

ADVERTISEMENT.

G. THOMSON respectfully informs the Public, that each Volume contains FIFTY AIRS; that the Symphonies and Accompaniments of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN in Vol. I. and II. are distinguished in the Index to the AIRS; and that the Symphonies and Accompaniments in Vol. III. and IV. are wholly by HAYDN.

Those of HAYDN, now introduced into the First and Second Volumes, never were before published, but are given instead of such Symphonies and Accompaniments of the former edition as appeared the least happy productions of the other Composers; it being the anxious wish of the Publisher to render this Work as perfect as possible, throughout. And he will venture to say with confidence, that every one of the Symphonies and Accompaniments, now in these Volumes, will be found worthy of a permanent union with the AIRS, and such as the national Songs of no other Country in Europe can boast of.

If any of PLEYEL's admirers should wish to have the first twenty-five AIRS of Vol. I. *wholly* harmonized by him, instead of having them partly by HAYDN, they will of course be supplied, as formerly.

A number of publications of Scottish Songs having issued from the press, in imitation of this Work, but resembling it in nothing, except the title, it becomes necessary that those who commission this Work should direct their Correspondents to ask particularly for the Collection published by G. THOMSON, Edinburgh, each Volume of which bears his own written signature, at the foot of the title page.

The Work will comprise ALL the Scottish AIRS and Songs that seem deserving of the public attention, besides a Selection of the best Irish ones. The Fourth Volume is now in preparation.

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."

The Publisher has the same exclusive right to all the other Songs which are marked as *written for this Work*, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments; which having cost him a heavy expence and incredible pains to procure, he gives this public notice, that if any person shall unwarrantably publish any one of those Songs, or of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted.

Lately published by G. 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 the most interesting Works for the Piano-Forte which these Composers have ever produced. But as some spurious Sonatas have been published in London, in imitation of these Works, and bearing the names of the same Composers, it is to be observed that each book of the genuine Sonatas is subscribed on the *Title-page* in the same manner with each Book of these Songs, in the hand-writing of G. THOMSON.

To face the Title of

VOL. III.

Select Collection of
ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS,
(for the Voice)
With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies
& Accompaniments for the
PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,

By
Haydn,
With

Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English
adapted to the Airs, including upwards of
One Hundred New Songs by
BURNS

Price of each Volume, the Voice & Piano Forte, One Guinea.
The Violin & Viol. parts separate 6. sh.



Now see where Caledonia's Genius mourns
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns

Volume 3. Ent^d at Stationers Hall.

London, Printed & Sold, by T. Preston, 97. Strand.

Sold also by G. Thomson the Editor & Proprietor Edinburgh.

G. Thomson

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THIRD VOLUME.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES.

*The Airs distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724.
Those marked thus || are modern productions.*

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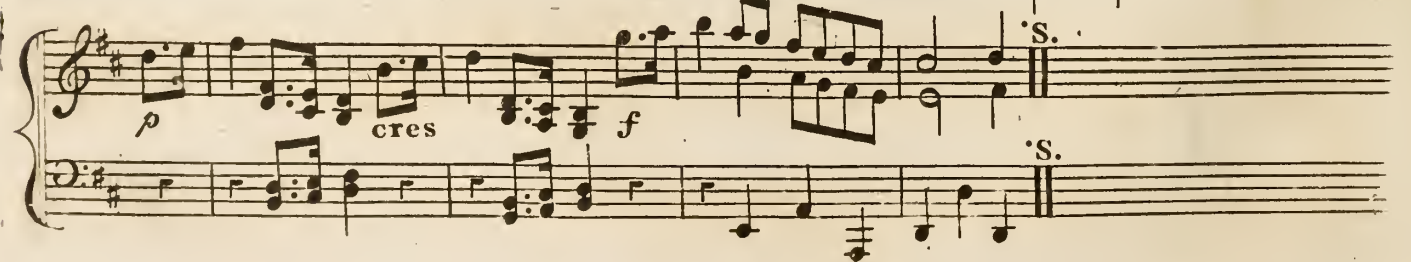
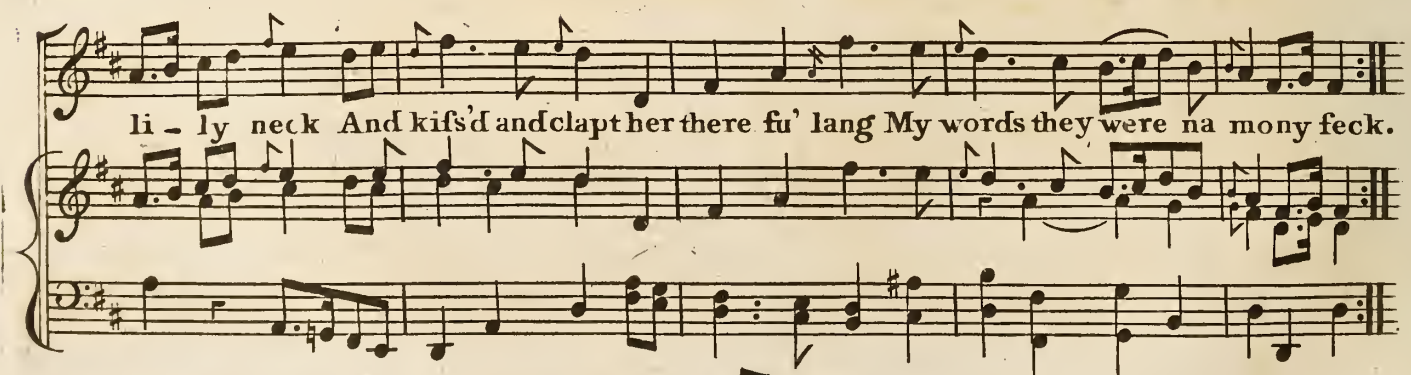
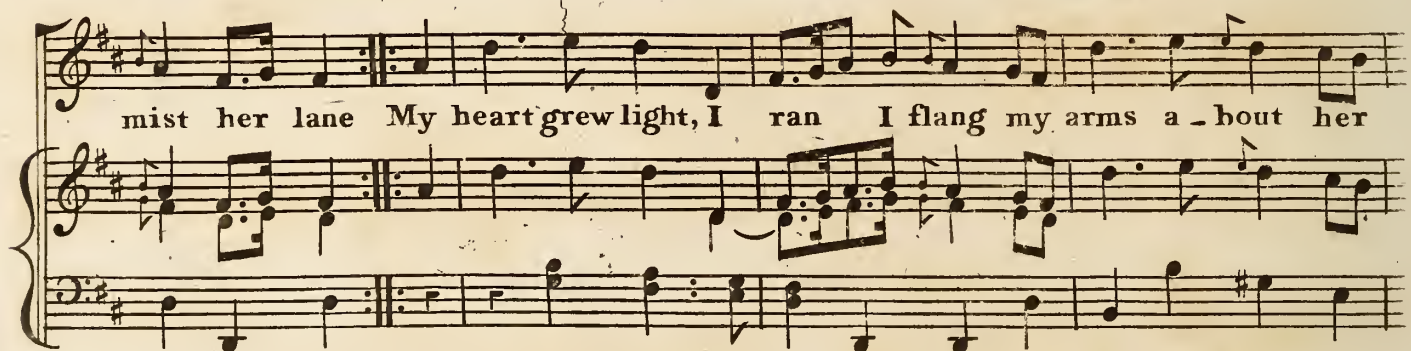
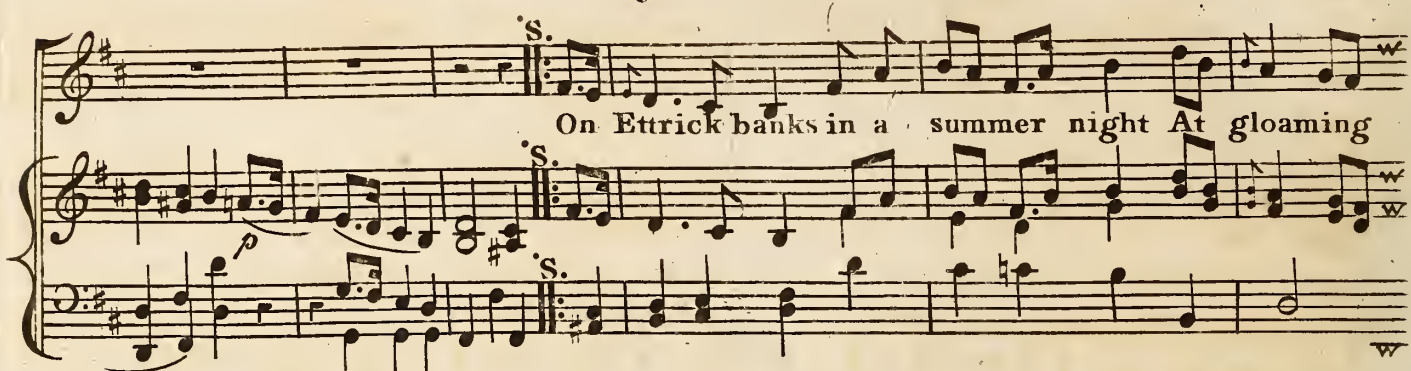
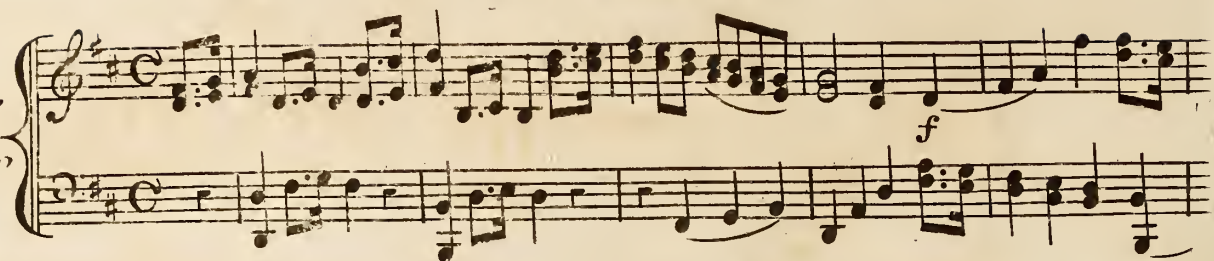
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On Ettrick banks &c.

*Andante
espressivo*



ON ETTRICK BANKS, IN A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

AIR—ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night,
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :
 My heart grew light,—I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn ?
 I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonie lass,
 There 's gear to win we never saw !

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaws begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead her to my simmer shield.
 There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

O NANCY, WILT THOU LEAVE THE TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br JOHN RICHARDSON.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou leave the town,
 And go with me where Nature dwells ?
 I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
 Than painter feigns, or poet tells.

In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
 Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast ;
 With lovely roses round thy head,
 At summer eve, shalt thou be drest.

In autumn, when the rustling leaf
 Shall warn us of the parting year,
 I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
 The redbreast's evening song to hear.

And when the winter's dreary night
 Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot ;
 Then, in the treasure of thy mind,
 Shall Nature's charms be all forgot.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—SAW YE MY FATHER.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song ?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowcrets so fair ;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care !

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near ?
No, no ! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover ;
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is JENNY, fair JENNY alone !

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not hope dare a comfort bestow ;
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

THE OLD VERSES.

THE SAME AIR.

' O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
' Or saw ye my true love JOHN ?
" I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
" But I saw your true love JOHN.

" It 's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
" And the bells they ring ding dang ;
" He 's met wi' some delay, that causes him to stay,
" But he will be here ere lang."

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
And JOHNNY'S face it grew red ;
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied,
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up JOHNNY rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd the pin ;
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

' And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
' And is my JOHNNY true ?
" I have nae time to tell, but sae lang 's I like mysel',
" Sae lang sall I like you."

' Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
' And craw when it is day ;
' And your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
' And your wings of the silver grey.'

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon :
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

Where are the joys &c. Air: Saw ye my father.

Andantino

Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danc'd to the Lark's early

song Where is the peace that a - wait - ed my wand'ring At ev'ning the

wild woods a - - mong.

When trees did bud &c. Air; Down the burn Davie

Duet
Andante
grazioso



When trees did bud and fields were green, And
When trees did bud and fields were green, And

broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fifteen, And love laugh'd in her eye
broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fifteen, And love laugh'd in her eye

Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn Davie
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn Davie

Love, and I shall follow thee.
Love, and I shall follow thee.

WHEN TREES DID BUD, AND FIELDS WERE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When MARY was complete fifteen,
 And love laughed in her e'e ;
 Blythe DAVIE's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 " Gang down the burn, DAVIE love,
 " And I shall follow thee."
 Now DAVIE did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And MARY was the boniest lass,—
 Just meet to be a bride ;

Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her e'en were bonie blue ;
 Her looks were like AURORA bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flow'ry dale,
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And love was ay the tale :
 With, ' MARY, when shall we return,
 ' Sic pleasure to renew ?'
 Quoth MARY, " Love, I like the burn,
 " And ay shall follow you."

*** The delicate alteration, in the last stanza of this beautiful song, is by Mr BURNS.

BEHOLD MY LOVE HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair ;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.
 The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings ;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
 In lordly, lighted ha' ;
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe in the birken shaw.
 The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo :
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true ?
 These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine :
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 'tis na love like mine.

 THE WEARY PUND, &c.

AIR—THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As good as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she could make o' that
 Was ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Ayont the ingle low,
 And ay she took the tither sook,
 To drook the stoury tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 " For shame !" said I, " you dirty dame,
 " Gae spin your tap o' tow"—
 She took the roek, and wi' a knock
 She brake it o'er my pow !

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 At length her feet,—I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the know ;
 And ere I wed anither jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

 WHEN CHLOE TRIED HER VIRGIN FIRES.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN CHLOE tried her virgin fires,
 And first her shafts let fly ;
 She fill'd my breast with vague desires—
 I thought it was her *eye*.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
 Which Gods might wish to sip ;
 When all was harmony and truth—
 I thought it was her *lip*.

But when she danc'd ! such air, such grace,
 What mortal could escape ?
 I look'd no longer on her face,—
 I swore it was her *shape*.

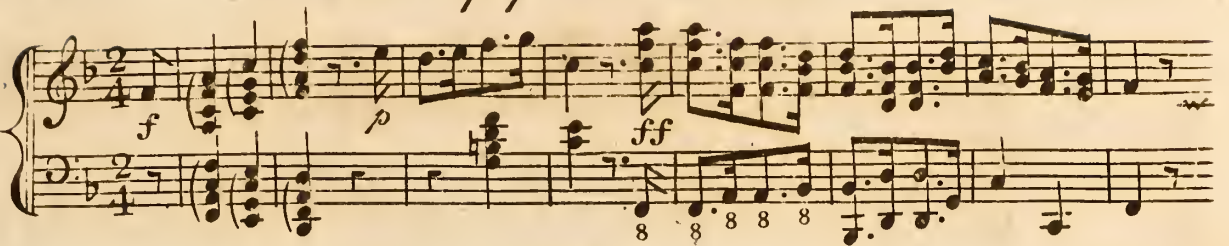
When seen by chance, her breast bespoke
 The purity within ;
 Her snowy arm, her iv'ry neck—
 Twas then her lovely *skin*.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
 My bosom did enthral ;—
 'Twas *sense* I found the happy grace
 That gave a charm to all.

The weary pund o' tow.

104

*Andantino
piu tosto
Allegretto*



S.
The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow I thought my wife would end her

S.
life, Before she span her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, as good as e'er did grow And

Chorus
a' that she has made o' that, is ae poor pund o' tow The weary pund, the weary pund, The

The weary pund, the weary pund, The

weary pund o' tow, I thought my wife would end her life before she span her tow.

weary pund o' tow, I thought my wife would end her life before she span her tow.

S.
S.

f p f

Twas at the fearful midnight hour: Sir Margret's ghost

*Larghetto
espressivo*

Vio. Vio. Vio. Vio. Vio. Vio.

'Twas at the fearful midnight

hour, When all were fast asleep In glided Margret's grimly ghost And stood at William's

feet Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud And clay cold was her

li - ly hand, That held her sa - - ble shroud.

'T WAS AT THE SOLEMN, SILENT HOUR.

WRITTEN

Br MALLET.

THE AIR COMPOSED BY THE LATE STEPHEN CLARKE, ORGANIST, EDINBURGH.

'T WAS at the solemn, silent hour,
 When all were fast a-sleep,
 In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud ;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown—
 Such is the robe that kings must wear
 When death hath reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime ;
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
 She died before her time.

" Awake !" she cried, " thy true love calls,
 " Come from her midnight grave ;
 " Now let thy pity hear the maid
 " Thy love refus'd to save !

" This is the dark and dreary hour
 " When injur'd ghosts complain,
 " When yawning graves give up their dead,
 " To haunt the faithless swain.

" Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
 " Thy pledge and broken oath ;
 " And give me back my maiden vow,
 " And give me back my troth !

" How could you say my face was fair,
 " And yet that face forsake ?
 " How could you win my virgin heart,
 " Yet leave that heart to break ?

" Why did you promise love to me,
 " And not that promise keep ?
 " Why said you that my eyes were bright,
 " Yet left these eyes to weep ?

" How could you swear my lip was sweet,
 " And made the scarlet pale ?
 " And why did I, young, witless maid !
 " Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

" That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
 " Those lips no longer red ;
 " Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 " And ev'ry charm is fled !

" The hungry worm my sister is ;
 " This winding-sheet I wear ;
 " And cold and weary lasts our night
 " Till that last morn appear !

" But hark !—the cock has warn'd me hence—
 " A long and late adieu !
 " Come see, false man, how low she lies,
 " That died for love of you !"

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd
 With beams of rosy red ;
 Pale WILLIAM quak'd in ev'ry limb,
 Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
 Where MARGARET's body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore :
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.

O WERE I ABLE TO REHEARSE.

WRITTEN

By THE REV. MR SKINNER.

AIR—THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw :
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
A' that kent her could ha'e sworn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Here about, nor far awa'.

I needed neither tar nor keel
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit hornie did as weel
To ken her by among them a'.
Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her,—
Aunce she lay a week and langer
Forth a-neath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd about the barn wa' :
A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist ;
For, silly thing ! she never mist
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked ay at even for her,
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
Or the fumart might devour her,
Gin the beastie stay'd awa'.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserv'd baith girss and corn ;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Here about, nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keeping,—
I canna speak o't without greeting—
A villain came when I was sleeping,
Staw my ewie, horn and a'.
I sought her sair upo' the morn,—
And, down a-neath a buss o' thorn,
I got my ewie's crookit horn ;
But my ewie was awa' !

O gin I had the loon that did it,
I ha'e sworn, as well as said it,
Tho' the parson shou'd forbid it,
I wad gi'e his neck a thraw.
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this sin' ever I was born ;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly ewie ! stown awa' !

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o' 's a' ;
For a' the claiith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa' !

But thus, poor thing ! to lose her life
Aneath a greedy villain's knife !
I'm really fleyt that our guidwife
Will never win aboon't awa'.
O ! a' ye bards be-north Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae us, and fell'd and a' !

MY MARY'S FACE, &c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

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

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye—
Who but owns their magic sway ?
Who but knows they all decay ?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,—
These are all immortal charms !

Owere, Table &c &c. The Ewie wi' the crooked horn 106

Andantino

O were I a-ble to rehearse My Ewie's praise in proper verse Id sound it out as

Chorus

loud and fierce As e-ver Piper's drone could blaw, My Ewie wi' the crooked horn

My Ewie wi' the crooked horn

A' that kend her could haes worn Sic a Ewie ne'er was born Here about nor far a-wa.

A' that kend her could haes worn Sic a Ewie ne'er was born Here about nor far a-wa.

The moon had climb'd Sir Mary's dream?

Violino

Middle

S. The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the

source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her sil-ver light on tow'r and tree. When

Mary laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea When soft and low a

voice was heard Say Ma-ry weep no more for me. *Violino*

S.

S.

S.

The musical score is written for Violino and Middle parts. It begins with a Violino introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'p' (piano). The Middle part follows, also in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'p' and 'f' (forte). The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her sil-ver light on tow'r and tree. When Mary laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea When soft and low a voice was heard Say Ma-ry weep no more for me.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

THE MOON HAD CLIMB'D THE HIGHEST HILL.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER LOWE.

AIR—MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree.
When MARY laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on SANDY far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice was heard
Say, " MARY, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be—
She saw young SANDY shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale, and hollow eye ;
" O MARY dear, cold is my clay,
" It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
" Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death ;
" So, MARY, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days
" We toss'd upon the raging main ;
" And long we strove our bark to save,—
" But all our striving was in vain.
" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
" The storm is past, and I at rest,
" So, MARY, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,—
" We soon shall meet upon that shore,
" Where love is free from doubt and care,
" And thou and I shall part no more !"
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of SANDY could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
" Sweet MARY weep no more for me !"

'T WAS EVEN,—OR, THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

'T WAS even,—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung ;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along !
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
The lily's hue, and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle *.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :

But woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain !
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine :
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

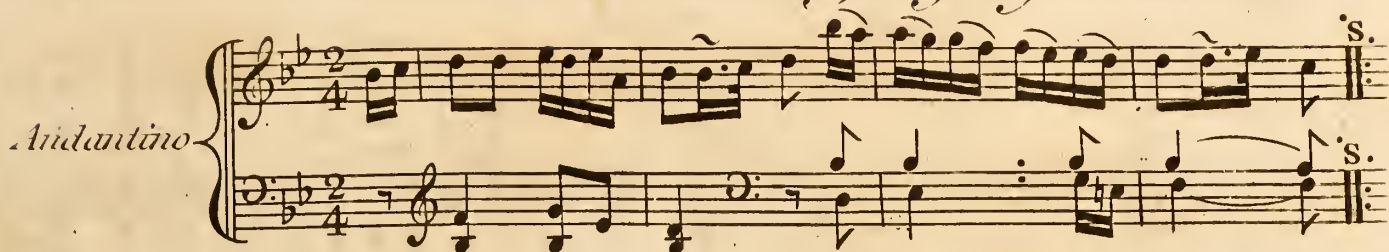
* *Variation.*

Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

'Twas ev'n &c. Sir John's grey breck

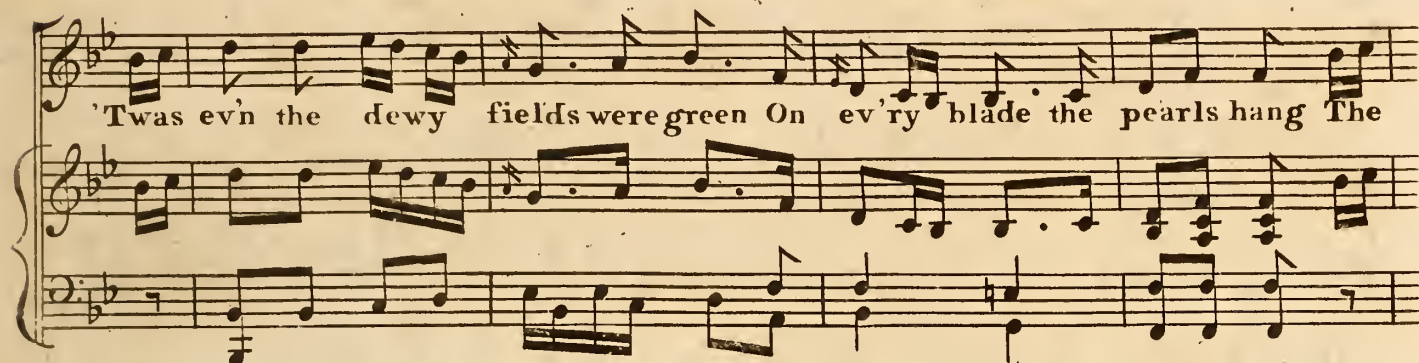
108

Andantino

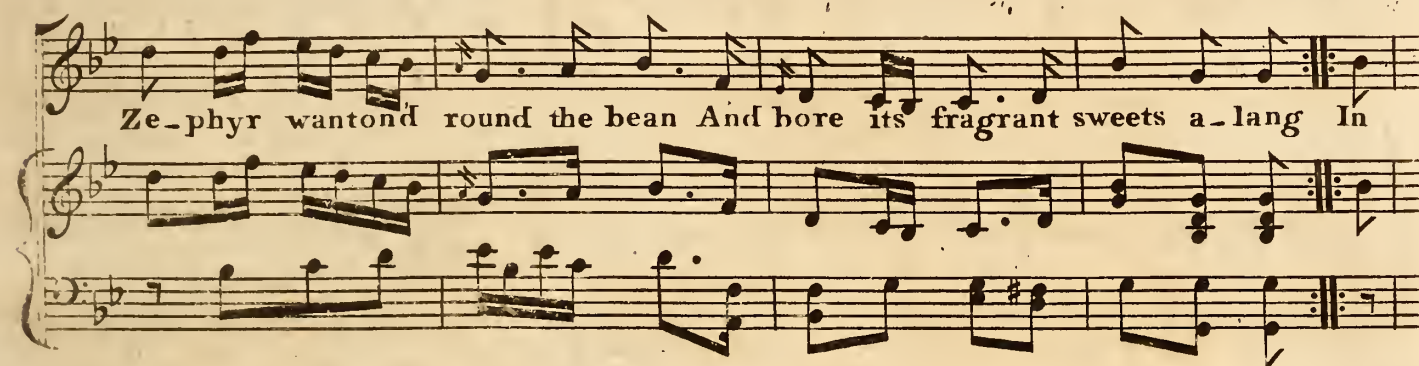


s.

'Twas ev'n the dewy fields were green On ev'ry blade the pearls hang The



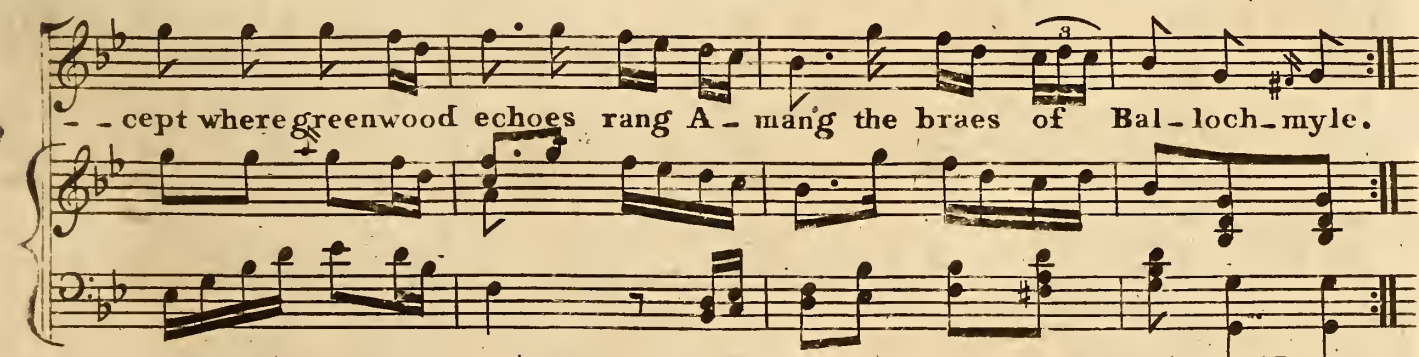
Ze-phyr wantond round the bean And bore its fragrant sweets a-lang In



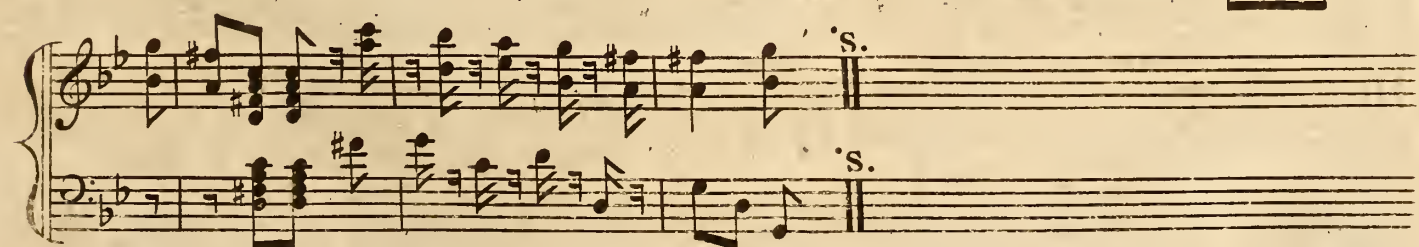
ev'-ry glen the ma-vis sang All nature list'ning seem'd the while Ex-



-cept where greenwood echoes rang A-mang the braes of Bal-loch-myle.



s.

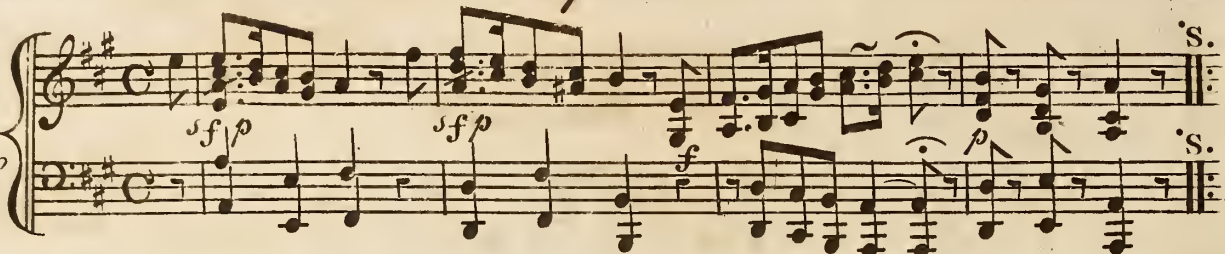


s.

With broken &c. &c. Wo's my heart that we sh^d sunder

109

Duet
Andante
espressivo



With broken words and down-cast eyes Poor Colin spoke his passion tender And parting

With broken words and down-cast eyes Poor Colin spoke his passion tender And parting

with his Lu-cy cries Ah! wo's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

with his Lu-cy cries Ah! wo's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

snow, But kindle with thine eyes like tinder; From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

snow, But kindle with thine eyes like tinder; From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

heart that we should sunder.

heart that we should sunder.

WITH BROKEN WORDS, AND DOWN-CAST EYES.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his LUCY *, cries,
 " Ah ! woe's my heart that we should sunder.
 " To others I am cold as snow,
 " But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 " From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,—
 " It breaks my heart that we should sunder.
 " Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 " No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 " Nor time nor place shall ever change
 " My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

" The image of thy graceful air,
 " And beauties which invite our wonder,
 " Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 " Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.
 " Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,—
 " You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder:
 " Then seal a promise with a kiss,—
 " Always to love me tho' we sunder.
 " Ye Gods ! take care of my dear lass,
 " That as I leave her I may find her:
 " When that blest time shall come to pass,
 " We'll meet again, and never sunder."

SPEAK ON—SPEAK THUS, AND STILL MY GRIEF.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

SPEAK on—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 Those fears that soon will want relief,
 When PATE must from his PEGGY sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alack, poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy PEGGY's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his PEGGY's praises tell;
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the knowe with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty !
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other !

* In the Author's edition of the Song, the name is GRISY, which the Editor has taken the liberty of changing into one that sounds more agreeably.

SAW YE JOHNY COMING, QUO' SHE.

AIR—FEE HIM, FATHER.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>' SAW ye JOHNY coming,' quo' she,
 ' Saw ye JOHNY coming,
 ' Saw ye JOHNY coming,' quo' she,
 ' Saw ye JOHNY coming:
 ' Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 ' And his dogie running ;
 ' Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 ' And his dogie running,' quo' she,
 ' And his dogie running ?

 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 ' Fee him, father, fee him ;
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 ' Fee him, father, fee him ;
 ' For he is a gallant lad, and a well-doing,
 ' And a' the wark about the town
 ' Gaes wi' me when I see him,' quo' she,
 ' Gaes wi' me when I see him.'</p> | <p>" O what will I do wi' him," quoth he,
 " What will I do wi' him ?
 " He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
 " And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."
 ' I ha'e twa coats into my kist,
 ' And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;
 ' And for a merk of mair fee,
 ' Dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she,
 ' Dinna stand wi' him.

