

W. BROWN



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George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,  
killed in action in France in 1914.

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201 A.

Glen. 201 a.

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William Brown

left

from Mr. Brown

Grangerman

5<sup>th</sup> Nov - 1819



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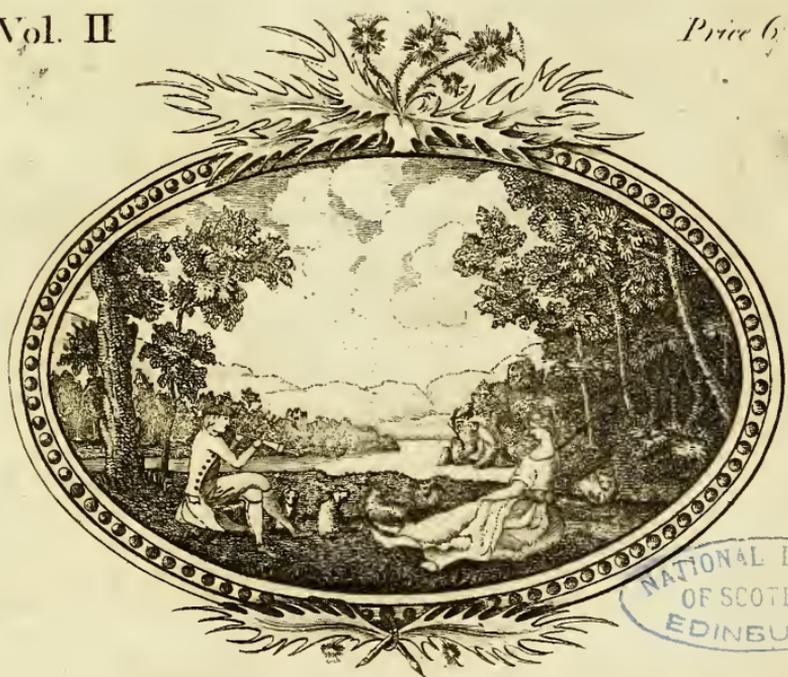
Instituted at Edin<sup>r</sup>. June 1771.

BY

James Johnson

Vol. II

Price 6s



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## P R E F A C E .

I N the first Volume of this work, two or three Airs not of Scots composition have been inadvertently inserted; which, whatever excellence they may have, was improper, as the Collection is meant to be solely the music of our own Country — The Songs contained in this Volume, both music and poetry, are all of them the work of Scotsmen — Wherever the old words could be recovered, they have been preferred; both as generally suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier Sons of the Scottish Muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them — "Buried 'mong the wreck of things which were." Of our more modern Songs, the Editor has inserted the Authors' names as far as he could ascertain them; and as that was neglected in the first Volume, it is annexed here. — If he have made any mistakes in this affair, which he possibly may, he shall be very grateful at being set right.

Ignorance and Prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these pieces; but their having been for ages the favorites of Nature's Judges — the Common People, was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit.

Materials for the third Volume are in great forwardness; and as far as can be guessed, that will conclude the Collection.

Edin<sup>r</sup> March 1. 1788.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Entered in Stationer's Hall.  
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When Guilford good our Pilot stood.

Tune, M. freicedaán.

N<sup>o</sup> 101

\* When Guilford good our Pilot stood, An' did our hëllim

Lively.

thraw, man, Ae night, at tea, began a plea, Within A-me-ri-ca,

man: Then up they gat the maskin-pat, And in the sea did jaw, man; An'

did nae lefs, in full Congress, Than quite refuse our law, man.

2

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought.  
 I wat he was na flaw, man; An' did the Buckskins claw, man;  
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to fave.  
 And C-rl-t-n did ca', man; He hung it to the wa', man.

5

Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,  
 Began to fear a fa', man; (Stoure,  
 And S-ckv-ll-e doure, wha stood the  
 The German Chief to thraw, man:  
 For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,  
 Nae mercy had at a', man;  
 An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,  
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

3

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage  
 Was kept at Boston-ha', man;  
 Till Willie H-e took o'er the knowe  
 For Philadelphia, man:  
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
 Guid Christiah bluid to draw, man;  
 But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,  
 Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

6

Then B-ck-ngh-m took up the game,  
 Till Death did on him ca', man;  
 When Sh-lb-rne meck held up his cheek  
 Conform to Gospel law, man:  
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
 They did his measures thraw, man,  
 For N-erth an' F-x wanted stocks,  
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

4-

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,  
 Till Frazer brave did fa', man;  
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
 In Saratoga shaw, man.



7

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's car-An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,

He swept the stakes awa' man, (tes, (Inspired Bardies' saw, man)

Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!

Led him a fair faux pas, man: 'Would I hae fear'd them a', man.'

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,

9

On Chatham's Boy did ca', man:

But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co.

An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,

Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,

'Up, Willie, waur them a', man.'

Till Suthrons raise, an' coost their claife

8

Behind the throne then Gr-nv-ll's gone, An' Caledon' threw by the drone,

A secret word or twa, man;

An' did her whittle draw, man;

While flee D-nd-s. arous'd the class

An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,

Be-north the Roman wa', man:

To mak it guid in law, man.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Tranent Muir.

102

The Chevalier, being void of fear, Did march up Brislie-brae, man,

And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent, As fast as he could gae, man: While

Gen'ral Cope did taunt and mock, Wi' mony a loud huz-za, man. But

e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock, We heard a no-ther crow man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,

Led Camerons on in clouds, man:

The morning fair, and clear the air,

They loos'd with divilish thuds, man;

Down guns they threw, & swords they drew,

And soon did chace them aff, man;

On Seaton Crafs they buff their chafts,

And gart them rin like daff, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and bones,

They'd make the rebels run, man;

And yet they flee when them they see,

And winna fire a gun, man.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake

Such terror seiz'd them a', man:

Some wet their cheeks some fild their breeks

And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,  
 And vow gin they were crouse, man;  
 But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'ft,  
 They were not worth a loufa, man;  
 Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!  
 They'd better staid awa', man.  
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,  
 And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when herfell f—t,  
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man,  
 Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,  
 But aff fou fast did scour, man;  
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,  
 Before he tasted meat, man,  
 Troth he may brag of his swift nag,  
 That bare him aff fae fleet, man.

And Simpson keen to clear the een  
 Of rebels far in wrang, man;  
 Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
 But gallopp'd with the thrang, man:  
 He turn'd his back, and in a crack  
 Was cleanly out of fight, man;  
 And thought it best, it was nae jest  
 Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang  
 But twa, and ane was tane, man;  
 For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,  
 And fair he paid the kain, man;  
 Fell skelps he got was war then shot  
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;  
 Frae many a spout came running out  
 His reeking-hot red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave  
 Like to a hero bright, man;  
 His courage true, like him were few  
 That still despised flight, man;  
 For King and laws, and country's cause,  
 In Honour's bed he lay, man;  
 His life, but not his courage, fled,  
 While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul;  
 Was brought down to the ground, man;  
 His horse being shot, it was his lot  
 For to get mony a wound, man  
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
 Frae whom he call'd for aid, man.  
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,  
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sick haste, sae spur'd his beast  
 'Twas little there he saw, man:  
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,  
 The Scots were rebels a' man:  
 But let that end, for well his kend  
 His use and wont to lie, man:  
 The Teague is naught; he never faught,  
 When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell dress'd, among the rest,  
 With gun and good claymore, man:  
 On gelding grey he rode that way,  
 With pistols set before, man; (blood,  
 The cause was good, he'd spend his  
 Before that he would yield, man:  
 But the night before he left the cor,  
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,  
 Stood and bravely fought, man:  
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,  
 But mae down wi' him brought, man.  
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,  
 (Some standing round in ring, man.)  
 On's back lying flat, he wad'd his hat.  
 And cry'd, God save the King, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry-<sup>(dogs)</sup>  
 Neglecting to pursue, man,  
 About they fac'd, and in great haste  
 Upon the booty flew, man;  
 And they as gain, for a' their pain,  
 Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;  
 Fow bald can tell how her rainfell  
 Was ne'er fae pra before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see  
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,  
 There mony slain lay on the plain;  
 The clans pursuing still, man.  
 Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,  
 I never saw the like, man,  
 Lost hands & heads cost them their deads  
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,  
 I gaed to see the fray, man;  
 But had I wist what after past,  
 I'd better staid awa', man:  
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,  
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man:  
 But I wist ne'er to drie sick fear,  
 For a' the sun and mair, man.

## Prælium Gillicrankianum. †

To the foregoing Tune.

Grahamius notabilis coegerat Montanos, MacLeanius, circumdatus tribo martiali,  
 Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos; Semper, devinctissimus familiæ regali,  
 Fugerant Vallicolæ, atque Puritani, Fortiter pugnaverat more Atavorum,  
 Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani. Deinde dissipaverat Turmas Batavorum,  
 Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides, Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,  
 Cujus Regi fuerat intemerata fides, Hostes Ense peremit, et abrio pugione,  
 Agiles monticolas marte inspiravit, Istos et intrepidus, Orco dedicavit,  
 Et duplicatum numerum hostium profliga- Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunensis, MacNeillius de Bara, Glencous Kepoch-  
 Cujus in Rebelles, stringebatur Ensis; Balléehinus cum fratre, Stuartus Apianus,  
 Nobilis et Sanguine, Nobilior virtute, Pro Jacobo septimo, fortiter gesseré,  
 Regi devotissimus intus et in Cute; Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere,  
 Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus, Canonicus clarissimus, Gallovidianus,  
 Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus, Acer et indomitus, consilioque Sanus,  
 Capita rebellium, is Excerebravit, Ibi Dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,  
 Hostes unitissimos Ille dimicavit. Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit  
 (Bellona;

Glengarius magnanimus atque Bellicosus, Ducalidoni, dominum Spreverat Gradivus,  
 Functus ut Eneas, pro rege animosus, Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus,  
 Fortis atque Strenuus, hostes Expugnavit, Nam cum nativum, principem, exulem, audire  
 Sanguine Rebellium, Campos coloravit; Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inserviret;  
 Surrexerat, fideliter Donaldus Insulanus, Illic et adfuerat, Tutor Ranaldorum,  
 Pugnaverat viriliter, cum Copiis Skyanis, Qui Strenue pugnaverat, cum Copiis viror.  
 Pater atque Filij, non dissimularunt, Et ipse Capetaneus, ætate puerilli, (-um,  
 Sed pro Rege proprio, unanimes pugnarunt. Intentus est ad prælium, spiritu virili.

Glenmóristonus Junior, Optimus Bellator,  
 Subito jam factus, hactenus venator;  
 Perduelles Whiggeos, ut pecora prostravit,  
 Ense et fulmineo, MacKaium fugavit.  
 Regibus et Legibus, Scotici constantes,  
 Vos Clypeis et gladiis, Pro principe pugnantes;  
 Vestra est victoria, vestra est et Gloria:  
 In Cantis et Historia, perpes est Memoria.

† Autore Herberto Kennedy, quondam in Academia Edinburgensi Professore,  
 Ex antiqua familia quandoque de Haleaths, in valle Annandæ orto.

## To the Weaver's gin ye go.

103 \* My heart was ance as blythe and free As simmer days were

Lively

lang, But a bonie, weftlin weaver lad Has gart me change my fang.

Cho<sup>s</sup>  
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, To the weaver's gin ye go, I

rede you right, gang ne'er at night, To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town  
To warp a plaiden wab;  
But the weary, weary warpin o't  
Has gart me sigh and fab.  
To the weaver's &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
And ay I ca'd it roun';  
But every shot and every knock,  
My heart it gae a stoun.  
To the weaver's &c.

A bonie, weftlin weaver lad  
Sat working at his loom;  
He took my heart as wi' a net  
In every knot and thrum.  
To the weaver's &c.

The moon was sinkin in the west  
Wi' visage pale and wan,  
As my bonie, weftlin weaver lad  
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.  
To the weaver's &c.

But what was said, or what was done,  
Shame fa' me gin I tell;  
But Oh! I fear the kintra foon  
Will ken as weel's mysel!  
To the weaver's &c.

Strephon and Lydia.

Tune, The Gordons has the guiding o't.

104 \*

Slow

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system includes the tempo marking 'Slow' and the numbers '6 6 6-5 4-3 6' below the bass line. The second system has a '6' below the bass line. The third system has a '6' below the bass line. The fourth system has a '6' below the bass line. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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

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



On a rock by ſeas ſurrounded.

Tune, Ianthy the lovely.

The musical score consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

On a rock by ſeas ſur - round - - ed,

Dif - tant far from sight of shore, When the ship-wreck'd

Figured bass: # 6 6 #

wretch con - found - ed, Hears the bel - low - ing tem - pest -

*Crescendo il For.*

Figured bass: 6 6 # For. 7 # - F. 5 # 6 6 4

roar, Hopes of life do then for - - fake him,

Figured bass: 6 4 6

In this last de - plor'd ex - - treme; When

Figured bass: # 6 4 6 6 5 6 4 5 #

lo, his own loud shrieks a - - wake him,

Figured bass: F. 6 4 6 b 6 5 #

And he finds it all a dream.

Figured bass: P. 5 6 6 6 5 #

## Whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.

106

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; O

whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad: Though fath-er and

mither should baith gae mad, O whistle, an' I'll come

to you, my lad. Come down the back stairs when ye

come to court me; Come down the back stairs when ye come to court

me; Come down the back stairs, and let naeboddy see; And come as ye

were na' coming to me, And come as ye were na' coming to me.

I'm o'er young to Marry Yet.

