

AIR. MY JO JÁNET



Designed & Engraved by D. Wilson

Published as the Act directs by G. Thompson Edinburgh 1822

Pace upo' your Spinning wheel
Janet Janet
Pace upo' your Spinning wheel
My Jo Janet

T H &

SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,

INTERSPERSED WITH THOSE OF

Ireland and Wales.

UNITED TO THE SONGS OF

ROBT BURNS. SIR WALTER SCOTT BART
and other distinguished Poets;

WITH
Symphonies & Accompaniments

For the
PIANO FORTE

BY
Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven &c.

The whole Composed for & Collected by
GEORGE THOMSON, F.A.S.E.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

Vol. 2.

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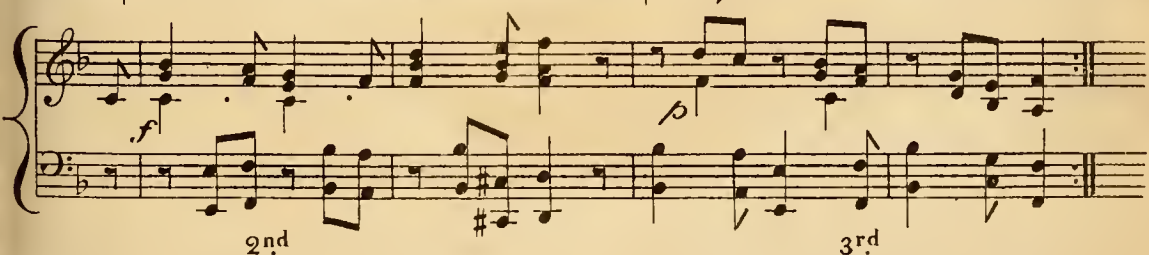
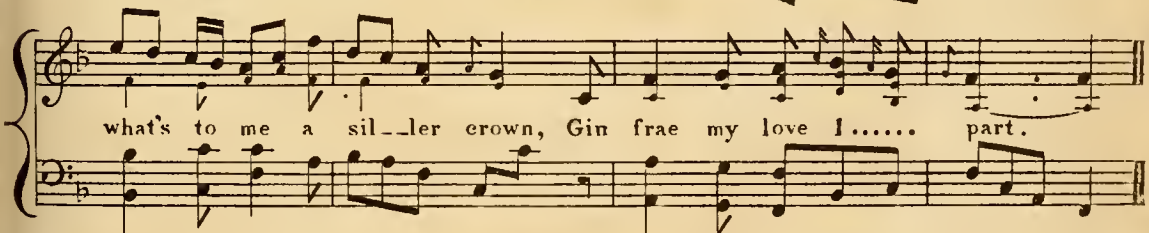
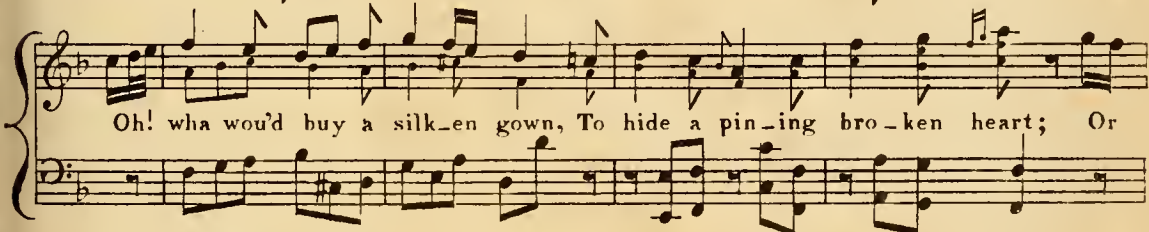
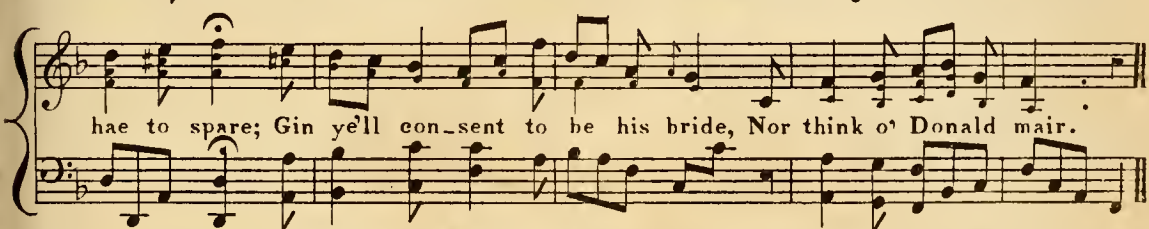
WILLIAMS Sculp^r et Sculp^r

London.

PRINTED & SOLD BY PRESTON, 71. DEAN ST & G. THOMSON.

Edinburgh.

462593



The mind whose every wish is pure,
Is dearer far than gold to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die:
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
My ain brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
He, grateful, took the willing gift;
I wou'd na seek my pledge again,
For a' beneath the lift.
For langest life can nêr repay,
The well tried love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

p Dolce.

MA---RY at thy win---dow be, It is the wish'd the trysted hour; Those

smiles and glances let me see, That make the miser's treasure poor.

How blythe-ly wou'd I hide the stoure, A

wea---ry slave from sun to sun; Could I the rich re---ward se---cure, The
love---ly MA---RY MO---RI-SON.

8va

Ped:

2nd

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat,—but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town;
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
“Ye are na MARY MORISON.

3rd

O MARY, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wou'd gladly die!
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fau't is loving thee:
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shewn;
A thought ungentele canna be,
The thought o' MARY MORISON.

ALLEGRO.

Their groves of sweet myr-tle let foreign lands reckon Where bright beaming summers ex-

alt the perfume; Far dear-er to me yon lone glen o' green bracken, Wi' the burn stealing

un-der the lang yellow broom. Far dear-er to me are yon hum-ble broom

bowers, Where the blue bell and gow-an lurk low-ly un-seen For there light-ly

tripping a-mang the wild flow'rs, A list'n'ing the lin-net oft wan-ders my Jean.

f

THEIR GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

AIR—BY NATHANIEL GOW.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom ;
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen ;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave !
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,
 The lavrock's in the sky,
 And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
 And time is passing by.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 I hear nae welcome sound ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush
 It wears so slowly round !

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
 My lambs are bleating near,
 But still the sound that I lo'e best,
 Alack ! I canna hear.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 The shadow lingers still,
 And like a lanely ghaist I stand
 And croon upon the hill.

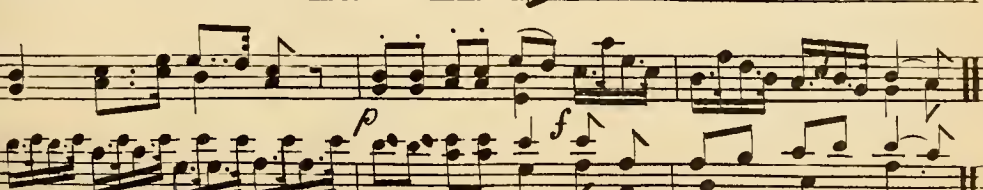
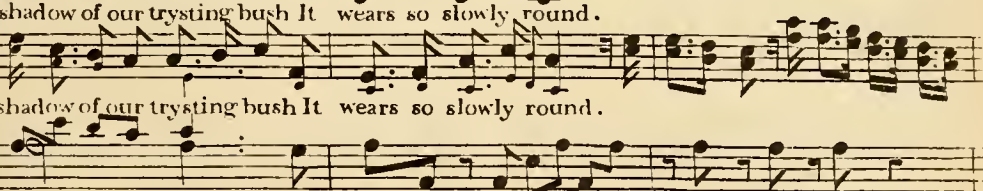
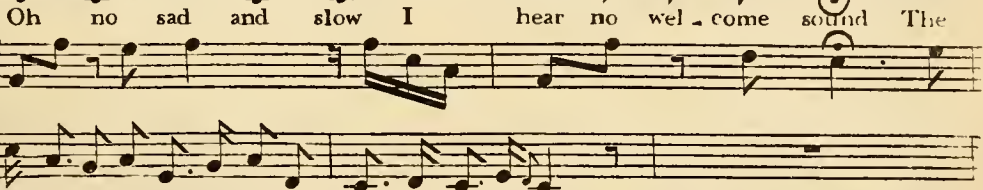
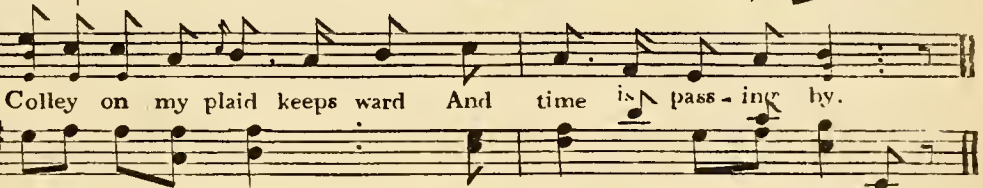
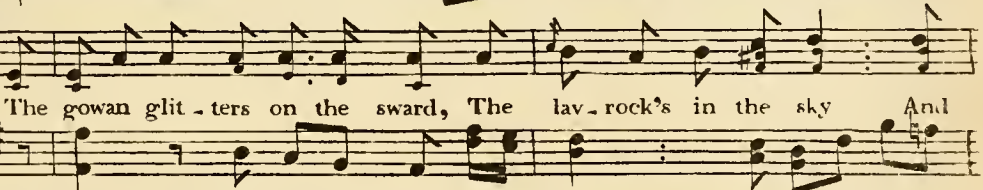
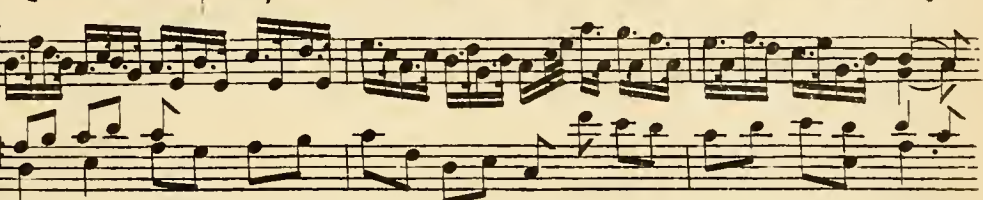
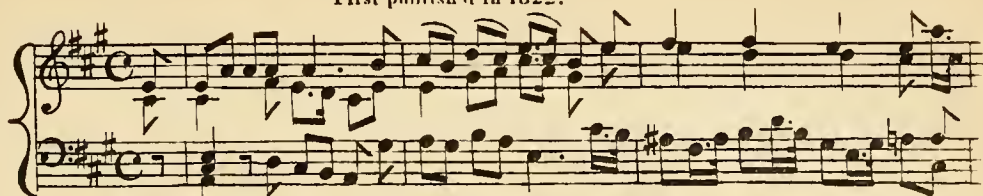
I hear below the water roar,
 The mill wi' clacking din,
 And Lucky scolding frae her door
 To bring the bairnies in.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 These are nae sounds for me ;
 The shadow of our trysting bush,
 It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen from Chapman Tam
 A snood of bonnie blue,
 And promised, when our trysting cam',
 To tie it round her brow.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 The time it winna pass :
 The shadow of that weary thorn
 Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,
 She's past the Witches' Knowe :
 She's climbing up the Brownney's Brae,
 My heart is in a lowe.
 Oh, no ! 'tis na so !
 'Tis glamrie I hae seen :
 The shadow of that hawthorn bush
 Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
 Though conn'd wi' little skill ;
 When Colley barks, I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill.
 Oh, no ! sad and slow !
 The time will ne'er be gane :
 The shadow of the trysting bush
 Is fix'd like ony stane.