 ' For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
 ' Weel do I lo'e him ;
 ' For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
 ' Weel do I lo'e him :
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 ' Fee him, father, fee him ;
 ' He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 ' And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,
 ' And crack wi' me at e'en.'</p> |
|--|---|

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

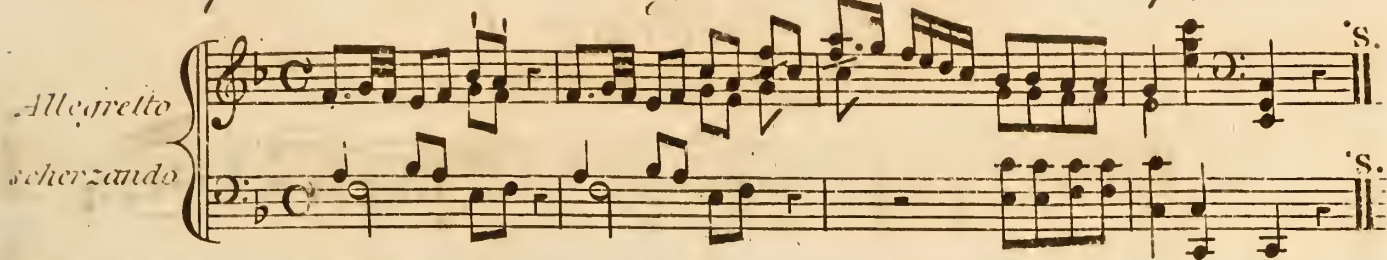
THE SAME AIR, A LITTLE SLOWER.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>THOU hast left me ever, JAMIE,
 Thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, JAMIE,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Often hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—
 I must see thee never, JAMIE,
 I will see thee never !</p> | <p>Thou hast me forsaken, JAMIE,
 Thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou hast me forsaken, JAMIE,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love another maid,
 While my heart is breaking ;
 Soon my weary eyes I'll close,
 Never more to waken, JAMIE,
 Never more to waken.</p> |
|---|--|

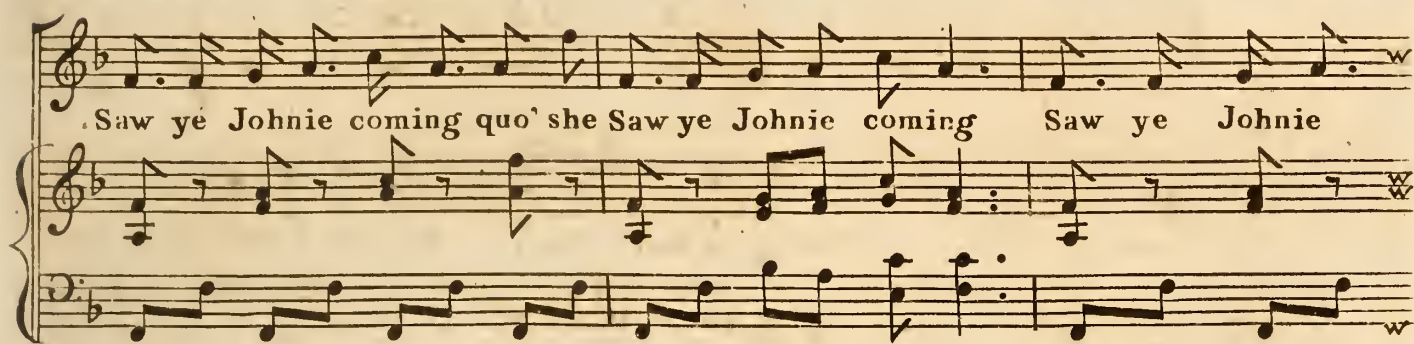
These Verses, with a very slight variation, are given to another Air in this Work.

Saw ye Johnie coming &c. Air; Fee him father 110

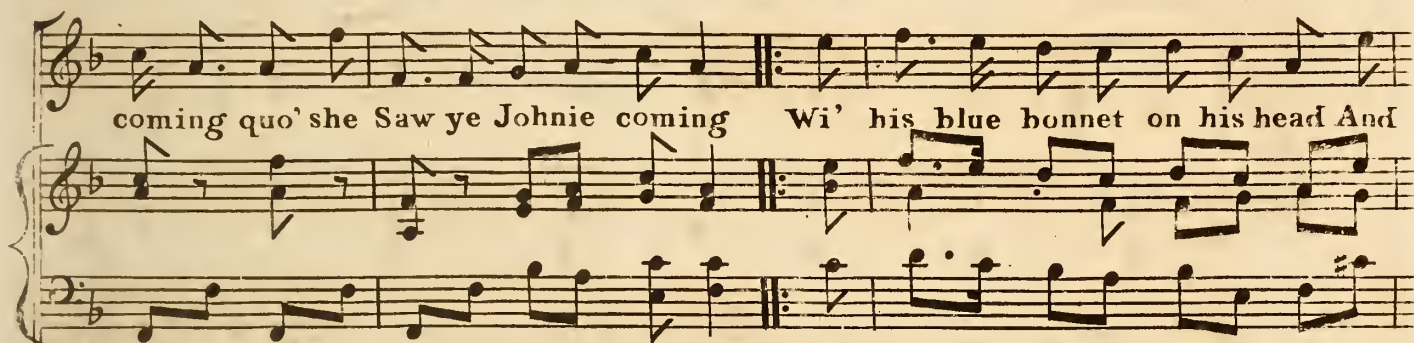
Allegretto
scherzando



Saw ye Johnie coming quo' she Saw ye Johnie coming Saw ye Johnie



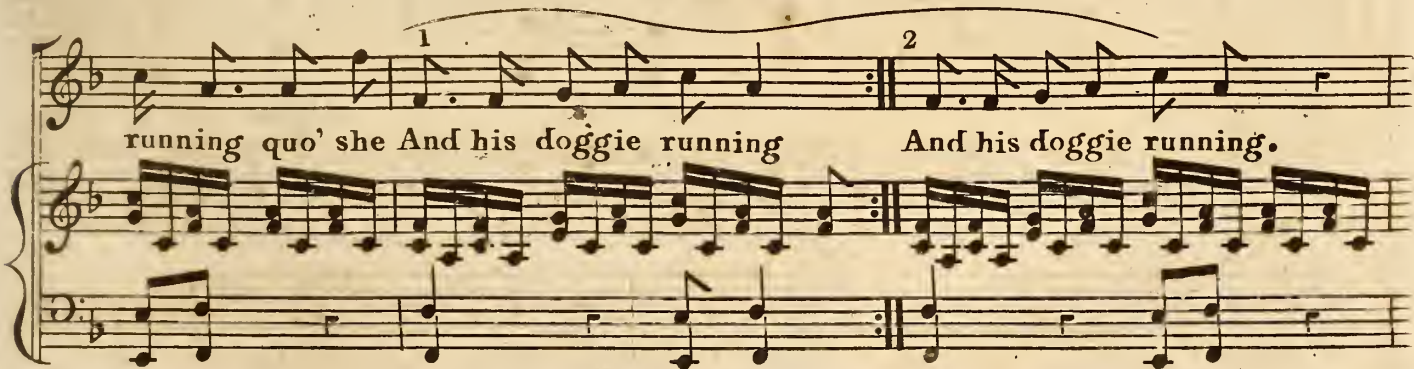
coming quo' she Saw ye Johnie coming Wi' his blue bonnet on his head And



Wi' his doggie running Wi' his blue bonnet on his head And his doggie



running quo' she And his doggie running And his doggie running.



S.
S.



By waking O!

Duet
Andante
espressivo

Vio. Vio. s. s.

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get For

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get For

thinking of my dearie O this Love this Love! Life to me how dreary

thinking of my dearie O this Love this Love! Life to me how dreary

Adagio

When I fleep I dream O when I wake Im eerie. O this Love this Love!

When I fleep I dream O when I wake Im eerie. O this Love this Love!

AY WAKING, O!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

By BURNS.

(THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.)

AY waking, O!
 Waking ay and wearie,
 Rest I canna get
 For thinking on my dearie.
O this love, this love!
 Life to me how dreary!
 When I sleep I dream;
 O! when I wake I'm eerie.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.
 Can I cease to care,
 Can I cease to languish,
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish?
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.
 Ev'ry hope is fled,
 Ev'ry fear is terror;
 Slumber ev'n I dread,
 Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.
 Hear me, Powers divine!
 Oh, in pity hear me!
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my CHLORIS spare me!
 Spare, O spare my Love! *

* The line in the first stanza, "Life to me how dreary!" and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for the sake of the Music.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
 In all its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

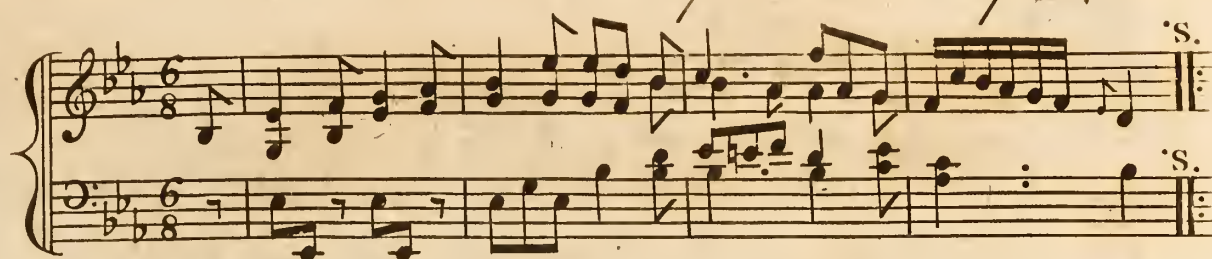
Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,—
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

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

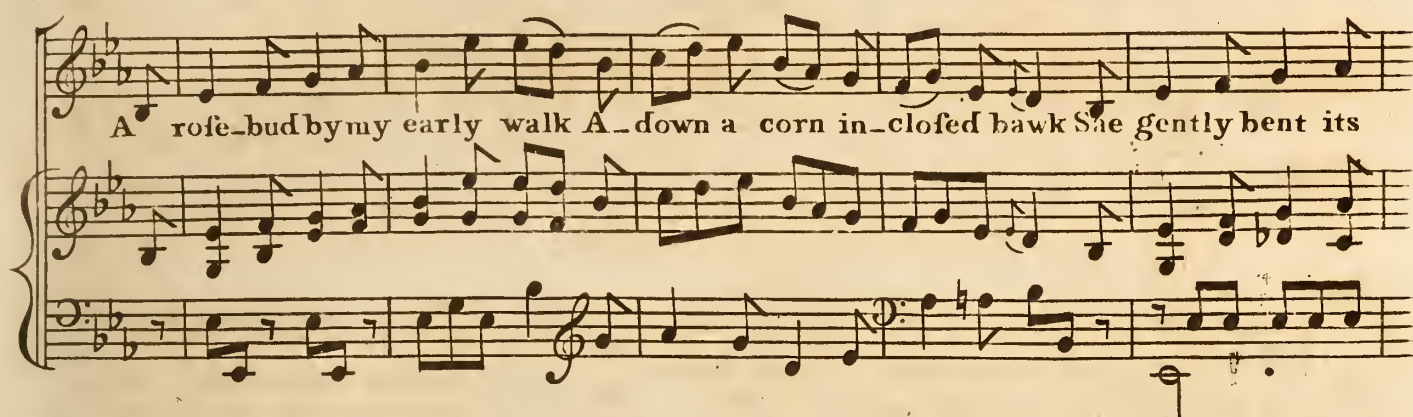
* This song was written in 1787. Miss JEANY C*****K, Daughter of a Friend of the Bard, is the Heroine.

Rosebud &c. Air, The shepherd's wife. 112

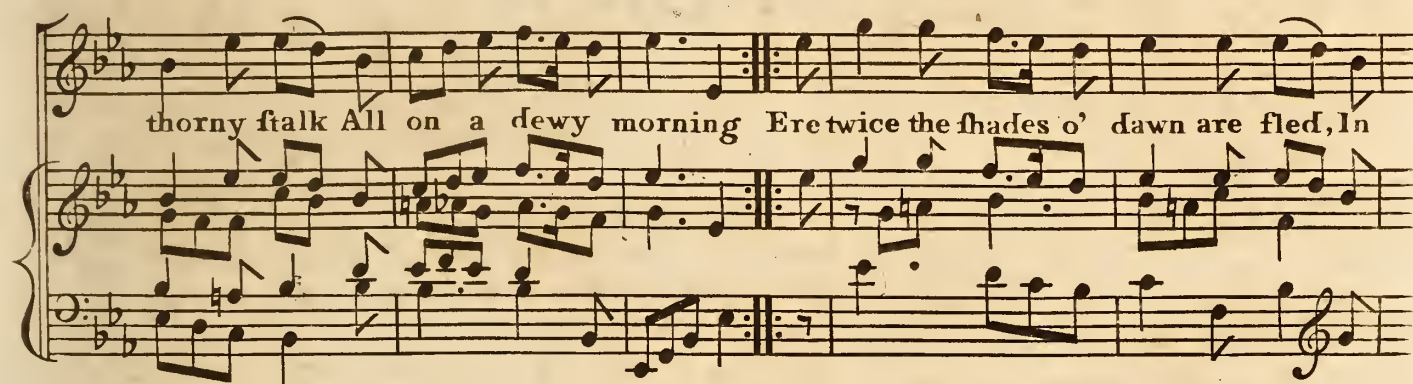
Allegretto



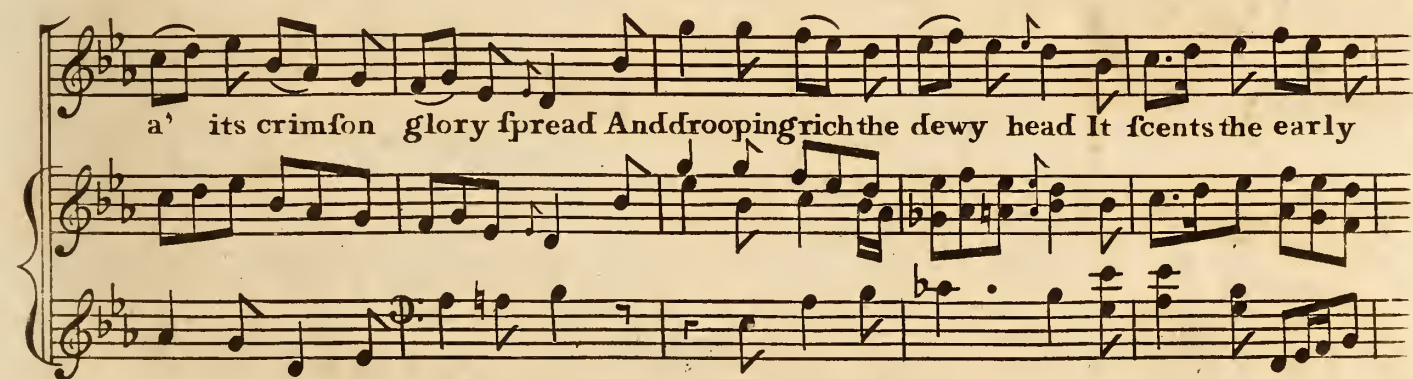
s.



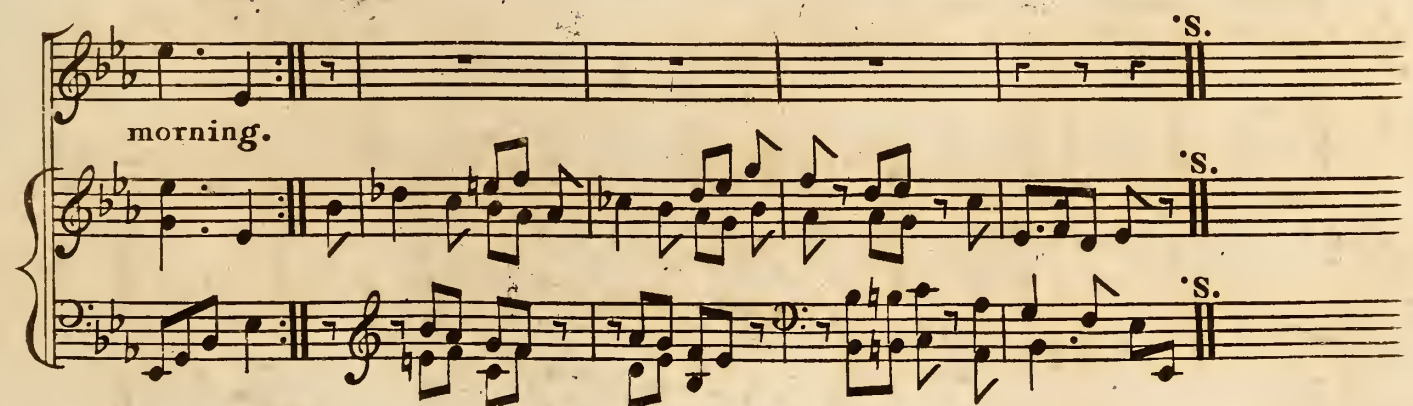
A rose-bud by my early walk A-down a corn in-closed hawk Sae gently bent its



thorny stalk All on a dewy morning Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In



a' its crimson glory spread And drooping rich the dewy head It scents the early



morning.

s.

113 For you ye Fair: Sic. li; The looking glass

Un-poco

Vivace

For you ye Fair the o-live spreads For you the myr-tles

blossom The low re-tiring vio-let sheds its fragrance in your bo--som

CHORUS

While in your native sphere you move And seek no high-er sta-tion 'Tis

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule cre-a-tion.

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule cre-a-tion.

FOR YOU, YE FAIR, THE OLIVE SPREADS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT,

LAGGAN.

AIR—THE LOOKING-GLASS.

For you, ye fair, the olive spreads,
 For you the myrtles blossom;
 The low, retiring violet sheds
 Its fragrance in your bosom.
 While in your native sphere you move,
 And seek no higher station,
 'Tis your's to lead in bands of love
 The lords that rule creation.

But when let loose from modern schools,
 In this blest age of reason,
 The fair one laughs at antique rules,
 And thinks them out of season.
 She boldly hopes with lordly man
 To share supreme dominion;
 Forgetful, while she forms her plan,
 It lives but in opinion.

At first, with graces, airs, and smiles,
 Each artless heart enchanting;
 She soon forgets these common wiles,
 For greater conquests panting.
 On sportive wit and native charms
 No longer has reliance,
 But wrests from man his boasted arms,—
 Philosophy and science!

While, dumb with wonder and affright,
 She vainly thinks him dying,—
 The lover, like a recreant knight,
 His safety seeks by flying!
 Tho' lofty flights a-while may please,
 When novel and uncommon;
 'Tis modest worth, and graceful ease,
 That charm in lovely woman.

THOU LING'RING STAR, WITH LESS'NING RAY.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

THE AIR BY MISS LUCY JOHNSTON, AFTERWARDS MRS OSWALD OF AUCHENCRAIVE.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My MARY from my soul was torn.
O MARY! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

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

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

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

AH! WHERE IS NOW MY SOUL'S DELIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

AH! where is now my soul's delight?
In yonder grave my LUCY lies!
The lip of fragrance smiles no more!
She hears no more her lover's sighs!
When winter spreads his freezing cold,
And storms the world with horror sweep,
I'll warm the sacred turf with tears,
Where LUCY's clay-cold beauties sleep!

How oft the scene where LUCY rests,
Has mark'd of health her cheek's pure glow!
The scene where oft her melting heart
Has mourn'd the silent dead below.
Adieu? for ever, ah, adieu!
Whose form these eyes no more shall see!
The drop thy lids no longer hold
Receive, O sweetest shade! from me.

Thou lingring star &c. - Tir, Highland, Mary

Andante

espressivo

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G minor, 6/8 time, marked 'Andante' and 'espressivo'. The introduction features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the first system with the lyrics 'Thou lingring star with lefsning ray that lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn, A -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system of the vocal part continues with '- gain thou usher'st in the day My Ma - ry from my soul was torn O'. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The third system of the vocal part begins with 'Ma - ry dear de - parted shade Where is thy place of blifs-ful rest Seest'. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures. The fourth system of the vocal part continues with 'thou thy Lo - ver low - ly laid Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.'. The piano part maintains its accompaniment. The score concludes with a final piano section marked 'f' (forte) and 's.' (sotto voce), featuring a more active piano melody and a sustained bass line.

Thou lingring star with lefsning ray that lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn, A -

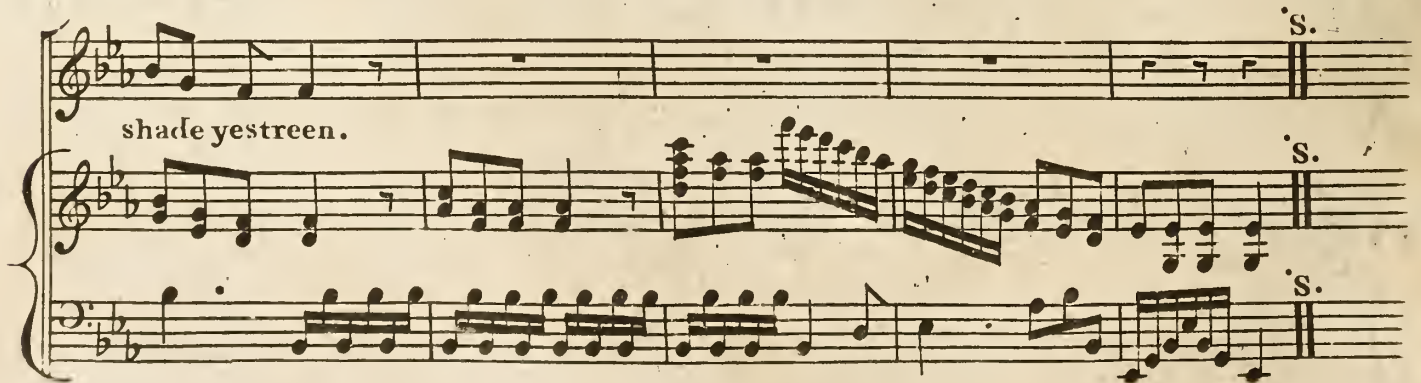
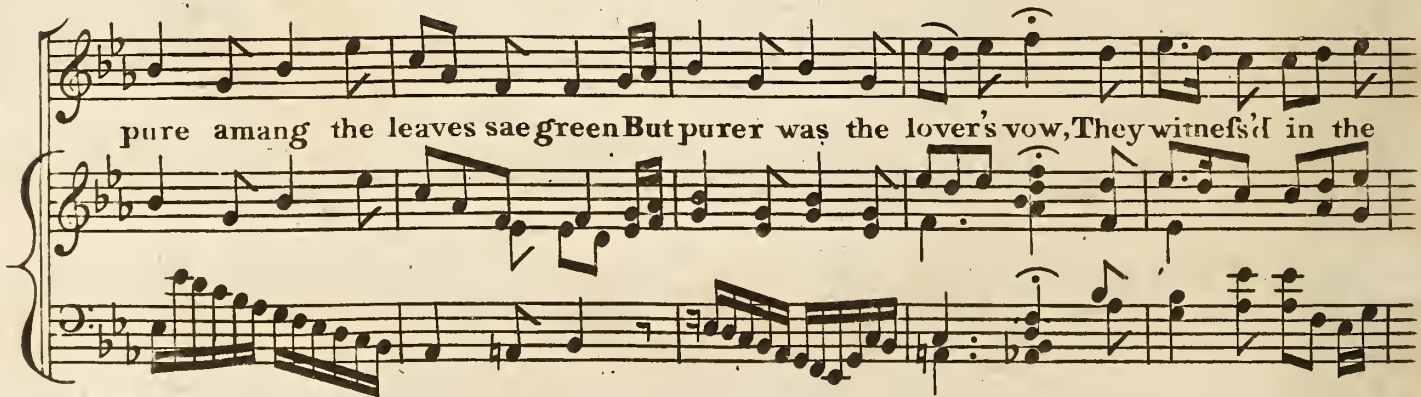
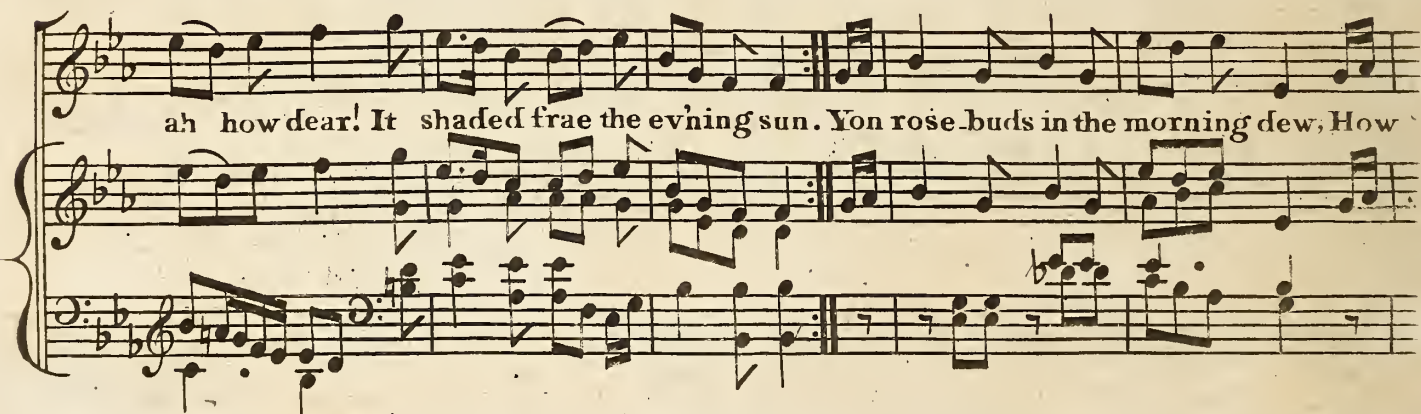
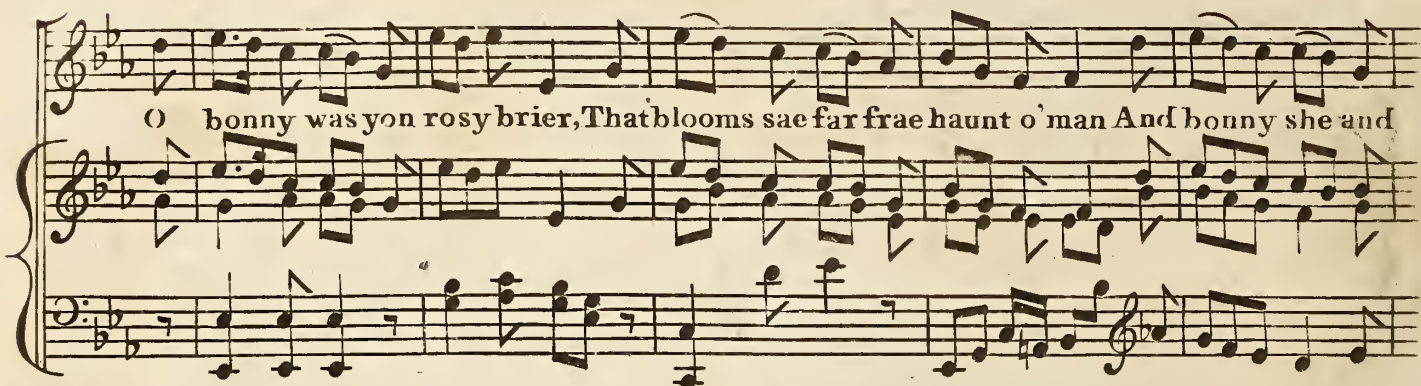
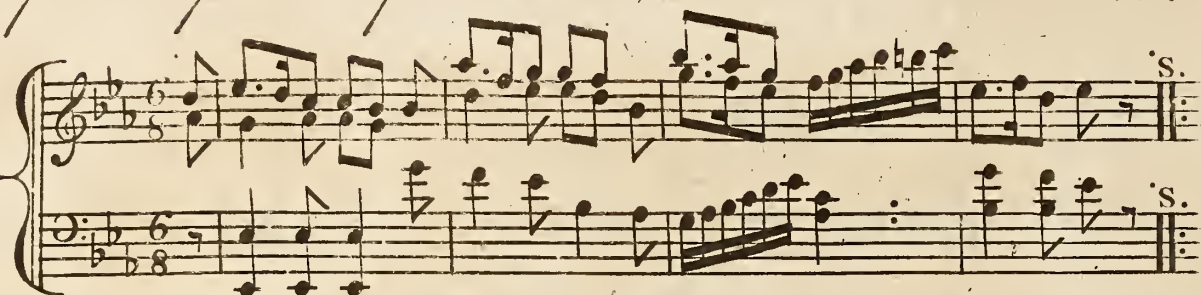
- gain thou usher'st in the day My Ma - ry from my soul was torn O

Ma - ry dear de - parted shade Where is thy place of blifs-ful rest Seest

thou thy Lo - ver low - ly laid Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.

O bonny was yon rosy brier, fir, The wee wee man.

Allegretto



O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE WEE, WEE MAN.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.
 Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
 How pure, amang the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

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

WAPT ME SOME SOFT AND COOLING BREEZE.

WRITTEN

Br LORD LANSDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

WAPT me some soft and cooling breeze
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat,
 Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees
 Repel the raging dog-star's heat.
 Where tufted grass, and mossy beds
 Afford a rural calm repose ;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.
 Where wealthy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays ;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays.
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with smiling plenty swell ;
 Where'er his purer stream is seen
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
 With naked arm once more divide ;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.
 Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade,
 Where water lilies paint the ground,
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.
 Let chaste CLARINDA, too, be there,
 With azure mantle lightly drest ;
 Ye nymphs bind up her silken hair !
 Ye zephyrs fan her panting breast !
 O haste away, fair maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly friend to love,
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

O LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU GLIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—LOGAN WATER.

○ LOGAN ! sweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my WILLIE's bride ;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and vallies gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs :
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy :
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While WILLIE 's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :—
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While WILLIE 's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart to mourn,
Sae may it on you heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry !
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And WILLIE hame to Logan braes !

ANONYMOUS VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, wae 's my heart ! these days are gane,
And I wi' grief now herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
Weel may I sing,—these days are gane !
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

THOMSON'S VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

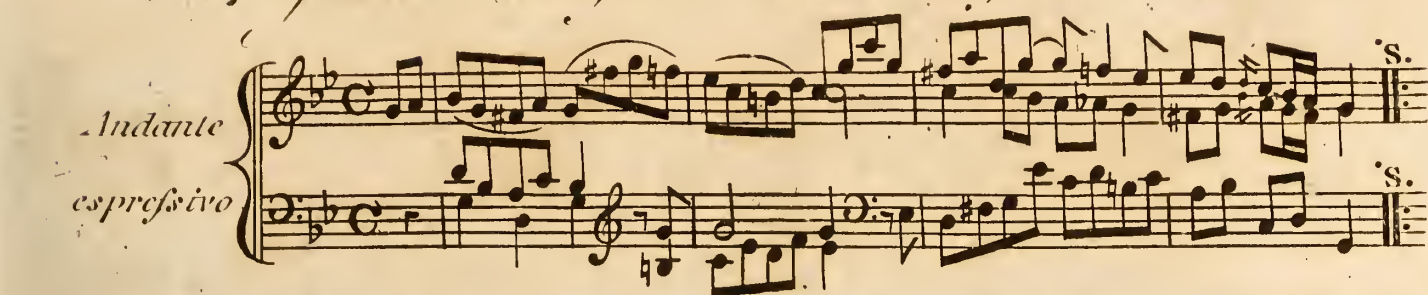
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love ;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part ;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away,
'Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone ?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune ! hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care,—
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine ?

