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# THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

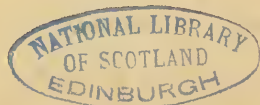
CONSISTING OF UPWARDS  
OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,  
WITH  
PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED  
BY JAMES JOHNSON;

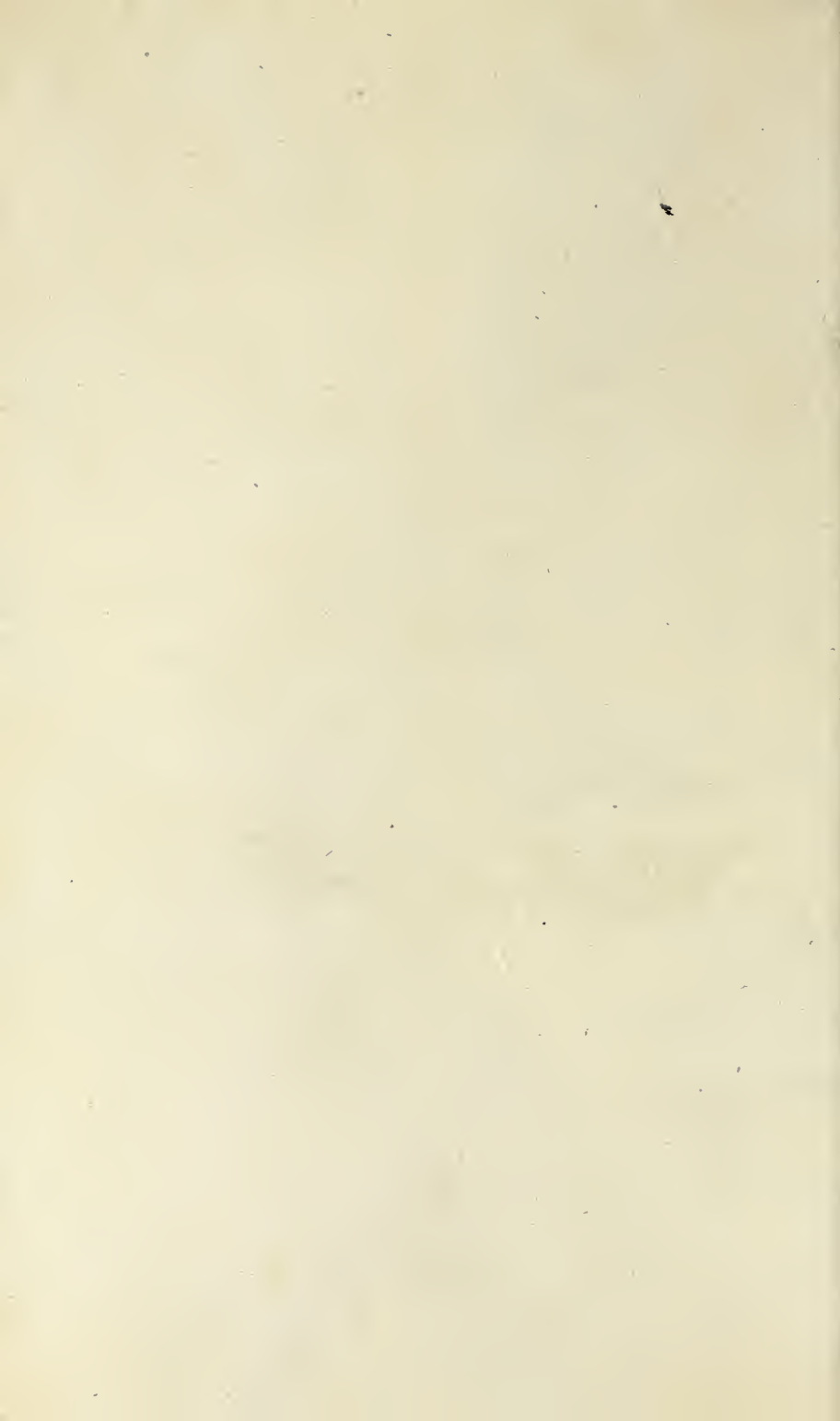
AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH  
COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC  
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,  
BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME  
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME V.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;  
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.  
M.DCCC.XXXIX.



THE SCOTS  
Musical Museum  
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs  
with proper Basses for the

PIANO FORTE &c.  
Humblly Dedicated  
To the Society

— O F —  
Antiquaries of Scotland  
BY JAMES JOHNSON

In this publication the original simplicity of our  
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered  
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the  
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume V. Pr. 7<sup>s</sup>

Engraver.

Printer.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at  
T. PRESTON N<sup>o</sup> 97 Strand LONDON, M<sup>c</sup>FADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal  
Music Sellers.

28<sup>th</sup> April



# III P R E F A C E.

**A**T the time the Editor published the 4<sup>th</sup> Volume of this Work, he had every reason to believe that five Volumes would be sufficient to contain all those Scots Songs the merit of which called for publication; But, owing to the exertions of the late celebrated Scottish Bard, the Work has been enlarged far beyond what was originally expected. To attempt to describe the taste and abilities of Mr. Burns in his Native Poetry, would be absurd. The Public are in possession of his productions which loudly proclaim his merit. — To him is the present Collection indebted for almost all of these excellent pieces which it contains. He has not only enriched it with a variety of beautiful and original Songs composed by himself, but his zeal for the success of the Scots Musical Museum prompted him to collect and write out accurate Copies of many others in their genuine simplicity — Prior to his decease, he furnished the Editor with a number, in addition to those already published, greater than can be included in one Volume — To withhold these from the public eye, would be most improper. And the Editor therefore at the solicitation of many of the Subscribers, has agreed to publish them in a Sixth Volume, which most certainly will conclude the present work. As these however will not fill up a Volume, the Editor means to insert a number of tunes adapted to the Flute, which he is confident many of the Subscribers will approve of. Those Ladies who Sing and perform upon the Piano Forte, shall be furnished with the Songs and Music for their use, at a reduced price, upon application to the Editor.

To shew the Public with what extreme anxiety Mr. Burns wished for the success of this Work, the Editor cannot refrain from inserting an Extract of a letter which he received from that admirable Poet a few weeks before his death — In this letter tho' written under the pressure of affliction, are alone seen the fervent sentiment and poetical language of Burns. The original the Editor will cheerfully shew to his subscribers

"How are you, my Dear Friend? and how comes on your Fifth Volume?

"You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you & your work; but, alas, the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care has these many months lain heavy on me! Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia. — In the mean time, let us finish what we have so well begun. — The gentleman, Mr. L — s, a particular friend of mine, will bring out any proofs (if they are ready) or any message you may have.

"Farewell!

"R. BURNS."

"You should have had this when Mr. L — s called on you, but his saddle-bags miscarried. — I am extremely anxious for your work, as indeed I am for every thing concerning you and your welfare, . . . . .

"Many a merry meeting this Publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though alas! I fear it — This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my fun before he has well reached his middle career, and will

"turn

"turn over the Poet to far other and more important concerns then studying the brilliancy of Wit, or the pathos of Sentiment. — However, "Hope is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it "as well as I can — Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. — "Your work is a great one; and though, now that it is near finished, I "see if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended, yet I will venture to prophesy that to future ages your Publication "will be the text book and standard of Scottish Song and Music.  
 " — — — — — "Yours ever — — — — — R. BURNS:"

\*\*\*\*\*

Note. The Songs in the four preceding Volumes marked B. R. X. and Z. and the Authors' names, cannot be inserted in this Index, as the Editor does not know the names of those Gentlemen who have favoured the Public and him with their Productions. There are a number marked B. and R. which the Editor is certain are Burns's composition.

# INDEX TO VOLUME FIFTH.

First line of each Song.	Page
<b>A</b> S I stood by yon roofless tower - - - Burns - - - - -	418
Auld Rob the laird o' muckle land - - - - -	420
A friend o' mine came here yestreen - - - - -	422
As Sylvia in a forest lay - - - - -	441
Aften hae I play'd at the cards and the dice - - - - -	474
About ane bank with balmy bewis - - - - -	478
As I came o'er the Cairny mount - - - - -	480
A Laddie and a Lassie - - - - -	488
Altho' my back be at the wa' - - - - -	494
As I came in by Achindown - - - - -	502
And a' that e'er my Jenny had - - - - -	512
Ance mair I hail thee thou gloomy December - Burns - - -	515
<b>B</b>	
Blest are the mortals above all - - - by Mr. A.M. - - -	453
Bannocks o' bear meal - - - - -	489
But lately seen in gladfome green - - - Burns - - - - -	501
<b>C</b>	
Comin thro' the rye, poor body - - - Burns - - - - -	430
Could aught of song declare my pain - - Burns - - - - -	509
<b>F</b>	
Fa' faim wad I be Jamie's lass - - - - -	478
For weel he kend the way o - - - - -	505
<b>G</b>	
Gin a body meet a body - - - - -	431
Gat ye me, O gat ye me - - - - -	442
Good morrow fair mistress - - - - -	502
<b>H</b>	
Here's a health to them that's awa - - - - -	425

# V INDEX.

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte	Burns <i>wrong</i> Page	427
How often my heart has by love been o'erthrown	D <sup>r</sup> . Blacklock	482
Hee balou my sweet wee Donald		486
Here's to thy health my bonie lafs	Burns	511

## I

In Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar		435
I coft a ftane o' haflock woo		449
Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk		450
In lovely August laft		457
I'll ay ca' in by yon town		470
Its whisper'd in parlour		474
I chanc'd to meet an airy blade		504
It was a' for our rightfu' king		513

## L

Louis what reck I by thee	Burns	427
---------------------------	-------	-----

## M

My heart is fair, I dare na tell	Burns	448
My dear and only love I pray		464
My father has forty good Shillings		465
My bonny Lizae Baillie		469

## N

Now nature hangs her mantle green	Burns	417
-----------------------------------	-------	-----

## O

O my love's like a red, red rofe	Burns	415
O an ye ware dead gudeman		421
O I forbid you, maidens a'		423
Out over the Forth, I look to the North		434
Our young lady's a hunting-gane		437
O weel may the boatie row		438
O can ye few Cushions		456
O Waly, Waly, up yon bank	2 <sup>d</sup> Sett	458
O sad and heavy fould I part	Burns	461
Our goodman came hame at e'en		466
O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm		468
O wat ye wha's in yon town	Burns	471
O May thy morn was ne'er fae sweet	Burns	477
O Lovely Polly Stewart	Burns	485
Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul		486
O for my ain king, quo gude Wallace		498
O dear what ean the matter be		510
Oh! I am come to the low countrie		514

## P

Put the gown upon the Bifhop		462
Powers celeftial, whose protection		473

## R

Robin is my only joe		492
----------------------	--	-----

## S

Sweet Nymph of my devotion		419
Should auld acquaintance be forgot		426
Saw ye my wee thing	Macniel Esq <sup>r</sup> .	454
Sae flaxen were her ringlets	Burns	458

# VI INDEX.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires - - Burns - - Page 516

## T

The lovely lass of Inverness - - - - -	Burns - - - - -	414
The robin came to the wren's nest - - - - -		419
The auld man he came over the sea - - - - -		429
The Duke of Gordon has three daughters - - - - -		431
'Twas on a Monday morning - - - - -		440
The maltman comes on Monanday - - - - -		445
The auld wife beyond the fire - - - - -		446
There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow - - - - -		450
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen - - - - -		452
There's three true fellows - - - - -		454
There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys - - - - -	Ferguson - - - - -	462
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw - - - - -		484
There was a silly Shepherds swain - - - - -		490
The Maid's gane to the mill by night - - - - -		494
The King sits in Dumfermline toun - - - - -		496
The Wren sobo lyes in care's bed - - - - -		497
The auld man's mare's dead - - - - -		500
There was a wee bit wiffikie - - - - -		506
There grows a bonie brier bush - - - - -		508

## W

Wantonnefs for ever mair - - - - -		435
We'll hide the Couper behind the door - - - - -		442
Wha is that at my chamber door - - - - -	Ramsay - - - - -	444
Will ye go to the Highlands Leezie Lindfay - - - - -		446
When Januar wind was blowing - - - - -	Burns - - - - -	460
Wap and row, wap and row - - - - -		470
Will ye go and marry Katie - - - - -		472
Wherefore fighting art thou Phillis - - - - -		473
What think ye o' the scornfu' quine - - - - -	Robertson - - - - -	476
Wilt thou be my Dearie - - - - -	Burns - - - - -	484
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee - - - - -		490
We'll put the sheep head in the pat - - - - -		493

## Y

Young Jamie pride of a' the plain - - - - -		433
---	--	-----

Entered in Stationers Hall.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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### VOLUME V.

	PAGE
SONGS CCCCL. TO D., . . . . .	414
ILLUSTRATIONS, . . . . .	361
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS, . . . . .	*439



## The Lovely Lads of Inverness.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N<sup>o</sup>

401

\* The love-ly lads o' In-ver-ness, Nae joy nor pleasure,

Slow

can she see; For e'en and morn she cries, A-las! And

ay the faul tear blins her ee. Drum-of-sie moor, Drum-

-of-sie day, A wae-fu' day it was to me; For there I lost my

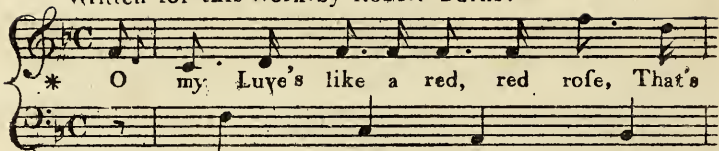
father dear, My fa-ther dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,  
 Their graves are growing green to see;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's ee!  
 Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,  
 A bludy man I trow thou be;  
 For mony a heart thou has made fair  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

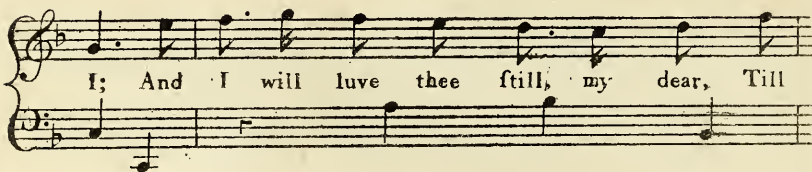
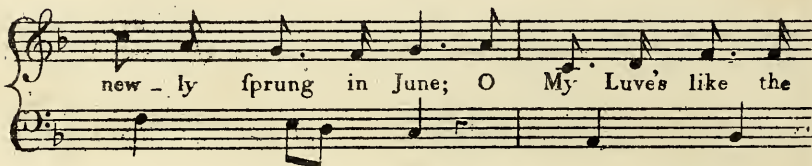
## A red red Rose.

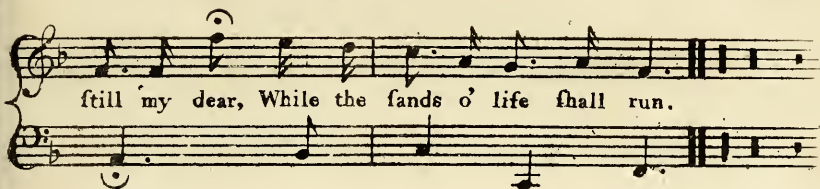
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

402

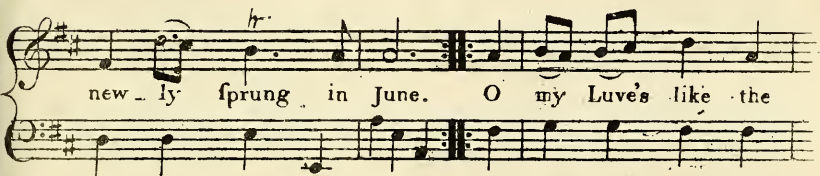
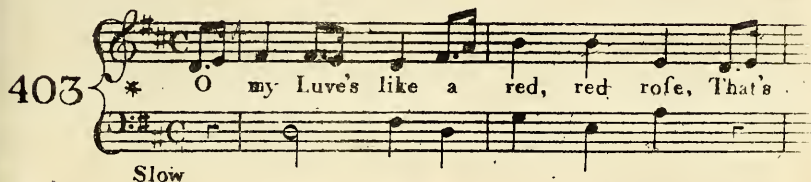


Slow





## Old Set, Red red Rose.



As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
 So deep in luv am I;  
 And I will love thee still, my Dear,  
 Tili a' the seas gang dry.

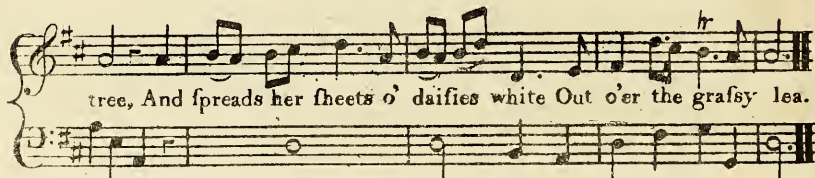
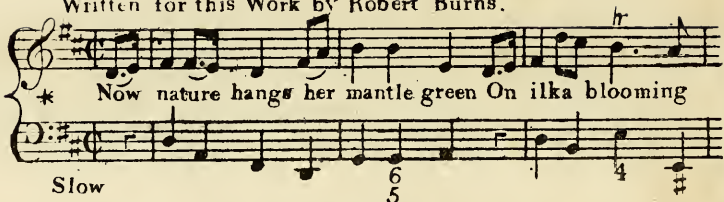
Tili a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
 I will love thee still, my Dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run:

And fare thee weel, my only Luv!  
 And fare thee weel, a while!  
 And I will come again, my Luv,  
 Tho' it ware ten thousand mile!

# Mary Queen of Scots Lament.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

404



Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams, Yet here I lie in foreign bands,

And glads the azure skies;

And never ending care.

But nought can glad the weary wight

That fast in durance lies

But as for thee, thou false woman,

My sifter and my fae,

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,

Aloft on dewy wing;

Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword

That thro' thy soul shall gae:

The merle, in his noontide bow'r,

Makes woodland echoes ring

The weeping blood in woman's breast

Was never known to thee;

The mavis mild wi' many a note,

Sings drowsy day to rest:

Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of

Frae woman's pitying e'e. (woe

In love and freedom they rejoice,

Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.

My son! my son! may kinder stars

Upon thy fortune shine:

Now blooms the lily by the bank,

The primrose down the brae;

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine!

The hawthorn's budding in the glen,

And milk-white is the flae:

God keep thee frae thy mother's fae,

Or turn their hearts to thee:

The meanest hind in fair Scotland

May rove their sweets amang;

And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend

Remember him for me!

But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,

Maun lie in prison strang.

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns

Nae mair light up the morn!

I was the Queen o' bonie France,

Where happy I hae been;

Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds,

Wave o'er the yellow corn!

Fu' lightly rafe I in the morn,

As blythe lay down at e'en:

And in the narrow house o' death

Let winter round me rave;

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,

And mony a traitor there;

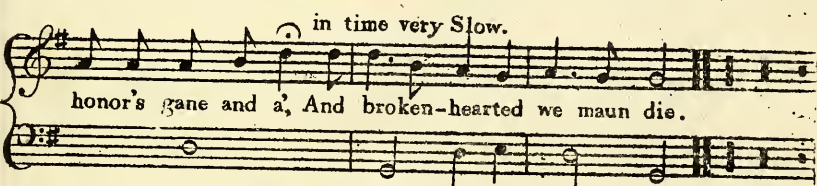
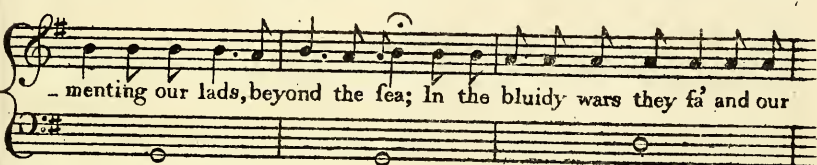
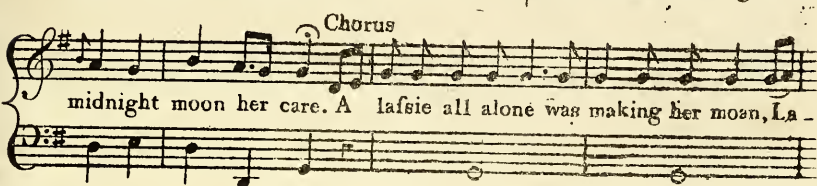
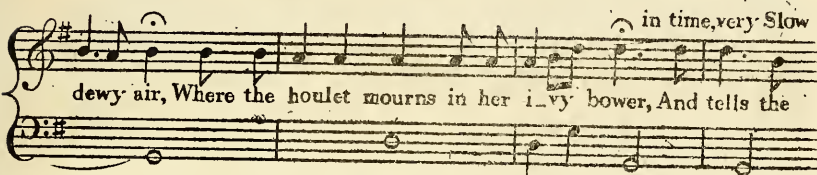
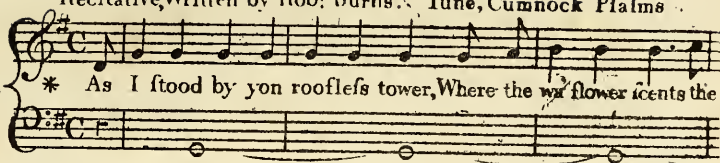
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring

Bloom on my peaceful grave.

## A Laisie all alone.

Recitative, Written by Robt Burns. Tune, Cumnock Psalms.

4C5



The winds were laid, the air was still,  
The stars they shot along the sky;  
The tod was howling on the hill,  
And the distant-echoing glens reply.  
A laisie, &c.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,  
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,  
When, lo, in form of Minstrel auld,  
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.  
A laisie, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,  
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',  
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith  
Whale roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.  
A laisie, &c.

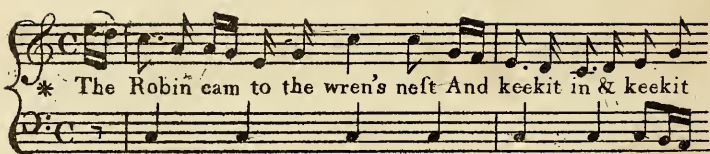
And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to  
But oh, it was a tale of woe, (hear;  
As ever met a Briton's ear.  
A laisie, &c.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth  
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;  
Athort the lift they start and shift,  
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.  
A laisie, &c.

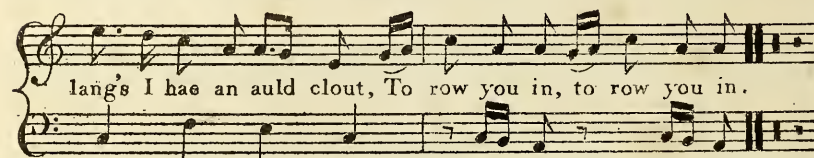
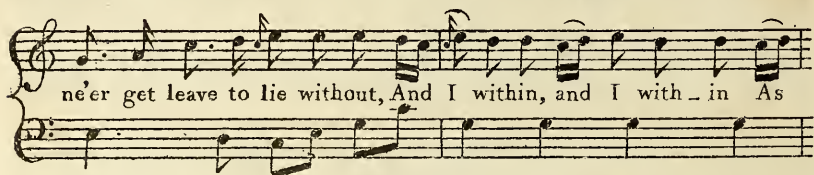
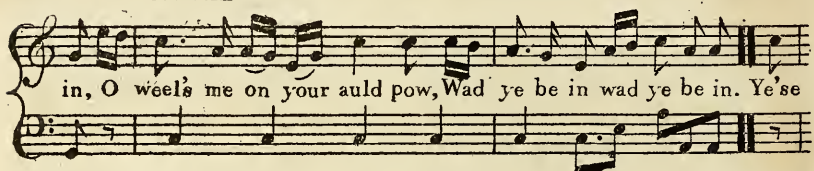
He sang wi' joy his former day,  
He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
But what he said it was nae play,  
I winna ventur't in my rhymes  
A laisie, &c.

