



W. BROWN



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The

SCOT'S MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Humbly Dedicated to The
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Instituted at Edin^g. June 1771.

BY

James Johnson

Vol. II

Price 6s



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P R E F A C E .

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

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

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

Edin^r March 1. 1788.

Entered in Stationer's Hall.

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When Guilford good our Pilot stood.

102

N^o

101

Tune, M. freicedań.

Lively.

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

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

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

2

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought.

I wat he was na flaw, man;

Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,

And C-rl-t-n did ca', man;

But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,

Montgomery-like did fa', man,

Wi' sword in hand, before his band,

Amang his en'mies a', man.

3

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage

Was kept at Boston-ha', man;

Till Willie H-e took o'er the knowe

For Philadelphia, man:

Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin

Guid Christiah bluid to draw, man;

But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,

Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

4

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,

Till Frazer brave did fa', man;

Then lost his way, ae misty day,

In Saratoga shaw, man.

An' did the Bucksins claw, man:

But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save

He hung it to the wa', man.

5

Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,

Began to fear a fa', man; (stoure,

And S-ckv-ll-e doure, wha stood the

The German Chief to thraw, man:

For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,

Nae mercy had at a', man;

An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,

An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

6

Then B-ck-ngh-m took up the game:

Till Death did on him ca', man;

When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek

Conform to Gospel law, man:

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,

They did his measures thraw, man,

For N-rth an' F-x wanted stocks,

An' bore him to the wa', man.



7

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's car-An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 He swept the stakes awa' man, (tes, (Inspired Bardies' saw, man)
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise!
 Led him a fair faux pas, man: 'Would I hae fear'd them a', man.'

The Sakon lads, wi' loud placads,

On Chatham's Boy did ca', man:

An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,

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

8

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

A secret word or twa, man;

While flee D-and-s, arous'd the class

Be-north the Roman wa', man:

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

Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,

Till Suthrons raise, an' coost their claife

Behind him in a raw, man:

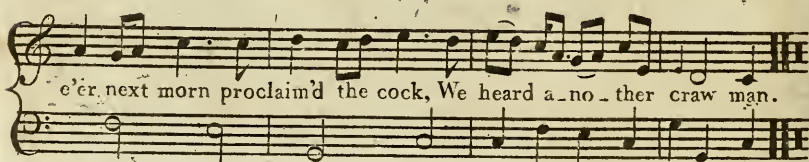
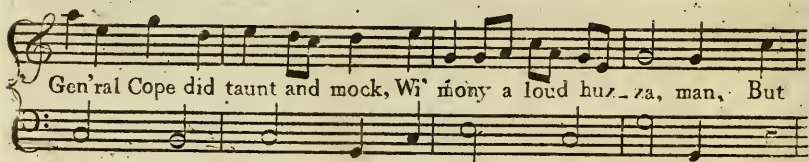
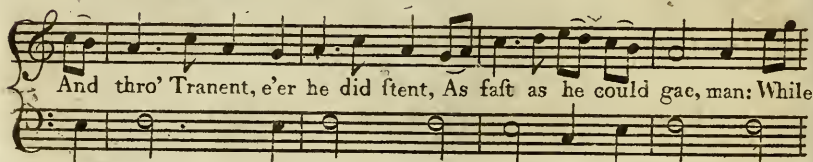
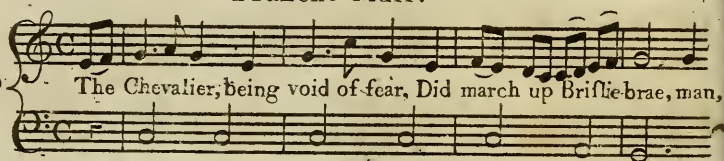
An' did her whittle draw, man;

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

To mak it guid in law, man.

Tranent Muir.

102



The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,

Led Camerons on in clouds, man:

The morning fair, and clear the air,

They loos'd with divilish thuds, man;

Down guns they threw, & swords they drew,

- And soon did chace them aff, man;

On Seaton Crofts they buft their chafts,

And gart them rin like daff, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and bones,

They'd make the rebels run, man;

And yet they flee when them they see,

And winna fire a gun, man.

They turn'd their back, the foot they brake

Such terror seiz'd them a', man:

Some wet their cheeks some fild their breeks

And some for fear did fa', man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prælium Gillicrankianum.†

To the foregoing Tune.

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

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunenſis,
 Cujus in Rebeller. stringebatur Ensis;
 Nobilis et Sanguine, Nobilior virtute,
 Regi devotissimus intus et in Cute;
 Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
 Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus,
 Capita rebellium, is Excerebravit,
 Hostes unitissimos Ille dimicavit.

(-anus,
 MacNeillius de Bara, Glencous Kepoch-
 Balléehinus cum fratre, Stuartus Apianus,
 Pro Jacobo septimo, fortiter gesseré,
 Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.
 Canonicus clarissimus, Gallovidianus,
 Acer et indomitus, consilioque Sanus,
 Ibi Dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
 Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit
 (Bellona;

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

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

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

To the Weaver's gin ye go.

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

Lively

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

Cho^s To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, To the weaver's gin ye go, I

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

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

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

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

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

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

Strephon and Lydia.

Tune, The Gordons has the guiding o't.

104

* All lovely on the fultry beach, Expiring Strephon lay, No

Slow 6 6 6-5 4-3 6

hand the cordial draught to reach, Nor cheer the gloomy way, Ill

6

fated youth! no parent nigh, To catch thy fleeting breath, No

bride, to fix thy swimming eye, Or smoothe the face of Death.

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

On a rock by seas surrounded.

Tune, Ianthy the lovely.

* On a rock by seas fur-round-ed,

6 6 5

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

wretch con - found - ed, Hears the bel - low - ing tem - pest
Crescendo il For.

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

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

lo, his own loud shrieks a - wake him,

And he finds it all a dream.

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

106

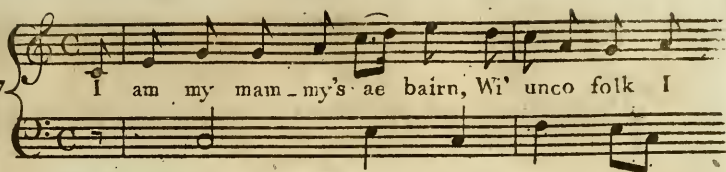
The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing in the left margin. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad; O
 whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad: Though fath-er and
 mither should baith gae mad, O whistle, an' I'll come
 to you, my lad. Come down the back stairs when ye
 come to court me; Come down the back stairs when ye come to court
 me; Come down the back stairs, and let naeboddy see; And come as ye
 were na' coming to me, And come as ye were na' coming to me.

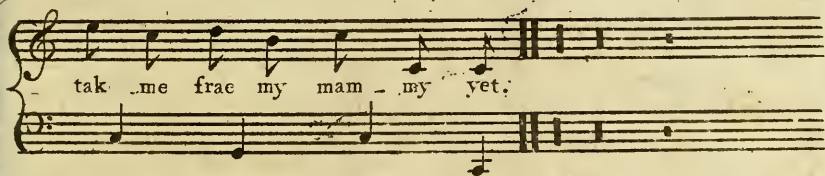
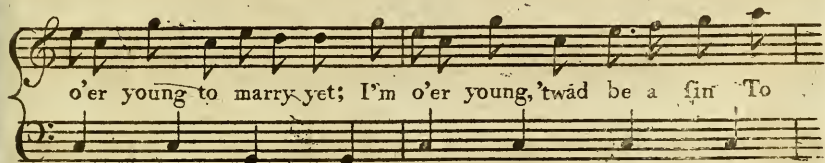
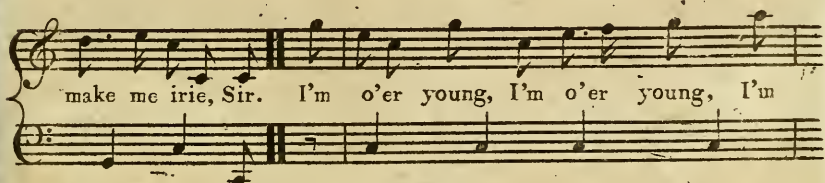
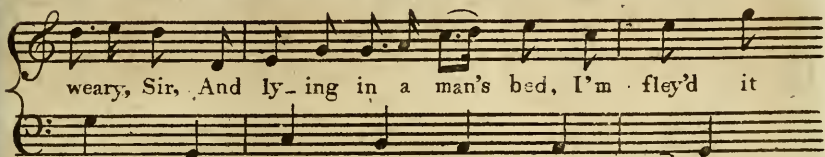
I'm o'er young to Marry Yet.

110.

107



Lively



Hallowmasks is come and gane,

The nights are lang in winter, Sir;

And you an' I in ae bed,

In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.

I'm o'er young &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind

Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;

But if ye come this gate again,

I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir:

I'm o'er young &c.

Hamilla.

Tune, The bonniest lass in a the world.

108

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles, Hamilla, heav'nly char-

Slowish

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

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

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

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

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

 Love is the cause of my Mourning.

109

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay, Be so

Slow

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

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

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

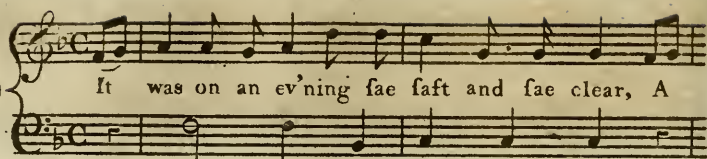
Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon came by;
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathless, Oh heavens! did he cry,
 Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.
 Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art:
 They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,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

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

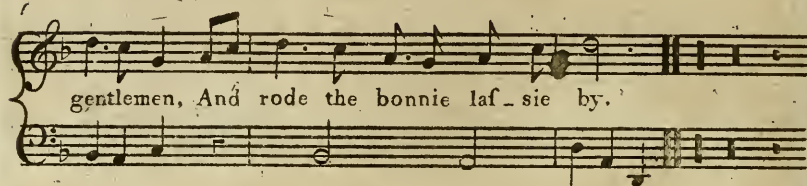
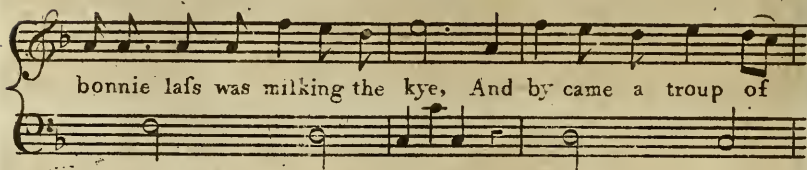
Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

Bonnie May.

110



Slow



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Jo Janet.

111

111

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

Lively

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He who presum'd to guide the Sun.

Tune, The Maids complaint.

112

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

Slow

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

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

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

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Tune, Birks of Abergeldie.

113

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

Lively

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

Simmer blinks on flowery braes, And o'er the chryſ-tal ſtream-lets
 plays; Come let us ſpend the lightſome days In the birks of A-ber-
 -fel-dy. Bonny laſſie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonny laſſie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

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

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

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

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

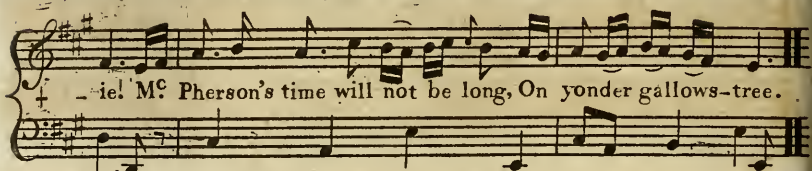
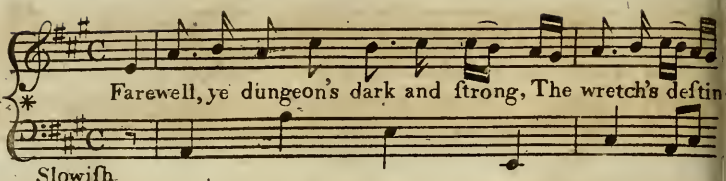
 Birks of Abergeldie.

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

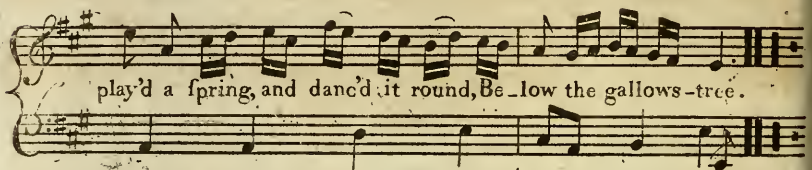
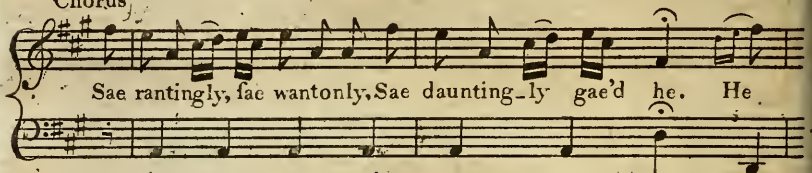
Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
 Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang,
 My minnie ſhe'll be angry:
 Sair, fair wad ſhe fly te,
 Wad ſhe fly te, wad ſhe fly te,
 Sair, fair wad ſhe fly te,
 And ſair wad ſhe ban me.

M^c Pherson's Farewell.

114



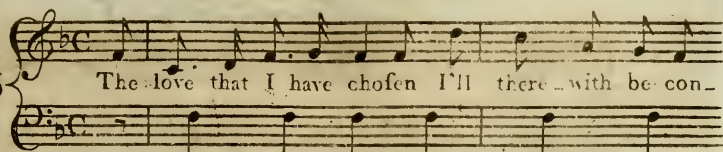
Chorus



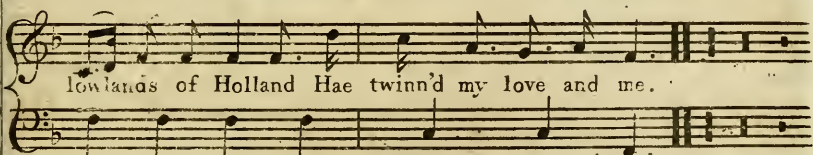
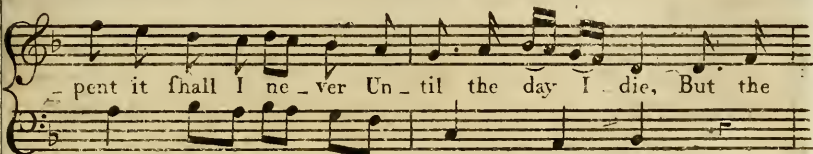
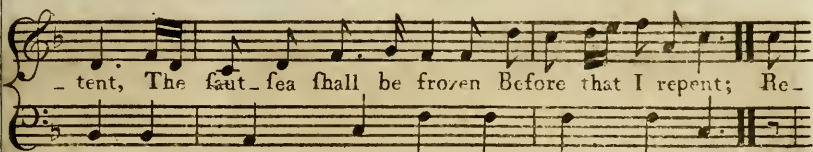
O what is death but parting breath?	I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
On many a bloody plain	I die by treacherie:
I've dar'd his face, and in this place	It burns my heart I must depart
I scorn him yet again!	And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.	Sae rantingly, &c.

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

115



Slowly



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

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

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

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

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

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

The Maid of Selma.