First publish'd in 1822.

ALLEGRO
CON MOTO.

ANDANTINO
ESPRESSIVO
CON MOTO.

O poortith cauld and restless love Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye: Yet
poortith a' I could forgive, An' twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest hands un-
-twining! Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love, De-
-pend on For-tune's shining. *mf*

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twerna for my Jeanie.
 O, why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 O why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 It's pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't!
 O why, &c.

Her een sae bonny blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him;
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate,
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE SONG,

Although it passed for some time as Dr Blacklock's, is at length
ascertained to have been written

BY BURNS.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill:
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

ANDANTE.

p *f* *p*

The la--zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-

The la--zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-

-ceal--ing the course of the dark wind--ing rill;

-ceal--ing the course of the dark wind--ing rill;

How lan--guid the scenes, late so spright-ly ap--pear, As

How lan--guid the scenes, late so spright-ly ap--pear, As

au--tumn to win--ter re--signs the pale year.

au--tumn to win--ter re--signs the pale year. *f*

Vol: 2.

The Sym: and Accompt now first publish'd.

MAESTOSO
CON SPIRITO.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat Then let the Loons beware Sir

There's wooden walls up on our seas And Volunteers on shore Sir

The Nith shall run to Cor-sin-con And Criffel sink in Sol-way

E'er we per-mit a fo-reign foe On British ground to tal-ly.

Vol: 2.

RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

THE SONG WRITTEN IN 1795,

BY BURNS.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments new, and first united to the Song in 1822.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And Volunteers on shore, sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 'Till slap come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among ourselves united;
 For never but by British hands
 Must British wrongs be righted.

The kettle of the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,
 And who would dare to spoil it?
 By Heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together.
 Who will not sing, "God save the King!"
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King!"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

* A high hill at the source of the river Nith.

† A mountain at the mouth of the same river, on the Solway Frith.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

In the following Song the interjection O is commonly put at the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.

THERE dwelt a man in Crawford muir,
 And John Blunt was his name,
 He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
 And had a wondrous fame.

It was about the Martimas time;
 And a gude time it was then,
 When our gudewife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
 And it blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
 Gudeman, as ye may see;
 Should it nae be barr'd this hunder year,
 It's nae be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first of them that spake a word,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could see nor house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is't a poor?"—
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

Then first they ate the white puddings,
 And syne they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersell,
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
 "Here, man, tak ye my knife;
 Do you tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do then?"
 "What ails you at the pudding-bree,
 That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
 An angry man was he;
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scald me wi' pudding-bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,
 Gied three skips on the floor;
 "Gudeman, you've spoke the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door!"

BONNY DUNDEE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Miss JESSIE STAIG of Dumfries, afterwards Mrs Major MILLER, Dalswinton, was the Heroine of this Song.

<p>TRUEHEARTED was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain; Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.</p>	<p>Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, And sweet is the lily at evening close; But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring; Enthron'd in her eyes, he delivers his law; And still to her charms she alone is a stranger! Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.</p>
---	---

MARY O' CASTLE-CARY,

WRITTEN BY H. MACNIEL, FOR THE SAME AIR.

"SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
 Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?
 Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee!
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met *my* bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree.
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

"It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
 Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
 She never loed ony till ance she loed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree!
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee;
 "Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!"

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling:
 Aff went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling ee!
 "Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?"
 'Oh Jamie! forgie me, your heart's constant to me:
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

LARGHETTO.

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr, But

by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. To

e - qual young Jessie seek Scotland all o - ver. To e - qual young Jessie you seek it in vain, Grace

beau - ty and el - e - gance fet - ter her Lover, And maiden - ly mo - desty fix - es the chain.

10.

TAM GLEN.

The orig^l Air with Burns's Verses.

ALLEGRETTO.

My heart is a breaking dear TITTY, Some counsel un^d to me come len^d? To anger them a^t is a
pity, But what will I do wi⁹ TAM GLEN.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE. Haydn.

Here first united with Burns's Verses.

ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

A down winding Nith I did wander, To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring; A
down winding Nith I did wander, Of PHIL-LIS to muse and to sing.
A wa⁹ wi⁹ your belles and your beauties, They neaver wi⁹ her can com- pare: Wha
e- ver has met wi⁹ my PHIL-LIS, Has met wi⁹ the queen o' the fair.

TAM GLEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

MY heart is a breaking, dear titty,
Some counsel unto me come len':
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I manna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
"Good day to you," (coof,) he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

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

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen!

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

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYRE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of these admirable verses was MISS PHILLIS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig, who married NORMAN LOCKHART, Esq.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
For she is simplicity's child.
The rose-bud 's the blush of my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flow'rs in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dewdrop of diamond her eye.
Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove;
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth, in the mind of my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

MY JO JANET.

‘ SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glass then.’—
 “ Keek into the draw-well,
 Janet, Janet ;
 And there ye’ll see your bonny sell,
 My jo Janet !”

‘ Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I should fa’ in, sir ?
 Syne a’ my kin will say an’ swear,
 I drown’d mysell for sin, sir.’—
 “ Haud the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Haud the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.”

‘ Good sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then.’—
 “ Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Ae pair may gain you half 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 tawkin.’—
 “ Dance aye 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.”

‘ My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o’t winna stand, sir ;
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, sir.’—
 “ Mak’ the best o’t that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Mak’ the best o’t that ye can,
 My jo Janet.”

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

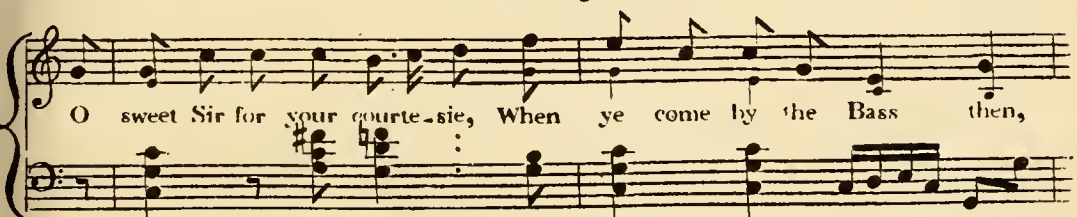
‘ HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.’—
 “ One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse Nancy ?”

‘ If ’tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience,
 I’ll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good-by, allegiance I’—
 “ Sad will I be so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Yet I’ll try to make a shift,
 My spouse Nancy.”

‘ My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour, I am near it ;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it !’—
 “ I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse Nancy.”

‘ Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I will try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.’—
 “ I’ll wed another like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse Nancy !”

ALLEGRO
SCHERZANDO.

