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# THE SONG BOOK

WORDS AND TUNES  
FROM THE BEST POETS AND MUSICIANS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

By JOHN HULLAH

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Philadelphia :

T. B. LIPPINCOTT AND CO  
MACMILLAN AND CO.

London.

1866



## PREFACE.

THIS volume contains the majority of the best Songs, by deceased poets and musicians, of Great Britain and Ireland. That it has been possible to compress anything answering to this description into so small a compass is due to a variety of causes, of which deficiency of material whence to choose has assuredly not been one. But, the *best* things, in every kind of art, are necessarily few. The field of choice, too, has been limited in the present instance to pieces which fully answer to the popular idea of a song—a thing, the first condition or qualification of which is *that it can be sung*, and to which, therefore, apt notes are as essential and as important as apt words. Moreover, it was desirable that the collection should consist exclusively of *National* songs—songs which, through their truth to nature, their felicity of expression, and the operation of time, have sunk “deeper than did ever plummet sound” into the hearts of the people among whom they have sprung up and circulated.

The presentation of these songs *without accompaniment*, has been dictated not merely by want of space, but by the desire to present them in their original forms. For, in almost every case, the *tune* is the *only* original part of the music of a national song; the addition even of a bass having been generally made by a later hand—not always guided by a sympathetic spirit.

In thus bringing together the Songs of Great Britain and Ireland, an opportunity will be afforded both for confirming a just impression in respect to

them, and also for removing a false one ;—by showing, on the one hand, that, as a body, they will not suffer by comparison with those of any other nation—perhaps even with those of all other nations put together,—on the other, that the *English*, as well as the Scottish, the Welsh, and the Irish, *have national melodies*—a truth which, old and irrefragable as it may be to those who have looked into the matter, will be altogether new to, and require confirmation with, those who have not. Some excuse for this may have existed, up to a comparatively recent time, in the absence of any authentic and accessible body of evidence in relation to English melody; but the labours of Mr. Chappell have now put this within reach of every candid inquirer, and established beyond doubt the priority as well as the extent of our claims as a nation of song-makers.

In his splendid and exhaustive collection,\* Mr. Chappell has included not only the majority of those English songs and tunes “of the olden time” which are still current and popular, but many others that, wanting a chronicler or an interpreter, had ceased, or would soon have ceased, to be so. Many a treasure, too, long lost to eye and ear in the folds of ancient manuscripts, or veiled under obsolete and repulsive notations, will be found in it :—all these accompanied and enriched by annotations and illustrations not more remarkable for their number than for their accuracy and interest.

Indeed, but for Mr. Chappell's, a book like the following would have demanded an amount of research which must have placed many years between its projection and its publication. Nor, without his encouragement, could the Editor have ventured to avail himself so often of the results of Mr. Chappell's researches, as this book will show he has done. But an announcement of the plan of it, submitted by the Editor to Mr. Chappell before he undertook to carry it into effect, was met by that gentleman, not merely

\* *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, a Collection of Ancient Songs, Ballads, and Dance Tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England, &c. By William Chappell, F.S.A. London: Cramer & Co.



with a prompt and unconditional permission to use, or extract from, his publications to any extent, but by an offer of co-operation of any other kind that might be needed.

Copious as were the resources thus liberally opened to the Editor, it will be seen that they were not the only ones to which he has had access, and occasion to resort. Not to say that much in Mr. Chappell's work is, as a very condition of its existence as national melody, familiar even "as household words," some, if not many, songs of much interest have not found their way into it,—simply because no book can contain everything. The authorities for these as well as all other pieces, whether of words or music, contained in this volume are specified at the foot of each; more detailed information, where needed, being given in the concluding notes.

Though nothing that can be compared with the research and critical acumen of Mr. Chappell has been brought to bear upon it, *Scottish* song has long been, to the natives of Scotland, an object of far greater pride and attention than has English song to our own countrymen. Collections of Scottish melodies are both numerous and copious,—too copious in many instances; since they include both a good deal hardly worthy of preservation, and also not a little the *nationality* of which (always doubtful) more careful inquiry must have resulted in assigning to South Britain or Ireland. That not a few so-called Scottish melodies are possibly or certainly Irish has been long known to, and admitted by, the Scotch themselves; but that the terms *Northern*, and even *Scottish*, have often been applied to their own songs by the English, and that a considerable number of pieces, which have found their way into Scottish collections, had been in print as well as in large circulation in England long before (though it might be with slight variations, not of structure, but of surface), are truths, the demonstration of which we owe to Mr. Chappell. Not that the Scotch alone have profited in this way. It is certain also that many favourite *Irish* melodies have either been pieced together from fragments of English material, or stolen ready made.

These appropriations, however, of their neighbours' goods, admitted in full, both Ireland and (still more) Scotland have good cause for rejoicing in their lyrical wealth. To the perfection of a song the words and the notes must contribute in an equal degree; and these must be not merely excellent in themselves, but accordant with each other. The conditions of a song's existence are only thoroughly fulfilled where

“ — music and sweet poesy agree,  
As needs they must—the sister and the brother.”

In the songs of no people is this *agreement* more perfect than, or so frequent as, in the Scottish. The contributions of Burns alone to the minstrelsy of his country would entitle Scotland to a high—perhaps to the highest—place among song-making peoples. And even Burns, though of unequalled altitude, is but as the highest peak in the mountain-chain which leads up to it, guards and buttresses it, on all sides. He is *facile princeps*, no doubt, but his compeers are royal and many.

In comparison with Scottish, Irish minstrelsy appears, of necessity, under great disadvantages—to *us*. The native poet-musicians of Ireland are unintelligible to the great mass by whom the English language and its varieties are spoken. And, within the memories of men living, no Anglo-Irish poet had taken a place for a moment to be compared with that of Burns, in connexion with the melodies of his own country. The condition of Wales has been precisely similar, and from the same cause. Her vocal melodies have been long before the world, in considerable numbers, but of necessity also divorced from the words to which they were originally allied. Indeed, before the very recent publication of Mr. Thomas's work,\* nothing like a collection of Welsh Melodies, interpreted and adorned by the addition of English words, of appropriate character, had been attempted. The courtesy of Mr. Thomas's publishers has enabled

\* *Welsh Melodies*, with Welsh and English Poetry. By John Jones, Esq. (Talhaiarn) and Thomas Oliphant, Esq.; arranged by John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia). London: Addison & Co.

the Editor to give some specimens of Welsh songs, the beauty and interest of which will, no doubt, lead musical readers to the inspection and study of the entire collection from which they are taken.

To the English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish songs specified in the title-page, have been added a few *American*. In admitting them a rule excluding contemporary songs has been violated. Everything, however, in America comes quickly to maturity, and the flavour which, in the Old World, can be given to national melody only by age, seems to be communicable in the New, through other agencies. Certain it is that a considerable number of American songs which have taken strong hold, not only of America, but of Great Britain, cannot possibly number even the fewest years needed for the enrolment of any British composition among *our* national songs.

To what extent any considerable number of ancient melodies—of whatever nation—are *intact*; with how much of the detail, or even of the design, of their authors about them, they have come down to us, is a question which, however interesting, it is not likely there will ever be any means of answering satisfactorily. Many of the most ancient tunes must be the production of artists to whom the use of musical symbols was either unfamiliar or altogether unknown, and whose inspirations, caught up “by ear,” have been passed on, from voice to voice, and from instrument to instrument, for long periods of time, before their forms were verified in the written note. Those whose only means of tradition are oral, have, no doubt, very retentive memories; but, admitting this to the fullest extent, variations innumerable, and more or less great, both in words and notes, must, in the course of frequent repetitions of the same songs, make their way into them. If we consider, too, the extent to which almost every performer impresses what he performs with his own individuality, we shall hesitate to set much store by the *authenticity*, whatever we may think of the beauty, of many of those versions of old melodies, which have been taken down, at such cost and trouble, by musical antiquarians, from the lips of “the oldest inhabitants” of out-of-the-way places.

The assignment of dates to national melodies on internal evidence—and we have often no other to guide us—is attended with difficulties altogether special. An average musical composition can as little conceal its age as an average human being. A thousand peculiarities in its plan and details will betray to an experienced eye or ear the approximate time, and often even place, of its production. But tunes, pure and simple, are the waifs and strays of musical creation—the offspring of genius often not amenable to, often not cognizant of, musical law, to whose lot it has not unfrequently fallen to anticipate modes of operations not yet *sanctioned* by the orthodox practitioner. That musical history furnishes many instances of this is certain; melodies, the dates of which are indisputable, being found cast in forms—technically, in a *tonality*—not generally accepted and used till many years after their composition. The Editor has not succeeded in ascertaining on what evidence so high an antiquity is assigned to certain tunes in many Scottish, Welsh, and Irish collections. That the stocks on which some of them have been grafted are ancient is probable; or (to change the metaphor) that the work handed down to us may enclose, or may have altogether replaced, another of very distant date, is neither impossible nor improbable; but in these, as in too many other instances, restoration and repair have destroyed a monument, and its transformation has been so thorough, that the original artificer might fail to find any of his own work left in it.

The value and interest, to the musical reader, of a collection like the following consist greatly in the opportunity it affords of comparing, not merely one melody with another, but any *set* of national melodies with any other—the English with the Irish, the Irish with the Welsh, and so on. The songs of a people might be expected, in some marked way, to reveal its character and peculiarities. That from their *literary* part, the words, something in respect of these might, in the absence of all other knowledge, be predicated is certain; but that from their musical part, the notes—essentially so vague, so unequal to

clear expression of any but a few powerful affections of the mind—any equal amount of knowledge, or any knowledge whatever, of the people among whom they have grown up, could be obtained, must be considered extremely doubtful.

It remains only for the Editor to name here the musical works to which he has had most frequent occasion to refer. These are, for the English tunes, Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; for the Scottish, Thomson's *Scottish Songs*; for the Welsh, Thomas's *Welsh Melodies*; and for the Irish, Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*. Considerable discrepancies exist between many of the airs in the latter work and those bearing the same names in Moore's *Irish Melodies*: in every instance the version of Bunting has been adopted in preference to that of Moore, as being always the more ancient, and generally the more beautiful. Thus, for the first time, many of these magnificent lyrics will be found in connexion with the airs by which they were professedly inspired.

J. H.

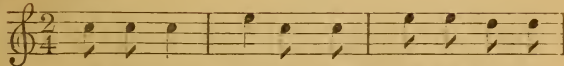


# The Song Book

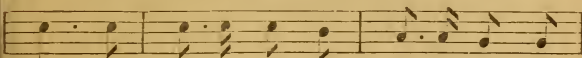
I

## BLOW THY HORN, HUNTER

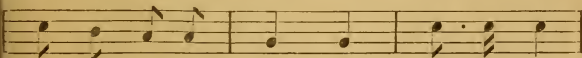
*Animato*



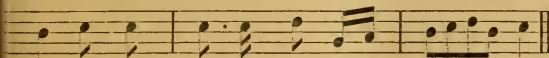
Blow thy horn, Hunter, Come blow thy horn on



high ; In yonder wood there lyeth a doe, In



faith she will not die. Come blow thy horn



hunter, Come, blow thy horn, jolly hunt - er !

CHAPPELL. From a MS. Brit. Mus.

B

## II

## PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY

*Andante*

Pastime with good com - pany I love, and shall un-  
 til I die ; Grudge who will, but none deny, So  
 God be pleas'd, this life will I For my pastance, Hunt,  
 sing and dance; My heart is set, All goodly sport, To  
 my comfort, Who shall me let?

Youth will needs have dalliance,  
 Of good or ill some pastance;  
 Company me thinketh the best  
 All thoughts & fantasies to digest.  
 For idleness  
 Is chief mistress  
 Of vices all:  
 Then who can say  
 But pass the day  
 Is best of all?

Company with honesty  
 Is virtue; and vice to flee.  
 Company is good or ill,  
 But every man hath his free will.  
 The best I sue,  
 The worst eschew:  
 My mind shall be  
 Virtue to use,  
 Vice to refuse,  
 I shall use me.

CHAPPELL. The Words and Tune (by HENRY VIII)  
 from a MS. in the Brit. Mus.



III

AH! THE SYGHES THAT COME FRO' MY HEART

*Andantino*

Ah! the syghes that come fro' my heart, They  
grieve me passing sore; Syth I must fro' my  
love de-part, Fare well my joye for ever - more . . . . .

Oft to me with her goodly face,  
She was wont to cast an eye;  
And now absence to me in place!  
Alas! for woe I die, I die!

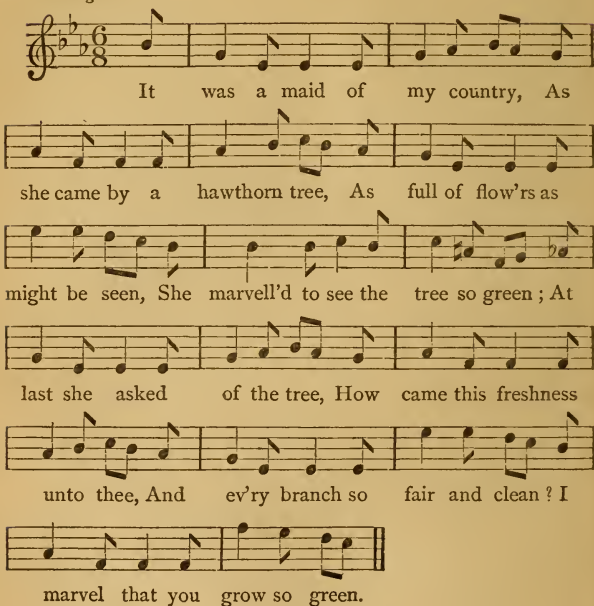
I was wont her to behold,  
And take in armes twain;  
And now with syghes manifold,  
Farewell my joy and welcome pain!

Ah! me think that should I yet,  
As would to God that I might;  
There would no joys compare with it  
Unto my heart, to make it light.

CHAPPELL. From a MS. in the Brit. Mus.

## IV

## IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTRY

*Allegretto*


It was a maid of my country, As  
 she came by a hawthorn tree, As full of flow'rs as  
 might be seen, She marvell'd to see the tree so green ; At  
 last she asked of the tree, How came this freshness  
 unto thee, And ev'ry branch so fair and clean ? I  
 marvel that you grow so green.

The tree made answer by and by,  
 I have cause to grow triumphantly,  
 The sweetest dew that ever be seen,  
 Doth fall upon me to keep me green.

Yea, quoth the maid, but when you grow  
You stand at hand at ev'ry blow,  
Of every man for to be seen,  
I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers from me,  
And many a branch out of my tree ;  
I have such store they will not be seen,  
For more and more my twigs grow green.  
But how, an they chance to cut thee down,  
And carry thy branches into the town ?  
Then they will never more be seen  
To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do it is no boot,  
Although they cut me to the root,  
Next year again I will be seen  
To bud my branches fresh and green.  
And you, fair maid, cannot do so ;  
For "when your beauty once does go"  
Then will it never more be seen,  
As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,  
And turn'd her from the hawthorn bush ;  
She thought herself so fair and clean,  
Her beauty still would ever grow green.

\* \* \* \* \*

But after this never I could hear,  
Of this fair maiden anywhere,  
That ever she was in forest seen  
To talk again with hawthorn green.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Ritson's Ancient Songs,  
and Evans' Old Ballads. TUNE *Dargason*.

## THE HUNT IS UP

*Vivace*

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And  
it is well nigh day; And Harry our King is  
gone hunting, To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,  
And darkness it is fled,  
And the merry horn wakes up the morn  
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes  
Are glowing all around ;  
The grass is green, and so are the treen  
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,  
The dogs are running free,  
The woods rejoice at the merry noise  
Of hey tantara tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad  
All in our lusty green,  
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high  
To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,  
Be merry as you may;  
For Harry our king is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to bay.

CHAPPELL. From Musick's Delight on the Cithern. 1667.

## VI

## WE BE SOLDIERS THREE

We be soldiers three *Pardona moy, je*  
*vous an pree ;* Lately come forth of the Low Countrie, With  
 never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree ;*  
 To all good fellows, wherever they be,  
 With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me thus,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree ;*  
 Pays for the shot, whatever it is,  
 With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,  
*Pardona moy, je vous an pree ;*  
 As long as there is any ink in thy pen,  
 With never a penny of money.

## VII

*MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN*

Martin said to his man, Fie! man, Fie! O

Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now?

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can;

Thou hast well drunken, man; Who's the fool now?

I saw the man in the moon ;  
 Fie ! man, fie !  
 I saw the man in the moon ;  
 Who's the fool now ?  
 I saw the man in the moon  
 Clouting of St. Peter's shoon ;  
 Thou hast well drunken, man ;  
 Who's the fool now ?

I saw a goose ring a hog ;  
 Fie ! man, fie !  
 I saw a goose ring a hog ;  
 Who's the fool now ?  
 I saw a goose ring a hog,  
 And a snail bite a dog ;  
 Thou hast well drunken, man ;  
 Who's the fool now ?

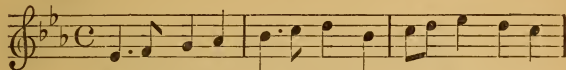
I saw a hare chase a hound ;  
 Fie ! man, fie !  
 I saw a hare chase a hound ;  
 Who's the fool now ?  
 I saw a hare chase a hound  
 Twenty miles above the ground ;  
 Thou hast well drunken, man ;  
 Who's the fool now ?

I saw a mouse catch a cat ;  
 Fie ! man, fie !  
 I saw a mouse catch a cat ;  
 Who's the fool now ?  
 I saw a mouse catch a cat,  
 And the cheese eat the rat ;  
 Thou hast well drunken, man ;  
 Who's the fool now ?

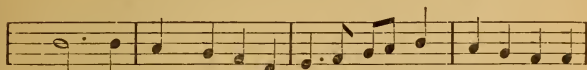
VIII

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

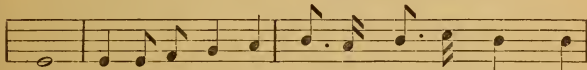
*Moderato*



We be three poor mariners, New - ly come from the



seas ; We spend our lives in jeopardy, While others live in



ease. Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round ? Shall



we go dance the round, the round, the round ? And he that is a



bully boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.

We care not for those martial men

That do our states disdain ;

But we care for the merchantmen

Who do our states maintain.

To them we dance this round, around, around,

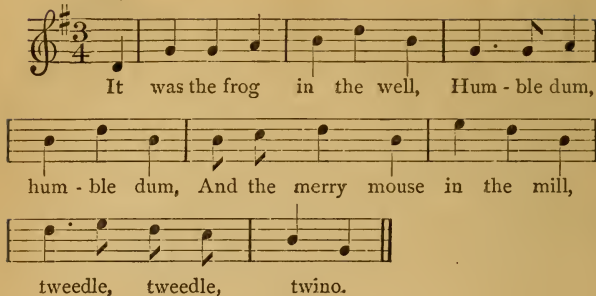
To them we dance this round, around, around ;

And he that is a bully boy,

Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.

## IX

## IT WAS THE FROG IN THE WELL

*Andante*


It was the frog in the well, Hum - ble dum,  
hum - ble dum, And the merry mouse in the mill,  
tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frog would a-wooing ride,  
Humble dum, humble dum,  
Sword and buckler by his side,  
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

When upon his high horse set,  
Humble dum, humble dum,  
His boots they shone as black as jet,  
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

When he came to the merry mill pin,  
Lady Mouse beene you within?  
Then came out the dusty mouse,  
I am lady of this house ;

Hast thou any mind of me?  
I have e'en great mind of thee.  
Who shall this marriage make?  
Our lord, which is the rat.



What shall we have to our supper?  
Three beans in a pound of butter.  
But, when supper they were at,  
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat,

Then came in Tib, our cat,  
And caught the mouse e'en by the back,  
Then did they separate :  
The frog leapt on the floor so flat ;

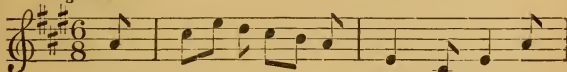
Then came in Dick, our drake,  
And drew the frog e'en to the lake,  
The rat he ran up the wall,  
And so the company parted all.

MELISMATA. 1611.

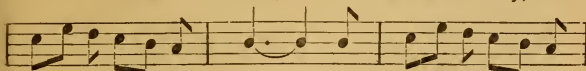
X

GOODMORROW, 'TIS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

*Allegretto*



Good mor-row, 'tis St. Valentine's day, All



in the morning time And I a maid at



your window, To be your Valen - tine.

CHAPPELL. Words from Shakespeare's Hamlet.  
TUNE *Traditional.*

## XI

## SIR SIMON DE MONTFORT

*Moderato*

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall bee; Once  
chief of all the great barons was hee, Yet  
fortune so cruelle this lorde did a - base, Now  
lost and for-got-ten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,  
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;  
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,  
And oft-times he made their enemies flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame Plaine  
The barons were routed and Montfort was slaine;  
Most fatall that battel did prove unto thee,  
Though thou wast not born then, my prettye Bessie!

Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,  
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,  
Was felde by a blowe he receivde in the fight!  
A blow that deprivde him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifeless he laye,  
Till evening drew on of the following daye,  
When by a young ladye discoverd was hee ;  
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie.

A baron's faire daughter stept forth in the night,  
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he laye,  
Was moved with pitye and brought him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swayed his paine,  
While he throughe the realm was believd to be slaine :  
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,  
And made him glad father of prettye Bessie.

And nowe leste our foes oure lives sholde betraye,  
We clothed ourselves in beggar's arraye,  
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee ;  
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessie.

And here have we lived in fortune's despite,  
Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighe,  
Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene  
The sillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe  
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong :  
And thus have you learned a secrete from mee,  
That neer had been known but for prettye Bessie.

CHAPPELL. Words from Percy's Reliques.

## XII

## NOW O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

*Andante*

Now, O now I needs must part, Parting  
While I live I needs must love: Love lives  
though I absent mourn, Absence can no joy im-  
not when life is gone. Now, at last, des - pair doth  
part, Joy once fled can ne'er re - turn. Sad des-  
prove Love di - vi - ded loveth none.  
pair doth drive me hence, That des-pair unkindness  
sends, If that parting be of - fence,  
It is she - which then of - fends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone,  
Gone are all my joys at once!  
I loved thee, and thee alone,  
In whose love I joyed once.  
While I live I needs must love,  
Love lives not when life is gone.

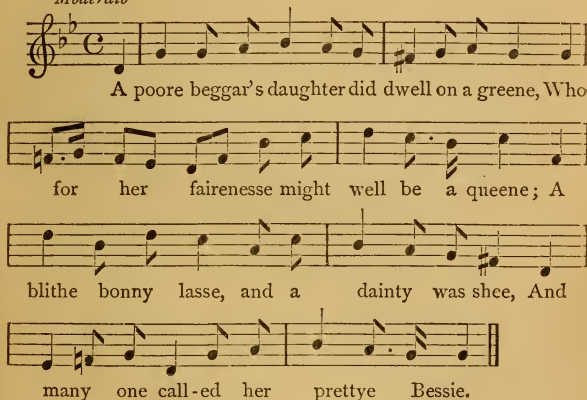
Now, at last, despair doth prove  
Love divided loveth none,  
And although your sight I leave,  
Sight wherein my joys do lie,  
Till that Death do sense bereave,  
Never shall affection die.

From DOWLAND's First Book of Songs. 1597.

XIII

A POOR BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER

*Moderato*



A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene, Who  
for her fairenesse might well be a queene; A  
blithe bonny lasse, and a dainty was shee, And  
many one call-ed her prettye Bessie.

Her father he had noe goods nor noe land,  
But begg'd for a penny all day with his hand;  
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,  
And still he hath somewhat for prettye Bessie.

And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,  
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,  
To prove she is come of noble degree;  
Therefore do not flout at prettye Bessie.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Percy's Reliques. TUNE, *The Blind Beggar*.

## XIV

## COME, LIVE WITH ME

*Moderato*

Come, live with me, and be my love, And  
we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valleys,  
dale and field, And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
And twine a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning ;  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHAPPELL. The Words attributed to Marlowe. TUNE from *Corkine's Second Book of Agres.* 1612 ; & a MS. discovered by Sir John Hawkins.

XV

WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY

*Moderato*

When that I was a little tiny boy, With a  
 heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was  
 but a toy, For the rain it raineth ev - 'ry day, With a  
 heigh! ho! the wind and the rain, For the rain it raineth  
 ev - 'ry day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
 With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,  
 'Gainst thieves and knaves men shut their gate,  
 For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
 With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,  
 By swaggering never could I thrive,  
 For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
 With a heigh! ho! the wind and the rain,  
 But that's all one, our play is done,  
 And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day.

Words from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

## XVI

## O WHAT A PLAGUE IS LOVE

*Grazioso*

O what a plague is love. I cannot  
 bear it; She will in - constant prove I greatly  
 fear it; It so tor - ments my mind, That my heart  
 fail - eth; She wavers with the wind, As a ship  
 sail - eth: Please her the best I may, She loves still  
 to gain-say, Alack, and well a day! Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,  
 That she lov'd posies;  
 In the last month of May  
 I gave her roses,  
 Cowslips and gilly-flowers,  
 And the sweet lily

I got, to deck the bowers  
 Of my dear Philly.  
 She did them all disdain  
 And threw them back again:  
 Therefore 'tis flat and plain  
 Phillida flouts me.



Which way soe'er I go  
She still torments me,  
And whatsoe'er I do  
Nothing contents me :  
I fade, and pine away  
With grief and sorrow ;

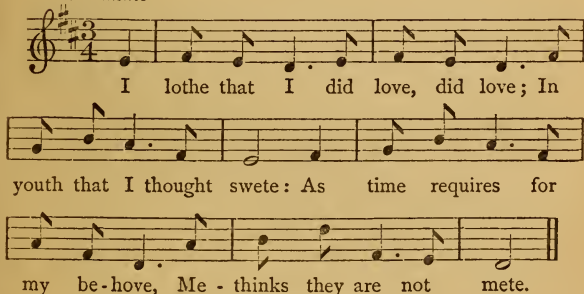
I fall quite to decay,  
Like any shadow.  
I shall be dead, I fear,  
Within a thousand year ;  
And all because my dear  
Phillida flouts me.

CHAPPELL. From Watts' Musical Miscellany  
and Ritson's Ancient Songs.

XVII

*I LOTHE THAT I DID LOVE*

*Lentamente*



I lothe that I did love, did love; In  
youth that I thought swete: As time requires for  
my be-hove, Me - thinks they are not mete.

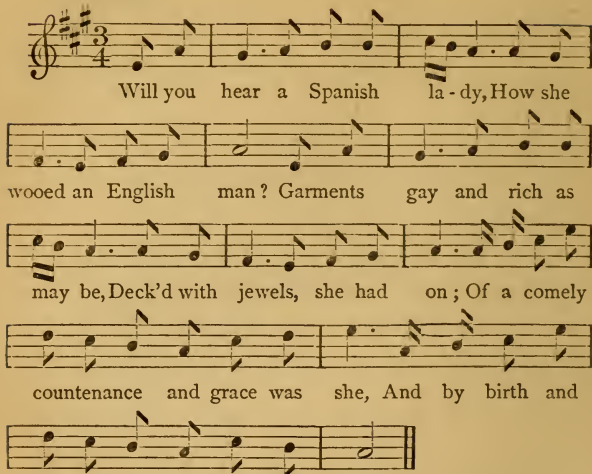
For Age with stealing steps  
Hath clawde me in his crowch ;  
And lusty Youthe away he leapes,  
As there had been none such.

A pikeax and a spade (a space)  
And eke a shrowding shete,  
A home of clay for to be made  
For such a guest most mete.

CHAPPELL. Words from Percy's Reliques.  
TUNE. *Now ponder well.*

## XVIII

## WILL YOU HEAR A SPANISH LADY

*Lentamente*


Will you hear a Spanish la - dy, How she  
 wooed an English man? Garments gay and rich as  
 may be, Deck'd with jewels, she had on; Of a comely  
 countenance and grace was she, And by birth and  
 par - en - tage of high de - gree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
 On his hands her life did lye;  
 Cupid's bands did tye them faster  
 By the liking of an eye.  
 In his courteous company was all her joy,  
 To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
 For to set the ladies free,  
 With their jewels still adorned,  
 None to do them injury.  
 Then said this lady mild "Full woe is me,  
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity."

“ How should'st thou, fair lady, love me  
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe ?

Thy fair words make me suspect thee :  
Serpents lie where flowers grow.”

“ All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,  
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

“ Blessed be the time and season,  
That you came on Spanish ground ;

If you may our foes be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found :

With our city, you have won our hearts each one,  
Then to your country bear away that is your own.”

“ Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,  
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;

I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife ;

I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

“ O how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend !

Many happy days God send her ;  
Of my suit I make an end :

On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

“ I will spend my days in prayer,  
Love and all his laws defye ;

In a nunnery will I shroud me  
Far from any companie :

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

“ Thus farewell most gallant captain !  
Farewell too my heart's content !

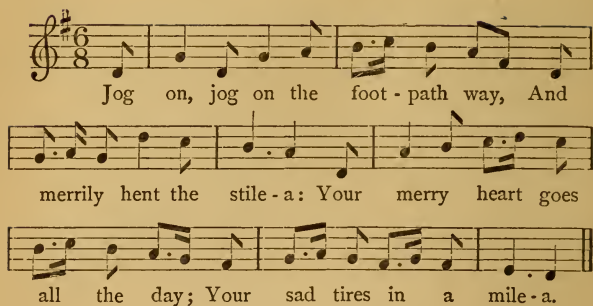
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent :

Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !”

“ The like fall ever to thy share most fair ladiè.”

CHAPPELL. Words from Percy's Reliques.  
TUNE from the *Skene MS.*

## XIX

*JOG ON, JOG ON*


Jog on, jog on the foot - path way, And  
 merrily hent the stile - a : Your merry heart goes  
 all the day ; Your sad tires in a mile - a.

Your paltry money-bags of gold,  
 What need have we to stare for,  
 When little or nothing soon is told,  
 And we have the less to care for.

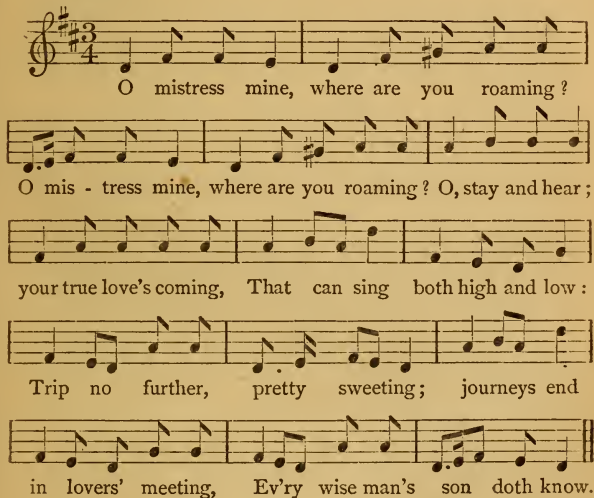
Cast away care, let sorrow cease,  
 A fig for melancholy :  
 Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,  
 We'll frolic with sweet Dolly.

CHAPPELL. Words from *The Antidote against Melancholy*.

XX

O MISTRESS MINE

*Moderato*



O mistress mine, where are you roaming ?  
 O mis - tress mine, where are you roaming ? O, stay and hear ;  
 your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low :  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting ; journeys end  
 in lovers' meeting, Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;  
 What's to come is still unsure :  
 In delay there lies no plenty ;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.  
 TUNE. *Traditional.*

## XXI

## IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

*Allegretto*

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The melody consists of 16 measures, with lyrics written below the staff. The lyrics are: 'In the merry month of May, On a morn at break of day, Forth I walk'd the wood so wide, When but May was in her pride; There I spied, all a-lone, all a - lone, Philli - da and Cory - don.'

In the merry month of May, On a  
morn at break of day, Forth I walk'd the wood so  
wide, When but May was in her pride; There I  
spied, all a-lone, all a - lone, Philli - da and Cory - don.

Much ado there was, God wot,  
For he would love, but she would not;  
She said never man was true,  
He said none was false to you,  
He said he had lov'd too long,  
She said love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then,  
She said maids must kiss no men  
Till they did for good and all;  
Then she made the shepherd call  
On all the heavens, to witness truth,  
That never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
Such as silly shepherds use  
When they will not love abuse,  
Love, which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with garlands gay  
Was crowned the lady of the May.

From Pills to purge Melancholy.

XXII

AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN

*Adagio*

And will he not come a - gain? And

will he not come a - gain? No, no, he is dead, Go

to thy death-bed, He never will come a - gain.

His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll :  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan :  
God 'a mercy on his soul !

Words from Shakespeare's Hamlet.

## XXIII

## IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

*Vivace*

It was a lover and his lass, With a  
 hey, with a ho, with a hey non-ne - no, And a hey  
 non - ne no-ni - no, That o'er the green corn-  
 field did pass, In spring time, in spring time, in  
 spring time; The only pretty ring time, When  
 birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey  
 ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet  
 lovers love the spring.



And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonino,  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folks would lie,  
 In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that life was but a flower  
 In spring time, &c.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Shakespeare's *As you like it*.  
 TUNE from a MS. in the *Advocates' Library, Edinburgh*.

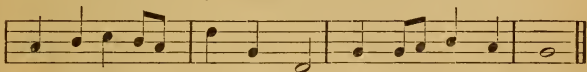
XXIV

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW

*Andantino*



How should I your true love know, From an-other one?



By his co-ckle hat - and - staff, And his sandal shoon.

He is dead, and gone, lady,  
 He is dead and gone!  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
 Larded with sweet flowers,  
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,  
 With true-love showers.

Words from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

## XXV

## LONG ERE THE MORN

*Con Spirito*

Long ere the morn Ex - pects the return Of A-  
 -pollo, from the ocean queen; Be - fore the creak Of the  
 crow, and the break Of the day in the welkin seen;  
 Mounted he'd halloo, And cheerfully follow To the  
 chase with his bugle clear: Echo doth he make, And the  
 mountains, shake, With the thunder of his ca - reer.

Now bonny bay  
 In his foine waxeth gray;  
 Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood;  
 White-Lily stops  
 With the scent in her chaps,  
 And Black-Lady makes it good.

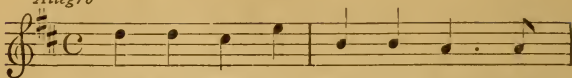
Poor silly Wat,  
In this wretched state,  
Forgets these delights to hear ;  
Nimble she bounds  
From the cry of the hounds,  
And the music of their career.

Hills with the heat  
Of the gallopers' sweat,  
Reviving their frozen tops,  
And the dale's purple flowers,  
That droop from the showers  
That down from the rowels drops.  
Swains their repast,  
And strangers their haste  
Neglect, when the horns they do hear ;  
To see a fleet  
Pack of hounds in a sheet,  
And the hunter in his career.

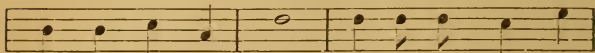
Thus he careers  
Over heaths, over meres,  
Over deeps, over downs, over clay ;  
Till he hath won  
The noon from the morn,  
And the evening from the day.  
His sport then he ends,  
And joyfully wends  
Home again to his cottage, where  
Frankly he feasts  
Himself and his guests,  
And carouses in his career.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Wit & Drollery 1682.  
TUNE from the *Stralock & Skene MSS.*

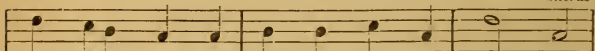
## XXVI

COLD'S THE WIND AND WET'S THE RAIN  
*Allegro*

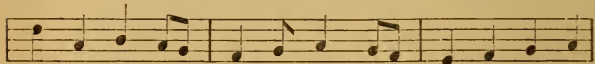
Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain; Saint



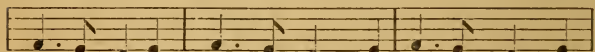
Hugh be our good speed! Ill is the weather that



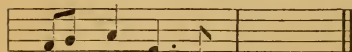
brings no gain, Nor helps good hearts in need. Hey



down, a down, hey down, a down, hey derry derry



down, a down; Ho! well done, To me let come, Ring



compass, gentle joy.

Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,  
And here, kind mate, to thee!  
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,  
And drown it merrily.  
Hey, down, &c.

CHAPPELL. From The Dancing Master.  
TUNE *The Cobbler's Fig.*

XXVII

HARVEST HOME

*Vivace*

Our oats they are hoed, and our  
barley's reap'd, Our hay it is mow'd, and our  
hovels heap'd ; Come, boys, come ; come, boys, come, And  
*Chorus*  
merrily roar out, Harvest Home ! Harvest Home !

Harvest Home ! We'll merrily roar out Harvest Home !

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again :  
Why should the vicar have one in ten ?

One in ten ; one in ten ;  
Why should the vicar have one in ten ?

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,  
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot ?

Burnt to pot ; burnt to pot ;  
And pudding and dumpling are burnt to pot.

We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,  
And hey for the honour of Old England !

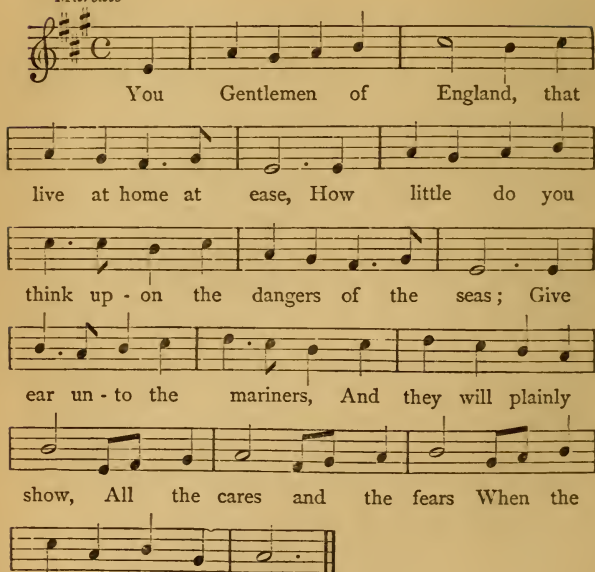
Old England ; Old England ;  
And hey for the honour of Old England !

CHAPPELL.

## XXVIII

## YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

*Marcato*



You Gentlemen of England, that  
live at home at ease, How little do you  
think up - on the dangers of the seas; Give  
ear un - to the mariners, And they will plainly  
show, All the cares and the fears When the  
stormy winds do blow.

The sailor must have courage,  
No danger he must shun;  
In every kind of weather  
His course he still must run;

Now mounted on the top-mast,  
How dreadful 'tis below !  
Then we ride, as the tide,  
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,  
And England is at war  
With any foreign nation,  
We fear not wound nor scar.  
To humble them, come on, lads,  
Their flags we'll soon lay low ;  
Clear the way for the fray,  
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

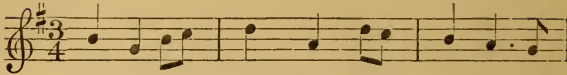
Sometimes in Neptune's bosom  
Our ship is toss'd by waves,  
And every man expecting  
The sea to be our graves ;  
Then up aloft she's mounted,  
And down again so low,  
In the waves, on the seas,  
When the stormy winds do blow.

But when the danger's over,  
And safe we come on shore,  
The horrors of the tempest  
We think about no more ;  
The flowing bowl invites us,  
And joyfully we go,  
All the day drink away,  
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

The Words altered from Martin Parker.

## XXIX

## LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

*Andantino*


Over the mountains, And over the  
 waves; Under the fountains, And under the  
 graves; Under floods that are deepest, Which  
 Neptune o - bey; Over 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 receipt of a fly;  
 Where the midge dares not venture,  
 Lest herself fast she lay;  
 If Love come he will enter,  
 And soon find out his way.



You may esteem him  
    A child for his might ;  
Or you may deem him  
    A coward from his flight :  
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,  
    By having him confin'd ;  
And some do suppose him,  
    Poor thing, to be blind ;  
But if ne'er so close you wall him,  
    Do the best that you may,  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
    Soon will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
    To stoop to your fist ;  
Or you may inveigle  
    The phoenix of the east ;  
The lioness, ye may move her  
    To give o'er her prey ;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover :  
    He'll find out the way.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Percy's Reliques.

XXX

*SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE**Lentamente*

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd To  
honour and re - nown you; If now I be dis-  
dain'd, I wish My heart had never known you. What!  
I that lov'd, and you that liked, Shall we be - gin to  
wrangle! No, no, no, my heart is fast, And  
cannot disen - tangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,  
That fault you may forgive me;  
Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,  
Then justly might you leave me.

