ing to feel-ing, You

may-is's notes, which in me-lo-dy melt; Ob-li-vion of woe o'er my

C

mind gent-ly steal-ing, A pause from keen an-guish a moment is felt.

The moon's yellow 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 shadow'd with gloom.

\*How sweet this lone vale! all the beauties of nature,  
 In varied features, is here to be seen;  
 The lowly-spread bush, and the oak's tow'ring stature,  
 Is mantled in foilage of gay lovely green.  
 Ah! here is the spot! (oh, how sad recollection!  
 It is the retreat of my Mary no more;  
 How kind, how sincere, was the maiden's affection,  
 Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

\*How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow!  
 The wail of distress I unheeded can pour;  
 My bosom o'ercharg'd may be lighter to-morrow,  
 By shedding a flood in the thick-twisted bower,  
 O Mary! in silence thou calmly reposest,  
 The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee;  
 Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses  
 A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

\*These two verses written, by the late John Hamilton of Edinburgh. C

## IN SUMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

Lively

In simmer when the hay was mawn, And corn wad' green in il\_ka

field, While clo\_ver blooms white o'er the lea, And ro\_ses blaw in il\_ka field:

Blythe Bes\_sie in the milking shiel, Says "I'll be wed, come o't what will" Out

spak' a dame in wrink\_led cild, Of gude ad\_vise\_ment comes nae ill.

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

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
I dinna care a single flic;  
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
He has nae love to spare for me.  
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;  
A blink o' him I wad na gie  
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear?"

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
The canniest gate the strife is sair;  
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,  
A hungry care's an unco care.  
But some will spend, and some will spare,  
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;  
Synce, as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
Keep mind, that ye maun drink the yill?"

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

105  
 FY, BUCKLE YOUR BELT AN' BRAID SWORD ON.

Jacobite.

Eye, buc\_kle your belt an' braid sword on, An' tak ye the

ha\_ly rude; An' a\_wa to the Clans, for they maun rise, To

fight for their ain heart's blude. O, there's a light on Ben-le-di's

tap! It's a blythe, blythe light to me! But there maun be mae to

wel\_come hame Our Prince to his ain Coun\_trie.

Our gude auld wife has climb'd up the hill,  
 An' a blythe auld bodie is she:  
 She has lighted a peat for Charlie's sake,  
 An' merrie we a' will be,  
 An' here's a sword, an' a trusty ane,  
 Wi' a trusty hand I'll draw;  
 It'll never be sheath'd, it'll never wear rust,  
 'Till we drive the whigs awa.

Then buckle, buckle, Clansmen, an' on,  
 Our flags' like our thistles wave;  
 Buckle, buckle, buckle, an' on  
 For Prince Charlie, or a grave.  
 Charlie's baith our kith an' kin,  
 An' by him we'll stand or fa;  
 Charlie claims but a kinsman's help,  
 On, on, my brave Clansmen, a'.

## GIL MORICE.

Old Ballad.

Slow

Gil Morice was an earl's son, His name it waxed wide; It was nae for his  
 great riches, Nor yet his meikle pride; But it was for a la-dy gay, That  
 liv'd on Carron side; But it was for a la-dy gay That liv'd on Car-ron side.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,  
 That will win hose and shoon;  
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
 And bid his lady cum?  
 Ye man rin this errand, Willie;  
 And ye maun rin wi' speed;  
 When other boys gae on their feet,  
 On horseback ye sall ride."

"Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!  
 I dare nae for my life;  
 I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's,  
 For to tryst furth his wife?"

"My bird, Willie, my boy, Willie;  
 My dear Willie," he said,  
 "How can ye strive against the stream?  
 For I sall be obey'd."

"But, Oh my master dear!" he cry'd,  
 "In greenwood ye're your lain;  
 Gie o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,  
 For fear ye shou'd be ta'en."

"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
 Bid her come here wi' speed;  
 If ye refuse my high command,  
 I'll gar thy body bleed."

"Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,  
 'Tis a' goud but the hem;  
 Bid her cum to the good green wood,  
 And bring' nane but her lain:  
 And there it is, a silken sark,  
 Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
 And bid her cum to Gil Morice,  
 Speer nae bauld baron's leave."

"Yes; I will gae your black errand,  
 Tho' it be to thy cost;  
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,  
 In it ye sall find frost.  
 The baron he's a man of might,  
 He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,  
 As ye will see before it's night;  
 How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt."

"Now, sen I maun your errand rin,  
 'Sae sair against my will,  
 It's mak a vow, and keep it true,  
 It sal be done for ill.  
 And when he came to broken brigg,  
 He bent his bow and swam;  
 And when he came to grass growing,  
 Set down his feet and ran."

