50 SELECTED SONGS OF BURNS

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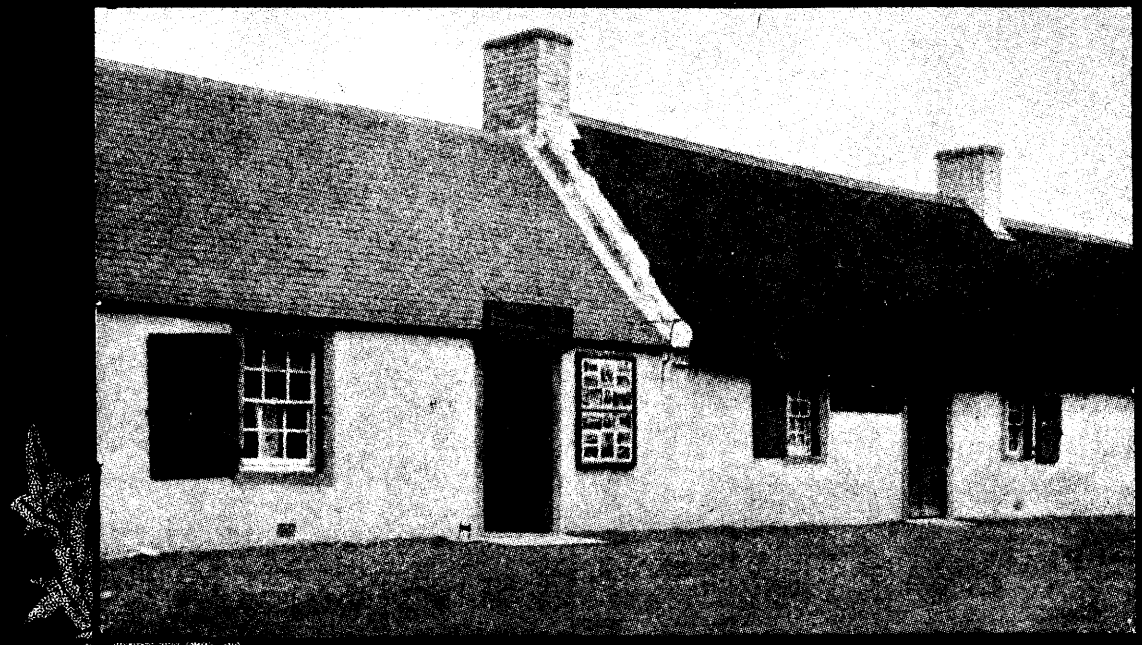

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FOR THE

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GLASGOW:

MOZART ALLAN, 84 Carlton Place, C.5.

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SHORT EXPLANATORY CHART

OF

Burns Centenary Engraving

ON FOLLOWING PAGE.

"Post Cineres gloria venit"

(Glory comes after death).

ON each side, under Latin quotation, are Masonic emblems suitable to the Poet's station in the lodge as a Mason.

In the centre is easily distinguishable a bust of the Poet, with winged figure of Glory placing laurel crown upon his head, trampling on the money—with snake coiled round—of which he received so small a share. To the left of this figure is a vile type of mankind, such as Cant or Hypocrisy, exposed by the Poet in his writings.

On the right of the Poet is the kneeling figure of a Scottish maid with snood, and above, figure of Education with lighted torch, emblematic of the light the Poet has thrown on the world by his writings. The Masonic mark between R and B, with nine points, is inscribed on the Bible presented by the Poet to Highland Mary, and immediately under are lyre and laurels, emblematic of Poetry and the fame he has won as a poet.

In the panel below are the double-lifting plough of the period, the daisy, and the mouse, the poems on which were both written at the plough; also the Lochaber axes and the open-handed claymores. The bag is symbolical of the seed he has sown in the hearts of his countrymen, with the oak representing strength, and the thistle Scotland.

POST CINERES GLORIA VENIT
ROBERT BURNS
BORN 1759
DIED 1796
R B
HUTCHISON
FOR THE LIBERTY
OF
MY COUNTRY

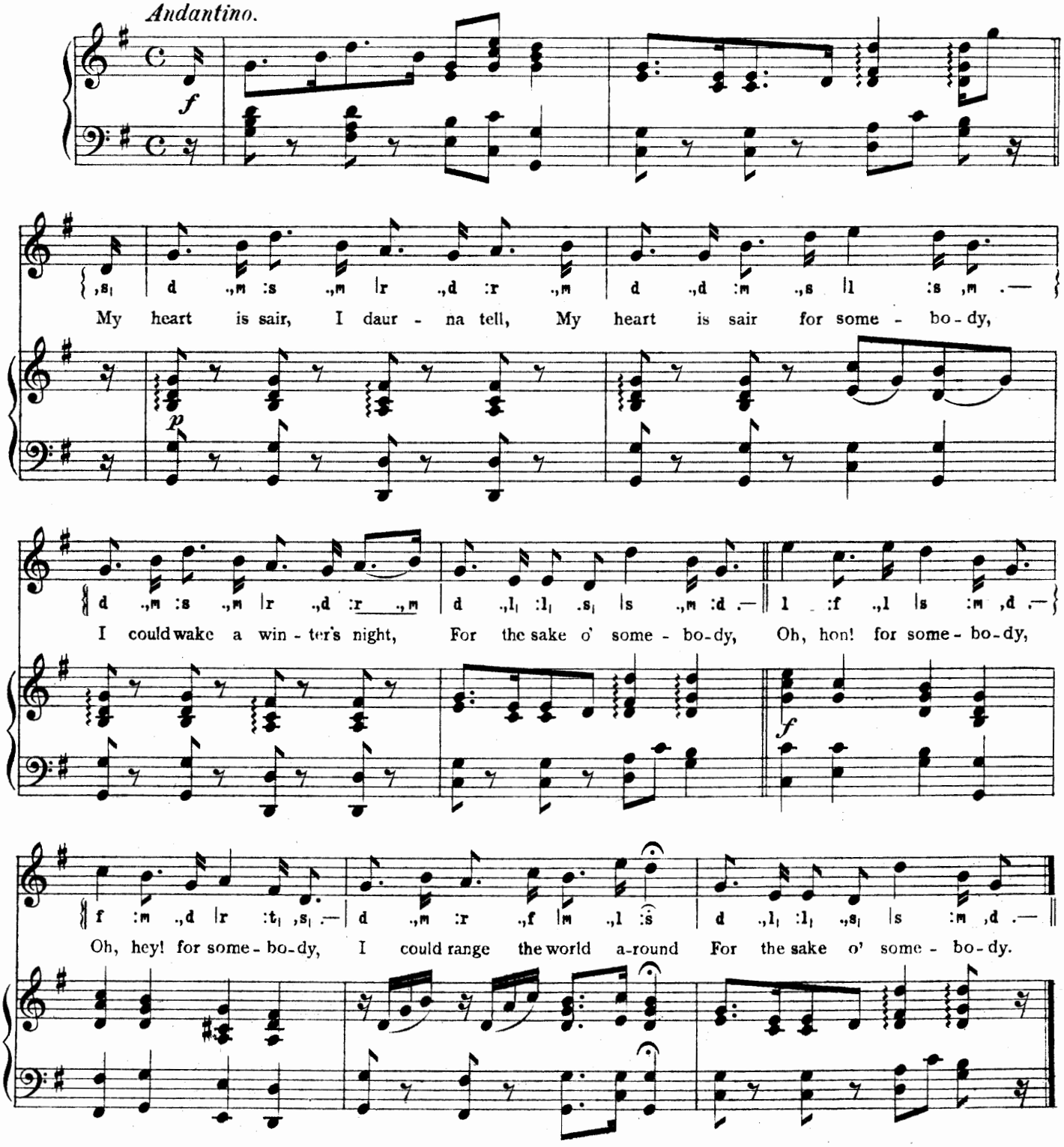
MY HEART IS SAIR.

B76546

774981

Words by BURNS.

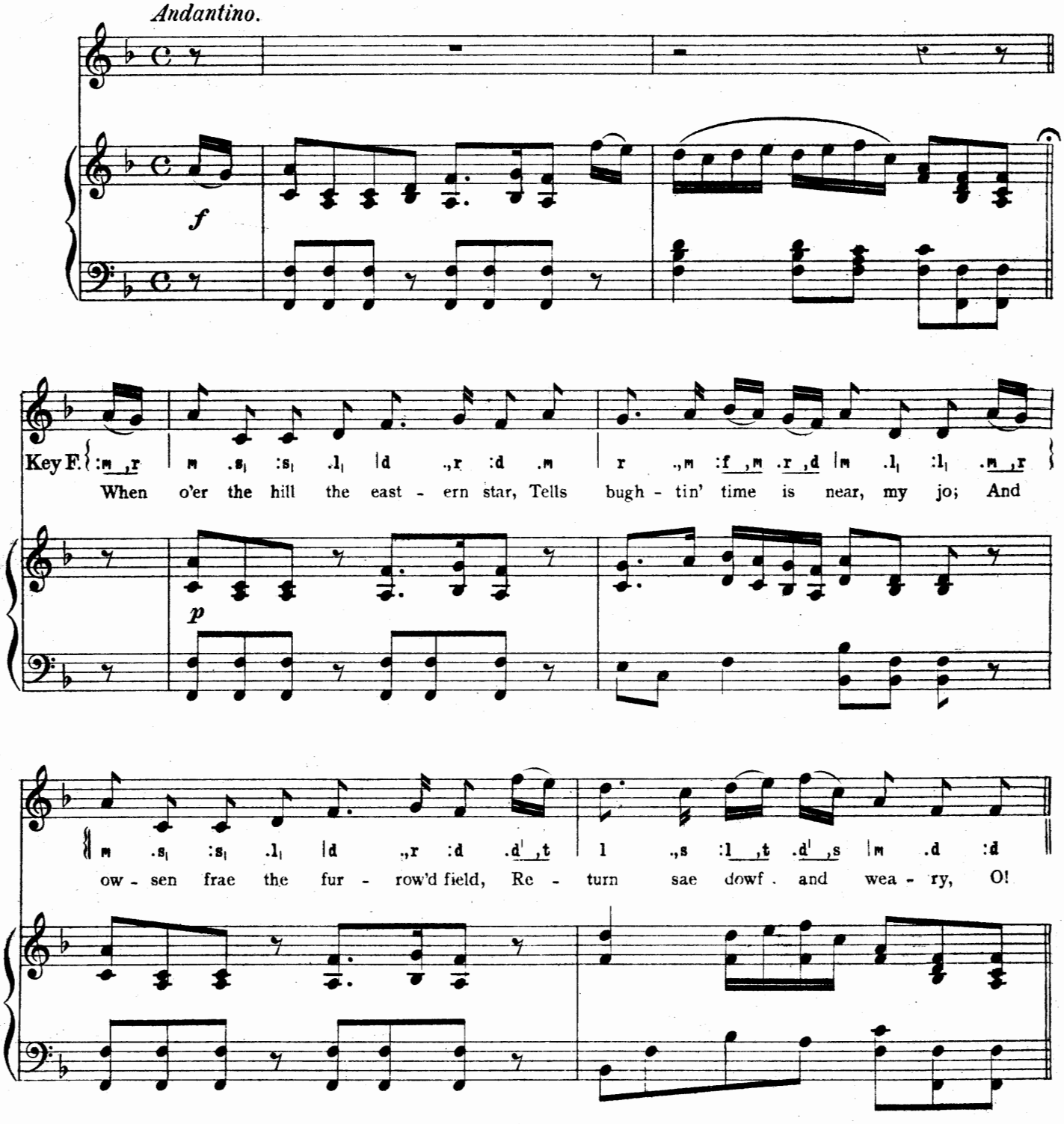
Andantino.

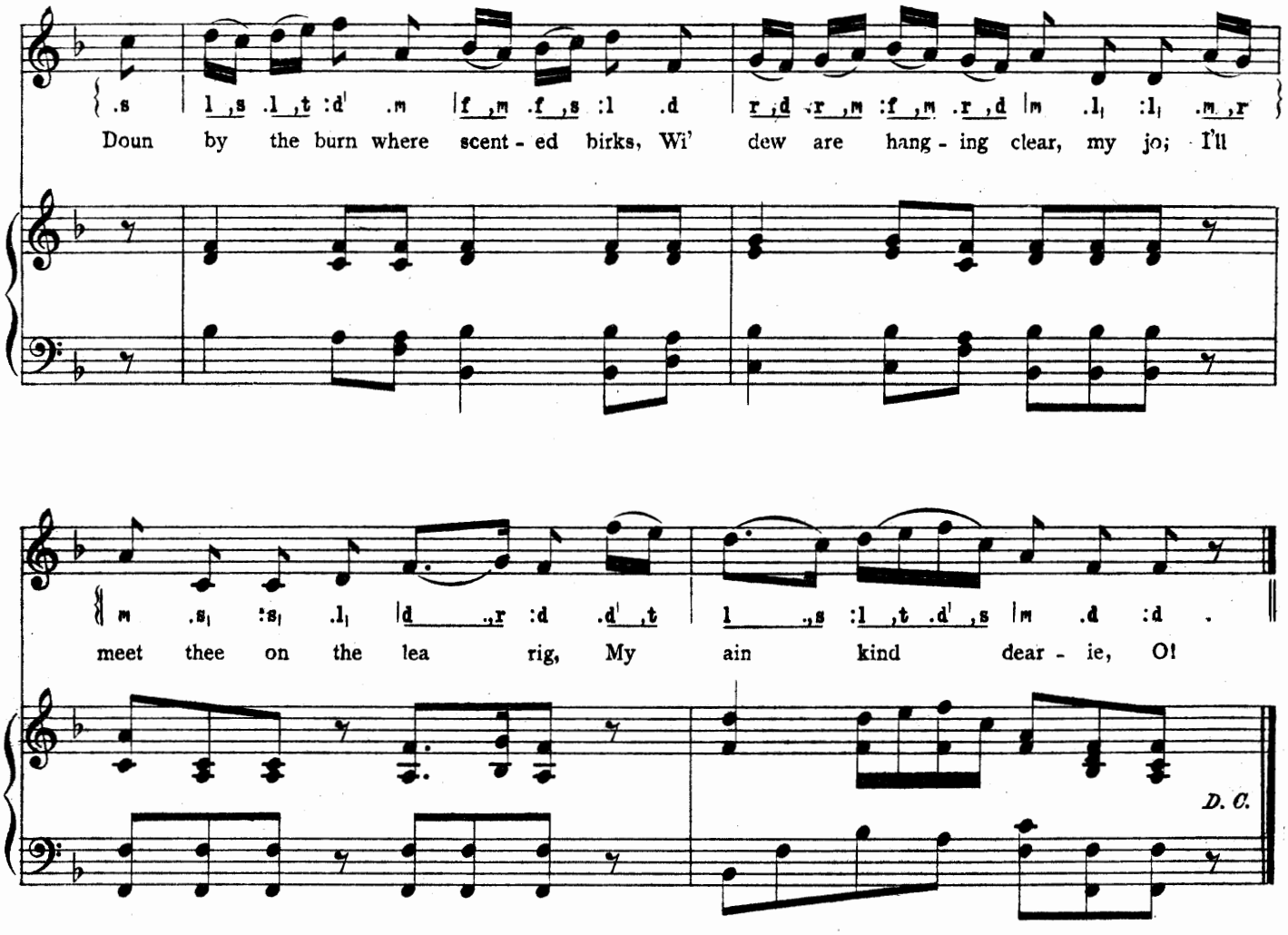


2 Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh! sweetly smile on somebody;
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh, hon! for somebody!
Oh, hey! for somebody!
I wad dae — what wad I no'?
For the sake o' somebody.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE.

Words by BURNS.





2

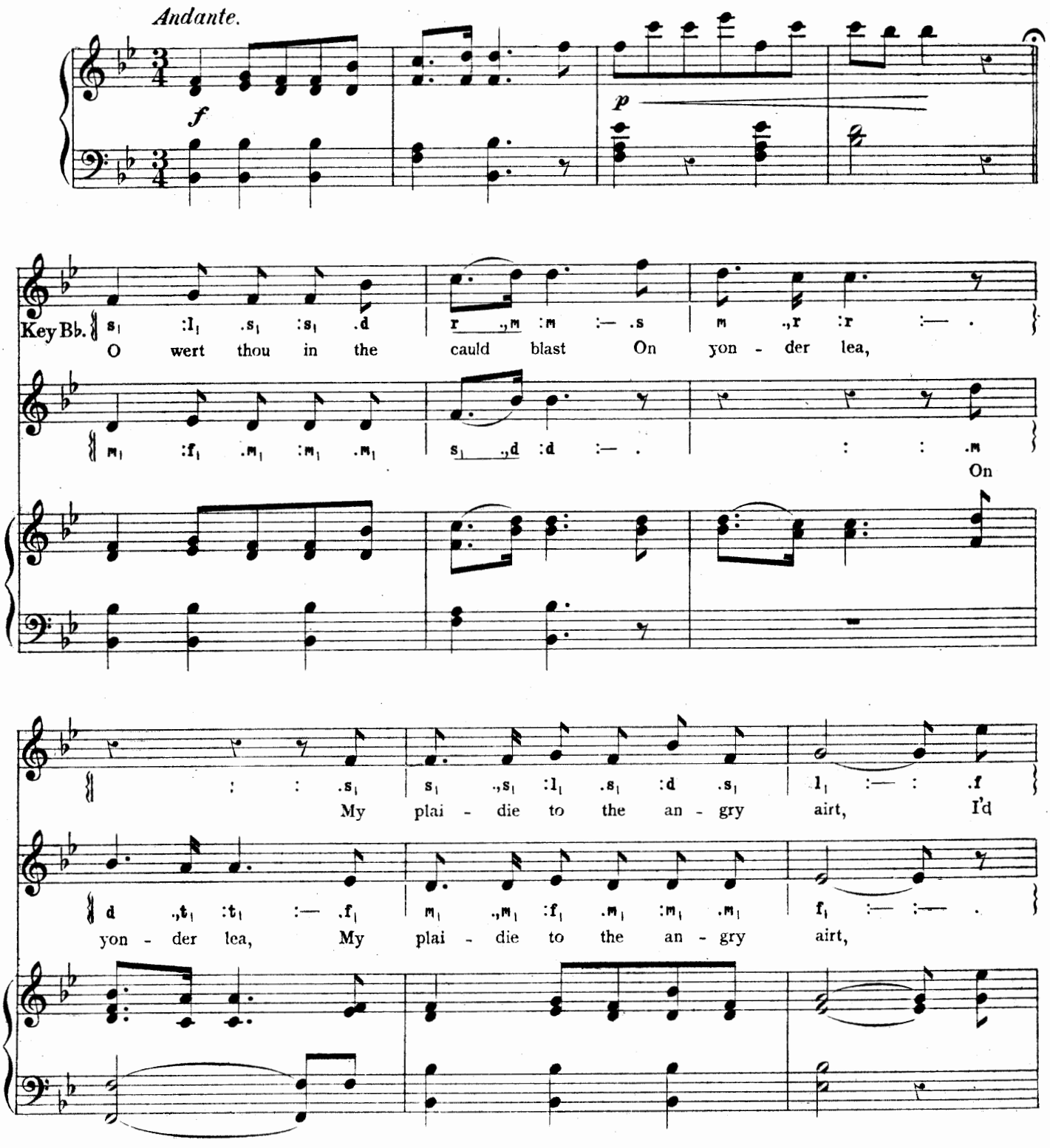
In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

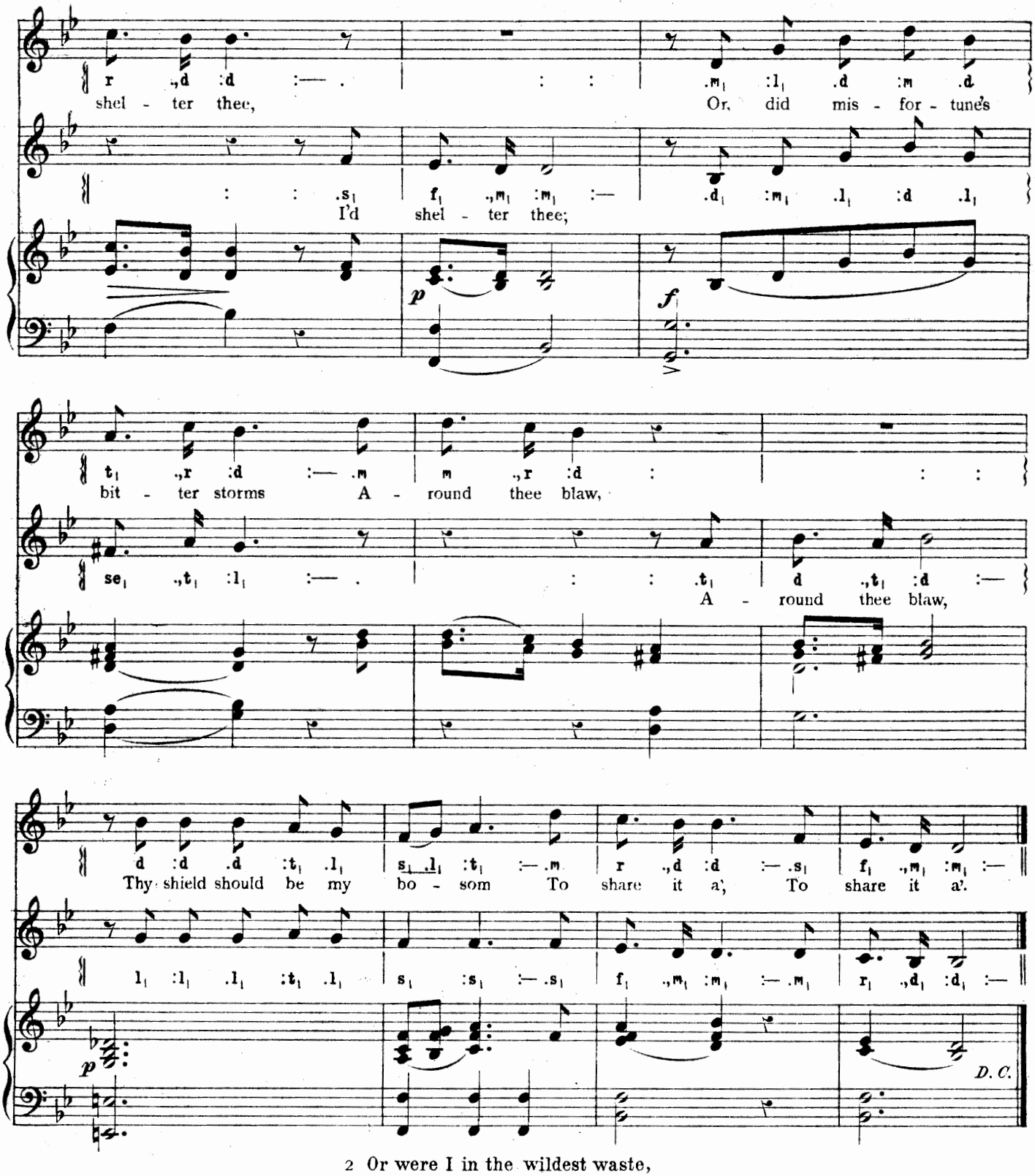
3

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

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Words by BURNS. Duet. Music by MENDELSSOHN.

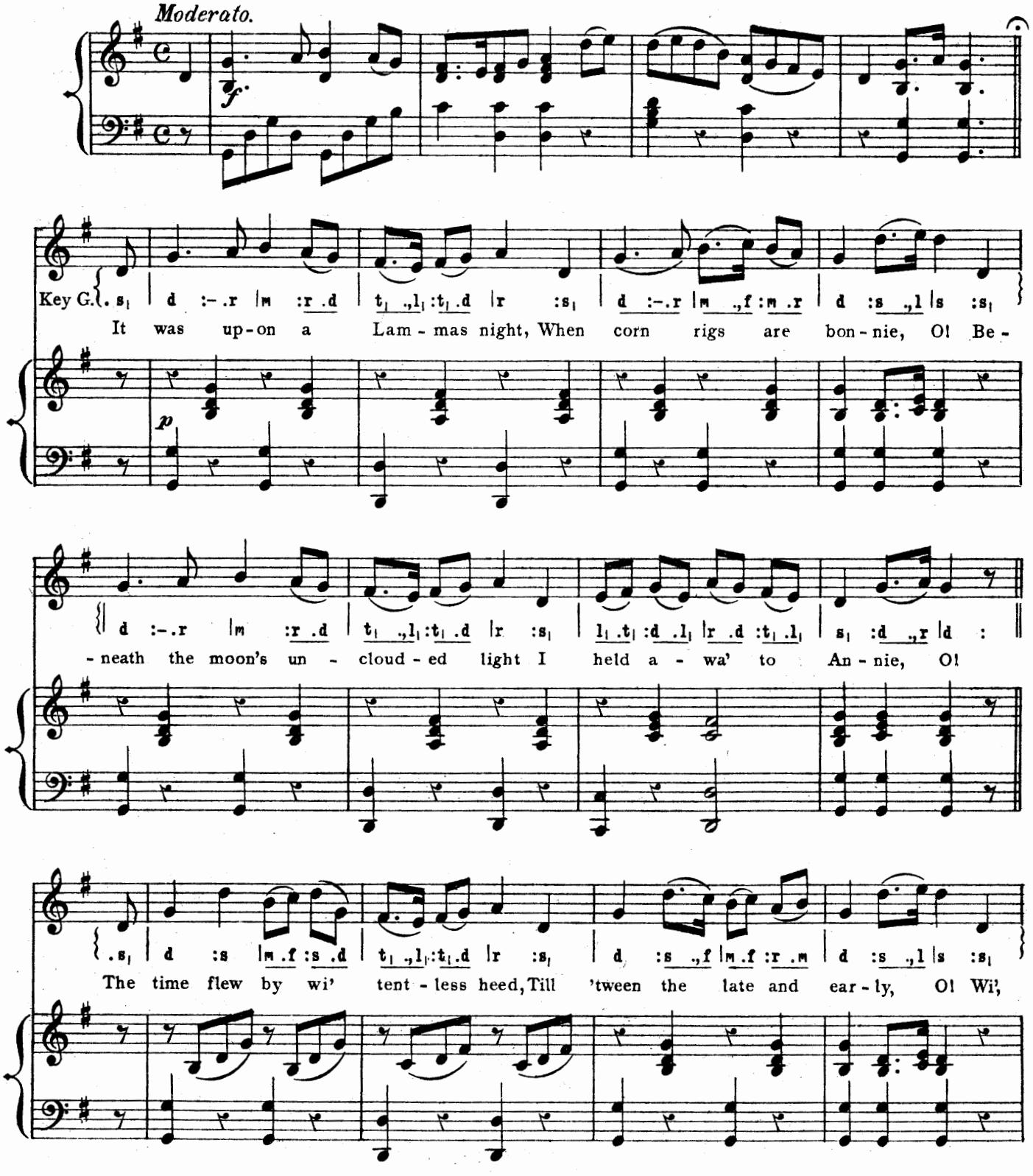


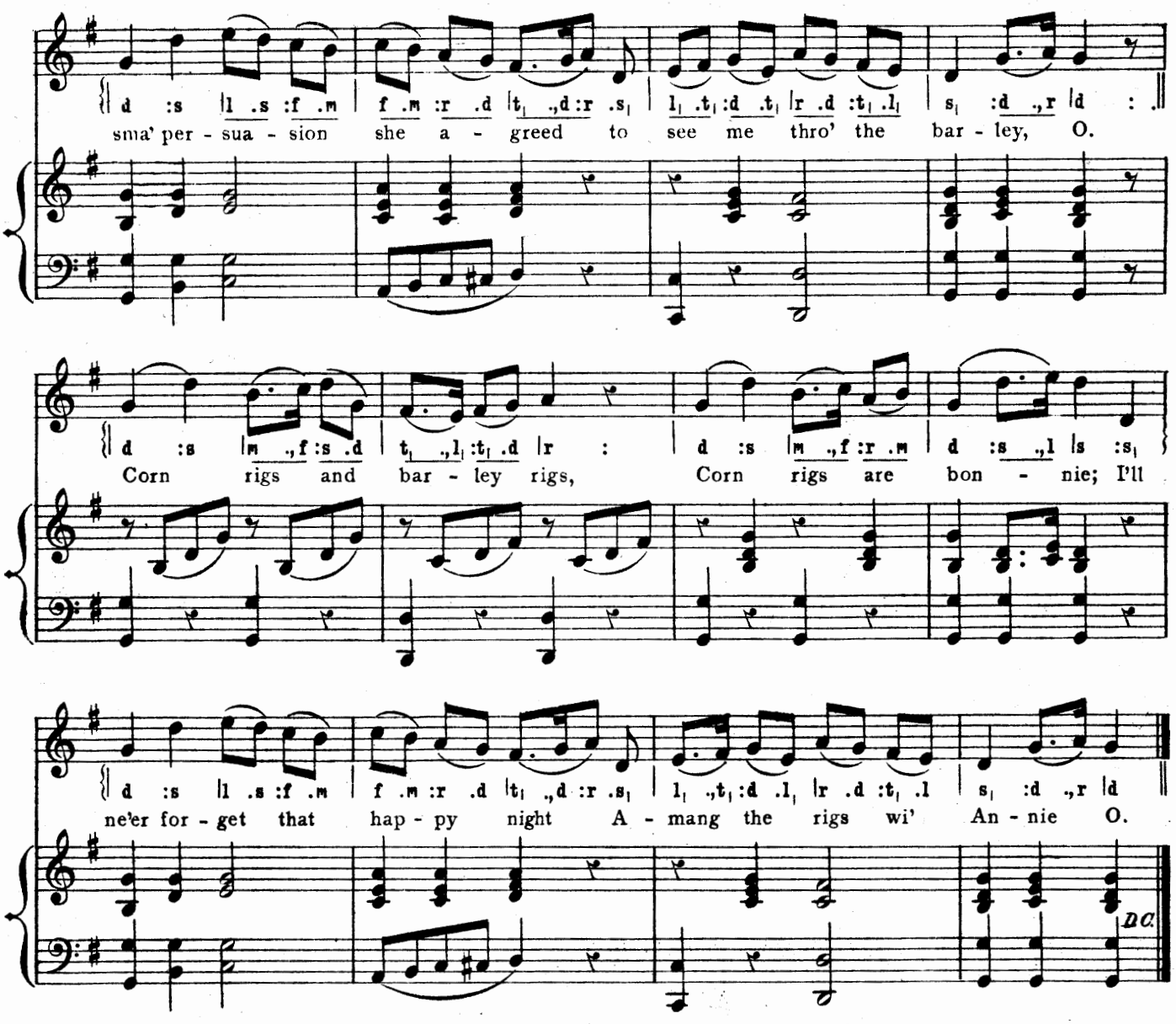


2 Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe
With thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Would be my Queen.

CORN RIGS.

Words by BURNS. Air, "Corn Rigs."





2

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly, O!
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely, O!
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, etc.

3

I locked her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely, O!
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly, O!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, etc.

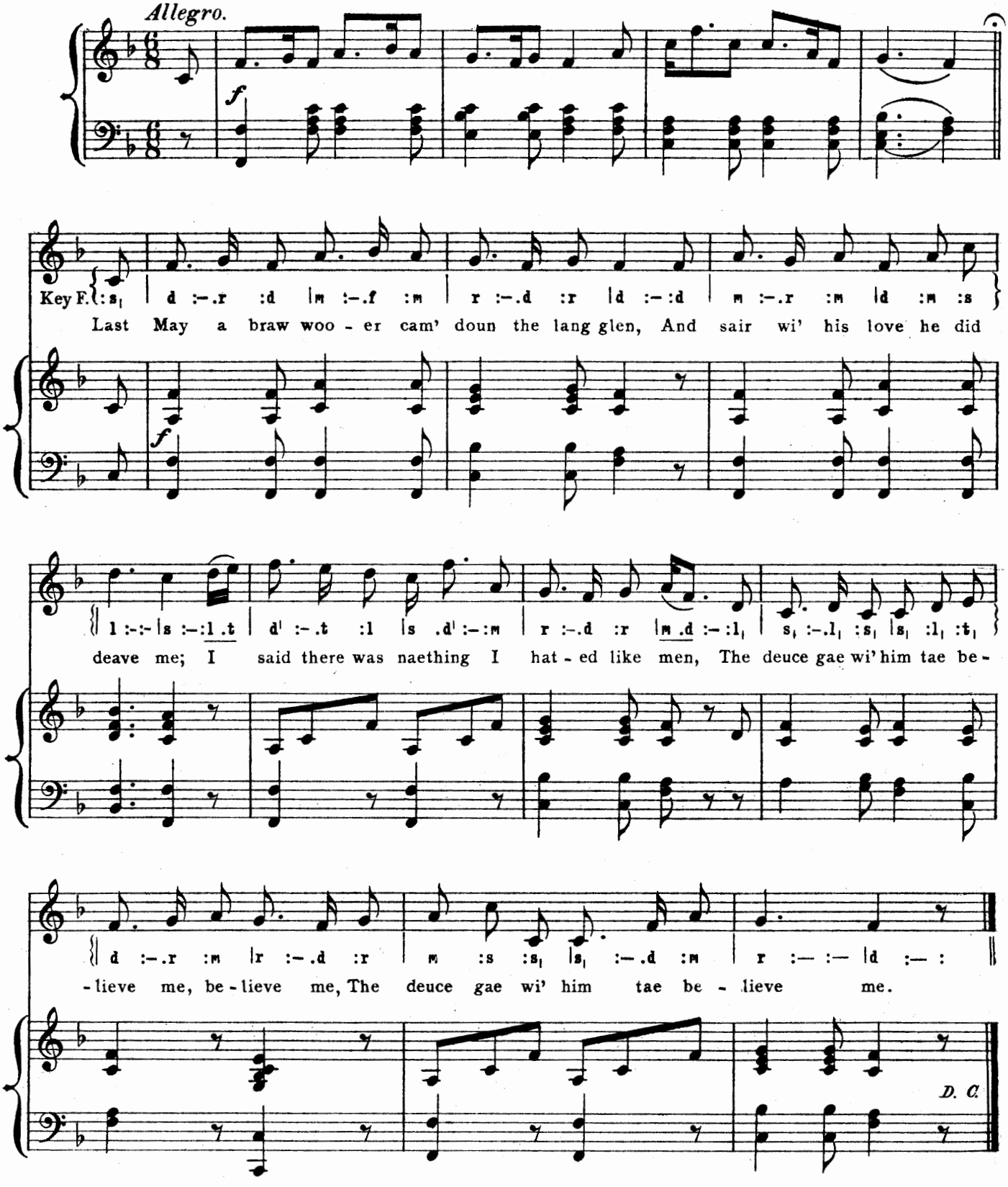
4

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin', O!
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin', O!
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly, O!
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn rigs, etc.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Words by BURNS.

Air, "The Queen o' the Lothians cam' cruising to Fife."



2

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een'
And vow'd for my love he was deein';
I said, he might dee when he liked for Jean,
But Gude forgi'e me for leein', for leein',
But Gude forgi'e me for leein'.

3

A weel-stockit mailin, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

4

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak' his taste to gae near her!
He's up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her.

5

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there!
Wha glowr'd as gin he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
Wha glowr'd as gin he'd seen a warlock.

6

Out owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neighbours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

7

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthie and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin';
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet—
Gude save us! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
Gude save us! how he fell a swearin'.

8

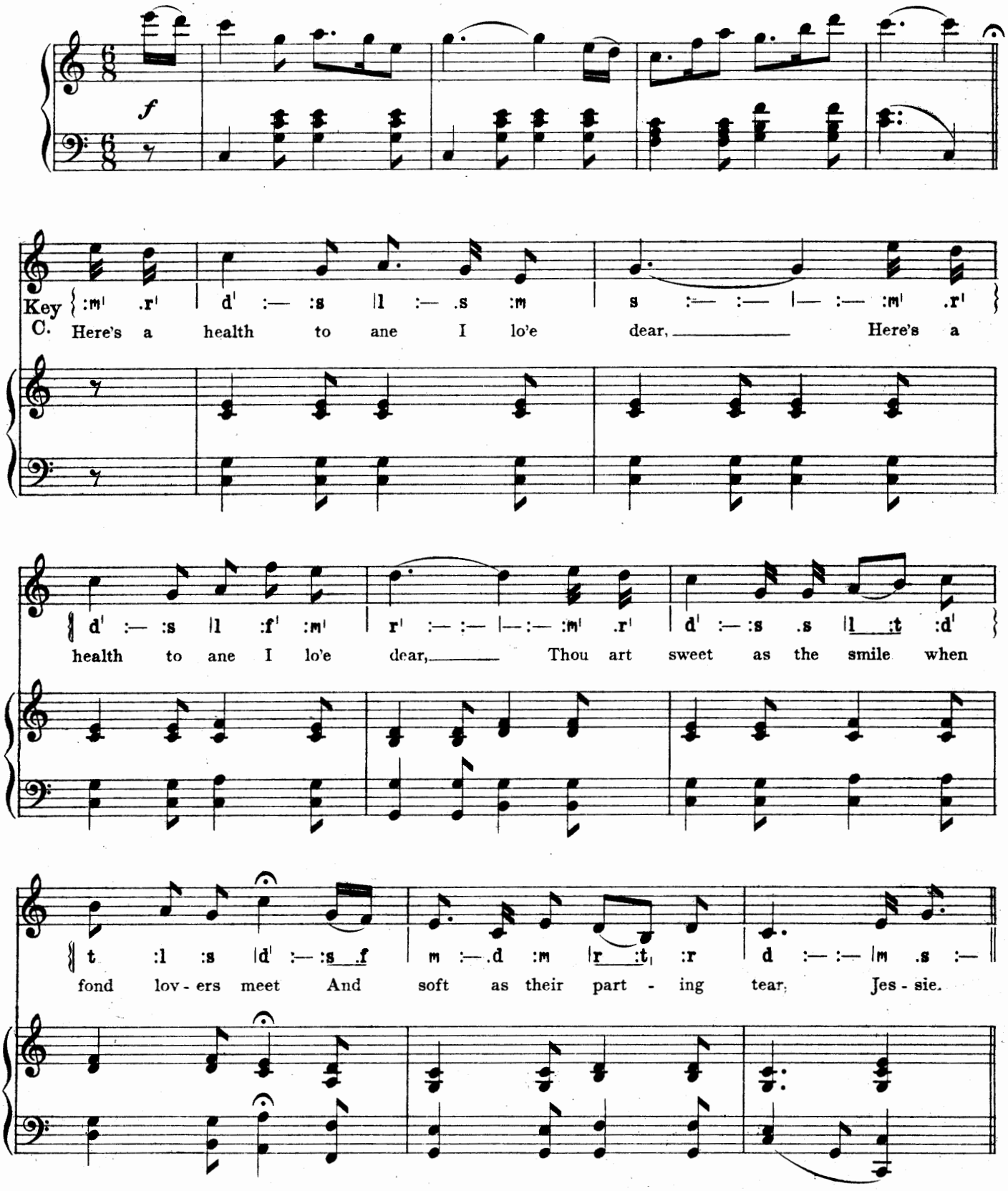
He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the puir body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

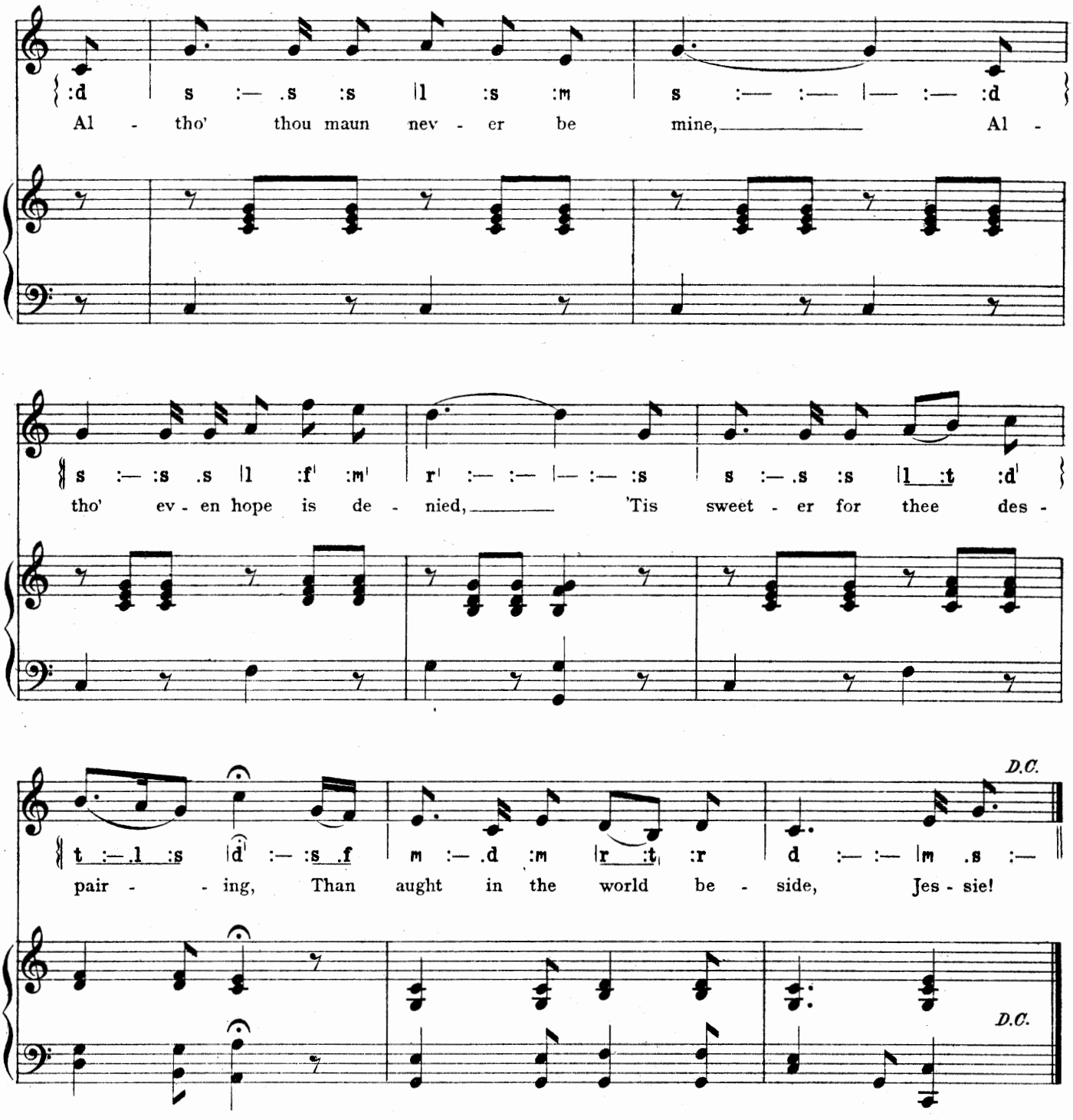
HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

Words by BURNS.

Andantino.

Tune—"Here's a health to ane that's awa'."





2.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms, Jessie!
Here's a health, &c.

3.

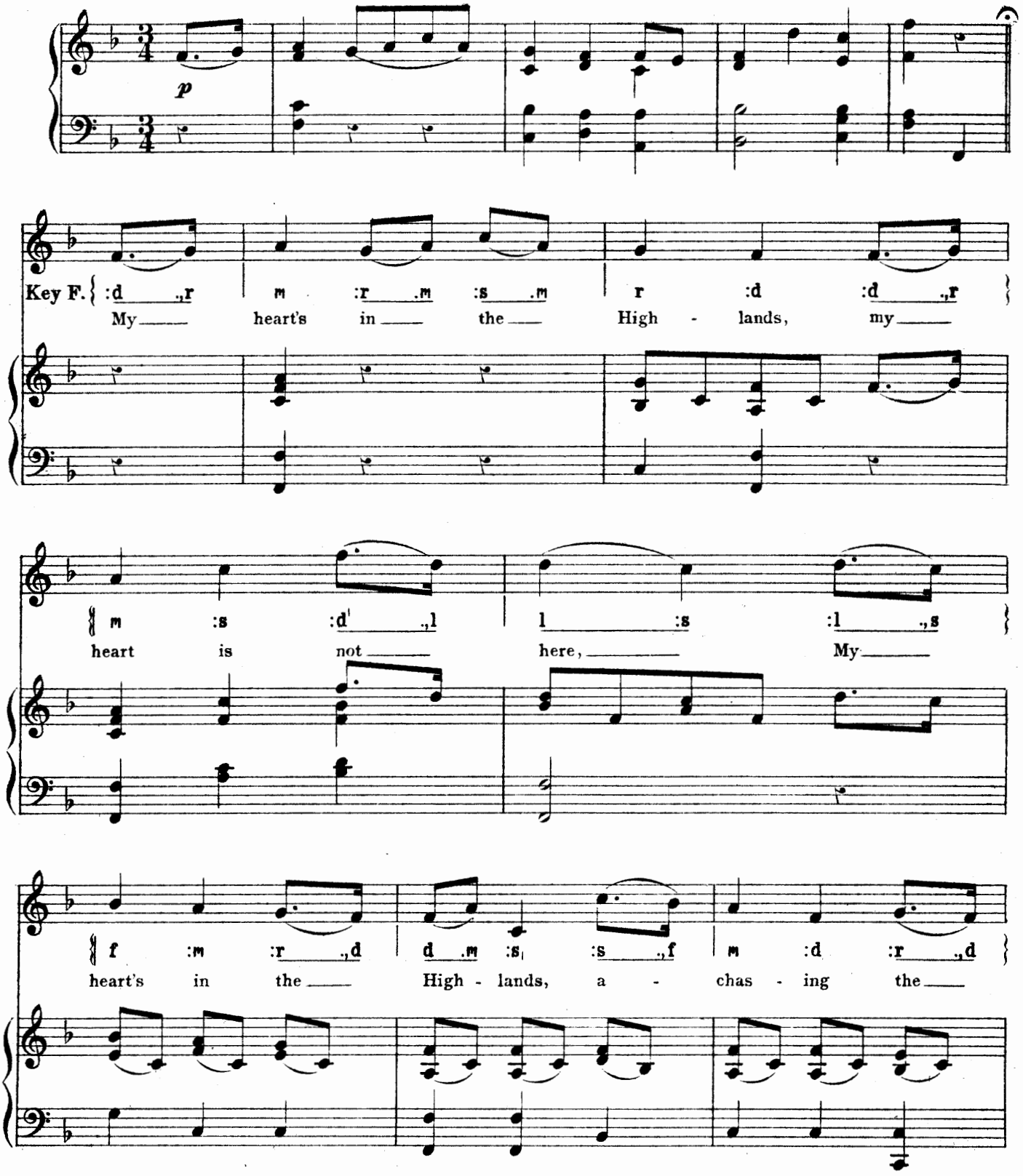
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie!
Here's a health, &c.