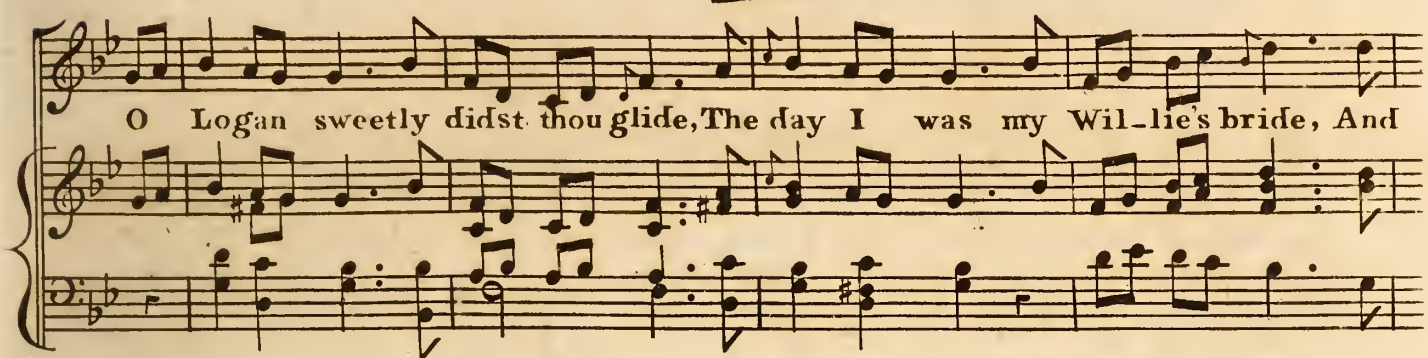
O Logan sweetly &c. — Air; Logan water — 116

Andante

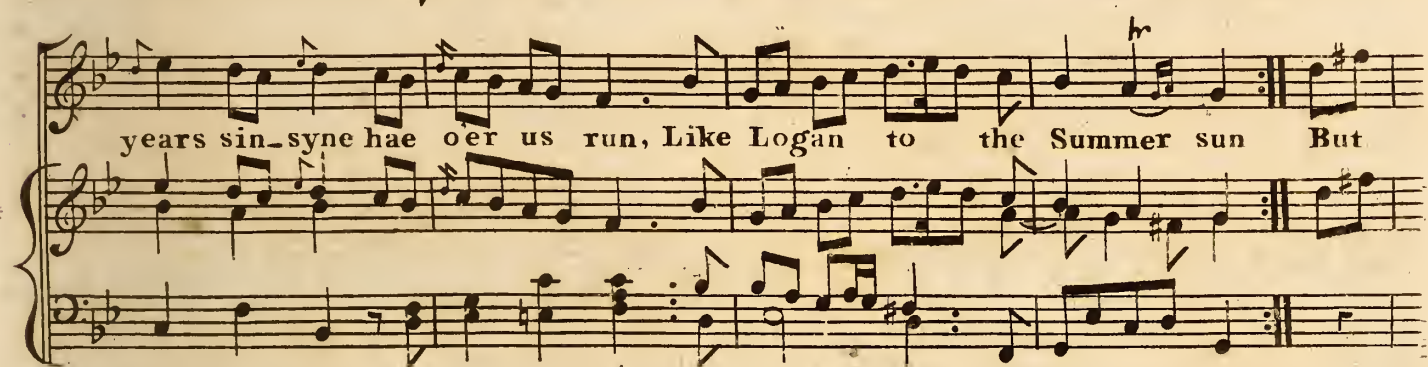
espressivo



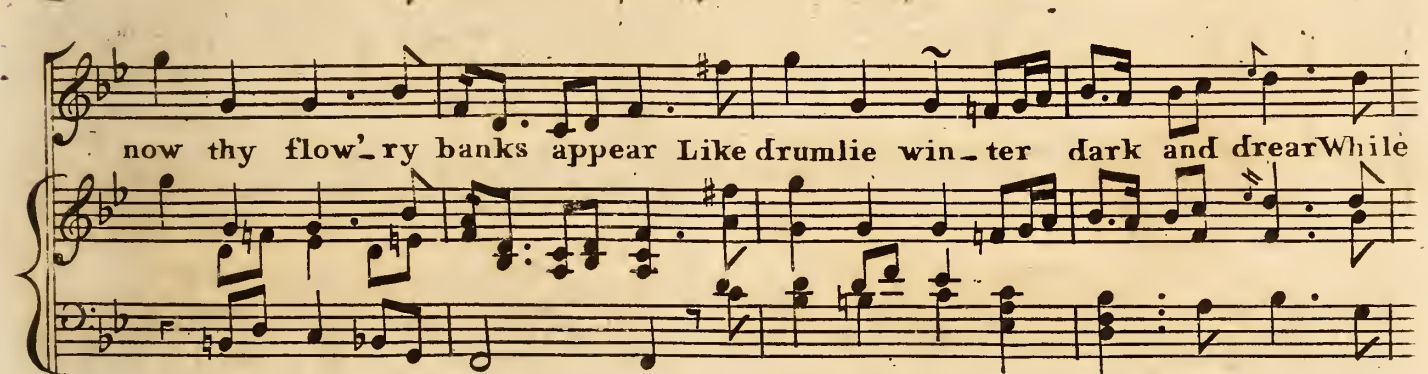
O Logan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Wil-lie's bride, And



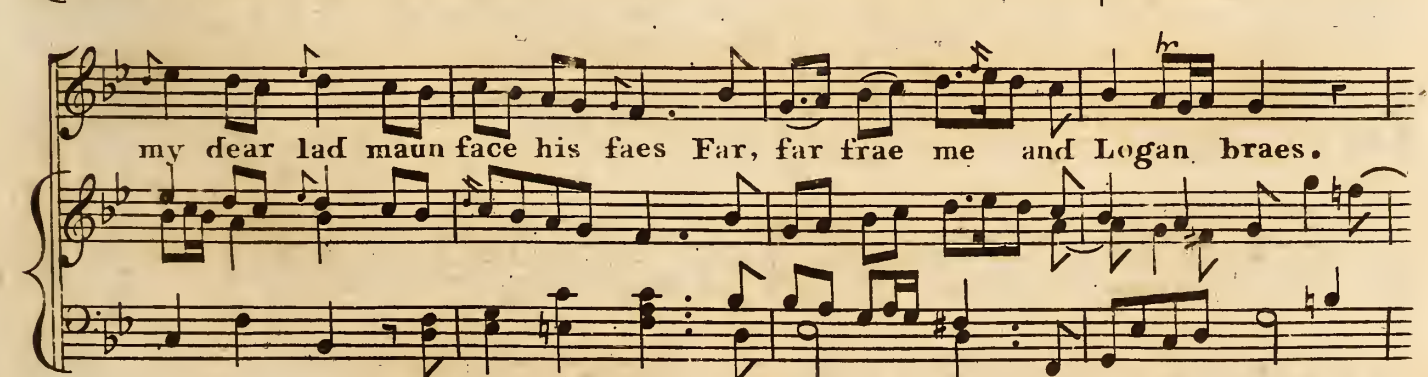
years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Logan to the Summer sun But



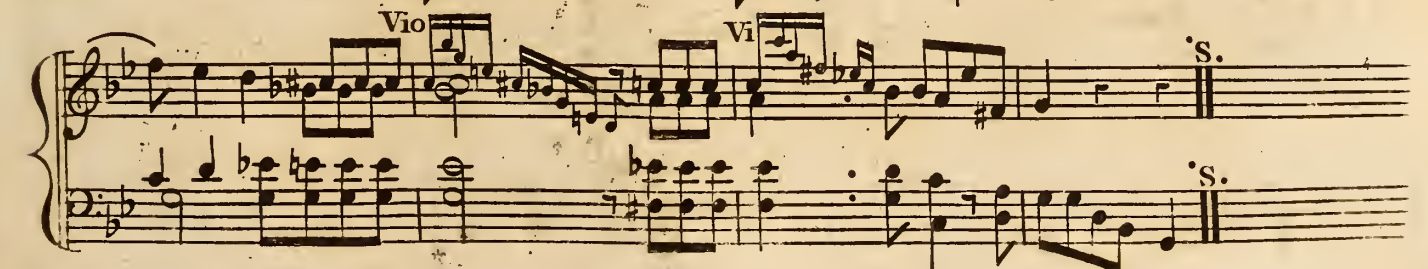
now thy flow'ry banks appear Like drumlie win-ter dark and drear While



my dear lad maun face his faes Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

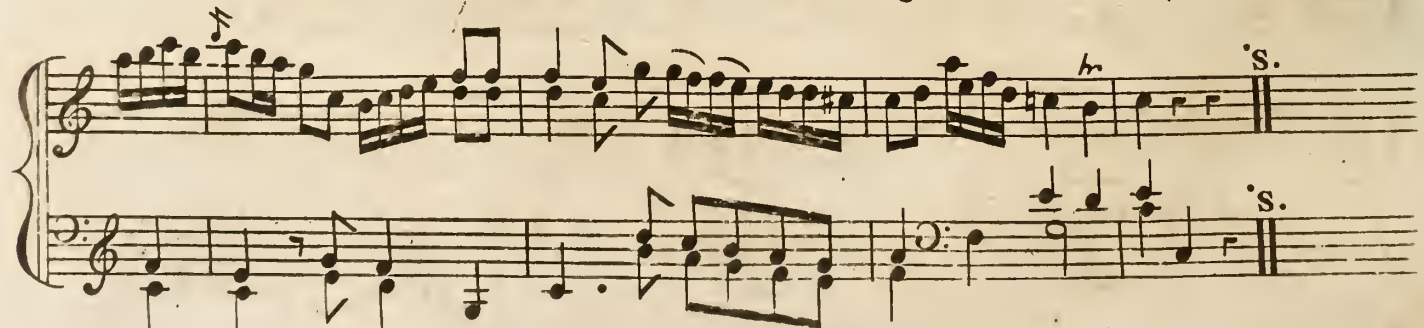
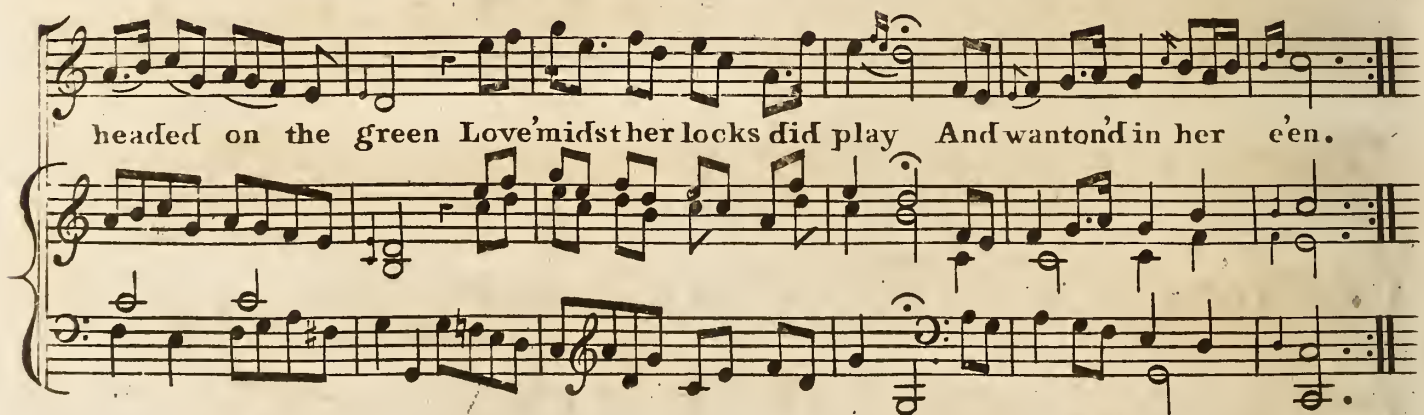
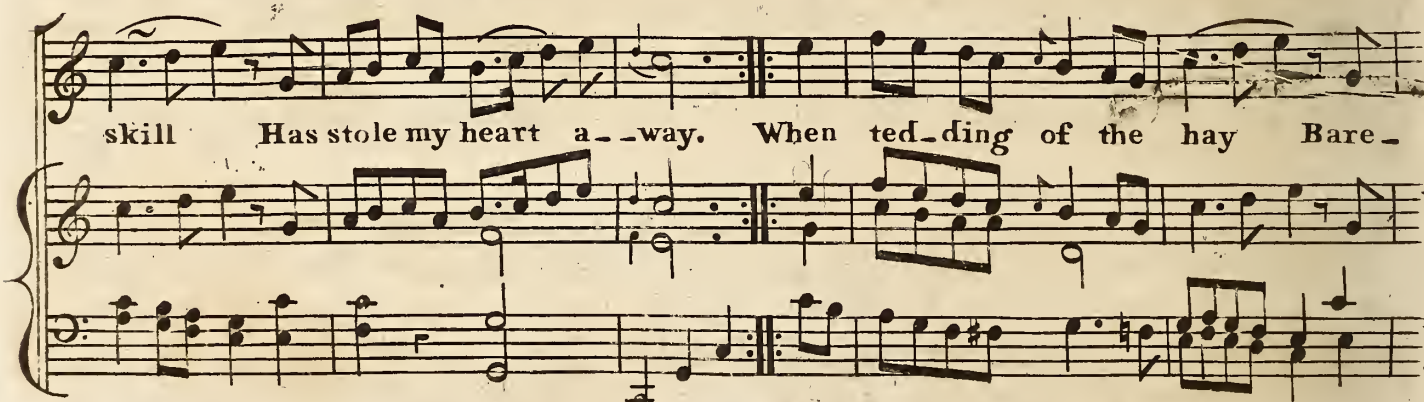
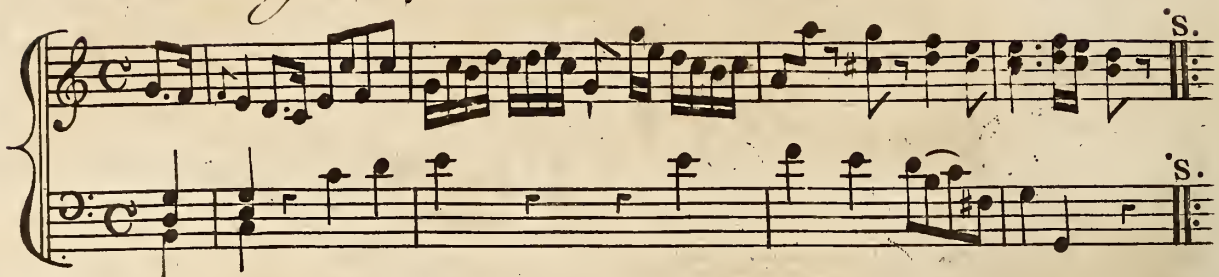


Vio



The lass of Patie's mill.

*Andante
grazioso*



THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of PATIE's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.
 Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 HOPETON's high mountains fill *,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will :
 I'd promise, and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of PATIE's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

* Alluding to the Lead Hills, belonging to the Earl of HOPETON, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh.

WHEN COLIN TOLD HIS TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN COLIN told his tale,
 What damsel could deny ?
 For maids of every vale
 Had wish'd to win his eye.

But when to *me* he came,
 Could MARIAN tell him nay ?
 Ah, no ! I met his flame ;
 'Twas Love's wild holiday.

But bliss soon feels alloy !
 The shepherd falsely vow'd
 Too soon my morn of joy
 Was dimm'd by Sorrow's cloud.

Lo ! COLIN now is gone
 To maids of other groves,
 Whose heart I thought my own ;
 But who *suspects* that *loves* ?

I SIGH AND LAMENT ME IN VAIN.

AIR—QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan;
 Alas! it encreases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone.
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air;
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair!
 Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those!

False woman! in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.
 Ye roofs! where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell!
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 "O MARY, prepare thee to die!"—
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

HARK! HARK! 'TIS A VOICE FROM THE TOMB!

WRITTEN

By MR RICHARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
 'Come, LUCY,' it cries, 'come away;
 'The grave of thy COLIN has room
 'To rest thee beside his cold clay.'
 "I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
 "Ye friends and companions, adieu!
 "I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
 "To lie in his bosom so true!"
 All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose,
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where COLIN's pale ashes repose:
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.
 "How long, my lov'd COLIN," she cried,
 "How long must thy LUCY complain?
 "How long shall the grave my Love hide?
 "How long ere it join us again?"

"For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,—
 "With thee o'er the world would she fly;
 "For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;
 "For thee would she lie down and die!
 "Alas! what avails it how dear
 "Thy LUCY was once to her swain!
 "Her face like the lily so fair,
 "And eyes that gave light to the plain?
 "The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,—
 "That face and those eyes charm no more;
 "And LUCY, forgot and alone,
 "To death shall her COLIN deplore."
 While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echo around,
 Inflamed at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground!
 "I hear the kind call, and obey!
 "Ah, COLIN! receive me," she cried;
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died!

Sigh & lament, &c. Sir; Queen. Mary's lamentation

Affettuoso

I sigh and lament me in vain, These walls can but e - cho my moan; A -

- - las! it increases my pain, When I think of the days that are gone. Thro' the

grate of my prison I see the birds as they wanton in air My heart how it

pants to be free My looks they are wild with des - - pair.

I gaed a wae-fu' Ec. Air; The blathrie c't.

Andante

Violin

I gaed a wae - - fu' gate yes - - treen A gate I

fear I'll dear - - ly rue I got my death frae

twae fweet een Twae love - - ly een of bon - nie blue.

pp *f* *ff*

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE BLATHRIE O'T.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een of bonie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily white,—
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how ;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Came frae her een sae bonie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,—
 She'll, aiblins, listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.*

* *The Heroine of this song was Miss J. of Lochmaben, now Mrs R. in New York, North America.*

I TOLD MY NYMPH, I TOLD HER TRUE.

WRITTEN

Br SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
 While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That JULIA * might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold ;
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
 And is not JULIA then sincere ?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind !
 The friends I lov'd became unkind—
 She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
 And is not JULIA then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My JULIA must not hope for dress ;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
 And JULIA sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
 Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my JULIA's love sincere.

* *FLAVIA in the Author's copy.*

AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

AIR—THE SAME.

AN thou wert mine ain thing,
O I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;
An thou wert mine ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.
Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since naething earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's sake, O favour me,
Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
Sae lang 's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne In saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.

Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead,
My saul should hover round thy head;—
I may be turned a silent shade,
But never cease to love thee!

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
Thy nightly dreams, thy lonely hours,
Thy thoughtful seats in these sweet bow'rs,
Thy ev'ning walks 'mang dewy flow'rs,
I'd watch, and ever love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
And when at last, thou lovely maid!—
A drooping flow'r,—thyself shalt fade,
I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,
And then for ever love thee!

THY FATAL SHAFTS UNERRING MOVE.

WRITTEN

Br SMOLLET.

THE SAME AIR.*

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!
For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul!

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!
Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

* In singing the English Song to the Scottish Air, a quaver must be supplied for the beginning of the first and third lines of each stanza.

An thou wert mine ain thing.

120

Marchetto

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Marchetto' in a treble and bass clef, featuring a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'An thou wert mine ain thing, O I wou'd love thee I wou'd'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines. The score continues with the lyrics 'love thee An thou wert mine ain thing How dearly wou'd I love thee. Of race di_vine thou needs must be Since nae-thing earth-ly e_quals thee For Hea_vens sake O fa_vour me, Wha on-ly live to love thee.' The piece concludes with a final piano flourish and a double bar line. Various musical notations such as 'S.' (solo), 'Vi.' (violin), and 'w' (whole note) are present throughout the score.

An thou wert mine ain thing, O I wou'd love thee I wou'd

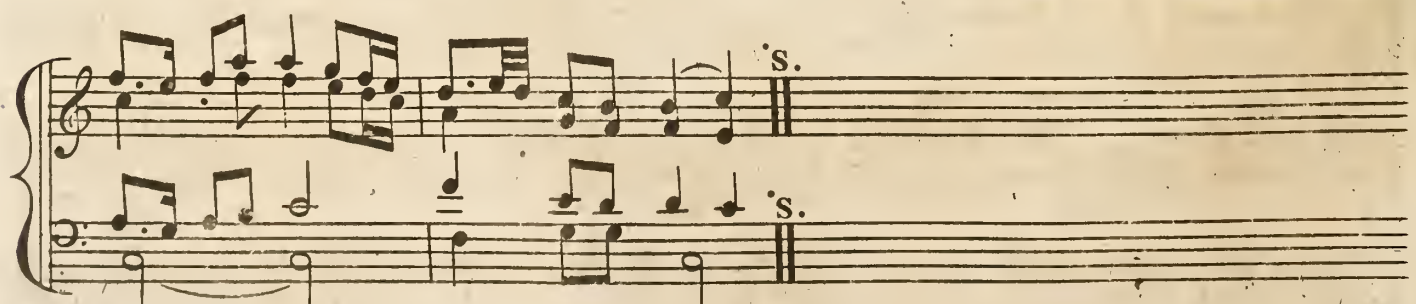
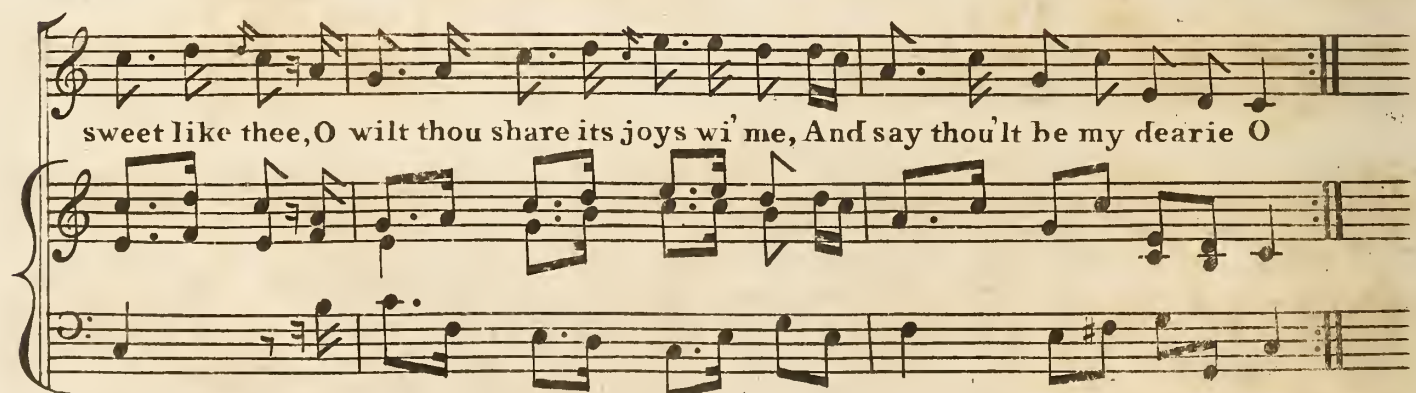
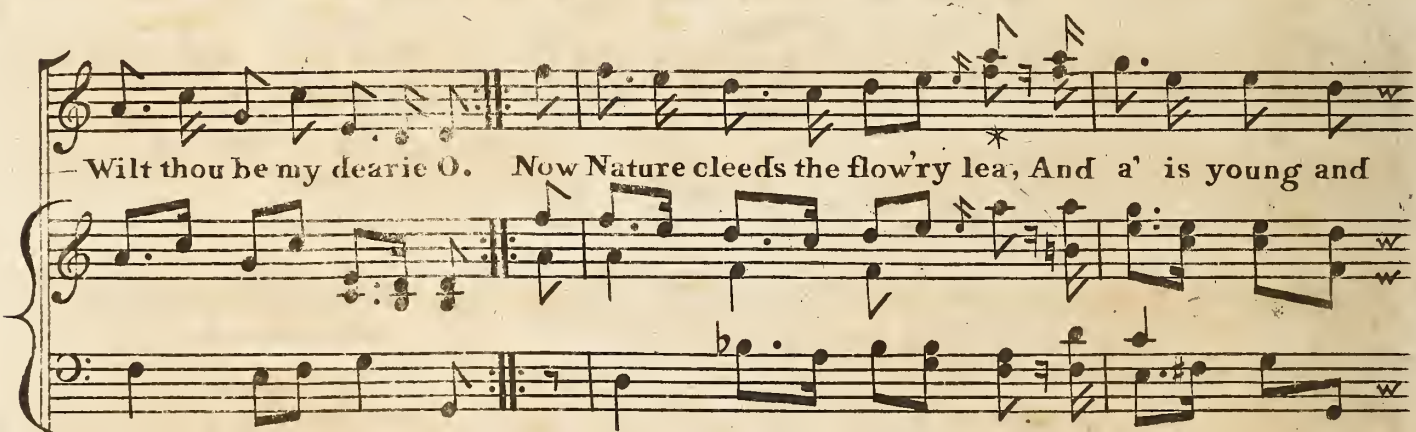
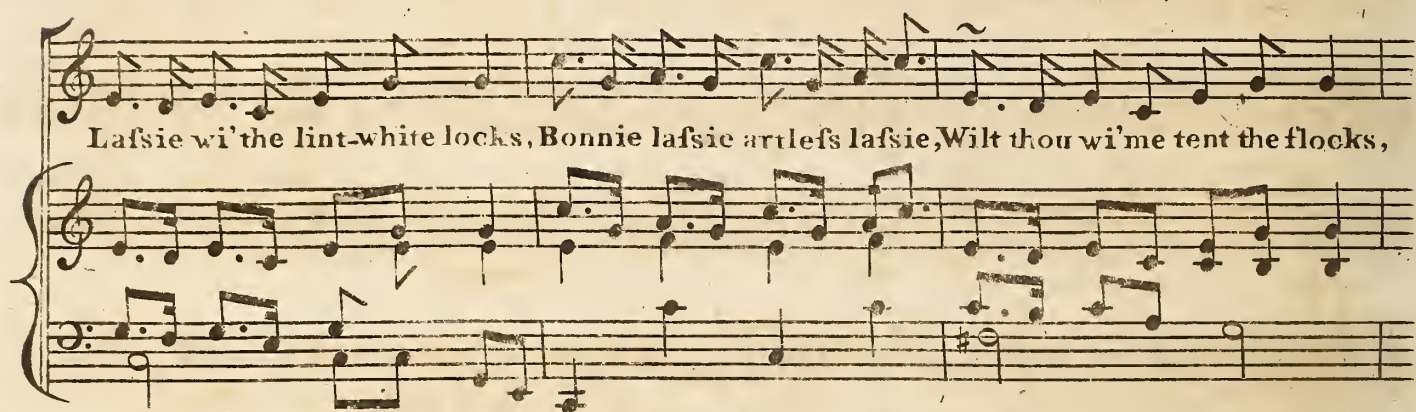
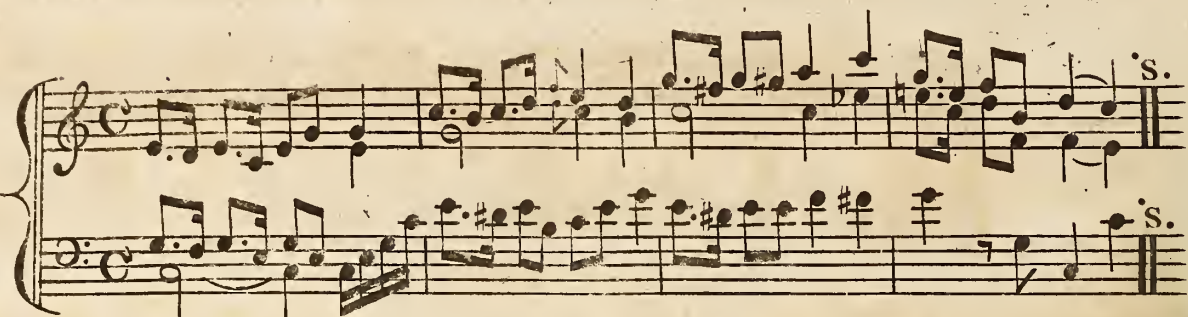
love thee An thou wert mine ain thing How dearly wou'd I love thee. Of

race di_vine thou needs must be Since nae-thing earth-ly e_quals thee For

Hea_vens sake O fa_vour me, Wha on-ly live to love thee.

121
Lafsie wi'the lint white locks. Air, Rellie murcus ran!

Allegretto



* When the Voice cannot reach this A, the F may be substituted.

LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—ROTHIEMURCUS RANT.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
 Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O ?

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
 And when the welcome summer show'r
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
 When CYNTHIA lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
 And when the howling, wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
 Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !
 O did not Love exclaim, " Forbear !
 " Nor use a faithful lover so ?"

Fairest maid on Devon banks !
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do !
 Then come, thou fairest of the fair !
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share !
 And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

Note.—" *Fairest maid on Devon banks,*" it is believed, was the very last production of our much lamented Bard :—
He transmitted it to the Editor about a week only before his death.

LOVE NEVER MORE SHALL GIVE ME PAIN.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—MY DEARY, AN THOU DIE.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy 's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My PEGGY, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me ;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

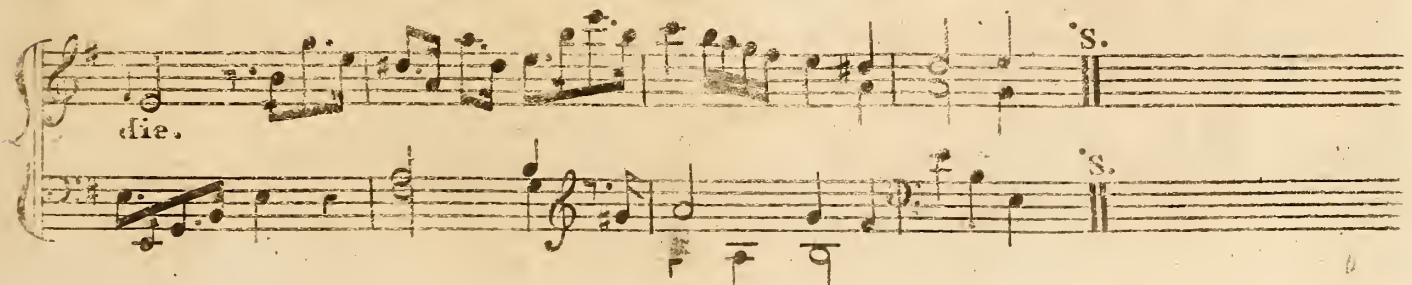
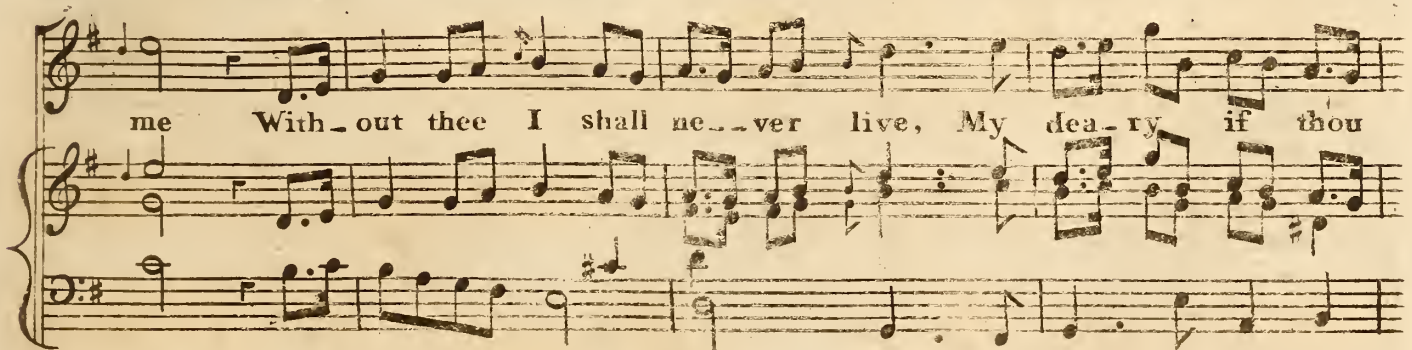
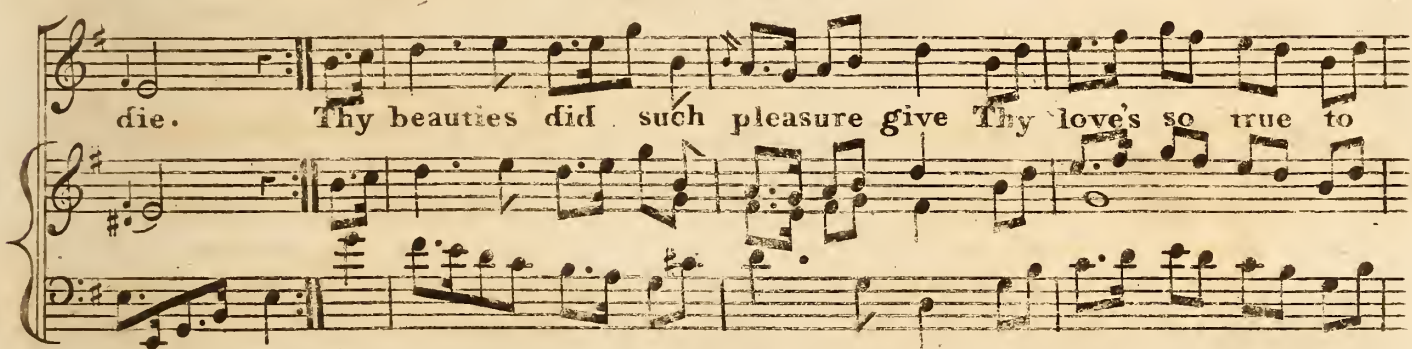
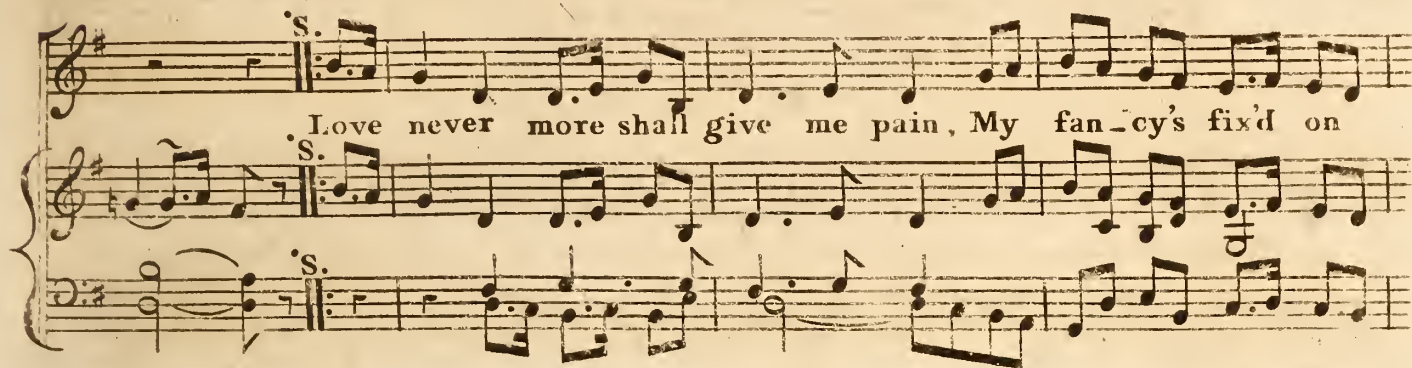
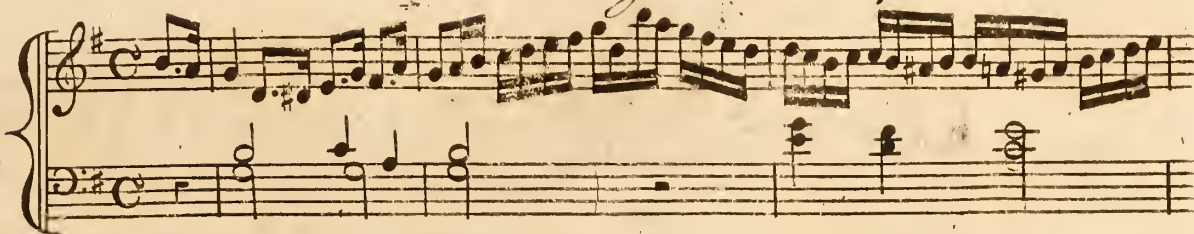
If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see ;
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My PEGGY, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage ;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With PEGGY let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair ;
 Restore my PEGGY's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob me from those arms,—
 I'm lost if PEGGY die !

