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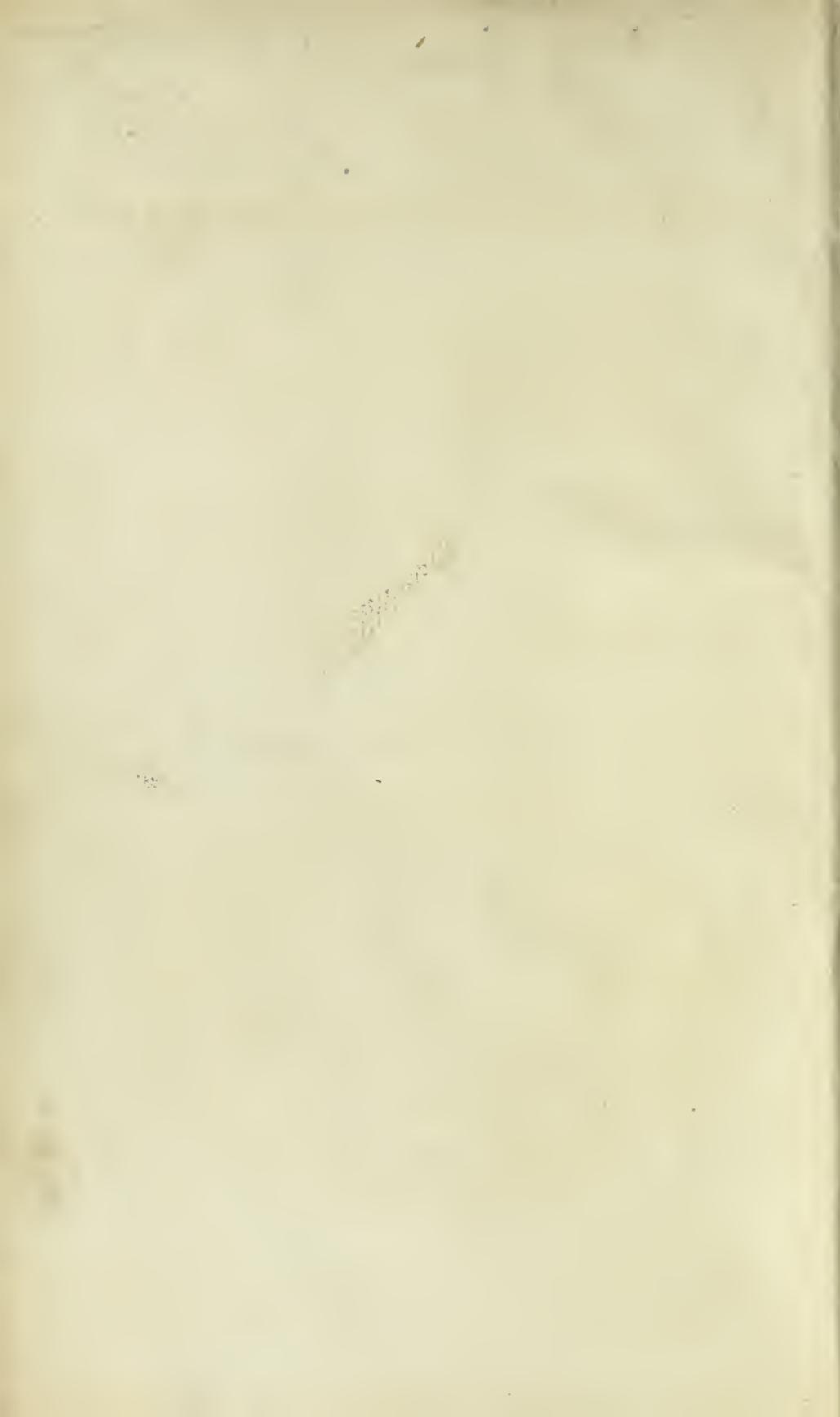
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BY

James Johnson

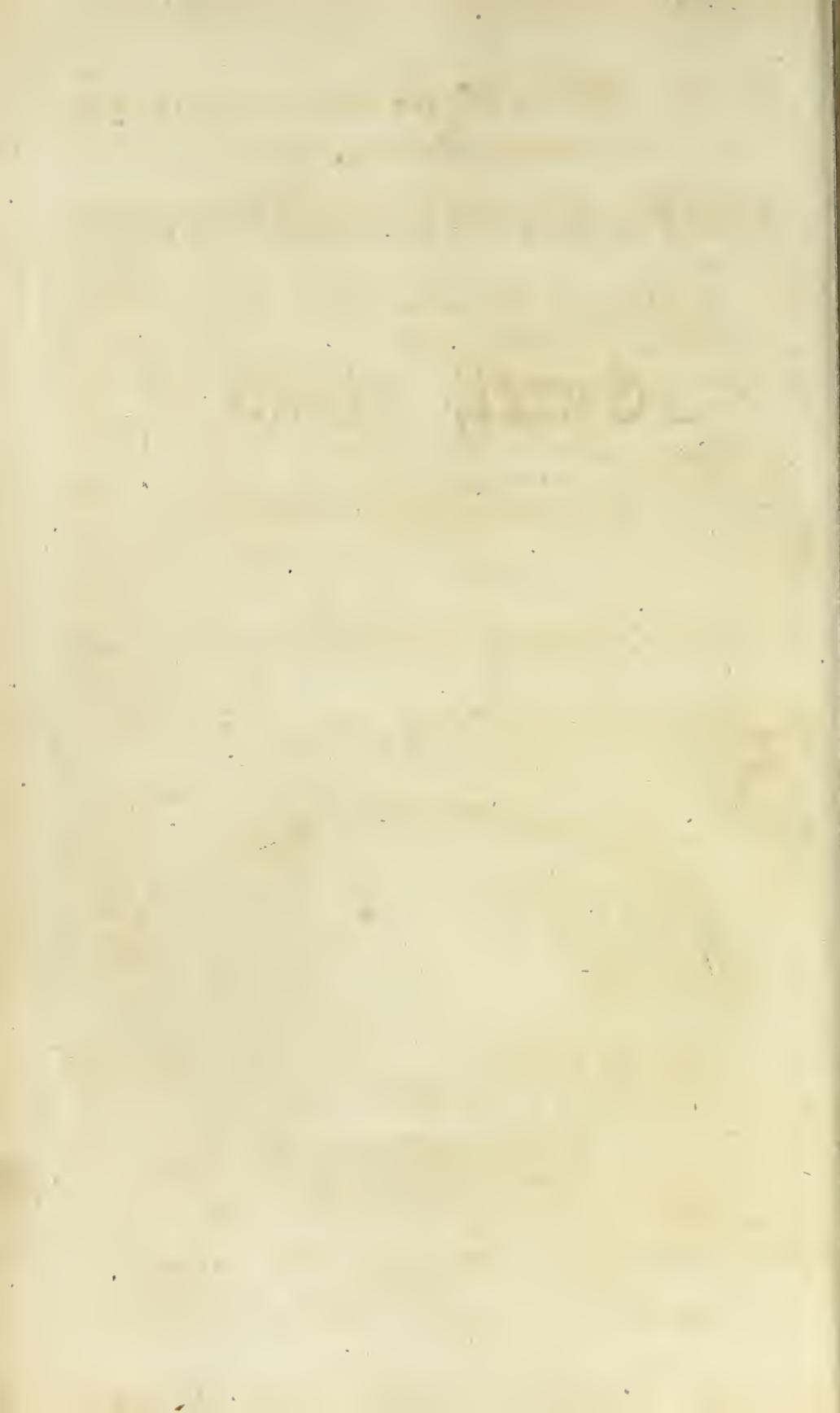
Vol. I.

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TO THE TRUE LOVERS OF CALEDONIAN

MUSIC AND SONG.

IT has long been a just and general Complaint, that among all the Music Books of SCOTS SONGS that have been hitherto offered to the Public, not one, nor even all of them put together, can be said to have merited the name of what may be called A COMPLETE COLLECTION; having been published only in detached pieces and parcels; amounting however upon the whole, to more than twice the price of this Publication; attended moreover with this further disadvantage, that they have been printed in such large unportable Sizes, that they could by no means answer the purpose of being pocket-companions; which is no small incumbrance, especially to the admirers of social Music.

To remedy these, and all other complaints and inconveniencies of the kind, this work, now before the public eye, has been undertaken, and carried on, Under the Patronage, direction, and Review of a number of Gentlemen of undisputed taste, who have been pleased to encourage, enrich, and adorn the whole literary part of the Performance. The Publisher begs leave only to say, that he has strenuously endeavoured, and will persevere to exert his utmost skill and assiduity in executing the mechanical part of the work. And he flatters himself, that his laudable unremitting emulation to gain the public esteem, will meet with the favourable regard of his obliging friends and generous Subscribers. The Subscription will be kept open, at least, to the publication of the Second Volume: which was all originally intended: and which will be published as soon as the work can be executed, which is already in great forwardness. Each Volume contains ONE HUNDRED Songs, with the original Music, embellished with Thorough Basses by one of the ablest Masters. And besides these hundred Songs, under the Music and Song inserted in the respective titles at the top of the page, the performer will frequently find two or three additional Sets of apposite words to the same tune; adapted to the VOICE, HARPSICORD, and PIANO-FORTE, &c.

It was intended, and mentioned in the Proposals, to have adopted a Considerable Variety of the most Musical and Sentimental of the English and Irish Songs; But this Scheme, not happening to meet with general approbation, after several plates had been engraved for the purpose, it was determined, in compliance with what seemed to be the almost universal inclination of the Subscribers, to postpone it for the present, with a full intention to resume it afterwards, if it shall yet appear to be desired and encouraged, in a third, or a fourth Volume.

