



Designed by W. Hamilton. R.A.

Engraved by John Thomson.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

*Let us, Amanda, timely woe
And in soft rapture waste the day
Like them improve the hour that flies
Among the birks of Invermay!*

Published as the Art directs, March 1799, by T. Preece, Stationer, London. S. by the Proprietor G. Thomson, Edinburgh.

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FIFTY
SCOTTISH SONGS,

WITH

SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS:

THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE BY

Meyer,

THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE BY

Kozeluch.

VOL. I.



Edinburgh:

PRINTED FOR G. THOMSON, YORK-PLACE.

BY J. MOIR.

1801

G. Thomson

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE PUBLISHER, having already had occasion to check several Piracies from the SONGS of BURNS, annexes, for the information of all whom it concerns, the following Certificate, from the Original in the Poet's hand-writing.

“ I DO hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published, by
“ MR GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And moreover, that
“ I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work.
“ And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those
“ Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c. ROBERT BURNS.”

Lately Published by GEORGE THOMSON, and to be had at his house in *York-Place, Edinburgh*; or at T. PRESTON'S, No. 97. *Strand, London*; the following Works:

SIX GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, in Two Books;—the middle and last movements of which are founded upon Scottish subjects, with Accompaniments, composed by PLEYEL.—ALSO,

SIX GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, upon a similar plan, with Accompaniments, composed by KOZELUCH.

IN these Works, the first movement of each Sonata, (the subject of the Composer's own fancy), forms a delightful variety, contrasted with the familiar subjects of the middle and last Movements. And the Publisher flatters himself they will be found two of the most interesting Works for the Piano-Forte ever offered to the Public. A spurious work, a wretched imitation of the first-mentioned Sonatas, having been published by J. DALE, Music-seller, London, with PLEYEL'S Name on the Title-page, those commissioning the Genuine Work should caution their Correspondents against that gross imposition; observing that each Book of the Real Sonatas is subscribed on the *Title-page* in the same manner with each Book of these Songs, by

G. THOMSON.

P R E F A C E.

THE Scottish Melodies have ever been admired for their originality, sweetness, and pathos; and many of them for their exhilarating gaiety and spirit. Various Collections of these have been offered to the Public, but all of them more or less defective and exceptionable. Formed, without much care or research, they are in general filled with whatever could most easily be gathered. In none of the Collections do we meet with many fine Airs, without a large intermixture of trifling and inferior tunes, nor in any Collection do we find Accompaniments to the Airs, which can be pronounced both masterly, and well adapted for general performance. And, with respect to the Verses joined to the Airs, there are in all the Collections too many that debase the Music.

To furnish a Collection of all the fine Airs, both of the plaintive and lively kind, unmixed with trifling and inferior ones:—to obtain the most suitable and finished Accompaniments, with the addition of characteristic Symphonies, to introduce and conclude each Air:—and to substitute congenial and interesting Songs, every way worthy of the Music, in the room of insipid or exceptionable Verses, were the great objects of the present Publication.

THE first object was to procure the Airs in their best form. What their precise *original* form may have been, cannot now be ascertained. Although we go back to the earliest printed Collection, it is far from certain that the Airs are there presented to us as they came from the Composers; for they had been preserved we know not how long, by oral tradition, and thus were liable to changes before being collected. Nor is it at all certain that the earliest Collectors had industry to seek, opportunity to find, and musical taste to select and hand down the Airs in their most approved form. There is no doubt, however, that, in the progress of the Airs to modern times, they have in some parts been delicately moulded by judicious Singers, into a more pleasing form than that given to them by the early Publishers. In selecting the Airs for this Work, the Editor not only carefully examined and collated all the Collections, but likewise consulted such intelligent friends as he knew to have been much conversant with their native music; and he invariably preferred that set of every Air, printed or manuscript, which seemed the most simple and beautiful, freed, he trusts, from vulgar errors on the one hand, and redundant graces on the other.

THE Symphonies and Accompaniments next engaged his solicitude. For the composition of these, he entered into terms with Mr PLEYEL, who fulfilled part of his engagement very satisfactorily; but having then deserted it, the Editor, after a fruitless correspondence with him, which retarded the progress of the Work for years, at length found it necessary to turn his eyes elsewhere. He was so fortunate, however, assisted by the good offices of a Gentleman at Vienna, as to engage Mr KOZELUCH and Dr HAYDN, to proceed with the Work, which they have finished in such a manner, as to leave him without any other-regret, but that of having so long delayed his application to them. The Scottish Melodies can now boast of Symphonies and Accompaniments by the most distinguished Composers existing. Of the hundred Airs already published, thirty-two have Symphonies and Accompaniments by PLEYEL*; the rest of the Number are by KOZELUCH, who lately revised these, corrected all the mistakes that had crept into the first edition, and simplified and improved Nos. 29, 36, 46, 51, 53, 55, 60, 68, 74, 88, and 94, of his Symphonies and Accompaniments. Those remaining, and now preparing for publication, with exception of a few from KOZELUCH, are by HAYDN.

THE SYMPHONIES form an Introduction and Conclusion to each Air, so characteristic, so elegant, and so delightful, and comprise such a rich Collection of new and original Pieces, that they must be regarded by every Musical Amateur as an invaluable Appendage to the Airs.

THE ACCOMPANIMENTS are admirably calculated to support the Voice, and to beautify the Airs, without any tendency to overpower the Singer. Instead of a Thorough-bass denoted by *figures*, which very few can play with any propriety, the harmony is plainly express'd in musical Notes, which every young Lady may execute correctly. Here therefore the Piano-Forte will alone be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment in Chamber singing. At the same time, when the Violin and Violoncello are joined to the Piano-Forte, they certainly enrich the effect highly †.

BESIDES the Symphonies and Accompaniments, SECOND-VOICE parts have been composed by those great Masters, for such of the Airs as seemed best fitted to be sung as DUETTS, while the Airs themselves remain untouched, and may still be sung by a single voice, as formerly. They have made the same addition to each of the Chorusses of the Songs, *never before harmonized*, but hitherto sung either by one voice, or by different voices in unison.

* The first 25, with Nos. 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, and 92.

† HAYDN formerly composed Accompaniments to part of another Collection of Scottish Songs, but *without any Symphonies*, which have afforded him a happy opportunity of drawing from his inexhaustible fancy, those exquisite combinations and inimitable touches that render his compositions more and more enchanting the oftener they are heard. These Symphonies are to be found in this Work only:—and, in lieu of a *figured* bass for the Piano-Forte, as in the Collection alluded to, he has here given a delicate Accompaniment in Notes for both hands.

ROUSSEAU, in his Musical Dictionary, under the article *Accompaniment*, has shewn the disadvantage and the difficulty of playing the harmony from *figures*. Those signs, he observes, are equivocal, obscure, and insufficient, as they seldom determine with any exactness the nature of the

Among Critics, it may be a question whether Pleyel, Kozeluch, or Haydn, has display'd the happiest style in what they have done for this Work. But, without entering into such an enquiry, the Amateur of genuine taste will feel that *each* has his excellencies, and that a greater variety is obtained from the three, than could have been expected from one of them. No purpose is answered, says a beautiful writer, by disputing whether the grape, the nectarine, or the pine-apple, be the most delicious fruit.

Although the Music will probably be deemed the principal attraction in a work of this kind, yet the Poetical part seems no less deserving of attention. Dr CURRIE, in his truly elegant and interesting life of BURNS, observes, that "there is no species of Poetry, the productions of the drama not excepted, so much calculated to influence the morals, as well as the happiness of a people, as those popular Verses which are associated with national Airs, and which, being learnt in the years of infancy, make a deep impression on the heart, before the evolution of the powers of the understanding." Upon the Poetry, however, some of the Publishers of former Collections appear to have bestowed very little consideration. Whatever Verses were attached to the Airs by their predecessors, they have generally retained, whether proper or improper; and when they picked up Airs unprovided with Verses, they seem to have contented themselves with any that chance threw in their way. It was necessary, therefore, to review the whole of the Poetry with a critical eye. But, in considering what Songs should be retained, or excluded, the Editor has not allowed himself to be guided by the desire of needless innovation: on the contrary, he has been scrupulously careful to remove those doggerel rhymes only, by which the Music has been debased; giving place to none inconsistent with that delicacy of the Sex, which in too many publications of this sort has been shamefully disregarded.

Mr BURNS, whose enthusiasm for Caledonian Music and Song, was only equalled by his poetical talents, no sooner heard of the Editor's plan, than he signified his warm approbation of it, and in the most liberal and cordial manner undertook to contribute every aid in his power for rendering the Collection as complete as possible. He has performed what he promised in a manner that transcends the most sanguine expectations formed by the Editor, having enriched the Work with the most exquisite Songs, both Scottish and English, that exist in any language; they exhibit all the charms of the Poet's genius in the utmost variety both of serious and humorous composition; and every intelligent reader will contemplate his luxuriant fancy, his ardent feeling, and manly sentiment, and the impressive energy and simplicity of his style, with equal wonder and delight. All his tender and impassioned Songs breathe the genuine, glowing, unaffected language of the heart; while the scenes, the manners, the innocence, and the pleasures of rural life, are pourtrayed with a pencil so true to Nature, as to engage our warmest sympathies and admiration. Above ONE HUNDRED Songs from his pen alone appear in these volumes! A *few* of these have been united to Airs different from the tunes which the Poet had first in view, but it will be found, that, in each of those particular cases, a match more suitable and congenial has been formed. Beside the Songs of Burns, the best of the anonymous old Songs are all here included, together with the most select ones of Ramsay, Crawford, Hamilton, Thomson, Mallet, Smollet, Skinner, Macneill, and other Scottish Writers*.

The Editor being aware, however, that every ENGLISH Singer may not take the trouble to understand some of the Songs written in the Scottish dialect, though a complete Glossary will accompany the concluding Volume; and it being his wish, from the beginning, to render this Work equally interesting in England as in Scotland, he has, along with each Scottish Song, (with a very few exceptions,) given one purely English, suited to the same Air; and even where the Verses attached to the Air are English, a second Song is frequently given, for the choice of the Singer. This addition to the Poetry must be acceptable to every person of taste; as it will be found to include the most admired Songs in the English language, besides many new ones written on purpose, a number of which come from the elegant and humorous pen of Dr WOLCOT, better known by the whimsical appellation of PETER PINDAR. The Edi-

intervals which they mean to indicate, but leave much to be understood and guessed at, consequently abundant room for error. He shews that Accompanying, by what is called *the rule of the octave*, is also attended with great difficulty and embarrassment, and requires a continual effort of thought. "No sooner (says he) have we formed an idea of one accord, but another presents itself to our consideration, and the moment of reflection is precisely that of execution!"—But why perplex the Amateurs of Music with unnecessary difficulties, that can only render the performance imperfect? Why use signs which require a long course of study and practice to comprehend, and, after all, are continually puzzling the player, when there is a general language, perfectly intelligible to every performer? Let the Composer express his Accompaniment by Musical Notation, as in this Work; there is then no ambiguity, and the correct performance of the harmony follows of course.

