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S E L E C T I O N

of

Criminal Scots Songs

in

Three Parts
The Harmony by

H A Y D N

Dedicated by Permission

to

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Devon

Vol. II.

^{L S D}
Pr 1.6.0.

London

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Cecilia's Dream.

Vola.

Slow.

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

source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed her sil-ver light on

tow'r and tree: When Mary laid her down to fleep, Her thoughts on Sandy

far, at Sea; When soft and low a voice was heard, O Mary weep no more for me.

Tender

M A R Y ' s D R E A M .

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

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

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

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

JOHN ANDERSON, MR JO.

JOHN Anderfon, my jo, John,
 When we were firft acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent :
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the fnaw ;
 But bleffings on your frofty pow,
 John Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderfon, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We 've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And fleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderson.

3

Violin

Slow

John An-der-son my Jo John when we were first ac -

6 6 6 5 6 3 8

- - quaint; Your locks were like the Ra - - ven, your bonny brow was

8 8 6 5 6 6

brent; but now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the

10 1 6 6 6 6 6 5

fnaw; but blefsings on your frofty pow John Anderson my Jo.

6 5 6 # 7 6 6 5 8 4 #

I Love my Love in Secreto

Violin

Slow

My Sandy gied to me a ring, was a befest wi' diamonds fine, But

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I gied him a better thing, I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. My

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Sandy O, my Sandy O, my bonny, bonny Sandy O! Tho' the love that I owe to

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thee I dare na fhow, Yet I love my love in fecret my Sandy O!

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3

6

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

MY Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' befet wi' diamonds fine,
But I gied him a better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

My Sandy O, my Sandy O !
My bonny, bonny Sandy O !
Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na fhow,
Yet I love my love in fecret, my Sandy O !

My Sandy brak a piece of gow'd,
While down his cheeks the faut tears row'd,
He took a hauf and gied it me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.

My Sandy O ! &c. &c.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

O Willie was a wanton wag,
 The blytheft lad that e'er I faw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa':
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow ! but Willie he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hung a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses ane and a'.

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

Willie was a Wanton Wag. ⁵

Violin

Lively

O Willie was a wanton wag, the blytheft lad that e'er I saw, At

6 5 6 6 6

bridals still he bore the brag, and carried ay the gree a_wa. His

6

doublet was of Yetland fhag, And vow! but Willie he was braw, And

6 6 6 5

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6
5

at his shoulder hung a tag, That pleaf'd the lasses ane and a'.

6 6 3

6

6
5

Saw ye my Father?

Violin

Slow

O Saw ye my Fa-ther, or faw ye my
 Mi-ther, or faw ye my true love John? I
 faw not your Father, I faw not your Mither, but
 I faw your true love John.

6 6 5 8
 7 6 9 8 7 6 #
 4 3
 6 5 7 5
 6 5 9 8 6 5
 4 3 4 3

O! SAW YE MY FATHER.

O! SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
 Or saw ye my true love John?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mither,
 But I saw your true love John.

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

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

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin:
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd, and let me in.

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

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

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

T O D L E N H A M E.

WHEN I have a fax-pence under my thum,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town;
 But ay, when I'm poor, they bid me gae by;
 O! poverty parts good company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

O! could na my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the gude wife, and fend her gude fale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her brown ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a gude scour o't and ca' it awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

As round as a neep I come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlen but, and todlen ben,

Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay fae gude-humour'd when wetting your
 mou' ;

When sober fae four, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Todlen hame

7

Violin

Moderately
Slow

When I have a fix-pence un-der my thum, then

I'll get credit in il-ka town, But ay when I'm poor they

bid me gae by; O! pover-ty parts good com-pa-ny,

todlen hame tod-len hame O! cou'd na my love come todlen hame.

5 3 6 4 5 6 5 6 4 5 3 4 5 6 5 6 4 5 5 6 5 4 3 6 4 6 5 5 6 5 5 6 4 3 9 8 7 5 6 5 6 6 9 8 7 5 6 3 3 3 3

Fy gar rub her o'er we Strae.

Violin

Slow

And gin ye meet a bon-ny Lafsie, Gie'er a kifs, and let her

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5 5 8 6 #
6 4

gae, But gin ye meet a dirty hui'sy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi ftrae. Be

6 5 3 6 6 6 2 6 5 5 6 8 6 #
- 3 6 6 5 2 6 5 5 6 6 4 5

fure ye din-na quit the grip, of il-ka joy, when ye are young, Be-

5 4 6 6 5 6
8 2 4 3 4

-fore auld age your vi-tals nip, and lay ye twa fauld o'er a rung.

5 4
8 2

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

AND gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gie 'er a kifs, and let her gae,
 But gin ye meet a dirty huffy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' frae.
 Be fure ye dinna quit the grip,
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartfome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THERE's naught but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passës ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere not for the lassës.

Green grow the rashës, O!
 Green grow the rashës, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lassës, O!

The warldly they may riches chafe,
 An' riches still may fly them,
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
 Green grow the rashës, &c. &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie;
 And warldly cares and warldly men,
 May a' gae tapfalteerie.

Green grow the rashës, &c.

For you fae doufe! ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses,
 The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lassës.

Green grow the rashës, &c.

Auld nature fwears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classës,
 Her 'prentice hand she try'd on man,
 And syne she made the lassës.

Green grow the rashës, &c.

Green grow ie Rashes. 9

Violin

Lively

There's nought but care on ev'ry han' In ev'ry hour that

passes, what signifies the life o' man, an 'twere not for the Lasses.

Chorus

'Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the rashes, O! the

sweetest hours that e'er I spend, are spent among the Lasses, O . .

O'erwae fu' heart.

No in

Stu

Gen livingworth cou'd win my heart you wou'd na speak in

vain, but in the darksome grave its laid never to rise a-gain,

My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his whose heart was on-ly mine, And

ah! what a heart was that to lose but I maun no re-pine.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

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

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

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

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 His mind is ever true, Jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, Jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wet and weary ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie.
 Up wi't a', &c.

I will wafh my ploughman's hose, wi' I
 And I will drefs his o'erlay :
 I will mak my ploughman's bed, wi' I
 And chear him late and early.
 Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston :
 The bonniest fight that e'er I saw,
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin.
 Up wi't a', &c.

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

The Ploughman.

11

Violin

Lively

The Ploughman he's a bonny lad, His mind is ever

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

Chorus

Then up wi't a' my Ploughman lad, and hey my merry Ploughman of

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

Barbara Allen.

Violin

Slow

It was in and a - - bout the Mar - tin - mas,

6 b 6 6 8 7 8 5 6 6

time When the green - - - leaves were a falling. That

5 6 6 6 6 b 6 6

Sir John Graham in the west Country Fell in

9 6 3 3 6 9 8 6 6 6

love with Bar - - ba - ra Al - - len.

9 8 # 6

Fine

B A R B A R A A L L E N.

IT was in and about the Martimas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Graham, in the west country,
 Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

He fent his man down ^o through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling:
 O! haste and cum to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allen.

O! hooly, hooly, rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think you're dying.

O! I am fick, and very fick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allen:
 O! the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O! dinna ye mind young man, said she,
 When ye the cups was fillin,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And flighted Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was wi' him dealing:
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allen.

And flowly, flowly, raise she up,
 And flowly, flowly, left him;
 And fighing said, she cou'd not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell knelling,
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allen.

O! mither, mither, mak my bed,
 O! mak it fast and narrow,
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

HAD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

O ! had awa, had awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'er big for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistrefs you may find,
 Will change as aft as thee, Donald ;
 To ilka fwain she will prove kind,
 And nae lefs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething fuch,
 Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald,
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair with art pretend,
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald,
 For words of falshood ill defend,
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald :
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald,
 But, now the mask is fallen, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like thy ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve mysell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald :
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er love man, nor thee, Donald.

I ad a wa frae me Donald.¹³

Violin

Slow

O had a - wa, had a - wa, had awa frae me Donald, your

5 5 6 6

heart is made o'er big for aye, It is not meet for me Donald, Some

6 + 5 3

fickle mistress you may find, will change as fast as thee Donald; To

6 6 6 4 5 3

il - ka Swain she will prove kind, and nae less kind to thee Donald.

6 6

Will ye go to Flanders.

Violin

Slow

Will ye go to Flanders my Mal - ly O? And

see the chief com - manders my Mal - ly O? You'll

see the bullets fly, and the Soldiers how they die, And the

Ladies loudly cry, my Mal - ly O!

WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS.

WILL ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
And see the chief commanders, my Mally, O?
You'll see the bullets fly, and the foldiers how they die,
And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally, O!

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O! this is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't,
 Since with my love I've changed vows
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds me into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

This is no mine ain House.

15

*Violin**Lively*

O this is no mine ain houfe, I ken by the rigging o't, Since

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5

7 6

wi' my love I've chang'd vows, I dinna like the bigging o't, For

now that I'm young Robbies bride, and miftrefs of his fire fide, Mine

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6

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b

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b

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6

ain houfe I like to guide, and please me wi' the trigging o't.

7 b

7

5

3

7

Braw Lads of Galla Water

Violin

Slow

Braw braw Lads of Gal - la wa - ter

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O braw Lads of Gal - la wa - ter I'll

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6 . 6 6 3

6 - 6
3 4

gae my lane be - yond the hill, And

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look for him my heart figs af - ter.

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7

4 7

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4

3

6
45
3

G A L L A W A T E R.

O I braw lads of Galla Water,
O I braw lads of Galla Water,
I'll gae my lane beyond the hill,
And look for him my heart fighs after.
But when returning crown'd with laurels,
Frae the fields of death and slaughter,
Ye shall meet with me, my love,
And bring me hame o'er Galla Water.

O'ER BOGIE.

I WILL a awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her :
 Tho' a' my kin had fworn and faid,
 I will awa' wi' her.

I'll o'er Bogie, o'er Bogie,
 O'er Bogie wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had fworn and faid,
 I will awa' wi' her.

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

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace ;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, traits, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

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

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

A kifs of Betty, and a smile,
 Albeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.

I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

O'er Bogie.

17



Lively

I will a-wa wi my love, I will a-wa wi' her; Tho'

5 5 6
3 2

a' my kin had fworn and faid, I will a--wa wi her. I'll

5 6 4 6 6 5 5 5 5

o'er Bogie o'er Bogie o'er Bogie wi' her, Tho'

5 6 5 6 5 2 6

a' my kin had fworn and faid, I will a--wa wi' her.

5 6 4 6 5 5 5 5

I had a Horse.

Violin

Moderately
Slow.

I had a horse and I had nae mair, I got him frae my daddy, My
purfe was light, and my heart was fair, but my wit it was fu' ready, And
fae I thought me on a time out wittens o' my dad-dy, To
fee my felf to a lowland Laird wha had a bon - ny Lady.

10 10 5 - 6 6 5 - 6 8 10 10 5 6 #

6 6 5 - 6 5 8 - 5 6 #

6 # 6

6 5 6 5 8 5 6 #

I H A D A H O R S E.

I HAD a horfe and I had nae mair,
 I got him frae my daddy,
 My purfe was light, and my heart was fair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready ;
 And fae I thought me on a time
 Outwittens o' my daddy,
 To fee myself to a lawland laird,
 Who had a bonny lady.

M Y B O Y T A M M Y.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>W H A R hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and mountain grey, Courting o' this young thing Just come frae her mammy.</p> <p>And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ? I gat her down in yonder how, Smiling on a broomy know, Herding ae wee lamb and ewe For her poor mammy.</p> <p>What faid ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ? I prais'd her een so lovely blue, Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou, I pree'd it aft as ye may true, She faid, " she'd tell her mammy."</p> | <p>I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling lammy ! I hae a house—it cost me dear, I've walth o' plenishan and geer, Ye'fe get it a' was't ten times mair, Gin ye will leave your mammy.</p> <p>The smile gaed aff her bonny face, " I maun nae leave my mammy, " She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife, " She's been my comfort a' my days, " My father's death brought mony waes, " I canna leave my mammy.</p> <p>" We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, " My ain kind-hearted lammy ; " We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claife, " We'll be her comfort a' her days." The wee thing gies her hand, and says, " There, gang and ask my mammy !"</p> |
|---|---|

Has she been to the kirk with thee, my boy
 Tammy ?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee;
 But, oh ! she's but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

My Boy Tammy.