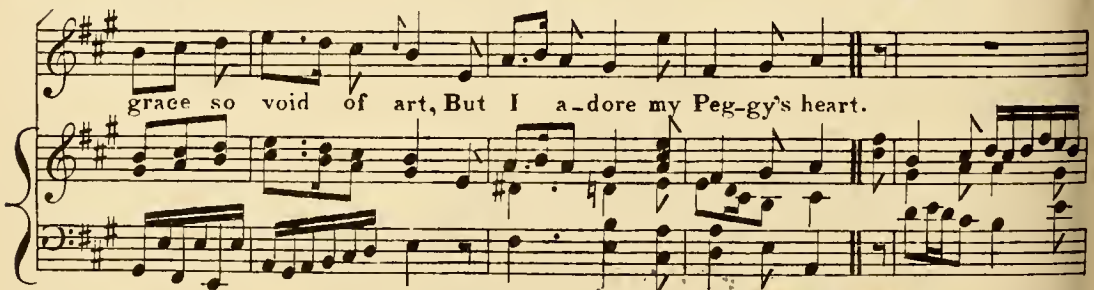
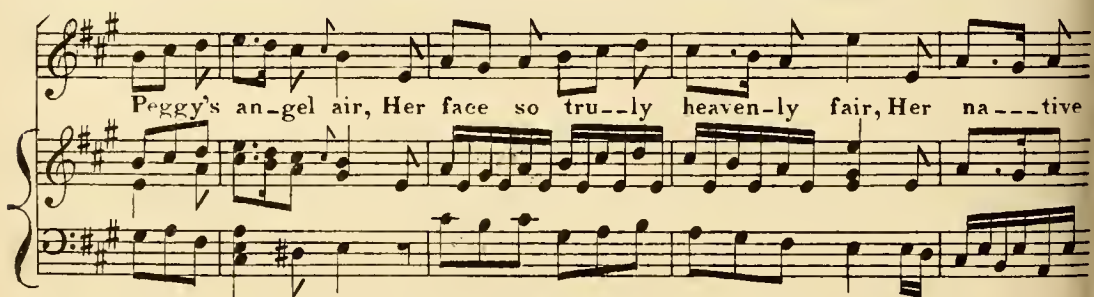
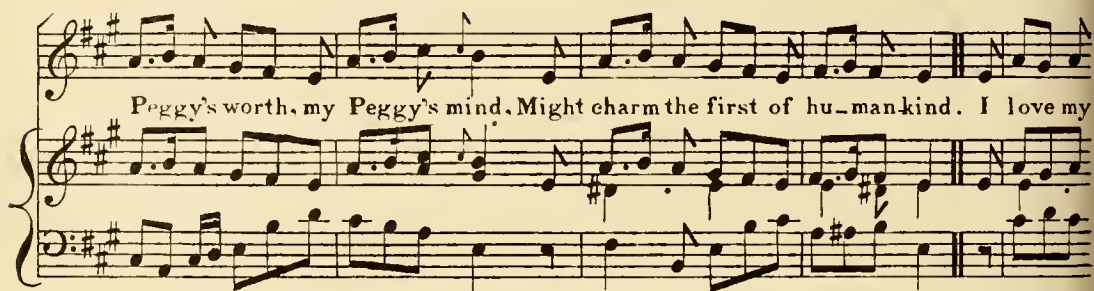
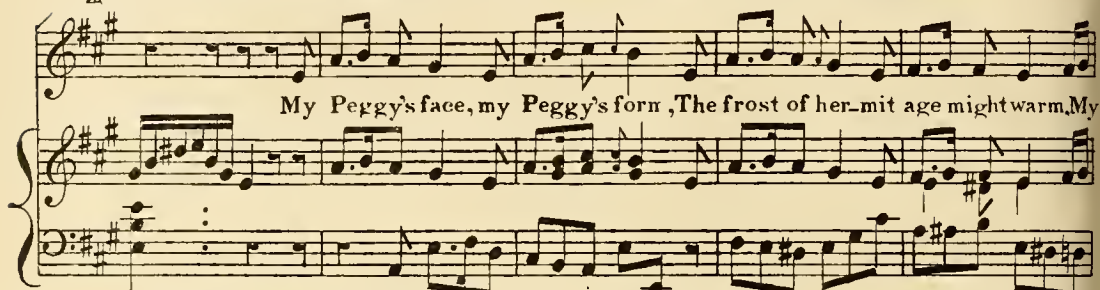
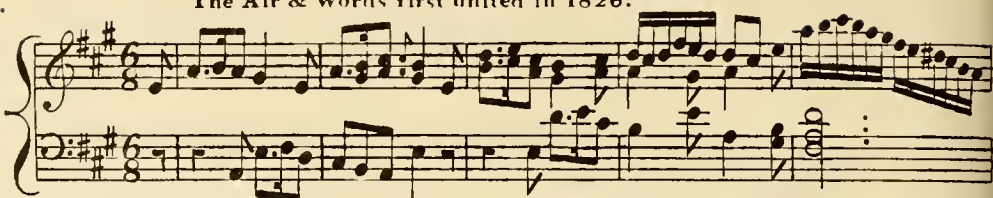


12 MY PEGGY'S FACE MY PEGGY'S FORM.

Haydn.

The Air & Words first united in 1826.

ALLEGRETTO.



MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

 AIR—THE AULD GUDEMAN.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art ;
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye—
 Who but owns their magic sway ?—
 Who but knows they all decay ?
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms,—
 These are all immortal charms.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Leslie is sae fair and coÿ,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring ;
 Trembling, I do nought but glowr,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the throes
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling !

ALLEGRETTO.

Blythe have I been on yon hill . . As the Lambs be--fore me;

Careless il--ka thought and free . . As the breeze flew o'er me.

Now nae langer sport and play, Or mirth or sang can please me;

LESLEY is sae fair and coy, Care and anguish seize me.

THE BRAES O' BALWHIDDER.

The Sym^s & Accom^t new_ & first pub^d in 1829.

ANDANTE
PIU TOSTO
ALLEGRETTO.

Will ye go Lassie, go To the braes o' Bal-

whid-der, Where the blae berries grow 'Mang the bon-nie highland heather.

Where the deer and the rae Lightly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the

lang summer's day Mang the braes o Bal-whidder.

f

THE BRAES OF BALWHIDDER.

WRITTEN

BY TANNAHILL.

WILL ye go, lassie, go
 To the braes o' Balwhidder,
 Where the blae-berries grow,
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather?
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang simmer day
 On the braes o' Balwhidder?

I will twine thee a bower
 By the clear siller fountain;
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain.
 I will range through the wilds
 And deep glens sae drearie,
 And return wi' the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the lin
 On the night-breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear shieling ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain-thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming.
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balwhidder.

O WELCOME HOURS OF SOCIAL NIGHT!

THE MELODY BY G. THOMSON—THE VERSES BY PROFESSOR SMYTH, 1830.

O WELCOME hours of social night !
 The feast, the dance, the song ;
 And love, with dreams of rosy light,
 And pleasure's merry throng ;
 Yes, welcome to my longing eyes,
 The forms, the visions gay,
 That save me from the cares that rise,
 When comes the colder day.

Who counts the hour ? what's time to me ?
 When friends I love are near ;
 Whose lyre, whose song, whose mirth and glee,
 Whose very look can cheer.
 Oh ! may not hours be sometimes found,
 Oh ! sometimes sure they may,
 Worth days and years that circle round
 In dull life's tick-tick way.

Then leave me not ! O fly not yet !
 Ye Syrens, graces, dear ;
 The sweetest hours in all the set
 Are those now coming here :—
 The little hours—a smiling train—
 That move on noiseless feet,
 And clear the world from care and pain,
 When night and morning meet.

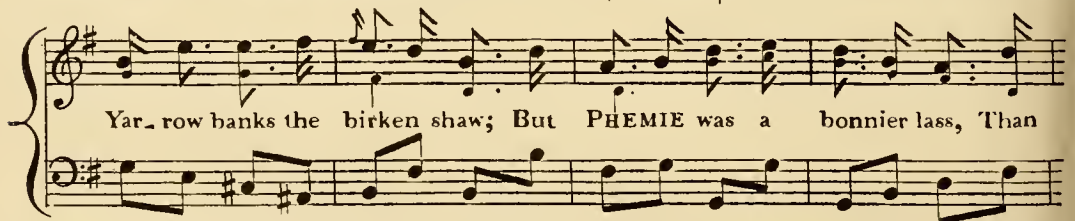
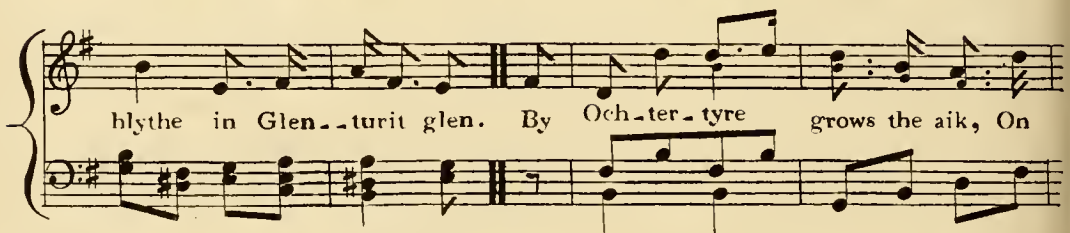
15 O WELCOME HOURS OF SOCIAL NIGHT.

The Melody by G. Thomson.—The Song by W^m Smyth Esq.—First pub^d in 1829.

ALLEGRO
CON ANIMA.

Oh! welcome hours of social night, The feast, the dance, the song; And Love with
dreams of ^{*}rosy light, And pleasure's merry throng. Yes! welcome to my
longing eyes, The Forms, the visions gay That save me from the cares that
rise, When comes the colder day.

ALLEGRETTO.



ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY-GUN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The heroine of this song was Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon the lea !
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben :
And weel she lik'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawin-free ;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loed the liquor weel enough ;
But, waes my heart ! the cash was done
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith was I to pawn my shoon !
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown :
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun ;
And aye the clearest drinker out,
Was Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And while upon his knee I sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
And mony a kindly kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun ;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andro' wi' his cutty-gun.

DAINTY DAVIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green spreading bowers ;
 And now come in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.
 The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

- CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithful Davie.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 I'll flee to's arms I loe the best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

SONG ALTERED TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

BY BURNS.

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 The youthful charming Chloe,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
 Perch'd all around on every tree ;
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe :
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise ;
 Out-rivalled by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful charming Chloe.

VIVACE.

Now ro--sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To
deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And now come in my hap-py hours, To
wan-der wi' my DA--VIE: The chrystal waters round us fa', The merry birds are
lo--vers a', The scented breezes round us blaw, A wand'ring wi' my DA--VIE.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dain-ty DA-VIE, Dain-ty DA-VIE;
Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dain-ty DA-VIE, Dain-ty DA-VIE;
There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear Dain-ty DA--VIE.
There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear Dain-ty DA--VIE.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

The Song, the Sym^y & Accomp^s all new in 1828.

And the Song here publish'd by express permission, 1829.

RISOLUTO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, marked 'RISOLUTO.' The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the melody staff.

To the Lords of Convention'twas Clavers who spoke, Ere the King's crown go
down, there are crowns to be broke, So each Cavalier who loves honour and me, Let him
follow the banner of bonny Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
saddle my horses and call up my men; Come o - pen the West-port and let me gae free, And its
room for the bon-nets of bon-ny Dun-dee.

The score ends with a double bar line and a final chord in the piano part.

SONG
ON THE HERO OF KILLIECRANKIE.

WRITTEN
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

HERE PUBLISHED BY THE SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR, 1831.