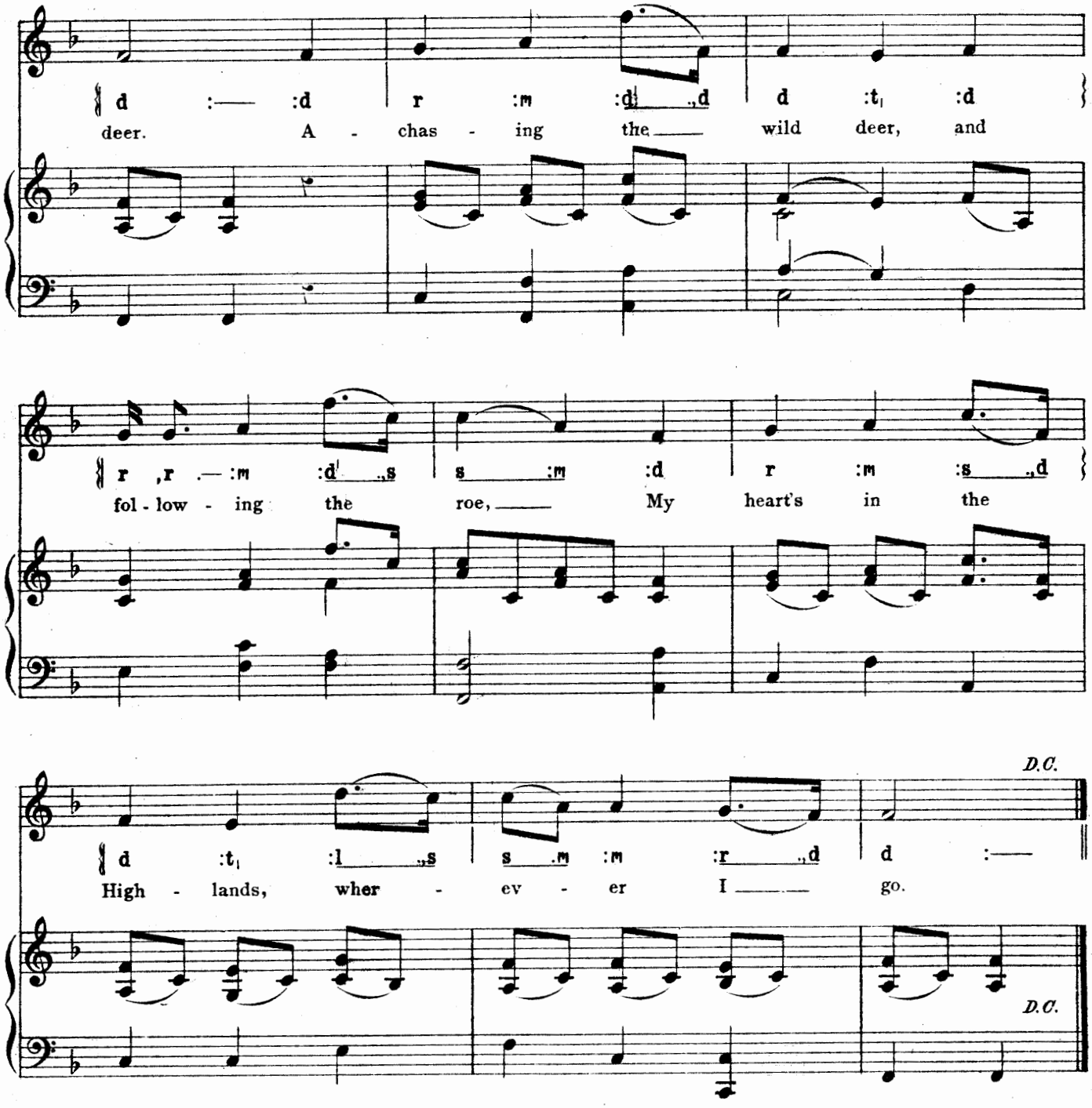
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Words by BURNS.

Tune_"Crochallan?"

Andante.





2.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

3.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

4.

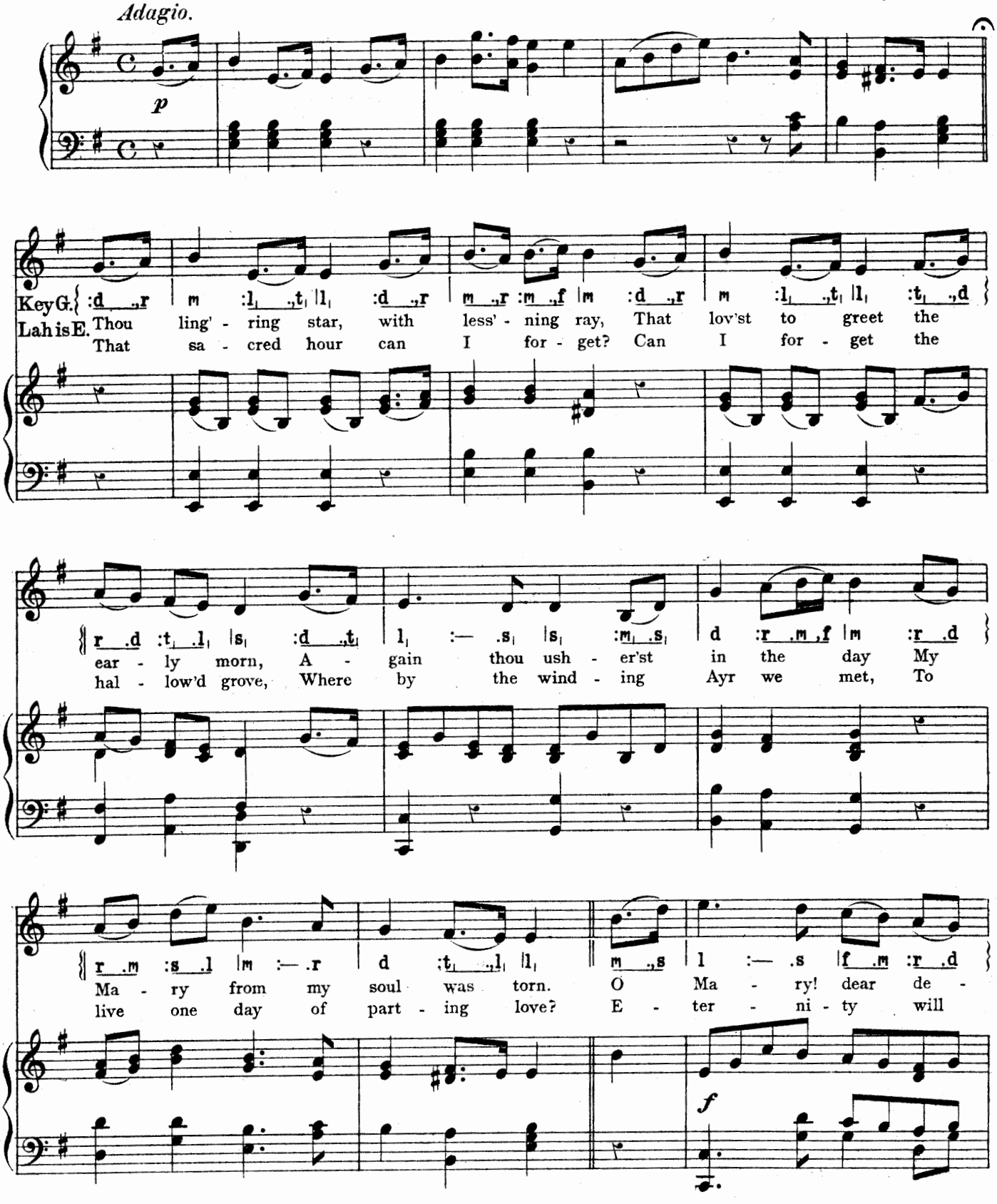
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

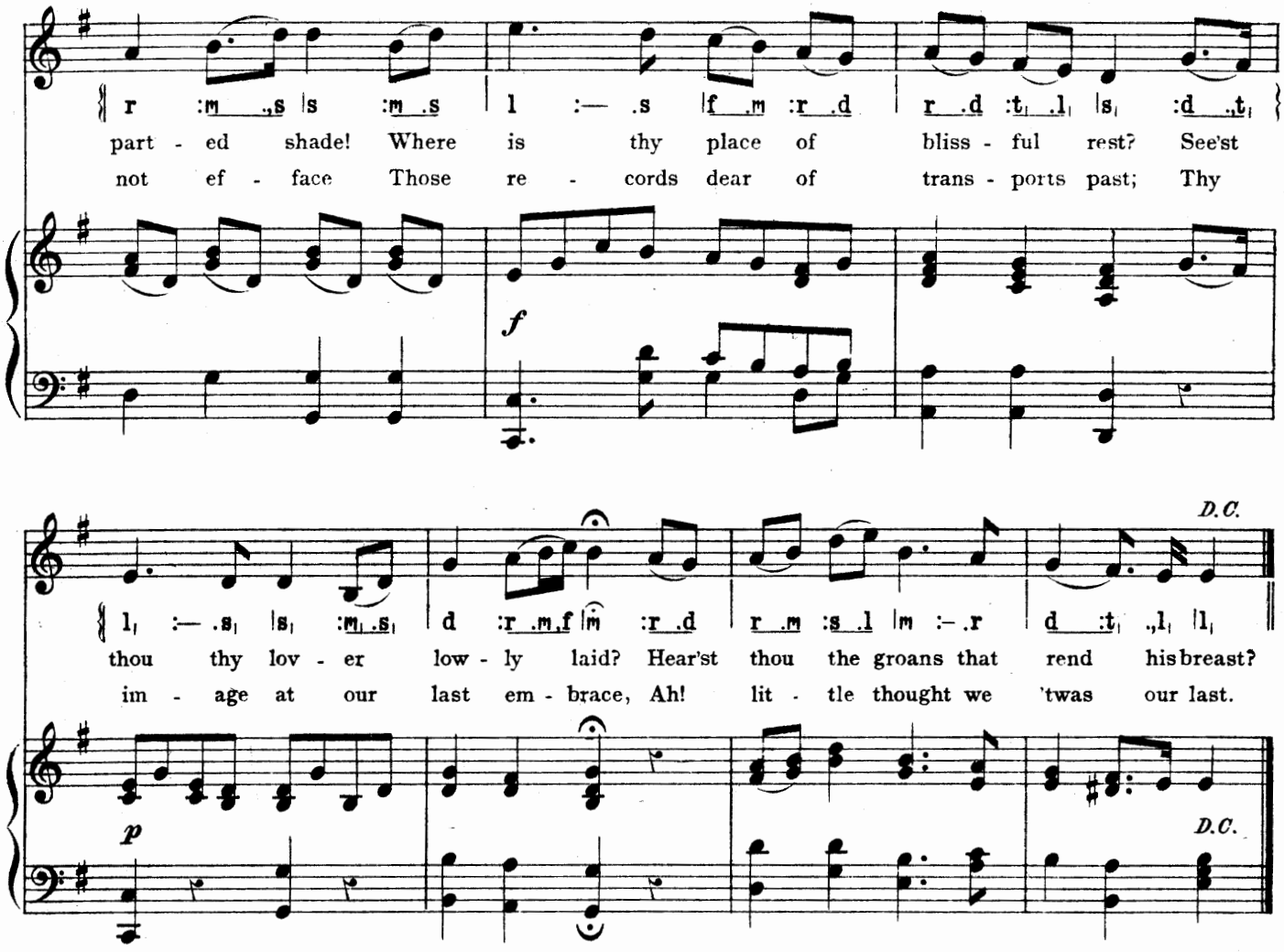
TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "Mary's Dream."

Adagio.





3.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

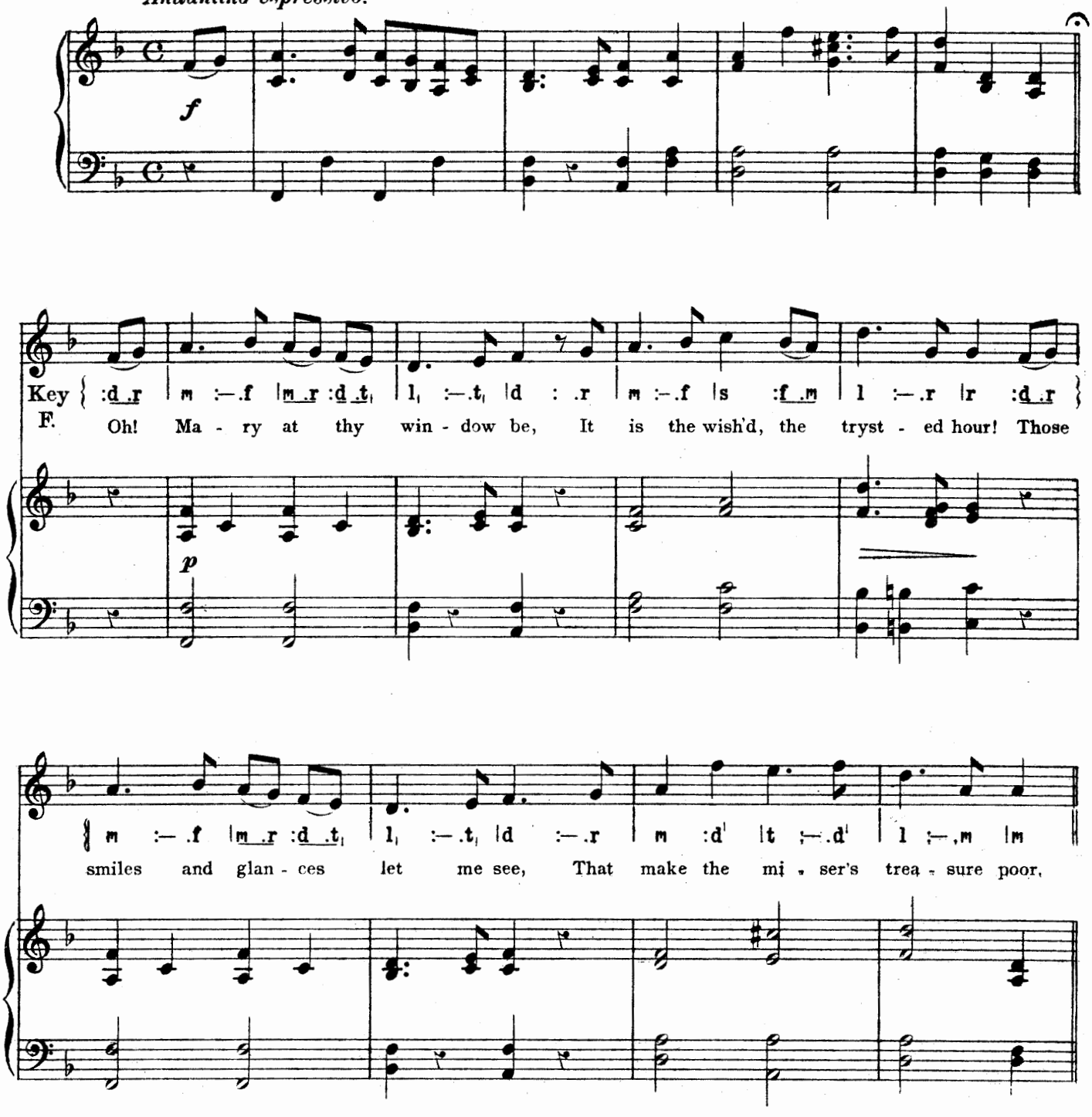
4.

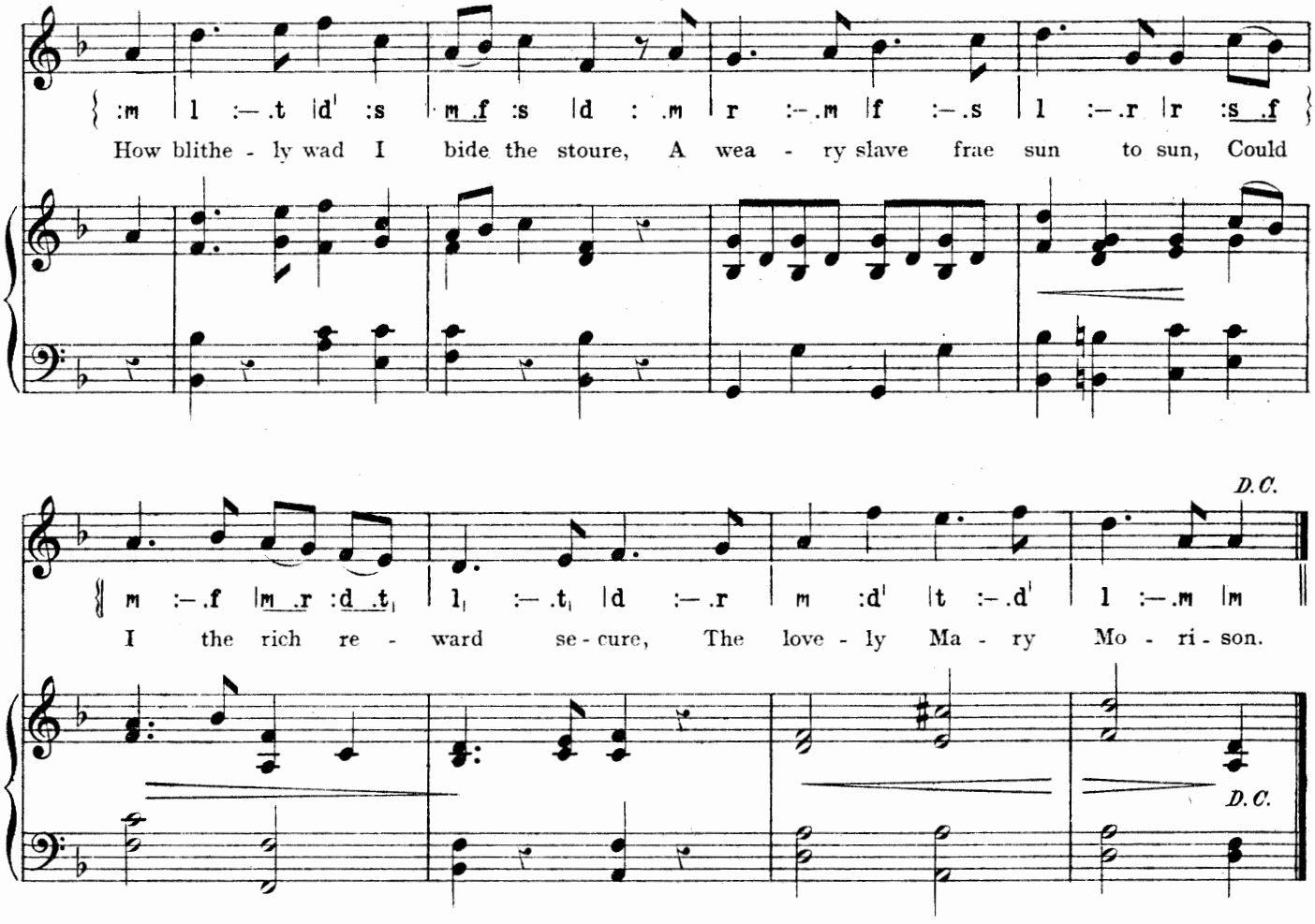
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

MARY MORISON.

Words by BURNS.

Andantino espressivo.





2.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

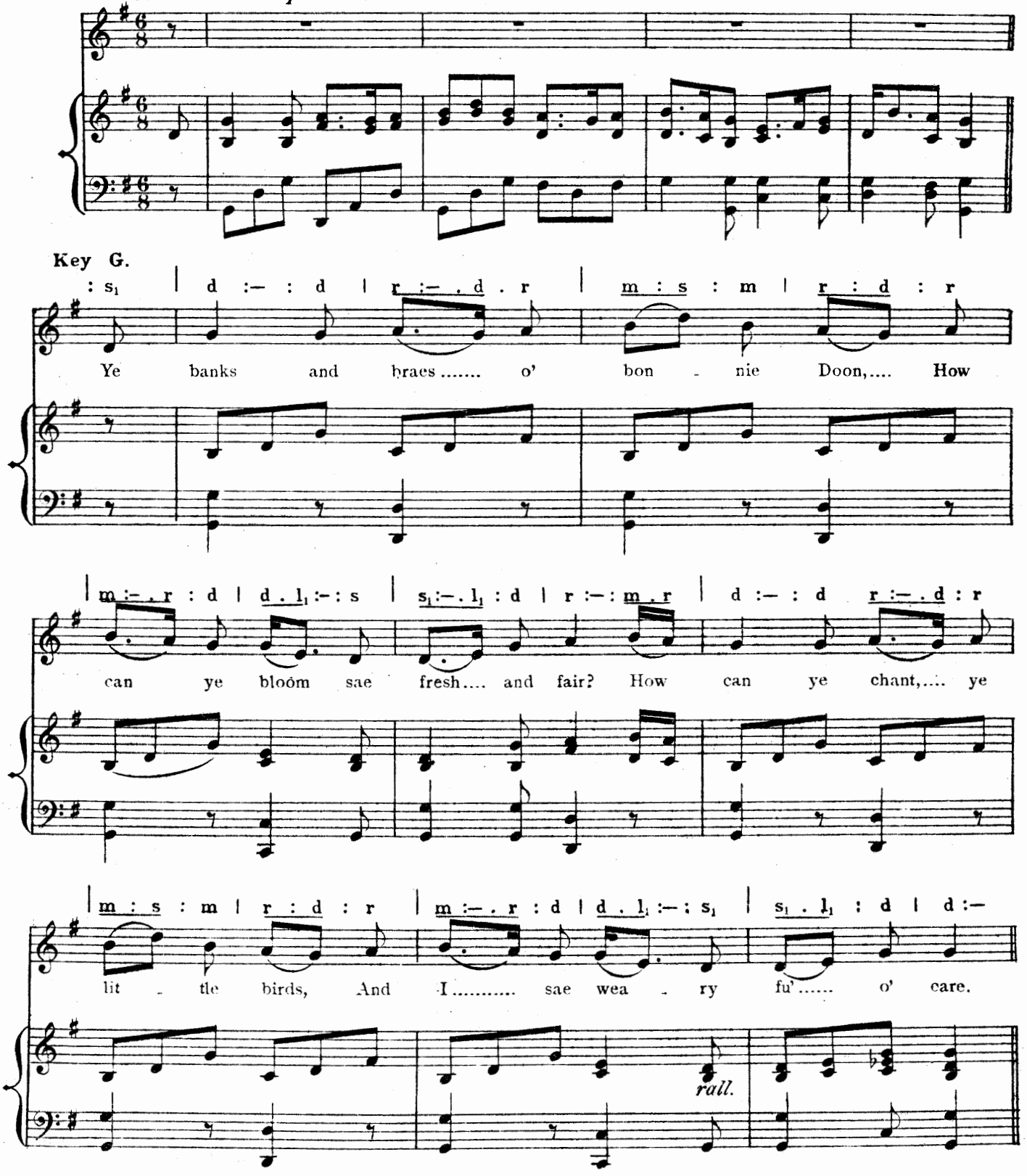
3.

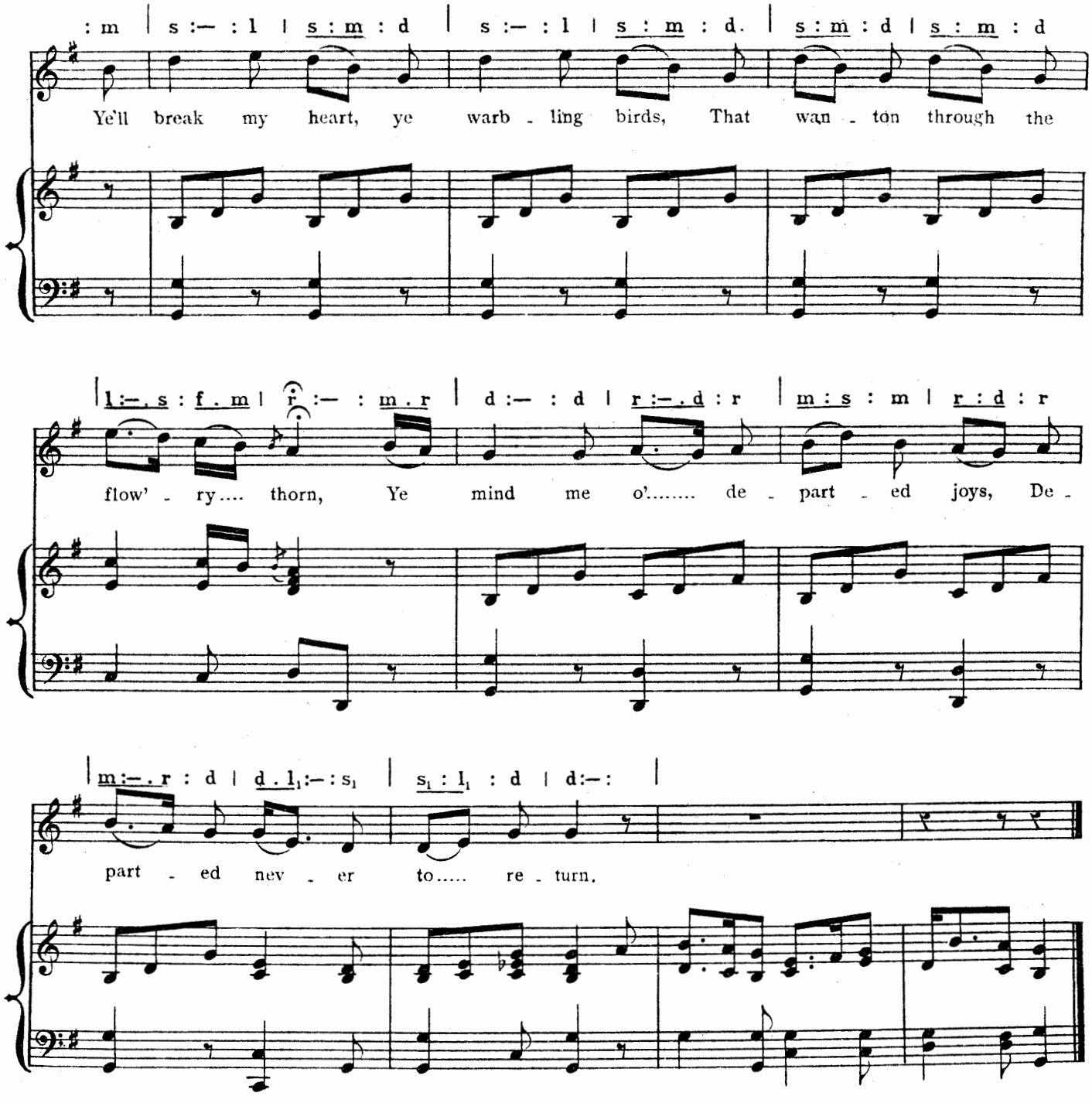
O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Words by BURNS. Music by JAMES MILLER.

Andante con espressione.





Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

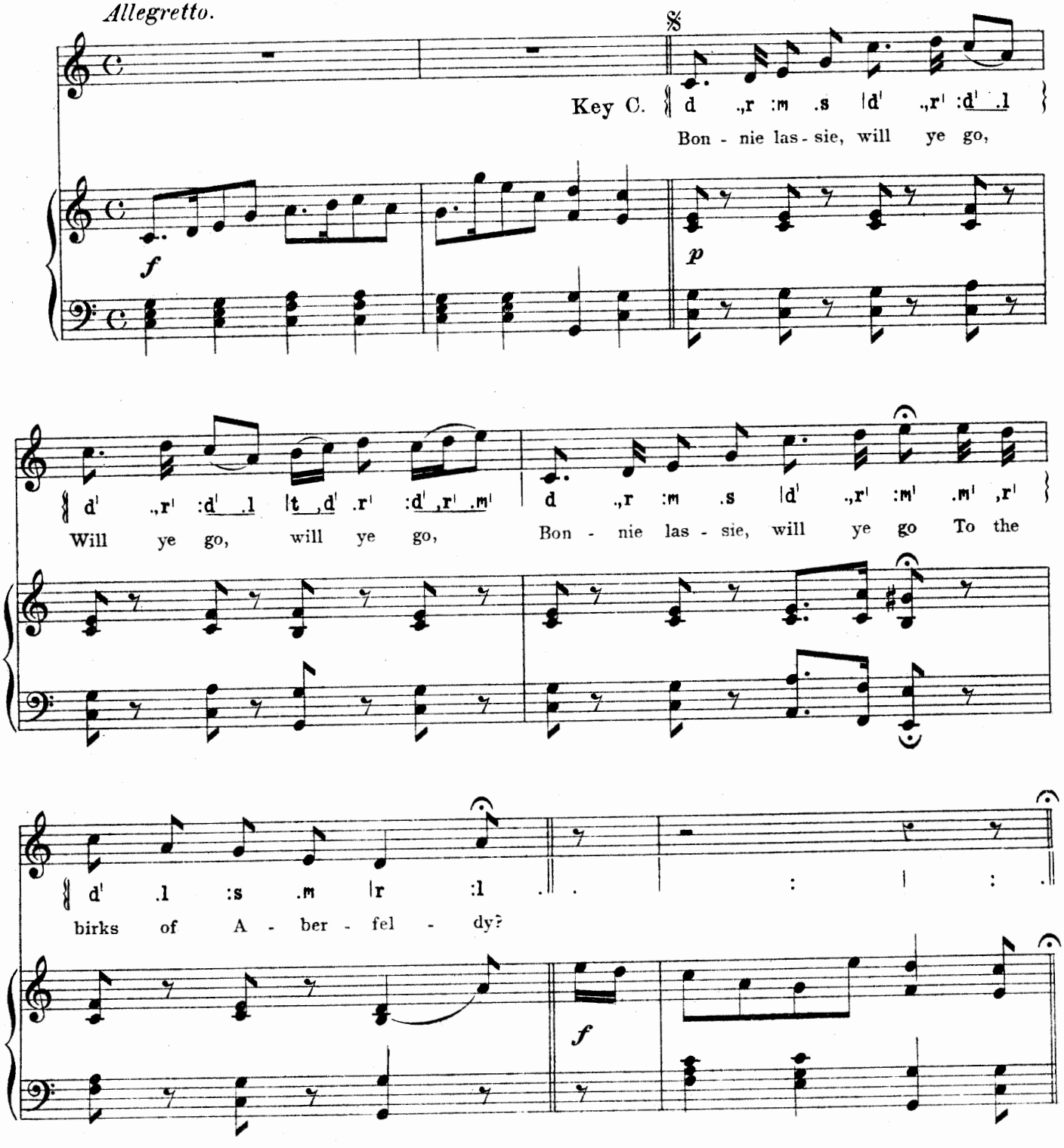
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

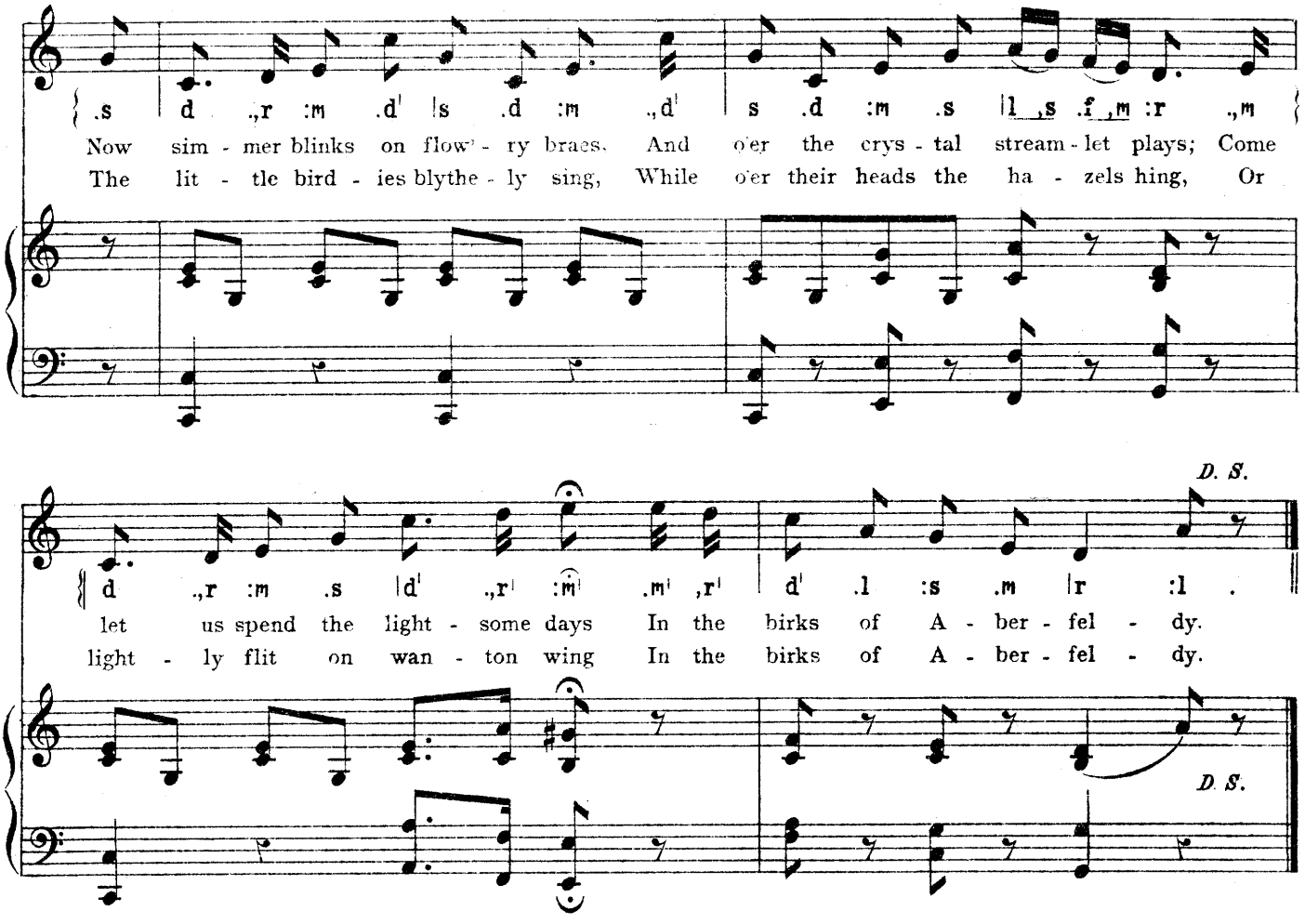
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"The Birks o' Abergeldie."

Allegretto.





3.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

4.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

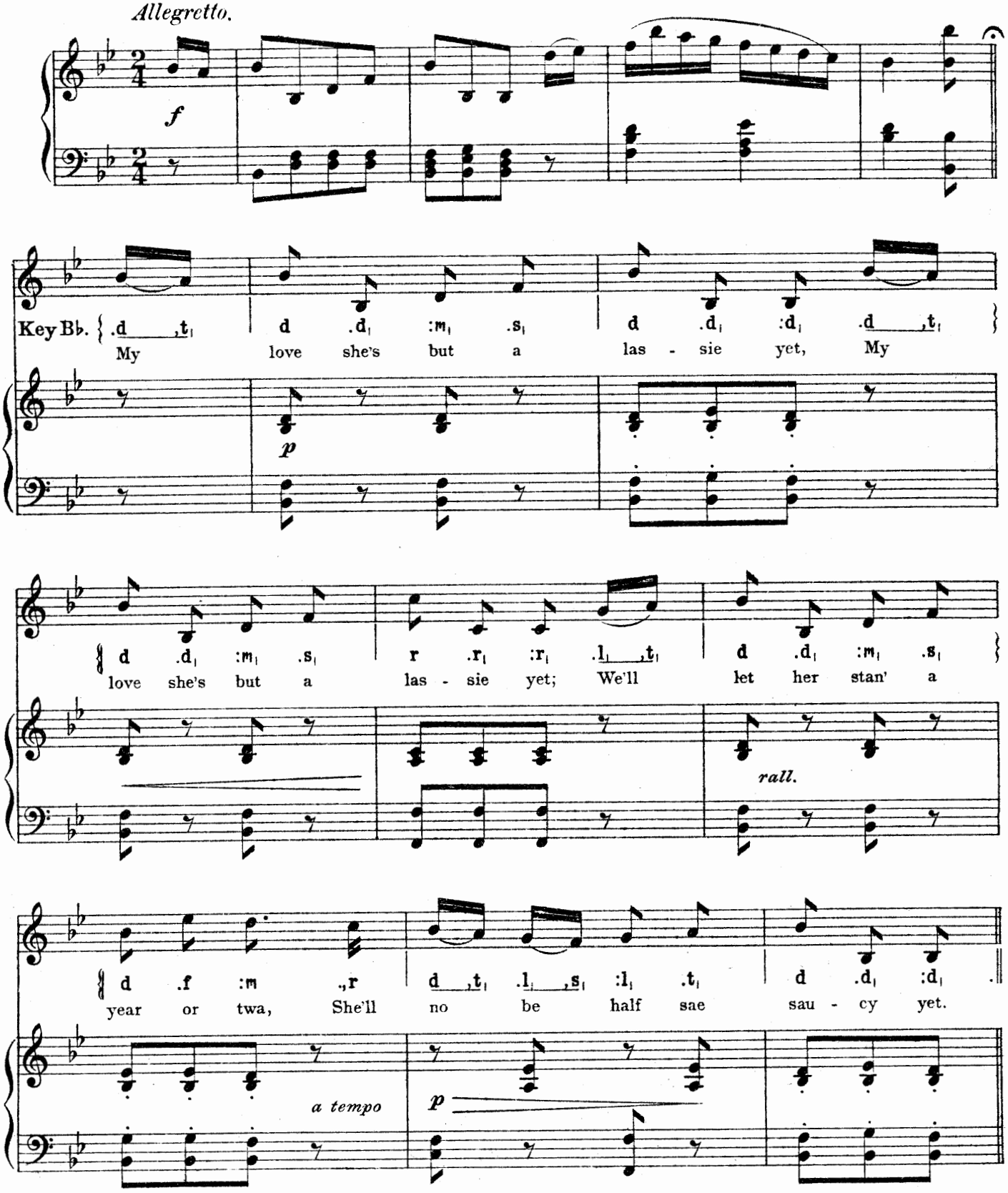
5.

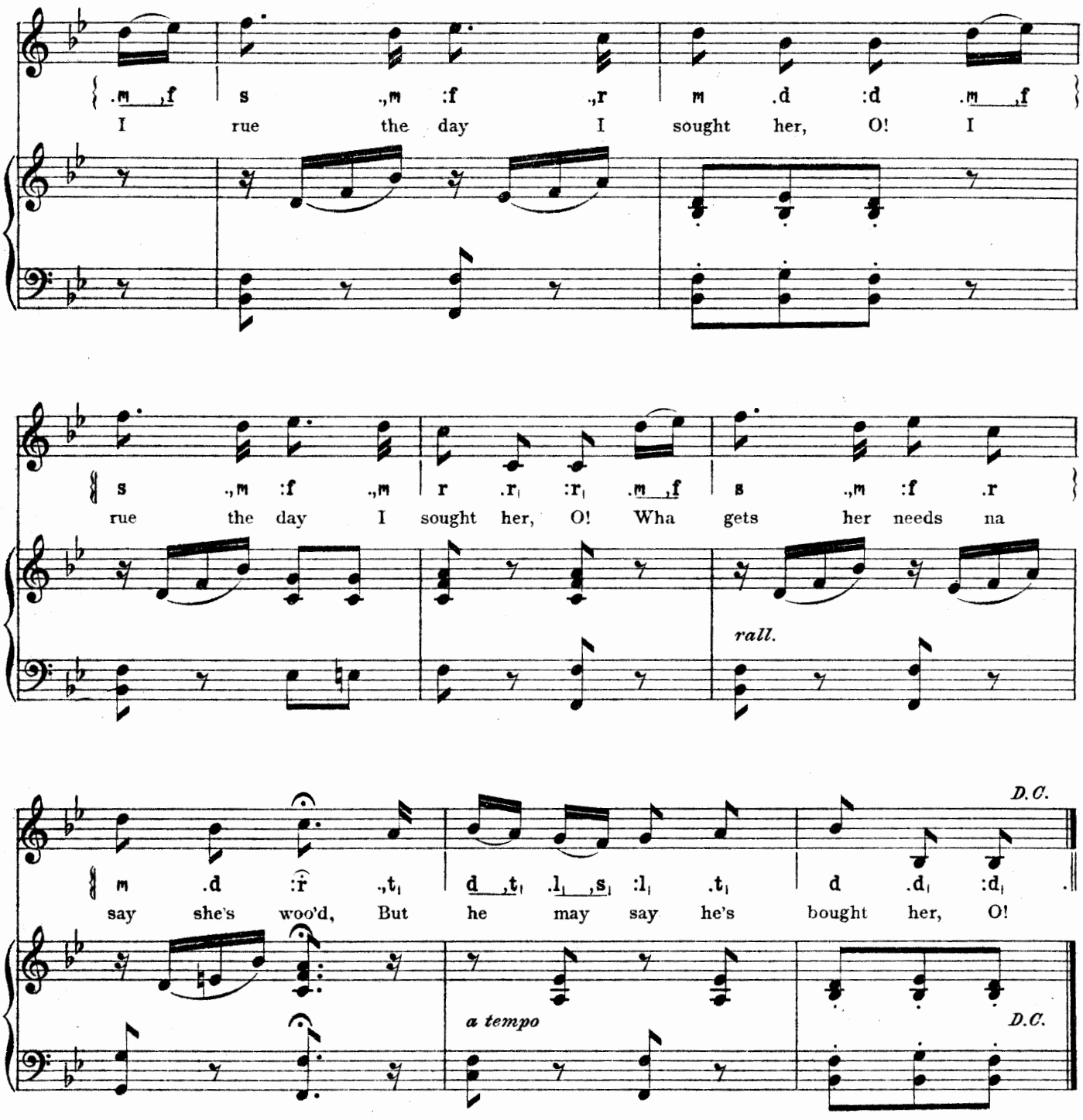
Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE.

Words by BURNS. Tune—"Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

Allegretto.





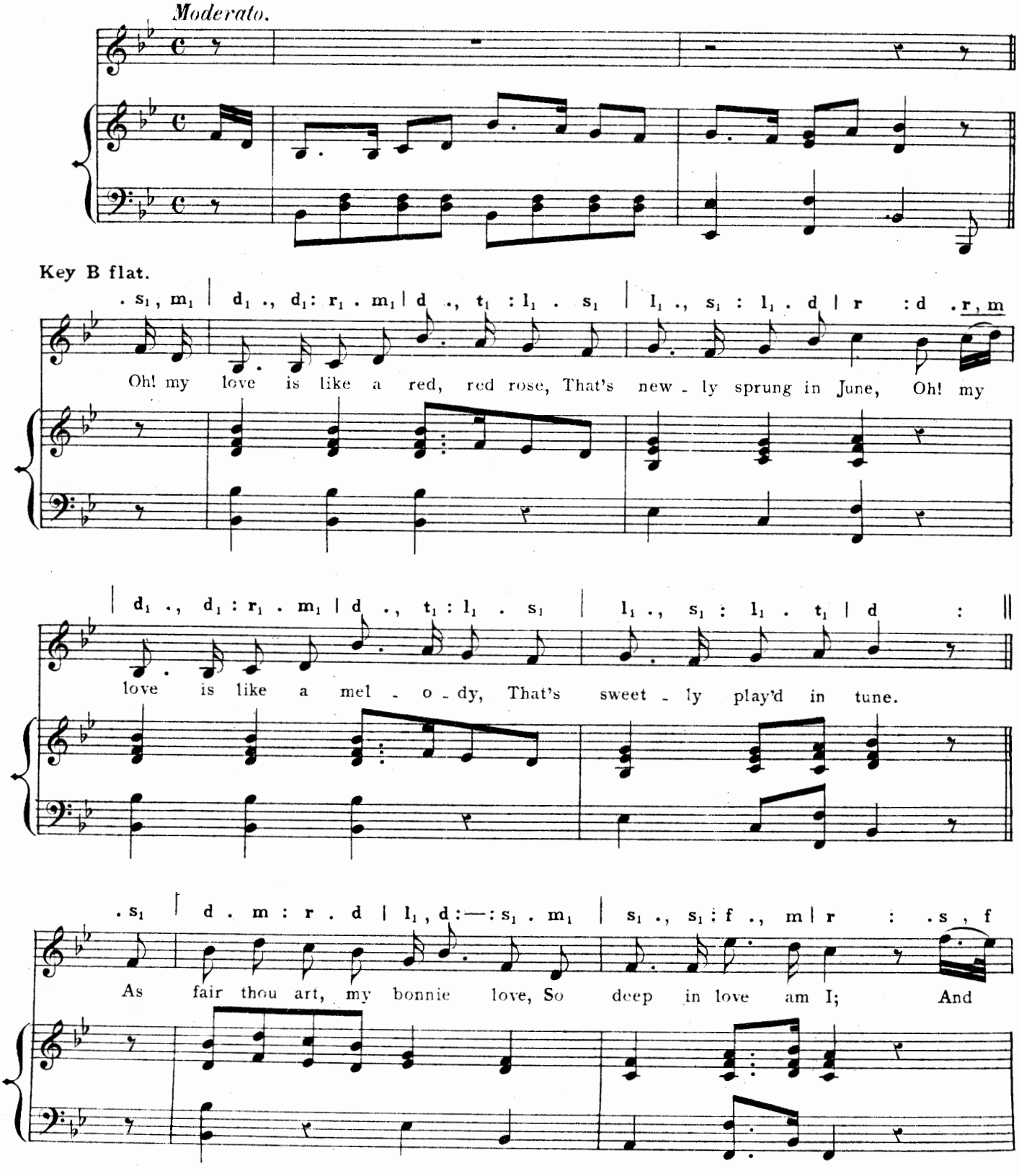
2.