19

Violin

Slow

Whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tam - my,

4 3 8 6 = 7 5 3

whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tammy? I've

been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and Mountain gray,

Courting o' this young thing juft come frae her Mammv.

By the stream so cool & clear.

Violin

Slow

By the stream so cool and clear, And thro' the caves where

breezes languish, Soothing still my ten - der anguish

Hoping still to find my lo - ver, I have wan - der'd

far and near, O where shall I the youth dis - co - ver.

BY THE STREAM SO COOL AND CLEAR.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>BY the stream so cool and clear, And thro' the caves where breezes languish, Soothing still my tender anguish, Hoping still to find my lover, I have wander'd far and near, Oh! where shall I the youth discover!</p> | <p>Sleeps he in your breezy shade, Ye rocks with moss and Ivy waving, On some bank where wild waves laving, Murmur thro' the twisted willow? On that bank, O! were I laid, How soft should be my lover's pillow.</p> |
|--|---|

FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

AND fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lirting there ;
 For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
 The las wi' the gowden hair :
 And there will be lang kail and castocks,
 And bannocks o' barley meal,
 And there will be gude sawt herrings,
 To relish a cogue of gude ale.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawndy the futor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mow,
 And there will be Tam the bluter,
 Wi' Andrew the tinker, I trow ;
 And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
 With thumblefs Katie's gude man,
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 Wi' his glakit wife, Jenny Bell ;
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Mackapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel' ;
 There lads and lasses in pearlings,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On fybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be laper'd milk kebbucks
 And fowens, and farles, and baps,
 Wi' fwats and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps ;
 And there will be buckies and partans,
 Wi' skink, to sup till ye rive ;
 And roasts to roast on a brander
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
 Fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dilse, and tangles,
 And a mill of gude snishin to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then, fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lirting there :
 For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
 The las wi' the gowden hair.

Try let us a to the Bridal. ²¹

Violin

Lively

And fy let us a to the Bridal for there'll be liltin' there, For

Jock's to be married to Jenny, The Lads wi' the gowden hair. And

there will be langkail and castocks, and bonnocks of barley meal, And

there will be good fawt herrings, To relish a cog of good ale.

The Shepherd Adonis.

Violin

Slow

The Shepherd A--do--nis being weary'd with

port, He for a re-tirement, to the woods did re-

5 6 6 10 9 8 7 6 5 4

- fort; He threw by his crook, and he laid him-self

5 3 10 10 6 4 5 3

down; He en-vy'd no Monarch nor wish'd for a crown.

6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 6 5 10 9 8 7 6 5 4

THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

THE shepherd Adonis
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He, for a retirement,
 To the wood did resort ;
 He threw by his crook,
 And he laid himself down,
 He envy'd no monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

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

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

He wander'd that way,
 And found who was there ;
 He was quite confounded
 To see her fae fair ;
 He stood like a statue,
 Not a foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him—
 But he fear'd it was love.

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

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

THE WHITE COCKADE.

MY love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen,
 But now he makes our hearts fu' fad,
 He takes the field wi' his white cockade.

O! he's a rantin roving lad,
 He is a brisk and a bonny lad,
 Betide what may I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll fell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow :
 To buy myfell a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

Oh ! he's a rantin, roving lad,
 He is a brisk and a bonny lad,
 Betide what may I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

The White Cockade.

23

Violin

Lively

My Love was born in A - berdeen, The boniest Lad that e'er was seen, But

now he makes our hearts fu' fad, He takes the Field wi' his white Cockade. Oh

he's a Ranting roving Lad, he is a brisk & a bonny Lad, Be -

- tide what may I will be wed, And fol - low the Boy wi' the white Cockade.

The Lads of Livingston.

Violin

Slow

Pain'd with her flighting Jamies love, Bell dropt a Tear Bell dropt a Tear, The

5 5 6 7 5 6 6 6 4 3 = 7 5 5 3 f 5

God's defend - ed from above, Well pleas'd to hear, Well pleas'd to hear, They

6 5 6 10 6 4 6 p b10 10 10 8 3

heard the praises of the Youth From her own Tongue, from her own Tongue, Who

5 3 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 4 5 3 — p 7 5 5 3

now con-vert-ed was to Truth, And thus she sung, And thus she sung.

f 6 5 6 10 10 p

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>PAIN'D with her flighting Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear, The Gods descended from above, Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear: They heard the praises of the youth, From her own tongue—from her own tongue : Who now converted was to truth, And thus she sung—and thus she sung :</p> | <p>Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain ! Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame ; When he my yielding heart did gain, To own my flame—to own my flame ? Why took I pleasure to torment And seem too coy—and seem too coy ? Which makes me now, alas ! lament My flighted joy—my flighted joy.</p> |
| <p>Bless'd days ! when our ingenicus fex More frank and kind—more frank and kind ; Did not their loved adorers vex, But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind. Repenting now, she promis'd fair, Wou'd he return—wou'd he return, She ne'er again would give him care, Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.</p> | <p>Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring, Own your desire—own your desire ; While love's young power wi' his soft wing Fans up the fire—fans up the fire ; O ! do not with 'a silly pride, Or low design—or low design, Refuse to be a happy bride, But answer kind—but answer kind.</p> |

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time
 With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise ;
 Some God had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms and cry'd, my love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd !

JOHN OF BADENYON.

By the Rev. Mr. SKINNER.

WHEN first I came to be a man of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd, in country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went, and when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and chear'd myself with *John of Badenyon*.

Now, in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air, and e'en improves the mind;
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd my eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do;
But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to *John of Badenyon*.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd with foolish hopes and vain,
To Friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever might betide, a happy man was I;
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with *John of Badenyon*.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile, still hoping to succeed:
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where, and studied night and day;
Nor mis'd what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page, I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I try'd, and yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to *John of Badenyon*.

And now, ye youngsters, every where, who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here, is but an empty name,
For friendship, love, and learning deep, you'll find them all the same;
Then be advis'd, and warning take, from such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
You'll find displeasure every where, then do as I have done;
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with *John of Badenyon*.

John of Badenyon

25

Lively

Vio^{la}

When first I came to be a Man, Of twenty Years or so, I thought myself a handsome Youth &

fain the World would know, In best attire I stept abroad, With Spirits brisk and gay, And

here & there, & ev'rywhere was like a Morn in May. No care I had nor fear of want, But

rambled up an down, And for a Beau I might have pass'd, in Country or in Town, I

still was pleas'd where'er I went & when I was a-lone, I tun'd my Pipe & pleas'd myself wth John of Badenyon.

10 10

4

The boniest Lafs in a' the World.

Violin

Slow

Look where my dear Ha-milla fmls Hamilla heavenly

charmer! See how with all their arts and wiles, the loves and graces arm her!

A blufh dwells glowing on her cheeks fair feat of youthfull pleafure! There

love in fmiling language fpeaks, there fpreads the ro-fy treafures.

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WORLD

LOOK where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla ! heavenly charmer ;
See how, with all their arts and wiles,
The loves and graces arm her.

A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures !
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

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

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

DUNCAN DAVISON.

THERE was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she gae'd o'er the moor to spin ;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison ;
 The moor was drieigh, and Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan cou'd na win ;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly scoor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she fet the wheel between ;
 But Duncan sware a haly aith
 That Meg shou'd be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

O ! we will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
 When ye fet by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink, and no be drunk,
 A man may fight, and no be flain ;
 A man may kifs a bonny lafs,
 And ay be welcome back again.

Duncan Davison.

27

Violin

Lively

There was a la's, they ca'd her Meg, And she gaid o'er the

muir to spin; There was a lad that follow'd her, They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The Muir was drigh, and Meg was skiegh, Her favour Duncan cou'd na win: For

wi' the rock she wad him knock, And ay she fhook the temper pin.

Leader Haughs & Yarrow.

Violin

Slow

The morn was fair, fast was the air, All nature's sweets were

springing, The buds did bow with silver dew, Ten thousand birds were

finging; When on the bent, with blyth content, Young Jamie sang his

marrow, Nae bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs, on leader haughs and yarrow.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing :
 The buds did blow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing ;
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grafs,
 On leader haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace,
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mien,
 That nae perfection wanted !
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blest my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O ! bonny lass, have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And day and night affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, wi' joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye ;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On leader haughs and Yarrow.

O ! sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my Sun ! and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

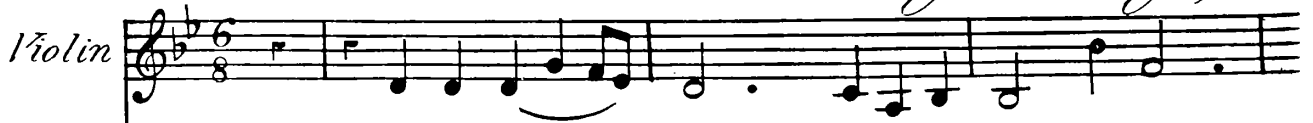
CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving fairly ;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm fure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's nae for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When a' the hills are clad wi' snaw,
 I'm fure it is winter fairly.

The birds fit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely ;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm fure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's, &c.

Up in the Morning early. ²⁹



Lively

Could blows the wind frae east to west, The drift is driving

6 6 4 6 5 6 6 5 6

fair - - ly; Sae loud and thrills I hear the blast. I'm fure its winter

6 6 6 b5 6 5 9 8 #

fair - - - ly. Up in the morning's nae for me, up in the morning

7 6 - # 6 - - 6 5 - - 6 8 9 8 7 5

ear - - ly, When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, I'm fure it is winter fairly.

5 3 - 6 b6 5 6 6 6 5 5 7 6 5 8 6 5 4 # 3 4

Fife & a' the lands about it.

Violin

Slow

Al-lan by his grief excited, Long the victim of despair;

5 6 6 6 5 6 6 8 7 5 6 5 3

This deplord his passion flighted, Thus address'd the scornful fair:

6 6 5 6 5 3 5 3 3 8

Fife and all the lands about it, Un-de-fir-ing I can see;

6 4 5 3 6 6

Joy may crown my days without it, Not my charmer without thee.

FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

ALLAN by his grief excited,
 Long the victim of despair,
 Thus deplor'd his passion slighted,
 Thus address'd the scornful fair :
 Fife and a' the lands about it,
 Undefiring I can see ;
 Joy may crown my days without it,
 Not, my charmer, without thee.

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

Would thy charms improve their power,
 Timely think, relentless maid !
 Beauty is a short-liv'd flower,
 Destin'd but to bloom and fade !
 Let that Heaven, whose kind impression
 All thy lovely features shew,
 Melt thy soul to soft compassion,
 For a suff'ring lover's woe.

See my colour quickly fading,
 To a sad portentous pale :
 See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,
 O'er my vital frame prevail.
 Vain, alas ! expostulation,
 'Tis not thine her love to gain ;
 But with silent resignation,
 Bid adieu to life and pain.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, fir,
 And running wi' a man awa,
 I'm fley'd it make me irie, fir.
 I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a fin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

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

I'm o'er young to marry yet. ³¹

Violin

Slow

I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir, And

running wi' a' Man a-wa I'm fley'd it make me i-rie Sir. I'm

o'er young I'm o'er young I'm o'er young to marry yet; I'm

o'er young'twad be a fin To tak me frae my mammy yet.

My ain kind Dearie.

Violin

Slow

Will ye gang o'er the leerigg, my ain kind dearie O! And

6 5
4 3

cuddle there fae kind- - ly wi' me, My ain kind dearie O! At

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thornie dike and birken tree, We'll daff and ne'er be weary O, They'll

7

#

5

6

fcug ill een frae you and me, My ain kind dearie O.

MY AIN KIND DEARY, O!

WILL ye gang o'er the lee-rigg,
 My ain kind deary, O!
 And cuddle there fae kindly
 Wi' me, my kind deary, O!