I ask'd you leave, you bade me love,  
Is't now a time to chide me?  
No, no, no, I'll love you still,  
What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,  
Rejecteth no beholder;  
And your sweet beauty, past compare,  
Made my poor eyes the bolder.  
When beauty moves, and wit delights,  
And signs of kindness bind me,  
There, O there, where'er I go,  
I'll leave my heart behind me.

[If I have wrong'd you, tell me wherein,  
And I will soon amend it;  
In recompense of such a sin,  
Here is my heart, I'll send it.  
If that will not your mercy move,  
Then for my life I care not;  
Then, O then, torment me still,  
And take my life, and spare not.]

From Ford's *Musique of Sundry Kinds*.

## XXXI

## A NORTH-COUNTRY LASS

*Andantino*

A North-Country lass up to London did pass, Al-  
 though with her nature it did not a-gree, Which  
 made her repent, and so often lament, Still  
 wishing again in the North for to be. O the  
 oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree Do  
 flourish at home in my own country!

Fain would I be in the North Country,  
 Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay;  
 There should I see what is pleasant to me;—  
 A mischief light on them entic'd me away!  
 O the oak, and the ash, &c.

I like not the court, nor the city resort,  
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me;  
Their pomp and their pride, I can never abide,  
Because with my humour it doth not agree.

O the oak, and the ash, &c.

How oft have I been in the Westmoreland green,  
Where the young men and maidens resort for to play,  
Where we with delight, from morning till night,  
Could feast it, and frolic on each holiday.

O the oak, and the ash, &c.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and their dams,  
To see in the country how finely they play;  
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,  
And the fields and the gardens, so pleasant and gay.

O the oak, and the ash, &c.

At wakes and at fairs, being 'void of all cares,  
We there with our lovers did use for to dance;  
Then hard hap had I, my ill fortune to try,  
And so up to London, my steps to advance.

O the oak, and the ash, &c.

But still I perceive, I a husband might have,  
If I to the city my mind could but frame;  
But I'll have a lad that is North-Country bred,  
Or else I'll not marry, in the mind that I am.

O the oak, and the ash, &c.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,  
Until my own country again I do see,  
For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face  
Of him that's allotted my love for to be.

O the oak, and the ash, &c.

Then farewell my daddy, and farewell my mammy,  
Until I do see you, I nothing but mourn;  
Rememb'ring my brothers, my sisters, and others,  
In less than a year, I hope to return.

Then the oak, and the ash, &c.

CHAPPELL. From The Dancing Master.

## XXXII

*I SOW'D THE SEEDS OF LOVE.**Moderato*

I sow'd the seeds of love, It  
 was all in the Spring, In April, May and  
 sunny June, When small birds they do sing, When  
 small birds they do sing.

My garden was planted full  
 Of flowers every where,  
 But for myself I could not choose  
 The flower I held so dear.

My gardener was standing by,  
 And he would choose for me ;  
 He chose the primrose, the lily and pink,  
 But those I refused all three.

The primrose I did reject,  
 Because it came too soon ;  
 The lily and pink I overlook'd,  
 And vow'd I would wait till June.

In June came the rose so red,  
And that's the flower for me ;  
But when I gather'd the rose so dear  
I gain'd but the willow tree.

Oh ! the willow tree will twist,  
And the willow tree will twine ;  
And would I were in the young man's arms,  
That ever has this heart of mine.

My gardener, as he stood by,  
He bade me take great care,  
For if I gather'd the rose so red,  
There groweth up a sharp thorn there.

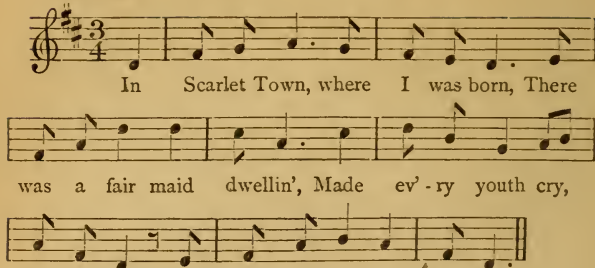
I told him I'd take no care,  
Till I did feel the smart,  
And still did press the rose so dear  
Till the thorn did pierce my heart.

A posy of hyssop I'll make,  
No other flower I'll touch,  
That all the world may plainly see  
I love one flower too much.

My garden is now run wild ;  
When I shall plant anew,  
My bed, that once was fill'd with thyme,  
Is now o'errun with rue.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

## BARBARA ALLEN

*Andante*

Well a day! Her name was Barbara Al-len.

All in the merry month of May,

When green buds they were swellin',

Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,

For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,

To the town where she was dwellin',

'You must come to my master dear,

Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

'For death is printed on his face,

And o'er his heart is stealin',

Then haste away to comfort him,

O lovely Barbara Allen.'

'Though death be printed on his face,

And o'er his heart is stealin',

Yet little better shall he be

For bonny Barbara Allen.'

So slowly, slowly she came up,

And slowly she came nigh him;

And all she said when there she came,

'Young man, I think you're dying.'

He turn'd his face unto her straight,

With deadly sorrow sighing,

'O lovely maid, come, pity me,

I'm on my death-bed lying.'



'If on your death-bed you do lie,  
What needs the tale you're tellin' ?  
I cannot keep you from your death ;  
Farewell,' said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
As deadly pangs he fell in :  
'Adieu, adieu, unto you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen.'

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the bell a knellin' ;  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
Unworthy Barbara Allen !

She turn'd her body round about,  
And spied the corpse a coming ;  
'Lay down, lay down, the corpse,' she said,  
'That I may look upon him.'

With scornful eye she lookèd down,  
Her cheek with laughter swellin',  
While all her friends cried out amain,  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen !'

When he was dead and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow,  
'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow.

'Hard hearted creature him to slight,  
Who lovèd me so dearly :  
O that I had been more kind to him,  
When he was live, and near me !'

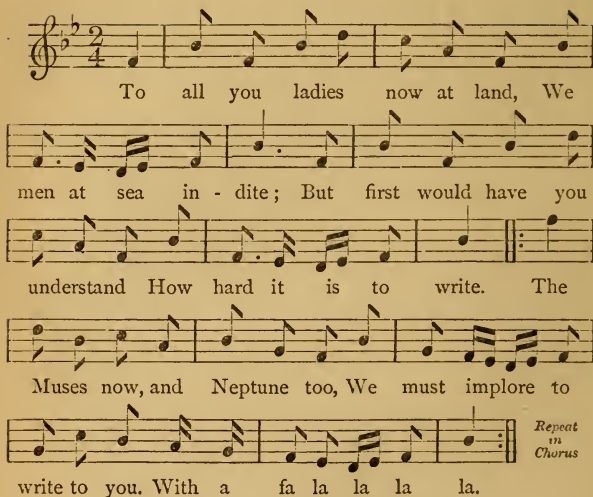
She, on her death-bed as she lay,  
Begg'd to be buried by him,  
And sore repented of the day  
That she did e'er deny him.

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in ;  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

From Percy's Reliques. TUNE *Tradition* 17

## XXXIV

## TO ALL YOU LADIES



To all you ladies now at land, We  
 men at sea in - dite; But first would have you  
 understand How hard it is to write. The  
 Muses now, and Neptune too, We must implore to  
 write to you. With a fa la la la la.

*Repeat  
 in  
 Chorus*

For though the Muses should prove kind,  
 And fill our empty brain,  
 Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind  
 To wave the azure main,  
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we  
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.  
 With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind,  
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,  
By Dutchmen or by wind :  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.  
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold,  
Because the tides will higher rise,  
Than e'er they us'd of old :  
But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.  
With a fa, &c.

Could foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And put their fort at Goree ;  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind !  
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind ;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find.  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.  
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
We throw a merry main ;  
Or else at serious ombre play ;  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?  
We were undone when we left you.  
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our hopes away ;  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play ;  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.  
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dies in every note ;  
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,  
For being so remote ;  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.  
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,  
When we for hopes of honour lose  
Our certain happiness ;  
All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love.  
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all your loves,  
And likewise all our fears ;  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity from your tears ;  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at sea.  
With a fa, &c.

The Words by the Earl of Dorset.

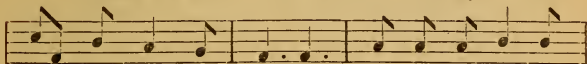
TUNE from *The Merry Musician*.

## XXXV

## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

*Andantino*

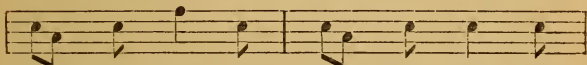
Drink to me only with thine eyes, And



I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with-



in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth



ask a drink di - vine; But might I of Jove's



nectar sup, I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honouring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me;  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

Words by Ben Jonson. TUNE *Anon.*

## XXXVI

## SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER

*Alla marcia*

Some talk of Alex - ander, and some of Hercu -  
les ; Of Hector and Ly - sander, and such great names as  
these ; But of all the world's brave he - roes, there's  
none that can com - pare, With a tow, row, row, row,  
row, row, to the British Grena - dier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,  
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;  
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

*Chorus*—But our brave boys, &c.

When'e'r we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades ;  
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

*Chorus*—We throw them, &c.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,  
The townsmen cry Hurra, boys, here comes a Grenadier,  
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,

Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

*Chorus*—Here come the, &c.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupéd clothes;  
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

*Chorus*—May they, &c.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *The British Grenadiers.*

XXXVII

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER

*Grazioso*

How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear  
charmer a-way; But while you thus tease me to-  
gether, To neither a word will I say. Ri  
tol de rol lol de rol li do &c.

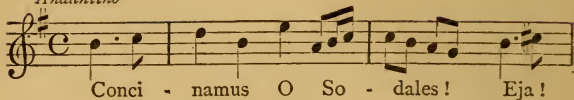
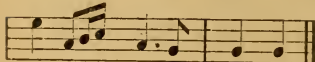
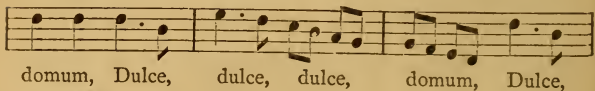
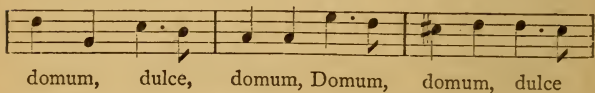
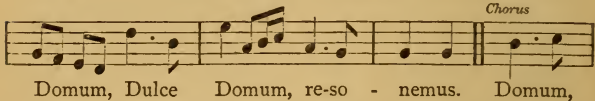
From The Beggars' Opera.

TUNE *Give ear to a frolicsome ditty.*

E

## XXXVIII

## DULCE DOMUM

*Andantino**Chorus*

Appropinquat, ecce! felix!  
 Hora gaudiorum:  
 Post grave tœdium,



Advenit omnium,  
Meta petita laborum.  
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Musa libros mitte, fessa ;  
Mitte pensa dura :  
Mitte negotium,  
Jam datur otium ;  
Me mea mittito cura.  
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Ridet annus, prata rident ;  
Nosque rideamus.  
Jam repetit Domum,  
Daulius advena ;  
Nosque Domum repetamus,  
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

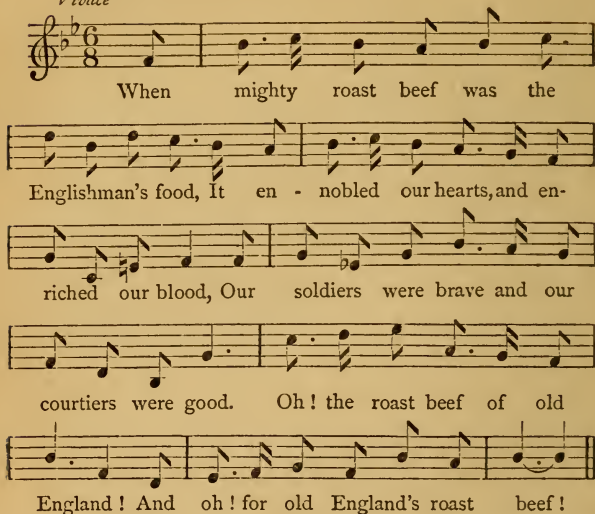
Heus ! Rogere ! fer caballos ;  
Eja ! nunc eamus ;  
Limen amabile,  
Matris et oscula,  
Suaviter et repetamus,  
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

Concinamus ad Penates ;  
Vox et audiatur :  
Phosphore ! quid jubar,  
Segnius emicans,  
Gaudia nostra moratur ?  
Domum, domum, dulce domum, &c.

*TUNE by John Reading.*

## XXXIX

## THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

*Vivace*


When mighty roast beef was the  
 Englishman's food, It en - nobled our hearts, and en-  
 riched our blood, Our soldiers were brave and our  
 courtiers were good. Oh! the roast beef of old  
 England! And oh! for old England's roast beef!

But since we have learn'd from effeminate France  
 To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,  
 We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.  
 Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
 And kept open house, with good cheer, all day long,  
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in the song,—Oh &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
 Ere coffee and tea, and such slip-slops were known,  
 The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.—Oh &c.

In those days if fleets did presume on the main,  
They seldom or never return'd back again,  
As witness the vaunting armada of Spain.—Oh &c.  
Oh, then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,  
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right;  
But now we're a-hm !—I could, but good night. —Oh &c.

The Words and Tune by Richard Leveridge.

XL

LET US TAKE THE ROAD

*Pomposo*

Let us take the road; Hark, I  
hear the sound of coaches, The hour of attack ap-  
proaches, T'your arms brave boys, and load. See the  
ball I hold; Let the chemists toil like  
asses, Our fire their fire sur - passes, And  
turns our lead to gold.

From The Beggars' Opera.  
TUNE *March in Handel's Rinaldo.*

## XLI

## COME SWEET LASS

*Andante*

Come sweet Lass; This bonny weather  
Let's to - gether; Come sweet Lass, Let's trip upon the  
grass. Ev - 'ry where, Poor Jocky seeks his  
dear, And unless you ap - pear, He sees no  
beauty here.

On our green  
The loons are sporting,  
Piping, courting:  
On our green  
The blithest lads are seen:  
There, all day,  
Our lassies dance and play,  
And ev'ry one is gay  
But I, when you're away.

From Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699.  
TUNE Greenwich Park.

XLII

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER

There was a jolly miller once liv'd  
on the river Dee; He work'd and sung from  
morn till night, no lark more blithe than he. And  
this the burthen of his song for ever used to  
be,— I care for nobody, no, not I, Since  
nobody cares for me.

I love my mill, she is to me like parent, child and wife,  
I would not change my station for any other in life :  
Then push, push, push the bowl my boys, and pass it round  
to me,  
The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *The Budgeon it is a delicate Trade.*

## XLIII

*BLACK-EYED SUSAN*


All in the Downs the fleet was moored, The streamers  
waving in the wind, When black-eyed Susan came a-  
board ; "O where shall I my true love  
find ? Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me  
true, If my sweet William, if my sweet  
William sails a - mong your crew."

William, who high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest :  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear :  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“ Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find.  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“ If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white.  
Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“ Though battle call me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
William shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.”

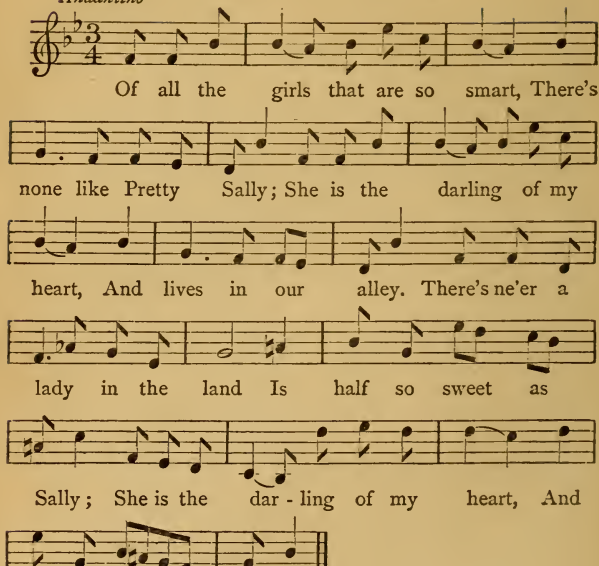
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
No longer must she stay on board :  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.  
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;  
“ Adieu ! ” she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

The Words by Gay.

TUNE by *Richard Leveridge*.

## XLIV

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

*Andantino*


Of all the girls that are so smart, There's  
 none like Pretty Sally; She is the darling of my  
 heart, And lives in our alley. There's ne'er a  
 lady in the land Is half so sweet as  
 Sally; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And  
 lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
 And through the streets does cry them ;  
 Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy them :  
 But sure such folk can have no part  
 In such a girl as Sally ;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And lives in our alley.



When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely ;  
My master comes, like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely :  
But let him bang, long as he will,  
I'll bear it all for Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday ;  
For then I'm dress'd, in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often I am blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
Soon as the text is named :  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And slink away to Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
O then I shall have money ;  
I'll hoard it up and, box and all,  
I'll give unto my honey :  
I would it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And lives in our alley.

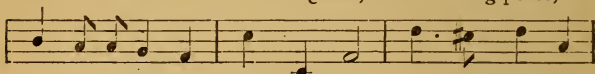
My master and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And but for she I'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley :  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O then I'll marry Sally,  
And then how happily we'll live—  
But not in our alley.

The Words by Henry Carey. TUNE *The Country Lass.*

## XLV

*HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN**Moderato*

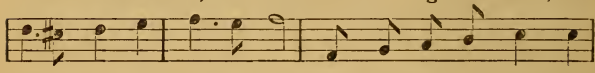
Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace, To



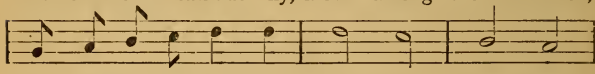
faction an end, to wealth in-crease; Come let's drink it



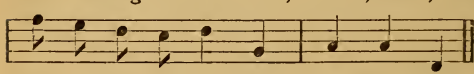
while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing after death, And



he that will this health de-ny, Down among the dead men,



Down among the dead men, Down, down, down, down,



Down among the dead men let him lie!

Let charming beauty's health go round,  
 In whom celestial joys are found,  
 And may confusion still pursue  
 The senseless, woman-hating crew;  
 And they that woman's health deny,  
 Down among the dead men let them lie!

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,  
 Deny no pleasure to my soul;  
 Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,  
 For Bacchus is a friend to Love.

And he that will this health deny,  
Down among the dead men let him lie !

May love and wine their rights maintain,  
And their united pleasures reign,  
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,  
We'll sing the joys that both afford ;  
And they that won't with us comply,  
Down among the dead men let them lie !

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Down among the Dead Men.*

XLVI

BEGONE DULL CARE

*Andantino*

Be - gone, dull Care! I pry-thee be-gone from  
me! Be - gone, dull Care! You and I shall never a -  
gree; Long time thou hast been tarrying here, And  
fain thou would'st me kill; But, i' faith, dull  
Care! Thou never shalt have my will.

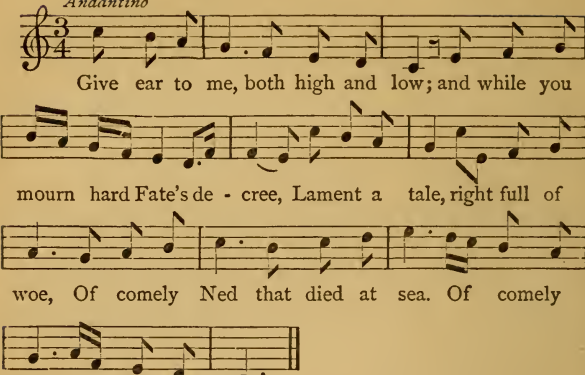
Too much care will make a young man turn grey,  
And too much care will turn an old man to clay ;  
My wife shall dance and I will sing, so merrily pass the day,  
For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *The Buck's Delight.*

## XLVII

## NED THAT DIED AT SEA

*Andantino*



Give ear to me, both high and low; and while you  
 mourn hard Fate's de - cree, Lament a tale, right full of  
 woe, Of comely Ned that died at sea. Of comely  
 Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore ;  
 His king and country serv'd had he ;  
 But now his tears in torrents pour  
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,  
 For a right tender heart had she ;  
 And often to strong grief was mov'd,  
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sweetheart Grace, once blythe and gay,  
 That led the dance upon the lea,  
 Now wastes in tears the ling'ring day  
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends who lov'd his manly worth,—  
 For none more friends could boast than he,—  
 To mourn now lay aside their mirth,  
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

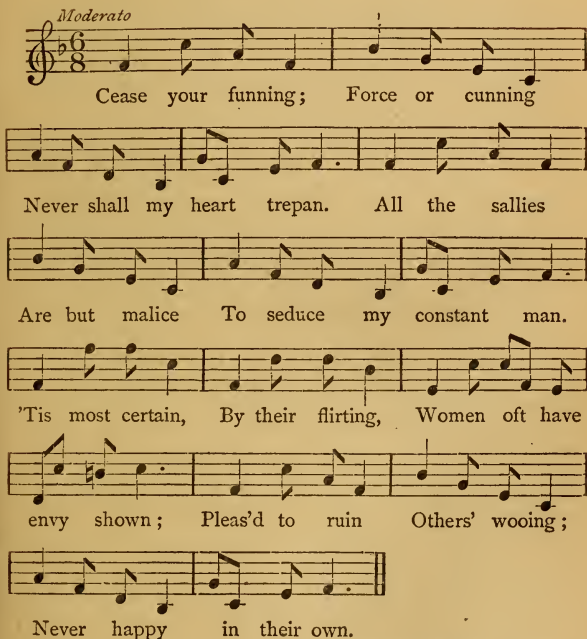
Come, then, and join, with friendly tear,  
The song that 'midst of all our glee,  
We from our hearts chant once a year,  
For comely Ned that died at sea.

The Words and Tune by DIBDIN.

XLVIII

CEASE YOUR FUNNING

*Moderato*

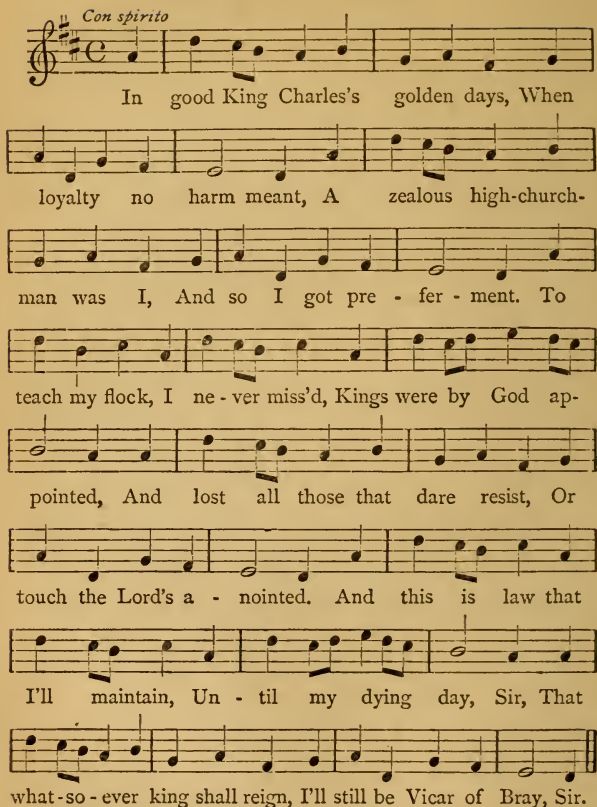


Cease your funning; Force or cunning  
Never shall my heart trepan. All the sallies  
Are but malice To seduce my constant man.  
'Tis most certain, By their flirting, Women oft have  
envy shown; Pleas'd to ruin Others' wooing;  
Never happy in their own.

From The Beggars' Opera.

## THE VICAR OF BRAY

*Con spirito*



In good King Charles's golden days, When  
 loyalty no harm meant, A zealous high-church-  
 man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment. To  
 teach my flock, I ne - ver miss'd, Kings were by God ap-  
 pointed, And lost all those that dare resist, Or  
 touch the Lord's a - nointed. And this is law that  
 I'll maintain, Un - til my dying day, Sir, That  
 what-so - ever king shall reign, I'll still be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,  
And Popery came in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down,  
And read the Declaration :  
The Church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution ;  
And I had been a Jesuit,  
But for the Revolution.  
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,  
To ease the nation's grievance,  
With this new wind about I steer'd,  
And swore to him allegiance.  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance ;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.  
And this is law, &c.

When royal Anne became our queen,  
The Church of England's glory,  
Another face of things was seen,  
And I became a Tory :  
Occasional conformists base,  
I blam'd their moderation ;  
And thought the Church in danger was,  
By such prevarication.  
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
And moderate men look'd big, Sir,  
My principles I chang'd once more,  
And so became a Whig, Sir ;  
And thus preferment I procur'd  
From our new faith's-defender ;  
And almost every day abjur'd  
The Pope and the Pretender.  
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To them I do allegiance swear—  
 While they can hold possession;  
 For in my faith and loyalty  
 I never more will falter,  
 And George my lawful king shall be,—  
 Until the times do alter.  
 And this is law, &c.

ANON. TUNE *The Country Garden.*

L

TO YOU WHO LIVE AT HOME AT EASE

*Moderato*

To you who live at home at ease, And  
 revel in de - light, To you who live at  
 home at ease, And re - vel in de - light, We  
 mariners that sail the seas, Be - friended by a  
 gentle breeze, To you we thus in - dite:



Let all your perturbations die,  
Your private feuds allay,  
Let every animosity  
For ever in oblivion lie,  
Now we are gone to sea.

When forked lightning flies amain,  
And thunder splits our mast,  
Think then what dangers we sustain,  
Compelled by you to cross the main,  
For human frailties past.

I hope to see my dear once more,  
Tho' I my voyage pursue ;  
Tho' winds unite and billows roar  
To waft me from Britannia's shore,  
I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the war's alarms,  
Nor poison'd Indian dart ;  
But, while engaged in hostile arms,  
I'll be inspired by Molly's charms,  
With whom I leave my heart.

When having suffered an exile,  
And favoured by the wind,  
Enriched with Carolina's spoil,  
And coasting for my native isle,  
Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

From *The British Musical Miscellany*.  
TUNE by *Leveridge*.

## LI

## A HUNTING WE WILL GO

*Vivace*

The dusky night rides down the sky, And  
ushers in the morn; The hounds all join in  
glorious cry, The hounds all join in glorious cry, The  
huntsman winds his horn. The huntsman winds his  
horn. Then a hunting we will go, A  
hunting we will go, A hunting we will  
go, A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms, and begs his stay;  
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,  
You will not hunt to-day?  
But a hunting we will go, &c.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,  
Secure to find we seek;  
For why, I carried, sound and good,  
A cartload there last week.  
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,  
Their steeds all spur and switch;  
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
And some thrown in the ditch.  
But a hunting we will go, &c.

At length his strength to faintness worn,  
Poor Reynard ceases flight;  
Then hungry, homeward we return,  
To feast away the night.  
Then a drinking we do go, &c.

The Words by Fielding. TUNE *A begging we will go.*

LII

O LONDON IS A FINE TOWN

*Vivace*

O London is a fine town And a gallant  
city; 'Tis govern'd by the scarlet - gown, Come  
listen to my ditty:—This ci - ty has a Mayor, This  
Mayor is a Lord, He governeth the citizens All  
by his own ac - cord.

From The Beggars' Opera.

## LIII

*HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?*

How stands the glass a - round? For  
shame, ye take no care, my boys, How stands the glass a -  
round? Let mirth and wine a - bound, The  
trump - ets sound, The colours they are  
flying, boys; To fight, kill or wound: May  
we still be found Con - tent with our hard  
fare, my boys, On the cold cold ground.

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The final note of the piece is a whole note G#4, followed by a double bar line.

Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy, boys ?  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die !  
What ! sighing ? fie !  
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !  
'Tis he, you, or I ;  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain :  
Should next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain ;  
But should we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cures all again.

CHAPPELL. From Vocal Music.

TUNE *Why, Soldiers, Why?*

*RULE BRITANNIA*

When Britain first, at Heav'n's com-  
mand, A - rose from out the a - zure  
main, A - rose a - rose a - rose from out the  
a - zure main, This was the charter, the  
charter of the land, And guardian an - gels  
sung this strain! Rule Bri - tannia, Bri-  
tannia rule the waves; Britons never, never, never  
will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame ;  
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles, thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy court repair ;  
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts, to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Words by Thomson.

TUNE by *Arne*.

LV

## THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

*Vivace*

When I was bound ap - prentice, in  
 famous Lincoln - shire, Full well I serv'd my  
 mas - ter for more than seven year, Till  
 I took up to poach - ing, as you shall quick-i-ly  
 hear; Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the  
 season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,  
 'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,  
 For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere;  
 Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,  
 And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,  
 We took the hare alive, my boys, and thro' the woods did steer;  
 Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.



I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged home,  
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,  
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where;  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,  
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,  
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer;  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

CHAPPELL.

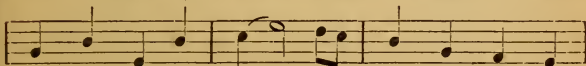
LVI

COME YOU NOT FROM NEWCASTLE?

*Andantino*



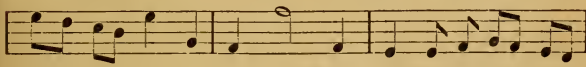
Come you not from New - castle? Come



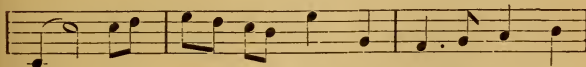
you not there a - way? O met you not my



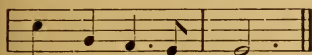
true love, Riding on a bonny bay? Why



should I not love my Love? Why should not my Love love



me? Why should I not speed after him? Since



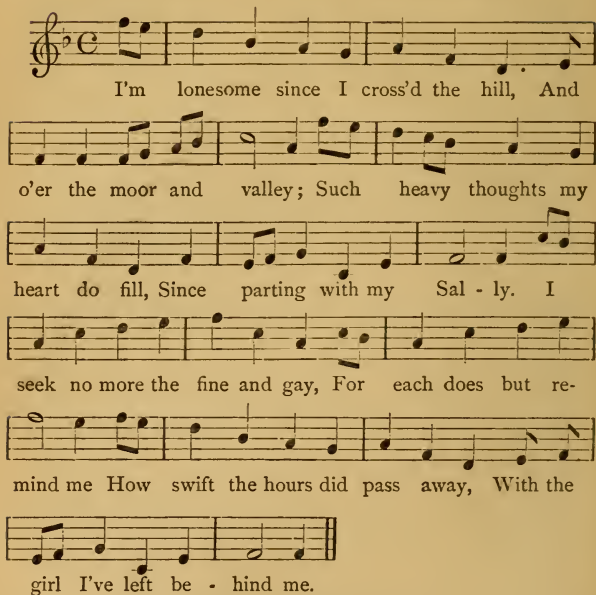
love to all is free.

CHAPPELL.

From The Dancing Master.

## LVII

## THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME



I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill, And  
o'er the moor and valley; Such heavy thoughts my  
heart do fill, Since parting with my Sal - ly. I  
seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re-  
mind me How swift the hours did pass away, With the  
girl I've left be - hind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,  
The stars were bright above me,  
And gently lent their silv'ry light,  
When first she vow'd to love me.  
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,  
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise  
With all the skill of Homer,  
One only theme should fill my lays—  
The charms of my true lover.  
So, let the night be e'er so dark,  
Or e'er so wet and windy,  
Kind heaven send me back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
Her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist with carriage chaste,  
May leave the swain repining.  
Ye gods above ! Oh hear my prayer,  
To my beauteous fair to bind me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,  
The dove become a ranger,  
The falling waves shall cease to roar,  
Ere I shall seek to change her.  
The vows we register'd above  
Shall ever cheer and bind me,  
In constancy to her I love,  
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,  
In sleeping or in waking,  
Until I see my love again,  
For whom my heart is breaking.  
If ever I return that way,  
And she should not decline me,  
I evermore will live and stay  
With the girl I've left behind me.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Brighton Camp.*

## LVIII

## HEART OF OAK

*Allegro pomposo*

Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glo-ry we steer, To  
 add something more to this wonderful year; To  
 honour we call you, as freemen not slaves,—For  
 who are so free as the sons of the waves! Heart of  
 oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men; We  
 always are ready; Steady, boys, steady; We'll  
 fight and we'll conquer a - gain and a - gain.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us away ;  
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
For, if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes ;  
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus ;  
But, should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,  
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea,  
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette,  
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

Words by Garrick.

TUNE by Dr. Boyce.

LFX

## WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR

*Vivace*

'Twas on the morn of sweet May - day, When  
na-ture paint-ed all things gay, Taught birds to sing and  
lambs to play, And deck'd the meadows fair, Young  
Jockey, early in the morn, A - rose and tripp'd it  
o'er the lawn; His Sunday coat the youth put on, For  
Jenny had vow'd a - way to run With Jockey to the  
Fair. For Jenny had vow'd a - way to run With  
Jockey to the Fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
With eager steps he trudg'd along ;  
Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherds us'd to wear :  
He tapp'd the window,—“Haste, my dear,”  
Jenny, impatient, cried, “Who's there ?”  
“'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to fear  
With Jockey to the Fair.” Step gently, &c.

“My Dad and Mammy're fast asleep,  
My brother's up and with the sheep,  
And will you still your promise keep  
Which I have heard you swear ?  
And will you ever constant prove ?”  
“I will, by all the powers above,  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,  
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,  
With Jockey to the Fair.” Dispel these, &c.

“Behold the ring,” the shepherd cried,  
“Will Jenny be my charming bride ?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And Hymen meet us there !”  
Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
He would be constant, would be true,  
His word was pledg'd ; away she flew,  
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,  
With Jockey to the Fair. With cowslips, &c.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,  
Their gay companions blythe and young ;  
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,  
To hail the happy pair.  
What two were e'er so fond as they ?  
All bless the kind propitious day,  
The smiling morn and blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away  
With Jockey to the Fair. When lovely, &c.

CHAPPELL. From Vocal Music.

## FAIR HEBE I LEFT

*Andantino*

Fair Hebe I left, with a cautious de-  
sign, To es - cape from her charms, and to  
drown love in wine: I tried it, but  
found, when I came to de - part, The  
wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, entreating her aid,  
She paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd  
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, replied I, I've no need to be taught,  
I came for a council to find out a fault;  
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,  
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,  
When like lightning she darts through each throbbing vein?  
My senses surpris'd, in her favour took arms,  
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

CHAPPELL. The Words by Lord Cantalupe.

TUNE. *Pretty Polly Oliver.*



## LXI

## YOUTH'S THE SEASON MADE FOR JOYS

*Andante*

Youth's the season made for joys,  
 Love is then our du - ty; She alone whom  
 that em - ploys Well deserves her beauty.  
 Come be gay, While we may, Beauty's a flow'r des-  
 pised in de - cay; Youth's the season made for joys,  
 Love is then a du - ty.

Love with youth flies swift away,  
 Age is nought but sorrow;  
 Let us drink and sport to-day,  
 Our's is not to-morrow.  
 Dance and sing,  
 Time's on the wing,  
 Life never knows the return of Spring.  
 Let us drink and sport to-day  
 Our's is not to-morrow.

From The Beggars' Opera.

## LXII

## AS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS

*Andantino*

As down in the meadows I chanc'd for to pass, O  
there I beheld a young beau - ti - ful lass, Her  
age, I am sure, it was scarce - ly fifteen, And  
she on her head wore a garland of green. Her  
lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes, They  
sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies; And  
then, O her voice, it was charming and clear! As  
sadly she sung for the loss of her dear.

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, 6/8 time. It consists of eight lines of music, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and lyrical, with a final double bar line at the end of the eighth line.

Why does my love, Willy, prove false and unkind,  
O why does he change like the wavering wind,  
From one that is loyal in every degree,  
Ah, why does he change to another from me ?  
In the meadows as we were a making of hay,  
Oh there did we pass the soft minutes away,  
And then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee,  
No man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair  
Employs all his wishes, his hopes, and his care ;  
He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,  
And says all the sweet things he once said to me.  
But, if she believe him, the false-hearted swain  
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain ;  
For nought is more certain, believe, silly Sue,  
Who once has been faithless can never be true.

She finished her song, and rose up to be gone,  
When over the meadow came jolly young John,  
Who told her that she was the joy of his life,  
And if she'd consent he would make her his wife :  
She could not refuse him, to church so they went,  
Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.  
Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue,  
If men will be false, why should women be true ?

CHAPPELL. From *The Merry Musician*.

## LXIII

## MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND

*Andante*

My lodging it is on the cold ground, And  
 oh ! very hard is my fare, But that which grieves me  
 more, love, Is the cold - ness of my dear. Yet  
 still he cried, O turn, love, I prythee, love, turn to  
 me ; For thou art the on - ly girl, love, That  
 art a - dored by me.

With a garland of straw I'll crown thee, love,  
 And marry thee with a rush ring ;  
 Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,  
 So, merrily I shall sing.  
 Yet still he cried &c.

But, if thou wilt harden thy heart, love,  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
Then I must endure the smart, love,  
And shiver in straw, all alone.  
Yet still he cried &c.

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

LXIV

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

*Andantino*

The winter it is past, And the  
summer comes at last, And the small birds sing on  
ev - 'ry tree; Now ev - 'ry thing is glad, While  
I am very sad, Since my true love is  
parted from me.

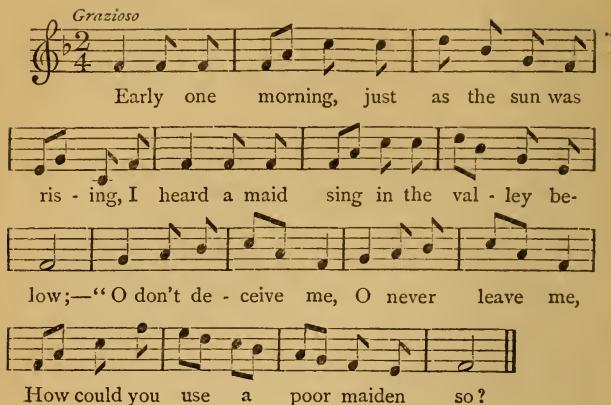
The rose upon the briar, by the waters running clear,  
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;  
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest;  
But my true love is parted from me.

The Words by Burns. TUNE *Anon.*

## LXV

## EARLY ONE MORNING

*Grazioso*



Early one morning, just as the sun was  
 ris - ing, I heard a maid sing in the val - ley be-  
 low;—"O don't de - ceive me, O never leave me,  
 How could you use a poor maiden so?

"O gay is the garland, fresh are the roses  
 I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow;  
 O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!  
 How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,  
 Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true;  
 O don't deceive me! O never leave me!  
 How could you use a poor maiden so?"

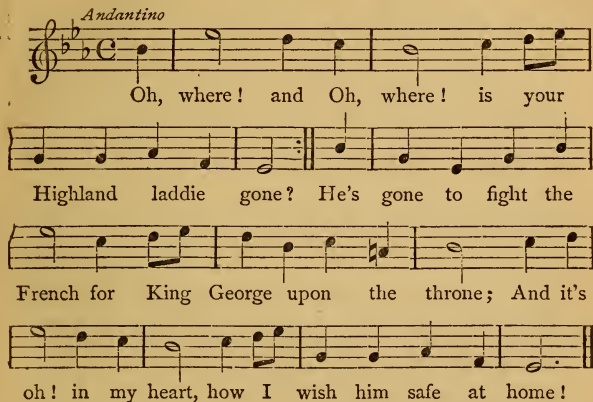
Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,  
 Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below,  
 "O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!  
 How could you use a poor maiden so?"

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

LXVI

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND

*Andantino*



Oh, where! and Oh, where! is your  
 Highland laddie gone? He's gone to fight the  
 French for King George upon the throne; And it's  
 oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!

Oh, where! and oh, where! does your Highland laddie dwell?  
 He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?  
 His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid;  
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should die?  
 The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;  
 And it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die!

CHAPPELL. The Words from Ritson's 'North Country Chorister.'

TUNE by Mrs. Jordan.

## ' O WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW

*Allegro*

As I came thro' Sandgate, thro'

Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, As I came thro'

Sand - gate I heard a las - sie sing, O

weel may the keel row, the keel row, the

keel row, O weel may the keel row, That

my lad - die's in.