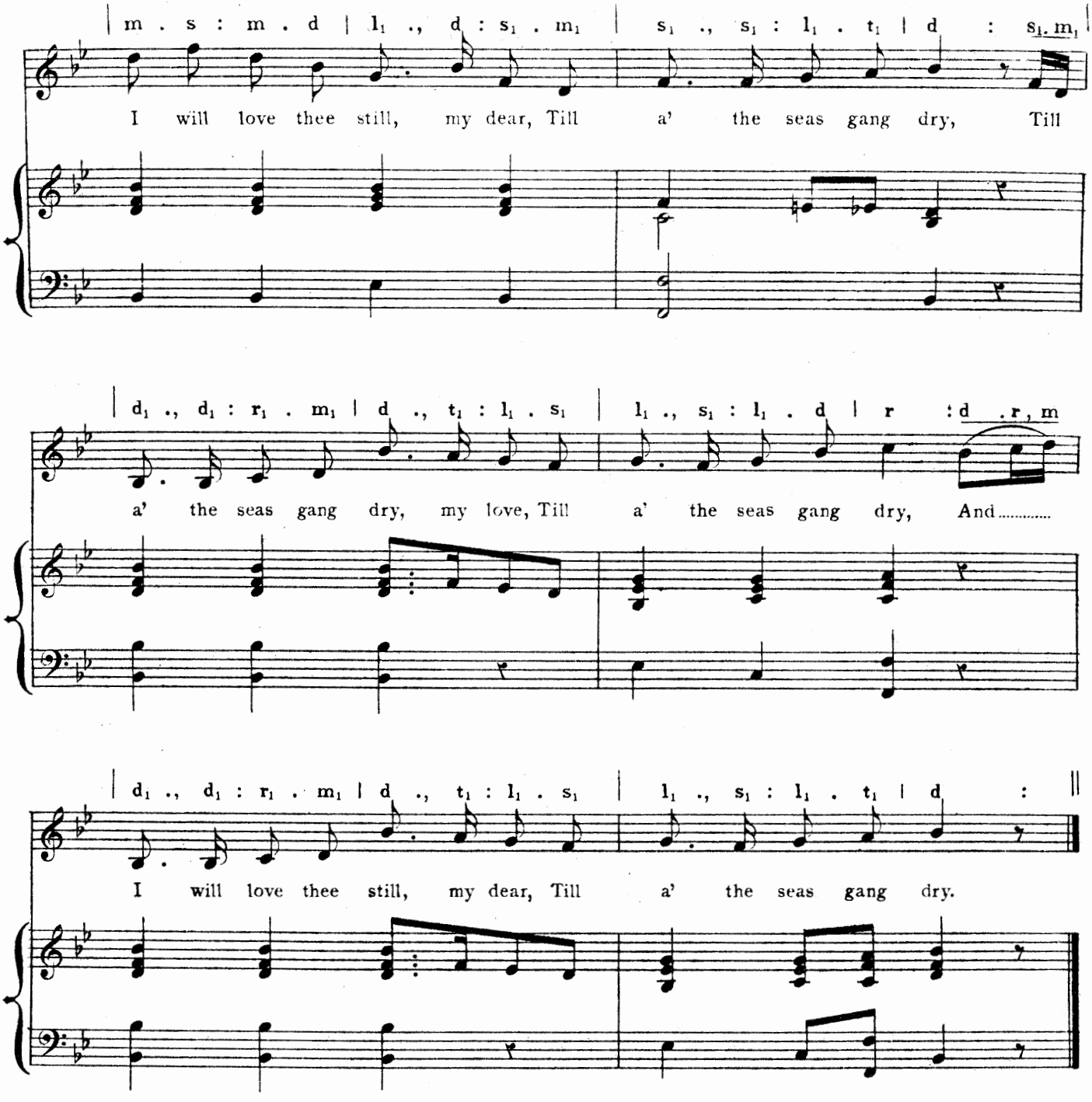
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

OH! MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.





2

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 o' life shall run.

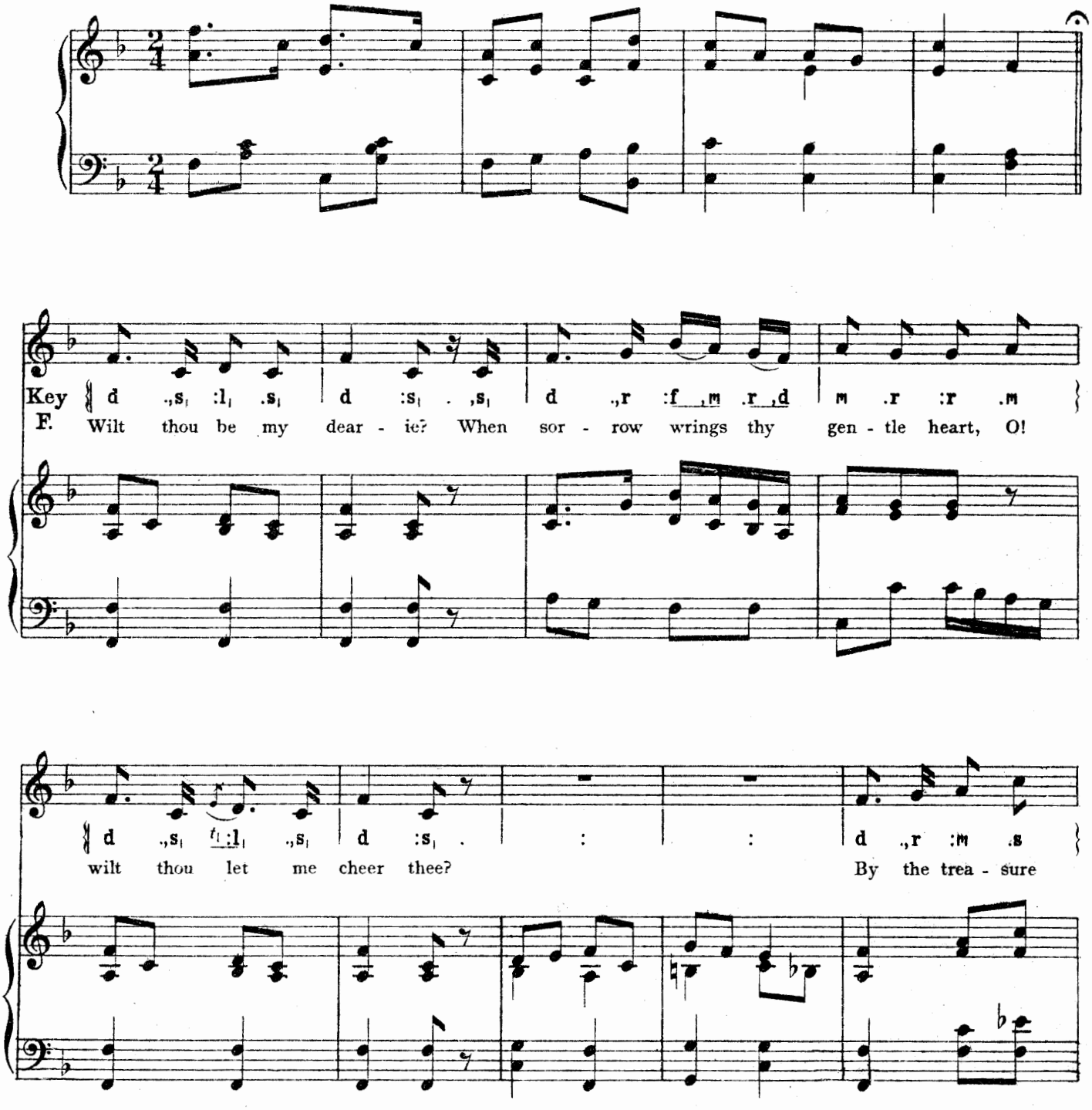
But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel a while;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
But fare thee weel, &c.

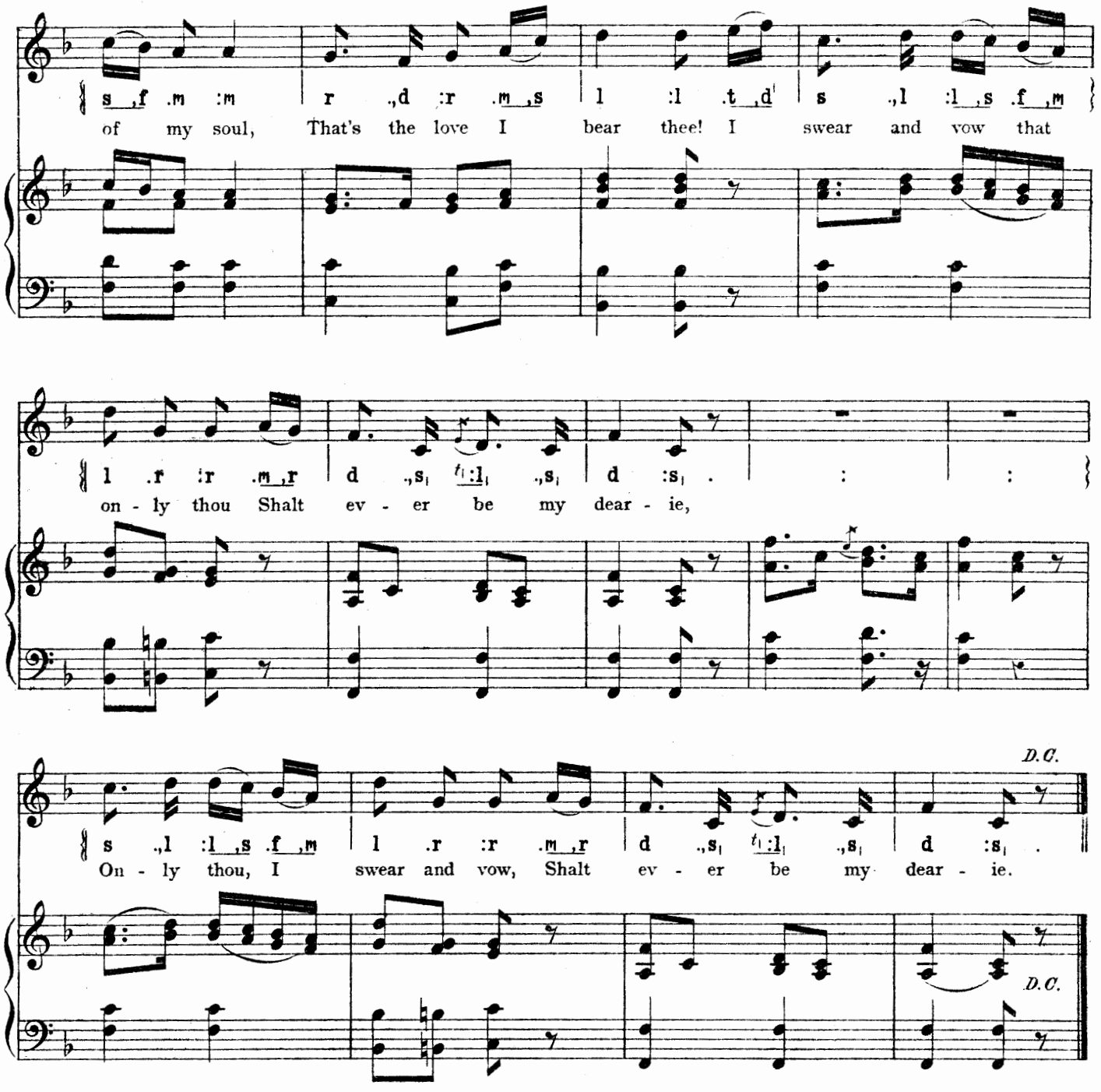
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"The Sutor's Dochter."

Moderato.





2.

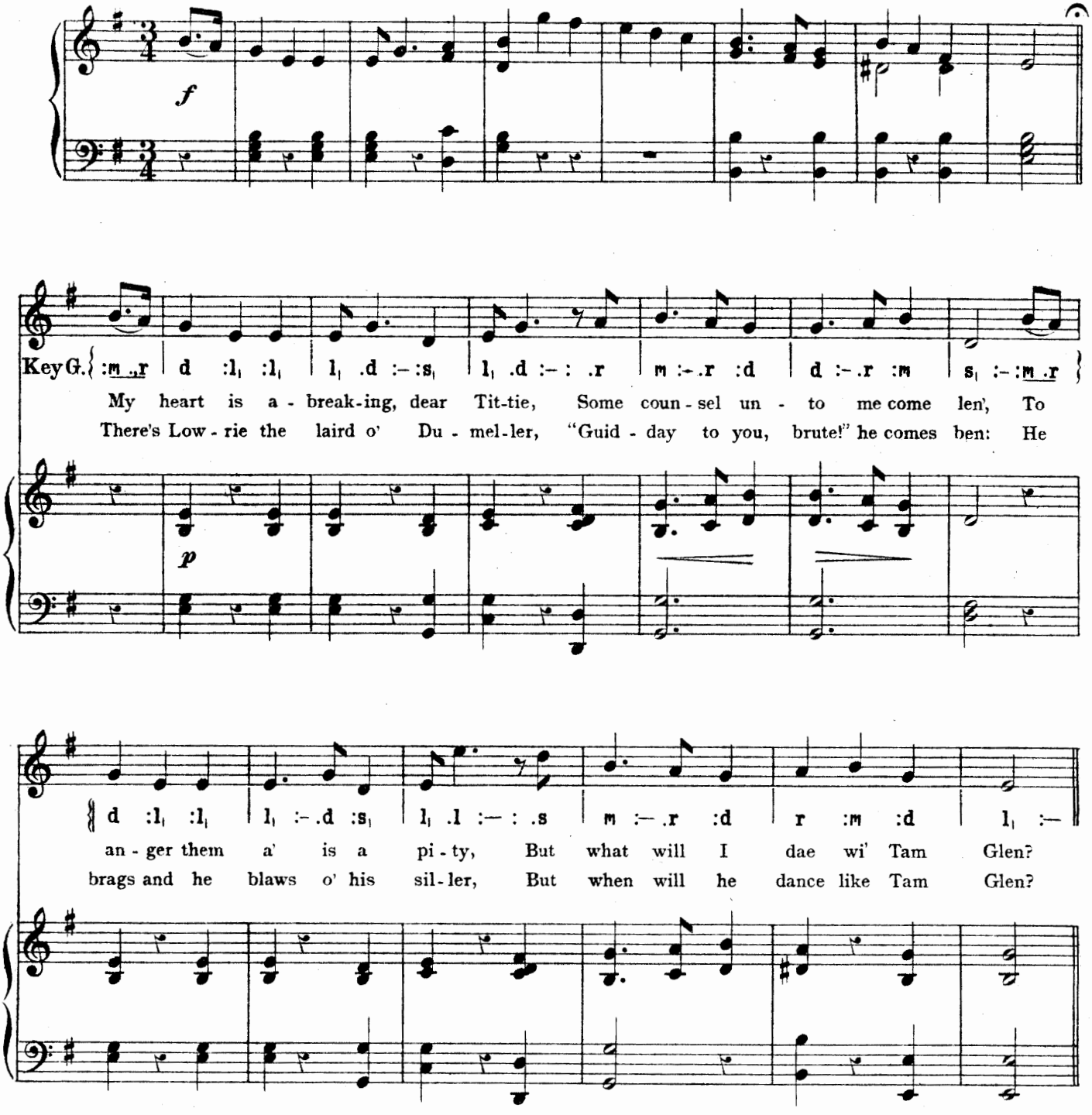
Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me_
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

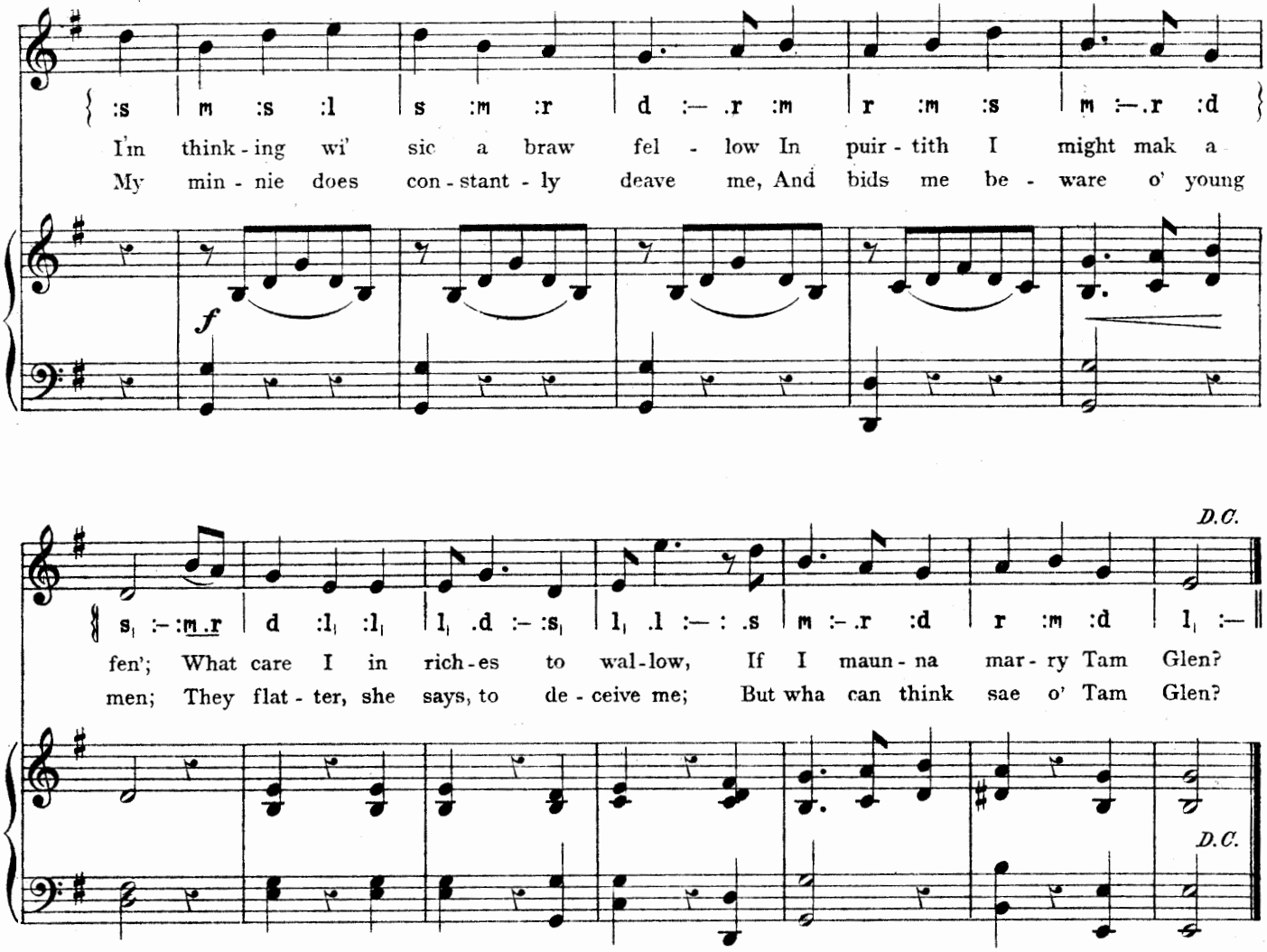
TAM GLEN.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

Moderato.





3.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten:
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

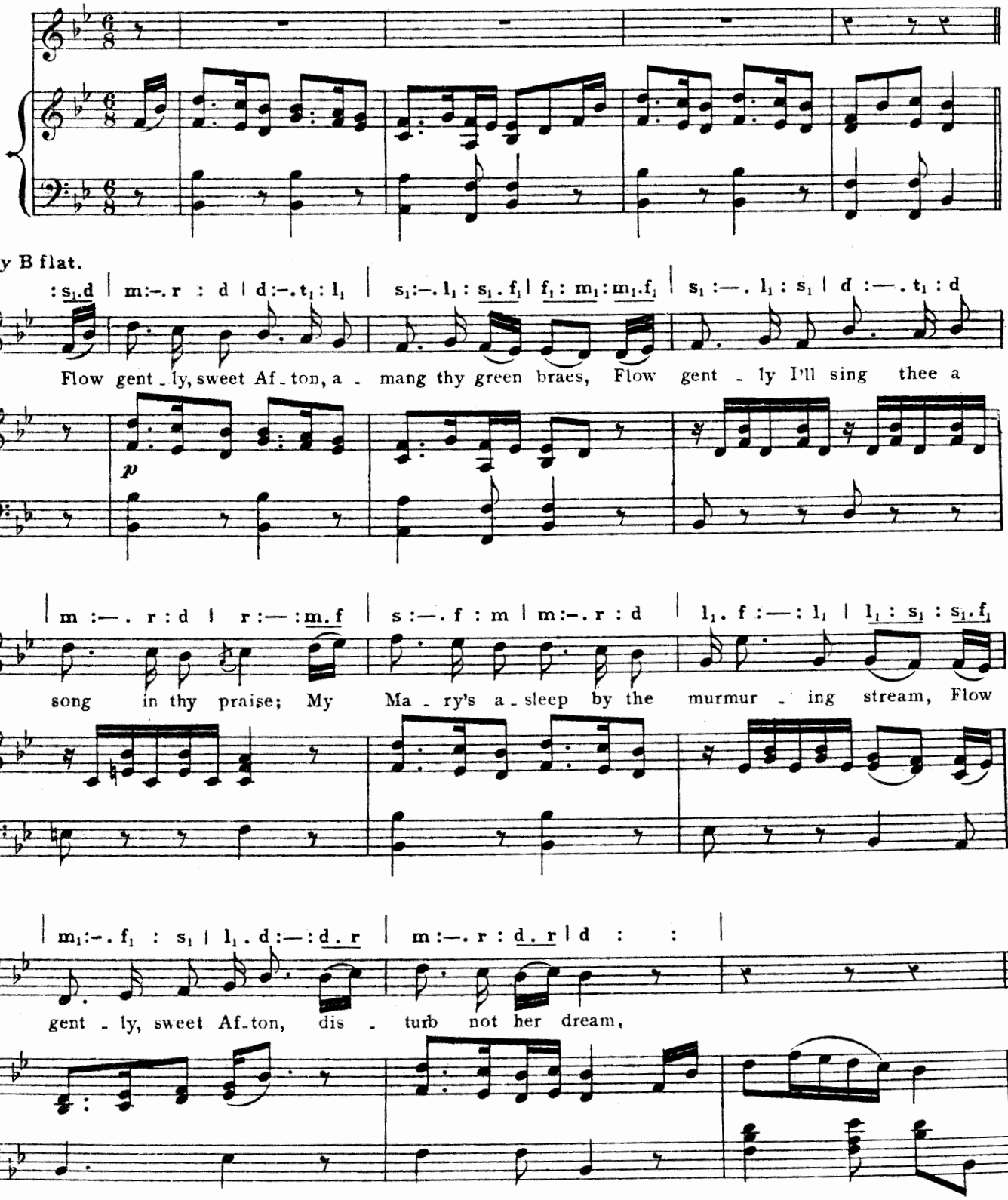
4.

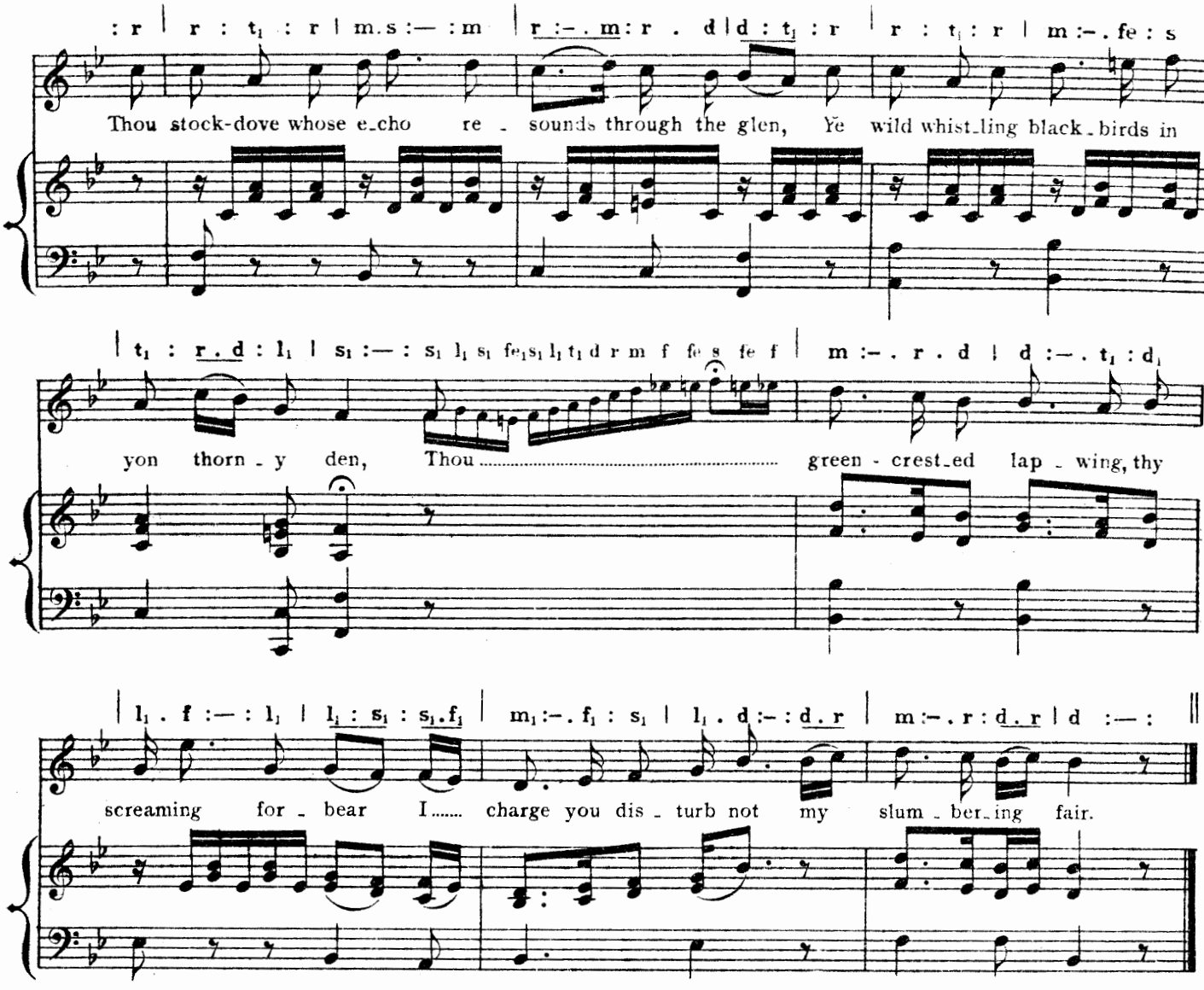
The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin—
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

AFTON WATER.

Words by BURNS. Music by A. HUME.

Andante.





3

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

4

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,
There oft as mild evening sweeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

5

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

6

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

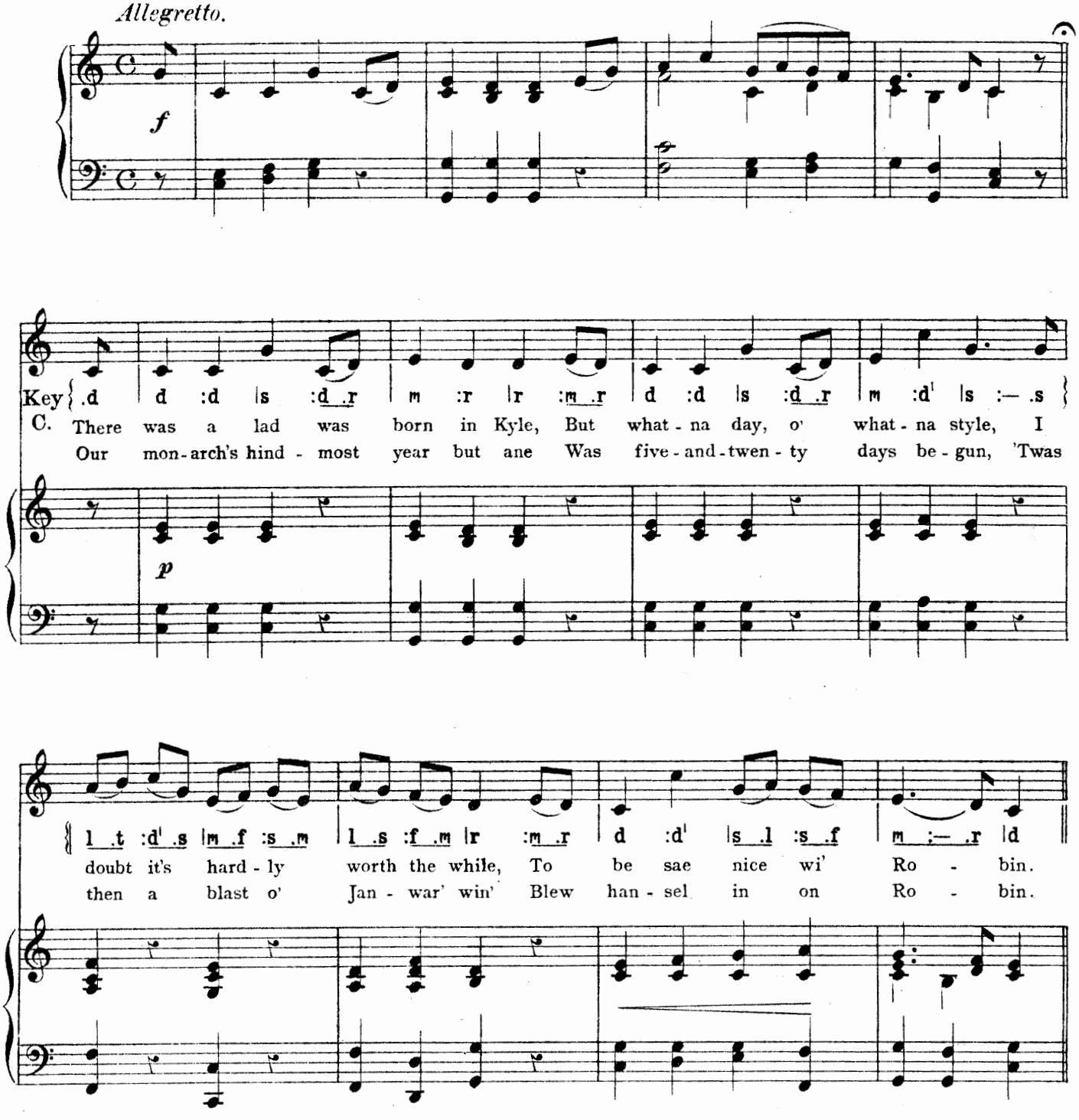
774981

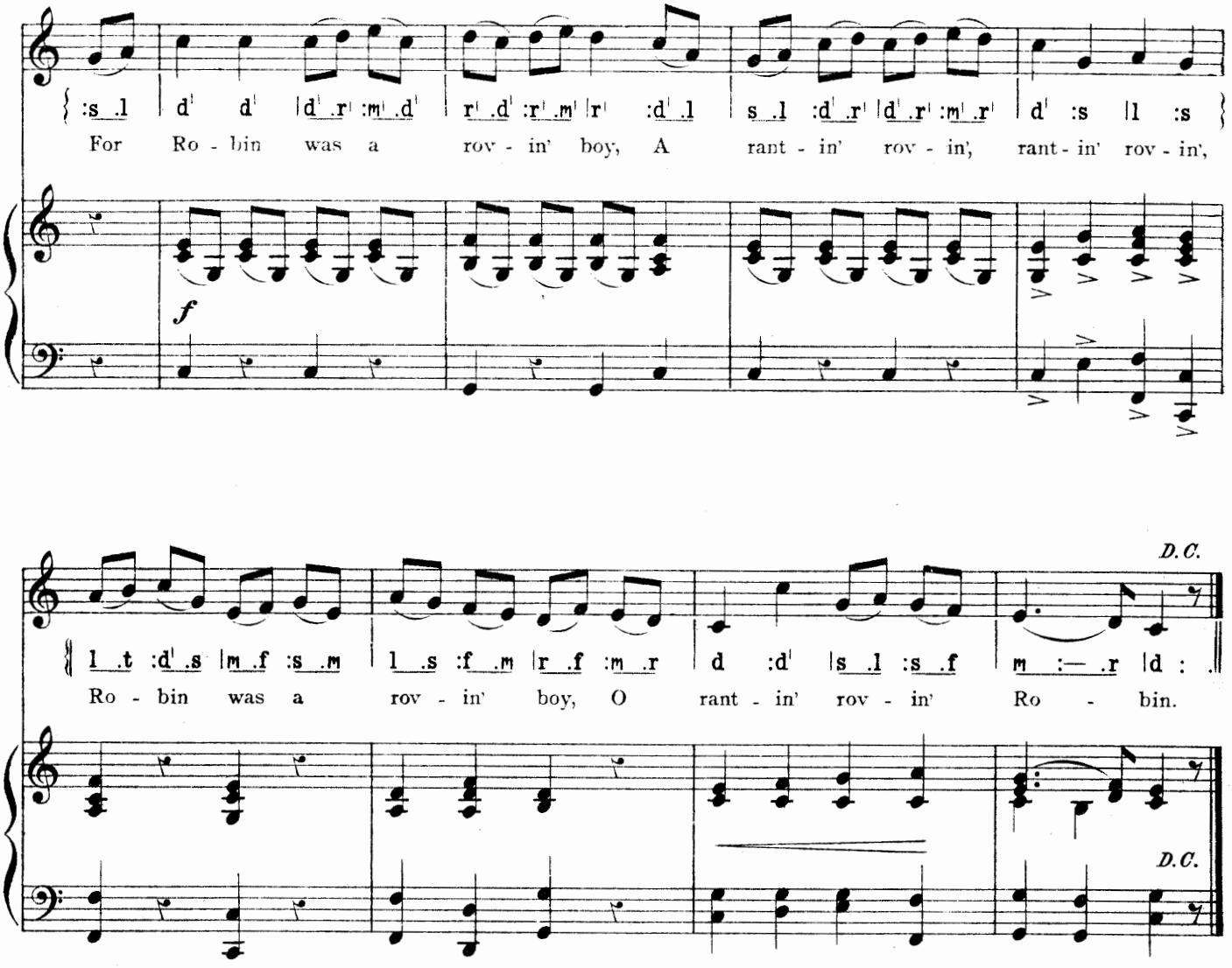
THERE WAS A LAD.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"O gin ye were dead, gudeman."

Allegretto.





3.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin."
Robin was, &c.

4.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."
Robin was, &c.

5.

"But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin."
Robin was, &c.

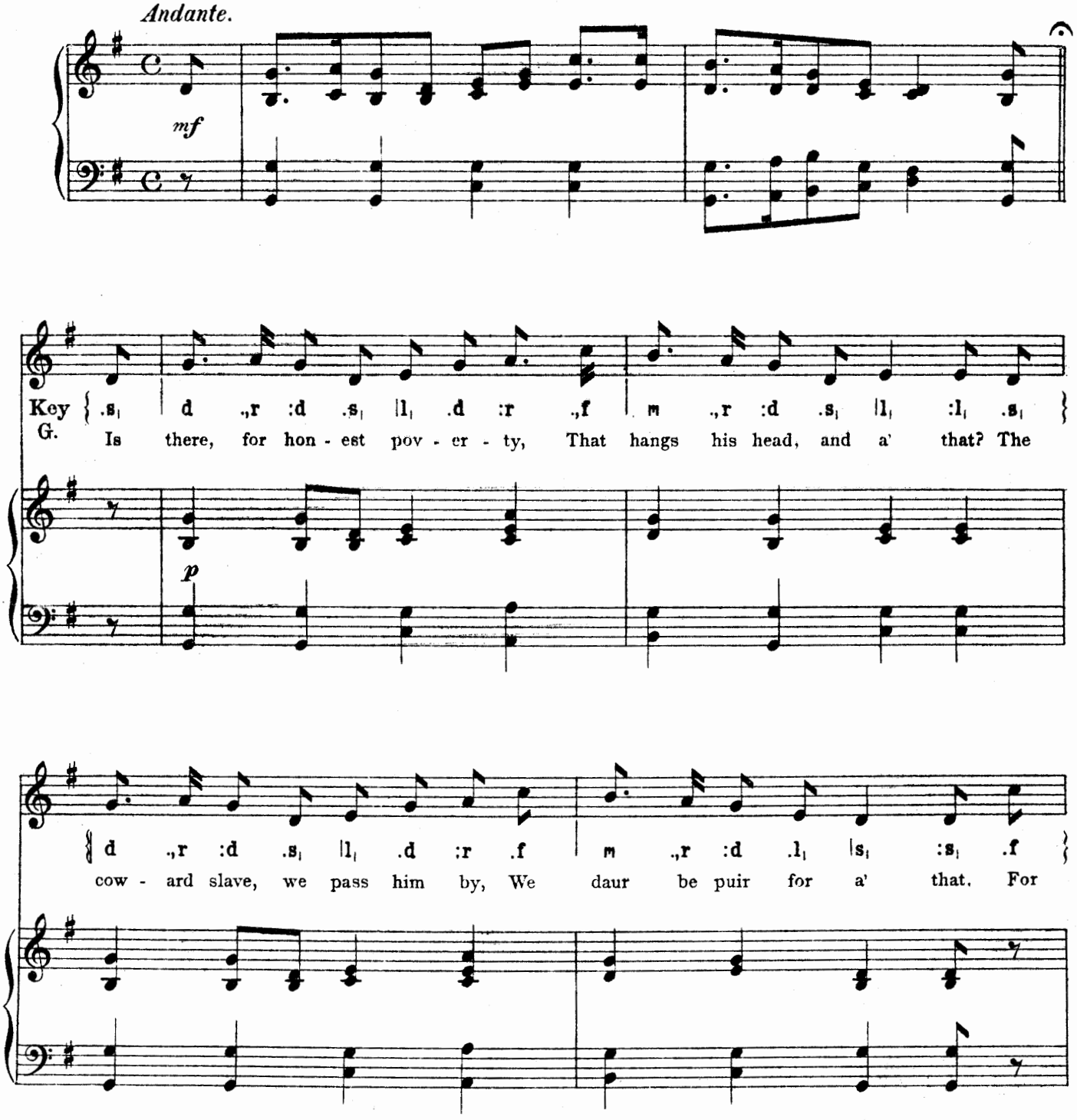
6.

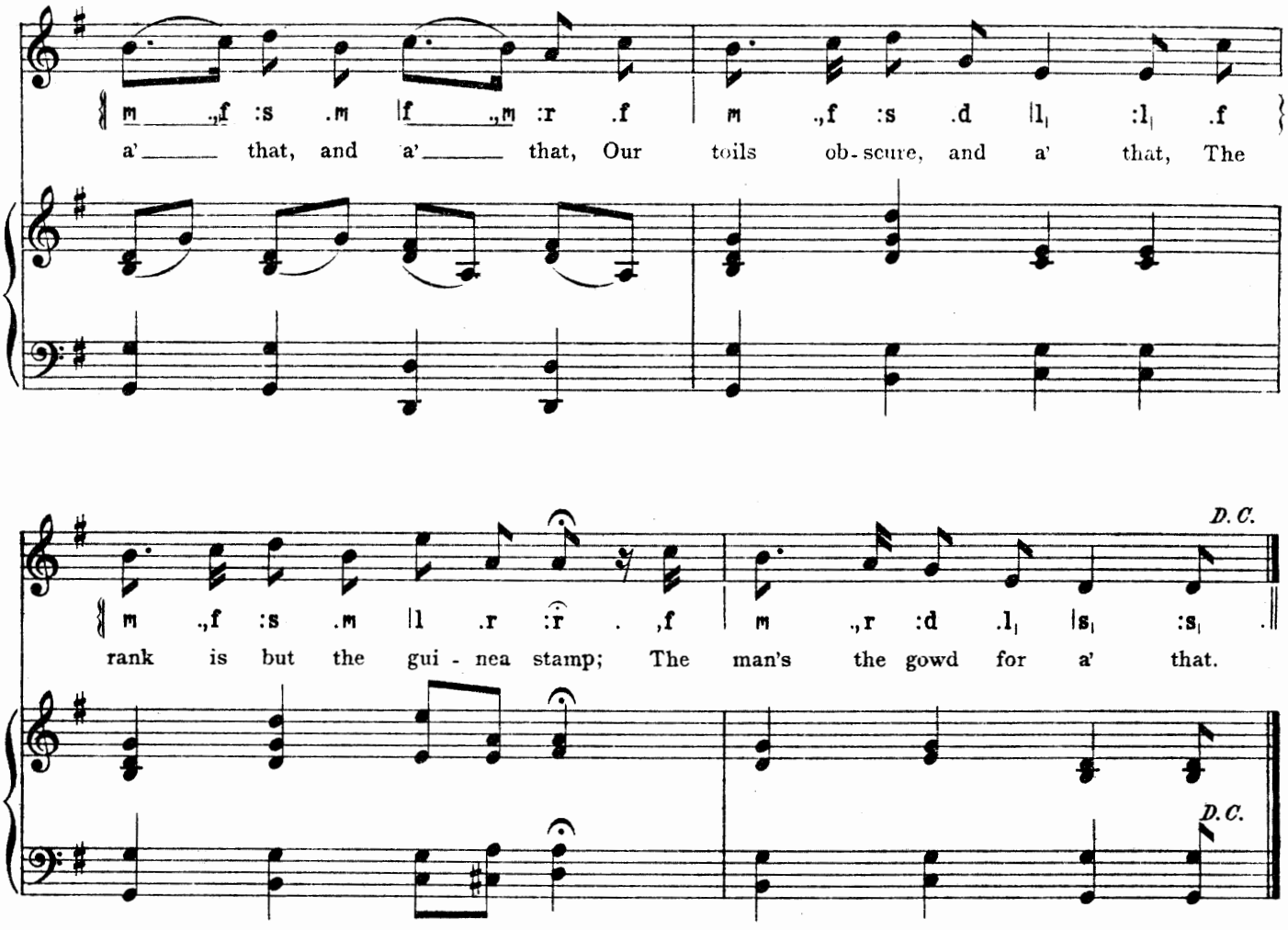
"Guid faith," quo she "I doubt you, sir,
Ye gar the lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessings on thee, Robin!"
Robin was, &c.

A MAN'S A MAN.

Words by BURNS. Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

Andante.





2.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

4.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

5.

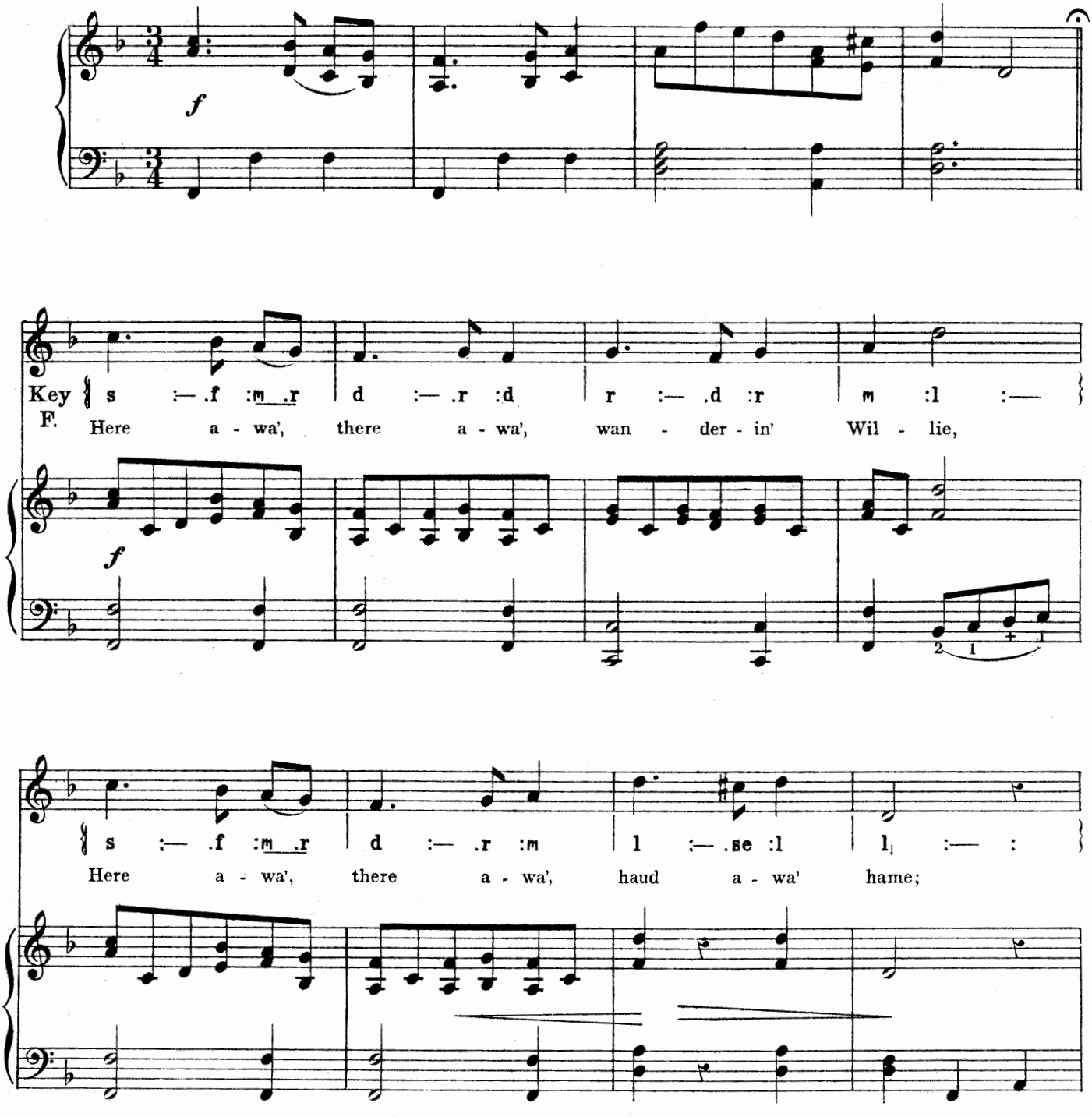
Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

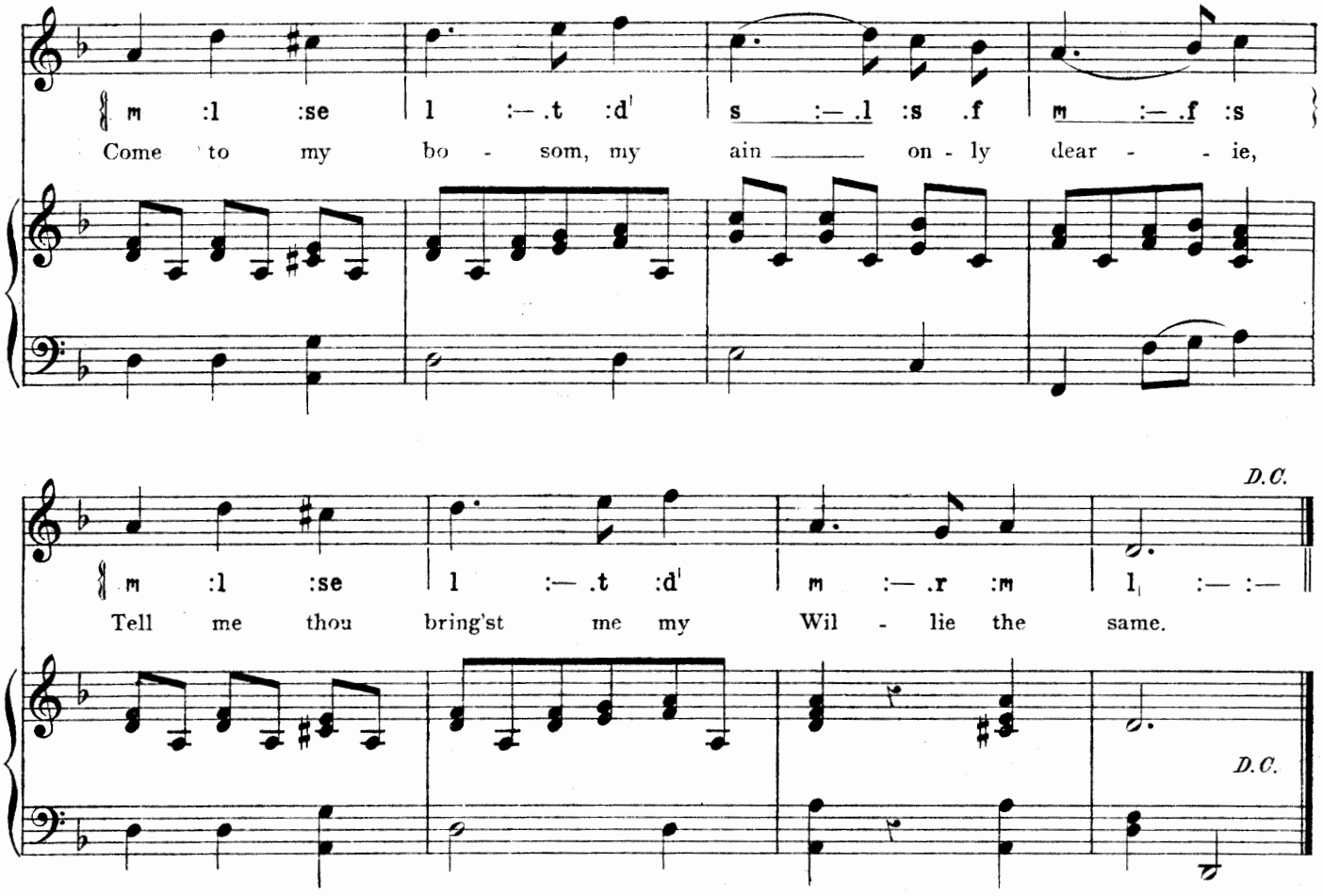
WANDERIN' WILLIE.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"Here awa', there awa'."