At thornie dike and birken tree,
 We'll daff, and ne'er be weary, O!
 They'll fcug ill een frae you and me,
 My ain kind deary, O!

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

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my Jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

D A I N T Y D A V Y.

BY drinking drive dull care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary
 In your tempers, but be gay ;
 Let mirth know no cessation :
 We all were born, mankind agree,
 From dull reflection to be free,
 But he that drinks not, cannot be :
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
 Then all our whining,
 Wishing, striving,
 To embrace what beauty yields,
 Is left when in possession ;
 But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its worth,
 We always wish'd for't from our birth,
 And shall for ever wish on.

Dainty Davie.

33

Violin

Lively

By drinking drive dull care away, Be brisk and ai-ry never

va-ry In your temper but be gay, Let mirth know no cef-fation: We

all were born, mankind agree, From dull reflection to be free; But

he that drinks not cannot be: Then anfwer your cre-a-tion.

Portland Hills.

Slow

When the bright God of day drove westward his ray, And the ev'ning was

charming and clear, The Swallows a-main nimbly skim o'er the Plain, And our

shadows like Giants appear, In a Jefsamine bow'r when the bean was in flow'r, And

Zephyrs breath'd odours breath'd odours around, Lov'd Celia was fat, with her

fong and her lute, And the charm'd all the Grove all the Grove with the found.

P E N T L A N D H I L L S.

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>W H E N the bright god of day drove westward his ray, And the ev'ning was charming and clear, The swallows amain nimbly skim o'er the plain, And our shadows like giants appear.</p> <p>In a jeffamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r, And zephyrs breath'd odours around : Lov'd Celia was fet, with her song and her lut, And she charm'd all the grove with the sound.</p> | <p>Rosy bowers, she sung, while the harmony rung, And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive ; Th' industrious bees, from the flowers and trees, Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.</p> <p>The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove, By zephyrs conducted along : As she touch'd on the strings he beat time with his wings, And Echo repeated the song.</p> |
|---|--|

.. D U N C A N G R A Y .

The words by P. P.

CYNTHIA, be as kind as fair :

Bid me not with tears depart,

'Twas thy graces laid the snare,

T'was thy beauty caught my heart.

Let the world thy justice found,

'Tis but common justice, sure !

As thine eyes have dealt the wound,

Those sweet lips should give the cure.

Duncan's Gray.

35

Violin

Slow

Cynthia be as kind as fair: Bid me not with tears depart

6 6 6 5 6 6 6

'Twas thy graces laid the snare, 'Twas thy beauty caught my heart:

5 6 6 7 5 4 3 6 7

Let the world thy justice fount, 'Tis but common justice fure!

7 5

6

6

6

As thine eyes have giv'n the wound, Those sweet lips shoud give the cure.

5

6

6

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6

5

Maggy Lauder.

Violin

Slow

Wha wad na be in love wi bonny Maggy Lauder, A pi-per met her gaum to fife, and

fpeir'd what was't they ca'd her; right scornful ly she answer'd him, be-gone, ye hal-lan-sha-ker, Jog

on your gate your bladderskate, my name is Maggy Lauder. Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags, I'm

fidgeing fain to see thee; sit down by me, my bonny bird, in trowth I win-na steer thee, for I'm a piper

to my trade, my name is Rob the ranter, the laf-ses loup as they were daft, when I blaw up my chanter.

6 5 6 4 3 6

5 6 4 5

5 6 4 3

6 4 3 5 6 6 5 6 6

6 4 3 5 6 6 5 6 6

6 5

MAGGY LAUDER.

W^HA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speer'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, ye hallanfhaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladderfkate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee:
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In trouth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Mag, hae you your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
 Live you upo' the border?
 The lasses a' baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter:
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll bla' up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it:
 Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
 Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I get sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth she,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays fae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enfter fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

HOW CAN I BE SAD ON MY WEDDING DAY.

HOW shall I be fad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than any of thae,
Sour weak filly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools ?
The man who is prudent ne'er light lies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

How can I be sad on my Wedding Day. 37

Violin

Lively

How shall I be sad when a husband I have that has better sense than a many of thee, four

6 5 5 6 6 4 4 6 5 7

weak silly fellows, that study like fools, to sink their ain joy, and make their wives fools: the

man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife, Or with dull reproaches encourages strife, he

praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse, her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Nanny O.

Violin

Slow

While absent from these faithful arms, O'er distant hills my Henry hies Fears

6 6 6 5 6 10 10 5 6 3

fondly fram'd my heart alarms, And tears of passion bathe my eyes: A -

6 5 3

- long this secret Grove I stray, For oft at eve I've met him here; And

6 4

5 6 6 5

to il-lu-sive thought a prey, I turn and fancy he is near.

N A N N Y O !

The words by W. PEARCE, Esq.

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| W | HILE, absent from these faithful arms, | Beneath these oaks how wou'd he kneel, |
| | O'er distant hills my HENRY hies, | And vow his love with life shou'd last ! |
| Fears, fondly-framed, my breast alarms, | But memory heightens all I feel— | |
| And tears of passion bathe my eyes : | With pain I recollect the past ! | |
| Along this secret grove I stray, | Some FAIRY guide me to the spot, | |
| For oft at Eve I've met him here ; | Where hides the sov'reign of this heart !— | |
| And, to illusive thought a prey, | Adieu, ye vales !—adieu, sweet cot ! | |
| I turn, and fancy he is near ! | My snowy lambs and I—must part. | |

Thro' woods and wilds—'midst thorns and brakes,
 For thee, dear lad ! my way I'll keep,
 'Till strength this tender frame forsakes ;
 When wearied,—lie me down and weep !
 But O ! return—perfidious swain !
 Thou, airy WAND'RER, cease to rove ;
 Ah !—haste to these fond arms again,
 For none you meet like me will love !

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE bride came out o' the byre,
 And O! as she dighted her cheeks!
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle to do.

CHORUS.

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

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

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d—I need a' this prattle?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch—
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy woolfey,
 And ne'er a fark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

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

Out spake the bride's sifter,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O! gin I were but married!
 It's a' that I desire;
 But we, poor fo'k, maun live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Wood & Married & a.

39

Andante

The Bride came out o' the byre, and O as she deighted her cheeks. Sirs I'm to be married the night, and has

6 5 6 5 3 6 4 3 7 9 8 5 6

nei_ther blankets, nor fheets, has nei_ther blankets nor fheets, nor scarce a co_ver_let too. the

5 3 6 4 # 6 6 2 6 6

bride that has a' things to borrow has e'en right meikle a do Wood and Married and a' wood and married and a', an

5 5 6 4 # 6 6 2 6

Chorus

was nae the very weel aff, that was woo'd, and married and a'. wood and married and a,

7 5 8 - 5 6 5 3 6 4 # 6 6

wood and married and a, an was nae the ve_ryweel aff that was woo'd and married and a.

7 5 8 5 6 5 3 6 4 #

Blue Bonnets.

Violin

Slow

Wherefore fighting art thou Phillis? Has thy Prime un-heeded

past? Hast thou found that beauty's Lillies were not made for AYE to last?

Know thy form was once a treasure; Then it was thy hour of scorn,

Since thou then deniedst the pleasure NOW 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn.

B L U E B O N N E T S.

By P. P.

WHEREFORE fighting art thou, PHILLIS?

Has thy prime unheeded past?

Hast thou found that BEAUTY'S lilies

Were not made for *aye* to last!

Know thy form was once a treasure,

Then it was thy hour of scorn—

Since thou then denied'st the pleasure,

Now 'tis fit that thou shou'dst mourn.

WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens ;
 Fair as the day, and fweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay ;
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm nae very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 When e'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare..
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 When e'er I whisper love ;
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld ;
 And naething gi'es me sic delight,
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest she sings the best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her fangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wall of sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

The 'Hawking of the Fauld.

41

Violin

Lively

My Peggy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens fair as the day and

5 6 —

6
4.

sweet as may, fair as the day and always gay; My Peggy is a young thing and I'm not ve-ry auld; yet

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well I like to meet her at the wawking of the fauld. My Peg-gy speaks fae sweetly when

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6

e'er we meet alane, I with nae mair, to lay my care, I with nae mair of a' that's rare, My Peggy speaks fae

6
4

3

sweet-ly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; but she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawking of the fauld.

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6

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To come kiss me now.

Violin

Slow

When charming Chloe gently walks, Or sweetly smiles or gaily

talks; No goddess can with her compare, So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd, Is with a mind as nobly grac'd, With

sparkling wit and solid sense, And soft persuasive eloquence.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

WHEN charming Chloe gently walks,
 Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks ;
 No goddess can with her compare,
 So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd ;
 With sparkling wit and solid sense,
 And soft persuasive eloquence.

MOUNT YOUR BAGGAGE.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| O! mount and go, | When the drums do beat |
| Mount and make you ready, | And the cannons rattle, |
| O! mount and go, | Thou shalt fit in state |
| And be a captain's lady. | And see thy love in battle. |
| | O! mount and go, &c. |
| When the vanquish'd foe | |
| Sues for peace and quiet, | |
| To the shades we'll go, | |
| And in love enjoy it. | |
| O! mount and go, &c. | |

Mount your Baggage.

Violin

Lively

O mount & go, mount & make you ready, O mount and go and be a

6 4 6 6 5 10 10 6 6

Captains La-dy when the drums do, beat and the can-nons rat-tle thou shalt

f

fit in state and fee thy love in bat-tle, when the drums do beat and the

6 6

can-nons rat-tle thou shalt fet in state and fee thy Love in bat-tle.

Ye Gods was Strephons picture blest.

Violin

Slow

Ye Gods was Strephons picture blest, With the fair heaven of

Chloe's breast: Move softer thou fond flutt'ring heart, Oh gently throb, too

fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind, For Strephon was the blifs de-

-fignd? For Strephon's fake dear charming maid, Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

YE GODS! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

YE Gods ! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heav'n of Chloe's breast ?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
 Oh ! gently throb—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd ?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

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

I cannot blame thee ; were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford ;
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh ! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless are ;
 Prize him, whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love, and soft desire.

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

S L E E P Y B O D I E.

ALTHO' I be but a country lafs,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear, O,
 And think myfelf as good as thofe
 That rich apparel wear, O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-fpun grey,
 My fkin it is as faft, O,
 As them that fatin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft, O.

What tho' I keep my father's fheep ?
 The thing that muft be done, O,
 With garlands of the fineft flowers
 To fhade me frae the fun, O.
 When they are feeding pleafantly,
 Where grafs and flowers do fpring, O,
 Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
 I fet me down, and fing, O.

My Paisley Piggy cork'd, with fage,
 Contains my drink, but thin, O,
 No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to fin, O.
 My country curds and wooden fpoon,
 I think them unco fine, O,
 And on a flow'ry bank at noon,
 I fet me down, and dine, O.

Sleepy Bodie.

45

Violin

*Moderately
Slow*

Al- tho' I be but a Country lafs, Yet a lof-ty mind I bear

8 5 8 6 2 6
3 3 3

O, And think myfelf as good as thofe That rich apparel wear O, Al-

8 5 8 6 2 6
3 3 3

- - tho' my gown be hame spun gray, My fkin it is as foft O, As

10 10

6 6 6

them that fat- tin weeds do wear, And carry their heads a- loft O.

5
8

To Gardner & his Puddle.

Violin

Slow

When ro--fy May comes in wi' flow'rs, to deck her gay, green

5 7 5 8 6 7 5

spreading bow'rs; then busy, busy are his hours, the Gard'ner wi' his

6 4 5 3 8 3 7 2 7 3 6 4 5 6 2 6 6 5

pai-dle. The chrys-tal wa-ters gent-ly fa; the mer-ry birds are

5 6 7 5

lo-vers a; the scented breezes round him blaw, the Gard'ner wi' his pai-dle.

5 8 7 7 6 5 6 9 6 6 5

THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

WHEN rofy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers,
Then bufy, bufy are his hours,

 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
The chryftal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The fcented breezes round him blaw
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning ftarts the hare,
To ftal upon her early fare :

Then thro' the dew's he maun repair,

 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the weft,
The curtain draws o' nature's reft,
He flees to her arms he loves the beft,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

THERE came a young man to my daddy's
 door,
 My daddy's door, my daddy's door,
 There came a young man to my daddy's door,
 Came seeking me to woo ;

And vow but he was a braw young lad,
 A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And vow but he was a braw young lad,
 Came seeking me to woo.