O wha's like my Johnny,  
 Sae leith, sae blythe, sae bonny?  
 He's foremost among the mony  
 Keel lads o' coaly Tyne:  
 He'll set and row so tightly,  
 Or in the dance—so sprightly—  
 He'll cut and shuffle sightly;  
 'Tis true,—were he not mine.

He wears a blue bonnet,  
 Blue bonnet, blue bonnet;  
 He wears a blue bonnet,—  
 A dimple in his chin:  
 And weel may the keel row,  
 The keel row, the keel row;  
 And weel may the keel row,  
 That my laddie's in.

CHAPPELL. The Words from Ritson's 'Northumbrian Garland.'

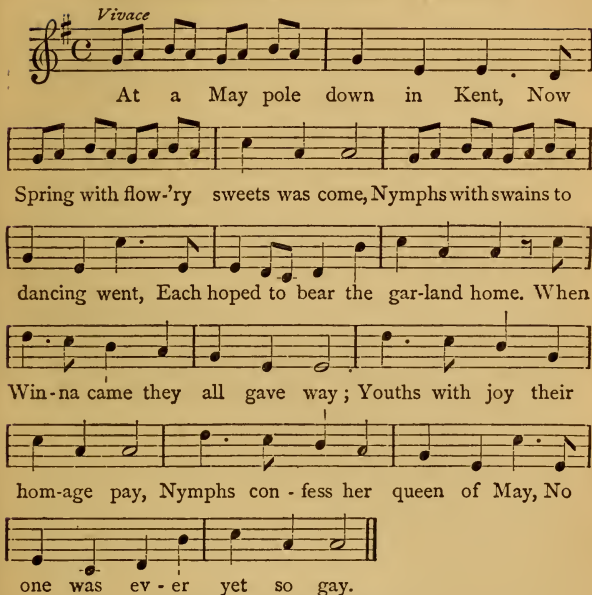
TUNE *Smiling Polly*.



LXVIII

AT A MAY POLE DOWN IN KENT

*Vivace*



At a May pole down in Kent, Now  
 Spring with flow'ry sweets was come, Nymphs with swains to  
 dancing went, Each hoped to bear the gar-land home. When  
 Win-na came they all gave way; Youths with joy their  
 hom-age pay, Nymphs con-fess her queen of May, No  
 one was ev-er yet so gay.

All around your steps advance,  
 Now foot it in a fairy ring,  
 Nimble trip and nimble dance,  
 "Ever live bright Winna" sing.  
 With boughs their hearts of oak beset  
 Your brave sires their conqueror met,  
 No crown but her locks of jet  
 Now does your free allegiance get.

From The British Musical Miscellany. The Words by Beddingfield.

TUNE *O'er the Hills and far away.*

## WHEN THE BRIGHT GOD OF DAY

*Andante*

When the bright God of Day Drove to  
westward his ray, And the ev'ning was charming and  
clear; The swal - lows a - main Nim - bly  
skimo'er the plain, And our shadows like giants ap - pear.

In a jessamine bower,  
(When the bean was in flower  
And zephyrs breathed odours around)  
Lov'd Celia she sat,  
With her song and spinet,  
And she charmed all the grove with her sound.

*Rosy Bowers* she sung,  
While the harmony rung,  
And the bees they all fluttering arrive;  
The industrious bees,  
From the flowers and the trees,  
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay God of Love  
As he flew o'er the grove,  
By zephyrs conducted along,  
As she touched on the strings  
He beat time with his wings,  
While Echo repeated the song.

O ye mortals beware  
 How ye venture too near,  
 Love doubly is armèd to wound ;  
 Your fate you can shun,  
 For you're surely undone  
 If you rashly approach near the sound.

From the British Musical Miscellany.

LXX

PRAY GOODY

*Allegretto*

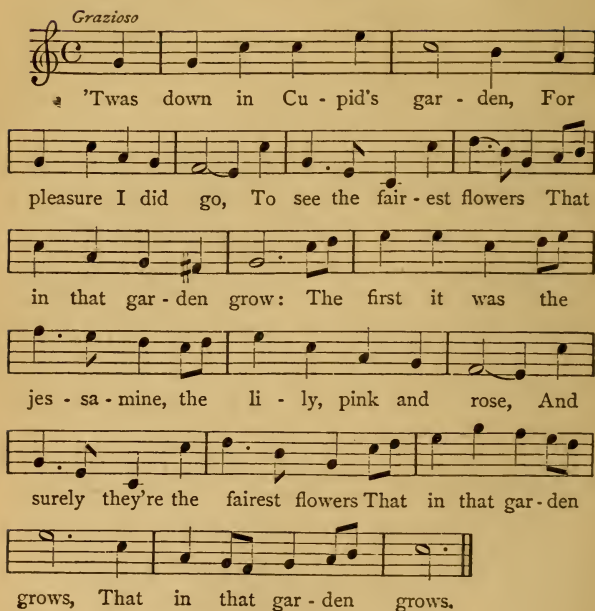
Pray, Goody, please to mo-der-ate the  
 rancour of your tongue, Why flash those sparks of fury from your  
 eyes? Re - member, when the judg-ment's weak the  
 prejudice is strong, A stran-ger why will you des-  
 pise? Ply me, Try me, Prove e'er you de-  
 ny me, If you cast me off, you blast me Never more to rise. Pray,

From O' Hara's Burletta 'Midas.'

## LXXI

## 'T WAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN

*Grazioso*



'Twas down in Cu - pid's gar - den, For  
 pleasure I did go, To see the fair - est flowers That  
 in that gar - den grow: The first it was the  
 jes - sa - mine, the li - ly, pink and rose, And  
 surely they're the fairest flowers That in that gar - den  
 grows, That in that gar - den grows.

I'd not walk'd in that garden  
 The past of half an hour,  
 When there I saw two pretty maids  
 Sitting under a shady bow'r.

The first was lovely Nancy,  
    So beautiful and fair,  
The other was a virgin,  
    Who did the laurel wear.

I boldly stepp'd up to her,  
    And unto her did say,  
Are you engaged to any young man?  
    Do tell to me, I pray.  
I'm not engaged to any young man,  
    I solemnly do swear,  
I mean to live a virgin,  
    And still the laurel wear.

Then hand in hand together  
    This lovely couple went ;  
Resolved was the sailor boy  
    To know her full intent ;  
To know if he would slighted be,  
    When to her the truth he told :  
Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! she cried,  
    I love a sailor bold !

CHAPPELL. TUNE *Traditional.*

## LXXII

## WILLY, PRYTHER GO TO BED

*Vivace*

Willy, prythee go to bed, For thou wilt have a  
 drowsy head; To-morrow we must a hunt-ing,  
 And betimes be stirr-ing. With a hey trol-ly  
 lol-ly lo-ly-ly lo-ly-ly-lo-ly-ly lo-ly-ly-lo-ly-ly  
 Hey ho tro-lo-lo-lo-ly-ly-lo.

It is like to be fair weather ;  
 Couple all my hounds together,  
 Couple Jolly with little Jolly,  
 Couple Trolly with old Trolly.  
 With a hey &c.

Couple Finch with black Trole,  
 Couple Chanter with Jumbole,  
 Let Beauty go at liberty,  
 For she doth know her duty.  
 With a hey &c.

Let May go loose, it makes no matter,  
For Cleanly sometimes she will clatter,  
And yet I am sure she will not stray,  
But keep with us still all the day.

With a hey &c.

With "O masters and what you were,"  
This other day I start a hare,  
On what-call hill upon the knole,  
And there she started before Trole.

With a hey &c.

And down she went the common dale  
With all the hounds at her tail,  
Like yeaffe a yaffe, yeaffe a yeaffe,  
Hey Trole, hey Chanter, hey Jumbole.

With a hey &c.

See how Clasper chops it in,  
And so doth Gallant now begin ;  
Look how Trole begins to tattle,  
Tarry awhile ye shall hear him prattle.

With a hey &c.

For Beauty begins to wag her tail,  
Of Cleanly's help we shall not fail,  
And Chanter opens very well,  
But Merry she doth bear the bell.

With a hey &c.

So prick the path, and down the lane,  
She uses still her old train,  
She is gone to what-call wood  
Where we are like to do no good.

With a hey &c.

From The Freeman's Songs in DEUTEROMELIA. 1609.

## LXXIII

## I AM IN TRUTH A COUNTRY YOUTH

*Allegretto*

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

I am in truth A country youth, Un-  
 us'd to Lon - don fashions; Yet virtue guides, And  
 still presides, O'er all my steps and passions. No  
 courtly leer, But all sincere, No bribe shall ev - er  
 blind me; If you can like A York - shire tike, An  
 honest man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's tongue,  
 With slander hung,  
 Does oft belie our county,  
 No men on earth  
 Boast greater worth,  
 Or more extend their bounty.

A noble mind  
 Is ne'er confined  
 To any shire or nation;  
 He gains most praise  
 Who best displays  
 A generous education.



Our northern breeze	While rancour rolls
With us agrees,	In narrow souls,
And does for business fit us ;	By narrow views discerning,
In public cares,	The truly wise
In Love's affairs,	Will only prize
With honour we acquit us.	Good manners, sense, and learning.

From The British Musical Miscellany.  
Words and Music by Henry Carey.

LXXIV

GOLDEN SLUMBERS KISS YOUR EYES

*Larghetto*

The musical notation is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

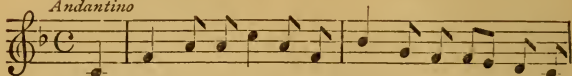
Gol - den slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles a-  
wait you when you rise ; Sleep, pretty wantons, do not  
cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by.

Care you know not, therefore sleep,  
While I o'er you watch do keep ;  
Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby.

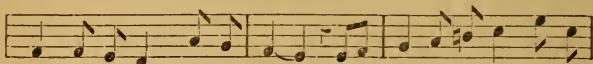
CHAPPELL. TUNE *May Fair*.

## LXXV

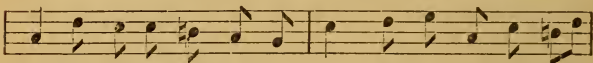
## THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR

*Andantino*

The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a rip - ple, Af-



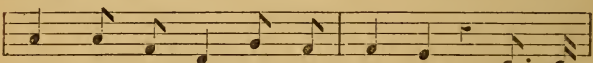
fording a chequer'd de - light; The gay jolly tars pass'd the



word for the tippie, And the toast,—for 'twas Sa - tur - day



night; Some sweetheart or wife That he lov'd as his life Each



drank, while he wish'd he could hail her, But the



standing toast that pleas'd the most Was "the wind that blows the



ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sailor!"

Some drank the King and his brave ships,  
 And some our Constitution;  
 Some "May our foes and all such rips  
 Own British resolution!"—

That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,  
And that they soon might hail her ;  
But the standing toast &c.

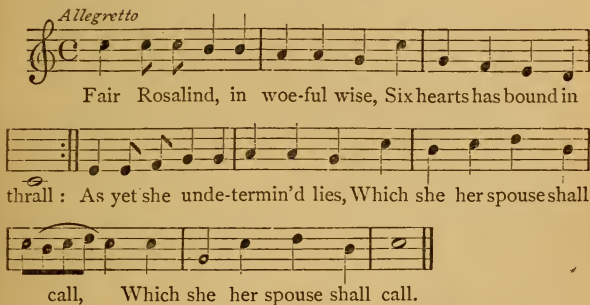
Some drank our Queen, and some our land—  
Our glorious land of freedom !  
Some that our tars might never stand  
For heroes brave to lead 'em !  
That beauty in distress might find,  
Such friends as ne'er could fail her ;  
But the standing toast &c.

The Words and Tune by DIBDIN.

LXXVI

FAIR ROSALIND

*Allegretto*



Fair Rosalind, in woe-ful wise, Six hearts has bound in  
thrall : As yet she unde-termin'd lies, Which she her spouseshall  
call, Which she her spouse shall call.

Wretched, and only wretched, he  
To whom that lot shall fall ;  
For, if her heart aright I see,  
She means to please them all.

CHAPPELL. From Watt's Musical Miscellany.

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD

*Andante*

To England when, with fav'ring gale, Our  
gal-lant ship up channel steer'd, And scudding un-der  
ea-sy sail, The high blue wes-tern land appeared, To  
heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the Pilot  
cheer-ly sung;—"By the deep, Nine! By the deep, Nine!" To  
heave the lead the seaman sprung, And to the Pi-lot  
cheer-ly sung;—"By the deep, Nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object kept in view,—  
An abbey, tower, a harbour, fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true;

While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
    "By the mark, Seven!"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
With transport we behold the roof  
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
    Of faith and love a matchless proof;  
The lead once more the seaman flung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
    "Quarter less Five!"

From the Opera "Hartford Bridge."  
Words by Pearce. TUNE by Shield.

LXXVIII

CARE, THOU CANKER OF OUR JOYS

*Moderato*

Care, thou canker of our joys, Now thy tyrant  
reign is o'er; Fill the merry merry bowl, my boys,  
Join in Baccha - nalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in;  
See the hated miscreant dies:—  
Mirth and all thy train come in,  
Banish sorrow, tears, and sighs.  
O'er our merry midnight bowls,  
Oh, how happy shall we be;  
Day was made for vulgar souls,  
Night, my boys, for you and me.

CHAPPELL. Words by Grant.  
TUNE attributed to Garth of Durham.

## THEN FAREWELL MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY

*Espressivo*

Then fare - well, my trim - built wherry; Oars and  
 coat, and badge fare - well; Never more, at Chelsea  
 fer - ry, Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then fare -  
 well my trim - built wherry; Oars and coat and badge fare -  
 well; Ne - ver more at Chelsea fer - ry, Shall your  
 Thomas take a spell, Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
 In the battle's heat I'll go,  
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
 Some friendly ball may lay me low.  
 Then mayhap, when, homeward steering  
 With the news, my messmates come,  
 Even you, the story hearing,  
 With a sigh may cry, " Poor Tom ! "

The Words and Tune by Dibdin.

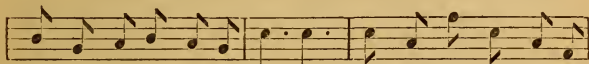
LXXIX

OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

*Allegretto*



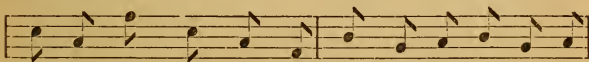
Oh! dear! what can the matter be? Dear! dear!



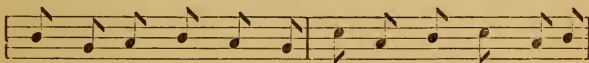
what can the matter be? Oh! dear! what can the matter be?



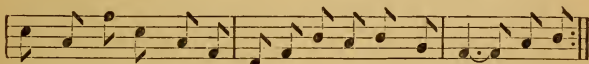
Johnny's so long at the fair. He promis'd he'd buy me a



fairing should please me, And then for a kiss, Oh! he



vow'd he would tease me; He promis'd he'd bring me a



bunch of blue ribbons To tie up my bonny brown hair. And its

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies,

A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,

A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons

That tie up my bonny brown hair.

Words and Tune Anon.

## LXXXI

## POOR TOM BOWLING

*Andante*

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The  
dar - ling of our crew; No more he'll hear the  
tem - pest howling, For death has broach'd him too. His  
form was of the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and  
soft; Faith - ful be - low, he did his du - ty, But  
now he's gone a - loft, But now he's gone a - loft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many and true hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair:  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,—  
Ah! many's the time and oft;  
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

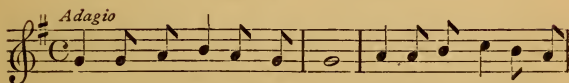


Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;  
 For, though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

The Words and Tune by Dibdin.

LXXXII

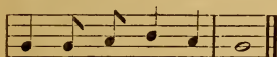
GO FROM MY WINDOW



Go from my window, Love, go ; go from my window, my



Dear ; The wind and the rain, Will drive you back again, You



cannot be lodged here.

Begone, my Juggy, my Puggy ;  
 Begone, my Love, my Dear ;  
 The weather is warm,  
 'Twill do thee no harm,  
 Thou canst not be lodged here.

CHAPPELL. From Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle.  
 TUNE *Go from my window.*

## LXXXIII

## OVER THE MOUNTAINS AND OVER THE MOOR

*Andante*

Over the mountains, and over the moor,  
 Hungry and barefoot, I wander forlorn. My Father is dead, and my  
 mother is poor, And she grieves for the days that will  
 never return. Pity kind gentlemen friends of hu-man-i-ty;  
 Cold blows the wind and the night's com-ing on;  
 Give me some food for my mo-ther, for cha-ri-ty,  
 Give me some food, and then I will be-gone.

Call me not lazy-back beggar, and bold enough,—  
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;  
 I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,  
 They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.  
 Pity kind gentlemen &c.

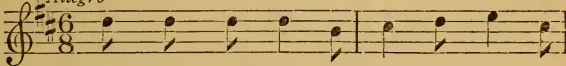
Think while you revel so careless and free,  
 Secure from the wind and well clothed and fed,  
 Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be,  
 To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.  
 Pity kind gentlemen &c.

Words and Tune Anon.

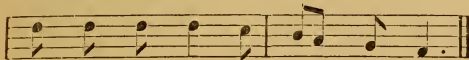
LXXXIV

THOU CANST NOT HIT IT

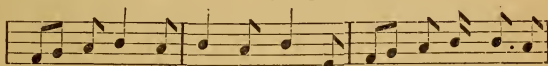
*Allegro*



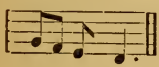
*Rosaline.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,



Thou canst not hit it, my good man.



*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot, An I cannot an-



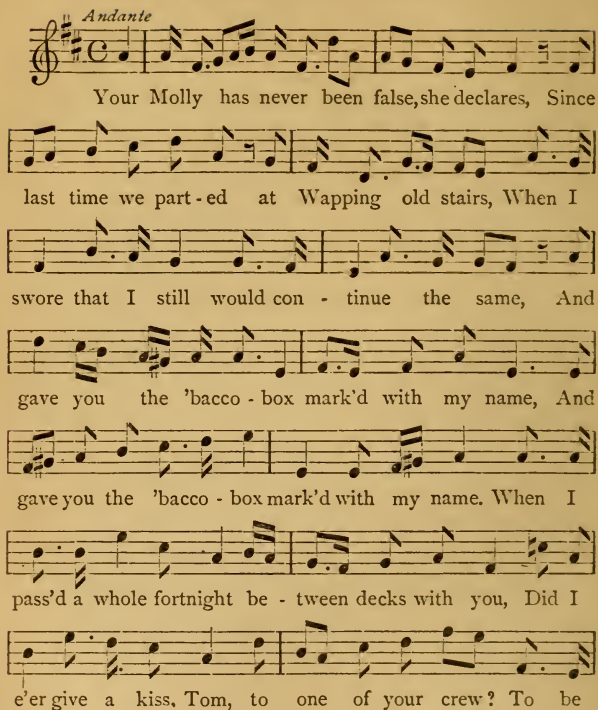
other can.

CHAPPELL. Words from Love's Labour Lost.  
 TUNE from a MS. at Oxford.

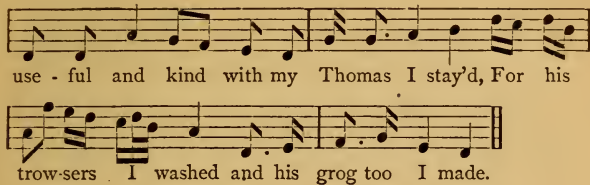
LXXXV

## WAPPING OLD STAIRS

*Andante*



Your Molly has never been false, she declares, Since  
last time we part-ed at Wapping old stairs, When I  
swore that I still would con - tinue the same, And  
gave you the 'bacco - box mark'd with my name, And  
gave you the 'bacco - box mark'd with my name. When I  
pass'd a whole fortnight be - tween decks with you, Did I  
e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew? To be



Though you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall,  
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,  
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,  
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.  
 Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more priz'd?  
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;  
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;  
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

"Dear Molly," cried Tom as she heav'd a deep sigh,  
 And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,  
 "I prithee my love my unkindness forgive,  
 And I ne'er more will slight thee as long as I live,  
 Neither Susan nor Sall shall again grieve my dear,  
 No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear,  
 Then be cheerful and gay nor thy Thomas forsake,  
 But his trousers still wash, and his grog too still make."

TUNE by *Percy*.

LXXXV

*I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD*

*Vivace*

I am a brisk and spright - ly lad, But  
just come home from sea, Sir! Of all the lives I  
ev - er led, A sailor's life for me, Sir! Yeo, yeo,  
yeo, yeo, Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo; Whilst the boatswain  
pipes all hands, With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir!

What girl but loves the merry tars

Who o'er the ocean roam, Sir?

In every clime we find a port,

In every port a home, Sir. With yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,

Each hastens to his gun, Sir,

We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,

And bang the haughty Don, Sir. With yeo, &c.

Our foes subdued, once more on shore,

We spend our cash with glee, Sir,

And when all's gone we drown our care,

And out again to sea, Sir. With yeo, &c.

From The Spoilt Child.

LXXXVII

O SLUMBER MY DARLING

*Andantino*

Oh slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight, Thy  
mo - ther a la - dy, so love - ly and bright. The  
hills and the dales from the towers which we see They  
all shall belong, my sweet in - fant, to thee. Oh  
rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day, Oh  
rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep while you may.

Oh rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum,  
Then rest thee, my darling, oh sleep while ye mav,  
For war comes with manhood, as light comes with day.  
Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day,  
Oh rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep while you may.

The TUNE by *Whittaker*.

## LXXXVIII

## THE BAY OF BISCAY

*Andante*

Loud roars the dread - ful thun - der, The  
 rain a de - luge show'rs, The clouds are rent a -  
 sun - der By light'ning's vi - vid pow'rs; The  
 night was drear and dark, Our poor de - vot - ed  
 bark— Till next day, there she lay, In the  
 Bay of Bis - cay, O !

Now dash'd upon the billow,  
 Her op'ning timbers creak,  
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
 None stop the dreadful leak;  
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds  
 Each breathless seaman crowds,  
 As she lay, till next day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !



At length the wish'd for morrow  
 Breaks through the hazy sky,  
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow  
 Each heaves a bitter sigh.  
 The dismal wreck to view,  
 Strikes horror to the crew—  
 As she lay, on that day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

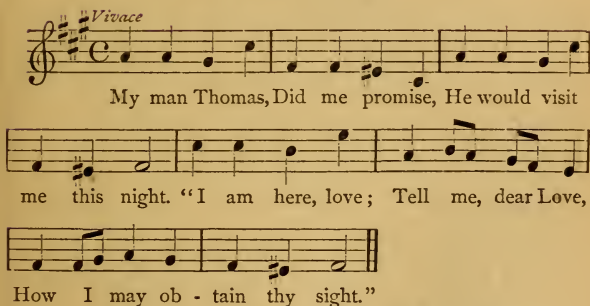
Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;  
 When heav'n, all bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercies sent.  
 A sail in sight appears,  
 We hail her with three cheers,  
 Now we sail, with the gale,  
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

TUNE by *Davy*.

LXXXIX

MY MAN THOMAS

*Vivace*



My man Thomas, Did me promise, He would visit  
 me this night. "I am here, love; Tell me, dear Love,  
 How I may ob - tain thy sight."

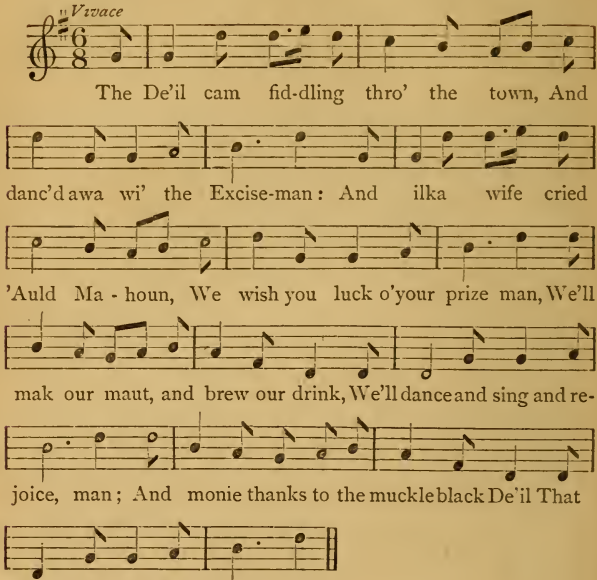
CHAPPELL. The Words from Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*.

TUNE. *O dear twelvepence*.

XC

## THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN

*Vivace*



The De'il cam fid-dling thro' the town, And  
danc'd awa wi' the Excise-man: And ilka wife cried  
'Auld Ma - houn, We wish you luck o' your prize man, We'll  
mak our maut, and brew our drink, We'll dance and sing and re-  
joice, man; And monie thanks to the muckle black De'il That  
danc'd awa wi' the Excise-man.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance e'er came to our lan'  
Was—the De'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.  
We'll mak our maut, &c.

The Words by Burns.

TUNE (English) *The Hemp Dresser.*

XCI

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

*Allegretto*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old  
Time is still a - fly - ing; And this same flower that  
smiles to - day, To - morrow will be dy-ing.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And, while ye may, go marry;  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

The Words by Herrick.

From Playford's 'Ayres and Dialogues.'

## XCII

## CEASE, RUDE BOREAS

*Maestoso*

Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer! List ye  
lands-men all, to me; Mess-mates, hear a brother  
sailor Sing the dangers of the sea. From bounding  
billows first in motion, When the distant whirlwinds  
rise, To the tempest - troubled ocean, Where the  
seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—  
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand,  
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,  
Down your staysails,— hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces,  
Quick the topsail-sheets let go ;  
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,  
Up your topsails nimbly clew.  
Now all you at home in safety,  
Sheltered from the howling storm,  
Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,  
Of our state vain notions form.  
Round us roars the tempest louder,  
Think what fear our mind enthrals !  
Harder yet it blows, still harder  
Now again the boatswain calls.  
The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course—  
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,  
Reef the mizen—see all clear—  
Hand up, each preventer-brace set—  
Man the foreyards—cheer, lads, cheer !  
Now the awful thunder's rolling,  
Peal on peal contending clash ;  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
In our eyes blue lightnings flash :  
One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black sky,  
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,  
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?  
The foremast's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out,  
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck ;  
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—  
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces—  
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !  
Plumb the well—the leak increases—  
Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
We for our wives and children mourn ;  
Alas, from hence there's no retreating !  
Alas, to them there's no return !  
Still the danger grows upon us,  
Wild confusion reigns below,  
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,  
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—  
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—  
To the pump come, every hand, boys,  
See, our mizenmast is gone.  
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,  
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;  
Up and rig a jury foremast—  
She rights !—she rights !—boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
Since kind Heav'n has spar'd our lives,  
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking  
To our sweethearts and our wives :  
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
Close to the lips a brimmer join ;—  
Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?  
None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

Words and Tune by G. A. Stevens.

XCIII

THE MORN RETURNS

*Affettuoso*

The morn returns in saffron drest, But  
not to sad Ro - si - na rest, The blushing morn a -  
wakes the strain A - wakes the tune - ful Choir, But  
sad Ro - si - na ne'er again Shall strike the sprightly  
lyre, But sad Ro - si - na ne'er again Shall  
strike the sprightly lyre.

Words by Mrs. Brooke.

TUNE by Stephen Paxton.

## XCIV

## WHO LIVETH SO MERRY

Who liveth so merry in all this land As  
*Chorus*  
 doth the poor widow that selleth the sand? And  
 ever she singeth as I can guess "Will you buy a - ny  
 sand a - ny sand Mis - tress?"

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,

With carrying of brooms from street to street;

*Cho.* Who would desire a pleasanter thing

Than all the day long doing nothing but sing?

The chimney sweeper all the long day,

He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:

*Cho.* Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,

With his sweet wife he maketh himself full merry.



The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,  
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done :

*Cho.* Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,  
For he knows his work will soon decay.

The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,  
And lie on the ship board with little ease :

*Cho.* Always in doubt the rock is near,  
How can he be merry and make good cheer ?

The husbandman all day goeth to plough,  
And when he comes home he serveth his sow :

*Cho.* He moileth, and moileth, all the long year,  
How can he be merry and make good cheer ?

The serving man waiteth from street to street,  
With blowing his nails and beating his feet :

*Cho.* And serveth for forty shillings a year,  
That 'tis impossible to make good cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,  
As those that be of the poorest sort ?

*Cho.* The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,  
They gather together, by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,  
What makes such a show among a great many ? *Bis.*

From DEUTEROMELIA, 1609.

XCV

## ALL IN A GARDEN GREEN

*Moderato*

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

All in a garden green Two lovers sat at  
 ease, As they could scarce be seen A - mong, a -  
 mong the leafy trees. They long had lov'd y - fore,  
 And no longer than truly, In that time of the year,  
 In that time of the year Cometh 'twixt May and July.

Quoth he, "Most lovely maid,  
 My troth shall aye endure;  
 And be not thou afraid,  
 But rest thee still secure,

"That I will love thee long  
 As life in me shall last;  
 Now I am young and strong,  
 And when my youth is past.

"When I am grey and old,  
 And then must stoop to age,  
 I'll love thee twenty-fold,  
 My troth I here engage."

She heard with joy the youth,  
When he thus far had gone ;  
She trusted in his truth,  
And, loving, he went on :

“ Yonder thou see'st the sun  
Shine in the sky so bright,  
And when this day is done,  
Then cometh the dark night,

“ No sooner night is not,  
But he returns alway,  
And shines as bright and hot  
As on this gladsome day.

“ He is no older now  
Than when he first was born ;  
Age cannot make him bow,  
He laughs old Time to scorn.

“ My love shall be the same,  
It never shall decay,  
But shine without all blame,  
Though body turn to clay.”

She listened to his song,  
And heard it with a smile,  
And, innocent as young,  
She dreamed not of guile.

No guile he meant, I ween,  
For he was true as steel,  
As was there after seen,  
When she made him her weal.

Full soon both two were wed,  
And these most faithful lovers,  
May serve at board at bed,  
Example to all others.

CHAPPELL. From William Ballet's Tune Book.

## XCVI

## COME YE YOUNG MEN

Come, ye young men, come a - long, With your music,  
 dance and song; Bring your lasses in your hands,  
 For 'tis that which love commands. Then to the May-pole  
 come a - way, For it is now a ho - li - day.

*Repeat in Chorus.*

It is the choice time of the year,  
 For the violets now appear;  
 Now the rose receives its birth,  
 And pretty primrose decks the earth.  
 Then to the May-pole come away,  
 For it is now a holiday.

Here each bachelor may choose  
 One that will not faith abuse;  
 Nor repay with coy disdain  
 Love that should be lov'd again.  
 Then to the May-pole come away,  
 For it is now a holiday.

And when you well reckoned have,  
 What kisses you your sweethearts gave,  
 Take them all again, and more,  
 It will never make them poor.  
 Then to the May-pole come away,  
 For it is now a holiday.

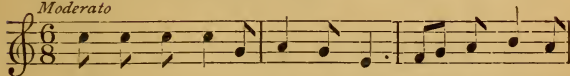
When you thus have spent the time,  
 Till the day be past its prime,  
 To your beds repair at night,  
 And dream there of your day's delight.  
 Then to the May-pole haste away,  
 For it is a holiday.

CHAPPELL. From William Ballet's Lute Book.  
 TUNE *Staines Morris*.

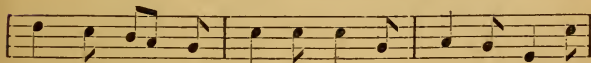
XCVII

SHALL I GO WALK THE WOODS SO WILD

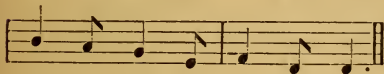
*Moderato*



Shall I go walk the woods so wild, wand'ring, wand'ring



here and there, As I was once full sore beguil'd, A-



las! for love I die with woe.

CHAPPELL. From The Dancing Master.

## XCVIII

*THE FAIRY QUEEN*

Come, follow, follow me, Ye fairy elves that  
 be, Come follow Mab your queen, And trip it o'er the  
 green, Hand in hand we'll dance a - round, Be-  
 cause this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest,  
 Unheard and unespied,  
 Through key-holes we do glide;  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it, with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul  
 With platter, dish, or bowl.  
 Up stairs we nimbly creep  
 And find the sluts asleep:  
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs,  
 None us hears, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,

We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid :  
Every night before we go,  
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye or wheat,  
The diet that we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles stew'd  
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;  
Tails of worms and marrow of mice  
Do make a dish that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsy,  
Grace said, we dance awhile  
And so the time beguile :  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly we do pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends where we do walk :  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

CHAPPELL. From Musick's Delight on the Cithern.  
Words from Percy's Reliques.  
TUNE *The Spanish Gipsy*.

## XCIX

*HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY*

*Animato*

Here's a health un - to his Ma - jes - ty, With a  
 fa la la la la la la; Con - fusion to his  
 en - e - mies, With a fa la la la la la la; And  
 he that will not drink his health, I wish him neither  
 wit nor wealth, Nor yet a rope to hang himself, With a  
 fa la la la la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la  
 la la.

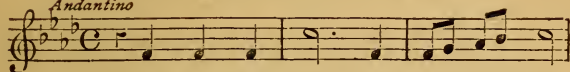
From Playford's Musical Companion.



C

AS I WALKED FORTH

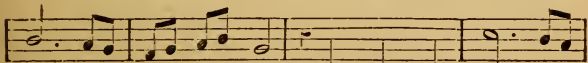
*Andantino*



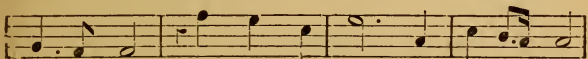
As I walk'd forth one Summer's day



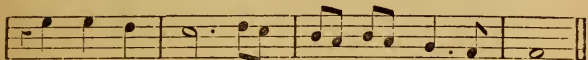
To view the mea - dows sweet and gay, A pleasant



bow - er I es - pied, Standing fast by a



river side, And in't a mai - den I heard cry,



A - las A - las, there's none e'er lov'd as I!

Then round the meadow did she walk,  
Catching each flower by the stalk,  
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,  
The dead man's thumb, an herb all blue,  
And as she pull'd them, still cried she,  
Alas, alas, none ever lov'd like me.

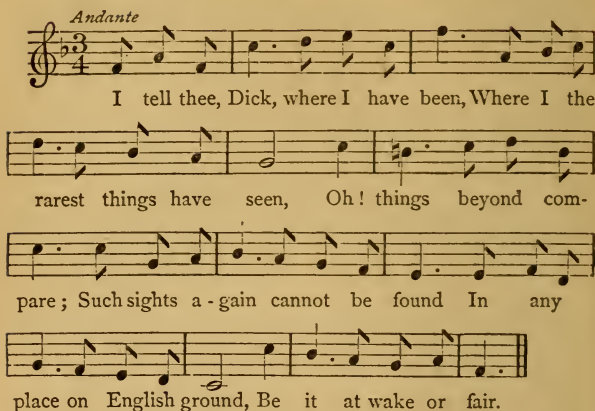
When she had fill'd her apron full,  
Of such green things as she could cull,  
The green leaves serv'd her for a bed,  
The flow'rs were the pillow for her head :  
Then down she lay, ne'er more did speak  
Alas, alas, with love her heart did break.

TUNE by Robert Johnson.

## CI

*I TELL THEE, DICK, WHERE I HAVE BEEN*

*Andante*



I tell thee, Dick, where I have been, Where I the  
rarest things have seen, Oh! things beyond com-  
pare; Such sights a-gain cannot be found In any  
place on English ground, Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross hard by the way  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,  
There is a house with stairs;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such folk as are not in our town,  
Forty at least in pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine,  
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)  
Walk'd on before the rest:  
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,  
The king, (God bless him!) 'twould undo him,  
Should he go still so dress'd.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale,  
For such a maid no Whitsun ale  
Could ever yet produce:

No grape that's kindly ripe could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on which they did bring,  
It was too wide a peck ;  
And to say truth, (for out it must)  
It look'd like the great collar, (just,)  
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light ;  
But oh ! she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison ;  
(Who sees them is undone.)  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Kath'rine pear,  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compar'd to that was next her chin ;  
Some bee had stung it newly ;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

Words by Sir John Suckling.

## CII

## LET THE TOAST PASS

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
 Now to the widow of fifty; Here's to the flaunting ex-  
 travagant quean, And here's to the housewife that's  
 thrifty. Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I'll  
 warrant she'll prove An ex - cuse for the glass.

*Repeat  
in  
Chorus.*

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
 Now to the damsel with none, Sir,  
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
 And now to the nymph with but one, Sir.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry,  
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
 And now to the damsel that's merry.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,  
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
 So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,  
 And let us e'en toast 'em together.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

From Sheridan's Comedy "The School for Scandal."

CIII

LULLABY

*Grazioso*

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean, Seamen  
 fear no danger nigh; The winds and waves, in gentle  
 motion, Soothe them with their lul-la-by. Lul-la-by,  
 Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Soothe them with their Lulla-by.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,  
 Still no danger they descry;  
 The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,  
 Soothes them with its lullaby.  
 Lullaby etc.

From Cobb's Opera "The Pirates."

TUNE by Storace.

## CIV

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

*Allegretto*

On Richmond hill there lives a lass, More  
 sweet than May - day morn, Whose charms all other  
 maids' surpass. A rose without a thorn. This  
 lass so neat, With smiles so sweet, Has won my right good  
 will, I'd crowns resign To call her mine; Sweet  
 lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet lass of Richmond  
 Hill! Sweet lass of Richmond Hill! I'd crowns resign To  
 call her mine; Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!

Ye Zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
And wanton through the grove,  
Oh ! whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her, and love.  
This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
Who calls this nymph his own ;—  
Oh ! may her choice be fix'd on me,  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.  
This lass so neat, &c.

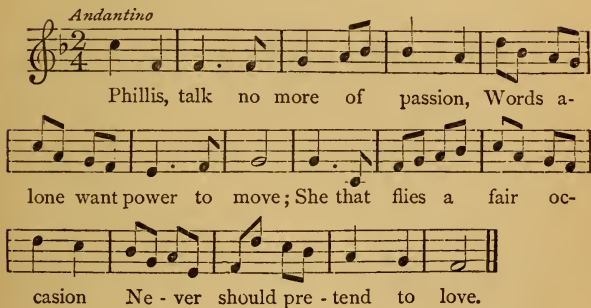
Words by Mc Nally.

TUNE by Hook.

CV

PHILLIS, TALK NO MORE OF PASSION

*Andantino*



Phillis, talk no more of passion, Words a-  
lone want power to move ; She that flies a fair oc-  
casion Ne - ver should pre - tend to love.

See the winged moments flying,  
Whereon Youth and Beauty ride ;  
She, who long persists denying,  
Ne'er can hope to be a bride.

From the British Musical Miscellany.

TUNE by Monro.

## CVI

## WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO

*Andante*

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go, What  
 anguish I felt at my heart! And I thought, but it  
 might not be so, She was sorry to see me de-  
 part; She cast such a languishing view, My  
 path I could scarcely dis - cern, So sweetly she  
 bade me a - dieu, I thought that she bade me re-  
 turn, I thought that she bade me re - turn.



I thought she might like to retire  
To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;  
For whatever I heard her admire,  
I hasten'd and planted it there.  
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,  
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways :  
I could lay down my life for the swain  
That would sing me a song in her praise.  
While he sings may the maids of the town  
Come flocking and listen awhile ;  
Nor on him let Hebe once frown, —  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,  
Some hermit peep out of his cell ;  
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well.  
On him she may smile if she please,  
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;  
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh ! cease, —  
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow  
To paint the dear charms I approve,  
For what can a blossom bestow,  
So sweet, so delightful, as love ?  
I sing in a rustical way,  
A shepherd and one of the throng ;  
Yet, Hebe approves of my lay ; —  
Go poets, and envy my song.

The Words by Shenstone.

The TUNE by *Arne*.

## CVII

## WHEN THE ROSEBUD OF SUMMER

*Affettuoso*

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is marked 'Affettuoso'. The score consists of seven lines of music. The first line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The music ends with a double bar line.

When the rosebud of Summer, its  
 beauties bestowing, On Winter's rude blast, all its  
 sweetness shall pour, And the sunshine of day in night's  
 darkness be glowing, O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll  
 love you no more, I'll love you no more, I'll  
 love you no more, O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll

love you no more.

When of hope the last spark which my smile lov'd to cherish  
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,  
 And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall perish,  
 O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

Words by Fitzsimons. TUNE by Sir John Stevenson.

