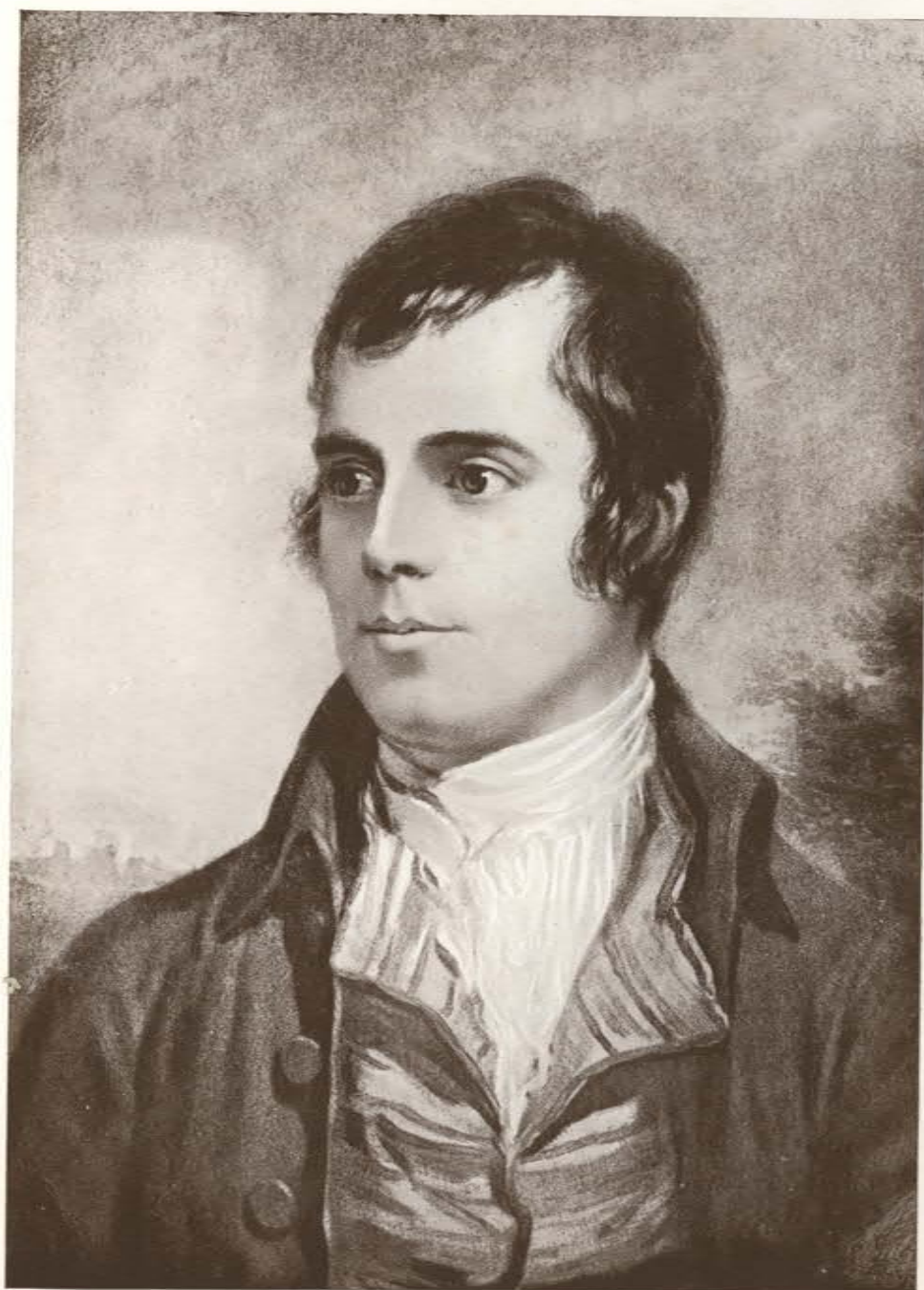




GEM SELECTION

SCOTTISH

SONGS





ROBERT BURNS

GEM SELECTION



SCOTTISH
SONGS

ILLUSTRATED

Edited by 
ALFRED W. TOMLYN
 MUS. BAC.



ANDERSONS, EDINBURGH, LTD
PUBLISHERS EDINBURGH

EIGHTH EDITION

PRINTED IN SCOTLAND.

INDEX

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT	PAGE 64	My Heart is Sair	PAGE 104
A wee Bird cam' to our Ha' door	25	My Love she's but a Lassie yet	48
Afton Water	20	My Nannie's awa'	43
And are ye sure the News is true?	44	NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE	43
Annie Laurie	4	OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW	46
Auld Lang Syne	111	O I hae seen great Anes and sat in great Ha's	99
Auld Robin Gray	12	O Mary at thy Window be	58
Away ye gay Landscapes	108	O Nannie wilt Thou gang wi' Me	84
BONNIE CHARLIE'S NOO AWA'	89	O Rowan Tree	35
Bonnie Dundee	22	O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast	97
Bonnie Lassie will ye go?	57	O Whistle and I'll Come to you	68
Bonnie wee Thing	81	O why Left I my Hame	90
By yon Bonnie Banks	41	O Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut	87
CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES	54	ROBIN ADAIR	40
Caller Herrin'	1	Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch	55
Cam' ye by Athole	15	SCOTLAND YET	62
Castles in the Air	102	Scots Wha Hae	24
Come all ye Jolly Shepherds	92	Scottish Blue Bells	49
Come under my Plaidie	38	Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot	111
Comin' thro' the Rye	14	THE AULD HOOSE	86
Confide ye aye in Providence	100	The Birks o' Aberfeldy	57
Corn Rigs	82	The Boatie Rows	79
DUNCAN GRAY	9	The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'	41
FAR OVER YON HILLS	60	The Flowers o' the Forest	18
Flora Macdonald's Lament	60	The Hundred Pipers	65
Flow gently, Sweet Afton	20	The Laird o' Cockpen	29
GAE BRING MY GUID AULD HARP ANCE MAIR	62	The Land o' the Leal	31
Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine	94	The Lea Rig	96
Gin a Body meet a Body	14	The Moon's on the Lake	76
Gloomy Winter's noo awa'	36	The Rowan Tree	35
Green grow the Rashes O!	26	The Scottish Blue Bells	49
HERE AWA', THERE AWA', WANDERING WILLIE	72	The Sun has gane doon	52
Highland Mary	105	The bonnie bonnie Bairn	102
ILKA BLADE O' GRASS	100	There grows a bonnie Brier Bush	110
I'm wearin' awa', Jean	31	There's nae Luck about the Hoose	44
Is there for honest Poverty?	64	There was a Lad was Born in Kyle	7
It was upon a Lammas Night	82	Thou bonnie Wood o' Craigielea	74
I've seen the Smiling of Fortune beguiling	18	Thou ling'ring Star with less'ning Ray	106
JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE	52	To Mary in Heaven	106
Jock o' Hazeldean	28	To the Lords of Convention	22
John Anderson, my Jo	33	'Twas within a Mile o' Edinburgh Toon	17
KATE DALRYMPLE	70	WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE	25
Kelvin Grove	73	Wandering Willie	72
LOCHNAGAR	108	Wha'll Buy Caller Herrin'	1
Logie o' Buchan	6	What's this Dull Toon tae Me	40
MACGREGOR'S GATHERING	76	When the Kye comes Hame	92
Mary Morison	58	Why Weep ye by the Tide, Lady	28
Mary of Argyle	10	Wi' a Hundred Pipers	65
Maxwellton Braes are Bonnie	4	Will ye no Come back again?	89
My ain Fireside	99	YE BANKS AND BRAES AND STREAMS AROUND	105
		Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon	32
		Young Jamie lo'ed me weel	12

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
ROBERT BURNS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CALLER HERRIN'	I
DUNCAN GRAY	9
CAM' YE BY ATHOLE	16
WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE	25
YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON	32
THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'	41
MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE	48
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY	57
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT	64
KELVIN GROVE	73
THE BOATIE ROWS	80
WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN	89
THE LEA RIG	96
HIGHLAND MARY	105
AULD LANG SYNE	112

NOTES

Caller Herrin' (p. 1).

The words were written by Caroline, Baroness Nairne, *née* Oliphant (1766-1845). Born and died at Gask House, Perthshire; married (1806) William Nairne, heir to the attained title of "Baron Nairne," to which he succeeded in 1824. Lady Nairne in her last years co-operated with Dr. Chalmers in philanthropic work. She was one of the most charming of Scots poetesses. The air was composed by Nathaniel Gow (1766-1831)—son of the great Neil Gow, and father of Neil Gow, jun.—who was born near Dunkeld, attained great skill as a violinist, became one of his Majesty's trumpeters for Scotland (1782) and "leader" of many of the Edinburgh concerts in the early decades of the nineteenth century. He was afterwards a music publisher in the Scots capital, where he died. The air is said to have been suggested to him while listening to the curious harmony amid discord produced by the sound of the bells of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, mingling with the street cries of the fishwives vending their wares.

Annie Laurie (p. 4).

Written by William Douglas of Fingland in honour of Anne, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, Dumfries. The date of the song may possibly be assigned to the close of the seventeenth century, owing to the fact that Laurie was not created a baronet until 1685. Mr. Douglas owed several suggestions to an old version of "John Anderson, my Jo," to the tune of which song his own was sometimes sung. The song was later somewhat changed by Lady John Scott, who composed the air to which it is now sung, and re-wrote some of the verses to suit the melody.

Logie o' Buchan (p. 6).

George Halket (1690?-1756), schoolmaster of the parish of Rathen, Aberdeenshire, was

the author of the words of this popular song. Halket was a zealous Jacobite, and wrote several satirical lyrics, one of which has been preserved, viz. "Whirry, Whigs, awa', Man." So incensed was the Duke of Cumberland with one of Halket's pieces—"A Dialogue between the Devil and George II."—that he offered £100 for the body of the song-writer, living or dead. But Halket could take care of himself. As regards the *locale* of "Logie o' Buchan," it is situated in Crimond, the parish adjoining Rathen, while "Jamie," who to his industry as a delver united skill "on the pipe and the viol sae sma'," was the laird's gardener, James Robertson. The air is said to be adapted from that to which the craftsmen of the Tailors' Corporation were wont to march—"The Tailor fell through the Bed, Thimbles an' a'."

There was a Lad was Born in Kyle (p. 7).

In this song Burns very aptly describes his own temperament and career, one verse being almost prophetic in its appropriateness to his case, viz. "He'll hae misfortunes great and sma'," &c. The poet was well able to gauge his own greatness, and had too little of the humbug in him to affect ignorance of it, therefore he could write without the faintest suspicion of boasting, "We'll a' be proud o' Robin," and give the date of his birth, 25th January 1759. The air was taken from that of an old pre-Reformation song, "O gin ye were dead, guidman," which John Knox and the Reformers adapted to a popular hymn of the time.

Duncan Gray (p. 9).

Words by Robert Burns (1759-96), while the air is traditionally credited to a Glasgow carter bearing the same designation as the hero of the song, Duncan Gray, who is said to have written it early in the eighteenth century. Burns wrote the piece for Thomson's "Collec-

tion of Scottish Songs," basing it upon an older song which he had written while at Mauchline, and which in turn had been suggested to him by the ancient popular "catch":—

"As I cam' in by Aberdeen
Hech, hey, the girdin' o't."

Mary of Argyle (p. 10).

This exquisite lyric is the work of Mr. Charles Jefferys, author of several well-known songs, "The Rose of Allandale," "Jeannette and Jeannot," &c., and was written about 1850. The melody was composed by Sidney Nelson, a popular musician of that time.

Auld Robin Gray (p. 12).

The words of this lyric, undoubtedly one of the most exquisite in the whole range of Scottish verse, are by Lady Ann Barnard, *née* Lindsay (1750–1825), eldest daughter of the Earl of Balcarres and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, Secretary to the Governor of the Cape Colony. Her ladyship was so charmed with an old air, "The Bridegroom Greets when the Sun gaes down," that she wrote her song to be sung to it. For some time it was so sung, until the Rev. W. Leeves (1748–1825), rector of Wrington, Somerset, composed the tune with which it is now generally associated.

Comin' thro' the Rye (p. 14).

Of this song only the first four lines are by Burns, the remainder being the work of John Walter, a musician in Edinburgh, who later became a music-seller there, but eventually migrated to London. Burns, as is well known, wrote a complete song under this title, basing it on an old lay, the coarseness of which infected his own strain. Published in Johnson's "Museum," it achieved some measure of popularity, but the humour and sentiment were both so tinged with vulgarity that Burns's version was superseded by Walter's, which some writers even ascribed to Burns. The air was a very ancient one, known as "The Miller's Daughter," but was modified by Walter to suit his words.

Cam' ye by Athole (p. 15).

Of this song, whose popularity is surpassed by few, the words were written by James Hogg

(1770–1835), the Ettrick Shepherd, being published in an ephemeral publication, "The Border Garland," while the air was the composition of Neil Gow, jun. (1795–1823), the grandson of the great violinist.

Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Toun

(p. 17).

Singularly enough, though this song seems to smack of Scottish soil, neither the words nor the music are of Scots origin. Of the former, the brilliant humorist and wit, Tom D'Urfey (1630–1723), whose "Pills to Purge Melancholy" still serve to accomplish their somewhat coarsely expressed mission, may be said to be the author, the present form of the piece being an adaptation of his "'Twas within a Furlong of Edinburgh Toun," published in Playford's "Wit and Humour" (1798). The air is the work of James Hook (1746–1827), the father of the celebrated wit, novelist, and *improvisatore*, Theodore Hook.

The Flowers o' the Forest (p. 18).

There are two versions of "The Flowers o' the Forest," each referring to different circumstances, or rather disasters. Both are beautiful, though the charm is of a different type in each. Of the version here given, the words were written by Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, *née* Alison Rutherford (1710–94), the sentiment being inspired by the financial ruin which had overtaken the families of some neighbouring landed proprietors. The air is a modernised adaptation of an old tune.

Afton Water (p. 20).

Few songs are better known or oftener sung than this, of which the words are by Burns (written in 1786) and the melody by Alexander Hume (1811–59). The lady, to whom the lyric was inscribed by our great national singer, was Mrs. General Stewart of Stair and Afton, on whose estate, Afton Lodge (beautifully situated on the stream whence it takes its name, and which is a tributary of the Nith) are located the scenes described in the song. She was the first person to publicly recognise the genius of Burns.

Bonnie Dundee (p. 22).

The words of this fine lay were written by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), being intended for his historical melodrama, "The Doom of Devorgoil," published in 1830. The air is anonymous, but the late Sir Herbert Oakeley maintained it must have originated, though perhaps suffering certain later modifications, with the Jacobite rising of 1715. He stated he had evidence to prove it was in existence in 1740. Alas, he has been removed before making public the ground of his belief!

Scots Wha Hae (p. 24).

This noble lyric, which may almost be styled the "National Anthem" of Scotland, was written by Burns during a period of great imaginative exaltation and excitement. In company with his friend Syme he was riding from Kenmure to Gatehouse-in-Fleet (Galloway) by a moorland road, where the more rugged and gloomier aspects of nature predominated. The sky suddenly became overcast and lowering, the wind moaned across the desolate waste, and a thunder-storm of terrific violence began. Burns really enjoyed the awful spectacle; "The fine frenzy" of the poet came upon him, and amidst the fury of the elements "Scots Wha Hae" came into existence. The air to which the words were originally written was, "Hey, Tuttie Tattie," traditionally stated to be the march which Bruce ordered to be played before Bannockburn to inspire his troops with the hopes of victory. True, Thomson and others have repudiated such an idea, and actually induced the poet to write a second set of verses adapted to the tune "Lewie Gordon," which they considered more akin to the spirit of the piece than "Hey, Tuttie Tattie." One thing is certain, that the latter air is very ancient, having certainly been sung to Alexander Montgomery's (1545–1610) "Hey, now the Day Dawes" in the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis*, which in turn is said to have been an adaptation of a still earlier song. Later in the history of Scotland the tune was seized upon by the Jacobites as a capital air for their favourite "Here's to the King, Sir," and is printed as such in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics* (Vol. I. No. lxvi.).

Wae's Me for Prince Charlie (p. 25).

Words by William Glen (1789–1826), a Glasgow merchant, while the air, which is entitled

"Johnnie Faa, or The Gypsie Laddie," appeared in Johnson's "Museum" (1789–90), being there set to an ancient ballad recounting an elopement which is alleged to have occurred in the grand old Scots family of Cassillis when the Ladye Jean eloped with "Johnnie Faa, the Gypsie Laddie." The air appears under a modified form in the Skene MS. (1630), being there entitled "Ye Ladye Cassylis Lilte."

Green Grow the Rashes O! (p. 26).

Still another song by Burns, while the air is very ancient. It first appears in a mutilated form in Oswald's first Collection (1740), but previous to that it had been long known, being used as a reel as well as a song. In the MS. Lute-Book of Sir R. Gordon of Straloch (1627) occur the two airs "Grene grows ye Rasses—A Daunce" and "I kist her quhile shee Blusht," which on comparison are found to be almost the same.

Jock o' Hazeldean (p. 28).

Words also by Sir Walter Scott, being believed to be founded on the old ballad "Jock o' Hazelgreen." The first verse is a remnant of an older piece, but the succeeding stanzas are all from the mint of the great poet's fancy, and the song as a whole was contributed to Alexander Campbell's (1764–1824) publication, "Albyn's Anthology" (1816). As regards the air it is undoubtedly ancient, appearing in the Leyden MS. (1690) under the title "The Bony Brow," which is to be preferred to "Willie and Annet" upon which the later setting is based.

The Laird o' Cockpen (p. 29).

From the pen of the Baroness Nairne (*vide supra*, p. v.) came the words of this exceedingly popular lyric of which the charm never seems to fade. The prototype of the "Laird o' Cockpen," who was proud and great, with "his mind ta'en up wi' the things o' the State," was a devoted adherent and bosom friend of Charles II., who accompanied the monarch into exile. At the Restoration, however, he was overlooked, and his estates, of which he had been deprived by Cromwell, seemed lost for ever. But obtaining permission one day to supply the

organist's place in the Chapel Royal, he suddenly introduced, in place of the "Dismission Voluntary," the air "Brose and Butter," of which the king had been very fond in his exile. Charles recognised the tune, called for his old favourite, and reinstated him in his lands. Originally, the song ended with the refusal of the Laird. Miss Ferrier, however, added two stanzas in which she described "Mistress Jean's second Thoughts" and her acceptance of her "canny suitor." The air is very old, having been regarded as ancient even in 1709 when it appeared in the Crockat MS., being set to the seventeenth century song, "When she cam' ben she bobbitt."

The Land o' the Leal (p. 31).

This is unquestionably the finest lyric in the Scots vernacular, with the exception of one or two of Burns's best. The words are by Lady Nairne, while the air, which is identical with that associated with "Scots Wha Hae," though set in different time, is, as we have seen, very old.

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon (p. 32).

This is another of Burns's noblest lyrics, being written for Johnson's "Museum" (1790), although there was an older version, "Ye Flowery Banks o' Bonnie Doon," inspired by the sad fate of a young Ayrshire lady who died of a broken heart on being deserted by her lover. Tradition says the air is Irish, but Burns specifically states that it was composed by Mr. James Miller, writer in Edinburgh, under circumstances as extraordinary as they were romantic. (See Burns's "Letters to Thomson.")

John Anderson, my Jo (p. 33).

Burns wrote the words, basing them upon an earlier version which appeared in MS. about 1560, "John Anderson" being, as was currently reported, the town-piper of Kelso. The first verse of the older song ran as follows:—

"John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheep's heid, weel baken in a pye,
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze's get that."

The air is also of considerable antiquity, dating back at least to 1630.

The Rowan Tree (p. 35).

Another fine lyric by Lady Nairne, obviously written out of the depths of her own experience in connection with the scenes of her girlhood. It originally formed one of her "Lays of Strathearn." The date of the air is unknown, but some authorities have ascribed it to Corelli.

Gloomy Winter's Noo Awa' (p. 36).

The author of the words of this very popular song was Robert Tannahill (1774–1810), the well-known Scottish song-writer, who for tender pathos and the expression of the softer emotions was only excelled by Burns. Born in Paisley, the son of a hand-loom weaver, he received but a scanty education before he was called on to enter the same vocation, at which he laboured until his death at the early age of thirty-six, pursuing poetry with assiduity in his spare hours. The air to which it is customarily sung is styled in Neil Gow's "Fourth Collection of Reels, &c.," "Lord Balgonie's Favourite: a very old Highland tune." This opinion is questioned by Stenhouse in the Notes to Johnson's "Museum" (1787–1803), who states that Mr. Alex. Campbell, editor of "Albyn's Anthology," had asserted it to be of modern origin. It certainly appears in a very scarce publication, "The Countess of Eglinton's Collection," about 1740, but in a slightly different form to what is known to us to-day.

Come Under my Plaidie (p. 38).

Of this beautiful song, Hector M'Neill (1746–1818) was the author, a man whose genius was fitted to achieve greater things than he ever accomplished had he but learned the lesson of the conservation and concentration of intellectual force. This song, also written for Johnson's "Museum," presents to us a vivid drama in real life, being founded on incidents coming within the personal knowledge of the poet. The composer of the air was John MacGill, a native of Girvan, Ayrshire, who was celebrated in his day as a violinist of no mean skill. Besides composing the airs of several songs, he wrote reels, strathspeys, &c., which were of note in their day.

Robin Adair (p. 40).

Of this song the authorship is unknown, while the tune is claimed respectively by England, Scotland, and Ireland. The claims of Scotland have, however, been favoured by the best-informed critics. As a lyric it is literary and a musical gem.

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon' (p. 41).

The pathos and charm of this lovely lyric, with its air so suited to the expression of the mournful sentiments it declares, are if anything heightened by the discovery of the fact that we know nothing regarding the composition of either. The origin alike of words and melody is wrapped in obscurity, tradition only venturing the guess that the song referred to the hardships and sufferings endured by the Jacobites after the failure of the Rebellion of 1745.

My Nannie's Awa' (p. 43).

Another of Burns's choicest lyrics, instinct with pure grace alike of form and sentiment. It was written in 1794 for the "Collection of Scottish Airs" edited by George Thomson (1757–1851). Of the origin of the exquisite melody with which it is wedded, nothing can be discovered.

There's nae Luck about the Hoose (p. 44).

Considerable controversy has been waged regarding the authorship of this song, one set of critics assigning it to William Julius Mickle, of Langholm (1734–88), the author of the ballad of "Cumnor Hall," and the translator from the Portuguese of Camoens' *Lusiad*; while another section ascribed it to Jean Adams (1710–65), a schoolmistress of Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock. Evidence exists which might cause it justifiably to be assigned to either. It first appeared in Herd's "Collection" (1766), was then sung in the streets as a ballad (cir. 1771), and finally obtained a place in all the collections published towards the close of last century. The words may have been revised by Dr. Beattie, and certainly the sixth

stanza proceeds from his pen. The air to which the song is sung was based on an old Jacobite melody, "Up an' waur them a', Willie," which dates back to the Rebellion of 1715. (Hogg's "Jacobite Relics.")

Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw (p. 46).

The words of this song are by Burns, being written about 1790 for Johnson's "Museum." Difference of opinion exists as to whether he wrote it all, some critics affirming that he only wrote the first two quatrain stanzas, John Hamilton, the musician and music-seller, being credited with the second pair, and William Reid, bookseller in Glasgow, with the third pair. But Cunningham's theory that Burns wrote the whole poem, while Hamilton and Reid merely revised some of the lines to adapt them to the air, is finding acceptance. Reid, however, *did* write some verses of his own to sing to the tune, but they are distinct altogether from those given in our text, and begin:—

"Upon the banks of flowing Clyde
The lassies busk them braw."

The air to which Burns wrote his words was an adaptation of "The Lowlands o' Holland" as it appeared in Johnson's "Museum," the adapter being Mr. William Marshall (1748–1833), the Duke of Gordon's house-steward, and was styled by him, "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

My Love she's but a Lassie yet (p. 48).

To the beautiful air associated with this song, no fewer than three sets of words can be sung, viz. those by Burns; second, those by Hogg; and the ballad, "A Famous Man was Robin Hood," based on Wordsworth's well known poem. Hogg's version is by some preferred to Burns's. The first quatrain is:—

"My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do to sit and woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet."