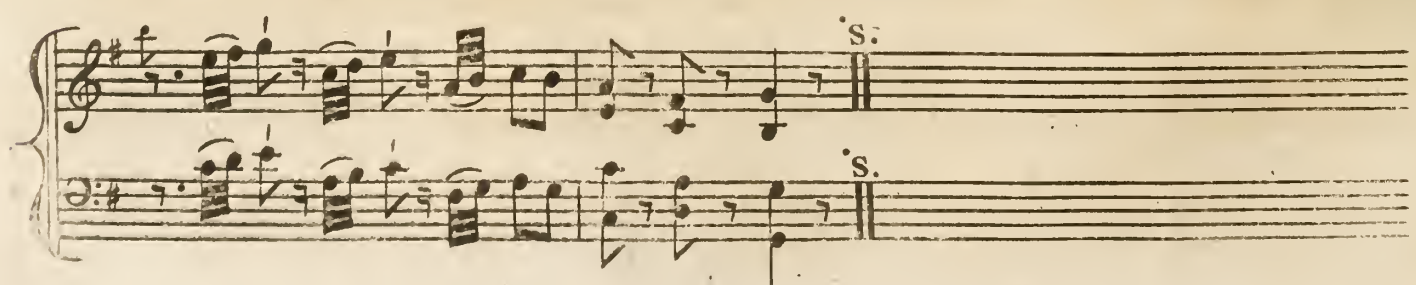
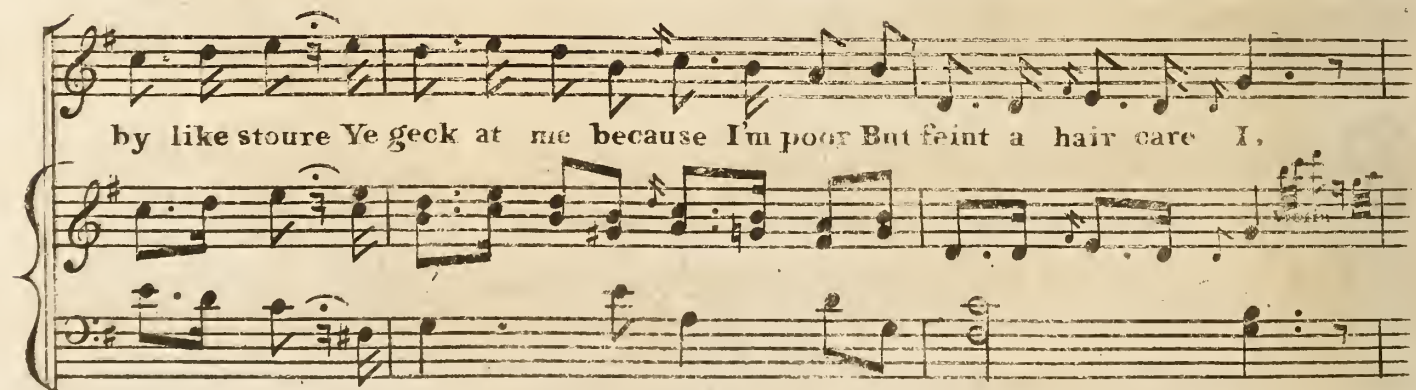
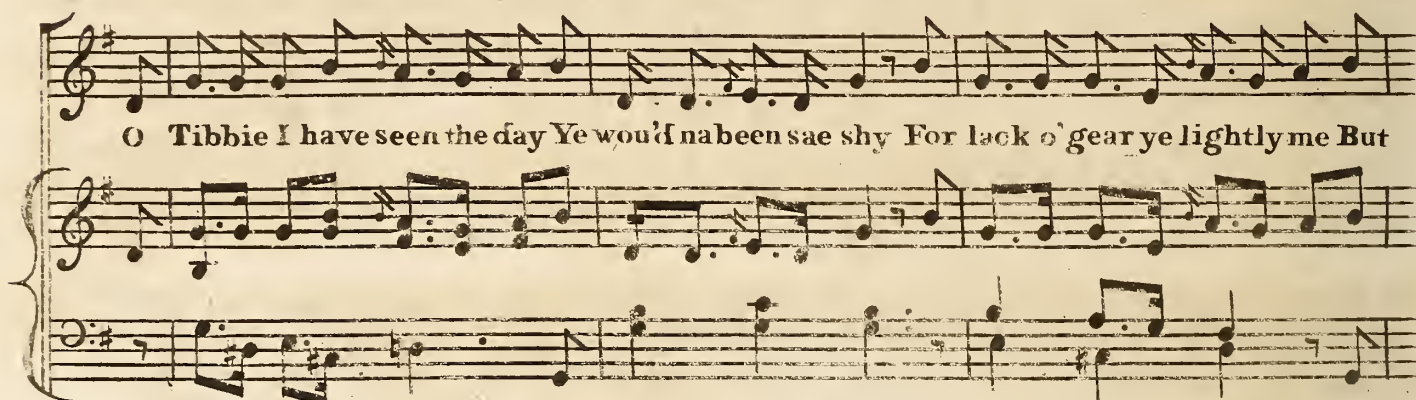
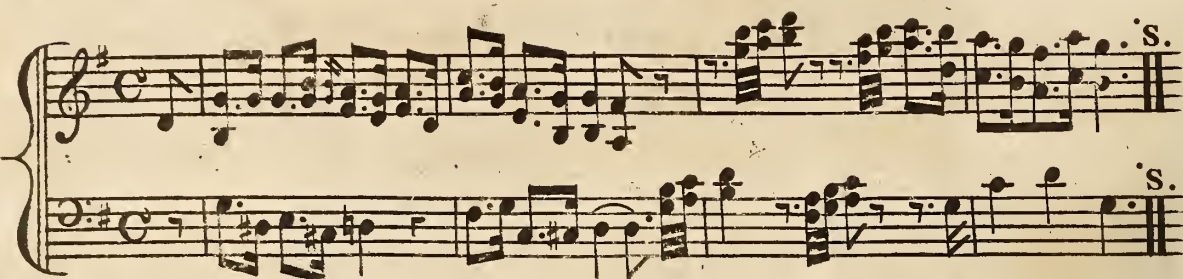
Love never more &c. *Sir: My dearie if thou die.* 122

Andante
espressivo



O Tibbie I have seen the day. Air: If a body meet a body

*Andantino
piuttosto
Allegretto*



O TIBBIE! I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spake na, but gaed by like stoure;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

O TIBBIE! I hae seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I carena by.
 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If he but want the miser's dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would nae been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 But TIBBIE, lass, tak' my advice:
 Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice;
 The deil a ane would spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would nae gi'e her under sark
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk;
 Ye need na look sae high.

BENEATH A BEECH'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young COLIN lay complaining ;
 He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining ;
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,—
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, PEGGY, I *must* love thee.

Say, PEGGY, what has COLIN done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love 's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him !
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,—
 For thee that only slights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee 's commended :
 Oh ! would'st thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

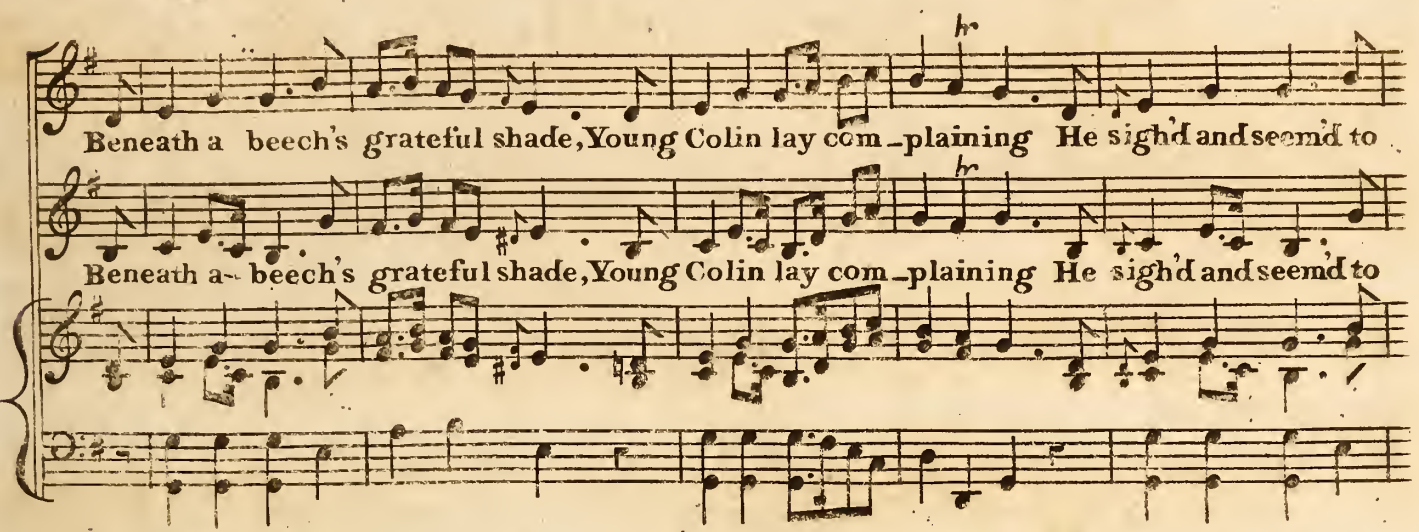
That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' should it ne'er relent,
 Nor COLIN's care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My PEGGY, I *must* love thee.

Beneath a beech &c. Air, Peggy I must love thee.

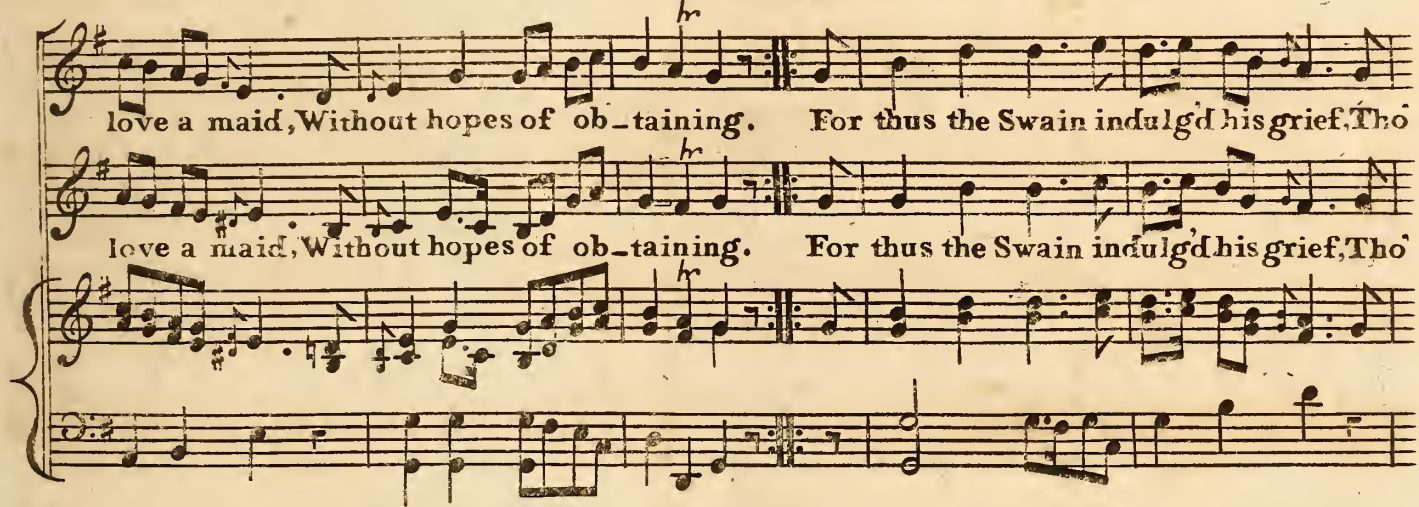
Duet
Andante



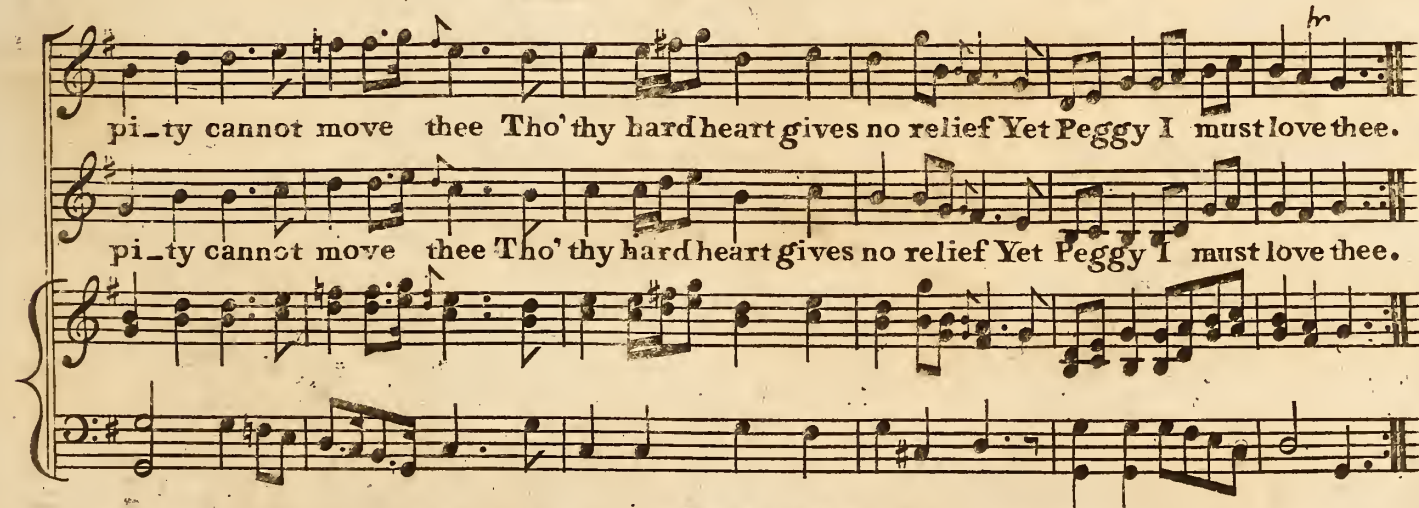
Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to
Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to



love a maid, Without hopes of ob-tain-ing. For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho'
love a maid, Without hopes of ob-tain-ing. For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho'



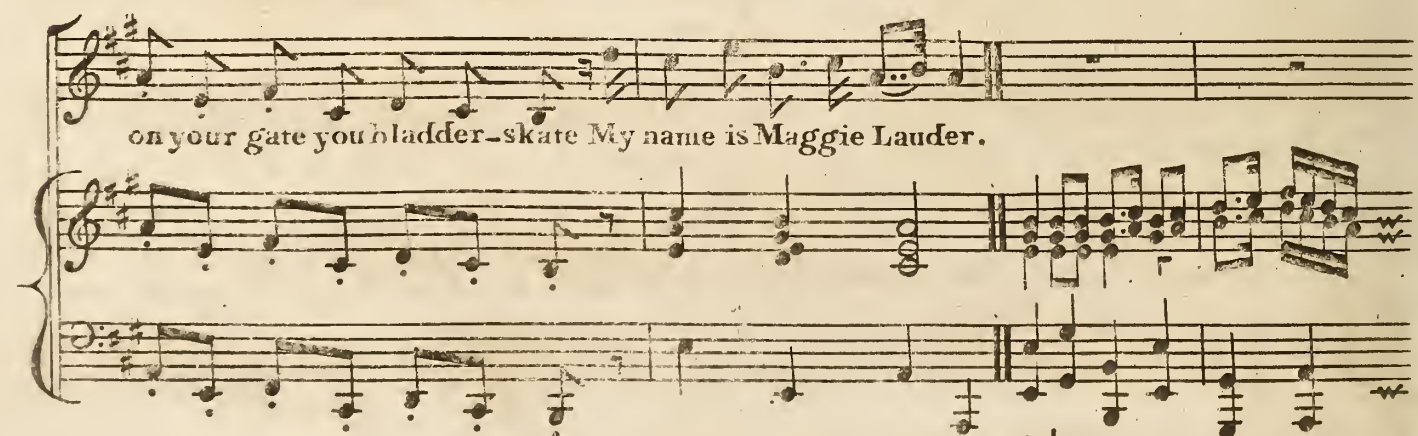
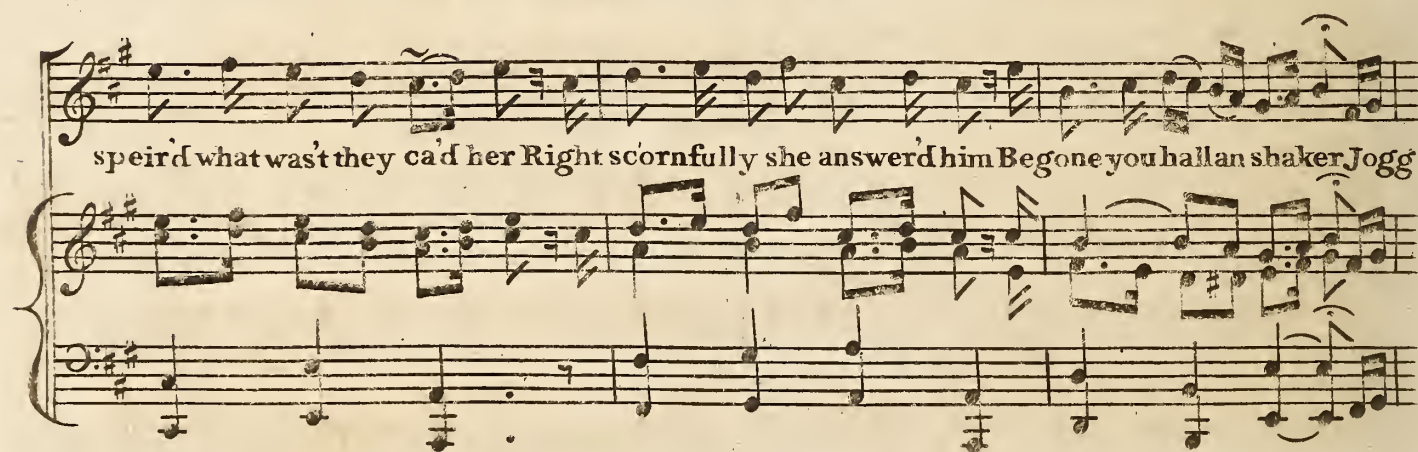
pi-ty cannot move thee Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.
pi-ty cannot move thee Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.



Wha wad-na be in love—Sir, Maggy Lauder:

Allegretto

spiritoso



WHA WADNA BE IN LOVE.

AIR—MAGGIE LAUDER.

W_{HA} wadna be in love
 Wi' bonie MAGGIE LAUDER ?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her ?
 Rig'nt scornfully she answer'd him,—
 ‘ Begone, you hallanshaker !
 ‘ Jogg on your gate, you bladderskate,
 ‘ My name is MAGGIE LAUDER.’

“ MAGGIE,” quo’ he, “ and by my bags,
 “ I’m fidging fain to see thee !
 “ Sit down by me, my bonie bird,
 “ In troth I winna steer thee :
 “ For I’m a piper to my trade,
 “ My name is ROB the Ranter ;
 “ The lasses loup as they were daft
 “ When I blaw up my chanter.”

‘ Piper,’ quo’ MEG, ‘ ha’e ye your bags,
 ‘ Or is your drone in order ?
 ‘ If you be ROB, I’ve heard of you,—
 ‘ Live you upo’ the border ?
 ‘ The lasses a’, baith far and near,
 ‘ Have heard of ROB the Ranter ;
 ‘ I’ll shake my foot wi’ right good will,
 ‘ Gif you’ll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 MEG up, and wallop’d o’er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 “ Weel done,” quo’ he—‘ Play up,’ quo’ she :
 “ Weel bobb’d,” quo’ ROB the Ranter :
 “ It’s worth my while to play indeed,
 “ When I ha’e sic a dancer.”


‘ Weel ha’e you play’d your part,’ quo’ MEG,
 ‘ Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 ‘ There’s nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 ‘ Since we lost HABBY SIMSON.
 , I’ve liv’d in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 ‘ These ten years and a quarter ;
 ‘ Gin you should come to Anster fair,
 ‘ Spier ye for MAGGY LAUDER.’

When the sheep are in the fauld. Air, told Robin Gray

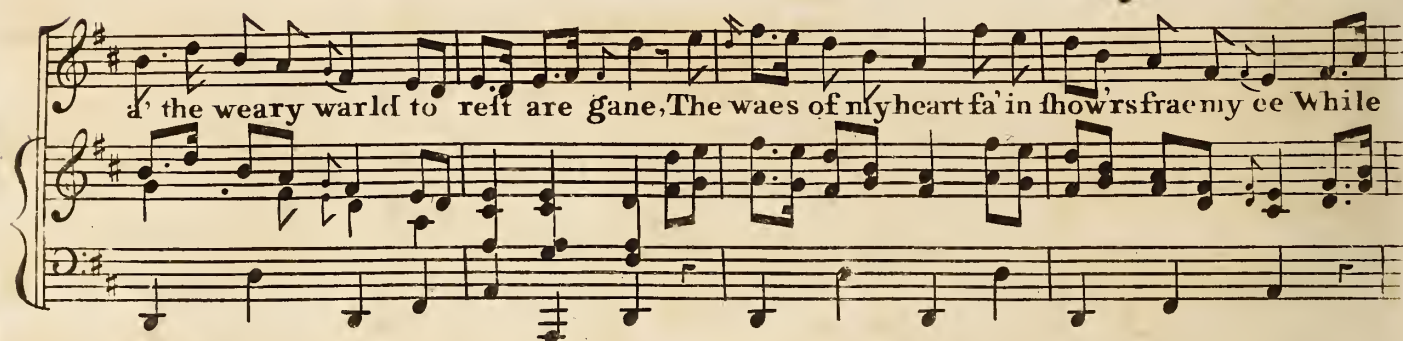
126

Old Air

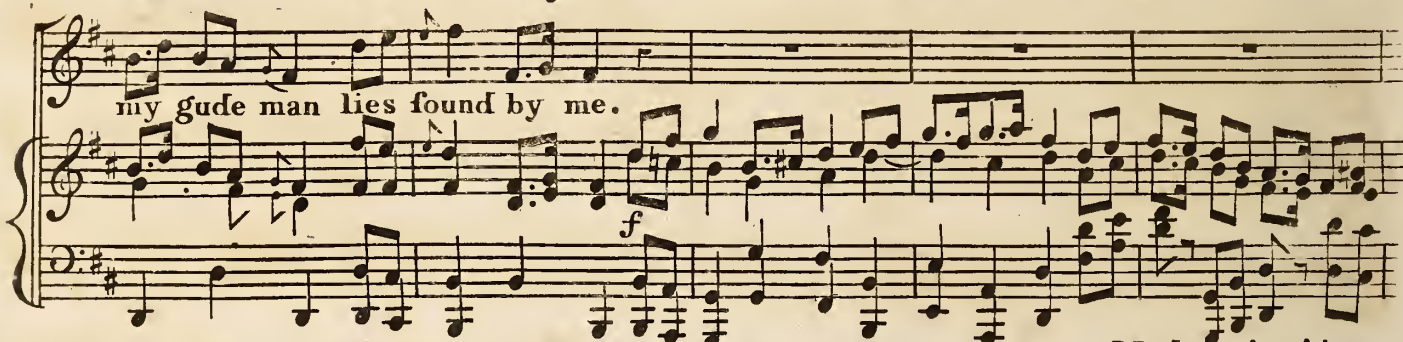
*Andante
espressivo*



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



a' the weary world to reit are gane, The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee While



my gude man lies found by me.

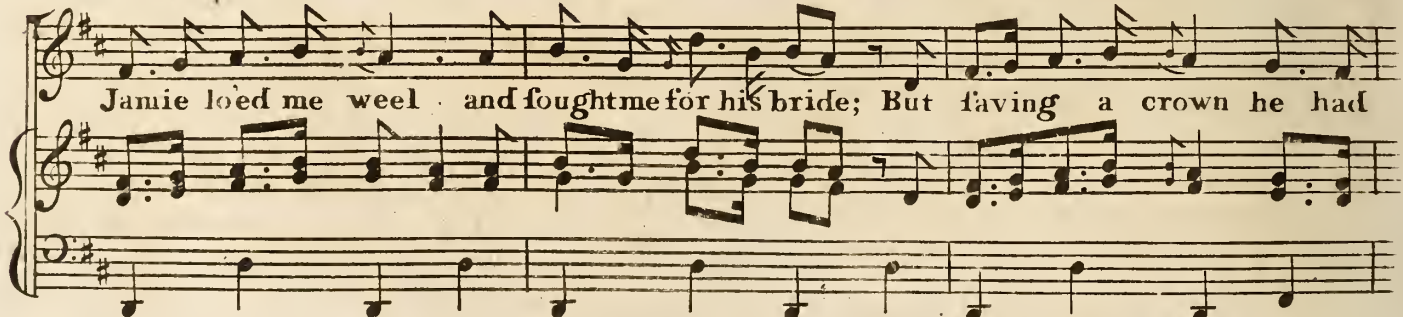
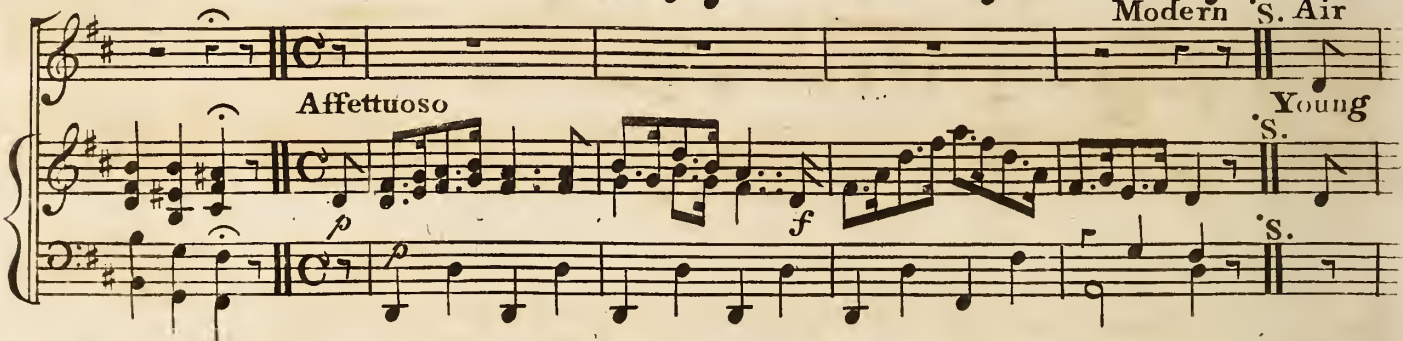
Modern 'S. Air

Affettuoso

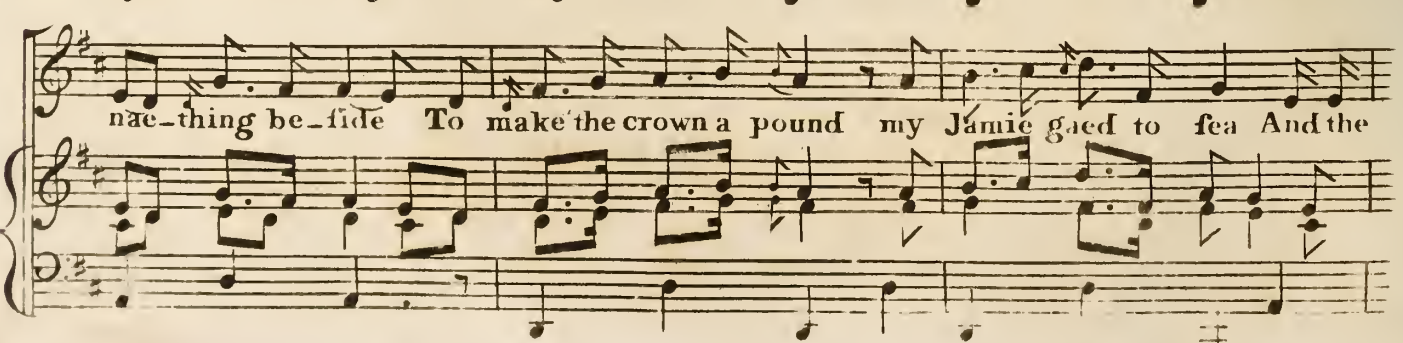
Young

'S.

'S.