In the meantime, it is humbly requested, if any Lady or Gentleman have any meritorious Song with the Music (never hitherto Published) of the true Ancient Caledonian strain, that they would be pleased to transmit the same to the Publisher, that it may be submitted to the proper Judges, and so be preserved in this Repository of our National Music and Song, by their most

Obliged and Humble Servant,

JAMES JOHNSON.

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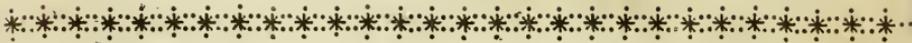
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Entered in Stationer's Hall.



The Highland Queen.

N^o. 1

Andante

No more my Song shall be, ye Swains, of purling streams, or flow-ry
 plains; More pleasing beauties now inspire, And Phoebus tunes the warbling
 Lyre: Di_vinely aided thus I mean, To ce - le - brate, To
 ce - le - brate my Highland Queen.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ornaments, and dynamic markings like 'hr' and 'Sym'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me:
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole:
 A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
 All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate,
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate!
 Has all these wondring gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more.
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

The Highland King.

YE Muses nine, O lend your aid,
 Inspire a tender bashfull maid!
 That's lately yielded up her heart,
 A conquest to Love's powerful dart:
 And now would fain attempt to sing,
 The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
 Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
 When first I saw him, 'twas the day
 That ushers in the sprightly Mays;
 When first I felt Love's powerful sting,
 And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
 No other shepherd can compare;
 Good nature, honesty, and truth,
 Adorn the dear, the matchless youth:
 And graces, more than I can sing,
 Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
 'Tis you I love; Come, Come away,
 Unto the kirk, my Love, let's hy:
 Oh me! in rapture, I'll comply!
 And I should then have cause to sing
 The praises of my Highland King.

An thou were my ain thing.

2

Slow

An, thou were my ain thing, O I wou'd love thee, I wou'd

love thee. An, thou were my ain thing, how dearly wou'd I love thee!

Then I wou'd clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd secure thee from all

harms, For above mortals thou hast charms, How dearly do I love thee!

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Fingerings (6, 5, 4, 3, 7) are indicated below the piano line. There are some 'hr' markings above the vocal line, possibly indicating breath marks.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, then pity me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou were &c.

The Pow'rs one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O for their sake support a slave,
 Who ever on shall love thee.
 An thou were. &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou were &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fate my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.
 An thou were &c.

Peggy, I must love thee.

3

3

As from a rock, past all relief, The shipwreck'd Co - lin

Slow

sying His native soil, o'ercome with grief, Half sunk in waves, & dying,

With the next morning sun he spies A ship which gives un-hop'd sur -

-prise; New life springs up, he lifts his eyes With joy, & waits her motion.

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted;
Low with despair, my spirits mov'd,
To be forever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying;

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose:
Why should we happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear;
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

Bess the Gawkie.

4 Blyth young Bess to Jean did say, will ye gang to yon fun-ny

Andante Affecto

brae, where flocks do feed, and Herds do stray, and sport a while wi'

Ja-mie! Ah na, lads, I'll no gang there, nor about Ja-me tak' nae

care, nor about Jamie tak' nae care, for he's tane up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lads,
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,
 Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
 Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggy took them ne'er amiss:
 'Tween ilka smack--pleas'd her with this,
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kiss I seek,
 She turns her head, and throws her cheek,
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
 Who'd not call her a gawkie?
 But sure my Maggy has mair sense,
 She'll gie a score without offence;
 Now gie me ane unto the mense,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane,
 But I will never stand for ane,
 Or twa, when we do meet again;
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie,
 Ah na, lads, that ne'er can be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 O' ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht!--nae mair of this we'll spea
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
 I trow he-likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown's sae new,
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew.
 Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae you may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
 If I should gang a nither gate,
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
 And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
 That ever Maggy's face he knew,
 Or yet ca'd Bess a Gawkie.
 As they went o'er the muir they sang;
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,
 Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.

Oh open the door, Lord Gregory.

5

5 Oh o - pen the door, Lord Gre - go - ry, oh o - pen and

Adagio 6 # 6 6

let me in; the rain rains on my scar - let robes, the

6 # 6 # 6 6

dew drops o'er my chin. If you are the lafs that

6 6 4 # 6

I lov'd once, as I true you are not she, Come give me

6 6 # 6

some of the to - kens that pafst between you and me.

6 6 6 6 4 5

Ah wae be to you, Gregory!

An ill death may you die!

You will not be the death of one,

But you'll be the death of three.

Oh don't you mind, Lord Gregory?

'Twas down at yon burn fidé

We chang'd the ring of our fingers

And I put mine on thine.

The Banks of the Tweed.

Recitative

6

As on the Banks of Tweed I lay reclind beneath a verdant

6

shade, I heard a sound more sweet than pipe or flute, sure more en-

6

-chanting was not Orpheus' lute; while list'ning & amaz'd I turn'd my eyes, the more

6

4

6

heard, the greater my surprize; I rose & follow'd guided by my Ear, & in a thickset

6

6

grove I saw my Dear.

Unseen, unheard, the thought, thus sing the Maid.

6

4

tr

Air.

To the soft murm'ring stream I will sing of my Love, How de-

Andante

6

6

6

4

3

6

-lighted am I when a broad I can rove, To indulge a fond

6

6

4

3

6

6

5

passion for Jockey my dear! When he's absent I
 sigh, but how blith when he's near! 'Tis this rural amusement de-
 lights my sad Heart: Come away to my arms, love! and never de-
 part. To his Pipe I could sing, for he's bonny and gay; Did he
 know how I lov'd him, no longer he'd stay.

Neither Linnet or Nightingale sing half so sweet,
 And the soft melting strain did kind Echo repeat,
 It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
 Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear.
 She surpriz'd, and detected, some moments did stand,
 Like the rose was her cheek, and the lilly her hand,
 Which she placed on her breast, and said, Jockey, I fear
 I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;
 But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd,
 And have vow'd endless love, if you would be my bride!
 To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
 Where knot of affection shall tie the fond pair;
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
 And will bless the dear grove, by the banks of the Tweed.

The beds of sweet Roses.

7

As I was a wal - king one morning in may, The

Andante

little birds were sing - ing de - light - ful and gay, the

6 6

little birds were sing - ing de - light - ful and gay, where

6 6

I and my true love did often sport and play, down a -

6

- mong the beds of sweet ros - es, where I and my true love did

6 6 6 6 4 3

often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet ros - es.

6 6 5 3

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: 'As I was a wal - king one morning in may, The little birds were sing - ing de - light - ful and gay, the little birds were sing - ing de - light - ful and gay, where I and my true love did often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet ros - es, where I and my true love did often sport and play, down a - mong the beds of sweet ros - es.' The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with some triplet figures. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

My daddy and my mammy I oft have heard them say,
 That I was a naughty boy, and did often sport and play;
 But I never liked in all my life a maiden that was shy
 Down among the beds of sweet roses. —

Roßlin Castle.

8

Slow

"Twas in that season of the year, when all things gay and sweet appear, that Colin with the morning ray, a rose and fung his rural lay. Of Nanny's charms the Shepherd fung, the hills and dales with Nanny rung; while Roßlin Castle heard the Swain, And echod back the chearfull strain.

Same Tune.

FROM Roßlin Castle's echoing walls,
 Refound my shepherd's ardent calls;
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain, and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield - nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful-pleasing flame I feel;
 My soul retorts the am'rous strains;
 And echoes back in love again:
 Where lurks my songster? from what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bow'r,
 Where mutual love may bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills, that catch the song,
 Repeating as it flies along,
 To Colin's ears my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

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

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

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

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' the.

9

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' the, Saw ye Johnnie cummin, O

Andante

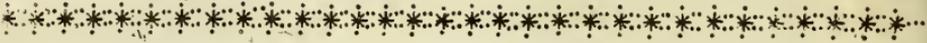
saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' the; Saw ye Johnnie cummin, Wi' his blue bonnet

on his head, And his doggie runnin, quo' the; and his doggie runnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' the;
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 For he is a' gallant lad,
 And a weel doin;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I fee him, quo' the;
 Wi' me when I fee him.

What will I do wi' him, huffy?
 What will I do wi' him?
 He's ne'er a' mark upon his back,
 And I ha'e nae to gi'e him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
 And'ane o' them I'll gi'e him,
 And for a mark of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' the;
 Dinna stand wi' him.
 For well do I lo'e him, quo' the;
 Well do I lo'e him:
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' the;
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' the;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.



Woo'd and Married and a'.

10

The bride came out of the byre, And O as she dighted her cheeks! Sirs,

Lively.

I'm to be married the night, And has neither blankets, nor sheets, Has

nei - ther - blan - kets, nor sheets, Nor scarce a cover - let too. The

bride that has a' thing to borrow, Has e'en right mei - kle a - do.

Chorus.