In the early song and dance books the tune is known as "Lady Badenscott's Reel."

Scottish Blue Bells (p. 49).

The author of this song was Charles Doyne Sillery (1807-36), son of a captain in the Royal Artillery, who after failing to obtain entrance to the Royal Artillery, successively turned his attention to a naval career, then to the study of medicine, thereafter to the life of a man of letters, and finally to the Church. He died, however, in his twenty-ninth year, of consumption. He wrote several poems and many songs, some of them of no small promise. The air was composed by George Arthur Barker (1812-76), a vocalist of great repute in his day, who also wrote many songs, the "White Squall" being the best known.

Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane (p. 52).

One of the most popular of Scots lyrics, the words of it were written by Tannahill (see p. viii.), while the air was composed by Mr. R. A. Smith (1780-1829), the son of a weaver, and who from being a weaver himself became one of the most admired composers of Scots music of his time, also precentor in the Abbey Church, Paisley, and afterwards musical conductor in St. George's Church, Edinburgh. His chief works were "Anthems for the Organ or Pianoforte" (1819); "Select Melodies" (1827), "The Scottish Minstrel" (1829), and "Sacred Music" (posthumous). It may interest readers to know that "Jessie" never existed outside the poet's fancy, and that Tannahill appended the last verse of his song against the advice of Smith.

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes (p. 54).

Of this song Burns wrote two versions, the earlier seemingly being founded on an old song taken down by the poet from the singing of a clergyman. In a letter to Thomson, Burns said, "When I gave it (the old song) to Johnson, I added some stanzas and amended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary walk to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is with all its crudities and imperfections on its head." The result is the exquisite pastoral lyric as we now have it. The melody, which is pre-eminently suitable to the verse, also partakes of the Doric or pastoral character. It was somewhat modified by Burns.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch (p. 55).

The song is the production of Mrs. Grant, of Carron (1745-1814), but who is not known to have written any other lyric. The air was of old called "The Ruffian's Rant," and was a favourite with Burns, who wrote "Can'st thou leave me thus, my Katy?" to it.

The Birks o' Aberfeldy (p. 57).

The words are by Burns, who is said to have written them while visiting the Falls of Moness near Aberfeldy in Perthshire, utilising for his purpose an old tune, "The Birks o' Abergeldie" published in Playford's "Dancing Master" in 1657. Musicians will note the peculiarity in this melody, that throughout, the note *fah* of the scale is entirely omitted.

Mary Morison (p. 58).

Though this song was one of Burns's earliest lyrical efforts and was somewhat undervalued by himself, so competent a critic as William Hazlitt has pronounced the opinion, with which most readers will agree, "that it takes the deepest and most lasting hold on the mind." The air to which it was originally sung was "Bide ye Yet"; but that has been long since exchanged for the one called "The Miller," which appeared in Johnson's "Museum," and is remarkable for the pathetic sweetness of its final cadence.

Flora Macdonald's Lament (p. 60).

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd (*q.v.* p. vi.), wrote the words of this exquisite dirge, appending the following note: "I got the original of these verses from my friend Mr. Neil Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment." In another note prefixed to the song in "Hogg's Works," in the volume "Songs" (1831), the following intimation is made: "This was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Neil Gow, jun., who said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own."

Scotland Yet (p. 62).

To Henry Scott Riddell (1797-1870) we owe the words of this beautiful song. Born at Sorbie in the Vale of Ewes, Dumfriesshire, the son of a shepherd, he too was led to adopt the same calling. His education, therefore, was scanty; but after the death of his father he went to school, then to college, finally becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland at Teviothead. Nine years later, however, ill-health compelled him to retire from active duties, and he became a pensioner of the Duke of Buccleuch, engaging in literary work as he was able. The air was composed by Peter McLeod (1797-1859), whose volume of "National Melodies" was exceedingly popular in its day, containing as it did songs by Ferguson, Scott, Riddell, Gilfillan, Hogg, Allan, and others, set to music in most cases by McLeod himself. It may interest our readers to know that this song first appeared as a "broad sheet," upon which were given both the words and music, the intention being to devote the proceeds to enclose the Burns Monument, Edinburgh, with a parapet and railing. This object was amply realised.

A Man's a Man for a' That (p. 64).

Few songs written by Burns have attained the lasting popularity of this. It is one of those that laugh at the lapse of years. The French Béranger says of it: "This song is not one for an age, but for an eternity." The more the pity that it was the means of marring the career of Burns in the Revenue Service, for, in those days, to utter sentiments in favour of popular freedom was equivalent to writing oneself down a cut-throat and a French Republican. The air, the origin of which is very ancient, contains features characteristically Scots.

The Hundred Pipers (p. 65).

The words of this stirring song are by Lady Nairne, the incidents whereon she based it being as follows. When Prince Charles Edward occupied Carlisle, he marched in preceded by a hundred pipers. The crossing of the Esk took place not on the march into England, but on the retreat from it. The air is evidently an ancient Scottish "catch" adapted by Lady Nairne herself to the requirements of her verse.

**O Whistle an' I'll come to ye,
my Lad** (p. 68).

Words by Burns, and singularly enough he wrote two versions of this song, one of which appeared in Johnson's "Museum," and the other in Thomson's "Collection." By many critics the air has been assigned an Irish origin, because set to a song, "Since Love is the Plan, I'll Love if I can," which has a place in the opera "The Poor Soldier," written by John O'Keefe, and produced at Covent Garden (1783). But despite this it was written by a Dumfries violinist, John Bruce, about the year 1750. Burns vouches for its authorship in a letter to Thomson, from Dumfries: "Bruce, who was an honest fellow, though a *red wud* Highlander, constantly claimed it, and by all the old musical people here he is believed to be the author."

Kate Dalrymple (p. 70).

The words were written by William Watt (1793-1859), a somewhat eccentric genius who dabbled in painting, poetry, and music. He wrote many songs—which were so numerous as to be collected in a volume—also psalm tunes, reels, &c., and acted as precentor in East Kilbride Parish Church. Some of his other songs, "Hab o' the Mill," "The Tinkler's Waddin'," "Katie Christie," are still popular. The air, which is of great antiquity, appears in an altered form in Johnson's "Museum," being there set to "I hae been at Crookieden" (to wit, the infernal regions); but prior to that time it was known as "Jinglin' Johnnie."

Wandering Willie (p. 72).

The words are written by Robert Burns, and appeared in Thomson's "Collection" (1793), while the air was published in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion" (1750-55).

Kelvin Grove (p. 73).

The song now under consideration was written by Thomas Lyle (1792-1859), born in Paisley, and died in Glasgow, who, amid the "pauses" of a busy existence as a medical man in the Western metropolis, found refreshment and relaxation in cultivating the Muses. A volume of his "Collected Poems and Songs" appeared

in 1837, and in that "Kelvin Grove" was published. The melody dates back to the early years of the eighteenth century, when it was sung to words, the title of which even is too coarse for our modern ideas.

Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea (p. 74).

Another lyric by Tannahill, instinct with true pathos and sympathetic tenderness. The music was composed by James Barr, of Tarbolton (1770-1836), upon whom Tannahill wrote the following epigram:—

"There's blithe James Barr from St. Barchan's town,
When wit gains a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown."

Macgregor's Gathering (p. 76).

Words written by Sir Walter Scott for Alexander Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology" (1816). The subject of the piece was the virtual proscription of the clan Macgregor, by Act of Privy Council (1603), when those bearing the surname were ordered to change it, the pain of death being denounced against any who should call themselves Gregor or MacGregor. By a subsequent Act (1613) death was denounced against any of the tribe formerly called Macgregor, who should presume to assemble in greater numbers than four. The places referred to in the song were the familiar haunts of the clan. The beautiful air to which the words are set was adopted by Alexander Lee (1802-51), a well-known singer and composer of the period, who with his wife were to be found on all the best concert platforms. Lee not only wrote many original pieces, but adapted others. The original of this air was of great antiquity, but was modernised by him.

The Boatie Rows (p. 79).

Words written by John Ewen (1741-1821), born at Montrose, went to Aberdeen and engaged in business, amassing eventually a snug fortune, which he left to charities to the exclusion of his only daughter, who, however, got the will set aside. The song appears in Johnson's "Museum," being set to no fewer than three different airs, but only one of these is now sung.

Bonnie Wee Thing (p. 81).

Words by Burns, the subject of his praise being Miss Davies, whom the susceptible poet styled "My little idol, the charming lovely Davies." Of her Allan Cunningham also wrote that "her education was superior. . . . She was equally agreeable and witty, her company being much courted in Nithsdale." Burns penned another song in her praise, viz. "Lovely Davies," which appeared in Johnson's "Museum." Alas, through a disappointment in love she died of a broken heart! The air, evidently borrowed from Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion" (1750-55), is probably adapted from the air of the song, "Wo betyd that wearie Bodie," contained in the Straloch MS. (1627-29). See Irving on "Scots Music."

Corn Rigs are Bonnie (p. 82).

The words of this song were adapted by Burns from a very old "lilt," which goes back to the early years of the seventeenth century, commencing

"O corn riggs and rye riggs
And corn riggs are bonnie."

The air is also ancient, being of English origin, and was composed in 1680 to one of D'Urfe's songs, "Sawney was tall and of noble race." Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) was the next to utilise it, and wrote the lyric in the *Gentle Shepherd*, "My Patie is a Lover gay" (1725). Gay (1688-1732) then chose it for one of the songs in his opera of *Polly* (1729), and finally it finds a place in Adam Craig's "Collection" (1730).

O Nannie, wilt Thou Gang wi' me? (p. 84).

From the pen of Bishop Percy (1728-1811), of Dromore, the words of this lyric come, therefore it can scarcely be styled a Scots song. Burns, however, considered it the finest ballad in the language. It first appeared in Dodsley's "Miscellany," being printed "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?" The air was composed by Thomas Carter (1730-1804). Both words and music were in existence prior to 1773, in which year they were sung at Vauxhall by Vernon, the vocalist.

The Auld Hoose (p. 86).

Also the work of Lady Nairne, the subject being the "Old House of Gask," where she was born and where she died. It was beautifully situated near the river Earn, and was associated with many episodes in the fortunes of the Jacobite party. The air was composed by Nathaniel Gow, but was unquestionably modified by Lady Nairne, who was an accomplished musician.

O Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut (p. 87).

The words are by Burns; the three friends were William Nicoll (cir. 1760-97), who was one of the classical masters in the Edinburgh High School, and afterwards laird of Laggan; Allan Masterton (1750-1800), writing-master in the same institution; and the poet himself. The occasion was the "house-warming" of the mansion-house of Laggan (1789), and the composer of the charming air to which the song was sung was Masterton himself. The air in question has been superseded by a more modern one, evidently adapted from the older melody.

Will ye no Come Back Again (p. 89).

The words of this, one of the most touching and beautiful of Scots lyrics, were written by Lady Nairne, the theme being the wanderings and final escape of the young chevalier, Prince Charles Edward. From Culloden to Invergarry, from there to South Uist, thence to Skye and to Inverness, exposed to hunger, distress, and deadly peril, with £30,000 put on his head, he nevertheless bore up through all until he was able to embark at Moidart for France. To the last the fidelity of his followers was incorruptible. The air is assigned to Neil Gow, jun., and is admirably adapted to express the profound pathos of the parting scene.

O why left I my Hame (p. 90).

The words of this lyric were written by Robert Gilfillan (1798-1850), born in Dunfermline, served apprenticeship to a cooper in Leith, was afterwards clerk in several places of business, and finally was appointed collector of

police rates in Leith (1837). In the year 1831 he published a volume of "Original Songs," from which this song is taken. The air, which was also utilised by Burns in "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw," was composed by Peter MacLeod (1797-1859), and seems to be adapted from "Lowlands of Holland."

When the Kye Comes Hame (p. 92).

The words are by Hogg, who somewhat humorously apologises for the grammatical error in associating the plural "kye" with a singular verb. The tune is adapted from the old air of "The Blaithrie o't."

Gae bring to Me a Pint o' Wine (p. 94).

Burns gives a very interesting account of the incident which suggested to him the words of this song, viz. on witnessing at Leith pier the farewells exchanged between a young officer and his lady-love on the eve of his embarkation for service abroad. The half of the first stanza is older than Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany." The air is credited to James Oswald in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," being issued cir. 1742. Burns's edition reads, "Go fetch to me," not "Gae bring."

The Lea Rig (p. 96).

Words by Burns and entitled "My ain kind Dearie, O," being based on an old ditty bearing the name "The Lea Rig." Of the original only one verse is extant. No fewer than three other song-writers wrote versions of this old lay, viz. Fergusson, William Reid, and Lady Nairne, but that of Burns is the only one that has retained its popularity. The air was published under the title of "The Lea-Rig" in James Oswald's "Caledonian Companion."

O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast (p. 97).

The words of this charming lyric are by Burns, and a pathetic interest attaches to them, in that they were penned on his death-bed. To Miss Jessie Lewars, sister of one of the poet's colleagues in the Revenue service, the lyric was

addressed, and was Burns's only possible recompense to her for her noble and self-denying offices when Mrs. Burns was laid up, in daily expectation of her confinement, and was unable to attend on her dying husband. The song found a place in Thomson's "Collection." The air often associated with the words is styled "Lochiel's awa' to France," but Mendelssohn's setting, which is here given, is now much more popular.

My ain Fireside (p. 99).

Words by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton (1758-1816), authoress of the once popular Scots novel, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie." The air to which it is sung is called "Toddlin' Hame," under which name it appeared in Johnson's "Museum" (1787-1803), though it was also known as "Armstrong's Farewell" and "The Days o' Lang Syne."

Ilka Blade o' Grass (p. 100).

The words of this popular lyric are by James Ballantine (see p. 30), who wrote them almost on the spur of the moment, on being told the story of a poor woman who had opened a shop in a certain village, and who, on a neighbour saying he feared there were already too many shops of the kind there, replied: "Ah, but Providence is kind; every blade o' grass carries its ain drap o' dew." The air, which is entitled "Sweet Dawns the Morn," is an old one, and was fitted to the words by Mr. D. R. Hay.

Castles in the Air (p. 102).

The words of this song, which was such a favourite of Thomas Carlyle, were written by James Ballantine (1808-77), who, after serving his apprenticeship as a house-painter, devoted himself to the art of painting on glass. To such eminence did he attain, that by public competition he gained the commission to illustrate the windows of the House of Lords. He was also known as a constant contributor to literature, particularly to the publication *Whistle-Binkie* (1832-53), in which appeared many of his pieces: also he published "The

Gaberlunzie's Wallet," "The Miller of Deanhaugh," and other poems of high merit. The present song is taken from "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," and the air to which it is sung is a modification of the old melody "Bonnie Jean o' Aberdeen."

My Heart is Sair (p. 104).

This plaintive lyric was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," adapting to the purpose one of Ramsay's songs in the "Tea-Table Miscellany," entitled "For the Sake of Somebody." The air is old, and was originally adapted to a four-line stanza in place of one of eight lines as here.

Highland Mary (p. 105).

Words by Burns. The theme of the piece was his betrothal to Mary Campbell, a girl of great beauty, modesty, and high principle, who lived as a domestic servant near Mauchline. She was a native of Dunoon, her father being one of the sailors on board the revenue cutter stationed at Campbeltown. Allan Cunningham thus writes of her: "Burns soon found she was the lass whom he had long sought but never before found . . . she saw by his looks he was sincere: she put full trust in his love, and used to wander with him among the green knowes and stream banks . . . till the moon rose, talking, dreaming of love and the golden days which awaited them. He was poor, but they resolved to wed, and exchanged vows of constancy and love. They plighted their troth on the Sabbath to render them more sacred; they made them by a burn where they had courted, that open Nature might be a witness; they made them over an open Bible to show they thought of God in this mutual act, and when they had done they both took water in their hand and scattered it in the air, to intimate that as the stream was pure so were their intentions." They then parted, never to meet again. She went to visit her relatives to prepare for her marriage, and died suddenly of fever. She was buried in Greenock West Churchyard. The air, "Catharine Ogie," to which the song is sung, is very old, being known as far back as 1680, when it was sung at a concert at Stationers' Hall.

To Mary in Heaven (p. 106).

Words by Burns, the subject being the same as that treated of in "Highland Mary"—the poet's love for Mary Campbell—being written on the anniversary of her death, in September 1789. The air is not much older, if any. It was styled "Donald," and was probably composed towards the close of the eighteenth century, appearing in Shield's opera, "The Highland Reel," in 1788. In Thomson's "Collection" it was set to the song "From Thee, Eliza, I must go," and has also done like service with regard to other lyrics.

Lochnagar (p. 108).

The words are by Lord Byron (1788-1824), while the composer of the melody was Mrs. Patrick Gibson (1784-1838), the wife of a well-known Edinburgh artist and art-critic, who published "Etchings of Select Views in Edinburgh" (1818). Mrs. Gibson was connected with Sir Walter Scott.

The Bonnie Brier Bush (p. 110).

With regard to this song it is the air which has tempted the song-writers to adapt words to it, not the words attracting the composers. The

melody in its earliest form is undoubtedly very ancient, but it has been frequently adapted. The oldest version of the song is very rude, so much so that Burns largely re-wrote it, and contributed it to Johnson's "Museum" along with the air to which he had adapted the words. Then Lady Nairne, dissatisfied with the ending of Burns's version, still further modified his modification of the old piece, also suiting the words to the melody. Both Tannahill and Robert Gilfillan prepared versions, and Messrs. Parlane, of Paisley, in their "National Choir," published a third, but none of these have attained the popularity of Lady Nairne's adaptation of Burns.

Auld Lang Syne (p. 111).

The words, as we have them, may be said to be by Burns. There was an old song, "Auld Lang Syne," dating back to the early seventeenth century, which Ramsay included in his "Tea-Table Miscellany." He first cobbled the lines, then Burns almost wholly re-wrote them in the immortal form in which we now have them. The first two stanzas, however, still show traces of the original. The air now always sung to the lyric was called "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," and was associated with it by George Thomson. The two are now indissolubly united.

Caller Herrin?

1

Words by
LADY NAIRNE.

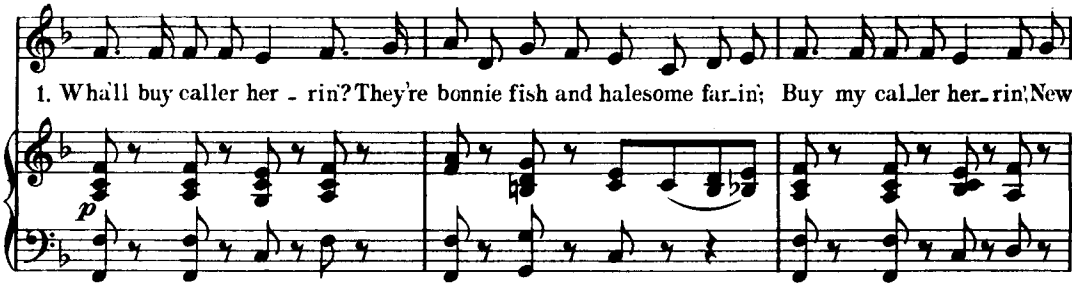
Music by
NATHANIEL GOW.

Moderato.

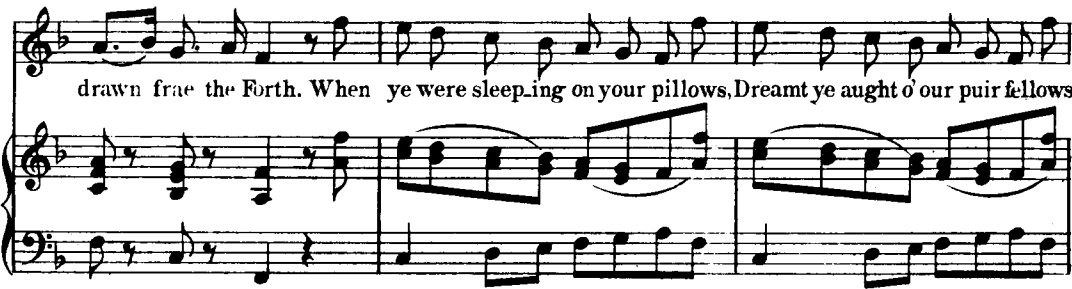
PIANO. *mf*



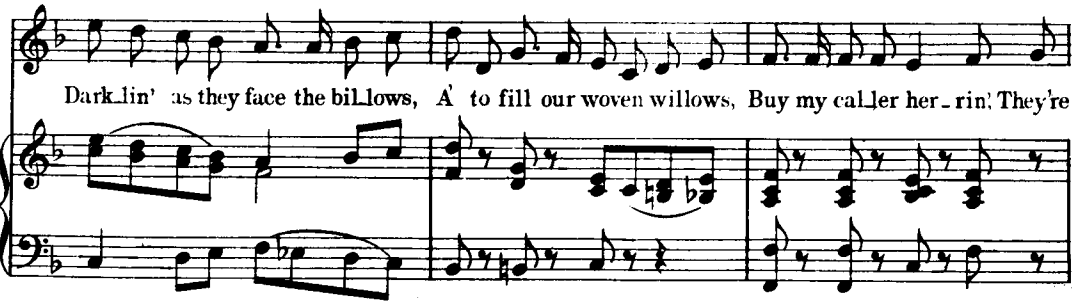
1. Wha'll buy caller her - rin? They're bonnie fish and halesome far'in; Buy my caller her - rin! New



drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleep'ing on your pillows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows



Dark - lin' as they face the billows, A' to fill our woven willows, Buy my caller her - rin! They're



bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in; Buy my cal-ler her-rin'. New drawn frae the Forth. Cal-ler

ad lib. *p*
her - rin'. Cal-ler her - rin'.
2. An'
3. Noo

f colla voce *p*

when the creel o' her-rin' pass-es, La-dies clad in silks and la-ces,
nee - bor wives, come tent my tell in; When the bon-nie fish ye're sel - lin'

Ga-ther in their braw pe - lis - ses, Toss their heads and screw their fa - ces;
At a word be aye your deal-in', Truth will stand when a' things fail-in';

Buy my Cal-ler her-rin'; They're bonnie fish and halesome fa-rin'; Buy my Cal-ler her-rin', New

1. drawn frae the Forth. 2. drawn frae the Forth. 4. Whall buy my Cal-ler her - rin'? They're
cresc.

no brought here with-out brave dar-in', Buy my Cal-ler her - rin', Ye

lit-tle ken their worth. Whall buy my Cal-ler her - rin'? O ye may ca' them vul-gar far-in';
dim.

Wives and mith-ers maist des-pair - in', Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler

ad lib. *p*
her - rin', Cal - ler her - rin'.

Annie Laurie.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

Maxwellton braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And its
Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her neck is like the swan, Her
Like dew on the gow-an ly-ing, Is the fa' o' her fairy feet; And like

there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her pro - mise
face it is the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and

true, Gie'd me her pro - mise true, Which
on - That e'er the sun - mise on, And
sweet - Her voice is low and sweet. And she's

cresc. *sf* *p*
ne'er for - got shall be, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd
dark blue is her e'e; And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd

pp ad lib.
lay me doon and dee.
lay me doon and dee.
lay me doon and dee.
pp colla voce

Logie o' Buchan.

Words by
G. HALKET.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p* *cresc.*

dolce

1. Its Lo-gie o' Buchan, Its Lo-gie the laird. He has taen a-wa' Jamie that
2. Tho' San-dy has ous-en, has gear and has kve, A house and a hadden, and
3. My dad-dy looks sulky, my min-nie looks sour, They flyte up-on Jamie be-
4. I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel, And think on the laddie that

delv'd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae sma'. He has taen a-wa' sil-ler for-by; Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand, Be-fore I'd hae cause he is poor; Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do. They're no half sae lo'es me sae weel; He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa. And gied me the

Ja-mie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said, "Think nae lang, las-sie, tho' I gang a-San-dy wi' hous-es and land. Saying "Think nae lang, las-sie, tho' I gang a-dear to me, Ja-mie, as you. Saying "Think nae lang, las-sie, tho' I gang a-half o't when he gaed a-wa. Saying "Think nae lang, las-sie, tho' I gang a-

accel.

wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'.
wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'.
wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'.
wa', For I'll come back and see ye, in spite o' them a'.

accel.

5.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.
Ye said, Think nae lang, lassie, etc.