Andantino espressivo.





2.

Wihter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me!

3.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

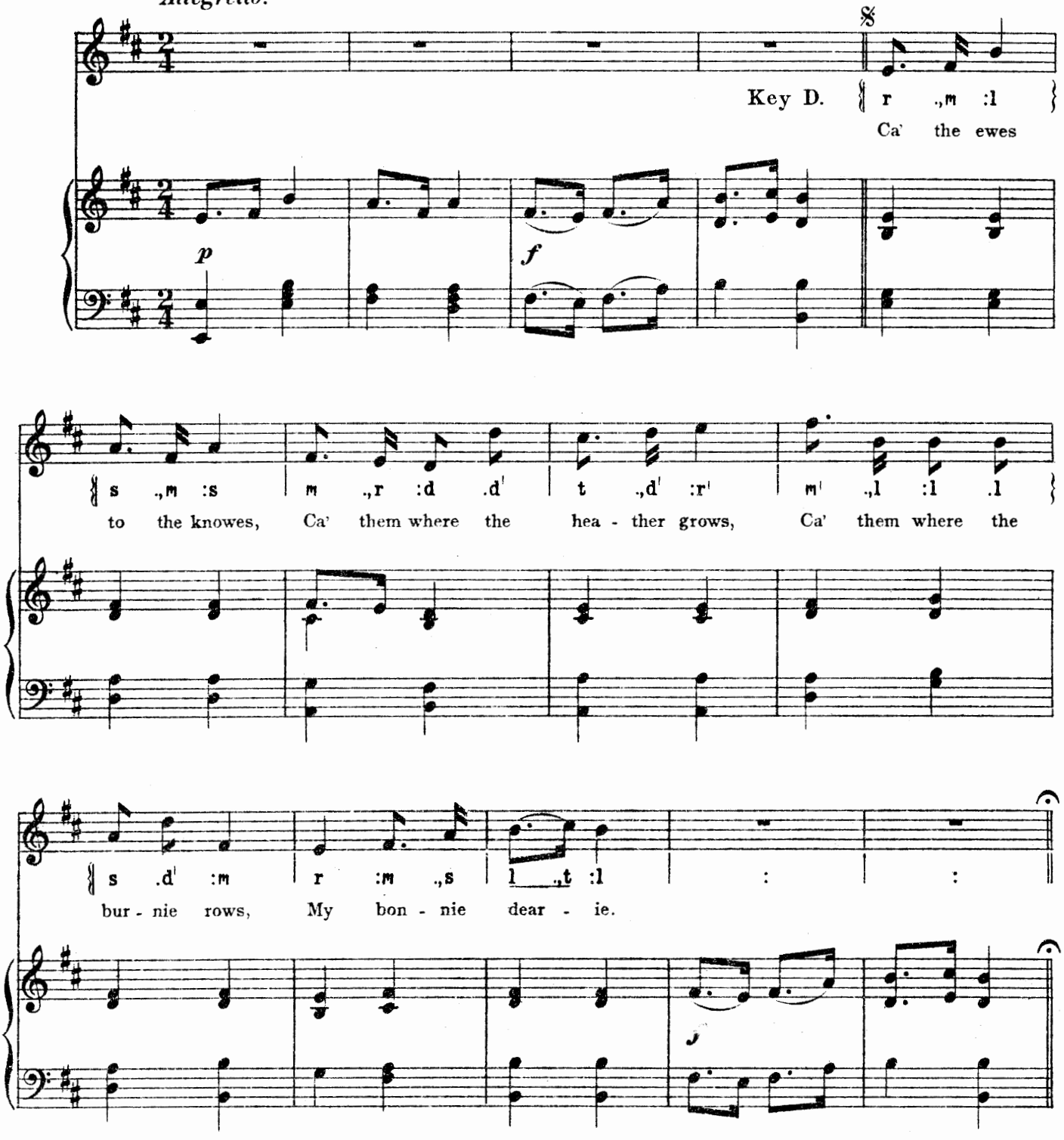
4.

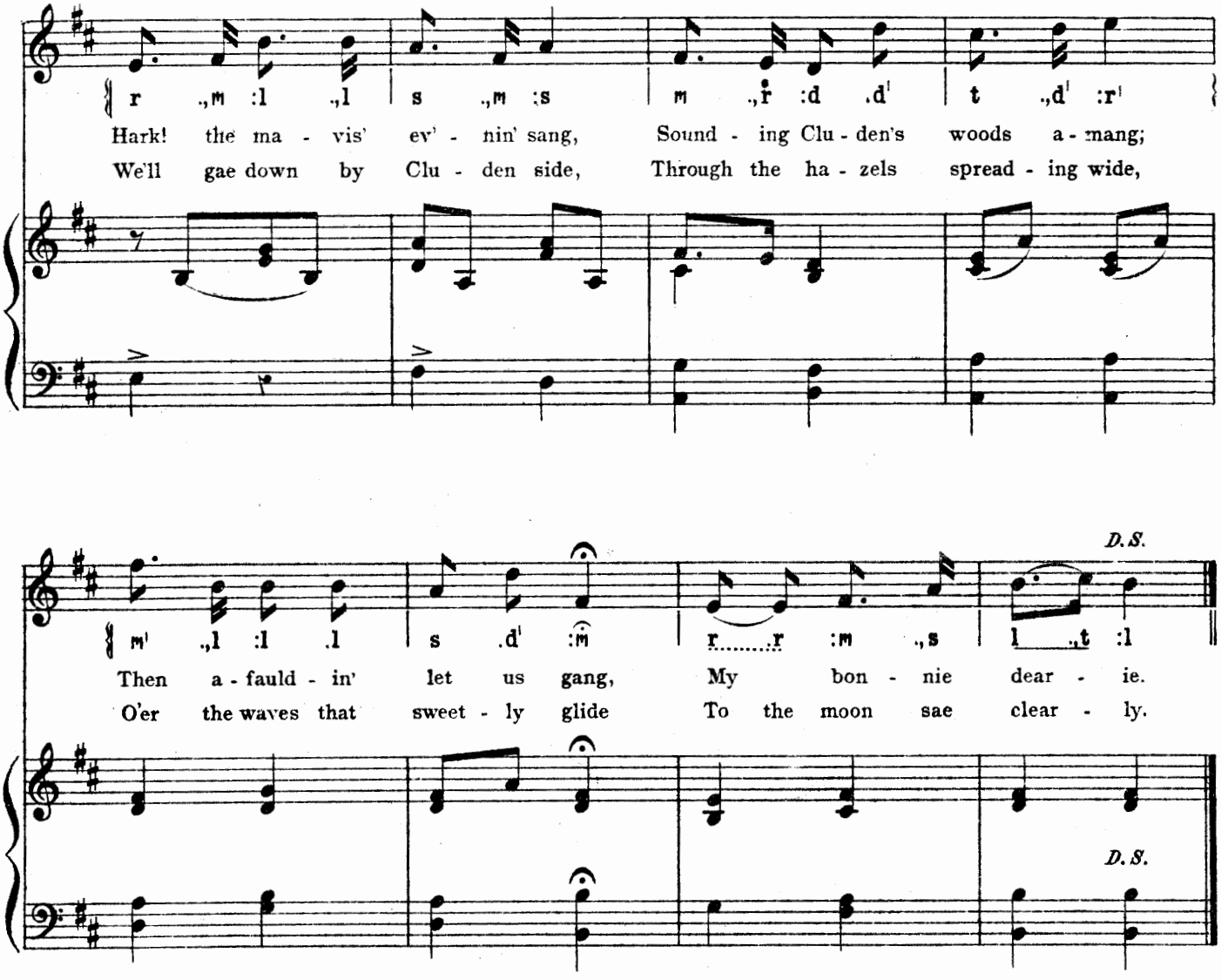
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.





3.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

4.

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

5.

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

6.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Key B flat.

Andante.

: l₁ | m₁ :-. l₁ | l₁ : t₁

John An - der - son, my

| d :- | d : r . d | t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : fe₁ | s₁ :- | : l₁ | m₁ :-. l₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d :- | d : r

Jo, John, When we were first ac - quent Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your

| m :-. r | d : r | m :- | : s | m :-. r | d : m | s :- | f : m | r :-. d | t₁ : d | r :- | : d . r

bon - nie brow was brent; But now, you're turn - ing auld, John, Your locks are like the snaw, But

| m : d | r : t₁ | d : l₁ | ṁ : l₁ | m₁ :-. l₁ | l₁ : se₁ | l₁ :- |

bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son my jo.

2.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

f

Key F.

d ,s, :l, ,d .— |m ,r :m | s ,l :m .d' |r ,d :l, .l, |

First when Mag-gie was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air;
How we live, my Meg and me, How we love and how we 'gree, I

d ,s, :l, ,d .-|m ,r :m .d' | d ,d .-:m ,d |r :d | s ,l :d' ,t |l ,s :m |

Now we're mar-ried, speir nae mair, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't. Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
care na by how few may see, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't. Wha I wish were mag-got's meat,

D. C.

s ,l :m .d' |r ,d :l, | d' ,t :l ,d' |s ,l :m .d' | d ,d .-:m ,d |r :d ||

Sweet and harm-less as a child, Wi-ser men than me's be-guil'd, Sae whis-tle o'er the lave o't.
Dish'd up in her wind-ing sheet, I could write, but Meg maun see't, Sae whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

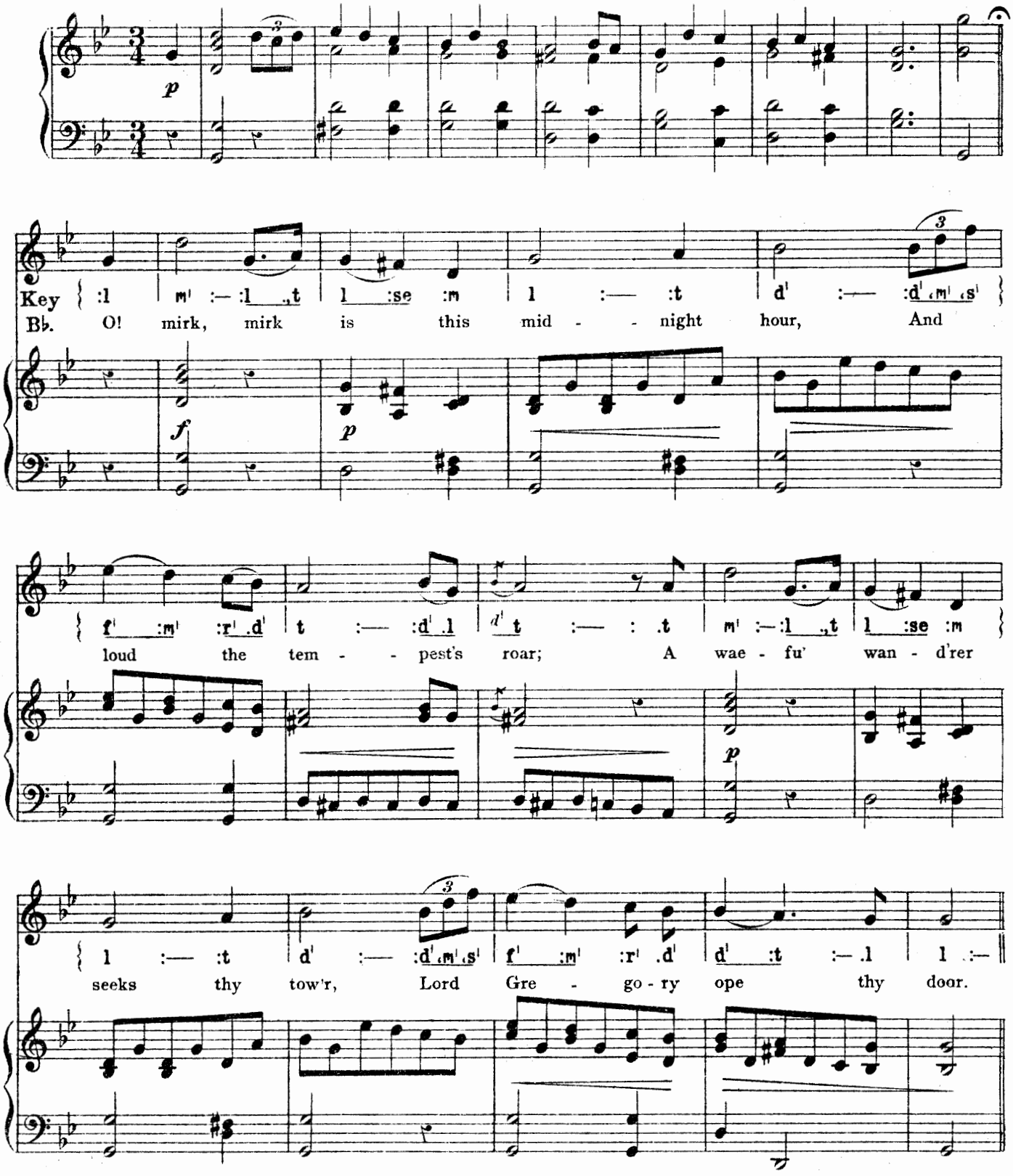
D. C.

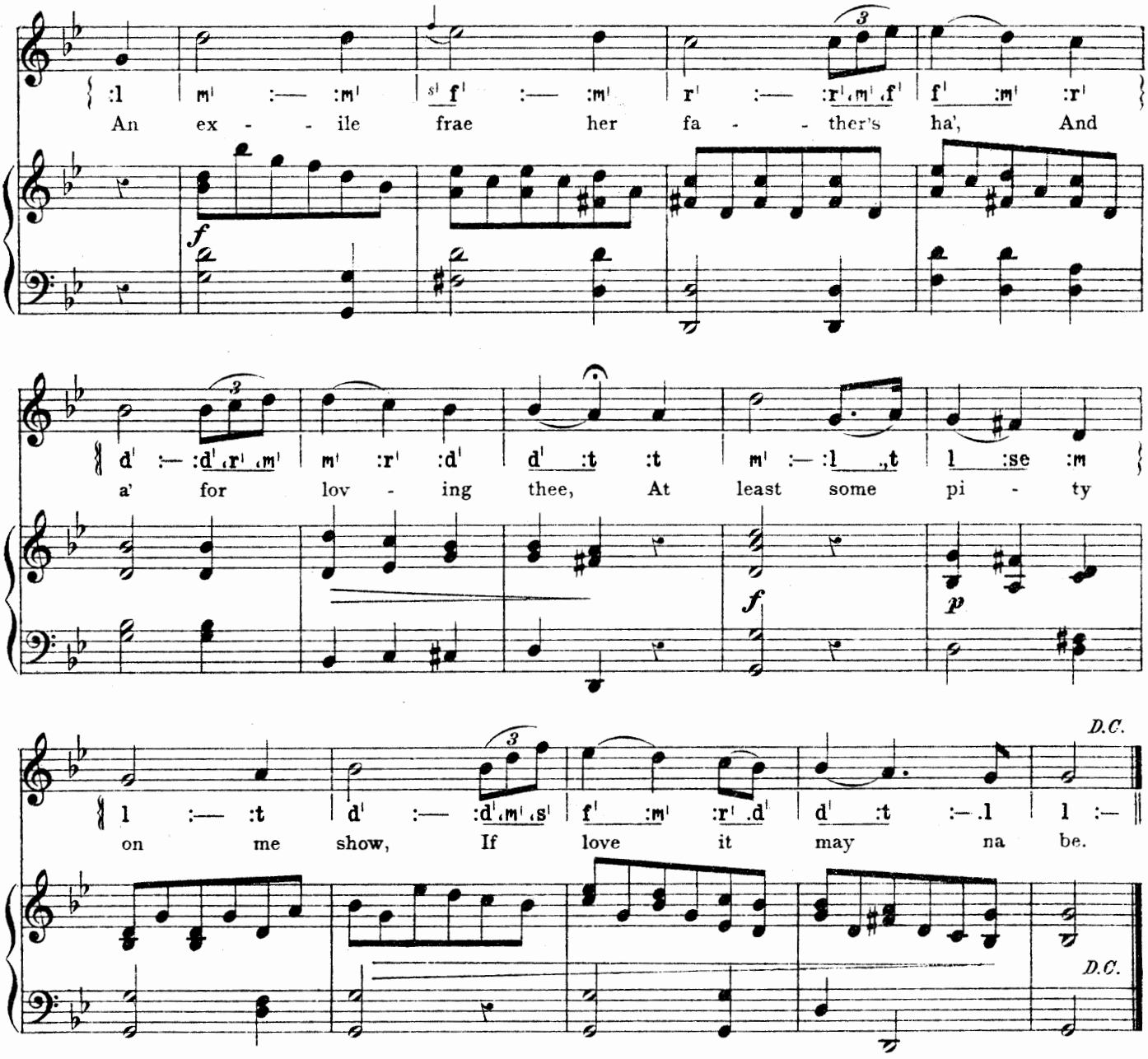
LORD GREGORY.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"Lord Gregory."

Andante con espressione.





2.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love,
I lang, lang had denied?
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

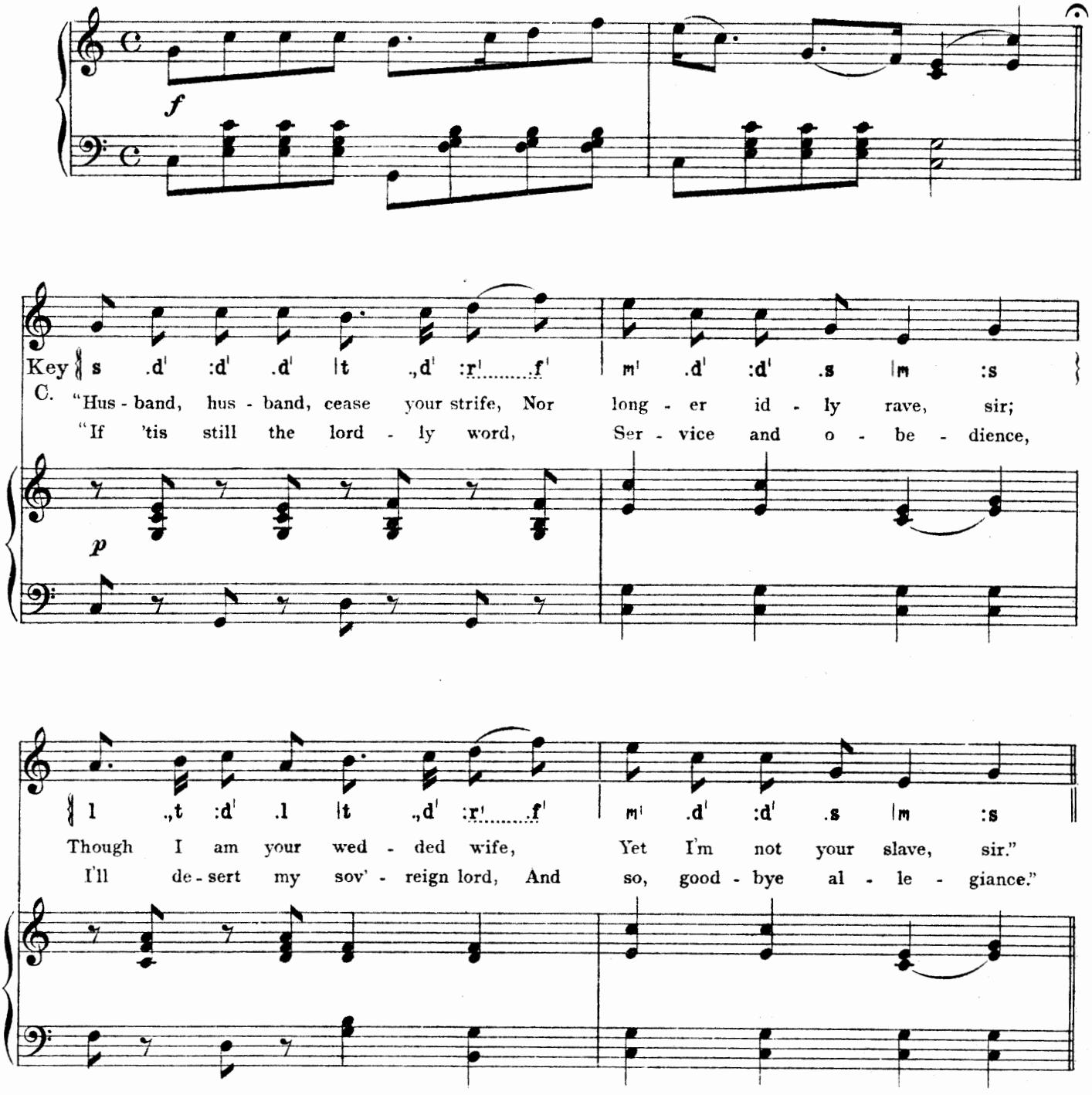
3.

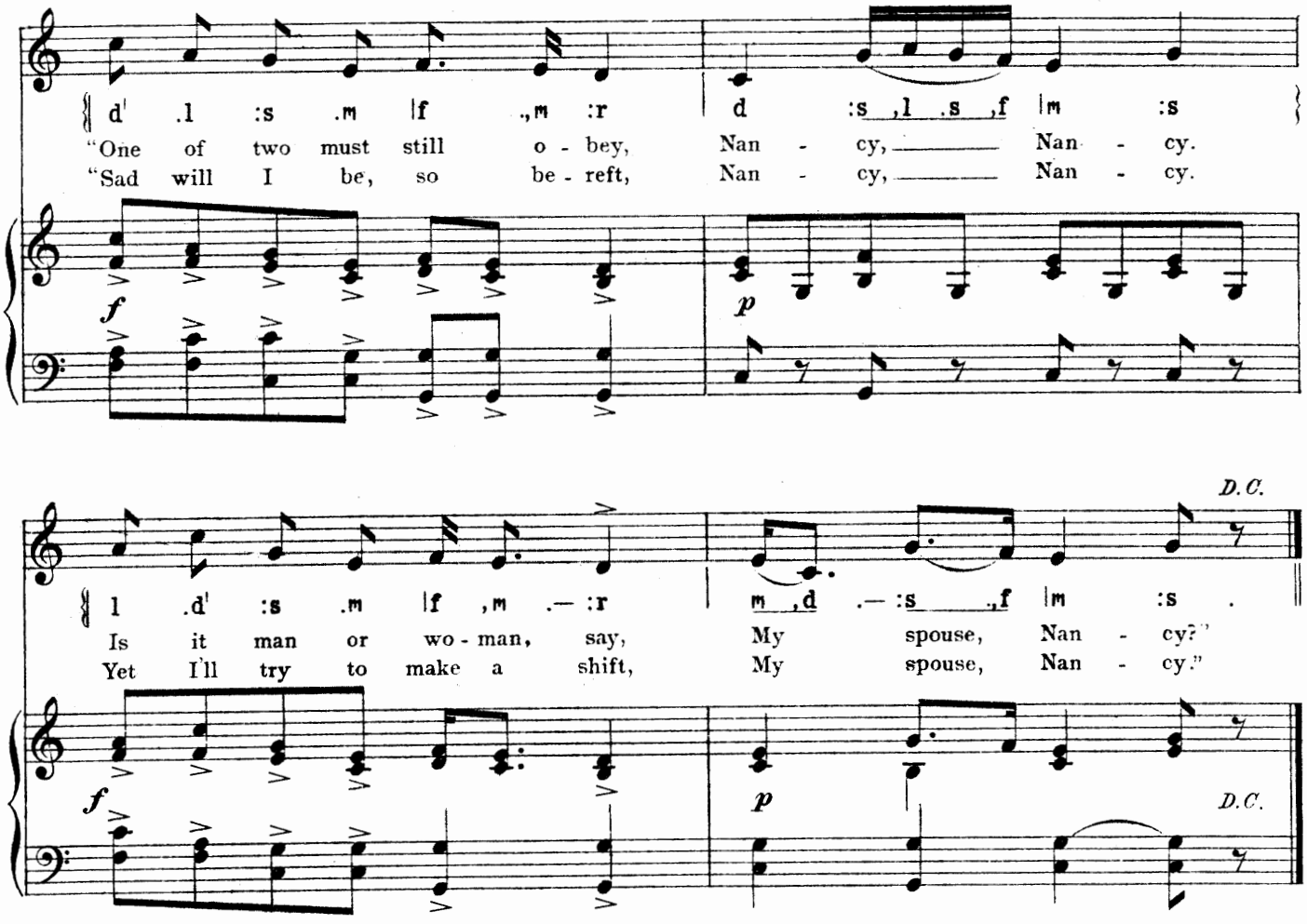
Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

Words by BURNS. Tune—"My jo, Janet."

Allegretto.





3.

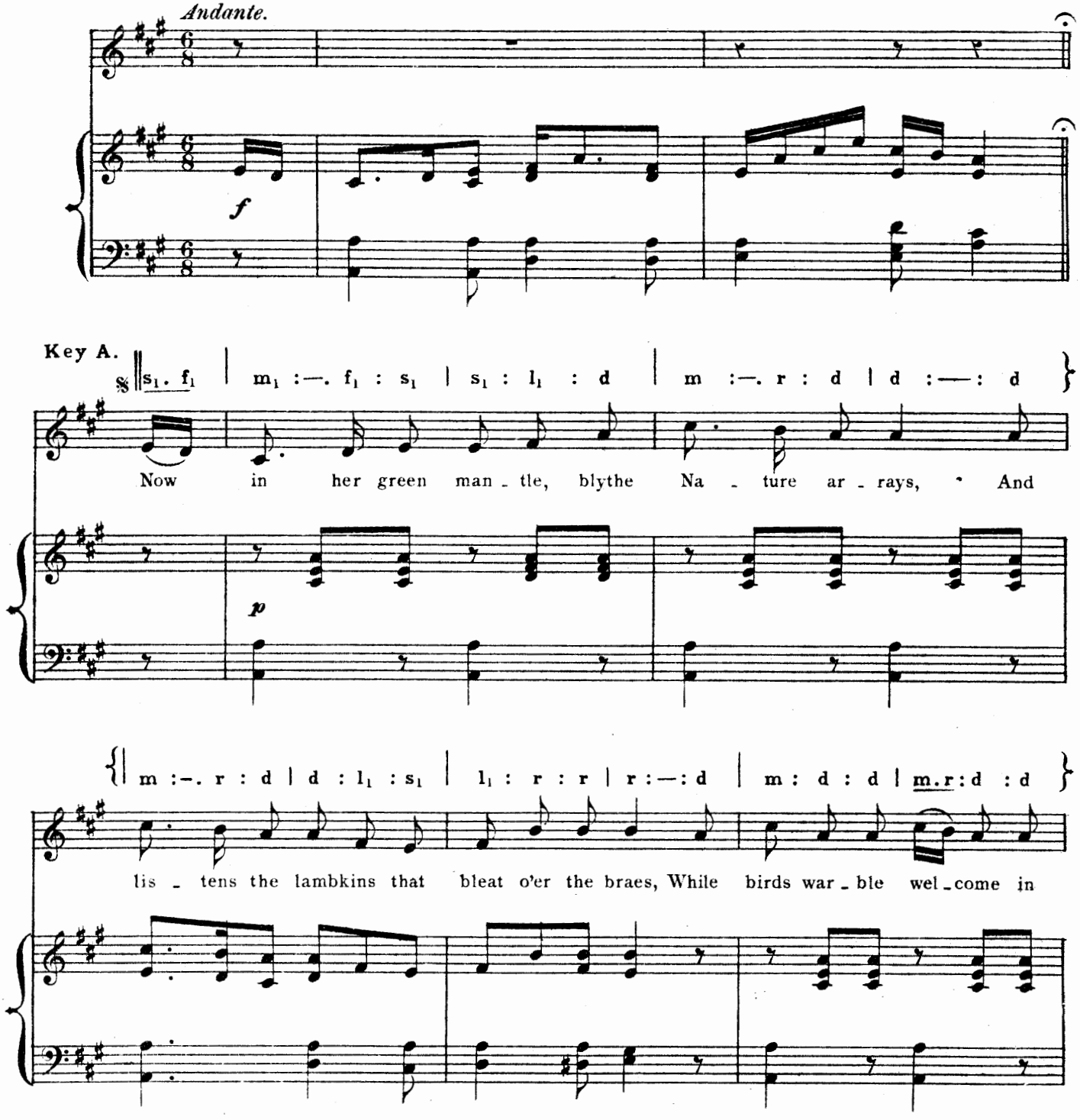
"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."
"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

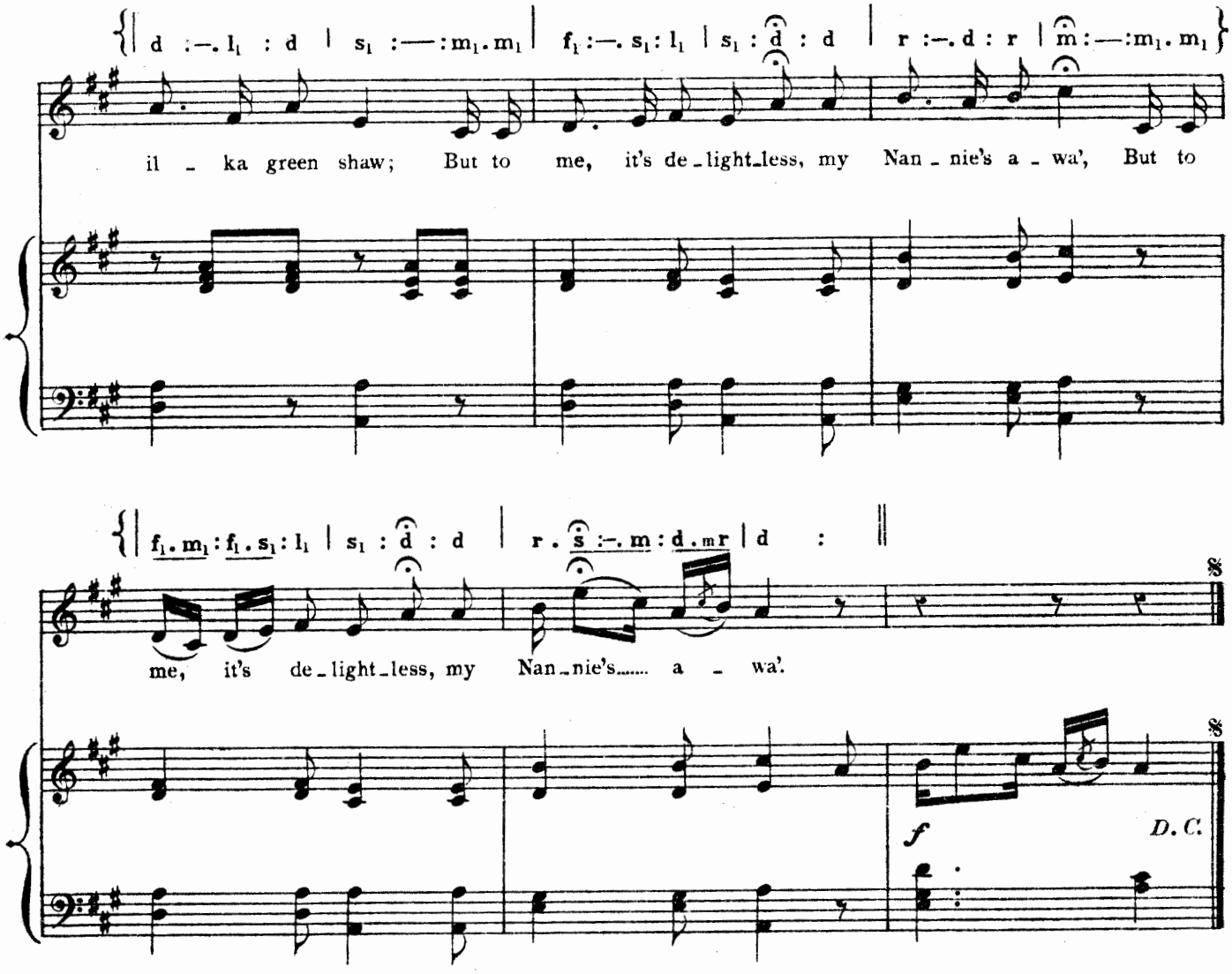
4.

"Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."
"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

MY NANNIE'S AWA'!

Words by BURNS.





2

The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie— and Nannie's awa'.

3

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breakin' dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';
Give over for pity— my Nannie's awa'.

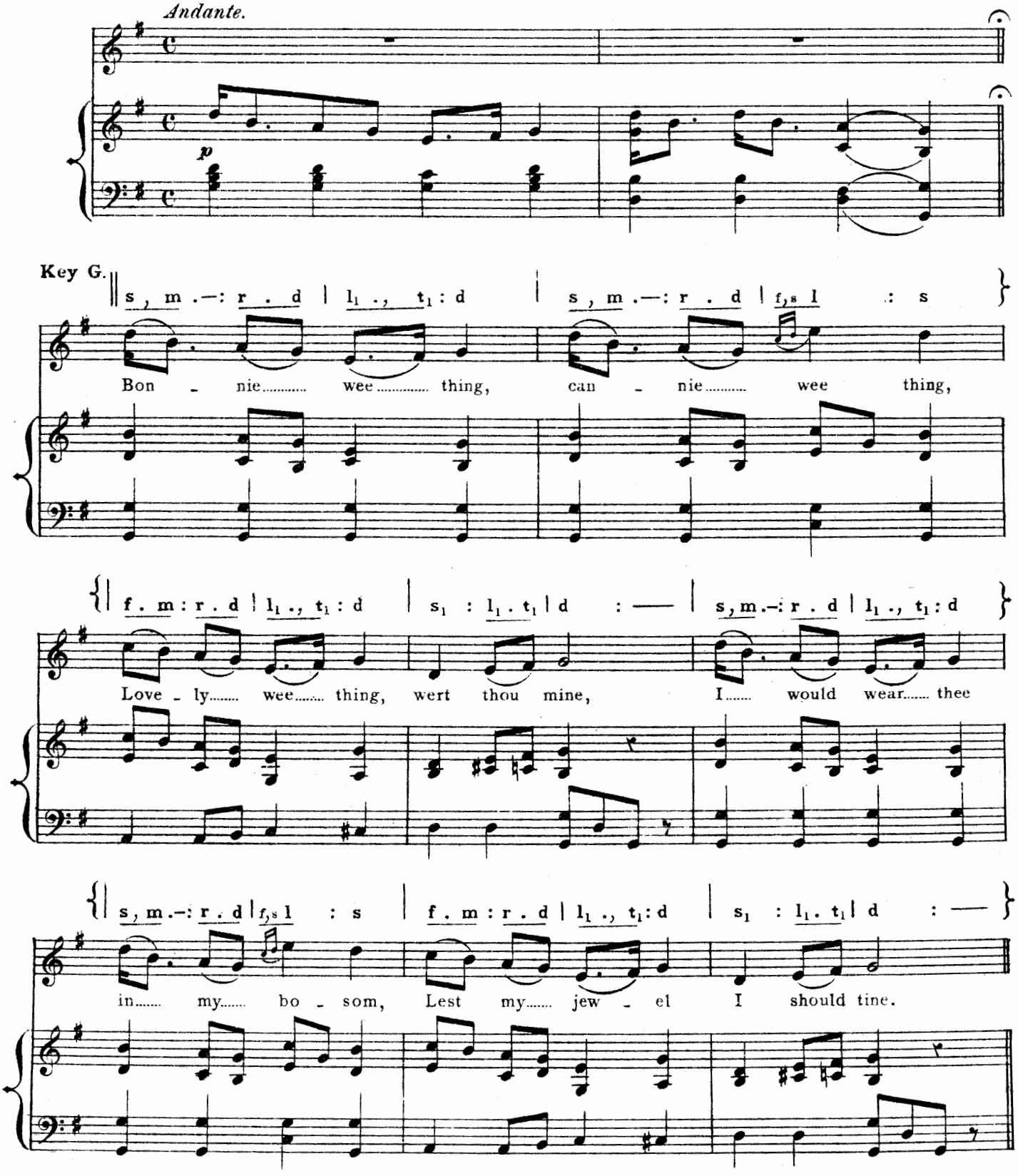
4

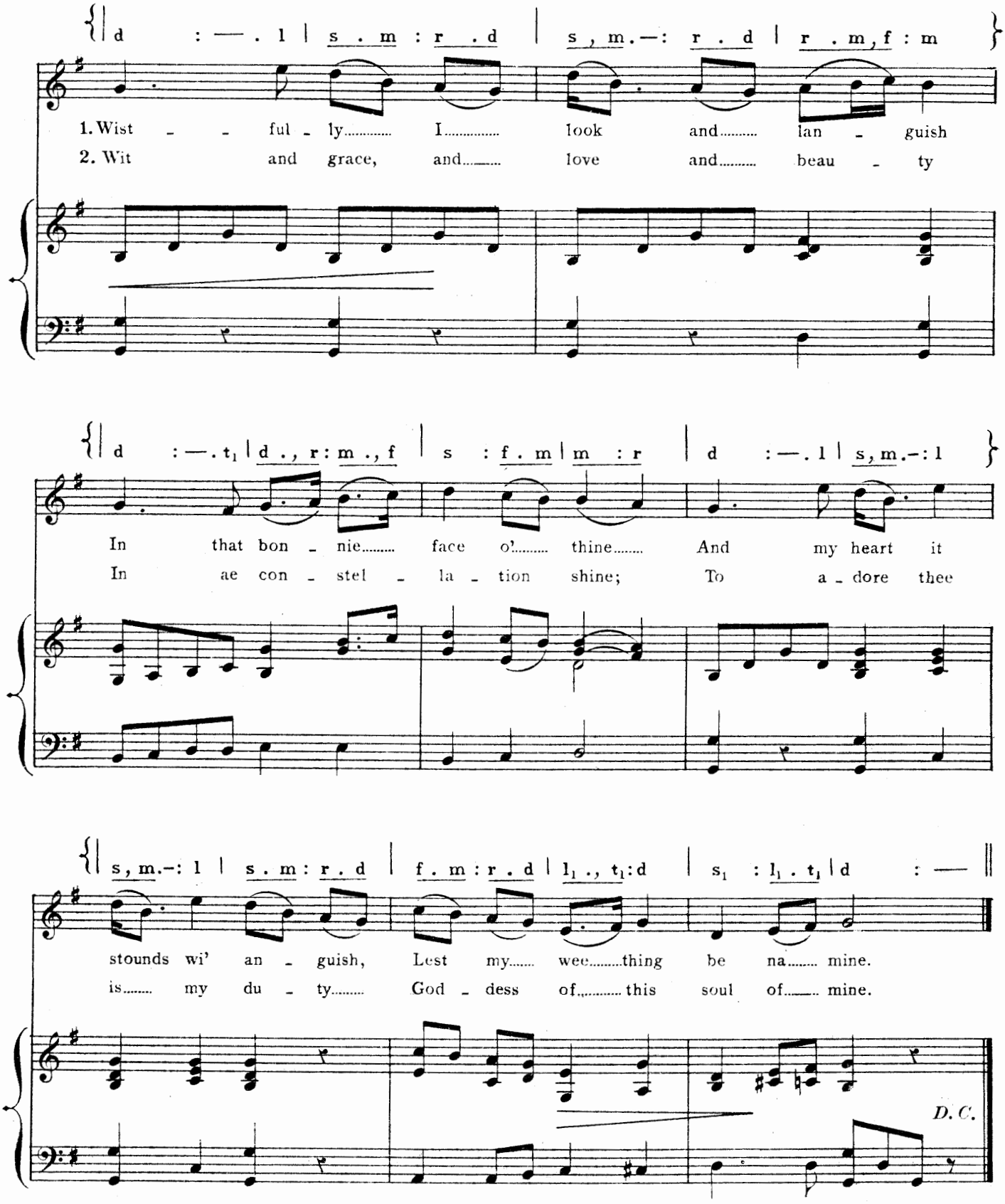
Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alone can delight me— my Nannie's awa'.

BONNIE WEE THING.

Words by BURNS.

Andante.



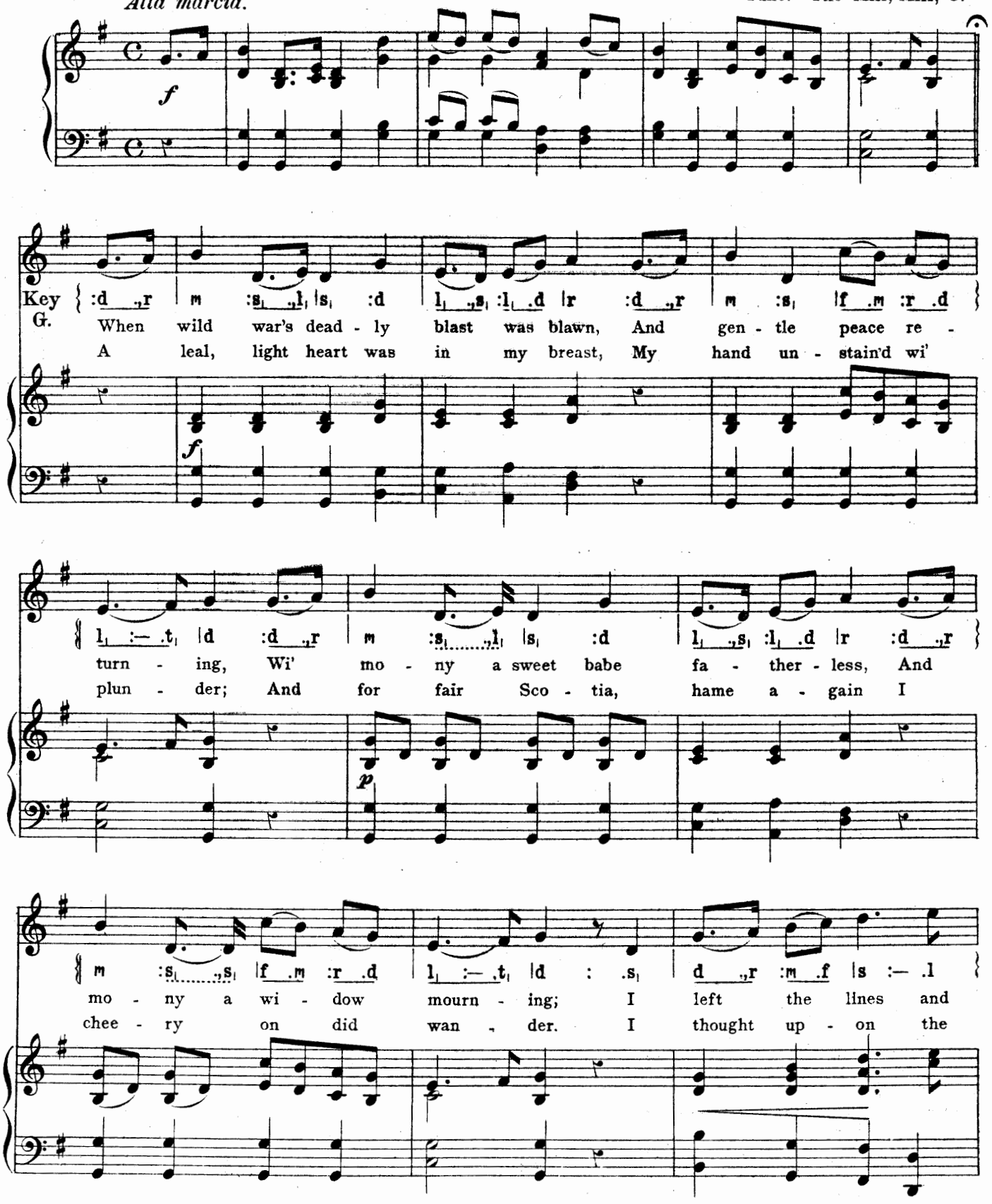

d : — . l | s . m : r . d | s , m . — : r . d | r . m , f : m
1. Wist - - ful - ly..... I..... look and..... lan - guish
2. Wit and grace, and..... love and..... beau - ty
d : — . t1 | d . , r : m . , f | s : f . m | m : r | d : — . l | s , m . — : l
In that bon - nie..... face o'..... thine..... And my heart it
In ae con - stel - la - tion shine; To a - dore thee
s , m . — : l | s . m : r . d | f . m : r . d | l1 . , t1 : d | s1 : l1 . t1 | d : —
stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my..... wee.....thing be na..... mine.
is..... my du - ty..... God - dess of..... this soul of..... mine.
D. C.