Woo'd and mar - ried and a', Woo'd and married and a', An'

was nae she very weel aff, That was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in' frae the plough,
O had ye're tongue, my daughter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' basin' yade
Will carry ye hame your corn;
What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d_I needs a' this pride!
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolfy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter? quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll snore a' the fleas:

Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie,
Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
Had he kent ye as well as I;
For you're baith proud and faucy,
And nae for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
He never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sifter,
As she came in frae the byre,
O gin I were but married!
It's a' that I desire:

But we poor fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dianna care what I should want;
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

11

Saw ye nae my Peggy, saw ye nae my Peggy, saw ye nae my Peggy, comi

Lively

o'er the Lee: Sure, a finer creature, neer was form'd by nature, so compleat each feat

so divine is she: O, how Peggy charms me, ev'ry look still warms me, ev'ry thought al

me, lest the love not me. Peggy doth discover nought but charms all over; nature

bids me love her; that's a Law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be!
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.
When I hope to gain her,
Love seems to detain her;
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bliss, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
Till she pity me.

The Toast. Same Tune.

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loves nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull—Here t'ye, Sir;
Yeer mistress, Robie, gie's her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee?

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.

Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never with ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kilted to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come lets' join our glasses,
And refresh our haufes

With a health to thee.
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statemen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie.

The Bonny Scot-man.

13

12

Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, and please the can-ny

Andante

6 6

Boat-man, bear me frae hence, or bring to me my brave, my bonny

6 6

Scot-man! In ha-ly Bands we joynd our hands, yet may not this dif-

-_co-ver, while Parents rate a large Estate before a faith-fu' Lo-ver.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 E'er I could for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.

Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views,
 Love's art to use,
 While frangers to its passion!

Frae foreign-fields, my lovely youth,
 Hastè to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy baumy mouth,
 And in her bosom haufe thee.

Love gies the word,
 Then hastè on board,
 Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot-man!

Jamie Gay.

15

14 As Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way a long the banks of Tweed,

Andante

a bonny lass, as ever was, came trip-ping o'er the mead. The

—hear-ty Swain, untaught to feign, the buxom Nymph fur-vey'd, and

full of glee, as lad could be, he-spoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thy fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, the cry'd, are fraying wide;
 Canst tell me, Laddie, where?
 To town I hy, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll feck the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went.

The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around:
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 In zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she fought,
 And he to gang to town.

My Dear Jockey.

15

My laddie is gane far a way o'er the plain, while inorrow behind I am
 Andante 6 6 6 7

for'd to remain; tho' blue bells & violets the hedges adorn, tho' trees are in blossom
 4 3 6 6 6 6 6

sweet blows the thorn, no pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay; there's nothing can
 6 6

please me now Jockey's away: forlorn I sit finging, and this is my strain, haste, haste, my dear
 6 6 6

Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back a-gain!
 4 6 4 5-3

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, and they laugh, and they chat,
 Contented and happy with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see.
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste;
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I!
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

6 And gin ye meet a bônny lassie, gie'er a kifs, and let her
 Andante # 6 6 6 # 6 #
 gae, But if ye meet a dirty hufsy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.
 # 6 6 6 4 #
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip Of il-ka joy, when ye are young, Be -
 6 6 6
 -fore auld age your vi-tals nip, And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.
 6 6 4 #

weet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 ae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 and kiffes, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.
 laith, ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
 yne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 and plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen naysays are haf a grant.
 Tow to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs:
 frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.
 These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant;
 Then, furly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Same Tune. Sung by PATIE.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight,
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse; - then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.
 When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een.
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer a' your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest'd;
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

The Lass of Livingston.

17

Païn'd with her flighting Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear - Bell

Slowish

dropt a tear; The gods descended from a - bove, well pleas'd to hear, well

pleas'd to hear. They heard the praises of the youth from her own tongue, from her own

tongue, Who now converted was to truth, and thus she sung, & thus she sung.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked '17' and 'Slowish'. The lyrics are: 'Païn'd with her flighting Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear - Bell'. The second system has lyrics: 'dropt a tear; The gods descended from a - bove, well pleas'd to hear, well'. The third system has lyrics: 'pleas'd to hear. They heard the praises of the youth from her own tongue, from her own'. The fourth system has lyrics: 'tongue, Who now converted was to truth, and thus she sung, & thus she sung.' There are some numerical markings (6) below the bass staff in the second, third, and fourth systems.

Bless'd days when our ingenious sex,	Ye Fair, while beauty's in its spring,
More frank and kind - more frank and kind,	Own your desire - own your desire,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;	While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
But spoke their mind - but spoke their mind.	Fans up the fire - fans up the fire;
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,	O do not with a silly pride,
Would he return - would he return,	Or low design - or low design,
she ne'er again would give him care,	Refuse to be a happy bride,
Or cause him mourn - or cause him mourn,	But answer plain - but answer plain.

Why toy'd I the deserving swain,	Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
Yet still thought shame - yet still thought shame,	With flowing eyes - with flowing eyes.
When he my yielding heart did gain,	Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
To own my flame - to own my flame!	With sweet surprize - with sweet surprize.
Why took I pleasure to torment,	Some god had led him to the grove,
And seem too coy - and seem too coy.	His mind unchang'd - his mind unchang'd
Which makes me now, alas! lament	Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
My flighted joy - my flighted joy!	I am reveng'd - I am reveng'd.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

19

18

The last time I came o'er the moor, I left my love behind

Slow

me, Ye pow'rs, what pain do I endure, When soft I de - as mind me!

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd, The beaming day en- suing, I

met betimes my lovely maid, In fit re-treats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing, and chafely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me,
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

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

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

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

The Happy Marriage.

19 *Slow*

How blest has my time been! what joys have I known, Since wedlock's fo
 bondage made Jesty my own! So joyfull my heart is, fo ea_sy, my
 chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Sy.

The musical score consists of five systems of staves. The first system is marked '19' and 'Slow'. The second system begins with the lyrics 'How blest has my time been! what joys have I known, Since wedlock's fo'. The third system continues with 'bondage made Jesty my own! So joyfull my heart is, fo ea_sy, my'. The fourth system continues with 'chain, That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.' and is marked 'Sy.'. The fifth system is an instrumental flourish.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jesty and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

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

The Lafs of Peaty's Mill.

20

The lafs of Peaty's mill, So bon-ny blyth and gay, In

Slow

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

tedding of the hay, Bare-head-ed on the green, Love midft her

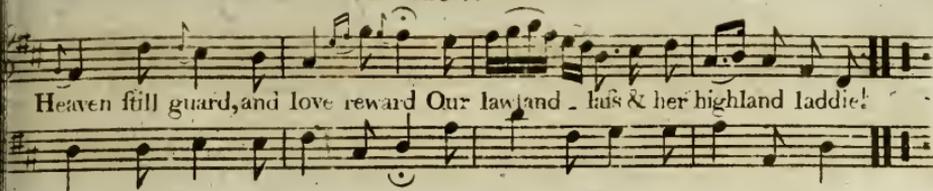
locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her een.

Her arms, white round and fmoth,
Breafts rifing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To prefs them with his hand;
Through all my fpirits ran
An ecftacy of blifs,
When I fuch fweetnefs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er fhe fpoke, or fmil'd.

Her looks, they were fo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguild;
I wifh'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Infur'd long life and health,
And pleafure at my will;
I'd promife and fulfil;
That none but bonny fhe,
The lafs of Peaty's mill,
Shou'd share the fame with me.



Heaven fill guard, and love reward Our lawland lass & her highland laddie!

I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compared to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Over benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
In winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Synne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady
Like mine to him, which never shall end,
While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Same Tune

The lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco fawcy;
I'm proud; they never can be kind
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than any lass in burrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I take my Katy but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad with,
My flighter heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll sien,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny &c.

There's nae shall dare by deed or word,
Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whilk cut a whinger:
O my bonny &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth & pride confound their pleasur
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My lovely smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

From the Duenna. Same Tune.

A sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry graceful feature!
How happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers!
Or surely she was made for thee.
And thou to bless this charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the task of duty,
The Boys with all their Father's sense,
The Girls with all their mother's beauty,
O how charming to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit,
Thus while you live may fortune give,
Each blessing equal to your merit!

The Turnimspike. Tune Clout the Caldron.

23

Herfell be Highland shentleman, Be auld as Pothelwel

Lively

prig, man; And mony alterations seen amang te Lawland Whig, man. Fal

lal lal

fal lal lal lal lal lal lal lal fal lal lal lal lal lal.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainfell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about him's n —,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shoulder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for wheras, these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her n — be lockit,
O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration;
The sodger dwell at our toor-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on te cadger;
Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,
But oh! she fears te foger.

Anither law came after that,
Me never saw te like, man;
They mak a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn-rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for lika horse,
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper.
For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
And they gi'e me a paper.

Nae doubts, Nainfell maun tra her purse
And pay them what hims like, man:
I'll see a shugement on his toor;
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man!

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

4

My Jockey is the blitheft Lad, that e-ver Maiden Wood; When
 he appears my Heart is glad, for he is kind & good. He talks of Love when
 e'er we meet, His Words in raptures flow! Then tunes his Pipe, & fings so sweet, I
 have no Pow'r to go, Then tunes his pipe, & fings so sweet, I have no Pow'r to Go.

Andante

Fingerings: 7, 6, 43, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, #3, 6, 6, 6, #, 6, 6, #, 6, 6, 43, 6, 6, 5, 77, 6

All other lasses he forfakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At every fair, and all our walks
 To me he makes his moan:
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbons for my hair,
 No swain was ever half so good,
 Nor half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by;
 For I alone am all his care,
 When ever danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whittunday,
 And make me blest for life;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens say,
 To be young Jockey's wife?

Same Tune

TO fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
 To wander like the bee,
 To sip of sweets, and taste of love,
 Is not enough for me:
 No fluttering passions wake my breast,
 I wish the place to find
 Where fate may give me peace and rest,
 One shepherd to my mind.