AIR—THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

WITH NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS, COMPOSED IN 1829.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke ;
So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men—
Come open the West-Port, and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street—
The bells are rung backward—the drums they are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, “ Just e'en let him be,
The town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee.”
As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But the young plants of grace, they look'd couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee !

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was pang'd,
As if half the west had set tryste to be hang'd ; *
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each ee,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang hafted gullies, to kill cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close heads, and the causeway was free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
“ Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.”
The Gordon demands of him whither he goes.
“ Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose ;
Your Grace, in short space, shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth ;
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in the north ;
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry hoigh ! for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox :
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston-craigs, and on Clermiston lea,
Died away the wild-war notes of bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men—
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

* Till of late years the Grassmarket was the common place of execution in Edinburgh.

POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, IN 1821,

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR—TODLIN HAME.

It affords peculiar satisfaction to the Editor, to have obtained these uncommonly beautiful Verses for one of the most pleasing of the Scottish Melodies ;—a Melody to which he must ever be partial, from a recollection of the matchless way in which it was sung by the most exhilarating of all Scottish songsters, the late Mr JAMES BAIFOUR.

WHEN white was my o'erlay as foam on the lin,*
And siller was chinking my pouches within ;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
As I gaed to my love in new cleeding so gay :
Kind was she, and my friends were free,
But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight,
When piper play'd cheerly, and cruisy burnt bright !
And link'd in my hand was the maiden so dear,
As she footed the floor in her holyday gear.
Woe is me! and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic company !

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk ;
We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk ;
And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her een,
The cheering and life o' my bosom hae been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridle and infare I've braced me wi' pride,†
The bruse I hae won, and a kiss of the bride ;‡
And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
When I utter'd my banter or chorus'd my song.
Dowie and dree are jesting and glee,
When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed the blythe lasses smiled sweet,
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet,
While kebbuck and beaker were set on the board,
But now they pass by me, and never a word
So let it be,—for the warldly and slie
Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart ;
The spaewife has tell'd me to keep up my heart ;
For wi' my last saxpence her loof I ha'e cross'd,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
Cruelly tho' we ilka day see
How poverty parts dear company.

* *O'erlay*, a neckcloth.

† *Infare*, the entertainment made for the reception of a bride in the house of the bridegroom.

‡ *Bruse*, a race at country weddings, the winner of which has the privilege of saluting the bride.

THE OLD SONG, TODLIN HAME.

WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
O then I'll get credit in ilka town ;
But aye when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O ! poverty parts good company !
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
Coudna my love come todlin hame ?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale ;
She gies us white hannocks to drink her ale ;
Syne if her twopenny chance to be sma,'
We'll tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
As round as a neep we gang todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep
And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet ;
And aye, when we waken'd, we drank them dry ;
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,
You're aye sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou' ;
When soher sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That it's a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlin hame, todlin hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.

First Publish'd in 1822.

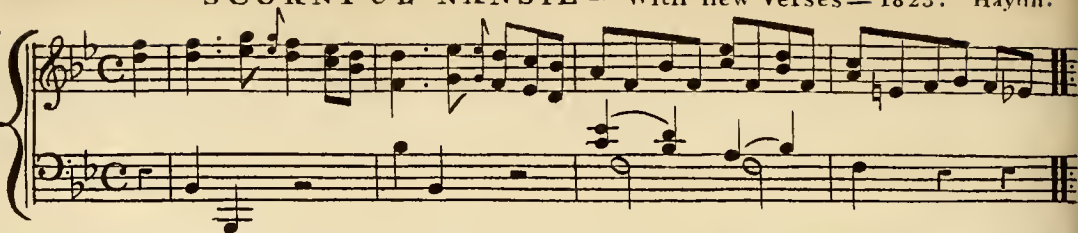
ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETO.

When white was my o'er-lay as
foam on the lin, And siller was chinking my pouches within; When my lamb-kins were
bleat-ing on mead-ow and brae, As I gaed to my Love in new clead-ing so gay:

CHORUS.

Kind was she, and my friends were free, But po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny.

Kind was she, and my friends were free, But po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny.

ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

I ne-ver said thy face was fair, Thy cheek with beauty glow---ing; Nor

whis-per'd that thy wood-land air, With grace was o-ver---flow-----ing.

I ne-ver said thy teeth so white, In hue were snow ex---cell---ing; Nor

call'd thine eye so blue so bright, Young Love's ce-les-tial dwell-----ing.

SCORNFUL NANSIE.

WITH NEW VERSES,

HERE FIRST UNITED TO THE MUSIC, 1825.

I NEVER said thy face was fair,
 Thy cheek with beauty glowing;
 Nor whisper'd that thy woodland air
 With grace was overflowing.
 I never said thy teeth so white,
 In hue were snow excelling;
 Nor call'd thine eye so blue, so bright,
 Young Love's celestial dwelling.

I never said thy voice was soft,
 Soft heart but ill concealing;
 Nor praised thy sparkling glance, so oft,
 So well thy thoughts revealing.
 I never said thy taper form
 Was, Nansie, more than handsome:
 Nor said thy heart, so young, so warm,
 Was worth a monarch's ransom.

I never said, that gentle breast
 Contain'd a gen'rous spirit,
 Or that the youth were doubly blest,
 Who those soft smiles could merit.
 I never said, to young or old,
 I felt no joy without thee:
 No, Nansie, no—I never told—
 A single lie about thee.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

This is one of the very pleasant songs of the olden time, which has come down to us by means of Allan Ramsay, in whose Tea-Table Miscellany it first appeared. Willy's account of his own descent, contrasted with that of Souple Sandy, his rival, who had passed his infancy on his mother's back as a mendicant, is highly comic and natural. The humour of the whole song, indeed, is lively, characteristic, and amusing; but lest it be thought by some rather homely for the modern drawingroom, the Editor has given the above little song for the choice of the Singer.

NANSIE's to the greenwood gane,
 To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,
 And Willy he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring;
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And aye when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.
 'What ails you at my dad,' quoth he,
 'My minnie, or my aunty?
 With crowdy-moudy they fed me,
 Lang kail and ranty-tanty;
 With bannocks of good barleymeal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped castocks butter'd weel,
 And was not that right dainty?
 'Altho' my father was nae laird,—
 'Tis daffin' to be vaunty,—
 He kept aye a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry;
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his craigy;
 And aye, until the day he died,
 He rade on gude shanks' nagy.'
 "Now, wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nansie?
 Wad ye compare yersel' to me?—
 A docken till a tansy?"

I hae a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him Souple Sandy,
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar-candy."
 'Wow, Nansie, what needs a' this din?
 Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy;
 His minnie, Meg, upon her back
 Bare baith him and his billy:
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willy?
 'My gutcher left a guid braidsword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.'
 Then Nansie turn'd her round about,
 And said, "Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nansie."

A SOLDIER AM I, &c.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION, IN 1822, WITH
THE AIR—"LUMPS O' PUDDING."

A SOLDIER am I, all the world o'er I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange ;
How welcome a soldier wherever he roves,
Attended, like Venus, by Mars and the Loves ;
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast, or a frolic, if we are not there ;
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the drum.

"The soldiers are coming," the villagers cry,
All trades are suspended to see us pass by ;
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden up stairs,
In a moment dismiss'd are her broom and her cares ;
Outstretch'd is her neck, till the soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light on the breeze,
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,
And redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

The veteran, half-dozing, awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews ;
Near his knee his young grandson with ecstasy hears,
Of majors, and generals, and fierce brigadiers ;
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew,
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew ;
To his heart spirits new in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the drum.

Who loves not a soldier—the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save ;
In peace the gay friend, with the manners that charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm ?
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
'Tis a temple which honour can enter alone ;
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught ;
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship southers it a' ;
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae ;
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is "Welcome, and welcome again !"

The Air and Verses here first united.

SPIRITOSO.

The first system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo marking 'SPIRITOSO.' is written vertically to the left of the staff.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'A Soldier am I all the world o'er I range And wou'd not my lot with a' are written below the treble staff.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Monarch ex-change How welcome a Soldier where-ever he roves At-' are written below the treble staff.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics '-tended like Ve-nus by Mars and the Loves. How dull is the ball and how' are written below the treble staff.

The fifth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'cheerless the fair What's a feast or a fro-lie if we are not there Kind,' are written below the treble staff.

The sixth system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'hearty, and gallant and joyous we come, And the world looks a-live at the' are written below the treble staff.

The seventh system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The lyrics 'sound of the drum.' are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

DUET.

ANDANTINO
QUASI
TREGALLEGRO.

2^d

ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch, ROY'S wife of
ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch, ROY'S wife of
Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch
Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch
She vow'd she swore she wou'd be mine She said that she lov'd me best of ony But oh the fickle
She vow'd she swore she wou'd be mine She said that she lov'd me best of ony But oh the fickle
faithless quean She's taen the carle and left her Johnie ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch,
faithless quean She's taen the carle and left her Johnie ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch,
ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the
ROY'S wife of Al-dival-loch Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the
braes of Balloch.
braes of Balloch.

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ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

BY MRS GRANT, OF CARRON.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
 She vow'd, she swore she would be mine—
 She said that she loed me best of ony;
 But, oh! the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
 O! she was a canty quean,
 And weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?
 Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

 SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy,
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?
 Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy,
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?
 Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy!

MORAG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

BY BURNS.

O WAT ye wha that loes me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that loes me,
 As dews o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rosebuds steeping:
 O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie, ever dearer;
 O that 's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming;
 That e'en *thy* chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention 's plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted:
 O that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,—
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art brokenhearted:
 O that 's the lassie, &c.

FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging!
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When, by his mighty warden,
 My youth 's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

ANDANTE

CON

ESPRESSIONE.

O wat ye wha that lo'es me, And

has my heart a keep - ing O sweet is she that lo'es me, As

dew's of Summer weep - ing In tears the Rose buds steeping, O

that's the Lassie o' my heart My Lassie e - ver dear - - er; O

that's the queen of woman-kind And ne'er a ane to peer her.

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* Instead of F & G, voices of limited compass may sing B & E.