116

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

Very Slow

6 6

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

6 6 7 6 4

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

5 6 6 6 6

white as the bosom of a Swan, Trembling on swift rolling

6 4 3

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

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

6 6 6 6 6 4

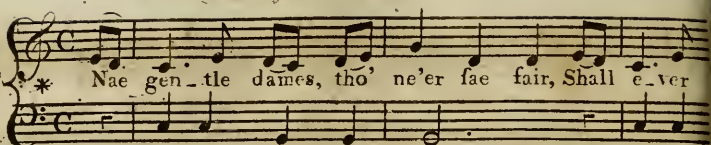
sounds; mix'd with the Harp a - rose her voice,

6 6 3

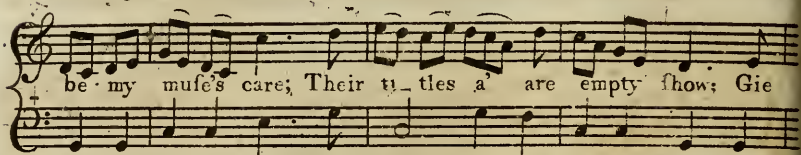
mix'd with the Harp a - rose her Voice, She
came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam
on the dark heaving oce - an when it bursts from a
cloud and bright - ens the foamy side of a
wave; 'twas like the memory of joys that are
past, plea - sant and mourn - full to the soul,
pleasant and mourn - full to the soul.

The Highland Laysie O.

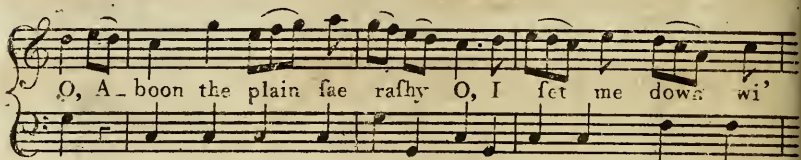
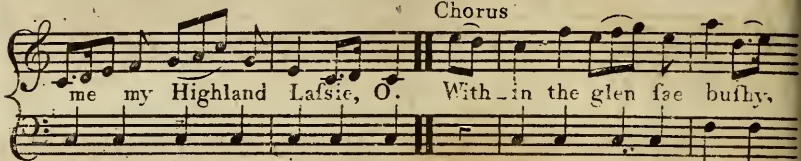
117



Slowly



Chorus



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

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

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

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

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

118

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, Far

Slow

6

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

5 6
3 4

5 3

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

6 4

5 3

6 4

5 3

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

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

4 2

6

still would love my Jean.

6 4

5 3

R

Song of Selma.

119

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

Plaintive

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

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

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

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

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

6 5 4 3

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

6 6 6 6 5 6 6

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

6

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

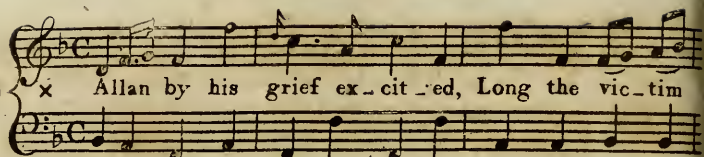
6 5 6 5 6 6

voice of my Love, the voice of my Love.

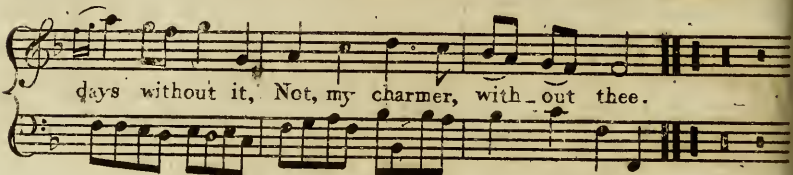
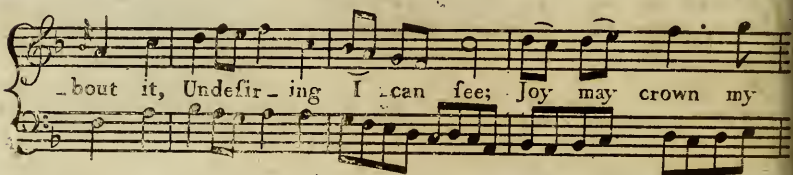
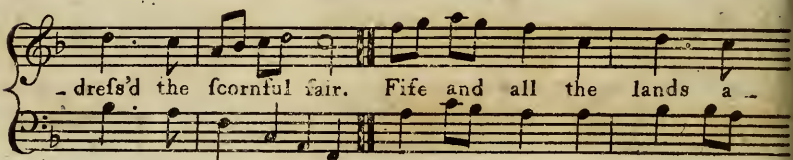
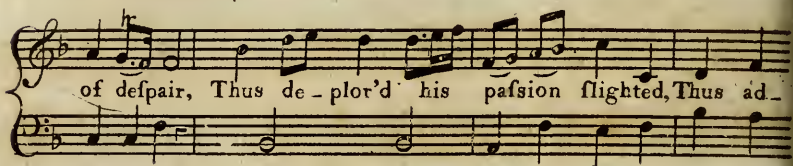
6 5 6 6 5 6

Fife and a' the lands about it.

120



Slowly



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

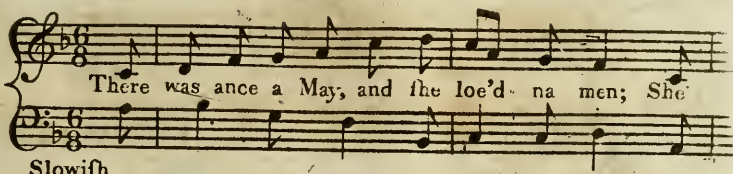
Would thy charms improve their power, Vain alas! expostulation,
Timely think, relentless maid; 'Tis not thine her love to gain;
Beauty is a short liv'd flower, But with silent resignation
Destined but to bloom and fade! Bid adieu to life and pain!

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

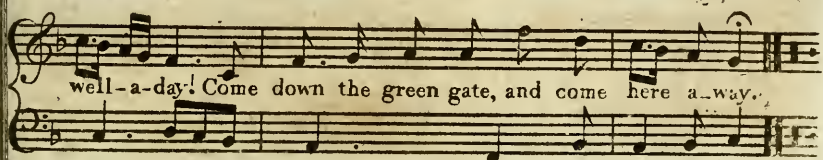
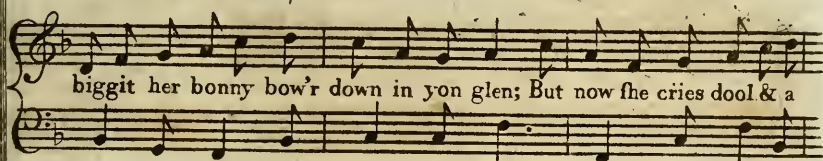
See my colour quickly fading
To a sad portentous pale:
See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,
O'er my vital frame prevail.

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

121



Slowish



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

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

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

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

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

The auld Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

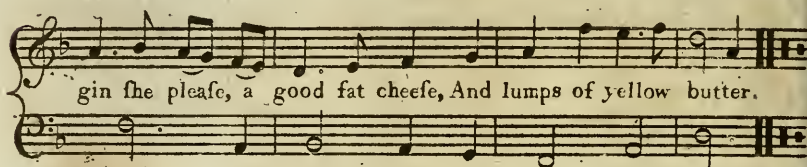
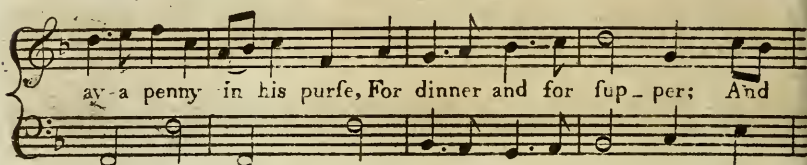
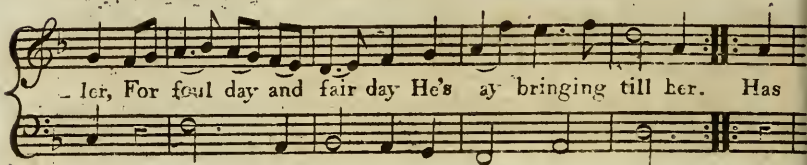
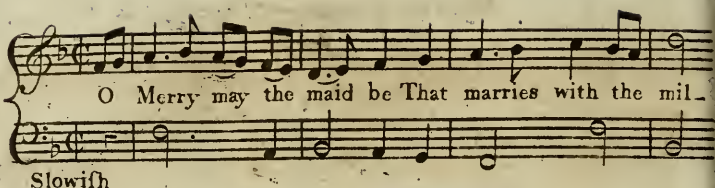
THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,
 Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
 And ay she milked, &c.

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

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

The Miller.

123



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

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

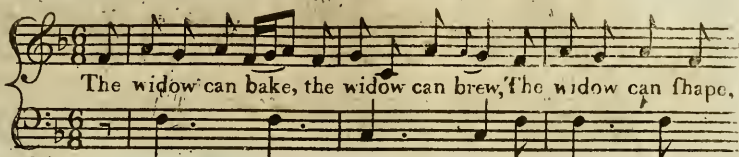
Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller;
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

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

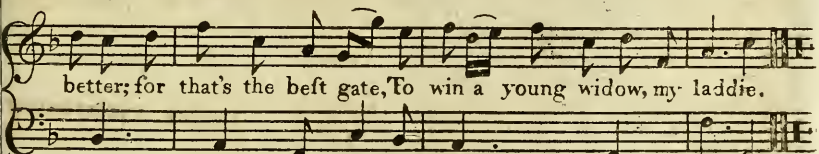
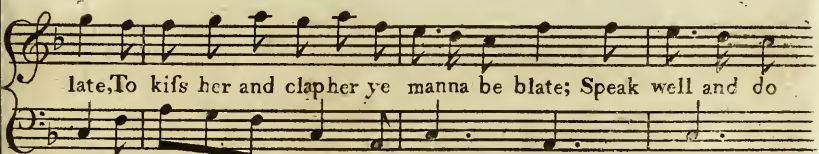
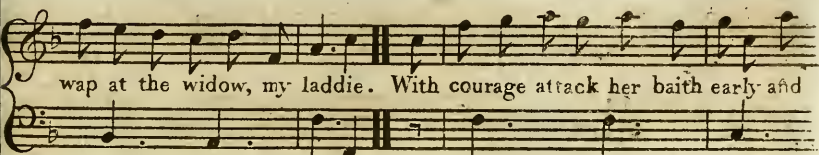
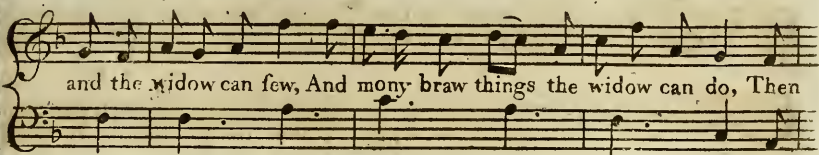
Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

130

124



Lively



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

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

Braw, braw lads of Galla-water.

125

Musical score for 'Braw, braw lads of Galla-water'. The score is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with the lyrics 'Braw, braw lads of Gallá wa-ter; O! braw lads of'. The second system also has a treble and bass staff with the lyrics 'Gal-la wa-ter: I'll kilt my coats a-boon my knee, And fol-low my love thro' the wa-ter.' The tempo is marked 'Very Slow'.

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

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

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

Same Tune.

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

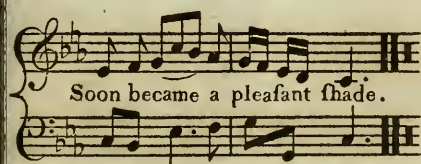
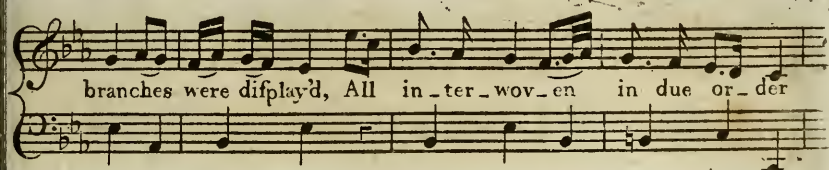
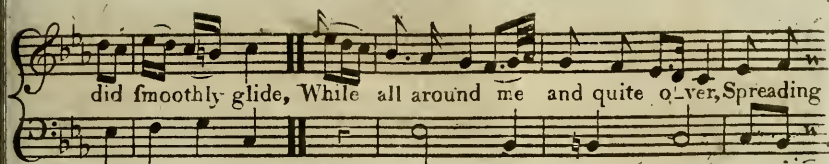
The charms of grandeur don't decoy me
 Fair Eliza must enjoy me;
 My crown and sceptre I resign,
 The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

The Young Man's Dream.

126

Musical score for 'The Young Man's Dream'. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with the lyrics 'One night I dream'd I lay most easy, By a murm'ring'. The second system also has a treble and bass staff with the lyrics 'rivers side, Where lovely banks were spread with daisies, And the stream'. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

Continued.



2

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

3

On a bank of roses seated,
Charmingly my true love sung;
While glad echo still repeated
And the hills and vallies rung:
At the last, by sleep oppress'd,
On the bank my love did ly;
By young Cupid still carefs'd,
While the graces round did fly.

The roses red, the lily's blossom
With her charms might not compare,
To view her cheeks and heaving bosom.
Down they droop'd as in despair.
On her slumber I encroaching,
Panting came to steal a kiss;
Cupid smil'd at me approaching
Seem'd to say, "There's nought amiss."

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

The nymph awaking quickly cheek'd me
Starting up, with angry tone,
"Thus, says she do you respect me,
"Leave me quick, and hence begone.
Cupid for me interposing,
To my love did bow full low,
She from him her hands unloosing,
In contempt struck down his bow.

Angry Cupid, from her flying,
Cry'd out as he fought the skies,
"Haughty nymphs their love denying,
"Cupid ever shall despise."
As he spoke, old Care came wand'ring,
With him stalk'd destructive Time:
Winter froze the streams meand'ring,
Nipt the Roses in their prime.

Spectres then my love surrounded,
At their back march'd chilling Death,
Whilst she, frighted and confounded,
Felt their blasting, pois'nous breath:
As her charms were swift decaying,
And the furrows seiz'd her cheek;
Forbear ye fiends! I vainly crying,
Wak'd in the attempt to speak.

T

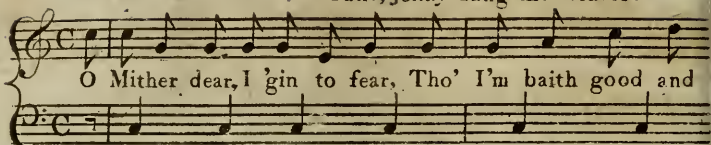
Same Tune.

O Molly Molly, my dear honey,
Come and sit thee down by me,
And tell to me what is the reason
That I so fligh'd am by thee.
For if I speak, you say I flatter,
And if I speak not, how shall I speed.
And if I chance to write a letter,
Your answer is, I cannot read.