## The Wren's Nest.

406



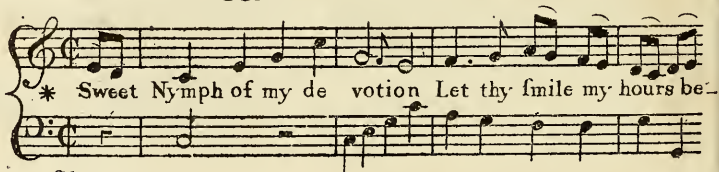
Slowish



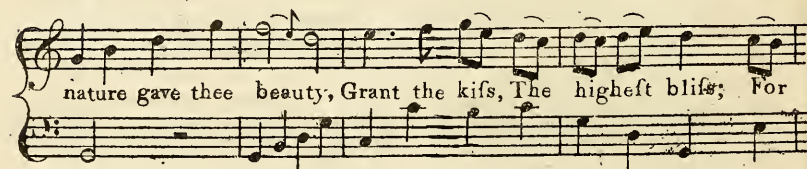
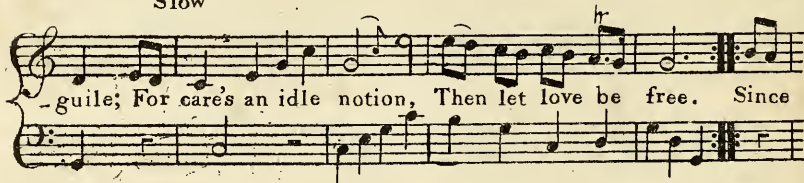
+++++

## Peggy in Devotion.

407



Slow



know it is thy du-ty Lis-ten girl to me.

+++++

Jamie o' the glen.

408

\* Auld Rob the laird o' muckle land, to woo me was nae very

blate, But spite o' a' his gear he fand, He came to woo, a day o'er late.

A lad fae blyth, fae full o' glee, My heart did never never ken, &

nane can gie sic joy to me, as Jamie o' the glen.

My minny grat like daft and rar'd,  
To gar me wi' her will comply.  
But still I wadna hae the laird  
Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye  
A lad fae blyth, &c.

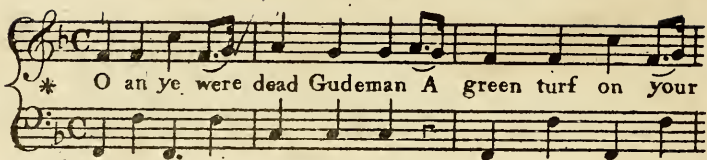
I cou'd na bide the silly clash  
Cam hourly frae the gawky laird.  
And fae to stop his gab and fash  
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.  
A lad fae blyth, &c.

Ah what are filks and fattins bra  
What's a' his warldly gear to me.  
They're daft that cast themselves awa  
Where nae content or luve can be.  
A lad fae blyth, &c.

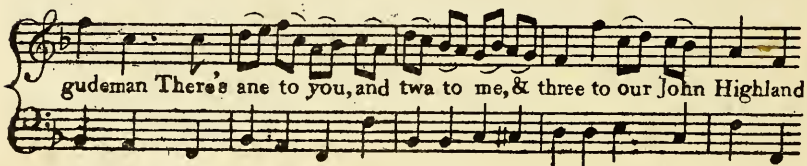
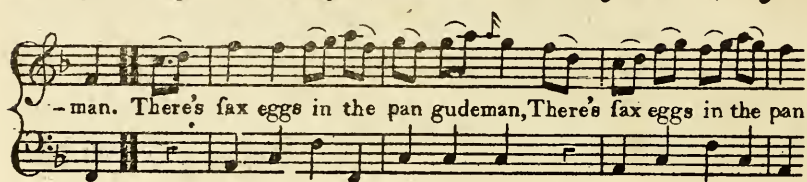
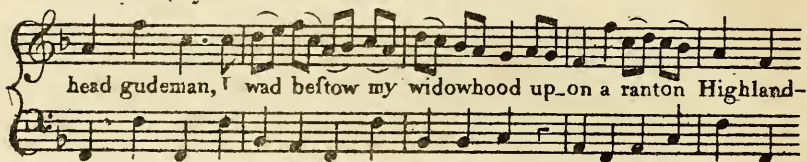
Now ilka fimmer's day fae lang,  
And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw  
A tunefu' lilt and bonny fang  
Ay keep dull care and strife awa.  
A lad fae blyth, &c.

## O gin ye were dead Gudeman.

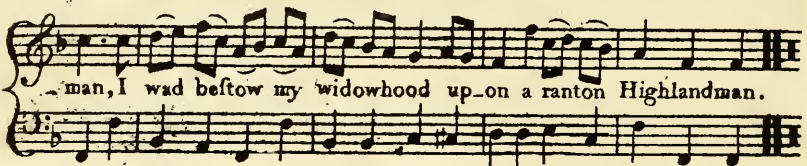
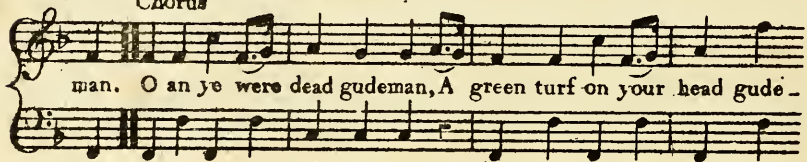
409



Lively



Chorus



A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman,

A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman;

The flesh to him the broo to me,

An the horns become your brow, gudeman.

Cho. Sing round about the fire wi' a rung the ran,

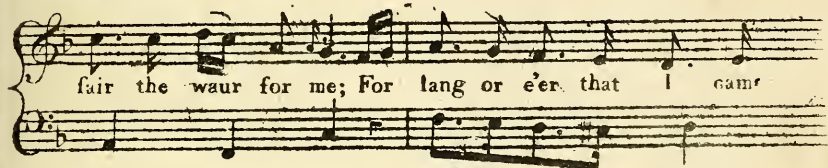
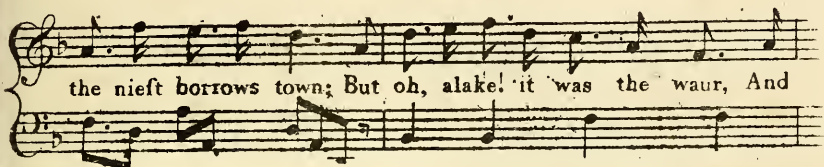
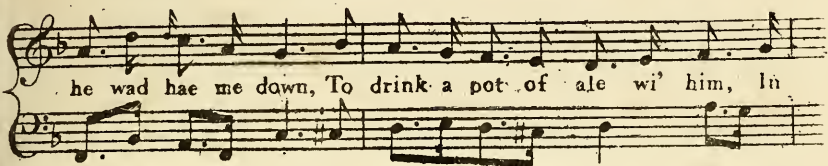
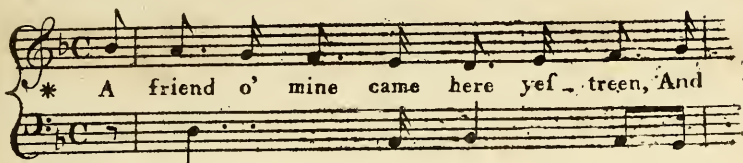
An round about the fire wi' a rung the ran:

Your horns shall tie you to the staw,

And I shall bang your hide, gudeman.

## My Wife has taen the gee.

410



We sat fae late, and drank fae stout,  
The truth I tell to you,  
That lang or ever midnight came,  
We were a' roaring fou.  
My wife sits at the fire-side;  
And the tear blinds ay her ee,  
The ne'er a bed will she gae to;  
But sit and tak the gee.

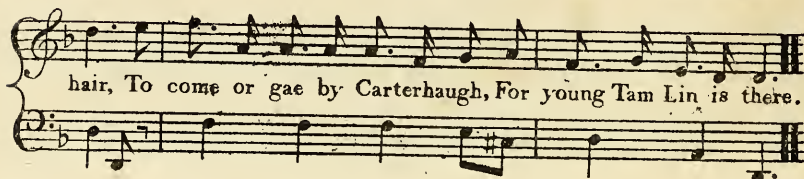
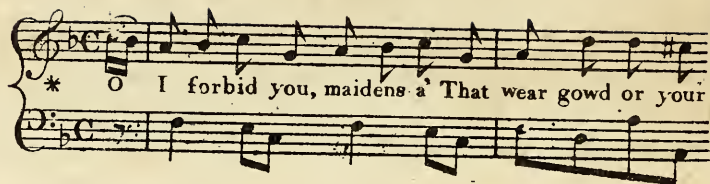
In the morning soon, when I came down,  
The ne'er a word she spake;  
But mony a sad and sour look,  
And ay her head she'd shake.

My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,  
To look fae sour on me?  
I'll never do the like again,  
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang  
Her arms about my neck  
And twenty kisses in a crack,  
And, poor wee thing, she grat.  
If you'll ne'er do the like again,  
But bide at hame wi' me,  
I'll lay my life she be the wife  
That's never tak the gee.

## Tam Lin.

411



There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh Four and twenty ladies fair,  
 But they leave him a wad; Were playing at the ba,  
 Either their rings, or green mantles, And out then cam the fair Janet,  
 Or else their maidenhead. Once the flower among them a,

Janet has belted her green kirtle, Four and twenty ladies fair,  
 A little aboon her knee, Were playing at the ches,  
 And she has broded her yellow hair And out then cam the fair Janet,  
 A little aboon her bree; As green as onie glafs.

And she's awa to Carterhaugh Out then spak an auld grey knight,  
 As fast as she can hie, Lay o'er the castle wa,  
 When she came to Carterhaugh And says, Alas, fair Janet for thee,  
 Tom-Lin was at the well, But we'll be blamed a'.

And there she fand his steed standing Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight  
 But away was himsel. Some ill death may ye die,  
 She had na pu'd a double rose Father my bairn on whom I will,  
 A rose but only twa, I'll father nane on thee.

Till up then started young Tam-Lin, Out then spak her father dear,  
 Says, Lady, thou's pu' nae mae. And he spak meek and mild,  
 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet, And ever alas, sweet Janet, he says,  
 And why breaks thou the wand! I think thou gaes wi' child.

Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh If that I gae wi' child, father,  
 Withoudden my command? Myfel maun bear the blame;  
 Carterhaugh it is my ain, There's neer a laird about your ha,  
 My daddie gave it me; Shall get the bairn's name.

I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh If my Love were an earthly knight,  
 And ask nae leave at thee. As he's an elfin grey;  
 Janet has kilted her green kirtle, I wad na gie my ain true-love  
 A little aboon her knee, For nae lord that ye hae.

And she has snooded her yellow hair, The steed that my true-love rides on,  
 A little aboon her bree, Is lighter than the wind;  
 And she is to her father's ha, Wi' filler he is shod before,  
 As fast as she can hie. Wi' burning gowd behind.

## Continued.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
 A little aboon her knee;  
 And she has snooded her yellow hair  
 A little aboon her brie;  
 And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
 As fast as she can hie  
 When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
 Tam-Lin was at the well;  
 And there she fand his steed standing,  
 But away was himsel.  
 She had na pu'd a double rose,  
 A rose but only twa,  
 Till up then started young Tam-Lin,  
 Says, Lady thou pu's nae mae.  
 Why pu's thou the rose Janet,  
 Amang the groves fae green,  
 And a' to kill the bonie babe  
 That we gat us between.  
 O tell me, tell me, Tam-Lin she says,  
 For's sake that died on tree,  
 If e'er ye was in holy chapel,  
 Or Christendom did see.  
 Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,  
 Took me with him to bide  
 And ance it fell upon a day  
 That wae did me betide.  
 And ance it fell upon a day,  
 A cauld day and a snell.  
 When we were frae the hunting come  
 That frae my horse I fell.  
 The queen o' Fairies she caught me,  
 In yon green hill to dwell,  
 And pleasant is the fairy-land;  
 But, an eerie tale to tell!  
 Ay at the end of seven years  
 We pay a tiend to hell.  
 I am fae fair and fu' o' flesh  
 I'm fear'd it be mysel.  
 But the night is Halloween, lady,  
 The morn is Hallowday;  
 Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
 For weel I wat ye may.  
 Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
 The fairy folk will ride;  
 And they that wad their true love win,  
 At Milescrofs they maun bide.  
 But how shall I thee, ken Tam-Lin,  
 Or how my true love know.  
 Amang fae mony unco knights,  
 The like I never saw.  
 O first let pass the black Lady,  
 And syne let pass the brown;  
 But quickly run to the milk white-  
 Pu ye his rider down. (steed,  
 For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
 And ay nearest the town.  
 Because I was an earthly knight  
 They gie me that renown.  
 My right hand will be glov'd lady,  
 My left hand will be bare  
 Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
 And kaim'd down shall my hair,  
 And thae's the takens I gie thee,  
 Nae doubt I will be there.  
 They'll turn me in your arms lady,  
 Into an esk and adder,  
 But hald me fast and fear me not,  
 I am your bairn's father.  
 They'll turn me to a bear fae grim,  
 And then a lion bold,  
 But hold me fast and fear me not,  
 As ye shall love your child.  
 Again they'll turn me in your arms,  
 To a red het gaud of airn.  
 But hold me fast and fear me not,  
 I'll do to you nae harm.  
 And last they'll turn me in your arms,  
 Into the burning lead;  
 Then throw me into well water,  
 O throw me in wi' speed.  
 And then I'll be your ain true love,  
 I'll turn a naked knight.  
 Then cover me wi' your green mantle,  
 And cover me out o' fight.  
 Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
 And eerie was the way,  
 As fair Jenny in her green mantle  
 To Milescrofs she did gae.  
 About

About the middle o' the night,  
 She heard the bridles ring;  
 This lady was as glad at that  
 As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,  
 And syne she let the brown;  
 But quickly she ran to the milk white-  
 And pu'd the rider down. (steed,

Sae weel she minded what he did say  
 And young Tam Lin did win;  
 Syne cover'd him wi' her green mantle  
 As blythe's a bird in spring.

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,

Out of a bush o broom;  
 Them that has gotten young Tam Lin,  
 Has gotten a stately groom..

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,  
 And an angry queen was she;  
 Shame betide her ill-fard face,  
 And an ill death may she die,

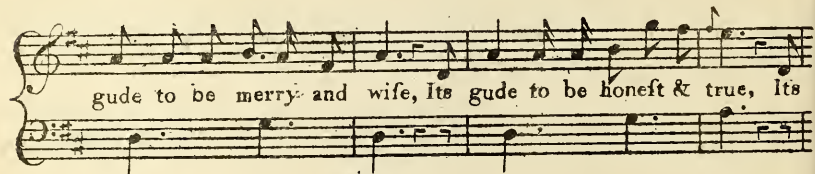
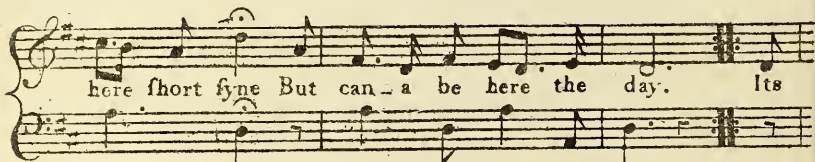
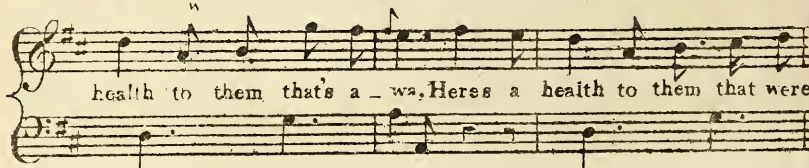
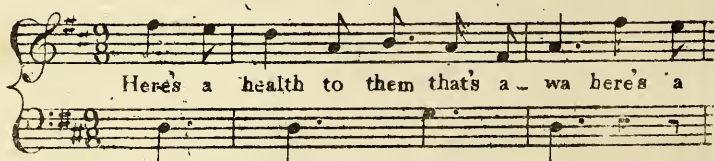
For she's taen awa the boniest knight  
 In a my companie,  
 But had I kend Tam Lin, she says,  
 What now this night I see.

I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
 And put in twa een o' tree.

\*\*\*\*\*

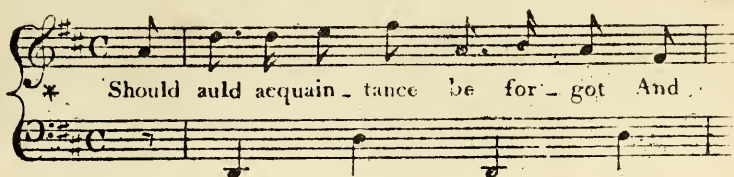
Heres a Health to them that's awa.

412



## Auld lang syne.

413



ne-ver brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And

## Chorus

auld lang syne! For auld lang syne my jo, For auld lang syne, We'll

tak a \*cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!	We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
And surely I'll be mine!	Frae morning sun till dine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,	But seas between us braid hae roard.
For auld lang syne.	Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.	For auld, &c.

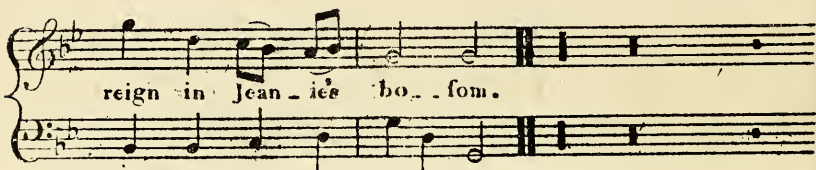
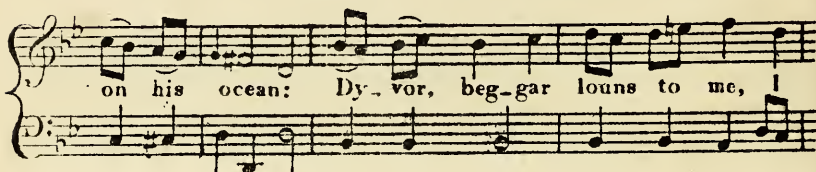
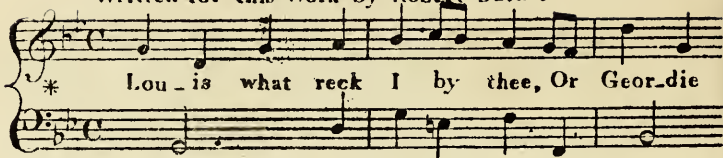
We twa hae run about the braes,	And there's a hand, my trusty Gie!
And pou'd the gowans fine;	And gie's a hand o' thine!
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,	And we'll tak a right gude-willie-
Sin auld lang syne.	For auld lang syne. (waught,
For auld, &c.	For auld, &c.

\* Some Sing, Kifs, in place of Cup.

Louis what reck I by thee.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

414



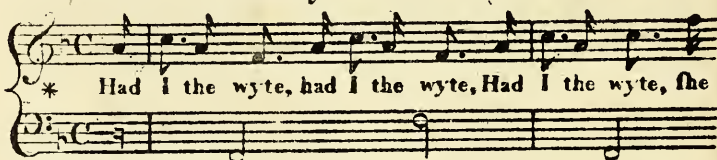
Let her crown my love her law, And in her breast enthrone me:  
Kings and nations, fwith awa! Reif randies I difown ye! + + +

R

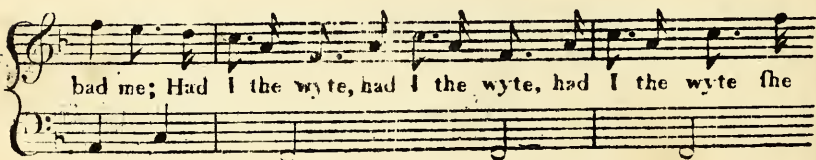
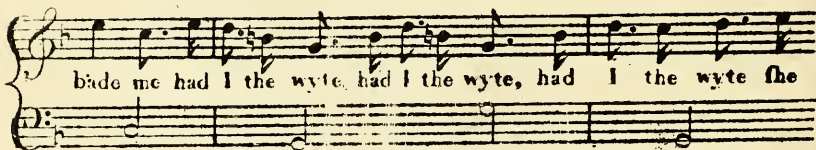
\*\*\*\*\*

Had I the wyte, the bad me.

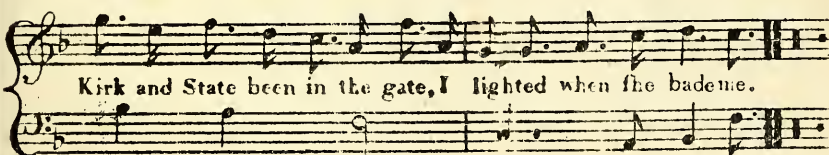
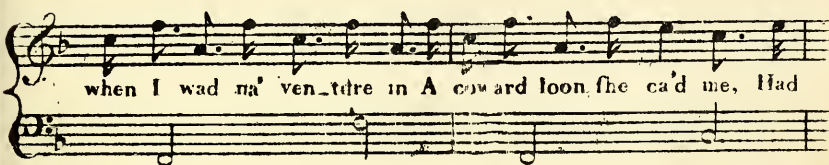
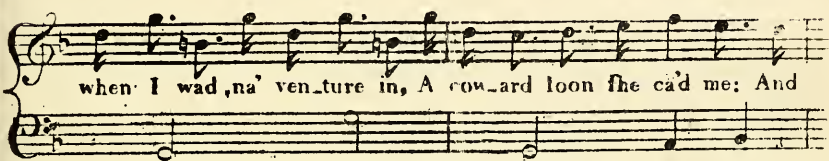
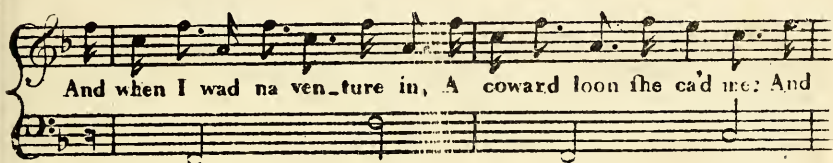
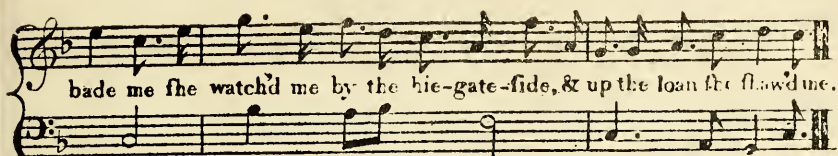
415



Lively



*Wrote in 1840*



Sae craftilie she took me ben,

And bade me mak nae clatter;

"For our ramgunshoch, glum goodman

"Is o'er ayont the water:"

Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,

When I did kiss and dawte her,

Let him be planted in my place,

Syne, sy, I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,

Could I for shame refus'd her,

And wad na Manhood been to blame,

Had I unkindly us'd her:

He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,

And bae and bluidy bruise'd her;

When sic a husband was frae hame,

What wife but wad excus'd her!

I dightit ay her een sae blue,

And ban'd the cruel randy,

And weel I wat her willin mou

Was e'en like succaraudie.

At gleemin'-shots it was, I wat,

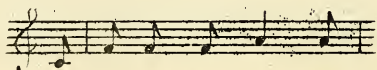
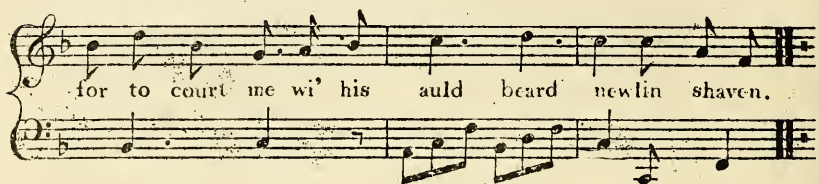
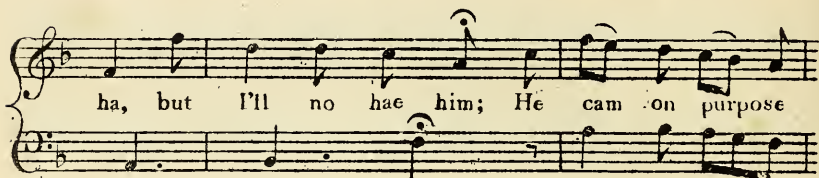
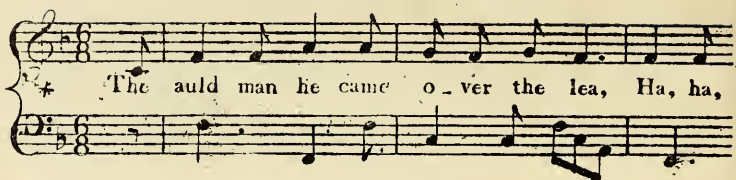
I lighet on the Monday;

But I cam thro' the Tiseday's dew,

To wanton Willie's brandy.