THE THORN

*Andante*

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear  
Chloe re-quest-ed A sprig, her fair breast to a-  
dorn; No! by Heav'ns! I ex-claim'd, may I  
perish if e-ver I plant in that bosom a  
thorn. No! by Heav'ns! I ex-claim'd, may I  
perish if e-ver I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I show'd her the ring, and implor'd her to marry,  
She blush'd like the dawning of morn:—  
"I'll consent," she replied, "if you'll promise  
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn."

The Words attributed to Burns.

TUNE by *Shield*.

## CIX

## THERE WAS A MAID WENT TO THE MILL

*Con spirito*

There was a maid went to the mill, Sing  
trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! The  
mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still, Oh, oh,  
ho! Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! did she so?

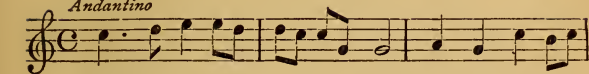
The miller he kiss'd her ; away she went,  
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo !  
The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content,  
Oh, oh, ho ! Oh, oh, ho ! Oh, oh, ho ! was it so ?

He danced and he sung while the mill went clack ;  
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo !  
And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack,  
Oh, oh, ho ! Oh, oh, ho ! Oh, oh, ho ! did it so ?

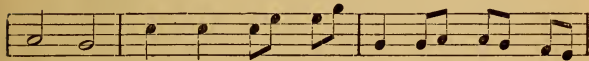
CHAPPELL. Words from The Jovial Crew.

TUNE. *There was an old woman lived under a hill.*

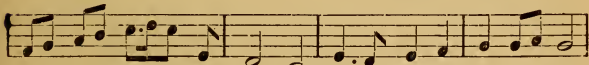
CX

*SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE**Andantino*

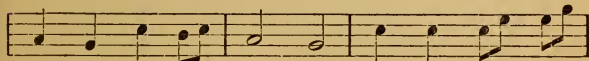
Shepherds, I have lost my love ; Have you seen my



An - na ? Pride of ev - 'ry shady grove, Up-



on the banks of Banna. I for her my home forsook,



Near yon mis - ty mountain, Left my flock, my



pipe and crook, Greenwood shade and fountain.

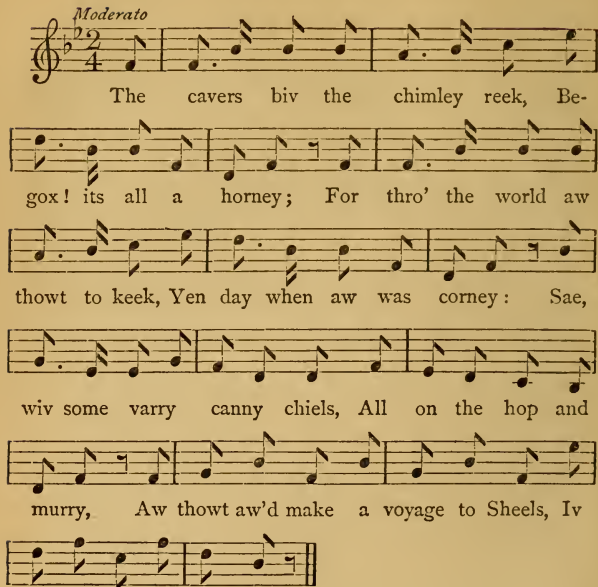
Never shall I see thee more,  
 Until her returning,  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

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

## CXI

## JIMMY JONESON'S WHURRY

*Moderato*



The cavers biv the chimley reek, Be-  
 gox! its all a horney; For thro' the world aw  
 thowt to keek, Yen day when aw was corney: Sae,  
 wiv some varry canny chieles, All on the hop and  
 murry, Aw thowt aw'd make a voyage to Sheels, Iv

Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Ye niver see'd the church se scrudg'd,  
 As we were there thegither,  
 An' gentle, simple, throughways rudg'd,  
 Like burdies of a feather;  
 Blind Willie, aw wor joys to croon,  
 Struck up a hey-down-derry,

An croose we left wor canny toon,  
Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

As we push'd off, loak ! aw the Kee  
To me seem'd shuggy-shoooin',  
An' tho' aw'd niver been at sea,  
Aw stud her like a new 'un.  
An' when the Malls began their reels,  
Aw kick'd maw heels reet murry ;  
For faix ! aw lik'd the voyage to Sheels,  
Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

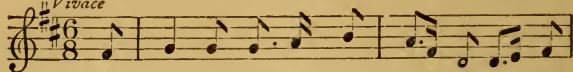
Quick went wor heels, quick went the oars,  
An where my eyes were cassin,  
It seem'd as if the bizzy shore  
Chter'd canny Tyne i' passin.  
What ! hes Newcassel now ne end ?  
Thinks aw, it's wond'rous, varry ;  
Aw thowt aw'd like my life to spend  
Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

Tyne-side seem'd clad wiv bonny ha's,  
An' furnaces se dunny ;  
Wey this mun be what Bible ca's  
"The land of milk and honey !"  
If aw thor things belang'd tiv me,  
Aw'd myek the poor reet murry,  
An' gar each heart to sing wiv glee,  
Iv Jimmy Joneson's whurry.

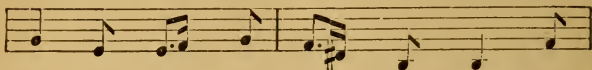
From Tyneside Songs. Words by T. Thompson.  
TUNE *Blind Willie singing.*

## CXII

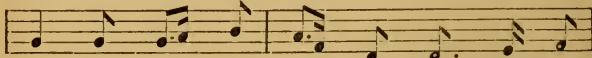
## OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD

*Vivace*

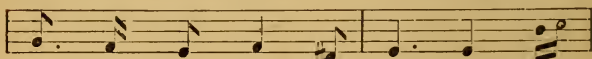
Oh! could we do with this world of ours, As



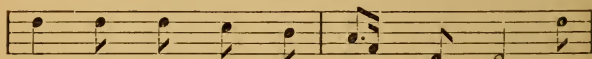
thou dost with thy gar - den bowers; Re-



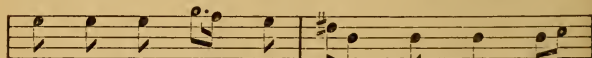
ject the weeds and keep the flowers, What a



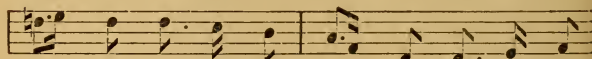
hea - ven on earth we'd make it! So



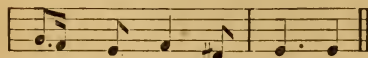
bright a dwell - ing should be our own, So



war - rant - ed free from sigh or frown, That



an - gels soon should be com - ing down, By the



week or month to take it.



Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light still ready there,  
Whenever they wish to use it;  
So, in this world I'd make for thee,  
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,  
And the flash of wit and poesy  
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hovering near,  
In this new world of ours, my Dear,  
Such shadows will all be omitted:  
Unless they're like that graceful one  
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath flitted.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (English) *Green Sleeves*.

## CXIII

## THE GENTRY TO THE KING'S HEAD GO

*Con spirito*

The gen - try to The King's Head go, The  
nobles to The Crown, The knight you'll at The  
Gar - ter find, And at The Plough the clown: But  
we'll beat ev - 'ry bush, Boys, In hunt - ing of good  
wine, And value not a rush, Boys, My  
landlord or his sign. *Repeat in Chorus.*

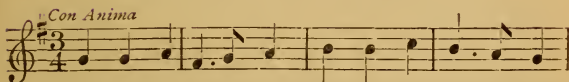
The bishop to The Mitre goes,  
The soldier to The Gun,  
The parson topos beneath The Rose,  
The gardener in The Sun:  
*Cho.* But we'll beat every bush, &c.

The sailor to The World's End roams,  
 The sportsman seeks The Fox,  
 The lawyer to the Devil comes,  
 The spendthrift to The Dogs :  
*Cho.* But we'll beat every bush, &c.

From The British Musical Miscellany.  
 TUNE by Young.

CXIV

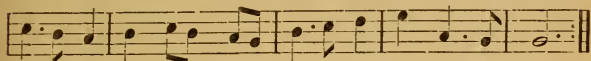
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN



God save our noble Queen ! Long live our gracious Queen !



God save the Queen. Send her vic - torious, Happy and



glorious Long to reign over us, God save the Queen !

O Lord our God, arise !  
 Scatter her enimies,  
 And make them fall !  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks ;  
 On Thee our hopes we fix,  
 God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts, in store,  
 On her be pleased to pour,  
 Long may she reign.  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing, with heart and voice,  
 God save the Queen !

From CHAPPELL.

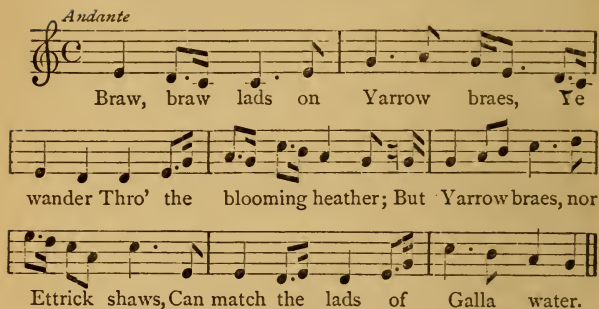
# The Song Book.

## PART II. SCOTTISH SONGS.

CXV

### BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES

*Andante*



Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, Ye  
wander Thro' the blooming heather; But Yarrow braes, nor  
Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads of Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I loo him better;  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine;  
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Atho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher,  
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
The bands of bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

Words by Burns. TUNE *Galla Water*.

AT SETTING DAY

*Moderato*

At set-ting day, and ris-ing morn, With  
soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of Heav'n thy  
safe re-turn, With all that can im-prove thee. I'll  
vi-sit o'er the bir-ken bush, Where first thou kind-ly  
told me, Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush, Whilst  
round thou didst en-fold me.

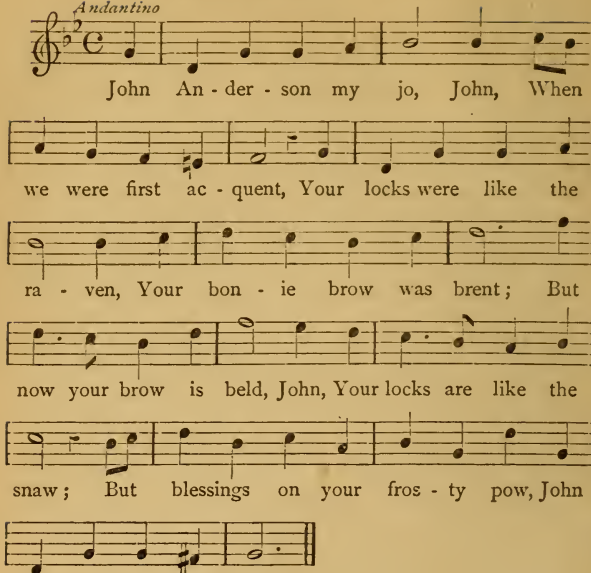
To all our haunts I will repair,  
By greenwood shade, or fountain ;  
Or where the summer day I'd share  
With thee, upon yon mountain.  
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
By vows you're mine,—by love is yours  
A heart that cannot wander.

Words by Allan Ramsay.  
TUNE *The Mill, O.*

## CXVII

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

*Andantino*



John An - der - son my jo, John, When  
 we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the  
 ra - ven, Your bon - ie brow was bent; But  
 now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the  
 snaw; But blessings on your fros - ty pow, John  
 An - der - son my jo.

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

Words by Burns.

CXVIII

WELL I AGREE, YE'RE SURE OF ME

Well I a - gree, ye're sure of me; Next  
 to my fa - ther gae; Make him con - tent to  
 give consent, He'll hard - ly saw ye Nay: For  
 you have what he wo'd be at, And will commend you  
 weel, Since parents auld think love grows cauld, Where  
 bairns want milk and meal.

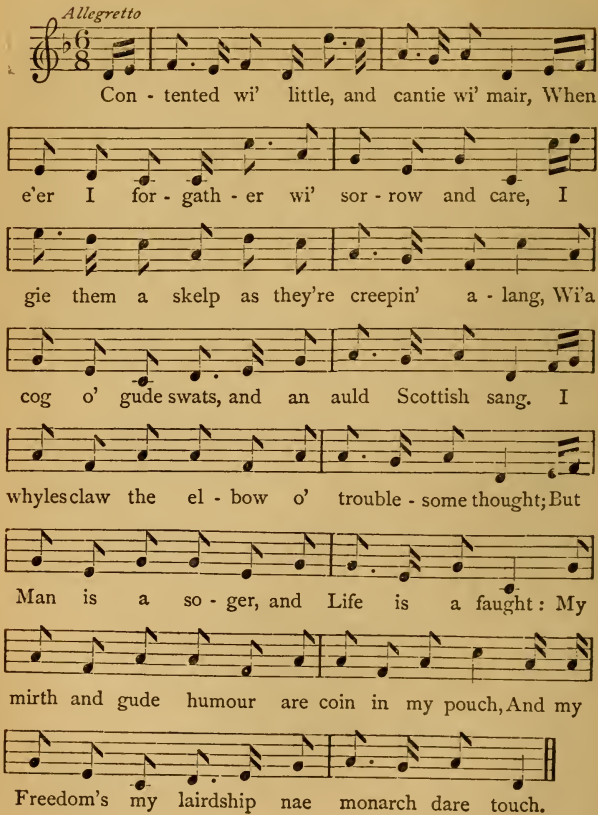
Shou'd he deny, I carena by,  
 He'd contradict in vain,  
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like those in high degree:  
 And if you faithful prove in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Words by Allan Ramsay.  
 TUNE *O'er Boyce.*

## CXIX

## CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

*Allegretto*



Con - tented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair, When  
 e'er I for - gath - er wi' sor - row and care, I  
 gie them a skelp as they're creepin' a - lang, Wi'a  
 cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang. I  
 whylesclaw the el - bow o' trouble - some thought; But  
 Man is a so - ger, and Life is a faught: My  
 mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, And my  
 Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.



A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';  
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,  
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae:  
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,  
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

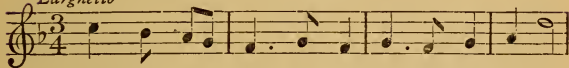
Words by Burns.

TUNE. *Lumps o' Pudding.*

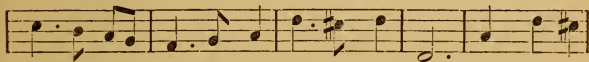
CXX

HERE AWA, THERE AWA

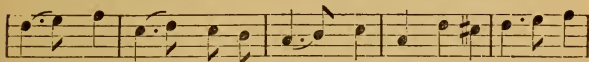
*Larghetto*



Here a - wa, there a - wa, wandering Willie,



Here a - wa, there a - wa, haud a - wa, hame; Lang have I



sought thee, dear have I bought thee, Now have I gotten my



Willie a - gain.

Through the lang muir have I followed my Willie,  
Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame.  
Whate'er betide us, naught shall divide us;  
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

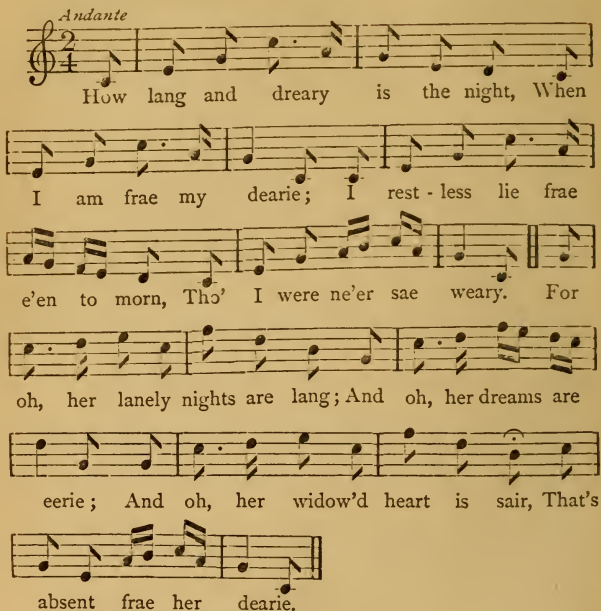
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, here awa, hame!  
Come, Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,  
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Chambers. From Herd's Collection.

## CXXI

## HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

*Andante*



How lang and dreary is the night, When  
I am frae my dearie; I rest - less lie frae  
e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. For  
oh, her lanely nights are lang; And oh, her dreams are  
eerie; And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, That's  
absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days  
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,  
And now that seas between us roar,  
How can I be but eerie!  
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;  
The joyless day how drearie!

It wasna sae ye glinted by ;  
When I was wi' my dearie.  
For oh ! &c.

Words by Burns.

TUNE *Could kail in Aberdeen.*

CXXII

*I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN*

*Andante*

I gaed a wae - fu' gate yes - treen, A  
gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ; I gat my death frae  
twa sweet een, Twa lovely een o' bon-ie blue.

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

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

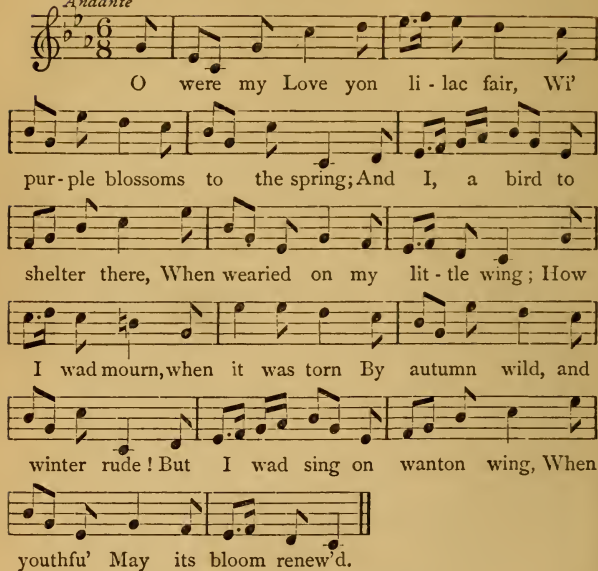
But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;  
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :  
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
To her twa een sae bonie blue.

Words by Burns.

*The Blathrie o't.*

## CXXIII

## O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR

*Andante*


O were my Love yon li-lac fair, Wi'  
 pur-ple blossoms to the spring; And I, a bird to  
 shelter there, When wearied on my lit-tle wing; How  
 I wad mourn, when it was torn By autumn wild, and  
 winter rude! But I wad sing on wanton wing, When  
 youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose  
 That grows upon the castle wa',  
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,  
 Into her bonie breast to fa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest,  
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

The first two verses by Burns, and Richardson, the third old.

TUNE *Oran Gaoil*.

CXXIV

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL

*Andantino*

The lass of Patie's mill, So  
 bonie blythe and gay, In spite of all my  
 skill, She stole my heart a - way. When  
 ted - ding of the hay, Bare head - ed on the  
 green, Love midst her locks did play, And  
 wanton'd in her e'en.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

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

Words by Allan Ramsay.

## CXXV

## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH

*Con Moto*

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch ! Roy's wife of  
 Al - di - val - loch ! Wat ye how she cheated me, As  
 I came o'er the braes of Balloch. She vow'd she swore she  
 wad be mine, She said she loo'd me best of ony; But  
 O the fickle faith - less quean, She's ta'en the carle and  
 left her Johnie.

*Da Capo.*

O, she was a canty quean,  
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch !  
 Roy's Wife &c.

Her face was fair her e'en sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mouth so sweet and bonnie ;

To me she ever will be dear,  
 Though she's for ever left her Johnie.  
 Roy's Wife &c.

Words by Mrs. Grant of Carron.

CXXVI

O WAS I TO BLAME TO LOVE HIM

*Andante*

O was I to blame to love him! O

was I to blame to love him! So gallant, so kind, I

could not be blind, I was not to blame to love him!

My heart it may break with sorrow,  
 My heart it may break with sorrow,  
 'Tis lost for his sake,  
 No complaint will I make,  
 My heart it may break with sorrow.  
 O saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,  
 O saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,  
 Like me to your sight,  
 It fades with the blight,  
 Yet blame not the love or blossom.  
 O pride of my heart, I love thee,  
 O pride of my heart, I love thee;  
 The zephyr,—the sky  
 May alter—not I—  
 I was not to blame to love thee.

Words by William Smyth.

TUNE *When she came ben she bobbie.*

M

## CXXVII

## SAE YE NAE MY PEGGY

*Andantino*

Saw ye nae my Peg - gy, Saw ye nae my  
Peg - gy, Saw ye nae my Peg - gy, Com - ing  
o'er the lea? Sure a finer crea - ture Ne'er was  
form'd by na - ture, So com-plete each fea-ture, So di-  
vine is she.

O how Peggy charms me ;  
Every look still warms me,  
Every thought alarms me,  
Lest she love not me :  
Peggy doth discover,  
Nought but charms all over ;  
Nature bids me love her,  
That's a law to me.  
Who would leave a lover,  
To become a rover ?  
No, I'll ne'er give over,  
Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,  
As her beauty fires me,  
And her absence tires me,  
Nought can please but she.  
When I hope to gain her,  
Fate seems to detain her,  
Could I but obtain her,  
Happy should I be !  
I'll lie down before her,  
Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
With faint looks implore her,  
'Till she pity me.



## CXXVIII

## THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS

*Andante*

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon  
 glen, He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld  
 men, He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and  
 kine, And ae bonie lassie, his dar-ling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,  
 She's sweet as the evening among the new hay ;  
 As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;  
 A rover like me maunna hope to come speed ;  
 The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane,  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh, as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me ;  
 O, how past discribing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express.

Words by Burns.

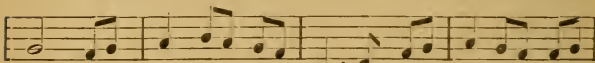
TUNE *Fock the Laird's Brother.*

## CXXIX

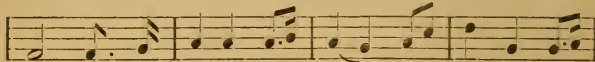
## FAREWELL TO LOCHABER

*Affetuoso*

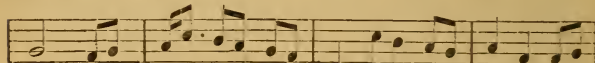
Fare - well to Loch - aber, fare - well to my



Jean, Where heart-some with thee, I have mony days



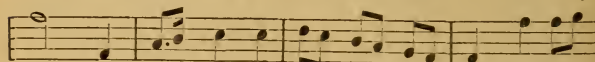
been; For Loch - aber no more, Loch - a - ber no



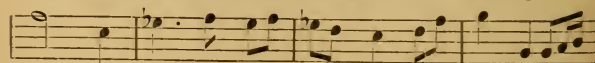
more, We'll may - be re - turn to Loch - aber no



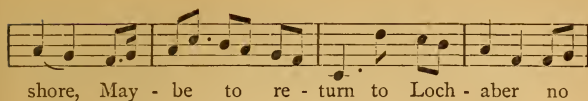
more. There tears that I shed they are a' for my



dear, And no for the dan - gers at - tending on



weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody



more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;  
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my Love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sore pain'd,  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

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

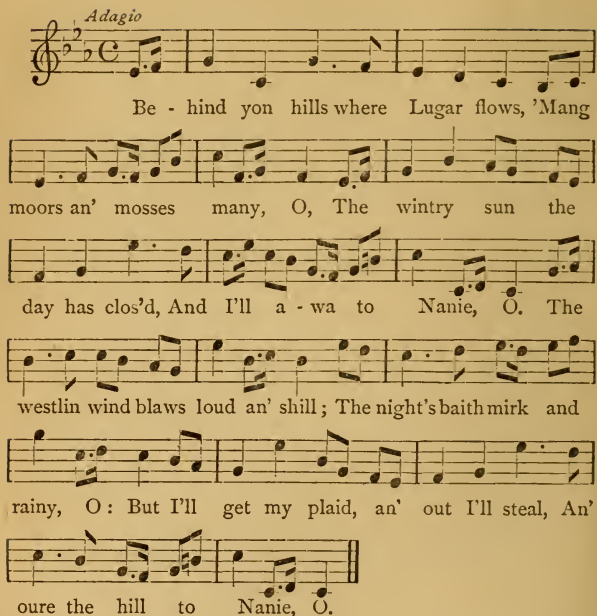
Words by Allan Ramsay.

TUNE *Lochaber*.

CXXX

## BEHIND YON HILLS

*Adagio*



Be - hind yon hills where Lugar flows, 'Mang  
 moors an' mosses many, O, The wintry sun the  
 day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa to Nanie, O. The  
 westlin wind blows loud an' shill; The night's baith mirk and  
 rainy, O: But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal, An'  
 oure the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:

May ill befa' the flattering tongue

That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonie, O :  
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
But what care I how few they be,  
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view  
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;  
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,  
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

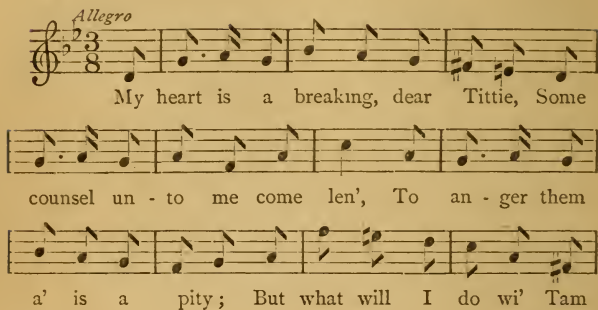
Words by Burns.

TUNE *My Nanie, O.*

## CXXXI

## MY HEART IS A BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE

*Allegro*



My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some  
counsel un - to me come len', To an - ger them  
a' is a pity; But what will I do wi' Tam



Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sich a braw fallow,  
In poortith I might mak a fen';  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,  
'Guid-day to you, brute!' he comes ben:  
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men ;  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;  
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :  
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,  
My heart to my mou gied a sten :  
For thrice I drew<sup>a</sup>ane without failing,  
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin  
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;  
His likeness cam up the house staukin—  
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;  
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

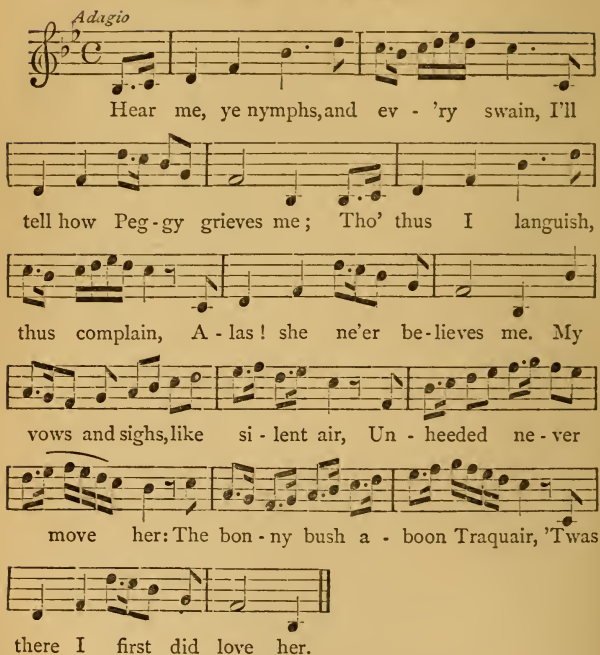
Words by Burns.

TUNE *Tam Glen*.

## CXXXII

## HEAR ME YE NYMPHS

*Adagio*



Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - 'ry swain, I'll  
 tell how Peg-gy grieves me; Tho' thus I languish,  
 thus complain, A - las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My  
 vows and sighs, like si - lent air, Un - heeded ne - ver  
 move her: The bon - ny bush a - boon Traquair, 'Twas  
 there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder:  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her;



I tried to soothe my amorous flame,  
In words that I thought tender ;  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

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

The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,  
It's sweets I'll aye remember :  
But now her frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?  
O make her partner in my pains,  
Then let her smiles relieve me :

If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender ;  
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

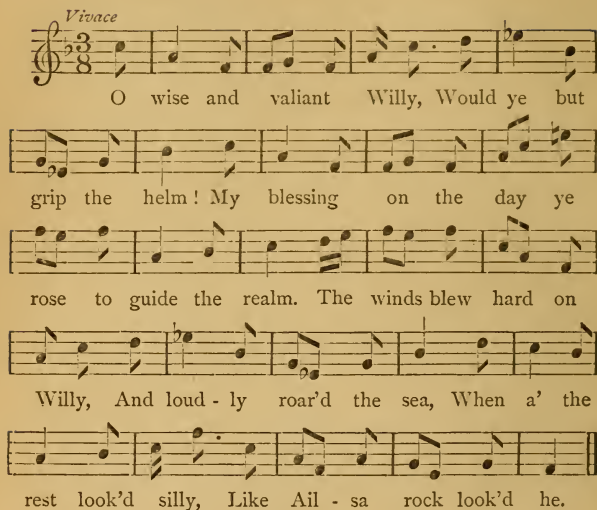
Words by Robert Crawford.

TUNE *The Bush aboon Traquair.*

## CXXXIII

## O WISE AND VALIANT WILLY

*Vivace*



O wise and valiant Willy, Would ye but  
grip the helm ! My blessing on the day ye  
rose to guide the realm. The winds blew hard on  
Willy, And loud - ly roar'd the sea, When a' the  
rest look'd silly, Like Ail - sa rock look'd he.

O doure hard-working Willy,  
How sair he won his fee !  
He spent it aye as he got it,  
And now he has naething to gi'e.  
O doure lang-headed Willy,  
When he began to crack,  
He held to his point ay steady,  
And never a foot gaed back.

O doure and stalwart Willy,  
He's gane to ca' his plough,  
But ere the play be play'd,  
He'll get some mair ado.  
There's nought in Will's kail-yard,  
But ae bit laurel tree;  
Yet doure and stalwart Willy,  
Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,  
'Twas a' that he could gi'e,  
It's kent his daddy's coat  
There's nane could fill but he.  
O bold and reckless Willy,  
Nane bides a blast like thee,  
On rough and blustering weather,  
Ye're welcome ay to me.

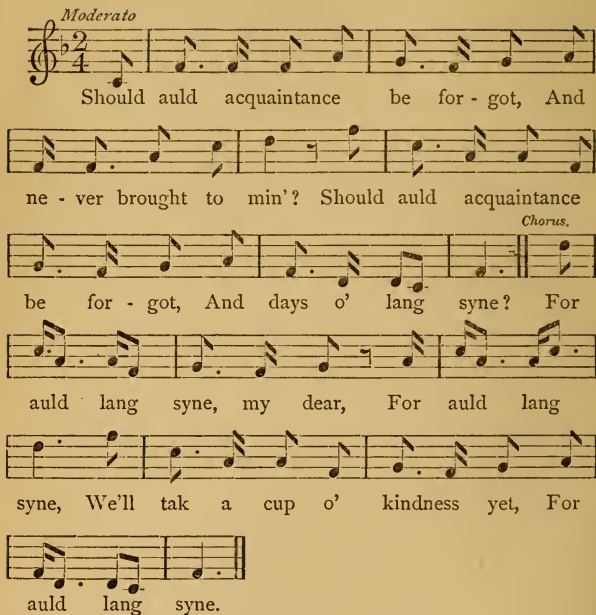
Words by Mrs. Grant of Laggan.

*TUNE Rattling Roaring Willy.*

## CXXXIV

## AULD LANG SYNE

*Moderato*



Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And  
ne - ver brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance  
*Chorus.*  
be for - got, And days o' lang syne? For  
auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang  
syne, We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For  
auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine,  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
Sin auld lang syne.

*Cho.* For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
From mornin sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin auld lang syne.  
*Cho.* For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
*Cho.* For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.  
*Cho.* For auld, &c.

Words by Burns.

*TUNE I feed a lass at Martinmas.*

CXXXV

## TIBBIE TOWLER

*Allegro*

Tibbie Towler o' the glen, There's owre mony  
 wooing at her; Tibbie Towler o' the glen, There's  
 owre mony wooing at her. Woin' at her,  
 pu'-in' at her, Courtin' at her, canna get her;  
 Filthy elf, its for her pelf, That a' the lads are  
 wooing at her.

*Repeat in Chorus.*

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,  
 Ten cam rowin' o'er the water;  
 Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,  
 There's twa and thirty woin' at her.  
 Woin' at her, etc.

There's seven butt, and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
Twenty head about the door,  
There's one-and-forty wooin' at her.  
Wooin' at her, &c.

She sits a queen among them a',  
Ilka chield expects to get her ;  
Gin she but let her thimble fa',  
The're like to knock their heads together,  
Wooin' at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,  
Cockle shells wad set her better ;  
High heel'd shoon and siller tags,  
And a' the lads are wooing at her.  
Wooin' at her, etc.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
If she hae the name o' siller,  
Set her up on Tintock tap,  
The wind will blaw a man till her.  
Wooin' at her, etc.

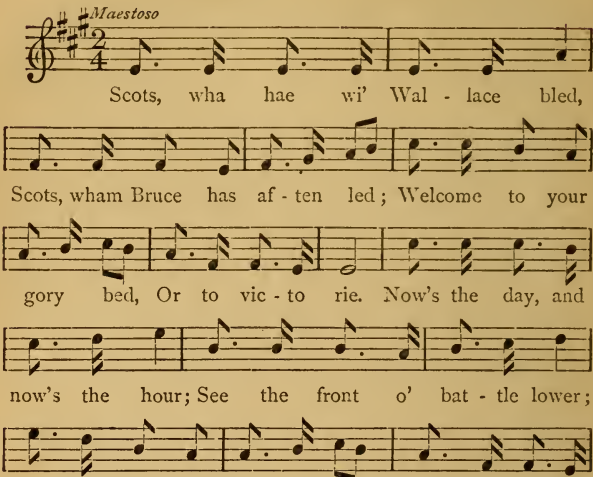
Be a lassie e'er sae fair,  
If she want the penny siller,  
A flie may fell her in the air,  
Before a man be even'd till her.  
Wooin' at her, etc.

From Johnson's Museum.

## CXXXVI

## SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

*Maestoso*



Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led; Welcome to your  
 gory bed, Or to vic - to rie. Now's the day, and  
 now's the hour; See the front o' bat - tle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—Chains and slave-



rie !

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?  
 Let him follow me !



By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty 's in every blow !  
Let us do or die !

Words by Burns.

TUNE *Hey Tuttie Tattie.*

*I'M WEARING AWA, JEAN*

TO THE SAME TUNE.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

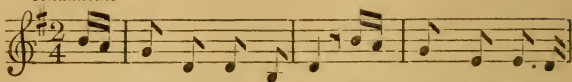
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonie bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
O we grudged her right sair  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
My soul langs to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait for me  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare ye well, my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain, Jean,  
We'll meet and aye be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

Lady Nairn.

## CXXXVII

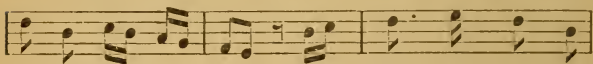
## WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE

*Andantino*

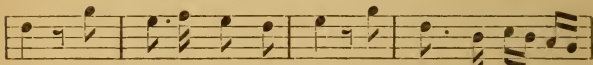
What ails this heart of mine, What means this wat'ry



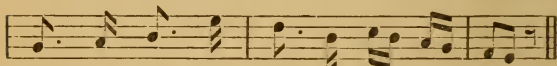
e'e, What gars me ay turn could as death, When



I tak' leave o' thee? When thou art far a-



wa, Thou'lt dearer grow to me, But change of place and



change o' folk, May gar my fan - cy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Beneath yon spreading tree,  
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,  
 I'll ca't a word frae thee!  
 Syne I'll gang to the bower,  
 Which thou wi' roses tied.  
 'Twas there by mony a blushing bud,  
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot,  
 Where I hae been wi' thee;  
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,  
 By ev'ry burn and tree.

'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Though lovers absent be;  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I think I'm still wi' thee.

Words by Miss Blamire.

CXXXVIII

JENNY'S BABEE

*Vivace*

And a' that e'er my Jen - ny had, My  
 Jenny had, my Jenny had, And a' that e'er my  
 Jenny had, Was ae ba-bee. There's your plack and  
 my plack, And your plack and my plack, And  
 my plack and your plack, And Jenny's ba-bee.

*Da Capo  
 in  
 Chorus.*

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

Chambers. From Herd's Collection.

## CXXXIX

## TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE

*Andante*

This Winter's weather waxeth cold, And  
 frost shall freeze on ev-'ry hill, And Boreas blows his  
 blasts so bold, That all our cattle are like to spill; Then  
 Bell my wife, who loves no strife, She said un-to me  
 quiet-ly, Rise up and save Cow Crumbock's life, Man  
 put thine old cloak a-bout thee.

HE.

O Bell why dost thou flyte and scorn?

Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:

It is so bare and overworn,

A cricke lie thereon cannot renn:

Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend,  
For once I'll new apparel'd be ;  
To morrow I'll to town and spend,  
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE.

Cow Crumbock is a very good cow,  
She has been always true to the pail,  
Still has helped us to butter and cheese I trow,  
And other things she will not fail.  
I would be loth to see her pine,  
Good husband, counsel take of me,  
It is not for us to go so fine,  
Then take thine old cloak about thee.

HE..

My cloak it was a very good cloak,  
It hath been always true to the wear,  
But now it is not worth a groat ;  
I have had it four and forty year.  
Sometime it was of cloth in grain,  
'Tis now but a sigh-clout as you may see,  
It will neither hold out wind nor rain,  
I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE.

It is four and forty years ago,  
Since th'one of us the other did ken,  
And we have had bewixt us two,  
Of children either nine or ten ;  
We have brought them up to be women and men ;  
In the fear of God I trow they be ;  
And why wilt thou thyself misken ?  
Man take thine old cloak about thee.

HE.

O Bell my wife why dost thou flout,  
Now is now, and then was then ;  
Seek now all the world throughout,  
Thou kenst not clowns from gentlemen.  
They are clad in black, green, yellow, or grey,  
So far above their own degree,  
Once in my life I'll do as they,  
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown ;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
Therefore he called the tailor lown.  
He was a wight of high renown,  
And thouse but of a low degree ;  
It's pride that puts the country down,  
Then take thine old cloak about thee.

HE.

Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
Yet she will lead me if she can,  
And oft to lead a quiet life,  
I'm forc'd to yield though I'm good-man.  
It's not for a man with a woman to threap,  
Unless he first give o'er the plea ;  
Where I began I now mun leave,  
And take mine old cloak about me.

Words from Percy's Reliques

CXL

WILL YE GO TO SHERIFF-MUIR

*Vivace*

Will ye go to Sheriff - muir Bauld John o'  
 Innisture, There to see the no-ble Mar, And his Highland  
 lad-dies; A' the true men o' the north, Angus, Huntley,  
 and Sea - forth, Scouring on to cross the Forth,  
 wi' their white cock - a - dies?

There you'll see the banners flare,  
 There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,  
 And the trumpets' deadly blare,  
 Wi' the cannons' rattle.  
 There you'll see the bauld Mc Crows,  
 Cameron, and Clanronald raws,  
 And a' the clans, with loud huzzas,  
 Rushing to the battle.

From The Scottish Minstrel.

## CXLI

## THE GLOOMY NIGHT

*Lento*

The gloomy night is gath - 'ring  
fast, Loud roars the wild in - con - stant  
blast, Yon murky cloud is foul with  
rain, I see it driving o'er the



plain ;

The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
Across her placid azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly :



Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :

But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd by many a wound :  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !

Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !  
My peace with these, my love with those—  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr.

Words by Burns.

TUNE *Farewell to Ayr.*

## CXLII

## WHA WAD NA BE IN LOVE

*Allegro*

Wha wad na be in love Wi' bonny Maggy

Lauder? A pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And

speir'd what was't they ca'd her. Right scornfully she

answer'd him, "Be - gone, you hal-len - shaker, Jogg

on your gate, you bladdershate, My name is Maggy

Lauder."

"Maggy," quo' he, "and by my bags,  
 I'm fidgeting fain to see thee;  
 Sit down by me, my bonie bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee:

For I'm a piper to my trade,  
My name is Rob the Ranter ;  
The lasses loup as they were daft,  
When I blaw up my chanter."