To every youth I'll not be gay;
 Nor try on all my power,
 Nor future pleasures throw away
 In toyings for an hour:
 I would not reign the general toast,
 Be prais'd by all the town;
 A thousand tongues on me are lost;
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flattering train
 Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
 When youth's gay charms are in the wain
 Will court their sure decline:
 Then fops, and wits, and beaux, forbear,
 Your arts will never do;
 For some fond youth shall be my care,
 Life's chequer'd season thro'.

My little heart shall have a home,
 A warm and shelter'd nest;
 No giddy flights shall make me roam
 From where I am most blest:
 With love and only that dear swain,
 What tranquil joys I feel!
 Farewell, ye false, inconstant train;
 For one is all to me.

Auld lang syne.

25

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Tho' they return with

Andante.

6

fears? These are the noble hero's lot, Obtain'd in glorious wars:

6 6 6

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast, Thy arms a-bout me twine, And

6 6 6

make me once a gain as blest, As I was lang syne.

6

Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst through the groves I walk with
 Each object makes me gay: (you,
 Since your return, the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they
 As they did lang syne. (run,

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
 You may pursue the chase,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace:
 And, in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slavery great,
 While bounded like a ball:
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline;
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 The signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above;
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest
 And put them out of pine.

Leander on the Bay.

27

26 Leander on the bay Of Hellepont all naked stood, Impatient of de-

Slow 6 6 6

- lay, He leap'd into the fatal flood: The raging seas, Whom none can

6

please, 'Gainst him their malice shew, The heavens loud, The rain down pour'd,

And loud the winds did blow.

(2)

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain;
Ye cruel rocks, and skies!
Ye stormy winds, and angry main,
What 'tis to miss
The lovers bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this is the appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, No;
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sink the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,

Now does his stay upbraid;
Now dreads he should the passage prove:
O fate! said she,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our love's were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her weary'd arms to swim;
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side,
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

The Gentle Swain. Tune Johnny's gray Breeks.

27 Now smiling Spring a gain appears, with all the beauties of her train, Lo

Slow 6 6

soon of her arrival hears, & flies to wound the Gentle Swain. How gay does nature

6 6 6 6 6

now appear, the Lambkins frisking o'er the plain, sweet feather'd songsters now we hear,

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 4 3

Jenny seeks her Gentle Swain! How gay does nature now appear, the Lambkins friskin

6 6 6 6

o'er the plain, sweet feather'd Songsters now we hear, while Jenny seeks her Gentle Sw

6 6 6 6

Ye Nymphs, Oh! lead me thro' the Grove,
Thro' which your streams in silence mourn;
There with my Johnny let me rove,
'Till once his fleecy flocks return;
Young Johnny is my Gentle Swain,
That sweetly pipes along the mead,
So soon's the Lambkins hear his strain,
With eager steps they turn in speed.

The Flocks now all in sportive play,
Come frisking round the piping swain,
Then fearful of too long delay,
Run bleating to their Dams again,
Within the fresh green Myrtle Grove,
The feather'd choir in rapture sing,
And sweetly warble forth their love,
To welcome the returning Spring.

Same Tune

JENNYS heart was frank and free,
And wooers she had mony yet,
Her sang was ay, 'Of a' I see,
Commend me to my Johnie yet.

For air and late, he has sic gate
To mak a body cheary, that
I wish to be, before I die,
His ain kind deary yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
Her shape was fina' and genty-like,
And few or nane in a' the place
Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet;
Tho' war's alarms, and Johnie's charms
Had gart her aft lookeerie, yet
She sung wi' glee, "I hope to be
"My Johnie's ain kind Deary yet:

"What tho' he's now guen far awa,
"Where guns and cannons rattle, yet,
"Unless my Johnie chance to fa'
"In some uncanny battle, yet
"Till he return, his breast will burn
"Wi' love that will confound me yet,
"For I hope to see, before I die,
"His Bairns a' dance around me yet.

He stole my tender Heart away.

28

Andantino Amoroso

The fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds were

singing on each spray, When Colin met me in the grove, And

told me ten-der tales of love. Was e - ver swain so blyth as he. So

kind so faithful and so free! In spite of all my friends cou'd

say, Young Colin stole my heart a - way, In spite of all my

friends cou'd say, Young Col - in stole my heart a - way.

When ere he trips the meads along,
He sweetly Joins the woodlark's song;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none so blithe as Colin seen:
If he's but by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

My Mother chides when ere I roam,
And fears surpris'd I quit my home,
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love.
Full well I know the gen'rous swain,
Will never give my bosom pain;
Then spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

Blyth Jocky young and Gay.

29

Andante

Blyth Jocky young and gay, is all my
 hearts de-light, He's all my talk by day, and all my
 dreams by night. If from the lad, I be,
 'Tis win-ter then with me; But when he tar-ries here,
 'tis sum-mer all the year.

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are some performance markings like '6', '7', and '4' below the bass staff notes, and a 'trill' marking above the final note of the third system.

When I and Jocky met first on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.
 You are the lafs, said he, that staw my heart frae me,
 O ease me of my pain, and never show disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth his love and courtesie;
 He made my heart fu' blyth when he first spake to me.
 His suit I ill deny'd; he kifs'd, and I comply'd:
 Sae Jocky promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes, sad when he gangs away;
 'Tis night when Jocky glooms, but when he smiles 'tis day.
 When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and faint;
 What lafs that wad be kind can better tell her mind.

Bonny Betsy.

Tune Betsy's Haggies.

30

Andante

Betsy's beauties shine fae bright, Were her mony
 virtues fewer, She wad e- ver gie de- light, And in transport
 make me view her. Bonny Betsy, thee a- lane
 Love I, naething else a- bout thee; With thy come- li-
 nefs I'm taen, And lahger, can- not live without thee.

Betsy's bosom's soft and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Betsy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love from growing caulder.

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

Twine weel the Plaiden.

31

O! I hae loſt my ſilken ſnood, That tied my hair ſae

Slow

yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd; he

was a gallant fel-low. And twine it weel, my

bon-ny dow, And twine it weel, the plaiden; the

laf-fie loſt her ſilken ſnood, In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een ſae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my ſkin o',
 And ſyne he pri'd my bonny mou,
 And ſwore it was nae ſin o'.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The laffie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the laſs be loo'd,
 His ain true love forfaken,
 Which gars me ſair to greet the ſnood,
 I loſt amang the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The laffie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

Fairest of the Fair.

2

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me, nor figh to leave the flaunting

Andante

6. 6 6 6 6 5

town; Can filent glens have charms for thee, the lowly cot, and ruffet

6 6

gown? Nae langer drest in filken sheen, Nae langer deek'd wi' jewels rare. Say,

6 6 6 4 #

canst thou quit each courtly scene, Where thou was fairest of the fair, Where

6 4

(2)

thou was fairest of the fair.

6 6

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a with behind?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that fast and gentlest mien,
 Severeft hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

(4)

(3)

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae?
 And when invading pains besal,
 Wilt thou assume the Nurse's care,
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

The Blathrie o't.

33

When I think on this world's pelf, And the little we share I hav
 Lively 6/4 5/3
 o't to my self, And how the lads that wants it is by the lads forgot,
 6 6
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!
 6

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
 But now he's got gow'd and gear enough;
 He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't!

Jenny was the ladsie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't!

But all this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
 For the lad that's fae inconstant, he's not worth a groat;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't!



Lucky Nancy.

Tune Dainty Davie.

34

While fops in fast Italian verse, Ilk fair ane's een & breaft rehearse, Wh
 Lively 6/4 4/2 6 6 6
 6

The musical score is written in a single system with two staves (treble and bass clef) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is in a minor key, indicated by one flat (B-flat). The score consists of several lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "fangs abound and fenfe is scarce, these lines I have indited; But neither darts nor arrows here, Venus nor Cupid shall appear, & yet with these fine sounds, I swear, The maidens are delighted. I was ay telling you, Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy, Auld springs wad ding the new; But ye wad never trow me." The word "Chorus" is written above the second line of lyrics. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some decorative flourishes in the bass line.

fangs abound and fenfe is scarce, these lines I have indited; But neither darts nor
arrows here, Venus nor Cupid shall appear, & yet with these fine sounds, I swear, The
maidens are de_lighted. I was ay telling you, Lucky Nancy, Lucky
Nancy, Auld springs wad ding the new; But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimfon will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And fyne th'unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My hight of ecstasy to prove,
Nor fighting — thus — present my love
With roses eke and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, — I had amaist forgot
My mistress, and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut, I wot;
But, Nanfy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
And slide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my rev'rend forty fair,
Thy runkled cheeks, and lyrat hair,
Thy half shut een, and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me;
Then smile, and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy!
Dryest wood will eitheft low,
And, Nancy, sae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nancy!
But if the world my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken, I despise a stand'ring tongue.
And sing to please my fancy.
Leez me on thy: &c.

May-eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.

35 The silver moon's enamour'd beams, Steal softly through the

Andante 6 6

night, To wanton in the winding streams, And kiss reflect-ed

light. To courts, begone! heart soothing sleep, where you've so fel-dom

been, Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep, With Kate of Aber-deen, With

Kate of A-ber-deen, With Kate of A-ber-deen.

The Nymphs and Swains, expectant, wait
 In primrose-chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse you nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.

At her approach, the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green:
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks;
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh
 And claims a Virgin-Queen;
 The Nymphs and Swains, exulting, cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen!

Tweed Side.