## The Auld man, &amp;c.

416



My mither she bad me gie him a stool,  
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;  
 I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,  
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mither she bade me gie him some pye,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 I gae him some pye, and he laid the crust by,  
 Wi' his, &c.

My mather she bade me gie him a dram,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang-  
 Wi' his, &c.

My mither she bade me put him to bed,  
 Ha, ha, &c.  
 I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,  
 Wi' his, &c.

Comin thro' the rye. 1<sup>st</sup> Sett.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

417

\* Comin thro' the rye, poor body, Comin thro' the rye She

Very Slow

The last  
draigl't a' her pet-ti-coatie Comin thro' the rye. Oh

part repeated in Chorus  
Jenny's a' weel poor body, Jenny's seldom dry She

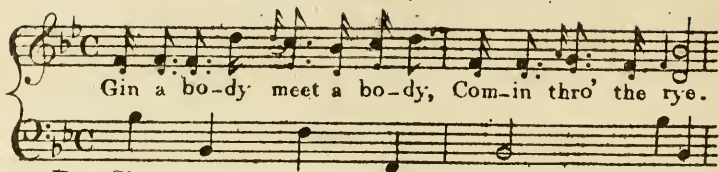
draigl't a' her pet-ti-coatie Comin thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the rye,  
Gin a body kifs a body  
Need a body cry  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Oh Jenny's a' weel, &c.

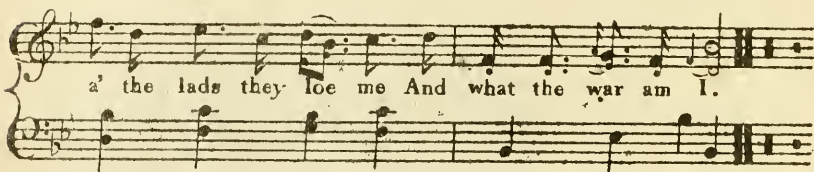
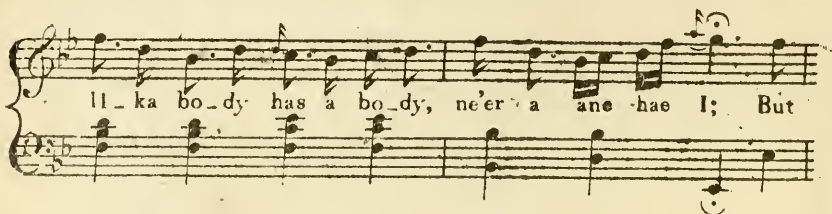
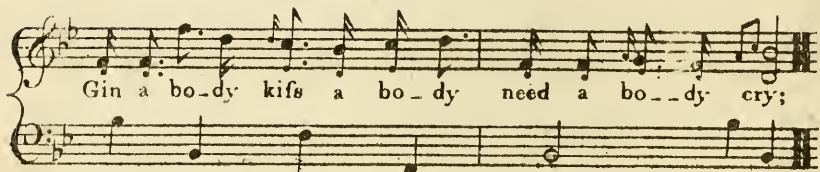
Gin a body meet a body  
Comin thro' the glen;  
Gin a body kifs a body  
Need the warld ken!  
Cho<sup>s</sup>. Oh Jenny's a' weel, &c.

Comin thro' the rye. 2<sup>d</sup> Sett.

418



Very Slow



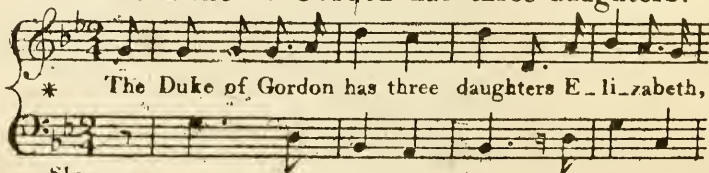
Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,  
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell;  
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I,  
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town  
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom;  
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I,  
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

\*\*\*\*\*

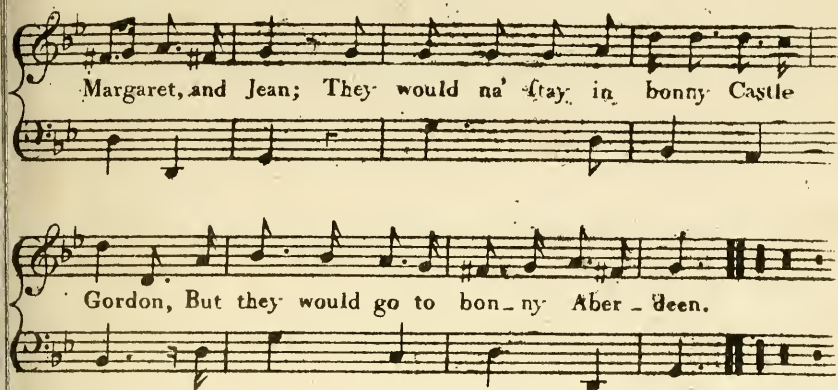
## The Duke of Gordon has three daughters.

419



Slow

## Continued.



They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till lady Jean fell in love with cap<sup>t</sup>. Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

"O wo to you, captain Ogilvie,  
And an' ill death thou shalt die;  
For taking to my daughter,  
Hanged thou shalt be."

Word came to the duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Jean has fell in love with cap<sup>t</sup>. Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang captain Ogilvie,  
If ever he hanged a man.

"Go saddle me the black horse,  
And you'll ride on the grey;  
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day."

"I will not hang captain Ogilvie,  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace & scar  
And put on the single livery." (let,

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only three,  
Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
But away was lady Jean.

Word came to captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.

"Where is your sister, maidens?  
Where is your sister, now?  
Where is your sister, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you?"

"If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon;  
This pennance I'll take wi';  
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
All this I will dree."

O pardon us, honoured father,  
O pardon us, they did say;  
Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae."

Lady Jean had not been married,  
Not a year but three,  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
Another upon her knee.

And when he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see captain Ogilvie,  
Training up his men,

"O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but my fortune is bad!  
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a soldier lad. &c. &c. &c."

## Young Jamie pride of a' the plain.

Tune The carlin of the glen.

420

\* Young Jamie pride of a' the plain, sae galant and sae

Slowish

gay a swain, Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, And reign'd re-

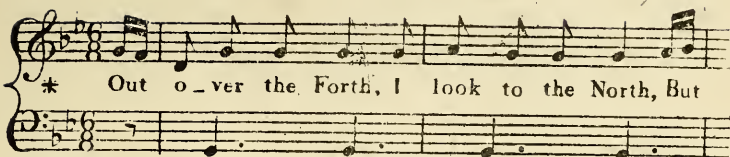
sistless king of love. But now wi' sighs and starting tears He

strays a-mang the woods and briers Or in the glens and

rocky caves, His sad complain'ing dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,  
 And chang'd with every moon my love,  
 I little thought the time was near  
 Repentance I should buy sae dear:  
 The slighted maids my torments see,  
 And laugh at a' the pangs I drree;  
 While she, my 'cruel, scornfu' Fair,  
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair,

421



## Wantonness for ever mair.

422

\* Wantonness for ever mair, Wantonness has been my  
Slow

ruin; Yet, for a' my dool and care, Its wantonness for ever.

I hae lo'd the Black, the Brown; I hae lo'd the Fair, the Gowden;

A' the colours in the town I hae won their wanton favour.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Humble Beggar.

Recitative

in time, Very Slow

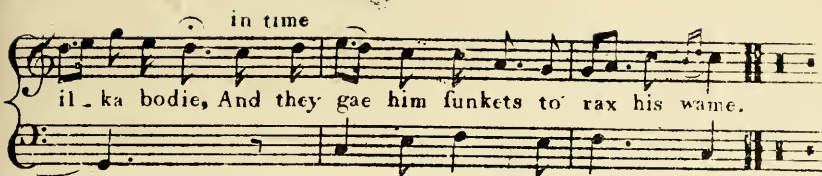
423

\* In Scot-land there liv'd a humble beggar, He had

Recit.

neither house, nor hald, nor hame, But he was weel liked by

## Continued



A nivefow of meal, and handfow of groats,  
 A daad of a bannock or herring brie,  
 Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,  
 Wad mak him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,  
 The feint a bit of pride had he,  
 He wad a taen his ains in a bikker  
 Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wall 's ahint and afore did hang,  
 In as good order as wallets could be;  
 A lang kail-geely hang down by his side,  
 And a meikle nowt horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,  
 It happen'd fae that he did die;  
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wak  
 But lads and lasses of a high degree?

Some were blyth, and some were sad,  
 And some they play'd at blind Harrie;  
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle.  
 I redd you, good folke, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that fat i' the nook,  
 Vow kimmer and how do ye?  
 Up he gat and ca'd her limmer,  
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,  
 E'en fair fa' the companie;  
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' th' yird,  
 The feint a dead, nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard  
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie;  
 And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,  
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unco cald,  
 Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;  
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,  
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

## The rowin't in her apron.

424

Our young lady's a huntin gane, Sheets nor blankets  
 has she taen, But shes born her auld son or she cam  
 hame. And she's row'd him in her apron.

Slow

Her apron was o' the hollan fine,  
 Laid about wi' laces nine;  
 She thought it a pity her babie should tyne,  
 And she's row'd him in her apron.

Her apron was o' the hollan sma,  
 Laid about wi' laces a',  
 She thought it a pity her babe to let fa,  
 And she row'd him in her apron.

+ + + + +  
 Her father says within the ha',  
 Among the knights and nobles a',  
 I think I hear a babie ca,

In the chamber among our young ladies.

O father dear it is a bairn,  
 I hope it will do you nae harm,  
 For the daddie I lo'ed, and he'll lo'e me again,  
 For the rowin't in my apron.

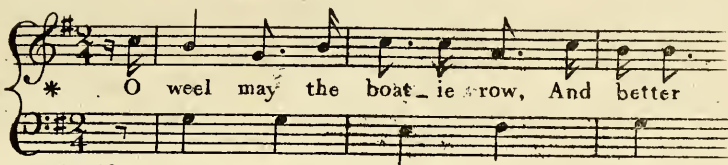
O is he a gentleman, or is he a clown,  
 That has brought thy fair body down,  
 I would not for a' this town  
 The rowin't in thy apron.

Young Terreagles he's nae clown,  
 He is the tofs of Edinborrow town,  
 And he'll buy me a brow new gown

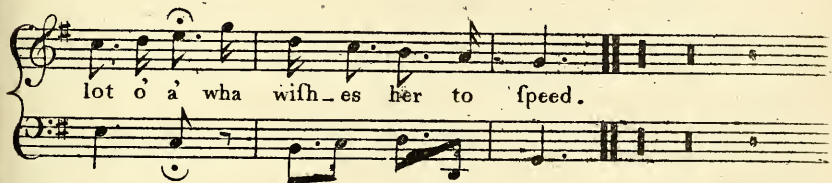
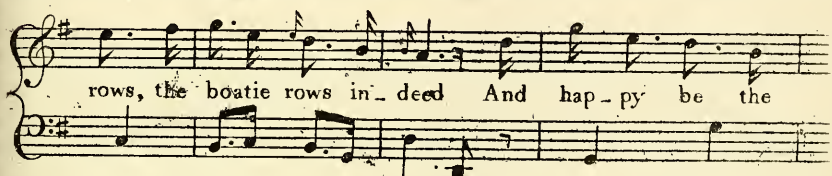
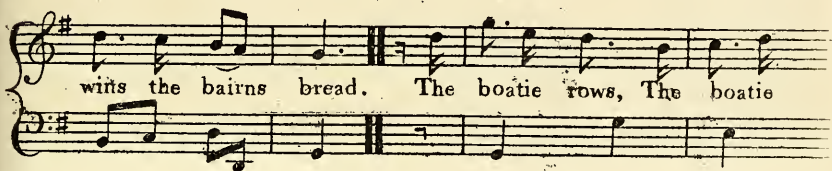
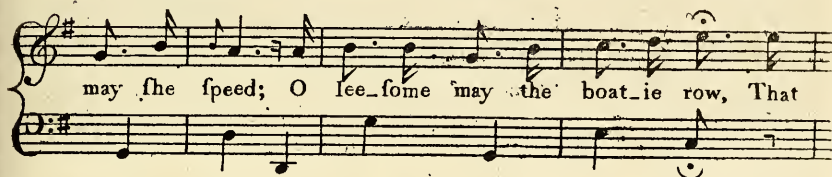
For the rowin't in my apron  
 + + + + +  
 Its I hae castles, I hae towers,  
 I hae barns, and I hae bowers,  
 A' that is mine it shall be thine,  
 For the rowin't in thy apron.

## The Boatie rows, First Sett.

425

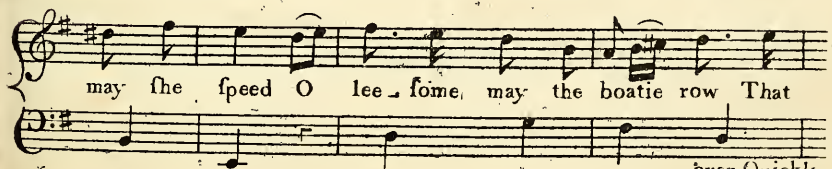
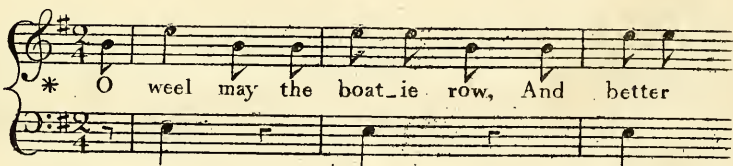


Slowish



## The Boatie rows. Second Sett.

426



over Quickly

wins the bairns bread. The boat-ie rows, the boat-ie

rows, the boat-ie rows in deed, And hap-py be the

lot o' a wha wish-es her to speed.

### The Boatie rows. Third Sett.

427 \* O weel may the boatie row, And better may the

Very Slow

speed; And leesome may the boatie row, that wins the bairns

bread; The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows in-

deed; And weel may the boatie row, that win my bairns

## Continued.

## Chorus

bread. O weel may the boatie row, and better may the speed; And

leefsome may the boatie row, that wins my bairns bread..

I cuf't my line in Largo bay,

And fishes I catch'd nine,

There was three to boil, & three to fry, I true my heart was douf an' wae,

And three to bait the line.

.S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

\*The boatie rows indeed,

And happy be the lot o' a',

Who wishes her to speed. :S:

O weel may the boatie row,

That fills a heavy creel,

And cleads us a' frae head to feet,

And buys our pottage meal;

.S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows indeed,

And happy be the lot of a',

That with the boatie speed. :S:

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine,

And wan frae me my heart,

O muckle lighter grew my creel,

He swore we'd never part:

.S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel,

And muckle lighter is the load,

When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,

And dres'd mysel' fu' brow,

I true my heart was douf an' wae,

When Jamie ga'd awa';

.S: But weel may the boatie row,

And lucky be her part;

And lightfome be the lassie's care,

That yields an' honest heart. :S:

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,

Are up and gotten lear;

They'll help to gar the boatie row,

And lighten a' our care.

.S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel,

And lightfome be her heart that bears

The Murlain, and the creel. :S:

And when wi' age we're worn down,

And hirpling round the door,

They'll row to keep us dry and wae

As we did them before;

.S: Then weel may the boatie row,

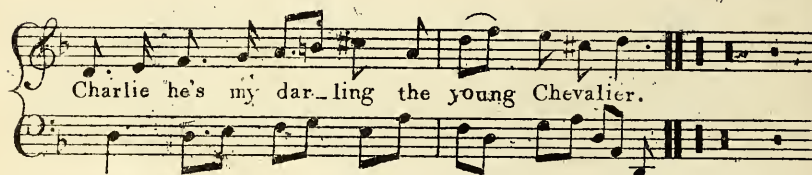
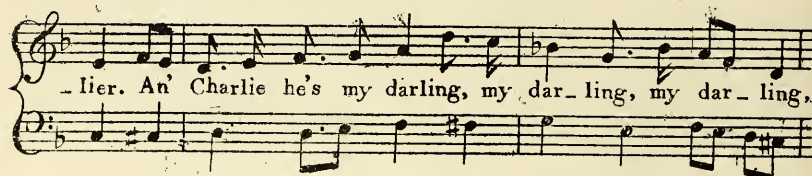
She wins the bairn's bread;

And happy be the lot o' a',

That with the boat to speed. :S:

## Charlie he's my darling.

428



As he was walking up the street,  
 The city for to view,  
 O there he spied a bonie lass  
 The window looking thro'. — An' Charlie &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,  
 And tirl'd at the pin;  
 And wha sae ready as herself,  
 To let the laddie in. — An' Charlie &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
 All in his Highland dress;  
 For brawlie weel he ken'd the way  
 To please a bonie lass. — An' Charlie &c.

It's up yon hethery mountain,  
 And down yon feroggy glen,  
 We daur na gang a milking,  
 For Charlie and his men. — An' Charlie &c.

429

\* As Sylvia in a forest lay, To vent her woe a -  
- lone; Her swain Syl - van - der came that way, And  
heard her dy - ing moan. Ah! is my love, she said, to  
you so worthless and so vain? Why is your won - ted  
fond - nels now Con - ver - ted to dis - - dain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn, For you delighted, I should die;  
E'er you'd exchange your love; But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,  
In shades may now creation mourn, To think that credulous constant I  
Since you unfaithful prove. Should by yourself be kill'd.

Was it for this I credit gave  
To ev'ry oath you swore?  
But ah! it seems they most deceive,  
Who most our charms adore,

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,  
The practice of mankind:  
Alas! I see it, but too late,  
My love had made me blind.

This said — all breathless, sick & pale,  
Her head upon her hand,  
She found her vital spirits fail,  
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt;  
But e'er the word was given,  
The heavy hand of death she felt,  
And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

## The Laß of Ecclefechan.

430 \* Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O gat ye me wi' naething,  
Lively

Rock and reel and spinnin wheel A mickle quarter bafon.

Bye attour, my Gutchter has a hich house and a laigh ane

a' for bye, my bonnie fel, The tofs of Eccle-fech-an.

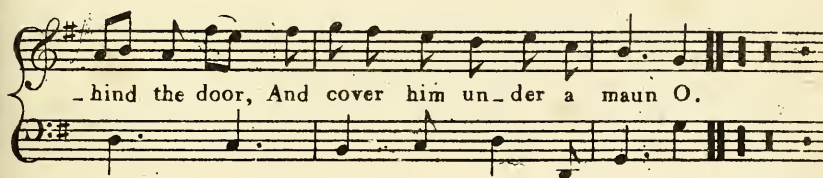
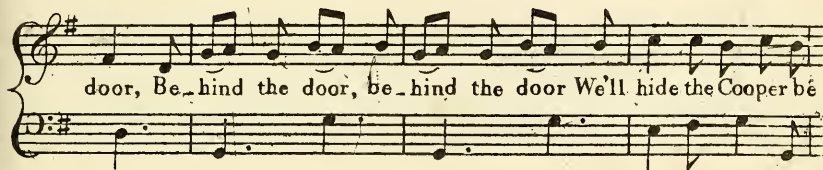
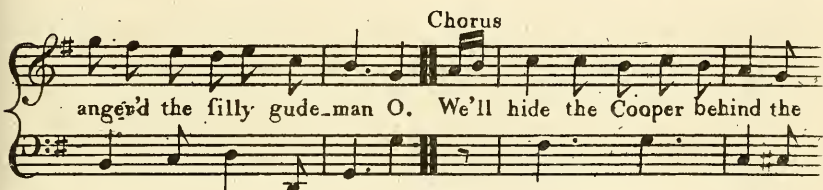
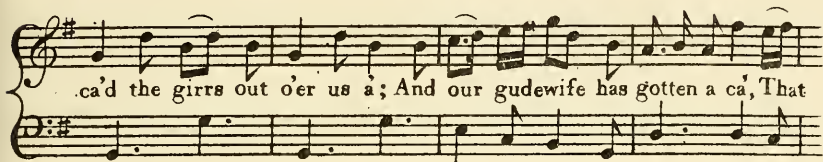
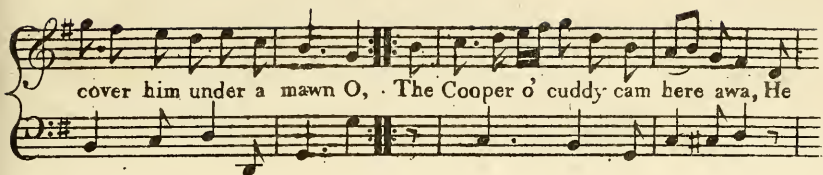
O had your tongue now Luckie Laing, I tint my whistle and my sang,  
O had your tongue and jauner; I tint my peace and pleasure;  
I held the gate till you I met, But your green graff, now Luckie Laing  
Syne I began to wander: Wad airt me to my treasure.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Cooper o' Cuddy.

431 \* We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, Be hind the  
Lively

door, be hind the door, We'll hidethe Cooper behind the door &

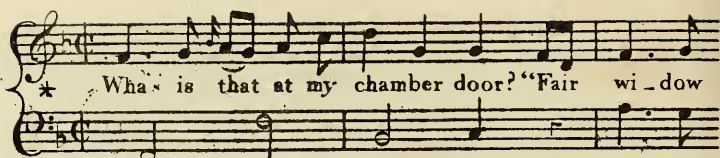


He fought them out, he fought them in,  
 Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him!  
 But the body he was fae doited and blin,  
 He wist na whare he was gaun O.  
 We'll hide, &c.

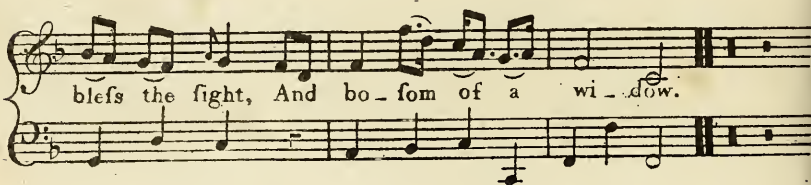
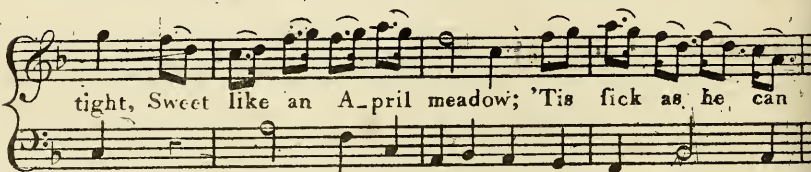
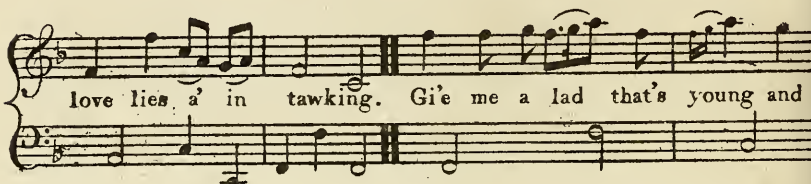
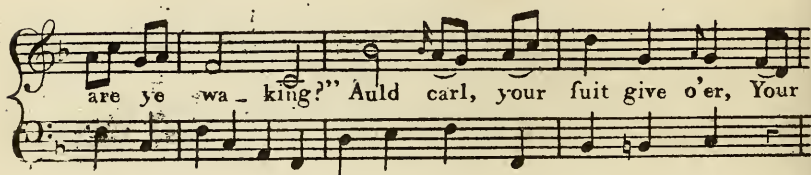
They couper'd at e'en, they couper'd at morn,  
 Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;  
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,  
 And swears that there they shall stan' O.  
 We'll hide, &c.

## Widow, are ye waking?

432



Slowly



"O widow, wilt thou let me in?

"I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty,

"And come of a right gentle kin;

"I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle-born ye be, - but youth,

In love ye're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,

"That powerfully plead clinkan;

"And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

"And nae mair love will think on."