And when he came to Bernard's ha',  
 Wau'd neither chap nor ca;  
 Bot set his hent bow to his breast,  
 And lightly lap the wa'.  
 He wau'd tell nae man his errand,  
 Tho' twa stood at the gate;  
 Bot straight into the ha' he cam,  
 Whair grit folks sat at meat."

"Hail! hail! my gentl'e sire and dame!  
 My message winna wait;  
 Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,  
 Before that it be late;  
 Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,  
 'Tis a' goud but the hem;  
 You maun gae to the gude green wood  
 Ev'n by your sell alane."

'And there it is, a sifken sark,  
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
Ye maun gae, speak to Gil Morice  
Speir nae bauld baron's leave?  
The lady stamped wi' her foot,  
And winked wi' her eye;  
But a' that she cou'd say or do,  
Forbidden he wad nae be.

"It's surely to my bow'r-woman;  
It ne'er could be to me?"  
'I brought it to Lady Barnard,  
I trow that ye be she'.  
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,  
The hairn upon her knee,  
"If it be come frae Gil Morice,  
It's dear welcome to me?"

'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
I brought it to Lady Barnard:  
I trow ye be na she'.  
Then up and spake the bauld baron,  
An angry man was he;  
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,  
In flinders gart a' flee.

'Gae bring a robe of yon eliding,  
That hangs upon the pin;  
And I'll gae to the good green wood,  
And speak with your leman!  
"O, hide at hame now, lord Barnard!  
I warn ye hide at hame!  
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,  
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane."

Gil Morice sits in good green wood,  
He whistl'd and he sang;  
"O what means a' these folks coming?  
My mother tarries lang?"  
When Lord Barnard to green wood came,  
Wi meikle dule and care;  
There first he saw young Gil Morice  
Keming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, sure, Oh Gil Morice,  
My lady lo'd ye weel,  
The fairest part of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel,  
Yet ne'ertheless, now Gil Morice,  
For a' thy great beauty,  
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;  
Thy head sall gae wi' me?

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the strack;  
And thro' Gil Morice fair body  
He's gard eauld iron gae.  
And he has ta'en Gil Morice's head,  
And set it on a spear;  
The areanest man in a' his train  
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,  
Laid him across his steed,  
And brought him to his painted bow'r,  
And laid him on a bed.  
The lady on the castle wa'  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Gil Morice's head  
Come trailing to the town.

"Far mair I loe that bloody head,  
But and that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,  
As they lie here and there,  
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,  
And fondly seen thee sleep;  
But now I'll go about thy grave,  
The sat-tears lor to weep?"

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,  
And syne his bloody chin;  
"Better I loe, my son Morice,  
Than a' my kith and kin!"  
'Away, away, ye ill woman!  
An ill death ma't ye die;  
Gin I had ken'd he'd been your son,  
He'd ne'er been slain for me?

"Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,  
Upbraid me not, for shame!  
Wi' that same spear, O pierce my heart!  
And put me out o' pain.  
Since naithing but Gil Morice's head  
Thy jealous rage could quell,  
Let that same hand now take her life,  
That ne'er to thee did ill.

"To me nae after days nor nights  
Will e'er be salt or kind;  
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind."  
'Enough o' blood by me's been spilt;  
Seek not your death frae me;  
I rather it had been mysell,  
Than either him or thee.

'With wacta' wae I hear your plaint;  
Sair, sair I rue the deed,  
That e'er this cursed hand of mine  
Did gar his body bleed.  
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;  
You see his head upon my spear,  
His heart's blood on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thought the ill;  
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed  
The comely youth to kill.  
I'll aye lament for Gil Morice,  
As gin he were my ain;  
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day  
On which the youth was slain!

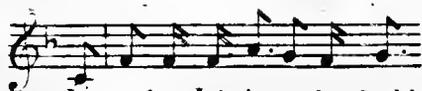
## HEY HOW, JOHNFIE, LAD.

Hey how, my John - ie, lad, You've brought the tear in - to my e'e;

Hey how, my John - ie, lad, Ye did - na keep your tryst wi' me. Hae

ye for - got the birk - en bush, Where wild flowers bloom'd sac bonnie, When

sweet - ly sung the mel - low thrush, An' Pait - ricks whirr'd a - cross the lea?



Ye cam'na Johnie to the fauld;  
 Ye cam'na to the trysting tree;  
 I trow'd na love wad turn sac cauld,  
 That ye sac soon wad lightlie me.  
 I pull'd the rose sac sweet an' fine,  
 The fairest flower on a' the lea;  
 Tho' fresh an' fair, it wither'd sync,  
 E'en like the love ye promis'd me.

Ye said ye lo'd but me alane,  
 Nor could ye keep your fancy free,  
 An' gin that I wad be your ain,  
 The chains o' love wad lightsome be.  
 O, gin ye had sincerely lov'd!  
 They lightsome aye had been to me;  
 But sin' that ye hae faithless prov'd,  
 I'll strive to keep my heart a wee.