But I was basking when he came,
 When he came, when he came ;
 I took him in, and ga'e him a scone
 To thow his frozen mou'.
 And vow but, &c.

I fet him in afide the bink,
 I ga'e him bread, and ale to drink ;
 And ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
 Until that he was fou.
 And vow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,
 Ye four-looking cauldrie wooer,
 I staightway shou'd him to th' door,
 Saying, come nae mair to woo.
 And vow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door ;
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he, I trow.
 And vow but, &c.

Out came the good man and high he shouted,
 Out came the goodwife and low she louted,
 And a' the town neighbours were gather'd
 about it ;
 And there lay he I trow.
 And vow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.
 And vow but, &c.

Ever Brisk young Lad.

47

Violin

Lively

There came a young man to my daddies door, my daddies door, my

daddies door, there came a young man to my daddies door, Came seeking me to

woo. And vow but he was a braw young lad, A brisk young lad, and a

braw young lad, And vow but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

Cumbernauld House.

Violin

Slow

Where winding Forth a - dorns the vale fond Strephor once a Shepherd gay, did

to the rocks his lot bewail, and thus address'd his plaintive lay. O

JULIA more than lil - ly fair more blooming than the op - ning rose, How

can thy breast re - lent - - less wear, A heart more cold than winters snows.

5 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3

6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3

6 4 7 2

8 3 7 5 5 3 6 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3

CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
Fond Strephon, once a shepherd gay,
Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
And thus address'd his plaintive lay :

O! Julia, more than lily fair,
More blooming than the op'ning rose,
How can thy breast, relentless, wear
A heart more cold than Winter's snows.

O! CAN YOU SEW CUSHIONS.

O! can you sew cushions, and can you sew sheets,
 And can you sing balla loo when the bairn greets,
 And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb,
 And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb?
 Hee O! wee O! what wou'd I do wi' you?
 Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
 Mony o' you, little for to gi' you,
 Hee O! wee O! what wou'd I do wi' you?

O can you Sew Cushions.

49

Violin

Slow

O can ye few Cushions and can ye few Sheets and can ye fing ballaloo

when the Bairn greets. And hee and baw Birdie and hee and baw Lamb and

hee and baw Birdie my bonny wee Lamb. Hee O wee O what wou'd I do wi' you black's the

life that I lead wi' you monny O you little fort to gi' you hee O wee O what wou'd I do wi' you.

Lively

Slow

Slow

Here's a health to my true Love.

Violin

Slow

To me what are riches en - - cumber'd with care? To

6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 3

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

5 6 5 6 5 6 6 4 #

mi - - nion of for - - tune; no pa - geant of fte, Shall

3 3

e - - ver in - - duce me to en - - vy his fate.

h

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

O ! merrry may the maid be,
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;
 He's ay a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And gin she please, a gude fat cheefe,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

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

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of gude hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were nae scanty;
 A gude fat fow, a flecky cow,
 Was standin in the byre;
 Whilst lazy poufs, with mealy mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

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

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

O merry may the maid be.

Violin

Lively

O merry may the maid be, that marries the Miller, For

6 # 5 # 6 5 6 8

foul day or fair day, he's ay - - bringing till her. He's

5 5 6 7 5 4 6 #

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

6 6 6 5 6 6 5

gin the please a gude fat cheefe and lumps of yellow but - - ter.

5 6 7 5 6 #

The Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

Violin

Slow

As I went o'er yon meadow, and carelessly passed a - long, I

6 5 6 5 5 6 5 6 5

lifted with pleasure to Jenny, while mournfully sing - ing this song The

6 6 5 6 # 5 6 5 # 6 5

mucking of Geordy's byer, and the shooling the Gruipe so clean, Has aft gart me

6 6 5 4 3 6 3 3 5 6 6 — 6 3 3 3

spend the night sleepless, and brought the fat tears in my een.

5 6 4 5

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

AS I went over yon meadow,
And carelessly pass'd along,
I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,
While mournfully fing'ring this song :

The mucking of Geordie's byre,
And the shooling the Gruip fae clean,
Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
And brought the faul tears in my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,
Nor was it my mither's desire,
That ever I puddl'd my fingers
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
The mucking, &c.

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

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

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
Altho' he was cunning and flee ;
He ca's me his dear and his honey,
And I am sure that my Geordie loo's me.
The mucking, &c.

TIBBY FOWLER.

TIBBY Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her ;
 Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her ;

Courting at her, wooing at her,
 Seeking at her, canna get her ;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
 And ten came rowing o'er the water ;
 Twa gaid down the lang dyke fide,
 There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Fye upon the filthy snort,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her ;
 Fifteen came frae Aberdeen ;
 There's seven-and-forty wooing at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Be a lassie ne'er fae fine,
 Ginn she want the penny filler,
 She may live till ninety-nine
 E're she get a man till her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Be a lassie ne'er so black,
 Gi'e her the name of meikle filler,
 And set her on a hill tap,
 The wind will bla' a man till her.
 Courting at her, &c.

She's got pendels to her lugs,
 Cockle-shells wad set her better,
 High heel'd shoon, and filler studs,
 And a' the lads are courting at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

In came Frank, wi' his lang legs,
 Gar'd a' the stairs play clitter clatter ;
 Had awa, young men, he begs,
 For, by my sooth I will be at her.
 Courting at her, &c.

Tibby Fowler.

Violin

Lively

Tibby Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er monny wooing at her:

Tibby Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er monny wooing at her:

Courting at her, wooing at her, feeking at her, canna get her;

Filthy elf, its for her pelf, That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Love will find out the way.

Violin

Piano

Quite over the mountains, and o-ver the waves, Quite over the fountains, and

6 6 6 5 6 5 6 5 6

un-der the graves; O'er floods that are deepest, which Neptune o-bey, O'er.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps). The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the middle staff. The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with figured bass notation.

rocks that are steepest, love will find out the way, O'er floods that are deepest, which

6 5 6 6-5 6 5 8 3 # 6

4-3

Neptune o - bey, O'er rocks that are steepest love will find out the way.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

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

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

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

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

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

BE KIND TO THE YOUNG THING.

STELLA, darling of the Muses,
Fairer than the blooming spring, O,
Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
When of thee he strives to sing, O.

Whilst my soul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind, O,
All the beauties, all the graces,
Of thy sex in thee I find, O.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breast alternate rise, O,
Words no more can paint my passion
Than the pencil can thine eyes, O.

Lavish nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy cheeks and lips hath spread, O,
Colours that do shame the morning,
Shining with celestial red, O.

Pallas, Venus, now must never
Boast their charms triumphant fit, O,
Stella, bright outvying either,
This in beauty, that in wit, O.

Cou'd the gods, in blest'd condition,
Ought on earth with envy view, O,
Lovely Stella, their ambition,
Would be to resemble you, O.

Be kind to the Young thing.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Stella darling of the Mu - ses, fairer than the blooming spring O sweetest

4 6 6 2 7 6

theme the po - et chu - ses, when of thee he strives to sing O, whilst my

foul with wonder tra - ces all thy charms of face and mind O, all the

6 6 5

beau - ties, all the gra - ces of thy sex in thee I find O.

Sau & Kail in Aberdeen.

Viol.

Slow

There's could kail in Aberdeen, And caftocks in Strabogie, Gin

I hae but a bonny Lafs, Yere welcome to your Co - gie. And

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

me a Lafs baith clean and tight, To dance the reel of ho - gie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 An castocks in Stra'bogie ;
 Gin I hae but a bonny lafs,
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.
 And ye may sit up a' the night,
 And drink till it be braid day-light ;
 Gie me a lafs baith clean and tight,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
 John Bull in countra dances ;
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well,
 Mynheer an all'mand prances ;
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,
 The threesome maist dance wound'rous light ;
 But twafome ding a' out o' fight,
 Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
 Wale each a blythsome rogie,
 I'll take this lassie to mysel,
 She seems fae keen and vogie ;
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring,
 The countra fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's ere we begin -
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lafs
 Save yon auld doited fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,
 As they do in Stra'bogie ;
 But a' the lassies look fae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain ;
 For they maun ha'e their come again,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
 Like true men of Stra'bogie ;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tipple out a cogie ;
 Come now, my lads, and tak your gla's,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishin' health to every lafs
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

S A W Y E N A E M Y P E G G Y ?

SAW ye nae my Peggy,

Saw ye nae my Peggy,

Saw ye nae my Peggy,

Coming o'er the lee ?

Sure a finer creature

Ne'er was form'd by nature,

So complete each feature,

So divine is she.

O ! how Peggy charms me ;

Every look still warms me ;

Every thought alarms me,

Left she love nae me ;

Peggy doth discover

Naught but charms all over ;

Nature bids me love her,

That's a law to me.

Who wou'd leave a lover

To become a rover ?

No, I'll ne'er give over,

'Till I happy be ;

For since love inspires me,

As her beauty fires me,

And her absence tires me,

Naught can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,

Fate seems to detain her,

Cou'd I but obtain her,

Happy would I be !

I'll lie down before her,

Bless, sigh, and adore her,

With faint looks implore her,

'Till she pity me.

'Tis all ye my Dearest.

57

Violin

Slow

f p f p

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy, law ye nae my Peg-gy,

f p

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy Co-ming o'er the lee?

f p f

Sure a fi-ner creature, Ne'er was form'd by na-ture,

f p f

So compleat each fea- - ture So di-vine is she.

f p

The Banks of Spey.

Violin

Slow

Talk not of love, it gives me pain, For love has been my

6 5 6 4 6 6

2

foe; He bound me with an Iron chain, and plung'd me deep in woe.

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But friendship's pure and lasting joys, my heart was form'd to prove; Then

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welcome win and wear the prize, but never talk of love.

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6

THE BANKS OF SPEY.

TALK not of love, it gives me pain,
 For love has been my foe,
 He bound me with an iron chain,
 And plung'd me deep in woe ;
 But Friendihip's pure and lasting joys
 My heart was form'd to prove,
 Then welcome win and wear the prize,
 But never talk of love.

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

BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go?
 Bonny lassie will ye go
 To the birks of Abergeldie?
 Ye fall get a gown of filk,
 A gown of filk, a gown of filk,
 Ye fall get a gown of filk,
 And a coat of callimankie.

Na, kind fir, I dare nae gang,
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
 Na, kind fir, I dare nae gang,
 My minny will be angry;
 Sair, fair, wad she flyte;
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
 Sair, fair, wad she flyte;
 And fair wad she ban me.

The Birks o' Abergeldie.

59

*Violin**Lindy*

Bonny Lafsie will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

6 5 3 3 6 5

Bonny Lafsie will ye go, To the birks of A - ber - gel - die?

6 6 5 6 5 6 #

Ye fhall get a Gown o' filk, a Gown o' filk, a Gown o' filk,

5

Ye fhall get a Gown o' filk, And Coat of cal - li - mankie.

5 6 5 # 6 #

The bonny brucket Lafsie.

Violin

Slow

The bon-ny brucket Lafsie, She has the tearfull

e'en: She was the faireft Lafsie That danced on the

green. A Lad he lood' her dearly, She did his love re-

- turn: But he his vows has broken, And left the maid to mourn. .

THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE bonny brucket lassie,
 She has the tearful een,
 She was the fairest lassie
 That danced on the green ;
 A lad he loo'd her dearly,
 She did his love return,
 But he his vows has broken
 And left the maid to mourn.

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

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass ;
 And press'd unto his bosom,
 The lovely brucket lass ;
 “ My dear,” he said, “ cease grieving,
 “ Since that your love's so true,
 “ My bonny brucket lassie,
 “ I'll faithful prove to you.”

THE SOGER LADDIE.

MY foger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me ;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a
 lady ;
 My bleffings gang wi' my foger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a foger and lover behave ;
 True to his country, to love he is steddly ;
 There's few to compare with my foger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wifhes my foger ye gie me.