There was a lad was born in Kyle.

BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day o' what-na style, I
2. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twen-ty days be-gun, 'Twas
3. The gos-sip kee-kit in his loof, Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof, This
4. He'll hae mis-fortunes great and sma, But aye a heart a-boon them a'; He'll

p

doubt it's hard-ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro - bin. For
 then a blast o' Jan - war' win Blew han-sel in on Ro - bin. For
 wa - ly boy will be nae coof, I think we'll ca' him Ro - bin. For
 be a cre - dit till us a', We'll a' be proud o' Ro - bin. For

Ro - bin was a rovin' boy, A ran - tin', rovin', ran - tin', rovin',
 Ro - bin was a rovin' boy, A ran - tin', rovin', ran - tin', rovin',
 Ro - bin was a rovin' boy, A ran - tin', rovin', ran - tin', rovin',
 Ro - bin was a rovin' boy, A ran - tin', rovin', ran - tin', rovin',

Ro - bin was a rovin' boy; O ran - tin', rovin' Ro - bin.
 Ro - bin was a rovin' boy; O ran - tin', rovin' Ro - bin.
 Ro - bin was a rovin' boy; O ran - tin', rovin' Ro - bin.
 Ro - bin was a rovin' boy; O ran - tin', rovin' Ro - bin.

5.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin,
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, *etc.*

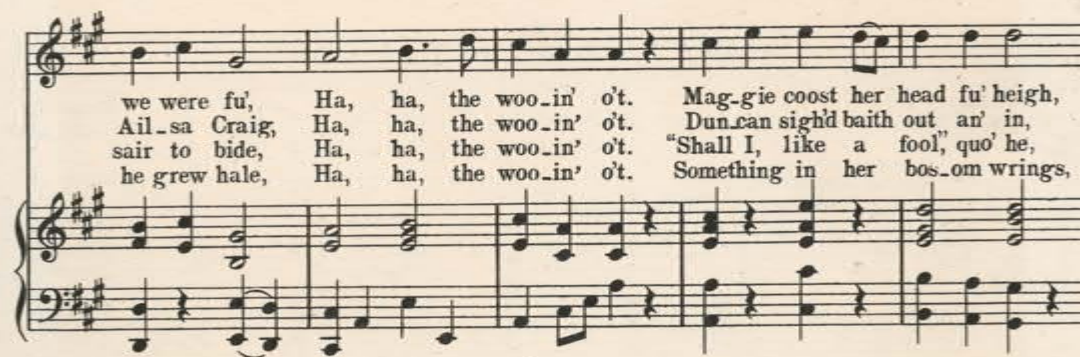
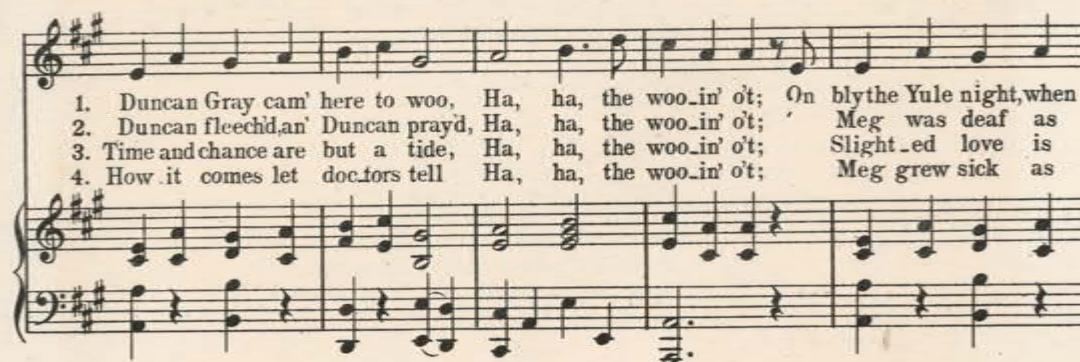
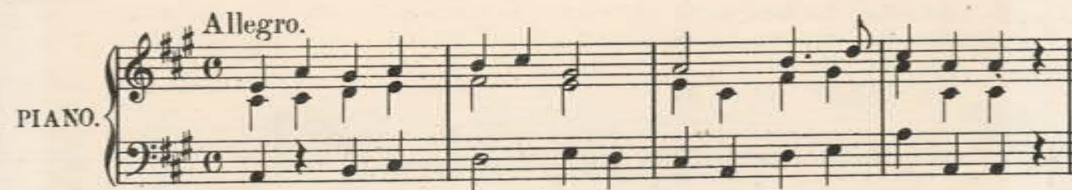


"Maggie coost her head fu' high."

Duncan Gray.

9

BURNS.



Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

5.
Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

Mary of Argyle.

Words by
JEFFERYS.

Music by
S. NELSON.

Andantino.

PIANO.

1. I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love song to the morn; I have
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweet-ness And thine eye its bright-ness too; Tho' thy

seen the dew drop cling-ing To the rose just new-ly born: But a sweet-er song has
step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sun-ny hue: Still to me wilt thou be

cheerd me, At the ev'-ning's gen-tle close: And I've seen an eye still brighter, Than the
dear-er, Than all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beau-ty. But

ad lib.

dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Mary, And thine artless, winning smile, That
not for that a lone: I have sought thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the wile, That has

colla voce

made this world an E-den, Bonnie Mary of Ar-gyle.
made thee mine for e-ver, Bonnie Mary of Ar-gyle.

Auld Robin Gray.

LADY ANN LINDSAY.

Andante.

PIANO. *p* *mf* *dim.*

1. Young Jamie lo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown, he had
 2. My father could na work my mith - er could na spin; I toil'd day and night, but their
 3. My father ar - gued sair, my mith - er did na speak, But she look'd in my face till my
 4. O sair did we greet, and mic - kle did we say; We took but ae kiss, and we

naething else be - side; To make the crown a pound my Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the
 bread I could na win; Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e, Said,
 heart was like to break They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea, And
 tore ourselves a - way. I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee; Oh why

crown and the pound were baith for..... me. He
 "Jen - ny, for their sakes, will ye no' mar - ry me? My
 auld Ro - bin Gray is..... I gude - man to me. I
 do I live to say,.... O wae's..... me!

had na been gane a..... week but on - ly twa, When my
 heart it said Na! for I look'd for Ja - mie back; But the
 had na been a wife, a week but on - ly four, When
 gang like a ghaist, and I care - na to spin; I.....

fath - er brake his arm, and our cow was stown a - wa'; My
 wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack; The
 mourn - fu' as I sat on the stane at the door, I
 dare - na think o' Jamie, for.... that wad be a sin. But

mith - er she fell sick, and my Ja - mie at the sea, And auld Ro - bin Gray cam' a
 ship it was a wrack! why did na Jen - ny dee? Oh why do I live to say,....
 saw my Ja - mie's ghaist I could na think it he, Till he said, I'm come hame, my
 I will do my best a gude wife aye to be, For auld Ro - bin Gray is

court - ing me.
 O wae's me!
 love to mar - ry thee!
 kind man to me.

Comin' thro' the Rye.

ANONYMOUS.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Allegretto moderato'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and piano (p). The piece ends with a 3.A. (Allegretto) marking.

1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Comin'thro'therye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,
2. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Comin' frae the town Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
mang the train there is a swain, I dearly lo'e mysel: But what his name, or whaur his hame, I

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

Need a bo-dy cry? Il - ka las-sie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet
Need a bo-dy frown? Il - ka las-sie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet
din - nacare to tell. Il - ka las-sie has her laddie, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet

The second system continues the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking.

a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.

The third system concludes the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamics of piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and piano (p).

Cam' ye by Athole.

Words by
JAMES HOGG.Music by
NEIL GOW, Junr

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the phil - a - beg. Down by the Tummel, or
2. I hae but ae son my gal - lant young Don - ald, But if I had ten they should
3. I'll to Loc-hiel and Ap - pin, and kneel to them; Down by Lord Mur-ray and
4. Down thro' the Low - lands, down wi' the Whig - a - more, Loy - al true Highland - ers,

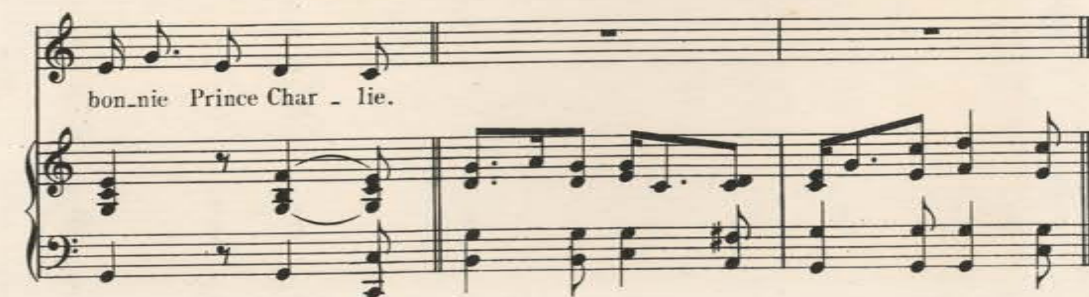
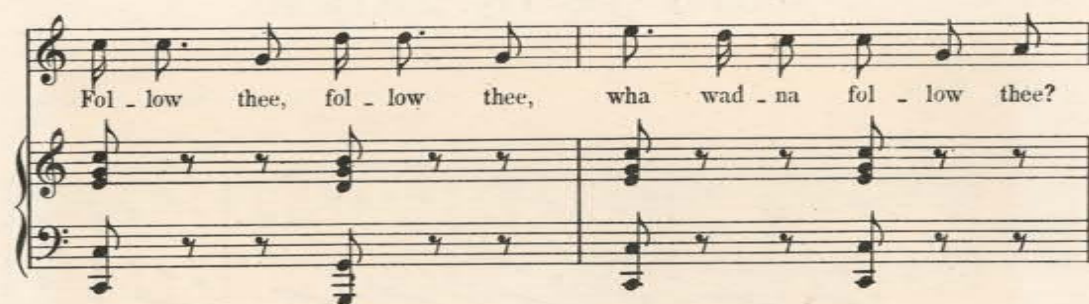
The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

banks o' the Gar - ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their bon-nets and white cock-ades,
fol - low Glen - gar - ry. Health to M^c Don - ald, and gal-lant Clan - Ron - ald, For
Roy o' Kil - dar - lie. Brave Mac-kin-tosh he shall fly to the field wi' them,
down wi' them rare - ly. Ron - ald and Don - ald drive on wi' the braid clay - more,

The second system continues the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

Leav - ing their moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie.
these are the men that will die for their Char - lie.
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Char - lie.
O - ver the necks o' the foes o' Prince Char - lie.

The third system concludes the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment.



"Cam' ye by Atholl, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry."

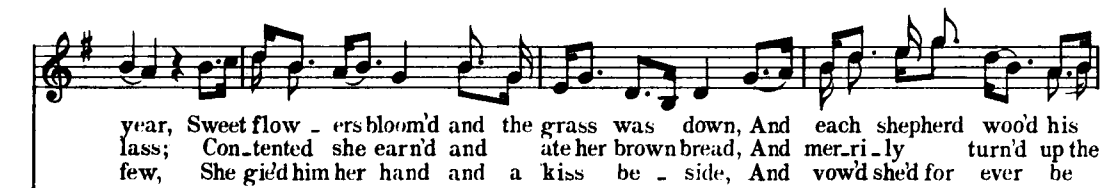
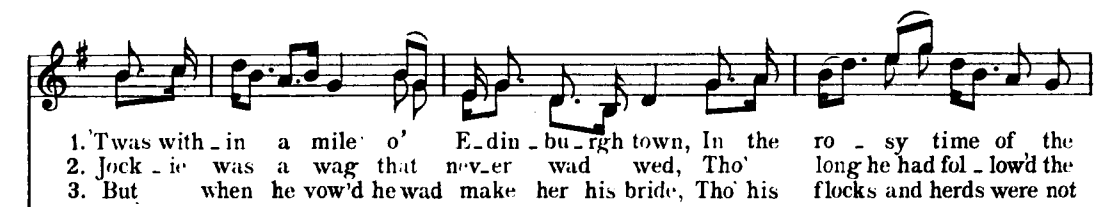


"Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'."

Within a mile o' Edinburgh town.¹⁷

T. D'URFEY.

Moderato.



las-sie blush'd, and frown-ing cried, Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na,
 still she blush'd, and frown-ing cried, Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na,
 kirk she no more frown-ing cried, Na, na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na.

maun-na buck-le to;"
 maun-na buck-le to;"
 maun-na buck-le to;"

The Flowers of the Forest.

Words by
 MRS COCKBURN.

Larghetto con espressione.

VOICE. 1. I've seen the smil-ing Of
 2. I've seen the morn-ing With

PIANO.

for tune be-guil-ing, I've tast-ed her plea-sures and felt her de-cay;
 gold the hills a-dorn-ing, And loud tempests storm-ing be-fore part-ing day.

Sweet was her bless-ing, And kind her ca-ress-ing. But now they are fled they are
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, Shining in the sun-ny beams, Grow drumly and dark as they

fled far a-way; I've seen the for-est A-dorn-ed the fore-most, Wi'
 roll'd on their way. Oh! fick-le for-tune! Why this cru-el sport-ing? Oh!

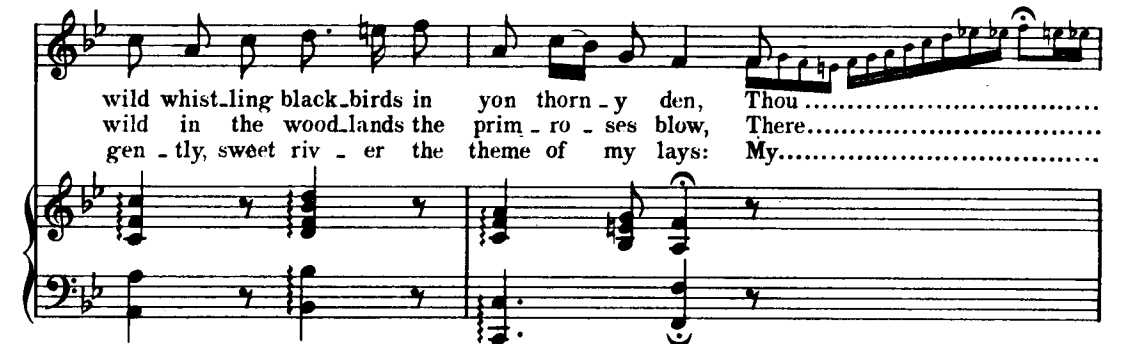
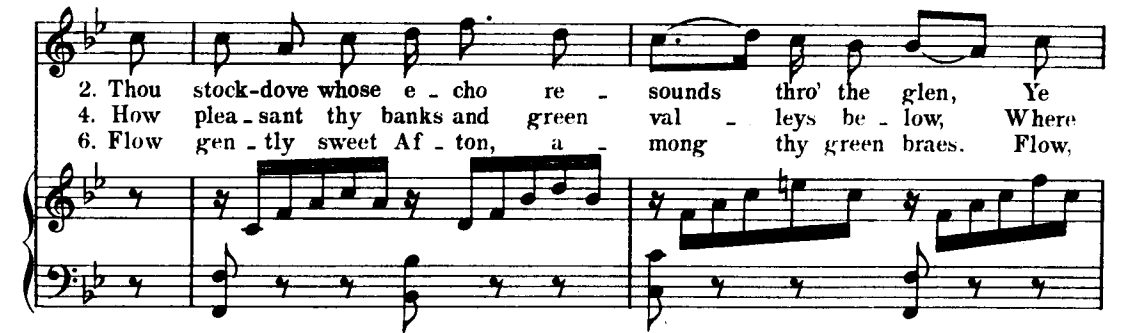
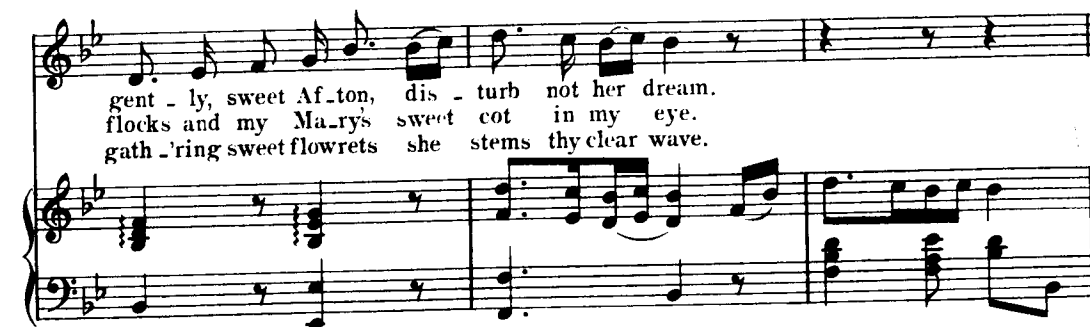
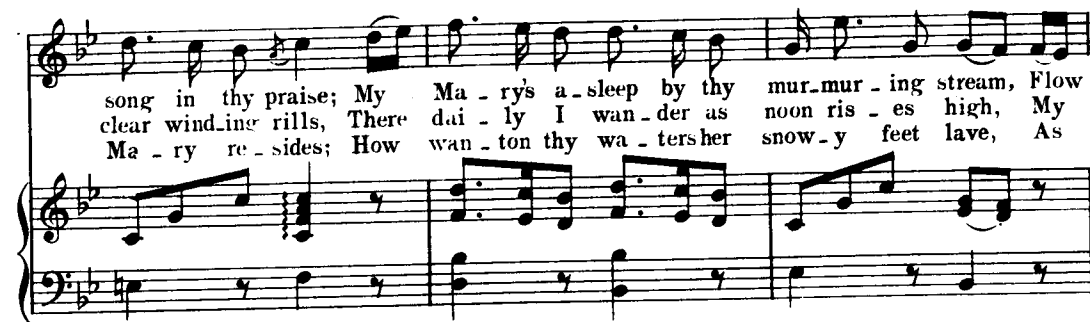
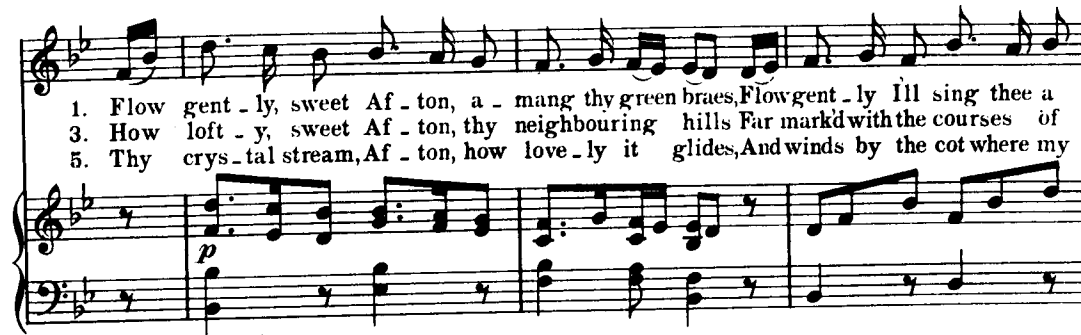
flow'rs o' the fair-est baith plea-sant and gay, Sae bonnie was their bloom-ing, Their
 why still per-plex us, poor sons of a day? Thy frown can-na fear me, Thy

scent the air per-fum-ing, But now they are with-er'd and a' wede a-way.
 smile can-na cheer me, Since the flow'rs o' the for-est are a' wede a-way.

Afton Water.

Words by
BURNS.Music by
A. HUMÉ.

Andante.



Bonnie Dundee.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allegretto.

PIANO.



1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go down there are
 2. Dun-dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back ward, the
 3. There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth, Be there lords in the south, there are
 4. Then a-wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u-sur-per, I'll

 The musical notation for the first four lines of the song, showing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-lier who loves hon-our and me, Let him
 drums they are beat, But the pro-vost (douce man) said, 'Just e'en let it be, For the
 chiefs in the north; There are brave Duin-ne-was-sels three thousand times three. Will cry,
 crouch with the fox; And trem-ble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee, Ye hae

 The musical notation for the fifth and sixth lines of the song, showing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

fol-low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee? Come
 toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee? Come
 "Hey for the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee? Come
 no seen the last o' my bon-nets and me. Come

 The musical notation for the final lines of the song, showing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
 fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
 fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
 fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

 The musical notation for the chorus of the song, showing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and
 sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and
 sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and
 sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and

 The musical notation for the second chorus of the song, showing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

let us gae free, For its up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.
 let us gae free, For its up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.
 let us gae free, For its up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.
 let us gae free, For its up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.

 The musical notation for the third chorus of the song, showing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

The piano introduction for the final section of the song, marked 'piano' and 'Allegretto'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a key of one flat.

24 Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!

Words by
BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a simpler accompaniment of eighth notes and rests.

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
2. Wha would be a traitor knave? Wha would fill a coward's grave?
3. By oppression's woes an' pains, By your sons in servile chains,

The vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of the lyrics. The second line of music corresponds to the second line of the lyrics. The third line of music corresponds to the third line of the lyrics. The piano part includes a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.

Wel-come to your gor-y bed, Or to vic-to-rie! Now's the day an' now's the hour.
Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn an' flee! Wha for Scotland's king an' law,
We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u-sur-pers low!

The vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of the lyrics. The second line of music corresponds to the second line of the lyrics. The third line of music corresponds to the third line of the lyrics. The piano part includes a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r Chains and slave-rie!
Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Freeman stand, and freeman fa' Let him on wi' me!
Tyrants fall in ev'-ry foe! Li-ber-ty's in ev'-ry blow! Let us do or dee!

The vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of the lyrics. The second line of music corresponds to the second line of the lyrics. The third line of music corresponds to the third line of the lyrics. The piano part includes a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking.



PRINCE CHARLIE TAKING LEAVE OF FLORA MACDONALD

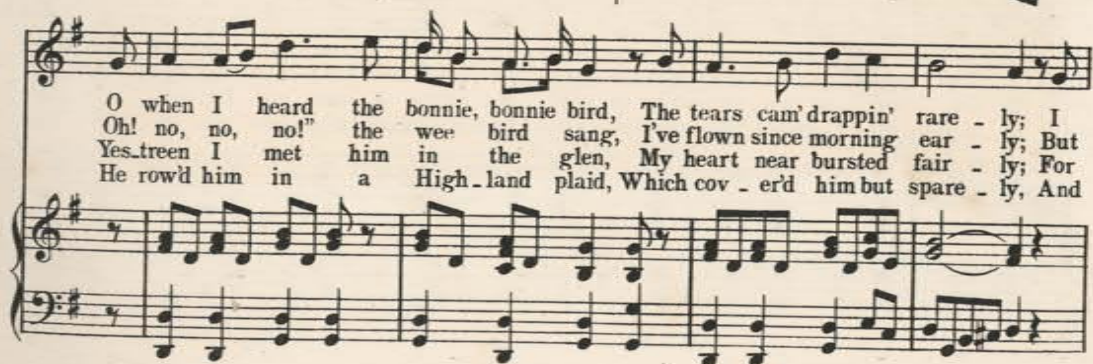
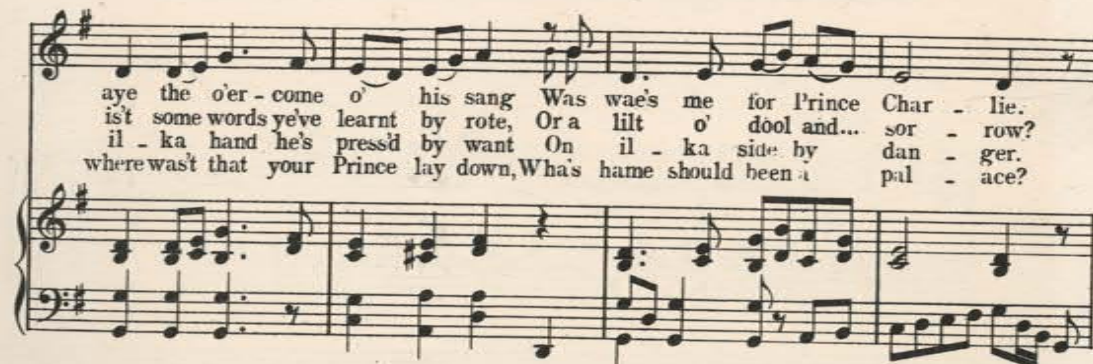
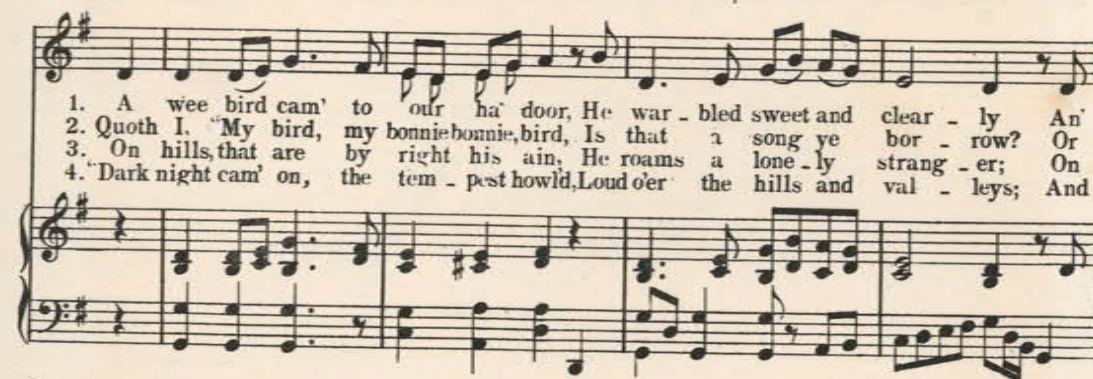
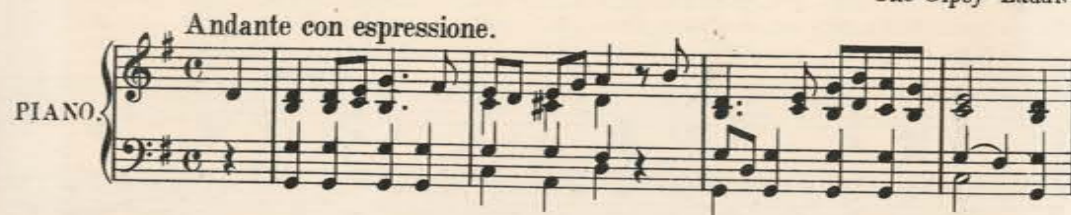
(From a Painting by GEO. W. JOY)

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

25

Words by
WM GLEN.