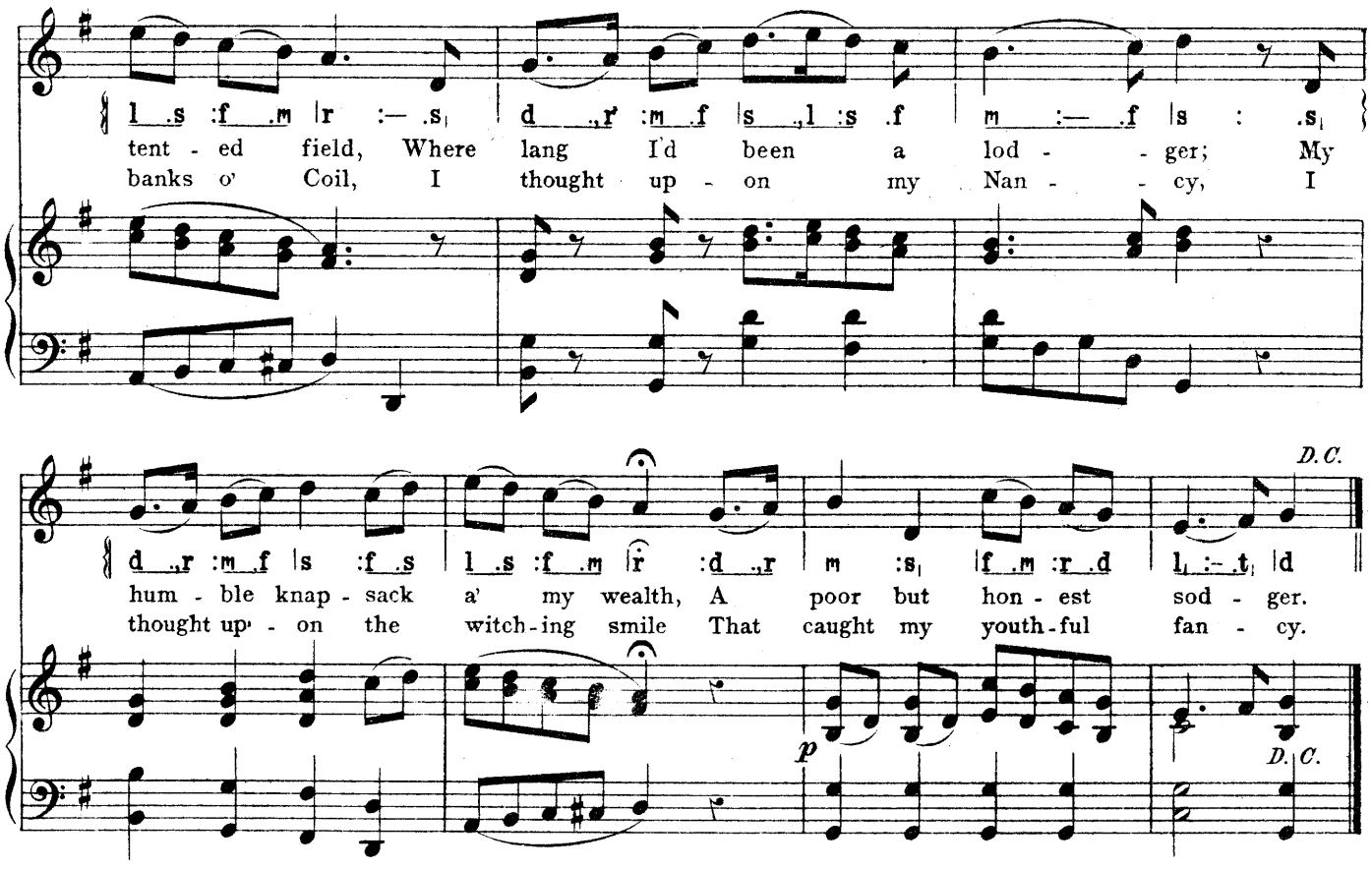
WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "The Mill, Mill, O."

Alla marcia.





3.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported:
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

4.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger!

5.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

6.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like onie lily;
She sank within my arms and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

7.

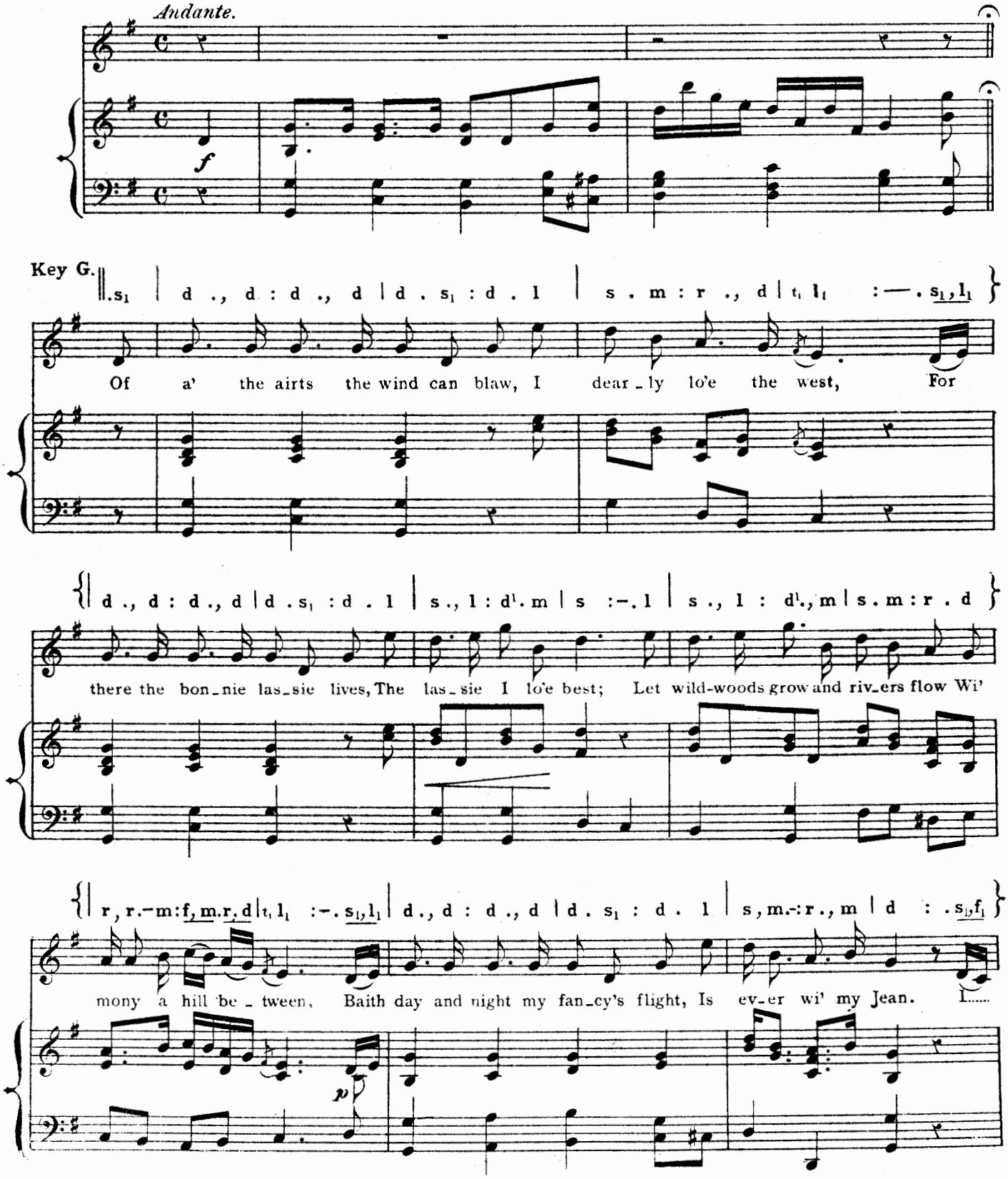
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

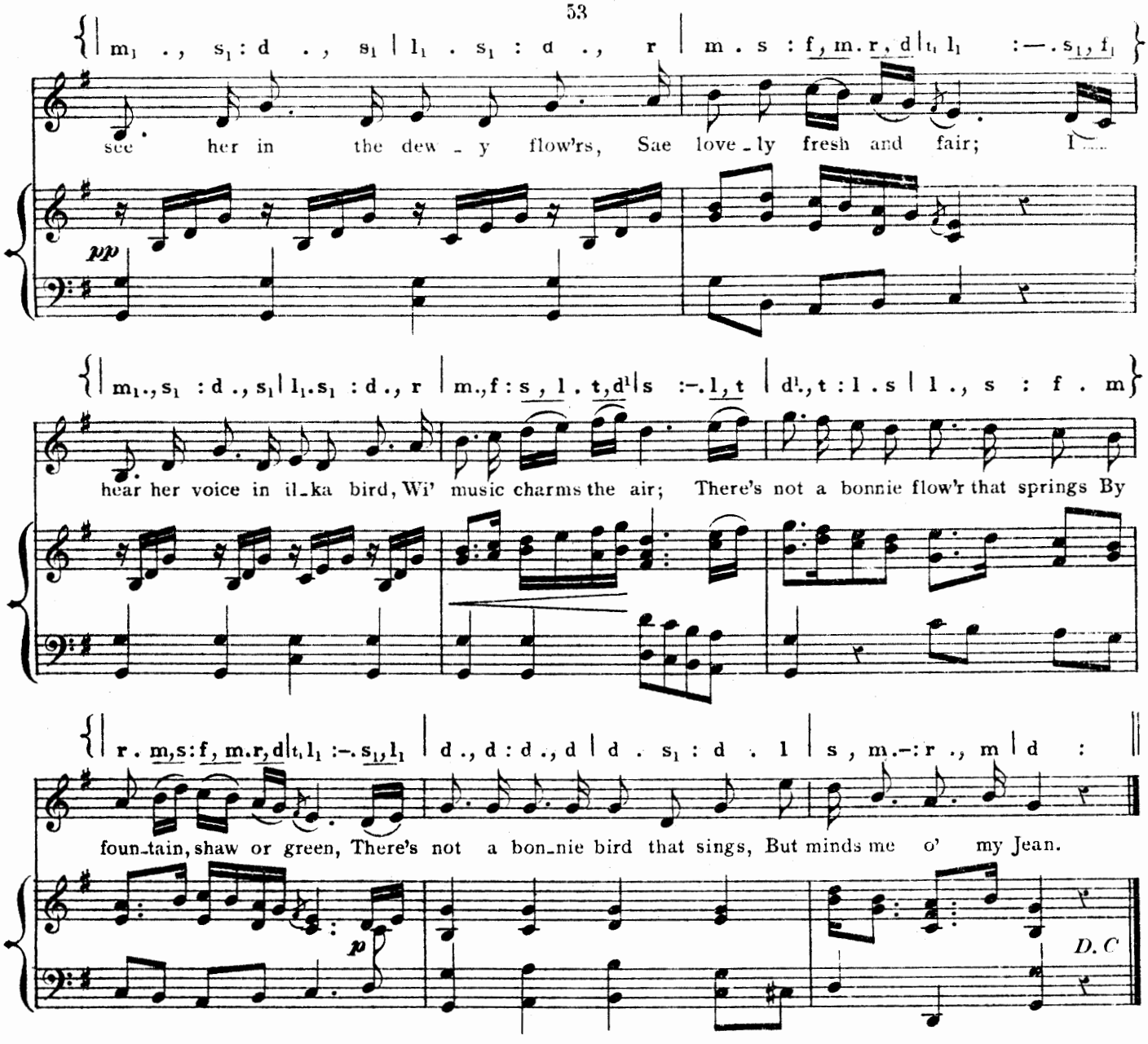
8.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour o' danger.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Words by BURNS.



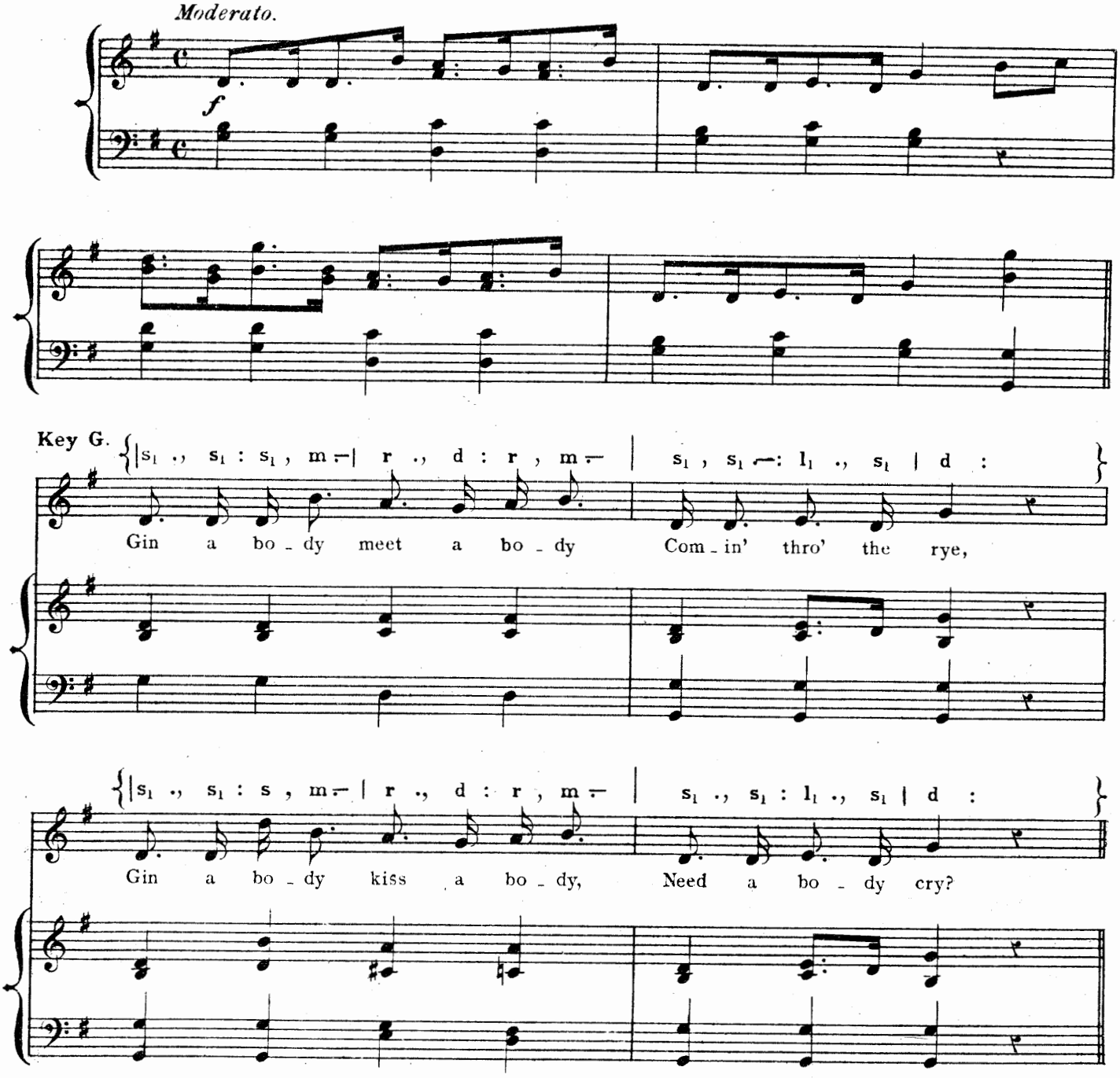


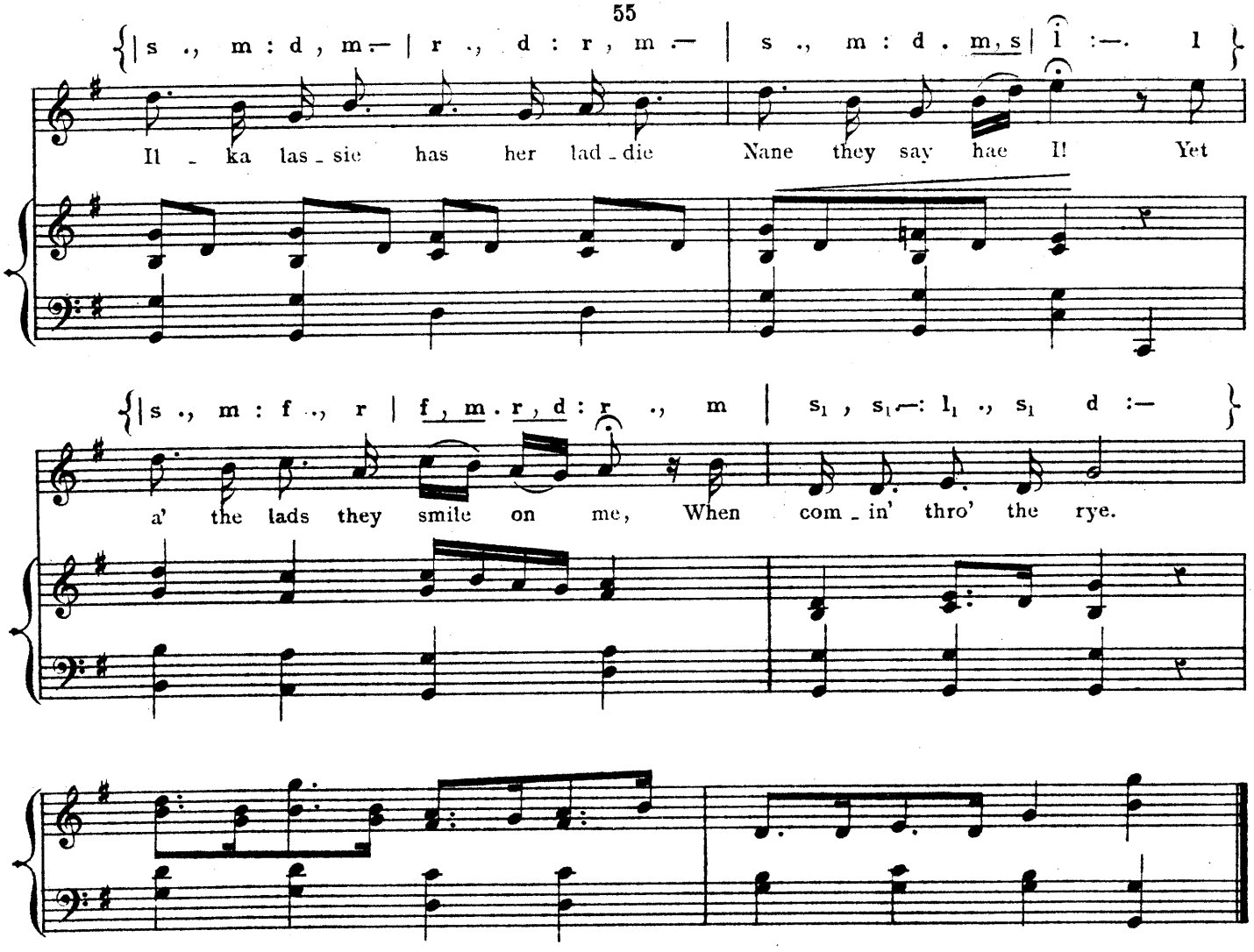
2

Blaw, blaw, ye wastlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees
Wi' gentle gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.
What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa!
The powers abune can only ken,
To whom this heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by BURNS.





2

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I!
But a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

3

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say hae I!
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I?

4

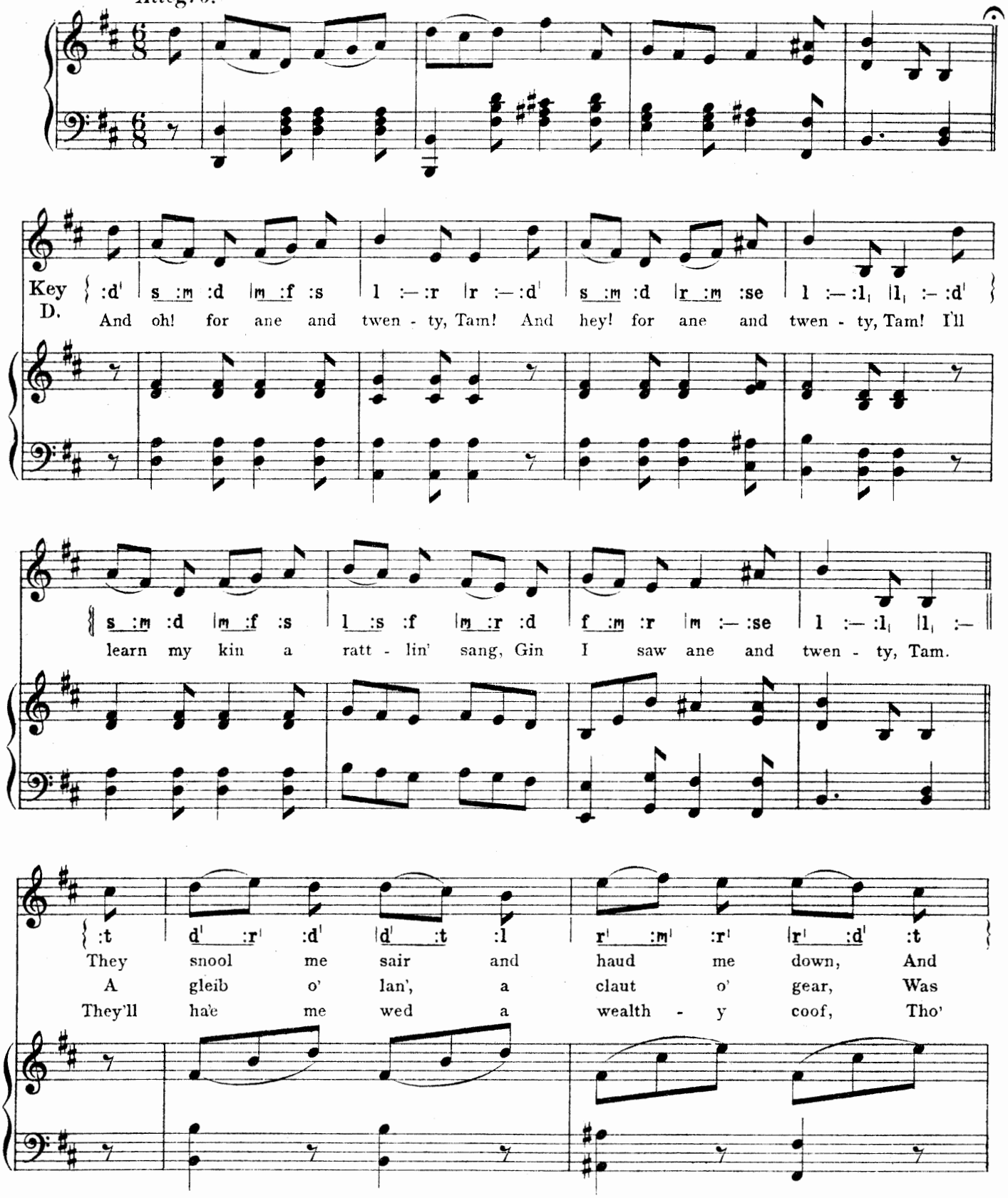
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame, or what his name
I dinna care to tell!
Ilka lassie has her laddie
Nane they say hae I!
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I?

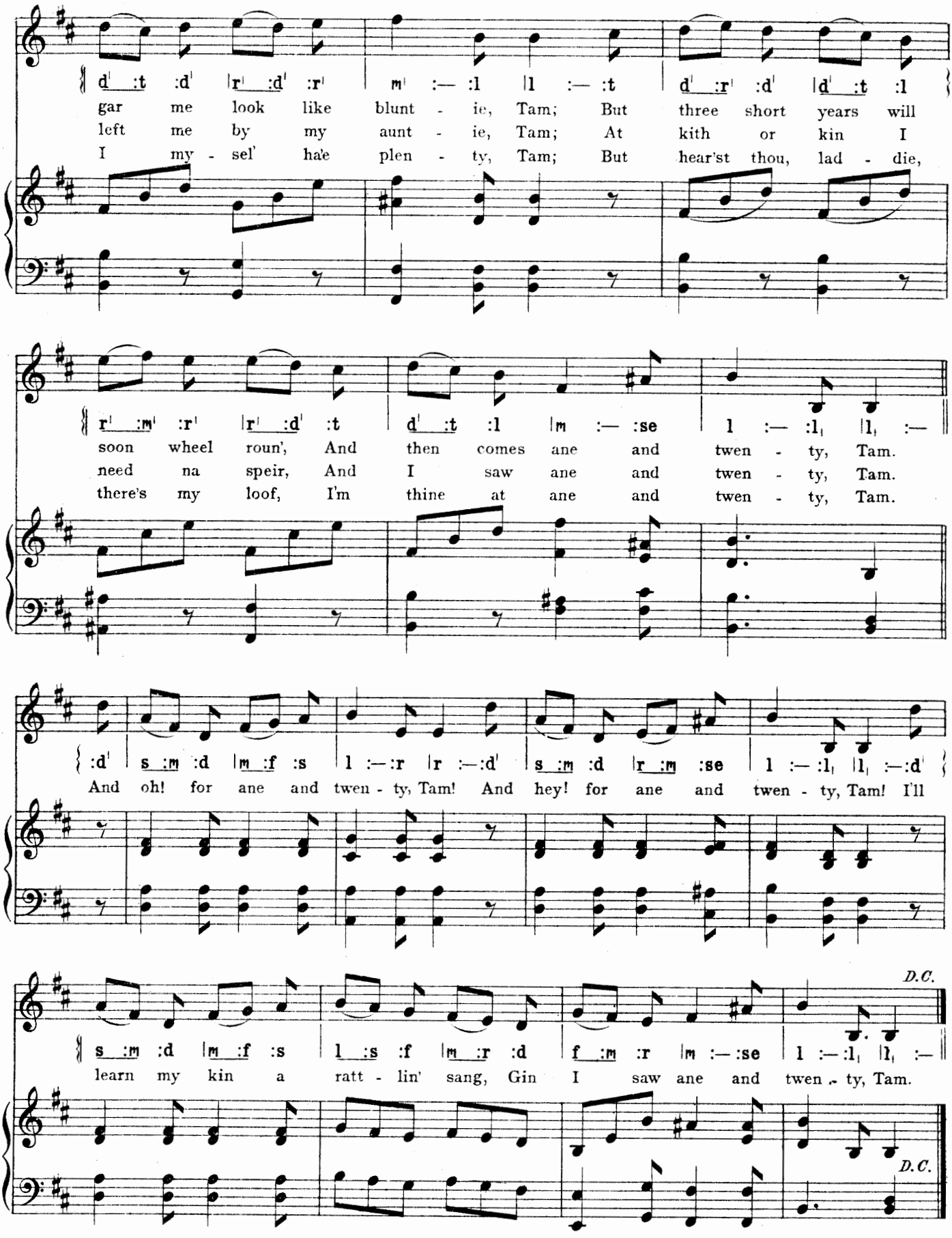
AND OH! FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "The Moudiewort."

Allegro.



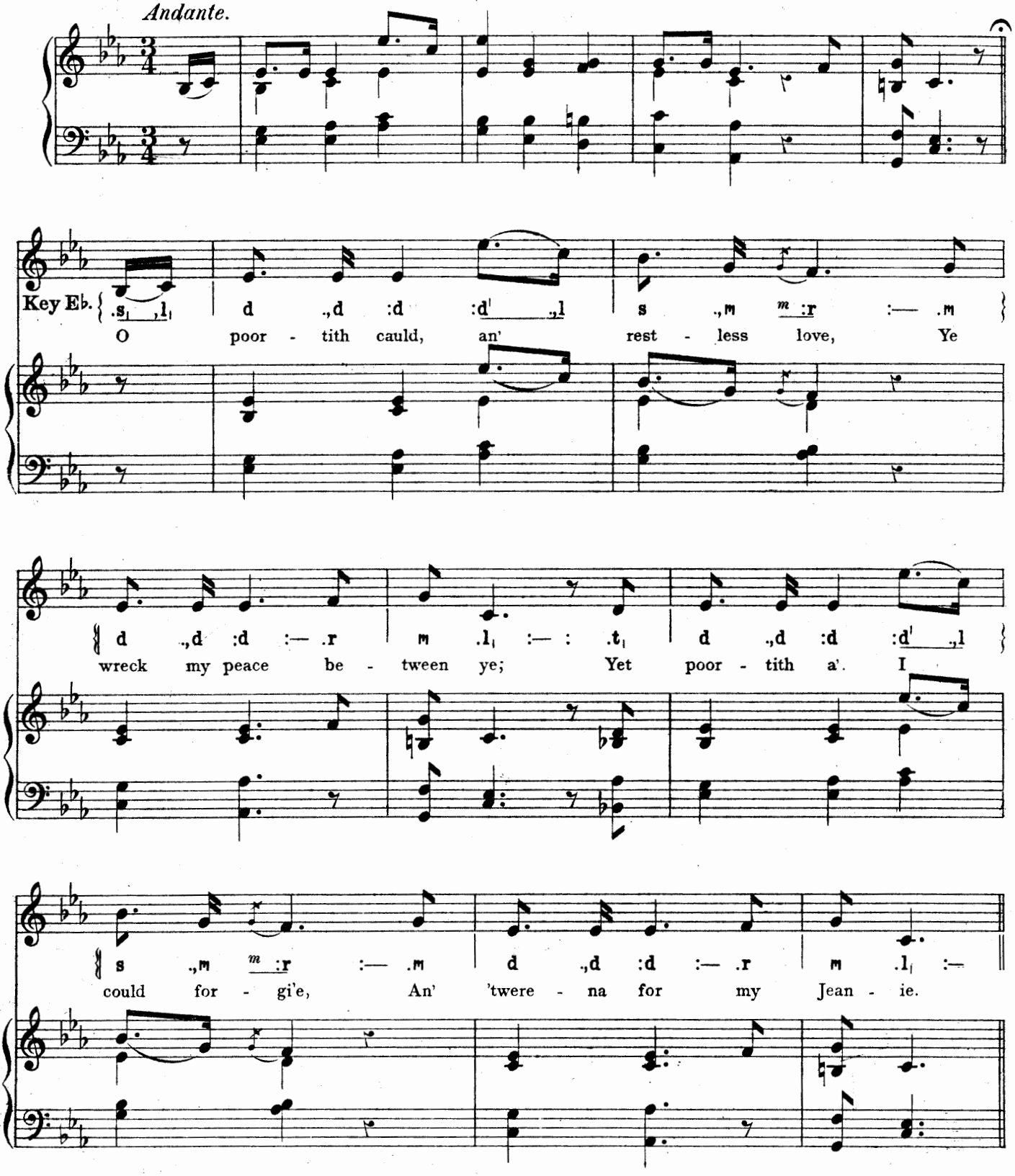

d' :t :d' |r' :d' :r' | m' :— :l |l :— :t | d' :r' :d' |d' :t :l
gar me look like blunt - ie, Tam; But three short years will
left me by my aunt - ie, Tam; At kith or kin I
I my - sel' hae plen - ty, Tam; But hear'st thou, lad - die,
r' :m' :r' |r' :d' :t | d' :t :l |m :— :se | l :— :l, |l, :—
soon wheel roun', And then comes ane and twen - ty, Tam.
need na speir, And I saw ane and twen - ty, Tam.
there's my loof, I'm thine at ane and twen - ty, Tam.
:d' | s :m :d |m :f :s | l :—:r |r :—:d' | s :m :d |r :m :se | l :— :l, |l, :—:d'
And oh! for ane and twen - ty, Tam! And hey! for ane and twen - ty, Tam! I'll
D.C.
s :m :d |m :f :s | l :s :f |m :r :d | f :m :r |m :—:se | l :—:l, |l, :—
learn my kin a ratt - lin' sang, Gin I saw ane and twen - ty, Tam.
D.C.

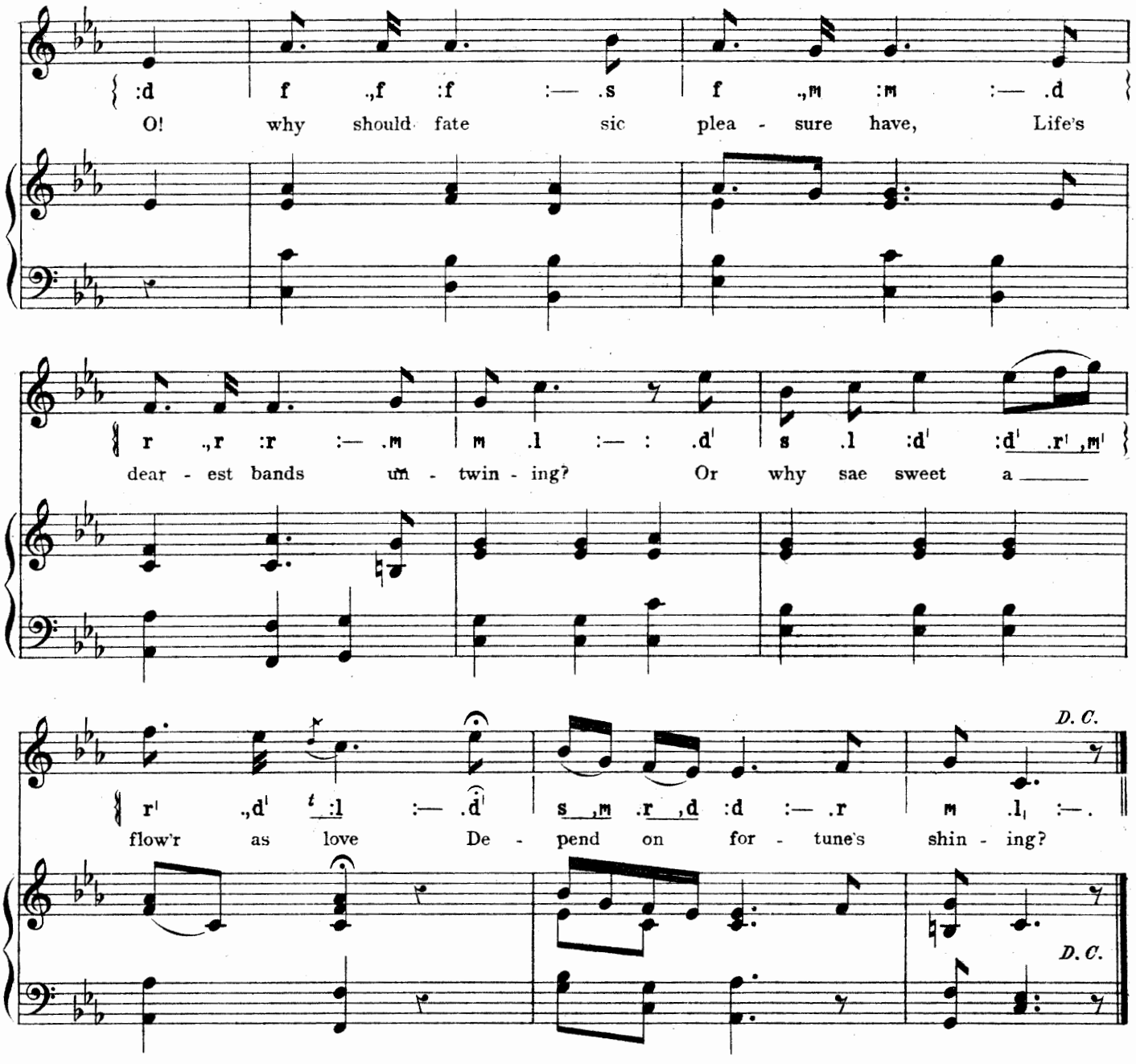
O POORTITH CAULD.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"I had a horse, and I had nae man."

Andante.





2.

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

3.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

4.

O wha can prudence think upon
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

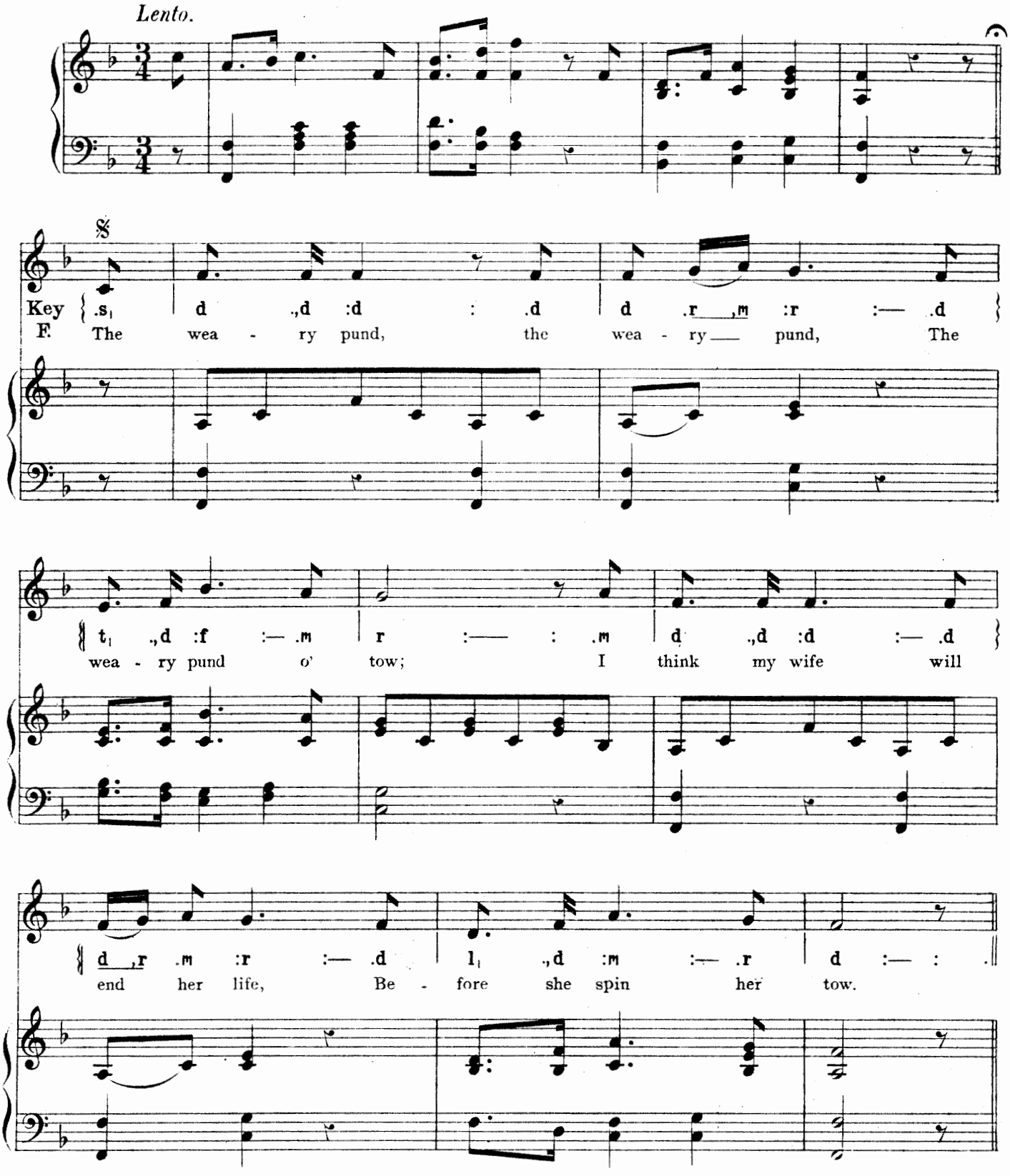
5.

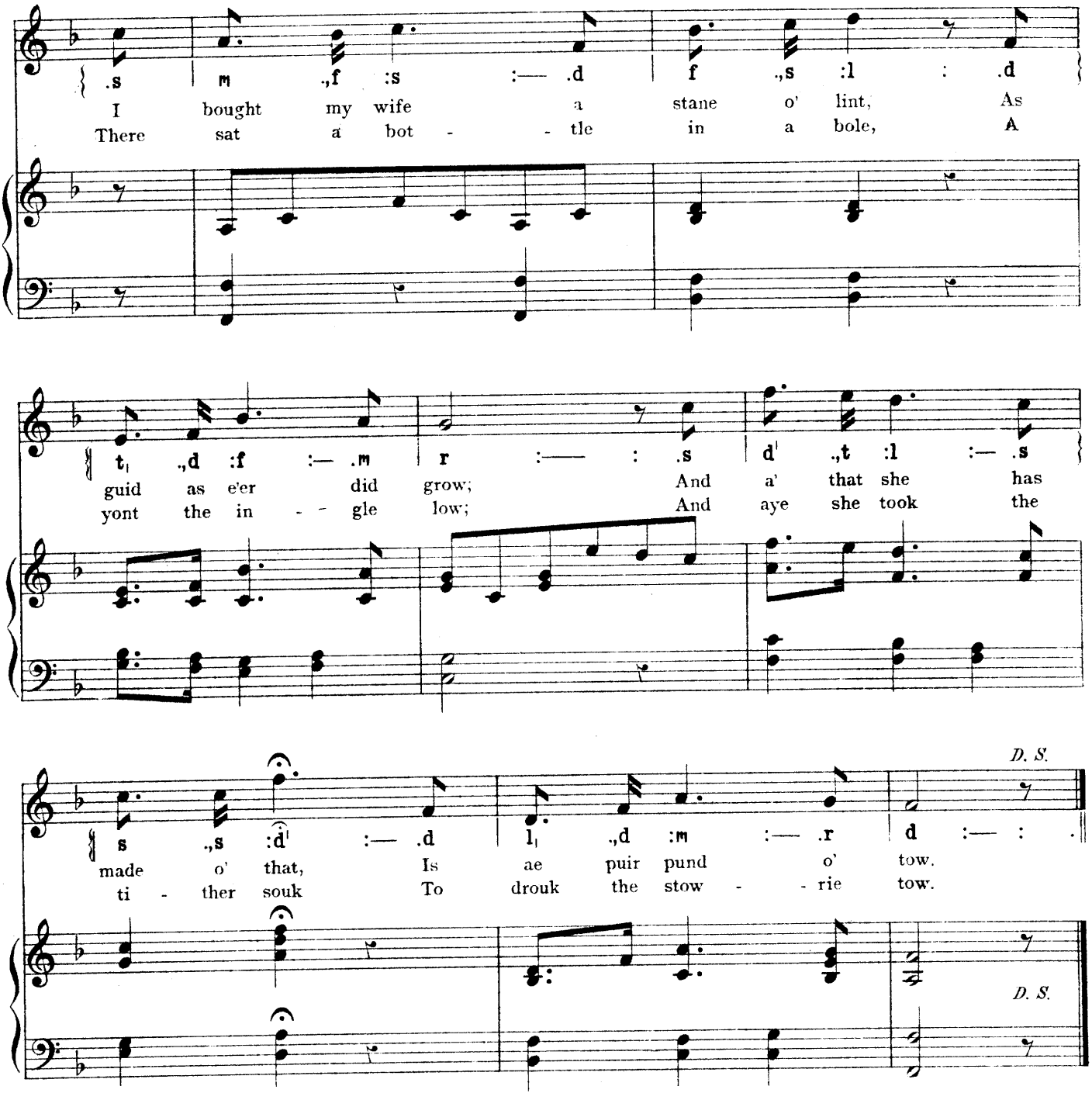
How blest the humble cottar's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Words by BURNS. Tune—"The weary pund o' tow."

Lento.





3.

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.

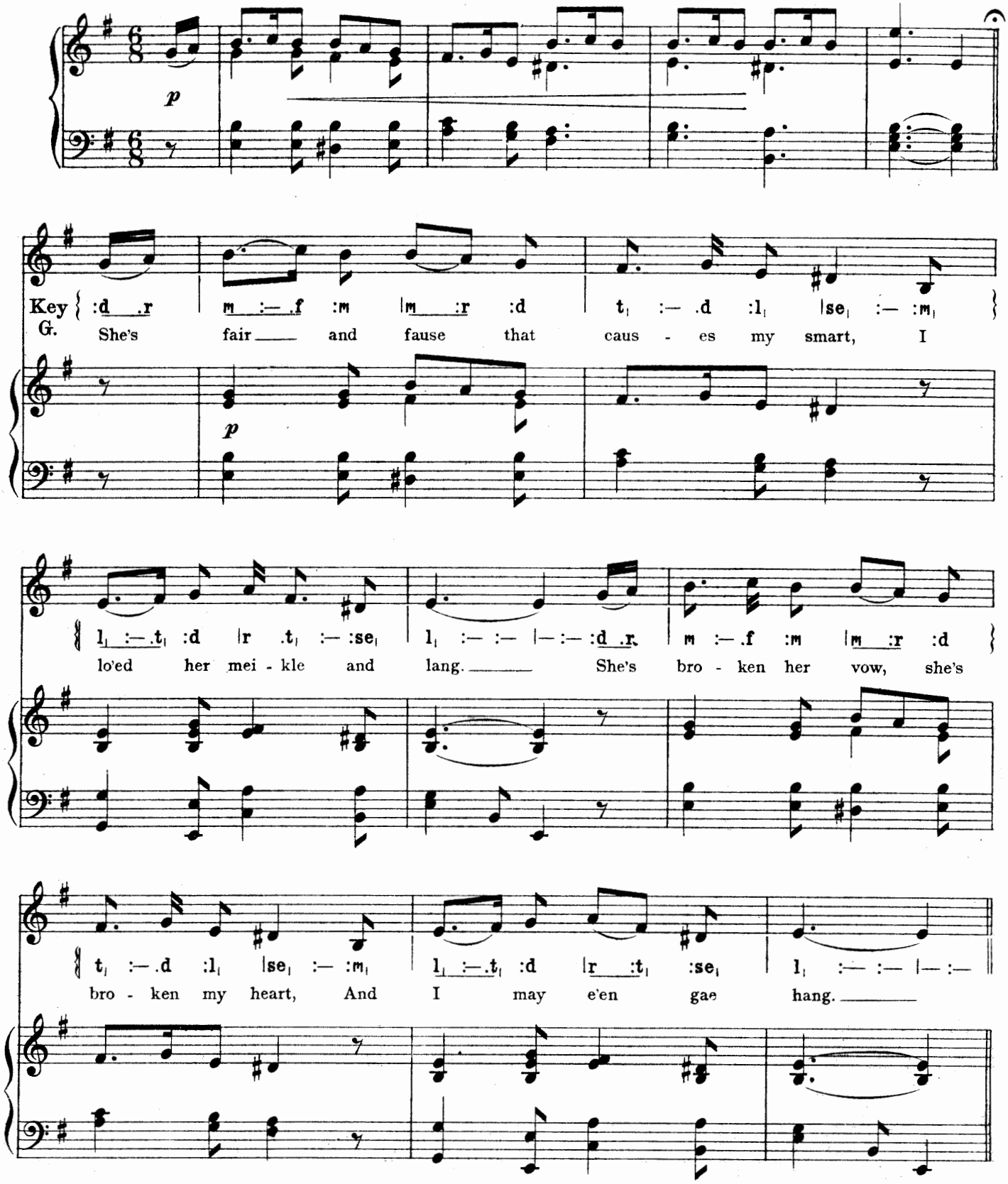
4.