107

I am my mam-my's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I

Lively

weary, Sir, And ly-ing in a man's bed, I'm fley'd it

make me irie, Sir. I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm

o'er young to marry yet; I'm o'er young, twad be a gin To

tak me frae my mam-my yet.

Hällöwmass is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;  
 And you an' I in ae bed,  
 In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.  
 I'm o'er young &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir:  
 I'm o'er young &c.

Hamilla.

Tune, The bonniest lass in a the world.

108

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles, Hamilla, heavnly char-

Slowish

6 6 6 6 6 6

-mer, see how with all their arts and wiles, The loves and graces arm her!

6 6 6 6 6 5 4 7

A blush dwells glowing on her cheek, Fair seat of youthful pleasure!

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

There love in smiling language speaks, There spreads the rosy treasure.

6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

O fairest maid, I own thy power;  
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish;  
 Yet ever, ever will adore,  
 And triumph in my anguish.

But ease, O charmer, ease my care,  
 And let my torments move thee;  
 As thou art fairest of the fair,  
 So I the dearest love thee.



Love is the cause of my Mourning.

109

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay, Be fo

Slow

6 6 6 4

kind, O ye nymphs, I oft heard her say, Tell Strephon I die, if he

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

passes this way, And love is the cause of my mourning. False shepherds, that

6 6 6 2 6 4 3 6

tell me of beauty and charms, Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never  
 warms; Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die in his arms; O Strephon! the  
 cause of my mourn- ing. But first, said she, let me go down to the  
 shades below, e'er ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so: Then on my  
 pale cheek no blushes will shew, That love is the cause of my mourn- ing.

Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon came by;  
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;  
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,  
 Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.  
 Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art:  
 They, fighting, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,  
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then, is Chloris dead,  
 Wounded by me! he said;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,  
 Down to the silent shade:

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

## Bonnie May.

110

It was on an ev'ning fae fast and fae clear, A

Slow

bonnie lasf was milking the kye, And by came a trouf of

gentlemen, And rode the bonnie lasf - sie by.

Then one of them said unto her,  
Bonnie lasf, shew me the way,  
O if I do fae it may breed me wae,  
For langer I dare na' ftay.

It fell upon another fair evening,  
The bonnie lasf was milking her kye,  
And by came the troop of gentlemen,  
And rode the bonnie lasf by.

But dark and misty was the night,  
Before the bonnie lasf came hame;  
Now where hae you been, my ae daughter?  
I am, fure you was na' your lahe.

Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
Wha's aught that baby ye are wi'?  
The lasf began for to blush, and thin'  
To a father as gude as ye.

O, father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,  
A gentleman of high degree,  
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,  
And bonnie, bonnie blinkit his ee.

O had your tongue, my bonnie May,  
Sae loud's I hear you lie;  
O dinnae you mind the misty night  
I was in the bught with thee.

But when twenty weeks were past & gane,  
O twenty weeks and three,  
The lasf began to grow pale and wan,  
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,  
And he has taen her hame;  
Now let your father bring hame the kye,  
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

O wae be to my father's herd,  
An ill death may he die;  
He bigged the bughts fae far frae hame,  
And wadna bide wi' me.

He was the laird of Auchentrone,  
With fifty ploughs and three,  
And he has gotten the bonniest lasf  
In a' the fouth countrie.

My Jo Janet.

111

O sweet sir, for your courtesie, When ye come by the

Lively

Bafs then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek - ing -

- glafs then. Keek in - to the draw well, Jan - et, Jan - et; And

there ye'll see your bonny fell, My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,  
 What if I shou'd fa' in. then;  
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,  
 I drown'd myfell for sin, then.  
 Had the better by the brae,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Had the better by the brae,  
 My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a mawkin,  
 If they should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be tauking.  
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,  
 Janet, Janet.  
 Syne a' their fauts will no be feen,  
 My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
 Coming thro' Aberdeen then,  
 For the love you bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair of sheen then.  
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 A pair may gain' ye ha'f a year,  
 My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the cross then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse then.  
 Pace upo' your spinning wheel,  
 Janet, Janet,  
 Pace upo' your spinning wheel,  
 My jo Janet.

He who presum'd to guide the Sun.

Tune, The Maids complaint.

112

He who presum'd to guide the sun, Was crown'd with bad suc.

Slow

cess; Tho' for his rash attempt undone, He'd glory'd ne'er the less.

Him you resemble, and aspire To lead our brightest fair; Like

him too, tho' consum'd by fire, You boast because you dare:

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Tune, Birks of Abergeldie.

113

Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

Lively

bonny lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aber-fel-dy? Now

Simmer blinks on flowery braes, And o'er the chryf-tal stream-lets

plays; Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A-ber-

-fel-dy. Bonny lasie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

Bonny lasie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy? *S.*

The little birdies blythely sing,  
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonny lasie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow-  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And rising weets wi' misty showers  
The birks of Aberfeldy. *S.*  
Bonny lasie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's.  
O'er-hung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonny lasie, &c.

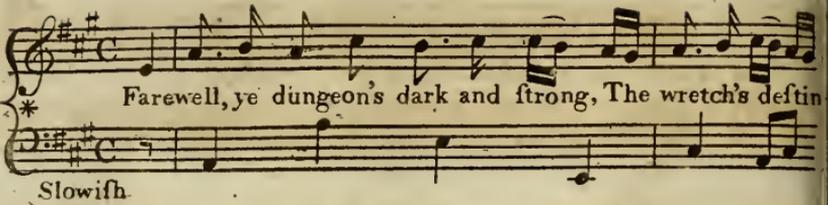
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me!  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonny lasie, &c. *B.*

\*\*\*\*\*  
Birks of Abergeldie.

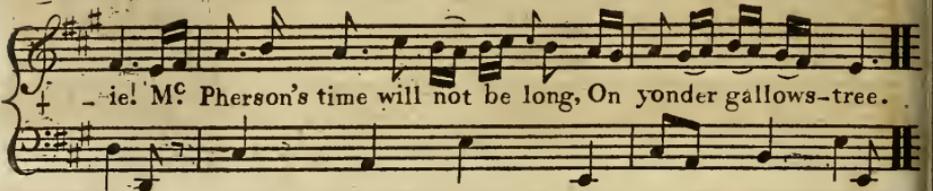
**B**ONNY lasie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonny lasie, will ye go  
To the birks o' Abergeldie?  
Ye shall get a gown of filk,  
A gown of filk, a gown of filk,  
Ye shall get a gown of filk,  
And coat of calimancoe.

Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,  
I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,  
Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,  
My minnie she'll be angry:  
Sair, fair wad she fly te,  
Wad she fly te, wad she fly te,  
Sair, fair wad she fly te,  
And fair wad she ban me.

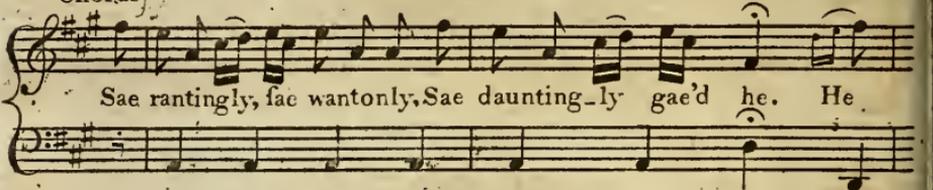
M<sup>c</sup> Pherfon's Farewell.

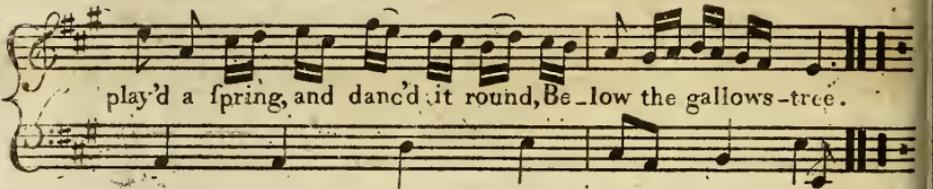
114\*  Farewell, ye dungeon's dark and strong, The wretch's destin

Slowish

 -ie! M<sup>c</sup> Pherfon's time will not be long, On yonder gallows-tree.

## Chorus

 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, Sae daunting-ly gae'd he. He

 play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Be-low the gallows-tree.

<p>O what is death but parting breath?          On many a bloody plain          I've dar'd his face, and in this place          I scorn him yet again!          Sae rantingly, &amp;c.</p>	<p>I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;          I die by treacherie:          It burns my heart I must depart          And not avenged be.          Sae rantingly, &amp;c.</p>
--	---

<p>Untie these bands from off my hands,          And bring to me my sword;          And there's no a man in all Scotland,          But I'll brave him at a word.          Sae rantingly, &amp;c.</p>	<p>Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright          And all beneath the sky!          May coward shame distain his name,          The wretch that dares not die!          Sae rantingly, &amp;c.</p>
--	--

115

The love that I have chosen I'll there with be con-

Slowly

-tent, The fault-sea shall be frozen Before that I repent; Re-

-pent it shall I never Un-til the day I die, But the

lowlands of Holland Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love lies in the fault sea,  
 And I am on the side,  
 Enough to break a young thing's heart  
 Wha lately was a bride:  
 Wha lately was a bonie bride  
 And pleasure in her ée;  
 But the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

New Holland is a barren place,  
 In it there grows no grain;  
 Nor any habitation  
 Wherein for to remain:  
 But the sugar canes are plenty,  
 And the wine draps frae the tree;  
 And the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonie ship  
 And set her to the sea,  
 Wi' seven score brave mariners  
 To bear her companie:

Threescore gaed to the bottom,  
 And threescore did at sea;  
 And the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

My love has built another ship  
 And set her to the main,  
 He had but twenty mariners  
 And all to bring her hame:  
 The stormy winds did roar again,  
 The raging waves did rout,  
 And my love and his bonie ship  
 Turn'd widdershins about.

There shall nae mantle cross my back.  
 Nor kame gae in my hair,  
 Neither shall coal nor candle light  
 Shine in my bower mair;  
 Nor shall I chuse another love  
 Until the day I die,  
 Since the lowlands of Holland  
 Hae twinn'd my love and me.

## The Maid of Selma.

116

In the hall I lay in night - mine eyes half-clos'd with

Very Slow

sleep, - Soft music came to mine ear, Soft music came

to mine ear, It was the Maid of Selma. Her breasts were

white as the bosom of a Swan, Trembling on swift\_rol-ling

waves, She rais'd the nightly song, For she knew that my

soul was a stre - am that flow - - d at pleas - ant

sounds; mix'd with the Harp a - rose her voice,

mix'd with the Harp a - rose her Voice, She

6 6

came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam

on the dark heaving oce - an when it bursts from a

6

cloud and bright - ens the foamy side of a

6 7 7 6 6

wave; 'twas like the memory of joys that are

past, plea - sant and mourn - full to the soul,

6

pleasent and mourn - full to the soul.

The Highland Laysie O.

117 \* Nae gen\_tle dames, tho' ne'er fae fair, Shall e\_ever

Slowly

be my muse's care; Their ti\_tles a' are empty show; Gie

me my Highland Laysie, O. With\_in the glen fae bushy,

Chorus

O, A\_boon the plain fae rashy O, I fet me down wi'

right gude will, To sing my Highland Laysie, O.

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

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore;  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland Laysie, O.  
 Within the glen &c.

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

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By secret truth and honor's band!  
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland Laysie, O.  
 Farewel, the glen fae bushy, O!  
 Farewel, the plain fae rashy, O!  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland Laysie, O.

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

118

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, Far

Slow

6

as the pole and line; Her dear i - de - a

5/3 6/4

5/3

round my heart Should tender - ly en - twine. Tho'

6/4

5/3

6/4

5/3

mountains rise, and defarts howl, And oceans roar be -

- tween; Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I

4/2

6

still would love my Jean.

6/4

5/3

R

## Song of Selma.

119

It is night. I am a-lone, for-lorn on the hill of

Plaintive

The first system of music features 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 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. The word 'Plaintive' is written below the piano staff.

Storms. The Wind is heard in the Mountain, the Tor-rent

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note E5, followed by quarter notes F5, G5, and A5. The piano accompaniment includes a half note G3 and a triplet of eighth notes (F4, E4, D4). The word 'Tor-rent' is written below the piano staff.

Shricks down the Rocks, no Hut receives me from the Rain; for-

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note B4, followed by quarter notes C5, D5, and E5. The piano accompaniment includes a half note G3 and a triplet of eighth notes (F4, E4, D4). The word 'for-' is written below the piano staff.

-lorn on the Hill of Winds, Rise, Moon, from be hind thy

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note F5, followed by quarter notes G5, A5, and B5. The piano accompaniment includes a half note G3 and a triplet of eighth notes (F4, E4, D4). The word 'thy' is written below the piano staff.

Clouds: Stars of the Night, ap-pear! Lend me Light to the

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half note C6, followed by quarter notes D6, E6, and F6. The piano accompaniment includes a half note G3 and a triplet of eighth notes (F4, E4, D4). The word 'the' is written below the piano staff.

Place where my Love Rests from the Toil of the chase; His

6 4 3

Bow near him un-strung, His Dogs Panting a-round him. But

6 6 6 6 3 6 6

here I must sit a-lone, by the Rock of the most sy

6

Stream; the stream and the wind Roar, nor can I Hear the

6 4 5 3 6 6 5 6 6 6

voice of my Love, the voice of my Love.

6 5 6 6 5 3 4 6

Fife and a' the lands about it.