ANDANTE.

For the sake of gold she's left me O. And of all that's dear be-reft me

O: She me for-sook for A-thol's Duke And to endless woe she's left me O.

A star and gar-ter have more art Than youth a true and faithful heart; For

emp-ty ti-tles we must part For glitt'ring show she's left me O.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

These Verses are said to have been written by the late Dr AUSTIN, physician in Edinburgh, upon losing the lady to whom he had paid his addresses,—Miss DRUMMOND of Megginch; who was first married to the Duke of ATHOL, and afterwards to Lord ADAM GORDON. An old lady of the Editor's acquaintance recollects a line of a song upon this celebrated beauty, "Bonnie Jeanie Drummond, she tow'rs aboon them a'."

FOR the sake of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me;
 She me forsook for Athol's duke,
 And to endless woe she's left me.
 A star and a garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part;
 For glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me.
 Ye Powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithless lovely fair;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Though she has ever left me.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THOMSON.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower,
 Press not the rich and stately bed ;
 The new-mown hay and breathing flower
 A softer couch beneath them spread.
 If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art ;
 They take what Nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul
 And crown them with the village-toast.
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet Love adorns the merry round.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, " I'll be wed, come o't what will !"
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 ' Of gude advisement comes na ill.

' It's ye hae woovers mony ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben :
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'—

" For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flie ;
 He loes sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me :
 But blithe 's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 And weel I wat he loes me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

' Oh ! thoughtless lassie, life's a feght,
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But aye fu' han't is feghtin best,
 A hungry care 's an unco care.
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale !'

" O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor, my Rob and I,
 Light is the burden love lays on :
 Content and love bring peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?"

ALLEGRETTO.



ANDANTINO.

fz

fz JOHN AN-DE-ROSON my Jo JOHN, When

we were first ac---quaint; Your locks were like the ra---ven, Your

bonnie brow was brent. But now your brow is bald JOHN, Your locks are like the

snaw; But bless-ings on your fros---ty pow, JOHN AN-DE-ROSON my

Jo. *fz*

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo JOHN,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day JOHN,
 We've had wi' ane anither:

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Now we maun totter down, JOHN,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo.

BURNS.

ALLEGRETTO.

My
 daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear; My minny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house asteer.
 But let them doo' let them say, It's a' ane to me; For he's low down he's in the broom, That's wait-ing on me.
 Waiting on me my love, He's waiting on me; For he's low down he's in the broom, That's waiting on me.

2nd

My Auntie KATE sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a Jo has she:
 But let them, &c.

3rd

My Cousin KATE was sair beguil'd,
 Wi' JOHNNY i' the glen;
 And ay sinsyne she cries, "Beware
 "Of false deluding men?"
 But let them, &c.

4th

Gleed SANDY he came west yestreen,
 And speir'd when I saw PATE;
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round,
 They jeer me ear' and late.

But let them, &c.

GRAZIOSO.

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a--wa

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a--wa

JAMIE that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the

JAMIE that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the

vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a--wa JAMIE the flow'r o' them a².

vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a--wa JAMIE the flow'r o' them a².

He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a--wa For I'll come and

He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a--wa For I'll come and

see thee in spite of them a².

see thee in spite of them a², mf

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LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

THIS song has been attributed to Lady Anne Lindsay, the accomplished writer of Auld Robin Gray : but it certainly appeared before her time ; although it is probable that the following version, the best which the Editor has met with, owes its happiest touches to her pen.

'TIS HERE FIRST PUBLISHED, 1831.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, it's Logie the laird,
Has ta'en awa Jamie that delled in the yard !
Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma',
He has ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a' :
Wha said, think na lang lassie when I'm far awa,
For I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'.

Though Sandy has horses, and houses, and land,
And Jamie has nought but his heart and his hand ;
Yet his look is my life, and his wish is my law :
They have ta'en awa Jamie, the flower of them a'.
He said, think na lang lassie when I'm far awa,
For I'll come and see thee in spite of them a'.

My daddie looks sadly, my mother looks sour,
They mock me wi' Jamie because he is poor ;
Though I like them as weel as a daughter can do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
I'll keep up my heart although Jamie's awa,
For he'll come and see me in spite of them a'.

I sit in the sunshine and spin on my wheel,
And think of the laddie that likes me sae weel,
And I think 'till my heart's fit to start into twa,—
They have ta'en awa Jamie, the flower of them a'.
But summer will come when cauld winter's awa,
'And he'll come and see me in spite of them a'.

THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean :
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
 A marriage aff hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kent it, or cared,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what would ye think ? in a fortnight, or less,
 The deil tak' his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin, Bess,
 Guess ye, how (the jade !) I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye, how (the jade !) I could bear her.

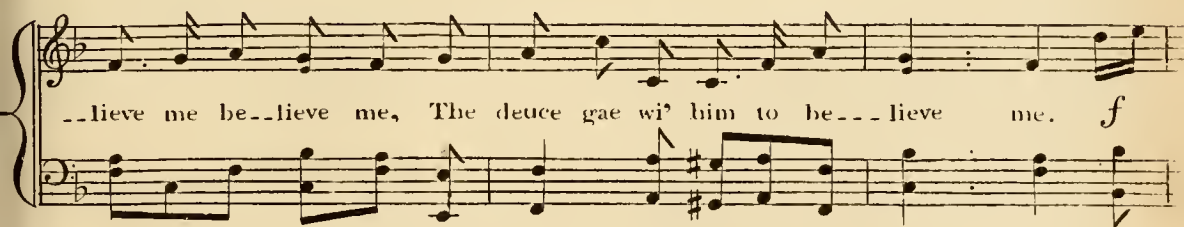
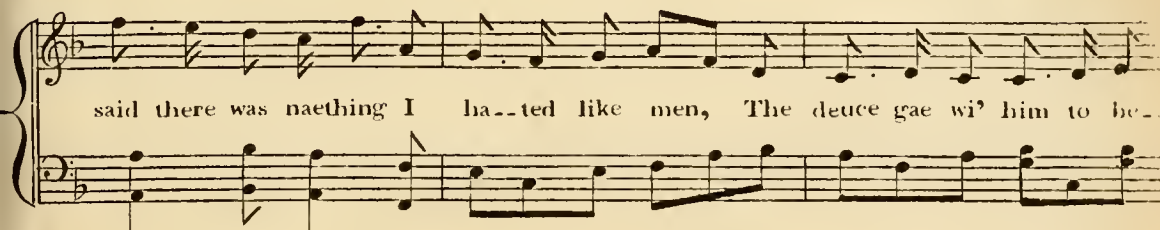
But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there ;
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But ower my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebours might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearing ;
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet ;
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begg'd for gude-sake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow :
 So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

VIVACE.



DUET.

ANDANTINO
GRAZIOSO.

O NANCY wilt thou
O NANCY wilt thou

2nd
leave the town, And go with me where Na-ture dwells; I'll lead thee to a
1st
leave the town, And go with me where Na-ture dwells; I'll lead thee to a

fair-er scene, Than paint-er feigns or po-et tells: In spring I'll place the
fair-er scene, Than paint-er feigns or po-et tells: In spring I'll place the

snow drop fair, Up--- on thy fair-er sweet-er breast; With love-ly ro-ses
snow drop fair, Up--- on thy fair-er sweet-er breast; With love-ly ro-ses

round thy head, At summer eve shalt thou be drest.
round thy head, At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn when the rustling leaf,
Shall warn us of the parting year;
I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
The redbreast's ev'ning song to hear:

And when the winter's dreary night,
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot;
Then in the treasure of thy mind,
Shall Nature's charms be all forgot.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

DUET.

O hush thee my ba---bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy
 O hush thee my ba---bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy
 mo-ther a la---dy both love--ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the
 mo-ther a la---dy both love--ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the
 tow'rs which we see, They all are be--long--ing dear ba--bie to thee.
 tow'rs which we see, They all are be--long--ing dear ba--bie to thee.

2nd

O fear not the bugle, tho' loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

3rd

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

VIVACE.

O this is no my ain Lassie,

Fair tho' the Las-sie be; O weel ken I my ain Las-sie,

Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye

weel may wi' the fair-est place; It wants to me the witching grace, The

kind love that's in her e'e.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,—
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that 's in her ee.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that 's in her ee.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 A thief sae pawky is my Jean
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.
 It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that 's in her ee.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head and a' that ?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that ;
 The pith of sense and pride of worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

ALLEGRETTO.

Is there for ho-nest po-ver-ty, That hangs his head and a' that; The
cow-ard slave we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that and a' that, Our toils obscure and a' that; The
For a' that and a' that, Our toils obscure and a' that; The
rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gow'd for a' that.
rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gow'd for a' that.

ALLEGRETTO.

f

p O wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the ev'ning sun upon; The

fair--est maid's in yon town, That ev'n--ing sun is shin--ing on:

Now hap--ly down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree; How

blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances of her e'e! How

blest ye birds that round her sing, And wel--come in the blooming year; And

dou-bly we--come be the spring, The sea--son to my LU--CY dear.

p

WELL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?
 The fairest maid's in yon town
 That ev'ning sun is shining on.
 Now, haply down yon gay green shaw
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest, ye flowers, that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances of her ee!
 How blest, ye birds, that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year,
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
 Without my love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
 My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!
 And while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart!

The heroine of the above song, Mrs OSWALD of Auchincruive, formerly Miss LUCY JOHNSTONE, died in the prime of life at Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman, was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility, which will convey some impression of her attractions to after generations. The poet, in his first fervour, thought of sending his song to the heroine; but gave up the idea, "because," said he, in a letter to Mr SYME, "perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification of that servility which my soul abhors."

KILLIKRANKIE—THE SOLDIER.

WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever blest,
 By thinking of the morrow?
 To-day be mine—I leave the rest
 To all the fools of sorrow;
 Give me the mind that mocks at care,
 The heart, its own defender;
 The spirits that are light as air,
 And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
 We meet—'tis death or glory;
 'Tis Victory in all her charms,
 Or fame in Britain's story;
 Dear native land—thy fortunes frown,
 And ruffians would enslave thee;
 Thou land of honour and renown,
 Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you—'tis I—that meet the ball;
 And me it better pleases
 In battle with the brave to fall,
 Than die of cold diseases;
 Than drivel on in elbow-chair,
 With saws and tales unheeded;
 A tottering thing of aches and cares,
 Nor longer loved, nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
 Thine eye with fire is streaming;
 And o'er thy cheek—thy looks—thine air,
 Health sits in triumph beaming;
 Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
 Fill high the wine to beauty,
 Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
 Thy country and thy duty.

MAESTOSO
NON TROPPO
LENTO

What dream--ing drone was e--ver blest By
think--ing of the mor---row? To day be mine I leave the rest To
all the fools of sor---row. Give me the mind that mocks at care, The
heart its own de---fen---der, The spi--rits that are light as air, And
ne--ver heat sur---ren---der.

ALLEGRETTO.

Cauld blaws the wind from north to south, The

drift is driv-ing sair-ly; The sheep are cour-ing

in the heugh, O Sirs 'tis win-ter fair-ly:

Now up in the morning's no for me, Up in the morn-ing

ear-ly; I'd ra-ther gae sup-perless to my bed, Than

rise in the morn-ing ear-ly. *fz*

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Part of the following first stanza was taken from an old song : The other stanzas were written

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south,
The drift is driving sairly,
The sheep are cowering in the heugh,
O, sirs ! 'tis winter fairly.
Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast amang the woods,
And tirls the branches barely,
On hill and house hear how it thuds—
The frost is nipping sairly.
Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
To sit a' night would better agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hills
Like ony timorous carlie,
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.

Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When snaw blaws in to the chimly cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early ?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things ! they suffer sairly,
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now, up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
A pennyless purse I would rather dree,
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and canty wife,
Aye keep a body cheerly,
And pantries stow'd wi' meal and maut,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morning—na, na, na !
Up in the morning early—
The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
When I rise in the morning early.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY BURNS.

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie,
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie,
At kith or kin I need na speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysell hae plenty ;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty !

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

MISS LEWARS, now Mrs THOMSON, of Dumfries, is the JESSY of this singularly beautiful song. She was a true friend, and a great favourite of the Poet; and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

HERE's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy.

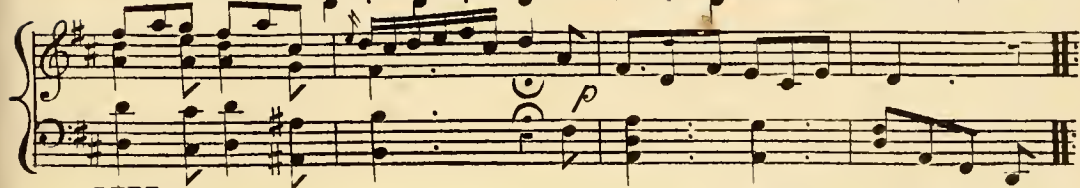
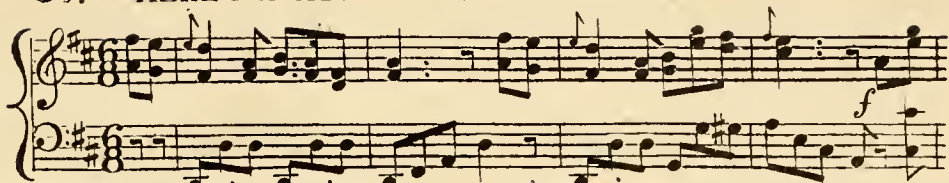
Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy.

Here's a health to ane I loe dear,
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy.
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee:—
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's stern, cruel decree?

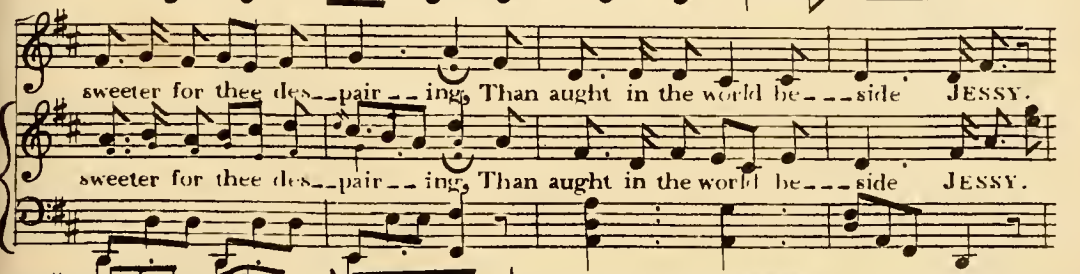
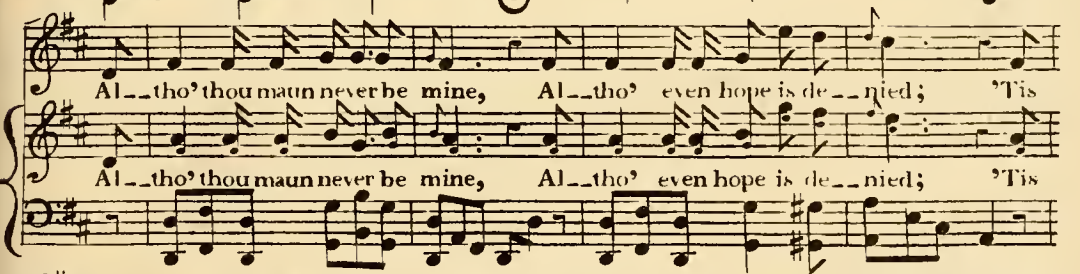
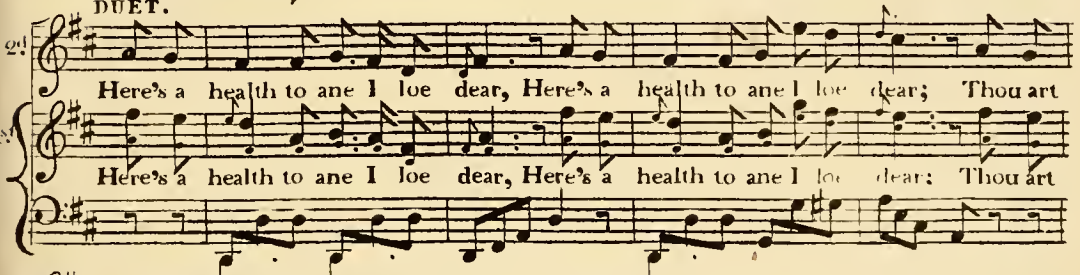
37. HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY.

1. 02:

GRAZIOSO.



DUET.



ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

DUET. Tenor Voice.

2d Soprano.

Wilt thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart; O wilt thou let me

Wilt thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart; O wilt thou let me

cheer thee, By the treasure of my soul; That's the love I bear thee, I

cheer thee, By the treasure of my soul; That's the love I bear thee, I

swear and vow, that on-ly thou shall ever be my dearie, On-ly thou I

swear and vow, that on-ly thou shall ever be my dearie, On-ly thou I

swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie.

swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie.

THE SOUTER'S DOCHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

WILT thou be my dearie ?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee !
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie ;
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou loes me ;
 Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me.
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me ;
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me ;
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me !

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
How much unlike the graceful mien,
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

The bravest beau in burrow town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compared to him is but a clown ;
He's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

*O my bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
May Heaven still guard, and love reward,
Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

* * * * *

If I were free at will to choose,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

AH ! sure a pair was never seen
So justly form'd to meet by nature !
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry graceful feature !
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers !
For surely she was made for thee,
And thou to bless this charming creature !

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty ;
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty !
O how charming to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit !
Thus while you live, may Fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit !

ANDANTINO.

Dol:

DUET.

The law-land lads are fine, But

The lawland lads think they are fine, But

O they're vain and T-dly gaudy; unlike that graceful mien, And

O they're vain and T-dly gaudy; How much unlike that graceful mien, And

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My

handsome charming highland laddie, May heaven still guard and love reward, Our

handsome charming highland laddie, May heaven still guard and love reward, Our

law-land lass and her highland laddie.

law-land lass and her highland laddie.

ALLEGRETTO.

By

Al-lan stream I chanc'd to rove, While Phoebus sunk be-yond Ben-ledi; The

winds were whisp'ring through the grove, The yellow corn was wav-ing ready; I

lis-ten'd to a Lover's sang, And thought on youthful plea-sures many, And

ay the wild wood e-choes rang, O dear-ly do I love thee Annie.

Vol: 2.

JINGLING JOHNIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

THIS pleasing air, with the symphonies and accompaniments of HAYDN, was first published in the folio work of the Editor, in 1817, instead of the air called Allan Water; because the latter was found to exceed the compass of most voices, and of course was very rarely sung.

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,	Her head upon my throbbing breast,
While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi;*	She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
The winds were whispering through the grove,	While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The yellow corn was waving ready;	The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.
I listened to a lover's sang,	
And thought on youthful pleasures many;	The haunt o' spring 's the primrose brae,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,	The summer joy 's the flocks to follow;
"O dearly do I loe thee, Annie."	How cheery, through her shortening day,
	Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow:
O happy be the woodbine bower,	But can they melt the glowing heart,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;	Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,	Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
The place and time I met my dearie!	Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

* A mountain west of Strathallan, upwards of 3000 feet high.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

WHAT numbers shall the Muse repeat?	Among the crowd Amyntor came;
What verse be found to praise my Annie?	He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
On her ten thousand graces wait;	His rising sighs express his flame,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.	His words were few, his wishes many.
Since first she trode the happy plain,	With smiles the lovely maid replied,
She set each youthful heart on fire;	"Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Each nymph does to her swain complain,	Alas! your love must be denied,
That Annie kindles new desire.	This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye!
This lovely darling, dearest care,	"Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
This new delight, this charming Annie,	His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling;
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,	He stole away my virgin heart,—
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.	Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bemoaning!
All day the am'rous youths convene,	Some brighter beauty you may find,
Joyous they sport and play before her;	On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
All night, when she no more is seen,	Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.	And leave to Damon his own Annie."