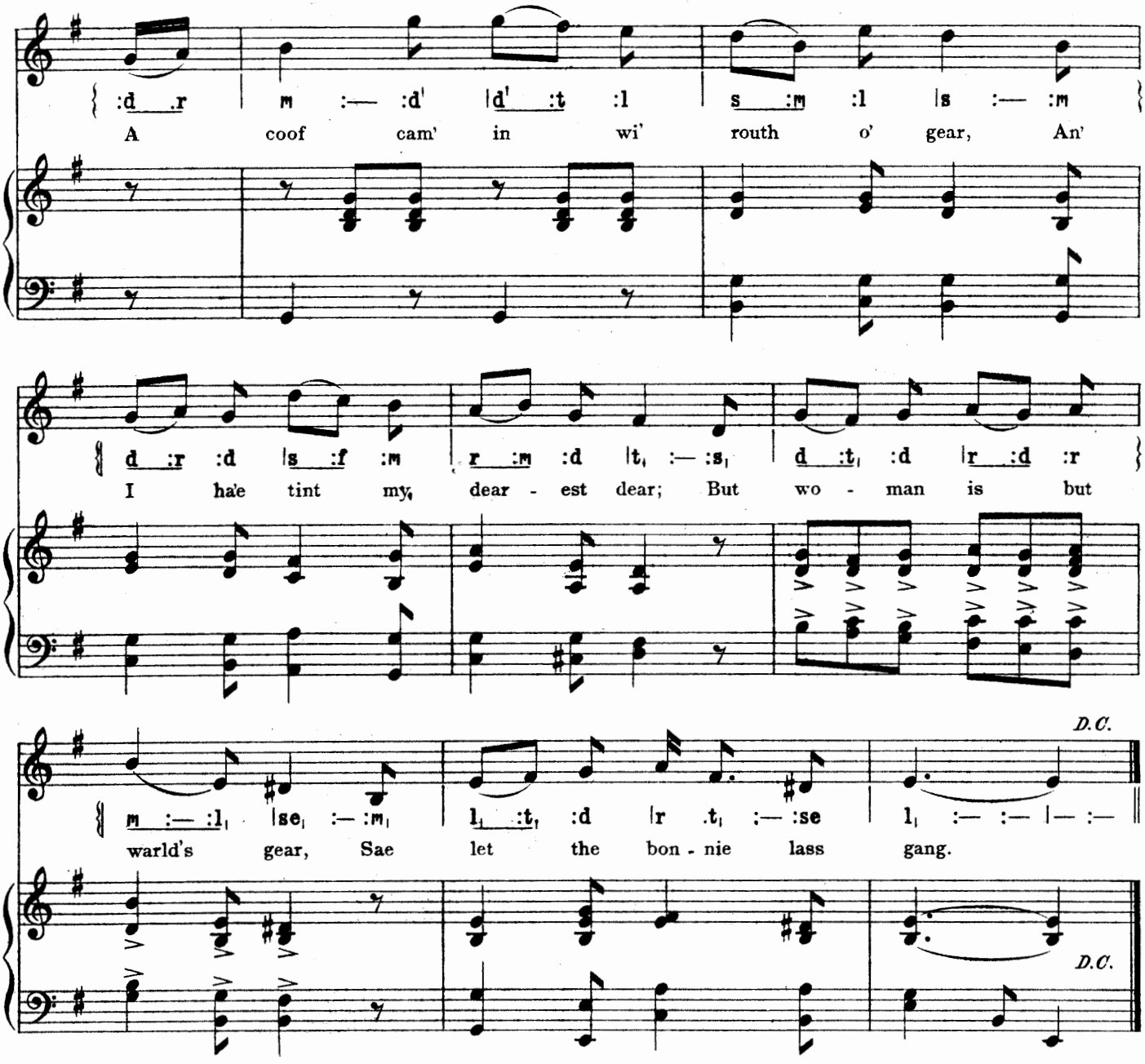
At last her feet – I sang to see't –
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Words by BURNS.

Andante.





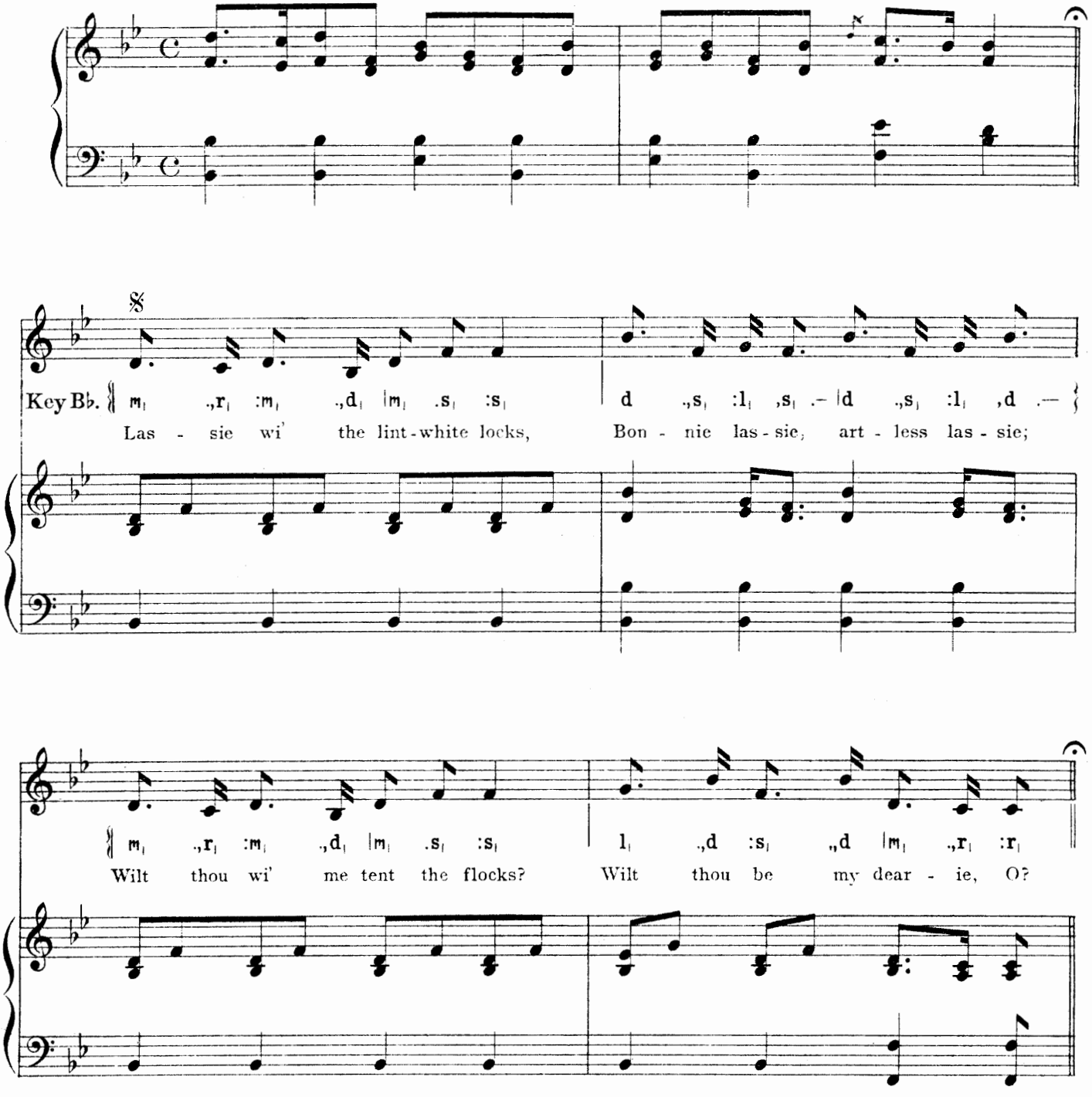
2.

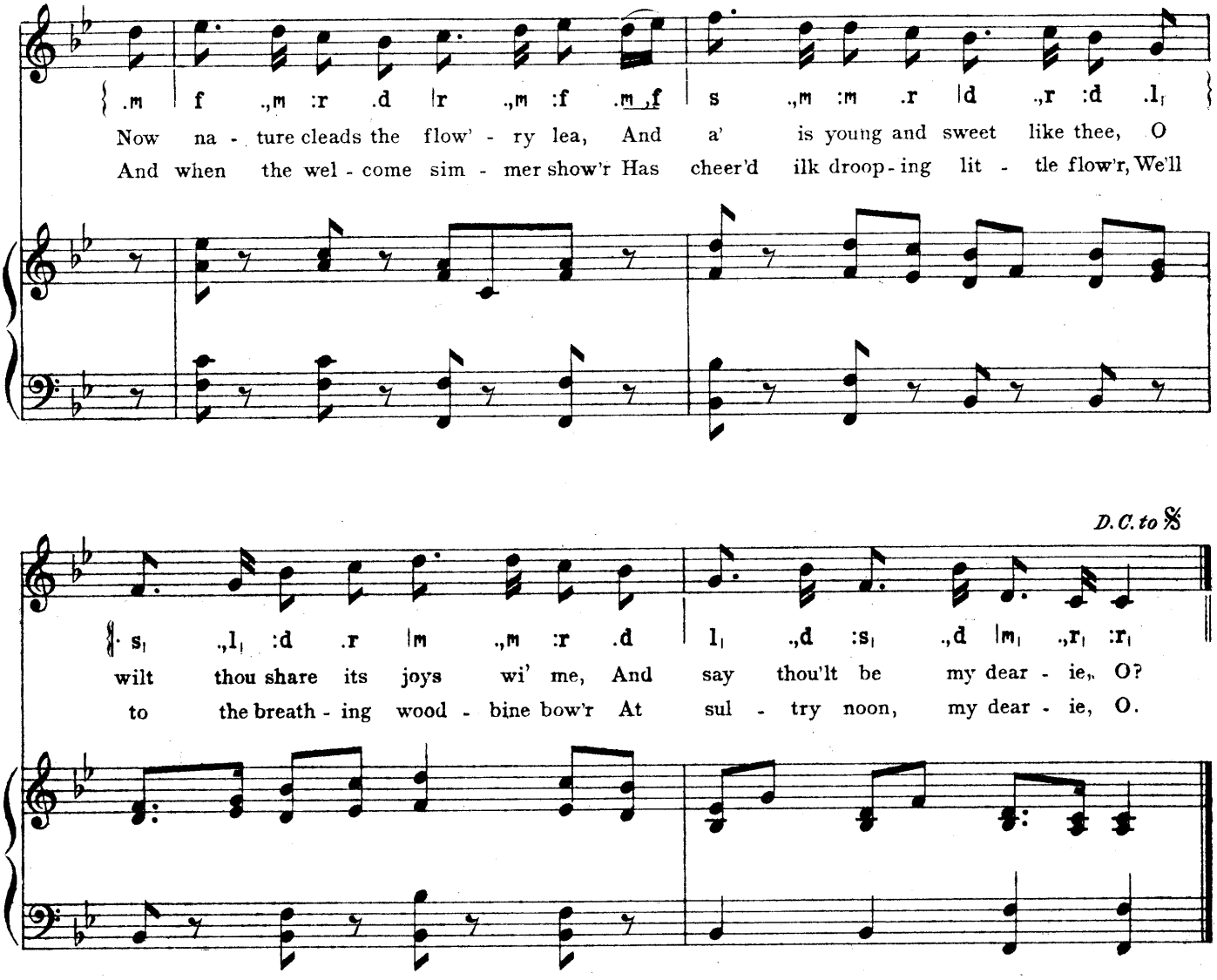
Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae f'rlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Words by BURNS. Tune: "Rothiemurchus' Rant."

Andante.





3.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi, &c.

4.

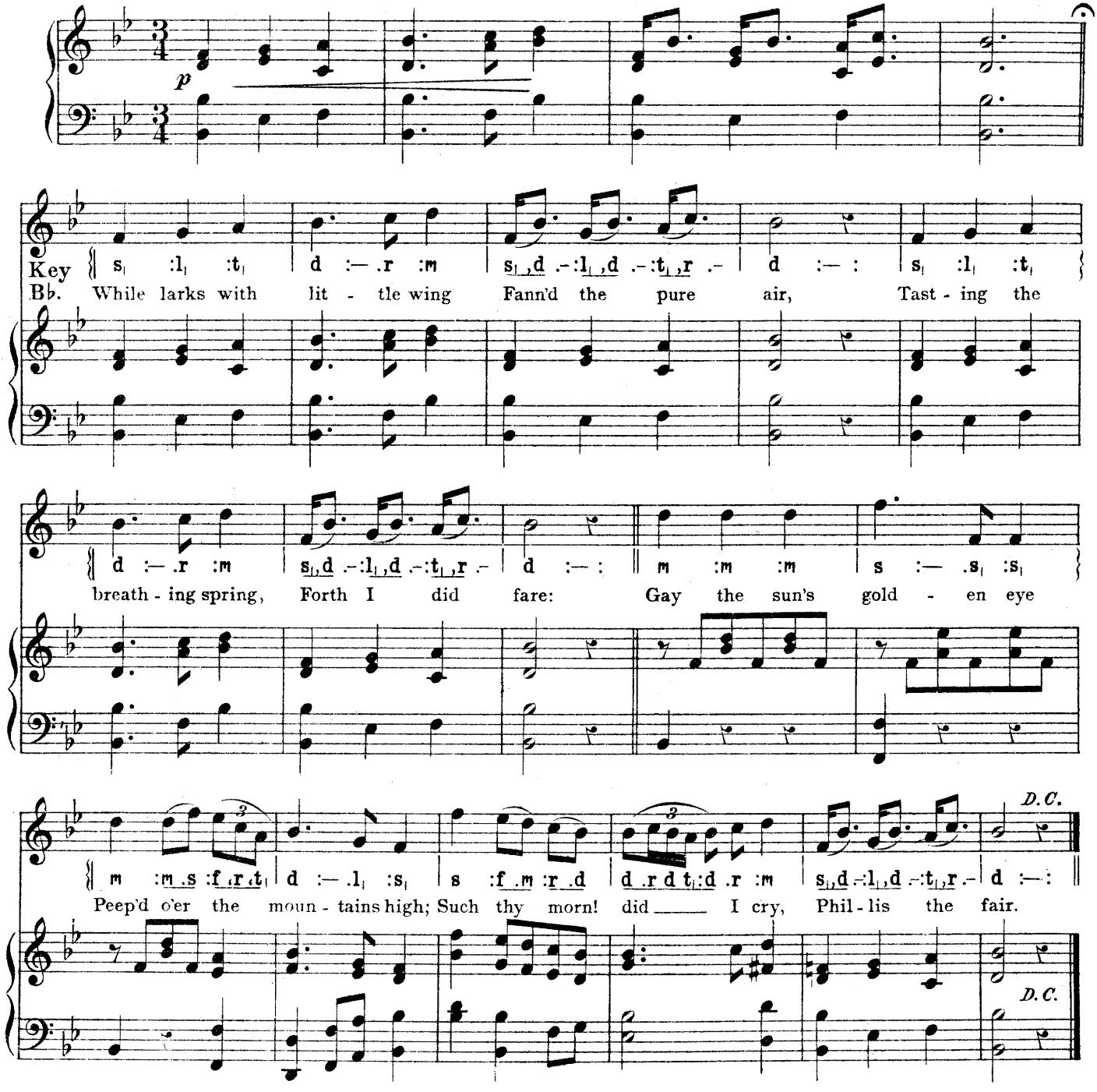
And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi, &c.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "Robin Adair."

Andantino.



2.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

3.

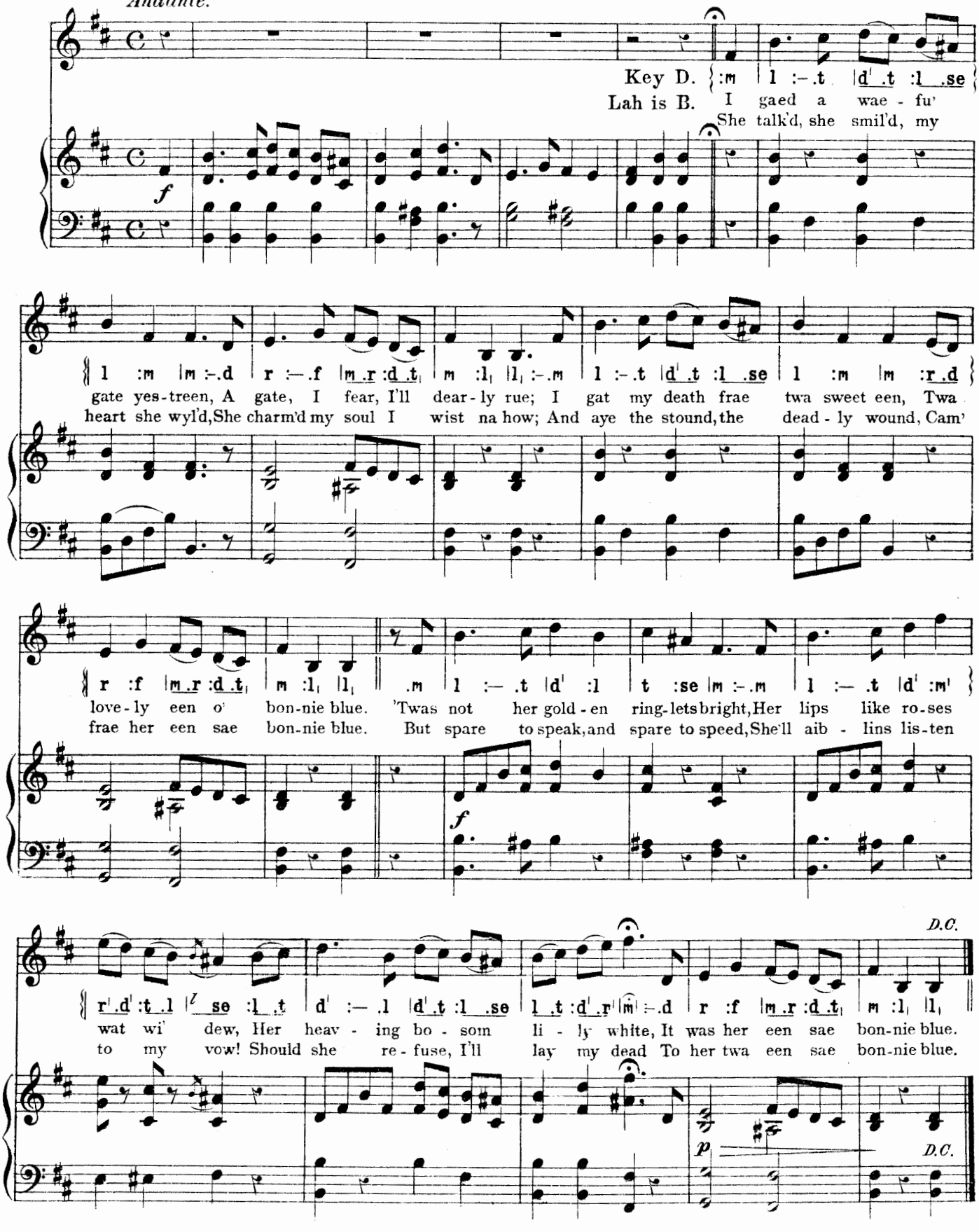
Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare.
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Words by BURNS.

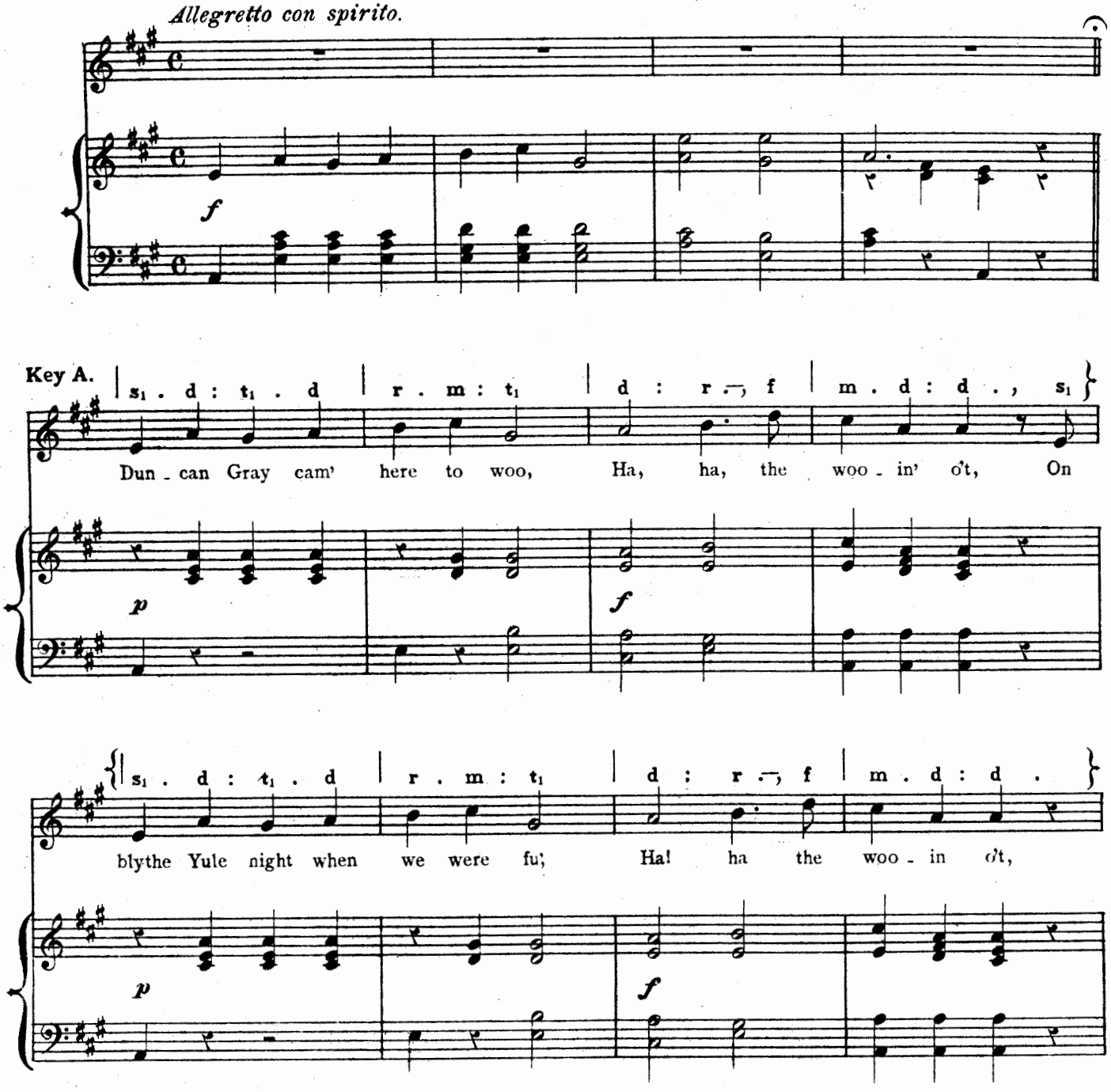
Andante.

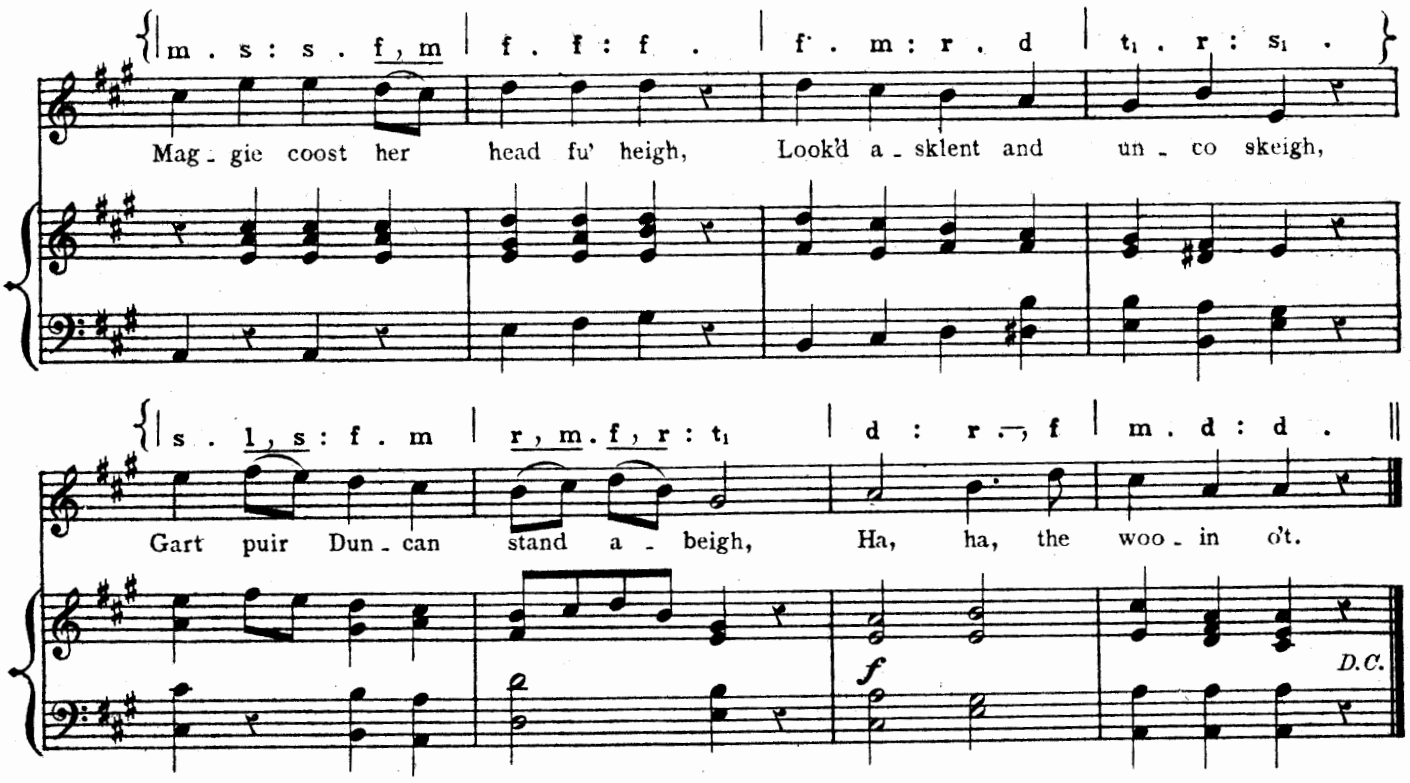
Tune: "My only jo an' Dearie, O."



DUNCAN GRAY.

Words by BURNS.





2

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
Spak' o' louping o'er a linn,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

3

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
"Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France—for me!"
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

4

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een, they spak' sic things,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

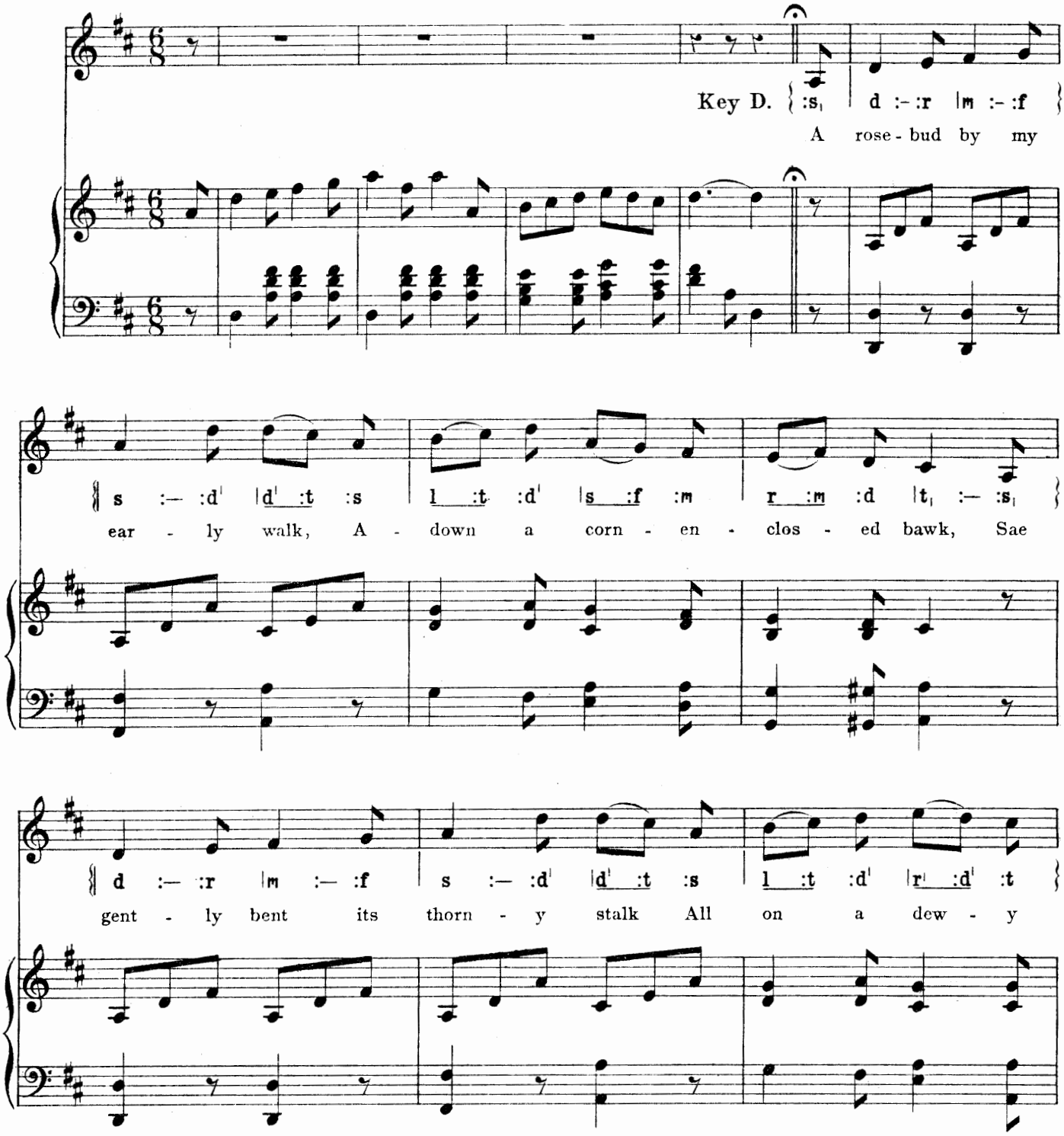
5

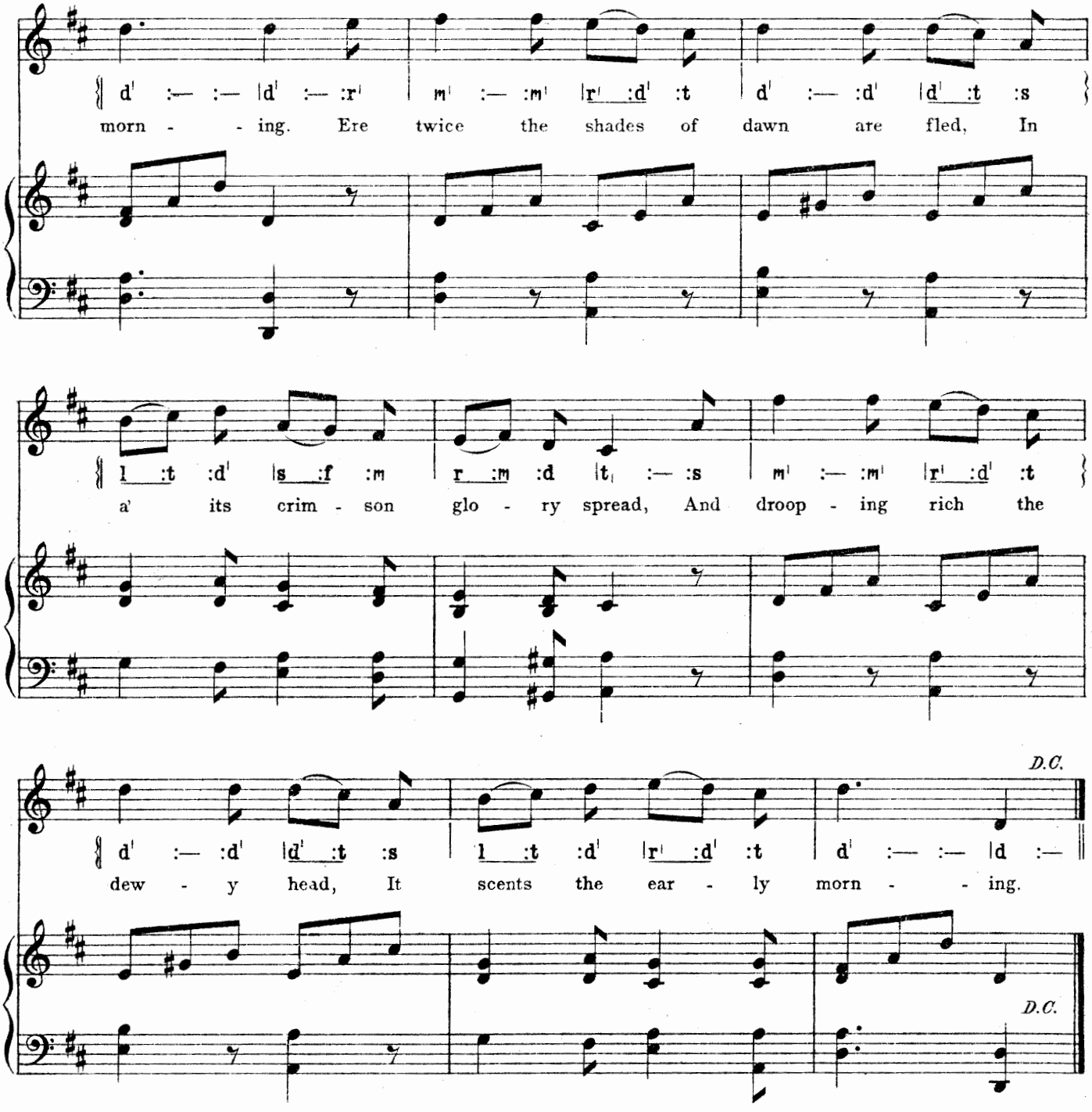
Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith,
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "The Shepherd's Wife."





2.

Within the bush, her cover'd nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

3.

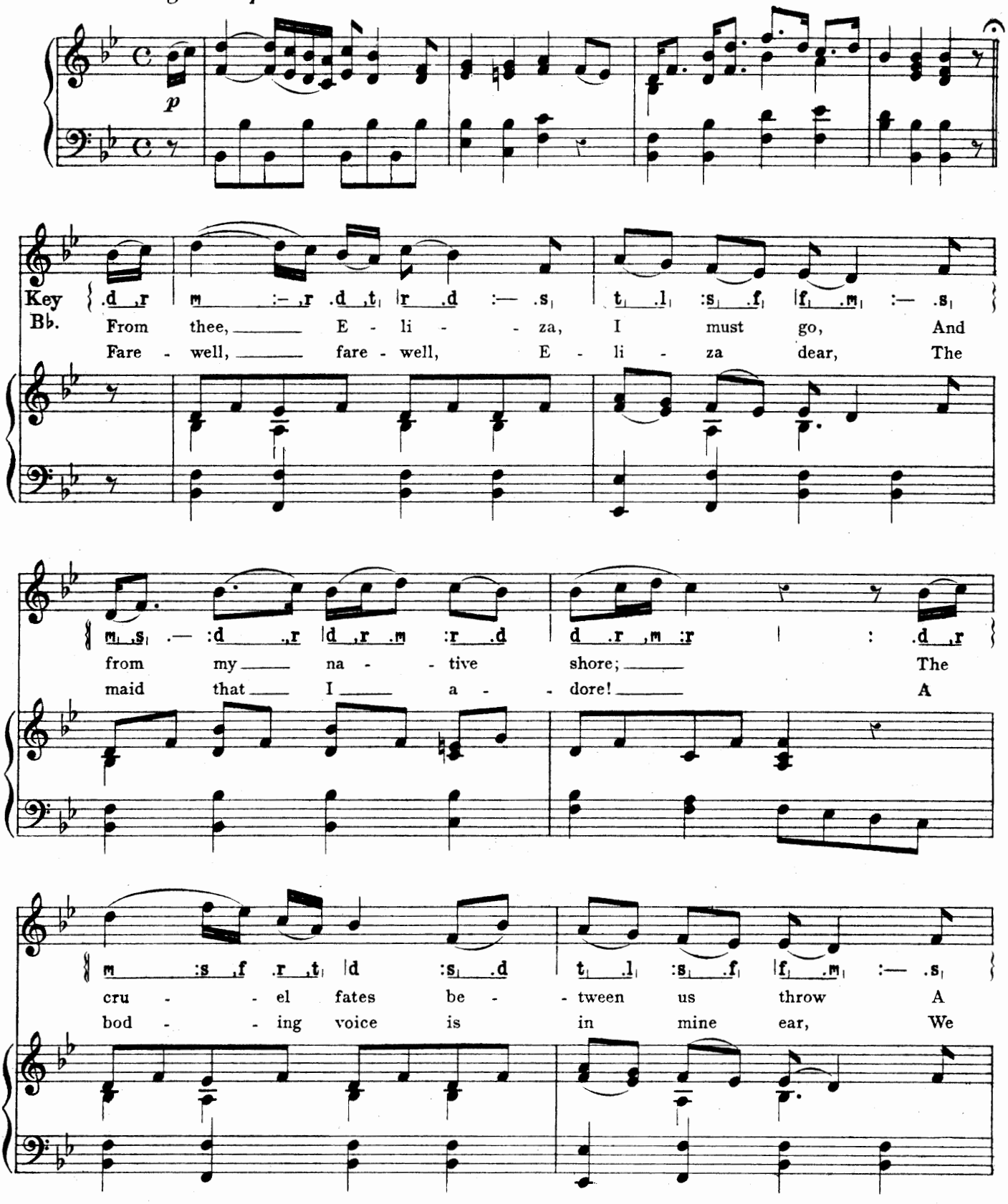
So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

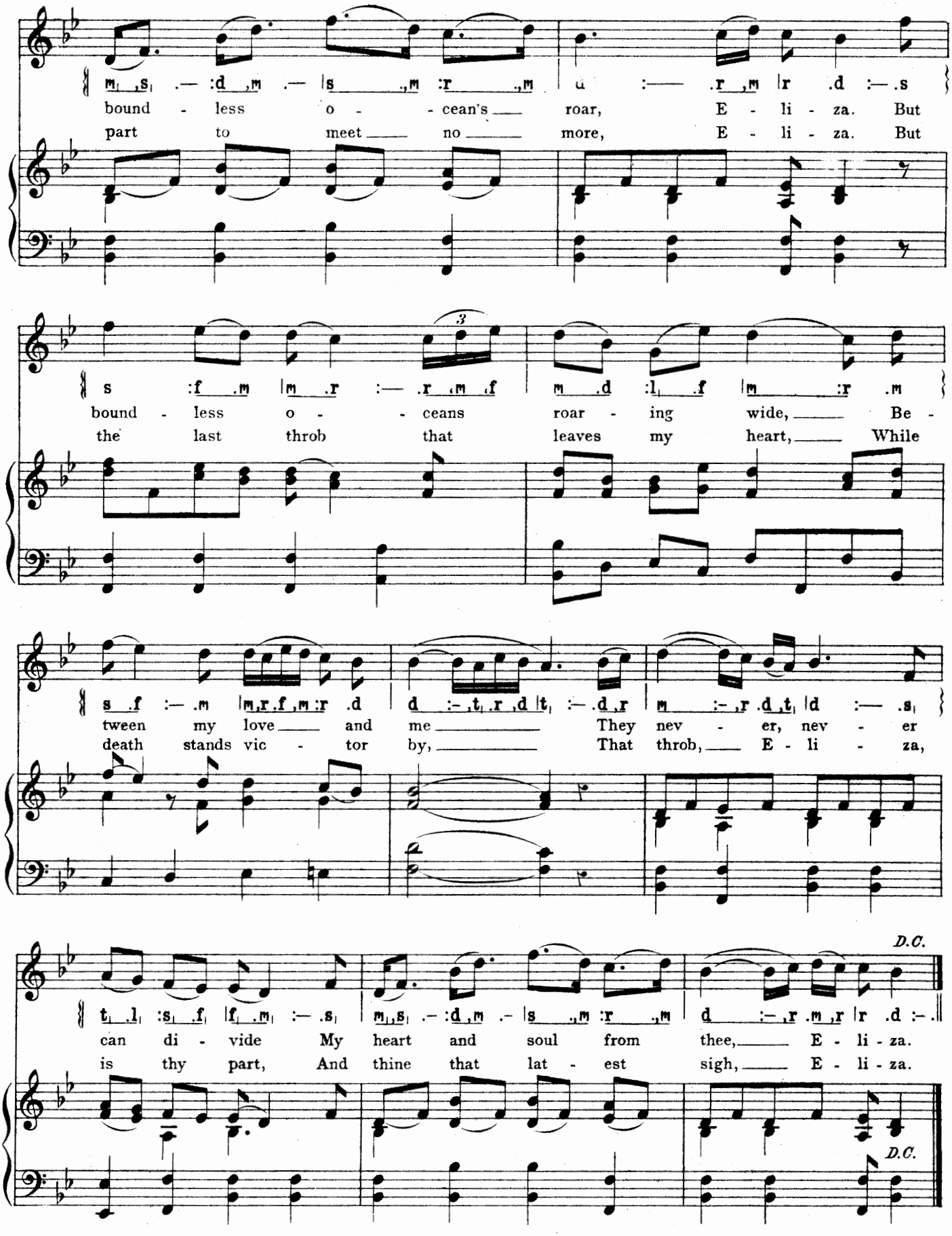
FROM THEE, ELIZA.

Words by BURNS.

Tune—"Donald."

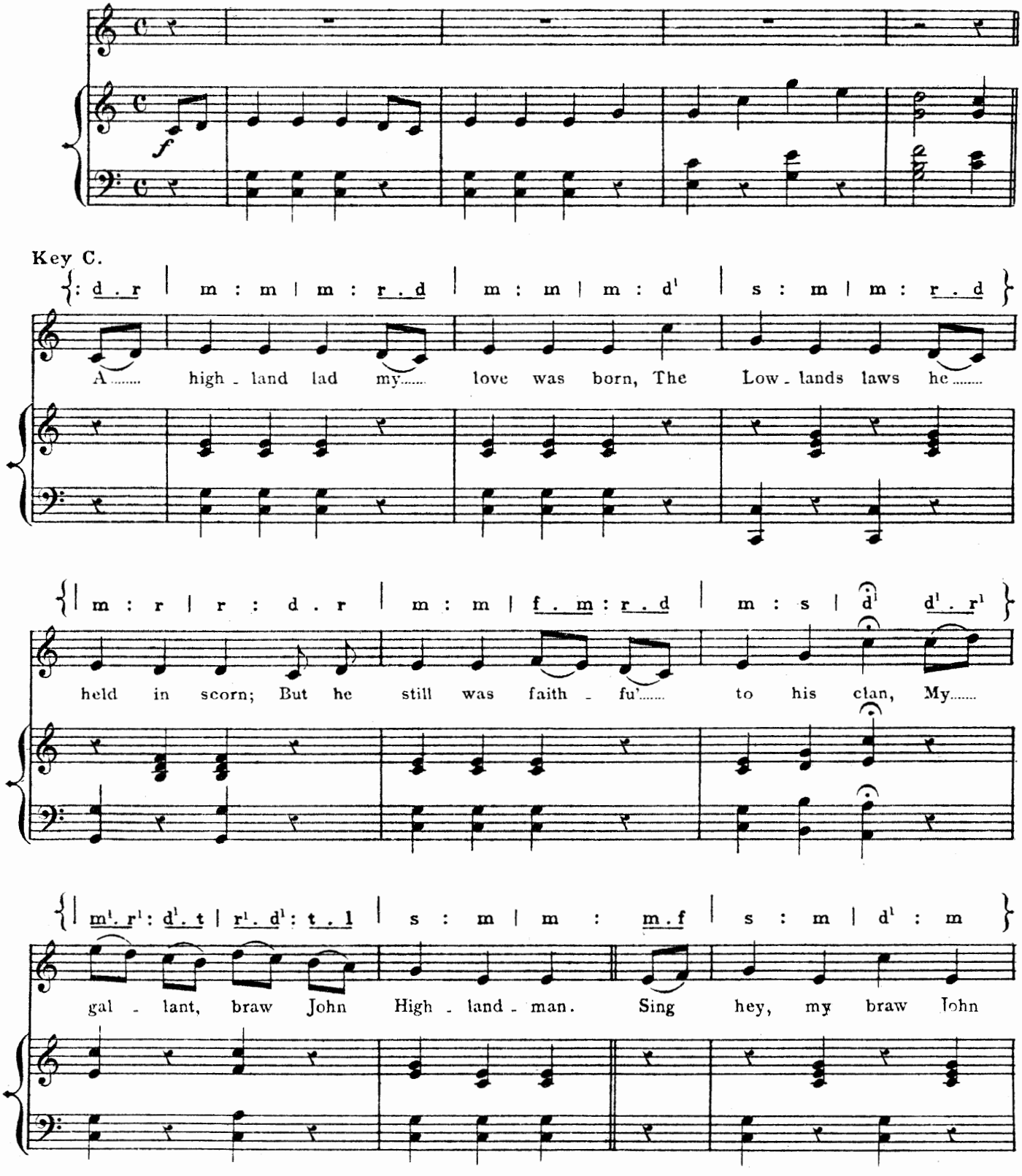
Larghetto espressione.