120

x Allan by his grief excited, Long the victim

Slowlv

of despair, Thus deplor'd his passion slighted, Thus ad-

-dress'd the scornful fair. Fife and all the lands a-

-bout it, Undesiring I can see; Joy may crown my

days without it, Not, my charmer, without thee.

Must I then forever languish,  
Still complaining still endure;  
Can her form create an anguish,  
Which her soul disdains to cure!  
Why by hopeless passion fated,  
Must I still those eyes admire;  
Whilst unheeded, unregretted,  
In her presence I expire!

Would thy charms improve their power,  
Timely think, relentless maid;  
Beauty is a short liv'd flower,  
Destined but to bloom and fade!

Let that heaven, whose kind impression  
All thy lovely features shew,  
Melt thy soul to soft compassion  
For a suffering lover's woe.

See my colour quickly fading  
To a sad portentous pale:  
See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,  
O'er my vital frame prevail.

Vain alas! expostulation,  
'Tis not thine her love to gain;  
But with silent resignation  
Bid adieu to life and pain!

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

121

There was ance a May, and she loe'd na men; She

Slowish

biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool & a

well-a-day! Come down the green gate, and come here a-way.

When bonny young Johnny cam o'er the sea,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things;  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,  
Because I was twice as bonny as she;  
She rais'd sick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was fet, and the bridal to be,  
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;  
She main'd and she grain'd out of dour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for aye of a higher degree,  
Said, What had he to do with the like of me!  
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny:  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,  
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro' the draff,  
Nor pickles of meal rins thro' the mill ee:  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,  
She spy'd me as I cam o'er the lee;  
And then she ran in and made a loud din,  
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;  
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:  
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,  
And casts himself dowie upo' the corn bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye:  
And were na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
We shoud hae been galloping down on yon green,  
And linking it on the lily-white lee;  
And wow gin I were but young for thee.

## The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

122

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And  
 Slowly  
 sum-mer ap-proach-ing re-joic-eth the swain;  
 re-joic-eth the swain. The yel-low-hair'd laddie wou'd  
 of-ten-times go, To wilds and deep glens, where the  
 haw-thorn trees grow, haw-thorn trees grow.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The first system includes the tempo marking and the first line of lyrics. The second system includes the tempo marking and the second line of lyrics. The third system includes the tempo marking and the third line of lyrics. The fourth system includes the tempo marking and the fourth line of lyrics. The fifth system includes the tempo marking and the fifth line of lyrics. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'r' for repeat and '1st' and '2d' for first and second endings.

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

The shepherd thus sang, Tho' young Mary be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring:

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

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

## To the foregoing Tune.

Peggy **W**HEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,  
 And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
 To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,  
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells  
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,  
 Nae birns, briers, or brechens gae trouble to me,  
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:  
 Thy ilka sport manly gae pleasure to me;  
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden broom knows,  
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ewes;  
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,  
 At thro' the wood, laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring;  
 But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,  
 The boatman, Tweedside, or the las of the mill,  
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;  
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy How easy can lasses trow what they desire!  
 And praises fae kindly increas'es Love's fire:  
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,  
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

### The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

**T**HE yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,  
 Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.  
 And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,  
 The ewes are new clipped they winna bught in.  
 They winna bught in, tho' I shou'd die,  
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.  
 They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;  
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirn:  
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd four,  
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae ha'f hour;  
 It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

## The Miller.

123

O Merry may the maid be That marries with the mil-

Slowish

-ler, For foul day and fair day He's ay bringing till her. Has

ay-a penny in his purse, For dinner and for sup-per; And

gin the please, a good fat cheefe, And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,  
 I speir'd what was his calling;  
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,  
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:  
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy  
 The truth of what he told me,  
 And that his house was warm and couth,  
 And room in it to hold me:

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
 And in the kist was plenty,  
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,  
 And bannocks were na scanty;  
 A good fat fow, a sleeky cow  
 Was standin in the byre; *man*  
 Whilst lary poufs with mealy *mouse*  
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
 And bids me tak the miller;  
 For foul day and fair day  
 He's ay bringing till her;  
 For meal and malt she does na want,  
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;  
 And now and then a keckling hen  
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain  
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,  
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane  
 Before a rousing fire;  
 With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,  
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy  
 Who'd be a king - a petty thing,  
 When a miller lives so happy.

Wap at the Widōw, my Laddie.

130

124

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

Lively

and the widow can sew, And mony braw things the widow can do, Then

wap at the widow, my laddie. With courage attack her baith early and

late, To kifs her and clapher ye manna be blate; Speak well and do

better; for that's the best gate, To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could you wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,  
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succed  
 Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

## Braw, braw lads of Galla-water.

125

Braw, braw lads of Gallá wa-ter; O! braw lads of  
Gal-la wa-ter: I'll kilt my coats a-boon my knee, And  
fol-low my love thro' the wa-ter.

Very Slow

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
The mair I kifs, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,  
O'er yon moss among the heather;  
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,  
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,  
Down among the broom, my dearie.  
The lassie lost a filken snood,  
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

## Same Tune.

NO repose can I discover  
Nor find joy without my lover;  
Can I stay when she's not near me;  
Cruel fates! once deign to hear me.

The charms of grandeur don't decoy me  
Fair Eliza must enjoy me;  
My crown and sceptre I resign,  
The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

## The Young Man's Dream.

126

One night I dream'd I lay most easy, By a murm'ring  
rivers side, Where lovely banks were spread with daisies, And the stream

Slow

## Continued.

did smoothly glide, While all around me and quite o' ver, Spreading

branches were display'd, All in-ter-wov-en in due or-der

Soon became a pleafant fhade.

2

I faw my lafs come in moft charming  
With a look and air fo sweet;  
Ee'ry grace was moft alarming  
Every beauty quite complete.  
Cupid with his bow attended;  
Lovely Venus too was there;  
As his bow young Cupid bended,  
Far away flew carking care.

3

On a bank of rofes feated,  
Charmingly my true love fung;  
While glad echo ftill repeated  
And the hills and vallies rung:  
At the laft, by fleep oppreffed,  
On the bank my love did ly;  
By young Cupid ftill careffed,  
While the graces round did fly.

The rofes red, the lily's blofsom  
With her charms might not compare,  
To view her cheeks and heaving bofom.  
Down they droop'd as in defpair.  
On her flumber I encroaching,  
Panting came to ftal a kifs;  
Cupid fmil'd at me approaching  
Seem'd to fay, "There's nought amifs."

With eager wifhes I drew nigher,  
This fair maiden to embrace;  
My breath grew quick, my pulfe beat  
Gazing on her lovely face (higher,

The nymph awaking quickly cheek'd me  
Starting up, with angry tone,  
"Thus, fays fhe do you refpect me,  
"Leave me quick, and hence begone.  
Cupid for me interpofting,  
To my love did bow full low,  
She from him her hands unloofing,  
In contempt ftuck down his bow.

Angry Cupid, from her flying,  
Cry'd out as he fought the fkies,  
"Haughty nymphs their love denying,  
"Cupid ever fhall defpife!"  
As he fpoke, old Care came wand'ring,  
With him ftalk'd deftructive Time:  
Winter froze the ftreams meand'ring,  
Nipt the Rofes in their prime.

Spectres then my love furrounded,  
At their back march'd chilling Death,  
Whilst fhe, frighted and confounded,  
Felt their blafting, pois'nous breath:  
As her charms were fwift decaying,  
And the furrows feiz'd her cheek;  
Forbear ye fiends! I vainly crying,  
Wak'd in the attempt to fpeak.

T

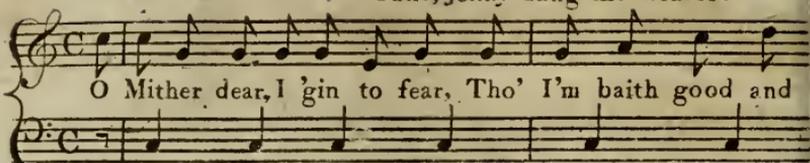
## Same Tune.

O Molly Molly, my dear honey,  
Come and fit thee down by me,  
And tell to me what is the reafon  
That I fo flighed am by thee.  
For if I fpeak, you fay I flatter,  
And if I fpeak not, how fhall I fpeed.  
And if I chance to write a letter,  
Your answer is, I cannot read.

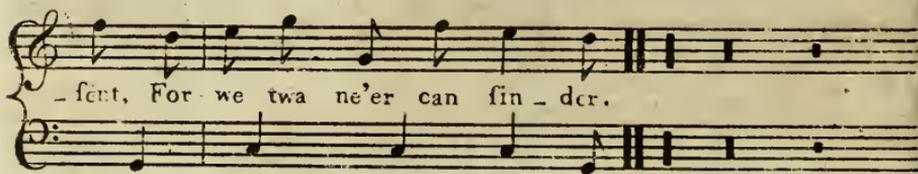
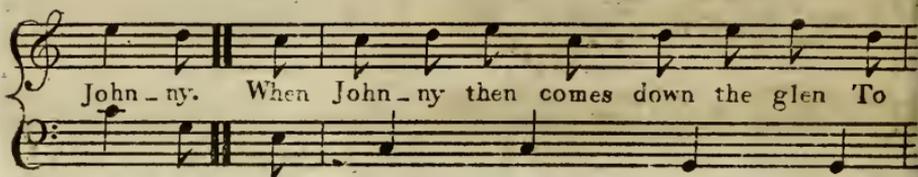
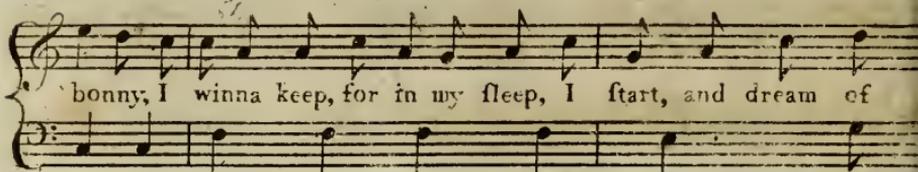
## O Mither dear.

Tune, Jenny dang the weaver.

127



Lively



Better to marry, then miscarry;  
For shame and skaith's the clink o't;  
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,  
I downa bide to think o't;

So while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,  
That gars poor Epps gae whingeing,  
With haunches fow, and een fae blew,  
To all the bedrals bingeing.

Had Epp's apron bidden down,  
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;  
But when the word's gane thro' the town,  
Nae kirk, how can she mend it!

Now Tam maun face the minister,  
And she maun mount the pillar:  
And that's the way that they maun gae,  
For poor folk hae nae filler.

Now had ye'r tongue, my daughter you,  
Replied the kindly mither,  
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,  
Syn'e wap your wealth together.  
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,  
Ye'll do your part discreetly;  
And prove a wife will gar his life  
And thine go on right sweetly.

## Betsy Bell, and Mary Gray.

128

O Betsy Bell, and Mary Gray, They are twa bon-ny

Lively

lafs - es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And

theek'd it o'er with rash - es. Fair Betsy Bell I

loo'd yestreen, And thought I ne'er cou'd al - ter; But

Mary Gray's twa pawky een, Gard a' my fan - cy fal - ter.

Now Betsy's hair's like a lint tap,  
 She smiles like a May morning,  
 When Phæbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
 The hills with rays adorning.  
 White is her neck, soft is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;  
 With ilka grace she can command  
 Her lips; O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
 Her een like diamonds glances;  
 She's ay fae clean, redd up, and braw,  
 She kills when e'er she dances;

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,  
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Betsy Bell, and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco fair opprefs us,  
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny lasses.  
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law we're fented,  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

Stay, my Charmer, can you leave me?

Tune, An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.

129

\* Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? Cruel, cruel to de-

Slow

-ceive me! Well you know how much you grieve me: Cruel charmer, can you

go! Cruel charmer, can you go! By my love so ill requited;  
By the faith you fondly plighted;  
By the pangs of lovers flighted;  
Do not, do not leave me so!  
Do not, do not leave me so!

B



Lady Bothwell's Lament.

130

Balow, my boy, ly, fill and fleep; It grieves me

Very Slow

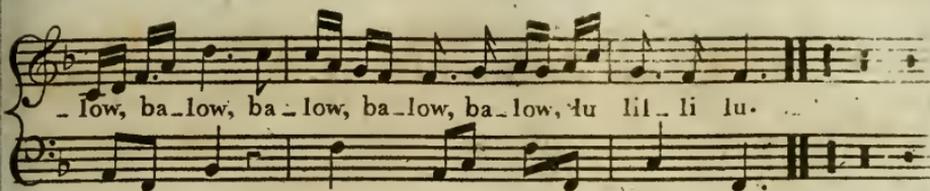
fore to hear thee weep: If thou't be filent, I'll be glad; Thy

mourning makes my heart full fad. Ba-low, my boy; thy

mother's joy, Thy father bred me great annoy. Balow ba-low, ba-

## Continued.

135



Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
And when thou wak'ft then sweetly smile;  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid;  
For in thine eye his look I see,  
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, balow, &c.

When he began to court my love,  
And with his fugar'd words to move,  
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,  
In time to me did not appear;  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, balow, &c.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth  
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;  
Let never any after me  
Submit unto thy courtesy:  
For if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, balow, &c.

I was too cred'ulous at the first,  
To yield thee all a maiden's durt;  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,  
Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought.

Balow, balow, &c.

O gin I were a maid again,  
From young mens flattery I'd refrain,  
For now unto my grief I find  
They all are perjurd and unkind;  
Bewitching charms bred all my harms:  
Witness my babe lyes in my arms.

Balow, balow, &c.