Jamie loed me weel and fought me for his bride; But faving a crown he had



nae-thing be-fide To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to fea And the

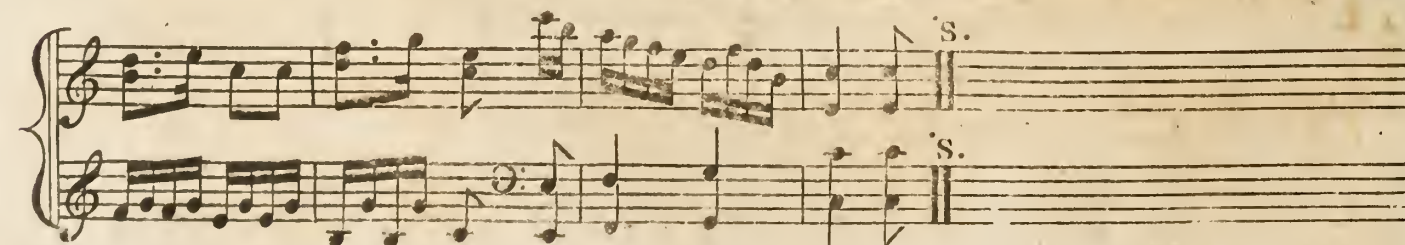
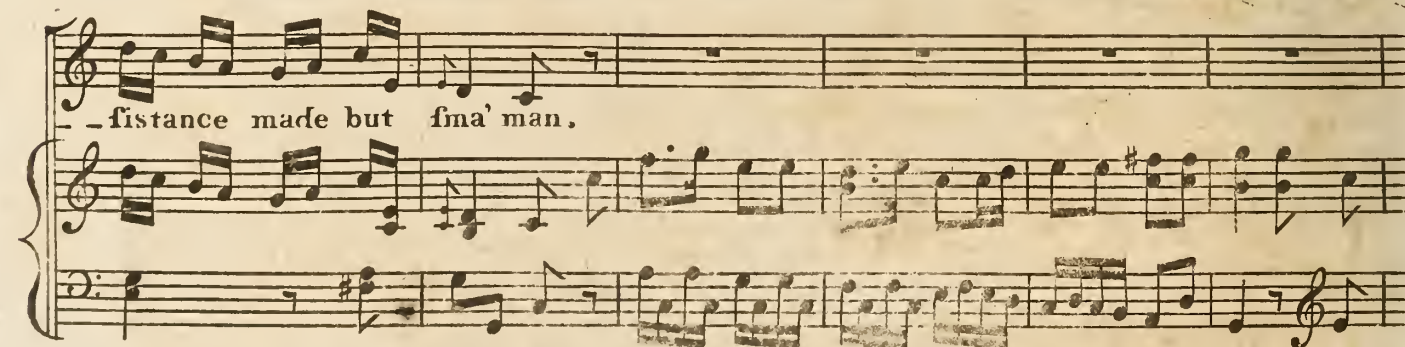
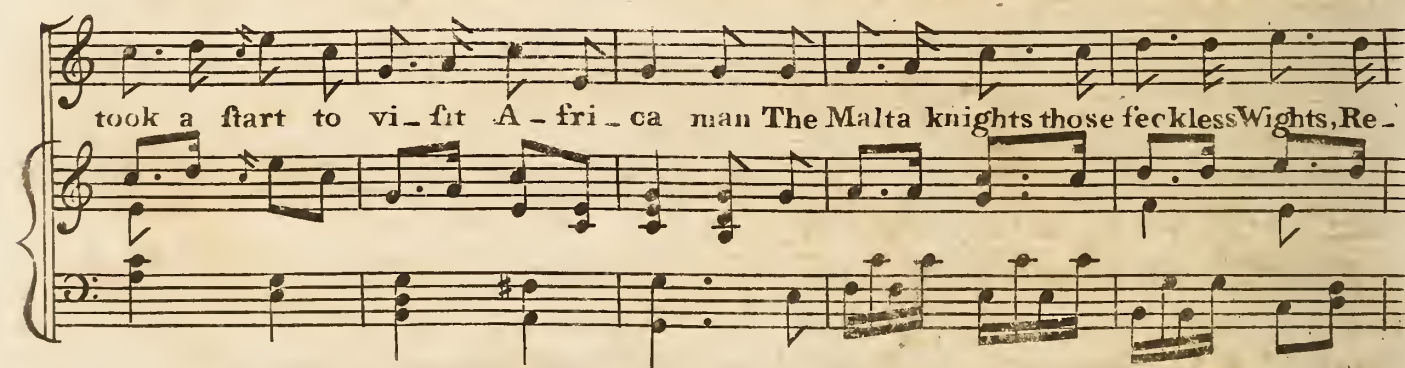
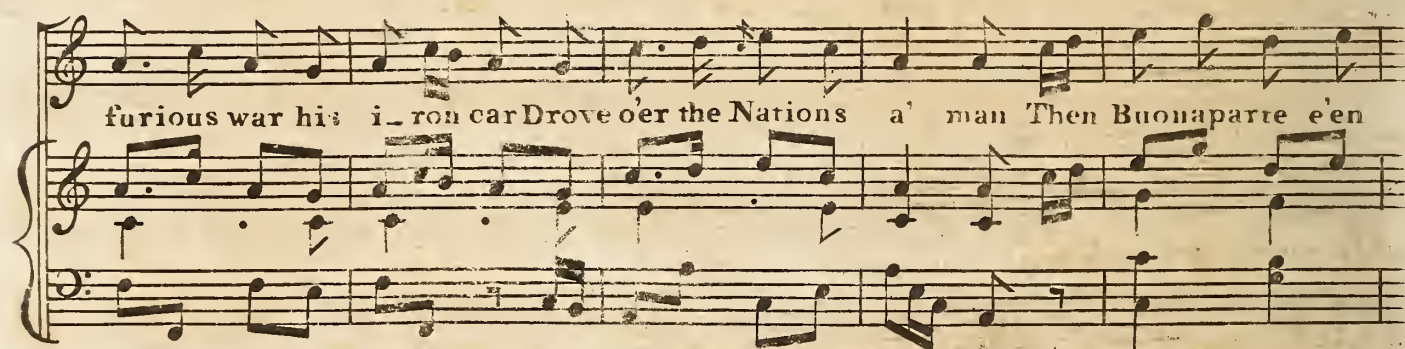
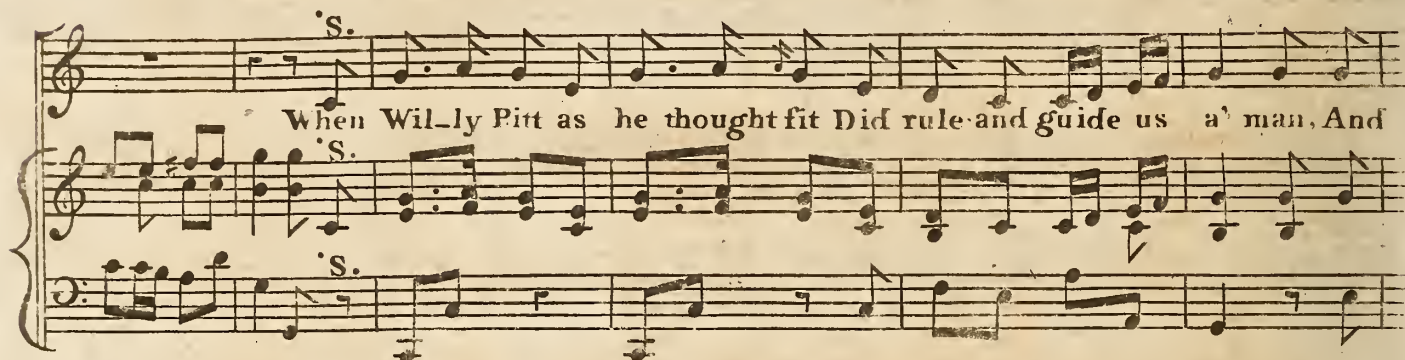
crown and the pound were baith for me, He had na been gane but a year and a
 day. When my father brake his arm and our cow was floun a-way; My mother the fell
 fick and my Jamie at the fea And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father could na work, and my mother could na spin, My father argud fair; my mother did na speak
 It oild day and night, but their bread I could na win; But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break
 Auld Rob ma intaind them baith, and wi' tears in his ee, Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the fea;
 Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me! And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
 My heart it said Na; I lookd for Jamie back: I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wreck; When fitting fae mournfully ae night at the door,
 The ship it was a wreck—why did na Jenny die. If saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could na think it he,
 O why was she spard to cry, Wae's me. Till he said I'll come hame, love, to marry thee.

O fair did we greet and muckle did we say
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
 I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:
 How lang shall I live to cry, O wae's me.
 I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a fin;
 But, I'll een do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

When Willy Pitt &c. Air, Jilticrankie.

*Maestoso
non troppo
Tanto*



WHEN WILLY PITT, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT,

LAGGAN.

AIR—KILICRANKIE.

WHEN WILLY PITT, as he thought fit,
Did rule and guide us a', man,
And furious War his iron car
Drove o'er the nations a', man ;
Then BUONAPARTE e'en took a start
To visit Africa, man :—
The Malta Knights, those feckless wights,
Resistance made but sma', man.

While on their rocks, the Gallie cocks
Did stoutly strut and crawl, man ;
The reaver band despoil'd the land,
Took a' their gear awa', man ;
Wi' saints of gowd, in siller row'd,
O wow but they were braw, man !
The isles of Greece they next did fleece ;
Sic rugging ye ne'er saw, man.

But L'Orient's hulk had room and bulk
To haud and stow it a', man ;
To Egypt come, they beat their drum,
Hoist up their flag and a', man :
The Crocodile forsook the Nile,
And fled wi' fear awa', man ;
The river horse beheld their force,
And sair did snort and paw, man.

The Mussulmen forsook their den,
And to the mosque did draw, man ;
Their prophet great they did entreat,
And said a prayer or twa, man.
But to be brief, the wily chief
Wha came from Corsica, man,
Had gart them trow, I kenna how,
He had nac creed at a', man,
And gin they please, their minds to ease,
He'd tak' their prophet's law, man.

The mighty Turk dislik'd the work,
Wi' rage his lip did gnaw, man,
And tell'd our King, sae fause a thing
He cou'd na bide at a', man :
A renegade, that made a trade
Of spuilzieing friends and a', man,
To set his foot, or raise his snout
In PHARAOH's ancient ha', man.

Gie him a bield in that same field
Where Israel gather'd, straw, man,
'Twas one to ten but he came ben
As far as Mecca's wa', man,
Our Monarch's nod, like Neptune's rod,
That sways the ocean a', man,
Sent out a fleet their ships to meet,
Near Alexandria, man.

At Aboukir, withouten fear,
As NELSON's line did draw, man,
His hearts of oak their hawsers broke,
They did na wait to jaw, man ;
Tri-colour'd flags came down like rags,
Werc NELSON's guns did ca', man,
Till glory's light sac drown'd his sight,
'Twas utter darkness a', man !

They left the sea like ANTONY,
And to the Nile did draw, man :—
As rockets fly that mount the sky,
When conquest glads us a', man,
So L'Orient fair gaed through the air,
Like shooting stars that fa', man ;
With dying cries they pierc'd the skies,
And griev'd our heroes a', man.

The Mamalukes came frae their nooks,
To see the low sae braw, man ;
On wings of flame, high mounted Fame,
And loud her trump did blaw, man,
'Till Gallic faith, and a' their skaith,
Was kent in Asia, man ;
And NELSON's fame and Britain's name
Rejoic'd, and fear'd them a', man.

WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD, &c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN GUILDFORD good our pilot stood,
And did our hellim thrav, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man :
Then up they gat the maskin pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
And did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes MONTGOMERY takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man ;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man :
But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor TAMMY GAGE within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
'Till WILLIE HOWE took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man :
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

BURCOYNE gaed up, like spur and whip,
'Till FRASER brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
CORNWALLIS fought as lang's he dought,
And did the buckskins claw, man ;
But CLINTON's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then MONTAGUE, and GUILDFORD too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And SACKVILLE doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thrav, man :
For PADDY BURKE, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
And CHARLIE FOX threw by the box,
And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then ROCKINGHAM took up the game,
'Till death did on him ca', man ;
When SHELburne meek held up his cheek
Conform to gospel law, man :
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thrav, man ;
For NORTH and FOX united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were CHARLIE's carts,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
'Till the Diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On CHATHAM's boy did ca', man ;
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
" Up, WILLIE, waur them a', man."

Behind the throne then GRENVILLE's gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While sleet DUNDASS arousd the class
Benorth the Roman wa', man ;
And CHATHAM's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, " WILLIE, rise !
" Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man."

But word and blow, NORTH, FOX, and Co.
Gouff'd WILLIE like a ba', man,
'Till Southron raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man ;
And Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man :
And swore fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,
To mak it gude in law, man."

HOW BLYTHE ILK MORN WAS I TO SEE.

AIR—THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
 I met him with good will.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
 While his flock near me lay :
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.
 He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ;
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate ! that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born !
O the broom, &c.
 He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
 He staw my heart ; could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
O the broom, &c.
 My dogie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee sowp whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.
 Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu !
 Farewel a' pleasures there !
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care !
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves ;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.
 But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 There COLIN tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such art.
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,—
 Oh ! how I bless'd the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.
 More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At ev'n among the broom.
 Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

How blythe &c. - Air. The broom of Cowdenknows.

LARGHETTO

f *Dol.*

s. How blythe ilk morn was I to see My swain come

o'er the hill He skipt the burn and flew to me I met him with good will

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

Dol. *f* *s.*

Argyle is my name. Air, Bannocks o' barley meal.

Allegretto.

S. Ar-gyle is my name and you may think it strange To

live at a Court yet never to change; To faction or ty-ran-ny 'equal-ly foe The

good of the land's the sole motive I know The foes of my Country and King I have

fac'd; In Ci-ty or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd I've done what I could for my

Country's weel Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME:—OR, BANNOCKS O' BARLEYMEAL.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

Br ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AUCHINLECK.

ARGYLE is my name,—and you may think it strange,
To live at a Court, and yet never to change :
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,—
The good of the land 's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my Country and King I have fac'd,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd ;
I've done what I could for my Country's weal ;
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu !
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you !
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife ;
For myself, I seek peace, and an innocent life :
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene
With MAGGIE, my Love, in her rockley o' green ;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While *she* shares my bannock o' barleymeal !

And if it chance MAGGIE should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his King, as his father has done ;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride —
O ! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place ;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face ;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

'T WAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTON, IN 1745,

By SIR GILBERT ELLIOT OF MINTO.

AIR—BARBARA ALLAN.

*These pathetic Verses appear to the Editor better suited to this fine Air than those with which it has hitherto been united.
The old verses, however, are also subjoined, for the choice of the Singer.*

'T WAS at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,
When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
With hollow murmurs blowing;
When FANNY fair, all woe-begone,
Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard
The boding screech-owl crying.
' O dismal night !' she said and wept,
' O night presaging sorrow :
' O dismal night !'—she said, and wept,
' But more I dread to-morrow.
' For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
' Each host to Preston bending ;
' At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
' With deadly hate contending.
' Even in the visions of the night
' I saw fell death wide sweeping ;
' And all the matrons of the land,
' And all the virgins weeping.'
And now she heard the massy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning ;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading :
' O speak,' she cried, ' my father 's slain !
' I see, I see him bleeding !'
" A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
" At morn, fair maid, I left him ;
" Even at the threshold of his gate
" The foe of life bereft him.
" Bold, in the battle's front he fell,
" With many a wound deformed :
" A braver knight, nor better man,
" This fair isle ne'er adorned."
While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
A deadly swoon invaded ;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.
Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining ;
But oh ! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining !
But why complain ? the hero's soul
Is high in Heaven shining :
May Providence defend our isle
From all our foes designing.

THE OLD SONG OF BARBARA ALLAN.

THE SAME AIR.

IT was in and about the Mart'mas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir JOHN GRÆME, in the west country,
Fell in love with BARBARA ALLAN.
He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where she was dwelling—
' O haste, and come to my master dear,
' Gin ye be BARBARA ALLAN.'
O hooly, hooly gaed she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,—
" Young man, I think you're dying !"
" O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,
" And 'tis a' for BARBARA ALLAN !"
" O the better for me ye's never be,
" Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling !

" O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
" When ye in the tavern was drinking,
" That ye made the healths gae round and round,
" And slighted BARBARA ALLAN !"
He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing :—
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
" And be kind to BARBARA ALLAN !"
And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing, said, " she could not stay,
" Since death of life had reft him."
She had not gaen a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cried " Woe to BARBARA ALLAN !"

" O mother, mother, make my bed,
" O make it soft and narrow ;
" Since my Love died for me to-day,
" I'll die for him to-morrow !"

'Twas at the hour &c. Air, Barbara Allan 130

Affettuoso

Vio. — *p* — *cres* — *f* —

S.

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cock's crowing When west-land

winds shook Stirling's towers With hollow murmurs blowing When Fanny fair all

woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard the

Vio. — *b* —

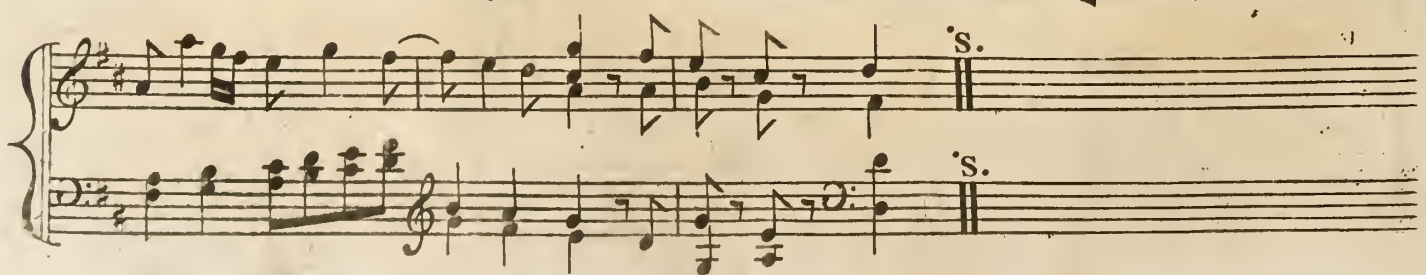
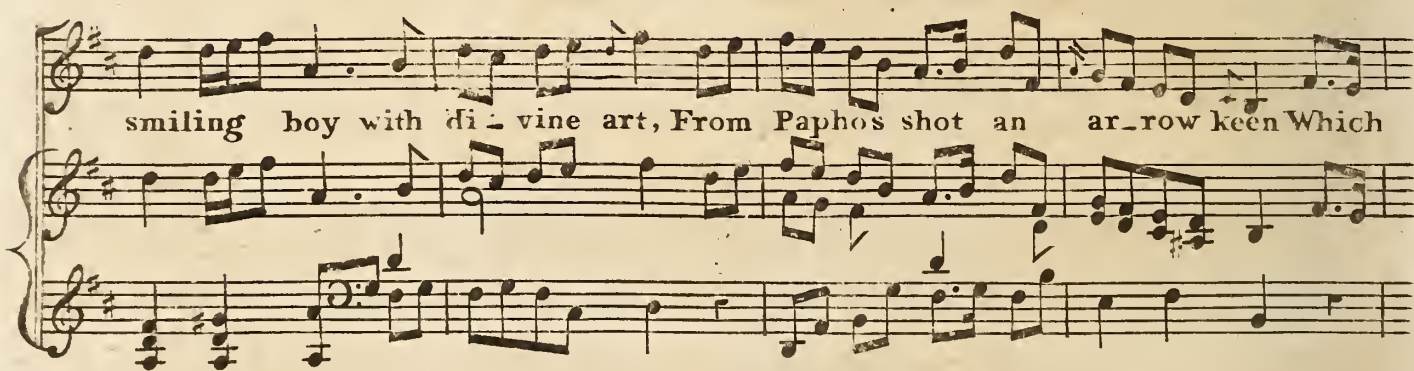
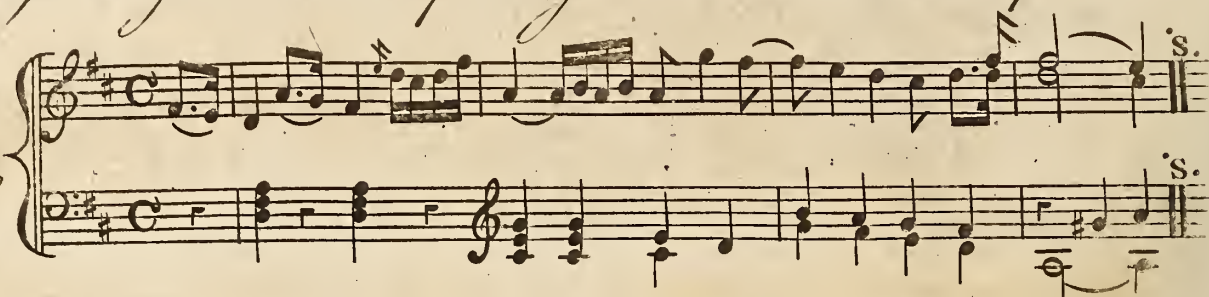
S.

boding screech owl crying.

Love's Goddess in a myrtle grove. Sir, Bonny Jean

Andante

Espressivo



LOVE'S GODDESS IN A MYRTLE GROVE,

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR.—BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, "Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
"Nor let the shaft at random rove,
"For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed."
The smiling boy with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

WHEN SAPPHO TUN'D THE RAPTUR'D STRAIN.

WRITTEN

Br SMOLLETT.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she join'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

VOL. III. PART II. I.

But had she added still to these,
Thy softer, chaster power to please,
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR.—SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well !
 Fairest flow'r ! behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray ;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay !
 Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys :
 Hapless bird ! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow !
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
 Chords that vibrate, &c.

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

WRITTEN

Br GAY.

THE SAME AIR.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd :
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 Which trembled o'er the brook.
 Her head was crown'd, &c.

" Twelve months are gone and over,
 " And nine, long, tedious days ;
 " Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 " Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 " Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 " And let a lover rest ;
 " Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 " To that within my breast ?
 " Ah ! what's thy, &c.

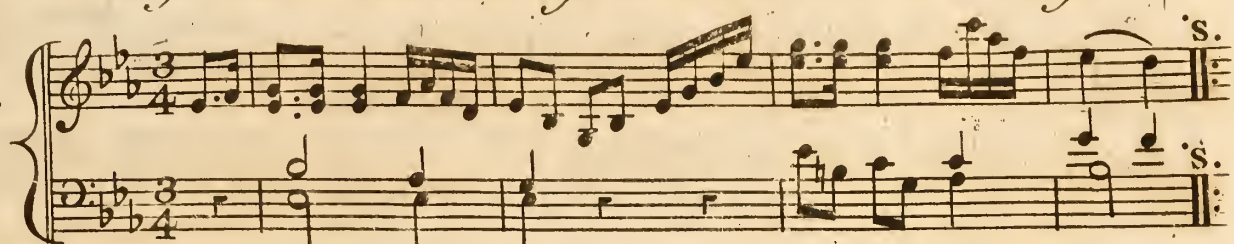
" The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
 " Views tempests in despair ;
 " But what's the loss of treasure
 " To the losing of my dear ?
 " Should you some coast be laid on
 " Where gold and diamonds grow,
 " You'll find a richer maiden,
 " But none that loves you so.
 " You'll find, &c.

" How can they say that Nature
 " Has nothing made in vain ;
 " Why then beneath the water
 " Do hideous rocks remain ?
 " No eyes those rocks discover,
 " That lurk beneath the deep,
 " To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 " And leave the maid to weep.
 " To wreck," &c.

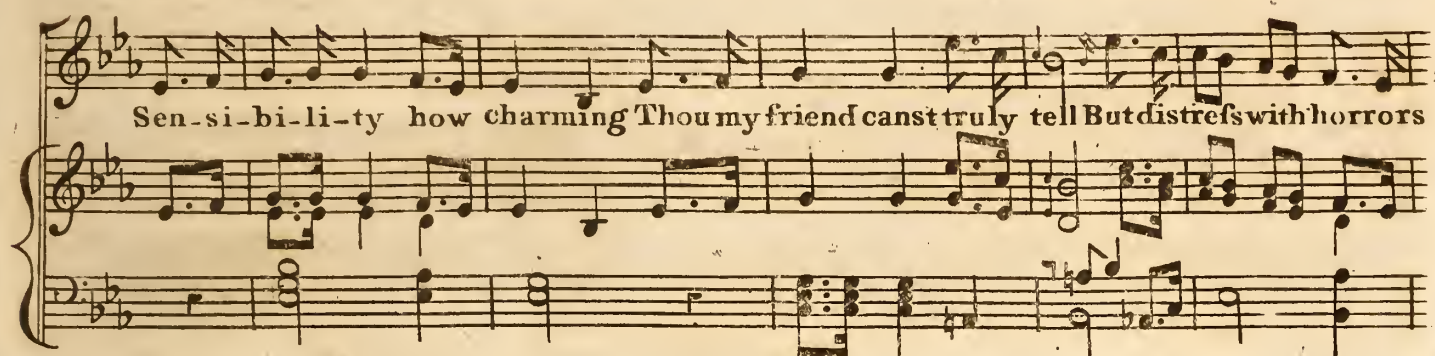
All melancholy lying
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she 'spied ;
 Then like a lilly drooping
 She bow'd her head and died.
 Then like, &c.

Sensibility how charming Air, Sensibility 132

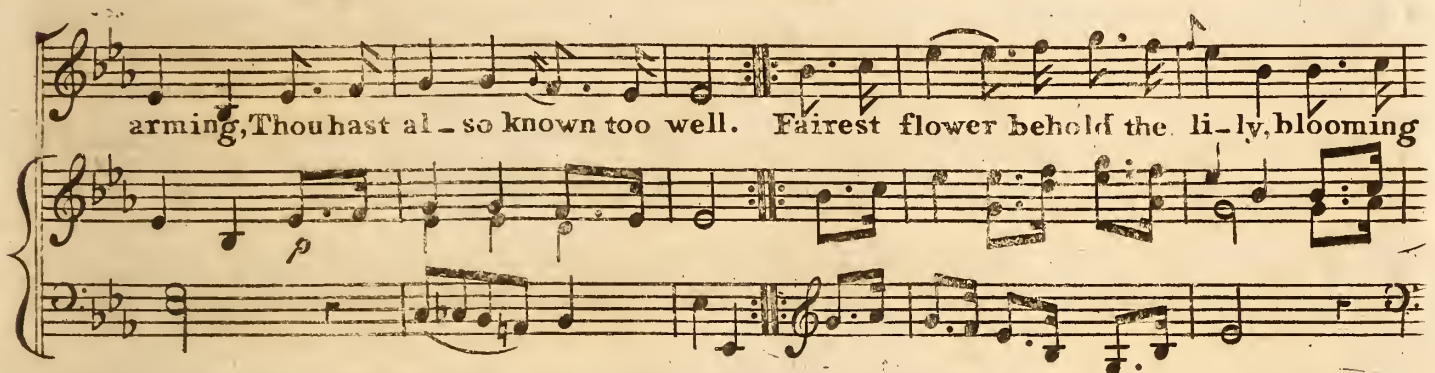
Andante
affettuoso



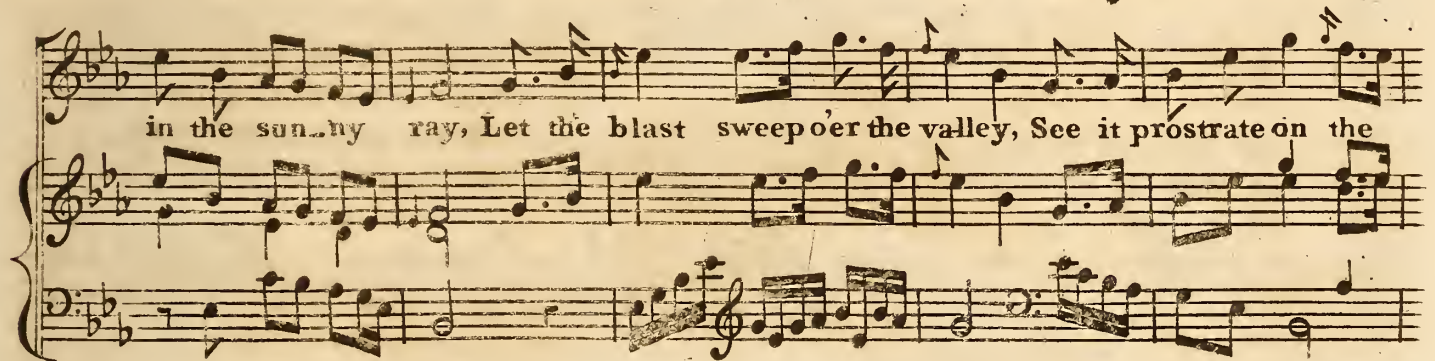
Sen-si-bi-li-ty how charming Thou my friend canst truly tell But distress with horrors



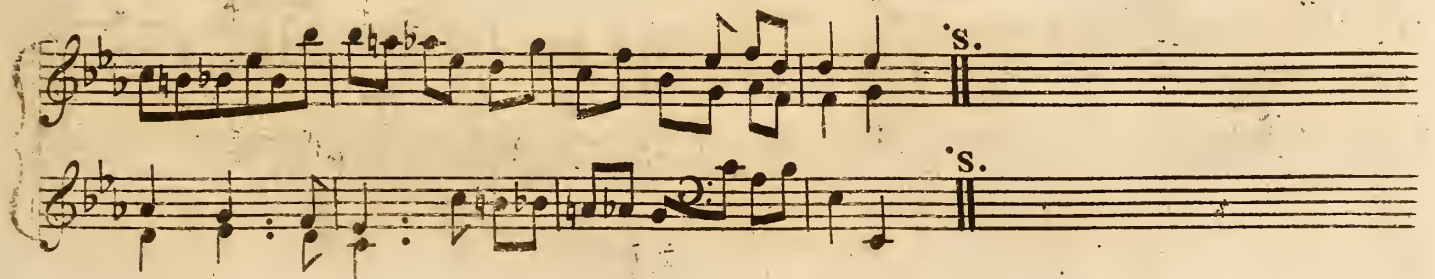
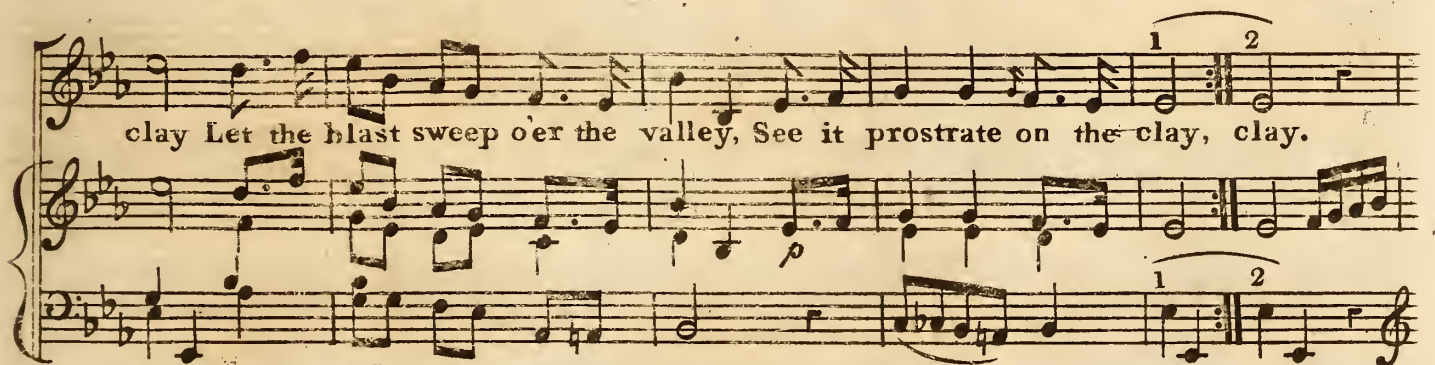
arming, Thou hast al-so known too well. Fairest flower behold the li-ly, blooming



in the sun-ny ray, Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the



clay Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay, clay.



Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled Air: Hey tutti tutti

Maestoso
e ben

Allegato

S.
Scots wha hae wi' Wal- - lace bled,

Scots wham Bruce has af- - ten led Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-

-rie Now's the day and now's the hour See the front of bat- - tle lour

See approach proud Edwards pow'r, Chains and flave - - rie.

ff

S.

THE ROYAL SCOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br BURNS.

AIR—HEY TUTTI TAITI.

**** The Poet originally intended this noble strain for the Air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the Editor of this Work, who then thought "Lewie Gordon" a fitter tune for the words, they were united together, and published in the preceding volume (p. 74.) The Editor, however, having since examined the Air "Hey tutti taiti" with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the Poetry than the Air of "Lewie Gordon." He therefore sent it to HAYDN, who has entered into the spirit of it with a felicity peculiar to himself: his inimitable Symphonies and Accompaniments render it completely martial and highly characteristic of the heroic verses. It is worthy of remark, that this appears to be the oldest Scottish Air concerning which any thing like evidence is to be found. See Preface, p. 4.*

By changing wha into who, hae into have, wham into whom, aften into often, and sae into so, the following Song will be English; and by substituting GALLIA for EDWARD and BRITAIN for SCOTLAND it will be adapted to the present time.

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' WALLACE bled,	Wha will be a traitor-knave?	By oppression's woes and pains!
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,	Wha can fill a coward's grave?	By your sons in servile chains!
Welcome to your gory bed,	Wha sae base as be a slave?	We will drain our dearest veins,
Or to victory.	Let him turn and flee!	But they shall be free.
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;	Wha for Seotland's king and law	Lay the proud usurper low!
See the front of battle lour;	Freedom's sword will strongly draw,	Tyrants fall in every foe!
See approach proud EDWARD's power—	Freeman stand, or freeman fa',	Liberty 's in ev'ry blow!
Chains and slavery!	Let him follow me!	Let us do, or die!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

THE SAME AIR.

To be sung in a soft, and plaintive manner. The accompaniment should be touched very lightly, and the demi-semiquavers omitted. A quaver must be supplied for the first word of each verse. These simple and affecting verses came under the Editor's notice but very lately; he wished to give the name of the ingenious author, but his endeavours to find it out have not been successful.

I'M wearing awa', John,	O dry your glist'ning e'e, John,	Our bonny bairn 's there, John,
Like snaw wreathes in thaw, John,	My soul langs to be free, John,	She was baith gude and fair, John,
I'm wearing awa'	And angels beekon me	And we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal.	To the land o' the leal:	To the land o' the leal:
There 's nae sorrow there, John,	Ye have been leal and true, John,	But sorrow's sell wears past, John,
There 's neither could nor care, John,	Your task 's near ended now, John,	And joy 's comin fast, John,
The day 's ay fair	And I'll welcome you	The joy that 's ay to last
I' the land o' the leal.	To the land o' the leal.	I' the land o' the leal.
Our friends are a' gane, John,	Then fare ye weel my ain John,	
We've lang been left alane, John,	This warld's cares are vain, John,	
We'll a' meet again	We'll meet and ay be fain	
I' the land o' the leal.	I' the land o' the leal:	

THE JACOBITE WORDS OF THE SAME AIR.