There are many persons, who never having cultivated Music, have little relish for Accompaniments. It will not be denied, that, when a Scottish Song is sung by a fine voice, and the words distinctly and feelingly expressed, it gives very great pleasure without any Accompaniment.—But every one conversant with Music, knows that the voice needs the support and guidance of an Accompaniment, otherwise that it insensibly falls from the pitch in which it set out; and that the Italians, who have numberless charming airs equally simple with the Scottish, always set Accompaniments to them, not only for the purpose of supporting the voice, but to give variety and effect to the Song. Mr PRICE, in his admirable Essay on the Picturesque, very justly remarks, that "the ear tires of a repetition of the same flowing strain, and by degrees acquires a relish for more and more intricate combinations of harmony, and opposition of parts, which it takes in not only without confusion, but with that delight (the only lasting one,) which is produced both from the effect of the whole, and the detail of the parts. At the same time, the acquired relish for such artful combinations, so far from excluding, (except in narrow pedantic minds,) a taste for simple Melodies, heightens the enjoyment of them."

* Mr BURNS had collected anecdotes respecting the origin of a number of these Songs, and the fair names to which they relate; but his lamented death prevented a communication of them.

tor will venture to say, therefore, that a Collection of Lyric Poetry, Scotch and English, so truly excellent, never was before presented to the Public. †.

In the foregoing account, the Editor is not conscious of any thing like exaggeration, well knowing that if the Work could not stand the test of a critical examination, panegyric would not save it from falling into oblivion, along with the flimsy productions of the day. But he flatters himself that by the correctness and purity of the Melodies, joined to the Poetry of Burns alone, this Work will ever remain the standard of Scotch Music, and Scotch Song, independently of the other valuable matter superadded to it. The Public indeed are so grossly imposed on by the quackery with which the most paltry Works are ushered into notice, as to justify some incredulity with respect to the merit of every new Collection of this kind. But, if the names of PLEYEL, of KOZELUCH, of HAYDN, and of BURNS, were insufficient to vouch for the present Work, the sale of a large edition has already stamped it with general approbation. The Editor projected the Work as the amusement of his leisure hours; but, of the labour, the difficulty, and the expence of bringing it into its present shape, he might, with truth, say more than perhaps would be believed.—Although it has been his endeavour to include all the Scotch Airs and Songs worth preserving, some may have eluded his search, and he may have omitted others which are not without admirers; at the same time, he conceives that the Collection is extensive enough to satisfy the greatest enthusiast. It will consist of Eight Books or four Volumes, containing 200 Airs, and nearly double that number of Songs; and each Volume will be embellished with a beautiful Engraving.

Some fine Airs, of which it is uncertain whether the origin be Scotch or Irish, are included, as well as a number known to be Irish, but now held as naturalized in Scotland; all which are denoted in the Index. With respect to those of doubtful origin, it may have happened, that, by means of the Harpers or Pipers who used to wander through the two countries, some favourite Airs might become so common to both, as to make it questionable which of the two gave them birth.

It yet remains a question, at what period, and by what description of persons, the ancient and favourite Scotch Airs were composed. Dr Franklin, in a letter to Lord Kaimes, inserted in the treatise on Music in the Scotch Encyclopedia, takes it for granted that those Melodies are the productions of the Minstrels of former times. Mr Tytler, in his dissertation on Scotch Music, printed at the end of Mr Arnot's history of Edinburgh, 1779 after combating the idea of any of the Airs being composed by David Rizzio, endeavours, from an examination of the Airs themselves, to fix the different æras of their production. Several are particularized, which he thinks were composed in the reign of James I., probably, he says, by that Monarch himself; and others are mentioned which he supposes still more ancient. Mr Ritson, however, in his Essay on this subject, shews that Mr Tytler had taken rather a superficial view of it, and that his ideas are more fanciful than correct. Mr Ritson is of opinion with Dr Beattie and others, that the Music took its rise among real Shepherds probably those who inhabited the pastoral country adjoining to the Tweed, and the rivulets in that district, from which many of the Songs took their names. But none of those ingenious Writers have produced any decisive evidence in support of their opinions. Dr Burney, in the first volume of his history of Music, says, that "the Melody of Scotland will hereafter be proved of a much higher antiquity than has been generally imagined." But it is to be regretted that the Doctor concludes his Work without touching on the subject again; as, from his penetration and judgment in every thing relating to Music, he would doubtless have given the most satisfactory solution of which the question is capable. The Editor has heard it asserted, that the Airs cannot be older than the 17th century, because, in a very curious book, published at St Andrews, in 1549, intitled "Vedderburn's Complainte of Scotlande," &c. in which the names of a great number of Airs or Songs of the time are enumerated; as well as in a kind of music book published at Aberdeen, in 1666, entituled "CANTUS; Songs and Fancies," &c. none of the Airs (nor Songs) now so popular, are to be found: but this, though somewhat surprizing, is no proof that they did not then exist. In the Preface to a small volume of Spiritual Songs, called "The Saints Recreation," published at Edinburgh in 1683, compiled by Mr William Geddes, Minister of the Gospel, we are told that "grave and zealous Divines in the kingdom have composed godly Songs to the tunes of such old Songs as these,—*The bonny broom,—I'll never leave thee,—We'll all go pull the badder*; and such like." The bare mention of these as old tunes in 1683, must be deemed no slight evidence of their antiquity. Mr Geddes proceeds to speak of the tunes as *angelical*, and, after reprobating the *diabolical amorous sonnets* to which they were sung, suggests the *probability* of their having formerly been connected with spiritual hymns and songs. There is a singular little Work,

† Mr Ritson, in his historical Essay, prefixed to a Collection of Scotch Songs, in 12mo, printed in London in 1794, is pleased, in a sarcastic note, to consider the Editor of the present Work, as totally insensible of the merit of the original Songs, because of Peter Pindar being engaged to write new Songs for the Work!—and accordingly the reader of that note will doubtless infer that the original Scotch Songs are here excluded, to make room for those of the English Poet. That Mr Ritson, who in this very Essay has investigated his subject with so much diligence and acuteness, should have ventured to censure a Work which he had not at all examined, is somewhat singular. If he had looked into the first book, which was then before the Public, he would have found that the original Songs of real merit, suited to the Airs, are all retained; and that not a single Song is displaced, to make room for one by the English Poet; but that every first Song, or the one attached to each Air, whether in the Scotch dialect or English language, is the production of a Scotch Author:—and this (with a solitary exception or two) will be found uniformly the case throughout the Work. With respect to the Songs which the Editor has removed, he claims the merit of rooting out weeds, and of planting the sweetest flowers in their room.

which first appeared before the end of the 16th century, a *new* edition of which was published by Andro Hart, Edinburgh in 1621, entitled, "Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophaine sanges, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie," &c. In this we find a number of puritanical rhapsodies, several of which, from the first lines, and from the measure in which they are written, *seem* applicable to particular Scottish tunes. One of these Godly Songs *begins* in the very words of a well known Scottish tune; viz.

Johne cum kis me now,	Johne cum kis me now,	The Lord thy God I am,	John represents man
Johne cum kis me now,	And maké no more adow.	That Johne dois thee call.	By grace celestiaall.

Another of the godly Songs, begins thus :

Hey now the day dallis,	Now welth on our wallis,
Now Christ on us callis,	Appeiris anone, &c.

This exactly suits the tune, *Hey tutti taiti*, which, is still sung to words beginning, "Landlady count the lawin,—*The day is near the dawin.*" And there is every probability of its being the same with *The joly day now dawis*, mentioned by Gawin Douglass in the last prologue to his celebrated translation of Virgil, written in 1513, and by the poet Dunbar also, who, addressing the merchants of Edinburgh, says,

Your common Menstrals hes no tone
But *Now the day dawis*—and *Into Joun.*

Thus, without regarding the improbable tradition, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, it appears to be one of the oldest Scottish tunes, concerning which we have any thing like evidence. There is a third godly Song in the same publication, beginning

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,	For our gudeman in hevin does reigne,
Keep faith and love till our gudeman,	In glore and blisse without ending," &c.

This is perfectly adapted to the well known tune, called *Our gudeman*, or, *The auld gudeman*; it is probable, therefore, that the latter was another of the popular Scottish tunes, when the compendious booke was published. Of the other still popular tunes, those which have been incidentally alluded to, and most frequently noticed as old ones, are, *Tak your auld cloak about ye*, *Waly waly*, *John Anderson my jo*, and *Maggy Lauder*: though perhaps *many* of the other favourite *Airs*, not particularized at all, are fully as ancient.

THERE is a tradition that John come kiss me now, John Anderson, my jo, and some other favourite Scottish *Airs*, were originally attached to hymns in the *Latin* service. But Mr Ritson shews the absurdity of this idea: "No vestige (says he) of any Scottish melody ever was or ever will be found in the old Scottish church service, which did not (for one of their service books is preserved) and could not possibly differ from that of other Catholic countries, and must therefore have consisted entirely of chant and counterpoint. We may therefore safely conclude, that the Scottish Song owes nothing to the Church Music of the Cathedrals and Abbeys before the Reformation," &c. But to what period, or to what description of persons, we are chiefly indebted for the Scottish Music, is now probably beyond the reach of discovery.

THE *Orpheus Caledonius* seems to have been the earliest Collection in which the favourite Scottish *AIRS* appeared in conjunction with the Songs. It was published about the year 1725, by W. Thomson, London, who re-published it and added a second volume in 1733. The *Tea-table Miscellany*, published by Allan Ramsay in 1724, was the first general Collection in which the admired Scottish SONGS appeared without the *Airs*. In a separate Work, consisting of six very small Books, he published about 70 of the *Airs*, with a Bass to each, but whether at the same time with his *Miscellany*, or after the appearance of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, is uncertain. To the *Miscellany*, however, the publisher of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, as well as every succeeding Publisher, has been particularly obliged; most of the Songs which have so long been favourites, being found in the *Miscellany*. These were chiefly written by Ramsay and his friends, for such Scottish *Airs* as they thought ill suited with words,—*Airs* which must have been popular long before 1724, as Ramsay, in his preface, says, "What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their *antiquity*, and their being universally known." Some of the best Songs in the *Miscellany*, such as—*The Gaberlunzie Man*, *Muirland Willie*, *Nancy's to the greenwood gane*, *My jo Janet*, *Tak your auld cloak about ye*, *Waly waly*, &c. were collected by Ramsay; and, but for him, it is probable that these admirable specimens of the native Song of Scotland, would have been irretrievable. When or by whom these were written, was not known even in 1724, from which a considerable antiquity may fairly be inferred; and it is to be presumed that the *Airs* were at least coeval with the Songs. The much admired Song, set to the Flowers of the Forest, beginning, "*I've heard o' lilting*," written on the battle of Flodden, though it has been supposed a production of that remote period, is not to be found in the *Miscellany* of 1724; a circumstance which leads strongly to the belief of its being written after that date.