Air.
The Gipsy Laddie.



took my bon - net aff my head For weel I loed Prince Char - lie.
 sic a day o' wind and rain! Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie.
 sad - ly chang'd in - deed was he Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie.
 slept be - neath a bush o' broom Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie.

5.

But noo the bird saw some red coats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger:
 'O, this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here no langer.'
 A while he hover'd on the wing.
 Ere he departed fairly;
 But weel I mind the farewe l strain
 'Twas 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie'.

Green grow the rashes, O.

Words by
BURNS.

Allegro.

PIANO. *mf*

1. There's nought but care on ev' - ry han', In ev' - ry hour that pas - ses, O! What
 2. The world - ly race may rich - es chase, An' rich - es still may fly them, O, An'
 3. Gie me a can - tie hour at e'en, My arms a - bout my dear - ie, O: An'
 4. And you saedouce, wha sneer at this. Ye're nought but sense - less ass - es, O! The

sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the las - ses, O! Green grow the
 tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O! Green grow the
 world - ly cares and world - ly men May a' gae tap - sal - tee - rie, O! Green grow the
 wis - est man the world e'er saw, He dear - ly loed the las - ses, O! Green grow the

rashes, O! green grow the rashes, O! The sweet - est hours that ere I spent Were
 rashes, O! green grow the rashes, O! The sweet - est hours that ere I spent Were
 rashes, O! green grow the rashes, O! The sweet - est hours that ere I spent Were
 rashes, O! green grow the rashes, O! The sweet - est hours that ere I spent Were

spent a - mang the las - ses O!
 spent a - mang the las - ses O!
 spent a - mang the las - ses O!
 spent a - mang the las - ses O!

5.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest works she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

Jock o' Hazeldean.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. "Why weep ye by the tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the tide?..... I'll
 2. "A chain of gold ye shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair,..... Nor
 3. The kirk was deck'd at morn-ing tide The ta-pers glim-mer'd fair,..... The

wed ye to my young-est son, And ye shall be his bride;
 met-tled hound, nor man-aged hawk, Nor pal-frey fresh and fair;
 priest and bride-groom wait the bride, And dame and knight are there.

And ye shall be his bride la-dye, Sae come-ly to be seen," But
 And you, the fair-est o' them a', Shall ride our for-est queen!" But
 They sought her baith by bower and ha- The la-dye was not seen: She's

aye she loot the tears down ta' For Jock o' Ha-zel-
 aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha-zel-
 o'er the bor-der and a-wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha-zel-

dean.
 dean.
 dean..

The Laird o' Cockpen.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Allegro.

PIANO.

1. The Laird o' Cock-pen he's proud-an' he's great, His
 2. Down by the dyke-side a la-dy did dwell, At his
 3. His wig was weelpouther'd, as guid as when new, His
 4. He mount-ed his mare, and he rade can-ni-lie: An'

mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want-ed a wife his
ta-ble head he thocht shé'd look well: M' - Cleish's ae doch-ter o'
waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a
rappd at the yett o' Cla-vers'-ha' Lee. "Gae tell Mis-tress Jean to come

brow house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.
 Cla - vers' - ha' Lee, A pen - ny - less lass, wi' a lang ped - i - gree.
 sword and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse the Laird wi' a' that?
 speed - i - ly ben; She's want - ed to speak wi' the Laird o' Cock - pen.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The voice part consists of four measures of whole notes, with the lyrics 'The Rose Tree', 'The Rose Tree', 'The Rose Tree', and 'The Rose Tree' written below. The piano accompaniment consists of four measures of eighth-note patterns in the right hand and quarter-note patterns in the left hand. The score is enclosed in a rectangular box.

5.

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine
 "What the deil brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbon, an' gaed awa' down.

6.

An' when she came ben, he bobbet fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na."
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

7.

Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen.
"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Adagio.

[illegible]

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snow wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a -
 2. Ye ay, were leal and true, Jean, Your tasks end - ed noo, Jean, And I'll welcome
 3. Then dry that tear - fu' e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And angels wait on

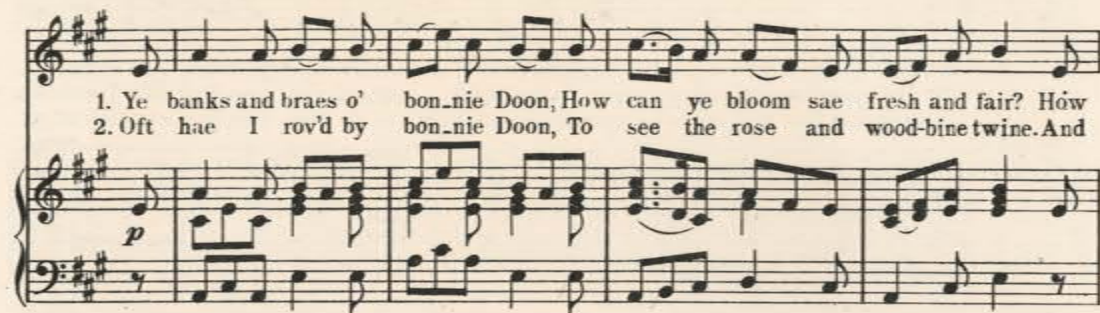
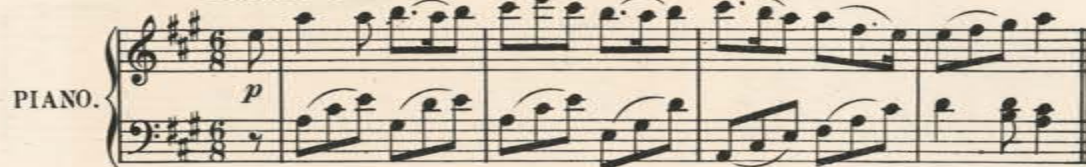
wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's nei-ther could nor
 you To the land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and
 me To the land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain, Jean, This world's care is

care, Jean, The day is aye fair, In the land o' the leal.
 fair, Jean, And O we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
 vain, Jean, Well meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon.

Words by BURNS.

Andante cantabile.



"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,"

mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver
my fause lov - er stole my rose, But ah! he left the

to re - turn.
thorn wi' me.

John Anderson, my Jo.

Words by BURNS.

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your
2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the - gith - er, And

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was breith, But
mony a can - tie day. John, We've had wi' ane a - nith - er; Now

now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet
we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll

bles - sings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my jo.
sleep the - gith - er at the foot John An - der - son, my jo.

The Rowan Tree.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. O row - an tree, O row - an tree, Thoult aye be dear to me En -
2. How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clus - ters white; How
3. We sat a - neath thy spreading shade, the bairn - ies round thee ran, They
4. Oh! there a - rose my fath - er's pray'r in ho - ly eve - ning's calm, How

cresc.

twind thou art, wi' mo - ny ties o' hame and in - fan - cy
rich and gay thy au - tumn dress, wi' ber - ries red and bright,
pu'd thy bon - nie ber - ries red, and neck - la - ces they strang;
sweet was then my mith - er's voice, in the mar - tyr's psalm!

cresc.

Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, Thy flow'rs the sim - mer's pride; There
On thy fair stem were mo - ny names, which now nae mair I see, But
My mith - er, oh! I see her still, she smiled our sports to see, Wi'
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair a - neath the row - an tree, But

was - na sic a bon - nie tree in a' the coun - try
they're en - gra - ven on my heart, for - got they ne'er can
lit - tle Jean - ie on her lap, and Ja - mie at her
hal - low'd thoughts a - round thee twine, o' hame and in - fan -

p
side. O row - an tree.
be. O row - an tree.
knee. O row - an tree.
cy. O row - an tree.

Gloomy winter's noo awa'.

Words by TANNAHILL.

Moderato.
PIANO. *p*

1. Gloom - y win - ter's noo a - wa', Saft the west - lin' breez - es blaw,
2. Tow'r - ing o'er the New - ton woods, Lav' - rocks fan the snaw - white clouds,

Mang the birks o' Stan - ley shaw, The ma - vis sings fu' cheer - ie, O.
Sil - ler saughs wi' down - y buds, A' - dorn the banas sae brier - y, O,

Sweet the crawflow's ear - ly bell, Decks Glen - if - fers dew - y dell, Blooming like thy bonnie sel', My
Round the sil - van fair - y nooks, Feath'ry breckans tringe the rocks, Neath the brae the burnie jouks, And

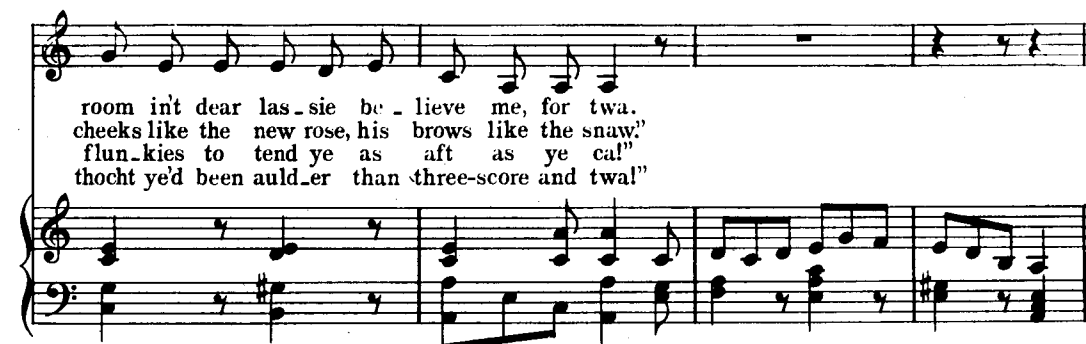
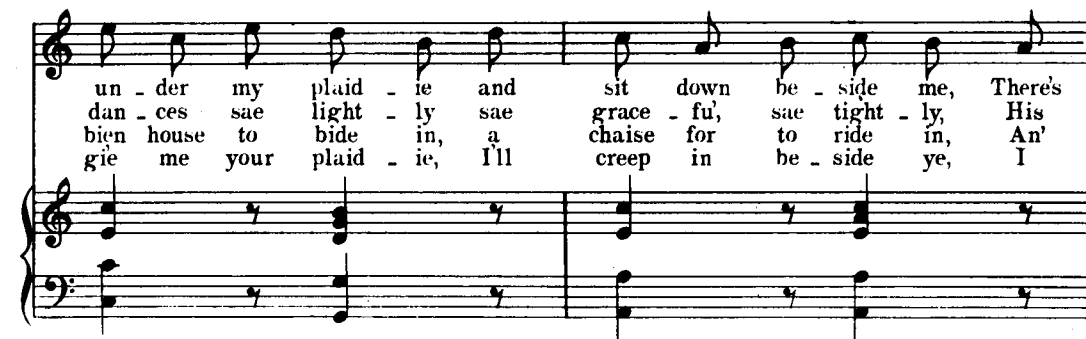
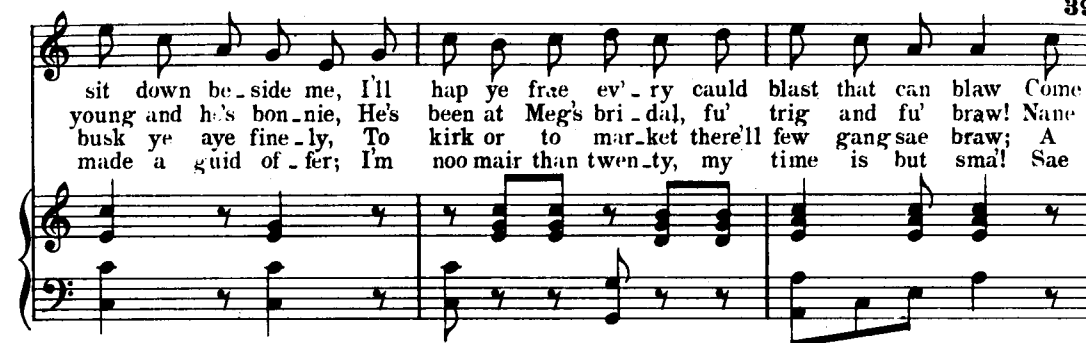
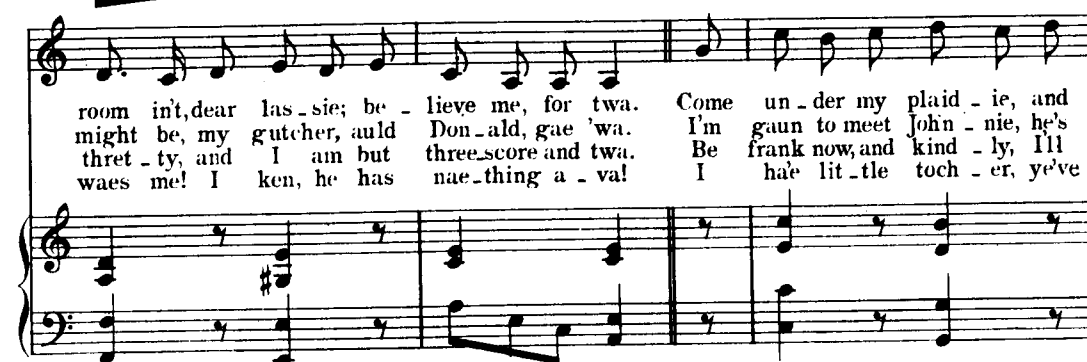
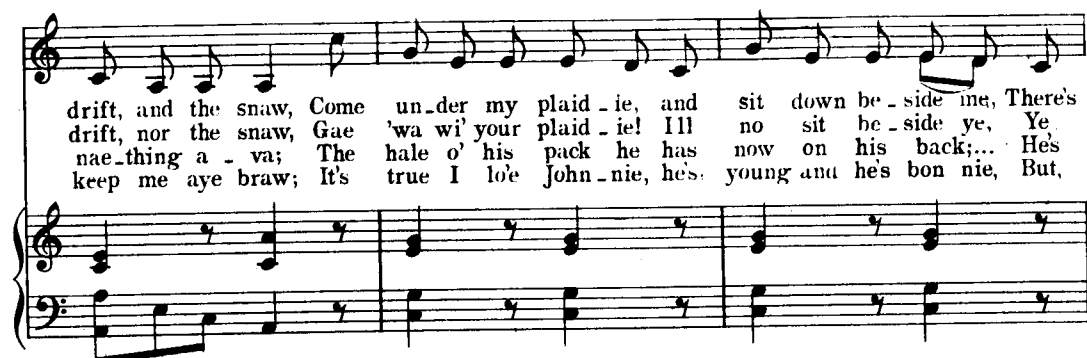
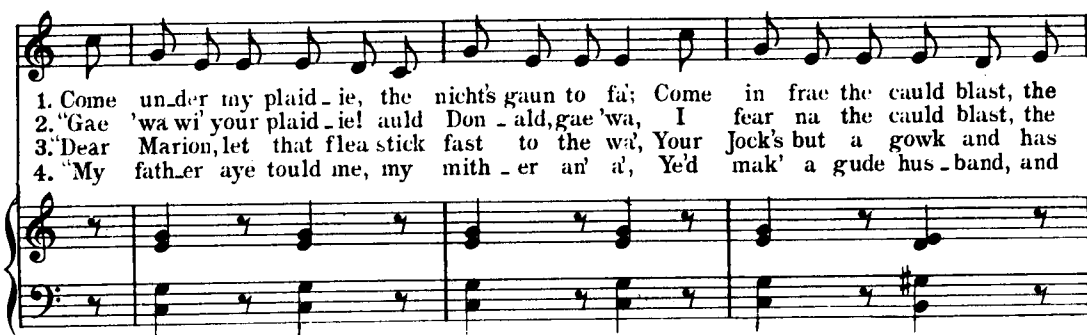
young, and art - less dearie, O. Come, my las - sie let us stray O'er Glen - kil - lock's sunny brae,
il - ka thing is cheerie, O; Trees may bud, and birds may sing, Flow'rs may bloom and verdure spring,

Blythe - ly spend the gow - den day, Midst joys that nev - er wea - ry, O.
Joy to me they can - na' bring: Un - less wi' thee, my dear - ie, O.

Come under my plaidie.

Words by HECTOR MACNEIL.

Allegretto.



5. She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa'.
 Whar Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
 The howlett was screamin' while Johnnie cried, "Women
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw!"
6. O! the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
 They tak' up wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
 The hale o' their marriage, is gowd and a carriage,
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now, that can blaw.
 Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry,
 Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca;
 Till they meet wi' some Johnnie, that's youthfu' and bonnie,
 When, they'll wish that their auld men were dead and awa'.

Robin Adair.

Andante.

PIANO.



1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near; What was't I wish'd to see?
 2. What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Ro-bin A - dair; What made the ball so fine?
 3. But now thou'rt cold to me Ro-bin A - dair; And I no more shall see

 The piano accompaniment for the first three lines of lyrics continues the melody and harmony established in the introduction, supporting the vocal line with chords and moving bass lines.

What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town heav'n on earth?
 Ro - bin was there. And when the play was o'er What made my heart so sore?
 Ro - bin A - dair Yet he I loved so well, Still in my heart shall dwell,

 The piano accompaniment continues, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody. The tempo remains 'Andante'.

Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A - dair.
 Oh! it was part - ing with Ro-bin A - dair.
 Oh! I can ne'er for - get Ro-bin A - dair.

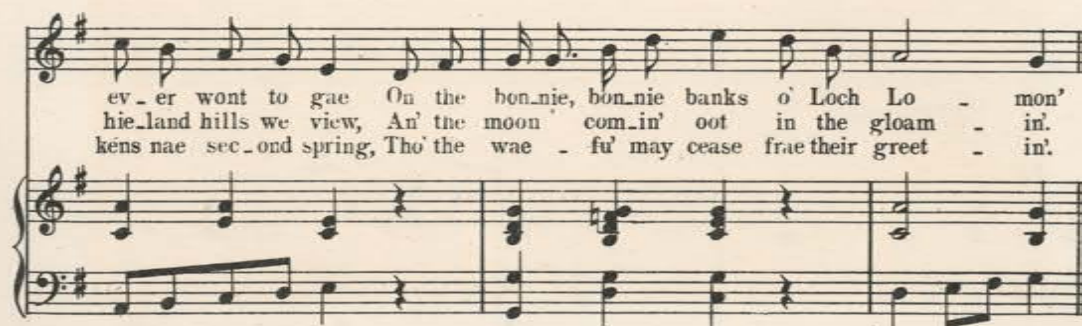
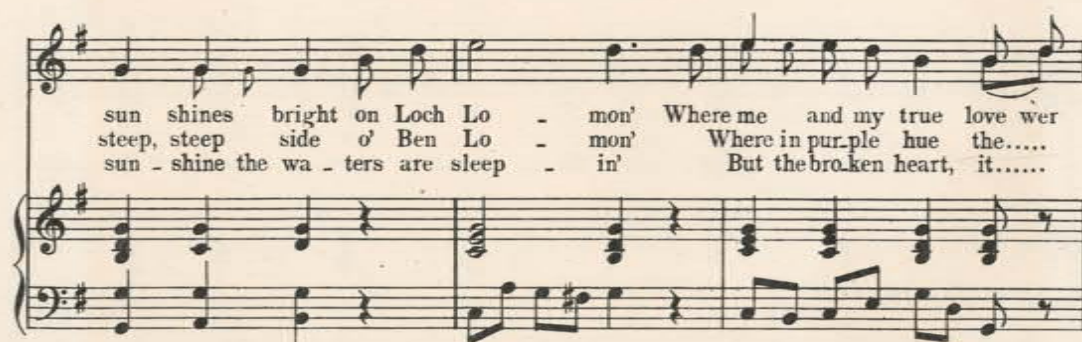
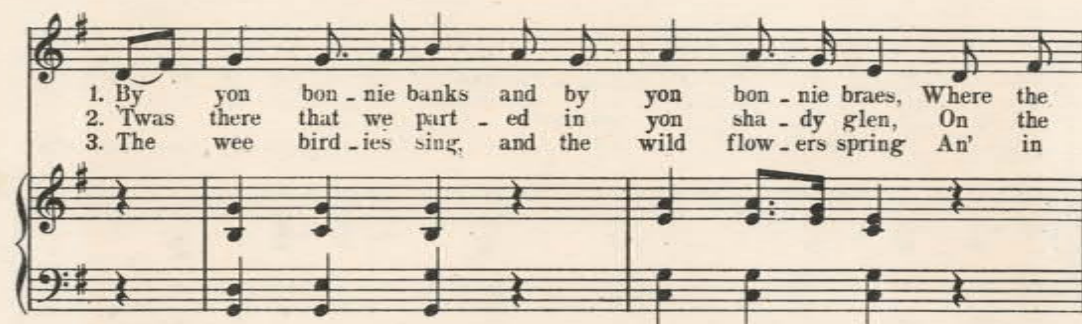
 The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord and a few lingering notes in the right hand, while the left hand holds a sustained bass note.



"The wee birdies sing, and the wild flow'rs spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin'."

The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'.

41



DUET. *ad lib.*

O, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, and

I'll be in Scot-land a-fore..... ye; But me and my true love will

nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch

Lo-mon?

My Nannie's awa'!

Words by BURNS.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Now in her green man-tle, blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And

2. The snow-drop and prim-rose our wood-lands a-dorn, And

3. Thou lav'-rock, that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn, The

4. Come, au-tumn, sae pen-sive, in yel-low and grey, And

lis-tens the lamb-kins that bleat o'er the braes. While

vi-o-lets bathe in the weet o' the morn; They

shep-herd to warn of the grey break-in' dawn, And

soothe me wi' ti-dings o' Na-ture's de-cay; The

birds war-ble wel-come in il-ka green shaw; But to

pain my sad bo-som, sae sweet-ly they blaw! They

thou mel-low ma-vis, that hails the night-fa'; Give

dark, drear-y win-ter, and wild-driv-ing snaw. A' -'

me, it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a-wa', But to
mind me o' Nan-nie- and Nan-nie's a-wa', They
o-ver for pi-ty- my Nan-nie's a-wa', Give
lane can de-light me- my Nan-nie's a-wa', A-

me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a-wa'.
mind me o' Nan-nie- and Nan-nie's a-wa'.
o-ver for pi-ty- my Nan-nie's a-wa'.
lane can de-light me- my Nan-nie's a-wa'.