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

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

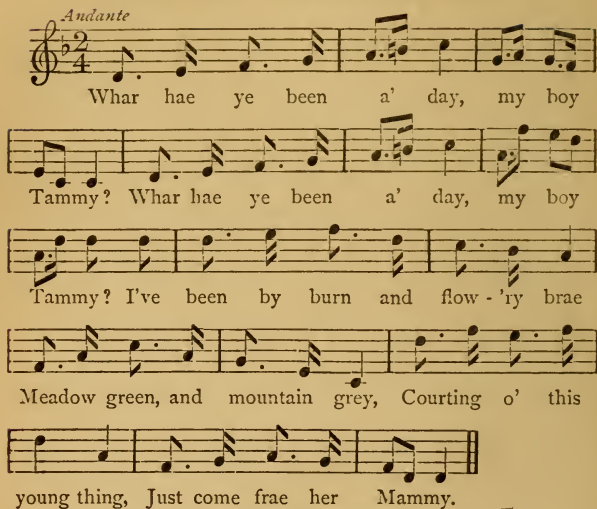
"Weel ha'e you play'd your part," quo' Meg,  
"Your cheeks are like the crimson ;  
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
Since we lost Habby Simson.  
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
These ten years and a quarter ;  
Gin you should come to Anst'er fair,  
Spier ye for Maggy Lauder."

*TUNE Maggie Lauder*

## CXLIII

## WHAR HAE YE BEEN A' DAY

*Andante*



Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy  
 Tammy? Whar 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.

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.

What said ye to the bonie bairn,  
 My boy Tammy?

I praised her e'en, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou ;  
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow, —  
She said she'd tell her mammy.

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 gear ;  
Ye'se get it a' wer't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy."

The smile gaed off her bonie face, —  
"I maunna leave my mammy :  
She's gi'en me meat she's gi'en me claise,  
She's been my comfort a' my days,  
My father's death brought many waes, —  
I canna leave my mammy."

"We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammy !  
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days," —  
The wee thing gies her hand and says,  
"There gang and ask my mammy."

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

Words by Macniell.

TUNE *The Lammy.*

## CXLIV

## WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS

*Andante*

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And  
 wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines  
 sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as  
 thee. The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But  
 nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,  
 And the blyth blinks in her e'e;  
 And fain wud I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wud marry me.

I've nine milk ewes my Marion  
 A cow and a brawny quey;  
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,  
 Upon her bridal-day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,  
 And waist-coat o' London brown;  
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

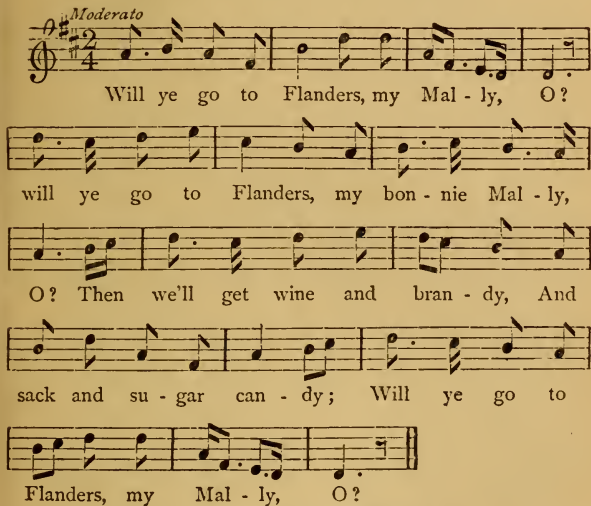
I'm young and stout my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the green;  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Words from Percy's Reliques.  
TUNE *The Ewe-bughts.*

CXLV

WILL YE GO TO FLANDERS

*Moderato*



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

will ye go to Flanders, my bon - nie Mal - ly,

O? Then we'll get wine and bran - dy, And

sack and su - gar can - dy; Will ye go to

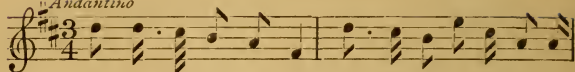
Flanders, my Mal - ly, O?

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

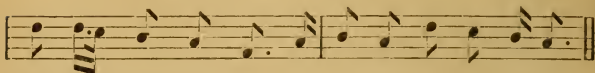
Chambers. From Herd's Collection.

## CXLVI

## O SPRING'S A PLEASANT TIME

*Andantino*

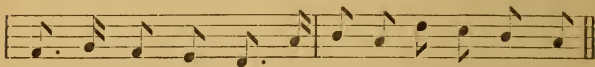
O Spring's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; The



sweet bird builds her nest, And I long for my lover.



Aye wauk - in' O, Wauk - in' aye, and weary;



Sleep I can get nane, For thinkin' o' my Dearie.

O Spring's a, &amp;c.

O I'm wat, wat,

O I'm wat and weary;

Yet fain I'd rise and run

If I thought to meet my Dearie.

O Spring's a, &amp;c.

When I sleep I dream,

When I wake I'm eerie;

Sleep I can get nane,

For thinkin' o' my Dearie.

O Spring's a, &amp;c.

Lanely night comes on;

A' the lave are sleeping;

I think on my love,

And blear my een wi' greeting.

O Spring's a, &amp;c.

Feather beds are soft,

Painted rooms are bonie;

But a kiss o' my dear love

Is better far than ony.

O Spring's a, &amp;c.

O for Friday's night,

Friday at the gloaming!

O for Friday's night!

Friday's long o' coming.

From Chambers' Songs of Scotland.



CXLVII

O STAY SWEET WARBLING WOOD-LARK

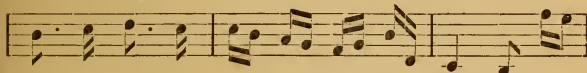
*Grazioso*



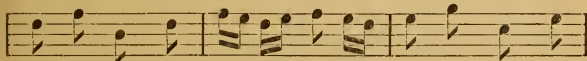
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, Nor



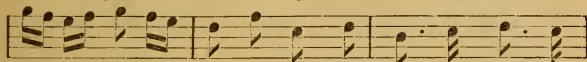
quit for me the trembling spray, A hap-less lover



courts thy lay, Thy soothing fond com - plaining. A-



gain, a - gain that ten - der part, That I may catch thy



melting art, For sure - ly that wad touch her heart, Wha



kills me with dis - daining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind ?  
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd

Sic notes o' wae could wauken.  
Thou tells o' never-ending care ;  
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !  
Or my poor heart is broken !

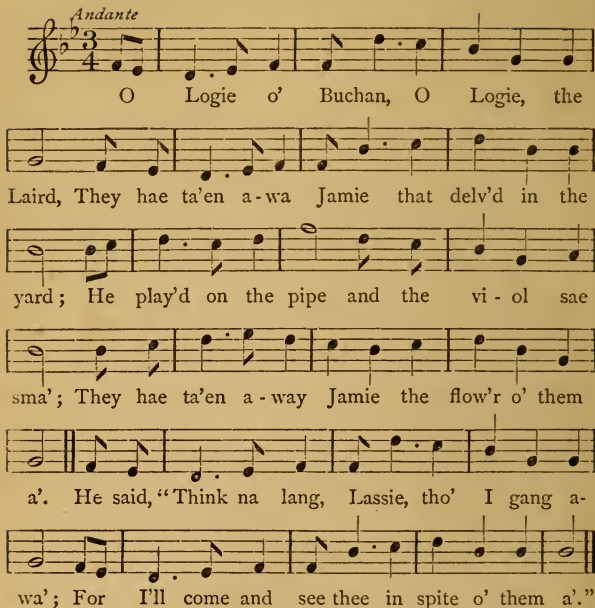
Words by Burns.

TUNE *Locherrock Side.*

## CXLVIII

## O LOGIE O' BUCHAN

*Andante*



O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie, the  
Laird, They hae ta'en a-wa Jamie that delv'd in the  
yard; He play'd on the pipe and the vi - ol sae  
sma'; They hae ta'en a-way Jamie the flow'r o' them  
a'. He said, "Think na lang, Lassie, tho' I gang a-  
wa'; For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

Though Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
A house and a haddin and siller forby;  
But I'll take my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,  
Before I'd hae him with his houses and land.

He said, "Think nae lang," &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;

Tho' I like them as well as a daughter should do,  
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, "Think nae lang," &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;  
He had but ae saxpence, we brak it in twa,  
And he gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';  
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

Words by George Halket.

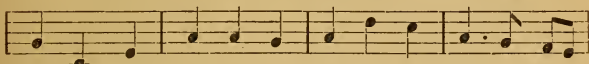
CXLIX

AN' O! MY EPPIE

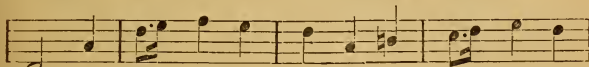
*Lento*



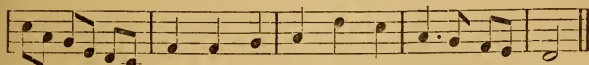
An' O! my Eppie, My jew - el, my



Eppie! Wha wad - na be happy Wi' Eppie A-



dair? By love, and by beauty, By law, and by



du - ty, I swear to be true to My Eppie A - dair.

An' O! my Eppie,  
My jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair?

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

Words by Burns.

CL

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING?

*Vivace*

Saw ye John - ie com - ing? quo' she,  
Saw ye John - ie com - in'? Saw ye John - ie  
coming? quo' she, Saw ye John - ie comin', Wi'  
his blue bon - net on his head, And his dog - gie  
running, quo' she, And his dog - gie running.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Fee him, father, fee him ;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Fee him, father, fee him ;

For he is a gallant lad,

And a weel-doing,

And a' the wark about the town

Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,

Gaes wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,  
    What will I do wi' him ?  
He's ne'er a coat upon his back,  
    And I ha'e nane to gie him.  
I ha'e two coats into my kist,  
And ane of them I'll gie him :  
And for a merk o' mair fee,  
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
    Dinna stand wi' him.

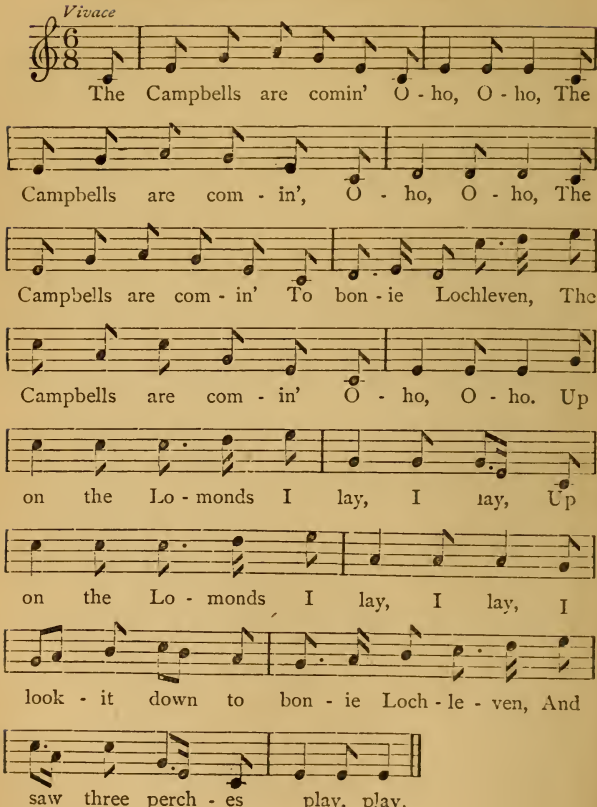
For weel do I loe him, quo' she,  
    Weel do I loe him ;  
For weel do I loe him, quo' she,  
    Weel do I loe him ;  
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
Fee him, father, fee him ;  
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
    And crack wi' me at e'en.

*TUNE Fee him, Father.*

## CLI

## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

*Vivace*



The Campbells are comin' O - ho, O - ho, The  
 Campbells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The  
 Campbells are com - in' To bon - ie Lochleven, The  
 Campbells are com - in' O - ho, O - ho. Up  
 on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up  
 on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I  
 look - it down to bon - ie Loch - le - ven, And  
 saw three perch - es play, play.

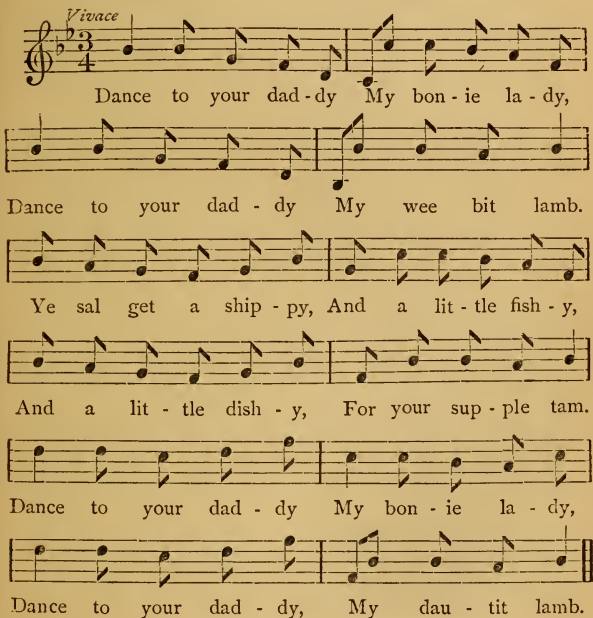
Great Argyle he goes before,  
He makes his cannons and guns to roar;  
Wi' sound o' trumpet, fife, and drum,  
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!

The Campbells they are a' wi' arms,  
Their loyal faith and truth to show,  
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,  
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho?

CLII

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY

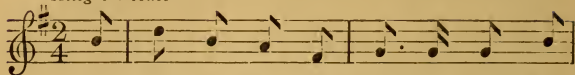
*Vivace*



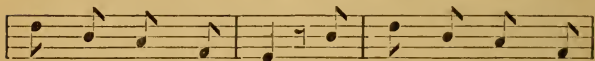
Dance to your dad - dy My bon - ie la - dy,  
Dance to your dad - dy My wee bit lamb.  
Ye sal get a ship - py, And a lit - tle fish - y,  
And a lit - tle dish - y, For your sup - ple tam.  
Dance to your dad - dy My bon - ie la - dy,  
Dance to your dad - dy, My dau - tit lamb.

## CLIII

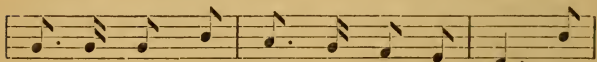
## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

*Allegro Vivace*

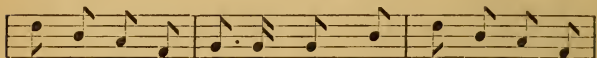
And are ye sure the news is true? And



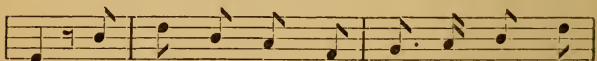
are ye sure he's well? Is this a time to



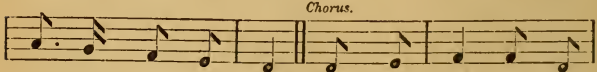
think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling by your wheel, Is



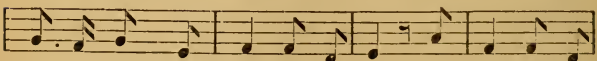
this a time to think o' wark, When Colin's at the



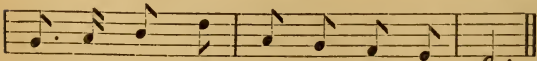
door? Rax down my cloak, I'll to the quay, And



see him come a - shore. For there's nae luck a -



bout the house, There's nae luck at a', There's nae luck a -



bout the house, When our guidman's a - wa'.



Rise up and make a clean fire-side,  
Put on the mickle pat ;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday's coat.  
And make their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their stockins white as snaw ;  
It's a' to pleasure our guidman,  
He likes to see them braw.  
*Cho.* For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,  
Ha'e fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste and thraw their necks about  
That Colin weel may fare.  
My Turkey slippers I'll put on,  
My stockins pearl blue ;  
It's a' to pleasure our guidman,  
For he's baith leal and true.  
*Cho.* For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
His breath's like cauler air ;  
His very fit has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;  
In truth I'm like to greet.  
*Cho.* For there's nae luck, &c.

## CLIV

## THE BOATIE ROWS

*Allegretto*

O weel may the boat - ie row, And  
 bet - ter may she speed ! And weel may the  
 boat - ie row, That wins the bairns' bread. The  
 boatie rows, the boatie rows, The boatie rows in -  
 deed ! And hap - py be the lot of a', That  
 wishes her to speed !

I cuist my line in Largo Bay  
 And fishes I caught nine ;  
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And three to bait the line.  
 The boatie rows, &c.

O weel may the boatie row  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
And buys our parritch-meal.  
The boatie rows, &c.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
And won frae me my heart,  
O muckle lighter grew my creel !  
He swore we'd never part.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
And muckle lighter is the lade  
When love bears up the creel.

My kurch I put upon my head,  
And dressed mysel fu' braw ;  
I trow my heart was douf and wae,  
When Jamie gaed awa' ;  
But weel may the boatie row,  
And lucky be her part ;  
And lightsome be the lassie's care  
That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie  
Are up and gotten lear,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel ;  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we're worn down,  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll row, to keep us hale and warm,  
As we did them before.  
Then weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread,  
And happy be the lot of a',  
That wish the boat to speed !

Words by John Ewen.

CLV

## THE DAY RETURNS

*Andantino*

The day re - turns, my bosom burns, The  
 blissful day we twa did meet; Tho' winter wild in  
 tempest toil'd, Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet. Than  
 a' the pride that loads the tide, And cross - es o'er the  
 sultry line; Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heaven  
 gave me more, it made me thine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live!  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

Words by Burns. TUNE *The seventh of November.*

CLVI

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE

*Andantino*

The yellow-hair'd lad-die sat on yon burn  
biae, Cries milk the ewes, Las-sie, let nane o' them  
gae; And aye she milk-ed and aye she  
sung, The yel-low hair'd lad-die shall be my guid-  
man.

The weather is cold, and my clothing is thin,  
The ewes are new clipp'd, they winna bught in;  
They winna bught in, although I should die,  
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.  
They winna bught in, &c.

The guid-wife cries but the house "Jenny come ben,  
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirm;"  
Though butter and cheese and a' should go sour,  
I'll crack wi' my love for another half hour,  
Ae half hour, and will e'en mak it three,  
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

CHAMBERS. From the Tea Table Miscellany.

## CLVII

## THE WEARY PUND

*Allegretto*

The weary pund, the weary pund, The  
wea - ry pund o' tow; I think my wife will  
end her life Be - fore she spin her tow. I  
bought my wife a stane o' lint As gude as e'er did  
grow; And a' that she has made o' that, Is  
ae poor pund o' tow.

*Da Capo in Chorus.*

There sat a bottle in a bole,  
Beyond the ingle low,  
And aye she took the tither souk  
To drouk the stowrie tow.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,  
Gae spin your tap o' tow!  
She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;  
 And or I wad anither jad,  
 I'll wallop in a tow.

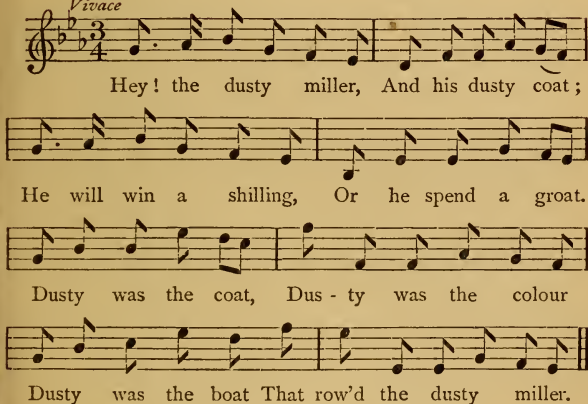
Words by Burns.

TUNE *The Weary Pund.*

CLVIII

HEY! THE DUSTY MILLER

*Vivace*



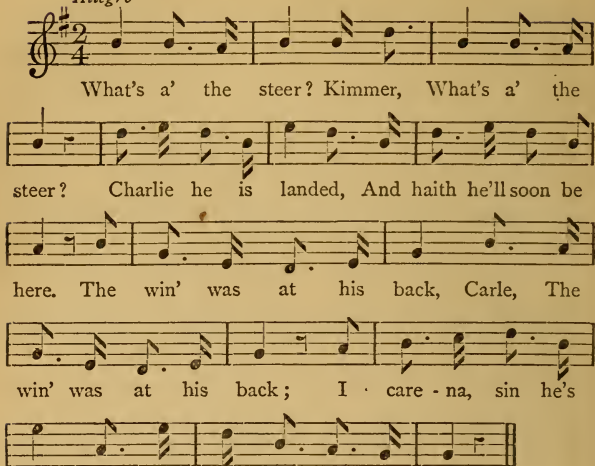
Hey! the dusty miller, And his dusty coat;  
 He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.  
 Dusty was the coat, Dus - ty was the colour  
 Dusty was the boat That row'd the dusty miller.

Hey! the dusty miller  
 And his dusty sack;  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck.  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller;  
 Mony is the groat  
 He wins—the dusty miller!

From the Scottish Minstrel.

## CLIX

## WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER

*Allegro*


What's a' the steer? Kimmer, What's a' the  
steer? Charlie he is landed, And haith he'll soon be  
here. The win' was at his back, Carle, The  
win' was at his back; I care - na, sin he's  
come, Carle, We were na worth a plack.

I'm right glad to hear't, Kimmer,  
I'm right glad to hear't ;  
I hae a gude braid claymore,  
And for his sake I'll wear't.  
Sin Charlie he is landed,  
We hae nae mair to fear ;  
Sin Charlie he is come, Kimmer,  
We'll hae a jub'lee year.



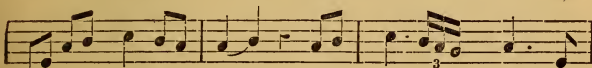
CLX

DONALD

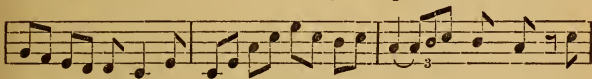
*Larghetto*



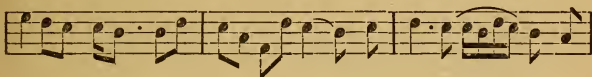
When first you courted me, I own, I



fondly favour'd you; Ap - parent worth and



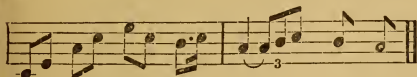
high renown, Made me believe you true, Donald. Each



virtue then seem'd to a - dorn The man esteem'd by



me; But, now the mask's thrown off, I scorn To



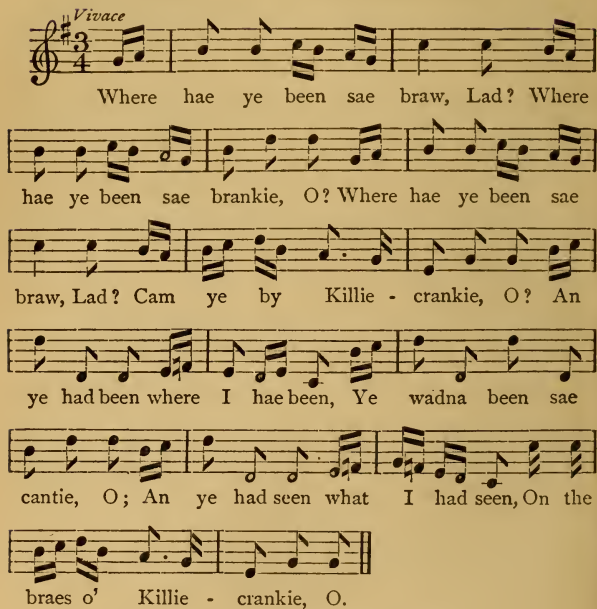
waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O then for ever haste away,  
 Away from love and me;  
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,  
 And come no more to me, Donald.  
 For I'll reserve myself alone  
 For one that's more like me;  
 If such a one I cannot find,  
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

## CLXI

## THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE, O

*Vivace*



Where hae ye been sae brow, Lad? Where  
 hae ye been sae brankie, O? Where hae ye been sae  
 brow, Lad? Cam ye by Killie - crankie, O? An  
 ye had been where I hae been, Ye wadna been sae  
 cantie, O; An ye had seen what I had seen, On the  
 braes o' Killie - crankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea;  
 At hame I faught my auntie, O;  
 But I met the deevil and Dundee,  
 On the braes of Killiecrankie, O!  
 An' ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,  
 And Claverse gat a clankie, O;

Or I had fed an Athole gled,  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
An' ye had been, &c.

Words slightly altered by Burns.

CLXII

SHAME FA' THE GEAR

*Andante*

When I think on this world's pelf, And the  
lit - tle wee share I hae o't to myself, And  
how the lass that wants it is by the lads for-got, May the  
shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleuch,  
But now he's got gowd and gear eneuch,  
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat;  
May the shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't!

Jeany was the lassie that muckit the byre,  
But now she is clad in her silken attire;  
And Jockie says he lo'es her, and me has forgot,  
May the shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't!

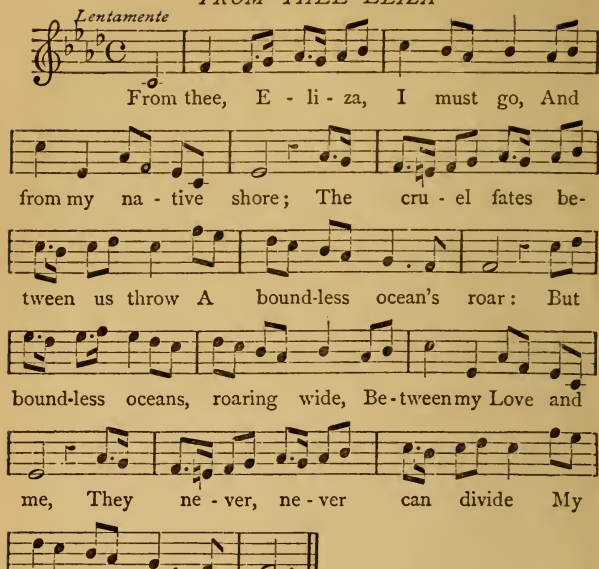
But all this shall never daunt me,  
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;  
For the lad that's sae inconstant is nae worth a groat,—  
May the shame fa' the gear and the blethrie o't!

From Johnson's Museum.

## CLXIII

## FROM THEE ELIZA

*Lentamente*



From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And  
 from my na - tive shore; The cru - el fates be-  
 tween us throw A bound-less ocean's roar: But  
 bound-less oceans, roaring wide, Be-tween my Love and  
 me, They ne - ver, ne - ver can divide My  
 heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore !  
 A boding voice is in my ear,  
 We part to meet no more !  
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh !

Words by Burns.  
 TUNE *Gilderoy*.

CLXIV

BALOO LOO, LAMMY

*Lento*

Ba - loo loo lammy, now baloo, my  
 dear, Now ba - loo loo lammy, sin Minnie is  
 here : What ails my wee bairnee? what ails it this  
 night? What ails my wee lammy? is bairnie no  
 richt?

Baloo, loo, lammy ; now baloo, my dear ;  
 Does wee lammy ken that its daddie's no here ?  
 Ye're rockin fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,  
 But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

Now hush-a-ba, lammy ; now hush-a my dear ;  
 Now hush-a-ba, lammy, ain minnie is here ;  
 The wild wind is ravin, and mammie's heart's sair ;  
 The wild wind is ravin, and ye dinna care.

Sing baloo loo, lammy, sing baloo, my dear,  
 Sing baloo loo, lammy, ain minnie is here ;  
 My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin' now fine,  
 And, oh ! may its wauk'nin be blyther than mine.

## CLXV

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

*Vivace*

Is there, for hon - est pov - er - ty, That  
hangs his head, and a' that? The co - ward slave, we  
pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that! For  
a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob - scure, and  
a' that; The rank is but the guinea stamp; The  
man's the gowd for a' that.

*Repeat in Chorus.*

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;  
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that :  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

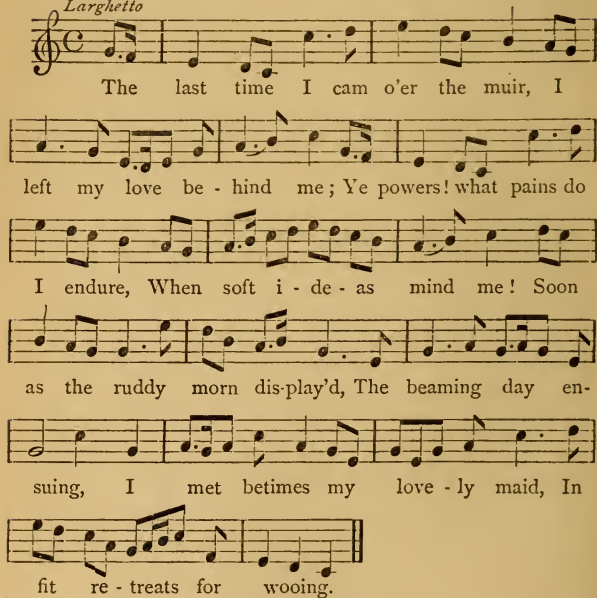
Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that ;  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth  
May bear the gree, and a' that,  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THOMSON. Words by Burns.

TUNE *Up and waur them a' Willie.*

## CLXVI

## THE LAST TIME I CAM O'ER THE MUIR

*Larghetto*


The last time I cam o'er the muir, I  
left my love be - hind me; Ye powers! what pains do  
I endure, When soft i - de - as mind me! Soon  
as the ruddy morn dis-play'd, The beaming day en-  
suing, I met betimes my love - ly maid, In  
fit re - treats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shades we lay,  
Gazing and chastely sporting,  
Until the sun's last setting ray  
Was in the ocean glowing.



I pitied all beneath the skies,  
Even kings, when she was nigh me ;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes  
Which could but ill deny me.

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

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

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

Words by Allan Ramsay.

## CLXVII

## O WALY, WALY

*Larghetto*

O wa - ly, wa - ly up the bank, And  
 waly, waly down the brae, And waly, waly  
 yon burnside, Where I and my love went to gae! I  
 lean'd my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a  
 trusty tree; But first it bow'd and syne it brak: Sae  
 my true love did lichtly me.

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonnic,  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,  
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie!

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

But had I wist, before I kissed,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon his nurse's knee,  
And I mysel were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growing over me!

From Chambers' Songs of Scotland.

## CLXVIII

## DUNCAN GRAY

*Allegretto*

Duncan Gray came here to woo, Ha, ha, the  
 wooing o't, On blithe yule night when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't. Mag - gie coost her  
 head fu' high, Look'd as - klent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Dun - can stand a - beigh; Ha, ha, the  
 wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
Slighted love is sair to bide,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie die ?  
She may gae to—France for me !  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings ;  
And O, her een, they spak sic things !  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

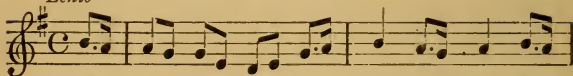
Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan couldna be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;  
Now they're crouse and cantie baith !  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Words by Burns.

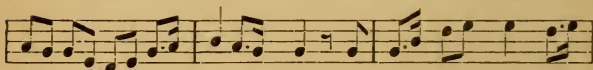
TUNE *Duncan Gray*.

## CLXIX

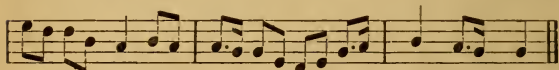
## MY LOVE BUILT ME A BONNIE BOWER

*Lento*

My Love built me a bon - nie bower, And



clad it a' wi' li - ly flow'r; A brow - er bower ye



ne'er did see, Than my true lo - ver built for me.

There cam a man at mid-day hour,  
 He heard my song and he saw my bower,  
 And he brocht armed men that nicht,  
 And brake my bower and slew my knicht.

He slew my knicht, to me sae dear,  
 And burnt my bower, and drave my gear;  
 My servants a' for life did flee,  
 And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet and made my maen,  
 I watch'd his corpse, myself alane;  
 I watch'd by nicht and I watch'd by day,  
 No living creature cam that way.

I bore his body on my back,  
 And whyles I went, and whyles I sat;  
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,  
 And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?  
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turn'd about away to gae?

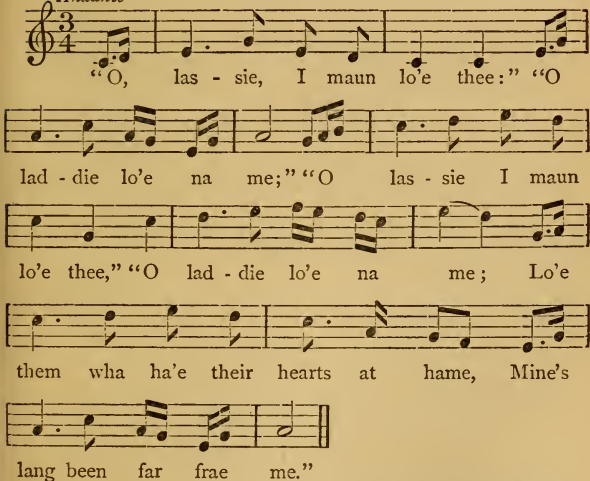
The man lives not I'll love again,  
Since that my comely knicht is slain;  
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair  
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

Words and Tune Traditional.

CLXX

O LASSIE I MAUN LO'E THEE

*Andante*



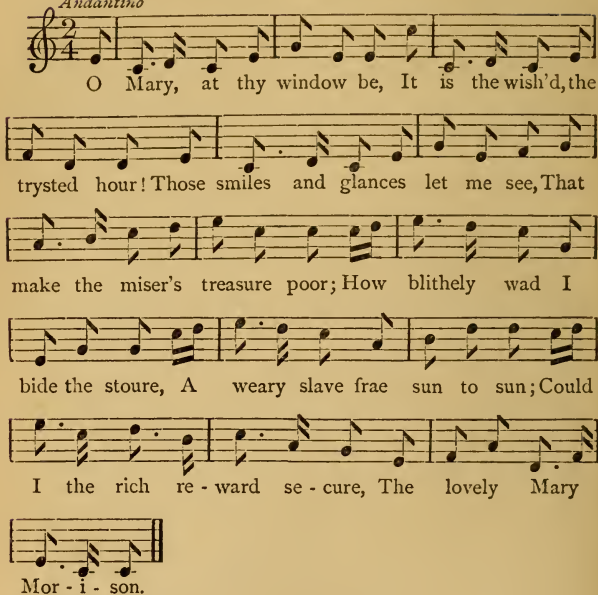
"O, las - sie, I maun lo'e thee:" "O  
lad - die lo'e na me;" "O las - sie I maun  
lo'e thee," "O lad - die lo'e na me; Lo'e  
them wha ha'e their hearts at hame, Mine's  
lang been far frae me."

From The Scottish Minstrel.

Q

## CLXXI

## O MARY, AT THY WINDOW BE

*Andantino*


O Mary, at thy window be, It is the wish'd, the  
trysted hour! Those smiles and glances let me see, That  
make the miser's treasure poor; How blithely wad I  
bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to sun; Could  
I the rich re-ward se-cure, The lovely Mary  
Mor-i-son.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard or saw :  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said among them a',  
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'



O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown !  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

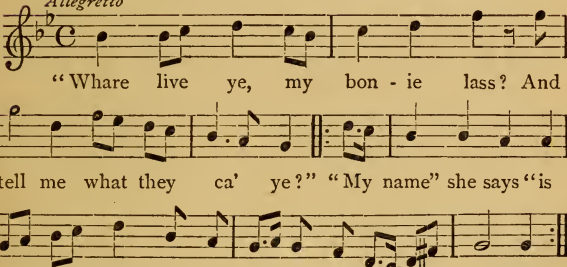
Words by Burns.

TUNE *The Glasgow Lasses.*

CLXXII

WHARE LIVE YE, MY BONIE LASS

*Allegretto*



“Whare live ye, my bon - ie lass? And  
 tell me what they ca’ ye?” “My name” she says “is  
 Mistress Jean, And I follow the Collier Laddie.”

“See ye not yon hills and dales,  
 The sun shines on sae brawlie ?  
 They a’ are mine, and they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye’ll leave your Collier Laddie.”

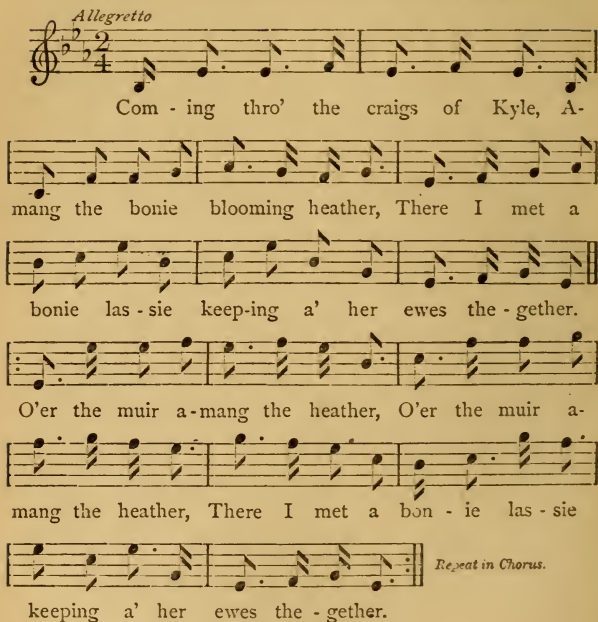
“If ye had a’ the sun shines on,  
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,  
 I’d turn my back on you and it a’,  
 And be true to my Collier Laddie.”

From The Scottish Minstrel.

## CLXXIII

## COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS OF KYLE

*Allegretto*



Com - ing thro' the craigs of Kyle, A-  
 mang the bonie blooming heather, There I met a  
 bonie las - sie keep-ing a' her ewes the - gether.  
 O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir a-  
 mang the heather, There I met a bon - ie las - sie  
 keeping a' her ewes the - gether.

*Repeat in Chorus.*

Said I, "My dear, where is thy hame,  
 On moor, or dale, pray tell me whether?"  
 She said, "I tent the fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather."

O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
She said, " I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather."

We sat us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Amang the bonie blooming heather.  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove,  
Amang the bonie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sung a sang,  
Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
And ay the burden o' the sang  
Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
And ay the burden o' the sang  
Was—O'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sînsyne  
I could na think on any ither :  
By sea and sky ! she shall be mine !  
The bonie lass amang the heather.  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
By sea and sky ! she shall be mine !  
The bonie lass amang the heather.

Words by Jean Glover.

## CLXXIV

## MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE

*Moderato*

My dad - dy is a can - ker'd carle, He'll  
 nae twine wi' his gear; My Min - nie she's a  
 scolding wife, Hads a' the house a - steer: But  
 let them say, or let them do, It's a' ane to  
 me, For he's low down, he's in the broom, That's  
 wait - ing on me: Wait - ing on me my love, He's  
 wait - ing on me; For he's low down, he's  
 in the broom He's wait - ing on me.

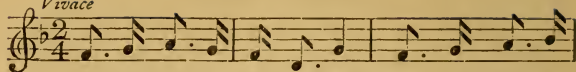
My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,  
And sair she lightlies me ;  
But well ken I it's a' envy,  
For ne'er a Jo has she.  
But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' ane to me,  
For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
That's waiting on me.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd  
Wi' Johnny i' the glen,  
And ay sinsyne she cries, " Beware  
Of false deluding men !"  
But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' ane to me,  
For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
That's waiting on me.

Gleed Sandy he cam west ae night  
And spier'd when saw I Pate ;  
And ay sinsyne the neighbours round  
They jeer'd me ear' and late.  
But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' ane to me,  
For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
That's waiting on me.

*TUNE Low down in the Broom.*

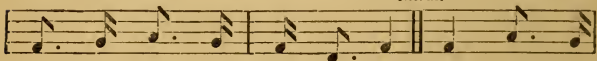
## LEWIE GORDON

*Vivace*

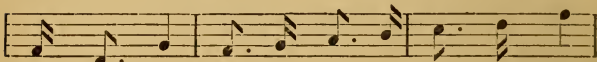
O send Lewie Gordon hame, And the lad I



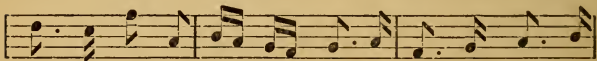
daur - na name; Tho' his back be at the war,

*Chorus.*

Here's to him that's far a - wa'. Och - on, my



High - land - man! O my bon - nie High - land - man!



Weel would I my true love ken, A-mang ten thousand



High - land - men.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
On his breast he wears a star;  
You'd tak him for the god of war.

O to see this princely one  
Seated on a royal throne!  
Disasters a' would disappear;  
Then begins the jubilee year.

From Chambers' Songs of Scotland.