FOR the satisfaction of the curious; all the *Airs* in this Work, which were considered to be old in 1724, are distinguished by this mark § in the Index to each volume. Those marked thus || are known to be modern. Those without any mark are presumed to be modern, though some of them may perhaps be old. And those with this mark * are understood to be Irish.

YORK-PLACE, EDINBURGH, }
SEPT. 1801.

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IN THE

FIRST VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES.

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	Where is the smile, &c. . . .			At setting day and rising morn	
<i>Here awa, there awa</i> §	The lazy mist hangs, &c. . . .	} 50	<i>The mill mill O</i> §	O love will venture in, &c. . . .	} 36
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THE SMILING MORN, &c.

By MALLET.

AIR,—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay :
 Let us, AMANDA, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear :
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade :
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more :
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay !

HERE AWA, THERE AWA, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering WILLIE,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me my WILLIE the same.

Winter 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.

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.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his NANIE,
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!

WHERE IS THE SMILE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

WHERE is the smile that was heav'n to our eye?
Where is the voice that enchanted our ear?
Nought now around us is heard but the sigh;
Nought in the valley is seen but the tear!

Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn;
There will the moments be wing'd with delight;
Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn;
Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

MARIAN, thy form was a sun to our shade,
Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain.
Leave not, O leave not the verdures to fade;
Let not chill darkness surround us again.

Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove?
What is our crime that our valley should pine?
Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love?
The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.

Here awa there awa.

Larghetto

pua *for*

Her a - wa, there a - wa, wand - er - ing WIL - - LIE, Here a - - wa,

pua

there a - wa, haud a - wa hame, Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly

Dea - - rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my WIL - LIE the same.

s.

What beauties does Flora disclose?

Duet
Allegretto

rf *rf* *p* *pp^{mo}*

What beauties does Flora dis - close. How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. Yet MARY's still

What beauties does Flora dis - close. How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. Yet MARY's still

sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy ex - ceed. No dai - sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy ex - ceed. No dai - sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and

pleasure does yield

pleasure does yield

WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE ?

BY MR CRAWFORD, (OF THE AUCHNAMES FAMILY.)

AIR,—TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does FLORA disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet MARY's still sweeter than those ;
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

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

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does MARY not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss ;
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

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

BEHIND YON HILLS, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—MY NANIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O,
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd ;
 And I'll awa to NANIE, O.

Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill ;
 And its baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to NANIE, O.

My NANIE 's charming, sweet, and young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my NANIE, O.

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

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

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my NANIE, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but NANIE, O.

Come well, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my NANIE, O.

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

BY DR PERCY.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare ;
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O NANCY, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wint'ry wind ?

O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear ;
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O NANCY, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go ?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pangs of woe ?

Say, shou'd disease, or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ?
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Behind yon hills.

Adagio
non troppo

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *for* and *pia*.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, Mang

Musical notation for the first line of lyrics, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *for*, *pia*, and *h.*

murs and mosses ma - ny, O, The wintry sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa to

Musical notation for the second line of lyrics, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

NAN - NIE, O. Tho' west - lin winds blaw loud and shill; And its baith mirk and

Musical notation for the third line of lyrics, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

rai - ny, O. I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hill to

Musical notation for the fourth line of lyrics, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

NANNIE, O.

Musical notation for the fifth line of lyrics, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

HEAR ME, YE NYMPHS, &c.

BY MR CRAWFORD.

AIR,—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder :
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender :
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented :
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember :
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should PEGGY grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander !

O HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMIL'D ON ME.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

OHAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,
 I ne'er had known such anguish ;
 But think how false, how cruel she,
 To bid me cease to languish !
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perish'd ;
 And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherish'd !

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck
 That drove as winds did blow it,
 Silent had left the shattered deck.
 To find a grave below it :
 Then land was cried, no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it :
 Not worse his fate his woe to find,
 The wreck must sink e'er near it !

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

BY MR CRAWFORD.

AIR,—I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ONE day I heard MARY say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest ADONIS, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shou'dst leave me;
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely ADONIS, say,
 Has MARY deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love that's griev'd thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may'st believe me,
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can MARY thy anguish soothe!
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee!
 O! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my ADONIS fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If he should leave me!

One day I heard Mary say

Adagio

for *rf* *pia*

S. One day I heard MA--RY say

hr
How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A--DO--NIS, stay Why wilt thou

hr
grieve me. A--las! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst

hr
leave me I'll live and die for thy sake; Yet ne--ver leave thee.

S.

My Patie is a lover gay.

Duet
Allegretto

dol. *r.f.* *r.f.* *r.f.* *p* *ppmo*

My PA-TIE is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver mud-dy, His breath is sweet-er

My PATIE's a lo-ver gay, His mind's ne'er mud-dy, His breath's sweeter

pia *pia*

than newhay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is hand-some, middle size, He's stately in his

than newhay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape's handsome, middle size, He's stately

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

r.f. *r.f.* *r.f.* *p* *r.f.* *r.f.*

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR,—CORN RIGGS.

MY PATIE is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wawking :
 The shining of his e'en surprise ?
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 " O corn riggs are bonny."

COME, DEAR AMANDA, QUIT THE TOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, dear AMANDA, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets fly ; *
 Behold, the wint'ry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear !
 'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
 'Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day :
 For soon, too soon it will be night :
 Arise, my love, and come away !

* It may be imagined by the READER of this song, that it will not suit the Air, because in the second and fourth lines of each verse, the measure is a little different from the corresponding lines of the Scottish verses ; but it is to be observed, that the Air requires these lines to have eight syllables, although it happens that there are but seven in the Scottish verses.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION ?

AIR,—THE EWE-BUGHTS.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, MARION,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my MARION,
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.
 The sun, &c.

O MARION 's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her e'e ;
 And fain wad I marry MARION,
 Gin MARION wad marry me.
 And fain, &c.

I've nine milk-ewes, my MARION,
 A cow and a brawny quey ;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my MARION
 Upon her bridal-day.
 I'll gi'e, &c.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' London brown ;
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.
 And wow, &c.

I'm young and stout, my MARION,
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, MARION,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' JEAN.
 And gin, &c.

O MARIAN, SO SWEET ARE THY KISSES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

O MARIAN, so sweet are thy kisses,
 Thou shouldst not thy shepherd refuse.
 Behold ! they are so many blisses,
 And nought, my dear girl, wilt thou lose.

Those lips were created for pleasure,
 Then, wherefore deny thy poor swain ?
 Say, thou feelest the loss of the treasure,
 I'll give thee thy kisses again.

Then, MARIAN, most cheerfully deal 'em,
 By such presents thou can'st not be poor ;
 So fruitful thy lips when I steal 'em,
 They quickly are cluster'd with more.

Will ye go to the Ewe-bughts Marion.

8

Andante

pia. *hr.* *rf.*

pia. *rf.* *for* *s.*

Will ye go to the ewe bughts, MARION, And wear in the sheep wi'

me? The sun shines sweet, my MARION, But nae half sae sweet as thee? The

hr. sun shines sweet, my MARION, But nae half sae sweet as thee?

for *s.* *for* *s.*

Detailed description: This is a page of sheet music for a song. It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano part begins with a treble and bass clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music includes various dynamics such as 'pia.' (piano), 'rf.' (riformando), and 'for' (forzando). There are also hairpins and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata. The page number '8' is in the top right corner.

My sheep I neglected?

Andante

p dol.
p

My Sheep I neglected, I lost my Sheep-hook, And all the gay haunts of my youth I for-

sook, No more for A - MIN - TA fresh garlands I wove; For ambi - tion, I said, would soon

cure me of love. O what had my youth with am - bi - tion to do. Why left I A -

- MIN - TA why broke I my vow. O give me my sheep, and my sheep - hook re - store, And I'll

wander from love, and A - MIN - TA no more.

mf

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, &c.

BY SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

AIR,—MY APRON DEARY.

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
 No more for AMYNTA fresh garlands I wove;
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I AMYNTA, why broke I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and AMYNTA no more.

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

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
 Poor shepherd, AMYNTA no more can be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again!
 O what had my youth, &c.

FAREWEL TO LOCHABER, &c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR,—LOCHABER.

<p>FAREWEL to Lochaber, farewel to my JEAN, Where heartsome with thee I have many day been ; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And not for the dangers attending on weir ; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, May-be to return to Lochaber no more.</p>	<p>Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind, They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ; Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar, That's naething like leaving my Love on the shore. To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd ; But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ; And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave, And I maun deserve it before I can crave.</p>
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Then glory, my JEANY, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS THAT ADORN, &c.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ. OF BANGOUR.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain, Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain ; Amongst all your number a lover so true, Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view. Was ever a nymph so heart-hearted as mine ? She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine : She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath ; But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.</p> <p>She calls me her friend, but her lover denies ; She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs. A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air, Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.</p>	<p>I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ; Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ; When softly she tells me to hope no relief, My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.</p> <p>By night while I slumber, still haunted with care, I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair : The fair sleeps in peace ; may she ever do so ! And only when dreaming imagine my woe.</p> <p>Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire, Nor think she shou'd love whom she cannot admire : Hush all thy complaining ; and, dying her slave, Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.</p>
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Farewel to Lochaber.

Affettuoso

dol. *p* *rf* *p* *rf* *p*

Farewel to Lo_chaber, farewel to my JEAN, Where heart-some with thee I have mony days

been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, We'll may-be re-turn to Lo_chaber no

more. These tears that I shed they are a for my dear And no for the dangers at-

-tending on Weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloo_dy shore, May be to re-

turn to Lo_chaber no more.

Braw lads on Yarrow braes.

Andante

Introduction for piano, marked *Andante*. The music is in G major and common time (C). It begins with a *Dol:* (Dolce) marking. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *S.* (Sotto voce) marking. The lyrics are: "Braw braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *rf* (ritardando forte) and *rit* (ritardando).

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wan - der thro' the bloo - ming heather; But Yar - - row braes, nor". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

Third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Et - - trick shaws, Can match the lads of Gal - - la wa - ter". The piano accompaniment maintains the same accompaniment style.

Final system of the piano accompaniment, concluding the piece. It features a *S.* marking above the staff and a *S.* marking below the staff, indicating a change in dynamics or articulation.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loo him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

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 chiefest world's treasure!

MARY'S CHARMS SUBDUED MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE OF KELLIE.