I tak my fate from bad to worfe,  
That I must needs be now a nurse,  
And lull my young son on my lap:  
From me, sweet orphan, tak the pap:  
Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
Shall wail as from all blifs exil'd.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
Whose greatest grief's for wrangling thee,  
Nor pity her deserved smart.  
Who can blame none but her fond heart  
For, too soon trusting latest finds,  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
When he the thriftless son hath play'd;  
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he  
Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.  
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine  
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, balow, &c.

But curse not him; perhaps now he,  
Stung with remorse, is, blessing thee:  
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,  
Whether the Judge of heaven & hell.  
By some proud foe, has struck the blow  
And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, balow, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds  
Where he lyes smother'd in his wounds  
Repeating, as he pants for air,  
My name, whom once he call'd his fair;  
No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, balow, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
Then quickly to him would I make  
My smock once for his body meet,  
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.  
Ah me! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:  
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum;  
God grant thee patience when they-  
Born to sustain thy mother's shame, (come)  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Balow, balow, &c.

## Woes my heart that we shou'd sunder.

131

With broken words and down cast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his  
 Slow  
 passion tender, And parting with his Grify cries, Ah woes my heart that  
 we shou'd sunder; To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine  
 eyes like tinder, From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my  
 heart that we shou'd sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,  
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.  
 The image of thy graceful air,  
 And beauties which invite our wonder,  
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,  
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,  
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.  
 Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,  
 That as I leave her I may find her.  
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,  
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

**S**PEAK on, - speak thus, and still my grief  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief;  
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
 A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossoms,  
 Alake poor me! will now conspire  
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom,  
 No more the shepherd, who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder  
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,  
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet-scented rocks, round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.  
 Again, ah! shall I never creep  
 Around the know with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy many beauty.  
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Strathallan's Lament.

132

\* Thick-est night, fur-round my dwelling! Howling

Plaintive

tempests, o'er me rave! Turbid tor-rents, wintry fwe-ling,

Roaring by my lone-ly cave. Chrystal stream-lets gen-tly

flowing, Bu-ry haunts of base mankind, Western breezes softly

blow-ing, Suit not my dif-tracted mind.

In the cause of Right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honor's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens deny'd success:  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us -  
 But a world without a friend!

## What will I do gin my Hoggie die.

133

\* What will I do gin my Hoggie die, My joy, my

Lively

pride, my Hog-gie, My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And

vow but I was vogie! The lee-lang night we watch'd the

fauld, Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We heard nought but the

roaring linn, A-mang the braes sae scroggie. But the hou-let

cry'd frae the Castle wa', The blit-ter frae the boggie, The

tod reply'd upon the hill, I trembled for my Hoggie. When day did

dew, and cocks did crow, The morning it was fog-gie; An

unc-o tyke lap o'er the Dyke, And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

\*\*\*\*\*

### To the Foregoing Tune.

What words, dear Nancy, will prevail,	In apathy to spend my days,
What tender accents move thee!	I oft have wish'd with ardor,
How shall I speak the soft detail,	Tho' hard thy image to erase,
And shew how much I love thee!	To bear it still seem'd harder;
The pains my soul is doom'd to bear,	But vain my wishes, vain my toils,
Are far beyond expression;	Lost freedom to recover;
No rising sigh, nor falling tear	From the harsh task my soul recoils,
Can half reveal my passion.	A self-devoted lover.

Yet when the bosom rack'd with pain	You see by what degrees I pine,
It's latent woe discloses,	Whilst every look implorés you,
'Tis nature's tribute to complain,	While calmly you to fate resign
And sorrow's self reposes.	The youth whose soul adores you;
Delusive rest! for grief and shame,	Yet come it will the destin'd hour
Unpitying should'st thou hear me,	When Death my soul shall sever,
Shall reinforce the cruel flame,	And love and beauty lose their power
The incessant pangs that tear me.	To torture me for ever.

## The Carle he came o'er the Craft.

134

The carle he came o'er the craft, And his beard

Lively

new shaven, Glow'd at me as he'd been daft, The

carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt a\_wa, I

win\_nae hae him, No forfooth, I'll no hae him, New hofe and

new shoon And his beard new shav\_en.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,	Howt awa, I winna hae him,
To fasten on my curchie nooked,	Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!
I wort awae upon my breast;	(ed; What signifies his dirty riggs,
But soon, alake! the tongue o't crook	And cash, without a man wi' them.
And fae may his; I winna hae him,	But shoud' my canker'd dady gar
Na, forfooth, I winna hae him,	Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
Ane twice a bairn's a lafs's jest;	I warn the fumbler to beware,
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.	That antlers dianna claim their station.
The carl has nae fault but ane,	Howt awa, I winna hae him!
For he has lands and dollars plenty;	Na, forfooth, I winna hae him!
But wae's me for him! fkin and bane	I'm fled to crack the haly band,
Is no for a plump lafs of twenty.	Sae lawty fays, I shoud' nae hae him.

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny.

135

Lively

\* O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the ky wi' me; O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be merry wi' thee. And

Was she na' wordy of kiffes, And was she na' wordy of three, And

Chorus

was she na' wordy of kiffes, That gaed to the ky wi' me? O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the ky wi' me; O

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be merry wi' thee.

I hae a house a biggin,  
 Anither that's like to fa',  
 I have a lassie wi' bairn,  
 Which grieves me warft of a',  
 Gae to the ky, &c.

But if she be wi' bairn,  
 As I trow weel she be.  
 I have an auld mither at hame,  
 Will doudle it on her knee.  
 Gae to the ky, &c.

## Why hangs that cloud?

Tune, Hallow ev'n.

136

Why hangs that cloud u - pon thy brow, That beauteous  
 Slowish  
 heav'n e're while serene! Whence do these storms and tempests flow, Or  
 what this gust of passion mean? And must then man-kind  
 lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to shine, And ly ob-  
 scurd in endless night, For each poor fil-ly speech of mine?

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Slowish'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The bass staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment with some figured bass notation (6, 4, 3, 5, 6, 4, 3, 6, 4, 5, 6, 4, 7) and a final double bar line with repeat dots.

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,

Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,

Thy beauty can make large amends?

Or if I durst profanely try,

Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,

Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t'ensnare,

With all her charms has deck'd thy face,

And Pallas with unusual care,

Bids wisdom heighten every grace.

Who can the double pain endure;

Or who must not resign the field

To thee, celestial maid, secure

With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,

Let not a wretch in torment live:

But smile, and learn to copy heaven,

Since we must sin ere it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does

Forgive th' offender and th' offence,

But even itself appeas'd bestows,

As the reward of penitence.

## Willy was a wanton wag.

137

Willy was a wanton wag, The blythest lad that e'er I saw, At

Lively

6

bridals still he bore the brag, And carried ay the gree a wa. His

doublet was of Zetland shag, And vow! but Willy he was braw, And at his

6

Vers 2<sup>d</sup>

shoulder hung a tag, That pleas'd the lasses best of a. He was a &amp;c.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw;  
 And ay whatever Willy said,  
 It was still hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon-shaw;  
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
 The fiend a ane among them a'

And was not Willy well worth gowd?  
 He wan the love of great and sma';  
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,  
 He kifs'd the lasses hale-fale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring they rowd,  
 When by the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,  
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen,  
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,  
 The bridegroom speerd where he had  
 been?

Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair:  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring;  
 But shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.  
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
 Says, Well's me on your bonny face;  
 With bobbing, Willy's shanks are fair,  
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,  
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
 Unless like Willy ye advance;

(O! Willy has a wanton leg!)

For wi't he learns us a' to steer,  
 And forsaik ay bears up the ring:  
 We will find nae sic dancing here,  
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

## Jumpin John.

138

\* Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad, For-bidden she

Lively

wad-na be: She wad-na trow't, the browft she brew'd Wad

Chorus

taste fae bit-ter- - lie. The lang lad they ca'

jumpin John Be-guil'd the bonie lafs- ie, The lang lad they ca'

jumping John Be-guil'd the bonie lafs- ie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillins and three;  
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,  
 The lafs wi' the bonie black e'e.  
 The lang lad &c.

## Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

139

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart, I pass the day in

Slowish

pain, When night returns, I feel the smart, And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold whilst thou art warm, Have piety and incline, And

grant me for a hap that Charming pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways  
 Present thee to my arms.  
 But waking think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure  
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just reward that's due to love,  
 And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize  
 That lovely breast of thine;  
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure, Heaven has fitted for delight  
 That beautiful form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its law to flight,  
 By hind'ring the design.  
 May all the powers of love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine;  
 Or loose my chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry charm of thine.



## Continued.

on their native ground; Thy hor-pi-table roofs no more Invite the  
 stranger to the door; In smoaky ruins sunk they lie, The monu-  
 -ments of cruel-ty. The monu-ments of cruel-ty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,  
 His all become the prey of war;  
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:  
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,  
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze;  
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke:  
 What foreign arms could never quell,  
 By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
 No more shall cheer the happy day:  
 No social scenes of gay delight  
 Beguile the dreary winter night:  
 No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,  
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
 While the pale phantoms of the slain  
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,  
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!  
 The sons against their fathers stood;  
 The parent shed his children's blood.  
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:  
 The naked and forlorn must feel  
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,  
 The bleak wind whistles round her head.  
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
 She views the shades of night descend,  
 And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,  
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;  
 Resentment of my country's fate  
 Within my filial breast shall beat;  
 And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
 "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

Where winding Forth adorns the vale.

Tune, Cumbernauld-house.

142

Where winding Forth a-dorns the vale, Fond Strephon,

- Slow

6 6 6

once a shepherd gay, Did to the rocks his lot be-wail, And

6 4 6 6

thus address't his plaintive lay. O Julia, more than lil-ly

6 4 3 6 6

fair, More blooming than the op'ning rose, How can thy breaft

6 6 6 6 4 5 # 6

re-lentless wear. A heart more cold than winter's snows!

6 6 4 3

Yet nipping Winter's keenest reign

- But for a short-liv'd space prevails;

Spring-time returns, and cheers each swain, Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,

Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.

Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,

Thou, mistress of angelic charms,

Come smiling like the morn of May,

And center in thy Strephon's arms.

Else, haunted by the fiend despair,

He'll court some solitary grove,

Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,

But swains oppress'd with hapless love.

From the once pleasing rural throng

Remov'd, he'll bend his lonely way,

Where Philomela's mournful song

Shall join his melancholy lay.

# The young Highland Rover.

150

Tune, Morag.

143

\* Loud blaw the frosty breezes, The snaws the mountains

Slow

cover, Like winter on me feizes, Since my young Highland

Chorus

Ro-ver Far wan-ders na-tions o-ver. Where

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

-turn him safe to fair Strathspey, And bonie Castle Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blythely singing,  
 And every flower be springing.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup>. Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
 When by his mighty Warden  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

## Dufty Miller.

144

Hey, the Duf-ty Mil-ler, And his dufty coat,

Lively

He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.

Duf-ty was the coat, Duf-ty was the col-our,

Dufty was the kifs That I got frae the Miller.

Hey, the dufty Miller,  
And his dufty sack;  
Lceze me on the calling  
Fills the dufty peck:

Fills the dufty peck,  
Brings the dufty filler:  
I wad gie my coatie  
For the dufty Miller.

## The Wedding-day.

145

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed, With

Lively

heart full of love, and a vapourish head, To wing the dull hours, & his

Sorrows allay, Thus sweetly he sung of his wedding day. What would I

give for a wedding day! Who would not wish for a wedding day! Wealth & am-

- bition, I'd toss ye away, With all you can boast, for a wedding-day.

Should heaven bid my wishes with freedom implore  
 One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,  
 For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone would I pray,  
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day.  
     Bless'd be th' approach of my wedding-day!  
     Hail my dear nymph and my wedding-day!  
     Earth, smile more verdant, and heaven shine more gay!  
     For happiness dawns with my wedding-day.

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides  
 O'er the hearts of the Ladies, and flow of the tides,  
 Unhappily changing, soon chang'd his wife's mind:  
 O Fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!  
     Why, was I born to a wedding-day!  
     Curs'd, ever curs'd be my wedding-day!  
     Colin, poor Colin thus changes his lay,  
     And dates all his plagues from his wedding-day.

Ye Batchelors, warn'd by the Shepherds distress,  
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,  
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
 And blast all your joys on a wedding-day.  
     Horns are the gift of a wedding-day,  
     Want and a Scold crown a wedding-day,  
     Happy the gallant, who wife when he may,  
     Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day.

## I dream'd I lay, &amp;c.

146

Very Slow

Gaily in the sunny beam; Lift'ning to the wild birds fing-ing,

By a fal-ling, chryf-tal stream: Straight the sky grew

black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; Trees with aged

arms were war-ring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;  
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming  
 A' my flowery blifs destroy'd.  
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,  
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;  
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

I, who am fore opprefs'd with Love.

154

Tune, Lovely: lafs of Monorgon.

147

\* I, who am fore opprefs'd with love, Muft like the

Slowly

lonely turtle dove, To hills and shady groves repair, To vent my

grief and forrow there: Muft now, a - las! re - solve to

part At once with you and, with my heart; For do you think my

heart can ftay Be - hind, when you are gone a - way?

No, no, my dear, when'er we part,  
Take with you my poor bleeding heart;  
But ufe it kindly, for you know  
How much it lov'd you long ago:  
You know to what a great degree,  
Sighing for you, it wafte'd me,  
When one fweet kifs could well repay  
My pains and troubles all the day,

## A Cock Laird, fu' cadgie.

148

Lively

A Cock laird, fu' cadgie, With Jen - ny did  
 meet, He haws'd her, he kifs'd her, And ca'd her his  
 sweet, Gin thou't gae a - lang Wi' me, Jenny, quo' he; Thou'se  
 be my ain lem - man, Jo Jenny, Jenny.