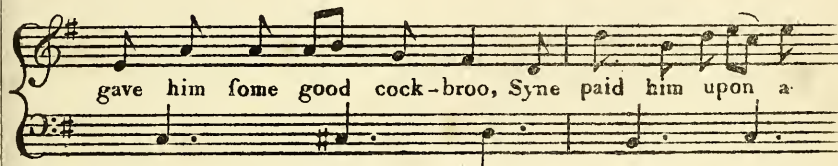
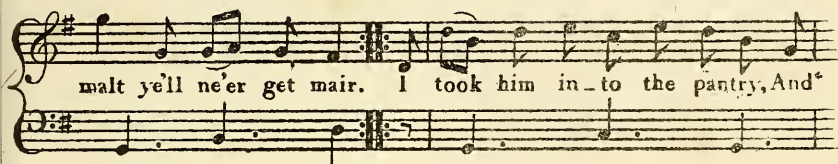
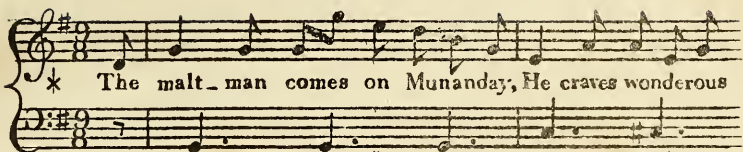
These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they mak you young, Sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

433



When maltmen come for filler,  
 And gaugers wi' wands o'er soon,  
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,  
 And clear them as I have done.  
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,  
 Will keep them frae making din,  
 The knack I learnd frae an auld aunty,  
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,  
 But I can be as flee,  
 And he may crack of his winning,  
 When he clears scores with me:  
 For come when he likes, I'm ready;  
 But if frae hame I be,  
 Let him wait on our kind lady,  
 She'll answer a bill for me.

## Leezie Lindsay

434 \* Will ye go to the Highlands Leezie Lindsay, Will ye

Slow

go to the Highlands wi' me Will ye go to the Highlands

Leezie Lindsay My pride and my dar-ling to be.

+++++

## The Auld Wife ayont the Fire.

435 \* The auld wife beyond the fire, The auld wife a -

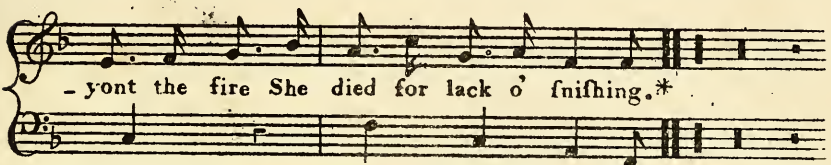
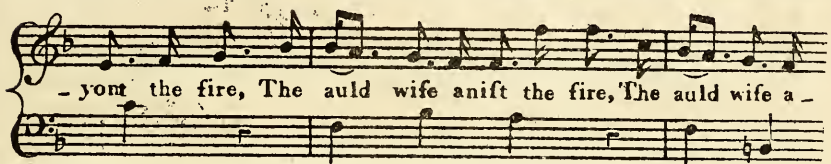
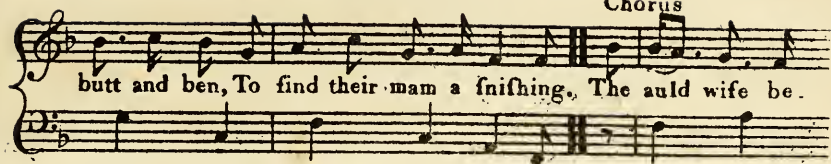
Lively

neist the fire The auld wife ayont the fire She died for

lack-o' snishing There was a wife wond' in a glen, And

she had dochters nine or ten, That fought the house baith

## Chorus



Her mill into some hole had fawn, And they a pistol-bullet gat;  
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn, She powerfully began to crack,  
 For I maun hae a young goodman To win herself a snifhing.  
 Shall furnish me with snifhing. The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld, And'tween her gums sae squeeze & rowt.  
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld, While frae her jaws the flaver flowt,  
 And if ye with a younker wald, And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.  
 He'll waste away your snifhing. The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout, At last she gae a desperate squeeze,  
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out, Which brak the auld tooth by the neez,  
 Besides ha'f blind, you hae the gout, And syne poor stumpy was at ease,  
 Your mill can had nae snifhing. But she tint hopes of snifhing.  
 The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cried auld mump, She of the task began to tire,  
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump, And frae her dochters did retire,  
 And will nae langer live in dump, Syne leand her down ayont the fire,  
 By wanting o' my snifhing. And died for lack of snifhing.  
 The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky flut, Affsoon as ye're past mark of mouth,  
 Mother, if you can crack a nut, Neer do what's only fit for youth,  
 Then we will a' consent to it, And leave aff thoughts of snifhing:  
 That you shall have a snifhing. Else like this wife beyont the fire,  
 The auld wife, &c. Your bairns against you will conspire  
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,  
 A young man with your snifhing.

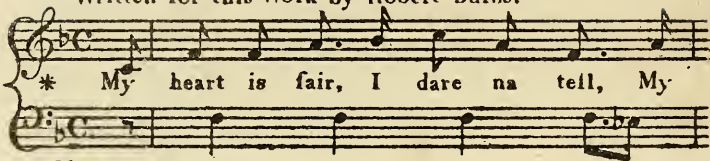
The auld ane did agree to that,

\* Snifhing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money. &c.

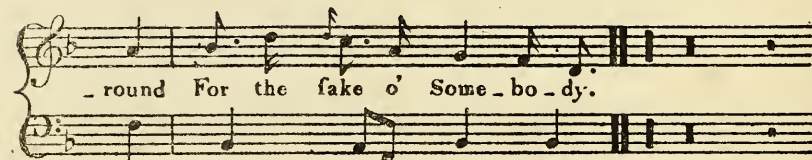
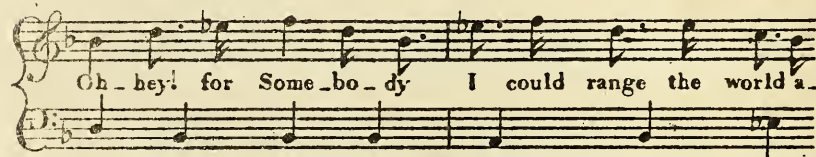
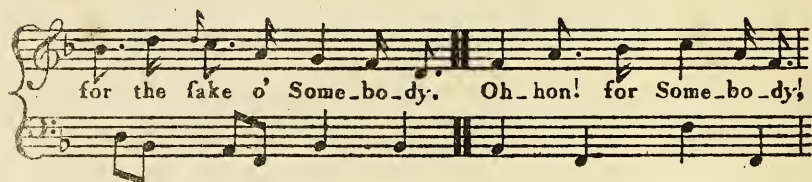
## For the fake o' Somebody.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

436



Slow



Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,

O, sweetly smile on Somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,

And send me safe my Somebody.

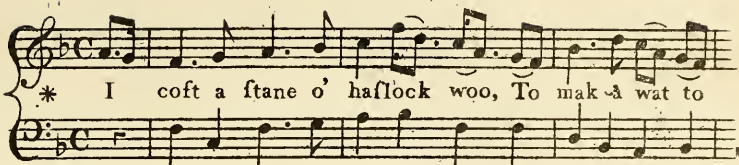
Oh-hon! for Somebody!

Oh-hey! for Somebody!

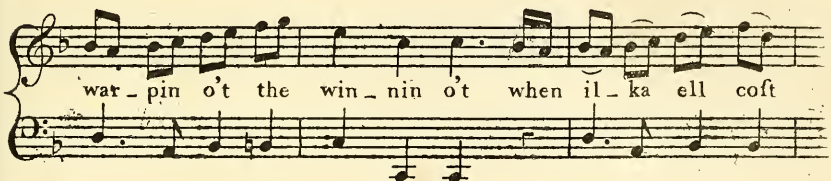
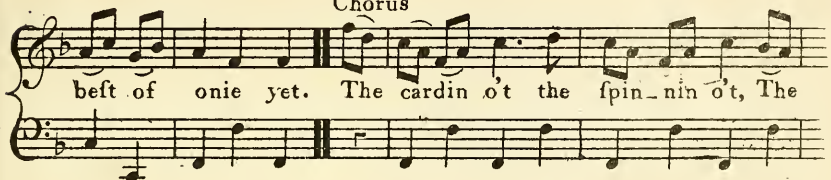
I wad do — what wad I not —

For the fake o' Somebody!

437



Chorus



For-though his locks be lyart gray,  
 And though his brow be beld aboon,  
 Yet I hae feen him on a day  
 The pride of a' the parifhen.  
 The cardin, &c.

## The Souters o' Selkirk.

438

\* Its up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk, And down wi' the Earl of  
 Slowish, & Lively

Hume, And here is to a' the braw laddies That wear the single soal'd shoon:

Its up wi' the souters o' Selkirk, For they are baith trusty and leal; And

up wi' the lads o' the Forest, And down wi' the merse to the deil.

\*\*\*\*\*

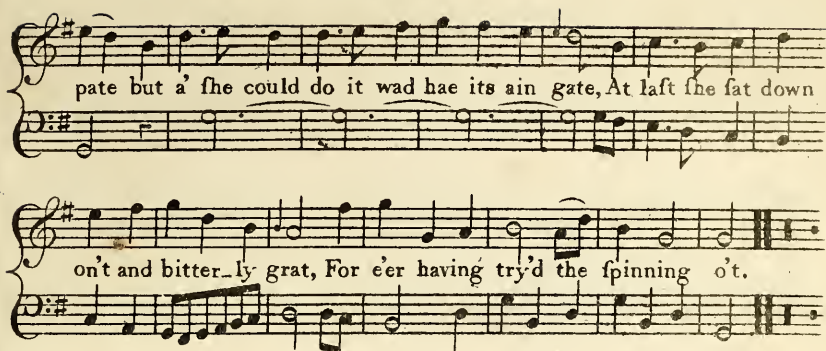
Rock and wee pickle Tow.

439

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow, And she wad gae  
 Slowish

try the spinning o't, But looten her down, her rock took a low, And

that was an ill beginning o't. She spat on't she flet on't & tramp't on its



I hae been a wife these three score of years,  
 And never did try the spinning o't,  
 But how I was farked foul fa' them that spears  
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.  
 The women are now a days turned fae bra'  
 That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa  
 But better the world was when fint ane ava  
 To hinder the first beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin  
 It minds me o' the beginning o't,  
 I well might have ended as I had begun  
 And never have try'd the spinning o't  
 But shes a wife wife wha kens her ain weird  
 I thought anes a day it wad never be spier'd  
 How let you the low tack the rock by the beard  
 When you gaed to try the spinning o't.

The spinning the spinning, it gars my heart sab  
 To think on the ill beginning o't  
 I took't in my head to make me a wab  
 And this was the first beginning o't  
 But had I nine Daughters as I hae but three  
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie  
 That they wad frae spinning stll keep their hands free  
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they in spite of my counsel wad run  
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't.  
 Let them find a loun seat light up by the sun  
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:  
 For wha's done as I've done alake and arow  
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,  
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow,  
 The meikle Deil tak the spinning o't.

## Tibbie Fowler.

440 \* Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er mony woo-in

Slow

at her, Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, there's o'er mony woo-in at her.

Chorus.

Woo-in at her, pu'in at her, courtin at her, can-na get her;

Filthy elf, its' for her pelf, that a' the lads are woo-in at her.

Ten cam east, and ten came west, ten came rowin o'er the water;  
Twa came down the lang dyke side, there's twa and thirty woo-in at her.  
Woo-in at her, &c.

There's seven but, and seven ben, seven in the pantry wi' her;  
Twenty head about the door, There's ane and forty woo-in at her.  
Woo-in at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs, Cockle-shells wad set her better;  
High-heeld shoon and filler tags, And a' the lads are woo-in at her.  
Woo-in at her, &c.

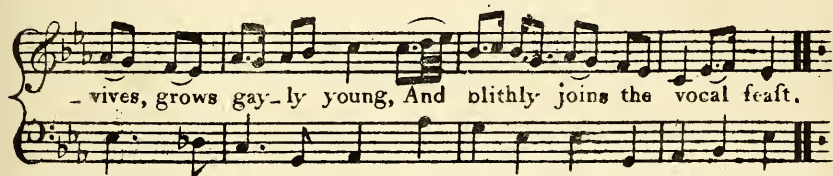
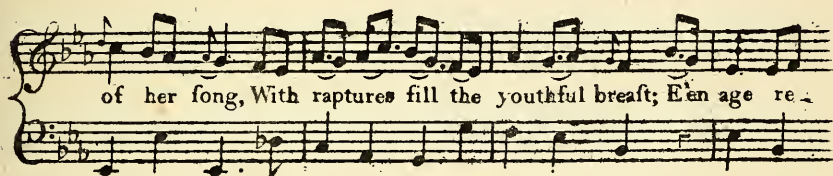
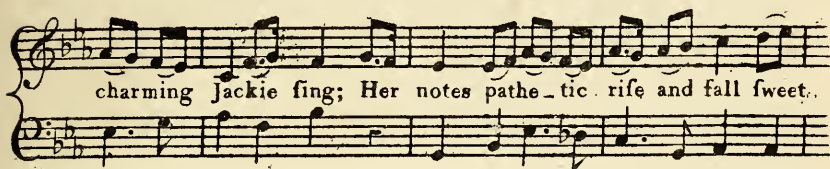
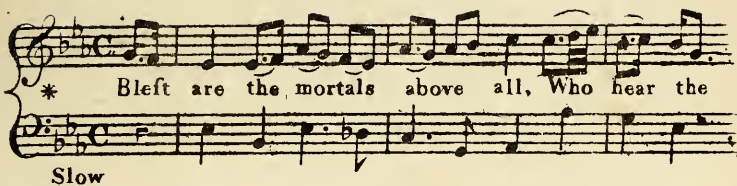
Be a lassie e'er fae black, An she hae the name o' filler,  
Set her upo' Tintock-tap, The wind will blaw a man till her.  
Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er fae fair, An she want the pennie filler;  
A flie may fell her in the air, Before a man be even till her.  
Woo-in at her, &c.

# On hearing a young Lady Sing.

453

441



Go, on sweet maid, improve the lay  
 Attund'd to strains of plaintive woe;  
 They always bear resistless sway  
 When sung by charming Jackie O.  
 Long may she bless her parents ear,  
 And always prove their mutual joy,  
 May no beguilers artful snare,  
 The peace of innocence annoy.

## There's three gude fellow ayont yon glen

442

\* There's three true gude fellows, There's three true gude  
Lively

Solo

fellows, There's three true gude fellows down ayont yon glen. Its

now the day is dawin, But or night to fain, Whafe cocks best at crawin,

Chorus

Willie thou fall ken. There's three true gude fellows, There's three tru

gude fellows, There's three true gude fellows down ayont yon glen.

+ + + + + + + + + + +

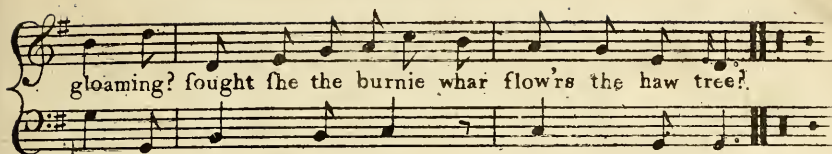
\*\*\*\*\*

## The wee thing: or Mary of Castle Cary.

443

Saw ye my wee thing; Saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my

true love down on yon lea? Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the



"Her hair it is lint white! her skin it is milk white!

"Dark is the blue o' her fast rolling ee!

"Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses. —

"Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,

'Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;

'But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,

'Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

'Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white,

'Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling ee!

'Red war her ripe lipe, and sweeter than roses!

'Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

"It was na my wee thing! It was na my ain thing!

"It was na my true love ye met by the tree!

"Proud is her leil heart; modest her nature,

"She never lo'od ony till ance she lo'od me.

'Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,

'Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!

'Fair as your face is, wart fifty times fairer,

'Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee."

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,

'It was then your true love I met by the tree!

'Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,

'Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his Cheek grew,

Wild flach'd the fire, frae his red rolling ee; —

"Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning —

"Defend ye fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!

"Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling;

Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom fawing,

Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee.

"Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing?

"Is it my true love here that I see?

'O Jamie! forgie me, your heart's constant to me;

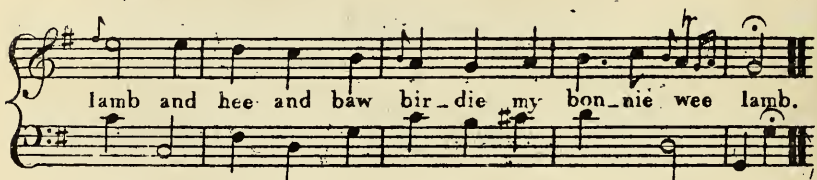
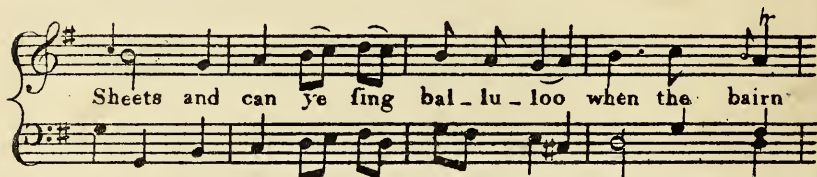
'I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee!

## O can ye few Cushions.

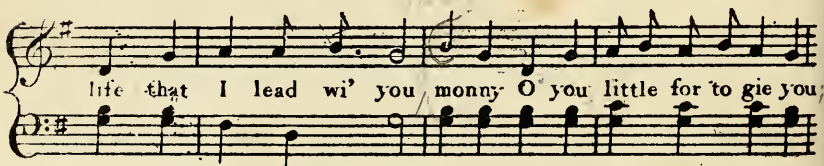
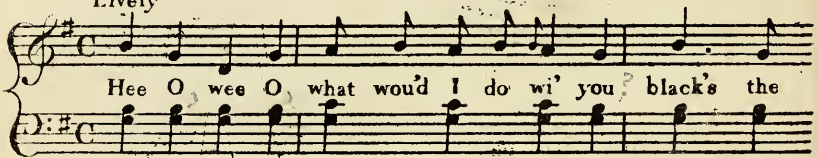
444



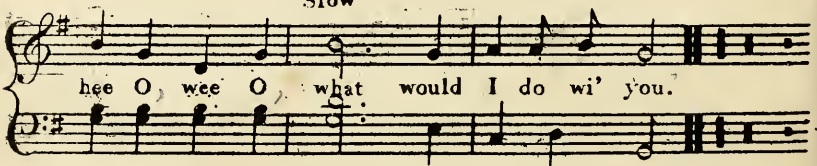
Slow



Lively

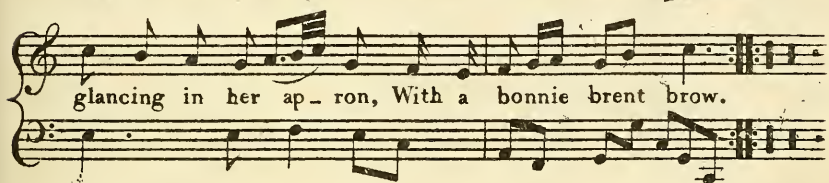
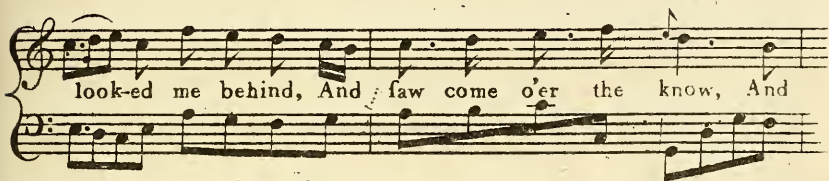
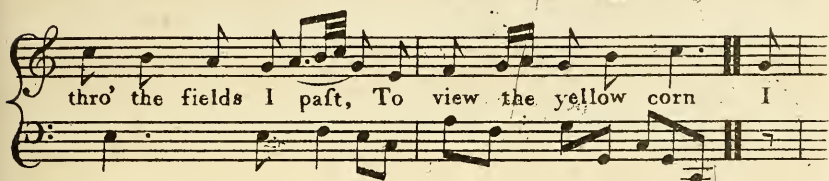
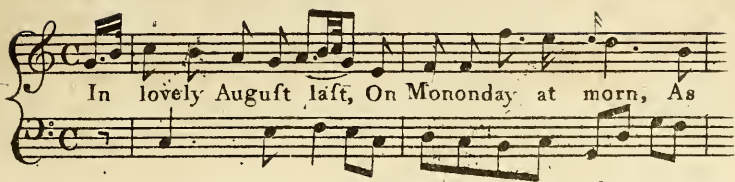


Slow



## The glancing of her Apron.

445

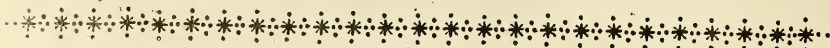
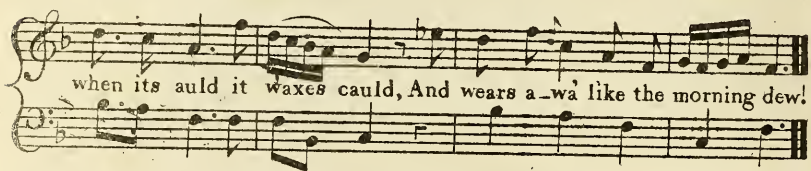
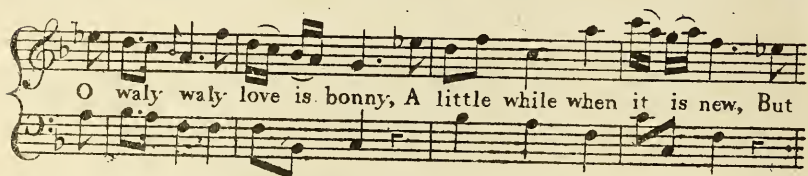
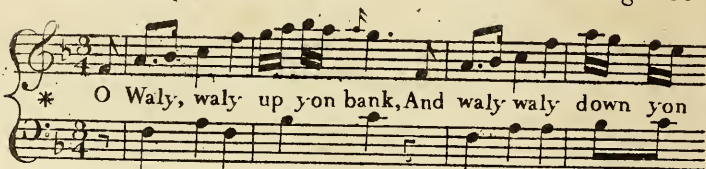


I said, good morrow, fair maid;  
 And she, right courteslie,  
 Return'd a back, and kindly said  
 "Good day, sweet sir to thee."  
 I speir'd, my dear, how far awa  
 Do ye intend to gae,  
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa  
 And o'er yon broomy brae.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate  
 To have sic company;  
 For I am ganging strait that gate,  
 Where ye intend to be.  
 When we had gane a mile or twain,  
 I said to her, my dow.  
 May we not lean us on this plain,  
 And kifs your bonny mou!

Waly, Waly. — A different set — see Volume 2<sup>d</sup> Page 166

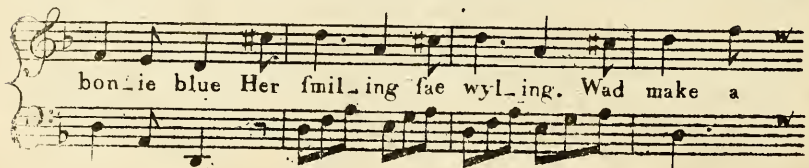
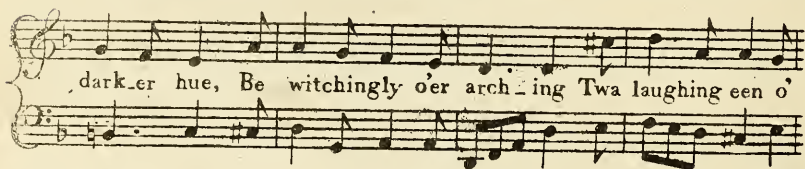
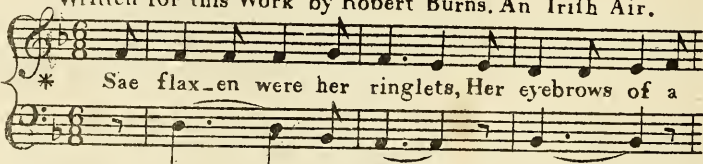
446



She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns. An Irish Air.

447



wretch for-get his woe; What pleasure, what treasure, un-

- to these ro-fy lips to grow: Such was my Chloris bo-nie

face, When first her bonie face I saw; And ay my Chloris

dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a.