O ! soon may his honours bloom fair on his
 brow,

As quickly they must, if he get his due :
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

The Sogger Laddie.

61

Violin

Lively

My So-ger Laddie is over the Sea, And he will bring gold and
money to me, And when he comes hame he'll make me a Lady, My
blefsings gang wi my So-ger Laddie. My doughty Laddie is
handfome and brave, And can as a Sogger and Lover behave; True to his
Country to love he is fteady, There's few to compare wi my Sogger Laddie.

7 2 — — 8 6 4 — 5 6 4

3 6 4 5 6 6 — 5 5

6 4 5 3 6 4 5 6 4 5

6 — 5 8 3 4 7 b7 8 6 4 5 6

6 6 — 5 5 6 4 3 6 4 3 6 4 3

O let me in this ae Night.

Violin

Slow

O Lafsie, art thou fleeping yet; Or are you waking

I would wit? For love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be

in jo. O let me in this ae night, this ae, ae,

ae, night O let me in this ae night, I'll ne'er come back again, jo.

O! LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O! Laffie, art thou sleeping yet;

Or are you waking, I would wit?

For love has bound me hand and foot,

And I would fain be in, Jo.

O! let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night,

*O! let me in this ae night, I'll ne'er come back
aguin, Jo.*

The night it is baith cauld and weet;

The morn it will be snaw and fleet,

My shoon are frozen to my feet,

Wi' standing on the plain, Jo.

O! let me, &c.

WHEN SHE CAME BEN SHE BOBED.

The words by P. P.

AH! why to others art thou fair?
 Why from thy bosom's snowy white,
 Thy smiles, thy cheeks, thy glossy hair,
 Shall other shepherds steal delight?

From morn to eve let *me* admire,
 Untir'd, thy converse sweet approve;
 Thy charms, that other shepherds fire,
 O! Delia, wrong my constant love.

I feel the beauties that are thine,
 Yet, let *my* heart alone adore;
 An avarice of love is mine,
 That doats like misers on their store.

Then, Delia, view my secret vale,
 And with thy smiles indulge the swain;
 How blest to tell the love-sick tale
 To *her* whom thousands seek in vain.

When she came then she bobet. 63

Violin

Lively

Ah! why to o - thers art thou fair? Why from thy bosom's

7 # 8 — 3 3 6 8 5 6 6

snowy white, Thy smiles, thy cheeks, thy glossy hair Shall

6 6 > 5 6 5

other Shepherds steal delight? From morn to eve, let

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me ad-mire un - tird, thy converse sweet approve, Thy

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

charms that o - ther Shepherds fire, O Delia wrongs my constant love.

5 6 5 3 6 3 5 3

Hallow ev'n.

Violin

Slow

Why hangs that cloud up - on thy brow, That beauteous heaven ere -

- while serene? Whence do those storms and tempests flow? Or what this guilt of

passion mean? And must then mankind lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to

shine, And lye obscur'd in endless night, For each poor filly speech of mine?

H A L L O W E V ' N.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p> WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow ? That beauteous heav'n e'erwhile serene ? Whence do these storms and tempests flow ? Or what this gust of passion mean ? And must then mankind lose that light, Which in thine eyes was wont to shine, And lie obscur'd in endless night, For each poor silly speech of mine ? </p> <p> Dear child ! how can I wrong thy name, Thy form so fair, and faultless, stands, That could ill tongues abuse thy fame, Thy beauty could make large amends : Or, if I durst profanely try, Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid, Thy virtue well might give the lie, Nor call thy beauty to its aid. </p> | <p> For Venus, ev'ry heart t'ensnare, With all her charms has deck'd thy face ; And Pallas, with unusual care, Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry grace ; Who can the double pain endure ? Or, who must not resign the field To thee, celestial maid ! secure With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield ? </p> <p> If then to thee such pow'r is giv'n, Let not a wretch in torment live ; But smile, and learn to copy heaven, Since we must sin ere it forgive. Yet pitying heaven not only does Forgive th' offender and th' offence, But even itself, pleas'd, bestows, As the reward of penitence. </p> |
|--|---|

JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town, or here awa';
 Fu' blyth he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roos'd my een fae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waift fae genty sma';
 An' aft my heart came to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or faw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lee I look fu' fain,
 When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a';
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Joccer was the blyuest Lad.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Young Jockey was the blythef lad In a' our Town or here a - -

1 1 5 5 6 6 5 4 #

- wa; Fu' blyth he whistled at the gaud, Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

5 8 6 - 5 - 6 4 #

He roof'd my een fae bonnie blue, He roof'd my waift fae genty sma; An

5

aft my heart came to my mou, When ne'er a bo-dy heard or saw.

6 6 # 6 3 6 #

Margret's Ghost.

Violin

Slow

'Twas at the fearfull midnight hour, When all were fast were fast a - -

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Her face was pale, like April morn, Cled in a wintry wintry cloud; And

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clay cold was her li - - ly hand, That held her fable fable throud.

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MARGARET'S GHOST.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her fable shroud.

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

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

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

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

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

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

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

How cou'd you swear my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair.
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

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

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

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ning head;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

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

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

HARK! yonder eagle lonely wails,
 His faithful bosom grief affails :
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird, I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone ;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
 He mourns for love, and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast,
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest ;
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly lov'd was dead ;
 With Delia's breath my joy expir'd,
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd ;
 Like that poor bird, I pine, and prove
 Naught can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate,
 That robb'd him of his darling mate ;
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky ;
 To him is now for ever lost,
 The heart-felt bliss he once cou'd boast ;
 Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
 An image of my soul's dismay.

The Black Eagle.

Violin

Slow

Hark! yonder Eagle lonely wails; His faithfull bosom

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grief af-fails: Last night I heard him in my dream, When death and woe were

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all the theme. Like that poor bird I make my moan, I grieve for dearest

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Delia gone With him to gloomy rocks I fly, He mourns for love and so do I.

8 6 5
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7 6

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3 # 4 #

How long & dreary is the Night.

Violin

Slow

How long and dreary is the night, When I am frae my

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dearie! I fleeples lye frae e'en to morn, Tho'

5 5 6 5 5 7 5

I were ne'er fo weary. I fleeples lye frae

5 3 7 6 9 8 5

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

6 — 5 7 6 9 8 7

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie !
 I sleeplefs lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary ;
 I sleeplefs lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary.

When I think on the happy days,
 I spent wi' you, my dearie !
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie ?
 And now what lands, &c.

How flow ye move, ye heavy hours !
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It was na fae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 It was na fae ye glinted, &c.

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty, Leave kindred and friends for me ; Affur'd thy servant is steady To love, to honour, and thee. The gifts of nature and fortune, May fly by chance as they came ; They're grounds the destinies sport on, But virtue is ever the fame.</p> | <p>Altho' my fancy were roving, Thy charms so heavenly appear ; That other beauties disproving, I'd worship thine only, my dear ; And shou'd life's sorrows embitter The pleasure we promis'd our loves, To share them together is fitter, Than moan asunder like doves.</p> |
|--|---|

Blink o'er the Burn sweet Betty.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty, Leave kindred and friends for

me! Absurd thy fervant is steady To love, to honour and thee. The

gifts of nature and fortune, May fly by chance as they came They're

grounds the defti- nies sport on, But vir- tuè is e- ver the fame.

Wat i.e wha I met yestreen.

Violin

Slow

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming thro' the broom my jo: My

mistress in her tartan screen, Fu' bonny brow and sweet my jo. My

dear quoth I thanks to the night That never with'd a lo-ver ill, Since

ye're out of your mither's sight, Let's tak' a wauk up to the hill.

WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

| | |
|---|--|
| N OW wat ye wha I met yestreen, | Soon as the clear good-man of day |
| Coming thro' the broom, my Jo? | Bends his morning draught of dew, |
| My mistress, in her tartan screen, | We'll gae to some burn side and play, |
| Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my Jo; | And gather flowers to buik ye'r brow; |
| My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night | We'll pu' the daifies on the green, |
| That never wish'd a lover ill, | The lucken gowans frae the bog; |
| Since ye're out of your mither's fight, | Between hands now and then we'll lean, |
| Let's tak a wauk up to the hill. | And sport upon the velvet fog. |

There's up into a pleafant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, faft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRAN O'ER ME.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the fame before me ;

I canna get leave
To look to my love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For, though my father has plenty
Of filler, and plenifhing dainty,

Yet he's unco sweer,
To twin wi' his gear,
And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion ;

Brag weel o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

My Mither's ay glowran o'er me

Violin

Lively

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

- fore me I canna get leave To look at my love Or else she'll be like to de-

- vour me. Right fain wad I tak yer of-fer, Sweet fir, but I'll tane my tocher; Then

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

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6 6 6 5 # 2 8 5 #

Young Damon.

Violin

Slow

A - mid a ro - - fy bank of flowers, Young Da - mon

mournd his for - - lorn fate, In fighs he spent his languid hours, And

breathd his woes in lone - ly fte. Gay joy no more shall ease his

mind, No wan - ton fports can footh his care, Since sweet A -

- man - da provd unkind, And left him full of black de - fpair.

Fingerings: 8 7 6 5 6 6, 6 4 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 6 4 3 b7, 6 5 4 3 9 8 b7 4 6 7 6 5 4 6, 9 8 7 6 5 3 10 6 4 # 6 5, b7 5 b7 4 6 3

Y O U N G D A M O N.

AMID a rosy bank of flowers,
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
 In sighs he spent his languid hours,
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart;
 His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
 No wanton sports can sooth his care,
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of black despair.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe;
 Range every charm to ease the pain,
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

ROBIN QUO' SHE.

| | |
|--|--|
| ROBIN is my only Joe, | He's tall and sonsy, frank and free; |
| Robin has the art to loo, | Loo'd by a', and dear to me; |
| So to his suit I mean to bow, | Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die, |
| Because I ken he loo's me; | Because my Robin loo's me, |
| Happy, happy, was the show'r, | My titty Mary said to me, |
| That led me to his birken bow'r; | Our courtship but a joke wad be, |
| Where first of love I fand the pow'r, | And I ere lang be made to fee |
| And ken'd that Robin loo'd me, | That Robin did na' loo' me. |
| 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 loo's me; | Kind Robin is that loo's me; |
| But I'd prefer a smack of Rob, | Then fly, ye lazy hours, away, |
| Sporting on the velvet fog, | And hasten on the happy day, |
| To gifts as lang's a plaiden wobb, | When, join'd our hands, mefs John shall say, |
| Because I ken he loo's me. | And mak him mine that loo's 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 loo's me.
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O! hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin loo's me!

Robin quo' she.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Robin is my on-ly Joe, Robin has the art to

7 8 7 8 6 5 2 3 2 3 4 3 5 6 5 3 3 6 6

loo; So to his suit I mean to bow Because I ken he looes me.

7 5 8 6 5 8 lower- 4 3

Happy happy was the fhow'r That led me to his birken bow'r Where

6 5 - 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 6 5 # 5 6

first of love I fand the pow'r And kend that Robin loo'd me.

6 5 - 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 8 lower- 4 3

Logie of Buchan.

Violin

Slow

O Logie of Buchan! O Logie the Laird! They hae ta'en awa Jamie that
 delv'd in the yard! Who play'd on the Pipe wi' the Viol fae sma; They hae ta'en awa
 Jamie the flow'r o' them a! He said think na lang Ladsie, tho' I gang a -
 - wa; He said think na lang Ladsie tho' I gang a - - wa; For the Simmer is
 coming, cauld Winters a - wa, And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a.

6 6 5 6 5 6 5 7

6 3 3

6 # 5 6

Chorus

LOGIE OF BUCHAN,

O! Logie of Buchan, O! Logie the laird, Sandy has owfen, has gear, and has kye;
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard, A house and a hadden, and filler forby.
 Who play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol fae sma'; But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'! Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said, &c.

CHORUS,

He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa', My daddy looks fulky, my minny looks four,
 He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa'; They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa', Tho' I looe them as well as a daughter shou'd do,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'. They are nae half fae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, &c.

I fit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loo'd me fae weel;
 He had but a fix-pence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.