36

What beauties does Flora disclose! How sweet are her

Andante

smiles up on Tweed! Yet Mary's still sweeter than those, Both

nature and fancy exceed. No daisy, nor sweet blushing

rose, Nor all the gay flowers of the field, Nor Tweed gliding

gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

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

Mary's Dream.

37 The moon had climb'd the highest hill, which rises o'er the source o

Slow

Dee, And from the eastern summit shed her silver 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, Mary weep no more for me.

New set of Mary's Dream.

38 The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which rises o'er the source of

Andante

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.

Adag.^o

2
 re from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head to ask, who there might be.
 e saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 'Tt lies beneath a stormy sea;
 ir, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

3
 hree stormy nights and stormy days
 'We tofs'd upon the raging main;
 nd 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.

4
 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 crowd'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!"

Water Parted from the Sea.

Water parted from the Sea - May increase the ri-ver's tide; to the

Andante

bubbling fount may flee or thro' fer- tile valleys glide. Tho' in

search of soft repose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, Still it

murmurs as it flows, Panting for its na- tive home. Tho' in

search of soft re- pose, thro' the land 'tis free to roam, still it

murmurs as it flows, pan- ting for its na- tive home.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The music is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and ornaments (marked 'tr'). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The Maid that tends the Goats. by M^r Dudgeon.

40

Up amang yon clifly rocks, Sweetly rings the ris'ing echo,

Slow

To the maid that tends the goats, Lilting o'er her native notes.

Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind, "An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me;

"Here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tind, "Till he's fairly marri'd to me;

"Drive away, ye drone time, "An' bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain fae fastly sweet,
 "Lam'mies listning dare nae bleat;
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy, as the highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee or highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung
 "In a brawl ne's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 "Come short, tho' they were e'er fac lang

I Wish my Love were in a Mire.

Blest as th' immörtal gods is he, The Youth who fondly

Slow 6 6 6 6 5

fits by thee, And hears and sees thee, all the while, So softly

6 4 # 6 6

Speak, and sweetly smile. 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest, And

6 4 # 6 6

rais'd such tumults in my breast; For, while I gaz'd, in transport

6 6 5 6 6

tofs'd, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

6 6 6 4 #

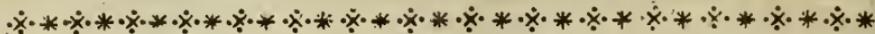
My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung:
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung:
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play:
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

Same Tune.

O Lovely maid, how dear's thy pow'r. In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
 At once I love, at once adore: Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy,
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd, And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While softest love inspires my breast. While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
 Ne'er meet my comfort in my arms,
 Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But, like some discontented shade,
 That wanders where its body's laid
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare
 For ever exil'd from my fair.

Yes, Charming Victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.



Logan Water.

42 For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove, An unrelenting foe to

Slow # 5 6 6 # 5 6 6

love, & when we meet a mutual heart, Come in between, and bid us part;

7 7 6-6 4 5

Bid us sigh on from day to day, And wish & wish the soul a way, Till

6 6 6 6 6

youth and genial years are flown, And all the life of love is gone?

7 7 6 6 5 6 4 5

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 prayer
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Allan Water.

43

3

What numbers shall the muse repeat! What verse be found to
 Andante 6 6 6 6 6

praise my Annie! O her ten thousand graces wait, Each swain ad -
 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

mires, and owns she's bonny. Since first she trode the hap-py
 6 6 6

plain, She set each youthful heart on fire; Each nymph does to her
 6 6 6

swain com-plain, That Annie, kin-dles new de - fire.
 6 8 7 6 4 3 6 6

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye:
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the croud Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his-wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bewailing:
 Some brighter beauty you may find:
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

There's nae luck about the Houfe.

44

And are ye fure the News is true? And are ye fure He's, well? Is.

Lively

this a time to tawk of wark? Mak haste! fet by your wheel! Is this a time to

tawk of wark, when Collin's at the door! Gie me my cloak! I'll to y' Quey, &

see him come ashore. For there's nae luck about the Houfe, there's nae luck

va; There's little pleasure in the Houfe, when our Goodman's a - wa.

Rise up and, mak a clean fire side,
 Put on the mukle Pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat;
 And mak their Shoon as black as Slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw,
 It's a to please my ain Goodman;
 For he's been lang awa. Cho^s.

There is twa Hens upon the Bauk,
 S been fed this month and mair;
 Mak haste, and thra their necks about,
 That Colin well may fare;
 And spread the Table neat and clean;
 Get ilka thing look bra;
 It's a' for love of my Goodman;
 For he's been lang awa. Cho^s.

O gie me down my bigonets,
 My Bithop-fattin gown;
 For I maun tell the Baillies wife,
 That Colin's come to Town;
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 For I maun tell my ain Goodman;

Sae true's his words, Sae smooth's his
 His breath like caller Air, (speech,
 His very foot has musick int,
 When he comes up the stair;
 And will I see his face again;
 And will I hear him speak!
 I'm downright dizzy wee the thought
 In troth, I'm like to greet. Cho^s.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
 That thrilled thro' my heart,
 They're a blaun by, I hae him safe,
 Tilt Death we'll never part;
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa;
 The present moment is our Ain;
 The neist we never saw. Cho^s.

Since Colin's well, I'm well, content,
 I hae nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave;
 And will I see his face again
 And will I hear him speak!
 I'm downright dizzy wee the thought;

Tarry Woo

45 } Tarry woo, O tarry woo, Tarry woo is ill to spin;

Andante 6 6 6

Card it well, oh Card it well, Card it well ere ye be gin.

6 6 6 6

When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun, Then the work is hastens done;

6 6 6 6

But when woven, drest, and clean, It may be cleding for a Queen.

6 6 6

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be hâf so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Well defend the tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo:
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays,
Who'd be a king, can ony tell?
When a shepherd sings sae well;
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

The Maid in Bedlam.

46

One morning very ear-ly, one morning in the spring, I
 Slow
 heard a maid in Bedlam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing; Her
 chains she rat-tl'd on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she, I
 love my love, because I know, my love loves me.

6 6 4 6 4 2 6 6 4 5 3

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel, cruel, was the ship, that bore my love from me,
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me;
 For I love my love, &c.

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

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine:
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea.
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast;
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes, where I my love might spy:
 But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see;
 Yet I love my love, &c.

The Collier's bonny Laffie.

47

The collier has a daughter, And O she's wonder bonny! A

Lively

6 5

laird he was that fought her, Rich baith in lands and money.

The tutors watch'd the motion of this young honest lover. But

6 5

love is like the ocean; Wha can its deeps discover?

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected,
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected;
 The collier's bonny laffie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her,

After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her—

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye;
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye;
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'Tis my duty,
 To ware what heav'n has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Within a Mile of Edinburgh.

48 *S.*
 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, In the ro-fy time of the

Andante S.

hr
 year, Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grafs was down, & each shepherd

wo'd his dear: Bonny Jockey, blith & gay, Kifs'd sweet Jenny

making hay, The lassie blush'd, & frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do, I

cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Sy *hr* *S.*

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd, he wou'd make her his Bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd, she'd for ever be true.
 Bonny Jockey, blith and free,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At Church she no more frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

My ain kind Deary-o..

49 Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg, my ain kind deary-o! And

Andante 6 6 6 6 6 6

cud-dle there fae kind-ly wi' me, my kind deary-o! At

6 6 6

thor-nie dike, and bir-ken-tree, we'll daff, and ne'er be wea-ry-

6 6 6 6

-o; They'll scug ill een frae you and me, mine ain kind deary o!

6

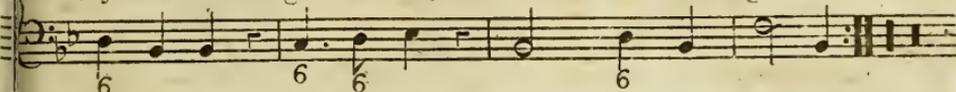
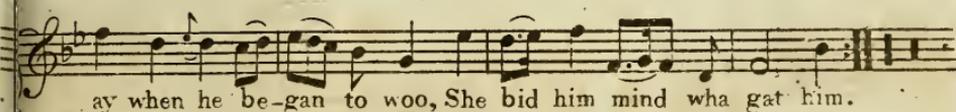
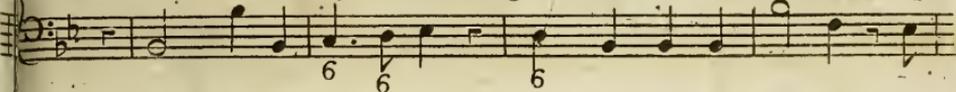
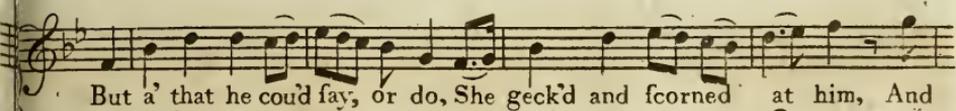
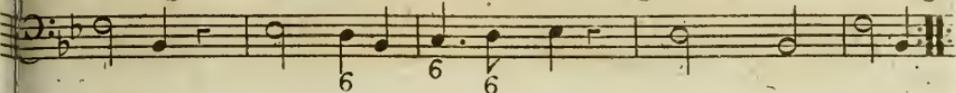
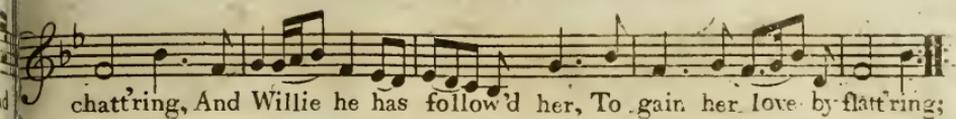
Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye-o;
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their deary-o!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary-o!