THE SAME AIR.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning,
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Fancy warmly on my mind,
Yet paints that evening's dear declining;
When raptur'd first I found her kind,
Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
And still I've found her more endearing;
Each wayward passion she controul'd,
Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artless look attention courting;
Their infant smiles dispel each gloom,
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE, &c.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

AIR,—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow;
For she has tint hir luvver luvver dear,
Hir luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.
Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeiful wise
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.
Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair fair indeed thy luvve,
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;
Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride:
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luvve on the braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my luvve,
My luvve, as he had not been a luvver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend
He was in these to meet his ruin.
The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeiful waeiful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night, the spear was floun
That slew my luvve, and left me mourning.
What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purfue me?
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
My luvver nailed in his coffin.
My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me,
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou ever bid me luvve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvve;
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband luvver.
But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Tak aff, tak aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.
Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter!
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.
A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy luvver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY, &c.

BY THE REV. MR LOGAN.

THE SAME AIR.

THY braes were bonny, O * Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, O Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
To squire me to his father's tow'rs;
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow:—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him.
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough:
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow!

* The critical Reader will observe, that in the first and third lines of the first verse, the interjection O is added, to suit the measure of the Air;—but in general that liberties of this kind are taken only when found absolutely necessary.

It is here to be observed also, with respect to this as well as other Songs, that where the Air requires the *first* word of the line to be emphatic, and the Poet sometimes inadvertently throws his emphasis upon the *second* word or syllable,—the Singer has only in such a case to supply a Quaver for the unemphatic first word.

Busk ye, busk ye.

Affettuoso

pia
pia

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and common time. The music is marked *pia* and *Affettuoso*.

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some marrow,

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the braes of Yar - row.

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride? Where got ye that win - some mar - row?

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

I got her where I dare na well be seen, Pu - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

pia
pia

Musical notation for the piano conclusion, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major and common time. The music is marked *pia*.

In April when Primroses.

Duct
Andante

for

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The word 'Duct' is written above the upper staff, and 'Andante' is written below the lower staff. The word 'for' is written below the upper staff. The music features a flowing, arpeggiated texture in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -

In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -

The first system of the song features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -". The music is in D major and 3/4 time.

joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low-hair'd lad - die would of - tentimes

joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low-hair'd lad - die would of - tentimes

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low-hair'd lad - die would of - tentimes". The music includes first and second endings, indicated by "1st time" and "2^d" markings above the vocal staves.

go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.". The music includes first and second endings, indicated by "1st time" and "2^d time" markings above the vocal staves.

The final system of the piece shows the piano conclusion. It consists of two staves in grand staff. The music is in D major and 3/4 time, ending with a final cadence. The word 'S.' is written above the final notes of both staves.

IN APRIL, WHEN PRIMROSES, &c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR,—THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung:—Tho' young MADIE be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;

But SUSIE is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath 's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That MADIE, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon is inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But SUSIE is faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet SUSIE his mistress might be.

BE STILL O YE WINDS, &c.

BY MR EDWARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

COL. BE still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,
'Tis PHEBE invites, and replies to my strains.
The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
A shepherd so bless'd, or a fair-one so true.

PH. Glide softly, ye streams; ye nymphs round me throng;
'Tis COLIN commands, and enlivens my song:
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so bless'd, or a shepherd so kind.

COL. When PHEBE is with me, the seasons are gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May;
The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PH. When COLIN is absent, 'tis winter all round;
How faint is the sun-shine, how barren the ground?
Instead of the linnets or nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together shall wander, and love will be by:
Her COLIN shall guard her safe all the day long,
Which PHEBE at night will repay with a song.

PH. By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard, if COLIN is near.

COL. Ye shepherds, that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy from PHEBE and me.

PH. Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and let me be your guide:
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from COLIN and me.

Both. 'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

'TWAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR.

BY RICHARD HEWIT.

AIR,—ROSLIN CASTLE.

'TWAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That COLIN, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay ;
 Of NANNY's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with NANNY rung,
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song :
 To NANNY raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from NANNY's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy COLIN's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away ;
 Come while the Muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine ;
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine,

WHEN DELIA ON THE PLAIN APPEARS.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear ;
 No other wit but her's approve ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shady grove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

'Twas in that season of the year.

*Andante
con espressione*

p *f* *s.*

'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That

pia *pia*

CO-LIN, with the morn-ing-ray, A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay;

pia

Of NAN-NY's charms the shep-herd sung, The hills and dales with NAN-NY rung, While

pia

Ros-lin cas-tle heard the swain, And e-cho'd back the cheer-ful strain.

pia

rf *s.* *s.*

From thee Eliza I must go.

Larghetto

The piano introduction consists of two systems of grand staff notation. The first system features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It begins with a *rf* (ritardando forte) marking and ends with an *sf* (sforzando) marking. The second system continues the piece with a *sf* marking at the beginning and a *p* (piano) marking at the end.

From thee E - LI - ZA I must go, And from my native shore: The cru - el fates be -

- tween us throw A boundless o - cean's roar: But boundless o - cean's, roaring wide, Be

- tween my Love and me, They never never can di - vide, My heart and soul from thee.

The piano conclusion consists of two systems of grand staff notation. The first system features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It begins with a *sf* marking and ends with a *sf* marking. The second system continues the piece with a *f* marking at the beginning and a *p* marking at the end.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—DONALD.

FROM thee, ELIZA, I must go,
 And from my native shore :
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my Love and me,
 They never never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewel, Farewel, ELIZA dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
 And thine, that latest sigh !

TO SLEEP.

BY MRS BARBAULD.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, gentle God of soft repose,
 Come soothe this tortur'd breast ;
 Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
 And lull my cares to rest.
 Come, gentle God, without thy aid
 I sink in dark despair ;
 O wrap me in thy silent shade,
 For peace is only there.

Let hope in some propitious dream
 Her bright illusions spread ;
 Once more let rays of comfort beam
 Around my drooping head.
 O quickly send thy kind relief,
 These heart-felt pangs remove ;
 Let me forget myself, my grief,
 And every care—but love.

GIN LIVING WORTH, &c.

AIR,—THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth could win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain ;
 But in the darksome grave it 's laid,
 Never to rise again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine ;
 And oh ! what a heart was that to lose ;
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth,
 Sin JAMIE 's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit comes
 To shew me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my JAMIE dear,
 And oh ! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale
 Her faded cheek possest ;
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

O CEASE TO MOURN, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

O CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth !
 Or think this bosom hard :
 My tears, alas ! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating woe,
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas ! must make me know
 The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove,
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
 No sound of comfort hears :
 And morn but breaks on DELIA's eyes
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,
 In fancy I complain,
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
 Or see some perjur'd swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease !
 Or blame the fates alone ;
 For how can I restore your peace,
 Who quite have lost my own ?

Gin living worth.

16

*Adagio
ma non
troppo*

Piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *mf* and *rf*.Musical notation for the first system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "Gin li - ving worth could". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *p* and *s*.Musical notation for the second system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "win my heart, You wou'd na. speak in vain - - -; But in the dark - some". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *p*.Musical notation for the third system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "grave its laid, Ne'er, ne'er to rise a - - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *h*.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "low wi' his, Whose heart was on - - ly mine - - - And oh! what a heart was". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

Musical notation for the fifth system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "that to lose; But I maun no re - pine." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. Dynamics include *dol.* and *s*.

There's auld Rob Morris.

Duet
Andante

pia *pia*

S S

There's auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude

There's auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude

pia *pia*

fel - lows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his cof - fers, he has

fel - lows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his cof - fers, he has

sheep, he has kine, And ae bon - ny las - sie, his dar - ling and mine.

sheep, he has kine, And ae bon - ny las - sie, his dar - ling and mine.

rf S S

THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—AULD ROB MORRIS.

<p>THERE'S auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, He 's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men ; He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine, And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.</p>	<p>But oh, she 's an heiress, auld ROBIN 's a laird, And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard : A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ; The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.</p>
---	---

<p>She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May, She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay ; As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.</p>	<p>The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ; The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ; I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist, And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.</p>
--	--

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express !

THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No less than a wonder by Nature design'd ;
She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :
Love and destiny both attend on her will ;
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess ;
In SYLVIA they meet ; so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

ONE MORNING VERY EARLY, &c.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM,

BY A NEGRO.

AIR,——GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she ;
I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my Love from me ;
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me ;
And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my Love to fly ;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be ;
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ;
With roscs, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea ;
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my Love to rest !
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;
For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle to soar into the sky !
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy ;
But ah, unhappy maiden ! that Love you ne'er shall see ;
Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D, &c.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

HAD I a heart for falschood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you ;
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me true ;
To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part :
Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

One morning very early.

Adagio
ma
non tanto

pia *för* *s.*

pia *för* *s.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a complex, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a simpler accompaniment of quarter notes. The tempo is marked 'Adagio ma non tanto'.

One morn_ing ve_ry ear_ _ ly, one morning in the spring, I

pia

pia

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note 'One' and continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment is in a simple harmonic style.

heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournful_ly did sing, Her chains she rattled

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she I love my Love, because I know, my

ad lib.

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Love loves me.

s.

s.

s.

The final system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

O waly waly.

Affettuoso

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Affettuoso*. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The introduction ends with a fermata and the instruction *for*.

O Wa - ly Wa - ly, up the bank, And

The first line of the song features a vocal line with a fermata over the first measure and a *S.* (Sostenuto) marking. The piano accompaniment is marked *f* and *p*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment.

wa - ly, wa - ly, down the brae, And wa - ly by yon burn - side, Where I and my love

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment remains marked *f* and *p*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment.

wont to gae. I leant my back, un - to an aik, I thought it was a

The third line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment remains marked *f* and *p*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment.

trusty tree, But first it bow'd and syne it brake, And sae did my true love to me.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment remains marked *f* and *p*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The piece ends with a fermata and a *S.* (Sostenuto) marking.

O WALY WALY, &c.

AIR,—WALY WALY.

O Waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my Love went to gae.
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trustie tree ;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly waly love is bonny,
 A little time while it is new ;
 But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore should I busk my head ?
 O wherefore shou'd I kame my hair ?
 For my true Love has me forsook
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
 The sheets sall ne'er be warm'd by me ;
 Saint ANTON's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true Love's forsaken me.
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
 And tak a life that wearies me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 Whan we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My Love was i' the black velvet,
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pin'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gone,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh, when her footsteps next are seen,
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lillies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Nor purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

AH! CHLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

AIR,—GILDEROY.

AH! CHLORIS, could I now but sit,
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire,
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest ;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a beauty, she
Employ'd the utmost of her art ;
To make a lover, he.

THE OLD SONG OF GILDEROY.

[The HERO of this elegant Lamentation was a celebrated HIGHLAND FREEBOOTER, who was Executed at Edinburgh.]

THE SAME AIR.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
Had roses till his shoon ;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging down.
It was, I ween, a comelie sight
To see sae trim a boy :
He was my joy, and heart's delight,
My handsome GILDEROY.

