

The Bonnie Gray ey'd Morn.

Violin

Slow

The bonniegray ey'd morn be - - gins to peep, And dark - nes

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

flies be - - fore the rising ray, The hearty hynd starts from his la - zy sleep, To

6 6 5 6 5 8 10 6 5 5 6

follow healthful la - bours of the day: Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his

6 6 6 3 3 3
4 5

brow, The Lark and the Linnet tend his le - vee And he joins their Concert

6 6 7 6

driving his plow, From toil of grimace and pagen - try free.

6 5 6 6 6
4 5

THE BONNIE GREY-EY'D MORN.

THE bonnie grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day :
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While, fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state ;
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,

Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my jewel I should tyne.

Wishfully I look and languish

In that bonnie face of thine;

And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,

Lest my wee thing be na' mine.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,

Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my jewel I should tyne.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,

In ae constellation shine!

To adore thee is my duty,

Goddefs o' this foul o' mine!

The Bonnie Wee thing.

3

Violin

Lively

Bon-nie wee thing can-nie wee thing Lovely wee thing was thou mine;

6 5
4 3

7

I wad wear thee in my ho-fom, Leaft my Jew-el I should tine.

6 5
4 3

7

Wish-ful-ly I look and languish In that bon-nie face of thine;

6

6

6

6

6

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8

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6

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4

3

And my heart it stounds wi' an-guish Leaft my wee thing be na mine

6

Roy's Wife.

Violin

Slow

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

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

Fine

vow'd she fwoore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o--ny But

oh the fickle faith-less Queen She's ta'en the Carl and left her Joh-nie.

Tasto Solo *Da Capo*

ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALLOCH.

ROY's wife of Alldivalloch,

Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,

Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
But, oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife, &c.

O she was a canty quean!

Well could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Alldivalloch.

Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair fae fair, her een fae clear,
Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.

Roy's wife, &c.

WHILE HOPELESS.

WHILE hopelefs I wander and figh in defpair,
Yet, lo! in my anguish fome comfort I find;
Tho' remov'd, ah how far, from the fmiles of the fair!
Her mem'ry alone can give eafe to my mind.

Why then fhould I pine and give way to my woe?
Tho' Fortune at prefent feems rather to frown;
She may fmile, and her heart a compaffion may know,
And thus with fuccefs all my wifhes may crown.

While hopeless.

5

Violin

Moderate

While hopeless I wander and sigh in despair, Yet e'en in my anguish some
comfort I find; Tho' re-mov'd ah! how far from the smiles of the fair, Her
mem'ry a-lone can give ease to my mind. Why then should I pine, and give
way to my woe, Tho' Fortune at present seems rather to frown, She may smile & her heart a com-
- passion may know, And thus with success all my wishes may crown.

Frae the Friends and Land I love.

Violin

Plaintive

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes fingerings and some dynamic markings like *h* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando). The lyrics are written below the piano staff.

Frae the friends and land I love, Driv'n by for-tunes
fel-ly spite, Frae my best be-lov'd I rove, Ne-ver mair to
tafte de-light. Ne-ver mair maun hope to find
ease Frae toil re-lief frae care, When re-mem-brance
wracks the mind, Plea-fures but un-vail de-spair.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love

Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite ;

Frae my best belov'd I rove,

Never mair to taste delight.

Never mair maun hope to find,

Ease frae toil, relief frae care ;

When remembrance racks the mind,

Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear ;

Defart ilka blooming shore ;

Till the Fates, nae mair severe,

Friendship, love, and peace, restore.

Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,

Bring our banish'd hame again ;

And ilka loyal, bonnie lad

Crofs the seas, and win his ain.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THERE was a shepherd's fon,
 Kept sheep upon a hill,
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,
 And there he slept his fill.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
 Then gave an under look,
 And there he spied a lady fair
 Swimming in a brook.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
 And then approach'd the maid;
 Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
 And be ye not afraid.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

'Tis fitter for a lady fair
 To sew a filken seam,
 Than get up in a May morning,
 And strive against the stream.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

The Shepherd's Son.

7

Violin

Lively

There was a Shepherds Son,

Kept Sheep u - pon a

hill,

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

CHORUS

Sing fal deral de - ral Sing fal de - ral de - ral Sing

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

A Cold Frosty Morning.

Violin

How

When in - nocent pas - time our pleasure did crown, Up - on a green
 meadow or under a tree E'er An - nie be came a fine la - dy in town, How
 lovely and loving and bon - ny was she: Rouze up your reafon my
 beauti - ful Annie, Let no new whim ding thy fan - cy a - - jee Oh! as thou art
 bonny be faithful and canny, And fa - vour thy Jemie wha dotes u - pon thee.

5 6 5 3 5 6 8 # 5 3
 6 5 4 3 6 6 9 8 6 5 4 3 6 8 6 #
 6 5 4 3 b7 4 b7 8 3 b 6 9 8 5 3
 6 5 b5 5 3 b 6 9 8 5 5 # b b5
 10 9 7 5 8 6 b5 6 6 5 4 3

COLD FROSTY MORNING.



WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,

Upon a green meadow or under a tree,

E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,

How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she!

Rouse up your reason, my beautiful Annie,

Let no new whim ding thy fancy aje,

O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,

And favour thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! should a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,

Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,

Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,

That anes had some hope of purchasing thine.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me;

O! as thou art bonnie, be solid and canny,

And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?

Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those een

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny.

And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled Sany,

Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,

By adoring himself be admir'd by fair Annie,

And aim at those bennifons promis'd to me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And never prefer a light dancer to me;

O! as thou art bonnie, be constant and canny,

Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka sweet hour

That flade away fastly between thee and me,

E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry, had pow'r

To rival my love, or impose upon thee.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,

And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;

O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,

And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

AN O for ane and twenty, Tam !

An hey fweet ane and twenty, Tam !

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' fang,

An I faw ane and twenty, Tam.