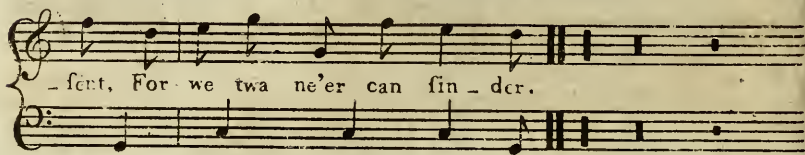
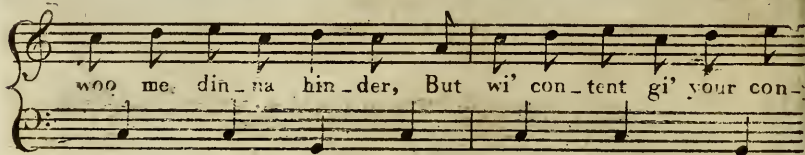
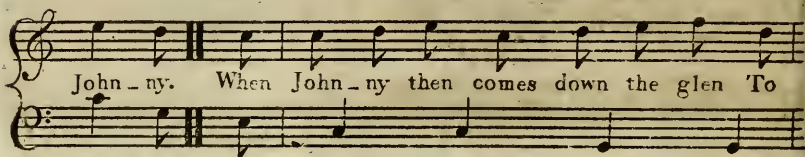
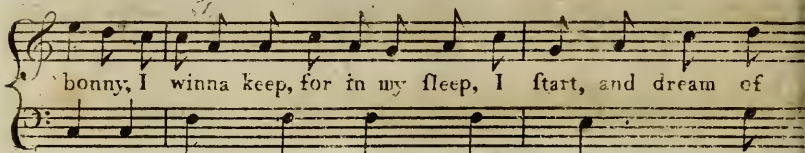
O Mither dear.

Tune, Jenny dang the weaver.

127



Lively



Better to marry, then miscarry;

For shame and skaith's the clink o't;

To thole the dool, to mount the stool,

I downa bide to think o't;

So, while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,

That gars poor Epps gae whingeing,

With haunches fow, and e'en fae blew,

To all the bedrals binging.

Had Epps's apron bidden down,

The kirk had ne'er a kend it;

But when the word's gane thro' the town,

Aye, how can 'the mend it!

Now Tam maun face the minister,

And she maun mount the pillar:

And that's the way that they maun gae,

For poor folk hae nae filler.

Now had ye'r tongue, my doughter you,

Replied the kindly mither,

Get Johnny's hand in haly band,

Syne wap your wealth together.

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,

Ye'll do your part discreetly;

And prove a wife will gar his life

And thine go on right sweetly.

Betsy Bell, and Mary Gray.

128

O Betsy Bell, and Mary Gray, They are twa bon-ny
 Lively $b5$
 lass- es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And
 $b5$ $6;$
 theek'd it o'er with rash- es. Fair Betsy Bell I
 7
 loo'd yestreen, And thought I ne'er cou'd al- ter; But
 6 6
 Mary Gray's twa pawky een, Gard a' my fan- cy fal- ter.
 6 6 7

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

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

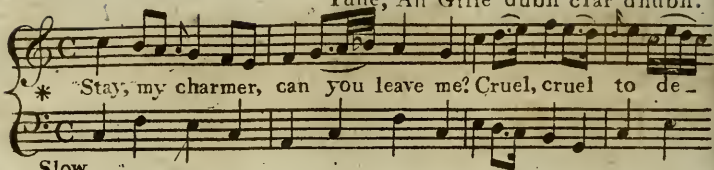
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

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

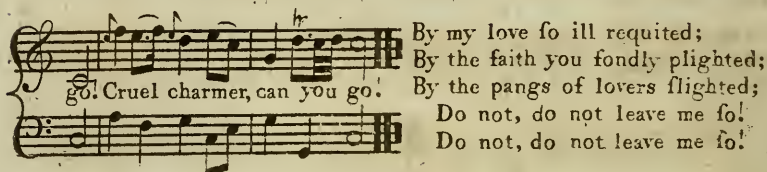
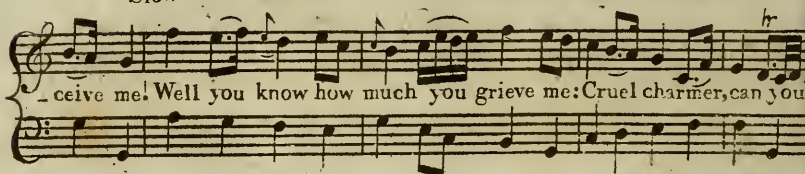
Stay, my Charmer, can you leave me?

Tune, An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.

129



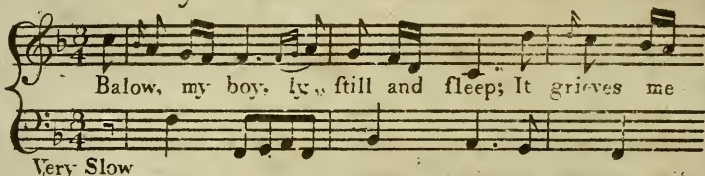
Slow



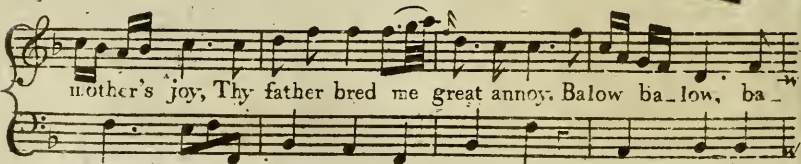
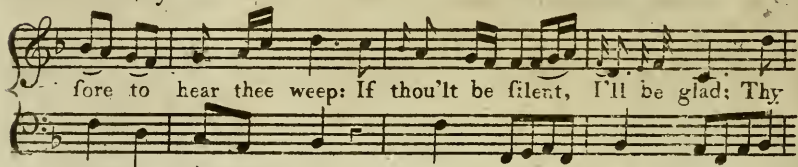
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Lady Bothwell's Lament.

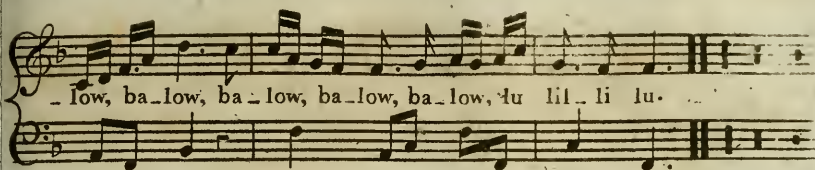
130



Very Slow



Continued.



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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

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

Balow, balow, &c.

Woes my heart that we shoud' funder.

131

With broken words and down cast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his
 Slow 6 4 5
 passion tender, And parting with his Grisy cries, Ah woes my heart that
 6 6 6
 we shoud' funder; To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine
 6 4 5
 eyes like tinder, From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my
 6 6
 heart that we shoud' funder.

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

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

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

Strathallan's Lament.

133

132

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

Plaintive

6

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

6 6 6

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

6 8 7 6 4

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

6 6 6 5 4 3

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

6

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

What will I do gin my Hoggie die.

133

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

Lively

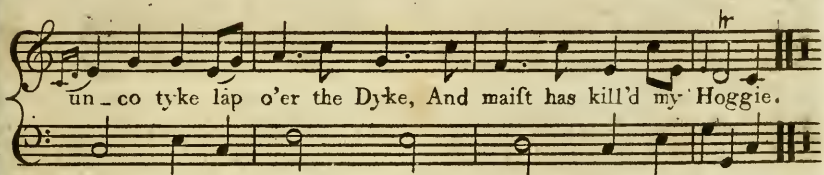
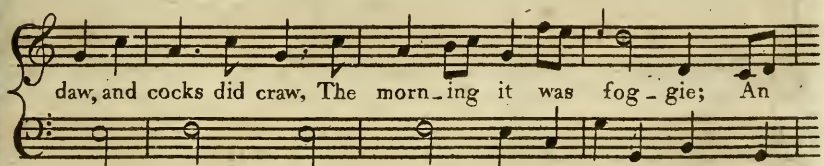
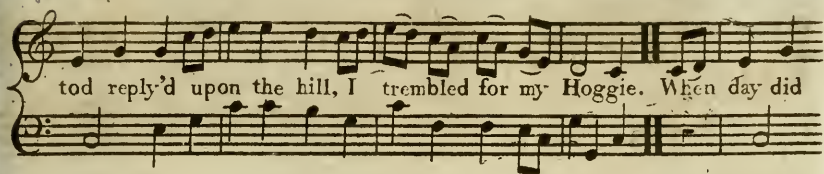
pride, my Hog-gie, My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And

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

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

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

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



To the Foregoing Tune.

What words, dear Nancy, will prevail,
 What tender accents move thee!
 How shall I speak the soft detail,
 And shew how much I love thee!
 The pains my soul is doom'd to bear,
 Are far beyond expression;
 No rising sigh, nor falling tear
 Can half reveal my passion.

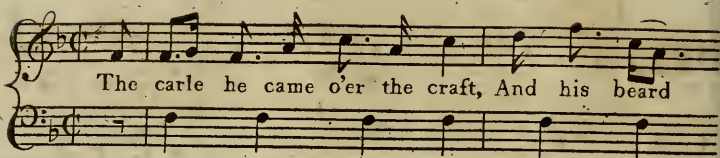
In apathy to spend my days,
 I oft have wish'd with ardor,
 Tho' hard thy image to erase,
 To bear it still seem'd harder;
 But vain my wishes, vain my toils,
 Lost freedom to recover;
 From the harsh task my soul recoils,
 A self-devoted lover.

Yet when the bosom rack'd with pain
 It's latent woe discloses,
 'Tis nature's tribute to complain,
 And sorrow's self reposes.
 Delusive rest! for grief and shame,
 Unpit'ing should'st thou hear me,
 Shall reinforce the cruel flame,
 The incessant pangs that tear me.

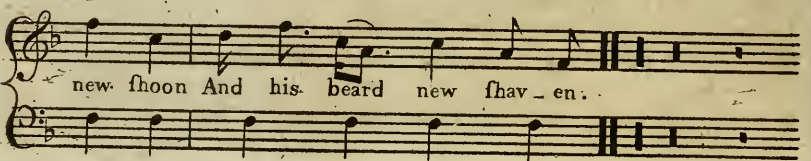
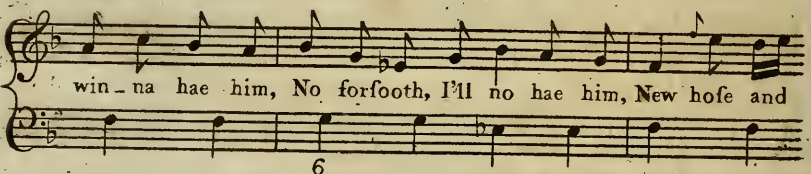
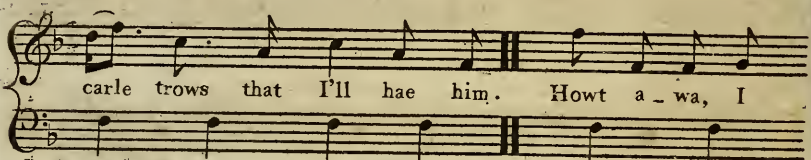
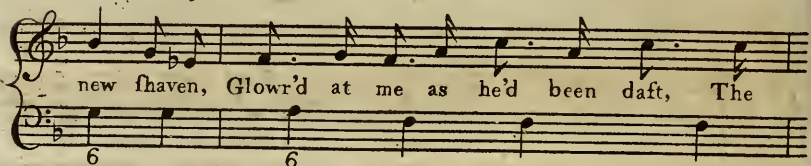
You see by what degrees I pine,
 Whilst every look implorés you,
 While calmly you to fate resign
 The youth whose soul adores you;
 Yet come it will the destin'd hour
 When Death my soul shall sever,
 And love and beauty lose their power
 To torture me for ever.

The Carle he came o'er the Craft.

134



Lively



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

Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny.

142

135

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

Lively

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

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

Why hangs that cloud?

Tune, Hallow ev'n.

136

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

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,	Who can the double pain endure;
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,	Or who must not resign the field
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,	To thee, celestial maid, secure
Thy beauty can make large amends?	With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?
Or if I durst profanely try,	
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,	If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,	Let not a wretch in torment live:
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.	But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
	Since we must sin ere it forgive.
For Venus, every heart t'ensnare,	Yet pitying Heaven not only does
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,	Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
And Pallas with unusual care,	But even itself appeas'd bestows,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace.	As the reward of penitence.

Willy was a wanton wag.

137

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

Lively

6

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

6

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

6

Vers 2^d

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

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

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

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

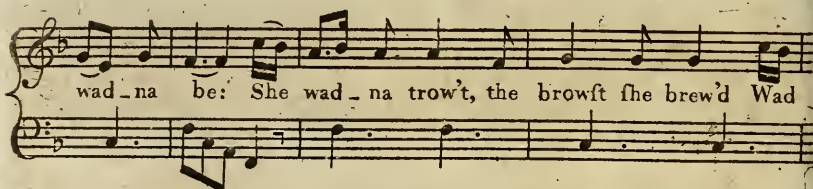
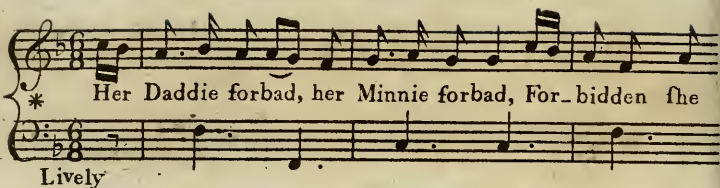
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair:
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

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

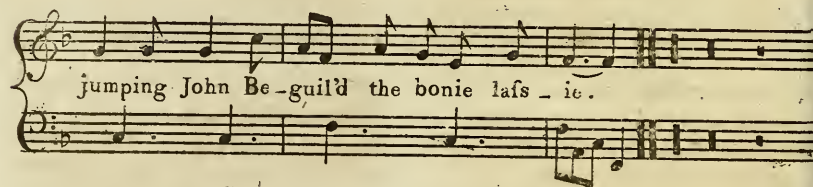
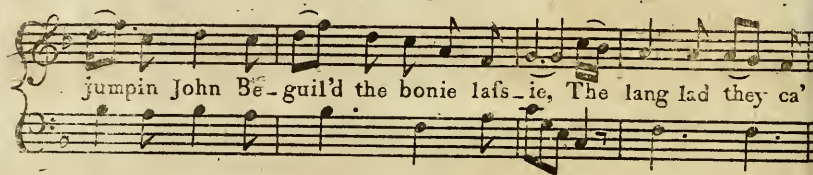
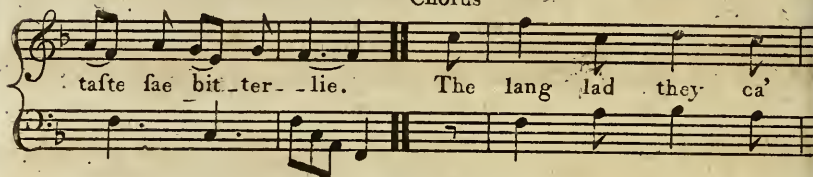
Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance;
 (O! Willy has a wanton leg:)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And fornaft ay bears up the ring:
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

Jumpin John.