There's nae Luck about the House.

Animato.

PIANO.

1. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is
2. Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muc-kle pot; Gie
3. Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech, His breath like cal-ler air! His
4. The cauld blasts o' the win-ter wind, That thirld thro' my heart, They're

this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel. Is this a time to
lit-tle Kate her cot-ton gown, And Jock his Sunday coat, And mak' their shoon as
ve-ry foot has mu-sic in't As he comes up the stair; And will I see his
a' blawn by; I hae him safe; 'Till death we'll ne-ver part; But what puts part-ing

think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Gi'e me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And
black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw, It's a' to please my ain gudeman, For
face a-gain? And will I hear him speak? I'm down-right diz-zy wi the thought, In
in my mind, It may be far a-wa', The pre-sent mo-moment is our ain, The

CHORUS.

see him come a-shore. For there's nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck a-
he's been long a-wa'. For there's nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck a-
troth I'm like to greet. For there's nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck a-
neist we ne-ver saw! For there's nae luck a-bout the house, There's nae luck a-

-va; There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gudeman's a-wa'.
-va; There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gudeman's a-wa'.
-va; There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gudeman's a-wa'.
-va; There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house, When our gudeman's a-wa'.

D.C.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.

Words by BURNS.

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly lo'e the west, For
2. Blaw, blaw ye wast-lin'winds, blaw saft, A-mang the leaf-y trees, Wi'

there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best; Let wildwoods grow and rivers flow, Wi'
gen-tle gale frae hill and dale, Bring hame the la-den bees; And bring the las-sie back to me, That's

mo-n'y a hill be-tween, Baith day and night my fan-cy's flight, Is ev-er wi' my Jean. I
aye sae neat and clean, Ae smile o' her wad ban-ish care, Sae love-ly is my Jean. What

see her in the dew-y flow'rs, Sae love-ly fresh and fair; I
sighs and vows, a-mang the knowes, Hae pass'd a-tween us twa! How

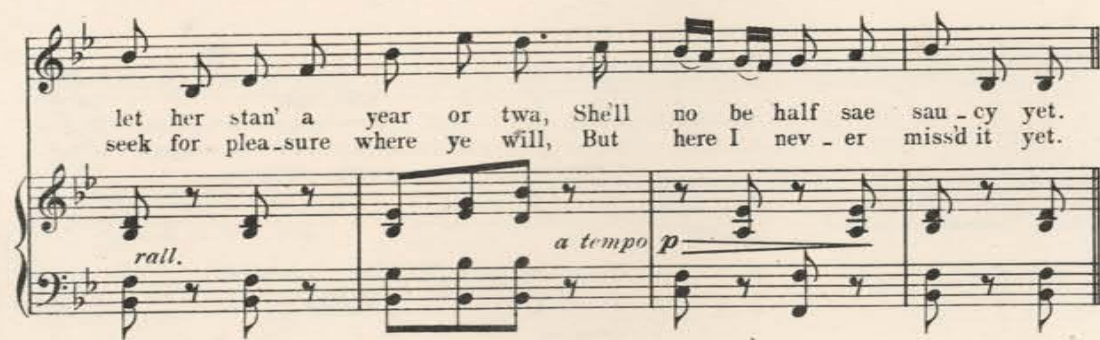
hear her voice, in il-ka bird, Wi' mu-sic charm the air; There's
fain to meet, how wae to part, That day she gaed a-wa! The

not a bon-nie flow'r that springs, By foun-tain, shaw or green, There's
pow'rs a-bune can on-ly ken, To whom this heart is seen, That

not a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.
nane can be sae dear to me, As my sweet love-ly Jean.

48 My Love she's but a Lassie.

Words by BURNS.



"My love she's but a lassie."

rue the day I sought her, O! What gets her need - na
We're a' dry wi' drink - ing, O! The min - is - ter kiss'd the

say she's wood', But he may say he's bought her, O!
fid - dler's wife, An' could - na preach for think - in' o!

rall.

a tempo

D.C.

The Scottish Blue Bells.

Words by C. D. SILLERY.

Music by GEORGE BARKER.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Let the proud In - dian boast of his jes - sa - mine bowers, His
2. Sub - lime are your hills when the young day is beam - ing, And

pastures of per - fume, and rose cov - er'd dells: While hum - bly I sing of these
green are your groves with their cool crys - tal wells; And bright are your broad - swords like

wild lit - tle flowers, The blue bells of Scot - land the Scot - tish blue bells; Wave,
morn - ing dew gleam - ing, On blue bells of Scot - land on Scot - tish blue bells; A

wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the moun - tains, For brave is the chief - tain your
wake ye light fair - ies, that trip o'er the hea - ther, Ye mer - maids, a - rise from your

prow - ess who quells, And dread - ful your wrath as the foam flash - ing foun - tain, That
cor - al - ine cells; Come forth with your cho - rus, all chant - ing to - geth - er The

calms its wild waves 'mid the Scot - tish blue bells. Then strike the loud harp to the
blue bells of Scot - land the Scot - tish blue bells. Then strike the loud harp to the

tempo

land of the riv - er, The moun - tain, the val - ley, with all their wild spells, And
land of the riv - er, The moun - tain, the val - ley, with all their wild spells, And

shout in the cho - rus for ev - er and ev - er The
shout in the cho - rus for ev - er and ev - er The

blue bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue bells.
blue bells of Scot - land, the Scot - tish blue bells.

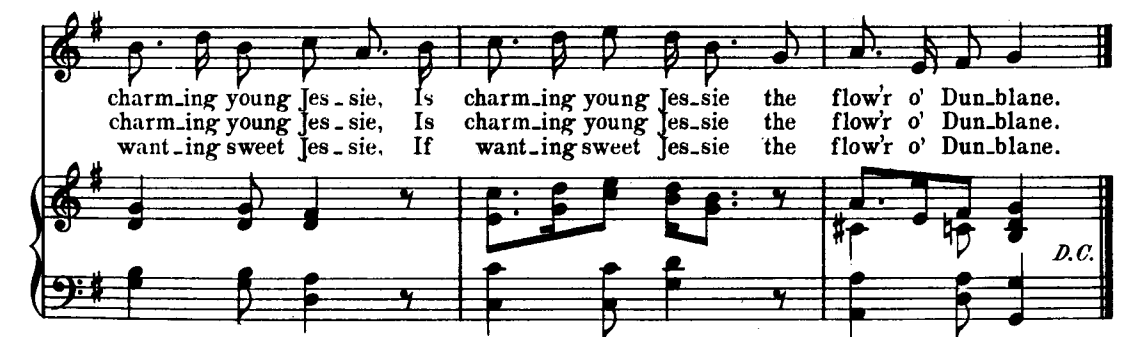
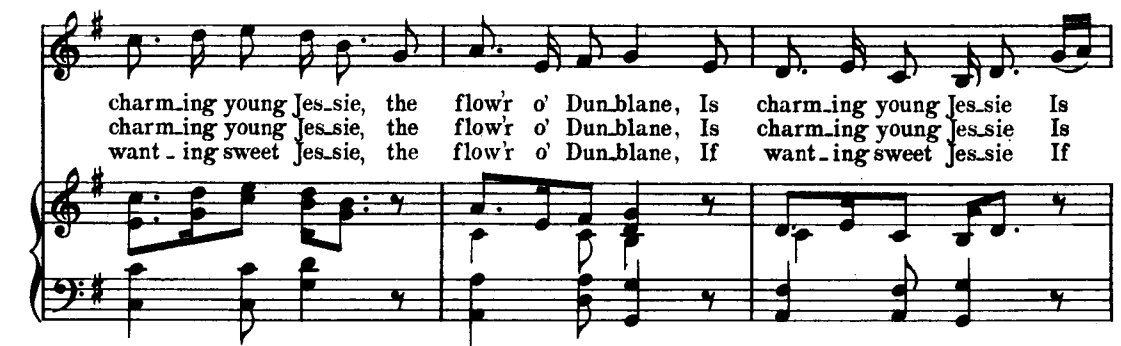
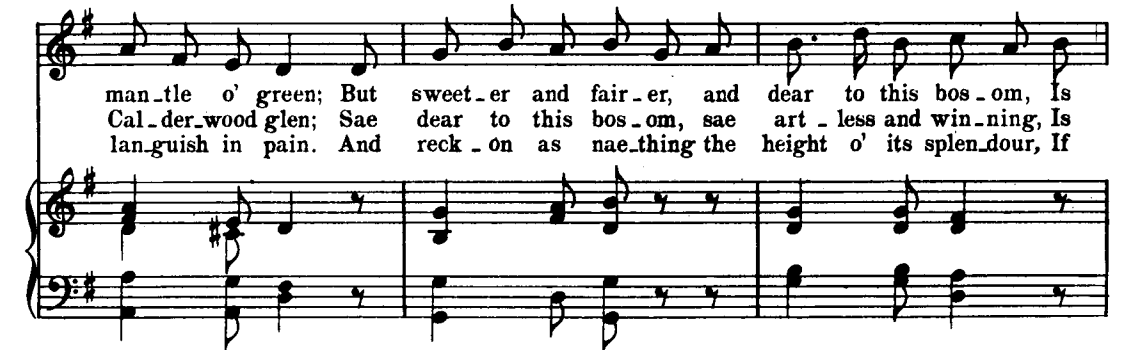
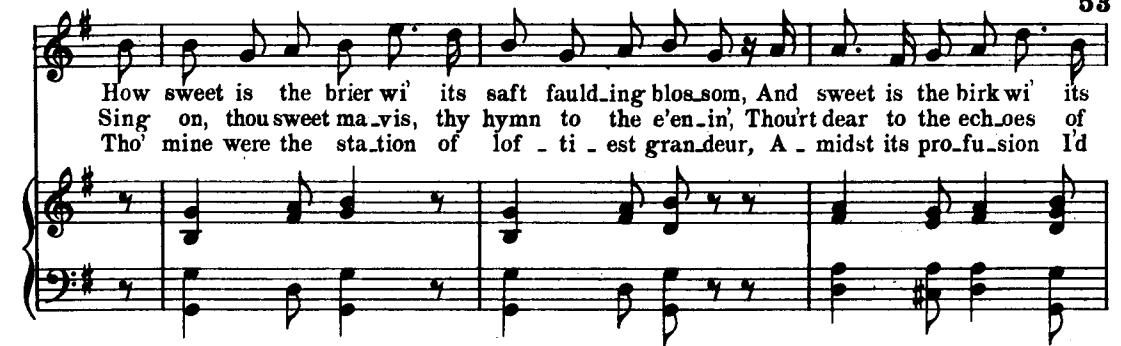
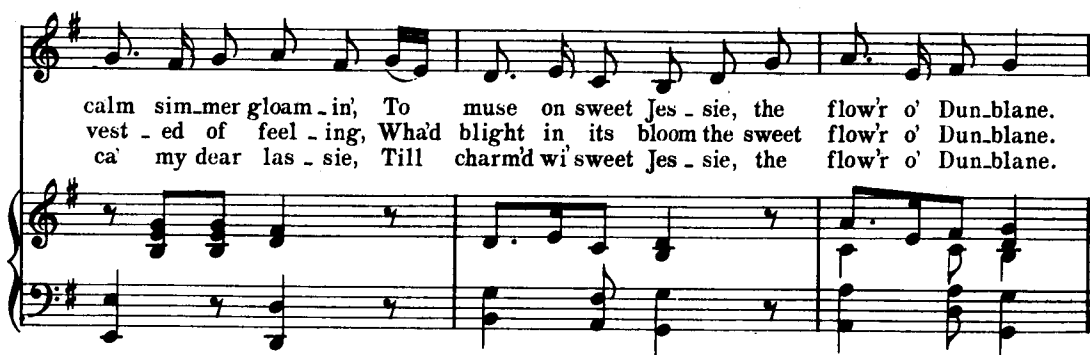
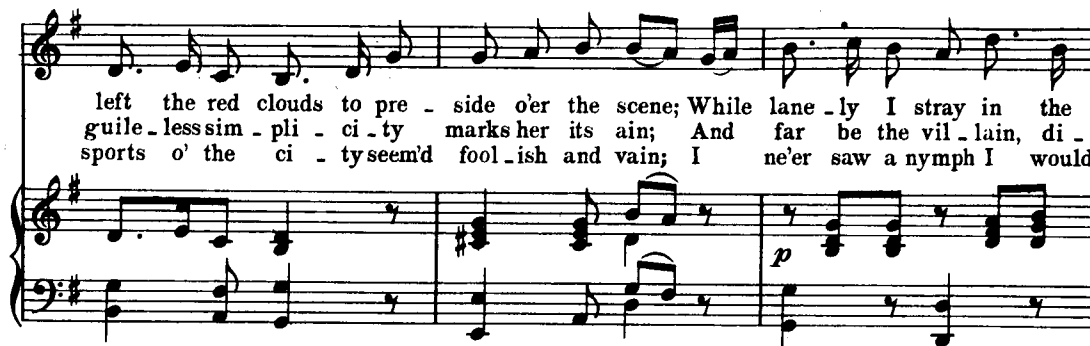
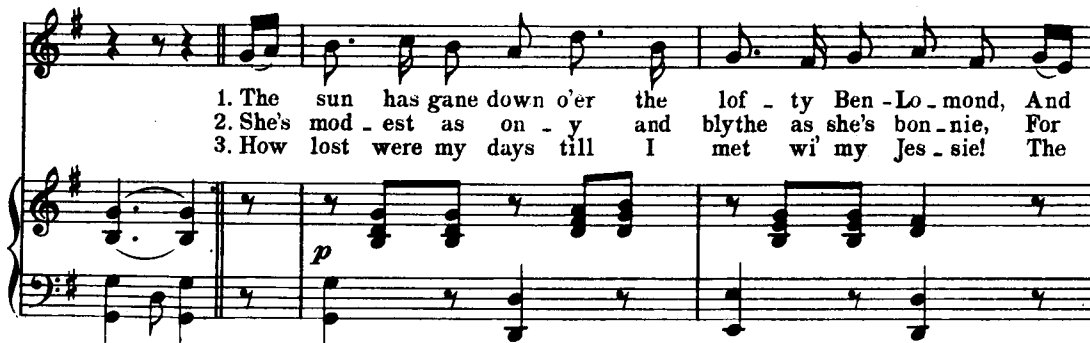
f ad lib.

Jessie the flower o' Dunblane.

Words by TANNAHILL.

Moderato.

PIANO.



D.C.

"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the hea - ther grows.

ca' them whaur' the bur - nie rows, my bon - nie dear - ie.

Fine.

1. Hark, the ma - vis' ev'n - in' sang Sound - in' Clu - den's woods a - mang;
 2. We'll gae down by Clu - den side Thro' the ha - zels spread - ing wide
 3. Yon - der Clu - den's si - lent tow'rs, Where, at moon - shine mid - night hours,
 4. Ghaist nor bo - gle shalt thou fear; Thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear,

Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.
 O'er the waves that sweet - ly glide, To the moon sae clear - ly.
 O'er the dew - y bend - ing flow'rs Fair - ies dance sae cheer - ie.
 Nocht o' ill may come thee near, My bon - nie dear - ie.

5.
 Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die, but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.

Roy's Wife o' Aldivalloch.

Words by MRS GRANT of Carron.

Old Strathspey Melody,

Andantino.

VOICE.

1. Roy's wife o' Al - di - val - loch,

PIANO.

Roy's wife o' Al - di - val - loch, Wat ye how she cheated me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch?

2. She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best o' on - y; But
 3. For - O! she was a can - ty quean, And weel could dance the High - land walloch; How
 4. Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bon - nie; To

O! the fic - kle faith - less quean, She's ta'en the carle an' left her John - nie.
 hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy o' Al - di - val - loch.
 me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for ev - er left her John - nie.

CHORUS.

Roy's wife o' Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife o' Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal - loch?



"Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays."

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

57

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

CHORUS.

Bon_nie las_sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,

Bon_nie las_sie, will ye go To the birks of A_ber_fel_dy? Now
While
The
The

sim_mer blinks on flow_ry braes, And o'er the crys_tal stream_let plays, Come
o'er their heads the ha_zels hing; The lit_tle bird_ies blythe_ly sing, Or
braes as_cend like loft_ty wa's The foam_ing stream deep roar_ing fa's, Oer-
hoar_y cliffs are crown'd wi flow'rs, White o'er the linns the burn_ie pours, And,

let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aberfeldy.
light-ly flit on wan-ton wing, In the birks of Aberfeldy.
hung wi' fra-grant spreading shaws, The birks of Aberfeldy.
ris-ing, weets wi' mist-y show'rs The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, etc.

Mary Morison.

Words by BURNS.

Con expression.

PIANO.

1. O Ma-ry, at thy win-dow be, It is the wish'd the
2. Yes-treen when to the trem-bling string, The dance gaed thro' the
3. Oh Ma-ry, canst thou wreck his peace, Who for thy sake would

tryst-ed hour, Those smiles and glan-ces let me see, That mak' the mis-er's
light-ed ha', To thee my fan-cy took its wing, I sat, but neith-er
glad-ly dee? Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on-ly fault is

trea-sure poor. How blithe-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea-ry slave frae
heard nor saw. Tho' this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast of
lov-ing thee? If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pi-ty

sun to sun, Could I the rich re-ward se-cure, The love-ly Ma-ry
a' the town, I sigh'd, and said a-mang them a', Ye are na Ma-ry
to me shown; A thought un-gen-tle can-na be, The thought o' Ma-ry

Mo-ri-son.
Mo-ri-son.
Mo-ri-son.

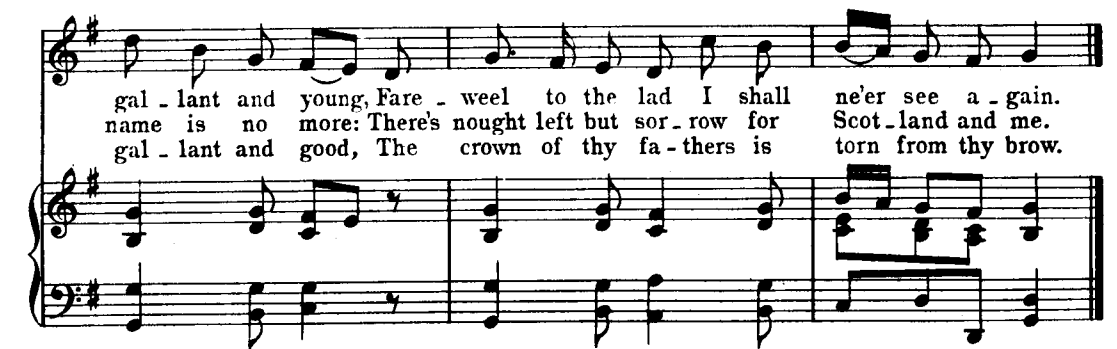
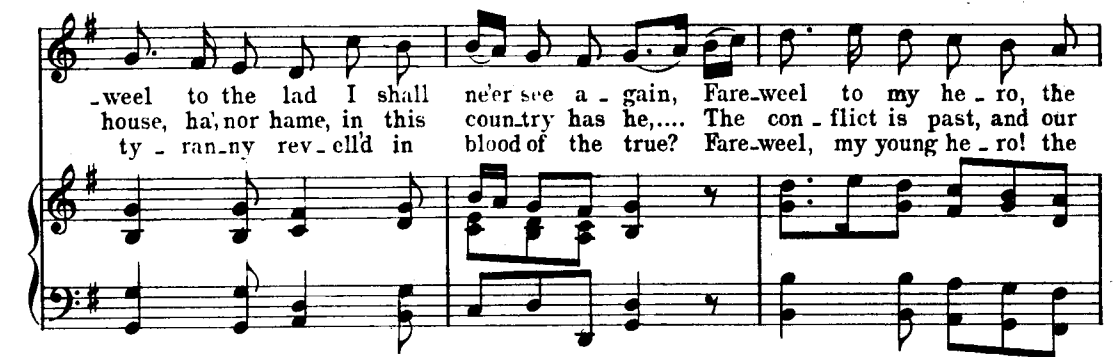
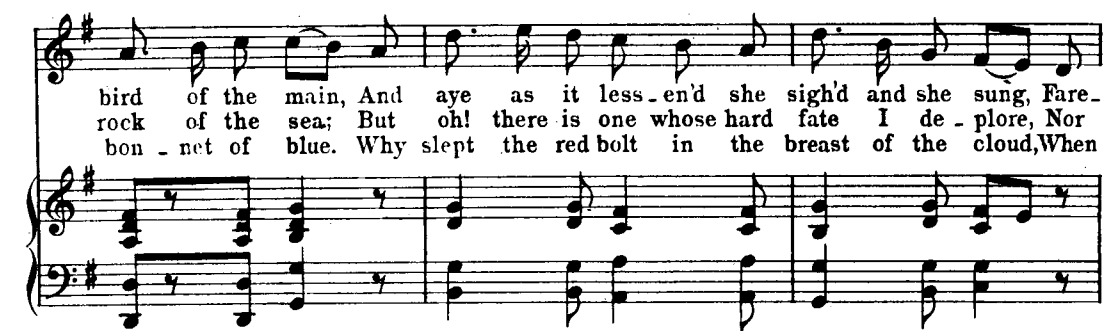
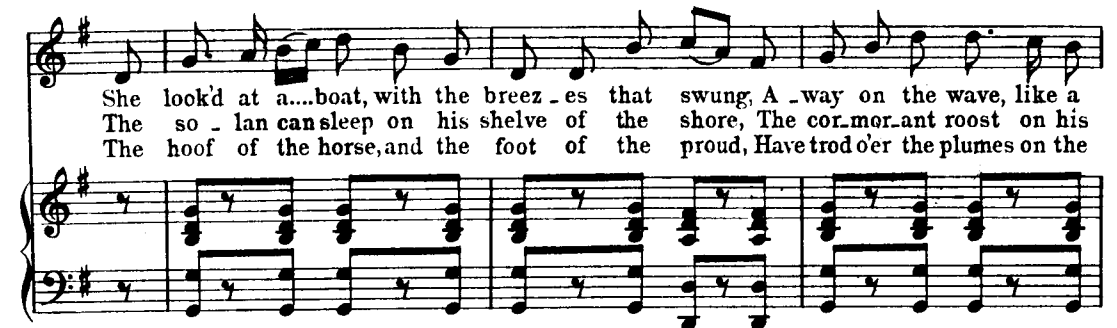
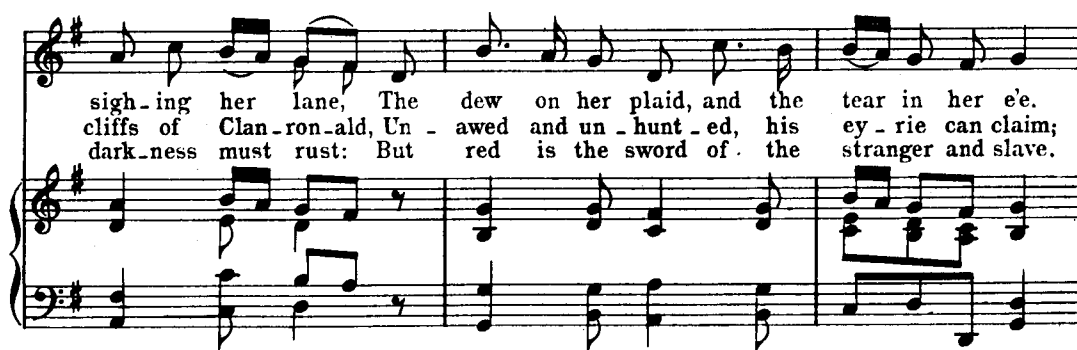
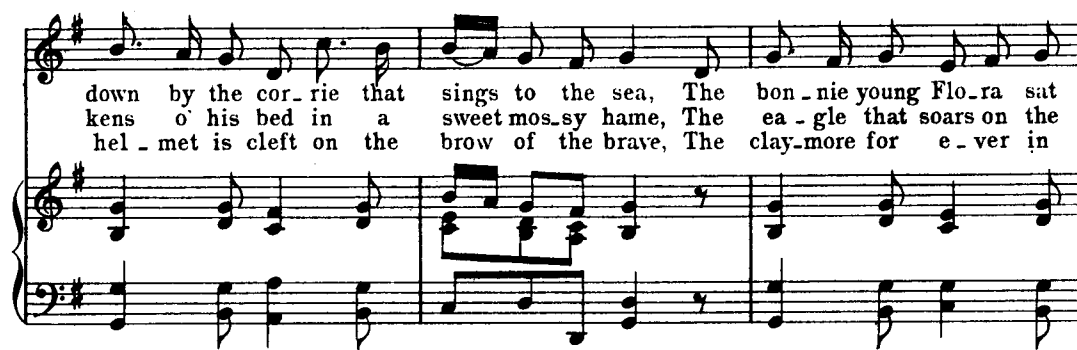
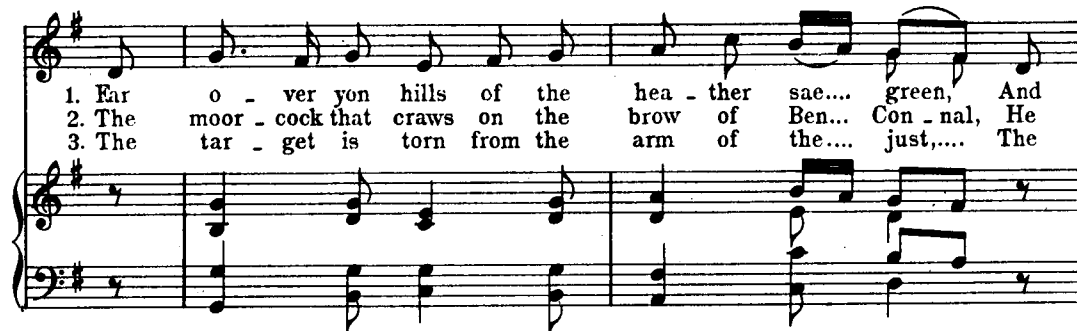
Flora Macdonald's Lament.