If I gang along wi' ye,  
 Ye mauna fail  
 To feast me with caddels  
 And good hackit-kail.  
 The deil's in your nicety,  
 Jenny, quoth he,  
 Mayna bannocks of bear-meal  
 Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners  
 With pearling set round,  
 A skirt of puddy,  
 And a waistcoat of brown,  
 Awa' with sick vanities,  
 Jenny, quoth he,  
 For kurchis and kirtles  
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me  
 As meikle a year,  
 As had us in pottage  
 And good knockit beer:  
 But having nae tenants,  
 O Jenny, Jenny,  
 To buy ought I ne'er have  
 A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants  
 Will sell you on tick,  
 For we maun-hae braw things,  
 Albeit they soud break.  
 When broken, frae care  
 The fools are set free,  
 When we mak them lairds -  
 In the Abbey, quoth he.

149

\* There was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg, And she held o'er the

Lively

moors to spin; There was a lad that fol- low'd her,- They

ca'd him Duncan Davifon. The moor was driegh, and Meg was

skiegh, her favour Duncan could, na win; For wi' the rock she

wad him knock, And ay she fhook the tem-per-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,

A burn was clear, a glen was green,

Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,

And ay she fet the wheel between:

But Duncan fwoor a haly aith

That Meg should be a bride the morn,

Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,

And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,

And we will live like king and queen

Sae blythe and merry's we will be,

When ye fet by the wheel at een.

A man may drink and no be drunk,

A man may fight and no be flain;

A man may kiss a bony lafs,

And ay be welcome backagain.

## Love will find out the way.

150

Quite over the mountains, And over the waves, Quite  
 over the fountains, And under the graves; O'er floods that are  
 deepest, Which Neptune o - bey, O'er rocks that are steepest, Love will  
 find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest, Which Neptune O -  
 - bey, O'er rocks that are steepest, Love will find out the way.

Slow

6 6 6 6

6 6 5 4 3

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie;  
 Where there is no space  
 For the receipt of a fly;  
 Where the midge dare not venture,  
 Left herself fast she lay;  
 But if love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
 A child in his force;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward, which is worse:  
 But if she, whom love doth honour,  
 Be conceal'd from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
 Which is too unkind;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing to be blind;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that ye may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The Phoenix of the east;  
 The Lionses, ye may move her  
 To give o'er her prey,  
 But you'll never stop a lover,  
 He will find out his way.

Ah! the poor Shepherd's mournful fate. 158

Tune, Gallashiels.

151

Slow

7 6 5 6 6 6

6 6 6

6 3 6 6 #7 6 5b

6 6 6 6 5

6 6 7 6

6 6 6 6 4 3

6 6 6 6 4 3

151 Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love, & doom'd to languish, To bear the scornful fair one's hate, Nor dare disclose his anguish! Yet eager looks, & dying sighs, My secret soul discover; While rapture trembling through mine eyes, Reveals how much I love her: The tender glance, the red ning cheek, O'erspread with riling blushes, A thousand various ways they speak A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
 That artless blush, and modest air,  
 So fatally beguiling!  
 Thy every look, and every grace,  
 So charm when'er I view thee;

Till death o'ertake me in the chace,  
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
 Then when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given, —  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in fight of Heaven!

## My love has forsaken me.

152

\* My love has for - faken me, Know ye for

Slow

why! Be - cause he has flocks and - herds, And none

## Chorus

have I. Whether I get him, whether I get him,

Whether I get him or no, I care not three

- far - dins, Whether I get him or no.

But the rot may come amongst them, A thief will but rob me.

And they may all die;

And then he'll be forsaken,

Ay, as weel as I.

Whether I get him, &c.

Take all that I have;

But an inconstant lover

Will bring me to my grave.

Whether I get him, &c.

Meeting is a pleasure,

And parting's a grief,

And an inconstant lover

Is worse than a thief.

Whether I get him, &c.

The grave it will rot me,

And bring me to dust;

An inconstant lover

No woman should trust.

Whether I get him, &c.

## My lov'd Celestia.

Tune, Benny Side.

153

\* My lov'd Ce\_lestia is so fair, So charming

Slow

in each part, That ev\_ry feature is a snare To

catch my wounded heart. And, like the flutt'\_ring

bird, in vain That labours to be freed, The more I struggle

with my pain, A\_las! the more I bleed.

Altho' the Heavens her heart have made  
 Insensible of care,  
 Yet will I gaze, nor hope for aid,  
 But gazing I despair:  
 Then tell me, ye who read the skies,  
 The mystery disclose,  
 Why, for the pleasure of my eyes  
 I forfeit my repose.

## Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

154

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. Fingerings (6, 7, 5) and breath marks (hr) are indicated throughout the piece. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nel-ly to mourn! Thy  
 prefrence could ease me, When naething can please me, Now dowie I figh  
 on the banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.  
 Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings so clear, While lav'rocks are  
 finging, and primroses springing; Yet none of them pleases my  
 eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare nae to tell:

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander my sell,

Then hây, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in langour till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

## The Original words of Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

As Philermon and Phillis together did walk,  
 To the woods they did wander - To the woods they did wander,  
 As Philermon and Phillis together did walk,  
 To the woods they did wander, together did talk.  
 O could you, Philermon, this forest forsake,  
 And leave off to wander, - And leave off to wander,  
 O could you, Philermon, this forest forsake,  
 And leave off to wander, For Phillis's sake?

If I this fine forest and woods should give o'er,  
 And leave off to wander - And leave off to wander,  
 If I this fine forest and woods should give o'er,  
 And leave off to wander, 'Tis thee I adore.  
 Just as they were talking, a Boy they espy'd,  
 With a bow and a quiver - With a bow and a quiver,  
 Just as they were talking, a Boy they espy'd,  
 - With a bow and a quiver - his arrows fast ty'd:

Young shepherd! said he, To thee I am sent,  
 From Venus my mother - From Venus my mother,  
 Young shepherd! said he, to thee I am sent,  
 From Venus my mother - Thy breast to torment:  
 With a bow ready bended, and a thundering dart,  
 Philermon was wounded - Philermon was wounded,  
 With a bow ready bended, and a thundering dart,  
 Philermon was wounded - quite thro' the heart.

The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,  
 And left poor Philermon - And left poor Philermon,  
 The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,  
 And left poor Philermon - a victim and prey:  
 But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,  
 A cure I will tender - A cure I will tender,  
 But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,  
 A cure I will tender - Let the Boy fly aloft.

She kiss'd and embrac'd him, and soothed his pain;  
 For Phillis was loving - For Phillis was loving,  
 She kiss'd and embrac'd him, and soothed his pain,  
 For Phillis was loving - And loved again:  
 Then, down in yon meadow, there chastly we'll stay,  
 Thou Queen of my fancy - Thou Queen of my fancy -  
 Then, down in yon meadow, there chastly we'll stay;  
 Thou Queen of my fancy, I'll embrace thee always.

The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,  
 No canopy like them - no canopy like them -  
 The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,  
 No canopy like them - While sitting by thee:  
 With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;  
 Gang thro' the wood, laddie - Gang thro' the wood, laddie,  
 With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;  
 Gang thro' the wood, laddie - I'll show my respect.

## Where Helen Lies.

155

O that I were where Hel - en lies! Night

Plaintive

and day on me she cri - es; O that I were where

Hel - en lies In fair Kirk - connel lee! O Helen, fair be -

- yond com - pare, A ringlet of thy flow - ing hair, I'll wear it

still for e - ver - mair Un - till the day I die.

Curs'd be the hand that shot the shot, O Helen chaste, thou'rt now at rest,  
 And curs'd the gun that gave the crack! If I were with thee I were blest,  
 Into my arms bird Helen lap, Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest  
 - And died for fake o' me. On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O think na ye but my heart was fair;  
 My love fell down, and spake nae mair; I wish my grave was growing green,  
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care, A winding sheet put o'er my een,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee. And I in Helen's arms lying  
 In fair Kirkconnel lee!

I lighted down, my sword did draw, I wish I were where Helen lies!  
 I cutt'd him in pieces sma', Night and day on me she cries:  
 I cutt'd him in pieces sma', O that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lee. On fair Kirkconnel lee!

Theniel Menzies bonie Mary.

Tune, Ruffians Rant.

156

In coming by the brig o' Dye, At Darlet we a blink did

Lively but not too fast

tarry; As day was dawin in the s'ky, We drank a health to bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, Charlie

Grigor tint his plaidie, Kifsin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een fae bright, her brow fae white,  
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;  
And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies, &c.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,  
Till Piper lads were wae and weary;  
But Charlie gat the spring to pay  
For kifsin Theniel's bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzies, &c.

Z

To the foregoing Tune.

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank  
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,  
They'll step in and tak a pint  
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

Cho<sup>s</sup>. Lady Onlie, honest lucky,  
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;  
I wish her fale for her gude ale,  
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her houfe fae bien, her curch fae clean,  
I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! -  
And cheary blinks the ingle gleede  
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

Cho<sup>s</sup>. Lady Onlie, &c.

Z

## The Banks of the Devon.

Tune, Bhannerach dhon na chri.

157 \* How pleafant the banks of the clear-winding Devon, With  
Slow

green-spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair! But the bon-ni-est  
flow'r on the banks of the Devon Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the  
Ayr. Mild be the fun on this sweet-blufhing Flower, In the  
gay, rofy morn as it bathes in the dew; And gentle the fall of the  
foft vernal shower, That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a bass line on a bass clef staff. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

O. spare the dear blosom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizest  
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded Lillies,  
 And England triumphant display her proud Rose;  
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.;

## Waly, Waly.

158

O Waly, waly, up yon bank, And waly, waly down yon brae, &

Very Slow 6 6 6 6 6

waly by yon river fide, Where I and my love went to gae! O

6 6 6

waly, waly, love is bonny, A little while when it is new, But

6 5 7 6 7

when 'tis auld, it waxes cauld, And wears away like morning dew!

6 6 5 6 7

I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 And fae did my fause love to me.  
 When cockle-shells turn filler bells,  
 And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;  
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely fight to see;  
 My love was cled in velvet black,  
 And I mysel in cramasie.

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyld by me,  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true-love's forsaken me.  
 O Mart's wind, when wilt thou blow,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree!  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come  
 And tak a life that wearies me!

But had I wist before I kiss'd  
 That love had been fae ill to win;  
 I'd lockt my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.  
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And fet upon the nurse's knee;  
 And I mysel were dead and gane;  
 For maid again I'll never be.

## The Shepherd Adonis.

159

The Shepherd A<sup>d</sup>o-nis Being weary'd with

Slow

sport, He, for a re-tirement, To the woods did re- fort;

He threw by his club, And he laid him-self down; He

envy'd no monarch, Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn,  
 And he ate frae the tree,  
 Himself he enjoy'd,  
 And frae trouble was free:  
 He wish'd for no nymph,  
 Tho' never fae fair,  
 Had nae love nor ambition,  
 And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus  
 In an ev'ning fae clear,  
 A heav'nly sweet voice  
 Sounded fast in his ear;  
 Which came frae a shady  
 Green neighbouring grove,  
 Where bonny Amynta  
 Sat singing of love.

He wander'd that way,  
 And found wha was there;  
 He was quite confounded  
 To see her fae fair:

He stood like a statue,  
 Not a foot could he move,  
 Nor knew he what griev'd him;  
 But he fear'd it was love.

The nymph she beheld him  
 With a kind modest grace,  
 Seeing something that pleas'd her  
 Appear in his face;  
 With blushing a little,  
 She to him did say,  
 O shepherd, what want ye,  
 How came you this way?

His spirits reviving,  
 The swain to her said,  
 I was ne'er fae surpris'd  
 At the sight of a maid;  
 Until I beheld thee,  
 From love I was free;  
 But now I'm ta'en captive,  
 My fairest, by thee.

160

\* Wea-ry fa' you, Dun-can Gray; Ha, ha the

Lively

gird-in o't, Wae gae by you, Dun-can Gray,

Ha, ha the gird-in o't; When a' the 'lave gae

to their play, Then I maun fit the lee lang day, And

jæeg the cradle wi' my tae, And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonie was the Iammas moon,  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't;  
 Glowrin a' the hills aboon,  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't;  
 The girdin brak; the beaft cam down,  
 I tint my curch and baith my shoon,  
 And Duncan, ye're an unco loun;  
 Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't,  
 I'fe-blefs you wi' my hindmost breath,  
 Ha, ha the girdin o't;  
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
 The beaft again can bear us baith,  
 And auld Mefs John will mend the  
 And clout the bad girdin o't. (fkaith.)

## Dumbarton's Drums.

161

Dumbarton's drums beat bonny O, When they mind me

Slowish

of my dear Johnny O. How happy am I When my foldier is by, While he

kisses and blesses his Annie O. 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me.

O, For his graceful look do invite me O: While guarded in his arms, I'll

fear no wars alarms, Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me. O.

My love is a handsome laddie O:      Then I'll be the captain's lady O:  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:      Farewell all my friends' and my daddy O:  
 Tho' commiffions are dear,      I'll wait no more at home,  
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;      But I'll follow with the drum,  
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie O.      And when'er that beats I'll be ready O.  
 A foldier has honour and bravery O,      Dumbarton's drums found bonny O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues & their knavery O:      They are sprightly like my dear Johnny O:  
 He minds no other thing      How happy shall I be,  
 But the ladies or the king:      When on my foldier's knee,  
 For every other care is but slavery O.      And he kisses and blesses his Annie O!