CLXXVI

AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM

*Allegretto*

And O for ane and twen-ty, Tam! And  
 hey, sweet ane and twen-ty; I'll earn my kin a  
 rattling sang, Gin I saw ane and twenty. They  
 snool me sair, and haud me down, And gar me look like  
 bluntie, But three short years will soon wheel round, And  
 then comes ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie,  
 At kith or kin I needna speir,  
 Gin I saw ane-and-twenty.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof  
 Tho' I myself hae plenty;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty.

Words by Burns.

TUNE *So Early in the Morning.*

## CLXXVII

## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

*Allegro*

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come  
boat me o'er to Char-lie; I'll gie John Ross an-  
*Chorus.*  
other baw-bee, To ferry me o'er to Charlie. We'll  
o'er the water and o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to  
Charlie; Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And  
live and die wi' Charlie.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,  
And the sun that glances early,  
If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd risk them a' for Charlie!

I once had sons, I now hae nane,  
I bred them, toiling sairly;  
And I wad bear them a' again,  
And lose them a' for Charlie!



## CLXXVIII

*I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES*

*Adagio*

I wish I were where He - len lies, For  
 night and day on me she cries, I wish I were where  
 He - len lies, On fair Kirk - con - nell lee.

Curst be the hand that shot the shot,  
 Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack,  
 Into my arms Burd Helen lap,  
 And died for love of me.

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair,  
 To see her lie and speak nae mair !  
 There did she swoon wi' mickle care,  
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw,  
 I cuttit him in pieces sma',  
 I cuttit him in pieces sma',  
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

O Helen fair, without compare,  
 I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,  
 And wear the same for evermair,  
 Until the day I dee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
 A winding-sheet put ower my een,  
 And I in Helen's armes lying,  
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

CHAMBERS. From Herd's Collection.

CLXXIX

## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

*Andante*

And Charlie is my darling, My darling, my  
 darling, And Charlie is my darling, the young Cheva-  
 lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right  
 ear - ly in the year, That Charlie cam to  
 our town, The young Cheva - lier. O!

*Da Capo.*

As he cam walking up the street,  
 The pipes played loud and clear ;  
 And young and auld cam out to greet  
 The young Chevalier.  
 And Charlie is my darling, &c.

O up yon heathery mountain,  
 And down yon scroggy glen,  
 We daurna gang a-milking  
 For Charlie and his men.  
 And Charlie is my darling, &c.

CHAMBERS. From Johnson's Museum.

CLXXX

MY LOVELY JEAN, MY AIN JEAN

*Allegretto*



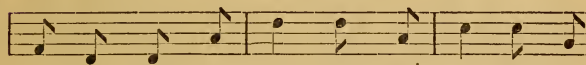
At morn - ing sun out o'er the lea, When



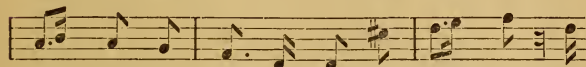
birdies chaunt their notes sae hie, When verdure gladdens



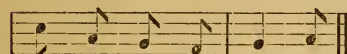
ev - 'ry e'e, 'Tis then I meet my ain Jo. My



love - ly Jean, my ain Jean, My ain Jean, my



ain Jean: O there I meet my ain Jean, My



ain my on - ly ain Jo.

When flow'rets paint the meadows green,  
When dew hangs on the scented bean,  
The bee hums in the leaves a'tween,  
'Tis then I meet my ain Jo.

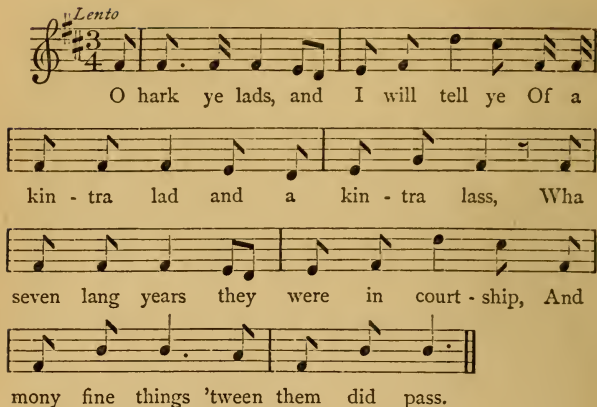
Whar down the glen the burnie flows,  
An' sporting plays between the howes,  
Whar lam'ies frisk out o'er the knowes,  
'Tis there I meet my ain Jo.

Words by Anderson. TUNE *Lassie art thou sleeping.*

CLXXXI

## O HARK YE LADS

*Lento*



O hark ye lads, and I will tell ye Of a  
kin - tra lad and a kin - tra lass, Wha  
seven lang years they were in court - ship, And  
mony fine things 'tween them did pass.

But when the mither came to know it,  
She said, "Ye disobedient son,  
I've gi'en ye schulin, and gi'en ye learnin,  
And would ye to your ruin run?"

He's gane to find his luvae sae dear,  
And said, "Luvae, luvae, it winna do,  
Because that mither's sae unwillin,  
That ever I sud marry you."

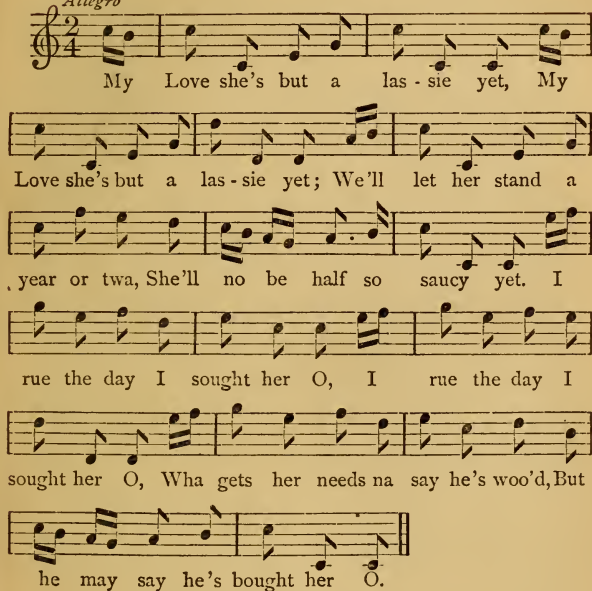
The bonny creature, wi' sweet behaviour,  
While tears cam trinkling to the grund,  
Said, "Bairns must obey their parents,  
Because they are by Scripture bound.

"There's nae coach, luvae, on the shore, luvae,  
Nor a boat, luvae, on the tide,  
And in a ship, luvae, on the sea, luvae,  
Wi' nane but Johnie Ogle wad I ride."

TUNE *Johnie Ogle.*

## CLXXXII

## MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

*Allegro*


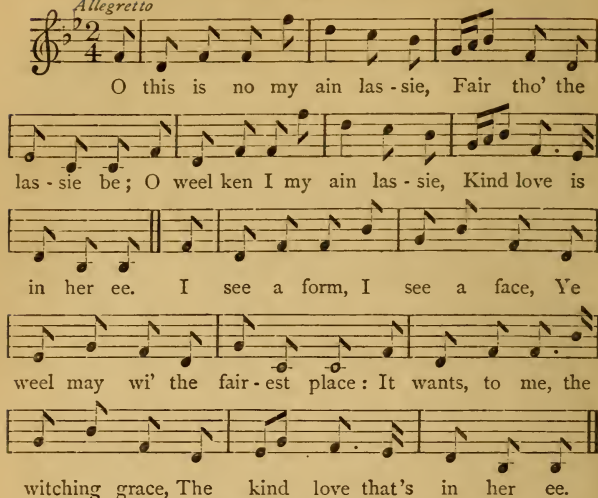
My Love she's but a las - sie yet, My  
 Love she's but a las - sie yet; We'll let her stand a  
 , year or twa, She'll no be half so saucy yet. I  
 rue the day I sought her O, I rue the day I  
 sought her O, Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, But  
 he may say he's bought her O.

Sae slee she look'd and pawky too !  
 Sae slee she look'd and pawky too !  
 Tho' crouse a-field I gade to woo  
 I'm hame come back a gawky now !  
 I rue the day I sought her O,  
 I rue the day I sought her O,  
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,  
 But he may *swear* he's bought her O.

The last verse by Macneill.

CLXXXIII

## O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

*Allegretto*


O this is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the  
 las-sie be; O weel ken I my ain las-sie, Kind love is  
 in her ee. I see a form, I see a face, Ye  
 weel may wi' the fair-est place: It wants, to me, the  
 witching grace, The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no &amp;c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
 And aye it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no &amp;c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
 To steel a blink, by a' unseen;  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in her ee.

O this is no &amp;c.

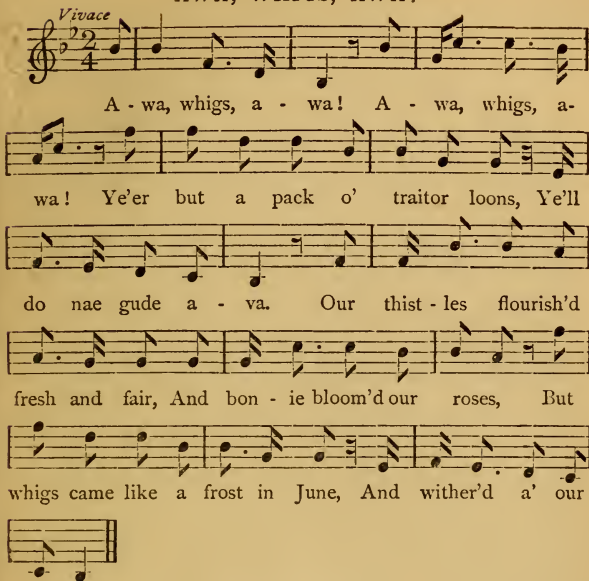
It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her ee.

Words by Burns.

CLXXXIV

AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

*Vivace*



A - wa, whigs, a - wa! A - wa, whigs, a -  
wa! Ye'er but a pack o' traitor loons, Ye'll  
do nae gude a - va. Our thist - les flourish'd  
fresh and fair, And bon - ie bloom'd our roses, But  
whigs came like a frost in June, And wither'd a' our  
posies.

Awa, whigs awa, &c.  
Our sad decay in kirk and state,  
Surpasses my describing;  
The whigs came o'er us like a blight,  
And we have done wi' thriving.

Awa, whigs awa, &c.  
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,  
Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't,  
And write their names in his black book,  
Who gave the whigs the power o't.

The last verse by Burns.

CLXXXV

## BONIE LASSIE WILL YE GO

*Allegro*

Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go,  
will ye go, Bon - ie las - sie, will ye go To the  
Birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Now sim - mer blinks on  
flow - 'ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal streamlet plays, Come  
let us spend the light - some days In the Birks of A - ber -  
fel - dy.

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



While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blythely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
    In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonie lassie will ye go  
    To the Birks of Aberfeldy?  
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
    The Birks of Aberfeldy.

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

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

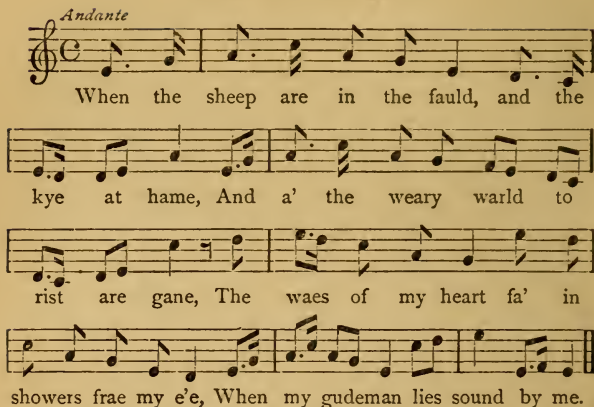
Words by Burns.

TUNE *The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

## CLXXXVI

## AULD ROBIN GRAY

*Andante*



When the sheep are in the fauld, and the  
 kye at hame, And a' the weary warld to  
 rist are gane, The waes of my heart fa' in  
 showers frae my e'e, When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his bride,  
 But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside ;  
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,  
 When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa ;  
 My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father cou'd na work, and my mother cou'd na spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win,  
 Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me !

My heart it said Na ; for I look'd for Jamie back :  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck :  
 The ship it was a wreck,—why did na Jamie dee,  
 Or why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

My father argu'd sair ; my mother did na speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,  
Sae I gae him my hand, though my heart was i' the sea ;  
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,  
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,  
Till he said, I'm come hame, for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,  
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die ;  
And why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

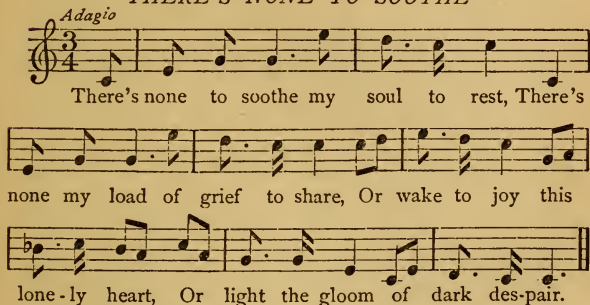
I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin,  
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;  
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

The Words by Lady Anne Barnard TUNE *The Bridegroom grat.*

CLXXXVII

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE

*Adagio*



There's none to soothe my soul to rest, There's  
none my load of grief to share, Or wake to joy this  
lone-ly heart, Or light the gloom of dark des-pair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,  
The look of love no more can warm,  
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

From The Scottish Minstrel.

## CLXXXVIII

## A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

*Con spirito*

A High - land lad my Love was born, The  
 low - land laws he held in scorn, But he  
 still was faith - ful to his clan, My  
 gal - lant braw John High - land - man. Sing  
 hey! my braw John High - land - man, Sing  
 ho! my braw John High - land - man, There's  
 not a lad in all the land, Was  
 match for my John High - land - man.

*Repeat  
in  
Chorus.*

With his philabeg and his tartan plaid,  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

We've ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;  
For a lawland face he feared none,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

But O, they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn  
Departed joys that ne'er return ;  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

Words by Burns.

TUNE *The White Cockade.*

CLXXXIX

## I'VE SEEN THE SMILING

*Larghetto*

I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be -

guil - ing, I've felt all its favours, and found its de -

cay; Sweet was its bless - ing, kind its ca -

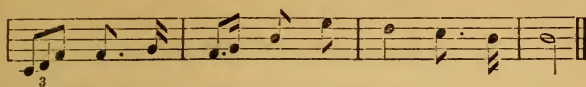
ressing, But now 'tis fled, — fled far a -

way. I've seen the for - est a - dorn - ed the

fore - most, With flowers of the fair - est, most

plea - sant and gay; So bon - ny was their

blooming, Their scent the air per - fum - ing, — But



now they are wither'd and weed - ed a - way.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day :

I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?

O why perplex us, poor sons of a day ?

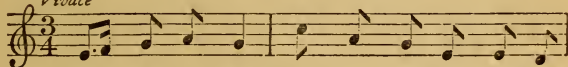
No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your frowns can fear  
For the flow'rs of the forest are melted away. [me,

Words by Mrs. Cockburn. TUNE *The Flowers of the Forest*.

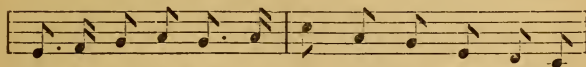
CXC

WEE WILLIE GRAY

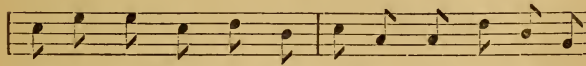
*Vivace*



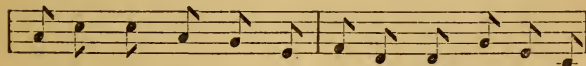
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet !



Peel a willow wand, to be him boots and jac - ket ;



Roses from the briar will be him trowse and doublet ;



Roses from the briar will be him trowse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet !

Twice a lily-flow'r will be his sack and cravat :

Feathers of a flea wad feather up his bonnet.

Words by Burns.

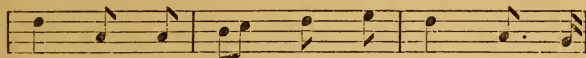
## CXCI

## O, THE EWE-BUCHTIN'S BONNIE

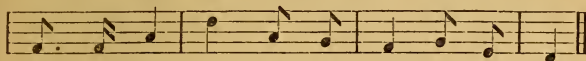
*Allegretto*

O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and  
 morn, When our blithe shepherds play on the  
 bog - reed and horn; While we're milk - ing, they're  
 lilt - ing, baith plea - sant and clear: But my  
 heart's like to break when I think on my  
 dear. O the shep - herds take plea - sure to  
 blow on the horn, To raise up their flocks o' sheep  
 soon i' the morn: On the bon - nie green





banks they feed plea - sant and free; But a-



las! my dear heart! all my sighing's for thee.

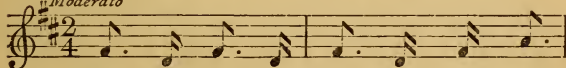
CHAMBERS. The Words by Lady Grizell Baillie.

TUNE by Charles Sharpe of Hoddam.

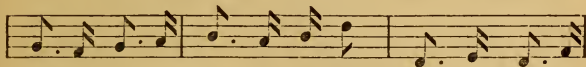
CXCII

HEE BALOW, MY SWEET WEE DONALD

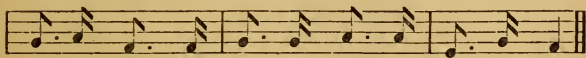
*Moderato*



Hee ba - low, my sweet wee Do - nald,



Picture o' the great Clanronald; Thou'll be chief o'



a' the clan. If thou art spared to be a man.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,  
An thou live thou'lt lift a naigie,  
Travel the country thro' and thro',  
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lowlands, o'er the border,  
Weel, my babie, may thou further;  
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,  
Syne to the Hielands hame to me.

From The Scottish Minstrel.

## CXCIII

## MY LADY'S GOWN

*Allegretto*

My La - dy's gown there's gares up - on't, And  
gowden flow'rs sae rare upon't; But Jenny's simple  
jir - ki - net, O I think mickle mair upon't. My  
la - dy's white, my la - dy's red, And kith and kin o'  
Cassillis blude; She has baith lands and tocher gude, By  
lords and knights my la - dy's woo'd.

*Da Capo in Chorus.*

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,  
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,  
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,  
A lily in a wilderness.

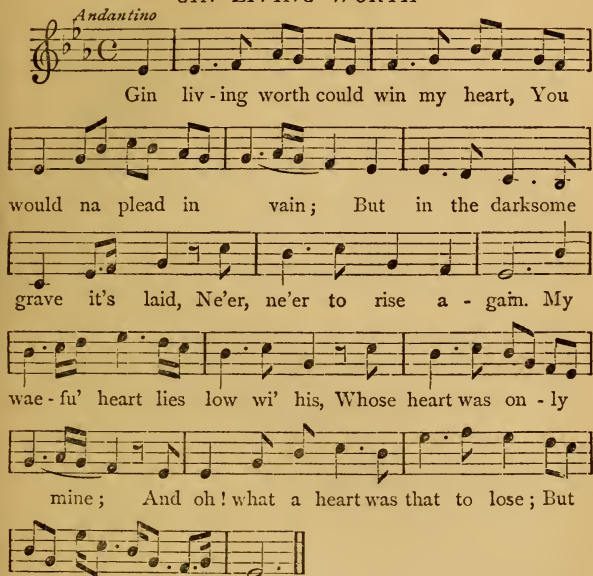
Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;  
The diamond dew in her e'en sae blue,  
Like laughing love sae playfu' swims.

Words attributed to Burns.

CXCIV

GIN LIVING WORTH

*Andantino*



Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You  
 would na plead in vain; But in the darksome  
 grave it's laid, Ne'er, ne'er to rise a - gain. My  
 wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly  
 mine; And oh! what a heart was that to lose; But

I maun no re - pine.

Yet oh! gin Heav'n in mercy soon  
 Wad 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.

Words by Jeanie Ferguson. TUNE *The wae fu' heart.*

CXCv

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

*Allegro*

There's nought but care on ev - 'ry han', In  
 ev - 'ry hour that pass - es, O; What sig - ni - fies the  
 life o' man, An' 'twere na for the las - ses, O.  
 green grow the rash - es, O; green grow the  
 rash - es, O; The sweet - est hours that e'er I spend are  
 spent a - mang the las - ses, O!

*Repeat in Chorus.*

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

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

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;  
The wisest man the warl' saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.  
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.  
Green grow, &c.

Words by Burns.

TUNE *Green grow the Rashes, O.*

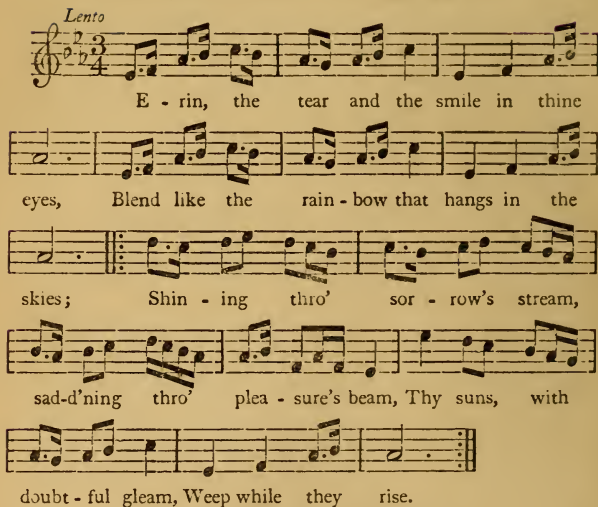
# The Song Book.

## PART III. IRISH SONGS.

CXCVI

### ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE

*Lento*



E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine  
eyes, Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in the  
skies; Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream,  
sad-d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with  
doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form, in Heaven's sight,  
One arch of peace!

Words by Moore.

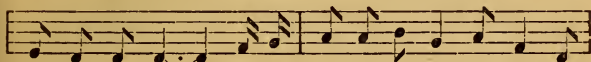
TUNE (from Bunting) *Ellen arcone.*

## CXCVII

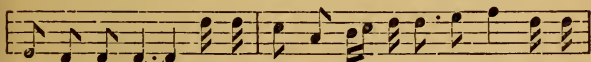
## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

*Andante larghetto*

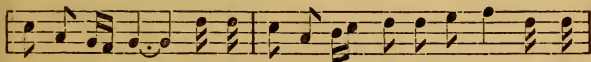
At the mid hour of night, when stars are



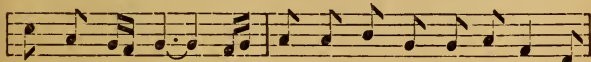
weep-ing, I fly To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone



warm in thine eye; And I think that if spirits can steal from the



re-gion of air, To re - vi - sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt



come to me there, And tell me our love is remember'd



e'en in the sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,  
 When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,  
 And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,  
 I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls  
 Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Molly, my Dear.*

## CXCVIII

## O BANQUET NOT

*Andantino*

O ban-quet not in those shin-ing bow'rs Where  
youth re-sorts, but come to me; For mine's a gar-den of  
faded flow'rs, More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee. And  
there we shall have our feast of tears, And  
ma-ny a cup in si-lence pour,—Our guests the shades of  
for-mer years, Our toasts to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs  
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,  
 We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,  
 To friends long lost, the changed, the dead!  
 Or, as some blighted laurel waves  
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,  
 We'll drink to those neglected graves  
 Where Valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Planxty Irwin*.



CXCIX

TOO LATE I STAYED

*Andante*

Too late I stay'd: for - give the crime; Un-  
 heed - ed flew the hours; For noise - less falls the  
 foot of Time, That on - ly treads on flow'rs. Oh!  
 who, with clear ac - count, re - marks The ebb - ing of his  
 glass; When all the sands are dia-mond sparks, That  
 daz - zle as they pass?

And who to sober measurement  
 Time's happy swiftness brings?  
 When birds of Paradise have lent  
 The plumage of their wings.  
 Too late I stay'd: forgive the crime;  
 Unheeded flew the hours;  
 For noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
 That only treads on flowers.

Words by the Hon. W. R. Spencer.  
 TUNE *The Slender Coat.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CC

## DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

*Andantino*

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee, The  
cold chain of si-lence had hung o'er thee long; When  
proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp! I un-bound thee, And  
gave all thy chords to light, free-dom, and song! The  
warm lay of love and the light tone of glad-ness Have  
wa-ken'd thy fond-est, thy live-li-est thrill; But so  
oft hast thou e-cho'd the deep sigh of sad-ness, That  
e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,  
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;  
 Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,  
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis *thy* glory alone;  
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

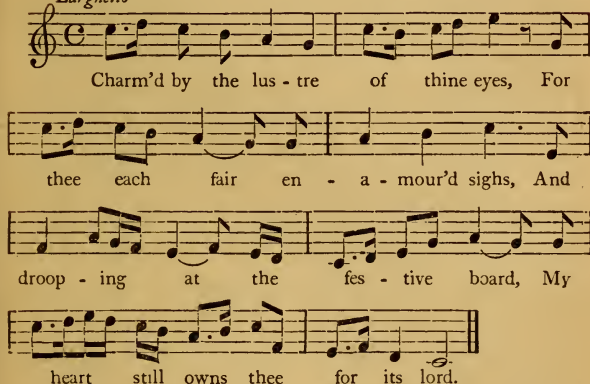
Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Kate Tyrrel.*

CCI

CHARMED BY THE LUSTRE OF THINE EYES

*Larghetto*



Charm'd by the lus - tre of thine eyes, For  
 thee each fair en - a - mour'd sighs, And  
 droop - ing at the fes - tive board, My  
 heart still owns thee for its lord.

That heart confided in thy smiles  
 Love smit, yet taught not lovers' wiles,  
 And hail'd thee in life's morning hour,  
 Its early star, its opening flower.

Words (from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.

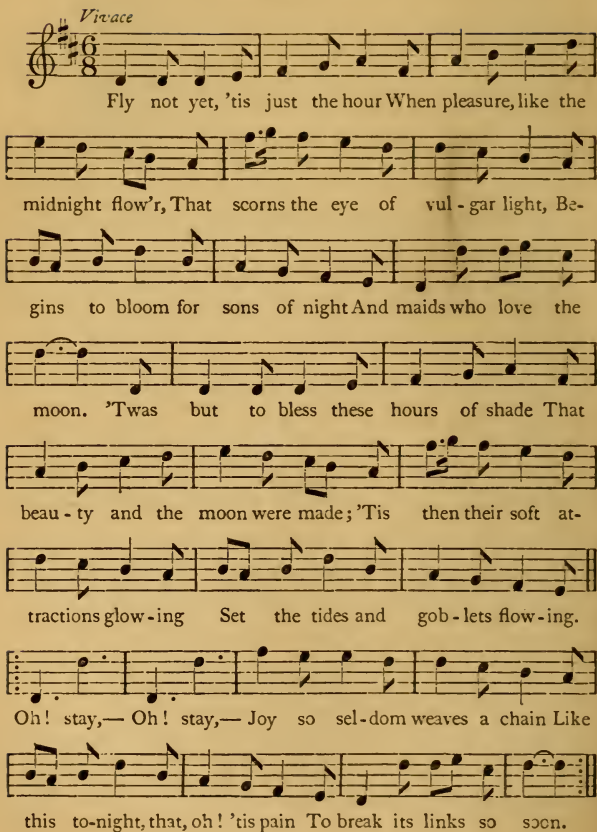
TUNE *The Captivating Youth.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCII

## FLY NOT YET

*Vivace*



Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the  
midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul-gar light, Be-  
gins to bloom for sons of night And maids who love the  
moon. 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That  
beau-ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at-  
tractions glow-ing Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing.  
Oh! stay,— Oh! stay,— Joy so sel-dom weaves a chain Like  
this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,  
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near;  
And thus should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night returning,  
Brings the genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here!

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Planxty Kelly*.

CCIII

*ARISE FROM THY SLUMBERS*

*Larghetto*



A - rise from thy slum-bers, O fair-est of  
maids! With me wilt thou wan-der to Truigha's green  
shades, Where sor - rell and bright row-an ber - ries a-

bound, And nuts in green clus-ters the branch-es have crown'd.

A bed of fresh ivy to rest thee I'll bring,  
The blackbirds and thrushes around us shall sing;  
And there with unceasing attachment I'll prove  
How soothing the cares of affection and love.

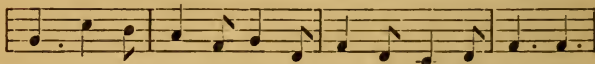
The Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.  
From Bunting's Music of Ireland. TUNE *The Old Truigha*.

## CCIV

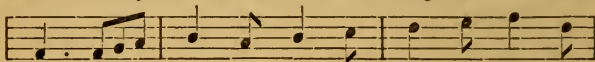
## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

*Andantino*

O the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain



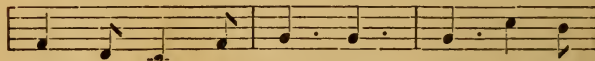
wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was love, still



love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of



mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's no - thing half so



sweet in life As love's young dream! O there's



no-thing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.

O that fairy form is ne'er forgot

Which first love traced;

Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot

On mem'ry's waste!

'Twas odour fled

As soon as shed;

'Twas morning's winged dream!

'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again

On life's dull stream!

O 'twas light that ne'er can shine again

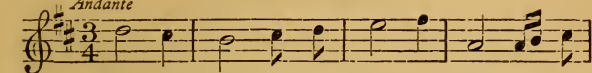
On life's dull stream!

Words by Moore.

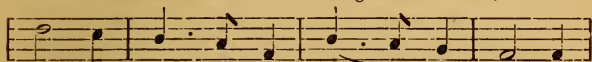
TUNE (from Bunting) *The Old Woman*.

CCV

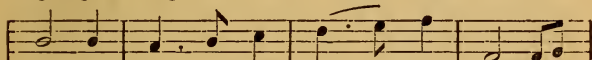
## RICH AND RARE

*Andante*

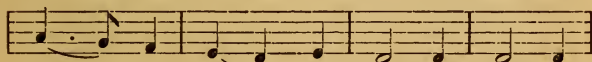
Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a



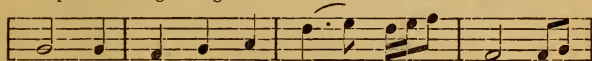
bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But



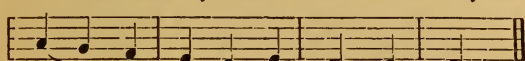
O her beau - ty was far be - yond Her



spark - ling gems and snow-white wand. But



O her beau - ty was far be - yond Her



spark - ling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?  
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;  
No son of Erin will offer me harm;  
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,  
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more!

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
And blest for ever was she who relied  
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

Words by Moore.

AIR (from Bunting) *The Summer is coming.*



## IF THOU'LT BE MINE

*Andante*

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of  
 earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet; What - e - ver in Fan - cy's  
 eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet, Shall be  
 ours, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

Bright flowers shall spring wherever we rove,  
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream,  
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,  
 And this earth be all one beautiful dream,  
 In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,  
 Like streams that flow from heavenward hills,  
 Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie  
 To be bathed by those eternal rills,  
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love  
 Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;  
 That heaven, which forms his home above,  
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,  
 As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, Love!

Words by Moore.

TUNE *The Winnowing Sheet.*



CCVII

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

*Maestoso*

The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls. Its  
soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on  
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled So  
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is  
o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise Now  
feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord, alone that breaks the night,  
Its tale of ruin tells:  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives,  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Molly my Treasure.*

## CCVIII

## O LOV'D MAID OF BROKA

*Andante*

O lov'd maid of Bro - ka, each  
 fair one ex - cel - ling, The blush on thy  
 cheek shames the ap - ple's soft bloom; More sweet than the  
 rose - buds that deck thy lov'd dwell - ing, Thy  
 lips shame their beau-ties, thy breath their per - fume.

Come, bird of the evening, sweet thrush, void of sorrow,  
 Come, greet her approach to thy flower-scented thorn,  
 And teach her, fond warbler, thy lov'd notes to borrow,  
 To banish her coldness and soften her scorn.

O perch'd on thy green bough each lov'd note delighting.  
 How blest, happy bird, could I change lots with thee!  
 But alas! while fast fetter'd each prospect is blighting,  
 I would rather than Ireland again I were free!

But adieu! though my hopes by thy coldness and scorning  
 Fall faded like blossoms half blown on the tree,  
 May love bless your eve, though it blighted my morning,  
 I would rather than Ireland once more I were free!

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Macneill.

TUNE *I would rather than Ireland.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

## CCIX

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

*Affetuoso*

She is far from the land where her  
 young he-ro sleeps, And lo-vers are round her  
 sigh-ing; But cold-ly she turns from their  
 gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is  
 ly-ing!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Ev'ry note which he loved awaking;—  
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
 They were all that to life had entwined him,—  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long will his Love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,  
 When they promise a glorious morrow;  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
 From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

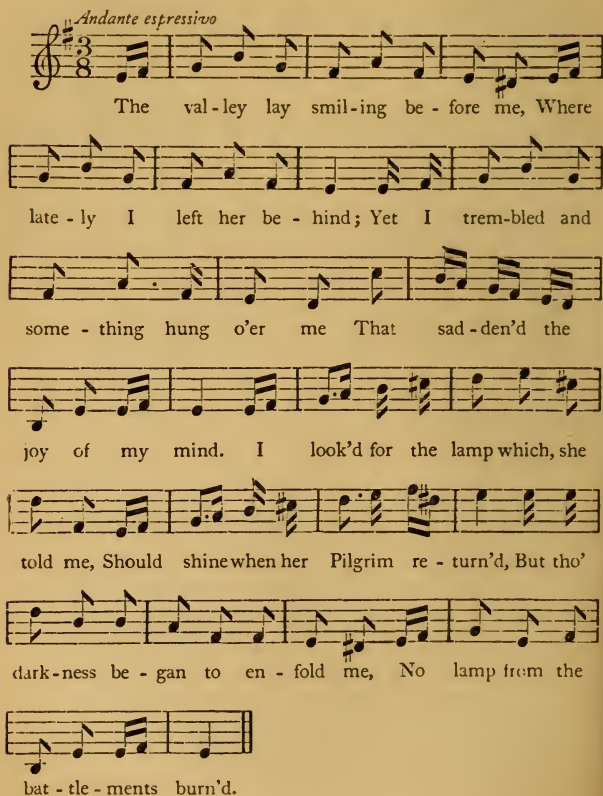
Words by Moore.

TUNE *Oh! open the door.*

CCX

## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME

*Andante espressivo*



The val-ley lay smil-ing be - fore me, Where  
 late - ly I left her be - hind; Yet I trem-bled and  
 some - thing hung o'er me That sad - den'd the  
 joy of my mind. I look'd for the lamp which, she  
 told me, Should shine when her Pilgrim re - turn'd, But tho'  
 dark-ness be - gan to en - fold me, No lamp from the  
 bat - tle - ments burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely  
As if the loved tenant lay dead—  
Ah! would it were death, and death only!  
But no—the young false one had fled.  
And *there* hung the lute, that could soften  
My very worst pains into bliss,  
While the hand that had waked it so often,  
Now throbbed to my proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!  
When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
That man, through a million of foemen,  
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought*!  
While now—oh! degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!  
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane!  
They come to divide—to dishonour—  
And tyrants they long will remain!  
But onward! the green banners rearing,  
Go, flesh every brand to the hilt;  
On one side is Virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt!

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

## CCXI

## FULL HIGH IN KILLBRIDE

*Larghetto*

Full high in Kill - bride is the  
 grass seen to wave, That sha - dows, O  
 ge - ne - rous Laugh - lin! thy grave; And  
 oft, gal - lant chief! is its ver - dure re -  
 new'd, By the tears of the wi - dow and  
 or - phan be - dew'd.

Where Boyne's silver tide sweetly murmuring flows,  
 The rich yellow harvest luxuriantly grows;  
 But never again shall the stranger repair  
 The fruits it shall yield in thy mansion to share.

The tones of the harp in that mansion have ceas'd,  
 No more it resounds with the mirth of the feast;  
 But each gentle bosom for thee breathes a sigh,  
 And tears of affection obscure each bright eye.

No trophies of victory point to thy tomb,  
No laurels are planted around it to bloom;  
But long shall thy memory be dear to each breast,  
While thy spirit on high is enthron'd with the blest.

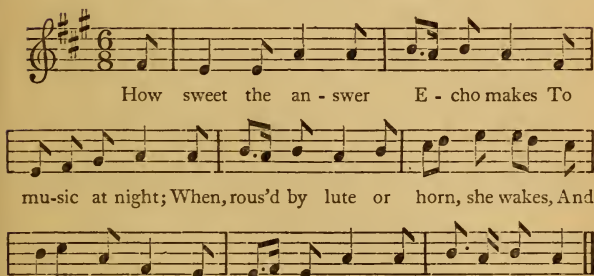
Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.

TUNE *Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXII

HOW SWEET THE ANSWER



How sweet the an - swer E - cho makes To  
mu-sic at night; When, rous'd by lute or horn, she wakes, And  
far a - way, o'er lawns and lakes, Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then—  
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breathed back again.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Wren.*

## CCXIII

## 'T WAS THE HOUR WHEN RITES UNHOLY

*Grazioso*

'Twas the hour when rites un - ho - ly Call'd each  
 Pay - nim voice to pray'r, And the star that fa - ded  
 slow - ly Left to Jews the freshen'd air; Day her  
 sul - try fires had wast - ed, Calm and sweet the moonlight  
 rose, E'en a bondsman's spi - rit tast - ed Half ob -  
 li - vion of his woes.

Then it was from a Turkish palace  
 Came an eastern lady bright,  
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,  
 Saw and loved an English knight.



"Tell me, captive, why in anguish  
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,  
Where poor Christians as they languish,  
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,  
When the crescent shone afar,  
Like a pale disastrous planet,  
O'er the purple tide of war;  
In that day of desolation,  
Lady, I was captive made,  
Bleeding for my Christian nation,  
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive, should the brightest jewel  
From my turban set thee free?"

"Lady! no; the gift were cruel,  
Ransom'd yet, if reft of thee.  
Say, fair Princess, would it grieve thee  
Christian climes should we behold?"

"Nay, bold knight, I would not leave thee,  
Were thy ransom paid in gold."

Now in heaven's blue expansion  
Rose the midnight star to view,  
When to leave her father's mansion,  
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu—  
"Fly we then while none discover."  
Tyrant barques, in vain ye ride!  
Soon at Rhodes the British lover  
Clasps his blooming eastern bride.

Words by Campbell.

TUNE *Peggy Ban.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

## CCXIV

## SAIL ON, SAIL ON

*Lento*

Sail on, sail on, thou fear - less bark, Where -  
 e - ver blows the wel - come wind; It can - not lead to  
 scenes more dark, More sad than those we leave behind. Each  
 smil - ing bil - low seems to say "Tho' death be - neath our  
 sur - face be, Less cold we are, less false than they, Whose  
 smil - ing wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, through endless space,  
 Through calm, through tempest, stop no more;  
 The stormiest sea's a resting place  
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.  
 Or, if some desert land we meet,  
 Where never yet false-hearted men  
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet,  
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Humming of the Ean.*

CCXV

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN

*Maestoso*

Though the last glimpse of E - rin with  
 sor - row I see, Yet wher - e - ver thou  
 art shall seem E - rin to me; In  
 ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my  
 home, And thine eyes make my cli - mate wher -  
 e - ver we roam.

To the gloom of the desert, or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:—

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,  
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Coolin*.

## CCXVI

## O WHERE'S THE SLAVE SO LOWLY

*Con Anima*

O where's the slave, so low - ly, Con-  
 demn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst His  
 bonds at first, Would pine be - neath them slow - ly? What  
 soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de-  
 cay'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring To the  
 throne of Him who made it?

Less dear the laurel growing,  
 Alive, untouched and blowing,  
 Than that, whose braid  
 Is pluck'd to shade  
 The brows with vict'ry glowing!

We tread the land that bore us,  
The green flag glitters o'er us,  
The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,  
And the foe we hate before us!

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Down beside me.*

CCXVII

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

*Andantino*

Oh! breathe not his name— let it

sleep in the shade, Where cold and un - ho - nour'd his

re - lics are laid! Sad, si - lent, and dark be the

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the

grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Brown Maid.*

## CCXVIII

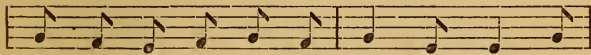
## NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR

*Allegro*

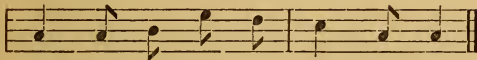
Nay, tell me not, Dear, that the gob-let drowns One  
 charm of feeling, one fond re-gret; Be-lieve me, a few of thy  
 an-gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.  
 Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream, That  
 e-ver was shed from thy form or soul; The  
 balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still  
 float on the sur-face, and hal-low my bowl! Then  
 fan-sy not, Dear-est! that wine can steal One



bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like



founts that a - wak - en the pil - grim's zeal, The



bowl but bright-ens my love for thee.