Words by HOGG.

Music by NEIL GOW Junr

Andantino.

PIANO.



Scotland Yet.

Words by H. S. RIDDLE.

Music by P. M^c LEOD.

Con spirito.

PIANO.

1. Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast, For
 2. The heath waves wild up - on the hills, And foam-ing frae the fells, Her
 3. The this - tle wags up - on the fields, Where Wal - lace bore his blade, That
 4. They tell o' lands with bright - er skies, Where free - dom's voice ne'er rang: Gie

I maun sing an - i - ther sang, Ere a' my glee be
 foun - tains sing of free - dom still, As they dance down the
 gave her foe - men's dear - est bluid, To dye her auld grey
 me the hills where Os - sian dwelt, And Coi - la's min - strel

past. And trow ye, as I sing, my lads, The
 dells. And weel I lo'e the land, my lads, That's
 plaid; And look - ing to the lift, my lads, He
 sang! For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads, That

bur - den o't shall be, Auld Scot - land's howes and
 gird - ed by the sea; Then Scot - land's vales, and
 sang this dough - ty glee: Auld Scot - land's right, and
 ken na to be free: Then Scot - land's right, and

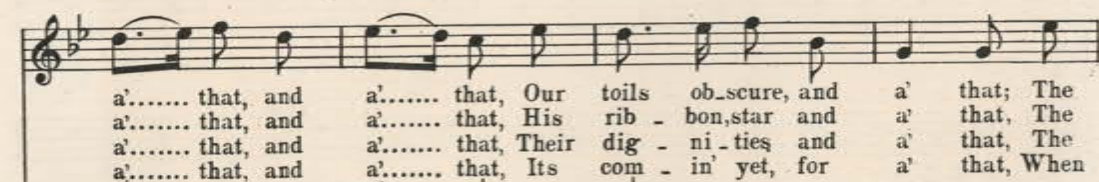
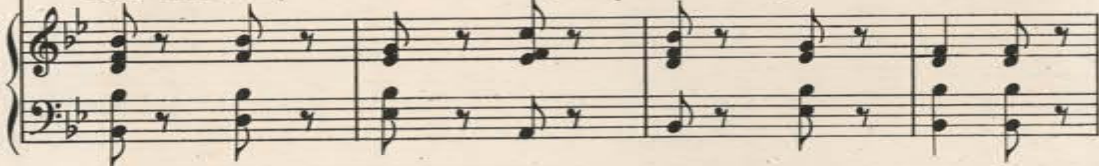
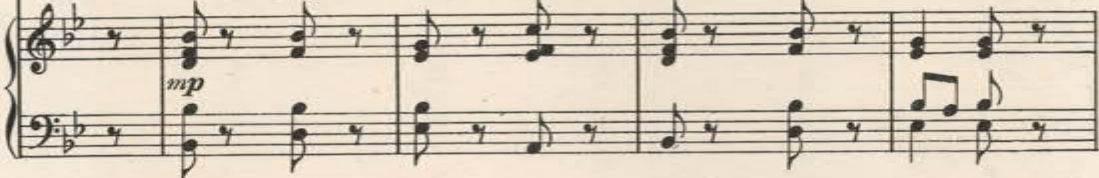
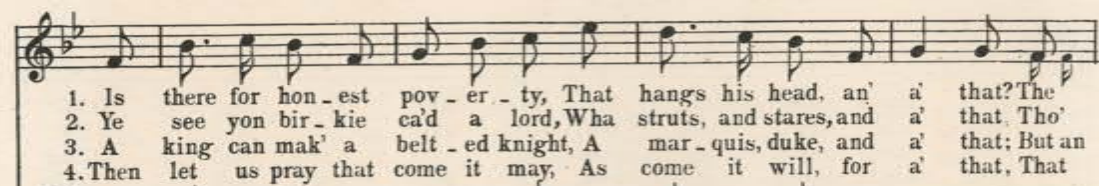
Scot - land's knowes, And Scot - land's hills for me! I'll
 Scot - land's dales, And Scot - land's hills for me! I'll
 Scot - land's might, And Scot - land's hills for me! Then
 Scot - land's might, And Scot - land's hills for me! We'll

rall. ad lib.
 drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi' a' the hon - ours three!
 drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi' a' the hon - ours three!
 drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi' a' the hon - ours three!
 drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi' a' the hon - ours three!

A Man's a Man for a' That.

Words by BURNS.

Allegretto.



"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that."

rank is but the gui - nea's stamp, The man's the gowd for
 man o' in - de - pen - dent mind, He looks and laughs at
 pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, Are high - er ranks than
 man to man the warld o'er, Shall brith - ers be for

a' that.
 a' that.
 a' that.
 a' that.

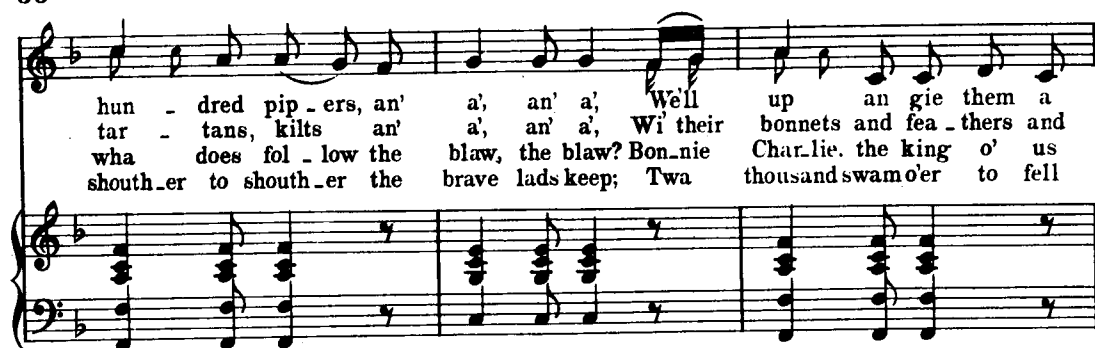
The Hundred Pipers.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

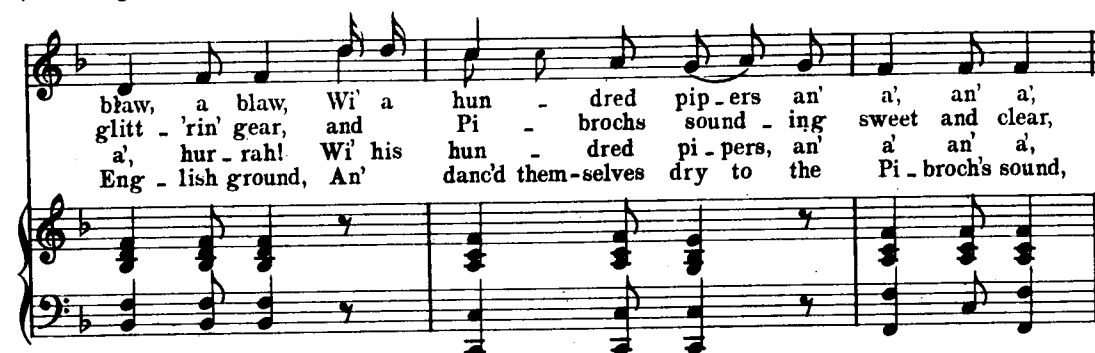
Allegretto.

PIANO.

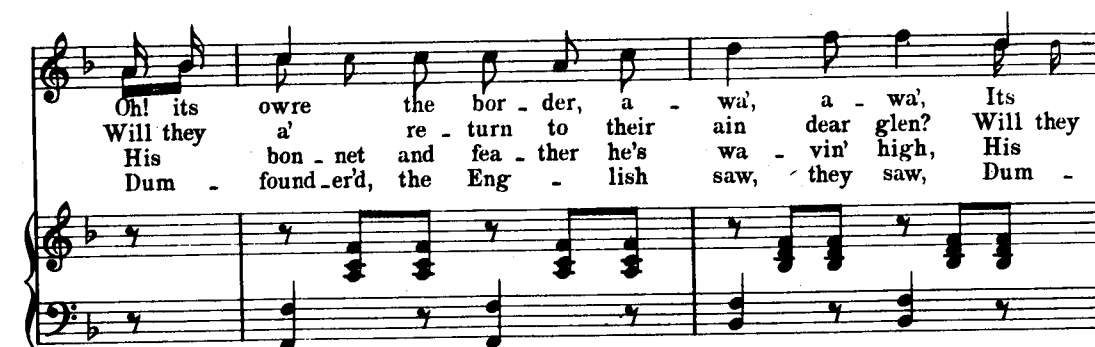
1. Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers, an' a' an' a' Wi' a
 2. Oh! oor sodg - er lads look'd braw, look'd braw, Wi' their
 3. O!.... wha is fore - most o' a' o' a'! O!
 4. The... Esk was swol - len, sae red and sae deep, But



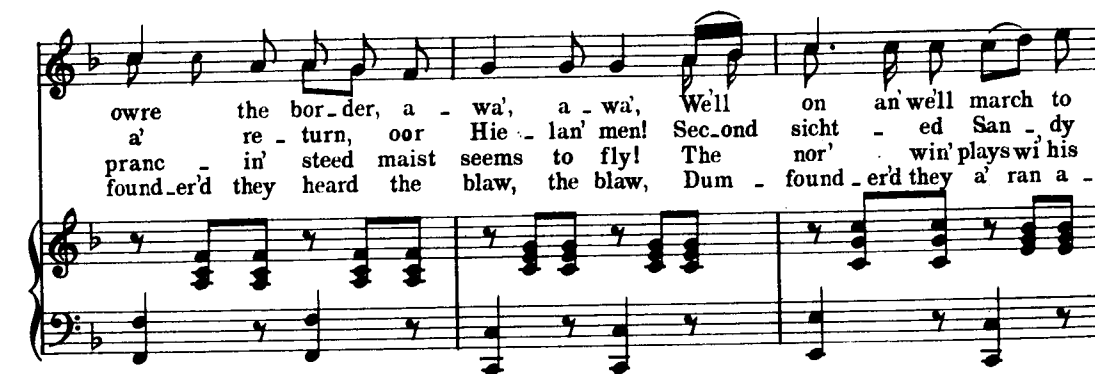
hun - dred pip - ers, an' a', an' a', We'll up an gie them a
tar - tans, kilts an' a', an' a', Wi' their bonnets and fea - thers and
wha does fol - low the blaw, the blaw? Bon - nie Char - lie, the king o' us
shouth - er to shouth - er the brave lads keep; Twa thousand swam o'er to fell



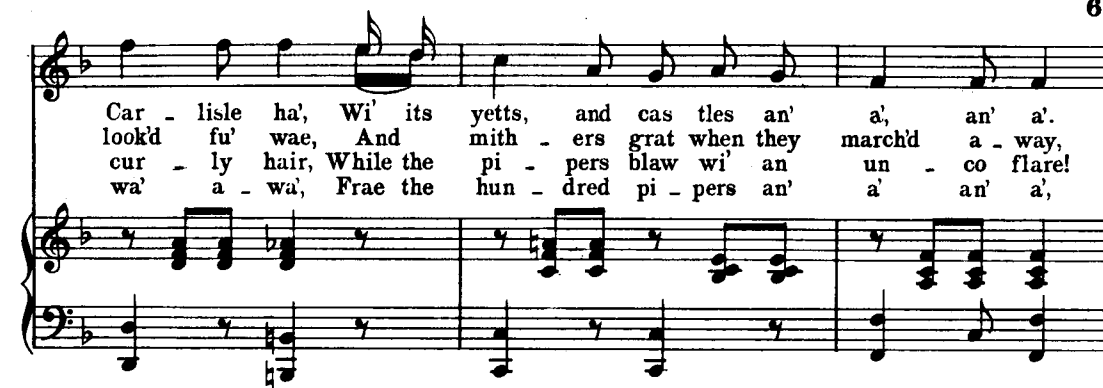
blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a',
glitt - 'rin' gear, and Pi - brochs sound - ing sweet and clear,
a', hur - rah! Wi' his hun - dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a',
Eng - lish ground, An' danc'd them - selves dry to the Pi - broch's sound,



Oh! its owre the bor - der, a - wa', a - wa', Its
Will they a' re - turn to their ain dear glen? Will they
His bon - net and fea - ther he's wa - vin' high, His
Dum - found - er'd, the Eng - lish saw, they saw, Dum -



owre the bor - der, a - wa', a - wa', We'll on an' well march to
a' re - turn, oor Hie - lan' men! Sec - ond sicht - ed San - dy
pranc - in' stead maist seems to fly! The nor' win' plays wi' his
found - er'd they heard the blaw, the blaw, Dum - found - er'd they a' ran a -



Car - lisle ha', Wi' its yetts, and cas - tles an' a', an' a'.
look'd fu' wae, And mith - ers grat when they march'd a - way,
cur - ly hair, While the pi - pers blaw wi' an un - co flare!
wa' a - wa', Frae the hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a',



Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a', Wi' a



hun - dred pi - pers, an' a', an' a', We'll up and gie them a



blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'.

Oh! Whistle and I'll Come to You.

Words by BURNS.

With spirit.

PIANO. *p* *rall.*

p

Oh! whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad; Oh! whis-tle, and I'll come

to you, my lad: Tho' fa-ther and mi-ther and a' should gae mad, Oh!

p *colla voce*

p *p*

whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad.

1. But war-i-ly tent when ye
2. At kirk, or at mar-ket, when-
3. Aye vow and pro-test that ye

come to court me, And come na un-less the back-
e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye
care na for me, And whiles ye may light-ly my

rall. *p*

yett be a-jee; Syne up the back stile, and let nae-bo-dy see, And
card na a flie; But steal me a blink o' your bon-nie black e'e, Yet
beau-ty a wee; But court na a-ni-ther, tho' jo-kin' ye be, For

come as ye were-na com-in' to me, And come as ye were-na
look as ye were-na look-in' at me, Yet look as ye were-na
fear that she wyle your fan-cy frae me, For fear that she wyle your

p *p*

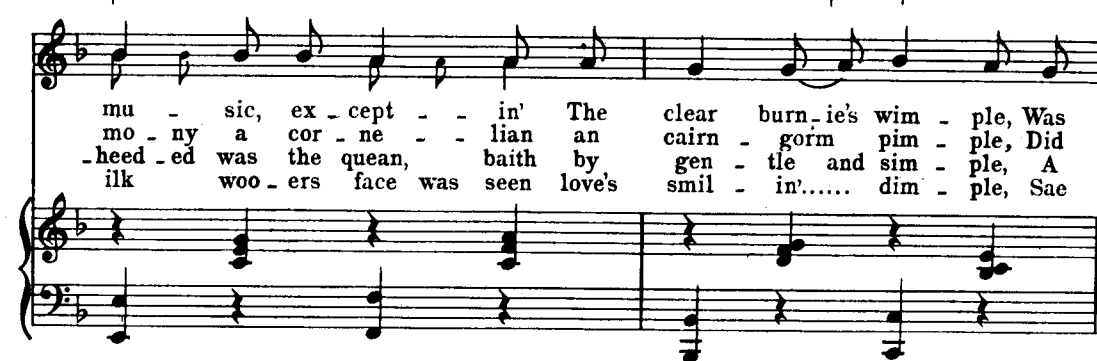
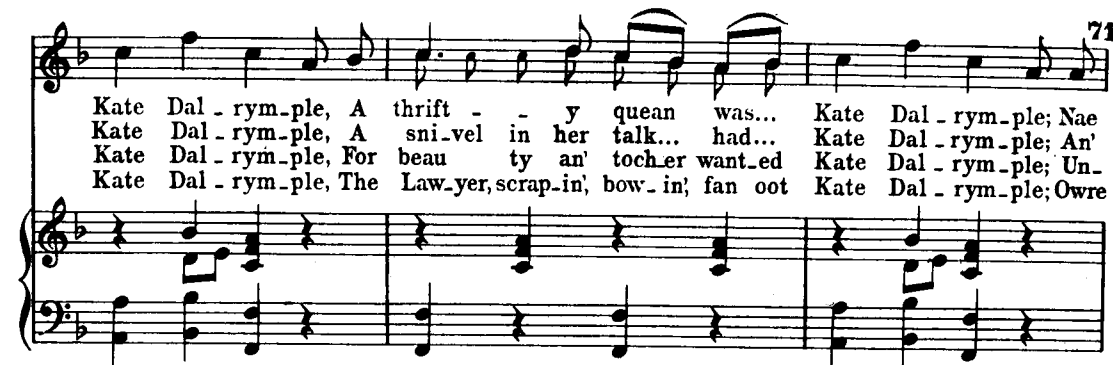
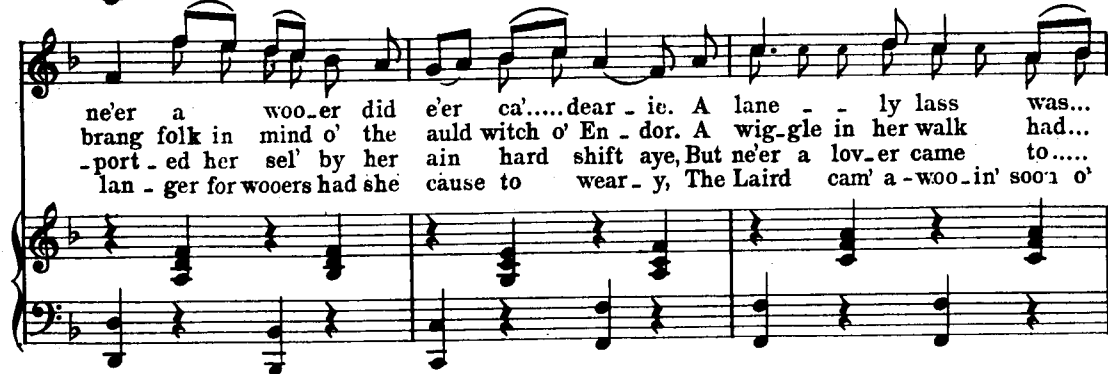
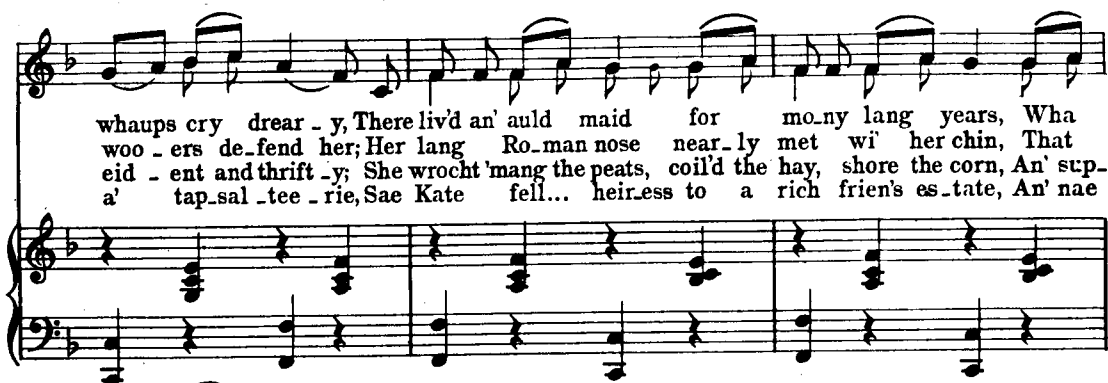
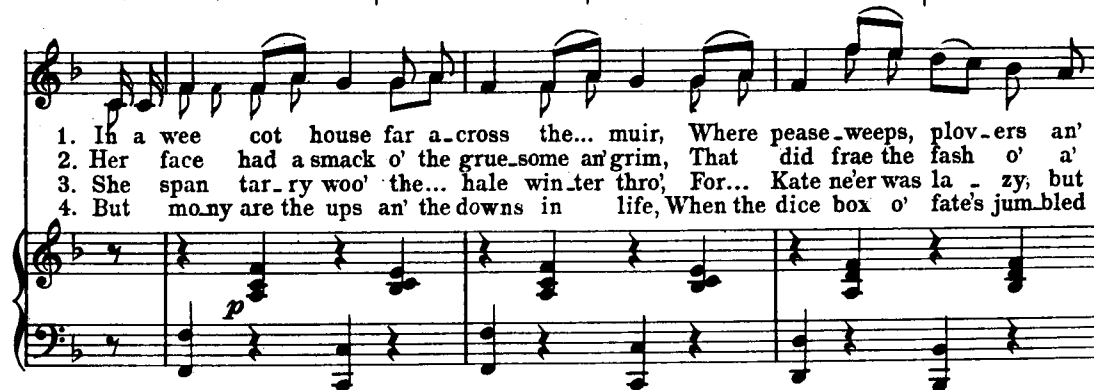
com-in' to me.
look-in' at me.
fan-cy frae me.

mf

Kate Dalrymple.

Words by WILLIAM WATT.

Allegretto.



5

She often times thocht when she dwelt by hersel,
She could wed Willie Speedyspool, the sarkin' weaver;
An' noo unto Will she the secret did tell
Wha for love or for interest did kindly receive her.
He flung by his beddles soon for Kate Dalrymple,
He brent a' his treddles doon for Kate Dalrymple;
Tho' his richt e'e doth skellie an' his left leg doth limp ill,
He's won the heart an' got the hand o' Kate Dalrymple.

Wandering Willie.

Words by BURNS.

Affetuoso.

PIANO.

4. But

1. Here a wa', there a wa', wan-der-ing Wil-lie, Here a-wa', there a-wa'.
 2. Win-ter winds blew loud and could at our parting; Fears for my Wil-lie brought
 3. Rest ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers: How your dread howling a
 oh if he's faith-less, and minds na his Nannie, Flow still be-tween us thou

haud a-wa' hame, Come to my bo-som, my ain on-ly... dear-ic
 tears to my e'e; Wel-come, now sim-mer, and wel come my.. Wil-lie, The
 lov-er a-larms! Wau-ken, ye breez-es! row gent-ly, ye... bil-lows! And
 wide roaring main! May I never see.... it, may I never trow it, But,

Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil-lie the same.
 sim-mer to na-ture and Wil-lie to me.
 waft my dear lad-die ance mair to my arms.
 dy-ing be-lieve that my Wil-lie's my ain.



“Then farewell to Kelvin Grove,
Bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
Ev’n to thee, of all most dear,
Bonnie lassie, O.”

Kelvin Grove.

73

Words by LYLE.