O sic twa charming een he had !
Breath sweet as ony rose :
He never wore a highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luvè o' ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy :
Ah wae is me, I mourn the day
For my dear GILDEROY.

My GILDEROY and I were born
Baith in ae toun thegither ;
We scant were seven years beforn
We gan to luvè ilk ither :
Our dadies and our mamies they
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal-day
Of me and GILDEROY.

For GILDEROY, that luvè of mine
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi' dainty ruffles wrought :
And he gied me a wedding ring
Which I receiv'd wi' joy :
Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
Like me and GILDEROY.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsame time
Among the leaves sae green :
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy ;
While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,
My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife.
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try ;
And this now gars my heart to bleed
For my dear GILDEROY.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat my e'e ;
I gied him sic a parting luik !
' My benison gang wi' thee !
' God speed thee weil mine ain dear heart,
' For gane is all my joy ;
' My heart is rent sith we maun part,
' My handsome GILDEROY.'

My GILDEROY, baith far and near
Was fear'd in every toun ;
And bauldly bare awa the geir
Of mony a lawland loun.
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was sae brave a boy ;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome GILDEROY.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
To hang a man for gear ;
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mare !
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I ne'er had lost my joy ;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheeks
For my dear GILDEROY.

Gif GILDEROY had done amiss,
He might hae banisht been ; —
Ah what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men !
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy : —
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my GILDEROY.

Of GILDEROY sae feard they were,
Wi' irons his limbs they strung ;
To Edinborow led him there,
And on a gallows hung.
They lung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae bauld a boy ;
There dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome GILDEROY.

Sune as he yielded up his breath
I bare his corse away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I wash'd his comelie clay ;
And sicker in a grave right deep
I laid the dear lued boy ;
And now for ever I maun weep
My winsome GILDEROY.

Ah! Chloris could I now but sit.

Duet
Andante

for *pia* *for*

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit, As un - concern'd as when Your

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit, As un - concern'd as when

in - fant beau - ty could beget No hap - piness nor pain. When I this dawning

Your infant beauty could beget No hap - piness nor pain. When I this dawning

did admire, And prais'd the coming day, I lit - tle thought that ri - sing fire Would

did admire, And prais'd the coming day, I little thought that ri - sing fire Would

take my rest a - - way.

take my rest a - - way.

Oh! open the door.

Molto *ff* *p* *for* *s.*

Oh!, o - pen the door, some pi - ty to shew Oh!,

f *ia*

o - pen the door to me, Oh!: Tho' thou hast been false, I'll

e - ver prove true; Oh! o - pen the door to me, — Oh!

rf *rf* *p*

s. *s.*

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, &c.

AS ALTERED

BY ROBERT BURNS.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh ;
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But colder thy love for me, Oh !
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
 Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh !
 False friends, false Love, farewell ! for more,
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
 " My true love ! " she cried,—and sunk down by his side
 Never to rise again, Oh !

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,
BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE MILL MILL, O.

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been blear'd with mourning;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest soldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my NANCY,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported;
I past 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.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's 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 soldier!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, a soldier 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.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony 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!

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 mailin plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful soldier lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

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

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

AT setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts, I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine,—by love is your's
A heart that cannot wander.

When wild wars deadly blast.

Andante



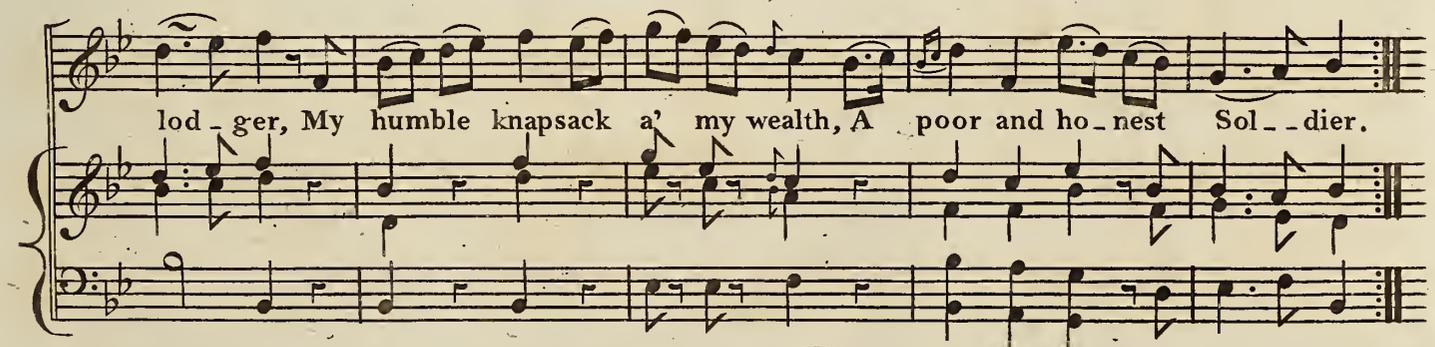
When wild - wars dead - ly



blast was blawn, And gentle peace re - turning, And eyes a - gain with pleasure beam'd, That



had been blear'd with mourning, I left the lines and ten - ted field, Where lang I'd been a



lod - ger, My humble knapsack a' my wealth, A poor and ho - nest Sol - dier.



The night her silent sable wore.

Adagio

for *rf* *pia*

The night her si - lent sa - ble wore, And

pia *pia*

gloomy were the skies; Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more, Than those in NELLIA'S

pp mo

eyes. When to her fa - ther's door I came, Where I had of - ten

been, I beg'd my fair, my love - ly dame, To rise and let me in.

rf *s.* *s.*

THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

AIR,—SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in NELLY's eyes.
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove ;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll :
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part !
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.
 My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 'Till HYMEN to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my NELLY's love,
 Transporting is my joy :
 No greater blessing can I prove ;
 So bless'd a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.

THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my Love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my DELIA, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?
 Will you, in every look, declare
 Your heart is still the same ?
 And heal each idle anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus DELIA, thus I paint the scene
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.
 But if the dream that soothes my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd, at length, to find
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of VENUS ask is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and *think* you mine.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

AIR,—SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET ANNIE frae the sea-beach came,
Where JOCKY speel'd the vessel's side ;
Ah ! wha can keep their heart at hame,
When JOCKY 's tost aboon the tide ;
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been ;
And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
He'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gi'e :
What though my JOCKY 's far away,
Tost up and down the awsome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since JOCKY may return again :

Nae mair, false JAMIE, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away ;
My JOCKY wad be troubled sair,
To see his friend his love betray ;
For a' your songs and verse are vain,
While JOCKY's notes do faithful flow,
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round JOCKY's head,
And gar your waves be calm and still ;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill :
What though my JOCKY 's far away,
Yet he will braw in siller shine ;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since JOCKY may again be mine.

TO FAIR FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

BY COLLINS.

THE SAME AIR.

TO fair FIDELE's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came! 24

*Adagio
non tanto*

for *p*

Sweet AN-NIE frae the sea-beach came, Where

rf *rf* *pia* *pia*

Joc-ky speuld the vessel's side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame When Jocky's tost a-

boon the tide: Far aff to distant realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has been; And

when ilk lass a--bott him thrangs, Hells think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

ad lib *tr* *for*

p *rf* *rf* *p* *for* *p* *rf* *rf* *p* *for*

Shepherds I have lost my Love?

Duet
Andante
esp. y^s ?

pia *f*

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - - NA? Pride of ev'ry sha - dy grove up -

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - - NA? Pride of ev'ry sha - dy grove up -

pia

- on the banks of Ban - - na! I for her my home forsook, Near you mis - ty

- on the banks of Ban - - na! I for her my home forsook, Near you mis - ty

pia

moun - - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, - and foun - tain.

moun - - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, - and foun - tain.

pia *rf*

f *p*

f

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

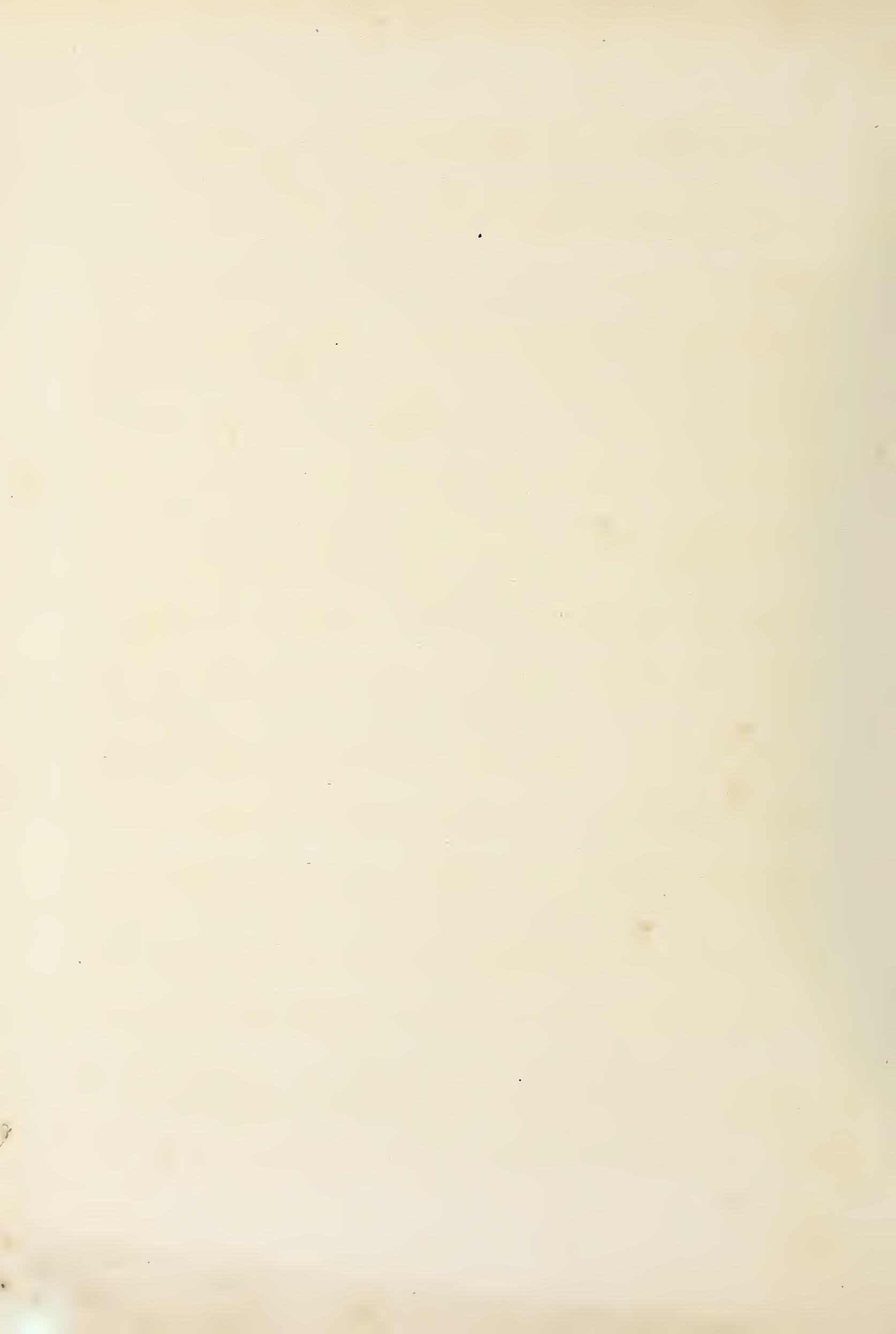
AIR,—THE BANKS OF BANNA:

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love ;
Have you seen my ANNA ?
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna !

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain ;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning :
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds, tell me whither ?
Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she 's gone
For ever and for ever.



O stay sweet warbling Wood-lark.

Gravioso

O stay, sweet war-bling

Woodlark stay, Nor quit for me the trembling pray, A hapless lo-ver courts thy lay, Thy

foothing fond complain-ing. A gain a-gain that tender part, That I may catch thy

melting art' For surely that wou'd touch her heart Wha kills me wi' dif-dain-ing.

O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK, STAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR—LOCHERROCH SIDE.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that would touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken !
Thou tells of never-ending care :
Of speechless grief, and dark despair :—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

HERE IS THE GLEN, AND HERE THE BOWER.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade;
 The village bell has told the hour,
 O what can stay my lovely maid!
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call;—
 'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
 So calls the wood-lark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love!
 And art thou come, and art thou true?
 O welcome dear to love and me!
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

THE SUN IN VIRGIN-LUSTRE SHONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun in virgin-lustre shone,
 May-morning put its beauties on:
 The warblers sung in livelier strains,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains:
 When Love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd, "To the nymph away!
 "For this is Nature's holiday."

The tender impulse wing'd his haste:
 The painted mead he instant pass'd:
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd:
 Awake, my fair! (the shepherd cries),
 To new-born pleasures ope thine eyes;
 Arise, my Sylvia! hail the May:
 For this is Nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright,
 As Phœbus in meridian light;
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
 Then gazing with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah soft, (she said) for pity's sake!
 What! kiss one e'er I'm well awake?
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising year?
 Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, (the swain reply'd);
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray:
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak;
 Consent own'd Nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid;
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May;
 And now their life's all holiday.

Here is the glen, &c.

Andante

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines in a C major key signature, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

Here is the glen and here the bow'r All un-derneath the birchen shade, The vil-lage bell has

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Here is the glen and here the bow'r All un-derneath the birchen shade, The vil-lage bell has".

told the hour, O what can stay my lovely maid! 'Tis not Ma-ri--a's whispering call, 'Tis

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "told the hour, O what can stay my lovely maid! 'Tis not Ma-ri--a's whispering call, 'Tis".

but the bal-my breathing gale Mixt with some warbler's dy-ing fall The dew-y star of

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "but the bal-my breathing gale Mixt with some warbler's dy-ing fall The dew-y star of".

eve to hail.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "eve to hail." The piano part ends with a forte (*f*) and piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The day returns, &c!

Duet
Andantino

Cres.

The day returns my bosom burns The blifsful day we twa did meet Tho'

The day returns my bosom burns The blifsful day we twa did meet Tho'

winter wild in tempeft toil'd, Ne'er summer fun was half fae fweet. Than a' the pride that

winter wild in tempeft toil'd, Ne'er summer fun was half fae fweet. Than a' the pride that

loads the tide And crosses o'er the ful-try line; Than kingly robes than crowns & globes, Heav'n

loads the tide And crosses o'er the ful-try line; Than kingly robes than crowns & globes, Heav'n

gave me more, it made thee mine.

gave me more, it made thee mine.

Cres.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR—THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone I live :
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to bid us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart !

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR—O JEAN, I LOVE THEE.

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill,
 Or had of Helicon my fill,
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonie sell;
 On Corsincon * I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy glancing e'en,—
 By heaven and earth I love thee.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,—
 I only live to love thee.
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 'Till my last weary sand was run,
 'Till then—and then I love thee.

* *A high hill near the source of the river NITH.*

IF WINE AND MUSIC HAVE THE POWER.

BY PRIOR.

THE SAME AIR.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phœbus every string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :—
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess! to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
 The darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

O were I on Parnassus hill.

*Andante
espressivo*

O were I on Par-naf-fus hill Or had o' He-li-con my fill, That

I might catch Po-e-tic skill, To sing how dear I love thee. But Nith maun be my

Muse's well, My Musemaun be thy bo-nie fell, On Cor-fin-con I'll glowr and spell, And

write how dear I love thee.

When merry hearts were gay.

Larghetto

When mer - ry hearts were gay, Careless of

ought but play, Poor Flo - ra flit a - way, Sadning to Mo - - ra: Looseflow'd her

golden hair, Quickheav'd her bo - - sombare As thus to the troubled air She vented her

for - - row.

WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.

BY H. MACNEILL,

AS ALTERED AND CORRECTED BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

AIR,—DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sad'ning, to Mora ;
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare :
 As thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

“ Loud howls the stormy west,
 “ Cold, cold, is winter's blast ;
 “ Haste then, Oh 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.

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

“ Come then, O come away !
 “ Donald, no longer stay !
 “ Where can my rover stray
 “ From his lov'd Flora ?
 “ Ah, sure he ne'er can be
 “ False to his vows and me ;
 “ Oh, heav'n !—is not yonder he
 “ Bounding o'er Mora !

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

‘ Well fought our gallant slain,
 ‘ On *Saratoga's* plain :
 ‘ Thrice fled the hostile train
 ‘ From British glory.
 ‘ But, ah ! tho' our foes did flee,
 ‘ Sad was each victory :
 ‘ Youth, Love, and Loyalty,
 ‘ Fell far from Mora !

‘ Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
 ‘ (Donald, expiring, said)
 ‘ Give it to yon dear maid,
 ‘ Drooping in Mora.
 ‘ Tell her, oh Allan ! tell,
 ‘ Donald thus bravely fell,
 ‘ And that in his last farewell
 ‘ He thought on his Flora.’

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

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR—CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie ;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee my dearie ;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie.
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how dreary :
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

YE DEAR DELIGHTS OF LOVE, ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

Ye dear delights of Love, adieu ;
 From me, ah, fled for ever !
 Ah ! how could fate our bliss pursue,
 And Souls so constant sever ?
 While LOVE his precious gifts did pour,
 We ask'd not FORTUNE's treasure !
 The flight of every panting hour,
 Was wing'd by HOPE and PLEASURE.

Now lost in solitude I sigh,
 And swell with tears the fountain ;
 Now seek the scenes of former joy,
 The grove, the vale, the mountain.
 Since SANDY's gone, no wish is mine
 To see another morrow ;
 For what is *life*, if doom'd to pine ?
 One lengthen'd sigh of sorrow !

How lang & dreary is the night.

Andantino

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dea-rie; I

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dea-rie; I".

restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er fae wea-ry. For oh! her lanely

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er fae wea-ry. For oh! her lanely".

nights are lang And oh! her dreams are ee-rie; And oh! her wi dow'd heart is fair That's

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "nights are lang And oh! her dreams are ee-rie; And oh! her wi dow'd heart is fair That's".

abfent frae her Dea-rie.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "abfent frae her Dea-rie.".

Sweet fa's the Eve on Craigieburn.

*Andante
Espressivo*

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie burn And blythe awakes the mor - - row But a' the pride of". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Spring's return Can yield me nought but for - - row. I fee the flow'rs and spreading trees I". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern.

The third line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "hear the wild birds sing - - - ing But what a wea - - ry Wight can please And". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "care his bo - fom wring - - ing." The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIEBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride of Spring's return
 Can yield me nought but sorrow.
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing !

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love another,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

BY DR BEATTIE.

THE SAME AIR.

COULD aught of song declare my pain,
 Could artful numbers move thee ;
 The muse should tell in mournful strain,
 O, Delia, how I love thee.
 They who but feign a wounded heart,
 May teach the lyre to languish :
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When pines the soul in anguish ?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh,
 The heart-felt pang discover,
 And in the keen, but tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover.
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;—
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of Nature prizing.

O SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

O saw ye bonie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the border? *
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.
 To see her, is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts of men adore thee.
 The De'il he cou'dna skaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee!
 He'd look into thy bonie face,
 And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a lass,
 There's nane again sae bonie.

* *That part of SCOTLAND bordering on ENGLAND.*

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

THE SAME AIR.

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
 The fickle fair can give thee,
 Is but a fairy treasure,
 Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.
 The billows on the ocean,
 The breezes idly roaming,
 The clouds' uncertain motion,
 They are but types of woman!

Heav'ns! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If, man, thou would'st be named,
 Despise the silly creature.
 Go find an honest fellow:
 Good claret set before thee:
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

O saw ye bonie Lesley.

Alligretto

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *fz* (forzando) is placed at the end of the introduction.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "O saw ye bo-nie". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

The second system of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are "Les - - ley, As she gaed o'er the border? She's gane like A-lex - an - - der, To". A dynamic marking of *fz* is present at the end of the system.

The third system of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are "spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for".

The fourth system of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are "e - ver For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er made fic a - - nother."

The final system of the song concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a final cadence with a dynamic marking of *fz*.

Adieu ye streams.

Duct
Espressivo
Andante

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics: "A dieu ye streams that smoothly glide Through ma-zy wind-ings". Below it is a piano accompaniment with two staves. The piano part continues with a similar texture to the introduction.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics: "o'er the plain I'll in some lone-ly cave re-fide And e-ver mourn my". Below it is a piano accompaniment with two staves. The piano part continues with a similar texture to the introduction.

The final vocal entry is on a single staff with lyrics: "faith-ful swain.". Below it is a piano accompaniment with two staves. The piano part concludes with a final chord and a fermata.

ADIEU YE STREAMS, &c.

WRITTEN

BY MISS HOME, NOW MRS HUNTER.

AIR,—ADIEU YE STREAMS.

ADIEU ye streams that smoothly glide
Thro' mazy windings o'er the plain ;
I'll in some lonely cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful swain.
Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he search'd the banks around ;
But ah ! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,—
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

THE TWO LAST STANZAS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY H. MACNEILL.

AIR,—MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My Love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her O,
 I rue the day I sought her O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her O.

The deil's got in our lasses now;
 The deil's got in our lasses now;
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,
 Gude faith! they mak' us asses now.—
 She was sae sour and dorty O,
 She was sae sour and dorty O,
 Whane'er I spake, she turn'd her back,
 And sneer'd—"Ye're mair than forty O,"

Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
 Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
 Tho' crouse a-field I gade to woo
 I'm hame come back a gawky now!
 I rue the day I sought her O;
 I rue the day I sought her O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may *swear* he's bought her O.