162

\* There's could kail in Aberdeen, And castocks in, fra' - bo -

Lively

- gie; Gin I hae but a bony lafs, Ye're welcome to your Cogie. And

ye may fit up a' the night; And drink till it be braid day light; Gie

me a lafs baith clean and tight, To dance the Reel of Bogie.

In Cotillons the French excel;  
 John Bull, in Countra-dances;  
 The Spaniards dance Fandangos well,  
 Mynheer an All'mande prances:  
 In Foursome Reels the Scots delight,  
 The Threesome maist dance wondrous -  
 But Twasome ding a' out o' fight, (light;  
 .Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs,  
 Save yon auld doited Fogie,  
 And ta'en a fling up' the grafs,  
 As they do in Stra'bogie.  
 But a' the lasses look sae fain;  
 We canna think oursel's to hain;  
 For they maun hae their Come-again,  
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Come, Lads, and view your Partners well,  
 Wale each a blythsome Rogie;  
 I'll tak this Lafsie to myfel,  
 She seems sae keen and vogie:  
 Now, Piper lad, bang up the Spring;  
 The Countra fashion is the thing;  
 To prie their mou's e're we begin  
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,  
 Like true men of Stra'bogie;  
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,  
 And tippie out a Cogie:  
 Come now, my lads, & tak your glafs,  
 And try ilk other to surpafs,  
 In wishing health to every lafs  
 To dance the Reel of Bogie.

## For lake of Gold.

163

For lake of Gold she's left me Oh! And of all that's

Slowish

6 5 6 5 6

dear bereft me Oh! She me forfook, For a great Duke, & to endless

6 6 4 3

care has left me Oh! A star & garter has more art, Than youth, a

6 6 6 6 6

true and faithful heart; For empty titles we must part, And for

6 6 6 4 3

glittering show she left me Oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move  
My injur'd heart again to love,  
Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!  
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care  
Commit my lovely, charming fair,  
Your choicest blessings on her share,  
Tho' she's for ever left me, Oh!

## Katharine Ogie.

164

As walking forth to view the plain, Up on a morning

Slow

ear - ly, While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From  
 flow'rs which grew so rarely; I chanc'd to meet a  
 pretty maid, She find' tho' it was foggy: I ask'd her -  
 name, Sweet Sir, she said, My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an air there did appear,  
 In a country-maid so neatly:  
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a lillie in a bogie;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;  
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,  
 Far excels any clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain,  
 To feed my flock beside thee;  
 At boughing time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee!

I'd think myself a happier man,  
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dangerous stations:  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:  
 Might I carefs and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
 For these are toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature,  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggy:  
 Pity my case, ye powers above,  
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

## The Ploughman.

165

\* The Ploughman he's a bony lad, His mind is e-ver true,

Lively

jo, His garters knit below his knee, His bonnet it is blue, jo.

## Chorus

Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, And hey, my merry Ploughman; Of

a' the trades that I do ken, Commend me to the Ploughman.

My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
 He's aften wat and weary:  
 Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my Dearie..  
 Up wi't a' &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been at Saint Johnston,  
 The boniest fight that e'er I saw  
 Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin..  
 Up wi't a' &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hofe,  
 And I will dress his o'erlay;  
 I will mak my Ploughman's bed,  
 And chear him late and early..  
 Up wi't a' &c.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,  
 And filler buckles glancin;  
 A gude blue bannet on his head,  
 And O but he was handsome!  
 Up wi't a' &c.

Commend me to the Barn yard,  
 And the Corn-mou, man;  
 I never gat my Coggie fou  
 Till I met wi' the Ploughman.  
 Up wi't a' &c.

166

To me what are riches en-cumbred with care? To

Slow

me what is pomp's in-fig-ni-fi-cant glare? No

minion of fortune, no pageant of state, Shall e-ver

in-duce me to en-vy his fate.

Let rakes in a paramour's love acquiesce,  
 Or jealousies stifle, in noisy excess,  
 Such pleasures, I court, as my soul can review,  
 Nor tumults attend, nor compunctions pursue.

Their personal graces let fops idolize,  
 Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise;  
 But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,  
 And all their false lusture be hid in the tomb.

Let the meteor discovery attract the fond sage,  
 In fruitless researches for life to engage,  
 Content with my portion the rest I forgo,  
 Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.

Contemptibly fond, of contemptible self,  
 While misers their wishes concenter in self.  
 Let the godlike delight of imparting be mine;  
 Enjoyment reflected, is pleasure divine.

Extensive dominion and absolute power,  
 May tickle ambition perhaps for an hour,  
 But power in possession, soon loses its charms,  
 While conscience remonstrates, and terror alarms.

With vigour, O teach me, kind heaven, to sustain,  
 Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain;  
 And, when 'tis allow'd me the goal to descry,  
 For my species, I liv'd, for my self let me die.

## Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

167

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system starts with the number 167. The lyrics are: 'Jocky he came here to woo, On ae feaft-day, when we were fu; And Jenny pat on her best array, When she heard that Jocky was come that way.' The score includes a 'Lively' tempo marking. The bass line has some figured bass notation: 6, 5, 6, 4, 2.

Lively

Jocky he came here to woo, On ae feaft-day, when  
we were fu; And Jenny pat on her best array, When she  
heard that Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,  
Sae privily to change her smock;  
And ay fae loud as her mither did rair,  
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,  
And she came bobbin and bekin ben; jimp)  
Her stays they were laed, & her waist it was  
And a bra' new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand,  
O Jenny, can ye fancy me?  
My father is dead, & has left me some land,  
And bra' houfes twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee,  
A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock;  
Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee;  
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and-fyne she leugh,  
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:  
A weel, goodwife, and what say ye?  
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did fay,  
O mither, fetch us some gudē meat;  
A piece of the butter was kirnd the day,  
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did fay,  
Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;  
It was nae for meat that I came here,  
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Then Jocky and Jenny were led to their be  
And Jocky he lay neift the stock;  
And five or six times ere break of day,  
He ask'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock?

Quo' Jenny, Dear Jock, you gie me content  
I blefs my mither for gieing consent:  
And on the next morning before the first  
Our Jenny did cry, I dearly love Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,  
Wi' a green gown as lide as her smock;  
And ay fae loud as her mither did rair,  
Vow sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.

\*\*\*\*\*

## O'er Bogie.

168

The musical score is in C major (no sharps or flats) and C time. It consists of two systems of music. The lyrics are: 'I will a\_wa wi' my love, I will a\_wa wi' her; Tho''. The score includes a 'Lively' tempo marking. The bass line has some figured bass notation: 6, 6.

I will a\_wa wi' my love, I will a\_wa wi' her; Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will awa wi' her. I'll

O'er Bog-ie, o'er Bog-ie, o'er Bog-ie wi' her, Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a-wa wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,  
I dinna care a strae;  
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
While o'er her sweets I range,  
I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,  
Shamie fa' them that wad change.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
And wordy of my hand,  
And well I wat we shanna part  
For filler or for land.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

A kiss of Betty and a smile,  
Albeit ye wad lay down,  
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,  
And offer me ye'r crown.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,  
And beaux admire fine lace,  
But my chief pleasure is to blink  
On Betty's bonny face.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

### Same Tune.

There a' the beauties do combine,  
Of colour, treats, and air,  
The faul that sparkles in her een  
Makes her a jewel rare.  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

**W**ELL, I agree, ye're sure of me;  
Next to my father gae;  
Make him content to give consent,  
He'll hardly say you nay:  
For you have what he wad be at,  
And will commend you weel,  
Since parents' auld think love grows cauld  
Where bairns want milk and meal.  
Should he deny, I care na by,  
He'd contradict in vain,  
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
But thee I will have nae:  
Then never range, nor learn to change,  
Like these in high degree:  
And if ye prove faithful in love,  
You'll find nae faul in me.

Her flowing wit gives shining life  
To a' her other charms;  
How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,  
And lock'd up in my arms!  
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

## Lafs wi' a Lump of Land.

169.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are as follows:

Gie me a lafs wi' a lump o' land, And we  
 for life shall gang the-gither, Tho' daft or wife, I'll  
 never de-mand, Or black, or fair, it makens whether: I'm  
 aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And blood a-lane is  
 no worth a shilling, But she that's rich her market's made, For  
 il-ka charm a-bout her is kil-ling.

Gie me a lafs wi' a lump of land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 They se ue'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands & bay  
 And siller & gowds a sweet complection  
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:  
 Love tips his arrows with wood and pearl  
 And castles, & riggs, & muirs & meadow  
 And naething can catch our modern sparl  
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointurd-

-widows.

# Hey Tutti Taiti.

178

170

\* Landlady, count the lawin, The day is near the dawin; Ye're  
Lively

a' blind drunk, boys, And I'm but jolly fou. Hey tut-ti tai-ti,

How tut-ti tai-ti, Hey tut-ti tai-ti, wha's fou now?

Cog an ye were ay fou,  
Cog an ye were ay fou,  
I wad fit and sing to you,  
If ye were ay fou.  
Hey tutti &c

Here's to the Chieftans  
Of the Scots Highland clans;  
They hae done it mair than tance,  
And will do't again.  
Fill up &c.

Weel may we a' be!  
Ill may we never see!  
God blefs the king  
And the companie!  
Hey tutti &c

When you hear the trumpet-sounds,  
Tutti taiti to the drum;  
Up your swords, and down your guns,  
And to the louns again.  
Fill up &c.

## Same Tune.

HERE is to the king, Sir,  
Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,  
And to every honest man  
That will do't again.

Here is to the king o' Swedes,  
Fresh laureis crown his head!  
Pox on every sneaking blade  
That winna do't again!  
Fill up &c.

Chorus.

Fill up your bumpers high,  
We'll drink a' your barrels dry;  
Out upon them, fy! fy!  
That winna do't again.

But to mak a' things right, now,  
He that drinks maun fight too,  
To shew his heart's upright too,  
And that he'll do't again.  
Fill up &c.

## The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

171

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the  
street, my jo; My mis-trefs in her tar-tan screen. Fu'  
bonie, braw and sweet, my jo. My dear, quoth I, thanks  
to the night That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of your  
mither's sight, Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

© Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,  
And leave the dingsome town a while,  
The blossoms sprouting frae the tree,  
And a' the summer's gawn to smile:  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs and whistling hind,  
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad yer mind.  
Soon as the clear goodman of day  
Bends his morning draught of dew,  
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
And gather flowers to buik yer brow;

We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
The lucken gowans frae the bog;  
Between hands now and then we'll lean  
And sport upo' the velvet fog.  
There's up into a pleasant glen,  
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
A canny, fast, and flow'ry den, (bow'r;  
Where circling hawks have form'd a  
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm  
We'll to that caulier shade remove,  
There will I lock thee in my arms,  
And love and kiss, and kiss and love

172

My mither's ay glowran o'er me, Tho' she did the

fame before me, I canna get leave To look to my love, Or

elfe she'll be like to devour me. Right fain wad I tak ye'r

of - fer, Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher; Then, Sandy, ye'll

fret, And wyte ye'er poor Kate, When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty  
Of filler and plenishing dainty.  
Yet he's unco sweer  
To twin wi' his gear,  
And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wylie in ilka motion,  
Brag weel o' yer land,  
And there's my leal hand.  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Raving winds around her blowing.

Tune, M<sup>c</sup> Grigor of Roro's Lament.

173

\* Raving winds a-round her blow-ing, Yel-low

Very Slow

6

leaves the woodlands strowing, By a river hoarfely roaring I-fa-

6

-bel-la stray'd de-ploring. Farewell, hours that late did measure

6 6 6

Sun shine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou gloomy night of

6

forrow, Cheer-les night that knows no morrow.

6 6

O'er the Past too fondly wandering,  
On the hopeless Future pondering;  
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,  
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.  
Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
Load to Misery most distressing;  
Gladly how would I resign thee,  
And to dark Oblivion join thee!

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest.

Tune, 14<sup>th</sup> of October.

174

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest, With the fair

Slow

heav'n of Chloe's breast! Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart, Oh

gent-ly throbb, - too fierce thou art. Tell me, thou bright-est

of thy kind, For Strephon was the bliss design'd, For Strephon's sake dear

charming maid, Didst thou pre-fer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest'd shade, that sweetly art  
Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,  
For me the tender hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.  
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear  
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,  
Ingrossing all that beautiful heaven,  
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord  
Of all the wealth these breasts afford,  
I'd be a miser too, nor give  
An alms to keep a god alive.

Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
On these cold looks that lifeless are;  
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'ful maid,  
To life can bring the silent shade:  
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
And real warmth and flames impart.  
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
I ever lov'd and lov'd but thee:  
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
Say, Thou canst love, and make me blest.

## How long and dreary is the Night.

A Galick Air.

175

\* How long and drea-ry is the Night, When

Slow

I am frae my dearie! I fleeples lye frae e'en to

morn, Tho' I were ne'er fo weary. I fleeples lye frae

e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er fo weary.

When I think on the happy days.      How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 I spent wi' you, my dearie;              As ye were wae and weary!  
 And now what lands between us lie,      It was na fae ye glinted by,  
 How can I be but eerie!                      When I was wi' my dearie.  
 And now what lands, &c.                      It was na fae ye glinted, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Since robb'd of all that charmd my views.