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1830

BY DAVID VEDDER, ESQ.

CAM' ye by Athole, Donald Macgillavry,
 Ken ye *he's* landed at Moidart, auld Carlie?
 Saw ye our mountain-men, marching by thousands ten,
 Waving their broadswords, and shouting for Charlie?
 Follow thee—fly to thee—wha wadna fly to thee?—
 Speed to thy banner that's flaunting sae rarely;
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna die for thee,
 Lord of our bosom's love, bonnie Prince Charlie?

There's rushing of clans to the Chevalier's banner,
 Like floods from the mountains in torrents descending;
 Their pennons are streaming, their broadswords are gleaming,—
 Huzza! the white rose wi' the heather is blending.

Follow thee, &c.

Welcome as light, sweet Flower, to the wilderness,
 Long hast thou bloom'd in a far foreign garden;
 Bright eyes shall sun thee, and soft sighs shall fan thee,
 The evergreen thistle shall aye be thy warden.

Follow thee, &c.

We'll rally around thee, true scion of royalty,
 Reckless of home and our kindred's undoing;
 Prove with our good swords our faith and our loyalty,
 Soar in thy triumphs, or sink in thy ruin!

Follow thee, &c.

ALLEGRETTO
QUASI
VIVACE.

Came ye by A--thole, lad wi' the phi-la-beg, Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Ga--ry;

Saw ye our mountain men marching by thousands ten, Waving their broadswords and shouting for Charlie.

Follow thee follow thee, wha wadna follow thee, Speed to thy banner that's flaunting so rare. ly Charlie, Charlie

wha wadna die for thee, Lord of our ho-som's love, bonny Prince Char-lie!

ALLEGRO
E BEN
MARCATO.

The
sun is sunk the day is done, E'en stars are set-ting one by one; Nor
torch nor ta---per long-er may, Eke out the pleasures of the day:
And since in so-cial glee's 'despite, It needs must be good night good night; &
since in so-cial glee's despite, It needs must be good night good night.
sf sf sf

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WIP' YE.

WITH NEW VERSES WRITTEN

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

FIRST UNITED WITH THE AIR IN 1825.

THE sun is sunk, the day is done,
 E'en stars are setting one by one ;
 Nor torch nor taper longer may
 Eke out the pleasures of the day ;
 And since, in social glee's despite,
 It needs must be,—Good night, good night !
 And since, &c.

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
 The herdsman in his wattled shed,
 The clansmen in the heather'd hall,
 Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
 We part in hope of days as bright
 As this now gone,—Good night, good night !
 We part, &c.

The bride into her bower is sent,
 And ribald rhyme and jesting spent :
 The lover's whisper'd words and few
 Have bade the bashful maid adieu :
 The dancing-floor is silent quite,
 No foot bounds there,—Good night, good night !
 The dancing-floor, &c.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all ;
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
 Gay dreams to all,—Good night, good night !
 To warm, &c.

BURNS'S FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON,

AT THE TIME WHEN HE HAD RESOLVED ON GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

THE SAME AIR.

ADIEU ! a heart warm fond adieu !
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy !
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's shidd'ry ha',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect divine.
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 'Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

Of't have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful festive night ;
 Of't, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light ;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw ;
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart came yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
 For ships o' war hae just come in,
 And landed royal Charlie.
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

Ilk Highland clan wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
 Hae to a man resolved to stand,
 Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lawlands a', baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
 Declared for Scotland's king and law,
 And speir ye, wha but Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

There's no a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late and early,
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
 Wha will na feght for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's success to Charlie's arms,
 And be it complete and early,
 The very name our heart's blood warms,
 To arms, to arms for Charlie !
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

ALLEGRO VIVACE.

The news frae Moi-dart came yestreen, Will soon gar mo--ny fer--lie; For
ships o' war ha'e just come in, And land--ed roy--al CHAR--LIE.

CHO^s Soprano.
Come through the heather, A-round him gather; Ye're a' the welcom-er ear-ly, A--

Tenore.
Come through the heather, A-round him gather; Ye're a' the welcom-er ear-ly, A--

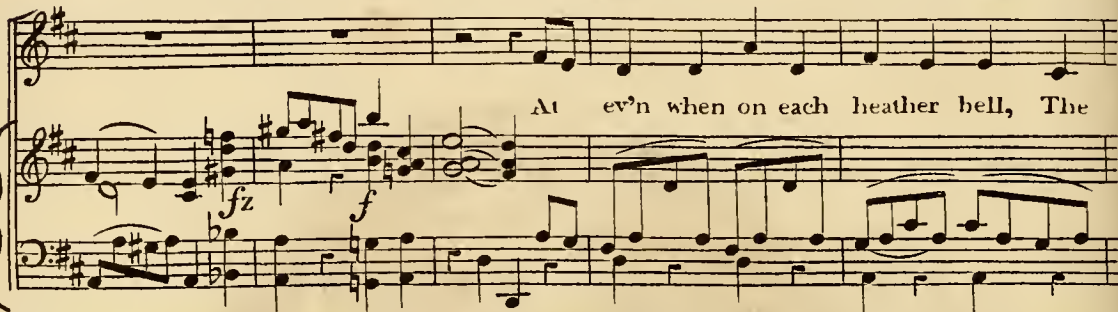
--round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but CHAR--LIE.

--round him eling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but CHAR--LIE.

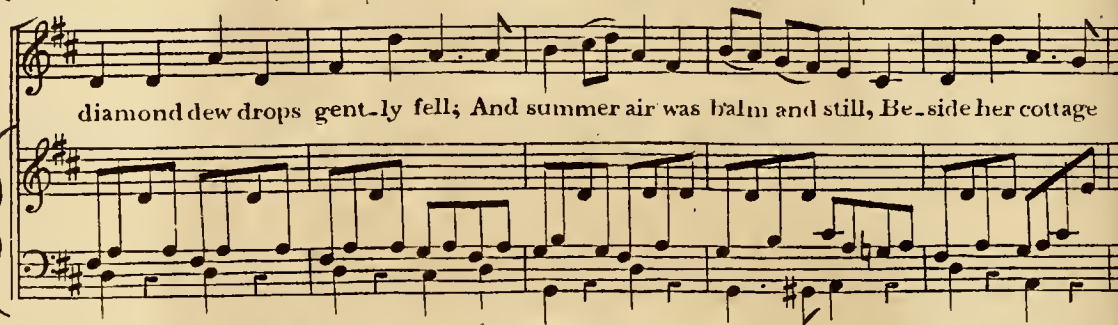
ANDANTE
CON MOTO.



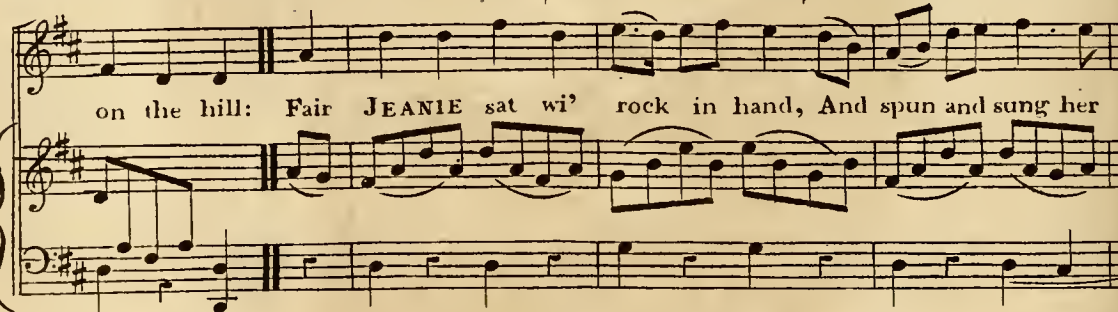
At ev'n when on each heather bell, The



diamond dew drops gent-ly fell; And summer air was balm and still, Be-side her cottage



on the hill: Fair JEANIE sat wi' rock in hand, And spun and sung her



mer-ry strain; The blythest lad in all the land, Loe's me and I lo'e him again.



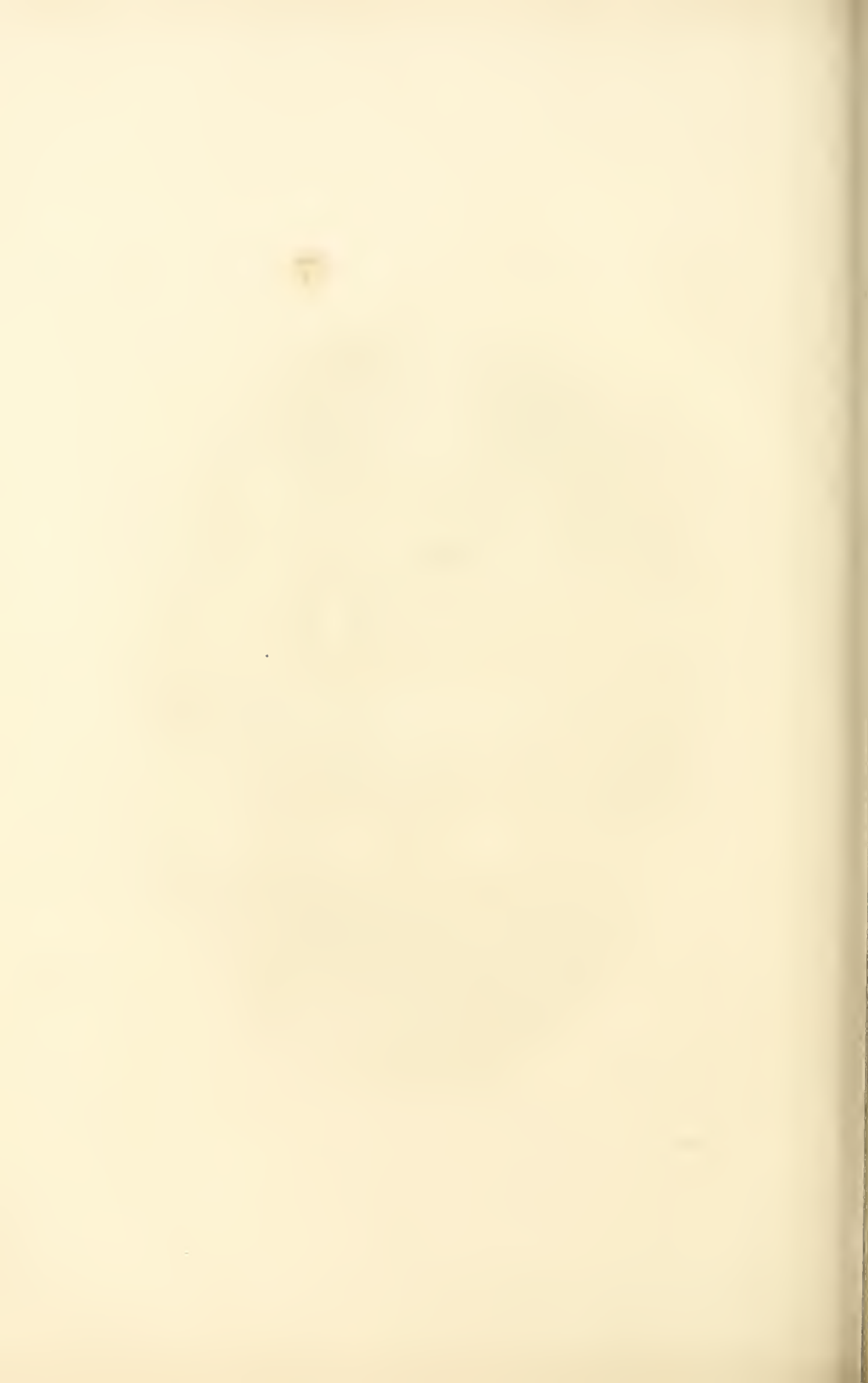
Con forza.