WEEL may we a' be,	Here 's to the king, boys!	When the pipes begin to play
Ill may we never see;	Ye ken wha I mean, boys;	Tutti taiti to the drum,
God bless the king	And to every honest man,	Out claymore, and down the gun,
And the good company..	That will do 't again. <i>Fill, fill, &c.</i>	And to the knaves again!
Fill, fill a bumper high;	Here 's to the chieftians	Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;	Of the gallant Seottish elans;	Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!	They ha'e done it mair than anee;	Out upon him, fie! fie!
That winna do 't again.	And they'll do 't again. <i>Fill, fill, &c.</i>	That winna do 't again.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE OF KELLIE.

HIGHLAND AIR.

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling
Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt !
Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,—
A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
The moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping ;
Ah ! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb !
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping ;
And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with gloom.

HOW PLEASANT THE BANKS, &c.

Written, in 1787, on a young Lady residing on the banks of the river Devon, in Clackmananshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire,

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR

In a more lively style.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair ;
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.


O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn :
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizest
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose ;—
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.

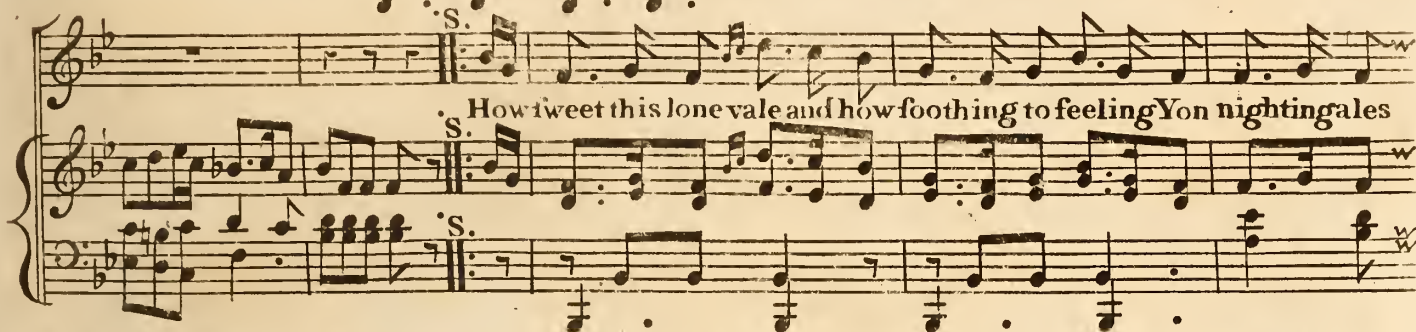
How sweet &c. - Air. The lone vale.

184

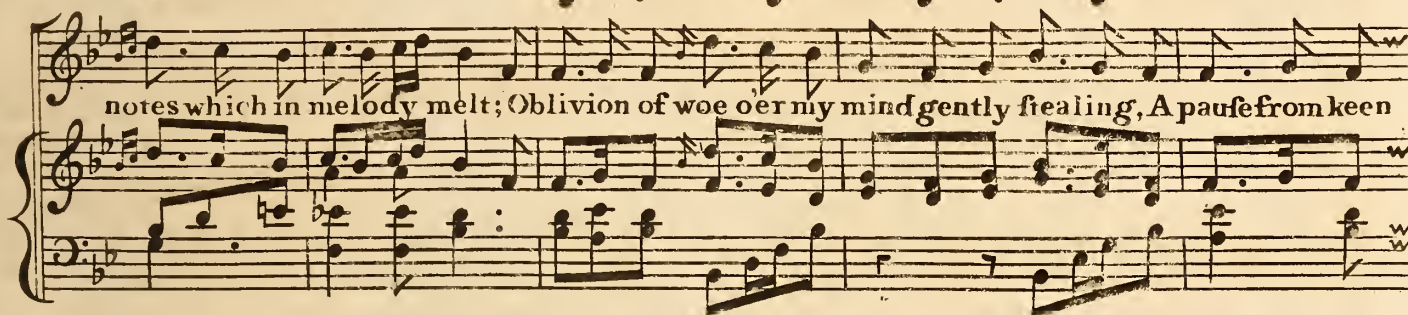
Andante
affettuoso



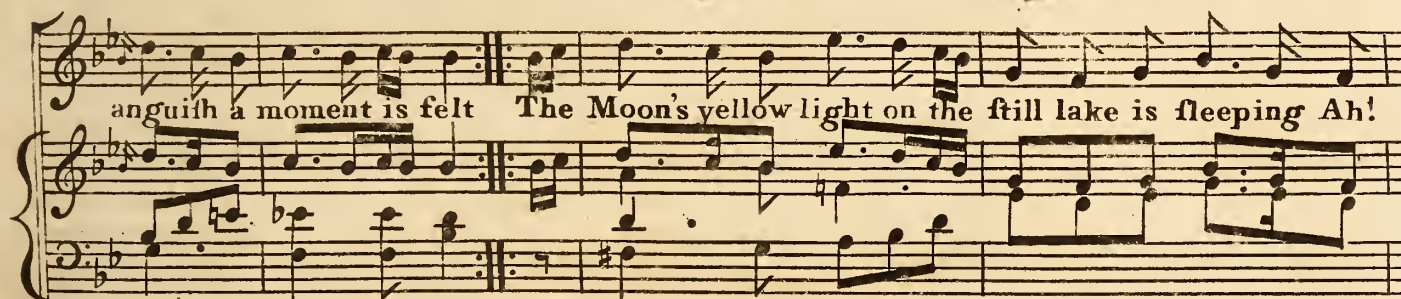
How sweet this lone vale and how soothing to feeling
You nightingales



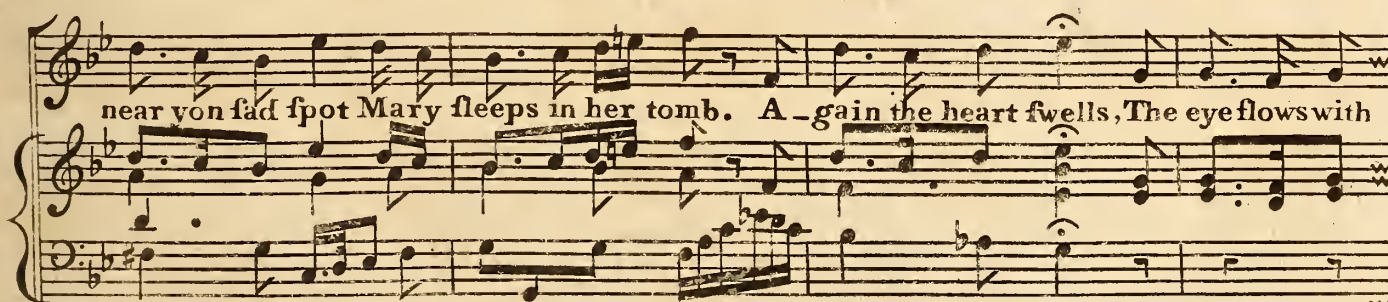
notes which in melody melt; Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing, A pause from keen



anguish a moment is felt The Moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping Ah!



near yon sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb. A gain the heart swells, The eye flows with

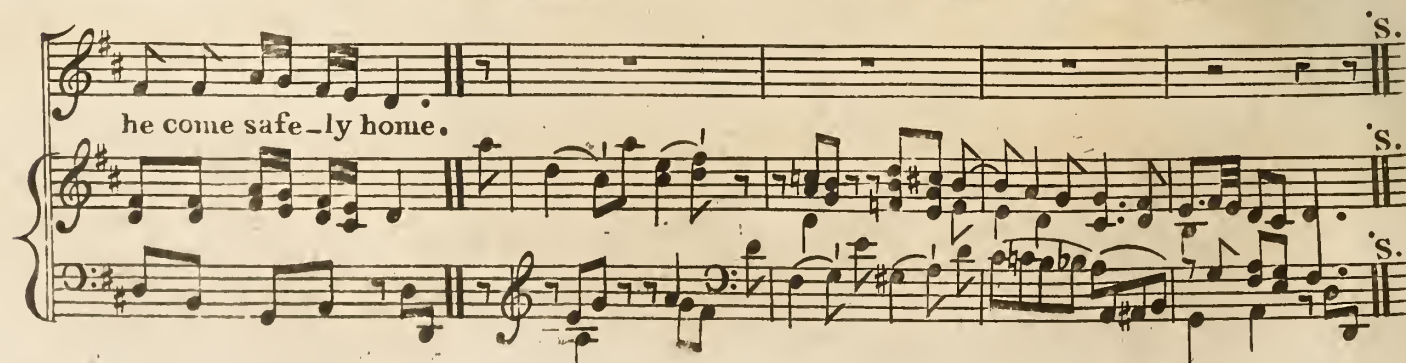
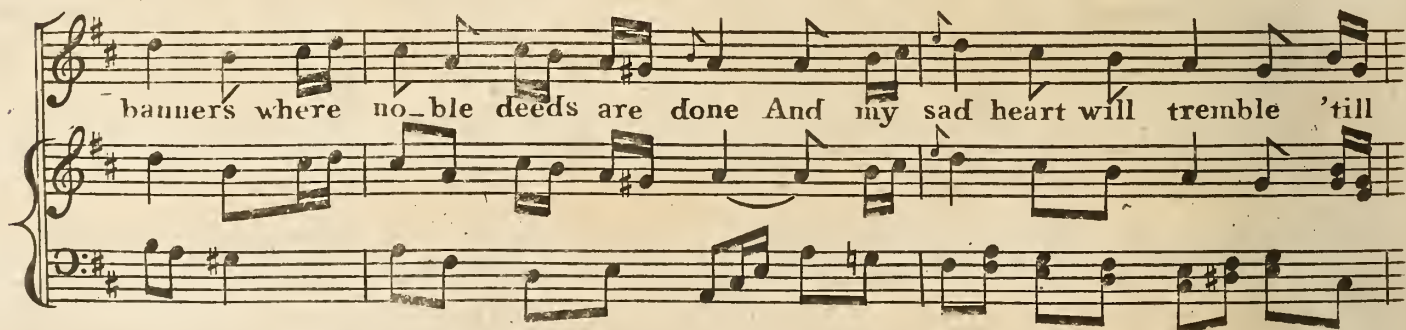
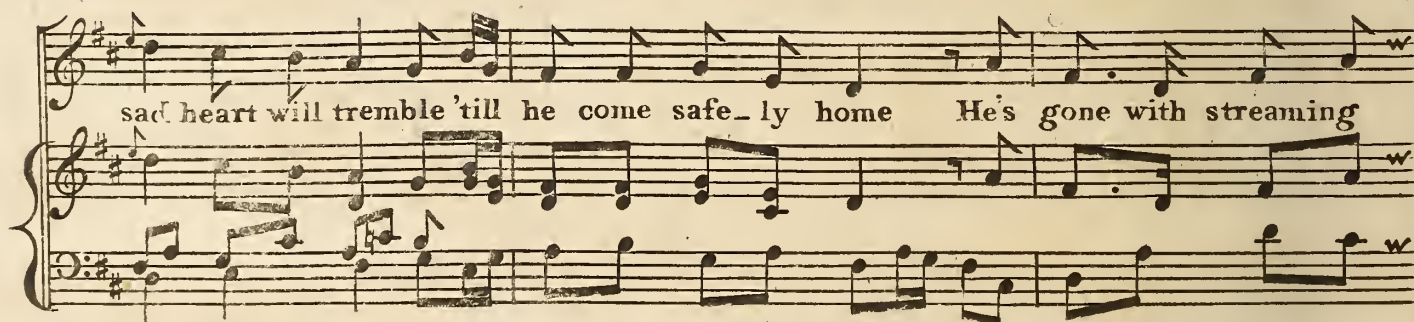
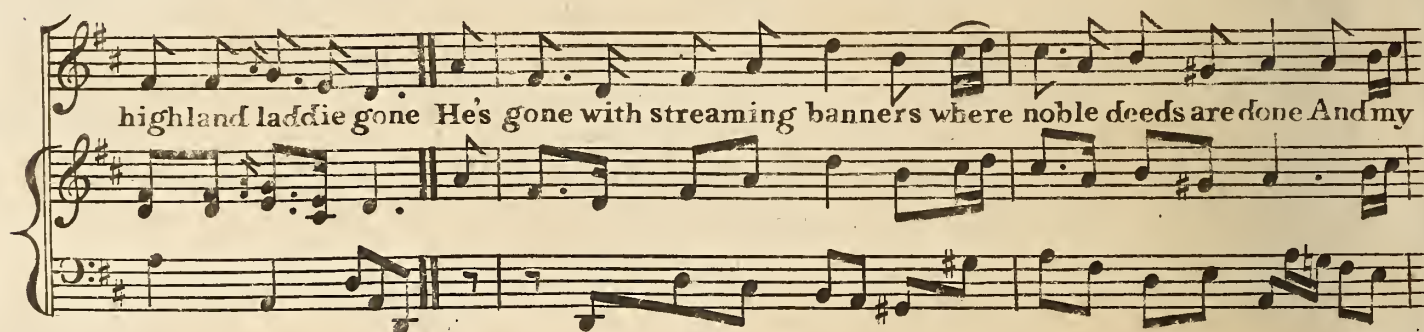
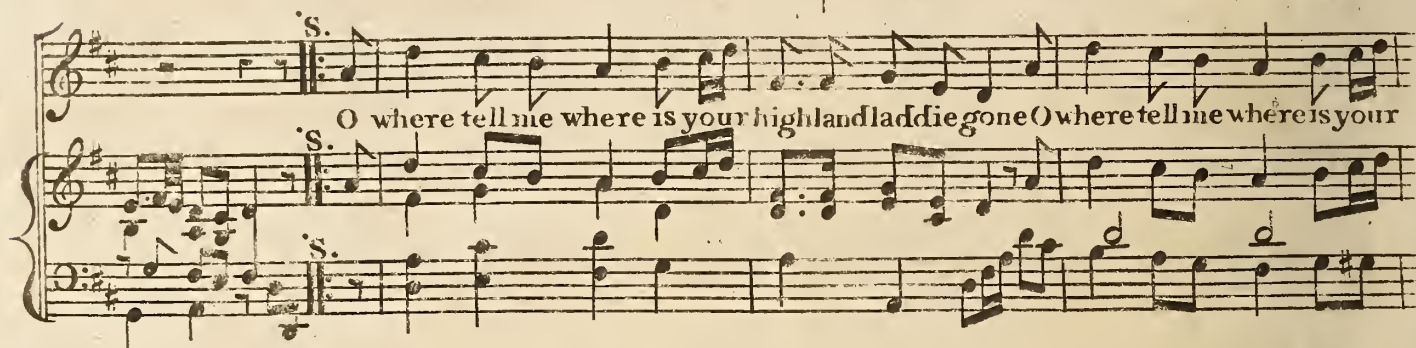


weeping And the sweets of the vale are all covered with gloom.



135
O where tell me - Air: The blue bell of Scotland.

*Andante
grazioso*



O WHERE TELL ME WHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

ON THE

MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT WITH HIS REGIMENT, IN 1799,

By MRS GRANT, LAGGAN.

AIR—THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

- ‘ O H where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?
 ‘ O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?’
 “ He ’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
 “ And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.
 “ He ’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
 “ And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.”
- ‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?
 ‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?’
 “ He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
 “ And many a blessing follow’d him, the day he went away ;
 “ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
 “ And many a blessing follow’d him, the day he went away.”
- ‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?
 ‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?’
 “ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
 “ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star ;
 “ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
 “ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.”
- ‘ Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
 ‘ Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound !’
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
 “ The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye ;
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
 “ And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die.
- “ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,
 “ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,
 “ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
 “ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.
 “ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
 “ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.”

BONIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?
 Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays ;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

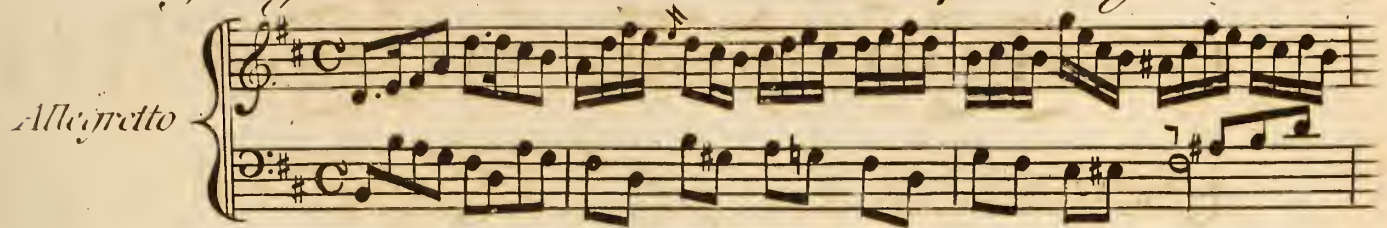
Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy,
 The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?
 Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee
 In the birks of Aberfeldy. *

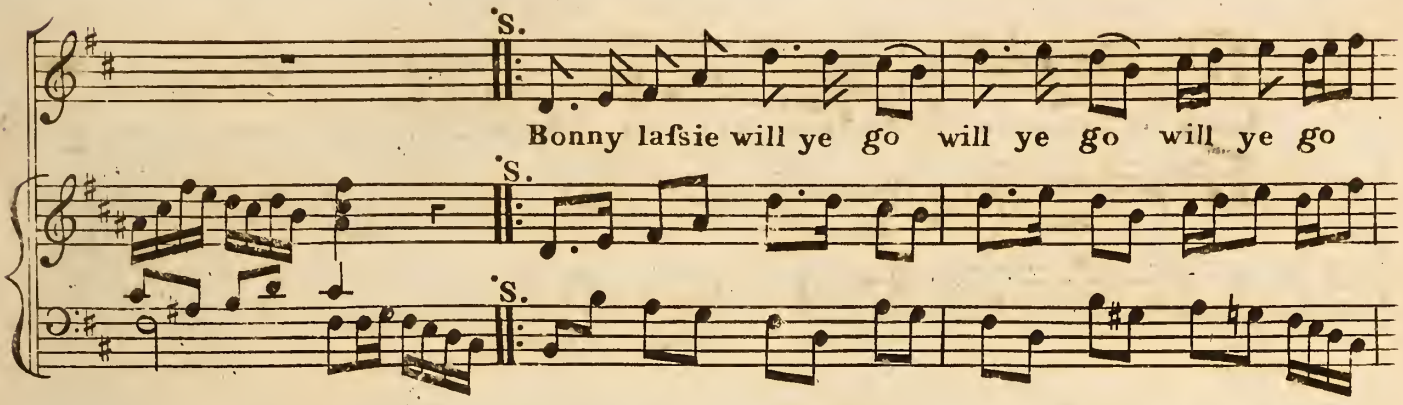
* This is written in the same measure with the old Song, "The Birks of Abergeldie," from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.

Bonny lassie & Air, The birks of Abergeldie.

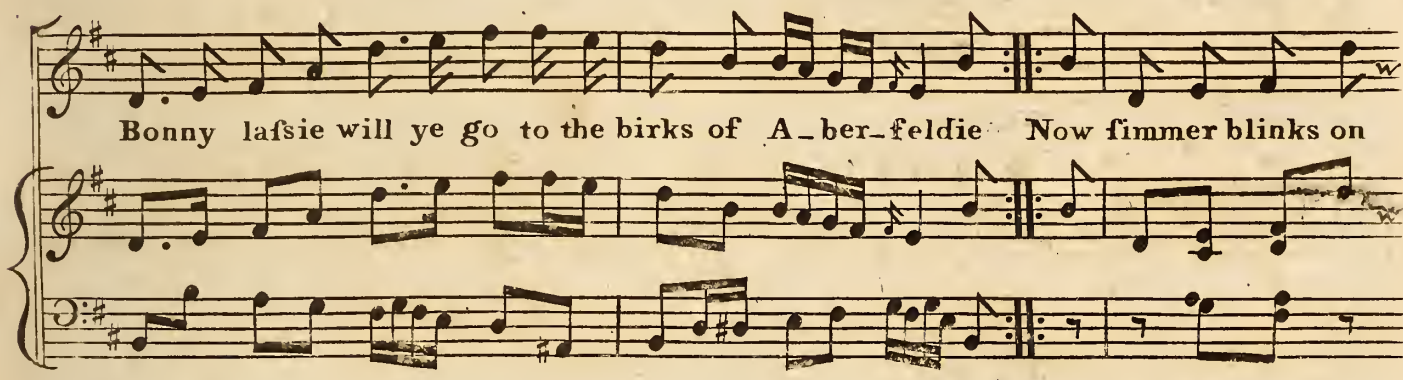
Allegretto



s.
Bonny lassie will ye go will ye go will ye go



Bonny lassie will ye go to the birks of A-ber-feldie Now simmer blinks on



flow'ry braes And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays Come let us spend the



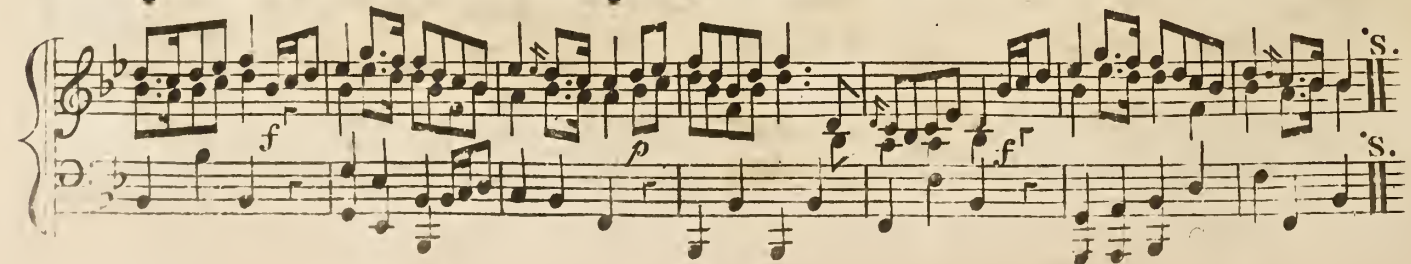
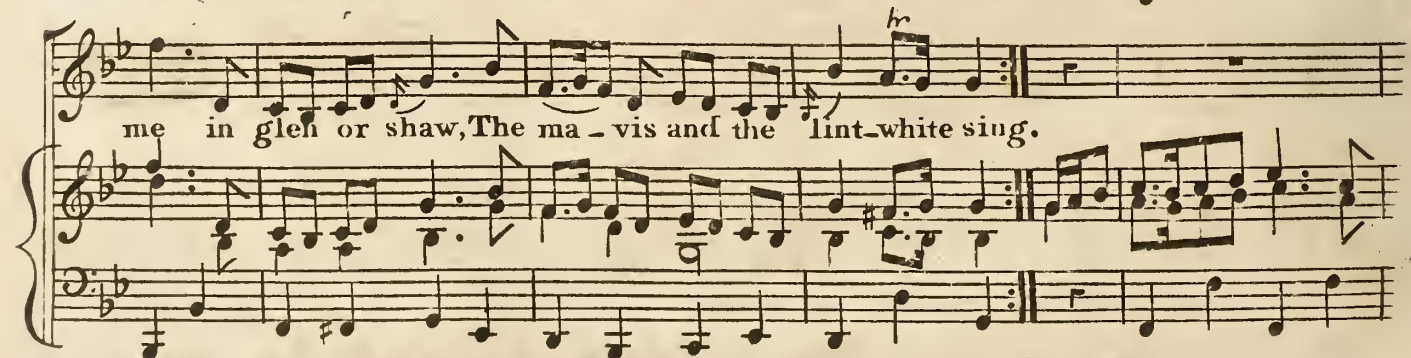
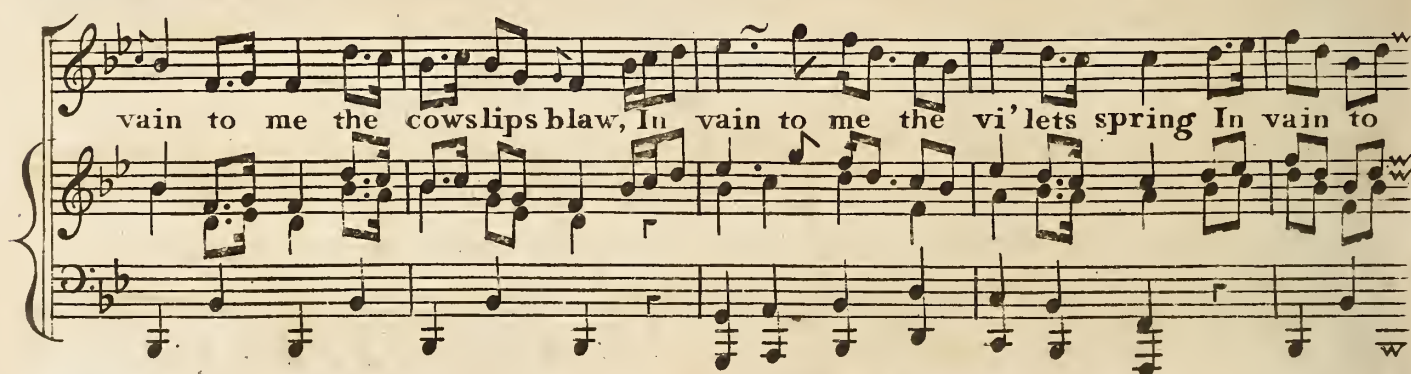
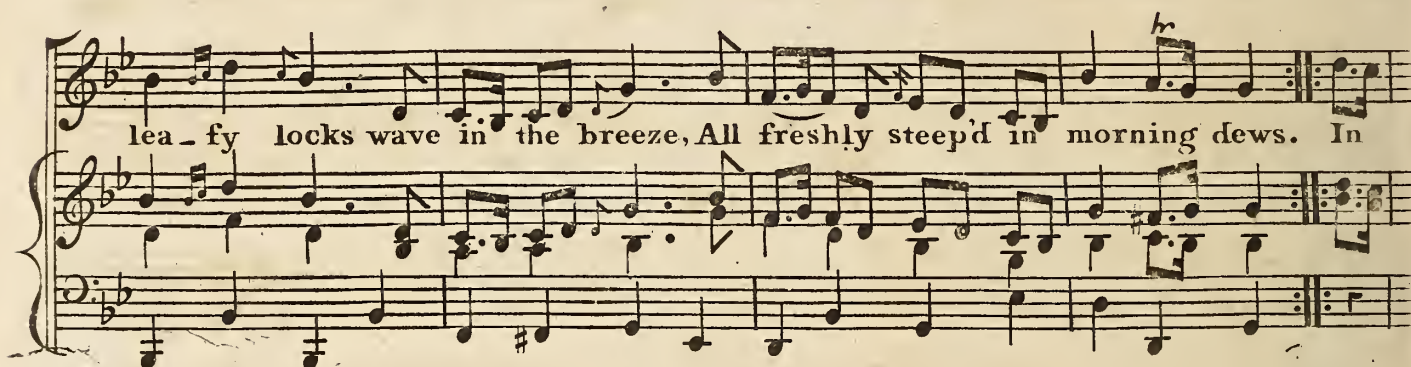
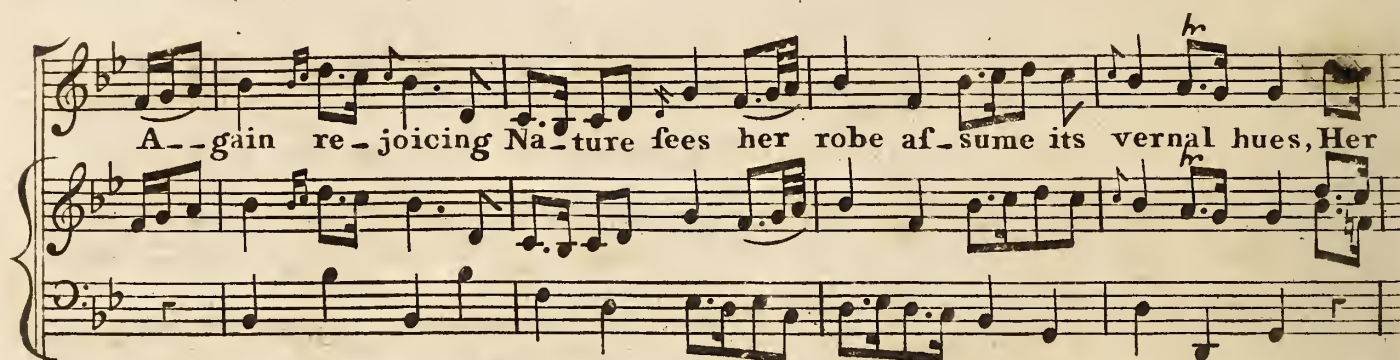
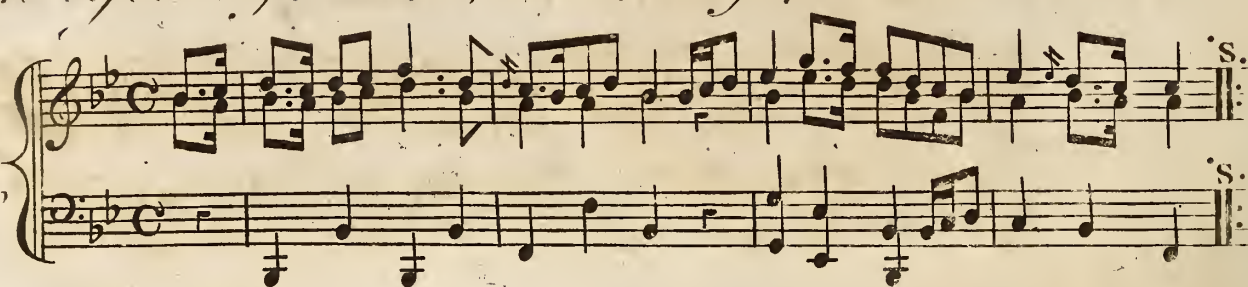
lightfome days In the birks of A-berfeldie.



Again rejoicing &c. 'Tis, 'Tis my love were in a mire

Andante

allithoso



AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

|| AIR—I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MYRE.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring,
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks ;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And o'er the moorlands whistles shill ;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,
A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me.

Note.—It may be proper to mention, that, for the sake of even stanzas to suit the Air, four lines of the song, as originally written, are omitted in the above. The lines are :—

*“ The wanton coot the water skims,
“ Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
“ The stately swan majestic swims,
“ And every thing is blest but I.”*

In the Poet's Works, a chorus verse, written by a friend, beginning, “ *And maun I still on MENIE doat,*” is also printed with this Song. But as it has been remarked, by a very able critic, that the insertion of that chorus verse serves only to interrupt the train of sentiment which the song excites, it is therefore here omitted.

BLESS'D AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE.

A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO,

Br AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

BLESS'D as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.
'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd,—the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame :
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I fainted, sunk, and died away !

O BESSY BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR---BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 They are twa bonie lasses,
 They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair BESSY BELL I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter :
 But MARY GRAY's twa pawky e'en
 They gar my fancy falter.
 Now BESSY's hair 's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When PHOEBUS starts frae THETIS' lap;
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command,—
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And MARY's locks are like the crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She 's ay sae clean, red up, and braw,—
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,—
 O JOVE, she 's like thy PALLAS !
 Dear BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twae,
 Ye are sic bonie lasses :
 Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stinted :
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

* * The first four lines of the above are supposed to have been part of an old song, now probably irrecoverable. If it existed in RAMSAY's days, it is to be regretted that he did not rescue it from oblivion. In the statistical account of the parish of Methven, Perthshire, the following tradition is mentioned: viz. BESSY BELL was the daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, and MARY GRAY daughter of the Laird of Lednock. Being near neighbours, a great intimacy subsisted between the young ladies. When they were together at Lednock, in the year 1645, the plague broke out; to avoid which, they retired to a romantic spot called BURN BRAES, on the estate of Lednock, where they lived for some time; but afterwards caught the infection from a young gentleman, an admirer of both, who came to visit them in their solitude: Here they died, and were buried at some distance from their bower, near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Major BERRY, the late proprietor of Lednock, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends.

FAIR PLENTY CAME TO OUR BLEST ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT, LAGGAN,

At the close of harvest 1801, soon after the Preliminaries of Peace were signed.

THE SAME AIR.