Tune, Miss Hamilton's delight

176

\* Since robb'd of all that charmd my views Of all my

foul e'er fancied fair, Ye smiling native scenes, a\_dieu, With

each de-light-ful object there! Oh, when my heart re-

-volves the joys Which in your sweet re-cesses I knew, The last dread

shock which life destroys, Is heaven, com-par'd with losing you!

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye,  
 Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of may;  
 Ye circling hills, whose summits high  
 Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray;  
 Where heedless oft, how far I stray'd,  
 And pleas'd my ruin to pursue,  
 I sung my dear, my cruel maid;  
 Adieu, for ever, ah adieu!

Ye dear associates of my breast, (swell;  
 Whose hearts with speechless sorrow  
 And thou, with hoary age oppress'd,  
 Dear author of my life, farewell,  
 For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,  
 Far, far remote from friends, and home,  
 Shall blast thy venerable years,  
 And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,  
 From dear relations torn away;  
 Yet sharper pangs, my vitals melt,  
 To hopeless love, a destin'd prey.  
 While she, as angry heav'n, and main,  
 Deaf to the helpless sailor's prayer,  
 Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,  
 And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise,  
 What horrors life's fair prospect stain;  
 Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,  
 And brothers bleed by brothers slain.

From cursed gold I trace my woe;  
 Could I this splendid mischief boast,  
 Nor would my tears unpitied flow,  
 Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care  
 Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,  
 Had early fate surpris'd me there,  
 And wrapt me in eternal rest; (beat  
 Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to  
 And tremble with unpitied pain,  
 Nor had a maid's relentless hate,  
 Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love,  
 With ev'ry winning art I try'd  
 To catch the coyly fluttering dove,  
 With killing eyes & plummy pride,  
 But far on nimble pinnions borne,  
 From love's warm gales & flow'ry plain  
 She sought the northern climes of frost,  
 Where ever freezing winter reigns.

Ah me had heaven and she prov'd kind,  
 Then full of age, & free from care,  
 How blest had I my life resign'd  
 Where first I breath'd this vital air:  
 But since no flatt'ring hope remains,  
 Let me my wretched lot pursue;  
 Adieu, dear friends & native scenes,  
 To all, but grief and love, adieu.

## The Bonny Earl of Murray.

177

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you

Very Slow

been? They have slain the Earl of Murray, And they

6  
5

laid him on the green! They have slain the Earl of

6 6

Mur-ray, And they laid him on the green.

6 6 4 5 3

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!  
And wherefore did you sae?  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay.  
I bade &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
And he rid at the ring,  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he might have been a king.  
And the &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba,  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower among them a'  
And the &c.

He was a bra' gallant,  
And he play'd at the glove;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he was the Queen's love.  
And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady  
Look o'er the castle Down,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding through the town.  
Ere she, &c.

## Young Damon.

Tune, Highland Lamentation.

178

Plaintive

A-midst a ro-ly bank of flowers, Young Damon

mournd his for-lorn fate, In sighs he spent his lang-uid

hours, And breath'd his woes in lone-ly ftate. Gay

joy no more thall ease his mind, No wan-ton

sports can sooth his care, Since sweet A-man-da

prov'd unkind, And left him full of bleak def-pair.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes the number '178' on the left and the word 'Plaintive' below the bass line. The lyrics are: 'A-midst a ro-ly bank of flowers, Young Damon'. The second system: 'mournd his for-lorn fate, In sighs he spent his lang-uid'. The third system: 'hours, And breath'd his woes in lone-ly ftate. Gay'. The fourth system: 'joy no more thall ease his mind, No wan-ton'. The fifth system: 'sports can sooth his care, Since sweet A-man-da'. The sixth system: 'prov'd unkind, And left him full of bleak def-pair.'. There are various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings (e.g., 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 4, 3, 5, 3) throughout the score.

His looks. that were as fresh as morn,  
 Can now no longer smiles impart;  
 His pensive soul on sadness borne,  
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.  
 Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your swain,  
 Unshroud him from this veil of woe;  
 Range every charm to soothe the pain;  
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

## Musing on the roaring Ocean,

Tune, Druimion dubh.

179

Musing on the roaring ocean, Which di - vides my

love and me; Weary - ing Heav'n in warm de - vo - tion,

For his weal wher - e'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to Nature's law,  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy Day to you is dear:

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;  
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa! R

\*\*\*\*\*

## Blythe was she.

180

\* Blythe, Blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but & ben:

Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen-turit glen. By

Oughtertyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw; But

Phemie was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow e- ver saw.

## Chorus

Blythe, Blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but and ben,

Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen-turit Glen.

Her looks were like a flow'r in may,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
She tripped by the banks of Ern,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blythe, &c.

Her bony face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon a lee;  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wid,  
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trode the dewy green.  
Blythe, &c. B

\*\*\*\*\*  
To the Foregoing Tune.

SHE took me in, she fet me down,  
She hecht to keep me lawin-free;  
But, wylie Carlin that she was!  
She gart me birl my bawbie.  
Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,  
Blythe was she butt and ben;  
Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,  
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

I lo'ed the liquor weel enough,  
But, wa'e's my heart, my cash ran done,  
Lang or I had quenched my drouth,  
And laith was I to pawn my shoon!  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

When we had three times toom'd the stowp,  
And the nieft chappin new begun,  
Wha started in to heeze our hope,  
But Andrew wi' his cutty gun.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
And girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;

Weel did the canny kimmer ken  
It gart the swats gae glibber down.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
Till davin we ne'er jeed our bum;  
And ay the cleaneft drinkir out  
Was Andrew an' his cutty gun.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

He did like ony Mavis sing,  
While she below his oxter fat;  
He ca'd her ay his bonie thing,  
And mony a sappy kifs she gat.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been far ayont the sun,  
But the cleverest lad that e'er I saw  
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

## Johny Faa, or the Gypsie laddie.

181

The gypsies came to our Lord's yett, And vow but they sang  
 Slow 6 6 6  
 sweetly; They sang fae sweet, and fae compleat, That down came  
 6 6  
 the fair lady. When she came tripping down the stair, And  
 6 6 6 4 3  
 a' her maids be fore her; As soon as they saw her  
 6 6 6  
 weel-fair'd face, They cooft the glammer o'er her.  
 6 4 4 6 6

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
 And bring to me a plaidie;  
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.  
 Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
 And my good lord beside me;  
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,  
 And I'll make a hap to my deary;  
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
 And my lord shall nae mair come near  
 And when our lord came hame at e'en,  
 And speir'd for his fair lady,  
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd  
 She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie.

Oh! come to your bed says Johny Faa,  
 Oh! come to your, bed, my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.  
 I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
 And I'll go to bed to my deary;  
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

Gae saddle to me the black, black steec  
 Gae saddle and mak him ready;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.  
 And we were fifteen well made men,  
 Altho' we were nae bonny;  
 And we are a' put down for ane,  
 The earl of Cainsilis' lady.

182

\* The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The simmer-lillies  
 Slowly  
 bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deepest sea, But an  
 auld man shall ne-ver daunton me. To daunton me, And  
 me fae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, That is the  
 thing you ne'er shall see For an auld man shall never daunton me.

The musical score consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his faut,  
 For a' his gold and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never daunton me..  
 To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes;  
 His gear may buy him glens & knowes;  
 But me he shall not buy nor see,  
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,  
 Wi' his teetheless gab and his auld beld pow,  
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,  
 That auld man shall never daunton me..  
 To daunton me, &c.

Polwart on the Green.

183

At Polwart on the green, If you'll meet me the

Slowish

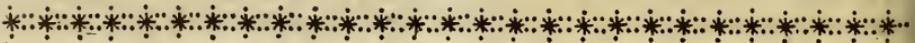
morn, Where lasses do con\_veen, To dance about the thorn:

A kind\_ly welcome you shall meet, Frae her wha likes to view,

A lover and a lad compleat, The lad and lover you.

Let darty dames fay na,  
 As lang as e'er they please,  
 Seem caulder than the snaw,  
 While inwardly they bleeze;  
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee;  
 Be ever to the captive kind,  
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,  
 Among the new mawn hay,  
 With fangs and dancing keen  
 We'll pass the heartsome day,  
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,  
 And thou be twin'd of thine,  
 Thou shall be welcome, my dear lad,  
 To take a part of mine.



Absence.

A Song in the manner of Shenstone.

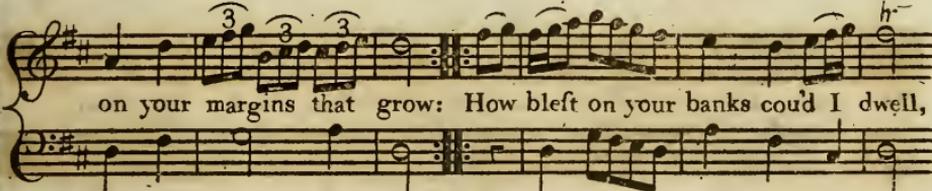
184

\* Ye Rivers so limp d and clear, Who reflect, as in

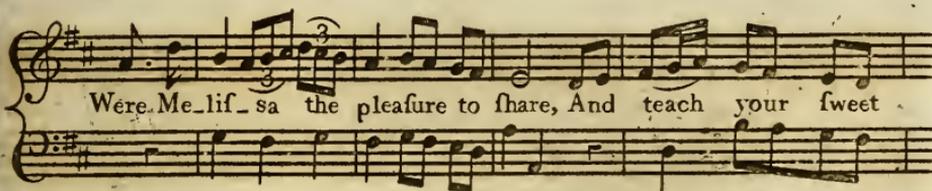
## Continued.



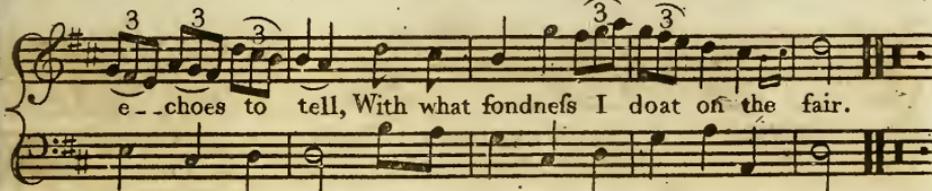
cadence you flow, all the beauties that va-ry the year, All the flows



on your margins that grow: How blest on your banks cou'd I dwell,



Were Me-lis-sa the pleasure to share, And teach your sweet



e-choes to tell, With what fondness I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze,  
As far as the view can extend,  
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees  
Whose tops so majestic ascend;  
Your landskip what joy to survey,  
Were Melissa with me to admire!  
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,  
How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove  
The fragrance of flowers to inhale,  
Or watch from the pasture and grove  
Each music that floats in the gale,  
Alas! the delusion how vain!  
No odours nor harmony please,  
A heart agonizing with pain,  
Which tries every posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes  
Or the languor of absence to cheer,  
Her breath I would catch in the rose  
Or her voice in the nightingale hear;

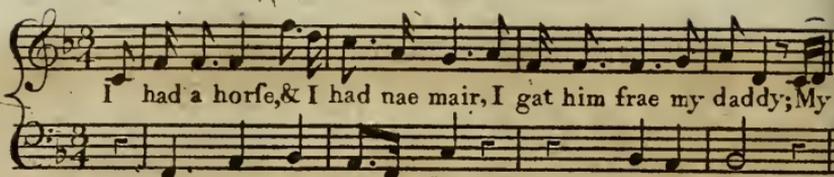
To cheat my despair of its prey  
What object her charms can assume,  
How harsh is the nightingales lay,  
How insipid the roses perfume!

Ye Zephyrs that visit my fair,  
Ye Sun beams around her that play,  
Does her sympathy dwell on my care;  
Does she number the hours of my stay:  
First perish ambition and wealth,  
First perish all else that is dear, (lth,  
E'er one sigh should escape her by stea-  
E'er my absence should cost her one tear.

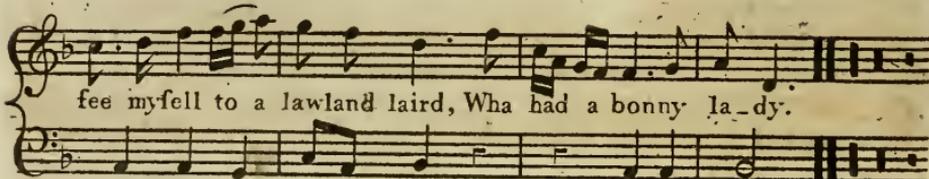
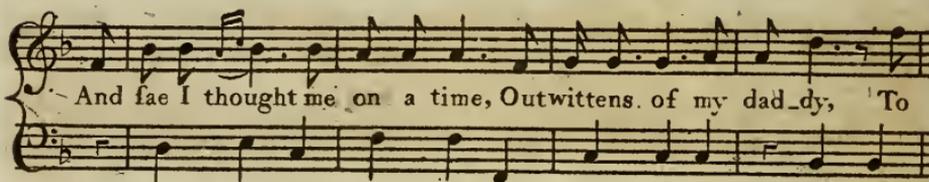
(-more  
When, when, shall her beauties once -  
This desolate bosom surprise;  
Ye fates, the blest moment restore  
When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes:  
When with sweet emulation of heart  
Our kindness we struggled to shew,  
But the more that we strove to impart  
We felt it more ardently glow.

I had a Horfe, and I had nae mair.

185



Very Slow



I wrote a letter, and thus began,  
 Madam, be not offended,  
 I'm to'er the lugs in love wi' you,  
 And care not tho' ye kend it:  
 For I gat little frae the laird,  
 And far less frae my daddy,  
 And I would blythly be the man  
 Would strive to please my lady.