CHORUS:

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';
 Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa'
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

MY EPPIE ADAIR.

AN' O! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wad na be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair!
 By love, and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty;
 I fwear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair.
 An', O! my Eppie, &c.

A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!

Eppie Adair.

Violin

Andately Slow

An O my Eppie my Jewel my Eppie Wha wad na be happy wi'

6 # 5 6 # # 5 6 6

Eppie A - dair! By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; I

10 - 8 6 # 5 # 3 6 5
8 - 6 4 #

I swear to be true to my Eppie A - dair! By love, and by beauty, By

5 6 6 4 # 3 3 # 5

law and by du - ty; I swear to be true to my Eppie A - dair.

6 6 10 - 8 6 #
8 - 6 4 #

Widow are ye wakening.

Violin

Slow

O wha's that at my chamber door? Fair Wi - dow are ye

6
5

3 3 6

wa - king? Auld Carl your fuit give o'er Your love lyes a in taw -

6
6

7 6 7 6 5 6 5 3 3 6 6 6 4 3

- - - king.

Gie me a lad that's young and tight, Sweet lik an April

6

7

5

3

6

3

6

3

meadow; 'Tis fickle as he can bide the fight, And ho of a Widow.

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

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING ?

O! wha's that at my chamber door ?

“ Fair widow are ye waking ? ”

Auld carle, your fuit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in tawking ;

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an April meadow ;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight

And bosom of a widow !

“ 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 troth

In love ye're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let those 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 confefs,

I think they mak you young, fir,

And ten times better can exprefs

Affection, than your tongue, fir.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we're married spier nae mair,

But whistle o'er the lave o't;
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Sweet and harmless as a child;
 Wifer men than me's beguil'd,
 So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me, b
 How we love, and how we gree ;
 I care na by how few may see—

Whistle o'er the lave o't;
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I cou'd write, but Meg maun see't,
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Whistle o'er the lave o't

Violin

*Moderately
Slow*

First when Maggy was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air;

6
4

5
3

6

#

Now we're married, spier nae mair, But whistle o'er the lave o't.

5
3

7
5

7

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a Child;

6

#

Wiser men than me's beguild, So whistle o'er the lave o't.

5

7
5

5

My heart's in the Highlands.

Violin

Slow

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
 Highlands a chasing the Deer; A chasing the wild Deer, and following the Roe, My
 heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands fare-
 well to the North, The birthplace of Valour, the Country of worth, Wherever I
 wander wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands, for ever I love.

Fingerings: 6 4, 5 3, 6, 6 7 5 3 8 3, 10 10, 5 3 5-6, 8 6 7 6 5 4 3 6, 2 6, 6, 2 6, 6 4 5 3, 5 6 6 5 3 6, 7 5-3, 3 3 3, 6 6-5, 6 4, 5 3 6, 6, 6-4, 6, 6 5 4 3.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

| | |
|--|--|
| MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ; | Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ; |
| My heart's in the Highlands a chafing the deer ; | Farewell to the straths and green valleys below : |
| A chafing the wild deer, and following the roe, | Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ; |
| My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. | Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods. |
| Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, | My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, |
| The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ; | My heart's in the Highlands a chafing the deer : |
| Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, | Chafing the wild deer, and following the roe, |
| The hills of the Highlands for ever I'll love. | My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. |

STEER HER UP, AND HAD HER GAWIN.

O ! steer her up, and had her gawin,
 Her mither's at the mill, Jo ;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, Jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away ;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin longer to delay.

See that shining gla's of claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Tak it aff, let's ha'e mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let's ha'e mair pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Place't on the middle of the table,
 And let the wind and weather growl.

O' teer her up & had ver gawin.

Violin

Slow

O' fteer her up and had her gawin, Her mithers' at the mill jo; But

6 5
4 3

5

gin the winna tak a man, E'en let her tak her will, jo. Pray thee

6

1

1

lad leave fil-ly thinking, Cast thy cares of love a - way - Let's our

b6

forrows down in drink- ing, 'Tis daffin langer to de - lay jo.

Jamie come try me.

Violin

Slow

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score consists of five systems of music.

System 1: The Violin part plays a continuous eighth-note melody. The Piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Jamie come try me, Jamie come try me".

System 2: The Violin part continues with a similar melody. The Piano part has a more active accompaniment. The lyrics are: "If thou wou'd win my love Ja - mie come try me."

System 3: The Violin part continues. The Piano part has a more active accompaniment. The lyrics are: "If thou shoud ask my love, Coud I de - ny thee?"

System 4: The Violin part continues. The Piano part has a more active accompaniment. The lyrics are: "If thou woud win my love Ja - mie come try me."

Fingerings: The Piano part includes various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5 and 8 (octave). For example, in the first system, the left hand has fingerings 8, 3, 2, 4, 3, 6, 4, 5, 3, 2, 8, 3.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.
If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee ?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I Ha'e been courting at a lafs,
 These twenty days and mair ;
 Her father winna gi'e me her,
 She's sic a gleib of gear ;
 But gin I had her where I wou'd,
 Amang the hether here,
 I'd strive to win her kindnefs
 For a' the miller's care.

For she's a bonny, sonfy lafs,
 An armsfu', I fwear ;
 I wou'd marry her without a coat,
 Or e'er a plack o' gear ;
 For, trust me, when I saw her first,
 She ga'e me sic a wound,
 That a' the doctors i' the earth
 Can never mak me found.

For when she's absent frae my fight,
 I think upon her still,
 And when I sleep, or when I wake,
 She does my senses fill ;
 May heaven guard the bonny lafs,
 That sweetens a' my life ;
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek
 Anither for my wife.

The Miller's Daughter.

Violin

Slow

I have been courting at a lafs These twenty days and

mair; Her father winna gie me her, Shes fiek a glib of gear. But

gin I had her where I woud. Among the hether here, I'd

ftrove to win her kindnefs, For a' the Miller's care.

Raving Winds.

Violin

Slow

Raving winds around her blowing, Yellow leaves the Woodlands

ftrowing, By a river hoarfely roaring, I - fa - bel - la fray'd de -

- ploring, Farewell, hours that late did meafure, Sunshine days of joy and

pleafure; Hail thou gloomy night of forrow, Cheerlefs night that knows no morrow.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd, deploring :
 Farewell, hours, that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
 On the hopeless future pond'ring,
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes ;
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee !

WILLY'S RARE, AND WILLY'S FAIR.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny ;
 And Willy heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he marry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
 The night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live long winter's night,
 I'll lie twin'd of my marrow.

O ! came you by yon water fide ?
 Pu'd you the rose or lily ?
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him brade and narrow ;
 Sine, in the clifing of a craig,
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

Willy's Rare.

83

Violin

Slow

Wil-ly's rare and Willy's fair, And

6

Wil-ly's wond'rous bon-ny; And Willy hegt to.

6 6 5 8 4 6 6

marry me, Gin e'er he mar-ry'd o-ny, Oh gin

5 6 6 5 6 6 5 5 6

e'er he mar-ry'd o-ny.

b7 6 5 8 4 8 2

Lizae Baillie.

Violin

Slow

My bon - ny Li - zae Bail - - - lie, I'll

5 3 6 5 4 3 9 6 # 6 5

row ye in my Plai - - - die, And

5 6 b5 3 6 4 3

ye maun gang a - lang wi' me, And

6 6 4 6

he a High - - - land La - - - dy.

6 5 6 b 6 9 4 8 6 5 3

E I Z A E B A I L L I E.

MY bonny Lizae Baillie,
 I'll row ye in my plaidie,
 And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
 And be a Highland lady.

“ I am fure they wad nae ca' me wife,
 Gin I wad gang wi' you, fir;
 For I can neither card or spin,
 Nor yet milk ewe or cow, fir.”

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

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
 Made o' the gilded leather;
 And she's put on her Highland brogues,
 To skip amang the heather.

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

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

THE MAID'S COMPLAINT.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone ;
 Her swain, Sylvander, came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.
 Ah ! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain ?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
 Ere you'd exchange your love ;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore ?
 But, ah ! it seems they must 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.
 What cause, Sylvander, have I given,
 For cruelty so great ?
 Yes—for your sake I flighted heaven,
 And hugg'd you into hate.

For you, delighted, I could die ;
 But, oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that cred'ulous constant I,
 Should by yourself be kill'd.
 But what avail my sad complaints,
 While you my ease neglect ?
 My wailing inward sorrow vents,
 Without the wish'd effect.

This said—all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand ;
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt :
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

The Maid's Complaint.

Violin

Slow

As Sylvia in a Forest lay, To vent her woe a -

- lone; Her Swain Sylvander came that way, And heard her dying

moan. Ah! is my love, she said, to you So worthless and fo

vain? Why is your wonted fondness now Converted to dis-dain?

O, Onochrie.

Violin

Slow

Oh was not I a weary wight! Oh onochrie O! oh onochrie

6 6 5
4 3

3 3

O! Maid Wife and Widow in one night! Oh onochrie onochrie onochrie O! When

6 6 5
4 3

3 3

5 6 5 3 5 6 3

in my soft and tender arms, Oh onochrie O! oh onochrie O! When most I

5 6 8 10
3 5 6

6 6 6 #

5

6 7 6 6

5 4

6 5 8 6

thought him free from harms, Oh onochrie onochrie onochrie O!

2 6 5

6 5

6

O H ! O N O C H R I E.

| | |
|--|---|
| O H ! was not I a weary wight ! | Even at the dead time of the night, |
| Oh ! onochrie, O ! oh ! onochrie, O ! | Oh ! &c. |
| Made wife and widow in one night ! | They broke my bower, and flew my knight ; |
| Oh ! onochrie, onochrie, onochrie, O ! | Oh ! &c. |
| When in my soft and tender arms, | With ae lock of his jet black hair, |
| Oh ! onochrie, O ! oh ! onochrie, O ! | Oh ! &c. |
| When most I thought him free from harms. | I'll tye my heart for ever mair. |
| Oh ! onochrie, onochrie, onochrie, oh ! | Oh ! &c. |

Nae fly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,

Oh ! &c.

Shall e'er untie this knot again ;

Oh ! &c.

Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,

Oh ! &c.

Nor pant for aught, save Heaven and thee.

Oh ! &c.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buck'd us a' thegither;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her;
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting shot;
 And syne came ben the lafs,
 Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.
 He first spier'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles, the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 Wee'd buckle us e'en thegither.

Consider weel, guidman,
 We ha'e but borrow'd gear;
 The horse that I ride on,
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare;
 The saddle's nane o' my ain;
 And thae's but barrow'd boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my coots;
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look fae crouse;
 Come, fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good stils to the plough,
 And ye yoursell maun steer:
 Ye fall ha'e twa good pocks,
 That ance were o' the tweel;
 The t'ane to had the groats,
 The ither to had the meal;
 Wi' an auld kift made o' wands,
 And that fall be your coffer;
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

I like you weel, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain;
 I married when little I had,
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But fin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll ha'e
 'Twill be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy, cry on Giles the mither;
 Contented am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.

Magie's Lather.

87

Violin

Lively

The meal was dear thort fyne, We buckled us a' the gether, And

Maggie was in her Prime, When Willie made courtship till her, twa Pistols charg'd he gues, to

gie the courting shot; And fyne came ben the lafs, Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt. He

first speer'd at the guid man, And fyne at Giles the mither, An

ye wad gi's a bit land, We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

I dream'd I lay.

Violin

Slow

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gaily in the
 funny beam; Lift'ning to the wild birds singing, By a falling Chrystal stream.

Straight the sky grew black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

5 5 5 6
 8 5 5 5 5
 3 3 6 6 8 6 4 #
 10 6 5 5 5 3

I DREAM'D I LAY.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>I Dream'd I lay were flowers were springing, Gayly in the sunny beam ; Lift'ning to the wild birds fingering, By a falling crystal stream : Strait the sky grew black and daring ; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ; Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling drumlie wave.</p> | <p>Such was my life's deceitful morning, Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ; But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming, A' my flow'ry blifs destroy'd ; Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me, She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ; Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, I bear a heart shall support me still.</p> |
|--|--|

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>IN lovely August last, On Munanday at morn, As thro' the fields I past, To view the yellow corn : I looked me behind, And faw come o'er the know, Ane glancing in her apron, With a bonny brent brow.</p> | <p>I faid, good morrow, fair maid ; And she, right courteouslie, Return'd a beck, and kindly faid, " Good day, sweet fir, 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.</p> |
|--|--|

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

The Glancing o' her Apron.