YE LITTLE LOVES THAT ROUND HER WAIT.

THE SAME AIR.

Ye little Loves that round her wait
 To bring me tidings of my fate,
 As CELIA on her pillow lies,
 Ah! gently whisper,—Strephon dies.
 If this will not her pity move,
 And the proud Fair disdains to love,
 Then smile and say, 'tis all a lie,
 And haughty STREPHON scorns to die.

My Love she's but a lassie yet.

Vivace

My Love she's but a lassie yet, My Love she's but a

lassie yet, We'll let her stand a year or twa She'll no be half fae faucy yet I rue the day I

foughter O, I rue the day I foughter O, Wha gets her needs na fay he's woo'd But he may fay he's

boughter O.

O love will venture in &c.

Allegretto

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *fz* (forzando) is present at the end of the first measure.

The first system of the song includes a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "O love will venture in where it". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction. A dynamic marking of *po* (piano) is placed below the piano part.

The second system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "dare na weel be seen O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been But". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The third system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "I will downyon river rove amang the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "ain dear May.". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. Dynamic markings of *fz* and *po* are present.

* The Syn. & Accomp.^s simplified as above by M^r K 1801.

O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen :
 O Love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been :
 But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

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

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

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

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

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear :
 The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

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

NAE GENTLE DAMES, THO' E'ER SAE FAIR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care :
 Their titles a' are empty show ;
 Gie me my highland lassie O.
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my highland lassie O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I love my highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow ;
 My faithful highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band !
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.
 Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O,
 Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O !
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my highland lassie, O.

Nae gentle dames, &c.

Vivace

Nae gentle dames tho' e'er fae fair Shall e-ver be my Mufes care Their titles a' are

empty shou Gie me my highland lassie O. Wi-thin the glen fae bushy O, Aboon the plain fae

ra-shy O, I fet me down wi' right goodwill To sing my highland las-sie O.

O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour.

Larghetto

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a complex, flowing melody and accompaniment.

O mirk mirk is this mid - night hour And loud the tem - - pests roar: A

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

wae - fu' wand'rer feeks thy tower Lord Gre-gory ope thy door An ex - - ile

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

from her fa - - ther's ha' And a' for lov-ing thee. At least some pi - - ty

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

on me shaw If love it may - na be

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

O MIRK, MIRK, IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—LORD GREGORY:

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempests roar ;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
 Lord Gregory ope thy door !
 An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee ;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If *love* it mayna be !

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonie Irvine-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied.
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou wou'dst for ay be mine ;
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

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

AH OPE, LORD GREGORY, THY DOOR*.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

AH ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
 A midnight wanderer sighs !
 Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
 And light'nings cleave the skies !

Who comes with woe in this drear night,
 A pilgrim of the gloom ?
 If she whose love did once delight,
 My cot shall yield her room.

Alas ! thou hear'st a Pilgrim mourn,
 That once was priz'd by thee :
 Think of the ring by yonder burn
 Thou gav'st to Love and me.

But shou'dst thou not poor Marian know,
 I'll turn my feet and part :
 And think the storms that round me blow,
 Far kinder than thy heart.

* It is but doing justice to the Author of the latter Song to mention, that it is the Original. Mr BURNS saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.

WHERE CART RINS ROWING TO THE SEA.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

WHERE Cart rins rowing to the sea,
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,

He is a gallant sailor.

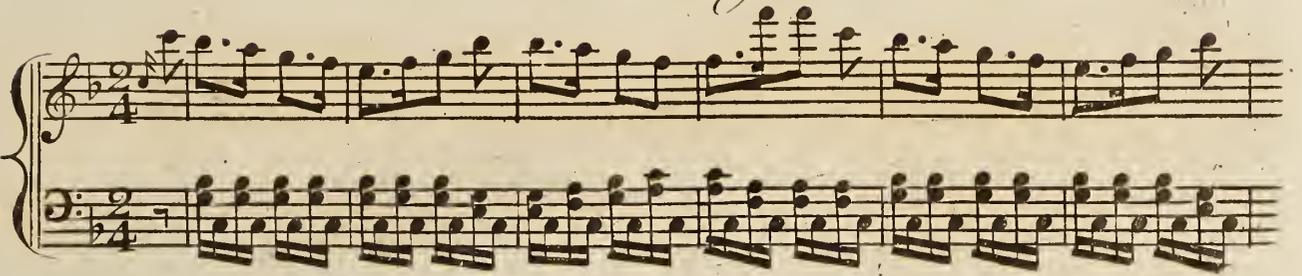
Oh I had woers eight or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
 And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,
 And I gied it to the sailor.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the sailor.

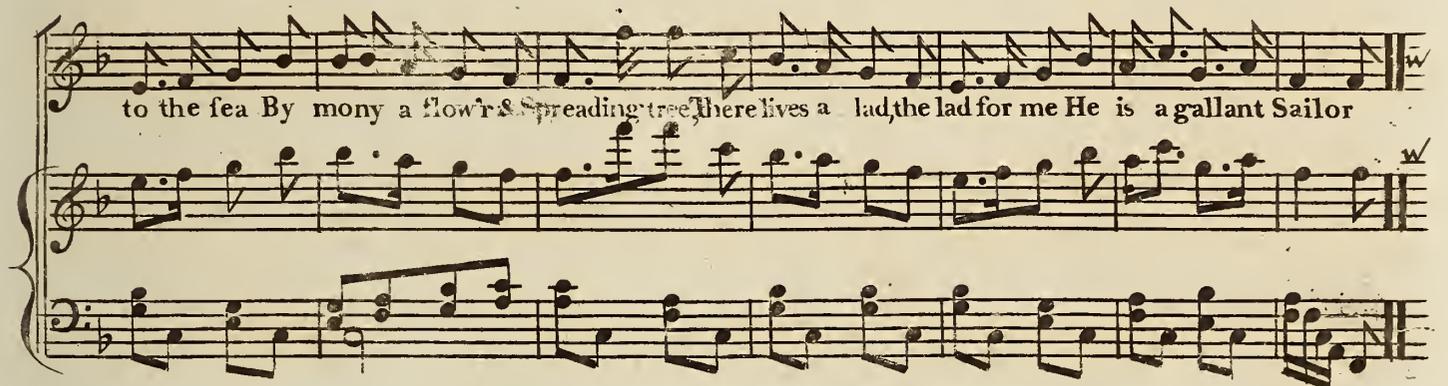
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees delight in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in summer showers,
 I love my gallant sailor.

Where Cart rins rowing to the sea.

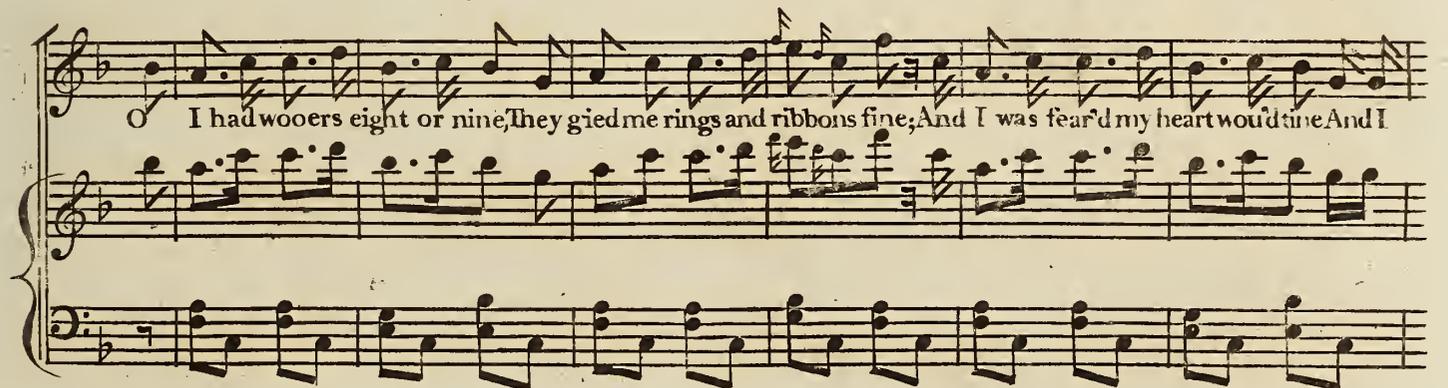
Vivace



Where Cart rins rowing



to the sea By mony a flow'r & Spreading tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me He is a gallant Sailor



I had woovers eight or nine, They gied me rings and ribbons fine; And I was fear'd my heart wou'd fine And I



gied it to the Sai...lor.

She's fair and fause, &c.

*Andante
Espressivo*

She's fair and fause that causes 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 came in wi' routh o' gear And I hae tint my dearest dear, But woman is but

world's gear Sae let the bonie lass gang.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes 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 came in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonie lass gang.

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

WHY WILL FLORELLA, WHEN I GAZE,

THE SAME AIR.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 I can behold with love?
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind:
 And as I range from fair to fair,
 Still gentler usage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
 Where nature has no part?
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.
 So restless exiles, as they roam,
 Meet pity every where:
 Yet languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

OH! I HAE LOST MY SILKEN SNOOD.

AIR,—THE SILKEN SNOOD.

OH! I hae lost my silken snood,
 That tied my hair sae yellow;
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;
 He was a gallant fellow.
 And twine it weel, my bonie dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
 Sae lily-white my skin O,
 And syne he prie'd my bonny mou',
 And swore it was nae sin O.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow, &c.
 But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood
 I lost amang the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow, &c.

GONE IS MY HEART, FOR EVER GONE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

GONE is my heart, for ever gone,
 And thou the cause, believe me:
 Yes, thou the mischief, Jane, hast done,
 And gloriest to deceive me.
 O cheer once more our drooping scenes,
 And chace the cloud of sorrow:
 O bring those eyes where Summer reigns,
 And cheek, the rose would borrow.

Bring back that form which once was mine,
 The fount of ev'ry pleasure;
 Where beauty with a skill divine
 Has lavish'd all her treasure.
 Thine art too fatal have I found,
 Too deeply, nymph, I feel it;
 Sure if thine eyes have giv'n a wound,
 'Tis fair thy lips should heal it.