CHO. *An O for ane and twenty, Tam !*

An hey fweet ane and twenty, Tam !

I'll learn my kin a ratlin' fang,

An I faw ane and twenty, Tam.

They fnool me fair, and haud me down,

An gar me look like bluntie, Tam ;

But three fhort years will foon wheel roun',

An then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;

At kith or kin I need na fpèir,

An I faw ane and twenty, Tam.

An O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,

Tho' I myfel hae plenty, Tam ;

But, hear'ft thou, laddie, there's my loof

I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.

An O for, &c.

O, For ane and twenty Tam!

Violin

Lively

An O for ane and twenty Tam! An hey, fweet ane and twenty Tam! I'll

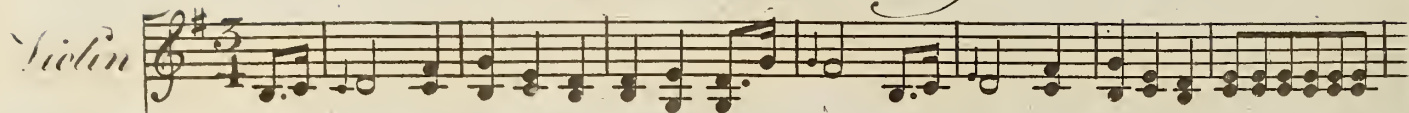
learn my kin a rattlin fang, An I faw ane and twenty Tam. They fnool me fair, and

haud me down An gar me look like bluntie Tam; But three short years will soon wheel round, And

then comes ane and twenty Tam An O, for ane and twenty Tam! And hey fweet ane and

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

Johnie Armstrong.



Slow

Some spicks of Lords fum spick of lairds, And sic like men of hie de -

5 6 5 6 6 5 6 4

gree; Of a gen - - tle - - man I fing a fang fum tyme call'd

6 6 6 5 6 4 5 3

Laird of Gil no ckie. The King he writes a kind letter, Wi'

7 5 5 3 6 6 6 4 5 3

his ain hand fae ten - - der lie, And he has fent it to

2 6 5 7 5 3 6 8 7 6 4 5 3 6 4

Joh - - nie, Arm - ftrang, To cume and spick with him spee - - di - lie.

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

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM spiek o' lords, fum spiek o' lairds,
 And sic like men of hie degree;
 Of a gentleman I fing a fang,
 Sumtyme call'd laird of Gilnockie.
 The King he writes a kind letter,
 Wi' his ain hand fae tenderlie,
 And he has sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
 To cum and spiek wi' him speedilie.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene;
 They were a gallant companie:
 We'll ryde and meit our lawful King,
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
 Make kinnen and capon ready then,
 And venison in great plentie;
 We'll welcum hame our royal King,
 I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie.

They ran their horse on the Langum Hawn,
 And brak their speirs wi' meikle main;
 The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
 God bring our men weel back again.
 Quhen Johnie came before the King,
 Wi' a' his men fae brave to see,
 The King he mov't his bonnet to him,
 He wein'd he was King as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me,
 For my name is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of zour's, my Liege, said he,
 Awa', awa', thou traytor strang,
 Out of my sight thou may'ft fune be,
 I grantit ne'er a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonnie gift I'll gi' to thee,
 Full four and twenty milk-whyte steids,
 Were a' foal'd in a zeir to me:
 I'll gi'e thee all these milk-whyte steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.

Farweil my bonnie Gilnock-hall,
 Quhair on Elk side thou standest stout:
 Gif I had liev'd but seven zeirs mair,
 I wou'd haif gilt thee round about;
 John murd'ered was at Carlingrigg,
 And all his gallant companie;
 But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
 To see fae mony brave men die.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SÆ FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sæ fair,

I wa'd been o'er the lugs in luv;

Had I na found the flightest pray'r

That lips could speak thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find,

Thou art sæ thriftless o' thy sweets,

Thy favours are the filly wind,

That kiffes ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,

Amang its native briers sæ coy;

How fune it tynes its scent and hue,

When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide;

Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,

Yet fune thou shalt be thrown aside,

Like ony common weed and vile.

I do confess thou art sae fair.

Violin

Moderate

I do con-fess thou art fae fair, I wad been o'er the

lugs in luv; Had I na found the slightest prayer, That lips could speak thy heart cou'd muve..

I do con-fess thee sweet, but find, Thou art fae thrifless O' thy sweets, Thy

fa-vors are the sil-ly wind, That kisses il--ka thing it meets.

Now Westlin Winds,

Violin

Flute

Now westlin winds, and slaughter in Guns, Brings Autumn's pleasant

weather; The gorcock springs, on whirring wings Among the blooming heather:

New waving grain, wide o'er the plain Delights the weary Farmer, The

Moon shines bright, as I rove by night, To muse upon my charmer.

WESTLIN WINDS.

NOW westlin winds and flaught'rin' guns,
 Brings Autumn's pleasant weather;
 The gorcock springs, on whirring wings
 Among the blooming heather.
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer,
 The moon shines bright as I rove by night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells,
 The plover lo'es the mountains;
 The woodcock haunts the lanely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains;
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path o' man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some social join and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander;
 Avaunt, away! the cruel fway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion;
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

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

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

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her luvèr,
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love, and truth;
 Till I return her passions' foot,
 For me in whispers move her.

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

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition;
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in fruition.

But, cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine;
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

Green Sleeves.

13

Violin

Sively

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

am-bient air, Of my dear DELIA take a care, And re-present her lo-ver,

With all the gai-e-ty of youth, With honour jus-tice Love and truth; Till

I re-turn her passions soothe, For me in whispers move her.