 Nancy's to the green-wood gane.

50 There Nancy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-spink-

Andante 6 6 6 6



What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdy-mowdy, they fed me,
Lang-kail, and ranty tanty:
With bannocks of good barley meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
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 owrlay 'bout his cragy,
And ay until the day he died,
He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout!
Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
Wad ye compare ye'rself to me?
A docken till a tanfie!
I have a wooer of my ain;
They ca' him souple Sandy;
And well I wat, his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy! 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, upo' her back,
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 can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
And said, did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout;
I ken he defna fear ye:
Sae, had ye'r tongue, and say nae mair;
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nanfy.

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Bettie.

51

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty, Leave kindred &

Andante 6 6

Friends for me! Af-fur'd thy fervant is sted-dy To

6 4 5 3

Love, to Honour, and Thee. The gifts of nature and

6 6 6 6 4 3

fortune, May fly by chance as they came, They're grounds the

6 6 6 4 5 3

destinies sport on; But virtue is e-ver the same.

6 6 6

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear!
 And shoud' life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan afunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once so bleffed,
 To grasp my love in my arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kiss'd!
 And live on thy heaven of charms!
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shoud' fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' death shoud' tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

Jenny Nettles.

53

52

O Saw ye Jen-ny Nettles; Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles?

Lively

Saw ye Jen-ny Net-tles, Coming frae the market; Wi'

Bag and baggage on her back, Her fee and bountith in her lap, wi'

Bag and baggage on her back, And a babie in her oxters?

6

I met ayont the kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattles bastard;
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To stap it in his oxters.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle,
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly;
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Tak name your wean, make Jenny fain
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

Bonny Jean.

54

Love's goddeſs in a myrtle grove, Said, Cupid, bend thy

Andante

6/4 6/6 6/6 6/6 6/6

bow with ſpeed, Nor let the ſhaft at random rove; For Jeany's

6/6 6/4 6/6 6/6 6/6

haughty heart muſt bleed: The ſmiling boy, with divine art, From

5/4 3 6/4 6/6 6/6

Pa-phos ſhot an ar-row keen; Which flew un-cr-ing

6/6 6/6 6/6 6/6

to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bon-ny Jean.

6/6 6/6 6/6 5/5 4/4 3

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 fullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surprizing charms in bonny Jean.

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, ſhort'ned ſeems;
When funk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind;

All charms diſcloſ'd the looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen;
With breaking day, he liſts his fight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

55

And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy; her wit and

Lively

sweetness call me; then to my fair I'll show my mind, What

e - ver may be - fal me. If she love mirth, I'll

learn to sing; Or like the Nine to fol - low, I'll lay my

lugs in Pindus' spring, And in - vo - cate' A - pol - lo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her:
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases;
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

Pinky-House.

56

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes various fingering numbers (6, 5, 4, 3) and dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

By Pinkie-House oft let me walk, While circled in my
 arms, I hear my Nelly sweet-ly talk, And gaze o'er
 all her charms. O let me, e-ver fond, be
 - hold Those graces void of art, Those chearful smiles that
 sweet-ly hold In will-ing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gratefulness 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 heavenly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine!

And there will be langkail and castocks, And bannocks of barley-meal, And
 there will be good fawt-herring, To relish a cog of good-ale.

And there will be Saundy the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou,
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow'd legged Robie,
 With thumblefs Katie's goodman,
 And there will be blew cheeked Dobbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.

And there will be Girn-again Gibby,
 With his glakit wife Jeany Bell,
 And misfed-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lassies in pearlings,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha,
 On sybows and rifarts and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fow-libber Patie,
 And plucky fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibby,
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The las that stands aft on the stool.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powfowdie, and drammock and crowdie,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whitens and speldings enew,
 With singit sheep-heads and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till you spew.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him gray breeks to his a --,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe;
 And there will be glead Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lilly, white-leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And plaid the fool in Mons-meg.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbucks
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 With swats and well scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flewks that weré taken alive.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flea-lugged sharny fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg;
 And there will be happer a -- Nancie,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girfy,
 The las wi' the gowden wame.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulce and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie,
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die;
 Then fye let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there,
 For Jock'll be married to Maggie,
 The las with the gowden hair.

Sae Merry as we twa hae been.

59 *n.* *hr*
 A Lafs that was laden'd with care, Sat heavily under yon
Slow 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 3 6 4
 thorn; I listend a while for to hear, When thus she began for to mourn.
 6 6 6 6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 3
 When e'er my dear shepherd was there, The birds did me-lodiously sing, An
 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 3 6
 cold nipping winter did wear, A face that resembled the spring. Sae
 6 6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5
 merry as we twa ha'e been, Sae merry as we twa ha'e been, My
 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 3 $\frac{6}{4}$ 6 6 6
 heart it is like for to break, When I think on the days we hae seen.
 6 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 3

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard hearted to me?
 Oh! why do you thus turn away,
 From him who is dying for thee?
 Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I fet myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh'd for him.
 Sae merry, &c.

Bonny Christy.

How sweetly smells the summer green! sweet taste the peach & cherry, Paint-
 ing and order please our een, and claret makes us merry: But finest
 colours, fruits and flowers, and wine, tho' I be thirsty, Lose a' their
 charms, and weaker powers, Compar'd with those of Christy.

Andante

6 4 3 6 5 6 6

6 6 6 6 6 7

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightfome 'ist to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chanting!
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
 And drop the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And often mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie, by a burn,
 His Christy did o'erhear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy! — witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys' frae tears arising,
 I wish this mayna be a dream;
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for taulk;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But ward it a' on kisses.

Jocky said to Jeany.

61

Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't? Ne'er a fit, quo'

Lively 6

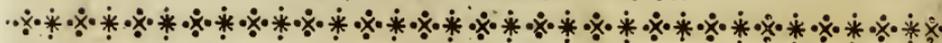
Jeany, for my tocher-good, For my tocher good I winna marry thee.

E'ens ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, and I hae land enough,
 I hae feven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
 A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass myfell.
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.



O'er the hills, and far away.

62

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

Andante

Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jen-ny staw his heart away.

Al - tho' she promis'd to be true, She proven has, al - ake, unkind; which

gars poor Jocky often rue, that e'er he lov'd a fickle mind. And it's

over the hills, and far away, over the hills, and far away, over the

hills, and far away, The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now poor man! he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

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

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.

But oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and cares;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love,
With ane that does fae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid;
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore.
But, to my grief, alake, I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

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

The Flowers of the Forest.

63

Adieu, ye Streams that smoothly glide, through mazy windings o'er th

Slow

plain! I'll in some lonely cave reside, and ever mourn my faithful swain.

Flower of the forest was my Love, Soft as the sighing Summer's gale,

Gentle and constant as the dove, Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my Love did stray, for me he search'd the banks around, but

ah! the sad and fatal day, my Love the pride of swains was drown'd.

Now droops the willow o'er the stream, pale stalks his Ghost in yonder grow

dure Fancy paints him in my dream, Awake I mourn my hopeless Love.

Busk ye, Busk ye.

64

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my
 Slow 6 6 6 6 6

winsome marrow, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, And let us
 6 6 6 6

to the braes of yarrow. There will we sport, and gather dew,
 6 6 6 6 6 6

Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning: There learn frae
 6 6 6

turtles to prove true; O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.
 6 6 6 6

To westlin breezes Flora yields,	Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
And when the beams are kindly warming,	Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,	Wi' free consent my fears repel; (thee;
And Nature looks more fresh & charming,	I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,	Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,	Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,	O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.	Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

65

Bet - ty, ear - ly gone a maying, Met her lover

Lively

Willie straying, Drift, or chance, no matter whither, This we

know, he reason'd with her; Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,

Fond - ly bil - ling, kind - ly wooing! See, how ev - ry

bush dis - covers Hap - py pairs of feather'd lovers!

See, the opening blush of roses
 All their secret charms disclose;
 Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure;
 O their fleeting hasty pleasure!
 Quickly we must snatch the favour
 Of their soft and fragrant flavour;
 They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,
 Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces
 Of those beauties, of those graces;
 Youth and love forbid our staying;
 Love and youth abhor delaying;
 Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me;
 Let your pride no more deny me;
 Never doubt your faithful Willie:
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee

Tune only / Gilderoy. *This is not the beautiful ballad of that name* 67

66

Ab! Chloris, cou'd I now but fit As unconcern'd as

Slow

when Your in- - fant beau- ty cou'd be- get No

hap- pi - nefs, nor pain! When I thy- daw - ning

did admire, And prais'd the com- ing day, I lit - tle

thought that rise - ing fire Wou'd take my rest a - way.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,	My passion with your beauty grew,
As metals in the mine;	While Cupid at my heart,
Age from no face takes more away,	Still, as his mother favour'd you,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:	Threw a new flaming dart.
But as your charms insensibly	Each gloried in their wanton part;
To their perfection press'd;	To make a lover, he
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,	Employ'd the utmost of his art;
And center'd in my breast.	To make a beauty, she.

John Hay's Bonny Lassie.

67

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining; aft cry'd he, oh
 hey! maun I still live pining Myself thus a way, & darna discover To
 my bonny Lass, that I am her Lover! Nae mair it will hide, the flame
 waxes stronger, If the's not my bride, my days are nae langer; Then I'll tak a
 heart, & try at a venture: May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

Andante

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features several chords and arpeggiated figures, with some numbers (6, 4, 3) written below the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or chord types. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora.
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
 The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead, whentwin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing;
 Her smiles and bright eye fet my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye;
 For a' my desire is John Hay's bonny lassie.