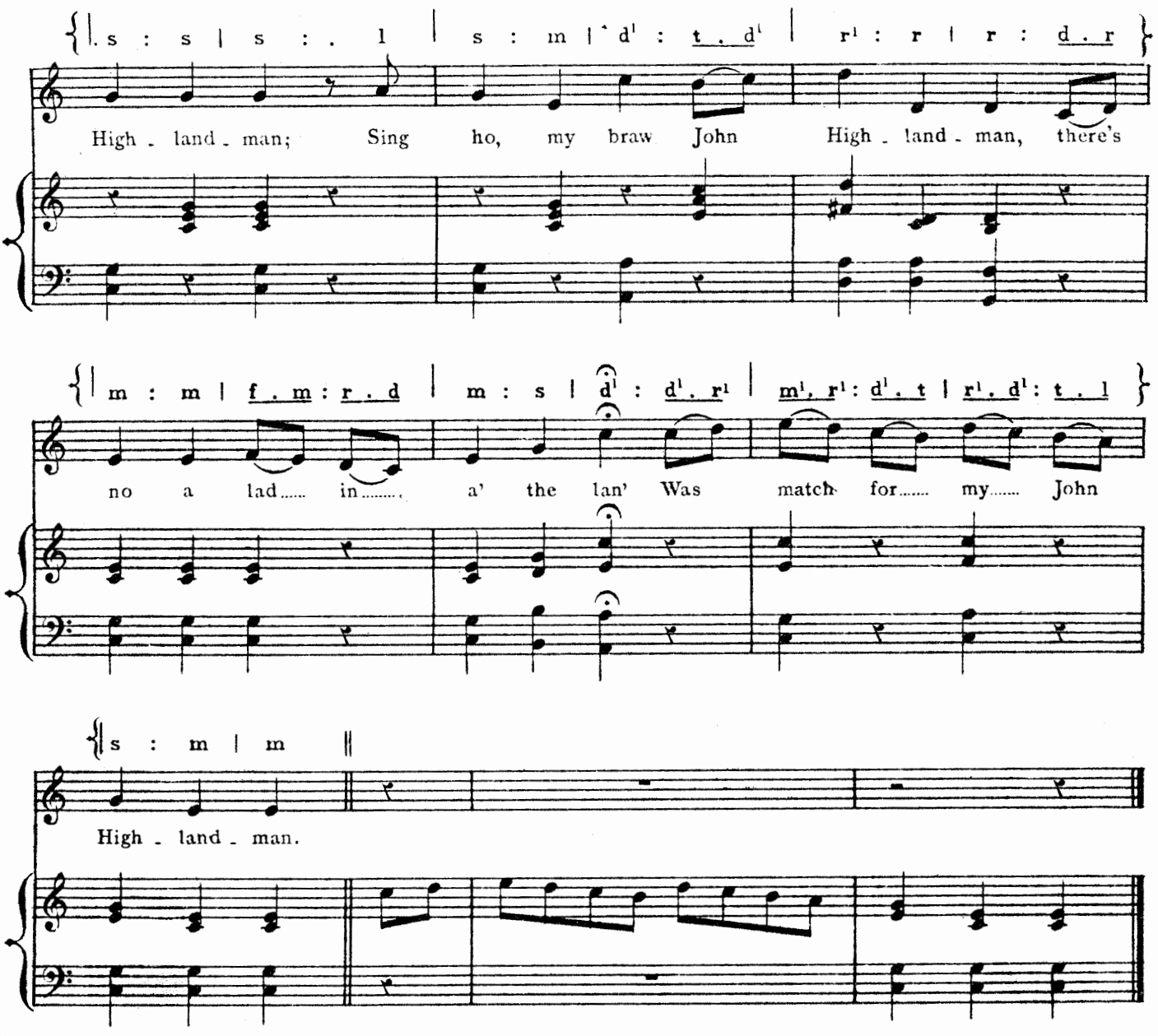



bound - less o - - cean's roar, E - li - za. But
part to meet no more, E - li - za. But
bound - less o - - ceans roar - ing wide, Be -
the last throb that leaves my heart, While
tween my love and me They nev - er, nev - er
death stands vic - tor by, That throb, E - li - za,
can di - vide My heart and soul from thee, E - li - za.
is thy part, And thine that lat - est sigh, E - li - za.
D.C.
D.C.

A HIGHLAND LAD.

Words by BURNS.





2

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

3

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

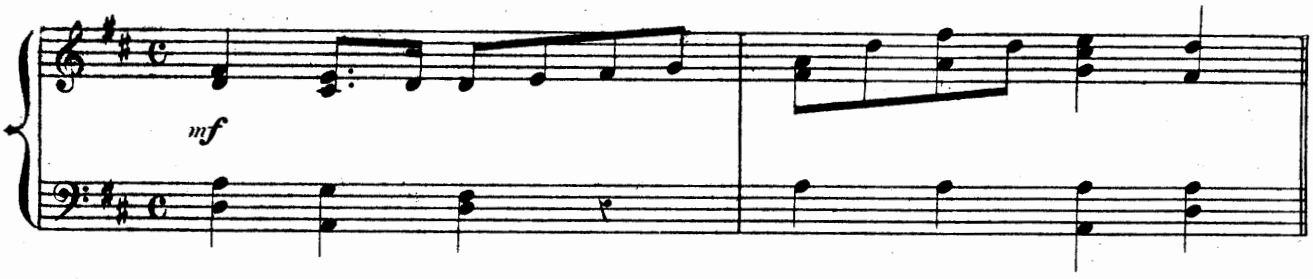
4

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

BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.



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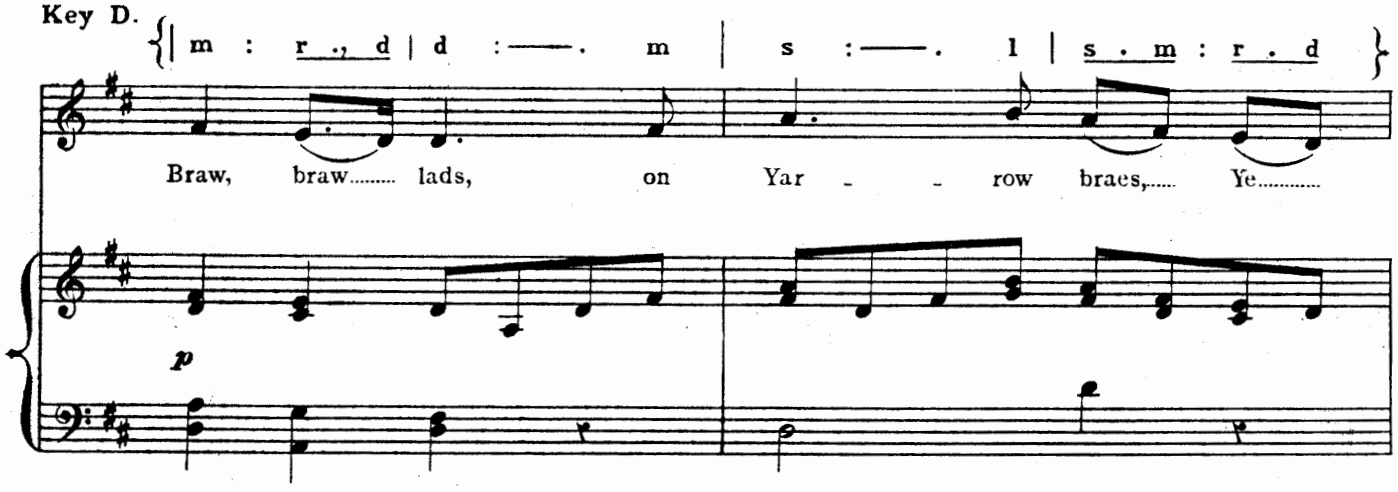
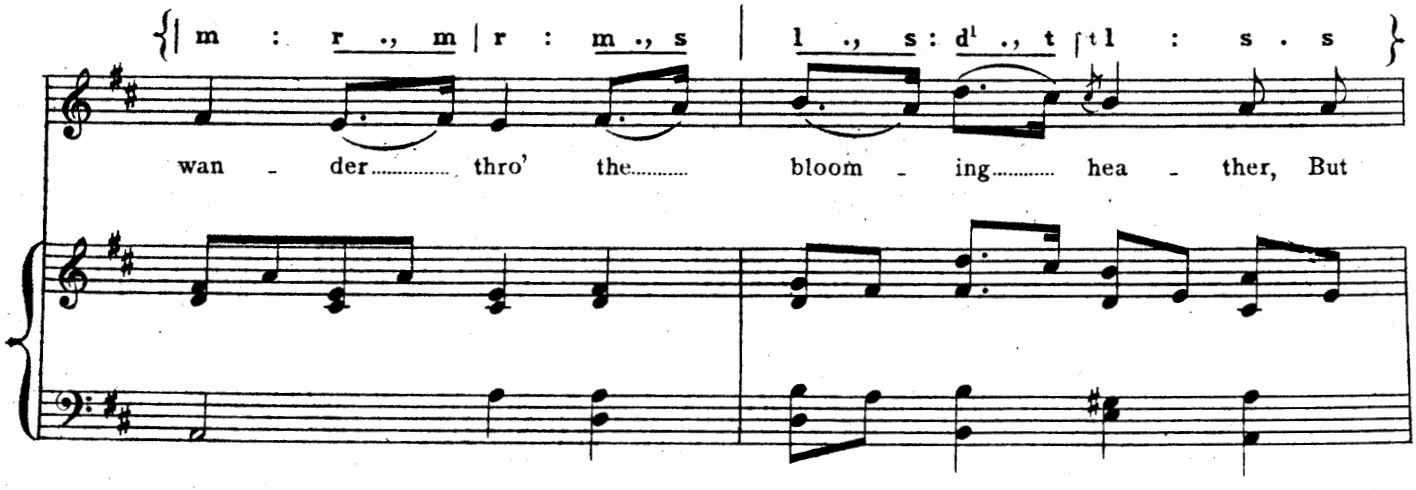
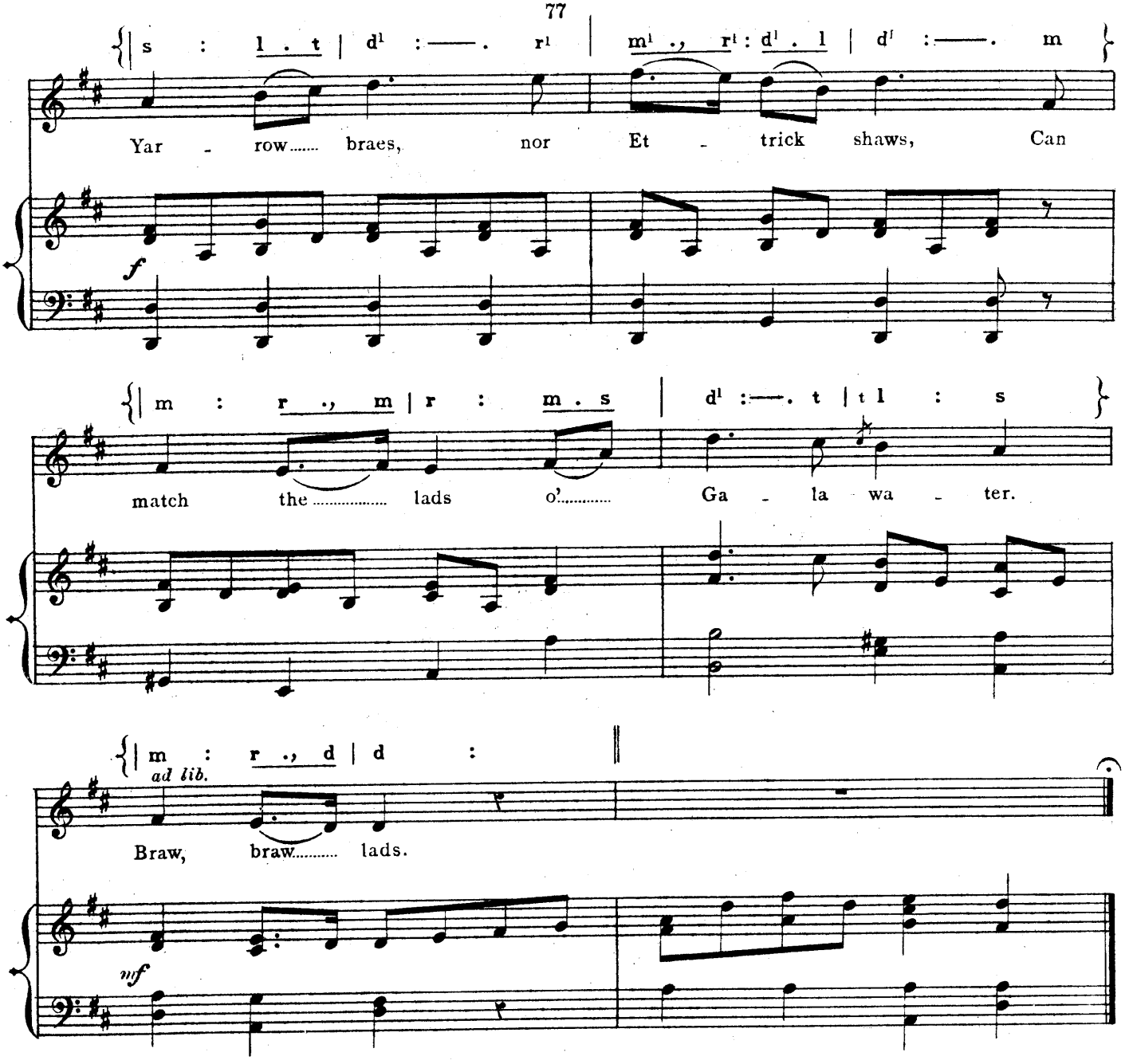






2

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.
Braw, braw lads.

3

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae na' muckle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.
Braw, braw lads.

4

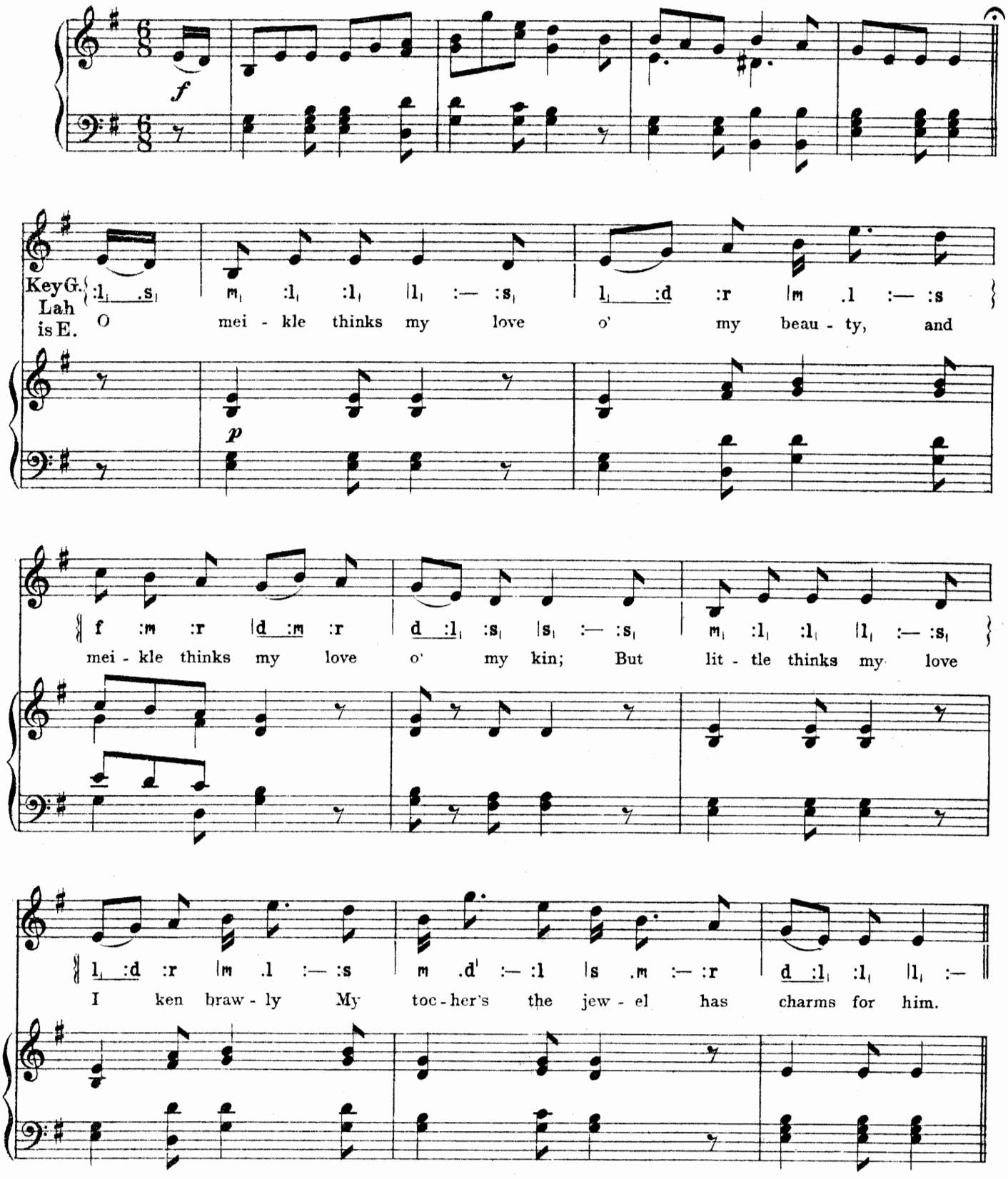
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that's the warld's chiefest treasure!
Braw, braw lads.

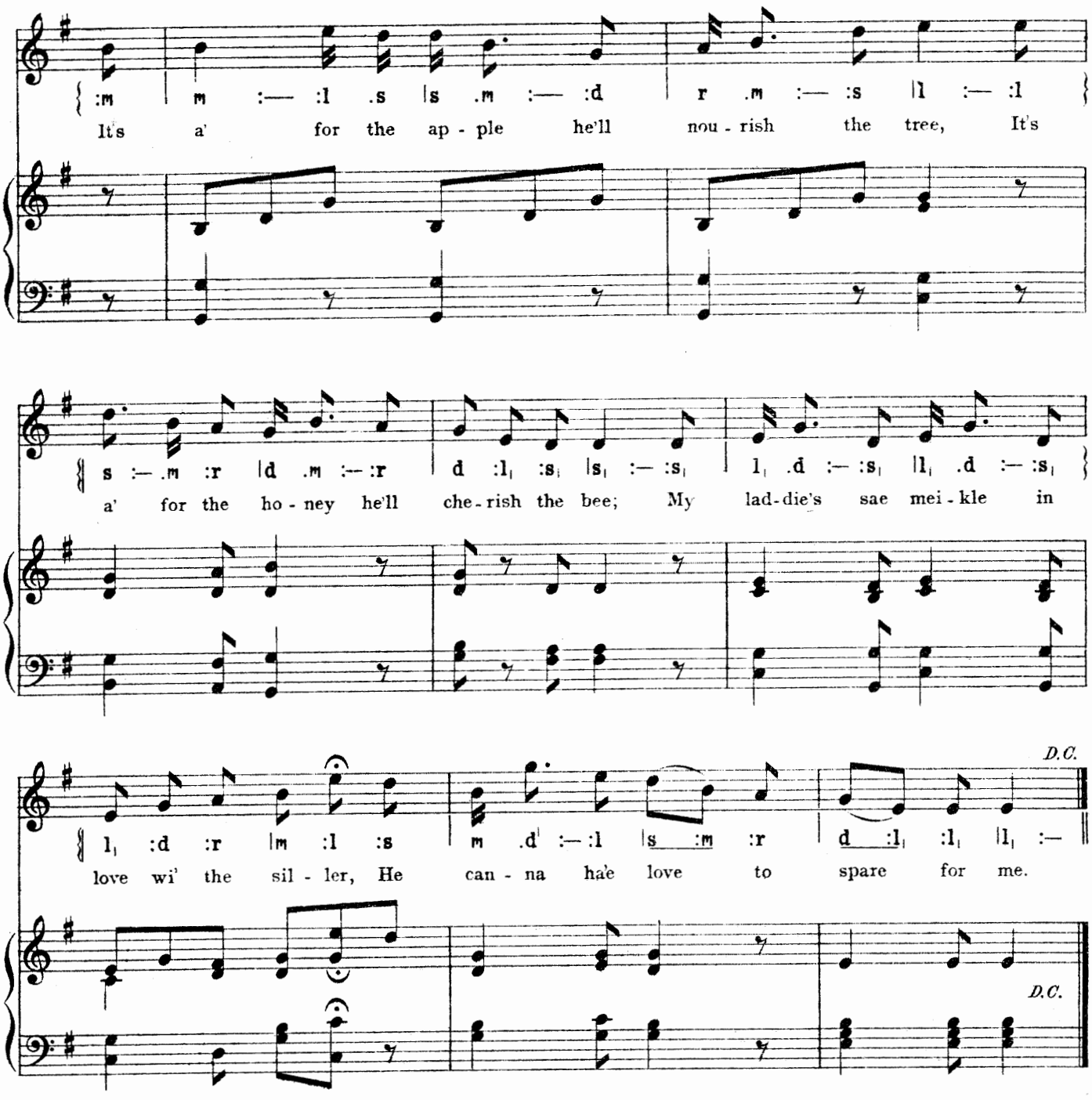
MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

Moderato.





2.

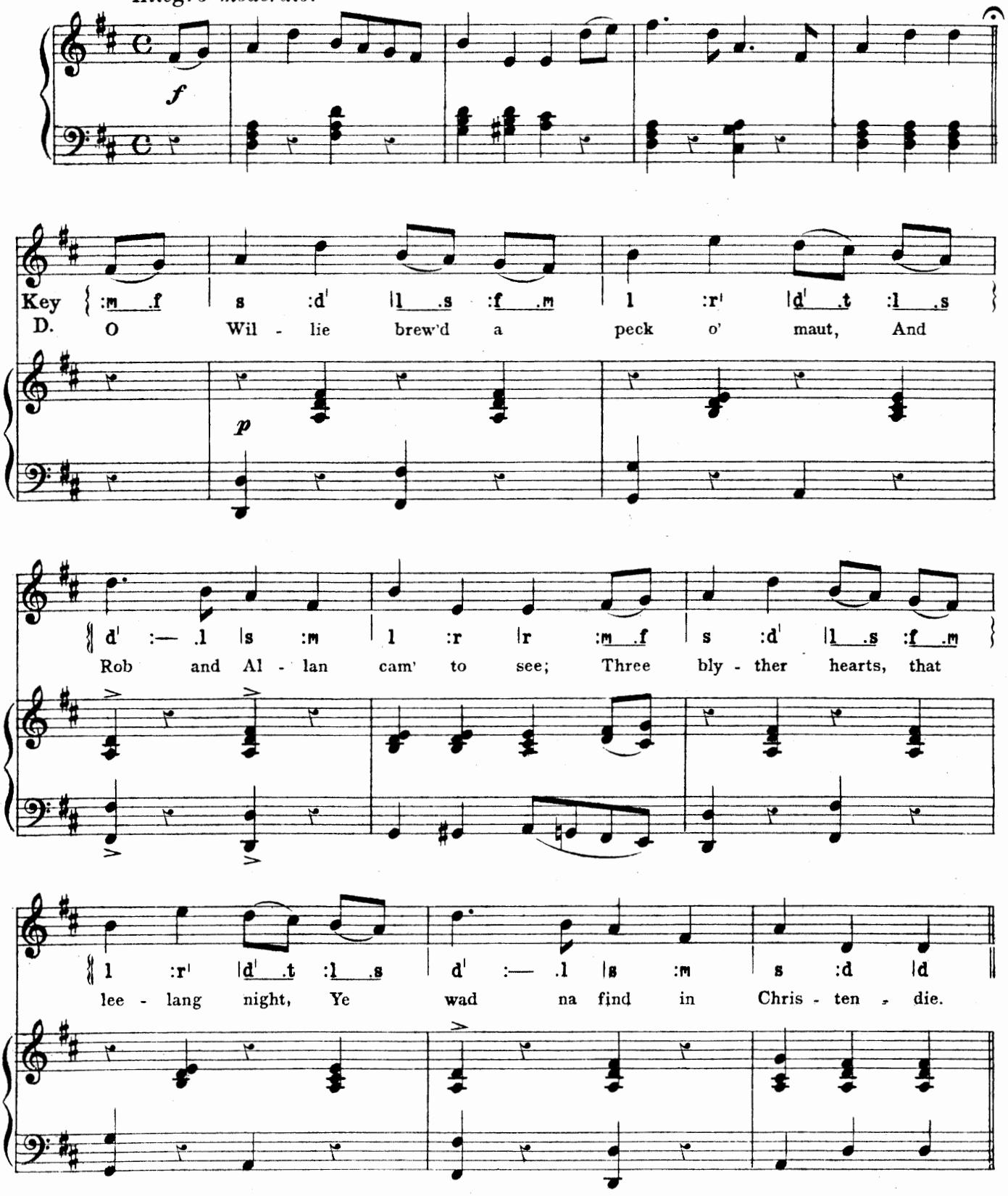
Your proffer o' love's an arle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood;
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your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

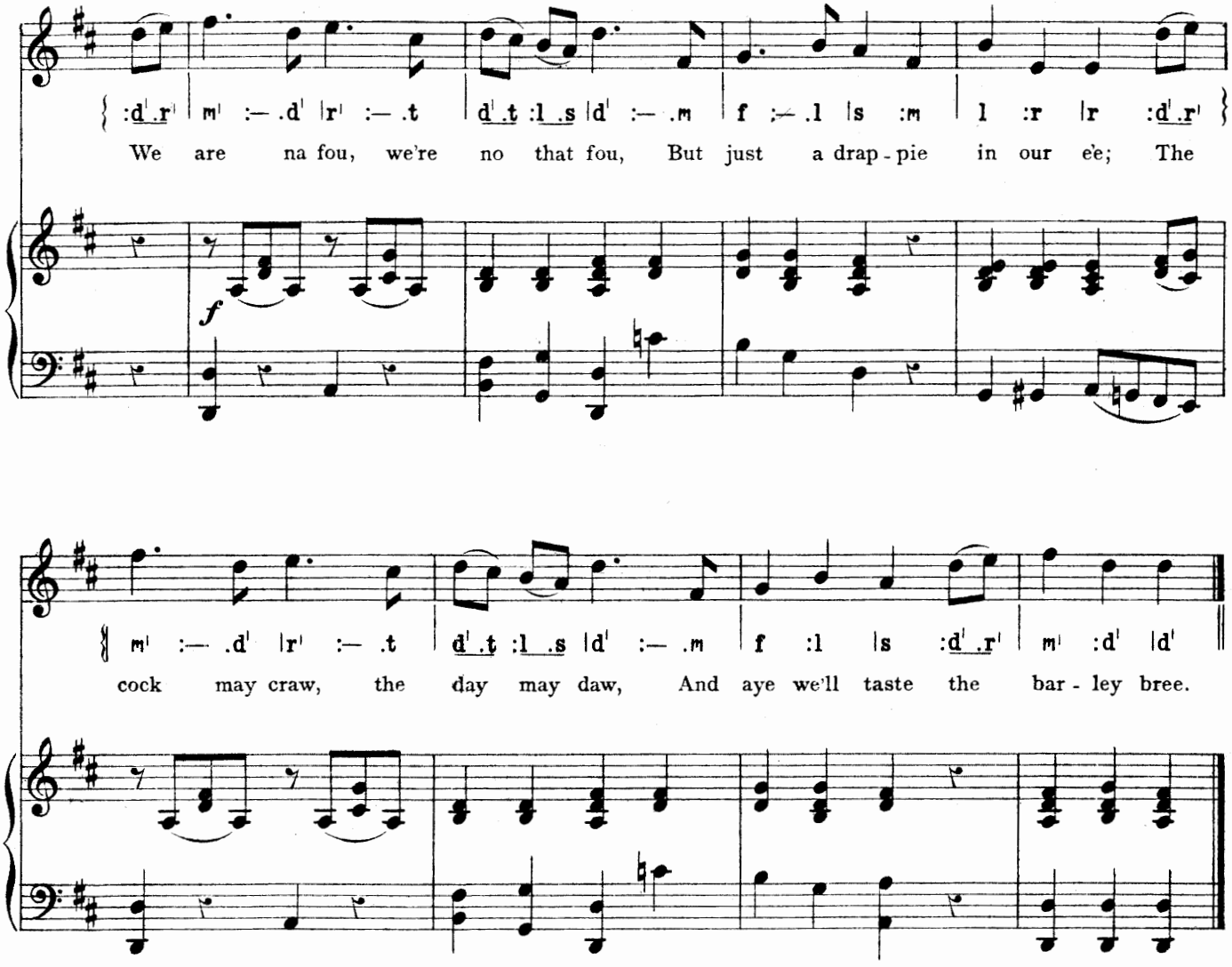
O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

Allegro moderato.





2.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

3.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

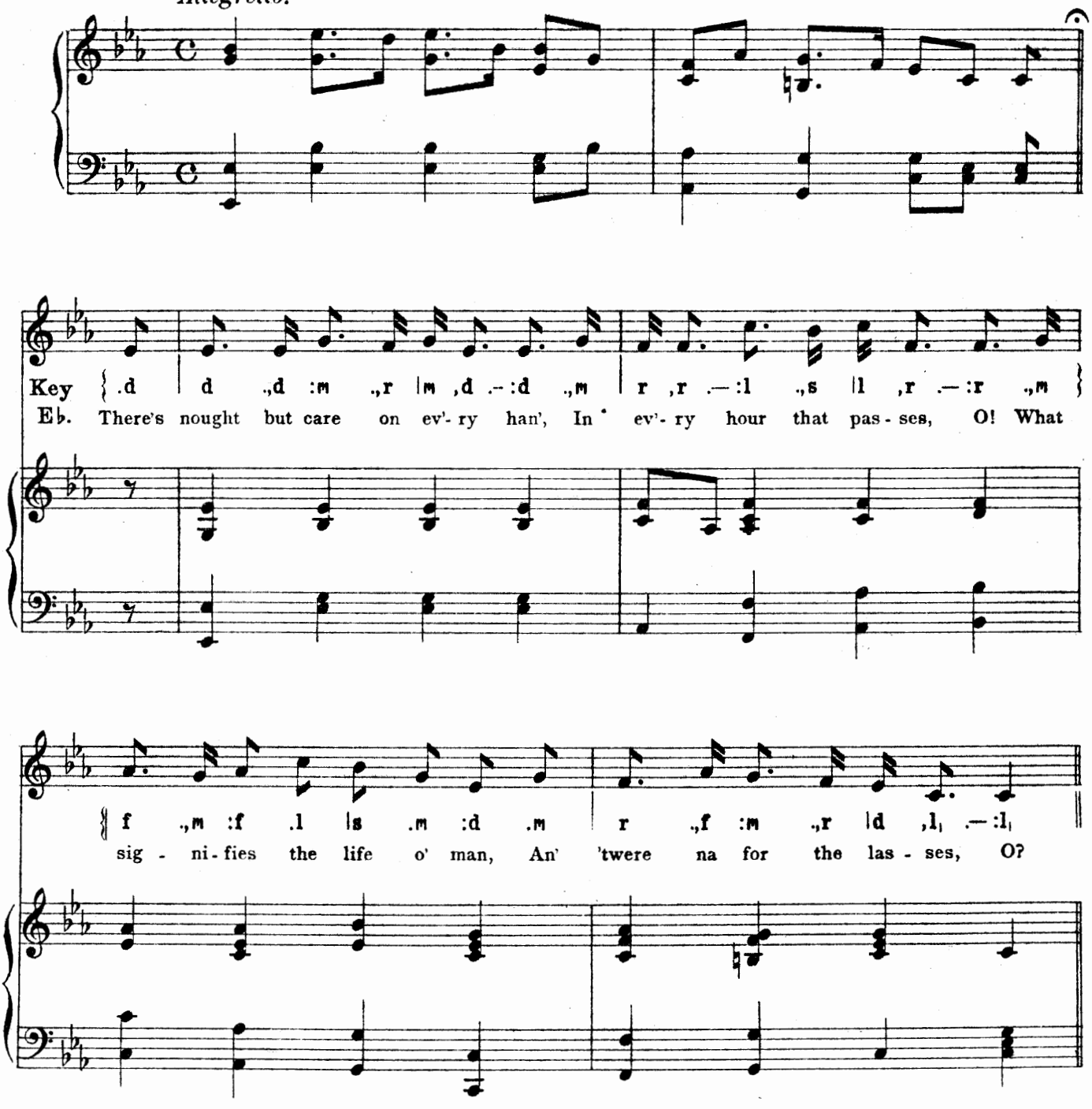
4.

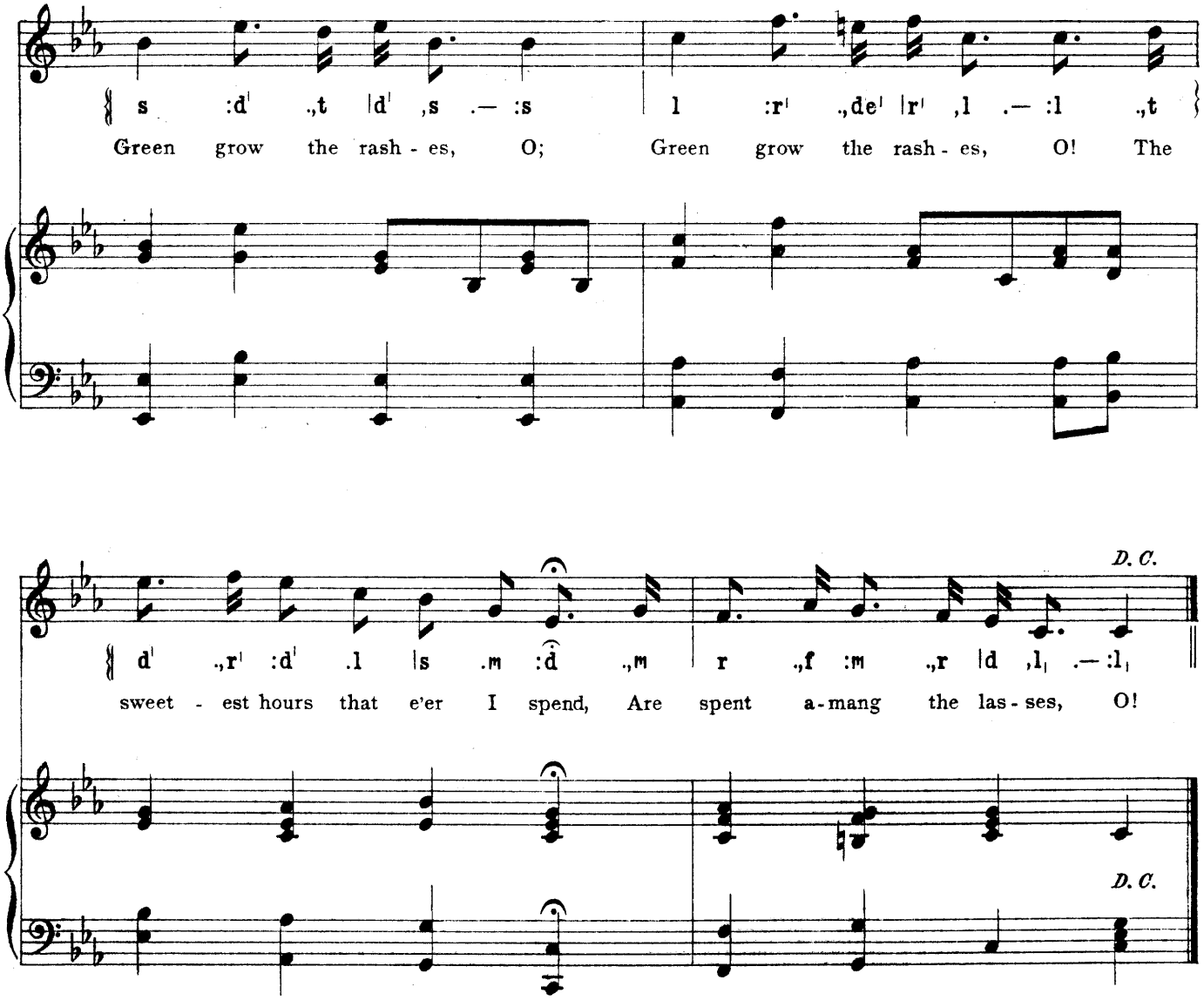
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa'
He is the king among us three!
We are na fou, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.





2.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

3.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

4.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

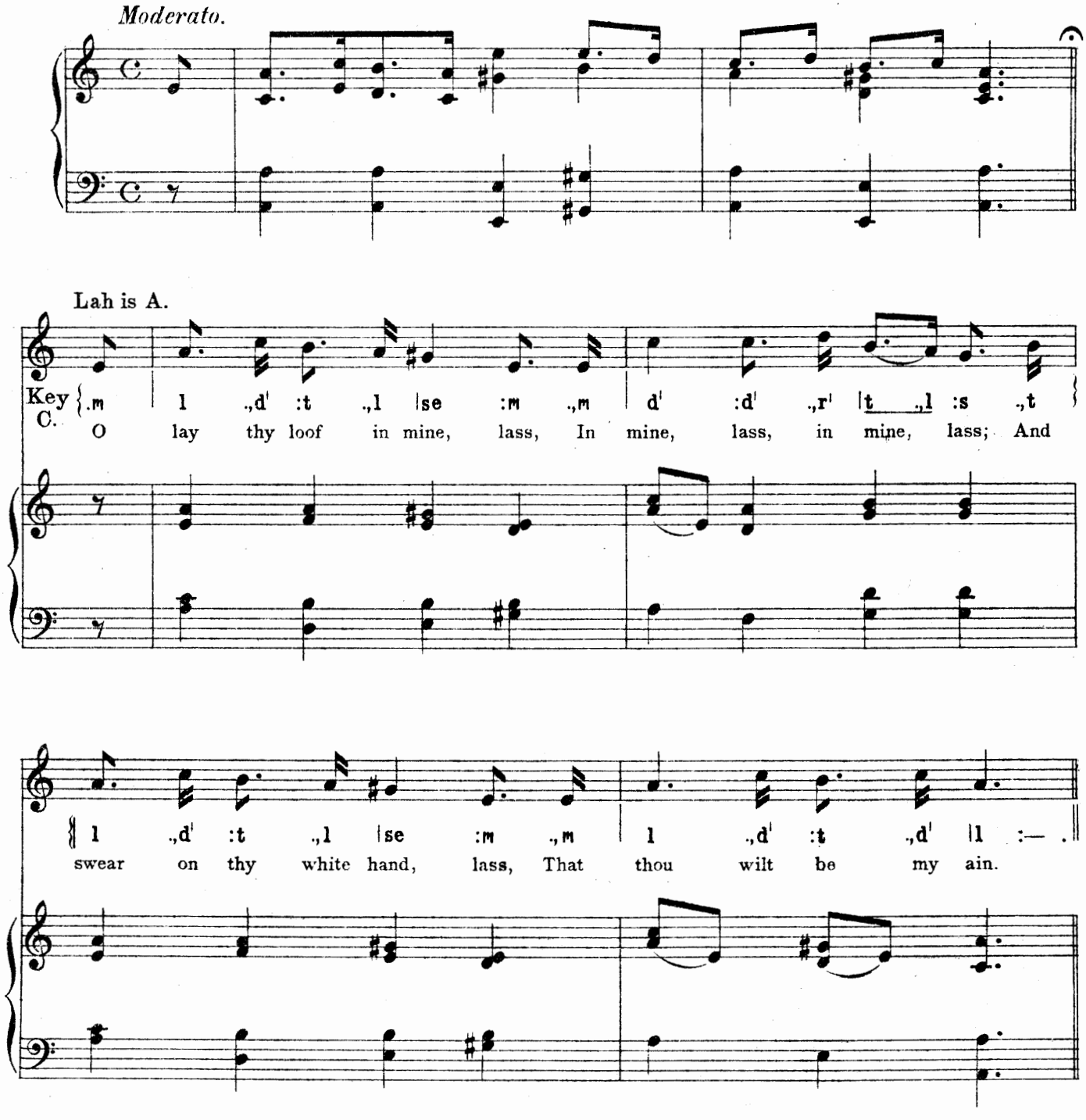
5.

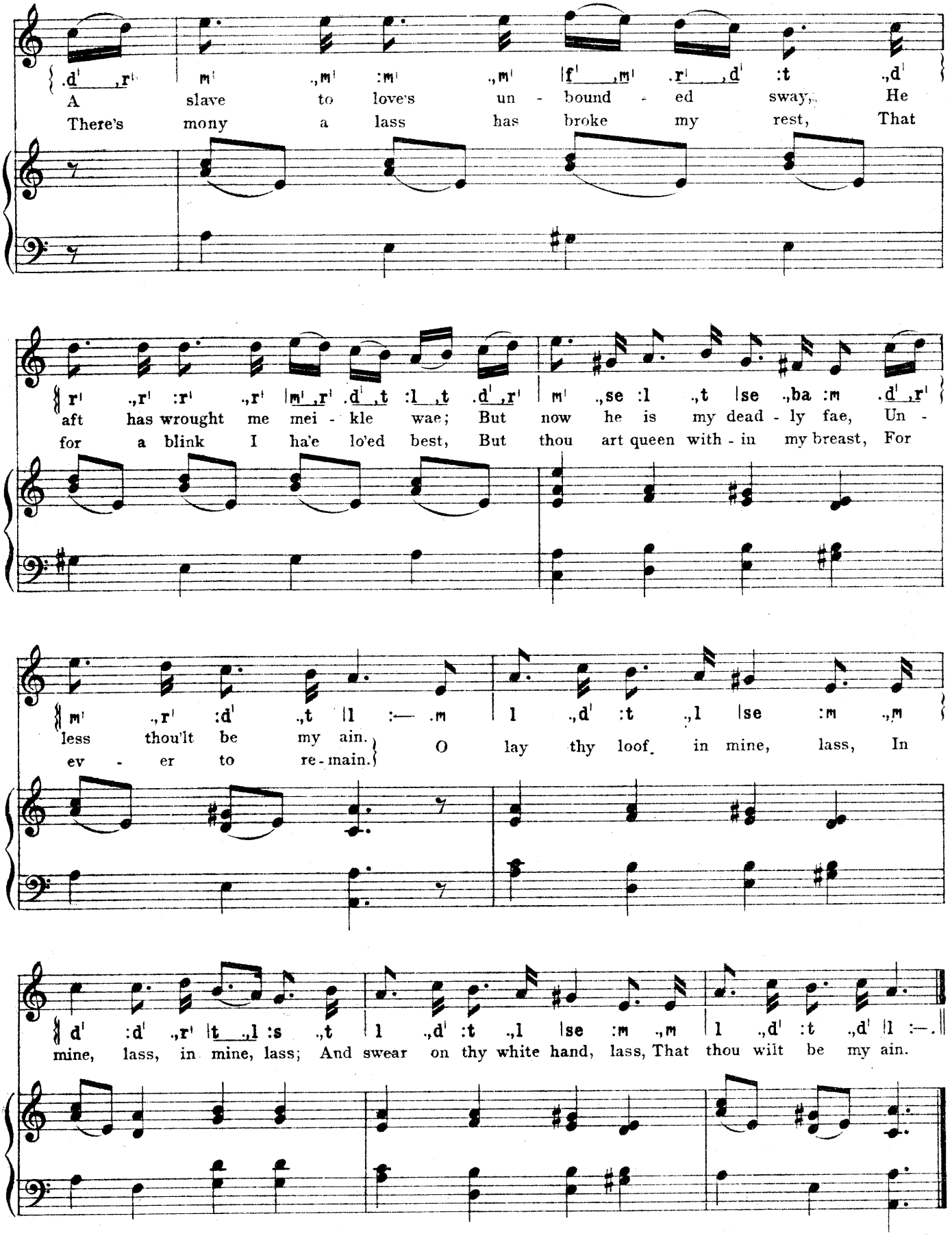
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

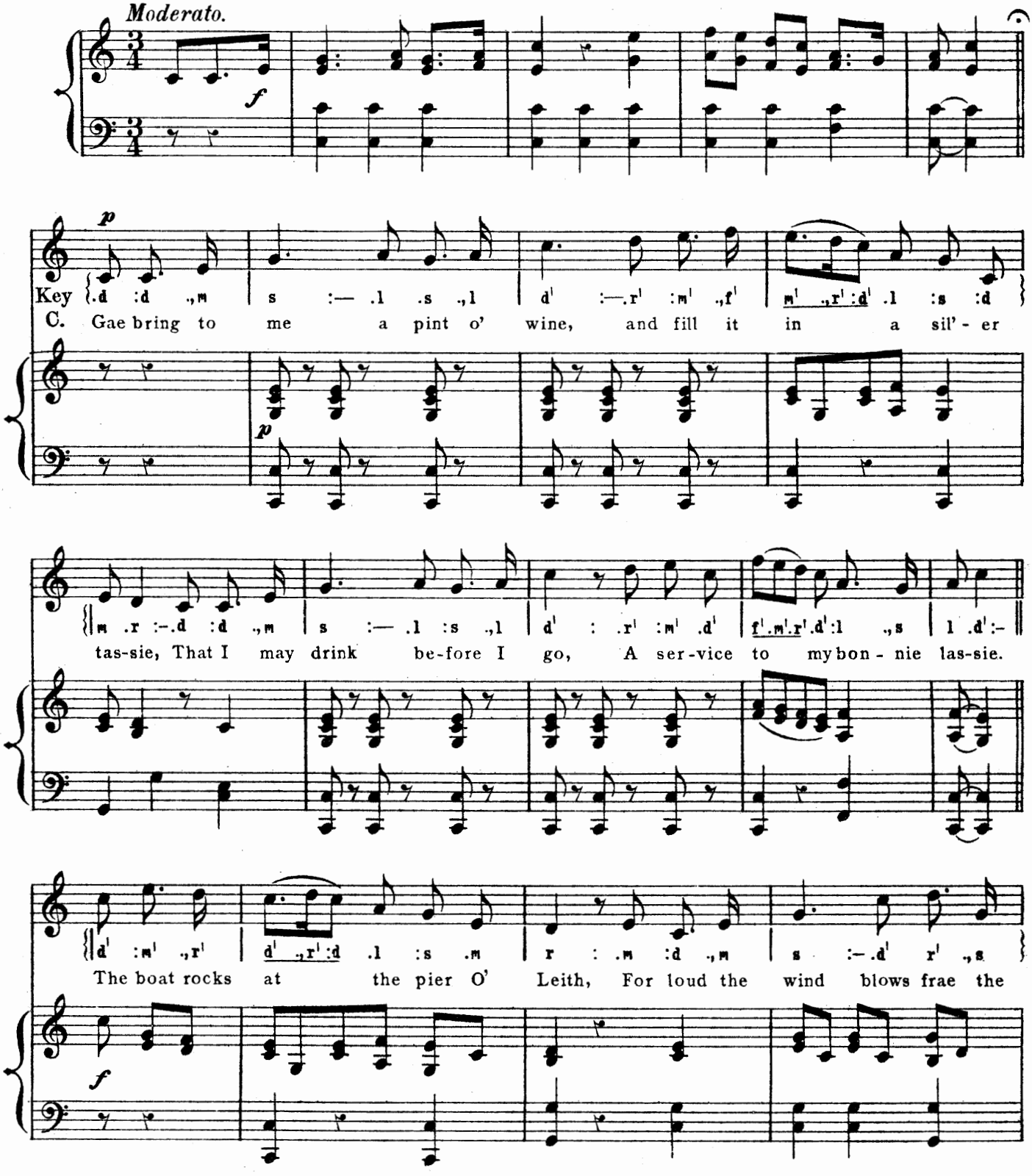


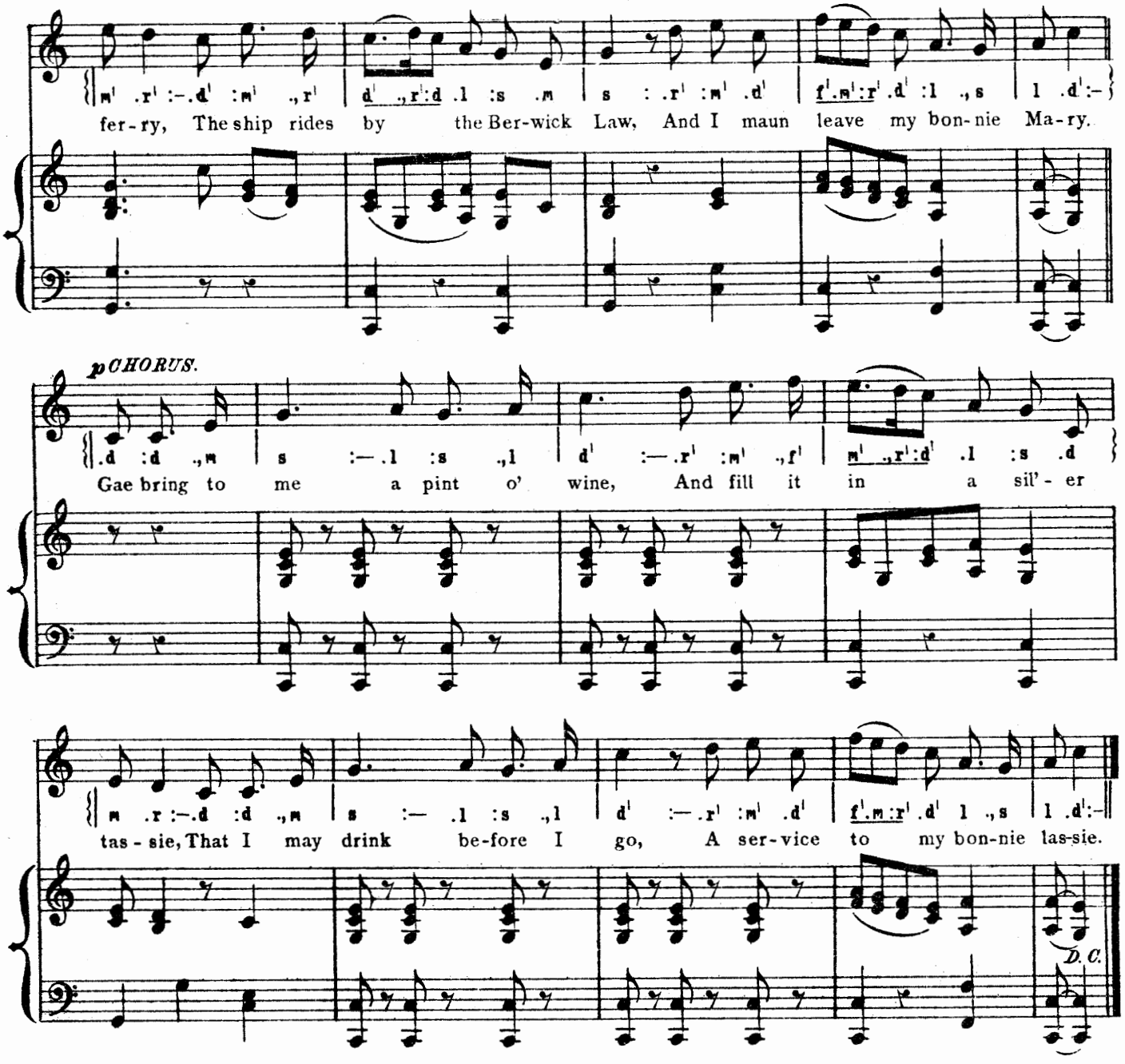

A slave to love's un - bound - ed sway, He
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, That
aft has wrought me mei - kle wae; But now he is my dead - ly fae, Un -
for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best, But thou art queen with - in my breast, For
less thou'lt be my ain.
ev - er to re - main.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In
mine, lass, in mine, lass; And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

Words by BURNS. Air, "My bonnie Mary."