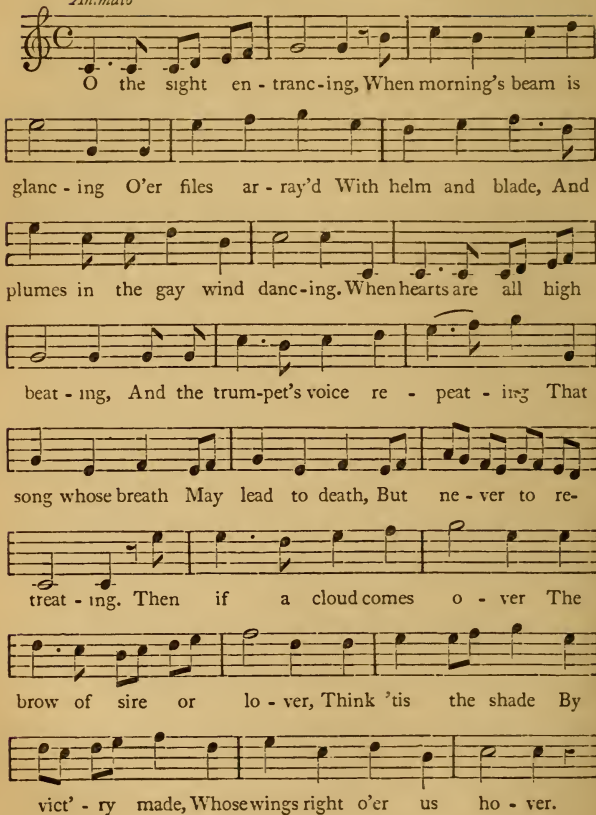
They tell us that Love in his fairy bow'r  
 Had two blush roses of birth divine;  
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow show'r,  
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.  
     Soon did the buds  
     That drank of the floods  
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;  
     While those which the tide  
     Of ruby had dyed,  
 All blushed into beauty like thee, sweet Maid!  
 Then fancy not, Dearest! that wine can steal  
     One blissful dream of the heart from me;  
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
     The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

Words by Moore.

TUNE *Dennis, don't be threatening.*

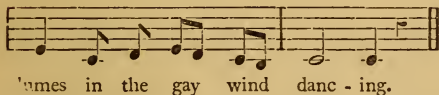
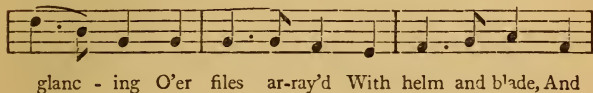
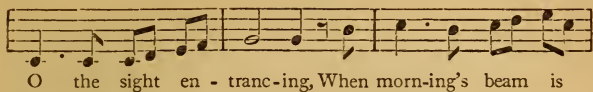
## CCXIX

## O THE SIGHT ENTRANCING

*An. ma to*


O the sight en-tranc-ing, When morning's beam is  
glanc-ing O'er files ar-ray'd With helm and blade, And  
plumes in the gay wind danc-ing. When hearts are all high  
beat-ing, And the trum-pet's voice re-peat-ing That  
song whose breath May lead to death, But ne-ver to re-  
treat-ing. Then if a cloud comes o-ver The  
brow of sire or lo-ver, Think 'tis the shade By  
vict'-ry made, Whose wings right o'er us ho-ver.





Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—  
 For ask yon despot whether  
     His plumed bands  
     Could bring such hands  
 And hearts as ours together.  
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—  
 Adorn but man with freedom,  
     And proud he braves  
     The gaudiest slaves  
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.  
 The sword may pierce the beaver,  
 Stone walls in time may sever,  
     'Tis mind alone,  
     Worth steel and stone,  
 That keeps men free for ever!  
 O the sight entrancing,  
 When morning's beam is glancing.  
     O'er files array'd  
     With helm and blade,  
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Planxty Sudley*.

CCXX

## IN RINGLETS CURLED

*Andante*

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups of four. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

In ring-lets curl'd thy tress - es flow, And  
 bright and sparkling are thine eyes; Time in thy absence  
 lin - gers slow, When mea-sur'd by a lo - ver's  
 sighs. Had sa - cred rites once crown'd my love, With  
 bound - ing steps the fields I'd tread;  
 O grief! that we no long - er rove Where  
 Trui-gha's love - ly green-woods spread.

Oh would that on thy bosom laid,  
 While Erin's sons are hush'd to rest,  
 I might beneath the green-wood shade,  
 Breathe the pure raptures of my breast!  
 Sweet blooming flower! thy sex's pride,  
 To me a guiding star thou art,  
 And Heaven itself will sure preside  
 O'er love that fills a virtuous heart.

My charmer, let us haste away,  
 To Truigha's woods our footsteps bend,  
 Where streams through water-cresses play,  
 And Uchai's lovely plains extend.  
 There holly berries glowing red,  
 With nuts and apples sweet abound;  
 Green rushes there shall strew our bed,  
 And warblers chant their lov'd notes round.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.

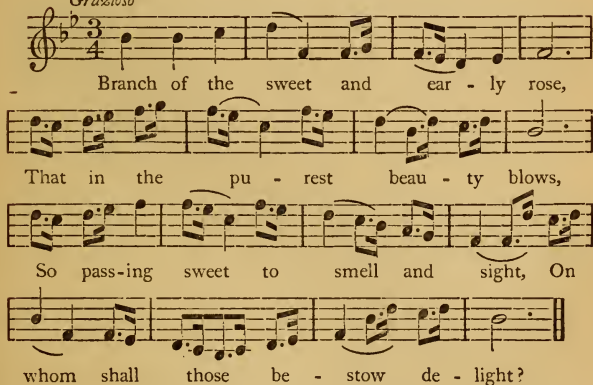
TUNE *The green Woods of Truigha.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXI

BRANCH OF THE SWEET AND EARLY ROSE

*Grazioso*



Branch of the sweet and ear - ly rose,  
 That in the pu - rest beau - ty blows,  
 So pass - ing sweet to smell and sight, On  
 whom shall those be - stow de - light?

Who, in the dewy evening walk,  
 Shall pluck thee from the tender stalk?  
 Whose temples blushing shalt thou twine,  
 And who inhale thy breath divine?

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Dr. Drennan.

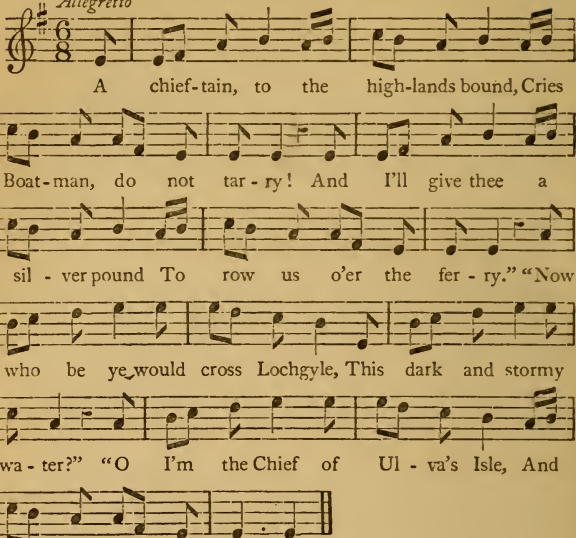
TUNE *Thou Flower of Virgins.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

## CCXXII

## A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND

*Allegretto*



A chief-tain, to the high-lands bound, Cries  
 "Boat-man, do not tar-ry! And I'll give thee a  
 sil-ver pound To row us o'er the fer-ry." "Now  
 who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, This dark and stormy  
 wa-ter?" "O I'm the Chief of Ul - va's Isle, And  
 this Lord Ul - lin's daugh-ter."

"And fast before her father's men  
 Three days we've fled together,  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather;  
 His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight;  
 "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready,  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady:—"

And, by my word ! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry ;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking ;  
And in the scowl of Heav'n, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking :  
But still as louder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather ;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,"  
But not an angry father !"  
The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, O ! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing ;  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—  
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.  
For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover :—  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

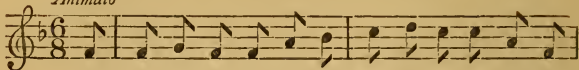
"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,  
"Across this raging water ;  
And I'll forgive your highland chief,  
My daughter !—O my daughter !"  
'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing ;  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

Words by Campbell.

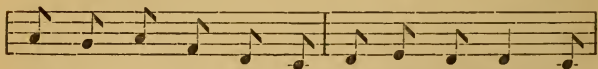
TUNE (from Bunting) *The Charming fair Eily.*

## CCXXIII

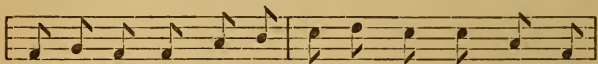
## THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS

*Animato*

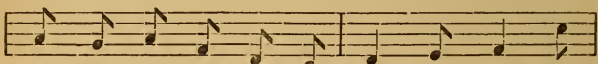
Tho' dark are our sorrows, to - day we'll forget them, And



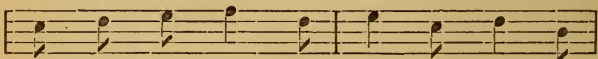
smile thro' our tears, like a sun - beam in show'rs; There



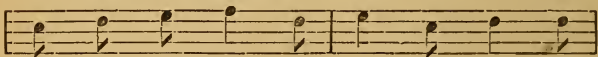
ne - ver were hearts, if our rul - ers would let them, More



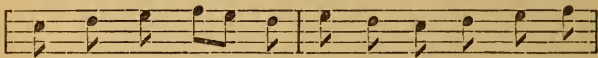
form'd to be tran - quil and blest 'than ours! But



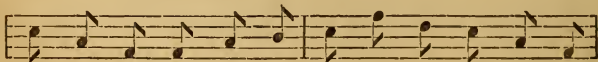
just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And



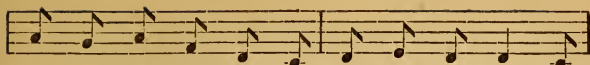
hope has en-wreath'd it round with flow'rs, There



comes a new link Our spi - rit to sink! O the



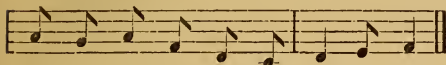
joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a



flash a - mid dark - ness, too bril - liant to stay; But



tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must



light it up now, on our Prince's day.

Contempt for the minion, who calls you disloyal!

Tho' fierce to the foe, to your friends you are true;

And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,

Is love from the heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight

Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;

The standard of green

In front would be seen,—

O my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,

And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,

When roused by the foe on her Prince's day!

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded

In hearts that have suffer'd too much to forget;

And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,

And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!

The gem may be broke

By many a stroke,

But nothing can cloud its native ray;

Each fragment will cast

A light to the last.

And thus, Erin, my country! tho' broken thou art,

There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;

A spirit, that beams thro' each suffering part,

And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's day.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Patrick's Day.*

## CCXXIV

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

*Andante*

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left  
bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com-  
pa - nions Are fa - ded and gone; No  
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is  
nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or  
give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie senseless and dead.

Words by Moore.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

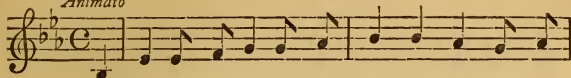
TUNE *Groves of Blarney.*



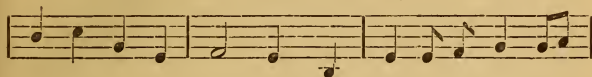
CCXXV

LET ERIN REMEMBER

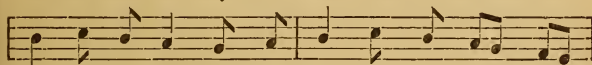
*Animato*



Let E - rin remember the days of old, Ere her



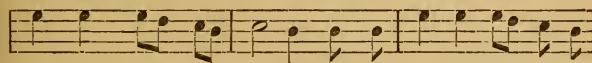
faith-less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la-chi wore the



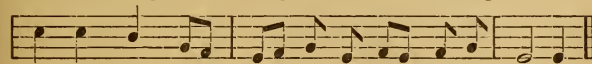
col - lar of gold Which he won from her proud in-



va-der; When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the



Red-Branch Knights to dan-ger, Ere the em'rald gem of the



west-ern world Was set in the crown of the stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,

When the clear cold eve's declining,

He sees the round towers of other days

In the wave beneath him shining!

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,

Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;

Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time

For the long faded glories they cover.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The little bold Fox.*

## CCXXXVI

## MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW

*Andante*

My sorrow, deep sorrow, in - cessant re-  
turning; Time still as it flies adds in - crease to my  
mourn- ing: When I think of Mac - gre - gor, true  
heir of Glen - ly-on, Where still to sad fan-cy his  
ban-ners seem fly - ing.

Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,  
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a bounding,  
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey from yon pine by the fountain,  
Distinguish'd the hero when climbing the mountain,  
The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,  
And destruction fled wide from the bow bent so narrow;  
His darts, so well polish'd and bright, were a treasure  
That the son of a king might have boasted with pleasure.  
When the brave son of Murdock so gracefully held them,  
Well pois'd and sure aim'd, never weapon excell'd them.

Now, dead to the honour and pride I inherit,  
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit !  
Tho' insult or injury now should oppress me,  
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress me.  
Deaf to my loud sorrow, and blind to my weeping,  
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping ;  
In that cold narrow bed he shall slumber for ever,  
Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He that shar'd the kind breast which my infancy nourish'd,  
Now, hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he flourish'd.  
No obsequies fitting his pale corse adorning,  
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,  
No virgins high-born, with their tears to bedew thee,  
To deck out thy grave, or with flow'rets to strew thee.  
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

Words (translated from the original Gaelic) by Mrs. Grant.

TUNE *Macgregor of Ruara's Lament.*

## CCXXVII

## THE MINSTREL BOY

*Con anima*

The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the  
ranks of death you'll find him; His father's sword he has  
gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.  
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world be-  
trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One*  
faith - ful harp shall praise thee.

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring that proud soul under;  
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder;  
 And said, "No chain shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery."

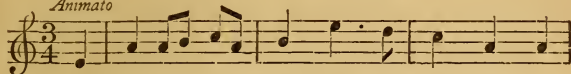
Words by Moore.

TUNE *The Moreen.*

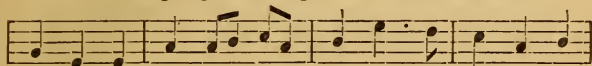
CCXXVIII

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

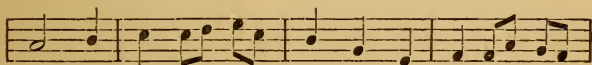
*Animato*



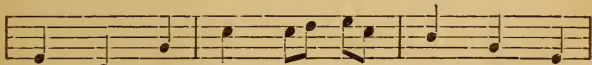
A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of



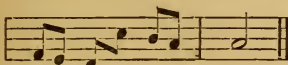
E - rin On him who the brave sons of Us - na be-



tray'd! For ev' - ry fond eye which he wa-ken'd a



tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall



weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud which hung over Conner's dark dwelling,  
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—  
By the billows of war which so often high swelling,  
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

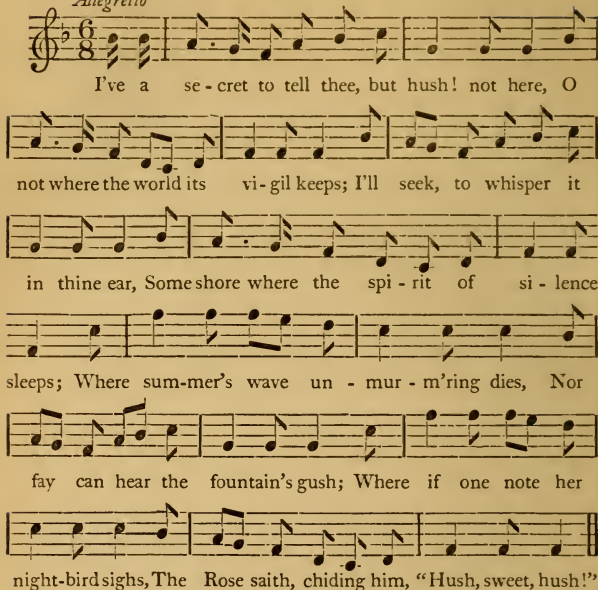
We swear to avenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,  
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,  
Till vengeance be wreaked on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,  
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;  
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,  
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

Words by Moore.  
TUNE *Crooghan a venee*.

## CCXXIX

## I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE

*Allegretto*


I've a se-cret to tell thee, but hush! not here, O  
not where the world its vi-gil keeps; I'll seek, to whisper it  
in thine ear, Some shore where the spi-rit of si-lence  
sleeps; Where sum-mer's wave un-mur-m'ring dies, Nor  
fay can hear the fountain's gush; Where if one note her  
night-bird sighs, The Rose saith, chiding him, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, 'mid the deep silence of that hour,  
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,  
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,  
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:  
Like him, the boy, who born among  
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,  
Sits ever thus; his only song  
To earth and heaven still "Hush, sweet, hush!"

Words by Moore.

AIR O Southern Breeze.

CCXXX

WEEP ON, WEEP ON

*Andantino*

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your  
 dreams of pride are o'er; The fa - tal chain is  
 round you cast, And you are men no more! In  
 vain the he-ro's heart hath bled; The sa - ge's tongue hath  
 warn'd in vain; O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It  
 ne - ver lights a - gain.

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,  
 Your web of discord wove;  
 And while your tyrants joined in hate,  
 You never joined in love!  
 But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,  
 And man profaned what God had given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine  
 Where others knelt to Heaven!"

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Song of Sorrow.*

CCXXXI

## THE BLUSH OF MORN

*Andante*

The blush of morn at length ap-  
 pears, The haw - thorn weeps in dew - y  
 tears; E - merg - ing from the shades of  
 night, The dis - tant hills are tipp'd with  
 light; The swell - ing breeze, with balm - y  
 breath, Wafts fra-grance from the pur-ple heath; And  
 war - bling wood - larks seem to say,  
 Sweet An-na! 'tis the dawn of day!



Ah ! didst thou love's soft anguish feel,  
No sleep thy weary eye would seal !  
But to the bank thou wouldst repair,  
Secure to meet thy true love there.  
In pity to my pangs awake !  
Unwilling I thy slumbers break ;  
But longer absence would betray  
I met thee at the dawn of day.

Yet though our parents now may frown,  
Some pitying power our vows shall crown ;  
Be constancy and truth but thine,  
While youth, and health, and love are mine :  
Then shall our hearts united glow  
With all that fondness can bestow ;  
And love extend his gentle sway,  
O'er close of eve and dawn of day.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.

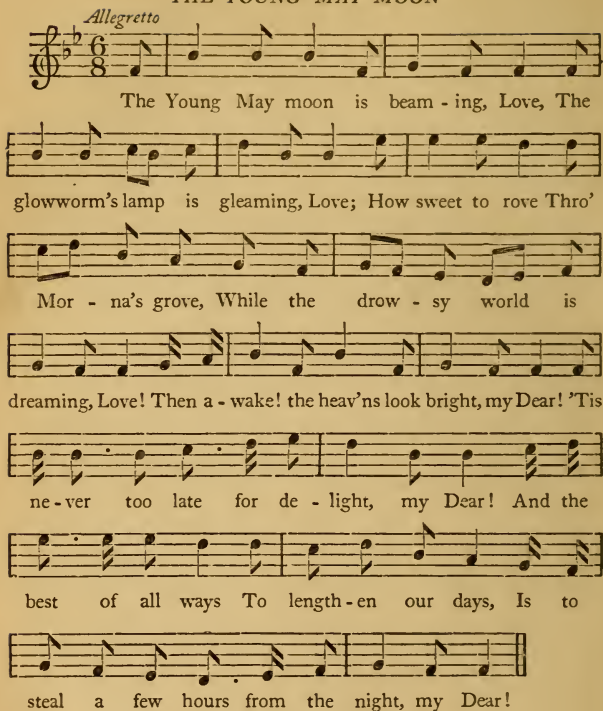
TUNE *The Dawning of Day.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

CCXXXII

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON

*Allegretto*



The Young May moon is beam - ing, Love, The  
 glowworm's lamp is gleaming, Love; How sweet to rove Thro'  
 Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is  
 dreaming, Love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my Dear! 'Tis  
 ne - ver too late for de - light, my Dear! And the  
 best of all ways To length - en our days, Is to  
 steal a few hours from the night, my Dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, Love,  
 And the sage, his star-watch keeping, Love,  
 And I, whose star,  
 More glorious far,  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, Love!

Then awake till rise of sun, my Dear!  
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my Dear;—  
 Or, in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light,  
 He may happen to take thee for one, my Dear!

Words by Moore.  
 TUNE *The Dandy, O!*

CCXXXIII

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

*Adagio*

How oft has the Ben - shee cried,  
 How oft has Death un - tied Bright links that  
 Glo - ry wove, Sweet bonds en - twined by love!  
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each  
 faith - ful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave  
 Sigh o'er the he - ro's grave!

We're fall'n upon gloomy days,  
 Star after star decays;  
 Ev'ry bright name, that shed  
 Light o'er the land, is fled.  
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;  
 But brightly flows the tear  
 Wept o'er the hero's bier!  
 Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights,  
 Thou of the hundred fights!  
 Thou, on whose burning tongue,  
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!  
 Both mute! but long as valour shineth,  
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,  
 So long shall Erin's pride  
 Tell how they liv'd and died.

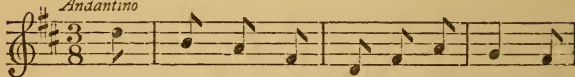
Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The dear Black Maid.*

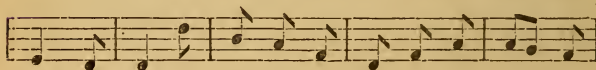
## CCXXXIV

## THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER

*Andantino*



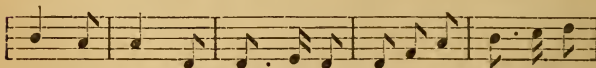
Through grief and through dan - ger thy smile hath



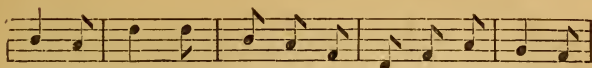
cheer'd my way, Till hopeseem'd to bud from each thorn that



round me lay; The dark-er our fortune, the bright-er our



pure love burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to



zeal was turn'd Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my



spi-rit felt free, And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more



dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;  
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;  
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;  
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;  
 Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,  
 Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

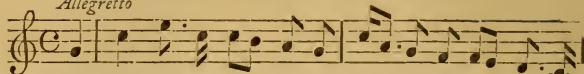
They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—  
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!  
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn thy lingering chains,  
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;  
 Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;  
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too.

Words by Moore.

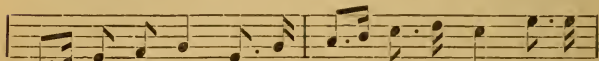
TUNE *I once had a true love.*

CCXXXV

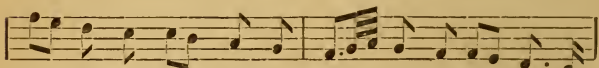
## THERE CAME TO THE BEACH

*Allegretto*

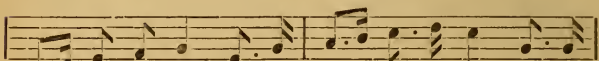
There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin, The



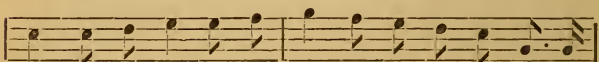
dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill; For his



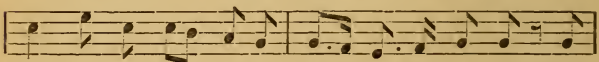
coun - try he sigh'd, when at twi - light re - pair - ing To



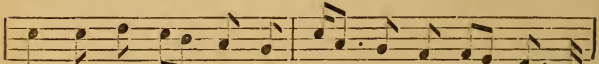
wan - der a - lone by the wind beat - en hill. But the



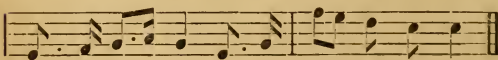
day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it



rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where



once in the fire of his youth - ful e - mo - tion He



sang the bold an - them of E - rin go bragh!

"Sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger,  
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 A home and a country remain not to me:  
 Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
 And strike to the numbers of *Erin go bragh!*"

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
 Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!"

"Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?  
 Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?  
 Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall."

"Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
*Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh!*"

Words by Campbell.

TUNE *Thou blooming Treasure.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

## CCXXXVI

## AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS

*Con moto*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends For  
all the long years I've been wand - 'ring a - way, To  
see thus a - round me my youth's ear - ly friends As  
smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day! Though  
hap - ly o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine, The  
snow - fall of Time may be steal - ing—what then? Like  
Alps in the sun - set, thus light - ed by wine, We'll  
wear the gay tinge of Youth's ros - es a - gain.



What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,  
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,  
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.  
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,  
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight;  
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effaced,  
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide,  
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—  
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,  
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.  
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come—the more rare such delights to the heart,  
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more—  
They're ours, when we meet—they are lost, when we part,  
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.  
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,  
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

Words by Moore.

## CCXXXVII

## WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

*Lento non troppo*

While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A  
 mo-moment from her smile I turn'd, To look at orbs that,  
 more bright, In lone and dis-tant glo-ry burn'd: But too far Each  
 proud star For me to feel its warm-ing flame; Much  
 more dear, That mild sphere, Which near our pla-net  
 smil-ing came: Thus, Ma - ry dear! be thou my own—While  
 bright-er eyes un - heed-ed play, I'll love these moonlight  
 looks a - lone Which bless my home, and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,  
But midnight now, with lustre meek,  
Illumined all the pale flowers,  
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.  
I said (while  
The moon's smile  
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),  
"The moon looks  
On many brooks,  
The brook can see no moon but this."  
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,  
For many a lover looks to thee;  
While, oh! I feel there is but one,  
One Mary in the world for me!

Words by Moore.

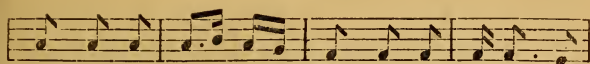
TUNE (from Thomson's Collection) *Ocnagh*.

CCXXXVIII

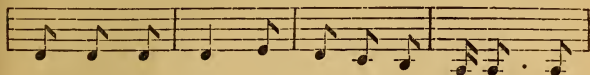
## O'ROURKE'S NOBLE FARE

*Spiritoso*

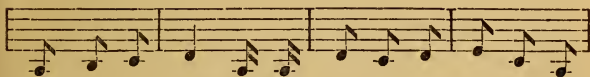
O' Rourke's no - ble fare will ne'er be for -  
 got By those who were there, or by those who were  
 not; His re - vels to keep, we sup and we dine On  
 se - ven score sheep, fat bul - locks, and swine; Usque -  
 baugh to our feast in pails is brought up, A  
 hun - dred at least, and a mad - der our cup. Come,  
 Har - per, strike up! but first, by your fa - vour, Boy,  
 give us a cup!— Ah, this has some sa - vour! O'



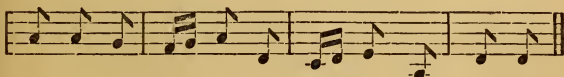
Rourke's jol - ly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter, Till



rous'd by the noise and mu - si - cal clat - ter; They



dance in a round, cut - ting ca - pers and ramp - ing, A



mer - cy the ground did not burst with their stamping.

Bring straw for our bed, shake it down to the feet,  
Then over us spread the winnowing sheet;  
To show I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again,  
Then give us a pinch of your sneeshin a yean.  
Good Lord, what a sight! after all their good cheer,  
For people to fight in the midst of their beer!

You churl, I maintain my father built Lusk,  
The castle of Slane, and Carrick Drumrusk.  
The Earl of Kildare, and Moynalta his brother,  
As great as they are, I was nurs'd by their mother:  
Ask that of old madam, she'll tell you who's who,  
As far up as Adam, she knows it is true.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Dean Swift.

TUNE *O'Rourke's Feast.*

From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

## CCXXXIX

*WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE*

When in death I shall calm re - cline, O

bear my heart to my mis - tress dear;

Tell her it liv'd up - on smiles and wine Of the

bright - est hue while it lin - ger'd here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sor - row To

sul - ly a heart so bril - liant and bright; But

bal - my drops from the wine - cup bor - row, To

bathe the re - lic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,  
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;  
Hang it up at that friendly door  
Where weary travellers love to call:  
Then, if some bard who roams forsaken,  
Revive its soft note in passing along,  
Oh! let one thought of its master waken  
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which now is o'erflowing,  
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;  
Never, oh, never its balm bestowing  
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!  
But when some warm devoted lover,  
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,  
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

Words by Moore,

From the Irish Melodies.

## CCXL

## WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE

*Maestoso*

When he who a-dores thee has left but the  
name Of his fault and his sor-row be-hind, Oh,  
say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame Of a  
life that for thee was re-sign'd; Yes,  
weep! and how-e-ver my foes may condemn, Thy  
tears shall ef-face their de-cree; For  
Heav'n can wit-ness, though guil-ty to them, I have  
been but too faith-ful to thee.



With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,  
 Every thought of my reason was thine,—  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!  
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
 The days of thy glory to see;  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Words by Moore.  
 TUNE *The Fox's Sleep.*

CCXLI

WREATHE THE BOWL

*Animato*

Wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can  
 find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rd's heav'n to-night, And  
 leave dull earth be - hind us. Should Love a-mid The  
 wreaths be hid, Which Mirth th' enchant-er brings us, No  
 dan-ger fear While wine is near, We'll drown him if he  
 stings us. Then

*Da capo.*

[ 'Twas

'Twas nectar fed  
 Of old, 'tis said,  
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;  
 And man may brew  
 His nectar too,  
 The rich receipt's as follows:—  
 Take wine like this,  
 Let looks of bliss  
 Around it well be blended,  
 Then bring Wit's beam  
 To warm the stream,  
 And there's your nectar, splendid!  
 So wreath the bowl  
 With flow'rs of soul  
 The brightest wit can find us;  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow'rd's Heav'n to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.

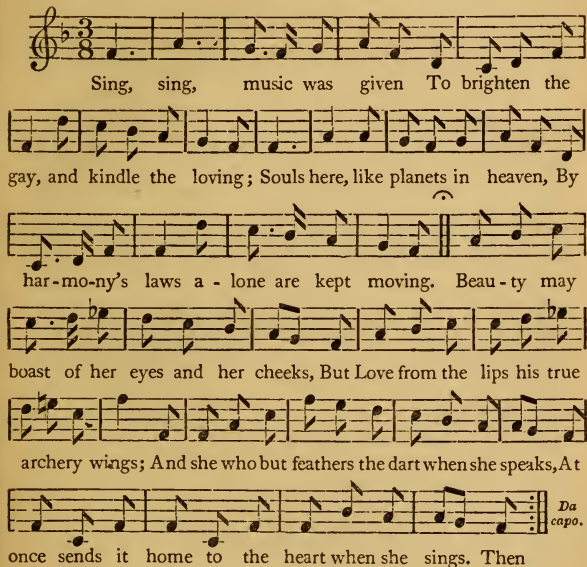
Say why did Time  
 His glass sublime  
 Fill up with sands unsightly,  
 When wine, he knew,  
 Runs brisker through,  
 And sparkles far more brightly,  
 O lend it us,  
 And, smiling thus,  
 The glass in two we'd sever,  
 Make pleasure glide  
 In double tide,  
 And fill both ends for ever!  
 Then wreath the bowl,  
 With flow'rs of soul  
 The brightest wit can find us;  
 We'll take a flight  
 Tow'rd's Heav'n to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Nora with the Purse.*

CCXLII

SING, SING, MUSIC WAS GIVEN



Sing, sing, music was given To brighten the  
gay, and kindle the loving; Souls here, like planets in heaven, By  
har-mo-ny's laws a-lone are kept moving. Beau-ty may  
boast of her eyes and her cheeks, But Love from the lips his true  
archery wings; And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks, At  
once sends it home to the heart when she sings. Then

When Love, rock'd by his mother,  
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,  
"Hush! hush!" said Venus, "no other  
Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."  
Dreaming of music, he slumber'd the while,  
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,  
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,  
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.  
Then sing, sing, &c.

Words by Moore.

TUNE *The Old Langolce.*

## CCXLIII

## THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD

*Andantino*

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo marking 'Andantino' is written above the first staff. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

There is not in this wide world a  
val-ley so sweet As that vale in whose bo-som the  
bright wa-ters meet. O the last rays of feel-ing and  
life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall  
fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;  
O no—it was something more exquisite still:—

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
When we see them reflected in looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *The Wild Geese.*

## CCXLIV

## THE DEW EACH TREMBLING LEAF

*Andante*

The dew each trem-bling leaf enwreath'd, The  
red - breast sweet - ly sung, The balm - y air with  
fragrance breath'd From bowers with ro - ses hung; The  
set - ting sun still faint-ly gleam'd, And swift and sweet the  
mo - ments flew With her, whose smile too  
art - less seem'd To hide a heart un - true.

But now o'er dreary scenes I range,  
Where once such beauties shone,  
Yet blooming nature knows no change,  
Alas! 'tis all thine own.  
The rose still holds its lovely form,  
The dew still sparkles on the tree,  
But, oh! the smile that gave the charm  
No longer beams on me.

Words (translated from the original Irish) by Miss Balfour.

TUNE *Nancy of the branching Tresses.*

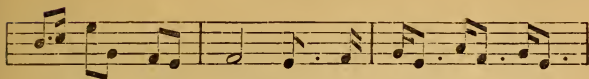
From Bunting's Music of Ireland.

## CCXLV

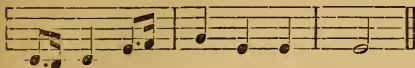
## WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH

*Adagio*

When cold in the earth lies the  
friend thou hast loved, Be his faults and his  
fol - lies for - got by thee then; Or if from their  
slum - ber the veil be re - moved, Weep  
o'er them in si - lence and close it a -  
gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - member how  
far From the pathways of light he was tempted to  
roam, Be it bliss to re - mem - ber that



thou wert the star Which a - rose on his



dark-ness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came

The revealings that taught him true love to adore,  
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame

From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.  
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,

Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;  
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled

On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,

And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,  
He has turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,

And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.  
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,

At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,  
So, if virtue a moment grew languid to him,

He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

Words by Moore.

TUNE (from Bunting) *Limerick's Lamentation*.

## CCXLVI

## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED

*Grazioso*

Has sor - row thy young days shaded, As  
clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have thy young days  
faded, That e - ven in sor - row were sweet? Does  
Time, with his cold wing, wither Each feeling that once was  
dear? Come, child of mis - for - tune! hither, I'll  
weep with thee tear for tear.

Has Love to that soul so tender,  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendour  
 All over the surface shine.  
 But if in pursuit you go deeper,  
 Allured by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like Love the bright vision is gone.



Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
That flitted from tree to tree  
With the talisman's glitt'ring glory—  
Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
On branch after branch alighting,  
The gem did she still display,  
And, when nearest and most inviting,  
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
When Sorrow herself look'd bright;  
If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
That led thee along so light;  
If thus the unkind world wither  
Each feeling that once was dear;—  
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,  
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Words by Moore.

TUNE *Sly Patrick*.

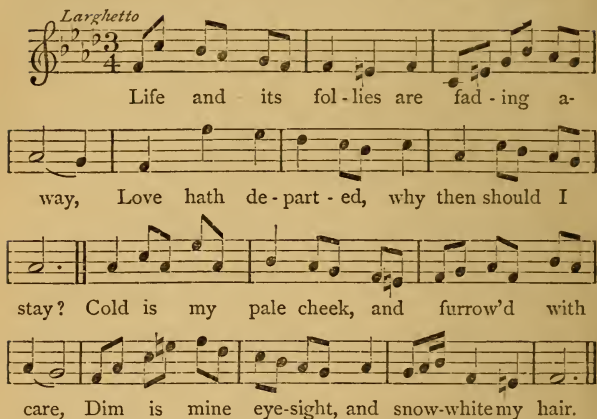
# The Song Book,

## PART IV. WELSH SONGS.

CCXLVII

### LIFE AND ITS FOLLIES ARE FADING AWAY

*Larghetto*



Life and its fol-lies are fad-ing a-  
way, Love hath de-part-ed, why then should I  
stay? Cold is my pale cheek, and furrow'd with  
care, Dim is mine eye-sight, and snow-white my hair.

Near me, in silence, my harp lies unstrung ;  
Weak are my fingers, and faltering my tongue !  
Tuneful companion, we parted must be ;  
Thou canst no longer bring comfort to me.

Yet ere we sever, thy master would fain  
Swan-like expire in a last dying strain ;  
And when above him the cypress boughs wave,  
Spirits shall murmur it over his grave.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

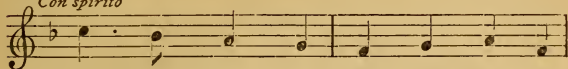
TUNE *David of the White Rock.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

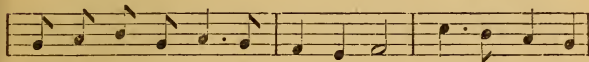
CCXLVIII

DECK THE HALL WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY

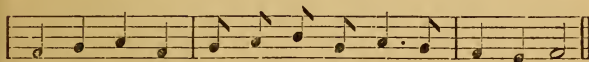
*Con spirito*



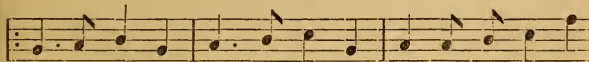
Deck the Hall with boughs of hol - ly,



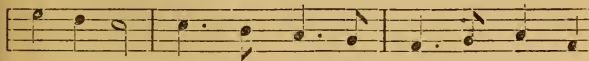
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. 'Tis the sea - son



to be jol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



Fill the mead-cup, drain the bar - rel, Fa, la, la, la la,



la, la, la. Troul the an - cient Christ - mas ca - rol.



*Repeat in Chorus.*

Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

See the flowing bowl before us,  
Strike the harp and join the chorus;  
Follow me in merry measure,  
While I sing of beauty's treasure.

Fast away the old year passes,  
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses!  
Laughing, quaffing, all together,  
Heedless of the wind and weather.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *New Year's Eve.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

## CCXLIX

## WHERE ARE THE MEN

*Larghetto*

Where are the men who went forth in the  
 morning, Hope brightly beam-ing in e-ver-y  
 face? Fearing no dan-ger—the Sax-on foe  
 scorning.— Lit-tle thought they of de-feat or dis-  
 grace! Fall'n is their chieftain—his glory de-  
 part-ed— Fall'n are the heroes who fought by his  
 side! Fa-ther-less chil-dren now weep, bro-ken-



hearted, Mourn - ful - ly wand'ring by Rhuddlan's dark



tide !

Small was the band that escaped from the slaughter,  
 Flying for life as the tide 'gan to flow ;  
 Hast thou no pity, thou dark rolling water ?  
 More cruel still than the merciless foe !  
 Death is behind them, and death is before them ;  
 Faster and faster rolls on the dark wave ;  
 One wailing cry—and the sea closes o'er them ;  
 Silent and deep is their watery grave.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Plain of Rhuddlan.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCL

## I HEAR THE TRUMPET SOUNDING

*Maestoso*

I hear the trum - pet sounding A  
wel - come to the day; I see the char - ger  
bound - ing, All ea - ger for the fray : Strong  
man - ly hearts are beat - ing, Some think of those they  
leave be - hind, The lov - ing wife or sweet - heart kind, But  
none think of re - treating, Some think of those they  
leave be - hind, But none think of re - treat - ing.