The Bonny Brucket Lalsie.

68

* The Bonny Brucket Lalsie, She's blue beneath the een; She

Slow

was the fairest Lalsie That danc'd on the green. A

lad he loo'd her dear-ly, She did his love re- turn, But

he his vows has broken, And left her for to mourn.

"My shape, she says, was handsome,
 "My face was fair and clean,
 "But now I'm bonny brucket,
 "And blue beneath the een,
 "My eyes were bright and sparkling,
 "Before that they turn'd blue;
 "But now they're dull with weeping,
 "And a, My Love, for you.

"My person it was comely,
 "My shape they said was neat;
 "But now I am quite changed,
 "My Stays they winna' meet.
 "A night I slept soundly,
 "My mind was never sad;
 "But now my rest is broken,
 "Wi' thinking o' my lad.

"O could I live in darkness,
 "Or hide me in the sea,
 "Since my love is unfaithful,
 "And has forsaken me!
 "No other love I suffer'd
 "Within my breast to dwell;
 "In nought I have offended
 "But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass;
 And press'd unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lalsie.

"My dear, he said, cease grieving;
 "Since that your love's so true,
 "My bonny, brucket lalsie,
 "I'll faithful prove to you."

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

69

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. Trills are marked with 'hr' above notes. The first system starts with the number '69' in the left margin. The second system has a '6' below the first note of the bass line. The third system has '4' and '3' below the first two notes of the bass line. The fourth system has '6', '4', and '3' below the first three notes of the bass line.

How blyth was I each morn to see, My swain come o'er the
 hill! He leap'd the burn, and flew to me, I met him wi' good will.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom, The broom of the Cowdenknows
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi' 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 chear'd me a' the day.
 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 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 wi' his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
 Cou'd I but faithfu be?
 He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee sroup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly uselefs 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, &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on
Sing their successful loves, (Tweed
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom;
Elsewhere there never grows.

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.

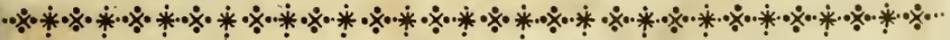
Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Cou'd play with half such art.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home!
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At ev'n among the broom.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderfide,
Oh! how I blest'd the found.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains;
And my lov'd Cowdenknows.



Oscar's Ghost.

70

O see that form that faintly gleams! 'Tis Oscar come to cheer my

Slow

6 6

dreams; On wings of wind he flies away; O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.

6 6

6 5
4 3

Wake Ofsian, last of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And footh my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

Her Absence will not alter me.

71

* Though distant far from Jessy's charms, I stretch in vain my longin

Andante 6 6 6 6 6

arms, Though parted by the deeps of sea, Her absence shall not alter me.

6

Though beautiful nymphs I see around, A Chloris, Flora, might be found, Or

6

Phyllis with her roving eye; Her absence shall not alter me.

6 6

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
 Inconstant lovers may beguile,
 But to my lass I'll constant be,
 Nor shall her absence alter me.
 Though laid on India's burning coast,
 Or on the wide Atlantic toft,
 My mind from Love no Pow'r could free,
 Nor could her absence alter me.

Ask, who has seen the turtle dove
 Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
 Or who the bleating ewe has seen
 Desert her lambkin on the green?
 Shall beasts and birds, inferior far
 To us, display their love and care?
 Shall they in Union sweet agree,
 And shall her absence alter me?

See how the flow'r that courts the sun,
 Pursues him till his race is run!
 See how the needle seeks the Pole,
 Nor distance can its pow'r controul!
 Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
 The needle to the Pole prove true;
 Like them, shall I not faithful be,
 Or shall her absence alter me?

For Conq'ring Love is strong as Death
 Like vehement flames his powerful breath
 Thro' floods unmov'd his course he keep
 Ev'n thro' the Sea's devouring deeps.
 His vehement flames my bosom burn,
 Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
 My faithful Jessy then shall see,
 Her absence has not alter'd me.

The Birks of Invermay.

73

72

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the

Andante

tuneful birds to sing, And while they warble from each spray, Love

...melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - manda, time - ly

wife, Like them improve the hour that flies, And in soft raptures

waste the day, A - mong the birks of In - ver - may.

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

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks about;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;

The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams,
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Mary Scot?

73

Happy's the love which meets re-turn, When in soft
Andante

flame souls e - qual burn; But words are wanting to discover, The
torments of a hopeless lover. Ye registers of heaven, re -
late, If looking o'er the rolls of fate, Did you there see me
mark'd to marrow Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish:
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

Down the burn, Davie.

75

74

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was compleat fifteen, And
 love laugh'd in her eye, Blyth 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 yon burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her besom play'd;

Ti'l baith at length impatient grown
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k fae sweet:

And that they aften shou'd return,
 Sic pleasure to renew,
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

O Saw ye my Father?

76

Slow

O Saw ye my Father, or faw ye my Mother, Or faw ye my
 true love John? I faw not your Father, I faw not your
 Mother, But I faw your true love John.

6 6 7
 5 4
 6 7 6 5
 4 3

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

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johny's face it grew red;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johny 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 you come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
 And is my Johny true!
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like myfell,
 Sae lang shall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
 And craw when it is day;
 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.

Green grows the Rashes.

The words by M^r. R. Burns

77 * There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that pas-fes,

Andante

O: What signifies the life o' man, An' twere not for the lassies, O?

Chorus

Green grow the Rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O; The

sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent a-mang the lassies, O.

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

For you fae douce! ye sneer at this,
Ye'er nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lassies, O.
Green grow, &c.

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

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classies, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O.
Green grow, &c.

Loch Eroch Side.

78 * As I came by Loch Eroch side, The lofty hills furveying, The

Andante

water clear, The heather blooms Their fragrance sweet conveying, I met, un-

-fought, my love ly maid, I found her like may-morning; With Graces sweet, &

Charms so rare, Her Person all a-dorning, Person all a-dorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,	But faithful, loving, true and kind,
While in my arms I pres'd her!	Forever you shall find me;
And she her wishes scarce conceald,	And of our meeting here so sweet,
As fondly I carefs'd her.	Loch Eroch Side will mind me.
She said, If that your heart be true,	Enraptur'd then, "My Lovely Lass!
-If constantly you'll love me,	I cry'd, no more we'll tarry
I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns;	We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch Side;
Nor ought but death shall move me.	For Lovers soon should marry."

To the foregoing Tune.

Y OUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass,	Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Her blush is like the morning,	Such sweetness would relent her,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,	As blooming spring unbends the brow
With early gems adorning:	Of furly, savage winter.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams	Detraction's eye no aim can gain
That gild the passing shower,	Her winning pow'rs to lessen;
And glitter o'er the chrystal streams,	And fretful envy grins in vain,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.	The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,	Ye Pow'rs of Honor, Love and Truth,
A richer die has grac'd them,	From ev'ry ill defend her;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight	Inspire the highly favor'd Youth
And sweetly tempt to taste them:	The distines intend her;
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,	Still fan the sweet, connubial flame
When feath' red pairs are courting,	Responsive in each bosom;
And little lambkins wanton wild,	And bless the dear parental name
In playful bands disporting.	With many a filial blosom.

The Bonny grey-ey'd morn. *Sung by Sir William.*

79 The bon-ny grey-ey'd morning be-gins to peep, And
 Andante. 6

darkness flies before the ri-sing ray, The hear-ty hynd starts
 6

from his lazy sleep, To fol-low healthful la-bours of the day;

With-out a guilty t'ing to wrinkle his brow, The lark and the
 5

lin-net tend his le-vee, And he joins their concert driving his

plow, from toil of grimace and pa-gean-try free.
 6 6

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

The Bush aboon Traquair.

80

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy

grieves me; Tho' thus I lan - guish, and com - - plain, A -

- las! she ne'er believes me. My vows and sighs, like - si - lent

air, Un - heed - ed ne - ver move her. The bon - ny bush a -

- boon Traquair, was where I first did love her.

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

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in may,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay:
 It fades as in december.

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

My Deary, if thou Die.

82

Love never more shall give me pain, My fancy's

Andante

6

6

6

6

fix'd on thee, Nor e-ver maid my heart shall gain, my

6

6

Peg-gy, if thou die. Thy beauty doth such pleasure,

6

6

6

6

6

6

give, Thy love's so true to me, With- - out thee

6

6

6

5

I can ne-ver live, my deary, if thou die.

6

6

6

7

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 it's destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who it's faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me!

Oh! never rob them from these arms:
I'm lost, if Peggy die.

She rose, and let me in.

83

The night her fi- lent fa- ble wore, And gloomy
 were the skies, Of glitt- ring stars ap- pear'd no more, Tha
 those in Nel- ly's eyes. When to her Fa- ther's
 door I came, Where I had of- ten been, I begg'd my
 fair my love- ly dame, To rise, and let me in.

Slow

6

6 6 6 4 #5

6 6 6 4 #5

6 6 6 6 7 # 6 5

6 6 6 6 7 #

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

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part!
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

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

Sweet Anny frae the sea-Beach came.

85

Sweet Anny frae the sea-beach came, where Jocky speeld the Vessel's

Affectuoso

fide; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, when Jocky's toft a-boon the ty-de?