Moderato.





2

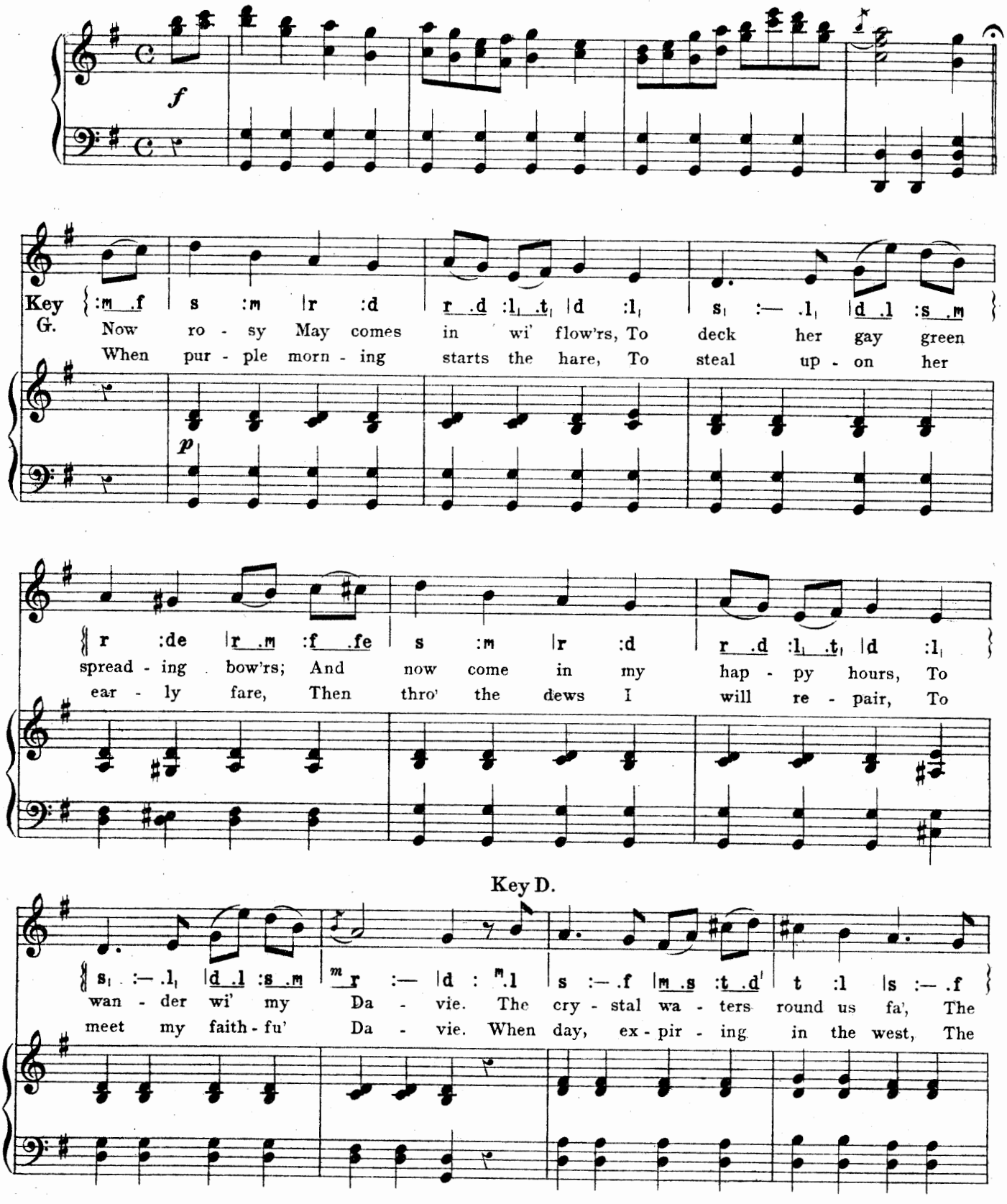
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready;
The shouts of war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody!
It's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.
Gae bring &c.

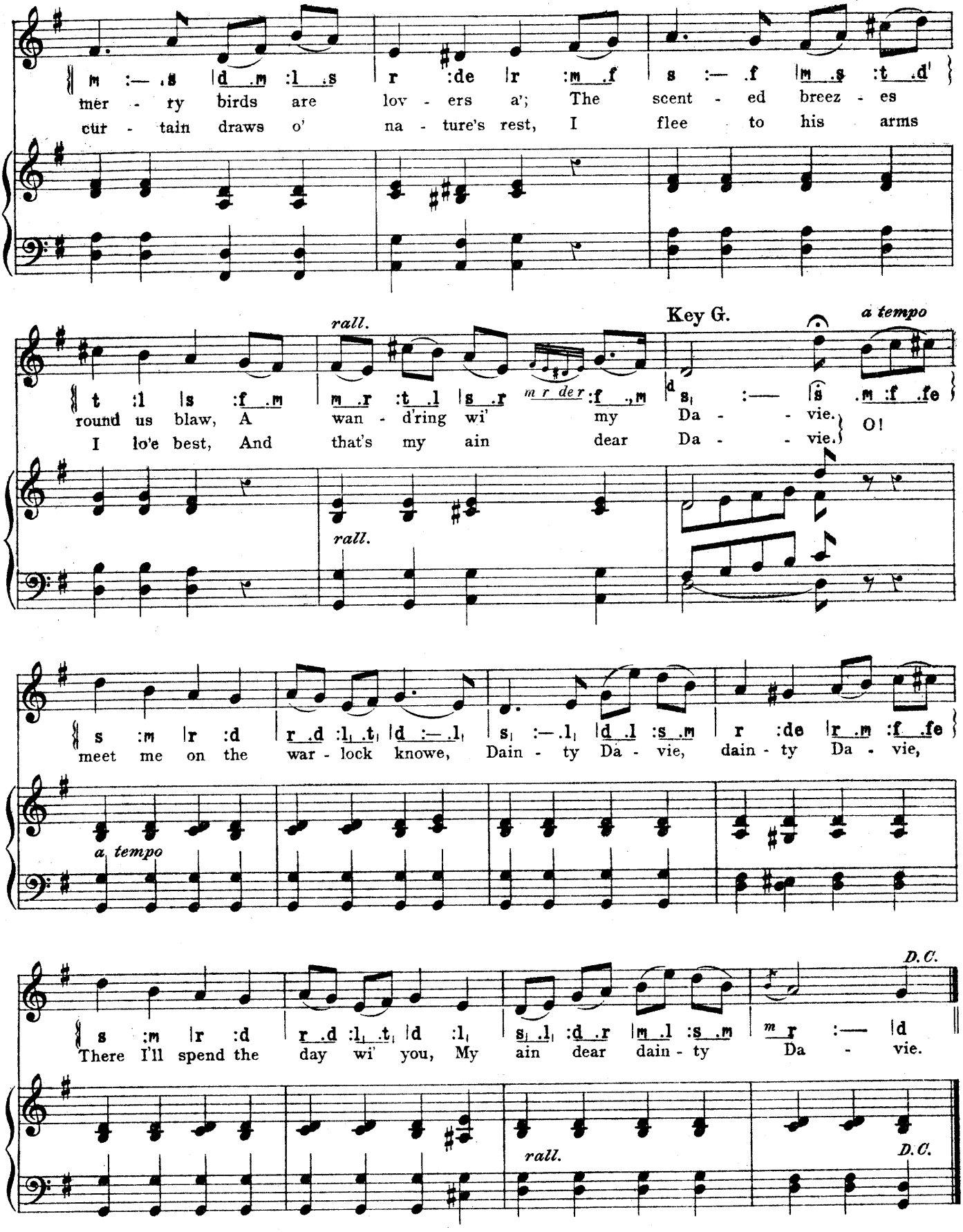
DAINTY DAVIE.

Words by BURNS.

Tune: "Meet me on the warlock knowe."

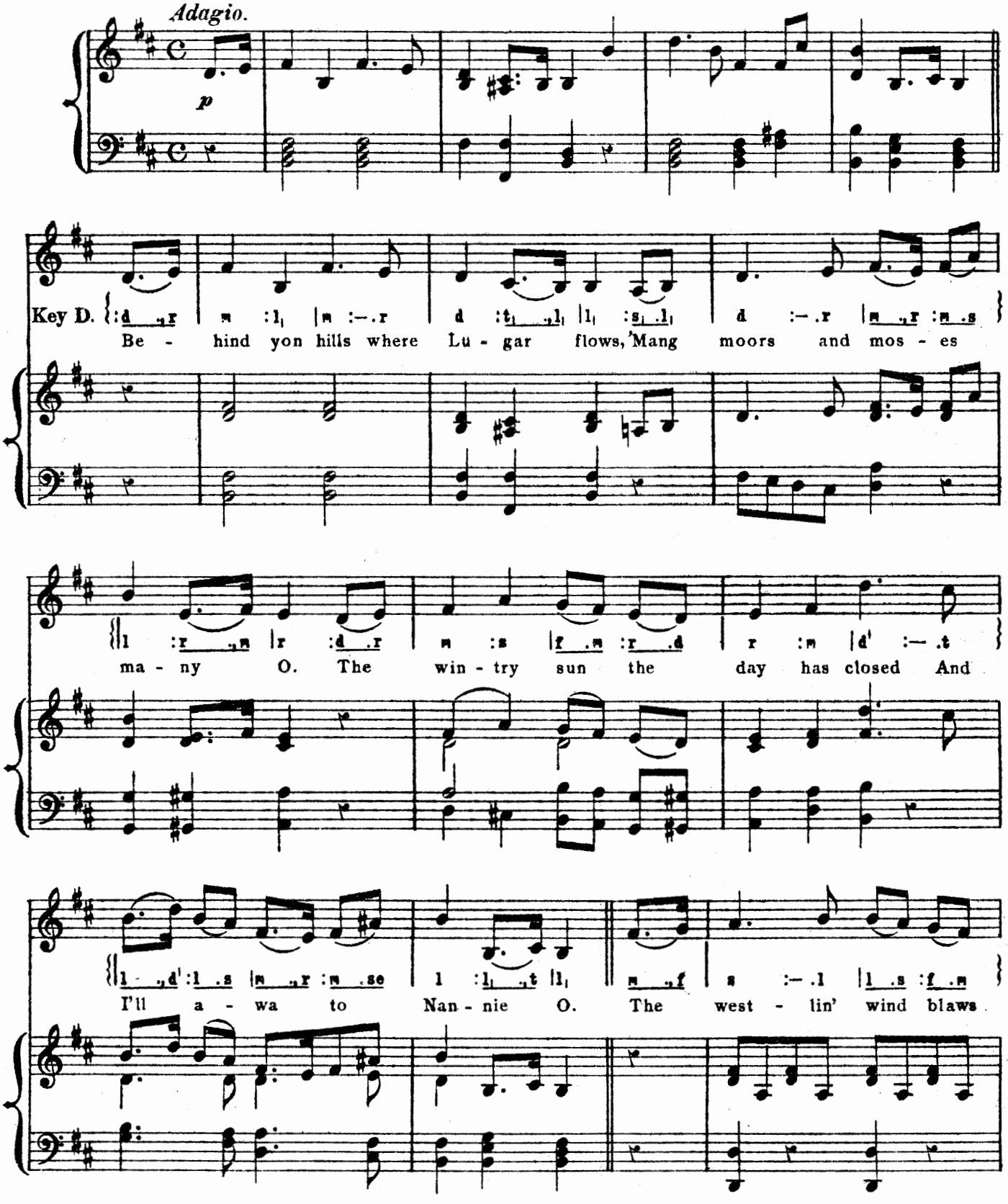
Moderato.

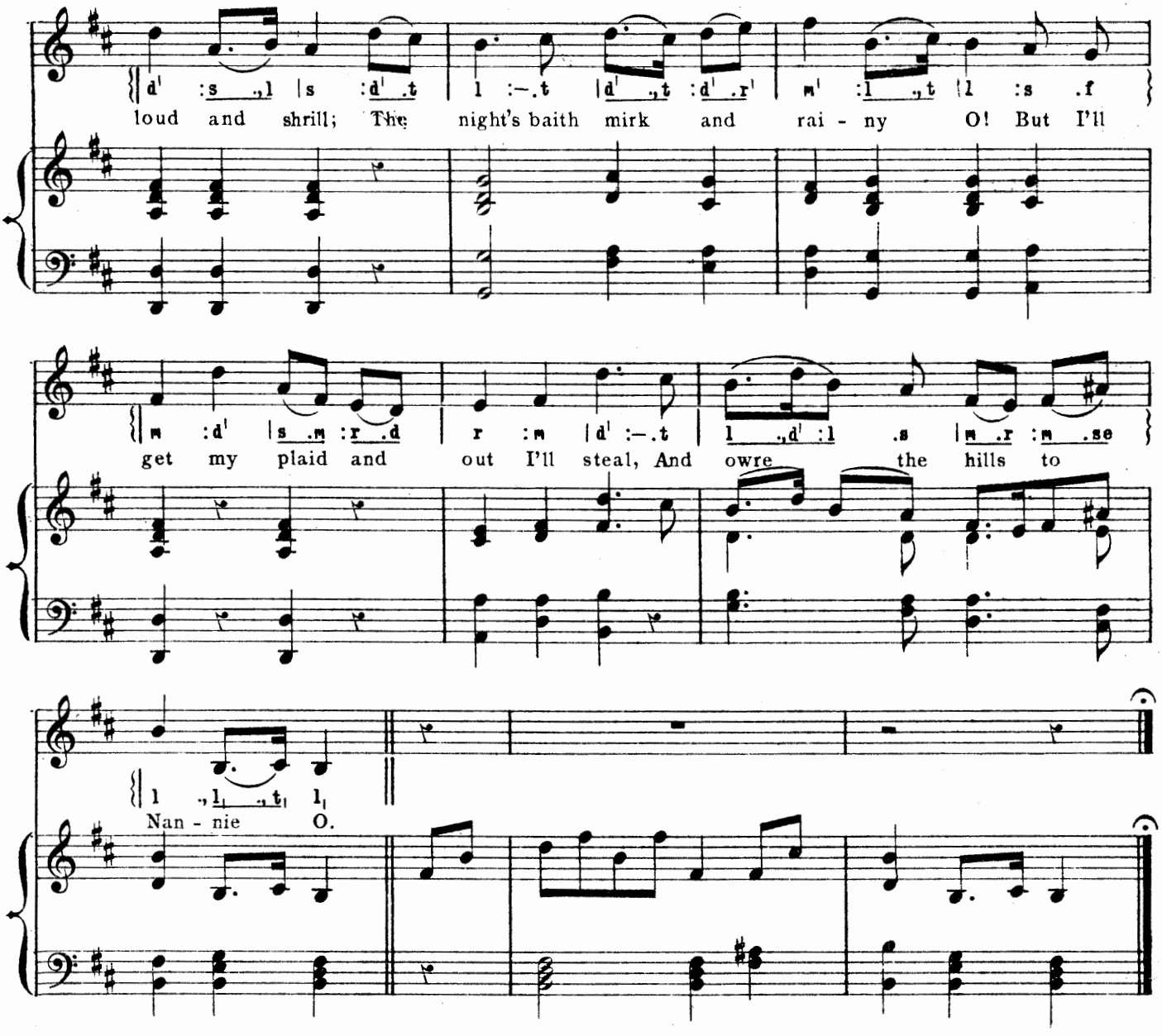



m :— .s |d .m :l .s | r :de |r :m .f | s :— .f |m .s :t .d'
mer - ry birds are lov - ers a'; The scent - ed breez - es
cur - tain draws o' na - ture's rest, I flee to his arms
rall.
t :l |s :f .m | m .r :t .l |s .r m r der :f .,m | d s, :— |s .m :f .fe
round us blaw, A wan - d'ring wi' my Da - - vie.
I lo'e best, And that's my ain dear Da - - vie.
Key G.
a tempo
O!
rall.
s :m |r :d | r .d :l, .t, |d :— .l, | s, :— .l, |d .l :s .m | r :de |r .m :f .fe
meet me on the war - lock knowe, Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie,
a tempo
s :m |r :d | r .d :l, .t, |d :l, | s, .l, :d .r |m .l :s .m | m r :— |d
There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dain - ty Da - vie.
D.C.
rall.
D.C.

MY NANNIE O.

Words by BURNS. Air "My Nannie O."





2

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

3

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

4

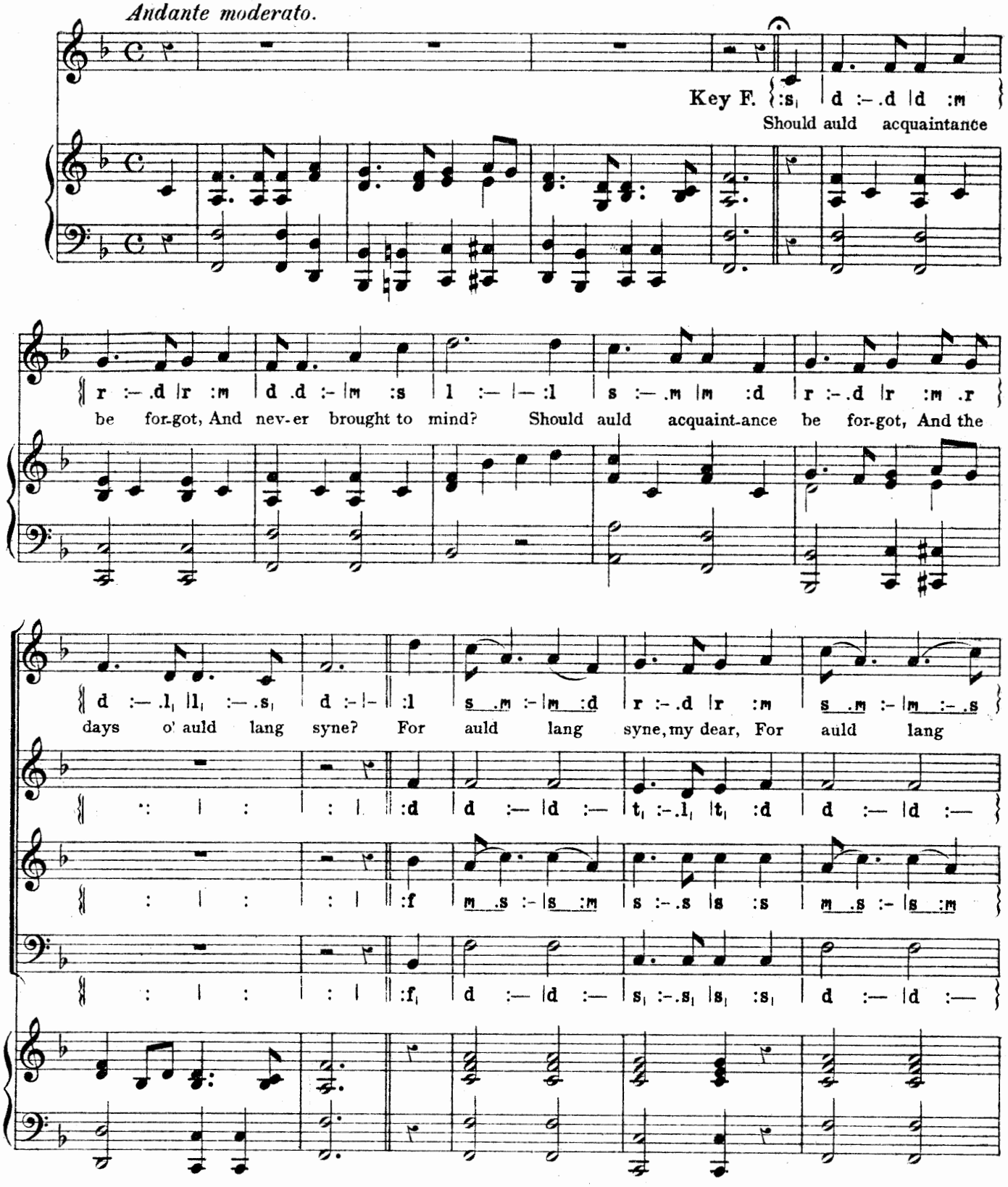
Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come well, come wae, I care na by
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

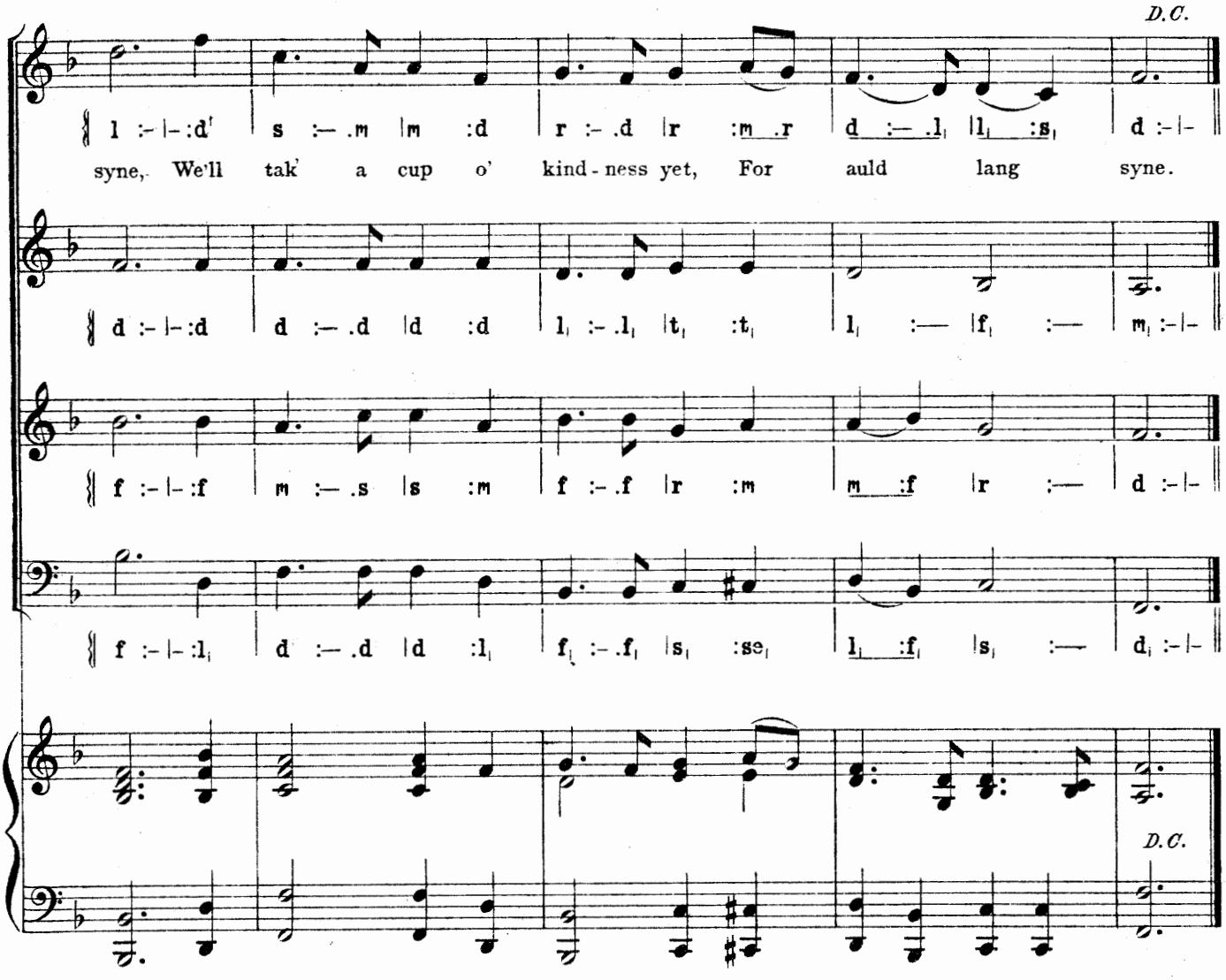
THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by BURNS.

Andante moderato.





2.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin the days o' auld lang syne,
For auld, &c.

3.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin the days o' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

4.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught
For the days o' auld lang syne,
For auld, &c.

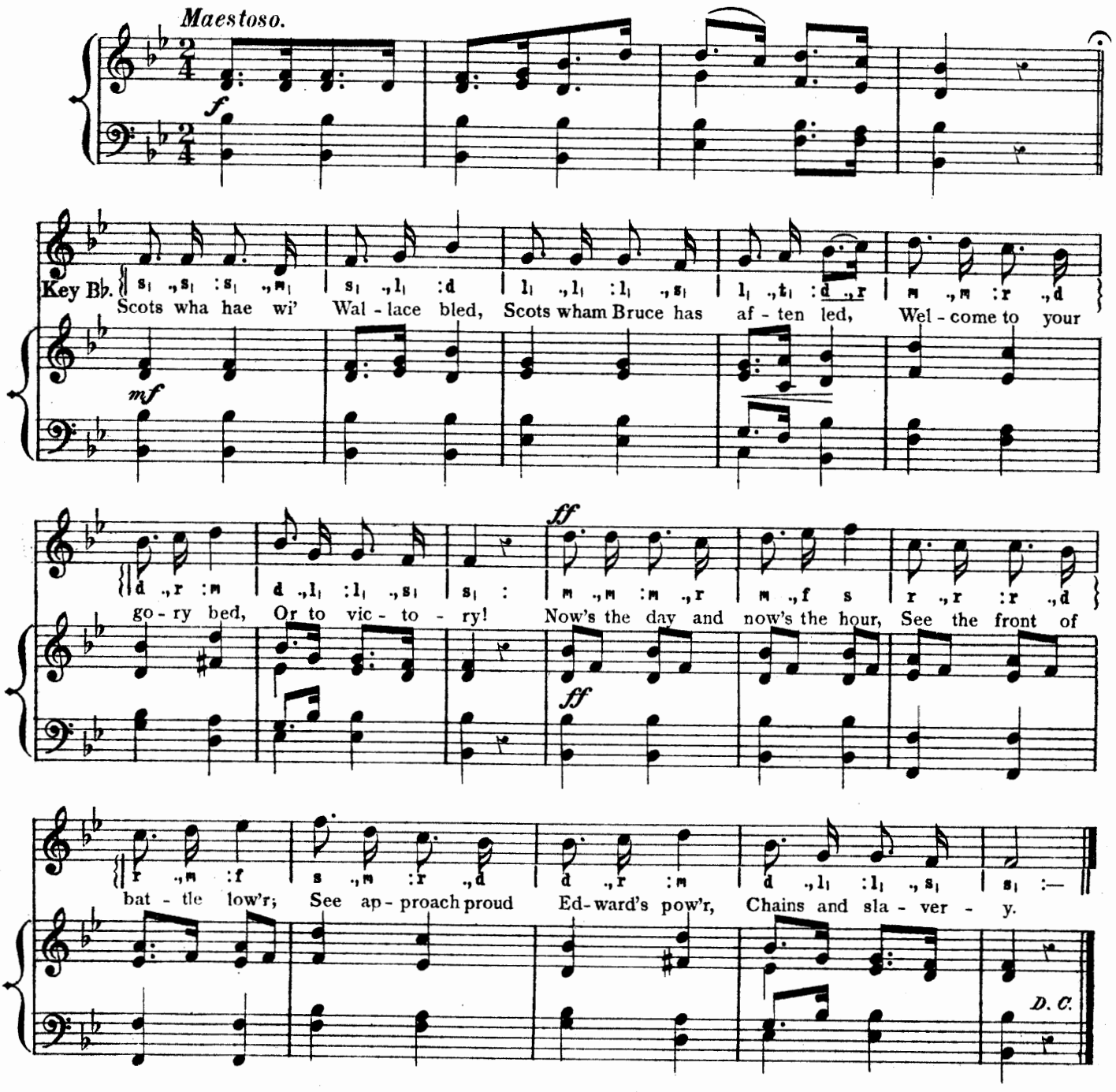
5.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For the days o' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

SCOTS WHA HA'E.

Words by BURNS.

Air, "Hey tuttie tattie!"



2

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

3

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

SCOTLAND CALLING

IN 50 SCOTTISH SONGS

CONTENTS

Auld Hoose	Kirkconnel Lea
Auld Lang Syne	Laird o' Cockpen
Blue Bonnets	Lang Lang Syne
Boatie Rows	Leezie Lindsay
Bonnie Earl o' Moray	Lochnagar
Bonnie Lass o' B'myle	Mary Shaw
Campbells are Coming	Morag's Faery Glen
Castles in the Air	My Heart Warms
Charlie is my Darling	MacGregor's Gathering
Cottage whar Burns was born	Nameless Lassie
	O Sing to me
Deils awa'	O whistle an' I'll come
Duncan Gray	Piper o' Dundee
Flora MacDonald	Queen's Maries
Flowrs o' the Forest	Rowan Tree
ditto (other version)	Scotland Yet
Gae bring to me	Scots wha hae
God Save the Queen	Soft Lowland Tongue
Here's to the Year	Sound the Pibroch
Huntingtower	Spinning Wheel
Hurrah for the H'lands	Standard on the Braes
Jeanie's Black E'e	There was a Lad
Jock o' Hazeldean	Turn ye to me
John Anderson	Wee Cooper o' Fife
Johnnie Cope	We're no awa'
Kelvingrove	Within a mile
Ye Banks and Braes	

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My Love is like a Red, Red Rose.
The Queen's Maries.
Jock o' Hazeldean.
We'd better Bide a Wee.
My Nannie's Awa'.
The Auld Scots Sangs.
Griogal Chridhe. (*My Love is Dead.*)
Filoro.
'Si mo Leannan an te Ur. (*O I Love the Maiden Fair.*)
Caisteal a Ghlinne. (*The Castle in the Glen.*)
The Meeting of the Waters.
Believe me if all.
Cockles and Mussels.
Gentle Maiden.
Teddie O'Neil.
Come Back to Erin.
I Lo'e Nae a Laddie.
Logie o' Buchan.
Comin' thro' the Rye.
Kelvingrove.
Green Grow the Rashes.
The Laird o' Cockpen.
There Grows a Bonnie Brier Bush.
Kirkconnel Lea.
The Star o' Robbie Burns.
Mary of Argyll.

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Love's Young Dream.
Oft in the Stilly Night.
The Harp that once.
Lochnagar.
Annie Laurie.
Auld Lang Syne.
Oh why left I my Hame.
Oh where tell me where.
Bonnie Strathardle.
Loch Lomond.
There's nae Luck.
Mary McNeil.
Bonnie Dundee.
Scotland Yet.
Within a Mile.
The Auld Hoose.
The Braes abune Bonawe.
The Nameless Lassie.
The Standard on the Braes o' Mar.
Charlie is my Darling.
Sound the Pibroch.
Fagail Steornabhagh. (*Leaving Stornoway*).
Tiugainn thar Saile. (*Come over the Sea*).
An Eala Bhan. (*The Fair Swan*).
Soiridh Slan le Fionn-Airidh. (*Farewell to Fiunary*).

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Atholl Highlanders' March to Loch Katrine, The.
Barren Rocks of Aden, The.
Boys' Lament for his Dragon, The.
Bugle Horn, The.
Campbell's Farewell to Redcastle.
Charlottetown Caledonian Club, The.
Colquhoun's March, The.
Colonel Sinclair's March.
Dornoch Links.
Farewell to the Tay.
Glasgow Gaelic Club, The.
Glendaruel Highlanders, The.
Invercauld March, The.
Ivy Leaf, The
John MacFadyen of Melfort.
Man at the Loom, The
March to the Battlefield, The
Millbank Cottage.
Miss B. B. Jardine.
Mount Stuart House.
Mr. Henry Mowbray Cadell's Welcome to Grange.
Muckin o' Geordie's Byre, The
Murray's Welcome.
O Where Will Bonnie Ann Lie ?
Piper Hamilton.
Sweet Maid of Glendaruel, The
79th Farewell to Gibraltar, The

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Animals went into the Ark.
A-Hunting we will go.
Are you sleeping ?
Auld Robin Gray.
Ash Grove.
Anchor's weighed.
Auld Lang Syne.
Arise Britons, arise.

Bonnie wee window.
Buy a broom.
Come into the garden, Maud
Come lassies and lads.
Caller Herrin'.
Death of Nelson.
Drink to me only with thine eyes.
Down among the dead men.
Down in the cane brake.
Eileen O'Grady.
For he's a jolly good fellow.
Guid New Year.
Gipsy's warning.
God Save the King.
God be with you till we meet again.
Hard times, come again no more.
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.
Here's a health unto His Majesty.
Hundred Pipers.
I am a Friar of orders grey.
In sheltered vale.
I cannot sing the old songs.
I'm going to leave old Dixie.
I'm going back to Dixie.
Irish Emigrant.
Jessie's dream.
Jingle bells.
Keel row.
Kingdom coming.
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl.
Laird o' Cockpen.
Lass of Richmond Hill.
Marguerite.
Mush mush.
Michael Roy.
My love is like a red, red rose.
My pretty Jane.

Nancy Till.
Noah's Ark.
Nameless Lassie.

Oh, dem golden slippers.
Old King Cole.
O why left I my hame ?

Polly Wolly Doodle.
Poco's daughter.

Road to the Isles.
Roast Beef of old England.
Rolling home to Bonnie Scotland.
Rose of Glamorgan.
Rule, Britannia.

Scottish blue bells.
Simon the cellarer.
Solomon Levi.
Spanish Cavalier.
So early in the morning.
See the conquering hero comes.
Sons of Bonnie Scotland.

Three fishers went sailing.
Teddy O'Neale.
Toast Song.
Twenty-nine bottles.

Vicar of Bray.
Village blacksmith.

Wait for the waggon.
When the heart is young.
Who's dat calling so sweet ?
We'd better bide a wee.
When you and I were young.
What shall we do with a drunken sailor ?
Widdicombe Fair.
When the bloom is on the rye.

Ye mariners of England.

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Auld Lang Syne.

Bay of Biscay.
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.
Blue Bells of Scotland.
Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'.
Bonnie Dundee.
Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie, The.
British Grenadiers.

Camptown Races.
Cheer, Boys, Cheer.
Clementine.
Come back to Erin.
Comin' thro' the Rye.

Bear Little Shamrock.
Drinking.

Farmer's Boy.

Genevieve.
Girl I left behind Me.
God Bless the Prince of Wales.
God Save the King.
Good Old Jeff.
Grandfather's Clock.
Green grow the Rashes, O.

Hearts of Oak.
Home, Sweet Home.

I'll take you home again, Kathleen
In Cellar Cool.

John Brown's Body.
John Peel.
Juanita.
Just before the Battle.

Kathleen Mavoureen.
Killarney.

Land of my Fathers.
Life on the Ocean Wave.
Life's Dream is o'er.
Little Brown Jug.
Low Back'd Car.

Maple Leaf Forever.
Marching through Georgia.
Marseillaise, La.
Mary of Argyll.
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.
Men of Harlech.
Minstrel Boy.
My Bonnie is over the Ocean
My Old Kentucky Home.

O Dear, what can the matter be ?
Old Folks at Home.
Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill.
One Man went to Mow.
On the Banks of Allan Water.

Poor Cock Robin.
Poor Old Joe.

Riding down from Bangor.
Robin Adair.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
Rule, Britannia.

Scots wha ha'e.
Sally in our Alley.
Silver Threads among the Gold.
Song that reached my Heart.
Sweet and Low.
Star-Spangled Banner (American Anthem).

There's a Tavern in the Town.
Tom Bowling.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Vacant Chair.
Volunteer Organist.

Watch on the Rhine.
When Johnny comes Marching Home.
When other Lips.
Will ye no' come back again ?
Won't you buy my Pretty Flowers ?

Yankee Doodle.
Ye Banks and Braes.

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55 BEAUTIES OF SACRED SONG AND CHRISTMAS CAROLS

CONTENTS

Abide with me.
Angels ever bright and fair.
As pants the hart.
Adeste Fideles.
All through the night.
All people that on earth.
All praise to Thee.

But the Lord is mindful.
Best friend to have is Jesus.

Cast thy burden.
Comfort ye my people.
Consider the lilies.
Count your blessings.
Deep river.

First Nowell.

Gospel train.
God that madest Earth and Heaven.
God be with you till we meet again.
Glorious things of Thee are spoken.
Glory to Thee my God.
Good King Wenceslaus.
Guardian Angel.

Hark the glad sound.
Hallelujah, Jesus saves.
Hem of His garment.
Hear my prayer.
Heavens are telling.
He shall feed His flock.
He was despised.
He wipes the tear.
How beautiful upon the mountains.

If with all your heart.
I know that my Redeemer.
I will arise.
Incline thine ear.
It came upon the midnight clear.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
Jesus, lover of my soul.
Journey of Life.

Lord, a little band and lowly.
Lord's my Shepherd, The

Nazareth.
Nobody knows de trouble I see.

Old rugged cross, The.
O come, all ye faithful.
O for the wings of a dove.
O rest in the Lord.
Our blest Redeemer.
Our God, our help.
O God of Bethel.
Only tired.

Rocked in the cradle.
Rock of Ages.

Silent Night.
Shining for Jesus.
Sun of my soul.
Steal away to Jesus.
Sweet spirit, hear my prayer.

Tell it out.

When the mists have rolled away.
When the roll is called up yonder.
When I survey the wondrous Cross.
While humble shepherds watched their flocks.
With verdure clad.
We'll talk it o'er together.

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50 BEAUTIES OF ERIN

CONTENTS

A Nation once again.
Barney Brallaghan's Courtship.
Barney O'Hea.
Barney, take me home again
Believe me if all those endearing young charms.
Cockles and Mussels.
Come back to Erin.
Cruiskeen Lawn, The
Dear Little Shamrock.
Dear Old Ireland.
Dublin Bay.
Has sorrow thy young days shaded.
Irish Emigrant.
I'll take you home again.
In County Clare.
Kate Kearney.
Kate O'Shane.
Katey's Letter.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Killarney.
Kitty of Coleraine.
Last Rose of Summer.
Let Erin remember.
Londonderry Air.
Love's young dream.
Low back'd Car, The
Meeting of the Waters.
Minstrel Boy.
Molly Bawn.
Molly Brallaghan.
Norah, the Pride of Kildare.
Oh, Erin dear.
Oh, steer my barque.
Oft in the stilly night.
Robin Adair.
Rory O'More.
Rose of Tralee.
Savourneen Deelish.
Slievenamon.
Snowy-breasted Pearl.
Sprig of Shillelah.
St. Patrick was a gentleman.
Teddy O'Neale.
Terence's Farewell.
The Angel's Whisper.
The Girl I left behind me.
The Harp that once.
There's a Colleen fair as May.
There's a heart in old Ireland.
There's not in the wide world.
Wearin o' the Green.
Widow Machree.
Young May Moon.

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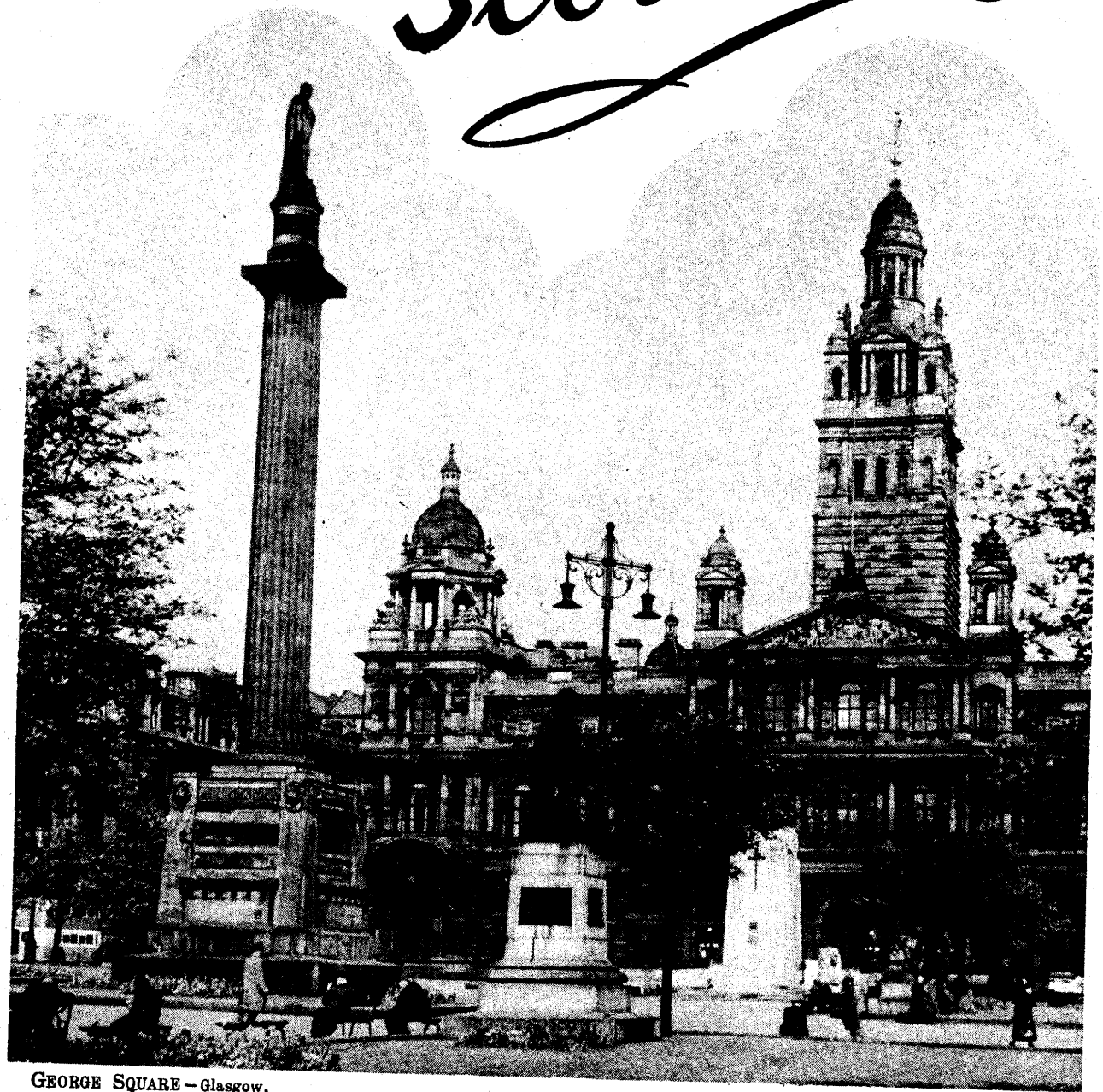
THE ILLUSTRATED SONG BOOK

The Glories of Scotland



GEORGE SQUARE – Glasgow.

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