Then she pat filler in my purse,  
 We drank wine in a cogie;  
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,  
 And wow but I was vogie!  
 But I gat ne'er fae fair a fleg  
 Since I came frae my daddy,  
 The laird came rap rap to the yett,  
 Whan I was wi' his lady.

She read my letter, and she leugh,  
 Ye needna been fae blate, man,  
 You might hae come to me yourfell,  
 And tald me o' your state, man:  
 You might hae come to me yourfell,  
 Outwittens o' ony body,  
 And made John Gouckfton of the laird,  
 And kifs'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,  
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;  
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.  
 The laird went out, he saw na me,  
 I went whan I was ready:  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back  
 To see his bonny lady.

Talk not of love, it gives me pain. By a Lady.

Tune, Banks of Spey.

186

\* Talk not of love, it gives me pain, For love has

Very Slow

been my foe; He bound me with an iron chain, And

plung'd me deep in woe. But friendship's pure and lasting

joys, My heart was form'd to prove; There, welcome win and

wear the prize, But ne - ver talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,  
 Oh, why that bliss destroy!  
 Why urge the only, one request  
 You know I will deny!  
 Your thought, if love must harbour there,  
 Conceal it in that thought;  
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
 The very friend I fought.

## O'er the water to Charlie.

187

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to

Lively

Charlie; I'll gie John Rofs another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to Charlie; Come

weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Tho' some there be abhor him:  
 But O, to see, auld Nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him!  
 We'll o'er &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,  
 And sun that shines so early!  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.  
 We'll o'er &c.

## Up and warn a' Willie.

188

Up and warn a' Willie, Warn warn a'; To hear my can-ty

Slow

highland fang Relate the thing I saw, Willie. When we gaed to the

braes o' Mar, And to the wapon-shaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve y<sup>e</sup> king &

banish whigs awa, Willie. Up and warn a' Willie, Warn warn a'; For

Lords and lairds came there bedeen, And wow but they were braw Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
Right fierce the wind did blow, Willie;  
The royal nit upon the tap  
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
Then second sighted Sandy said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth  
The bravest e're ye saw, Willie.  
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
Restore our king and a', Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';

The pipers play'd frae right to left  
O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir  
And there the rebels saw, Willie;  
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,  
Our flank and front and a', Willie.  
Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';

Traitor Huntly soon-gave way  
Seaforth, St. Clair and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,  
The rebel's left did claw, Willie,  
He there the greatest slaughter made  
That ever Donald saw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
And Whittam f...t his breeks for fear  
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob  
And soon he'd slay us a', Willie,  
But we chas'd him back to Stirlingbrig  
Dragoons and foot and Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn, warn a';  
At length we rallied on a hill  
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,  
And them in order saw, Willie,  
He streight gaed to Dumblane again  
And back his left did draw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn warn a';  
Then we to Auchterairder march'd  
To wait a better fa' Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie,  
We baith did fight and baith did beat  
And baith did rin awa Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,  
Warn warn a';  
For second sighted Sandie said  
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

## A Rose bud by my early walk.

189

\* A rose bud by my early walk, A down a corn - in -

Slow

closed bawk, Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glory spread, &

drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the ear - ly morning. Ere

twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glory spread, And

drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the ear - ly morning.

Within the bush her covert nest  
A little linnët fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast

Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awauk the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
On trembling string or vocal air,  
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care

That tents thy early morning.  
So thou - sweet Rose bud - young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And blest the Parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

## To a Blackbird.

By a Lady.

Tune, Scots Queen.

190

\* Go on sweet bird, and soothe my care, Thy tune-ful

Slow

notes will hush despair; Thy plaintive warblings void of art, Thrill

sweet-ly thro' my ach-ing heart. Now chuse thy mate, and

fond-ly love, And all the charm-ing transport prove; While

I a lovelorn ex-ile live, Nor trans- port or re-ceive or

give, Nor trans- port or re-ceive or give.

For thee is laughing nature gay;  
 For thee she pours the vernal day:  
 For me in vain is nature drest,  
 While joy's a stranger to my breast!  
 These sweet emotions all enjoy;  
 Let love and song thy hours employ!  
 Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care;  
 Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.

## Hooly and Fairly.

191

Oh! what had I a do for to marry; My wife she drinks  
 Lively  
 naithing but sack and ca\_nary, I to her friends complain'd right early:  
 O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair\_ly hooly and fair\_ly,  
 hooly and fairly O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair\_ly.

First she drank Crummie, and fyne she drank Garie;  
 Now she has druken: my bonny grey mairie,  
 That carried me thro' the dub and the lairie, O gin my wife, &c.  
 She has druken her stockins, sae has she her shoon,  
 And she has druken her bonny new gown:  
 Her wee bit dud fark that co'erd her fu' rarely, O gin my wife, &c.  
 If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,  
 But she drinks my claiths that I canna well spare;  
 To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely: O gin my wife, &c.  
 The vera gray mittens that gaed on my han's  
 To her neebour wife she has laid them in pawns;  
 My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed sae dearly, O gin my wife, &c.  
 If there's ony filler, she maun keep the purse;  
 If I seek but a baubee she'll scauld and she'll curse,  
 She gangs like a queen, I scrimped and sparely: O gin my wife, &c.  
 I never was given to wrangling nor strife,  
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;  
 E'er it come to a war I'm ay for a parley: O gin my wife, &c.  
 A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;  
 But when she sits down she fills herself fow;  
 And when she is fow she's unco camftairie. O gin my wife, &c.  
 And when she comes hame she lays on the lads;  
 She ca's the lassies baith limmers and jades;  
 And I, my ain fell, an auld cuckold carlie; O gin my wife, &c.

Auld Rob Morris.

192

There's Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, He's, the  
king of good fallows, and wale of auld men; Has  
four-score of black sheep, and four-score too; And  
auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Slowish

Doughter. Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,  
For his eild and my eild can never agree:  
They'll never agree, and that will be seen;  
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen'.

Mither. Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,  
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:  
He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too;  
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,  
His back sticks out like ony peet-creel  
He's out shind', in-kneed', and ringle-eye'd too;  
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

Mither. Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,  
Yet his auld brafs it will buy a new pan;  
Then, doughter, ye shoudna be so ill to shoo.  
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

Doughter. But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,  
His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray,  
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;  
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

And I'll kifs thee yet, yet.

Tune, Braes o' Balquhiddier.

193

\* An I'll kifs thee yet, yet, An I'll kifs thee o'er again; An

Slowish

I'll kifs thee yet, yet, My bony Peg-gy Ali-son. When

in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countlefs treasure, O! I

feek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic a moments pleasure O. When

in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countlefs treasure, O! I

feek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic a moments pleasure O!

An I'll kifs thee yet, yet,  
 An I'll kifs thee o'er again;  
 An I'll kifs thee yet, yet,  
 My bony Peggy Alifon.

And by thy een fae bony blue,  
 I swear I'm thine forever O!  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never O!  
 And by thy een, &c.

# Rattlin, roarin Willie.

202

194

O Rat\_tlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair, An'

Lively

for to fell his fid\_dle And buy some o\_ther ware; But

par\_ting wi' his fid\_dle, The faut tear blin't his e'e; And

Rattlin, roarin Willie Ye're wel\_come hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie, come sell yōur fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine;  
 If I should fell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad,  
 For mony a rantin day  
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan  
 I cannily keekit ben,  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was fitting at yon boord.en',  
 Sitting at yon boord.en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

Where braving angry winter's storms.

Tune, N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.

195

Where braving angry winter's storms, The lofty Och'els

Slowish

rife, Far in their shade, my Peggy's charms First blest my wondering

Eyes. As one who by some savage stream, A lonely gem surveys, A-

-stonish'd doubly marks it beam, With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,	The tyrant death with grim controul
And blest the day and hour,	May seize my fleeting breath,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,	But tearing Peggy from my soul
When first I felt their pow'r!	Must be a stronger death.

R



Tibbie, I hae seen the day.

Tune, Invercalds Reel.

196

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day; Ye would na been fae shy; For

Slowish

laik o' gear ye-lightly me, But trowth, I care na by. Yes +

-treen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na, but gad by like froure; Ye

geck at me be-cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I.

## Chorus

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, Ye would na been fae shy; For

laik o' gear ye lightly me, But trowth I care na by.

I doubt na, las, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.  
Tibbie, I hae &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er fae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.  
Tibbie, I hae &c.

But sorrow tak him that's fae mean,  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony faucy quean  
That looks fae proud and high.  
Tibbie, I hae &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a bricr,  
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear  
Be better than the kye.  
Tibbie, I hae &c.

But, Tibbie, las, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks you fae nice;  
The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.  
Tibbie, I hae &c.

## Nancy's Ghost.

Tune, Bonie Kate of Edinburgh.

197

\* Where waving pines salute the skies, And silver  
 Slow  
 streams meandering flow, Where verdant mountains gently rise, Thus  
 Sandy sung his tale of woe. Ah Kety, cruel perjur'd  
 maid, why hast thou stole my heart away; Why thus forsaken  
 am I laid, To spend in tears and sighs the day!

The cooing turtle hears my moan,  
 My briny tears increase the stream,  
 The mountains echo back my groan  
 Whilst thou, fair tyrant, art my theme.  
 O blooming maid, indulgent prove,  
 And wipe the tears from Sandy's eyes:  
 O grant him kind returns of love,  
 Or Sandy bleeds and falls and dies.

Thus Sandy sung, but turning round,  
 Beheld sweet Nancy's injur'd shade,  
 He trembling saw he shook and groan'd,  
 Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:

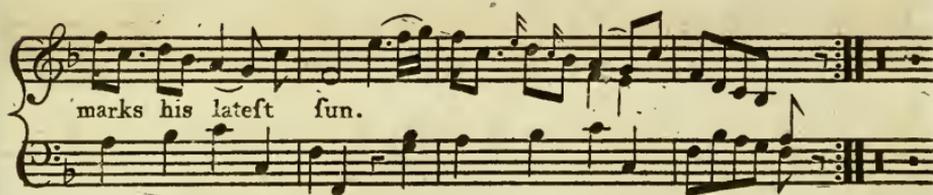
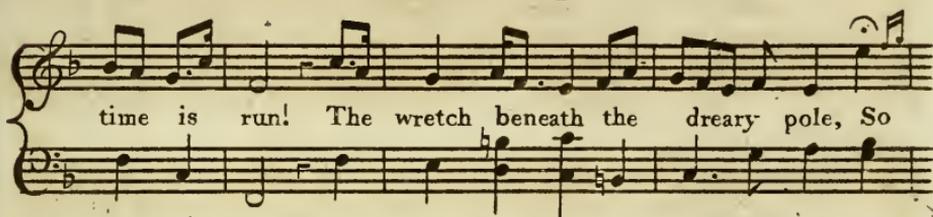
"Ah, hapless man, thy perjur'd vow  
 "Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave!  
 "The damps of death bedew'd my brow,  
 "While you the dying maid could save."

Thus spake the vision, and withdrew,  
 From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;  
 Guilt and Despair their arrows threw,  
 And now behold the traitor dead.  
 Remember swains my artless strain,  
 To plighted faith be ever true,  
 And let no injur'd maid complain,  
 She finds false Sandy live in you.

198



Slow and Expressive



To what dark cave of frozen night  
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;  
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
 The Sun of all his joy.

We part – but by these precious drops,  
 That fill thy lovely eyes!  
 No other light shall guide my steps,  
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair Sun of all her sex,  
 Has blest my glorious day:  
 And shall a glimmering Planet fix  
 My worship to its ray?

## Cromlet's Lilt.

199

Since all thy vows, false maid, Are blown to  
 air, And my poor heart betray'd To sad de- pair,  
 In- to some wil- der- nefs, My grief I will ex- press,  
 And thy hard heart- ed- nefs, O cru- el fair.

The musical score consists of four 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 marking 'Slow' is placed below the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Have I not graven our loves  
 On every tree,  
 In yonder spreading Groves,  
 Tho' false thou be:—  
 Was not a solemn oath  
 Plighted betwixt us both,  
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
 Some doleful shade,  
 Where neither sun nor wind  
 E'er entrance had:  
 Into that hollow cave,  
 There will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou do'st behave  
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
 I'll drink the spring,  
 Cold earth shall be my seat;  
 For covering,

I'll have the starry sky  
 My head to canopy,  
 Until my soul on high  
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
 Nor tears for me;  
 No grave do I desire,  
 Nor obsequie.—  
 The courteous red-breast he,  
 With leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my elegy,  
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
 I'll visit thee;  
 O thou deceitful dame,  
 Whose cruelty  
 Has kill'd the kindest heart,  
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
 And never can desert  
 From loving thee.

## The Winter it is Past.

200

\* The winter it is past, and the sum-mer's come at  
 laft, And the finall birds fing on ev-ry tree; The  
 hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad, For my  
 Lover has part-ed from me.

Very Slow

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four 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 flat (B-flat major or D minor) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Very Slow'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. There are also some numerical markings below the piano part, possibly indicating fingerings or ornaments: '6', '6 4', '6 4', '6 6', '6 6', '6', '6 6', '6', '5', '4', '5'.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,  
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee;  
 Their little loves are blest and their little hearts at rest,  
 But my Lover is parted from me.

My love is like sun, in the firmament does run,  
 For ever constant and true;  
 But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,  
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love and cannot it remove,  
 I pity the pains you endure:  
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,  
 A woe that no mortal can cure.