Violin

Lively

In lovely August last, On munday at morn, As

6

6

6

6

5

4

3

thro' the fields I past - - To view the yel-low Corn. I

9

7

look - - ed me behind, And saw come o'er the know, Ane

5

glancing in her A - pron, With a bonny bent brow.

O Bonny Lads.

Violin

Slow

O fay bonny Lads will you lye in a Barrack, and marry a Soldier and

carry his wallet, O fay woud you leave baith your Mither and Daddy, And

follow the Camp with your Soldier Laddy, O fay woud you leave baith your

Mither and Daddy, And follow the Camp with your Soldier Laddy.

8 6 5 5 6 6 6 3 5 6 10 8 8 6

6 4 # 4 6 6 4 2 6 5

10 10 6 5 6 4 # 4 6

4 2 6 5 10 10 6 6 5 6 4 #

O! SAY, BONNY LASS.

| | |
|--|---|
| O! say, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack, And marry a foldier, and carry his wallet; | O! say, bonny lass, wou'd you go a cam- paigning, |
| O! say, wou'd you leave baith your mither and daddy, | And bear all the hardships of battle and fa- mine; |
| And follow the camp with your foldier laddy? | When wounded and bleeding, then wou'd'st thou draw near me, |
| O! say, wou'd you leave baith your mither and daddy, | And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me? |
| And follow the camp with your foldier laddy? | |
| O! yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack, And marry a foldier and carry his wallet; | O! yes, bonny lad, I'll think naething of it, But follow my Henry, and carry his wallet; |
| I'd neither ask leave of my mither or daddy, But follow my dearest, my foldier laddy. | Nor dangers nor famine, nor wars can alarm me, My foldier is near me, and naething can harm me. |

But say, bonny lass, when I go into battle,
Where dying men groan, and loud cannons rattle?
O! then, bonny lad, I will share a' thy harms,
And should'st thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH

| | |
|---|---|
| M Y love was once a bonny lad, | Despair and anguish fill my breast, |
| He was the flower of a' his kin ; | Since I have lost my blooming rose ; |
| The absence of his bonny face | I sigh and moan, while others rest, |
| Has rent my tender heart in twain ; | His absence yields me no repose ; |
| I day nor night, find no delight, | To seek my love I'll range and rove, |
| On silent tears I still complain ; | Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain ; |
| And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes, | Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days, |
| That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain. | To hear tidings from my darling swain. |

The 2^d Towers o' Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

My love was once a bonny lad, He was the flow'r of a' his kin; The

5 6 5 7 8 b7 6 5
3 4 3 2 3 4 3

absence of his bonny face Has rent my tenderheart in twain. I day nor

6 5 7 8 b7 4 5
4 3 2 3

night find no delight; In silent tears I ftill complain; And exclaim'gainst

6 6 8 6 5
3

those my ri-val foes; That hae ta'en from me my darling Swain.

6 5 5 6 5
4 3 3 4 3

Jockie & Sandie.

Violin

Slow

Twa bonny lads were Sandy and Jockie; Jockie was lo'ed but

Sandy un-lucky, Jockie was lairdbairn of hills and of vallies But Sandy was

naught but the king of gude fellows. Jockie lo'ed Madgie and Madgie had money, And

Sandy lo'ed Mary, for Mary was bonny: Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for

treasure So Jockie had filler, And Sandy had pleasure.

JOCKIE AND SANDY.

TWA bonny lads were Sandy and Jockie,
 Jockie was loo'd, but Sandy unlucky ;
 Jockie was laird baith of hills and of vallyies,
 But Sandy was naught but the king of gude fellows:
 Jockie loo'd Madgie, for Madgie had money ;
 And Sandy loo'd Mary, for Mary was bonny.
 Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for treafure,
 So Jockie had filler, and Sandy had pleasure.

THE MILL, MILL O!

The words by P. P.

FIE! Mary, to be so unkind,
And cruel hoard thy blisses!
Those lips for rapture were **design'd**,
Then let me steal their kisses.
What, tho' a score or two I take?
Be generous, girl, and scorn 'em!
Yet should'st thou pout to have them back—
I promise to return 'em.

The Will Mil O.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Fie! Ma ry to be fo unkind, And cruel, hoard thy

blisses! Those lips for rapture were designd, Then let me steal their kisses,

What tho' a score or two I take? Be gen'rous, Girl and scorn 'em: Yet

thoudst thou pout to have them back; I promise to re-turn 'em.

6 6 8 6 6 5

9 6 8 5 6 8 6 6 6 9 6 5

10 10 6 9 6

6 6 6 6 9 6 5

Five words I have lost my Love.

Violin

Slow

Shepherds, I have lost my love, Have you seen my

8 7
6 5

5 6

An-na, Pride of ev'ry shady Grove, Upon the banks of Banna.

6 4 #

6

6 5

6

6

5 8

5

6 4

3

I for her my home for-fok Near you mighty mountain.

6

6

5 6

6 4

#

Left my flock my pipe, my crook, Greenwood shade and fountain.

6

5

5

4 2

6

6 4

3

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

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

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

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

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

BONNY KATE OF EDINBURGH.

WHERE waving pines salute the skies,
 And silver streams meand'ring flow,
 Where verdant mountains gently rise,
 Thus Sandy fung his tale of woe :
 Ah ! Kitty, cruel perjur'd maid,
 Why hast thou stole my heart away ?
 Why thus forsaken am I laid,
 To spend in tears and sighs the day ?

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

Thus Sandy fung, but turning round,
 Beheld sweet Nancy's injur'd shade ;
 He trembling saw, he shook, and groan'd,
 Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd :
 " Ah ! hapless man, thy perjur'd vow,
 " Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave ;
 " The damps of death bedew'd my brow,
 " While you the dying maid could save !"

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

Bonnie Kate o' Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Where waving Pines salute the skies, And silver streams meandering
 flow, Where verdant mountains gently rise, Thus Sandy sung his tale of woe.

Ah! Kitty, cruel perjurd maid, Why hast thou stole my heart away; Why
 thus for-saken am I laid, To spend in tears and sighs the day!

5 3 5 5 6 5

6 5 5 3 4 3 4 5 2

10 5 5 3

6 5 5 5 6 6 5

If'er ye do well it's a Wonder.

Violin

Slow

How blest was the hour when I stole to thy bow'r and the smile seem'd to grow from thy
beau - ty! How my days are forlorn And in silence I mourn Thou command'st & to
part, is my du - - ty. I own that I love! But wherefore reprove and re-
pel me with frowns so al - - arm - - ing? Thou ought not to blame the poor
fain for his flame, But dame nature who form'd thee so charm - - ing.

IF E'ER I DO WELL IT'S A WONDER.

The words by P. P.

| | |
|--|--|
| HOW blest was the hour, | I own that I love ! |
| When I stole to thy bow'r, | But wherefore reprove, |
| And the smile seem'd to grow from thy | And repel me with frowns so alarming ? |
| beauty ! | Thou ought'st not to blame |
| Now my days are forlorn, | The poor swain for his flame, |
| And in silence I mourn— | But Dame Nature, who form'd thee so |
| Thou command'st, and to part is my duty. | charming. |

PEGGY IN DEVOTION.

The words by P. P.

SWEET nymph of my devotion !
Let thy smile
My hours beguile,
For care's an idle notion :
Then let love be free.
Since Nature gave thee beauty,
Grant the kifs,
The higheft blifs,
For know it is thy duty ;
Listen, girl, to me.

Leggs in Devotion.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Sweet Nymph of my de - - vo - - tion, Let thy smile my

hours beguile; For care's an idle no - - tion, Let love be.

free. Since nature gave thee beau - - ty, Grant the kifs, The

higheft blifs; For know it is thy du - - ty, Listen Girl to me.

Colonel Gardner.

Violin

Slow

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cocks' crowing,

6 5 10 9 7 6 7 6 5 6 6 5 6
8 7 5 +

When westland winds shook Stirling's towers, With hollow murmurs blowing; When

5 - 6 5 10 9 7 6 7 6 5 5 6 5
3 4 3 6 8 7 5 4 2 4

Fanny fair all woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the

6 6 6 6 5 6 5 2 6 6 5
4 3

ruin'd towers she heard, The hoding screech Owl crying.

6 # 7 6 5 5

C O L O N E L G A R D N E R.

'TWAS at the hour of dark midnight,
 Before the first cock's crowing,
 When westland winds shook Stirling's tower,
 With hollow murmurs blowing ;
 When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
 Sad on her bed was lying,
 And from the ruin'd towers she heard
 The boding screech-owl crying.

O ! dismal night, she said, and wept ;
 O ! night prefaging sorrow !
 O ! dismal night, she said, and wept,
 But more I dread to-morrow.
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 Each host to Preston bending :
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 With deadly hate contending.

Even in the visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping ;
 And all the matrons of the land,
 And all the virgins weeping ;
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning,
 And now thro' all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading ;
 O ! speak, she cry'd, my father's slain !
 I see, I see him bleeding !
 " A pale corpse on the fullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him ;
 Even at the threshold of his gate,
 The foe of life bereft him.

Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
 With many a wound deformed ;
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair isle ne'er adorned."
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded ;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the fight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining ;
 But oh ! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining !
 But why complain ? the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining :
 May Providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

TO DAUNTON ME.

| | |
|--|---|
| ALAS! when charming Sylvia's gone, | Ah, me! what pow'r can move me so? |
| I sigh and think myself undone; | I die with grief when she must go; |
| But when the lovely nymph is here, | But I revive at her return; |
| I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear; | I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn: |
| Thoughtless of all but her I rove, | Transports so strong, so sweet, so new, |
| Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love? | Say, can they be to friendship due? |

Ah! no, 'tis love! 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain!
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
 Gods! if the truest must be blest'd.
 O! let her be by me possess'd,

To Danton me.

99

Violin

*Moderately
Slow*

A-las! when charming Syl-via's gone, I sigh and

think my-self undone; But when the lovely nymph is here, I'm

pleas'd, yet grieve, and hope, yet fear. Thoughtless of all but

her I rove. Ah! tell me is not this call'd love?

Jenny was Fair.

Violin

Slow

When west winds did blow with a soft gentle breeze, And sweetblossoming
 verdured did cloth all the trees, I went forth one morning to hail the new spring And
 hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing. I saw the green forest, I saw the gay
 plain, But nature to me was delightful in vain, For love had invaded the
 peace of my mind, And Jenny, dear Jenny was fair and unkind.

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

WHEN west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze,
 And sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees,
 I went forth one morning, to hail the new spring,
 And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing;
 I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain,
 But nature to me was delightful in vain;
 For love had invaded the peace of my mind,
 And Jenny, dear Jenny! was fair and unkind.

Ye powers, who reside in the regions above;
 Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love!
 Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
 That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
 Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;
 Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;
 Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;
 Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

THO' distant far from Jeffy's charms,
I stretch, in vain, my longing arms ;
Tho' parted by the deeps of sea,
Her absence will not alter me ;
Tho' beauteous nymphs I see around,
A Chloris, Flora, might be found,
Or Phillis, with her roving eye ;
Her absence shall not alter me.

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

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

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

For conqu'ring love is strong as death,
Like veh'ment flames his pow'ful breath ;
Thro' floods unmov'd, his course he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the sea's devouring deeps ;
His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return ;
My faithful Jeffy then shall see,
Her absence has not alter'd me.

Her absence will not alter me.

Violin

Moderately Slow

Tho' distant far from Jessy's charms, I stretch in vain my longing

arms, Tho' parted by the deeps of sea, Her absence will not alter me.