Far aff to distant realms he gangs; yet I'll prove true, as he has been, And

when ilk luf a-bout him thrangs, he'll think on Anny, his faithfu' ain.

net our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gow'd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gee:
 But tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Toft up and down the dinfome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

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

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His haweward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will bra' in filler shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day;
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

Go to the Ew-bughts, Marion.

85

Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Ma-rion, and wear in the

Slow

Musical score for the song 'Go to the Ew-bughts, Marion'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Ma-ri-on, and wear in the sheep wi' me? the sun shines sweet, my Ma-ri-on, but nae half fae sweet as thee, the sun shines sweet, my Ma-ri-on, but nae half fae sweet as thee.' Fingerings and ornaments are indicated with numbers and 'hr'.

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

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
 At ev'n when I come hame!

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
 At Kirk, when thy see my Marion;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

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

And ye's get a green fey Apron,
 And waifcoat of the London brown
 And vow but ye will be vapring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town!

I'm young and fout, my Marion;
 Nane dances like me on the greens;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gie draw up wi' Jean:

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramafie;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

86

Slow

Oh! fend Lewis Gordon hame, & the Lad I

win-na name; tho' his back be at the wa, Here's to him that's far a-wa;

Chor:

Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man, Weel wou'd I my

Oh hon! my Highland-man! Oh! my bonny Highland-man, Weel wou'd I my

true-love ken amang ten thousand Highland-men,

true-love ken amang ten thousand Highland-men,

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-hee'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee:
That's the Lad that I'll gang wi.
Oh hon! &c.

The Princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a King:
On his breast he wears a star:
You'd tak him for the god of war.
Oh hon! &c.

Oh, to see this Princely One,
Seated on a-royal throne:
Disasters a' wou'd disappear;
Then begins the Jub'lee Year.
Oh hon! &c.

The Wawking of the Fauld.

87

My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, &

Andante 6

sweet as may, Fair as the day, and always gay; my Peggy is a young thing, &

6 6 6

I'm not very auld; yet well I like to meet her, at the wawking of the fauld.

6 6 6

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, when'er we meet alane, I wish nae mair, to

6

lay my care, I wish nae mair of a' that's rare; my Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to

6 6

a' the lave I'm cauld; But she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 When'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naithing gie's me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Nanny-O.

88

While some for pleasure pawn their health, Twixt Lais and the

Slowish.

Bagnio, I'll save my self, and without stealth, Bless and caress my

Nanny-O She bids more fair t'engage a Jove, Than Leda did, or Danae.

-O. Were I to paint the Queen of love, None else should fit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

My bonny, bonny, Nanny-O!
 My lovely charming Nanny-O!
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny-O.

Oh ono chrio.

89

Oh was not I a weary wight! oh on_o chri

Slow

oh! oh o_no_chri O! Maid, Wife, and Wi_dow,

in one night! oh o_no_chri o_no_chri o_no_chri O!

When in my soft and yiel_ding arms, oh o_no_chri

oh o_no_chri O! when most I thought him free from

harms, oh o_no_chri o_no_chri o_no_chri oh!

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are various musical markings such as '6' (likely a fingering or breath mark), '3' (triplets), and 'hr' (hairpins). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Even at the dead time of the night, &c.
 They broke my Bower, and flew my Knight, &c.
 With ae lock of his jet black hair, &c.
 I'll tye my heart for ever mair, &c.
 Nae fly-tongued youth, or flattering swain, &c.
 Shall e'er untye this knott again, &c.
 Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be, &c.
 Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee, &c.

Low down in the Broom.

90

My Daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll ne twin wi' his gear, My

Andante 6 6

Minnny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house a' steer; But let them say, or

6 8.

let them do, Its a' are to me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, that's

6

waiting on me; Waiting on me, my love, he's waiting on me, For he's

6 6

low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me.

6 6 7

My aunty Kate fits at her wheel,
 And fair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I, it's a' envy;
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguild
 Wi' Johnnie in the glen;
 And aye since-syne, she cries, Beware
 Of false deluding men.
 But let them say, &c.

Glee'd Sandy, he came waft ae night,
 And speer'd when I saw Peat?
 And aye since-syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' are to me;
 For I'll gae to the bonny lad
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.

I'll never leave thee.

91

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee!

Slow

6 6 6 4 3

Stay, dearest Adonis, say; Why wilt thou grieve me! grieve me!

1. 2.

6 5 4 3

Alas! my fond heart will break, If thou should leave me. I'll

live and die for thy sake, Yet never leave thee, leave thee.

1. 2.

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
 This breast shall receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee;
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

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

Braes of Ballenden.

12

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The basso continuo line includes figured bass notation (numbers 6, 4, 3, 5, 6) and some ornaments (trills marked 'tr').

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain one evening re-clind, to dis-
 Amorofo. 6 6 4 3 6 6

-co-ver his pain; So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The
 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 4 2

wind ceas'd to breathe, & the fountains to flow; Rude winds with compassion, could
 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 5 3 6 6

hear him complain, Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
 -6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair Morning more chearful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires,
 The breezes grow cool; not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind!
 Ah wretch! How can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

Corn-Riggs.

93

My Patie is a lo-ver gay, His mind is never muddy, His

Lively

breath is sweeter than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy.

His shape is handsome middle size, He's stately in his waking. The

shining of his een surpris; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

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

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaftely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And fyne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle, air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

My Apron, Dearie.

94

My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep hook, And

Slow

6 6 6 6 5
 5 4 3

all the gay haunts of my youth I've for-look, No more for A -

mynta fresh garlands I wove, For ambition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of

love. O what had my youth, with ambition to do! Why left I A -

mynta! why broke I my vow! O give me my sheep, And my

sheep hook restore, And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

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

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

Lochaber.

95

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean, where heartsome with
 thee I have many days been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 we'll may be return to Lochaber no more. These tears that I shed, they are
 all for my Dear, & no' for the dangers attending on Weir; tho' bore on rough
 seas to a far bloody Shore, may be to return to Lochaber no more.

Slow

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd:
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse!
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And without thy favour, I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

The Mucking of Geordie's Byar.

96

As I went over yon meadow, And carelessly passed a -

Andante

- long, I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny, While mourn-ful-ly..

singing this Song. The mucking of Geordie's Byar, And the

fooling the Griip so clean, Has aft gart me spend the night

sleepless, And brought the salt tears in my een.

It was not my fathers pleasure,
Nor was it my mothers desire,
That ever I pudd'd my fingers,
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's Byar.
The mucking &c.

My brither abuses me daily -
For being wi' Geordie so free,
My sifter she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.
The mucking &c.

Though the roads were ever so filthy,
Or the day, so scoury and foul,
I would ay be ganging wi' Geordie;
I lik'd it far better than School.
The mucking &c.

But well do I like my young Geordie,
Altho' he was cunning and sleet;
He ca's me his Dear and his Honey,
And I'm sure that my Geordie loes me
The mucking &c.

Bide ye Yet.

97

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire, A bonny wee

Wifie to praise and admire, A bonny wee Yardy a-side a wee burn; fare

weel to the bodies that yammer and mourn! Sae bide ye yet, and

bide ye yet, ye lit-tle ken what may be-tide ye yet. Some

bon-ny wee bo-dy may be my lot, and I'll ay be can-ty wi

thinking o't.

Andante

Chorus

Sym.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en, And if there should happen ever to be
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean, A diff'rence atween my wee wifie & me,
 And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee, In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 That will cry, Papa, or Daddy, to me. I'll kifs her & clap her until she be pleas'd:
 Cho^s. Sae bide ye yet, &c. Cho^s. Sae bide ye yet, &c.

The Joyful Widower. Tune Maggy Lauder

98

I Married with a scolding wife, The fourteenth of November, She

Lively

6 6 7

made me weary of my life, By one un-ru-ly mem-ber. Long

did I bear the heavy yoke, And ma-ny griefs attend-ed; But

6 6

Sing which of these you please

to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is ended.

7

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
 A man and wife together;
 At length from me her course she steer'd,
 And gone I know not whither:
 Would I could guess, I do profess,
 I speak and do not flatter,
 Of all the women in the world,
 I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave does hide her;
 But sure her soul is not in hell,
 The de'il would ne'er abide her.
 I rather think she is aloft,
 And imitating, thunder,
 For why; methinks I hear her voice,
 Tearing the clouds asunder.

Bonie Dundee.

99

* "O whar did ye get that hauer-meal bannock? O filly blind

Slow

body, O dinna ye fee; I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, Be-

- tween Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee. O gin I saw the

laddie that gae mèt! Aft has he dougl'd me upon his knee; May Heaven pro-

- tect my bonie Scots laddie, And fend him safe hame to his bairn & me.

My blefsins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!
 My bleffins upon thy bonie e'e' brie!
 Thy smiles are fae like my blyth Sodger laddie,
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin by fae clear;
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan fae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.

100

S.

Down the burn, and thro' the mead, His golden locks wav'd o'er his

Affettuoso

brow, Johnny blithing tund his reed, and Mary wip'd her bonny Mou? Dear the

lood the well known Song, while her Johnny, blithe & bonny, sung her praise the

whole day long. Down the burn & thro' the mead, his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,

Johnny lilt - ing tund his reed, and Ma - ry wip'd her bon - ny mou? S.

Costly claiiths she had but few;
 Of rings and jewels nae great store;
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wifely wif'd no more;
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize;
 O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
 Youthfu' Mary's greateft wealth
 Was fill her faithfu' Johnny's heart:
 Sweet the joys the lovers find,
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.

Down the burn &c.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