O. I hae lost my silken snood.

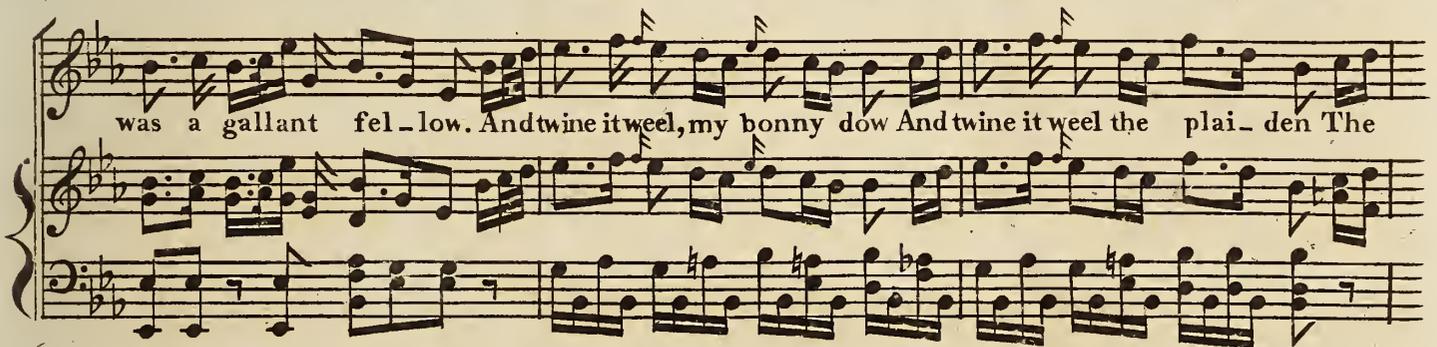
Andante
Espressivo



Oh! I hae loſt my filken ſnood that tied my hair fae yel..low: I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd He



was a gallant fel..low. And twine it weel, my bonny dow And twine it weel the plai..den The



laffie loſt her filken ſnood In pu..ing of the bracken.



Turn again thou fair Eliza.

Andante
Espressivo

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The treble clef staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The bass clef staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and the same time signature. The music features a flowing, arpeggiated accompaniment.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the arpeggiated accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical characteristics.

The first system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, starting with the lyrics "Turn a-gain thou fair E-li-za Aekindblink before we part Rue on thy despairing". The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature as the introduction.

The second system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "lover Canst thou break his faithfu' heart! Turn again thou fair E-li-za; If to love thy heart de-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

The third system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- nies For pity hide the cruel sentence Under friendship's kind disguise.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment.

The final system of the piano introduction, consisting of two staves. It concludes the piece with a final chord and a fermata over the final notes.

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part ;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithful 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, have I offended !
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wou'd 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 of sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon ;
Not the Poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

TELL ME, TELL ME, CHARMING CREATURE.

THE SAME AIR.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain ?
Must I die for ev'ry feature ?
Must I always love in vain ?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue ;
Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,
For a lover ought to dare ;
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy ways beseeming ?
Will my dear be fickle still ?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my desperate thoughts increase ;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be ;
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

THE REPLY.

IN vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er ;
What more, alas ! can Flavia do ?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore ;
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more :
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain ; since any pow'r,
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll soothe the ills I cannot cure :
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict, endure !

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT,

COMPOSED

By MR JAMES MILLER, EDINBURGH.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' of care!
 Thou'lt break my heart; thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowery thorn;
 Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And 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;
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

UNLESS WITH MY AMANDA BLEST.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.
 Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the fresh'ning fields appear;
 Without my Love there is no spring.

Ye banks & braes o' bonie Doon.

Duet
con espressione
Andante

f *p* *f*

Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom fae freth and fair How

Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom fae freth and fair How

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds And I fae wea_ry fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou

can ye chant ye lit_tle birds And I fae wea_ry fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou

warbling bird That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn I thour mindt me of departed joys, departed never to return.

warbling bird That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn I thour mindt me of departed joys, departed never to return.

p *f*

And ye shall walk, &c.

grazioso

And ye shall walk in filk at-tire And fil-ler hae to

spare - - Gin ye'll confent to be his bride Nor think o' Do-nald

mair. Oh! wha woud buy a fil-ken gown Wi' a poor bro--ken

heart - - or what's to me a fil-ler crown Gin frae my love I - -

part - -

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

AIR,—THE SILLER CROWN.

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think o' Donald mair.
 Oh ! wha wad buy a silken gown,
 Wi' a poor broken heart ;
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die :
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
 Brave Donald's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He, gratefu', took the gift ;
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
 It wou'd be war than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

TOO PLAIN, DEAR YOUTH, THESE TELL-TALE EYES.

BY SOAME JENYNS.

THE SAME AIR.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But, for Heaven's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.
 Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway :
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
 Wou'd you a maid undo ?
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you.

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r,
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame ?

Resolve not then to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather use your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.
 Be you yourself my virtue's guard ;
 Defend, and not pursue :
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
 To combat love and you.

FATE GAVE THE WORD, THE ARROW SPED.

A MOTHER'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

 AIR,—FINLAYSTON HOUSE,

COMPOSED

By J. RIDDEL, *Ayr.*

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart :
 And with him all the joys are fled,
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid ;
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest.

Fate gave the word, &c.

Larghetto

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Fate gave the word, the ar - row sped And pierc'd my darling's heart: And with him all the

The first system of the vocal score shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction.

joys are fled, Life can to me im - part. By cru - el hands the sap - ling drops, In

The second system of the vocal score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

duft dis - honour'd laid: So fell the pride of all my hopes, My a - ges fu - ture

The third system of the vocal score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment maintains its eighth-note accompaniment.

shade.

The final system of the vocal score shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a fermata on the word 'shade'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

True hearted was he &c.

Andante
Espressivo

The first system of music features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the expression is 'Espressivo'. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'fz' (forzando) in the right hand.

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr, But

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr, But".

by the sweetside of the Nith's winding river are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair. To

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "by the sweetside of the Nith's winding river are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair. To".

equal young Jessie seek Scotland all o-ver To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain Grace,

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "equal young Jessie seek Scotland all o-ver To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain Grace,".

beauty and e-leganty fetter her Lover And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "beauty and e-leganty fetter her Lover And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.".

The sixth system concludes the piece with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'fz' in the right hand.

* The Vm. & Accomp! simplified as above by M^r K J 801.

TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD SWAIN, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—BONNY DUNDEE.

TRUE hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
 To equal young JESSIE, seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young JESSIE, you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence of lovely young JESSIE,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring;
 Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law;
 And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger!
 Her modest demeanor 's the jewel of a'.

HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

HOW blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
 Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolick and play;
 How pleasing their sport is! The wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.
 What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair:
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SAW YE MY WEE THING, &c.

BY H. MACNEILL.

AIR,—CAULD FROSTY MORNING.

“ SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
 “ Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 “ Cross’d she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
 “ Sought she the burnie, whar flow’rs the haw-tree?
 “ Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
 “ Dark is the blue o’ her saft-rolling e’e!
 “ Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 “ Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?”

‘ I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 ‘ Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 ‘ But I met *my* bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 ‘ Down by the burnie whar flow’rs the haw-tree.
 ‘ Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 ‘ Dark was the blue o’ her saft-rolling e’e!
 ‘ Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 ‘ Sweet were the kisses that she ga’e to me!’

“ It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
 “ It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
 “ Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature.
 “ She never loo’d ony till ance she loo’d me.
 “ Her name it is MARY, she’s frae CASTLE CARY,
 “ Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 “ Fair as your face is, wer’t fifty times fairer,
 “ Young bragger! she ne’er would gi’e kisses to thee!”

‘ It was then your MARY, she’s frae CASTLE CARY,
 ‘ It was then your true love I met by the tree!
 ‘ Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 ‘ Sweet were the kisses that she ga’e to me!’
 Sair gloom’d his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash’d the fire frae his red-rolling e’e;
 “ Ye’s rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
 “ Defend, ye fause traitor; fu’ loudly ye lie!”

‘ Awa’ wi’ beguiling,’ cried the youth, smiling:
 Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The belted plaid fa’ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov’d maid wi’ the dark-rolling e’e!
 “ Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
 “ Is it my true love here that I see?”
 ‘ Oh JAMIE! forgi’e me, your heart’s constant to me;
 ‘ I’ll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.’

O saw ye my wee thing, &c.

*Andante
con
espressione*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, starting with the lyrics "O saw ye my wee thing, Saw ye mine ain thing". The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature as the introduction.

The second system continues the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Saw ye my true Love adown on yon lea? O". The piano accompaniment continues with the same musical texture.

The third system continues the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics "cross'd the meadow yestreen at the gloaming Sought the burnie where flows the haw tree. Her". The piano accompaniment continues.

The fourth system continues the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics "hair it is lintwhite, her skin it is milkwhite And dark is the blue of her fast rolling e'e Red". The piano accompaniment continues, ending with a forte (*fz*) dynamic marking.

The fifth system continues the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics "red her ripe lips are and sweeter than rofes O where cou'd my wee - thing wander frae me." The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final cadence.

Duncan Gray came here to woo.

Allegretto

f

Duncan Gray came

here to woo, Ha ha the wooing o't On new year's night when we were fou,

Ha ha the wooing o't. Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd a sklent and

un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a-biegh Ha ha the wooing o't.

DUNCAN GRAY CAME HERE TO WOO.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 On new-year's night, when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 MAGGIE coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Meg was deaf as AILSA Craig *,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spake o' louping o'er a linn,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

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

How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings ;
 And oh ! her e'en they spake sic things !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan cou'dna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath :
 Now they're crouse and canty baith !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* *A great insulated Rock to the south of the island of ARRAN.*

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove :
 Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange
 Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow ;
 Sun and moon but set to rise ;
 Round and round the seasons go :
 Why then ask of silly Man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan ?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

O POORTITH CAULD, AND RESTLESS LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining.

This world'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.

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

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.

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

O poortith cauld, &c.

Andantino

The piano introduction for the first system is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves: a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The music begins with a series of chords and eighth-note patterns.

O poortith cauld and restlefs love Ye wreck my peace between ye: Yet poortith a' I

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "O poortith cauld and restlefs love Ye wreck my peace between ye: Yet poortith a' I". The music is in 3/4 time and two flats.

could forgive, An'twerena for my Jeanie. O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "could forgive, An'twerena for my Jeanie. O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's". The music remains in 3/4 time and two flats.

dearest bands untwining! Or why fae sweet a flou'r as love, Depend on For - tunes

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dearest bands untwining! Or why fae sweet a flou'r as love, Depend on For - tunes". The music remains in 3/4 time and two flats.

shining.

The final line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "shining." The music concludes with a final chord in the treble staff and a sustained bass line. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The lazy mist hangs, &c.

Andante

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The music is marked *Andante*. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a delicate, flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

The la-zy - mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con - ceal - ing the

The la-zy - mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con - ceal - ing the

Two systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The second system repeats the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

course of the dark winding rill; How lan-guid the scenes, late fo

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sprightly, ap - - pear, As au - tumn to winter re - - signs the pale year.

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Two systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The second system repeats the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Piano accompaniment for the final section, marked *f* (forte). It features a more active and rhythmic accompaniment, concluding with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

THE LAZY MIST HANGS, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill :
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown;
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown ;
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain ;
 How little of life's scanty span may remain ;
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn ;
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
 Life is not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