Tho' beauteous nymphs I see around, A Chloris, Flora, might be found, Or

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

I N D E X.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| BARBARA Allen | 12 |
| Be kind to the young thing | 55 |
| Blew Bonnets | 40 |
| Blink o'er the Burn | 69 |
| Bonny Kate of Edinburgh | 95 |
| Braw Lads of Galla Water | 16 |
| By the Stream so cool and clear | 20 |

C.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Cauld Kail in Aberdeen | 56 |
| Col. Gardner | 98 |
| Cumbernauld House | 48 |

D.

| | |
|----------------------|----|
| Dainty Davie | 33 |
| Duncan Davison | 27 |
| Duncan Gray | 35 |

E.

| | |
|-------------------|----|
| Eppie Adair | 75 |
|-------------------|----|

F.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| Fife, and a' the Lands about it | 30 |
| Fy! let us a' to the Bridal | 21 |
| Fy! gar rub her o'er wi' Strae | 8 |

G.

| | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Green grow the Rashies | 9 |
|------------------------------|---|

H.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Had awa' frae me, Donald | 13 |
| Hallow Ev'n | 64 |
| Here's a Health to my true Love | 50 |
| Her Absence will not alter me | 101 |
| How can I be fad on my Wedding Day | 37 |
| How lang and dreary is the Night | 68 |

I.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| I had a Horfe | 18 |
| I Love my Love in Secret | 4 |
| I'm o'er young to marry yet | 31 |
| I dream'd I lay | 88 |
| If e'er I do well it's a Wonder | 96 |

J.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Jemmy, come try me | 80 |
| Jenny was fair | 100 |
| Jockey and Sandy | 92 |
| Jockey was the blythest Lad | 65 |
| John Anderfon, my Jo | 3 |
| John of Badenyon | 25 |
| John, come kifs me now | 42 |

L.

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| Leader Haughs and Yarrow | 28 |
| Lizae Baillie | 84 |
| Love will find out the Way | 54 |
| Logie of Buchan | 74 |

M.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Mary's Dream | 2 |
| Maggy Lauder | 36 |
| Maggie's Tocher | 87 |
| Margaret's Ghost | 66 |
| Merry may the Maid be | 51 |
| Mount your Baggage | 43 |
| My Boy Tammy | 19 |
| My ain kind Deary | 32 |
| My Heart's in the Highlands | 78 |
| My Mither's ay glowran o'er me | 71 |

I N D E X.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|---|-------|-------------------------------------|-------|
| N. | | | |
| Nanny, O !..... | 38 | The Flowers of Edinburgh | 91 |
| O. | | | |
| O'er Bogie | 17 | The Glancing of her Apron | 89 |
| O ! Bonny Lafs | 90 | Tibby Fowler o' the Glen | 53 |
| O ! can you few Cushions | 49 | The Lafs of Livingstone | 24 |
| O ! let me in this ae Night..... | 62 | The Maid's Complaint..... | 85 |
| Oh ! Onochrie | 86 | The Mucking of Geordy's Byer | 52 |
| P. | | | |
| Pentland Hills | 34 | The Miller's Daughter | 81 |
| Peggy in Devotion | 97 | The Mill, Mill O | 93 |
| R. | | | |
| Raving Winds around her blowing | 82 | The Ploughman | 11 |
| Robin, quo' she..... | 73 | Todlen Hame | 7 |
| S. | | | |
| Saw ye my Father | 6 | The Gard'ner wi' his Paidle | 46 |
| Saw ye my Peggy | 57 | The Shepherd Adonis | 22 |
| Sleepy Body | 45 | The Soger Laddie | 61 |
| Shepherds, I have lost my love | 94 | The waefu' Heart | 10 |
| Steer her up, and had her gawin | 79 | The White Cockade | 23 |
| T. | | | |
| The Birks of Abergeldie | 59 | The Wawking of the Fauld..... | 41 |
| The Black Eagle | 67 | This is no mine ain House | 15 |
| The Banks of Spey | 58 | U. | |
| The Bonny Brucket Laffie | 60 | Up in the Morning early | 29 |
| The Brisk young Lad | 47 | W. | |
| The bonniest Lafs in a' the Warld | 26 | Wat ye wha I met Yestreen..... | 70 |
| To daunt me..... | 99 | When she came ben she bobbit | 63 |
| Y. | | | |
| | | Whistle o'er the Lave o't | 77 |
| | | Willie was a Wanton Wag | 5 |
| | | Will ye go to Flanders | 14 |
| | | Willy's fair and Willy's rare | 83 |
| | | Widow, are ye waking | 76 |
| | | Woo'd and Married and a' | 39 |
| | | Ye God's, was Strephon's, &c. | 44 |
| | | Young Damon | 72 |

G L O S S A R Y.

A', all
Aboon, above
Ae, or ane, one
Ain, own
Aith, oath
Aff, off
Aften, often
Alane, alone
Albeit, Altho'
Amang, among
Awa', away
Auld, old
Ay, always
Bannocks, a sort of bread
thicker than cakes, soft and
round
Bairn, child
Bairns, children
Baith, both
Baps, soft long rolls
Bauld, bold
Ben, the inner room of a house
Bent, open fields
Bid, pray for, desire
Bigging, building
Birks, beach trees
Blaw, blow
Blink, a glance of the eye
Blutter, a blunderer
Blythe, cheerful, happy
Bobbit, courtised
Bonny, beautiful
Bow'd, crooked
Brae, the side of a hill
Brak, break
Brander, gridiron
Braw, brave, fine in apparel
Brent-brow, smooth, high
forehead
Bridal, wedding
Brochan, a kind of gruel made
of oatmeal, butter, and boney

Brow, forehead
Bucky, the large sea-snail
Burn, a brook
But and Ben, this and the other
end of the house
Byer, a cow house

Ca', to call, or drive
Canna, cannot
Canty, cheerful, merry
Cap, a wooden bowl
Carle, an old man
Carlings, boil'd pease after-
wards broiled
Carna', care not
Castocks, the core and stalk of
cabbages
Cauldrie, chilly, spiritless,
having no address
Claife, clothes
Cog, a large wooden dish in
which the country people put
their pottage
Couth, kind, comfortable
Craig, a rock
Crowdie, meal mixed with
water

Daft, foolish, mad, and some-
times wanton
Darna, dare not
Daunton, affright
Deary, little dear, a term of
endearment
Dight, to clean, to dress
Dike, a wall
Din, noise
Ding, excel
Dinna, do not
Doited, crazy, as in old age
Dow, dove
Doughty, valiant

Douse, solid, grave, prudent
Drammock, meal mixed with
water
Dreigh, the English language
has no word which can ex-
press the full meaning of
this : but it signifies, slow in
one's motion, raw, cheerless
Dub, mire, slough, or puddle
Dulse or dilse, a sea weed
with a long broad leaf
Een, eyes
Eerie, afraid of apparitions
Fa', fall
Fain, expresses earnest desire,
as, fain would I; also joyful,
tickled with pleasure
Fairfa', good luck
Farles, cakes
Fauld, fence, inclosure, fold
for sheep
Feint, the feint a bit, not a bit
File, to dirty
Flang, flung
Flit, to move from one place to
another
Gabbocks, large mouthfuls
Gae, go
Gaed, went
Gang, go
Gar, to cause, make, or force
Gaist, or ghairt, ghost
Gate, way
Gear, wealth, goods
Gied, gave
Gif, if
Gin, if
Girn, to grin, snarl
Glaiked or glaikit, foolish,
wanton, light
Glen, a hollow between two
hills

- Glinted, *glided*
 Glowring, *flaring*
 Gowden, *golden*
 Graith, *all kinds of instruments*
 Gree, *prize, victory*
 Greet, *to weep*
 Grip, *to hold fast*
 Gude or guid, *good*
 Ha', *ball*
 Hadden, *beld*
 Hain, *to serve, manage well*
 Hame, *home*
 Heartsome, *glad some, pleasant*
 Heght, *promised*
 Hooly, *slowly, with care*
 How, *low ground, a hollow*
 Jag, *the best part of the calf leather uncurried*
 Ilk, *each*
 Ilka, *every*
 Jo, *sweetheart*
 Jow, *the toll of a bell*
 I'fe, *I shall*
 Kail, *broth of Coleworts*
 Ken, *know*
 Kepp, *catch*
 Kimmer, *a female gossip*
 Kin, *kindred*
 Kirk, *church*
 Kist, *chest*
 Kith and kin, *kindred*
 Know, *a hillock*
 Ky, *cows*
 Lack, *want*
 Laigh, *low*
 Laird, *a gentleman of estate*
 Laith, *loath, sorry*
 Lane, *by one's self*
 Lang, *long*
 Langsome, *tiresome, tedious*
 Lang kail, *coleworts uncut*
 Lapper'd, *curdled*
 Lave, *the rest, or remainder*
 Lee, *fallow or untilled ground, also an open grassy plain*
 Leez me, *a phrase used when one is in love, or is pleased with a person*
 Leugh, *laughed*
 Lilt, *a merry tune, or doing any thing easily and lively*
 Loo, *to love*
 Mair, *more*
 Maist, *most*
 Manna, *must not, may not*
 Marrow, *mate, lover*
 Maun, *must*
 Meal-kail, *soup with pot-herbs and oatmeal*
 Meikle, *much, great*
 Midding, *a dungbill*
 Mill, *a snuff-box*
 Minny, *mother*
 Mither, *mother*
 Mony, *many*
 Mou', *mouth*
 Mucking, *cleansing from dung*
 Muckle, *or meikle, much*
 Munaday, *Monday*
 Na or nae, *not*
 Nane, *none*
 O'er or ower, *too much*
 O'erlay, *a cravat*
 Owfen, *oxen*
 Outwittens, *without the knowledge of*
 Paidle, *a spade*
 Partans, *crab-fish*
 Pawky, *sly, witty, cautious*
 Pearlings, *thread lace to a woman's cap*
 Plenishan, *household furniture*
 Pleugh, *plough*
 Pocks, *sacks*
 Pow, *head*
 Pree'd, *tasted*
 Pu', *pull*
 Rashies, *rushes*
 Reft, *robbed, forced, or taken away*
 Rifarts, *radishes*
 Rife, *plenty*
 Rigs, *ridges*
 Rive, *to rend, split, or burst*
 Roofe, *to commend, extol*
 Rowth, *plenty*
 Rung, *a rough strong walking stick*
 Sae, *so*
 Sair, *sore*
 Sall, *shall*
 Sark, *shirt*
 Saul, *soul*
 Saut, *salt*
 Scon, *a cake of bread*
 Scuds, *ale*
 Sell, *self*
 Shanks, *limbs*
 Sharn, *cow's dung*
 Shaw, *a wood or forest*
 Shire, *a clever wag*
 Shoon, *shoes*
 Sic, *such*
 Siller, *silver or money*
 Sine, *since*
 Skaita, *hurt or damage*
 Skeigh, *shy*
 Skink, *strong soup*
 Snaw, *snow*
 Snishin, *snuff*
 Sowens, *slummery*
 Speer, *to ask, to inquire*
 Spring, *a tune on a musical instrument*
 Starn, *star, smallest part*
 Stoup, *a can, a pint stoup is a can or pot which holds two English quarts*
 Swats, *small ale*
 Sutor, *a shoemaker*
 Sybows, *a species of small onions*
 Syne, *since, formerly*
 Tane, *taken*
 Tangles, *the stalk or stem of the dulse, a sea-weed, see Dulse*
 Tapfalteerie, *head over heels*
 Tent, *attention, cautious*
 Tirl at the pin, *rap with the knocker, or play with the latch of the door*
 Tocher, *portion, dowry*
 Todlen, *reeling, tottering*
 Toom, *empty*
 Triggig, *neatly arranging the furniture of a house*
 Twin, *to part*
 Unco, *very, or much*
 Vow or wow, *an exclamation signifying, I swear, or oh!*
 Waefu', *woeful*
 Waes, *woes*
 Wale, *to chuse*
 Ware, *bestow, spend, also goods*
 Wat ye, *know ye*
 Wauking o' the fauld, *the watching of the sheep-fold*
 Weaponshaw, *a place at the edge of a wood, where they meet to exercise cudgelling, &c.*
 Wee, *little*
 Westlin, *western*
 Wylie, *cautious, cunning*
 Yestreen, *last night*