Like harmony her motion;

Her pretty ancle is a spy,

Betraying fair proportion,

Wad make a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,

Her fauteless form and gracefu' air;

Ilk feature —auld Nature

Declar'd that she could do nae mair:

Her's are the willing chains o' love,

By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;

And ay my Chloris dearest charm,

She says, she lo'es me best of a.

Let others love the city,

And gaudy shew at funny noon;

Gie me the lonely valley,

The dewy eve, and rising moon

Fair beaming, & streaming

Her silver light the boughs amang;

While falling, recalling, (sang;

The amorous thrush concludes his-

There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove

By wimpling burn & leafy shaw,

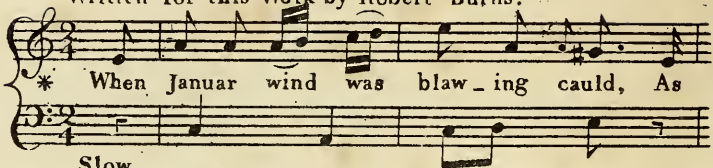
And hear my vows o' truth and love,

And say, thou lo'es me best of a.

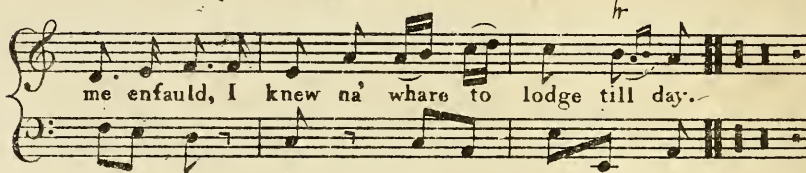
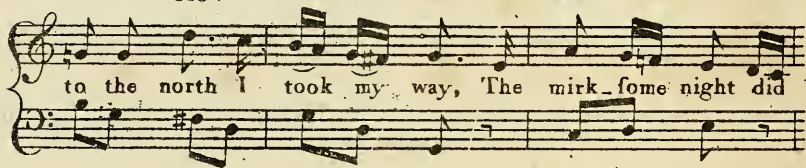
The bonie lafs made the bed to me.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

448



Slow



By my gude luck a maid I met,  
Just in the middle o' my care;  
And kindly she did me invite  
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And thank'd her for her courtesie;  
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
And bad her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,  
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;  
She put the cup to her rosy lips  
And drank, "Young man now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,  
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;  
But I call'd her quickly back again  
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,  
And served me wi' due respect;  
And to salute her wi' a kifs,  
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands young man, she says,  
And dinna sae uncivil be:  
Gif ye hae ony luv for me,  
O wrang na my virginittie!

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
Her teeth were like the ivorie.

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
The lafs that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;  
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
The lafs that made the bed to me.

I kifs'd her o'er and o'er again,  
And ay she wist na what to say;

I laid her between me and the wa'  
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rase,  
I thank'd her for her courtesie:  
But ay she blush'd & ay she sigh'd,  
And said, Alas ye've ruin'd me.

I clasp'd her waist & kifs'd her syne,  
While the tear stood twinklin in her ee'  
I said, my lassie dinna cry,  
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets  
And made them a' in farks to me:  
Blythe and merry may she be,  
The lafs that made the bed to me.

The bonie lafs made the bed to me,  
The braw lafs made the bed to me.  
I'll n'er forget till the day that I die  
The lafs that made the bed to me.

## Sae far Awa.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

449

Written for this work by Robert Burns.

\* O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae

The image shows a musical score for a song. It features two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on the top staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The lyrics are: "O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae". The word "sae" is written in a smaller font than the other words. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

far awa; unknowing what my way may thwart, My - na - tive

land sae far awa. Thou that of a' things Maker art, That

form'd this Fair sae far awa, Gin bo - dy strength, then

I'll ne'er start, At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,  
So love to her, sae far awa:  
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,  
While, Oh, she is sae far awa.  
Nane other love, nane other dart,  
I feel, but her's sae far awa;  
But fairer never touch'd a heart  
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa.

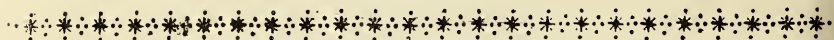
## Put the gown upon the Bishop.

450 \* Put the gown u - pon the Bishop, That's his miller -

Lively

due o' knavefhip Jenny Geddes was the gofsip, Pat the gown u -

- pon the Bishop; Pat the gown u - pon the Bishop.



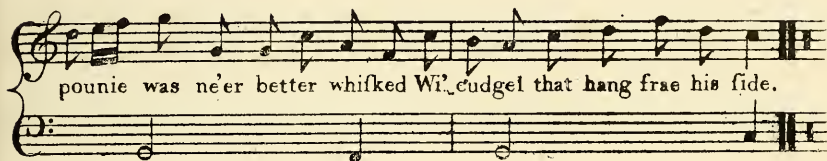
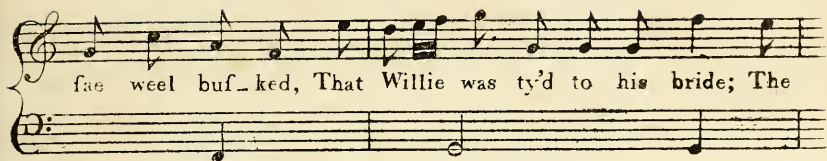
## Hallow Fair. — There's fouth of braw Jockies, &amp;c.

451 There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys Comes

Lively

weel-bufked into the fair, With ribbons on their cocker - no -

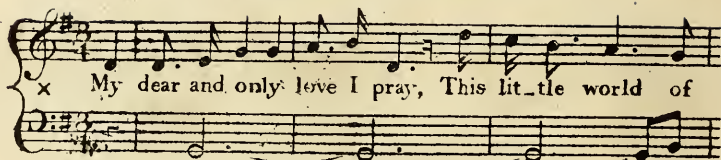
- nies, And fouth o' fine flour on their hair Oh Maggie fhe was



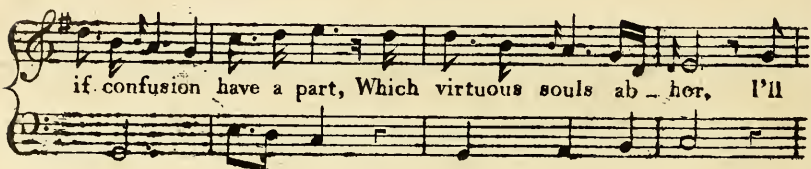
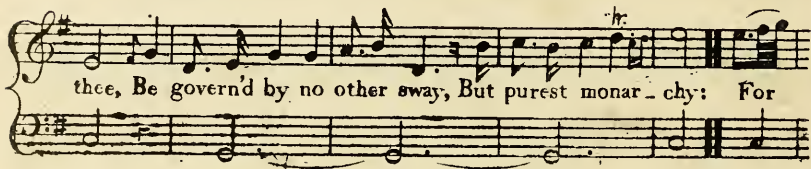
|   |   |
|---|---|
| But Maggie was wondrous jealous               | Wi' sniring behind and before him,        |
| To see Willie bufked fae brow;                | For sic is the metal of brutes:           |
| And Sawney, he sat in the alehouse,           | Poor Wattie, and waes me for him,         |
| And hard at the liquor did caw-sie,           | Was fain to gang hame in his boots.       |
| There was Geordy that well lovd his lass-     |   |
| He touk the pint-stoup in his arms,           | Now it was late in the ev'ning,           |
| And hugg'd it, and said, Trough they're faucy | And boughting time was drawing near;      |
| That loos nae a good father's bairn.          | The lasses had stench'd their greenin'    |
|   | With fouth of brow apples and beer.       |
| There was Wattie the muirland laddie,         | There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie, |
| That rides on the bonny grey cout,            | And Ceicy on the spinnell could spin,     |
| With sword by his side like a cadie,          | Stood glowring at signs & gla's winnocks, |
| To drive in the sheep and the knout.          | But deil a ane bade them come in.         |
| His doublet fae weel it did fit him,          |   |
| It scarcely came down to mid thigh,           | God guid's! saw you ever the like o' it?  |
| With hair pouter'd, hat and a feather,        | See yonder's a bonny black swan;          |
| And housin' at courpon and tee.               | It glows as't wad fain be at us;          |
|   | What's yon that it hads in its hand?      |
| But bruckie play'd boo to haufie,             | Awa, daft gouk, cries Wattie,             |
| And aff scour'd the cout like the win:        | They're a' but a rickle of sticks;        |
| Poor Wattie he fell in the caufie,            | See there is Bill, Jock, and auld Hackis, |
| And birs'd a the bains in his skin.           | And yonder's Mefs John & auld Nick.       |
| His pistols fell out of the hulfsters,        |   |
| And were a' bedaубed with dirt;               | Quoth Maggie, Come buy us our fairing:    |
| The folks they came round him in clusters,    | And Wattie right steely could tell,       |
| Some leugh, and cry'd, Lad, was you hurt?     | I think thou're the flou'r of the clachen |
|   | In trowth now I'll gie you my fell.       |
| But cout wad let nae body steer him,          | But wha wou'd e'er thought it o' him.     |
| He was ay fae wanton and skeegh;              | That e'er he had rippled the lint?        |
| The packmans stands he o'erturn'd them,       | Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,           |
| And gard a' the jocks stand a-beech;          | Tho' she did baith scalie and squint.     |

## I'll never love thee more.

452



Very Slow



Al! Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone,  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

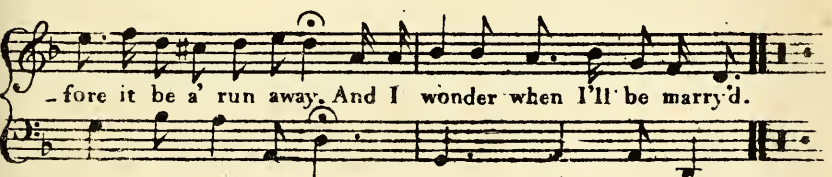
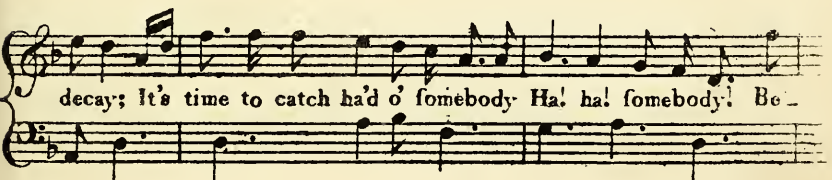
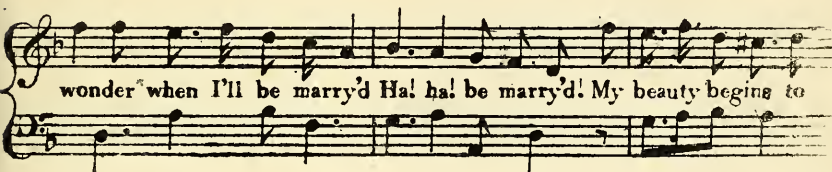
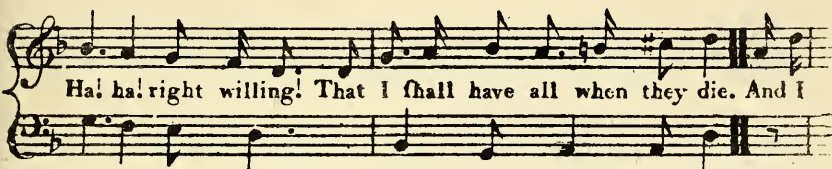
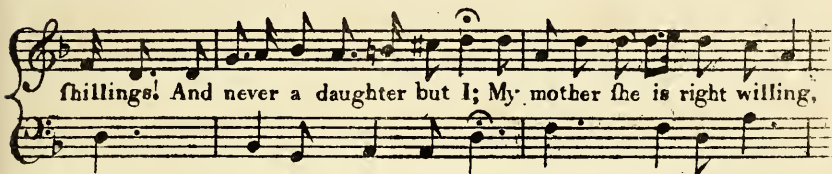
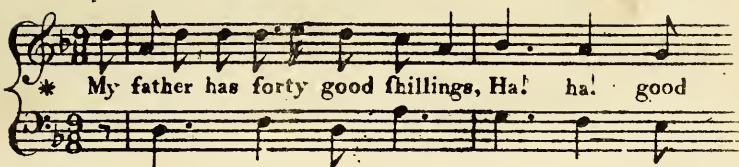
But I will reign and govern still,  
 And always give the law;  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe;  
 But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find  
 Thou storm or vex me sore,  
 And if thou set me as a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to share with me;  
 Or committees if thou erect,  
 Or go on such a score,  
 I'll, smiling, mock at the neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
 Thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword.  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
 As ne'er was known before;  
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
 And love thee more and more.

## My father has forty good shillings.

453



My shoes they are at the mending, My father will buy me a ladle,  
 My buckles they are in the chest; At my wedding we'll hae a good fang;  
 My stockings are ready for sending: For my uncle will buy me a cradle,  
 Then I'll be as braw as the rest. To rock my child in when it's young.  
 And I wonder, &c. And I wonder, &c.

## Our Goodman came hame at e'en, &amp;c.

454

Recit. in time Recit.

\* Our goodman came hame at e'en, And hame came he; And

Slowish. in time

there he saw a saddle horse, Where nae horse should be. O how

Recit. in time

came this horse here? Or how can it be O how came this horse here, With-

Recit. in time

-out the leave o' me? A horse! quo' she: Ay a horse, quo' he. Ye

Recit.

auld blind dotard carl, And blinder mat ye be 'Tis but a dain-ty

in time Recit.

milk cow, My minny sent to me. A milk cow! quo' he; Ay a

in time

milk cow, quo' she. O far hae I ridden, And meikle hae I

Recit. in time

seen, But a saddle on a milk cow a-fore I ne'er saw nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;

He spy'd a pair of jackboots,  
Where nae boots should be.

What's this now goodwife?  
What's this I see?

How came these boots there  
Without the leave o' me!  
Boots! quo' she:  
Ay, boots quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,  
And ill mat ye see,

It's but a pair of water stoups  
The cooper sent to me.

Water stoups! quo' he:  
Ay, water stoups, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But siller spurs on water stoups  
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;

And then he saw a (siller) sword,  
Where a sword should not be:

What's this now goodwife?  
What's this I see?

O how came this sword here,  
Without the leave o' me?

A sword! quo' she:  
Ay, a sword, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,  
And ill mat you see,

It's but a parridge spurtle  
My minnie sent to me.

(A parridge spurtle! quo' he:  
Ay, a parridge spurtle quo' she.)

Weil, far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen;  
But siller handed (parridge) spurtles  
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;

There he spy'd a powder'd wig,  
Where nae wig should be.

What's this now goodwife?  
What's this I see?

How came this wig here,  
Without the leave o' me.

A wig! quo' she:  
Ay, a wig, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,  
And ill mat you see,

'Tis naething but a clocken hen  
My minnie sent to me.

A clocken hen! quo' he:  
Ay, a clocken hen, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen,  
But powder on a clocken-hen,  
Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,  
And hame came he;

And there he saw a muckle coat,  
Where nae coat should be.

O how came this coat here?  
How can this be?

How came this coat here  
Without the leave o' me?

A coat! quo' she:  
Ay, a coat, quo' he

Ye auld blind dotard carl,  
Blind mat ye be,

It's but a pair of blankets  
My minnie sent to me.

Blankets! quo' he:  
Ay, blankets, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen,  
But buttons upon blankets  
Saw I never nane.

Ben went our goodman,  
And ben went he;

And there he spy'd a sturdy man,  
Where nae man should be.

How came this man here.  
How can this be?

How came this man here,  
Without the leave o' me?

A man, quo' she:  
Ay, a man, quo' he.

Poor blind body,  
And blinder mat ye be,

It's a new milking maid,  
My mither sent to me.

A maid! quo' he:  
Ay, a maid, quo' she,

Far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen,  
But lang-bearded maidens  
Saw I never nane.

## Sir John Malcolm.

455 \* O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm, I-go and

Slow

a-go, If he's a wise man I mistak him, Iram coram dago.

O keep ye weel frae San-die Don, I-go and a-go He's

ten times daf-ter than Sir John, Iram coram da-go.

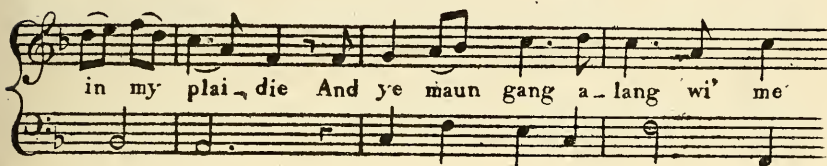
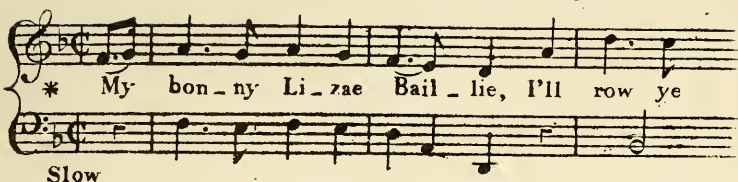
To hear them of their travels talk, Igo and ago,  
To gae to London's but a walk: Iram coram dago.  
I hae been at Amsterdam, &c.  
Where I saw mony a braw madam.

To see the wonders of the deep,  
Wad gar a man baith wail and weep;  
To see the Leviathans skip,  
And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town?  
Did ye see Clark Dishingtoun?  
His wig was like a drouket hen,  
And the tail o't hang down  
Like a meikle maan lang draket gray goose-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd,  
He has a glafs in his best chamber;  
But forth he stept unto the door,  
For he took pills the night before.

456



"I am sure they wad nae ca' me wife,  
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;  
For I can neither card nor spin,  
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,  
Nor be an English lady;  
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme  
And row her in his plaidie.

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,  
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;  
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,  
Your mither weel can want ye."

She was nae ten miles frae the town,  
When she began to weary;  
She aften looked back, and said,  
"Farewell to Castlecarray."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,  
Made o' the gilded leather,  
And she's put on her highland brogues,  
To skip among the heather:

"The first place I saw my Duncan Græme  
Was near yon holland bush.  
My father took frae me my rings,  
My rings but and my purse."

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,  
Made o' the silk and fatten,  
And she's put on a tartan plaid,  
To row among the braken.

"But I wad nae gie my Duncan Græme  
For a' my father's land,  
Though it were ten times ten times mair,  
And a' at my command."

+ + + + +

Now wae be to you, logger-heads,  
That dwell near Castlecarray,  
To let awa sic a bonny lass,  
A Highlandman to marry.

## The Reel o' Stumpie.

457

\* Wap and rowe, wap and row wap and row the feetie o't, I

Lively

thought I was a maiden fair, Till I heard the greetie o't. My

daddie was a Fiddler fine, My minnie she made man\_tie O; And

I mysel- a thumpin quine, And danc'd the reel c' stumpie O

\*\*\*\*\*

I'll ay ca' in by yon Town.

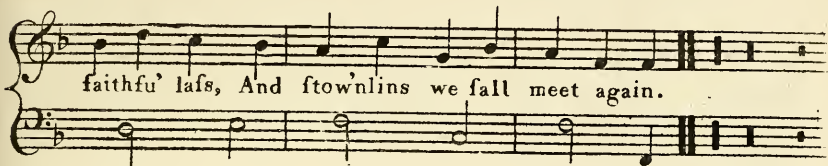
458

\* I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And by yon garden

Lively

green, a- gain; I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And fee my

bonie Jean a- gain. There's nane fall ken there's nane fall



She'll wander by the aiken tree,  
 When trystin time draws near again;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!  
 I'll ay ca', &c.

### To the foregoing Tune.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

|   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| O wat ye wha's in yon town,               | And welcome Lapland's dreary sky;  |
| Ye see the e'enin Sun upon,               | O wat ye wha's, &c.                |
| The dearest maid's in yon town,           |                                    |
| That e'enin Sun is shining on.            | My cave wad be a lovers bow'r,     |
| Now haply down yon gay green shaw;        | Tho' raging winter rent the air;   |
| She wanders by yon spreading tree,        | And she a lovely little flower;    |
| How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, | That I wad tent and shelter there. |
| Ye catch the glances o' her ee.           | O wat ye wha's, &c.                |
| O wat ye wha's, &c.                       |                                    |

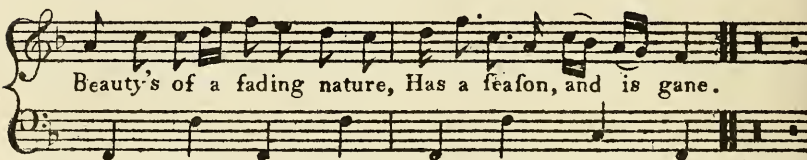
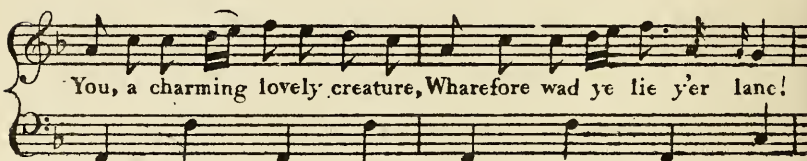
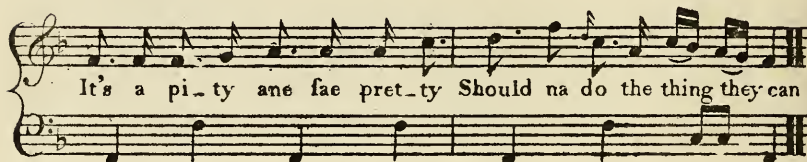
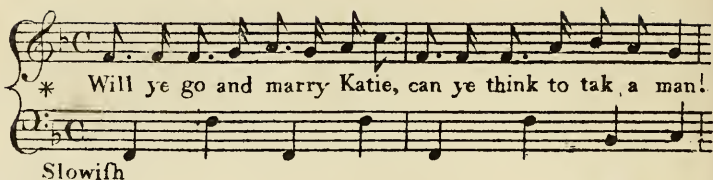
|   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| How blest ye birds that round her sing, | O sweet is she in yon town,        |
| And welcome in the blooming year,       | The sinkin Sun's gane down upon;   |
| And doubly welcome be the spring,       | A fairer than's in yon town,       |
| The season to my Jeanie dear.           | His setting beam ne'er shone upon. |
| O wat ye wha's, &c.                     | O wat ye wha's, &c.                |

|                                   |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| The sun blinks blyth on yon town, | If angry fate is sworn my foe,      |
| Among the broomy braes fae green; | And suffering I am doom'd to bear;  |
| But my delight's in yon town,     | I careless quit aught else below,   |
| And dearest pleasure is my Jean:  | But, spare me spare me Jeanie dear. |
| O wat ye wha's, &c.               | O wat ye wha's, &c.                 |

|                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| Without my fair, not a' the charms, | For while life's dearest blood is warm, |
| O' Paradise could yeild me joy;     | Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart, |
| But gie me Jeanie in my arms,       | And she as fairest is her form,         |
|                                     | She has the truest kindest heart.       |
|                                     | O wat ye wha's, &c. B.                  |

## Will ye go and marry Katie.

459



Therefore while ye're blooming Katie, Mony words are needliss, Katie,

Listen to a loving swain;

Tak a mark by auntie Betty,

Ance the darling o' the men:

She, wi' coy and fickle nature,

Trifled aff till she's grown auld,

Now she's left by ilka creature;

Let na this o' thee be tauld.

Ye're a wanter, fae am I;

If ye wad a man should get ye,

Then I can that want supply:

Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,

As the very wale o' men,

Never after to forsake me,

And the Priest shall say, Amen.

But, my dear and lovely Katie,

This ae thing I hae to tell,

I could wish nae man to get ye,

Save it were my very sel.

Tak me, Katie, at my offer,

Or be-had, and I'll tak you:

We's mak nae din about your tocher; If ance I had my lovely treasure,

Marry, Katie, then we'll woo.