138



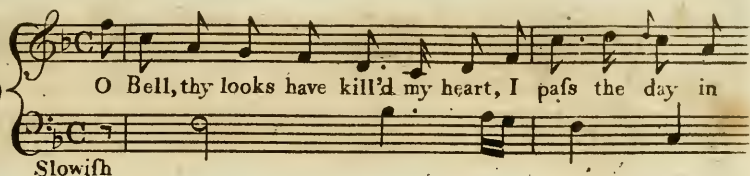
Chorus



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

Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

139



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

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

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

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

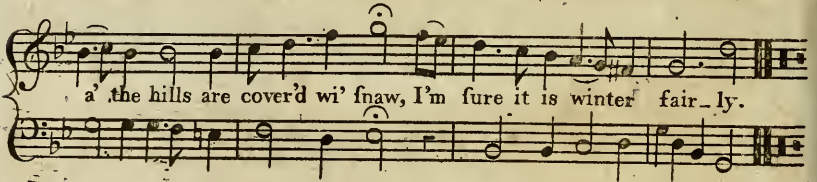
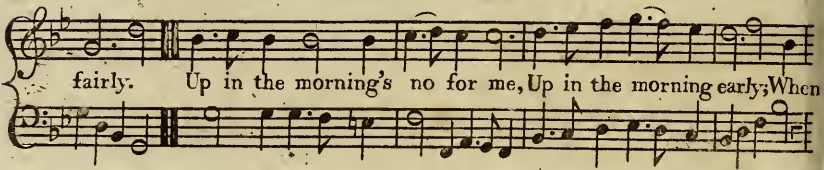
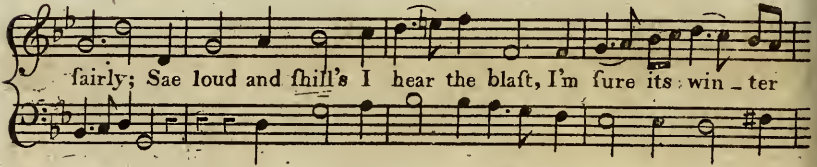
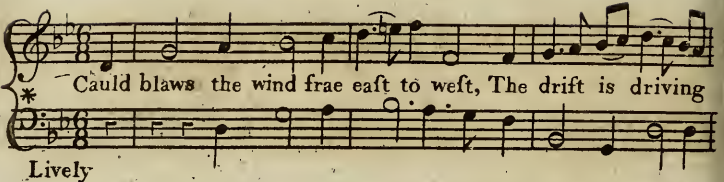
I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

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

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

Up in the Morning Early.

140



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

Z

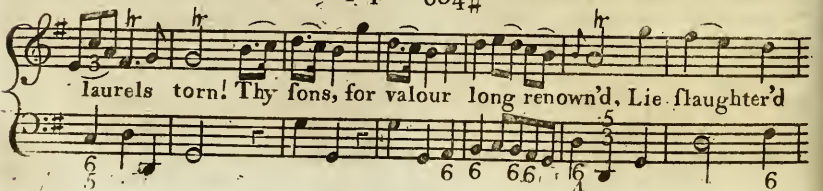
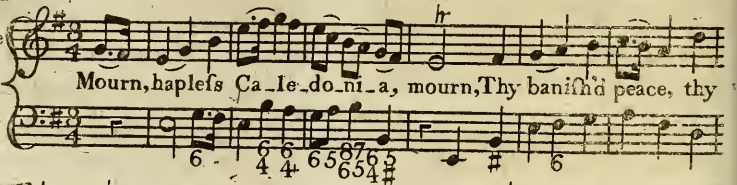
141

The Tears of Scotland.

Plaintive

and

Slow.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where winding Forth adorns the vale.

Tune, Cumbernauld-house.

142

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

- Slow

6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6

thus addrest his plaintive lay. O Julia, more than lil-ly

6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6 6 6

Yet nipping Winter's keenest reign

But for a short-liv'd space prevails;

Spring-time returns, and cheers each swain,

Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.

Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,

Thou, mistress of angelic charms,

Come smiling like the morn of May,

And center in thy Strephon's arms.

Else, haunted by the fiend despair,

He'll court some solitary grove,

Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,

But swains oppress'd with hapless love.

From the once pleasing rural throng

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

Where Philomela's mournful song

Shall join his melancholy lay.

The young Highland Rover.

150

Tune, Morag.

143

* Loud blaw the frosty breezes, The snaws the mountains

Slow

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

Dufty Miller.

144

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

Lively

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

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

Dufty was the kifs That I got frae the Miller.

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

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

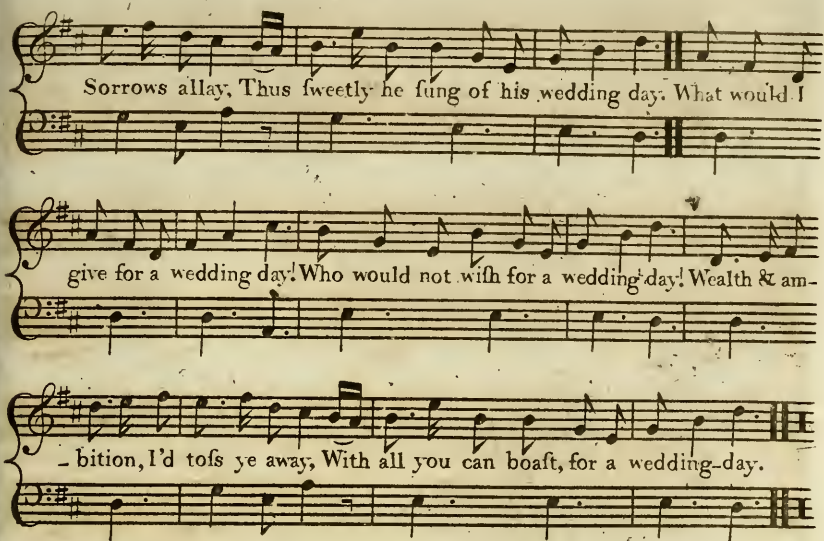
The Wedding-day.

145

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed, With

Lively

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



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

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

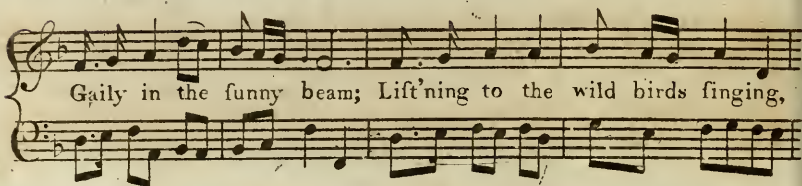
Ye Batchelors, warn'd by the Shepherds distress,
Be taught from your freedom to measure your bliss,
Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
And blast all your joys on a wedding-day.
Horns are the gift of a wedding-day,
Want and a Scold crown a wedding-day,
Happy the gallant, who wife when he may,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

I dream'd I lay, &c.

146



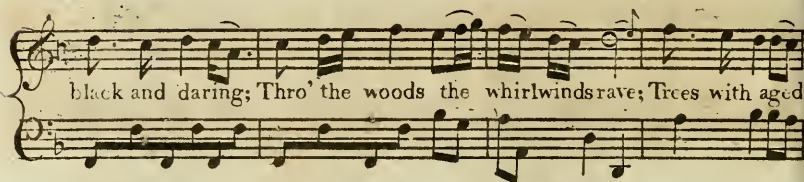
I dream'd I lay where flowers were spring-ing,



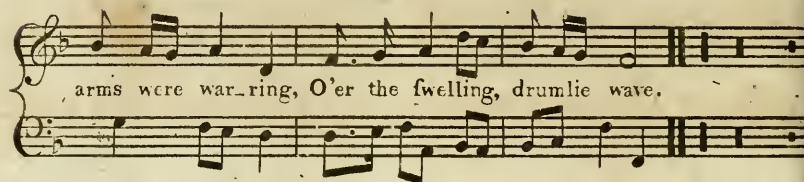
Gaily in the sunny beam; Lift'ning to the wild birds fing-ing,



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



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



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

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

I, who am fore oppress'd with Love.

Tune, Lovely lass of Monargon.

147

* I, who am fore oppress'd with love, Must like the

Slowish

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

grief and sorrow there; Must now, a - las! re - solve to

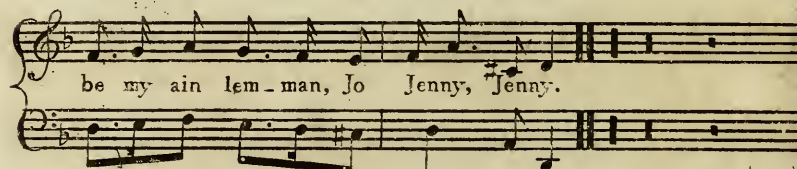
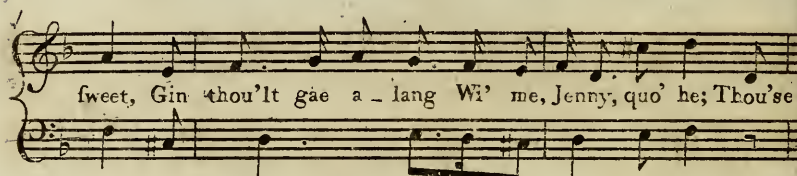
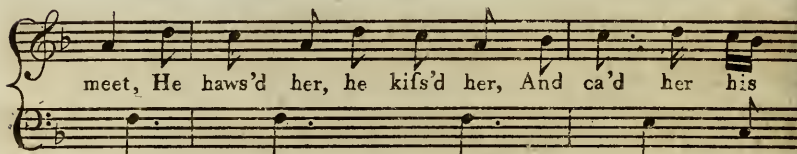
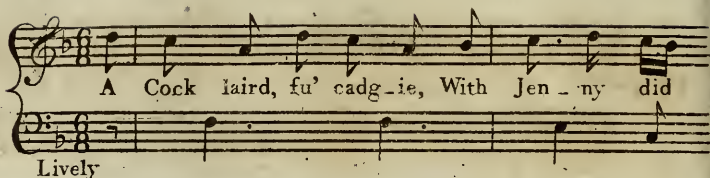
part At once with you and with my heart; For do you think my

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

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

A Cock Laird, fu' cadgie.

148



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

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

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

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

149

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

Lively

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

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

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

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

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,

A burn was clear, a glen was green,

Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,

And ay she fet the wheel between:

But Duncan swoor a haly aith

That Meg should be a bride the morn,

Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,

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

We will big a wee, wee house,

And we will live like king and queen

Sae blythe and merry's we will be,

When ye fet by the wheel at een.

A man may drink and no be drunk,

A man may fight and no be slain;

A man may kiss a bony lass,

And ay be welcome backagain.

Love will find out the way.

150

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

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system begins with a large brace on the left side, indicating the start of the main melody. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several measures with a '6' below them, possibly indicating a specific rhythm or a measure rest. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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

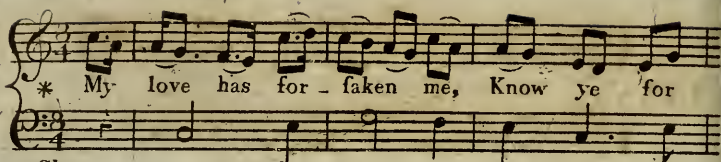
You may esteem him
 A child in his force;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse:
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

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

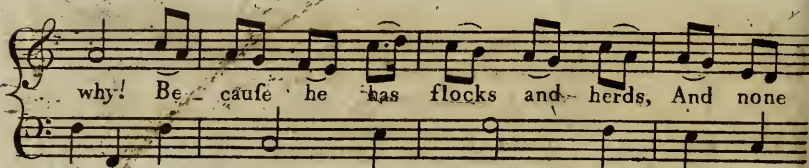
You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist;
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the east;
 The Lionses, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey,
 But you'll never stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

My love has forsaken me.

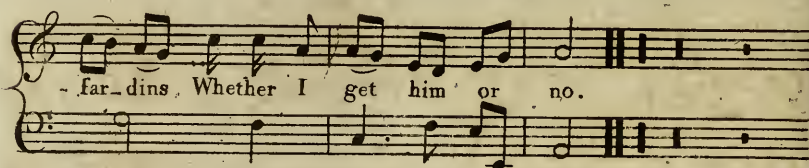
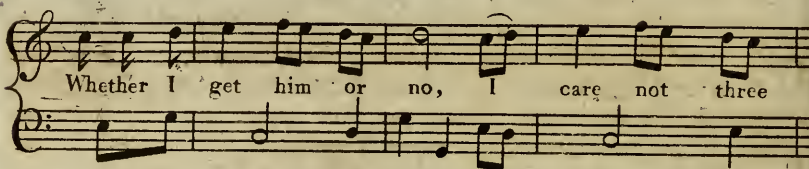
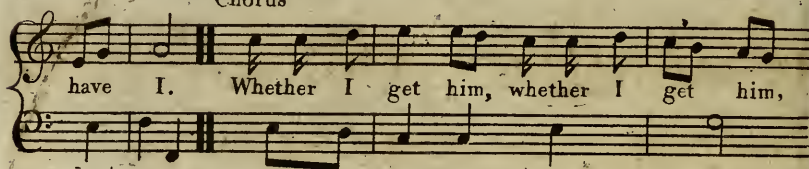
152



Slow



Chorus



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

And they may all die;

And then he'll be forsaken,

Ay, as weel as I.

Whether I get him, &c.

Take all that I have;

But an inconstant lover

Will bring me to my grave.

Whether I get him, &c.

Meeting is a pleasure,

And parting's a grief,

And an inconstant lover

Is worse than a thief.

Whether I get him, &c.

The grave it will rot me,

And bring me to dust;

An inconstant lover

No woman should trust.

Whether I get him, &c.

My lov'd Celestia.

Tune, Benny Side.

153

* My lov'd Ce - lestia is so fair, So charming
 Slow 6 6 6 6
 in each part, That ev'ry feature is a snare To
 6 6 6
 catch my wounded heart. And, like the flutt'ring
 6 6 6
 bird, in vain That labours to be freed, The more I struggle
 6 6
 with my pain, A - las! the more I bleed.

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

Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

154

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings (e.g., 6, 4, 3, 7, 5). The lyrics are as follows:

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

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell:

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander my-fell,

Then hây, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in langour till that happy day,

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

The Original words of Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

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

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

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

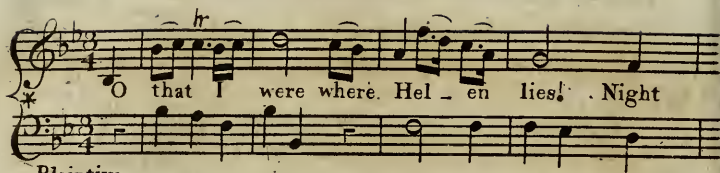
The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,
 And left poor Philermom - And left poor Philermom,
 The Blind Boy in triumph went sporting away,
 And left poor Philermom - a victim and prey:
 But the Nymph, with more pity, did whisper him soft,
 A cure I will tender - A cure I will tender,
 But the Nymph,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

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

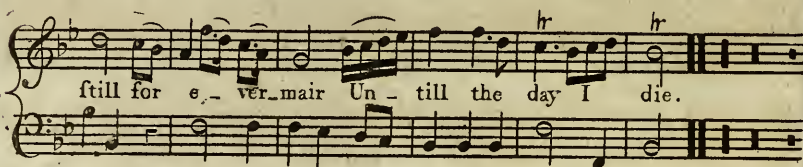
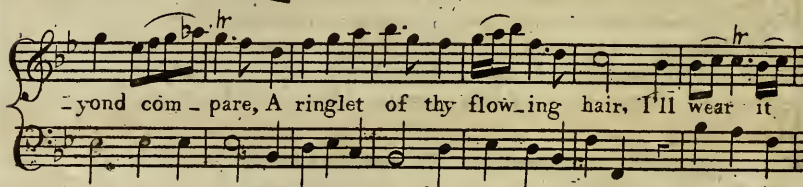
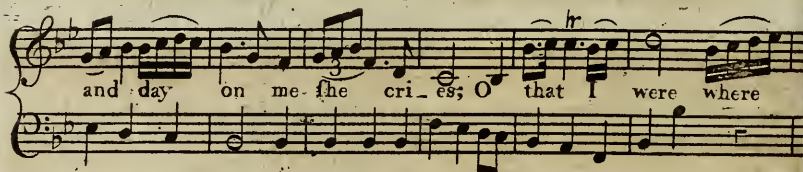
The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,
 No canopy like them - no canopy like them -
 The beech and the hazel our covering shall be,
 No canopy like them - While sitting by thee:
 With bracelets of roses thine arms I will deck;
 Gang thro' the wood, laddie - Gang thro' the wood, laddie,
 With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

Where Helen Lies.