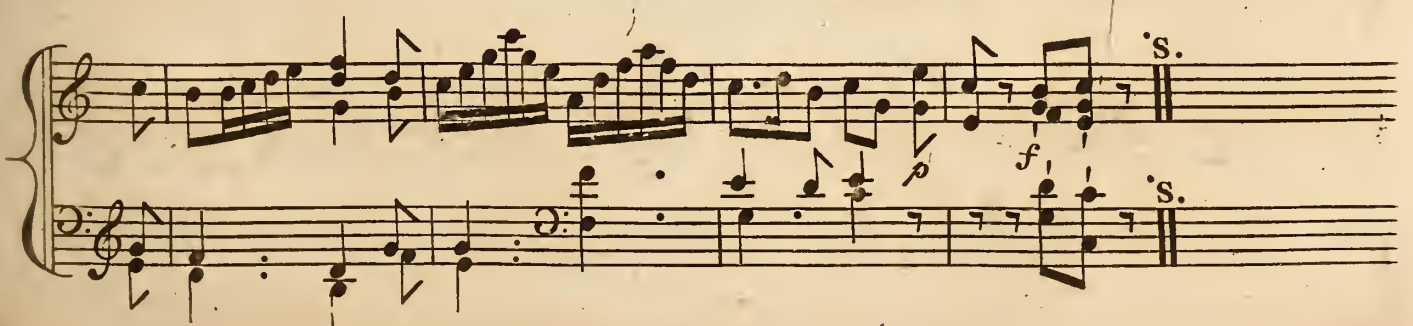
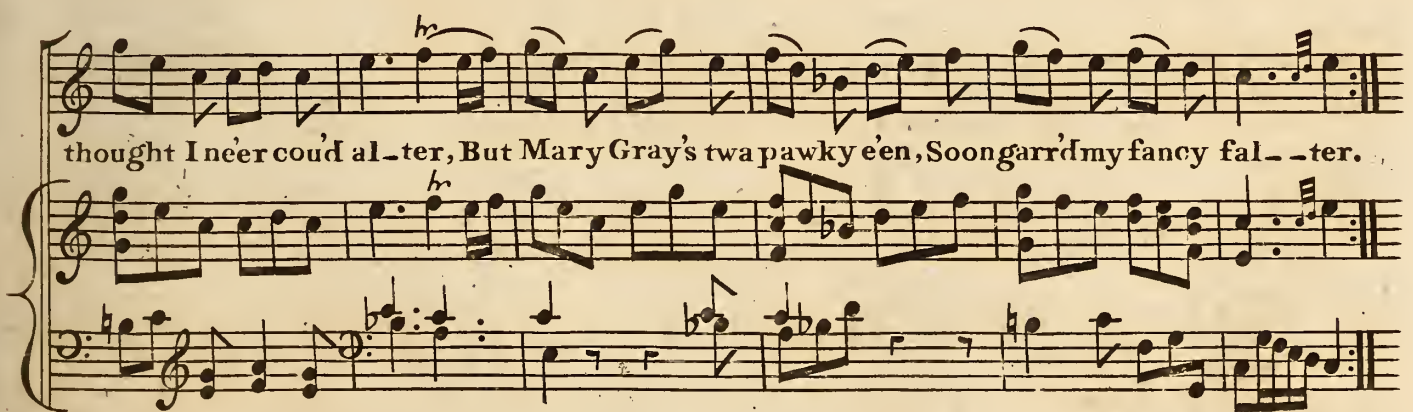
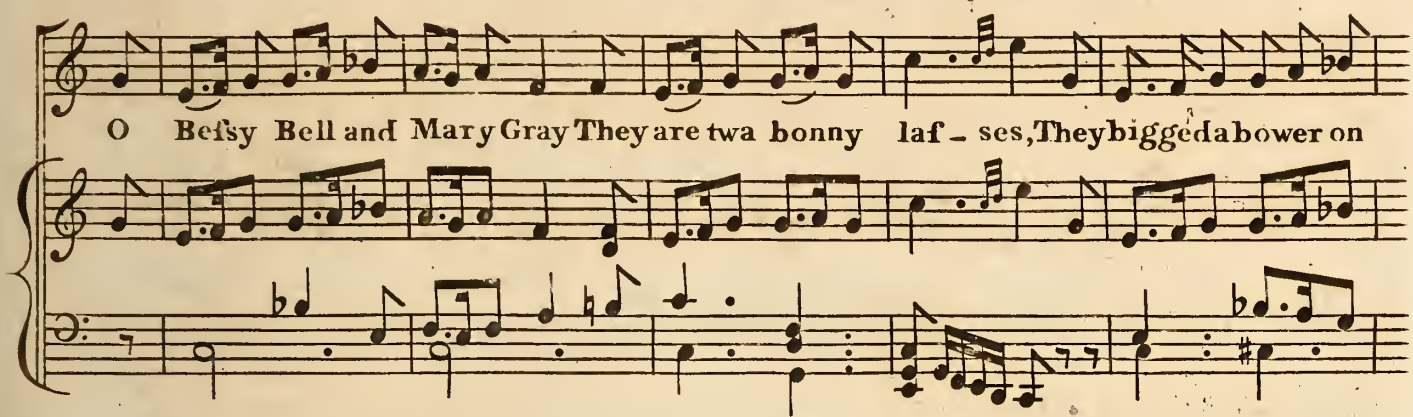
FAIR Plenty came to our blest isle,
 With wealthy burdens bending ;
 And Peace, with soft angelic smile,
 From orient clouds descending.
 Now Plenty's locks are crown'd with corn,
 In yellow bright abundance ;
 And mellow fruit her copious horn
 Pours out in rich redundancy.
 Her swelling bosom teems profuse
 With flowers, the summer's glory ;
 Her joyous smile can charms diffuse,
 To brighten winter hoary.
 But Peace, with downcast eyes so meek,
 Displays her modest graces,
 The soft blush mantling on her cheek,
 My soul delighted traces.

Her flowing robe, of snowy hue,
 Is bound about her bosom,
 With zone of pure celestial blue,
 Where lurks the olive blossom.
 O Peace and Plenty ! ye are stars
 That shine so bright together,
 Even Famine gaunt, or furious Mars,
 Might fall in love with either.
 Then in my heart exalt your throne,
 And rule with powers united ;
 A heart that 's so much pleas'd with one,
 With both must be delighted.—
 'Twas thus of old, in Windsor's grove,
 The merry knight decided,
 When rival charms with equal love
 His ample heart divided.

O Bessy Bell & Mary Gray

138

*Allegretto
piuttosto
Vivace*



139
(But lately seen &c. Air, The death of the Linnet.

Duet
Andantino

But lately seen in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the day Through gentle show'rs the
 But lately seen in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the day Through gentle show'rs the

laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay But now ah now our joys are fled, On winter
 laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay But now ah now our joys are fled, On winter

blasts a - wa Yet maiden May in rich array Again shall bring them a'.
 blasts a - wa Yet maiden May in rich array Again shall bring them a'.

BUT LATELY SEEN, IN GLADSOME GREEN.

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

BUT lately seen, in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoic'd the day,
 Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay.
 Tho' now all Nature's sweets are fled*
 On winter blasts awa';
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary, weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
 Why com'st thou not again!

* In the Author's copy, the 5th line of this stanza is, "But now our joys are fled," which being too short for the air, the Editor has taken the liberty of altering as above.

WHEN DAMON LANGUISH'D AT MY FEET.

WRITTEN

Br MR MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN DAMON languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet!
 But ah, how swift they flew!
 The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
 The garden and the grove,
 Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
 And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
 He left her to complain;
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
 And measure time by pain.
 But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,
 In pity to despair;
 And the last sigh that rends the heart
 Shall waft the spirit there.

WELL, I AGREE, YER'E SURE OF ME.

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—O'ER BOGIE.

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say ye na ;
 For ye hae what he wou'd be at,
 And will commend you weel ;
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain,
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree :
 And if you faithful prove in love
 You'll find nae fault in me.

NO MORE MY HEART, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

No more my heart shall loosely rove
 In search of novel charms :
 My fancy 's fix'd, resistless love
 My glowing bosom warms.
 A blushing cheek, a lip, an eye,
 A shape, an air, a voice,
 Oft rais'd a wish, or forc'd a sigh,
 But ne'er could fix my choice.

For soon I shook off beauty's chains,
 Impatient of controul,—
 The object chang'd, no trace remains
 Imprinted on the soul.
 The charms that gild a lovely mind,
 Can conquer that alone ;
 My fancy 's fix'd, convinc'd I find
 Variety in one.

*Allegretto
piu tosto
Tirace*

A handwritten musical score on aged, yellowed paper. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a fluid, cursive style with various note values and rests. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, and the bass staff begins with a bass clef. The notation includes eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, with some notes beamed together. There are also rests and accidentals (sharps and naturals) throughout the piece. The handwriting is elegant and characteristic of the 19th century.

Well I agree you're fure of me Next to my father gae Make

him content to gie consent He'll hardly say you nay For you have what he

would be at And will commend you weill Since Parents auld think love grows cauld Where

The musical score for 'The Bairns' is presented on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, G major, 2/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics 'bairns want milk and meal.' are written below the top staff. The score includes a repeat sign and ends with a fermata and a 's.' marking.

11
In the Shepherd's mournful fate *Alto, Galaschick*

Affettuoso

S. Ah the poor

shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish, To bear the scornful

fair one's hate Nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet eager looks and dying sighs my secret

soul dis-cover While rapture trembling through mine eyes, reveals how much I love her: The

tender glance, the red'ning cheek, o'erspread with rising blushes, A thousand various ways they

speak, A thousand various wishes.

Vio

S.

AH THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

WRITTEN

Br WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

BANGOUR.

AIR—GALASHIELS.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover;
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erpread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heav'nly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee,—
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,—
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven!

IN WINTER, WHEN THE RAIN RAIN'D CAULD.

AIR—TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And BOREAS, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then BELL my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,—
 ' Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
 ' And tak' your auld cloak about ye.
 ' My Cromie is an useful cow,
 ' And she is come of a good kyne ;
 ' Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 ' And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
 ' Get up, Goodman, it is fu' time,
 ' The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 ' Sloth never made a gracious end,—
 ' Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.'
 " My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 " When it was fitting for my wear ;
 " But now it 's scanty worth a groat,
 " For I have worn 't this thirty year ;
 " Let 's spend the gear that we have won,
 " We little ken the day we'll die :
 " Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn—
 " To ha'e a new cloak about me."
 ' In days when our King ROBERT rang,
 ' His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
 ' He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 ' And call'd the tailor thief and loun.</p> | <p>' He was the King that wore a crown,
 ' And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,—
 ' 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 ' Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.'
 " Every land has its ain laugh,
 " Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 " I think the world is a' run wrang,
 " When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 " Do ye not see ROB, JOCK, and HAB,
 " As they are girded gallantly,
 " While I sit hurklen in the ase ?—
 " I'll ha'e a new cloak about me !"
 ' Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 ' Since we did ane anither ken ;
 ' And we have had between us twa,
 ' Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
 ' Now, they are women grown, and men,
 ' I wish and pray weel may they be :
 ' And if you prove a good husband,
 ' E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'
 " BELL, my wife, she loves na strife ;
 " But she wad guide me, if she can,
 " And to maintain an easy life,
 " I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :
 " Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 " Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 " Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 " And tak' my auld cloak about me."</p> |
|--|---|

WHEN DAISIES PY'D, AND VIOLETS BLUE.

WRITTEN

By SHAKESPEARE.

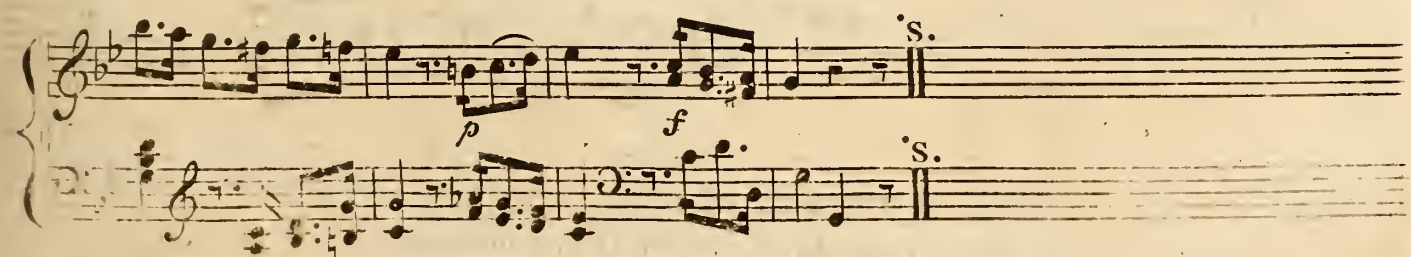
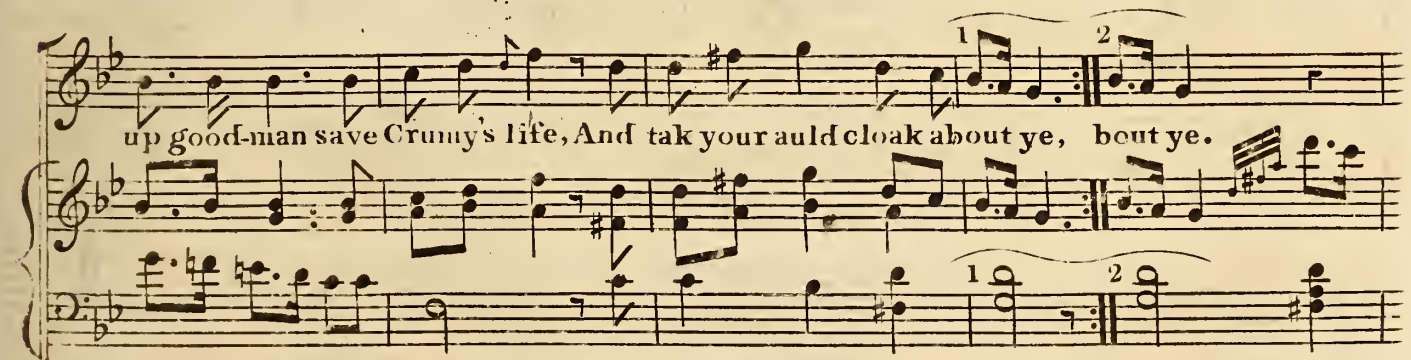
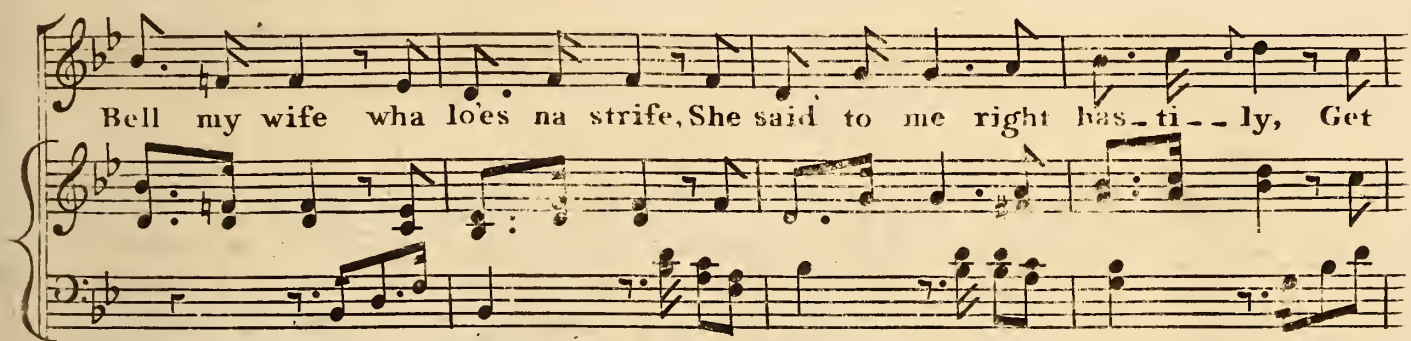
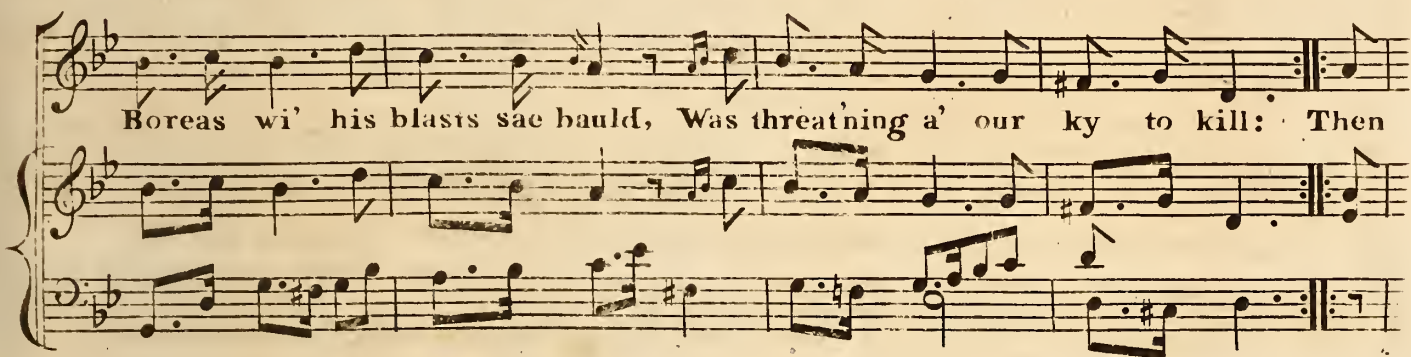
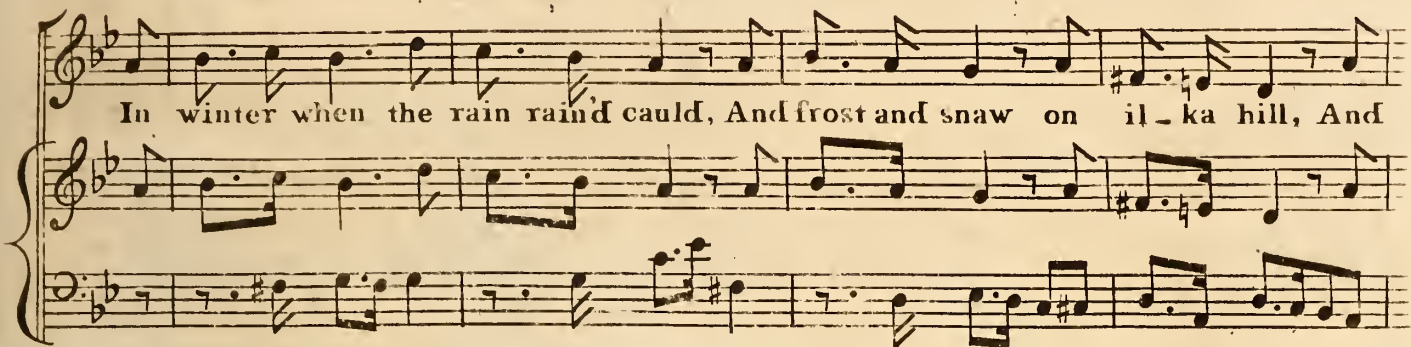
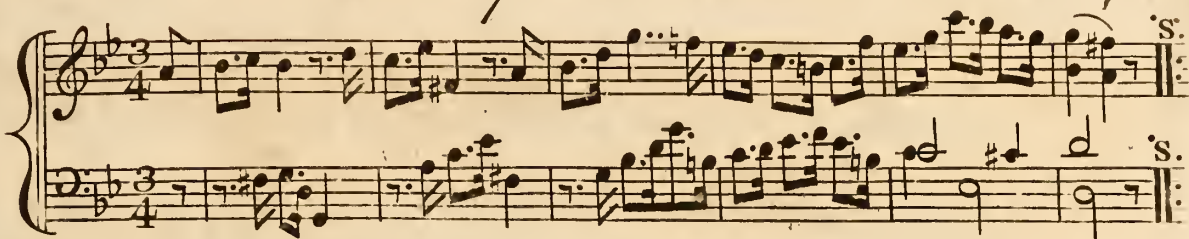
THE SAME AIR.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear ?
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks ;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks :
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.</p> | <p>When icicles hang by the wall,
 And DICK the shepherd blows his nail,
 And TOM bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasy JOAN doth keel the pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And MARION's nose looks red and raw ;
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasy JOAN doth keel the pot.</p> |
|---|--|

In winter's air, Tak your auld cloak about ye

142

Andantino
un poco
Vivace



(1.) Sandy &c. Tir, Through the wood laddie

Andante

O San-dy why leav'st thou thy Nel-ly to mourn Thy presence cou'd

ease me when nae-thing can please me Now do-wie I sigh on the

bank of the burn Or through the wood lad-die un-till thou re-

- - turn turn.

* When the Voice cannot reach this A, the F may be substituted.

O SANDY, WHY LEAV'ST THOU THY NELLY TO MOURN?

WRITTEN

Br ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

<p>O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy NELLY to mourn? Thy presence could ease me, When naething can please me: Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn, Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.</p> <p>Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear, While lav'rocks are singing, And primroses springing, Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.</p>	<p>That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell; I'm fash'd wi' their scorning, Baith evening and morning; Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell, When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.</p> <p>Then stay, my dear SANDY, nae langer away, But quick as an arrow Haste here to thy marrow, Wha's living in languor till that happy day, When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.</p>
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ALAS! I PERCEIVE ALL MY WISHES ARE VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

Br PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>ALAS! I perceive all my wishes are vain, That Fortune, too cruel, condemns me to pine; Yet of JULIA I will not, I dare not complain, But of Folly that whisper'd the nymph would be mine.</p> <p>For another (how happy!) the virgin is fair: Too happy the swain who possesses her charms; Yet I'll praise e'en a <i>rival</i>, amid my despair, Since his worth must be great that can merit <i>her</i> arms.</p> <p>Tho' slighted, her name will I carve on the tree, And lonely I'll sit on the sod in the grove, Where fondly I thought that she loiter'd for <i>me</i>, And fancied each word and each smile to be love.</p>	<p>Ah! the heart is too ready <i>itself</i> to deceive; Too often it leads the poor shepherd astray! What we ardently wish, we too fondly believe, And WINTER is often mistaken for MAY!</p> <p>Wild HOPE dreams of nought but possession and joy, And cheated, sees nothing but sunshine around: She dreams not of tempests so prone to destroy, And shake the gay blossoms of love to the ground.</p> <p>But HOPE shall no longer my bosom beguile; With sorrow I'll think of the change thro' the year; Yes, I'll think on the day that has op'd with a <i>smile</i>, And often deceitful has clos'd with a <i>tear</i>.</p>
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FAREWEL, YE DUNGEONS DARK AND STRONG.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE FIRST STANZA AND THE CHORUS EXCEPTED.

AIR—MACPHERSON'S FAREWEL.

FAREWEL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 M'PHERSON's time will not be long—
 On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath ?—
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again ! *Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there 's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
 I die by treacherie ;
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avenged be.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame disdain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Farewell ye dungeons - tir, Macpherson's farewell

Andante
risoluto

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's destiny Mac-pherson's time will

The first line of the song, featuring a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody is in D major and 2/4 time, with lyrics written below the notes.

CHORUS *con molto spirito*

not be long, On yonder gallows tree. Sae ranting-ly fae wan-ton-ly, Sae

Piano accompaniment for the chorus, featuring a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The music is in D major and 2/4 time.

Sae ranting-ly fae wan-ton-ly, Sae

dauntingly gaed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Below the gallows tree.

The second line of the song, featuring a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody continues the story of the wretch's fate.

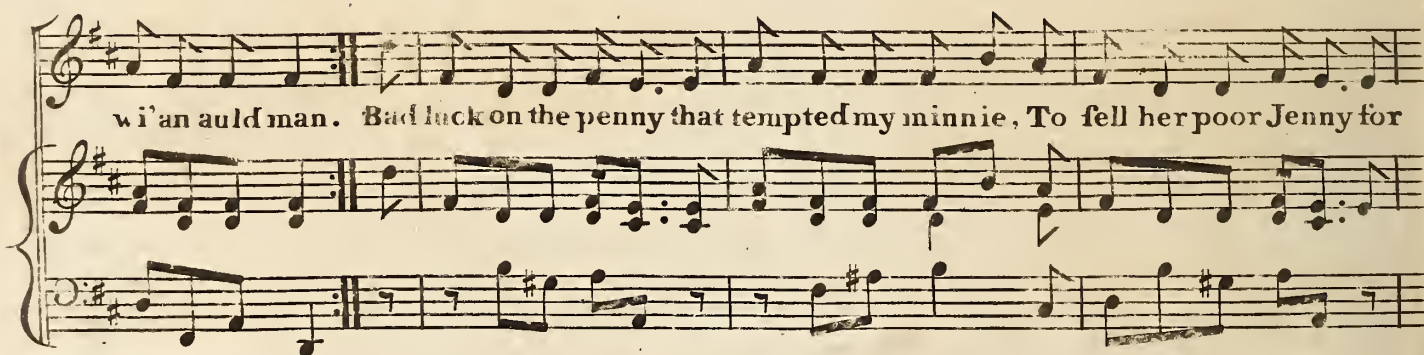
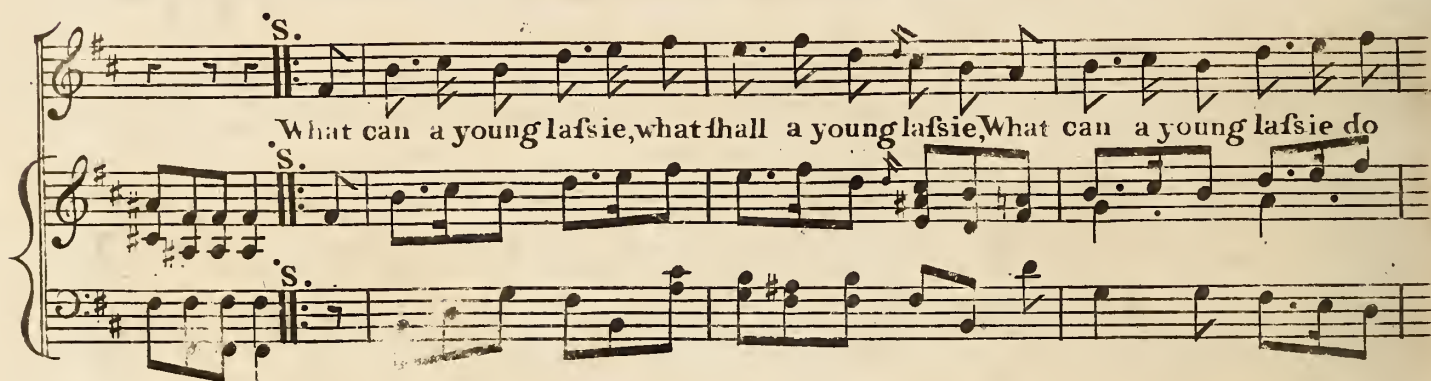
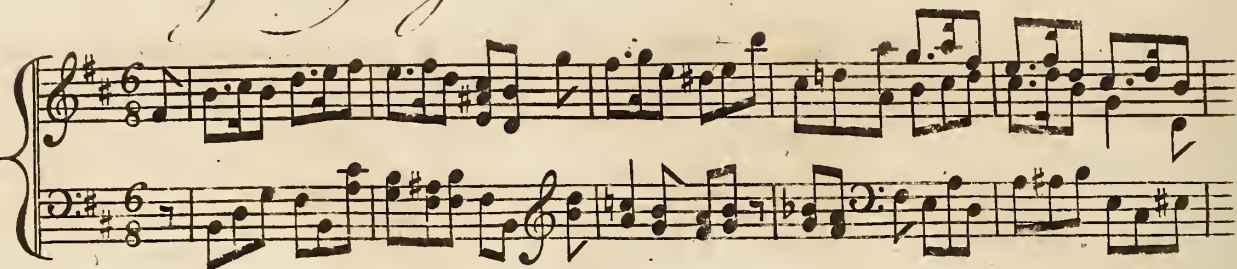
dauntingly gaed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Below the gallows tree.

Piano accompaniment for the second line, continuing the rhythmic accompaniment from the previous section.

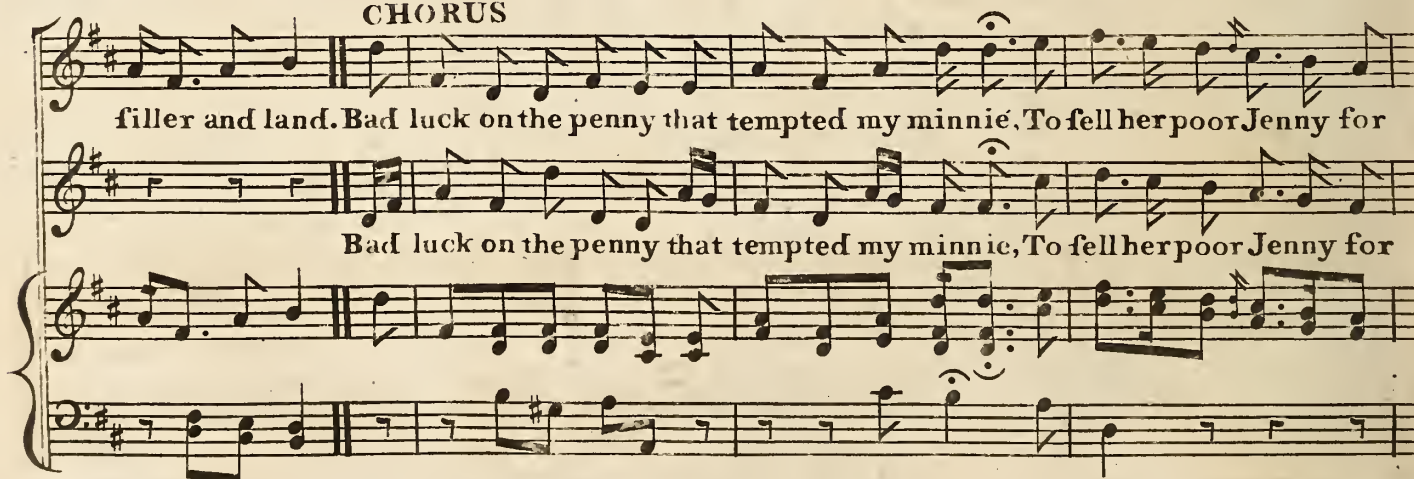
What can a young Laysie do wi' an auld man

145

Allegretto



CHORUS



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

WRITTEN

Br BURNS.

AIR—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie, He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
 To sell her poor JENNY for siller and lan'. O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
Bad luck, &c. *He's peevish, &c.*

He's always compleen frae mornin to e'enin, My auld auntie KATIE upon me takes pity,
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang; I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen, I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him;
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man! And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
He's doyl't, &c. *I'll cross him, &c.*

SINCE WEDLOCK 'S IN VOGUE &c.

WRITTEN

Br CUNNINGHAME.

THE SAME AIR.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd, Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end;
 To all bachelors greeting, these lines are premis'd; Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find Nor the fool that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind;
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind! Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
I'm a maid, &c. *Not the fool, &c.*

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and dress; Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
 Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace; Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind; Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind. Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the free, &c. *Nor the fine, &c.*

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire;
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd—
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.
In whose heart, &c.

BY PINKY HOUSE OFT LET ME WALK.

WRITTEN

Br J. MITCHELL.

AIR.—PINKY HOUSE.

By Pinky House oft let me walk,
While, circled in my arms,
I hear my NELLY sweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me ever fond behold
Those graces void of art ;
Those cheerful smiles, that sweetly hold
In willing chains my heart !

O come, my Love ! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind ;
That gracefulness of air, in you,
By Nature's hand design'd ;
That beauty, like the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame,
Which, like the sun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same !

Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
How vain is all your art !
How seldom it a lover brings !
How rarely keeps a heart !
O gather from my NELLY's charms,
That sweet, that graceful ease ;
That blushing modesty that warms,
That native art to please !

Come, then, my love, O come along,
And feed me with thy charms !
Come, fair inspirer of my song,—
O fill my longing arms !
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms so bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both please the eye
And fill the soul divine !

By Pinkey house oft let me walk.

146

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the first system with the lyrics 'By Pinkey house oft let me walk, While circled in my arms, I'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The second system of the vocal melody includes the lyrics 'hear my Nelly sweetly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The third system of the vocal melody has the lyrics 'let me e-ver fond behold Those graces void of art! Those'. The piano accompaniment continues. The fourth system of the vocal melody has the lyrics 'cheerful smiles that sweetly hold In wil-ling chains my heart.'. The piano accompaniment continues. The score concludes with a final piano section featuring a more active melody in both hands, marked with a '2' and ending with a double bar line.