5 6 6 7 5

Violin

How-

O luve will venture in where it daur na weel be feen, O luve will venture

in where wisdom ance has been, But I will down yon river rove amang the woodfae green, And

a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear may The Primrose I will pu' the firftling o' the

year; And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear, For Shes'the pink o' Woman kind, and

bloomswitout a peer; And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear may.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it dares na weel be seen,	The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;	And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
But I will down yon river rove among the wood fae green,	The daify's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.	And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year:	The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,	And the di'mond draps o' dew shall be her een fae clear;
For she's the pink o' womankind and bloom without a peer,	The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.	And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,	I'll tie the posie round wi' the filken band o' luve,
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';	And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' abuve,
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,	That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remove:
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.	And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

AS I cam down by yon castle wa',
 And in by yon garden green,
 O, there I spied a bonnie lass,
 But the flow'r borders were us between.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see!
 O five hundred pounds would I give,
 For to have a pretty bride like thee.

To have a pretty bride like me,
 Young man ye are fairly mista'en ;
 Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I then wad despise being your queen.

Talk not so high my bonnie, bonnie lass,
 O, talk not so very, very high ;
 The man at the fair that wad sell,
 Maun learn at the man that wad buy.

As I cam down by yon Castle Wa'

Violin

Slow

As I cam down by yon Castle wa', And in by yon garden green O

7# 5 6 5 8 6 7 6

there I spied a bo - ny Lafs, But the flow'r borders were us be - tween A

5 6 8 6 7 # 6 7 6 4 3 6 4 5 #

bonnie bonnie Lafsie she was, As e - ver mine Eyes did see; O

7# 5 6 5 3

five hundred poundswould I give, For to have a pretty bride like thee.

5 8 6 7 5 6 4 # 6 4 #

Donocht Head.

Violin

Slow

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht head, The snaw drives Snel-ly

thro' the dale, The Ga-ber lun-zie tirls my sneck, And shiv'ring tells his wae fu'tale

Cauld is the night, O let me in, And din-na let your minstrel fâ, And

din-na let his win-din-sheet, Be-naething but a wreath O' snaw.

DONOCHT HEAD.

KEEN blaws the wind o'er Donocht Head,
 The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,
 The gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale.
 Cauld is the night, O, let me in,
 And dinna let your minstrel fa';
 And dinna let his windin-sneet,
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,
 And pip'd where gorcocks whirring flew,
 And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
 To lilt which frae my drone I blew.
 My Eppie wak'd, and foon she cry'd,
 Get up, guidman, and let him in;
 For weel ye ken the winter night
 Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet !
 E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a wee;
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,
 O haith its doubly dear to me.
 Come in, auld carl ! I'll steer my fire,
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame;
 Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 Ye should na stray fae far frae hame.

THE EWY WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse,
My ewy's praise in proper verse,
I'd found it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw;
My ewy wi' the crooked horn,
A' that ken'd her could hae sworn
Sic a ew was never born,
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horny did as weel,
To ken her by among them a'.
My ewy, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd,
For filly thing she never mis'd
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
My ewy, &c.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock;
And now the laddie has a flock,
Of mair than thirty head and twa.
My ewy, &c.

The next I ga'e to Jean; and now,
The bairn's fae bra', her fauld fae fu',
The lads fae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
My ewy, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Anes she lay an owk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' inaw.
My ewy, &c.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' my tyke,
My ewy never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn wa'.
My ewy, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
Left misnanter should come o'er her,
Or the fumart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.
My ewy, &c.

Yet last owk for a' my keeping,
Wha can tell it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
Staw my ewy, horn and a'.
My ewy, &c.

I fought her fair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a bush o' thorn
There I fand her crooked horn;
But my ewy was awa'.
My ewy, &c.

But gin I find the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as well as said it,
Altho' the laird himself forbid it,
I shall gi'e his neck a thraw.
My ewy, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn;
At e'en I had baith ew and horn
Safe steikit up; but 'gain the morn,
Baith ew and horn was stown awa'.
My ewy, &c.

A' the claife that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's fae aft was shorn;
The loss o' her he could hae borne,
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.
My ewy, &c.

O had she died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It had na been by mony fauld
Sae fair a heart to ane o' us a'.
My ewy, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
Beneath a bloody villain's knife;
In troth I fear that our goodwife
Will never get aboon't ava'.
My ewy, &c.

O all ye bards ayond Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewy wi' the crooked horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'.
My ewy, &c.

The Ewe wi' the crooked Horn.

Violin

Horn

O were I a _ ble to rehearse, My E _ wy's praise in
 proper verse, I'd found it out as loud and fierce, As e _ ver Pi _ per's drone could blaw.
 My E _ wy wi' the crooked Horn, A' that ken'd her could hae fworn,
 Sic a Ewe was never born Hereabouts, nor far a _ wa'.

Fingerings: 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, 6, 5
 8, 6, 5, 3, 6, 3, 5, 6, 5, 7
 b7, 5, 6, 5

Fair Eliza.

Violin

Wren

Turn a - gain thou fair E - LI - ZA Ae kind blink be - fore wee

part; Rew on thy des - pering lo - ver! Canst thou break his faith - ful heart.

Turn a - gain thou fair E - LI - ZA If to Love thy heart de - nies For

pi - ty hide the cruel fen - tence Under friendship's kind des - guise.

F A I R E L I Z A.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rew on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart.
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
 If to love thy heart denies ;
 For pity hide the cruel sentence,
 Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended,
 The offence is loving thee :
 Can thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die !
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe ;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' finny noon ;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon ;
 Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his ee,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy preference gi'es to me.

THE WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do ;
Then hey for the widow, my laddie.

What could you wish better your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in you 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 hot, 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.

The Widow.

19

Violin Pizz:

Lively

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew, The widow can shape and the

Pizz: 6

Col' arco

widow can sew And many bra things the widow can do; Then hwy for the widow my Laddie.

5 6 Col' arco

What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown, Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town, Wi'

6 7 7 6

naething but draw in your stool and sit down, And sport wi' the widow my Lad - - die.