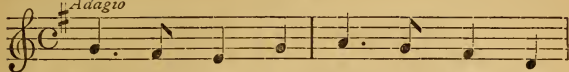
To drive the foe before us, Brave comrades, on to glory;  
O Mars ! great god of war ! Let coward cravens turn and flee;  
Thy guardian shield spread o'er us The brave shall ne'er forgotten be,  
Be thou our guiding star ! They'll live in song and story.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Camp.* From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLI

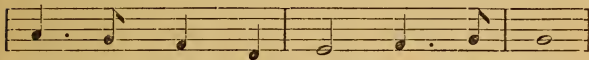
## WHILE THE MOON HER WATCH IS KEEPING

*Adagio*

While the moon her watch is keep - ing,



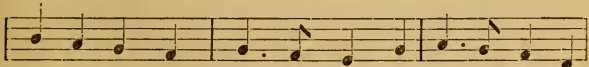
All through the night, While the wea - ry



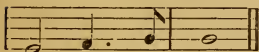
world is sleep - ing, All through the night ;



O'er my bo - som gent - ly steal - ing, Visions of de-



light re - veal - ing, Breathes a pure and holy feel - ing,



All through the night.

Fondly then I dream of thee, Love,

All through the night ;

Waking, still thy form I see, Love,

All through the night ;

When this mortal coil is over,

Will thy gentle spirit hover

O'er the bed where sleeps thy lover,

All through the night.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *All through the night.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

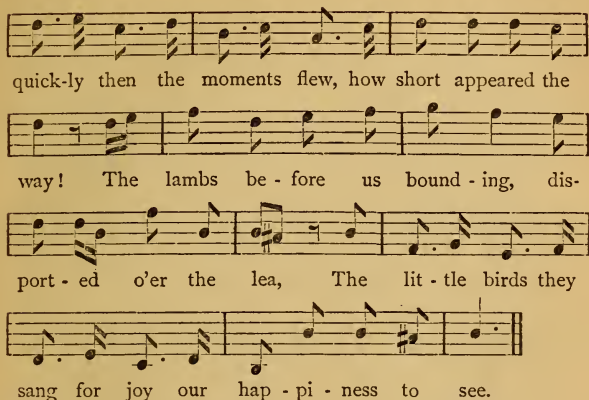
## CCLII

## OH! WELL DO I REMEMBER

*Larghetto*

Oh! well do I re - mem - ber, 't was  
 in the month of May, When oft my foot - steps  
 used to rove, at ear - ly dawn of day; They  
 roved to - wards a cot - tage where dwelt a mai - den  
 fair, Her eyes were like the stars a - bove, and  
 au - burn was her hair. She oft would come to  
 meet me, that mai - den young and gay, How





quick-ly then the moments flew, how short appeared the  
 way! The lambs be - fore us bound - ing, dis-  
 port - ed o'er the lea, The lit - tle birds they  
 sang for joy our hap - pi - ness to see.

But now the dawn is cloudy, and chill the morning dew,  
 And May no longer seems to wear her robe of verdant hue;  
 No more my footsteps wander towards that cottage door;  
 Along the path, her swain to meet, the maiden trips no more.  
 The cottage still remaineth, but no bright embers glow,  
 No wreathed smoke amid the trees comes curling from below;  
 The maiden hath departed, and I am left to mourn  
 With heavy heart, o'er fleeting joys that never can return.

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Dawn of Day.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

## CCLIII

## FILL, FILL THE BRIGHT MEAD-CUP

*Allegro non Troppo*

Fill, fill the bright mead - cup, and  
 let it go round, Your voices at - tune to the  
 harp's merry sound; Not boist'rous or rude let our  
 re - vel - ry be, But soften'd by friendship, light-  
 hearted and free. In Summer or Win - ter, in  
 rain or in snow; In joy or in sor - row, in  
 weal or in woe, Dear Cambria, to thee shall the



*Repeat in Chorus.*

mead-cup o'er - flow.

Fill, fill it again, boys, until it runs o'er ;  
 We'll toast in a bumper the girls we adore ;  
 And while, like this goblet, our sorrows they cheer,  
 Ah ! ne'er may their bright eyes be dimm'd by a tear !  
 In Summer, in Winter, in rain or in snow ;  
 In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,  
 Dear Cambria, to thee shall the mead-cup o'erflow.

Amid the dear scenes of our childhood and youth,  
 May virtue long flourish with freedom and truth ;  
 And as we revisit each time-hallowed spot,  
 "The joy of the mead-cup " shall ne'er be forgot !  
 In Summer or Winter, in rain or in snow ;  
 In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,  
 Dear Cambria, to thee shall the mead-cup o'erflow.

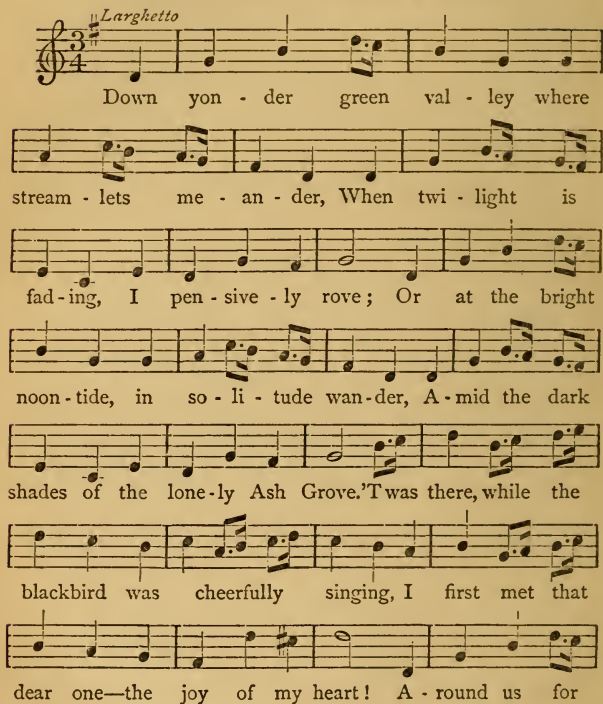
Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Joy of the Mead-Cup.*

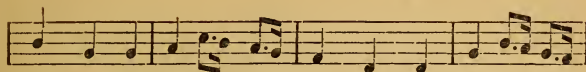
## CCLIV

## DOWN YONDER GREEN VALLEY

*Larghetto*



Down yon - der green val - ley where  
 stream - lets me - an - der, When twi - light is  
 fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly rove; Or at the bright  
 noon - tide, in so - li - tude wan - der, A - mid the dark  
 shades of the lone - ly Ash Grove. 'T was there, while the  
 blackbird was cheerfully singing, I first met that  
 dear one—the joy of my heart! A - round us for



glad - ness the blue-bells were ring - ing ; Ah ! then lit - tle



thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,

Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree ;

Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,

But what are the beauties of nature to me ?

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,

All day I go mourning in search of my love ;

Ye echoes ! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden ?

“ She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.”

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Ash Grove.*

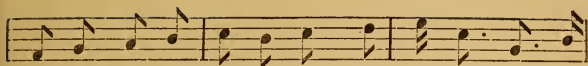
From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

## CCLV

## RISE, RISE THOU MERRY LARK

*Con spirito*

Rise, rise thou mer - ry lark, Whose  
 upward flight I love to mark, At ear - ly dawn of  
 day: Leave, leave the mos - sy lair, With  
 light wing cleave the yield - ing air, And ca - rol forth thy  
 lay! Sweet, oh! sweet the hon - ied note That  
 swells with - in thy warb - ling throat! 'Tis a stream of  
 me - lo - dy That steals the rap - tur'd soul a - way. De-



light-ful har - bin - ger of day, My bless-ing go with



thee !

Night's ling'ring shades are fled,  
 And Phœbus, from his ocean bed,  
 Through æther wings his flight.  
 Oh ! let thy music sweet  
 His presence with glad welcome greet  
 In ditties of delight !

Higher yet—yet higher fly ;  
 Still soaring upward to the sky :  
 As when, in fair Eden's grove,  
 Unto the new created pair,  
 You first did tune, to music rare,  
 A merry song of love !

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Rising of the Lark.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

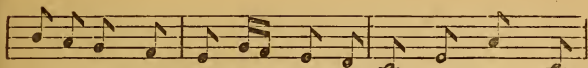
## CCLVI

## WAR'S LOUD ALARMS

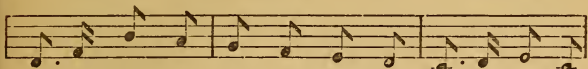
*Con spirito*

War's loud a - larms Call me to arms,  
 Honour bids me quit thy charms; To bat - tle I must  
 go. En - treat me then no more to stay, No  
 lon - ger can I brook de - lay, My soul is ea - ger  
 for the fray, And burns to meet the foe.  
 Ne'er shall it be said, A Bri - ton bold from  
 dan - ger fled, Or sought to hide his cra - ven head With -  
 in a la - dy's bower! The power of Cu - pid





I de-fy, When Cam-bria's ban-ner waves on high, When



hur-tles thro' the dark-en'd sky The ar-rows' deadly



shower.

Far o'er the plain,  
Loudly again,  
Sounds the trumpet's warlike strain,  
A signal to depart.  
Yet, dearest, when I'm far from thee,  
In death, defeat, or victory,  
Thy form alone shall ever be  
Still nearest to my heart !  
In the battle field,  
With spear to spear, and shield to shield.  
When we have made the Saxon yield,  
And bend his haughty knee,  
Then will my true and faithful heart,  
At glory's call now doom'd to part,  
Forsaking spear and shield and dart,  
Come fondly back to thee !

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

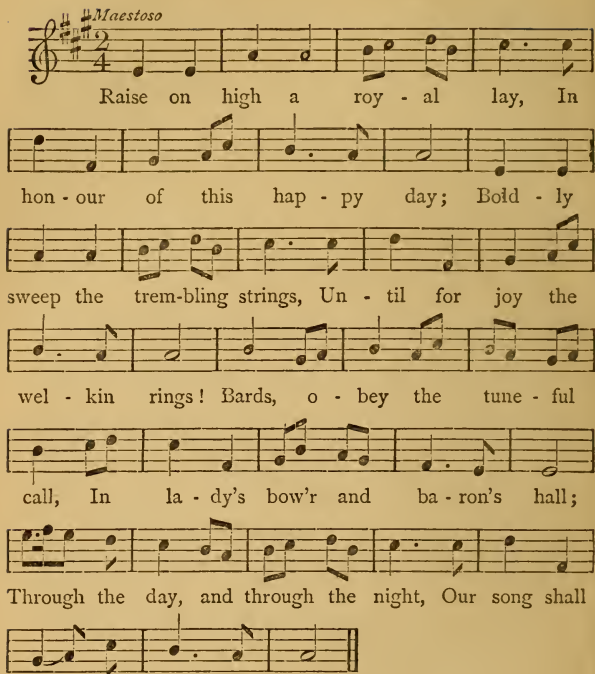
TUNE *Love's Fascination.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

## CCLVII

## RAISE ON HIGH A ROYAL LAY

*Maestoso*



Raise on high a roy - al lay, In  
 hon - our of this hap - py day; Bold - ly  
 sweep the trem - bling strings, Un - til for joy the  
 wel - kin rings! Bards, o - bey the tune - ful  
 call, In la - dy's bow'r and ba - ron's hall;  
 Through the day, and through the night, Our song shall  
 be "*The King's De - light!*"

High and low, let all rejaice,  
 With merry heart and cheerful voice,  
 May sweet peace for ever reign  
 And discord never rise again.

To our brave and glorious king  
Fill, fill the mead-cup while we sing  
Through the day, and through the night,  
Our song shall be, "*The King's Delight*."

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The King's Delight*.

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

CCLVIII

JOY UPON THY BRIGHT CHEEK DANCES

*Vivace*



Joy up - on thy bright cheek dan - ces,  
Hob a der-ry dan - no, Jane, sweet Jane! From thine eye Love's  
arrow glances, Hob a derry dannu, Jane, sweet Jane!  
In the green wood I am waiting, All a - lone, sweet Jane;  
To the tune-ful birds re - lat-ing How I love thee, Jane.  
Come un-to the try-sing tree, Jane, sweet Jane!

[Oh! that

Oh ! that winged were thy lover,  
 Hob a derry danno, Jane, sweet Jane !  
 Round thee like a dove to hover,  
 Hob a derry danno, Jane, sweet Jane !  
 Think not I can ever leave thee,  
 No ! the thought is vain !  
 Think not I can e'er deceive thee ;  
 Oh ! no ! pretty Jane !  
 Thou art all the world to me,  
 Jane, sweet Jane !

Words (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

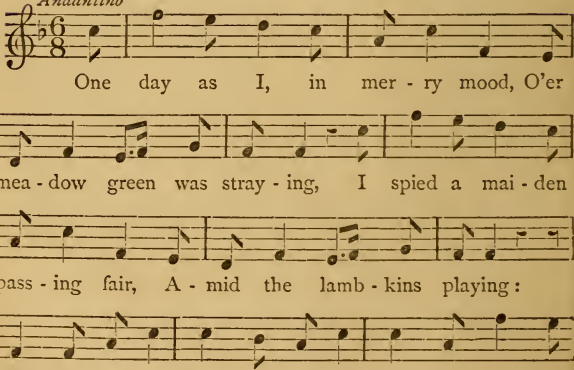
TUNE *Hob a derry danno.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

## CCLIX

*ONE DAY AS I, IN MERRY MOOD*

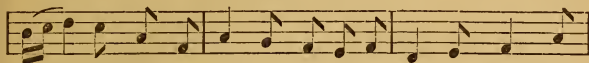
*Andantino*



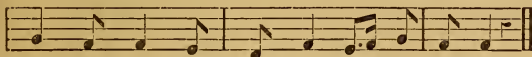
One day as I, in mer - ry mood, O'er  
 mea - dow green was stray - ing, I spied a mai - den  
 pass - ing fair, A - mid the lamb - kins playing :  
 None so pret - ty, None so wit - ty, E'er was seen in



town or ci - ty ; Sweetly smiling, And beguiling, She



stole my heart a - way for ever ; O mai - den fair, Be -



yond com - pare, For - get thee can I never.

Come gentle dove, with azure wing,  
 And listen to my ditty ;  
 Go, seek the maid, and try to move  
 Her bosom unto pity ;  
 When you meet her,  
 Kindly greet her,  
 And with love-sick notes entreat her ;  
 Softly cooing,  
 Sweetly wooing,  
 Oh ! say my heart is her's for ever !  
 O maiden fair  
 Beyond compare,  
 Forget thee can I never !

Words (translated from the original Welsh) by Oliphant.

TUNE *The Dove.*

From Thomas's Welsh Melodies.

## CCLX

## SEND ROUND THE CUP

*Maestoso*

Send round the cup, Fill, fill it up

To the friend we love so well. Sing-ing, piping, dancing,

Or on charger prancing, Black Sir Har-ry bears the

bell. Soon as morn ap-pear-ing Tips the hills with gold,

Hear him on-ward cheering, Steed and hun-ter bold:

While they fly ca-reer-ing, O-ver hill and dell,

Black Sir Har-ry bears the bell.

Sing after me,  
With merry glee,  
To the world his praises tell ;  
Laughing, joking, sporting,  
Pretty maidens courting,  
Over all he bears the bell.  
Who is like Sir Harry  
In the banquet hall,  
Chanting "Hey, down, derry,"  
Giving joy to all ?  
Pledge in mead and perry,  
Bumpers to our host ;  
"Black Sir Harry" be the toast.

Words, (translated from Talhaiarn) by Oliphant.

TUNE *Black Sir Harry.*

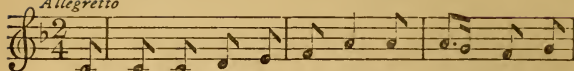
# The Song Book

## PART V. AMERICAN SONGS.

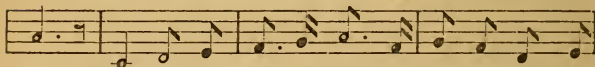
CCLXI

### I'M OFF TO CHARLESTOWN

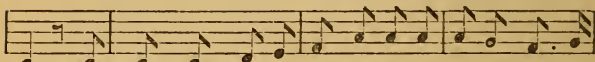
*Allegretto*



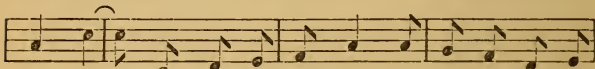
My mas - sa and my mis - ses have both gone a -



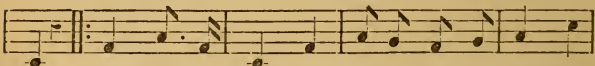
way, Gone to the sulphursprings, de summer months to



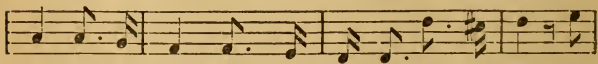
stay ; And while they're off to - gedder, on a lit - tle kind of



spree, I'll go down to Charlestown, de pret - ty gals to

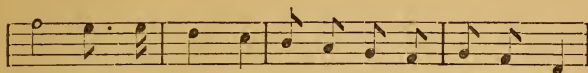


see. I'm off to Charlestown, early in de morning,

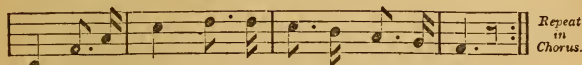


I'm off to Charlestown, and lit - tle time to stay ; So





give my res-pects to all de pret-ty yel-low gals,



I'm off to Charlestown be-fore the break of day!

My Nell she wav'd her handkerchief, before she let me go,  
Floating down de riffer wid de ole banjo ;  
I stood and gaz'd upon her, and wip'd away a tear,  
De last words she said to me, was "Fare you well, my dear."  
I'm off to Charlestown, &c.

It begin to rain a little, de night was berry dark,'  
De niggars dey got frighten'd, de dogs begin to bark,  
De coon he scar'd de buzzard, de buzzard scar'd de coon,  
And dey all kept up a running till to-morrow afternoon.  
I'm off to Charlestown, &c.

O dat Charlestown is a pretty place, de gals dey dress so neat,  
Dey am so slender round de waist, and pretty in de feet ;  
I'd rather kiss my Nell, dan all de gals I ebber see,  
Cause her breff is like an orange-blossom hanging on a tree.  
I'm off to Charlestown, &c.

## CCLXII

## WAIT FOR THE WAGGON

*Allegretto*

Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, To  
yon blue moun - tain free, Where the blossoms smell the  
sweetest, come rove a-long with me, It's ev - 'ry Sun-day  
morning when I am by your side, We'll jump in-to the  
wag-gon and all take a ride. Wait for the  
wag-gon, wait for the wag-gon, wait for the  
wag-gon and we'll all take a ride.

*Repeat in Chorus.*

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds sing so sweet,  
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.  
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,  
So jump into the waggon, and off we will start.  
Wait for the waggon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike with all his wealth,  
Can make you half so happy, as I, with youth and health ?  
We'll have a little farm—a horse, a pig, a cow,  
And you shall mind the dairy while I do guide the plough.  
Wait for the waggon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so smooth and neat,  
All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks so sweet ;  
It's every Sunday morning when I am by your side,  
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take a ride.  
Wait for the waggon, &c.

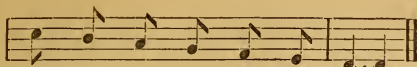
Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,  
And if we have no trouble we'll reach the happy top.  
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,  
We'll jump into the waggon and all take a ride.  
Wait for the waggon, &c.

## CCLXIII

## CHEER UP SAM

*Con Spirito*

O down in A - la - ba - ma, Be - fore I was set  
 free, I lov'd a dark-eyed yel - low girl, And  
 thought that she lov'd me : But she has prov'd in -  
 con - stant, And left me here to tell The  
 sor - row that my heart feels For de - ceit - ful Sa - rah  
 Bell. Cheer up Sam, Now don't let your spirit go  
 down ; There's many a belle that we know well, Is



look - ing for you in the town.

I had not much to give her,  
Yet all I had I gave ;  
But wealth and fortune don't belong  
To one that's born a slave.  
A white man came with dollars,  
She fled with him to dwell,  
And broke the vows she made to me,  
Oh ! perjur'd Sarah Bell.  
Cheer up, Sam, &c.

Now all day while I'm working,  
And hoeing up the corn,  
I sigh, and wish within myself  
I never had been born.  
Perhaps she's gay and happy,  
Wherever she may dwell,  
While my poor heart is breaking  
For deceitful Sarah Bell.  
Cheer up Sam, &c.

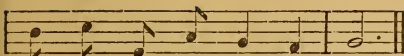
## CCLXIV

## OLD DOG TRAY

*Andantino*

The morn of life is past, And  
ev - ning comes at last; It brings me a dream of a  
once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen, Up -  
on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog  
Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful;  
Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's  
gen - tle, he is kind, I'll ne - ver ne - ver find, A

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for the song 'Old Dog Tray'. It is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The melody is simple and sentimental, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'The morn of life is past, And ev - ning comes at last; It brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen, Up - on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful; Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's gen - tle, he is kind, I'll ne - ver ne - ver find, A'. The score consists of 18 measures in total, with a double bar line after the 10th measure.



bet - ter friend then old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own  
Have vanish'd one by one,  
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away ;  
Their happy smiles have flown,  
Their gentle voices gone,  
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.  
Old dog Tray, &c.

When thoughts recal the past,  
His eyes are on me cast,  
I know he feels what my breaking heart would say ;  
Although he cannot speak,  
I'll vainly, vainly seek  
A better friend than old dog Tray.  
Old dog Tray, &c.

## NOTES

- No.
- I. II. III. These three songs are from MSS. in the British Museum, of the early part of the sixteenth century. The *tonality* of No. III. is, to the modern ear, somewhat vague; but II. has little, and I. nothing, to mark its antiquity. The modulation into the dominant, at the beginning of bar 8, of the last, is thoroughly modern.
  - IV Mr. Chappell has called attention to the fact that this, like many other undoubtedly English tunes, has found its way into more than one collection of Welsh airs.
  - V. "Any song intended to arouse in the morning—even a love-song—was formerly called a *hunt's-up*." So, in French, we have *Aubade* music to be performed *à l'aube du jour*, and in German, *Morgenmusik*.
  - VI. VII. From *Deuteromelia* and *Melismata*, the 2nd and 3rd Collections, Pammelia being the 1st, of "*Pleasant Roundelays, Delightful Catches, Freeman's Songs*," &c. published in the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Thomas Ravenscroft. Many of these were, even then, ancient. No. IX. is, without doubt, the precursor of the well-known "A frog he would a wooing go."
  - X. XV. XVII. The traditions of the stage have preserved these tunes to Shakespear's Songs. The majority were, XXIV. in all likelihood, ancient even in the poet's time.
  - XI. XIII. Episodes of the well-known *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, in Percy's *Reliques*.
  - XII. The vocal compositions of John Dowland, "the friend of Shakespear," often incorrectly called *Madrigals*, are, for the most part, *Songs*, with an *accompaniment* for the lute (on which Dowland was a skilful performer), or for three other voices. Though a contemporary of the great English madrigal writers, Dowland was not one of them. His compositions, like those of his contemporary Ford, belong rather to the school of which, in England, Henry Lawes (Milton's friend and fellow-labourer) was the most distinguished master.
  - XVII. One of the tunes to which *Cherry Chase* and *The Children in the Wood* were sung; also a song in *The Beggar's Opera*.
  - XVIII. I have omitted a few verses from this ballad to bring it within practicable length.
  - XIX. A good example of a *plagal* melody, *i.e.* a melody included between the 5th above and the 4th below the tonic, and often ending, like this, on one of the former notes.



40.  
XXX. Like No. XII. this is a *Song*, with an accompaniment for the lute, or three other voices. The parts for Alto, Tenor, and Bass usually published differ materially from those of Ford, whose harmony, it must be admitted, is very inferior to his melody.
- XXXIII. Perhaps the most popular English ballad of its class. Goldsmith has honoured it with more than one allusion.
- XXXIV. Mr. Chappell gives a very different version of this tune. The above is from a song-book of the end of the seventeenth century, *The Merry Musician*, in which the tune is so absurdly *barred* that it is difficult to understand its rhythm.
- XXXV. The two parts, by the addition of which this elegant *Song* is turned into a *Trio*, in so many collections, are modern.
- XXXVIII. John Reading was organist of Winchester College, from 1681 to 1689. All attempts at discovering the author of *Dulce Domum* have been hitherto unsuccessful.
- XXXIX. There is a song by Henry Fielding, of two verses only which do not differ essentially from the first two of this, by Leveridge. "The music of Macbeth, now popularly known as Lock's, is the composition of Richard Leveridge, and was performed for the first time on the 25th January, 1704. Lock's music, composed in the reign of Charles II. is entirely different." (See Dr. Rimbault's edition of North's *Memoires of Music*, p. 97.)
- XL. This is the only tune I have admitted by a foreign composer,—if Handel, who lived and worked among us for half a century, made himself an Englishman by law, and left his MSS. in our charge, can be regarded as a foreigner. The above was worked into *The Beggar's Opera* by Pepusch, also a native of Germany, and a "naturalized" Englishman.
- XLIV. The tune here printed is much older and, I cannot but think, much superior to that which Carey himself adapted to his verses.
- XLVII. One of the most pleasing productions of Charles Dibdin (b. 1745, d. 1814), poet, musician, and vocalist. His lyrics alone, which form only a portion of his writings, fill two closely printed volumes (roy. 8vo.) in Davidson's Edition. The Editor, Mr. Hogarth, says well of him, "Dibdin united in his own person the characteristics of the bards of the olden time. He gave to the world, through the medium of his own recitations, his own poetry and his own music. In modern days he is absolutely without a parallel."
- XLVIII. A tune whose nationality is disputed. (Compare IV.) It is invariably assumed that the Welsh melody *Llwyn Onn* and the above have a common origin. But is the resemblance so close as to preclude the possibility of their derivation from independent sources?

NO.

- L. The long *sequence* which forms the second section of this tune is suggestive of a Cambrian origin.
- LVII. Mr. Chappell has thoroughly disposed of the Irish claim to this melody. The termination of *As slow our Ship*, in the "Irish Melodies," is doubtless Moore's own.
- LXIII. Another "Irish Melody," undoubtedly of English origin. The writer of *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms* may, however, be pardoned his abduction, in consideration of the immortal verse to which he has married the music he ran away with.
- LXIV. To be found in most collections of "Scottish Songs,"—probably on account of the single iambic foot with the emphasis on the first syllable,—so characteristic of, though by no means peculiar to, Scottish melody.
- LXVI. "*The Blue Bell of Scotland*, a favourite ballad, as composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 13th of May, 1800. (See Chappell's *Pop. Mus.* p. 793.)
- LXIX. The *British Musical Miscellany* was published by Walsh, well-known from his connexion with Handel. Like too many musical works it is without date, which is supplied however in this case by the "song and *spinet*, and the allusion to *From Rosy Bowers*, the finest of Purcell's "Mad" Songs. Purcell died in 1695, from which year till 1710, that of Handel's arrival in England, no other musician's works were tolerated here.
- LXXI. Commonly and rightly regarded as one of the most characteristic of English melodies. The *disjunct* intervals are all drawn from the chords of the *tonic dominant* and *sub-dominant*—chiefly from the former two.
- LXXIII. Entitled, in the *British Musical Miscellany*, "*A Yorkshire Song*."
- LXXV. Too diffuse, if not too long, for a "national" melody; but the last four bars are exquisite. It is to be regretted that Dibdin's science, of which he had enough to awaken his ambition, fell short of enabling him to develop his ideas in an orderly manner.
- LXXVIII. Introduced, as a *Round*, by Shield into his opera, *Rosina*.
- LXXXV. The one song which still keeps its favour of John Percy, a prolific and popular melodist of the last century. The third verse is, I suspect, not by the same hand as the former two.
- LXXXVI. Few melodies of the present century have enjoyed wider popularity than this; nor is it the only one by the same composer which has known the same fate.
- XCII. By a comparison of dates, Mr. Chappell has disposed of the claim of Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, to this song. The patience of no modern audience, nor indeed the lungs of any contemporary

NO.

singer, would support them through this lyric, with which Incedon has, in the memory of men living, roused many a crowded house to a very frenzy of excitement.

- XCVII. At least as old as the beginning of the sixteenth century. Conformably to the rules of old tonality, the B in the middle of the third bar, following so soon on the F at the beginning of it, should be *flat*. The tune is in the first, or Dorian, *mode*.
- C. A contribution to Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, by a veritable *Maestro*, who, educated under the rule of the old tonality, has here shown that he understood, and liked, the new.
- CIII. Storace, though of Italian parentage, was born in England.
- CIV. The resemblance of the first phrase of this melody to that of *The Heavens are Telling* has often been remarked. Hook's tune must have been current at the time of Haydn's visit to London in 1791.
- CVII. I have made a slight excision from this pretty and once very popular tune, which those who know the somewhat desultory original will easily excuse.
- CVIII. Mr. Alexander Smith has not included these verses in his recent and careful edition of Burns, to whom, in most copies of the song, they are assigned.
- CX. The melody to which Moore has adapted his elegant *When through life unblest we rove*. There seems no reason to doubt its English origin.
- CXI. I took down this melody from the singing of my late friend Mr. Robert Usher, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who had been familiar with it from his earliest youth as an old and *local* tune. There is another and inferior version in Thomson's *Scottish Songs* (vol. ii. p. 62), entitled *My Jo, Janet*.
- CXII. Another of the "Irish Melodies," entitled by Moore *Basket of Oysters*. "It has been a favourite tune," says Mr. Chappell, "from the time of Elizabeth to the present day." There are two versions of it, of which the one printed is the more modern.
- CXIII. I have re-modelled the second, and re-written the third, verses of this cleverly designed song, which, in its original form, could not have been included in this collection. The tune has much character.
- CXIV. More has been written about this song than anybody is likely ever to read. Mr. Chappell has *condensed* the facts or opinions most worthy of attention in respect to the origin and authorship both of the words and music, into fifteen entertaining pages, royal octavo! at the end of which, with provoking impartiality, he leaves "the verdict as to authorship in the heads of 'his' readers"—an example which the exigencies both of time and space oblige me to follow.

No.

- CXV. "There is a series of old rustic songs," says Mr. Chambers, "commemorating 'a bonnie lass,' also the 'braw, braw lads of Gala Water,' and which were sung to a beautiful simple air of one strain." These have been, for the most part, superseded by Burns' song, written, to the same air, for Thomson's Collection.
- CXVI. Said to be old, on what evidence I know not,—surely not on *internal* evidence. Burns wrote a narrative ballad to this tune, too long for insertion here.
- CXVII. Mr. Chappell regards this beautiful melody as "a mere modification" of the English tune; *I am the Duke of Norfolk*, which "has remained in constant and popular use from the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present time." Moore has included it, modified as usual, in his *Irish Melodies*, under the name *Cruiskin Lawn*. Whatever be its origin or date, its interest and popularity are due entirely to the words with which it is now universally associated. By right of conquest, at least, it is a Scottish song.
- CXX. Burns has re-cast this song, of which I have printed the original words.
- CXXI. Composed originally, I suspect, in D, and, like many other Scottish melodies, by a violin player. The cadences are very suggestive of *open* strings.
- CXXII. Curious on account of its uncertain tonality.
- CXXIII. Probably Irish.
- CXXV. I have not succeeded in learning anything about the origin or date of this magnificent melody, the germ of which is undoubtedly old. It is in the 3rd mode, modulating in the second section into the *Modo Lascivo* of the old masters—our "natural scale." No attempt at harmonization with which I am acquainted shows the slightest recognition of this. Burns has written some plaintive and incongruous words to this tune, which, for individuality—the first quality in a tune—strength, and sweetness, is all but unequalled in its class. I refer those who are curious about Roy's wife, or her husband, to the pages of Mr. Chambers.
- CXXVIII. The first two lines are from an old dialogue between a mother and daughter; the subject being the eligibility of Auld Rob Morris, who has fourscore *years* as well as fourscore sheep, as a husband. (See Chambers' *Songs of Scotland*, p. 210.) The topic and the treatment of Burns' song are his own.
- CXXIX. There is a touching "old ballad" in *The Scottish Minstrel* (vol. iii. p. 58) of the tune of which the above seems to be a more modern adaptation.
- CXXXI. In the 1st tone, transposed to the fourth above.
- CXXXII. Another *violin* tune, originally in D (See CXXI.). It is certainly modern, and, I think, overrated.
- CXXXIII. In the 8th tone, transposed one degree lower. The

last phrase has evidently been modernized. The words were written in the summer of 1803, "when it was understood that a negotiation for bringing Mr. P(itt) again into office had failed." (See Thomson's Collection, vol. iv. p. 153.)

CXXXIV. "This song," says Mr. Chambers, "has found a lodgment in the hearts of Scotsmen in all parts of the earth, and must there remain while the words continue to be understood."

CXXXV. A fine example of a *plagal* tune, ending not on the *final* or key note, but on the 4th below it.

CXXXVI. This melody has been singularly fortunate in having called into existence two songs of entirely opposite character—the one the most defiant, the other the most resigned, in its tone, of their age and country. The tune requires an additional note at the beginning when sung to Lady Nairn's words.

CXXXIX. There is a Scottish version of this dialogue not differing in any important particular from that in Percy's *Reliques*, followed above.

CXL. A spirit-stirring Jacobite song. The second section has much character.

CXLI. From their place in Thomson's Collection these beautiful verses would seem to have been written to this tune, which is surely unworthy of them.

CXLIII. There is a song by Burns, *Thou hast left me ever, Tam*, in Thomson's Collection, to this tune, but Macneil's has a prior, and even a better, claim; and there was not room for both.

CXLVI. The first section of this melody is somewhat confused, but the second is exquisite.

CXLVIII. Mr. Chambers' version of this pleasing and popular song differs slightly from the above from Thomson.

CXLIX. Probably old, certainly beautiful. The sequence in the second section is found in more than one melody—of all nations.

CL. A tune which owes its individuality to the omission of the 4th of the scale, though the 7th is of frequent occurrence.

CLIII. No music has ever been more happily married to verse than this. Not to speak of its perpetual motion—hardly giving breathing-time to the singer—the gude wife's dazed condition is admirably expressed by the uncertain tonality of the tune which, beginning in G, leaves off, but cannot be said to end, in D.

CLV. Another violin tune—the original key D.

CLVI. The words usually sung to this tune, beginning—"In April when primroses paint the sweet plain," are by Allan Ramsay. I have printed the older and less known song.

CLX. This beautiful melody—claimed also by the Irish—has inspired both Burns and Moore. The songs,

no.

*From thee, Eliza, and I saw thy form in youthful prime*, were both written to *Donald*. Burns' song will be found further on, adapted to another melody, hardly less beautiful.

- CLXI. In the 8th tone, of which the final is G,—the F being, when used, *natural*.
- CLXIV. Also in the 8th tone, transposed a degree lower.
- CLXV. The melody all but identical with CLIII.; but the words are too characteristic of Burns, and too important in every way, to be omitted.
- CLXVI. Burns has written a song to this tune, but it has not succeeded in displacing the older one of Allan Ramsay printed above.
- CLXVII. There is a sad story connected with this touching song, for which I must refer the reader to Mr. Chambers' *Songs of Scotland*.
- CLXIX. First published, possibly written, by Sir Walter Scott. The tune is in what Mr. Engel (*See Music of the most Ancient Nations*) calls the *pentatonic* scale—deficient both in the 4th and 7th sounds.
- CLXXVII. No one of the innumerable *Jacobite Songs* is so well known as this.
- CLXXIX. *One* of the most popular, and perhaps the best, of the Jacobite tunes. The second section is particularly striking and well-contrived.
- CLXXX. I have included these two songs not so much on account of the tunes—albeit pretty ones—as of the words. The second verse of the former, and the fourth of the latter, are specially worthy, though for different reasons, of note.
- CLXXXIV. A noble tune, thoroughly modern in character and construction.
- CLXXXV. Founded on an old song, “from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.” (Thomson.)
- CLXXXVI. The tune to which this very celebrated song was originally written. It is in the 3rd tone, wherein there is a semitone between the 1st and 2nd sounds (E and F). The somewhat maudlin and ill constructed tune to which the words are usually sung is the composition of an English amateur.
- CLXXXVIII. Closely resembling a song printed by Mr. Chambers, *The Piper of Dundee*.
- CLXXXIX. Both words and music suggested by a much older song. The tune I have printed is diffuse, and, as a whole, incoherent; but individual phrases—the last for instance—are very beautiful.
- CXCI. Having regard to the difficulty of developing mere melody to this length, this is one of the best tunes, pure and simple, with which I am acquainted. On the “rare sheet,” from which Mr. Chambers has taken his copy, the air is said to have been “composed for the flageolet, by the late Charles Sharpe, of Hod-dam, Esq. *when seven years old!*” It is difficult to

- NO. conceive any kind or quantity of evidence that would make this statement credible
- CXCIII. These words are not in Mr. Alexander Smith's edition of Burns.
- CXCV. There is considerable variety in the published copies of this tune. Choice in this case is only to be guided by internal evidence.
- CXCVIII. No tune in existence has been presented in so many and such very various shapes as this. There is more than one Scottish or Anglo-Scottish version, another by Moore, besides the above, which Bunting believed to be the original. It is unfortunate that one of the first and worst of these varieties should have been adopted as the *motif* of an opera likely to enjoy a long term of popular favour, Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*.
- CCI. There is much dignity, as well as grace, especially in the opening of this tune.
- CCII. The 9th and 10th bars are "an insertion" by Moore. By omitting these bodily, the reader will be able to compare the original tune with the interpolated version, printed above for the sake of the words, which are well worthy of a greater sacrifice to historical accuracy.
- CCIV. Moore has slightly altered this tune—why, it would be hard to say. The same remark might often be made, and the same question as often asked.
- CCV. Mr. Chappell has called attention to the resemblance which this tune, and even its original words, bear to the celebrated English canon, *Sumer is y-comin in*. (See *Pop. Mus. of the Olden Times*, v. i. p. 23.).
- CCVII. *The tither Morn*, in the *Scottish Minstrel*, is nearly identical with this.
- CCIX. There is a song, based on the old one, which has given its name to this tune, by Burns (See Thomson's Collection, vol. i. p. 21), which contains two of his best lines—  
 "The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, oh!"  
 The tune is, however, probably Irish, and is never likely again to be sung to other words than Moore's.
- CCXII. Altered in the *Irish Melodies* by the repetition of several phrases—as "echoes."
- CXIII. Moore has written a song, *They came from a Land beyond the Sea*, to this tune—of which he has altered the first phrase, not at all for the better.
- CCXV. No tune has suffered from Moore's handling more severely and unaccountably than this.
- CCXVI. Moore has altered almost every phrase of this tune, and added four bars to it.
- CCXVII. Intact—even in the *Irish Melodies*! But a single touch would have annihilated a thing so delicate, so coherent, so refined.



- NO.  
 CCXVIII. Only altered from the original by repetition of certain phrases.  
 CCXIX. The plan of this tune is uncommon,—the first strain being twice repeated, and each time with a difference, which, without injury to its unity, prevents its great length from being felt.  
 CCXX. Moore's *Silence is on our festal Halls* is to this tune.  
 CCXXI. I suspect this tune to be Welsh. Bunting adopts it without remark. But all is fish that comes into a national collector's net.  
 CCXXII. A tune altogether unworthy of the words.  
 CCXXV. Moore has substituted an additional *close* (the original having already three) for the fine sustained repetitions at the line  
 "Led the red-branch knights to danger."  
 CCXXVI. A magnificent melody, and certainly not an old one. This tune appears in Thomson's Collection of *Scottish Songs*, without note or comment. On internal evidence I have placed it here.  
 CCXXVII. In its present shape this tune has taken too strong a hold on public favour to bear "restoration," even were restoration to be desired. Like No. CXCVIII. it forms the *motif* of a popular opera, Flotow's *Martha*.  
 CCXXX. In the 7th tone, transposed a third lower.  
 CCXXXIII. Slightly altered by Moore.  
 CCXXXIV. Like many of Moore's songs this has a double meaning, and refers to the *country*, as well as to the mistress, of the singer.  
 CCXXXV. A melody which has inspired several lyrics besides the above.  
 CCXXXVII. I have followed the copy in Thomson's Collection, from which Moore's differs at the words, "Which near our planet smiling came."  
 CCXL. See note to CCXXXIV.  
 CCXLIH. Some excuse may be made for Moore's alterations in the first phrase of this air, but the mutilation of the second is unpardonable.  
 CCXLV. *Not one* phrase of this tune is intact in the *Irish Melodies*.  
 CCL. "This melody was brought into notice by the words, 'Of noble race was Shenkin,' adapted to it by Tom Durfey, in his play of the 'Richmond Heiress,' A.D. 1693." (Thomas's *Welsh Melodies*.)  
 CCLI. Hitherto chiefly known in connexion with Mrs. Opie's song, *Poor Mary Anne*.  
 CCLIV. Supposed to be identical with No. XLVIII. *Cease your funning*.



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