155



Plaintive



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

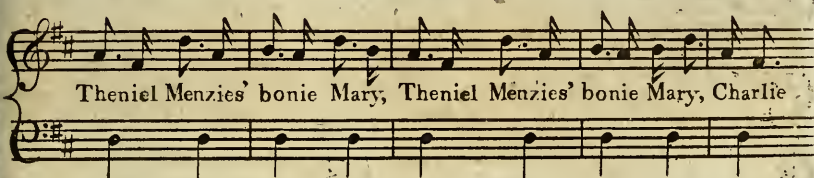
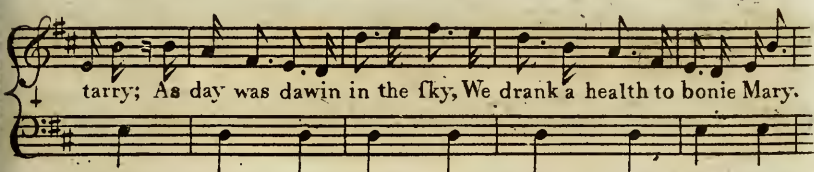
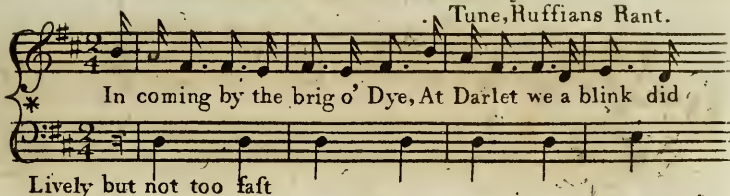
O think na ye but my heart was fair;
 My love fell down, and spake nae mair; I wish my grave was growing green,
 There did she swoon wi' meikle care, A winding sheet put o'er my een,
 On fair Kirkconnel lee. And I in Helen's arms lying
 In fair Kirkconnel lee!

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

Theniel Menzies bonie Mary.

Tune, Ruffians Rant.

156



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

Theniel Menzies, &c.

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

Theniel Menzies, &c.

Z

To the foregoing Tune.

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
Cho.^s Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

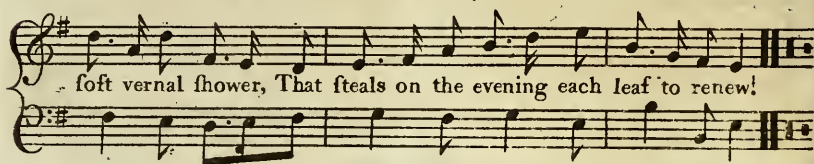
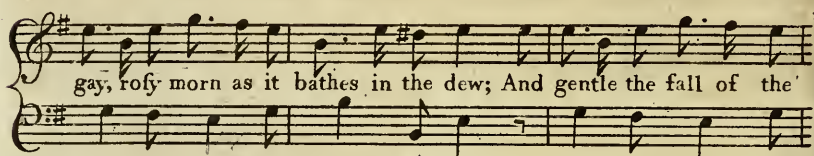
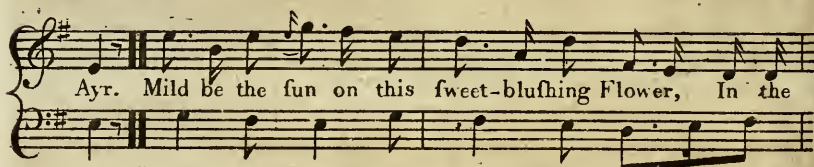
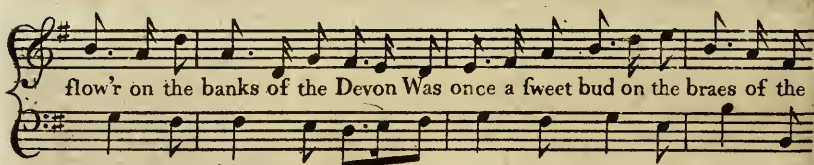
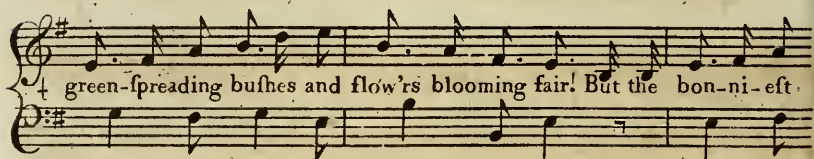
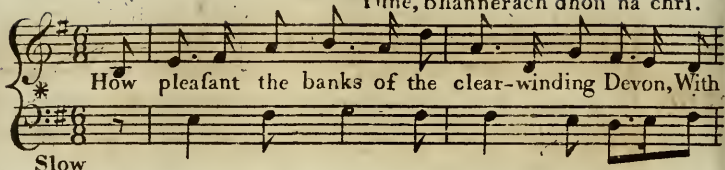
Her house fae bien, her curch fae clean,
I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! -
And cheary blinks the ingle gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
Cho.^s Lady Onlie, &c.

Z

The Banks of the Devon.

Tune, Bhannerach dhon na chri.

157

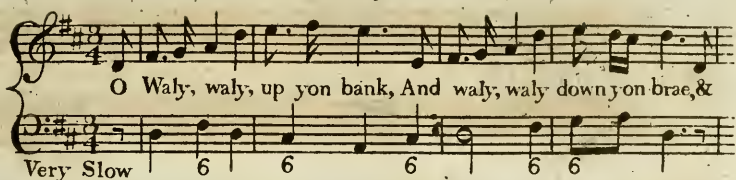


O. spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizest
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded Lillies,
 And England triumphant display her proud Rose;
 A fairer than either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

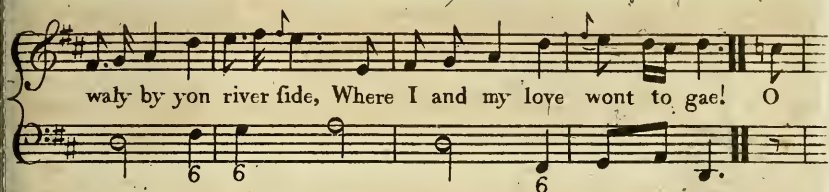
Waly, Waly.

166

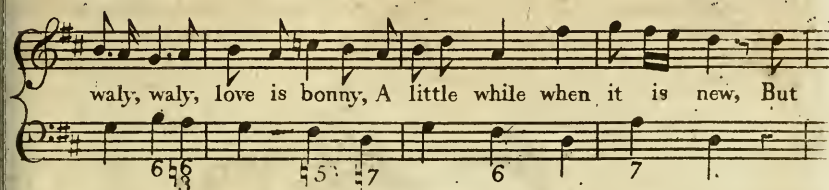
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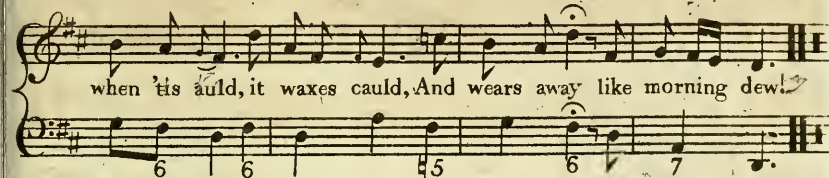
O Waly, waly, up yon bank, And waly, waly down yon brae, &



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



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



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

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

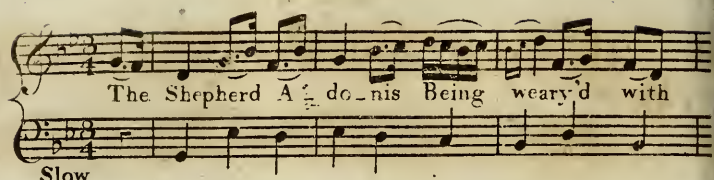
'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely fight to see;
My love was cled in velvet black
And I mysel in cramashie.

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

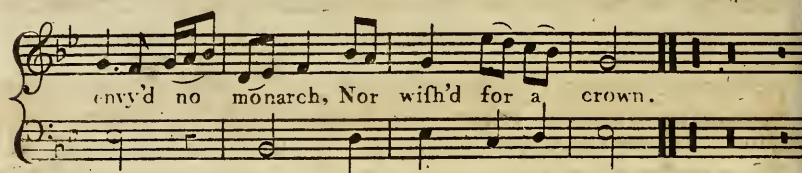
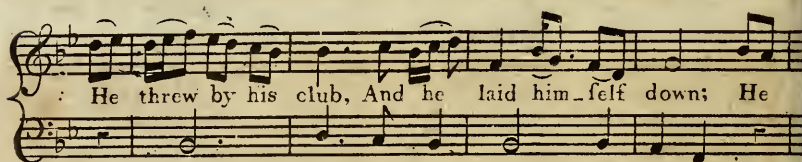
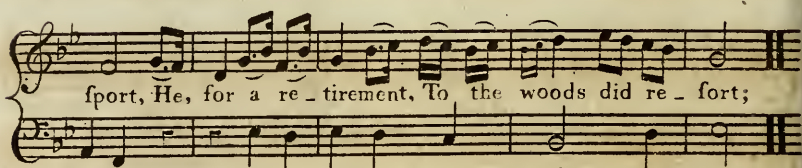
But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been fae ill to win;
I'd lockt my heart in a case of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And fet upon the nurse's knee;
And I mysel were dead and gane;
For maid again I'll never be.

The Shepherd Adonis.

159



Slow



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

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

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

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

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

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

160

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

Lively

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

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

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

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

Bonie was the lammas moon,

Ha, ha the girdin o't;

Glowrin a' the hills aboon,

Ha, ha the girdin o't;

The girdin brak; the beaft cam down,

I tint my curch and baith my shoon,

And Duncan, ye're an unco loun;

Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

Ha, ha the girdin o't,

I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,

Ha, ha the girdin o't;

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

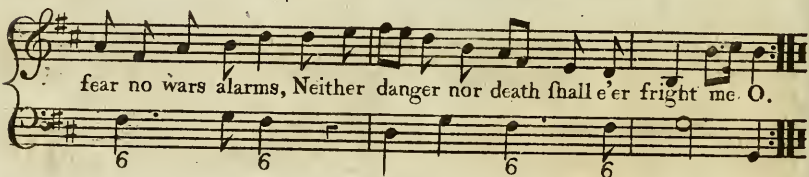
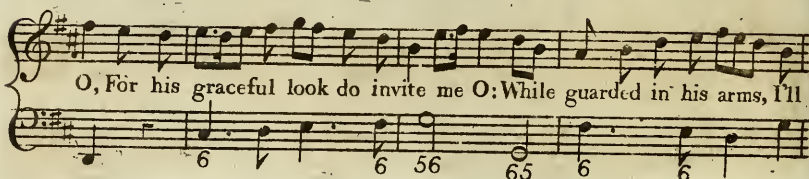
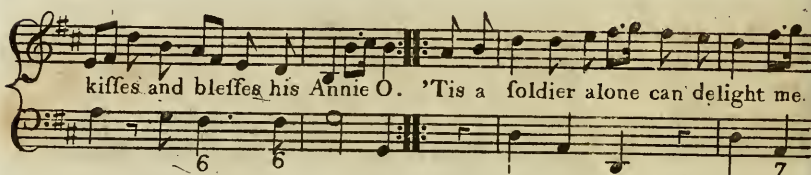
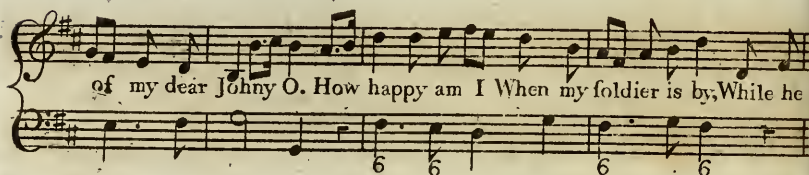
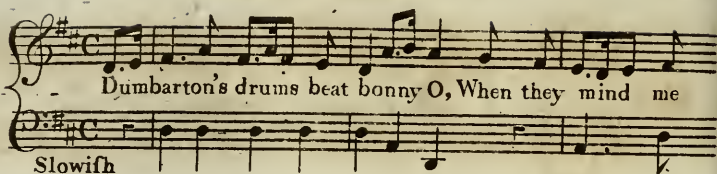
The beaft again can bear us baith,

And auld Mefs John will mend the

And clout the bad girdin o't. (fkaith.

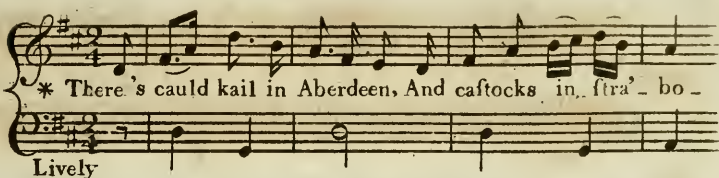
Dumbarton's Drums.

161

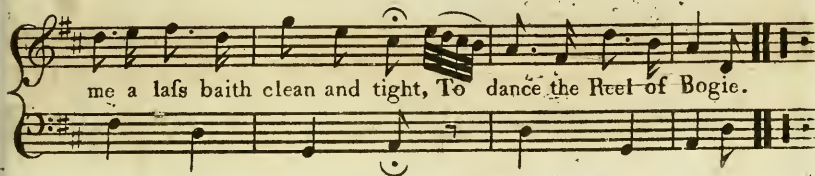
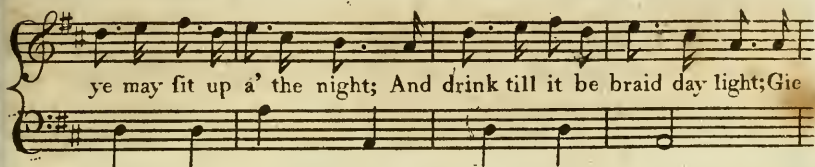
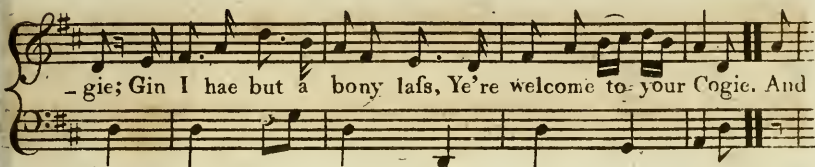


My love is a handsome laddie O:	Then I'll be the captain's lady O:
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:	Farewell all my friends' and my daddy O:
Tho' commissions are dear,	I'll wait no more at home,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;	But I'll follow with the drum,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie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

162



Lively



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

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

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

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

For lake of Gold.