6 4/2 6 5 6 5 6

*Yon Wild, Mossy Mountains.**Violin**Slow*

Yon wild, mos-sy mountains fae lof-ty and wide, That

nurse in their bosoms the Youth O' the Clyde, Where the graus lead their

covey's thro' the heather, to feed, And the Shepherd tents his flock as he

pipes on his reed: Where the graus lead their co-ye's thro' the hea-ther to

feed, And the Shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed:

Fingerings: 5 6 # 4 6 6 9 8 # 6 5 6 6 4 3 6 4 3 2 8 6 6 # 6 5 6 4 3 # 2 3 6 4 # 5 5 6 6 9 8 #

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosoms the youth o' the Clyde;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
 While fill'd with each bliss glide the moments o' love.
For there, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely and soft-flowing stream,
 Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share:
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage, &c.

To beauty what man but maun yield her the prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
 And when Wit and Refinement ha'e polish'd her darts
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.
And when wit, &c.

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

O' Mighty Nature's handywarks,
 The common or uncommon,
 There's nocht thro' a' her limits wide
 Can be compar'd to woman.

The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,
 Frae dawin to the gloamin ;
 The farmer's pains, the merchant's cares,
 Are baith to please a woman.

The sailer spreads the daring fail,
 Thro' angry seas a foaming ;
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
 He gi'es to please a woman.
 The fodger fights o'er crimson fields,
 In distant climates roaming ;
 Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
 Before all-conquering woman.

A monarch leaves his lofty throne,
 Wi' other men in common ;
 He flings aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to a woman.
 Tho' I had a' e'er man posses'd,
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman ;
 It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
 Without my goddess woman.

My Goddess' Woman.

Violin

Lively

O mighty Natures handy warks, The common, or un common, There's

nocht thro' a her li - mits wide, Can be compar'd to Wo - man. The

Far - mer toils the Merchant trokes, Frae dow - in to the gloam - - in; The

Farmers pains, the Merchants cares, Are baith to please a Woman.

She's fair and fause.

Violin

Moderate

She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I lo'd her meikle and

lang; She's broken her vow, She's broken my heart, And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' routh O' gear, And I hae tint my dearest dear, But

wo-men is but warlds gear, Sae let the bonie lads gang.

Fingerings: 6 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7 6, 6, 6 5, 5 3, # 7 2, 8 3, 6 8, 6, 6 4, 5 #

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.

SHE's fair and fause that caufes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
 But women is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonny lafs gang.

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

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

COMIN thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes the gether.

CHO. *O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes the gether.*

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

*O'er the moor, &c.
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Amang the bonny blooming heather.*

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 moor, &c.
 She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks,
 That feed amang the blooming heather.*

While thus we lay she fang a fang,
 Till Echo rang a mile and farther;
 And ay the burden o' the fang
 Was, o'er the moor amang the heather.

*O'er the moor, &c.
 And ay the burden o' the fang
 Was, o'er the moor amang the heather.*

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

*O'er the moor, &c.
 By sea and sky, she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.*

O'er the Moor amang the Heather.

Fiddlin

Lively

Comin thro' the craigs O' Kyle, A-mang the bonny blooming heather,

There I met a bonnie lassie Keeping a' her Yowes the-gether,

CHORUS

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

There I met a bonnie lassie Keeping a' her Yowes the-gether.

The Tears I shed.

Violin

Plaintive

The tears I shed must e - ver fall, I mourn not for an

ab - sent Swain, For thought may past de - lights re - call And par - ted Lo - vers

meet a gain I weep not for the silent dead Their toils are

past, their for-rows o'er, And those they lov'd their steps shall tread, And

death shall join — and death shall join to part no more.

THE TEARS I SHED.

THE tears I shed must ever fall,
 I mourn not for an absent swain,
 For thought my past delights recal,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I 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 each scene,
 Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
 E'en 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 gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
 Of her who flighted love bewails;
 No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy:
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure
 The pangs to every feeling due:
 Ungen'rous youth! thy boast how poor,
 To steal a heart, and break it too!
 In vain does memory renew
 The hours once ting'd in transport's dye;
 The sad reverse soon starts to view,
 And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest, and broke my heart!
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
 Neglected, and neglecting all,
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

AS I was awalking all alone,
 Between a water and a wa';
 And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
 And he was the least that e'er I saw.
 His legs were scarce a fathmont's length,
 And thick and thimber were his thighs,
 Between his brows there was a span,
 And between his shoulders there were three.

He took up a meikle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see,
 Though I had been a Wallace wight
 I coudna liften't to my knee;
 O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
 O tell me where thy dwelling be?
 My dwelling's down at yon bonnie bower,
 O will you go with me and see?

On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonnie green;
 We lighted down for to bait our horse,
 And out there came a lady fine.
 Four and twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green:
 Tho' the King of Scotland had been there,
 The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonnie ha',
 Where the roof was o' the beaten goud,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
 When we came to the stair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';
 But in the twinkling of an eye,
 My wee wee man was clean awa'.

The Wee Wee Man.

Violin

Moderately Slow

As I was a walk-ing all a-lone, Be-tween a wa-ter

6 4 — 5 3 — 5 — 6 4 6

*Moderately
Slow.*

As I was a walk-ing all a-lone, Be-tween a wa-ter

and a wa', And there I spy'd a wee wee man, And he was the leaft that e'er I faw.

His legs were scarce a Shathmont's length, And thick and thimber was his thighs, Be -

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

*Sittsdoll's Welcome hame.**Violin**Lively*

The noble Maxwels and their pow'rs Are coming o'er the bor-der, And

they'll gae big Terreagles tow'rs and fet them a' in or-der. And they declare Ter-

- reagles fair, For their a-bode they chuse it, Theirs not a heart in a' the land, But's

lighter at the news o't, And they declare, Terreagles fair, For their abode they chuse it, There's

not a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't.