Published at the Act directed by G. Thomson Edinburgh



Designed & Engraved by D. Allan



A LOVE ADVENTURE.

FROM A MS. WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY P. F. TYTLER, ESQ.

AIR—O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments composed by HUMMEL, in 1826.

AT ev'n when on each heather bell
The diamond dewdrops gently fell,
And summer air was balm and still,—
Beside her cottage on the hill
Fair Jeanie sat, with rock in hand,
And spun, and sung her merry strain,
“The blithest lad in all the land
Loes me, and I loe him again.”

Fresh from the town a coxcomb pert,
Attir'd by fashion's nicest art,
Pass'd where the pretty maiden sat,
And smirk'd and smiled, and doff'd his hat ;
Then bow'd, and as he spoke, he sigh'd,—
“Oh, be not you a ploughman's bride,
But fly with me,—my chariot's near,—
You'll shine in silk, and be my dear.”

To Jeanie's cheek the flush of shame,
And maiden pride and honour came ;
But checking all with pawky sleight,
She said, ‘We canna meet the night ;
But come the morn, and crack your fill,
When my auld daddy's at the hill ;
Tap gently, and wi' little din,
I'll lift the latch, and let you in.’

But Jeanie she took special care
That Jock, and Will, and twa three mair,
Her stout auld daddy, and his dogs,
Should ready be to pu' his lugs.
‘Whene'er,’ said she, ‘he's on his knees
Clavering o' love, I'll gie a sneeze,
Then bang the door, let in the pack,
And hunt him weel—nor spare his back.’

When larks had sung their morning lay,
And rising dew refresh'd the day,
Our city spark pursued his way,
Bedeck'd like any popinjay ;
With powder'd pate, and broider'd vest,
And buckled bright each glossy shoe,
He reach'd the cot, and whisper'd—“Hist,
Hist, hist,”—said Jeanie, ‘Is it you?’

‘Come in, come in, there's no a mouse
To frighten you in all the house.’—
“Thy daddy and the lads are ploughing,
Then we, my angel, must be wooing,”
Exclaim'd the coxcomb ; “what a crime
In lowly cot, and wintry clime,
So sweet and fair a flower to bury.”—
Said Jeanie, ‘I'm o'er young to marry.’—

“Marry, my love ! we canna wait,
We'll leave all that to time and fate ;
Haste, fly, and we shall all arrange ;”
‘But, sir, I fear,—“Oh, fear no change,
I swear”—and with expression sweet
Full lowly knelt he at her feet.
‘Weel, weel,’ quoth Jeanie, ‘now I'm pleased,
I'll trust you’—and the gipsy sneezed.

Bang went the door—and all the rout
The caitiff seized, and turn'd him out ;
Men, women, weans, like ringing deils,
And dogs that bark'd and bit his heels.
‘You hae my bairn, ye powder'd brock,’
Her daddy cried.—‘Tak that,’ said Jock ;
‘I'll dust your velvet coat, my billy :
‘You touch my bonnie Jeanie—will ye?’

As loud the gath'ring chorus rung,
Away before the pack he sprung,
And bounding headlong o'er the brae,
A muddy duck-pool met his way,
Wherein, so great his speed and fears,
He fairly plump'd up to the pears !
Thus may such base seducers ever
Conclude their love,—and cool their liver.

DUNCAN GRAY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

On new-year's night, when we were fu',

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,

Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spake o' loup'ing o'er a lin,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

She may gae to—France for me!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And oh! her een they spake such things!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:

Now they're crouse and canty baith!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* A great insulated Rock to the south of the Island of Arran.

ANDANTINO.

Duncan Gray came

here to woo, Ha ha the wooing o't On new year's night when we were fou,

Ha ha the wooing o't Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and

un-co skiegh Gart poor Duncan stand a biegh Ha ha the wooing o't

ALLEGRETTO.

p *cres.* *f*

When the stream is flow-ing, When comes in the sil-ler, When the wheel is go-ing,

Hap-py then the mil-ler. Las-sie canst thou love him, Canst thou love him dear-ly,

Hold no head a-bove him, Las-sie speak sin-cere-ly.

cres. *f*

2^d

I have gather'd posies
 On a lonely mountain,
 I have seen sweet roses
 Near a rustie fountain—
 Gay they were and blooming,
 Tho' no hand did raise them,
 All the air perfuming
 Tho' no tongue did praise them.

3^d

Canst thou thus retiring
 Live a life of duty,
 I alone admiring
 All thy worth and beauty.
 Humble is my dwelling,
 But I love thee dearly—
 All my heart is swelling—
 Lassie! speak sincerely.

ANDANTE.

O send Lewie Gor-don home And the lad I dare-na name, Tho' his back be

CHORUS.

at the wa' Here's to him that's far a-way. O hon my Highland man, O my bonny

O hon my Highland man, O my bonny

Highland man, Well wou'd I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highland men.

Highland man, Well wou'd I my true love ken A-mang ten thousand Highland men.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon &c.

This gallant youth of whom I sing,
Nature form'd to be a king,
On his breast he wears a star,—
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon &c.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon &c.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

calando.

calando. Thou'rt far a-wa', far a-wa',

Far a-wa' from me Don-ald; Sair I rue the wae-fu' day That parted me from

thee Donald. Blythe we met by Lochnagair When baith were fancy free Donald;

Life wi' a' its coming care Seem'd bright as morning's e'e Donald

THOU'RT FAR AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1829

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R.M.

AIR—THOU'RT FAR AWA.

THOU'RT far awa, far awa,
 Far awa frae me, Donald;
 Sair I rue the wae fu' day
 That parted me from thee, Donald.
 Blythe we met by Lochna-gair,
 When baith were fancy free, Donald—
 Life, with a' its coming care,
 Seem'd bright as morning's ee, Donald.

Now sad to me's the gloaming hour,
 Sad the trysting tree, Donald;
 Love's sweet spell has lost its power,
 Since I lost sight of thee, Donald.
 Wae betide the pennon gay,
 The gowd that tempted thee, Donald;
 Dames mair dink may cross thy way,
 But nane can love like me, Donald.

How oft I dream'd of happy hame,
 When cheer'd by love and thee, Donald,
 Yet my lips ne'er breath'd the flame
 That sparkled in my ee, Donald.
 Thou hast dream'd of scenes mair bright,
 Far ayont the sea, Donald;
 Thou art gone—and I the sleight
 Of luckless love maun dree, Donald.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Editor having observed that the second stanza of this admired Song, in its original form, has always been passed over by young ladies, as exceptionable, he has therefore taken the liberty to substitute four lines of his own at the beginning of that stanza, in the room of Ramsay's. It is so desirable to prevent a standard old song from falling into neglect, that he hopes the critical reader will tolerate the alteration which decorum required.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wandering stream,
 And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;
 Until the sun's last setting beam,
 Was in the ocean glowing.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 Unalter'd, true, and tender,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 Where'er I'm doom'd to wander.

In all my soul, there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me:
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being doth remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
 PAUL'S WORK, CANONGATE,
 FOR THE PROPRIETOR, G. THOMSON.

1851.

LARGHETTO.

The last time I came o'er the muir, I left my Love be--hind-- me; Ye

Pow'rs what pain do I en-dure, When soft i--de--as mind-- me.

Soon as the rud-dy morn display'd the beaming day en--su--ing, I

met be-times my love-ly maid, In fit re-treats for woo--ing.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

The words altered from the old version by G. Thomson. The Accomt by G. Hogarth, 1836.

VIVACE.

Im o'er young Im o'er young Im
o'er young to marry yet, They tell me Sir 'twould be a sin To tak me frae my
mammy yet; I am my mammy's ae bairn, She never lets me weary, Sir, I've
been her dar-ling a' my days, To leave her I am eer-rie Sir.

1st 2nd 3rd

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
They tell me Sir 'twould be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.
Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,
And nights are lang in winter Sir,
And you're sae fain I were your ain,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture Sir.

I'm o'er young, my mammy says,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I've been but three years in my teens,—
Is n't rather soon to marry yet?
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer Sir,
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin Simmer Sir.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME SECOND.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

- A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.
B, as the productions of more recent periods.
C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

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