Andante.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, bon - nie
2. Let us wan - der by the mill, bon - nie
3. O..... Kel - vin banks are fair, bon - nie
4. Tho' I dare not call thee mine, bon - nie

las - sie, O; Thro' its ma - zes let us rove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Where the
las - sie, O, To the cove be - side the rill, bon - nie las - sie, O, Where the
las - sie, O, When the sum - mer we are there, bon - nie las - sie, O, There the
las - sie, O, As the smile of for - tune's thine, bon - nie las - sie, O, Yet with

ro - ses in their pride, Deck the bon - nie din - gle side, Where the
glens re - bound the call, Of the roar - ing wa - ters' fall, Thro' the
May - pink's crim - son plume, Throws a soft but sweet per - fume Round the
for - tune on my side, I could stay thy fa - ther's pride, And.....

mid_night fair-ies glide, bon_nie las-sie, O.
 mountains' rock-y hall, bon_nie las-sie, O.
 yel-low banks o' broom, bon_nie las-sie, O.
 win thee for my bride, bon_nie las-sie, O.

5. But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
 Ere yon golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers on the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.
6. Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the river winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.
7. When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O
 Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea.

Words by TANNAHILL.

Music by JAMES BARR.

Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Thou bon-nie wood o' Crai-gie-lea, Thou bon-nie wood o' Crai-gie-lea, Near

thee I've spent life's ear-ly day, And won my Ma-ry's heart in thee.

Fine.

The broom, the brier, the birk-en bush, Bloom bon-nie o'er thy flow-ry lea; And
 2. Far ben thy dark green plan-tin's shade, The cush-at croo-dles am'rous-ly; The
 3. A-wa', ye thoughtless murd'ring gang, Wha tear the nest-lings ere they flee! They'll
 4. When win-ter blows in slee-ty show'rs, Frae aff the Nor-lan hills sae hie, He

a' the sweets that ane can wish, Frae na-ture's hand are strew'd on thee.
 ma-vis down thy bught-ed glade, Gars ech-o ring frae ev'-ry tree.
 sing you yet a can-ty sang, Then, O, in pi-ty, let them be!
 light-ly skiffs thy bon-nie bow'r, As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.

D.S.

5. Though fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min',
 That I in youth hae spent in thee.
 Thou bonnie wood, etc.

Macgregor's Gathering.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Music by ALEXANDER LEE.

Allegro.

PIANO. *ff*

The moon's on the lake, and the mists on the brae, And the clan has a name that is
depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career, O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the

name-less by day. Our sig-nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be
gal-ley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig Roy-ston like i-cicles melt, Ere our

heard but by night in our venge-ful ha-loo, } Then
wrongs be for-got, or our ven-geance un-felt. }

ha-loo, ha-loo, ha-loo, Gre-ga-lach. If they

rob us of name, and pur-sue us with Bea-gles, Give their

con valor.

roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the Eag-les. Then ga-ther, ga-ther.

ga-ther, - ga-ther, ga-ther, ga-ther, While there's

leaves in the fo-rest, and foam on the riv-er, Mac-gre-gor, de-spite them, shall

flour-ish for ev-er.

Glen-or-chy's proud moun-tain, Col-

churn and her tow-ers, Glen-strae and Glen-ly-on, no

long-er are ours; We're land-less, land-less, land-less, Gre-ga-lach,

land-less, land-less, land-less Through the

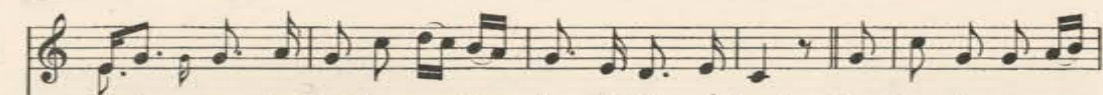
ad lib. *a tempo* *D.S.*

The Boatie Rows.

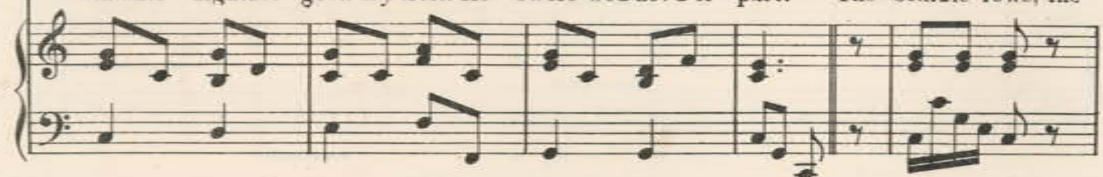
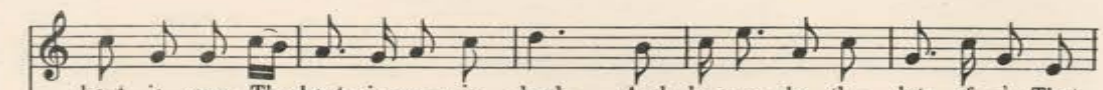
Moderato.

PIANO.

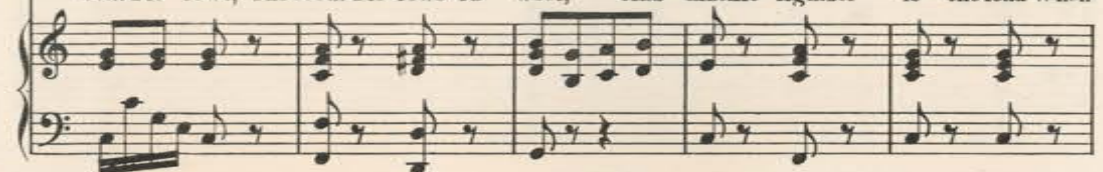
1. O weel may the boat-ie row, And bet-ter may she speed; And
 2. I cuist my line in Lar-go Bay, And fish-es I caught nine; There's
 3. O weel may the boat-ie row, That fills a hea-vy creel, And
 4. When Ja-mie vow'd he wad be mine, And won frae me my heart: O



weel may the boat-ie row, That wins the bairnies' bread. The boat-ie rows, the
three to roast, and three to boil, And three to bait the line. The boat-ie rows, the
cleeds us a' frae head to foot, And buys our par-ritch meal. The boat-ie rows, the
muckle light-er grew my creel! He swore we'd nev-er part. The boat-ie rows, the

boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows in-deed; And hap-py be the lot of a' That
boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows in-deed; And hap-py be the lot of a' That
boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows in-deed; And hap-py be the lot of a' That
boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows fu' weel, And muckle light-er is the load When




wish the boat-ie speed.
wish the boat-ie speed.
wish the boat-ie speed.
love bears up the creel.

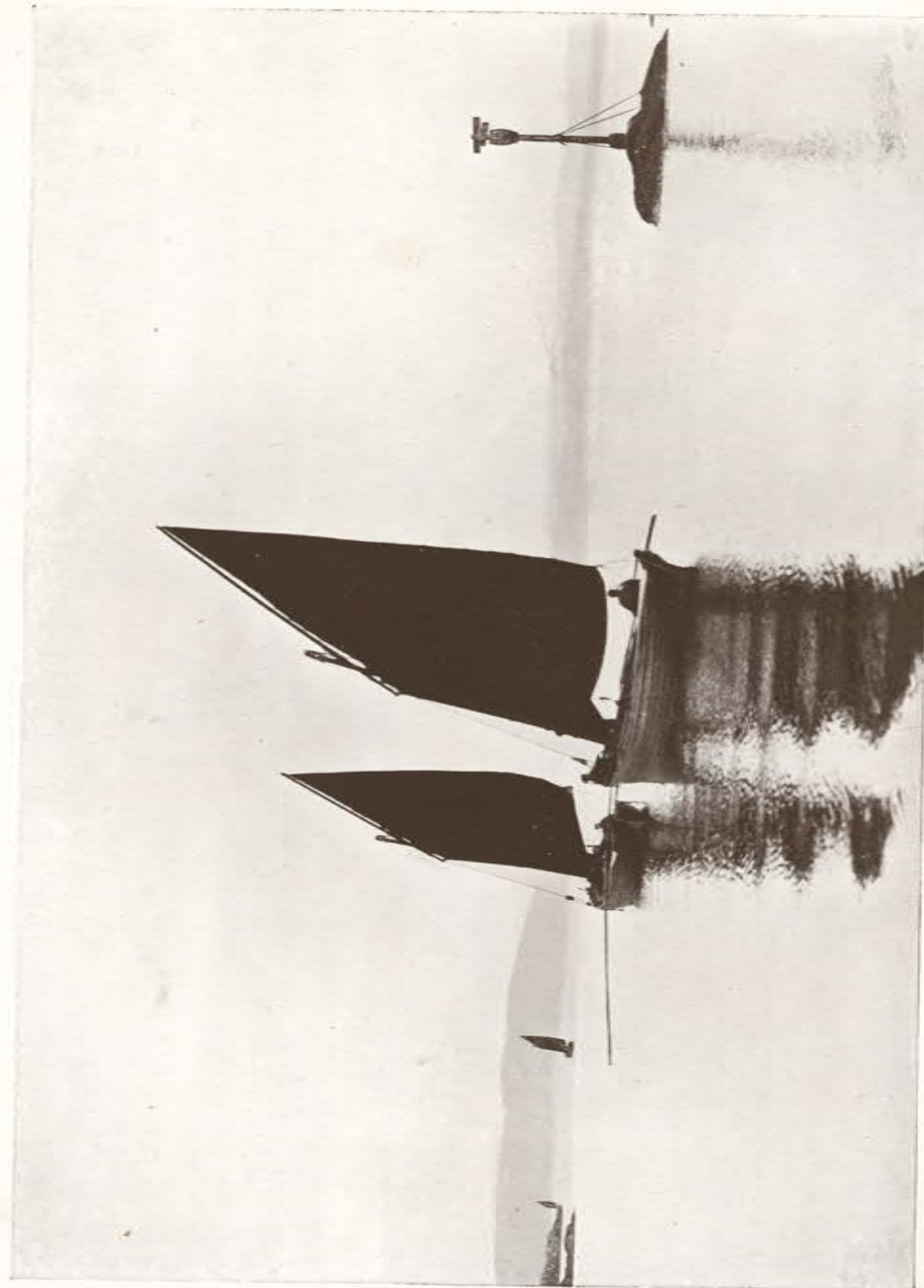


5.

My kertch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was douff and wae
When Jamie gaed awa'
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

6.

When Sandy, Jock and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be the heart that bears
The murlain and the creel.



"Weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairnies' bread."

Bonnie Wee Thing.

Words by BURNS.

Affetuoso.

PIANO.

1. Bon-nie wee thing, can-nie wee thing, Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine, I would wear thee

p

Fine.

in my bo-som, Lest my jew-el I should tine

2. Wistfully I look and languish
3. Wit and grace and love and beauty

D.C.

In that bon-nie face o' thine; And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, Lest my wee thing be namine.
In one star-ry cluster shine, To a-dore thee is my duty, Goddess o' this soul o' mine.

Corn Rigs.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.



1. It was up - on a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bon - nie, O! Be -
 2. The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin - ing clear - ly, O! I
 3. I lock'd her in my fond embrace; Her heart was beat - ing rare - ly, O! My
 4. I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear; I hae been mer - ry drink - in', O! I

 The piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light I held a - wa' to An - nie, O!
 set her down wi' right good will, A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley, O!
 bless ings on that hap - py place, A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley, O!
 hae been joy - fu' gath - rin' gear; I hae been hap - py think - in', O!

 The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

The time flew by wi' tent - less heed. Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, O! Wi',
 I kent her heart was a' my ain; I loved her most sin - cere - ly, O! I
 But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone that hour so clear - ly, O! She
 But a' the plea - sures e'er I saw, Tho' three times dou - bled fair - ly, O! That

 The piano accompaniment concludes the first page with sustained chords in the right hand and a final bass line in the left hand.

sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To see me thro' the
 kiss'd her owre and owre a - gain A - mang the rigs o'
 aye shall bless that hap - py night, A - mang the rigs o'
 hap - py night was worth them a', A - mang the rigs o'

 The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

bar - ley, O! Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs,
 bar - ley, O. Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs,
 bar - ley, O. Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs,
 bar - ley, O. Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs,

 The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

Corn rigs are bon - - nie; I'll ne'er for - get that
 Corn rigs are bon - - nie; I'll ne'er for - get that
 Corn rigs are bon - - nie; I'll ne'er for - get that
 Corn rigs are bon - - nie; I'll ne'er for - get that

 The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O!
 hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O!
 hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O!
 hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O!

 The piano accompaniment concludes the second page with sustained chords in the right hand and a final bass line in the left hand.

O, Nannie wilt thou gang wi' Me.

Words by BISHOP PERCY.

Music by THOMAS CARTER.

Andante.

PIANO.



1. O Nan-nie wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can
 2. O Nan-nie when thou'rt far a - way, Wilt thou not cast a look be - hind? Say,
 3. O Nan-nie can'st thou love so true, Thro' per - ils keen wi' me to go? Or
 4. And when at last thy love shall die, Wilt thou re - ceive his part - ing breath, Wilt

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, and rus - set gown? No
 can'st thou face the parch - ing ray, Nor shrink be - fore the win - try wind? O,
 when thy swain mis - hap shall rue, To share with him the pang of woe? And
 thou re - press each strug - gling sigh, And cheer with smiles the bed of death? And

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, maintaining the Andante tempo and G major key.

long - er dress'd in silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with jew - els rare, Say,
 can that soft and gen - tle mien, Se - ver - est hard-ships learn to bear, Nor
 when in - vad - ing pains be - fall, Wilt thou as - sume the nur - ses care, Nor,
 wilt thou o'er his breath - less clay, Strew flow'rs, and drop the ten - der tear; Nor

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for this page, ending with a final chord in G major.

can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where thou wert fair - est
 sad re - gret each court - ly scene, Where thou wert fair - est
 wist - ful, those gay scenes re - call, Where thou wert fair - est
 then re - gret those scenes so gay, Where thou wert fair - est

The first system on page 85 continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from page 84.

of the fair? Say can'st thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where
 of the fair? Nor sad re - gret each court - ly scene, Where
 of the fair? Nor wist - ful, those gay scenes re - call, Where
 of the fair? Nor then re - gret those scenes so gay, Where

The second system on page 85 continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

thou wert fair - est of..... the fair? Where thou..... wert fair - est. Where
 thou wert fair - est of..... the fair? Where thou..... wert fair - est. Where
 thou wert fair - est of..... the fair? Where thou..... wert fair - est. Where
 thou wert fair - est of..... the fair? Where thou..... wert fair - est. Where

The third system on page 85 continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

thou..... wert fair - est, Where thou..... wert fair - est of the fair?
 thou..... wert fair - est, Where thou..... wert fair - est of the fair?
 thou..... wert fair - est, Where thou..... wert fair - est of the fair?
 thou..... wert fair - est, Where thou..... wert fair - est of the fair?

The fourth system on page 85 concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for this page, ending with a final chord in G major.

The Auld House.

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

1. Oh! the auld house, the auld house, What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!
 2. Oh! the auld Laird, the auld Laird, Sae can-ty kind and crouse; How
 3. The ma-vis still doth sweet-ly sing, The blue-bells sweet-ly blaw; The
 4. Still flour-ish-ing the auld peartree, The bairnies liked to see; And,

p

kind hearts were dwell-ing there, And bairn-ies fu' o' glee; The
 mo-ny did he wel-come, to, His ain wee dear auld hoose! And the
 bon-nie Earn's clear wind-ing still, But the auld house is a-wa', The
 oh! how af-ten did they speir, When ripe they a' wad be? The

wild-rose and the jes-a-mine, Still hang up-on the wa', How
 led-dy too, sae gen-ty, There shel-ter'd Scot-land's heir, And
 auld house, the auld house, De-sert-ed tho' ye be, There
 voic-es sweet, the wee bit feet, Aye rin-nin' here and there; The

mo-ny cher-ish'd mem-o-ries, Do they, sweet flow'rs, re-ca!
 clipt a lock wi' her ain hand, Frae his lang yel-low hair.
 ne'er can be a new house, Will seem sae fair to me.
 mer-ry shout-oh! whiles we greet, To think we'll hear nae mair.

p

5.
 For they are a' wide scatter'd noo!
 Some to the Indies gane;
 And ane alas! to her lang hame;
 Not here we'll meet again—
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard
 Wi' flowers o' every hue;
 Is sheltered by the holly's shade
 An' the dark sombre yew.

6.
 The setting sun, the setting sun!
 How glorious it gaed down!
 The cloudy splendour rais'd our hearts
 To cloudless skies aboon!
 The auld dial, the auld dial!
 It told how time did pass;
 The wintry winds ha'e dang it down,
 Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

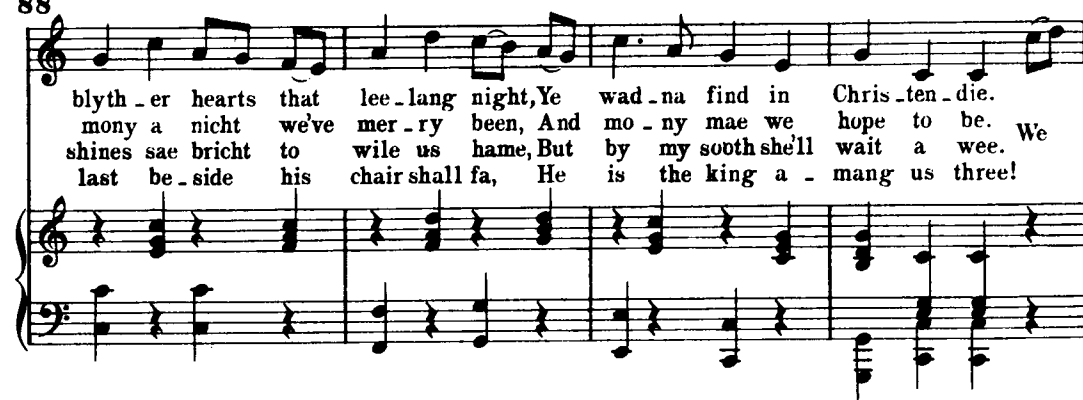
O, Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

Words by BURNS.

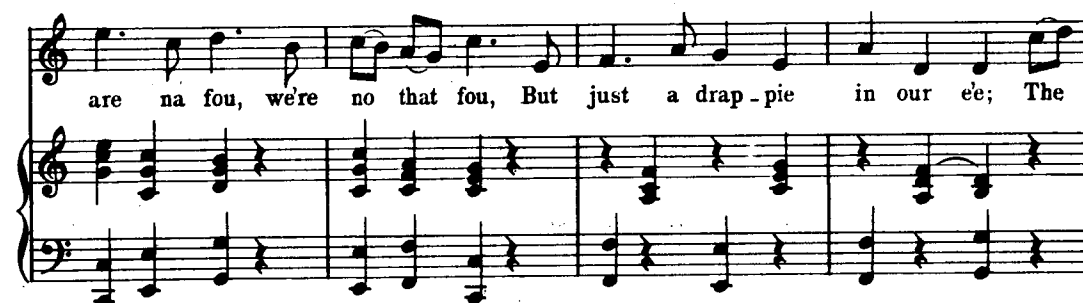
Allegro.

PIANO. *mf*

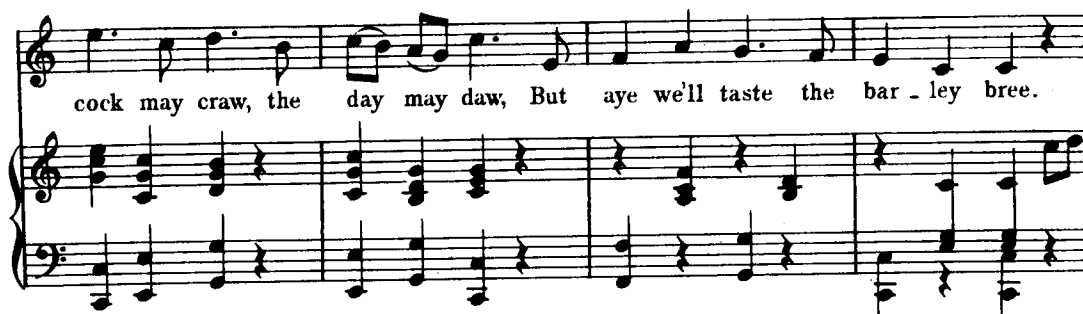
1. O, Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al-lan cam' to pree; Three
 2. Here are we met, three mer-ry boys Three mer-ry boys I trow are we; And
 3. It is the moon-I ken her horn-That's blink-ing in the lift sae hie; She
 4. Wha first shall rise to gang a-wa, A cuck-old, cow-ard loon is he! Wha



blyth-er hearts that lee-lang night, Ye wad-na find in Chris-ten-die.
mony a nicht we've mer-ry been, And mo-ny mae we hope to be. We
shines sae bricht to wile us hame, But by my sooth she'll wait a wee. We
last be-side his chair shall fa, He is the king a-mang us three!



are na fou, we're no that fou, But just a drap-pie in our e'e; The



cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree.



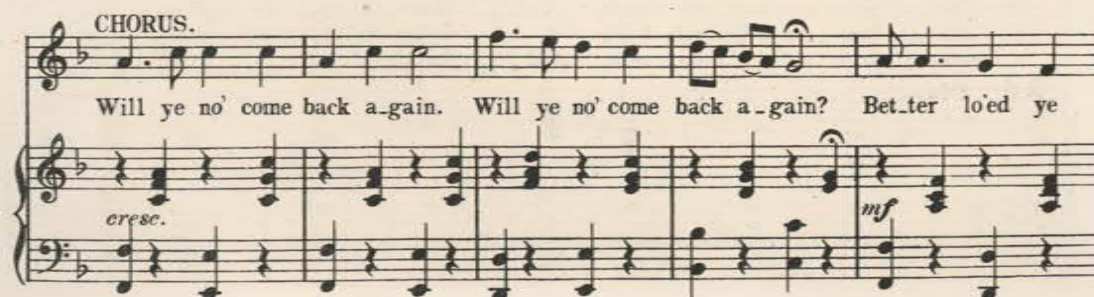
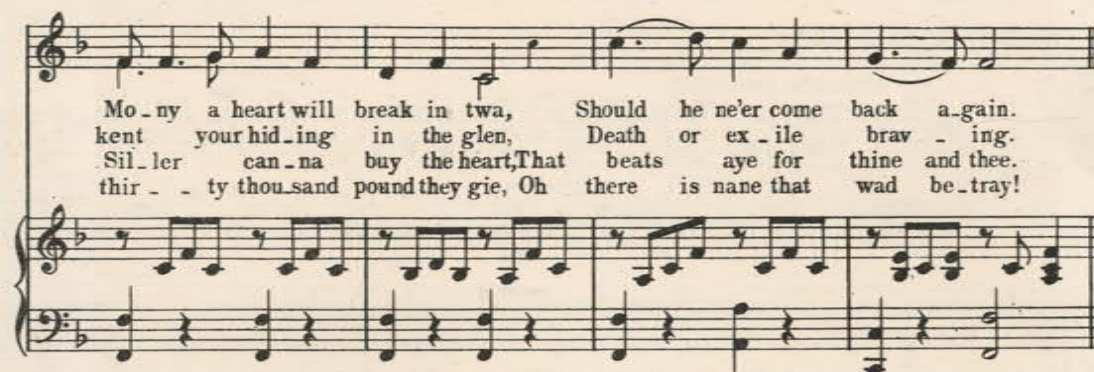
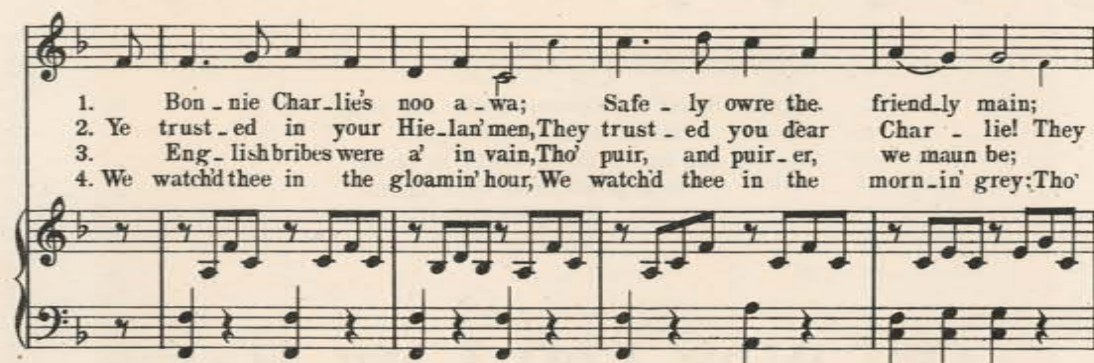


"Bonnie Charlie's nou awa',
Safely o'er the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again."

Will ye no' come back again? 89

Words by LADY NAIRNE.

Music by NEIL GOW, Junr



can-na be, Will ye no' come back a gain?

5
Sweet the laverock's note and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no' come back again?
Will ye no' come, etc.

Oh! Why Left I My Hame.

Words by R. GILFILLAN.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Oh... why left I my hame, Why... did I cross the deep, Oh.....
2. The... palm tree wav-eth high, And... fair the myr-tle springs, And....
3. Oh!... here no Sab-bath bell, A - wakes the Sab-bath morn, Nor.....
4. There's a hope for ev'-ry woe, And a balm for ev'-ry pain, But the

p

why left I the land, Where my fore - fa - thers sleep? I.....
to the In - dian maid, The bul - bul sweet - ly sings, But I
song of reap - ers heard, A - mang the yel - low corn, For the
first joy of our heart, Comes nev - er back a - gain; There's a

rall.
sigh for Sco - tia's shore, And I gaze a - cross the
din - na see the broom, Wi' its tas - sels on the
ty - rant's voice is here, And the wail of sla - ver -
track up - on the deep, And a path a - cross the

colla voce

p espress.
sea, But I can - na get a blink, O.... my
lea, Nor..... hear the lin - tie's sang, O.... my
y, But the sun of free - dom shines, In.... my
sea, But the wea - ry ne'er re - turn, To.... their

p

rall.
ain.... coun - trie.
ain.... coun - trie.
ain.... coun - trie.
ain.... coun - trie.

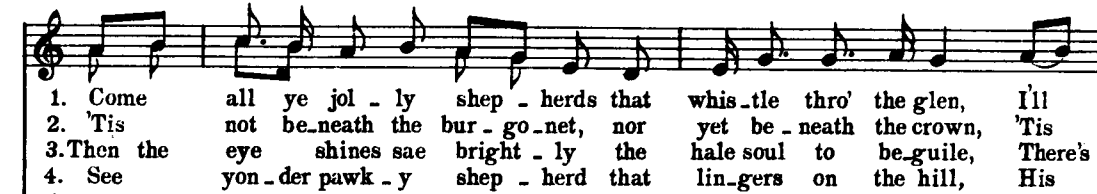
mf

When the kye comes hame.

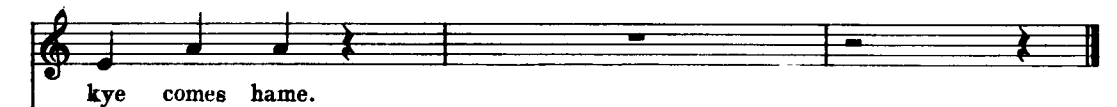
JAMES HOGG.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.



woo a bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame.
 bon - nie, bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame.
 miss a bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame, when the
 meet his bon - nie las - sie when the kye comes hame.



5.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?
 And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and libertie!
 Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.
 When the kye comes hame, etc.

Gae bring to me a Pint o' Wine.

Words by BURNS.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p

1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, and fill it in..... a sil-ver
 2. The trumpets sound, the ban-ners fly, The glit-ring spears are rank-ed

tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice
 rea-dy, The shouts of war are heard a-far, The bat-tle

to..... my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at..... the pier O'
 clo-ses deep and blood-y! It's not the roar..... o' sea or

Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the fer-ry, The ship rides
 shore, Wad mak' me lan-ger wish to tar-ry, Nor shouts o'

by..... the Ber-wick Law, And I maun leave.... my bon-nie Ma-ry.
 war..... that's heard a-far, It's leav-ing thee..... my bon-nie Ma-ry.

CHORUS.

Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in..... a sil-ver

tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go, A ser-vice to..... my bon-nie las-sie.

dew are hang-ing clear, my jo, I'll... meet thee on the lea..... rig, My
 I..... were ne'er sae wear-ie, O, I'd... meet thee on the lea..... rig, My
 maks my heart sae cheer-y, O, To... meet thee on the lea..... rig, My

ain..... kind..... dear - ie, O.
 ain..... kind..... dear - ie, O.
 ain..... kind..... dear - ie, O.

rall.

O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

Words by BURNS.

Music by MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

PIANO *f*

1. O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, On yon-der lea, My
 2. Or were I in the wild-est waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare, The

plai - die to the an - gry airt,..... I'd shel - ter thee, I'd
des - ert were a pa - ra - dise,..... If thou wert there If

shel - ter thee; Or, did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms, A -
thou wert there. Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With

- round thee blaw, A round thee blaw, Thy bield should be my
thee to reign, With thee to reign, The bright - est jew - el

bo - som, To share it a', To share it a'.
in my crown, Would be my Queen, Would be my Queen. D.C.

My ain fireside.

Words by HAMILTON.

Andantino.

PIANO. *mf*

1. O I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, 'Mang
2. Ance mair heav'n be praised! round my ain heartsome in - gle, Wi' the
3. Nae false - hood to dread.... nae mal - ice to fear, But....

lords and mang la - dies a' cov - erd wi' braws; But a sight sae de - light - ful I
frien's o' my youth I cor - dial - ly mingle; Nae forms to com - pel me to
truth to de - light me, and friend - ship to cheer; O' a' roads to hap - pi - ness

trow I ne'er spied, As the bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain.... fire - side, My...
seem wae or glad, I may laugh when I'm mer - ry, and sigh when I'm sad. My...
ev - er were tried, There's nane half sae sure as anes ain.... fire - side, My...

ain... fire - side, my ain... fire - side, O, sweet is the blink o' my
 ain... fire - side, my ain... fire - side, O, -weet is the blink o' my
 ain... fire - side, my ain... fire - side, O, sweet is the blink o' my

ain... fire - side.
 ain... fire - side.
 ain... fire - side.

Ilka Blade o' Grass.

Words by JAMES BALLANTINE.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

1. Con - fide ye aye in Pro - vi - dence, for Pro - vi - dence is
 2. Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've
 3. In lang, lang days o' sim - mer, when the clear an' cloud - less
 4. So lest 'mid For - tune's sun - shine we should feel owre proud an'

kind, And bear ye. a' life's chan - ges wi' a calm and tran - quil
 been, Grief lies deep hid - den in your heart, or tears flow frae your
 sky, Re - fu - ses ae wee drap o' rain to Na - ture parch'd an'
 hie, An' in our pride for - get to wipe the tear frae poor - tith's

mind, Tho' press'd and hemm'd on ev - 'ry side, hae faith and ye'll win
 een; Be lieve it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for
 dry, The ge - nial night, wi' balm - y breath, gars ver - dures spring a -
 e'e: Some wee dark cluds o' sor - row come, we ken na whence or

through, For il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain drap o'
 you, For il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain drap o'
 - new, An' il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain drap o'
 how, But il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain drap o'

dew, For... il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain... drap o' dew.
 dew, For... il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain... drap o' dew.
 dew, An'... il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain... drap o' dew.
 dew, But... il - ka blade o' grass, keps its ain... drap o' dew.

Castles in the Air.

Words by JAMES BALLANTINE.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn wha sits pok-in' in the ase,
 2. He sees muc-kle cas-tles tow'r-in' to the moon! He
 3. Sic a nicht in win-ter may weel.... mak' him cauld; His

Glowr-in' in the fire wi' his wee round face; Laugh-in' at the fuff-in' lowe,
 sees littlesodgers pu-in' them a'... doun! Worlds whomblin' up and doun,
 chin up-on his buffy hand will soon mak' himauld; His brow is brent sae braid Oh!...

what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's bigg-in' cas-tles in the air. His
 blaz-in' wi' a flare, See how he loup as they glimmer in the air. For
 pray that dad-dy Care Would let the wean a-lane wi' his cas-tles in the air! He'll

wee chub-by face, and his tou-zie cur-ly pow, Are
 a' sae sage he looks, what can the lad-die ken? He's
 glo-wer at the fire! and he'll keek..... at the licht, But

laugh-in' and nod-din' to the danc-in' lowe; He'll...
 think-in' up-on nae-thing, like mo-ny might-y men; A.....
 mo-ny spark-lin' stars are swal-low'd up by night;

brown his ro-sy cheeks and.... singe his sun-ny hair,
 wee thing makes us think, a..... sma' thing makes us stare, There are
 Auld-er een than his are..... glam-our'd by a glare,

Glowr-in' at the inps.... wi' their cas-tles in the air.
 mair..... folk than him.... bigg-in' cas-tles in the air.
 Hearts are bro-ken; heads are turn'd wi' cas-tles in the air.

D.C.

My heart is sair.

Words by BURNS.

Andantino.

PIANO.

1. My heart is sair, I daur - na tell, My heart is sair for some - bo - dy,
 2. Ye pow'rs that smile on vir - tuous love, Oh! sweet - ly smile on some - bo - dy; Frae

I could wake a win - ter's night, For the sake o' some - bo - dy, Oh, hon! for some - bo - dy
 il - ka danger keep him free And send me safe mysome - bo - dy. Oh, hon! for some - bo - dy

Oh, hey! for some - bo - dy! I could range the world a - round For the sake o' some - bo - dy.
 Oh, hey! for some - bo - dy! I wad dae - what wad I no? For the sake o' some - bo - dy.



"The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie."

Highland Mary.

105

Words by BURNS.

Lento.

PIANO. *p*

1. Ye..banks, and braes, and streams a - round, The cas - tle o'... Mont - go - me - ry, Green
2. How sweet - ly..bloom'd the gay green birk, How sweet the haw-thorn's blos - som, As...
3. Wi'.. mo - ny a... vow and lock'd em - brace, Our part - ing was fu'.... ten - der; And..
4. O.... pale, pale now those ro - sy... lips, I... aft hae kiss'd sae... fond - ly; And..

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters nev - er....
un - der - neath their fra - grant shade, I clasp'd her to.... my...
pledg - ing.... aft to meet a - gain, We tore our - selves a -
closed for.... aye the spark - ling glance, That dwelt on me sae...

drum - lie! There sim - mer first un - faulds her.... robes, And
bo - som! The.... gol - den hours, on an - gel.... wings. Flew
sun - der: But.... oh! fell death's un - time - ly frost, That
kind - ly; And mould - ring now in si - lent dust, The

there they lang-est tar - ry, For there I took the last fare-well, O'
o'er me and my dear - ie; For dear to me as light and life, Was
nipt my flow'r sae ear - ly! Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That
heart that lo'ed me dear - ly! But still within my bo - som's core, Shall

my... sweet High-land Ma - ry.
my... sweet High-land Ma - ry.
wraps my... High-land Ma - ry.
live... my... High-land Ma - ry.

dim.

To Mary in Heaven.

Words by BURNS.

Adagio.

PIANO. *p*

1. Thou ling - ring star, with less - ning ray, That lov'st to....greet the...
2. That sa - cred hour can I for - get? Can I for - get the...
3. Ayr gurg - ling kiss'd his peb - bled shore, O'er - hung with wild woods,
4. Still o'er these scenes my mem - ry wakes, And fond - ly broods with

ear - ly... morn, A - gain thou ush - er'st in the.... day My...
hal - low'd grove, Where by the wind - ing, Ayr we.... met, To...
thick - ning green; The frag - rant birch the haw - thorn hoar, Twind
mi - ser care! Time but the im - pres - sion strong - er..... makes, As...

Ma - ry from my soul was.. torn. O..... Ma - ry! dear de -
live one day of part - ing... love? E - ter - ni - ty.... will
am - 'rous round the rap - tur'd scene. The... flow'rs sprang wan - ton
streams their chan - nels deep - er.... wear. My... Ma - ry, dear de -

-part - ed.... shade! Where is thy place of.... bliss - ful rest? See'st
not ef - face, Those re - cords dear of.... trans - ports past; Thy...
to be.... prest, The birds sang love on... ev - 'ry... spray, Till...
-part - ed.... shade! Where is thy bliss - ful... place of... rest? See'st

thou thy lov - er low - ly....laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend... his breast?
im - age at our last em - brace, Ah! lit - tle thought we 'twas... our last.
too, too soon, the glow - ing west, Pro - claim'd the speed of wing - ed day.
thou thy lov - er low - ly....laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend... his breast?

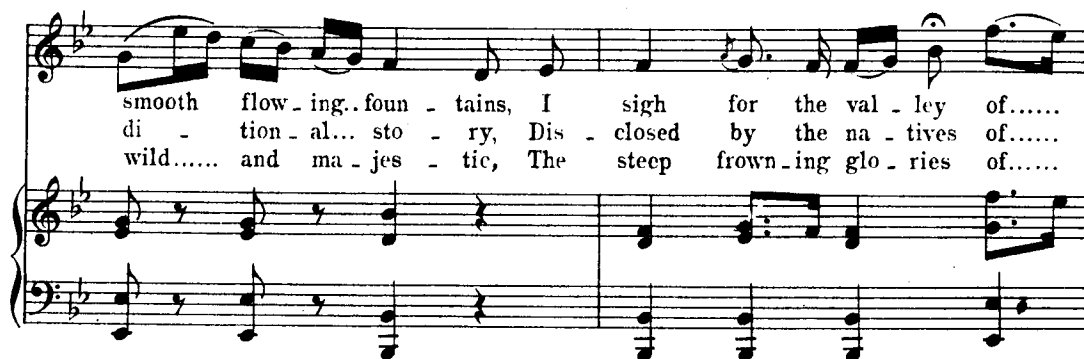
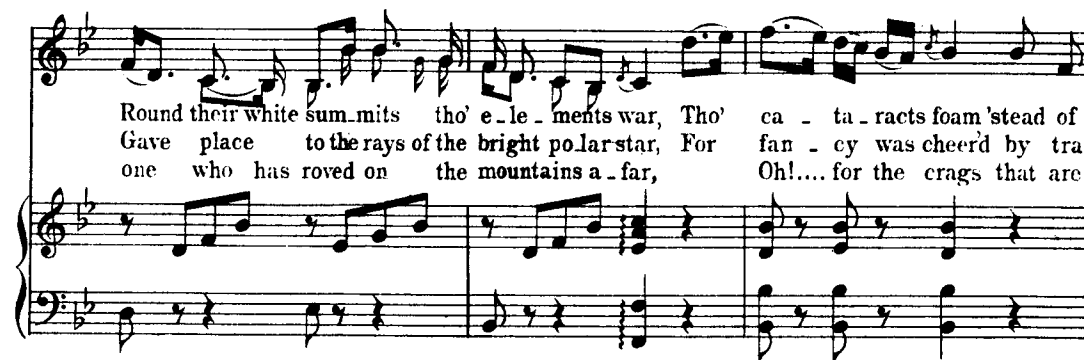
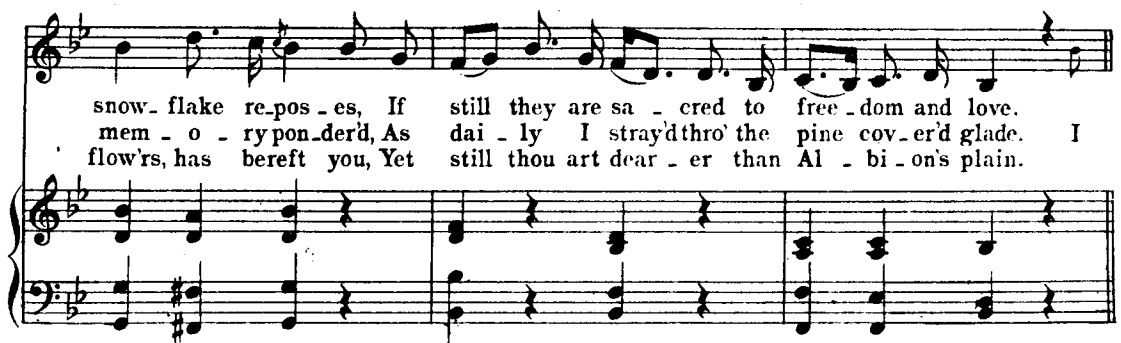
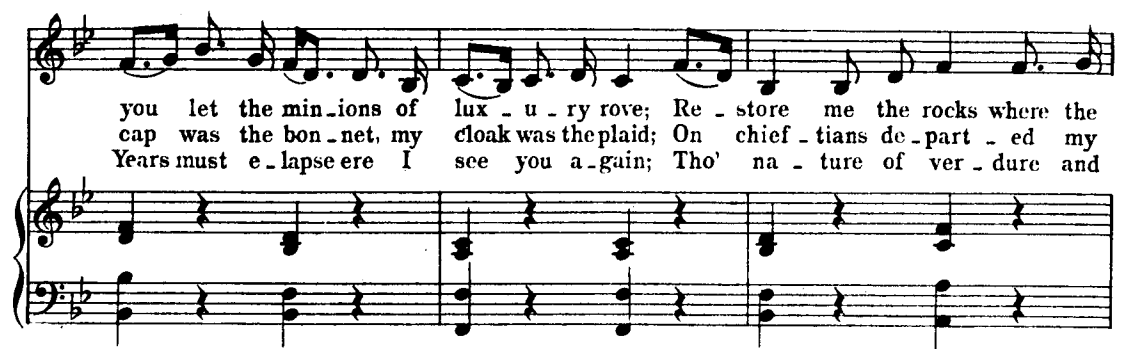
D.C.

Lochnagar.

Words by LORD BYRON.

Andante.

PIANO.



There grows a Bonnie Brier Bush.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. There grows a bon-nie brier bush, In our Kail - yaird: And
 2. In days o' mair sim-ple ci - ty, Sic things were oft - en dared, And
 3. Wha e'er may think, wi' pen and ink, That love can be de.clared, Will
 4. When A - dam, in a sin-gle state, O' hap - pi - ness de.clared, Their

sweet are the blossoms o't, In our Kail-yaird. And in a - hint that bri-er bush, A
 mony a maids been wood and won, In her Kail-yaird. But noo they're sae partic - u - lar, Sae
 find that pas-sion's by a pen, Maist woefully impair'd For me, I din-na like the love, That's
 courtin' was be-gun, I trow. In their Kail-yaird. We'll fol - low then, the first o' men, Nor

bon-nie lass and lad, Are bu - sy, bu - sy court - in' In our Kail - yaird.
 muc-kle on their guaird, That las-sies shake their heids at love, In our Kail - yaird.
 writ-ten on a caird, I'd rath-er ha'e't by word o' mou' In our Kail - yaird.
 be by fash-ion scared. As they be-gan we'll end the plan, In our Kail - yaird.

D.C.

Auld Lang Syne.

Words by BURNS.

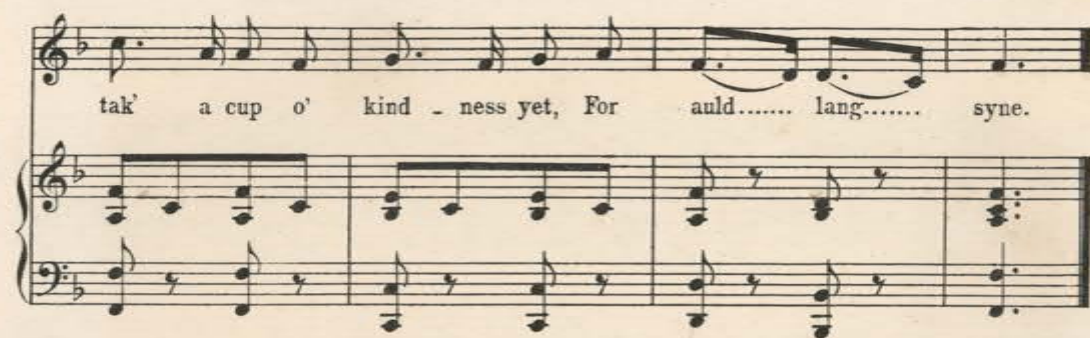
Moderato.

PIANO.

1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min'? Should
 2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
 3. We twa hae paid - lt in the burn, Frae morn-ing sun till dine; But
 4. And there's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; And we'll

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days o' lang.... syne?
 wan - der'd mo-n'y a wea - ry foot, Sin' auld.... lang.... syne.
 seas between us braid hae roard, Sin' auld.... lang.... syne. For
 tak' a right gude wil - ly-waught, For auld.... lang.... syne.

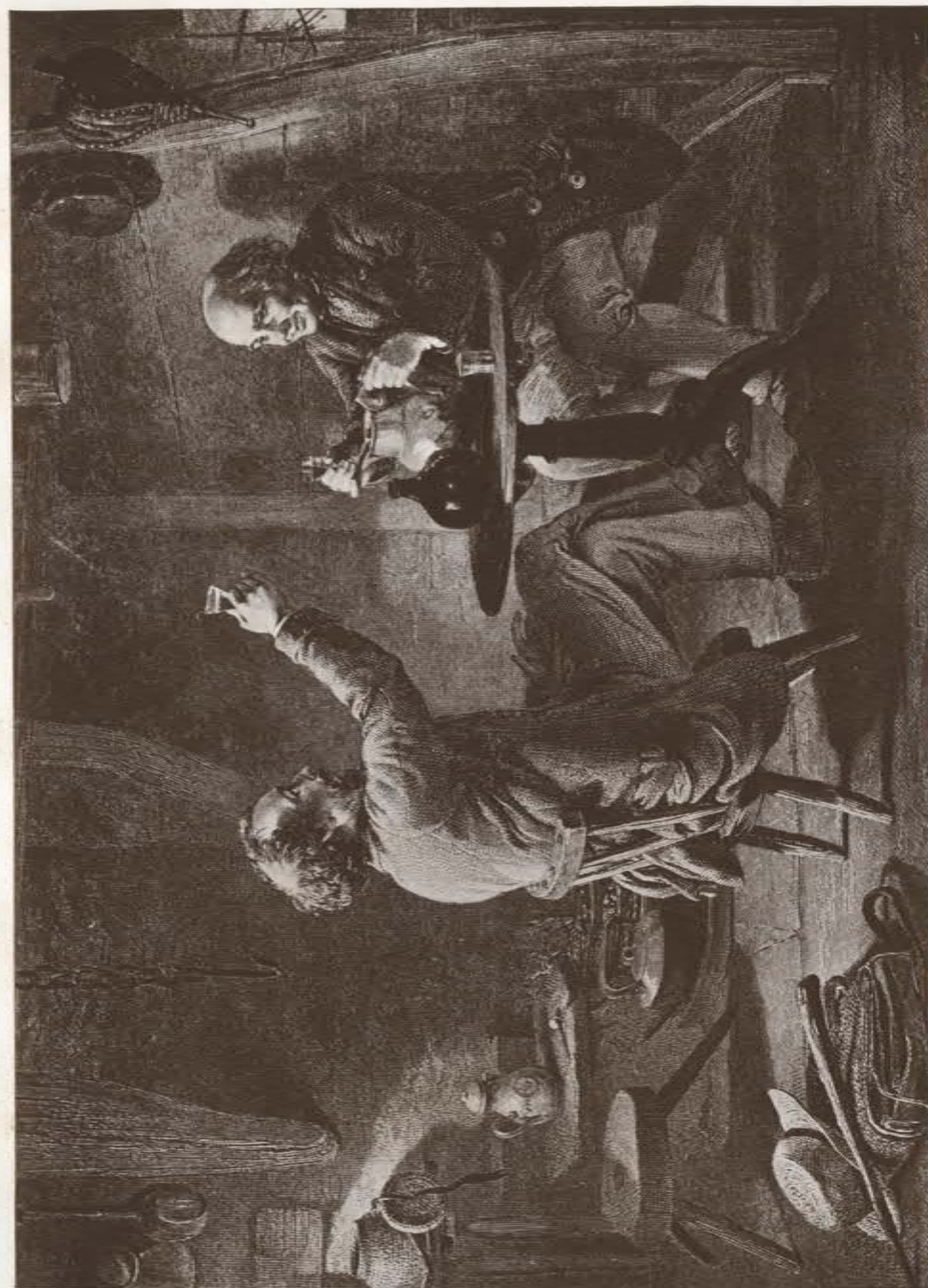
auld lang.... syne, my dear, For auld lang.... syne, We'll



5.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup
 As surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

Chorus.— For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.



"For auld lang syne."