Then, O! then, my charming Katie,

When we're married what comes then

Then nae ither man can get ye,

But ye'll be my very ain:

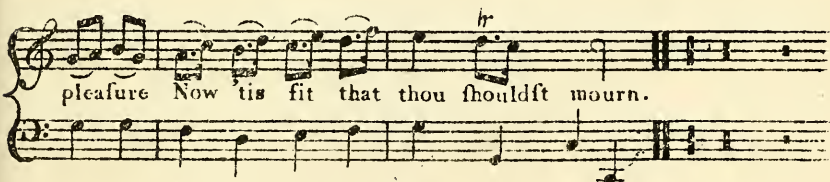
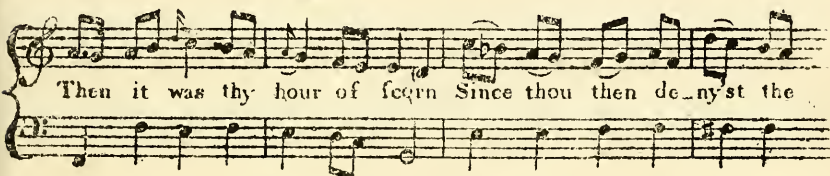
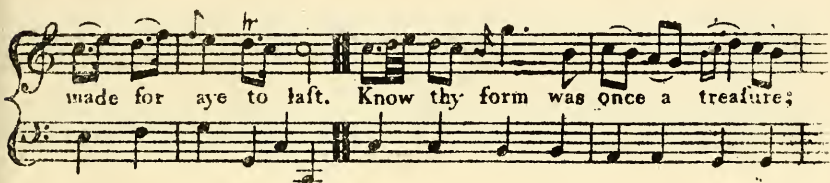
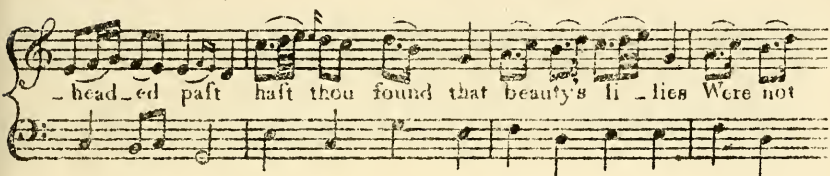
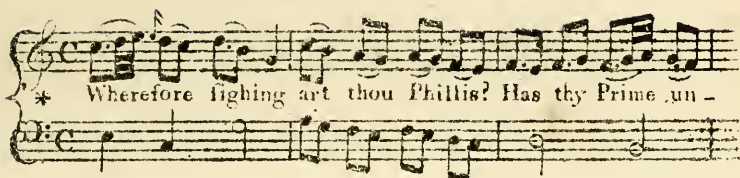
Then we'll kifs and clap at pleasure,

Nor wi' envy troubled be;

If ance I had my lovely treasure,

Let the rest admire and dis.

460



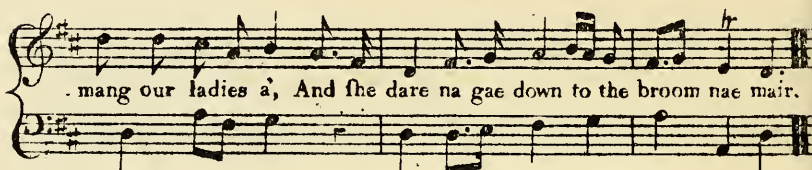
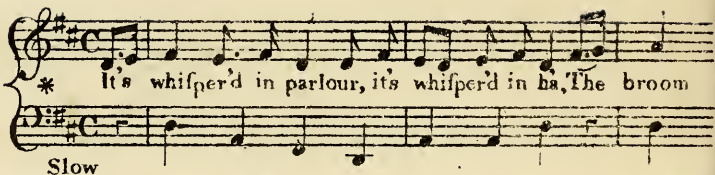
Same Tune.

POWERS celestial, whose protection  
 Ever guards the virtuous Fair,  
 While in distant climes I wander,  
 Let my Mary be your care;  
 Let her form so fair and faultless,  
 Fair and faultless as your own;  
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,  
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,  
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;  
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
 Sooth her bosom into rest:  
 Guardian angels, O protect her,  
 When in distant lands I roam;  
 To realms unknown while fate exiles-  
 Make her bosom still my home, (me,

## The broom blooms bonie,

461



One lady whisper'd unto another,  
 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;  
 Lady Marget's wi' child to Sir Richard her brother,  
 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair.

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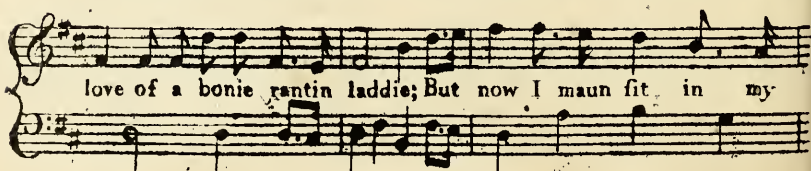
O when that you hear my loud loud cry,  
 The broom blooms &c.  
 Then bend your bow and let your arrows fly,  
 For I dare na gae down &c.

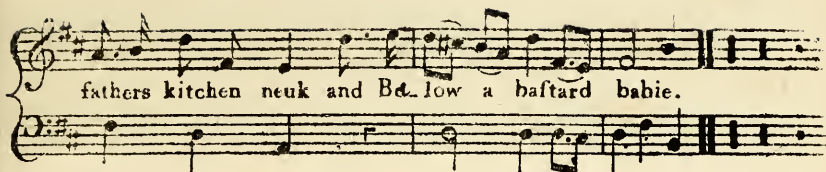
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## The Rantin Laddie.

462

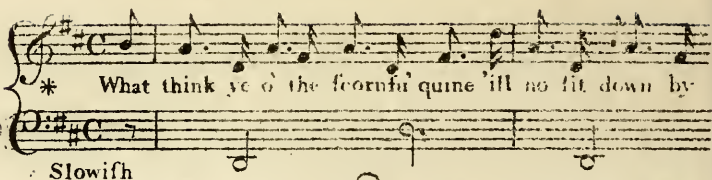




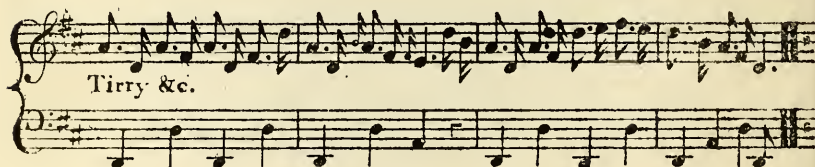
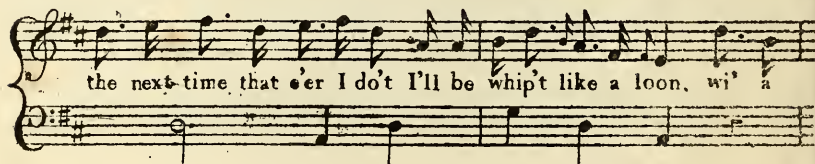
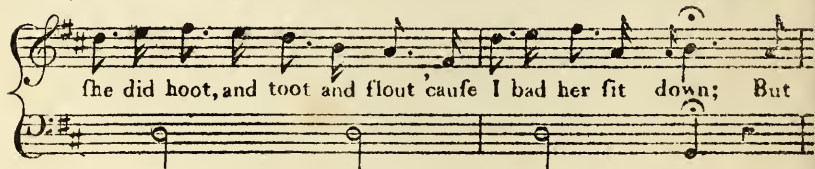
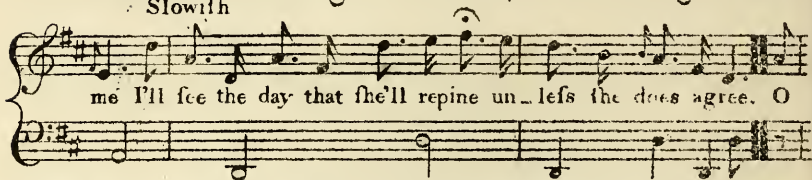
For my father he will not me own,  
 And my mother she neglects me,  
 And a' my friends hae lightlyed me,  
 And their servants they do slight me.  
 But had I a servant at my command,  
 As aft times I've had many,  
 That wad rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenwood,  
 Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.  
 Oh, is he either a laird, or a lord,  
 Or is he but a cadie,  
 That ye do him ca' fae aften by name,  
 Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie.  
 Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,  
 And he never was a cadie;  
 But he is the Earl o' bonie Aboyne,  
 And he is my rantin laddie.  
 O yeae get a servant at your command,  
 As aft times ye've had many,  
 That fall rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenwood,  
 A letter to your rantin laddie.  
 When lord Aboyne did the letter get,  
 O but he blinket bonie;  
 But or he had read three lines of it,  
 I think his heart was sorry.  
 O wha is daur be fae bauld,  
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?  
 + + + + +  
 + + + + +  
 For her father he will not her know,  
 And her mother she does slight her;  
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,  
 And their servants they neglect her.  
 Go raise to me my five hundred men,  
 Make haste and make them ready;  
 With a milkwhite steed under every ane,  
 For to bring hame my lady.  
 As they cam in thro' Buchan-shire,  
 They were a company bonie,  
 With a gude claymor in every hand,  
 And O, but they skin'd bonie.

## The Lafs that winna fit down.

463



Slowish



And yet she is a charming quine,  
 She's just o'er meikle spice  
 I'll see the day that she'll be mine,  
 For I'm nae very nice.  
 I loot the lasie tak' her will,  
 An' stand upo' her shanks,  
 The day may come when I will spoil,  
 Her bonny faucy pranks.

Wi' my Tirry, &c.

I hid my head upo' my loof,  
 I did na' care a strae,  
 I kend fow weel that in a joof  
 Stand lang she wad nae fae.  
 At last a blythsome las did cry,  
 Come Sandy, gies a sang.  
 O now meg dorts I'll fairly try  
 Your heart strings for to twang.

Wi' a Tirry, &c.

The lasie's pride it could na' last,  
 I sang wi' meikle glee,  
 Until at last she fairly cast,  
 Upo' me a sheeps ee.  
 A ha! thinks I, my bonnie las,  
 Hae ye laid by your pride.  
 You're bonnier now than e'er you was,  
 And ye shall be my bride.

Wi' your Tirry, &c.

I ga'e the las a lovin' squint,  
 That made her blush fae red,  
 I saw she fairly took the hint,  
 Which made my heart fou glad  
 The bonnie las is a mine zin:  
 For we twa did agree,  
 Now ilka night she's unco fain,  
 For to lie down wi' me.

We' her Tirry, &c.

## O May thy morn.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

464

\* O May thy morn was-neer sae sweet, As the

Slowish

mirk night o' December, For sparkling was the rosy wine, And

private was the chamber: And dear was she, I dare na

name, But I will ay remember. And dear was she I

dare na name, But I will ay remember.

And heres to them, that, like oursel,

Can push about the jorum;

And here's to them that wish us weel,

May a' that's gude watch o'er them:

And here's to them, we dare na tell,

The dearest o' the quorum.

And here's to them, we dare na tell,

The dearest o' the quorum.

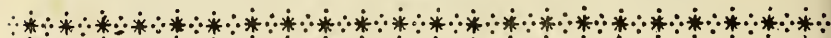
## My Minnie says I manna.

465 \* Fu' fain wad I be Jamie's lass, My Minnie says I

manna. My daddie curs'd, my minnie grat, And I wi' Jamie's

love sud quat, But in my heart I'll tell you what, I said in

sooth I canna I canna I said in sooth I can-na.



## The Cherry and the Slae.

Tune, the banks of Helicon.

466 \* A-bout ane bank with balmy bewis, Quhair Nychtingales thair

Very Slow

notis renewis With gallant Goldspinks gay; The Mavis, Marle, and

Progne proud, The Lintquhyt, Lark and Lav-rock loud, Sa-

## Continued.

lutet mirthful May. Quhen Philo- mel had sweetly sung, To  
 Progne scho deplord, How Tereus cut out her tung, And  
 falsly her deflour'd; Quhilk sto-ry so sor-rie To schaw he self  
 scho seint, To heir her, so neir her, I doutit if I dreimt.

The Cushat crouds, the Corbie crys,  
 The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,  
 To geck hir they begin:  
 The jargoun of the jangling Jayes,  
 The craiking Crows, and keckling Kays,  
 They deavt me with their din.  
 The painted Pawn with Argos eyis,  
 Can on his May-ock call,  
 The Turtle wails on witherit tries,  
 An Echo answers all,  
 Repeting with greiting,  
 How fair Narcissus fell,  
 By lying and spying  
 His schadow in the well.

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare  
 In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,  
 To mak thair morning mang:  
 The Con, the Cuning and the Cat,  
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,  
 With stif mustachis strange.  
 The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,

The Fulmert and false Fox;  
 The beardit Buck clam up the bir,  
 With birssy Bairs and Brocks  
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding  
 The Hunters subtil snairs,  
 With skipping and tripping,  
 They playit them all in pairs.

The air was sobir, saft and sweet,  
 Nae misty vapours, wind nor weit,  
 But quyit, calm and clear,  
 To foster Flora fragrant flowri-  
 Quhairon Apollos paramouris,  
 Had trinklit mony a teir; (-shynd,  
 The quhilk lyke silver schaikers -  
 Embroydering Bewties bed  
 Quhairwith their heavy heids dedynd,  
 In Mayis collouris cled,  
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,  
 Of balmy liquor sweet,  
 Excelling and smiling  
 Throw Phoebus hail sum hent.  
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

## As I came o'er the Cairney mount.

467

\* As I came o'er the Cairney mount, And down among the  
 blooming heather, Kindly stood the milking-shiel, To shelter  
 frae the stormy weather. O my bonie Highland lad, My  
 win-some, weel-far'd Highland laddie; Wha wad mind the  
 wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Now Phebus blinkit on the bent,  
 And o'er the know's the lambs were bleating:  
 But he wan my heart's consent,  
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.  
 O my bonie Highland lad,  
 My winsome, weelfar'd Highland laddie:  
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,  
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

# Highland Laddie.

461

468

\* The bon - niest lad that e'er I saw

Slowish, but Cheerful.

Bonie laddie, highland laddie Wore a plaid and was fu' braw

Bo - nie High - land laddie. On his head a bonnet blue,

Bo - nie lad - die, High - land laddie, His royal heart was

firm and true Bo - nie High - land lad - die.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,  
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
Bonie Lawland lassie  
Glory, Honour, now invite.  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie.  
For freedom and my King to fight,  
Bonie Lawland lassie.

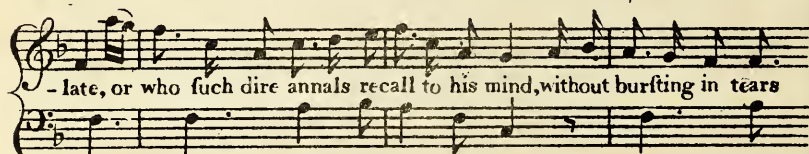
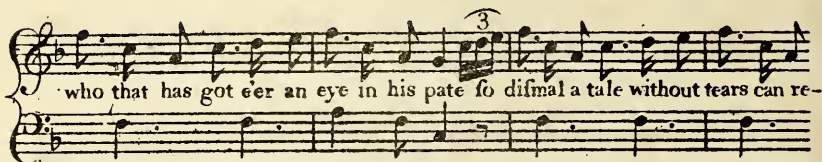
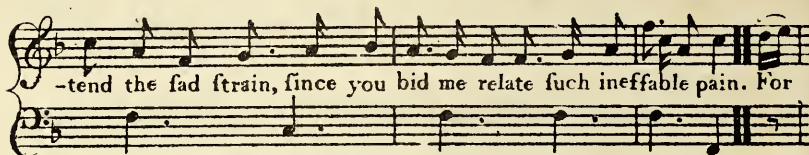
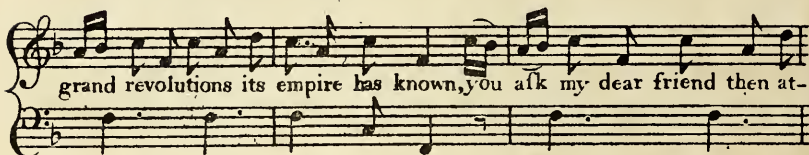
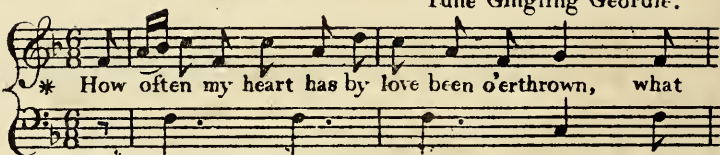
The sun a backward course shall take  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Ere ought thy manly courage shake;  
Bonie, Highland laddie.  
Go, for yoursel procure renown,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
And for your lawful king his crown,  
Bonie, Highland laddie!

*Thos. McDonald's Collection of Scottish Songs.*

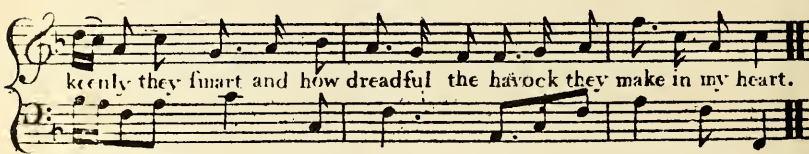
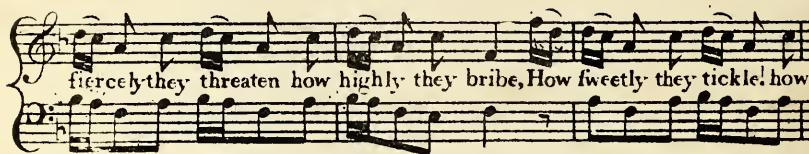
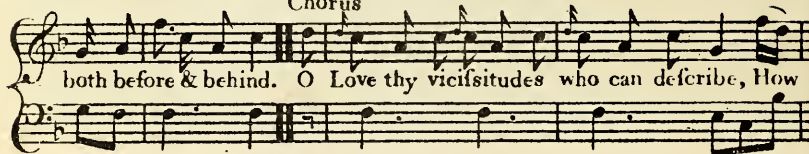
## Chronicle of the heart.

Tune Gingling Geordie.

469



## Chorus



This kingdom as Authors impartial have told,  
 At first was elective, but afterwards sold,  
 For experience will shew whoe'er pleases to try,  
 That kingdoms are venal, when subjects can buy,  
 Lovely Peggy, the first in succession and name,  
 Was early invested with honour supreme,  
 But a bold son of Mars grew fond of her form  
 Swore himself into grace and surpris'd her by storm. O Love, &c.

Maria succeeded in honour and place  
 By laughing and squeezing and song and grimace.  
 But her favours alas! like her carriage, were free,  
 Bestow'd on the whole male creation but me.  
 Next Margret the second attempted the chace,  
 Tho' the small Pox and age had enamell'd her face,  
 She sustain'd her pretence, sans merite and sans love,  
 And carried her point by a *Je ne fai fai quoi*. O Love, &c.

The heart which so tamely acknowledged her sway  
 Still suffer'd in silence, and kept her at bay,  
 Till old Time at last so much mellow'd her charms,  
 That she dropt with a breeze in a Livery-mans arms.  
 The most easy conquest Belinda was thine  
 Obtained by the musical tinkle of coin  
 But she more enamour'd of sport than of prey,  
 Had a fish in her hook which she wanted to play. O Love, &c.

High hopes were her baits; but if truth were confess'd,  
 A good still in prospect is not good possess'd;  
 For the fool found too late he had taken a tartar  
 Retreated with wounds and begg'd stoutly for quarter.  
 Urania came next, and with subtile address,  
 Discover'd no open attempts to possess;  
 But when fairly admitted, of conquest secure,  
 She acknowledg'd no law; but her will and her power. O Love, &c.

For seven tedious years to get rid of her chain,  
 All force prov'd abortive all stratagem vain,  
 Till a youth with much fatness and gravity bless'd,  
 Her person detain'd by a lawful arrest.  
 To a reign so despotic tho' guiltless of blood,  
 No wonder a long interregnum ensu'd,  
 For an ass tho' the patientest brute of the plain,  
 Once sated and gull'd, will beware of the rein. O Love, &c.

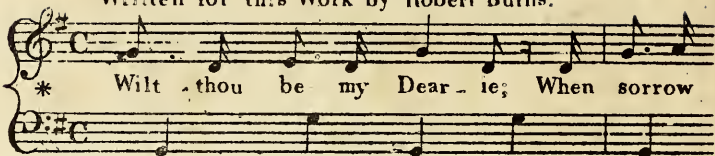
O Nancy, dear Nancy, my fate I deplore,  
 No magic thy beauty and youth can restore,  
 By thee had this cordial dominion been sway'd,  
 Thou hadst then been a queen, but art now an old maid,  
 Now the kingdom stands doubtful it - self to surrender,  
 To Chloe the sprightly or Celia the slender,  
 But if once it were out of this pitiful case,  
 No law, but the Salic henceforth shall take place.

O Love, &c.

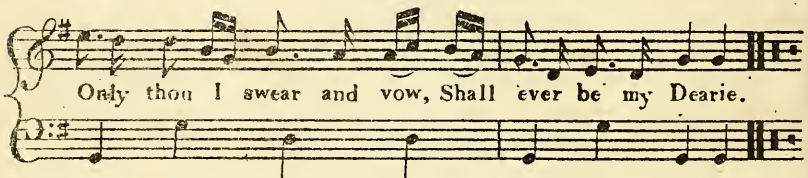
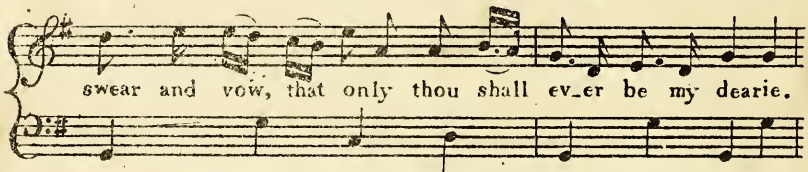
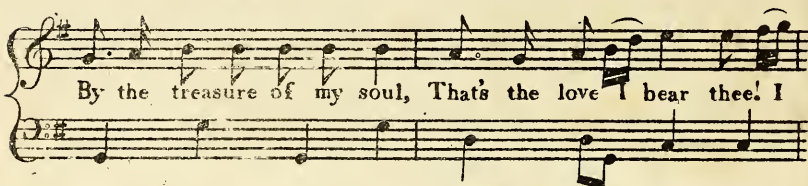
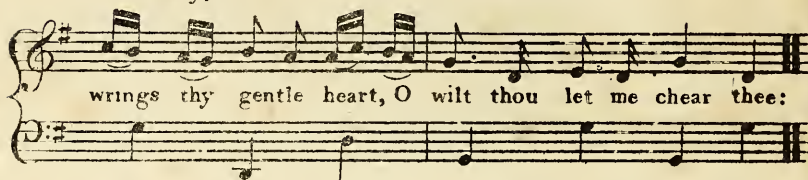
## Wilt thou be my Dearie.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

470



Very Slow



Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may chuse me,  
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

'Tunc, Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart.

Chorus. *And, with a pleasant sound*

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with fewer notes, including some rests. The lyrics 'O Lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart There's' are written between the staves. A 'Lively' tempo marking is at the bottom left.

\* O Lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart There's

Lively

Lively-

ne'er a flower that blooms in May That's half so fair as

thou art. The flower it blows, it fades, it fa's, And

art can ne'er re-new it; But worth and truth e-

-ternal youth will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whose arms shall fault thy charms,

**Possess a leal and true heart.**

To him be given, to ken the Heaven,

He grasps in Polly Stewart.

O lovely, &c.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

## The Highland balou.

472 \* Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Clan-

Slow

- ronald; Brawlie kens our wanton Chief Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leez me on thy bonie craigie,  
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie.  
Travel the country thro' and thro',  
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,  
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur:  
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,  
Syn'e to the Highlands hame to me.

+++++

\*\*\*\*\*

## Auld king Coul.

473 \* Our auld king Coul was a jol-ly auld foul, And a

Lively

jolly auld foul was he; Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown

bowl, And he ca'd for his fid - lers three:

Ad. Lib.

Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fid - dlers three; There's

This must be repeated to the additional lines.



Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,  
 And a jolly auld foul was he;  
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl,  
 And he ca'd for his pipers three:  
 Ha didell, ho didell, quo' the pipers;  
 Fidell, didell, fidell, didell, quo' the fiddlers three;  
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland  
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,  
 And a jolly auld foul was he;  
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl  
 And he ca'd for his harpers three:  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, quo' the harpers;  
 Ha-didell, ho didell, quo' the pipers;  
 Fidell didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fiddlers three;  
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland  
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,  
 And a jolly auld foul was he;  
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl  
 And he ca'd for his trumpeters three:  
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, quo' the trumpeters;  
 Twingle twangle, twingle-twangle, quo the harpers;  
 Ha didel, ho didell, quo' the pipers;  
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fiddlers three;  
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland  
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,  
 And a jolly auld foul was he;  
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl,  
 And he c'ad for his drummers three:  
 Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, quo' the drummers;  
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, quo' the trumpeters;  
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, quo' the harpers;  
 Ha-didell, ho-didell, quo' the pipers;  
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fiddlers three:  
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland  
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

## The Runaway Bride.

474

A Laddie and a Lassie Dwelt in the South coun-

-trie, And they hae cassen their claiths thegither, And

married they wad be: On Tyseday was the bri-dal

day Appointed for to be. Then hey play up the

rin-away Bride, For she has taen the gee.

She had nae run a mile or twa,  
 Whan she began to consider,  
 The angering o' her father dear,  
 The displeasing o' her mither;  
 The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,  
 The weel warst o' the three;  
 Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,  
 For she has taen the gee.

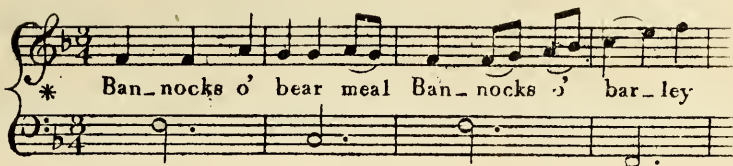
Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle  
 The face o't lind up wi' blue;  
 The face o't lind up wi' blue,  
 And the tail lind up wi' green,  
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,  
 Was married on Tyseday 'teen.  
 Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither  
 Ran after her wi' speed,  
 And as they ran until they came  
 Unto the water o' Tweed;  
 And when they came to Kelso town,  
 They gart the clap gae thro'  
 Then hey, &c.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,  
 He was as saft as butter;  
 For had she play'd the like to me,  
 I had nae sae easily quit her;  
 I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,  
 And set my fancy free,  
 And syne play'd up the runaway bride,  
 And luten her tak the gee.

## Bannocks o' bear meal.

475



Here's to the High\_land\_man's bannocks o' bar\_ley.

Wha, in a brul\_zie, will first cry a par\_ley?

Ne\_ver the lads wi' the ban\_nocks o' bar\_ley

## Chorus.

Bannocks o' bear meal Bannocks o' barley Here's to the

High\_land\_man's ban\_nocks o' bar\_ley.

Wha in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?

Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> Bannocks o', &c.

+++++

## Wae is my heart.

476

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;  
Very Slow

The musical notation is for a piano piece in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The tempo is marked 'Very Slow'.

Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me: Forsaken & friendless my

The musical notation continues the piano piece. The melody in the treble clef has a more complex rhythm with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line remains simple with quarter notes.

burden I bear, And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

The musical notation concludes the piano piece with a double bar line. The melody ends on a half note G, and the bass line ends on a half note G.

Love, thou haft pleasures, and deep hae I loved;  
Love thou haft sorrows, and fair hae I proved:  
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been;  
Down by yon stream and yon bonie-castle-green:  
For there he is wandring, and musing on me,  
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

## There was a filly Shepherd Swain.

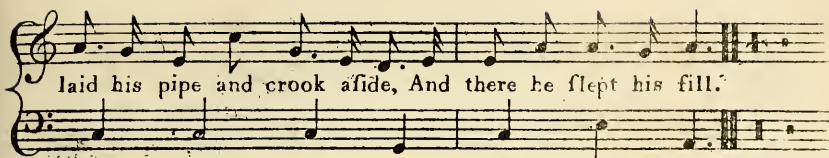
477

+ There was a filly shepherd swain, Kept sheep upon a hill, He

The musical notation is for a new piano piece in C major (no sharps or flats) and common time (C). It consists of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note C, followed by quarter notes D, E, F, G, A, B, C. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a half note C, followed by quarter notes D, E, F, G, A, B, C. The tempo is marked with a '+' symbol.

laid his pipe and crook aside, And there he slept his fill. He

The musical notation continues the piano piece. The melody in the treble clef has a simple, steady rhythm. The bass line remains simple with quarter notes.



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

Hemounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon anither;  
And all along the way they rode,  
Like sister and like brither,  
And all along, &c.

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

When she came to her father's yate,  
She tirl'd at the pin;  
And ready stood the porter there,  
To let this fair maid in.  
And ready, &c.

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

And when the gate was opened,  
So nimbly's she whipt in;  
Pough! you're a fool without, she says,  
And I'm a maid within.  
Pough! you're, &c.

If you'll not touch my mantle,  
And let my claiaths alane;  
Then I'll give you as much money;  
As you can carry hame.  
Then I'll, &c.

Then fare ye well, my modest boy,  
I thank you for your care;  
But had you done what you should do,  
I ne'er had left you there.  
But had you, &c.

O! I'll not touch your mantle,  
And I'll let your claiaths alane;  
But I'll tak you out of the clear water,  
My dear, to be my ain,  
But I'll tak, &c.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and thoon,  
And let my feet gae bare,  
And gin I meet a bonny lass,  
Hang me, if her I spare.  
And gin I, &c.

And when she out of the water came,  
He took her in his arms;  
Put on your claiaths, my dear, he says,  
And hide those lovely charms.  
Put on your, &c.

In that do as you please, she says,  
But you shall never more  
Have the same opportunity;  
With that she shut the door.  
Have the, &c.

There is a gude auld proverb,  
I've often heard it told,  
He that would not when he might,  
He should not when he would.  
He that, &c.

## Kind Robin looes me.

478

Ro-bin is my on-ly joe, For Robin has the  
 art to loo, So to his fuit I mean to bow Be-cause I  
 ken he looes me. Hap-py happy was the show'r, That  
 led me to his bir-ken bow'r, Where first of love I  
 fand the pow'r, And kend that Robin lood me.

*Andante*

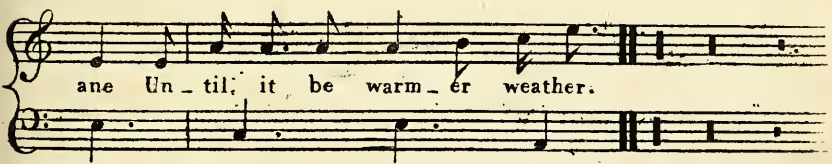
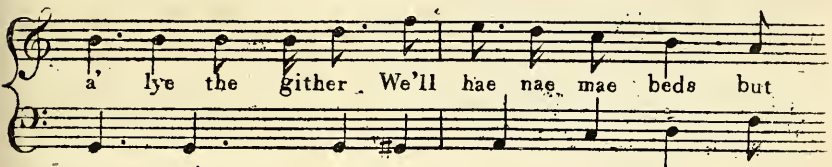
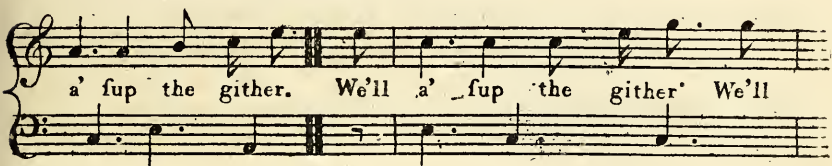
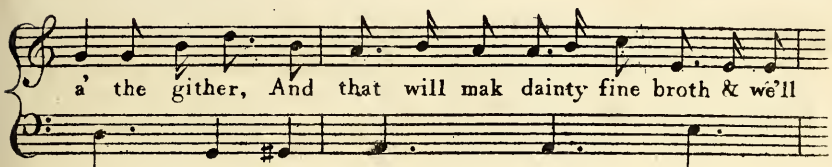
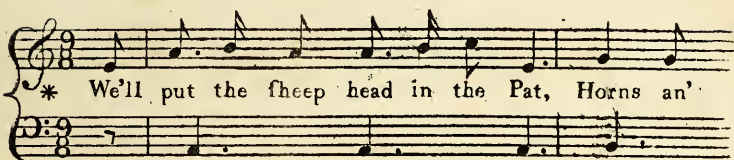
They speak of napkins, speak of rings, But little kens she what has been,  
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings, Me and my honest Rob between,  
 And name a thousand bonny things, And in his wooing, O so keen,  
 And ca' them signs he loes me. Kind Robin is that looes me.  
 But I'd prefer a finack of Rob, Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
 Sporting on the velvet fog, And hasten on the happy day (say,  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wabb, When join'd our hands Mefs John shall  
 Because I ken he looes me. And mak him mine that looes me.

He's tall and sonfy, frank and free,  
 Lood by a' and dear to me,  
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
 Because my Robin looes me.  
 My titty Mary said to me,  
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
 And I, or lang, be made to see,  
 That Robin did na looe me.

'Till then let every chance unite,  
 To weigh our love and fix delight,  
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,  
 Wha doubt that Robin looes me.  
 O hey Robin quo' she,  
 O hey Robin quo' she,  
 O hey Robin quo' she,  
 Kind Robin looes me.

We'll put the sheep head in the Pat. 493

479



The woo will lyith the kail,  
The Horns will serve for bread,  
By that ye will see the vertu  
Of a gude sheep head.  
We'll a' sup &c.

Some will lie at the head,  
Some will lie at the feet,  
John Cuddie will lie in the midst,  
For he wou'd hae a' the heat.  
We'll a' lie &c.

## Here's his health in water.

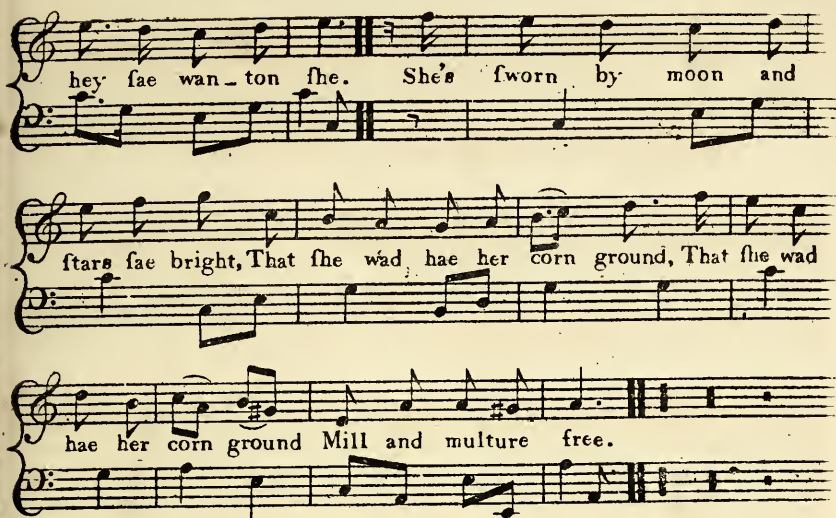
480 \* Altho' my back be at the wa, And though he be the  
Lively  
fautor, Although my back be at the wa, Yet here's his health in  
water. O wae gae by his wanton fides, Sae brawly's he could flatter; till  
for his sake I'm flighted fair, And dree the kintra clat-ter; But  
though my back be at the wa, Yet here's his health in water.

z

\*\*\*\*\*

## The maid gaed to the Mill.

481 \* The maid's gane to the mill by night; Hech hey, sae  
wan-ton; The maid's gane to the mill by night, Hech



Out then came the miller's man,  
Hech hey, fae wanton;  
Out then came the miller's man,  
Hech hey, fae wanton he;  
He sware he'd do the best he can,  
For to get her corn ground  
For to get her corn ground,  
Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,  
Hech hey, fae wanton;  
He put his hand about her neck,  
Hech hey, fae wanton he;  
He dang her down upon a sack,  
And there she got her corn ground,  
And there she got her corn ground,  
Mill and multure free.

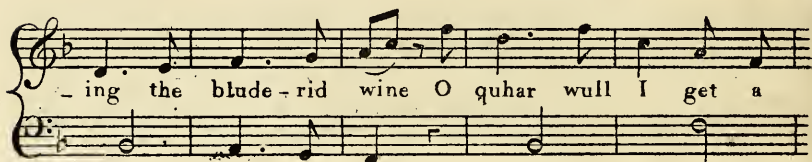
When other maids gaed out to play,  
Hech hey, fae wanton;  
When other maids gaed out to play,  
Hech hey, fae wantonlie;  
She sigh'd and sobb'd, and wadnae stay,  
Because she'd got her corn ground,  
Because she'd got her corn ground,  
Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were past and gane,  
Hech hey, fae wanton;  
When forty weeks were past and gane,  
Hech hey, fae wantonlie;  
This maiden had a braw lad bairn,  
Because she'd got her corn ground,  
Because she'd got her corn ground,  
Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her cast it out,  
Hech hey, fae wanton;  
Her mither bade her cast it out,  
Hech hey, fae wantonlie;  
It was the miller's dusty clout,  
For getting of her corn ground,  
For getting of her corn ground,  
Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,  
Hech hey, fae wanton;  
Her father bade her keep it in,  
Hech hey, fae wantonlie;  
It was the chief of a' her kin,  
Because she'd got her corn ground,  
Because she'd got her corn ground,  
Mill and multure free.

## Sir Patrick Spence.



Up and spak an eldern knight,

Sat at the king's richt kne:

Sir Patrick Spence is the best failor, And I feir, I feir, my deir master,

That fails upon the sea.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone

Wi' the auld moone in her arme;

That we wull cum to harme.

The King has writtén a braid letter, O our Scots nobles wer richt laith

And signd it wi' his hand;

To weet their cork-heild shoone;

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,

Bot lang or a' the play were playd,

Was walking on the sand.

They wat thair heads aboone.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,

A loud lauch lauched he:

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit

Wi' thair fans into thair hand,

The next line that Sir Patrick red,

Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence

The teir blinded his ee.

Cum failing to the land.

O quha is this has don this deid,

This ill deid don to me;

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand

Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,

To send me out this time o' the zeir,

Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,

To fail upon the sea?

For they'll se thame na mair.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all, Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,

Our guid schip fails the morne.

It's fiftie fadom deip:

O say na see, my master deir,

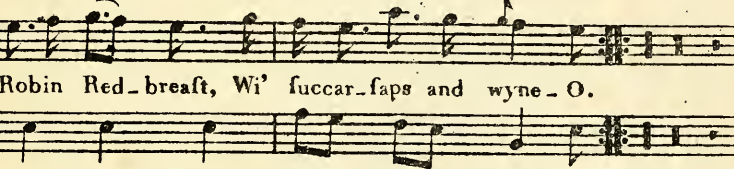
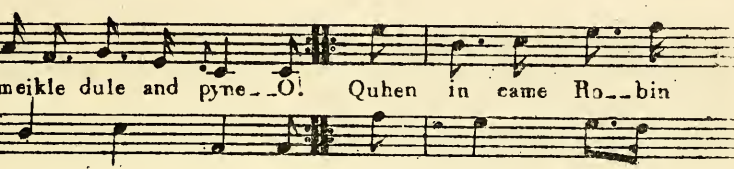
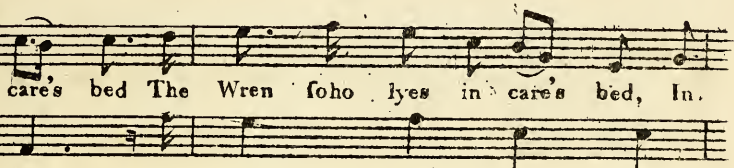
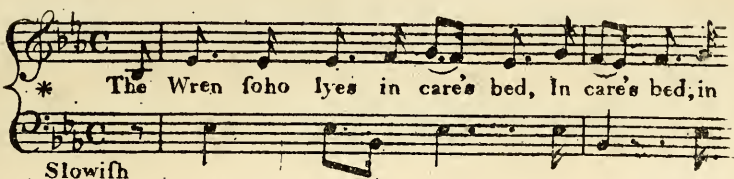
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,

For I feir a deadlie storme.

Wi' the Scots lordes at his feit.

The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre. 497

483

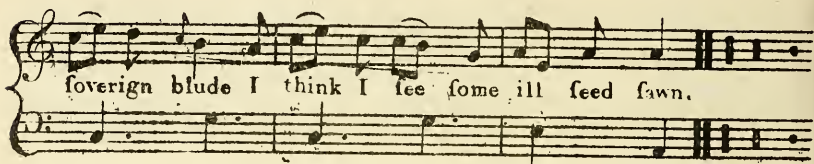
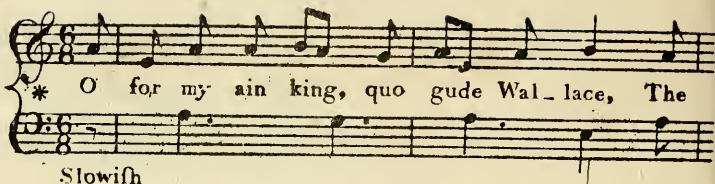


Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,  
 Taste o' this, taste o' this;  
 Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?  
 It's succar-saps and wyne\_O.  
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
 Robin, Robin;  
 Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
 Gin it was ne'er so fine\_O.  
 + + + + + + + + + +

And quhere's the ring that I gied ye,  
 That I gied ye, that I gied ye;  
 And quhere's the ring that I gied ye,  
 Ze little cutty quean\_O.  
 I gied it till a foger,  
 A foger, a foger,  
 I gied it till a foger,  
 A kynd, sweet-heart o' myne\_O.

## Gude Wallace.

484



Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
 And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
 As she was at the well washing.

What tydins, what tydins, fair lady, he says,  
 What tydins hast thou to tell unto me  
 What tydins, what tydins, fair lady, he says,  
 What tydins hae ye in the south Countrie.

Low down in yon wee Ostler house,  
 There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
 And they are seekin for gude Wallace,  
 It's him to take and him to hang.

There's nocht in my purse, quo gude Wallace,  
 There's nocht, not even a bare pennie,  
 But I will down to yon wee Ostler house  
 Thir fyfteen Englishmento see.

## Continued.

And when he cam to yon wee Ostler house,

He had bendicite be there;

+ + + + + + + + + + + +

+ + + + + + + + + + + +

Where was ye born, auld crookit Carl,

Where was ye born in what countrie,

I am a true Scot born and bred,

And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.

I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,

To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,

If ye will get me gude Wallace,

For he is the man I wad very fain see.

He hit the proud Captain a-lang the chaffit blade,

That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;

And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,

And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

Get up, get up, gudewife, he says,

And get to me some dinner in haste;

For it will soon be three lang days

Sin I a bit o' meat did taste.

The dinner was na weel readie,

Nor was it on the table set,

Till other fyfteen Englishmen

Were a' lighted about the yett.

Come out, come out, now gude Wallace

This is the day that thou maun die;

I lippen nae fae little to God, he says.

Altho' I be but ill wordie.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,

By gude Wallace he stiffly stood,

Till ten o' the fyfteen, Englishmen,

Before the door lay in their blude.

The other five to the greenwood ran,

And he hang'd these five upon a grain,

And on the morn wi' his merry men a'

He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

## The auld man's mare's dead.

485

\* The auld man's mare's dead, The poor man's mare's dead, The

Slowly

auld man's mare's dead A mile a-boon Dun-dee. She was

cut-luggit, paich-lip-pit, Steel waimit, Stain-cher-fit-tit,

Chorus

Chan-ler-chafftit, lang-neckit, Yet the brute did die! The

auld man's mare's dead, The poor man's mare's dead, The

auld man's mare's dead A mile a-boon Dundee.

Her lwnzie-banes were knaggs &amp; neuks, But fient a drap gae me.

She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks. The auld man's &amp;c.

The jawpith and the wanton yeuks,

And the howks aboon her ee

The auld man's &amp;c.

The auld man's mare's dead,

The poor man's mare's dead,

The peats and tours and a' to lead

And yet the jad did die.

My Master rade me to the town,

He ty'd me to a stainer round;

He took a chappin till himsel,

## The winter of life.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

486

\* But late-ly seen in gladsome green The woods re-

Very Slow

-joiced the day, Thro' gentle showers the laugh-ing

flowers In dou-ble pride-were gay: But now our

joys are fled - On win-ter blasts A-wa! Yet

maiden May, in rich array, A-gain shall bring them a.

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

## Good morrow fair mistress.

487 \* Good morrow fair mistress the be gin - ner of

Slow

strife, I took ye frae the begging, and made ye my wife.

It was your fair outside, that first took my ee, But

this is the last time my face ye sail - see

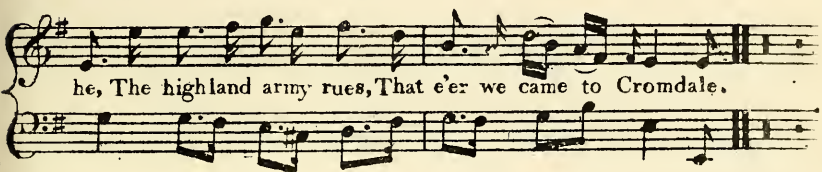
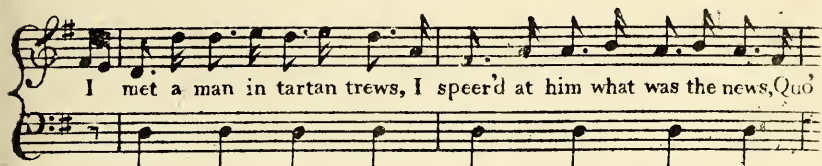
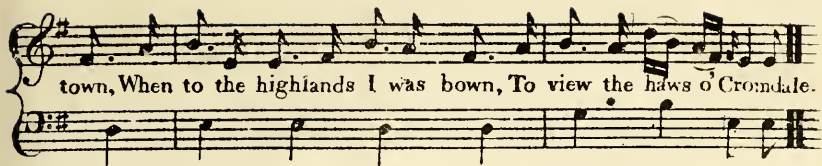
Eye on ye, ill woman, the bringer o' shame,  
 The abuser o' love, the disgrace o' my name;  
 The betrayer o' him that so trusted in thee:  
 But this is the last time my face ye sall see.

To the ground shall be razed these halls and these bowers,  
 Defild by your lusts and your wanton amours:  
 I'll find out a lady of higher degree;  
 And this is the last time my face ye sall see.

## The Haws of Cromdale.

488 \* Ae, I came in by Achindown, A little wee bit frae the

Slowish



We were in bed, sir, every man,  
When the English host upon us came;  
A bloody battle then began,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The English horse they were so rude,  
They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,  
But our brave clans they boldly stood,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer stay,  
For o'er the hills we came away,  
And sore we do lament the day  
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,  
Can you direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,  
You scarcely have two thousand men,  
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,  
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,  
I say, direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,  
When great Montrose upon them came,  
A second battle then began,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'kys,  
Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
O then they fought most vehemently,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M<sup>c</sup> Donalds they return'd again,  
The Camerons did their standard join,  
M<sup>c</sup> Intosh play'd a bonny game,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M<sup>c</sup> Gregors faught like lyons bold,  
M<sup>c</sup> Phersons, none could them controul,  
M<sup>c</sup> Lauchlins faught like loyal souls,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

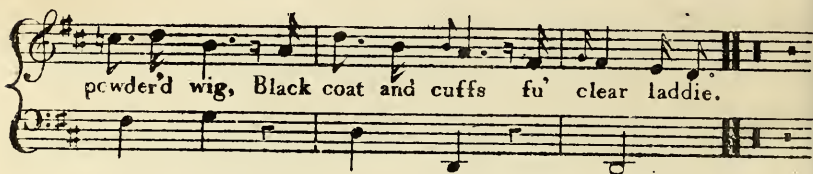
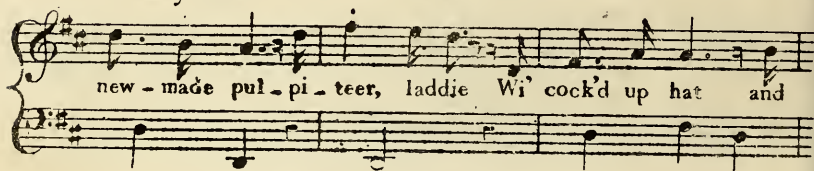
(M<sup>c</sup> Leans, M<sup>c</sup> Dougals, and M<sup>c</sup> Neals,  
So boldly as they took the field,  
And made their enemies to yield,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.)