NITHSDALL'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwels and their pow'rs
 Are coming o'er the border;
 They'll gae to big Terreagles' tow'rs,
 And fet them a' in order.
 And they declare Terreagles fair,
 For their abode they chuse it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land,
 But's lighter at the news o't,

*And they declare Terreagles fair,
 For their abode they chuse it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land,
 But's lighter at the news o't.*

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

The weary, &c.

BID ME NOT FORGET.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

BID me not forget thy smile,

Nor the radiance of thine eye ;

Think, alas ! how hard the toil !

Mem'ry, then, my love must die.

Thee I view in ev'ry bloom ;

Hear in groves thy voice divine ;

Thus each scene, where'er I roam,

Paints the charms that once were mine.

Bid me not forget.

27

Violin

Slow

Bid me not forget thy smile, Nor the radiance of thine eye; Think a-

-las! how hard the toil! Mem'ry then my love must die. Thee I

view in ev' - ry bloom, I Hear in Groves thy voice di - vine; Thus each

scene, where'er I roam, Paints the charms that once were mine.

Lady Randolph's Complaint.

Violin

Piañtine

My hero! my hero my beauteous my brave, How proud was my Soul of thy

virtues and thee. Doom'd here prema - - turely to find a cold grave, Nor

couldst thou e - - lude what thou couldst not fore - - see. Of gen'rous endeavours was

this thy re - ward. The Lord of this mansion from foes to de - fend; Henceforth hospi - ta - li - ty

who shall re - gard; What man on the friendship of man shall de - - pend.

LADY RANDOLPH'S COMPLAINT.

MY hero ! my hero ! my beauteous, my brave,
 How proud was my soul of thy virtues and thee ;
 Doom'd here prematurely to find a cold grave,
 Nor couldst thou elude what thou couldst not foresee.
 Of gen'rous endeavours, was this thy reward,
 The lord of this mansion from foes to defend ?
 Henceforth hospitality who shall regard ;
 What man on the friendship of man shall depend.

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

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

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

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THE shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?

The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Will ye come hame again e'en jo?

Oh! what will ye gi'e me to my supper,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?
Oh! what will ye gi'e me to my supper,
Gin I come hame again e'en jo?

Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige,
And butter in them, and butter in them:
Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige,
Gin ye will come hame again e'en jo.

Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame, I canna come hame;
Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame again e'en jo.

Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;

Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame again e'en jo.

Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame, I canna come hame;
Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame again e'en jo.

A weel made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
A weel made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
An ye'll come hame again e'en jo.

I, I, I, I; O that's for me,
I will come hame, I will come hame;
I, I, I, I; O that's for me,
I'll haste me hame again e'en jo.

The Shepherd's Wife.

Violin

Lively

The Shepherd's Wife cries o'er the lee Will ye come hame, Will

ye come hame, The Shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee Will ye come hame again,

e'en Jo. O what will ye gie me to my supper, Gin I come hame, Gin

I come hame, O what will ye gie me to my supper, Gin I come hame again e'en Jo?

6 6 6 4 3

6 5 6 6 3 4 6

fz

4 3 9 8 4 3 b5 9 8 7 6 5

The weary Pound o' Tow;

Violin

Slow

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

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

stane o' lint as gaide as e'er did grow; And a' that she has made o' that, Is

CHORUS

ae poor pound o' tow. The weary pound, the weary pound, the weary pound o'

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

Fingerings: 6 5 4 6 5 3 6 5 4 3, 6 6, 6 5, 6 4 5 3, 2 6 6, 6 5, 6 4 5 3, 5 6 5, 6 6 6 5 3 7 3, 6 5 2 6 6 4 3

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,

The weary pund o' tow ;

I think my wife will end her life,

Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,

As gude as e'er did grow ;

And a' that she has made o' that,

Is ae poor pund of tow.

CHO. *The weary pund, the weary pund,*

The weary pund o' tow ;

I think my wife will end her life,

Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,

Beyont the ingle low ;

And ay she took the tither fook,

To drook the stoorie tow.

The weary, &c. &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, &c. &c.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,

Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;

An or I wad anither jad,

I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary, &c. &c.

THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
 When I, forlorn,
 Aneath an aik fat moaning ;
 I did na trow,
 I'd fee my jo,
 Befide me 'gain the glo'ming.
 But he fae trig,
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did chear me ;
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expect,
 To fee my lad fae near me.

His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' fainnefs grat,
 While in his grips he prefs'd me ;
 De'il tak the war,
 I late and air
 Ha'e wifh'd fince Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As shortfyne broken-hearted.

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

The tither morn.

Violin

Lively

The tither morn, When I forlorn, Aneath an aik fat moan - ing, I

did na trow, I'd fee my Jo, Be-fide me gain the glow - ming. But

he fae trig lap o'er the rig, And dawting-ly did chear me, When

I (what-reck?) did leaft expect, To fee my lad fae near me.

Ae fond Kiss.

Pizzicato.

Violin

Slow

Ae fond kifs, and then we fever; Ae farewell and then for e-ver,

Pizzicato.

Col'arco.

Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring fighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Col'arco.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While a ray of hope she leaves him?

Ah! nae chearf' twinkle lights me; Deep despair a-round benights me.

Æ FOND KISS.

Æ fond kifs, and then we sever ;	I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Æ fareweel, and then for ever !	Naething could resist my Nancy :
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,	But to see her was to love her ;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.	Love but her and love for ever.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,	Had we never lov'd fae kindly,
While a ray of hope she leaves him?	Had we never lov'd fae blindly,
Ah ! nae chearfu' twinkle lights me ;	Never met or never parted,
Deep despair around benights me.	We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Æ fond kifs, and then we sever ;
 Æ fareweel, alas ! for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

JENNY DRINKS NAE WATER.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

COME to my lip thou sparkling glaſs,
And let me drink to her I love ;
Good claret, and a ſprightly laſs,
Beat all the gods can boaſt above.

Then let us drown in wine the day,
And put old frowning Care to flight ;
At eye to Cloe's boſom ſtray,
And ſteal the gloom from ſullen night.

Jenny Drinks nœ Water.

Violin

Lively

Come to my lip thou sparkling glaſs, And let me drink to her

love, Good claret and a ſprightly laſs, Beat all the Gods can boaſt a-bove.

Then let us drown in wine the day, And put old frowning care to flight, At

eve to Chloe's bo-ſom ſtray, And ſteal the gloom from ſul-len night.

The Vain Pursuit.

Violin

Plaintive

Forbear gentle youth, to pursue me in vain, Thy anguish I pi-ty, but cannot remove; the

ills I inflict, I am doom'd to sustain, Nor shalt thou a-lone, be the victim of love.

My Sandy was beautiful, happy and wise, In ev'ry accomplishment destin'd to shine, He had

wit for all tastes, he had charms for all eyes, A-las! the dear youth was too charming for mine.

THE VAIN PURSUIT.

FORBEAR, gentle youth, to pursue me in vain,

Thy anguish I pity but cannot remove ;

The ills I inflict I am doom'd to sustain,

Nor shalt thou alone be the victim of love.

My Sandy was beautiful, happy and wise,

In ev'ry accomplishment destin'd to shine ;

He had wit for all tastes, he had charms for all eyes,

Alas! the dear youth was too charming for mine.

He saw me, he lov'd me, his passion confess'd,

The soft declaration still sounds in my ear ;

My image, he said, on his soul was impress'd,

And faithful his flame, as his heart was sincere.

His wishes, tho' fond, I as fondly repaid,

For oh ! a warm heart it is easy to gain,

Which vows and professions already persuade ;

Our pleasure was mutual, and mutual our pain.

Still fortune relentless our union denied,

In quest of more treasure to India he went ;

But there, hapless youth, to my sorrow he died,

And left me for ever his fate to lament.

Gay hopes and delightful presages adieu,

Adieu ye soft whispers of tender desire ;

From thee, my dear swain, these emotions first grew,

In deep disappointment with thee they expire.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man;
 Ill luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie,
 To sell her poor Jenny for filler an lan'.

Ill luck, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
 He horts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doylt and he's dozen, his blude it is frozen;
 O! dreary's the night wi' a feckless auld man!

He's doylt, &c.

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

He's peevish, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cros him and wrack him until I heartbreak him,
 And then his auld brads will buy me a new pan.

I'll do, &c.

What can a young Laffie do.

Violini

Lively

What can a young Laffie, What shall a young Laffie, What

can a young Laffie do wi' an auld man? Ill luck on the pennie, That

tempted my minnie, To sell her poor Jenny for filler an lan', Ill luck on the

pennie, That tempted my minnie, To sell her poor Jenny for filler and lan'.

The Rose Bud.

Violin

Slow

All hail to thee thou baw - - my
bud, Thou charm - ing child o' fim - - mer hail;
Ilk fra - grant thorn, and lof - - ty wood, Does
nod thy wel - - come to the vale.

6/4 5/3 6/4 5/3 6 9 10 #

THE ROSE-BUD.

ALL hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,
 Thou charming child o' fimmer, hail!
 Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
 Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

Behold the little roving bee,
 With airy wheel and fothing hum,
 Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
 While gentle breezes trembling come.

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

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
 She'll poo thee frae thy thorny stem;
 A while thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
 But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

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

Ah! short, too short thy rural reign,
 And yield to fate, alas! thou must;
 Bright emblem of the virgin train,
 Thou bloomst, alas! to mix with dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
 Wi' every youthful maiden gay,
 That beauty, like the fimmer rose,
 In time shall wither and decay.

DEAR SILVIA.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

DEAR Silvia lay aside those airs,
And let me share thy kisses;
Why, after so much toil and pray'rs,
Refuse the tender blisses?

Then let me press those lips so sweet,
And, bee-like, honey rifle!
To me the gain were wond'rous great,
The loss to thee a trifle.

Dear Silvia.

37

Violin

Moderate

Dear Sil - via lay a - side those airs, And let me share thy kisses; Why

af - ter so much toil and pray'rs, Re - fuse the ten - der blisses: Then

let me press those lips so sweet, and Bee-like ho - ney ri - fle; To

me the gain were wond'rous great, the loss to thee a tri - fle.

The Slave's Lament.

Violin

Slow

It was in fweet Senegal, That my faes did me enthrall, For the land of Vir-

-ginia, ginia O, Torn from that lovely fhore, I muft never fee it more; And a -

-las! I am weary, weary O! Torn from that lovely fhore, I muft

never fee it more, And a - las I am weary, weary O!

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score consists of six systems of music. The piano part includes lyrics and fingerings. The violin part is a single melodic line. The lyrics are: 'It was in fweet Senegal, That my faes did me enthrall, For the land of Vir-ginia, ginia O, Torn from that lovely fhore, I muft never fee it more; And a - las! I am weary, weary O! Torn from that lovely fhore, I muft never fee it more, And a - las I am weary, weary O!'. The fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 and 6-8. The dynamics are not explicitly marked, but the tempo is 'Slow'.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

IT was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,	All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
For the lands of Virginia—ginia O ;	Like the lands of Virginia—ginia O ;
Torn from that lovely shore, I must never see it more,	There streams forever flow, and there flow'rs for ever blow,
And alas ! I am weary, weary O !	And alas ! I am weary, weary O !
<i>Torn from, &c.</i>	<i>There streams, &c.</i>

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

THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

O, ALL ye loves and groves lament !

And you of hearts humane ;

Our darling linnet's breath is spent,

And all our tears are vain.

Its sweetly varied voice no more

Shall strike my Delia's ear ;

It visits now the Stygian shore,

Whence no returns are here.

Sweet bird ! whose quick instinctive sense

As well my Delia knew ;

As she her mother, far from hence

You prematurely flew :

No more shalt thou expecting stand,

From her a boon to wait ;

No more pick sugar from her hand,

Detain'd by cruel fate.

No more, when danger threatens nigh,

Shalt thou ascend the wind ;

To Delia's gentle bosom fly,

There sweet asylum find.

For ever stopt thy busy wing,

Thy tongue in silence lies ;

No kind return of grateful Spring

Again shall bid thee rise.

Torpid and cold, thy beauteous frame

Our sight no more shall charm ;

Thy loss the deepest woe shall claim,

The brightest eyes disarm.

Long shall my Delia mourn thy doom,

With undissembled woe,

Before her clouded charms resume

Their animating glow.

The Death of the Sinner.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

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

Tasto Solo

8 7 6 5 3 4 5 6
6 5 4 4

— mane,

Our darling Linnets' breath is spent, And all our tears are vain.

His sweetly va-ried voice no more, Shall strike my De-lia's ear. It

vi_sits now the Stygian shore, Whence no returns are here.

Donald & Flora.

Violin

Slow

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

Poor Flo - - ra flit a - - way, Sadning to Mo - - ra.

Loose flow'd her coal black hair, Quick heav'd her bo - - som bare, and

thus to the troubled air She vented her Sor - - row.

DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of ought but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sadd'ning, to Mora:
 Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,
 Quick heat'd her bosom bare;
 'Thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

" Never, O wretched fair!
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger),
 " Never shall Donald mair
 " Meet his lov'd Flora!
 " Cold, cold beyond the main,
 " Donald, thy love, lies slain;
 " He sent me to sooth thy pain,
 " Weeping in Mora.

" 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, on a foreign shore,
 " You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

" Well fought our gallant men;
 " Headed by brave Burgoyne,
 " Our heroes were thrice led on
 " To British glory:
 " But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
 " Sad was the loss to thee,
 " While ev'ry fresh victory
 " Drown'd us in sorrow.

" 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!

" Here take this trusty blade
 " (Donald expiring said),
 " Give it to yon dear maid,
 " Weeping in Mora:
 " Tell her, oh Allen! tell,
 " Donald most bravely fell,
 " And that in his last farewell
 " He thought on his Flora."

" 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?"

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out, poor Flora!
 O Donald! oh welladay!
 Was all the fond heart could say;
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOW.

I HA'E laid a herring in fa't,

Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;

I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' ma't,

An' I canna come ilka day to woo :

I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,

Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;

I ha'e a pig will soon be a fow,

An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,

Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;

Three sparrows may dance on the floor,

An' I canna come ilka day to woo :

I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a benn,

Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now ;

I h'ae three chickens and a fat hen,

An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,

Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now,

Which ilka day lays me an egg,

An' I canna come ilka day to woo :

I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf,

Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now ;

I downa eat it a' myself,

An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now.

Violin

Moderate

I ha'e laid a herring in fa't, Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;

5 6 6

I ha'e brew'd a forget o'mat, An I canna come il - ka day to woo:

5 6 5
3 4 3

I ha'e a calf, will foon be a cow, Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,

7 6 6 6 5

I ha'e a pig, will foon be a fow, An I canna come il - ka day to woo.

6 5 6 5
3 4 3

Hughie Graham.

Violin

Slow

Our Lords are to the mountains gane, A hunting O the fal - low

Deer; And they hae grip - et Hughie Graham, For fstealing O' the Bishop's

mare. And they hae tied him hand and foot, And led him up thro' Stirlingtown; The

lads and lasses met him there, Cried Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
 A hunting o' the fallow deer;
 And they ha'e gripet Hughie Graham,
 For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

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

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

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

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

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

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

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
 He looked to the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

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

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

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

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

ON A BANK OF FLOW'RS.

ON a bank of flow'rs in a summer's day,

For summer lightly drest,

The youthful blooming Nelly lay,

With love and sleep oppress'd.

When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,

Who for her favour oft had su'd,

He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,

And trembled where he stood.

Her clos'd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,

Were seal'd in soft repose,

Her lips, still as the fragrant breath'd,

It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,

Wild, wanton, kiss'd her rival breast ;

He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,

His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,

Her tender limbs embrace,

Her lovely form, her native ease,

All harmony and grace :

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,

A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;

He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,

And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,

On fear-inspired wings,

So Nelly, starting, half awake,

Away affrighted springs ;

But Willy follow'd, as he shou'd,

He overtook her in the wood,

He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid

Forgiving all and good.

On a Bank of Flowers.

Violin

Moderate

On a bank of flow'rs, in a summer day, For summer lightly

4 6

6

6

5

8

6

4

drest, The youthfull blooming Nelly lay, With love and sleep op-prest:

4 6

When Wil-lie wand'ring thro' the wood, Who for her fa-vour oft' had su'd, He

5

5

4

gaz'd, he wifh'd, he fear'd, he blufh'd, And trembled where he stood.

b7

5

3

b7

5

3

6

4

5

3

The Young Highland Rover.

Violin

Slow

Loud blaw the frosty breezes The snaws the mountains cover Like

winter on me seizes Since my young Highland Rover, Far wanders nations o - -er.

Chorus

Where - e'er he go where'er he stray May Heaven be his warden: Re -

-turn him safe to fair Strathspey, and bonie Castle Gordon.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The fnaws the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me feizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.

CHO. *Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie castle Gordon.*

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythly finging,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.

CHO. *Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When, by his mighty warden;
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie castle Gordon.*

A COUNTRIE LASSIE.

IN finimer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green on ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And rofes blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking fhiel,
 Says, I'll be wed come o't what will :
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye ha'e wooers 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,
 Its plenty heets the luyer's fire.

For Johnny o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a fingle flee ;
 He lo'es fae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae loove to spare for me.
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gi'e
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
 The canniest gate the strife is fair,
 But 'ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care.
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ;
 Syne 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 loove,
 The gowd and filler canna buy.
 We may be poor, Robie and I,
 Light is the burden loove lays on ;
 Content and loove brings peace and joy ;
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

A Country Lassie!

Violin

*Moderately
Slow*

In fimmer when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in

ilka field, While claver blooms white o'er the lea, And roses blaw in ilka field;

Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, Says I'll be wed, come o't what will; Out

spak a dame in wrinkled eild, O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Strathallan's Lament.

Violin

Slow

Thickest night, surround my dwelling! Howling tempests o'er me rave!

Turbid torrents wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave:

Crystal streamlets gently flowing, Busy haunts of base man-kind,

Western breezes softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, furround my dwelling!

Howling tempests o'er me rave!

Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,

Roaring by my lonely cave.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,

Busy haunts of base mankind,

Western breezes softly blowing,

Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,

Wrongs injurious to redress,

Honour's war we strongly waged,

But the Heavn's deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,

Not a hope that dare attend;

The wide world is all before us—

But a world without a friend.

THO' FOR SEVEN YEARS AND MAIR.

THO' for seven years and mair honour should reave me,	My Nelly let never sic fancies opprefs ye,
To fields where cannons roar, thou need na grieve thee ;	For while my blood's warm I'll kindly carefs ye ;
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,	Your blooming fast beauties first heated love's fire,
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.	Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
CHO. <i>Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,</i>	CHO. <i>Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,</i>
<i>Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.</i>	<i>Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.</i>

O Johnny I'm jealous whene'er ye discover	Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye,
My sentiments yielding ye'll turn a loose rover ;	To think me your true love, for love gars me trew ye ;
And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,	And gin ye prove fause, to ye'rsel be it said then,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.	Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
CHO. <i>Grieve me, grieve me, O ! it wad grieve me !</i>	CHO. <i>Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns it wad reave me,</i>
<i>A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.</i>	<i>Of my rest night and day if ye deceive me.</i>

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy ;
 Bid mankind think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 CHO. *Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,*
The stars shall gang witherbins e'er I deceive thee.

Tho' for sev'n years and mair.

Violin

Moderate

Tho' for sev'n years and mair honour shou'd reave me, To fields where

Cannons roar, thou need na grieve thee; For deep in my Spirits they fweets are in

CHORUS
den - ted, and Love shall preserve ay what Love has im - printed. Leave thee, leave thee,

I'll never leave thee, Gang the warld as it will Dearest be lieve me.

Bess and her Spinning Wheel.

Violin

Slow

O leeze me on my spinning wheel, And leeze me on my rock and

6 5 6 — — 5 6 7
4 3 4 — — 3

reel; Frae tap to tae that cleeds me been, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en:

5 6 6 7 6 3 5 3
3 — 4 3 4 — 5 5

I'll fet me down and sing and spin, While leigh descends the simmer fun; Bleft

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

wi' content, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

6 5 6 5 7 8 7 8 6
4 3 4 3 2 3 2 3 4

BESS AND HER SPINNIN-WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me been,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer fin,
 Bleft wi' content and milk and meal,
 O leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.

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

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale,
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays ;
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The pairtrick whirrin o'er the lea,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and lefs to buy,
 Aboon distrefs, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Wi' a' their flairing idle toys,
 Wi' a' their glitt'ring dinsel joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel ?

KELLYBURN-BRAES.

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn-braes,

Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme !

And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,

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

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,

Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme !

He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do ye fen ?

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

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

Hey, &c.

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

And, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,

Hey, &c.

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

And, &c.

I've got a bad wife, fir, that's a' my complaint;

Hey, &c.

For, saving your pefence, to her ye're a faint.

And, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,

Hey, &c.

But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have.

And, &c.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa',

Hey, &c.

O, help ! mafter, help ! or she'll ruin us a'.

And, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the edge o' his knife,

Hey, &c.

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

And, &c.

O, welcome most kindly ! the blythe carl said ;

Hey, &c.

But if you can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd.

And, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,

Hey, &c.

And like a poor pedler he's carried his pack.

And, &c.

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

Hey, &c.

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

And, &c.

I ha'e been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,

Hey, &c.

But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife.

And, &c.

Kelly-burn Braes.

Violin

Moderate

There lived a Carl in Kelly-burn braes, Hay, and the rue grows bonie wi'

thyme, And he had a wife was the plague of his days, And the thyme it is wither'd, and

rue is the prime, Ae day as the Carl gaed up the lang glen, Hey and the rue grows bonie wi'

thyme; He met wi' the d.v.l, fays how do ye fen? And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

O'er the Hills and far away.

Violin

Moderate

Jocky met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning of the day; But

Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jenny staw his heart a-way: Al tho' She promis'd

to be true, She proven has a-lak! unkind; Which gars poor Jocky af-ten rue That

he e'er lood a fickle maid, And it's o'er the hills and far a-wa, It's o'er the hills and

far a-wa, It's o'er the hills and far a-wa, The wind has blawn my plaid a-wa.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

JOCKY met with Jenny fair;
 Aft be the dawning of the day;
 But Jocky now is fu' of care,
 Since Jenny staw his heart away:
 Although she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
And it's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

He fung—When first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, aias! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair;
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills and far away, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief.
 But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills and far away, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake;
 And in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll fighting sing, adieu to love.
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

ALL lovely on the fultry beach
Expiring Strephon lay ;
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath ;
No bride, to fix thy swimming eye,
Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene
Thy parents sit at ease ;
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring, to please.
Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe, depress'd ;
Thou fall'st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country unredress'd !

Strephon and Lydia.

Violin

Slow

All lovely on the fultry beach, expiring Strophon lay, No

hand the cordial draught to reach, Nor cheer the gloomy way;

Ill fated Youth! no parent nigh To catch thy fleeting breath, No

bride, to fix thy Swimming eye, Or smooth the face of Death.

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