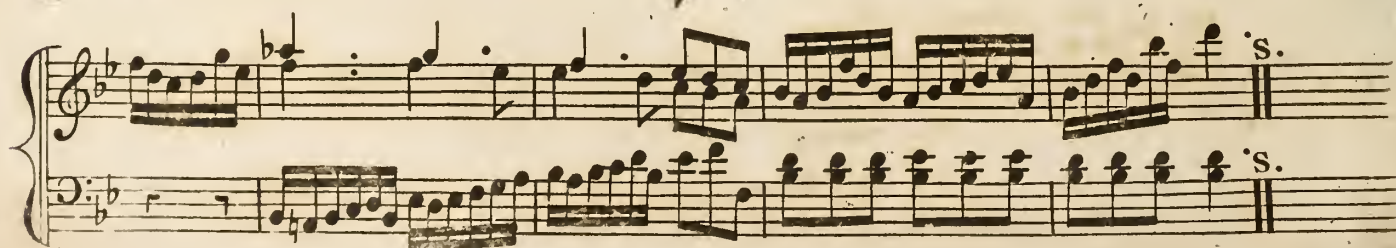
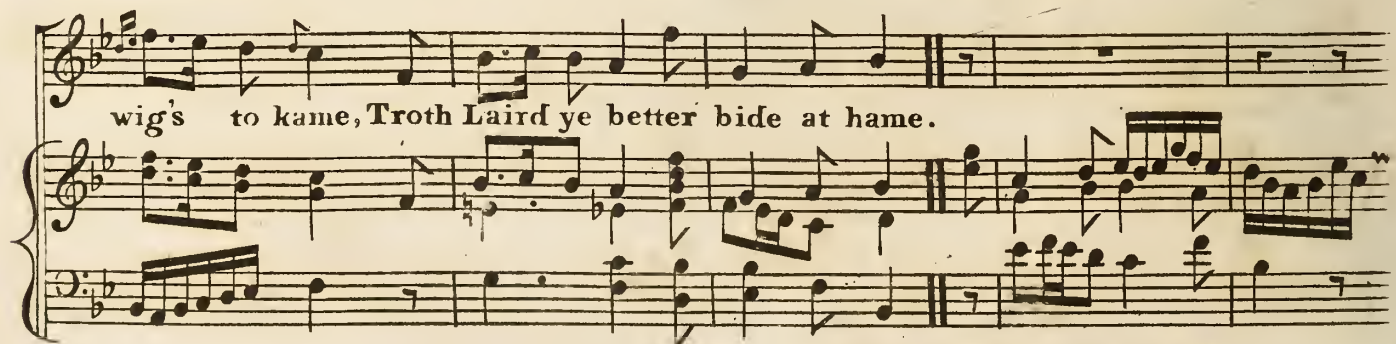
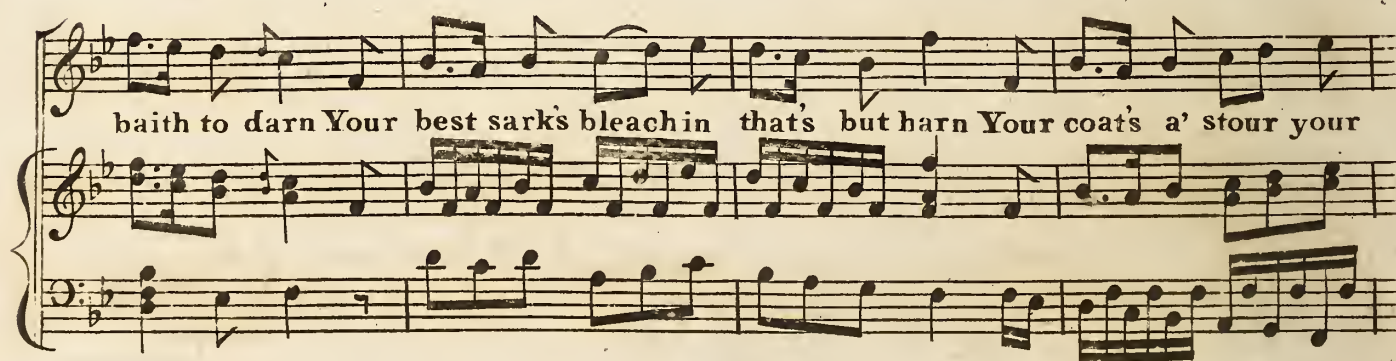
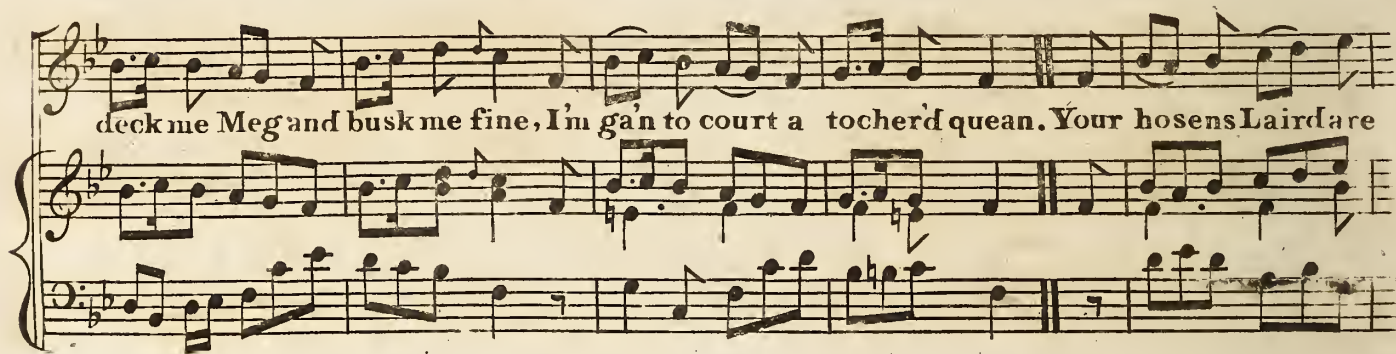
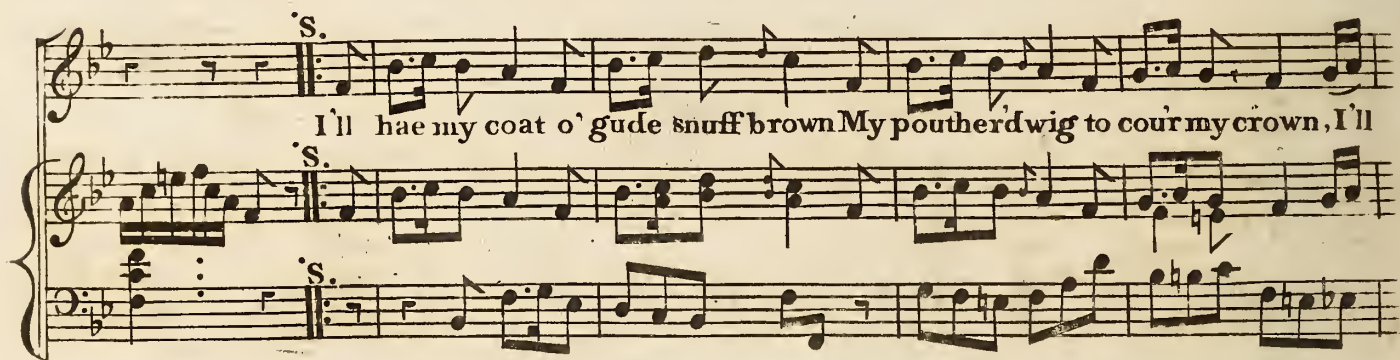
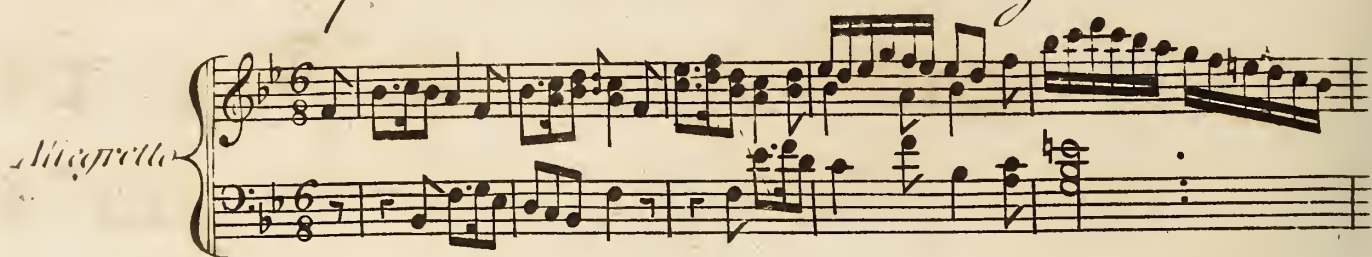
By Pinkey house oft let me walk, While circled in my arms, I

hear my Nelly sweetly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O

let me e-ver fond behold Those graces void of art! Those

cheerful smiles that sweetly hold In wil-ling chains my heart.

147 I'll hae my coat &c. *Sir, The auld gudeman*



I'LL HA'E MY COAT O' GUDE SNUFF BROWN.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MUIRLAND LAIRD AND MEG HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

OF AUCHINLECK.

AIR—THE AULD GUDE MAN.

LAIRD.

I'LL ha'e my coat o' gude snuff brown,
My pouthier'd wig to cou'r my crown,
I'll deck me, MEG, and busk me fine,
I'm ga'n to court a tocher'd quean.

MEG.

Your hosens, Laird, are baith to darn,
Your best sark's bleachin', (that's but harn),
Your coat's a' stour, your wig 's to kame,
Troth, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

LAIRD.

Auld Punch will carry Jock, the lad,
I'll ride mysel' the lang tail'd yad,
Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,
Well mounted, as a Laird should be.

MEG.

There 's peats to cast, the hay 's to cuile,
The yad 's run ow'r the muir a mile,
The saddle 's stoun, auld Punch is lame,—
'Deed, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

Think, Laird, a wee, and look about,
Your gear 's a' thrivin', in and out—
I'm wae to see you courting dule—
Wha kens but this same quean 's a fool?

LAIRD.

Aye, aye, *your* drift 's no ill to tell,—
Ye fain wad ha'e me, MEG, yoursel';
But, sure as BLUTTERBOG 's my name,
I'll court the lass, and bring her hame.

FAR IN THE GLEN, WHENCE YONDER LIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. OF AUCHINLECK.

AIR—SCORNFU' NANSY:—OR, NANSY 'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

There is something tender in this air, which has often suggested the propriety of finding verses for it of a different character from that of the humorous and excellent old song. The Editor thinks himself fortunate, therefore, in presenting, with the old song, the following new one, for the choice of the singer.

FAR in the glen, whence yonder light
Searce pierces thro' the gloaming,
I've linger'd aft till fall of night,
Around the cot-house roaming:
Or listen'd, while the frequent breeze
Wafted the song of NANCY;
While on the pool, or thro' the trees,
The moon-beam sooth'd my fancy.

'Twas here, beneath this blooming thorn,
I vow'd I'd never leave her;
A wretch ne'er saw the light of morn
So base that could deceive her.
O Love! blest be thine artless power,
That did my thoughts discover;
And ever blessed be the hour
She own'd me for her lover!

I wealth would ask, that she might share,—
Yet rich in her caresses,
How little seems the drudge of care,
And all that he possesses!
Whose lips in transport never glow'd,
A mutual passion sealing,
Whose frigid blood ne'er wildly flow'd
In veins alive to feeling.

Yes, round this thorn, the twining rose
In native bloom shall flourish;
And, ever while it buds and blows,
'Twill sweet remembrance nourish.
Each blissful scene, when here we meet,
Be memory's fond treasure;
And oft I'll seek this happy seat,
And ponder on past pleasure.

THE OLD SONG OF NANSY 'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE.

THE SAME AIR, IN A LIVELY STYLE.

NANSY 's to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,
And WILLY he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he could say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind wha gat him.
' What ails you at my dad,' quoth he,
' My minny, or my aunty?
' With crowdy-moudy they fed me,
' Lang-kail and ranty-tanty;
' With bannocks of good barley-meal,
' Of thae there was right plenty,
' With chapped stoeks butter'd fou' weel;
' And was not that right dainty?
' Altho' my father was nae laird,
' 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
' He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
' A ha' house and a pantry;
' A good blue bonnet on his head,
' An owlry 'bout his eraigy;
' And ay, until the day he died,
' He rade on good shanks' nagy.'
' Now wae and wonder on your snout,
' Wad ye ha'e bonny NANSY?
' Wad ye compare yoursel' to me?—
' A doeken till a tansy?

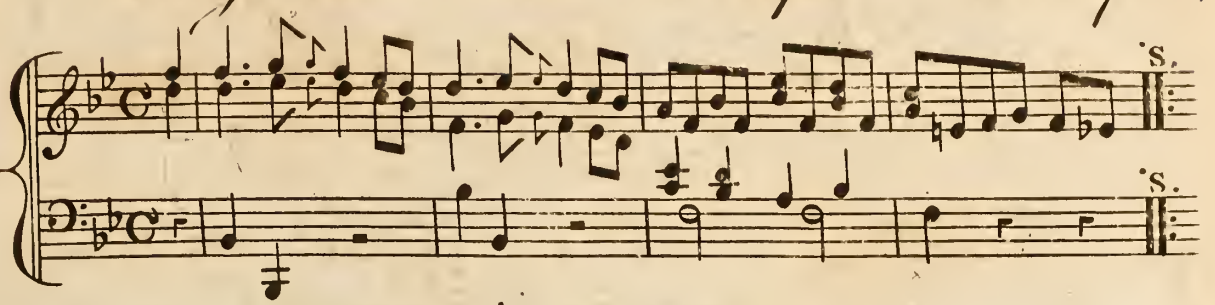
" I ha'e a wooer of my ain,
" They ca' him Souple Sandy,
" And weel I wat his bonny mou'
" Is sweet like sugar-candy."
' Wow, NANSY, what needs a' this din?
' Do I not ken this SANDY?
' I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
' Was RAB the beggar randy;
' His minny MEG, upon her baek,
' Bare baith him and his billy:
' Will ye compare a nasty pack
' To me, your winsome WILLY?

' My gutcher left a good braid sword,
' Tho' it be auld and rusty,
' Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
' It is baith stout and trusty;
' And if I ean but get it drawn,
' Which will be right uneasy,
' I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
' That he shall get a heezy.'

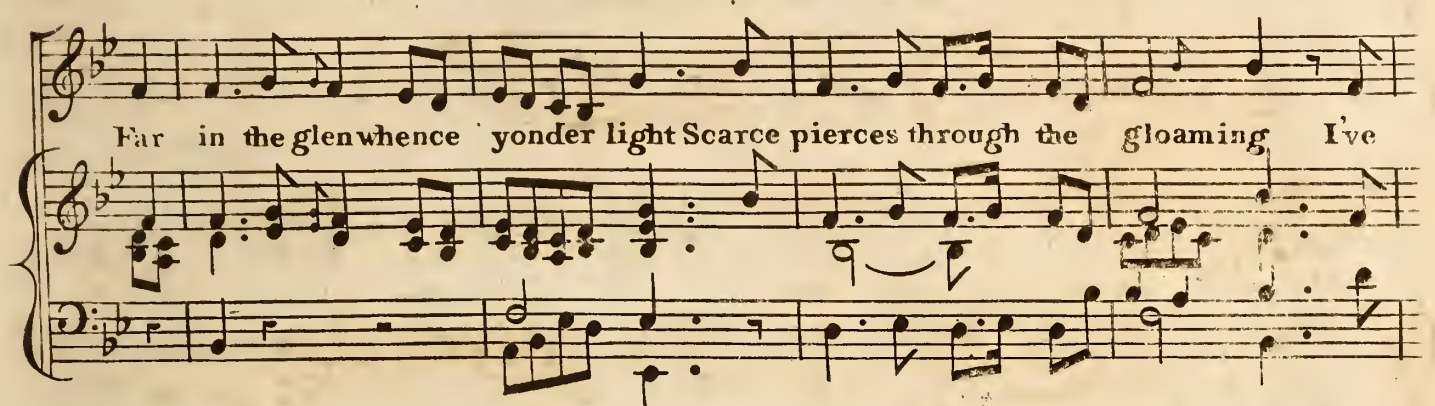
Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
And said, " Did SANDY hear ye,
" Ye wadna miss to get a elout,
" I ken he disna fear ye:
" Sae had your tongue, and say nae mair,
" Set somewhere else your faney;
" For as lang 's SANDY 's to the fore,
" Ye never shall get Nansy."

Far in the glen &c. Air, Scornful Nancy.

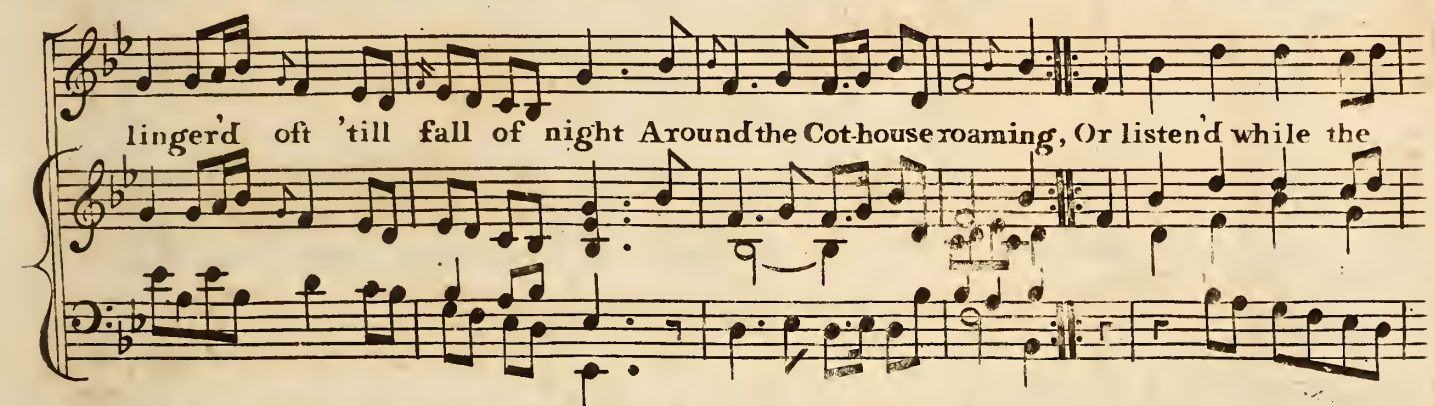
Andantino



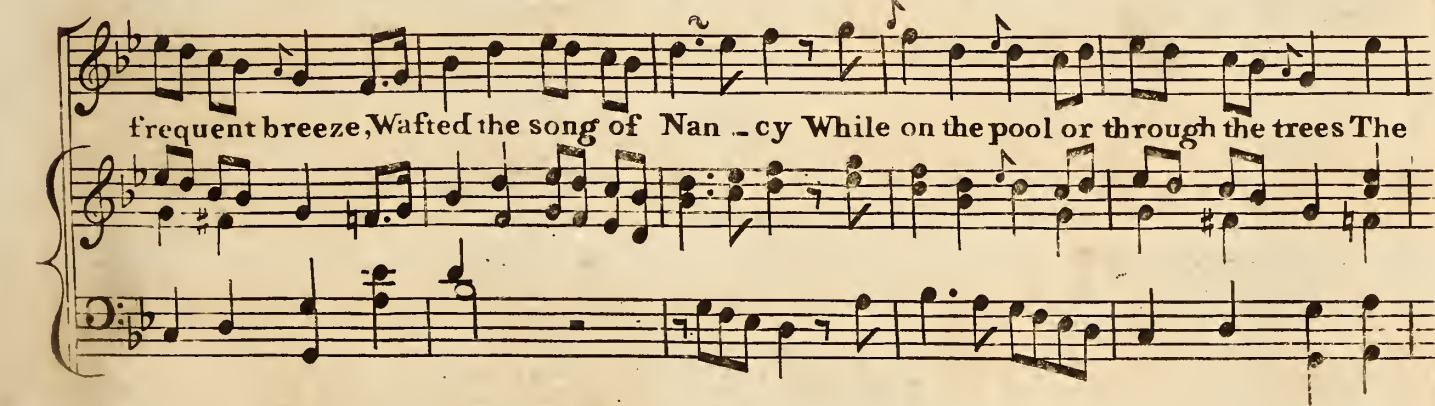
Far in the glen whence yonder light Scarce pierces through the gloaming I've




linger'd oft 'till fall of night Around the Cot-house roaming, Or listend while the



frequent breeze, Wafted the song of Nan - cy While on the pool or through the trees The



moon beam sooth'd my fan - cy.



A youth adorn'd with every art.

Allegretto

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The tempo marking 'Allegretto' is placed to the left of the piano part. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics 'A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art, To warm and win the cold - est heart In' are written below the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics 'secret mine possess: The morning bud that fairest blows, The vernal' are written below the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The fourth system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics 'Oak that straightest grows, His shape and face ex - prest his shape and face ex -' are written below the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The fifth system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics '- prest.' are written below the vocal line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A YOUTH, ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

WRITTEN

Br MALLET.

AIR.—TEARS THAT MUST EVER FALL.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with ev'ry art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret, mine possest :—
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom Love had made sincere.

At morn he left me,—fought, and fell,
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed :
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For, ah ! no sighs the past recal,
No cries awake the dead !

NO HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE COULD STOW THEM.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
By MRS GRANT, LAGGAN,

AIR—WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

* * This song was written on seeing a modern Scottish one, beginning, "The grass had na freedom for growing," which the Editor intended to give also; but not having room for both, he preferred the one that appeared to him the best.

No house in the village could stow them, We were crowded with gallants so gay, So deck'd out, you scarcely could know them, All boot'd in costly array. The grass was trod down in our meadows, It never grew up into hay, The lovers grew meagre as shadows, Before the fair maid went away. Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away, The pride and the boast of the parish Is gone and married away.	Last week, when I first went to see her, She was drest like a bough-pot in May, And ask'd of her HARRY to give her A hat, with pink ribbons so gay; But HARRY desir'd her to hurry, And spin her new garments of grey; With that she got up in a flurry, Flung out of the door and away. Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away, The gayest drest maid in the parish Is gone and married away.	Her mother then answer'd, 'Dear DOLLY, 'I think he has something to say, 'For idleness sure would be folly 'In folks that have so much to pay: 'The true way to make your yoke lighter 'Is while the sun shines to make hay; 'Then wedlock's dark brow will look brighter 'When beauty and youth must decay.' Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away, The beauty and brag of the parish Is gone and married away.
But if HARRY had known her as I do, How her youth has been trifled away, Without knitting, or baking, or brewing, Or spinning, or making of hay; Her dress was her sole occupation, And when that is taken away, She will quickly wear out of the fashion, When drest in plain garments of grey. Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away. The buxom fine toast of the parish Is gone and married away.	She ran home in tears to her mother, Who cried out, 'What brought you to-day?' 'Pray was it to set me a spinning, 'Poor I was married away, 'To knit, and to mend up old linen, 'And drudge in the house the long day; 'And then to be rul'd by a master, 'Who says I was born to obey.' Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away, The maid that danc'd best in the parish, Is gone and married away.	'Then hie away home to your husband, 'Like a fool, his forgiveness to pray, 'And give us no more of your nonsense, 'Or you'll fright the poor fellow away.' Home she went sobbing and sighing, And threw off her gaudy array; Then down to her wheel she sat crying, And spun her new garments of grey. Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away, The Queen of the May in our parish Is gone and married away.

THE OLD VERSES TO WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE bride came out of the byre, And O as she dighted her cheeks! 'Sirs, I'm to be married the night, 'And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets, 'Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets, 'Nor scarce a coverlet too; 'The bride that has a' thing to borrow, 'Has e'en right meikle ado.' Woo'd and married and a', Woo'd and married and a', Was she na very weel aff, Was woo'd and married and a'?	Out spake the bride's father, As he came in frae the plough, 'O had your tongue, my daughter, 'And ye's get gear enough. 'The stirk that stands in the tether, 'And our bra basin'd yade, 'Will carry ye hame your corn, 'What would you be at, you jade?' Woo'd and married and a', Woo'd and married and a', Was she na very weel aff, Was woo'd and married and a'?	Out spake the bride's mither, 'What deil needs a' this pride, 'I had nae a plack in my pouch 'That night I was a bride, 'My gown was linsy-woolsy, 'And ne'er a sark ava; 'And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins 'Mae than ane or twa.' Woo'd and married and a', Woo'd and married and a', Was she na very weel aff, Was woo'd and married and a'?
--	---	--

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kye:
'Poor Willie had ne'er hae ta'en ye,
'Had he kent ye as weel as I:
'For you're baith proud and saucy,
'And no for a poor man's wife;
'Gin I canna get a better,
'I'll never tak' ane in my life.'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was na she very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'?

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre,
'O gin I were but married,
'It's a' that I desire!
'But we poor folk maun live single,
'And do the best we can,
'I dinna ken what I should want,
'If I cou'd get but a man.'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was na she very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'?

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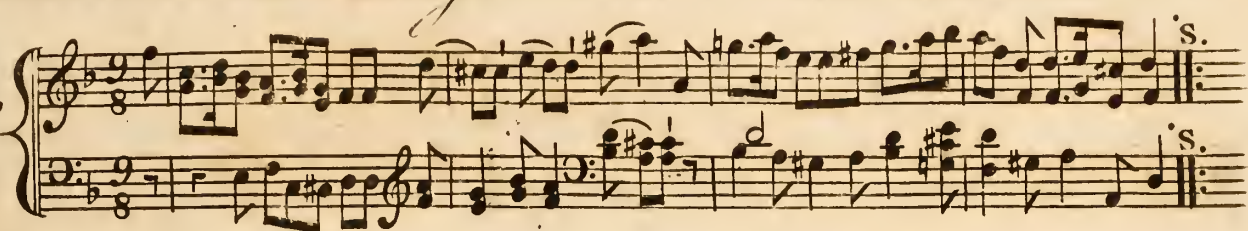
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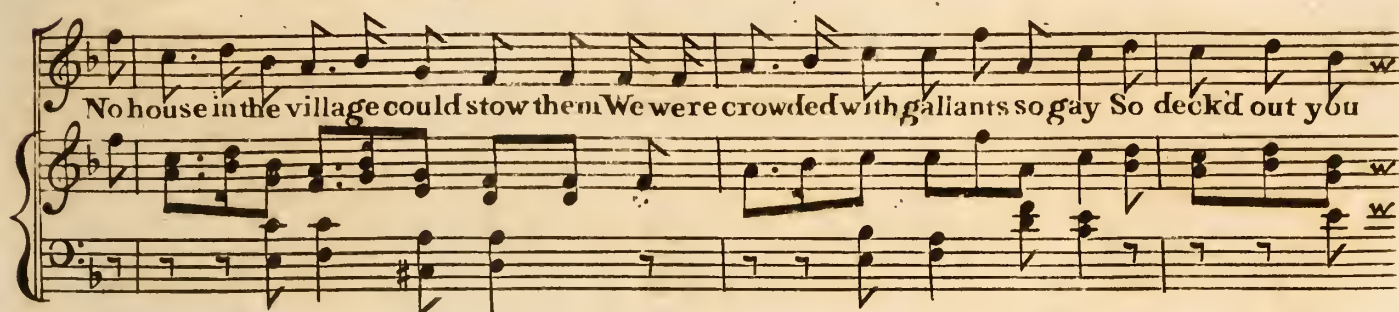
1803.

No house in the village &c. Air, Wood & married &c. 150.

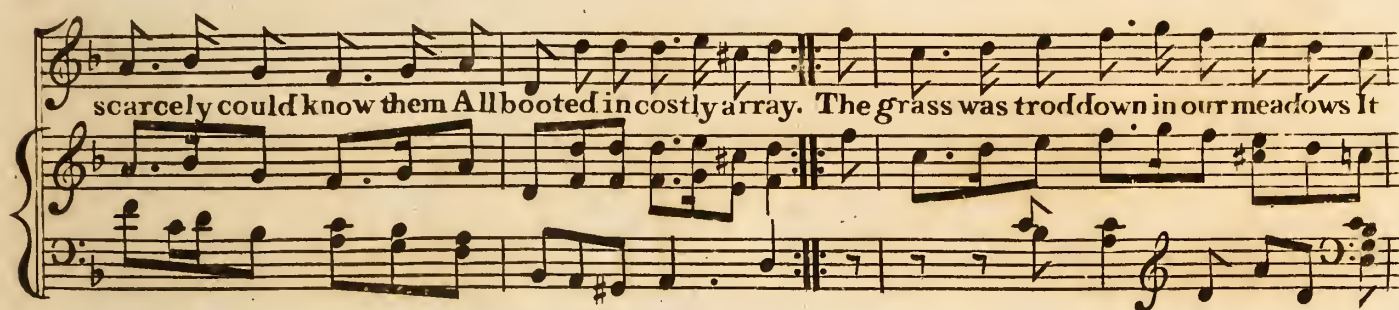
Un poco
Tirace



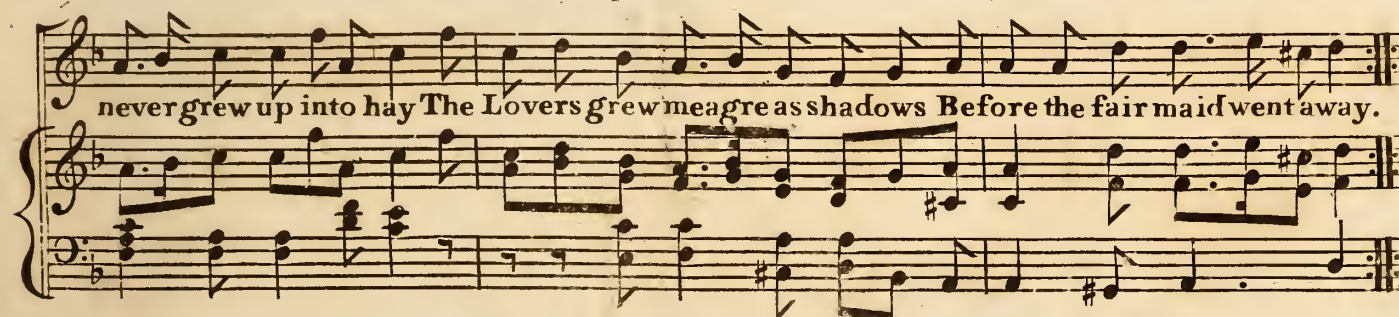
No house in the village could stow them We were crowded with gallants so gay So deck'd out you



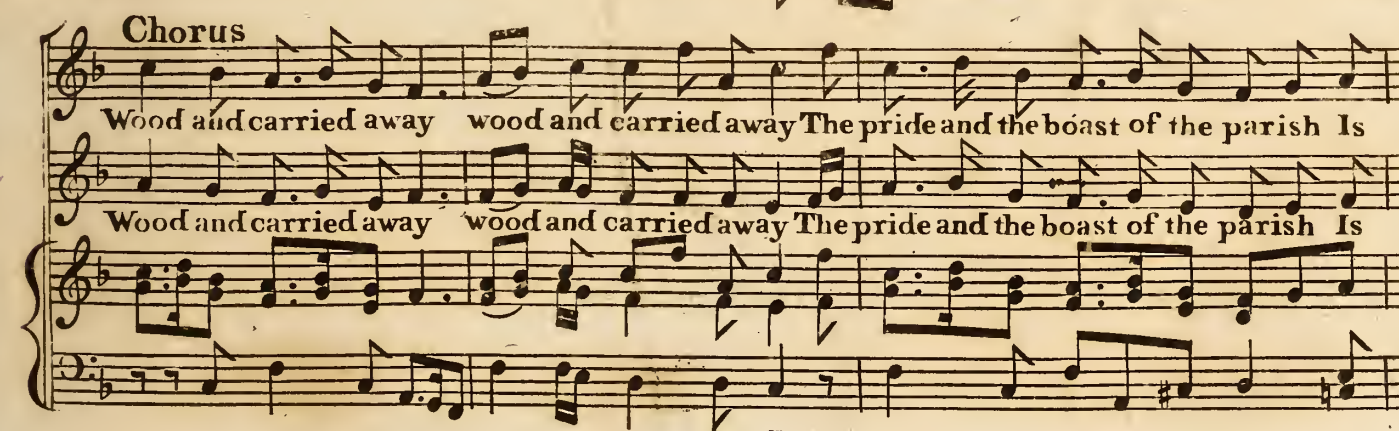
scarcely could know them Allbooted in costly array. The grass was troddown in our meadows It



never grew up into hay The Lovers grew meagre as shadows Before the fair maid went away.



Chorus
Wood and carried away wood and carried away The pride and the boast of the parish Is
Wood and carried away wood and carried away The pride and the boast of the parish Is



gone and married away.