163

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

Slowish

6 5 6 5 6

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

6 6 4 3

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

6 6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 4 3

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

Katharine Ogie.

164

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

Slow

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

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

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

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

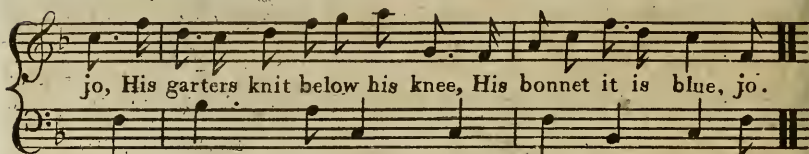
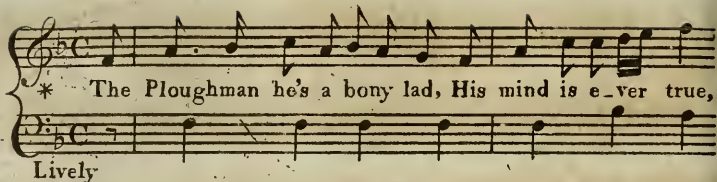
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

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

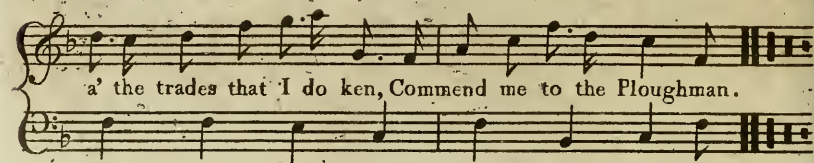
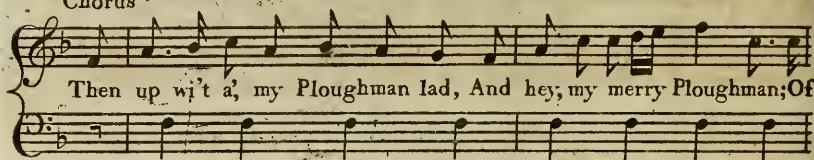
But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

The Ploughman.

165



Chorus



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

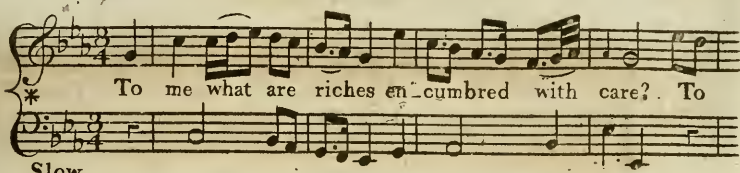
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,
The boniest fight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin'.
Up wi't a' &c.

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

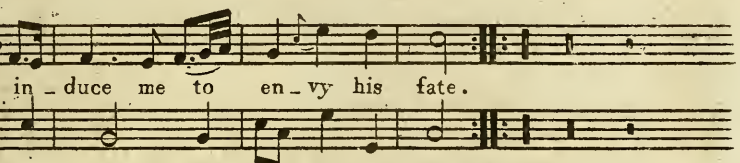
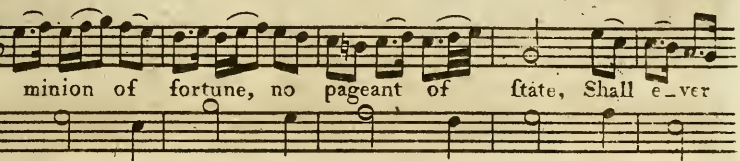
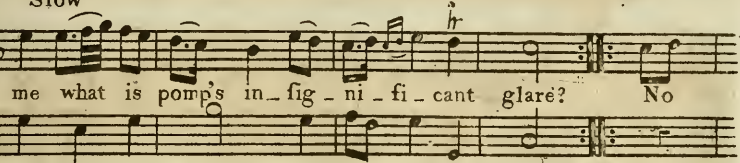
Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And filler buckles glancin';
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O but he was handsome!
Up wi't a' &c.

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

166



Slow



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

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

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

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

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

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

Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

167

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O'er Bogie.

168

168 I will a_wa' wi' my love, I will a_wa' wi' her; Tho'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Same Tune.

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

Lafs wi' a Lump of Land.

169.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo/mood is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a single staff. The final system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

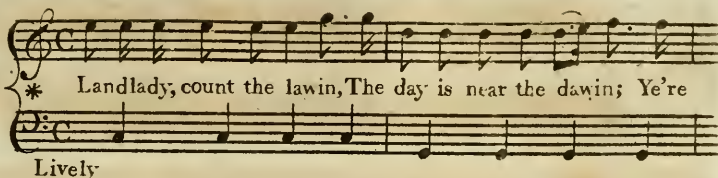
Give me a lafs wi' a lump o' land, And we
 for life shall gang the-gither, Tho' daft or wife, I'll
 never de-mand, Or black, or fair, it makens whether: I'm
 aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And blood a-lane is
 no worth a shilling, But she that's rich her market's made, For
 il-ka charm a-bout her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

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

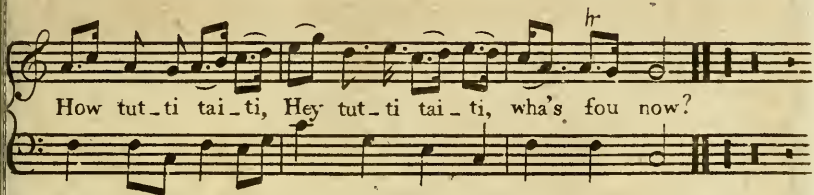
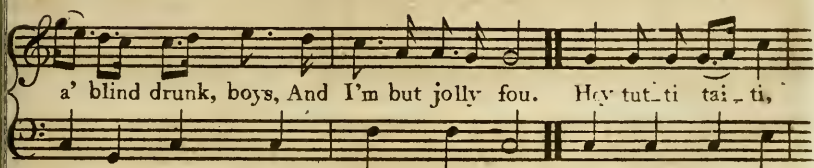
There's meikle good love in bands & bay
 And siller & gowds a sweet complexion
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affections:
 Love tips his arrows with wood and parl
 And castles, & riggs, & muirs & meadow
 And naething can catch our modern sparl
 But well-tocher'd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

widows.

170



Lively



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

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

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

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

Same Tune.

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

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

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

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

The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

171

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

© Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,

And leave the dinsome town a while,

The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,

And a' the summer's gawn to smile:

The mavis, nightingale, and lark,

The bleating lambs and whistling hind,

In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,

Will nourish health, and glad yer mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day

Bends his morning draught of dew,

We'll gae to some burn-side and play,

And gather flow'rs to buik yer brow;

We'll pou the daisies on the green,

The lucken gowans frae the bog:

Between hands now and then we'll lean

And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,

A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,

A canny, fast, and flow'ry den, (bow'r;

Where circling birds have form'd a

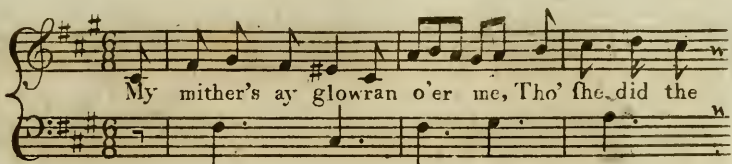
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm

We'll to that caulier shade remove,

There will I lock thee in my arms,

And love and kiss, and kiss and love

172



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

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

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

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

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

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

Raving winds around her blowing.

Tune, M^c Grigor of Roro's Lament.

173

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

Very Slow 6

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

6

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

6 6 6

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

6

forrow, Cheer-lefs night that knows no morrow.

6 6

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

Ye gods, was Strephon's picture blest.

Tune, 14th of October.

174

Slow

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

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

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

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

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

And thou, blest'd shade, that sweetly art Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart, On these cold looks that lifeless are;
 For me the tender hour improve, Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 And softly tell how dear I love. With eager love and soft desire.

Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

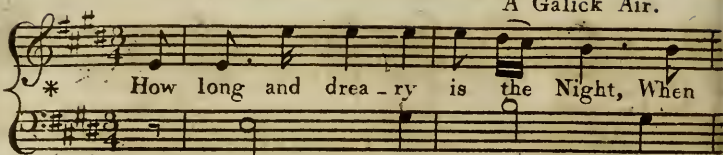
I cannot blame thee; were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.

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

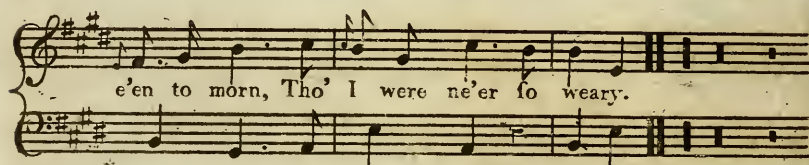
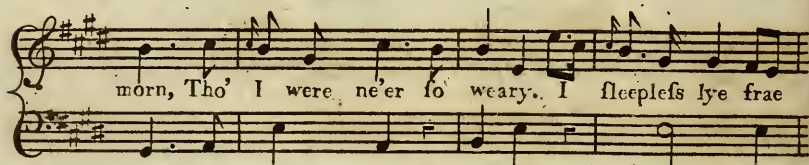
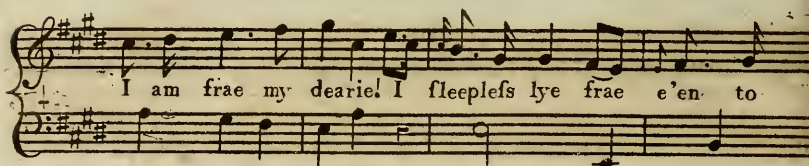
How long and dreary is the Night.

A Galick Air.

175



Slow



When I think on the happy days.

I spent wi' you, my dearie;

And now what lands between us lie,

How can I be but eerie!

And now what lands, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,

As ye were wae and weary!

It was na fae ye glinted by,

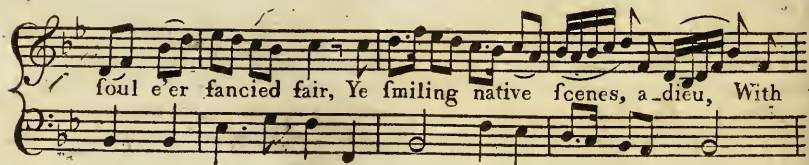
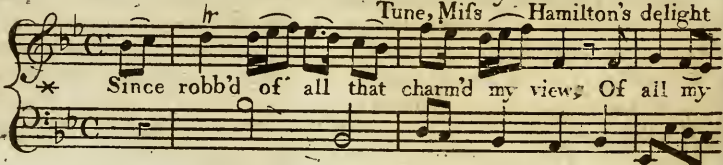
When I was wi' my dearie.

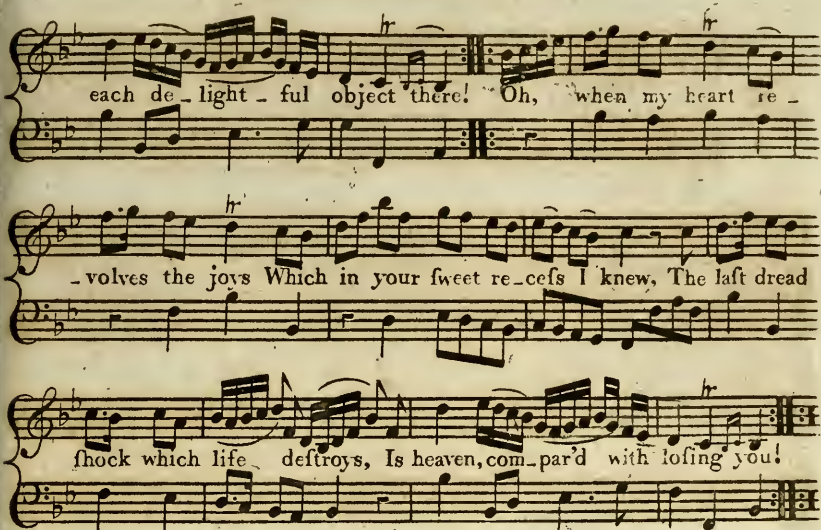
It was na fae ye glinted, &c.

Since robb'd of all that charmd my views.

Tune, Miss Hamilton's delight

176





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

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

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

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

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

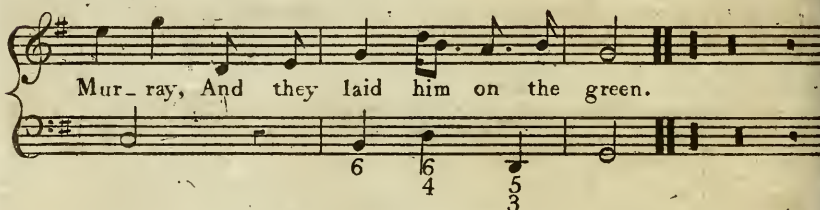
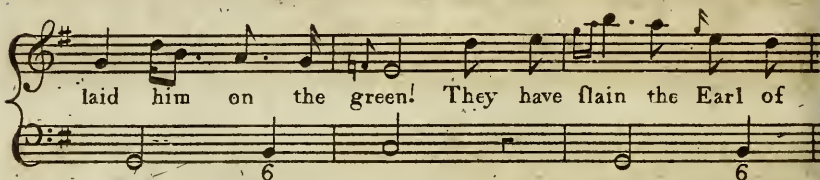
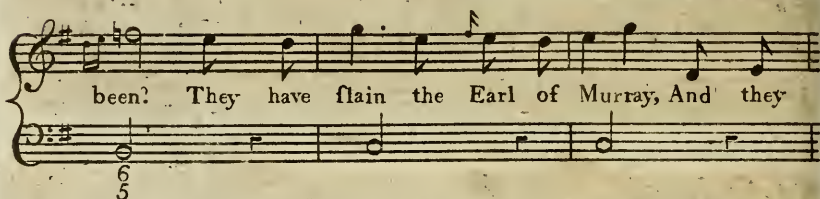
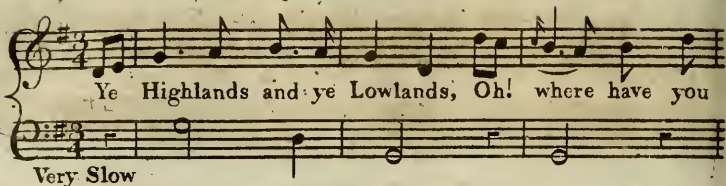
Ah! when a mother's cruel care
 Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,
 Had early fate surpris'd me there,
 And wrapt me in eternal rest; (beat
 Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to
 And tremble with unpitied pain,
 Nor had a maid's relentless hate,
 Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

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

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

The Bonny Earl of Murray.

177



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

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

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

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

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

Young Damon.

Tune, Highland Lamentation.

178

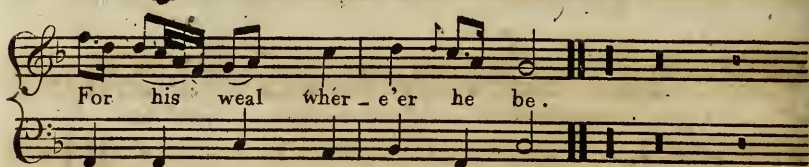
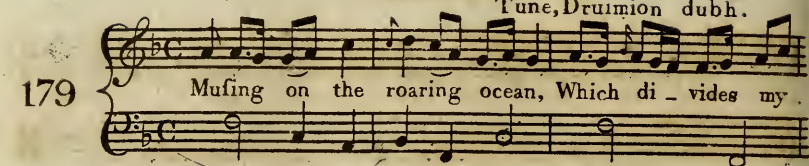
A-midst a ro-fy bank of flowers, Young Damon
 Plaitive 6 6 6 6 5
 mourn'd his for-lorn fate, In sighs he spent his lang-uid
 6 6 6 6
 hours, And breath'd his woes in lone-ly ftate. Gay
 6 4 3 6 6 4 5
 joy no more fhall eafe his mind, No wan-ton
 3
 fports can footh his care, Since fweet A-man-da
 3
 prov'd unkind, And left him full of bleak def-pair.

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

Musing on the roaring Ocean,

Tune, Druimion dubh.

179



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

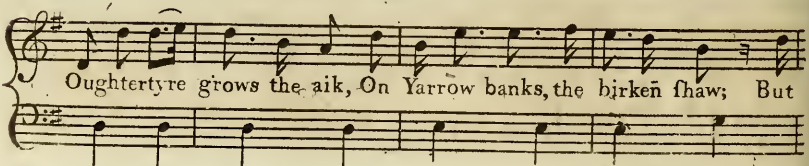
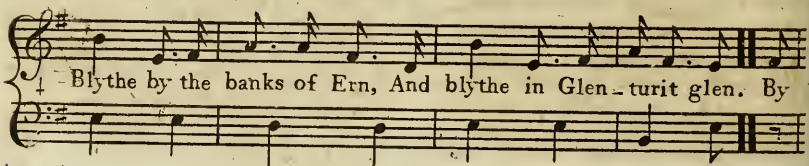
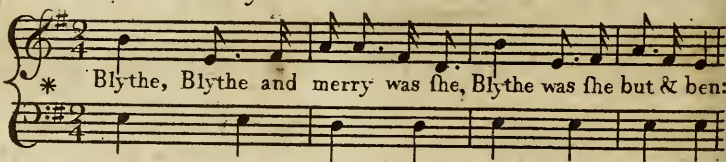
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear:

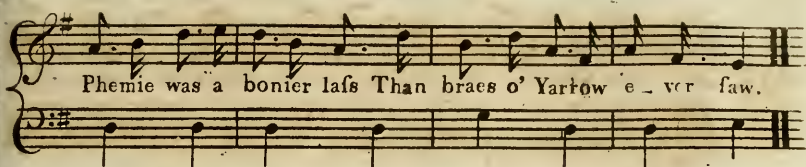
Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,

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

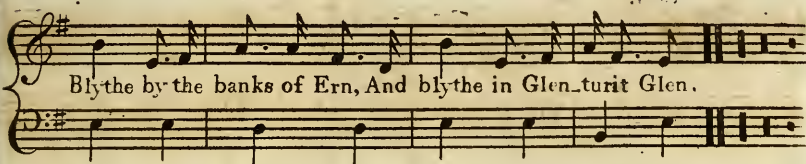
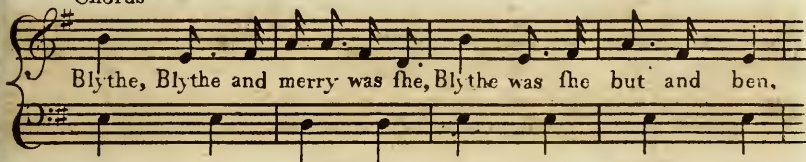
Blythe was she.

180





Chorus



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

Blythe, &c.

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

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

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

Blythe, &c.

B

To the Foregoing Tune.

SHE took me in, she set me down,
She hecht to keep me lawin-free;
But, wylie Carlin that she was!
She gart me birl my bawbie.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben;
Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

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

Blythe, blythe, &c.

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

Blythe, blythe, &c.

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

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

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

Blythe, blythe, &c.

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

Blythe, blythe, &c.

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

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Johny Faa, or the Gypsie laddie.

181

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

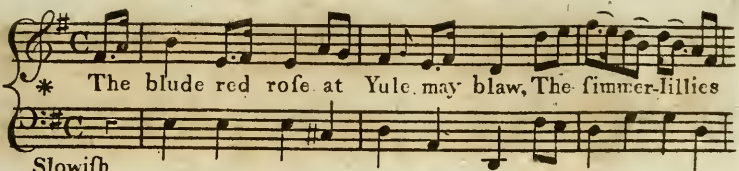
Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.
Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
And my good lord beside me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me.

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

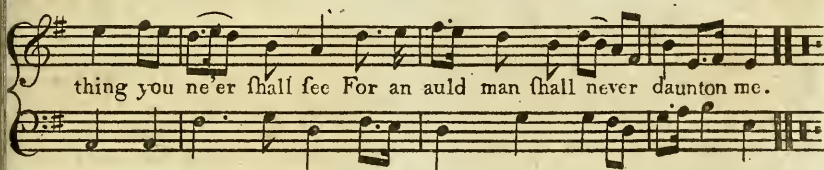
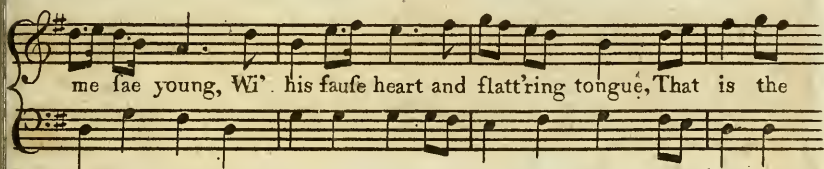
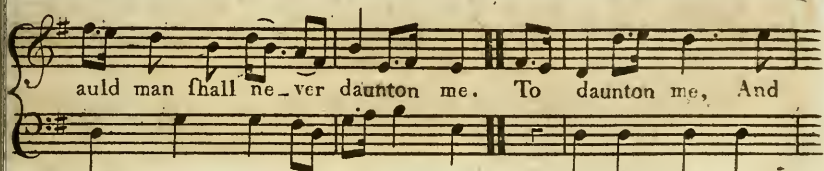
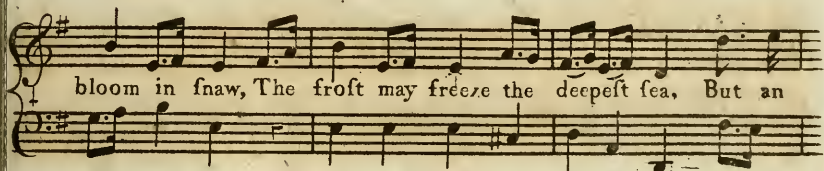
I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near
And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd
She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie.

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

182



Slowish



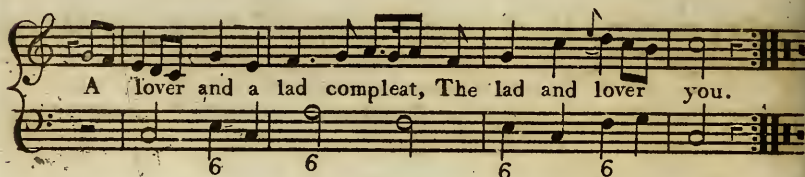
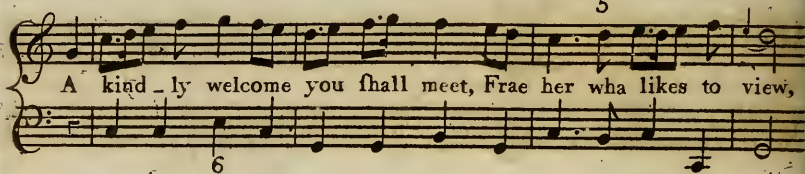
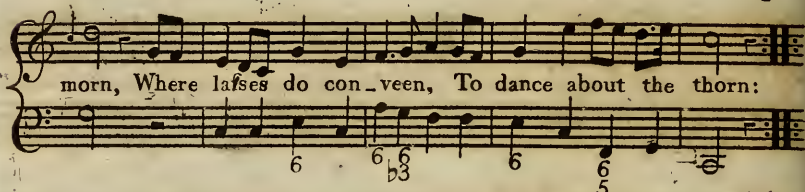
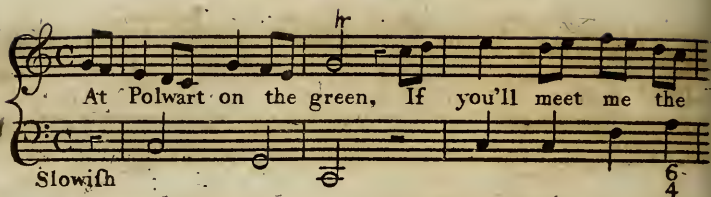
For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his faut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me..
To daunton me, &c.

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

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

Polwart on the Green.

183



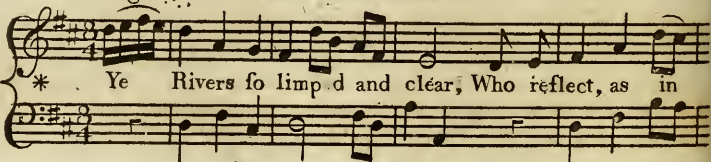
Let dorty dames fay na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

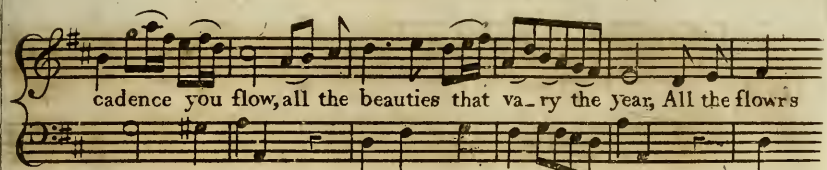
At Polwart on the green,
 Among the new mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day,
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shall be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

Absence.

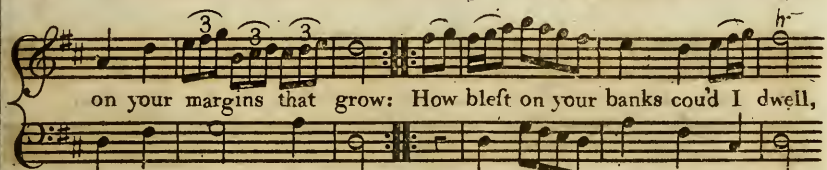
A Song in the manner of Shenstone.

184

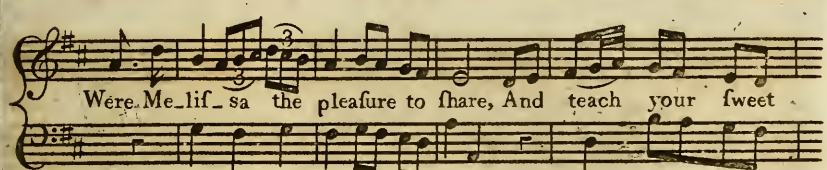




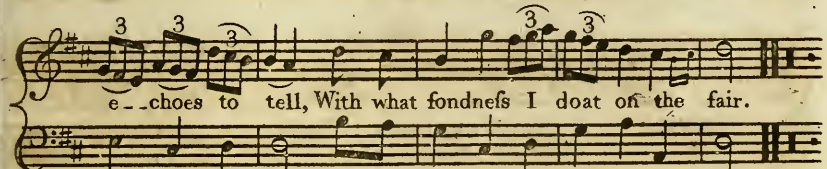
cadence you flow, all the beauties that va-ry the year, All the flows



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



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



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

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

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

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

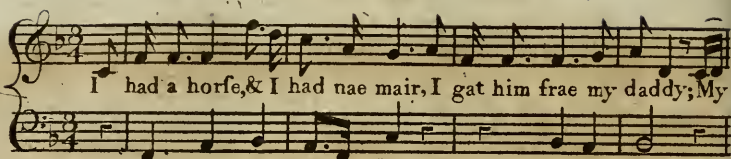
To cheat my despair of its prey
What object her charms can assume,
How harsh is the nightingales lay,
How insipid the roses perfume!

Ye Zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye Sun beams around her that play;
Does her sympathy dwell on my care,
Does she number the hours of my stay:
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear, (1th,
E'er one sigh should escape her by stea-
E'er my absence should cost her one tear.

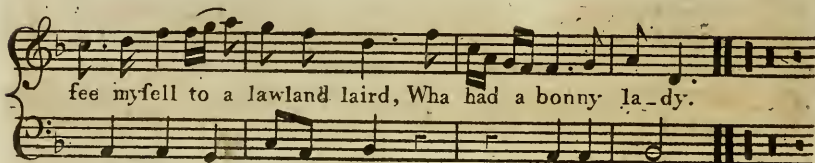
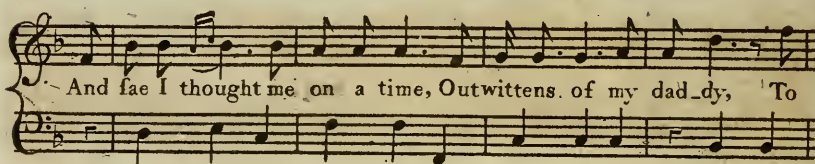
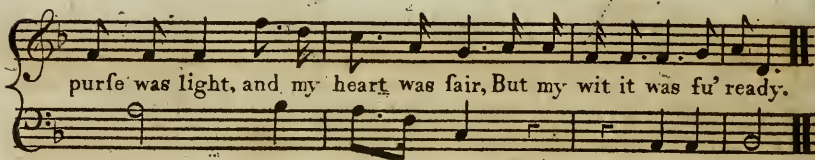
(-more
When, when, shall her beauties once -
This desolate bosom surmise;
Ye fates, the blest moment restore
When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes:
When with sweet emulation of heart
Our kindness we struggled to shew,
But the more that we strove to impart
We felt it more ardently glow.

I had a Horfe, and I had nae mair.

185



Very Slow



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

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

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

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

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

Tune, Banks of Spey.

186

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

Very Slow

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

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

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

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

Your friendship much can make me blest,

Oh, why that bliss destroy!

Why urge the only, one request

You know I will deny!

Your thought, if love must harbour there,

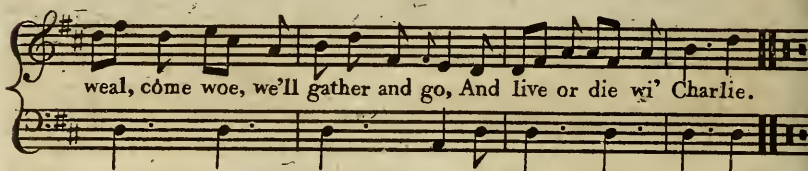
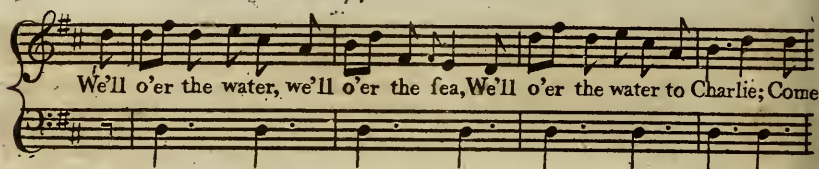
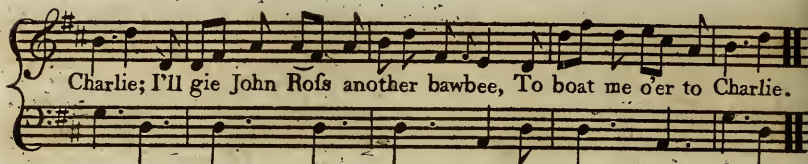
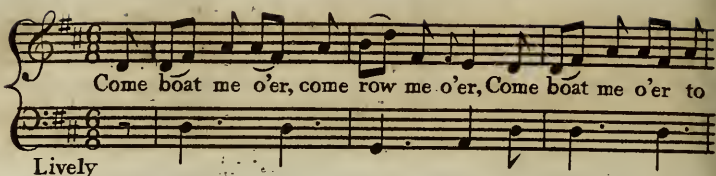
Conceal it in that thought;

Nor cause me from my bosom tear

The very friend I fought.

O'er the water to Charlie.

187

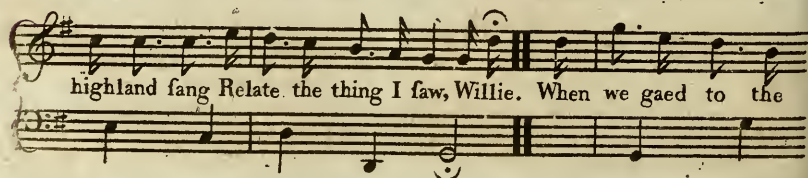
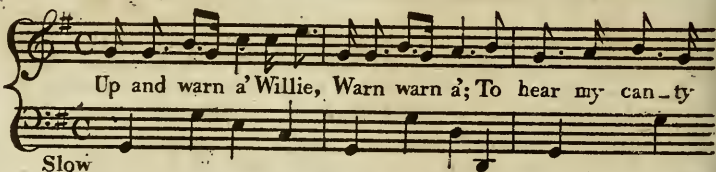


I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him:
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!
 We'll o'er &c.

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

Up and warn a' Willie.

188



braes o' Mar, And to the wapon-shaw, Willie, Wi' true design to serve y^e king &
banish whigs awa, Willie. Up and warn a' Willie, Warn warn a'; For
Lords and lairds came there bedeen, And wow but they were braw Willie.

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

But when the army join'd at Perth
The bravest e're ye saw, Willie.
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Restore our king and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
The pipers play'd frae right to left
O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

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

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

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

For he ca'd us a Highland mob
And soon he'd slay us a', Willie,
But we chas'd him back to Stirlingbrig
Dragoons and foot and Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He streight gaed to Dumblane again
And back his left did draw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn warn a';
Then we to Auchterairder march'd
To wait a better fa' Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I saw Willie,
We baith did fight and baith did beat
And baith did rin awa Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn warn a';
For second sighted Sandie said
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

A Rose bud by my early walk.

189

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

Slow

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
Thé pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,

Awauk the early morning.

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

That tents thy early morning.

So thou - sweet Rose bud - young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And blest the Parent's evening ray

That watch'd thy early morning.

To a Blackbird.

By a Lady.

Tune, Scots Queen.

190

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

Slow

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hooly and Fairly.

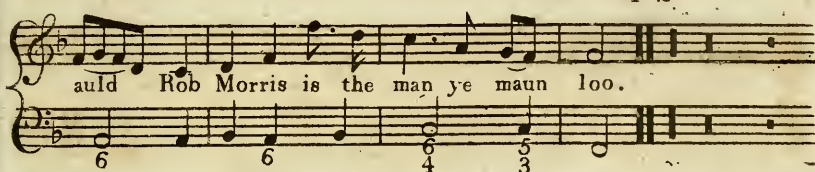
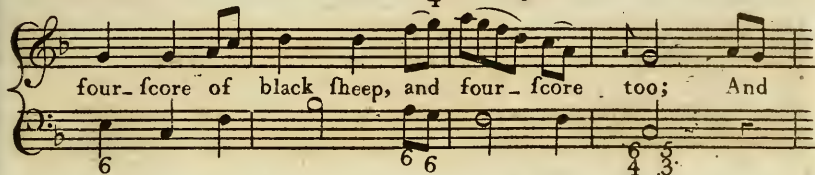
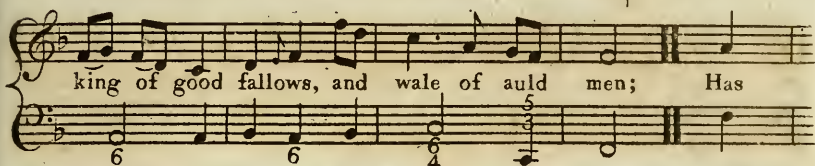
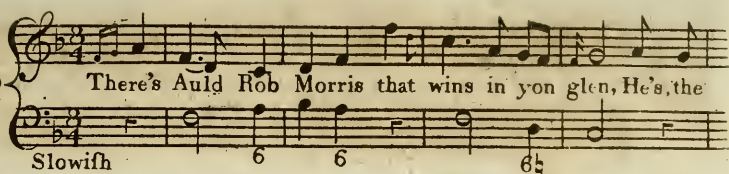
191

Oh! what had I a do for to marry; My wife she drinks
Lively 6 5
naithing but sack and ca-na-ry, I to her friends complain'd right early:
O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair-ly hooly and fair-ly,
hooly and fairly O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair-ly.

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

Auld Rob Morris.

192



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

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

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

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

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

And I'll kifs thee yet, yet.

Tune, Braes o' Balquhiddel.

193

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

Slowish

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

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

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

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

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

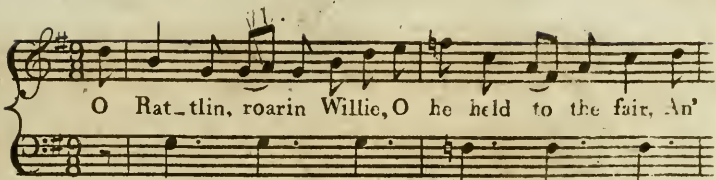
An I'll kifs thee yet, yet,
 An I'll kifs thee o'er again;
 An I'll kifs thee yet, yet,
 My bony Peggy Alifon.

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

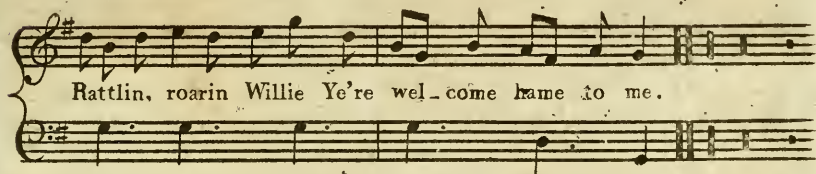
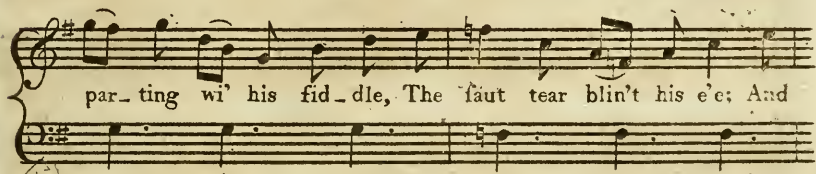
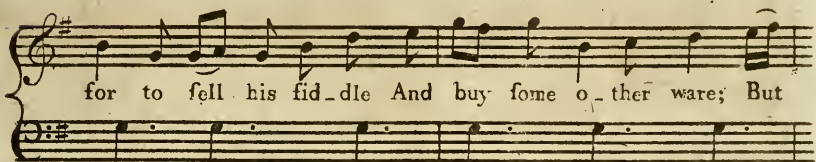
Rattlin, roarin Willie.

202

194



Lively



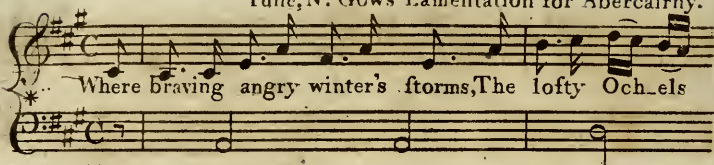
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell y^our fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine;
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad,
 For mony a rantin day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

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

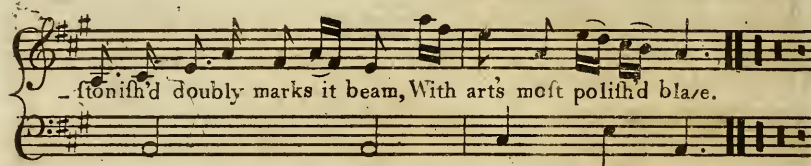
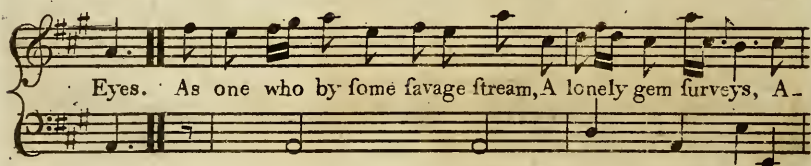
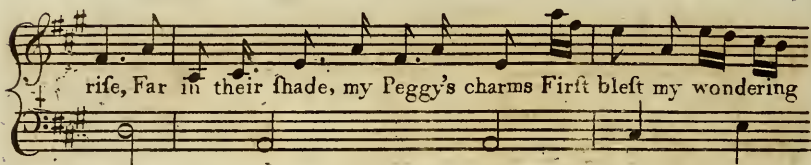
Where braving angry winter's storms.

Tune, N. Gow's Lamentation for Abercainry.

195



Slowish



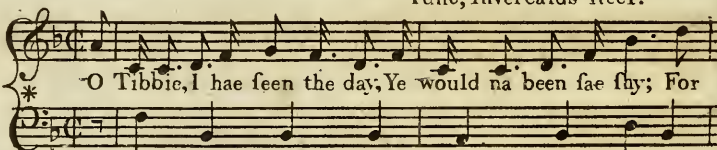
Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade, The tyrant death with grim controul
 And blest the day and hour, May seize my fleeting breath,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd, But tearing Peggy from my soul
 When first I felt their pow'r! Must be a stronger death.

R

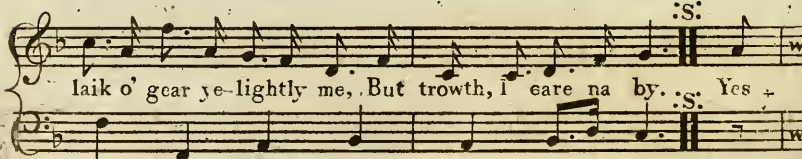
Tibbie, I hae seen the day.

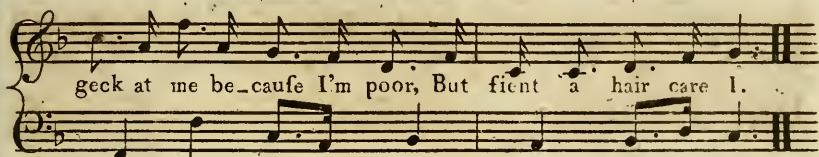
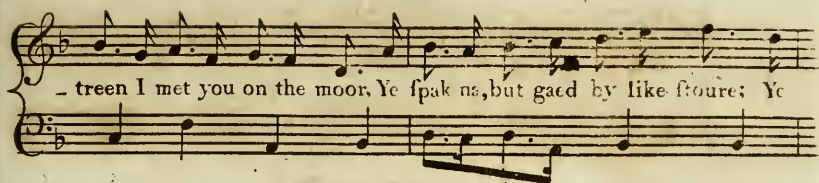
Tune, Invercalds Reel.

196

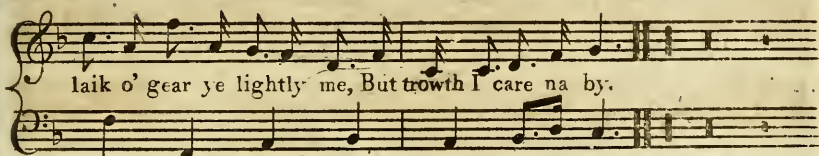
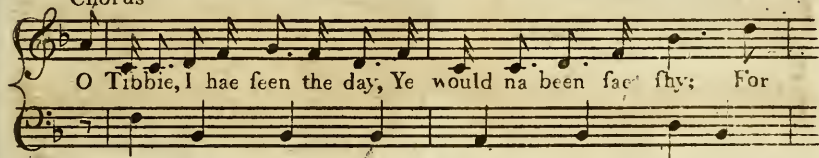


Slowish





Chorus



I doubt na, lafs, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
When'er ye like to try.

Tibbie, I hae &c.

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

Tibbie, I hae &c.

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

Tibbie, I hae &c.

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

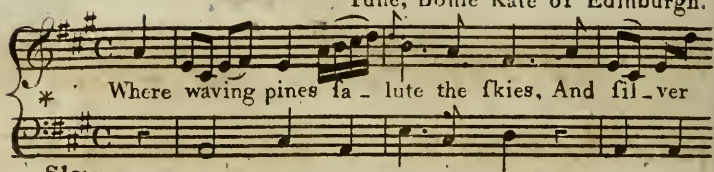
Tibbie, I hae &c.

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

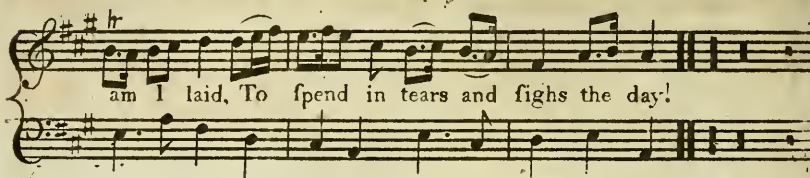
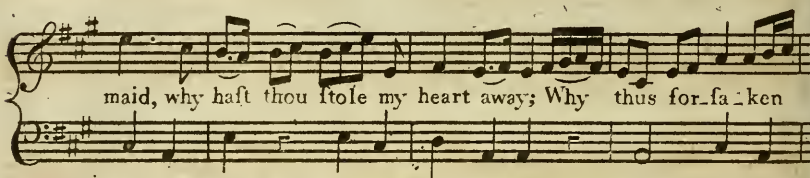
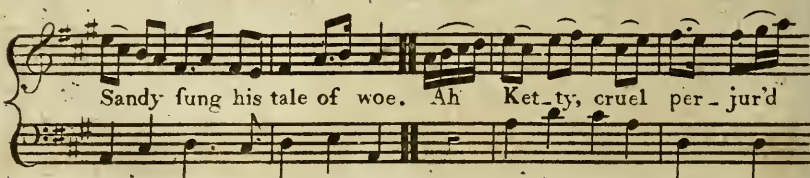
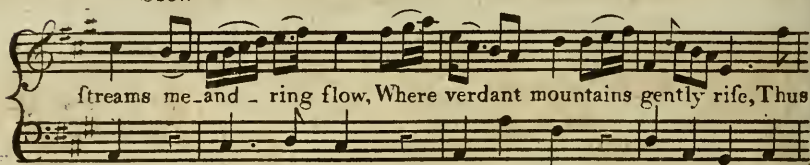
Nancy's Ghost.

Tune, Bonie Kate of Edinburgh.

197



Slow



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

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

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

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

198

Slow and Expressive

Clar_in_da, mistress of my soul, The measure'd

time is run! The wretch beneath the dreary pole, So

marks his latest fun.

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

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

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

199

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Winter it is Past.

200

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

Very Slow

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

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

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

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