The Gordons boldly did advance,  
The Fraziers (fought with sword & lance,  
The Grahams they made their heads to-  
Upon the haws of Cromdale. (dance,

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,  
So boldly set upon their foes,  
And brought them down with highland-  
Upon the haws of Cromdale. (blows,  
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,  
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,  
The rest of them lyes on the plain,  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

## No Dominies for me, laddie.

489



A lang cravat at him did wag,  
And buckles at his knee, laddie;  
Says he, My heart, by Cupid's dart,  
Is captivate to thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;  
So cease and let me be, laddie:  
For what? says he; Good troth, said I,  
No dominies for me, laddie.

Minister's stipends are uncertain rents  
For ladies conjunct-fee, laddie;  
When books & gowns are a' cried down,  
No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,  
Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie;  
If I be spar'd I'll be a laird,  
And thou's be Madam call'd, lassie.

But what if ye shou'd chance to die,  
Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie?  
Nathing wad be reserv'd for them  
But hair moul'd books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat,  
He gloom'd & look'd fu' high, laddie:  
When I perceiv'd this in haste  
I left my dominie, laddie.

Fare ye well, my charming maid,  
This lesson learn of me, lassie,

At the next offer hold him fast,  
That first makes love to thee, lassie.

Then I returning hame again,  
And coming down the town, laddie,  
By my good luck I chanc'd to meet  
A gentleman dragoon, laddie;

And he took me by baith the hands,  
'Twas help in time of need, laddie.  
Fools on ceremonies stand,  
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

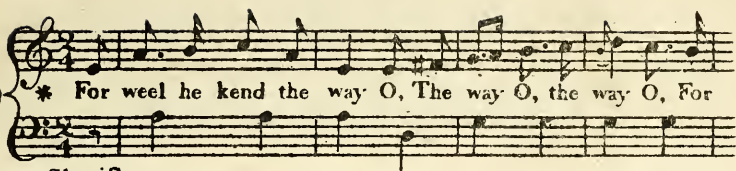
He led me to his quarter-house,  
Where we exchang'd a word, laddie:  
We had nae use for black gowns there,  
We married o'er the sword, laddie.

Martial drums is music fine,  
Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie;  
Gold, red and blue, is more divine  
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

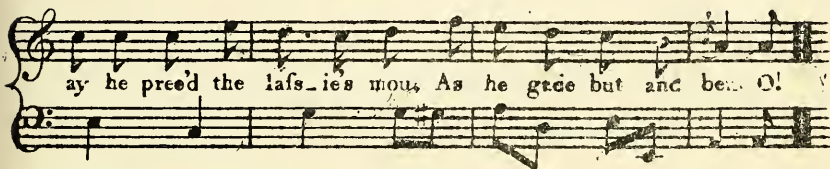
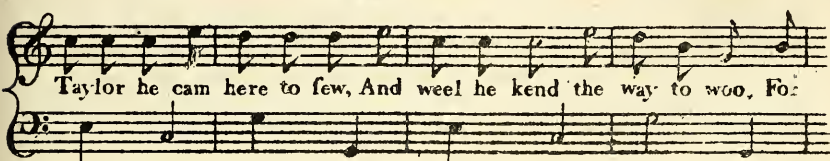
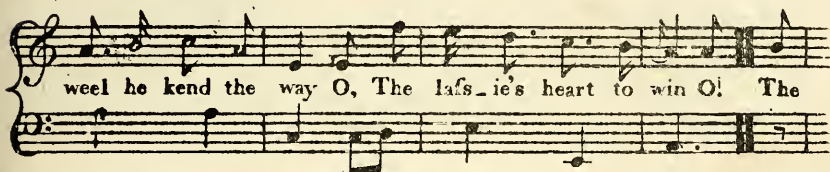
Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid  
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie;  
While dominies are much employ'd,  
'Bout whorés and sackloth gowns, laddie

Away wi' a' these whining loons;  
They look like, Let me be, laddie:  
I've more delight in roaring guns;  
No dominies for me, laddie.

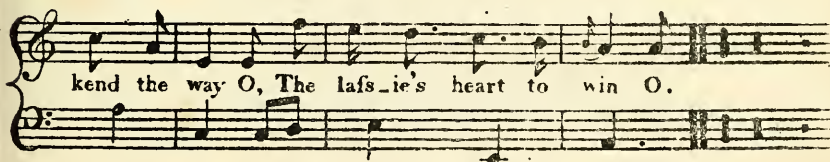
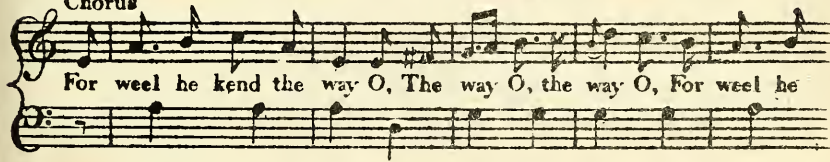
490



*Siowish*



*Chorus*



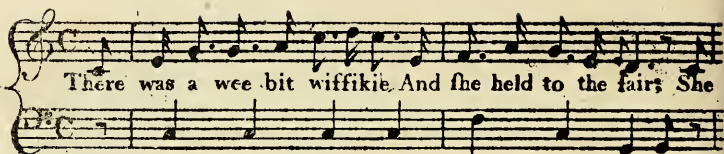
The Taylor rafe and theuk his duds,  
The flaes they flew awa in cluds.  
And them that stav'd gat fearfu' thuds,  
The Taylor prov'd a man O.

Cho.<sup>s</sup> For now it was the gloamin.  
The gloamin, the gloamin,  
For now it was the gloamin,  
When a' to rest are goun O.

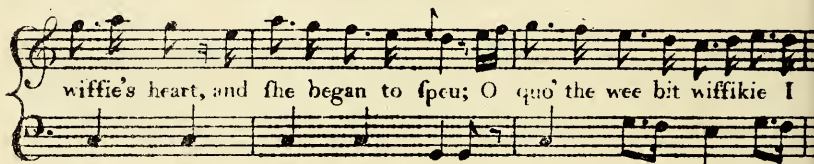
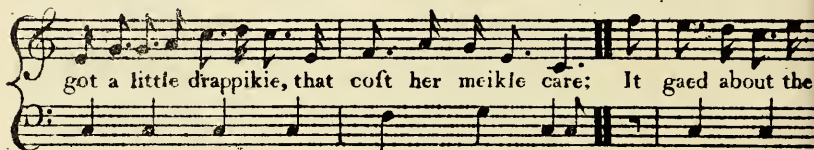
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## There was a wee bit Wiffikie.

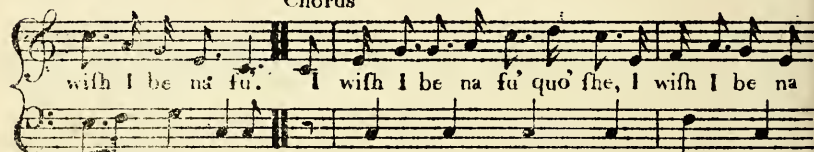
491



Slowish



Chorus



If Johnnie find me Barrel-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;  
 But I'll lye down and tak a Nap before that I gae in —  
 Sitting at the Dyke-side, and taking at her Nap,  
 By came a merchant wi' a little Pack  
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,  
 By came a merchant wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her Gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;  
 He's ta'en her purse & a' her placks, and fast away did gang,  
 And when the wiffie waken'd her head was like a' bee  
 Oh! quoth the wee wiffekie this is nae me,  
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me,  
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my Babee;  
 And still, if this be Befsikie, three placks remain with me  
 But I will look the Purfie nooks, see gin the Cunzie be —  
 There's neither Purse nor Plack about me, — this is nae me  
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me  
 Some-body has been felling me, and this is nae me.

But I have a little housiekie, but and a kindly man;  
 A Dog, they call him Doufsiekie, if this be me he'll faun,  
 And Johnnie, he'll come to the door and kindly welcome gie,  
 And a' the Bairns on the floor will dance if this be me.  
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me  
 Some-body has been felling me and this is nae me.

The night was late and dang out weet, and oh but it was dark,  
 The Doggie heard a bodie's foot, and he began to bark.  
 Oh when she heard the Doggie bark and kenning it was he,  
 Oh well ken ye Doufsie, quoth she, this is nae me,  
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me.  
 Some-body has been felling me and this is nae me.

When Johnnie heard his Befsie's word, fast to the door he ran  
 Is that you Befsikie. Wow na Man —  
 Be kind to the Bairns, and well mat ye be. —  
 And farewell Johnnie, quoth she, this is nae me,  
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me  
 Some-body has been felling me, and this is nae me.

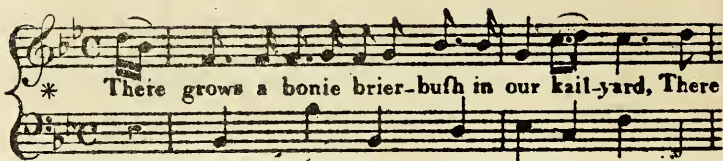
John ran to the Minister, his hair stood a' on end,  
 I've gotten such a fright Sir, I'll ne'er be well again  
 My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most piteously,  
 Oh! Farewell Johnnie quoth she, this is nae me,  
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me  
 Some-body has been felling me, and this is nae me.

The tale you tell, The Parson said, is wonderful to me,  
 How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear, or see!  
 But things that happen hereabout so strangely alter'd be  
 That I could almost with Befsie say that this is nae me,  
 This is nae me quoth she, this is nae me  
 Wow na. Johnnie said, 'tis neither you nor me.

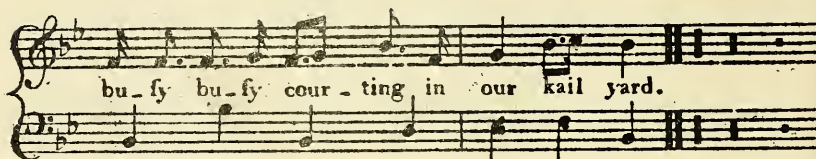
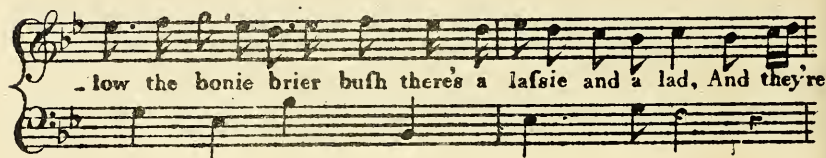
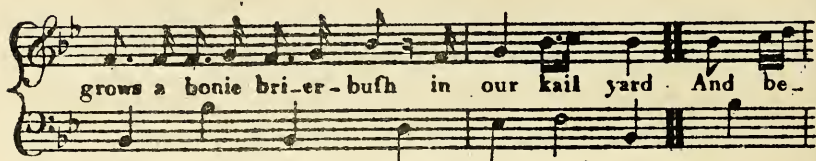
Now Johnnie he came hame again, and oh! but he was fain  
 To see his Little Befsikie come to herself again  
 He got her sitting on a stool with Tibbek on her knee  
 Oh come awa Johnnie, quoth she, come awa to me  
 For I've got a Nap with Tibbekie and this is now me  
 This is now me, quoth she, this is now me. —  
 I've got a Nap with Tibbekie and this is now me.

## There grows a bonie brier bush &amp;c.

492



Slowish



We'll court nae mair below the bufs in our kail yard,  
 We'll court nae mair below the bufs in our kail yard,  
 We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seep;  
 Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.

Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',  
 Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha';  
 Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm fure will ding them a?  
 I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle-ha'.

What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?  
 What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?  
 I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,  
 And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,  
 He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;  
 A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,  
 He's a bonie, bonie laddie and you be he.

# Could aught of Song.

509

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

493

\* Could aught of song de-clare my pains, Could artful

Andante

numbers move thee, The muse should tell, in labor'd strains, O

Mary how I love thee. They who but feign a wound-ed

heart, May teach the lyre to languish; But what avails the

pride of art, When wastes the soul with anguish.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh

The heart-felt pang discover;

And in the keen, yet tender eye,

O read th' imploring lover.

For well I know thy gentle mind

Disdains art's gay disguising;

Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd

The voice of Nature prizing.

O! dear what can the matter be.

494

O! dear what can the matter be O: what can the  
matter be dear! what can the matter be Johnny's fae lang at the  
fair. He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing should please me and  
then, for a kiss O! he vow'd he would teaze me he promis'd he'd  
bring me a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonny brown hair.

O! dear what can the matter be  
Dear! dear! what can the matter be  
O! dear what can the matter be  
Johnny's fae lang at the fair.

He promis'd to buy me a pair of sleeve buttons  
A pair of new garters that cost him but two pence  
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

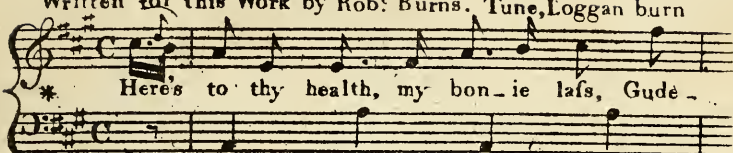
O! dear what can the matter be  
Dear! dear! what can the matter be  
O! dear what can the matter be  
Johnny's fae lang at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies  
A garland of lilies a garland of roses  
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

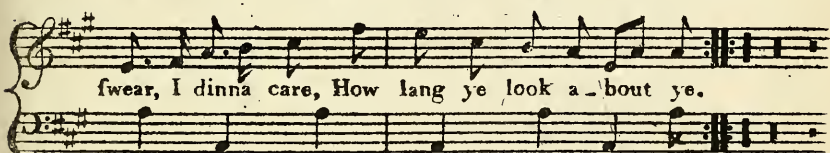
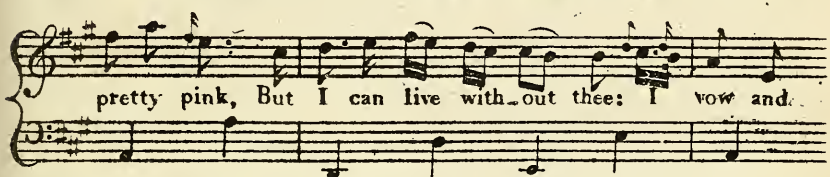
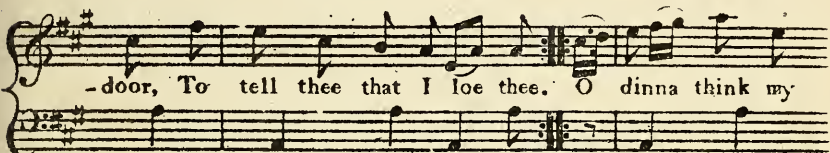
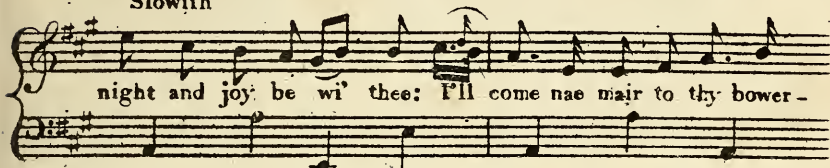
Here's to thy health my bonie lafs.

Written for this Work by Robt Burns. Tune, Loggan burn

495



Slowish



Thou'rt ay fae free informing  
 Thou hast nae mind to marry.  
 I'll be as free informing thee,  
 Nae time hae I to tarry.  
 I ken thy friends try ilka means  
 Frae wedlock to delay thee;  
 Depending on some higher chance,  
 But fortune may betray thee.

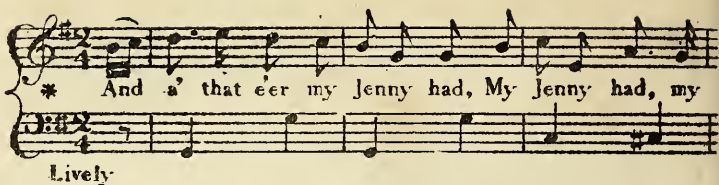
I ken they scorn my low estate,  
 But that does never grieve me:  
 For I'm as free as any he,  
 Sma' filler will relieve me.

(th,  
 i'll count my health my greatest weal-  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:  
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
 As lang's I get employment.

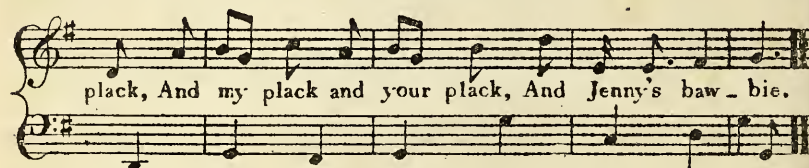
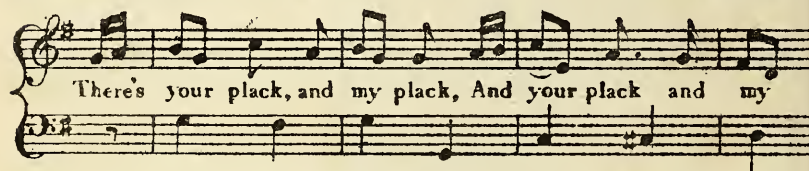
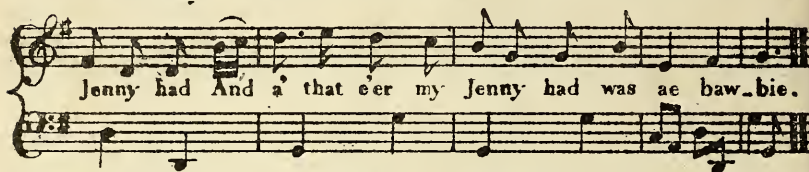
But far off fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And ay until ye try them:  
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,  
 They may prove as bad as I am.  
 But at twel at night, when the moon shines  
 My dear, I'll come & see thee; (bright,  
 For the man that loves his mistress weel,  
 Nae travel makes him weary. B

## Jennys Bawbie.

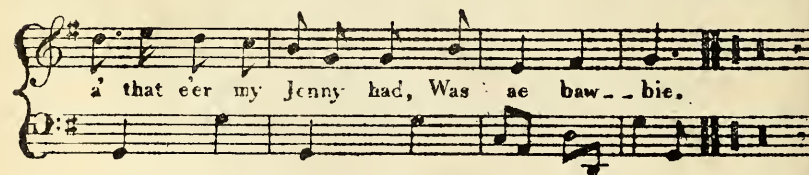
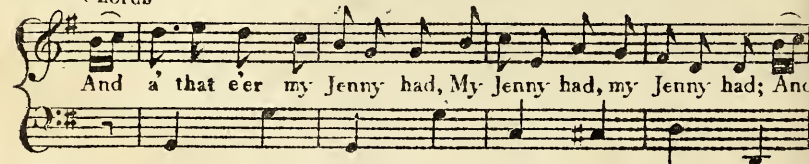
496



Lively



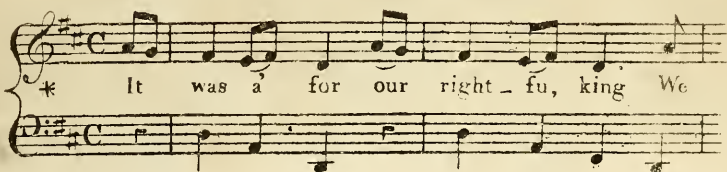
Chorus



We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup,  
 The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,  
 We'll put it in the pint-stoup,  
 And birl'e't a' three.

And a' that eer, &c.

497



left fair Scot - land's fstrand; It was a' for our

right - fu' king, We e'er saw I - rish land my dear, We

e'er saw I - rish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done, in vain:  
My Love and Native Land fareweel,  
For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
For I maun, &c.

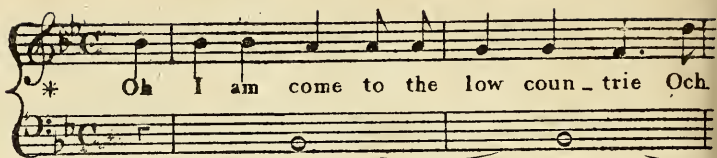
The foger frae the wars returns,  
The sailer frae the main,  
But I hae parted frae my Love,  
Never to meet again, my dear,  
Never to meet, &c.

He turn'd him right and round about,  
Upon the Irish shore,  
And gae his bridle reins a shake,  
With, adieu for evermore, my dear,  
With, adieu, &c.

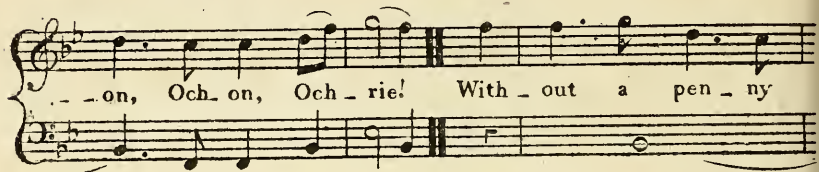
When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep;  
I think on him that's far awa,  
The lee-lang night & weeping dear  
The lee-lang, &c.

## The Highland widow's lament.

498



Very Slow



It was nae fae in the Highland hills,  
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!

Nae woman in the Country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, &c.

Feeding on yon hill fae high,  
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes, Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
Ochon, &c.

Skippling on yon bonie knowes,  
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan,  
Sair, fair, may I repine;  
For Donald was the brawest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,  
Sae far to set us free;  
My Donald's arm was wanted then  
For Scotland and for me.

Right to the wrang did yield;  
My Donald and his Country fell,  
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, O. Donald, Oh!

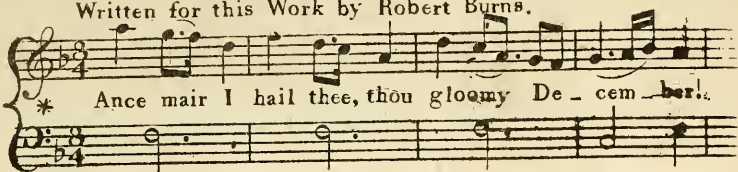
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!

Nae woman in the warld wide,  
Sae wretched now as me.

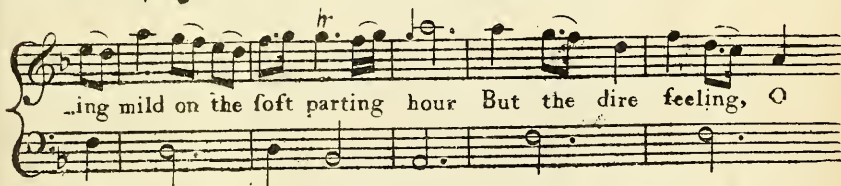
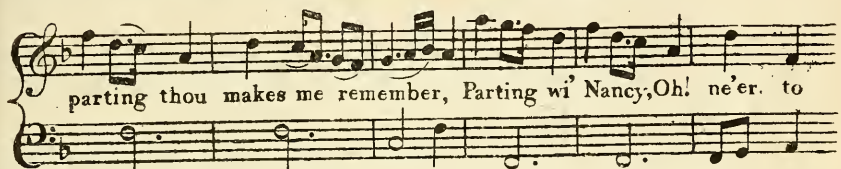
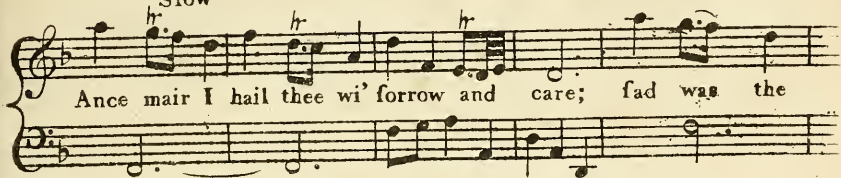
## Gloomy December.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

499



Slow



Wind as the winter now tearing the forest,  
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,  
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone:  
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
 Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns. *H. M. Williams*

500

\* Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, The fun from  
 India's shore retires; To E\_van\_banks, with temp'rate ray, Home  
 of my youth, he leads the day. Oh! banks to me for  
 e\_ver dear! Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear! All, all my  
 hopes of bliss re\_side Where E\_van mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
 Whose image lives within my breast;  
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And long pursued me with her eye;  
 Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?  
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

What secret charm to memory brings,  
 All that on Evan's border springs,  
 Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:  
 Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!  
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
 Which sweetly winds so far below;

Can all the wealth of India's coast  
 Alone for years in absence lost?  
 Return, ye moments of delight,  
 With richer treasures bless my sight!  
 Swift from this desert let me part,  
 And fly to meet a kindred heart!  
 Nor more may aught my steps divide  
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde